**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas Va’eira 5782**

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**Angels in Action in Netanya**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

**editor@ascentofsafed.com**



**Fancy Restaurant in Netanya**

When we were children, our family used to go on a big vacation holiday once a year. Since our family did not have a car, my father hired a minivan for the trip. In order to save unnecessary expenses, we prepared all the food for the journey, and my father told us what the itinerary would be, as well as what the budget of the trip was.

One reason he did this is so that we wouldn’t ask him in the middle of the trip for all sorts of extras that he hadn’t budgeted for. My parents were not miserly, but they were responsible and planned financial matters carefully. They simply didn’t like squandering money, but they made sure we had everything we need.

My parents are very special, good people who give us their heart and soul, and gave us everything we needed - not necessarily everything we wanted, but everything we needed and which they thought was good for us, even if we might have disagreed and, at the time, not liked them for it!

**Headed for Tiberias**

So anyway, we set off on the trip, headed for Tiverya [Tiberias] and the Kinneret Lake [Sea of Galilee] where we planned on going on a boat trip. On the way, we stopped off, as planned, at Netanya, so that we could take a break and eat next to the sea. When we were close to the promenade, one of my brothers needed to go to the toilet. My father started to drive around looking for a place.

There were many restaurants, but my father was looking for a kosher one. We didn’t understand why, so he explained that if we’d enter a non-kosher restaurant it would be a chilul Hashem [disgrace for G-d] when people would see chareidi Jews going into it - they might think we were going inside to eat.

When my father found a kosher restaurant, he parked the minivan and went inside with my brother. As they entered, a waitress asked my father how many they were, assuming they were coming to eat. My father replied, “My son just needs a toilet.”

She hesitated a bit, and then said, “Ok, fine.”

They entered, my father waited in the restaurant. After two minutes, just as my brother came out the bathroom, the head waiter saw this and understood immediately that they hadn’t entered the restaurant to eat.

**The Head Waiter Began Screaming Out of Control**

He began to scream, “This is a restaurant, not a public toilet! With whose permission did you enter?”

My father and brother didn’t answer, and the head waiter continued to scream, “You are religious people! How can you allow yourselves to use a toilet without permission?!”

My father was now in a big mess. On the one hand, he could have just said, “Mister, you’re making a mistake. I entered with permission from the waitress by the door.”

However, he knew that if he would say this, he would cause her harm. After all, she had helped him. It would be a lack of appreciation, and also lashon hara [evil speech].

From the corner of his eye, he could see she was afraid of what would happen next. On the other hand, what was happening right then was a chillul Hashem. The waiters and also all the diners who had heard the screams might think that he had really used the bathroom without permission.

So how could he get out of this predicament without harming the waitress who let them in?

My father was a student of Rav Avraham Ganichovski (1936-2012); he learned with him in Slobodka Yeshiva in Bnei Brak. Rav Ganichovski was a wise man with a noble soul. He would always say, “Every problem can be solved 90% with intellect, and if not, one can add another 10% of good character traits.”



**Rabbi Avraham Ganichovski**

So, then my father thought about what Rav Ganichovski would do, and within a few seconds he had an idea.

“My dear sir,” he began, “a pity you’re angry at us for nothing. We are planning to eat here. And not only the two of us; all of my family are just about to enter.”

**My Father Didn’t Lie**

(My father didn’t lie. He didn’t say we had planned to eat there, but that we are planning.)

The head waiter quickly apologized, “Oh, sorry, I apologize. Please understand. There are people who enter without permission just to use the toilets, and I thought by mistake…”

“That’s fine,” my father said, “don’t worry about it. Just tell us where to sit.”

“How many are you?” he asked.

“Nine” my father replied, and with that he sent my brother to run to the minivan and tell everyone to come into the restaurant.

“Come,” my brother said, “We’re going to eat in the restaurant!”

“What?! A restaurant? How?” we all asked. It wasn’t on the plan, AND, we had never eaten in a restaurant, not ever! My brother quickly explained to them what happened, and everyone hurried into the restaurant.

**We Wondered What Might Have to Be Sacrificed**

Already as we were going in, we were talking about whether it would be

at the expense of the other activities of the trip - it wasn’t planned, which means it wasn’t on the budget! And if so, would it be at the expense of the boat trip or the jeeps? We knew that my father always kept to the budget.

On the other hand, eating in a restaurant was an novel and exciting activity. We entered the restaurant and found the waiters joining together tables.

Everyone sat down and tried to behave in a dignified way, not to speak loudly, etc. Then a waiter came and asked us what we wanted to order.

Not used to eating in a restaurant, my father wasn’t sure, so the waiter showed him the menus, and the sorts of things they could order.

After the initial shock of seeing the prices, my parents began to order dishes that would satisfy everyone.

It really was an exciting activity for us! We felt like kings, with special dishes and drinks. The little kids even did their best to eat nicely (without using their hands). Just seeing my parents, who are so careful with how they spend their money, sitting in a restaurant was an experience in itself!

**Surprised by a Desert of Cakes and Ice Cream**

Then, toward the end of the meal, we suddenly noticed all the waiters including the head waiter, and someone else who appeared to be the manager of the restaurant, coming out the kitchen in a line, and each one was carrying a dessert - cakes and ice cream! with sparklers on them. It was very showy and we looked around to see to which important diner they were going. But they came to our table!

They surrounded it, and then in a rehearsed movement, put down all the desserts on our table!

“What’s this?” my father said. “I think there’s been a mistake. We didn’t order dessert.”

“That’s fine,” said the manager, “You indeed didn’t order it, and you don’t need to pay for it. This is a gift from the restaurant’s staff, to you and your special family.”

He then sat down next to my father, while the rest of the waiters remained standing.

“Listen,” he said. “After you began eating, one of my waiters noticed that the waitress who greets people by the door was crying. He said that he went to her and asked what happened, but she didn’t want to answer, but when he pressed her, she said nervously what had happened, and that she had given you permission to enter the toilets, and so on. She said that when the head waiter started to scream, she was sure that you would say you had got permission from her and she would end up losing her job. She was already thinking where else she could work!

Then to her shock, she saw that you had decided to eat in the restaurant with all your family, just so she wouldn’t be harmed.” Then, related the manager, she started to cry again! This time, she explained that, in all her life she’s never seen anyone behave like this, and with such consideration for others. No one had ever done anything like that for her, Nor had she ever heard of anyone doing such a thing for anybody else.

**Everyone in the Kitchen was Very Inspired and Impressed**

“So, as you were eating,” said the manager, “everyone here in the kitchen was very inspired and impressed by what happened. So, this is our gift to you, with all our heart. We all think you are special unique family. And your children can be proud to have such a father.”

Then the waitress came and thanked my father.

So, then we finished eating and they came with the bill. My father opened the holder and saw there was no bill. Instead, there was a card on which was written that next time we would eat there, we would receive 50% off.

My father called the manager and thanked him for the discount for the future occasion, and then quickly asked, “But what about the bill for this time?”

The manager said, “You don’t need to pay. It’s free. Our policy in this restaurant is not to take money from angels!”

**Continuing on Our Trip to Tiverya**

We left the restaurant and continued on our trip to Tiverya, and were able to do all the activities that had been planned. But we knew that the activity that we had at the restaurant was unique and we would not experience anything like it again. I’m not talking about the food, though of course it was very tasty, but that my father, with his wisdom and good character, was able to think about someone else, even someone he had no relationship with (the young waitress). He showed appreciation to her, for her helping his son.

And he prevented a chilul Hashem, (which is what his original intent was when he looked for a kosher restaurant). Instead, he made a big Kiddush Hashem [sanctification of G-d].

All this was years ago. I have since married and have a boy. I don’t know if I will be able to raise my children as my parents raised me, but I know for what to aim.

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Source: This story first appeared in 2019 in the weekly newsletter, “Heichal Hamelech,” which is distributed here in Israel. Submitted by one of our readers, it was adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles.

Connection: The angels disguised as humans, only appeared to be eating [see Gen. 18:8 with Rashi (end).]

*Reprinted from the Parshat Vayeira 5782 email of Kabalaonline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed.*

**Rav Moshe and the Long-Distance Phone Call**

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An American couple was living in Eretz Yisroel a number of years ago. The young man was learning in Kollel in Yerushalayim, and when a Halachic Shailah (question) came up in his home, he decided to call the Gadol HaDor, Rav Moshe Feinstein, zt”l, to receive a response.

Although he was fully aware that there was a time difference between Israel and New York, in his haste and excitement to hear an answer from Rav Moshe, he forgot to take this into account when he placed his call. It was ten o’clock in the morning in Israel when he decided to make the call, but he did not realize that it was three o’clock in the morning in New York City, where Rav Moshe lived.

He dialed the number, and after a few rings, Rav Moshe answered the telephone and said hello. Without much introduction, the young man asked his Shailah, which took a few minutes to explain in detail. When he paused, and waited for an answer, he was puzzled when instead of responding, Rav Moshe excused himself and asked the young man to hold on for a few minutes.

The young man thought, “Does the great Gaon need to refer to Seforim? Everyone knows that he responds to difficult questions within seconds, as he has the entire Torah at his fingertips!” The man waited on hold for close to five minutes, all the while wondering if perhaps, he made a mistake calling all the way to New York, when he probably could have found one of the great Poskim in Israel to answer his question on the spot.

Just then, Rav Moshe returned to the telephone. He gave his answer and clearly explained his Psak. The young man asked one or two more questions to get a better understanding, and Rav Moshe clarified all of the details without hesitating. Then, right before hanging up, Rav Moshe asked the caller for his name and where he was calling from. This surprised the Kollel man, for it is highly unusual for a Rav to request personal information about one who has a personal question. He gave his name and address, but he continued to wonder why the great Rav needed this information.

It took a number of weeks for him to find out. One day the young man received an air-mail envelope from New York. Inside, was a check from Rav Moshe Feinstein, along with a note of explanation. “When you called me at three o’clock in the morning,” Rav Moshe wrote, “I had been sleeping. After you told me your Shailah, I had to take a little time out to wash my hands and recite Birchas HaTorah before responding to your question.

“Although I know you were prepared to pay for the phone call, I feel responsible for the time that I kept you waiting, because that time was used for my own benefit so that I should not talk in learning before reciting the Brachah. Therefore, I am sending you a check to cover the cost of approximately five minutes-worth of a long-distance phone call!”

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

**How to Bribe a Hostile Government Official**

**By Rabbi Mordechai Levine**

During World War I, the Chofetz Chaim, zt”l, and his yeshiva moved to a small city in Russia, Smulovitz. The Russian official in control of that area created many problems for the yeshiva.

The Chofetz Chaim advised that they should offer this official a large sum of money to leave them alone, which they tried, but he refused. When the delegation reported back to the Chofetz Chaim, he asked if they had really urged the official to take the money.



**The Chofetz Chaim, zt”l**

For Eisav had also not wanted to accept all the lavish presents that Yaakov had sent him, but it was only after Yaakov urged Eisav to accept them, that he did. They went back to the Russian official, begged and urged him to take the large sum of money, and he eventually acquiesced. From that day on, the attitude of the official changed. He became a friend of the Jews, and was especially close with the yeshiva.

    Another time, the Chofetz Chaim said that when presenting an official with a monetary gift, the money should be given in small bills, which will look like a lot more money. This is just as Yaakov did, as he told the Angels to leave a space between each drove of animals that he was sending as a present to Eisav, in order to give it an even larger appearance (Rashi to Bereishis 32:17).

*Reprinted from the Vayishlach 5782 email of Reb Mendel Berlin’s Torah Sweets.*

**Funny, He Didn’t**

**“Look” Jewish**

**Submitted by: Marnie MacCauley**

Santa is in Macy’s department store, when a small girl sits on his lap. Santa says:

"Ho Ho Ho. What’s your name, little girl, and what do you want for Xmas?"

“Patty, and I’d like a Beanie Baby, please.”

“OK. Now, take a gift from my toy sack."

Next, Santa asks a little boy: "What’s your name and what do you want for Xmas?"

"Peter. I want a laser baseball."

“Fine. Take a present from my toy sack."

Another boy steps up. "What’s your name and what do want for Xmas?"

"Irving and I'm Jewish. I’m not allowed to ask Santa for anything."

Santa pointed to his toy sack and whispers, "Nem tzvay" [take two].

*Reprinted from the Likutei Shmuel for Parshat Vayechi email edited by Sam. Eisikovits.*

**The Other Side of the Coin**

[**As Told to T. Gestetner**](https://www.jewishpress.com/author/as-told-to-t-gestetner/)



It all began on Sunday morning, two weeks ago, when little Shmully came running to tell me that he had dropped a coin in the kitchen sink. I don’t know where he found that dime, but now it was no longer.

I checked the sink. As water ran from the tap, it bubbled as it slowly went down the pipe, obviously blocked by that coin. My husband tried snaking the pipe, but he couldn’t get the little bit of metal to budge. “I’ll try again in the morning,” he said, hoping that time would work its magic.

**Lack of a Kitchen Sink was**

**Becoming a Challenge**

Running a household without a kitchen sink was a challenge, but I refrained from using it for another few hours. Next try at amateur plumbing didn’t work well either.

My husband was stalling before calling a professional. Ever since he lost his job, we were tight, financially speaking, and a house visit would be an extra burden on our faltering budget. As it was, I was finding it challenging to keep my spirits up.

**Beyond the Point of Despair**

By Tuesday morning, I was near despair. “How much longer should I wait?” I asked my husband. “I can’t go on without a sink for too much longer.”

He advised me to try using the sink in the meantime. Sure enough, it was working. We just needed to be patient and let the water do its thing. It was annoying, especially when washing dishes. I had to take breaks after rinsing every two or three pieces, otherwise the sink would begin to fill up.

**There Seemed to be No Choice**

There seemed to be no choice. We needed a plumber.

That afternoon, I called the man who had been to our house a number of times before. He couldn’t come right away but put us in for the following morning. But when Wednesday came, he called to cancel for emergency reasons. My desperation level was rising.

On Thursday, as I stuck my hand into the water-filled sink to shift the strainer, I felt my ring loosen. I

pulled my hand out of the water and gasped. My diamond ring was gone! I shrieked as my precious ring made its way through the slimy pipe into the dark unknown.

My husband, who spends his days at home now, came right over. We contemplated our options and ended up calling a plumber from a highly recommended team, in hope that the ring could be retrieved. Deep down, I knew my chances of being reunited with my precious ring were slim.

Yet, sure enough, that little annoying coin stuck in the pipe turned out to be the “refuah l’fnei hamakah” – Hashem had prepared the cure before sending the misfortune. Two little items were pulled out of our sink drain that day and I felt I was surrounded by His love. It was my little hug in the midst of such challenging times, a little wink reassuring me that better times are on the horizon. I just better hold on tight and daven for our salvation to come soon.

*As reprinted from the December 12, 2021 website of the Jewish Press highlighting Lessons in Emunah.*

**The Brisker Rav and Food**

**On the Ship to Eretz Yisroel**



Horav Reuven Karlinstein, zl, relates that during his escape from Europe to Eretz Yisrael, the Brisker Rav, zl, refused to eat the food that was served on the ship because of his kashrus concerns.

After a few days of travel, one of the sailors on the ship approached the Rav and said, “Kavod haRav, I have a solution for his Honour. We catch the fish daily from the ocean. The Rav can easily check for signs of kashrus (fins and scales). Fish do not require ritual slaughter, so the Rav can eat.”

The Rav listened, then asked, “What about preparation? How will the fish be cooked?”

The sailor replied that they had a brand new pot in the ship’s galley which had never been used. It was, thus, kosher.

The Rav replied, “This might suffice for the young children. It is necessary, however, to have a Jew light the fire; otherwise, it is bishul akum, cooked by a non-Jew, rendering it rabbinically kashrus deficient.”

“Rebbe, I am Jewish! I will be happy to light the flame and prepare the fish for his honour.”

“If that is the case,” replied the Rav, “it all makes sense. I would not understand why a gentile would be concerned whether I eat or not. Now that you inform me that you are Jewish, I am able to eat. Thank you for enabling me.”

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

**‘A Companion in Faith’ – 'באמונה חברותא'**

**By S.Z.**

We are two friends in severe financial distress to try to knock on doors of donors abroad, to gather pennies to try to rehabilitate our homes. My friend is sharp and witty and wound like a tight spring, while I am calm and peaceful, and my mind is settled.

I explained to him that everything is already arranged Above, and all we have to do is try, and not gather even one penny in haste. He replied that his quick wit and sharp tongue will collect more money than I will, and if I am so sure that everything is from Above and we do not have to try too hard, then I should let him go first into shuls and houses and I will go after him, and we will see who gets more.

I explained to him that I will try, but not overly hard… first I will daven and leave time for my learning, and I will also collect… After he pressured me, I agreed to let him go first and I was ready for whatever I received. He was excited by the challenge and collected vigorously, and I after him.

He left, and only then I went in. He showed that vigor pays off. He collected $120 and I got $26, about a fourth of his. The truth is that I was anxious, perhaps I was wrong, but I strengthened trust in Hashem since one creature does not encroach on another as long as I am not lazy.

I continued confident in the Creator. He went around happy and goodhearted with a look of a winner. His smile lasted all morning as he finished his rounds. I went into shul after him, going around simply without a sharp tongue and witty

comeback, when one of daveners handed me a thick envelope. I thanked him warmly and continued to go around shul.



Once outside, I opened the envelope and counted the money. It had $5,500. The smile was wiped off his face and started questioning me; Who gave it to me? How did I ask? What did I tell him that he opened his heart? I told him that I did not do anything, I went around shul like usual and the man gave me the envelope.

He could not believe what happened, I collected more in one time. My friend rushed back in, went to the man, and got a small amount. As I mentioned, he is brash, so he asked why his friend got so much and he got a few pennies. The man calmly replied that he had received a great salvation and he accepted on himself to give the amount to tzedakah, and he made up his mind to give it to the first person who asked. My friend asked him where he was when he went around the shul and he did not see him? The man said he had just gone to the bathroom. My friend took the story to heart and learned a lesson that everything is truly from Above and rushing and jumping does not help at all. He got a lesson in bitachon, and I received encouragement in bitachon. צ

*Reprinted from the Parshas Mikeitz 5782 email of Tiv Hakehila*

**Finding a Chief Rabbi for the Community of Frankfurt**

The Jewish community of Frankfurt was in mourning for their beloved Chief Rabbi. The rabbi had no heir, but he hadn’t left his flock entirely without recourse. A few days before he died, he called in the Jewish leaders and instructed them to find a replacement. The potential candidate would have to pass a test consisting of three complicated and difficult questions, involving very deep Torah concepts.

The one who answers them all should be appointed the Rabbi of Frankfurt. A delegation was chosen of three of the most distinguished leaders of the community, and they set out to find their candidate. As a major Jewish center, Frankfurt required a scholar with the highest level of piety and erudition.

The first city the delegation arrived at was Krakow, which boasted many Torah scholars. Surely it wouldn’t be too difficult to find someone there who could answer the three questions. On the day they arrived they learned that a great celebration would be taking place that evening. The son of one of the wealthiest Jews in Krakow was becoming Bar Mitzvah, and the entire community was invited, including the Frankfurt delegation.

In the middle of the festivities the Bar Mitzvah boy stood up to deliver a speech, as is customary. The hall fell silent as everyone listened attentively. The boy’s sermon was very deep, revealing an unusual mastership of Torah knowledge and proficiency. It was, in short, the most impressive Bar Mitzvah speech that anyone had ever heard.

The boy began with three difficult problems - when the members of the delegation realized that they were the same three questions the rabbi had raised, they looked at one another in amazement. They could hardly believe it when the boy proceeded to answer them skillfully one by one. All of the guests were impressed, but the members of the delegation could barely contain their excitement. Clearly, the hand of G-d had steered them in the right direction.

All they had to do was find the tutor who had prepared the boy for his Bar Mitzvah. Whoever he was, it was obvious that he must serve as the next Rabbi of Frankfurt. Indeed, it wasn’t difficult to locate the boy’s teacher. As they learned from the boy’s father, his name was Reb Yosef Shmuel the Melamed. They found Reb Yosef Shmuel in a corner of the study hall surrounded by little boys.

The teacher was dressed simply and rather poorly, and they waited for him to conclude his lesson before they approached him. They told him about the passing of their rabbi, and the three questions he had established as a test for his successor. They offered him the position. They were shocked when R’ Yosef Shmuel declined their offer most adamantly. He wasn’t looking for honor or glory, he explained, and he already had a job as a teacher from which he derived great satisfaction. Politely but firmly he turned them down.

All their pleas fell on deaf ears. They begged and implored the teacher, and even promised him an impressive salary, but to no avail. R’ Yosef Shmuel could not be budged. The members of the delegation prepared to leave Krakow, dejected and forlorn. They had just left the outskirts of the city when their carriage broke down, and for several hours they had no choice but to wait until it was repaired.

All of a sudden a messenger caught up with them; he had come directly from R’ Yosef Shmuel on a special mission. The messenger revealed that the melamed had suddenly taken ill, and in a few short hours had arrived at death’s door. Indeed, the doctor who was summoned asserted that he was suddenly on borrowed time. When R’ Yosef Shmuel heard this, he cried out, “Master of the Universe! If You really want me to serve as Rabbi of Frankfurt, I’ll do it!”

No sooner had he uttered these words than the mysterious illness began to dissipate. A messenger was immediately dispatched to intercept the delegation from Frankfurt and inform them of his decision.

The joy of the Frankfurt community knew no bounds. Divine Providence had clearly demonstrated that R’ Yosef Shmuel was meant to be their leader, and he was formally appointed Chief Rabbi of the city a short time later. And everyone marveled at the prophetic vision of their previous Chief Rabbi, who had provided his flock with such a worthy successor.

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

**The Cries of the**

**Moroccan Tzadik**

**By Rabbi Dovid Goldwasser**

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**Rabbi Raphael Baruch Toledano**

R’ Raphael Baruch Toledano, the Rav of Meknes in Morocco, devoted his life to fighting against the anti-Torah sentiments that abounded in Morocco.

When a new school system was instituted, R’ Toledano immediately perceived their nefarious plan to eliminate Torah learning within the communities of Morocco. To counter their attempts and stem the tide of assimilation, R’ Toledano established yeshivos throughout Morocco.

One Shabbos, R’ Toledano heard that the city of Oujda, near the border of Algeria, had no Talmud Torah and the children were in imminent danger of joining the new “school system.” He immediately made plans with his good friend, R’ Yitzchak Ochana, to travel to Oujda by train on motzoei Shabbos.

When R’ Yitzchak arrived at his house that night, he saw that R’ Toledano had taken ill. He was lying in bed, and his children were trying to discourage him from leaving his bed. However, as soon as R’ Toledano saw R’ Yitzchak, he jumped out of his bed like a lion and said, “The entire city of Oujda is waiting for us to

come. The pure Torah education of our children is hanging in the balance.

“Now is not the time for me to remain in bed.”

He quickly put on his coat and left the house. The train was full, and the two rabbis sat on the steps of the car all through the night. When dawn broke and they arrived at their destination, they met with the dignitaries of the community to hammer out a plan for the formation of a yeshiva for the young people.

R’ Baruch spoke of the importance of teaching Torah, especially to the younger generations, and he outlined the inherent menace of the “new school system.” But when he concluded his presentation, the people present began to offer all the reasons that it would be difficult for them to form their own yeshiva. The community felt that they could not compete with the new school, and they did not have the necessary funds to establish their own yeshiva in Oujda.

**Began to Cry Bitter Tears**

R’ Baruch listened to everything, and then began to cry bitter tears. The people wanted to know why he was crying. After all, they had not said that the cause was unimportant; they just felt it could not be done.

“I’m not crying for you,” said R’ Baruch; “I’m crying for myself. Our Sages tell us (Brachos 6b), ‘Any person who has the fear of Heaven, his words are heard.’ I am afraid that I don’t have fear of Heaven (yiras Shamayim). The guilt is mine and my plan for a yeshiva will not be fulfilled.”

When the people of Oujda heard these words, many began to weep, and an irrevocable decision was made to build the yeshiva immediately.

*Reprinted from the December 16, 2021 website of The Jewish Press.*

**How to Show Your**

**Gratitude to Klal Yisroel**

When R’ Yosef Shalom Elyashiv z”l, the great sage and posek, recovered from one of his last surgeries, well into his 90’s, he commented to a rabbi that he felt a tremendous debt of gratitude to the entire Jewish People. “I know it is because of their prayers that I merited a successful operation, and I need to repay them somehow. But how can I repay everyone?”

The Rabbi nodded sympathetically.

“What I can do, though,” continued the gadol, with determination in his voice, “is get up earlier to learn Torah, for when one learns Torah, that helps everyone!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Shemos 5782 email of Jonathan Gewirtz’s Midgal Ohr.*