

Interactive Questions for Your Shabbos Table



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ISSUE 92

SHABBOS PARSHAS PINCHAS 5786

Please treat this newsletter with proper respect.
 Please do not read during davening or Krias HaTorah.

It Doesn't Sound Like Fun to Me

Shmuel and I have been talking about our summer camp plans for a few weeks. We had basically decided to go to Camp X. One day, our friend Yoni joined the conversation and told us, "I went to Camp X last year. The counselors were not fun and the food wasn't so



amazing. I'm going to Camp Y this year."

Shmuel and I are so glad we heard this before we sent in our deposits! Now we are rethinking our summer plans. Are we allowed to believe what Yoni said?

—Yitzy

What's the Psak? Do you know the halachah?

A No.

What Yoni said is loshon hora and you must ignore it.

B No.

What Yoni said is loshon hora, but you don't need to ignore it.

C Yes,

but you need to check with Camp X if they'll be more selective about their counselors and upgrade their food.

That's Your Opinion

Oddly, even the most skeptical people tend to believe negative information they hear without questioning any further. They assume that, if someone is saying it, there must be a "kernel of truth" to it. Not only does this cause them to stumble into loshon hora, but it can also leave them with very mistaken impressions. We have to be aware as we're hearing the negative information that much of the time we are only hearing another person's individual perspective, not the objective truth.¹ In our story, it might be that Yoni is a picky eater, so to him the food is "not amazing," and he doesn't like the structure of camp, so the counselors "aren't fun." And there

is no guarantee that Yoni will like Camp Y! Even so, based on what they heard from Yoni, Yitzy and Shmuel are permitted to investigate Camp X more closely and then make their decision.² And, even if they choose Camp Y in the end, they must not think any less of Camp X.

Answer: The halachah is B.

Reviewed by **Rabbi Moshe Mordechai Lowy**

Rav Pam, zt"l, advised great caution when presenting halachic scenarios to the public, as each situation is unique. This *shailah* is for discussion only; actual halachic decisions should be made by a rav or halachic expert on a case-by-case basis.

The Shmiras Haloshon Shailah Hotline: 718-951-3696 2-3PM / 9-10:30 PM

1 Sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Loshon Hora 6:1
 2 Sefer Chofetz Chaim, Hilchos Loshon Hora 6:10

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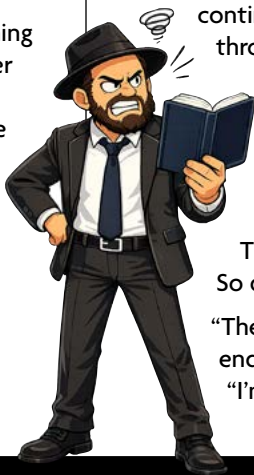
One Friday night, Meir was davening when a man walked into shul with his three young sons. They squeezed into seats, and immediately out came the bags of nosh. Crinkle, crinkle, crunch, crunch—just loud enough to needle everyone around them.

“What are these kids doing here?” Meir thought, already irritated.

Within minutes, they were roaming the aisles. Then came a fight over a Lego set they had brought along. Kvetching. Squealing. One boy shoved another. Their father motioned for them to quiet down, but instead they pushed through rows of *mispallelim* to argue their case directly to him.

“Unbelievable,” Meir thought. “What is this man thinking?”

Thank You Hashem for Stopping Me



“I know what’s going on—his wife is sitting on the couch like a queen, relaxing, while he has to bring these kids to shul! And now everyone else had to suffer for it.”

Meir was ready to say something—but somehow managed to control himself.

Meanwhile, the boys continued rampaging through the shul, talking in loud, playground voices. Every now and then the father whispered “Shush,” but nothing changed.

The noise kept building. So did Meir’s anger.

“The second davening ends,” he told himself, “I’m going over there and

giving this thoughtless person a piece of my mind!”

But as davening continued, Meir’s patience was almost gone.

Soon he was at his breaking point. A person can only hold himself back for so long.

Finally, davening was almost over. “Ah, just Kaddish and I will really let him have it!”

Slowly, the father gathered his sons—and to Meir’s horror, the boys began:

“*Yisgadal v’yiskadash Shemei Rabbah...*”

And in one crushing instant, Meir understood.

They had come to say Kaddish for their mother.

And Hashem, in His mercy, had stopped Meir from saying words he would have regretted forever.

See the good What's the Real Story?



“Hey! What are my stickers doing all over my bed?” Moshe Klein* demanded of his older brother Eli. “I told you not to touch my stuff!”

Moshe had been about to get ready for bed when he noticed the evidence. A few of his brand-new stickers—the ones Zeidy had given him—were scattered across his blanket. He stormed into the dining room, where Eli was calmly doing homework.

What a Sticky Situation!

“I didn’t touch your stickers,” Eli said.

“Oh, yeah?” Moshe shot back.

“You asked to switch beds with me because my bed is near the air conditioner, and I said, ‘fine—but DON’T TOUCH MY STUFF!’ And now my stickers are all over the bed you slept in!”

“Maybe it’s magic,” Eli answered.

The conversation was getting louder by the second. Moshe felt he

had all the proof he needed, Eli had touched his things without permission—and was now denying it.

Just then, their older brother Zevi walked in. “What’s going on?” he asked.

After hearing both sides, Zevi said, “There has to be an explanation. You,” he said, pointing to Eli, “don’t play with stickers. And you,” he said to Moshe, “don’t make things up. Let’s figure this out.”

Can you Crack the case?



All three boys went into the bedroom together. Sure enough, there were stickers scattered across Moshe’s bed. On a hunch, Zevi pulled back the blanket—and there, spread across the mattress, was an entire roll of stickers that had unraveled.

“Where do you usually keep the stickers?” Zevi asked.

“On the shelf above my bed,” Moshe answered.

Eli burst out laughing. “They must have fallen off the shelf during the night! I’m so spaced out when I wake up in the morning, I probably rolled over them without even noticing.”

The stickers had stuck to Eli’s pajamas and blanket as he slept, and later ended up scattered across the bed—making it look like Eli had taken them out on purpose, when really it had happened by accident.

DEDICATIONS



לעיני בתשבע רחל ע"ה ב"ר שמעון יבלח"ט • לעיני חיים יחיאל מיכל בן רפאל פיוועל שניאור ז"ל

As a *zechus* for Ariel Yehuda ben Pinchas Tzvi and Ruchama Chaya Fruma bas Dov Pinchas

As a *zechus* for *hatzlachah* for Moshe ben Yekutiel • As a *zechus* for David Mordechai ben Rivka and family • *L'ilui nishmas* Bina bas Shlomo a"h

לעיני יחזקאל מאיר ז"ל בן צבי אריה נ"י וחי' צפורה בת שמואל חיים ע"ה • As a *zechus* for the Sternfeld family

As a *zechus* for a *refuah sheleimah* for Noam ben Etta and as a *zechus* for *hatinok* ben Basha. Dedicated by Rabbi and Mrs. Gershon Brafman

