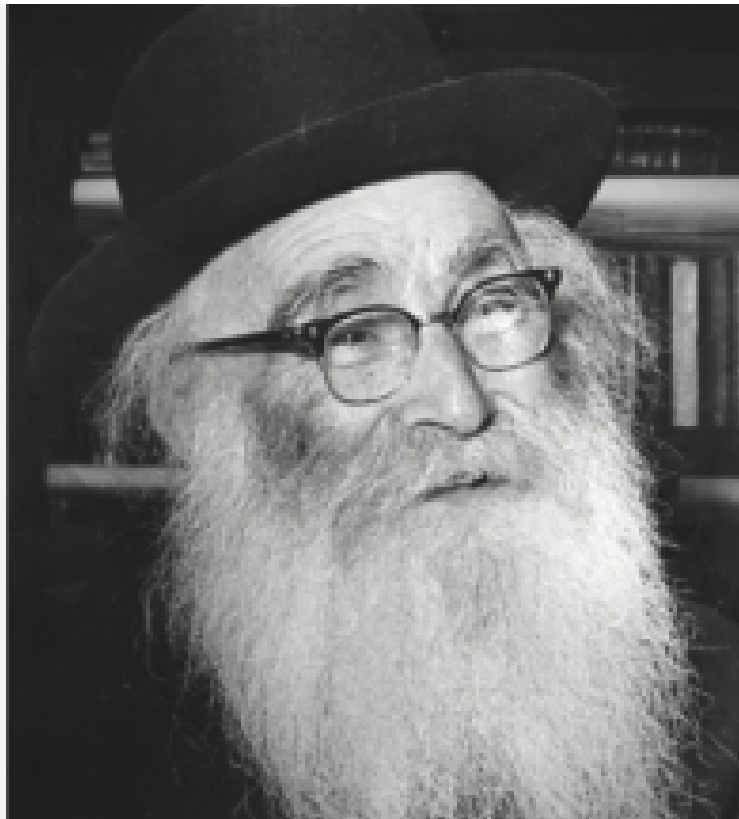


SHABBOS STORIES FOR PARSHAS VAYIKRA 5786

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Dollars and Sense

By Rabbi Pesach Krohn



Rav Aryeh Levine

In Jerusalem many years ago, some Jewish stores in a particular area were open on Shabbat. Rabbis and lay leaders tried to convince the proprietors to close their stores before sunset Friday afternoon. Eventually, they were successful with all the storekeepers except one. But no amount of pleading or pressure could get this particular Jewish grocer to close his store. Business was good, and to his mind, profits outweighed any regard he may have had for Shabbat observance.

R' Aryeh Levine heard about the obstinate grocer and was pained that a fellow Jew would willfully desecrate the Shabbat. One Friday afternoon, R' Aryeh dressed early for Shabbat and went to the store. It was well before sunset when R' Aryeh entered the shop. He walked quietly through the shop eyeing the goods on the shelves and watching the brisk flow of customers and purchasers. He sat down on a chair near the back of the store and observed the activity.

The owner recognized R' Aryeh but didn't say anything to him thinking that perhaps the elderly Rabbi was resting and would soon be on his way to shul. As sunset drew near, however, the grocer wondered why R' Aryeh made no effort to go. He began to feel a bit uncomfortable at the great Rabbi's presence in his store so close to Shabbat. The proprietor was busy with his customers, but every once in a while, he would steal a glance at R' Aryeh. Finally, the grocer approached R' Aryeh and said, "Rabbi, I see you have been here for a while already. Can I do something for you?"

R' Aryeh stood up, and after exchanging pleasantries, said to the grocer, "I heard that you keep your store open on Shabbat. I know that others have spoken to you about it, but I wanted to come and see for myself how difficult it is for you to close for the holy Shabbat. Now I know without a doubt how hard it is for you to close and give up so much business. Honestly, I feel for you but what can I say? Shabbat is Shabbat."

The grocer was silent for a moment and tears welled up in his eyes. He said, "My dear Rabbi, you are the only one who took time to come out here to see the situation from my point of view. It means so much to me that you came to my store. Everyone else just criticized me from a distance." Warmly, he shook R' Aryeh's hand and said, "I promise you that I will do what I can to see if I can close the store on Shabbat."

R' Aryeh wished the grocer Shabbat Shalom. Within weeks, the store was closed by sunset every Friday afternoon.

Reprinted from the Parshat Tesaveh/Purim 5786 email of Rabbi David Bibi's Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace. Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – "Along the Maggid's Journey."

Our Treasure



R' Hillel Eisenberg shares a story with Torah Anytime that happened in the 90s to a non-religious Jew named Steve Goldman. He had money, came from a wealthy family, and he was a top student in his class at Harvard. After experiencing some medical challenges, he moved to Princeton University where he met and befriended Rabbi Gruman from Bet Medrash Gavoah, New Jersey. Rabbi Gruman invited him for Shabbat, and Steve accepted.

After the Friday night meal, Rabbi Gruman took Steve on a tour throughout the Yeshiva (which at the time was only one building). He showed him the large dining room, the bet medrash and then he brought him downstairs to the basement library, called the *otzer—treasure house*. It was one of those long winter Friday nights, and the room was packed with men learning ancient *sefarim*. The books were piled on every table, many with yellowed pages and taped together. Steve froze. He just stood there staring at the sight.

Saturday night as Steve was about to leave Lakewood, he approached Rabbi Gruman and quietly asked him to go down to the *otzar* one more time. Again, Steve stood there transfixed. Finally, Rabbi Gruman told him that he did not understand. At Harvard and Princeton Steve had access to the most perfect, prestigious and largest collections of books and resources. Why is he getting so overwhelmed with a basement full of falling apart books?

Steve looked at him and said the most powerful words. “At Harvard when you go into the library I see people reading books. Here I see people living them.”

That is what Torah is, a way of life. It is not just a subject, culture or nostalgia. Torah is life; It is what the world is built around. That is why we learn even when it is uncomfortable and inconvenient for us. Torah is not what we do it is who we are. That is the secret to Jewish survival after so many have tried to kill us all. No matter how twisted and dark this world gets, there will always be a Jew somewhere learning Torah. We live the Torah to keep it alive.

Reprinted from the Parshat Tetsaveh 5786 email of Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes.

A Story of the Radal

By Rabbin Reuven Semah

The following is a story about Rabbi David Luria, the *Radal*. The *Radal* was once arrested by the Czarist government on trumped-up charges, and was brought to court to face a panel of judges. As he stood before them, the judges began discussing his case in French, assuming that a “backward” Jewish Rabbi would certainly not be familiar with this modern language.

However, the *Radal* was in fact fluent in French, and he took a few steps backwards so as not to overhear their conversation. When the judges noticed that he had stepped back, they became incensed at him, and one judge screamed, “You insolent Jew! Don’t you realize that you are on trial for your life! How dare you step back before this tribunal without our permission!”

The *Radal* replied, “Your honor, please excuse me for stepping back without permission. You see, I did not think it was respectful for me to listen to your deliberations in French, in which I am fluent.”

The judges were stunned by his honesty and decency, especially since they were discussing his fate and he could have benefitted greatly from knowing what they were thinking. Realizing that such a righteous person could not be guilty of the accusations against him, they dropped the charges and released him.

Reprinted from the Parshat Tesaveh/Purim 5786 email of Rabbi David Bibi’s Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.

In the Darkest of Places

By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg



Rabbi Yisrael Meir Altmen once told over an incredible letter he received.

“I work hard to support my family,” the man wrote. “But despite my demanding schedule, I carve out *four hours* each day to learn with a dedicated *chavrusa*. That commitment anchors me.”

But then something shifted.

“I can’t share the details,” he continued. “All I’ll tell you is that I fell...and then I fell deeper. One day, I caught myself and realized that if I didn’t somehow stop from falling further, there would be no end to my descent.”

He tried to pull himself back, and it helped. But only for a while. The struggle felt impossible to overcome.

“I knew my efforts meant something to Hashem,” he wrote, “yet I saw no fruit.”

Then came the moment that changed everything.

One day, while he was riding on an Egged bus, the driver suddenly turned on music. Unexpectedly, the song playing was quoting *Tehillim*: “*Keili, Keili, lama azavtani — My Hashem, my Hashem, why have You abandoned me?*”

To this day, the writer of the letter does not know why that non-religious driver was playing that particular song. But he knows why he heard it.

“It struck something so deep; it shook my very essence. With tears streaming down my cheeks, I began pleading, ‘Why have You abandoned me?!’”

And then, in the middle of his own cry, clarity broke through.

“Abandoned me? That cannot be. I still have clothing on my back. There is food in my pantry. My heart is beating. And if all that is so, then Hashem has not left me.

“And if Hashem is still there for me, then I must still be there for Him.”

He began repeating those words quietly, again and again. He thought he was composed — until someone tapped his shoulder and asked if everything was OK. He realized his emotional moment had been more apparent to others than he thought.

But something inside him had shifted.

“I continued internalizing the message,” he wrote. “I felt comforted knowing that no matter how far I had fallen, Hashem had not moved. I may have distanced myself, but He has not distanced Himself.”

He missed his bus stop that day. But as he later reflected, “I knew I was still heading toward my destination.”

Purim was approaching, and its message — that even in concealment, Hashem’s presence is unwavering — became deeply personal. What began as a song of anguish became a declaration of connection. What began in darkness ended with clarity.

After receiving the letter, Rabbi Yisrael Meir called the man to hear firsthand about his change. He later remarked that the call not only allowed him to witness the impact, but it had made an equal impact on him as well.

Perhaps that is the quiet lesson.

Sometimes, we feel we have fallen too far. Sometimes, we cry out. “Why have You abandoned me?” Yet, the very breath with which we cry out is proof that we are not alone.

We may miss a stop along the way. But if we remember Who is still traveling with us, we are never off course.

Reprinted from the recent email of Zichru Toras Moshe – Issue #245

The \$100,000 Lunch

R' Nosson Einfeld, Rosh Yeshiva of Yeshivas Beer Sheva, once met a traveler searching for a kosher place to eat and warmly escorted him to the yeshiva dining room, personally serving him lunch.

Unaware of his host's identity, the visitor offered \$5 for what he assumed was a cafeteria meal, then \$20 when it was refused. R' Einfeld gently declined, saying, "Our father Avrohom lived in Beer Sheva and welcomed wayfarers to his inn—you have come to such an inn. It is our pleasure to serve you."

As they spoke, the guest revealed he was a wealthy man who had come to Israel intending to donate significantly to a yeshiva. "I have found that yeshiva," he said, later explaining that it was R' Einfeld's sincere, unconditional kindness that inspired his generosity.

After returning home he kept in touch, and eight months later a telegram informed R' Einfeld that the man had passed away; in his will he bequeathed \$100,000 to Yeshivas Beer Sheva—all because of one genuine act of selfless *chessed*. (More Shabbos Stories)

Reprinted from the Parshas Tetzaveh 5786 email of The Weekly Vort.

What the Dubno Magid Saw

Rav Meilech Biderman said that the Chofetz Chaim, zt"l, would tell the following story: The Dubno Magid, zt"l, once met a blind widower who was walking with his son in the streets of Vilna. Most people didn't pay much attention to them, but the Dubno Magid greeted them, and spoke with them.

They told him about their great poverty, how their home wasn't heated, and that they didn't have food. The Dubno Magid took them into his home so they could warm up, and he gave them something to eat.

The Dubno Magid noticed that the son was very wise, so he hired a private Rebbe to teach him Torah. From that day on they became part of the Dubno Magid's household. Even years later, after the blind father was Niftar, the Dubno Magid continued paying for the child's Rebbe.

This child grew up to become Rav Shlomo Kluger, zt"l, one of the Gedolei

HaDor, whose Torah illuminates the world until today. The Chofetz Chaim would say, “Many people saw the blind pauper with his son walking around the streets of Vilna. They shook their heads and said ‘Nebach! What a Rachmanus!’ and that’s about all.

But the Dubno Magid took action. He showed concern, fed them, and paid for a Rebbe for the child. If the Dubno Magid hadn’t helped them out, the Jewish nation

would have lost a Gadol B’Yisroel. We must learn from this to grab opportunities to do Chesed, because you can never know what you will accomplish if you put in the effort!”

Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5786 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.

The Importance of Making a Brocha in a Chassidishe Home

By Rabbi Sholom DovBer Avtzon



Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka Schneerson

In the early chof’s (1960s), the custom that a group of Bochorim (students) from Eretz Yisroel come and learn by the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe (Rabbi Menachem

Mendel Schneerson) for a year, began. To those Bochorim who merited to be part of the kevutzah (group) it was a wish and yearning coming true, they are finally able to see the Rebbe with their own eyes, and not through a picture (or a video which was a rarity in those days), but to stand in his presence and see and hear him.

One of those that came in those first few years, was a young man whose parents grew up in Russia, in the province of Poltava. In their home, they often discussed aspects of the Rebbe's courtyard, where in addition to his house there was the Shul, and Yeshiva as well as other buildings.

While he was thrilled beyond description to have this tremendous zechus (merit) to see the Rebbe and stand close to him, however, his wish was not complete. He also wanted to see the Rebbe's house, just as his father and grandfather had seen the house of the Frierdiker Rebbe and the Rebbe Rashab.

His fortune was that one of his close relatives had the merit from time to time, to help out in the Rebbe's house. He ran over to this relative and asked (almost as a demand), if he could please bring him into the Rebbe's house the next time he goes there. To his dismay his cousin told him, I'm sorry, but that is not how it works. No one but no one, is allowed into the house without explicit permission of the Rebbetzin [Chaya Mushka Schneerson]. However, there are sometimes I am allowed to bring somebody in, and that is when there is a job that I cannot do on my own.

Being that you are my relative, the next time such a situation occurs I will ask the Rebbetzin if I could bring in someone who I know to help me. This satisfied him as he realized that his relative is going out of his way to arrange it for him but he's doing it a manner that is appropriate. Sometime passed, maybe weeks or months, and his relative came to him and said tomorrow there is going to be a curbside delivery of an air conditioner to the Rebbe's house.

Being that it is beyond my ability to carry it in on my own I asked the Rebbetzin if I could get someone to assist me and she replied yes. So, you should be ready at this time to help me bring it in. The bochor was in the Seventh Heaven, he is finally going to have the zechus and ability to enter the Rebbe's house.

At the appropriate time he came and helped his relative carry it into the house and place it next to the window where it would be installed the following day. While he was walking his eyes looked in every direction trying to remember and take in as much as his eyes could see and remember from the few rooms that he was able to see.

As they were about to leave the Rebbetzin came into the room and asked him, “Vei’mins bist du - who are your parents? When he mentioned his parents’ name, the Rebbetzin said, “I remember that when I was growing up and they discussed the Chassidim of the Poltova region your family was discussed.”

She then continued and said to the two people, Bochurim’lach - Students (young men) I left some food in the kitchen., I will not be around there in order that you should not be uncomfortable eating.

I don’t know why, but for whatever reason that bochur felt that he had to reply, and said, I was raised in the chassidishe house, and I was taught that one should not eat in the Rebbe’s house. [Author’s note: Probably meaning, don’t make yourself too comfortable there, or in other words, remember that the Rebbe is Rebbe and not just a great tzaddik.]

The Rebbetzin replied, I too was raised in a chassidishe house, and I was taught (or my father taught me) that when we enter someone’s house, you are to leave a brocha, meaning say a brocha.

Obviously, they went into the kitchen and said the appropriate brochos.

From then on until now, whenever he enters someone else’s house, he makes sure to say a brocha.

Reprinted from the Parshas Yisro 5786 email of Rabbi Avtzon’s Weekly Story.

It Never Happened!

Three weeks after his wedding, a young kollel fellow, a talmid chacham of note, decided to meet his wife during lunchbreak at her parents’ home. He arrived before his wife and, as soon as he opened the door, he was welcomed by his mother-in-law spewing a torrent of abuse. She screamed at him, calling him every negative adjective she could think of. He did not respond. He just stood there respectfully, as she continued dumping her vitriol on him.

Clearly, something was wrong with her that day. He was not going to fight with her. On the other hand, lunch was on the table; he was hungry and needed nourishment to learn. He sat down quickly, ate lunch and left before his wife arrived.

He could not reconcile himself to what had just occurred. Who knew if it would happen again? If his mother-in-law was unhinged, it could happen again in public. He decided that this marriage was not for him. Since he was, after all, a ben

Torah, he decided to discuss his decision with his Rebbe, one of the tzadikim of Yerushalayim (second half of the twentieth century) to inform him of his decision.

HoRav Elya Roth, zl, listened, then asked, “Who else was in the house at the time?”

“No one,” replied the fellow.

“No one at all?” reiterated Rav Elya.

“Absolutely not a soul.”

“If that is the case,” said Rav Elya, “the entire incident was a dream, a figment of your imagination. Forget about it. It never happened.”

The fellow returned home and did not divulge anything that had occurred that day to his wife. It was just “another day.” Two weeks later, he had occasion to return to his in-laws’ home, and the only one at home was his mother-in-law. He imagined that he would now have a repeat performance of his “dream.” He was wrong. His mother-in-law was apologetic, saying that she did not know what had gotten into her that day. How could she speak so negatively and abuse a gifted talmid chacham?

“I have no idea what you are talking about. You must have dreamt this all, because I am certain that it never happened.”

The mother-in-law believed him and said, “You are correct. It must have been a dream. Something so bizarre could never have occurred.”

Sometimes it is best that we transform reality into a dream. It is healthier that way. At the bris of this “young” fellow’s great, great-grandson, the now elderly Jew related this story. He was now a grandfather to hundreds of grandchildren, great-grandchildren and had even lived to see a fourth generation. All because he had listened and did not speak, so that he transformed reality into a dream. That dream transformed his life.

Reprinted from the Parshas Tetzaveh 5786 email of Peninim on the Torah, a project of the Hebrew Academy of Cleveland as compiled and edited by Rabbi L. Scheinbaum.

A Sefer Brought Down from Heaven

By Yehuda Z Klitnick

Harav Rabbi Simcha Bunim Bonhardt the Grand Rabbi of Peshischa (Przysucha, Poland) (born in the year 5525 – 12 Elul 5587) His classic Sefer is called “Kol Simcha”. He was the main student and successor of Rebbe Yaakov Yitzchak Rabinowitz the Yehudi Ha-Kadosh who passed away 19 Tishrei 5574, until his passing in 5587, he led the Peshischa movement of Chassidic thought. He believed that authenticity and self-honesty were the foundation of true piety and that the pursuance of authenticity, the Middah of Emes, should always take over the situation.

His students were Harav Menachem Mendel, the Rebbe of Kotzk, who authored his Sefer “Amud HaEmes” the pillar of Emes, which is studied in depth by all the crowds of Yidden. The other students were: the Chidushei Harim of Ger, Reb Yaakov Dovid of Amshinov, The Zychliner Rebbe, Rabbi Chanoch Henach of Aleksander, Rabbi Yitzchok of Vurka, Rabbi Avrohom Borenstein of Sochatchov, The Avnei Nezer, Reb Yaakov Aryeh of Radzymin, Reb Yehuda Leib Eiger of Lublin, Reb Mendel of Strikov, Reb Dovid of Lelov, Rav Yechezkel of Kuzmir and Reb Mordechai Yosef of Izhbitza-Radzin.

Reb Simcha Bunim was once sitting and learning the Laws of honoring a Talmid Chacham, and was greatly puzzled by the statement the Rema in Shulchan Aruch, Yoreh De'ah, In Yoreh De'ah 243:2, the Rema brings the ruling of the Terumas HaDeshen (342), which states that the Talmudic ruling (Bava Kamma 8:6) that one who embarrasses a Talmid Chacham is obligated to pay a Litra of gold no longer applies in his time that in our times because there are no Talmide Chachamim — how could that be?

Rabbi Simcha Bunim thought to himself: I was very close the Chozeh of Lublin, the Yehudi Ha-Kadosh of Peshischa and others, and from what I could tell of their great knowledge of learning, could it be that they are not to be considered Talmide Chachamim?

While Rabbi Simcha Bunim was dwelling over this difficult question, a small child entered — the daughter of the holy Rabbi R' Yerachmiel of Peshischa — holding a copy of the Sefer Shevet Musar by the great Rabbi Eliyahu Haitmari, the Kohen of Izmir, and she handed the book to Rabbi Simcha Bunim.

When Rabbi Bunim took the Shevet Musar in his hand he noticed that a page had been folded over to mark a particular passage. He opened to that passage and found that it was written there, “Even in these days there is a Talmid Chacham who possesses all the qualifications that define a Talmid Chacham.”

Rabbi Simcha Bunim was overjoyed; his eyes began to shine. He marveled how the Rebbe Reb Yerachmiel had read his mind, and had sent him the Sefer Shevet Musar by his child. A few days later Rabbi Simcha Bunim met Rabbi Yerachmiel and asked him why he had sent the Shevet Musar with his daughter, and why he had marked that specific place for him to read.

Rabbi Yerachmiel stood there astonished and said that he knew nothing about any of this. He had not sent the book and therefore had not marked any passage. Soon they called for the child to come over and Rabbi Simcha Bunim asked her who had given her the Sefer to bring to him.

The daughter of Rabbi Yerachmiel recounted: she was walking outside of her house when an elderly holy looking Yid approached her and gave her the Sefer... And he told her:

"Go straight to the Rebbe, Rabbi Simcha Bunim, and give him the Sefer, since he is waiting for it." And so she did.

Rabbi Simcha Bunim exclaimed in awe: "I am sure that Eliyahu Hanavi Zachor Latov - be remembered for good — was the one who sent the important Sefer through her in order to benefit me. After Rabbi Simcha Bunim, came to himself, he reflected: How did the Sefer Shevet Musar come to the hands of Eliyahu Hanavi? After all, he did not take away the Sefer from another person! From this we learn that Eliyahu did not take the book from this planet. It was sent by Hashem, with the page folded, to show its endorsement of the Halacha, that in our days there are Talmidei Chachamim, and it surely came from Heaven. All this was to show that my Rebbe's were indeed Talmidei Chachamim!"

We also learn from this episode how great and important the Sefer is in Heaven, that they agreed to his opinion. The Sefer was kept sacred as a treasure in the library of Rabbi Simcha Bunim, and his Talmid, Rabbi Chanoch Henach the Rebbe of Aleksander, used to always relate that he had seen the Sefer that Rabbi Simcha Bunim received from Eliyahu, and he also at times studied from it, and felt great holiness in the Sefer.

Reprinted from the Parshas Tetzaveh 5786 email of Pardes Yehuda.

It Didn't Take a Rocket Scientist

As Told by Kalman Shor



Kalmon Shor learning at a yeshiva in Morristown, NJ in 1972

My mother came from a Lubavitcher family, that had lived in the chasidic village of Schedrin for generations, and arrived in America with her mother in the 1920s, when she was a little girl. They had intended to go to Brownsville, Brooklyn, but they took the wrong boat and wound up in Brownsville, Texas. Seeing that they didn't belong there, the immigration authorities deported them across the border, and they had to hitchhike 1,000 kilometers to Mexico City. They spent the next few years there, until they straightened out their papers and made it to Brownsville — in New York.

Meanwhile, my father was a Gerrer chasid from Poland. He survived the war as a slave laborer, first in the local munitions factory and then in Germany, and was eventually liberated from the Buchenwald concentration camp. After spending a couple of years in a Displaced Persons' camp, he made it to the United States. They married in 1952, and I was born a year later.

When the time came, because of my parents' different backgrounds, there was a discussion about which school I would go to. My grandmother immediately said that I should go to Lubavitch, and ultimately my father agreed. So, I went to Lubavitcher Yeshiva for elementary school and high school. There was no such thing as a "gap year" in those days, but after high school I spent a year studying Torah full-time at the Tomchei Tmimim yeshivah on Ocean Parkway, in Flatbush.

Now, both of my parents came from completely religious homes, and had no doubts about raising me to be observant on a day-to-day basis. However, even though the Rebbe would often discourage yeshivah students from attending college, they came to the conclusion that I needed to go to college after yeshivah.

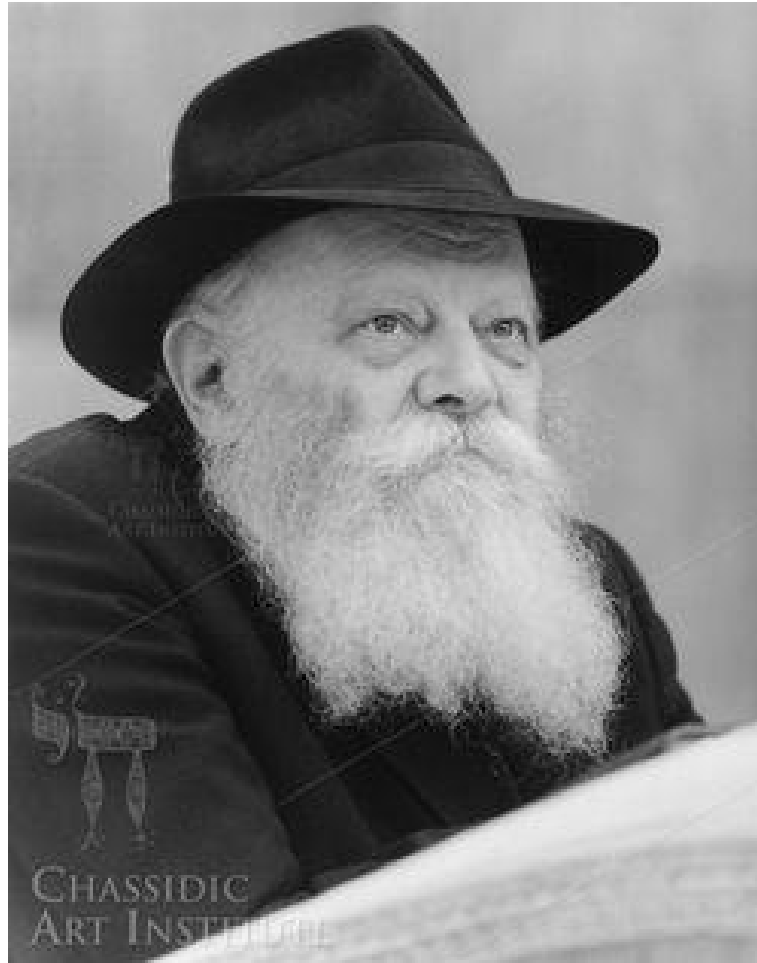
My grandmother had been widowed back in Russia and remarried after coming to America. Her second husband was a Lubavitcher, and his son — my mother's step-brother — was a Torah-observant professor of engineering at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. He also worked for NASA, on the Mercury and Gemini space programs.

"Sender Yona went to college, and he's a religious Jew," his father, my mother's step-father, told me. "And you're at least as bright as Sender Yona," he added, which may or may not have been true.

I was a good boy, so I agreed to try and get into aeronautical engineering, but I wasn't going to do anything until I received the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe's (Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson, zt"l,) blessing. Meanwhile, my father had fallen seriously sick. He had been hospitalized for a number of health issues, mostly connected to his heart and lungs, but his condition deteriorated to the point that the doctors said that there wasn't a lot they could do for him. "Let him go home," they basically said, "and whatever happens, happens."

In early 1971, in honor of my birthday, I was able to have an audience with the Rebbe. I prepared a note for the Rebbe beforehand in which I wrote about my father's condition, of course, and about college. I didn't even ask whether I should go to college; it was a given that I would go. I just wrote what my parents wanted for me and assumed that the Rebbe would give his blessing.

Preparing me for the audience, my friends told me that the Rebbe would look at me when I came into his room, and then read my note while marking it up with a pencil. Then he would answer me, and watch me as I walked out of the room. But when I opened the door and walked in, at about 2:00 AM, I noticed that the Rebbe was looking down, his beard pressed against his jacket. Without picking up his head, the Rebbe took my note from me, made his marks, and asked me whether I was called up to the Torah that past Shabbat — as is the Chabad custom before a birthday. He then gave me a blessing for success and a blessing for my father as well.



The Lubavitcher Rebbe, zt"l

Then, the volume of his voice picking up suddenly and dramatically, he added: “You should go to learn in a yeshivah next year, and that will help your father, too!” He said those words so forcefully, he was practically yelling. He was still looking down, but I understood that the meeting was over, and so I backed out of the room.

I took the Q train to Brighton Beach, where we lived at the time, and got home at about 3:00 AM. Everybody was asleep, so I went straight to bed. By the time I woke up late the next morning, neither of my parents were home. My father owned a butcher’s shop, which my mother had taken over during his illness, so I went there and asked her about my father.

“Do you know what happened?” she asked. I didn’t. “He’s better!”

I did a double take. “What?” My father had woken up that morning feeling fine, and went straight to the doctor to get everything checked out. He was still at the doctor’s office when I went to the store. The Rebbe had told me that I should go to yeshivah and that would help my father — and it was as though I received

the reward before I even did anything. It wasn't a complete recovery, but we did have a few more years with him, until his passing five years later.

For some reason, I decided not to tell my parents what the Rebbe had said; I only told them that I was going to yeshivah for another year — without putting it on the Rebbe. At that moment, keeping this information to myself seemed like the right thing to do. They weren't thrilled that I wasn't going to college, but I did what I had to do, and the next year I went to the Tomchei Temimim yeshivah in Morristown, New Jersey.

By the end of that year, I decided that I wanted to stay in yeshivah for longer, and when my next birthday rolled around, in 1972, I came for another audience with the Rebbe. This time, when I knocked on the door and walked in, the Rebbe was looking at me with the warmest smile I ever saw. He watched me as I walked from the door to his desk, smiling all the while — except for when he looked down to read the note I handed to him. Even when he answered me, he smiled as he spoke. The Rebbe actually talked to me for a while, and several times, I heard the door open and close, as the secretary checked in to make sure that I wasn't just eating up everyone else's time. When it was finally time for me to leave, the Rebbe kept on smiling at me as I walked all the way to the door.

In the end, I didn't go to college at all. Instead, after I got married, I took a few computer programming courses. I have been in that field since 1981, and things ended up working out just fine. Actually, around the time that I got married and was looking for work, there was a dip in government contracts for aeronautical engineers. So, had I become one — like Sender Yonah — it would not have helped much.

While working as a software engineer, Rabbi Kalman Shor has also been teaching Torah classes and providing other community services at Chabad of Henderson, Nevada, since 2003. He was interviewed in December 2025.

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