**Shabbos Stories for**

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**Story  #1275**

**The Jogger in 18th Century Beirut**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**



 Like lightening out of a clear sky, the message shocked the Jewish residents of *Tiverya* (Tiberias). Two hundred years ago the Jewish settlement there was small and poor, and the decree passed against them was beyond their abilities.

 Representatives of the Jewish community of Tiberias were told to present themselves before the tyrannical Governor of the Galilee, the *Pasha* (Turkish officer of high rank), Achmad El-G'azar, who was known for his cruelty and hatred for the Jews. He abused the position of power the Turkish government had given him to harass the Jews and to limit their liberties.

 Now the Pasha demanded of them to pay him an enormous sum. He added a warning: "If you don't bring me the full sum by the appointed time, you and your families will be expelled from the city".

 The heads of the community called an emergency meeting to try to find a solution to the treat hanging over their heads. They decided to send a messenger to the Jewish communities in neighboring lands, to request their assistance in gathering the money needed to save the Jews of Tiberias. There was unanimous agreement that no one was better suited for this mission than Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon from Shpitovka, whose holiness and piety were known to all.

**Opting for a Life of Poverty**

 He had arrived in Tiberias in 1791. After the demise of his Rebbe, the "Toldot" (Rabbi Yaakov-Yosef of Polnauer), he had become one of the followers of Rabbi Pinchas of Koritz. In Tiberias he chose to live a life of poverty so he would be able to immerse himself in learning Torah and devote himself completely to serving the Creator. He was barely six months in Israel when he received the news that his Rebbe, the Koritzer, had passed away.

 It was difficult for Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon to accept this assignment which demanded of him to leave his Torah study for a protracted period of time. The trip also entailed many dangers. However, the danger threatening the Jews of the town convinced him to disregard all other considerations.

 He set out for the city of Beirut in Lebanon, where there was a large Jewish community. According to hear-say, the community there consisted of craftsman and laborers. Even though they were not wealthy, they earned an honorable living.

 Upon the request of Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon, the head rabbi of the community invited all the congregants to hear the sermon their special guest would give that Shabbat in the synagogue.

**Speaking Passionately to the Jews of Beirut**

 Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon spoke passionately, including in his speech many inspiring teachings from that week's Torah reading and other sayings that were a pleasure to hear. There was total silence in the synagogue*;* everyone was listening intently.

 All of a sudden, the speaker broke of his oratory and burst out crying. Everyone was stunned as the rabbi immediately explained the reason for his tears:

 "Dear Jews, I am not a sermonizer not the son of a sermonizer. I am an emissary from the Jews of the city of Tiberias who Heaven forbid! -- have a great danger hovering over them." He then told them of the demand of the tyrannical Pasha, and requested of all present to donate a sizable sum for the rescuing of the Jews of Tiberias.

 The Jews of Beirut showed sincere concern and empathy. However, it soon became clear that they didn't have the means to give adequate assistance. The heads of the community explained to Rabb Ya'akov-Shimshon that the earnings of the local Jews was barely enough for their daily needs; they would not be able to donate, certainly not the enormous sum that was needed.

 Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon was deeply disappointed. If this was the situation in Beirut, what hope could he have concerning the other communities, where the situation might even be worse.

**Dreamt of His Rebbe, Rabbi Pinchas of Koritz**

 Once back in the home of his host, Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon lay down to rest. He dreamed, and in his dream, he saw his rebbe, Rabbi Pinchas of Koritz, who asked him why he was worried on the holy Shabbat. Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon told him about the decree of the Pasha and the disappointment of his hope to receive the necessary aid from the Jews in Beirut.

 His Rabbi told him: "Do not worry! the Al-mighty will help you if you do as I tell you. Pray the Morning Prayer as early as possible tomorrow. Then go into the street and watch the passersby. When you see a man with a belt made of coarse rope running without looking around, grab his belt and tell him that I sent you to ask for his help."

 Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon awoke, encouraged. To the surprise of his host when he saw the change in his mood, the guest answered shortly: "It was made known to me that with G-d's help a solution for the Jews in Tiberias will be found." More he wouldn't say.

**Following His Rebbe’s Instructions**

 The next morning Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon did exactly as his rebbe had told him. He watched the passersby till suddenly there appeared a running man who suited the description he was given in his dream. Immediately he went over to him, took hold of his arm and said "Reb Yid (Jew), I need your help!"

 The man stopped completely and shrugged his shoulders. "What do you want from me? Can't you see I'm in a hurry and I am not able to help you?!"

 Nevertheless, Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon didn't let go of him. He said urgently, "I am turning to you on a mission from my rebbe, Rabbi Pinchas of Koritz. I will not let you go till you agree to my request."

 When the man heard the name of Rabbi Pinchas of Koritz, his attitude changed. Quietly he said "If so, hold on to me and come. Don't let go."

 Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon held on to the man's belt and followed him. Shortly they were outside of the city. To his utter astonishment, he found himself standing with the man at the gate to the tomb of **Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai** in **Meron**!

 The man turned to Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon and warned him not to go inside with him, for he had to be alone when he prostrated himself on the *Rashbi's* grave. Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon obeyed and waited outside the cave in prayerful trepidation.

 Abruptly the man exited the cave, his face shining with joy. He called out to Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon "Let us thank G-d; just now Rabbi Shimon caused the decree to be cancelled! You can return to your city."

 Rabbi Ya'akov-Shimshon parted from him and returned to Tiberias, tranquil and cheerful. As soon as he entered the gate of the city, he was told that Pasha Achmad El-G'azar died suddenly, and as a result, according to Ottoman law, all of his decrees were null and void. Thus, the Jews of Tiberias lost neither their lives or their homes.

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Translated by C. R. Benami, long-time editorial assistant for [www.AscentOfSafed.com](https://link.kabbalaonline.org/go.asp?li=2ADCF8070AA67E70CF16CA620B54B2A8&ui=E439C22B2FA14D648D98C7BD5B92F85F), from the rendition in the popular Israeli weekly, *Sichat HaShavua*(#1373). Adapted and supplemented by R. Yerachmiel Tilles.

*Connection* - seasonal: LAG Ba’OMER part of the story takes place in Meron.

*Biographical profiles*(in order of appearance):

**Rabbi Yaakov Shimshon of Shepetovka**[? - 3 Sivan 1801)], a descendant of Rabbi Shimshon of Ostropole, was a student of the Maggid of Mezritch and Rabbi Pinchus of Karitz and a close friend of Rabbi Boruch of Mezibuz. As a great authority in Jewish Law, he earned considerable respect also in rabbinic circles. In 1791 he moved to Israel and settled in Tiberias, where he is buried.

**Rabbi Pinchas**(ben R. Avraham Abba Shapiro) **of Koretz** [ (1726 - 10 Elul 1791] was considered to be one of the two most pre-eminent followers of Chassidism's founder, the *Baal Shem Tov* (along with his successor, the *Maggid of Mezritch*). His teachings appear in various collections (such as *Midrash Pinchas*), and are cited in the classic *Bnei Yissaschar*.

**Rabbi Shimon Bar Yochai**, one of the most important sages in Jewish history, lived over 1800 years ago. Teachings in his name abound throughout the*Mishnah, Gemorrah,*and*Midrashim,*while the***Zohar****,*the primary source text of Kabbalah, is built around Rabbi Shimon's revelations to his inner circle of disciples. During the hours before his passing, on ***Lag b'Omer***, he disclosed the "most sublime" secrets of Torah, in order to ensure that the day would always be an occasion for great joy, untouched by sadness because of the Omer period and mourning for him. The seminal importance of the Zohar in Jewish thought and the annual pilgrimage to Meron on Lag b"Omer are testimonies to his success.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Behar 5782 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safat.*

**Bitachon: The King, the Doctor and the Cannibals**

 Rabbi Wallerstein ZT’L told a story about a king who went on one of his hunting trips one day with his palace staff. As he was walking through the woods, he slashed his finger on a sharp branch. He quickly called his doctor over to him since he was accompanying the king for this purpose. The doctor examined the king’s finger and said, “You need stitches right away, or you could lose the finger.” So, the doctor stitched him up, and the king asked him, “Do you think I’ll be okay?” The doctor answered, “I don’t know. I did my best, but I don’t know.”

**The Doctor’s Treatment Failed**

 A week later, the king has his doctor come to examine his finger, which had gotten all red and infected. The doctor prescribed some antibiotic ointment, but it didn’t help. Two weeks later, the king was furious. “My finger is green!” He yelled at his doctor. “And it looks like the infection is moving to my arm!!”

 The doctor sighed and said, “Okay, as I feared, we’re going to have to amputate.” He performed the surgery, and the king woke up and looked at his missing pinky and decided he would teach his doctor a lesson. In a rage, the king threw the doctor into his dungeon and declared, “Because my finger turned green, you will rot and turn green in this dungeon with the rats.”

**The King is Captured by a Group of Savages**

 The next week, the king decided to go on another hunting trip, but this time, he was alone, without his doctor like usual. In the depths of the woods, the king is captured by savages. This particular tribe served their god with human sacrifice. They tied the king up, brought him to the altar, and surrounded him with flowers and vegetables to bring to their god. The whole tribe was singing and dancing and performing rituals. The leader went to cut the king’s head off when he suddenly stopped short. “No good,” he said. “He’s an incomplete sacrifice. He has nine fingers. Untie him, let him go.”

 The king was extremely relieved that his life was saved because of his missing finger. He quickly ran to the dungeon to release his inmate, and he hugged him and kissed him, and said, “You won’t believe it!! I was in the forest, and I was captured, and they were about to chop my head off! And because you took my finger off, my life was saved!! I don’t even know how to thank you.” And the doctor said, “Well then I also have to thank you.” And the king said, “Why do you have to thank me?” The doctor solemnly held up his hands and said, “Because I have ten fingers.”

 Had the king not put the doctor in the dungeon, he would’ve been with the king, and he would’ve been the sacrifice! There are two men in this story, both at the lowest point in their lives. One was in a dungeon left to die, and one had just lost an appendage, and because of both those circumstances—those low points—both men were saved.

 This is what Hashem is all about. Even if *chas veshalom* something bad happens in someone’s life, that very challenge could be the thing that ultimately saves them. Hashem asks us to put our trust in Him every seventh year for *shemitah*, and every seventh day for Shabbat. From this story, we learn that we have to trust in Hashem, because what seems like the worst, is always for the best.

*Reprinted from the Parshat Behar 5782 email of Jack E. Rahmey as taught to him by Rabbi Amram Sananes.*

**The Reluctant Rebbe**

**By**[**Hillel Baron**](https://www.chabad.org/search/keyword_cdo/kid/24128/jewish/Baron-Hillel.htm)



 R’ Aharon of Titov, eldest grandson of the Baal Shem Tov, was exceedingly humble.

 He and his family suffered greatly because he refused to leverage his noble lineage to generate charitable donations, but when the teacher he had hired for his children refused to continue working without pay, R’ Aharon decided to change his ways. After all, he reasoned, he could not allow his children to suffer on account of his piety.

 The impoverished scholar shared his plight with members of his community in Old-Konstantine (Starokostiantyniv), and they quickly came up with a plan to support him. Everyone would contribute a small amount toward the rabbi’s upkeep on a regular basis, and they designated one individual to begin collecting the money immediately.

**Regretted His Having Asked Others for Help**

 After evening services, R’Aharon went over the events of his day and regretted asking others for help instead of placing his trust in G‑d alone. He uttered a small but audible prayer that [G‑d](https://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/aid/433240/jewish/God.htm) should make the townspeople forget their plan to help him, and that he should receive G‑d’s help without having to rely on handouts.

Unbeknownst to him, an older gentleman overheard that prayer. Much to the man’s surprise, the next morning he discovered that indeed everyone had forgotten all about their plan to help R’ Aharon.

 Shortly afterwards, this gentleman was visiting the town of Tetiv (Titov), whose people were in the midst of a terrible epidemic. Many children were sick and dying despite all the efforts of the local doctor, and the townspeople were desperately seeking a spiritual remedy.

 Observing their terrible plight, the visitor suggested the following: Not far from here there is a holy man, a grandson of the Baal Shem Tov, who is suffering from poverty. Invite him to come to your town to pray for the children and be sure to compensate him generously. You will see that in his merit the epidemic will stop.

The townsfolk sent representatives to invite R’ Aharon, but the humble scholar turned them down, saying he could not help. Messengers arrived with larger and larger offers, but still he refused to accompany them back to their village.

**Agreed to Help on the Condition that**

**He Be Brought Back Immediately Afterwards**

 Finally, members of his own community, who knew how much he needed the money, pressured him to reconsider. He agreed, on the condition that the driver bring him back immediately, without even unhitching the horses.

 And so, it was. As soon as R’ Aharon’s coach rolled into town, the illness abated, and the townspeople crowded around him—each one clutching a note asking him to pray for them as well as a few coins for charity.

 But R’ Aharon hopped back onto the coach without taking any money and asked the driver to bring him home. The people begged him to stay with them to celebrate but he refused.

 The wise older man, who had been watching the entire scene unfold, suggested that the grateful townsfolk follow R’ Aharon home and join him in his hometown for Shabbat.

 They spent a glorious Shabbat with R’ Aharon and begged him to become their spiritual leader.

 After some thought, R’ Aharon concluded that since he had not made any effort to reach out to this community, it must be the will of G‑d, and he acceded to their request. R’ Aharon moved with his family to Titov, the town that has been associated with his name ever since.

*“If a person strengthens himself in the service of G‑d, choosing to be fearful of Him and to rely on Him with regard to both Torah and worldly matters … he will be sustained without any exertion or hard work, according to his needs and sustenance, as it is written ‘The L-rd will not starve the soul of the righteous.’ ”*

*Gate of Trust, Kehot Edition, pp. 89-90.*

*Reprinted from the Parshat Behar 5782 website of Chabad.Org*

**The Power of Toiling**

**In Learning Torah**

 A young avreich, married man, who made his home in Ramat Elchanan (Bnei Brak) had a sick child whom he brought to the emergency room of the Beilinson Hospital in Petach Tikvah. Near his child was another child in critical condition, whose secular parents were not dealing well with his grave condition. These parents were desperate for words of encouragement to bolster their hope for a positive outcome.

 They turned to the observant couple for answers. The answer they received was bitchu b’Hashem, trust in the Almighty, because only He has the answers. The observant couple attempted to use this opportunity to somehow assuage the secular couple’s feelings concerning observance. Who knows if a positive change on the part of the parents would not elicit a favourable Heavenly response for their child? After hours of discussion between the two fathers, the secular father expressed an interest in pursuing a religious lifestyle. The subject turned to Torah study, whereby Shmuel (the avreich) described the beauty and satisfaction one derives from learning Torah. He went on to laud those whose lives are centered around Torah, who spend night and day engrossed in Torah study. In fact, young men spend their complete days and most of their nights delving into the Torah.

 At this point, the other father put his foot down, “I do not believe that men who have other things to do lock themselves up in their bais hamedrash and just learn. They have to have a life. (He did not realise that learning Torah is their definition of life.) Can you tell me one yeshivah where young men are studying way into the wee hours of the morning? If you take me to a yeshivah when a minyan of students are learning – I will become observant.”

 Shmuel looked at the clock and saw that it was 2:00 am. He was not certain that he would be successful, but it was worth a try.



 The closest yeshivah was Ponovezh in Bnei Brak. By the time they would arrive, it would be 2:30 am. He himself had been a talmid of Ponovezh. What did he have to lose? He hoped that he would find a handful of bachurim sitting and learning. They arrived at the yeshivah and, with a pounding heart, Shmuel nervously opened the bais hamedrash doors.

 How astonished they both were to be greeted by not ten – but fifty bnei Torah all involved in rischa d’oraisa, the heat of the Torah, arguing back and forth to understand its secrets. The secular Jew stood there, mesmerised by the scene. He had never seen yeshivah students learning – and certainly not at 2:30am. Fifty students! “Ani chozeir b’teshuvah, I will change my life and become observant,” he declared. If this is what Torah can do to a person, he wanted in. He wanted his son to be like these young men. The man stuck to his word and became a full shomer Torah u’mitzvos. His son? Hashem sent him a refuah sheleimah. The entire family transformed as a result of witnessing ameilus ba’Torah.

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

**The Unexpected Fruits of Trying to Help Another Jew**

 Vaad L’Hatzolas Nidchei Yisroel is an organization founded in the late 1970’s for the purpose of restoring traditional Jewish life and culture in the countries formerly part of the Soviet Union. Originally, the Vaad conducted clandestine missions all over the communist empire, which brought about the refusenik movement.

**Taking Advantage of the**

**Collapse of the Soviet Union**

 Today, with the collapse of the Soviet Union, the Vaad is committed to the establishment of an infrastructure in many Jewish communities in these countries, to revive Jewish life by operating schools, kindergartens, kollels, shuls, mikvaos, provide kosher food, senior citizen centers, recreational centers and summer camps. To this end, the Vaad also conducts a series of seminars and lectures on Jewish topics, delivered by international educators. One of those educators, R’ Yechiel Michel Chill shlit’a, the long-time 11th-grade Rebbi in Breuers (Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch High School for Boys), was sent by the Vaad L’Hatzolas Nidchei Yisroel to the Former Soviet Union (FSU) on numerous occasions, to serve as their emissary.

**Meeting a Russian Student Named Moshe**

 On one of his trips to Moscow, Rabbi Chill met a Russian student named Moshe and spent many hours talking to him about the basics of Judaism. As they parted warmly, Rabbi Chill told Moshe to call him if he was ever in the States. About six months later, Rabbi Chill received a call from Moshe, who told him that he had been granted an exit visa and was now an exchange student at Cornell University in upstate Ithaca, N.Y.

 Moshe sadly related how his Tefillin had been confiscated by a vindictive border guard as he left the FSU, and additionally, he was without any kosher food in Ithaca and had no clue where to find some. R’ Yechiel Michel called his friend Rabbi Tzvi Goodman and together they purchased a new set of Tefillin for Moshe, a Russian-language siddur and other pertinent reading material, and loaded up a car with enough kosher food for a month, before embarking on the four-hour drive to Ithaca. After two hours of seeing what they could do to help orient Moshe, the two men traveled back to Monsey, where Rabbi Chill lived, arriving late at night.

**Telling His Students of His Mission to Ithaca**

 The next morning, R’ Yechiel Michel told his students in Breuers about his exhausting trip to Ithaca the previous day, in the hope that his story might one day serve as an example to his students as to how far one should go to help a fellow Jew. A year later, a student by the name of Jeremy Strauss, who had been in Rabbi Chill’s class the preceding year, rushed into the classroom on a Sunday morning and told him the following incredible anecdote.

 The Strauss family lives in Engelwood and on Shabbos, he and his father had noticed an unfamiliar young man sitting in the back of their shul. They invited him home for the Shabbos meal. At the meal, he told them he was a recent baal teshuva, beginning his journey towards religious observance just a few weeks ago.

 When they asked him what had triggered his sudden interest in Yiddishkeit, he explained that he was a student at Cornell University and at the end of the previous spring semester, he had been given a newly arrived Russian roommate for two nights.

**Two Important Looking Rabbis**

 The new roommate, named Moshe, had seemed totally lost and out of place. “Suddenly,” said the baal teshuva, “two important looking rabbis showed up loaded with food and books for Moshe.

 “I kept thinking all night that I had never seen anything like this. I must find out more about a religion that creates such love for a fellow Jew. I began looking into what Judaism is all about and that’s where my road to being observant began!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Behar 5782 email of Rabbi Dovid Hoffman’s Torah Tavlin.*

**Don’t Forget the Hamin!**

**By Rabbi David Sutton**



 There was once a family that was hosting a bar mitzvah in a hotel, and the mother called Rav Simcha Wasserman ahead of time to discuss with him several aspects of the celebration. She was surprised when the Rabbi asked what the menu would be.

 After hearing the menu, the Rabbi asked her, “What about hamin [the cholent]?” The woman explained that many of the guests come from a more modern background and were not accustomed to hamin.

 The Rabbi insisted that hamin be served at Shabbat lunch – even though he would not be attending the bar mitzvah – and so the woman called the caterer and asked that hamin be added to the menu.

**One of the Guests Suddenly Began Crying**

 In the middle of the meal, one of the guests (or, according to a different version of the story, a housekeeper of one of the guests) suddenly began to cry. When asked about why she cried, she explained that her parents had placed her with a Christian family during the Holocaust in order to rescue her from the Nazis. Since then, she never had any connection with the Jewish religion. Eating the cholent brought back memories of her childhood, in her parents’ home.

 Once we recognize the long-term impact of the Shabbat experience, we will want to invest more time and effort into preparing for it. No time spent preparing for Shabbat is wasted. Whether it’s the flowers, the tablecloth, the food, or any of the other seemingly “trivial” aspects of Shabbat, the truth is that there is nothing “trivial” about it, because the effects endure for generations.

Reprinted in the Parshat Behar 5782 email of iTorah.com

**The Year that the Locusts Attacked the Fields**

**Near Petach Tikvah**

 HaGaon Rav Yitzchak Arieli, author of ‘Aynayim LaMishpat’, writes an eye-witness account of an incident that happened about a hundred years ago in Eretz Yisroel, and the Brachah attached to those who keep Shemitah. The story took place and Petach Tikvah and Rav Yitzchak Arieli writes:

 “I was a young boy and I lived in Petach Tikvah, which was then a new settlement. With much pain, during a Shemitah year, many farmers relied on the Heter [permissibility] to sell their fields in Shemitah to a non-Jew so they could work the fields like any other year.

 “Except for one field, which belonged to the Tzadik Rav Zev Shachor, who left his field uncultivated according to the holy Torah. The field was surrounded by signs that said ‘Hefker’, ownerless, and anyone who wanted could go in and take its fruit.

 “I remember people telling Rav Zev, ‘You are throwing away your money,’ and he would respond, ‘You should know that my intent when buying this field was to be able to fulfill all the Mitzvos that are dependent on the land, and you wonder why I am meticulous about properly keeping the Mitzvah of Shemitah?!’

 “That year there was a terrible plague of locusts throughout the area. I saw with my own eyes how the locusts devoured all the produce in the fields and even ate the bark off the trees. The owners stood and cried as they were unable to stop the devastation. Swarms of locusts flew in by the thousands.

 “The skies were frighteningly dark from the swarms, which were accompanied by the loud noise of the chirping of the locusts. The swarms of locusts would descend on one field, and in a short time all the produce would be devoured. They would then continue to the next field and destroy its produce in a matter of minutes.

 “I testify that I saw how the locusts passed from field to field, and when they reached the field of Rav Zev Shachor, to the amazement of everyone, the swarm rose up, skipped over his field, and landed in the field behind it. Only the field of Rav Zev, who properly kept the Mitzvah of Shemitah, the swarm did not come close!”

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

**Yidden Love to be Kind**

 Mr. and Mrs. Gross,\* from Monsey, New York, were on their way to the American Dream Mall. They went first to eat in a restaurant located in Wesley Hills, NY. As they were leaving the restaurant, a woman came over to them and told them that she came from Moldova with her children, and her husband was left behind. She asked them if they could do some shopping for her.

 They weren’t one hundred percent sure if her story was accurate but nevertheless, they decided they were going to help her. They shopped in Wesley Kosher for about fifteen minutes and purchased many things that she needed. Finally, they hit the road. When they got to the mall, it was closed due to a shooting incident that took place ten minutes before! The mall was in lockdown mode and the people who were inside at the time of the shooting were locked in for six hours! Due to the unbelievable kindness that they showed another Yid, they were spared from so much agmas nefesh!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Kedoshim 5782 email of The Spring Hill Times.*

**The Gabbai’s Unique**

**Form of Forgiveness**

 A wealthy man came to the Chidushei HaRim zt'l to request a brachah for children. Reb Bunim z'l (the Chidushei HaRim's gabai) greeted the wealthy guest and told him that the Rebbe wasn't available to see people at the moment.

 The wealthy visitor became angry with Reb Bunim and smacked him across the face. Reb Bunim went to the Chidushei HaRim, and without saying any names, told him what happened. "Why do I deserve this?" he complained. "I'm simply trying to keep order in your court so people shouldn't disturb you at all hours of the day." Later that day, Reb Bunim told the wealthy visitor that the Rebbe was ready to see him. When the rich person entered the Rebbe's room, the Chidushei HaRim immediately understood that he was the person who smacked the gabai. The Chidushei HaRim said, "I will not see you until you ask Reb Bunim forgiveness." The wealthy man asked Reb Bunim for forgiveness, but Reb Bunim told the Chidushei HaRim, "I will not forgive him until the Rebbe promises him healthy, erlicher children." The Rebbe responded, "Since you requested it, I promise that he will have a healthy child within a year." A year later, this person's first child was born.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Kedoshim 5782 email of Torah Wellsprings: Collected Thoughts from Rabbi Eli Biderman.*