

# SHABBOS STORIES FOR PARSHAS KI SAVO 5785

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## Where Are You Going?



Rabbi Sholom Mordechai Rubashkin tells of a time he was once with a pilot looking at a small Cessna plane which was high winged and had a single propellor in the front. Inside the plane he saw many buttons and dials, but one stood out to him, it was a dial with a picture of a small plane.

He asked what that dial did, and the pilot replied, “That dial is what tells you if you are going up or down, sideways or upside down.”

Rubashkin was confused, “Can’t you just tell if you are going up and down. It’s pretty obvious, just look out the window”.

The pilot replied, “One would think. But in bad weather it’s very hard to tell. This little dial tells us exactly where we are going. Without this dial we would not know how to reach our destination!”

So too, we must know where we are going. Just like pilots, we cannot use our assessment of the situation to guide us. We can’t only listen to our emotions, because

they change our perspective. We feel like doing different things each moment. That is why we have the Torah to guide us throughout our lives. Just focus on what the Torah is saying to do because the Torah is the emet—truth, and it will lead us on the life we are meant to live.

Reprinted from Parashat Vaetchanan 5785 email of Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.

# **The Mormon Jews**

## **By Rabbi David Bibi**

I want to share a remarkable true story I heard this week from Rabbi Benzion Klatzko—a story that weaves together the themes of estrangement and reunion, of exile and return, and of the slow and sacred journey home.

As many of you know, I travel regularly to Salt Lake City and have longstanding ties with the Mormon community. I've had the privilege of building respectful and warm relationships with Mormon leaders, including lunch years ago in Washington, D.C. with Senator Mike Lee—a true friend of Israel. So, when I heard this story, which unfolds partly in Utah and partly in Israel, it struck a deeply personal chord. This is truly one for the books.

Once, there was a young Jewish couple who moved to a small town with a handful of Jews and even fewer synagogues, none of which made them feel welcome. They eventually made friends with neighbors who invited them to join their religious services.

“Which synagogue do you attend?” they asked.

“We're Mormon,” the neighbors replied. “Come with us to the Mormon temple.”

Feeling alienated and alone, and warmly welcomed by the Mormons, the couple began attending regularly. They were embraced, celebrated, and drawn in. Eventually, they converted to Mormonism and raised their children as Mormons.

Their Jewish identity faded into silence.

But one of their children, a young man named Aaron, began to wonder about his roots.

“My parents and more specifically, my mother was born Jewish,” he thought. “That makes me Jewish too.”

Curiosity led to learning. He found an Olami rabbi and began to explore Judaism. He started keeping Shabbat. His neshamah awakened. Eventually, he made

Aliyah, married a wonderful Israeli woman, and together they began a new life in Israel.

Their first child was born, followed by a tragedy—a stillbirth. But then came a brachah: not one child, not twins, not triplets—quadruplets.

As anyone who has raised even one newborn can imagine, four at once is a nearly impossible challenge. Feedings, changings, sleepless nights—it was relentless. Aaron and his wife needed help. That’s when Jasmine entered the story. But to understand her, we must take another step back.

Aaron’s sister—daughter of the same Jewish mother—married a Mormon missionary. Their household was a center of proselytizing. They raised five children, including the youngest, Jasmine.

Then something unexpected happened. Aaron’s sister—the Mormon missionary and mother of five—heard about Birthright, the free trip to Israel for young Jews. Still young enough to qualify, she decided to go. She left her husband and children and went alone to Eretz Yisrael. She walked the streets of Yerushalayim. She experienced Shabbat. Something stirred.

When she returned, she told her husband, “I’m interested in Judaism.” He was horrified. “No. You’re a Mormon. A missionary’s wife. This can’t happen.”

But it did. And the marriage fell apart. They divorced. Around that time, Jasmine—just 12 years old—received a call from Uncle Aaron in Israel.

“I’m sorry about your parents. I know it’s a hard time. We just had quadruplets. Would you be willing to come help us out?”

Jasmine agreed. She flew to Israel and helped for six months. She returned home, but something in her had shifted.

The following year, Aaron and his wife had triplets—now seven children under two years old. Jasmine returned. The next year, twins—nine children in five years. Jasmine returned again.

Now 17 years old, Jasmine had spent significant time in Israel. She had seen Torah, tefillah, Shabbat, chesed—not preached, but lived. Back in Utah, she walked into a Mormon temple and sat for an hour. And she thought to herself, “I feel nothing.”

Then came the whisper: “But in Israel, I felt something.”

Rabbi Klatzko, who had been organizing Israel trips for young Jews, heard about Jasmine and her sisters and invited them to join one of his programs. Jasmine and her sister Esther joined for the full trip; Jessie came for Shabbat.

That Friday night, as they sang and shared, Esther turned to Rabbi Klatzko and said, “You should know—our involvement in Judaism is no small thing.”

She explained that on their father's side, they were direct descendants of Brigham Young, the founder of Mormonism after Joseph Smith. And on their mother's side, their great-uncle was Rabbi Aryeh Kaplan.

Yes—Brigham Young and Rabbi Aryeh Kaplan. Two spiritual giants from opposite universes. And their great-nieces were now standing in Eretz Yisrael, asking for a Jewish name.

Esther chose to be called Yehudit Esther—"because my Judaism was hidden. Jessie chose the name Yiskah, a name associated with spiritual clarity. And then Jasmine stood up. With tears in her eyes, she said, "I want to be called— Sarah Emunah – Princess of Faith. The group lifted her on a chair, danced, and sang. The vineyards of Tu B'Av were alive again.

Jasmine stayed in Israel. She enrolled in seminary. She learned, she grew, she reconnected to the soul that had been buried but never erased. And then came the news: she got engaged. The first of the sisters to do so.

To whom? To Rabbi Klatzko's son. Jasmine—Sarah Emunah—is now marrying Rabbi Benzion Klatzko's son, Azaria. She will become his daughter-in-law.

The wedding will take place in the backyard of Uncle Aaron—the same uncle who opened the door again and again. The one who had quadruplets. The one who unknowingly became the bridge home.

*Reprinted from the Parashat Vaetchanan 5785 email of Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*



# The Broken Promise

By Yehuda Z Klitnick

The Rebbe Reb Elimelech of Lizensk and his brother, Rebbe Reb Zusha of Honipoli, were talmidim of the Magid of Mezritch. After his passing the brothers committed themselves to go into exile for two years, as a way to elevate their Neshamos to a very high level. They disguised themselves as beggars. Toward the end of this period, they arrived in the city of Linsk, Poland, where the Rov was Harav Reb Menachem Mendel Horowitz, the father of Harav Naftali Tzvi of Ropshitz, author of Sefer Zera Kodesh.

Reb Mendel gave them a coin as a donation. When they left his room, they noticed that the coin was a gold coin, of great value. They assumed that Reb Mendel had given it to them by mistake, instead of giving them a smaller coin of lesser value. So, they returned to his room to give him back the coin.

Reb Mendel said to them, “I did not make a mistake. I recognized who you were. But you should know that if I were to go into exile for two years as you two have done, I would have reached a higher level. When they heard that, they went an extra year in exile.

When they went into exile, they would often separate for Shabbos. Reb Elimelech would go to a rich man for Shabbos, so that he could honor the Shabbos properly. However, Reb Zusha would look to spend Shabbos by someone poor, someone who usually lived just outside of town. He often found hidden tzaddikim among these people.

So, every Erev Shabbos he would search for a poor person, someone he recognized as a hidden tzaddik, and he would stay by that man if possible. One time, as they arrived in a town, Reb Zusha felt with his Ruach Hakoesh that a hidden tzaddik lived in a certain house. So, he went there, and knocked on the door, and asked if he could stay there for Shabbos.

The homeowner wasn’t at home at the time, so his wife said to Reb Zusha, “There is no room with us to stay overnight, and we don’t have enough food to offer either, because we are very poor.”

Reb Zusha didn’t give in. He said to her, “I will eat the food I brought with me, and I will sleep at the table.” He didn’t ask any more questions. He just put his small package down in the house. A short while later, the poor man, the homeowner, came home. He saw the guest, but he didn’t say a word to him. Shabbos came, and Reb Zusha ate the food he had brought with him. He waited, and watched the homeowner to see some sign of Avodas Hashem, and Kedusha, that would mark him as a hidden tzaddik.

He had sensed that the man was a tzaddik, but he saw nothing on him to indicate it. The Shabbos basically passed that way. However, after Reb Zusha davened Mincha, he set foot to the house to eat Shalosh Seudos, but, Reb Zusha suddenly saw that he suddenly was standing in a field unknown where he was. He became very sad, and broke down and cried. He had hoped to stay the entire Shabbos by that poor man, even though he could have stayed in the city in a normal house, and had regular Shabbos. But he wanted to be together with a tzaddik for Shabbos, especially for Shalosh Seudos which is a heilige time, but now, he had not done so, and he had accomplished nothing. He had no way of keeping the mitzvah of Shalosh Seudos here in the field, as he had no food and didn't know where he was!

As he was standing there, thinking and crying, his eyes "opened." He suddenly saw a cave. He entered the cave, and there he saw the Yid he had spent Shabbos with. He was sitting in the cave, wearing white clothes, at the head of a table full of hidden tzaddikim, learning Torah with them.

The Yid invited Reb Zusha to come and eat and sit with them. Reb Zusha had a tremendous uplifting from what he saw and heard there. When Shabbos was over, and he took leave, the hidden tzaddik warned him that he must be careful not to reveal to anyone at all what he had seen there, or he will face consequences. Reb Zusha agreed and they parted ways.

When he met with his brother Reb Elimelech, he immediately realized that Reb Zusha's face was shining with aura, and he had a special Simchah. So, he asked him, 'What happened that was he so happy'?"

Reb Zusha, however, didn't want to answer, as he promised not to tell. But Reb Elimelech nagged him a great deal, and finally Reb Zusha broke down and told him everything. Then they continued traveling. They came to a town, and they stayed in a hotel there.

In the morning, after they set off traveling again, some people suddenly came after them in a wagon. A goy, a Poritz, had stayed in the same hotel they stayed in, and someone had stolen a wallet full of money from him. He suspected Reb Zusha of stealing it. He came with his servants to catch him and arrest him. They came straight up to Reb Zusha and cruelly grabbed him and tied him to their wagon, and drove off with him.

While they were driving the wagon back to the hotel, the Poritz met a friend, another Poritz. He asked our Poritz, "Why do you look so angry?" He answered, "Because the Yid who's tied to my wagon stole my wallet."

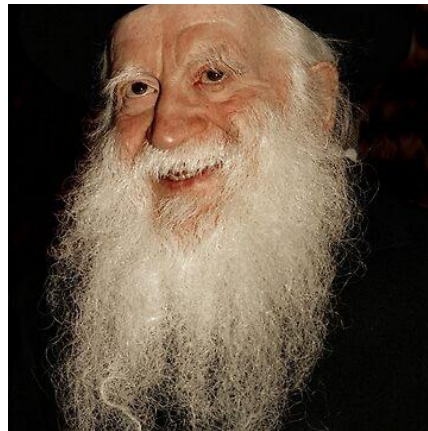
The other Poritz said to him, "Let me look at him." He went and looked at Reb Zusha and thought about him. He then said to his friend, "I think you should free him. I looked at his face and I don't see a thief. He doesn't look like a thief." And he had him freed.

And then he went over to Reb Zusha and whispered in his ear, “I told you not to tell anyone!” Reb Zusha understood and apologized! (Told by the Pshevorsker Rebbe in his sefer Yud-Gimel Oros.)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Va'eschanan 5785 email of Pardes Yehuda.*

# What's Fare is Fare

**By Rabbi Paysach J. Krohn**



The Manchester Rosh Yeshivah, Rabbi Yehudah Zev Segal (1910-1993), would often quote the Hasidic master R' Mendel of Rimanov, who said that many times sweet and innocent children stray from the way of the Torah when they are older. “It is because of timtum haleb, numbness of the heart, which results from being given food that was purchased by their parents with money earned dishonestly.”

Rabbi Segal's honesty was impeccable, as shown by the following incident. He was once on an intercity train on which the conductor passes through the cars to collect the fares. Rabbi Segal started his trip in the economy second-class section and paid his fare, but when rowdy fellow passengers made it difficult for him to concentrate on his learning, he moved to the first-class section.

Rabbi Segal was sure that the conductor would come through again and he would pay the difference for the upgraded seat. When he reached his destination, the conductor had not come through the first-class section, so Rabbi Segal went directly to the station agent to pay the difference. The agent told Rabbi Segal that it was not necessary to pay. Not satisfied, Rabbi Segal went to the stationmaster and paid the extra fare. As the Rosh Yeshivah left the booth, the stationmaster said, “That man is one in a million!”

The words we write or speak, the appointments we make, the business deals we devise, the emotions we display, are all opportunities for honesty and integrity (and very often showcases for Kidush Shem Shamayim, sanctifying Hashem's



name). We must be careful not to overlook these opportunities. (Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – “Echoes of the Maggid”)

*Reprinted from the Parashat Vaetchanan 5785 email of Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

# Most Important

By Aharon Spetner



**Illustrated by Miri Weinreb**

The Greenbaums left Tante Rochel’s house and started walking home. There was a slight breeze and not a cloud in the sky.

“Look, Totty,” said little Yaeli. “There’s the moom!”

“You mean the Moon?” said Shimmy.

“Yeah the moom,” little Yaeli repeated. “It looks like a little banana. I bet it tastes so yummy. I want my own moom. I will keep it next to my bed and eat it when I’m hungry.”



“Yaeli,” Yitzy said. “The Moon is huge. You could fit quadrillions of houses inside the moon.”

“Quadillion? Is that more than a hundred?” little Yaeli asked.

“Way more,” said Yitzy. “It’s so, so big.”

“Little Yaeli looked up at the sky again. But those stars are tiny. I want some stars. They look like they taste like spwinkles.”

“Stars are bigger than the Moon,” said Basya.

“Nuh-uh, look they’re so tiny,” little Yaeli said, pointing.

“That’s because they’re further away,” Totty explained. “Stars are so, so far away. And there are so many that you could never count them all.”

“I know how to count!” insisted little Yaeli, pointing at the stars. “One.. two... three... seven... eleventeen...” her voice trailed off as she ran out of all the numbers she knew.

“When I get older I wanna be as big as the moom,” she said.

“You can’t be as big as the Moon,” Yitzy explained. “It’s not possible for the human body to grow that big.”

“But I don’t want to be so little,” said little Yaeli, sadly.

“Yaeli,” Totty said. “You’re more important than the Moon.”

“But the moom is so big!”

“Yes, but bigger doesn’t always mean better.” Totty pulled out some coins. “See, this is a dime and this is a nickel. The nickel is bigger than the dime, but the dime is worth as much as two nickels.”

“Totty,” asked Shimmy. “How can we be more important than the Moon? The Moon is part of sheishes yemei bereishis. It’s mentioned in the Torah and we use it to know when Rosh Chodesh and Yom Tov are.”

“And you’re not part of sheishes yemei bereishis?” asked Totty.

Shimmy thought about this.

“Can we go on an airplane to visit the moom?” asked little Yaeli.

“Yaeli,” said Yitzy. “An airplane can’t go to the Moon. You would need a rocketship to get there.”

“I’m going to ask Zaidy to give me a rocketship for Chanukah,” little Yaeli said. “Then I can go to the moom and see what it tastes like.”

“Totty,” said Yitzy. “Hashem did create Adam Harishon during sheishes yemei bereishis, but now there are millions of Yidden. But there is only one Moon. How can we be more important?”

“They should make more mooms,” said little Yaeli.

“And what about the quadrillions of stars?” asked Totty. “In this week’s Parsha Moshe Rabbeinu says that Hashem only loved the Avos out of everyone and everything else in the world. And he chose us, their children, over all of the other nations.

“This means that every single Yid, including you, Shimmy, Yitzy, Basya, and Yaeli, are the most important things in the world. Nothing in the world compares to the value of a Yid who learns Torah and does Mitzvos.”

“Is the moon a Yid?” asked little Yaeli.

“No, Yaeli, we are Yidden,” Totty explained. “We are bnei Avraham, Yitzchok, and Yaakov. The Moon is just here to light up the night sky, to tell us when Rosh Chodesh is, and for us to look at and see how beautiful Hashem’s creation is. Hashem made the Moon for us, Klal Yisroel. Everything in the world was made for us, because we are the whole reason the universe was created.”

Little Yaeli looked up and stared at the Moon and many stars for a minute. Then she smiled at the thought that she was more important than the entire sky.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Eikev 5785 email of Toras Avigdor Junior based on the Torah teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller, zt”l.*

# The Arizal and the Wicked Anti-Semitic Ruler

There was a city located far from the home of the Arizal that was ruled by a wicked and cruel man who caused as much pain to his Jewish residents as he could. One day, the ruler issued a proclamation that the Jews must bring him a massive sum of money within 30 days or he would expel them from their homes.

The local Jews had nowhere near that amount of money and had no idea what to do. The entire town gathered in the local shul to daven and beg Hashem to have mercy on them and annul the decree. They also sent messengers to other Jewish communities and to the tzadikei hador, asking them to daven on their behalf.

The messengers traveled far and wide, not stopping to rest, as they tried to get to as many communities as they could, knowing the importance of their mission. On Friday afternoon, shortly before the onset of Shabbos, the messengers reached the city of Tzefas. Even before finding a place to spend Shabbos, they went to the home of the Arizal – who already was known far and wide as a great tzadik and a man who possessed ruach hakodesh - to tell him why they came and to ask him to storm the Heavens to save their brethren.

When they arrived at his house, they found him dressed in finery, wearing his special Shabbos robe. He looked like a glorious angel of Hashem. His students were gathered around him, ready to go out into the fields to welcome the Shabbos Queen, as was their custom. The severe expressions on the strangers’ faces told them that an urgent matter had brought them there at such an hour, and, therefore, the Arizal

turned to them to hear what they had to say. With tears in their eyes, they recounted their story to him.

The Arizal comforted them by saying that Hashem's salvation can come in the blink of an eye. He said, "You will be my guests for Shabbos. Quickly prepare yourselves and welcome the Shabbos Queen. Do not be worried, as it is forbidden to cry on Shabbos. But know that you will soon experience Hashem's salvation."

The messengers did as the Arizal said and they stayed in his home over Shabbos. They saw that he was even more lofty and exalted than they had heard and they experienced a very uplifted Shabbos. After Havdalah, the Arizal turned to his guests and invited them to come with him. He ordered his students to bring strong ropes and join him as well. The Arizal walked in front and everyone else followed him.

It was dark and gloomy all around, and only the stars above lit up the sky a little. None of them saw anything around them and could not see where to go. They just followed wherever their leader went, without asking any questions or making a sound. They walked like this for a long time, until suddenly the Ari stopped, and the entire group stopped after him.

The Arizal pointed to the ground in front of him, and, when they strained their eyes in the darkness of the night, they saw a very deep hole in the ground. The Arizal immediately commanded the students to untie the ropes and lower them into the hole. They hurried and did as he said, and when only the ends were left in their hands, the Arizal commanded them to raise the ropes back up. The people began to pull, and they immediately realized that the task was very difficult. They could tell that something very heavy was caught in the ropes.

They pulled and dragged with all their might until they managed to raise the rope, and behold, before their eyes was revealed a magnificent four-poster bed, adorned with precious royal ornaments. On the bed lay a man sleeping soundly, his clothes and his entire appearance testifying to his being an important person.

The Arizal approached the bed and shook the sleeping man violently. The man suddenly woke up, and looked with frightened eyes at those around him. The Arizal spoke to him in a firm voice and said, "Are you still stubbornly insisting on expelling the Jews of your city?"

The messengers recognized the man as the ruler of their city, and he admitted that he did intend to do this. The Arizal handed him a bucket that was missing its bottom, and told him, "I am obliging you to draw the water from the well into this bucket until it is empty. You must do so before the dawn rises."

The governor looked at the bucket and said, "How can I do that? Even if I live a thousand years, I will not be able to draw even a single drop of water in such a bucket. It has no bottom so no water will go into it!"

However, the Arizal insisted. He told him, "Start drawing water or else your end will be bitter!"

The ruler begged for mercy. He pleaded not to demand something from him that he could not possibly do.

The Ari then said to him, “How can you want me to have mercy on you, when you yourself have made decrees on the Jews of your country that they cannot possibly comply with? If you revoke what you decreed on them, everything will be fine. If not, you will die here.”

The ruler was seized with fear and trembling. With his teeth chattering, he promised to fulfill the request. The Ari took out a prepared document from his pocket and read it aloud: “I the ruler of such-and-such place, confirm with this document, signed with my hand, that I have received into my hands the sum that I have imposed on the Jews of my city to deposit in my treasuries. This nullifies every decree I have enacted against them.”

The ruler immediately signed the document and returned it to the Ari. The Ari handed it over to the messengers and ordered the man and his bed to be lowered back into the pit.

When the morning dawned, the ruler awoke from his night’s sleep, his head heavy and all his limbs aching. He wondered about the strange dream he had but he convinced himself that it must have just been a silly dream, with no basis in reality. When the day of the deadline to bring the money arrived, the ruler eagerly awaited the arrival of the representatives of the Jewish community, but they did not come.

He immediately sent word to the leaders of the community that if they did not appear before him with the money by sunset, he would expel all the Jews and their property would be confiscated by the government. The emissaries who had returned from Tzefas came and stood before the king, bowed before him in humility, and said: “Our lord, your signature attests that we have paid in full to the royal treasury all that was imposed on us, and the decree is null and void.” They presented him with the receipt, written and signed by him from that fateful night.

The ruler looked at the letter and the men who were there with a bewildered look in his eyes. He recalled the frightening vision he had seen that night, and he now understood that it was not merely a dream. Great fear filled his heart. He thought: Who knows what else might happen to him at the hands of the holy leader of the Jews? If he could bring him and his bed to him in the dead of night, what else could he do? He immediately announced that this was indeed his signature.

He revoked the decreed and, from that day on, he was very careful not to harm the Jews. Not only that, but he issued a proclamation throughout his kingdom that all Jews living in his state would be under his protection and a severe punishment would be inflicted on anyone who harmed them.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Devarim 5785 email of The Way of Emunah: Collected Thoughts on the Weekly Parshah from Rabbi Meir Isamar Rosenbaum.*

# Painting by Numbers



Rav Kalman Krohn, zt”l, when he was younger, once went to donate blood. While he was giving blood a non-Jew asked him, “Are you a Rabbi?”

Rav Kalman replied, “Not yet.”

The man said, “Can I ask you a question?”

Rav Kalman said, “Yes, of course.”

He asked, “I know you have a law called Shatnez. Why does Hashem care if you mix wool and linen?”

Rav Kalman said he would explain with a Mashal. There was once a king who was getting on in years, and he had a hobby that he loved to paint beautiful pictures, and he desired that one of his children should take over his hobby. He requested from one child at a time, that they learn the art of painting, but none of them were interested.

Finally, the youngest child showed some interest. The father was delighted on hearing this, and he was very excited. The excitement however did not last very long, when his child reminded him that he was color blind! The father sent messengers throughout the land, that whoever could teach his color-blind child how to paint, will get presents from the king that cannot be imagined.

One day, a famous painter comes by and tells the king that in two weeks' time he could have his son painting amazing pictures. The king could not believe what he was hearing, and the king sent his son away for two weeks to learn the skill of painting from this expert.

On the first day, the painter said to the boy, “I need you to promise me two things. Firstly, you may never reveal my secret to anyone. And secondly, you may not change even an iota of the instructions that I tell you to do.” The son agreed.

The painter took out a plain canvas and instructed the boy to look very closely at the painting surface. He asked the prince, “Do you see anything?” The boy replied, “I see tiny lines and numbers all over the place.”

The painter explained, “That is the secret. It can only be seen if you look very closely. No one can see it except for you. Each bottle of paint will be labeled with a number, and your job will be to use the color in the bottle on the correct place on the canvas. If you follow these instructions, your painting will come out looking like a masterpiece!” The painter showed him how to hold the brush, and within days, the son was painting the most stunning works of art.

Finally, the two weeks were over, and the painter gave the son hundreds of these pre-marked canvases, and he went back home. The king and queen watched in amazement at how incredible their son was at painting, and they marveled at his work. Soon, his name spread throughout the land, and he was painting in front of thousands of people who watched with open mouths. After many months of becoming so famous, it started to get to his head, and he considered himself to be a great painter. Until one day, the prince said to himself, “Why do I have to follow the rules of my instructor? I want to paint my own way!”

And with that, he started painting by ignoring all the numbers and lines. He was now on his own. The next day, there was a large showing on stage in front of many people, and he was excited to started painting. Everyone watched in surprise as he drew a black sky and a green sun, purple grass and blue trees. The crowd erupted in laughter at this utter embarrassment of the king’s son. The king’s son now realized his terrible mistake. He had just ruined everything, and his reputation as a great painter was destroyed.

Rav Kalman explained, “We were given six hundred and thirteen Mitzvos, or, if you will, six hundred and thirteen different colors of paint. We do not necessarily understand the difference between each color and why we can’t mix this color with that one, and in a sense, we are color blind. But one thing we do know, and that is if our Father, Hashem, told us to paint with it, we know that there is a good reason behind it, even though we may just be ‘painting by number’.”

The man was greatly impressed by this answer, and he walked Rav Kalman back to where he would catch his bus for the ride home. He told Rav Kalman, “After hearing that answer to my question, I can tell you one thing with certainty, and that is, one day you are going to become a great Rabbi!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Eikev 5785 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*