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The Helpful Guide



Baron Rothschild

“*Ish Lere’ehu*” brings this great story: A needy Jew once traveled to Frankfurt to solicit financial help from Baron Shimon Rothschild z”l. When he arrived in town, he asked a man for directions to the baron’s house.

Eager to help the man who had come all that way to see Baron Rothschild, the man offered to escort him to the baron’s residence. As they approached the mansion, the visitor, realizing that his escort was a very helpful person, asked for another favor.

“You know, I’m tired and perspiring from the long trip. Perhaps it would be a good idea if I showered and freshened up before my meeting. Would you be so kind as to show me to the nearest bathhouse?”

“Of course,” replied the man with a smile, and he took him to the bathhouse. Once there, the man even went so far as to help wash the weary traveler, and then left the man to finish on his own.

Feeling clean and refreshed, the needy man made his way back to the mansion, and the doors were immediately opened for him. He was quickly ushered into the baron’s meeting room.

Sitting in the plush armchair, waiting to greet him, was none other than the man who had escorted him down the street and even helped him wash himself. As wealthy and important as he was, it was not below Baron Shimon Rothschild’s dignity to personally help out a needy Jew.

Reprinted from the Parashat Va’era 5786 email of Rabbi David Bibi’s Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.

A Grave Insight

By Simcha Raz



R' Aryeh Levin was once at a levaya. After the grave was filled, he turned to a person he knew and said, “Many people have tried to persuade me to move to larger, more comfortable living quarters, and I have refused.

“Come and see. After his life is over, a man is brought from his home to here. For me the move, the transition, will not be hard; because there is no sharp contrast between my room and here.

“But when a man has grown accustomed to living comfortably in a splendid home, how hard it will be for him at the end of his days to move his ‘residence’ to this small bit of space.” (Excerpted from “A Tzaddik In Our Time.”)

Reprinted from the Parshas Bo 5786 email of The Weekly Vort.

A Shidduch Meant to Be

Dovid had an engaging, charismatic personality, but he carried one serious flaw: he was painfully stingy. Though immensely wealthy, he was not generous and rarely gave *tzedakah*, either seemingly unaware—or unwilling to acknowledge—that Hashem is the true Giver of wealth and that he was merely a “bank clerk,” entrusted with funds meant to be distributed to those in need; yet Dovid resisted this role, refusing even the smallest donation.

In his early years, before his reputation hardened, those in need would still approach him, only to leave disappointed, and soon they stopped coming altogether as word spread quickly: He’s an unrepentant miser—don’t bother, you won’t even get a glass of water from him.

Dovid would sit alone in his spacious, luxurious study, surrounded by everything a person could desire, able to support several hungry families without feeling the loss, yet he derived no joy from his *brachos*, for something gnawed at him incessantly, preventing him from enjoying his wealth, his beautiful family, or his lavish mansion.

He had a daughter who had been in *shidduchim* for many long years, and two sons and another daughter who had also reached *shidduchim* age but were forced to wait until the oldest married; the boys were gifted *talmidei chachomim*, learned in the finest yeshivos and earnest in their Torah learning, but a rare medical condition affecting the oldest daughter—and only minimally impacting the boys—blocked all of them from finding their *zivugim*, leaving no apparent path to a *yeshuah*.

Many urged Dovid to allow the younger children to go first, but he stubbornly refused, even as he had no idea how to resolve the growing crisis. One day, around Shavuos, while in Yerushalayim on business, Dovid felt compelled to go to the Kosel and beg Hashem to have compassion on his family and send the long-awaited *yeshuah*; he leaned against the ancient stones, head buried in his arm, ready to pour out his heart, yet his heart felt like stone and the words would not come.

At that moment, he noticed a younger man standing beside him, someone who looked vaguely familiar, davening with uncontrollable tears streaming down his face, lips trembling, sobs erupting from the depths of his soul and soaring heavenward, and suddenly something inside Dovid cracked—tears welled in his eyes, emotion clenched his chest, and like a rebellious son returning to his Father, he raised his hands and whispered, “*Hoshi’eini Elokim, ki ba’u mayim ad nafesh*—Save me, Hashem, for the waters have reached my soul,” until the Tehillim in his hands was soaked with tears and he cried and cried, feeling as though a massive boulder had been lifted from his heart.

Startled, the man, Yaakov, replied quietly that there was nothing Dovid could do, but Dovid persisted until Yaakov finally poured out his story. Through shuddering sighs, he described the crushing burden of debt strangling him like ropes after marrying off many of his fifteen children – most recently his tenth, a daughter wed to a fine *bochur*, leaving him with empty coffers and no idea how he would even feed his family.

With his heart newly awakened, Dovid immediately pulled out his checkbook and wrote a large check covering all the debts and expenses, telling Yaakov simply, “Hashem has heard your *tefillos*,” leaving Yaakov stunned and speechless, bursting into tears once again—this time tears of overwhelming joy.

As they walked away from the Kosel together, Dovid sighed deeply and remarked that despite everything, Yaakov should be thankful this was his only pain, and when Yaakov asked why, Dovid poured out his own anguish about his unmarried daughter and the children trapped in endless waiting, adding quietly that he was confident the One Who hears all *tefillos* had heard his that day.

They parted at the entrance to the plaza, Yaakov hurrying to cash the check. While speaking with the money changer, he shared the astonishing *hashgachah* he had just experienced and mentioned Dovid’s daughter with the rare medical condition, causing the money changer to suddenly catch his breath, for his own younger brother suffered from the exact same condition, one known to very few and with no treatment.

After asking for details, the money changer requested that Yaakov serve as *shadchan* between his brother and Dovid’s daughter, promising full *shadchanus*. From that moment everything unfolded with breathtaking speed until the brother was engaged to Dovid’s daughter.

Two months later, the wedding took place, with many poor and needy invited and entire tables set aside so they too could partake in the lavish *seudah*, during which the kallah’s father rose to his feet to publicly pour out heartfelt thanks to Hashem for the wonders He had performed for him and his family. (Meant To Be)

Reprinted from the Parshas Va’eira and Bo emails of The Weekly Vort.

Tefillin Remedy

By Rabbi Yosef Weiss

On his way out of shul one Friday morning, Elkanah Fried decided to dash over to the local store and pick up a few groceries. Before long he was pulling into his driveway. As he often did when he had a number of items to carry into the house, he placed his *talet* bag on the roof of the car while he brought in the groceries.

“Good morning,” his wife called as he walked through the door. “Oh, thanks for doing the shopping. I’ve got to run, so I’ll talk to you later.”

After Shabbat, when Elkanah couldn’t find his *talet* bag anywhere in his house or in the shul, he realized that he must have left it on top of the car on Friday morning when he left his house. What could he do to get it back? Elkanah decided to run an advertisement in a popular Jewish newspaper. It wasn’t long before he got a response.

“I was driving down Ocean Parkway when I saw a *talet* bag in the middle of the street,” the man said. “I stopped my car right in the middle of traffic, ran out and got the *talet* bag. The other drivers didn’t like it, but the *talet* bag was more important!”

“Thank you so much,” Elkanah said gratefully. “Tell me where you live, and I’ll pick it right up.”

Elkanah drove down to get the *talet* bag, once again thanking his benefactor. “Is there anything I can do for you?” he asked. “You’ve done me a tremendous favor. Can’t I give you a reward?”

“Oh, no, please don’t give me anything. But now that you mention it, there is something you can do for me. I really need a *berachah*.”

A *berachah* for what?” Elkanah asked.

“I’ve been suffering for some time from an illness which has not been curable so far,” the man explained. When he described his condition, Elkanah was surprised.

“I also had that problem. Let me tell you what to do.”

Using the benefit of his experience, Elkanah directed the man to the right place to get the proper medical help for his ailment.

Shortly after that, a friend who had heard the entire story came over to Elkanah privately. “I have that same problem. Perhaps you can help me too?”

Once again, Elkanah was able to direct a man to the proper medical help, and his problem was cured. In the end, the loss of the *talet* bag ended up becoming a tremendous gain in helping others. (Excerpted from the book – “Visions of Greatness V”)

Reprinted from the Parashat Va’era 5786 email of Rabbi David Bibi’s Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.

The Amazing Story of the Neschchizer and Sosnovtzer Rebbe

There was once a Chasidishe Yid R' Nachum, who was a big merchant from the city of Sosnovitz, Poland, who used to travel a lot for in his business dealings. He had a customary practice or Minhag, that if there was a Rebbe in that city where he had business to do, he would go and mention his dealings and elevate himself from the Tzaddik and hear an insight in Chassidus,

He always repeated that this was a omen that helped him in his travels, not to fall into the hands of the Yetzer Harah. The Tzadikim greatly respected him for this and he also presented them with precious gifts.

Meeting the Biala Rebbe

On one occasion R' Nachum happened to be in the city of Biala for an important business deal. He heard of the Biala Rebbe, Harav Yitzchak Jacob Rabinowitz, a grandson of the Yehudi Hakadosh from Pashischa. He is the author of the Seforim "Dvri Bina" and "Yishri Lev". He was also the son-in-law of Rabbi Yehoshua of Sosnovitz and later in Ostrovtza, the author of Sefer Toldos Adam, the son of Harav Shlomo Leib of Lentchna)

When Rabbi Nachum went into the Biala Rabbi, he said he wanted to tell him an amazing story that had happened with him, and his father-in-law, the Sosnovitzer Rebbe.

The Rebbe said he was eager to hear! R' Nachum began:

The Sosnovitzer Rebbe was a Mechuten to Harav Yitzchok of Neshchiz, the author of the Seforim Toldos Yitzchok and Zichron Tov, the son of Harav Mordechai of Neshchiz, one of the great students of Harav Yechiel Mechel the Zlotchiver Magid

The two Tzadikim of Sosnovitz and Neshchiz used to meet very often, and were very close.

A Dispute with a Nasty Gentile

Once R' Nachum got entangled with a Gentile with money matters, and the Gentile did not want to straighten it out with him, rather he called him to settle it out in court, and knowing the Anti-Semitic judges, this would have brought on him a harsh prison sentence. He hired a top lawyer, who reviewed the case, and after a few

days of working on the case, the lawyer saw that there was no way he could acquit me, and he advised that I should flee from Sosnovitz.

Having no choice, I fled to Neshchiz, where I heard that Harav Yitzchok of Neshchiz was a great Tzaddik and miracle worker. I went to the Neshchizer Rebbe and told him about the court case I had with the Gentile, and that my lawyer advised to flee.

At that time the Sosnovitzer Rebbe came to visit the Neshchizer Rebbe. Their custom, was that when a Yid came with a problem, they would both read the Kvitel. When I came to the Neshchizer Rebbe, I began to cry and pour out my pain that Hashem should save him from the harsh judgment.

Both Tzadikim then read my Kvitel. In the courtyard there was a large stone, and the Tzadikim, after reading my Kvitel told me to come with them and sit down next to the stone, and we will see what we can do to help you. Both Tzadikim put on their coats which were of the same material and color, and we went out into the yard and sat down next to the stone.

Here they both read again my Kvitel. After a few minutes of silence, the Neshchizer Rebbe asked the Sosnovitzer Rebbe: Do you feel that R' Nachum should go to and stand trial?

The Sosnovitzer Rebbe replied: "Of course he should stand trial"!

The Neshchizer Rebbe then turned to me and said, do you hear what he said, and pointed to the Sosnovitzer Rebbe who said that you should stand trial.

This scenario was repeated a few times! After this episode, the Tzadikim told me to stand trial and Hashem would help you! R' Nachum understood that the Tzadikim concocted something in heaven for his benefit.

My faith in Tzadikim was steadfast, and I answered that I would go to the judgment, and said goodbye to them. The day of the trial arrived, and the judge listened to the arguments accused against me. Now it was time for my lawyer to state his defense, when the door of the court suddenly opened and in walked both Tzadikim, who walked over to the judge, and stated that I am not guilty!

The judge became very frightened, and told the two Tzadikim to enter his private chamber. After a long wait, the judge came out of his chamber and announced that I was free to go, and all charges were dropped!

The Tzadikim just about vanished from the scene. I was gratified, and traveled to thank both Tzadikim. Of course, I didn't mention that I saw them in court! R' Nachum concluded this story to the Biala Rebbe, and said it wasn't my imagination. I can swear that both Tzadikim were in court, and they must have said the right words to the Judge who set me free.

Reprinted from the Parshas Bo 5786 email of Pardes Yehuda.

Rav Chaim's Advice to An Arrogant Young Israel Entrepreneur



A young Israeli entrepreneur had successfully built a high-tech company. His success was unusual, given that he started with very little capital. He worked hard and it paid off. Unfortunately, he neglected to remember the “Hashem-factor”. Whatever success he achieved was due to Hashem’s blessing. It had nothing to do with brains and brawn.

Unfortunately, he began believing that his success was motivated by his input and savvy marketing. “it is all hard work – no miracles here” was his constant motto. He made a number of investments, which on paper should have paid out handsomely. However, due to the market crash and a string of legal challenges his company was now on the verge of collapse.

His wife was no fool. She understood that his good fortune led to his arrogance which, not only clouded his decisions, but it also short-circuited his otherwise rational thinking. He was a frum, observant, young man who should have acknowledged his fortune as a special Heavenly blessing. His wife urged him to

travel to Bnei Brak and speak with Horav Chaim Kanievsky and petition him for a blessing.

Somewhat reluctantly, he listened to his wife and met with Rav Chaim. The Sar HaTorah received him warmly and listened quietly to his tale of woe. After recounting his troubles, Rav Chaim asked him gently, “Tell me, when the business was going well, did you thank Hashem?”

The man replied, “To be honest, I never thought about it. I always felt that my success was initiated by my acumen and hard work.”

Rav Chaim countered, “When one forgets the true Source of all his blessing, Hashem sometimes reminds him. That reminder is not a punishment, but rather, a message of mercy. It is Hashem’s way of saying, ‘My child, return home.’”

The young man left shaken, because he knew that Rav Chaim was correct. He had the seichel, common sense, to listen, accept and change. Every morning before opening his laptop, he said, Modeh Ani, thanking Hashem for his beneficence. He davened with greater kavanah and began to attend a daily shiur.

As his life changed, so did his success. He soon became a wealthy man once again, only this time he acknowledged the true Source of his success. Every challenge, every struggle, every disappointment, carries within it a whisper, “Ad masai? How long will you refuse to humble yourself before Me?”

The wise person hears and heeds that whisper. He acknowledges his error and changes course. How fortunate is he who listens.

Reprinted from the Parshas Bo 5786 edition of Peninim on the Torah, a publication of the Hebrew Academy of Cleveland as prepared and edited by Rabbi L Scheinbaum.

The Painful Percentage

From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles

Rabbi Zusha had gone to visit his teacher. Rebbe Dov-Ber, the Maggid of Mezritch [the successor to the Baal Shem Tov, founder of the chasidic movement]. After a fulfilling stay drinking in his teacher’s wisdom, Reb Zusha prepared to take his leave. When he went into his rebbe’s study for a parting blessing, he mentioned to Rabbi Dov Ber that he needed to arrange a marriage for his daughter. Of course, Reb Zusha was as poor as could be, and to marry off a child requires a considerable sum.

Rabbi Dov Ber immediately took from his desk drawer 300 rubles and pressed it into his disciple’s hand, wishing him “mazaltov,” and sending him happily on his

way. Reb Zusha was greatly relieved. Now, his wife and daughter could feel at ease. Although he had taken money, which was not his habit or desire, this time it was a necessary thing, he thought to himself.

The trip home took R' Zusha through many towns and villages. While passing through a certain tiny Jewish village, he was startled by the sound of bitter weeping coming from a small hut. The other villagers were going about their business, ignoring the weeping.

“Who is That Crying?”

R' Zusha stopped one and asked, "Who is that crying?"

"That is a poor widow who was about to marry off her daughter, but on the way to the chupah she lost the entire dowry. Now, the wedding is off because the groom and his family refuse to go on with it without the dowry. And how will she ever be able to amass 300 rubles again?"

R' Zusha's sensitive soul was pained for the poor woman. Then, struck by the realization that 300 rubles was exactly the sum he had with him, he walked up to the door of the hut and knocked. "My good woman, I think I may have found your money!"

Her eyes widened in disbelief. When R' Zusha next asked her if the money had any distinguishing marks, she replied, "Yes! The money was in a packet of two fifties, and ten twenties, and it was tied with a red string."

“That’s Exactly What I Found!”

"Well, that's exactly what I found!" R' Zusha told her, with a wide smile. "I will go to the inn and get the money and bring it right back." R. Zusha ran to the inn and changed his money for the denominations the widow had described. Then he tied the bills together with a red string and ran back to the widow's hut.

By the time he returned the little village was buzzing with the good news. The girl had changed into her bridal dress, and the neighbors were bustling about preparing the wedding feast. As R. Zusha presented the widow with the money, he said, "I am keeping one twenty ruble note for my trouble."

She looked at him as if he was speaking a foreign language. The others who had overheard the remark stood with their mouths open. "What!" screamed the widow, finding her tongue. "How can you rob a poor widow of twenty rubles! Especially after you have just performed a most wonderful and holy mitzvah!"

The others converged around R. Zusha, screaming and yelling, "Thief! Stealing a widow's money? For shame!"

R' Zusha, however, refused to budge. He clung to the twenty rubles as if to dear life. "This money is mine as a reward, and for my troubles!"

Relatives, friends and other townspeople berated R' Zusha, and soon it seemed that they would tear him limb from limb to retrieve the money. Finally, someone piped up: "Let's go to the rabbi. He will be able to settle this once and for all!" Everyone agreed to follow the rabbi's ruling and they all trailed along to the rabbi's house. The rabbi listened to each side and then ruled: "Reb Zusha must give the widow the twenty rubles."

Still, R'b Zusha refused to give up the money. So, what happened next? One young man put his hand into Zusha's pocket and extracted the bill, Then Zusha was escorted to the edge of the village and unceremoniously kicked out.

The Truth Comes Out

Many months later the village rabbi happened to encounter Rabbi Dov Ber and related to him the incident with his disciple, Reb Zusha.

The Maggid quickly responded, "You must go to Reb Zusha and beg forgiveness," he said firmly. "That 300 rubles was not the widow's missing money. I myself gave it to Zusha to marry off his own child. The reason he demanded twenty rubles is because he wanted to avoid honor at any cost. He wanted this great mitzvah to be completely pure. That's the way he is."

The rabbi was shocked and ashamed when he heard this. He went special to Anipoli to beg Reb Zusha's forgiveness. Reb Zusha waved a hand in dismissal, "You don't need my forgiveness because I never was angry. I do not hold my honor to be of significance. In any case I will forget about the incident completely if you promise never to reveal the truth to the widow. I never want her to suspect that the money wasn't hers by right."

The rabbi, of course, agreed and the incident was never mentioned again.

Source: Adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from L'ChaimWeekly.org

Biographical Note: Rabbi [Meshulam-]Zusha of Anapoli [5478 - 2 Shvat 5560 (1718 - Jan. 1800)], was an important disciple of the Maggid. The seemingly unsophisticated but clearly inspired "Reb Zusha" is one of the best known and most beloved chasidic leaders. He and his famous elder brother, the Rebbe Elimelech of Lizhensk, spent many years wandering in exile, for esoteric reasons.

Reprinted from the Parshat Bo 5786 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed on Israel.

The Sh'lah and the Bagel Peddler



A story is told about Rav Yeshaya Horowitz, zt”l, of Prague, the Sh”lah Ha’kadosh. There was a poor, blind, bagel peddler who would sit on the curb outside the home of the Sh”lah, and sell his bagels every day. One day, a policeman came by and confiscated his entire basket of bagels.

The beggar wept, “What am I supposed to do now? How will I earn a living? How can I return home empty-handed?”

The Sh”lah overheard his weeping and rushed over to him, asking kindly, “How much were the bagels in your basket worth?”

The man, still weeping, cried out, “Ten rubles!” The Sh”lah gave him ten rubles, and the blind man showered him with Brachos. The next day, the Sh”lah waited for the blind peddler to arrive, and as soon as he appeared, he bought his entire batch and paid him ten rubles. Day after day, he would wait for the peddler and buy the whole basket of bagels.

When the Sh”lah’s family noticed this new daily routine, they asked him why he didn’t just give the peddler a monthly sum, instead of waiting for him, day after day, and then buying all his bagels. Wouldn’t it be much easier for both of them?

The Sh”lah answered, “It might be easier that way, but the blind peddler thinks that he is a good businessman, and that I buy his bagels because they are so good. This way he feels like he is earning a respectable living. Isn’t it difficult enough for him to be blind? Why should I take away from him one of the only satisfactions he has in life?”

Reprinted from the Parshas Bo 5786 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.

Moments of Truth

Rav Duvi Bensoussan shared a story: I have a dear friend whose journey in Emunah and Bitachon has been nothing short of extraordinary. We have learned the entire Sefer Chovos HaLevavos together, cover to cover, twice. Each time, I watched him grow into a genuine Ba'al Bitachon, a man whose entire heart rests in the hands of Hashem. He doesn't rely on people, numbers, or markets. His trust flows in one direction to Shamayim.

At one point, we were studying the Halachos of giving Ma'aser. He listened, absorbed, and without hesitation, he took a leap that many people only talk about: he began giving 20% of his earnings every month to Tzedakah. He runs an Amazon business, and month after month, he separated 20%, faithfully, and joyfully. And then, something astonishing happened.

In his first year of giving Ma'aser, his business really took off. It was surreal. Sales skyrocketed, profits soared, and Brachah poured down with incredible force. He earned more money that year than he ever imagined possible. It felt like the windows of Shamayim had opened for him.

But then everything changed. After that remarkable first year, it was as if someone flipped the switch off, and his numbers collapsed overnight. The same business that once brought in \$15,000 to \$20,000 per day, dropped to almost nothing. Sales were a fraction of what they used to be. His margins weren't just lower, they were incomparable. But he was still giving 20% to Ma'aser, he was still learning, and he was still trusting in Hashem.

And yet, his business was crumbling. He began using his savings to live off of. He looked at the last year's charts, and he couldn't make sense of what was happening. "Why?" he kept asking. "Why am I watching everything crash?" Confused and shaken, he called a Rabbi in Ohio, Rabbi Yisroel Brog, who is a grandson of the great Rav Avigdor Miller, zt"l. My friend listens to his classes regularly, especially on Emunah and Bitachon. He told him the whole story: the Emunah, the giving, the massive Brachos, and then the sudden collapse.

Rabbi Brog listened carefully and then said something that reframed everything. "Don't get off the train." The Rav said, "You're not the only one calling with this story. Many people have taken on great acts of sacrifice, like giving Ma'aser, and in the beginning, they saw incredible, supernatural results. But after a while, nothing. The Brachos stop. The success reverses. And they're left confused." Then he said, "Hashem has His calculations, and I don't pretend to know them. But I can tell you one thing. Don't get off the train."

He explained that often, when someone begins a holy practice, whether it is giving Tzedakah, keeping Shabbos, or any other Mitzvah, Hashem at first extends His Brachos. It's like an initial welcome and a burst of encouragement. But then the results

stop. Why is that? It is because Hashem wants to know what we want. Are we serving Him for the Brachah, or because it's the right thing to do? Do we keep Shabbos because a Rabbi promised it brings wealth? Do we give Ma'aser because we expect miracles? Is our Avodas Hashem a business investment? Or is it genuine devotion?

Sometimes Hashem takes the very thing that motivating us, which are the results, and He places that inside the test. Then Hashem watches. Will you keep giving Tzedakah if the money stops flowing? Will you remain committed when the Brachah is withheld? Will you stay faithful when the numbers make no sense? This is not punishment. It's qualification.

Rav Brog reminded him of when Avraham Avinu returned from the Akeidah, he might have expected a celebration. Instead, he walked into the Levayah of his beloved wife, Sarah Imeinu. Was this a new test? No. Chazal say this was the completion of the same test. Hashem wanted to see about Avraham, do you regret doing My will now that the outcome is painful? Or do you stand strong, knowing My command is truth, even when the result is bitter?

Rav Brog told my friend: "Some people jump ship the moment results drop. Don't be that person. Stay on the train. Hold the line. Show Hashem that your commitment is real, and it is not merely a transaction."

So, my friend held on. For five painful months, his business barely moved. He kept giving. He kept trusting. He kept believing. Every month he separated 20%, even as his account shrank. That is not normal Emunah. That is heroic Emunah. Then, one day, someone approached him with an idea for a new product, and he listed it online. And Baruch Hashem, it exploded. Sales roared back. Profits doubled. Then tripled. Hashem didn't just restore what was lost, He paid back everything he missed, and then Bentched him with abundance far beyond what he ever expected! In a matter of months, he earned more money than he had made in the previous ten years combined.

Why was this? Because now he was qualified. He had shown Hashem why he was doing it. It was not for the Brachah, or for the wealth. It was for the truth. Once he passed the test, the Brachah returned with overwhelming force. Rav Dovi said, "This story teaches a timeless truth, that Hashem sometimes tests us not by withholding opportunities, but by withholding results. It is not to hurt us or to frighten us, but to reveal us to ourselves.

True commitment is proven in the dry seasons, not the rainy ones. Anyone can stay on the train when it's moving fast. The question is, who stays seated when the train stops? We learn from this that Brachos may start strong in order to inspire us. Then they may pause, just to test us. But those who push through this pause often merit far greater light at the end of the tunnel. Sometimes Hashem holds the Brachos back, not to deny us, but to elevate us. The real miracle is the strength to stay on the train during the test!"

Reprinted from the Parshas Bo 5786 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.