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Amen (Brina Yaksru, Leaflet 371)

The story before us took place decades ago, and was published by the Bnei Emunim organization by a dear Jew living in the United States, who himself was a witness to the fact:

In the East Side – the Jewish center of Manhattan, where I lived in my youth, there also lived a dear Jew who dedicated his life to strengthening the mitzvah of answering Amen. For many years, the man was a walking symbol for the fulfillment of the Amen's Prayer, and the children of the area even affectionately called him 'Omenman', meaning 'the man of the amen'.

In the main synagogue where he prayed, his voice would reverberate – whenever a blessing was heard, when, despite the commotion around him, one could hear from all corners of the Hall, how the word "Amen" came out of his mouth in moderation, and the glory of Heaven would multiply. In this way, the man would sweep away the rest of the worshippers, and in addition to the fact that the man himself was careful not to miss a single amen, he devoted supreme efforts to increase more and more of the amen's in his surroundings. In particular, he was accustomed to strengthening this mitzva among the young people of the flock (small children who had not yet reached the mitzvot). His pockets were always puffy with sweets – which he would distribute to the children, who recited the blessings aloud and were careful to observe the mitzva of loudly intentionally.

When our gentleman reached the age of 75, he fell ill with a severe heart disease. In those days – when medicine was not as advanced as it is today, patients of this type did not have many chances of living a long life. He turned to the doctors, who presented him with two choices; the first was to undergo a very complicated heart surgery, after which his chances of recovering from the disease and surviving were slim. The second is not to undergo the complicated surgery, and then he will certainly not survive more than a short period. 'The Amen Man' listened to the doctor's words with a calm face, and when he finished speaking, he thanked him and turned to leave the room, declaring firmly that he was not performing the operation, no matter what! This was very puzzling to his son, who was accompanying him, and he could not resist and asked: "Father, why?! How can you take on such a heavy responsibility of life and death, at least you would have consulted, asked a rabbi's question, or consulted someone in the field of medicine! How surprising was the father's confident answer to his son: "My son, all my life I have been careful to do many things for the sake of the mitzva of answering Amen. We were promised about it by Chazal: "Whoever prolongs his life and years will be prolonged." 'Amen' in Gematria = 91 ... If so, I can be calm... At least until the age of ninety-one – I am sure that I will live a long life, G-d willing, the father concluded, so why should I agree to an operation that could shorten my life?

The author of the story adds: "The Amen Man" indeed recovered from his illness and continued to live a long life. And when his ninetieth birthday came, his son asked him: "Father, do you remember that you told me that you would live at least until the age of 91 because of your extreme adherence to the mitzva of saying amen? And what next... After all, next year you're going to be 91 years old! The father replied jokingly that he had already begun to make sure to say 'Amen Sala'... However, a few months later, while still in his ninety-first year, the man returned his soul to its Creator. And it was a wonder.

Adopt a yeshiva student [People talk about themselves 7]

"I'm a resident of Herzliya Pituach, the manager of a very successful company. The company I owned, which my father founded, and which made our family wealthy by any standard, ran into difficulties that threatened the family's existence and economic future. What hurt me the most was that it meant that my elderly father had been taken out of the sheltered home he was in, to a nursing home run by the state. I didn't sleep at night, and one morning, when I knew that the sword was hanging over me, I got up early in the morning. I took the tefillin that I had only put on at my Bar Mitzvah party and went to Bnei Brak to pray Shacharit to G-d. I wasn't religious, but I got to a place where I knew there was no other hope. I asked a passerby where one can pray at such an hour? He immediately said, "In Itzkowitz," where there are many rooms where there are minyanim one after the other. I got there, put on tefillin and started praying. Suddenly tears started flowing from my eyes, and I cried like I'd never cried before. I wasn't ashamed of anyone, I don't have any acquaintances here.

While praying, I noticed a 30-year-old ultra-Orthodox man sitting next to me, who was also crying in his prayers, his crying was more restrained, but it seemed that something was bothering him, I thought to myself, maybe I would help him and then G-d would help me. At the end of the prayer, I approached him and asked him gently - with apologies for the intrusion into his private life - what was bothering him, I convinced him to tell me, in the end he agreed and told me that he had found himself in a difficult financial situation through no fault of his own and that he owed 46,800 NIS and had no idea where he would pay it back. He prays to God to send him money to repay the debts that burden him so much, since he is a kollel student and only his wife works. Without thinking, I took out a checkbook, filled it with 50,000 shekels, and told him: "Cashing the check and repaying your debts, but I have two conditions: one, write down my secretary's number, call her to declare that you received a check from me – so that I won't get into more trouble with the income tax than I'm, and second, pray for me incessantly throughout the day so that my company will get out of the crisis it is in." To my surprise, he said: "I don't want to work on you, I don't pray all day, I study Gemara in the Kollel most of the day, I pray 3 prayers. I have another kollel in the evening, which I might be able to cancel and instead say Tehillim for you, the amount you give me saves

me, but I won't lie to you that I pray all day, I'm studying." It moved and amazed me. His honesty completely captivated me, I was smart enough to understand that this man's Talmud study is worth as much to me as prayer, maybe even more. And I said, "Leave, continue your study as usual, but dedicate it to me." I took the phone number from him to let him know when the company was on its feet and he was relieved of his commitment. And the unbelievable happened. That same day, at noon, I received a phone call from a 23-year-old man. 3 years ago his father turned to me and said to me: "I have a genius son who invents something in computers, come invest in his invention and get a percentage", I paid a million and a half shekels and since then I have not heard from him nor have I been interested, and now they have received an offer from a company in the United States in exchange for his invention, he calls to update on developments, "You see, it was probably worth investing", this is not the million and a half but the fifty thousand that I gave to this yeshiva student this morning, I thought in my heart. The deal hasn't been executed yet, but I knew that at least there was someone studying and praying about it.

A month later, the deal was made that was published in all the newspapers, and the company I owned was on its feet, and I breathed a sigh of relief. A few years passed, my son and daughter-in-law still hadn't had a baby, and all the treatments they had done were unsuccessful. One evening, my son came to us and asked to speak with us. He said that the doctors had discouraged them and said that there was no chance, and now they were thinking of going abroad to adopt a child from there. Just before he suddenly left, I told him, "Wait a minute," and for the first time I told them about the crisis I was in... A few years ago, I didn't even tell my wife, they didn't know at all about the danger that hovered over their heads, they sat in front of me, stunned, "Try to go to Bnei Brak, find an ultra-Orthodox there who studies all day, ask him to study and pray for you, maybe it will help." He thought for a while and then said, "No problem, I'll do it, but I'm giving a one-month window, I'm not going to cancel the flight." A month passed and they still hadn't traveled, another week passed, I called him to ask him when their flight was and he replied: "Dad, we're on our way to the tests, we may not have to travel...", "What"? I was completely shocked, "How is that? Why didn't you tell me" ?... "Dad, we'll come in the evening and tell you."

We waited nervously for the evening and when they arrived, my son said: "I went to Bnei Brak at 10:00 in the morning and asked people to lead me to the Kollel, they led me to a kollel called "Kollel Chazon Ish", and I saw people there sitting and studying, no one looked at me, they were just immersed in their learning. I watched and locked on a man of about 30 years old when he went to make himself coffee, I approached him and asked him if I could talk to him personally, and when he answered yes I asked him if he had debts that he would be happy to get rid of, he replied: "Yes, I have a mortgage that I pay for, other than that I am doing well", I said to him: "Come with me to the bank

and I will repay your mortgage". He looked at me and didn't move, "I'm not working on you, come with me and see, I'm paying your mortgage, just pray for me to have a child." "I believe you, but if you don't mind, we study until 13:00, and the bank is open until 13:30." I waited like a good boy for about three hours, not thinking that the day would come when someone would make me wait for him to give him money – instead of chasing me. At 13:00 we went to the bank and I repaid the mortgage in its entirety, immediately afterwards we went into another treatment and a week ago it turned out that he probably succeeded, but to be sure, we waited another week, today we went for tests and the trip is probably unnecessary. "It is difficult to describe the excitement and tears that were shed on that occasion, I felt that I had a part in this miracle, by opening my heart and telling what saved me. "Adopt a student" I would call this story even though I'm not entirely sure who is helping whom.

Chizkiyah said, "A person's prayer is not heard unless he puts his heart like flesh (like flesh that is soft and not like a stone that is hard – Rashi)... . [From 'I Believed and Spoke']

We learn about the power of prayer out of heartbreak from the following incident narrated by the author of the act:

When I was about to marry off my fifth son, I was in distress. As is customary in our country, I promised to pay half-and-half, as I had done in the previous four, and this is how the current engagement contract was signed between the parents. However, the marriage of the first child is not the same as the marriage of the fifth child. In the first you eat savings, in the second you raise loans, on the third and fourth you roll over the Gemachs, and on the fifth you learn to raise your hands to the sky... Because there is no other way out. Who can buy five half-apartments in six years with the money of a normal salary? No one! Even though it is known that children's matches are a miracle, nevertheless the miracle is not always remembered... Especially when he rolls around in a natural look - the 'concierge', a good friend, raises a large loan, the brother-in-law opens his deposit and sometimes even wins with a lottery ticket... As if they were normal and normal things... Until we learn to pray and ask, and again to pray and ask the third partner to perform miracles, because there is no other name for it. Every wedding is a miracle. And so I arrived at the wedding with all my assets mortgaged to the previous weddings, a mortgage on my house and debts to the bank, loans from friends, a guarantee from the boss, everything was tried and exhausted to the fullest, and my commitment to the wedding remains the same. The largest and main sum: half an apartment - I didn't have it. In addition, there was another trouble at the door: it was in an era of a very unstable economy. In those days, when I was looking for a loan to help me get to the desired apartment, a rumor circulated that the pound was about to undergo a depreciation that would increase the price of the dollar twofold, that is, if we

assume that the dollar is currently worth one pound – or two pounds, it will be worth two pounds. And since the price of an apartment was set in dollars [so it was at the time], And I get priced in pounds – I'll have to pay twice as many pounds. In other words, work twice as much, for the same amount...

Obviously, I was very "urged" to pay for the apartment now, at its current price, and not twice as much. That is, if I could find money now, I would buy dollars at their price now, and I would be able to pay for the apartment more easily. All these calculations were going around in my mind, without any possibility of actually doing anything, because, in fact, I had neither pounds nor dollars... "Whoever has the pound in his hand also has the dollar," I thought to myself, "God doesn't matter the amount or the form, if He wants to give it to me, He will give me what I need, in whatever form I need. If so, I have no choice but to ask him.'

I decided that instead of running between places where I would be told 'nothing', I would go directly to G-d's address and ask Him for what I needed. I drove to the Western Wall, where I sat down to recite all the Tehillim in tears. I sat there for three hours, at the end of which I whispered a personal prayer, and headed out towards the station. An elderly man stopped me and asked if I could spare him for a few minutes. Of course, I answered in the affirmative. "I have a large sum of money," the stranger began and said, "and I don't want to leave it at home or in the bank, or with my children, because I don't want them to know what the sums are, and I don't want them to fight after my hundred and twenty. I thought of entrusting it to a loyal man, who would take it upon himself to find out when I was going to my worldly home, and then distribute the money to my children. I went to the Western Wall. And I asked G-d to enlighten me to whom to give the money I had brought with me, and I sat for hours to see who was coming and to whom I would turn to. I saw you, and for some reason, I liked you. I see this as a sign from heaven. Would you be willing to take the money from me, keep it with you, and take an interest from time to time what is happening with me? "

I opened my mouth in amazement. A stranger stops me, and wants to give me money for an unknown period, and trusts me, someone unknown, not to take the money for myself.... Of course I agreed. I told the stranger my story about why and why I came to pray today at the Western Wall, and he smiled happily and said: 'I knew you were the one with whom I had to deposit the money, I felt...' And so, on the spot, the man pulls out a large bundle of bills, and we count it while we are standing in the corner of the Western Wall plaza. There was a huge sum there, beyond what I needed at the time, he wrote me his name and address. He made sure I knew all the details, and left. To my astonishment, it took me a little longer before I could recover.

I went back to the Western Wall for a prayer of thanksgiving, and from there I went to the bank, deposited the money in the contractor's favor, and the apartment became ours. That is, the young couple's. Afterwards, I immediately rushed to the money changer to exchange the remaining amount, which was, also large, for dollars. Two days later, the pound depreciated, and every dollar I had became worth twice (!) its value, in Israeli money. With this money, I married off my sixth child... After we had married all our children, I collected the large sum of money penny to penny, and when I had all the sum of the deposit, I wondered what I would do now. I didn't want to leave such a large sum of money in my house, and on the other hand, my mission, as I knew from the inquiries I made every month, was not finished, the old man lived long and years and is still alive. I decided to call him and ask for his advice, maybe, after all, he wants to do something else with the money. I call, his son answers, and says in a voice that did not hide the trembling, because his father passed away two hours ago, and his funeral will be coming soon...I came, of course, to give him one last favor, that was the least I could do after the great kindness he had shown me.

At Shiva, when I came to console him, I told his surprised sons about the deposit, they were no less surprised by the story than I was.

America (Pneinei Tzaddikim, Issue 25)

It is said that the Rav was sitting in his room in Brisk. On his desk were many letters from all corners of the world. Questions were sent to the Rav from all over the world. And the rabbi would patiently open the letters and answer their questions.

At the same time, there was a knock on the door and after receiving permission, the town's butcher named Yehuda, a young Jew who was very close to the rabbi, entered. During the conversation, the rabbi opened more letters. "Do you see this letter?" he asked the slaughterer sitting across from him, "This letter came from America. There is a severe shortage of experienced and God-fearing slaughterers. They are begging before I send them a shochet. But I don't have a shochet to send there." After many minutes, the shochet left the rabbi's house thoughtfully. He is blessed with many children and a limited livelihood in a poor community like Brisk. Poultry and meat were scarce commodities and he did not have enough work to support his family and meet their needs. And now a solution to all his problems came to his mind...

At his home, Rabbi Yehuda's wife waits for her husband, but her husband does not return. Her son Avraham was asked to go to the synagogue and look for his father. For her second son, Yaakov, she asked to look for him somewhere else. When the children returned, night had already fallen, and the father did not find him. In despair, she went to the rabbi's house, fearing that her husband was there. But to her great disappointment, he was not there. "Your honor," she cried bitterly, "my husband has left noon and has

not yet returned. We looked for it everywhere possible and couldn't find it. I'm afraid that a disaster may have happened to him, God forbid!" Rabbi Yehoshua sank into his thoughts, and after many minutes he raised his eyes and said painfully: "I am afraid that your husband has decided to go to America," he said to the astonishment of the slaughterer's wife. "America?" the woman murmured, incredulous. "What does he have to look for there? Here he has a home, a family and children. Why did he leave and say nothing?" The woman began to cry incessantly, unable to believe what she heard. The rabbi waited for a while and said: "Your husband was here today at noon, when I was busy answering the various letters. I came across a letter from a community in America looking for a slaughterer. I told this to your husband innocently. I think he decided to do something and went there to be a shochet," he said sadly.

The woman received the news with bitter pain. In the America of those days, the voice of the Torah was not heard. It was almost devoid of any spiritual content, and the danger of assimilation was enormous in those days. Soon the rumor spread like wildfire. Everyone was talking about the act of the slaughterer. "Judah left his wife and children and went to America!" they said. All the Jews of the city were frightened by this. But the one who took this upon his conscience was Rabbi Yehoshua. He feared that it had happened because of his words. And from that day on, he began to pray for the spirituality of Yehuda the slaughterer. Every day he would remind him in his prayers, begging God to remain at his spiritual level and not to descend to the bottom, G-d forbid.

Time passed, and a year later, a letter was received at Yehuda's home. Indeed, Rabbi Yehoshua was correct in his assumption that Yehuda had traveled to America. In his letter, the shochet asked his wife and children to come to him overseas. He also attached a considerable sum of money to his letter. "What am I supposed to do now?" the woman wondered. "Is it worthwhile to go to him, or if I refuse, they will hurry back here?" At the end of the matter, she turned to the rabbi and expressed her doubts. "I think you should join the head of the family," the rabbi replied after a long thought. "Despite the poor spiritual state there, in my humble opinion you should travel and reunite. Have a good trip," he congratulated. From that day on, Rabbi Yehoshua had a list of other names to mention in his prayer – the wife and children.

Later, the shochet immigrated to the Holy Land with his family. Then, to his surprise, he heard that the rabbi of Brisk, Rabbi Yehoshua Leib, was also in Jerusalem. He was overwhelmed with enormous excitement. Memories of the old days flooded him and he went out to visit his rabbi. With a beating heart, he knocked on the door of the house. The Rebbetzin opened the door and immediately recognized the person standing at the door. "Rabbi Yehoshua," she called excitedly to her husband. "You are already exempt from responsibility! They're already here!" When Yehuda heard the story, he understood

everything. Only now did he understand how he, out of all his friends in the Americas, held to his Torah. How could he not be swept away into vanity despite all the difficult trials he had undergone? Why did he remain in his ultra-Orthodox dress and did not change his outlook? It was through the power of the prayer of his teacher, the Gaon and the Tzaddik, Rabbi Yehoshua Leib Diskin.

I said wisdom and it is far from me. (Good Words – Statute)

The bus left the Central Bus Station with only a few passengers on board. In the morning and evening, this line is filled to the brim with passengers coming and returning from the rural communities around the big city, but now, in the early afternoon, it is not the peak hour, and you can count the passengers who inhabited the bus on the fingers of both hands. There was silence on the bus. Some of the passengers were dozing off or listening to music through headphones. But Udi, the driver, held the wheel with a confident hand and complete alertness. Traveling on the narrow and mountainous roads is extremely dangerous, and it is the responsibility of him to transport his passengers safely to their homes. Udi knew most of the passengers well. He had been driving on this line for several years, and the regular passengers eventually became old acquaintances. "Look at this crazy guy," Udi said to Sagi, a young man who always sat in one of the front seats of the bus. "Look at how he drives." The bus driver was referring to a private Mazda car that was driving behind him, and it seemed that it had made every effort to overtake the bus. The driver of the private car kept trying to push and overtake, he signaled at the high beams and honked his horn at the bus. "That's how it is today," sighed Tzila, another regular passenger on the bus, "everyone is in a hurry, in a hurry, in a hurry. There's no patience..." Udi accelerated the speed of the bus a little, hoping that by doing so he would get rid of the hurried driver, but the Mazda did not stop chasing him, and the driver did not stop signaling him in every possible way. The road became a little wider, and the Mazda was now able to drive parallel to the bus. Amazingly, the driver did not try to advance and overtake, but drove near the bus, making vigorous hand gestures in the direction of the bus driver. "What does he want from my life?" Udi thought. He was already starting to fear. Who knows what this type of person wants from him. Are there crazy people in the world? When the Mazda driver saw that the bus driver did not understand him, he began to speed up until he was ahead of the bus. Udi breathed a sigh of relief and thought he had gotten rid of him, but only after a few seconds did he realize what the Mazda driver was going to do: he slowed down more and more, until he stopped in the middle of the road, forcing the bus to stop. All the passengers in front of the bus watched anxiously. From the Mazda that stopped in the middle of the narrow road, a man about forty years old broke in. And he had a black bag in his hand. He ran towards the bus door and motioned for the driver to open it for him. 'Who is this? What does he want?' asked Udi anxiously. Instinctively, his hand reached for the gun in his belt. Who knows what the strange man's intentions are when

he forces him to stop in the middle of a lonely road. "Hey, I know him," said Sagi, the guy sitting in the front seat. "He lives with us in the community. He is a senior doctor in a hospital in Tel Aviv." "To open it for him?" Udi asked. "He's not a terrorist – that's for sure," Sagi said. Udi pressed the button and opened the door. He prepared to shout at him, but the man wouldn't give him time. He jumped into the bus and ran amok toward the back seats. He approached Mr. Cohen, who was sitting in the back seat, laid him down in the aisle between the seats, and began to perform CPR on him. At that moment, an approaching ambulance siren was also heard. Before Udi and the passengers realized what was happening, the ambulance braked next to the bus, and two paramedics got out and continued to treat the elderly man, who appeared unconscious. "Are you willing to explain to me what's going on here?" asked Udi, the driver who had left his seat and approached the end of the bus. "My name is Dr. Alon Gurman," said the man, "I'm a cardiologist at Ichilov Hospital, and as I drove behind you, I saw through the back window an elderly man doing seizure movements typical of an acute heart attack. When I saw that it went on, I realized that he couldn't communicate with anyone on the bus, and that he could just die. I started signaling you to stop, and at the same time I called to call an ambulance, but you didn't understand me and you didn't stop. In the end, I forced you to stop, and that's probably what saved the man's life."

The doctor wanted to save the life of a Jew, so he did things that seemed strange and even disturbing. But as soon as he explains his actions, everyone immediately understands the logic and the good intentions he had.

We are used to understanding everything, and when we see things in the world that we don't understand, we immediately come up with complaints... The Torah teaches us in this week's Torah portion, that there are things that must be done even if we do not understand them, and even if they seem to us to be clearly incomprehensible. The mitzva of the red heifer is a mitzva in which no reason is stated, and even King Solomon, the wisest of men, admitted that he did not know the reason for it. Nevertheless, we must fulfill the mitzva, because this is precisely the greatest reason for it: to teach us that not only what we understand with our intellect, we are obligated to fulfill, but also what our intellect is unable to understand, we must fulfill this as well, because this is the will of the Creator.

"If you will listen to the voice of the Lord your God and do what is right in His eyes... All the sickness that I put in Egypt I will not put on you, for I am the Lord your physician" [15:26]. (And its fruit is sweet).

The influential Rabbi Elimelech Biderman shlita relates: In one of the communities in the south of the country, there lives a yeshiva student whose Torah is his art and in which he labors day and night. The yeshiva student is a groom in a respectable family

from the Ramat Elchanan neighborhood in Bnei Brak, and from time to time he comes to visit his father-in-law's house. During one of the visits, the yeshiva student heard a sermon from the neighborhood rabbi, Rabbi Yitzchak Silberstein, shlita, on matters of eye care. In the midst of his remarks, Rabbi Silberstein quoted the words of the Holy Rabbi Aharon Rata zt"l, that when a person deserves a trial of keeping his eyes open, and he fulfills it, that time is a time of desire, and whatever he asks for, he will receive! The yeshiva student heard, put it in his head, and did not know how much it touched him.

One day, his youngest daughter, who was about eight years old, fell ill with a serious illness, L.A., and she was hospitalized in Be'er Sheva, and was diagnosed with a virulent bacterium of the most dangerous kind. The doctors tried to cope with it by various means, there were certain times of ascent, but mainly times of descent, until the girl was on her deathbed. He said to them: "You have seen that we have done everything in our power to save your daughter, and unfortunately, the situation is deteriorating. We have one more option to save her life, by means of a certain medication that we have not given her until now, because of the serious side effects caused by its consumption. This medicine is given only when there is nothing to lose. But we have a small difficulty, said the director, the medicine is not currently in the medicine warehouse at the hospital, and if we order it we will receive it only in two days. I suggest that the father go to Tel Aviv to the main warehouse. I will give him a prescription and you will buy the medication at this stage at your own expense. That way we can start giving the girl the medication today."

The father immediately organized himself and headed to the train station. After the train arrived in Tel Aviv, the yeshiva student set out to turn on foot to the address he received from the head of the department. He only takes two steps down the crowded street, and... His eyes darkened, the whole area was full of unclean sights, when he could hardly turn his head. And then, suddenly, illuminated from heaven, the voice of Rabbi Silberstein shlita played in his ears, that when a person is facing the test of keeping his eyes, he can merit that all the gates of heaven will be opened to him and his prayer will be answered... The student stood there in the street of a city, his inclination trying to overcome him and stumble him, but he realized where he came from and where he was going. Where did he come from, from his daughter's hospital room, where she is fighting for her life, and where he is going - if he stands the test he can work for her a great salvation and a new life. The yeshiva student turned to the wall of the building next to him, bowed his head on the wall, and began to speak to God in his own words. He said, "Master of the world, why am I even here, dealing with such trials, after all, my place now was supposed to be in the beit midrash, next to the chavruta, but by the decree of the Most Merciful, full of mercy, a serious illness came upon my daughter, and it was around that the medicine would not be in the hospital storeroom. And that's why I'm

here now. I ask You, Master of the Universe, for two requests: 1) Give me the strength to overcome my instincts so that I will not sin or fail. b) Give health and longevity to my little daughter."The yeshiva student spoke and was all crying, shaking like this for nearly twenty minutes, and suddenly, the cell phone rang in his pocket, bringing it back to reality. He looked at the screen and recognized that Naveh – his daughter was calling. He knew that she had stayed by the bed of his sick daughter, and he picked up the phone, but on the other side of the line there were terrible cries. The father realized that the worst had happened, and he burst into bitter tears. And so it's in Be'er Sheva, and it's in Tel Aviv, holding a cell phone and crying. The father tries to insert a sentence into the crying and asks, "When did this happen?" and the mother replies, "Don't buy the medicine, there is no need for it." And the crying intensifies and intensifies on both sides of the line. Only after she calmed down a little, the mother says: "Don't buy the medicine, the doctor called me and said that suddenly all the parameters changed for the better... In such a situation, you don't give medication with such effects. The doctor assumes that the medications that the girl received until now, suddenly started killing the bacteria after the situation only got worse for two weeks..." After two or three weeks, a thanksgiving meal was held!!

Truth - A Way of Life (Me'orot Hadaf Yomi, Issue 971)

An interesting incident took place with the rabbi of Komemiut, Rabbi Binyamin Mendelsohn zt"l.

After the terrible Holocaust, Rabbi Mendelsohn zt"l only a few relatives survived who immigrated to Eretz Israel, one of whom was privileged to establish a family for which Rabbi Mendelsohn zt"l was a loving, caring and guiding father in all its affairs. Once, a few days before Passover, a young man from the same family wanted to see with his own eyes the baking of matzot in the Komemiut bakery, which was under the supervision of his great relative. The sun was hot that day, and the young man made his way in an old-fashioned bus to the moshav Komemiyut. As usual, the Rav received him at his home with open arms, and as was always the custom, they joined him in his study, peeling fruit for him and serving it to him so that he would refresh himself from the long and tiring journey. After a while, the two finished their studies, and the young man told his relative, the Gaon, that he had taken the trouble to come to him to see the baking of matzot in the bakery, which was under the supervision of the Rav. "Of course, certainly," the rabbi answered, and took the young man by the arm to lead him toward the bakery.

When the building in which the bakery was located was revealed, the young man began to clean his clothes diligently, and rummaged through his pockets again and again to check that there was no crumb of chametz in them, God forbid, and continued to walk happily with the rabbi towards the entrance of the bakery. When the two reached the

building, the rabbi began to turn around the bakery building, looking for something. The young man asked for help, and asked Rabbi Mendelsohn zt"l what he could do to help him. "I'm looking for a chair or a stool," the rabbi replied. "A chair? A stool?" The rabbi was already holding an old, rickety wooden stool in his hand, when he placed a soft hand on the shoulder of his young relative and taught him a wonderful lesson in the laws of derech eretz: "Look, my dear. In order to avoid the fear of chametz in our bakery, God forbid, we instituted a law that no one has the right to enter the bakery except its employees." The young man was about to point to himself, as if to say: "But David, we are relatives, can't you do something for me?" but Rabbi Mendelsohn zt"l continued, looking at him with his clever eyes: "But what do you want to say? That because you are my dear relative, I will do "protection" with you, eh? Well, my dear, "Protection is dishonesty!" – protection is dishonesty – unfortunately I cannot accept your request to enter the bakery. "Rabbi Mendelsohn zt"l concluded his remarks, and placed the stool next to the wall of the bakery, signaling to his relative: "Get on the stool. There, at the top, there is a narrow window through which you can look at the work of baking." "

All my life," said the young man, "I will never forget the lesson I learned from my "relatives, Rabbi Binyamin Mendelsohn ztl, that the truth ,was a guiding light at his feet and in any situation he did not depart from it right or left.