**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas Nasso 5776**

Volume 7, Issue 42 12 Sivan 5776/ June 18, 2016

**Printed L’illuy nishmas Nechama bas R’ Noach, a”h**

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**It’s All for the Best**

**By Rabbi Yirmiyahu Ullman**

**From: Mordechai**

 **Dear Rabbi**, I have trouble accepting the idea that everything comes from G-d, and that even the bad things that happen in life are for the best. Would you please elaborate on this idea for me and how one can actually integrate this idea into his life? Because, to be honest, I think it’s a nice idea, but only a guise to help weak people cope with a harsh reality.

 **Dear Mordechai**, Judaism undoubtedly teaches that everything, whether we perceive it as good or bad, comes from G-d and is for the best — “Everything that G-d does, He does for the good” (Berachot 60b).

 This teaching was made in reference to Rabbi Akiva who once came to a certain town where he was denied hospitality for the night. Remarking that all is from G-d and for the best, he slept outdoors on the outskirts of town. He had with him a candle, a rooster and a mule.

 A strong wind came and blew out the candle, a cat came and ate the rooster, and a lion came that devoured the mule — to all of which the Rabbi remarked, “It’s for the best.”

 In the morning he saw that the town had been ransacked, and that he too would have been harmed if the candle, rooster or mule would have revealed his whereabouts.

 He thus confirmed, “All that G-d does, He does for the best”. We can all attest to events in our lives where something seemingly awful happened to us, sometimes regarding things so significant that we can’t imagine how and why it happened, and how we can possibly overcome, rebound or move on afterward. Yet often, after time, sometimes after much time, we come to see how that event actually opened opportunities and brought about outcomes which were much better than what we thought was good and that we lost.

 This may be in relationships, academics, business and more. This alone should remind us that our perception is limited, and thus we may not know what’s really good for us, or may not recognize what’s better when it comes.

 As a result, on the one hand we should try our best to identify what seems best for us and to attempt to accomplish it, but on the other hand realize that not everything we want or think is good for us is actually best, or the best for us at that time. This doesn’t mean that one must easily give up his aspirations in the face of adversity, but it does keep one resilient and open to realizing one’s potential and finding happiness and fulfillment.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Bamidbar 5776 email of OHRNET, the Ohr Somayach Torah Magazine of the Internet.*

**The Yiddish Speaking**

**Latino Cop**

**By**[**Rabbi Moshe Greene**](http://www.aish.com/authors/381362921.html)



**Working to protect Rabbi Teitelbaum, he gained**

**Insight into the essence of the Jewish people.**

 Living in New York City is tough on cars. Pot holes and sharp debris on the road leads to bent rims and punctured tires.

 One day while driving near my home in Queens, the inevitable happened. My tire went flat. I pulled over, took out my cell phone, called AAA, gave my location to the dispatcher, and waited.

 About half an hour later a Latino man in his mid-60s pulled his truck behind me. He got out, looked at the car and then looked at me. "Hello, my name is Donny," he said as he extended his hand. He then began speaking in Yiddish.

 "Are you Jewish?" I asked.

 He shook his head smiled and said, "No."

 I laughed and asked the obvious question. "So where did you learn Yiddish?"

 "I picked it up many years ago when I was hanging out with one of your buddies," he said teasingly. "Rabbi Yoel Teitelbaum from Williamsburg. You heard of him?"

 "The great chassidic leader?" I asked in disbelief.

 "That's the one," he replied.

 Donny explained that he was a retired NYPD cop. While on the force, his job was to protect Rabbi Teitelbaum – not only from outsiders but also the throngs of chassidim that push to get near him. Donny was assigned as the rabbi's bodyguard – at home, in shul and at public gatherings.

 Donny described how he would dress like a chassid – a Latino with beard and sidelocks (*peyos*), scanning the crowds, looking for infiltrators.

 "How could you tell a real chassid from an impersonator?" I asked.

 "You guys are always hunched over your books," he explained. "If someone was standing a little too straight I kept my eye on him. He was either an outsider... or someone who ain't serious about his studies," he laughed.

 Donny reminisced about the kindness of the rabbi's wife, and how she supplied him with a steady stream of cholent and kugel.

 Donny then asked if I knew the expression *"Yiddishe kup."*

 "Of course'" I replied. "It refers to Jews as a smart and clever people."

 Donny became serious, knowing he had me where he wanted. "I heard you guys used to live in Israel with your capital in Jerusalem. I heard that you had a Temple – a beautiful place where you all got together for the holidays – right?"

I nodded.

 "I also heard that about 2,000 years ago you were exiled because you guys didn't get along with each other. True?"

 I nodded again.

 "I also heard that if you guys could just learn to get along with each other, G-d will move you back to Jerusalem and rebuild the Temple."

 Donny then leaned toward me, looked me straight in the eye and said, "So if you guys are so smart, how is it that in 2,000 years you haven't figured out how to get along?"

 I had no answer.

 The Torah tells us that unity of the Jewish people was a prerequisite for the revelation at Mount Sinai. The verse describes the encampment of the Jews by the mountain, united as “one person with one heart.”

 It all starts with the realization that while Jews many be different from one another, we are all one family. We are part of the same unit, connected at the core, sharing the goal of *Tikkun Olam*, making the world a better place.

 The upcoming holiday of Shavuot celebrates the giving of Torah at Mount Sinai. Now is an ideal time to work on attaining this consciousness and unite as a people.

 Let’s make Donny’s question no longer a question.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Bamidbar 5776 email of Aish.com website.*

**Lubavitchers Print First Edition Of Tanya on Mount Everest.**

**By COLlive**



 A pair of Lubavitchers trekked for days on a dangerous and cold path to be titled the first ones to print Chabad's foundational book, the Tanya, on Mount Everest.

 Meir Alfasi of Rechovot, Israel, and Shmuly Levitin of Brooklyn's Crown Heights climbed 17,598 feet to reach the Everest Base Camp in Nepal.

 "The Lubavitcher Rebbe instructed us to print 'The Tanya' in every place where there are Jews, one Jew," Alfasi, 30, told Israel Hayom newspaper.

 With no vehicle access to the rudimentary campsite, Alfasi and Levitin took with them 10 cans of tuna, Matzah, a package of paper and a printer.

 They were accompanied for the 2-week adventure by two Sherpas (local inhabitants) and bundled up in thermal clothes.

 Alfasi also took with him a Chassidic fedora, saying that he wanted fellow Jewish trekkers to identify him. "We got to put on Tefillin on a few of them," he told COLlive.com.



 Nepal's Chabad Rabbi Chezki Lifshitz provided the hiking team with a satellite phone to locate their position throughout the challenging journey. Some four hikers died there just this past week.

 "You walk 18 hours a day," Alfasi said. "I lost 22 pounds during the trek, so now I need to switch out my entire wardrobe."

 These Lubavitchers ended up accomplishing what they set out to do: Printing the Tanya on the highest mountain in the world.

 "When we came to the base camp, we asked them for electricity," Alfasi said. "We told them we're printing an ancient and holy book so they agreed and helped us print the Tanya on the most powerful mountain on earth.

*Reprinted from the June 3, 2016 website of COLlive.com, the Community News Service of Crown Heights, Brooklyn.*

**Muslims Yes, Jews No:**

**The Hypocrisy of the NY Times**

**By**[**Rabbi Benjamin Blech**](http://www.aish.com/authors/48865417.html)

**Separate swimming hours to accommodate religious sensitivities provokes hypocritical response.**

 This time the New York Times really outdid itself.

 If there were an award for hypocrisy, the hands-down winner should clearly be the paper which has long regarded itself as “the newspaper of record.” Within the span of just a few months, the Times editorial board took heated and diametrically opposed positions on the identical issue – the only difference being whether an accommodation was being made for the religious sensitivities of Muslims or of Orthodox Jews.

 This past February, when the city of Toronto allowed for women-only sessions at a public pool at specific hours at the behest of Muslim residents, the Times was delighted. Although it was a story from across the border, the editorial writers of the newspaper gushed at this beautiful demonstration of “community integration.” This was a “model of inclusion.”

 Here was Canada showing us how citizens with differing views of modesty and morality could be extended the courtesy of understanding and the consideration of a policy which would be willing to extend community benefits to all at the cost of minimal sacrifice. The pool might not be open to everybody at all times, but everybody could find some times to enjoy a publicly funded recreation.

 So religious accommodation, the Times effusively affirmed is a good thing even if, just like any accommodation, it requires a little compromise. But remarkably enough that is not the way they saw it at all when the ideal was now offered as justification for Orthodox Jews having a few hours during the week set aside at a municipal pool in Brooklyn for women whose religious scruples prevent them from swimming together with men.

 Suddenly the former defendants of inclusiveness viewed the matter in a totally different light. This desire on the part of, as it turns out, an exceedingly large number of residents in that particular area of Williamsburg to be true to their traditions of modesty is, according to the New York Times, an affront to “the laws of New York City and the Constitution.”

 The same Constitution in whose name liberals today so vociferously demand equality for same-sex marriages, unrestricted bathroom use for trans-genders and a host of other “rights” which may upset others it seems according to the interpretation of the Times is unequivocally opposed to granting consideration to Orthodox Jews for their beliefs.

 It is a stunning illustration of an attitude exemplified by a classic story: An old Jewish lady sees a gentleman in a long black coat, big beard and black hat on a bus. She goes over to him and says “Why can't you Hassidim dress a bit more modernly? Why not wear a nice suit and trim your beard so you can look a bit more respectable. This is the 21st century in New York City and you are an embarrassment to all of us.”

 The gentleman responds to the lady, “I am not Jewish. I am Amish and I am dressed in accord with the traditions of my people.”

 The lady respectfully apologizes. “Please forgive me. I didn't realize. And by the way I truly admire the way you people have kept your customs.”

 Substitute Muslims for Amish and you have the essence of New York Times anti-Semitism. As a liberal newspaper constantly on guard against the slightest indication of the sin of racism or of Islamo-phobia, political correctness rules every article and editorial.

 Change the victim, however, from Muslim to Jew or from Arab to Israeli and the perspective suddenly shifts 180°. One can only wonder if this almost incomprehensible insensitivity and abandonment of reason isn’t in some measure due to the fact that the original owners of the Times were Jews – and history has given us [more than enough examples of that remarkable phenomenon](http://www.aish.com/jw/mo/JAccuse.html) of self-hating Jews desperately trying to become beloved by denying and disparaging their own identity.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Bamidbar 5776 email of the Aish.com website.*

**It Once Happened**

**Strange Advice from the Rebbe On How to Get a Permit from The Minister of Education**

 There is a story told of the Alter Rebbe, Rabbi Shneur Zalman, founder of Chabad Chasidism, concerning a chasid who was in the publishing business. He wanted to publish and print Torah books, but he needed a government permit from the Minister of Education.

 He was very concerned about receiving it because the government wasn't favorable toward the Jews and was especially unwilling to print any sort of Jewish literature or in any way disseminate Jewish teachings. The printer, therefore, went to the Alter Rebbe, for a blessing and advice on what to do.

 He was told to go to the city of Vilna, and there to speak to a certain individual who was the melamed (a teacher of young children). He was very puzzled because the Minister of Education was not in Vilna, but in St. Petersburg, and the melamed was a simple, ordinary person with no particular political insight or connections.

 Nevertheless, if the Rebbe sent him there, he would go. In the city of Vilna he met with the melamed, who was equally puzzled. He said, "I have no idea why the Alter Rebbe would send you to me. I am an ordinary person. I have nothing to do with any kind of political issues, nor do I have any important connections."

 The two of them went to a third chasid who had a position of some authority in that town. He did have some political connections, but nevertheless he also couldn't fathom the Rebbe's reason for sending the printer to their town. All three men being chasidim, decided that if the Alter Rebbe had sent him, then this had to be the place for him to be. The Rebbe's rationale would eventually become apparent.

 A few days later the three of them were outside in the street, when a stranger walked by. According to his apparel and bearing, this stranger seemed to be some sort of a nobleman. He stopped and looked directly at the melamed and then said to him, "I'd like to meet you tomorrow. Could you please come to my hotel?"

 The following day, the melamed went to the hotel, and the nobleman said to him, "Don't you remember me? Don't you recognize me?"

"No," the melamed replied. The noble continued, "Do you remember the town of X that you lived in as a child?" The melamed stared at him, "Yes, of course, but how do you know?"

 The stranger began, "I'll tell you a story. Do you remember that in your town there was a boy who was an orphan, and the people in the town did everything they could to raise this child and to help him. But this boy was very rebellious and violated the Torah and the Jewish way of life. Eventually they took the boy and punished him by embarrassing him publicly. They tied him up, and people walked by and ridiculed him. Then somebody came over to him and untied him, allowing him to run away. Do you remember such an incident?"

 "Yes," answered the melamed. In fact, he himself was the one that released the boy. The stranger finally identified himself as that boy, and said: "I want you to know that all my life I have felt indebted to you. I have always wanted to pay you back, but I never knew where you could be found until I just happened to see you yesterday. I want you to know that I'm in a position to help you. I'm a very wealthy person, and I'd like to repay you for what you did for me. I hold a high government position - I am the Minister of Education."

 When the melamed heard these words, he nearly fell off his chair. Turning to the Minister of Education, he replied, "Thank you very much for your offer, but really, I didn't do it for money. But I would like to tell you a little story which will explain to you how we just 'happened' to meet yesterday." He recounted how the Alter Rebbe had sent a person who needed a permit from the Minister of Education to visit Vilna just at this time. The Rebbe had, for some unexplained reason, referred the man to him, the melamed. And now, this meeting shed light on the Rebbe's actions. He added, "The greatest favor you could do for me is to grant this person permission to print his books."

 The great insight of the Alter Rebbe astounded the group of men. Obviously, the Rebbe had a Divine intuition that the Minister of Education would be in the city of Vilna, and the Minister owed a debt of gratitude to the melamed. For this reason he sent the chasid to the city of Vilna to meet the melamed, so that all these three would meet. The Alter Rebbe was able not only to see into the future to know where the Minister of Education would be, but he also saw the past and knew the whole story of how this melamed had freed the little boy.

*Reprinted from Issue #868 (Parshas Kedoshim 5765/2005) of L’Chaim Weekly, a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY.*

**Story #952**

**The Rebel Against Shabbos - A Modern Tale**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

[**editor@ascentofsafed.com**](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/5?session_redirect=true&userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1456323799&randid=21534426)

 It was sometime in the 1960's when the strictly religious Jews --the so-called "Ultra-Orthodox" - of the Meah Shearim neighborhood in Jerusalem first attempted to close their main street to traffic on Shabbat. They set up trash bins across the road and there was anger and indignation all around.

 In response, some secular Jews decided to form a committee to oppose the closure of the street, calling it by a name which declared their opposition to "religious coercion." They saw it as coercive against the secular that the Ultra- Orthodox wanted to close the street which runs through their completely Shabbat-observant neighborhood. This committee against religious coercion used to bus ruffians into Jerusalem on Shabbat from kibbutzim and other places to attack and beat up Ultra- Orthodox male demonstrators.

 This man was one of those ruffians who went up to Jerusalem to fight religious coercion by beating up the Ultra-Orthodox in order to force them to open the main street in their neighborhood to traffic, including the city bus line #1.

 One Shabbat, he was in Jerusalem with his own automobile and decided to teach those impudent Ultra-Orthodox a lesson. He drove his car down Meah Shearim Street "like a Roman charioteer," as he described it, with pedestrians scattering in panic, pregnant women sprinting from the street and women with baby carriages bouncing across the uneven pavement. All this was to show them that they can't impose their "Shabbat" on him!

 One resident, a local teacher, had the presence of mind to memorize the number of his license plate and look it up the next day at the motor vehicle Licensing Bureau. Then he looked up the registered owner's telephone number and called him up. Ascertaining that the man on the line was indeed the wild driver, he invited him to his home for Shabbat, explaining that he wanted him to see what Shabbat is and "why it means so much to us."

 The driver declined, explaining that he would not want to spend the whole of Shabbat in such an environment. The teacher said, "I am inviting you to be my guest, not my prisoner. You are free to leave whenever you want. Just do me the courtesy of parking your car outside the neighborhood."

 He could find no honorable way of refusing a challenge so reasonably presented, so he showed up Shabbat evening for *Kiddush* and the meal. They talked somewhat and he left. As he was leaving, his host invited him to return another Shabbat and, to reinforce the invitation, called him during the week.

 Eventually, he came again for Shabbat. And again. And again. Over the next year or so, he became first an occasional Shabbat guest, then a frequent Shabbat guest and finally a regular Shabbos guest. Over period of two to three years, he became Shabbat observant and then fully religious.

*Commented Rabbi Benyamin Adilman (in the early 2000's, when the street closure demonstrations and opposition had moved to a newer neighborhood - y.t.)*:

A motorcade of secular Jews driving down Bar Ilan Boulevard on Shabbat is an opportunity to talk to them. They are in your neighborhood on Shabbat. So invite them for *Kiddush*. They have never seen you in a positive, sympathetic way before. Great good can come of it!

*Source*: Source: Adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from //nishmas.org, the website of "Nishmas Chayim: Center for Torah, Chassidus and Jewish Spirituality."

*Connection*: Weekly Reading-the opening verses speak of the prohibition against doing certain forms of work on the Shabbat. ***Rabbi Benyamin Adilman****was told this by a man he met about ten years after this story took place*.

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| *Reprinted from the Parshat Ki Sisa 5776 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project* |
| *of Ascent of Safed.* [*www.ascentofsafed.com*](http://www.ascentofsafed.com) *ascentz@ascentofsafed.com* |

**Rabbi Pam and the Concept Of Hakaras Hatov**

As a rule, Rabbi Avraham Pam did not accept gifts and tried to avoid accepting favors from others. He usually made his own arrangements for traveling to Simchas, saying that he found it easier this way. If he needed to go somewhere for personal reasons, he preferred taking the bus or subway rather than asking someone to drive him.

When, on occasion, Rav Pam did accept a favor, he felt indebted to the person. He therefore had a special notebook in which he would record information which he could use to return the favor. In one entry he wrote, So-and-so gave me a ride today. He has a 21 year old daughter in need of a shidduch.

When the Shuvu organization, founded by Rav Pam, launched a fund-raising campaign by mail, the return envelopes came to Rav Pam’s house. Rav Pam himself opened these envelopes, and when he would meet someone who had sent a donation, he would thank him saying: “You’ve done something big!”

[Excerpted from the *The Life and Ideals of Rabbi Avraham Yaakov HaKohen Pam*(Artscroll/Mesorah), as brought in*Let There Be Rain*by Rabbi Shimon Finkelman, Shlita, and Rabbi Zechariah Wallerstein, Shlita (Artsroll/Mesorah)]

*Reprinted from the July 10, 2015 edition of the Hakhel Community Awareness Bulletin Email.*

**Reb Yitzchok of Vorke Learns a Most Important Lesson in Life**

 The Chozeh of Lublin said to his student, Reb Yitzchok of Vorke, “I want you to become a melamed [teacher].” Reb Yitzchok was surprised by that request. At that time, Rebbe Yitzchok Vorke’s extremely wealthy father-in-law was supporting him, and Reb Yitzchok was totally involved in studying Torah. Why should the Chozeh request that he take on a job?

 But he didn’t ask questions, because he was certain that the Chozeh knew what he was saying. In the meanwhile, Reb Yitzchak went to the Chozeh’s beis medresh to study Torah.

 Moments later, a farmer came to the Chozeh and said, “I have two children who need a melamed.”

 The Chozeh replied, “Go to the beis medresh, you will find Reb Yitzchok there. Tell him that I recommended him to be your children’s melamed for the next six months. For that you should pay him forty zlottys.”

 Reb Yitzchok accepted the position. He sent a letter to his wife, explaining that he wouldn’t be returning home for a half-year, since the Chozeh recommended that he be a melamed.

 She wrote back, “The Chozeh is so wise. In the aftermaths of Napoleon’s War, the French stole everything they could, and my father is left without anything.”

 The farmer lived in a very small town where there was only one beis medresh and exactly ten people to make a minyan. Everyone there was ignorant in Torah, but that was the place the Chozeh sent Reb Yitzchok to live for a half-year. Reb Yitzchok tried very hard to teach the two children Torah, but they weren’t grasping the material.

 The next time he came to the Chozeh, he expressed his frustration. The Chozeh told him to daven for the children’s success in Torah. Reb Yitzchok followed this counsel. He davened, and the problem was resolved. The children were finally able to understand and grow in Torah, much to the pleasure of the children, their parents, and Rebbe Yitzchok Vorke.

 One day, a conflict flared up in the town’s small beis medresh. One person embarrassed the other, and the humiliated person said, “I will never return to this beis medresh again.” Ultimately, that also meant that there wouldn’t be a minyan in the village.

 An elderly person spoke with the insulted party. He said, “Sometimes, in life, one needs to learn to accept things. In reference to Yissaschar (49:15) the Torah says: ‘He saw that tranquility is good, and he bent his shoulder to accept.’ When one wants tranquility, he must be ready to bend his shoulders, to forgive and to forget.”

 A half-year passed, and Reb Yitzchok returned to the Chozeh of Lublin and asked him whether he should continue in this position. Since by then, his father-in-law’s parnassah had been reestablished.

 The Chozeh asked him, “Did you hear any divrei Torah from the people of the village?” Reb Yitzchok wanted to say, “Of course not. How could I? They are all ignorant,” but then he remembered the vort that the old person said, and he repeated it to the Chozeh.

 The Chozeh told him that this was the vort that he wanted him to hear. The Chozeh told him that he can return to his father-in-laws’s home. Some years later, Rebbe Yitzchak became the leader of the chassidus Vorke. The chassidus was largely based upon the lessons that he learned from the elderly man of that village.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Bamidbar 5756 email of Torah Wellsprings: Collected Thoughts from Rabbi Elimelech Biderman as compiled by Rabbi Boruch Twersky with permission of Machon Be’er Haemunah.*

**The Steipler Gaon’s Advice on What to Seek in a Shidduch**

 A rabbi once visited the illustrious Rabbi Yaakov Yisrael Kanievsky, who was called "the Steipler Gaon," and told him that he was looking for a Shidduch (marriage partner) for his granddaughter.

 The rabbi asked the Steipler what traits were important to look for in a young man, and the Steipler responded, "Diligence in Torah learning, common sense and good character."

 The visitor wondered, "If he is immersed in Torah and has achieved greatness in it, won’t he automatically have good character?"

 "Not necessarily," responded the Steipler. "A student leans on his "shtender" [learning stand], learning Torah diligently in Yeshivah for many years. A shtender is a convenient creation. It never asks for help with anything, like to take out the garbage or to buy something at the grocery, and it never gets angry. There was never a shtender in a bad mood, or a shtender that expected someone to speak kind words of encouragement to it. No shtender has ever gotten sick and required medical treatment.

 Suddenly, that same student has to begin living with another person, a wife to whom all the above conditions can occur. The suitor therefore has to have good character."

 Once again the rabbi asked, "doesn’t the Torah refine a person?"

 Certainly," responded the Steipler. "There are some who, had they not learned Torah, would be predatory beasts. Yet by virtue of their diligent Torah study they have escaped wickedness. Still, that does not suffice for them to have good character. Only if someone works on himself, engaging in much study of ethics, constantly examining his spiritual condition, and breaking down his bad traits and lusts, can he become a person of good character."

 **Comment:** "Learning Torah and Living Torah are two different entities. One who learns but doesn’t live Torah is (in a way) worse than one who does neither, because people (incorrectly but unavoidably) judge Judaism by the Jew and his behavior. Living Torah means watching wiser and older people and emulating them. Good character isn’t something a person is born with; it takes a lifetime to acquire. Learning is step one in this journey. (Story from Mevakshei Torah, Chapter 5, Kovetz 23).

*Reprinted from the Parshas Bamidbar 5776 email of Torah’s Sweets Weekly.*

**Shabbos Treasures…The Precious Gift of Shabbos**

**The Prayers of a Secular Jewish Grandmother**

 There is immense power of a mother’s Tefilos at the time she lights the Shabbos candles. A powerful story is related by an outstanding Torah scholar who came from a family that had not been religious for generations.

 Asked how someone without a background in Torah studies could attain such heights in learning, the Talmid Chacham attributed his success in Torah to his grandmother.

 He said, “My grandmother wasn’t religious, but she always lit candles on Friday night before sundown and davened for the success of her children and grandchildren, remembering that her mother had done so.

 What kind of success did she have in mind? Well, her husband, my grandfather, worked for the Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion. He would come home every day praising his boss’s talents, skills, and brilliance. Impressed by these stories, my grandmother would daven every Friday night after lighting candles that her children and grandchildren should grow up to be like Prime Minister BenGurion.

 One day the prime minister met with the Chazon Ish in a well-publicized meeting. After the meeting, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion called all of his staff together, including my grandfather, and told them how he had never met someone like the Chazon Ish, a man with such brilliance and deep perception. My grandfather came home that day, and as usual reported everything that BenGurion had said at the office.

 Upon hearing how Ben-Gurion said that he had never met such a man as the Chazon Ish, my grandmother said that if Prime Minister Ben-Gurion said that the Chazon Ish was a man like no other, she would start davening Friday night after candle lighting that her children and grandchildren should be like the Chazon Ish, and not like the Prime Minister! It appears that the awesome power of her Tefilos at the time of candle lighting made all the difference for me!” (L’ha’er, p. 20; HaMechanech, p. 200).

*Reprinted from the Parshas Ba,midbar 5776 email of Torah U’Tefilah: A Collection of Inspiring Insights compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*