**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas eikev 5781**

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**Holy Rocks and Holy Cows**

**Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l**

**By A. Ben-Ami**



**Illustration by Yocheved Nadell**

**French Hill, Yerushalayim**

As Shimmy and Yitzy walked out of shul after Mincha, they saw something they had never seen before. A man wearing a tallis and two pairs of tefillin was standing by a table with a big sign that said “HaSegulot Shel Tzadok Hatzadik”. The table was covered with all sorts of interesting-looking things that they had never seen before. There were little stones, red strings, and golden chains.

As soon as the man saw them, he called out to them. “Hi, kids!” he said. “I’m Tzadok the Tzadik! Come and buy some holy kabbalah segulot! These rocks here are from Har Sinai and if you put one in your pocket, it will keep you from ever doing any aveiros! These red string bracelets make it impossible for you to speak loshon hora, and if you wear one of these gold chains around your neck, you will get a 100% on every Gemara test without even studying!”

**Totty Comes Out of Shul**

Just then Totty came out of shul. “Boys, are you ready to go home?” he called out.

“Totty,” said Shimmy. “Can we please get Har Sinai rocks? That tzaddik over there is selling them and he says they keep you from doing aveiros.”

“Yeah,” added Yitzy. “And I NEED one of those gold necklaces to help me pass my next Gemara test!”

“Don’t be silly, boys,” admonished Totty. “We don’t need to buy any of that garbage.”

“Garbage?” the two boys said simultaneously, shocked looks on their faces. “Totty,” said Shimmy very seriously. “The tzadik said that anyone who wears those red bracelets will never ever say a word of loshon hora! Didn’t you say that’s one of the worst aveiros a Yid could do?”

“And didn’t you tell us that you always daven that we should be tzadikim?” added Yitzy. “If we get the Har Sinai rocks then we’ll automatically be tzadikim and you won’t have to worry about it, because we’ll never do aveiros again!”

**Guides His Sons Away from the “Interesting” Man**

Totty held up both hands as if to say “enough”, and both boys respectfully stopped talking. Totty then put his arms around his two sons and started walking with them down the sidewalk, away from the “interesting” man and towards their house.

“Boys, I want you to listen to me,” he said. “This week’s parsha is Parshas Chukas. Do you know what the parsha starts off with?”

“Parah Adumah?” asked Shimmy.

“Exactly,” said Totty. “And do you know what type of mitzvah Parah Adumah is?”

“A hard Mitzvah,” said Shimmy. “Because it’s not easy to find a red cow without two black hairs!”

“It’s also a ‘Chok’, right?”, added Yitzy. “A mitzvah that we are not given a reason for.”

“You’re both right,” said Totty warmly, “I want to focus on the ‘chok’ part of it for a minute. You see, the Torah says something very interesting by Parah Aduma. The Parsha starts off ‘this is the “chok” of the Torah’. Now what does the Torah mean by this? It doesn’t say this by any other mitzvah, even by the other chukim.

**The Power of the Parah Aduma**

“You see, the Parah Aduma is metaher (purifies) a Yid from the strongest possible tumah, tumas meis. If someone touches a dead body, they can’t just go to a mikvah to become tahor. Such strong tumah can only be removed by the Parah Adumah. You can wear as many kabbalah necklaces as you want, and toivel in a thousand mikvahs but unless you follow the process of Parah Adumah as explained in our parsha, you’ll still be tamei.

“So Rav Avigdor Miller explains that this is the lesson of the Torah here, “Zos chukas haTorah - only this is the rule of the Torah”, there is only one way for a Yid to be tahor, by listening to the words of Hashem, and following his rules.” Shimmy looked confused “But Tzadok said these rocks are from Har Sinai!” he said. “They must be special rocks that will help us do Mitzvos if they come from such a holy place.”

Totty smiled. “By Maamad Har Sinai, Hashem didn’t tell Moshe to pick up rocks and give them to the Am Yisroel. Hashem gave us the Torah and said that we have to keep everything it says there. There is no special rock or chain that will magically make you a tzadik without having to fight your Yetzer Hora; or to become a Talmid Chochom without having to shteig. The only way to succeed in this world is by working on ourselves and doing Hashem’s Mitzvos.”

**The Loud Police Siren**

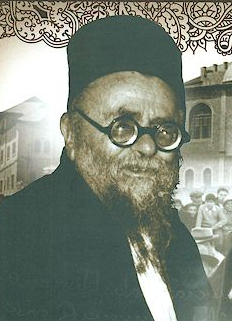
Just then the loud sound of a police siren was heard, as a police car drove up to the shul. Two policemen got out with handcuffs and started arresting “Tzadok Hatzadik”.

What happens next? Find out in next week’s email of Shabbos Stories for Parshas Re’eh 5781.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5871 edition of Toras Avigdor Junior.*

**The Volunteer Grocery**

**Store Worker**



**Rabbi Ezra Attiah**

Rav Ezra Attiah, zt”l, was the Rosh Yeshivah at Yeshivas Porat Yosef in Yerushalayim. One day, a young student named Ovadiah sadly informed the Rosh Yeshivah that he would not be returning to the Yeshivah. His father owned a grocery store, he explained, and he was needed to help stock the shelves. Times were hard and there simply was not enough money to hire a worker.

Rav Ezra was very distraught at this news. Ovadiah was one of the Yeshivah’s top students. He had a brilliant mind and was extremely diligent. Most importantly, he truly loved learning Torah.

Rav Ezra went to visit Ovadiah’s father and did his best to persuade him to change his mind. He explained the importance of learning Torah and he described Ovadiah’s tremendous potential to grow in learning.

Although Ovadiah’s father was moved, he insisted that he needed his son’s help in the grocery store. There was just no alternative at this time. Rav Ezra understood that he could not persuade the father, and wished him a good day and left.



**Chacham Ovadia Yosef**

Early the following morning, when Ovadiah’s father came to open his grocery store, he saw Rav Ezra standing near the door. Rav Ezra said

to Ovadiah’s father, “I have good news for you! I know someone who is willing to work for you for free, just so long as you allow your son to return to Yeshivah.” Ovadiah’s father couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He asked incredulously, “Who would be willing to do such a thing?”

Rav Ezra said, “I would.” He took an apron that was hanging on a nail on the wall, and he put it on. As he tied the apron strings, he said, “Just show me what to do.”

Ovadiah’s father was taken aback. Now he truly understood just how important it was to the Rosh Yeshivah that Ovadiah return to his learning. He promised Rav Ezra that he would find some way to allow his son to return to Yeshivah. Young Ovadiah went to learn, and he grew up to become the great Talmud Chacham, Rav Ovadiah Yosef!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5781 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

**The Amazing Blind Seminary Student Applicant**

Rav Yoel Gold said over a story. It was seminary application time for twelfth grade girls around the world, and every girl found themselves fluctuating between nerves and excitement. Sora Mindy Cynamon knew where she wanted to go, and she was ready for the interview.

Sora Mindy was born blind, but she has spent her entire life rising to the challenge. She learned Braille, made friends, attended school, and overall, was a regular eighteen-year-old. Her leading choice of seminary was Meohr Bais Yaakov, led by Rav Zecharya Greenwald.

Knowing that Rav Greenwald gave out a printed sheet with a Pasuk and Mefarshim, commentary, to each applicant and asked her to explain it, Sora Mindy brought along a Braille sheet that she had prepared from class. She also made sure to bring along her Braille Chumash for the big day.

**Told to Open to a Random Page**

When it came time for her to read the Braille sheet of Mefarshim she had prepared, Rav Greenwald cleared his throat. “I’m not sure it’s fair for you to read a Meforash you already learned, while the other girls had to read a new, unfamiliar one,” he said thoughtfully. “Please open your Chumash to a random page and read the Pasuk with Rashi and the Sifsei Chachamim.”

Sora Mindy readily agreed, and opened her Chumash to a random Pasuk. Using her fingers, she started to read the Pasuk out loud. It was a Pasuk in Shemos, discussing Dasan and Aviram. “Return to Mitzrayim,” she translated, “for all the men who sought your life are dead.” She moved her fingers, ready to read the Rashi followed by the Sifsei Chachamim.

**Rashi’s Explanation**

**of the Living Dead**

Rav Greenwald knew what was about to happen. Rashi explains “dead” as “they became poor, because someone who is poor is considered like one who is dead.” The Sifsei Chachamim then quotes a Gemara that says that four people are considered like one who is dead: a poor person, a blind person, a childless person and someone afflicted with Tzara’as.

Should he stop her? But Sora Mindy was not flustered. Undeterred, she continued reading in a steady voice as if nothing had happened. Rav Greenwald was extremely impressed by her resilience in how she continued explaining the Sifsei Chachamim, even though the topic could have been an uncomfortable one for her.

Rav Greenwald then explained the Gemara quoted by the Sifsei Chachamim in a way that clarified the concept of death as referring to an aspect of life that is missing. When the interview was over, he thanked Sora Mindy for coming in. Several weeks later, Sora Mindy Cynamon received her acceptance letter to Meohr Bais Yaakov seminary.

**The Girl’s Chumash Teacher**

During those few weeks, Rav Greenwald had a discussion with the English principal, who is also Sora Mindy’s Chumash teacher. “I heard you had an interesting experience during the interview with Sora Mindy,” she said.

Rav Greenwald smiled. “You could say that,” he said. “It was definitely extraordinary.”

“Even more than you realize,” her teacher said. “You see, we actually learned that Pasuk in Chumash class this year. I had orchestrated that Sora Mindy be out of the classroom the day we learned it. I thought I was protecting her. But when she came back from your interview, she said to me in her knowing way, ‘You will never guess which Pasuk he asked me to read!’ If I had known how strong she really was, I would’ve done things differently.”

**A Wonderful Seminary Year**

That year in seminary was wonderful. Sora Mindy soaked in the learning and the fun. And then, when it was time to say goodbye, Rav

Greenwald decided to tell her the truth.

“Before the interview had begun, I didn’t really think that our seminary was the place for you,” he said. “I believed the adjustment would just be too difficult, combined with being thousands of miles away from home. “But when I saw how well you handled yourself during that interview, how composed and confident you are, I changed my mind, and I’m glad I did.”

Rav Greenwald saw that not only did she have the strength, she also had the capacity to be an inspiration for all the girls, as well as an example of how one can accept life’s challenges with her head held high!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5781 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

**The Thoughtless Neder**

A young man once made a Neder, a vow, that he will not leave the walls of the Bais Medrash until he finishes Shas.



**Rabbi Akiva Eiger**

After a few weeks, his wife and small children came crying to their Rav, Rav Binyamin Diskin, zt”l, that they didn’t have anything to eat, and that he must find a way to absolve this husband and father of his vow.

Rav Binyamin spoke to the man and urged him to cancel his Neder, but no matter how many ways he tried to find the man a way out, the young man insisted that he was aware of what he was doing at all times, and there was no regret for him to rely on for him to cancel his vow, as would be the case with other vows that are made.

A little while later, the Gaon, Rabbi Akiva Eiger, zt”l, came to the town to visit the Rav. Rav Binyamin explained the problem to the Gaon who thought about it for a moment. Then, he stood up and began walking towards the Bais Medrash, followed by a huge entourage of all the local Rabbanim and community leaders.

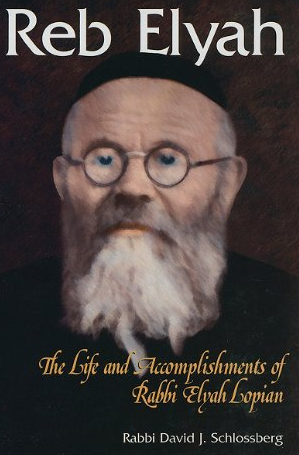
Of course, anyone who saw this sight quickly ran outside to show respect to the Gaon. The young man, however, was unable to run outside and he watched from the window. When Rabbi Akiva Eiger entered the Bais Medrash, he asked the man why he had not come outside like all the other people in the town, and the man said, “If I would have known that the Gaon was coming to town…” Immediately, Rebbe Akiva Eiger cut him off. He called over two local Rabbanim and said to this man, “You say that if you would have known that I was coming and that you wouldn’t be able to come greet me, you never would have made the vow? You are absolved of your Neder!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5781 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*

**The Mashgiah’s Wardrobe**

**By Rabbi Yechiel Spero**

           Yossi Berman had come on a Wednesday to the yeshivah in Kfar Chassidim, to see if the yeshivah was right for him. He felt right at home there, and in the afternoon, the Mashgiah, Rav Elyah Lopian, called him into his office to inform him that he had been accepted into the yeshivah. Yossi was elated.



           Instead of going home, he decided to stay for a few days. He didn’t say anything to anyone about it, but on Friday he realized that he probably should have. He felt terrible, hoping the administration would not think him impolite by “barging” in for Shabbat. He began to panic when he was told that the Mashgiah wanted to see him.

           Yossi was frightened. He would probably lose his chance to learn at the famous yeshivah. He walked into the Mashgiah’s office, too nervous to utter a word.

           “Didn’t you tell me that you were going home for Shabbat?” asked Rav Elyah.

           The small window of hope had just been shattered. If there was any chance of his being called in for another reason, now that seemed to just slip away.

           Yossi confirmed that he had planned to leave on Thursday but thought he would stay for Shabbat so that he could enjoy the yeshivah atmosphere a little longer. The Mashgiah nodded slowly, looked at Yossi, and continued. “Yossi, I guess you realize that there is a problem with your doing that.”

           Yossi was on the verge of tears. He wanted to tell the Mashgiah how very sorry he was and how he would never act so irresponsibly again. Just as he was about to speak, though, the Mashgiah started to remove his kapota (coat).

           “Here, try it on for size.”

           Yossi looked quizzically at Rav Elyah. What was going on? Was the Mashgiah mocking Yossi somehow? But Yossi had actually misconstrued Rav Elyah’s action.

           “I imagine if you are staying unexpectedly, then you probably did not bring the proper Shabbat clothing. Try my kapota on. If it fits, I will be happy to give you a shirt, pants, and jacket for Shabbat.”

           Yossi did not know if he should laugh or cry. He was so elated, not only that the Mashgiah had not reprimanded him, but also because he now knew how very right he was in choosing this yeshivah. His Mashgiah was an adam gadol who thought about the needs of others just as he would think of his own needs. (A Touch of Warmth)

*Reprinted from the Parshat Hukat 5781 email of Rabbi David Bibi’s Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

**The Bobover Rebbe’s “Potch”**

**By Rabbi Binyomin Pruzansky**

A student of the revered Bobover Rebbe, zl, Horav Shlomo Halberstam, related the following story (quoted in “Stories that Warm the Heart”). At ten years of age, this student studied in the Bobover Yeshivah under the guidance of the Rebbe.

Urban yeshivos were situated in urban areas which were populated by various cultures and establishments that catered to these diverse cultures. What is entirely acceptable to the non-Jewish liberal world is frequently an anathema to the Orthodox Jewish world.

Thus, areas that were frequented by non-Jewish young men and women who were expressing their right to be non-Jewish liberals, unrestricted by the moral code and compass which exemplifies our young men and women, are understandably prohibited to our children.

Nonetheless, as young boys will do, a small group of boys from the Bobover Yeshivah spent a half

hour in a park that was on their yeshivah’s restricted list. They had a grand time and returned to the yeshivah laughing – thinking that they had broken one of the yeshivah’s rules and gotten away with it.



**The Bobover Rebbe, zt”l**

**Rabbi Shlomo Halberstam**

How shocked they were to be greeted by the Rebbe himself. The young boy who (now as an adult) related the story was the de facto leader. The

Rebbe sternly beckoned him to his office. As the leader, he would be the

sacrifice for the group. Trembling, he entered the Rebbe’s office. The Rebbe sighed, “I am sorry, Avraham, but I will have to give you a potch, slap, for disobeying the rules.

Avraham swallowed deeply, closed his eyes and waited for the slap (I must interject at this point. The boy did not fear the pain of the slap nearly as much as the accompanied shame of being slapped by the Bobover Rebbe.) Avraham stood there and waited for the slap to come, squeezed his eyes tightly shut (as if that would relieve the pain). Suddenly, he felt the Rebbe’s soft hand caress his face.

He opened his eyes and looked at the Rebbe, who was looking at him with the love and compassion of a father to a son (which he was to all of his chassidim).

“This is your potch. Now go back to class and learn well!”

This was a “slap” that Avrohom remembered his entire life. It was this form of rebuke, couched in fatherly love that personified the Bobover Rebbe.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5781 email of Rabbi A.L. Scheinbaum’s Peninim on the Torah.*

**A Tale of Two Friends**

Two friends from the same neighborhood studied in the same yeshiva and were similar in various ways. They were both scholars of equal caliber; they were both beloved among their peers, and they were both betrothed in the same month. They even both chose the same craft for parnassah – to be shoemakers.

One of them came up with the idea, and the other decided that he would do the same on the other side of the city so there would be parnassah for both of them. They were similar for many years, but after their marriages, they became very different.

**The Successful Shoemaker**

One of them succeeded in his shoemaking business, so he opened another store and then another. And then he expanded to other venues, and he became very wealthy. However, life wasn't easy for him. He was childless for many years until he bore his first child. He then had to wait many more years until his second child was born.

Life was the exact opposite for the friend of his youth. His shoemaking business never took off. When people needed a shoe, they preferred going to his friend rather than to him, even if that meant going to the other side of town. However, his good fortune was his nachas. His first child was born a year after his marriage. The next son was born a year later. He had eighteen children in all.

They would meet from time to time, and they marveled at how similar they were in their youths, and yet, how different was their fate later in their lives. At these times, the wealthy friend always gave his poor friend some money. They spoke warmly and friendly; however, the poor man harbored jealousy in his heart. He saw his friend's fancy houses, large business, etc., and he would think, "This could have been my success. Why did he have to go into the same line I chose? If he hadn't opened his shoemaking store, I would be the wealthy one today."

**The Jealous Wealthy Man**

The wealthy man was also jealous, although he never admitted it. He wished he had a large family like his friend. He hoped that perhaps he would have many grandchildren, but that also wasn't meant to be. Each of his two children bore two children, and his family remained small. One day, the two met, and this time the poor man opened up his heart and expressed the pain he was feeling all the years. "All your wealth could have been mine. If you hadn't copied my idea to be a shoemaker, I would be the wealthy one today."

The wealthy friend replied, "Don't think that you are the only one who is suffering. I'm jealous of you because all I have is six descendants, while you have more than two hundred. But unlike you, I'm not angry at you at all. I don't think you took children away from me, so why do you think I took money away from you?"

This is hinted at in the our "וכספנו זרענו words children and our wealth." Just as you understand that when someone has a large family, he didn't take away your children, similarly, realize that when someone has a lot of money, he didn't earn it by taking it away from you.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5781 email of Torah Wellsprings: Collected Thoughts from Rabbi Elimelech Biderman.*

**The Man Who Wanted to Understand the Language**

**Of Birds and Animals**



There is a wisdom to understand the language of birds and animals. Obviously, they don't speak as humans do, but those who understand this wisdom can detect messages that they are saying regarding the future. A student asked his rebbe to teach him that wisdom. He explained to his rebbe that it would be helpful for him to know the future.

His rebbe discouraged him, saying, "Why do you need to know this wisdom? You are better off serving Hashem with temimus. As Rashi (Devarim 18:13) writes, “Go with Hashem with temimus” [with belief that Hashem is leading us in the very best way]… Don't think about what will be in the future. Rather, whatever happens to you, accept it with temimus…"

But the student kept urging his rebbe that he wants to know this wisdom and that he wants to know the future until his rebbe agreed to teach it to him.

**The Words of the Groaning Ox**

One morning, the student went to his barn to feed his animals, and he heard the oxen speaking with each other. The student could decipher their language, and this is what he heard: One ox was moaning and groaning, and another ox was asking why he was whining so much. The ox replied, "We are going to be smitten with a mageifah, plague. All the barn animals will die." The student sold all his animals to a butcher. He was happy that he learned the language of animals.

A month later, he was feeding his chickens, and he heard one chicken say to another that a disease will ruin the crops of his field. The student sold his crops. Once again, this wisdom saved him from a financial loss. He was thrilled that he learned the language of animals.

A few days later, he heard an animal shouting, so he came closer to make out what it was saying. He heard the following message, "Woe to the student, to our baal habayis, because he is going to die."

**The Lesson of the Zohar**

The student ran to his rebbe and told him the dreadful message he heard. His rebbe told him, "The Zohar (Tikunei Zohar 143:) states, 'Some are punished with their lives, and others with their money…' Hashem wanted to punish you with your money to save your life. First, Hashem planned that your barn animals should die, but you sold them and protected yourself from a financial loss.

“Next, Hashem wanted to ruin your crops with a disease. The financial loss would be your atonement so that you can live. But you knew the speech of animals, and you heard about the decree, so you sold your crops. The problem is that now you don't have anything left to atone for your sins. Therefore, now the gezeirah is on your life!"

The lesson is to know that everything that happens to us is for our best. Sometimes we don't understand how it is for our good, but it is undoubtedly so.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5781 email of Torah Wellsprings: Collected Thoughts from Rabbi Elimelech Biderman.*

**The Israeli Who Was Going to Marry a Non-Jewish Woman**

**By Rabbi Tuvia Bolton**

This story occurred some twenty-five years ago.

The telephone in Rabbi Rachamim Nimni's home in New York rang. On the other end was a woman calling from Israel pleading for help.

"Rabbi Nimni? Hello? Ah, good! I'm calling from Israel. Rabbi, you have to help me! This is Rabbi Nimni, yes? Chabad in New York, yes? Listen, I am calling about my son. His name is Chezki. He is such a wonderful youngman. He is twenty-two and, well, he met a non-Jewish girl here in Israel. At first, we thought it would pass. We told him we weren't happy about it but it got more serious until . . . well, now, that is a few months ago. He told us they're getting married. Rabbi, someone gave me your number and said that, well, maybe you can help. We are going crazy here! Can you help?"

**“Why Are You Calling Me?”**

"But, why are you calling me?" asked Rabbi Nimni. "I live in New York. I mean, there must be rabbis in Israel who can talk to them face-to-face. Why do it long distance? And why me? I don't think I even know your son? Do I?"

"No, no," she replied. "You don't know him. But I didn't finish. You see, his father and I, we tried everything. First, like I said, we tried to talk him out of it. Then, when he didn't want to listen, we sent his friends and teachers he knew from school and then we sent rabbis, a lot of rabbis. But it got worse. He got mad and said he wanted us to leave him alone. The pressure was too much. Rabbi, he's left Israel . . . with her.

"They moved. He and this girlfriend of his moved to New Jersey. So, they're not here. They're closer to you than me and they're making plans for the wedding. It's in a few months. Rabbi, please help! Do you think you can help?"

**Said a Short Prayer and Dialed**

Rabbi Nimni asked a few more questions, got her son's phone number, promised he would at least give it a try, hung up, said a short prayer and dialed.

Chezki, her son, answered and surprisingly he sounded very friendly. Maybe it was because he was glad to speak to someone in Hebrew. He and the rabbi hit it off and talked for a good ten minutes.

But at the end of the conversation, the young man said that he really enjoyed talking and would like to talk again. But only on the condition they never speak about his girlfriend and their upcoming wedding or he's going to close the phone.   
 So almost every day Rabbi Nimni managed to find a few minutes to call Chezki and talk. But without being able to talk about the girl, the days went by and the rabbi was getting nowhere. In fact, if the conversation ever got even close to the "forbidden" topic, Chezki would interject with, "I hope you aren't going to make me close the phone, Rabbi."

**Beginning to Get Nervous**

After a month of this with no progress, Rabbi Nimni was beginning to get nervous. The wedding was approaching and there seemed to be no way to stop it. But on the other hand, he did have one foot in the door and It would be a shame to just give up.

So Rabbi Nimni decided to ask his own father, Rabbi Michael Nimni, also a well-known rabbi in New York, for advice. His answer was simple:

"Did you write to the Rebbe?" \ He was referring to the custom of many Chabad Chassidim that was just becoming common, to write questions to the Lubavitcher Rebbe, put them in one of the twenty-seven volumes of the Rebbe's letters entitled Igrot Kodesh, and see if the answer applies to them.

Rabbi Nimni almost slapped himself on the forehead. He had used Igrot Kodesh tens, even hundreds, of times before but this time it simply had slipped his mind.

He wrote a letter explaining the situation, pulled out one volume from his library, inserted it randomly between two of the pages, and then opened to see what was written there.

**The Importance of the Mezuza**

It was volume sixteen, page 55, and the letter there talked about the importance of the commandment of Mezuza, the benefit of having a proper one on every door, how mezuza is equal to all the commandments, and how it  shows that one's house and possessions really belong to the Creator.

The next day Rabbi Nimni spoke to Chezki and, encouraged by the Rebbe's letter, got bold.

"Hey Chezki! How are you today? Hey, I was just thinking. What about a mezuza on your door. Do you have mezuzas?"

There was a moment of silence. Would Chezki slam the phone shut?  "Mezuza?" he answered. "Hey! You know, you're right! A mezuza. Yeah! But where will I get a mezuza?"

"No problem!" answered the rabbi. I've got a bunch (which wasn't true). Tell me where you live and I'll be right there!"

Now armed with  his address, he drove to the nearest scribe, bought a few good mezuzas, and rushed to Chezki's flat.



A few minutes later the mezuzas were up and a beaming Chezki was thanking the rabbi for the gifts.

As Rabbi Nimni drove home he began to think about what he had just done. He had spent some two hundred dollars for what? After all, he still didn't get a word in about the wedding nor did he even do anything at all to delay it! The more he thought about it, the more he began to wonder if he hadn't made a big mistake.  The next time he called Chezki, two days later, Chezki didn't even mention the mezuzas. All he talked about was his girlfriend.

"Wow! Suddenly she's all tense and unpleasant. In fact, we even had an argument about nothing . . . our first argument. I can't figure it out. I hope this isn't how it's going to be!"

Rabbi Nimni didn't say anything but he almost shouted aloud from surprise. He just tried to talk about something else and ended the conversation pleasantly.

The next time he called, Chezki complained bitterly. The arguing wasn't stopping and she was making his life miserable. Yesterday, she began yelling again about nothing and demanded that he remove the mezuzas from the doors. "But," Chezki announced proudly, "I refused! I told her that it was good luck and anyway Jews have been doing it for more than three thousand years, so it can't be so bad!"

Three days later it was Chezki who called the rabbi. "Hey, rabbi. How're you doing? Hey, don't call me on that other number because, well, I moved. That's right. I came home yesterday and, well, she took down the mezuzas. Then, when I asked her why, she started cursing out me and all the Jews. I couldn't believe it! Anyway, I got the mezuzas. Now I'm just looking for a door to put them on."

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