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Story

***From
Shmuel"***

"Likutei

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No Atonement ("Time")

There is a story about a righteous Jew named Moshe Arazi who suffers from serious health problems, and this is not the place to elaborate. One thing bothered Arazi more than all his personal suffering. The regular dialysis treatments that his wife had to undergo regularly. He prayed incessantly that she would be released from the treatments. Now, while Arazi was lying in the hospital, he was called by representatives of the Matnat Chaim, an organization that encourages kidney donation in the Land of Israel. And they had wonderful news: a donor has been found for his wife.

The Arazis were happy. They immediately began preparing for the operation. Mrs. Arazi drove to Beilinson Hospital, a fifteen-minute drive from Tel Hashomer, where her husband was hospitalized. Moshe was brought there in an ambulance, in a wheelchair, so that he could be close to her during the operation. He was left waiting inside the ambulance when he suddenly noticed a commotion outside. What happened? One of the people who arrived at the scene told him that one religious woman, who was already in the operating room to undergo a kidney transplant, suddenly regretted it at the last minute. It turned out that the donor was not Jewish, a woman from Holland, the grandson of a Nazi who murdered thousands of Jews. Her conscience bothered her for many years, until one night she dreamed that she had to donate one of her kidneys to a Jew. Following the dream, she decided to take action and thus atone for her grandfather's sins. Her only request, when she offered to donate her kidney to the Matnat Chaim organization, was that they allow her to meet the recipient of the donation. But the meeting did not go as planned.

Hila Arazi was horrified to hear from the woman what was behind her generous donation. She listened politely, but as soon as the donor left the room, she firmly informed the team of doctors that under no circumstances was she willing to accept the kidney. "Do I have to forgive the Nazi? Absolutely not! I'd rather die than live with the

kidneys of a Nazi's granddaughter, and know at every moment of my life that I'm living thanks to a cruel Nazi who murdered so many Jews. No! The man who told Arazi about what was happening told him that the doctors were ready to start the operation, and they were at a loss.

Arazi asked the ambulance driver to take him to the operating room. There, he began arguing with his wife, telling her that she should receive a kidney that would free her from dialysis and allow her to live a normal life. The chief physician told him that there was a 98% match, an extremely rare level of matching for a transplanted organ, but they could not wait. If she refused, the kidney would go to the next candidate in line, a woman with a matching rate of only 40%.

Representatives of the Matnat Chaim organization also tried to argue with Hila Arazi, explaining to her that this is a question of pikuach nefesh (the life expectancy of dialysis patients is shorter than usual). In such a situation, it is even permissible to desecrate the Sabbath, but she continued to stubbornly refuse. Moshe Arazi felt on the verge of despair. He called Rav Kanievsky and explained to the Rav's associate that this was a critical question that required an immediate answer. He promised to immediately give the question to the Rav. A few seconds later, the phone rang, and Arazi found himself speaking directly to Rav Chayim. Rav Kanievsky is known for his short and purposeful answers, which are given to those who come to him in order to save precious minutes of his time. who is entirely devoted to the study of Torah. But this time, taking this fateful question into account, he decided to conduct the conversation himself, instead of passing his answer through someone else.

Rav Chayyim ruled that not only is Hila permitted to receive the kidney, but she must do so. Regarding the question of whether a kidney donation will atone for the evil deeds of the donor's grandfather, Rav Chayyim relates to this briefly: "No kidney donation will atone for the actions of the Nazi. She can even agree to receive the second kidney, and also the heart..." With such an unequivocal ruling from the generation, Mrs. Arazi gave up and agreed to it. The surgery was a success, and she recovered quickly. It may have been emotionally difficult for her to receive the kidney, but from a medical point of view, everything went smoothly, extraordinarily. She was finally freed from the shackles of dialysis. For the first time in their lives, her children had a healthy mother to take care of them.

"We have no one to lean on..." (Ahavat Yisrael, leaflet 662)

In the days of the Gaon Rabbi Yitzchak of Volozhin, son of the Gaon Rabbi Chaim of Volozhin, the Russian government aspired with all its might to convert the Jews. Nicholas, I ordered that all Jews who held positions in the government convert to Christianity or be expelled from their posts. All the Jews living in the capital, St.

Petersburg and Moscow had to accept the Provoslav religion (Christian) or leave, and vice versa: every Jew who converted to Christianity was not subject to the restrictive laws. The government also tried to intervene in the ultra-Orthodox Jewish education system, but thanks to the stubborn opposition of Rabbi Yitzchak of Volozhin and Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Lubavitch, this proposal was canceled.

As such, the government decided to establish its own "batei midrash", in the hope that the rabbis who would be educated in these "batei midrash" would also be able to influence their Jewish brethren.

The students of these "batei midrash" did things that would not be done in public, and they desecrated Heaven in public. Their knowledge of the Torah was also quite lacking. Indeed, to the praise of Russian Jewry in those days, which was the large body of world Jewry, it must be said that only individuals and laymen were tempted to send their sons to these "batei midrash," despite the discounts and privileges that were offered. In order to endear them to the Jews and to bring their hearts closer to them. Only from the children of the poor, to our great regret, would they enter these "batei midrashot." Nevertheless, there was an expected danger to Russian Jewry from the factories of these "rabbis."

In 1955, about three years before his death, Rabbi Yitzchak of Volozhin called for a secret meeting of rabbis and activists, in order to consult and welcome the evil. At this meeting in Vilna, one of the great rabbis stood up and said: "The danger is indeed great, and if, God forbid, the government succeeds in bringing the Jews closer to the Enlightenment, the Torah will be forgotten in the future. But what is our strength to fight against the government?!? We can only expect the mercy of Heaven..."

Rabbi Yitzchak, who was the chairman of this meeting and gave thanks to it, interrupted the rabbi in the middle of his speech, turned to the assembled people and said: "I will tell you a short word of Torah: The Mishna (the end of tractate Sota) speaks of the "Aqbata de-Mashicha", the generations close to the coming of the Messiah ben David, for then there will be a time of trouble for Yaakov: "The wisdom of the scribes will be lost, and the fear of sin will be disgusted, and the truth will be absent, the faces of the old will be whitened. The face of the generation is like the face of a dog, and one should not lean..." With all the horrible descriptions regarding the deteriorating spiritual state of "Akabata de-Mashicha" the question arises: Why did the Tanna introduce such "words of consolation" that "we have no one to lean on..."?"

In fact, Rabbi Yitzchak concluded, "This conclusion is itself part of the horrific picture of 'Aqbata de-Mashicha'!! For at the sight of the terrible situation, the hands of the sages of that generation will be weakened, and they will say: "Who do we have to lean on? about our Father in heaven!" They will say that we can only expect the mercy of Heaven,

and this is also a spiritual decline, because one who trusts in God is obligated to take concrete actions against any trouble that is about to come, and if the government wants to cut off our children from the arms of the Torah, we must ourselves welcome the evil, expand the boundaries to increase the number of students in our yeshivot, and increase and glorify Torah, we must turn to the benefactors of our people outside Russia and also demand their help with money and influence. And then and only then, God will be with us"!!

There are no small deeds; every action is a whole world. (In the Educational Plane, Issue 23)

There is a story about a man who came to the rabbi and said to him, "Honorable rabbi, I need to repent." "Why? What did you do?" the rabbi asked. "Because I didn't take the last water," the man answered. "Well, I don't think you need to do a serious repentance about it," the rabbi reassured, "but tell me, why didn't you take the last water?" "Because I didn't take even the first water," the man answered. "And why didn't you wash your hands?" the Rav inquired. "Because I did not recite the blessing of food over the food," the man answered. "And why didn't you recite Birkat HaMazon?" the Rav continues with increasing astonishment. "Because I did not recite the first blessing either," the man answered. "And why??" The rabbi no longer knows what to prepare. "Because I stole this food," the man answered. "And why did you steal?" cried the rabbi. "Because I didn't have food at home," the man answered. "Why didn't you buy it in the store?" the rabbi asked. "Because the shops were closed," the man answered. "The stores were closed?! Why?" the rabbi asks. "Because it was Yom Kippur, and they are not allowed to open on that day," the man answered. "What?! Did you eat and steal on Yom Kippur?!" The rabbi was all agitated, "But wait, why didn't you ask someone to give you food anyway?" "I asked him! I definitely asked! But because he didn't agree – I killed him," the man answered...

Why is it so hard for us to rejoice with the present, the reason is that we don't appreciate enough of its actions, we have a picture of how we should have behaved because we can't reach our imagination, so we don't enjoy and don't appreciate what we did. Let's see what a "small" act is. Avraham Avinu receives guests; they appear to him as gentiles. It was on the third day of his circumcision, no creature could come out of the heat, and yet Avraham Avinu himself takes care of the guests with self-sacrifice, and gives them everything they need and don't need. Avraham Avinu did everything himself, except for one thing he did through a messenger, "Take a little water," and this too was to educate Yishmael in the mitzvot. And here it is brought in the Gemara (BM 48b) that everything that Avraham Avinu did by himself, the Holy One, blessed be He, did for the people of Israel Himself, and everything that Avraham did by means of a messenger, the Holy One, blessed be He, did by means of a messenger, the water was

made by Avraham by a messenger, therefore the Holy One, blessed be He, gave to the people of Israel by means of a messenger, Moshe was commanded to tell the rock to give water. What happened in the end? Moshe struck the rock; therefore, he was decreed not to enter the land. And what happened because of this? Moshe did not enter the land, and therefore he did not build the Temple, and therefore he could have been destroyed, and therefore we have been in exile for almost two thousand years! We learn that there are no small deeds; every action is a whole world.

If this is the case, it is a measure of calamity, all the more so since the reward for every small act is enormous, for there are many virtues. Let's learn to appreciate our actions, every action, even if it seems small; we need to know and believe that with the Holy One, blessed be He, there are no small deeds. How should we do it? Everyone should take a notebook and write in it all the good deeds and mitzvot that exist, and begin to discover a new world that he was not aware of, and then he will be able to rejoice and enjoy the present. From here, the path to continue to draw closer to God is shorter. And if the questioner asks, "I know my meager values," I remember very well everything I have done so far. Everything that I have not learned enough, all the transgressions that I have committed, and then how can I draw closer to God in this way? To this, is the answer to him, we must learn from Lot's wife! What can we learn from Lot's wife? The answer is, anyone who looks back becomes a salt slab! Anyone who wants to move forward must not let the past hinder them; it does not mean that we should ignore the past and live as if nothing had happened, but at the moment, during the ascent, I am not dealing with the past. I will deal with the past later, not now.

I am not a trader of oil for wagons (ways of morality)

The Gaon Rabbi Moshe Rosenstein zt"l, the mashgiach of the Lomza Yeshiva, recounted. Once Rabbi Moshe was traveling on a train and met a Chassid of Modzitz who told him about the story of his holy Rebbe, one Chassid came to the Rebbe of Modzitz zt"l and asked for advice about his livelihood, the Rebbe rejected him by saying, "I do not deal with the nonsense of this world", and when the Chassid left, a second Chassid came in and talked with the Rebbe for about two hours, and only about matters of livelihood. The first Chassid returned to the Rebbe and asked why he did not want to talk to him about these matters, while the Rebbe discussed extensively with his friend about the business of making a living. "I will give you a parable," answered the Rebbe, "a wagon driver entered a store where all kinds of expensive goods were sold, and asked them to sell him some oil to lubricate the wheels of the wagon, the owner of the store hurried and removed him from there, "I am not an oil dealer for wagons" he cried out, the wagon driver did not remain obligated and wondered, "Why did you give oil to the buyer before you for the wagon?" The shopkeeper explained to him: "The buyer in front of you has purchased expensive merchandise, for which I have earned a considerable

sum of money, so I also gave him oil for his wheels. Not so, you do not ask only for oil, and therefore I must inform you that I do not sell oil for the wheels. The Rebbe of Modzitz said to that Chassid: A certain person always asks about my advice, about the education of the children, about the regular times for Torah, and other matters of the service of God, so when he once came to consult on the matter of livelihood, I took the time to talk to him. Since it is impossible to educate children and serve God without making a living, it is not the case that you came only for the sake of making a living, so I revealed to you that I am not a "merchant of oil"! The same is true in spirituality, concluded Rabbi Moshe the Mashgiach, a person who sets times for Torah, fulfills the mitzvot and brings contentment to his Creator, and on Rosh Hashanah he asks for his material needs, the Holy One, blessed be He, gives him his heart's desires, so that he can serve Hashem, but one who only seeks sustenance and forgets the main thing, it is known that the Holy One, blessed be He, is not a merchant of livelihood!!

He does not listen to the voice of his father and his mother [from the book "The Nature of Education"]

One of the greatest educators in New York City told me an incident that happened in a respectable family, that one of the sons unburdened him from the yoke of Judaism, and all his attempts, the attempts they tried to bring him back, they consulted with various counselors and experts who referred them to a psychologist to well-known psychologists, but in the end they were unable to return him.

Once his father and mother invited him and asked him to sit down with them and talk openly about the whole matter, the son agreed and set a time for their meeting in a certain place far from home. When the father and mother arrived, they sat down with the son around the table, which was tastefully arranged. Suddenly the father and mother could not restrain themselves, and began to cry or a long time, and no matter how much they tried to stop crying, they did not succeed, and so they sat and cried for long minutes, and with great difficulty they were able to say a few words to their son, and ask him to leave his evil way.

After they got up from their places to go on their way, the son, who was very upset, turned to his father and mother and said, "Please! I accept it upon myself to repent, please accept me back!" – and indeed the son repented completely.

After a while, when the son was already one of his brothers, they asked him what had happened. Why didn't all the persuasions of the experts and the great psychologists help, and how did that meeting with the parents that led to your decision to repent change? The son answered wisely, "Until that meeting, everyone had 'spoken' to me, and the words did not work in my heart at all, since they were mere talks... But when I met my

parents, they did an 'act', they sat and cried! "It was the same act that affected me that I too had to get up and do something and repent!"

"I do not want to grieve the Holy One, blessed be He" (Letter from Golan, the author of the deed.

"My name is Golan, and I'm just 18 years old. I want to tell you about a tremendous experience that I went through, which made me love the Creator and His Torah in a way that is difficult for me to put into words.

About two years ago, two friends persuaded me to come and listen to a Torah lesson. It took them a long time, because I come from a secular family that is completely far from Torah and mitzvot. My parents were very wealthy people, and we, my parents and my little brother, live in one of the most prestigious neighborhoods in Jerusalem. My family lives up to the title "two children and a dog".

I was so far from Torah that when I entered the synagogue for the first time in my life, I immediately wanted to run away. The rabbis, the kippahs, the Holy Ark, the books, the atmosphere, everything seemed to me like a place I had no connection to, and it was as if two huge hands were pushing me out. My friends sat me down by force, put a cardboard kippah on my head, and then for the first time in my life I heard a Torah lesson. The next day, out of curiosity, I came again and again, until my heart opened to the words of Torah and Halacha. Of course, I hid from my parents that I study Torah, because they are really anti-religion, and they don't speak nicely about religion.

Not long ago, my father caught me "red-handed". He drove his car down the road near the synagogue and realized with his own eyes that I was entering there with a kippah on my head. I didn't notice him. The next evening, when I was about to go out again, my father approached me calmly and asked to speak to me. His face was more serious than ever, and I was afraid that he might have heard something about the beginning of my repentance. Yes, indeed. He told me that last night he saw me enter the synagogue and interrogated me. I told him the truth, that I love to learn Torah, that there are real things in it, and that I have learned to pray.

My father was silent, and I could see that he was hurt or frightened, and of course very unhappy. And then my father said to me, with the utmost pleasantness and kindness, calmly, the words: "Golan, my mother and I love you, and we don't want to lose you. We definitely don't want you to repent. And I offer you a suggestion that will surely make you happy. Not long ago, you got a driver's license, my mother and I decided to buy you a new car, the best one there is, but on one condition, you stop your contact with the religious and their studies. We know that a car will make you

happy, and just as we want to make you happy, please make us happy, and stop studying there.”

I felt in those minutes that I was being torn to shreds. Like thunder on a clear day. I love my parents very much and respect them, but I love the Torah and believe in G-d. I don't want to grieve my parents, but I don't want to grieve G-d. What do I do? And I'm definitely interested in a new car. I am not one of those who abstain from the pleasures of this world, but how can one do without a Torah lesson? How hard. But the evil inclination did not let go either. A new car? What a gift. Maybe I'll take a short break from my Torah lessons. Not too bad. "Golan," Dad was firm, "decide now, a new car or a Torah lesson."

I closed my eyes tightly to stop the tears; I pressed on my chest so that my heart wouldn't burst out of there. I wanted to cry, put my head on my father's shoulder and whisper to him: "Dad, the Torah is ours too, there is a Creator in the heavens. You're his son, too. Please have mercy on me and let me walk according to my mind and feelings. I turned to Hashem and shouted quietly: "Father in Heaven, give me the courage to answer my Father." Then I opened my eyes and told my father: "I'm sorry. I love you. I really want a new car, but I don't give up on a Torah lesson and faith in Hashem. Please understand me."

I felt immense calm and inner joy . My father ordered me to leave. Afterwards, I entered a Talmud class and felt a tremendous light in my heart and mind. I understood every word, I asked questions, and infinite joy filled my heart. I stood the test, and the Creator's hands caressed my face. After midnight, I went into the house, and I was afraid of the worst. Shouting, crying, accusations. And that's where I got a surprise. My parents sat in the living room, got up, kissed and hugged me, and told me explicitly, "Golan, if this is the path you choose, you will succeed."

And what about the new car? Who needs a new car if the road I travel is acceptable to my parents and makes the King of kings happy?

There is no one else besides Him .

The story of the Holy Rabbi Hillel of Paritsch z"l, one of the greatest members of the circle of the Middle Rebbe of Lubavitch, who sat with a group of Chassidim in the Lubavitcher Beit Din and ate the meal on the eve of Yom Kippur. They still fulfill the mitzvot of the day by eating and drinking, with deep Chassidic articles dripping from their lips, and the door of the Beit Midrash opens in a hurry, a Jew enters in a panic. His tears were on his cheeks and he spoke to the Chassidim about a poor orphaned groom who was engaged to an orphaned bride, and the city law man captured him and threw him into a pit of his prison because of some debt, announcing that if they did not

put 300 silver rubles in the palm of his hands until the stars came out, a huge sum by all accounts, he would be executed immediately.

Rabbi Hillel left the meal agitated and went out in a hurry to collect coins in the homes of the town's Jews. It is not difficult to imagine what could have grown out of hard-working Jews – all his efforts yielded no more than a few rubles. Rabbi Hillel did not delay and with a heroic step he rushed to the local tavern, where, Rabbi Hillel knew, several assimilated and wealthy Jews sat regularly. Who knows? Perhaps they will save lives. The assimilators, seeing him and hearing his request, burst out laughing. One of them pointed to a particularly strong bottle of whiskey that stood on the table, and offered a deal: "If you drink the entire bottle to the last drop, you will have a hundred silver rubles." Rabbi Hillel tried to speak to their hearts so that they would not ask him to do so at this hour of the eve of Yom Kippur, when the sun was already hanging on the tops of the trees, but their hearts were sealed, and he had no choice but to drink the bottle with all its contents. When it was done, He was given 100 rubles. Now it was the turn of the second assimilator to point to a different bottle, even spicier than the previous one, and to offer an additional 100 rubles for his almost impossible drink. Rabbi Hillel was already feeling ill and was completely fed up with the initial drinking, but no, he would not think of himself and his abilities when the poor groom was crying out behind bars. With his own strength, he took a sip of the second bottle and received an additional hundred rubles in his shaking hands. In the third round, he was again offered a very spicy bottle for an additional hundred rubles, and with devotion, his mind foggy and his head tormented, he drank the third bottle to the fullest. He came out of the tavern swaying and aching, his eyes barely recognizing the way to Fritz's house, but his pure heart was filled with supreme and tender happiness. He arrived at Fritz's house in the twilight of the sun and released the poor groom.

With great difficulty, he led his legs to the synagogue, where he fell on one of the benches and fell into a foggy sleep. The Rebbe and the Chassidim had already finished their uplifting prayers, and most of them remained in the synagogue for the study and recitation of Tehillim for the entire holy night. Suddenly, Rabbi Hillel awoke from his sleep, got up in awe from the bench on which he was lying, and immediately went to the Holy Ark, his eyes watered with tears and his face burning like torches. Suddenly, he turned the curtain aside, opened the door, and cried out with a roar of heart and a great cry: "You have shown to know, For the Lord is G-d, there is no other besides Him."

The entire congregation stood and was amazed, except for the holy Rebbe, who hurried to a reasonable place: Know that the entire month of Elul and its teshuva, Rosh Hashanah and its shofar, the Ten Days of Repentance and their corrections, Yom Kippur and its forgiveness, the holiday of Sukkot with its lulav and sukkah – everything is nothing but a means to reach Simchat Torah and rise to this moment, when all the heavens are

opened to the Israelite man and sees with the eyes of the flesh that only God is G-d – you have shown to know that G-d is G-d. There is no one else besides him, the Middle Rebbe concluded by saying: Rabbi Hillel, in his drunkenness, which came out of great devotion, merited to reach this level of sublime knowledge of G-d already last night, on the night of Yom Kippur... Reach the top!