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In the Blink of an Eye

By Rabbi David Ashear



Rabbi David Ashear

Boruch* went through a rough divorce, after which he felt all alone in the world. He had recently become a baal teshuvah, and no longer kept up with his old friends. His small family resided far away. He lived alone in a basement apartment and did not have a single person he felt comfortable going to for a Shabbos meal. Boruch tried to focus on improving himself and learning as much as he could.

He discovered a network that sets up people in different homes for Shabbos. Soon he was eating in a different home every week and meeting many new people. Through this hachnosas orchim network, he met one new acquaintance who set him up with a 29-year-old woman who lived in Eretz Yisrael.

Boruch met her numerous times. He couldn't believe there was someone in the world who understood him so well, someone he could relate to and feel comfortable with. Tears filled his eyes as he described this young woman to a confidante, exclaiming, "Hashem is so kind!"

Boruch became engaged to this woman, and has been freed of his chains of loneliness. He found someone to share his life, someone who lived almost six thousand miles away! Everything changed in the blink of an eye.

Everything changed in the blink of an eye. By orchestrating a few phone calls, Hashem brought two people together from opposite sides of the world to establish their own home. (Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – “Living Emunah on Shidduchim”)

Reprinted from the Parshas Lech Lecha 5785 email of The Weekly Vort.

Two Rebbs, Two Prisoners and an Angel

From the desk of Yerachmiel Tilles

G-d appeared to Avraham Avinu (“our patriarch”) and said to him, "Go forth from your land, from your birthplace."

Rashi [the primary commentator] explains the verse, "For your pleasure, for your own good."

The question is well known: what pleasure or good is there in being exiled from your country and having to walk around without a set home or even a bed? This extraordinary episode in the lives of two tzadikim (righteous people) offers a surprising solution.

Rabbi Menachem-Nachum of Chernobyl was heavily involved in tzedakah (charity), chesed (deeds of kindness), and pidyon shevu'im (redeeming captive Jews). He spent much of his time collecting money and sending it to the poor in the land of Israel. At that time, there was a war between Russia and Turkey and the Turks were in control of the land of Israel.

Since Rebbe Nachum sent money to the land of Israel, the Russians accused him of sending money to the Turks to aid them in their war against Russia. The Russians arrested him and placed him in jail.

Rabbi Ze'ev-Wolf of Zhitomir, who was a colleague of Menachem Nachum – they were both close disciples of the Maggid of Mezritch -- was very upset by his friend's suffering and sought means to alleviate the difficulty of his friend's imprisonment. One day he approached the prison guard and bribed the man to allow he and his friend to exchange places every Thursday. Rebbe Nachum would be set free for the day and Rebbe Ze'ev would sit in the prison.

One Thursday, when Rebbe Ze'ev came to bribe the guard so that they could switch places for the day, Rebbe Nachum called him over and said, "There is no need for you to bribe him anymore. Today I shall be set free, G-d willing." And so, it happened. When asked how he knew that he was going to be set free, this was Rebbe Nachum's response:

"This morning a woman from the upper world appeared to me and asked, 'What is the meaning of Rashi's comment, 'For your pleasure, for your own good'?' What pleasure and what good is there from walking around in exile?"

"When I remained silent, she promptly answered her question by saying that his entire life Avraham Avinu performed the mitzvah (commandment) of hachnasat orchim (hospitality) with great enthusiasm. His home had openings on all four sides, so that from whichever direction travelers approached, they could easily find an entrance. Then Avraham Avinu would serve food and drinks with kindness to everyone who crossed his thresholds.

"Nevertheless, he was still lacking in the completeness of the mitzvah since he himself had never been hosted by others. "So, G-d appeared to him and said, 'Go forth from your land' meaning then you will feel the same feelings that a person who needs to be hosted feels.

"And this is 'for your pleasure and for your own good' means that after being hosted by others you will be better able to fulfill the mitzvah of hospitality completely and properly."

"The same principle applies to you,' the mysterious woman continued. 'Your entire life you engaged in the mitzvah of redeeming captives, and G-d wanted you to feel for yourself what prisoners feel.'

"From her words I understood that my time in the prison had ended and that I was about to be released. I felt so relieved. I also burned with curiosity. Sensing that she was about to depart, I quickly gathered courage and asked her, 'Please tell me who you are.'

"She replied 'Sarah, the wife of Avraham,' and suddenly disappeared."

Source: Copy-edited, adapted and supplemented by Yerachmiel Tilles from the rendition by Rabbi Yisrael Abargel as translated from the original Hebrew in his weekly publication, "MESILLOT: Pathways to the Soul" (#25), based on HaDe'ah VeHaDibur (Kuntres 183, p.29). Why this week?

1) In the Parsha, Lech Lecha, Avraham went to war against great odds in order to rescue Lot. His nephew and brother-in-law, Lot from captivity. (Gen: 14:11-16)

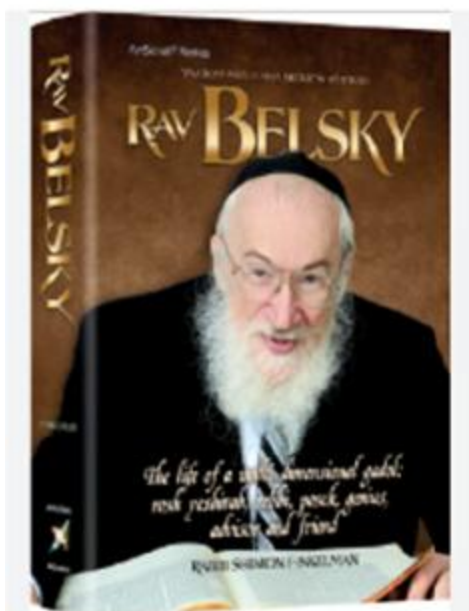
2) The 11th of the Jewish month of Cheshvan (Monday night – Tuesday) is the yahrzeit of Rebbe-Nachum of Chernobyl.

Biographic notes: Rebbe Menachem-Nachum Twersky of Chernobyl [of blessed memory: 5490 - 11 Cheshvan 5548 (1730-1787)], was a disciple of the Baal

Shem Tov and senior disciple of the Maggid of Mezritch, and subsequently the founder of the Chernobyl dynasty of which many branches still function today, such as Trisk, Skver and Rachmastrivker, in addition to the all the courts throughout the Jewish world that bear the name Chernobyl. He is the author of the important Chasidic work, Meor Enayim. Also, he is said to be a grandson of Adam Baal Shem (predecessor of Rabbi Yisrael Baal Shem Tov). Rebbe Benyamin Ze'ev-Wolf of Zhitomir [5512 - Purim 5560 (1772-1860)], the third son of Rabbi Yechiel-Michil of Zlotchov, was one of the inner circle of disciples of the Maggid of Mizritch. Famous for his sincerity and his exceptional love of his fellow Jews, including the irreligious, he is the author of Ohr Hameir, known for its wealth of material on the history of Chasidism and the teachings of its founders.

Reprinted from the Parashat Lech Lecha 5785 email of KabbalaOnline.org, a project of Ascent of Safed in Israel.

Paying the Mortgage



R' Yisroel Belsky had an unusually high level of bitachon even as a young man. Once, his rebbetzin, who took care of their finances, told him that they had no money for their next mortgage payment. The due date was approaching. "What should we do?" she asked him.

R' Belsky looked at his watch. "Right now, I have to daven Mincha," he replied. "After Mincha we'll see."

In shul immediately following Mincha, he was approached by an old acquaintance. The man was leaving for Eretz Yisrael and had a sum of cash that he did not want to take along. He wanted to leave the money with a trustworthy person who would be free to make use of it in the interim.

“Do you know such a person?” he asked R’ Belsky. “Yes,” replied R’ Belsky with a smile.

“Me.”

The money was almost to the dollar the amount due for the mortgage. Yes, after davening Mincha, we’ll see.... (Rav Belsky)

Reprinted from the Parshas Lech Lecha 5785 email of The Weekly Vort.

A Letter to Hashem



In the city of Mir, there lived a girl by the name of Chiyenna, whose dream was to marry a ben Torah. However, she was finding the task rather challenging. At a young age, she’d been orphaned from her father, and her family had no breadwinner. They made do with a very meager income, which certainly complicated her prospects at marrying a ben Torah.

The years went by, and no shidduch seemed to work out. One night, while everyone else was asleep, she sat beside the table and wrote a heart-to-heart letter to Hashem, enumerating her pain and what she was requesting of Him.

But once she finished writing it, what was she going to do with it? How would she send a letter to Hashem? She decided that she would wait for a windy day, hike up to the closest mountain, and send it into the air in the hope that it would get to Hashem.

When the right day came, she made her way to the mountain, took her letter, released her grip of it, and watched it float through the air until it was out of sight. She was content to believe that Hashem had received her letter, and she climbed back down to await its results.

Lo and behold, the letter ended up falling in the path of a yeshiva bachur, just the type of chosson the girl had been hoping for! He picked up the letter and saw it addressed to “Avi She’ba’Shamayim.” He was flabbergasted.

“Avi She’ba’Shamayim?” he thought. Who is writing this, and what do they need? He certainly wasn’t Avi She’ba’Shamayim, but his curiosity got the better of him, and he opened it. After reading it, he ran to his rosh yeshiva, Reb Elya Baruch Kamahi, and asked, “I’ve found a letter addressed to Avi She’ba’Shamayim, and it’s a request for a shidduch with a ben Torah. Is this a message that I should consider marrying this girl?”

The rosh yeshiva suggested that he first meet the girl to see with whom he’s dealing with. Upon meeting, this bachur, Yitzchok Yechiel, saw how they shared the same Torah values and that they were compatible. Reb Kamahi suggested that he marry her.



The maternal grandson of Rav Davidowitz, zt”l

Reb Yitzchok Yechiel Davidowitz, eventually became the rav in the Karelitz. Not only that, but they were zocheh to astonishing offspring, including being the honorable grandparents of the Feinstein dynasty. Who hasn’t benefited from one of the thousands of earthshattering p’sakim that Reb Moshe Feinstein enlightened us to?

Reb Yitzchok Yechiel and Reb. Chiyenna (Horowitz) gave birth to Reb. Faye Gittel, the mother of Reb Moshe. Such a lady who was determined to take a learning boy, and turned to Hashem without despair, was zocheh to such well-deserved offspring.

Reprinted from the Parshas Lech Lecha 5785 email of Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg’s Zichru Toras Moshe.

Reciting Tehillim Every Morning!



Rebbetzin Kanievsky, a”h

Rav Shlomo Levenstein related an incredible story that was told over by Rav Eliyahu Brunner: One of the times that I took Rebbetzin Kanievsky, z”l, to visit her father, HaGaon Rav Yosef Shalom Elyashiv, zt”l, her brother, Rav Avrohom Elyashiv pointed to the floor and told me, “On this floor tile, the Rebbetzin stood when she was a single girl, and each and every morning, without fail, she would recite the entire Sefer Tehilim from cover to cover!”

When we drove back to Bnei Brak, I gathered the courage and I asked the Rebbetzin, “What caused you to recite the entire Tehilim, every day, without fail?”

At first, she tried to avoid answering, but she eventually agreed to tell me. She said, “There was no money in my father’s house. My mother, A”H, did not desire anything. Her only desire and goal was that my father should be able to learn Torah without any disturbances. This was her life’s work.

“ I was the oldest daughter, and at that stage, I already understood how to manage Parnasah, so I found a job and went to work in order to help support my family. However, naturally, the atmosphere of the workplace had practically no Torah atmosphere.

“Therefore, I decided to wake up very early every morning to stand and say the entire Tehilim, as a Zechus that the coming day should pass by with complete goodness and joy, and with faithfulness to Hashem, in the way I was brought up in my father’s home. And that I should not Chas V’Shalom be influenced by any negative surroundings that I may face in the working world!”

Reprinted from the Parshas Lech Lecha 5785 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.

The Gift in Your Passenger Seat

By Rabbi Avrohom Asher Makovsky



Rabbi Avrohom Asher Makovsky

Every day, Aharon makes the long commute from Lakewood to Brooklyn where he works. He listens to shiurim and music to keep his mind occupied, and difficult as the routine is, he enjoys the time to himself. It's a little refuge between his busy household and his hectic office.

Then his neighbor calls him. He is the young father of a large family, and recently began teaching elementary school at a yeshivah in Brooklyn. His pay is barely adequate, and commuting costs take a big bite out of his tight budget. He asks, "Could I get a ride home with you on Mondays and Thursdays? I'd be happy to split the tolls."

Aharon knows he has to say "yes." There's no real reason to say "no," except that he doesn't want company. He soon regrets his decision because this young man loves to talk. Furthermore, he doesn't talk about anything that interests Aharon. Aharon feels as if his mind is taken captive for an hour and a half every time the young man gets into the car.

But he works on developing a different attitude. "I'm saving this family a lot of money by giving him a ride. Hashem gave me the chance to do a Jew a big favor, and I'm doing it. I might as well do it happily."

What Aharon doesn't know is that he is doing himself an even bigger favor. The Zohar in Parashas Vayeira teaches that if, chas v'shalom, a person is due some punishment for his sins, Hashem can send that person a "gift" in the form of a poor person in need of tzedakah or chessed. The gift is an expression of Hashem's love for the person, reflecting His desire to help him save himself from pain.

If the person accepts the gift, his kind deed becomes "imprinted" on his body. When the prosecuting malach approaches the person and sees this imprint, he flees, and the person is saved. Imagine how we would react to that annoying individual who comes to us for a ride or a loan or some other favor, yet again, if we knew that he was a gift from Hashem. If we knew that a danger lay ahead for us, and by helping this person we are able to bypass the danger without ever knowing what awaited us, we would be seeking out difficult gemilus chassadim to take on.

We'd be calling up the lonely guest who dominates our Shabbos table with long, pointless commentaries and invite him for a seudah. We'd be offering a ride to the person who takes the opportunity to ask us a barrage of personal questions. We'd be volunteering to babysit for the neighbor's child who needs non-stop attention. If we saw illness, accidents, disputes and other misfortunes looming in the distance, and they dissipated like clouds when we grasped these acts of chessed, how different our perspective would be!

*Reprinted from the Parshas Noach 5785 email of At the ArtScroll Shabbos Table.
Excerpted from the ArtScroll book – "Living Chessed."*

A Time to Get Forgiveness

Rav Gamliel Rabinowitz related a story in Tiv HaHashgachah that someone had shared: I am happy to tell an exciting story that happened to me, and with this, to encourage Yidden to be careful not to hurt one another. As a child, others bothered me, but I also bothered others.

In my neighborhood, there was a man whose mind was a little weak, and we enjoyed annoying him and hearing his reaction. My mother always warned us that this was a severe Aveirah (sin) and it was forbidden, but as a child, I did not understand the depth of her words, and at every opportunity, I would bother him to get a funny reaction for me and my friends.

Some years went by and I got married, and Baruch Hashem, I started a family. However, our third child suffered from breathing problems, and the doctors could not find the source of this, and no treatment helped. With a broken heart, I wrote a

Kvitel (note) and sent it to the Kever of the Baal Ha'yeshuos, Rav Moshe Moznitch, zt"l.

That night I had a dream and in the dream, the Tzadik told me to go to the grave of a certain man in Eretz Yisroel and ask for forgiveness. When I woke up, I remembered that this was the man who I had harassed as a child. Immediately, I called my father who lives in Eretz Yisroel, and asked for his help in arranging a Minyan so that he can Daven and ask for forgiveness for me.

My father agreed to help me, and after he went, he called me and emotionally told me that exactly on the day when he went with a Minyan to the grave, it was this man's Yahrzeit! The Minyan said Kaddish and learned Mishnayos for the elevation of his Neshamah. The very next day, when my son woke up in the morning, he was completely healthy without any breathing issues at all! Baruch Hashem, the problem had gone away! This is the power of Tefilah and forgiveness!

Reprinted from the Parshas Lech Lecha 5785 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.

Avodah with Animals

By Aharon Spetner

Sunday afternoon, U. City Shul

As soon as Moishy finished saying Aleinu, Totty whispered into his ear. "You remember what you learned in this week's parsha about Avraham Avinu? Hashem is giving you a great opportunity. You see that man sitting in the back of the Shul? That's Mr. Abrams. He just moved into the neighborhood this week. Why don't you go over and give him a nice 'shalom aleichem'? Isn't that what Avraham Avinu would do?"

Moishy felt funny going over to a stranger but his Totty was right. It was an opportunity to do a mitzvah — and Totty was right there in Shul with him. He walked over to the man and said "Sholom aleichem!" with a smile and outstretched hand. "My name is Moishy Freedman."

The man smiled. "Aleichem sholom!" he answered. "I'm Shimon Moshe Abrams".

"I hear you just moved here, welcome to St. Louis!" Moishy said graciously, as he thought of how he could possibly imitate Avraham and make a guest feel comfortable. "I can show you the best place to stand during an aufruf so you catch the most candy." He blurted out.

"Why thank you!" replied Shimon Moshe. "I'll be sure to keep that in mind."

“My pleasure,” said Moishy. “By the way, may I ask what you do?”

“Boruch Hashem, I am zoche to learn Torah and serve Hashem all day,” Shimon Moshe said with a smile.

Monday afternoon, after school

“Hi Totty!” exclaimed Moishy as he burst into the door. “Remember you said we could go on a trip to Mayor McGillicuddy’s new zoo once they had cages for the animals? Well today they got the cages! Mayor McGillicuddy himself rode around town on a zebra today announcing it on a bullhorn! So, can we go? It’s just a few blocks away, right where the girls’ school used to be - please???”

Boruch Hashem Totty agreed to drive everyone to the new zoo for an hour.

The zoo was interesting, to say the least. Most of the dangerous animals were already in their cages, but there was a camel walking around, and a group of penguins waddled by the concession stand looking lost.

The Freedmans walked around and stopped by a cage with a sign that said “Nile Crocodile”.

“I don’t see the crocodile,” said Dovid.

“Look! There he is!” exclaimed Moishy, pointing outside of the cage.

The family looked around, and sure enough, there was a crocodile wearing a dog leash, being led by a zookeeper towards the cage. The Freedmans watched excitedly as the zookeeper removed the leash from the crocodile and started wrestling it into the cage. Wow, that looked dangerous!

As the crocodile’s huge body was forced into the cage, its massive tail still swinging wildly out the door, the zookeeper’s head turned towards the Freedmans and Moishy saw that it was none other than the man he had just met yesterday in Shul! “What was he doing working in the zoo?” Moishy wondered. Didn’t he learn all day in Kollel?

With the crocodile finally securely locked in his new cage, Rabbi Abrams stood outside the cage, catching his breath and mopping the sweat off of his face with a towel.

“Hi Moishy!” he said, looking up and seeing the Freedman family standing there. “How are you doing?”

“I-I’m doing great,” Moishy stammered. “But can I ask you a question? Yesterday you told me you learn in Kollel all day, but now it looks like you’re a zookeeper. Are you just volunteering here to help the mayor?”

“No,” smiled Rabbi Abrams. “I didn’t say that I learn in Kollel. You asked me what I do and I answered that I learn Torah and serve Hashem all day.”

“But why didn’t you tell me that you’re a zookeeper?” asked Moishy, confused.

“Let me ask you a question,” said Rabbi Abrams. “What did Avraham Avinu do?”

“Well, he was the Gadol Hador and one of the Avos Hakedoshim!” answered Moishy. “He built the foundations of Klal Yisroel!”

“Ah,” Rabbi Abrams interjected. “But he had a lot of cattle and sheep. He was busy all day taking care of his animals and managing his shepherds. Even when the Malochim came, he himself shechted three cows and prepared the meat for them. But you never hear anyone saying that Avraham Avinu was a farmer, do you? Because the main thing in his life was serving Hashem.

“Think about it this way. If someone asks what you do, you wouldn’t answer them ‘I eat cereal and milk, tie my shoes, and I play tag at recess.’ You would say ‘I go to cheder and learn Torah every day’, right?



Illustrated by Miri Weinreb

“So, I happen to work as a zookeeper to support my family, but that’s just what I do while I’m serving Hashem all day. What I’m doing with my hands isn’t nearly as important as what I’m doing with my mind - that’s what defines who a Yid really is!”

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

The Mystery of the Sleeping Chossid

By Yehuda Z. Klitmer

R' Nosson was a Chosid of the Rebbe from Zichlin, Poland, Reb Shmuel Abba. He was a flour mill manager. Every Shabbos night for years, the household members would sing together the praises to Hashem before Kiddush. Everyone looked forward to this all week. Yet on this Shabbos night, after R' Nosson poured the Kiddush cup with wine, everyone was silent and came closer to hear the Kiddush.

The father took a deep breath and suddenly he sat down and fell asleep in his chair! "Tatty Tatty," all the family members screamed, but there was no response. They tried to wake him up by shaking his shoulder but to no avail. They decided to call a doctor. He came, but he didn't manage to wake him from his deep sleep or understand what had happened to him.

After an examination and finding nothing, the doctor suggested letting him sleep until he woke up by himself. R' Nosson didn't wake up until morning. He was amazed and embarrassed to hear what happened, and he didn't know what to do with himself.

The next Shabbos night it happened again. And before he started the Kiddush he fell asleep again, without being able to wake him up "When he woke up in the morning and realized that it happened to him again like last Shabbos, He exclaimed. "What's going on here? I can't go on like this. Tomorrow I'm going to the Rebbe"

The next day, he went to the Rebbe in Zichlin and told him the whole story. With tears, he begged him to cure him of this strange affliction.

"It seems to me," the Rebbe told him, "that in some way you have desecrated the Shabbos and the Shabbos is prevented your Kiddush! The Chossid stood surprised and embarrassed and said: "I don't understand. I am so careful with Shabbos laws. I can't even imagine how it could have happened," he replied.

The Rebbe answered: "Go home and surely you will find the answer".

Heartbroken, he returned home. When he told his family what the Rebbe said they were amazed. Everyone knew very well how much he observed Shabbos. But then one of his adult sons said:

"Father, I must tell you that the Rebbe's words are right. One Shabbos night, when I stayed up late, I saw that you got up in the middle of the night. It was clear you were still half asleep, and you lit a candle to light the way you wanted to get a glass of water, and you blew out the candle when you were done. When I saw you

the next morning and you remembered nothing of the events of the past night, I decided not to embarrass you and tell you about what happened. But now when the Rebbe himself said this, I feel obliged to tell you."

The man immediately set his sights again on the city of Zichlin. He told the Rebbe what his son told him

and the Rebbe responded, "Indeed so: this is the source of the problem. There are two main obligations towards Shabbos: To remember her and keep her. Hashem said both in one breath. "Remember" is carried out through speech, by expressing the holiness of Shabbos in words by Kiddush. Both are connected! When you inadvertently fail to "keep" the Shabbos, it's hard for you to "remember" her.

R' Noson begged, "How can I atone for my sins, can the Rebbe give me a cure"!

The only "cure" for you is if you go through a testing experience in observing Shabbos and successfully comply with it."

These words made R' Noson feel a little better. He believed in the holy words of his Rabbi and decided to stand the test no matter what. A short time later he was called by the Poritz from whom he leased his mill in exchange for an annual salary and a certain percentage of his income.

The Poritz told him that he planned to greatly increase the production capacity of a mill flour, by adding modern machinery, and to recover the large sums of money he would invest, the mill would have to operate on Saturday From now on.

"I won't be able to do that," said the miller in a decisive tone. "I only work six days, I will never work on Shabbos.

"The Poritz raised his voice. "Fool! Well, really," said the poritz, "I know that you can agree with a gentile that you won't need to work on Shabbos, and the mill will remain open so will my income grow." The renovations will take Two months, and you must answer me now, if you intend to continue working seven days and if not, I'll throw you out now of the mill."

"I have never been lenient to make it easy to observe Shabbos, and I will not this time either," declared R' Nosson firmly.

The Poritz carried out his threat and drove away R' Nosson from the mill, leaving R' Nosson without any source of income. It came hard times for the miller and his family. It was hard to satisfy even basic food for their children. Also, he was not yet cured From the "Shabbos sleep", but R' Nosson was determined not to fail the test of keeping Shabbos, how hard it would be.

Meanwhile, the Poritz completed the renovations and appointed a manager new to the station, one who was ready to work all week. The Poritz admired the new machinery and dreamt of a major production from the mill. But then strange mishaps occurred. The modern machinery kept on malfunctioning and the engineers had no solutions for what caused it. The mill began to accumulate large losses. The Poritz

had to admit that the problems were related to the fact that he destroyed the livelihood of the Jewish miller.

He went to the home of R' Nosson and told him about the situation in the mill and offered to come back and work for him. "And what about Shabbos?" asked R' Nosson.

"Look," the Poritz replied. "After all the strange problems and losses, I understand that G-d is on your side. Do as you see fit." R' Nosson was cured of his Shabbos night illness just as the Rebbe told him. He had great success in the mill and became very rich. R' Nosson always said: "Kiddush" on Shabbos remained his greatest pleasure, much greater than his riches.

Reprinted from the Parshas Lech Lecha 5785 email of Pardes Yehuda

Chesed Shel Emes

An elderly Yid from Williamsburg suddenly passed away, but the family was poor and unable to pay the high costs of kevarah. They contacted Chesed Shel Emes with the following request: The niftar's mother, who passed away several years earlier, was interred in the Belzer chelke (section) in Long Island. Would Chesed Shel Emes be able to finance the kevarah of this man next to his dear mother, in the Belzer chelke?

This request was regrettably refused, since such practices were not in the range of Chesed Shel Emes activities. The niftarim who are cared for by Chesed Shel Emes are interred in the organization's own chelka. Chesed Shel Emes simply doesn't have a fund to pay for kevaras in other locations.

Since the family was unable to pay for the kevarah, they agreed to have the man laid to rest in the Chesed Shel Emes chelka. Chesed Shel Emes kindly handled the entire matter, preparing a kever at the edge of their plot in Long Island. When the family arrived in the bais olam they were shocked to see that right next to the new kever was the matzeiva of the niftar's mother! The mother's grave was at the edge of the Belzer chelka, which bordered the Chesed Shel Emes chelka. There was not even a gate separating mother and son, there was only one other kever in between them!

Reprinted from the Parshas Lech Lecha 5785 email of Shabbos Chayeinu. Stories selected by Tzvi Schultz.