

Over and Over and Over and Over and Over and Over

The bochurim from Yeshivas Toras Gavriel excitedly got off the buses at Achziv National Park outside the town of Nahariyya. The entire yeshivah was going on a *bein hazmanim* “tornado” boating trip in the Mediterranean.

As the boys approached the boating club, they were greeted by a worker who started assigning them to the different boats that were awaiting them. The *talmidim* of *shiur beis* took their seats on a boat driven by a friendly man named “Ofir”.

“Do you boys want me to drive fast or slow?” Ofir asked them.

“Fast!” all of the bochurim answered at once.

“Excellent,” Ofir said with a huge grin.

Soon all of the boats were sailing away from the coast.

“How far away is Rosh Hanikrah?” Tzviki, the bochur sitting closest to the driver asked.

“Oh, just a few kilometers,” Ofir answered. “Do you want to go in that direction?”

“Yes!!!” the bochurim answered enthusiastically and the boat zipped off to the north.

After a few minutes Ofir slowed the boat down. The boys looked up and saw the famous yellow and red Rosh Hanikrah cable cars hanging from wires above them.

“Look, there you can see the Rosh Hanikrah caves,” said Ofir, pointing at the coast. “Those were formed by the rushing sea water, which cut into the rock.”

Ofir got as close as he safely could to the caves and some of the boys took pictures of the beautiful *niflaos haborei*. A little while later, Ofir turned the boat south and they began picking up speed again, water occasionally spraying them as they cut through the waves.

“Ofir, look! Are those islands?” asked Tzviki.

“They sure are! Here, I’ll give you a closer look!” Ofir turned towards the small islands about a kilometer off of the coast.

The bochurim admired the view as Ofir circled the islands, when there was a loud crash and the whole boat gave a huge jolt. Everyone suddenly grew very quiet.

“Oh no, we appear to have hit a rock,” Ofir said, as water began to slowly fill the boat. “Everyone, jump out!”

The boys were a bit nervous, but they were all wearing life jackets, so they all climbed overboard and started swimming towards the closest island.

It didn’t take long for the boys to reach the island, where they took off their life jackets and the hot sun began to dry out their clothes.

“Elchonon, is that a *daf* of Gemara?” asked Levi.

“Yes,” said Elchonon, carefully unfolding a soaking piece of paper in his hand. “I copied the *amud* that I’m currently holding in so I could learn on the bus.”

Elchonon gently placed the *amud* Gemara on a rock so that it could dry out.

After a few minutes, Ofir said “they are going to send a boat to pick us up, but it is going to take some time because there is a mechanical issue with the boat’s engine.”

“Levi, do you want to learn with me?” asked Elchonon after his *amud* Gemara had dried off.

“Sure!” Levi replied as they sat down on a rock and began to learn.

Within a few minutes, all of the *bochurim* had gathered around and were learning together. It was an easy *amud*, and after finishing it they went back and started *chazering* it. Even Ofir, who had nothing else to do, sat listening to them learn.

As the time ticked away, the *bochurim* kept learning and re-learning the Gemara over and over. Soon, they all knew the whole *amud baal-peh* and were able to learn without even looking inside.



