



My beloved mother
Hensha Lipschutz a"h

My mother, Hensha Bas Yosef a"h, was a very big *tzadeikes*, in and out of the home. She was beloved by so many. My mother often collected and distributed *tzedakah* to help poor families here and in Eretz Yisroel, as well as *yeshivos* and organizations.

Many knew her for her *vertlach*, *brachos* and words of *chizuk*. My mother would tell people, "Life is fragile, handle with prayer," and, "Wear a smile; one smile fits all," and, "You are not fully dressed unless you wear a smile," and, "A smile is a curve that makes so many things straight," and, "It take two muscles to smile and seventy-two muscles to frown, so you might as well smile." Whatever my mother said, she fully meant it.

My mother had a very big influence on people. She inspired many and changed people's lives for the better.

My mother had great *yiras Shomayim* and *middos tovos*. She loved Hashem. I would often hear her say, "*Heiliger Bashefer, ich hub dir shtark leeb, mein tayere heiliger Bashefer.*"

My mother was a very positive person. She would say, "Accentuate the positive. Eliminate the negative," and, "Don't tell Hashem how big your problems are. Tell your problems how big Hashem is!"

After my mother moved from the Bronx, the family moved on to Kew Garden Hills, then Boro Park. When it was time for her to move out of Boro Park, there happened to be someone looking to rent out their apartment in Crown Heights to a family with children. The apartment in Crown Heights was a two-family house on top of a *shul*. My mother was interviewed by the rabbi's father, and she was liked right away and got the apartment. This was the beginning of a very special relationship with the beloved Rottenberg family, Rav Shlomo Rottenberg *zt"l* and his wife, Rachel a"h.

Our family lived in Crown Heights for two years. The Rottenbergs decided to move to East Flatbush/Remsen Vil-

lage and insisted that we move together with them. My mother was told by the Rottenbergs, "You are our tenant and you are not going elsewhere!" My mother, being so close to them, heartily agreed.

My mother loved living on top of a *shul*. Hearing the *tefillos* from her window, seven days a week, she relished it.

Whenever the *rov* and *rebbetzin* went away for *Shabbos*, my mother would lovingly take care of the *shul*. She would give out the *seudah shlishis* and would clean up after *Shabbos*. She would also wash the towels from the *mikvah*. For my mother, it was a labor of love.

She performed a lot of *hachnosas orchim* there as well. Occasionally, people who had relatives at the nearby Brookdale Hospital would come over to sleep in the extra room in our apartment that

had once been rented out by the Rottenbergs.

We lived in East Flatbush/Remsen Village with the Rottenbergs for about 22 years. My mother accumulated thousands of *mitzvos* during those years, the most glorious period of my mother's life.

Eventually, the neighborhood began changing and Jews moved out. The Rottenbergs had to sell their house and move. I went looking at a house with a *shul* in Boro Park with the *rebbetzin* so we could possibly continue living with them elsewhere. Excitedly, I received a call from a builder who was building a house and said he can make it into a *shul*. The Rottenbergs would have considered it had it not been next to another *shul*. The Rottenbergs ended up finding a house in Monsey and we ended up moving to Boro Park.

Growing up, we never had much money, and it was not easy, but my mother was always rich in *mitzvos* and

maasim tovim. She wasn't a materialistic person and was always *sameiach bechelkaha*.

One of my principals at Bais Yaakov of Williamsburg told my mother that she doesn't have to pay tuition, but my mother paid anyway, because she wanted to have a part of her children's Jewish education.

My father was away for *parnasah* purposes for most of the year for many, many years and my mother raised us, mostly by herself. She did so with grace and never lost her cool. She never complained that she needs to get away or needs to go on vacation. She never raised her voice either.

Very rarely did my mother ask us to do any chores in the house. She didn't seem to mind housework at all. She was so organized and did a great job at everything.

My sister's friends who would come over to sleep were pampered by my mother. My sister's friend said that when my mother would wake them up in the morning, "she had such *simcha* for *chaim*, such positivity." She would give them *negel vassar* and say, "We have to thank Hashem. It's such a beautiful day. We have to thank Hashem we are alive!" And she would say, "Hashem gave us back our *neshamah* and is giving us a new day to do *mitzvos*." My sister's friend said, "She was always giving *brachos*, inspiration and a smile and a good *vort*. She entertained and played piano for us. Your mother was like a *malach*!"

My mother was nice to everyone, no matter who they were. I was with her numerous times when I saw how nice she spoke to people. What a great *kiddush Hashem* she made.

She was always happy and once told me that she never got depressed in her life. She would say to me, "*Ich nem alles b'ahavah.*" She would say that waking up in the morning is like winning the lottery every day. And when she would get up in the morning, she would say to me so cheerfully, "Good morning sweetheart! *Ah gutten oifshtein!*"

My mother would go to the grocery

store to pay people's grocery bills. She even traveled from East Flatbush to Williamsburg to pay someone's bill at a butcher store there. My mother loved doing *mitzvos*, *mattan b'seiser*, when she was able to.

My mother went to *shul* every *Shabbos*. She loved going to *shul* and sitting in front so she can see the *Sefer Torah*.

Not much music was played in our house in recent years. Rav Avigdor Miller *zt"l* became music to my ears, as that is what she played most of the time. She would listen to Rabbi Miller tapes while she was eating and doing exercise.

Before my mother would eat, she would often say, "*Ich ess leSheim Shomayim,*" and would often add, "*tzute'en mitzvos and maasim tovim.*"

Whenever my mother came home from the doctor, usually with a good report, she was always grateful to Hashem and would put \$5 in the *tzedakah* box.

My mother read from a variety of

Chassidische seforim. When she ate breakfast, she would have a *sefer* open and would read from "*De Shain Foon Di Licht.*" She would also listen to a Rabbi Miller tape while she ate.

Shabbos morning, she would get up at 5:30 a.m. and read the entire "*Midrash Says.*" During two *seudos Shabbos*, she would read from "*Tzena Ure'ena.*" At *seudah shlishis*, she would read from "*Ani Maamin in Yiddische Shprach foon Rambam,*" a *sefer* about *Moshiach* and *techias hameisim*. And every *Motzoei Shabbos* she would have *melava malka* and would read from "*Chassidus un Et-tique,*" quotes from *tzaddikim*.

My mother spoke little but did a lot. She didn't like to spend time on the phone. She would say, "Run away from *lashon hara* like you are running away from a fire."

My mother didn't get angry at people. She was always *daf lekaf zechus*.

My mother was a very grateful person. She always expressed her gratitude with her kind words and deeds. She appreciated whatever anyone did for her.

When I would occasionally ask *shailos* to a particular *rov*, my mother would send him money to show her gratitude.

She was grateful even to the mailman and would tip him at the end of the year.

My mother was always looking to add more *mitzvos* to her life. *Mitzvos* and *maasim tovim* were her treasures.

People would ask her to say *Tehillim* for particular individuals and she compiled a list and would say *Tehillim* for those in need.

Every week we would go food shopping together. We would walk there, and on the way she would say *divrei Torah*.

She loved to collect *tzedakah* to help others in need. She would come home so happy and tell me about her adventures of the day - who gave her *tzedakah* and the rides she got from people.

My mother would write to people before *Rosh Hashanah* and *Pesach* asking for *tzedakah* to help others, here and in Eretz Yisroel.

One of those to whom my mother gave *tzedakah* wrote to me, "For 47 years, every month, your mother sent me *tzedakah!*"

When my mother collected in person, if someone didn't have money on them, she didn't want them to feel bad, so she would say, "*Machshavah kemaaseh.*"

For years, my mother would go to clean up and straighten someone's house, usually once a week. She would also go for years on every *Erev Pesach*, spending hours to prepare that person's kitchen for *Pesach*.

At the *shivah*, one person remarked, "She cared about everyone, always running to do a *mitzvah*, always collecting to help others."

One of the organizations in Eretz Yisroel my mother helped wrote as follows: "Your beloved mother cared and supported our worthy cause throughout her lifetime. We cherished her beautiful letters with each donation she sent. She would remember her revered parents and ancestors *z"l*, asked for prayers for her family and friends, and always prayed that the glory of the Torah should shine amongst *Klal Yisroel*. She longed for the coming of *Moshiach* with *emunah* and *bitachon* that were tangible."

May my mother's wonderful acts of *chesed* and *tzedakah* be an inspiration for others to follow in her footsteps.

Yehi zichrah boruch.