

**Good Shabbos Everyone.** The Sages of blessed memory tell us that Shabbos is a gift to the Jewish people. Every week Jews around the world enjoy the gift of Shabbos by sitting around the table with family and friends to enjoy delicious food, joyous song, and captivating words of Torah. Even those Jews who are farthest from the Torah can testify to the holy feeling which surrounds the Jewish home when Shabbos arrives.

We read about the holiness of Shabbos in this week's portion Pinchas. Near the end of the parsha, the Torah describes the various korbanos - sacrifices which Hashem commands us to bring on Shabbos, Rosh Chodesh and on the various yomim tovim - holy days. The verse tells us "The burnt-offering of each Shabbos on its own Shabbos." (Bamidbar 28:10) Why does the verse need to use the phrase "each Shabbos on its own Shabbos...?" Every verse in the Torah has a special spiritual lesson. It is possible to understand the verse in the following way: The word for burnt-offering olah is the same root of the word meaning aliyah.

Therefore we could say that the verse is teaching us that the aliyah - elevation we experience on Shabbos is unique to Shabbos. No matter what pleasures we may enjoy during the week, Shabbos is the highlight. The extent to which we distance ourselves from weekday thoughts, speaking and actions, to that extent will the holiness of Shabbos fill our souls and our homes. The following beautiful true story illustrates the extent to which one Jew was willing to make Shabbos the highlight of his week.

It was a joyous time in the Homnick household during the winter of 1952. Yaakov Yitzchok, the oldest son, had just gotten engaged. The Friday morning after the engagement was announced, Yaakov Yitzchok set off for Manhattan on a happy errand. His father had given him a sizeable sum of money to buy an engagement ring in the diamond district, on 47th street.

Yaakov Yitzchok dutifully followed the instructions his father had given him, visiting all the stores that he had suggested. But he just could not find the right ring at the right price. The hours were ticking by, and Yaakov Yitzchok was growing worried. After all, it was Erev Shabbos. Yaakov Yitzchok could not take the risk of getting stuck on his way home for Shabbos.

The hour grew so late that Yaakov Yitzchok knew he had to start heading home if he hoped to be there in time for Shabbos. He waited in line and boarded the train, his thoughts far away from his surroundings as he considered his next step on his ring-shopping expedition.

A sudden jolt yanked Yaakov Yitzchok out of his thoughts. He looked up to find all the passengers muttering angrily as they stared out of the windows of a train that had inexplicably come to a complete halt.

The voice of the conductor reverberated throughout the compartment: "Due to some mechanical trouble, we have stopped for a short period of time. We will be fixing the problem and resuming our journey shortly. Please remain calm and in your seats for just a few minutes. Thank you!"

His fellow passengers sat back, resigned to the inevitable. But Yaakov Yitzchok looked at his watch worriedly. Would it really take just a few minutes, or more than an hour? He did not have that much time to spare. After all, Shabbos was coming.

The minutes went swiftly past. Sure enough, it was nearly an hour later when the train, with a sudden jolt, finally began to move again. Now what? There was no way he would make it all the way back home in time for Shabbos. He would have to get off at an earlier stop and then walk the rest of the way. Yaakov Yitzchok glanced out the window. The train was pulling into the Canarsie section of Brooklyn, and time had just about run out. This was going to have to be his stop.

Exiting the station, Yaakov Yitzchok looked around in indecision. He had to act quickly. Absent an eruv, it is generally forbidden on Shabbos to walk in the street while carrying objects. Therefore, Yaakov Yitzchok needed to find someone trustworthy to leave the engagement ring money before Shabbos began. The street he was on contained a number of stores. Yaakov Yitzchok began to look around, hoping to find a Jewish storekeeper.

It took only two stores for Yaakov Yitzchok to find the person he was searching for. The man behind the counter was clearly Jewish. He was a complete stranger, but Yaakov Yitzchok knew he would have to trust him. He ran in and approached the storekeeper

"Excuse me," he said breathlessly, "but are you Jewish?" The man eyed him uneasily. "Yes, I am. Why do you want to know?"

Yaakov Yitzchok reached into his pocket and pulled out the wad of bills his father had given him. "I am a religious Jew, and I keep Shabbos," he explained. "I need to walk home, and I cannot carry this money with me. Could you please put it away for me? I will get it from you after Shabbos is over."

With that, he handed the money to the dumbfounded shopkeeper, then turned and left. The shopkeeper right away put the money in a safe place.

Yaakov Yitzchok arrived home after a tiring trek and greeted his concerned parents. His father well understood the need for self-sacrifice to observe Shabbos -- being that his father was only the second shomer Shabbos pharmacist in America. Therefore, Yaakov Yitzchok's father was proud of his son's actions, but he was nevertheless concerned by what his son had done with the money.

When Shabbos ended, father and son took a trip back to the store, hoping their trust had not been misplaced. Yaakov Yitzchok approached the storekeeper. "Thank you for keeping my money over Shabbos," he said politely. "Would I be able to have it back now?" "Of course," the man replied, his voice somewhat subdued. "Just a minute, please."

He shuffled off into the back of the store. Yaakov Yitzchok did not have to wait long. Within a short time the man had returned, the roll of bills in his hand. As Yaakov Yitzchok took the money, he noticed the eyes of the man were red and swollen, as if he had been crying. "What's wrong?" Yaakov Yitzchok asked the store keeper in concern. The man sighed. "I have been crying all day. You know, when I came to America, I really wanted to keep Shabbos. But I looked around and I saw that hardly anyone was keeping Shabbos. So I just went along with them. Then on Friday, you came to my store right before Shabbos, and you trusted me with all that money because you did not want to desecrate Shabbos. Isn't that a good reason to cry?" (From Visions of Greatness, Volume V, R'Y.Weiss)

Let us all be inspired by this story. We should look forward to Shabbos already as we put out the havdala candle. Then, when it finally comes time to make kiddush on Friday night once again, we can thank Hashem for the gift He has given the Jewish Nation. When we enjoy our gift of Shabbos, we should remember not to talk about business, and especially not to ask others about their business dealings. Is it not enough that Hashem gave us 6 days to talk about money? When we refrain from weekday talk on Shabbos, then we can enjoy the aliyah of Shabbos and then we will be able to serve Hashem in happiness with all of our hearts. **Good Shabbos Everyone.**

**A Refuah Shleimah to Shusha Malka bas Golda "Anyone who brings merit to the masses, no wrongdoing will come into his hands."**

Avos 5:21 To sponsor a drasha: M. Wolfberg 19 Koritz Way, Suite 212, Spring Valley, New York 10977 (845) 362-3234 **THIS PAPER CONTAINS HOLY WRITING AND SHOULD NOT BE DISPOSED OF IN THE GARBAGE**