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Engraved Picture

By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg



Rabbi Yechiel Perr

Rabbi Yechiel Perr, (1935-2024) the longtime Rosh Yeshiva of Yeshiva Derech Ayson of Far Rockaway, once heard that a man living in Far Rockaway had lived in the city of Dvinsk before WWII. Wanting to preserve whatever memories still remained from that world, Rabbi Perr sent a group of *bochurim* to meet him and absorb whatever they could.

The young men arranged a visit and sat around the fellow's dining room table hearing firsthand accounts of life in Dvinsk before the war. Although he was not religiously observant, the impressions of that great Torah world were still deeply rooted.

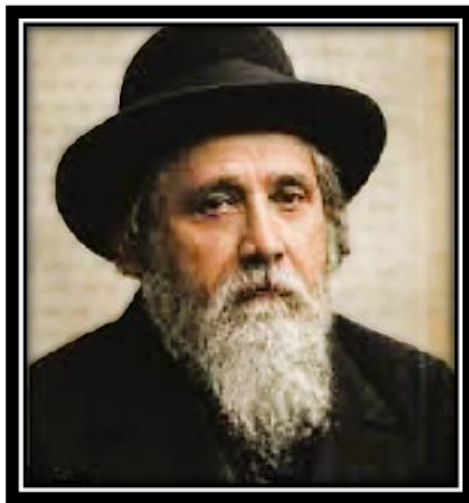
During the conversation, he shared an incident involving one of his Jewish neighbors.

This woman had once visited a non-Jewish neighbor in Dvinsk and was startled to see a large framed portrait hanging prominently on the wall. It was a picture of Rabbi Meir Simcha of Dvinsk, the famed *Ohr Sameach* (1843–1926).

Surprised, she asked, “Why do you have a picture of Reb Meir Simcha hanging in your home?”

The woman explained that she had once become entangled in a terrible legal case. False testimony, forged documents, and corrupt accusations had all been brought against her. No matter how much she appealed or defended herself, the case continued moving against her. Desperate, she even turned to the local *galach* (priest) for a blessing, but nothing changed.

Finally, someone advised her to seek a *brachah* from Reb Meir Simcha. She went to him and received his warm blessing. Then, miraculously, the very next morning the entire case turned around. The accusations collapsed, the charges were dismissed, and she was granted the pension that had been previously denied to her.



Rabbi Meir Simcha of Dvinsk, zt”l

Out of overwhelming gratitude and admiration, she hung a large framed picture of Reb Meir Simcha on her otherwise bare wall, a constant reminder of the salvation she had experienced.

The *bochurim*, hearing this story from the emotionally animated survivor, became excited. Surely, they thought, this must have stirred something within him. Perhaps this recognition of greatness would awaken him to return to a life of *Torah* and *mitzvos*.

“What a *mofes!*” they exclaimed.

The man immediately waved them off in his thick Litvish accent. “*Meifis-shmeifis!*” he said. This is no *mofes*. “*Dus is keiach haTeireh!*” This is the power of Torah!

Despite how far he himself had drifted, deep inside him there remained an unshakable truth, etched into his very being: that the power of Torah is real, immeasurable, and capable of changing the world itself.

The *bochurim* walked away deeply moved. They realized that even a Jew who had wandered far could still carry within him an absolute awareness of the infinite strength of *Torah*, that through *koach haTorah*, impossible barriers can crumble, harsh decrees can be overturned, and salvations can emerge from places no one could have imagined.

Reprinted from the Shavuos 5786 email of Zichru Toras Moshe.

A Request for Just 15 More Minutes

Rav Yechiel Spero told a story in the name of the Ponovezher Rav, Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman, zt”l, which he used to illustrate true Ahavas HaTorah, love for the Torah.

Rav Avraham Burstein, zt”l, was the Rav of the city of Tevrig in Lithuania. During World War I, there was a curfew placed on the city. No one was allowed to have any lights in their homes so that the enemy would not be able to spot their homes and come attack. Rav Avraham disregarded this warning and left on a very small light, enough to enable him to see the page of the Sefer he was learning.

Despite the light being so small, the soldiers noticed it and barged into his home, and accused him of being a spy. Rav Avraham tried to explain that he was only using the light to study, but the soldiers would not listen to him. They demanded that he admit to his crime, but Rav Avraham Burstein would not say that he did anything wrong.

The soldiers then prepared to shoot him. Just before they did, Rav Avraham asked for one last request. He asked them to spare him for just 15 more minutes. He explained that he was learning a difficult Rambam and he didn’t fully understand it yet, and he asked for only 15 minutes more to live so he could try to understand what the Rambam was teaching.

The soldiers agreed to his dying wish, and Rav Avraham went back to the Rambam he was learning. A few moments later, a loud siren sounded outside. The soldiers knew that this meant they had to leave everything they were doing and move on quickly to the next village. They immediately left the house, leaving Rav Avraham alive, who proceeded to figure out the Rambam without any disruption! *Reprinted from the Shavuos 5786 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.*

A Series of “Mistakes” that Made a “Positive”

One Shabbos morning, Reuven thought a member of his kollel was making a *kiddush* in a certain *shul* and went there after *davening* with his son—only to discover he had made a mistake. It wasn't the right place.

On the way home, Reuven's son mentioned that he had met a *bochur* there who had a problem: the yeshivah's *cholent* had burned, and he had nowhere to eat.

“Why didn't you invite him?” Reuven asked. “Go back and bring him!” The boy did, and the *bochur* joined them for the meal, leaving a very strong impression—refined *middos*, pleasant demeanor, and clear *yiras Shomayim*.

Later that week, a friend called with a *shidduch* suggestion—and it turned out to be that very *bochur*. As part of the process, Reuven wanted to check him out. Normally, he davened at a later minyan on Fridays, but for some reason that week he went early. Standing next to him was a *bochur* whose tefillin bag caught his eye—it was the chavrusa of the boy he needed to ask about.

After davening, they spoke, and the chavrusa gave an outstanding report. Then he added, almost as an aside, that he had never in his life davened at that minyan before—it was only because of a one-time scheduling issue.

Piece by piece, Reuven saw how Hashem had arranged everything—the mistaken *kiddush*, the burned *cholent*, the unexpected guest, the unusual minyan—until the *shidduch* came together, and the engagement was joyfully celebrated.

Reprinted from the Shavuos 5786 email of The Weekly Vort. Excerpted from the book – “Meant to Be.”

No Din Torah – Because of Torah

By Avrohom Barash

Zvi was a staunch *chassid* of the Sfas Emes of Ger, while his business partner, Dov, was a *misnaged* (opponent of chassidus). They enjoyed an amicable relationship over the years. However, a dispute once arose over a sum of money, leading to a bitter argument. The two agreed to have the matter decided via a Din Torah, to be presided over by the Sfas Emes (Rav Yehudah Aryeh Leib Alter, zt"l).

When the two partners entered the room of the Sfas Emes on the appointed day, the Sfas Emes closed the Gemara from which he had been studying and prepared to receive them.



The Sfas Emes

To everyone's utter surprise, Dov announced, "Rebbe, there is nothing to judge. I waive all my claims!" and he exited.

The argument had been so heated – why did Dov retreat from his position so suddenly? Dov explained, "When we came into the room, the Rebbe was learning, and when he had to close the Gemara in order to hear our case, I saw a look of acute pain on his face. His yearning for Torah was so intense, and the loss of time from Torah study caused him such anguish, that I decided that no amount of money in the world is worth causing the Rebbe this pain. Therefore, I withdrew my claim!"

Reprinted from the Shavuos 5786 email of The Weekly Vort. Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – "A Mazeldig Voch."

A Rare Power of the Baal Shem Tov

From the Desk of Yerachmiel Tilles



Yerachmiel Tilles

The Ba'al Shem Tov's grandson, Rabbi Baruch of Mezhibuz, although known for the manner of authority and royalty with which he conducted his leadership,

nevertheless considered himself totally insignificant in comparison to the greatness of his grandfather.

One of the disciples of Rabbi Baruch was a young dedicated Torah scholar and a G-d-fearing Jew, who had come to Rabbi Baruch to learn Torah and Divine service according to the Chasidic ways of his holy grandfather, the Ba'al Shem Tov. He would cling to the dust of his Rebbe's feet and travel with him on all his journeys.

Once, when traveling back to Mezhibuz with his holy rebbe, a thought arose in his mind: How much greater and more wondrous could the marvels and awesomeness of his grandfather the Ba'al Shem Tov have been, that the whole world praises and extols him? He found it difficult to believe that there could be a man who surpasses his holy rebbe.

As they arrived near the city, the young chasid needed to relieve himself. He descended from the wagon and entered the nearby forest temporarily, yet Rabbi Baruch ordered the wagon to continue traveling. When his follower came out of the forest and didn't find the wagon, he walked to the city on foot. Meanwhile, it began to rain and all his clothes were soaked. When the young man arrived at the city, he entered the first house that he saw had a mezuzah, in order to rest a bit and warm up.

Once inside, he saw an old man sitting and learning Talmud so diligently that he did not notice the young chasid's entrance, and the latter did not dare approach him. Eventually, the old man paused his learning and saw the unannounced visitor.

"Where are you from?" he asked. "I'm from Mezhibuz and I was traveling with Rebbe Baruch."

"Who is this Rabbi Baruch? I don't know him and have never heard of him."

"He is the grandson of the holy Ba'al Shem Tov."

The old man responded, "Indeed, I knew the holy Ba'al Shem Tov well. But his grandson I never heard about. "Now, allow me to tell you how great was the power of the Ba'al Shem Tov.

* * * * *

"When the Ba'al Shem Tov came to live in Mezhibuz and everyone rushed to him, I wasn't eager to do so also because I didn't think it justified interrupting my Torah learning. Even when I heard people greatly praising his wonders, I didn't want to postpone my studies to go to him. "

Once, on a Saturday night, the heat was very intense, and after a long learning session, I no longer could bear the heat. I rose and went outside to

breathe fresh air. As I walked, lost in my thoughts, my feet brought me near the Ba'al Shem Tov's house. I said to myself, 'Let me go and see this man whose fame is so widespread among the people.'

"I entered and saw the Ba'al Shem Tov sitting on his chair, surrounded by a group of women telling him their troubles, and he was answering each one. I said to myself: 'At this time, when a person should be engaged in the midnight prayers and rectifications and Torah study, he's busy with women's talk and vanities?!'

"So, I left there. I came across his Beit Midrash-study hall, and entered. Immediately my eyes were drawn to a man standing before the ark, lamenting the Exile and the Destruction of the Holy Temples, pronouncing the words of the Midnight Rectification Prayer from the depths of his heart, with a spiritual melody in an exceptionally sweet voice.

"I wanted to see who this man was so I maneuvered carefully to see his face without disturbing his concentration. To my great shock, it was the Ba'al Shem Tov! How was this possible?

"I hurried back to the room where I first saw the Ba'al Shem Tov, and found him sitting and engaging with the women as before! I still couldn't believe my eyes.

"I ran full speed back and forth from the Ba'al Shem Tov to the study hall and from the study hall to the Ba'al Shem Tov. Again, I found him in the room still sitting and dealing with the women, and at virtually the same moment standing in the study hall saying the midnight prayers with tears!

"Even though it was difficult for me to process my perceptions, I was greatly amazed at this sight. I realized that it is not for naught that they refer to the Ba'al Shem Tov as a miraculous holy person.

* * * * *

"Soon after this episode," the elderly man continued, "a bad incident happened to me. One day, while in the midst of saying the Shema Yisrael prayer, an impure image appeared before my eyes. And this continued to occur every time I said the Shma. What great distress this caused me!

"I took upon myself fasts and abstinences, but they didn't help at all. Against my will, I realized that I needed to go again to the Ba'al Shem Tov, this time to seek his advice and help. I told him everything that had happened to me. His response was: 'If so, take upon yourself one complete fast from Sabbath to Sabbath.'

"I went home and did as he said. On Saturday night, I didn't eat anything. On the morning of the first day, when I woke up, the desire for food overwhelmed

me greatly. I felt very weak. I thought that there was no way I could keep the fast because the hunger grew stronger from moment to moment. I decided in my mind that I was ready to die. But as soon as I agreed to this in my heart, immediately the hunger left me and I felt satiated as if I had eaten a good meal.

“And so, it was every day. In the morning, I was very hungry to the point of death. And when I held back and overcame my hunger, the hunger left me after I agreed to die of hunger.

“On Friday night I ate the Sabbath meal, and immediately the impure image left me at last, and since then my thoughts have been pure and clean, thank G-d. “I understood that all this was the work of the Ba’al Shem Tov and that indeed he was truly a holy individual, head and shoulders above everyone else. I became very attached to him.”

When the old man finished speaking, the young man understood that his own holy rebbe had arranged this encounter, so that he would hear from the old man about the greatness of the holiness and wonders of the Ba’al Shem Tov. Rebbe Baruch wanted him to realize that all the wonders he had seen with him did not reach the deeds of the holy Ba’al Shem Tov.

Source: Excerpted and freely adapted by Yerachmiel Tilles from an article by the Rabbi, chasid and Kabbalist, R. Yitzchak Ginsburgh (born and raised in Philadelphia – may he live more long and healthy productive years), on his highly recommended website, //inner.org.

Reprinted from the Shavuot 5786 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed in Israel.

The Walk of a Lifetime

Told by Robert Kremnizer



Robert Kremnizer (top) and the Lubavitcher Rebbe

Sometime in the late 1980s, I was among a group of Chabad donors who were granted a private audience with the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe. He gave us blessings, spoke words of Torah, and urged us to spread this message outward. He said, “It is important that when all of you go back, you share with everybody what you have heard and what you have learned here.”

I took that to heart. I understood the Rebbe to be telling us that we may think we came to New York for financial reasons, but what we were really there for was to take what we have heard and plant it wherever we go out in the world.

Because his message had such an impact on me, I took pains to apply it. As a result, I set in motion a chain reaction which I could never have anticipated.

Shortly after my return to Sydney, Australia, where I live, I had to accompany a business client to court where he was represented by a notable attorney, an extremely right-wing gentile, whom I shall call BR. The case was delayed for an hour, so BR and I took a walk to pass the time. As we were strolling, BR asked me, “I hear that you’ve just come back from New York — were you there on holiday?”

I was about to answer “yes” when I remembered what the Rebbe had said about sharing his message with “everybody.” So, even though I anticipated a negative reaction, I closed my eyes and said, “No, I went there to see my Rebbe.”

There was silence, and then he asked, “What’s a Rebbe?”

Now I knew that I had a decision to make on how to answer that question. And I resolved to answer it in a way that would make a difference. So, I explained about the power of the Rebbe’s blessings, which prompted more questions from him. Indeed, the hour passed with me talking about the Rebbe. After that, we returned to court where BR won the case.

When I got back to my office, there was already a message from him that he wanted to talk to me some more. In the conversation that followed, he said, “Listen — would this holy man of yours give one of his blessings to a gentile?” I responded that I didn’t know but would inquire.

Now why did BR need the Rebbe’s blessing? As I learned, after the death of a child, his wife became pregnant again. When she did, she became so clinically depressed that she could not get out of bed. She reacted in this severe way because she was already 40 and terrified of giving birth to a deformed child; also, she was an actress and feared losing her looks and career. BR wanted a blessing for his wife’s recovery.

I asked Rabbi Pinchus Feldman, the Rebbe’s emissary in Sydney, what I should do. Was it proper for me to give this man the Rebbe’s contact information? Rabbi Feldman responded, “Don’t try to be the Rebbe’s censor. Just give this man the address and let him write. The Rebbe will look after himself.” So that’s what I did, but I warned BR that the Rebbe doesn’t always respond because he gets so much mail and so many requests.

When I said that, there was silence on the other end of the phone, and then he said, “Dear boy, I’ll write on my Queen’s Counsel letterhead, and of course I’ll get a reply.”

I didn’t say anything to that, but I thought, “Good luck!”

About ten days later, I got another phone call from BR. He said, “Dear boy, just to keep you in the loop, I thought I would tell you — as a matter of courtesy — that of course your Rebbe replied to me, and I want to thank you for the introduction.”

“Oh, that’s fantastic,” I said. “I don’t want to be intrusive, but would you mind telling me the content of the Rebbe’s answer?” He said, “No, no, no, dear boy, I’m very happy to tell you. The Rebbe said that my wife and baby would be

alright and there was nothing to worry about. We also got a blessing that the baby would be born at the proper time.”

Then I made a big mistake — I asked, “How is your wife?” There was silence at the other end of the phone, and then he said, “My wife jumped right out of bed and is fine. But how can you ask such a question? Wasn’t that what was going to happen when the Rebbe gave a blessing?”

That was the first part of the chain reaction that I am describing. The second part came when I told this story to my son-in-law, Dovid Bleier, who responded with, “I bet BR is a Jew.” I said, “Impossible. He is an Anglo-Saxon Christian!” But Dovid insisted that he would be proven right.

I wasn’t about to argue with my young son-in-law, who is obviously nowhere near as wise and clever as I am. But a couple of months later I had another case with BR and, afterwards, we stopped to have a couple of drinks. After a second glass of Scotch, he was feeling quite relaxed and he told me, “You know, dear boy, I actually have some Jewish blood.”

I was very surprised, and so I quizzed him about his lineage. As it turned out his maternal grandmother was Jewish, which of course meant that his mother was Jewish, and which made him a Jew, according to Torah law. I tried to explain this to him, but he wasn’t buying it. Nevertheless, he ended up reading some Torah books I gave him, and he came to embrace his Jewish identity to some extent, even if minimally. And that brings me to the third part in this chain reaction.

I have a Jewish friend in Sydney whose wife was undergoing IVF treatment because she couldn’t get pregnant. She had to be hospitalized for this procedure, and she came to share a room with a gentile woman, who just happened to be Mrs. BR. When Mrs. BR learned what my friend’s wife was being treated for, she asked her, “Are you Jewish?” My friend’s wife became defensive and answered quite aggressively, “Yes, I’m Jewish! What of it?”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you,” Mrs. BR said. “It’s just that there’s a holy man in New York called the Rebbe. And if you are Jewish, I don’t understand why you’re having this treatment without first asking him for a blessing.”

That entire chain reaction came from the Rebbe’s advice to spread the Torah message to “everybody.”

Mr. Robert Kremnizer is an attorney practicing law in Sydney, Australia. He is also the author of ten books on Chasidut, including a collection of first-hand experiences with the Rebbe entitled Australian Encounters. He was interviewed in August 2017.

Reprinted from the Shavuos 5786 Shavuos edition of Here's My Story [with the Lubavitcher Rebbe, zt"l], a project of The JEM Foundation.

The Chofetz Chaim and the German Doctor



A German doctor had a very busy daily schedule. He had his daily Shiurei Torah and spent many hours seeing patients. He overlooked the payments of his poor patients. He was a very respected member in his community. After he retired, he made a trip to Lithuania to see the Yeshivos he had heard so much about.

After seeing a few Yeshivos he became very depressed. He had been sure that he was a good Jew and surely had a good seat in Gan Eden. But now he saw men who spent their whole day immersed in Torah study from morning till night and he was so ignorant. He travelled to Radin and went to see the Chafetz Chaim.

After receiving an audience with the Chafetz Chaim he asked him, "Rebbi, will I receive Olam Habba?"

The Chafetz Chaim replied, "maybe you will be near me in Gan Eden."

The doctor was confused. The Chafetz Chaim explained that it doesn't depend where one reaches in this world. Each person starts out their path somewhere else. You," he said to the doctor, "grew up in Germany, were educated to serve Hashem, have Shiurei Torah, do chessed etc. If you fulfilled your purpose and did your best you have reached your purpose.

“But what Hashem expects from you isn’t what he expects from me. I was born in Lithuania, I saw Rabbi Yisrael Salanter and grew up in the world of Yeshivos. Hashem expects something else from me. But whether it’s you, me or anybody else, if we fulfill our purpose and maximize our potential then we have ultimately reached our purpose and will be rewarded with Olam Habba.”

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 57867 email of Inspired by a Story by Rabbi Dovid Caro.

The Disrespectful “Young” Jew

By Yehuda Z. Klitnick

In a shop in Poland stood an elderly Jew with a white beard, selling goods to customers. Sitting next to him was a young man with a black beard. From time to time, the young man would yell at the older Jew and get angry with him.

When one of the customers witnessed the young man's behavior and how he treated the older Jew, he spoke up:

"Are you not ashamed? Where is your refinement and respect (derech erez)? Is this how one speaks to an elderly Jew?"

But both Jews—the older one and the younger one—smiled, and the young man replied: "I will tell you a story. When I was a small child, I had the merit to know the holy Baal Shem Tov (Besht), and I was also privileged to pray with him in his study hall (Beis Midrash).

“Once, the Baal Shem Tov lost his prayerbook (siddur), which caused him great distress. Everyone searched for it, but it could not be found. I decided to go and help search for the siddur. G-d helped me, and I found it. When I handed the siddur to the Baal Shem Tov, he blessed me that I should merit long days and years, and that I should always look young and healthy. Now do you understand? I am not a young man at all; I am well over one hundred years old. And the Jew next to me with the long white beard is my son—and that is why I am allowed to behave this way with him in my shop.

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 5786 edition of Pardes Yehuda.

An Inspiring Story of the Shpoler Zeidies

By Yehuda Z. Klitnick

Not far from the City of Shpole, where the famous Tzaddik, Harav Aryeh Leib-, the Shpoler Zeide resided, there was a Shtetl where the Yidden lived peacefully with the Gentiles. One day an Anti-Semitic Poritz, purchased the entire Shtetl, and began to persecute the Yidden. Initially, the Poritz's decrees were bearable. But, as time went on, the decrees became harsher and harsher, but the Yidden suffered quietly, and life went on.

The Poritz was a low life person, who loved to drink. He often threw parties for his friends, where alcohol was consumed by the barrel; at every party, the Poritz and his friends became drunk. At one party, when the Poritz was drunk, he told his friends that he wanted to cause some mischief for some Yidden and that would make him happy!

He ordered his servants to bring the Yidden who had rented inns and taverns from the Poritz, and demanded that they pay an astronomical sum for the privilege to rent their holdings. When they responded that the price was too high for them, the Poritz had them beaten, and thrown into the dungeon. This made the gentiles very happy, and the Potitz was thrilled at what he had done!

(After the party everyone went home.) In the morning, when the Poritz woke up, he was reminded of what he had done the night before. This reignited his hatred of the Jews, and he was very happy about what he had done. He sent a messenger to the Leaders of the Kehilla, demanding an enormous sum to ransom the captive Jews from his dungeon.

The Yidden sent a respected delegation, and begged the Poritz to have mercy on them. He softened, and agreed to settle on a smaller amount. The delegation was relieved and promised to deliver the money that day. When the Poritz received the ransom, he released the imprisoned Yidden.

Life was back to normal until the Poritz became drunk again. At the next party he came up with an idea how to really make the Yidden suffer. The Poritz decreed that all the Yidden in the Shtetl must hang a portrait of Yoshka in their home within the next 30 days, and that all businesses must be open on Shabbos.

Whoever would not follow the rules, would be expelled together with their families from the Shtetl.

This decree hit the Yidden very hard. Again, a respectful delegation was sent, and they begged the Poritz to nullify the decree, but this time it was to no avail. The delegation left the Poritz with a heavy heart. It was only a few weeks before Shavuos; and Leaders of the Kehilla, decided it was an urgent matter, they had to act fast. They traveled to the Shpoler Zeide to seeking a Yeshua and poured out their pain from the evil Poritz.

The Rebbe went into a trance, when he awoke, he said: “there’s no need to worry, I have a plan to soften the heart of the Poritz! You invite the Poritz to listen on Shavuos when you read the Aseres Hadibros, the Ten Commandments, from the Torah.”

The delegation was perplexed; they didn’t understand. The Rebbe continued: “I will come with my Chassidim, and daven in your Shtetl this Shavuos. You should set up a large tent to accommodate the crowd. Then invite the Poritz and his friends to come to our tent and listen to the davening, as it would be interesting for him to watch.”

The delegation understood, and promised to follow the Rebbe’s instructions. The Kehilla found a nice empty space to set up a huge tent, and let out the word that the Shpoler Zeide would daven in their Shtetl this Shavuos. Everyone was excited, and prayed that the Rebbe would be able to nullify the Poritz’s decree. The preparations were in place, and a delegation was sent to invite the Poritz to join them in their tent in Shavuos morning, They assured him that he and his friends would have a ball there.

The Poritz was always interested in new forms of entertainment, agreed to come with his friends. Shavuos morning, they Poritz and his friends arrived at the tent, they were greeted with great respect, and were given elegant chairs to sit on. They found the davening amusing. As they were about to read the Ten Commandments from the Torah, the Rebbe asked the Poritz to come closer and told him that he will have someone interpret what they were reading.

The Rebbe told the Chazan to read aloud, and the interpreter began, “You shall not make for yourself a graven image or any likeness; You shall neither prostrate yourself before them nor worship them, for I, the Lord...” Then he continued “Remember the Sabbath day to sanctify it.”

The Poritz paled and sent his friends home. Then he came over to the Shpoler Zeide, and said he wants to meet him after davening. The Rebbe reassured the Kehilla, that the decree will be nullified soon.

The Poritz met the Rebbe and apologized for his behavior towards the Jews. He said that he didn't realize how important it was to keep Shabbos as how important it was not to worship idols. The Poritz promised to nullify the decree immediately! The Shpuler Zeide thanked the Poritz blessed him. Afterwards, the Shpuler Zeide revealed that to remove the decree, Moshe Rabbeinu had to come and read the Ten Commandments; that's why the Poritz softened.

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 5786 email of Pardes Yehuda.