**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas bechukosai 5782**

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**Gam Zu L’Tova**



 A Yid from Haifa took his kids to the Rav Kav office to get them new bus cards. When he arrived, they asked him for their ID cards. He usually kept them in his regular weekday jacket. For some reason he came with a different jacket and he forgot to take them.

 He turned to his children and asked them, “What does Hashem want us to say now?”

 They replied, "Gam zu l'tova!”

 They left and sat down on a nearby bench and enjoyed the beautiful view. When the father wanted to stand up, he felt that his jacket was partially stuck to the bench. He realized that he had sat down on fresh paint. He turned to his children and said, “This too is gam zu l’tova!”

 He told them it was hashgacha pratis that he didn't wear his weekday jacket that had the ID cards because that jacket he had just recently bought for 500 shekel! However, the jacket he was wearing now was old and cheap! He also added, “B"H I didn't lift up my jacket when I sat down, as I usually do (it was a long jacket), because then my new pants would have also gotten ruined!”

 What an amazing lesson he taught his kids! [Kav Hashgacha Pratis]

*Reprinted from the Parshas Emor 5782 email of The Spring Hill Times.*

**The Engineer Makes a Stop**

**By Rabbi Mendel Weinbach zt”l.**

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 The following is a true story about an engineer of a train in the Israel Railways. One day, as this engineer was alighting from the engine he had driven to its destination, he saw a very religious looking person running towards him.

 His first thought was that this relic of the past was coming to complain about the speed of the train. To his pleasant surprise the fellow told him he simply wanted to thank him for driving the train which brought him to where he wanted to be.

 “For so many years,” the engineer said to himself, "I have been driving trains and no one ever thought of saying thanks to me. If observance of Judaism teaches a person to have such sensitivity and appreciation of others, then I better take a look at what it can do for me." (This led the engineer to make a full return to Torah and Mitzvos.)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Kedoshim 5782 edition of Menucha Magazine. Special thanks to Ohr Somayach Institutions www.ohr.edu for the article*

A Jewish Mother

**A Jewish Mother**

**By Rabbi Paysach Krohn**

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**Rabbi Yaniv Meirov and Rabbi Ilan Meirov**

 Chazaq, a New York based organization run by brothers Rabbi Ilan and Rabbi Yaniv Meirov and, amongst a plethora of projects, aimed at developing and deepening public school children’s exposure and commitment to a Torah life, has helped and inspired hundreds of thousands of Jews.

 I remember hearing from Rabbi Ilan Meirov about his mother, Shoshana, and the type of indelible impact she made on her children. She had grown up in Uzbekistan and, after many years, moved to Israel, where she eventually went on to marry her husband, Moshe.

 They were traditional, but not very fluent in Judaism. They later moved to America, where they raised three sons – Shlomo, Ilan and Yaniv. Mrs. Meirov wanted to enroll her children in Jewish schools, so she began looking into one school which she thought might be a good fit. But after vising the school, she just didn’t have the feeling that it would suit her boys.

 She didn’t feel the warmth of Torah and Yiddishkeit that she was looking to imbue her children with. The truth was, she was right. She began then looking around her own close neighborhood for another school, and was told about Ohr Yisrael. When she walked into the school, she was mesmerized by the sound and sight of authentic Yiddishkeit. She then entered the main office and began speaking with the principal, Rabbi Sheya Geltzhaler.

 Rabbi Geltzhaler knew that her children didn’t have a strong Torah background up to this point, and in fact, in the younger grades, the classes were in Yiddish, which certainly would be difficult for the boys to catch on to at this point. Rabbi Geltzhaler, knowing this, began explaining that it would likely not be the best fit for her children.

 Realizing this, her heart began breaking and tears streamed down her cheeks. She didn’t know what would happen with her kids. How would they make it as Jewish children? Who would guide them?

 Rabbi Geltzhaler then looked at Mrs. Meirov and said, without hesitation, “Your boys are accepted.” And he did … because she was trying and wanted authentic Yiddishkeit for her children. The boys flourished, and Ilan and Yaniv have developed into marbitzei Torah, those who spread the beauty and breadth of Torah, near and far.

 With hundreds of Torah classes and thousands of Jewish children being given a Torah education, they have achieved so much. And where did it all begin? With Rabbi Geltzhaler, and with Mrs. Meirov crying for her children to be given a Torah education.

 In the Haggadah, we say, in reference to the last child, the child who doesn’t know, “At p’tach lo” – You (in feminine form following the guidelines of Hebrew grammar) initiate the conversation for him.”

 The Jewish mothers are those who help their children find their way through Jewish life and Torah commitment. The Jewish mothers are the ones who, true to their name of “Em,” whose letters of aleph and mem refer to the span of time from Adam to Moshiach, will help their children grow from their youth into paragons of Jewish integrity and Torah commitment, and with that, herald the final redemption.

*Reprinted from the Pesach 5782 Torahanytimes Newletter.*

**Chacham Moshe**

**& The Great Sinner**

 An incredible story is recorded in Sefer Ta’amei HaMinhagim. In the city of Guadalajara, Spain, there lived a man who sinned without shame. He flaunted his wickedness, and no Aveirah was too big or too small for him, and he enjoyed and even reveled in his status as a Rasha.

 The great Spanish Chacham and Mekubal, Rabbeinu Moshe De-Leon, zt”l, lived in Guadalajara at that time, and on one occasion, this wicked man jokingly asked him if there was any remedy for his Aveiros.

 Chacham Moshe told him that the only atonement is for him to accept upon himself the judgment of death, and that would be a reparation for his Aveiros.

 Additionally, he would be put to death in a terrible manner, and only with that, will he ultimately receive a share in Gan Eden.

**Laughing, the Sinner Asks to Have a**

**Seat in Gan Eden Next to the Chacham**

 The man laughed. He furthered his joke and told the Chacham that he would agree to die, only if Chacham Moshe would swear to him that he could have a seat in Gan Eden right near Chacham Moshe. And so, Chacham Moshe swore to him. Suddenly, strong hands grabbed the wicked man and blindfolded him. He was ordered to confess his Aveiros publicly, and completely accept upon himself the yoke of Malchus Shamayim, in addition to accepting upon himself death, in exchange for his Aveiros.

 Now, the sinner became very scared. This was no joke anymore, and he began crying out loud, begging for mercy. A pronouncement was made that hot molten lead was to be poured down his throat, burning his insides and killing him horribly, and now, his wails and cries grew louder and louder.

 Realizing that this was his end, he began to sincerely do Teshuvah for his Aveiros. Elderly Talmidei Chachamim gathered around and ordered him to open his mouth, and prepare for the molten lead to be poured in. Crying and begging for mercy, the man opened his mouth in compliance.

**A Full Spoonful of Symbolic Honey**

 Then, a full spoonful of honey was placed into his mouth, and a Pasuk from Yeshaya (6:7) was recited, “V’Sar Avonecha V’Chatosecha Techupar”, “Your Aveirah is removed, and your sins forgiven.”

 The man was in shock. What had just happened? It took a few moments for him to realize, but when he did, he screamed bitterly. “Rabbeinu Moshe, why did you deceive me? Was this all a trick just to make me do Teshuvah? Well, I have repented. Kill me now so I won’t see my destruction. Why should I desire to live ay more after all the Aveiros that I’ve done?”

 Chacham Moshe told him not to be afraid, because Hashem has accepted his Teshuvah. From that moment onward, the man did not stop learning Torah and for the remainder of his life, he did Teshuvah.

 When Chacham Moshe eventually passed away, the Baal Teshuvah cried bitterly that his Rebbi was taken from him, and he Davened that he should quickly follow him, since he now had no Rebbi to guide him.

 A few days later, this man fell ill, and when his death became imminent, he began to cry out, “I am coming to fulfill my Rebbi’s vow!” After he died, many elders of the time saw through a dream how this Baal Teshuvah was sitting next to his Rebbi in Gan Eden, learning Torah with him!

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

***Todah—Thank You,******Hashem***

“And when you slaughter a zevach todah—thanksgiving offering to Hashem… It shall be eaten on that day; do not leave it over until morning (22:29-30).”

 Rabbi Biderman writes in Torah Wellsprings that the Chatam Sofer explains that this passuk describes the mitzvah of thanking Hashem, through its requirement of eating it immediately. Just as we should not wait to eat the korban todah the next day, so too should we not put off thanking Hashem.

 Sometimes, we think bad things happen to us, and later, we look back and discover how that incident really was for our benefit. We are obligated not to wait until we can see in hindsight that the event helped us, rather, we should “eat the korban today” and thank Hashem before the puzzle pieces come together. The Chatam Sofer explained with a story from the Gemara (Nidah 31).

 A merchant was rushing to catch a ship to do business overseas. As he was running to the boat, he accidentally stepped on a thorn. The pain in his foot slowed him down, and by the time he arrived at the port, the boat had already set sail. He was very upset. “If it weren't for the thorn, I would have caught the boat,” he said, disappointed. Later, he found out that the ship had sunk. Now, he praised Hashem for His kindness, for placing the thorn in his path, thereby saving his life.

 Rabbi Biderman continues, [“](https://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/5?session_redirect=true&userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1652364073&cf=sp&randid=766196341)It is easy to praise Hashem in retrospect. Our job is to praise Hashem when things look bad. We must believe that, even then, everything that happens to us is by Hashem's merciful providence and for our own good.” Don’t wait until tomorrow to “eat the [*korban*](https://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/5?session_redirect=true&userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1652364073&cf=sp&randid=766196341).” Thank and praise Hashem today, even for things that might seem “inconvenient” or “unfair.”

*Reprinted from the Parshat Emor 5782 email of Rabbi Jack E. Rahmey as based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.*

**Desperately Trying**

**To Get a Job**



 A young kollel family was having trouble making ends meet. The yungerman wanted very badly to continue studying Torah in kollel undisturbed and his wife, the eishes chayil that she was, wished to support his choice and find a job that would earn them a living.

 The problem was, try as she might, she simply could not find one. She was talented and capable, and tried sending her resume to numerous job offerings she thought might be for her, but nothing came of it. Frustrated in their current situation, they came to the conclusion that they had done their hishtadlus, all that they could, and now it was up to Hashem for the rest.

 One day, the woman was in a store when a young girl asked to borrow her cellphone to make a local call. When no one answered, the girl handed back the phone, thanked her and walked off.

 A few minutes later, the phone rang. “Hello, someone called my number. Were you trying to reach me?”

 The woman, completely forgetting that someone had borrowed her phone a bit earlier, answered with hesitation. “Umm ... it is possible that I contacted you regarding my resume,” was all she could think of to say.

 The pleasant man on the other line asked her about her job description and resume, and then happily referred her to a friend who was looking to fill the position. Boruch Hashem, she got the job!

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

**A Defining Moment**

**In a Child’s Life**

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**Rabbi Yitzchak Hutner**

 The story is not new, but I feel its message is timeless and should be reiterated time and time again. When Horav Yitzchak Hutner, zl, was about seventeen years old, the heretical philosophies of the Haskalah, Enlightenment movement, were being espoused throughout Europe at the expense of young people whose spiritual future was at serious risk.

 The Haskalah promised them respect, opportunities to further themselves both intellectually and financially. No longer would society look down on them disparagingly as beggars and nonentities.

 They would be cultured and contributing members of society. Many young Jewish men and women fell prey to the glitter and promises. The leaders of this mutiny against Torah sought out the brightest and most promising young people, because they would comprise their future.

 Rav Hutner was hounded to join the ranks of the defectors. They made every attempt to wear him down. Finally, they gave him an ultimatum: He must give them an answer the next morning.

 If his response was positive, the world would be his. If it was negative, he could go back and continue being scorned as a parasite.

 When one lives with his other nine siblings under abject poverty conditions and the blandishments are presented in the most alluring and convincing manner, it creates ambiguity within one’s mind.

 Rav Hutner went to sleep. It was a troubled sleep, because he did not know how to get these people out of his life. He was not strong enough – until 4:00 a.m., when he woke with a start.

 His decision had been made – he was continuing to attend yeshivah and on to bais hamedrash. His life would be one long symphony of Torah study. What entered his mind at 4:00 a.m. that had the power to wake him up

and cause him to make such a conclusive decision?

 It was his mother’s love for Torah. He reminisced about eight years earlier, when he had come home from cheder and informed his mother

that his class was making a siyum, concluding the first chapter of Meseches Bava Kamma.

 His mother was beyond excited. The next morning, as he was about to leave for school, he noticed that his mother was wearing her one Shabbos dress, which she had purchased before she got married. His sisters were also bedecked in their Shabbos clothes. He could not understand why they were doing this:

 “Mother, today is neither Pesach nor Shavuos. Why are you dressed in Shabbos clothes?”

 His mother explained, “Today is more important than Pesach and Shavuos. Today you are making a siyum on a perek. Soon you will make a siyum on the next perek, then the entire Meseches, until you finish all of Shas. Is there any greater joy than that?”

 Rav Hutner realised how much Torah meant to his mother. This imbued him with a love of Torah and an ambition to devote the rest of his life to learning and disseminating Torah. His mother met the criteria of l’hazhir: she catalysed the shine of Torah within her child. She illuminated him as a result of the Torah he had learned. She showed him how much Torah meant to her and, by extension, how much it should mean to him. L’hazhir gedolim al ha’ketanim: The adults should light up the lives of their children, as a result of the Torah that they learn.

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

**Not a “Nice” Person?**

 I HEARD THE FOLLOWING STORY from a Shadchan in Yerushalayim who was dealing with a shidduch for his talmid. The talmid was in the process of “going-out”, and the Shadchan was arranging a good time for the two parties to meet. In the course of the conversation, the mother of the girl said something which disturbed the shadchan terribly.

 He could not believe his ears when she said, “He is not a nice person, my daughter is a nice person.” He did not respond to the comment but asked her to repeat it to make sure he was hearing correctly. To his dismay, he heard the same devastating comment again.

 He hung up, and for the rest of the day it was bothering him terribly, especially since this was about his own talmid. He thought to himself, “Firstly, why speak derogatory about another person for no purpose what so ever?! Secondly, if she thinks he is not a nice person, why is she allowing her daughter to go-out with him?!” The whole thing made him very distraught and distressed.

**Another Conversation with the Mother**

 A few days later, he had another conversation with the mother. He could not refrain from asking her for an explanation for her remark. She asked him what comment he was referring to. The shadchan responded, “A few days ago when we were speaking you said to me, “He is not a nice person, my daughter is a nice person”. Why did you say that?”

 The mother told him to hold on a second… When she returned to the phone she told him, “I have to thank you for giving me the best laugh I had in a very long time! She explained to him, “What I said was - “He is not a night person, and my daughter is a night person” …

*Reprinted from the Parshas Emor 5782 email of Eitz Chayim.*

**The Horsey Esrog**

 R’ Mordechai of Neshchiz carefully saved his coins the entire year in order to buy an esrog. On the way to purchase it, he came across a fellow crying bitterly. “What is wrong, my friend?” inquired R’ Mordechai.

 “I am a porter,” replied the downtrodden man as he fought back the tears. “I make my living by hauling goods for people in my wagon. Today, my horse died and now I have no way to support my family.”

**Giving Away His Money**

 R’ Mordechai took out the money he had saved for his esrog and gave it to the man. He told him to buy another horse and blessed him with prosperity.

 R’ Mordechai then turned his gaze Heavenward. “Ribono Shel Olam,” he said. “All Jews will perform the mitzvah of the four species with an esrog, but I will do so with a horse.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Emor 5782 email of Rabbi J. Gewirtz’s Migdal Ohr.*

**The Unusual Brit**

**Milah in a Kibbutz**

**By Rabbi David Bibi**

*Some years back, I told the following story I heard from Rabbi A Leib Sheinbaum of Cleveland, and my friend Mark Raymer, A’H,  mentioned that it sounded typical of Rav Kook who saw the best in everyone and elevated everyone he met.*

 The story takes place in 1945. Rabbi Moshe David Tenenbaum, zl, who was then head of the Vaad HaYeshivos in the Holy Land, went for a vacation in a small village in the north. As he was walking one day, a member of a nearby kibbutz approached him and asked if he could serve as the tenth man for a minyan.

 At first, the rabbi thought the fellow was teasing him, since it was a non-religious kibbutz and prayer with a minyan, was uncommon to say the least. How surprised he was when he arrived at the kibbutz to meet the other members of the minyan. His surprise increased when he discovered that they were not praying, but rather, performing a Brit Milah.

 The mohel, ritual circumciser, was a fellow in shorts, who did not appear to be observant. Nonetheless, the mohel recited the blessings fluently and performed the circumcision flawlessly, with apparent skill.

**The Mohel’s Explanation**

 Immediately following the ceremony, the rabbi approached the mohel and asked him where he had practiced to become such a specialist. The man explained that he used to be a Vishnitzer Chasid and had for years been a mohel in Vishnitz. Upon arriving in Israel, his relationship with Hashem had waned, and once he joined the kibbutz, he had naturally become estranged from Jewish observance. Nonetheless, he still retained his skill as a mohel, which he employed when needed.

 They finished their conversation, and Rav Moshe David was about to leave when the father of the infant came over and made a request: "We have an elderly grandfather who - due to his failing health - was unable to attend the ceremony. I am sure that it would mean the world to him if you could visit with him a moment and extend a blessing of mazel tov."

 Rav Moshe David was only too happy to hearten an elderly Jew. He went to the home and met the grandfather, who was confined to a wheelchair. He sat down next to him and began a conversation. He introduced himself as hailing from Jerusalem where he was a chasid of Karlin. As soon as he mentioned his connection with Karlin, the grandfather's eyes perked up, and he said, "I must tell you a story.

 "I immigrated to Israel from Germany, where I had lived an assimilated lifestyle (as did many German Jews who had fallen under the influence of the scourge of Haskalah, Enlightenment.)

**The Rebbe’s Tisch in Berlin**

One Friday night, my friend informed me that a Chassidic Rebbe - Rabbi Yisrael Perlow, zl, had arrived in Germany for health reasons. Chassidic Rebbes were not common in Germany and certainly not in Berlin. We felt it would be an interesting sight (a Rebbe conducting his Tish, surrounded by his Chassidim around a large table). I already owned a car, so although it was Shabbat, we drove over to where the Rebbe was conducting his Tish.

 "We entered the large room to see the Rebbe about to speak. 'I rarely speak Torah thoughts at the Shabbos Tish,' the Rebbe began. 'Since I am a guest visiting Berlin, however, I will change my custom and say divrei Torah.' That Shabbos was Parashas Kedoshim. It has been quite some time, and I have gone through much since that time.

 “Nonetheless, I was so impacted by the holy Rebbe's words, I remember them as if they were today. The Rebbe began with the opening words of the parsha, Kedoshim tiheyu, 'You shall be holy.' He then quoted the rest of the pasuk and the next; the Torah's enjoinment to revere parents, followed by the commandment to observe Shabbat, with the closing words - 'I am Hashem.'

**“You Shall Be Holy”**

 "'What is the relationship between these statements?' the Rebbe asked. 'It all depends on to whom one is speaking. To my Chassidim, it is sufficient to simply say to them - "You shall be holy." However, there are Jews for whom this is almost too much to ask (being that they are no longer religiously-connected with Hashem). To them, the Torah says, "Every man: your father and mother shall you revere."

 If you are no longer observant, then at least do what your parents did. Surely, there must have been a semblance of Jewish observance at home. Attempt to maintain old family practices (as a way of holding onto Judaism).

 As long as one holds on, there is hope. Sadly, there are Jews who have distanced themselves, so that they are not prepared to observe all of the practices that were part of their life growing up at home. To them the Torah admonishes: at least keep My Shabbos. That much you do remember.'

 "I thought it was over, when, suddenly, the Rebbe raised his voice, banged on the table and declared, 'From you, Jews of Berlin, even that we cannot expect. (You have gravitated away so far, distancing yourselves from ritual observance, parental customs, even the basics, like Shabbos.) You should at least remember, "Ani Hashem, I am Hashem! Remember that there is a Creator Who guides this world!'"

**Quick Inspiration to Move to Eretz Yisroel**

 "The Rebbe's pounding on the table set off a pounding in my heart. At that time, I had a daughter who was engaged to marry a gentile (that was Berlin in those days. Sadly, it was not uncommon). I did not need more. The Rebbe's pounding continued to pound in my chest. I dropped everything, and within a week, I was on a boat to Eretz Yisrael. If you saw today a grandchild of mine receive a Brit Milah, it is only because I attended the Rebbe's Tish. That night's pounding of Ani Hashem has been my conscience throughout these years."

 The rabbi went on to explain that the casual spectator who sees such a non-observant man does not take the time to wonder if there is another side to the story. He might easily disregard the many grandfathers we all often see. Do we ever stop to think: Why? Why is he like this? What was his background: Who turned him off? Was he ever turned on? What kind of life did he have?

**One Must Never Judge Others**

 He continued; I meet such people every week in various settings. Some never had a chance. Some were even raised Orthodox but assimilated when they went off to school. For some it was financial, peer pressure, ignorance, lack of interest, but everyone has a story. We must never forget this. We must never judge - because, who knows, if given similar circumstances, whether we would have acted differently - or even worse?

 *I was so moved by these words. I thought every teacher and every parent should hear them. I wanted to know more about Rabbi Perlow, the Stoliner Rebbe who passed away shortly after this story, I thought of what a remarkable man he must have been. I wanted to know more about Rabbi Tennebaum who had such tremendous insight and when I thought about what Mark had said, it really made sense.*

 *This sounded like Rav Kook and perhaps is why Rav Kook was the great man he was. (remembering my friend who dedicated so many years of his life to strengthening the community; he surely was one who searched out the good in everyone who crossed his path and who searched for ways to help that person), It behooves us all to study the words and writings of such special people and hope that some of it brushes off on us.*

*Reprinted from the Parshat Emor 5782 email of Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

**The Secret Recipient**

**From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

 Rabbi Chayim Halberstam of Sanz, known as the Divrei Chayim, was deeply involved in the mitzvah of tzedaka (charity), giving with an open hand from his own funds and soliciting from others as well. In keeping with the rabbinical dictum that charity collectors should travel in pairs, he always went on his rounds with a respected member of the community.



 One time Rabbi Chayim set about to collect a large amount of tzedaka for a certain wealthy man who had gone bankrupt. He and a trusted companion went about from house to house soliciting funds when they came to the elegant home of one of the richest men in the city. They entered the beautifully appointed anteroom and were shown to a velvet sofa where they were served tea from a silver tea service while they waited for the master of the house to appear.

 After a few minutes, a well-dressed gentleman entered and greeted the illustrious Rabbi warmly. The Rabbi and his companion requested that the wealthy man donate the large amount of five hundred rubles for an unspecified "worthy cause."

**The Rich Man’s Question**

 The rich man considered their request for a few moments and then asked, "Tell me, exactly what is the cause you're collecting for? Is it for some public institution or for a private person?"

 Rabbi Chayim replied that he was collecting for a wealthy citizen who had lost all his money and gone into bankruptcy. But this answer wasn't sufficient for the man, and he began to inquire further about the identity of the person. "I'm sorry," replied Rabbi Chayim, "but I cannot divulge the man's name, since that would cause him terrible embarrassment. You'll just have to trust me when I tell you that he's a very deserving individual."

**The Insistence on Knowing**

**The Desperate Man’s Identity**

 The rich man refused to be dissuaded from his curious pursuit of the man's identity. "Of course, I trust you implicitly, and I would be only too happy to donate even several thousand rubles to help you, but I would first like to know for whom I'm giving the money."

 At this point, the man who was accompanying the Rabbi interjected his opinion that perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to divulge the man's identity in this case. Certainly, the rich donor wouldn't allow the information to leave the room, and it was a wonderful opportunity to amass a large amount of money to help a fellow Jew rebuild his life.

 But Rabbi Chayim would say only that the man had up until recently been one of the pillars of the community and had himself contributed to many worthy causes before his unfortunate business collapse. Again, he protested that he couldn't and wouldn't publicize the man's name. The rich man, far from being silenced, was even more aroused in his curiosity. "If you tell me his name, I will give you half of the entire amount you need."

**The Fellow Collector Even Argued with the Rabbi**

 His fellow collector again tried to convince the Rabbi to tell the man's name, in view of the tremendous sum of money involved, but to no avail. "You must understand," he replied, "that even though the sum you are offering is more than generous, the honour of this Jew is more important and valuable to me than any amount of money! If you were to give me the total sum that I require, I would still refuse to reveal the identity of the recipient!"

 The rich man's countenance changed suddenly and he became very still. He quietly asked Reb Chayim to step into an adjacent room, for he wished to speak with him privately. Standing alone with the Rabbi, the rich man broke down into bitter sobbing. "Rebbe," he began, "I, too, have lost my entire fortune and am about to enter into bankruptcy. I was too embarrassed to tell this to anyone, but when I saw how scrupulously you guarded the other man's privacy, I knew I could trust you. “Please forgive me for testing you in such an outrageous manner, but I am a desperate man. I needed to know for sure that under no circumstances would you tell anyone about my terrible situation. I am in debt for such a huge sum, I have no hope at all of repaying it. I'm afraid that I will have no choice but to leave my family and go begging from door to door!"

 The Sanzer Rav left the home of the rich man, and needless to say, not a soul ever heard a word of their conversation. Less than a week later he returned to the same man's house with a large sum of money. He had been able to raise enough money to rescue not only the original intended recipient but this one as well. They were both able to pay off their debts and resume their businesses successfully.

 The role of the saintly Sanzer Rav in this affair became known only many years later after he left this earthly world. Source: Adapted/Supplemented by Yerachmiel Tilles from the rendition in LChayimweekly.org (#872). Biographic note: Rabbi Chayim Halberstam of Sanz [of blessed memory: 25 Nissan 5553 - 25 Nissan 5636 (April 1793- April 1876 C.E.)] was the first Rebbe of the Sanz-Klausenberg dynasty. He is famous for his extraordinary dedication to the mitzvah of tzedaka and also as a renowned Torah scholar; his voluminous and wideranging writings were all published under the title Divrei Chayim

*Reprinted from the Parshat Emor 5782 email of Lamplighter.*