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Stories 35***

Likutei" From "Shmuel

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The Woman of Kindness from Jerusalem (... "Rav Yirmiyahu Ralbag", "Asot Chesed", pp. 125-126)

There was an old woman in Jerusalem. She was righteous and wise, and she would choose for herself mitzvot that have no demands. When she was a property owner, she did kindness in her money: charity in secret, kindness in secrecy, and no one knows what she is doing, but everyone knows that she is a woman of deeds, or she visits the sick, or she gathers the children of Israel to distribute to them pastries, in order to answer their blessing "Amen." After the old woman gave her money to the Gemach association, and we would not leave her any of her money except for her food, she began to do kindness to her body. She walks through the alleys of Jerusalem, belted in a long apron, decorated with two pockets, one pocket on the right and the other on the left.

A prayer is arranged in her hand and her lips move and recite verses of Psalms.

And what kindness did she choose to do with her bent body? - She walks in the markets and streets and gathers "names" scattered across the earth and saves them from disgrace, and does kindness to the holy names that are swallowed up among the torn "names." She tucks the torn "names" into her right pocket in her apron. And the other pocket is what it used for? - In this pocket it holds every peel of fruit or vegetable, or shards of glass, or any obstacle thrown in the public domain, which

people may encounter. And she – the old woman – picks them up from the ground and places them in the left pocket of the apron, so that people will not stumble upon them, and the babies will not slip in their run and be harmed. She would hide the "Shemot" in the genizah at the bottom of the bimah on which the Torah scroll is placed to be read, and she would take the Klipot and the discarded obstacles to a place where there are no human beings. This old woman lived a long life, and before she passed away, she went up to the beit din in Horvat Rabbi Yehuda the Chassid and asked to write her will. And they wondered: What did she have for the team? Perhaps she found a treasure?

They wrote to her, and they did not write much, that she asked only one request: After her long life, when her soul returns to the heavenly treasures, her apron, which is decorated with two pockets, will be used as a shroud for her body. He served her in life and will serve her after her death... And they wrote, and signed and sent her will to the Chevra Kadisha.

Not many days passed, and she died of old age. The people of Jerusalem followed her bed and praised her, and the father of the court eulogized her and read her will... A few days later, she appeared in a dream before the head of the court and told him: "In Alma Dexot, they weighed her winnings and weighed the pockets in the balances of Paz, and there was a pocket of the left, which was used to remove an obstacle – deciding everything for the life of the World to Come.

A woman of valor

The Tzadik Gaon Rabbi Eliyahu Lapian zt"l related that during the "First World War" his family suffered from great poverty that prevailed in their country, and the people of his city were forced to call on their sons to leave the holy yeshivot and work for their livelihood. However, the Gaon's mother insisted that her nine children continue to engage in Torah study and that God would have mercy on them and send them their livelihood.

And then one day the neighbor came and asked the Rebbetzin: Why are you in so much agony? Send your children to work and you will make a decent living! The Rebbetzin replied: "In this world, I don't need anything from my children, and I don't want them to help me." However, there will come a time when I will be "in the world of truth" and there I will need their help, so I want them to stay in the yeshiva so that they can help me study their Torah when I am in the world of truth. Therefore, it is said about her: "Many daughters have done well, and you have risen above all of them!"

Woman of Strength II (Honey and Milk)

There is a story about a young Jewish couple who moved away from any connection to Judaism, left Israel and settled in America. Once, on the night of Shabbat Kodesh, they were sitting down to have dinner, and suddenly the husband remembered his grandfather, turned to his wife and said to her, "I remember my grandfather singing the chorus 'Eshet Chayil' at the time of Shabbat's kiddush in a captivating melody." "And what are the words of the chorus?" the woman asked. "I don't remember the words," said the husband, "but the melody, what a moving melody." And so the husband did, he went from store to store to get the chorus "Eshet Chayal" but he couldn't find it.

The last store he entered was a store for holy books, he approached the store owner and asked if he was selling a book that contained the refrain "Eshet Chayal." The husband paid for the siddur, went to his house, went to his wife, opened the siddur, and showed her the chorus in full "Eshet Chayil". The woman took the siddur into her hands, looked at the words of the chorus, and said to her husband:

"Look how much this refrain praises the woman: "A woman of valor, who can find" – who can find a woman of valor, for it is a precious thing and something that is not found. And far from pearls, she sold" – if they wanted to sell a woman of valor, then her value was far from the value of the pearls. Her husband's heart trusted her – "When the man is not in his house, he trusts her to take care of everything in the house." And the booty shall not be lacking" – and in the place where he is there, he shall not be deprived of the spoils, for he shall not be frightened and hasten to his house for fear of some deficiency in the house... And so she reads the chorus to her husband with excitement, until she reaches the last verse that captivates her heart, "Give her of the fruit of her hands – "Pay the woman the reward of her deeds," "And he shall praise her at the gates of her deeds" – there is no need to praise her, for it is her deeds that testify to her and they praise her. And this refrain opened her heart, and from that day on, she began to research the religion of Israel, and when she found all the respect and appreciation that the Torah gives to women, she would go to Torah lessons regularly, and a few months later she repented completely together with her husband.

There are people who pursue all kinds of segula, segula for livelihood, segula for medicine, segula for peace of the house, we don't know if and how many segula are beneficial, but if we correct what we have to fix, we will certainly find better results. There is a story about a man who approaches his rabbi on Saturday night with a question: "Is it true that they say that there is a segula for Shalom Bayit to fold the tallit on Shabbat night?" The rabbi said to him:

"I don't know the source of this virtue, nor do I know if it is beneficial, but one thing I can tell you, I have a tried and tested segula, that everyone who tried it on Saturday night saw an amazing change in his wife for the better, help your wife wash the house, take the garbage down to the general garbage of the building, wash the dishes, set the

table, and serve your wife coffee and cake. If you do it every Saturday night, I promise you that you will have peace of mind..."

I ask for my brother (Rabbi Yaakov (Kobi) Levi)

Avraham Rahamim is over 90 years old, and age, you'll be surprised, really isn't a problematic factor for anything to do with his clarity of mind, the quality of his articulation, and his physical fitness. Avraham, a religious Jew, is a quiet, modest type who hides behind the tools. He built the Orot Tannaim synagogue in his neighborhood about 50 years ago, and he is tied to it with bonds of love. He was the locksmith who built and welded the rusty and creaky entrance gate. He built the long fence, He was the one who sawed the beams in order to build a fine ark from them in the center of the synagogue. He is the man who every year (until he became weak) went up to the flat roof and sprinkled tar in the winter so that they would not suffer from leaks, and in the summer he sprinkled lime so that they would not suffer from heat. He was the one who made sure to bring the bread and salads to the third meal, he was the one who replaced leaking faucets and broken glasses. To Avraham Rahamim's credit, it should be said that he did his work with such silent, imperceptible silence. We have never heard him boast about these facts. Or elbowing to himself some status in the community. Nothing. He gave the gabbai their respect, the rabbi of the synagogue he left a wide space to define himself, and he always brightened the face of the young worshippers who visited the place from time to time. The search for honor was not his disease. And you know what, he didn't even nag anyone to get a pinch of gratitude for his 50 years of activity.

Needless to say, his peers, the founders of the place, for the most part, moved to a world that was all good, and Avraham was one of the "last generation of the Nephilim," as they say. He felt within the walls, the ark, the Holy Ark, like a revered king, like a jewel in a crown. Until one day the heart betrayed him.

This happens too. He groaned in his bed and with the rest of his strength he dialed and called an ambulance.

For four weeks, Avraham hovered between life and death, connected to resuscitation machines, and fed with a bunch. From time to time, when he regained consciousness, he would move his head to the right and left, looking with bright eyes for a visitor, a friend, a family member. And he did not find it. The armchair next to his bed was usually empty and deserted. After a month and a half, after a difficult rehabilitation, Avraham Rahamim returned home accompanied by a Thai therapist. Yes, he was weakened, but nevertheless, his forces were about to stop walking slowly to the synagogue, about 100 meters from his apartment.

On Shabbat, between morning and musaf prayers, and before the Torah reading, the rabbi of the synagogue usually gives a 20-minute sermon. This time, the rabbi acceded to the request of Rabbi Avraham Rahamim, who asked to say a few words. Write it down: The Shabbat preacher is the elder of the worshippers. A rare occasion. He climbed the pulpit with slow steps, clung to the railing, and spoke in a quiet voice. He began with simple and understandable words of Torah to every ear. His innovations were familiar to the congregation, who were quite surprised that the lovely old man had suddenly assumed the role of rabbi..... And then we came to the dramatic part.

"I ask my brother," Avraham Rahamim said to the public, "Joseph the Righteous, asked his brothers, to inquire about their well-being, to check what they lacked, despite the danger of it, despite his brother's resentment, he was determined to fulfill his father's command. To ask for his brothers, to inquire about their well-being... Gentlemen and friends, synagogue worshippers, I also say to you, "I ask for my brother." I ask, but my request is like the dust of Dara'a. There is no name on the heart.

I wanted to tell you a few words on my heart, almost all of you know, that I built this synagogue with 10 fingers, I have a part in every wall, in every corner, even the ark I stand on is a work of my own making.

There were some of the founders of the synagogue who thought that the ark would not last, due to my lack of professionalism in carpentry, but here it stands sturdy and stable and they have already left the world... You may not know, but I lay in the hospital for over a month, between life and death, half dying and groaning in pain, and none of you asked about me... None of you came to visit... He wasn't interested. I had difficult hours of solitude there, I thought to myself, Avraham, at least the worshippers, will remember you well, they will visit you... They will smile at you. end

Suf is the closest people to you, I thought I was like your good grandfather, or at least a close friend, even far away. I wanted so much that one of you would remember me, be interested in me, ask about me... Crow-flower. I have not seen or heard any of you. I ask for my brother, but my brothers don't ask for me. Shabbat Shalom."

The electrifying air in the synagogue could be cut with a knife. Avraham Rahamim went to his corner, opened the siddur and left the dozens of worshippers and rabbis speechless and breathless. And this is a story that has no end.

The end, as we said, hangs before our eyes, pale and trembling, screaming out its cry. There are many good people near us, old and young, who need attention, warmth, visiting the sick, and a hearty smile. It takes so little effort from our people, and so much kindness is inherent in it. And we go to the synagogue, the beit midrash,

study and preach, pray and read Psalms, play the game of the righteous, oh oh, how wrong we are. Man... In himself... "I ask for my brother" Oh oh oh oh ...

"Whatever the Lord puts in his mouth, I will keep to speak."

Excitement gripped all the residents of the Romanian town of Jilbau, and King Carol II of Romania was about to visit the town, which had tens of thousands of inhabitants, and to talk to its representatives. Months before the king's arrival, workers worked to clean the streets and decorate the houses, and the children in the schools also prepared for the singing of the choir and the festive raising of flags in honor of the king. The mayor of Miral Constanta conducted the work with enthusiasm, he had been the mayor for many years, and although the king would recognize the successful management of the town.

The Jews of the place, on the other hand, prepared in their own way to welcome the king. In contrast to Mayor Constanta, they hoped that the king would get a negative impression of the place, reprimand the mayor and dismiss him from office.

Because of Miral Constanta's incessant harassment of Jewish residents. Constanta, who was a devout Catholic Christian, saw it as a goal to restrict the feet of those who do not believe in Christianity. The Jews were allowed to live in narrow streets near the river and the industrial zones full of noise and soot. On the contrary, the Jewish merchants had to fight for every license to run a business in the small town. The king's arrival gave hope to the leaders of the Jewish community, who demanded to be interviewed by the king, and their request was given to them.

The next day, the Jews appeared in the luxurious room in which he was staying and poured out their hearts to him. They told him about Constanta's harassment, about the miserable places they were allowed to live in, and about the humiliating treatment of every request. The king listened attentively, and promised to investigate their complaints. In the meantime, the king returned to his palace in the capital, and a month later the representatives of the community received an official invitation to interview the king. When the time came, they all stood before the king, who said: "I have examined the grievances of the Jewish citizens in the town of Zilbao, and I have also heard the answers of the mayor.

It is difficult for me to decide on the matter - and therefore my decision is that elections will be held in the town for the position of mayor.

It was a revolutionary decision. In those days, the mayor was elected by the king or his representatives. King Carol II's decision was a rare step, but the Jews saw Constanta smiling broadly and confidently. He was convinced that no one had any chance of running against him in the elections in a city where he had ruled as king for twenty-five years. The Jews thanked the king, and returned to the town with a heavy heart.

At an urgent meeting held that night, the head of the community suggested that all Jewish citizens support Laura Dragos who was one of the mayor's most prominent opponents, who announced immediately after the decision was published that she considered herself a candidate for the mayor's office. Dragos was a decent woman, who expressed her position strongly against the mayor's attitude toward the Jews. However, Dragos' chances of winning the position were not high. According to the estimates of the participants in the meeting, She could have won 30 to 40 percent of the vote. The incumbent mayor, who controlled government institutions and workplaces, was expected to receive no less than 60 or 70 percent of the votes. There was considerable despair on the faces of the participants, and one of the participants said in a distraught voice: 'Maybe we should go to Constanta and ask for his forgiveness for the complaint!?' There was silence after the proposal, and then the head of the community knocked on the hand of the table and said: 'If G-d helped us and led us to elections, something that has not happened until now, we must accept this gift and take advantage of it!

We must not despair! '

Two days before the elections, two new residents appeared in the town's population registry. They asked to register as citizens of the city and presented certificates of rent and work in the city. Two Jewish merchants testified that the two were indeed hired to work for them for the next month, and that the municipal clerk had no choice but to register the years as residents for all intents and purposes. From there, the years turned to another department in the municipality – the Elections Committee appointed by the King for the proper management of the election campaign. They appeared before the committee and asked to present their candidacy for mayor. The members of the committee looked at them in wonder and asked: 'Who are you?' The years have produced documents proving that they are residents of the city, and that they have the full right like any other resident to run for office. The head of the Elections Committee shrugged his shoulders and asked to write down their names: "Miral Constanta" and "Miral Constanta." Again the members of the committee glanced at the two in astonishment, but they proved by their identity cards that this was their name from birth.

Since Miral Constanta is not a very uncommon name in Romania. They asked their party to be called 'the old Miral Constanta', and 'the original Miral Constanta.' It made no sense in their behavior, but everything was perfectly legal. Everyone was allowed to run, and everyone was allowed to choose what would be written on their ballot. Election day came, and the residents who flocked to the polling stations were surprised to discover three ballots with the name 'Miral Constanta'. The mayor was urgently summoned and tried to disqualify the exchange ballots. But the Elections Committee made it clear to him that everything was legal and that they had the full right to run. The confused residents voted for Miral Constanta without knowing who

they were voting for, and at the end of the election day, the following result was obtained: Mayor Miral Constanta received 25 percent of the votes. Miral Constanta 'old' received 25 percent of the votes. The 'original' Miral Constanta received 16 percent of the votes.

Mrs. Laura Dragos received 35 percent of the vote and was declared the winner and the next mayor of the town of Gilbao. The two actors with the same name 'Miral Constanta' shook hands with the losing mayor who looked at them with disgust, and said to him: 'We have a very beautiful name, Mr. former mayor'...

In this week's Torah portion, Balak's plan to curse the people of Israel is described, for which he hires Tabalaam and even builds altars for him, but in the end Bilam blesses the people of Israel. Balak was angry with Bilam for not fulfilling his mission, and Bilam explained to him that it was not up to him: "Whatever the Lord puts in his mouth, I will keep the word." A person can plan things as much as he wants, but in the end, it is Rakah who decides what will happen.

You choose what to put in your bag!! ("Candle for the Shabbat table" by Rabbi Meir David Miller)

During World War II, with the occupation of France by Germany, the Miller family realized that they had to flee their city of Antwerp from the oppressive oppressor. They decided to flee to Switzerland, which was a neutral country, and the family agreed with a smuggler who knew the escape route, paid him a considerable sum of money, and in turn arranged the forged documents. Before escaping, the smuggler ordered them not to take luggage with them, but only a handbag, so that they would not be suspected of fleeing.

They traveled by train, their father, mother and four children, and by the grace of God, they crossed the first border crossing. Then the smuggler told them to give him the small bag they had packed and explained, "I'm doing this for your safety so that the border guards won't suspect you." The father of the family handed him the file, and by the grace of God, they also passed the tests safely and crossed the border. To their surprise, however, the smuggler did not arrive, he remained at the border crossing with the bag. The smuggler was sure that all the property of the family he had smuggled was found in the bag, for it is the way of the world that the smugglers sell their property and buy diamonds and gold in it. But the man did not know that there was a treasure in the bag that was worth more to the Miller family than silver and gold...

When the smuggler returned to France through the border crossing, the German soldiers asked him, "What's in your bag?" The man opened the bag and in the bag a tallit and tefillin. The guards shot him on the spot, without question, they were sure he was a Jew!

If a person were given the opportunity to choose what to put in a small bag and go with it, a person would choose things that are valuable and dear to his heart. What is considered valuable? Something that can help you in times of need, give you peace of mind and vitality for the body. In our life journey, we collect things that are important to our hearts, that are necessary for our existence, some of which give us happiness and relaxation, and some of which help us survive the day. When everyone leaves his world and goes to another world, he will also take a bag with him. In the bag there will be things that he needs for that world, but what is true for the temporary world is not true for the eternal world... When a person goes on a trip that will be held for a week, he prepares a bag for him for the week, but it is difficult to prepare a bag for eternity... The Creator of the world gave us an organized list of what to put in the bag, 613 precise details that will suit us in the never-ending journey... Don't lose the list, don't remove it from your heart, maybe you don't need it to pass the day, but in the future it will be your key to crossing the line. One of the functions of the inclination is to divert you from the list, to make it forget about you, to belittle its value. Don't be tempted, take the list with you, engrave it on your heart, put it in your "bag" every day, the one with which you can cross the border, the one that will give you vitality forever...

You have chosen us from all the nations (Stories of the Chassidim, issue 222)

In a small town in Ukraine, he lived many years ago, a Jew named Rabbi Leiser, he was a great God-fearing man and even a son of Torah, and because of his great fear – this is how he educated his children in the ways of fear, his face was adorned with a black and brown beard that descended to him according to his size, as well as two long sideburns curled over his little son's face, and just as Mosha and mother did not go to school when they were young, he did not send his children to the Soviet schools, Secretly, he would teach Dardaki and would come to his house every day to study Torah with Rabbi Leiser's son. Such behavior would have been severely prosecuted in Russia at the time, and perhaps even sent to the Land of Decree – to Siberia, but Rabbi Leiser, all his leadership with Jewish stubbornness, courage and devotion, he was one of those few Jews whom the communist regime did not harm. Many times he was called to the headquarters of the secret police, where he was spoken to harshly and even threatened with the worst, but the ways of Divine Providence with R. Leiser are wonderful, all those who threatened R. Leiser that they would put him in jail were eventually thrown themselves behind bars, and Rabbi Leiser continued to walk in his Hasidic clothes and long beard in the streets of the town, and every day he thanked God anew for every night that passed quietly. In fact, they had a way of life for him when he was a bookkeeper in the big shoe factory there.

In the month of Elul, a very dismal year for the remnants of the refugees in Russia, a wave of imprisonments broke out again throughout communist Russia. However,

even this storm managed to get through this storm safely in Nissi Nissim, the factory manager who was a loyal communist, defended Rabbi Leiser and claimed: "But Lazar Mendelovitch serves as his right hand, and he is the living spirit behind the factory", and the truth was that Rabbi Leiser straightened out and smoothed all the accounts with great loyalty, and swept away all the problems. And since the manager was very appreciative of the bookkeeper, he let Rabbi Leiser keep the Sabbath and holidays without any special difficulties. In those days, the manager of the shoe factory, where Rabbi Leiser served as the chief bookkeeper, was arrested, and in his place, the superiors from the big city sent a new manager. This appointment terrified all the workers of the factory, the new manager had a firm and red face, blue eyes cold to the point of terror, and his voice hoarse as one who was very angry and screaming until his throat was slit, none of the workers had known him before and this fact increased the fear of him. More than anything else, Rabbi Leiser was in fear, what would happen now with the observance of Shabbat? What steps will the new manager take now against the accountant who misses all days from work?

The first meeting with the new director left a grim impression on R. Leiser, but his eyes met his long beard, his already red face became even redder, his sword-piercing eyes lit with fire, and he barely finally uttered a word that resembled something like a greeting. The new manager, Maxim Fyodorovich, had no acquaintances in the town, and Rabbi Leiser had his head on how to influence a donkey non-Jew – this thought that he would leave it to him on the holidays and Shabbat, especially since the days are the days of the month of Elul, when the High Holy Days are approaching, and a month full of holidays and when he will do with them. On the first Friday under the new director, Rabbi Leiser thought of going in and talking to the principal about working on Shabbat, etc., but when he remembered his red and angry face, he regretted his plan. And he relied on the Holy One, blessed be He, to help him.

Since the communist regime confiscated the last synagogue in the town, the Jews organized a daily minyan in the home of an old Jew, the sons of this Jew served in important positions in Moscow, the capital, and therefore there was no fear of praying in his home, but from time to time, on Shabbat or Yom Tov, they would gather at the house of R. Leiser where they prayed in a minyan, it was a secret Chassidic minyan, which included the number of ultra-Orthodox Jews who remained in this town. Even on this Shabbat before Selichot, they gathered for prayer at Rabbi Leiser's house, throughout Shabbat Rabbi Leiser did not reveal to his family and friends his fears that he was going through in the factory where he worked, only at night before reciting the Selichot he told about it, and in the Selichot piyyutim he poured out his bitterness before his Creator and hoped that He would help him keep the ways of Torah and mitzvot, some of his friends tried to suggest that he enter the factory on Shabbat without working or taking actions that involve desecrating Shabbat. I will

not do this," cried Rabbi Leiser, from his pure heart, "I am not ready for any compromises on the matter of Shabbat Kodesh." His wife suggested that he ask the doctor for a medical certificate that he was sick and attach it to a letter to be sent to the manager. On Monday of the week, Rabbi Leiser did not show up at the factory and sent the manager a nicely edited letter in Russian, in which he apologized that he could not report to work due to his serious illness and would have to be absent for several weeks. That evening, his friend R. Leiser, his assistant in the bookkeeping, appeared at the house of his friend, a little frightened, and came to tell him that the manager was angry and shouted that R. Leiser had not shown up for work on Saturday, and said: Since Lazar Mendelovitch is so necessary for the Soviet enterprise, it is a crime if he does not report to work! And he can be put on trial and thrown in jail, because he is causing damage to the Soviet economy. However, Rabbi Leiser's assistant added that he did not understand why the director did not refer to Rabbi Leiser's Jewishness and the fact that his absence stemmed from his strong faith, nor did he refer to the doctor's certificate that he sent him. And Libby says it's a good sign, the assistant concluded. I wish G-d had answered him with great gratitude.

On the morning of Rosh Hashanah, a small minyan gathered at Rabbi Leiser's house for prayer, due to the terror and fear, the prayers were held in a whisper, but the heart cried out in each and every one and the eyes were flooded with a sea of tears, Rabbi Leiser served as a public messenger, and his prayer was full of emotion and awakening that aroused everyone. As always, at the time of prayer, the windows were covered with curtains, and the doors were locked, Rabbi Leiser's wife was standing by the door, and the old Machzor with the white handkerchief soaked in tears was shaking in her hands.

The worshippers were immersed in prayer when suddenly there was a loud knock on the door, at the same time they were standing at the beginning of the rehearsal of the Shacharit, everyone's eyes were wide open with fear, some of them hurriedly rolled their prayer shawls over their heads, others escaped and hid in one of the rooms, only Rabbi Leiser remained standing, and with him a number of elderly Jews. The knocking on the door continued stubbornly over and over again, Rabbi Leiser's son and wife approached the door and asked in Russian: Who is this? On the other hand, a hoarse voice answered them in Russian: "Please, I am the manager of the factory – Maxim Fyodorovitch!" I came to visit the bookkeeper and ask for his well-being. Rabbi Leiser's wife remained stunned and did not know what to do, but his son came closer to the door and peered out of the insect and looked into the manager's face, suddenly the manager approached and whispered into her in Yiddish: "Jews, don't be afraid! I will not cause any harm to Lazar! The boy was frightened and opened the door wide, the principal stepped in with hasty steps, addressed them with a "Happy New Year," and then asked submissively: "Where are you standing in prayer?" Haven't they blown the shofar yet? Rabbi Leiser stood in his place like a

fossil and his wife was pale as lime, but this time the manager's eyes were softer and compassionate looks looked out of them, he turned to them in a pleading voice and said: Keep praying, don't be afraid of me, although I have the face of a non-Jew and I am also a non-Jew, but I am a Jew, a Jew! I came here today to hear the shofar blowing, I came to say Kaddish in memory of my father and mother. And in order to confirm his words, he took out from his coat pocket a small, plucked kippah, and a small tallit that had been worn out for many years, and wrapped himself in them, and behold, it was a wonder, suddenly the manager's stern face disappeared, and his face brightened and documented, and even became more Jewish.

The Jews came out of their hiding places and stood around Rabbi Leiser, and the cantor returned to the Shemoneh Esrei prayer, which had been interrupted earlier, in a louder, thunderous voice, as if something had broken through him: "You have chosen us from all the nations" The day after Rosh Hashanah and after every Shabbat and festival, the principal returned and resented the missing Rabbi Leiser