



planting of *Har Sinai* to the *Mishkon*, we can understand the redemptive nature of the *Mishkon* in one of two ways. Either it's symbolic of Torah learning, which was delivered at *Har Sinai*, or a Sinaic experience that was transplanted to the *Mishkon*.

Recently, *Klal Yisroel* suffered a great loss with the *petirah* of Rebbetzin Esther Genechovsky *a"h*, wife of Rav Avrohom Genechovsky *zt"l*.

I was at their *Shabbos* table many times and shared other occasions with them as well.

In *Vayomer Hineini*, one of the many biographies that have since emerged about Rav Avrohom, Rebbetzin Esther notes that she never saw anyone reach such a level of loving Hashem as her husband, Rav Avrohom reached. Well, she was part of that equation that allowed him to reach such a level.

Their apartment was a revolving door for hundreds of *bochurim*, *yungeleit*, and just about anyone who was in need of help. Sometimes, Rebbetzin Esther tried to protect Rav Avrohom from the weight of all his obligations, but she kept her home open to all those in need.

She prepared *kallahs* for marriage and was sought out to give advice in all marital matters.

Luckily for me, she made sumptuous meals that received constant and great praise from Rav Avrohom.

She sent me back on *Motzoei Shabbos* with fresh pastries that sweetened my week.

She confided to me that the Ponovezher Yeshiva asked Rav Avrohom many times to be *rosh yeshiva* there, but he already had an affinity towards the Tchebiner Rov.

Rebbetzin Esther endured every week without her husband, as Rav Avrohom stayed in *yeshiva* all week, but she celebrated this arrangement, knowing that he had a greater purpose.

Whether the *Mishkon* was a manifestation of Torah learning or the presence of a Sinaic experience, Rebbetzin Esther Genechovsky created a dwelling that fulfilled both of these realities.

May her *neshamah* go to the highest points of *Gan Eden*.

Steven Genack

Torah he already knew *baal peh* he had this apparent insatiable obsession for. Being such an unassuming, "normal" person allowed him to reach us on our own level. His exhibition of self-deprecating "regular-keit" made us feel like, after all, maybe it is possible to become big. Whether it was driving the boys to the park after *seder*, lending them his car to buy stuff, or just *shmoozing* in the lobby, his ever-present smile and happy-spirited spunk was an example for us all.

There wasn't such a thing as him waking up on the wrong side of the bed. Every morning, there was the same "Good morning." Cheery, real, authentic. We simply couldn't frown in his presence.

We would observe him excitedly telling over a *shtickel* to Reb Shaye, peddling a *sevara* to Reb Mordechai, heatedly debating a point with Reb Dovid, or laughing, as only he could, at his own *lefum churfa shabeshta*.

He wouldn't wear a tie; that just wasn't his thing. You wouldn't even notice, though, because of his captivating personality.

As we mourn, we ask ourselves: What would Reb Hillel say? We know the answer: *Stop crying. Go do something!*

We are trying, *rebbe*. We are definitely trying.

It is said that when we learn the Torah of someone after their passing, their lips move along with us. If that is true for more than just lips, Reb Hillel must be dancing up there.

*Yehi zichro boruch.*

A Talmid

## KEEPING IT SWEET

Dear Editor,

As I was about to sit down and write this letter, I heard the news of the passing of Rebbetzin Devorah Svei *a"h*. I am not writing a *hesped*, but I cannot refrain from mentioning that the *rebbetzin* was the *demus*, the role model and perfect example, of an *isha chashuvah*. She was the present-day image of the holy *imachos* of *Klal Yisroel*. May any inspiration emerging from these words be a *zechus* for her pure and holy *neshamah*.

Recently, a few *rabbeim* were having a very serious *chinuch* discussion. The *rabbeim* were

*sha* and the Vilna Gaon, and it probably comes from earlier sources too.

The *Maharsha* and the Vilna Gaon both say that there are three types of good in this world. One is *tov*, good. The second is *arev*, sweet. And the third is *mo'il*, helpful and beneficial. We can apply these three levels to ourselves and we can apply them to our lessons and *shivrim*. For now, let us apply them to our lessons.

Is it good? Is it clear and on the level? Is it correct and true?

The second level is *arev*. Is it sweet? How will it be accepted? Is it delicious and enjoyable?

And the third level is *mo'il*. Will it last? Will it be beneficial for the *talmidim* and their future? What will remain from the lesson?

Perhaps the *tov* part is the preparation that comes before the class, *arev* is the delivery during the class, and *mo'il* is the part that will last after the class. These are three parts to the lesson that a *rebbe*, or anyone in *chinuch*, can easily measure.

This is a lesson in "educational value" in a nutshell, and perhaps it will be a *chizuk* for someone. (I would be glad to hear more about this from anyone who would be kind enough to contact me at 732.905.8643 or rabbimgarfinkel@gmail.com.)

I was not originally planning to add the following paragraph, but since I am writing this letter, my feeling is that perhaps it can fit in with my humble feelings and thoughts about Rav Elya and Rebbetzin Devorah Svei. When we were in *yeshiva*, we thought that the *rosh yeshiva* and *rebbetzin* would live forever and bring us to greet *Moshiach*. Almost ten years ago, Rav Elya was *niftar*. The *rebbetzin* lived on, carrying the flame of Rav Elya. What is left now?

Perhaps the answer is that *tov*, *arev* and *mo'il* lasts forever. Rav Elya and the *rebbetzin* gave over and personified a *chinuch* and *mesorah* that exemplified every single aspect of *tov*, *arev* and *mo'il*. This will last forever. It is more than their memories. It is their lives will live in us eternally. The Elya and the *rebbe* Elya's *gevu* *rebbetzin's* .. much sweeter