**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas mishpatim 5776**

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**Story #948**

**The Junior Draftsman**

**By Rafael Ben-Zichri of Beershba, Israel**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

[**editor@ascentofsafed.com**](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/5?session_redirect=true&userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1453912483&randid=1671985423)

 I was born in Safro, Morocco, where I attended yeshiva until I was 16 years old. By then it was time to learn a profession, so I went to the city of Fez where there were more options. I decided to become a draftsman and enrolled in a special vocational school.

When the Second World War broke out it became very hard to find work - especially in my profession, and especially as a Jew. People were grateful to have any job at all.

 One day I applied for a job at a huge woodworking factory that produced furniture and other items for the government. The plant was French-owned, and the workers were Arabs and Jews.

 Because it was wartime, the factory was open seven days a week. As soon as I walked through the doors I vowed to myself that I would never desecrate the Sabbath, no matter what happened. I presented myself to the supervisor, and after a short interview I was hired.

 For a whole week I worked very diligently, so much so that I received several commendations. But I could not stop worrying about the coming Shabbat. No matter how hard I tried, I could not come up with any solution to the problem.

 On Shabbat morning I found my feet taking me in the direction of the factory. But I was determined not to do any actual prohibited work, even if it meant being fired. I thanked G-d for every moment that went by without the supervisor noticing me. When eventually he came over, I made believe I was busy solving an equation, but I could tell that he knew I was faking. I said nothing, and he continued on his rounds. I breathed a deep sigh of relief. My first Shabbat had passed without incident.

 I continued to be very industrious. The second week passed as the first. My hands worked diligently, but my mind was elsewhere. All I could think about was the coming Shabbat.

 Again I found myself in the same situation as before. I stood at my usual workplace, but did not touch any of the wood or machinery. Unfortunately, that day the supervisor showed up early in the morning. I don't know if it was a coincidence or he was checking up on me.

 My heart started to pound as he walked over. "Why aren't you working?" he demanded. I didn't answer, and he repeated the question. When I still said nothing he told me, "If you do not start working you will have to leave. You'll have to find a job among the Jews..."

 A few minutes later the supervisor returned, but this time he wasn't alone. Walking alongside him was the manager of the factory! My whole body started trembling.

 The manager looked a little familiar to me, but I wasn't really sure and I couldn't remember where I might have seen him. The manager gave me the once-over from head to toe before whispering something in the supervisor's ear. The only word I could make out was "draftsman."

 It was common knowledge that the plant's draftsman had quit several weeks before. Since then the factory was lacking a full-time draftsman, and the work supervisor, who had been formally trained as a draftsman, was trying to fill two jobs at once. It had never occurred to me to apply for the senior position, as I was too shy.

 Suddenly, I found myself being addressed by the manager. "If I'm not mistaken, I signed your diploma from draftsmanship school," he said. At that moment I realized why he looked so familiar. "Yes," I answered.

"Report to my office first thing tomorrow morning," he said, and went back to his other duties.

 The next day I began my career as the plant's official draftsman. I was delighted by the unexpected promotion, but still worried about keeping Shabbat. I had a feeling that the whole happy adventure would be coming to an end that Saturday...

 Shabbat came. This time I decided to take the initiative. I went to the manager's office and announced, "I don't work on Saturdays." His faced paled, and for a whole minute he was dumbstruck. In the end he didn't say anything and just nodded his head slightly in agreement.

 I worked in that plant for many years. And never again did my feet cross its threshold on Shabbat.

 One time, in a rare moment of candor, the manager confided, "You should know that never in my life has anyone won an argument with me. You are the first person who ever succeeded, and got me to back down. Can you believe it? A little Jew, barely an adult, got the best of me...."

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Source: Reprinted with permission from L'Chaim #654 (5761/Jan. 2001).

Connection: Weekly Reading--Shabbat is the 4th of the 10 Commandments.

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**L’Maaseh**

**The Key to Rav Ovadia Yosef’s Success in Torah Study**

 Rabbi Chaim Levy writes about Rav Ovadia Yosef, zt”l, that perhaps he was most known for his scope of knowledge, as can be seen in his writings where Rav Ovadia may quote over fifty sources on a given topic. In Rav Ovadia’s home, there were no visible walls or wallpaper, but only shelves upon shelves with thousands of Sefarim organized in a specific order.

 Many of these Seforim had Rav Ovadia’s handwritten comments on the sides of the pages. One time a guest walked in to Rav Ovadia and asked him, “I heard that the Rav has a photographic memory. Is that true? Do you really know all of these books by heart?”

 Those around in the room challenged the visitor to try and test the Rabbi. He said, “Pick any one of the thousands of books, start reading any line you like, and Chacham Ovadia will finish it.”

 The man looked around and started to reach for the set of Shas, and everyone around started to smile. Confused at what was so funny, he looked at them for an explanation and one of them said to him, “You might want to try something that’s not so easy!”

 Rav Ovadia’s son, Chacham Dovid, once said over that his father’s mastery of Torah is not only due to having a photographic memory, but it is also due to his tireless effort and toiling in Torah. Chacham Dovid related that one morning he remembers Rav Ovadia did something very peculiar. He woke up in a blaze, ran towards the sink to wash his hands, recited Birchas HaTorah, the Brachos said before learning Torah, and rushed to look at a Teshuvah of the Rivash.

 They were all very curious for an explanation as to why Rav Ovadia did this, and one of the children said, “We know that you have a strong love of Torah, but what is the urgency this morning?”

 Rav Ovadia replied that the previous night he was struggling to understand two seemingly contradictory statements by the Rivash that seemed to not be able to be resolvable. He said, “I spent much time thinking about the issue for a long while, and I was able to come up with a resolution to the problem. In my sleep,” continued Chacham Ovadia, “the Rivash appeared to me in a dream and said, ‘You have indeed understood my intentions, and there is no contradiction in my two statements. It is all clarified in another source that I have written’, and he told me where he wrote his answer. When I woke up, I immediately wanted to check the source the Rivash mentioned, and indeed, it was there!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Beshallach 5776 email of Torah U’Tefilah: A Collection of Inspiring Stories compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**Pearls of Wisdom… A Word for the Ages**

**The Steipler Gaon’s Recipe For Avoiding Depression**

 A student once approached the Steipler Gaon and asked for advice on how to battle his depression. He told the Steipler that because he was depressed he couldn’t learn Torah well, and that only made him more depressed.

 The Steipler told him, “You are depressed, and I’ll tell you why: it is because you are learning Torah in order to gain recognition. However, that is not the reason why one should learn Torah.

 “We have to look at this world like a marketplace which is only open for business for seventy or eighty years, because that is only about how long we live for. We have to be smart and grab as many pages of Gemara and Mitzvos while the market is open, because once the market closes, we come to a world where nothing else has any value.

 “Money, honor, and lineage are not worth anything in Olam Haba. Riches in this world will not bring anything to us in the next world. It is only Torah and Mitzvos that will count. We simply have to be good ‘businessmen’ in this world, in order to be wealthy and prestigious in the next world. When we keep the right focus and the right goal in mind, there is no room for any depression!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Beshallach 5776 email of Torah U’Tefilah: A Collection of Inspiring Stories compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**Frum Haifa Holocaust Survivor, 112, May be World’s Oldest Man**

Mr. Yisrael Kristal

 A *frum* Holocaust survivor in Haifa is believed to be the oldest man in the world. Yisrael Kristal, 112, achieved that status this week after Yasutaro Koide of Japan, also 112, died, JTA reports.

 Kristal’s grandson, Oren, received an email this week from the Gerontology Research Group, an international organization that tracks the world’s over-110 set, alerting him that the Polish-born Auschwitz survivor was up for the honor.

 Upon hearing the news, Kristal said in Yiddish: “The joy of my old age.”

 To be officially certified as the oldest living man, Kristal must present documentation from the first 20 years of his life. However, Haaretz reported, the earliest official document Kristal possesses is from when he was 25.

 Born on September 15, 1903, in the town of Zarnow, Kristal moved to Lodz in 1920 to work in his family’s candy business. He continued operating the business after the Nazis forced the city’s Jews into a ghetto, where Kristal’s two children died. In 1944, he was deported to Auschwitz, where his wife, whom he had married at age 25, was killed.

 In 1950, he moved to Haifa with his second wife and their son, working again as a confectioner.

 Kristal’s daughter Shula Kuperstoch told The Jerusalem Post that he has been religiously observant his whole life and continues to lay tefillin each morning.

“The Holocaust did not affect his beliefs,” Kuperstoch said. “He believes he was saved because that’s what G-d wanted. He is not an angry person, he is not someone who seeks to an accounting, he believes everything has a reason in the world.”

 “His attitude to life is everything in moderation,” she added. “He eats and sleeps moderately, and says that a person should always be in control of their own life and not have their life control them, as far as this is possible.”

 Interviewed by Haaretz in 2012, at the comparatively youthful age of 109, Kristal declined to offer a theory for his longevity, instead saying, “It’s no great bargain. Everyone has their own good fortune. It’s from heaven. There are no secrets.”

 Asked if his diet was responsible for his long life, he said, “In the camps there wasn’t always anything to eat. What they gave me, I ate. I eat to live; I don’t live to eat. I don’t need too much. Anything that’s too much is no good.”

*Reprinted from the January 22, 2016 website of Matzav.com. Originally printed by the JTA (Jewish Telegraph Agency.)*

**The London Synagogue Where Chaim Weizmann Once Sat**

**By Uzi Baruch**



 What do Israel's first President Chaim Weizman, former UK Home Secretary Herbert Samuel, the Rothchilds and the Montigues have in common?

 All of these prominent Jewish individuals were members, at one time or another, of the New West End Synagogue in London, one of the oldest Jewish places of worship still in use in the UK.

 A Grade 1 listed building (one of only three British synagogues to have gained that status), it boasts not only a rich history but a visually impressive, distinctly Victorian architecture - and a truly breathtaking interior.

 It was formally opened in 1879 and its foundation stone was laid two years previously by one Leopold de Rothschild, whose family were among the first congregants.

 But unlike the many other equally beautiful, centuries-old synagogues dotted throughout Europe, the New West End Synagogue is no relic of the past. True, it no longer fills all 800 seats, but the synagogue still has some 450 active members, holds regular services every Shabbat and on all festivals, and has shacharit morning services on weekdays when they achieve the required quorum of 10 men.

 An Ashkenazic, Orthodox synagogue, it is run with typical British efficiency by its Rabbi Dr. Moshe Freedman, Chairman Henry Magrill,*shamash*Eli Ballon and a Board of Directors.

 Dr. Trevor Toube, a member of the Board (and father of the Board's Vice-Chair, Felicity Miller), showed *Arutz Sheva* around this "historically important" shul.

 "Historically it's very important, because among the early members were many major Jewish figures - like the Rothchilds and the Montigues - the aristocracy of Victorian Judaism," Toube explained.

 Another well-known former member was none other than Herbert Samuel, a Liberal Party politician and the first nominally-practicing Jew to serve as British Cabinet Minister, under Prime Minister Herbert Henry Asquith. Among other positions, Samuel served for a time as British Home Secretary. He is believed to have been a key driving force behind the 1917 Balfour Declaration, which helped pave the way to Jewish independence in Israel, and was appointed High Commissioner of Palestine in 1920, following the end of the Ottoman occupation.

 One of the synagogue's former Rabbis was Louis Jacobs, who, after after his ties with the synagogue were severed following the so-called "Jacobs Affair," went on to found the Masorti Movement.

 But perhaps the most famous individual to have owned a seat in the synagogue was Chaim Weizmann. A member in the 1910s, Weizmann - who would eventually go on to become the first President of the State of Israel - was at that time "a little-known biochemist from Imperial College," as Toube put it.

 With such an illustrious history, it is no wonder that the New West End Synagogue played such a central role in the history of British Jewry. Its first Rabbi, Simeon Singer, compiled the Singer's Prayerbook, which is still in use today, and the shul's first choirmaster, D M David, also played a key role in formalizing the British-Jewish prayer rote, or *Minhag Anglia.*

 Apart from its glorious past, Toube - who moved to the UK from South Africa 54 years ago - says the synagogue still has plenty of more modern attractions.

 For a start, it is the only Orthodox synagogue in the UK which hosts a choir every week during Shabbat services. More importantly, it is an "astonishingly friendly community," where "people will just walk up to you and introduce themselves and make you feel at home."

 Despite that, the shift in British Jewish demographics over the past several decades has not been favorable to the New West End Synagogue. The epicenter of the London Jewish community moved out into the suburbs, while the synagogue's prime location in central London's West End means young families are largely priced out.

 That said, membership is "stable," says Toube, and while broadly "oldish," there are still a significant number of younger members.

 And the New West End Synagogue has another secret as well: cooperation. "We hold regular joint events with the two other major central London synagogues nearby - Central Synagogue and Marble Arch Synagogue - including talks, shiurim, and other events," said Toube.

 "We also work a lot with a nearby Sephardic shul, Holland Park. We had a joint Friday night service and event with them for the recent Shabbat UK, and we share a cheder with them - I think it's the only official joint Sephardic-Ashkenazic cheder in the UK."

 All things considered, Toube says he and his fellow Board members are confident for the future - and they're urging people to visit and take part.

"On Shabbat morning we have between 70 to 80 people - if you're here for Shabbat, the likelihood is that you will get called up at least for *psicha,*and we have a lovely kiddush afterwards.

 *"B*ut on weekday mornings we struggle for a minyan," he says. "It would be nice to get back to here we were a couple of years ago; to have a minyan every morning."

 It's out of the way for religious Jews working in the City, but if you ever have an appointment in the West End, the free breakfast is as good an incentive as any to stop off at the New West End Synagogue for*shacharit*.

*Reprinted from the January 27, 2016 email of Arutz Sheva.*

**The Carliner Rebbe and**

**The Mikva Catastrophe**

**By Rabbi Tuvia Bolton**

 The Holy Rabbi Shlomo of Carlin was famous throughout the Chassidic world. He was nicknamed Rabbi Shlomo the Great because of his great holiness, expertise in all branches of the Torah and great miracles that he performed.

 Besides being one of the foremost pupils of the Maggid of Mezeritz, (the successor of the Baal Shem Tov) he himself had thousands pupils and followers scattered all over the Ukraine and White Russia that he would travel to regularly to teach.

 But this also earned him many enemies. There were myriads of religious Jews who called themselves Misnagdim (opposers) that hated the Chassidic movement, those who advertised it and especially those who taught it to their sons.

 It so happened that one year he visited a totally misnaged town where his young followers, to prepare for his arrival, heated up the cold water in the town mikva so he could immerse himself before the morning prayers.

 [A Mikva is like a small 'immersion' pool built exactly according to Torah standards. Immersion in a Mikva removes certain types of spiritual impurity. The water must be at least a certain percentage of rain water]

 But as innocent as this sounds it was not so simple, in fact in our case it was dangerous.

 There were many things that the Chassidim did that infuriated their opposition and two of them were that before prayers every morning the men would go to the Mikva if possible and second, they would heat up the Mikva water before immersion; two things the misnagdim thought were insane and even forbidden

 His pupils waited till after midnight, snuck into the Mikva building when no one was around and, once inside, made a fire and heated up a huge pot of water to boiling. Their plan was to pour the boiling water into the empty Mikva and then to quickly fill it with regular water so it would be warm for Rabbi Shlomo first thing in the morning.

 But somehow things got a bit disorganized and, being that it was dark and they were trying to be a quiet as possible, when they finally managed to lift the heavy boiling pot to the edge of the wall surrounding the Mikva and pour it in, they didn't notice that one of their company was down there in the empty Mikva checking on something or other completely unaware of what was going on above him.

 The results were a catastrophe. The Chassid never knew what hit him. In just seconds he was completely and instantly scalded from head to foot. He let out blood-curdling screams for about thirty seconds and then passed out from the pain.

 The Chassidim were shocked to the essence of their souls. Their poor friend was dying a horrible painful death before their very eyes. Their only chance was to take him to the doctor as quickly as possible. They wrapped him in their coats and ran with him through the cold winter streets until they saw in the distance the doctor's house.

 As they were running they also began to remember that they themselves were also in severe trouble. If it were known that they were Chassidim of Reb Shlomo it would be physically dangerous for them and their families. There were instances of Chassidim being beaten and even killed by zealous mitnagdim.

 They made it to the doctor's house with their burnt friend and laid him on the table much more dead than alive and, to make things worse when they removed the coats they had wrapped him in, much of the poor fellow's skin peeled off. It was obvious that the end was only moments away.

 Meanwhile Rabbi Shlomo arrived in the town was told what happened and rushed to the young man's side

 The doctor had already given up but Rabbi Shlomo did not seem overly concerned. He simply began slowly passing his hand over the fellow's hideous burns and wherever his hand passed the skin miraculously healed!! The scalded Chassid began to breathe more steadily and easily until after about fifteen minutes his skin was whole and rosy as though nothing ever happened.

 The others could not believe what they were seeing; their friend put on his clothes, drank a few cups of water, thanked the Rebbe profusely for saving his life and left

 It was an open miracle and they all saw it with their naked eyes! The doctor was so deeply impressed that he became a follower of this miracle Rabbi.  But the story is not over.

 One year later Reb Shlomo again returned to the same town and again the same young men came to meet him, led by the Chassid that he had saved from death. But when he spoke to them he could tell that something had changed; their entire attitude toward him was different. They listened to his words but their hearts were elsewhere He asked for an explanation and they shamefacedly replied.

 "A few months after you were here and did that amazing miracle another Rebbe visited here. His name was Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Laidi (The author of the holy book 'Tanya' and founder of Chabad Chassidut). We know you respect him, and his respect and reverence for you is immeasurable. So we listened to what he had to say.

 "He said two or three discourses in his style of Chassidut and we heard things that we never thought a human being could say. When he spoke about the upper worlds we felt we were in the upper worlds. Then he explained how the upper worlds were really nothing compared to the Creator and we felt that too. But when he talked about how Moshiach we felt Moshiach was here ……. we decided to follow him.

 The Rebbe then turned to the young man he had saved and said. "Okay, I understand the others; in fact Rabbi Shneur Zalman is a very holy man…. but YOU? Why, I saved your life!! How could you leave me for another teacher?!

 "Rebbe" he replied. "You showed me what G-d can do for me! You saved my life!! But Rebbe Shneur Zalman showed me what I can do for G-d…he enlivened my soul.

*Reprinted from last week’s (Parshas Beshallach 5776) email from Yeshiva Ohr Tmimim in Kfar Chabad, Israel.*

**A Father’s Eternal Love**

**For Even a Wicked Son**

**By Rabbi David Ashear**

 Rabbi Lugasi told a story of a tzadik who lived in communist Russia, but eventually got out and moved to Israel. He managed to raise a religious family there, but one of his children got caught up with the Communist ideology and remained behind. He had no religion. He didn't even recognize the day of Yom Kippur.

 The tzadik had his own shul in Israel where he led his congregation and taught them Torah on a daily basis. He never told anybody about his son. One day they were learning the Rambam's laws of teshuva. He describes how loved and adored the ba'al teshuva is. Although yesterday he was sinning and his actions were despicable, today he is shining and so close to Hashem.

 The students asked the Rabbi, "How is it possible? How could someone who hasn't been listening to Hashem for years, all of a sudden, with one commitment become so close, and so loved."

 The Rabbi answered, "I'm going to tell you about my son who is so far from religion. If my son would come tonight and knock on my door, saying, 'Daddy, I want to come home,' wouldn't I give him the biggest hug? Wouldn't I show him how much love I have for him?"

*Reprinted from the January 25, 2016 email of Daily Emunah by Rabbi David Ashear.*

**Grisha’s Gunshot Wound**

**In Afghanistan**

 A group of Jewish men were sitting in Uman on the Shabbos after Rosh Hashana, having spent the holiday there with thousands of others. Grisha, a Russian-born man, was recounting his experiences as a Russian soldier in Afghanistan to a captive audience.

 One of his listeners, David, had also been stationed in Afghanistan, but as a U.S. Marine. David questioned Grisha, “When were you in Afghanistan?” Grisha said he was there in 1986. He had been in a Special Forces unit and had been sent to fight in the mountainous death traps of that snake-infested country.

 After hearing that, David viewed Grisha with renewed respect. Serving in the Special Forces was akin to being a Marine. Grisha was telling his small audience that he was shot in the leg just before he completed his tour of duty. Though he underwent surgery, he remained with a permanent limp.

 David asked him to describe how he got shot in the leg. Grisha recounted, “We went to Afghanistan to fight the Muslims. It was a war we could have won quickly if the Americans had not gotten involved. One afternoon we were out on patrol. We were standing on top of a mountain looking down on the valley, when a sixth sense warned me that something bad was about to happen. I quickly threw myself to the ground and I was almost in time to avoid the bullet. Almost, but not quite. The bullet hit me in the leg. I was forced to remain in the hospital for a long time, and left with a permanent limp.”

 Grisha’s story caused David to recall his days as a Marine in Afghanistan. Now he was a religious Jew, but back then he had had no connection to Jewish observance.

 David now shared his story with the others. When he was sent to Afghanistan, the United States wanted to prevent the Russians from extending their tentacles to yet another country. So David was sent as part of an effort to train the Mujahedeen in their war against the Soviets.

 The US Army was only supposed to advise them with weapons training and military theory. David remembered one day in the mountains. His tour of duty was almost over. He and his company were hiding in a gorge cut into the side of the mountain. Far off in the distance he could see a bunch of Russian soldiers on patrol. It had been a dangerous day as the Russians had thrown some fire in their direction, and despite the fact that they were there as advisors, not warriors, they could not help but send some bullets back their way.

 David knew he wasn’t supposed to be shooting at anything, but he didn’t care. He was wild by nature and he wanted to take down a Russian soldier before he left Afghanistan. Besides, he had been dodging bullets the entire day. He felt someone should pay for that! Through his scope, David could see the Russians standing on the mountaintop. He aimed and fired his gun.

 David looked through his scope to see the soldier fall from the bullet, but he fell to the ground right before he would have been hit, almost as if he’d been warned about the shot coming his way. David knew he had hit him, but he was sure that it had not been a fatal shot. Soon afterwards he left, never to return to Afghanistan.

 David finished his tale, and the room was eerily silent. Grisha, also now a religious Jew, stared at David for a long, long moment. It was clear that their stories were one and the same. David was afraid. Was Grisha going to attack him in revenge?

 Instead, Grisha began hugging David, with tears in his eyes. It didn’t make sense! David had shot him in the leg. Why was he hugging him?

 Grisha explained emotionally, “I have to thank you, as I owe you my life. Your shot sent me to the hospital with a wound that affects my ability to walk until today. But a week and a half later, my entire platoon was wiped out in an ambush of enemy fire. I would have been there, too, had it not been for your shot. Instead, I was in a hospital bed, recuperating from my ordeal. Thank you! Thank you, David, for saving my life!” (The Meaning of the Moment)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Beshallach 5756 email of The Weekly Vort.*

**The Measly $10 Share**

**In the World to Come**

 A story is told about a hard-working man who simply couldn't make a living. He had to marry off his daughter, but he had no money.

 Under pressure from his wife and kids, he went to one of the great Chassidic masters for advice. "Go to the market and spend your last dollars on the first deal you see," advised the Rebbe. The man decided to follow this advice, as no other strategy had brought him success.

 He went to the market and in the first booth he saw was a jewel dealer. "I'd like to buy a jewel, but I've only got $10," said the man. "Ha! For $10, you can't even buy a counterfeit jewel!" replied the merchant.

 "I beg you," responded the man, "sell me something for $10. Anything!" The merchant thought for a moment and made an offer. "If you really insist, I'll give you my share in the world to come for $10." The man agreed, paid the money and walked away. He had followed the Rebbe’s advice and the merchant thought he'd earned himself a few bucks for nothing.

 When the merchant told his wife about what had transpired that day, she was furious. "Even if you are no great believer, why are you so reckless as to throw away something that might have real value for something so insignificant in return? Go find that buyer and demand that he return your share in the world to come!"

 When the merchant found the man and asked for his share in the world to come back, the man resisted.

 "I'll sell it back for $100,000.00 but no less," replied the man. He realized this was his chance to marry off his daughter and have some spare money to begin a business. The merchant was livid that the man would try to make such a profit off him, but the man stubbornly refused to return it for less than the sum of $100,000.00. After some time, they agreed to approach the Rabbi of their town to resolve their dispute.

 The Rabbi sided with the poor man, and explained his decision to the merchant. "When you sold your share of the world to come to the man, it was truly worth nothing to you. Now that you've reconsidered what you have sold, you realize that its value is beyond measure! $100,000.00 is a bargain for your share in the world to come and the man has every right to sell it for that much."

 He paid the sum of money and the Jew was overjoyed.

 When he went back to the Rebbe to tell him what had happened, the Rebbe said:

 In the beginning his world to come was indeed not worth more than $10.00, but as a result of the charity he gave you, his world to come is indeed worth much more than $100,000.00 now!

*Reprinted from last week’s (Parshas Beshallach 5776) email from Chabad of Great Neck, NY.*

**Selling the Promised**

**20,000 Rubles Short**

 After hearing a fiery speech about the meaning of faith, a disciple of Rabbi Yisroel Salanter approached him and asked, "Rebbi, are you telling me that if I have perfect faith in Hashem, He will provide me with all my needs?"

 Rabbi Salanter affirmed. "Yes, my son," he smiled. "If one has perfect faith in the Almighty, He will provide for him."

 The man mad a quick riposte. "Good, if that is the case I need no longer work. I will sit and study Torah and rely solely on my faith, and the 20,000 rubles that I'll need to survive will come to me in full as if it were manna from Heaven!" The man went home and began to study Torah. But after one week when the money did not appear he returned to the Rabbi to complain. "I have the faith you claimed to need, and so far no money has arrived!"

 Rabbi Yisroel was pensive. "I'll tell you what," he said. "I’ll offer you 8,000 rubles cash today if you would commit yourself to give me the 20,000 rubles you are sure will come to you because of your faith."

 The man jumped from his chair. "Sure! I'll take the 8,000."

 Rabbi Yisroel Salanter smiled, "who in his right mind would give up 20,000 rubles for a mere 8,000 rubles? Only someone with does not have perfect faith that he will receive 20,000 rubles! If one is positive that he is about to receive 20,000 rules, and is absolutely confident that it is coming, he would not, in his right mind, give it up for a mere 8,000! Obviously, you have more faith in my 8,000 rubles than in Hashem's 20,000!"

 **Comment:** Many people claim to have faith and can be found telling people in distress that instead of worrying, they need to learn to have faith in Hashem. But when push comes to shove, only a small percentage of those “faithful folk” are calm, collected and embody the look of men who truly believe that their Creator will help them.

 Nachshon Ben Aminadav was one such person who “lived” his faith. When commanded by Moshe (from Hashem) to enter into the Red Sea, everyone was looking to see who’d be the first one to actually do it. Nachshon, sans any reservations, literally took the dive and went into the water. Let us work on the Nachshon’s trait of acting with faith. (Story heard from Rabbi Mordechai Kamenetzky)

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