**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas bamidbar 5776**

Volume 7, Issue 41 5 Sivan 5776/ June 11, 2016

**Printed L’illuy nishmas Nechama bas R’ Noach, a”h**

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**Unexpected Yeshuas**

**By Rabbi David Ashear**

 A woman told me that she and her husband married off a child, and it was very costly. She even borrowed $1500 dollars from one of her friends to pay for a certain expense. Now she had to pay her back. She didn't want to bother her husband with this burden, as he was already struggling to pay his own bills.

 She had no way to earn the money herself. She turned to her Father in Heaven and said, "Hashem, I don't know how, but please, send me $1500. I told my friend I would pay her back by a certain date, and I always keep my word." She prayed like this every day.

 A few days later, she gets a phone call from a jewelry store located minutes from her home. They said they found some old jewelry of hers, which she had once brought there to be appraised. They asked her to come to the store.

 When she arrived, they told her that she had given them the jewelry ten years ago. They said, "We both must have forgotten about it. We found it while we were cleaning and reorganizing. It says here that we appraised it then for $500. However, right now it's worth $1500. Do you still want to sell it?"

 The woman couldn't believe what she was hearing. She said yes and on the spot received exactly $1500 in cash. "It was amazing. I needed $1500. I asked Hashem, and He had it waiting for me right down the block."

 Yes, Yeshuot in Parnasa come in the least expected ways. Another woman told me that she was recently having financial struggles and needed to pay a certain bill immediately. She and her husband were waiting for someone else to pay them back, but it didn't look like it was going to come anytime soon. Without any cash available to them, their only choice was to sell an investment they had made, which was something they really did not want to do.

 In order to do it, she had to send some signed documents by overnight mail. She went to the post office, but they told her, "Sorry. Our computers are down today. We can't send overnight."

 Now they were really in trouble. The bill was due the next day and there was nowhere else to draw money from. She came home from the post office and opened her mail. She saw a check from National Grid for $2300, with a letter stating that they had been overcharging her this past year, and this was her refund. That was more than enough for their current bill . What are the odds? National Grid discovers a mistake and sends out the check exactly the day they need the money.

Hashem brings us Yeshuot in ways we could never imagine. How fortunate are we that He is the one taking care of us all the time.

*Reprinted from the May 31,2016 email of Daily Emunah.*

**Better to Suffer the Bitter Cold**

**Than to Embarrass Another Person**

 In the first volume of his prolific Maggid series Rabbi Paysach Krohn relates the following story.

 It was a cold and blustery day and Rabbi Isser Zalman Melzer, the dean of the Eitz Chaim Yeshiva in Jerusalem, was returning home from a long day in the Yeshiva. Accompanied by his nephew, Reb Dovid Finkel, who normally walked him home, Rabbi Melzer began to ascend the steps to his Jerusalem apartment. Suddenly, Reb Isser Zalman stopped and retreated down the old staircase as if he had forgotten something. As he reached the street, he began to wander aimlessly back and forth, in thought.

 His nephew began to question the strange actions of the Torah sage. “Did Reb Isser Zalman forget something?” “Why didn’t he enter the home.” The winds began to blow, and despite the chill Reb Isser Zalman walked back and forth outside his home. About 15 minutes passed and once again, Rabbi Melzer walked slowly up the stairs, waited, and then headed back down.

 His nephew could not contain himself, “Please, Rebbe,” he pleaded. “What’s the matter?”

 Reb Isser Zalman just shrugged and said, “just wait a few more moments. Please.”

 “But, uncle, it’s getting cold. Please answer me. What are you waiting for?” Rabbi Melzer realized that he could no longer keep his motivations to himself. “I’ll explain. As I walked up the steps I heard the young woman who comes once a week to help with the housework in the kitchen. She was mopping the floor and singing while she mopped. I knew that if I were to walk in she would have become embarrassed and stopped her singing.

 “The singing helps her through her work, and I did not want to make her work any bit harder, let alone deny her the joy of her singing. Despite the cold, I decided to wait outside until she finishes her work and her song. Then I’ll go in.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Behar 5776 email of Torah Teasers.*

**Yehoshua the**

**Honest Salesman**

 You Never Lose. You only gain from doing a good deed. No one ever lost out from keeping the Torah. Yehoshua was interviewed to be the salesman of a large factory in London. The factory manager was impressed by Yehoshua's past history in sales, and said, "As of now, you are hired on trial. If you succeed to make a lot of sales, you will remain with us, and earn a comfortable living. However, if you don’t succeed, we will need to fire you."

 "I understand," Yehoshua replied. "How many sales are you expecting?"

 "I figure that in two months, you should make enough deals for us to earn a profit of twenty-five thousand pounds."

 "I will try my best," Yehoshua said.

 Before Yehoshua M. began working, he knew that he first needed to speak things over with his rabbi. Each occupation has its own set of challenges and spiritual hazards, so before he began to work in this new position, he spoke with his rav, and asked for halachic guidance.

 The rav gave him several important tips. Among them, the rav asked, "What will you do if you are speaking with a potential buyer, and you discover that he previously bought from another Jewish supplier? If this occurs, you mustn’t convince the storeowner to buy the products from your factory. That would be hasagas gvul, taking away your fellow man's source of income. If you ever come across such a situation, you must forfeit the sale."

 Yehoshua began his job, and succeeded to make several good connections. He was a talented salesman, and he knew how to get meetings with potential clients, and how to convince them to buy from him. There was one major franchise that didn’t want to speak with him. When he finally got the storeowner on the phone and offered him his service, the storeowner explained, "We already have a supplier, and we are satisfied with how things are. We are not looking for changes."

 Yehoshua told him that he could probably sell him products of the same quality for less, but this man didn’t want to hear of it. Yehoshua didn’t give up. After two weeks of trying, a meeting was arranged between them. After understanding the needs of the store, Yehoshua told the storeowner: "We can sell you a monthly order for two thousand pounds, each month."

 The storeowner was very happy with this prospective; it was substantially less than what he was paying until then. "Let me show you what we were paying until now," the storeowner said excitedly and took out an invoice.

 Yehoshua was afraid to look at the invoice, because he knew that if he will see a Jewish name on the top of the paper, he will have to back out of this good deal, but his curiosity got the best of him, and he glimpsed at the invoice and saw the name of the supplier on top of the page.

 The supplier was a Yid. According to halachah, he had to back down, and that is what he did.

 "I'm sorry,” Yehoshua M. said, “but I can't make this arrangement with you. It is against my principles. It is against my religion."

 The storeowner was surprised when he heard this. He never heard that religion could stop someone from making a good deal. While Yehoshua was still sitting in front of him, this storeowner called Yehoshua's boss, and shouted over the telephone: "You have a strange salesman here,” he said to the factory owner. “He had the opportunity to make a monthly sale for two thousand pounds, but he throws it away for irrational reasons."

 The factory owner was upset with Yehoshua. "Why don’t you find yourself a new rabbi, someone who is more lenient?"

 Yehoshua replied: "I'm sorry, but I am loyal to my beliefs, and I will not budge from them."

 A few weeks passed, and Yehoshua's two month probation was almost up. He succeeded, so far, to arrange twenty-three thousand pound sales per month. He was still two thousand pounds behind his quota, and time was running out. His yetzer hara was telling him, why did I listen to my rabbi? This might cause me to lose my job. But then his yetzer tov told him that he did the right thing. “Don’t worry,” he encouraged himself, “in the end, everything will work out. I will not lose out because I followed halachah.”

 As he was thinking these thoughts, he received a phone call, "You don’t know me," the unfamiliar voice said, "but I work in a similar field as you do. I don’t have my own factory, and I don’t work on commission like you do, but I buy in bulk from one of the large factories, and I sell it to stores for a profit. One of my clients is the store you visited a couple of weeks ago. The storeowner told me that you didn’t want to sell him your products, because you didn’t want to take away my parnassah. That is very kind of you.

 “You did me a great favor, without even knowing who I am. I am impressed by your integrity. Therefore, I decided that for now on I will only buy products from your factory. If you agree, I will order fifteen thousand pounds worth of household products per month from your company." And this is what they did. Yehoshua said to his boss, "When I lost the two thousand pound monthly sale, you thought that we were losing money. At first, I also thought so. But now we see that one never loses when he keeps the laws of the Torah." This true story reminds us that one doesn’t lose out from keeping Torah and mitzvos. The profits are always greater, even in this world.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Bechukosai 5776 email of Torah Wellsprings: Collected Thoughts from Rabbi Elimelech Biderman as compiled by Rabbi Boruch Twersky with permission of Machon Be’er Haemunah.*

**The Night the Lights**

**Burned On**

**By Rabbi M. Zelunka**

 We pulled up to the shul at exactly 4:11pm, August 14th, 2003. It's the most important day of my 26 years; I'm getting married. In keeping with Jewish tradition, I've been fasting all day. So when the wedding consultant came out of the shul and told me that we just lost ALL power, I was feeling a little nauseous and faint.

 "Not to worry," I was told. "Everything was going to be fine," they said. "We're working on it."

 Ok, fine. Why not just start getting dressed. How bad could a little power outage be? The whole block couldn't be left without power for hours. In the worst case, we could always move the party to a hall down the street.

 Fifteen minutes turned into 30. Before I knew it, an hour had passed without a word. It was 15 minutes before people should start arriving and I was starting to get nervous. Just then, I got the news. It gave a new definition to the phrase "worst-case scenario."

 There is no power, period. Not this block, not in all of Toronto, not in the whole northeast! The only way for this show to proceed as planned is to fly everyone to Seattle.

 My mind started racing. I was frantically reviewing all the preparations made by Rachel, my bride, that were for naught. No generators, no lights, no ovens, microphones or speakers. We wouldn't have any singing or dancing. We wouldn't be able to serve any food. Heck, we wouldn't even be able to see our guests!!

 Little did I know that all this would become the essential ingredients for the BEST night of our lives. And so the magic began. The candles were lit. And lit and lit. Little flickering lights everywhere you looked. The room was glowing and the atmosphere was beginning to take shape.

 Next, we had to feed our guests. My mother joked with the caterer, "Do you have any barbeques?" Just like at camp, the chefs roll out about a dozen coal barbeques and started cooking. The smell of chicken and veggies begin to waft through the ceremony.

 The chuppah was held outside so the rabbis had to amplify their voices, but it mainly stayed as planned. The Yichud room where I spent my first private moments with my wife, was very romantic; it too was illuminated with candlelight. Then the real party started. With great apprehension, my wife and I dashed into the large dining hall. It was pandemonium.

 A few people were brandishing flashlights, waving them wildly and giving the room a disco vibe. Nobody could really see with whom or where they were dancing, but they were doing it enthusiastically nevertheless. It was incredible. There was no electricity that night, but it was electric.

 Someone later remarked, "If you closed your eyes, it was like you were back in Jerusalem!" Behind the scenes, hundreds of selfless acts were taking place. The staff was working in the sweltering heat, barely able to see what they were doing. Members of the synagogue began dropping off flashlights and candles, asking if they could be of help. Other people were directing traffic and helping others in and out of the shul.

 But the single deed that had the greatest effect on all of us was yet to come. The lead singer of the band placed a call to some of his friends. "Listen, we need serious backup," he said. "This bride and groom need your help!" And so they came. In droves. Some in T-shirts and sweatpants some rolled right out of bed. Just to help fellow Jews in need. They entered the hall in unison, singing to the rafters. People left their tables to join them. The night turned into an inspiring sing-along for young and old alike. What took place didn't hit us until the treacherous drive home that night. Once we pieced together what had transpired on our wedding night, the lesson for us became clear.

 Life is not about the flowers or how the chairs are covered. It's not about how much money we spend or what we wear. Life is defined by the values that direct our actions. We had music – without music. It was the selfless and loving spirit of our wedding that we will remember forever. The sensitivity of our family and friends and the consideration shown by perfect strangers is overwhelming. Thanks to everyone who contributed to the best night of our lives.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Behar 5776 email of Torah Teasers.*

**L’Maaseh…A Tale to Remember**

**“Can You Get Me a**

**Mesechta Bava Kamma?”**

 After World War II, those Jews who survived the war were placed in DP (Displaced Persons) camps. Soldiers from the United States army were there to attend to the basic necessities of these survivors.

 Rabbi Goldman was an observant Jewish chaplain who went out of his way to provide for the needs of his brethren. One of his functions as chaplain was to determine each survivor’s most urgent needs. He would mount an army truck and with the help of a megaphone, instruct the people to line up. The survivors would then file past the truck and tell Rabbi Goldman what they needed as soon as possible.

 One of those who stood on line was Mr. Schwartz, a battered survivor of the Auschwitz concentration camp. When his turn came, he looked up at the chaplain and said, “I need a Gemara Bava Kamma.”

 Rabbi Goldman did not believe what he was hearing. He looked at Mr. Schwartz and said in a kind, soothing voice, “I am here to try to get you clothing, medical supplies— whatever you need to become healthy again. How can I help you?”

 Mr. Schwartz looked up and responded, “Let me explain my immediate needs to you. Five and a half years ago, I was studying Masechta Bava Kamma. Then the Nazis came and destroyed Jewish life as we knew it, and sent me away to the camps. I have not seen a Gemara since that day. Now, Baruch Hashem, I am free to study Torah again, and I want to resume my learning. What I need most right now is a Gemara. Please help me to obtain it.”

 Rabbi Goldman just stood quietly and looked at Mr. Schwartz, and thought to himself. Five and a half years in the Nazi concentration camp, and all this man wanted was a Gemara. He decided that he would do whatever he could to find a Gemara for Mr. Schwartz, and he soon succeeded in locating an old Mesechta Bava Kamma among the contents of a Hebrew library dumped by the Nazis. Words cannot describe how Mr. Schwartz’s eyes lit up when Rabbi Goldman gave him the Gemara. Five and a half years of misery, torment and longing — for freedom to learn Torah and to live as a Jew should live — all came to a climax when Mr. Schwartz thanked Rabbi Goldman and took the Gemara. His heart rejoiced that he was finally able to learn again!

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

**From Chile to Tokyo: The Boom of Kosher Restaurants Worldwide**

**By Yaniv Pohoryles**

 Kosher restaurant app founder says more food establishments recognize value of adding kosher products to their range, while anti-Semitism leads many Jews to move away and kosher restaurants to close.

 For those travelling who observe Kashrut (Jewish dietary laws), New York is the easiest place to visit, as the largest concentration outside of Israel of kosher restaurants and food establishments in the world is in the Big Apple, according to the app “Kosher Near Me,” which centralizes information about kosher restaurants and products across the world.

 According to Jonathon Myron, the founder of the free mobile app, the precise number of kosher restaurants in the world is constantly changing due to the rapid turnover of openings and closures. The most recent numbers, however, indicate that there are between 3,500-4,000 kosher restaurants in the world, at least 800 of which are located in New York alone.

 Notwithstanding North America, France boasts the largest concentration of kosher restaurants as well as, incidentally, the largest Jewish population in Europe. France leads considerably against the other countries on the continent with 300 kosher restaurants alone compared to 700 throughout Europe.

**Haredi Jew cycles by kosher restaurant in Antwerp (Photo: AP)**

 “Despite the changes, the migration, and the existing problems for the Jewish community, there is still a massive number of restaurants and demand for kosher food, and the best option for those who keep Kashrut is in Paris and outside it,” said Myron.

 What is the most surprising place for kosher restaurants in the world?

 “We were really surprised when restaurant were added to our list with names such as 'Kosher Pita Grill' which opened in Guayaquil in Ecuador. There is a small community there of around 1,000 Jews but they have been going through a kind of renaissance in recent years,” Myron said. “They came together to open up the only kosher restaurant in the city. We think this is magnificent.”

 Jerusalem is easier

 Other places where one may not expect to find kosher food (other than in Chabad houses) include: a falafel place in Tokyo, a brasserie in Luxembourg, Cafe Hillel in Caracas, Kosher Center in the city of San Jose in Costa Rica and Cafe Eden in Istanbul. Moreover, there are no less than six kosher restaurants in Chile.

 The question of Kashrut remains an issue for Israelis who observe the dietary laws during their travels abroad. Indeed, Myron highlights the fact that levels of observance differ even between observant Jerusalem diners and those throughout the rest of the country.

 While the capital is teeming with kosher restaurants - the number is other areas in Israel the is lower and sometimes significantly so.

 Are we are living in an era in which the popularity of kosher establishments across the world is at its peak? It appears so. While many Jews observe varying levels of the rules of Kashrut, many people across the world choose to consume kosher products since the kosher stamp is believed to reflect superior standards of supervision and health-related monitoring.

 Unprecedented boom

 It is estimated that the kosher industry rakes in an annual profit of $13 billion, a figure that plays heavily in the considerations of food producers and food establishments.

 According to Rachel Orian of the Kosher Delight Magazine, “more and more chefs in the world search for kosher additions to their selections because they realize that it is good for business. It brings in a quality customer base and opens up more options.” She went on to say that “many companies apply for kosher certification for their products. There is no doubt that the kosher market is booming.”

 Myron agrees that kosher industry is undergoing an unprecedented growth. “A lot of options have opened up as a result of social networks that enable the quick transfer of information about kosher products and restaurants with a high degree of reliability for customers,” he said.

 “Also, food suppliers and those who oversee the production of food and supply the kosher certificate see to it that the information makes it to the local community and to tourists so that everyone can easily check which kosher products or restaurants are in their area,” Myron added.

 Are there countries in which kosher food has become more common and others where, with time, it has become more and more difficult to find kosher products?

 According to Myron, “The Jewish people are in perpetual movement. In the US, for example, there is a number of restaurants that are closing down in cities in the Midwest because the population is moving away. By contrast, kosher businesses are flourishing on the west and east coasts, where the Jewish community has grown, in places such as Miami or Las Vegas. In those places, the kosher market is becoming significantly strong.”

 The next stage: Gourmet Kosher restaurants

Orian believes that a direct correlation exists between kosher businesses and anti-Semitism: “In countries where anti-Semitism in increasing, Jews are leaving and the kosher restaurants are closing.”

 She also points to relocation as an additional reason for the transformation of the kosher landscape: “In specific cities in the US, the older generation is passing away while the new generation is moving away, which is another reason why kosher businesses are decreasing. There are communities where there are practically no kosher restaurants in the city, but they still place importance on having a kosher kitchen in community buildings or synagogues, even in Conservative or Reform communities.”

 Myron’s app, which was launched in 2011, has been downloaded by more than 100,000 users and allows them to find kosher products or restaurants in cities all over the world.

 Is it easier today for tourists to observe Kashrut than it was a decade ago?

 “There are, undoubtedly, more options available today than in the past. Even in the more remote areas where there isn't a particularly large Jewish community, it's normally possible to find kosher products in supermarkets or use the help of members of the Chabad movement or other organizations. Tourists are, more and more, able to purchase ready-made or packaged food that they can take away.”

 Orian further points out that there are also places where it's possible to order Shabbat meals in advance and receive it on Friday afternoon.

 So what's next?

 “We are seeing more and more places opening restaurants not only to supply basic kosher goods but also to take the project to the next step - kosher gourmet food. There are many restaurants that bring in renowned chefs and invest significant sums of money to offer diners a richer experience, while the kosher international award-winning wines provide another quality aspect to the market,” concluded Myron.

*Reprinted from the May 13, 2016 edition of ynetnews.com*

**Miracle in a Bucket of Water**

**By** [**Menachem Posner**](http://www.chabad.org/search/keyword_cdo/kid/12145/jewish/Menachem-Posner.htm)

 Oh, hers was a bitter lot. Her husband had left her years ago. Now, their marriage had not been perfect. But still, he did not need to steal away like a common criminal without even telling her that he was leaving, or even granting her a divorce.

 That was the worst part of it all. Without a divorce, she could not remarry. And so she was “chained” to the man who had betrayed her.

 Yes, she tried looking for him, sending letters to rabbis in communities all over Poland. She even tried consulting the greatest Talmudic scholars, hoping for a “loophole” that would allow her to remarry. But nothing panned out. She had almost resigned herself to the fact that she would live alone for the rest of her life.

 As a last resort, she and her brother—her faithful brother, who had supported her even when her friends abandoned her—traveled to the city of Kozhnitz. There lived the great rebbe, Rabbi Yisrael (1737–1814), who was known far and wide as a wonder-worker.

 “Rebbe,” she sobbed, “you are my last hope! My husband left me years ago, and I desperately want to move on with my life. Tell me, O tell me. Where shall I turn?”

 The rebbe listened intently, his large eyes mirroring the raw pain and agony of her words. Then, turning to his assistant, he asked that a pail of water be brought into his study.

 “Look into the pail,” said the rebbe to the woman, “and tell me what you see.”

 “I see a large city,” said the incredulous woman. “I can see houses, streets, shops…”

 “Now look for the marketplace. Can you make it out?” prodded the rebbe.

 “Yes, yes,” she replied, “I can see the marketplace. It’s lined with shops on either side.”

 “Now look into the windows of the shops, and tell me what you see.”

 “Rebbe! I see my husband,” she replied excitedly. “He’s aged a bit, but I would recognize him anywhere. He is sitting around a table with a group of workers, and they are all sewing. He’s putting the finishing touches on an ornate sleeve right now. I’ve seen him do this dozens of times. You know he was a tailor, my husband…”

 “Good,” said the rebbe. “Now take your hand and grab the sleeve from him.”

 As if in a trance, she took her hand and plunged it into the cold water, and withdrew it holding the sleeve—still warm from the iron!

 “Good,” said the rebbe. “I want you to hold on to that sleeve. With G‑d’s help, you will get a divorce from your husband.”

 “Rebbe,” I want you to hold onto that sleeve said the brother and sister, “please instruct us. Where should we go next?”

 “You can go wherever you’d like,” was the rebbe’s cryptic reply.

 “But how can we possibly hire a coachman if we don’t even know where we wish to travel?” they asked. “Please guide us, Rebbe.”

 “Go in peace,” said the holy man of Kozhnitz. “The good and merciful G‑d will prepare everything for you.”



**Rabbi Yisrael of Kozhnitz (courtesy of the National Library of Israel)**

 They stumbled out of the rebbe’s humble home, and there stood a gentile coachman next to a coach that was harnessed to two fine steeds.

 “Can you take us?” they asked the man.

 “Yes, get in,” he replied without the usual discussion about destinations and fares.

 Within minutes they found themselves in a vast and dark forest. They could scarcely see the path, but they had no fear. Clutching the sleeve, the woman had faith in G‑d and His messengers.

 Suddenly, the two of them found themselves tumbling on the hard ground. “We must have fallen asleep,” they said to one another, “and the coachman must have dumped us out of his coach and ridden off.”

 They stumbled through the forest until they came to the edge of a large city. “This is the city I saw in the bucket,” the woman said hopefully to her brother. “Thank G‑d, the rebbe’s words are proving to be true. Let’s walk through the city until we find the marketplace I saw.”

 Sure enough, they soon saw the marketplace. “My dear brother,” she said, “let’s quickly go to the rabbi of this town and ask him how we should best approach this matter. After all, my husband can easily deny having ever been married to me, despite the miracles that have brought us here.”

 They made their way to the rabbi’s home and told him the chain of events that brought them to his city, even showing him the sleeve that they had brought with them.

 “Thank G‑d,” said the rabbi, “who has not abandoned our generation, and has placed His holy spirit upon the great sage of Kozhnitz.

 “I know your husband well,” said the rabbihusband well. He has established himself in our city. He has a wife and children here, and is regarded as an upstanding member of the community. But fear not. Everything will turn out okay; just hold on to that sleeve.”

 The rabbi then told the brother and sister to make themselves comfortable in the small alcove next to his study, and immediately summoned the tailor.

 “Rabbi,” said the tailor quizzically, “is there something you need done? Does your clothing need repair?”

 “I just have some questions for you,” answered the rabbi. “Do you have a wife?”

 “A wife? Of course I do. Everyone knows that I am married and have a family.”

 “No, were you once married before you came here and started your family?”

 “Rabbi,” said he with a twinge of nervousness, “I was never married before. I came here free as a bird.”

 “Tell me,” said the rabbi, “what were you sewing today?”

 “Funny you should ask,” he replied, relieved that the conversation had shifted to a less touchy subject. “It was the strangest thing. I was sitting at the table working with my fellow craftsmen. I was holding the sleeve of a cloak I was making for a nobleman.

 “All of a sudden,” said the tailor, “the sleeve flew right out of my hands. We all watched in shock as it flew out of the room, as if it were a kite in the hands of a child. We looked everywhere for that sleeve—I had invested hours of work into it—but it was gone. It was like a miracle had happened.”

 “And what would you give me if I were to give you back your sleeve?” asked the rabbi.

 “There is nothing I could give you,” said the tailor, “because there is no way you could possibly give me back that sleeve. It’s gone forever.”

 “Oh, I can do it” said the rabbi, sliding open the door of the alcove.

 “Come in,” the rabbi bade the woman, “and give your husband what is rightfully his.”

 The long-suffering woman placed the sleeve on the table, as the tailor gazed at the sleeve in amazement. He was so astonished by its miraculous return that he didn’t even notice who had carried it in.

 “This is indeed your sleeve,” said the rabbi sternly, “but *this* is your wife!”

 The man looked up and fainted.

 After he was revived, the husband humbly gave his wife a divorce.

*This story was recorded in*Sippurim Nora’im*by Rabbi Yaakov Kaidaner, who heard the tale from Rabbi David, a follower of the Kozhnitzer Maggid, who personally interviewed a number of people involved in this miraculous event.*

*Reprinted from last week’s (Parshas Bechukosai 5776) email of Chabad.Org Magazine.*

[**A Meeting Made In Heaven**](http://www.jewishpress.com/judaism/jewish-columns/lessons-in-emunah/a-meeting-made-in-heaven/2016/06/02/)

**By** [**Debbie Garfinkel Diament**](http://www.jewishpress.com/author/debbiegarfinkeldiament/)

 On a Thursday, Shlomo\* had been in and out of the hospital over the last few years. Among the most difficult times for him, was when he could not be home for *Shabbat* with his family. This time, however, he was told that he would go home that day. He just needed to wait for a portable oxygen tank to be brought to him.

 The day dragged on, and yet the promised oxygen unit had not yet arrived. He was eventually informed that the unit would be available late that evening. It would be too late in the day for Shlomo, who tired easily now. They would wait until the morning, *Erev Shabbat*.

 The next day, while Shlomo waited for his release, another family waited for help. A call had gone out to the emergency line. An ailing man of almost 90 had stopped breathing. CPR was applied by first responders. An ambulance team arrived. The old man’s heart beat was restored, but he was in critical condition. They rushed the man to the hospital, accompanied by his wife and son, Pinchas.

 Meanwhile, Shlomo was getting upset. There were more delays in regard to the arrival of his oxygen. The unit finally arrived at 2:00 pm. There was still time before *Shabbat* to drive home with his wife. In the end, it was not meant to be. No doctor could be found in time to sign a release for Shlomo. Once again, he would be spending*Shabbat* away from home.

 Shlomo was trying to deal with his disappointment when a new patient was wheeled into his room. A curtain was closed around the bed of the new arrival. He was accompanied by his tearful wife and his son Pinchas.

 Shlomo and Pinchas looked at each other in amazement. They had been neighbors for many years. Their families knew each other well. Pinchas told his friend how he had felt that he would need to be with someone he knew to help him and his mother through a very difficult *Shabbat*. Hashem granted him and his mother this *chesed*.

 *Shabbat* was fast approaching. The old woman stood next to Shlomo’s wife during a very emotional lighting of the *Shabbat*candles. As the old man lay unresponsive in his hospital bed, Pinchas found some grape juice and made *kiddush*for all of them. The two friends sang *zemirot* and shared *divrei Torah*. The two women sat quietly talking.

 Early *Shabbat* morning, Shlomo and his wife took a short walk through the halls of the hospital. They were not gone long, but when they returned, Pinchas told them that his father had passed away. Once things settled down, the two friends went to the hospital shul. Later on, they also discussed some of the laws involved in *aveilut* in this case.

 Meanwhile, Shlomo’s wife wondered where the newly widowed woman was. She found her sitting in a corner, alone. She went over to her and put a comforting hand on the distraught woman’s shoulder and sat down next to her. While Pinchas found comfort in his *tefillot*, his mother was comforted by sharing tears and memories with a very caring woman.

 Shlomo no longer questioned why his discharge had been delayed. His meeting up with his friend that *erev* *Shabbat* was *Yad Hashem* at work.

*\*Names and some details have been changed to protect the privacy of the families.*

*Reprinted from the June 2, 2016 email of The Jewish Press.*