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The Faith of the Sages (Blessings of My Soul)

When I was once in Kiryat Sanz in Netanya, I met one of the Chassidim named Rabbi Yischar Dov Rosenberg, and I saw a unique light in him, and from what they told me about him, I understood that he was a Jew who gave his soul to spiritual things, and did kindness to the community in an extraordinary way. And when he himself told me what he had gone through, I understood why he was working so hard to ascend and ascend. From the wonderful story that he told, we can also learn that a Jew who is endowed with true faith in the Sages will see miracles and wonders and will merit truly great things.

The doctors refused to take responsibility.

On the evening of Shabbat in Parashat Tetzvah, the eve of the 14th of Adar 1576, Rabbi Rosenberg fell into the shaft of an elevator at a depth of 7 meters. I was badly injured, he says, and the doctors at the hospital didn't greet me with good news...On the X-ray, I was diagnosed with a fracture in the vertebra in my spine, and both my feet were crushed. The doctors recommended, listen well, to tie me to the bed with a rope for a period of between 9 months and a full year. No more and no less. And this is so that the broken vertebra does not put pressure on the spinal cord. After I have been tied to the bed for the entire period, I will have to undergo spinal surgery to connect the vertebrae to the neighboring vertebrae. I will also have to undergo surgery on my legs. The medical expectation was that even if I came out of these surgeries safely, I would remain severely disabled for the rest of my life. Rabbi Rosenberg relates: Since I had never taken any action without first consulting my teacher and Rebbe, the Rebbe of Klausenburg zt"l, the author of the Shefa Chaim, I sent the X-ray to the Rebbe to examine it. And now, the messenger comes back to me, breathing and exhaling, all excited, and says that the Rebbe said that the doctors' diagnosis that it was a vertebral fracture was a mistake! In addition, the Rebbe ordered that I be transferred to another hospital, where they specialize in joint fracture medicine. The doctors, upon hearing the Rebbe's instruction regarding the transfer to another hospital, refused to take responsibility for this action, saying that I must not be moved, and that any movement that is now made in the injured organs can completely paralyze me for life.

Clarification of the Law of the Animal

I sent the doctors' words to the Rebbe again, but the Shefa Chaim said that he took the matter under his responsibility. Therefore, when the hospital demanded that I sign my consent to the transfer, I signed without any doubt. 'If the Rebbe took responsibility, why should I be afraid? A righteous person decrees and the Holy One, blessed be He, fulfills,' I said to myself, and to those around me. Indeed, the transfer went very smoothly, and no problem arose. At the second hospital, the damaged

organs were photographed again, and here are miraculous miracles. In the current X-ray, it was diagnosed that the fracture was not so severe that it required being tied to the bed. The vertebra did not break at all, and all in all, it was compressed a little and did not press on the spinal cord. This news almost "woke" Rabbi Issachar-Dov out of his place...In the meantime, the Rebbe went down to immerse himself in the mikveh and then sat down to inquire about the law of an animal that was injured in its spine, in a similar case that happened to the Chassid. Throughout the night, the Rebbe sat and conducted halakhic negotiations, at the end of which he koshered the animal. All of this is to "kosher" the spine and vertebrae of R. Yissachar Dov, for treifa is not alive...After a week I was discharged from the hospital, and although I was still confined to a wheelchair, thank God I didn't have to be tied to bed for such a long time.

"You were already in the world of truth"

Another three weeks passed, and at the Purim meal I insisted on coming to the Rebbe's table at the Purim meal. When I approached him and bent down from my wheelchair to greet him and kiss his holy hands, he turned to me with a smile and said with a cheerful face: 'After Purim you can already walk on your feet. 'After the meal, I was brought into the sanctuary, and then the Rebbe said to me: 'You should know that you were already in the world of truth, and we brought you back from there, and you are just like a child who was born!' Since the faith of the righteous pulsated strongly in me, I got up the next morning and stepped on my feet, but I immediately fell to the ground, because I was not yet able to stand on my feet without support. I went back to bed, and repeated to myself over and over again his holy words that after Purim I would be able to walk on my feet, and after another hour, I got out of bed again, and this time I carefully stepped on both legs, with most of the weight still resting on my supporting hands, and leaning against the bedside table. Another hour passed, and I tried again, and now I was able to stand alone for a few seconds. And so, every hour I stood up, prolonging the standing time, until by the end of the day I was able to walk on my own almost without support. A few weeks later, I didn't feel any pain at all, and I walked like a human being.

When I heard the man's story, I understood the meaning of his tireless devotion to everything in holiness, and I also saw the faith of the Sages in its purity.

***The Faith of the Sages II* (Or Sarah, Leaflet 566)**

There was an incident in two families where both sides knew in advance that their financial situation was very tight. Of Torah scholars in Bnei Brak who were matched with each other, even though there was a sacrifice on the part of both the bride and groom, who announced in advance that they had no demands and were willing to

compromise with whatever was given to them, and on the part of the parents who belonged to the city of Torah. The sum that was in the coffers of both sides arrived. After all the efforts to reach \$40,000.

As people who are in charge of consulting with the great leaders of the generation in every matter, the parents came to one of the great leaders of the generation in Bnei Brak, and asked where to buy an apartment for the young couple. The Gaon Shlita heard all the details and concluded: in Bnei Brak, and extended his hand to them for blessing and success. The parents were not sure that they had heard well, and at a certain point they made it clear that they were preparing to buy an apartment, and not to rent... The Gaon reiterated that these two families were stuck in the hearts of these two families, most especially, and that they should buy an apartment in Bnei Brak. The faith of the righteous was strong. In such a case, great faith is indeed required, for on the face of it, it seems to be an impossible task. Now that they did not doubt the order they had received, they approached all the realtors in the city and announced that they were looking for an apartment for \$40,000. Even those who have not yet bought an apartment in this city know that the initial amount of a small two-room apartment is no less than \$110,000. The realtors thought they were not serious, shrugged their shoulders, but wrote down the message in front of them.

The parents, as well as the bride and groom, were sure that if the Gaon Shlita said to buy in Bnei Brak, then the matter would work out in the best possible way, with the help of Heaven. After a while, one of the realtors calls and happily announces that he has an apartment for which the owner is demanding a price of... \$40,000, and his apartment has three large rooms. He is willing to sell two rooms from the apartment at the above price, on condition that he himself continues to live in the third room, and not only that, but the tenants who enter the apartment will take care of him, and help him with his daily subsistence needs. "Whoever is willing to fulfill these conditions, said the old man, will receive the two rooms, and when the day comes to leave the world, I will bequeath him the third room as well, and the whole apartment will be his."

The realtor told us that the owner of the apartment was an elderly Jew who was childless. The families saw this as a sign from heaven, and expressed their willingness to accept all conditions, and on the same day, a contract was signed between the parties. The wedding was supposed to take place in about a month and a half, and the bride and groom already knew that they would have to take care of the elderly man, which would make their lives very difficult, especially in the first period, but on the other hand, they received a great gift here, and saw it as a sign and a sign that the Holy One, blessed be He, is fulfilling the decree of the righteous. That they were buying an apartment in Bnei Brak, which was unbelievable. Once the apartment, or more accurately, the two rooms, was bought, the main concern was removed from the

parents, and now everything was free to prepare for the wedding that was approaching. Finally, five days before the wedding, the elderly man passed away, and on his desk lay the contract signed between the two parties, according to which, upon his death, the couple would inherit the entire apartment... Please note: a large three-room apartment, in the center of the city in Bnei Brak, in a prime location, at a price of \$40,000! Not even one cent more! And all thanks to the simple and innocent faith of the righteous. Here, another example of the simple faith of Jews, thanks to which they reached sensory vision of miracles and wonders, even in our generation.

"Your Faith in the Nights"(Rabbi Yossi Tzur Shlita)

A Story of a False Oath

Zvi stomped his feet between many yeshivot in an attempt to find a suitable place for him. In most of the yeshivot he attended, he did not feel that they provided a solution to his high spiritual needs for Torah study. In the end, the fate fell on the Slobodka Yeshiva in the city of Hebron, where he found a group of hard-working Torah students, and an excellent Ramim team that quenched the intense thirst of young Zvi.

His parents were very happy that he had found his place, especially since it was a yeshiva in the holy city of Hebron, which increased their great joy. However, Zvi was privileged to study in the yeshiva for only one year. The terrible events of 1929 put an end to the lives of many good members of the yeshiva, including the life of Zvi Heller, who was only fifteen years old at the time of his death and was the youngest of the murdered students.

His parents learned that the British government had many of the slaughtered objects, including those of their holy son. They hired the services of Dr. Buxbaum, a well-known lawyer, in the hope that he would help them get the few objects that remained as souvenirs of their beloved son. The lawyer learned that there were indeed several objects, including Zvi's siddur, that his parents had given him before they separated from him. and that according to the testimonies, they were holding his hands at the time of his murder. The parents, Rabbi Yechiel Heller and his wife, were very happy to hear the news. However, when the lawyer blurted out that the British governor would require them to swear that these objects did indeed belong to their son, their faces turned pale. The father began to explain to the lawyer that he had never sworn anything and that he had no intention of doing so this time. The lawyer began to explain to the father that refusing to take the oath could also mean denying them all their rights to the compensation to which they were entitled after their son's murder. The determined father said firmly, that he is willing to lose all the compensation and also the son's belongings, as long as he does not swear at all.

After a few days, the lawyer informed the parents that he had the belongings in his hands and that they could come and see them, and that if they took the required oath, they could take the items immediately. The parents arrived at his office quickly, and when the mother saw the familiar arrangement, she burst into heartbreaking tears. The lawyer took the father aside and tried to talk to him, because in this sensitive situation, he would still swear an oath for his wife. However, upon hearing this, the mother immediately said that she was strongly opposed to her husband deviating from his path and taking an oath, even if it would prevent them from receiving the things so dear to her heart.

The lawyer, who was amazed by the mental strength of the parents, ran out of his office and ran to the English governor. With great excitement, he told him what had happened in his office, and asked the governor: "Aren't the mother's tears a sufficient guarantee that the objects belong to her son, so that this time the requirement for an oath can be waived?" He granted his request and gave a one-time permission to give the son's belongings without an oath.

May each of us keep his mouth in general and in particular from matters of oath, and by virtue of this, we will merit the written saying: "For in the name of Your holiness you have sworn to him that his candle will never be extinguished

I remembered the joke... A Jew, a Muslim and a Christian sit and play cards in a place where it was forbidden to play cards. Suddenly, the door is broken down and police officers come in with guns drawn, and they hurry to hide the cards. The policemen turn to the Muslim and say to him: Did you play cards? He answers: No, why all of a sudden?! They say to him: Swear by Muhammad... And he swore. Then they go to the Christian and ask him: Have you played cards? He answers: No, what all of a sudden?! They tell him to swear by that man... And he swore. In the end, a Jew is approached and asked: Did you play cards? He answers: No. They say to him, "Swear by God." He says to them: Come on, really... If they didn't play, then who did I play with???

Even in jokes, Jews don't swear

"If there are tefillin, there is a reason to have a head." (Beit Zechariah, leaflet 145)

A moving story, which was allowed to be published only after the passing of the Maran Rabbeinu Yosef Shalom Elyashiv zt"l, told from the boy's father, who was saved from a terrible and difficult decree, and makes every Jewish heart jump.

The great and rare miracle, as defined by the father, the yeshiva student of Elad, occurred a few years ago, after the horrific accident that the family members suffered on the way out of Elad in a collision between the family car and a truck. All the family members were injured to varying degrees, and their lives were not in danger, except for the eldest son, then nine and a half years old, who was critically wounded and was caught between life and death. He was the first to be taken to the hospital and rushed to the operating room. After a complex head operation, while still unconscious, he was hospitalized in the intensive care unit with a completely pessimistic outlook. The greatest experts admitted that they are unable to save, and that if a reasonable miracle does not occur, there is reason to fear that the child will not wake up at all, or due to the fatal injury, he will remain disabled for life with irreversible brain damage.

The father, who was the only one who was not injured in the accident, ran tirelessly among the Gedolei Yisrael to breach the gates of heaven to cancel the harsh decree on his son. One of the good emissaries, a friend from the neighborhood whose father is a resident of Ramot who is known for his elegant tefillin houses, volunteered to run towards him to ask for the blessing of Maran Rabbeinu zt"l, who was in constant contact with his father and regularly ordered tefillin from him. While the boy was lying with his head wrapped in bandages and his body still without response, the friend hurried to organize a quick meeting with the Rebbe to beg him to pray for him and bless him for a complete refuah. What was surprising to hear was the instruction of Maran Rabbeinu zt"l, who immediately asked him to organize for the injured child tefillin of the head that they would dedicate to his Bar Mitzvah. On his instructions, the tefillin house was quickly organized. Still in its raw form, without final processing and coloring, and immediately taken to the intensive care unit, "The friend came to me agitated with a bag of tefillin on which he had prescribed for the child's medicine and said that this was a segula that Rabbi Elyashiv wanted to send to my son's hospitality" – the father tells us in an excited voice – '

These were difficult days in which we were torn between the gloomy opinions of the doctors and our hopes as believing Jews that even a sharp sword is placed on the neck of a man who will not despair of mercy. We placed the holy bag on my son's head and felt very encouraged by the turnaround. The professor in the department argued with me that my child had no chance of waking up, and I was imbued with faith and convinced him that within days the great miracle was going to happen. A week later, the child was already on his feet without any harm, and the doctor stood up and admitted that nothing else could explain the dramatic upheaval except a miracle. A few days after he woke up and the anesthetics stopped having an effect, my son was already arguing with me about the last lesson in the Talmud and 'holding his head' on everything that was happening. There was no trace of anything going on in his head. It was hard to believe that only days before the diagnosis, there was talk of a

very severe brain injury, which would leave its impressions in any case. The boy functioned as one of the human beings, and his memory was at its peak. It was clear to us that we had merited the supernatural miracle, but we couldn't tell everyone." – The father admits. Maran Rabbeinu asked not to publish the story, and until the end of his life, the story was known only to a few people close to him and family members.

The great Gaon Rabbi Chaim Kanievsky, shlita, who heard the story from his father, responded at the time by quoting the words of the midrash: "I did not create a head except for tefillin," and added the logic behind the miracle: "If there are tefillin, there is a reason to have a head." Later it turned out that the family members were privileged to be among the only segula to whom Maran zt"l gave them the special segula. "There were three other children with head injuries before us who were saved thanks to her, and we were the fourth and last time in his story," the father testifies.

"If Money Depends" (Good Things – Sentences)

Will the money accompany you when you leave this world? "The poor man is with you." Only the good deeds you will take with you, and this is the charity that you gave to the poor, only this will be with you, and they will accompany you at the time of your death.

There is a story about a very wealthy man who had a God-fearing wife and a valiant woman who took care of the house and her husband. She always tried to prepare him good food, a chicken with all kinds of spices, so that he could satisfy his palate and eat for satiety. But they had no children. One day, a poor man knocked on the door of their house at noon, and they were sitting at the table and eating. The rich man said to his wife, "Go and see who it is." The woman opened it and saw a poor man standing and asking for a piece of bread. She informed her husband, who said to her: Tell the poor that there is nothing. The woman, against her will, did as her husband commanded. But the poor man did not move from there, but shouted that he was hungry and that they should give him a piece of bread and a cup of water to restore his life, for he had not had food in his mouth for a whole day and was about to die. The rich man got up and shouted and cursed and threw the poor man out of the door of his house and said to him, "Did I not tell you that there is nothing?" Then he returned to his table and continued to eat as if nothing had happened. And he did not remember all the wealth that he had. is from the Holy One, blessed be He, may His name be praised forever.

The next day, he went to work as usual, but he was surprised that his livelihood was not the same as before. His wheel of fortune began to go back and forth, and from day to day, he became worse. Instead of making a profit, he only lost and slowly lost all his wealth. He began to sell his household utensils to obtain a piece of bread for

himself and his wife, until there was nothing left in the house. When he saw this, he said to his wife: "Listen to my advice, get a divorce from me and go to your father's house." There you will be able to revive your soul. The woman received a divorce and returned to her father's house.

Since the woman was still young, matchmakers came, and finally she married a good man and behaved with him as she had treated her first husband, and prepared him delicious food. One day, when they were sitting to eat, a poor man knocked on the door. The woman opened the door and told her husband that a poor man was asking for something to eat. The husband immediately took a loaf of bread and half a chicken from the table and gave it to his wife to give to the poor man. When the woman returned to the table, her eyes were teary, and she could not hold back her tears. When her husband asked the meaning of the matter and begged her to tell him, she said that this poor man was her first husband, and woe to her for seeing him. When her husband heard this, he said to her, "Do you know who I am? I am the same poor man who came to your house and shouted that I was hungry, and your husband came and threw me out of the door of his house."

May His name be praised forever, the Holy One, blessed be He, raises from meager dust and from dung raises up the poor. We learn from this story how great the mitzva of charity is, and if a poor person asks for a piece of bread, he must be given it. For who knows what state he is in, for whoever saves one life from Israel, it is as if there is a whole world

"If from thread to shoelace" (14:23) (Wonderful stories – go away)

It is told in the book "Otzar Ephraim": Rabbeinu Baal Darchei Teshuva z"l relates: The Gaon Baal Ohev Yisrael of Afta, z"l, was a rabbi in the city of Kalbsuf, Yas, Mezhibuz, Afta, and then returned to Mezhibuz. When the Gaon of Afta told the residents of the city of Afta that he wanted to return to the city of Afta they did not understand his reasoning. When he came to serve as a rabbi for their city, he agreed to come only with a large sum of money set aside for a week. And they gave him this large sum and did everything in his honor, and he lacked nothing with them. Therefore, they dared to ask him to explain to them the meaning of the matter. The holy Rav of Afta answered: I will tell you what I saw in the first place to come to you and ask you for a large sum of money, and in any case, your question will be solved.

My father z"l was a teacher in a small town, and his brother lived in Afta and was extremely wealthy. My father and his brothers separated when they were about eight years old, and they have not known each other since. Both my father and his brothers had no children. After many years, my father's brother fell ill, and then he told his wife about his brother, so that she could receive a chalitza from him. When he died

and his wife was left in need of yibbum, she did not know where to find my father, the rabbi who was in the city at the time advised her to send a letter to all the rabbis in the countries, and also to publish an advertisement in magazines that there is a widow who needs chalitza from her husband's brothers, and so and so his name, and these are his signs. And when he comes and gives her a chalitza, he will receive half of the estate left by her husband, which is worth a lot of money. When the rabbi of the city where my father lived received the letter, he called my father and told him the incident, and told him that since he was going to inherit a lot of money from his brothers, he agreed to lend him money to make the way, and when he returned home, he would pay him the money. My father went home and told his wife the whole matter. His wife answered him, "Here is a mitzvah that the Creator has commanded us to do. This mitzva does not come to most people to fulfill it, and you who come into your possession of this mitzvah, in my opinion, should do it only in honor of Him, and you will not receive any reward or payment for it. My father, of blessed memory, agreed with her words and promised her that he would not receive any money from his brother's wife, but my mother, my teacher, blessed be He, added in her request and said to him: I know that the evil inclination of money is great, and when you see a lot of money in front of you, you will hardly be able to conquer it, so please take the siddur in your hand, and swear to it that you will not take even a single penny. And so he did. And he took the siddur in his hand and swore by it.

My father no longer wanted to receive a loan from the rabbi of the city because he would have nothing to pay off the debt, so he walked all the way until he came to the city of Afta. The widow, his brother's wife, was very happy when he came, and immediately ordered him to be dressed in honorable clothes, and they set aside a respectable hostel for him. After the chalitza, the widow took a pocket full of coins and gave them to my late father, saying that these coins were half of my husband's estate. He replied to Avi z"l: I fulfilled the mitzvah only for the sake of Heaven, and I do not want to take even a single penny, and so I swore to my wife. But the widow said that she did not want to take the coins that were not hers, and the money would remain in the hands of the congregation. My father z"l took his old belongings that were lying in the corner and put them on. But he took off the new clothes and put them there. And he walked his way back to his home.

At that time, there was a great noise in Heaven than the magnitude of the trial that my late father had endured, and the order of creation was changed over them, and I was born to them in their old age. The holy Rav of Apta z"a concluded: Now you will understand everything, that what I did not want to come to was only by allotting a large sum of money for a week, because I took from what was left in your hands the coins of my father, z"l. And now that the sum has been paid, I am returning to my city

of Ezhibuz. This is the only thing he promised them, that he would call his name upon them.

"If you accept leadership, you have to uphold it everywhere and in every situation."(Hagaon Rabbi Yisrael Grossman zt"l)

My father zt"l went to the United States in 1918 on the mission of the sages and rabbis of Jerusalem, to arouse our brothers abroad to extend a hand and help to the Torah and chesed institutions in Jerusalem. When he arrived in America, he realized that the kashrut situation was deficient [in those days, there was still no properly organized kashrut system]. Knowing that he would have to wander from place to place throughout the United States, and not everywhere he would be able to obtain kosher foods that were strictly kosher. He stood up and received a strong and firm decision: not to taste meat or dairy foods on American soil! And so, during the long years that he lived in the United States, no meat food entered his mouth, and he did not taste a single drop of milk all these years. For his subsistence, he made do with olive oil that he brought with him from the Land of Israel. His important sister, Mrs. Chaya, would bake bread and challah for him, and he underwent many tests when he was determined not to deviate from his bounds and not to violate the promise he had taken upon himself. Sometimes this harmed his personal dignity, and sometimes the purpose of his coming...

He was once invited to a sit-in in an important community in Los Angeles. In those days, there were no planes for domestic travel within the United States, so traveling from New York to Los Angeles by train took nearly two days. On Wednesday afternoon, my father boarded the train heading to Los Angeles, and in the middle of the trip, he remembered that he had forgotten to take the bread and challah that his sister had prepared for him, and had to make do with some of the vegetables and fruits he had. He traveled by train for nearly forty-eight hours. Hungry and exhausted from the long journey, he arrived at the home of the host rabbi on Friday afternoon. The rabbi received him with respect, showed him his designated room that he had prepared in his honor, also brought it into the kitchen, and presented him with the special dish that they had prepared in his honor: a well-seasoned roasted goose whose pleasant smell fills the kitchen space.

Abba zt"l thanked the Rav for all the trouble they took for him, and especially for the delicacy they prepared in his honor, but said: I am sorry to disappoint you, I will not be able to taste the goose because I have taken it upon myself not to taste meat foods anywhere. Although I do not doubt, God forbid, the kashrut and adornment of the Rav, I cannot violate my Kabbalah on the grounds of 'no flug'. The rabbi, who maintained his manners of respect, blushed. He was furious and immediately ruled that

if the honorable guest did not prepare to eat the roasted goose, then the goose was liable to go into freezing for another occasion. He reasoned that it was impolite for the owner of the house to delight in the pleasures of fattened swans and chickens, and for the guest to watch from the sidelines... My father tried to persuade him not to pay attention to him and to give up his honor, but he was not convinced.

On Friday night, when he was standing in prayer, he was seized by a binge, and he was on the verge of fainting. After he returned to the rabbi's house, he made kiddush and washed his hands for the meal, and behold, the Rebbetzin came in and placed a huge tray on the table, on top of which was fish cooked in cream, arranged, and tastefully arranged... Oh, Master of the Universe, what can we do! What a difficult situation he found himself in, what a difficult trial he has come to. All these years he has passed the test and has not touched any meat or dairy food, and here is what he will do, if he says one word about eating the fish... Then it is clear to him what the results will be. On the other hand, he may still give up this time, on a one-time basis, the Kabbalah. Thoughts raced back and forth, but within a few minutes, my father had reached a clear and strong decision and said to himself, "If you get leadership and acceptance, you have to make sure that it is fulfilled everywhere and in every situation," even though he knew very well what was going to happen as a result of his words.

Father got up from his chair and asked for permission to speak, and thus said: I would like to ask forgiveness from the rabbi and the rabbnit. You may feel upset, but what can I do when I cannot deviate from the habit and acceptance I received, not to eat meat foods, and also not to eat dairy foods... At first moment, the Rav and the Rebbetzin were stunned. But soon the Rav jumped out of his seat as if bitten by a snake lost his temper, and began to hurl harsh words at Father. No words of justification or asking for forgiveness helped; Father was forced to leave the house in disgrace, begged that he would only be allowed to recite Birkat HaMazon over the kezayit he had eaten, and so he left the house and went out to the deserted street. Father looked up to the heavens and thanked God for withstanding the difficult test. In order to strengthen his spirit, he repeated to himself the words he had thought in those moments before he said what he had said: "If you accept leadership, you must observe it everywhere and in every situation."