**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas Balak 5775**

Volume 6, Issue 43 17 Tammuz 5775/ July 4, 2015

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

For a free subscription, please forward your request to [***keren18@juno.com***](mailto:keren18@juno.com)

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

**The Secular Doctor and**

**The Talmid Chacham**

Rabbi Falk told the story of a Talmid Chacham in Israel who did not have much money, and whose son became seriously ill one Shabbos, R”L. He desperately needed a doctor, and there was an excellent doctor, who happened to be a secular Jew, who lived down the block.

The doctor agreed to treat the boy, however, he demanded that he be given a check immediately. He said, “I don't trust religious Jews. I will tend to your son only if you give me a check for 500 shekels right now.”

The father knew that Halachah clearly establishes that due to the concern for human life one can override Torah law, so he wrote a check— with an unusual manner, and handed it to the doctor.

The doctor looked at the check and noticed that it was written out for 1,000 shekels. The doctor said, “Maybe you didn't hear me correctly, but I asked for 500 shekels, not 1,000. Besides, as I look around your apartment, it does not appear as though you can afford to pay me extra.”

The Talmid Chacham explained, “To write a 500 shekel check, I would have to write three words**: שקל מאות חמש**, five hundred shekel, whereas giving 1,000 shekels required writing just two words: **שקל אלף**. In order to minimize the Chillul Shabbos, the desecration of Shabbos, I am prepared to double the amount.”

The doctor was amazed. He had never seen anything like this in his life. A poor person paying an extra 500 shekels just in order to write one less word on Shabbos?! He gave the man 500 shekels change, treated the child, and brought the check home to show his wife.

After Shabbos, the doctor returned to the man's home and said, “I was so moved by what you did today, that I decided I wanted to learn more about Shabbos and Yiddishkeit.”

The Talmid Chacham said that he would be happy to help him if he would like, and they sat down and began studying. The doctor soon became a Ba'al Teshuvah.

Rabbi Falk explained that this is a Kiddush Hashem of the very highest level. This Talmid Chacham did not even plan on making a Kiddush Hashem, and was just living his life the way Hashem wanted him to. However, in this merit, the doctor and his children and grandchildren now observe the Torah and mitzvos!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5775 email of Torah U’Tefilah: A Collection of Inspiring Insights compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**The Power of Mezuzahs**

**By Rabbi Tuvia Bolton**

The telephone in Rabbi Rachamim Nimni's home rang. On the other end of the line was an almost hysterical woman pleading for help in Hebrew.

"Rabbi Nimni? Hello? Is this Rabbi Nimni? Ah, good! I'm calling from Israel. Rabbi, you have to help me! This is Rabbi Nimni, yes? You are in New York, yes? You are Chabad, yes? Listen, I am calling about my son. His name is Chezki. He is such a wonderful boy. He is twenty-two and, well, he met a non-Jewish girl here in Israel.

“At first we thought it would pass but it didn't. We told him we weren't so happy about it but it got more serious until . . . well, now, that is a few months ago. He says they want to get married. Rabbi, someone gave me your number and said that, well, maybe you can help. We are going crazy here!"

"But, why are you calling me?" asked Rabbi Nimni. "I live in New York. I mean, there must be rabbis in Israel who can talk to him face-to-face. Why do it long distance? And why me? I don't think I even know your son? Do I?"

"No, no," she replied. "You don't know him. But I didn't finish. You see, his father and I, we tried everything. First we tried to talk him out of it. Then we sent his friends and teachers from school and then we sent rabbis, a lot of rabbis. But it got worse. He got mad and said he wanted us to leave him alone. Finally he left. Rabbi, he left Israel.

"He and his girlfriend moved to New Jersey. So they're closer to you than me and they're making plans for the wedding. Rabbi, please help! Do you think you can help?"

Rabbi Nimni asked a few more questions, got Chezki's phone number, promised he would at least give it a try, and hung up.

He dialed the number.

Chezki answered and surprisingly he sounded very friendly. Maybe it was because he was glad to speak to someone in Hebrew or maybe it was just a miracle but he and the rabbi hit it off and talked for a good ten minutes.

Of course, Rabbi Nimni was careful not to bring up the topic of the girl or the wedding. His plan was to first establish a rapport and then gradually approach the topic, but Chezki knocked that idea down at the end of the conversation. He said that he really enjoyed talking and would like to talk again. But only on the condition they never speak about his girlfriend or his upcoming wedding or he'll hang up and never answer again.

So every few days, sometimes every day, Rabbi Nimni managed to find a few minutes to call Chezki and talk.

They talked about sports, the weather, Israel, history, philosophy, hobbies, even family. But without being able to talk about the girl, the days and weeks went by and the rabbi was getting nowhere. In fact, if the conversation ever got even close to the "forbidden" topic, Chezki would interject with, "I hope you aren't going to make me close the phone, Rabbi."

After a month of this with no progress, Rabbi Nimni was beginning to get nervous. The wedding was approaching and there seemed to be no way to stop it. But on the other hand, he did have one foot in the door. It would be a shame to just give up.

Rabbi Nimni decided to ask his father, Rabbi Michael Nimni, a well-known Sefardic rabbi in New York, for advice. His answer was simple:

"Did you write to the Rebbe?"

He was referring to the custom of many Chabad Chassidim to write questions to the Lubavitcher Rebbe, put them in one of the twenty-seven volumes of the Rebbe's correspondences to people entitled Igrot Kodesh, and see if the answer applies to them.

Rabbi Nimni almost slapped himself on the forehead. He had used Igrot Kodesh tens, even hundreds, of times before but this time it simply had slipped his mind.

He wrote a letter explaining the situation, pulled out one volume from his library, inserted it randomly between two of the pages, and then opened to see what was written there.

It was volume sixteen, page 55, and the letter there stressed the importance of fulfilling the commandment of having a proper mezuzah on every door, how mezuzah is equal to all the commandments, and how this commandment shows that one's house and possessions really belong to the Creator. (Mezuza is a small parchment upon which is written the two short Torah paragraphs containing this commandment. It is rolled up and placed on the right doorpost of each room in the house)

The next time Rabbi Nimni spoke to Chezki, he took the chance. Up to now he had steered clear of bringing up Judaism at all but with the Rebbe's answer now under his belt, he got bold.

"Hey Chezki! How are you today? Hey, I was just thinking. What about a mezuza on your door. Do you have mezuzahs?"

There was a moment of silence. Would Chezki slam the phone shut?

"Mezuzah?" he answered. "Hey! You know, you're right! A mezuzah. Yeah! But where will I get a mezuzah?

"No problem!" answered the rabbi. I've got a bunch (which wasn't true). Tell me where you live and I'll be right there!"

Rabbi Nimni got the address. He drove to the nearest scribe, bought a few good mezuzahs, and rushed to Chezki's flat.

A few minutes later the mezuzahs were up and a beaming Chezki was thanking the rabbi for the gifts.

As Rabbi Nimni drove home he began to think about what he had just done. He had spent some two hundred dollars for what? After all, he still didn't get a word in about the wedding nor did he even do anything at all to delay it! The more he thought about it, the more he began to wonder if he hadn't made a big mistake.

The next time he called Chezki, two days later, Chezki didn't even mention the mezuzahs. All he talked about was his girlfriend.

"Wow! Suddenly she's all tense and unpleasant. In fact, we even had an argument about nothing . . . our first argument. I can't figure it out. I hope this isn't how it's going to be!"

Rabbi Nimni didn't say anything but he almost shouted aloud from surprise. He just tried to talk about something else and ended the conversation pleasantly.

The next time he called, Chezki complained bitterly. The arguing wasn't stopping and she was making his life miserable. Yesterday, she began yelling again and demanded that he remove the mezuzahs from the doors. "But," Chezki announced proudly, "I refused! I told her that it was good luck and anyway Jews have been doing it for more than three thousand years, so it can't be so bad!"

"Three days later it was Chezki who called the rabbi.

"Hey, Rabbi. How're you doing? Hey, don't call me on that other number because, well, I moved.

"That's right. I came home yesterday and, well, she took down the mezuzahs. Then, when I asked her why, she started cursing out me and all the Jews. I couldn't believe it! Anyway, I got the mezuzahs. Now I'm just looking for a door to put them on."

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

**It Once Happened**

**The Accompanying**

**Healing Angel**

A prominent Jewish merchant, Reb Yaakov from Vilna, known to be an accomplished Torah scholar, once passed through Mezritch. Having heard of the greatness of the Mezritcher Maggid, Rabbi Dov Ber, Reb Yaakov decided to visit him, although he was not an adherent of the Chasidic movement. Reb Yaakov was eager to engage the Maggid in a learned discussion, and he was not disappointed. But, as Reb Yaakov had no interest in Chasidic philosophy, the subject was not broached.

As Reb Yaakov was about to leave, the Maggid suddenly said: "Remember Yaakov, what our Sages of blessed memory said, that G-d sends His cure to a patient through a particular doctor and a particular medicine. Sometimes the One Above sends His cure not through the medication which the doctor prescribes, but through the doctor himself. As you know, a doctor receives his healing powers by authority of the Divine Torah, as it is written, 'And he shall surely cure him.' Therefore, the doctor has a healing angel at his side, and a very great doctor is accompanied by the chief healing angel, Rafael, himself."

As he traveled back to Vilna, Reb Yaakov thought about this strange parting remark, which seemed to come out of the blue. Reb Yaakov was, thank G-d, in very good health. He had never needed a doctor before, and he hoped he would not have to consult one in the future. He hadn't asked the Maggid for medical advice, so why had the Maggid mentioned doctors? Unable to solve this puzzle, he soon dismissed the entire episode from his mind.

Several weeks later Reb Yaakov returned home and soon fell into his normal routine. After a few days, he awoke feeling quite ill. His condition worsened rapidly and although all the best doctors were called in, each offering a different medication, nothing helped.

Word of his condition spread quickly. His friends and acquaintances were devastated, for Reb Yaakov was a kind and charitable man. Then a ray of hope appeared. The Jews of Vilna heard that the king would be arriving in town, and his personal physician, who was a wayward Jew, would be accompanying him. If only they could persuade the king's doctor to pay a call on their beloved friend, maybe this great doctor could save his life.

The community leaders dispatched a delegation to the king and petitioned him to allow his royal physician to visit Reb Yaakov. The king received them graciously and agreed to their request. The hopes of his family and friends soared when the famous doctor entered the sickroom, but were soon dashed. When the doctor looked at Reb Yaakov he said disdainfully, "Am I G-d that you have brought me here to revive a dead man?"

To everyone's horror, the doctor turned to leave. The distraught family begged him to prescribe some medication. "Nothing can help this man," he replied brusquely, casting a parting glance at the dying patient. But something caught his eye and he turned to look again. A slight bit of color could be seen on the patient's pale face. The doctor quickly took his note pad and scribbled a prescription. "Run to the pharmacy and bring this medication at once!"

Hope sprang again into the hearts of the man's family and friends. The royal physician remained at the man's bedside, his eyes fixed on the sick man. He was amazed to see further signs of improvement. He pulled out his pad and prescribed another medication. But no sooner had he written it out than the patient's eyes began to flicker. The doctor had never seen such a thing in all his experience. Suddenly, the erstwhile dying man sat up in bed and addressed the physician, "I beg you, dear doctor, don't go yet. Stay a while longer, and I'll feel much better. The Angel Rafael must be at your side."

The physician was completely overwhelmed. He stared at the patient in utter disbelief, and although he didn't believe in angels, he could almost believe the patient's words. As if reading the doctor's thoughts, Reb Yaakov began to relate his visit to the Maggid of Mezritch and especially the Maggid's puzzling remark at the end of the visit.

"I can see now, that his remark was completely prophetic and true," Reb Yaakov remarked.

The king's doctor, who had listened intently to the whole episode, sat engrossed in thought. It occurred to him that, great healer though he was, he needed a lot of healing himself -- healing of a spiritual nature.

"I would like to meet this saintly man," he finally said. "When you are fully recovered, I would like you to take me to meet him."

Not very long after, the two of them, Reb Yaakov and the king's physician, traveled to Mezritch -- Reb Yaakov to become a Chasid and the physician to return to his faith.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Shelach 5775 edition of L’Chaim Weekly, a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY. Adapted from Talks and Tales.*

**The Siddur Speaks**

**The Power of a Broken Heart**

**By Rabbi Fischel Schachter**

During a lecture, Rabbi Fishel Schachter related a story that a woman had told him. She said, “A number of years ago, I suffered a personal tragedy and I was devastated. I became so depressed that I refused to leave my house. I was sure that I would never get over it and would never be able to get on with my life. Two months went by and things did not improve at all, in fact my misery and self-pity only deepened.

“I was invited to a wedding but I told my husband that I wasn’t going. I simply couldn’t. My husband knew how badly I needed to get out, and when he saw that he could not reason with me, he literally pushed me out of the house and locked the door. I banged on the door but my husband would not allow me back in. He called out that my dress and makeup were at a neighbor’s house and that I had to go to the wedding.

“I saw that I had no choice, and I begrudgingly got dressed and went to the wedding. When I saw everyone dancing happily, I became very upset. I felt that they had no right to be so happy. With a complete feeling of dejection, I walked out of the hall. I saw a phone booth and walked over and picked up the phone. With tears streaming down my face, I said, ‘Hashem, I don’t want to be here. Please get me out of here!’

“While I was standing there crying, one of the elderly women who was sitting at the door of the hall collecting Tzedakah noticed me and came over to check on me. She placed her arms on my shoulder and gently asked me, “My child, why are you crying?”

“I responded, “You never suffered like I am!” She gently replied, “I lost ten children during the Holocaust, but why are you crying?” I looked at her in astonishment and asked, “Did you ever cry over losing your children?”

“She answered, “Oh, I cried! But I learned that there is no point in crying over the past. I learned to take advantage of my tears and to use them to cry for others. Whenever I cry I think about those who need Hashem’s salvation and I daven for them with my tears.”

“Then she put her arms around me and said, “No one should tell you to stop crying. But use your tears and learn how to cry! Use your tears to daven for everyone you know who is suffering!” Then she walked away. For a few moments I just stood there lost in thought.

“Then I picked up the phone again and began to cry profusely. I thought about everyone I knew who was going through a hard time and I cried for them. I thought about those who were in the hospital and I cried for them. I cried for Klal Yisroel and I davened for Hashem’s salvation and redemption, and for Moshiach. When I finished crying, I never felt so happy in my entire life. I walked back into the chasunah and stepped into the center of the circle, and I danced like I never danced in my life!”

Sefer Or Yesharim writes, “In a king's palace there are hundreds of rooms, and on the door of each room there is a different lock that requires a special key to open it. But there is also a master key which can open all the locks. It is the same with the doorways of Shamayim, and the ‘master key’ that opens all barriers is a broken heart. When a person sincerely breaks his heart before Hashem, his prayers can enter through all the gates and into all the rooms of the Celestial Palace of Hashem!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chukas 5775 email of Torah U’Tefilah: A Collection of Inspiring Insights compiled by Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg.*

**Rabbi's Car Set on**

**Fire in Los Angeles, CA.**

**By Arutz Sheva Staff**

A disturbing and apparently anti-Semitic incident was reported by Rabbi Sholom Ber Rodel, head of the Chabad of Mount Olympus located in Los Angeles, who reveals that his car was set on fire on Tuesday night.



"While my wife and I and our children were asleep, we were awakened by the blaring sounds of a car alarm and what sounded like gun fire, explosions and fireworks. It was at 2 a.m. My wife and I ran out to see what was going on," reported the rabbi in a message seen by *Arutz Sheva*.

After heading outside, he recalls, "to our shock and disbelief, we saw my car engulfed in a blazing inferno of fire. There were explosions coming out of the car every few seconds. We immediately woke up the children from their bed and we ran with them outside, far down the street, fearful that the fire would spread to the house."

"We called the Fire Department and Police. The Fire Department put out the fire and the police started initial reporting and investigating. Shaken, we put the kids back to sleep and resolved to work in the morning to figure out what happened."

Sitting down with their neighbor Joe Tuchmeyer along with Rabbi Velvel Tsikman of the Chabad Russian Synagogue, the couple saw on security camera footage that a Hyundai Sonata pulled up next to their car at 1:52 a.m. and over the course of a minute-and-a-half two people broke into the car and set it on fire in a premeditated arson attack.

Rabbi Rodel then contacted Shmuly Newman, chaplain for the Los Angeles Police Department Hollywood Division, under whose jurisdiction his house falls.

Newman "brought on board officers and investigators from the L.A. Police and Fire Departments, and the Department Heads of the Arson and Counter Terrorism units. He also contacted the Jewish Federation of LA who also sent out CSI investigators. All of the above government law enforcement and security officials started investigating the crime scene. They interviewed my wife and me and examined the footage and collected the evidence for further investigation."

The rabbi noted that the FBI and other Federal agencies are working on the case, and declared, "these cowardly actions will not intimidate us into hiding or fear or submission. We will not deviate from our mission to provide care for the spiritual and physical needs of our dear community. While we take the proper security measures, we know and trust that Hashem (G-d - ed.) is guiding and watching over us and that we are protected."



He added that he is initiating a new campaign called "Fighting Fire with Fire," inviting all Jewish women and girls in the community to light Shabbat candles this Friday.

"Please inform us of your lighting mitzvah as it will be a great source of support and comfort to us. Also, for those who wish to show solidarity in person, we invite you to come at 7:45 p.m. to our Shul Chabad of Mt Olympus to light the Shabbat candles with us," said the rabbi. "We also invite all men and boys over Bar Mitzvah for the Great Tefillin Wrap at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday morning, June 28th at Chabad of Mt. Olympus followed by Breakfast. Please let us know if you will be attending either of these events."

Rabbi Rodel noted that Jewish holy articles including *tefilin*, *mezuzot* and prayerbooks were burned in the arson attack and are not covered by insurance, and invited those who wish to contribute to fund the purchase of new ones at the [**community's website**](http://www.chabadmtolympus.com/).

*Reprinted from the June 26, 2015 email of Arutz Sheva.*

**Short Story of the Week**

**The Best Time to**

**Daven to Hashem**

The Rizhiner Rebbe, of bless memory, would often encourage his Chassidim (followers) to pray at the appropriate time of day. He would explain that even though there are Tzaddikim who would daven later, our generation is unable (or even unwilling) to replicate their Kavannos (levels of meditation and concentration).

The Rebbe would drive this point home with a parable about a poor shoemaker who would have a nightly dinner of beans and potatoes. One night, supper was late and the man assumed his wife was whipping up a better, fancier meal. When the same food was brought out, he became angry about the long wait.

The lesson is, when a Tzaddik prays at a later time, it’s because he’s busy preparing himself.

**Comment:** It would be delusional of us to think we’re on the same level as the previous generations. As such, for most people the only card to play is the alacrity card. By getting up to pray at the earliest possible time, we show our passion and excitement to connect with our Creator.

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

**Quote of the Week**

**“Someone who is careful that his eyes avoid immoral sights, Hashem says, he is Mine.”**

**

The Zohar’s revelation on how much Hashem values our efforts in this area. With the summer months upon us, some may throw up their arms and shy away from the formidable challenge of Shemiras Einaim. Knowing that Hashem reserves closeness to all those who continue to combat this Nisayon (test) can be an excellent motivation for all who struggle.

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

**With its Last Breath, Zambia’s Jewish Community Supports Israel**

**By Hillel Fendel**

The once-thriving Jewish community of Zambia – formerly North Rhodesia – is now down to about 30 members, mostly elderly, with no synagogue and no community center.

Once home to nearly 1,200 Jews, what is left of the Jewish community in Zambia is now scattered in three different cities, with only the skeleton of a communal body to unify them.

That body, however, still has some kick left. Veteran Jewish affairs reporter Yitzchak Hildesheimer reports that the directorate of the Jewish community recently sold five former synagogues, plus the official "Rabbi's Residence" – and donated the sum of $2 million-plus that it received towards public health projects. Part of the money is going towards renovating the School of Public Health in Tel Aviv University, and part will fund a similar institution in a northern Zambia university.

The Jewish leaders made sure to arrange that the two universities would sign an agreement for academic cooperation between them, including as exchanges of students studying public health.

The remainder of the proceeds from the sale of the buildings has been placed in a special account for the maintenance of the Jewish cemeteries in Zambia.

At a special ceremony at Tel Aviv University to mark the onset of Israeli-Zambian academic cooperation, Michael Galaun, Chairperson of the Council for Zambia Jewry, praised the development, saying it would lead to stronger ties between the two countries. Zambia established its embassy in Israel in 1992.

Galaun noted that the Jewish community in Zambia produced a local government minister, as well as Members of Parliament, judges and other notable figures. Arguably the most notable Jewish figure hailing from Zambia was Stanley Fischer, the former Governor of the Bank of Israel and today the Vice Chair of the U.S. [Federal Reserve System](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Federal_Reserve_System).

Also in attendance at the ceremony was Rabbi Moshe Silberhaft, “the Travelling Rabbi” for the Jewish communities across Southern Africa.

The Zambian Jewish population began in the early 1900’s when many Jews arrived and engaged in the cattle production and copper-mining industries. Jewish refugees came to Zambia both before and after the Holocaust, with the population peaking in the mid-1950s. Then began the decline, and by 1968, only 600 Jews remained.

*Reprinted from June 23, 2015 email of Arutz Sheva.*

**Risk and Rescue**

**By Yerachmiel Tilles**

In the aftermath of World War II, Rebbe Eliezer Zusia Portugal, *the Skulener Rebbe*, saved thousands of war refugees and orphans, as recorded [here](http://www.shemayisrael.co.il/parsha/peninim/archives/shemos63.htm).

...he assisted Soviet Jews who had smuggled themselves across the border in to Romania.

Nothing could stand in his way to fulfill his mission to rescue Jews who were in need. In Chernowitz, which was under Soviet dominion, he assisted Soviet Jews who had smuggled themselves across the border in to Romania. It was much easier there to get papers to enable them to go on to America or Israel. Whenever these Jews were caught they were immediately found guilty. The punishment was imprisonment in Siberia or a quick bullet to the head. The Rebbe was indefatigable; "I will get them out - regardless!" he exclaimed.

The colonel who was in charge of the border guards lived in Chernowitz and knew the Skulener well. The Rebbe had won him over many a time with heartrending entreaties on behalf of his brethren. The last time he was there the colonel had told him, "This is the very last time you will bother me. If you come again on behalf of your Jews, I will kill you!"

Nonetheless, when the Skulener was notified about a family of nine people that had been captured, he immediately undertook the daunting and dangerous task of rescuing them. Nothing worked, not even a hefty bribe. They were adamant; these people were to serve as an example for others.

There was only one avenue left to be employed: he would go to the colonel and beg, regardless of the imminent personal danger involved. Jewish lives were at stake and that was more important than his own life.

His family begged him not to go. "How can you risk your life like this?" they asked. He responded, "It is not clear that he will take out his wrath against me, but one thing is for sure, their lot is sealed unless I am able to do something in their behalf."

With the little strength he had left, he once again climbed the stairs and knocked on the colonel's door.

The Skulener approached the colonel's house with trepidation, climbed up the steps and knocked on the door. When the colonel saw who stood at his doorstep, he was overcome with anger. He grabbed the Rebbe and threw him down the stairs. The Skulener was hurt badly, yet, with extreme difficulty, he was able to get up. With the little strength he had left, he once again climbed the stairs and knocked on the colonel's door.

The colonel opened the door and could not believe his eyes. There stood the Skulener Rebbe, dirty, bloodied, clothes torn - but with defiance in his eyes. "I must speak to you, colonel!" the Skulener said, with tears streaming down his face. The colonel listened: the Rebbe begged, he cried, as he depicted the bitter plight of this hapless family. The colonel's hardened heart could not ignore the selfless pleas, the heartfelt emotion of the Skulener Rebbe. His devotion to others at the expense of his own wellbeing finally overcame the colonel's resistance. The family was freed.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

*Connection to Weekly Reading*: rescuing captives (Num. 21:1-3)

Adapted, contracted and supplemented from the impressive anthology of linked sources at //heichalhanegina.blogspot.com/2006\_08\_01\_archive.html and with some added information compiled by Dr. Yisroel Susskind, a highly regarded therapist living in Monsey, NY. (See also #561 in the Story Series on [Ascent's](http://ascentofsafed.com/cgi-bin/ascent.cgi)website.)

*Biographical note:* Rebbe Eliezer Zusia Portugal [1 Cheshvan, 1898 - 29 Av 1982], *the Skulener Rebbe*, immigrated to the USA in 1960, after imprisonment in Rumania and international efforts to secure his release. He is the author of *Noam Eliezer* and *Kedushas Eliezer,*and was a prominent follower of the Shtefaneshter Rebbe, but is best known for his superhuman efforts to rescue Jewish orphans and refugees in Eastern Europe before, during and after WWII and his continuing support of them. Those who merited to be in his presence were astonished by the length of his prayers and the beauty and intensity of the tunes that he composed, many of which have become internationally famous today.

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