

SHABBOS STORIES FOR PARSHAS BALAK-CHUKAS 5786

Volume 17, Issue 42 12 Tammuz/June 27, 2026

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

Don't You Believe that the Creator of the World Can Create a Cure for You in Just Four Days?



One day, a man who was very distraught came to the Chazon Ish for help and advice. He told the Chazon Ish that he was quite ill and that the doctors did not have any effective medication for him, and they had told the man that he had only four days left to live.

The Chazon Ish opened a Chumash to Parashas Bereishis, and turned to the first Pesukim of the Parshah. He said to the man, "Look what Hashem created on the first day," and the Chazon Ish began to recite all the things that Hashem created on the first day of Creation.

"Look what Hashem created on the second day," and again the Chazon Ish read the Pesukim, and listed one by one the things that were created on the second day. He continued with the third day, and the fourth day.

"If the Creator of the World was able to create so many things in four days, don't you believe that in four days He can create a medicine for you that will heal you completely? Four days is a very long time!"

The Chazon Ish encouraged the man not to give up hope, but rather, he should daven for himself and plead with Hashem that He heal him. He reminded the man that the Gates of Tefilah are never locked, especially before the Tefilah of a sick person—which is Tefilah at a time of Tzarah, distress.

The eyes of the man lit up at the words of the Chazon Ish and he began to daven fervently for himself, following the instructions of the Tzadik. An unbelievable miracle occurred, and a new medicine was imported to Eretz Yisroel from America in the following days.

This sick man was one of the first people that the medicine was tested on, and it proved to be successful to fight his illness. Within a short time, the man was completely healed! (Borchi Nafshi)

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 5786 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg's Torah U'Tefilah.

Halachic Midair Dilemma: Rav Ezriel Auerbach Summoned to Cockpit Over Sefiras HaOmer Question

An extraordinary photograph that surfaced a few weeks ago captured a rare halachic drama unfolding thousands of feet above the Atlantic, as renowned posek Rav Ezriel Auerbach was summoned to the cockpit of a flight passing over Greenland to resolve a complex question involving Sefiras HaOmer.

The image shows the senior posek standing beside the aircraft's captain while examining the flight's navigation route on the cockpit display screen.

Behind the unusual scene was a complicated halachic issue that arose during Rav Auerbach's trip to the United States. Shortly after takeoff, the Rav began investigating when passengers aboard the flight would be able to count Sefiras HaOmer.

It soon became apparent that throughout the route, the aircraft would effectively remain in continuous daylight due to the flight path and time-zone progression, seemingly "skipping" nighttime entirely.



The matter deeply concerned Rav Auerbach, who sought to analyze the issue thoroughly. In order to assist with the inquiry, the chief pilot personally invited the Rav into the cockpit and presented him with the aircraft's precise navigation map and global flight route.

During their discussion, the pilot explained that the plane would soon cross the Greenland region. Although sunlight was still visible at the aircraft's cruising altitude, conditions on the ground below in Greenland had already entered twilight and darkness due to the geographic positioning and angle of the sun.

After carefully reviewing the geographical and navigational details, Rav Auerbach issued a halachic ruling that has since generated considerable discussion in the Torah world.

"Since on the ground beneath the aircraft it is currently twilight and nighttime, the airplane is halachically considered to be located in a place where it is night," Rav Auerbach ruled.

Based on that ruling, Rav Auerbach instructed the passengers waiting for guidance — and personally followed the ruling himself — that during the brief period while the aircraft passed over the darkened region, it was both permissible and necessary to count Sefiras HaOmer.

Passengers aboard the flight reportedly hurried to fulfill the mitzvah during the flight itself.

One passenger related: "All of the frum passengers on this flight were especially moved that we merited to have the posek hador himself traveling with us and determining whether and when to recite the brachah. There was tremendous amazement among all of us at the remarkable fusion of science, technology, and Torah, which guides a Jew wherever he may be. There is nothing that the gedolei Yisroel and poskim cannot determine — even in the heavens above."

Reprinted from the May 25, 2026 website of Matzav.com

The Story of the Aged Rav

By Rabbi Reuven Semah

When Moshe went up to the Heavens to receive the Torah, the Malachim (angels) asked Hashem why a mortal was amongst them. Hashem answered them that Moshe had come to accept the Torah. The Malachim objected, claiming that the precious gift that Hashem had kept hidden for 974 generations should not be given over to the hands of mere flesh and blood. Moshe countered that the Torah states that Hashem took us out of Egypt. That was certainly addressed to the Jews and not to the Malachim. Immediately, the Malachim capitulated.

The commentaries are bothered. What were the Malachim thinking? Did they actually imagine that the Torah was meant to stay in Heaven with them, and not to be given to the Jews? The Dubno Maggid resolved this difficulty with a parable.

There was an elderly Rav who had served his city faithfully for decades, but now he had aged, and the burden of the big city was too arduous a task for a man of his years. The Rav wrote a letter to a small town to ask if they would like him to serve as their Rav. Before the Rav sent the letter, he asked the people of his city if they would allow him to retire. They answered that they would, although they would certainly miss him. The Rav sent the letter, and the people of the small town were overjoyed at the opportunity to have such an important Talmid Hacham become their Rav.

The small town rented special carriages to carry the Rav, his family, and their belongings to their new home. When the carriages approached the Rav's home, the people of the city blocked their way and would not allow them to

pass. The Rav asked the gabbai why the people refused to let the carriages pass, after they had already agreed to allow him to take the position. The gabbai answered that they were doing this for the Rav's benefit: Lest the people of the small town think that the people of the big city were dissatisfied with the Rav's abilities and that they had sent him away, they would not let the Rav go without a fight. That way, the people of the new town would appreciate what a beloved Rav they were receiving.

Similarly, the Malachim knew that the Torah was surely meant to be given to the Jewish people. They just wanted Klal Yisrael to appreciate what a special treasure it was, such that the Malachim would not let it go without a fight.

Reprinted from the Parashat Naso 5786 email of Rabbi David Bibi's Shabbat Shalom from Cyberspace.

The Rosh Yeshiva's Appearance at a Talmid's Wedding

By Yoni Schwartz



On his way to the wedding of one of his talmidim, **Rav Shneur Kotler**, ZT"l, told his driver to be ready to leave right after the chuppah because he had a very important

meeting that he could not miss. After the chuppah, the Rav came out to tell the driver that he would be staying a little while longer. Normally, the Rav would stay at most half an hour to an hour at weddings because he was very busy. However, this time, he stayed for hours until the end, which was unheard of.

As they were driving back, the driver, bursting with curiosity, asked Rav Shneur why he stayed so long. He replied, "In truth, cancelling that meeting was not such a simple thing, and I really wanted to go to it, but when I saw that they didn't give me any *kibbud* (honor) under the chuppah, I realized that if I were to leave early, it might give the

impression that I was upset because of this.

“What probably happened was that one of the in-laws had an extra that I was upset, it could cause friction between the in-laws. Friction between the in-laws can easily spill over to the newly married couple. When it comes to peace, we don’t take any risks.”

person they needed to give a kibbud to, which meant that the other side had to give one up. If I gave the impression

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 5786 email of Torah Sweets

Eliyahu HaNavi and the Hidden Treasure

There was once a chassid who had a righteous wife. When the couple lost all of their money, the man found work plowing a field. While he was working, he encountered

Eliyahu HaNavi, who was disguised as an Arab.

Eliyahu HaNavi said to him, “You have six years of wealth destined for you. Do you want them now, or at the end of your life?”

The man replied, “You are just an illusionist. You have nothing to give me. Please go away and leave me in peace.”

Eliyahu HaNavi returned to him again and again. The third time, the chassid said, “Let me consult with my wife.”

He went to his wife and explained, “A man has come to me three times, claiming I have six years of wealth coming to me. He wants to know when I want to receive them — now or at the end of my life.”

She answered without hesitation, “Tell him to give us the money now.”

He returned to Eliyahu HaNavi and relayed her answer. The Navi told him, “Go home. Even before you reach the gate of your chatzer, you will see that you have been blessed.”

The couple’s children had been playing in the dirt of their yard where they discovered a treasure — enough money to support the family for six years. They immediately called for their mother. She ran out to tell her husband the good news before he even reached the gate of their house. He immediately gave thanks to Hashem.

The wife then said to her husband, “Hashem has been extremely kind to us, granting us this bracha. Let us spend these six years dedicated to helping others. Perhaps then Hashem will grant us even more.”

And so they did, spending the six years in constant acts of tzedakah and chesed. At the end of the six years, Eliyahu HaNavi reappeared and said, “The time has come for me to take back what I gave you.”

The pious man replied, “When I accepted the money, I consulted with my wife. Now that it is time to return it, let me consult with her once more.”

He went to her and said, “The man has returned to take back what he gave us.”

She told him, “Tell him that if he can find people who will use the money better than we did, he should take it.”

Hashem knew of all the good they had done for others while they possessed wealth and decided to grant them even more, as it says in Yeshayahu (32:17), “The fruit of tzedakah will be peace.” (Yalkut Shimoni, Rus 607)

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 5786 email of Chayeinu Weekly. Compiled by Tzvi Schultz.

The Maharsha's Righteous Shamash



The Maharsha

In the city of Pozna, long before his greatness became known to the world, lived the holy Maharsha, R' Shmuel Eliezer Halevi Eidels zt"l. In those early years, he was not recognized as a towering Torah scholar. In fact, many people regarded him with suspicion and even degradation.

The reason was simple and, to them, inexplicable: he looked like a nazir and grew his hair long. His unusual appearance made him seem strange in the eyes of the townspeople, and they whispered about him, wondering why a man who appeared so ordinary - and perhaps even odd - would choose to look that way.

Only his wife knew the truth, and she guarded the secret faithfully. The Maharsha's diligence in Torah study knew no limits. Night after night, he sat alone, writing his commentary on the entire Shas. He feared that sleep might steal precious moments from his learning, and so he devised a method to keep himself awake. He tied his long hair to a rope fastened to the ceiling. If exhaustion overcame him and his head began to fall toward the table, the sudden pull of the rope would wake him instantly. In this way, he ensured that he would not sleep through the night until his work was complete. Only during the day would he allow himself a brief rest - no more than three hours at a time - before returning to his sacred labor.

In the same shul where the Maharsha davened, another hidden tzaddik served quietly as the shamash. No one suspected the depth of his devotion. Every midnight, he would enter the shul, lock the door behind him, and begin to recite the entire Sefer Tehillim. When he finished one of the five sections, he would walk in a circle, making a hakafah around the bimah and then continue on, until he had completed the entire Tehillim. This was his nightly practice, carried out in silence and secrecy.

One night, fatigue overtook him and he fell asleep inside the locked synagogue. Suddenly, he felt a hand shaking him awake. Standing before him was a tall man dressed in royal garments, his bearing noble and imposing.

"Excuse me," the stranger asked, "where does the Maharsha live?"

Still groggy, the shamash rose and led him through the quiet streets to the Maharsha's home. When he returned to the synagogue, he discovered that the door was still locked exactly as he had left it. Confused, he told himself he must have imagined the whole thing, for he was still tired, and resumed his recitation. But again, he fell asleep. And again, he was awakened - this time by a handsome man with red hair, also dressed in royal clothing. The stranger asked him the same question: "Where does the Maharsha live?"

The shamash, bewildered but obedient, led him as well. Returning once more, he locked the door tightly, checked the windows, and continued saying Tehillim. A third time he drifted into sleep. And a third time he was awakened, now by a man dressed in leather garments and a breastplate. The stranger repeated

the same question. This time the shamash could not contain his astonishment. “Who are you?” he demanded. “And how did you enter the synagogue when the door was locked?”

The stranger looked at him gravely. “I will tell you who we are,” he said, “but know that if you reveal this before the proper time, you will die.”

The shamash nodded, trembling. “The first man you saw,” the stranger said, “the tall one in royal clothing, was Shaul Hamelech, as it is written, ‘From his shoulders and upward he was taller than all people.’ The second, handsome and ruddy, was Dovid Hamelech. And I,” he continued, placing a hand upon his breastplate, “am Eliyahu Hanavi.

“We are going to the Maharsha because in the heavenly court they did not know how to rule in the matter of Shaul persecuting Dovid. I come as a witness, and they come as the litigants. In Heaven it was decided that only the Maharsha can judge between them.” And then, he vanished.

The next day, the shamash gathered the sages of the community and told them everything he had seen. When he finished, he added, “Know that the Maharsha is a hidden Tzaddik. And know also that, as Eliyahu told me, I will die. But I die with joy - for the holiness of Hashem and for the sake of the Tzaddik, so that no one will ever again cause him pain or despise him.”

Within moments, the shamash passed away. From that day forward, the Maharsha was no longer regarded as strange. Word spread of the heavenly visitors who had sought his judgment, and his greatness became known throughout the land. Students flocked to him, eager to learn from the man whose Torah was cherished not only on earth, but in the courts of Heaven. (wv ogubc ,uzjk)

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 5786 email of Rabbi Dovid Hoffman's Torah Tavlin.

Hiding From the Germans in Slovakia

Rabbi Aharon Shmuel Singer, from Ra'anana, relates: Towards the end of World War II, we hid eight people in a flour mill that was between two mountains, in the center of Slovakia. As is well known, during that period, the Germans' desire to murder increased, knowing that the war was supposed to end in a short time, and therefore, it was necessary [in their minds] to kill as many Jews as possible.

Above the two high mountains was a railway bridge, over which a train with many passengers passed every day. And here, one Friday, we spotted through the

shutters of the hut of the flour mill two paratroopers dressed in SS uniforms, who parachuted near the bridge, stayed there for a few minutes, and then went down towards the mill where we were hiding.

And here they were approaching. The two looked like two German officers. Therefore, when they discovered us in our hiding place, we were sure that the end had come, and with the help of the rifles in their hands they would immediately eliminate the eight Jews.

These fears were disproved when the two revealed to us that they were Russian soldiers, disguised as SS officers. "We have just planted a mine on the railway bridge, they said, following intelligence information that reached us that tomorrow at 5 A.M., dozens of German officers will travel here on the regular train." The mine was supposed to explode as soon as the train passed, derailing it, so that all the cars would fall straight into the valley under the bridge, and all the officers would be killed.

Everything went according to plan, and as the Russian soldiers said, it was. At 5 A.M., a loud explosion was heard from the direction of the bridge, the cars rolled into the abyss, and all the passengers, including the officers, were killed. Within a short time, the security personnel and officers of the German secret police, under the command of an officer who was known for his cruelty, arrived at the scene and began to look for initial signs in the area to track down the assassins.



The entire area was covered with a large and high layer of snow. The clearest, and only sign, that was on the ground was the footsteps in the snow of the assassins who led from the bridge to the flour mill where we were hiding. Within minutes, dozens of security and police personnel surrounded the mill, and now we were sure that this was the end, and along with the chapters of Psalms that we recited all the time, we also began to recite a [vidui] confession. And behold, the damned Germans are searching and searching, going up and down, groping here and rattling there, banging with their bayonets and rifles on all the doors and rooms of the mill, and from our hiding place, you could hear and feel the anger that dominates the searchers for not finding anyone, despite the obvious 'road signs'.

The searches were conducted for many hours, and they did not reach our hut. Or rather, they came and knocked on our rickety door, Behind it we hid, eight Jews frightened to death, but for some reason they didn't break down the door. They didn't even try. Throughout the search, we prayed to G-d with tears and tears that we would not be handed over to the enemies who rose against us. It was clear as the sun that if the door was broken and they discovered us, they would not doubt that we had laid the mine and killed dozens of their officers.

The Germans continued their search. From above and below, from front and back, from all directions and from all sides, and yet they did not break down our door. It should be noted, Rabbi Singer adds, that above our hiding place there was not even a roof, but rather a room like an open loggia at the top, we could easily be found. But no, they didn't find us. We sat curled up, and we heard how they were so angry that they would stick the bayonets into every corner of the flour mill, and spew out vigorous curses that expressed their bitterness at their 'failure' to find the people.

Some of them said, 'We must not leave here without merchandise... Without finding the assassins. Forbidden! Our commanders will kill us if we don't inform them that we have discovered the culprits.' The search lasted between five and six full hours. For all the years that have passed since then, I have tried to think about whether it is possible to explain and understand naturally how it is possible that they were so close to us, for so long, and did not discover us, and the answer is clearly no. We had a visible miracle.

Before they left the area, we heard that one of the officers suggested that his friends throw a grenade into the roof of the room where we were hiding, to be sure that there was no one there. The other officers expressed a similar opinion, but in the end, the grenade was not thrown. And go explain why, instead of talking about a pomegranate, they didn't come into the room.

The Germans did not give up yet, and began to interrogate the non-Jew, the owner of the flour mill, and he, too, by the grace of Heaven, discovered nothing, until we came out of this story safely. Such overt miracles occurred and continue to occur not only with Rabbi Singer, but also during the Holocaust.

Every Jew who stops for a moment in the course of his life and contemplates on how G-d leads him will see miracles like these in his life as well. However, it is not always possible to see miracles on the spot. Let us believe wholeheartedly that everything that G-d does is for the good, and since He alone looks from the end of the world to the end, only He can know what is the true good for each person.

Yes, it certainly doesn't happen in the situation of the Germans and the flour mill, nor in the case of a railway bridge and the laying of mines, but it happens when one needs large sums of money, in preparation for the wedding of one of the offspring, and naturally there is no way to get them, and here the Holy One, blessed be He, miraculously turns things around so that the money will come just as it is needed.

It happens to literally every one of us, who has to arrive at a certain place at a certain time. And again, naturally it was not appropriate to do it at all, because of big traffic jams on the way, etc., and despite everything, we arrived, and we had a clear feeling that the Holy One, blessed be He, was clearing the roads of traffic jams especially for us.

Isn't that so? So instead of thinking of patents that will help us "clear the traffic jams," it would be much more efficient and much more profitable to think about how to fulfill the will of our Creator in its entirety, and then He alone has already done and will do all things that we need.

Reprinted from Likutei Shmuel – Collection 18 compiled by Shmuel Eisikovits.

The Clever Wagon Driver

The heilige tzaddik Rabbi Simcha Bunim of Pashischa, author of the Kol Simcha, was a disciple of the Yehudi Hakadosh, Rabbi Yaakov Yitzchak. In his later years, he became blind. However, this did not prevent him from seeing what he needed to see. He continued to lead and read kvitelach as usual and answered everything.

In Warsaw, there was a group of young men who mocked the tzaddik, saying that such a thing is impossible and that people were just telling "old wives' tales" about Pashischa!

The heilige Chiddushei HaRim of Ger was a disciple of the heilige Pashischa. He lived in Warsaw at the time and used to travel to him. Since the father of one of these young men was a wagon driver, his friends asked him, "When the Gerer Rebbe travels to Pashischa, ask your father if you can drive the Rebbe instead of him. That way, you will be able to see for yourself if the stories they tell about Pashischa are just myths or the truth!"

And so, it was. When he came to request a trip to Pashischa, the young man acted as the coachman instead of his father. The Rebbe got into the wagon with his disciples, and they traveled to the Rebbe in Pashischa. In Pashischa, the young man asked the Gerer Rebbe if he could go inside with them to greet the Pashischa Rebbe, and the Rebbe agreed.

They stood in line to greet him. The young man, the coachman, had red hair. When he extended his hand to greet him, the Pashischa Rebbe asked the Chiddushei

HaRim: "Who is this red-headed young man who came with you?"

The Gerer Rebbe replied that he was their wagon driver who lived in Warsaw! The young man nearly fainted, because he realized that what his friends had been saying was untrue, for the Rebbe could see even though he was blind! The young man regretted his words against the tzaddik and stayed for the entire

Shabbos. He soaked himself in holiness and experienced a powerful spiritual awakening from both the prayers and the tish.

Motzei Shabbos, he confessed to the Rebbe what he had previously thought about him. The Rebbe forgave him and offered words of encouragement for him and his friends back in Warsaw.

Meanwhile, the Gerer Rebbe requested to drive around the fields to catch some fresh air before they headed back home. After driving around, the Gerer Rebbe said they could now head back to Warsaw. The young man stopped the wagon, laid down directly under the wheels, and said: "I am not driving any further until the Gerer Rebbe gives me a blessing!"

The chassidim thought he wanted more money and said, "Fine, we will give you a bonus for the trip." But the young man said, "I don't want money, I want a blessing from the Rebbe, and if not, we are staying right here!"

The Gerer Rebbe saw that he was serious and told the young man he would grant him a blessing. The young man approached, and the Rebbe blessed him with long life and that he should never lack money! The young man was overjoyed with such a blessing, sat back at the driver's wheel, and drove them home.

Back in Warsaw, the young man turned his friends around too, and they also repented. In time, the young man married and became a glazier. The blessing of the Rebbe was fulfilled, he became very successful and built a fine home with his wife, who helped him. They married off their children, provided dowries for everyone.

When he grew a bit older, he did not want to abandon his trade as a glazier. He set aside 1000 guilden to buy materials, but was afraid to carry it on himself because he had to go to work among the gentiles. So, he sewed a pouch, fitted it for his wife, and she wore it around her neck.

They were very hospitable people. Once, a guest came and asked to stay with them. This guest found out about the pouch of money the woman wore around her neck and wanted to take it, but he was afraid to steal it. One day, however, the woman did not feel well and fainted. The guest revived her, but first, he took the one thousand guilden from the pouch and fled.

When the woman felt better and her husband came home asking for some money to buy glass, she discovered the money was gone! She realized the guest had stolen it, but what could they do now? Go look for him!

The Yid went to the heilige Rabbi Yaakov of Radzymin, and told him the story. Reb Yankel was confident in the blessing of the Rebbe, assured him that he would never lack money. The Yid traveled back home, and a general was waiting for him, needing glass for his fortress. The general gave him an advance payment.



The burial place of the Chiddushei HaRim of Gur

The man did a wonderful job and earned 800 guilden for his work. Meanwhile, that same guest suddenly fell ill. He sent for the glazier and returned the one thousand guilden to him. The glazier immediately forgave him, and afterward, the guest recovered. The glazier and his wife lived long lives, just as the Rebbe, had blessed them.

Reprinted from the Parshas Naso 5786 email of Parshas Yehuda.