

# SHABBOS STORIES FOR PARSHAS VAYIKRA 5784

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## How to Make a Successful Shidduch

By Baruch Lev



Shimon had consulted a shadchan to seek a shidduch for his daughter. The shadchan properly assessed that Shimon's daughter was a solid, average, nice girl with ordinary intelligence and good middos. He suggested to Shimon the names of solid, fine Jewish boys, well suited to his daughter.

For some reason, Shimon kept refusing the shadchan's suggestions, one after the other, and the shadchan could not figure out why. Months passed. Shimon's son got married, and it was then that Shimon confessed to the shadchan that his son had known all the candidates suggested and declassified them all as "mediocre merchandise." Shimon asked the shadchan to raise his standards.

Now it was clear. The girl's brother had ruined every offer. In his opinion, his father and sister deserved the ultimate young man, the scholar of the generation, without considering what was truly suitable for her.

### **Waiting for the Other Side to Get Back**

Shortly afterwards, Shimon agreed that a suggestion by the shadchan was very suitable and desirable. He waited for the other side to consent, however, they were not yet interested in hearing suggestions. Shimon waited faithfully for this suggestion to pan out – probably on the “expert advice” of his married son.

Months passed; Shimon refused other suggestions, waiting for this hoped-for shidduch. When Shimon heard that this wonderful young man became engaged to another girl, his world collapsed. Thereafter, Shimon became more flexible vis-à-vis suggestions from the shadchan, and therefore agreed to the suggestion of Gershon Levy. He was a ben Torah with good middos, not bad looking but a bit on the heavy side and slightly older.

Shimon realized he knew the boy's father, who was a wonderful man. Matters moved along swiftly, and before long, Shimon's daughter was engaged to Gershon. The day after the l'chaim, Shimon spoke to the shadchan, and as an afterthought told the shadchan, “My married son lives a few houses away from you. Would you please go over and tell him we made a shidduch last night? His telephone has not yet been installed.”

### **The Father's Deep Disappointment was a Turning Point**

The shadchan was astonished that the married son did not know anything about the engagement, and Shimon explained how this had come about: After Shimon's deep disappointment, he had felt emotionally drained. The suggestion of Gershon seemed so promising, even though he was an older boy, so although he had always consulted with his son before, this time he just hadn't.

He had asked around and had heard good things, but he didn't ask his son. Then things moved along so quickly that he simply didn't have the chance to tell his son about it. The shadchan did not rush to tell Shimon's son. The next day, after the announcement had been printed in all of the local newspapers, he met Shimon's 22-year-old son on the way to shul.

The son was angrily awaiting the shadchan and exclaimed, “Did you suggest that overweight guy for my sister? And an ‘alter bachur’ at that? What have you done to my family? What kind of goods have you sold us? If I had known about it, I would have made sure it would never have happened!”

The shadchan did not answer. He knew that this older boy was a treasure, well suited to Shimon's daughter, and it was only thanks to the non-interference of this young man that the shidduch came about! (There Is No Such Thing As Coincidence)

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*This Issue of the Shabbos Stories  
is Dedicated to the Memory  
of Zev Yehuda ben Mordechai Zvi, a”h  
whose yahrzeit is*

*9<sup>th</sup> Adar Beis (Sheni)*



*May His Memory be for a Blessing*

Shimon's disappointment with the hoped-for shidduch that never was, overlooking consulting his son about the suggestion of Gershon Levy, the son having moved to a different part of town, and the son's not yet having his telephone installed, all brought about a destined shidduch.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Terumah 5784 email of The Weekly Vort.*

# A Mishkan for Praise

By Aharon Spetner



**Illustrated by Miri Weinreb**

Rabbi Greenblatt finished his morning Chumash shiur and got ready to put on his tallis and tefillin when he looked up and saw none other than Mayor McGillicuddy walk into the shul!

The mayor looked around for a minute, before walking over to the seforim shelf and taking a siddur. Rabbi Greenblatt watched curiously as Mayor McGillicuddy opened the siddur upside down and frowned at the unfamiliar Hebrew letters.

“Can I help you, Mister Mayor?” asked Rabbi Greenblatt kindly, approaching the mayor.

“Oh yes, Rabbi,” the mayor answered. “My dog Cuddles is very sick and I thought ‘why not pray?’ And I know that you Jews pray in the synagogue every

morning, so I thought I'd come and pray with you. But your prayer book is very hard to read, and all of the page numbers are upside down."

"Here," the Rov said, handing the mayor a different siddur. "This is the Artscroll Siddur - it has an English translation, which I'm sure will be easier for you. The congregation is about to start here, from Pesukei Dezimra."

Mayor McGillicuddy gratefully took the siddur as the Rov went back to his seat and put on his tallis and tefillin.

### **The Mayor Returns His Siddur And Walks Out of the Shul**

Davening proceeded uneventfully, but right before Borchu, Rabbi Greenblatt noticed the mayor put his siddur back on the shelf and walk out. The Rov shrugged and continued davening.

When Shacharis ended and the Rov had finished putting his tallis and tefillin away, he was approached by Aron Perel, one of the members of the kehillah.

"Rabbi Greenblatt," said Mr. Perel. "The shul phone just rang with a call from City Hall. They said that the mayor requested that you come to see him immediately about an urgent issue."

"Oy," sighed Rabbi Greenblatt. "My car is in the shop - I don't really have a way to get to City Hall right now."

"I'd be happy to drive you there," offered Mr. Perel.

"Thank you, that would be a big help," the Rov said.

### **The Rov Arrives in the Mayor's Office**

A few minutes later, Rabbi Greenblatt and Mr. Perel arrived at City Hall and went up to the mayor's office. Mayor McGillicuddy was sitting at his desk, a large picture of himself hanging in an ornate frame on the wall behind him.

"Thank you so much for coming, Rabbi," the mayor said.

"How can I help you?" asked the Rov.

"Well, as I told you earlier, my dog Cuddles is sick."

"I'm a rabbi, not a veterinarian," Rabbi Greenblatt answered. "What was wrong with your prayers this morning? Don't you think that they helped?"

### **Asks About the Meeshebeirak Magical Prayer**

"How were they supposed to help?" asked the mayor. "Everything in the prayer book was about praising and thanking G-D. I came to the synagogue to ask Him to make Cuddles better, not to thank Him. I need Him to help me, and then I'll thank Him. Can you please give Cuddles a blessing? I think I once heard that you people have a magical prayer called 'meeshebeirak'."

“Mi shebeirach is said for people, not animals, as far as I’m aware,” the Rov replied. “But I give you a blessing that your dog should feel better.”

“Amen!” answered Mayor McGillicuddy, his voice full of emotion. “Thank you so much. I would like to make a donation to your synagogue.” The mayor opened his drawer and handed an envelope to the Rov.

### **How Much Did the Mayor Donate**

“Thank you very much,” Rabbi Greenblatt replied. “Have a wonderful day.” “Let’s see how much the mayor donated,” the Rov said to Mr. Perel as they walked out of City Hall.

The Rov opened the envelope and stared inside.

“Figures,” he said with a sad laugh, handing the envelope to Mr. Perel.

Mr. Perel looked inside to find a coupon for 10% off at a local pet store.

“Maybe we can buy some dog leashes to keep the kids from eating all of the food at the shul kiddush,” joked Mr. Perel.

### **The Importance of Having Gratitude to Hashem**

Rabbi Greenblatt laughed. “You know, Aron, there are things this mayor will just never understand,” he said as they got back into the car. “The mayor today came to shul and supposedly said Pesukei Dezimra, which starts with ‘Mizmor Shir Hanukas Habiris.’”

This kapittel Tehillim starts off mentioning the dedication of the Beis Hamikdash, but instead it goes on to thank and praise Hashem. And that’s because the whole purpose of the Beis Hamikdash and the Mishkon was to sing to Hashem, to praise Him, and to show our gratitude to Him. A goy thinks ‘what can Hashem do for me’. But as Yidden, we know that hakoras hatov to Hashem is our first and foremost responsibility.”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

### **Takeaway:**

The great avodah of a Yid is to always thank Hashem.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Terumah 5784 email of Toras Avigdor, based on the Torah teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller, zt”l.*

# The Unforgiven Humiliation



Rav Yaakov Kaminetsky, zt”l, was not only a Gadol BaTorah and had exemplary Middos, he was also an outstanding Mechanech, educator. He once commented that he never held a grudge against anyone, except for one of his earliest Rebbeim, from when he was in elementary school.

He said over a story that took place when he was a young boy, and he had never forgotten it. It was a gentile holiday, and the town was celebrating with a festive parade, as they usually did. The day before the parade, their Rebbe gave the class a very stern warning that it was absolutely forbidden to go to the parade, and everyone was expected to be in class on time.

## **Noticed an Elderly Woman**

The next morning, as the young Rav Yaakov was walking to Yeshivah, he noticed an elderly woman who was carrying some heavy shopping bags. He approached her and offered to help her carry her packages, and she graciously accepted his help. After Rav Yaakov helped her get home with her bags, he immediately went to Yeshivah, but he arrived there slightly late.

The Rebbe was upset and accused him, “Why did you go to the parade? I told everyone yesterday that it is absolutely forbidden to attend the parade!”

The young Rav Yaakov immediately replied, “But Rebbe, I did not go to the parade. I am late because I was helping an elderly lady with her packages.”

The Rebbe was enraged and said, “Not only did you disobey me by going to the parade, you also have the Chutzpah to lie!” He then gave Rav Yaakov two slaps and completely humiliated him.



Rav Yaakov finished telling this story with a comment, “This Rebbe is the only person I have not been able to bring myself to forgive, because to the best of my knowledge, I have never lied in my entire life!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Terumah 5784 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U Tefilah parsha sheet.*

# A Two-Way Surprise at the Tzfat Cemetery

## From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles

Get ready for a deep, lengthy, emotional and inspiring read. I [**Yehuda Azulay**] almost never post these types of events that happen to me, but I feel I have no choice with this one.

I arrived in Israel yesterday with an amazing group of forty-five Moroccan Jewish business men from Toronto, called the “Sephardic Unity Israel Trip.” After concluding a tour of Tsfat and visiting burial sites of the *Tzadikim*, nearly everyone was now gathered back on the bus outside the new cemetery of Tzfat for the next leg of the trip, a visit to a winery. I, though, was late, as usual, as was my good friend, Ariel Picillo, and the three rabbis with the group.

Then the unexpected occurred.

### Met Two Middle-Age Sephardic Women

It was scorching hot. I remembered seeing a soft drinks machine nearby, up a short hill inside. As I approached, two middle-aged Sephardic-looking women were standing near the cemetery chapel. [1] I said to them (in Hebrew), “Please, do you have any change for the coke machine?”

One of the women responded with a thick Israeli-Moroccan accent, “No, I have no change and anyway, the coke machine doesn’t work. However, I am part of the *Hevra Kadisha* (Burial Society) of Tzfat. Do you perhaps have ten men? We need a *minyan* to bury a woman, We have been here for nearly an hour, waiting to bury her. She is an elderly Holocaust survivor, and has no male descendants except for one grandson. He is in the chapel hoping a minyan can be assembled.”

Astonished, I quickly blurted out, “Hold on a minute. I have a bus filled with about 50 men waiting for three Rabbis to return from immersing in the Arizal’s *mikveh*. I will be right back.”





**The entrance to the New Cemetery in Tzfat (Safed) in Northern Israel**

I was stunned by the sudden turn in events. The woman was equally in shock and became extremely emotional, but I had no time to waste.

I ran down the small hill from the new section of the cemetery to our bus waiting outside the cemetery gates, and told two of the organizers, Victor Arrobas and Rabbi Leib Irons, the situation.

### **Is the Body Really Ready for Burial**

Victor said to me, “Look, it’s 12:55pm. The rabbis are coming any moment and we have only five minutes left. We are very behind schedule and you know how Israeli’s are. They say five minutes, and it can be over an hour. I know it is a big *mitzvah*, but at least first see if the body is even there.”

I responded, “You are correct about the timing. I’ll go right now to check if the body is there.”

I ran back up the hill as fast as I could. Despite the mounting pressure on me from both sides. I said to myself, “I will not let anything will stop me from arranging the minyan.”

“I approached the ladies filed with emotion, and asked them, “Where is this woman’s body? One of them answered ‘*Bifnim*’ (inside).

I went into the first room and found nothing there. I quickly reported back to the two women, who promptly replied, ‘Further in. After going through three more rooms, I finally spotted the body of the woman in the fourth, wrapped in shrouds.

My heart stuttered. I said to myself, “She must be buried with the utmost respect.” I ran out with not a minute to spare and told the women to delay the burial. I ran down the hill and asked Rabbi Irons if the rabbis came back yet and he said “No.’

### **“Now is the Time”**

I said to him “Perfect. We are going to help bury this lady. The body is there; now is the time.”

I got on the bus filled with emotions. and I raised my voice so that everyone could hear me. I didn’t even pause to pick up the microphone. They were all wondering why I got up to speak.

I announced, “Listen, everyone. I was just up the hill and a burial is about to begin. There is no family present except for one grandson, so there will be no minyan and no *Kaddish* without us. Let’s go help! I got permission to delay our departure. It’s just up the hill, two minutes away.”

### **They Couldn’t Stop Crying from Joy**

Everyone was taken by surprise, but inspired. I ran up the hill with nearly fifty people behind me. I saw the two women's faces; they couldn’t stop crying from joy over what just occurred.

As we all entered the chapel, it was as if this was all planned from above. Immediately the body was brought out on a stretcher. [2] There were nearly fifty men including several rabbis present. *Kaddish* and other prayers were recited.

After, we escorted the body out of the chapel and only a one-minute walk away was the burial spot. The body was lifted from the stretcher and carefully laid to rest. Several shovels were provided and we helped scoop the mounds of dirt into the grave. The rabbi said a few words, as did the grandson before reciting the *Kaddish* again. The Toronto group was greatly moved by the opportunity to participate in this unexpected mitzvah.

### **One of the Greatest Mitzvot**

[Burial of the dead and respectful treatment of the deceased in preparation for proper burial is considered one of the greatest mitzvot. It takes precedence over any other “*Mitzvat Aseh*” a scriptural commandment to do a particular deed.]

After the very brief funeral, the grandson thanked me and then added, “You know, my sister, the only other living relative of my grandmother, lives in Toronto, but was unable to come.”

“Really?!” we exclaimed. “Our whole group is from Toronto. In what part does she live?” “Her husband is the rabbi of the Romano synagogue, the Chabad Romenu *shul*,” was the reply. One person on the trip knew the rabbi well, and was so excited to hear this that he whipped out his cell phone and immediately called the Rabbi .

### **The Lesson About Hashgacha Pratit**

The rabbi was very moved. He excitedly informed us that the Lubavitcher Rebbe wrote in his *HaYom Yom* (daily wisdom) book in the entry for this day’s date on the Jewish calendar all about *Hashgacha Pratit* (Divine supervision of the individual). There it states, “One should learn about divine providence -- there is no such thing as “coincidence,” and each particular movement of every human being is directly related to the overall intent underlying the creation.... “Thus”, the rabbi concluded, it was no coincidence that the granddaughter was from Toronto and the group burying this stranger is from Toronto.

### **“...As Long as I am Alive, I am Never Done”**

Rabbi Irons turned to me after the burial, saying, “Your mission in *Eretz Yisrael* is complete. Even if you go home now, you did your job.” I responded, “Thank you, but as long as I am alive, I am never done.”

This ninety-five-year-old lady from Vilna who went through the Holocaust must have had a great merit. She passed away on the same date as her birthday. May the merit of **Ida bat Chunya**, *obm*, be a source of blessing to us all, I wrote this with the hope that her story will be told -- and especially about her large funeral.

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**Source :** I originally received this as an anonymous WhatsApp message. “Anonymous” bothered me, but I decided to use it anyway, as there were many accurate names in it. Then, just before posting it on AscentOfSafed.com, I thought to search around for the identity of “I” in the story. I finally found it in issue #753 of *Mishpacha Magazine*. I stuck with my editing, in which I invested so much time and work on the WhatsApp message (it’s easy to see that it was also a first draft for *Mishpacha*), although Barbara Bensoussan’s version is clearly more polished and literary). I did, however, add several details from there, such as the full names of the author and the two rabbis mentioned.

**One more addition, later submitted from a different member of the group:**  
“Absolutely incredible! I am in a bus with almost 50 men who do not stop speaking about what happened. I want to add one more thing... We all had immersed in the mikveh of the Arizal just minutes before. So, we were all properly purified and prepared for this mitzvah! She must have been a very special person.”

**Connection :** The 7th of Adar (this Friday) is a holiday for the *Chevra Kadisha* (Jewish "Burial Societies") worldwide (some also fast). It is the date of Moshe's passing. Who buried him? G-d Himself! No need for the Chevra Kadisha. That's how it became their annual vacation day, and the one date they need not worry about being weakened by fasting.

[1] An enclosed area outside the Chevra Kadisha building, to where, upon completing the purification procedure upon the dead body, it is rested there upon a table until the close family members tear garments and the eulogies are completed.

[2] In Israel the custom is to bury the deceased directly into the earth--no coffin.

*Reprinted from the Parashat Terumah 5784 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed.*

## The Hurried Shabbos Meal



The following story show how people who were so great and had such sensitivity to other people. Rabbi Yisrael Salanter had a wealthy student who begged him to come and spend a Shabbos in his home. Reb Yisrael finally agreed on one condition. That he leads the meals on Shabbos.

Friday night after prayers Reb Yisrael comes to his host's home and immediately started singing Shalom Aleichem in a hurry. He made Kiddush, washed his hands, ate the Challah and asked for the fish to be served straight away.

### **Reb Yisroel Insists that He Would First Like to Have Dessert**

As soon as the fish was finished the host hinted to Reb Yisrael that maybe they should sing something. But Reb Yisrael asked for the soup. After eating the soup, he asked for the meat and main course to be served. After the main course the host started saying a Dvar Torah on the Parsha, but Reb Yisrael interrupted him and said that he would first like to have dessert.

After all the food had been served Reb Yisrael asked the cook if there was anything else and the cook replied that she was finished. The host was very disturbed that the meal had been served so fast with no Zemiros Shabbos and no Divrei Torah.

Reb Yisrael turned to his host and said, "now let us sing and say Divrei Torah for as long as you wish, but first please call in the cook so I can apologize for rushing the meal so fast."

### **Compliments the Cook on an Amazing Dinner**

The cook stood at the side of the room. Reb Yisrael turned to her and said, "firstly I would like to compliment you for the amazing dinner, the food was delicious." The cook beamed from joy.

"Surely you spent hours and hours, shopping, cooking and preparing such a beautiful meal. You most probably would have preferred to have a few minutes break between courses to relax."

The cook was listening and interrupted Reb Yisrael, "most definitely not, just the opposite. What does the Rav think? I don't have a home, I don't have a husband and family? Every week my husband comes home from Shul, sits and waits until close to midnight till when I get home, then he makes Kiddush and I fall asleep at the table from exhaustion. Thanks to the Rav, this week my husband will get such a surprise when I come home early, he will be so excited, I am so excited and we can enjoy Friday night dinner together."

Reb Yisrael turned to his host and said, "now do you understand? This is what I wanted you to see. Singing Zemiros Shabbos is a very great thing, Divrei Torah are priceless, there is no greater pleasure. But not at the expense of your helper, even if she is getting paid for her work. Being sensitive to her is something we were taught at Har Sinai, that even a non-Jewish maid that was bought at full price, the Torah commands us not to over work her." We must get our priorities right. We must strive for the greatest level of Kedusha and spirituality but not at someone else's expense.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Mishpatim 5784 email of Inspired by a Story by Rabbi Dovid Caro.*

# The Singer of Yedid Nefesh

By Rabbi Elimelech Biderman



**Reb Mendel Futerfas**

**Reb Mendel Futerfas** (who lived in Russia) told about a melamed who was arrested and sent to Siberia, because he was caught teaching Torah to Jewish children. One Shabbos afternoon, the melamed heard someone singing Yedid Nefesh in the distance. He followed the voice and found a Yid with long hair, singing the song emotionally, with his eyes closed.

The singer didn't realize that the melamed was watching him. When he opened his eyes, they hugged each other. The man said, "I am living here for twenty years, and you are the first Yid I see."

The melamed asked, "Do you have any Jewish articles; a sefer, a shofar, tefillin, something?"

"Nothing at all," the man replied. "I tried to bring everything you mentioned, and more, but they took everything away from me. All I have left is my emunah and the Shabbos zemiros... What about you? Do you have anything?"

"I have tefillin shel yad. They confiscated my tefillin shel rosh, because they saw it on my head, but they didn't know that I was also wearing tefillin under my sleeve."

The man was overjoyed. "Tomorrow I will be able to put on tefillin! Tomorrow morning will be the first time, in twenty years, that I will wear tefillin."

The entire night, he prepared himself, and anticipated the mitzvah. In the morning, he put on the tefillin, said kriyas Shema, and soon after died.

Reb Futerfas said to his students, "If we wouldn't have sefarim or mitzvos for twenty years, and we wouldn't see the face of a Yid all this time either, would we be singing Yedid Nefesh on Shabbos afternoon? Would we be taking every opportunity to observe the few things that we can do? However, we do have mitzvos; shouldn't we take advantage of them?"

This story is repeated to remind people to grab every opportunity they have to do mitzvos. The story also reminds us of the privilege, and joy, to keep the mitzvos.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Terumah 5784 email of the Torah Times. Copied with permission from Machon Be'er Emunah - [BeerEmunah@gmail.com](mailto:BeerEmunah@gmail.com)*