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Reconstructed Collection of Stories 38

From "Likutei Shmuel"

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You shall take the sons (Private Providence, Issue 47)

For years we have been waiting for a viable seed. We have done many segulot, we have prayed many prayers, we have twisted and turned with G-d, and we have not yet been blessed. Recently I heard that the mitzvah of sending the nest is a virtue for the sons, as it is written: "Send send... And you shall take the sons."

I live in Ashdod, where it's rarer to find bird nests. I searched for a nest and couldn't find it. The atmosphere at home was difficult. I don't wish any Jew to feel what it was like to wait and face disappointment over and over again. You never know what agony the waiting period entails. That day, we felt the atmosphere at home was dense and charged, and to make it easier for ourselves, we decided to go out and breathe some fresh air. We walked a long way to the garden at the edge of the city, where we stayed for a few hours, which turned out, by the grace of God. As a wise and beneficial decision. We came out strengthened with the feeling that our Father is the Merciful Father, that he will not leave us or abandon us, that we will only be strengthened in faith and confidence, and that salvation will come. Now we thought about how to get home. It was 1:30 a.m., and we had an hour of walking. I thought about ordering a taxi, but suddenly I noticed a car signaling at our lights. We stopped, and the driver, a Hasidic student, got out of the car and asked us to get closer to him. His question surprised me completely: "How long have you been married?" I was amazed. How does he know what is bothering me? I replied, "Indeed, we have been married for several years and are still waiting for salvation."I'll explain to you why I asked," the student began. "I have a special affection for the mitzvah of sending the nest, and from time to time I go out in search of a nest. Not long ago, I saw a nest among the trees here, and I thought of crediting my relative who is expecting

children. Tonight, without any explanation, I felt an urge to come and see the nest, and then I saw you here."

The Chassid showed me the nest and had already arranged a chair and a stick for me. "You shall do the mitzvah of sending the nest, and you will be blessed." I fulfilled the mitzvah, sent away the mother, and took the chicks. I cried with excitement. I felt that it was a time of success. The special timing, this amazing combination that only God can combine – that after midnight, in a non-ultra-Orthodox area, a Chassidic yeshiva appears and offers me to fulfill the segula I was looking for.

The matter did not end there. The yeshiva student brought a glass of wine and danced with me to thank God for the rare mitzvah. What will I answer to God? There is no one else besides Him, may it be that thanks to the publicity we will be able to publish the second half of the story as well, and we will all merit salvation.

Without Forgiveness (Chaim Walder - Stories from Life)

I am now thirty-three years old, and my story begins around the time I moved from eighth grade to ninth. I was a lively and accepted child in society, perhaps too lively and acceptable. I came from a good home. My parents were, and still are, good, decent, and charming people. I have never had any difficulties at home or in society. All this – until I arrived at the new school. Five friends from elementary school came with me, and we were actually the largest group in the class. But as always, when you enter a new framework, new friendships and alliances are formed, and society changes completely.

I actually started on the right foot. I connected with many of the girls in the class, and everything seemed very promising. But then two of the girls in the class started working against me. I don't know why, but they started ,rebelling against all of them, laughing at me at every possible opportunity ...hurting me, preferably in public, making fun of me, restricting my steps ,They just tortured me, mental torture. Every morning I would ask myself .what new torture they had invented for me. They were bad, diabolical Wisdom for evil. They knew the craft very well. And the job was – to destroy .me socially and mentally. They had deteriorated my self-confidence to zero

I sent them amessage and begged her to leave me, but they sent back hurtful and painful messages. I tried to contact the teacher – and that was the biggest mistake. They were just naïve in front of the teacher, and presented me as a girl with mental problems, imagining things. They killed me, these girls. They .just killed me while I was alive

* * *

My parents didn't know what was happening to me. I was ashamed to tell them that I was at the bottom of the ladder. I still have, unfortunately, self-respect. I write "unfortunately," because when the Martyr's hand is paralyzed, you don't feel the wound, but when the Martyr's hand is normal, you suffer terribly. The same is true of the soul. I felt how I was fighting for my self-respect, for my mental health, when two girls were constantly shooting witty arrows at me, backed by the whole class, who followed them, whether afraid to get into their mouths – or out of admiration for them.

One time, I decided to go over to them and just ask them to stop hurting me. I remember it like today. I was standing at the entrance to the shelter. I waited for most of the girls to come out, and then I asked one of the girls to call them. They said they didn't have the energy to talk to me. I sent the girl again to ask if they could give me a few minutes. I heard laughter from inside the shelter. "Tell her we don't have time for the mentally ill." But I heard the words spoken loudly and deliberately anyway so that I would hear. I went into the shelter and said, "I want to talk to you." I started crying and wailing. "I'm begging. Talk to me for five minutes." They began to talk to each other. "Soon she will bow down to the dust of our feet," she said to each other venomously. I realized that it was a waste of time. They won't talk to me, and even if they do, their hearts are stone. I got up, and suddenly words burst out of my heart: "Since you are not willing to hear me, the Lord in heaven will hear. G-d sees and knows what you are doing to me. He knows that I have no way of doing anything against you. I ask G-d to pay you for what you do. They laughed and didn't pay any attention to me, and I went home broken and broken. They erased the remnants of my self-respect. They made me disgusted with my life and wanted to die.

The next night, I would cry and ask G-d to act for me. I told him that I had no more power. I told him that he was the master of the world, and that the owner of the house could not allow his creatures to do this to each other. In those days, I felt that faith was the only outpost I had left in my life. A month had passed since that incident, and one of the girls who had bullied me had been thrown out of school. It was a real bombshell, because she was considered an outstanding girl. All kinds of talk was silenced – it turned out that she was such a good girl only on the outside. For me, by the way, it wasn't a novelty. In fact, none of them had anything new, but at least the others outwardly demonstrated that they were surprised. I felt that God's hand was in the matter. Suddenly, he kicked out the person who had harassed me so much. But her girlfriend didn't leave me.

.She began to hurt me even more than before. She did it in an ugly way
She started talking about me in a lower grade. She knew how much it hurt the girl when they began to talk about her poor status among all the girls in ,the class. A girl can still suffer from mental pain in front of a closed group but as soon as everyone looks at her in a bad light, it finishes her. I sent her a message – isn't she afraid that Heaven might punish her, just as they punished her friend? She responded with a sneer, saying that she would make sure I was sorry that her friend had been dumped – because from now on I .would suffer three times as much as I did before. Thus. In these words

* * *

And she really kept her promise. She hurt me, broke me, crushed me every day. She made me a broken and scared girl – for life. She injured me mentally. It caused me a disability. From a happy and happy girl, with status - I have become a thin, suspicious, suffering girl from life.

Once again, I turned to God in heaven. I shed tears like water. I asked him to remove this terrible suffering from me, because I could no longer do it. A month and a half had passed since the first girl was thrown out, and then a terrible disaster struck the family of the second. This is not the death of one person, but several. I can't tell you the details of the disaster, because everyone knew who it was. This story made the headlines of all the newspapers.

I want to stop and make it clear that as soon as I heard about the disaster, I felt that everything was because of me. I actually didn't feel it. I knew that. Let it be clear to you that I did not feel even a shadow of relief or joy. I felt even worse. I thought to myself: "What did you do? I hoped that no one would associate the disaster with the words I had said two months earlier, so that they wouldn't know that I was to blame. The immediacy of the disaster was like a signal from heaven to me: everything is because of you.

After the shiva, she went back to school, and you will be surprised - she continued to chase me. But it didn't hurt me anymore, because my attitude like everyone else's attitude towards her – changed from terrible fear to – immense pity. I think she noticed that she no longer hurt ,me. A year later due to changes in her family, she moved to another city, and I breathed a .sigh of relief

* * *

I didn't tell this story to anyone, partly because I still blame myself. But the main reason I didn't tell you was that I was afraid of dismissive reactions such as, "What does she think, that she has a direct line to God?"

Over the years, I have concluded that people who are in real distress, that someone is persecuting them, and who have nothing to do, have a special power for their prayer. I have a message for all the people in the world: not to persecute anyone to the point of ostracism. Not to reach a situation where a person says to God: "Look what He is doing to me. I have nowhere to run. G-d, fight my war."

I believe with complete faith that such words cause a terrible catastrophe in the sky. G-d is the protector of everyone, but especially of the oppressed. When G-d, a gracious and merciful G-d, sees that one of His creatures is in great trouble – and begs Him for help – G-d is liable to hurt G-d in a terrible way, because G-d is also jealous and avenging.

I have a lot of evidence to back it up. I've been collecting them for years. There are well-known cases, such as the terrible death of 24,000 students of Rabbi Akiva, who died for what? Because they didn't treat each other with respect. The Temple was also destroyed, and the people of Israel went into

exile because someone harmed his friend in public. I always think of Bar Kamtza, who was deeply hurt by the humiliating treatment he received, and I know very well why God decided to destroy the Temple. I know exactly what Bar Kamtza felt.

I have other evidence from life, such as the friend who told me that two of her friends planned a big charity evening after their engagement, which was to be held exactly on the date of her wedding, even though they knew about it in advance. She begged them to move the event to another date - but they simply ignored her. On the day of the wedding, she said, she noticed that most of the friends did not come to the chuppah. It just broke under the canopy. She prayed for herself, but she couldn't help but think of the wickedness of these girls. She found herself crying under the canopy, not about her future, but about what her friends had done to her. It's been 15 years since then. One of them is single, and the other has been married for over 10 years - without children. She didn't tell anyone either, for fear of being laughed at.

I think that all the people in the world should be informed that they should look carefully into their actions and think about whether they have ever done a terrible injustice to someone, an injustice that could have caused .them to pray to God against the offender. I actually don't believe in curses I'm not afraid of being cursed from morning until night. But if I harm – someone, I will be very afraid, because then his prayer is simply accepted even if it is said without a voice or words, with only thought. God does not ignore wickedness and despicable actions, and He certainly does not ignore .the cry of a human being who is in the strait

* * *

Fifteen years ago, I got married. I was 18 at the time – maybe I did it to escape the difficulties I had. My husband is a one-of-a-kind person, sensitive, gentle, and considerate. He quickly realized that he had married a woman who was wounded and mentally defeated. He invested a lot in me and helped me collect the fragments of my soul. I think I managed to glue them together, but not perfectly. The scars are still visible, and in my opinion, they will not go away for the rest of my life. I have insecurity and fear of people who will

never leave me. The only person I believe won't hurt me is my dear husband, ' Other than him, I don't believe in anyone, and I don't trust anyone.

I am writing this letter with my heart's blood, even though I know that there will be those who will laugh at me: "What is she deluding herself about, that caused the disasters to happen?!" and on the other hand, there will be those who will criticize me how I caused such disasters. I appeal to everyone who reads my story – don't judge a person until you get to his place; this is not "revenge," but a prayer to God to get out of the strait. And I also wish that no one would come to my place. I didn't pray that something bad would happen to them. I didn't want that. I just prayed to God that my troubles would end.

And finally, every Yom Kippur I say wholeheartedly that I forgive the two friends who bullied me so much. My friend also does the same to the friends who bullied her, but they still suffer. Apparently, the anger from Heaven is so strong that perhaps a great correction and a request for forgiveness on their part is needed. But what can I do when my friend doesn't find the courage to go and inform them about it?

I don't know what options are available to you, but perhaps publishing this letter will help in some way. Maybe they'll read and understand that it's them. There needs to be an end to this story, doesn't it?

Using a tin box (Rabbi Yechiel Jacobson)

My father was a simple, man. My father didn't understand raising children, and he didn't know how to educate; he didn't know how to read Hebrew properly, and he could barely pray; he never taught me Torah, he didn't educate me in values, and he didn't instruct me on how to deal with life's challenges. Because my father was a Holocaust veteran. But I'm a community rabbi. An educator, R. M. in the yeshiva. And I—all in all—am nothing but my father's son.

There was a charity box in our house. There was an old, wretched, and ugly tin box, and this box was hanging on the wall, in the center of the house, in front of the front door, and Dad would go to this box every evening, and

when he came home exhausted from his arduous day's work, he would stand in front of the box and look at it. He would watch with concentration, with deep seriousness, in silence. Afterwards, Dad would put his heavy hand in his pocket. He would pull out three coins – three small coins, which would have sunk in the palm of his large hand. Father would pick one coin out of the three, look at it for a moment with deep scrutiny, and only then drop it into the charity box. Then my father would close his eyes, and in his cracked voice he would whisper: 'Thank you, thank you, for giving me a son!' My father would speak to God in Yiddish; in his words, I understood this from a young age. From a young age, I understood that my father could talk to God whenever he wanted, and how he wanted, even in Yiddish. Because I knew, I knew from a young age that God loved my father very much. Again Father would take a coin. In the same slow movements, with the same deep seriousness, with the same concentration. And after this coin had also rested in its place, Father would add: "Thank You, Hashem, for giving me a son, who blesses and prays!" Sometimes Dad would take a deep breath, sometimes his voice would tremble, but always, always he would say the same words with the same deep intention. And then Dad would drop a third coin and say: 'I have only one request: that my son continue to bless and pray; I don't need anything anymore.'

The years passed, and I was privileged to build a home, and since I established my home, another eight years passed – difficult years of crying and praying and countless medical efforts – until I was privileged to have a son, too. And as soon as I was informed of the birth of my son – I jumped up from my seat – drenched in tears and shocked with joy and began to run. I ran like a madman, like a man who had no idea but one thing – to run. To run to my father's house. To the Box. It was only when I arrived at my father's house and stood in front of the Box that I managed to stop myself – to stop, to relax, to concentrate. Then, with the tears still on my cheeks, I opened my clenched fists and pulled out the first of the three—the three pennies that had been clenched in my hand for hours. I took out a penny and dropped it into the box. 'Thank you, Lord, for giving me a son.'

Suddenly I raised my head. Someone was standing next to me. My father. My father was standing next to me, and he was also holding three pennies in

his hand. Our eyes met. And we both cried – my father and I, on each other's shoulders – in front of the tin box. It's the tin box that my father gave me. It's the only inheritance I have left of him. The fund that accompanied me then and still accompanies me today. It was the fund that supported me in times of crisis and accompanied me through the storms of my life. It was what brought me to where I am today. Because even though I had learning disabilities and social difficulties, even though I was the most miserable of my friends, the most rejected and unsuccessful of them all; and even though I had many adventures – despite everything, I have come this far. Because always. The fund has always been by my side. Because my father educated me, loved me, and encouraged me – through a tin box.

"The Rebbe Came from Russia" (This Week's Conversation, Bulletin 1726)

The decision was difficult for both the parents and the young bride, Hinda, a resident of the city of Premyshlen in Ukraine (formerly Galicia). When she was still a little girl, she and her cousin Joshua Winter were matched, and she looked forward to the moment when they would be able to marry and establish a home in Israel.

However, when the two grew up, World War I broke out and Yehoshua was drafted into the Polish army. At the end of the war, he returned safely, but with a firm decision: "I saw the intense hatred of the Gentiles for the Jews. This is not a place for Jews to live."

The young groom therefore immigrated to America, examined the living conditions there, and sent a letter to his bride's family asking them to join him. The bride's parents found it difficult to come to terms with their daughter's long journey, and they were also very concerned about whether Torah and mitzvot observant Jews would remain in the new continent.

Time pressed. The documents that the groom sent for the bride were about to expire. The parents and their daughter decided to ask the advice of the rabbi of Berjan, Rabbi Avraham-Zerach-Aryeh-Yehuda-Leibush Heilperin, who moved to Lemberg (Lvov) after the war and got to know them.

They came to his residence in the morning. The morning prayer had already ended two hours earlier, but the rabbi was huddled in his room, dressed in a tallit and tefillin, and immersed in his study. The family waited for a long

time, but the rabbi was still confined to his four cubits and did not receive an audience.

Suddenly they noticed his associate, Rabbi Yoel Heilperin, the rabbi of the city of Jaslu, and begged him to pave their way in. "Today is the deadline for submitting documents to receive a visa," they explained the urgency.

The efforts have helped. Within a short time, the rabbi greeted them and listened attentively to what they had to say. He asked the bride: "What is your position?" The bride replied quietly: "I will do what the rabbi instructs me!"

The Rabbi of Barjan stood up with all his stature. Because of his old age and weakness, he was forced to lean his emaciated body on both hands, which clutched the wooden table in front of him. He looked directly at his parents and said, "I say you go to America! Hinda'Nyu will stand by her faith in any place and in any situation. With God's help, she will succeed in her marriage, and they will have pious and perfect children!"

A sense of relief filled the parents' hearts. The rabbi's promise allayed their fears. They excitedly said goodbye to their daughter, who had gone to America.

Years passed and the groom's gloomy estimates came true, with the outbreak of World War II. Their family members perished in the Holocaust. Yehoshua and Hinda were saved, thanks to their immigration to the United States.

Years passed. Rabbi Mislow managed to survive the horrors of the Holocaust and also immigrated to the United States. He came to the city of Pittsburgh and was directed to a hospitable family, who welcomed him with open arms.

Within a short time, he found out that he was at the home of Yehoshua and Hinda Winter, who had witnessed the recommendation of the Rabbi of Berjan for Hinda's trip to America. "How did you really manage to remain God-fearing in America?" he asked.

The couple told him that the first few years were really hard. Finding a livelihood that did not involve desecrating the Sabbath was an almost impossible task. As a result, Joshua decided to become a traveling agent of electrical appliances, such as irons. He went from house to house and offered his goods, thus finding his livelihood.

When the children grew up, the couple was worried about the lack of suitable educational institutions. One day they saw in the newspaper an article announcing that a Chassidic rabbi had come from Russia, declared that his goal was to build a complete Judaism in America as in Europe, and established a yeshiva.

It was the Rebbe Rayatz (Rabbi Yosef-Yitzchak Schneerson) of Lubavitch, who was miraculously rescued from burning Warsaw. Broken in body, but strong in spirit, he came to the United States in 1940, and immediately began vigorous work to spread Judaism throughout the continent.

The Winters sent their son, Yaakov, to study at the Rebbe's yeshiva. The girls, Sarah, Hannah, Fadadel and Attal, also entered appropriate educational institutions, and thus all of them grew up God-fearing and observant of Torah and mitzvot and established glorious Hasidic families (the Feigelstok, Goldstein, Karff, Winter and Boston families).

In the Igrot Kodesh series, there are many letters written by the Rebbe Rayatz and later by his son-in-law and successor, the Lubavitcher Rebbe, to the Winters. In a letter from 1944, the Rebbe writes to Rabbi Yehoshua: "He will take upon himself to fulfill with all his strength what I commanded him – to be at home on the eve of Shabbat, free from his business, about two hours before the candles are lit."

The letter came due to the fact that Friday was the day of collecting the debts for the sales that Rabbi Yehoshua made during the week, and therefore he would return very late. His wife told the Rebbe that her husband's late return on Friday night disturbed her peace. As a result, the Rebbe instructed .her husband to be at home at least two hours before Shabbat

A short time later, it became clear that the Rebbe's instruction had saved his life. One Friday, a fierce tornado struck the area, claiming many victims and causing severe damage. Had he not returned home early, he would have been in the exact area of the disaster. Obedience to the Rebbe's instructions led to

the fact that at that time he was already in his protected home

"A well of living water" [26:19]. (Bless my soul).

The miraculous act began with an unfortunate, even very unfortunate, event that took place in the city of Or Yehuda, in which a child fell into a

deep cistern. The rescue personnel who rushed to the scene pulled the child out of the water unconscious and in a very serious functional condition, and rushed him to the hospital. The doctors explicitly expressed their opinion that "there are not many chances" that the child will ever function normally, and prepared the mother for a situation in which her son would remain a "vegetable" for the rest of his life.

At that moment, something happened. When the Jewish mother heard the doctors' words, she stood up and announced to everyone present: 'I swear that my son will wake up and continue to function as a human being.' The people who were there couldn't believe what they heard, and they looked at the mother, doubting astonishment, doubting compassion, and were sure that the difficult event had adversely affected her, and she was simply out of her mind. But what to do? This mother did not give the impression that she had gone mad, and seemed sane in every way. Repeating her words over and over again, that the doctors were so sure that her son would wake up and recover, which seemed to be completely contrary to reality, the woman once again said, "You will see that it will be so," and in the meantime refused to elaborate on the reason for her words. Suddenly, late at night, the boy woke up and regained full consciousness, and before the staff could digest the sight and the miracle unfolding before their eyes, the boy did something, and... He disconnected all the medical devices to which he had been connected since the disaster, got back to his feet, and all the signs showed that he was preparing to open the door of the ward where he was hospitalized and go home... And within a short time the boy was indeed discharged from the hospital, not before he had undergone all the tests, and it turned out that he was indeed completely healthy and whole, and the drowning in the water did not leave its marks on him.

The boy's personal file states that he was discharged home after a clear medical miracle that occurred with him. Now the doctors really couldn't help it, and they approached the mother and asked her once more where she had the strength and courage to express herself, and to swear that her son would come out of the difficult situation he was in, when he was healthy. At this point, the mother decided to appear before the doctors and tell her story. "I work in a holy and sacred profession related to water and purity. My salary

is very low. This is barely enough to support my trips to the place of purity where I work. And yet, even though this work does not provide for my family, I continue to work there for many years, knowing that if I resign from my position, the state of purity will not be maintained, and things will not be conducted in the proper halachic manner. The doctors at the hospital still didn't understand what the woman's words had to do with her son's miraculous rescue, and then the mother went on to say: 'After they called me and announced that my son had fallen into a cistern, I believed with all my heart that if I give my life for the sake of Hashem in the matter of water, in that holy profession, Hashem can't punish me and my son in the water! It is impossible... And while the stunned doctors listened to the words of this woman of faith, the woman related that a few days ago she heard her husband study the Gemara in Tractate Baba Kama (50a) with his companion about Rabbi Nechonia, who also showed great devotion to the people of Israel regarding water, and there was a similar case with him as well. Thus, the Gemara relates: "And so it is the custom of Nechonia to dig pits and caves, for he would dig and open and give it to the multitude, etc. The rabbis taught, in the case of Nechonia's daughter, who fell into a large pit, came and informed Rabbi Chanina ben Dosa (so that he could pray for her). The first hour he said to them, "Hello"; the second said to them, "Hello"; the third he said to them, "She went up." They said to her, "Who brought him up?" She said to them, "I happened to remember Rachelim, and an elder was his leader." He said to him (to Rabbi Chanina ben Dosa), "Are you a prophet?" He said to them, "I am not a prophet nor am I the son of a prophet, but this is what I said – something that the righteous person is sorry for, his descendants will fail." This, after all, is the "measure for measure" with which G-d manages His world. Therefore, every person in whom he is can acquire protection and shelter for himself because of the mitzvot to which he devoted.

Hence, the leadership can also be conducted oppositely. In other words, a person who needs Divine assistance in matters of health, or livelihood, etc., should devote himself to this matter and deal with it with his brothers, and help them in that matter, and then the rule coined by Rabbi Chanina ben

Dosa will apply to him as well, "Something that the righteous person is sorry for, his descendants will fail in it?!.

In the pit of the "Karbul" (Towards Shabbat Malkata – Deuteronomy)

In the book "Ask Your Father, and He Will Tell You," a story is brought about a man who went through the terrible Holocaust, and it was precisely in the heart of the terrible inferno that he felt the "closeness of God" like no other:

They came to Auschwitz with an entire family, parents, three brothers and three sisters. Like everyone else, they stood in line as the terror of the terrible selection, conducted by the oppressor Dr. Mengele, . All the family members, parents, brothers and sisters, were sent to the left to death, except for one brother who was turned to the right to join the labor forces, which were used for the despicable goals of the Nazis. "

After the terrible sorting," says the Jew, "I was taken, along with seventeen other young people, to go out for forced labor. But in order to "prepare" us for work, we were ordered to undress all our clothes and jump into a cistern that was mixed with a high amount of "carbol" – a very sharp and stinging disinfectant. It is difficult to describe" – the Jew continues in his description – "the terrible burning in all parts of the body, especially the sharp substance that penetrated the eyes and ears. They all jumped into the water and immediately ran out of the pit, but I, in this scorching water, stood there for a long moment and muttered to myself: 'G-d! I had a father and a mother, two brothers and three sisters, and now I have no one anymore! There is no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters! But I remained in my clothes. Now I don't have that anymore. After all, they stripped me of my clothes; I was left naked! If so, 'my forerunner has taken hold of God,' I am left with my flesh, and you are my God! No one can take you away from me, so what am I missing?" ... "These thoughts," said the Jew, "made me feel such great pleasure as I had never felt in my entire life!

My Jewish friends stood outside the pit and shouted at me: 'Why are you standing there, in this sharp and terrible curse, get out of hell quickly!'

The Tsar's Survival Clothes (Levi Shaykevich)

Heavy mourning enveloped the Jews of Rohtyn in Ukraine on the 10th of Iyar 1889, with the departure of their mentor and rabbi, the tzaddik Rabbi Uri Langer, the founder of the Rohtin Chassidism. The Chassidim followed his bed, weeping bitterly. For twenty-four years he bore the burden of leading the community with humility and modesty. He took the place of his father-in-law, Rabbi Avraham of Sartartin, and his manners were characterized by an attempt to conceal his greatness as best he could. Now he left the Chassidim to sigh, and they refused to be comforted.

Among the many escorts who participated in the funeral procession was a tailor, a resident of the city. This Jew did not belong to the Ruhatin Chassidim, but he wept uncontrollably, as if he were the Tzadik's most prominent disciple. He made short sighs and gasped incessantly, wiped away his tears, and burst into tears again. This behavior attracted the attention of the escorts. Many of them raised their eyebrows and wondered in their hearts what this meant. What does the simple tailor and the tzaddik Rabbi Uri have to do with the tailor, whose departure has caused so much sorrow for the tailor? After the funeral procession was over, some of the Rebbe's followers approached the tailor and asked to hear about his connection to the Rebbe. The man looked at them with tearful red eyes and said: "Now I am allowed to reveal the secret that has been hidden with me for eight years. No one but me has ever been exposed to a secret." The curiosity of the Chassidim increased. The tailor sighed slightly, and then he said:

You probably know that I am a tailor by profession—a seamstress of clothes at the request of the customers. One day, about eight years ago, I was called to the Rebbe's house. When I arrived, the Rebbe greeted me with a warm welcome and took me into his room. He locked the door so that no one could enter the room. "The tzaddik opened one of the drawers of his desk, took out a drawing from it, and handed it to me. I looked at the painting and was amazed: it was a portrait of Tsar Alexander II, who was considered a clear hater of Israel. In the painting, the Tsar is seen in all his glory, dressed in his magnificent royal garments. Before I could digest what was happening, the Rebbe made his astonishing request: 'Can you sew such a royal garment

for me?' "From the intensity of the surprise, the words were unsaid from my mouth, but I quickly came to my senses, nodded positively, and informed the Rebbe that I was ready and willing to fulfill his request. A look of satisfaction crossed the Rebbe's face. He handed me the picture, and I went to work, took the necessary measurements, and made sure to sew expensive clothes just like the king's, as seen in the painting. "When I finished sewing the clothes, I brought them to the Rebbe's house. Again the Rebbe took me into his room, and to my astonishment he asked me to dress him in these clothes. The Rebbe entered with me from room to room, locked the door behind us, and stood in front of the mirror that was there. He asked me to look at the portrait of the Tsar, and asked me: 'Do the clothes you sewed for me really look like the Tsar's clothes?' "Yes," I replied to the Rebbe, trembling. "Suddenly the Rebbe's face changed. They turned red like a flame, and at the sight of it I was filled with fear and anxiety. I trembled with my whole body from the spectacle, until I was afraid to stand on the four cubits of the holy Rebbe, who looked at the same time as when he was doing his holy service on the High Holy Days—all of which were covered with out-of-this-world holy tiles. "Suddenly the Rebbe took his stick in his hand and swung it sharply upwards, close to his face, until he looked back in the mirror. The Rebbe moved his hands vigorously, closed his eyes tightly, and when tears began to flow from them, he began to cry out with great devotion: 'Yes, all your enemies will perish!'" "At that moment," the tailor continued, telling the Hasidim tremblingly, "I didn't understand what was happening at all. What kind of conversation do I have with the Rebbe's heavenly affairs?... But even with my meager understanding, I realized that something sublime was going on here. The sanctity of the event and the Rebbe's crying swept me away as well, and I burst into tears. "A few moments later, the Rebbe finished the play, and it seemed that the great storm of emotions that had gripped him had subsided, and in its place a calm expression appeared on his face. He turned to me and ordered me not to reveal what had happened to anyone. "A few days later," the tailor continued, "came the sensational rumor — a band of revolutionaries had assassinated the cruel Tsar. " I immediately made a connection between the miraculous event in the Rebbe's house, which I had witnessed, and the assassination of the Tsar, but of course I did not disobey the Rebbe's order and did not tell anyone about it. But now that the Rebbe

has passed away, it seems to me that the time has come to tell his wonders. "Now you understand why I mourn the passing of this shepherd of Israel from among us? After all, this holy man of God saved all the people of Israel!"

The Chassidim were shocked to hear this . Some of the Rebbe's associates sought to verify the correctness of the tailor's words, and quickly went to the Rebbe's house. They searched his closets and suddenly found the royal garments of the Rebbe, the exact imitation of the Tsar's clothes – just as the tailor had described...