

**BADERECH****RABBI JUDAH MISCHEL**EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, CAMP HASC
AUTHOR OF BADERECH SERIES

Ya'alah

Rebbe Yoram Michael Abergel, zy'a, was the pillar of Torah of Netivot in southern Israel, a great *mezakhe ha-rabim*, talmid chacham, builder of Torah and kabbalist. The author of the ten volume *B'tzur Yarom* on Tanya, Rav Yoram spent his days and nights in the dedication of the Jewish people, learning and teaching Torah. He maintained an exhausting schedule of shiurim on Jewish thought, halacha and chasidus. These classes began three hours before dawn and continued late until the night.

A few times a week he would travel hundreds of kilometers, giving shiurim along the length and breadth of Eretz Yisrael. In addition, he was present for hours and hours of *kabbalat kahal*, meeting thousands of students and seekers, providing everyone he met with a jolt of energy and *chizuk*, a good word, guidance with a touch of *ru'ach ha-kodesh*, and a blessing of encouragement toward growth

and learning.

His Rabbanit and children, who objectively speaking bore the brunt of their father's incredible sacrifice for the Jewish people, often said that they never felt that they were missing their father while he was on the road. In fact, he saved his biggest smile for his home, and *מיטב כוחו*, "his primary strength", was spent at home leading the family in singing, giving over Torah, and playing games.

Born in the southern moshav of B'rosh to a traditional Moroccan family, Rav Abergel studied at the local "Beit Yehuda", the Bnei Akiva yeshiva in Kfar Maimon, before transferring to Yeshivat HaNegev. Over the years, he spent time as a shamash and student of the holy Baba Sali, Rav Ovadya Yosef and Rav Mordechai Eliyahu, providing Rav Yoram a unique foundation of Torah mastery which would support the vast empire of kollelim, yeshivot, and projects under his supervision.

One summer evening, the Rav arrived for a shiur in the Central Beit Knesset of the northern moshav, and was met by a small group of *avreichim* who sought to escort him from his car to the beit kneset. Up ahead, he caught a glimpse of a group of teenagers hanging around the entrance, dressed immodestly. Not wanting to make the unaware kids nor the *avreichim* uncomfortable, Rebbe Yoram asked his escorts if there was another entrance. "Yes, just behind the shul there is a *chatzeir*, a courtyard...although the gate is probably locked..." The men followed the Rav around back where indeed, they found a fence with a locked gate.

**Protect your Family's
Health
and Finances with
Critical Private Medical
Insurance**

For details send an email or WhatsApp to

norman@shaham.co.il

054-4258671

Norman Zysblat

Licensed Insurance Professional

Then and there, Reb Yoram, beard fully white and a grandfather many times over, hiked up his frock and began to scale the fence. “*HaRav! Kavod HaTorah!*” cried the *avreichem* nervously. As he deftly landed on the other side, Rav Yoram looked back at them with a mischievous smile. “You think I’m an old man? אני ילד מושב, I’m a moshav kid! A fence is not going to stop me from giving a shiur. *Ya’alah...*”

וַיַּעֲקֹב אִישׁ תָּם יָשֵׁב אֶהְלִים

“Yaakov was an innocent man, dwelling in tents.” (25:27)

Rebbe Nachman of Breslov explains the inner significance of Yaakov’s efforts to acquire the *bechora*, “blessing of the firstborn” in our sedra. A “firstborn”, he says, is one who sees things as though for the first time. Indeed, no matter how many times Yaakov experienced something, it was fresh and alive; he experienced it with newness, wonder and *temimus*. In cultivating *temimus*, Yaakov Avinu maintained a youthful state of innocence, purity and wonder into his old age. When our *Yiddishkeit* becomes stale, withered or fossilized, it is because Torah and mitzvos have become distanced from their Source. It is a sign that we have become distanced from *temimus*.

Whenever we experience the simple purity of unrestrained laughter, the natural amazement of a moment of wonder, the gallop of untethered joy, free of self-consciousness, we can attain a state of obliviousness to the cynicism, posturing and competitiveness of the adult world. We are channeling and connecting with our ‘inner child’. No matter how many times we fall away, we can again become the יָלֵד שְׂשֻׁעִים (Yirmiyahu, 31:20), the “delightful child” of the *Ribbono Shel Olam*, for no matter how old and sophisticated a

person may be, “The soul of a child still nestles within him.” The power to return and reveal this inner freedom is the power of *temimus*.

Reb Meir Michel Abehsera, descendant of Moroccan Torah sages and a devoted chassid of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, was renowned as a spiritual mentor and advocate of natural medicine and holistic health. A unique and beloved spiritual mentor, Reb Meir shared some of his original thoughts in memoir, *The Possible Man*:

I address myself to the adult, with the wish that at the same time, I will strike a chord with the child who dwells within the adult. The child’s nature is to want to be taken by the fable, though he knows you are keeping a moral or a lesson for the end. But to keep his attention you must be sure that the story’s chain of events flows easily into the moral and that you do not suddenly spell out the lesson too soon, spoiling everything. The child is willing to make himself even more childlike in order to make room for the wonder. He won’t allow his cleverness to interfere until the tale is completed. He knows the code of illusion. He knows it is the time for listening, not for questions.

The account of Yaakov Avinu’s birth and maturation in Parshas Toldos invites us to reengage the innocence and newness of the child who dwells within. May we always be filled with wonder, openness and *temimus*; may we listen and be attuned to the sweetness of Hashem’s message for us in the present moment. *Ya’alah!* ■

Jonathan Rosenblum, DPM

050-595-5161

Pediatric and Geriatric Foot Care, Bunions, Hammertoes, and Diabetic Wound Care