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***Reconstructed
Collection of Stories
36***

From "Likutei Shmuel"

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The blessing that you will hear. (Good things – see)

There are people who are looking for happiness and blessings in all kinds of places, the Torah comes and says the blessing that you will hear, and we will explain this in a well-known story about a man who got on a train, two servants in uniform were carrying his heavy suitcases, and he was following in the footsteps of someone who feels that the world belongs to people like him, he slowly walked to the most luxurious cabin in first class. Behind him, someone else walked silently and took up residence in the next cell. The train will arrive at the Grand Fair in three days, where the merchant planned to buy large quantities of merchandise. In the meantime, he has three days of perfect rest in the luxurious cabin.

From the next compartment peeked out the thief, the neighbor of the rich merchant who had heard of his intentions. He knew that the merchant did not go to the fair empty-handed, to buy goods you needed cash, and what better than a rich merchant who goes to the fair with suitcases loaded with gold coins. The thief had a great deal of patience, every time the merchant left his cell on his way to the dining room, or when the train stopped at the station and the merchant went out to get some air, the thief would sneak out of his cell and go inside the merchant's cell looking for the promised

gold coins. He was not lazy, And every time the merchant just came out of his cell, the thief would open one of the suitcases and search thoroughly.

He made a list of all the places he was looking for, sorted the merchant's belongings, examined the pockets of clothes, and carefully checked the suitcases to see if there was a side opening or a hidden compartment that had disappeared from his eyes. Nothing. He couldn't find anything. Not a single coin. He didn't give up. For the remaining two days, he scanned the train compartment meticulously, tapped the wooden boards to make sure there wasn't any hollow opening, he lifted the mattress, opened the cabinets, and even climbed up to the ceiling to see if there was any way the coins were somewhere up between the heavy wooden boards. He couldn't find it. There was only one more station left and the train would reach its destination. Three days of searching and the thief was left empty-handed, with nowhere to pay for the trip back.

"Listen, I salute you!" the thief turned to the rich merchant in surprise, "I'm an expert thief and have been in the field for many years. Believe me, I know how to check and search, that's my profession, brother, but you, in front of you, I'm taking my hat off, I've been looking for three days and I haven't found anything, just nothing, not even a single coin. I know you have, no one goes to the fair with empty pockets, And certainly not a rich merchant like you. So please, just for my curiosity, tell me where you hid the money." "Hey, that's my cell!" the thief called. The merchant kept smiling. Right! This is your cell, and this is your bed," he said as he walked over to the bed at the end of the cell and picked up the mattress, the thief's eyes popping out of their holes, bags full of gold coins were placed under his mattress, a real treasure. "What an idiot I am! What an idiot! Everything was right under my nose, and I was looking in the cell next door. What an idiot!" "I knew this was the last place you'd look," said the merchant, and hurried to take his gold coins.

We. Where do we look for our happiness?! Do we go too far to the neighbor's cabin before checking under our mattresses? The ashrams in India are full of young people who have set out in search of happiness, who seek meaning in life and existence, restless young people sit cross-legged and thirst to drink the words of toothless old men who teach them about the meaning of life and preach universal love that will give meaning and hope. They sit and listen, learn and listen, and when they return to Israel and find themselves at the doorstep of a beit midrash, they discover that happiness and meaning and love are here under their mattress.

**The blessing that you will hear to the commandment of the Lord your God...
And the curse if you do not listen (11:27-28).** (Good things – see)

Everything depends on listening. If a person does not hear, he may turn light into darkness, good into evil, and sweet into bitter. It was the case of a shepherd who would

shepherd his sheep outside the city, and his wife would bring him his food at the sixth hour. Once his wife fell ill and did not come. The seventh and eighth hour came, and hunger troubled him. The shepherd thought of going home, but who could abandon his flock? He lifted up his eyes and saw a man reaping hay. He turned to him and said to him, "Watch over the flock with your kindness until I return, and I will give you Doron in your reward." The reaper was deaf, and he thought that the shepherd was asking him for hay for his flock. He said to him, "Go away from me, for I have five sheep in my house, and for them I reap the hay." And he motioned with his hand to leave him. But this shepherd was also deaf, and did not hear what he had been told. He saw only the movement of the reaper's hand, and understood that he had told him to go home for life and peace, and that he should not worry about his flock, for the reaper would keep his eye on him. The shepherd went home, ate and drank, returned to his flock, and found a single sheep not missing, the shepherd understood that the reaper had kept his promise. And he decided to pay him as his reward. He thought, what would he give him for an hour of guarding, to give him a whole sheep, for it was too much. He decided to present him with one sheep, which was limping on its leg. The sheep disturbed the herd as he walked, but in the reaper's house it was a precious treasure. He carried the sheep in his hands and placed it in front of the reaper, and his mouth was full of gratitude and praise. The reaper thought, "This must have come to accuse me of breaking the leg of his sheep. And he demands that I pay the damage," he immediately cried out in a loud voice, "I did not approach the flock, nor did I touch the sheep, why would you make a false libel against me?" She pushed at him and said, "Don't look at Moma, for she is fat and gives a lot of milk. If you slaughter it, you will have plenty of meat." The reaper realized that the shepherd was insisting on his demand. His nose was angry with him and struck him on the cheek. The two began to quarrel and beat each other.

And behold, a man was walking in the desert on foot, and he saw a stray horse walking towards him. He got on the horse and rode on his way. He was still riding, and behold, he saw two men quarreling and fighting. They both ran to him and grabbed the horse's bridle, and began to argue their arguments in his ears. The one shouted, "I swear I did not touch his sheep," and the other cried out, "I brought a gift and I received a slap." But alas, the horse rider was also deaf, And he thought they were both accusing him of stealing the horse! He immediately abandoned the horse and fled on his feet. The two thought, "The man must have run to the governor to accuse us of robbery," the two hurried and fled, and if they were not dead, they are still hiding to this day. Regarding this, the verse says (Isaiah 55:3), "Turn your ears and go to Me, hear, and your soul will live, and I will make for you an everlasting covenant, David's faithful kindness," because the main thing is hearing! Just as the study of Torah depends on hearing the ear, so the evil inclination tries to interfere with it and prevent it, and uses all its powers for this purpose.

I don't sell my mitzvot! " (Kol Barama, Issue 294)

An elderly Jew who was scarce of means. That Jew found himself a source of additional income; he used to go to the Genizah in Jerusalem, where he would find all kinds of "treasures" such as textbooks in good condition that people had put in the Genizah and even books that looked like they were new and only their cover was gone, which he would arrange with some kind of piece of bristol or cardboard and so he would come with the books to a store that sells and buy second-hand books and get a few pennies for them. This was his custom for some time, until one day he found a cardboard box in the Genizah with books for the Genizah, and at the bottom of it were cash bills arranged in packages that had accumulated to a very considerable sum. Among the banknotes and books he also found a checkbook with details of the owner of the notebook. He located the owner and asked him if he had lost anything recently. The man denied and said that he had lost nothing. When he showed him his findings that he had found in the same Genizah box together with the checkbook he had found, The man turned pale and almost fainted. He said that a week earlier his wife had died of a serious illness and she had appeared to him in a dream and told him that she was not restless. He didn't understand the meaning of the dream, but now everything was clear to him. His wife was charitable. She used to mediate between a low-income family and wealthy people who were willing to finance that family and help it financially. Apparently, the money found was intended for some poor family. The story spread and reached the radio station "Reshet Moreshet" where they told the story and spoke in praise of the Jew who, despite his dire financial situation, was not tempted to take the money for himself and returned the lost to its owner. Then, during the broadcast, an idea popped into the broadcaster's mind. He suggested that with the help of the broadcast, listeners would repay the favor in return with that Jew. And so the radio station was flooded with many listeners who were moved by the story and wanted to donate to that Jew and repay him kindness, to the point that it was necessary to ask the listeners to stop calling and donate because they could not cope with the load... Then the broadcaster called the Jew with grace and solemnly informed him that a considerable donation had been collected for him as a reward for the noble Shabbat mitzva he had performed. The same Jew answered him in this way: "I have done my mitzvah, and I am in no way known to me!"

***You are holy* (Devarim Tov – Parashat Re'eh)**

You are holy, and your name is holy, and every day the saints will praise you." "What is holy?" asked Roni suddenly, when everyone was silent. The silence continued for many more moments, and then the rabbi pointed to Roni and said, "You!" They all burst out laughing. "Why are you laughing?! I'm very serious. You're holy!" said the rabbi, pointing

to David, 'and you're holy too!' "You must have wanted to know what makes you a saint? I'll tell you a story:

A Jew came to Rabbi Zusha who was debating exactly this question. He wanted to be holy, he wanted to understand what he was better than his non-Jewish neighbor. "Tuvia," the Rebbe turned to the Gabbay who was standing outside, "Come in for a moment!" "Tell me, Tuvia: Why do you work?" "What does Rabbi mean, why am I working?! I work for Parnusa, so that I may have money!" "And why does Tuvia need money?" "Rabbi's food! We need to buy food for Tuvia and the children. "But why does Tuvia need food?" The Rebbe continued with his questions. "Oh, really, Rebbe, and don't you know that Tuvia and the children need strength!" "But why do they need power? Tuvia! For what?" "What is it for? They need strength, Rabbi, they need strength for the service of God!" 'Good-bye, Tuvia, and now please invite Alex, the coachman downstairs. Alex arrived at the Rebbe's room, panting, had just returned from the blacksmith, after forging new hooves for the horse. "Yes, Rabbi, what did you want?" 'Why are you working?' "Why why? I work for money!" "And why exactly does Alex need money?" "For a lot of food! Alex needs food!" "And why does Alex need food?" Alex almost exploded, if he hadn't had some respect for Rabbi Zusha, he would have gotten out of there, but he continued this strange dialogue: 'Alex needs food to have strength, Rebbe.' "And why does Alex need strength?" "Enough! Rabbi!" Alex got angry, "Alex needs strength to work. Alex works for money. Alex needs money for food. That's it!" Rabbi Zusha let go of Alex and turned to the Jew standing in front of him, "Do you understand the difference between Tuvia and Alex? They both work. They both eat. They both need strength. The question is what is the goal, what is the purpose. What do we do with what we have, how do we live what we have? This is holiness. And as the Torah says in this parasha (see): "For you are a holy people to the Lord your God, and in you the Lord has chosen to be His chosen people of all the nations on earth." Both the non-Jew and the Jew have needs. Both the Gentile and the Jew live life here in the world. They can both enjoy all the wonderful things that the world can give them, but there is an abysmal difference between them. Within the life of the Jew there is something that is not in the life of the non-Jew, in the life of each and every one of you, the Rav said, pointing to everyone, there is the Holy One, blessed be He. Each of you remembers, Or at least want to remember that he has a role here in the world, that he has a purpose. The Torah is a "Torah of life," the Torah of life is one that sanctifies life, it makes that life more holy. And when you live life correctly, you remember the Holy One, blessed be He, and fulfill the commandments of the Torah, you are simply holy. So... '... You are holy, and your name is holy, and holy are you every day.

Who do I blame? (Peninei Ein Hemed, Issue (574)

We have before us an amazing story that was told by the Gaon, Rabbi Moshe Deri shlita, and although unfortunately it did not end well, nevertheless the lesson, in which we can learn from the story, increases tenfold, and therefore we have decided to bring it to you in the conclusion of the matter.

The story happened not so long ago. One of the couples in Israel had not been absent for several years since their wedding. They prayed and begged the Creator endlessly, received blessings from tzaddikim and rabbis, and even tried a number of segulot. And behold, God heard their cry, and at a good and successful time the couple was informed that they would soon be embracing a male son. The child was born healthy and whole, G-d forbid, and the parents loved him immensely. They pampered him and gave him everything. A year and a half after the birth, the mother fell ill with intestinal disease, which caused her great suffering and severe pain. She went to the doctor, who gave her a rare and very strong medicine that relieves the pain and leads to the healing of the intestines. Every morning the mother took the medicine and felt relief in her condition. One morning, after the mother had taken the daily medicine from the box, she forgot to close it when she finished using it and went back to her business. The husband, who was just about to leave the house for work, looked at the open bottle of medicine and informed his wife that the medicine was open, and that she would not forget to close it immediately in the next few minutes. "Don't worry, I'm finishing tidying up the child here and I'm already going to fix it," she said to her husband as she messed with her son. "Okay, I moved. Goodbye," he said and left. But things didn't go as planned. The mother had finished taking care of her son and forgot about the exposed medicine. She went to tidy up the house, while her little one-and-a-half-year-old son wandered slowly around the house. The curious boy saw a strange box on the counter, which caught his eyes and began to climb towards it. It was the open remedy ! The boy climbed up on the table, saw the special liquid in the bottle, opened his mouth and began to sip the intriguing liquid to saturate it. Oh my goodness! After a few seconds he started coughing, as if he had suffocated. The mother wanted to see how he was doing, and her eyes darkened. She saw the strong, pungent fluid dripping from her son's mouth, as he choked and began to turn blue. She did not know her soul because of her grief and panic. She immediately called MDA and called an ambulance. The rescue forces took him to the medical center. He was rushed into the emergency room in a very serious condition while the doctors tried to save his condition. Within a few minutes, the father received a notification of his son's serious condition and he quickly made his way to the medical center. The doctors came out from time to time and announced, Because the situation continues to be critical and every moment is critical. A few minutes later, the terrible rumor came out: the toddler had passed away.

The parents, who had been waiting for this son for many years, burst into tears and refused to recover. After a few hours, when they calmed down, the mother did not

know how she would be able to look into her husband's eyes, after she was blamed for the death of their only son, for being negligent in closing the dangerous drug. She was embarrassed and ashamed. Her husband, who knew all that had happened, approached her and whispered in her ear: "My dear wife, know that I have always appreciated you and I do not want you to feel that you have some kind of guilt for the death of your son. The Lord gave and the Lord took away, may the name of the Lord be blessed. You are not guilty at all." The bereaved mother did not know her soul. She could not believe what she heard, she was sure that her husband would hurl harsh and terrible things at her, which would make her feel terrible guilt for the rest of her life. After a while, they approached the husband and asked him: "Tell us, how did you have the strength not to blame your wife and not to hurt her, but on the contrary, to encourage her and lift her up in this difficult situation?" The husband heard this and replied: "As soon as I heard the terrible news of the death of my beloved son, caused by the exposed drug, I wanted to be angry and cry out about it, but I immediately thought: 'If I cry out now and hurl harsh words at my wife, will it be of any benefit to the difficult situation we find ourselves in? Or will he deepen the sorrow and pain and cause my wife to feel terrible guilt for the rest of her life, which will not come out of ?! .?' I kept thinking about another thing that reassured me: after all, my son is also her son, and she certainly didn't do it intentionally, and why should I yell at her at these moments, when she herself is in this terrible pain? And why should I add pain to her pain? And finally, I thought of something else, which silenced my conscience: Who even said that my wife was to blame? Maybe I was to blame?! After all, I too saw the medicine open and did not close it, but I trusted my wife – maybe instead of giving orders to my wife, who was busy, I should have taken care of closing the medicine and not leaving the house beforehand! Therefore, I felt that I was also to blame for this, and therefore I encouraged my wife and did not hurt her.

Who Should Be Thrown Out (Noam Slach – Ice)

To the great Gaon Rabbi Eliezer Menachem Menachem Shach zt"l, Rosh Yeshiva of Ponevezh, a principal came in for a consultation about a young man from his yeshiva who was very disturbing the yeshiva's arrangements, and was not willing to return to good health despite the many pleas of the yeshiva staff, and told him that after observing his situation seriously, he decided that there was no choice but to permanently remove this young man from the walls of the yeshiva, and the principal said to Rabbi Shach: I came here before the sentence was carried out, to finally consult with Maran Rosh Yeshiva, if indeed he should be removed from the yeshiva immediately, and to receive his blessing on the move.

Rabbi Shach asked the principal: "Tell me, what is the situation of Shalom Bayit in this young man's parents' house?" – Is it like a correction and everything is going smoothly

or are there all kinds of difficulties there? The principal said that he did not know, Rabbi Shach continued and asked: What is the situation of the income in the house of the young man's parents?, and again the principal did not know what to answer, and so Rabbi Shach asked about the situation of the other children in the house, if they have social problems or poor health, God forbid, etc., and whether the parents give their son enough attention – and pocket money for what he needs – and whether it is necessary to choose all kinds of other social difficulties, etc. And about all of them, the principal said apologetically that he knew nothing. When Rabbi Shach heard what was in his mouth, he stood up and said with a cry from his heart, "He should be thrown away?! "You need to be thrown away!!" ...

Etrog ["Towards Shabbat Malkata" – Rav Kowalsky]

This was at the beginning of the terrible Holocaust, at a time when no one had yet imagined the cruel and exciting catastrophe that was coming. World War II began on the 17th of Elul 1939, with the invasion of Poland by the German army. Within a few weeks, hundreds of thousands of people fled from all the cities and suburbs, and reached the capital, Warsaw, the last Polish stronghold. Tens of thousands of Jews fled from all over Poland and concentrated in Warsaw. They hid there from the horror of the incessant German bombardment. The sound of the noise was deafening, tons of explosives 'fell' from the German planes flying in the sky, and all those who wanted to live fled to a nearby bunker whenever they could, in order to stay alive and not join the growing death toll...

On the eve of Sukkot, Poland surrendered. The German army withdrew its heavy bombardments, the sound of the cannons fell silent. There was a tense silence in Warsaw's space, and the people slowly began to emerge from their holes, examining their wounds and looking at the ruins of their homes. It was a day of surprising calm after weeks of shocking bombings, and on the other hand, a day of immense pain in the revelation of the extent of the destruction, and the enormous damage to homes and property. Among the Jewish refugees in Warsaw was Maran HaRav Z of Brisk, zt"l. He too fled here in the midst of the crisis, and he, like his fellow Jews, came out of the basement where he was hiding on the afternoon of Sukkot. Robbery and vandalism were unfolding before his eyes, hundreds of Jews were murdered and no one even knew when, enormous damage, all the streets were literally sworded. And then, in the midst of the inferno, in the midst of the horror, we saw a rare and astonishing sight. While the foreigners were busy controlling the damage and wanting to rebuild their destroyed homes a little, a large group of Jews were busy with something else entirely. No more and no less, when they came out of the bunkers and despite the horrific scenes of destruction that were revealed to them, none of them went to take care of their homes or their wounds... One thing was at the top of their minds, in which they were busy. The survivors rushed through the rubble, eagerly searching for parts of sides or fallen curtains, greenish branches, and beams that had survived the bombings. Their eyes sparkled when

they found kosher thatch, their injured legs danced lightly in the construction of the sukkah.

At sunset and the beginning of the holiday, the spectacle was unbelievable: a city punctured by the bombings, destroyed and destroyed, and despite this, hundreds of sukkahs were scattered about to fall, built with the remnants of the strength of the survivors of the heavy bombings. As the twinkling stars came out in the velvety festive sky of Sukkot, thousands of Jews stood in their sukkahs, sanctifying over wine or bread, and blessing with sparkling eyes, "Sit in the sukkah!" as if they had not just come out of the inferno. As if they had not been injured, as if they had not been damaged, and large parts of their property had been lost permanently. They stood in Sukkot with shining eyes, reciting the Shehechyanu blessing with devotion, and their faces lit up with full and sparkling holiday joy. Because Sukkot is today! Then, the Rav noticed a Jew, whose expression told him that he was not satisfied, who was happy with him and onwards. "What do you have, Rabbi Yehudi," the rabbi of Brisk Baruch asked him, "why is your face drooping, and isn't it a holiday of G-d for us? True, the loss is hard, the information about the many Jews who have fallen is heartbreaking, the situation is not at all brilliant. Still, it is the holiday of Sukkot today!" "That's why I'm sorry," replied the Jew. "Do I mourn my house that was destroyed or my many wounds? I'm sorry that I don't have an etrog, and I don't know anyone who has an etrog! I want to recite the blessing on the four species tomorrow morning, but I am missing an etrog! And how can I not cry and be sorry?!" "Rest assured," replied the Rav, "I brought an etrog with me, it is kept with me, it is kosher and even elegant, and it was not damaged at all. There is an etrog!" When the Jew heard this news, he jumped with joy and went out dancing. "What do I have the sword of my house, what am I in the midst of a cruel war? I have an etrog, A-T-R-O-G!" he repeated the name of the fruit of the citrus tree that is so inhaled...

In the blink of an eye, the Jew went out into the streets of a city, passed through the Jewish sukkahs, and told them that the rabbi of Brisk, unbelievable to be told, had an etrog! Who would have believed! And then, when the joy in the homes of the Jews abounded again, they felt comfort in the very news, a refreshing spirit hovered over them: Behold, even in the midst of the inferno and in the midst of the terror, they would have the right to recite the blessing on the rare and precious etrog... And then, a scene occurred again, which was really said to be more surprising than the first. After midnight, Jews began to sneak in the darkness into the courtyard of the house where the rabbi of Brest was staying. So intense was their desire to recite the blessing on the etrog, so great was their desire to hold the four species in their hands, that in the middle of the night, after a tiring day in which they came out of the bunkers, repaired some of the damage, built sukkahs and prepared for the holiday as much as they could, none of them went to sleep... One by one, in the dark, in the dark, they came out of their sukkahs, reached the rabbi's courtyard, and stood in a long line. Even before dawn, when darkness reigned over the horizon, hundreds of Jews stood with only their eyes twinkling in the darkness, glittering in the thick darkness. True, they are in the middle of a war, they are going through difficult days, but they want to merit the blessing on the etrog!

At dawn, the Jews began to pass one by one into the rabbi's room, wanting to caress the four holy species with their touch, holding the lulav and the etrog with the myrtle and the willow in their hands. With great joy they stood up and recited the blessing "On the Taking of the Lulav" and "Shehechyanu," and almost went out in a joint dance for the great merit...

By looking closely at this moving story, which appears in the book *Dews of Lights*, we will be able to discover the light emanating from the holiday of Sukkot. Because the only thing that can motivate Jews in the midst of the inferno to true joy, the only engine that can lead wounded and damaged Jews to dedicate themselves to rejoicing in the fallen Sukkot and in rare etrogs, is only their joy in their Creator, in their connection with their Father in heaven, in the fact that on this holiday they prove their love for Him with all their souls! Because when a Jew merits true closeness to God, It is precisely in difficult situations that he jumps at his connection with his Father in heaven, he longs for the opportunity to rejoice with his Creator. The more we rejoice in this holiday, and internalize that it is the time when we express our connection and connection with our Father in heaven with joy and happiness, the more we will truly merit to strengthen our connection with Him and continue our connection with Him throughout the year, out of joy and happiness