

## And now, your two sons who were born to you in Egypt before my coming to you in Egypt shall be mine. (48:5)

**Horav Moshe Feinstein, zl**, derives from this *pasuk* that the symbol of the pertinacity of a Torah education; its staying power, and ability to overcome challenge, is whether it is still perceived in later generations. An education that endures generations is a good education. This idea is gleaned from Yaakov *Avinu's* statement concerning Yosef's children who were born prior to the arrival of the Patriarch in Egypt. *Li heim*, "They are mine!" has meaning only if they had been born and raised in the moral filth of Egyptian society without Yaakov *Avinu* to serve as a positive influence, as the barometer of the family's moral compass. When Yaakov remarks, *Li heim*, "They are mine!", we see the overarching significance of the *chinuch*, education, that he gave Yosef. It had endured, and now he sees it reflected in his grandsons.

In *Footsteps of the Maggid*, Rabbi Paysach Krohn quotes a story that he heard from the *Mashgiach* of Beth Shraga, **Horav Mordechai Schwab, zl**, which demonstrates the long range impact of a pure education on children. The parents, as we will see, obviously were not concerned with the amount of time, effort, or money that had to be expended in order for their children to have a good Torah education. In the following story, we witness the sacrifice on the part of parents and the way that it paid off throughout the years.

*Reb Zevullun* was a German National who had emigrated to Lucerne, Switzerland. *Rav Schwab* knew him well. *Reb Zevullun* was in the tailoring business. His son, Daniel, was an intelligent young man who was very mature for his age and possessed the type of charisma that seemed to succeed in the business world. Therefore, at the young age of seventeen, Daniel entered his father's business. Before long, Daniel was taking business trips for his father. These trips were day trips, in which he left in the morning and returned that evening. Since he was progressing so well, his father felt comfortable to send him to Locarno, Switzerland, located near the Italian border, which was a five-hour rail trip. The plan was for Daniel to spend a week in Locarno, since it was an important deal that could not be rushed.

The morning after Daniel left, *Reb Zevullun* had occasion to be in Daniel's bedroom, where, to his chagrin, he noticed that his son had left his *Tallis* at home. The custom of much of German Jewry is for young men, even prior to getting married, to wear a *Tallis gadol* during *Shacharis*, their morning prayers. Noticeably, the *Tefillin* were gone, because his son would never forget his *Tefillin*. The question that gnawed at the father was: Did his son carelessly forget his *Tallis*, or did he leave it on purpose? He was traveling to a new town where, quite possibly, the custom for a young man to wear a *Tallis* was not popular, so that his son would feel self-conscious. He could also have been so preoccupied with preparations for the journey that taking the *Tallis* had just slipped his mind. In any event, *Reb Zevullun* was not about to allow this to go by unnoticed.

*Reb Zevullun* immediately looked for someone to tend to his business, while he proceeded to the

train station to purchase a round-trip ticket to Locarno. He wasted no time. Immediately upon arriving in Locarno, he took a taxi over to the hotel where son had reservations and went to his room. Shock and fear coursed through Daniel, when, answering the knock at his door, he opened it to meet his father. "Father, is everything all right?" was the immediate question on the young man's lips. "Everything is fine. Do not worry." *Reb Zevullun* replied. "I came because I think that you must have forgotten something at home. Do you remember what you forgot to pack with your essentials?" his father asked.

"No, I think I took everything with me. I cannot think of what I could have neglected to bring along." He really could not think what he might have overlooked to bring along with him.

Finally, *Reb Zevullun* could no longer contain himself: "Do you think that, among the different items in your suitcase, you could locate your *Tallis*?"

Daniel was incredulous. He had not forgotten to take his *Tallis*; he had not taken it on purpose! He could not believe that wearing a *Tallis* was so important to his father that he would take a ten-hour train trip just to bring him the *Tallis*, which he really did not want to wear.

*Reb Zevullun* said no more. He removed the *Tallis* from his briefcase, gave it to his son and bid him goodbye.

Years passed, and *Rav Schwab* had occasion to speak with the *Mashgiach* of *Yeshivas Kaminitz*, and he related this story. When he concluded the story *Rav Schwab* said, "I am sure such a thing never happened again. What we do not realize is that *Reb Zevullun* was not going out of his Sunday afternoon comfort zone simply for one *Tallis*. No! He was going out for the future generations. From this day on, not one of his descendants would ever forget a *Tallis*. Their father taught not just his son, but he taught all future generations the importance of not forgoing wearing the *Tallis*."