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A Chance for Forgiveness

By Rabbi David Bibi

Based on a story told by Rabbi Paysach Krohn



Rabbi Lazer Gordon

WHEN RABBI YEHOShUA HELLER vacated the position of *Rav* in Telz in order to become the *Maggid* of Vilna, it was understood that his replacement would have to be a scholar of the highest caliber and refinement of character. Several candidates were considered.

Topping the short list was a resident of Telz, Rabbi Abba Werner, the *av bet din*, who was considered a shoo-in for the prestigious position. A different candidate, by all means worthy, but not as well known to Telz, was Rabbi Lazer Gordon, one of the great students of Volozhin and a disciple of Reb Yisrael Salanter. For reasons

that will forever remain a mystery, Rabbi Gordon was selected. It was this very *gaon* who would subsequently be revered as the *gadol hador*.

Rabbi Werner was hurt that he had been passed over for what he thought was naturally his. In frustration and humiliation, he left for foreign pastures. After a brief tenure in Copenhagen, he assumed the position of Rabbi in Machzikei Hadass in London's East End.

Making a Suggestion to the Shochet

RABBI GORDON'S RESPONSIBILITIES as the new Rav of Telz included inspecting the slaughterhouse. There, he noticed one of the *shochtim*, Mendel Rappaport, *shechting* in a way that he felt could stand improvement. Rabbi Gordon suggested to Rappaport to employ a specific technique that would free his work of any *shailot*.

The *shochet* took the recommendation as a personal affront. He was convinced that the new Rav did not care for him; and, not wishing to continue working under such circumstances, vanished from Telz.

Over thirty years later, in 1908, fire destroyed the Telz yeshivah building, thrusting the yeshivah into a financial crisis. Considerably more money was needed to restore operations than had ever been collected before. Faced with such an awesome debt, Rabbi Gordon decided to employ an innovative approach. In those days, the standard collection route included the major cities in the area: Vilna, Kovno, Warsaw. It was a well-beaten path, one *meshulachim* trod often.

Recognized in London Shul by the Old Telz Shochet

Innovatively, Rabbi Gordon sailed to untapped, virgin territory: London. Upon his arrival, as Rabbi Krohn tells it, Rabbi Gordon did not know a soul in town, and he came to the great Machzikei Hadass synagogue in London's East End. Mendel Rapaport who had been the shochet in Telz and who after arriving in London was blessed with extraordinary wealth, recognized the Rabbi as the Rosh Yeshiva of Telz and invited him to his palatial home.

Rabbi Gordon was delighted to be escorted by his host to the home of an *alter Telzer* (former resident of Telz) who had become an affluent Londoner. After the preliminaries at the door, Rabbi Gordon was ushered into the *gvir* Rapaport's parlor. After enjoying a meal together, Rabbi Gordon asked, "It is a long way from Telz to London; what brought you here?"

"You," the former *shochet* said, pointing a finger of accusation. Rabbi Gordon was an intelligent man, but this was beyond him. "How so?"

Mendel Rapaport reminded the Telzer Rav of his arrival in the famed Lithuanian town and his first visit to the slaughterhouse. "I was the one whose work

you found sub-standard. I understood that that meant it was time for me to pack my bags.”

Only Sought a More Mehudar Performance of the Mitzvah

Rabbi Gordon cringed. “Nothing, simply nothing,” he exclaimed, “could be further from the truth.” He had never had the slightest grudge against the *shochet*; he had only sought a more *mehudar* performance of the mitzvah. Rabbi Gordon apologized profusely for an affront of which he had been totally unaware. With sincere remorse evident in his words, he managed to appease Mendel Rapaport. The former *shochet* accepted the apology and explained that all was from Heaven as by leaving Hashem blessed him greatly.

The wealthy host then suggested they visit the leading Rabbi. That rabbi was none other than Rabbi Abba Werner.

Rabbi Werner was honored to have such a distinguished guest, but he informed his unsuspecting visitor that there were some accounts to be settled – and explained what had brought *him* to London. He suggested that the least his guest could have done was consult with the Av Bet Din before accepting the position. By not doing so, Rabbi Werner explained that he felt his time was over in Telz and made for the exit.

Immediately Begged Rabbi Werner for His Forgiveness

Again, Rabbi Gordon became slack-jawed. He had not known of “the short list,” nor that he had competed against his London host. He immediately begged, and received, Rabbi Werner’s forgiveness.

ALAS, ideas that are theoretically sound are not necessarily practicable. The primary reason London was not a collection hub was that Anglo Jewry had not yet evolved into a community of donators. Several days into the campaign, Rabbi Werner inquired how his guest was faring. The report was far worse than Rabbi Werner could have feared. After knocking on numerous doors and visiting virtually all of the area *shuls*, all Rabbi Gordon had to show for his efforts were a few pennies. The trip was a disaster for the yeshivah, an embarrassment for the Telzer Rosh Yeshivah, and a fiasco for *kavod haTorah*.

But with the help of Mendel Rapaport, a *Melaveh Malka* was called for Motzei Shabbat and the wealthy man pushed for others to join. Rabbi Gordon gave a passionate plea and funds were raised to be sent to Telz,

Later that night, Rabbi Gordon’s lofty soul was summoned to the Heavenly Yeshivah. Rabbi Chanoch Ehrentreu, when telling over the story suggested that undoubtedly, the two conceivable impediments to immediate access to the Almighty’s inner sanctum had just been removed, but they required a trip all the way to the British Isles to be actualized.

Rabbi Gordon could not have known this, nor do we know the consequences of what we do.

Strangely enough, the eulogy and burial that took place on soil very foreign to Telz, Lithuania. Because of strained relations between the governments of England and Lithuania the body could not be sent back, and was to be buried in London. But if you visit his grave, you will see, that he is buried next to the gvir Mendel Rappaport.

Often we discuss gilgulim as a chance to right wrongs from previous lifetimes, but wouldn't it be better to right wrongs while we still can in this world.

Rabbi teller closes his story with a beautiful thought: *“Perhaps we can derive a modicum of consolation from the fact that Reb Lazer Gordon left this world pure and sinless, having finally resolved any grievance against him. But we should not be too quick to be consoled before we internalize the lesson of how deep and demanding are the consequences of resentment. Rancor is the fire but an eternal grudge is the ash. Let's bury that too, today, and let the Almighty have mercy upon us all.”*

Let's each and every one of us do our best to right any wrongs now! It's truly best for all.

Reprinted from the Parashat Mishpatim 5783 email of Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.

A Second Chance in Life

By Rabbi Dovid Goldwasser



One afternoon I received a call to assist a family who was coming in from Eretz Yisrael. Their teenage girl, Ronit, was in desperate need of a kidney transplant, and they had no insurance, no funds, and no extended family whatsoever.

As we sat around the table a few days later, I noticed that the family, while being polite, maintained a distance and I surmised that it was because of all the emotional upheaval they were currently dealing with. Ronit herself always looked down towards the floor. She seemed to be a very special young lady. Her downcast expression, as everyone sat around discussing her life situation, spoke of a depth of *neshama* that she possessed.

An hour or so later, with a plan in place, we concluded our meeting. I assured the family that I would work together with them, and they agreed to call me again in a few days.

No Way to Contact Them

A few days passed and I didn't receive any phone calls. I assumed that they were extremely busy acclimating themselves, finding accommodations, and making all the necessary arrangements. When two weeks passed and I still hadn't heard from them, I began to wonder why they were not calling. Unfortunately, I had no telephone number for them or an address, and no way to contact them. I didn't even remember the name of the person who had made the initial introduction.

Another week or two went by and I became worried. Had they been unable to make any arrangements? Was Ronit okay? With no further contact, all I could do was to continue to be *mispallel* for the well-being of Ronit bas Miriam, whose name I had taken down when I met the family.

A number of weeks went by, and I had long given up hope of ever hearing from them again. Out of the blue, I received a phone call from the same man who had originally contacted me about this family so many months ago. I anxiously anticipated hearing a progress report, but before I could say anything he quickly requested that I meet the family again.

Not Much Progress Made Since the Last Meeting

I agreed to the suggested day and time, and once again we were all sitting together at the table. The family, looking even more downcast than the first time, informed me that they had not made much progress since our last meeting.

Incredulous, I asked, "Why haven't you called back all this time?"

Looking embarrassed, the mother replied, "The first time we came to meet you we had no idea that we would be meeting with a *dati* (religious person). After we saw how religious you are, we knew that you could not help irreligious people like us. So, we didn't bother you anymore. Just two days ago we called the person in Israel, who had initially suggested that we come to you, and we were bemoaning our plight. He was surprised to hear of our lack of progress and asked me if we had met with you. I explained that we felt we had come to the wrong address.

“The man answered, ‘You were not at the wrong address. He will help you. It doesn’t matter to him whether you are *dati* or not.’ He ordered us to go back to you, and so here we are.”

I could not believe my ears. I felt bad that Ronit had waited half a year in pain because of a misperception.

Awe-Inspiring Chesed was Offered to the Family

We again mapped out a strategy and immediately began working on several fronts to help Ronit and the family. Ronit was placed on a waiting list for a kidney transplant and necessary treatments were begun at a local health facility. *Askanim* in the community provided the family with food and clothing, and living quarters were arranged at a very low rent. The *chesed* on any given day was awe-inspiring, and an entire team of *bais yaakov* students became involved with the family on a regular basis. There was no shortage of volunteers willing to drive Ronit to and from her treatments, which took a couple of hours.

Ronit’s Family Became More Spiritually Active

As the weeks went by, Ronit developed a friendship with some of the students. They talked about everything – including life, Torah, *mitzvos* – and the girls were making an impact on Ronit and her family. Ronit’s father began to attend the small shul in the neighborhood every Shabbos. The groceries that were provided each week also included Shabbos candles, and Ronit’s mother began to light the Shabbos candles.

As the entire family progressed in their spiritual development, word had begun to spread in the community of this family’s predicament. *Tefillos* increased, and the name Ronit bas Miriam appeared on *shtenders* and *siddurim* throughout the world. It wasn’t long before a donor was miraculously found for Ronit. Her transplant was a success and after weeks of recuperation, Ronit and her family returned to Eretz Yisrael, renewed in body and soul.

With a new kidney, not only had Ronit been granted a new lease on life, but all of the family had been spiritually inspired with a second chance in life.

Reprinted from the February 16, 2023 website of The Jewish Press.

The Chasom Sofer And the Miser



One winter, on a frigid evening, the Chasom Sofer approached a wealthy miser and asked him to contribute some Tzedakah to help the many poor people of the city. The miser went out to greet the Chasom Sofer, and he invited him into his home. The Chasom Sofer said that it shouldn't be a long visit, and he preferred to talk outside.

It was a very cold evening, and the miser just wanted to go back inside. He said that he didn't put his coat on when he came out to greet the Chasom Sofer, and he was outside wearing just his shirt. He again attempted to invite the Chasom Sofer back into his home, where it was much warmer, but the Chasom Sofer declined, and wished to speak with him outdoors.

In just a short while, the miser began to shake with cold. He said, "Why do you not want to come inside the house and get out of this cold? Why must we speak out here?"

The Chasom Sofer responded, "I came here to ask for your help with Tzedakah to help the poor people of our town. I specifically wanted to speak with you in the cold, so that you would see what it feels like for the destitute people, which unfortunately, is a way of life for these poor people, because they have no wood to heat their homes. Sadly, they have to survive and live like this, and they don't have the option that you do to go and warm up. If you experience for yourself what they are going through, hopefully you will find it in your heart to help them."

The Chasom Sofer's words made a profound impact on the miser!

Reprinted from the Parshas Mishpatim 5783 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.

Who Did the Favor For His Friend?

By Rabbi Yissochar Frand

It is not always easy to lend money, because a person can “make money with money.” It is therefore often hard to part with our money. I recently heard the following amazing story:

Reuven and Shimon are best friends, as close as brothers. Reuven went to Shimon and said “Shimon, I need to borrow \$250,000. I need this money urgently. Otherwise, my business will collapse.” Shimon hesitates. “Where am I supposed to get \$250,000?”

Reuven tells Shimon, “But Shimon, you told me just a couple of weeks ago that you finished paying off your house. Take out a new mortgage on your house.” Shimon hesitated, but Reuven begged and pressed him for the loan. Shimon went home and consulted with his wife. She advised, “Go ask the Rav.”

The Rav told him, you are not actually obligated to do this, but if you trust the fellow then it would be a very big misvah to do it. Shimon went back to his friend and said, “Okay. I will do it.” He went to the bank and applied to take out a second mortgage on his house. Both these Jews live in Far Rockaway, N.Y.



The bank processed the paperwork and agreed to give Shimon a second mortgage, but they warned him that he lived in a flood plain, he would not be eligible for the loan unless he took out flood insurance. Shimon took out flood insurance and received the mortgage. He lent Reuven the \$250,000. Three weeks later, Shimon’s

house was flooded by Hurricane Sandy... but he was covered because he took out the flood insurance.

Who did whom the favor?

Reprinted from Parshat Mishpatim/Shekalim email of the Jersey Shore Torah Bulletin

It's Worthwhile Getting Hashem's Attention

Rav Zecharia Wallerstein, zt"l, once said in a speech, "Let me share with you something very simple that holds the potential of changing your life, and all it takes is five minutes. Come to Davening five minutes early.

The Gemara in Brachos (6b) states that Hashem comes to Shul to greet the first ten men who gather to form the Minyan. If one day, one of those ten men who is always there is absent, Hashem inquires where he is.

Now, why does Hashem ask this? Doesn't Hashem already know where the absent person is? The answer is that Hashem is rhetorically asking the Malachim (the angels), 'What prevented him from coming to Shul today?'

To this, the Malachim may respond, 'He's sick and he needs to get better,' and Hashem expediently issues him a recovery, because He wants him back in Shul.

'He was up very late because he works very hard,' the Malachim say, and Hashem arranges for him to find an easier, better paying job.

This man, who is always early and makes the Minyan, matters so much that Hashem will do whatever is needed to get him back to Shul if he doesn't come one day.

We're always looking for Segulos, auspicious practices, that will bring Brachah and beneficence into our lives. This is a simple and guaranteed way. Be of the first ten to a Minyan. Be early and show your commitment to Hashem. Demonstrate that you are eager to see Hashem, and that you want to talk to Him and have a relationship with Him.

With that dedication, you can be sure that Hashem will reciprocate and be dedicated to you. Just five minutes. That's all it takes!"

Reprinted from the Parshas Mishpatim 5783 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.

The Rav's Reaction to The Store that Opened up For Business on Shabbos

I was a little boy when this incident happened, and it left a lifelong impression on me. My father was the Rav in a town in Europe. I remember that Shabbos, when someone was knocking loudly and incessantly on our door.

My father, thinking it was a life and death emergency, ran to open it. We saw one of the people in the community standing at the door, looking very agitated. He came in and told my father, "I need to tell the Rav about a terrible chilul Hashem that is happening in town. You know that store on the main street, located right in the center of town? Well, the owner has opened his store on Shabbos! I came to ask the Rav to please do something, to please put a stop to this tremendous chilul Hashem!"

My Father's Face Fell When He Saw the Store Open

My father took me by the hand and ran to the center of town. I could barely keep up with him. We saw the store open, and my father's face fell. My father told me to go into the store, and tell the owner that the Rav wanted to speak to him privately, upstairs in his home, as the owner lived on top of the store.

I understood that my father did not want to shame the store owner publicly. I was quite hesitant, but I knew it was important and I walked right into the store. "Excuse me, I would like to give you a message from my father, the Rav," I managed to squeak out. My confidence grew as I continued, "The Rav asked if he could speak to you for a few moments, upstairs in your home."

I could see the person fidgeting, obviously uncomfortable at being "caught in the act." The man went upstairs, and I ran outside to tell my father to knock on the entrance to the man's home. I went in with my father, and we sat together at the store owner's table.

Before anyone said a word, my father burst into tears. I was confused. Why was my father crying? The store owner should have been crying! When my father composed himself, he said, "What kind of a Rav am I if someone in the community is suffering and struggling with earning a livelihood so severely, that he has no other option but to open his store on Shabbos?! What kind of Rav am I if I didn't know

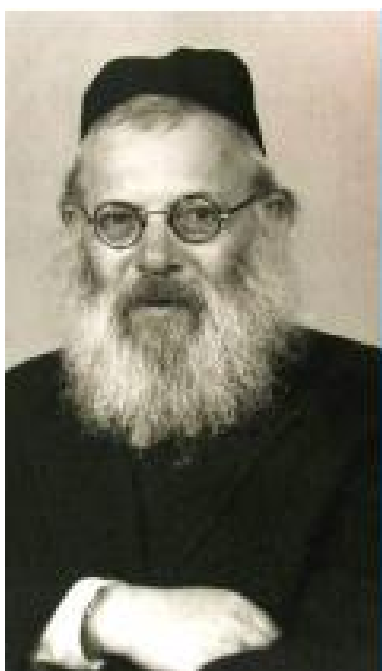
what he was going through? How will I answer for that after 120 years on my Day of Judgment?”

I would have never thought of it the way my father did! My father was able to put himself into the store owner’s shoes, and offer a gentle rebuke by validating his circumstances and feelings. He judged him favorably in a most sensitive way. After that, the store owner burst into tears, sharing that what the Rav stated was exactly the case! My father then gently explained that money earned through chilul Shabbos would not bring him any bracha, and the man was convinced to close his store. He never again opened his store on Shabbos. (Rabbi Ephraim Wachsman)

Reprinted from the Parshas Terumah 5783 email of The Weekly Vort.

Rely on Hashem

By Rabbi Yaakov Feitman



A young man who was about to look for a shidduch decided to leave yeshivah, but first approached Rav Elya Lopian for a berachah.

“Why are you leaving your Gemara?” the tzaddik inquired gently.

“Because I will need to support my wife and children, rebbi,” the young man responded eagerly.

“And who says you will find a wife?” Rav Elya Lopian followed up. The bachur was shocked.

“Rebbi, the Ribbono Shel Olam will help! Why is the rebbi singling me out?”
The mashgiach continued his interrogation. “And who says that you will have children?” he demanded.

“Oy, I came for a berachah and the rebbi is cursing me. What did I do wrong?”
Now Rav Elya took the quivering bachur’s hands in his own and explained: “You turn to Hashem for a shidduch and you look to Him to grant you children, but when it comes to the hundred ruble you will need for your parnassah, you feel that this is beyond Him!”

Whichever way one resolves the bitachon versus hishtadlus conundrum, it is crucial for us to remember that Hashem is in charge.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Tetzaveh 5782 edition of At the ArtScroll Shabbos Table.
Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – Blueprints by Rabbi Yaakov Feitman.*

Rav Isser Zalman’s Shidduch

By Rabbi Naftali Weinberger



Rav Isser Zalman Meltzer (1870- 1953) was one of the leading gedolei Yisrael before and after the Second World War. He studied at the Volozhiner Yeshivah under the Netziv and Rav Chaim Soloveitchik, where he was recognized as one of the most outstanding talmidim.

During his engagement to Baila Hinda Frank, an orphaned daughter of the legendary tomech Torah R’ Shraga Feivel Frank, Rav Isser Zalman, who was then learning at the Chofetz Chaim’s yeshivah in Radin, contracted tuberculosis and was forced to return to his parents’ home in Mir.

He informed the kallah's family of his illness and assured them that he fully understood if they chose to break the shidduch. The kallah's family sent money to Rav Isser Zalman to pay for medical treatment and, at the same time, they pressured the kallah to break the shidduch.

She refused, despite the doctors' predictions that the patient would probably not live more than another year. As family members continued to pressure her, the kallah, accompanied by her mother, traveled to Radin to seek the Chofetz Chaim's guidance.

The Chofetz Chaim told them, "There are people who are healthy, and there are people who are not healthy but who live long."

It was clear that the Chofetz Chaim was saying that Rav Isser Zalman would live long despite his health challenges. They married, and although he suffered from a variety of ailments, Rav Isser Zalman lived until age 83. His righteous rebbetzin bore him wonderful children, including Chanah Perel, wife of Rav Aharon Kotler. And his rebbetzin transcribed his difficult-to-read notes to prepare them for publication. And that is how we have the seven-volume classic on Rambam, sefer Even HaAzel.

Reprinted from the Parshas Tetzaveh 5782 edition of At the ArtScroll Shabbos Table. Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – Rav Chaim Kanievsky on Shidduchim.

Carrying a Beard

From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles
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The time for the lighting of the candles is near. The city of Jerusalem is finishing the last preparations for the Shabbat. The latecomers hurry to immerse in the *mikvah* (ritual bath). People are running to find time for the last tasks. Suddenly the voice of the town crier is heard.

Every Jerusalemite is familiar with the phenomenon. When the crier passes by everyone listens intently. This time he doesn't announce a death (May we not experience misfortune); instead, he called out information that affected the lives of all the residents.

"An important message from the *Beit Din* (Rabbinical Court)," he exclaimed loudly. "The *Eruv* [1] of our city is *pasul* (faulty). The coming Shabbat it will be forbidden to carry in the city!"

It turned out that not long before Shabbat was to begin a defect was found in the Eruv which surrounds the city. There was no time before the entry of Shabbat to fix it.

The announcement immediately changed the regular patterns of behavior in the city. Those people who arranged *kidushim* quickly transferred all the equipment and edibles to the *shul* (synagogue). Seniors sent their grandchildren to shul to put their reading glasses in shul by the place where they were accustomed to pray. Everyone carefully checked the pockets of their clothes to make sure they were completely empty, no handkerchief, folded note or box of *tabak* (tobacco for smelling) should be left in them.

Fathers explained what was happening to their children, although the smaller ones couldn't understand what the fuss was about.

A guest, the rabbi of an esteemed community in New York, who was visiting at the home of an acquaintance in Jerusalem, wasn't disturbed by the announcement. He was used to not carrying on Shabbat because outside of Israel many Jewish communities do not use or are unable to establish an Eruv.

He asked his host about the amazing sites that one can see in Jerusalem. His host advised him to first of all see the city at dusk, when the sun sets and Shabbat spreads her wings over the houses of the city.



The Beit Yisroel

After that, he suggested, the place to go is the *"tish"* (table) of the *"Beit Yisroel"*, **Rabbi Yisrael Alter**, the fifth *admor* (Rebbe) of the Gurer dynasty. He promised him that whoever was present at such an occasion would never forget it.

The host came from a Chasidic family, but the changes in the world had influenced him away from a chasidic life style. He was clean shaven and wore modern clothes, although he still was a G-d fearing Jew who kept the *mitzvot* and the Torah.

Trying to Find a Place Close to Where the Rebbe Sat

He decided with his host that they would finish the Shabbat night meal quickly, thus enabling them to set out immediately to the Gurer *beit midrash* (synagogue/study hall) in the Geulah neighborhood, and find a place close to where the Rebbe sat.

After the lighting of the Shabbat candles the host and his guest walked to shul to pray *Kabbalat Shabbat* (the prayer greeting the Shabbat). From there they returned home to hurriedly eat the Shabbat evening meal. The host apologized that he cannot honor his guest as is usual on Shabbat, with words of Torah and songs, because they have to hasten to the *beit midrash* of the Beit Yisroel, so that the guest would be able to have this extraordinary experience.

Arriving at Ralbach Street they found the *beit midrash* crowded with people, despite its large size. It was not easy to make their way inside. They pushed themselves among the throng, trying to get to the rows closest to the Rebbe. They didn't even consider finding a place to sit. They pushed in between the excited boys and young men and watched what was happening.

Even just standing wasn't simple. Here and there they would be shoved when more people tried to enter. They were willing though to suffer the discomfort with love as long as they could experience this special occasion.

A Path Would be Formed to Allow the Rebbe to Pass by

Silence fell in the hall as the Rebbe entered. His routine was to scan those present with a penetrating glance, after which he would focus on a certain spot. Immediately a path would be formed in the midst of the crush of people through which the Rebbe would pass. Sometimes he would make a sharp remark to one of the people near where he walked.

That Shabbat evening the glance of the Rebbe went straight to the place where the two guests were standing, so the opening that formed left them standing exactly in the path of the Rebbe. The Rebbe paused close to the host and said to him directly, "Even if there is no *Eruv*, one is allowed to carry a beard!" (In Yiddish the word *tragen*, which means "carrying," is also the verb used for "wearing" a beard.) The Rebbe continued on, leaving the Jew in shock. He was trembling all over. The Rebbe doesn't know him, how does he know about his chasidic roots and the beard that he used to wear?

The Rebbe's words pierced his heart, and he accepted the rebuke with love. Nevertheless, seven years passed and he was still continuing with his same life style, including his outer appearance.

One Friday he felt a strong desire to go to the Gurer Rebbe's *tish* once more. He decided to go that evening.

He finished the Shabbat meal quickly and hurried to find himself a place in the hall of the *beit midrash*. Again, he “merited” to receive some shoves from the crowd. Like everyone else, he waited in excited anticipation for the entrance of the Rebbe.

The Rebbe’s Surprising Question

The noise and pushing ended the instant the Rebbe entered. His penetrating eyes immediately found the clean-shaven Jew. A path opened up instantly to where the Jew was standing. Upon reaching him, the Rebbe asked, "Did I hurt your feelings?"

Seven years had gone by. Thousands of Jews had come to see him, yet the Rebbe still remembered clearly this man and worried that he might have caused him pain!

This time the Rebbe didn't continue on his way. He didn't move from there till he heard the man say, embarrassed, that he wasn't insulted at all; he had accepted the rebuke with love and appreciation.

This encounter made an even deeper impression on him than the sharp remark from seven years ago. It didn't take long for him to return to the chasidic appearance of his youth. A full beard again adorned his face, till the end of his days.

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Source: Freely adapted and supplemented by Yerachmiel Tilles from the excellent first-draft translation by C. R. Benami, long-time editorial assistant for [www.AscentOfSafed.com](http://www.AscentOfSafed.com), of an article in *Sichat HaShavua* #1779, based on the rendition in "*Hamevaser*"

*Biographical note:* **Rabbi Yisrael Alter of Gur** (1894 - 2 Adar 1977), known as the **Bais Yisroel**, was the fourth Rebbe in the Gur dynasty. Following the death of his father in 1948, Gur grew under his leadership to be the largest chasidic group in Israel. He lost his wife, children and grandchildren in the Holocaust, and although he married a second time, had no further children. He was succeeded by his brother, Rabbi Simcha-Bunim Alter, and then his youngest brother, Rabbi Pinchas-Menachem Alter. (The son of the latter, Rabbi Yaakov Alter, is the current Rebbe.

*Connection:* The 2<sup>nd</sup> day of the Jewish month of Adar (2023: Feb. 23)

Footnotes: [\[1\]](#) Which makes carrying permissible outside of one’s domain.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Terumah 5783 email of KabbalahOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed.*