**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas ki sisa 5782**

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**The Third Cup of Coffee**



 Horav Yitzchak Zilberstein, Shlita, relates an inspirational story concerning a yeshivah student who was experiencing difficulty in finding his bashert, designated matrimonial match. He had been prepared to say, “Yes,” a number of times. The girls, however, did not have the same positive feeling about spending the rest of their lives with him.

 He was now seeing a wonderful young lady, to whom he was ready to say, “Yes.” Unfortunately, she was prepared to use this upcoming date to inform him that it would be their last date.

 They went to a coffee shop, where the young man ordered three cups of coffee. She wondered why he would do that and asked for an explanation. He said, “I ordered one for each of us and the third one for the guard who is outside (quite common in parts of the Holy Land). He stands there all day, and it is an unusually cold day today. He cannot leave his position, so he must be cold. I figured that he could use a cup of hot coffee.”

 When the young lady heard this, she immediately changed her mind about the young man. Anyone who was so thoughtful of others was the type of spouse for whom she was searching. This was the type of home she sought to build. He would be the perfect partner.

 Horav Elimelech Biderman, Shlita, relates that Horav Yaakov Kamenetzky, zl, once visited Horav Moshe Feinstein, zl, and found the latter to be in an unusually jovial mood. Rav Moshe was very serious about his learning – and, since he was always learning, he was usually in a serious mood.

 Seeing the incredulous look on Rav Yaakov’s face, Rav Moshe explained, “I recently served as a dayan, judge, involving a litigation between two parties. After analysing the issues, I decided against one of them. They accepted my decision.

 

**Books on Rabbi Yaakov Kamenetzky and Rabbi Moshe Feinstein**

 “A few days passed, and I received a call from someone identifying himself as Rav \_\_\_\_\_\_\_. He declared, ‘The decision that you rendered is totally wrong. It is a false psak, halachic decision. Everything that you said should “be nullified like dust of the earth.”

 Clearly, this was chutzpah at its nadir. One does not talk this way to the gadol hador, pre-eminent leader of the generation.

 Rav Moshe continued, “A few months later, this same Rav called me to test him on the laws pertaining to shechitah, ritual slaughter, with the intention that I give him my approbation. I tested him, he was proficient, and I gave him my letter. Yom Kippur had passed since the time that he had spoken to me audaciously, and now I felt that he had forgiven me, and I had forgiven him.

 “Nonetheless, I felt he must be censured for speaking to me in such a manner. [Rav Moshe was the paragon of humility. His diffidence notwithstanding, he was well aware of the scope of his learning and halachic expertise]. I took the liberty of rebuking him for his chutzpah. The Rav was shocked beyond belief, ‘It was not me,’ he countered. ‘I would never speak like that.’

 “After some investigation, I discovered that a certain mechutzaf, insolent person, made the call and conveniently helped himself to the Rav’s name. Imagine, had I not originally constrained myself, I might have wrongly denounced an innocent person. This is why I am so effusive – I merited not to upbraid a Jew.”

 An added caveat which we derive from this vignette is the sterling character traits of Rav Moshe. We now have some idea why he merited to be one of the greatest poskim, halachic arbiters, of all time.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Mishpatim 5782 email of Rabbi A.L. Scheinbaum’s Peninim on the Torah.*

**Story #1259**

**The Finder**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

 Arriving at his destination a yeshiva student realized that he had left his tefillin on the bus. All his efforts to find the lost tefillin were unsuccessful. Two months went by till **Mr. Shashi Karko** (67), a resident of Jerusalem, heard about the matter.

 "I started inquiring and found out that the bus the student travelled on was sold to an Arab company and at that time it was in a garage in Taybeh" he relates.[[1]](https://webmailb.juno.com/webmail/new/5?session_redirect=true&userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1643308540&type=no%2Dmagic&session_redirect=true&userinfo=eff1e795994608ed6885dfdeac88e827&count=1449696053&randid=1189631969" \l "_ftn1" \o ")

 If you haven't lost anything on the public transport in the last ten years, you wouldn't know that until about two years ago Shashi Karko was supervisor of Customer Service in Egged. His name has become a symbol of the finding of lost objects. Even after retiring he uses his talents and connections to find items that have been lost on public transport and return them to their owners.

 The most valuable object that he was able to return was an envelope. L.M. a resident of Beit Shemesh, travelled from his home to Jerusalem. In his pocket he had an envelope containing 46,000 shekels (nearly $15,000). Alighting from the bus he realized that the envelope was not in his pocket.

 He hastened to Egged's Lost and Found department in Jerusalem where he met Karko.

 "Karko calmed me down and invited me into his office," tells L.M. in a letter he published. "In no time the envelope was found. Karko didn't rest until he was sure the whole sum was returned to me."

 Today as well, after retirement, he receives more than a hundred request weekly asking for help in finding lost items.  Without a computer and with impaired sight he manages to do the unbelievable.

 "I merit to return 95% of the losses that I am asked to find," says Karko. "It is an occupation that occurs the whole week including Friday. Till today I have located close to 400 pairs of lost tefillin. Once it happened that a parrot in a cage was left on a bus and I succeeded in finding it."

 Karko's secret begins with listening. "First of all, I listen and try to absorb every detail. Then I suggest to the seeker to say the quotation of our Sages that is known to be propitious to help find lost items.

 **“ *אמר רבי בנימין הכול בחזקת סומין עד שהקב"ה מאיר את עיניהם* ”**

 "Said Rabbi Benjamin, ‘Everyone is like blind until the Holy One, blessed is He, opens one's eyes.’

 Immediately after that I start my inquiries. Very often I go myself to the bus in question and search for the lost article. I have a good relationship with the transport companies: lost and found charity organizations, police stations and more, who enlist to help.

 Here is an international story. "A woman from Toronto turned to me, her grandson lost his tefillin on the bus to Haifa. It turned out that the bus in question already continued to Eilat. I contacted the driver who checked the bus and found the tefillin. I immediately got in touch with another driver who was leaving Eilat to drive to Jerusalem and I asked him to take the tefillin with him. In Jerusalem the tefillin were transferred to a bus driving to Haifa and that same evening the grandson got his tefillin back."

 Mr. Karko wants to thank all those who participate in this task. He says that he will be glad to assist in any request (his phone number 054-446-78877) as long as G-d gives him strength.

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Source: Translated by **C. R. Benami**, long-time editorial assistant for [www.AscentOfSafed.com](https://link.kabbalaonline.org/go.asp?li=11F340CF107B5E52231E549AA9656361&ui=E439C22B2FA14D648D98C7BD5B92F85F), from a back-page article in the popular Israeli weekly, Sichat HaShavua. Edited and supplemented by R. Yerachmiel Tilles.

Connection—Parsha Mishpatim’s Torah reading: Returning lost objects (Ex. 23:4 – see also Deut. 22:1-3).

[[1]](file:///C%3A%5C%5CUsers%5C%5CONE%5C%5CDownloads%5C%5Cs1259EggedLostFound.docx%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftnref1%22%20%5Co%20%22%22%20%5Ct%20%22_blank) A Muslim village 15km northeast of Jerusalem, near Ramallah.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Mishpatim 5782 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed.*

**Depending on Hashem**

**As the Guarantor**

 Lending money to a friend in need is a great Mitzvah. However, having the patience and tolerance to wait for payment takes this Mitzvah to even greater heights. Every borrower has good intentions, but unforeseen circumstances can cause a borrower to be late in repayment of the loan.

 Rav Avraham Pam, zt”l, demonstrates through a story, that not only are the spiritual rewards great for one who lends money, but there are even material rewards as well.

**One of Vilna’s Most Distinguished Jews**

 Rav Zalman was one of Vilna’s foremost Talmidei Chachamim, and he was also bentched with enormous wealth, and he used it to do all types of chesed, acts of loving kindness. A stranger once approached him for a loan of three hundred rubles, which was an enormous amount of money. When Rav Zalman asked him for references, the man replied sadly that he was new to town and he didn’t know anyone yet.

 Rav Zalman asked the man, “How can I lend you such a large sum, if you have no one who can vouch for you?”

 The man replied, “Rav Zalman, nobody knows me in town. I only have Hashem to serve as my Guarantor.”

 “If that is the case,” Rav Zalman said, “then I will surely give you the loan. Who can be trusted more than Hashem?” The loan was granted for three months, at which time the man returned with the entire sum of money.

 Rav Zalman looked at him somewhat incredulously and said, “What are you doing? Your loan has been paid up by your Guarantor. I never take payment for a loan twice.” They began to argue, with Rav Zalman claiming that Hashem had already paid the loan through a series of unusually large and unexpected profits that could only be the workings of Hashem.

**They Agreed to an Unusual Compromise**

 The borrower, on the other hand, claimed that he owed the money, and he wanted to pay it back. They decided to settle on a compromise. Rav Zalman accepted the money, but only on condition that it be used exclusively for his free loan fund, and the s’char that is gotten by the mitzvah of lending money to others will be divided equally between them.

 Rav Pam explained that Rav Zalman understood that Hashem rewards the lender in many ways, and one of those ways is to have an increase in his profits. Yet, lending money will simultaneously generate a double reward. Aside from what one gains in this world, there will be reward in Olam Haba as well!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Mishpatim 5782 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah*

**The Search for**

**The “Honest” Man**

 The Ben Ish Chai (Drushim) explains this idea with an incident that occurred concerning a clever thief. A fellow was caught stealing in a country in which there was a zero-tolerance law regarding theft. Anyone who was caught stealing was sentenced to death. There was no pardon for this crime, and it was, for the most part, a powerful deterrent to crime.

 This thief either thought he could beat the system or was in such dire need that he was willing to take the chance. When the sentence was passed by the king, the thief made a special request. He said, “Since he was a first-time offender, he was wondering if perhaps the king would grant him a few moments to talk with the king. The king was a decent person, and he granted the thief his request. “What is it that you want?” the king asked the thief. The man replied, “I have been blessed with a unique ability. I can prepare a potion that has incredible powers. It would be a shame for me to die and take this secret with me to my grave, and I will be happy to share this exceptional wisdom with the king.”

**The King Agrees to the Prisoner’s Offer**

 The king acquiesced. The prisoner asked for a number of ingredients which he mixed together. After his potion was completed, the prisoner asked the king for some seeds. He said that regardless of their type, if they were to be soaked in his mixture, he guaranteed that the very same day that the seeds were planted in the ground, they would grow fruit! This was an astonishing claim, and if it was true, it would be one of mankind’s greatest discoveries.

 The king brought the seeds and waited for the planting to begin. Then the prisoner made one more request of the king. “In order for this potion to work, one essential condition must be filled. The individual who plants the seeds in the ground must be one of impeccable integrity. Anyone who has stolen something ever in his life cannot plant the seeds.

 “This technique works only for a person who has never stolen. Now, we all know that I am ineligible to perform this process, as I have been found guilty of theft. Therefore, I ask the prime minister to plant the seeds.” The prime minister, however, declined to participate. He just happened to remember that as a child, he had stolen some money from his father’s wallet.

**Maybe We Can Utilize the Treasury Minister**

 The man said, “Well, that excludes the Prime Minister. Let us ask the treasury minister. Surely, someone who is in charge of the country’s finances must have a spotless record.”

 The treasury minister hesitated, and claimed that when one works with so much money, he might have made an error in his accounting. Apparently, the prisoner was not surprised to hear this. He kept on trying to locate one person in the entire palace, who was worthy of planting the seeds. But there was no one. Even the king himself conceded that when he was young, he had taken a valuable watch from his brother.

 At that moment, the prisoner fell on the ground before the king and began to cry bitterly. “Your majesty, please see what I have demonstrated before your very own eyes. There is absolutely no one in this palace, not even his royal highness, who is not in some way tainted by the sin of theft. Why is it that among all the thieves here, I was unfortunate enough to get caught? Furthermore, I stole to feed my family, who is starving. Others have stolen to satisfy their desires!”

**Realizing the Clever Thief’s Trick**

 After listening to this clever thief, the king realized that the ‘special potion’ was nothing more than a trick that was devised to send him a message. Indeed, the thief had a legitimate claim. Was he any different than anyone else? The king told the man that he would be released, but warned him that if this ever happened again, he would not be so fortunate the next time.

 The Ben Ish Chai taught with this story that we must realize that no one is perfect. When one is going to rebuke another, he should immediately question himself and ask, “Am, I any better? Am I perfect? Why am I able to find guilt in others and nothing but innocence concerning myself?”

 Additionally, how often do we anger Hashem, and He simply overlooks our Aveiros? We criticize others, yet, we expect Hashem to overlook our faults. Therefore, before one confronts others, he must first examine himself, and direct his rebuke at himself first. Once this is done, he may then rebuke his friend!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Mishpatim 5782 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah*

**Bride and Groom Rescued**

**In Heavy Snow**

**Storm outside Jerusalem**

**By** [**Jewish Press News Desk**](https://www.jewishpress.com/author/newsbriefs/)

**This bride was rescued by United Hatzalah during heavy snowstorm outside Jerusalem, January 26, 2022.**

 On Wednesday night, snowstorm Elpis hit Israel and stranded hundreds in the north of the country and the Jerusalem area as highways were closed due to heavy snowfall. A couple of newlyweds became stuck with hundreds of their guests in the Sequoia wedding hall in Kibbutz Ma’ale HaChamisha in the Judaean hills just off the Jerusalem–Tel Aviv highway.

 The couple tried to find a way home and someone reached out to emergency services for help. United Hatzalah’s Dispatch Center received the alert did not hesitate to send volunteers in an emergency all-terrain vehicle to assist. Despite the heavy snowfall, the volunteers traveled from Jerusalem to Ma’aleh HaChamisha.

 The guests escorted the couple with singing and dancing as they walked out to the United Hatzalah vehicle. The bride and groom got into the car and were delivered safely to their home in the Bayit VaGan neighborhood of Jerusalem to conclude the most momentous day of their lives (so far).

**Bride and groom taken home during heavy snowstorm outside Jerusalem, January 26, 2022. / Yechiel Gurfein/United Hatzalah**

 The Head of the United Hatzalah operations division, Moshiko Moskovitz, recalled: “As soon as we received the call about the bride and groom who are stuck at the wedding hall, I rushed out with the van to help. We felt that it was important to help the bride and groom and that this was no less important than saving lives, not to mention that it’s a great mitzvah to make a bride and groom happy on their wedding day. I was honored to be part of helping them on their special day.”

 After the bride and groom were safely home, United Hatzalah volunteers expanded the rescue operation and were able to escort close to half the guests home from the wedding hall as well. “Most of the guests they helped were either elderly or families with babies and young children for whom it was very urgent to return to their homes,” Moskowitz noted.

 The bride and groom could not stop thanking the volunteers for their kindness. “I have no words,” said the groom, “Thank you so, so much. We returned home to our apartment in Bayit VaGan thanks to you despite the heavy snow. It’s unbelievable what you did to help us. You are truly angels who came to our rescue.”

*Reprinted from the January 28, 2022 email of the Jewish Press.*

**Amigo... How About These?**

**By Dr. Dovid Lazerson**



 Our oldest son's Bar Mitzva was approaching and we were looking forward to it with excitement and enthusiasm. However, I must admit that we approached this event with some mixed feelings. My sister's son Benny, who had also just recently turned thirteen but had not celebrated his Bar Mitzva, was going to be coming to the Bar Mitzva together with all of our other nieces and nephews. Until now, we had always managed to provide a pair of tefillin for our nephews when they turned Bar Mitzva and we wanted to do the same for Benny.

 My wife Gittel had gone into a local Judaica shop and found that the "bottom line" price was much more than we could scrape together. Gittel decided to order a velvet tefillin bag with Benny's name personalized on it (the custom-ordered embroidering takes six days) in the hope that somehow we would get tefillin for him.

 The following Sunday, which was Chanuka eve, I headed to a neat shop on 7th Avenue in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn to pick up some last-minute gifts for the family. To my surprise, the usually serene area was bustling. I couldn't find a parking spot, and since it was a bitter cold day, I kept circling around the block. Twenty minutes later I realized that I had no choice but to park several blocks away.

I parked the van and began running the four long blocks to the warm store.

**Noticed a Small Flea Market**

 But as I jogged past the local school my eye caught sight of a small flea market. The place was filled with racks of sweaters and jackets. Five minutes, and a mere few bucks later, I was the proud owner and wearer of a thick, fleece lined, suede leather jacket.

 As I turned to leave and take care of the real business at hand, a voice called out to me:

 "Hey, Mister! Can you please come here a minute?"

 I walked over to his area. He had tables laid out with old buttons, rusty knives, LP's from the 50's and 60's, an old Erector set.

 "Maybe you can translate this for me?" he said, displaying a Hebrew plaque.

 I guess he had noticed my beard and yarmulke.

 It was a prayer for peace, from the prayerbook, and he was very grateful for the translation. I bought the plaque for a couple of bucks. Then, as I turned to walk away, he announced, "Wait a minute! I got more Jewish stuff too!"

 I turned back as he reached into a box and pulled out a bulging velvet tefillin bag.

 "This is special," he grinned, "no?"

**“Nothing Special About These Things”**

 "No," I said, shaking my head slowly back and forth, "nothing special about these things."

 "Huh? I thought this is something important to you Jews!"

 "Yeah," I said, feigning my disinterest, "we use them for praying. But every Jew's got these." I hoped that my indifference to the tefilin would help discourage this guy, or any of his friends, from "finding" tefilin in the future.

 I began fingering through his old rock collection. "Howd'ya get these things anyhow?" I asked. "Nowhere special, you know what I'm saying?"

 "Yeah. Well people now use much bigger ones. They ain't worth nothin'."

 "How much you willing to pay for 'em?" he finally asked. "Why would I want to do that? I got my own already." He began biting his lower lip.

 "Tell you what, amigo," he said. "They cost me five bucks. They're yours for five bucks. You have to pay at least what I did."

 "Alright. I'll do you a favor."

 A minute later I was finally in the store of my original intention. But I hardly noticed the merchandise or the warmth. I was too busy examining this amazing pair of five-dollar tefilin! Unfortunately, there was no name or number inside the bag for me to identify the original owner.

 They looked pretty new and in decent shape. Now the big question was, were these five-dollar "flea market" tefilin kosher?

 The next morning, with great anticipation, I dropped them off at a local scribe.

A few days later, on the day Benny arrived, we presented him with his very special tefilin and beautifully embroidered bag as his Bar Mitzva present. The tefilin were very kosher indeed. He said the blessings together with our Bar Mitzva boy, Aharon Moshe.

 "Are these really my tefilin?" he asked, all wide-eyed. I thought of the tefilin bag that Gittel had ordered with great hope, of the lack of parking which caused me to park blocks from my intended store, of the flea market that just happened to be there on that Sunday, of the "amigo" who must have noticed my yarmulka and beard, of the tefilin he happened to have. I shook my head in amazement.

 "Yeah," I said, "these tefilin are really meant for you!"

**The Biggest Miracle for Benny**

 The biggest miracle came a few days later when my sister, Benny's mother, called from their home in the Berkshire Mountains.

 "Benny stayed home from school today with a sore throat," she told us. "After some hot tea he asked for his tefilin and put them on. He looked up the blessings in a siddur you gave us a couple of years back."

 Hashem [G-d] truly guides our footsteps. May he lead all of us on the happy path of Torah and mitzvot.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Tetzaveh 5782 edition of L’Chaim Weekly.*



**Dr. Dovid Lazeron**

**The Poor “Pious” Jew**

**Of Ashkelon’s Shekel**



 There was once a very poor Jew who lived in Ashkelon. An individual who was full of yiras shamayim, he was always the first to arrive in the Bais Medrash and the very last to leave. When Eliyahu HaNavi saw this Jew’s suffering, he couldn’t bear it. He asked Hashem’s permission to intercede and make him rich. Hashem agreed, but only on the condition that the man’s new wealth wouldn’t interfere with his learning and davening. Disguising himself as a stranger, Eliyahu descended into the world and handed the man a shekel. With this shekel, the Jew headed out to the market, but was intercepted on the way by Eliyahu, this time in the disguise of a bachur holding a used coat.

**Buy a Used Coat for One Shekel**

 “I will sell you this garment,” he said, “for the price of one shekel.” The transaction was made. A short time later Eliyahu approached him in the form of a merchant and offered to buy the coat for ten shekels. The poor man gladly agreed. This scenario repeated itself several times in various ways until the original shekel had turned into an impressive sum. By the end of the day the man was quite wealthy. This Jew became a successful businessman. He continued to go to the Bais Medrash each day, but he was too busy attending to business matters to arrive first and leave last. In fact, if he was particularly occupied, he didn’t show up until it was too late to find a Minyan, let alone say some Tehilim.

 “Look what you did!” Hashem said to Eliyahu HaNavi. “See how wealth has changed him for the worse! This was a Jew who was dearly beloved, and now you’ve distanced him from Me.”

**Eliyahu Asks for the Original Shekel**

 Eliyahu returned to earth. Approaching the now-wealthy businessman, he asked him to return the original shekel he had given him, which the man had located and kept in his pocket. But the man refused. He said, “I’ll gladly give you 100 shekels, but not this particular one.”

 Eliyahu HaNavi stood firm, and insisted that this was the only shekel he was interested in. Eventually, the man gave in, and it didn’t take long until all his wealth had disappeared. The Jew was ultimately left just as poor as he had started out. With nothing to do all day, he was once again the first man to arrive at the Bais Medrash and the last to depart. He recited Tehilim with a broken heart, davened with kavanah, and begged for mercy from Hashem.

 Finding the situation intolerable, Eliyahu HaNavi went back to Hashem and asked for permission to intervene. “But this time,” he said, “I promise it won’t have negative consequences.”

**Eliyahu Returns to the Once Again Poor Jew**

 Hashem agreed. Disguised as the person who had given him the original shekel, he approached the man and said, “I want you to know that I am Eliyahu HaNavi. It was I who gave you the shekel that made you rich. But because your wealth only served to distance you from Hashem, it was taken away.

 “However,” he continued, “if you promise that you will never be late for davening, I will gladly return your shekel, and your wealth will be restored.” The man promised that he would never repeat his mistakes, and the shekel was returned to him. For the second time in his life, he became a successful businessman, more prosperous than ever!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Terumah 5782 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.*