**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas Terumah 5775**

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**Why the Reedcutter**

**Didn't Die**

**Talmud, Shabbat 156b**

Shmuel and Avlet, a Persian astrologer, were sitting together watching people go to the pond to cut reeds.

Avlet said to Shmuel, “That man over there is going to go to the pond, but he won’t come back. A snake is going to bite him and he’ll die.”

Shmuel said, “If he’s Jewish, he’ll come back.”

Sure enough, as they were sitting, the man came back.

Avlet stood up and took the man’s bundle of reeds off his back. Inside, among the reeds, was a snake that had been cut in two.

Shmuel asked the man, “You must have done something good to be saved from death like that. What was it?”

The man answered, “Every day, all of us put all our food together and then share it. Today, one man had nothing to share and he was embarrassed, so I told everyone, ‘Today I’m going to collect the food.’ When I got to him, I pretended to take something from him so that he wouldn’t be embarrassed.”

Shmuel said to him, “That was very charitable of you.” and then explained the phrase “Charity saves one from death” ([Proverbs 10:2](http://www.chabad.org/16381#v2)) to mean not just that it saves from an unnatural death, but that it saves one from death itself.

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

**The Shach and the Satan**

Reb Shabsai Cohen, known as the Shach was a Rov and a posek who wrote the perush “Sifsai Kohen” (Shach) on the Shulchan Aruch. He was a talmid of the Meginei Shlomo and the Megale Hamukos. Despite his young age, he was accepted as a member of the Bais Din in Vilna. He lived through the gezairos Tach V’tat and he describes the horrors that occurred in his “Megilla Affa.”

He passed away at the age of 41 on the 1st of Adar Rishon, 5423(1663),The Shach was once walking on a mountain deeply engrossed in thoughts of Torah, and he did not realize that he had reached the edge of a very steep cliff. Miraculously, at that very moment, the mountain on the opposite side moved in, thereby .saving him from certain death.

The Shach had a wealthy father-in-law. Once when it was market day, his father-in-law gave him some money to try his luck at the market. Sure enough, the Shach made a sizable profit from his dealings. The next market day, his father-in-law wanted to ask him to go again.

This time the Shach refused, saying that the fact that he had made money the first time was an act of the Satan to distract him from learning. He told his father-in-law, that if he would go to the market this time, he would not net any profit and also lose the past earnings as well.

*Reprinted from last week’s email of “Sparks of Light,” a publication of The Baal Shem Tov Library in Flatbush.*

**Lost in Venice: How A Chabadnik Saved My Jewish Life!**

**By** [**Rabbi Dr. Shmuly Yanklowitz**](http://www.jewishjournal.com/socialjusticerav/item/about)

When I was still in college and traveling around Europe, I felt like my soul was radically open to new opportunities and possible life transitions. I was reading, exploring, and even praying like never before. Walking in solitude around foreign countries, I felt like a “lonely man of faith.” From train to train, museum to museum, and coffee shop to coffee shop, I searched for the meaning of life.

At one point, I found myself alone in the rain late at night in Venice during Carnival; there were no open hotel rooms for miles. I couldn't even find a dry gondola to sleep in. I was scared, alone, and in an existential crisis. All of a sudden a Chabad rabbi came up to me and said, “You like a Jew. Come with me!” He led me into his home, fed me, and gave me a mattress to sleep on right next to a mikvah (spiritual bath). Here’s the thing: I didn’t look like a typical Jew! I’m 6’3 with blond hair and was wearing a hat that night. But this holy fellow saw my pintele Yid – the very spark of my Jewish soul!



I think back to this moment all the time. This rabbi wasn’t looking to fundraise with me, wasn’t recruiting me to enroll in some program, and he wasn’t trying to make me a member of Chabad. To the contrary, he had the deepest and most humble spiritual goal: to help a struggling soul through an act of kindness. More than the physical uplift he gave me, he lifted me spiritually.

I’ve also wondered what this moment meant for me in my interaction with other Jews. It’s quite simple: we must take care of all people, but we also need to have unique commitments to our biological and covenantal families.

This is what the Holy One said to Israel: My children, I have lacked for you nothing - what do I seek from you? I seek no more than that you love one another and honor one another, (Eliyahu Rabbah 26).

The Sefat Emet taught that we can't simply make a token individual contribution and be finished with our charitable work. Rather, we must continue to build our shared purpose and mission as a people. Only then do we merit the Divine Presence (Parshat Terumah).

On a spiritual level, the Alter Rebbe taught that we need each other to bring blessing down to the world:

All Jews are interconnected and all are children of One Father, and therefore we are called brothers, since each person’s soul has its root within G-d, and one is only divided from the other in the physical sense…For the foundation of the service of G-d is to elevate one’s soul to its root and thereby draw down spiritual sustenance for the Jewish people, which is not possible to do if we are divided (Tanya, Chapter 2).

Today, as an Orthodox rabbi myself, I spend a good part of my time and energy supporting Jews who are on their own spiritual journeys. I owe a lot to that humble servant who found me that night in Venice. He didn’t just give me food and a mattress: he gave me a model of spiritual hope that sparked my own passion to serve and help my fellow Jew.



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**Never Again**

**By Rabbi Berel Wein**

I am well aware that there is no use beating a dead horse and that the subject of the Holocaust is already in the minds of most of the world's population, truly a dead horse. Last week the United Nations and over fifty countries commemorated the seventieth anniversary of the expulsion of the Germans from the Auschwitz death camp in Poland.

This commemoration was marked by the usual plethora of high-sounding words and empty pledges regarding the fact that this type of genocide against Jews should never again be allowed. However, to my ancient and hoary ears it all sounded hollow and almost meaningless in face of the actual realities and facts that comprise the current state of world affairs.

This anniversary, occurring so many decades after the event, took place with the presence of the backdrop of most of Europe engaged in its favorite hobby of anti-Semitism and blaming all of its evils on the Jews. Throughout Europe, from Berlin to Paris to London, in Madrid, Rome and Athens, the cry of “Death to the Jews” can be heard often and loud. It is difficult to believe in “never again” when so many millions are shouting “let us do it again.”

Anti-Semitism is apparently an incurable disease that has rotted the soul of Europe for almost two millennia. Europe has never learned the lesson of the disaster that anti-Semitism brings upon it. It will take more than formal commemorations, museums, monuments and reassuring speeches to eradicate the scourge that has infested so much of the civilized world. Therefore the outlook for “never again” is fairly bleak.

In a powerful article written by Charles Krauthammer in the Washington Post last week, he pointed out that the Islamic terrorists made an error in attacking the offices of Charlie Hebo. Had they contented themselves simply with killing Jews in the Paris kosher supermarket there would have been no demonstrations of millions of people in the streets of Paris objecting to the Islamic terrorist atrocities. No world leaders would have left their comfortable offices to march against terror if only Jews were the victims of that terror.

Jewish children were slaughtered in Toulouse a few years ago and the world hardly noticed. Jews were killed in Brussels and after the usual official clucking of regret, everything went back to its previous state. Jews in Antwerp are very nervous walking on the streets of the city where they have lived as citizens for many centuries.

The Belgian government, like almost all of its counterparts in Europe, trumpets the cause of the Palestinians and condemns Israel at every opportunity. Overwhelmed with the flood of Moslem immigrants into its countries, and unable to cope with radicalization of so many of them, Europe has surrendered itself to institutional, diplomatic and economic anti-Semitism.

There were no mass demonstrations against Auschwitz while it was occurring. The Jewish world then in denial and fear of the canard of “dual loyalty” remained mostly publicly silent while its brothers and sisters were being systematically annihilated. Sadly, it is apparent that there will be no mass demonstrations against new forms of Auschwitz if God forbid it repeats itself again.

So the Jewish people and especially the state of Israel find themselves in a very difficult, problematic and dangerous situation. In effect, the only defense against anti-Semitism today is the strength of the state of Israel and yet we are constantly reminded by the world's media and diplomats that such a defense is unseemly and in fact somehow counterproductive to Jewish interests.

In the woolly world that George Orwell foresaw and that we live in, this type of reasoning is constantly advanced and fostered. So currently “never again” is humbug!” Iran is currently at war with Israel and the Jewish people worldwide. It uses its surrogates – Hamas, Hezbollah, Islamic Jihad, etc. – to wage constant war against Israel and its citizens and Jews everywhere, from Argentina to Mumbai. It is driving steadily and speedily towards achieving its goal of having nuclear weapons and the means to deliver those awesome weapons anywhere in the world. It openly threatens Israel with extinction.

While the West and the United States dithers and puts its hopes in negotiations that, even if successful, will not guarantee that Iran will be devoid of nuclear weapons, Israel and the Jewish world finds itself at war with itself. The elections in Israel could not occur at a worse time than now and tragically are being conducted in a very disheartening and shameful manner. No matter who wins, we have already lost.

Once again, the L-rd has painted us into a very narrow corner. We must do all in our power to extricate ourselves from the siege that surrounds us and from the inner malaise that so weakens us. A realistic view of the true situation in which we find ourselves can serve as the beginning of policies that will enable us to say with some confidence “never again.”

*Reprinted from last week’s email of Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.*

**Crash Victim Ellen Brody, Loving Mother and Selfless Community Member**

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| Ellen Brody (Photo: Chabad of the Rivertowns) |
| Ellen Brody  |

Ellen Brody, the 49-year-old mother of three whose SUV was at the center of a fatal Metro-North train crash on Wednesday—in what is being called the worst accident in the train line’s history—is being remembered by those who knew her as a loving mother and friend, and an active and selfless community member. Five other people lost their lives in the accident.

“Ellen was everyone’s best friend, and she was always volunteering,” said Rabbi Benjy Silverman, co-director with his wife, Hinda, of Chabad of the Rivertowns in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. “Whenever she came to Chabad, she talked to everyone and made everyone feel comfortable. She would make me feel at home in my own synagogue,” he said.

Since the founding of the Chabad center 12 years ago, Brody was an important part of Chabad of the Rivertowns, along with her husband, Alan, a journalist and author, and three daughters, Danielle, Julia and Alexa, ages 14 to 22.

“We met when she and her husband enrolled their girls in our Hebrew school,” recalled Rabbi Silverman, who noted how she was active in the synagogue, community projects and the school.

Hinda Silverman told of how she and her husband once sought to arrange a “mock wedding” at the Hebrew school to show the children how a Jewish wedding is conducted. Upon consideration, they thought to make it that much more poignant for the community if they’d offer the opportunity to a couple who didn’t have a complete ceremony first time around.

The Brodys immediately came to mind, and they eagerly volunteered to be the bride and groom. Silverman was pleasantly surprised when Ellen Brody arrived joyously bedecked in a traditional wedding gown and veil. The ceremony was an authentic Jewish marriage, from the signing of the *ketubah* (wedding contract) to the giving of a ring with the proper blessing (*kiddushin*) and the breaking of the glass under the *chupah* (canopy).”



 (Photo: Chabad of the Rivertowns)

The ceremony had a lasting impact on the family, added Hinda Silverman. While visiting with them last night, she noted that “the girls recalled the ceremony, which was many years ago, and it brought them to tears.”

Brody always took pride in and was close with her daughters, said the rabbi. “She always talked about how her girls were doing. And they admired her as well, adored her.” Silverman noted that two of her daughters had recently returned from a Taglit-Birthright Israel trip, and the Brody family was set to attend a Shabbat dinner at Chabad this Friday night.

 “She was passionate about Judaism; she was passionate about her kids; and she did a great job of fulfilling the values that were important to her,” affirmed the rabbi.

Brody lived in the Edgemont section of Scarsdale, N.Y., and worked at a suburban jewelry store in Chappaqua. Her friends at the store were preparing to celebrate her 50th birthday in March. Whoever she met “always left smiling,” Virginia Shasha, a co-worker at the jewelry shop, told WABC-TV.

“They are a very prominent Edgemont family,” Bob Bernstein, president of the Edgemont Community Council, told the *Journal News*. “What a terrible tragedy.”

“It’s not just a tragedy for the town. It’s a personal tragedy for me,” said Paul Feiner, supervisor of the town of Greenburgh, who said he has known the Brody family for years. “She was an exceptional … super, super nice (person),” he said.

Her rabbi agreed: “She was very in tune, very warm, and passionate about her family, her friends and Judaism.”

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

**Story #898**

**The Dog, the Fish**

**And the Dream**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

[**editor@ascentofsafed.com**](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/21?folder=ABC&msgNum=00015eG0:001KqnSy00002eIf&count=1423779491&randid=1702544780&attachId=0&isUnDisplayableMail=yes&blockImages=0&randid=1702544780)

Rabbi Nachman of Kosov had a relative named **Rabbi Yudel** **of Chudnov** who was also a follower of the ***Baal Shem Tov***.

Rabbi Yudel was careful not to accept favors of others. He preferred to provide for himself from his own work, running an iron ore business. Once, Rabbi Yudel went to check on one of his iron ore mines. Being a long way from his home, he decided to spend the Shabbat in a small village near the mine. He asked Reb Meir, a local householder in that village, if he could spend the Shabbat with him.

Reb Meir answered, "Rabbi Yudel, it would be my honor if you would be my guest for this Shabbat. However, I don't have any fish or meat for you to eat at the Shabbat meals. To my knowledge, no one has caught a fish here lately. And while I do have some meat that can be prepared, you being a chasid, won't be able to eat it because you didn't have a chance to examine the knife used by the *shochet*." [In those days, the chasidim were very careful to check the knife used by the kosher-slaughterer to be sure the edge of the knife blade was razor sharp and free of any knicks that would render the meat of the slaughtered animal unkosher.editor.]

Reb Meir continued, "Rabbi Yudel, I suggest that you journey to the next village where a certain wealthy man lives. He is an old acquaintance of mine and I know that he'll be very pleased to host you for the Shabbat. He has his own *shochet* and will be able to provide fish and meat that will meet your standards."

Rabbi Yudel decided to follow Reb Meir's advice and started to walk on the road towards the next village where the wealthy man lived. The road connecting the two villages passed through a large pond that one had to cross to go from one village to the other. Usually, the water in the pond was quite shallow. But after a strong rain or in the spring after the snow melted, the water in the pond became much deeper. When Rabbi Yudel reached the pond, he wasn't aware that strong spring rains had caused the pond water to be exceptionally deep.

Just as Rabbi Yudel was about to step into the pond and cross to the other side, a dog jumped in. The dog started howling from fear; it couldn’t swim so it was starting to drown. The howling of the drowning dog upset Rabbi Yudel so much that he began to shed tears.

After this experience, Rabbi Yudel decided that the water was too deep for him to continue his way to the next village. So he returned to the village that he had just left. When Reb Meir saw him he asked in wonderment, "Rabbi, I thought you were going to the next town to celebrate the Shabbat."

Rabbi Yudel replied, "When I reached the pond, I didn't realize how deep the water is at this time of the year. Just then, a dog jumped into the pond. Unfortunately, it couldn't swim and it drowned. It saved my life! Thank G-d. But the howling of the drowning dog upset me so much that I couldn’t continue, so I decided to return here for Shabbat."

Reb Meir said, "Rabbi Yudel, of course you're always welcome to stay with me but what will you eat for the Shabbat meals?"

Rabbi Yudel asked, "Could you please see if there is any chance at all that you might get a fish for the Shabbat meals?"

Reb Meir requested a few of the local villagers to try extra hard to catch a few fish. They agreed. Almost miraculously, they returned that very afternoon with an unusually large pike.

When Reb Meir saw the fish, he said in amazement, "In all the years I've lived here, I've never seen such a large fish." The villagers that caught the fish nodded their heads in agreement.

That day, being Friday, Reb Meir's wife prepared several sumptuous meals for the Shabbat with the fish.

Later that night, Rabbi Yudel was sitting at the Shabbat table with Reb Meir and his family. After making Kiddush, eating the Shabbat dinner and singing several Shabbat songs, Reb Meir and his family left the table to go to sleep.

Rabbi Yudel stayed at the table to study a holy Torah book, as was his custom before going to sleep. Suddenly, a strong feeling of tiredness came over him and he put his head down on the table to rest. After a few short minutes, he fell into a deep sleep.

During this sleep, he had a vivid dream in which his departed father appeared and spoke to him. "My son, I was reincarnated as that fish you were eating tonight. Do you remember that man I always spoke so strongly against because he was an informer against our Jewish brethren? Well, he was reincarnated as the dog that you saw drown in the pond. He finally made up for his behavior as an informer when he drowned to save you."

Rabbi Yudel's father continued speaking in the dream, "I was reincarnated as the fish because I publicly condemned this informer. As the Torah says, 'You shall not bear a sin on his account.\***\*** My son, the tears you shed when the dog howled as he drowned atoned for me. Please be careful how you eat the fish. Be sure to hold the proper intentions in your mind. This will help elevate my soul."

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*Editor’s notes*:

**\***A Yiddish diminutive for the biblical name Yehuda.

**\*\****Kedoshim 19:17* *Rashi:* Do not shame him in public.

*Source*: Adapted and supplemented by Yerachmiel Tilles from the rendition of Tzvi-Meir Kahn, patent lawyer, posted on his website, //baalshemtov.com.

*Biographical note*: **Rabbi Yisrael ben Eliezer** [of blessed memory: 18 Elul 5458- 6 Sivan 5520 (Aug. 1698 - May 1760 C.E.)],**the *Baal Shem Tov*** [Master of the good Name often referred to as the *Besht* for short], a unique and seminal figure in Jewish history, revealed his identity as an exceptionally holy person, on his 36th birthday, 18 Elul 5494 (1734 C.E.), and made the until-then underground Chasidic movement public. He wrote no books, although many claim to contain his teachings. One available in English is the excellent annotated translation of *Tzava'at Harivash*, published by Kehos.

*Connection*: Weekly Reading from last week, opening verse -- These are the judgments *Targum Onkelos* translates: “These are the laws”;*Petach Eliyahu* interprets: “These are mercies”; the *Zohar* explains “These are the secrets of reincarnation.”

Reprinted from KabbalahOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed.

**Rabbi Levi Yitzchak of Berditchev**

**And Shmerel, the Rich Miser**

**By Rabbi Tuvia Bolton**

It was a cold miserable December day when Shmerel the Rich Miser of Breditchev died. It wasn't nice to say, but everyone was glad to be rid of him and glad he died on a day when the weather provided the perfect excuse not to attend his funeral.

So you can imagine how surprised and disappointed everyone was when the Rabbi of the city, the holy Rabbi Levi Yitzchak of Breditchev announced that he was going to the funeral and wanted everyone else in the town to attend.

They bundled up in their warmest clothes and dutifully complied but as soon as the dismal funeral ended they accompanied the Rabbi back to the Synagogue and asked him for an explanation. How could a man that was such an antisocial miser merit such a grand funeral procession?

"True, Shmerel kept to himself." The Rabbi answered "But that is certainly no sin. And you should know that his reputation as a miser was undeserved. Perhaps he didn't make a good impression, but in fact he was a remarkably generous person.”

When the Rabbi saw the amazed, incredulous looks on everyone’s faces he continued. “I know this, because on three occasions people complained about him to me on monetary cases, brought him to trial and each time I was the Judge.”

"Complained? Trial?" murmured the crowd "What is so generous about that?" someone said aloud

The Rabbi continued, "The first time was about twenty years ago, and the man who charged him was blazing mad.

“It seems that a certain businessman lost a leather pouch in the marketplace containing over two thousand golden coins he was going to invest in merchandise. Most of the money was borrowed, so he was under extreme pressure to retrieve it.

"For the first fifteen minutes he searched alone feverishly. He kept it quiet so no one would know what had happened, he was afraid to advertise it. But when it didn't turn up he became desperate, confused, started moaning loudly, fell into a swoon, and passed out unconscious right there in the middle of the market place!

"This, of course, attracted much attention. A doctor arrived and announced that the man's life was in danger, and when he revived him, our hero feebly mumbled "Two thousand guilders...brown leather pouch....Oy! Oy!" and fainted again.

“Suddenly someone stepped out from the crowd and announced, ‘I found it! Here! Exactly that amount of money a few minutes ago! Here! Look! It wasn't in a leather pouch but maybe someone stole it and threw the pouch away. Anyway, here it is! I was just on my way to take it to the Rabbi to ask him what to do with it. You're in luck my friend!

Whereupon he gave the bewildered loser the money, and disappeared in the crowd before anyone could even notice who he was.

“The crowd dispersed and went back to business except for one man … the real thief!

“He was holding the stolen money, and when he saw what happened it shook him to the depth of his soul. Here, he was so selfish that he was willing to make others suffer and TAKE their money, while this man was willing to make himself suffer and GIVE his own money just to help…a complete stranger!

“He began to think deeply until he decided to change his ways. So a few days later he appeared at the door of the giver, namely the one who pretended to have found the pouch, and presented him with the stolen money.

But he was in for a surprise: ‘Sorry my friend’ was the reply. ‘I gave that money because that is what G-d wants. I don't want the money you stole. If you want, give it to charity, not me!’

 “Meanwhile, her wayward husband wandered around for five years, until he managed to get himself into really big trouble. His life was in danger, and he and swore to G-d that if he lived he would repent.

Miraculously he got out of trouble and didn't forget his vow. He repented, earned enough money to pay all his debts and even returned home. He was certain that his wife would not let him in and demand a divorce. But when he arrived he was amazed to see that she and his children received him with joy and open arms.

"Why, Shmerel paid me the money every month just like you said he would." She explained. “He must have owed you a fortune!”

“But when he went to Shmerel and demanded that he accept repayment Shmerel refused. "You don't owe me anything" He insisted. "I gave the money of my own free will. If you want, take me to court."

“The case came before me and I decided, as before, that Shmerel had no obligation to accept the money, but the penitent man should give it to charity if he so desired.

“The last case was the simplest. A fellow named Isaac needed to borrow a large sum of money for a business deal but couldn't obtain it for the simple reason that he had a bad reputation and no one trusted him. When he had almost lost hope, he remembered that someone sarcastically quipped that he should try Shmerel the miser.  So with nothing to lose, he decided to try his luck.

“Shmerel received him cordially, invited him in and asked him to sit down. But when he heard what he wanted and asked who his guarantors would be for the loan, all Isaac could say was, "G-d Almighty is my only guarantor".

But surprisingly Shmerel took him seriously. He thought for a while, replied that he had the best guarantor possible and gave him the loan.

“The loan was for one year but Isaac didn't show up on time to pay it back. In fact, he only turned up five years later with the money. But he was amazed when Shmerel refused to accept it! Shmerel claimed that just after the year was up he unexpectedly made an extraordinary profit from one of his investments which he considered to be G-d keeping His end of the deal.

"If you want to repay someone," Shmerel said, "then repay G-d, give the money to charity not to me."

The man eventually came to court and pressed charges, he demanded that Shmerel just take the money back. But I, as twice before, refused to force Shmerl to accept it.

“So you can see that you were wrong about Shmerel. Money didn't make him crazy. All he cared about was doing what G-d wants and making people happy and trusted G-d to take care of the rest. All his life he was quiet and kept away from attention, now was the first time that he couldn't refuse! That is why I insisted on such a grand funeral.:”

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

**SHORT STORY OF THE WEEK**

**The Prayers of a Jewish Mama**

The second wife of the Imrei Emes had a son from her previous marriage who was supposed to be drafted into the Polish Army in the year 1935. As the deadline for the draft got closer, she approached the Rav, worried about her son. The Imrei Emes explained that a lot of tearful prayers are needed to cancel the decree. She walked out and did just that.

A while later the boy’s grandmother walked into the office of the Imrei Emes and he told her, “Don’t worry, with Hashem’s help, all will be okay.” One the sons of the Imrei Emes was present when both women walked in and received different responses. So he suggested to his stepmother to ask again. She went again and was given the same instructions: pray, pray and pray some more!

Sometime later, the boy was exempted from the draft. The boy’s mother was overjoyed and went to tell her own mother the good news. Her mother, however, wasn’t as visibly happy with the news and told her daughter that she didn’t expect a draft since the Imrei Emes had told her not to worry about it.

The wife then went back to her husband’s office and asked in a slightly confused tone, “Why did you put me through so much stress if you knew there wasn’t anything to worry about?

The Imrei Emes answered her: “You misunderstood. Because I caused you to pray countless prayers to Hashem, I knew the tefillos of a Yiddishe Mama wouldn’t go unanswered. Only because of your stress and frustration was I able to guarantee your mother everything would be okay.”

**QUOTE OF THE WEEK:**

“Never rely on your friends for money or your money for friends.”

If money blinds the eyes of the righteous judges, how much more so does its presence tarnish our relationships?”

*Reprinted from last week’s email from Reb Mendel Berlin.*