**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas vayeishev 5776**

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**L’Maaseh… A Tale to Remember**

**Never Too Late to Celebrate**

**A Kiddush for a Daughter**

A person once came to the Steipler Gaon, zt”l, and asked him for a brachah for his daughter who was having trouble finding her shidduch.

The Steipler asked him, “When your daughter was born, did you make a Kiddush for her, to celebrate her birth?”

The man admitted that although he had made a Kiddush for his other daughters when they were born, for this daughter, he did not make a Kiddush for her.

The Steipler advised him to go make a Kiddush for his daughter, even though she was grown up. He said, “When you make a Kiddush, people come over and give you Brachos, both for you and your daughter. They wish you Mazal Tov and express all sorts of good wishes, including Brachos that she should find her Shidduch easily.

“Perhaps not having a Kiddush for your daughter prevented her from receiving those good wishes from the people you would have invited.”

The Steipler continued, “Go make a Kiddush, and make sure to say ‘Amein!’ to every Brachah that is given to you. Hashem has many ways to arrange things!”

The man did as he was told and made a belated Kiddush for his grown-up daughter, and soon thereafter, his daughter became a Kallah!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayeitzei email of “Torah U’Tefilah: A Collection of Inspiring Insights” compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**Even More Important than Davening with a Minyan**

The Chazon Ish, zt”l, used to have a Minyan, a quorum of ten men, for Minchah, every afternoon at his house, which took place at 12:30 P.M. Once, the Minyan was missing a tenth man, and it started getting late.

At 12:45, a tenth man arrived to complete the Minyan. As they were about to begin Ashrei, the Chazon Ish’s brother-in-law, Rav Shmuel Greineman, zt”l, turned to him and said, “I have a 1:00 meeting with someone. If I remain here for Minchah, I will be late for the meeting and will be keeping the person waiting. What should I do?”

The Chazon Ish replied, “Coming late for a meeting is deceitful and dishonest. An honest man must keep his appointments in a timely fashion. It is better that this Minyan be canceled for today than you be involved in Sheker, falsehood!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayeitzei email of “Torah U’Tefilah: A Collection of Inspiring Insights” compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**“If You Are Really a Rebbe…”**

**By Rabbi Sholom Ber Avtzon**

Rebbe Menachem Mendel of Horodok had a Jewish wagon-driver whom he frequently employed. At one point, however, Rebbe Menachem Mendel did not travel for many months. The wagon-driver and his family suffered from this lack of income. Finally, the wagon driver sold his horse and carriage and bought a dairy cow with the money. With the proceeds from the sale of the milk, the former wagon-driver was able to eke out a living.

Time passed and Rebbe Menachem Mendel suddenly called the man. "I would like you to take me on a journey," he requested.

"I'm truly sorry, Rebbe," the man explained, "but I sold my horse and carriage and have bought a milking cow in order to provide for my family."

"Sell your cow and purchase a horse and carriage," Rebbe Menachem Mendel instructed him. "I need to set out as soon as possible."

Without any hesitation, the man did as the Rebbe requested. As they traveled, the Rebbe pressed the driver, "I am in a hurry, let us go faster."

The driver whipped the horses and the carriage sped onwards. Soon, they were going downhill very quickly, with the driver barely able to control the galloping horses. To his horror, he saw they were heading straight toward a palatial house at the bottom of the hill. His efforts to slow the horses were unsuccessful and the carriage went right through the yard and stopped only after it broke a window of the house.

The poritz who owned the mansion was enraged and stormed out toward the carriage, pointing his rifle at the driver. "You did this!" he shouted.

"No, no! Not me!" cried the terrified man. "It's not my fault, but his!" he said, pointing to Rebbe Menachem Mendel who was sitting behind him meditating, oblivious to the entire incident.

The poritz aimed his rifle at the Rebbe. As he was about to fire, he suddenly froze, unable to move a limb in his body. The other members of the household had also come running outside. When they saw the poritz paralyzed, they begged the Rebbe for forgiveness and asked him to remove his curse.

"If he will promise never to harm a Jew, he will be cured," answered the Rebbe.

The poritz indicated his consent by nodding his head slightly, and his ability to move was restored. Later, as they continued their journey, Rebbe Menachem Mendel turned to the driver and asked, "How could you do this! Why did you put the blame on me? The poritz almost killed me!"

"Rebbe," replied the driver in all sincerity and with utmost respect, "when you didn't travel for months, I accepted it. Then, when you instructed me to sell my cow, I immediately did so. Though my family was left without an income, I trusted that you were a Rebbe and had reasons for making the request. When you told me to go more quickly I did so, though no wagon-driver allows his horses to run downhill.

"So, when the poritz came out, I figured, if you are truly a Rebbe, he will not be able to harm you. And if you are not, then you would have deserved everything you would have gotten. For, how could you have left an entire family going hungry for bread?"

*Reprinted from last week’s edition of L’Chaim Weekly which excerpted it from the book “Early Chasidic Personalities” by Rabbi Sholom Ber Avtzon*

**Story #938**

**Sold into Slavery**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

[**editor@ascentofsafed.com**](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/21?folder=Inbox&msgNum=0001CmW0:001MJ5g500001QN0&count=1447863726&randid=422628174&attachId=0&isUnDisplayableMail=yes&blockImages=0&randid=422628174)

Two friends who lived in a large Jewish community in the Turkish Empire would once a year journey together, traveling from town to town, as peddlers. One year, they did not return. Weeks and months passed without any word; they had simply disappeared.

A few years went by, but their fate remained a mystery. Their families and friends lost hope -- "They are gone, we must admit... forever."

Then, to the amazement of the whole town, one of the missing men returned, He was exhausted from weeks of trekking through harsh wilderness, lost and frightened. After resting a bit, he told the following story:

While passing from town to town, selling our humble wares, bandits ambushed us. They beat us, robbed us of what little money we possessed, and...and sold us as slaves to Arab merchants. We suffered for many months, prisoners, journeying with an Arab caravan through distant lands. They in turn also sold us as slaves, in some faraway Arab nation. Our new masters assigned us to ward their flocks and herds.

I cared for the horses, while my dear friend watched over the sheep. Occasionally, we would manage to meet secretly, on the prairies, despairing over our misfortune, dreaming of escape, yearning for freedom. But we knew we lacked any real hope. Prisoners we were, and so would we remain -- slaves, in an alien, distant land -- till the end of our days.

One day, sneaking through the prairies to meet with my friend, I found him sprawled on the ground, his sheep nowhere to be seen. Upon closer inspection, I perceived he was unconscious, and bound in ropes. His body appeared severely beaten and bruised, as if he had been maliciously thrashed.

I tended to him as best I could. Slowly, he regained consciousness. When I asked him, "What happened to you, dear brother?" he replied, "Two days ago, a wolf attacked the flock, snagging a sheep, despite my efforts to drive the dreadful beast away. A nearby Arab witnessed the event, but instead of assisting me, he just stood there and watched, grinning. Then he ran off to report the event to our master. The master beat me, oh so terribly. 'If ever this occurs again,' he warned, 'I guarantee you a dreadful, horrendous death.' And yesterday... yesterday, the wolves returned, again."

Chocking and sobbing, he continued, "I tried to protect the flock. Really, I tried my hardest! But the wolves attacked from all sides. One of the vicious beasts grabbed a tender lamb, eagerly devouring the succulent meat. I screamed for help, and many Arabs came promptly and chased away the wolves. But, as before, another sheep had been slaughtered. Then the owner arrived, steaming with rage.

"Furious, he beat me, severely. Finally, he stopped, but only to go back to the village to procure his sword. On the verge of death, I collapsed and so you found me." With a blank look, he continued, "When he returns, I am a dead man!"

"Please," I begged, "allow me to help. Let me free you from your bonds."

He refused, however, insisting, "We won't be able to escape far, for the Arabs will pursue us and kill us both. I can't allow myself to be responsible for your death too. Please, promise me just this: that I have a proper Jewish burial, according to Jewish Law."

"I returned, at night, and saw his body bound, as before. He displayed no signs of life. Tears, streaming from my eyes, I buried him. Some months later, G-d Al-mighty saved me, miraculously. I managed to flee the savage bondage, and here I am."

Now, the Rabbis had to determine the status of the wife of the deceased. Certainly, he died, for his companion, who escaped, had buried him. The rabbis, however, were reluctant to declare her a widow immediately, which would allow her to marry another man. They decided to deliberate the matter further.

One day, a distinguished guest Torah scholar from the Holy Land, Rabbi Yaakov-Shimshon of Shepetovka, arrived in the town. It was not so long ago that he had moved to Israel, but, grieved by the economic stress of the Jews in the Holy Land, he annually made a trip to the countries of the West, gathering money for the struggling communities there.

The Rabbis decided to consult Rabbi Yaakov Shimshon about the woman whose husband, according to the account of his surviving friend, had passed away. The famed scholar requested the witness to tell his story, one more time. After hearing it from beginning to end, he inquired, "And his face you saw, I suppose."

"Not exactly," answered the witness. "It was dark, nearly midnight, but without doubt, he was lying there dead in the exact same place where I had left him, a few hours earlier, bound in ropes."

Rabbi Yaakov Shimshon pondered all the details of the case and the laws of the issue. Finally, he ruled, "It is impossible to release the agunah (the woman of undeterminable marital status) from her marriage on the basis of this testimony. Perhaps her husband escaped, and another man was buried in his place."

The Jews of the city reacted with mixed feelings. They were to unable to swallow the guest rabbi's verdict, which clearly was based on the most unlikely of possibilities. How they pitied the poor woman. Why shouldn't be allowed to remarry, after all?

More time passed. Early one morning, the agunah noticed a man standing in her doorway. He resembled her husband! Could it be? After so many years?

She fainted. When she revived she started sobbing from joy--exhilarated, yet so confused. "My husband! After all this time! I had given up hope! It seemed certain you were dead. Yet, here you are! I'm so happy! I'm so grateful to the One Above!"

The incident fascinated the whole city. Everyone waited eagerly for her husband's explanation.

"I lay in the field, awaiting the hour of my passing, as my dear friend told you. I prayed and prayed to the Al-mighty, begging for His help, that He should have mercy on me and save me. While praying, on the verge of despair, I noticed the very same Arab who had informed on me, he who set in motion the process about to end my life. He approached me, and inquired, 'Why are you bound in these ropes?' At that moment, an idea popped into my head. This is G-d providing a possibility for my escape. Here was my chance!

"I told the Arab, 'What happened is that I discovered a terrible secret about my master's daughter. Immediately he insisted that I marry her, since I knew her secret. I tried to explain this to him that since I am Jewish, I could never marry a non-Jew (Heaven forbid), and he became wild with rage. He beat me severely, as you can see, bound me here, and then left to the city, to fetch his sword so he could violently decapitate me upon his return.

"'He did offer, though, that if I change my mind and agree to marry her, he would not harm me further. In fact, he said, he would reward me. It is very difficult for me because my refusal will cost me my life and she is so beautiful and charming. Nevertheless, she is a non-Jew and I shall die, instead of so much as touching her, let alone marrying her. Alas, she is so, so beautiful and charming.'

"The Arab, after hearing my fanciful story, said, 'please, allow me to help you. From what I have heard people saying, I can believe she is as charming and gorgeous as you say. Let us change places! You tell me the secret, and then we will switch clothes and you can bind me in these ropes in the same manner that you were tied. Then you will live and I will acquire his precious daughter, as a wife!'

"Keeping a straight face, I agreed. 'Okay, I will do this favor for you, if you wish. But you understand that I will have to beat you so that you have similar wounds.'

The Arab thought only for a few moments and then agreed again. 'It is worth it to acquire such a beautiful wife from such a wealthy family!

I gave the Arab my clothes, tied him up with the ropes which, moments ago, bound me for death, until this Arab, sent from Heaven, released me, only to take my place. After he was bound tight -- and firmly beaten too, just to make sure -- I told the Arab the most absurd 'secret' I could fabricate. Then I ran off as fast as I could.

No one pursued me, thanks to the G-d of Israel. After months journeying, I made it home safely, alive and well. Blessed be He for sparing my life!"

Overwhelmed with joy and compassion, the community enthusiastically welcomed him back. Now, also, they called on each other to recognize the saintly insight of Rabbi Yaakov Shimshon, who, amazingly, did not allow the supposed widow to remarry. Somehow he knew that her husband had not quite passed from this world.

Source: Freely adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from the translation found on *http://www.shemayisrael.co.il/parsha/weber/archives/archives.htm* from an audio tape of the recently deceased tzadik of Jerusalem and Lubavitcher chasid, Rabbi Moshe Weber. (To obtain tapes from the vast collection, : "Shemu ViTachi Nafshechem" ("Hear and Your Soul Shall Live"), contact Ido Ehrlich-Weber at 972-2 682-8284, or weber@shemayisrael.co.il)

Connection: Weekly Reading -- Gen. 31:38-40--exposed to elements while guarding the flock.

Biographical note: Rabbi Yaakov Shimshon of Shepetovka [? - 3 Sivan 5561 (? - May 1801)], a descendant of Rabbi Shimshon of Ostropole, was a student of the Maggid of Mezritch and Rabbi Pinchus of Karitz and a close friend of Rabbi Boruch of Mezibuz. As a great authority in Jewish Law, he earned considerable respect also in rabbinic circles. In 1794 (according to charedi.org), he moved to Israel and settled in Tiberias, where he is buried.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayeitzei 5776 email of KabbalaOnline.com, a project of Ascent of Safed.*

[**Terror Survivor Reveals: Tzitzis Saved My Life**](http://matzav.com/terror-survivor-reveals-tzitzis-saved-my-life/)

**[](http://matzav.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/11/tzitzis.jpg)**

Yair Ben Ezra, who was critically injured in last month’s terror attack in Ra’anana, has revealed his miraculous story about how his new*tzitzis* – which he was pondering whether to wear that very morning – had saved his life.

On October 13th, while waiting at a bus station, Yair was stabbed five times in multiple parts of his body by a terrorist from East Jerusalem.

On the morning of the attack, which occurred a day before his sister’s wedding, Yair was pondering whether to wear the new *tzitzis* he had purchased for the *chasunah*.

“On the morning of the terrorist attack,” said Yair, “all of my *tzitzit* were hanging to dry on the laundry line. I had only one new pair of *tzitzit* folded in the closet. Then the *yeitzer hara* came and told me, ‘Nothing will happen (…) save them for the wedding tomorrow.’ In the midst of this dilemma,” recalled Ben Ezra, “I said to myself, ‘No!  This is my custom (…) this is my personal protection!'”

Eventually, “While I was stabbed and waiting for the medics,” Yair related, “the *tzitzit* I was wearing was used as a tourniquet for my stab wounds by the emergency rescue staff.”

Although critically wounded in the attack, Ezra fought his attacker, preventing him from attacking further civilians.

*Reprinted from the November 25, 2015 website of Matzav.com*

**Reb Nechemya of Dubrovna**

Reb Nechemya Birech Halevi of Dubrovna was a great gaon and posek though he earned his livelihood from a taleisim factory that he owned. He was a student of the Baal HaTanya and he married his granddaughter. He authored Sheilos Uteshuvos Divrei Nechemya, as well as glosses on Gemara (printed in the back of the Vilna shas). He passed away on his birthday, Tu BiShvat 1852.

Once, the rov of Dubrovna asked Reb Nechemia to deliver a teshuvah (responsa) he had written to the renowned Reb Efrayim Zalman Margolis. After reviewing it, Reb Nechemya added some thoughts of his own and signed, “Reb Nechemya the manufacturer. Upon receiving the letter, Reb Efrayim Zalman asked, “Are all the manufacturers in Russia so learned.”

A rov once met Reb Nechemya after talking with him in learning. He said, “I see you are a great gaon. Why are you not famous among the lomdim.” Reb Nechemya :replied with a mashal.

A seforim seller once entered the home of a great rov and was surprised to see the walls lined with many and rare seforim. The seller asked the rov “Why is it that I have a tenth of the seforim that you have, yet everyone knows about my seforim, while you have so many more seforim, but no one knows of them?”

To which the rov replied “Your seforim are for the world and therefore they are famous. But my seforim are for myself.”

Once Reb Nechemya saw a soldier in the Russian army being whipped for having let his feet freeze while standing on guard duty. The soldier complained, “What have I done wrong? It was freezing outside!” He was told, “If you would remember the oath you have taken, to serve the king with all your might, this oath would have warmed you.”

It is said that from this event, Reb ,Nechemya had chayus (vitality) for 25 years in his avoda thinking of the warmth he should have as of a result of the oath he had taken before entering .this world.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayishlach email of Sparks of Light, a weekly publication of The Baal Shem Tov in Flatbush, Brooklyn.*

**A Dispute Between**

**Two Tzaddikim**

The two tzaddikim – Reb Yaakov Yosef (Reb Yeivi) of Ostroho and Reb Pinchas of Koretz – couldn’t agree: What was the issue that needed the most urgent attention.

Reb Yaakov Yosef held that it was the habit of idle conversation during davening. He would go around and constantly arouse people to refrain from talking in shul.

Reb Pinchas held that the most widespread problem was the lack of tznius (modesty) and he .focused his efforts on correcting that.

One day, while they were debating this question, each trying to convince the other that he was right. They finally agreed that they would open a Chumash at random, and the first posuk (verse) to catch their eye would .indicate who was right.

They opened a Chumash Bereishis, and immediately saw the words of Shimon and Levi concerning Dina in parshas Vayishlach: “Should he deal with our sister so grossly.”

A victory for Reb Pinchas

Wait,” said Reb Yaakov Yosef. “Let us look at the explanation written in Targum Yonasan.”

Sure enough, there it is written: “ It is not proper that it be talked about in the shuls that idolaters defiled the daughter of Yaakov Avinu.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Vayishlach email of Sparks of Light, a weekly publication of The Baal Shem Tov in Flatbush, Brooklyn.*

**Why G-d Didn’t Let**

**Me Make My Flight**

**By** [**Aribelle Fuerst**](http://www.chabad.org/search/keyword_cdo/kid/21028/jewish/Abrielle-Fuerst.htm)



*Years ago, I had the simple but life-changing revelation that G‑d guides us. I started looking for this guidance, and as I searched, I found it easier to notice.*

I woke up feeling like I shouldn’t fly. And while I know people who’ve altered their plans on a feeling, I was never one of them; I refused to let fear make my choices. I told myself that if G‑d didn’t want me flying that day, He would make it impossible to board that plane. Simple. End of story.

I was, at the time, blind to the I woke up feeling like I shouldn’t flynumber of things that went wrong. I’d almost booked a ticket to the wrong state entirely. I deleted over 700 photos from my phone while trying to get a ride to the airport. I very nearly left without putting my shoes on.

Fifteen minutes after reaching the airport (and five minutes after misplacing my suitcase), I received an e‑mail that my flight was delayed and I’d miss my connection. I was offered a standby ticket through Chicago—with the possibility of being stranded in Midway Airport for nine or ten hours.

It was a blessing in disguise, I thought. I have a close friend in Chicago I’d been wanting to visit. And then I remembered this friend was away for the week. For that particular week.

The first plane to Chicago filled up, booked solid. My original flight was delayed three more times, and we now had flood warnings.

There was nothing to do; I cancelled all travel plans from the airport, apologized to the friend I’d been going to visit that evening, and went right back home.

I tried convincing myself it was for the best. I could now spend time with my brother before he went back to *yeshivah*. I could make another ticket.

Later that night, I went to check on my siblings and smelled something ghastly. Like cooking gone wrong. Like gas, but I could not be smelling gas all the way upstairs, and so late at night.

“What is that?” I asked my brother, the only person still awake.

“I have a cold,” he answered. “I can’t smell anything.”

It turns out our broken stove had been leaking gas, unnoticed, for about half an hour. Even the tiniest spark—a bit of static from the carpet, maybe—could have set the house aflame. Everyone else had long since gone to sleep. My brother had a cold and couldn’t smell a thing. Everyone else had long since gone to sleep. And if there hadn’t been enough delays to miss my connection, or if there had been vacancies on that second flight, or if my friend in Chicago had not been on vacation at that exact time…G‑d had made it impossible to get on a plane that day. There was a more important place I had to be.

*Reprinted from last week’s email of Chabad.Org Magazine.*

**The Debate in Tsarist**

**Russia Over Kaballah**

**B Rabbi Tuvia Bolton**

In the year 1843 the evil Czar Nicholas made a proclamation ordering the Jews to choose three Rabbis to travel to St. Petersburg and defend Judaism.

Those chosen were:

1) Rebbe Menachem Mendel of Chabad-Lubavitch known as the Tzemach Tzedek

2) The Torah genius Rabbi Issac of Viloshin to represent the Lithuanian Jews

3) Rabbi Israel Halpern to represent the other Chassidic groups.

A fourth participant Mr. Betzallel Stern, an 'enlightened' atheist with the title of 'Rabbi' of Odessa, was chosen by the government to represent their opinion.

The presiding judge was a government official by the name of Graf Oberov.

There were several meetings and questions were asked about the Talmud and about various Jewish customs. Finally on the third or fourth meeting, which happened to fall on Friday, they got around to the main topic; teaching and learning Kaballah and Chassidut.

The Judge, Graf Oberov, declared that he was opposed to such irrational subjects and his crony Mr. Stern agreed while the Rebbe and Rabbi Halpern were in favor. But, surprisingly, The Rabbi of Viloshin abstained; choosing to remain silent.

The Graf, seeing the results proudly announced. "Well, well. There seems to be a clear decision here as it says in the Holy Bible; we must follow the majority: I and 'rabbi' Stern are opposed, the two of you are in favor and the Rabbi of Veloshin's silence can be interpreted as opposition. After all he does not agree with you.

"So my decision is that from henceforth Kabbalah and such nonsensical books are forbidden for the Jews to print, sell, learn or teach!"

The Tzemach Tzedek stood, his body shaking visibly with emotion and announced in a loud firm voice

"No matter what is decided here, the learning of Kabala and Chassidut will NEVER stop!"

The Graf angrily motioned to the guards to remove the Rebbe and lock him in an adjoining room under house arrest  and when the Rebbe was gone he resumed the meeting.

Being that it was an hour or so before the Shabbat,  the Rebbe, alone in the locked room, began preparing for Shabbat by saying the prayers 'Hodu' (Psalm 107) and 'Petach Eliahu' (an excerpt from the mystical Zohar) as written in Chassidic prayer books.

The meeting continued but through the walls the bitter-sweet voice of the Rebbe could be faintly heard flowing from the depth of his heart. It entering the hearts of all who heard it to the degree that even the Graf, as much as he tried, was unable to complete a sentence so moved was he by the song.

Finally he turned to Rabbi Halpern and asked, pointing to Rebbe's room, 'What is he doing?

Rabbi Halpern answered "He is praying the afternoon prayer before the Shabbat".

"But what is he singing?"

"It's something from one of the Kabalistic books you just forbade." He answered.

The Graf sat silently and listened, obviously affected and when the Rebbe finished he yelled, motioning to the guards at the door, "Schneerson (the Rebbe's family name), you can leave your prison."

When the guards brought the Rebbe back the Graf said: "Rabbenu, you and Rabbi Halpern are in favor of the Kaballah books, I and Rabbi Stern are opposed while the Rabbi of Veloshin is silent and could possibly be agreeing with you.

Now, because your Sabbath is approaching we will deal with this problem next week." And he adjourned the meeting.

The next several days the Tzemach Tzedek was ill from the stress and shock of all this but as soon as he recovered the next meeting was scheduled and he went there accompanied by his son Yehuda Leib.

The Rebbe lodged in a nearby hotel and usually he would walk to the meetings via the road avoiding a shorter path through a park.

But this time he motioned for his son to go with him through the park. After several moments they saw the atheist 'rabbi' Stern sitting on a bench in the park, leisurely smoking an expensive cigarette and the Tzemach Tzedik approached him.

"Tell me, my friend," The Rebbe asked, "do you believe in heaven and hell?" Stern in fact did not believe in these things but he looked in the Rebbe's eyes and suddenly said, 'Yes, Rebbe, I do'.

"Well then', continued the Rebbe, if you want a place, a guaranteed place in Heaven, vote as I do regarding Kabbalah." The Rebbe stuck out his hand to make his promise official as tears of emotion were flowing from his eyes.

Stern shook the Rebbe's hand and later voted for the learning of Kabbalah and the decree was annulled.

Later that day he came to the Rebbe, who thanked him, and asked permission to ask the Rebbe two questions that had been bothering him.

The first question was: How can you say the Torah is contemporary? Just now scientists have discovered that roses live from dew. Does the Torah have anything like this?"

The Rebbe went to a bookcase took out a Midrash that had been written almost two thousand years earlier and showed him an interpretation of the sentence from Hoshea (14:6) 'I will be like dew to Israel'; Just as a rose grows only from dew, so Israel grows only from the Torah."

Mr. Stern was impressed but then he asked his second question, "If G-d is really omnipotent, can He create another G-d?"

And the Rebbe answered. "Certainly He can! And He did! It says in the book of Genesis (last week's portion 33:20) 'And G-d called Jacob the L-rd, G-d of Israel'.

"And the Talmud explains (Megila 18a) that G-d actually called Jacob, 'G-d'!  But this," concluded the Rebbe "is impossible for any human to understand."

They say that this had such a deep effect on Mr. Stern that returned home he made his kitchen Kosher, began putting on Tefillin and religiously kept the Shabbat for the rest of his life.

*Reprinted from last week’s email from* ***Yeshiva Ohr Tmimim in*** ***Kfar Chabad, Israel****.*

**Sir Moses Montefiore’s Greatest Compliment**

Once, while traveling Sir Moses Montefiore decided to get down from his carriage and walk, while his entourage followed some distance behind. Suddenly, some youngsters recognized him as a Jew. Not knowing that he was a distinguished knight of the realm, they began to hurl insults at Sir Moses.

His attendants pounced upon the youngsters and wrestled them to the ground. The aides were about to administer a sound “thrashing” when Sir Moses hurried overs and said;

“Leave them alone. Let them stand up. Many people have given me great titles. They’ve called me ‘Sir,’ ‘Your Excellency,’ and ‘Your Honor.’ But no one has ever given me a royal title such as these boys have. They addressed me with the greatest title of all – they called me a Yehudi, a Jew!”

Comment: Many Jews have tried being like the nations, abandoning their religious dress and customs just to fit in. They’ve intermarried and forsaken the last vestiges of Jewishness. They’ve even tried being more secular than the nations of the world. But the Jews in Germany (and other places) were still hated and persecuted even when they tried to blend in. Why? Because it’s a fact of life that Esav hates Yaakov (Rashi to Bereshis 33:4).

*Reprinted from last week’s email of Torah’s Sweets Weekly.*