**Parshas HaChodesh-יציאת מצרים**

**What we Have and What we Need**

The Matzos that the Yidden in Mitzrayim prepared for the night of Pesach were all they had, when they were forced to rush from Mitzrayim -כי גרשו ממצרים..וגם צדה לא עשו להם. The Pasuk paints a rather dramatic picture of millions of Yidden embarking on a journey into the desert, without any food or supplies. However, the very next Pesukim tell a very different story. וישאלו ממצרים כלי כסף וכלי זהב ושמלת ...וינצלו את מצרים- The Yidden obtained a vast treasure of gold, silver and exquisite garments, leaving Mitzrayim empty of all valuable possessions. They were not leaving as a ragged bunch of survivors. The Yidden were making off with the farm!

The way R’ Mordechai Kriger looks at it, in his sefer, Chasdei Hashem, the Yidden had the wealth of Mitzrayim’s treasures. Yet, they lacked the vital necessities required for sustaining an entire nation in the barren wilderness. Truthfully, though, they lacked nothing and they had everything. This seeming dichotomy of having so much, while lacking so much is one of the important themes of the Pesach Seder. Everything we do at the Seder is symbolic of the royal conduct of חירות, such as the preference of using red wine for the ד' כוסות. That redness also represents the rivers of innocent Yiddish blood that was spilled over the years of עבדות. The Matzoh is לחם עוני, yet we must eat it while reclining like nobility, and so on. It’s all one and the same, if we see it through the lens of Emunah. Knowing that Hashem is behind everything and all is for the best, is the underlying lesson of Yetzias Mitzrayim.

The מאמין has everything and lacks nothing. Someone who amasses wealth and is tightfisted with day to day necessities, is acting irrationally. The Yidden had all this wealth. Yet, they prepared nothing except Matzoh. Not out of miserliness, but because they put their faith in the Eibishter completely. They didn’t request riches and treasures. They asked for the precious possessions of the Mitzrim because the Eibishter demanded it. Why they were required to be busy with getting hold of all that gold and silver and beautiful, embroidered material, only Hashem knew. They would find out when it came time to build the magnificent Mishkan and contribute that wealth towards its construction. Why they were not instructed to stock up on food and supplies, must also have a good reason. Here again, they did not, for a moment, doubt that Hashem would make sure that they would not lack for anything. Indeed, the זכות of the miraculous מן accompanied them throughout the forty years in the Midbar.

A while back, a respected businessman in Monsey got a knock on his door, late one evening. It was a business acquaintance who had come to negotiate a lucrative deal with some investors in the area. He had come by, hoping he could borrow a large amount of cash - several thousand dollars, on the spot, in order to close the deal with extremely good terms. He knew that this Monsey Baalabos often had large sums on hand, and he promised quick repayment. The Baalabos would have been agreeable.However,the only cash he had on hand just then, were the packs of bills he had squirreled away in the basement. He was making a Chasunah right after Pesach. He wanted to enjoy the Simcha without worrying about scraping together money for the caterer. Weeks before, he had prepared packs of cash, well over ten thousand dollars, and stashed the hoard in an old shoeboxin the basement, behind a bunch of boxes of old stuff. Even his wife didn’t know it was there. Should he give him this cash? He wouldn’t be needing it for a while yet. Why shouldn’t he help this guy, who he knew could really use the Parnassa. On the other hand, what if the guy couldn’t manage to repay the loan right away? Should he take a chance before a Chasunah? The hesitation was only momentary. He knew what he had to do. It was the right thing and Hashem would help. He headed down to the basement. He turned on the lights, looked around and blinked. Were his eyes deceiving him? The place was clean and empty! No old bags and boxes. No old shoebox with ten thousand dollars! It was all gone. He called his wife, breathlessly. What happened to all the old stuff in the basement? She had gone on a Pesach cleaning spree and finally threw out all the junk in the basement. It was all out front, waiting for the garbage pickup the next morning. Imagine how thankful he was, that he had not allowed himself to be the master of his fate. Because he placed what he had and what he needed, in the Eibishter’s hand, he merited using that money to help a Yid establish a business – one of the highest forms of Tzedakah, and was spared from the ordeal of losing all that money.

May we merit the מנוחה ושמחה that comes with the Emunah of knowing that we will always have what we need, לחיים טובים ולשלום. Have a wonderful Shabbos and a Yeshuadik Chodesh, yk

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