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Reconstructed Collection of Stories 40

From "Likutei Shmuel"

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Re-examination (Israel Lavie)

Rabbi Shmuel Baruch Genut shlit"a relates: This week I met a Torah scholar who lives not far from my home. I have known him and his family since childhood, since we both have mutual relatives. So I personally know all the details of the people about whom the following story revolves, which the student told me. And this is how he relates:

"I use the Sages with the Gra Nebenzel shlita, the rabbi of the Old City. After staying with the Gra Shlita, I went to pray at the Western Wall. To my surprise, I met my brother standing and praying with great excitement. "What are you doing here? I asked, and my brother said: 'My daughter met with an excellent guy from several meetings. As is customary, I sat down with my parents to talk about financial matters, apartment money, and wedding expenses. Everything looked great; we were close to closing the match, and then we remembered that we hadn't tested for genetic compatibility. We called to find out with the data of my daughter and the guy, and the result was unequivocal. Don't get married under any circumstances. This will lead to very serious genetic problems, and there is a very big fear that some of their children who will be born in the future will have a hereditary disease.

That's why I came to pray at the Arab Wall, to pray with tears to God's help,' my brother told me."

"A week passed and the couple got engaged, at a good and successful time"... The student continues: "I was amazed and asked my brother to tell me what happened next, and my brother said: 'The guy contacted Rabbi Chananya Cholek with the results of the tests, and Rabbi Cholek decided firmly not to continue the shidduch under any circumstances. Rabbi Cholek referred him to a geneticist in Tel Aviv, who announced that the shidduch was not suitable.

In his distress, the young man turned to the Rabbi Maran, the Minister of the Torah, Rabbi Kanievsky, shlita, and explained the details of the case. Maran Shlita said: 'Do a double check.' Maran Shlita's grandson, who was standing next to him, responded: 'Grandpa, this is a computer check that cannot be mistaken.' "And Maran Shlita ruled again: 'Do a re-examination.' The young man turned to do as Maran instructed, and it was explained to him that there was no concept of errors in these tests, which are performed in laboratories of the highest quality, which are accredited by the Laboratory Accreditation Authority and the Ministry of Health. The laboratories undergo regular inspections and meet the highest standards. But the young man insisted, saying that this was what Maran Shlita had instructed him to do, and that he was willing to pay for the examination as much as was required. They checked again and were in complete shock. "There is no explanation for this, but the new results prove that you can match without any fear."

Daily Inspection from Heaven (from the pamphlet "It is Good to Shelter in It", issue 364)

The Gemara in tractate Rosh Hashanah (16) says: "Rabbi Natan says: A person is judged at any time, as it is written: 'For a moment you shall be tested (Job 7). The question arises: After all, on Rosh Hashanah, a person is condemned! If so, what is the intention of the Gemara that a person will be judged in heaven at every hour?

The holy Baal Shem Tov answers us with a great and enormous secret: 'From Heaven, a person is summoned from time to time to actions that appear to be inappropriate for his friend – and we wait in heaven to see how

he will react and say about that person's action! But a person does not know that he himself has done a similar act in the past, and now they want to judge him for it – therefore, a person is given the same case as his friend. so that he will judge himself!' In other words: the test of the "side of merit."

Rabbi Silberstein shlita, in his book "Aleinu Le-Shevach," recounts an incident he heard from one of the rabbis in Bnei Brak, who will teach us how important it is for a person to teach merit to every Jew: "In the community where I serve as a rabbi, there was a Torah scholar who married one of the young men at a good and successful time. Since the man did not have the money to marry his daughter, he turned to some of the best members of the congregation to help him conduct the wedding in peace. The activists collected a considerable sum of money from their community in Bnei Brak and handed over to the father a respectable check that moved him greatly. And now, after all the efforts invested in the fundraiser for the wedding, the congregational worshippers are amazed to hear that the wedding will be held in one of the most prestigious halls in the city. No one could explain how the same yeshiva student for whom so much money had been invested dared to celebrate such an expensive hall, at the same time, that if he had held the event in a different, cheaper hall, he would have saved himself several tens of thousands of shekels...

Let's stop the story for a moment – what would you think of that yeshiva student when you heard about it? How would you judge him? We have to be a little careful and remember – that we are actually condemning ourselves for a similar act that we have done in the past. Let's continue with the act... The yeshiva student, who heard the public's whispers, approached the rabbi of the community and explained the entire incident to him in detail: "Honorable Rabbi, no one should suspect me that the wedding was held in the prestigious hall on my own initiative. On the contrary, for our part, we had already made an appointment with one of the cheapest halls in the city of Bnei Brak and the meeting had already been scheduled, until suddenly something amazing happened... A few hours before we went to 'close' with the owner of the cheap hall, the owner of the prestigious hall in the city called us and said that he was on his way to our house. 'I have something important to tell you,' he said excitedly. As soon as the owner of the prestigious hall

arrived at my house, he asked: 'Are you the son of...' I answered in the affirmative, and the owner burst into tears. After a few minutes of calming down, he told us: "I am the son of... He founded the hall and ran it until a year or two ago. Last week, when my father's last hour came, he called me to his bed and told me with great excitement about a Jew who saved his life during the Holocaust from certain death, and even risked himself to save him in the suburbs of Warsaw. And just before he died, he ordered me to look for the anonymous rescuer and pay him or one of his descendants a reward for saving me. And behold, when I did many searches, I found his name, and now that you told me that this is your father's name – I want to make a will! " The yeshiva student goes on to tell the rabbi of the community in Bnei Brak: "We sat together and reminisced about our parents, and the event owner informed us that since we were about to marry our home, he was funding all the joy for himself! And that's the truth in the whole story..." When the members of the community in Bnei Brak heard this, they were all ashamed, because it was hard for them to think otherwise.

When a person has a test on how to judge his friend, at that moment he is actually judging himself about past actions: "You saw your friend walking late at night – what do you think of him? fluttering at night or returning from a Torah lesson or helping a friend... A person's punishments and afflictions come from the laws that he ruled against himself – when he did not judge his friend to the side of merit!

Examination of the Side of Merit (Shabbat Malkata, Issue 226, Parashat Pinchas)

The well-known graphologist relaxed in the upholstered executive chair in his luxurious office at the top of the prestigious office tower and took a sip of the steaming cup of coffee on the table. He made sure to be relaxed and calm when conducting fateful graphological analyses. This helped him connect with his inner intuition, which made him famous as one of the best graphologists. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He knew that the next diagnosis was not going to be easy at all. On his desk rested a handwriting sample of a senior officer in the army, and he must decide whether the officer would continue his service or leave the army in disgrace. Stubborn rumors

that circulated knew that the officer was passing on confidential secrets to scoop-thirsty journalists. The military authorities tried to obtain evidence but were unsuccessful. The last resort was to hand over his manuscript to a graphologist, so that he could provide an opinion about the man and his personality, thus deciding his future.

The graphologist held the sheet of paper attentively and examined the characteristic signs of the writing. The officer gives the impression of an intelligent and talented person, he noted to himself, but intelligence is not everything in life. Based on the high curves in certain letters, one can identify in him arrogance and a considerable degree of arrogance. The graphologist pulled a magnifying glass out of the drawer and examined how the letters M and R fit together. "Not good," he muttered to himself, and wrote down the other findings about the officer: "hypocrisy and a tendency to self-deception." The next step was to check the undernotes and end the words. After a careful review, the graphologist came to the conclusion that the officer was a miserly and unkind guy who had a very hard time accepting authority. A person who can deceive his superiors without hesitation, is egoistic, does not keep secrets, is vindictive and likes to speak ill of others. The graphologist lifted his head from the page and rummaged for the luxurious pack of cigars resting at the end of the table. He gently cut off the head of one of the cigars, and set it on fire. Now that he had dismantled the mental apparatus of the senior officer, it was time to put together the full picture and summarize his conclusions in writing.

The graphologist opened the computer and began to write down an official opinion. He had heard a lot about the senior officer, and to this day he had a positive opinion of him, but he didn't care that his firm conclusions were about to cut short his long military career. A person of such poor character cannot remain in such a senior and responsible position. Such a person, whose writing testifies to his corrupt soul, cannot command young soldiers and send them to the battlefield. The graphologist has already seen many manuscripts of many people, and they have always reflected a mixture of good and bad qualities. But this time there was no doubt that the writer was a very inferior person.

The graphologist finished writing his opinion and sent it by e-mail to the senior official who invited it. He sat back in his chair with satisfaction. The feeling that the future of such a senior officer was in his hands filled him with a delightful sense of power. The fact that a few lines he sent in an email caused a great storm made him feel in control and powerful.

Then the phone on his desk rang. It was the secretary from the next room. She informed him that the senior officer's reporter had arrived, and she immediately handed the paper to him. "The officer's handwriting?" the graphologist wondered. 'It can't be. I've already written an opinion and sent it!' "Not at all," the secretary insisted. "The paper just arrived. Apparently, there was a mistake.' "Can you get it to me?" the graphologist asked. "Something isn't right. If it came only now – then whose was the reporter I just finished checking?' The secretary glanced at the page on the graphologist's desk and stared at him strangely.

'Sir,' she said slowly, 'I may be mistaken—but isn't it by chance your writing?

In South Korea, they study Talmud (Talk of the Week, 1491)

The phone call that Attorney **Kobi Segal received a** few months ago managed to surprise him. On the line was a representative of the South Korean government, who asked to invite him for an official visit, following the important assistance he had provided to some of the country's citizens. "I was in shock," says Segal (51), a resident of Karmei Yosef. "After I answered, the Korean representative gave me the dates of the meetings, and I found out that the flight back to Israel fell on Shabbat. I explained that it was impossible, because I was a religious Jew. The man offered to extend the ticket by another three days. He also promised to help me with the issue of kashrut."

Ambassador for the Jews

Segal talks about his visit to South Korea while he is still under the impression of the experience. "The visit was initiated by a Korean foundation, which invites people from around the world who have helped its citizens," he explains. "In the midst of the visit, we were offered to ask something about the Koranic people. I asked if the news was correct in the Koranic high school that Talmud is studied." It turned out to him that it was. "I was introduced

to Prof. Yu, a more than 80-year-old Korean who heads the Israel-Reader Friendship Foundation." As a child, the professor was a penniless boy in a family of ten children. He was exposed to the Bible and wrote a letter to President Shazar. After a while, he received an invitation from Shazar to come to Israel. Here he studied at the university and completed his doctorate. Later he returned to his readership as an ambassador who often spoke in praise of the Jews and the Land of Israel.

The secret lies in the Talmud

The meeting with the old professor opened a window to the fascinating phenomenon: "He explained to me that the Koranic people greatly value Jewish wisdom, and for them, a Jew is synonymous with success and wisdom. The sages of Korea have come to the conclusion that the secret lies in the study of the Talmud. Since then, excerpts of the Talmud have been translated into Korean – mainly stories, parts of the chapters of the forefathers, etc., and they are taught by young people.

"I asked Prof. Yu: What is a young Korean man supposed to do about the issue of 'bull that has been rammed'?... He replied that in addition to all the fascinating controversies in the Talmud, it conveys a clear message – there is a landlord in the world and one must obey his laws. He also said that when you delve deeper into the Talmud, you discover in it an infinite pool of wisdom. I was very excited to hear these insights from a non-Jewish reader."

Koranim in the Chabad House

About 50 million people are living in the country. "In a conversation with Prof. Hugh, I saw the fulfillment of the verse that was read on Shabbat and begged – 'For it is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations.' It was an exciting experience to be exposed to the appreciation of the Jewish people in the readership," says Segal.

The Koranim promised to take care of kashrut, and observed: "I was introduced to the Chabad House in the country, under the direction of the emissary, Rabbi **Asher Litzman**. I prayed there every day and enjoyed a kosher meal. I found out that in addition to the extensive activity with the Jews, the Chabad House holds a Talmud lesson for the Koranim from time to time. The emissary takes advantage of the lessons to spread the Seven Noahide Commandments. I was very impressed. In fact, Chabad is the only body that has communication with non-Jews and it spreads the Seven Noahide Commandments among them."

In the Way of Midwives (Talk of the Week, Issue 1462)

The truck driver parked it in the Efrat aid warehouse plaza in Kiryat Moshe in Jerusalem, and began loading the goods. "Your honor," he suddenly called out to Rabbi Gideon Levy, the director of the aid warehouse. "I have to tell you something," the thirty-year-old man began. "A few weeks ago, I told my mother that I also work with Efrat. She looked at me and said: 'I didn't tell you, but know that you are alive because of them'... I looked at her and didn't understand. She continued: 'Our financial situation was difficult. We thought we wouldn't be able to raise another child. At Efrat, they heard about it, talked to us and helped us a lot. So you live because of them.'" The driver's eyes watered. He hugged Rabbi Levy for a long time. "I'm telling you this now, and I'm still excited," says Rabbi Levy.

Thanks to the lecture

Rabbi Levy (33) sees Efrat as his life's mission. He lives in Beit Vagan in Jerusalem, gives Torah lessons in the evenings, and even publishes a weekly newsletter. "A few years ago, I was exposed to a lecture by the director of the association, Dr. Eli Schussheim. At that moment I realized that I would dedicate my life to this association."

At first he volunteered to help the organization and later was appointed manager of the equipment warehouse. "There are women who have been influenced by the association's volunteers, but they have difficulty coping financially with raising a child. They receive assistance, starting with a special kit for raising the baby, which includes a bed, a stroller, a bath, a set of bedding, clothes and more. Later, they are accompanied by a monthly kit for two years, which includes basic baby products alongside family food products."

From students to retirees

Each month, 3,800 aid kits are packed in the warehouse for families selected by a special committee. "Alongside volunteers who are in contact

with the women, we have a large network of volunteers in the warehouse," explains Rabbi Levy. "Every month, volunteers from schools, university students and retirees come and help prepare kits."

The work is seemingly technical, but it provides countless exciting moments. "She was a volunteer who worked with extraordinary dedication," says Rabbi Levy. "One day she said that in the past she made a big mistake, which left her with heavy feelings of guilt, until she decided to make amends and volunteer at the Society. That act made it difficult for her to have children, but shortly after she began volunteering at the Society, she was privileged to have a good time."

From birth to wedding

Rabbi Levy recounts reactions that make him excited: "Six months ago, we ran out of wooden pallets, which are used to load the aid kits. I called a company that sells pallets, and when the owner heard the purpose, he immediately said that he was donating the pallets with transportation. I was amazed. He himself brought the pallets to us and said: 'You deserve it, you are righteous.' I was surprised. Then he said: 'You saved my niece. It is my privilege to help you.'"

To date, more than 60,000 babies have been saved thanks to Efrat. "Our contact with the families continues even after the two years of assistance. The Society is constantly receiving thank-you letters, photos of the children growing up, invitations to Bar Mitzvah and even weddings. I was privileged to be at several weddings of young people who were saved by us," Rabbi Levy concludes. Indeed, "And you shall revive the children," as it is stated in this week's Torah portion.

"In the way that a person wants to walk, we lead him"

It is related in Midrash Rabbah (Vayikra 12:66) about a man who was very accustomed to drinking wine and drunkenness to the point that he would sell his household utensils and drink wine with them, his sons said to each other, in this way our father would not leave us any property, what did they do, they drank him wine until he got drunk, they took him and took him out of

the city and put him in a cave ready to bury the dead, and what they meant by this was when he woke up and saw where he was. This would remind them to return from his evil ways; they left him there, and they went to their house, and he remained lying in the cave, sleeping drunk.

And behold, a miraculous thing happened in the same place: a caravan of wine merchants loaded with wine jars passed on their way to the place of settlement near the desert. When they reached the cave, they heard the sound of a great commotion from the city, and it seemed to them like the sound of war breaking out in the city. Because of their fear and concern for them and the precious goods in their hands, they looked for a place to hide the quantity of wine jugs in their possession until the rage passed. And when they found the cave, they quickly unpacked all the wine barrels and placed them inside the same cave. And in that cave the same man who was drunk by his sons was sleeping there in order to dissuade him from his habit of drinking wine, and when the drunk woke up, he could not believe his eyes: in a cave in the desert, wine was abundant!! And so he drank as he wished without rest. After three days his sons said, "Aren't we going to go and see what has been done to our father?" They went and came to the same cave, and what did they see? Their father was lying with the wine in his mouth. They said, "Here, too, the Holy One, blessed be He, does not leave you, and since He gives you, we do not know what to do against the will of the Holy One, blessed be He ."

The Tzadik Gaon Rabbi Eliyahu Dessler zt"l said, "I was amazed by these words of Chazal, to see that the path that a person wants to walk is led not only in the way of nature, but also in distant reasons, almost miraculously, for various and distant reasons! And if he does not want to walk in a bad way, then there is a great deal of goodness, and therefore how great is the help of Heaven? For the bad they only open the door, but for the good they help him above the way of nature.

On the path that a person wants to walk – he is led (Peninei Ein Hemed, issue 504)

The following is a story brought by Rabbi Yossi of the "Or HaYomi" that he heard from the Kabbalist Tzadik Rabbi Yosef Shlita, the grandson of the Hidden Tzadik, Hacham Menachem Menashe zt"l.

And there was an incident that was like this: There was a young man from whom the holy Torah was far away and onwards. When he grew up and reached the age of 21, he flew to Australia and worked there as a truck driver for a large company. He had a fixed distribution line that he was supposed to carry out. Whenever he was required to drop off a certain amount of merchandise in a certain place, he would set aside a tithe for himself from it. In other words, he would take some of the goods for himself and then sell the goods that were left in his hands, so that he would have more 'side income' on top of what he earned. As stated, he called it "side income" or "carrying" and not "theft" because he did not feel any offense in his despicable acts, but justified his actions by the fact that the landlord did not pay him properly and therefore he was legally right and completed his livelihood. And this is how he behaved for many years.

Years passed, and he decided to return to Israel. Over time he became stronger in the path of truth and became a complete repentant, and after doing soul-searching, he understood the magnitude of his actions and sins... He understood that this "carrying" and the "side income" he had arranged for himself was a very serious sin – real theft. After all, for years he took merchandise from the owner of the house without his knowledge and sold it... And now he must pay for what he has stolen from him all these years, and who knows, maybe he will have to repeat even in reincarnation that he owes money to the landlord... He decided that he would do everything in his power to get the landlord. He called the company he worked for in Australia, but to his dismay, it turned out that the company had closed and no longer existed. This man grew up, and since his sons did not continue his path in the factory, he was forced to close the profitable business.

Despite the fact that he tried his best to trace the location of the owner of the house, all his efforts were in vain. In fact, he despaired of catching him, and since he realized that he would not be able to locate the owner of the factory from whom he had stolen to return his money, he went to consult his

rabbi and asked him: "Honorable Rabbi, I owe a huge sum that I don't even know what it is, to a person I can't find; what should I do?!" The Rav replied that in such a case there is a "solution" in Halakha and that he can, in fact, in certain cases such as these, in which it is not possible to locate the person who is obligated to perform "the needs of many", but a court must determine this... And it takes him two weeks to get organized. Therefore, he told him that he would return to him in two weeks, and then the court would judge him and decide on his case.

He left the rabbi's house, began to recite the chapters of Tehillim with tears, and said: "Master of the world, help me to correct my sins!" A week later, he says that he was walking on Strauss Street in Jerusalem and in front of him he saw the same factory owner from Australia! He was amazed; he immediately ran to him and asked him, "What are you doing here?" And the factory owner replied to his astonishment: "Believe me, I don't know either, but a week ago an idea entered my head... I said to myself that I am already an old man, who knows when my day will come, and I have not yet been to the Western Wall. And I wanted to merit and come to the Western Wall at least once. So I came for only two days. Last night I rested, and tomorrow I'm coming back." Our acquaintance was very moved and said to him: "Listen, this is not a coincidence; the Holy One, blessed be He, sent you for me. What are the chances that I will meet you here in Jerusalem in the middle of the street, within the short time you have allotted for your visit? If I had missed the road for a minute, I would not have seen You, for it is deliberate Divine Providence! ".

And then, in tears of a third, he told him that he had stolen him for years and wanted to pay him for all the damage he had caused him, and he tried to locate him, but to no avail, and exactly a week before he had prayed from the bottom of his heart to the one who had said, and the world would help him correct his actions. Exactly at the same time that the former factory owner was thinking about going to the Western Wall. Hearing this, the old man said to him: "Look, I don't need money. G-d has blessed me, and I have a lot. I give up on you and forgive you with all my heart for all the thefts you have taken from me; go in peace." He immediately went to the rabbi's

;house and said to him: "Honorable Rabbi, we don't need a court anymore ".the Holy One, blessed be He, has already helped me. and told him the story