



CHINUCH MOMENTS

RABBI MOSHE DOV HEBER

A TASTE OF KINDNESS

Mrs. Baila Paluch (author of *Blow My Mind*) suffered a stroke. The mother of ten suddenly lost her ability to walk and speak. It required much patience and a lot of therapy before she could say one word at a time, then two.

When her two bachurim came to visit her in the hospital, she struggled to say, "You look nice." When her younger children came, she gave them presents she had made herself, with simple supplies her sister had bought for her.

After six weeks in the hospital and another six weeks of rehab, she was transferred to another rehab facility near Edison, New Jersey. By then, she was able to walk with a cane and could hold a one-on-one conversation, though speaking still required tremendous concentration and effort.

The transfer happened on a Friday afternoon in early autumn. Everything came together very quickly at the last minute. The insurance approval only arrived shortly before the move, so there was barely any time to get ready. There was no chance to pack food or plan ahead, and family and friends only found out after she was already on her way.

Before long, however, members of the local Edison community began arriving. Families sent over challah, kugel, chicken, soup, drinks, and other food for Shabbos. Mrs. Paluch and her husband were deeply touched. They had never met these people,

yet they immediately stepped forward to help.

Still, Shabbos felt long. She missed being home. She missed her children. She was impatient for the therapists to begin the exercises and treatment that would help her get stronger.

Motzaei Shabbos brought a welcome change. Her husband went home and brought the children back to visit.

"Wow, this place is fancy!" said her son. "Look at the chandeliers."

"I like the pattern on the carpets!" said her daughter. "And the paintings on the wall. It feels like a museum."

Mrs. Paluch and the family spent several precious hours together.

By Sunday, however, the loneliness had returned. Therapy still had not begun, and communication remained difficult.

That afternoon, a woman from the community stopped by to pick up the thermos that had been used for soup. After thanking her again for all the food, Mrs. Paluch invited her to sit for a few minutes.

Mrs. Friedman had a warm smile and an easygoing personality, and soon the two women were chatting comfortably. After weeks of hospitals and therapy, it felt good simply to talk.

At one point, searching for something to say, Mrs. Paluch asked if there were any kosher restaurants nearby.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Friedman replied. "There's a pizza store, a bakery, a takeout

place, and several other options. During the summer they also sell cholov Yisroel ice cream."

Mrs. Paluch smiled. "During the summer?"

"Yes," Mrs. Friedman said. "But unfortunately the season is over."

A moment later, now that she knew it would not be an imposition, Mrs. Paluch mentioned something she had been thinking about for weeks.

"I've really been craving ice cream," she said quietly.

The two women laughed.

"Well," Mrs. Friedman said, "you'll have to wait until next year."

A short while later she left, wishing Mrs. Paluch well.

About two hours later there was another knock at the door.

When Mrs. Paluch opened it, she froze.

A woman she had never met was standing there holding an enormous ice cream cone.

For a moment she simply stared.

"I think this is for you," the woman said with a smile.

It turned out that after leaving the rehab center, Mrs. Friedman had passed by one of the local stores and discovered that they were still selling cholov Yisroel ice cream. She did not have time to return herself, so she asked another woman to deliver it.

Mrs. Paluch could hardly believe it.

The ice cream was gone within minutes, but the taste of that kindness lingered far longer. Years later, she still remembers not only the ice cream, but the caring heart that brought it.

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"WE VIEW THAT TRUST AS A PRIVILEGE AND RESPONSIBILITY"

MORDECHAI BLAUSTEIN, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF SINAI ACADEMY

One of the most meaningful signs that a school is making a difference is when its greatest source of growth comes through the families it already serves. When parents see their children excited to go to school each morning, eager to share what they learned, and growing in confidence and character, they naturally want to share that experience with others.

At Sinai Academy, many new students arrive because a parent, alumnus, or friend encouraged another family to take a closer look. We view that trust as both a privilege and a responsibility. It reminds us that every child deserves an educational environment where he can truly thrive.

Having a good school is never about filling seats. It is about finding the right fit for each child. Sometimes that means welcoming a student to Sinai Academy, and sometimes it means recommending another school that may better meet his needs. The goal is always the same: helping every Jewish child find a place where he can succeed academically, grow spiritually, and feel genuinely valued.

When the fit is right, everyone benefits. Students flourish, parents gain confidence, and schools are strengthened. Seeing those results provides us with immense *chizuk*.

If you have a son or daughter or know of someone that is in public school, and is open to try a Jewish school please email us at mordechai_sinaiacademy@yahoo.com

Let us guide you through the process of finding the right school.



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