**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas vayigash 5782**

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**A Jew Named Reuven**

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**Rabbi Dr. Abraham Twerski, z”l**

Rabbi Dr. Abraham Twerski, zl, writes about Reuven, a member of his father’s kehillah, congregation, in Milwaukie, Wisconsin. Reuven was a spiritual man; he was never seen in a bad mood, always presenting himself as serene and happy.

**Coming to Shabbos Two Hours Before Shacharis**

Shabbos morning Reuven would come to shul two hours before Shacharis to recite Tehillim in his sweet melodious voice. He was not a learned man, although he attended all the shiurim, classes, given by the Rebbe. He had been orphaned as a child, and, as a result, he had never received a proper, formal Jewish education. He knew how to read and was versed in the popular Hebrew and Yiddish aphorisms. Reuven had emigrated to America in the early 1900’s. In order to provide for what had then been his large family, he sold rags from a pushcart. I mention his family because it was the source of his grief.

In his home, Reuven had proudly displayed a family picture: Reuven, his wife, and eight sons and daughters. All but two children had predeceased him. Reuven was totally blind in one eye and wore a thick lens over his other eye. He told people that he had become blind as a result of the incessant weeping, the profuse tears that he shed over the deaths of his young wife and six children.

**The Pain and Suffering Still Remained**

He no longer cried, but the pain and suffering were still present. Nonetheless, his suffering did not interfere with his joy in serving Hashem. For a person whose life is governed by self-gratification – “it’s all about me,” Reuven’s life was far from gratifying. He had every reason to be depressed.

He did not, however, measure life on the barometer of physicality. He was not a card-carrying member of the “me” generation. It was all about “Him.” He lived a life of purpose, a life of spirituality, a life of devotion to Hashem. Reuven was not bitter, although he had suffered tremendously. He had his Tehillim; he had his shiurim; he had Hashem. He was a spiritual man.

Reprinted from Parshas Toldos 5782 email of Rabbi A.L. Scheinbaum’s Peninim on the Torah.

**The Torah Scholar Who**

**Sued His Father-in-Law**

One of the greatest Halachic arbiters in Jewish history was R’ Yoel Sirkis zt”l, who wrote the sefer Bayis Chadash, and was subsequently known as the Bach (initals of his sefer). He was the chief rabbi in Brest-Litovsk, before settling in Krakow. The Bach had a daughter named Rivkah, a young educated girl who knew Tanach (the Jewish Bible) inside and out.

The Bach, delighted by his daughter’s scholarship, once said to her with a smile, “My dear daughter, you are special like the moon.” In his home at the time was his closest disciple, R’ Dovid Halevi Segal zt”l, known as the Taz after the initials of his famous work, Turei Zahav.

R’ Dovid commented out loud, “If she is special like the moon, the time has come to sanctify (asen) the moon” (a play on words between the sanctification of the new moon and marriage, which are designated by the same word). The Bach, who had his eye on R’ Dovid for a long time, laughed at the joke but then took him as the husband for his daughter Rivkah.

**Settling in Krakow After Their Marriage**

After the wedding, the couple left her father’s house and settled in Krakow. Prior to the wedding, the Bach agreed to support his son-in-law and daughter in full measure so that his son-in-law could expend his efforts in Torah study without material concerns. Indeed, the Taz learned Torah diligently day and night and those who knew him were certain that he was destined to be a future Torah leader.



After some time, R’ Dovid noticed that some things had changed. The lavish, plentiful meals that he had been receiving in his father-in-law’s home had dwindled to more meager fare. Gone were the generous portions of food and the meat turned into chicken. He felt that the difference in his diet was affecting his ability to study intensively for so many hours, and he had no choice but to approach his father-in-law and speak to him about the change.

“Yes, my dear son-in-law, I am aware of the decline in the food,” replied R’ Yoel. “You are justified in complaining about it, and I apologize. However, there is nothing that I can do. I did promise to provide for your needs so that you could concentrate on your learning without worry, and it was my greatest joy to assist you with the finest of everything as long as I was able to do so. Unfortunately, my income has declined recently, and I can no longer afford to support you at the same high standard as before. I hope with Hashem’s help, things will soon improve!” Unfortunately, things did not improve and the quality of the meals continued to depreciate. R’ Dovid did not leave matters at that. He went to the local beis din and had R’ Yoel summoned to a din Torah, stating that his father-in-law had promised to provide him with meat, and was not maintaining the high standard of his first years of marriage. He felt that the caliber of his learning was affected by the chicken he was now being served instead.

**The Bach Argued that Fowl Could**

**Be Considered a Kind of Meat**

In his defense, the Bach explained that it was not his fault, but that circumstances had forced him to provide less than formerly. In fact, he informed them, he had originally promised to support his son-in-law with meat, but fowl could surely be considered a kind of meat.

After considering the matter, beis din ruled in favor of the Bach. When the townspeople heard about the case, they were taken aback by the audacity of the young man to take his father-in-law, a Torah scholar of such stature and the chief rabbi, to court over such a frivolous claim as the quality of the food! It was unheard of!

One young man had the temerity to ask R’ Dovid to explain his actions.

He replied, “I know that as long as my father-in-law was providing me with good, plentiful food, I was able to learn with great diligence and concentration. As soon as the standard of food declined, so did my stamina, and as a result, my learning suffered. I noticed the difference immediately! I could not concentrate as intently for long periods of time; I was not learning with my full potential.

**Feared that Heaven Would**

**Criticize His Father-in-Law**

“I was afraid that in Heaven my father-in-law would be held responsible for indirectly causing a decrease in my Torah study. Of course, I could not have this on my cheshbon. Therefore, I made up a claim in court, knowing that he would be vindicated - just as the beis din here had judged him innocent, so in Heaven they would do likewise.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Toldos 5782 email of Rabbi Dovid Hoffman’s Torah Tavlin.*

**The Fancy Bar of**

**Imported Chocolate**



**Michael Medved**

Film critic, author, and radio host Michael Medved published this article in the New York Post:

A few weeks ago, my six-year-old daughter did something that greatly upset one of my professional colleagues. At the same time, it made her father enormously proud.  
  
 It happened when I took her to a television taping. While I answered questions, my daughter chatted with the show's associate producer, a bright, capable TV veteran I've known for nearly a decade. This producer seemed especially delighted; she fussed and cooed over Sarah's hair, ribbons, and frilly dress, then brought her colored pens, blank paper, and glasses of orange juice.

When I finished my interview, I saw that my daughter had also received a large imported chocolate bar in gold foil wrapping. "Daddy, look what Cindy gave to me!" she said proudly. "But I didn't open it because maybe I think it's not kosher. Will you look and see and check if it’s okay?"

Our children have lived all their lives in a kosher home and they know that unfamiliar products should be checked for the recognized insignia that certifies that all ingredients conform to Jewish dietary law.

My daughter was hoping against hope that I'd detect some excuse in the fine print on the wrapper that she hadn't been able to find, but the absence of any visible certification created a problem. "I'm sorry, Sarah," I said, handing it back to her after a careful search. "I just don't see any kosher mark."



My six-year-old looked crestfallen for just a moment, but quickly recovered and bravely passed the bar back to the lady who had given it to her. "Thank you," she said with a shy smile, "I'm sorry I can't eat it."

The episode might have ended here, except that Cindy felt it deserved further discussion. "I can't believe what I just saw!" she exploded and set on to berate me--and, by implication, my wife -- for destroying Sarah's sense of fun and spontaneity, encouraging compulsive behavior, and contaminating our kid with fearful and superstitious ideas. She found it "scary" that the kid gave up a piece of candy she obviously relished "like some zombie follower of David Koresh."  
 Worst of all, Cindy believed that this sick, authoritarian emphasis on kosher minutiae would cripple my child's ability to reach decisions for herself and would make her grow up feeling different from other kids.

It's hard to believe that Cindy would have responded in the same emotional way had Sarah given up the chocolate bar for some other reason because it was too fattening, for example, or too high in cholesterol. It was precisely the religious basis for the sacrifice that made it seem so irrational and unwholesome.

This is one aspect of the so-called "culture war" that is seldom noted: in the same way that traditional believers are occasionally appalled by what they consider the heedless indulgence of secular America, secularists are often horrified by what they perceive as the pointless restraints and rituals of religion.

I can think of no more valuable gift I can give my children than equipping them to resist the pressure of their peers and to fight the all-powerful adolescent instinct to go along with the crowd.

In short, I'm proud of my Sarah. There's an out-of-fashion, still useful word that can be applied to the trait she displayed.

They used to call it character.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Toldot 5782 email of Rabbi Yoseph Geisinsky’s Chabad of Great Neck (NY) newsletter.*

**The Noble Long Walk**

During the year that one of the main students of the Chazon Ish, zt”l, Rav Kovalsky, zt”l, was in mourning for his father, he arrived in Shul one morning to be the Chazan. The Shul he davened (prayed) at had many Minyanim one after the other, and many other people also wanted to be the Chazan, so he had to wait his turn.

As he waited patiently, Rav Kovalsky caught sight of an elderly man who had just finished davening. He had very slowly removed his Tefilin and folded his Tallis, and he was now standing and asking someone, anyone, to help him get home. But who has the time for that on a busy morning, when everyone is rushing to finish up his davening so he can get his day started?

This poor old man was looking at all the people streaming by him, with pleading eyes and outstretched hands, but they ignored him. Rav Kovalsky left the line he was waiting on to be the Chazan, approached the old man, and gently took him by the hand. The elderly Jew took hold of it with his shaking hand, and they began their walk home together.

It was quite a long walk, and the old man walked at a very slow pace. All the while, Rav Kovalsky whispered under his breath, “This should be a Zechus for the elevation of my father’s Neshamah.”

Finally, they reached the old man’s home. He offered an emotional thanks to Rav Kovalsky, but the Rav’s job wasn’t over yet. Rav Kovalsky supported the old man on his slow walk up the stairs. It was only when the man was safely inside his home, that Rav Kovalsky turned back to go to the Shul to catch the very last Minyan, where another man had already taken over as Chazan.

This was the only time that Rav Kovalsky ever missed leading the Minyan when he had an obligation to do so. That night, Rav Kovalsky’s father appeared to him in a dream. He said, “I’m willing to forgo every Tefilah of yours as the Chazan, as long as you do Mitzvos like that instead!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Toldos 5782 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’ Tefilah.*

**Too Tired to Think?**

**By A. Ben-Ami**

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

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**Illustration by Yocheved Nadell**

“Hi Yitzy!” said Totty as he walked in the door. “How was cheider today?” Yitzy jumped up from the couch at the sound of his father’s voice. “It was great!” he said. “My rebbi told us that we’re having a big chumash contest in school next week! Anshel Holtzbacher is sponsoring it and the Horki Rebbe himself will be coming to ask us all questions. There are tons of prizes, and whoever answers the most questions right will win a brand new bike! I hope I win!”

“I hope so too,” smiled Totty, holding out a stack of papers. “I actually saw your rebbi in shul and he said he forgot to give you the registration form.”

Yitzy took the papers from Totty and blinked twice. “Wait, a registration form?” he said.

“Yes,” Totty explained. “Every boy who wants to participate in the contest needs to fill out that form by tomorrow morning.”

Yitzy stared at the shiny gold ‘Mosdos Horki’ logo at the top of the papers for a second before plopping back down on the couch. “Uch I’m too tired to fill it out,” he said. “And besides, I want to read the new Yaari and Divshi comic book that we got today. “

“Yitzy!” said Totty. “Are you really going to give up the opportunity to participate in the Chumash contest because you’re a bit tired right now? Think of all the prizes you’ll win. And you can always read that book later.”

“Eh I just want to sit and read now,” shrugged Yitzy.

Totty paused for a moment and left the room. Yitzy turned back to his comic book. It was a fascinating story of how Yaari the rabbit and Divshi the bear were fighting off the evil wolves, Halibush and Balibad, to keep them from distracting the boys who were learning Torah nearby.

Suddenly Yitzy saw a flash of red out of the corner of his eye and jumped as a scary-looking man walked into the living room. It took a second for him to realize it was just Totty! Totty was wearing the red sheitel from the Purim costume box, some sort of fur over his clothes, and was carrying a bow and arrow! “Totty!” exclaimed Yitzy.

“Why are you dressed up like Eisav?” Totty looked at Yitzy mysteriously. “Do you want to take a guess?” he asked.

Yitzy stared for a second before answering. It was a bit off-putting to see Totty dressed up like this. “Um… because this week is Parshas Toldos?” he asked.

“I’ll give you partial credit for that answer,” said Totty. “But that won’t win you a bike.”

“I don’t get it,” said Yitzy. “Itzele,”

Totty said endearingly. “Think for a second about how Eisav gave up an opportunity in this week’s Parsha.”

“Uh... he sold the bechora (birthright of a first born) for a bowl of soup,” Yitzy said. “Oh, did Mommy make lentil soup for dinner?”

“No, no,” said Totty. “But think. Eisav had the bechora. That means he had the right to kovod and the tremendous zechus of the avodah, of the kehuna. Instead of Kohanim coming from Shevet Levi, it could have been Eisav’s children serving in the Beis Hamikdash.”

“Really?” said Yitzy.

“Yep!” answered Totty. “But he sold it all for a bowl of soup!”

“That’s really hard for me to understand,” said Yitzy. “Eisav grew up with Avrohom, Yitzchok, and Yaakov. He must have known what the bechora meant. How could he trade all that just for a bowl of soup?”

“Well,” said Totty. “Eisav came back after a long busy day. He was tired and hungry. All he could think of was a good hot meal and rest. And because he made an important decision when he was so exhausted, he lost something that would have changed him and history forever.”

“But I’m sure he could have just gotten something else to eat in another few minutes!” Yitzy said. “I can’t believe someone would give up so much for so little!” “Well, Yitzy,” Totty said, shaking the red sheitel hair out of his eyes. “I might ask you the same question. You have such a big opportunity to participate in such an amazing Chumash contest. All you have to do is fill out that little form. But instead, you’re choosing to sit on the couch and read, which you can do after you fill out the form.”

Yitzy thought for a second as he looked at Totty’s costume. “Yeah, maybe I shouldn’t make such a decision to give that up just because I want to relax,” he said to himself. “Totty, can I borrow your pen?” Yitzy said, looking up at Totty. “I want to fill this form out right now. I don’t want to be like Eisav and give up something special just because I’m a bit tired.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Toldos 5782 email of Toras Avigdor.*

**The Challenge of**

**The Soccer Ball**



Rabbi Shalom Schwadron used to give a Shiur. Once a boy never showed up. The next day Reb Shalom asked the boy where he had been. He answered that he had been to watch a game of soccer (football). Reb Shalom innocently asked the boy to explain and show him how the game works. After the Shiur Reb Shalom went with the boy outside.

The boy proudly explained the game and told Reb Shalom the idea is to kick the ball into the goal. Reb Shalom told the boy that he wanted to kick the ball now into the goal and get points.

The boy smiled to Reb Shalom and said, "Rebbi, without a team playing against you it's not a challenge so there is no points." Reb Shalom smiled and said, "it's not a challenge to come to a Shiur if there is no game going on outside. When there is a challenge that's when you get rewarded. And the bigger the challenge the greater the reward."

*Reprinted from a recent email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefillah.*

**The Old Man’s Secret**

Once a Chassid from a neighboring town came to his Rebbe, Rabbi Zvi Hersh of Riminov, and begged him to somehow intercede so that his father-in-law would die. "What!" exclaimed the Rebbe, "What are you talking about." "Well, my father-in-law is very old, he is already over 100," explained the Chassid, "he has to be watched over all the time. He can't really do much for himself, and he is miserable most of the time. He doesn't learn and doesn't pray any more. He has had enough of life already, but he just just keeps hanging on day after day, week after week, year after year."

**Must Be Some Kind of Merit for the Old Jew**

The Riminover didn't really know what to say, but he reasoned that a Jew who lived to such an age must have some kind of merit. He commanded the Chassid to bring in the old man to speak with him. The Chassid protested saying that his father-in-law was too old and too feeble, but the Rebbe wouldn't relent. "Bring him in anyway as I have requested," he ordered.

So, they picked up the old man, put him in a wagon and brought him to Riminov. They carried him in on a bed and placed him in front of the Rebbe. Reb Hersh began to ask him questions. He soon found out that the old man was a simple but ignorant Jew. He had been a wagon driver all of his life. He recited the prayers in the morning, but his real interest was to get to breakfast. He went to Shul on Shabbos, but the chulent (chamin) served at the end was his main reason.

**Perhaps there Was a Unique Experience**

The Riminover peppered him with more questions to find out if the old Jew could remember any reason that might account for his many years. Maybe there was some special mitzvah he did once or some experience, maybe he met a tzaddik, a special holy Jew, on some noteworthy occasion that could have helped him to merit a long life.

The old Jew recalled that once some young Torah scholars had asked him to take them for Shabbos to a town about a half a day's journey away called Lizensk. "They pleaded with me, he reminisced, "but I didn't want to go. I told them that I like Shabbos at home with my bed and my cholent. But they promised me a good wage and the same food that I would eat at home.

“So, I finally agreed and we set off. We got there not long before Shabbos and they set me up in a nice hotel." "Sure enough, right after the Shabbos night davening, they showed up with a great meal, everything just the way I like it. They came back a while later and asked me if I wanted to go with them to some kind of gathering, but I told them that I didn't come for that kind of thing, and they should let me sleep.

 “So, being decent guys, they did." "In the morning after the Shachris, they again brought me a good meal with a cholent even better than what I would have gotten at home. So, I ate my fill and went down for a Shabbos nap. When I got woke up, it was already close to dark and nobody was around. I waited awhile, but none of my passengers showed their faces.

“So, I went to look for them. I came to the Shul and I heard the loudest singing and saw dancing you can't imagine. I was sure that they were all drunk. I peeked inside and saw empty bottles everywhere, and these guys were singing and dancing like anything. When I went in, I saw they were all dancing around in a circle and one of them there in the middle. He must have been the chief drunkard or something because he was tall, his face was red like fire and he was dancing with his eyes closed and they were all singing and dancing around him."

At this point the Riminover stopped the old man, exclaiming that now he understood everything. The tall man in the middle with a face red like fire was none other the Rebbe R' Elimelech of Lizensk. He explained that it is well known that whoever even just caught a glimpse of Reb Elimelech's face would not be able to leave the world until he had done teshuva.

So, the Rebbe turned towards the old man and started to explain to him in a gentle fatherly way how Hashem created the world, and how everything in it was put there for our benefit. He described the beauty of the creation, how every aspect of it is perfect, existing together in total harmony. Then he began to explain the nature of the Jewish soul. He described how every Jew is like one soul, we are only separated by the physical bodies that we bear.

Later, Hashem gave us the Torah and its mitzvos, specific instruction for serving Him and understanding His will. The old Jew sat and listened but didn't utter a sound. So, the Rebbe continued. He began to describe how we were given the Shabbos to further bring ourselves closer to Him. We welcome the Shabbos, and the Divine Presence comes to us, and so to speak, sits at our table together with us, sharing our food and our company.

At this point the old Jew turned his head and stared dreamily out the window. A moment passed and he let out a deep sigh. The Riminover (who was a Kohen) quickly left the room. The old Jew heaved one more sigh of remorseful repentance and left this world - for the world to come.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Toldot 5782 email of Rabbi Dovid Caro’s Inspired by a Story.*

**A Tale of Two Butchers**

**By**[**Sori Block**](https://www.chabad.org/search/keyword_cdo/kid/23905/jewish/Block-Sori.htm)

Melbourne has often been named one of the most livable cities in the world. Lesser known, but most important, is that this “shtetl” is famous for its kindness—it’s *hachnasat orchim*—generously hosting and caring for its guests, and for the enormous compassion that the people have for each other.

Twenty years ago, the local kosher butcher shop, Continental [Kosher](https://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/aid/113424/jewish/Kosher.htm), had a fire. Unfortunately, a good deal of their supplies and equipment were burned beyond use.

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**Art by Sefira Ross**

Yankel Unfanger, the owner of Melbourne Kosher Butcher, did not hesitate to immediately offer space in his own butcher shop so that Continental Kosher could continue its business by selling their goods out of his store. Of course, Continental Kosher was extremely grateful and took him up on his offer.

Pause.

Imagine that you sell fruit. Do you want people to buy fruit from your store? Of course, you do! Would you allow another person to sell the same product in your store? Of course not! People might end up liking his quality of produce more and start buying their Golden Delicious apples from the other person.

Nevertheless, this was not the thought process of this holy Jew.

**Guess What Happened 20 Years Later**

Fast-forward 20 years later.

Melbourne Kosher Butcher has a fire! It was a crazy story. It began from an electrical fire. People called to offer help. Some brought money, some even brought flowers.

Solomon’s Kosher Butcher, another butcher in town, offered help, but since they are moving locations, it wasn’t practical.

In comes Steven Lewis from Continental Kosher Butcher (who had the fire 20 years ago) to the rescue! He offered space in his shop and anything else that he could do to help his fellow Jew and former savior, Yankel Unfanger.

His offer was kindly and gratefully accepted.

Pirkei Avot,*Ethics of our Fathers*, teaches: “If I am only for myself, who am I?” (Avot 1:14). We can only grow in this world by giving to others.

The butchers of Melbourne not only shared their livelihood, they shared their pots and pans, space and time. They had a charitable and abundant mindset, realizing that if I give, I am G‑dly. They understood the meaning of everything coming from G‑d. The more we give of ourselves, the more [G‑d](https://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/aid/433240/jewish/God.htm) will give to us, and it doesn’t take anything away from us.

We can sometimes worry that if we give to others, then we will have less for ourselves. But in truth, the more charitable we are—the more we open the flow—the channel of abundance comes our way.

Melbourne, Australia, is ahead of its time. I am guessing that when the Redemption dawns, one of these two butcher shops is where it will all begin, with these two holy men spearheading the way.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Vayeitzei 5782 email of Chabad.Org Magazine.*

**Loyalty Rewarded**

**By Rabbi Dovid Goldwasser**

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**Burial place of Rav**

**Tzvi Hirsch Horowitz, zt”l**

Rav Tzvi Hirsch Horowitz, the chief rabbi of Chortkov, had been saving money for a long time to pay for his daughter’s wedding expenses. He had managed to save over 500 golden coins, a very large sum, which he kept in a special purse hidden in his shtender, which he used for davening every day.

On the night before Pesach, when R’ Tzvi Hirsch Horowitz searched the house for chametz, he discovered that the purse was missing. People speculated about the chief rabbi’s gabbai, Meir, who had recently moved to a different city where he opened a grocery store and was doing well. They wondered where he had attained the means to open a store, and suspected him of taking the coins for himself.

**Rabbi’s Family Suspected**

**The Former Gabbai**

R’ Tzvi Hirsch, who considered every person meritorious and thought well of everyone, refused to entertain such accusations about his former gabbai, who had been a loyal employee and had served him devotedly for so many years. He told everyone that it was forbidden to suspect an innocent person. However, his family members insisted that he was highly suspect, and R’ Tzvi finally acquiesced and agreed to go speak with his former gabbai.

R’ Tzvi Hirsch traveled to the city where Meir had settled. Meir was ecstatic to see the rabbi and was sure that he had come to wish him well in his new venture. Meir was therefore surprised when R’ Tzvi brought up the matter of the missing purse. The gabbai realized that he was suspected of stealing the money, and he immediately confessed that he had needed some money to open the store and had been unable to resist the Evil Inclination. He offered the chief rabbi 200 golden coins on the spot, with a promise to repay the rest of the money over the next six months.

**The Real Thief was the Maid**

But it was not the gabbai who had taken the money. A maid who had been working in R’ Tzvi Hirsch’s home had found the purse and given it to her husband. When some time had passed and no one seemed to be looking for the missing money, they began to spend the coins.

The husband went to a bar and bought drinks for everyone, paying with one of the gold coins. When asked where he had come into this fortune, he claimed that he had found it. The next week, he once again paid for all the drinks and said he had found the coin.

**The Bar Owner Spoke to the Judge**

The story did not sound credible to the bar owner, and he spoke to the judge in town, who advised that if the customer became intoxicated, he would surely reveal the secret. The bar owner did as instructed and the man disclosed that when his wife had been a maid in the home of the chief rabbi she had discovered the purse of gold coins in the lectern and had stolen it.

**Found the Purse**

**With the Gold Coins**

When the judge heard about this, he immediately sent soldiers to the man’s home, where they found the purse with gold coins. The judge notified the chief rabbi of the turn of events and the purse was returned to its rightful owner.

Confounded by his gabbai’s response, R’ Tzvi Hirsch traveled back to the gabbai. “Why did you say you had stolen my purse when you had nothing to do with it?” he asked.

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**Mayer Amschel Rothschild**

The former gabbai explained that he had wanted to relieve the chief rabbi’s distress and angst, so he took the responsibility for the loss of the purse.

Rav Tzvi Hirsch Horowitz apologized profusely for allowing any suspicion of Meir to gain traction and begged for his forgiveness. He then gave him a very special bracha that in the merit of his actions he and his entire family should enjoy tremendous

wealth, great honor and respect for many generations.

Because of his loyalty, respect and extraordinary honor for his rabbi, Meir became the great Baron Rothschild, whose wealth is legendary.

*Reprinted from the October 22, 2021 website of The Jewish Press.*

**The Luzzatto High Holiday Mahzor**



Sold at a recent October Sotheby’s Judaica auction for $8,307,000 (not including applicable taxes), this Mahzor was written by a sofer (Jewish scribe) in either the late 13th or early 14th Century in Southern Germany.