**Shabbos Stories for Simchas Torah/Parshas Bereishis 5775**

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**Rabbi Levi Yitzchak’s**

**“Atah Hareisa”**

**By** [**Elisha Greenbaum**](http://www.chabad.org/search/keyword_cdo/kid/9125/jewish/Elisha-Greenbaum.htm)

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| Painting by Alex Levin (www.ArtLevin.com) |
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The synagogue was packed to the rafters. The whole town had gathered as one for the annual Simchat Torah celebration. Only moments to go, and the stirring sounds of the ancient “Atah Hareisa” prayer would ring forth throughout the synagogue. People looked at each other in nervous anticipation; from among all those assembled, who would be chosen to lead the community in prayer?

Years before he had won worldwide fame as the rabbi of Berditchev, the young Rabbi Levi Yitzchak was widely respected for his erudition and unique path to spirituality. He was treasured for his dedication to others and his commitment to G‑dliness. Unfortunately, one of the only people not fully enamored of the youthful prodigy was his own father-in-law.

Undeterred by convention, and determined to follow his own path in Judaism, Levi Yitzchak had only just returned to town after months spent exploring the nascent chassidic movement, meeting its leaders and committing to the chassidic way of life. His father-in-law was livid; he mistrusted these revolutionary ideas and new-fangled methods of serving G‑d, and worried about his son-in-law’s prospects. Was this the end of all his hopes for his beloved daughter?

The other townsfolk were more forgiving of Levi Yitzchak’s impetuosities and fervor. As proof of their regard, they selected him to recite the “Atah Hareisa” prayer leading off the Simchat Torah service.

Levi Yitzchak approached the central podium in a state of constrained ecstasy, and picked up the *tallit* (prayer shawl) preparatory to commencing the ritual. However, to the bemusement of the assembled crowd, he paused for a moment of contemplation, and then placed the *tallit* back in its place.

After a short while he again picked up the prayer shawl, only to once again replace it on the lectern.

When he picked up the *tallit* for the third time, an uneasy murmur filled the synagogue. The young rabbi seemed to be fighting a silent battle with an unseen opponent. Finally, in a dramatic denouement, Levi Yitzchak placed the *tallit* firmly back in its place, and announced: “If *you’re* a chassid and a scholar, then *you* lead the prayers!” and stalked back to his seat near the side wall of the synagogue.

His father-in-law was mortified. Bad enough that the young man insisted on adopting the chassidic lifestyle with its attendant new customs, but did he have to disgrace himself with public exhibitionism as well?

When asked for a justification of his unusual behavior, Levi Yitzchak explained that as he had approached the podium, he had suddenly realized that he was not alone; his *yetzer hara* (evil inclination) wished to accompany him in prayer.

“You don’t belong here,” he challenged the tempter. “I have been selected to represent the community because I am a scholar. What legitimacy do you have?”

“If you are a scholar, then I’m a scholar too,” the evil one replied. “Wherever you studied, whichever *yeshivah*s you attended, I was right there with you.”

“But I am a chassid,” Levi Yitzchak counterclaimed. “I have just returned from the rebbe’s court, where I learned to pray as a Jew should and devote myself to G‑dliness.”

“I too am a chassid. When you traveled to the rebbe, I accompanied you. When you were initiated in the ways of faith, I came along for the ride. I have every right to join you in prayer tonight and keep you company under that *tallit*.”

“I could not win,” Levi Yitzchak confessed. “He was right. I admitted to myself that I had been living a lie. He and I were partners in crime. The ties that bound me to evil were as strong as they were when I first began my journey of faith. I was almost ready to concede in despair, when I was seized by one last inspiration. With my remaining strength, I turned on my tormentor and cried, ‘If you are a chassid and a scholar as you claim, then you lead the prayers, and leave me out of your foul plots,’ and I ran from the stage.”

What does this all mean?

I first heard this story as a child, and have always been fascinated by it, yet it occurred to me recently that I had no real understanding of the deeper meaning behind the whole bizarre episode.

Upon reflection, I would suggest that Rabbi Levi Yitzchak was making a fundamental argument about man’s attempt at self-improvement.

We go through the motions, we try to change ourselves for the better, yet how many can claim to have truly reformed? The sad reality is that we bring all our peccadilloes and character flaws along with us on our journey through life.

It is not enough to meander along the sterile pathways of aseptic existence, waiting and hoping to spontaneously combust. We’ve got to practice shock therapy, either bodily throwing away our ego and evil, or fleeing in a totally new direction, leaving the old us behind.

Rosh Hashanah has come and gone; Yom Kippur is now just a memory. We gathered in synagogues and cried and prayed to G‑d. I promised to change, to become a new person inspired by new purpose, but I’m still the same facile fraud that I always was.

Simchat Torah is my hope for self-transformation. The High Holidays were all about prayer and performance; Simchat Torah is our chance for passion and purpose. We may have spent the hours of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur praying, but are we sure that our inclination towards evil wasn’t with us all along, under the *tallit*?

On Simchat Torah, we close our minds and open up our hearts. We dance till we drop, and allow the spirit of the day to permeate our souls. We refuse to allow even a thin veneer of sham spirituality to distract us from our journey towards G‑d.

Unconcerned by public opinion, dedicated to nothing but the truth, on Simchat Torah we let our inner Jew hang out and proudly proclaim that nothing in our life exists other than our union with G‑d.

Reprinted from the website of Chabad.Org

**Simchat Torah Story**

**And It Was Morning and It Was Evening, the Seventh Game.**

**By Gary Rosenblatt**

My favorite contemporary Simchat Torah story was told to me by a close friend who grew up in Pittsburgh. I offer it here in honor of Simchat Torah, which is celebrated this year on Thursday evening and Friday, and as the baseball season closes out this weekend. Nowadays, with the expanded Major Leagues, divisional playoffs and Wild Card teams, the World Series, long known as the October Classic, could very well linger until November.

But when I was growing up, the World Series invariably fell out on the High Holy Days. (I used to imagine Ford Frick, the commissioner at the time, consulting a luach, or Jewish calendar, each year to pick the Series dates just to frustrate observant fans.) But it was just such a convergence of the baseball schedule and the Jewish holidays that led to the unique encounter described here …

This is a story about the faith and joy that can bring us together (all too rarely), about the ephemeral nature of man’s yearnings and the eternity of G-d’s words. Mostly, though, it’s just a story that always makes me smile.

The year was 1960, when Simchat Torah — that joyous day when we complete, and begin again, the reading of the Torah — was about to start, just as the long Major League Baseball season was about to end.

My friend, about 12 at the time, was the product of Holocaust survivors who were very observant and completely oblivious to America’s national pastime. They were not caught up in Pittsburgh’s excitement over the fact that this day the city was hosting the seventh and final game of the World Series between the New York Yankees and the Pittsburgh Pirates. Rather, my friend’s family was deeply involved in the rhythm of the High Holy Days season, culminating with the transition from the solemnity of Shemini Atzeret, the Eighth Day of Assembly after Sukkot, to the joyous celebration of Simchat Torah.

On that day, my friend joined the other members of his Orthodox congregation to mark the eternal cycle of the Torah. It was a clear, crisp fall day, and hundreds of congregants had moved outside of the synagogue in the late afternoon to usher in Simchat Torah by singing and dancing in the streets with the Torah scrolls.

As they celebrated an age-old tradition, they had no idea that across town a young second baseman for their hometown team had just achieved baseball immortality by hitting a home run over the left field wall of Forbes Field in the bottom of the ninth inning to give the Pirates a 10-9 victory and a world championship. It was the first walk-off home run to end a World Series, and already thousands of Pirate fans were streaming towards the ballpark to celebrate the team’s dramatic victory.

One large group of eager-to-party fans, noisemakers and beer bottles in hand, soon came upon a joyous scene — hundreds of men and boys already singing and dancing in the streets with great fervor, passing out shots of whiskey, even to the youngsters. The newcomers quickly joined in.

Savor for a moment this unique tableau: Blue-collar baseball fans and Orthodox Jews embracing each other, laughing and dancing, arm in arm.

Could it be that Bill Mazeroski was the messiah in disguise?

The fans looked at the throng of pious, bearded men and thought, no doubt, “Son of a gun, everybody loves those Pirates.” The congregants, in turn, looked at the newcomers and thoughts, "Ah, the power of the Torah — even those far from observance feel the spirit of this holiday.”

In truth, the baseball fans knew as little about Simchat Torah and *hakafot* (the circles celebrants make dancing with the holy scrolls) as the congregants knew about Roberto Clemente and the Pirates.

For a few magical moments, though, a sweet incomprehension prevailed and there was a lifting of voices that transcended all differences. Everyone was so happy, blinded by the light of what each group perceived to be a miracle of sorts.

“Thank G-d, we beat the Yankees.”

“Thank G-d, we are reaching the unaffiliated.”

And so they rejoiced together, sharing the kind of celebration that is certain to be commonplace at the end of the days.

But, inevitably, after a few moments, reality descended on the scene and the two groups began to look at each other more carefully.

Those black head coverings on the original group weren’t Pirate caps, after all, but the hats of Orthodox Jews.

Those shouts of praise to G-d from the second group were for offering up the Yankees, it turned out, not the words of Torah.

The two groups realized there had been a misunderstanding, and after a few awkward moments the dancing slowed. As abruptly, if not as dramatically, as the splitting of the Red Sea in the days of old, the fans and the faithful parted ways.

The baseball revellers headed off in search of another celebration; the congregants turned once again to each other, and to the heavens, chanting in Hebrew their homage to the Torah: “It is a tree of life to those who cling to it, and all who uphold it are happy.”

And it was morning, and it was evening, the Seventh Game.

*A slightly different version of this column was published Sept. 23, 1994.*

Reprinted from the September 9, 2013 edition of the Jewish Week (New York).

**A Slice of Life**

**Our Change**

**By Charles Perkel**

I was born on the first crest of the post WWII baby boom. My parents were aspiring actors who had been in the military during the war. They were the children of Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe and they shared a leftist and secular view of the world that left little or no room for religion.

I spent much of my adolescence and young adulthood demonstrating for world peace, civil rights, and workers who were treated unfairly. I was arrested in one of the first "sit ins" in the north, in a protest against racial discrimination.

If there was a cause dear to the left I was involved in it; I wished to end all the inequities in society and establish a "classless" society.

I got a series of blue collar jobs and joined the Communist Party. Through the party I met and married my gentile wife, Bobbi. I quit the Communist party when I realized that we spent most of our time undermining the labor unions we were supposed to be helping. I also became tired of defending a corrupt, oppressive and anti-Semitic Soviet Union and calling thugs "revolutionaries."

I became the chairman of a local union, and chairman of the Labor Caucus for the California Democratic Party. I also found myself increasingly concerned with being a Jew and joined reform synagogues. Bobbi, who had rebelled against her Catholic upbringing, did not object, but she did not convert either.

After ten years as a labor official I was exhausted by political infighting and a spiritual emptiness which I did not understand. I went to work for the international Union which transferred me to Cleveland. But as a social democrat I found I was too "conservative" for the political culture of my union. Pretty soon I also found myself out of a job and seriously ill with colitis.

After losing my job and my colon, I returned to college, finally graduating with a master's degree in social work. Bobbi also returned to college and earned a master's degree in education. We had both regretted not finishing college; now we had finished, yet we still felt incomplete. We had educations, new careers, a home and two children whom we loved, but something was still missing.

After belonging to reform synagogues for 15 years I realized that I had great difficulty believing in G-d, even though I desperately wanted to believe. G-d must have heard the prayer I didn't hear myself, because He sent guidance my way even though I did not know how or where to ask for it.

Several months earlier my son, Ben, announced that he wanted to go to the Orthodox after school program ("YABI") near our home. Bobbi and I agreed, though we thought it strange that he wanted to do something so "old fashioned."

One day we received a phone call asking us to meet with the director, Rabbi Avraham Bensoussan. We agreed to meet with considerable apprehension. To our relief, we found in Rabbi Bensoussan a warm and caring man who was concerned about our son and sensitive to our feelings. Rabbi Bensoussan explained that although our son was showing a great attraction to Judaism, he was not Jewish, since his mother was not Jewish. Taking great pains to consider Bobbi's feelings, the rabbi explained that if Ben wanted to continue his Jewish education he would need to begin the process of conversion. Based on the position of the reform movement we thought our children were Jewish. We now learned that according to Jewish law they were not; we had been misled.

A conversation with our son revealed that he truly desired to convert and we agreed to support him. Ben began wearing tzitzit. When I mentioned it to family members, I learned that my father had done the same until his grandmother had died. But, I still could not conceive of faith as something accessible to the worldly, middle-aged man I had become. I found the idea of returning to observant Judaism very attractive.

Nonetheless, I asked myself, could I believe in a faith that was the polar opposite of the secular and materialist philosophy on which I had been raised? Could I accept as fact that a Divine being whom I could not comprehend was the actual arbiter of human destiny? I was not sure I could believe all this, although I wanted to very much. I was afraid to mention these questions to my wife, since she had refused to even consider conversion during the many years we had belonged to reform synagogues. What would she possibly think about the religious questions her secular, iconoclastic, and very unorthodox husband was asking himself?

During this time, Bobbi was undergoing her own spiritual search. I found out later that she, too, had been afraid to mention this to a spouse she saw as opposed to "superstitious religiousity."

One day, as part of my job, I was transporting an abandoned infant to a foster home in Grafton, Ohio. Suddenly my car inexplicably slipped onto a gravel shoulder. When I attempted to steer the car back onto the highway it flipped over and careened across four lanes of traffic, spinning upside down and crashing into the embankment on the other side of the highway. I emerged from my totally destroyed car with no injuries. This was also true of my small passenger, even though she had hung upside down during the crash and had fallen out of her car seat upon impact!

The greatest miracle of all was that when I stepped out of that wrecked automobile I knew for a fact that there is a G-d who is in charge of the universe. My spiritual crisis, my lack of faith, my difficulty believing, all seemed as incomprehensible as G-d's existence had just moments earlier.

I shared this thought with my wife, assuming she would think I was crazy. Instead, she shared with me her own similar though less dramatic spiritual experiences.

In the course of the next few months, my wife studied and accepted each of the 613 mitzvot. My son continued to learn. Rabbi Bensoussan assisted my wife as she learned and as she made our home kosher. Then my wife and son, now Sara and Avraham, went before a Rabbinical court and each converted to authentic Judaism.

At that moment our whole family began a voyage of discovery which I believe will never end. Our daughter, Maggie, who initially felt betrayed by her family's turn toward "religious fanaticism" discovered her own Jewish soul. She too eventually came before a Rabbinical Court to embrace authentic Judaism. She hopes to attend the Chabad Seminary for young women in Tzfat.

I do not want to leave the impression that our lives are now stress and problem free. On the contrary, we struggle daily to learn and to apply all that we are learning.

I often face the fact that though I am 49 years old it is a struggle for me to pray in Hebrew. I have just begun to learn basic Chasidic philosophy, and I am often daunted by the prospect of converting the massive amount of spiritual impurity in my past into sparks of holiness.

Nonetheless, I am deeply grateful that G-d has allowed my family the opportunity of preventing the extinction that the Holocaust almost accomplished. If we carefully make use of this opportunity, my children and their children and their grand children can gather the sparks that otherwise would have disappeared.

*Reprinted from the archives of “L’Chaim,” (Issue #436 – Yom Kippur 1996/5757.*

**Shmoozing with the Stars, Except on Shabbat**

**In a Business fed by 24/7 Connectivity, Cory Richman is Available 24/6.**

**By** [**Ronda Robinson**](http://www.aish.com/authors/273951551.html)

“Veep” star Anna Chlumsky wore Zac Posen at the recent Emmy Awards in Los Angeles. Her manager, Cory Richman, wore a yarmulke. You could see it in a camera shot on the red carpet.

A partner in the New York talent management firm Liebman Entertainment, Richman is an Orthodox Jew whose commitment to his faith garners the respect of clients like Chlumsky. In a business fed by 24/7 connectivity, he is available 24/6. The 36-year-old husband and father of three unplugs from cell phones, computers and other technology for 25 hours every week to observe the [Sabbath](http://www.aish.com/sh/) with his family.

“Cory knows that everything we do is part of a bigger picture – that while our careers and work are very important to us, they're not everything,” says Chlumsky, who stars as the vice president’s chief of staff on the hit HBO series and was an Emmy nominee for outstanding supporting actress in a comedy series the past two years.

A practicing Catholic, she likes having a manager whose values are in check. “That's very important when you work so closely with someone in such a personal realm like an acting career,” she adds in an e-mail.

Richman is the grandson of Holocaust survivors on his mother’s side and observant Jews on his father’s side who kept the faith in America in the early 1900s, when it wasn’t convenient to do so. His upbringing instilled a pride about his Judaism and a strong commitment to Torah observance.

“It was important for my grandparents to send my father to the Yeshiva of Hudson County – now Rosenbaum Yeshiva of North New Jersey – and Yeshiva University’s high school,” Richman explains.

“It was important for my grandparents to send my mother to a Jewish day school in Cleveland. Both sides of the family were very involved in shuls. Those were the role models I looked up to as a child.”

He grew up in an Orthodox home in Teaneck, N.J., and went to a Jewish day school and earned his bachelor’s degree in marketing from Yeshiva University in 1999.

“My rabbis have been a great inspiration, especially Rabbi Moshe Tzvi Weinberg. I am so lucky to have someone like him in my life who I can speak to and look up to.”

**Inside the Industry**

Thanks to his persistence and resourcefulness, he landed an internship at NBC Sports one summer during college. It happened to be 1996, when Atlanta was hosting the Summer Olympics. The NBA finals were underway, and U.S. colleges were gearing up for football season.

As a sports fanatic, Richman says, “I was in seventh heaven.”

However, while the job seemed perfect, he couldn’t fully plunge in because of his Sabbath observance. “One thing I realized was that sports peaked on the weekend. I was always leaving early on Friday, and these guys were sometimes there until midnight.”

After that Richman pursued internships in the entertainment industry, working at prestigious places like DreamWorks Pictures, Warner Bros., Aaron Spelling’s New York office and Miramax Films.

Despite his experience, Richman didn’t find it easy to secure a full-time job in the industry. After sending out many resumes to agencies and film production companies, the “overnight success” chapter of his story began. He received an offer from the William Morris Agency, which was the longest-running entertainment talent agency and represented some of the most well-known entertainers of the 20th Century. Richman rubbed elbows with big stars like Lauren Bacall.

In New York, Shabbat can start as early as 4:10 on a Friday afternoon in the winter. Bacall, who was also Jewish, would call earlier in the day and say, “Okay Cory. I know I have to catch you before sundown.”

From the beginning, Richman sensed that clients respected his Jewish observance.

After starting in the agent-training program, he worked his way up into the talent department. When two William Morris agents created their own management/production company, Parseghian Planco, they took him with them. Their eclectic roster of actors included Daniel Day-Lewis, Joseph Fiennes, Isabella Rossellini and Olympia Dukakis.

Richman then spun off a talent management company with Brian Liebman. Over the years, their clients have included Oscar, Emmy, Tony and Golden Globe winners and nominees. He spends his days talking to casting directors and producers about clients like Michael Kelly of “House of Cards,” Cynthia Addai-Robinson of “Spartacus,” Dominic Chianese of “The Sopranos,” Hannah Ware, who is coming out in the film “Hitman: Agent 47,“ and Karen Olivo, Tony Award winner for “West Side Story.”

Through it all, Richman has maintained his faith. “I wear my yarmulke every day. It keeps me grounded,” he says in a phone interview from his Manhattan office.

As he notes, “A lot of people think work has to be the No. 1 priority. I realize there’s something more important than the business: my family and my religious beliefs.”

Although show business expects its managers to be on call 24/7, Richman has other plans in coming weeks. During the [High Holidays](http://www.aish.com/h/hh/), he will spend time praying and celebrating with his wife, Mandy, children, parents and in-laws. He prepared his clients ahead of time by telling them the holidays were approaching.

I’ve never lost a client because of my observance. If anything, I’ve gained clients.

“I give credit to my clients for being understanding, because why sign with someone who’s only available 24/6? I appreciate that they respect me for it. They say to me, ‘You have values.’

“I’ve never lost a client because of my observance. If anything, I’ve gained clients. They believe I’m a good person for realizing there’s more to life than just the business.”

Richman arranges his schedule to make it all work. For instance, he’ll jet between the East and West Coasts on weekdays in order to be home for the Sabbath. Last year, when the Emmys were broadcast during the intermediate days of Sukkot, he took the first flight out from Newark Sunday morning to be at the show that night. Then he caught an early morning flight back Monday from LAX in order to be home for [Shemini Atzeret](http://www.aish.com/h/su/) and Simchat Torah.

Seeing Richman on the red carpet at the Emmys makes his grandmother in Israel *kvell* (proud). “She says she doesn’t fully understand what I do,” he laughs, “but seeing me on TV, she gets it.”

*Reprinted from the current website of Aish.com*

**The Power of**

**Saying Kaddish**

**By Rabbi Sholom Klass**

The following strange experience is brought down in the sefer Ish Al Hachoma, written by Rav Yosef Chaim Sonnenfeld’s grandson who heard it from the rav himself.

In the city of Pressburg there lived a wealthy woman whose husband owned a large estate. Every year, before the High Holy Days the woman would come to the Yeshiva Ksav Sofer and make a large donation requesting that the yeshiva appoint a student to say Kaddish for the orphaned souls who left no heirs. This was also to include the many children who left the religion and did not say Kaddish for their parents. The administration gladly complied.

After a while the woman’s husband died and without his guiding hand the business failed and the creditors took away all of the woman’s possessions. Out of desperation she had to seek employment to support her two daughters. Her daughters were of marriageable age and she needed money to make the wedding and provide for a dowry. But alas she had none, for she barely eked out a living, let alone had any money to spare.

She accepted her bitter lot quietly as she struggled to meet the daily living expenses. But now the holidays were approaching and what aggravated her most was that she could not give any money to the yeshiva, for them to say Kaddish for the orphaned souls.

With a bitter heart she approached the administration, explaining her predicament and pleading with them that they continue the Kaddish even though she couldn’t pay them at the present time. “Somehow, G-d will help and I will be able to give you the money like I used to,” she cried.

The administrators were amazed at the sincerity and piety of this woman and they assured her that Kaddish would continue to be said. With a light heart and a smile on her face the woman thanked them. It appeared as if all her worries were now gone. Forgotten was the fact that she needed a large sum of money to marry off her two daughters and how hard she had to struggle to earn the daily bread. As she walked out of the yeshiva she looked up at the Heavens and exclaimed, “G-d, I did my part, now its Your turn, for You are the Father of orphans and the Protector of poor widows. I have no doubt that You will not let us down!”

Walking out of the yeshiva she suddenly came face to face with an elderly man, with a large snow-white beard, who made a very impressive appearance.

“Pardon me,” he said, as he stopped the poor woman. “Are you the widow of the very wealthy man who died recently?”

“Yes,” she replied, wondering who this man could be.

“I owed your husband money,” he said as he questioned her about her present circumstances.

woman began to cry as she described her extreme poverty. She explained that creditors had taken how all the money her husband left her away and she didn’t know how she would secure the dowry for her two daughters.

“How much do you need for the dowry and to make the wedding?” he asked.

The woman named a figure in the thousands. The man immediately took out his checkbook and wrote out a check for that sum of money and told the woman to cash it the following morning in the local bank.

“However to make sure that the bank does not question the validity of this check and how you came to receive it, go back into the yeshiva and call out two boys to act as witnesses to this transaction,” he said.

The woman obediently reentered the yeshiva and called out two young men who were told about the entire transaction. “You will also witness my signature on this check and note which I will give to this woman,” he said. He then wrote out a note directing the president of the bank to honor the check and with that he departed.

The woman was too astonished to say another word as she went home. She thought it might be a joke but as she had nothing to lose, she visited the bank the following morning.

When she presented the check and note to the bank teller, he suddenly turned white and with a frightened look told the woman to wait while he presented it to the president of the bank. Entering the president’s office, he gave him the check and note. As soon as he looked at it, the president fell off his chair in a dead faint. The teller rushed out for help and soon the bank was in turmoil. The woman too had become frightened when a guard put her in a room so she couldn’t leave.

After a while the president was revived and he asked to see the woman. “Tell me, who gave you this check and note?” he asked.

“An old man who met mea the entrance of the yeshiva,” she replied. “And the two yeshiva boys will testify to this.”

“Could you identify the man if I showed you his picture?” he asked.

“Positively,” she said, “and so will the two yeshiva boys.”

The bank president then showed her a large picture of his father and she positively identified him as the man who gave her the check. Meanwhile the two yeshiva boys were sent for, and they too identified the picture. The bank president then directed his teller to pay the woman the full sum of the check.

He then explained the circumstances to all the people standing around. “This picture,” he said, “is the picture of my father who died ten years ago. Last night I had a strange dream. My father came to me and said in an angry tone, ‘since you married a Gentile woman, you stopped saying Kaddish for me. My soul was tormented and could find no peace until this poor woman arranged that the yeshiva should say Kaddish for all the orphan souls which included me. It was only then that my soul found peace again.

“ Therefore I have repaid this woman. Tomorrow she will come to your bank with a check from me to enable her marry off her two daughters. Honor it so that I can continue to dswell in peace. I awoke in a fright and when I repeated the dream to my wife she laughed at me and she considered it a joke. But now I see that it was all true.”

The man retunred to the ways of his father and his wife converted to Judaism and they became pillars of the community.

“And” concluded the Gaon Rabbi Sonnenfeld, “Who do you think the two yeshiva boys were? I was one of them and the other one was the Gaon, Rav Yehuda Greenwald, later to become the Av Beth Din of Satmar and the author of the sefer, Zichron Yehuda!”

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