BSD



Reconstructed Collection of Stories 39

From "Likutei Shmuel"

.Compiler and Editor: S Aizikowitz

eisikovits1@gmail.com

Just Released: Likutei Shmuel – Sefer Bereishis.
A treasury of insights, parables, and stories for the Shabbos table. Looking to enrich your Shabbos table with meaningful content? "Likutei Shmuel" is a carefully curated collection of the very best from recent Torah leaflets and weekly publications. It brings together inspiring divrei Torah, thought-provoking parables, captivating stories, and uplifting messages — all selected and edited with precision by Rabbi Shmuel Eisikovits.
Whether for personal learning or for sharing at the table, in shul, or with friends, this sefer offers a wealth of material that's engaging, accessible, and spiritually nourishing.

Volume One: Bereishis

Rich, varied content for every parsha. Ideal for family use, educators, and public speakers.
Currently only in Hebrew.

Affordable price 60 IS available now.

Order here: https://dash.bookpod.co.il/product/2231

"His garments shall be unraveled" [Tazria – 13:45]. (Bless my soul).

Our generation is completely different from the generations that preceded it. One of the most striking changes is expressed in the search for a spouse during the period of matchmaking. If in the past clarifications focused only on spiritual matters, today the attention is sometimes focused on other issues as well, and there is no room for elaboration.

Let's hear what was once in the mind of a Ben-Torah who came to the chapter "The Man Mikadesh," and how he chose the right wife for him to build his house.

The figure about whom we are told in the passage before us is Rabbi David Spiegel zt"l, who was a rabbi in Germany and was known as a great Torah scholar . When he reached the age of matchmaking, the wife of the chief of the slaughterers, Haim Cohen, died in his place of residence, and her eldest daughter was now forced to manage the house in place of her mother.

At a certain point, Rabbi David was offered that daughter. He answered that before he agreed to a match, he wanted to check the matchmaker on a certain matter, and he did not explain to the shadchan what it was. "I will get back to you in a few days, with a clear answer, one way or the other," Rabbi David replied to the shadchan.

On the eve of Shabbat, about an hour before Shabbat began, Rabbi David went down to the street and called two poor men, whose clothes were unkempt and whose faces indicated true poverty, and said to them, as if they had been told to do so: Ask me for you, and I will pay you with the best of my money if you fill it for me. The eyes of the poor people lit up with joy,

and they agreed to do whatever he told them. Rabbi David turns to the first poor man and tells him to knock on the door of the Cohen family now, "And when the eldest daughter opens the door for you, tell her that you are very hungry and want to eat a meal. Then you will come and tell me how things turned out." Rabbi David now turns to the second poor man, and tells him that after the first poor man comes down from the house of the Cohen family, "Go up there yourself. And you will do as he did, and you will also say that you are hungry, and you will ask them to give you a meal, and you will tell me afterwards how you were received, and whether you were allowed to eat." The young man David Spiegel gave the two poor people a lot of money in order to fulfill the task he assigned them.

And here is the first one knocking on the family door. The door is opened by the eldest daughter, the one who was proposed to Rabbi David Spiegel. She asks the poor man what he wants, and he replies that he has not had any food for several days, "and I ask that you prepare a nice table for me now, and a nice meal, so that I can satisfy my hunger." Amazingly, even though the Sabbath was already approaching, and it was time for Satan to open his head office and try to kindle the fire of anger in the Jewish homes, the eldest daughter shook her head patiently, as a sign that she was sharing in his sorrow and hunger, and invited him to enter the house after a respectful one. She set a table with many delicacies before him, and stood before him to serve him whatever he asked. The poor man had finished eating, and he went down into the street, and now the signal was given to his friend to go up to the family home. It is not difficult to describe the reaction of many of our contemporaries to such an incident... And also, in the passage that repeats itself a second time... Even if he overcame himself for the first time, and gave the poor what he wanted, but when another poor person arrives, and in such a stressful hour... And indeed, that girl was ostensibly allowed to think that perhaps there was a long line of poor people waiting in the street, and as soon as that too came down, the third and fourth would come up, and I would come... After all, it's Shabbat in a moment... But she did not make all these calculations, and proved the degree of patience that resided within her. She also entertained the other poor man, fed and watered him, and took him out of the house when he was completely satisfied.

When the two poor men came and told Rabbi David what had happened, he decided to marry her.

Regarding the reception of guests with a beautiful welcome, it is worth quoting here the language of the Meiri on Tractate Avot, which is what he says: "And when you receive all people with a pleasant welcome, that is, even if your heart was not happy about it, show yourself to him as happy about his coming, until he thinks that your face will be yellow for your joy at his coming. "And it is said (Avot Dreb Natan Sepig), 'If a person gives his friend all the gifts in the world, and his face is covered in the ground, he gives him nothing, but he receives it with a beautiful face, even if he does not give him anything, for it is as if he gave him everything that he asked of him.'

The garment of repentance (according to the Ba'alei Teshuva)

A simple tailor was Meshullam, a native of the city of Apte in Poland. His livelihood was tight, and he was able to bring bread to his home with great difficulty. His family lived in constant scarcity.

His precarious financial situation weighed heavily on him. He was looking for ways to expand his income, but all his efforts failed and left him with disappointment.

When he could no longer bear the disgrace of poverty, his feet took him up to the tzaddik who lived in his city, who was the "lover of Israel" from Aptah. The Rebbe looked at him with pity, warmly congratulated him, and showered him with words of encouragement and comfort.

The words of blessing and encouragement lifted Meshullam's low spirits a little, but when the days passed and no change was seen, he needed another dose of words of encouragement. Once again, the Rebbe welcomed him warmly, and this time too he did not spare him words of encouragement and comfort, which confirmed Meshulam the tailor.

This practice has become a routine habit. Meshulam hung on the support given to him by the Rebbe as a drowning man clinging to straw. He frequently visited the Tzadik's residence, bowed his head in submission, and was filled with hope and confidence in the Creator that his condition would improve and that God's salvation would come in the blink of an eye.

One day, when he entered the Rebbe's house, it was clear that another Meshulam had come here. This is not the same person who is depressed and desperate. His brisk gait and the smile on his face indicated that something had changed.

Indeed, Meshullam's mood was very uplifting. He happily informed the Rebbe that after the sale of the nearby village to another landowner, a window had opened for him to earn a profit. The new owner of the estate decided to order all the clothes he and his family needed from Meshullam.

He told the Rebbe that the orders had begun to flow, and the payments were accordingly. By the grace of Heaven, he already sees handsome profits for his work. "Just as I shared my sorrows with the Rebbe, I am happy to announce the great benefit that God has summoned me," he said .

A few days passed, and Meshulam again appeared at the entrance to the Rebbe's room. An important update was in his mouth to inform the Rebbe: "There are rumors that my new client is actually a Jew who has converted."

The Rebbe's face was serious. "I ask you to investigate the matter thoroughly and inform me of the results of your investigation," he asked.

Indeed, after a thorough investigation, it became clear that this was true. He was a Jew who dismantled his yoke, abandoned his ancestral heritage, and even converted to assimilate among the surrounding nations. The man did well in his business, until he bought the large estate.

Meshulam the tailor went to the Rebbe's house and told him about what he had brought up in his interrogations. The Rebbe listened and gave him an unequivocal instruction: "Be careful not to sew a garment that has sha'atnez in it for him!"

The tailor kept the words in his heart. Indeed, not many days passed and from the house of the owner of the estate, a fabric was sent to him to sew a beautiful garment for the owner of the house. Meshulam came in embarrassment. The Rebbe's words echoed in his mind, but the great fear of losing his source of livelihood did not give him rest. Since he did not know how to act, he put the fabric aside and did not begin the work of sewing. The precious cloth was lying like an irreversible stone, while Shulam was debating hard what to do.

A few days passed and the owner of the estate came to check on the progress of the work. Meshullam, who came in distress, ignored his wish. The man was filled with anger at him. "I understand that you haven't made any progress in your work. If so, you should have informed me about it and not delayed me in vain!" he rebuked him.

The tailor began to justify himself and apologize that it was not his fault, but that it was the Rebbe of Apte who prevented him from sewing for a Jew a garment made of cloth with sha'atnez in it.

The master's anger increased. He left the tailor's house and went to the home of the "lover of Israel," to demand an explanation of how the Rebbe should interfere in his affairs and forbid Meshulam the tailor to sew a garment for him as he pleased.

The Rebbe looked at him calmly, until he had finished lecturing the flow of his arguments, and then he replied: "Our Sages of blessed memory said that Israel – even though it is the sin of Israel. Ostensibly, what is new in this? Is it conceivable to think otherwise? Does it say anywhere that a converted Jew ceases to be a Jew?

"But Chazal sought to sharpen the virtue of Bnei Yisrael. Their words are directed at a person like you, a Jew who has abandoned his Judaism and converted to another religion. You want to sever all contact with your G-d and with your people, and you think that you will succeed in doing so. Chazal therefore make it clear that you are mistaken. The fact that you are a Jew cannot be changed. You cannot lose or be freed from it, because Judaism is your essence and you cannot replace your essence.

"Now you will probably understand why I instructed Meshulam to refrain from sewing a sha'atnez garment for you. If Chazal define you as "Israel," it means that you are obligated to perform all the mitzvot, including the prohibition of sha'atnez. How can I allow a Jewish tailor to do you for the sin of sha'atnez?!"

When the Rebbe finished speaking, the face of the owner of the estate remained sealed. It was evident that the words had seeped into his heart. Without saying a word, he left the Rebbe's house and returned home. Not many days passed, and the man returned to the Rebbe's house from a nap – this time to show him the way to complete repentance.

In the Lion's Den (Pirkei Emunah, Security, Rabbi Shlomo of Zawahil z"a)

In a search conducted by the Bolsheviks, they found a sack of flour in the Rabbeinu's house and confiscated it. The Rabbeinu was not at home at the time. The members of the household were happy that it ended only with the confiscation of the sack of flour and not worse. However, when Rabbeinu returned and learned of the confiscation of the sack of flour, he was not willing to give it up, since it was intended for the needs of the poor. Rabbeinu said to make his way to the headquarters of the secret police. The members of the family spoke of Rabbeinu's heart, and that he should be happy that they had only confiscated the flour and had not exhausted their anger with severe punishments, as was their custom. However, Rabbeinu did not hesitate and made his way to the headquarters. He came and asked to return the bag of flour that had been confiscated, which was intended for the needs of the poor. His words were received with open mockery at the headquarters, but when he was addressed the commander of the place and repeated his demand, the commander complied with his request, to everyone's surprise, and ordered him to return the sack of flour.

The commander of the place was a descendant of a Hasidic family. Although he crossed the lines, like many of the Israeli youths who were caught up in communism, we will remain with him, whispering memories of his father's house about that giant figure, in his acts of kindness and charity. Give him back the sack of flour, the commander ordered, adding: He was a real communist, even before you knew what communism was.

In the Valley of Shadows (City Gates 418)

When the Rebbe of Sanz Klausenburg zt"l and his sons, the Rebbe, who were sitting shiva, passed away, an elderly woman came to the place where they were sitting and asked to enter. The Chassidim who were there to console her did not understand her request since it is not customary for women to enter the men's area, and even to the Rebbe, especially since she did not seem to lead a completely ultra-Orthodox lifestyle, so what does this woman have to do with the house of the Rebbe of Sanz? But she insisted and said, "I have to enter. I have something important to say specifically for boys. One of the servants in the sanctuary went inside and told me that there was a

woman outside who wanted to enter; she had a story, and she had to tell it. The boys told her to let her in.

She came in, an elderly woman who seemed to be having a hard time, and asked to say something. Such a striking and unusual event; naturally, her words were heard with great attention, and this is how she said: I was in the Holocaust; we suffered a great deal of suffering that could not be described; we walked for days and days, many kilometers. We saw all the horrors. Long caravans of men and women went on an unknown journey. There are no words to describe what we went through there. And here I am on one of the ways of the great journey that I am already without shoes, barefoot, suddenly I hear a call, ma'am, take those socks, and it will be less cold, and you will be modest and cover your feet. He gave me his socks and moved on.

There were a lot of people there, and they told me at the time that it was the Rebbe of Sanz himself, that even then he was a famous Rebbe. I can't explain what it's like to get socks so on this damn road in cold and in unsafe ways. I remembered this kindness to him all my life: that instead of taking care of himself, he went without socks and gave to Bat Yisrael in order to be more modest, which is what worried him even in these difficult hours.

The boys and those who were in the room at the time were so excited by the act and then... A shiver ran through their bodies as she opened her bag and took out a bag inside a bag of "These are the socks"... She said and began to sob, "These saved me." I kept them from every guard like an amulet; I knew that I had received them from a holy man and therefore I could not throw them away, so I came here to tell and show them so that they would know for the last generation. Her words left a strong impression on those present.

In the Valley of Tzalmot II (Rabbi Moshe Grilak shlita)

We were four small children who were uprooted right from our parents' arms. Me, my sister Chava, who is a year younger than me (five years old, you understand?!) and another brother and sister, Nechama and Nahum Brunner, children of acquaintances of my parents who hid with them in a

remote French village, trying to escape from the Germans and the gendarmes' collaborators of the Vichy regime, which is loyal to the Nazis.

Our parents, although fleeing from Belgium to the French countryside, were eventually discovered by Satan's messengers. "As I was told many years later, they decided to try to at least save the children from the cruel fate that awaited them. Thus, was found the Frenchwoman, who, for a decent fee, agreed to take the risk of smuggling the children, that is, me and the three children who were under my 'command', to Switzerland. I was tasked with being the 'responsible adult', the young child leading the children to a country that had maintained its neutrality well and had not been caught up in the whirlwind of the terrible war.

I received a note in which the names of our parents' acquaintances in Switzerland and the addresses of their residences were written, so that if G-d would merit us and succeed in crossing the border and reaching a safe place, it would be upon me (please remember: six years old!) to find a way to inform my parents' Swiss friends that the children of their acquaintances had arrived. "In the meantime, in some underground way, I learned many years later, my parents managed to inform our Swiss Jewish acquaintances that the children were on their way and that we were supposed to arrive, if, of course, we were not caught by the Germans while crossing the border. "

I don't remember how we got to the border area between France and Switzerland. I think we took the train in the company of the French woman. I do remember how we walked along a road, followed by a checkpoint, a checkpoint next to which stood a guard station, and several armed policemen gathered near it. I remember that there, on the other side of the checkpoint, was Switzerland, where we had to go. I also understood in my little mind that we couldn't just cross the checkpoint, and if I might have imagined that we would pass through the checkpoint, the policeman who suddenly stood in front of us and addressed us alertly, demanded in a threatening voice that we stay away from the checkpoint and leave the place altogether. Apparently, he understood what the Frenchwoman meant, who had found her a place to walk with four small children, right near the border. I remember the Frenchwoman replying to him calmly: "We are just walking in the area," and

then led us to the forest that was next to the road. The gendarme, luckily for us, stopped taking an interest in us, and we penetrated the forest in which the border between France and Switzerland passes, between the country of oppression and persecution and the land of freedom and tranquility.

There was a moment when we were alone without our companion; I remember the terrible fear that suddenly surrounded me. The trees of the forest rose high and looked very high. The rays of the sun, if it had even risen that day, did not penetrate through the treetops, so we made our way in the darkness. We walked and walked, four small children, among the trees, not knowing what awaited us at the end of the path. "We were so alone. Maybe we cried, maybe we didn't. I remember that we passed a small stream and kept walking. How long? I don't know. And then I remember that we came to some small crossroads. The path we walked on split in two. Four small children were standing there waiting. What were we waiting for? I don't know. I think it was hard for us to decide whether to continue on the left path or to lean toward the right path. "The stopping, the hesitation, and the wondering, as we later discovered, were fate... Because suddenly a soldier appeared from somewhere and called out to us in German: "Come here!" When I heard the German language, I was afraid that the soldier standing in front of me might be a German soldier. The children under my protection gave me a frightened and wondering look. I immediately made sure to get rid of the note that was hidden in my pocket, in which were written the names and addresses of our acquaintances in Zurich. As far as I can remember, from my childhood memory, I swallowed the note, hid it from my pocket, as I was instructed to do in the event of a catch by the Germans. The soldier came over to us and ordered us to follow him. Did we have any choice? , our legs failed, and so we walked after him. Not far away, a small military vehicle was standing. Without saying a word, he pushed us into it, and we sailed away. I remember sitting inside, full of fear. The little children huddled beside me. Did I cry? Maybe. How long did the car drive? Again, I don't know how to answer. Finally, we reached a small pavilion. As soon as the soldier got us out of the car, he pushed us to the floor of the pavilion. "Lower your head!" he commanded. Not far from there, I noticed a German patrol walking slowly, and the soldier who had picked us up didn't want him

to see us. In a vague memory, I think he explained to the person in the house, probably an officer, that he had seen children walking down the other path, where we had stopped and were debating where to go, and a short time later he heard shots coming up from the direction of the path... At that moment, my breath stopped. It was then that I found out to my delight that we were in the hands of a Swiss soldier. If I had decided to walk the other way, we would have fallen straight into the hands of the Germans.

And again we drove, and this time we came to a large camp. The soldier who brought us with him sat us down at a table that stood very close to the kitchen, and disappeared. We huddled together full of fear, keeping quiet, not daring to open our mouths. Some time passed. The smells coming out of the kitchen awakened the strong hunger glands. Then, suddenly, a Swiss soldier came up to us, and he asked us in French who we were. We told him that we came here from France, and then he asked, "Did you eat?" I remember how he immediately entered the kitchen, and it wasn't long before we received a plate of soup that I remember so much to this day. And again, my readers, forgive me; I remember very little of that camp. I remember that they put us in a long shack where there were many people, adults with children. There were no beds in the barracks, but straw was scattered on the floor, and we slept on it at night. We, the children who had recently arrived, were expelled by the residents of the hut with a frown, until we found a corner to sleep in at the end of the hut. Later I learned to teach them about these people. They didn't show a shred of mercy for us, lonely young children. They were themselves refugee children like us, bitter souls, who in those very days also managed to smuggle across the border.

And the next day we are in Zurich in a beautiful house, and respectable people are standing around us, smiling and talking to us kindly. How did we get here? Who are these lovely people? I have no idea, and for years I had no idea. At that time, we were standing embarrassed, and here is one of the women telling us that we are being separated. Each of us goes to a different family, which adopts us. We will no longer be together, and we don't know these people. This kept us alive for a while from the moment we escaped. There was the fact that we were together all the time. And suddenly we had to be alone again, in a foreign city, without parents, with people we didn't

even know. No scene helped us, of course. We separated from each other against our will. To this day, more than once, I think of the special Divine Providence that sheltered me at a time when some 1.5 million Jewish children were exterminated after years of suffering. The question of why I actually was saved bothers me to this day... But I am missing one fact in this documentation: how did they find out about our existence? After all, I destroyed the note, with the names and addresses of my parents' friends, with my own mouth!

The secret was revealed to me thirty years later. When I was in Zurich as part of a lecture tour in Europe, I called Rebbetzin Rosengarten, one of the three families who were among our parents' acquaintances, and asked her the meaning of this mystery, and she told me the following story: "They were aware that the children of the Grillk and Brunner families were supposed to arrive in Switzerland. Therefore, they frequently checked the lists of refugees who managed to infiltrate this country, and the authorities used to publish them. But unfortunately, and worryingly, we didn't show up in them. The frightening thought arose in their hearts that we might have been captured by the Germans and that our fate was sealed. Maybe we were, God forbid, those shot children, on the left path... And here, one Friday, she went to visit a patient hospitalized in Lausanne, one of the Swiss cities. As she walked down the hospital corridor, she noticed a small child speaking loudly in French at the entrance to one of the rooms, addressing someone inside. As she walked down the hallway, she heard him say sadly, "I don't know what will happen. I don't know when Shabbat begins." Mrs. Rosengarten realized that it was a Jewish boy, stopped and asked him, "Who are you?" and the boy replied: "Maurice (Moses in French) Grillk." For a moment she stood like a thunderbolt and was very excited, and immediately called to Zurich with joy and proclaimed: "We have found the children!"

How did we get to the hospital? My sister Chava Shtechi fell ill in the camp and did not want to be evacuated to the hospital without me in any way. The trauma of loneliness haunted us, so the camp management relented and sent me to the hospital with her. And I, who had escaped from heaven, 'exactly' observing Shabbat, disturbed my rest, and even shared my concern aloud with my sister who was lying in the room. A certain Jewish woman,

and she is, happens by chance (what?! "By chance"?!) to Lausanne and you find yourself in the hallway of the department in D-I-O-K as soon as I voice my religious concern about the upcoming Sabbath. And the rest is history.

But why does this distress of loneliness erupt in so many events and arise from the mysteries of the soul? What is it about it, in the thick picture of the forest, that it repeats itself? Why does she bother me and persecute me? Don't exaggerate; it's not like the harsh and bitter memories of the Jews who suffered in the ghettos and death camps. But still, what is this persecution? And perhaps, she is the giver. Perhaps there is no persecution here, but it is also from the grace of the Creator upon me, that every time the image of the forest flickers in my mind, I should just get up and thank Him, for accompanying me through the forest and keeping me from following the left path to the death trap; for the Swiss soldier ordering us to bow our heads so that the Germans walking nearby would not notice us; for the Swiss saving four Jewish children; and for the Creator bringing my sister to the hospital and forcing me to be her. So that I will announce Shabbat exactly when Rebbetzin Rosengarten passes by us. And perhaps, and that is why I am publishing this documentation, to thank Divine Providence once again for the continual benefit of me. No, maybe — of course!"

"He dwelt alone, outside the camp of his dwelling" ("Tiferet Raphael").

It is well known and famous for the wonderful kindness that the Tzadik Gaon Rabbi Aryeh Levin showed to the leper patients. Tzara'at is an incurable disease, and due to the danger of infection from the disease, its patients were forced to stay in a special hospital located in the Talbiyeh neighborhood of Jerusalem. There they were in isolation, cut off from their families.

When Rabbi Aryeh became aware of their terrible situation, while standing in prayer at the Western Wall, he heard the sound of a woman crying bitterly in her prayers. Rabbi Aryeh, who understood that the woman needed help, waited. When she finished her prayer, he turned to her: "Why are you crying? Maybe I can help you." The woman began to tell him the story of her son's suffering – a loved one who had contracted leprosy and was in quarantine in the hospital, alone, with no cure for his recovery. Rabbi Aryeh was shocked by what he heard and decided that he had to illuminate the darkness of the

lives of those unfortunate people. With devotion, out of trust in God that he would not be harmed, he went to the hospital to see what he could do to help them.

When he arrived, his shock increased when he saw twelve Jewish patients surrounded by three hundred Arab patients and Christian nuns caring for them. When the patients saw Rabbi Aryeh, they burst into heartbreaking tears: "For many years we have not had the privilege of visiting a person from abroad." From then on, he began to visit them constantly, sitting and studying with them and strengthening their spirits and souls. He also provided them with kosher food, which his wife, Rebbetzin Mrs. Tzipora Chana, would cook for them.

When Rosh Hashanah arrived, because of his other obligations, he sent his sons, Rabbi Raphael and Rabbi Simcha Shlomo, to blow the shofar for the sick. They willingly and gladly accepted the role, and as they said, it was a heart-wrenching occasion that never faded from their memories all their lives! "When we arrived at the hospital, we found the patients already waiting anxiously for our arrival. And how great was their joy when they saw that Father had indeed taken care of their merit in the mitzvot of the day.

For fear of infection, the sick were left standing at the entrance to their rooms while we were standing at some distance. When the blasts began to be heard, the dam of their tears was suddenly burst, and the anguish of their hearts that was hidden in the depths of their hearts suddenly burst out, and from their mouths began to hear tremendous and heartbreaking cries and howls as we were swept away with them in terrible tears. Thus, the blasts continued with great difficulty, with the sounds of their moans and howls drowned out by the sounds of the fragments and the howling of the shofar."

Rabbi Yitzchak Silberstein once mentioned this leadership of Rabbi Aryeh before the Gaon Rabbi Yosef Shalom Elyashiv, Rabbi Aryeh's son-in-law, and they asked: "How did Rabbi Aryeh endanger himself in this?"

A serious joke (according to 'Zvi Tafara')

The Purim atmosphere was clearly felt in the town of Rudnik in Poland. With the arrival of the month of Adar, in which "one multiplies with joy," preparations for the great joy began.

As in many other communities, the townspeople used to count Purim Kahal every year. It was the name of a group of elected officials, who were appointed especially for Purim. They were given powers, such as fundraising. There were communities in which the members of the Purim Kahel would court the houses of the local gentlemen and collect charitable money from the rich in sums determined according to their own considerations. They were even allowed to borrow from the rich until they paid the charitable money that was imposed on them.

In the same year, three of the city's greatest Torah and Chassidic leaders were appointed to the Purim Kehel in the city of Rudnik: the city's rabbi, Rabbi Chaim Halberstam, who later became known as the Rebbe of Sanz; the Rebbe Rabbi Elimelech Weissblum (known as "Rodniker"), who was the great-grandson of Rabbi Elimelech of Lizhensk; and Rabbi Tzvi-Hirsch-Yosef – the head of Rudnik's beit din. The three were friends and friends of each other, and used to study together and engage in community leadership.

The three members of Purim Kahel met together and decided to do a few things to bring joy to the public. One of the things they did was to send an "official" letter to the Rebbe Rabbi Avraham of Ulunov, the author of Toldot Avraham, the son of Rabbi Yitzchak Harif of Sambor and one of the disciples of the Chuza of Lublin.

Ulanov was a town very close to Rudnik, and Rabbi Avraham was a friend of Rabbi Chayim. Although he was much older, the two became very friendly. Rabbi Avraham called the "Divrei Chayim" "the sharp and witty yeshivah," and they corresponded on halachic issues.

The members of the Purim Kehel wrote a stylish letter, in the best of the accepted terms, in which they informed Rabbi Avraham that he had been unanimously chosen to serve as the "Purim Rav" in the city of Rudnik, and that Rabbi Chaim, the rabbi of the city, was passing him the baton of the Rabbinate of the Finding of the Stars on the night of the 14th of Adar until the end of Purim.

The three further wrote that in light of all this, they invite Rabbi Avraham to come in honor of Rudnik, him and all that he had, from thread to shoelace, and to lead the congregation on the day of Purim.

The custom of Purim Rav is prevalent in Jewish communities, and its origin was intended to provide a "substitute" for a rabbi when he fulfills the mitzva of Purim and drinks "until he does not know." However, the rabbis' letter was nothing more than a joke, in the form of "rabbinic jokes," and they wished to make the people of the city happy by presenting a copy of the letter that was sent to Rabbi Avraham of Ulanov.

The day of Purim has arrived. As evening fell, the Jews of Rudnik gathered in the synagogues to read the Book of Esther. Immediately after the reading of the Megillah, when the crowd began to disperse with joy, horse-drawn wagons were suddenly seen entering the city gates one after the other. The wagons were loaded with household items, furniture, holy books, and clothes.

The townspeople looked in amazement at the convoy of wagons. Who was it that chose to move to Rudnik exactly on Purim night? Then another wagon entered the city, in which sat Rabbi Avraham of Ulunov and his rabbinic wife. The residents gathered around the wagons and tried to understand the reason for the visitor's arrival.

Rabbi Avraham went straight to Rabbi Chayim's house. He was surprised to see Rabbi Avraham at the entrance to the house, on the night of Purim, and Rabbi Avraham said: "I did as you commanded me to do, and I came to accept the position of rabbi for Purim. We have fulfilled the instructions of the letter in its entirety, and we have brought with us all the contents of the house, 'from thread to shoelace,' as you wrote in your letter."

Rabbi Avraham added that he apologized for not bringing his personal Torah scroll with him to Rodnik: "I debated this matter a lot and did not reach a decision, until I was seated in the Beit Din and posed the question to them. The court ruled that it was not appropriate to carry a Torah scroll. I hope that you did not intend for me to bring the Torah scroll with me, and if so, I ask your honor to forgive me for that."

Rabbi Chaim did not know his soul. He began to ask for forgiveness from his friend. "The letter was written in jest, to increase the joy of Purim," Rabbi Chaim apologized. "It never occurred to us, God forbid, to bother his honor to come and serve as 'Purim Rav' in our city, and we certainly had no intention of getting him to pack all the utensils of his household and bring them here!"

Rabbi Avraham accepted the apology, but Rabbi Chaim did not calm down. He repeatedly asked for Rabbi Avraham's forgiveness for the unnecessary trouble he had caused him.

Finally, before they parted, Rabbi Chaim said to Rabbi Avraham: "Your trouble was certainly not in vain. I am sure that with your fees you will merit that one of your descendants will serve as a rabbi in the city of Rudnik."

Rabbi Chayyim's words came out of his mouth and did not come back empty-,handed: years later, Rabbi Chayim's grandson, Rabbi Zvi-Hirsch Halberstam who was married (in his second marriage) to the great-granddaughter of .Rabbi Avraham of Ulanov, was appointed rabbi of Rudnik