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Restored Story Collection 30

From "Likutei Shmuel"

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Four and five zealots in Jerusalem ("Candle to the Shabbat table" from the son of Rabbi Herschel, my friend Shalit I, and Rabbi Yisrael Gliss)

These were the days of the Shabbat demonstrations on the Ramot road in Jerusalem. One Shabbat, Rabbi Herschel Sacks, grandson of Maran Chafetz Chaim, and Rabbi Yisrael Gliss, both of whom were members of the "Neighborhood Committee" that fought the opening of the Ramot Road to traffic on Shabbat, met. But the methods of protest and demonstrations were not to their liking. What would happen here was that what they meant! Stones, riots, and desecration of God. They decided to move to the other side of the road' – where we will try to

act pleasantly. 'Rabbi Herschel suggested acting originally': When he passes, you will remember his first digits, and I will remember the last ones. A car passed by, a yellow Volkswagen . On Sunday, Rabbi Gliss, a practical and energetic man, managed to find out where the owner of the car lived in the Ramot neighborhood. "We will drive to him," said Rabbi Herschel. And so one evening at around nine o'clock they knocked on the driver's door ...

A boy opened the door: 'Father, two rabbis came here to ask for charity'... The father went to the door. "Please, we have come to talk, is it possible to enter for five minutes?" Asked. The man took them into the living room of his house, and he was stunned. Where did these two ultra-Orthodox men fall from... Rabbi Gillis began: "We live on the Ramot road, we bought apartments here on the edge of the city, to live in a quiet place, without seeing the desecration of the Sabbath." Rabbi Herschel added excitedly, in Yiddish Hebrew with an American accent: "I came from America to live here in the Holy Land, where in America everything is full of Shabbat desecration, a land full of gentiles and impurity, and I immigrated to the Land of Israel to live in Jerusalem, to find a holy corner there without Shabbat desecration. Please help me with this... "And they shall continue to seek Him with words that come from the heart... The driver replied: "Since you are asking so nicely, I will no longer drive on the Ramot road." True, this is the end of their meeting, but not the story...

A month passed, and the wife of that driver called Rabbi Glee: "We are having a Bar Mitzvah for our son. For a while I wanted to ask the Rabbi, where can I buy kosher meat?" Rabbi Gillis told Rabbi Herschel about the phone call: "Nice, there is progress... Rabbi Herschel responded, "Why didn't you ask when and where the Bar Mitzvah will be held? We will come!" A week passed, and again a phone call: "Where can I buy tefillin?" They went together to Mea Shearim and bought tefillin at Eisenbach's.

After a while they called again: "Our son wants the kitchen in our house to be kosher ." It was an amazing sight, an exciting sight to see the grandson of the Chafetz Chaim – Rabbi Herschel prepares the kitchen, while singing and ruling: ' This is kosher, and this is treif, this must be thrown away for hagal', and everything is done with singing and joy. The son entered the yeshiva; slowly the girls became stronger, one of them came to "Neve Jerusalem," and so the whole house changed - all out of a conversation of love and friendship.

Years passed; the year 5765 arrived. Rabbi Gillis passed by Havatzelet Street, the street where the marriage registration offices of the Jerusalem Rabbinate are located. Suddenly he was approached with a request: 'Please come in to testify about the singleness of a yeshiva boy M.' Among other things, he found out that the young man's future bride was a daughter of the same family from the Ramot neighborhood...

Four wives for one king

Once upon a time, there was a rich king with four wives. He loved the fourth woman the most and pampered her with beautiful clothes and brought her the best foods. He didn't give her anything less than the best.

He also loved his third wife very much and always showed her to neighboring kingdoms. But he was always afraid that she would leave him for someone else.

He also loved his second wife very much. He would tell her everything, and she was always kind, considerate, and patient with him. Whenever the king encountered a problem, he would always talk to her, and she would help him get through difficult times.

The king's first wife was a very loyal spouse and made great contributions to the preservation of the king's money and kingdom. But the king did not like his first wife. And even though she loved him very much, he barely paid attention to her.

One day, the king became ill, and he knew his time had come. He thought about his wonderful life and wondered, "I have four wives, and when I die I will be alone."

So he asked his fourth wife, "I loved you the most and took great care of you. Now that I'm dying, will you come with me and make friends with me?" "No way," she answered and walked away without saying another word. Her answer hit him like a sharp knife in the heart.

The king asked his third wife, "I have loved you all my life. Now that I'm dying, will you come with me to have a girlfriend?" "No!" she answered, "Life is too good! If you die, I'll remarry!"

His heart sank and became cold.

He asked his second wife, "I always turned to you for help, and you were always there for me. That I die, will you come with me and have my company?" "I'm sorry, I can't help you this time!" she answered. "The most I can do is go with you to the grave," her answer struck him like lightning, and the king was devastated.

Suddenly a voice called out, "I'll come with you. I will follow you wherever you go." The king looked up and saw his first wife. She was very thin because she was neglected. With great suffering, the king said, "I should have taken better care of you if I had the opportunity."

In fact, we all have 4 women in our lives:

Our fourth wife is our body. No matter how much time and effort we invest in making it beautiful, it will leave us to die. Our third wife is our property, our status, and our money. If we die, it will pass on to others. Our second wife is our family and friends. No matter how far they were there for us, the farther they would stay with us was to the grave.

And our first wife is our soul. The pursuit of money, power, and the pleasures of the world is often neglected. Even though our soul is the only thing that will go with us everywhere.

Strengthen and nurture it, because it is the only part that will go with us to the crown of G-d and will continue with us forever.

The Rebbe's Shabbat Meal (613 stories about 1913)

The Rebbe of Klausenburg, Rabbi Yekutiel Yehuda Halberstam, zt"l, recounted what he went through during the Holocaust, while he was in the Auschwitz camp. It was Friday evening, when all the Jews were taken off the train and urged to enter the camp. When they entered the camp, they were all pushed inside, and the people who were found fit for work were gathered to a special place where they were given a meat breakfast.

The hungry and tormented people flocked to the food, but the Rebbe of Klausenburg refused to accept his portion, saying that he did not want to eat treifot in any way, and so he fasted all day, and in the evening he lay exhausted and hungry to sleep. During the Shabbat inspection, a shout was heard in the direction of the prisoners, announcing that they should come to eat. The Rebbe sat inside

himself. When the hut was emptied, and there was no one left in it, he burst into tears, and streams of tears flowed from his eyes. Although the Rebbe did not cry, he did so, praying to the Holy One, blessed be He, for everything that was happening.

At noon on Shabbat, the Rebbe's crying intensified, and he said: "Master of the world, I was left alone, destitute; I took everything from me, I remained barefoot, and I will still not go and eat treifot? I don't want to eat treifot, I don't eat! While he was sitting and talking to himself, a frightened Jew entered the hut. He went straight to the Rebbe and asked, "Is he the Rebbe of Klausenburg?" The Rebbe was frightened to hear the question, because the German rabbis and Rebbes would have been led to the furnace first, but while he was talking, another Jew came to him and told him that he had to go to the door immediately, since someone was waiting for him. The Rebbe had no choice, and he got up from his seat, despite his fears, and when he reached the doorway, he saw an elderly man, a Jew, who turned to him with the question, "Was the Rebbe of Kashanov your uncle?" The Rebbe stood wondering and amazed. How did this man know that the Rebbe was in the Auschwitz camp, and how did he know that he was indeed his uncle? But along with his astonishment, he immediately replied and told the Jew that indeed, the Rebbe of Kashanov was his uncle. This man hurried to hand the Rebbe a loaf of bread and a saucer full of jam, and told him that he had brought him the food so that he would satisfy his soul, and in the blink of an eye the mysterious man disappeared and left, and he never saw him again.

When the Rebbe told this story, he said that at that time he felt that there was G-d in the land who was watching over him, because he did not want to eat treifot. Immediately after this incident, he took it upon himself again that he would not eat treifah in any way. And so the Rebbe of Klausenburg sat down and ate the kosher Shabbat meal that the Holy One, blessed be He, had summoned for him.

A new closet. Very sad (Rabbi Yechezkel Shubaks)

It was in the middle of class when the secretary of the Haider came into the classroom and announced his name. "Srulik". He was quick to look up from the book. "You have a phone!" - the secretary announced. Srulik accompanied the secretary back to his office. "Who's looking for me on the phone?" asked Srulik on the way, all tense. "It's a surprise!" – the secretary responded, and Srulik couldn't help but see the smile on the tip of his lips. Since that time, their lives have

changed. From a small family, with a father, a mother, and a son, they became a family of six.

Three years passed; the tiny babies became big and playful children, slowly three new beds and another six-door closet entered the house, and the large and spacious house with its three rooms suddenly became too narrow to contain this big mess. One day, Dad came back with a message in his mouth. He obtained permission to add two more rooms to the existing house. From here until the contract with the contractor was signed, it did not take long. However, in a conversation with the contractor, it became clear that there was no possibility of continuing to live in the apartment. According to him, they would have to find an alternative apartment. Various inquiries began, and in the end they were offered an apartment in the next building. They went to see the apartment and their eyes went dark. It was a warehouse that had been converted into an apartment, all of which had two small rooms, a dark and suffocating apartment, neglected; some of the floors were broken, and if that wasn't enough, the building's water and sewage pipes also ran through the apartment. After much deliberation, they accepted the decree. According to the contractor, it is six months at most. No problem, they will survive.

Several family members volunteered to help them move the necessary groceries for the coming period. The first few days were unbearable, and the crowding was very difficult. Srulik and the trio slept at night on mattresses stuck to each other without an inch of space. In the morning, Srulik had to arrange all the mattresses on top of each other; otherwise it would be impossible to move the room. In the few closets that were in the apartment, the main clothes and household items needed for daily life were stored. The rest of the things were left inside the suitcases. The dining table was inside the children's room, so they had to darken the room every day at an early hour so that the little ones could fall asleep. It was especially difficult on Shabbat, when they were forced to turn off the lights in the middle of the Friday night meal. This life in the crowded warehouse was all anticipation and waiting for the day when they would be able to reach the spacious and renovated apartment. It can be said that the more difficult life in this warehouse apartment was, the more they knew that this nightmare would end soon. After all, they would not be able to survive here for too long. Even the little trio had already learned to count the days. Six months, the contractor promised. The father would go to tour the apartment being built at least twice a day, to see the progress of the construction, and despite all the pressure on his part, the pace

of construction was much slower than he had initially thought. "There are delays that do not depend on me," the contractor explained.

Six months have passed, even a full year, and the end is still not in sight. Thank God, the skeleton is already standing, but in the meantime they haven't even started sewing. The children didn't know it, but something about the license wasn't so good, and they had no choice but to stop the work. The chaos in the house was unbearable. There wasn't a single closet in the children's room. How long can life go on without room in the closets for the little ones' clothes? One fine afternoon, the trio of little ones returned from kindergarten. They met two workers at the entrance to the house, carrying wooden plates with them. They burst into the house with joy and enthusiasm. Thank God, something new is happening here. They found out that they were installing a closet in the children's room that would hang over their beds. It would be their wardrobe. The three of them stood there, watching with enthusiasm as an entire closet was being built before their eyes. Their happiness had no end. At the end of the day, Srulik returned home. As soon as he opened the door, he suspected something. "Is there anything new in the house?" "Go into the children's room and see!" He went in, saw the coffin, and immediately went outside with tears in his eyes. "What?! Are we already staying here?" - he asked painfully. *

We have been in exile for two thousand years, and yet our ancestors and forefathers never ceased to miss the Temple. It is true that even in exile we are forced to find rest for our feet, even in exile each of us makes sure that he has a home to live in, but deep down everyone knows that we aspire to go up to Jerusalem and see the building of the Temple. Chazal obligated us to make a "remembrance of the destruction." The Shulchan Aruch brings all the laws related to the "remembrance of the destruction" so that the destruction of the Temple will be before our eyes all year round, and so that we will never stop wishing and expecting the rebuilding of the Temple.

During these days, we are immersed in the Nine Days, depriving ourselves of the pleasures of this world, refraining from eating meat and drinking wine, and refraining from bathing and lubrication. This is the symbol of our anticipation for the building of the Temple. It is so sad to see someone who tries to arrange his life for himself, and tries to ease the fasts and sigufim from himself, because the deeper the exile, the thicker the darkness, the greater the expectation and the greater the hope. When Napoleon saw the Jews mourning the destruction, he had already

spoken: "A people that mourns for two thousand years will surely soon see consolation." Amen, yes, may it be desired.

Cursed Marcus (Yitzhak Baruch)

Today, the 17th of Shvat, five hundred and ninety-nine years ago, a great miracle occurred to the Jews of the city of Zaragoza, the capital of the Kingdom of Aragon in present-day northeastern Spain (in the year 1420). In memory of that miracle, the people of the city established the 17th of Shvat as a day of joy and thanksgiving to God, to them and to their descendants, and it was called "Purim Zaragoza." They also wrote a scroll for them and copied it from generation to generation, and it was customary to read it every year on the 17th of Shvat with a majority of the people.

And this is the miracle: Whenever the king visited their city, it was customary for the members of the community to go out to meet him with the Torah scrolls in the hands of the city's dignitaries, rabbis, and judges. There were twelve synagogues in Zaragoza. When they went out to greet the king, they took out three Torah scrolls from each synagogue, a total of thirty-six books.

Although they did so out of respect for the kingdom, the sages of the city were heartbroken by the disrespect for the honor of the Torah scrolls by removing them from their permanent residence. On one occasion, they decided to install three empty Torah scroll bags in all the synagogues in the city, which they would take out at the king's reception. This was the practice for several years, until they were in terrible trouble.

One member of the community, Chaim Shami, who served in the king's household (perhaps Alfonso V, King of Aragon), converted to Christianity. His Christian name was Marcus, and as a Christian he became closer to the king. Once, after a royal visit to the city of Zaragoza and the Jewish reception held for the king, Marcus told him the truth: The Jews do not go out to meet you with Torah scrolls, but with empty bags. The king heard this, and his anger burned in him.

The king decided that if Marcos's words were true, all the Jews of the city of Zaragoza, five thousand in number, would be punished with severe punishments. The men would be executed, the synagogues would be burned, and the women and children would be taken as slaves and maidservants. A royal decree in this spirit was signed on the 16th of Shvat, while the king made up his mind to surprise the Jews of Zaragoza the next day and to visit the city suddenly.

On the night of the 17th of Shvat, all the deacons of the twelve synagogues had one dream. In their dream, an old man commanded them to hurry immediately to the synagogue and put Torah scrolls in the bags used for the king's receptions. All the devotees were commanded by the old man in the dream not to tell anything about the dream and their deeds.

Thus, late at night, each deacon entered his synagogue and put Torah scrolls in his bags. Everyone returned to their homes and told no one about it.

The next day, on the 17th of Shvat, the king suddenly appeared in the city of Zaragoza. The rabbis and judges of the city hurried to the synagogues and took out their usual bags to greet the king, led them, and stood before the king. As he passed them, the king commanded in a loud voice to open the books, because he wanted to see the Torah in which they were blessing the king.

A terrible terror fell on the faces of the Jews. The rabbis and dayanim carrying the bags knew nothing of what had happened the night before, and they were sure that evil had befallen them. With trembling hands, they opened the bags, expecting the worst of all.

The bags were opened, and a double miracle was performed at the same time. All the books were opened in the place where it is written: "And even this, while their

enemies were in the land, they did not disgust to break My covenant with them, for I am the Lord their God" (verse from the end of the book of Leviticus, although according to the time when the miracle took place, the books were supposed to be opened around the passages in Shelah-Yitro in the book of Exodus). The king saw the holy books, was relieved, and thus his anger at the Jews; now he was directed to Mark. The rebellious servant who stole his mind. In his breath, the king ordered Mark to be hanged on a tree, and the Jews had light and joy.

This is the great miracle that happened to the Jews of Zaragoza, as it is told in the "Scroll of Zaragoza", of which we have various versions. The description in the Megillah is shrouded in a legendary flavor, and it is difficult to extract the exact factual kernel from it, but the day of Purim Zaragoza is rooted in an ancient Jewish tradition in several communities in Israel where the Jews of Zaragoza settled.

Among the copies of the Megillah that are found today are formulas that mark the 18th of Shvat as the day of Purim Zaragoza, although they also mention the 17th of Shvat as the day on which the miracle occurred. In addition, in some of the formulations, the year 5000 (1380) is mentioned as the year in which the miracle occurred, and according to this, the king in question was King Pedro IV of Aragon. Among the scholars, there are those who believe that "Purim Zaragoza" originated among the Jews of Sicily in the Mediterranean. However, tradition in the communities denies his words. The Italian custom, which apparently also prevailed in Sicily, of wrapping the Torah scroll in a coat, as is the Ashkenazi custom, also makes it difficult to describe the miracle.

Nowadays, "Purim Zaragoza" is hardly commemorated due to the assimilation of the city's immigrants among members of other communities. However, a few modern families, who bear the name "Zaragossi" or "Zaragosti", are still in the habit of reading the Megillah and marking the day of "Purim Zaragoza".

"The Land of the Beautiful Life" (Good Things – Noah)

There was a beautiful and rich land, which was called the 'Land of Beautiful Life'. Anyone who entered the gates of the country was amazed by the sight of the green trees and colorful flowers. Blue water lakes where white swans roamed added to the spectacular sight, and magnificent palaces completed the impressive picture. The name of the Land of the Beautiful Living spread far and wide, and many wanted to come to it. But not only because of the beauty of the country, but mainly because of the fact that every guest did not have to work there and toil for a living. Immediately upon his arrival, he was given a palace to live in and three servants whose role was to satisfy him and fulfill all his desires. It is no wonder, then, that many sought the land of the beautiful life and wished to reach it. But there was one thing that all those who heard the stories of the beautiful land of life did not know: the servants and the palace were only available to each guest for a period of one year. Afterwards, the guest was caught and brought to trial before the elders of the land, who asked him a single question: "Why did you come to our land?" and the guest had to give his answer. The visitor's sentence was death in any case, but his answer could only affect the way the sentence was carried out. Whoever lied in his answer was thrown into a cage full of predatory lions. But if he said a true answer, He was put in an empty cage for many days until he died of starvation. This practice continued for many years, and no one disputed it. The guests who arrived heard about the trial that awaited them a few days after their arrival, but they knew that they had no choice and their sentence was signed. They tried to enjoy themselves as much as they could during the year they had left, and at the trial each gave a true or false answer, according to what he thought was an easier death: To be devoured by the lion's teeth or to starve.

One day, an old man arrived in the land of the good life, and his mouth was full of words of wisdom. As soon as he entered the land, the man was given a palace and three servants, as was customary, but his behavior was different from all the guests before him. Instead of eating, drinking, and other pleasures, he was constantly busy accumulating wealth, precious stones, and pearls. He assigned his three servants a strange task: he sent them out of the country. He instructed them to build hiding places for him and to place the valuables he had accumulated in them. The man's strange deeds aroused astonishment in the land, and the elders of the land gathered to discuss it, but they did not find anything wrong with his

actions as long as he himself did not leave the borders of the land. The inhabitants of the Land of the Good Life considered the old man to be crazy. He has only a year to live, and instead of enjoying every moment, he makes himself warehouses and hideouts that he will never get to see...

The year passed in a flash, and the time for the trial of the wise and old man arrived. This time, all the inhabitants of the country gathered for the trial to witness the end of the strange and curious man. The man was led in heavy chains and brought before the three judges. "Why did you come to our country, the land of beautiful life?" asked the elder of the judges. The man looked directly at his judges and declared: 'I came here to be eaten by the lions.' The judges smirked at the answer, which was undoubtedly false. Who comes to be devoured by the teeth of evil animals? This is a complete lie! "The answer is false – and therefore your sentence is to be sent to the lion cage," the judge declared. Two ladies grabbed the old man's hands, but he wanted to say something before the sentence was carried out. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you throw me into the lion's den, then my answer is true, and if so, you are not allowed to throw me to the lions, but to put me in a cage where I will die of starvation." The judges whispered among themselves for many minutes, and soon the old judge announced their decision: 'Since the defendant has told the truth, he must be put in a cage where he will die of starvation.' But then he again wanted to say something: 'Gentlemen of the judges, if you put me in the hunger cage, it means that I was not thrown into the lions, and if so, I lied, and therefore you should throw me into the lion cage...' The great embarrassment was evident on the faces of the judges. They whispered among themselves for a very long time, looking at a loss, until the old judge knocked his hammer on the table: 'The defendant is free, but he must leave our country today...' The wise old man left the land of the beautiful life, working near the places where his servants had buried the gold and diamonds, and he returned to his land rich and full of possessions.

Our world is the Land of the Beautiful Life. We come here for a limited period of time, and we can enjoy it without limitation, but in the end it is over, and we can be left with nothing. But those who have taken care, like that wise old man, to prepare for themselves valuable deposits outside the boundaries of the Land of the Beautiful Life. Those who do mitzvot and good deeds that will be in their favor when their souls return to the upper world. He came out of the trial with the upper hand.

Fire (Peninei Torah and Chassidut, Issue 41)

Once a woman came before the Rebbe to receive a blessing from the Rebbe, and she asked the Rebbe to bless her with his hands on her head. Rabbi Dodel raised his hands above the woman's head and recited a blessing, but the woman was not satisfied with such a blessing and asked him to place his holy hands on her head, so that she would be sure that the blessing would be fulfilled in full.

Rabbi Dudel said to her, "When you recite the candles on the Friday before Shabbat begins, you put your hands on the candles or raise them above the candles."

The woman answered, "Of course I am raising my hands from above, for I am afraid that I will be burned by the candle fire, and I will not put my hands on it. Rabbi Dudel said to her, "This is the case with me, for I am afraid that I will burn if I put my hand on you, and therefore we must raise them from above."