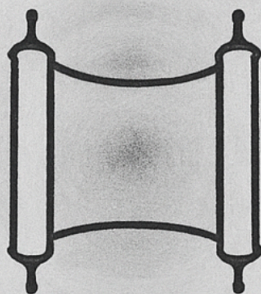


בס"ד

Reb Pinchas of Koretz

Imrie Pinchas

Parshas HaChodesh



Dedicated To:

ר' נחום אהרון & חיה

ליטשקאווסקי

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Reb Pinchas of Koretz**Imrie Pinchas****Parshas HaChodesh****Siman #152**

To be given a new majestic law

להגות דת פז חדשה

(as in the liturgical poem "Kol Neklas Lelas" for Parshas HaChodesh).

.(כפיוט "קול נקלס ללס" לפרשת החדש)

That is to say, the Torah was renewed,

,דהגו שהתורה נתחדשה

and it is from the palace of Moshiach,

,והיא מהיכל משיח

and therefore we read Ruth on Shavuot,

,ולכן קורין רות בשבועות

in which David was born,

,שנולד בו דוד

for David is also an aspect of Moshiach.

.כי דוד גם כן בחינת משיח

Rosh Chodesh**Siman #153**

A new thing is very important. For example, the fruit that is called "Yagdes" (fig) is considered important in the eyes of a person,

דבר חדש הוא חשוב מאד. למשל, הפרי שקורין "יאגדש" פט, הוא חשוב בעיני האדם

even though there are many foods better than it, like meat and the like.

ובודאי יש מאכלים הרבה טובים ממנו, כמו בשר וכדומה

So it is with Rosh Chodesh — because it is something new, it is considered more and more important, even when it falls on Shabbos.

כן הוא בראש חודש, מחמת שהוא דבר חדש, הוא חשוב יותר ויותר, אפילו כשחל בשבת

And with this is answered what is said (Yeshayahu 66:23): "And it shall be from one New Moon to its New Moon, and from one Sabbath to its Sabbath," etc.

ובזה יתורץ מה שנאמר (ישעיהו סו, כג): "והיה מדי 'חדש בחדשו ומדי שבת בשבתו' וגו'

Behold, it should have said the opposite — like it is written in the Torah (Bamidbar 28:9), the section of Shabbos, and only afterward the section of Rosh Chodesh.

הרי להפך היה לו לומר, כמו שקתוב בתורה (במדבר כח, ט) פרשת שבת ואחר כך פרשת ראש חודש

And it is because of the above — that it is something new.

.והוא מחמת הני"ל, שהוא דבר חדש

And so too when a guest comes to me, he is more beloved to me at that moment than my son.

וכן כשבא אלי אורח, הוא חביב בעיני בשעת מעשה יותר מבני

And a guest is like Shabbos.

.ואורח הוא כמו שבת

And I hate when the roads become damaged and guests no longer travel.

ואני שונא כשהדרכים מתקלקליו ואין נוסעין אורחים

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[NOTE: “The Rebbe’s Orange”

In a small village near Mezhibuzh, a chassid came to the Baal Shem Tov with a burdened heart.

“Rebbe,” he said, “I feel distant. I daven, I learn, I do the mitzvos — but I no longer feel the fire. My Avodas Hashem feels... stale. Lifeless. Like old bread.”

The Baal Shem Tov looked at him with warm eyes and said nothing for a moment. Then he called his attendant and whispered something in his ear.

Within a few minutes, the attendant returned — holding a bright, fragrant orange.

“Here,” said the Baal Shem Tov, handing it to the chassid, “Eat this.”

The chassid was confused but obeyed. He peeled the orange slowly, the zest misting in the air, and tasted its juicy sweetness. His eyes lit up. “It’s delicious, Rebbe! So fresh. I haven’t had one of these in years!”

The Baal Shem Tov smiled.

“Now tell me,” he said, “Was it sweeter than the Shabbos challah your wife bakes every week?”

“No,” the chassid admitted, “her challah is the best in the world.”

“So why did this orange move you more?”

“Because it’s new,” the chassid said. “Unexpected. A gift.”

The Baal Shem Tov nodded deeply. “Exactly. Even the best things — when they are routine — can lose their flavor in your heart. But a *new* thing? A new light, a new insight, a new emotion — it can awaken your soul like that orange awakened your taste.”

Then he leaned in and said:

“When the soul feels distant, it doesn’t need something *greater*. It needs something *new*. That’s why Rosh Chodesh is so beloved in Heaven — not because it’s greater than Shabbos, but because it’s fresh. And that’s why a guest is sometimes more cherished than a son — not because he is closer, but because he’s *new*.”

The chassid’s eyes filled with tears.

From that day on, he approached his Avodas Hashem with a new intention: not to do *more*, but to bring *newness* — a fresh thought, a deeper feeling, a different melody — so that each mitzvah could taste like that first bite of a sweet, surprising orange. **END NOTE]**

Siman #154

To be stringent in fasting on Erev Rosh Chodesh,
 almost with self-sacrifice.

להקמיר בתענית ערב ראש חודש,

במעט במסירת נפש.

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Siman #155

<p>The Turei Zahav ruled (Orach Chaim 422:1)</p>	<p>(הטורי זקב פסק (חול"ס קי"ס תכ"ו, ל</p>
<p>that if one is in doubt whether he said <i>Yaaleh Veyavo</i> on Rosh Chodesh,</p>	<p>באם מספק אם אמר "יעלה ויבא" בראש חודש,</p>
<p>then if his original intent was to say it, we assume he did say it. See there.</p>	<p>דאם היתה במחשבתו תחלה לומר — מסתמא אמר, עי"ש.</p>
<p>And he said that the Rav, of blessed memory, greatly agreed with the words of the Taz on this,</p>	<p>ונאמר שקהרב ז"ל הסכים מאד לדברי הט"ז בזה,</p>
<p>that everything leaves an impression,</p>	<p>דכל דבר עושה רשימה,</p>
<p>and since it was in his thoughts to say <i>Yaaleh Veyavo</i>,</p>	<p>וכיון דהיה במחשבתו שיהיה לומר יעלה ויבוא,</p>
<p>the impression from that thought remains,</p>	<p>ונשאר הרשימו ממחשבה הזאת,</p>
<p>and certainly he said it.</p>	<p>ובודאי אמרו.</p>
<p>And he, of blessed memory, said that this is why we announce <i>Yaaleh Veyavo</i>,</p>	<p>"ונאמר הוא ז"ל, שלכך מקריזין "יעלה ויבוא</p>
<p>so that each person will think to say <i>Yaaleh Veyavo</i>.</p>	<p>כדי שיחשב כל אחד לומר יעלה ויבוא</p>
<p>And he spoke further about the concept of the <i>reshimah</i> (impression),</p>	<p>ודובר עוד מענין הרשימה</p>
<p>and he related in the name of the Rav, of blessed memory,</p>	<p>וסיפר בשם הרב ז"ל</p>
<p>that once, in front of his house, a buffalo ox was being led,</p>	<p>שפעם אחת הנהיגו לפני ביתו בופיל אוקס</p>
<p>and a question came into his mind:</p>	<p>:ונפל לו במחשבה קשיא</p>
<p>why do all other animals have many types of colors,</p>	<p>למה כל בהמות יש להם כמה מיני גוונים</p>
<p>whereas the buffalo oxes are all black?</p>	<p>.משאין פן הבופיל אוקס שכלם שחרים</p>
<p>And in that very moment, a man stood in that same spot</p>	<p>ובתוך כך, עמד אדם אחד על אותו המקום</p>
<p>where this question had occurred to him,</p>	<p>שהקשיא לו זה</p>
<p>and he asked him the very same question.</p>	<p>.ונשאל אותו גם פן את הקשיא הזאת</p>
<p>And this was because of the <i>reshimah</i> that remained from his thought, may his memory be a blessing, in that place.</p>	<p>והינו מחמת הרשימו שנשאר ממחשבתו ז"ל במקום ההוא</p>
<p>And he expounded much Torah on this.</p>	<p>.והרבה לומר תורה על זה</p>

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[NOTE: This powerful idea — that a thought can leave a spiritual residue (רְשִׁימָה) on a physical location, and that another person can unknowingly “pick it up” — is deeply Hasidic in nature and opens a wide door into the inner workings of reality.

✨ The Power of Thought and Space

From this teaching, we learn:

1. Thoughts are not just internal.
They aren't just "in your head" — they have real presence. When a Tzaddik (or even any person with kavana) thinks deeply about something, it leaves a spiritual impression in the world.
2. Places retain holiness and memory.
Just as the Beis HaMikdash retains its sanctity even in destruction, and as we see with places where tzaddikim daven or learn Torah — the very ground is affected. Here, we see it with a simple thought, not even a spoken word!
3. Ideas are “in the air.”
The fact that another man, standing later in the same physical spot, had the same exact question shows that spiritual energy lingers and can be “received” by others. This is an example of *משמעת שבלב* — a thought in the heart that is somehow "heard" by others.
4. The world is sensitive to intention.
In Chassidus, we learn that the world responds to the depth and purity of one’s inner state. The more spiritually attuned a person is, the more his thoughts imprint on reality. That’s why the *reshimah* of the tzaddik remained so strongly.

A Deeper Parallel

There's a mystical idea in Kabbalah that when you think a thought *lishmah* (for a holy purpose), it creates a spiritual entity — almost like a letter or vibration in the higher worlds.

Here, the tzaddik’s brief question about the nature of buffaloes — seemingly mundane — was actually a deep contemplation about diversity in creation, about why some creatures show multiplicity and others uniformity.

So when the passerby picked up the same question, it wasn’t just coincidence — it was a spark of Torah seeking to be revealed again, this time through a second person, in the same place.

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The Footsteps of Thought

A story of Reb Levi Yitzchok of Berdichev

Reb Levi Yitzchok of Berdichev was once traveling from one village to another to visit a sick Jew who had requested a blessing. On the way, he passed through a small, forgotten town — one of those places that barely had a minyan or a proper mikvah. His wagon stopped at a roadside inn to rest.

The innkeeper, a simple Jew, rushed out, honored to serve the tzaddik. “Please come in! Stay, if even for a few moments!”

Reb Levi Yitzchok stepped out of the wagon and paused. He closed his eyes. Then he turned to his gabbai and said quietly, “In this spot... someone once thought a very holy thought. I can still feel it.”

The gabbai was puzzled. “Rebbe, here? This is a place of ignorance. There are hardly any books here, let alone talmidei chachamim.”

But Reb Levi Yitzchok walked to a small patch of grass near the edge of the yard and stood there silently. After a minute, he turned to the innkeeper and asked, “Do you know who lived here before you?”

The innkeeper scratched his head. “Many years ago, there was an old man who lived in that little hut behind the barn. They said he was strange... always muttering to himself. Never married. Didn’t do business. He had one sefer Tehillim and a broken Gemara.”

Reb Levi Yitzchok’s eyes sparkled. “Yes. That man. He stood *right here*. And he had a question — a burning one. He didn’t know how to ask it in learning, but it burned in his soul. And that question was so deep, it left a רשימה in the air.”

He paused. “It just passed through my mind — exactly as he thought it, decades ago. That’s why I stopped.”

The gabbai asked, “But Rebbe, what was the question?”

Reb Levi Yitzchok smiled. “It was about how Hashem can love even someone like him — poor, unlearned, forgotten. He wondered: ‘Can my little Tehillim possibly matter in the eyes of Heaven?’”

“And I tell you,” the Berdichever said, with holy fire in his voice, “that his question went up to the Kisay HaKavod — and left a light here that has not faded.”

He then walked back to the wagon and said, “Let’s go. My soul came here only to answer that question — and to tell Heaven, yes: that man’s Tehillim still echoes in the world.” **END NOTE]**