**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas kedoshim 5776**

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**L’Maaseh A Tale to Remember**

**Solving a Tenant’s Mice Problem in Tel Aviv**

A number of years ago, a man by the name of Reb Nissim rented out an apartment to a woman, on the ground floor of a building that he owned in Tel Aviv. The previous tenant was not observant at all, and had lived in this apartment for two years. However, problems had already started within the first month of her lease, when she had complained about seeing mice in her apartment.

Reb Nissim was confused as to why there would be mice, since he had been renting this apartment for a very long time, and nobody ever had such a complaint. He was not going to argue the point, and if the tenant was claiming that there were mice in her apartment, then the solution was simple: he would call the city and ask them to carry out a pest control sweep of the area.

When he called, the city sent someone over and swept out the area. Unfortunately, within just a few days, the tenant called him again with the same problem, that there were still mice in the apartment! After another pest control sweep, which was also ineffective,

Reb Nissim offered to cancel the tenant’s lease without charging her. The woman, however, refused his offer, saying that she preferred to stay in the apartment, brave the mice, and continue to complain to him. One day, Reb Nissim came up with an idea.

When the tenant called the next time to complain about mice, he told her the story of Rebbi Pinchas ben Yair (Yerushalmi, Demai 1:3), that all the people of a certain city went to see him. They seeked his help because of an epidemic of mice, which was threatening their entire harvest and could lead to a famine.

After investigating the matter, Rebbi Pinchas ben Yair discovered that these people did not give Tzedakah, which is why their harvest was being attacked by mice. Reb Nissim said to the tenant, “I don’t know if this will help, but perhaps if you gave some Tzedakah, the mice will leave.”

From that day on, she never called him to complain about the issue again! Reb Nissim was relieved, and never called to find out what happened in her apartment. He reasoned that as long as she wasn’t complaining, he preferred to avoid any problems and not contact her.

A few months later, however, the woman called him because she had decided to move. She described to him all the changes that had taken place in her life since their conversation, when he encouraged her to give Tzedakah.

She said, “My friends here in the big city, view the poor people as ‘parasites’ and ‘opportunists’, and there certainly wasn’t any reason to help them. At first, I disagreed with them, but after a while, their words made their way into my heart, and I began refusing to help people, and I stopped giving money to Tzedakah.

“The day I refused to give Tzedakah to someone was the day when the mice started to appear! When you brought up the subject of Tzedakah, you triggered something within me, and I knew I must change my ways. A miracle then happened, and when I started giving Tzedakah, the mice vanished as if they had never been there in the first place!”

The tenant decided to move away from her ‘friends’, and live a more upstanding life. Soon after, a different tenant moved in to the apartment, and after a short time, this new tenant called Reb Nissim with the same complaint: There were mice in the apartment!

This time, Reb Nissim already knew how effective the city’s pest control services were, and he did not try contacting them to solve the problem. Instead, he advised the tenant to give some money to Tzedakah, and explained what had happened to the previous tenant. As Reb Nissim expected, once the new tenant gave money to Tzedakah, the mice completely vanished!

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

**It Once Happened**

**The Rebbe, the Dreams**

**And the Tie**

By **Rabbi Yosef Ehrentrau**

As told to **Nosson Avrohom**

When I was a student in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, I would devote my Wednesdays to the Rebbe's Mitzva campaigns. I spent the morning in Manhattan with the Mitzvah Tank and in the afternoon I would visit Jewish businessmen in their offices to encourage them to put on Tefilin.



It was the spring of 1989. On a Tuesday night, I had an incredible dream. I saw the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe turning to me and telling me in Yiddish, "To have greater success in spreading Chasidic teachings you have to wear a tie."

I woke up. It was four o'clock in the morning. My first thought was, "Dreams are meaningless." I tried to go back to sleep, but I remained wide awake. Eventually the sun rose and I made my way to 770 Eastern Parkway for the morning prayers. My thoughts kept coming back to the strange dream.

The Rebbe entered the synagogue. On the way to his regular place, the Rebbe stopped and looked toward me. As he was looking towards me, I noticed that the Rebbe straightened his tie. A few moments later, after the Rebbe had already reached his place, he turned around toward the congregation. The Rebbe appeared to be looking for something, and when his eyes reached me, he again straightened his tie. Only then did he turn back toward his prayerbook and the cantor started the prayers. After the conclusion of the morning services, the congregation began to sing. The Rebbe encouraged the singing and then looked in my direction as he straightened his tie a third time.

I left 770 and boarded the Mitzva Tank. Rabbi Levi Baumgarten, the director of the Mitzva Tank, was the first person to hear about the unusual dream I had the previous night. I didn't mention anything to him about the Rebbe adjusting his tie. He didn't seem to attach much importance to my dream. Without much more discussion, we started our drive into Manhattan.

As soon as we reached our destination, I got out of the Mitzvah Tank and started encouraging Jewish men to put on Tefilin. A middle-aged gentleman approached me. "Are you Jewish?" I asked him. Instead of answering my question, he asked me if I wanted to buy something from him. The man held an attache case, and he opened it up to show me a large selection of ties.

"A Jew must look nice," he told me, "and in order to look nice, you have to wear a tie." At first I told him that I wasn't interested, however, he was determined to sell me one, and I eventually agreed. I found a black tie to my liking. I asked him how much it cost and he told me a ridiculous price.

When I explained to him that I don't have that much money, he said that he would be willing to sell it to me for less. I took the two dollars out of my pocket that I had for the subway ride back and said, 'This is all I have. If you want to sell it to me for this amount - I'll buy it."

During our entire back and forth, he kept repeating over and over again, "A Jew must look nice, and in order to look nice, you have to wear a tie."

The gentleman helped me tie the tie properly. Then he left and I resumed my work of putting Tefilin on Jewish men. I was so preoccupied with what I was doing that I actually didn't make the connection between my dream, the Rebbe adjusting his tie, and the Jewish salesman's unconventional stubbornness in getting me to buy a tie.

After a few more hours with the Mitzvah Tank, I started my regular visits to the nearby office buildings. One office belonged to a young successful Israeli businessman. Each week his secretary would tell me that the boss doesn't give permission for me to come in. I would leave some brochures on Judaism and move on. On this occasion, to my great surprise, the secretary informed me that her boss wanted me to come into his office. I asked if he would like to put on Tefillin. At first he hesitated. Eventually he explained that he didn't know how to do it.

Naturally, I offered to help him. As he recited the Shema, tears started streaming down his cheeks. When he finished, he asked. "I've seen you for months through my camera. Today, you've never looked so sharp - and with a tie yet. What happened?"

Suddenly, everything made sense. I smiled. He said he wanted to share an amazing story that had occurred that night, one that led him to bring me into his office and agree to put on Tefilin. The man said that his father had passed away many years ago. During the past year he had been dreaming about him. His father told him that he had no rest, and if the son wanted to provide that rest, he had to put on Tefillin. Though he disregarded the dreams, they continued. Night after night, his father would come to him in a dream and ask him why he still isn't putting on Tefillin.

The previous night, his father had asked the same question: Why aren't you putting on Tefilin? Unlike the other occasions, this time he answered that he wants to put on Tefilin with the young man who regularly comes to his office. However, he is too embarrassed because the young man does not look well-groomed, and he does not feel comfortable speaking with him.

As his father listened, another Jew, an impressive looking rabbi, suddenly entered the conversation. "If he will come tomorrow wearing a tie, will you put on Tefilin?" the rabbi asked.

"Yes, I would," the businessman said. The discussion ended, and his father and the rabbi disappeared.

As it turned out, I came that day wearing a tie. As soon as he had finished his story, I showed him a picture of the Rebbe, and I asked him if this was the rabbi he had seen in his dream. The man looked at the picture and nearly fainted. "Yes, this is the rabbi!" he whispered.

Now, it came my turn to tell him the entire chain of events that led me to buy the tie. Later, he told me that this was the first time in his life that he had ever put on Tefilin. We made a Bar Mitzvah celebration for him right then and there his office with his Jewish employees.

The amazing conclusion to this story came when the Rebbe spoke that night and afterward gave out dollars for people to give to charity. When I passed by, the Rebbe smiled, straightened his tie slightly, and said to me in Yiddish, "S'iz gel-oint (it was worth it)..."

*Reprinted from the Parshas Metzora 5776 edition of “L’Chaim Weekly.”) Adapted from Beis Moshiach Magazine*

**CAST YOUR BREAD... #43**

**The Reward for Dancing at**

**A Poor Chasan’s Wedding**

Many people came to participate in the Stoliner Rebbe’s tisch that Friday night in Yerushalayim. R’ Yehuda Ackerman, a fervent Stoliner chassid, founder and fund raiser of the Stoliner Yeshivah in Bnei Brak, was one of those in the vast crowd.

Before Shabbos, the Stoliner Rebbe had told R’ Yehuda that he must not leave Yerushalayim until he had raised $25,000 to give the melamdim for months of back-pay due them.

When R’ Yehuda saw a familiar wealthy gentleman standing in the crowd at the tisch, obviously a visitor from America, he made sure to greet him on his way out. The two men spoke for a while, recognizing each other from previous acquaintance.

R’ Yehuda asked if he and a few friends could come visit the philanthropist in his hotel for Melava Malka. Though the man fully understood R’ Yehuda’s intention, he willingly agreed. They indeed had an enjoyable Melava Malka – singing, telling stories, and enjoying each other’s company.

When they finally got down to the purpose of R’ Yehuda’s visit, the man made him an offer: If R’ Yehuda could raise $10,000 by the next day, the man would match it with another ten.

On Sunday night, R’ Yehuda brought a sack-full of donations to the man’s hotel room. He had worked hard and had met the goal. The man then handed a check for $10,000 to the astounded R’ Yehuda.

He asked R’ Yehuda, “Aren’t you wondering why I did this?” The man then told him a story:

“It was 25 years ago on the afternoon of my wedding day. I was so poor that my parents could not even afford to buy me a new hat. I walked over to a local hat store in Williamsburg and told the owner of my predicament. I promised to pay him the next morning with the money from my wedding gifts, and thankfully he trusted me and gave me a new hat. I was able to obtain a bottle of liquor for the wedding in the same manner.

I felt ecstatic walking out of the liquor store with my acquisitions. Just then, I saw you, R’ Yehuda. I knew of your extraordinary dancing abilities, and how you excelled at entertaining many a chassan and kallah at their wedding. I approached you and asked if you would come to dance at my wedding, even though you did not know me. You were non-committal, but said you’d try.

You cannot imagine my surprise and joy when, in the middle of my wedding, you came running into the center of the circle. You danced so magnificently – you made it the greatest night of my life. I swore to myself that someday I would repay you. That day has finally arrived. That is why I gave you the large donation.”

R’ Yehuda was astounded. He hadn’t remembered that wedding from so many years ago. But the story does not end there. When R’ Yehuda was next visiting in America and was in the man’s city, he heard that the man’s son was getting married.

In midst of the wedding, as he had done so many years earlier, R’ Yehuda ran into the center of the circle and danced as he always did to gladden the chassan and kallah. The man was standing on the side, watching with tears of joy streaming down his cheeks.

He later approached R’ Yehuda to thank him, and as they embraced, the man said, “How can I ever thank you? You’ve made me relive the greatest night of my life.” (In the Footsteps of the Maggid)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Tazria 5776 email of The Weekly Vort.*

**Hashem is the Shadchan**

**By Rabbi David Ashear**

I read a remarkable story told by Rabbi Nachman Seltzer. One day, a man who was friendly with Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach saw him on the street, and Reb Shlomo invited him to a wedding that was taking place in his Shul that night. He said that it would be a big Mitzva to attend this wedding, as there was a special story behind it. The man happily agreed and stayed to the very end. At that point, Rabbi Carlebach sat him down and told him the following story.

A while back, he was on a flight and got up to ask one of the flight attendants for a drink. To his amazement, he saw the stewardess standing in the back, praying intensely with a Siddur in her hand. After she finished the Amidah, he said, "I guess you were praying. I never met a religious stewardess before." She said, "Actually, I converted to Judaism," and she proceeded to tell the Rabbi her story. She was very sincere and had a real passion for religion.

A short while later, she approached the Rabbi's seat and asked him if he could possibly help her. After she had been Jewish for some time, her friend set her up with a nice religious man. After a few dates, it was obvious that they were perfect for each other. However, when his parents found out that she was a convert, they forbade their son from seeing her anymore.

The rabbi said, "I feel very bad. What could I do to help?" She replied, "Maybe if you give his father a call, you could change his mind."

When he called, the father heard the suggestion and immediately responded, "It is not subject to discussion. I have only one son, and being that I went through the war, I have a responsibility to my family who perished to carry on the tradition in the best way. This does not include my son marrying a girl who just became Jewish a few months ago. I don't know her intentions. I just want my son to marry a Jewish girl from a regular Jewish family like us."

The Rabbi tried his best to convince the father, offering to verify that she was truly sincere. Nonetheless, he was not successful. It seemed that the case was closed.

Several months later, Rabbi Carlebach received a phone call from the stewardess, explaining that there were some new developments. Two days before, she received a phone call informing her that her mother was on her deathbed. They had not been in touch since she made the decision to change her life, and she did not even know that her mother was sick.

When she arrived, her mother made a strange request. "Please promise to bury me in Jewish cemetery." It did not make any sense. She asked her mother, "Why? And why are you asking me? Ask Dad to do it."

The mother replied, "I can't trust him to do it. You see, we never told you, but really, we are Jewish. After we survived the Holocaust and made it to America, we made a firm commitment never to reveal that we were Jewish. Your father was always worried that there would come a time when it would happen again here. We raised you the way we did, because we thought it would be for your benefit. However, it ended up being a mistake. Please, bury me like a Jew."

Now, she asked Rabbi Carlebach to please call back that father and explain to him that she was, in fact, Jewish from birth. The Rabbi called, but the father was very skeptical.

"She's making this whole thing up just to marry my son. I'm not falling for this."

"Please," said the Rabbi, "Let's be reasonable. What if I come to your house with her and her father? This way you will be able to meet them and I am sure you will be convinced."

The father agreed and the three of them arrived at the house. When the door opened, the two fathers looked at each other in shock. "Yaakov is that really you?" the stewardess's father whispered. "Moshe?" whispered the boy's father.

Suddenly, they were in each other's arms, laughing and crying, hardly daring to believe what had just transpired. These two men had been childhood friends who grew up together in the same shtetl.

"Yaakov," said Moshe, "Do you remember our pact?"

"Remind me."

"We promised one another that when we get married and have children of our own..."

"Oh yes," interrupted Yaakov. "We promised that if one of us had a boy and the other a girl, we would marry them off to each other."

"Well then," Yaakov laughed, "It looks like it's time to keep our promise."

Rabbi Carlebach concluded, "That is how we ended up dancing at this wedding tonight.

Hashem brings people together in wondrous ways. Never give up. We can always be helped.

*Reprinted from the April 13, 2016 email of Daily Emunah.*

**With One Heart**

**By Rabbi Uriel Vigler**

One of the IDF soldiers currently here in New York as part of our Belev Echad tour is Noam.

While working in the IDF, Noam's job involved driving a bull dozer and clearing mines. Unfortunately, during Operation Protective Edge, his entire body was burned in a terrible oil explosion.

During dinner one night this week, Noam sat next to Yankel, one of our congregants. They chatted about this and that, and Noam happened to mention that since he was a young child, he had always dreamed about driving a Porsche. Even all these years later, after his life has changed so drastically, this dream has remained a constant.

Well, Yankel needed to hear no more. He arrived the next day with his sleek Porsch, surprising Noam with it. He handed over the keys and Noam was able to drive around to his heart's content, at long last fulfilling his life-long dream.

Noam, of course, was thrilled. It was patently clear how happy he was driving that Porsche. Interestingly, Yankel was no less euphoric than Noam! From the smile on his face, it was clear he, too, was ecstatic. In fact, perhaps he was even happier!

Our sages teach that the joy of giving is greater even than the joy of receiving. When a person is given something, he receives something quantifiable. He knows exactly what it is. But at the same time, he gives the giver a much larger gift-the gift of giving.

When we give to others we connect with the Divine, which is what makes the joy of giving so great.

This week I met Shaul, an IDF soldier our community is hosting for 10 days in NYC. When Israel launched Operation Protective Edge in the summer of 2014, Shaul was already 46.

In Israel every adult is obligated to do military duty for three years when they turn 18. It is mandatory. Then, when those three years are over, all soldiers are required to do reserve duty for one month a year. Shaul did all this, sacrificing much of his life for his country, and by age 40 he was exempt from any further commitment.

Nevertheless, with his country at war, Shaul could not stand back and watch. He volunteered to serve his country yet again, this time in Operation Protective Edge.

Stationed on a battlefield near Bari, Shaul's unit was hit in a devastating missile attack. Four of his friends were killed, and several others injured. Shaul was severely sounded. His left hand was smashed, and full of shards from the explosion, leaving him permanently handicapped.

This was someone who volunteered. He certainly did not have to fight. But he did, and now his life is drastically different as a result. He lost his job. He cannot work. He cannot perform basic functions. He cannot sleep at night. He suffers constant, debilitating pain.

But despite all that, when I asked Shaul if he regrets volunteering, he responded, "Not only do I not regret it, but if Israel went to war again, I would gladly volunteer again to protect our people."

Shaul's dedication gave me an insight into true sacrifice. We no longer have Temple sacrifices, but our sages teach us that in current times, we need to sacrifice of ourselves for G-d.

If Shaul can sacrifice his hand, his job and his life to protect us, then surely we can make small sacrifices in our lives, for G-d. Let's take upon ourselves to give a little more charity, learn some more Torah, spend more time with our children and do more mitzvot. Our small sacrifices add up, and together we can make a difference.

*Rabbi Vigler, together with his wife Shevy, direct Chabad Israel Center in Manhattan. They are the founder of Belev Echad. To learn more about this organization visit belevechad.nyc*

*Reprinted from the Parshas Acharei Mos 5776 edition of “L’Chaim Weekly,” a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY.*

**Offspring of Wehrmacht Soldiers Serving in IDF**

**By** [**JNI.Media**](http://www.jewishpress.com/author/jni-media/)

[](http://www.jewishpress.com/news/breaking-news/offspring-of-wehrmacht-soldiers-serving-in-idf/2016/05/05/)  
**Corp. Elad Tzair / Source: IDF**

The Talmud relates (Gittin 57b, Sanhedrin 96b) that the grandchildren of Haman, the wicked high ranking Persian politician who planned the first “final solution” for the Jewish nation in the Megillah, studied Torah in B’nei B’rak. Golani Brigade Corp. Elad Tzair, 20, whose family immigrated to Israel from Germany and converted to Judaism, says Holocaust Day “has a very special meaning for me,” seeing as “both my parents’ grandparents fought in the German Army and here I am, their great-grandson, living in Israel and serving as a fighter in the IDF.”

Tzair, a resident of Migdal, on the shore of Lake Kinneret, is the firstborn of six grandchildren of the two German converts who arrived in Israel separately some 20 years ago. He attended religious schools and graduated from the yeshiva high school in Kfar Hasidim.

“My grandparents on both sides converted, as did my father and mother and the rest of my aunts and uncles, so that I was already born into a reality in which I was Jewish,” Tzair told Israeli media. “As far as I know, my parents’ grandparents were not in the SS, and did not partake in the annihilation of the Jewish people in the ghettos,” he continued, noting, “I also know that they did not agree ideologically with the ideas of the Nazi party.

“As a child, I was told that my paternal great-grandfather fought against the French army, was taken captive by the French and returned to Germany a few years later. My maternal great-grandfather fought against the Russian army. After they had their families, they used to come on visits to Israel. They were always lovers of Israel and I know, for instance, that after the Holocaust they donated money to Israel.”

Tzair says his personal experience of Holocaust Memorial Day has been steeped in personal pain, especially since some of his classmates were in the habit of calling him “the German” and would taunt him for the sins of his great grandparents (something which is strictly forbidden by Jewish law). He says his mother “explained that it’s not about us, and I understood.”

His enlistment in the IDF is, to his family, the closing of a circle. “When my family saw me in my uniform, it moved them very much. Every time I arrive in my uniform, my 82-year-old grandfather starts crying.”

*Reprinted from the May 5, 2016 email of The Jewish Press.*

**On Holocaust Remembrance Day, Israel's Needy Survivors Still Suffer**

**By Shira Rubin,**



*(Photo: Shira Rubin)*

TEL AVIV — Melinda Hershkowitz has to choose between buying groceries or medicine that the 83-year-old Holocaust survivor needs to help her sleep at night. That's when flashbacks return of her father being shot dead by a Nazi officer.

“We’ve gone through something that you can’t really describe in words, and then my brother and I waited for years for Romania to allow us to leave to Israel. We dreamt of Israel,” said Hershkowitz, who arrived in 1971. She struggles to meet her monthly expenses after working for 45 years as a cleaner and raising her children in a rundown apartment building in Lod, a gritty city near Tel Aviv that is infamous for gang warfare and a booming drug trade.

Wednesday night is the start of Holocaust Remembrance Day around the world. Israel will mark it with a moment of silence and a two-minute air siren to commemorate the 6 million Jews who perished during World War II in Nazi death camps. And Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu met with a group of survivors on Wednesday.



**Melinda Hershkowitz, her mother and brother**

**from Transylvania.***(Photo: copy photo by Shira Rubin)*

But that is not enough for activists who are prodding Israel to remember that 45,000 Holocaust survivors such as Hershkowitz are living below the country’s poverty line and need more assistance.

She and thousands like her witnessed Nazi atrocities in Europe but were prevented from obtaining special help under an Israeli law that until last year had restricted the definition of “survivor” to those who immigrated to Israel before 1953.

**Yaakov Heiblum Arrived in 1949**

Yet even for Yaakov Heiblum, 90, who arrived in 1949, receiving benefits has been emotionally complicated in the Jewish state, which has placed a higher priority on helping war veterans and newer groups of immigrants as the Holocaust survivor population rapidly dwindles to a current 189,000.

Heiblum was born in Starachowice, Poland, and has black tattoos on his arm and chest, remnants of two of the four concentration camps where he spent his teenage years.

But when he arrived in Israel, which had just been created in 1948, “no one was interested in talking about what we went through. Instead, they took me straight from the boat and drafted me into the artillery corps," he recalled.

In the early decades of Israeli history, Holocaust survivors were often regarded with hostility, scorned for their alleged weakness in failing to rebel against the Nazis and given derogatory monikers such as *sabon*, “soap” in Hebrew, referring to the soap that Nazis made from Jewish corpses, Heiblum said.



**Yaakov Heiblum in his apartment in Ramat Gan, Israel.***(Photo: Shira Rubin)*

In a young Israel, where the focus was on building a powerful nationalist identity, even mentioning the Holocaust was “taboo,” an attitude that persisted in the following decades as the country remained consumed by war and efforts to integrate newer waves of immigrants, Heiblum added.

Most survivors are in their late 80s, but a few are much older, such as Yisrael Kristal, a 112-year-old Haifa resident who is listed by *Guinness World Records* as the world’s oldest man. The group's ranks are quickly declining as more than 13,000 die each year, according to the Foundation for the Benefit of Holocaust Victims in Israel.

The mission to enable survivors such as Heiblum "to have dignity in their remaining years is really a race against the clock,” said Aviva Silverman, an attorney specializing in Holocaust rights and founder of the Spring for Holocaust Survivors, a non-profit organization that seeks to inform survivors on their rights to compensation.

Silverman blamed a lack of awareness and a labyrinthine bureaucratic process for depriving tens of thousands of survivors of money they're legally entitled to, especially those without access to the Internet or a lawyer.

Some also had been unwilling to seek assistance, but survivors and their children "have begun to realize that it’s OK to ask for help,” Silverman said.

The Israeli government has attempted to “amend a historical injustice,” according to former finance minister Yair Lapid, who championed a 2014 law ensuring that survivors receive a minimum allotment of $580 a month.

This week, current Israeli Finance Minister Moshe Kahlon announced a $90 million plan to increase annual financial support for Holocaust survivors. While the community of survivors is dwindling, “what is not decreasing is our desire to listen to their stories, which are an inseparable part of the country’s founding, as well as our desire to enable them to grow old with dignity,” Kahlon said.

Activists like Silverman hope Israel follows through this time. In the past, as much as $100 million earmarked for survivors hadn't reached them, Welfare Minister Haim Katz recently disclosed.

“Israel has the funds, but it hasn’t been able to get those to the people who most need it,” said Tamara More, CEO of the Association for the Immediate Help of Holocaust Survivors.  “Now is already too late for many survivors, and in another few years it will really be too late, but I’m still not optimistic that we’ll really get to see the promises kept that would be necessary to help, and even save lives, of

Hershkowitz is grateful for the financial and emotional support from volunteers such as More. “At my age I have only the one regret of not being able to give my children a little support,” she said. “But, what can I say. There’s no future ahead.”

*Reprinted for the May 5, 2016 edition of USA TODAY.*