



PESACH VERSUS MOUNTAINS

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Ah the Pesach Seder, home of so much kedusha for Yieden. The challenge is for us to grasp that Holiness and make it our own reality. Often, we find sweet caring Yidden who lose faith in themselves, and don't really connect with the vital truth that we each are beloved of Hashem and worthy of leaving Mitzrayim, no matter what our own Mitzrayim may be.

Shir Hashirim tells us, Hashem was Midaleg Al heHorim, Hashem jumped over the mountains to take the Jews out of Egypt. Medrash explains what this means: Moshe told the Yieden that Hashem is going to take them out of the filth of Mitzrayim, they asked how is that possible? We have been in this golus so long that we have created mountains of idols that have blocked our hopes of every leaving. Yes this land is filled with idols, but sadly we have built many of them ourselves. Says the Eibishter, yes, I know there are mountains between us, but I, Hashem Kaveyuchle chose to not see them, "I choose to jump over these mountains these spiritual obstacles to save you". The Nesivas Sholom asks why did Hashem ignore all the mountains of tumah we ourselves had helped to create? Because of three words, Bni Bechorai Yisroel, You are Bnei Yisroel my first born child!

Hashem jumped over the mountainous obstacles that lay in our way so He could bring his first-born beloved children out of the spiritual quagmire. All that was asked of us was to move forward with faith.

Pesach speaks to this love and how the Eibishter will embrace us if we but try to move closer. It was Hashem's love that took us on his wings and led us to the Midbar and ultimately Kabolat Hatorah.. and it is that same love that can today carry us over the mountains of pain and mishaps we have created in our lives.

I recently heard a sweet story that I want to share with you all.

Once in NYC there was a little boy, five years old and sweet as sugar. He started to learn how to play the piano and in his childish way, he practiced his elementary lessons with care.

His doting mother learned that a world-famous pianist was coming

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to give a concert in the Carnegie Hall, New York's premier concert venue. This was to be a rare event and tickets were selling quickly. Mom bought two tickets one for herself and one for her sweet little boy.

On the day, they went by train and soon found themselves in the huge auditorium. The place was filling up quickly and mom and son soon found their seats. In all the tumult, our little child went missing, and mom was almost hysterical with fear, 'where is my child'?

Just then the curtains opened and to everyone's amazement there on stage besides a gleaming piano and its matching stool, was our little lost child. Somehow in his innocence he found his way unhindered onto the stage and without further ado, went over to the piano stool sat himself down and started to play the one song he knew well. 'Twinkle twinkle little star.'

He was alone, the maestro had not yet entered, the thousands sitting in the audience were dumbstruck, as this youngster banged on the keys with his simple little tune. 'Twinkle twinkle,' he played, oblivious of everything around him.

Just then the great pianist strode onto the stage, he saw the child and calmly walked over behind him and whispered, "play on dear boy, you're doing so well. Here let me help you" with that the great man reached over around the youngster, his hands touching the piano keys on either side of the child's, The Master then started to play a complex and profound composition accompanying to the child's basic tapping on the keyboard.

From that childish attempt was born a majestic musical rendition. The crowd rose with applause as our young star took a bow with the great man.

The moral of this quaint story is simple, we all are that little boy, all we have to do is reach for the keys and tap our fumbling little tune, The Eibishter will then embrace our effort with all the love He has for his first-born child, and create a symphonic masterpiece that we could never dream of.

ur spiritual homecoming will come when we make a small step, all the mountains of mistakes we have made will not stop Hashem from leaning over and reaching down to us.

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