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Reconstructed Story Collection 34

***From "Likutei
Shmuel"***

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Asher created

The following is a wonderful story adapted from "There Is No One Else Except Him" that teaches us the power of a blessing and how careful we should be to recite the blessing word for word. Much has already been written and said about the special virtue of the Asher Yatzer blessing for healing and salvation, a virtue that was brought in the name of the author of Seder Ha-Yom and even recommended by many of the world's great scholars. The wonderful story before us, told first-hand by the author of the action, can serve as a living example of the effectiveness of this segula:

Colitis is a word that most of us are unfamiliar with, but for quite a few people it symbolizes a terrible nightmare. A disease for which doctors are tired of finding a cure, and have not even found, as of now, a finding that would explain the cause of its appearance. If any intestinal problem is known to cause a lot of suffering, for those who are familiar with the symptoms of colitis and are aware of the pain and anguish that follows, the mere mention of its name causes chills. Colitis is an inflammation caused by the immune system, which is usually supposed to protect our body. This inflammation damages the tissues of the colon and causes severe attacks of pain, accompanied by very severe side effects that significantly impair the patients' daily functioning. In many cases, the outbreak of the disease may lead to prolonged hospitalization, and sometimes even require a difficult surgery to remove the colon.

When the subject of our story, a Torah scholar who teaches Torah to many, awoke with severe intestinal problems, he thought that it was a transient phenomenon. When the days passed, and his condition did not improve, the yeshiva student went to the doctor. After a series of comprehensive examinations, the doctor decided: "You have contracted colitis." "Naturally," the doctor explained, "there is no way to completely cure this disease.

Anyone who suffers from it must prepare for the challenges that await him throughout his life.” However, for those of us who know that he was endowed with a great and excessive degree of faith and fear of God, this decisive assertion did not undermine his faith. For a moment he was not prepared to accept the doctors’ dark predictions and give in to their dictates. “G-d is the greatest doctor,” the student thought to himself, “and the cure for every disease is in His hands. I am only tasked with correcting what needs to be corrected and strengthening myself with things that need strengthening, and I am sure that if I do this, the Holy One, blessed be He, will send me His help from above and heal me with a complete healing.”

It goes without saying that the yeshiva student did not refrain from accepting the doctors’ recommendations to adopt new lifestyle habits that include a vegan diet and a fundamental change in dietary habits. At the same time, however, he made up his mind and searched for something significant spiritual in which he could become stronger. After consulting with his rabbis, he decided to adopt the virtue of the author of Seder Ha-Yom: to strengthen oneself by thanking God with the blessing of Asher Yatzer – by reciting it with great intention and from the point of writing. Even when he failed once or twice, he did not give up, but continued to hold on to his acceptance without weakness, and from day to day he felt how he was revealing additional layers in the depth of this wonderful blessing, and that the feelings of gratitude to the Holy One, blessed be He, were rising within him more and more. Some time passed, and our acquaintance went to the doctor for routine check-ups. When the results came, he let out a cry of surprise. Finally, after a long period of deterioration, encouraging signs of improvement in the condition were discovered. From that day on, he began to feel relief. Slowly, the pain and severe symptoms began to let go of his body, and a few months later they ceased completely. Although the tests he conducted afterwards indicated that the disease was still nesting in his body, since its symptoms had completely ceased in him, this fact did not bother him too much. He returned to functioning as a human being, and gradually the memory of the disease faded and was forgotten.

The thirteen years that had passed since his illness had managed to numb him a little from the same reception he had received during his illness. Once again, he found himself reciting the Asher Yatzer blessing in a hurry, like many others, and the reminder of this was not long in coming. The illness attacked him again in full force, and with it the terrible suffering and pain. This time he decided to turn to the greatest expert in the country, who serves as the head of a department in one of the prestigious hospitals. But he had not much to offer. Like his predecessor, he also informed the yeshiva student that there was no cure for his illness and that the pain could be alleviated to some extent, but not to prevent it from reappearing. He did not need a stronger reminder than this. This time, too, he decided not to give in to the dictates of the doctors, but to strengthen himself again with the blessing of Asher Yatzer, and also with the blessing of “Healing.”

He was not surprised when some time later the symptoms disappeared as if they had never existed. But if that were not enough, in a re-examination performed for him by the same senior doctor, they were both surprised to discover that the intestines had completely healed. The disease blossomed and disappeared from his body in an inexplicable way, something that even senior doctors agreed was a real miracle. "Thus," the student concluded his story, "I saw that the greatest power to heal his pain is in the hands of man himself. If he only takes upon himself to strengthen himself and correct what needs to be corrected, then his salvation is assured to him from heaven, from the hands of the doctor of all flesh and wonders to do."

Who created man (Rav Dr. Menachem Breyer, shlit"a)

"That was a few years ago," says Rabbi Dr. Menachem Chaim Breyer, deputy medical director of Maayanei HaYeshua Hospital. "An elderly Jew was hospitalized with us, who was in a state of deterioration of the systems. It turned out that the cause of all the problems was kidney dysfunction. The amount of fluid his body secreted proved that his kidneys continued to deteriorate, and doctors had already said desperate for his life. 'I was not involved in his case from the beginning, but during an ongoing tour of the hospital, while taking an interest in the condition of the hospitalized as well as inquiring about new patients, I was exposed to this case. It was just after the ventilator that was connected to it stopped working; it had to be cleaned and then reconnected, but the doctors decided that if it was already disconnected from the machine and he was able to breathe a little on his own, maybe it was a good opportunity to try to wean him off the machine. 'I instructed the attending physician to continue with the program, but I demanded that they do regular tests to check his blood oxygen level: 'If there is a drop, even a slight drop in the oxygen level, he is to be immediately reconnected to the machine,' I told them."

In another hospital, such a patient was no longer reconnected to the machine, because he was in complete deterioration, and medically he had no chance of living. But I have a very clear instruction from Rabbi Karelitz, who in previous cases instructed me to carry out life-saving actions, even if it was only a rescue that would affect only a few hours or even just a few minutes, when the whole summer was over, and the patient had no chance of living any longer. "Indeed, the level of oxygen in the blood dropped, and the patient was reconnected to the ventilator. It was Friday night, and I continued to monitor his condition. At the beginning of the following week, I started contacting specialist nephrologists, when we still didn't have a dialysis department at Maayane HaYeshua, and I consulted with the best doctors from other hospitals. I was told that there was no point in putting the patient on dialysis because his blood pressure was very low and dialysis could cause his death. We could only hope that his kidneys would

recover on their own. But that didn't happen; they continued to deteriorate until they reached almost zero activity over the weekend. "

On Thursday evening, after a week of accompanying the story, I decided to contact the family. I have a regular practice, according to which I act according to the instructions of the Gaon Rabbi Yitzchak Silberstein shlita, who told me and other doctors at the hospital: 'If you see that the patient has no chance medically, inform the family and suggest that they take non-medical procedures. To pray, to receive good receipts, etc., because this is the best medicine.'

"I spoke to the patient's son. He heard this, and realized that his father no longer had any chance medically. I said to him: 'I don't know you, I don't know if you are a believing Jew or not, but I suggest that you start taking actions, tearing open the gates of heaven, maybe he will be merciful.' It turned out that the son was one of the directors of the Kirov Far Away , on behalf of the Rebbe of Belza. He heard this, thanked me and said that he would really try to follow my advice. "

The next day, a few hours before Shabbat, he called me to hear if there was a change, and I had to disappoint him and tell him that there was no change. During Shabbat, I noticed that the deterioration was stopping. After a while, a slight recovery begins, and on Saturday night, the recovery continues. The phone rings and the son is on the line: 'How is Dad? Is there a recovery?' 'Did you do anything?' I ask him, 'Do you have an explanation for this unexpected recovery, which none of the doctors dreamed of?' "It turns out that it is. He did something.

"On Friday I spoke with the Rebbe of Belza," the Jew told me, "he heard that it was a serious problem with kidney function, and told me that there might be one way to save my father. To gather a group of people who until now had not been accustomed to recite the Asher Yatzer blessing when they came out of the bathroom, and to make them take it upon themselves to observe this blessing for my father's recovery. "Fortunately, I am the director of an organization for the distant rapprochement. That Shabbat we had a group of girls who were interested in Judaism, and who came to sit in Jerusalem as part of our activities. I took them to the Western Wall an hour before Shabbat, and there, near the remnant of our Temple, I told them my father's story. I explained to them the great importance of the Asher Yatzer blessing, and asked them to take it upon themselves to recite this blessing every time, for my father's recovery. They were very excited, and they unanimously took it upon themselves to fulfill this acceptance..." "

The son had finished his story, and I already knew that we had an extraordinary medical miracle here. By the end of that week, the kidney function had improved in an

unprecedented way. The kidneys were functioning exceptionally, and the father was back to his former strength. ”

At that time, I was with Rabbi Karelitz, shlita, and I told him this story. Rabbi Nissim listened attentively, and burst into tears with excitement. He urged me to tell this story to the Gedolei Yisrael in order to publicize the miracle, and so that the public would hear about it and know how important the blessing of Asher Yitzer is. ”After a while, I also told this story to Maran Garayel Shteinman zt”l, and his grandson later told me that my great-grandfather was so moved by this story that at that time every important person who came to visit him got to hear this story from him. ” But that’s not where the story ends... ”

After a while, I spoke with the son of that Jew, and he told me the following: A long time after that story, he participated in one of the organization’s evenings, and the women who participated in the event went up to the stage and told their story, why they decided to repent. One of the girls who was with him at the Western Wall that Friday evening went up there and told the following story. ”

After she accepted the Asher Yitzer blessing, she stopped, and no longer continued to get closer to Judaism. This step of repentance no longer seemed as magical to her as it had been before, and she continued with her previous lifestyle. A few months later, she went out to a party on Friday night, of course, with a severe desecration of the Sabbath and other strange transgressions. During the party, she went to the bathroom. Afterwards, she washed her hands and recited the blessing of Asher Yatzer – this was the only mitzva she was careful to fulfill. ”While she was blessing, she was suddenly struck by the realization that she was behaving abnormally. She is here, desecrating Shabbat, doing things that the Torah forbids with severe warnings, and at the same time reciting the blessing of Asher Yitzer? How does it work together?? ” She decided that it was hypocrisy, and that she could no longer hold the stick at both ends. She must decide whether to turn left or right. ”And she decided – right. She got out of there and from that moment on she continued to grow stronger until she became fully repentant, and began to lead a distinctly religious lifestyle

Who created man in His image (Towards Shabbat Malkata, Parashat Vayetze)

A wonderful and true story was narrated by Rav Yaakov about the virtue of one who holds his mouth in a time of quarrel:

Many years ago, in the month of Nissan 5769, family members from the United States came to Israel to celebrate Passover. They stayed in the country for about a month, crossed the length and breadth of it, and as is the custom of tourists, they were equipped with a camera, in which they documented every place they went, in all the

holy places and tourist sites, with one of the sons in charge of the work to whom the expensive camera belonged. After about a month, the successful visit ended, with exciting and exalted experiences, all hidden in the camera, to be remembered from all the places that were in Israel. As the family sat on the plane, one of the brothers wanted to go through all the pictures, to remember the holy places in the landscapes and experiences, and behold... With one small click and a terrible mistake... All photos have been deleted!!

Shouting and almost beating were thrown at him from all directions: 'Are you normal?', 'The whole visit was lost!', and a host of other shouts, accompanied by tones of terrible pain and frustration. The brother who did this sat ashamed, hurt, and frustrated with what he had done, with no way to defend himself for his irresponsible act. Only one sat down, bit his lip, and shut up...! It was the brother with the camera, who spent about a month of toil, sweat, and effort to photograph every place in the best pose... He was silent!! When they landed at the airport and arrived at their home in Boro Park, one of the sisters approached her brother, the owner of the camera, and asked him to enter her room. When he entered, she poured out her heartache about her miserable situation, that she was already twenty-seven years old, and that she still did not see any salvation in sight for a match. She told him, as he knew, about her situation, about the upheavals she and her parents were going through in everything related to her matchmaking. And there is no salvation! Then she said to him in a crying voice: "I was standing on the plane, I saw everyone yelling bitterly at our brother who deleted the photos, and you... The owner of the camera and the camera... Shut up!! My dear brother!", she begged him in a crying voice, "You know what is written on the silencer in a quarrel! Please bless me now that I will find my mate quickly!" The brother was very moved, and in tears congratulated his sister and said, "I congratulate you on getting engaged on your birthday!" Not many days passed, and one of the matchmakers made a proposal that had not even come up on the agenda until now; the match progressed quickly, and on Rosh Chodesh Sivan, two days before her birthday, they broke a plate at a good and successful time!

When the Gaon Rabbi Yaakov Edelstein zt"l heard about this moving act, he jokingly said: "This act can be recommended as one of the blessings of marriage, 'Who created man in His image... And he installed a building of witnesses for him from it – the photographer who remained silent – 'B'Tselem' – he merited, and from this act 'He installed a building of witnesses for him from him', and from this camera a house was installed in Israel for witnesses"...

"Whom I have filled with the spirit of wisdom" – (Shabbat Tisch).

A wise Jew was Rabbi Yosef Weinberg, a man of Jerusalem, and his cleverness was harnessed for the benefit of the public and the individual. He was close to Chazon Ish, who greatly admired him. When the Chazon Ish was once asked about Rabbi Yosef for a match with one of his sons, he said: "Rabbi Yosel is a very clever Jew," and as proof of this, he told his interlocutor about the next event that took place with him, and expressed himself with a smile: "Would I have imagined such a clever invention? He was smarter than I was..." And the incident that happened was as follows:

The story took place about 70 years ago, with the end of the British Mandate in the Land of Israel. The economic situation was very precarious, and the residents looked for every way to obtain foreign currency abroad, since the value of the dollar on the black market was twice as high as its legal value in the official banks, and the authorities strictly prohibited bringing foreign money into Israel and converting it illegally. Anyone wishing to receive money from abroad would be forced to deposit the money or the dollar check in the bank. and to prove the deposit in full. The authorities began to examine every letter that arrived in Israel, and when they discovered foreign currency with it, they would put a warning note in the envelope, in which it was written that "a certain amount of money in foreign currency was attached to this letter, and therefore you must deposit the entire sum in one of the banks in Israel, and send to our office official proof that the money was deposited in the account." This was a crushing blow to money changers and traders. For no one has hesitated to exchange the checks they have received unofficially, since they must prove afterwards that they deposited the money in a bank account, and how will they do so?! As a result, trading in checks and foreign currency has almost completely stopped. The only one who found a way out of the thicket was Rabbi Yosel Weinberg, who, as usual, always found solutions to every problem that arose. He did so out of a lack of choice, since people were literally hungry for bread, and it was to save lives, and not, God forbid, to get rich and make a profit by fraud. His trick was ingenious in its simplicity: he opened fake bank accounts in various countries, and ordered many checkbooks from there. Anyone who wanted to exchange a check he received abroad, And he had to prove that he had deposited the sum he had received in an official bank, he would have come to Rabbi Yoschel, and he would have given him his own check for the same amount as it was written on the foreign check he received, he would have deposited the fictitious check in his bank account, received official confirmation from the bank, and presented it to the government offices as proof that he had indeed complied with the law as required, and deposited the money he received in the bank. After about a month or two, when the forged check would be repeated, after it became clear that it had no cover and the account did not exist at all, the depositor would pay the return fee and throw the false check in the trash. And despite the fine, the deal was still worthwhile. Rabbi Yosel did well with his brilliant idea, and in the meantime succeeded in saving many Jews from the disgrace of famine, but

his competitors, in their jealousy, began to restrict his steps and spy on him, until they discovered his secret, and in their despise, they reported him to the police, who began to follow him, and in the end, Rabbi Yosel was suspected of fraud and forgery of checks, and was put on trial. However, Rabbi Yosef preceded the plague, and all the people who were involved in commercial relations with him and were summoned for interrogation were asked by him to tell us that the checks had been transferred to Rabbi Nachum Roth, a merchant in Mea She'arim, who would pay them the bank fee. This was not a danger to Rabbi Nahum, for he was dead at the same time, and when the police investigators came to interrogate him, they found the mourning notice hanging on the door of his house... Rabbi Yossel therefore managed to evade the accusation, but there was one person of weak character who became a state witness, and he said that Rabbi Yossel himself had exchanged his check. In his distress, Rabbi Yossel traveled to the Chazon Ish, and together he began to give advice on how to get out of the thicket. The Chazon Ish offered to take a walk in the street to discuss the matter, and in their conversation the Chazon Ish stood as a plaintiff and asked Rabbi Yosel to answer him every question and argument, as if he were now in court. R. Yosel, the superintendent, found an answer to all the questions, but he did not find a suitable answer to one of the questions, and the Chazon Ish advised him to take advantage of the right to remain silent as the only way out. Rabbi Yosel's lawyer was the jurist Yitzchak Tunik, who was at the beginning of his career, and he had difficulty accepting the advice of the Chazon Ish, but in the end it turned out that a sage was better than a prophet. Rabbi Yosel was acquitted, since the prosecution's testimony was full of contradictions and the evidence was insufficient.

Shortly after the successful trial, Rabbi Yoschel's lawyer met the judge who was sitting in the trial, and he said to him: "You should know that it was a miracle for your client to keep silent, for I planned to interrogate him in the trial and stumble him with a certain question," and here he mentioned the same question that the Chazon Ish asked Rabbi Yosel and to which he could not find an answer, "And since he remained silent, I was forced to release him," "I must meet your rabbi!" Attorney Tunik said to Rabbi Yosel with admiration, "For I would like to meet a clever man like him, who knew how to calculate such an ingenious move in advance, and to surprisingly acquit you"... And the wonder will be multiplied by the fact that even before the court session was held, the Chazon Ish expressed himself to the son of Rabbi Yosel, who was studying in Bnei Brak, that his father had been acquitted of the law, and that this prophecy of his had been fulfilled in full.

"That a prince shall sin" (4:22) (the deeds of the righteous).

Blessed is the generation whose prince gives heart to atonement for his mistake.
(Rashi)

The audience participating in the Bar Mitzvah celebration of one of the children of the city of Bnei Brak deserves a surprise: at the entrance to the celebration hall, a familiar figure suddenly appears. "The Steipler!" she whispered by word of mouth. And everyone rose from their seats, wishing to witness the splendor of the face of the tzaddik, who for a long time did not leave the door of his house because of his weakness. The family members of the groom were particularly excited, both excited and embarrassed, for they were not relatives of Rabbi Yaakov Yisrael Kanievsky. What and why did they merit it, then, that the tzaddik, who for many years did not participate even in family celebrations, would come to their celebration? Soon things became clear. As soon as he entered the celebration hall, the Steipler asked to speak privately with the Bar Mitzvah groom. The boy was completely shocked to hear what the Tzadik HaDor had to say. And after the conversation, the honorable guest left the place. "What did he say to you?" the boy surrounded the boy, "What did the Steipler tell you?" choking on excitement, the boy managed to say: "He came to ask him for forgiveness."

It turned out that the father of the bridegroom used to pray in the Beit Midrash Lederman, where the Steipler zt"l prayed. When the child was about seven years old, it seemed to him, Maran zt"l, that the child was studying during prayer. He rebuked him for this, and later he found out that the child's arrangement was similar to the Talmud, and the child did indeed pray and did not learn. As such, the tzaddik wished to ask for the child's forgiveness, but since minors (before his bar mitzvah) were not forgiven, he could not ask for his forgiveness. Therefore, the Steipler zt"l inquired about the child's name and his age. For six years, he kept the matter in his heart, and as the boy's bar mitzvah approached, he wanted to know where the joy of the mitzvah would be held. Immediately after the stars came out, on the day the boy turned thirteen years old and he was out of the "minor" category. From the righteous mountain to ask for his forgiveness...

Fire of Salvation (According to "These Are the Generations of Peretz")

It was morning in the city of Tashkent, Uzbekistan. In a modest home, Rabbi Chaikel Hanin sat for secret study with his chevruta. The books were taken out of hiding, and the senses of the two were sharpened by listening attentively to every suspicious noise. Suddenly, Hanin's heart froze. A familiar figure passed by the window. His heart prophesied evil for him.

These were the years of terror in Soviet Russia. The rule of evil sanctified an all-out war against Judaism. Religious activity was banned, and 'criminals,' such as rabbis, slaughterers, and teachers, were persecuted by the secret police and sentenced to severe punishments.

One man dared to raise his head against the formidable regime – the Rebbe of Rayatz, Rabbi Yosef Yitzchak Schneerson. With courage, an underground rose and spread throughout the Soviet Union, which worked to preserve the Jewish embers. His followers were persecuted, imprisoned, sent to Siberia, and even executed, but in their place others came and continued the heroic struggle.

Many Hasidim found refuge in the cities of Tashkent and Samarkand in Uzbekistan, where the KGB's hand was relatively weak. But even there, life was shrouded in fear and full of hardships. In addition to the difficulty of maintaining a Jewish lifestyle, there was also the hardship of existence.

In the name of the principle of equality, the government banned private businesses. The only way to make a living was by working in public corporations, but there it was impossible to avoid desecration of the Sabbath. This situation led many of the Chassidim to the disgrace of starvation.

They had no other choice but to turn to illegal means of livelihood to bring prey to their homes. Two of them, in the city of Tashkent, were Ben-Zion Shem-Tov and Mordechai Rivkin. They traded raw materials bought on the black market. A significant portion of the proceeds was transferred to the underground Tumei Tamimim Yeshiva, which made it possible.

The two owned a truck and used it to transport the goods from Tashkent to Samarkand. The sections of the journey were dangerous, as the police used to set up checkpoints and inspect the trucks. Any investigation could have brought disaster upon them.

Indeed, one day the worst happened: the truck was caught. It was the eve of Mordechai Rivkin's wedding. He himself miraculously managed to slip away and hide. Now he did not know his soul. How could he marry when an arrest warrant hung over his head?

He turned to Haykel Hanin, who had unknown connections with influential figures. Hanin heard what had happened and reassured the worried groom. "The matter is in my treatment," he told him.

One of Hanin's contacts was the head of the secret police. Friendship was formed between the two, and Hanin made sure to reward the man fairly when he informed him about the followers who had come to the KGB's attention.

The appearance of the head of the KGB near Hanin's home was an ominous sign. With some excuse, Hanin got rid of his fellowship and went out into the street. "Comrade Hanin," whispered the head of the KGB in his ear, "we must talk urgently."

Hanin continued walking, and the head of the KGB followed him. In a quiet garden, Hanin stopped, and the head of the KGB took out a thick bag and placed it in the hands of the Chassid. It shuddered. Pictures of Rivkin and Shem-Tov appeared there, along with an unequivocal order to capture the wanted persons, alive or dead. "This order was circulated throughout the Soviet Union," the KGB chief delivered another blow. Now an escape from the city is also off the agenda.

While Khanin was feverishly thinking about a way out of the thicket, the head of the KGB urged him: "Well, friend, even if I want to save them, what can I do?"

Hanin managed to control his emotions and asked his interlocutor to go back to his office and read the material carefully. "We'll meet in the afternoon and see what to do," he concluded.

At their second meeting, Hanin took out a fat envelope from his pocket, containing a huge fortune in terms of those days. When the tip was welcomed by the head of the KGB, he felt a certain calm. He suggested that the man accompany him on a short trip.

While they were strolling, they passed by a tavern. Hanin suggested his colleague come in and have a drink. He jumped at the invitation. As soon as they entered, Hanin noticed the burning fireplace. "We'll sit next to the oven," she gestured to the head of the KGB.

While the man was sipping a glass of vodka, Hanin asked to look at the file of documents. He looked so and so, picked up the briefcase, and with a sharp swing, they threw it into the fire.

The head of the KGB opened his mouth in astonishment. "This is the solution to the problem," Hanin said. "You don't have a file, you don't have documents and photos, and no one knows anything about this file except you!"

The decisive tone in which he spoke hid the enormous tension that filled his heart. He waited for his colleague's response. The man got up and scratched his head. "Comrade Hanin!" he said, "I appreciate your courage so much, and especially the brotherhood of brothers that exists among you, the Jews."

The man pondered for a moment and added: "I don't know what a day will bring. Maybe tomorrow I'll be executed. But tell your friends that as long as my head is on my shoulders, no harm will befall them. Just warn them not to leave Tashkent!"

That evening, shortly before Rivkin's wedding, he received a message from Khanin: "The danger has passed. Go to your chuppah with a quiet heart and joy."

The wife of the yeshiva student who raised her husband

There is a story about a yeshiva student who had the opportunity to be in a lecture and was very impressed by the lecturer's wonderful words and the way he spoke. When the lecture was over, the same yeshiva student approached the lecturer to thank him for his wonderful words. How surprised he was when he approached him and recognized him as a young friend from the yeshiva period. He approached him and asked: "How did you reach such a level of speech? After all, I remember you from the yeshiva period; you were shy and hid and could hardly utter any words?!" The lecturer began by saying that when he entered the kollel as a young yeshiva, one of the conditions in that kollel was that they had to give a "speech." Outside there was a sheet of paper and everyone had to write his name in order to enter the line. Our acquaintance wrote his name at the end of the list in the hope that by then he might find a new kollel, or that the Messiah would come... Time passed, and his turn came! The night before the "speech," his wife called the head of the kollel and asked for all the phone numbers of the yeshiva students. And then she simply called all the kollel students and asked each of them to give the speech maker a nice question or some good peshat, to say some word of praise such as "how beautiful," "wonderful," and so on. And so, the moment came, "not so long-awaited," the student approached the bimah, trembling and frightened, and began to hand over the speech. And the compliments were not long in coming, one after the other... At the end of the speech, everyone approached him, shook his hand warmly, and a yeshiva student wholeheartedly congratulated him for his wonderful words. For the second time, he was already waiting... And since then he has risen and risen until he has reached where he is.

If we look at it, we see that this is the foundation that is written in the Chatam Sofer, the talent was inherent in him; he only had to reveal it through words of praise – compliments, and encouragement