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Restored Story Collection 28

From "Likutei Shmuel"

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I'm Not a Donkey (Folk Tale)

There is a story about a couple who had just gotten married and after seven days of feasting, they made their way to their new home outside the village.

The couple began the exhausting road with the groom riding his donkey and the woman stomping her legs from behind. Suddenly they heard a man from the side say to his friend: "Look what it is, we just got married and that's how he treats her"? The groom heard this and immediately changed.

Less than an hour later, another couple of people heard another couple whispering: "We just got married and she already controls him! If that's the way it

is now, what will happen next?" The groom was frightened, and they both walked with the donkey in front of them.

Soon afterwards, a passerby heard from the side: "Stupid. They have a donkey, so why do they walk?" Tired but determined, the bride and groom got on the donkey, and you can guess the following: "Poor donkey, they are both on it; soon his back will break and collapse."

The exhausted bride and groom got off and began to carry the donkey, one in front and the other in the back. When they reached the village, the residents saw them and said, "Wow, here are three donkeys."

What's the point? The point is don't try to please everyone. Do what your heart thinks is right.

"I'm just the driver, ..." (Private Providence issue)

I live in Ashdod. I have a car, and from time to time I drive people for a fee. One yeshiva student booked a trip to the Mount of Resting with his wife. The trip began in a somewhat heavy atmosphere, and later in the ride the student poured out his heart: "My son is hospitalized at Maayanei HaYeshua in a severe mental state. This is something that I do not wish on anyone. His suffering, our suffering. "In the midst of this bitter and hasty experience, we did some soul-searching. My wife said that maybe we should ask someone for forgiveness, and we did. A few years ago, we left the house, and we left the small children with a young girl who served as a babysitter. When we returned, we discovered that we had lost a very large sum of money. We searched the whole house and couldn't find it, and the babysitter was suspected. "My wife asked the girl about it, and she denied it outright. We kept searching, and since we couldn't find it, we went back to the girl's family and demanded the money. The mother was angry: 'What do you want from her? Our daughter is God-fearing and will not touch anything that does not belong to God, but we claimed that the parents are covering for her instead of educating her, and a few other exchanges like that. "My wife said that we should ask forgiveness from the girl we hurt. We located the girl who lives abroad today, and my wife spoke to her on the phone. The former girl said that she did not take anything, but she has no problem forgiving. "I understand that you were very nervous, and that's why you acted this way. I forgive wholeheartedly, but you should know that even then I

took the matter more lightly. The one who was really hurt was my mother, may she rest in peace. She couldn't bear to be suspicious of her daughter, and you have to ask her for forgiveness.' "

My wife inquired with her about the mother's resting place, and we are on our way there," the yeshiva student finished telling me. I'm a Cohen, so I didn't enter the compound. My passenger went up to the mountain, found the plot on Mount Tamir, and a few graves away found exactly nine Jews, and they agreed to join the minyan. The traveler and his wife took off their shoes and, with a broken heart, asked for forgiveness from the girl's mother.

On the way back, the tender father next to me receives a phone call from Maayani HaYeshua, after a difficult period in which they have seen no progress. "Your son can be released," they tell him. We've just done tests, and he's in good condition. We recommend a certain drug with a lower intensity, for a period of time, and there is a great chance that after repeated inspections they will be able to lower this medication as well. "I'm just the driver, and that's the story I witnessed. You'll draw your own conclusions..."

People of Tomorrow (Values)

To be informed, to be one of the "people of tomorrow". There is another meaning to this pair of words. We will write a personal monologue. In fact, it characterizes many people:

A good friend of mine moved to a distant city. About a month ago, a friendly letter came from him. In the letter, he mentioned the great friendship between us and invited us to his son's Bar Mitzvah celebration. We were thinking of going. They were soul mates, and we had known the boy since he was a baby. But just that evening we had a family wedding. I wanted to send him a letter, to tell him how much we wanted, but we couldn't. His letter is on my desk, but to this day I have not been able to answer it.

In fact, it's not a big deal. I just take and write. A few minutes, and the letter is finished. I'm usually pretty diligent, and even now I've decided that as soon as I get back from work, the first thing I'll do is write the letter. When I got home from work, I was eating, and a phone call came from a buyer. I had to sit on the invoice,

and I went through the evening. The letter didn't get out of my head. I decided: Tomorrow, tomorrow, Friday, we finish work early, and I sit down to write the letter. But you know how things go on Friday. They come home and have to run shopping, prepare the candles, and make sure that the children bathe, and Shabbat has already begun.

I had a feeling of disappointment, but I decided that on Saturday night, immediately after Havdala, I would take a pen in my hand and answer it. On Saturday night, my wife reminded me that this was the last chance to comfort the Cohen family. Tomorrow they will get up from the shiva. I went to console myself and came back in a gloomy mood. I felt that this was not the right time to write a friendly letter. Besides, the mailboxes are not emptied at night anyway. Nothing will happen if I postpone it until tomorrow, and I write the letter out of joy and reconciliation.

The letter has already been waiting for a month; it will wait another day. The next day I sat down to write. For me, a decision is a decision. I started looking for my friend's letter in the pile of letters on the table, and my eyes went black. There are so many letters that need to be answered! It's really not a matter of 15 minutes. Tomorrow I'll set aside two hours and sit down to answer everyone.

It's not just the letter on the shelf. Under the mirror, at the entrance to the apartment, is a note from the postal parcel department. Why there? So that it will be in front of the eyes. The note is intended for a neighbor who lives in the building across the street and came here by mistake. Of course, there is no point in going down specifically to put it in the mailbox opposite. And came here by mistake. After all, I leave the house several times a day. Tomorrow, when I go to work, I'll take the note with me.

The next day I stayed at home and left at the last minute. I was in such a hurry that I forgot the note. But there's nothing; I'll take it tomorrow. The next day I forgot and remembered the stairs. Back? Not! After all, I'll go to work tomorrow too. The next day, my wife asked me to take the empty carton of vegetables down to the garbage. This disrupted my plans regarding the note... The note is placed on the shelf, near the entrance, in a prominent place, and this is how I remember it every day, when I come home from work...

Almost every one of us will be able to find different details on the shelf under the mirror or in similar places, waiting patiently until we do what needs to be done with them...

It is told of a rabbi who gathered those who heard his lesson. He opened Tractate Shabbat (p. 88) and began to read to them from it: "At the time of the giving of the Torah, it is stated: 'And they stood at the bottom of the mountain' (Shemot 19:17). Rabbi Avdimi said, "It teaches that the Holy One, blessed be He, forced the mountain upon them like a basin." And he said to them: If you accept the Torah, it is better, and if not, there will be your burial." The Gemara is well known. The Rav asked: "Why is it said, 'And if not, there will be your burial.' It would have been appropriate to write, 'This is where your burial will be.'" The listeners asked to know the answer, and the rabbi continued: "I will tell you a secret. There is a 'burial' called 'there'..." It is the burial place of all hopes, of all expectations, of all the bright future that lies ahead of man. I will make my intention clear. A child goes to school. The teacher explains, and the child dreams. Why does he not listen? Because he believes that nothing is burning. Now he will dream, and then he will go through the material, hear an explanation from a friend, and then he will get the class. You have to do your homework, but the child is playing. Why? Because he has leisure. Fifteen minutes before the start of the lesson, he will copy from a friend's notebook. 'There' will be enough. Prepare for the test. He does not know between his right and his left. No problem, now he will fail, but in the next test he already knows. 'There' he will succeed. Was the certificate he received bad? Don't be afraid! There's another half. "There" he will learn.

The Wedding Disaster in Yavne – "This Is How I Was Saved Thanks to the 'Summons'" (Naama Green)

On the sidelines of the disaster in the celebration hall in Yavne, the story of Yakir Guetta, who was saved from a serious injury or death, is published thanks to one mitzvah that exists.

Hello everyone,

I decided to bring it up myself to put the rumors in order. This week I went to the wedding of a childhood friend of mine, one of those friends who grew up together just like twins. It was an amazing and happy event; at some point after the main course, one of the brothers wanted us to go to the bar for another drink. I told him that we should first make a zimun (something that can only be done when there are three men eating together), recite a blessing over the food, and then let it remain with us for the blessing. Which until today I have never insisted on doing.

So my brothers and I did the zimmun and recited Birkat HaMazon. As soon as we finished greeting, the bar became a death trap and the happy event turned into a tragedy. And it all happened meters away from us, exactly where we would have been if we had gone to the bar. I don't understand miracles or heavenly calculations; I just know that we have probably received our lives as a gift.

I am publishing this so that they will know that I am not some great dos or yeshiva student; I am also a sinner and do not always keep the mitzvot. I'm just a simple person who did one small mitzvah. Just because he decided to say thank you for the food he eats.

So thank you for the food and the sustenance.

We must not despair (David's blessing).

It is said that Rabbi B. Cohen Shlita of Tiberias, an important rabbi who teaches Torah in public, also runs a Talmud Torah in the city, but beyond his greatness in Torah, he has a very great love for Israel, especially with "your people," Israel. One day, one of his acquaintances approached him and said: "There is a lawyer from a kibbutz of Hashomer Hatzair near Tiberias, who wants to become a little smarter in the study of the Talmud and the like, but he does not want to repent, only to be wiser and nothing more." Rabbi Cohen, who is a very busy person and did not have free time, rejected the request. But that acquaintance did not let go of the matter until Rabbi Cohen agreed and asked that the same lawyer come to study between two and four in the afternoon.

From the window of his house, the rabbi saw that when he got out of his car, he wore a kippah on his head, and when he exited, he took it off. Thus, several months passed,

and in the meantime the two finished Tractate Berachot. A full year had passed, and the lawyer had not yet shown signs of spiritual strengthening. The rabbi tried to gently hint to him: "Listen, this is not studying geography... This is the Torah of the living G-d, and the main study is to keep and do. Perhaps it is worth starting with some small mitzvah." I won't do things that don't come with my goodwill." The rabbi began to study the laws of repentance with him in the Rambam and so on, and so another full year passed. The Rav, who was endowed with great patience, continued to persevere in his studies with the lawyer, despite his many occupations. The Rav, as usual, followed the lawyer on his way to the car, and saw that he had not taken the kippah off his head. After a few days, the Rav saw that tzitzit was already peeking out of his clothes, and he also began to recite a blessing over each and every thing that he put in his mouth, and he repented completely, adding more hours and hours of Torah study. Unfortunately, however, his wife did not agree to join him on the new path he had chosen. She did indeed respect her husband's desire to walk in the path of God, but she did not want to do so because she had never been brought up that way.

They separated with understanding, but did not divorce. In the meantime, he moved to Tiberias and she stayed on the kibbutz, coming once a week to clean his house and tidy things up. The lawyer prayed with all his heart that his wife would also return to her quarry. The interesting thing is that yeshiva students had just come to offer registration in the "Values" seminary, and she gave her consent to join it. After about two days in the seminar, she saw that "this is it", apparently, this is the truth, and there is no other truth, and if she stays here, she may still repent. She "suddenly remembered" that there are things that should not be neglected in the kibbutz and that she must go back and deal with them before it is too late, literally. Her husband, a lawyer, immediately went to the ceremony for advice with one of the most important rabbis there, and the rabbi pretended to be standing at the entrance to the lobby and busy with something. And just then, the lady with a folder arrived facing the exit. Then the rabbi approached her and said, "You should know that the questions that you asked in the lectures were very interesting and you made us very smart. There are only a day or two left; don't worry, everything will be fine. You have to stay..." Finally, the woman was persuaded by the rabbi to stay.

When the seminar ended, she took the stage and declared: "There is G-d! That's the truth! I also thought that here at the seminary they would brainwash us for four days and want to bring us back to repentance. I will admit that I came here to 'fight' and to show everyone that 'they will not succeed in influencing me.'" Suddenly the woman began to cry and in a voice choked with tears, she added: "I discovered here what they kept hiding from me all the time, and they didn't even allow me to know about the observance of the Torah, the mitzvot and the faith. I saw here at the seminary the wonderful rabbis, whom I hated all the time, because the media blackened them in my eyes. I came to the seminary because 'I just wanted to know'. To hear and decide for myself, and also because my husband was so insistent and wanted to please him... "I am now, in front of everyone, saying to you without hesitation: A-N-I H-O-Z-R-T B-T-T-S-V-B-H!" Long applause that vibrated the walls of the hall could be heard from all sides, and there was not a single eye that did not shed a tear.

No, the story doesn't end here. The wife returned to her husband, and they both lived in Tiberias. Ostensibly, everything is supposed to be straight forward, but Rabbi Cohen sees that the lawyer has been crying hard for several days in the Amida prayer and emitting sighs from his heart that break a person's body. Even after the return of the Shatz, he is still completely immersed in the Amida prayer and speaks to his Creator with all his pure heart, until Rabbi Cohen approaches him and asks: "What happened that you cry like that? G-d, the woman and you have completely repented, and G-d has already forgiven you for all your sins!" "True, Rabbi, but a few days ago I received a phone call from my son who is abroad, and he said to me: 'Dad, I deserve Mazal Tov! I'm about to get married, and soon I'm coming to Israel with my future daughter-in-law.' If so, how can I not weep with tears to God to save my son from the clutches of Amalek?" – the lawyer wept.

At that time, Rabbi Cohen was forced to move from Tiberias to Jerusalem, to Yisha Bracha Street. After a few weeks in his new home, Rabbi Cohen heard a knock on the door of his house in the evening. A young man was standing on the doorstep. "Hello, are you Rabbi B. Cohen?" the young man asked. "Yes," answered the rabbi, "but where do you know my name?" "I am the son of a certain lawyer, and I study here in a yeshiva for repentant people. My father told me that I would come to you so that you could help me a little bit in the Talmud because I am still having trouble

with it. Only a few days ago I came from abroad, and by God, I realized that this is my place..."It turned out that this was the same son who was about to marry a non-Jew and survived. From that day, every Friday night, the young man would come to Rabbi Cohen and study with him until midnight. Today, the young man is already a yeshiva student with his wife and children. These are the sons of man... The righteous rabbi, Rabbi B. Cohen, always says in a joking way: "After a hundred and twenty years, I have a good lawyer who will defend me in heaven..."

This leads us to the conclusion that we should not despair in educating our children when suddenly one of the sons or daughters has gone astray. Life experience shows that parents who gave their lives and invested all their energies in prayer and exertion and did not rest for a moment – G-d had mercy on them and brought their children back to repentance. On the other hand, parents who said, "What can I do?... I don't have the strength anymore! This child 'kills' me", etc. – from mere talk, miracles did not happen! And we have actually seen cases in which they did not despair, even though the chances of salvation aspired to zero, and they miraculously saw salvation above nature in the education of their children!

I am not allowed to pray (the end of the act is in the first thought)

One day, Rabbi Shalom Schwadron entered into a conversation with a secular Jew. About what and why? We will not know. How in between his words, he asked the Jew, "Are you praying?" the Jew shook his head in the negative. "No, Rabbi. I am not allowed to pray." Rabbi Shalom raised an eyebrow and another. He had already heard of Jews who do not pray because they are not familiar with the siddur, and even of Jews who do not feel the desire to pray, and even of Jews who feel rejected from praying because they were accustomed to it in the wrong way when they were young... But about a Jew who is forbidden to pray – he has not yet heard of it... And the Jew said:

I am not observant of Torah and mitzvot, and I have never observed. One day my wife and I learned that our only daughter, who was born after many treatments, has a rare disease that may lead to her death in her teenage years...At the moment of truth, when a Jew knows that the only one who can help him is the one who sits on high, there is no room for external considerations and what they will say. I ran to the nearest synagogue in a desolate morning. I opened the Holy Ark, put my head inside

and wept bitterly. When I speak to Him in my own words: G-d, I know that I have no right to ask You for anything. I have never kept what You asked of me and it is not fair to ask You. But beyond the letter of the law, I beg You to save the life of our daughter who is lying on her deathbed. And at the same time, you will save my life and the life of my wife... I promise you I won't ask you for anything more! Forever!

I returned home, the Jew continued the chilling monologue, and within a few weeks the doctors and I witnessed the miracle of the resurrection of the dead. The girl was healthy. And since I promised the Creator that I would not bother Him anymore, I am not allowed to pray... Rabbi Shalom Schwadron was moved to tears by the Jew's innocence. In soft words, he explained to him the essence of prayer: God wants us to be in constant contact with Him. He wants us to give us His goodness, but He wants us to turn to Him, to ask Him. He is a father who loves to hear his sons ask. It is clear that despite your promise, you must and are permitted to pray, for this was the advice of the inclination so that you will no longer turn to your loving Father in heaven.

Token – a story about humility (mitzvot with joy).

Along with his great genius, he was adorned with a wonderful degree of humility, to the point that he humbled himself like a moss in front of a small child, despite his precious time.

One day, the rabbi went up to the yeshiva and came across a boy of about 8 standing in the hallway, embarrassed by the public telephone. Rabbi Moshe turned to him softly: "What is your name, boy?" - "Philip," answered the boy. "Do you need help, Philip?" - 'I... I wanted to call my parents, and I had a token, and I couldn't find it.' "Wait here, Philip," said the rabbi, "I'll take care of the token for you." The elderly rabbi went up to the beit midrash and went from student to student, still looking for a token. No one had any. Finally, a token was found in the charity box. The rabbi put the token in it, and hurried down to the child. And behold, he found Philip crying. "Why do you cry, Philip? Here's the penny!" "I don't need him anymore," the boy replied with tears. "When I told the rabbi that I needed a token, I found a friend here, David, and I wanted to play with him, and let my parents know that I would be late to get home. But when I was delayed, David abandoned me, and went to play with other friends..." "We'll look for David, and he'll play with you. Don't worry. But

before that, take the coin, call home, and get permission from your parents to be late," said Rabbi Moshe.

The child called, and the parents agreed. 'Now,' said the rabbi, 'we'll go look for a group of children saw with the child, and here they went David.' Rabbi Moshe playing. "Is David here?" The rabbi asked the child. Philip surveyed the group and stated decisively: 'No.' The rabbi and the boy went from group to group, until Philip ...'exclaimed with joy: 'Here he is, but--- he's already playing with someone else Come," the rabbi instructed, and went over to the two children who were playing" together, and asked, "Who is David?" The children were frightened to see the greatest of the generation approaching them, and still asking for the name of one of them. They did not know what they had sinned and what their crime was. "I'm David," one of them replied. "And what is your name?" Rabbi Moshe asked the second child. -'Moritz'. "Nice. Tell me, Moritz; Would you agree to play in a trio and have Philip join you?" Moritz nodded his head in agreement. Now Rabbi Moshe ...turned to David: 'I know you waited for Philip for a long time, but he wasn't guilty ,I'm to blame for that. He had to tell his parents that he was staying to play with you and it took me a long time to get a token for him... Forgive me for delaying, and ",detaining him too?" "Come Philip, come closer, they are happy to play with you and immerse himself in the world, said Rabbeinu, and turned to go up to the yeshiva of Torah, but not before making sure that Philip had indeed integrated into the ...games