

BSD



***Restored
Collection 29***

Story

**From
Shmuel"**

"Likutei

.Collector and Editor: S Eisikovits

eisikovits1@gmail.com

Just Released: Likutei Shmuel – Sefer Bereishis.

A treasury of insights, parables, and stories for the Shabbos table. Looking to enrich your Shabbos table with meaningful content? "Likutei Shmuel" is a carefully curated collection of the very best from recent Torah leaflets and weekly publications. It brings together inspiring divrei Torah, thought-provoking parables, captivating stories, and uplifting messages — all selected and edited with precision by Rabbi Shmuel Eisikovits.

Whether for personal learning or for sharing at the table, in shul, or with friends, this sefer offers a wealth of material that's engaging, accessible, and spiritually nourishing.

Volume One: Bereishis

Rich, varied content for every parsha. Ideal for family use, educators, and public speakers.

Currently only in Hebrew.

Affordable price 60 IS available now.

Order here: <https://dash.bookpod.co.il/product/2231>

Chazal said (Arachin 15b) that it is written, "Death and life are in the hand of the tongue" (and its fruit is sweet).

Rabbi Elimelech Biderman, shlit"a:

This was the case of a Jew who, at birth, was not endowed with an intellect and knowledge from Heaven like all his brethren among the children of Israel, but a little less than that in both quantity and quality. When he reached the age of marriage, they were forced to match him with a girl who was also not blessed with great intellect and broad knowledge. Their lives flowed smoothly, and peace and tranquility prevailed in their home. By the grace of Heaven, the couple had two children (with complete knowledge), and they were educated in Talmud Torah and excelled in their studies.

One day, the Jew's father-in-law had to send his dear son-in-law a certain package. However, the journey to the groom's distant home was difficult for the father-in-law. What did he do? He went down to the bus station and looked for someone who was going to his son-in-law's neighborhood. When he found a Jew traveling there, they asked, "Do you know a certain yeshiva student from your neighborhood?" The Jew thought for a moment, and inquired: "Who, that crazy boy...?" (-Crazy so-and-so). When the father-in-law realized that he was indeed referring to his son-in-law, he confirmed that this was the man to whom the package was to go, and the Jew agreed to be the messenger and deliver the package to the groom. As he walked back home, the father-in-law began to think in his heart, "And this is my name, and this is my memory - the father-in-law of the madman?...!" When he got home, he told his wife about it, and they both agreed: It is a disgrace to us that we have such a son-in-law; we will make sure to save our precious daughter from being bound by a crazy boy! (Apparently, the minds of these couples were not so broad...).

The mother was talking to her daughter about her husband, and within a short time, the fire of the quarrel broke out in the house of the groom and daughter ... Only a few days passed, and the couple began to talk about divorce; may God have mercy on them. The words reached the ears of the Holy Rabbi, the Beit Yisrael of blessed memory, and he immediately summoned Rabbi Baruch Kaminer zt"l, who was one of his close associates and served in many positions related to public leadership. The Rebbe asked Rabbi Baruch to do everything in his power to bring peace to the couple's home, to save their married life, and their children from brokenness and "orphans." When he left the holy place, Rabbi Baruch hurried to deal with the matter. He tried and tried in every possible way to connect the two hawks, but he did not succeed.

It was not long before the husband gave his wife a divorce. And what happened to the sons? - They both turned to evil culture, Rachel. And now let us look at the terrible thing that happened here – a Jew stood at the bus stop, and at the end of it he asked,

"Who, that crazy boy?" and this caused the destruction of the Temple. The man and the woman were thrown into grief and a worldly sigh for being forced to divorce each other, and two "holy souls," the sons of the "crazy man," descended into evil behavior...And to this day, this man did not know what he caused with a single word that he uttered from his mouth!!

Let us carefully memorize the words of the holy Gemara (Arachin 15b): Rabbi Chama the son of Rabbi Chanina said: Why is it written: "Death and life are in the hand of the tongue" – and is there a hand for the tongue (to kill others like the hand)? To say to you: What hand kills? Not even a tongue kills! Could it be that a hand kills only near it, and no tongue kills except near it? The Talmud says: "An arrow" slaughters their tongue (just as an arrow can kill from afar, so too an arrow can kill from afar). It is possible; why does an arrow not kill except up to forty and fifty cubits, and even a tongue does not kill except up to forty and fifty cubits? The Talmud says: "They drank in heaven with their mouths, and their tongues walked in the earth." In other words, in his language, a person can kill from his place to the end of the world, as far as the earth is from the heavens.

So we lie down (Beit Zechariah, leaflet 188)

The Gaon Rabbi Aryeh Levin zt"l, the Tzaddiki of Jerusalem, was a mashgiach in the Talmud Torah "Etz Chaim" in Jerusalem. There were those who called him "the father of prisoners" because of his wonderful concern and special devotion to Jewish prisoners who had been imprisoned many years ago in British prisons, but Rabbi Aryeh Levin was also a genius and great Torah scholar, and he toiled in Torah for many hours every day.

Once, children gathered around Rabbi Aryeh and asked him to tell them a story. Rabbi Aryeh said to them: "I will tell you something that happened to me when I was very young: Many years ago I lived abroad. When I finished my studies in Torah school, I asked to go to study Torah at the famous Volazhin Yeshiva. My dear parents were very poor, and when I left home on my way to the yeshiva, I had to take the train. The yeshiva was far from my home, but my parents didn't have the money to buy me a train ticket. "Rabbi Aryeh," the children asked, "so how did you get to the yeshiva?!" "I walked! I walked for many days, until I reached the Volazhin Yeshiva, where I wanted to study so much.

The day passed, we prayed Mincha, Ma'ariv, and night came, and I wanted to get on my bed, but it turned out that I didn't have a bed! "Once upon a time, the young men who studied in the yeshiva had to look for a place to stay for themselves, and one of the solutions was to sleep on the benches of the yeshiva..... Because they had no other place to sleep. On one occasion. At the beginning of the study time in the yeshiva, I was late

to the yeshiva; I didn't even have a good bench left to sleep on, only a small bench in a small corner. I decided that next time, at the beginning of the study time, I would arrive early and take a bench! – to sleep. '

Ahead of Passover, I drove home to Bein Ha-Zanim, and managed to save some money to buy a train ticket. Indeed, after Passover, when it was time to return to the yeshiva, I purchased a ticket, packed my luggage, said goodbye to me with great excitement, and suddenly I noticed that it was late! In a few minutes, the train will be on its way, and I... My bed, my bench, I might be late for sitting!' Young Aryeh grabbed his belongings in one hand, held the ticket on his head with the other, and began to rush quickly to the terminal. As he ran, one of his shoes fell off... He almost stopped his run to pick it up. But the train whistle urged him to move on, with only one shoe at his feet...At the end of the ride, I arrived at the yeshiva on time with one leg barefoot. This time I had a bench, but I didn't have a shoe...

There were days when it was very difficult to learn Torah. There was not always anything to eat, there was nowhere to sleep, and I even had to walk for a few days to get to the yeshiva.B.H. that today it is possible to study the holy Torah in peace, peacefully, without such difficult trials. The halls of the beit midrash are air-conditioned, and most of the furniture is modern. The young men are rewarded with delightful foods, and what is required of the yeshiva students and kollel students is to sit and study Torah with love and loyalty!!!

"Even if a sword is placed on a man's neck – let him not despair of mercy!"

Our rabbis said: "Even if a sword is placed on a person's neck – do not despair of mercy!" We must remember that we must put our trust and desires in the One who said and created the world. Only He can help and save us from all trouble and distress.

My friend and colleague, Rabbi Oded Mizrahi, in his book Ein Roeh, recounts a wonderful event that took place in our time: "Rabbi Yehuda Yosefi shlita, the most meritorious rabbi in our generation, holds a regular shiur in the weekly Torah portion every Thursday, a shiur held in the synagogue of the Persian community of Mashhad immigrants, behind the 'Great Synagogue' in Bnei Brak. Oren, one of the regular participants in the class, tried to persuade Eyal, his friend who had not yet seen the light, to come to the class. He promised that this would be a serious and in-depth lesson in which he could broaden his horizons. At first he refused, but in the end, he agreed and agreed to come. The shiur first dealt with this week's Torah portion. The Rav spoke about the midrash from the Gemara: "After Moses saw an Egyptian striking a Hebrew and hiding him in the sand, Pharaoh commanded his servants to capture Moses and

bring him before him. Moses was brought before Pharaoh and executed. Pharaoh ordered one of his servants to cut off Moses' head with the sword, and then a miracle was performed... When the sword was raised around his neck, Moshe's neck turned marble, and so Moshe finally managed to escape from Pharaoh's palace. Rabbi Yehuda Yosefi Shlita concluded the midrash with great enthusiasm and said: "Even a sharp sword is placed on a person's neck, do not despair of mercy" Eyal heard the midrash and his conclusion and began to chuckle loudly, "Did I come here to hear fairy tales about a neck that has turned into marble?! What is this story about a sharp sword? He came out with demonstrable boldness, and even the rabbi noticed it.

Oren regretted that the shiur had begun with such a wonderful midrash that Eyal had escaped from the shiur before the rabbi could give explanations and strengthening, and the weekly shiur continued as usual. After about two years, Rabbi Yosefi noticed at the end of the shiur a lovely young man with a beard. The young man approached the rabbi and asked embarrassedly: "Does the rabbi remember me?" ... The rabbi tried to remember. "Not so much, to be honest...", I, Eyal, the guy who laughed in your shiur two years ago, about the midrash with Moshe Rabbeinu. "Oh, right... Well, what have you been through since then?" ... Eyal turned to the rabbi and said: "After a while from the shiur I went to the Far East and reached Japan, I wanted to make money there and I went into business with the Japanese mafia called 'Yakuza'. After a period of business with them, I made a serious mistake. I tried to outwit them, but they managed to outdo me.

The mafia took me and set up a 'field court' for me, to decide what to do with me and how to punish me. After discussions, they decided to execute me with a sharp and frightening samurai sword. I was shocked; my whole body trembled until the time of the killing. And behold, the day of the terrible sentence arrived. They laid me down on a special bed, with my body tied tightly in preparation for killing me with a samurai sword. What goes through a person's mind at such moments? Our acquaintance continues, "When I lay there in all fear in front of the bloodthirsty Japanese, the same lesson that I heard from the Rav jumped into my head. The same sentence, which was engraved in my memory: "Even a sharp sword is placed on a person's neck, let him not despair of mercy." Please get me out of here! We'll see if there's any truth in your words," I begged.

The Japanese stared at him with his narrow eyes and brandished his sword... Eyal closed his eyes... And.... Suddenly, a thin sound was heard coming from the far corner of the room. The Japanese opened his terrified eyes and noticed a Japanese woman who entered the room and started shouting: "What happened to you? Why are you suddenly executing him?! After all, this guy saved my life and the lives of my children." After a few moments, it turned out that it was the wife of the head of the Yakuza, on whose

orders the execution was carried out. The husband tried to find out what his wife was talking about, and she began to tell him that five years ago there was a big earthquake in their city, and that our acquaintance had saved her life and the lives of her children. I looked at her out of the corner of my eye, my head bowed, and I couldn't believe what I heard: the head of the mafia consulted with his people, and it was decided. According to the Yakuza laws, one should be grateful to those who saved one of their men.

After I was miraculously saved, I tried to understand how this woman arrived at the last minute, and what earthquake she was talking about; after all, she is talking about a rescue that took place five years ago, while I have been here for less than two years. I told a friend about the incident who tried to explain it by saying that apparently someone else had saved the wife of the head of the mafia and her children, but to the Japanese we all look the same, and she doesn't distinguish between me and anyone else.

Rabbi Yosefi was amazed by the story, and Eyal ended his speech by saying, "Whatever the case, my life was given to me as a gift thanks to the wonderful midrash on the sharp sword, which I threw everything at my Creator at that moment. That I trust in the Creator of the world and do not despair. After the incident, I immediately decided to return to Israel, and of course also to return to the Rav's lessons.

We can go back to my father (The Union, Bulletin 1030)

Immediately after Shabbat Teshuva, Yosef boarded a plane from Israel and was offered to serve as a public emissary at the Great Synagogue in Chicago on Yom Kippur. On the eve of Yom Kippur, he boarded the plane for another domestic flight in the United States, and an hour later it became clear that there was a malfunction in the plane. The pilot announced that they would have to make an emergency landing nearby. "Welcome to South Carolina," the voice on the public address system sounded, "We'll stay here until the problem is fixed and then we'll continue on our way." Yosef's blood froze in his veins until the mishap was over... For him, it meant staying in a strange and strange place until after Yom Kippur, tears began to flow from his eyes.

He took his small suitcase; in broken English, he asked about Jewish families and answered that they were few. A taxi driver brought them to the door of a Jewish house; he knocked on the door with his heart beating with fear and apprehension, a few seconds of stuttering in front of a Jew who was looking at him with curiosity and astonishment. "No, there is no synagogue here, in fact, there is something but it is locked all year round... You know what? If you're a cantor and you're stuck here anyway, why not? It could be a nice plan; there are a few Jews here, maybe we'll be able to find a few more vacationers, will you agree to pray for us?"

Yosef went to the hotel that the Jew had instructed him to do, with a few cans in his pocket and a sea of pain in his heart, half a day left to prepare. At 4:30, he left the hotel in the direction of the synagogue; a small, dusty room greeted him; about 3 minyanim of Jews were waiting for him with interest and anticipation.

He wrapped himself in his prayer shawl and turned towards the stand in front of him and began to pray, "Kol Nidrei... And we will forgive the entire congregation of Bnei Yisrael..." The voices that came up behind him were at first faint and slowly grew louder and louder, excited and awakened. After two hours of prayer, people went to shake his hand, said goodbye to him, and made sure that he would appear again tomorrow morning.

An elderly Jew approached him hesitantly, "Rabbi, I want to ask if I am allowed to fast? I didn't eat much today because I didn't think I would fast. Tomorrow evening I will be 75 years old, and I didn't fast a single fast; this time I am thinking of changing my habits and fasting. Thanks to you, I will fast tomorrow," he got up and left slowly.

The next day, Yosef arrived at the synagogue at 7:00 a.m., the elderly Jew was waiting for him in a corner wrapped in a tallit that he had obtained from somewhere, one by one the people gathered, 50 people stood waiting to hear his voice, he thought in his heart the power of the shlichut crying out from the walls of the synagogue and close to G-d that the Jewish souls who are with him are seeking. There were moments when he had to turn around and say or hint that they would say after him, flipping back and forth, and they did as he said with awe and came back after him in a crying voice.

The Musaf prayer was over, he announced that in an hour the afternoon prayer would begin. The people returned to their homes; only the elderly Jew remained there. "Tell me, is everything that is written in the Machzor correct?" he opened the machzor and showed: "And the Lord said, 'I have forgiven according to your words,' 'And repentance, prayer, and charity remove the evil decree,' 'And you are merciful and receive returns' – I meant these, that a deaf man hangs on Yosef with expectant eyes.

Tears welled up in the eyes of Yosef, a baby who was captivated in the full sense of the word, and he flipped through and showed him other expressions that speak of God's love for His people. "Hashem is our Father; He loves us because we are His sons. No matter what happens to us, He is always waiting for us to return to Him." The man in front of him held his hand; his hand trembled slightly, and his voice trembled slightly: "This is the first time I have heard these words, Rabbi Yehudi. Have you heard me? First time."

He sat down heavily on the chair and began to tell: "I was born in Jerusalem into abject poverty; there was nothing in our house. When I was about 11 years old a well-groomed

and spoiled boy from Hungary came to our class; he always had a few coins in his pocket. Sometimes he would distribute sweets to a few children; I was never one of them. One day he went out for a break and left the coin on his desk. I couldn't resist the temptation and took the coin. What happened next was expected; he raised his voice in tears, which shows that a thorough search was conducted and the coin was found in my possession. I received punishments that would not embarrass a professional thief. A few sentences were etched in my memory as a firefighter: "How do you behave? Hashem is ashamed that you are a Jew, you are worth nothing, and you will never be able to repent." These sentences seeped into me like venom. As soon as I could, I said goodbye to everything sacred and dear, and stuck to other ways. The stinging insult accompanied me all the time, and I remained in one of the left-wing kibbutzim.

My family cut off all contact with me; I started my home, I had a son, and I have two grandchildren. Two weeks ago, my two grandchildren came to visit me for my birthday. I was happy to meet them, but I haven't met one thing yet: myself. Since the age of 12, the day I left home, I didn't have the privilege of meeting with the boy whom someone told him he had no chance anymore. Who cannot be good even if he wants to, the child to whom the gates of repentance have been closed. And then yesterday morning I heard surprisingly that a rabbi who is a public emissary came here; at first I laughed. Yom Kippur? I have never fasted, I have never started a period... And here's what I hear? That Hashem is waiting for me, that He wants them to repent. That He allows me to pray to him even if I'm wicked," the elderly man's shoulders trembled with tears. "Your act was not so serious; a grave mistake was made by those who told you that you would not be able to fix it. It was a serious mistake that you thought there was no going back. Hashem is waiting for you, for all of us, for all those who wonder and make mistakes... It's never too late." Yosef said.

"When you repeated the words, 'And the Lord said, 'I have forgiven according to your words,' over and over again I felt how the walls cast in my heart were dissolving and falling, your voice, the melody, the prayer and the humming, made their way straight into my heart and whispered to me without a voice, 'You can go back to my father.'"

Yom Kippur was over, Yosef felt that this trip was not in vain, that on Sukkot he would have a guest, the man with whom he had met and perhaps also his son and grandchildren...

"A Tzantar from the world of truth").Yehuda Yaakobi, YTD of the Week (

The author of the deed, Rabbi Eliyahu Keller shlita, recounts one of the most important Torah scholars in Givat Shaul in Jerusalem.

Rabbi Eliyahu Shlita was born in Argentina. His father, Rabbi Avraham Moshe, was born in Poland in 1933, and before the war his family moved from Poland to Argentina, where he lived for almost eighty years, and all their lives they grew up in Argentina, and although they raised their descendants in a foreign land, their dream was always to immigrate to the Holy Land, at least at the end of their lives. And indeed, three years ago, his father, Rabbi Avraham Moshe Keller zt"l, was privileged to immigrate to the United States from Argentina at an advanced age. After a short period of time, he settled in Neve Horim "Guardians of the Walls" in the city, where he managed his meticulous daily routine as he had done all these years.

One thing caught the attention of all who saw him: wherever he was, there was always the book "Short version of the Shulchan Aruch", which he studied every day. He adhered to his Torah and even taught it to others all his life. All his acquaintances knew: Rabbi Avraham Moshe and the book "Short version of the Shulchan Aruch" – they were true friends. About a month and a half ago, on the night of the 27th of Nissan 5780, in the evening, Rabbi Avraham Moshe zt"l passed away at the age of 87. During the Corona crisis, as is well known, funerals are held quickly, without many acquaintances. The family members asked to observe the custom of Jerusalem and bury him that same night. Indeed, the funeral time was set for 1:00 p.m. and was supposed to leave the Shamgar Funeral Home. During the pandemic, only five people arrived in the MK's car. In order not to endanger the entire regular minyan, in case they need isolation, etc., the family is supposed to recruit five more family members to accompany the deceased to the burial, so that there will be a minyan at the time of burial. Here the son Rabbi Eliyahu recounts the astonishing sequence of events that he witnessed:

We were only a few people from our family, and I, as my only son and son-in-law, who is a Cohen, said goodbye to him with a few words of farewell, because of the month of Nissan, which is forbidden to eulogize, and then I said the Kaddish, and they put my father's bed in the MK's car on its way to the Mount of Olives, to the section of the people of Jerusalem. The members of the Knesset came to check that there was indeed a minyan that would come with them for burial, because burial is not held without a minyan. It turned out that there was no minyan. It was the custom in Jerusalem that those who came out of the loins of the deceased did not accompany him to the cemetery after the funeral, and so I, as an only child, remained in Shamgar until they traveled and I could return home. The grandchildren are also not accompanied, and my two sons-in-law are priests who could not accompany them to the cemetery either. The third groom is currently in closed Argentina, leaving only four members of my sister's and her sons-in-law's immediate family, who are now living in Israel. Missing a tenth of a minyan... The MK members who saw this told themselves that in this exceptional case they would deviate from their custom and would ask one of the MK members to organize to join them and pass through him to join them at this late night, but they hesitated if they

found him available at such a late night. Suddenly, an elderly man who appeared to be about 70 years old, who was standing on the side at the funeral, appears, and says that he is joining them to go to the burial on the Mount of Olives. The MKs are not interested in who the escorts are, and when ten people join and come, they go on their way. But the family members were very surprised who the older man was who was willing to travel at one o'clock in the morning during the Corona period to the Mount of Olives. They were sure that he was wrong, and they said to him gently: "Rabbi Eid, you don't have to bother on this trip", they were sure that he was a passerby who passed by and wanted to do true kindness, so they kindly told him that there was no need for him to bother for them, they would already get a tenth person for a minyan...But the elderly Jew insists. He asks to accompany the deceased to the Mount of Olives until after the burial. Since our family did not know him, they asked him gently who he was and if he knew the deceased, and he replied that he was his 'relative'... The small family was surprised that there are hardly any family members here in Israel, and they do not know relatives in Israel except those who are here. They were sure that he had made a mistake in identifying the deceased; there were several funerals in Shamgar one after the other, and they explained to him in a pleasant way that there must have been a mistake in his understanding, that we have no family here in Israel other than those that exist here, and maybe he is looking for someone else. But he insisted that he wanted to go with them to the burial, saying that he was close... Thus, without speaking, he got into the car of one of the grooms who had traveled with him to the Mount of Olives, and he was privileged to complete the minyan, and the MK calmly drove with my father's bed to the Mount of Olives.

After the burial, when the groom saw the Jew standing and felt close to the place, his surprise and curiosity increased, and he asked: What is your name? "Gantzfried," replied the anonymous man. The groom could not hear the name accurately, but he immediately understood that such a name was not known in the family at all, and he was very surprised at its identity, and especially did not understand where it was from, a relative of theirs. The same guest came back with them in their car, and on the return trip another family member joined the same trip, so that the same guest sat in the back, and the whole trip they talked to each other, and the same guest did not say a word, and seemed to be absorbed in his thoughts. Only when he was dropped off in the center of Jerusalem did the groom ask the relative who was sitting next to him, "Do you know such a relative of ours named 'Gantzfried'?! When the family member heard the name, he almost fainted. "Is that the name he told you?" he asked in amazement, turning to look at him again and look for him where he had been dropped off a moment ago. But the man was not seen at all, and all their attempts to locate him were in vain...

The cousin, who knew the name "Gantzfried" as the name of the author of the abbreviation Shulchan Aruch, was completely excited. He remembered and connected

the matter with the special connection that my father had all these years with R. S. Gentzfried's book – the abbreviation of the Shulchan Aruch, and came straight to my house to tell the whole story of the miraculous deed, saying that he did not doubt that a messenger from Heaven had come here to accompany him and complete a minyan for him in view of the great effort of the deceased all his life in his Torah. "When my parents came from Poland to Argentina, there were no Torah institutions in the city, and there was a wonderful Jew named Rabbi Ze'ev Greenberg, who was an emissary from Heaven to instill the atmosphere of Torah and Yiddishkeit among the great waves of immigration that came to Argentina, and thus bring hundreds and thousands into the bosom of Judaism, and when my late father came to the age of bar mitzvah, 74 years ago, it was Rabbi Greenberg who brought him closer and strengthened, and said to him – Blessed are you that you have been privileged to accept the yoke of mitzvot, And I give him as a gift on the occasion of your arrival at the mitzvah of a holy book called " "Short version of the Shulchan Aruch ", the author of which is Rabbi Shlomo ben Rabbi Yosef Gantzfried, and it will accompany your ways all the time. He received the book and took it as his life's wish, and especially made sure to fulfill the request of his rabbi, who told him: Every day that you study in the holy book, you will merit to be a good Jew, and you will be able to fulfill its laws, which are easy and clear for the Jewish way of life in all halachic subjects, and the Holy One, blessed be He, will be happy with you. And I can testify that from that day they came to the mitzvot until his last day, the 26th of Nissan, Abba zt"l would study this holy book every day, and not a single day went by that he did not learn this abbreviation, and even when he immigrated to the United States, it was what he took with him in his backpack, and he took the book with him to the Guardians of the Walls Retirement Home, and it was placed next to his bedside."I can testify from my memories" – the son tells us in an emotional voice – "half a century ago I got married in Argentina, and before the wedding my father as usual was studying the laws of kiddushin and the other laws relating to the days of marriage in short, and when I saw how my father was studying with joy, we asked him, 'How many times have you already studied this holy book?' And he answered with a smile and humility, 'Maybe thirty times'... And that was half a century ago, and a few years ago, when he was celebrating his 80th birthday among the family members, they asked him to say a few words in honor of the occasion, and he said, 'I can't say much, I only know how to recite Psalms and learn the "Short version of the Shulchan Aruch", so I'll tell you from these laws that I know, and he began to recite by heart laws from the book he loved so much all his life. He even taught many to know the special book."

Three years ago, when my parents decided to immigrate to the United States, we were surprised. They lived there all their lives, and raised a large family and a large community, but my father insisted and said that at the end of his life he wanted to establish the dust of Israel. When they were about to arrive in Israel, he took all the

money he had bought in his lifetime, and took out his savings from the bank, in order to bring it with him and distribute it to his children. Then robbers came in the middle of the day dressed as "deportees" and robbed him of all the money he had saved all his life. And the jewelry that was in their house. Mother was frightened and asked him what to do, and he answered her quietly: "It is said in short that everything that God does is for the good, apparently God is giving us a gift, because of which we will surely merit to reach the Holy Land safely, like Yaakov our father, whose entire property from the land of the nations remained there, and did not come to the United States with the spoils. This is a time of desire, and we must pray that we will merit to immigrate to the Israel. And so he prayed during the robbery for redemption and salvation.

My mother testified that during their 65 years of marriage, she did not hear anything derogatory or slanderous from her husband, and when they said something bad, he pretended not to hear, and always said, "The Shulchan Aruch does not allow so," and what he could fulfil from the book was fulfilled with elegance and simplicity. Even the laws of the Shulchan Aruch that were not ruled in the previous poskim are fulfilled in elegance. "Anyone who knew my father," the son concludes, "saw that a God-fearing person was not found. And once, frankly, he revealed to me the secret of the fear of Heaven that surrounded him all his life: 'The first section of the Talmud begins with 'I have set the Lord before me always,' which is a great rule in the Torah and in the virtues of the righteous.'" Therefore, for us, it is no wonder that if he lived like this every day, the miraculous event took place at his funeral...

We spoke with prominent teachers and asked whether to publish it, and they said that it is a mitzvah to publish, to teach us the extent of adherence to the book of the geniuses of the generations, which accompanies a person not only in his life but also in the world of the dead.

"Four Things Need Strengthening" (Ahead of Shabbat Malkata)

Four things need strengthening: Torah, prayer, good deeds, and the way of the land," and this requires an explanation, and does the Torah need strengthening?! After all, about the reception of the Torah, it is written in Chazal, "The Lord will give strength to His people," the Torah is called "strength," and prayer is also called in the words of Chazal in the blessings, "things that stand at the height of the world," for we have no stronger things than Torah and prayer, and what is the language of Chazal, Torah and prayer need strengthening? He should have said that a person needs strengthening, and not the Torah and prayer?! To illustrate this, let us recount an incident that happened with the Rebbe of Klausenburg zt"l, when he once sat down to negotiate with a yeshiva student, and in the course of his remarks, the student said to him, "I promise that from today on I will do everything I can"... The Rebbe answered him and said, "Be careful

with your language, you say that you will do everything you can, and do you know what you are capable of?! Do you even have any idea how great your powers are?!”, and then he added: “I’ll tell you,

In my youth, when I was the Av Beit Din of K.K. Klausenburg, I had a yeshiva there. When I gave a general shiur to all the yeshiva students, you needed about ten books for a shiur. In those days, the books were printed on very heavy paper, and they were also very large, so that each book weighed a lot. I realized that taking ten books with me from the bookcase to the stander did not have the strength. Therefore, before the shiur, I would give the list of books to a student, and he would prepare them for me on the stand. “Years later, during the war years, when I was in the concentration camps of the Germans, they would put stones and objects weighing thirty or forty kilograms on me, and I would climb with them to tall buildings, and so on for more than twelve hours a day, and then I discovered what enormous powers I had. Years earlier, I understood that I could not carry the Gemara and the Rashba, could I really not carry them?! Therefore, be careful when you say that you will do everything in your power. Because you have no idea what the limit of your ability is.” Therefore, what we have challenged in Chazal’s explanation is that four things need strengthening, and that a person is the one who needs strengthening, but this is not the case, a person does not need reinforcement, he is very strong and his ability is enormous, and the proof is that in the things he wishes to achieve, we see his reactions and abilities that have no limits, and why are these things not so for Torah and prayer? Chazal tell us that since these things need to be strengthened in a person, In other words, if a person knew how much power he holds in his hand through a moment of Torah study, how much influence he brings down to the world in every prayer he prays and connects to his Creator, how many worlds are built by his engagement with the mitzvot, how much reward and blessing he imparts to himself, his family, and the entire world, then it would not be difficult to get up to pray and connect to it properly.

Forty years after the fact, the punishment came.

The miraculous incident recounted by the author of the deed contains a razor-sharp message about how serious the harm to a Jew is, and all the more so when it comes to a student. Teachers and rabbis, and anyone who deals with education, must read the following lines very carefully, instill the lesson and conclusions in their hearts, and understand that things are not simple at all. ’

One night,” he recalls, “and here I see in my dream my parents, together with my grandmother and other family members who have already passed away. Their faces would light up, and my late father would turn to me and say, ‘They want to summon you for an inquiry in the heavenly court, in the matter of the one who harmed you

forty-three years ago.' Before I could reply, my father went on to say that 'they asked to invite you two years ago. But then you were only fifty-eight. Now that you are sixty years old, they want to invite you for an inquiry. When I heard this, I trembled in my heart, and I told them that I did not want to come, because I was afraid that they would leave me there...My parents reassured me and told me, with a smiling face, that 'it's so good here, that when you get there, you'll want to stay, but it's better to stay downstairs.' They explained to me that, in any case, they wanted to invite me for clarification because the only person who knew the details accurately was me, as I was the author of the deed. "So what should I do?" I asked. Turn to the rabbi and ask what to do, said my father. "Which rabbi should you approach?" - To Rabbi Kanievsky, shlita, "Father." I woke up at four o'clock in the morning, and it was a dream. I was terrified, and I didn't know how to get out of it, especially when I remembered very well the details of that incident that took place forty-three years ago, when I was studying in a yeshiva, and I also knew that the sentence that came out of my late father's mouth, that 'they asked to invite you two years ago, is also true. It was the exciting incident that haunted me all these years, and it did not leave me for a single moment.

One day I entered the morning Seder in the yeshiva. All three hundred young men were already in the hall and began to study. Suddenly one of the friends came up to me and claimed that the Gemara I was studying was his, and demanded that I return it to him. Since I knew for sure that he was wrong, and that the Gemara belonged to me, I refused to listen to him. The friend turned to the rabbi sitting at the end of the hall, and the rabbi called me, and without asking questions or clarifying the truth, demanded that I return the Gemara to my friend. "But the Gemara is mine," you tried to argue, but before I could finish the sentence, I was slapped so hard that I was thrown out of my seat a few meters away. I remember that the echo of the slap was so loud that all the students stopped studying, and there was complete silence in the hall. Imagine what an injury it is – three hundred young men see my disgrace, and are sure that I did what should not be done, and therefore I was slapped with such force. After all, there can be no other way! Of course, I was insulted and hurt to the bottom of my soul, and the event hurt me to the point of horror. I left the yeshiva hall, and the Rosh Yeshiva came up to me, and when he heard what was going on, he understood the terrible injustice that had been done to me, and began to calm me down. Being a wise man, The Rosh Yeshiva did this wisely and did not try to defend that Rabbi, but said, 'I very much understand your heart, but I am sure that there was a misunderstanding here.' After he added some more reassuring words, I asked him not to take the story out, and not to pass it on to anyone. He emphasized that he did not demand it from me, "but if you succeed, I ask you not to tell it." At that moment, I decided to obey the words of the Rosh Yeshiva, and even when I returned home for a few days of rest, and my parents asked me what had happened, I evaded them and did not tell them a word. I kept the

story in my heart. And in retrospect, I really don't know how I managed to do that. It was such a traumatic event that I do not understand how I could not bear to tell anyone. But the reality is that since then, for the entire forty-three years, I have not told anyone about it. Until the dream on Friday night, I did not share it with my most prominent relatives.

The Rav did not ask me for forgiveness, and I tried to return to my normal life and to forget about the story. Since the nature of life is that it is flowing, I continued the flow of life as well, and I have come to this day. But the tremendous feeling of slap accompanied me in every step I took. About four years ago, I missed the yeshiva where I had studied in my youth, and I went to visit it, and I even dared to knock on the door of that Rabbi's house. His wife opened the door and said that he was not feeling well, but when I insisted on meeting him, she took me into his room, and then I was shocked to see that he was constantly throwing his head in frightening movements. The picture that appeared to me was as if someone was standing in front of the man. to his right and left, and constantly slapping both of his cheeks, which is the reason for the frequent movement of the head in both directions. When I left, the family members told me that these head movements had started suddenly some time ago. They visited several doctors, and they didn't diagnose any disease, not Parkinson's, or any similar disease, and they didn't know the meaning of the phenomenon. I wanted to say that I knew the reason, but I held back, and I stopped myself, and I didn't say a word.

Two years ago, a few days after I turned fifty-eight, I felt chest pain, and when I rushed to the HMO they told me that I was in the midst of a severe heart attack, and they called an ambulance that scared me to Tel Hashomer, where I was told that if I had arrived half an hour later, there might have been nothing to do. And suddenly came the dream about the "summons for clarification before the heavenly court." And about the fact that 'two years ago they asked to call you...' I felt that there were things in my body, and as soon as I woke up at night, I hurried to the house of Maran Rav Kanievsky, shlit"a, and prayed at Lederman. After the prayers, I asked to be received by the Gaon Shlita, but the family wanted to reject me, claiming that it was not the time to receive the congregation. When I told them that "from heaven send me to him," and I described what happened in the dream, and that my late father said that I would consult with the Rav, he took me into his room. When the Rav heard this, he said that false dreams would speak. I told him that despite this, I felt that there was something real here. He instructed me to convene a beit din and say that I forgive that rabbi with complete forgiveness. And indeed, the Gra Mann convened two more Torah scholars, and I told them that I was forgiven. And I still didn't feel calm. I told the Gra Mann that I wanted to go to that Rabbi and say his request for forgiveness to him. The Gra went to Maran and asked if there was any point in this, and he agreed.

When I knock on the door of the Rabbi's house on Sunday morning, there is no sound and no answer. One of the neighbors, who heard the continuous knocking, came out and told me that on Friday night, his neighbor had been rushed to the hospital, and he was lying in the intensive care unit. I ran to the hospital and went straight to the patient's bed, where his wife and sons were standing. I found out that his condition was serious, and that he had only a few hours left. I went over to his son and told him that I wanted to go to his father's house for a moment. And say something to him. The son flatly rejected my request, saying that his father was fully conscious, but his condition was so serious that it was simply not appropriate to talk to him. I added and told him that I wanted to remind his father of a certain act in which he sinned against me, and the son was even more frightened. "Is this the time to talk to him about sins? After all, he might take these things to heart, and take even more risks! Then I told him briefly about the dream, and said that the rav had agreed that I should come, and that perhaps it would actually contribute to the improvement of his condition. The family agreed to let me in. I approached his bed and saw that his condition was indeed very serious. With great effort, I asked him if he remembered the act that hurt me very much, and the patient shook his head in agreement. I said out loud that I forgave him for this, and I even added that I also ask forgiveness from him for not listening to his voice when he asked me to give the Gemara to that friend [although, as mentioned, the Gemara was: Mine]. The patient explicitly said that he forgave me for that, and then I saw that he did understand all the things I had said to him, and the Fellowship of Forgiveness was exceptionally successful. I felt relieved, and I went home.

And here I am, just stepping on the doorstep, and the phone rings. One of the Ram's children told me in an excited voice that his father's condition had suddenly improved, and the doctors – who had only recently informed us of the worst – were also shocked to see the dramatic improvement in his condition, and did not understand how it happened. Forty-eight hours later, the sick man returned home, and the family members told of another miracle that had occurred. Their father's strange head movements had completely stopped, and he was once again like a human being. And just as no one understood why the head had begun to move, so too there was no natural explanation for the cessation of movement. I asked the Rav whether it is possible to attribute the miracle that happened to my Rabbi to the movements of the head – to the request for forgiveness, and he answered in the affirmative, saying that it is quite possible to relate the things to each other.

A week later, I went again to visit the Rebbe at his home, and I found a healthy and happy man. We repeated the request for forgiveness again, and everything went smoothly. It must be remembered that my Rebbe is eighty-seven years old, and despite everything, he regained his strength, which proves that the great physical weakness and the illness that befell him were due to that event, forty-three years ago.

During the visit, we suddenly remembered that there is also a third side to the whole story, and that he is the friend because of whom what happened happened. We felt the need to look for him as well, and to share what happened in the last few days. It took a long time for us to find him, and then it became clear to us that this man had not been in good health for many years, and that his mind had gone wrong. We came to his house and tried to support him and to remind him of what happened with the Gemara in the yeshiva hall, but he did not know what was done to him. And who knows if he was not punished by Heaven." There is a judge and there is justice and even after , so many years, when a person may think that the sin may have been "forgotten," they .make sure to remind him that everything is written and signed