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Father and Son Picnic

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Jacob looked at the Rabbi with the fear in his eyes of a condemned man. But he took a deep breath and began repeating from memory what he had learned. After about half a page, those that stood closest to Jacob stopped talking and began to listen. By the time he had gotten to the second page, there was a circle some 20 feet wide listening. And by the time he got to the fourth page, the entire room, even the band, had stopped whatever they were doing and were listening with rapt attention to Jacob's recital. You could have heard a pin drop.

Jacob repeated, word-for-word, every line. And as he got to the bottom of the seventh page, Rabbi Tannenbaum stepped in, put a hand on Jacob's shoulder and said, "I think that's enough Jacob. Thank you." Jacob breathed a sigh of relief. And the room spontaneously erupted in a cacophony of cheers and whistles and applause at the amazing feat that Jacob had done.

"That's the kind of boys we have!" said Rabbi Tannenbaum proudly.

I will never forget that moment and how it made me feel.

Even now, twenty years later, as I, *Rabbi Jacob Goldbaum*, sit at my desk as Rosh Yeshiva of the very school I studied in. It brings a smile to my face as I sit staring at a very scared Noach Rotensky.

"Noach, I see from your teacher's reports that you seem to be having trouble keeping up with your fellow students in your Talmud class.

"You know, when I was a boy your age I also had trouble with my Talmud studies. I was not such a good student either. In fact I almost failed my first Talmud class. If it weren't for another student helping me, I would have failed miserably. How 'bout we study together? Whatdaya say?"

Epilogue —

"If they can't learn the way we teach, we must teach the way they learn." — *Ole Ivar Lovaas*

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