

# HASHKAMA WEEKLY

פרשת בשלח  
יב' שבט תשפ"ו  
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## חכמה ב-אI תאמין?

By Reb Gemini

Consider the following "Torah" thought, generated by Gemini: Did the AI get it right? Do you find it to be accurate? Or did the technology miss the boat?

We find ourselves holding in Parshas Beshalach, a parsha so packed with miracles you'd think Klal Yisrael would finally relax. But, as we know, Jews relaxing is a miracle Hashem hasn't performed yet. We start with Krias Yam Suf, the splitting of the sea. The Medrash tells us that the sea didn't split until Nachshon ben Aminadav jumped in up to his nose. The Sefas Emes brings a beautiful pshat: the water was nature, and nature is stubborn. It only breaks when a Yid shows mesiras nefesh, when he ignores the logic that says "you can't breathe underwater." It's a lesson in priorities. Moshe Rabbeinu is standing there DAVENING, engaging in lengthy prayer, and Hashem effectively tells him, "Moshe, I love the davening, but my children are about to get wet. Stop talking and move!" (Shemos 14:15, Rashi). We learn that sometimes, the holiest thing you can do is stop kvetching to the Ribono Shel Olam about the problem and just walk forward, assuming He'll handle the logistics. If we had a committee meeting about the water temperature, we'd still be in Egypt. This emunah flows directly into the second half of the parsha: the Mon. Imagine the scene. You wake up, open your tent, and there's breakfast on the lawn. The Passuk says they gathered it "morning by morning" (Shemos 16:21). The Chizkuni points out the great test here: you weren't allowed to save leftovers. Do you know how hard that is for us? We are a people who save plastic forks from 1998 "just in case." To go to sleep with an empty pantry, trusting that white angel-bread will fall from the sky tomorrow, requires a level of bitachon that makes jumping into the sea look easy. In the sea, the danger was immediate; with the Mon, the anxiety was chronic. Both miracles teach us the same fundamental yesod: whether you are drowning in crisis or just stressed about next month's mortgage, the solution is rarely in your frantically waving hands—it is in your walking feet and your trusting heart. **Practical Takeaway:** This week, pick one small source of anxiety—a bill, a difficult conversation, or a shidduch date. Do your hishtadlus (minimum required effort), and then strictly forbid yourself from worrying about the outcome. Treat that worry like leftover Mon: if you hold onto it overnight, it just spoils. Good Shabbos.

## News & Simchos!

### Regular Kiddush This Week

With Cholent, Kugel, and Short Shuir

All Previous Newsletters  
are available to download

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If you'd like to light up our lives with a sponsorship or add some flavor with a kiddush sponsorship, please

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## Shabbus Zmanim

Chestnut Ridge, NY

1:30 pm	מנחה
4:53 pm	הדלקה
--- pm	מנחה - קבלת שבת
5:11 pm	שקיעה
5:43/5:55 am	עלות השחר (16.1/72)
7:07:52 am	נץ החמה
7:15 am	שחרית
<b>Hot kiddush &amp; Shiur after davening</b>	
9:05/9:41 am	סיור קריאת שמע
10:05/10:29 am	סיור תפילה
12:09:17 pm	חצות היום
12:39:17 pm	מנחה גדולה (30)
3:04:31 pm	מנחה קטנה (גר"א)
4:06:59 pm	פלג המנחה (גר"א)
--- pm	מנחה
5:12 pm	שקיעה
5:55/6:02 pm	צה"כ ר' משה (8.5/50)
6:04 pm	מעריב (52)
6:12/6:24 pm	צה"כ (60/72)



## Next Week's Zmanim

Chestnut Ridge, NY

1:30 pm	מנחה
5:01 pm	הדלקה
5:19 pm	שקיעה
7:15 am	שחרית
5:21 pm	שקיעה
6:13 pm	מעריב (52)

## This Week's Riddle

**Riddle: What blessing would we say when eating manna?**

Answer: Based on the verse which refers to manna with the expression "lechem min hashamayim" (Exodus 16:4), one could say the blessing of "hamotzi lechem min hashamayim" - "Who brings forth bread from the heavens."



## Donations & Payments

**Zelle:** Send to 845-252-1260

**Check:** Write Out to Bais Midrash 715

**Cash:** Hand to Tzvi Zev or Adam Edelstein

**Credit Card:** Ask Tzvi Zev Rubin for a link

**Gift Card/Bitcoin:** Do we look like Indian Scammers to you?

## משל ונמשל ב-א תאמין?

By Reb Gemini

**Mashal:** A gutten Erev Shabbos to the entire kehillah. Let me share a maise (story) that I think captures the mood of our generation a little too perfectly. There was once a simple Yid named Berel who had to travel from his small shtetl to the big city of Warsaw by wagon. Now, Berel was a nervous man—the type who worried about tomorrow before he finished worrying about yesterday. Halfway through the journey, the wagon hit a patch of deep, sticky mud. The horses strained, the wheels creaked, and the wagon slowed to a crawl. Suddenly, Berel jumped up in the back and started pushing his hands frantically against the wooden seat in front of him, straining with all his might, veins popping out of his neck. The driver turned around, bewildered, and asked, "Berel, lameh regshu goyim? What in the world are you doing?" Berel, out of breath, replied, "Can't you see? The horses are struggling! I'm pushing against the seat to help the wagon move forward!" We laugh at Berel because we understand physics, but how often do we sit in the backseat of life, pushing against the seat, convinced that our high blood pressure is the engine that keeps the world spinning?

**Nimshal:** We find the answer to Berel's anxiety in this week's sedrah, Parshas Beshalach. Klal Yisrael is introduced to the Mon, the bread from heaven. The Pasuk says, "The people shall go out and gather a day's portion every day, that I may test them, whether they will walk in My law or not" (Shemos 16:4). The Beis HaLevi asks a tremendous kasha: If Hashem wanted to be kind to them, why give them food day by day? Why not give them a stocked pantry for a month so they could relax? A monthly delivery is chesed; a daily delivery sounds like torture! The answer, the Beis HaLevi explains, is that the Mon was a bootcamp for Bitachon (trust). Hashem wanted to teach them that security does not come from a full warehouse; it comes from the Ribono Shel Olam. When we worry incessantly about parnassah (livelihood), we are just like Berel pushing the seat. We think our insomnia, our stress, and our shpilkes are helping us earn a living. The Mon teaches us that we must do our work, yes, but the "pushing"—the burden of the outcome—belongs to the Driver, not the passenger.

**Practical Takeaway:** This week, identify one area of your life where you are "pushing the seat"—an area where you have done your required hishtadlus (effort) but are still carrying the emotional burden of the outcome. It might be a pending business deal, a medical test result, or a difficult shidduch suggestion. When you feel that familiar tightness in your chest, literally stop and say to yourself, "I am not the Driver." Hand the worry back to Hashem. If the Yidden could sleep soundly in the desert with empty cupboards, trusting that breakfast would fall from the sky, surely we can trust that He will help us navigate our Tuesday morning staff meeting.

**Good Shabbos.**

# GOOD SHABBUS!