**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas Terumah 5776**

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**A Mitzvah You**

**Won’t Want To Miss**

**By Rabbi Yechiel Spero**

 The story I am about to share with you Rav Shach said is a mitzva to publicize. There was a Yid who lived in Bnei Brak. His name was R’ Velvel Adelman. In fact, the biography of his life was titled “The gentle person, gentle soul”.

 One time, R’ Velvel Adelman, a big Tzadik and Gaon, was on his way to a bris. He was running late, but R’ Shach stopped him on the street and he said, “R’ Velvel. I have to tell you a story. I know you are going to a bris and I know that you are late, but it’s a mitzva to publicize the story. So first of all, I am fulfilling that mitzvah by telling you the story right now. And second, of all, you will tell over the story IY”H and you will also have a mitzva, and you will hear why”.

**The Best of Friends Growing Up**

 There were two girls that were best friends growing up. They played with the same toys, went over to each other’s homes, and attended the same events. In the same class, they shared the same circle of friends, and they were really very, very close.

 But as they became teenagers, they began to drift from one another. As one took a golden path, where everything she touched turned to gold; she married a wonderful boy with stellar middos, a great talmid chacham and her children, one was better than the next.

 Her friend, nebach took a path where everything she touched turned sour, turned to vinegar. She never got married. She never found the right one. She became bitter and detached. She became lonely and very depressed. Decades passed and they completely fell out of touch with one another.

**Who Was the Letter From?**

 One day, she comes home with a bag in her hand, and she sees that there is a letter in her mailbox. A personal handwritten letter. She never received handwritten letters from anybody. She had no family that she was in touch with. Who is the letter from? She opened the letter and she sat down, began to read and began to cry.

 It was a letter from her friend who decided to reach out to her. She said she was reminiscing with her children and they were discussing her childhood when she began to speak about her friend. She realized that she would have loved to be in touch with her friend after so many, so many years. And then, after so many years, she finally decided to reach out to her. She asked if somehow they’d be able to become friends again.

 The girl read, and read, and read, and she broke down crying. Because in that bag that she had on the table was a cocktail of drugs she intended to use that day to end her life, to commit suicide.

**Tell it Over to People!**

 Rav Shach grabbed R’ Velvel by the lapel and said, “These two women just left my house. They became close friends again. She became their adopted aunt and sister-in-law. She became the one that shared in every one of their simchas. Over the last year, they have cemented and re-cemented the relationship, and she has a life again. A mitzva to publicize it! Tell it over to people”.

 Today, pick up a pen and piece of paper, or an email, or a text, or a phone call and reach out to someone you haven’t spoken to in a while that perhaps had a difficult journey along the way. A mitzvah to publicize! At worst, you will reconnect with a friend. At best, you will save her life. Have a great day and a great rest of your week.

*Reprinted from the February 1, 2016 website of Matzav.com*

**It Once Happened**

**The Self Sacrifice of**

**Reb Gavriel’s Wife**

 Reb Gavriel was a simple, honest shopkeeper living in the town of Vitebsk. He and his wife of 25 years had no children and their financial situation was not the best, but they never complained. They lived pious lives and always contributed generously whenever their Rebbe, Rabbi Shneur Zalman (founder of Chabad Chasidism), asked for donations for any of the numerous charities he supported. Over the years, Reb Gavriel's financial situation deteriorated, but no sigh escaped his lips and he kept the matter to himself.

**Saddened by His Inability to**

**Contribute to the Rebbe**

 A large sum of money was once needed to ransom a number of Jews from debtor's prison. Rabbi Shneur Zalman told Reb Gavriel the amount he hoped Reb Gavriel would contribute. When Reb Gavriel mentioned the sum to his wife, Chana Rivka, she immediately noticed his unhappiness. After some prodding, Reb Gavriel revealed that business had taken a turn for the worse. In fact, it was so bad that they were penniless and could not possibly come up with the money the Rebbe had requested.

 Chana Rivka chided him softly, "Haven't you told me many times the Rebbe's words that one should always trust in G-d, and should always be joyful? G-d will help, and enable us to contribute the amount the Rebbe expects of us!"

**The Wife Sells All Her**

**Jewelry and Valuables**

 She then quietly collected all of her jewelry and valuables. She went into town and sold them, triumphantly bringing the money to her husband. "Here is the entire amount the Rebbe asked for," she told him happily.

 Reb Gavriel immediately set out for the Rebbe's home in Liozna. Upon being called into the Rebbe's room, he placed the sack of money on the Rebbe's table. The Rebbe asked him to open the sack to count the money, which he did. Both Rabbi Shneur Zalman and Reb Gavriel were surprised to see that the coins shone as if they had been newly minted.

 The Rebbe contemplated the coins, then said, "The contributions to the Sanctuary in the [Sinai] desert included gold, silver and copper. But the only metal that shone was the copper from the mirrors of the women. This was formed into the laver and its pedestal ... Tell me, where did this money come from?"

**Finally Reveals the Truth to the Rebbe**

 Reb Gavriel finally revealed to the Rebbe that for the past ten years his business had been suffering. He explained that his wife had sold all of her jewelry to raise the money the Rebbe had requested.

 The Rebbe meditated for some time, then said: "Your harsh trials are over. May G-d grant you and your wife sons and daughters and long life to see the children of your children; may G-d grant you over and again prosperity wherever you turn, and favor in the eyes of all those who see you. Close your shop and start dealing in precious gems."

 Reb Gavriel hastened home to Vitebsk and brought Chana Rivka the good news of the Rebbe's blessing. And, of course, he asked her why the coins shone.

 "I polished each coin lovingly," she explained, "until they glistened and sparkled like stars in the sky." She wanted to do this special mitzva (commandment) in the most beautiful manner possible. "In my heart I beseeched G-d that by virtue of that," she continued, "our fortunes would start sparkling, too!"

**Within a Year a Son is Born**

 Reb Gavriel closed his shop and began dealing in gems. With G-d's help, the local nobles and squires soon became his regular customers. His clientele grew from day to day. And within a year from when he had travelled to Rabbi Shneur Zalman to turn over the sparkling coins from his wife, she gave birth to a son.

 Reb Gavriel soon became known by the nickname "Gavriel Nosei Chein" (the Likeable). He and Chana Rivka continued in their simple, pious ways, giving charity even more generously than before. They were respected by all who knew them and were successful at whatever they attempted.

*Reb Gavriel lived to the age of 110 years, and his wife Chana Rivka survived him by two years.*

**The Poor Man Who Wouldn’t Take Charity from a Shabbos Desecrator**

**By Rabbi David Ashear**

 In the book, "Touched by a Story," Rabbi Spero tells of a man named Moshe Goldman who came to America with his family from Europe in the early 1900's, looking for a better life. He was told it would difficult religiously, as most businesses were open on Shabbat. Nevertheless, he made a commitment to stay loyal to Shabbat no matter what. When he told his first boss that he wouldn't be coming in on Saturday, he was given a pink slip. This pattern continued week after week. Moshe had a very difficult time earning a living, but his commitment to Shabbat was unwavering.

**Comes Home to Find**

**An Eviction Notice**

 One day, Moshe came home to his Lower East Side apartment, crushed by the burden of another futile job interview, to find an eviction notice lying on the floor. He was more than three months behind with the rent. Moshe pleaded with his landlord, Mr. Wells, for an extension. However, the landlord needed the money, and there was someone else willing to rent the apartment. Mr. Wells was compassionate, however, and he allowed the Goldman family to remain in the building. They would have to move into the dark, damp cellar. It was free, so they took it. Their new "apartment" was actually the building's coal room. Thick black soot permeated the entire room.

 One day, a wealthy businessman, Mark Bookman, was driving through that neighborhood and was intrigued to see two boys with black faces wearing kipas. He instructed his driver to pull over. Upon further examination, he discovered that they were two fair colored, young Jewish boys who were covered in black soot. He inquired about the soot, and the boys described their heartbreaking living conditions.

**The Boys Show the**

**Richman Where they LIve**

 Mr. Bookman then asked the boys to show him where they lived, and he followed them to their apartment. Their mother, Mrs. Goldman, came to the door and saw this distinguished guest. She was completely embarrassed. Mr. Bookman, seeing the pitiful situation, was overcome with compassion and wrote them a check for $5000, which in those days, was an enormous amount of money. It was enough to support an entire family for over a year.

 As she thanked the man, Mrs. Goldman was overcome with joy; this was the answer to all of her tefilot. When her husband, Moshe, returned, she told him the good news. He said, "We can't accept the money!" "Why not?" asked his wife, "He really wants to give it to us." "I know Mark Bookman," said Moshe, "He desecrates Shabbat. His business continues to operate on Shabbat, and Jews work there. We didn't sacrifice for the last two years to observe Shabbat to be rescued financially by someone who desecrates it."

**Moshe Returns the Check**

 Early the next morning, Moshe went to Mr. Bookman's sweater factory to return the check. He was extremely grateful for the gesture, but he said that he couldn't accept it, and he told him why. That night, Mr. Bookman came home looking very disturbed. His wife asked what was wrong. "I can't believe he didn't take the money," he told her, as he began to describe the events that took place.

 Then he became teary eyed and said, "We used to be like that. Don't you remember? We also treasured Shabbat, until one week, when business was so awful, and we were short on money, we said, we're going to leave the store open, just this one time, on Shabbat." Tears streaked down his cheeks as he recalled that day ten years ago. "I want that passion back," he said. "I want to be a committed Jew also."

 Right then and there, they accepted upon themselves to be Shomer Shabbat again. That Friday, an hour before sunset, Mr. Bookman entered his factory and proudly told all the workers, the factory would be closing for Shabbat. When he arrived home on Friday afternoon and watched his wife lighting the Shabbat candles for the first time in ten years, he felt like he returned home from a very long journey.

**The Reward of Religious Grandchildren**

 The next week, he went back to Moshe Goldman and offered him the check again. This time, he explained how inspired he was from his loyalty to Shabbat, and that he had resolved to keep it from now on. Moshe was relieved of his financial troubles, and Mr. Bookman has religious grandchildren to this very day.

 Being loyal to Hashem is so beloved and brings so much blessing.

*Reprinted from the January 20, 2016 edition of Rabbi Ashear’s Daily Emunah email.*

**A Slice of Life**

**Worlds from Sosnowiec**

**By Steve Lipman**

 Nearly 74 years ago, a pair of young Jewish women left their hometown in southwest Poland, on a transport to a Nazi concentration camp. Both survived the Holocaust, but went their separate ways after World War II.

 A random conversation on Long Island last month led to their unplanned reunion.

 Shanie Ellerton, a member of Chabad of West Hempstead, brought her mother, Roz Speiser, to one of the synagogue's Sunday morning social programs for seniors for the first time a few weeks ago. Mother and daughter sat at a table next to a stranger, Ann Welner, a 90-year-old West Hempstead resident who regularly attends the events.

 Ellerton detected an accent.

**“Where are You From?”**

 "Where are you from?" she asked.

 "Poland."

 "Where in Poland?"

 "Sosnowiec," Welner answered.

 "My mother-in-law is from Sosnowiec," Ellerton said. "Maybe you knew her."

 Ellerton's mother-in-law, Bella - maiden name, Baila Steiglitz - was at home that Sunday morning, but Welner remembered the name Baila Steiglitz from Sosnowiec. "You have to bring her," Welner told Ellerton. She did, the next week.

While they hadn't known each other growing up in their hometown, Welner (née Hanka Jerzy) and Steiglitz were together later.

**Together on Both the**

**Transport and in the Camps**

 "We were together on the transport, we were together in the camps," Welner said.

 Welner and Bella were on the first major deportation of Jews from Sosnowiec in May 1942. The pair of teenagers was sent to Waldenburg, a labor camp in what is now southwest Poland. They remained together until liberation came in early 1945.

**They Never Crossed Paths, Although**

**Living a Half-Mile from Each Other**

 The two women eventually found husbands, immigrated to the United States, had children and made careers. Several years ago they both moved to West Hempstead to be near their children. Although they live about a half-mile from each other, they never crossed paths.

 Until Ellerton brought her mother-in-law to the Chabad seniors program.

 When Bella was introduced to Welner, she "lit up," Ellerton said. They started talking in Polish.

 "I was just shocked. I didn't think this was possible," Welner said.

They've since gone back each Sunday, renewing their long-interrupted friendship.

 What do they talk about?

 They're not telling. And since the conversations are in Polish, Ellerton doesn't know. Probably not the war years. Bella never talks about that time, Ellerton said. She said her mother-in-law was born in 1922 or 1923. "No one knows."

**No Desire to Remember the Terrible Past**

 Bella's memory about details of that time is fuzzy. "I don't want to remember," she said.

 Ellerton has managed over the years to put together scraps of information about what happened to her mother-in-law during the war - a series of concentration camps and escape from a death march, a story that parallels Welner's. Both women lost their parents in the Shoah.

 Sosnowiec had a Jewish population of 28,000 in September 1939, at the start of the war. About 700 returned after, but most quickly left for the United States or Israel. Today, only a handful of Jews live there.

 Both women enjoy the weekly reunion.

 Watching the two women get together after all these decades is "an incredible feeling," said Rabbi Yossi Lieberman, who has served as the Chabad emissary in West Hempstead for the past 14 years. If you do something to bring people together, sometimes they come together in surprising ways, he said.

 Welner believes the reunion was not random.

 "There are no coincidences," she said. "Everything is being made above."

*Reprinted from the Parshas Beshallach 5776 edition of L’Chaim Weekly. Originally published in the New York Jewish Week*

**The Wheel that Rotates**

**In the World**

 It is well known that Baron Rothschild was a man who believed in Hashem Yisbarach and he particularly focused on the mitzvah of *tzedakah* – charity. However, as something inadvertently emitted from the mouth of the ruler, he once misspoke and said that because of his great wealth it is not possible that he would die of hunger. The baron did not mean to say, *chas v’shalom*, that he was not in the domain of his Creator, rather he was just describing his vast wealth, that even if his business would fail, still, he did not see how this would cause him to die of hunger.

 He wanted the Celestial Supervision to show him that everything was in the Hand of Hashem, and even if his business did not fail he could still die of hunger. One day the baron opened his safe and went in to take care of something and while inside the door of the safe locked with him inside.

**Unable to be Opened from the Inside**

 The door of the safe was built in a way that it could not be opened from the inside, since it was not meant that anyone should stay inside for any length of time, it was designed from the outset that it could only be opened from the outside, thus the baron was not able to open it. Additionally, it was constructed from thick iron and even if he knocked on the inside it would not be heard from the outside, so the baron remained alone inside without any food to eat.

 He was hidden there for a few days and despite intensive searches for him there was not a trace of where he was hidden. They did not think of checking the safe and only after several days they tried to open the safe and then the baron was found, but it was too late…

**Recognizing that Everything**

**Is Truly in the Hands of Hashem**

 They found a note with him that he had written before he died and in it he confessed that it had entered his mind that there are things that are not in the Hand of Hashem, *chas v’shalom*, and he realized his punishment was measure for measure.

 This story comes to teach us that a person cannot determine his future and it is not appropriate to brag about what he has.

 Similarly, we see in our parsha in which it states (18:1):

 “Yisro, the father-in-law of Moshe heard…”

 And Rashi explains, ‘Here Yisro felt himself honored through Moshe, “I am the father-in-law of the king,” while in the past Moshe attributed the greatness to his father-in-law as it says, “And he returned to Yeser, his father-in-law.” At first, Yisro was in the realm of greatness and Moshe was subordinate to him and he was pleased to be his son-in-law, however, after this the wheel turned around and Yisro was pleased to be the father-in-law of Moshe.

**One Should be Careful**

**To Never be Haughty**

 From here a person can understand that even if he finds himself on a level of greatness, he should be careful not to be haughty, for in a moment the whole thing can turn around. So too, the opposite, when a person is found in a very low state, he should strengthen himself with the awareness, and he should know that in a moment his situation can turn around, and it is possible that he will be elevated to greatness and authority. No one in the world can know what waits for him in the future. - Tiv HaTorah – Yisro

*Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5776 email of Tiv HaTorah.*

**A Matter of Timing**

 “Hello, Savta [Grandmother], I went up to your house and outside your door are three boxes of frozen meat and chicken!”

 This was my order of chicken that I ordered for tomorrow but the store sent them today. I was travelling with my husband out of the city and I told him that I would return late tomorrow evening.

 This was an unusually hot day and my grandson happened to pass by on his way to shul near my house. After davening he felt weak and he decided to go to my house to rest for a little.

 If things did not work out this way the chicken would have remained outside and would have spoiled. It is amazing to think how Hashem worries about every little detail in ways not possible to consider and to enter the mind and all we can say is thank you!!! (As told by Mrs. H.Z.)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5776 email of Tiv HaTorah.*

**A Good Shabbos Greeting**

**In the “Dark of the Night”**

**By Rabbi Zev Roth**

 The following beautiful story shows the power of a *“Good Shabbos”* to awaken the Jewish soul.

 It was close to midnight on a cool Shabbos night as two new bochurim (Yeshiva students) slowly made their way through the streets of Ezras Torah in Jerusalem, on their way back to Yeshivas Ohr Somayach. *"That was a long meal,”* said Jeff.

 *"Yeah!"* replied his roommate succinctly *"I don't know where all those kids sleep in that small apartment.”* David added in wonderment. The silent night was interrupted by a sudden call: *"Good Shabbos, boys!"* Jeff turned to his long-haired friend. *"Did you hear someone calling us?"*

 *"I don’t know, it looks like we're the only ones on the street.”* Again they heard the voice calling them. This time they saw that it came from the balcony of a first-floor apartment. *"Up here! Good Shabbos."*All they could make out was a bushy beard and a big smile. *“Are you boys planning on walking all the way back to the yeshivah so late at night?"* Asked the bearded man. *"We really don't have much choice.”* Jeff replied.

 *"It is much too late to walk back tonight. It's cold, too. Come on, I have room for some guests. You can spend the night here, and I'll walk you back to Ohr Somayach tomorrow morning.”*

 The boys did not need much convincing. They gratefully accepted their new friend's hospitality. The nameless savior escorted them into the shadowy *"master bedroom”* as he called it with a wry grin: two fold-out cots in the middle of the living room. The entire apartment didn't seem much bigger than the dorm room the pair currently shared. Wishing them good night, their host disappeared into his bedroom, while his guests quickly sank into a deep sleep.

 David awoke early in the morning, and in the daylight, he took stock of his surroundings. The apartment seemed even smaller than last night. A nondescript small room with an old couch, somewhat worn dining-room table and chairs. The china closet against the wall suddenly caught his attention. There were some valuable silver items there: four Kiddush cups, a menorah, a silver Megillah holder; and a large and really beautiful Seder plate.

 David looked around and noticed an antique candelabrum on the dining-room table. He was amazed that the host would take the two boys into his house and trust them with all the valuable items lying around. The sincerity and warmth of the host made an impression on David and his friend.

 David lay back in his bed and stared at the ceiling. He had a lot to think about. For years he'd read in the American newspapers how awful *"those ultra-Orthodox Jews"*were. Yet here was a man - a total stranger - who had trusted him implicitly on sight. David drifted back to sleep, thinking.

 David ended up staying at the yeshivah for many months, during which time he thought long and hard about the decision to become observant. He attended countless classes on Jewish philosophy, Law, and Chumash. He went on a trip to Massada, hiked around Ein Gedi, and took a three-day tour of the Golan. He examined empirical evidence for the existence of G-d and the requirement of a moral imperative. But what made David into a baal Teshuvah and a Shabbos observer was the ***"Good Shabbos"*** that he heard from a tiny balcony. (\*names have been changed. True Tales from Two Cities, R. Zev Roth p.117)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Beshallach 5776 email of Good Shabbos Everyone.*

**The Amazing Life of Rabbi Ronnie Greenwald**

**By Suri Cohen**

**Community activist, international spy swapper and hostage mediator, political mastermind, mentor for troubled teens, beloved camp director and dedicated Jew.**



 The last text we got from Rabbi Ronnie Greenwald, two days before his death on Wednesday, January 20th, was a photo of him and a friend, up to their necks in the sunny blue waters of a Miami swimming pool. Rabbi Greenwald was radiating his trademark ebullience, and the picture was cheekily captioned, "It's 16 degrees in Monsey."

 It was to that photo that my mind inevitably drifted when we received the shocking news of his untimely passing. For it encapsulates so much of what made him unique and so very beloved – the slightly rakish insouciance, the unwillingness, or even inability, to stay within the neatly defined borders of convention, the sense of fun that made his chronological age of 82 appear like part of the joke, and the infectious joie de vivre that seemed to include the entire world in its orbit.

 Equal parts James Bond and revered mentor to thousands, in the unlikely guise of a rumpled Orthodox Brooklyn Jew with an offbeat sartorial sense, Rabbi Greenwald's credentials – community activist, political mastermind, mentor for troubled teens, creative camp director, international spy swapper and hostage mediator – strain at the confines of cliché. The most cursory Google search will take the reader on a breathtaking geopolitical tour spanning decades.

 Following a stint as a campaign aide to New York governor Nelson Rockefeller, he served as Richard Nixon's liaison to the Jewish community prior to the 1972 election. After Nixon was re-elected, Rabbi Greenwald was given a Washington office with a White House phone number, thus ensuring that his calls would always be answered.

 He used his newfound clout with the Departments of Agriculture, Housing, Labor, and Education for the benefit of the needy and the underserved within the Jewish community. "I would bring groups to Washington to meet senators and congressmen, to prove to them that we also had a needy underclass. I had to counter the stereotype of the rich Jew,” he told me in a 2012 interview in his Monsey home, whose walls were studded with letters and photos of the rabbi with presidents and politicians.

 Along with family portraits, he was also pictured with many prominent and revered rabbis within the Orthodox community. "There's barely a *rosh yeshiva* (yeshiva dean) or chassidic rebbe I would meet," recalled a son in his eulogy Wednesday night, "who, upon learning who my father was, wouldn't tell me, 'You have no idea what your father did for me.'"

 Although he left government to pursue a business career after Nixon’s impeachment, Rabbi Greenwald maintained all his high-level government contacts.

“Even though at this point I was a private citizen, wherever I went, governments knew that I had U.S. government backing. But everything was always through back channels; it all had to be kept quiet and secret until the job was done. If you really want to help people, that’s the only way. Publicity is dangerous and is always going to arouse opposition."

**Clandestine Rescue**

 Seeking to avoid the limelight, he was content to leave headline-making to others, although the unspoken rule did not preclude his eventual participation in high-stakes clandestine rescue operations. An early success was the release of Miron Marcus, an Israeli national living in Rhodesia whose private plane was shot down over Mozambique, where he was imprisoned in solitary confinement until Rabbi Greenwald's appearance on the first night of Passover, the culmination of months of diplomatic maneuvering.

 He was also a key figure in negotiating the freedom of Soviet dissident Natan Sharansky, as well as that of molecular biologist Vladimir Raiz and his wife Carmela. He was successful in procuring improved living conditions for Lori Berenson, an American Jew imprisoned in Peru, and in brokering the liberation of Raul Granados, who was kidnapped by leftist guerrillas in Guatemala City. As well, he was often an articulate spokesman defending Orthodox interests before a sometimes hostile American media.

 During a September 1997 visit to Lithuania along with a delegation of rabbis, Rabbi Greenwald embarked on negotiations with the Lithuanian government that culminated in the release and burial of several desecrated Torah scrolls. A day before the burial, he was invited to address the Lithuanian Parliament.

 As Lithuanian law prohibited burial of religious objects, Rabbi Greenwald explained the Jewish perspective to the legislature, and convinced them to ratify an exception to their statute, which they dubbed the "Grinvaldis Law". Having lobbied on behalf of Lithuania's inclusion in NATO, he was successful in intervening with that country's Prime Minister to prevent the razing of the Jewish cemetery of Vilnius, the site of which had been slated for a shopping mall.

**Loving Others**

 Although he was a larger than life figure within the community for his political connections and the scope of his activities – including an unlikely stint as ambassador from the African bantusan of Bophuthatswana to the United States – his unique genius lay in his ability to find the spark of Godliness within every single human being he met, thus empowering many who had lost faith in themselves to reclaim their humanity.

 Founder and director of a girl's camp, Camp Sternberg, for over 50 years, he was visionary in his incorporation of a division for special-needs children within the camp, thus training and sensitizing hundreds of girls through hands-on acts of kindness and caring with this challenged population.

 And, of course, there were the "adopted" children – scores of kids over the decades who found themselves in need of a place to go, to whom Rabbi Greenwald and his remarkable wife Miriam opened their doors, and provided a loving home, for months, and sometimes for years. As one of their children reminisced at the second funeral held in Jerusalem, "I would come home from yeshiva, and find new siblings in the house. I became, over the years, a brother and an uncle to so many."

 The stories are legion – the children society gave up on whom he refused to abandon, knocking on doors until he got them readmitted to school, found them employment, married them off, mentored them as their own families grew.

His son recalled the time his father was blackballed by some zealots within the community who disapproved of the rabbi's methods and activities. "My father got the sweetest revenge. He supported some of their children for years, and got their grandchildren accepted into yeshivas when nobody wanted to take them in. He got revenge his way."

**No Ego**

 Rabbi Greenwald had no ego. He truly loved humanity, lived to help others, and had absolutely no need for recognition or acclaim. The pleasure he derived from spreading happiness was its own reward.

 My husband, who prayed and studied Torah with him daily, recalls him as seeming to move within a cloud of joy. "He would come into shul always, somehow, chuckling. And people would just gravitate to him, to hear his jokes, to warm themselves by his light."

 As I entered the building where his funeral was held, the energy in the room was electric, the raw pain and sense of loss palpable. For a brief moment, personal differences were elided, as we all felt the gravitational pull of connection to this great and beloved man, who walked with kings, princes, and presidents, and yet whose heart and vision were big enough to see within us what sometimes we ourselves could not see – the person G-d intended each of us to be.

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