**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas mattos-masei 5776**

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**The Incredible Salvation**

**Of One Act of Chesed**

**By** [**Daniel Keren**](https://yated.com/author/daniel-keren/)

 Rav Eliezer Ginsburg, the Rosh Kollel of the Mirrer Yeshiva in Brooklyn recently gave a shiur at a Flatbush shul and related an amazing middah keneged middah story that reveals the incredible salvation that a father in Lakewood merited because of his special concern for the welfare of another boy.

 Five American bochurim drove from their yeshiva in Yerushalayim early Friday morning to Netanya with the intention of spending Shabbos there. Before Shabbos, they hoped to have a chance to go to a deserted beach and enjoy a refreshing swim in the Mediterranean. Unfortunately, when they got to the beach, they found it crowded, and since there was no separation between the genders, they quickly left and hailed a taxi to drive them down the coast in hopes of finding an isolated beach. After a ten-minute drive, the taxi driver left them off at a perfectly deserted, isolated beach.

 After quickly putting on their swimming suits, the five boys went into the water. Then, without any warning, one of the boys was swept 400 feet into the ocean by a dangerous riptide. The other four boys were helpless to rescue their friend, and the bochur himself, despite making a valiant effort to swim back to shore, was unable to do so. With his strength used up, the young man cried out to Hashem, “Only You can help me. There is so much more I want to do to serve You.”

 At that very moment, the boy saw a not-so-young man, perhaps 65 years old, with a long gray beard, on a surf board, gliding towards him in the choppy waters. The man instructed the bochur to grab part of the board. He then guided the boy safely back to shore.

 Wanting to express his hakoras hatov to his rescuer, the bochur asked, “Who are you? What’s your name?”

 The man simply replied, “Thank the Borei Olam.” With that, he disappeared back into the water.

 Grateful for his new lease on life, the boy waited a few hours for his father to wake up back in Lakewood in order to tell him of his neis. He related the frightening story and how Hashem saved him through the messenger of that elderly surf boarder.

Excited by what his son was telling him, the father at that very moment received a message on his phone. It said: “You are a lifesaver!”

 Earlier that week, on Monday morning, after davening, the father entered a local shul in Lakewood and noticed a teenage boy looking glumly at the table in front of him. The man asked with concern, “What are you doing here? Why aren’t you learning in yeshiva?”

 The boy answered, “No yeshiva wants to take me in and I have nothing else to do.”

 “I’ll get you into a good yeshiva,” the man answered. “I have connections with the hanhalah at Waterbury Yeshiva in Connecticut.”

 He used his cell phone right then and there to call someone at the yeshiva. Based on his plea, they agreed to accept the boy, who thanked the stranger for his intervention.

 On Wednesday, two days later, the father entered the shul and was surprised to see that the same teenager was there, doing nothing.

 “I thought you were going to the yeshiva in Waterbury. Why are you still here?”

 “I have no way to get there,” said the boy.

 “If that is the problem,” the man said, “I’ll take you. Go home and pack your stuff. I’ll pick you up.”

 When the man returned home and told his wife what he was going to do, she asked, “What are you doing? The journey to Waterbury from Lakewood and back is at least six hours. You are 65 years old. You can’t do it. It’s too much physical exertion for you. Pay someone else to drive the boy.”

 The father agreed, and he asked his son-in-law to find someone to drive the teenager. He found a person who agreed to drive the young man for $200. That same day, the boy began learning in Waterbury.

 It was that same boy who, two days later, when his benefactor was talking to his son in Netanya, sent the following message: “I am having a great time learning in Waterbury. You are a lifesaver!”

 Rav Ginsburg related that this was clearly a case of middah keneged middah. That father had made an extra special effort to save a bochur (spiritually and perhaps even physically) by getting him accepted into a yeshiva in Waterbury. And the result? Two days later, his own son was saved by Hashem from being buried in the water off the shores of Netanya.

*Reprinted from the July 22, 2016 email of the Yated Ne’eman.*

**How Much Hashem Loves Us**

**By Rabbi David Ashear**

 Hashem is always helping us. He wants us to succeed. He cares about even the people who are so distant. A man told me that while in an airport, returning home from a business trip, he found out his flight was cancelled. He decided to take Uber and go to the Chabad to pray Mincha and Arbit.

 He noticed the driver who picked him up had a Jewish name, although he didn't look Jewish. He asked him, and he replied that he was. "I used to be religious, but I haven't kept anything in the last 15 years."

 The man told the driver that he was going to a certain shul to pray, and he invited him to join. The driver said, "That shul is near my house. I always thought about going, but I never did. Since you're here, inviting me now, I'll go."

 They went together, the man introduced the driver to the Rabbi and he prayed with Tefilin for the first time in so many years. Now, the Rabbi is working to make him a steady member of that Shul. It could be that the entire flight got cancelled just to bring that man back to Judaism.

 Hashem wants and loves every Jew. He is constantly intervening in our lives to give us the opportunity to get closer to Him. May Hashem give us the שכל הישר-the common sense to choose correctly and continue getting closer to Him.

*Reprinted from the July 22, 2016 email of Daily Emunah.*

**“Let Them Eat Meat”**

**Freshman is Driving force Behind**

**DC’s New Kosher Food Truck**

**By Renee Ghert-Zand**

 George Washington University student Carly Meisel starts business to satisfy demand for tasty, affordable food — on campus and off

 What does it take to get high-quality, tasty, affordable kosher food in Washington, DC? A community-minded college freshman willing to venture into the food truck business with no prior experience.



 The Brooklyn Sandwich Company kosher food truck rolled out onto the streets of Washington, DC for the first time in July 2016. (Courtesy)

 Meisel is the engine behind [Brooklyn Sandwich Company](http://www.brooklynsandwichcompany.com/), a glatt kosher food truck that rolled onto the capital’s streets for the first time earlier this month. She aims to serve kashrut-concerned fellow [George Washington University](https://www.gwu.edu/) students, as well as young professionals working in the city’s central core.

 When Meisel, 19, arrived on campus from Newton, Massachusetts, she knew there was no kosher dining hall. What she didn’t know was how few appropriate options there were in the area for kashrut-observant students like herself.

 At the university itself, there was as single refrigerator in one of the dining halls with kosher wraps and salads.

 “They were so tiny, and they were selling for $13 to $15. That’s ridiculous. And you didn’t know how long they had been sitting in that fridge. There was no way of knowing whether they were fresh,” Meisel told The Times of Israel from Safed, where she is studying this summer.

 She did research further afield and identified a couple of kosher dining establishments in the city. One was a deli-style restaurant 15 minutes from campus that too was charging prices higher than what most students could afford.

 “It’s the kind of place you go to with your parents when they are in town, but not on your own,” Meisel noted.

 She found a small kosher soup bar, and discovered that the JCC of Greater Washington (not near the GW campus) was planning a kosher dairy restaurant. It has yet to open.

 She also heard that the local Sixth & I Synagogue has a kosher food truck cleverly called “Sixth & Rye.” But it only popped up occasionally at community events.

 So after sitting down last fall in the [Jewish Colonials Chabad](http://www.jewishcolonials.com/) sukkah with Rabbi Yudi Steiner and some other students to discuss the paucity of kosher options, Meisel set out to find a solution.

 ‘A lot of people like traditional Jewish food, and the idea was to give it an upscale twist while still keeping it affordable for students and others on a budget’

 Alongside the work she did for her classes in Middle East studies and psychology at the university’s Elliott School of International Affairs, she ended up devoting untold hours to what she half-jokingly calls her “college course in food truck start-up.”

 Like anyone starting a new business, Meisel conducted market research. She estimated that between 200 and 250 of GW’s approximately 3,000 Jewish students ate only kosher meat and consequently had to resort to eating only vegetarian on campus.

 This was a good start for a client base, but Meisel knew that her food business would have to appeal to more than just this limited number of students. Accordingly, she came up with a menu concept aimed at satisfying the palates of a wide variety of customers, regardless of their religious background.

 “A lot of people like traditional Jewish food, and the idea was to give it an upscale twist while still keeping it affordable for students and others on a budget,” the young entrepreneur explained.

 After months of consulting with food industry professionals (often cold-calling people she found by Googling), Meisel decided that a food truck would be better than opening a brick-and-mortar establishment.

 With the support of Rabbi Steiner and Jewish Colonials Chabad, a generous alumnus donor, and the proceeds of a crowdfunding campaign, she went ahead and enlisted the help of DC food tuck consultant Dylan Kough and Brooklyn artisan chef and culinary director Sam Akselrod to flesh out her Brooklyn Sandwich Company concept.

 The food truck’s menu is far from extensive, but it reflects a level of culinary sophistication paired with an appreciation for quality ingredients.

 “We are aiming for unique dishes packed with flavor,” Meisel explained.

 As would be expected, there’s a pastrami sandwich, beef brisket (sandwich or plate), and cholent. Only, the pastrami’s served on a pretzel bun, the brisket is cooked sous vide and pulled, and the cholent is made from portobello mushrooms, sunchokes and barley.

 In another nod to tradition, the menu also includes items like matzo ball soup (“Made with TLC, just like your bubbie’s”), knishes and coleslaw. But the latter has chipotle in it, and diners are offered a choice of aolis instead of the usual mustard to top their doughy Jewish potato pockets.

 ‘I’m not the kind of person to shy away from a challenge, and making delicious kosher food accessible to people is important to me’

 Perhaps most important to Meisel and other students, they can have a trendy, tasty and satisfying meal — replete with main dish, side and drink — for a reasonable $15.

 The kashrut of the truck, which will be parked two to three days a week on campus and at other spots around downtown DC the rest of the time, is supervised by Rabbi Hillel Baron of of Congregation Ahavas Israel in Columbia, Maryland.

 Although Meisel arrived at GW last fall thinking the biggest purchase she’d be making would be textbooks, she isn’t totally surprised at the fact that she ended up buying a food truck, too. She’s an unexpected entrepreneur, but not a reluctant one.

 “I’m not the kind of person to shy away from a challenge, and making delicious kosher food accessible to people is important to me. It’s actually important to Judaism,” Meisel said.

 She’s especially proud that Brooklyn Sandwich Company is going to be a student-run not-for-profit concern, with she and fellow students handling marketing, accounting and other administrative and managerial tasks. At this point, the only paid employees are non-student culinary staff who prepare and prep the food at a kosher commercial kitchen so that dishes can be made to order and served from the truck.

 Meisel has been amazed by all the interest and support the venture has received. She said people had gone out of their way to help her realize her goal. For instance, her economics professor[Irene Foster](https://economics.columbian.gwu.edu/irene-foster) has tutored her on business economics, helping her to determine price points and salaries.

 Ultimately, it was Meisel’s initiative and leadership that made it happen.

 “While we’ve been talking about solving the kosher food problem at GW for a few years, Carly and her friends’ passion and persistence forced this dream to be actualized. Ultimately this is a huge mitzvah helping the Jewish community keep kosher in a fun and delicious way,” said Steiner.

 Amazingly, between supervising the complete renovation of the inside of the vehicle and applying for all the various licenses required for running a food truck business, Meisel still found time to not only keep us with her academics, but also to stay involved in on-campus activities.

 The kosher dining entrepreneur serves on the executive boards of GW’s [Student Alliance for Israel](http://www.iccgw.org/washington/safi) and the Chabad-associated L’Chaim Jewish Student Group.

 “I sleep. I eat. Somehow I get it all done,” she claimed.

Meisel pointed to three keys to her ability to successfully mutli-task better than many adults twice of three times her age.

 “For one, I don’t procrastinate. I also don’t watch TV or movies or waste time on social media,” she offered.

 But most of all, it’s her Shabbat observance that she thinks enables her to do it all. Whatever she doesn’t get done by sundown Friday stays unfinished until Saturday night. One day a week, she focuses on her spirituality and on being with her community, driving out all academic and business-related thoughts from her mind.

 “I couldn’t do it without Shabbat,” she declared.

*Reprinted from the July 11, 2016 email of the Times of Israel.*

**Discovering What’s**

**Bothering Yoni**

**By Rabbi Reuven Semah**

“*Therefore say: Behold I give him My covenant of peace*.” (Bamidbar 25:2)

 Great is the blessing of peace, for without peace there is no blessing in life. Rabbi David Kaplan tells a story about Yoni. Yoni was in sixth grade and was very bright. He was at the top of his class. One day he came home with an uncharacteristically low mark on a test. Slowly his test scores continued to go down. The teacher called the parents asking if they had any idea what was underlying this sudden change.

 The two were clueless. Neither parent had seen any change in their son’s behavior at home and several times had asked him about what was going on, but he just said that he was not able to concentrate that well. Eventually the principal advised to send him to an expert for an assessment in order to get to the bottom of this mystery.

 Yoni met with the expert once and that evening the father got a call. “I found the problem and I’m glad to say it’s an easy one to fix.” Yoni’s father was so happy, “Wow, I’m really glad to hear that. What is it?”

 There was a slight hesitation on the other end of the line. “It’s you, perhaps a little bit your wife too but for the most part it’s you.”

 “Me?”

 “Uh, yes you. You see, he told me that there’s been more yelling in the house than usual lately, and that you’re using words and terms that really have no

place in a religious home.”

 The father responded, “Well, I’ve been under a lot of stress lately and…”

 “Sir, hear me out. I’m sure there is a logical explanation for what you did. However, to yell at one’s wife is never excusable, and to resort to harsh insults is even worse. This has rattled Yoni so much that he can’t concentrate, and his grades have bottomed out. I can tell you with certainty that if you start treating your wife better there will be a dramatic improvement in Yoni’s performance.”

 Happily, the man who told this story about himself reported that he got his act together and sure enough, Yoni’s grades jumped up to where they had always been.

 One cannot speak enough about how important Shalom Bayit is to a child’s emotional well-being or how much of parent’s success with their children depends on their getting along well and respecting each other.

*Reprinted from the Parashat Pinchat 5776 email of the Jersey Shore Torah Bulletin.*

**U.S. Army Officer Who Rescued**

**Jews During Holocaust Dies At 99**



A former U.S. Army officer who helped liberate 2,500 Jews during the Holocaust has died at the age of 99.

 On April 7, 1945, Lt. Frank Winchester Towers, who was the division liaison officer of Regiment 743 of the 30th Infantry Division of the U.S. Army during World War II, approached (with his regiment’s tanks) a stopped train in which there were 2,500 Jewish prisoners bound for the Theresienstadt concentration camp in Czechoslovakia. The Nazis stopped the train because they were ordered to destroy it and drown the passengers in the Elbe river.

 When the U.S. regiment approached, the passengers shouted, “We’re Jews!” Towers helped his regiment rescue the prisoners by mobilizing ambulances and other vehicles, and helped the freed prisoners get to an American-run field hospital.

 “I feel pride and joy to know I had a small part in their release,” Towers told Yedioth Ahronoth in 2010. “They rose from the ashes like the phoenix. It warms my heart,” said Towers, who also took part in the invasion of Normandy and helped liberate Jews from a labor camp near Magdeburg.

 In 2011, Towers visited Israel, where he met 55 of the 700 children who were rescued from the train to Theresienstadt. Later, he was able to contact 226 survivors from that train. He has spent his later years speaking at Holocaust events throughout the U.S.

*Reprinted from the July 24, 2016 email of the Forward.*

**Haredi Woman Drops 75 Pounds to Donate Her Kidney**

**By David Rosenberg**

 For most, the notion of serving as a living donor – that is offering one’s internal organs to those in need – is a daunting prospect; a sacrifice few would make unless absolutely required by a loved one.

 But one Brooklyn woman not only took the plunge, she literally reshaped her life to qualify as a donor – all to give up one of her kidneys to a total stranger.

 Hindy Messinger, a 41-year old mother of three and grandmother of two from Borough Park spent five years preparing herself to meet the requirements to serve as a living donor, including losing 75 pounds (34 kilograms).

 “The whole time I was losing weight, my thoughts were to give a kidney,” said Messinger.

 “Six months after I lost my weight I called Cornell [Medical Center]. ‘So I’m gonna be able to donate a kidney now? Will I be able to donate a kidney?’ They said ‘no, not yet.’ I wanted to donate a kidney already. This is why I’m doing this.”

 Even after her amazing weight loss, Messinger was required to wait 12 months ensure that her overall health permitted the surgery.

 When Messinger began the process, she had intended to give her kidney to a cousin in need of a donor.

 “She called me one day crying on the phone and she tells me ‘I have a kidney problem, and I would like you to help me call Renewal [donor organization]”.

 “It made my heart ache seeing her on dialysis. After that she was like a zombie. I couldn’t see this.”

 “I wanted to save her so badly, but I couldn’t.”

 Five years later, however, Messinger fulfilled the requirements to donate, even though her cousin no longer required the donation. Instead, she gave her kidney to Barry Bichler, a man she had never met before the operation.

*Reprinted from the July 21, 2016 email of Arutz Sheva.*

**The Baal Shem Tov**

**And the Old Man**

**By**[**Menachem Posner**](http://www.chabad.org/search/keyword_cdo/kid/12145/jewish/Menachem-Posner.htm)



 “Teach us, Rebbe,” begged the students of Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov. “TheTalmud tells us that on Rosh Hashanah, G‑d determines a person’s livelihood for the coming year. Yet just a few lines later, the Talmud states that a person’s fortune is  every day anew. How can both statements be true?”

 The Baal Shem Tov said nothing, and the query went unanswered.

 A few days later, the Baal Shem Tov requested that his coach be prepared for a journey. Together with his students, he rode for a while until reaching a nondescript village. There, the master signaled that the horses should stop and that his students should come with him to speak to an elderly Jewish villager.

 Dressed in rags, with a pair of buckets of water resting on his rounded shoulders, the man looked up in surprise at the august group coming his way.

“Shalom, grandfather,” said the Baal Shem Tov. “How are you doing?”

 “Oy, may all my enemies have an old age like mine!” the elder replied. “I am old and tired, but I have no choice but to keep on schlepping these buckets of water just to get a crust of bread for my shriveled lips. My balance is not what it was. Sometimes I fall and the water spills, and I need to start again from scratch. Sure, G‑d blessed me with children who could help me, but I rarely see them. Who has time for an old man like me? Oh, how bitter is my lot!” the man finished with a groan.

 The Baal Shem Tov wished the man well, and then motioned for his students to accompany him back home.

 Several weeks later, the Baal Shem Tov again invited his students for a ride. Once again, they stopped to talk to the old man.

 “Dear grandfather,” said the Baal Shem Tov, “how are you doing?”

 “Thank G‑d,” said the oldster, flashing a toothless grin, “I am managing to keep body and soul together. Sure, I am old, and I sometimes stumble, but thank G‑d I have  enough energy to get right up and refill my buckets. Oh, and the joy I get from my children. Thank G‑d, they each have lovely families of their own, but they still help me from time to time.”

 “You see,” said the Baal Shem Tov to his students, “nothing changed for this old man. He has the same buckets and the same crusts of bread as the last time we were here. Only his attitude changed. G‑d judges us to determine what he should give us in life. And then there is a second layer of judgment, determining how we are to receive that goodness from G‑d. On Rosh Hashanah, it is decided *what* we are to receive. Every day, it is decided *how* we are to receive.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Pinchas 5776 email of Chabad.Org Magazine.*

**Story #974**

**Worse than an Apostate?**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

[**editor@ascentofsafed.com**](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/21?folder=Inbox&msgNum=0000yck0:001Na8Ro00000zQG&count=1469625619&randid=908475935&attachId=0&isUnDisplayableMail=yes&blockImages=0&randid=908475935)

 A chasid of **Rabbi Shlomo of Karlin** once set out on a journey to visit his Rebbe.  When, for various reasons, he saw he would be unable to reach Karlin before sundown, he realized he would have to find a place to stay for Shabbos.  He had made it as far as a tiny village on the outskirts of Karlin.

 After making inquiries, the man learned that there was only one Jewish family living in the village.  He knocked on their door and explained his predicament.  "Of course you may stay with us for Shabbos," the Jew said, "but unfortunately, my young son is very ill.   It will not be a pleasant experience for you."  But the Chasid had no other choice.  He accepted the man's invitation.

 Tragically, the child died on Shabbos.  The parents were inconsolable in their grief.  Their cries and moans were truly terrible to hear.  The father was even more heartbroken than the dead boy's mother, so much so that the bereaved woman, struggling with her own grief, tried to console her husband.  Nothing she said, however, could offer solace.

 "Would it have been better for the boy to live and grow up to be a thief?" she asked.  "Better for him to have died in childhood than end up like that!"

 The father was unmoved.  "Would it have been better for the boy to live and grow up to be a murderer?" she asked.

 The father did not respond.

"Would it have been better for our child to grow up to be an apostate?" she demanded.  Still, the father was untouched.

 "And if he had grown up to be like your brother?" she asked. With these words, the father was consoled.

 "You are right," he agreed.  "It is better for him to have died than to grow up to be like my brother."

 The guest was shocked.  Who could this brother be, and what sin did he commit to be worse than a thief, a murderer, or even an apostate?

 The rest of the day passed.  When Shabbos was over the couple resumed their mourning.

 After Havdalah the chasid hired a wagon to take him to Karlin.  Disappointed that he had not been able to spend Shabbos with the tzadik, he was also terribly saddened by the suffering of the dead boy's parents.  Furthermore, he could not stop thinking about the man's brother who could be more evil than an apostate Jew?

 When he arrived in Karlin the Rebbe asked the chasid where he had spent Shabbos.  He explained how the difficulties of the journey had prevented him from reaching Karlin before sundown, and told the Rebbe he had been forced to stay with the only Jewish family in a nearby village.  Curiously, the Rebbe expressed a marked interest, asking all about the members of the family.

 The Chasid then told the Rebbe about the death of the child, and repeated the odd exchange between husband and wife that had so piqued his interest.

 Much to the Chasid's surprise, the Rebbe laughed.  What was so funny to the Rebbe?  His clarifying explanation was even more perplexing:

 I am the person she meant," he declared;  "I am that man's brother!"

 This incident took place while the controversy between Chasidim and those opposed to the movement (Misnagdim) was raging at fiery pitch.  Rabbi Shlomo of Karlin, ostracized by his family, was considered by them to be an instigator and troublemaker, leading innocent Jews astray.

Source: Adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from the excellent rendition of Basha Majerczyk,  in her translation of "Extraordinary Chassidic Tales" by Rabbi Rafael Nachman Kahn, volume 2.

Biographical notes:**Rabbi Shlomo of Karlin** [1738-**22 Tammuz 1792**], was a student of the Maggid **of Mezritch and Reb Aharon the Great of Karlin, whom he succeeded in 1772.** Most of the Chassidic leaders of the next generation in the Lithuanian region were his disciples. He diedAl Kiddush HaShem,stabbed by a Cossack while in the midst of the Amida prayer.

Connection: Tammuz 22 (this year: July 28) is the 224th yahrzeit of Rabbi Shlomo of Karlin â€” and the 20th of my mother, Ella bas Eliyahu HaLevi.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Pinchas 5776 email of KabbalaOnline, org, a project of Ascent of Safed.* [*www.ascentofsafed.com*](http://www.ascentofsafed.com)*ascent@ascentofsafed.com*

**Emunas Chachomim #8**

**The Gerrer Rebbe’s Gift of a**

**Single Orange to an Impoverished Yerushalmi Family**

 Dovid lives with his wife and eight children in a tiny apartment in Yerushalayim. Aside from the meagre stipend he receives from the Gerrer Kollel in which he learns, Dovid also receives a disability pension from the Israeli government as he suffers from multiple sclerosis. His disability makes it impossible for him to hold a job, but it does not interfere with his learning.

 After every child born to them, Dovid and his wife received an increase in their monthly disability allotment. However, the inflation was taking its toll on their fixed income and they decided to request a hardship increase from the government.

 Early one morning, Dovid took his two canes and hobbled over to the local government office. The caseworker was sympathetic, but informed Dovid that the increase could not be authorized without an unannounced home visit. The decision made by the caseworker after this visit would be final, with no opportunity for appeal.

 Though their home and circumstances were proof enough to substantiate their request, Dovid was tense about the visit, as the increase was so necessary for their daily needs.

 He went to receive a blessing from the Gerrer Rebbe, R’ Simcha Bunim Alter, known as the “Lev Simcha.” The Rebbe was not well and many people were waiting their turn, so Dovid summarized his problem in a few terse sentences. The Rebbe nodded his head, closed his eyes, and then handed Dovid an orange, saying, “Hashem will help. Go home and make a blessing on this, together with your family.”

 Dovid was then escorted out. On his way home, he felt he had not had enough time to fully explain his problem to the Rebbe. But he resolved to follow the Rebbe’s instructions as literally as possible. Perhaps in the merit of his faith in the Rebbe’s blessing, his family would be granted the additional funds.

 Later that afternoon, Dovid gathered his family around the table, ceremoniously placed the orange on a plate, and told them about his visit to the Rebbe. He then cut the orange into ten pieces and gave one to his wife and each child. They recited the blessing together and tasted the fruit.

 A few days later, Dovid received the following letter from the government office: “...I came to make a home visit this week but did not come into your home. As I approached your apartment, I heard through the open window that you were sitting down to a meal with your family. I did not want to disturb you, so I decided to come back later. As I was about to leave, I heard you telling them that you were dividing up a single fruit to share with your family. Y

 “Your financial distress was then quite evident to me. I no longer deem it necessary to come into your home to complete my assessment of your case. Your request for additional assistance has been approved. You shall be receiving the additional sum in your next check...” (Einei Hashem)

*Reprinted from the Parshas Pinchas 5776 email of The Weekly Vort.*