

SHABBOS STORIES FOR PARSHAS KI SISA 5784

Volume 15, Issue 26 22 Adar Rishon 5784/March 2, 2024

Printed L'illuy nishmas Nechama bas R' Noach, a"h

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Divinely Arranged Synchronicity

From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles



Rabbi Mayshe Schwartz (left) with the parents of Chaim Mordechai (center)

A week before Passover in 2022, I [Rabbi Mayshe Schwartz] got a call from a rabbi in Miami asking me to hurry to Boston's Children's Hospital to pray for a newborn baby scheduled for high-risk surgery. The situation was urgent. It was 10 am and the baby's surgery was scheduled for 11:30 am. They wanted a rabbi and they wanted him now.

Ten minutes later, I was at Children's Hospital. I headed straight to the NICU. I wasn't sure who I was looking for and all I could see were tiny babies with wires attached to all parts of their bodies as machines beeped and lights blinked on and off. Next to every crib was a mother and father hanging on to their child's precious life with every bit of hope they could muster. The fear in the room was palpable.

“Let's Pray for a Miracle!”

I finally found a nurse who was able to guide me to the family in question. There was no time for the usual pleasantries, so I just said, “Hi, my name is Rabbi Mayshe Schwartz. G-d can do anything! Let's pray for a miracle!”

There we were: The rabbi and the mom let's call her Tiffany praying with intense focus. We recited psalms and prayers for the success of the impending surgery. Then I left.

The next day, I received a call from Tiffany. She told me the surgery had gone well. About a week later, the day before Passover, Tiffany called me again. The doctors wanted to perform an additional surgical procedure.

“Could you come over right now, rabbi?” she asked.

“Sure, I'll be right over” was all I could say, and I went.

When I got to the hospital, Tiffany told me the procedure had been delayed until that afternoon. We stepped into the family room and joined her husband. We all said the *Shema* together.

When we were done, I asked if we could finally take a moment to get to know each other. Tiffany shared that she was born in South America but grew up in Chicago in a very Christian home. When Tiffany was a teenager, her maternal grandmother, on her deathbed, revealed to her that she was born a Jew.

Curious About Her Ancestry

Tiffany had no idea what to do with that information, but it settled deep within her. She later enrolled at a large American university. Curious about her ancestry, she joined the first Jewish club she found on campus. When a B-team staffer asked her if she was Jewish, she said no, and the staffer wasn't very welcoming. She left.

She tried her luck with another organization that seemed very passionate about Jews. It turned out to be a horrible anti-Semitic group whose only passion was opposing Israel's existence. When she told them she wasn't Jewish but her maternal grandmother was, they ridiculed her, told her that she was Jewish and asked her to leave.

Tiffany continued on her journey, however, and connected with Chabad on Campus. She went to Israel on a Birthright trip. Then she went a second time on a more immersive visit, ending up in the city of Safed in northern Israel.

There, she met a rabbi who had the patience to answer her many questions. On one of the porches at Ascent Institute in Safed, she and this rabbi discussed the idea of ‘synchronicity,’ [1] how *bashert* (“destiny”) works, why G-d chooses the intricate path we traverse in life and more. He had a major impact on her decision to pursue a Jewish life.

The Rabbi She Talked About was His Father



Rabbi Shlomo-Yitzchak Schwartz of blessed memory

But as she continued to share details about this unique rabbi, I started to lose it. My father had been the scholar-in-residence at the Ascent Institute in Safed for 20 summers and the discussions she was describing were very familiar. They were all on the topics he loved to talk about most of all.

I couldn't hold myself back any longer. I interrupted and asked if she remembered the name of the rabbi. She said she didn't, but everyone called him "Schwartzie."

I started to cry. I told them that Schwartzie was my father. He passed away five years prior and is buried in Safed, I said. We all cried tears at the synchronicity, the *bashertness*, of what was unfolding right in front of us. For reasons above my pay grade, I knew I had merited this connection and the privilege of being there for this family as my father had been there for Tiffany.

The good news is that the surgery was successful and we maintained our connection with Tiffany and her family. They joined us several times for Shabbat meals before they were finally able to take the baby back home to Florida.

But the story is not over.

Asked to Serve as the Baby's Sandek

Last week, Tiffany asked if I would come to Miami on Sept. 12, to be the Sandek [2] at her baby's bris mila (circumcision ceremony). Of course, I said yes.

I have just returned from this special quick trip to Miami that I will never forget, where I got to hold the miracle baby as he was circumcised and finally got his Jewish name - Chaim Mordechai. [May he live and be well in a strong Jewish home, and give much joy to his parents and extended family and to all who will know him.]

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Source : Excerpted and supplemented by Yerachmiel Tilles from ColLive.com (September 20, 2022/24 Elul 5782), as is the photo.

From **Rabbi Mayshe's** conclusion : We can't always see G-d's plan amid the mysteries of life. But sometimes, we are fortunate enough to see those mysteries unfold in a way that makes His plan as clear as it could possibly be. We must acknowledge those moments and embrace them. All we need to do is remain open and available to it. So, let's make sure to open our eyes and see the miracles unfolding right in front of us.

Biographical notes: Rabbi Moshe ("Mayshe") ben Shlomo Schwartz is the director of the Chabad Chai Center in Brookline, Massachusetts; founder of YJP Boston, the largest organization of Jewish young adults in Boston; and founder of Chai Hospitality, a volunteer-based group aiding hospital patients. Rabbi Shlomo-Yitzchak ben Moshe Schwartz [7 Kislev 5705 - 12 Shvat 5777 (Nov. 12, 1944-Feb. 7, 2017)]

Footnotes:

[1] A secular term for "not a coincidence," what Jews refer to as "Divine Providence" or G-d's involvement in and supervision of His Creation.

[2] The one who holds the infant boy on his lap during the circumcision procedure. Considered to be one of the greatest of honors.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Beshallach 5784 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed.*

# Providential Encounter

By Rabbi Nachman Seltzer

Back in the days before the world had gone completely off the rails, a chareidi Jew from Bnei Brak named Yehuda was driving on the Tel Aviv–Yerushalayim highway when he suddenly noticed a car sitting on the side of the road with its hazard lights blinking. Inside the car were two parents, a child, and a dog.

He pulled up behind the car and got out to ask what the problem was.

“We ran out of gas,” the father explained. “We’ve been waiting here for a half an hour. You’re the first car that stopped.”

## Promises to Bring them Back Gas for Their Car

“Don’t worry about a thing,” Yehuda reassured them. “I’ll drive over to the nearest gas station at Motza and bring you back enough gasoline so you can get back on the road.” Yehuda gave them his phone number, they gave him theirs, and he promised to return as quickly as possible. He was back shortly afterward with a jerry can full of gasoline.

They offered to pay him for his help, but he refused. “It’s on the house.”

“What do you mean? You drove to the gas station, you went out of your way and you spent money on me. What do you mean, ‘It’s on the house?’”

“Thank you for wanting to pay, but I did a mitzvah and I don’t want payment for it.”

“I don’t believe this.”

“What’s so hard to believe?”

“Come here a second. I want to show you something.” The father led Yehuda around to the back of the car. On the trunk there was a bumper sticker. “Do you see that sticker?” the man asked him. Yehuda looked. The sticker said, “Dros kol dos.” Roughly translated, this means, “Run over every religious person.”

## First Time He Had Met a Religious Person

“This is the first time in my life that I’m meeting a religious person,” the man confessed, “and suddenly I find myself incredibly ashamed at the sticker on my car. I’m going to remove it.”

“Tell me,” Yehuda said. “Where are you from?”

“We live in Kibbutz Be’eri. It’s situated down south, near Gaza.”

“Interesting, I’ve never heard of it. At any rate, I hope you have a great trip and nothing else should go wrong.”

They bid each other good night, went back to their respective cars, and drove off. The next morning, the man who had run out of gas on Highway 1 heard his phone ringing. He answered it.

“Hello? It’s Yehuda.”

“Yehuda who?”

“Yehuda. I met you last night on the highway when you ran out of gas.”

“Yes, yes, of course. Hello and thank you so much for what you did. You really saved us!”

### **“Just Calling to Make Sure You Got Home Safe”**

“You’re welcome. I was just calling to make sure you got home safe and sound.”

“Yes, after you left, we drove to the gas station, filled up, and were able to get home just fine. Thank you very much!”

“My pleasure. Now I’m calm. Kol tuv.”

A few days later, on Friday afternoon, Yehuda called again. He had a story to share with the couple’s young son, if they didn’t mind.

“A story? Sure. Why not? What’s the story?”

And so it began. Every Erev Shabbos, Yehuda would call the family from Kibbutz Be’eri and tell them a story. It usually wasn’t longer than two minutes, and within a short time, this became their weekly tradition. Half a year passed.

One Friday, the man from Kibbutz Be’eri asked Yehuda a question. “Tell me, Yehuda, aren’t you bored on Shabbos?”

“Why would I be bored?”

“I don’t know. You pray and you eat, and that’s pretty much the whole situation, no? You can’t speak on the phone or watch TV or work on the computer or go for a drive. That’s why I’m asking. Aren’t you bored?”

“It’s funny you should think that I would be bored on Shabbos when it happens to be a day when I find that I am very busy.”

“How’s that?”

### **Invites the Family to Come and Spend a Shabbos**

“Look, it will be difficult for you to understand without experiencing it for yourself. So, here’s what I suggest. Why don’t you come and join me and my family for Shabbos? Then you can come and see how it is for yourself.”

The man from Be’eri was taken aback. “You’re not serious! Me keep Shabbos? In Bnei Brak?! Are you forgetting that I’m chiloni?”

“I didn’t forget for a second,” Yehuda reassured him. “You will be my guest, and everything will be fine. We’ll find you an apartment for you to stay in, and you will make us very happy if you accept our invitation.”

“It seems kind of crazy to me, but I’ll ask my wife and I’ll get back to you with an answer.”

In the meantime, Yehuda called his rav. He explained the situation and asked the rav for his advice on when might be a good time to invite the family from Be’eri to his house for Shabbos. The thing was that it was almost Tishrei. First there was Rosh HaShanah — two full days of intense davening. Yom Kippur, of course, was a fast day. Then there was Sukkos, when they’d be eating and sleeping in the sukkah.

“I can’t really see them going for that,” Yehuda said.

### **The Rav’s Suggestion on When to Invite the Family**

“What about Simchas Torah?” his rav suggested. “People will throw candies at them, and they’ll have a chance to dance with the Sefer Torah.”

“I can’t have them on Simchas Torah.”

“Why not?”

“My father lives in Sderot, and all my siblings take turns going to spend Shabbos and Yom Tov with him. Simchas Torah is my turn to go.”

“Why don’t you invite your father to come and spend Simchas Torah with you in Bnei Brak? Then, in addition to experiencing a real Simchas Torah, the family from down south will also be able to see how beautifully your family treats your father, too...”

It was a good idea. There was just one glitch:

“We can only come to you if we can bring our dog,” the man from Be’eri told Yehuda when he called to invite them for Simchas Torah. “Is that a problem?”

“Not at all. Bring your dog.”

So it was that Yehuda’s father, who lived across the street from the police station in Sderot, wasn’t home when the terrorists took control of that part of the city, killing many people. Not only was he saved, but so were his son Yehuda and Yehuda’s family, who were supposed to spend Simchas Torah with him in Sderot.

Then there was the family from Be’eri. They, too, were saved. They remained alive and well while the terrorists set their house on fire and their home went up in flames. And since they had to remain in Bnei Brak for a while — there was a war going on, after all — it made sense to send their son to a local Shuvu school.

And to think that it all began one evening on the highway when a frum guy stopped to help someone who ran out of gas...

*Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5784 edition of At the ArtScroll Shabbos Table. Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – “Angels in Orange – Uplifting Stories of Courage, Faith and Miracles from the United Hatzalah Heroes of October 7<sup>th</sup>.”*

# The “Father” of Yosef

By Rabbi Yosef Farhi



Rabbi Chaim Zaid

Here is a bittersweet story that I heard this week from Rabbi Chaim Zaid, a well-known speaker in Israel. He went to speak to the dislocated families in the North. “I spoke two weeks ago in the Leonardo Club in Tiveria. They had their displaced citizens. It is not normal when someone needs to live so long in a hotel, away from home. Exile is one of the hardest things in life. It looks nice that they are in a hotel, but they want more than anything to go back home, and back to their private lives.

I spoke there, giving them Hizuk, some Emunah, trying what I could. I told them, guys, I love you... There was a young girl there, who sat in the front rows, that raised her hand. I said, yes, Tzaddeket. She said, “Rabbi, all of us here,... we love you too!”

## **“How Did You Merit Having Such a Girl?”**

Wow! This girl spoke to my heart. I spoke to the father of this child. I asked the father, How did you merit having such a girl?



He said, Rabbi, you tell a lot of stories. I will tell you a story that in your life you never heard. He said an incredible story. "I am Bucharian. I live in Kiryat Shemoneh. Rabbi, 25 years I did not have children. More than that, after 22 years, I found out, with my wife, that we have no chance of having kids. It was a very hard year to accept this, but after we accepted it, we got used to it, to live without kids. The Hazon Ish did not have kids. His students were his children. What can we do?..."

I had a neighbor that lived nearby, a man who has a son and daughter. Yosef and Dinah. How nice. I was good friends with this neighbor. His son Yosef eventually went off the beaten path of religion, as a rebellious teen. He also started using all types of drugs, going to all types of bad places, and Dinah was following in his path.

My neighbor came to me and said, "You don't have kids; I do have kids, but it is like I am living without kids, for they are not going in my path. What is life worth having kids like this? Maybe it is better not to have kids at all! Who says that life is worse without kids?"

### **"I Will Take Care of Your Kids"**

This was so painful to hear. I told him, your kids are like my kids. I said, I will take care of your kids.

He went to Yosef and said, "Tell me what type of car you want. Any car. I will buy it for you." Yosef said, are you serious? I said, yes. I had money saved up, because I never had to support any kids. I told him, I will buy you a convertible Porsche, I will give you whatever you want, even a card for unlimited gas.

(Cars in Israel are much more expensive to buy than USA. Partially because the taxes are high, to pay for the tolls. In USA, you pay for tolls when you drive, but here you pay for tolls, in the taxes of the original purchase. Also, gas here is much more expensive.) I just want you to stop doing all your craziness, using drugs and visiting inappropriate places. Deal?"

The boy stopped all the things he was doing and started learning with this childless man. He brought Yosef back, he had the time to deal with him. Not only did Yosef start praying and keeping Shabbat, the boy also started learning every day a little bit of Gemarah, G-d's holy Torah. After about a year, they finished together Massechet Taanit. He said, we are going to do a Siyum Massechet, and your parents will come, to give them some Nahat. In the meantime, because of this, Dinah also started coming back.

### **Yosef Asks for His Parents' Forgiveness**

The siyum Massechet they did in Chazor Haglilit, next to Kiryat Shemoneh. They took a small hall, and Yosef got up to speak. He said, "I want to tell everyone here that I am now asking from my parents' forgiveness for causing them so much

pain.” He cried. He asked forgiveness from Hashem, for doing what he did. He thanked this childless neighbor for trusting in him, for buying him all that he bought him. It was very emotional, and when he finished speaking they all danced with him.

The next day, Yosef was driving his Porsche, and a truck ran over him and killed him. Decrees of Heaven, we just don’t understand. Just like we don’t understand how a country with the highest intelligence in the world, can’t figure out where 180 hostages are for 100 days?!? The highest-ranking people in Israel security are saying nothing is making sense; it is all G-d’s Hand. Simhat Torah taught us the biggest lesson: that everything is G-d.

The father of Yosef sat Shivah, and also, the spiritual father, this childless man, also sat shivah and did Kriah, as if he was an adopting father. At the end of the Shiva, the two fathers went up to the Kever. At the Kever, the real father cried and said kaddish, and said, Master of the World, you took my son from me! One request I have from you! Take that Neshama and give it to my friend, give him a child! A year and a month later, after 26 years of childness, miraculously, this man had a child, and he called him Yosef.

### **A Very Emotional Brit**

It was a very emotional Brit. And the father of Yosef came to get a blessing from this new father, as he was the Sandak. The father of Yosef said, “You not only deserve a Yosef, for saving my son Yosef, you also deserve a Dinah, because my Dinah returned to religion because of your helping Yosef. You should merit to have a daughter as well, and fulfill the Mitzvah of Pru Urbu, to be multiplying and fruitful.” A year and a half later, they had a girl and called her Dinah.

After telling me his story, he said to me, “These are Yosef and Dinah that you see here. These two kids are very high Neshamot! They sit in the front row of every class, and Dinah prays in the Ezrat Nashim while Yosef is praying beautifully in the men’s section.”

Sometimes, you need to separate yourself emotionally from your child to help them, in the sense that you have to look at your child as if he were the neighbor’s child. Your child is living his own world, and his Neshama is on its own path, nothing to do with you. Almost every great man in history had trouble with his kids. Adam, Noach, Avraham, Yitzhak, Yaakov, King David, King Solomon, Eli Hakohen, Shmuel, Hizkiyahu, Shimon Hatzaddik...

We all have different mountains to climb in our life. Sometimes, people fall and tumble down. But as a parent, you need to stay climbing on your own mountain. Your child is on his/her own mountain.

*Reprinted from the Parashat Bo 5784 email of Rabbi David Bibi’s Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

# The Friday Night Kiddush

By Rabbi Yoni Schwartz

During the years of World War I in Tomshovar, a small town in Romania, Rav Chaim Zilber was standing with his family around the Shabbos table. He was serene and focused, making Friday night Kiddush over the beautiful Shabbos candles illuminating their warm home. Suddenly he heard, “Bang! Bang! Bang!”, violent knocking at his door. These were the days when Russia invaded Romania and all the Romanians were required to host the Russian soldiers or risk getting thrown out of their house.

Nevertheless, he continued his Kiddush with perfect concentration, unfazed by the soldiers’ knocking, as if nobody was there. Scared, his wife ran to open the door but the soldiers angrily pushed her out of the way. The captain barged inside in a rage but was immediately mesmerized by the angelic sight of Rav Zilber making Kiddush, basking in the Shabbos beauty, still unfazed by their presence. The captain asked his men to wait outside.

After Kiddush, when the Rav offered the captain some wine he burst into tears and began to share his story. When he was just three, Russian soldiers abducted him from his parents. As he was being ripped away, the last thing he remembered was his father calling out, “Shmuel - remember that you are a Jew! Never forget it!” He explained, “I can still see my father standing making Kiddush.”

“After all the years,” he continued, “I forgot where I came from. Only now as I watch you holding the cup exactly like my father, did it all come back to me.” Shmuel sat with them and finished the Shabbos seudah. He would come back every Shabbos to learn about his Jewish heritage and the Torah which his ancestors have been the guardians of for the last three thousand years since receiving it at Har Sinai.

*Comment: In this week’s Parsha Yisro, we receive the Torah and become bound to Hashem for all eternity. We are its guardians, its protectors, and its preservers. As much as we have guarded the Torah throughout the sandstorms of history, it has guarded us, protected us, and preserved us. The G-d of Life gave us the Torah of life, by which we live and are kept alive. If we get lost on our journey, we can be sure it will be there to guide us, just like it was for Shmuel. If we are blessed to have found the Torah’s light, let us be there, like Rav Zilber, for another Jew who may have gotten lost on his journey.*

***Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5784 email of Torah Sweets, a publication compiled by R’ Mendel Berlin.***

# The Crimped Lion



A man was recently in Argentina where a wealthy member of the community took him for a visit to the local zoo. Over there, he saw something shocking. He saw visitors walk up to unchained, unguarded lions and hand-feed them. The lions were docile and treated the humans with respect.

The shocked visitor asked his host, “These lions act like young, peaceful children. How is this possible? Lions are ferocious, dangerous animals! How do people get so close, and why don’t the lions attack?”

## **The Lions Think that They are Dogs**

“When these lions were born,” answered the host, “they were raised together with dogs and were fed all that they needed. They never discovered that they were lions and that they possess mighty strength. They think they are dogs.”

Elephants and camels also make this mistake. They have immense strength but can be trained not to be aware of it. People also make the same error. They don’t recognize their potential and strength, and thus are convinced that nothing much will come from them. Especially when they’re surrounded by people who don’t accomplish much, they think they won’t be different from their peers.

The truth is that everyone has amazing strengths, and when one devotes himself to Hashem’s service, he can accomplish a lot. (Reprinted with permission from Be’er Haparscha, Torah Wellsprings, Beshalach, p. 4)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5784 email of The Zichru Toras Moshe.*

# The Former Apple Sorter

Rav David Ashear related a great story. Shlomo, a taxi driver in Eretz Yisroel, picked up a distinguished looking man who needed a ride from the airport. As they drove toward their destination, the passenger casually rolled up his sleeves. “It’s warm in here, right?” he asked conversationally.

Shlomo glanced over, and when he saw the man’s arm, he gasped. The passenger asked, “Are you all right?” noticing Shlomo’s surprised reaction. Shlomo proceeded to tell him a story.

He said, “Years ago, I worked on a Kibbutz. My job was to sort apples. I would put the good apples in one pile, which were to be sold, and I would throw the lower quality apples into a giant blender which was used to make apple juice. One day, I wanted to see how the blender worked. After filling it with bruised apples, I climbed up to the top to watch the apples get chopped up. Suddenly, I lost my balance, and I fell into the deep vat.

“The machine was running, and I had very little time before the blades would strike me. I began to scream. Just as I was getting pulled down, I felt someone grab me. He pulled me out and saved my life. I thanked him profusely from the bottom of my heart, and from that day on, we became friends.

## **Always Remembering His Brother**

“On occasion,” Shlomo continued, “I noticed that my new friend would seem depressed. One day, I gathered the courage and I asked him what was bothering him. He told me he was a Holocaust survivor. He and his only brother lived together through the war. But one day, his brother was taken away, and he hasn’t seen him since. My friend said, ‘Sometimes I think about him, and I get really sad, because I remember how close we were.’”

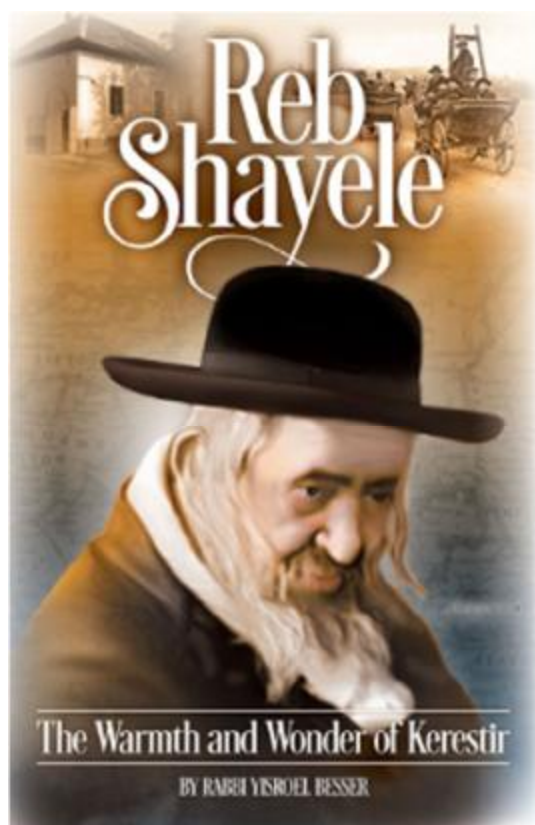
Shlomo said to the passenger, “He showed me the number on his arm, 8862. His brother’s number was one higher, 8863. It has been about ten years since my friend told me that story, and he still gets sad about his long-lost brother. I’ll never forget that number. You just raised your sleeve and it’s there! You’re 8863!!”

Shlomo drove his passenger straight to his friend’s home and let his tears flow without restraint, as he watched the emotional reunion of the two brothers. Rav Ashear commented how this episode was orchestrated by Hashem over many years, until the time was right for the brothers to finally be united!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5784 edition of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’ Torah U’Tefilah parsha sheet.*

# The Secular Yid Who Mocked Rav Shayala

By Yehuda Z. Klitnick



There was a secular Yid living in Budapest who disliked the Rebbes. He saw that the majority of the people on the train were Chassidim one day. It was not the typical market day in Pest, when crowded trains were the norm, so he wondered why such a large number were traveling.

He was informed that a group of his chassidim, including the renowned Tzaddik Rav Shayala of Kerestir, were traveling on the same train. The skeptic of the Rebbe took a seat in the back of the train vehicle. Beside him sat one of the chassidim, and that confused Yid could not help but make fun of the Rebbe.

"To be fair, of course, everyone knows that Reb Shayala gives a lot of Tzeddaka," he stated. But this is rarely unexpected. Given that you, the chassidim, lavish him with wealth, why shouldn't he offer tzedakah? He has plenty of extras!

After he finished his tirade, the chassid said, "Mister, you're playing with fire," in a cool, collected manner but with a hint of menace. Before we go too far, you had better ask the Rebbe for forgiveness. The Rebbe is an exceptionally kind and gentle individual. Things will get bitter for you, I promise, if you don't ask for forgiveness for your defamatory remarks about him."

### **Genuine Desire to Beg the Rebbe's Pardon**

The words of criticism, surprisingly, had the intended effect. With genuine embarrassment, he went to beg the Rebbe's pardon, appearing as a sheep. There was no way the Rebbe, seated at the opposite end of the train car, could have heard what the Yid had spoken.

The Rebbe greeted him warmly and repeated what he had said about the Rebbe donating Tzedaka when he approached him to beg for forgiveness. The Yid begged the Rebbe to forgive him, shocked to learn that the Rebbe had heard his talk with his sanctified ears.

"Yes, I forgive you," the Rebbe replied, "but only if you commit to observing Shabbos."

"I have a chain of stores and a lot of employees, Rebbe," was the response. I just can't possibly expect to shut everything down each Shabbos!

"Have it your way, the Rebbe commanded roughly. However, if you refuse to stop your business on Shabbat, you will suffer the same fate as other willful Shabbos desecrators, in addition to not being pardoned for what you said on the train today." The Yid responded, "I swear to try and close on Shabbos." The Yid even assisted the Rebbe in descending the steep train steps, but not before the Rebbe repeated his severe warning.

### **The Wife Refuses to Close the Stores on Shabbos**

When he reached home, he told his wife what had transpired on the train and what Rebbe had demanded from him. She said "We can't survive if we close the business on Shabbos!" The woman had the last word on the subject. That Friday, the Yid was in his main store, and just as Shabbos arrived, he suddenly fainted straight away in front of his workers.

The foreman called a doctor, who revived him and examined him but didn't uncover any telltale conditions. The Yid went home that night, fell asleep, and dreamt, clear as the day, that Reb Shayala came to him and warned him sternly: "If you don't keep your word to observe Shabbos, you will not awaken from your sleep." That's all there is to it. It's now or never for you, my friend. You merited an unmistakable sign from Heaven—as soon as Shabbos arrived with your stores still open, you fell in one stroke. You must promise me now that you will observe Shabbos, or else you will not wake up in the morning."

Still in the dream, this man solemnly promised the Rebbe to close all his stores on Shabbos and woke up shaken from the experience. He awakened his wife. She was relieved to see that her husband had recovered, and before he could tell her about the dream, she asked for the keys to the business. After all, it was morning on Saturday, their busiest day.

Her husband, visibly shaken from the dream, exclaimed, "My life is on the line, and I wouldn't be surprised about yours as well." He related all that happened in his dream encounter with Rav Shayala Kerestirer, with his commitment that his stores were closed on Shabbos! His wife, trembling, agreed to the deal.

That day, the Yid felt a sense of uplift and realized that Shemiras Shabbos was the key to his future. Before long, the Chassidim in Pest noticed that this Yid's shops were closed every Shabbos. Word spread about Reb Shayala's influence in action. A group of chassidim visited the Yid at his home, and they got a heartfelt reception, although they couldn't even drink a glass of water there. The Yid asked Chassidim to teach him how to daven. They then began to learn Torah with him. In a very short time, he became a G-d-fearing Jew and a devoted shomer mitzvos and loved Torah.

Harav Shraga Shmuel Shnitzler, Tchaba Rav, summed up the story by saying, "From degrading a Tzaddik, he upgraded his Yiddishkeit.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vaeira 5784 email of Pardes Yehuda.*

## The Lost Lira

Once Reb Zelig Slonim was very tight financially, and borrowed one lira from Reb Shlomo Leib's tzedaka fund to cover the costs of the oncoming Shabbos. When Reb Zelig returned home, he simply could not find the money, and returned to the home of Reb Shlomo Leib. Together they searched for the money, but it was not found.

Reb Zelig returned home very broken; not only did he not have money to buy food for Shabbos, but also he had the burden of paying up the loan. Reb Shlomo Leib resolved to take another lira from his own money and although he was old and walking was hard, he went to the home of Reb Zelig and announced happily that he had found the lost money. Reb Zelig was overjoyed.

The next morning Reb Zelig found the lost lira on the floor of his home and realized the chesed that Reb Shlomo Leib had done.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Yitro 5784 edition of The Weekly Farbrengen.*