

# SHABBOS STORIES FOR PARSHAS VAYECHI 5785

Volume 16, Issue 16 11 Tevet 5785/January 11, 2025

Printed L'illuy nishmas Nechama bas R' Noach, a'h

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

*Past emails can be found on the website – [ShabbosStories.com](http://ShabbosStories.com)*

## To Save a Friend

By Chaya Sarah Silberberg



**The Rebbe of Zvhil and Chaim Shaul Bruk**

Gedalia Moshe Goldman, who later became the Grand Rebbe of Zvhil, and Chaim Shaul Bruk, a renowned Chabad mashpia (mentor), were serving time together in a Soviet prison camp. Their "heinous" crime? Observing and spreading Judaism under the Communist regime.

One Shabbat, the sadistic commandant of the camp called Gedalia Moshe into his office. "I have here the papers for your release," he said as he waved some papers in the air, "and if you sign them now, you will be a free man."

"But it is Shabbat," replied Gedalia Moshe. "I cannot and will not sign on Shabbat."

The commandant – who, of course, knew that Gedalia Moshe wouldn't transgress the Shabbat – shouted, "If you don't sign the papers now you will remain here another eight years!"

"Nevertheless, I will not sign and desecrate the Shabbat."

"Very well," sneered the commandant. "Don't sign. You will be in this prison for eight more years. And we'll see how your G-d will help you..."

"If you don't sign the papers now you will remain here another eight years!" "If my G-d wants to help me, He'll do it without you. And if He wants me to be in this prison eight more years, I will be here eight more years even if you would decide to let me go," replied Gedalia Moshe calmly. "It has nothing to do with you."

The already enraged commandant saw red. He whipped his pistol out of its holster, pointed it at Gedalia Moshe's heart, and screamed "Let's see who will help you now!"

He cocked the gun...

And his daughter walked into the office. She saw her father pointing the gun at Gedalia Moshe and said in a bored voice, "Father, it's a waste of a bullet..."

Slowly the commandant lowered the gun. "Don't think it was your G-d that saved you!" he shouted at Gedalia Moshe who was standing there serenely. "If it hadn't been for my daughter you would be dead meat by now!"

He turned to an aide and yelled to him, "Bring in the other Jew trouble-maker, Chaim Shaul!"

A few moments passed, and Chaim Shaul was standing in the office next to Gedalia Moshe. The commandant made him the same offer as he had to Gedalia Moshe: "Sign these papers and you can go free."

"Of course I can't sign the papers," replied Chaim Shaul, "It's Shabbat, and I don't violate the Shabbat."

"You will remain here another eight years."

"I will not write on Shabbat."

Suddenly Gedalia Moshe said, "Give me the papers. I will sign for him."

The commandant was dumbfounded. "What? You said you wouldn't write on Shabbat! You're going to be here for another eight years! And now you'll sign for him?"

"Of course I wouldn't sign on Shabbat to gain my freedom," Gedalia Moshe replied. "But this is different. I'm strong, and I can withstand the conditions in this prison another eight years. But Chaim Shaul is weaker, and he cannot stand this place any longer. It would be dangerous for him to remain here another eight years.

Give me the papers and let me sign..."

Both men were freed from prison within the next few days.

For after all, it wasn't the commandant who was in control.

*Reprinted from the archives of archives of Chabad.Org*

# Everything is in the Hands of Hashem

Sefer Otzar Hasipurim (Chelek 3, Ois 9) relates that when Rav Aron Leib of Premishlan zy”a (the father of Rav Meir of Premishlan zy”a) was a young man, he was extremely poor. Since he had no money, he was forced to hire himself out as a melamed for the sons of a wealthy man. This man was a miser. Whenever a beggar would ask for tzedakah, he would only give a very small amount.

This bothered Rav Aron Leib a lot, so he told his employer that he should give a larger donation to each poor person and deduct the difference from his salary. Shortly before Rosh Hashanah, when it was time for Aron Leib to return home, he sat down with the householder to calculate how much he was owed for his year of work.

After deducting all the money that was given to tzedakah, however, it was determined that he actually owed the man two gold coins. Since he owed him money, the man took his talis and tefillin as “collateral” to make sure that he paid his debt. As he traveled home, a fellow traveler noticed that he didn’t have his talis and tefillin with him. When he inquired about it, Rav Aron Leib told him that he had to leave it with the baalhabos because he owed him money.

The other traveler immediately gave him two coins to pay back his debt. He ran back to retrieve his talis and tefillin and then continued on his way back home. When he arrived in his town, he was too embarrassed to go home empty-handed. Therefore, he went to the local bais medrash and sat down to learn.

When his wife heard that her husband was there, she sent her son to bring him home. When he walked into his house, he found a gold coin laying on the floor. He said to himself, “If Hashem wants to give me a coin, He can put it into my hand. He doesn’t need to put it on the floor!”

He left the coin on the floor and did not pick it up. A few minutes later, a very wealthy man entered his house to bring him a lot of good food. When he saw the gold coin on the floor, he picked it up and put it in Rav Aron Leib’s hand. He then agreed to take it.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Chayei Sarah 5785 edition of The Way of Emunah: Collected Thoughts from Rabbi Meir Isamar Rosenbaum.*

# Never Stop Davening

By Aharon Spetner



**Illustrated Miri Weinreb**

“Abba,” Moishy said as the Friedman family sat down for supper. “You’re not going to believe this! Remember how I said I was having trouble understanding that sugya in Kiddushin? Well, I’ve been davening to Hashem for help with it every day and today He answered my tefillos!”

“That’s amazing, Moishy,” Abba said, folding his napkin neatly over his lap. “I davened that I should get taller,” Aryeh said. “And yesterday when Ima took me to the doctor he said I grew two inches since last winter!”

“I’m davening for a new bike,” said Yehuda.

**DING DONG!**

“I’ll get it,” Ima said, as everyone turned their heads to see who was at the front door.

“Sign here,” the UPS driver said to Ima, as the Friedmans all stared at the huge box that was just delivered.

“Yehuda, you got a package!” Ima said after the driver had left. “It says it’s from Toras Avigdor!”

Confused, Yehuda walked over to the box and opened the envelope that was taped to it.

“Dear Yehuda,” he read. “As a dedicated reader of Toras Avigdor Junior, you have been entered into our annual raffle, sponsored by the Holtzbacher Family. We are excited to inform you that you won first place! Enjoy your new 72-speed mountain bike!”

Yehuda looked at Ima and Abba, stunned. “Thank you Hashem!” he exclaimed.

After supper, everyone gathered around as Yehuda opened up the box. They had never seen such a fancy bicycle before. It had side-view mirrors, 16 cup-holders, and even a rear-view camera with a screen so you could back up without having to look behind you!

As everyone marveled at the bike, Abba noticed Dovid looking unhappy.

“Is everything okay, Dovid?” he asked.

“It’s just that I davened for a new bike last year for even longer than Yehuda,” Dovid said.

“Why did you stop?” asked Abba.

“Because my tefillos weren’t working,” answered Dovid. “So instead, I started sending letters to every billionaire in the country asking them to send me a bike.”

“I’m still davening for an ice cream machine next to my bed,” Meir said, patting Dovid kindly on his arm. “Because maybe Hashem will give it to me when I turn five.”

“Meir,” said Ima. “Why do you want an ice cream machine next to your bed?” “When I wake up in the morning, I want ice cream,” Meir shrugged.

“You may as well stop,” Dovid said glumly. “Hashem isn’t going to put an ice cream machine in your room.”

“Wait, hold on a second,” said Abba. “Meir is right.”

Everyone looked at Abba in surprise.

“You don’t plan on actually putting an ice cream machine next to his bed?” Ima said, somewhat alarmed.

“No, no,” said Abba. “But Meir is right about not giving up on tefillos. In Parsha Toldos, we see that Yitzchok and Rivkah davened for TWENTY YEARS for children. You might think that at some point they would have stopped. Why do you think they kept davening? If tefillah wasn’t working, maybe it was time to try something else.”

“But no, we learn an important lesson from Yitzchok and Rivkah. We never stop davening. You know why? Because tefillah always works.”

“Really?” asked Dovid. “So, I’m going to get the bike if I start davening again?”

“I didn’t say that,” said Abba.

“Then how will my tefillos work if I don’t get what I ask for?”

“Maybe you’ll get it and maybe you won’t,” Abba explained. “But the point of davening isn’t to get what you want. Our tefillos change who WE are! Every time we daven, we are acknowledging that we are nothing and it is only Hashem who has the power to give us what we are asking for. Whether or not we actually get it, every single tefillah brings us an even closer awareness of Hashem.

“So, you might get the bike, and you might not. But you will definitely get something much greater than a bike. You will become a better Yid and grow even closer to Hakadosh Boruch Hu.”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Toldos 5785 email of Toras Avigdor Junior based on the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller, zt”l.*

## When the Bad is Not Bad!

As a Bachur, Rav Binyamin Zev Deutsch, the principal of Yeshivas Ponovezh, lived in Hungary. One day, he and another forty-nine Bachurim were summoned to be drafted for the Hungarian army. Their parents put together a large sum of money to bribe a doctor to “find” illnesses in the fifty Bachurim, so that they wouldn’t be recruited.

The majority of the bribe money came from Rav Binyamin Zev’s parents and the parents of one other Bachur, as they were the wealthier ones and could fund it more than the others. The bribe worked, and in the doctor’s documents, he attesting to each Bachur’s “illness”.

The letters with his “findings” arrived on the morning the Bachurim were ordered to present themselves to the army. However, the doctor only sent forty-eight documents, and seemed to have forgotten to include the exemption letters for Rav Binyamin Zev and the other wealthy Bachur.

As a result of this, and because it was the last day for them to report in, these two boys had to flee Hungary as quickly as possible. Rav Binyamin Zev did not even have time to say goodbye to his family, as he quickly packed up what he could, ran to the port, and escaped to Eretz Yisroel.

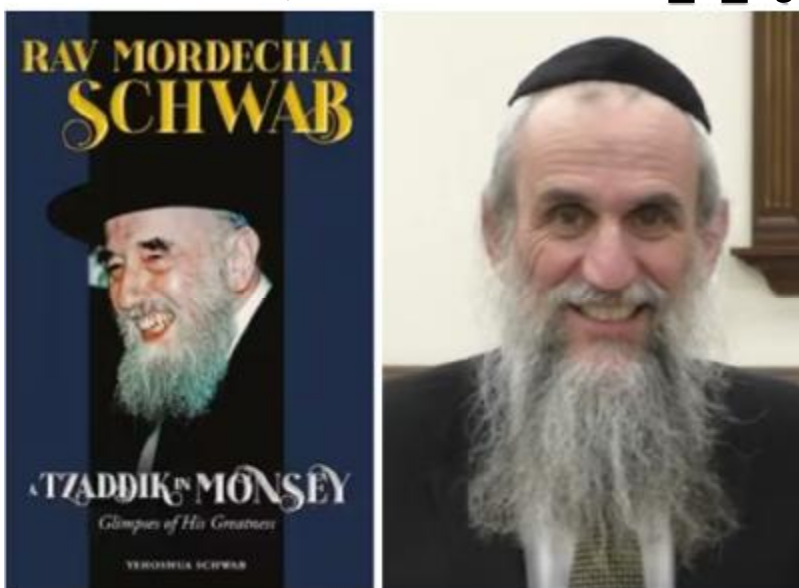
Rav Binyamin Zev would say that he always considered that day “a dark and bad day.” He was envious of his friends who had been able to remain with their families, while he and his friend had to escape like thieves. Furthermore, Rav Binyamin Zev was alone in Eretz Yisroel, which was very difficult for him as a young Bachur.

However, soon after his escape, the war broke out, and only he and this other Bachur from the original group of fifty Bachurim survived. Rav Binyamin Zev eventually got married and had children and grandchildren, with some of them becoming important Roshei Yeshivah.

Rav Binyamin Zev would encourage people by telling them that even when something seems to be “bad,” it is really only good in disguise. He would say, “With time, B’Ezras Hashem, we will understand how it is good, but for the time being, we must know it and trust it!”

*Reprinted from the Parshas Toldos 5785 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefillah.*

## “If It’s The Ratzon (Will of) Hashem, I am Happy”



**Rav Mordechai Schwab and Rav Zev Smith**

Rav Paysach Krohn shared a story. Rav Mordechai Schwab, zt”l, the brother of Rav Shimon Schwab, zt”l, was the Mashgiach in the Bais Shraga Yeshivah in

Monsey. Every year on Chol HaMo'eid, his close Talmid, Rav Zev Smith, would travel from Brooklyn to Monsey to visit him.

The year just before Rav Mordechai passed away, Rav Zev received a call from the Schwab family, warning him to expect that his Rebbe wouldn't have the same appearance as he always did. They said, "Recently, he's been very frail and weak, and we don't want you to be in for a shock when you see him."

He thanked them very much and hung up the phone, but he wasn't very concerned. He thought, "I know my Rebbe, and I'm not going to be surprised." However, when he entered the room to see Rav Mordechai, he understood immediately what the family was talking about. His usually vibrant Rebbe was frail, weak, and pale.

Rav Mordechai was very perceptive of his Talmid's reaction, and knew that he was in shock. He told him the following: "I'm living B'Simchah, with real happiness. I couldn't even go to Shul on Yom Kippur, and yet, I'm living very happily. Who made me sick? Hashem. If Hashem made me sick, then that is His will, and therefore, I am overjoyed, content, and perfectly fine with it.

"Dovid Ha'melech taught us in Tehilim (30:6), 'Chaim B'Retzono,' and the meaning is that I am living with Hashem's will, whatever Hashem has planned for me. Do you think that the reason I can't learn Torah now is because I decided so? No. It's the Ratzon Hashem, and therefore, I am not broken, but rather, I happily accept the will of Hashem!"

Rav Krohn commented, "What an incredible understanding of a Gadol! This is what comes out after living a life of doing the Ratzon of Hashem, and that is to be able to serve Hashem in every situation that faces us in life!"

*Reprinted from the Parshas Toldos 5785 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefillah.*

# **The Sabba Kadisha or the Kotzker?**

**By Yehuda Z. Klitnick**

Rabbi Yisachar Dov Ber of Radoshitz, the Sabba Kadisha (1765-1843) was a disciple of Rabbi Yaacov Yitzchak Horowitz, the Chozeh of Lublin, and later on the disciple of Rabbi Yaakov Yitzchak of Pashischa, also called "Yehudi Hakadosh, the Holy Jew".

Rabbi Yisachar, asked the Chozeh, "Show me one general way to serve Hashem." The Chozeh replied, "it is impossible to tell people what way they should take. For one person it's through learning, another through prayer, another through fasting, and still another through eating. Everyone should carefully observe what way his heart draws him, and then choose this way with all his strength."

R' Chaim was a chosid of the Radushitzer Radushitz. He was a Torah scholar, and very wealthy, yet wasn't blessed with children. Finally, after several years, he was blessed with a daughter. R' Chaim gave her the best education and derived great nachas. When the time came for shidduchim, he set out to find the right boy, a talmid chacham, and good middos, whom he would support for life.

He was offered an appealing bachur named Noach, who fit the description in learning and middos. R' Chaim asked his Rebbe advice on the shidduch, and with a blessing from the Rebbe, the shidduch was finalized. After the wedding, R' Noach sat in Shul endless hours, learning Torah and advancing in Avodas Hashem.

R' Chaim was amazed and gratified with his son-in-law. They would frequently visit the Rebbe of Radushitz, as R' Noach was also his Chosid. In the Shul, R' Noach became close to a prominent Kotzker chosid, where both spent many hours together in Torah and Avodah. This Yid introduced him to the teachings of the Kotzker Rebbe, Harav Menachem Mendel.

R' Noach's neshama gradually became more and more attached to the Kotzker Rebbe with heart and soul. The Kotzker chassidim were known to be very elevated spiritually and minimized their eating and sleeping while being immersed in learning the Torah for many hours. It was said that the highest-level Kotzker chassidim could have been Rebbes themselves.

R' Chaim tried to persuade his son-in-law that not everyone was able to follow this path, and R' Noach had a weak constitution; his health started to decline until he became bedridden. R' Chaim took his son-in-law to the best doctors but no one could cure him. R' Chaim now went to the Radushitzer Rebbe for a Bracha and advice on how to cure his son-in-law. The Rebbe said: "Let R' Noach come to me, and he will leave with a complete Refuah".

R' Chaim knew that Noach was a staunch Kotzker Chosid and would never agree to visit the Radushitzer Rebbe. However, as the condition worsened, R' Chaim pressed his daughter to beg her husband to visit the Radushitzer Rebbe.

R' Noach, a fervent chasid and believer in the Kotzker Rebbe answered,: "If my Rebbe cannot help me, then the Radushitzer Rebbe cannot help me either"! But as his condition became downright grave, his wife begged him:

"Noach! What do you have to lose? Have mercy on me, your loyal wife! Go to my father's Rebbe!"

R' Noach softened and answered her: "The only way that the Radushitzer Rebbe can help me is if I am convinced with rock-solid Emunah that he can help me. In Kotzk we were taught that we can only have Emunah in a Rebbe if he is a Gadol in Torah, with unblemished righteousness. I want to ask your father to elaborate on the greatness of his Rebbe, about his level in learning and the what he performs for Yidden in need".

After hearing what he wanted to hear, R' Noach announced that he was willing to go to the Radushitzer Rebbe. His intention, which he took pains to conceal, was to ask the Radushitzer Rebbe a few very complex questions in learning; if he would answer them, then he would have Emunah in him, as receiving a bracha for refuah was concerned.

When they arrived in Radushitz, they waited to give Shalom. When R' Noach gave Shalom to the Rebbe, he suddenly regained an inexplicably strong bond to him. The Rebbe asked R' Noach if he was knowledgeable in learning, as he wanted to test him. R' Noach answered like a true Kotzker chosid: "I do learn but am not sure if I really can learn!"

The Rebbe smiled and asked R' Noach if he was willing to hear a Dvar Torah from him and a story to go along with it. R' Noach didn't understand what did a story have to do with testing his learning, but nevertheless he willingly consented.

The Rebbe closed his eyes, grasped R' Noach's hand tightly and embarked on a very deep aspect in chassidus and then closed out with a story from tzaddikim. R' Noach, his eyes closed, concentrated on the sweetness and depth of the Torah and the story he was hearing. He felt a sense of lofty elevation in understanding Hashem.

Suddenly he felt that the Radushitzer Rebbe had read his mind and had just then answered all the questions that he prepared. All of a sudden, R' Noach let out his intense emotion: "It's amazing! The Rebbe just answered all the difficult questions I was intending to ask!"

The Rebbe smiled and released his hand. R' Noach exclaimed, "Rebbe I now see that you are a great Tzaddik, and I want to accept you as my Rebbe."

The Radushitzer Rebbe tried to dissuade him. "No! Not so fast! Everyone knows you are a Kotzker Chossid, so it's better to stay on that derech."

"No Rebbe! I have found my true place here in Radushitz."

The Rebbe smiled and said "It's clear to me that you have attained true Emunah. In that merit, I promise that you will soon recover completely". R' Noach answered 'Amein' from the depths of his heart.

Slowly but steadily, R' Noach began to regain his strength and with time, regained his former health. Noach felt an obligation to the Kotzker Rebbe and told him all that had happened in Radushitz.

The Kotzker Rebbe, in a sign of generosity and fatherly love, told R' Noach that this experience showed clearly that his neshama-root lay in Radushitz and that

the Radushitzer Rebbe is a holy Tzaddik. The Kotzker spoke about him as one of the Tzaddikim in the generation who can approach the Shechina without permission from the appointed angels. (The gemarah Sukka 45b states that in every generation there are at least two Tzaddikim who are on this level.)

When R' Noach heard this glowing approbation, he felt enormously gratified for the Kotzker Rebbe's endorsement, although he always retained a certain inspiration from his spiritual stay in Kotzk. R' Noach was confirmed as a devoted chasid of the Radushitzer Rebbe, thereby giving great nachas to his wife and father-in-law R' Chaim.

*Reprinted from the Parshas Toldos 5785 email of Pardes Yehuda.*

# Gracefully Saved

**By Rabbi Yechiel Spero**

All the packages are prepared and distributed with an incredible amount of sensitivity and understanding. The organizers and volunteers try to maintain a low profile to ensure that those receiving the packages have no idea who brought them. These programs - the "Tomchai Shabbat" or "Mattan Beseter" or "Ahabat Yisrael" organizations - are often the crowning glory of the cities in which they operate. The following story depicts what these groups and their volunteers are all about.

Eliezer Gruchkind, a successful businessman, had his hands full. Not only did he run a successful, full-time diamond business, but he also ran the local Tomchai Shabbat near his home - which also turned out to be a full-time affair. Balancing the two was quite a grueling task, but Eliezer managed to do so with professionalism and integrity.

He made sure to attend every meeting of the organization and to be present when the food packages were distributed. Most of the people in need were from families he did not know. On the rare occasion when he found out that someone he knew was coming to pick up his package of food, he made it a point to keep out of sight and allow the individual his privacy.

Once, as Eliezer was entering the shul to help prepare the packages, he noticed out of the corner of his eye that his next-door neighbor was coming to pick up a package. Eliezer was shocked. His neighbor was a successful businessman who couldn't possibly have been in need of handouts - or was he?

Eliezer's immediate need was to somehow prevent his neighbor from seeing him; he wanted to spare the man any embarrassment. And he had only seconds to figure out how to get out of the way.

Eliezer was fumbling with his keys and realized that he was not going to have enough time to hide himself before his neighbor would see him. The regulars at Tomchai Shabbat knew Eliezer's schedule, and knew not to arrive when he was coming to prepare the food, to insure their privacy. But this man was a first-timer, and didn't know the ground rules yet.

Suddenly Eliezer had an idea; he began to bang loudly on the door, demanding that someone inside open up. As people began to arrive to pick up their packages, they noticed him...and so did his neighbor, who quickly walked around the building to avoid running into him. As soon as Eliezer saw his neighbor walk away, he pretended to mutter and rant to himself, acting like someone who had come for his own package.

Anything to save a fellow Jew from embarrassment.

*Reprinted from the Parashat Chaya Sara 5785 email of Rabbi David Bibi's Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace. (Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – "Touched by a Story 3")*

# **Three Steps Before The Front Door**

**From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles**

One wintry day, a man came to the tzadik, Rabbi Tzvi of Dinov [known to all as "the Benei Yisasschar"]. The man braved the winter weather to seek the saintly rebbe's help. He told the rebbe that he was an innkeeper in a village some distance away, the inn having come down to him from his late father, who had rented it from the previous regional landlord.

The old squire was a reasonable man and made no trouble if the rent was not paid on time in a bad season, in the wake of a severe winter. But the old squire died, and his son, the new squire, was not so kind. He was threatening to throw them out if the rent was not paid on time. He came to ask the rebbe's help, so that his family would not be left without food and shelter in the midst of a terrible winter.

"Do you live in such and such village?" the rebbe asked.

"Yes, Rebbe."

"Still in the same house, with the narrow windows and three steps leading up to the front door?"

"Yes, Rebbe," the innkeeper replied, wondering how the rebbe knew.

“And is the well in the courtyard still plentiful, and the water still good?”

“Yes, Rebbe,” the innkeeper answered with even greater amazement. “I’m glad, I’m glad,” the rebbe said, stroking his silver beard. “You have nothing to worry about.”

The innkeeper’s face lit up with relief and he turned to go. But then he stopped and hesitated. He was baffled. How did the rebbe know about the inn and the well, and what had the well to do with it all?

“Forgive me, Rebbe, for my insolence, but how is it that the Rebbe is so familiar with my inn?” he finally mustered the courage to ask. The rebbe smiled and said, “Very simple. I was there. It was a long time ago. Let me tell you the whole story.

“Many years ago, a young man was on his way to the holy rebbe, the ‘Seer’ of Lublin. He had been traveling for three days without food and shelter. He came to your village and stopped at the inn for a rest. He was so tired and hungry that he could barely climb the three front steps leading to the door.

“Your father was busy at that moment with peasants and wayfarers who crowded the inn, and he did not notice the stranger. After the young man rested a while, and seeing that no one took any notice of him, he decided to move on. As he passed by one of the narrow windows, he saw a small boy peeking out.

“The boy saw the haggard face of the stranger and ran after him. He begged the stranger to return with him to the inn. ‘My father always welcomes poor wayfarers, and he would not forgive himself if he knew that one had passed by his inn without a good meal and a good night’s rest. Please, come with me,’ the boy urged.

“The young man returned to the inn and was immediately greeted by your father, then led to the dining room where a sumptuous meal was set before him. After the meal he was quite thirsty. The innkeeper sent the maid to fetch a pail of water. In her absence the innkeeper explained that she had to go to the village to fetch water.

“‘Have you no well in your courtyard?’ the young man asked.

“‘Yes, but the water is not good. We only use it for the horses and the garden.’

“‘If you don’t mind, I’d like to taste your well-water. I’m very thirsty,’ the young man said.

“The innkeeper brought a pitcher of water from the well and poured some for the thirsty guest. He drank it and said, ‘Fancy giving such good water a bad name! Taste it, and see for yourself.’

Everyone who tasted it was astonished. ‘It’s wonderful! It’s even better than the water from the village well!’ they said.”

“Now I remember,” the innkeeper said. “I was that little boy, and the young man - he must have been you!”

“Yes,” said the saintly Rebbe, “and thanks to you I had a good meal and a good rest.”

“That was nothing in comparison to the blessing which you brought into our home. Word got around how the water in our well suddenly turned pure and fresh. Former customers testify that it proved to be good for their health. People still come and rent rooms only because they want to drink our well water!” `

“If the water in the well is still good, then you can be sure that G-d is with you. Go home, and don’t worry. Carry on with the mitzvah of welcoming guests and G-d will continue to bless you,” said the Rebbe.

~~~~~

**Source:** Modified by Yerachmiel Tilles from L’Chaim Weekly, issue #1495 (a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization in Brooklyn.) Based on “Talks and Tales.”

**Connection:** Wells play an important role in this week’s Torah reading (Parashat Toldot - Gen. 26:17-32).



**Burial place of Rabbi Tzvi-Elimelech Shapira of Dinov**

**Biographical note:** Rabbi Tzvi-Elimelech Shapira of Dinov (1785 - 18 Teves, 1841) was the nephew of Rebbe Elimelech of Lizhensk and disciple of the "Seer" of Lublin and of Menachem Mendel of Rimanov, and a renowned Torah scholar and Chasidic master in his own right. He is best known for his scholarly and mystical work, Bnei Yissaschar, which includes a chapter for each month of the year. [A direct paternal descendant of his is a member of the Ascent staff.]

*Reprinted from the Parashat Toldot 5785 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safe in Israel.*