

Good Shabbos Everyone. In this week's Parsha Toldos, the Torah speaks about the birth of Yaakov and Eisav, the twin sons of Rivkah, the wife of Yitzchok. Rivkah apparently had a very difficult pregnancy carrying the twins. Whenever she passed by the house of study, Yaakov would stir inside of her, as if he were trying to get out to go to the house of study; whenever Rivkah passed by a house of idol worship, Eisav would stir inside of her, wanting to leave the womb to go worship idols.

Rivkah experienced great discomfort as the result of this activity inside of her and she asked Hashem why this was happening to her. Hashem tells Rivkah: "Two nations are in your womb; two regimes from your inside shall be separated; the might shall pass from one regime to the other, and the elder shall serve the younger." (Bereishis 25:23) Thus we see from this verse that Rivkah's two sons were the progenitors of the two major "nations" in the world: Yaakov - whose name is later changed to Yisroel (Israel) - symbolizes the Jewish nation, while Esav symbolizes the nations of the world.

The commentators explain that when Yaakov - the Jewish people - does his duty and fulfills the Torah, then they merit that Esav - the "Nations" - will actually assist us and not persecute us. The following inspirational true story illustrates this concept, even if only tangentially. It was just not fair. He was sure that he had made it across the intersection in New York City before the light turned red. Of course, the police officer disagreed. That is why he was now busy writing out a ticket.

Well, Yitzchok told himself, he was going to fight this one and he might even win. He sent in the ticket pleading not guilty and contacted the dreaded Traffic Violations Bureau of the New York DMV to find out the hearing time. Not wanting to miss work, Yitzchok made sure to get the earliest appointment possible, at eight-thirty in the morning.

On the day of the hearing, Yitzchok arrived at the hearing room early, and was happy to find the room empty. Hearings were held on a first-come, first-served basis, so Yitzchok assumed that he would be heading for work by nine o'clock. Just to make sure that the judge noticed him, he took a seat in the front row.

At eight-thirty the judge, an elderly black gentleman, came in and looked around the filled room and began the proceedings shortly thereafter. Yitzchok recognized the officer who had ticketed him. It seemed that everyone in the room had come to contend tickets which had been issued by this officer. The judge called out someone's name — but it was not Yitzchok's, and he looked on in consternation as someone else came forward.

He grew more upset as the judge proceeded to call a number of others ahead of him. The judge seemed to be quite unforgiving; virtually everyone was found guilty after the officer stated his side of the story.

"What is going on here?" Yitzchok thought, "is this guy an anti-Semite that he's making me wait for last? Judging by what I have seen, he is sure to find me guilty. I will be late to work and all I got for it was aggravation!"

By nine-forty, there was no one left but Yitzchok. His name was called and he came forward. He stated his case: he had crossed into the intersection when the light was changing from green to yellow. The judge motioned to the officer and, as if prearranged, the officer and the clerk left the room without a word. The judge then shut the microphone and tape recorder. There was no one left in the room except the judge and Yitzchok, who was thoroughly confused and a bit nervous. The judge suddenly leaned forward and said, "I will take your word for it that the light was green, because a person like you deserves a break." Yitzchok had no idea what was going on. "You don't recognize me?" asked the judge. Yitzchok replied that he did not. The judge then reached into his pocket and withdrew a New York subway-and-bus token which he handed to Yitzchok.

"I've been waiting four years to return this to you," said the judge. Then, Yitzchok remembered . . . It was close to eleven o'clock on a wet, wintry night in New York City and Yitzchok and his wife were driving home after a long day. The precipitation took the form of snow showers which made the driving even more difficult.

Suddenly the couple noticed an elderly black gentleman struggling to push his stalled car off the road. Yitzchok pulled over to the side of the road, got out of his car and offered his services to the very appreciative man. Together, they pushed the car into a legal parking space.

Yitzchok turned to the man and asked where he had been heading. The man had been on his way home. Without a car, he was best off taking a city bus, which stopped a few blocks from where they now stood. Yitzchok invited the man into his car and they headed for the bus stop. As they neared it, they could see the bus a few blocks ahead of them. Undaunted, Yitzchok sped up just a bit as he attempted to overtake the bus. At that point, the gentleman mentioned that he did not have the exact change needed for the bus fare. Yitzchok handed the man a subway-and-bus token. The man looked at Yitzchok in amazement at the extent of his kindness toward him. They overtook the bus and the man expressed his thanks before alighting from the car. "I was waiting for the day when I would meet my Jewish friend with the yarmulke," the judge now said, "and that day has finally come. I will never forget the kindness that you showed me!" We Jews have to do our job, to be a shining example for the Nations and to do acts of kindness and goodness. Then we will merit that Esav will cease to persecute us and will actually assist the Jewish nation! **Good Shabbos Everyone.**