**Shabbos Stories for Yom Tov Shavuos & Parshas Beha’aloscha 5774**

Volume 5, Issue 41 9 Sivan 5774/ June 3, 2014

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

**Saturday Night Live with Yerachmiel Tilles in Tzefat**

**By Daniel Keren**

Menorah Books has just come out with the first volume of “**Saturday Night, Full Moon: Intriguing Stories of Kabbala Sages, Chassidic Masters and Other Jewish Heroes**” by that master storyteller from the mystical city of Tzefat – **Yerachmiel Michael Tilles**. He is one of only two English-language Jewish story tellers who come out each week with an inspirational story tied to the parsha or some major timely event.

**Yerachmiel Tilles**

Yerachmiel Tilles was born in the United States in 1945 and grew up in a typical assimilated non-Orthodox Jewish home. After graduating from SUNY Binghamton with a degree in philosophy, Tilles began his Tikun Olam with two years service with the Peace Corp teaching English to villagers in Thailand.

Two years later he was invited to spend Shabbos with a family and went to a shul for the first time in almost 13 years to the day he was bar mitzvah. Within two years he was a full-fledged Lubavitcher Chassid and married.

**Moving to Tzefat**

By 1978 he and his wife moved to the mystical and holy city of Tzefat in northern Israel where he taught English, managed an art gallery, studied Torah for a few years and with Rabbi Shaul Leiter helped found the Ascent Institute of Safed that offers Torah programs and Shabbatons and hostel facilities to thousands of seeking Jews from around the world.



One of the highlights of the Ascent Institute is the weekly Melava Malka featuring Yerachmiel Tilles telling over some of the many delightful and thoughtful stories he has collected over the years. It is a Chassidic tradition that telling over a Baal Shem Tov story on Motzoi Shabbos is a more powerful segulah for solving major problems in one’s personal life than even the intervention of the Angel Gabriel or Michoel. And furthermore, even if one doesn’t know a Baal Shem Tov tale, the segulah still works if one tells on Saturday night a story of another tzaddik.

**Emailing His Stories to**

**Thousands of Readers**

In 1997 Yerachmiel began weekly emails of his Chassidic and Jewish stories to alumni of the Ascent Institute and to others who learned by word of mouth of his incredibly inspiring tales. Today the number of his subscribers range in the many thousands in Jewish and not-so-Jewish communities around the world.

Yerachmiel’s stories many original and others adapted with his own special touch from classical and not yet classical tales teach important lessons and therefore are awaited eagerly each week by his enthusiastic subscribers, including this writer. Many of his stories besides being reprinted in English-language publications and Torah emails are also reprinted in translation for other Jewish magazines.

**An Anthology of His**

**Best Chassidic Stories**

For many years, subscribers have strongly begged that Yerachmiel come out with an anthology of his best stories. And this is the first volume of a planned three-volume opus magnum that will offer in book format some of his more powerful and inspiring Chassidic and Jewish stories.

And so even if you haven’t had the privilege of listening to his expert story telling on a Motzoi Shabbos in Tsefat, this new volume – “Saturday Night, Full Moon” will give you a taste of why the author has a justified reputation as one of the greatest and most inspirational Jewish story writer/teller of today.

There are 33 stories from the best of Yerachmiel’s emails of the past 17 years and they are divided into time zones. Part One deals with 16th and 17th Century Kabbalists from Tzefat and Yerushalayim. Part Two focuses on stories of the Chassidic Masters of the first three generations (1734-1815), while Part Three captures stories celebrating Chassidic masters from 1820-1920. The fourth and final part of this first volume offers insights into 20th Century Chassidic masters and other Jewish heroes.

“**Saturday Night, Full Moon: Volume 1**” by **Yerachmiel Tilles** is available in Jewish bookstores or from the publisher by clicking [**www.menorah-books.com**](http://www.menorah-books.com) or by emailing [**orders@menorah-books.com**](mailto:orders@menorah-books.com) This book would make a great gift idea for anyone whom you would like to realize the beauty of Jewish life over the centuries up until today.

**Chasidic Story #861**

**Miraculous Shabbat Stew**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

[**editor@ascentofsafed.com**](http://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/21?folder=Inbox&msgNum=0000pHG0:001Imxw800001qC8&count=1389104003&randid=1957232658&attachId=0&isUnDisplayableMail=yes&blockImages=0&randid=1957232658##)

Although **Rabbi Shlomo Goldman of Zivhil**, known as ***"Reb Shlomke,"*** was acknowledged by all as a genuine Chasidic Rebbe, he still managed to conceal the extent of his greatness. Everyone knew he was learned, and inspired; what they did not realize was what a lofty spiritual level Reb Shlomke was on until the following story happened:

**A Basically Harmless Drunkard**

In Zivhil was a drunkard whom we shall call Andrei. He was basically harmless, being content with a bottle or two of vodka. Although Andrei was not Jewish, he liked to frequent the Jewish section of town, because he knew from experience that he wouldn't get beaten up there like would happen to him in other parts of town, and he was also aware that the Jews were compassionate people, who would give him food when he went begging.

One Saturday morning, after a big drinking binge the previous night, Andrei felt especially hungry. He knocked on several doors, but got no answer, as it was Shabbat and the residents were in *shul*. The next house he went to also yielded no response, but he noticed the door was not locked properly. The homeowners, in their rush to get to *shul* had left the door unlocked.

**Greeted by a Set Table with Beautiful**

**Golden Braided Loaves of Challah**

Andrei opened the door, and was greeted by a set table with beautiful golden braided loaves of challah, a decanter filled with red wine, and other delicacies. There was a heavenly aroma coming from the stove; the smell of the *cholent*\* and *kugel*\*\* was making his mouth water.

\* A stew left on the Shabbat stove overnight from before sunset

\*\* A somtimes sweet casserole, usually based on noodles or potatoes or rice.

Andrei didn't know where to start. The wine attracted him the most, but he thought it would be best to get some food in his empty stomach first. He opened up the pot of *cholent* and scooped out a big portion for himself, which he shoved down his throat like a man who had never seen food before. A huge piece of *kugel* followed the *cholent*.

**And He Was Still So Hungry**

At this point, he heard people outside, walking home from *shul*, and he thought it would be best to leave the house right away, before he would be caught red-handed. He was still chewing his food, as he headed for the door, but was stopped in his tracks by the golden *challah* on the table; it looked so good and he was still so hungry. He ripped out a huge chunk of *challah*, took a big bite from it and reached for the doorknob.

Andre had so much food in his mouth that he couldn't chew properly. A piece of *challah* went down the wrong pipe and he couldn't breathe. Andrei gasped for air and his face turned colors, as he began to choke on the *challah*, and moments later he fell down, dead, in front of the door.

A few minutes later, the couple who lived in this house arrived home. They tried opening the door but there was something preventing the door from opening more than a crack. The husband pushed with all his might and got the door opened. They walked into the house and looked to see what was blocking the door. They were in a state of shock when they saw, Andrei, the town drunkard, lying on the floor of their house.

**They Began to Panic**

The husband stated shaking him and yelling at him to get out of his house, but soon realized that Andrei was completely lifeless. He saw the big chunk of *challah* next to Andrei and surmised what had transpired. They began to panic. Just recently there had been pogroms in the area. If people found out that Andrei was found dead in a Jews' house they will accuse the Jews of killing him. Even though they couldn't care less about Andrei, they would use any opportunity to attack the Jews. The wife told the husband to go run to the Rebbe, Reb Shlomke, and ask for his advice.

The homeowner rushed over to the Rebbe's house and told him what happened. The Rebbe concurred with him that the townspeople might use this as an excuse to make another pogrom. Reb Shlomke took a spoonful of his *cholent* and told him to take it and put it into the dead drunkard's mouth. Thoughts started going through the man's mind--how could he feed a dead man?--but he did not ask any questions. He was a simple Jew who had complete trust in whatever the Rebbe told him.

**Commands the Dead Man to Open His Mouth**

He walked home briskly, being careful not to drop the cholent. He tried to put the *cholent* in Andrei's mouth, but his mouth was sealed shut. So the man said in a panic "Reb Shlomke said I should feed you the *cholent*".

At the mention of the Rebbe's name, the lifeless drunkard opened his mouth, and the man quickly placed the Rebbe's *cholent* in as far as he could. He almost fainted from fright due to what he saw next. Andrei got up from the floor and looking straight ahead, walked out the door.

The man followed Andrei, curious to see what would happen. Andrei walked across town, in a zombie-like manner, looking straight ahead. After several minutes, Andrei arrived at his own residence. As soon as he stepped inside, he fell down to the floor, lifeless as before.

The man ran back to his house to tell his wife over what happened. They had just witnessed an open miracle. They had seen a dead man get up and walk across town to his house. They now realized that Reb Shlomke was a lot more than he made himself out to be.

**The Story Spread Quickly**

The story spread quickly and everyone now knew that their Rebbe was a very holy man, who had tried to conceal his greatness. It is said that this event is what prompted Reb Shlomke to start thinking about moving to another place, where people wouldn't know him.

Eventually he did move to Jerusalem, where he managed to conceal his identity until one day someone from Zivhil bumped into him in *shul* and revealed to everyone who he was. After that throngs of people flocked to him for his advice and help until his passing on 26 Iyar\*\*\* 5705/1945. One of the *tzadikim* at the funeral smelled different fragrant spices coming from Reb Shlomke's body. Later on, he asked Reb Shlomke's son, Reb Gedaliah, what the source of this custom was. Reb Gedalia replied that they have no such custom. They realized that this beautiful smell was actually from this great *tzadik* himself. May his memory be a blessing.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~  
\*\*\* The 41st day of Counting Omer, *Yesod sh'b'Yesod* in Kabbalah, associated with essence of righteousness.

Source: Adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from *//zchusavos.blogspot.co.il* (posted: May 13, 2007)

Connection: Seasonal-69th yahrzeit of Rebbe Shlomke.

Biographical note: **Rabbi Shlomo ("Reb Shlom'ke") Goodman of Zivhil** (?-26 Iyar--*yesod of yesod*--1945), the first one of the dynasty to be based in Israel, was a descendent in direct paternal line from Rabbi Yechiel-Michil, an important student of the Baal Shem Tov known as the Magid of Zlochov. For a long time after he came to Jerusalem, no one knew his true identity as the very holy Rebbe to whom thousands had flocked in his native land, until a chance visitor from his hometown revealed his secret to the stunned worshipers in the *shul* he was attending. So once again he acquired thousands of followers and admirers. Famed for his remarkable deeds of kindness, he particularly concentrated on rescuing youths from missionaries and inculcating the importance of the laws of family purity to the masses, while still finding time to answer complicated questions in Jewish Law.

*Reprinted from last week’s email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed*

[*www.ascentofsafed.com*](http://www.ascentofsafed.com) *ascent@ascentsafed.com*

**Not Wanting to be Left Out**

**By Rabbi Reuven Semah**

“Why should we be left out by not offering Hashem’s offering in its appointed time?” (*Bemidbar* 9:7 – Parashat Beha’alotecha)

The Torah tells us that if one was unable to bring the Pesah sacrifice on the correct date he had the option to bring it a month later on the 14th of *Iyar*. This is known as *Pesah Sheni*. This is a puzzling concept. Usually there are no second chances. How come here they get a second chance? The answer is that they said, “*Lamah nigara*/why should we be left out?”

The people came to Moshe and refused to accept the fact that they were no longer obligated to perform the *misvah*. They wanted a second chance and incredibly they got it. This development paved the way for all those in the future generations who desired a second chance.

Listen to amazing true story told by Rabbi Yechiel Spero. Once, right before Rosh Hashanah, the great *mekubal*, Rav Shimshon of Ostropoli met the *Satan*, and noticed that his adversary was full of despair. When Rav Shimshon asked him what was wrong, the *Satan* replied that it is always difficult to get the Jewish people to sin during this period of the year. Obviously, Rav Shimshon did not feel all that bad.

However, when he met the *Satan* immediately after Yom Kippur, he was shocked to find that he seemed quite happy. Rav Shimshon was confused. If the *Satan’s* concern before Rosh Hashanah was because the Jewish people were going to do *teshubah*, then he should have been despondent after Yom Kippur.

Rav Shimshon asked him why he was smiling. Hadn’t the Jewish people repented? The *Satan* admitted that normally he was in a dejected state at this time of year. Indeed the Jewish people had done *teshubah*, which caused him distress. For that reason, he had asked Hashem to allow him to bring about some chaos and havoc.

And now he hoped that Hashem would allow him to sink the ship that was bringing the *lulabim* and *etrogim* to the Eastern European countries. That was why he was so happy. He knew that he had been defeated up until this point, but he also knew that so many Jews would be unable to perform a precious *misvah*. Nothing could bring him greater joy.

Rav Shimshon was very concerned. When he heard the news a few days later that the ship had sunk, his heart sank with it. Indeed it was very challenging. Many cities did not have even one full set of *lulab* and *etrog*, and had to borrow from people in other cities. The crisis was very real. Rav Shimshon was certain that the next time he would meet the *Satan* he would see him grinning from ear to ear.

But when Rav Shimshon crossed paths with the *Satan* just a few days after the holiday, he noticed that he was terribly upset. Shocked at his mood, he asked his nemesis why he was so troubled. If the ship sank, which was what the *Satan* had asked for, then why was he upset? Hadn’t his plan worked? Didn’t thousands have their holiday inconvenienced and disturbed?

The *Satan* looked at the pious Rabbi and responded, “You are right. My plan worked. I could not have been happier at the time. But then the disaster struck. Do you know what those Jews did? They did not despair. Instead they traveled to the closest town that had a *lulab* set. They stood in long lines for hours, for their chance to use one set.

“They refused to be denied. So my plan backfired on me. And that is why I am so upset. After all my efforts, I realized that the Jewish people cannot be overcome. They refuse to be told no. They always seem to find a way.”

This is the key to our survival. This is why the Jewish people will last forever. We will always find a way.

*Reprinted from this week’s email of the Jersey Shore Torah Bulletin.*

**The Marriage**

The invitations, the hall, the caterer, the band, photographer, gown, flowers and guest list. Everything has been done for the wedding. The bride and groom have even been reading the latest best-sellers on how men and women differ, how they have unique ways of communicating, and how to make their marriage work in this day and age of divorce.

**No Such Things as “Minimum”**

One thing the new couple knows for sure even without reading it or being told is: "In a relationship like marriage, there's no such thing as "minimum."

Whereas in business or other partnerships one might be able to ponder: "What's the least I can do in order to keep going?" such cannot be a consideration in marriage. Rather, "What can I do to enhance this relationship, to make it stronger, to help it grow" should be primary concerns of both husband and wife.

The approaching holiday of Shavuot (this year from the evening of June 3 through the evening of June 5) is likened to the marriage of G-d and the Jewish people. The Jewish people, being the bride, received the Torah - our ketuba - from G-d on that day. Mount Sinai was our chupa (marriage canopy).

**Our Relationship with G-d is Like**

**A Marriage of Wife and Husband**

Our relationship with G-d, then, is like that of wife and husband.

And, whereas the thought of "what's the minimum I can do and still remain in a healthy relationship with my significant other" could never be entertained in a human marriage, the same thought should never be a conscious or subconscious consideration regarding our relationship with G-d.

"What can I do to enhance my relationship with G-d, to make it stronger, to help it grow?" are questions we can and should ask ourselves. For Judaism encourages asking sincere questions, and then genuinely trying to find out the answers.

One answer to the above question comes from the realization that, although "G-d wants the heart," G-d also wants every other part of our bodies. Our marriage to G-d makes our relationship with Him anything but platonic. To have a healthy relationship with G-d we have to get physical.

**With Our Hands, Feet, Brains and Mouths**

Our hands, our feet, our brains, our mouths, should be physically involved in this relationship: our hands to give charity, light a Shabbat candle, put on tefilin; our feet to walk to shul or to visit a friend who isn't well; our brains to study Torah and find answers to our questions; our mouths to pray and only speak well of others.

And as our relationship with G-d grows, as our love deepens and intensifies, we will come to realize that we are truly content that G-d chose, 3326 years ago, to become united with the Jewish people, His eternal bride.

In truth, there have been tough times in this Divine marriage, as there are in any marriage. But the bride and Groom together eagerly await the time when this union will be truly perfect, in the Messianic Era.

*Reprinted from last week’s edition of “L’Chaim,” a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY.*

**Everyone Had a Chance**

The day drew near when G-d desired to give the Torah to His chosen people, the children of Israel, whom He saw now cleansed of the impurities that had filled their lives in the slavery of Egypt.

But G-d decided that it would only be fair to offer the Torah to the other nations of the earth (although He knew that they would reject it) before offering it to the children of Israel. And so He first approached the Edomites, descendants of Esau, and offered them the Torah with these inviting words:

"Ye, Edomites, sons of Esau, I bring you a gift - My holy Torah. Accept it and ye shall be blessed with long life, you and your children also."

"What is written in Your Torah?" questioned the Edomites.

"It is written in My Torah: `You shall not murder!' "

"But that is ridiculous!" protested the Edomites.

"We are soldiers, men of war who live by the sword! How do you expect us to accept a Torah that preaches against our chosen way of life? No, thank you. Your Torah is no use to us at all."

G-d then took the Torah to the children of Ishmael and offered it to them:

"Children of Ishmael, accept the Torah which I bring you this day, and if you keep its commandments you shall be blessed with all good!"

"What does Your Torah demand of us?" the Ishmaelites asked cautiously.

"My Torah says 'You shall not steal!' " replied the Almighty.

"That wouldn't suit us at all," replied the sons of Ishmael. We are men of commerce, and such a law would interfere with our business transactions. We are sorry, but we have no use for Your Torah."

The next people that G-d approached were the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon and all the people of Canaan, to whom He said

"I bring you a most precious gift - My Torah. Take it and you shall all be blessed with many days upon your land!"

The Canaanites spoke up, saying: "First tell us what is written in Your Torah."

"In My Torah it is written: 'You shall have fair scales, correct weights, and give full measure,' " replied the Almighty.

"We do not want to accept Your Torah which is so finicky about such matters. Your Torah is not for us!" answered the Canaanites emphatically.

And thus, after G-d had taken the Torah to all the other nations of the world, who lacked sufficient understanding to estimate its worth, He went to the children of Israel. He was confident that His chosen people would appreciate the Torah and accept it eagerly.

*Reprinted from the website of Chabad.Org*

**The Abandoned**

**Sefer Torah**

**By Chana Weisberg**

This is the story of a very special Torah scroll, purchased shortly after the Second World War by Rabbi Pinchas Sudak, when he and his family were fleeing from Stalinist Russia.

Escaping from Russia under the Communists was very dangerous.

The first stage of the journey was to get out of Russia into Poland.

|  |
| --- |
|  |

But that was only the beginning. They still had to make their way from Poland to Prague in Czechoslovakia.

The Sudaks were together with a group of forty-six other Lubavitch Chassidim who were also hoping to escape. Anxiously they waited for their chance to get out.

**Met a Jew with a Torah Scroll for Sale**

While they were still in Cracow, in Poland, Rabbi Pinchas met a Jew who had a Torah scroll for sale. This seemed to him extraordinary, like it was arranged specifically by G-d. Immediately he decided to purchase the Torah with money he had managed to smuggle out of Russia.

“Such a large a group of Jews cannot travel without a Sefer Torah in their midst,” he said. So he bought the Torah, and quickly had a wooden box made to protect it.

Finally it came time for the group to move. It was late at night when they set out. No one was allowed to take more than their most basic needs. Everything else had to be abandoned. In the blackness of the night the journey began. Rabbi Pinchas and his wife and three children all held onto a rough rope to keep them together. Silently they trudged through the dense forest, Rabbi Pinchas clutching his beloved Sefer Torah, his wife, Batya, carrying their youngest child.

**The Wife Could No Longer Carry the Child**

The way was difficult. As the hours passed, Rabbi Pinchas’ wife grew more and more weary. Finally she could no longer carry the child. She motioned to her husband to take the baby.

Rabbi Pinchas understood at once that if he would take the baby, he would have to leave the Torah behind.

With tears in his eyes, he said, “Forgive me, my dear Torah. But it is either you or my child. I must leave you now, so that my children and children’s children will be able to have you in their lives.”

Weeping, he embraced the precious scroll one last time, and gently laid it in its box, and placed it under a tree. Then he picked up his child in his arms and journeyed forward.

The journey was successful. Eventually they reached freedom and settled in the Land of Israel.

Time passed. Rabbi Pinchas’ children grew up and married, and established homes in communities where they became Rabbis and teachers, sharing with others the faith in Torah and Judaism they had received from their parents.

**Fifty Years Had Passed**

Fifty years passed. Rabbi Pinchas’ daughter, Rebbetzin Batsheva Schochet, herself already a grandmother, happened to be visiting friends in California.

While there she called on a friend of the family, Mrs. Faigy Estulin. They spoke of the past, and Faigy described how their family had also escaped from Russia, after the war.

“It’s an extraordinary story,” she said. “As my parents were making their way through the woods, my older sister, who was then only five years old, wandered off. The forest was pitch black. No one could see a thing. No one had any idea where she had gone. Everyone was in a panic.

“Frantically they searched for the child, crawling on their hands and knees, groping amongst the bushes and branches on the ground.

**My Father’s Hand Touched Something Hard and Smooth**

|  |
| --- |
| RtcA786303 |
| “To his astonishment, his hand touched something hard and smooth...” |

“Then suddenly my father’s hand touched something hard and smooth, not a branch or a root of a tree. It was a wooden box. He opened the lid, and to his astonishment, he found a Sefer Torah inside.

And there sitting right next to the box, was his little daughter, my sister!

“He couldn’t believe it. He kissed the Torah. And he kissed his little girl. And he kissed the Torah again, and he kissed his daughter again and again, over and over.

“Then he took the Torah from its box, and wrapped it around his body, tying it round his waist with his gartel, a belt he used when praying. That’s how he took the Torah with him, through the rest of their journey.

“In the end, they made it to freedom. They brought the Sefer Torah with them to America, and to this day it is used in a shul in New York.

“My father has been blessed with good health and a good long life. No one in our family has any doubt that this blessing is because he saved the Sefer Torah,” she concluded.

Hearing these words, the face of Rabbi Pinchas’ daughter, Batsheva Schochet, turned white. Tears began streaming from her eyes.

The story of Rabbi Pinchas’ Sefer Torah had come full circle.

*Reprinted from the website of Chabad.Org Adapted from a story printed in “Divine Whispers, Stories that Speak to the Heart and Soul,” by Chana Weisberg, Targum Press, 2005*

**It Once Happened**

**Matzliach the**

**Antique Dealer**

Matzliach "the Antique Dealer," as he was known, lived long ago in Tunisia. He was a great lover of Torah, though not an outstanding scholar. And, though he was not very rich, he gave charity generously.

He was particularly known in the Jewish community for his special custom in connection with Shavuot, the festival of the Giving of the Torah. Every year he invited ten scholars to his home on the first night of Shavuot. He prepared a fine feast for them, and after the meal they would recite the special "Tikun" prayers and study Torah the entire night.

**Learned of the Custom to Stay**

**Awake on the First Night of Shavuot**

Matzliach started this tradition when, years earlier, he learned of the custom to stay awake on the first night of Shavuot. At the time, he was greatly surprised to hear that the night before G-d was to give the Torah to the Jews at Mount Sinai, they did not stay awake! Indeed, they slept soundly, so that when G-d descended on the mountain early in the morning, His chosen people were not there! It wasn't that the people were not eager to receive the Torah, but rather that they wanted to be well rested and refreshed for the great moment of Divine Revelation.

And so it became the custom of Jews everywhere to make up for this by staying awake the night of Shavuot, in this way "correcting" what had happened. In fact, this is what "Tikun" means - correction.

One year when Shavuot approached, Matzliach found himself in a difficult situation. Business hadn't been good and not only didn't he have money for his usual feast, but he didn't even have the funds for food and wine for the holiday. Sadly he told his wife Mazal about his predicament.

"I still have my precious earrings," Mazal said, taking them off and giving them to him. "Take them to the pawnbroker to get a loan until things improve."

Matzliach took the earrings to the pawnbroker and received a tidy sum.

As he was walking home, Matzliach met the chief rabbi of Tunisia, Rabbi Hai Tayeb.

"You saved me a trip," the Rabbi said. "I'm going around collecting for our poor, so they can celebrate Shavuot with joy."

Without hesitation, Matzliach gave the Rabbi the money he had just received from the pawnbroker.

**Heard His Name Being Called**

On his way home, as Matzliach wondered what he would tell his wife, he heard his name called.

"His Majesty sent me out to buy a set of antique coffee-cups. I have no idea where to get them," said one of the servants of the ruler. "But you are an antique dealer. Get them for me, and you will be amply rewarded."

"I will try my best," Matzliach promised. The dealer he went to had such a set and was happy to sell them off cheaply to Matzliach.

Matzliach went to the Royal court and was introduced to the King. "Just what I wanted," he said. Then he asked how much he owed for the cups.

After hearing the price, the surprised king asked, "That's all you paid for these precious cups? The ruler of Tunisia is not looking for bargains. You shall be paid their full value!"

Matzliach left the king's palace with a large sum of money. Walking home, he met the Chief Rabbi again.

"I can now afford to double my donation," Matzliach said happily.

"Thank G-d, we both did well today," the Rabbi said. "Have a happy Shavuot."

Indeed, it was a happy holiday for Matzliach and his wife Mazal. And what made them happiest was that this year, too, they could observe their custom of celebrating Tikun-night as before.

*Reprinted from last week’s email of “L’Chaim,” a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn, NY.*