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*Restored Story Collection 17*

*From "Likutei Shmuel"*

*Collector and Editor: S. Aizikowitz*

[eisikovits1@gmail.com](mailto:eisikovits1@gmail.com)

***"The Way the Wheel Rolls" II [ according to "Seeker of Good" ]***

Rabbi Mordechai Neugershel recounted: A story I heard firsthand, the protagonist of the story, a very important Jew from Jerusalem, a Torah scholar, who teaches in one of the institutions where I also teach, and just because there are parts of the story that are not in his honor, I will not name him.

He was a young boy at the age of thirteen, his parents had sent him to study at a recognized educational institution, but his mind, to say the least, was not

on studies but on nonsense. One day, after finishing his first year of school, he found an envelope in the mailbox with the logo of the institution where he studied. He decided to open the letter and found that it said that the institution's administration had decided that he would not continue his studies there for the next school year. The boy was concerned about his parents' health, and because of the mitzva of honoring his father and mother, he decided not to show them the letter. He tore it to shreds, without his parents knowing anything.

On the first day of the school year, he showed up at the institution as if nothing had happened. When the director of the institution noticed him, he approached him and asked him, "What are you doing here?" And the boy pretends to be innocent: "What's there? What happened? Why not?... "You didn't receive a letter home"? "What is a letter? What letter?" "After all, we sent you a letter, in which we explicitly announced that you would not be able to continue your studies here!" The boy burst into tears: "Please, try me again! I promise to improve! Please, one last attempt. I promise you won't get to know me, neither in school, nor anywhere else!" But the head of the Mossad, who had already fulfilled the boy's promises in the past, insisted that the boy should return home, and despite all the crying and promises, ordered him to return home.

By chance, there was a yeshiva student who came from the United States and was accepted to serve as the rabbi of that yeshiva. This yeshiva student had been married for several years and had not been privileged to have a baby. His rabbis in the United States advised him as a segulah to change places, as the saying goes: "Mishneh Makom – Mishneh Mazal," and recommended that he immigrate to Eretz Yisrael, whose holiness is supreme, and perhaps thanks to it, with God's help, he will be saved. The young man's tears touched his heart, and he turned to the head of the yeshiva and said to him: "I take responsibility for this boy! I will study with him, take care of him, and make sure that he keeps his promises." Upon hearing this, the head of the yeshiva softened and agreed.

The Jew told me: "It was the most wonderful year of my life. This yeshiva student invested all his soul in me. He studied with me, talked with me, guided

me, invited me to his home, and put me on the right path. I got a taste in learning and did well in it." What was said was said? That same student merited to have a male son that year, and returned to the United States, and that boy continued to study in the yeshiva, continued to do well, and got to where he was, as I said at the beginning of my remarks. But that was not the end of the story. To be more precise, it has not yet begun...

That boy grew up, and today he deals a lot with the world of repentance. He has a special power to influence young people who are "searching for themselves" and are thinking of finding what they want in foreign fields. He hosts many of them in his home, and slowly, step by step, he returns their hearts to their Father in Heaven. And behold, one day, a young man and a girl who were on their way to India, both half-drugged, came to his house, and somehow they came to him for advice. He invited them to sit with him. And on Saturday night, he took the young man on a tour of Jerusalem. Among other things, they entered the Ohr Simcha Yeshiva, and so, little by little, he began to plant solid tracks of truth in his heart. Shabbat and Shabbat, learning and learning and learning and talking and talking, and the guy began to settle down. I don't know what happened with the girl, but it is clear that they broke up, and the guy began to study in a yeshiva for repentant people.

The rabbi continued to follow him, to invite him to his home, to study with him, and to strengthen him more and more... After two years, the young man met a pious and God-fearing girl, who also had repented, and they decided to get married. This young man actually had two "fathers": his biological father, who came to the wedding from the United States, and his spiritual father, the rabbi who took care of him and brought him up from a hay well to the track going up to the house of G-d.

When the two fathers met under the canopy, they fell on each other's necks and began to cry. They knew each other well! The young man's biological father was the young man who saved the rabbi, the spiritual father, from being thrown out of the house, into the street, at the age of thirteen... It turned out that the same yeshiva student, who, as mentioned, was privileged to have a

male son, namely the groom Danan, returned to the United States, where this son "slipped" out, abandoned himself, and left everything, God have mercy. And behold, this son reincarnated, under wonderful Providence, while closing a miraculous circle – it was precisely into the hands of the one who owed enormous gratitude to his father, who saved him from destruction at the time, that Rav was able to repay his debt to the best of his ability, straightening his path, and he was the one who merited to straighten his son's path, and thus the circle was closed by a wondrous Divine Providence.

### **Jewish Eating (Agadanak – Nasa)**

Even when a Jew bites into his food, it can be seen that he is a Jew and that his eating is Jewish food. The veteran teacher, Rabbi Mordechai Ze'ev Blevi zt"l, told a wonderful story in the name of his teacher, who testified that in his own words he was a fact, and that this story contains an instructive and very important message in matters of education.

Rabbi Blevi's rabbi testified that the Gaon, the author of the Minchat Elazar of Munkács, once traveled on a train, and saw a man sitting on a bench opposite him, taking out a sandwich with non-kosher meat and eating it. The Gaon saw what had been done and shouted at that man, "Jew, you are not allowed to eat pork!" The traveler looked at the Elazar offering in wonder, as if puzzled by the comment that came out of his mouth, and said to him: "I am not a Jew, and therefore I am allowed to eat this meat!" But the great genius, whose halachic rulings were spread throughout the entire Jewish world during his lifetime, turns to man again, and repeats to him: "Jew, do not eat pork!" And he, too, insists, declares that he is not Jewish... But, when the Gaon of Munkács told him for the third time not to eat pork, something happened... The man who ate the pork – the pig – went to the window of the train, threw the meat out, approached the Gaon and confessed to him that he was indeed a Jew, burst into tears, and wanted to know how he managed to identify himself as a Jew. "I looked at you while you were eating." "I meet many people, and none of them told me that I was a Jew, and how did you manage to see that I was a Jew?" - The man asked the Gaon. The Minchat Elazar took the Jew's hand, embraced

him warmly, and said to him: 'It was enough to look at your behavior when you ate the meat, to know that you are a Jew!' When the man did not understand the meaning of the words, the Gaon explained that the Shulchan Aruch (Orach Chayyim, paragraph 100, halacha 10) says that "one should not take a slice and place it on the table." The reason is, as the Mishna Berura brings, "because people are fed up." In other words, a person who bites into a sandwich of bread, puts the piece in his mouth, and places the rest of the bread on the table, thereby disgusting his friend sitting next to him. Therefore, the Gaon went on to explain to the man that when the Jews of Poland ate bread, they cut the piece they wanted to eat with a knife and put only it in their mouths, and the bread itself remained "clean." This is also customary when eating an apple, and so on, where one does not bite into the apple itself, but rather cuts the proper piece with a knife. This is how the Jews of Poland behaved, "and I also remember my ancestors and my ancestors who behaved in this way," noted Rabbi Silberstein shlita, when he recounted the matter. I looked at you as you ate the meat of something non-kosher, the Minchat Elazar said to the man, and I saw that you too ate in this way, meaning that you did not bite into the sandwich itself, but rather you took a knife, and cut the piece you wanted to eat. This was enough for me to know clearly that you are a Jew, and as such you must have seen in your parents the observance of that halacha in the sign of 100, and therefore, you also behave in this way. A non-Jew can't behave in such a way! It is impossible! The man admitted and confessed that all of the Gaon's words were true, and that he indeed grew up in a Jewish home for all intents and purposes, and because of the severity of the troubles and hardships that befell the Jewish people at that time, he reached where he had reached, and deteriorated to where he had deteriorated, until he reached a state where he ate non-kosher meat. But the observance of the Halacha in the chapter 100 that he saw in his parents' home was not forgotten by him...

The man became one of the Gaon's ardent followers of the Munkács Gaon. He felt that the Minchat Elazar had touched him at the most sensitive point in his life, and he took it upon himself from this day on to be careful and careful in observing all the laws of the Shulchan Aruch.

**"These are the words that Moshe spoke" [1:1].(And the evening, 55).**

Because they are words of rebuke... Therefore, he closed the words and mentioned them in an allusion to the honor of Israel (Rashi).

There was an incident in a certain synagogue, where prayer was interrupted every Shabbat because of the actions of a Jew who was considered wealthy in the community. In the middle of prayer and Torah reading, the honorable man would take out his box of tobacco and walk around with it among the worshippers. This led to noise and commotion, weariness and frivolousness, and disgrace to the "little Temple" and to pray in it. The synagogue gabbai, who is a Jew who is anxious about the sanctity of the house of G-d, decided that he had to stop the evil plague caused by inhaling tobacco. However, it did not belong to him to rebuke the mighty, since he holds almost half of the synagogue's current expenses, and if he is rebuked bluntly, he may cease to donate. The gabbai thought, how could I prove him indirectly, without hurting him? Finally, an original idea came to his mind. The gabbai, therefore, turned to one of the righteous worshippers, who was also touched by the phenomenon of tobacco, and asked: "Would His Holiness agree to suffer humiliations to eradicate the phenomenon?" "Please tell me first what you mean," the man requested. The gabbai explained: "The plan is that I will give you a box of tobacco, and on Shabbat Kodesh, in the middle of the Torah reading, you will pass among the worshippers and honor them with tobacco, and then, as soon as the commotion arises, I will get up and reprimand you in front of everyone, I will snatch the box from your hand and empty it into the bin. Afterwards, I will stand on the podium and declare that from now on, this will be the end of every box of tobacco that circulates among the worshippers..."

The worshipper agreed to implement the play. And so it was. In the middle of the Torah reading, there was confusion and commotion around the tobacco, until the gabbai approached, shouted about the terrible disgrace of the Torah, and emptied the tobacco into the garbage. And all this before the astonished eyes of the rich man. The gabbai's plan did succeed, but now his heart was pounding: Was it permissible for us to make such a fuss in the synagogue, in

the middle of the Torah reading, in order to stop the phenomenon? Rabbi Yitzchak Silberstein Shlita answered: It is permissible to put on such a show, since there is a great benefit here of stopping frivolity and forbidden speech in the synagogue. We should also note what is said in Tractate Menachot (99b): "Sometimes the nullification of the Torah is its foundation, as it is written (Shemot 34:1) regarding the breaking of the tablets by Moshe Rabbeinu: "That which you have broken" – the Holy One, blessed be He, said to Moshe: May it be as straight as your palate that you broke." What is the matter, the Mor concludes, in such a way that this is done only between a man and a man (between an aliyah and an aliyah), but in the middle of the Torah reading, one should not arouse weariness and frivolity in the synagogue...

***These are the words that Moshe spoke to all of Israel on the other side of the Jordan, in the wilderness, in the Arava, opposite Suf, between Paran, between Tepel, and Laban, and Hatzorot, and Di Zahav (1:1). (Devarim Tov – Parashat Devarim)***

They were the rebellious class of the school, even Haim, the veteran teacher who was specially called in from a vacation year to teach the class, almost gave up more than once. If it wasn't for the principal's urging him and strengthening his hands, he wouldn't have lasted. From the very beginning of the year, things started creaking, when the students in the class rebelled against their position, 'Last year we were in a more airy classroom!' they shouted, although the management installed air conditioning and an advanced air filtration system. The management behaved with the class in silk gloves. They were given a special stereo system to use during breaks and special activities. They were provided with a hot and cold drink corner for free use. And at the expense of the regular hours, they were given a variety of quality hours of attractive activity. All so that they would be satisfied. But they weren't. There were a few guys who joined in the last year and stirred up the atmosphere. The climax was when the teacher came in on a clear day and found a formidable Rottweiler sitting in his chair, and everyone around him was roaring, 'The teacher!' "I'm resigning!" the teacher announced to the principal! 'I can't do it anymore!' but

it turns out that human endurance is higher. The teacher, who had a sensitive heart, an inquiring eye, and a far-reaching visionary, saw the potential inherent in the classroom; he saw rebelliousness as the best option for advancing in life, he knew that the stubborn and the rebellious were capable of going far, and he decided to restrain himself and invest more and more, even without compensation.

He worked hard. And his students also worked hard to upset him every time. They rebelled against the recess hours that were too short for their liking, and they lay down on the asphalt before leaving for the winter camp organized by the school, claiming that the location was screwed up. They showed admirable skills when it came to rebellion and crossing boundaries. And the teacher with superpowers was able to pass the year and also educate.

The year is over, and with it the time to say goodbye. Each student goes to receive the certificate, face-to-face with the teacher. A slight tremor in his legs, everyone expects a rebuke, a certificate of poverty that he will receive from the teacher. But the teacher did not say too much, he presented the certificate that reflected the progress in his studies, and in a small note he reflected his feelings: Today, after a long year in which we suffered from a fever (alluding to the air conditioner affair), From rabies (alluding to the dog affair), shortening (alluding to the story of the breaks) and asphalt disease (alluding to the camp affair), and all sorts of other small and big diseases. But we have matured, grown, and advanced, and now we are here looking forward to a more mature, smarter, and more determined future, good luck.

The students said that the best rebuke they received in their lives was that of Teacher Haim, a rebuke that said it all, but did not hurt, did not stab, did not snipe, maintained the honor, and gave hope for the future. "We really grew," they later said, "and we owe it to the Teacher of Life!" And from whom did the Teacher Haim learn this? From Moshe Rabbeinu. The elderly leader, after years of quarrels, intrigues, rebellions, and difficulties, stands before his death and bids farewell to the people he accompanied for forty years in the desert, with difficulty and devotion, with unparalleled patience and patience. And

what does he have to say to them after countless parashiot? The sin of the golden calf, Korach and his company, the waters of contention, the sin of the spies, and much more. Hints: These are the words that Moshe spoke to all of Israel on the other side of the Jordan, in the wilderness, in the Arava, opposite Suf, between Paran, and between Tepel, and Laban, and Hatzorot, and Di Zahav (1:1). Chazal see all these names as allusions to the difficult events that the people of Israel went through in their relations with God and with Moshe the leader, alluding to them with wisdom and wisdom, letting them understand, letting them internalize, allowing them to grow, without shame. This is a true rebuke.

***"These are the journeys of the children of Israel, who went out of the land of Egypt to their armies by the hand of Moshe and Aharon" [33:1]. They will travel according to God. Why were these journeys written? To announce the mercy of God (Rashi). (Sparks)***

It was an ordinary night, rainy and inclement. On a night like this, everyone wishes to get home as soon as they can leave the rain and the winds behind. Chaim G. also had such plans. But G-d had a different plan, better for him... He drove his car in an endless line of lights that moved on the long bridge that connects Manhattan to Brooklyn, the long bridge (about two kilometers), leaning over and decorated with spectacular lights along the enormous metal cables that constitute the brilliant engineering idea. For years, he has been doing this way every morning when he goes to work and in the evening when he returns home. It could be said that he could have let the car drive alone, as a kind of automatic driver. Sometimes the bridge was busier, sometimes less, which is common in such a busy city. This time, a surprise awaited Haim. From a distance, he noticed that the line of cars was slowing down, and within a few seconds, a traffic jam began to form, as one lane was suddenly closed to traffic. Haim became more alert and integrated into the slow traffic. As he approached the scene, he was surprised to see an elegant car standing without the ability to start. In those days, there were still no cell phones, and the driver was at a loss. It was also evident that the man was not one of those people who opened the

hood to see what was going on "inside" their car, to give it some kind of encouragement or to pull and move one of the endless wires in this dirty black jumble called an engine...Amazingly, the police were not yet seen in the background, although usually their men would come to try to relieve the pressure and ease the way for the thousands of cars that pop up every moment on this busy road. With a second decision, of a Jewish heart, Haim stopped his car immediately after the stuck car, and went out into the rain to see what was happening. The Jewish heart within him did not let him continue; perhaps he was a stuck Jew in need of help. How could he be left alone? The cars continued to pass them, while their drivers were filled with wonder and astonishment at that strange driver who went out to help someone he had certainly never seen or known. In this large city bustling with commercial and economic life, Centralized by world trade, you will find it all – money for the most part, trading centers in various fields: textiles, diamonds, banking – all in a big way and with astonishing power. But there is no mercy in it, and it has already been said that New York is a city without mercy. Stated

Chaim went out to see what he could help with. He was not a particularly great mechanic and had never dealt with such problems in his life, but the sight of the embarrassed man he saw spoke to his heart. Henry S. was driving his car, too. He was also on his way as usual. He had a tiring day, and he was eagerly waiting to get home and rest from his day's work. When he got into his car in the parking lot under the office building where he worked, he felt that the car was not the same as the day before. He checked the lights that were supposed to warn of various malfunctions and saw nothing suspicious, but an inner instinct whispered to him that the car was not in order. "Take a taxi and drive home, send the driver to the garage tomorrow, and in the meantime get home on your own," he said to himself. But the rain that fell nonstop, and showed no signs of letting up, left little room for a decision. He continued driving, hoping that the trip would go smoothly. But as always, at the least opportune moment, each person turns out to be a "little prophet" who knows the future. And Henry, who had boarded the bridge hoping to pass safely, suddenly found himself in the silent car on this huge bridge. That was the last thing he wished for himself,

but Heaven apparently did not grant his request. He tried to remember everything he knew, started and stopped, and the car 'coughed' and did not respond at all. In short, a very unpleasant situation. The drivers passing by only increased his bitterness and anger. Why didn't any of them care? Don't they understand what was going on here? In his heart, he prayed that someone from his friends, family, or one of his many employees would pass. But in vain. The minutes pass quickly, like cars, and Henry glances at his watch again and again. Then he sees Haim's car stop. Haim smiles at Henry: "How can I help you?" he asks, as if he doesn't know the answer. Henry, who has not yet digested the change in his condition, says, "I have no idea what, but get me out of here." Haim, who was also not a trained mechanic, gets into the still vehicle, tries to start, checks, wondering why he entered this adventure. While trying to start, Haim detects a kind of 'cough' in the engine, as if there is no fuel in the tank. "When did you fill up on gas?" he asks Henry. And he replies that the fuel tank is really not full, but there is fuel. "When did you fill it?" asked Haim again... "About a week ago," Henry answered. Haim goes to his car, pulls out a tank of fuel that is ready for any trouble that may come, and pours it into the car's fuel tank. After several attempts, the type of "cough" improves, and after resting so that he does not choke on most of the fuel injection during starting, he starts again, and the miracle happens. The car is running, the engine is working as if it had been since the six days of creation. Henry, who has not shown any obvious signs of friendship throughout the meeting, asks Haim: "What are you doing?" Haim tells him that he recently opened a carpet business, mainly for offices. Henry pulls out his business card, hands it to Chaim, and says, "Call me at the office tomorrow. I can't thank you enough. I never imagined that anyone would stop at all, and here you are, not only have you stopped, but you have solved the problem. I really thank you, and don't forget to call tomorrow." The two of them parted with a handshake, each got into his car, and continued on their way.

This whole story lasted about half an hour, and when Chaim returned home, the phone rang as soon as he entered the house. It was a relative who announced his upcoming visit. The pace of things had simply made him forget that

evening. After a few days, he stumbled upon Henry's business card. At first he wondered who the owner of the card was. The name was not known to him at all. Then he suddenly remembered: "This is the card I got that night on the bridge. What is there to lose? I'll call him," he said and did. "He's busy," Henry's secretary told him in a normal tone, on the other end of the line. "Please tell him that Haim from the bridge is looking for him," he told her. She remembered that her boss had instructed her that if Haim came from the bridge, he would call her to transfer it to him immediately. "Wait, please, I'll get him right away," was the immediate reply. And indeed, Henry was on the line. After a few polite sentences, Henry asked, "Can you come to my office?" "Look," says Henry, "I really want to repay you for the kindness you did to me that night. Thousands passed one after the other, and no one stopped. It taught me a lot about the nature of people, and maybe I'm not better. Would I myself stop you if the story were reversed? I'm not sure. But you certainly deserve a lot of thanks. You told me that you deal in office carpets. Together with a group of investors, we are now building a 45-story building! Of course, some of such buildings also need carpets. I ask you to take the details of the center and submit your proposal." The deal that Haim won was a step that changed the course of his entire life. More correctly, half an hour of grace in the torrential rain that evening changed his life, Divine Providence turned his journey around at that hour in order to bring him his salvation...

### **A real champion (Elad Green)**

This past weekend, there was a boxing competition. Isn't that of great interest to you? However, since I was involved in the drama and sanctification of Hashem that took place in that competition, and I was moved to tears, I feel obligated to share with you:

A young man who participates in our Torah lessons, a 16-year-old boy who has been getting stronger for a while, was supposed to participate in the championship. Last year he came in third place, and this year he put in all his efforts to get to first place. Between last year's competition and this year, he began to participate in Torah classes regularly, observe Shabbat, and observe

mitzvot. And despite this, he continued to train and invest in this sport. A few months before the competition, it became a real obsession for him; he would get up early in the morning and train before leaving for school, come home from school, and continue to train until nightfall. When I asked him why it was so important for him to win, he told me that this sport is not developed in Israel and that the only way for him to progress is if he wins the title of "Israeli Champion", and then he will be sent abroad by the state to continue to progress and train in it.

Since the competition takes place in Tel Aviv and since the final game was supposed to take place immediately on Saturday night, we agreed that if he wins the quarter-finals and the semi-finals, he will stay there, and then we will talk close to Shabbat and see together how we can keep an elegant Shabbat in the hotel in the area. On Thursday night, I got a call that he had won the quarter-finals. On Friday at twelve o'clock, he received a phone call that he had won the semi-finals, and now his path to the championship was paved. "Do you think you can win?" I asked. "Of course," he answers, "I see the level of the others, and it's clear to me that I'm better, I have the championship in my hands ." Half an hour later, he calls on the verge of tears – "They brought me the race to Saturday afternoon, and they are in no way willing to postpone it until Saturday night. Is it permissible to compete on Shabbat ?" Good question. In other words, it is clearly forbidden. Both from the point of view of the competition and certainly from the point of view of the desecration of the Sabbath around the event is screened on a huge screen and also on the air. But I asked him to think and consult in order to give him the answer that would suit him, so that he would not regret giving up and regret all his strengthening and observance of Shabbat.

While I'm still debating and trying to consult, I get a phone call from him: "I've already decided, even if you tell me I'm allowed to compete, I don't want to. Saturday is more important to me than the championship. I've already informed them that I'm going home." It was a very moving conversation. I asked him at that moment to bless me, and I also told him to pray and ask God

for everything important to him, because there is no doubt that this concession has opened the gates of heaven, and this is a time of desire. So in the end, the competition did not take place. Only one 16-year-old boy, who has been participating in Torah lessons and has been getting stronger for a year, merited to sanctify his name.

### **Chess Champion (Refinement in Your Love, Leaflet 186)**

All those who come to the Western Wall, that holy place where the Shekhina rests; they encounter a yeshiva that stands on a hill in all its strength and glory in front of the stones of the Western Wall, not everyone knows what the essence of this yeshiva is and what its name is, so here it is: the "Aish HaTorah" yeshiva, which is intended for deep-rooted American young men who are exiled to a place of Torah and holiness. This yeshiva was founded and led for many years by the Rosh Yeshiva, Rabbi Noach Weinberg zt"l, the man who established this yoke of Torah.

I knock lightly on the door of the Rosh Yeshiva, who opens the door wide with a heartfelt smile, invites him inside, and asks what he wants. Dear Rosh Yeshiva – I start my day with a bit of a stutter – I have to leave in about two weeks on a direct flight to my native New York; as the Rosh Yeshiva knows, I am a champion in the game of chess and in about two weeks there will be a huge competition between all the champions, I want to go there and I promise to return to the yeshiva bench soon. The Rosh Yeshiva Rabbi Noach ponders for a while and then turns and says: "My dear day, I will not be able to prevent you from traveling as you please, but allow me to make a deal with you, let's sit down for a game of chess now here in my room, and if you win, then not only will I give you my blessing on your way, but I will also pay you the expenses of the flight out of my own pocket. But I want to receive a promise from you that if I win, then you will remain to study in the yeshiva without any flight. Yomi promised. He hurried to bring from his room the precious crystal chess game in his possession, placed it on the Rosh Yeshiva's desk, with the thought passing through his mind that in a few moments he would leave the

room with the upper hand, and in his hand was a thousand and five hundred dollars.

The game began, and as the minutes passed, it did not seem that it was coming to an end, Yomi made an effort with all his extensive knowledge of the methods of the game, but the Rosh Yeshiva was known as a champion no less than he was; two full hours passed until the step in which the Rosh Yeshiva declared with satisfaction: "Chess-Mat." Yomi remained in the yeshiva, and even increased his Torah verbs from the chess war, learned about the war of Torah, to guard the crown of the King of Kings, a crown of Torah that rises above all the crowns, and over the years, he was married in the Holy Land and grew up to be a glorious Torah scholar.

Later, when Yomi met the Rosh Yeshiva, he turned to him: Rosh Yeshiva, the perplexity has been nagging at me for many years, from where the Rosh Yeshiva drew all the enormous knowledge in this complex game. And the Rosh Yeshiva answered with his eternal smile: You should know that I am not familiar with the ways of this game at all, and I remembered its rules only from my childhood when I played this game once or twice. But at that moment, all your Torah was at stake before my eyes. And I knew that if you went again, you wouldn't come back. Therefore, I focused all my energies and concentrated, as long as he remained to study Torah...And the concentration did bear fruit... Yours is before you...