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Story Collection 15

From "Likutei Shmuel"

***Collector and Editor: S.
EiSikoVitS***

eisikovits1@gmail.com

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My little brother Tuvia (Beit Zechariah, leaflet 256)

A life story about a special person who lives among us. This is my little brother. I am writing about "my little brother Tuvia", I am 75 years old, and every brother under this age falls into the definition of "my little brother".

My parents immigrated to Israel in the 1950s with five children, and four more were born here. We were poor. We lived in the center of the country, my father didn't acclimate and couldn't find a livelihood anyway, and we lived in real poverty. The family

grew, nine sons and daughters, B.H. I was the second. Tuvia was born prematurely, at a time when most premature babies would not survive, and those who did suffered from developmental problems. Tuvia was slow and dreamy. Luckily for him, he was born over 70 years ago, at a time when children were not yet categorized by all kinds of names. But we just knew that he was slow, and as he grew, we could see his difficulties.

At school he would sit undisturbed and not study, the friends loved him. He would run to get them the ball, and they would praise him, not as a survivor but as a partner; and let him be with them, perhaps because he knew how to listen to them and ask questions that indicated that they had been heard. When he finished school, most of his friends said goodbye and went to good yeshivot. He couldn't get accepted anywhere and stayed at home. He would help with the housework, my father with the shopping, my mother with the cooking, and in between he would talk to us, be interested and most of all, compliment. And he would do it in such a wonderful way.

When he was 16 years old, I went shopping with him in the market. We loaded baskets with goodies, and when we finished shopping, we realized that we had missed the last bus. Tuvia asked me, "Do you have money left for a taxi?" "Taxi" was only for the rich, which convinced me that Dad wouldn't be angry with us and that if he did, he would give us some money out of his pocket. Agreed. We made a taxi stop. The driver explained everything we didn't know and didn't care about: politics, wars. We reached our destination, and then my brother said to him: "You know, you're a really good driver." "Are you kidding me?" the driver asked. "No," my brother was really hurt, "you're really driving well, I saw how you held the steering wheel with one hand and how you maneuvered there between the blue car parked and the sidewalk, you see, I'm not just saying. You're not just a driver. You're a champion driver." The driver looked like someone who had just won the lottery. "Listen, little guy," he said, "I've been driving a lot of people every day for ten years. In my life, they didn't say a good word to me about my work." "They probably don't understand driving," Tuvia comforted him. I asked him, "Sir, how much do you have to pay?" He thought for a moment and then changed his mind and said, "You don't have to. I like this sweet guy.."

A few more years passed. Some of us got married, two even bypassed him, and in the end, Tuvia also found his match, a good and smart woman, more peppery than him, with a small problem. Their relationship was something we all admired. They were both incredibly devoted to each other.

For several years Tuvia wandered around and did nothing, but somehow he took care of the house's needs. Don't ask how food and clothes were, people who came across his kind words and compliments simply cared about his family's welfare. He was very successful with his children, partly because he had connections with the teachers. He

would make such publicity for every teacher, take the trouble to go to the principal and tell him about it, talk to the people who prayed with him in the minyan, with the neighbors, with his parents, with his children, with his brothers and sisters, and tell everyone how patient he was, how much he treated each and every child, what a pedagogue and educator he was. Tuvia really believed in that. And you know why, because that's what they became after being so glorified. When you know that someone is pinning so much hope on you, you don't disappoint them. Everyone gave Tuvia everything they could, and the result is that his children always thrived and succeeded, whether in their natural talent or due to the investment made in them by their teachers, who wanted to be worthy of Tuvia's compliments. Tuvia would illuminate people's lives, even if it was a simple, not to say miserable, life.

Over the years, Tuvia began to make a living. Brokering employees for institutions, suppliers for offices, offices for newspapers, newspapers for advertising, advertising for advertisers, advertisers for cheap products, and more. He simply knew tens of thousands of people, and knew what each of them was doing and how well he was doing, and like an apartment broker who praises the apartment and makes you want to buy it, he would do it with products, services, apartments, jobs, businesses, and especially people. And his peppery wife, in her wisdom, knew how to direct it; she was smart enough not to harm her husband's innocence and purity, so she managed the whole matter from home.

Tuvia got rich. Yes. He was really rich and wealthy. His wise wife, the woman of valor, knew how to save every penny and buy assets for pennies, renovate them with a fleet of craftsmen who loved Tuvia, and would have done it for free if they had not been forced to accept payment, and turn them into gold mines.

I found a name for Tuvia's profession: "Macher." There was a Macher whose connections were all over the world. The premature baby, the dreamy child, the slow guy, did it; he succeeded in life, and thanks to him, our family went from poor to affluent. When I think about it, it's all because of his ability to compliment, to give a good word, to do good to people.

A few years ago, Tuvia fell ill. He was hospitalized for a period of time, during which time he managed to charm the entire hospital staff, from the most senior doctor to the cleaner. Everyone was treated by him, and he was interested in all of them. He praised and praised them all. This caused everyone to give him, and in fact the entire department a dedicated and unique attitude. One of the professors said, "This man changes our staff, he makes everyone care and happy in their work." Tuvia did not bother the staff. After a short illness, he passed away at the age of 66. In his last hours, he was surrounded by his family, brothers, and sisters, and we all sang to him the song, "Who is the man who desires life, loves days, to see good, to keep your tongue from

evil, and your lips speak deceitfully, turn away from evil, and do good, seek peace, and pursue it.”

This is the story of my brother Tuvia, whose life is not bright, but because of his ability to create a reality of goodness, to shine on people, they restored their light to him, and thus he overcame his shortcomings and difficulties and succeeded in establishing a blessed generation of righteous people, succeeding and prospering. I think about this ability. Why doesn't everyone have it? Are we blind to understanding that giving is ultimately receiving, that the ability to complement changes the world for the better, including your own? Why don't we know what a good word can do, what a good sentence, and what a whole speech of praise can bring about for others, and ultimately for all of us?!

Where's the head? (Rabbi Elad Green) 32

One of the most severe prohibitions in Tsar Nicholas's army was the drinking of alcohol. The army chiefs knew that if the soldiers were allowed to drink, they would command a drunken army. For this reason, drinking was completely forbidden, and only during organized and supervised parties could the fighters disband.

In one of the camps, in the middle of the night, a group of soldiers jumped over the fence and ran to the nearby tavern. They couldn't help it anymore, and promised themselves only one drink, and they went back and forth, and no one knew. When they arrived, one glass dragged another one, and after three glasses, the fear disappeared, and they drank more and more. Until they decided to go back to the camp, they swayed as the alcohol fumes banged on their heads. On the way back, one of the soldiers suggested that he put his head on the ground for a moment to "check whether it was cold or hot." They put their heads down and fell asleep. And so, the camp commander caught them – a group of drunks sleeping on the ground not far from the camp!

They were put on trial. The commander gathers everyone into a room and says: "The punishment for such an act is known to everyone. Nevertheless, it seems that I will let you go. Apparently we prevented you from falling apart for too long. Well, everyone is free except you," and here the commander points to one soldier and says, "Everyone leaves the room, but you are left to accept your punishment!". The guy gets angry – what do you want from me, I'm more guilty than the others? The commander says to him, "Yes! I found them all lying on the ground with their heads facing the camp. Only you were lying with your head facing the pub, which means that even after you drank, when you were drunk, you still wanted to go back – you deserve punishment for that!"

Where did the "Mensch" disappear (Israel Schreiber)

In our region, it is customary to use a variety of metaphors, images, and phrases, whose "foundations are in holy mountains" (this is also a metaphor). Metaphors dominate the dome. Both the living and the dead. The variety is wide and spectacular to the eyes and ears: words were thrown into the crowd, an uplifting atmosphere, Hearts beat and beat strongly. A crowd of tens of thousands and tens of thousands. Giant. Infinite. Historical. Nazis. Anti-Semites. Until the strength is literally exhausted. Silence. Shock and astonishment.

In our streets, there are "great geniuses", rabbis and tzaddikim, pious and holy and pure, every bar bi bi Rav Dahad Yoma, he is a genius, he is pious, he is righteous, he is holy, he is pure – just like the words of the Haggadah about the Holy One, blessed be He.

Every event is packed with metaphors on the pillars of the world, seraphim and holy animals, roars and prostrations, terrible plots, the shadows of Danhoria, Mariyahu Daabidiah, Guzmain Damtapurian, a honey flapper, a holy saint. Terrible, really terrible. From where did you deceive her name...

As is well known, during the period of the Tannaites, there was one "Rebbe" – Rabbi Yehuda HaNasi. Today, every bearded Egged driver is a "Rebbe", as it seems to me that the title "Rebbe" (R. for short) is the easiest in the ranking of grades in the celebration invitations...

And in a sharp transition to "geniuses."

Naturally, the term "genius" is not a trivial matter. In Jewish history, we know about the "period of the Geonim." Rav Hai Gaon, Rav Shrira Gaon, Rav Saadia Gaon. We also knew about the "Gaon of Vilna" who shook the world with his Torah, or the Gaon of Rogatshov. And in contrast to a thousand thousand distinctions, in the great world we knew that the inventor of the nucleus, Albert Einstein, was a "genius." Perhaps there are two or three more 'geniuses' in each generation out of billions of people. A 'genius' is a genius. There's no substitute for that.

In contrast, in our districts, the "geniuses" are like the blue of the seashore, bulls, and many like fish. When you try to squeeze into Itzkowitz or Zichron Moshe during rush hour, you'll run into 500 geniuses, some of them "great geniuses" and some of them "very great geniuses." This is also how it is written in black and white in Bar Mitzvah invitations that are sent to their homes, and you have no greater proof than this.

By the way, for every two Geonim, you will find at least three "tzaddikim"... In general, today, even 3-year-old toddlers are called "My Tzadik". And some add "a mother's genius"... And the earth will be filled with geniuses and righteous people,

seraphim and angels. Only the place of human beings, the menschen, is absent. They were swept away and disappeared into the sky in a storm.

And when you can sum it up, precisely because of the inflation of adjectives and metaphors, it may be time to carry out an accelerated regression, back to the simplest and most basic terms.

If there are 1,000 geniuses and 5,000 tzaddikim in every neighborhood, it's time to look for one 'mensch' for medicine. At least one resident of the neighborhood deserves the simple title: 'Adam'.

Perhaps the time has really come for us to return to the language of human beings, to speak simply and explicitly, without exaggerations, without phrases, without wild images, but in a clear, clear, balanced and logical way, in things that settle on the heart, and without robbing the world's systems...

This can be recommended in the words of Chazal: "The Torah spoke in the language of men."

"Every man shall fear his mother and his father, and you shall keep My Sabbaths"
(Kol HaTorah, Sukkot 78).

When Rabbi Yehoshua Neuwirth zt"l's mother moved to a retirement home (in the Matterdorf neighborhood), he thought that she would surely be happy to hear Kiddush from him on Friday night rather than participate in the central Kiddush. Therefore, for ten years, before Shabbat began, he would come to Neve Simcha to visit her and sanctify her over the cup, sing her songs, and only then would he hurry to his home in the neighborhood of Bayit Vagan – a very long distance! With the measure of his devotion, he persevered in this way every Shabbat and holiday. When R. H. fell on Thursday, he walked on the first night of R. H., on Monday night, and on Shabbat in all weathers.

There was a time when Jerusalem was covered in great snow and cold, with particularly stormy weather. On Friday, his teacher, Rabbi S.Z. Auerbach zt"l, called him and asked him if he would go to his mother this week as well, since he would be exempt in such a situation. Rabbi Neuwirth: "Does the Rav ask or decide?" Rabbi Shlomo Zalman answered: "I am just asking..." "If so," said Rabbi Neuwirth, "I will go this week as well."

a man who has a spirit in him" [27:18]. (One I asked 2 .(

The story before us was very dear to the Gaon Rabbi Avraham Ganichovsky zt"l, and he would tell it on various occasions, and he would draw important lessons from it: an incident that took place a few decades ago, of a pious and God-fearing Torah scholar, who lived in Kiryat Ata, and sat and studied Torah with great effort. The livelihood of

the house was very tight, until one day his wife turned to him and told him that there was no choice and that he had to look for a livelihood because there was no longer anything to eat at home.

The Chassid entered a textile factory in Kiryat Ata, and politely turned to the manager: "I want to work a few hours every day, can you hire me?" The manager answered in the affirmative and gave him a relatively easy job with a little income. The Torah scholar thanked God and rejoiced in his lot, mainly because his head and most of him could have been immersed in Torah, after his work, and even during his work.

One day, when he came to the factory, he noticed that all the people in charge and the workers in the factory were tense, and they were talking to each other out of great concern. He went to ask the workers what had happened here today, what was the meaning of the atmosphere of panic and pressure, why was everyone talking and not working?! He was told that the owner of the factory had ordered a new and huge machine from overseas (a machine that at the time was the most sophisticated of its kind in Israel), and that it was supposed to arrive here today. The machine was supposed to be located in a large pit, which had already been dug and prepared in advance in the center of the large hall of the factory, in such a way that the lower part of the machine would be in the ground, and the upper part above the ground.

In order to bring it into the hall, they prepared a large opening on the side of the building, from which the crane could enter with the machine, and set it in its place. However, now they have discovered that the crane of the truck that makes its way here can insert the machine through the opening and set it on the floor, but it cannot be inserted into the pit, and if the machine is placed in its place, in the air, the pit, it will fall and break. (It was in those days that cranes were not as sophisticated as they are today. Naturally, there is now great confusion in the place, because the only advice that exists is to break the entire roof of the factory, and to bring in a special crane that will bring down the machine from above and set it in the pit (and this, of course, entails a huge financial loss and great anguish).

As soon as the Torah scholar became aware of the magnitude of the problem, he immediately came up with a brilliant idea! "Please take me to the factory manager," he asked, and the people around him thought in their hearts, "What else does the ultra-Orthodox have to say to the manager?" but when he asked again, they told him, "He is in the center of the hall, next to the big pit." The Jew hurried to approach the principal, and found him on the verge of losing his temper... He turned to him and said to him: "Look, there is a simple solution to get out of the distress we are in...", the manager looked at him with somewhat mocking eyes (he seemed to think in his heart, "And what can he advise me after all the experts have already given up..."), "Well, let's listen, what

do you have to say? ", he said in a tone of disdain... "I suggest that we fill the entire pit with huge pieces of ice, not just ice, but very strong ice, which is prepared by putting salt in the water before freezing it, and when the floor of the pit is filled with ice, and it is level to the floor of the hall, the machine should be inserted and placed on top of the ice, and slowly the ice will melt, and the machine will settle in its place safely without breaking...The factory manager was full of admiration for the idea. And so, they did, and they succeeded in the best possible way!

The manager wanted to pay the worker a large sum of money for the ingenious idea he came up with (an idea that, as mentioned, saved the factory a great loss and anguish), but the righteous worker decided to sanctify the name of Heaven and did not take a single penny...

When the story was recounted before the Gra Ganchofsky zt"l, the Rav admired the great wisdom and said that several lessons should be learned from the story: 1) We must see from this how much the holy Torah has the power! 2) We should learn from this that every problem, even the most difficult, has a solution; we just need to strain our minds and pray to the Creator to give us the wisdom to find the appropriate solution that will bring us out of the mess we are in. 3) The Gra Ganichovsky further said that we should learn from this another moral of reason: Every person has a lot of "ice" on his heart; This "ice" causes his heart to not yet be settled and fixed in its proper place (he lacks the joy of the heart, the satisfaction of the mind, and the satisfaction), but we must know that this ice can be melted slowly, how? - By thinking of one's own inadequacy and nothingness; When a person instills in his heart how much he is nothing, and behaves with humility and humility, this causes the ice to melt slowly, and then his own heart settles back to its true place in peace...

The Iron Man Who Makes Shofars (Talk of the Week, Bulletin 1599)

Ten-year-old **Shimon Kenan** found it difficult to take his eyes off the shofar blower in the synagogue. The sounds emanating from the ram's horn touched his heart and he craved his own shofar. His parents had no money. In his distress, he found a piece of rubber pipe and attached a tin funnel to it, and so he practiced the technique of blowing. Sixty years passed. Shimon is already seventy years old, he is a veteran shofar maker, and thousands of shofars have passed under his hands. Today, he lives in Moshav Givat Yoav in the Golan Heights and runs a family factory that produces shofars.

Shimon was born in Casablanca, Morocco, immigrated to Israel as a young man, and grew up in Tiberias. By the time he was eighteen years old, he was already a regular shofar blower in two synagogues – first blowing in a Sephardic synagogue and then blowing in an Ashkenazi synagogue. He made his living in the art of iron and established a workshop for blacksmithing.

Internal Push

About 20 years ago, his life took a turn when a friend told him about the owner of a shofar factory in Tel Aviv who was retiring. Shimon decided to turn his old love into a permanent occupation. "I felt an inner urge to switch to making shofars," he says with sparkling eyes. "I learned all the secrets of the profession from him, and at the same time, I developed machines and tools and improved production methods. Being a regular blower and my expertise in manual labor helped me, of course."

Over the years, he established a visitors' center. "People come here from all over the world, including non-Jews, and we explain to them about the shofar, its meaning, and the way it is made," he says. He also notes that he has developed a special production method that manages to neutralize unpleasant odors emanating from the ram's horn."

Doesn't change the shofar

Work on the shofars begins already in the month of Marchashvan. "Once every few years I go to Morocco, the country of my birth, and there I buy ram antlers," Shimon describes the work. "I choose the horns one by one. Each shofar has its own uniqueness. People come to me, and I try to fit them with a shofar, and sometimes I make adjustments on the spot."

Despite the enormous selection at his disposal, Shimon blows the same shofar every year. "I'm connected to my shofar," he explains. "The shofar is not changed every day. You have to connect to the shofar."

No pressure

For beginner blowers, he has a recommendation: "Calmly, not by force. I see people trying to blow the trumpet, and their faces turn red. You need to know how to inhale and exhale correctly. It's a technique with the lips, not with the whole body. You have to know how to get the air out without pressure." Shimon wants to talk about a painful phenomenon. "Sometimes blowers bring me their shofars, and I find a crack or a hole in them. Sometimes I recognize that a correction has been made to the shofar to camouflage the hole or crack, and this is an invalid shofar, of course. Anyone who buys a shofar must verify its origin."

Moving human stories have happened to him over the years: "A blower came to me who was injured in a work accident, and his lower lip was damaged. I mobilized all my abilities. I sat with him for many hours and managed to make a mouthpiece with a spout that would hold the lower part of the lip. He went out with the shofar with great excitement."

The Flagship Man (Rabbi Binyamin Birenzweig)

An incident from daily life, recounted by Rabbi Shalom Schwadron zt"l, which very much expresses the need of each of us, never to lose, even in feelings of exaltation and holiness, the thought of the existence of the other, of consideration for the existence of the other, that only in this way can individuals live as a constructive and empowering society.

One day in one of the synagogues in Jerusalem, a man arrived, stood in his place, surrounded by a few calm people like him who had just woken up from their sleep, but he decided that day that he was an "angel" and therefore the preparations and prayers were accordingly... And so, after he was ready, he took the tallit, closed his eyes, lifted the tallit above his head, and with a sharp and strong twist he turned the tallit around his face as was customary, and only because of the magnitude of his intentions, he tried to do this wrapping with all his might, and so while he was standing wrapped in his tallit, the two calm people who were standing next to him set out on their way home with swollen eyes that could not be opened due to the merciless whipping that the tzitzit of that "tzaddik" merited. And so, after the "tzaddik" calmed down from the mitzvah of wrapping the tallit, He went on to recite Pesukei De-Zimra, and so with all the enthusiasm with voices and lightning, he recited Pesukei De-Zimra so that no one in the synagogue could aim at anything anymore, and so he reached "Az Yashir" and there, as is well known, it is written that he should be recited with great joy as if he had crossed the sea, and he did so just as if he were leaving Egypt, only he did not notice that the congregation had already forced them to cross the sea with him! And when he began to say "Nishmat" As is well known in the books, there is an interest in reciting it with a majority of the people, and so when the cantor has already lowered his voice in the "redeemer of Israel," that "tzaddik" decides to merit them the enormous and rare mitzvah of reciting "Nishmat" with the majority of the people. Thus Rabbi Shulam continues to describe the actions of that tzaddik, that he finally arrived at the Hash prayer, and Laz looked for a corner where he could elegantly recite "Kol Atzmotei Tamarna," and the only place he found was in a passage close to the entrance to a synagogue, where it was not crowded and there were no stands that interfered with his "Kol Atzmotei Tamarna" prayer, and so he intensified his prayer without realizing that the congregation had already finished the prayer and that it was impossible for him to pass. Until 'wrath' passes!

Rabbi Shulam says, "We must always remember that even when a person reaches a high level, he must remember that it must not be at the expense of the other; it is forbidden to do injustice to the other! Everyone has their own flag, their identity, and existence! A person must always feel the other, even when he is engaged in mitzvot, and in every situation it is obligatory to feel and respect the other! The simple assumption that there is the existence of others next to me, It is the guarantee of proper and proper human life.

