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Collection 27
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Shmuel"

.Collector and Editor: S EiSikoVitS

eisikovits1@gmail.com

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"I will pass all my goodness before you" [33:19] (and its fruit is sweet).(Treasures of the Affair, Issue 745)

Let us listen to a moving story, in the wake of which an interesting question arose that came to Mor Yitzchak Silberstein shlita:

This is the story of a God-fearing couple, who had been married for ten years, and had not yet merited to have children. The husband and his wife took all the actions and treatments, in Israel and abroad, and even tried many segulot, prayers and supplications, but there were still no results. On their last trip to one of the countries, they came across a world expert in the field. After a brief look at their medical file, the 'expert' opened his right hand to them, drummed it with the fingers of his left hand, and said: If hairs grow on this palm, you will have a child...As they left the clinic, broken, the husband turned to his wife and said to her, with tears in his eyes: Apparently, our only option to embrace a child is by adoption; perhaps this is our mission in the world. The wife agreed to his proposal, and the couple signed up for a request for adoption.

As is well known, adopting a child usually involves a great deal of bureaucracy and a long wait for the appropriate approvals, which are intended to check that the couple is indeed suitable for adoption. And that their situation allows for the raising of a child, with all that this entails. After a complex and lengthy process, the couple passed all the examinations and assessments of the social committees and welfare officials, and were found suitable to adopt a child. Now they have to wait until a child is found for them. After many more months of eagerly waiting to receive the child, behold, one fine day, the couple is informed about a newborn baby, and they are looking for adoptive parents for him. The husband and his wife hurried to the hospital. And as soon as they saw the baby, which was very cute, they decided to adopt him. Those responsible for handing over the child informed the couple that they would not receive the child until after the house had been prepared for receiving the child and purchasing all his needs. Of course, the two hurried to prepare a baby room in their home, purchased a crib, a baby stroller, and the rest of the baby's accessories and needs.

And now, just one day before the child is taken into their hands, the couple goes for routine check-ups at the health fund, and here a surprising thing is discovered, which caused them and the entire team of doctors great astonishment... The tests clearly showed that the woman was pregnant!! After twelve years of marriage, the couple is finally informed that they have been blessed, and not only with one child

- but with ... twins!! It is impossible to describe in words the joy of the parents, who burst into tears of excitement in the face of the surprising news. Now, however, the couple was very disturbed by the question: What do we do now with the child we were about to adopt? Raising triplets at once is not so simple (especially for couples who have not yet raised children), and if so, perhaps we can 'give up' that child and inform those who will give him up for adoption by another family? ... The two therefore came to their rabbi, Rabbi Yitzchak Silberstein, shlita, and asked him for advice and guidance on how they should act in such a case...

First of all, the rabbi Shlita said to the parents: You must know that the abandoned baby that you decided to adopt is your "amulet"! It is very possible that only because of that baby did you merit to be saved, and if you do, you may lose, G-d forbid, if you give up on him...And if it seems impossible for you to raise triplets, give him to another family for the time being, for a fee, and when the time comes, you will accept him as a third child, and educate him in Torah and mitzvot.

And there was an incident in ancient times in one of the towns: a tyrannical governor decreed that all the Jews of the town should collect a large sum of money for him, and announced that if they did not hand over all the money within a month, he would kill all the Jews! The Jews of the town sent a famous tzaddik to pray for them, so that the harsh decree would be lifted. The tzaddik suggested that they send charity money for the redemption of their souls, and he would distribute it to orphans and widows. And the people willingly agreed to send the money. A messenger on behalf of the tzaddik arrived and collected the charity money from all the people of the place. But the messenger went out, and suddenly a letter from the royal house arrived in the hands of the governor's messenger. The letter said that the decree had been canceled!! And what did it turn out? - The decree was canceled many days ago. Therefore, several local people stood up and demanded their money back, since it turned out that it was a mistake...The story was brought to the table of Rabbeinu Maharsham, and with his genius, he immediately opened the Gemara in Tractate Berachot (63b), and from there he sought to decide on the matter. The Gemara cites the verse in the prophet (2 Samuel 2:6): "And the ark of the Lord sat in the house of Oved Edom for three months, and the Lord blessed Oved Edom and all his house." The Gemara expounds: "But what is the matter of the ark that did not eat and drink? Rather, he honored and lay down before him (Oved Edom the Gittite), so (his reward), who hosts a Torah scholar in his house, feeds and drinks him, and enjoys his possessions, all the more so. What is the blessing that they blessed? Rav Yehuda bar Zubeida said: This is a mother-in-law

(the wife of Oved Edom) and her eight daughters-in-law, who gave birth to six in one womb." We must understand – the Maharsham commented – after all, the ark was placed in the house of Oved Edom for only three months, as explained in the verse above, and how is it possible that at this time they were already blessed and gave birth to six? Rather, we see that thanks to the good deed that Oved Edom did, the blessing was commanded in Heaven beforehand, so that since the Ark would be in His house and He would honor it the most, God sent the blessing even before the Ark came (six months before it came, the pregnant women had already been pregnant so that the special blessing would take place at its proper time. The Maharsham concludes from this that since the townspeople took it upon themselves to give the charity, God removed the decree from them in advance. Heaven had already decreed in advance that the decree would be annulled. Because they knew in heaven that the people of the town would give the charity. Therefore, they must fulfill their Kabbalah and give the charity!

And for our purposes – it is very possible that here, too, Heaven saw the couple's acceptance into their home of an abandoned child, who is considered an orphan, and to devote themselves to raising him – this enormous privilege caused them to be saved even before the orphan was brought into their home...Therefore, the couple must stand by their decision and accept the child for adoption. (And even if it is not entirely clear that this is the right for which they were absent. In any case, there will be no doubt, and it is certainly very worthwhile to accept the child, and not to get into the fears of losing salvation...). The Rabbi Shlita further told the couple that this mitzva of adoption has no boundaries and no investigation (of course, while adhering to the laws of uniqueness and observing the other laws relating to the adoption of a foreign child). The Midrash (Parashat Ki Tisa, parasha 45) says about the verse, "I will pass all My goodness before You" (Shemot 33:19): At that time, the Holy One, blessed be He, showed him to Moshe Rabbeinu, All the treasures of reward that are (intended) for the righteous, and among other things, God showed a special treasure reserved for orphans. Blessed is the one who is rewarded with this, for Chazal said (Ketubot 50a): "Blessed are those who keep the law who do charity at all times" (Psalms 106:3), and that it is possible to do charity at any time?! - but he who raises an orphan and an orphan in his home and from a burden! And they also said (in Sanhedrin 19): Anyone who teaches his friend's son Torah, the Scripture makes it like his child! Nevertheless, the couple must first turn to the Beit Din to examine (by the authorities) two things: 1) whether there is an injustice in accepting the baby to them against childless people who are waiting and expecting to receive such a baby. 2) Is it really in the best interest of

the adopted baby to grow up as a third baby in their home, or is it in his best interest that he grows up in a different home of children who are observant of the Torah?

In summary: It is a mitzvah for parents to accept the baby for adoption, if possible, and when it is in the best interest of the child. And they raised him as their son, for the Torah, for the chuppah, and for good deeds, and by this he will be considered as if they had given birth to him as well, and he will bless them from the good treasure intended for orphans!

I hardened his heart. (Good Words – Parashat Bo)

Our story takes place in the 1930s in the Arctic region, at the northeastern tip of Greater Russia - on the island of Vigatz. Opponents of the communist regime were sent to this region for hard labor in labor camps notorious as "gulags." Millions of Russians, many of whom were Jews, built the Siberian steppes with their blood, carved kilometers of railroads, and dug a wide canal between the Baltic Sea and the White Sea. On the island of Vigach, 4,000 forced laborers quarried coal, mined uranium ore, and worked in the steel mills there. These unfortunates had little chance of returning alive. Most of them were sentenced to ten years or more in prison. And the chances of surviving for such a long period of time in the harsh conditions of the place were extremely low. The workers, of course, were not allowed to meet their families, so every prisoner who came to the island knew that, as in most cases, he would end his life in the area and his body would be thrown into the sea surrounding the camp or buried in a large mass grave.

At the entrance to the camp gate was a large mailbox into which the prisoners could drop letters. Where would these letters have gone? Of course, not for family members. A prisoner who dared to write a letter to his loved ones was sentenced to severe lashes that would keep him confined to bed for days. The same is true of a prisoner who asked for a pardon or claimed that he was being harassed in the camp. The forced laborers quickly learned that it was very worthwhile for them not to write such letters. So, what could have been written? The inmates would come up with ideas that might have helped Greater Russia, such as scientific proposals, ideas for developing weapons of war, compounds for innovative drugs, programs to streamline taxation and the economy, and so on. They knew that if the letter reached the right man, they might find themselves outside, recruited under much better conditions – in a respectable institute that operates in the

service of the government, or even in a forced labor camp with more favorable conditions.

One of the prisoners sentenced to prison for robbery and fraud was Motya Yurgovich. He was not a scientist, he was not a physicist, and he did not understand economics either. On the other hand, he was endowed with a bad heart, a special cruelty, and the ability to harm others in original and sophisticated ways. He did not want to make a proposal that might help the Russian army, science, medicine, or the economy. He thought of something much more sophisticated. Something that would also rescue him from the camp where he was staying. A week after Motya's envelope was dropped into the prisoners' mailbox, a black car stopped at the entrance to the camp, and the prisoner Motya Yurgovich was summoned to accompany two NKVD policemen who led him directly to the district commander's office. The commander held Motya's letter in his hand and exclaimed: 'I propose to our beloved party to open a new system of food budgeting in the camps that will be managed directly according to the output of the prisoners in the work areas.' 'Can you explain to me what you mean?' and Motya explained: 'My suggestion is simple: for the strong prisoners who work hard, increase their daily ration by very little, of course. This will make them work much harder and much harder the next day to get the same ration. The elderly, weak, and sick prisoners who work little will get little food. This, of course, will cause them a high mortality rate, and thus you will get rid of the prisoners who are not useful...' The idea was simple, cruel, and effective. The district commander patted Motia on the shoulder and promised him that he would let him know what had been decided. Motya didn't have to wait long, a week later, he was driven again, this time in a more luxurious car, and discovered himself many hours later in Moscow, meeting with Ivan Sirov – the head of the NKVD himself. "Your idea is wonderful!" said a refusal: "I really wonder how we didn't think of it before." And indeed, a short time later, Motia Yurgovich's new system was implemented in the field; within three months, the gulag commanders reported two phenomena: the pace of work doubled, and dozens of old, weak, and sick people died.

Mutya was once again invited to Moscow; this time he was no longer a prisoner. He had already been appointed Special Advisor on Forced Labor to the head of the NKVD, and now he was offered to manage the Gulag on the island of Vigatz, where he himself had been a prisoner six months ago. Motya quickly agreed, and that same week he was sent to the island, arranging his belongings in the pleasant and warm pavilion of the camp commander. The day of Motya Yurgovich's arrival

was a festive day for him. But a black day for the camp workers. Motya did not stop abusing them and found strange and creative ways to make the work more difficult. The prisoners felt that they were on the verge of their limits. But then the turning point occurred.

One day, Motya was invited to Moscow, again for a meeting with Ivan Sirov and his team. He arrived confidently, dressed in his best clothes, as if he were familiar with government institutions. He entered the room of the head of the NKVD and bowed in submission. To his surprise, Ivan handed him a piece of paper and asked him to read it aloud. Motya saw that he was holding a page similar to the one he had written about a year ago, with a proposal for order written by a prisoner named Grigory Khrushov. He is imprisoned in the labor camp on the island of Vigac. Grigori's suggestion was simple: to adjust the camp commanders according to the output of the prisoners. In other words, the greater the output, the more successful the census is. A camp commander, whose prisoners show helplessness, will be imprisoned in the camp like them, and this deterrent step will make the commanders of the other camps much more efficient and effective. "This idea," said Sirov, "is so simple and clever that I don't understand how we didn't think of it before. We carried it out, and we found that among all the camp commanders, your prisoners have consistently decreased in productivity over the past three months. We concluded that we should return you to forced labor, so that it would be a symbol for the other commanders and lead them to maximum and ideal work output..." Motya tried to claim that the prisoners had rebelled against him, and that they had deliberately reduced their output as a result of the letter, but none of this helped. Refusal was already busy with other matters, and the NKVD policemen hurried to take him outside, to the black prisoners' car...

In this week's Torah portion, it is said that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. The question is known: if God hardened his heart, why is he guilty? Chazal explain: G-d did not simply harden his heart, but rather Pharaoh, who condemned and defied G-d, and after being warned again and again, he refused to send Bnei Yisrael away from his land, and reached a situation where G-d would not allow him to repent, as it were...

I Am the Lord - Faithful to Pay Reward (Sweet of Honey - Rav Baruch Bokera Shlita, Issue 242)

In this regard, I would like to share with my dear readers a personal story of private providence:

The COVID-19 period was (and still is) a very stressful time. The peak was in the period before Passover, the economy was closed, we were expelled from the synagogues to pray at home, the preparations for Passover were accompanied by the fear that we would not be infected with the virus, God forbid, every unidentified phone was suspected to be from the Ministry of Health, with an instruction to go into isolation since we were in the midst of a confirmed patient during one of our shopping trips, etc.

In the shiurim and in the sheet (Vayikra) we drew from Chazal sources advice on how to be saved from the plague. Among other things, we brought the story brought in the Gemara (Ta'anit 21:2): In the district of Sura in Babylon there was a plague (Davar) and only in the neighborhood where Rav lived (the great Amora of Babylon) there was no plague. Everyone thought that it was the merit of a rabbi that saved them from the plague. And they were shown in a dream that indeed the merit of a rabbi was great. But what saved them was the merit of a Jew who would lend digging tools for true kindness (burial), and thanks to him, the entire neighborhood was saved. Therefore, we advised everyone to do a lot of acts of kindness (even from within the homes): kindness to the members of our household through mutual help and encouragement. Telephones and reinforcement of people in isolation and sick and so on... And this is what we tried to do in our home.

One day I learned about a God-fearing friend who fell ill and was in the hospital (and then moved to a motel). I called him from time to time, asked how he was doing, and offered our help to him and his family, who were in isolation with all that was required, and we even sent them reading books for children. Thank God, he recovered and returned home at some point. On Monday, the 10th of Iyar I returned to my work, with the help of God. At the end of the workday, I returned home and then I found out that my ID card had disappeared... I tried to look for it in the house but couldn't find it. I went through the entire hiking trail I had done since the morning but couldn't find it. The next day I called the Hadera police station (because according to the law, the person who originated must hand over the certificate to the police) but was told that the certificate had not been found. I read the segula 'Rabbi Binyamin said'... And I put my hope in Hashem out of faith and confidence that everything is for the best, and at the same time I prepared to notify the Population Authority of the loss and cancellation of the certificate and to pay 120 NIS for the issuance of a new certificate, but it turned out that there was still no public reception until further notice.

The next day I went back to work, and a few hours later I received a phone call from my home, and they informed me that the card had been found and returned to my home. And who found it? The wife of that friend who got sick with Corona and recovered...When I called to thank that friend, I realized the power of private supervision: the woman went in 'by chance' to load the 'Rav-Kav' card at the Central Bus Station office in Hadera, because 'by chance' it was not possible to load it by the automatic machines. Then the clerk turns to her and asks: 'Excuse me, someone found an ultra-Orthodox man's ID card here at the station, do you know him?' It is possible that the certificate would have reached me differently if the clerk had handed it over to the police, etc... But I was amazed by the power of private providence and the amazing coincidence. That it is precisely the family with whom we have shown kindness that was sent to repay us with kindness.

Dear brothers! "There is no one else besides Him, and there is nothing but Him"... God is the leader of the entire world, and He is the One who turns around and watches over every one of them privately. This was the purpose of the Exodus from Egypt, and this is the purpose of our exodus from the Corona. If we are wise enough to strengthen our faith and the observance of the mitzvot, we will no longer need "corona," and we will no longer need signals from above.

**I am the Lord – faithful to pay a good reward to those who walk before Me (Rashi)
[from the books of Rabbi Yaakov (Kobi) Levi]**

A neighborhood rabbi relates: "I have a student, who is also a good friend, who has been participating in Torah lessons that I give in the evenings in the neighborhood synagogue for twenty years, and he is really my right hand. His name is Aharleh Bardinsky, and he worked in real estate and earned considerable sums. He lived with his small family in a huge 7-room apartment, drove a huge car whose name I don't remember, and his pocket and heart were open and generous. Every month he would write a huge check to the order of my kollel of yeshiva students, and from time to time - especially on holidays- he would take care of food products for Bnei Torah families. A well-established type with a good eye, and indeed, as Aharleh grew stronger in his fear of God, his business yielded good results. And now, after ten successful years, one day our Aharleh discovers that the banks are threatening to dispossess him of all his assets... What turns out is that his 'accountant', in cooperation with several other business entities, did what is called in the language of the street – a 'sting', they simply swallowed all his fortune and left him with huge debts, a foreclosed apartment, a shattered heart, and a

broken family. Aharle Berdinsky has become a shadow of himself. Persecuted, foreclosed, looking for a small apartment to rent, and living from hand to mouth. And it all happened within a year.

One night he comes to me with a broken vessel and pours out his heart: "The Rav knows best. When I was wealthy, I distributed a lot, I held Torah, I gave generously. Why did I fall into the garbage? What does the Holy One, blessed be He, want from me?" So he asked, and then a rather interesting answer flashed through my head. I said to him: "Aharleh, yes, you have passed the test of wealth; I am a faithful witness to it, and now the Holy One, blessed be He, wants to put you through the test of poverty." Aharleh wept bitterly: "Honorable Rabbi, I can't be poor..." And then from Heaven put the following sentence in my mouth: "Aharleh, don't be offended by me, but since you repented, have you been strict about mehadret kashrut?" He was amazed by the question, but admitted: "Not always; abroad I sometimes went into kosher restaurants, and in Israel I would also visit hotels that were not the best..." The former gentleman was embarrassed, and I had to give him some kind of instruction, to get up, to get stronger, to get air in his lungs, and to move on. And again, an idea popped into my mind: "Right now, Aharleh, this is your situation, and you need the mental strength to deal with the creditors and the banks, but my heart tells me that from now on you have to be an employee, and bring bread home in a dignified manner. I recommend that you take a short course in kashrut, and become a kashrut supervisor in a hotel, and the Holy One, blessed be He, will bring you salvation by answering your prayer... That now you will be the 'meritorious of the many' and make sure that the most kosher and elegant food is placed on the plates of Jews."

Aharleh accepted the judgment with love, took a course of mashgiachim and worked at night on the laws of meat and milk, saltiness, and more, and was hired as a kashrut supervisor in a luxury hotel. He is a welcoming type, and the cooks and all the staff members happily followed his instructions, and the level of kashrut in that hotel skyrocketed, so much so that at a certain point the ultra-Orthodox public also visited the place for his celebrations. In the meantime, as a 'bankrupt,' the court imposed on him a considerable sum of money to repay his creditors every month, but according to the estimate of his enormous debts, he had to repay them in thirty or forty years... He turned to me: "Honorable Rabbi, I have accepted your advice, I am bringing bread home, but please bless me that I will be able to repay all my debts to the creditors. Not as a 'bankrupt,' but with his head held

high."I congratulated him and encouraged him, though in common sense, this seemed completely impossible.

For five years Aharleh worked as a supervisor, and one evening the hotel manager called him and informed him: "Aharleh, my friend, you are a dear religious Jew, and I have a small mission for you. Today, a religious Jew arrived at the hotel about 80 years old, and he will live here, God willing, until 120. He has a little trouble walking, so I ask that you take upon yourself the task of visiting him two or three times a day, to enjoy his time, and to take care of his meals." Aharleh gave his life for the man; his parents died for him when he was young, and the old man was like a father to him. He fed him, watered him, was happy with him, and occasionally hosted him in his home.

One day, while they were sitting, a respectable woman entered the hotel apartment and introduced herself: "Hello, my name is Reuma Gillon, I am Morris's daughter. I heard that you are very concerned about my father, and I have come to express my appreciation and great gratitude to you."The three of them sit on the balcony overlooking the sea, and then in between, Mrs. Reuma asks Aharleh how many years he has been a kosher supervisor. He tells her in short words that he found himself here after a bankruptcy in the real estate industry due to a "sting." Mrs. Gilon can't believe her ears. Aharleh tells her about the big projects he built and initiated in Israel, and about the big fall. And then she sums up the conversation: "Mr. Aharleh, I need a Jew like you by my side. Most of my business is abroad, but now I'm going to invest in a huge tourism project here in Israel, and I need a CEO and a partner. For a whole year I have been looking for a God-fearing and reliable person with knowledge of real estate and construction to manage my business here in Israel. How about accepting the position, Mr. Berdinsky?"

Our Aharleh is given the position of CEO in Ms. Gilon's business, and as a token of appreciation for his devoted care of her father, she gives him 18% of the company's shares in Israel, without investing a single penny. After five years of hard work with rare achievements, Aharleh has paid off all his debts, and has almost returned to his previous financial situation...Moreover, Morris – Mrs. Gillon's father – passed away recently, leaving him a considerable sum in his will. But the most important thing, Aharleh continues to attend the Talmud classes in the neighborhood, and he is meticulous about kashrut, and of course, he constantly

congratulates me on the advice I gave him to work as a kashrut supervisor, and thus to do the repentance that restored him to his status..."

"I am the Lord who dwells among the children of Israel" (35:34) (Complete Faith – Parashat Balak)

In the book 48 Ways to Wisdom by the great Gaon Rabbi Noah Weinberg zt"l, there is a story that illustrates that we Jews, the chosen people, are soldiers in the king's army, and we must not forget this. We must impose the mind onto the heart,

Rabbi Weinberg relates: "A Jew told me, once when I was a child, I took a book from the library to read, and suddenly my father came home earlier than usual, and I was very nervous. I didn't know exactly what my father's views were on foreign books, but I realized that he shouldn't see what I was reading now. I was ashamed. I was thinking about what to do, and I didn't know how to save myself. Where will I hide the book? But he was already standing nearby, took the book, glanced at it, and tossed it into the corner of the room. "A piece of meat confuses Yiddishe Ingala (a Jewish child)!! He screamed in pain. I want to tell you a story from one of the greatest servants of G-d in the past generation. His name was Rabbi Mendel, my father said to me in a deep voice, "Rabbi Mendel was in Siberia, he worked there, in the terrible cold, under heavy guard. In all places, the Natshalniks were on guard. They stood alert, with a murderous look in their eyes. Besides them, there was also a pack of guard dogs. They were not small, friendly dogs. They were huge dogs! Dangerous!

One prisoner was brave. He was tired of the work! And he decided to escape... Do you know what it means to escape from the labor camp? My father was furious in a loud voice. "You don't know." He decided to look for an escape route, and he found it! He found it possible to evade the prying eyes of the guards while they were eating. Because when these guards eat, they forget about the whole world. But what will he do with the dogs? That's what bribery is for. Yes, you can buy dogs with bribes, too! So what do you give dogs? Meat. Our prisoner gnaws fat chunks of meat. And save them for the great day: the day of escape.

The day came; our prisoner managed to escape the guards. They didn't see him. But... The dogs immediately felt it. The prisoner heard the first bark, and immediately threw the pieces of meat out of his pocket. The dogs were confused. They started wagging their tails and didn't know what to do. Would they continue to chase, or would they savor the fine meal that was thrown to them? The guards

heard the echoes of barking and saw the confused dogs. They arrived armed. The prisoner was no longer there, but the shots were aimed at the wandering dogs. There was panic in the camp. A rumor spread among the prisoners: 'The Jew fled, they killed the dogs.' "Why did you kill the dogs?" one prisoner dared to ask the guards. They answered him confidently: 'If a few pieces of meat confuse them in the middle of work, they don't deserve to live here. They don't deserve to be guard dogs.'

" And that's what you need to know, my child!" my father shouted in deep pain. His hoarse words still shake my memory to this day. "Don't be confused when you see a piece of fatty meat! Anyone who gets confused when he smells good meat is not worthy of being a soldier in a king's army! A Jew must remember the role. We must not forget the main thing, when you smell a piece of meat ...!" "I am the Lord who dwells among the children of Israel"...

Me and the Light (So We Talked, Issue 246)

I once went on a night trail in Amuka... The darkness... Total darkness... I didn't see anything interesting. Just a flashlight that showed me where there were rocks... And where do you not go... I was very disappointed ... I was told it was an amazing route. They said there was a spectacular view here... They said there are cliffs... There are trees... And nothing!! Just rocks and lanterns... Here!!!! Suddenly!!!! In the middle of the trip... Suddenly, a wonderful creation began to sparkle before our eyes... True cliffs... mighty Lebanese trees... The sky is blue ... And a spectacular view like no other... And all this happened in fifteen minutes... Guess what happened??? Dawn has just arrived!! The sunrise has begun!! Now pay attention: nothing new has been renewed here... Suddenly, a truck came and landed trees here... No painter came and designed a picture of a landscape here... Not!! Everything was already!! The view was already there... The cliffs were... The amazing trees were... The beautiful sky was... Everything was there too!! Only what was missing??? Light!!! What until now has separated us from all this wonderful beauty... It was just light!! The light has just arrived... And here it is!!! Everything is perfect!! All the beauty stretches out before us now, and now in all its glory. --

We are now in exile... When we try to imagine the redemption... It sounds different to us... A different world ... Other Concepts... Smiling trees... White bears... Clouds talk... Angels are blooming. No!! You don't have to get to all of this!! It will look just like the night trail in Amuka... Just like on the same route,

it's not that trees were suddenly born... It's not that suddenly a landscape pops up... Everything was!! Just what?? There was no light!! And as soon as the light came... All in all, we have discovered what is already here!!! What was already there before!! This is exactly what will happen when the Messiah comes... And the sun will shine on him!! The only thing that will be renewed is the sun!! The only thing we need is light!! Except for light, everything is already there ... ---

I don't eat kosher because the Holy One, blessed be He, commanded – (Rabbi Gliss)

An incident that took place, and this is how it began:

On one of my flights, a man who sat to my left and ate a non-kosher meatball caught my attention, and on the envelope of his meal was a label with his name: Mr. Weinstein, his name indicates his Jewishness.

I leaned back and waited for him to finish his meal, and I turned to him. "Excuse me, sir, I'm not going to be rude or hurt you, but can I ask you a question?"

"Sure," he answered.

"Do you know you can choose a kosher meal on this flight?" he stared at me and answered, "I don't eat kosher."

What do you mean? You mean that in your home you keep kosher but outside the house you eat everything? Or is kashrut a mitzvah in your eyes that is not important?

No, he answered, I don't eat kosher because it's my free choice. I chose it because God commanded it, and everything that God says, I do exactly the opposite.

I was amazed to hear the hostility in his voice and even more shocked when I saw a tattoo on his arm as he rolled up his sleeves.

"Do you really want to know?" He asked me. I noticed that he was talking as if this matter had been running around in his head for a long time, and that he was now only expressing his feelings out loud, so I nodded my head at him, and he continued.

"That was my son..." He said, that was the last thing that broke me, I held on all the way until one day I couldn't anymore, during the entire time I was in the

concentration camp, I had only one aspiration, to see my son, Kasriel Menachem, be released from the camp, his mother had long since passed away, along with his brothers and sisters, but we would survive! I was sure of that.

One day, all the prisoners were gathered for a parade, there were several secret doors to the entrance to the area where people were hanged centrally, it was a feeling of terror, my son held my hand with a force that almost stopped the blood in my veins, we all started running in panic to escape the line of fire, I lost my son in the chaos that was created and I haven't seen him since. After a while, my acquaintances from the camp told me that they saw a soldier who grabbed my son and shot him. Wiping away his tears he continued angrily, "The Holy One, blessed be He, said to bring children; I brought them, and He took them to me, all of them." He commands to eat kosher food; I eat treif. He says to keep Shabbat; I drive and go to work, I don't want to keep any of the mitzvot; everything he says I do the opposite.

I was so amazed to hear his story that I couldn't say a word during the remaining six hours of the flight; there was complete silence between us. We landed in Houston and we went our separate ways.

I never dreamed that I would meet him again.

Four years passed, and I decided to go with my family on a trip to the Holy Land, the Land of Israel, in preparation for the holidays. We searched and traveled all over the country. Yom Kippur came, and for the holy day prayers I joined a synagogue in the Mea Shearim neighborhood. I went outside to get some fresh air. When I noticed a strange thing: an old man sitting at the bus station smoking, I was shocked. A man who chose to smoke in Mea Shearim on the holiest day of the year? I looked at him again, and here I recognized Mr. Weinstein. I realized that I had been given another chance from Heaven. There is no coincidence that I met him on the holiest day of the year.

I approached him, "Here we meet again. It's funny how life brings people together, and they wonder what the reason or message is hiding in it. The years pass, and their paths cross again, and perhaps then they understand why they met in the first place.

I am sure you know that today is Yom Kippur, in the synagogue, to recite the Yizkor prayer in memory of the names of the deceased, come with me and remember the name of your son who died for the sanctification of Hashem, and

pray for the elevation of his soul. This may be your only opportunity to mention your son's name; don't you think it's time to mention his name in the heavenly court?

Tears filled his eyes. I hugged his arm in mine, and led him to the synagogue, to the cantor, where we asked him to conduct a special funeral prayer. Mr. Weinstein leaned back and whispered his son's name: "Kasriel Menachem ben Yechezkel Serga"

The cantor's face turned white, beads of sweat appeared on his forehead and his eyes protruded as if they were thinking of getting out of place; he turned to us and cried out in a choked voice, "Father!! Then he fainted.

I'm Not a Gentile (Oneg Shabbat, Issue 1843)

This story was told by the Rosh Yeshiva of Telz, Rabbi Gifter zt"l: "I was invited by one of my students to participate in his wedding celebration. Since the wedding was held far from my place of residence, the student sent me a plane ticket. In addition to me, eight of his friends were invited, and he also honored them with plane tickets. On the appointed day, we set off early to get to the chuppah on time. As we approached the landing site, it became clear that the plane would not be able to land there due to the heavy fog that prevailed there. We continued to fly until we reached an airport a considerable distance from the wedding venue. When we realized that we would not be able to get to the wedding at the designated time, and that we would not be able to pray in public, we prepared for the afternoon prayer at the airport. We asked one of the porters we had come across on our way to direct us to a place where we could pray undisturbed. The anonymous porter agreed to our request and led us to a side room at the airport. We were about to pray. And the porter remained standing at the entrance to the room and looking at the nine worshippers, and when we finished the prayer, the porter asked, to our surprise, "Why didn't you say Kaddish?" It was evident on his face that he was excited. And indeed, at the end of the recitation of the Kaddish, the man told us what made him so excited about reciting the Kaddish.

Today is the anniversary of my late father, and for a long time I have unburdened" myself with Torah and mitzvot, and I do not pray. Last night, my late father appeared to me and said to me: "Today is my anniversary. I decreed that you should say Kaddish for me." I said to him, "I don't pray, and even if I wanted to say Kaddish about you, I can't, ".because where I am there is no minyan of Jews

But my father came back and said, "I'll make sure you have a minyan, and you say Kaddish." When I woke up this morning, I said to myself, "I don't say Kaddish but now, when I saw how my father's words were being fulfilled, and with G-d's help, nine kosher Jews came here from a great distance. I couldnot avoid saying: "May the name of Hashem be magnified and sanctified..."