

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Parshat Bamidbar

— @ Chabad of Coral Springs —

Omer Day 44

Blessing of the New Month

Molad Times: Sivan, May16 6:02 p.m. (15 chalakim)



Sincere condolences to Rebbetzin Denburg, Rebbetzin Friedman, and the entire Denburg and Friedman families, on the passing of the Rebbetzins' mother, Rosa Kleinman.

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Mazal Tov:

The Kessler family

on the birth of baby girl twins!!

Davening Times & Information

Friday Candle Lighting: 7:43 p.m.

Shabbat Ends: 8:39 p.m.

Tzeit Hakochavim (Friday): 8:26 p.m.

Shabbat: 8:15 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m. & 11 a.m.

Shabbat Mincha: 7:40 p.m.

Sunday: 8:00a.m., 9:00 a.m. & 10:00 a.m.

Weekdays: 6:45 a.m., 7:45 a.m. & 8:45 a.m.

Mincha & Ma'ariv: 7:55 p.m.

Ma'ariv, 2nd and 3rd Minyanim: 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.

05/17 Earliest Tallis & Tefillin: 5:48 a.m.

Latest time for Shma: 9:53 a.m.

05/22 Earliest Tallis & Tefillin: 5:45 a.m.

Latest time for Shma: 9:52 a.m.

**Be sure to sign up for
All Night Shavuot Teaching/Learning.
Registration sign up sheet is located by the sinks.**

TIMELESS TORAH

By: Rabbi Yossie Denburg

MY Mother-in-law was a LADY

Stereotyping others through prefabricated mental molds is easy. It requires neither imagination nor analysis. True, Rosa Kleinman (Mrs. Denburg & Mrs. Friedman's mother) outwardly resembled a boilerplate old-Polish *Bubbie*. She was shorter than her Bar-Mitzvah grandsons, stooped, wrinkled, white-haired, wore a floral-print housedress, faded kitchen apron, thick supportive stockings, well-worn house slippers and minimal jewelry. Set her in an old-fashioned kitchen filled with the aroma of simmering soup, and presto, there she was. But that was all external.

She spoke five languages; Russian, Polish, French, Yiddish and English. In her younger years, she would accurately be described as chic and fashionable with her white gloves and pillbox purse. She appreciated art, fine music and good literature. She also had a life outside the kitchen, working for New York's Transit Authority by putting herself through night school and subsequently rising through the ranks.

Who was Sara Raizel (Rosa), my mother-in-law? She was born into a prestigious Rabbinic family in *Tomashov-Lubelsk*, Galicia. Though she was orphaned at a young age, she never forgot her illustrious heritage. It was both a matter of pride and responsibility.

Hardship came early. At the tender age of three, Poland and parents were replaced by Siberia and a non-Jewish orphanage. After the War, she was educated by Lubavitcher Chassidim in Paris, where she eventually met another orphan. She and Zalman (well-known Chassidic artist, who predeceased her by 3 decades) raised four children. Money was scarce. Manners were not.

Rosa was a lady. [Does anyone even speak in these terms anymore?] She didn't seek entertainment or even distractions. She was busy loving her husband, her family, her friends, and her good name. And because she was a lady she would never besmirch any of these good fortunes. She considered herself blessed.

Her faith, heritage and sense of propriety provided a strict code that she used as a weapon against incivility. She epitomized good manners, attentiveness to others, heartfelt compliments and offered an open home and receptive ear to all, without pre-conditions or expecting anything in return. Anything less was barbarism.

Her heaping plates of food and second helpings (just as large) did not condone bad table manners. I never saw her elbows on the table, chewing

with her mouth open, sawing at her meat, or grabbing the fork as if it were a spear. After all, she was lady. As such, she was neither ostentatious nor loud. Indeed (just my opinion) though she would never say anything, I think boastful behavior was anathema.

Sara Raizel was an amalgam of many cultures. But they were never at war. They harmonized into an old-fashioned sense of propriety: greet everyone by name, look them in the eye, be grateful for small gestures, write thank-you notes and mean them...those were just a few.

She adored education and encouraged everyone to better themselves. And when they did, she was truly happy for them. When the *Chevra Kadish* (Burial Society) at Montefiore Cemetery in Queens asked if she would have any objections to where her final resting spot should be (“*Did she get along with Mrs. X, Y or Z?*”) her children laughed. Rosa got along with everybody. She never uttered a bad word. In turn, no one uttered a bad word about her.

This sense of right and wrong, the knowledge that a family’s honorable name isn’t just words were forged in her like an alloy of steel. And she instilled that in her children. I don’t know if many care about an inter-generational family. Perhaps all that is culturally lost. But I wonder: How many families have several generations in the same home?

Can a sick, elderly person be a challenge? Of course. But there are also untold benefits. Some people live far away. When the grandchildren come, they keep a distance. I’m not judging. I just feel sorry. We’re one of the lucky ones. My children knew Bubbie Kleinman, as they know my own mother, Bubbie Denburg. One bought ice cream. The other bakes cookies. They all lived up and down the same block. We’re multi-generational. A tribe numbering in the many dozens. They knew their great-grandmother and they were known. Lucky indeed.

Unfortunately, Bubbie Kleinman didn’t tell stories of her past. The present was much too important. But she taught us how to carry ourselves and treat others. [She passed away on Shabbos where the Torah enumerates everyone’s inherent value.] She never talked ‘tough’ or even sounded gruff. In fact, she was soft-spoken. But then she got sick. Really sick. A feeding tube replaced real food. A machine pumped oxygen. Bouts of recurring pneumonia and other organ failures forced her back into the hospital too many times. Her agony became extreme. Her daughters fought with the medical system. They kept her home. The lion’s share of that responsibility fell on her youngest, Chanie Friedman, where she lived these last twelve years.

Seriously, she never asked anything for herself. But if there’s one thing she could now ask, it would be to spend time with those you love and those who love you. We think we have time to spend until we don’t... until we can’t.

Rosa Kleinman was a lady. Now it’s our turn.



LEARNING: A CHABAD MAINSTAY

Daily Morning Chassidus:

6:15 a.m. Monday - Friday

9:20 a.m. Shabbos

9:30 a.m. Sunday

Monday:

8:15 p.m. Derech Mitzvotecha (Women)

8:30 p.m. Project Likutei Sichos

9:30 p.m. Farbique Sha'ar Habitochon

Tuesday:

9:00 a.m. Sha'ar Habitochon (Women)

8:15 p.m. Tanya Today

Thursday:

9:45 p.m. Chassidus #102

Tuesday/Wednesday/Thursday:

8:30 p.m. Talmud: Pesachim

Shabbat:

1/2 Hour B4 Mincha Halacha

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Office Hours: Monday - Friday 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
Mobile door access inactive during office hours.

