

# THE Kibbitzer



**My black hat is not floppy. It's always in a solid state.**

You get it? Black hats can be flimsy or firm, as in a solid state. Computers used to have floppy disks.

## RABBI ANSWERS HIS PUPILS

**Dear Rabbi. I've been coming to shul for months and I've yet to have gotten a piece of meat in my choolante. Asides from feeling let down, I am pointlessly Fleishiks all the time. How do I ensure that me and my family will get choolante with some meat in it, at Kiddish?**

My Dear Pupil. I am happy to hear that you're getting choolante. It takes many of my students years to figure out how to get to the choolante pot before it's finished. Here are some techniques I have taught in my Kiddish navigation master class series.

- Stand in One Spot** Once you're in the Kiddush room, don't move. If you move, other people will be able to get to the choolante too. Once you've scooped, you stay there. You don't want to open others up to scooping access. Remember, blocking is key.
- Hold Your Spot** This isn't easy. Fran may be eighty years old, but she still has some reserves left in her for egg salad, matzah and kichel. To fend off bullies, like Fran, get down into a strong three-point lineman stance. This gives you the most power when pushing off the ground, allowing you

to hold your spot and lunge at the choolante when the opportunity arises for an offensive.

- Reach Past People's Heads & Torsos** The body doesn't dictate whether you're next in line. It's your hands. I've seen many arms running right by my face. I've looked around and not once have I found a person. One time, I was right in front of the pot. Couldn't get to it. Arms were coming from all sides. It was Kiddish horror film.

- Don't Offer to Serve Others** I tried this once. Next thing I knew, everybody had choolante. Helping leaves you with less. Big mistake. Don't do it. Never help.

- Carry the Choolante Ladle with You** If you must move, such as in the case of your child crying and having a crisis, due to lack of frosting, be sure to take the serving utensil with you. This is the only way to ensure that you will be able to get back to your spot. There are some who will scoop with their hands while you're gone. You have to respect that. Kiddush is a communal experience. It won't be easy to get food. I bless you with strength to not worry about other people. Gd provides for all, but there's only so much herring.

## SERMON OF REBUKE- VAYIGASH

Shabbat Shalom Koolam,  
Chanukah is over and this community needs a diet. I'm not going to go off on Scott... That's not just Sufganiot. That's doughnuts and binge watching. I'm not going to go off on a long speech today. Just going to review what Yehudah said... (Bereishit 44:18-30) Yehudah starts with his whole speech to Yosef, 'We have an old dad....' Not realizing that Yosef has that same dad. This is why Rivkie always loses the family fights... You don't realize that you have the same parents. It's an anomaly to have your siblings donating to the shul's New Table Fund... You live here and don't pay your dues. How you come from the same parents... (Bereishit 44:18) He tells Yosef that he is 'like Paroh.' I am not saying you are like Paroh. Paroh would pay his dues... Each family here has somebody who is like a Paroh. I heard Yankel didn't help out with raking this year. Paroh... What does it mean to be like Paroh? The board... Who is like a Paroh here?! Let's see. Mendel couldn't translate anybody's dreams correctly. We have the back left sitting on their comfortable chairs and doing nothing... Join in the davening... Is it even a board? Dumbest decisions... You do nothing. Rashi explains that like Paroh, you say but don't do... Your jokes are not helpful Bernie. You and Hymie say a lot... Where were you for the Chanukah party. Do the talent show... I am not saying that you sold your siblings into slavery... working with you is slavery... Yosef couldn't handle it any longer. The yapping of Yehudah was not going to stop.

He keeps on going on, like Bernie. So, Yosef reveals himself. It's a whole 16 psukim. It is so long that it needed a break. The rabbis put in Sheini, in the middle of it... Speeches back in the day used to be only two sentences long... It's painful when people repeat old stories. Almost as painful as hearing the same jokes every day... Hymie, you gotta start sharing some new material with us. We respect that you found some really good jokes that work, but... We listen to you, because you hold our arms when you talk... You can't keep us hostage to your stories, with the arm hold... (Bereishit 44:29) Yehudah explains that should disaster should befall Binyamin, 'Then you will have brought my old age into a bad...' End. I understand Yaakov. If he would've had to give Drashas here, he would've went into a deep despair... Rashi explains that Binyamin is what comforts Yaakov on the passing of Yosef and Rachel. And to lose Binyamin would be like losing all three of them in one day. The same way we lost Felvel. He was funny... Your jokes bring no comfort, Bernie. They make old age feel very bad... If we're going to have to listen to that in old age... Laughing is healthy. The Sufganiot leftovers and your jokes are not... The problem is the Sufganiot is where this congregation finds its comfort.

*Rivka's Notes on Rabbi Mendelchem's Drasha:*  
The shul gave up on the Building Fund. They now started focusing on a table. The idea is to find success. They can successfully raise three-hundred dollars. As the president said, 'Little wins.' The board loves the new concept. Heating is down right now, but we all gather around the table for warmth. The talent show of people telling jokes that we heard at Kiddish, from Bernie and Hymie, was not that great. The rabbi hates having to listen to their jokes. He considers it slavery, and he believes that we shouldn't be going back to Mitzrayim. The rabbi made it clear that you can't hold somebody's arm when talking to them anymore. It's considered Halachikly wrong and an act of enslaving others to your story. Bernie and Hymie are now having a hard time finishing their stories. People are walking away.



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