

So That You May Live Longer...

I was very moved to hear the heartfelt words of our dear friend, Reb Yehoshua Halevi Weinfeld 'שיח, the dedicated *gabbai* of our *kehillah*, at the *levayah* of his father, Reb Yechiel Gershon ben Reb Yisrael Avraham Halevi, z"l, who passed away on Tuesday, *Parashas Emor*, 15 Iyar. He said the following:

I want to ask all those who have gathered here today to pay their last respects to my father, z"l, that in his memory, each person should strengthen himself in the mitzvah of *kibbud av v'eim*, honoring one's father and mother. No one knows for how long he will have the privilege of being able to honor his parents. Each person thinks that he will have the opportunity to perform this lofty mitzvah forever. But we see here today how a young and healthy person was taken so suddenly, from one moment to the next. HaKadosh Baruch Hu took him from us – but who thought about such a thing or prepared himself for it to happen?

As such, all those who have, *baruch Hashem*, the opportunity to fulfill this lofty mitzvah of *kibbud av v'eim*, should undertake to strengthen themselves in this mitzvah, in memory of the *niftar*.



After the terrible tragedy this past Lag BaOmer in Meron, when so many *bachurim* and *avreichim* were taken from us suddenly, R"l, I thought again about Reb Shia's piercing words, and I felt myself trembling! His words become so much more applicable and significant. Indeed! **No one** knows how long he will have the opportunity to fulfill the mitzvah of *kibbud av v'eim*...

Last week, I received a call from Reb Aharon Walkin, a prominent resident of Lakewood, NJ. He told me a beautiful story that he had experienced. This is what he related:

I have a son, Moshe, who learns in Yeshivas Mir in Yerushalayim. Some time before Lag BaOmer he called me and said that one of his close friends, Dov Steinmetz, had gotten a ticket for the *hadlakah* of the Toldos Aharon Rebbe, *shlita*. The ticket gave them the privilege of pouring oil in preparation for the fire, in honor of the Tanna Rashbi. Dovi had asked the organizer for a few more tickets, so he could invite some good friends to join him at the *hadlakah* and share the privilege of pouring the oil. The *bochur* told my son that he had a ticket for him as well. My son was very happy that he'd be able to take part in the *hadlakah*, along with a number of friends.

A few days before Lag BaOmer, I called my son. I told him that because I had not visited Eretz Yisrael for a year and a half, due to coronavirus, and I hadn't