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from "Likutei Shmuel"

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Don't despair [from "Passover Wartim"]

Every year we renew the story of the plagues of Egypt and the exodus from there, and all this for one purpose: to instill in our hearts that God is the Creator of the world, rules over everything, and manages everything according to His will alone. He is the sole landlord of the world – today, just as then – everything is in his hands and under his exclusive control.

Rabbi Rotstein, the father-in-law of Rabbi Ben Zion Felman zt"l, bought land with a partner in Tel Aviv. They decided to build on the land. They invested a lot of money, and in the middle they found out that they had run out of money. They borrowed a lot of money. And since they were in debt, they decided they had to sell the building to repay their debts. They found a buyer' – the Histadrut

wanted to buy from them at a great price. Rabbi Rotstein approached Maran the Chazon Ish with his partner and asked whether to sell to the Histadrut, who were willing to pay an excellent price. The Chazon Ish told them that under no circumstances would they be sold to the Histadrut because they hold events on Shabbat and desecrate Shabbat.

Rabbi Rotstein and his partner did not know what to do. No one else wanted to buy from them, and they were under tremendous pressure. After they reached the point of despair, they turned again to ask the Chazon Ish.

"I want to give you a gift, a little parable: A man walked in the desert; the heat was terrible, like a hot stove.

He was very, very thirsty and there was no water. When he could hardly hold on, he suddenly heard a stream of water pouring out. He approached and was disappointed to discover that it was contaminated sewage water. He was debating what to do. Should he drink and pollute his body? Or die of thirst? Until he came to the conclusion that if he did not drink, he would certainly die, but if he drank, the body would become contaminated, and there was a chance that he would overcome it. He drinks from this terrible water. And now, after a few steps, he finds a spring of living and pure water... The man said to himself: "How foolish I was! What have I done to myself?! I drank contaminated water, and now all my body is full of bacteria... I feel bad... And the reason." ... The Chazon Ish said to them: "Know that this is how the world is governed, when we are in trouble, and the time of salvation has already arrived... And here we find sewage water, even though it seems that now the rescue has arrived, you have to know that you always reach a spring of living water a few steps later... And when you find them, you will regret why you sold them to Shabbat violators."

Rabbi Rotstein and his partner decided that they were strengthening their faith and not selling to Shabbat violators, and then Salvation came. The municipality changed the "Town Building Plan" of that area, and the area became a sought-after commercial area. Prices went up; they rented out the building at a very high price, and they became very wealthy. They got to see with their own eyes what the Chazon Ish said: "A Jew must know that a spring of living water always comes before a spring of living water." What this means is that every Jew must know that even when he is very stressed, one should not despair, but rather take a few more steps forward with strong faith, and then salvation will come.

\$2,000 (good things – and he feared)

We will tell here a wonderful story that was narrated by the Gaon Rabbi Shmuel Wasner shlita.

An important Jew in America whose son came to the mitzvot, wanted to give the boy a great gift, and informed him that in preparation for his Bar Mitzvah day they would travel to the Land of Israel, to the beit midrash of Rabbi Wasner shlita,

And there the Rav would put on the tefillin for the first time. The boy was very excited about the spiritual gift that was intended for him, and he prepared himself well for the flight to Israel. The father told the boy that Rabbi Wasner told him that a few days before they were about to leave America, he should call him again to make sure that everything was in

The father had already purchased the plane tickets, which cost him about, \$2,000 for the flight. About a week before the flight, the father calls the rabbi, and to his amazement he hears the great Gaon Baal "Shevet HaLevi" say to him: I have decided that you should not come to me in Bnei Brak. What happened suddenly?

The stunned father asked, after all, the child has been preparing for this mentally for a long time, and Rabbi Wasner explains: It is true that there is a matter that the first time the child puts on tefillin, he will do it by a rabbi, but have you thought – dear father, how many bad things your child may see during the long journey that you will make with him from America to Eretz Yisrael, and that the trouble is equal to the king's damage. The stunned father tried to explain to the rabbi that the child might be severely disappointed, etc., but of course all the excuses and excuses did not help at all.

Nothing in the world is worth sacrificing for the damage that may be caused to a child by the appearance of forbidden things, ruled the Gaon Shlita, and the father continued to ask: What will I do with the two tickets that I bought at the price of \$2,000? The Rav answered him in this way: Go and buy a large and beautiful frame, and put the two cards in it, and at the top of the frame you will write in white large letters: We sacrificed these two cards, the price of which was, 2,000 dollars, so that our dear son will not see forbidden things.

And indeed, this son has grown up to be a good Jew.

G-d thought for the good (50:20).

G-d calculates everything for the good, and prepares salvation in advance, even before the trouble comes. As it is written (Megillah 13b), "The Holy One, blessed be He, does not strike Israel unless He first creates a cure for them."

The amazing story before us was told by the Gaon Rabbi Gamliel Rabinowitz in the name of a faithful man from the dear ones of Karta Deshupriya. This Jew who lives in one of the neighborhoods of Jerusalem, the Holy City, makes sure to participate in the Daf Yomi lesson every day, without missing a single day. By nature, he is a consistent and organized person, and he took upon himself this study with great seriousness, always showing up every day with dedication to the lesson, no matter what! – on the other hand, he also invests time and energy in understanding the page well, and repetition and memorization of the material, so that it will be well organized with him. Until we become one of the strongest among the participants of the lesson, both in quantity and quality.

One day the man was obliged by a mitzvah to travel out of the city, and he was very sorry that he would have to lose the beloved lesson that gave his life so much for him. But he had no other choice; the matter could not be delayed, and it could not be held at any other time, and he had no other choice but to go on his way. Before leaving, he approached the Maggid Shiur and told him things as they were, that he was a complete helpless in the matter, and asked for help and advice on how he could make up for the missing lesson. The Maggid said to him: "In the previous cycle of Daf Yomi shiurim, record here on tapes all the shiurim that I gave; I can give you the tape from the shiur of this daf in the previous cycle, and in this way you will be able to fill in the gaps. The man was happy for the good advice, so that at least he could fill in the gaps by listening to the tape.

The journey for which he was required was a long way, and he had to cover many miles on his way and sit at the wheel for a few hours in a tiring night drive. "After all, I got a whole tape to listen to," the man thought, and I could take advantage of the long way to listen to the Talmud lesson. Therefore, before his journey, he sat down and "passed" a little over the page according to the amount of time before him, so that later on, during the journey, he would be able to listen to the shiur and understand the explanations flowing from the Maggid shiur Ha-Mocha.

When the appointed time came, the man got into his car and set off, after he had moved away from the hustle and bustle of the city, and integrated nicely into the quiet and relaxed intercity traffic, tucked the tape of the lesson into the tape recorder in the car, and while driving, he listened to the lesson, which was said tastefully and knowingly. He traveled leisurely and took pleasure in the words of the Torah, which were illuminating and joyful. The road was quiet and smooth; there was no problem on the wide, repaired road, but suddenly he heard the siren of an approaching police car, immediately cleared the lane for the police car legally, and turned right into the side lane on the side of the road, to allow the police car to pass. However, for the time being, less than half a minute had passed, and here it was emerging from the bend of the road in the same lane in which he had traveled comfortably, but a few moments ago, a huge truck that was speeding across the smooth road, he had not noticed it at all before, the truck driver apparently did not notice it either, because the road was almost empty, and here the truck flew at lightning speed and passed by him. In the blink of an eye, it became clear that the deviation at the very last moment from the lane had saved his life and property, and if he had not stayed in the same lane, his car would have been crushed and crushed with him like a garlic peel!

After the initial shock, the man suddenly stopped the car on the side of the road, all excited and amazed by the power of the miracle that G-d had performed with him. When he came to his senses, he began to look for the location of the police car that sounded the siren, for which he had swerved from the path of danger at the very moment after the last one. He was surprised to see that there was no police car here, the road was very thin at such a late evening, and there was no reason for a police car to move at such an hour on this intercity road. The man wondered, but he could not find an answer to his astonishment. After inhaling a little air from his lungs, and calming down from the astonishing case of a "near-accident" that would have ended in certain death, he thanked God again and again for saving him, and therefore returned to the vehicle to continue his journey to his destination. Of course, he did not forget the tape that suddenly stopped in the middle of the lesson. After a while, when the driving returned to its calm and the movement flowed as usual, he turned on the tape again and returned to the pleasant lesson emanating from the tape. to return to the place where he lost contact. After a minute or two, he suddenly heard the sound of the siren blowing, then silence again; at first, he really shuddered with panic, what is happening here today? Where did all these sirens come from, one after the other? - But when he looked around him and saw clearly that there was no police vehicle in the area, he

suddenly realized that the sound of this siren was emanating and rising, no more and no less, from the tape of the lesson itself!! - To his astonishment, the mystery was solved; he immediately realized that the sound of the siren that had been heard earlier was not from any police vehicle, but that it had come from the tape of the lesson at exactly the right moment, and saved his life!

The next day, when he returned to Jerusalem, he told the Maggid a shiur about the great miracle that Hashem had performed with him, thanks to hearing the tape of the shiur. They asked him if he knew the meaning of this alarm that was sounded in the middle of the lesson. At first, the Maggid did not know what it was about; how did a police siren reach the tape of an innocent shiur on Daf Yomi? The riddle was obscure to both of them.

Therefore, the Maggid asked the shiur to open the tape of the shiur and play it to him, in astonishment. When they sat down next to the tape and reached the part of the siren that was being heard, it turned out that the phenomenon was very simple and very common, probably on the very same day that the shiur was given seven years ago, in the middle of the shiur, a police car drove past the synagogue with a loud siren, which must have interrupted in the middle of the shiur. But now it has become clear that the hand of Divine Providence has prepared salvation for the people of Israel, who were never willing to miss a daf yomi shiur, another seven years before they needed it! To teach you the nature of the eye of the Blessed One, that the Blessed One always precedes the healing of the plague. And that sometimes, even by hearing a simple siren in the middle of a daf yomi shiur, it is possible to save a person's life, after seven full years. Astonishing.

Alexander the Conqueror of the World (Pninei Beit HaLevi, Issue470)

King Alexander, or more commonly known as King Alexander the Great, wanted to conquer the entire world. Alexander once learned that far beyond the mountains of darkness and the sky of the shadow of death there is a land with a kind of living water from which the drinker will never die, but no one can reach that land because the road to it is a dark, rough road that winds between high mountains and is full of dangers – venomous snakes and scorpions and other kinds of pests. When Alexander heard of this, he did not hold back and did not control his passions; He decided to try to reach that land, conquer it, and drink from the living water that flows from the Spring.

The king summoned all his advisors and began to plan the journey with them. Many of his advisers opposed his plan but did not dare to express their opinions

out loud. The king was the final arbiter of all decisions, and anyone who dared to disobey or express an opinion contrary to the king's would be held accountable.

Alexander decided that only strong and young men of valor who were not more than forty years of age would go on this journey; People whose strength is in their waists and who will be able to withstand the hardships of the road. Among Alexander's advisors was an old man of great experience, who knew all the upheavals of the world and accompanied the king in all his wars. Alexander did not intend to take this advisor with him on the journey because of his advanced age, and instead he decided to take with him the son of the advisor, who was also a sensible man with considerable knowledge, well versed in royal affairs and the tactics of war. Since the young counselor had not yet experienced such a journey, he turned to his old father and asked for his advice. The old man begged him to take him on the journey with him." I am sorry, my father, I cannot take you with me," the young man said to him, "I am presumed to be the king's commandment that only the youngest men of forty years and under should go on this journey, and that the king's disobedience should die ". But his father, who knew the purpose of the journey and the dangers that lurked along the way, did not agree to give up." "My son," he told him, "if I can't travel openly, take me with you in secret. Prepare a well-ventilated padded box and sit me down in it, and load the box on a horse and attach it to the group of horses carrying fragile and delicate things for the needs of the king and the heads of the army, and whenever you encounter difficulties and need to talk, ride with your horse next to the horse leading me, and thus you can talk to me without anyone noticing anything." The son agreed to his father's advice and then continued to consult with him regarding the tools necessary for such a journey. The old man asked him what things he intended to take, and the son counted all the things in his ears. It is not enough, my son," the old man warned him, "for such a long and tiring journey through the mountains of darkness on winding and winding roads, you need other things that you would not need on a normal journey. My advice to you is to take with you a large stock of wax candles and many bundles of felt (raw wool that takes the form of a carpet by beating and pressing) as well as a large stock of mirrors that will provide for all the participants in the journey.

Many days passed, and the days joined into months, and one clear morning they reached the mouth of the mountains of darkness. As they progressed along the road, it became darker and darker, until a moment came when no one saw his friend walking near him. The paths were narrow and winding, and the soldiers were terribly afraid. They began to scream and shout, and their cry reached the

ears of King Alexander and his advisors. Alexander turned to the young counselor and asked him for advice. The counselor hurried and led his horse next to the horse that was carrying his father, brought his head close to the ark, and asked for his father's advice. The father whispered to him from the ark: "My son, do you remember the stock of candles that I advised you to take with you on the journey? I thought about this place and this moment when I was advising you on this. Now it's time to make use of them."

The son unpacked the stockpile of candles and distributed them among the soldiers. The soldiers lit the candles, and the terror of darkness was removed from them, and they passed through the mountains of darkness in peace. But they were still happy that they had succeeded in overcoming the first obstacle and that they were already facing a new obstacle.

The horses stood as if nailed to their place without being able to move a foot. It was as if their feet were sticking to the desert stones. King Alexander rode to the head of the caravan to see what had happened, and behold, his own horse got stuck as well. The horse made an effort, tried to lift a leg and move forward, but was unable to get out of place. Alexander was amazed at the sight and did not know what to do. The king sent to summon the counselor; perhaps he had something to advise, and the counselor hurried to his father in the ark and asked for his help. His father asked him: "Tell me, my son, are your shoes forged?" The son did as he said and immediately felt that without shoes it was easier to walk. The son returned to his father and told him about it. His father said to him: "Know, my son, that the rocks of the desert you have reached are endowed with magnetic power, and they hold the horses' hooves and nails made of iron, making it difficult for them to move. Take the stock of felt that I have advised you to bring with you, and wrap the horses' feet in pieces of felt, so that their hooves will not touch the ground and will not be tied to it." The son did as his father advised, and this is how they overcame this obstacle as well.

But it wasn't long before a new trouble befell them, a trouble that horrified the soldiers and endangered their lives, and no one knew how to get out of it: countless snakes crawled around them, and these snakes had a virtue that everyone who looked at them began to smile and laugh and could not restrain himself and stop until he burst out laughing and died. Many soldiers had already been hurt and died, and the king was at a loss, and worse, even his loyal advisor had no solution. The counselor did indeed want to approach his father and ask for his advice, but the king rode next to him and he did not dare to go to the ark in

which his father was for fear that the king would notice him. He waited for the right moment and finally had no choice but to turn to the king and ask him to leave him alone; perhaps he would be able to strain his mind and find a solution.

Suddenly, the king saw his advisor bow his head over a large box tied to the back of a horse and mumble something. The king approached the counselor, without him noticing, and listened to the voice emanating from the ark, and the voice sounded very familiar to him. In the end, Alexander could not resist any longer. He approached the counselor, patted him on the back, and demanded that he tell him the nature of the box he was carrying." "My lord the king," said the counselor, "I confess my sins this day: Inside the ark is my old father, and without his counsel we would not have succeeded

To come this far, for He is the One who guided me in His wisdom and found a way to overcome all the difficulties we have encountered to this day, and if I have sinned before You by violating Your command, do to me as You see fit." You behaved properly," the king said to him, "and I forgive you for your actions!"

The king ordered his companions to take the old man out of the ark and give him the respect he deserved, and then he turned to him and asked if he had any advice for the trouble of the snakes. I've already thought about it," he replied

The advisor and I have a solution: Take out the stock of mirrors that you brought with you and distribute them among the soldiers, and every soldier who encounters the snake will present the mirror in front of him." The soldiers acted according to his advice, and indeed the snakes, when they saw themselves in the mirror, were attacked by a binge of laughter that they could not stop, and they fell to the ground dead.

When they were out of danger, they continued on their way, and behold, a large city built for glory was revealed to them.

Alexander had already sought to declare war on the people of the city and occupy it, but before that he had asked for the advice of the old counselor." "You will not be glorified on this path," the advisor told him. "I have heard that in this city there are almost no men and women who control the city and manage its affairs. If you defeat them, they will despise you and say: Alexander the great hero went to fight the women! And if they have the upper hand, they will mock you and say: The illustrious Alexander the Conqueror is defeated by women! You'd better uproot the idea of war from your heart."

Alexander listened to his advice and sent messengers of peace to the city. The governor of the city went out to meet him and invited him to dine at her table, and Alexander accepted her invitation. They sat Alexander and his ministers at the table of honor and served them bread and fruit made of gold in golden plates.

"Do you eat gold in your city?" "No," replied the governor, "I only thought that you lusted for gold, for you must have ordinary bread in your country, and if not gold, why should you have to go all the way here?" The words were taken from Alexander's mouth, and he confessed to her that he was looking for the fountain of the water of life, so he said to her: "I did not want gold. In other food my soul desires: I want to look at the order of your life and taste your wisdom." "Then the queen said to him, " Sit next to me and see how I judge my subjects."

Two men came to argue before the Queen. One said, "Madam, this man sold me a plot of land. When I dug into it, I found a treasure in it. I bought only the field from him, and the treasure is not mine. I wanted to return the treasure to him, but he refuses to accept it." The other said: "Not so, Madam Queen. When I sold him the field, I sold it with all that was in it. If he is lucky enough to find a treasure in it, I have no part in it!" the queen asked the buyer, "Do you have a son?" And you "turned to the seller, do you have a daughter?" he said to her: "Yes" "Then " said the queen "marry your daughter to this man's son and give them the treasure as a bridal gift."

When Alexander heard the verdict, he was very surprised. The queen asked him: "Did I not judge properly?" How would you judge?" I," said Alexander, "I would have killed both of them and taken the treasure to the treasury"! The queen looked at him and asked, "Tell me, my lord the king, is the sun rising and the rain falling in your land?" He said to her, "Yes." "And there are goats and sheep and chickens in your country?" the queen continued to ask. Certainly!" "If so," said the Queen, "know that it is only because of those goats and sheep that the sun shines in your land!" Alexander did not know what to reply.

The king and Nachlam left the city and continued their search for the Fountain of Life. After a long journey that lasted many days, they finally reached their destination, but the exact location of the Fountain of Life had disappeared . According to the advice of the old counselor, Alexander turned to an old man who lived there and asked about the location of the spring." I have heard that there is indeed such a spring in our country, but I do not know its location. I can only lead you to a man older than I am, and he may have known." The old man led them to another old man whose body was bent and his legs were shaking for many years, and this led them to another old man who could no longer stand on

his feet, and so they moved from one old man to another until they came to an old man who was all skin and bones and weighed like a bird, and he dwelt in an eagle's nest on a towering rock. Alexander and his advisors greeted him and asked him about the location of the spring and its virtues. The old man pursed his lips contemptuously and asked Alexander: "What do you have and to whom is life, and what will you get out of it?" Is there anything more precious than water, which gives man eternal life?" the king answered. Look at me," said the old man, "and see my condition. I, unfortunately, drank from the water of life and saw where I had come. Do you want to get to my situation? The spring you are looking for is flowing not far from here, but before you drink from its water, think carefully whether you are acting wisely!" The king looked at the shriveled, bearded old man and understood that his words were right and that eternal life would bring him only suffering and grief. He ordered his army to turn around and began the long journey back to his homeland. But before he reached his country, the hand of death caught up with him. He fell seriously ill and returned his soul to his Creator.

The old counselor who was in charge of his burial ordered that he be placed in a coffin, and on the coffin is written: "Here lies Alexander the Great, who sought to conquer the world." And he ordered the dead king's hands to be left protruding out of the coffin. The funeral procession went from city to city, and everywhere the people paid their last respects to the deceased king. And in one of the cities the people were talking among themselves and wondering why they had left the king's hands protruding out of the ark. One child stood up and said to them: "I know the answer: do this so that everyone will see that with all his greatness and power and treasures, he takes nothing with him and he goes to his death empty-handed!"

When the funeral procession reached the vicinity of Alexander's hometown, the question arose as to how to inform his mother, who was still alive, the bitter news of her son's death without collapsing in grief. No one was willing to accept the job, and the task was placed on the shoulders of the old advisor. The old counselor came to Alexander's mother and informed her that her son was about to arrive and that a royal reception should be prepared for him, and that, by order of the king, his receptionists should be people whose family had not died, and who had never drunk a drink but were alive. They searched for such people and were not found, and Alexander's mother understood the hint and accepted the fact that the cup had also passed over her, and there was no advice and no wisdom in the face of death, and it was not for nothing that the proverb says: The rich

and the poor on the day of their death are equal in luxury, and the rich man will not be given one more shroud.

"Do not believe in yourself until the day you die" ("For My Brother's Sake"⁶⁵⁴)

In the days of the Gaon Rabbi Moshe Tzvi zt"l, Av Beit Din in the city of Soren (died in 1955).

A respected merchant from the city of Brody came to the Rabbi and expressed his grief with tears for a third, with the following story:

"I am one of the veteran merchants in the city of Brody in Galicia, and I have commercial relations with the merchants in Russia, among them a respected merchant from the city of Balata named Rabbi Yitzchak, who negotiated with me several times, and remained in debt to me a thousand rubles, and gave me a promissory note for this sum, in the manner of the promissory notes. A short time ago, I had to send him a list of goods for sale; I prepared the list and put it in a special envelope to send to the merchant Rabbi Yitzchak of Balta along with his accounts. But the next day my servant made a mistake, and instead of the list he sent the merchant a promissory note for a thousand rubles. When I sensed the fateful mistake the next day, I sent him an urgent letter and pointed him out of the mistake, and sent him the list and his requests to return the promissory note to me. A few weeks have passed, and there is no reply, no answer, no attention. I wrote to him again, and here I got a reply from him saying, "There were never any things," he never gave me any promissory note, and not only that, but he complains and gets angry that I suspect him of what he doesn't have. And behold, Rabbeinu! The sum of the bill is very large, and I cannot bear such a large loss without going bankrupt. Now I turn in my distress to the honor of our Rabbi, that He may correct me with good counsel, and to save the oppressed from the hand of his oppressor."

Rabbi Moshe Tzvi listened attentively to the bitterness of his conversation and the request of the merchant from Brody, and said to him:

"In about a month, with God's help, I will be in the city of Balta, you will also come there in the same period of time, and the good Lord will give me His counsel to save you." The city of Balata was then subordinate to the Gaon, Av Beit Din of Masoran, and obeyed his discipline and orders. After about a month, Rabbi Moshe Tzvi traveled to Balta, where the merchant from Brody met with him and presented him with the statement of claim against the merchant from Balta. The merchant, Rabbi Yitzchak of Balta, was summoned to appear before Rabbi Moshe

Tzvi and his court to answer the statement of claim. He came to the court, and the two merchants began to settle their claims. The merchant from Brody claimed that he had a promissory note belonging to the merchant Rabbi Yitzchak of Balata, and that the promissory note was returned by mistake before it was repaid. And the merchant screamed like a crocodile: "None of these things ever happened!" and denied the whole claim.

After Rabbi Moshe Tzvi and his court heard the arguments of the parties, the parties and the entire audience were taken out of the courtroom for consultation, after a comprehensive explanation by Rabbi Moshe Beit Din to the two judges, the ruling was made public: "The merchant Rabbi Yitzchak of Balata must immediately repay the plaintiff the sum of one thousand rubles that he owes him according to Torah law."

The merchant from Bulta, who was found liable for the law, lashed out at the rabbi, the father, the beit din, and the members of his beit din for the "wrongdoing" they caused him. He declared that he would not comply with the judgment that he gave out of mere speculation, without a halakhic basis, and that even from the point of view of reality, the plaintiff's claim has no basis. Rabbi Moshe Tzvi answered and said angrily: "You still dare to hurl things at the Beit Din, so now I will reveal your disgrace to the public, and I will give you an example: the shtar that was received by mistake in a letter sent to you from the merchant from Brody, was received by mail on Friday night before Kiddush, and you burned the shtar with the letter and the envelope on Friday night, with the same Shabbat candles that your wife lit and blessed in honor of Shabbat."

But when the merchant heard the words coming out of the rabbi's mouth, his grip trembled, and he could not speak anything, and he fell helplessly to the ground, fell and fainted. After he was awakened from his fainting, the rabbi turned to him and said to him: "You see that there is an eye that sees, even if a man hides himself in secrets and does his hasty act. Now please send to your house to bring the sum of 1,000 rubles, to return the theft to its owners, and you will receive repentance for your actions, and I will not hesitate to pray for you to the good God to atone for your transgression and forgive your transgression and not to perish."

The merchant was not late to carry out the rabbi's ruling, while confessing that the rabbi was righteous and righteous, and that he prostrated himself before the

rabbi with a request for forgiveness, and that he was willing to accept ascetics and afflictions to atone for his sin. Then the rabbi turned to the large crowd that had gathered there and said: "Of course each of you is thinking in your heart, because some angel from heaven came and revealed to me a secret, this is what the merchant Rabbi Yitzchak did with that bill in private rooms. But I am ready to show you also this angel who deciphered secrets, and thanks to him I have judged the truth of the truth." As he spoke, he opened the door of the room facing the courtroom, took out a boy of about ten years old and said: "This is the little 'angel' who speaks to me, through whom I have discovered this mystery."

Don't say I can't, say I don't want !! (From the stories of the Maggid)

Rabbi Yosef Levi (pseudonym) was a yeshiva student with a blessed family; he tried for several years to live as a kollel student on a meager allowance in which he supported his family, but when the expenses of maintaining the house became woven around his neck, he began to engage in all kinds of side jobs. It was not long before he received a summons to the army; according to the criteria that were set and approved by the "Yeshiva Committee," it was determined that only those whose "Torah is his art" were deferred. However, one who has other occupations on the side is not included in this category. All the efforts he made through activists and energetic lobbyists were to no avail, he was found fit to start.

Rabbi Yosef returned home completely unscathed; he informed his family that from now on he had to report and serve in a military base. Fortunately for him, he was not far from home, which would not cause much problems, but it was not the "walls of the beit midrash" that he knew ended with a heartbreaking sigh. He was not deceived by the place where he was staying, which was far from suitable for a gentle-minded yeshiva student like him, but what had been done could not be reversed. He completed the quota that had been set, praying that he would leave the place unharmed. After completing his military service, he was assigned reserve duty. For several years he was not called to the service to his great joy, he thought that he had forgotten about him, but suddenly he received a summons for reserve duty in the middle of the Ten Days of Repentance, when he tried to file an appeal until after the holidays, his request was rudely rejected, and so a few days before the Day of Judgment he was forced to be in a place where there was no memory of the holy days that were approaching.

Two days before the holy day began, he tried his luck to get released ahead of Yom Kippur. He approached the base commander and begged him to let him

be among his family members; he tried to elaborate on his feelings and describe to him how important it was to him to pray in the synagogue near his home. But his request was arbitrarily rejected." You can pray at the base; we have Machzor and all the religious products. You can pray as you like on the base" "I also need a Jewish minyan; you can't pray alone," he asked with a trembling heart. "I don't see a single religious Jew here with whom I can organize public prayers; how can I spend the holy day at the base, when the whole environment creates a mundane atmosphere?" He tried to pluck the Jewish strings. But the commander was far from understanding his feelings, and his request seemed to him manifestly unreasonable." I have no objection to you organizing a minyan, if you find religious soldiers like you, you can pray with them. There is no reason for us to release you in the middle of reserve duty," he concluded unequivocally.

The family, for its part, did not give up; it tried all the ways and possibilities it could to cancel the bad decree against the father of the family, but it turned out that there was no minimum understanding for such a simple request; all the applications were returned empty-handed.

Dawn on the eve of Judgment Day broke out, the sun's rays began to illuminate the sky. Jerusalem Jews rushed to the synagogues scattered throughout Jerusalem to say the last Selichot, many of them dressed in holiday clothes, and many of them were seen running with the atonement to the slaughterer. But in the Levi family's home, this day is Tisha B'Av, who will take the children to the synagogue? What will the meal look like when there is no head of the family? The mother wept a lot; her world was darkened for her; she was unable to fill his place.

One of the neighbors who saw the heartbreak decided to take action. Immediately after the prayers, he rushed to the residence of Maran HaRav Tzvi z"l, the father of Israel, to tell him about the great trouble that befell the family. There is no doubt that his compassionate heart would not allow him to endure the trouble; he would see to do everything possible to free the father of the family. When Maran HaRav Tzvi heard this, he was shocked. His pure heart could not contain the sorrow of the family, and an emissary on his behalf immediately arrived at the home of Rabbi David Moshe Tenenbaum zt"l, chairman of the Yeshiva Committee, with a firm demand to use all the means at his disposal to remove Rabbi Yosef from the base.

Rabbi David Moshe is a dear Jew, a spirited Jew, an energetic activist for the sake of the yeshiva students; this is not the first operation he has undertaken to free those who have been in trouble. Ostensibly, he is the right address in this case as well. This time, however, it seems that she will ascend to the heavens. Who does he have to turn to today? All the offices are now locked on the bolt; there is not a single medical officer with whom he can talk. If they had contacted him

yesterday, the story would have been completely different, but now it is not the last minute, but afterwards. The gates have already been locked, and there is no one to turn to. He conveyed these words to the rabbi of Brisk. It seems that he is right; the Rav will certainly agree that this time it is not feasible. However, the Rav of Brisk informs him emphatically: "Rabbi David Moshe, you have made a serious mistake; there is certainly more to be done, and this is what I ask you to do. You must turn to the appropriate entity and use all abilities to free the unfortunate from a place of obedience and obedience." How can this be done? All the offices are now closed with a lock and bolt; everyone is now at home, even if I try to talk to one of the people in his house, he will not be able to do anything. This order cannot be issued from a private home only from within the appropriate ministries, and it has to go through countless channels until ratification. All of this can be applied a few hours before the day is sanctified; all of this is beyond all human attainments. I am not an angel, and I do not have the tools to carry out the request to me," he concluded his words with determination.

But the Rav of Brisk was not impressed by this at all. He sent to inform him with the words, "Zag nisht az du kanast nisht, zag az du vilest nisht" [Don't say that you can't; please say that you don't want to]. Whoever really wants to can do it. And so I have to tell you that this is a mere evasion and a lack of desire to fulfill the human request. Whoever fights for his life does not think in such terms. He will do everything, including making irrational efforts, because it concerns himself. The lack of responsiveness stems from this lack of feeling, and stems from sheer laziness.

He contacted one of the highest commanders in the army and asked him to release the ultra-Orthodox soldier from service. The aforementioned commander looked at Rabbi Tenenbaum in astonishment, I don't understand you. How can you think of such a request? After all, you know that this document must be signed by the highest military echelon, and today all the offices are closed, so there is no ability to issue this certificate. Rabbi Tenenbaum decided to follow in Maran's footsteps. He corrected his words and said. Do not say that you can't; please say that you don't want to. The officer was very hurt by his words, how do you talk to me like that? Was there one instance in which I refused you? You are right, you never refused me, but when I was given this role by the Rav of Brisk, I told him the same arguments, except that for some reason the Rav of Brisk does not accept what I say. He believes that he lacks willpower. Because if I wanted to, I would have achieved it for him. So I'll tell you in the same answer, you and I probably don't mobilize all our willpower, because if we did everything in our

power, we would have achieved positive results. Rabbi Tenenbaum answered decisively.

When the officer saw the matter, he decided to throw all his weight, he began to run around among all the treating bodies, using all his influence, and indeed, in preparation for the holiday, the same soldier was released from the base, when Rabbi Tenenbaum told Maran Rabbi and showed him the document, his holy face lit up, and that I did not tell you, do not say that you cannot, but say that you do not want to, for you have now proved that when I wanted to, You could even though it seemed to you that this was not within the scope of ability. For the Rav of Brisk, it was simply that every person has enormous powers that can be used for many things beyond his own attainments. All that is required is real willpower, and when you have it, you can reach the farthest destinations.

"Don't be proud of me."

An incident that took place on the night of Rosh Hashanah. The prayers in the synagogues have already ended. "Write and sign a happy new year." At this time, Jews wish one another in each and every site, all walking with a sense of holiday mixed with respect towards their homes, to sit for the holiday meal. However, on one of Jerusalem's streets, no one seems to be rushing home. On the contrary, crowds crowd on the same street, and everyone wants to enter, if only for a moment, the house on the corner of the street. This house is the residence of the Rebbe Israel Alter is from Gur. And now, on the eve of the holiday, and at the beginning of the New Year, masses of Jerusalem's Jews, and even those who came from afar, came to merit and be blessed with the blessing of "New Year, Writing and Signing Tova" from the Holy Rebbe.

In his haste and mercy, the people wait. Many of them are among the followers of the Tzadik, but alongside them it was possible to find Jews from all denominations and from all walks of life, those dressed in one garment or another, young people alongside the elderly, Rebbes and yeshiva heads alongside the masses of the people with one goal – to be blessed by the Holy Rebbe. A long line of astonished Jews passes by for hours. And the Rebbe stands in his place and blesses the excited Jews with the blessing of "New Year's Eve." With his eyes that produce love and devotion, the Rebbe surveys the passers-by, to whom he gives a smile of encouragement and sends a look of attention. And each of the passers-by felt as if he had received the Rebbe's full attention.

Many hours pass by the Rebbe, and there is still a large crowd waiting outside. The nearby streets continue to be flooded with Jews wishing to be blessed. The people who have not yet been blessed are waiting with anticipation. And here is a rumor: "The Rebbe ordered that the door be closed for a short time!" Those who are waiting are in no hurry to leave the place. None of them are willing to give up the blessing of the Tzadik. They continue to wait, and in the meantime speculation passes by word of mouth: "Perhaps the Rebbe is tired and wants to rest a little?" The rumors are spreading their wings. The crowd keeps waiting. But the real reason for closing the door was heard only by those people who stood at the head of the line, and were about to enter the Rebbe for a moment. Through the crack that remained when the door was closed, those standing could see the Rebbe, looking at him in awe. The Rebbe walks around the room, and his lips murmur something. Those who are waiting listen attentively, and indeed they understand the words, "Do not enter the foot of pride." This is how the Rebbe of Gur prays while a long line of Jews waits outside for his blessing.