

'When a tense father reprimanded him for coming late, Reb Yossele replied " I can assure you that I never missed a bris. In fact, I always arrive exactly when the bris begins.'

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מילים במיילת



Meet a Mohel

Reb Yossele

Rav Yosef Dovid Weisberg, better known as Reb Yossele the mohel, was the expert mohel and close associate of all the Gedolei Yisroel. The author of sefarim on the halachos of Bris Mila and a mentor to a generation of Mohalim. In his honor we present an article about this tzaddik and baal chessed from Yerushalayim who ushered over 100,000 Jews into the Bris of Avraham Avinu.

Rav Yosef Dovid Weisberg, known as Reb Yossele was one of the most well-known figures in Yerushalayim. He was closely acquainted with all Gedolei Yisroel, likely because he encountered them more often than other people. After all, the honor of serving as sandek at a Bris is often given to a Gadol and Reb Yossele as the mohel always found himself standing beside the sandek at every bris. And since he was called upon to perform multiple brissos every day, there were plenty of days when he had occasion to meet at least one Adam Gadol. Reb Yossele had a story about a Gadol on every topic.

Reb Yossele's powerful memory contained a vast repertoire of stories about tzaddikim. He authored multiple sefarim about Sanz-Klausenberg, the chassidus that his own family had originated from. Throughout his life, Reb Yossele strove to bring honor to the chassidus of Sanz and its great founder the Divrei Chaim. One of his seferim is a compendium of halachos, stories and minhagim associated with Reb Chaim of Sanz, and he went on to write many more volumes about the dynasty of Sanz, including a book for young readers called Harebbe Hakodesh. He was also one of the world's foremost experts on the halachos of bris mila. His sefarim, Otzar Habris and Otzar Pidyon Haben received the approbations of the Gedolei Yisroel. Rav Shlom Zalman Auerbach Zatzal once commented to him, " you will be remembered forever because

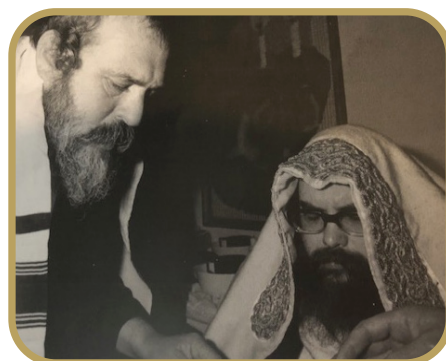
of otzar habris". With his prodigious halachic knowledge, Reb Yossele would also occasionally pasken on whether a medical emergency warranted traveling on Shabbos. Reb Yossele's expertise was recognized by the government as well. There is a department in the Chief Rabbinat that deals with brissos; Reb Yossele was the posek of that department. He was also the Rebbe of a generation of Mohalim.

His arrival at a bris was always heralded with his trademark shout of " **KVATTER!**" as soon as he stepped through the doorway. This would alert the guests to the fact that the bris was about to begin, creating a buzz of activity including being surrounded by an entourage of talmidim.

Reb Yossele the mohel had the privilege of performing brissos of about 100,000 infants and adults as well. He was renowned for his exceptional middos and compassionate heart. A man of exceptional charm and extraordinary intelligence. The ability to solve some of the most complex problems almost without giving any thought to the issue. It happened that sometimes he would diffuse tensions with a single humorous quip that had occurred to him on the spot or with a simple suggestion that had not occurred to others due to its simplicity. There were many occasions when he invented kibbudim at a bris and thereby managed to avert a huge clash between families. He possessed the sharp insight of a yerushalmi and the resourcefulness of a man with copious experience. With a finely tuned perception, Reb Yossele never missed a single important detail at any bris. He related to the mitzvah of mila with the utmost solemnity and reverence, still being able to inject a note of humor when he sensed that the parents were overly tense. And he always knew exactly what to say to bring smiles to their faces and restore serenity to their hearts. With one single well placed comment, he had the ability to turn a parent's angry scowl into an amused smile. That smile would broaden as the parents observed the precision of his work during the bris itself. Once when he came over an hour late to a bris, he noticed that the guests had lost their patience. He then remarked to them, " My timing might lack precision but it is more important for the bris itself to be precise."

Reb Yossele's son is Rav Chaim Moshe Weisberg Shlit"a ("Reb Moishele") who is somewhat reminiscent of his father and has succeeded him as the preeminent mohel of Yerushalyim. Reb Moishele has inherited many of his fathers satisfied customers-or, in many cases their own children. Reb Moishele is seen in the maternity wards of the hospitals and like his father, this is where the parent's meet the mohel, and not at the simcha hall where the bris would take place. He is there every day for preliminary examinations of the babies whose brissos he will be performing. One could often find new fathers hurrying after him in the wards.

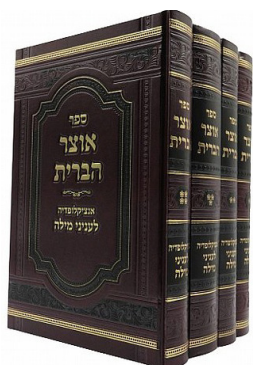
Adapted from an article featured in Yated Neman.



ר' יוסל זצ"ל בברית, תבלח"א הסנדק הוא כ"ק אדמו"ר מבבלזא שליט"א



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Reb Moishele Weisberg

מעשה שהיה כך היה – *A Kidnapped Driver*

A Mohel from Netanya, related the following amazing story.



About six years ago, I'd been hired as the *Mohel* for a number of *Brissim* in one day, *Kein Yirbu*. This would require not only to be quick and efficient but it would have to be done in a way that all the scheduling would not affect the timing of the other *brissim* that I would be performing. *Baruch Hashem* busy with *mitzvos*.

To add to the intensity of the day there was a heatwave going on, a *Sharav*. The second to last *bris* of the day was to take place in a hall in the northern industrial area of Netanya. That *bris* ended at 7pm EXACTLY. *Shkiah* was at 7:15. The last *bris* of the day would be in *Kiryat Nordau*, a neighborhood on the other side of the city, in the *Eliyahu Hanavi Shul* (very appropriate for a *bris* to take place there!). We had less than fifteen minutes to get there. We, my faithful assistant Reb Yaakov and I, dashed to my car and headed toward the road that is along the coast. It is the fastest route to get to that neighborhood. While getting onto the bridge that would take us to the coastal road, I suddenly realized that the steering wheel was being unresponsive. No other sounds aroused my suspicion. I pulled over to the shoulder to check to see if everything was alright and my suspicions were confirmed, we had a flat tire. The front wheel was beginning to smoke due to the friction resulting from the puncture. I looked at my watch, and my heart started pounding so hard it felt like it was going to burst. I had barely ten minutes to get to *Kiryat Nordau*. My car had a flat and by the time I would order a taxi and the time it got to me, precious minutes would have ticked by. Once the sun set, it would be prohibited to perform a *bris*, and it would no longer have taken place on time, on the eighth day.

An image of the disappointed expressions of the parents and their guests flashed through my mind. In those stressful seconds, I desperately racked my brains for a solution but it was clear to me that the *Malach Gavriel* was not going to come down from the heavens and fly me on his wings to the *Eliyahu Hanavi* shul. I was going to have to find my own angel... There are angels in heaven but there are also angels on the road. As I stood on the side of the highway, one car noticed me and started honking wildly at me. He was trying to tell me get off the road and out of the way. He then slowed down to tell me that I must be mentally unstable to be standing in the middle of a moving highway. As he slowed down, I signaled to him that he should stop and he did. Reb Yaakov jumped into his car and I jumped in after and started begging him to help us.

"YOU HAVE TO HELP US! We need a ride!"

The driver was baffled. Who are you? What do you want from me!? Why are you in my car!? Who do you think you are coming in here without permission? GET OUT OF MY CAR!

"I don't have any time for lengthy explanations! DRIVE!" I said loudly, "and step on the gas and then I will explain everything."

Too startled to think twice the driver began to drive." We need to get to *Kiryat Nordau* right away. I'm a *Mohel* and I have *bris* to perform there. Its only nine minutes to *Shkiah*, and my car has a flat. *Hakodash Baruch Hu* sent YOU to me.

You are my angel..."

The driver who wasn't religious but possessed a kind heart, gave a small smile and his eyes twinkled. "You're a *Mohel*? Well, then it

will be an honor for me to drive you to perform a *bris mila*.

He stepped on the gas and sped us to our destination. As he drove, Reb Yaakov and I murmured *Tehillim* imploring *Hashem* to help us succeed in our mission and arrive before *Shkiah*. Relieved, I started giving him directions. Please, turn right off the bridge and drive south along the coast.

The sun slid to the western horizon and turned the sky orange. Too afraid to look at my watch I closed my eyes and whispered "*Ribono Shel Olam*, I didn't ask for *Malach Gavriel* to appear, but I have no doubt that this lovely Jew behind the steering wheel wants to earn the merit of a *mitzvah* and the sweet baby awaiting his *bris* deserves to have it performed at the right time. His parents are certainly feeling the intense pressure. Please let us get there in time, if not for my sake, then for theirs.

Suddenly a shriek from the brakes. I opened my eyes and saw that we pulled up to the *Eliyahu Hanavi Shul*. I looked at my watch. 7:11, four and half minutes until *Shkiah*. Reb Yaakov and I leaped out of the car. It took a moment to quiet the complaints about our "prompt" arrival. I rushed into the shul and in another minute and a half the *bris* was performed in accordance with the halacha before *Shkia* on the eighth day. As the *Mazel Tov's* rained down on us, I felt like someone who had merited the *Geulah*. The *Simcha* in the room was profound.

We emerged from the shul and left the family to their celebration. I was about to order a taxi when I noticed our "driver," the one we'd "kidnapped," waiting at the curb. He leaned over to open the door on the passengers side for me, "Please, get in I'll take you back to your car or wherever you need or want to go." I got in and Reb Yaakov climbed in the back.

I gave our driver a kiss on the forehead before he started driving. "My friend," I said, "you have no idea of the *Mitzvah* in which you just took part. In your merit, another child has entered the *bris* of *Avraham Avinu, Ashrecha!*"

The driver was silent for a few minutes. When he finally spoke his voice was choked with emotion.

"My name is Shimon. If it is true that I really have done a big *mitzvah*, and you are a Rav and Mohel, then please give me a special beracha maybe this is an auspicious time for it to come to fruition. I want to get married, I'm forty-five years old and still have not married. I just have not found my soulmate- my *bashert!* Its depressing. And of course, since I have not married, I have not merited to children. Please Rabbi please bless me that I should get married very soon."

He looked like he was about to cry. I took a deep breath and placed my right hand on his head and blessed him with all my heart: "May you merit to find a pious women and establish a bayis nemann byisroel and may I merit to serve as the mohel of your oldest son's *bris* on the eighth day!"

A year to the day I received a phone call.

"Hello, this is Shimon, do you remember me? I was the 'driver' who you 'kidnapped'. Your angel that drove you to a *bris* minutes before sunset- Rabbi, I must tell you that two months after you blessed me, I got married and we have just had a son. I am calling to fulfill my promise to you that you will be the *mohel*."

Since then, I have circumcised Shimon's next two sons as well. Needless to say Shimon has become a *Torah* observant and relates his story to be *mechazek* others. *Bzchus*, helping bringing a child into the *bris* of *Avraham Avinu*.

Secret Segulas

To partake in the seuda of a Bris is a segulah to be provided with sustenance פרנסה. An allusion to this can be found in the *Passuk* יתן לך... מנחם... השמים "May (HASHEM) give you from the dew of the heavens". The first letters of those words- yud, lamed, mem, hei-form the word מילה.

R' Yitzchak Yeshaya Halberstam, the son of the *Rebbe* of Sanz, was particular not to give a *Bachur* wine to drink at the *bris*, since **drinking the wine from the bris is a segulah for children**, and it is not appropriate to give it to one who is not yet married.

People are eager to hold the Mila instruments in their hand as if it was a mitzvah. They do this because in the *Beis Hamikdash* the *kohen* who burned the *ketores* was blessed with riches, and even the *kohen* who merely held the pan of *ketores* was equally blessed. By the same token, one who holds the instruments of *mila* shares in the *mitzvah* of *mila*.

