

Epilogue

Message from the Author

In Conclusion

It seemed fitting to conclude this book with a compilation of stories received after the original edition was sent for print. These stories are in random order, and they all demonstrate the overarching importance of *chessed*, because *zeh kol ha'adam*, that encapsulates the essential value of a person.

Then the Mystery Was Solved

Rabbi Yehuda Yoel Miller of Yerushalayim, a prominent Vizhnitzer *chassid*, related to Reb Shmuel's children:

I was very close to Harav Yehuda Horowitz of Dzhikov, and I saw how he admired your father and accorded him great respect. Despite knowing your father, and being aware that he was an unparalleled *baal tzedakah* and how much he helped the Rebbe, it was still remarkable to me, because I knew that the Dzhikover Rebbe did not customarily honor people in this way — even lofty people of great stature. Therefore, when I received the book *Ish Chessed Hayah* from you, I read it with great interest, to try and solve this mystery that has been puzzling me for so many years. What did Harav Yehuda of Dzhikov see in your father that was so unique that he accorded him such great respect?



Harav Yehuda Yoel Miller shares memories while drinking *l'chaim*, after writing the letters for the *sefer Torah* given by the Vizhnitzer Rebbe in memory of Harav Yehuda'le of Dzhikov.

I began to read the book. I read about the wondrous acts of *chessed*, but even as I read, I didn't find an answer to my question.

And then I reached Chapter Twenty, which recounted the story of the *Rafiach* and that your father paid a lot of money to bring the victims from Syrna for burial in Eretz Yisrael. That moved me very much. It wasn't so much the actual deed, but rather that such a pure act — spending so much money for people who could never thank him and would never be able to repay him — is the greatest proof that his deeds were completely free of personal interest. That is indicative that all the other acts of *chessed* he performed were *l'shem Shamayim* as well.

Rabbi Shmuel Daskal Alley

Reb Yisrael Baruch Wieder of Kiryat Vizhnitz related:

I live on Rechov Tal Chaim in Kiryat Vizhnitz in Bnei Brak. When I was a young man, right after my marriage, the only grocery in Kiry-

at Vizhnitz was located quite far from my house. I would make my purchases at the Shikun Vav grocery on Rechov Rimon, and the short walk took me through the park near Rechov Tal Chaim. One day, we suddenly noticed that the municipality was building a kindergarten there, and the structure was blocking the path that we took to the grocery. We would be compelled to take a much more roundabout route. I knew that if I would ask the municipality to change its plans, I wouldn't accomplish anything. I was just a young man, and no one would listen to me and change anything because of my request.

Then I remembered Reb Shmuel, who had recently been appointed as a city councilor. I knew that he was a very approachable person and a *baal chessed*, and I thought maybe he'd help me. I was a bit nervous to contact him — who was I anyway? But I put my worries aside and, with a pounding heart, approached him and asked to speak to him.

It was unbelievable. He listened to me with so much respect, you would have thought I was the mayor. He heard me out and asked questions, clarifying exactly what I wanted and what could be done. After thinking for a short time, he said, "Don't worry. I'll ask the municipality to take a meter (three feet) off the building so that there will be a path to Rechov Rimon even with the kindergarten there."

He immediately translated his words to action. To this day, thousands of people have used the path as a shortcut, not knowing that it exists thanks to one Yid, who would always go out of his way to benefit another Yid: Reb Shmuel Daskal.

I call it "Shmuel Daskal Alley." He is certainly worthy of having this place named for him!



Rabbi Shmuel Daskal Alley shortens routes each day for hundreds of people.

Free Taxi

Reb Yisrael Baruch Wieder shared another story:

When I worked as a *rav* in an abattoir near Kiryat Gat, I was once waiting to get a ride. Suddenly, I noticed Reb Shmuel driving by; he was returning from Netivot, from the home of the Baba Sali, and he happily invited me into the car. He asked where I lived, and I said, Kiryat Vizhnitz in Bnei Brak. I knew that he would be driving right by Kiryat Vizhnitz on his way home to Rechov Saadya Gaon.

When we arrived to Kiryat Vizhnitz, he asked me, “Where exactly do you live?” I told him that it wasn’t far from where we were, and that I would get off so he could continue on his way. But he insisted, “Let me take you right to your house.”

Although he’d just had a very long drive, he did the *chessed* wholeheartedly. He was even happier than a taxi driver who gets paid for the ride. I could sense how he did it so wholeheartedly; this was something I’d never seen before.

Looking Away from His Own Honor

Reb Meir Yehuda Feder of Kiryat Vizhnitz related:

I once saw Reb Shmuel showering a poor beggar in the Vizhnitz *mikveh*. Despite being a most distinguished and wealthy person, he treated the beggar so gently, and dressed him with care. He looked away from his own honor when there was a *chessed* to be done.

Pursuing *Tzedakah* and *Chessed*

Harav Yosef Vizhnitzer, the Rosh Yeshivah of Vizhnitz in Brachfeld, related:

My father, Harav Mordechai Zalman Vizhnitzer, *ztz”l*, needed a loan before the wedding of one of his children. He called Reb Shmuel and asked if he could borrow \$5,000. This was a huge sum in those days, worth around \$20,000 today. In most cases, when a *gvir* agrees to give a loan, he tells the borrower when he can come to get it, and he specifies the terms of the loan.

But Reb Shmuel Daskal had a different way of doing things. Not

only did he himself come to give my father the money, he was so excited to do a mitzvah of honoring my father that he said, “I’m coming over right away!”

My father felt uncomfortable. “It’s not urgent,” he replied. But Reb Shmuel couldn’t wait. Within a few minutes, he — and the loan amount — was at our house.

Preparing for the Chanukah Lights

Harav Shimshon Lerner of Kiryat Vizhnitz related:

I will never forget this incident. Before the Imrei Chaim lit the *Chanukah lecht*, I saw Reb Shmuel Daskal go over to Reb Yaakov Dovid Vizhnitzer, the executive director of the *mosdos* in Vizhnitz, and ask, “How much do you need for salaries this month? I want to take care of it.”

At first Reb Yaakov Dovid demurred and didn’t want to tell him the amount. But Reb Shmuel insisted, “I’m begging you — please tell me what the expenditures for the Vizhnitz institutions are for this month!”

Reb Yaakov Dovid did not want to respond. Again, Reb Shmuel persisted and pleaded, like a poor man begging for a donation from a wealthy man, until Reb Yaakov Dovid finally relented and told Reb Shmuel the sum.

On the spot, Reb Shmuel pulled out a check and wrote it out for the entire amount that would cover the salaries for that month. That was his preparation for the Rebbe’s lighting of the *Chanukah lecht*.



The Yeshuos Moshe of Vizhnitz lighting the Chanukah menorah

As Much as They Want

Rabbi Gedalya Dovid Hartstein of Bnei Brak related:

When I was a *bachur* learning in Slabodka Yeshivah in Bnei Brak, I had an organization to help needy *bachurim*. Before each Yom Tov, we would go to a clothing wholesaler in Tel Aviv to get discounted clothing for the *bachurim*. Once, when we were there, in the midst of negotiating the price, Reb Shmuel Daskal suddenly appeared. The wholesaler left us and immediately walked into a corner with Reb Shmuel, conversing with him quietly.

“We’re getting pushed to the side just because a rich man walked in?” we wondered to ourselves.

But just a few minutes later, we found out the real reason.

As soon as he finished talking to Reb Shmuel, the vendor came back and apologetically said, “Don’t think that I interrupted our conversation simply because he’s wealthy. It’s because Reb Shmuel sends many *bachurim* here to buy as much clothing as they want. I don’t charge them, and every so often, I tell him the total sum, and he pays me in cash.”

What Did Reb Shmuel Apologize About?

Harav Yosef Gottlieb of Bnei Brak, a *maggid shiur* in Yeshivas Vizhnitz, related:

Many years ago, when Reb Shmuel still lived in the Neve Achiezer neighborhood [before 5732/1972], Harav Yishai Mandel of Bnei Brak contacted me and asked me to accompany him to Reb Shmuel. He wanted to ask for a donation for a *chassan* who had no means to pay for his wedding expenses.

On the way, we discussed how much money we were hoping to raise, and for what amount we would feel that our efforts were successful; we decided on ten liras. It should be noted that the average monthly salary at the time was about fifty liras, so that meant a sum equal to almost a week’s pay.

We arrived at about ten o’clock at night, and told Reb Shmuel about the cause we were collecting for. He heard us out and I could see the distraught expression on his face. “It’s a shame you came so

late; I brought plenty of cash home from my office today to distribute to *tzedakah*, but it's all gone already..."

We were quiet. Suddenly he got up and said, "But I can't send you off empty-handed; let me see if I can find something for you." A few minutes later, he returned with a bill in his hand. He gave us the bill and apologized that that was all he still had.

We looked at the bill in disbelief. One hundred liras! That was what this man of *chessed* called "I can't send you off empty-handed"? He was apologizing for giving us a sum equal to an average salary for two months!

"I Envy His *Kibbud Av*"

Reb Zalman Leib Weiss of Kiryat Vizhnitz, the *gabbai* of the Imrei Chaim, related that he heard the Imrei Chaim say about Reb Shmuel, "I envy his *kibbud av*."

It was known that the Imrei Chaim was *moser nefesh* to honor his father, and yet, he said that he envied Reb Shmuel for his *kibbud av*!

Like a Soldier Standing Guard

Harav Yitzchak Yeshaya Weiss, Av Beis Din of Neve Achiezer, related:

I remember how your father stood alert throughout the entire davening, should your grandfather, Reb Chaim Moshe, need anything.

You're Looking for Daskal...

Reb Yitzchak Beirach Daskal, Reb Shmuel's son, related:

Someone once told me, "I was sitting in the Chisda Shul and davening next to Reb Shmuel Daskal. A poor man approached me and asked for a handout. I gave him a



The Imrei Chaim of Vizhnitz



The Poalei Agudas Yisrael shul named for David Chisda
in Bnei Brak

large-denomination coin, but the poor man asked for more. I declined to give it to him, and he left with a scowl. I remarked to Reb Shmuel, ‘Look at that behavior.’

“Reb Shmuel said to me, ‘He must think that you are me!’

“Immediately, he went over to the man and asked, ‘Are you looking for Daskal?’ The man answered in the affirmative. ‘Oh, so it’s me you’re looking for, not that

other person,’ he answered. And he proceeded to give the poor person a large sum of money! Of course, the man was overjoyed.

“I was awed at his perception!”

Payment Plan

Reb Shmuel’s grandson, Reb Pinchas Daskal, a son of Reb Yaakov, related:

At the *shivah*, I met the Chizkiyahu family, who had bought my grandfather’s apartment in Neve Achiezer. They told me that when he sold them the house, he told the buyer how to make the payments: “Give me a third, give a third to Vizhnitz Institutions, and with the last third, I’ll buy merchandise from your grocery...”

What Did He Ask Forgiveness About?

Reb Shmuel’s granddaughter, Tova, a daughter of Reb Yitzchak Beirach, related:

I walked into Daskal Fabrics [not related to us] in Bnei Brak to purchase material. When the salesman heard that I was a granddaughter of Reb Shmuel Daskal, he said to me, “My father, *z”l*, who

owned this store for many years, told me that Reb Shmuel Daskal once called him and said, ‘I heard that people often call you late at night, by mistake, because they think you are Shmuel Daskal. I feel very bad about being the cause of your disturbances, so I’d like to ask your forgiveness.’

“My father was amazed by your grandfather’s sensitivity to others, and how he was so distraught that someone else was being disturbed because of him — even though it was not at all his fault.”

You Are the Son of Holy People

Reb Yitzchak Beirach Daskal related:

When I married off my daughter, Harav Menachem Ernster, Rosh Yeshivas Vizhnitz, came over to me and said, “You should know that it was very hard for me to come to this wedding. I’m coming from the million-man demonstration in Yerushalayim [which was held by *chareidi* Jewry to protest the draft of yeshivah students]. I was there for many hours, in the heat, and I’m very tired. But I came here with *mesirus nefesh* to honor your father.”

He then remarked, “You should know that you are the son of truly holy people, because the unbelievable acts of *tzedakah* that your father performed are unparalleled.”



The “million man demonstration” against the drafting of yeshivah students on Rosh Chodesh Adar 5774

A *Tefillah* at the *Tziyun* That Was Not Turned Away

Reb Yitzchak Beirach related:

When I came home one day, there was a surprise waiting for me:



Tziyun of Rabbi Shmuel Daskal



The painting of the Yehuos Mose of Vizhnitz hanging in his son's house

a beautiful painting of the Yeshuos Moshe was hanging in my house. It came accompanied by a beautiful letter of explanation.

19 Kislev 5778

To the son of kedoshim, Reb Yitzchak Beirach Daskal, shlita,

At several points [in my life], when I was in distress, I visited the grave of your father, Reb Shmuel, zy" a, the ish chessed, and [know that] those tefillos were never rejected. I'm aware of the close bond your father had with the Vizhnitzer tzaddik, so the picture of his holy visage that was in my room seemed to compel me to give it to one of Reb Shmuel's sons.

It is my great pleasure to do this, as I am doing it with gratitude to the tzaddik and gaon in chessed, Harav Shmuel Daskal, zy" a.

A. Asher, Bnei Brak

The Envelope Is for Your Son

Reb Shmuel's son, Reb Yaakov, related this story, heard from Reb Ephraim Fruchter of Bnei Brak:

I had a friend in Bnei Brak named Rabbi Aryeh Krieger, who was a *mechanech* in Talmud Torah Razi Li in Bnei Brak. Reb Shmuel Daskal's sons were among his students over the years. Reb Aryeh told me this story.

"When I made a bar mitzvah for my son, I didn't send invitations

to the parents of my students. I was afraid they would feel obliged to come with monetary gifts to express their appreciation of the *kochos* I put into teaching their children, and I knew that not all of them could afford it.

“The next day, Reb Shmuel called me and asked if he could come over to drink *l’chaim* with me in honor of the bar mitzvah. I realized that he must have heard from his son, Yitzchak Beirach, who was in my class at the time, that I had not sent invitations to the parents.

“I was reluctant, but he insisted on coming to drink *l’chaim*, so I felt that I didn’t have a choice. After giving me warm *brachos*, he took an envelope out of his pocket. I explained that I had resolved not to take envelopes, which was why I hadn’t invited the parents. And Reb Shmuel, with his wisdom and wit, told me, ‘It’s not an envelope for you, it’s for your son.’ I had nothing to answer to that.

“After he left, I opened the envelope and was amazed to find that it contained an amount equal to the monthly salary of a *rebbe* working a full-time position in a *cheder*!”

When Reb Yitzchak Beirach heard this story he added:

Rabbi Aryeh Krieger was a wonderful person with exceptional *mid-dos*. He infused us with a *cheishek* for Torah, and at the same time, taught us how to empathize with another person and to act with *derech erez*. He taught us how to reach out to Yidden who are not Torah observant and how to interact with any Yid, no matter what his situation.

My father knew this and held him in great esteem. That is certainly why he felt a need to give him a gift in a dignified way, as *hakaras hatov* for the *kochos* the *melamed* had invested in his children.

Blank Check

Rabbi Avraham Felberbaum of Kiryat Vizhnitz Bnei Brak related:

My father needed to undergo an operation in America, paying privately, as he had no insurance there. We had no idea how much it would cost, but we knew that it would be a huge sum.

Distraught, I appealed to Reb Shmuel for help in defraying at least some of the costs. I was stunned when he took out a check, signed it,

but left the rest of the check blank. Then he told me, “Go to America and have the surgery done. Then fill in the amount that it costs right here.”

Remarks by the Yeshuos Moshe of Vizhnitz

Reb Chaim Meir Vizel, a son of Reb Yaakov Vizel [the son of Reb Yom Tov Vizel] of Kiryat Vizhnitz related:

I heard a few times from my father, who was very involved in *askanus* for the Yeshuos Moshe of Vizhnitz, that he heard directly from the Rebbe several times, “Shmuel Daskal gave all he has for me and for Vizhnitz. He has opened his heart and his pocket with unmatched magnanimity, without [expecting] any acclaim or even just a plaque of recognition.”



The Yeshuos Moshe of Vizhnitz arriving in Reb Shmuel's car in Shevat of 5735/1975 to the groundbreaking for Kiryas Meor Chaim in Yerushalayim.

Reb Sender Weiner of Kiryat Vizhnitz related something he'd heard from the Yeshuos Moshe a few times:

“After the passing of the unforgettable executive director of Mosdos Vizhnitz, Rabbi Yaakov Dovid Vizhnitzer, I was in dire straits. The coffers of the *mosdos* were empty, plain and simple. The debts mounted and I didn't know what to do. At this difficult hour, Shmuel Daskal came and poured in a fortune of money. He did it so modestly, without any fanfare, and he filled the empty pit with water.”

I Won't Travel without a *Brachah* from the Rebbe

Reb Meir Weiss of Kiryat Vizhnitz related:

Each week, Reb Shmuel would travel with the Imrei Chaim of

Vizhnitz to a place that had some fresh air, so he could rest. This was especially essential after the Rebbe suffered a stroke. Reb Shmuel was always happy and calm next to the Rebbe. I once had the privilege of accompanying them.

The Rebbe was resting and had dozed off for quite some time. Suddenly, I saw that Reb Shmuel was not as calm as he usually is; he kept glancing at his watch and then at the Rebbe's face to see if he was waking up.

I asked him, "Reb Shmuel, what is the matter? Why do you seem nervous today?" Reb Shmuel told me that it was already 1:30 in the afternoon, and in two hours, he had to catch a flight to Hong Kong for a business trip.

"Then why did you come with the Rebbe?" I asked, taken aback.

"Would I have been able to forego this?" Reb Shmuel replied. "I hope that the Rebbe will wake up soon and I'll be able to get a *brachah*."

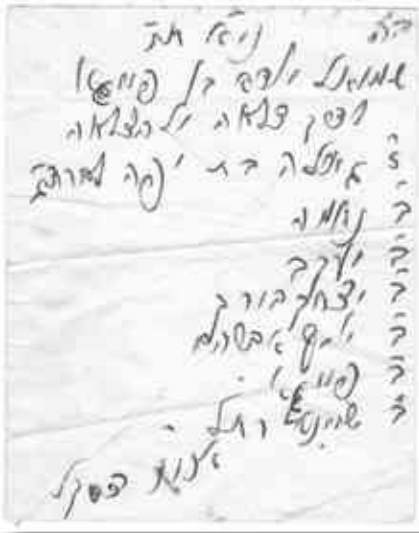
I told him that if it was late, he could leave, and I would take a taxi to return home with the Rebbe.

"But I won't travel without a *brachah* from the Rebbe!" Reb Shmuel exclaimed.

It should be noted that missing a flight to Hong Kong in those days meant waiting a week for the next flight, as well as losing the cost of the ticket and missing business appointments. But without a *brachah* from the Rebbe, Reb Shmuel wasn't going.



The Imrei Chaim of Vizhnitz resting in the Galilee



A *kvittel* that Reb Shmuel gave the Imrei Chaim of Vizhnitz before departing on a business trip

A few moments later, the Rebbe woke up and we returned to Kiryat Vizhnitz. When Reb Shmuel took leave of the Rebbe, he blessed him warmly and said, “Go in peace, and come in peace, and you should have *siyata diShmaya* and *hatzlachah!*” And with that *brachah* in hand, Reb Shmuel departed on his business trip.

I Will Never Forget the Scene

Reb Yaakov Shimoni, a judge and director of an arbitration institute, told Reb Shmuel’s sons:

I was a soldier in the army in the Golan Heights during the Yom Kippur

War in 1973. The situation was difficult, and to put it mildly, the morale was not very high. At night, we suffered from the cold because there was a shortage of clothing and blankets. We also didn’t have enough food or supplies, not to mention the lack of *tashmishei kedushah*, *tefillin*, *siddurim*, *Tehillims*, and the like.

Suddenly, a fancy American car pulled up to our army base in the Golan and a chassidic Jew stepped out. We couldn’t imagine what he was doing there — but it took only a few minutes for us to find out.

He came over to the soldiers with so much affection and warmth, I cannot describe it. He showed us that he had packed into his car everything we were lacking: clothes, blankets, food, *tefillin*, *Tehillims*, candy, and more. I cannot describe what we felt like. We didn’t have any previous connection to this person, but in one minute, he connected to us with kindness like I had never seen before.

I cannot describe how the items we received from him during that difficult time helped us; they warmed us both in body and soul. It wasn’t only the actual objects that made us feel good, it was also the good cheer with which he gave it to us, along with his obvious kindness and affection.

Forty-five years have passed, and I have not forgotten him.

When I heard that your name is Daskal, I immediately wanted to know if you had any connection to this precious and unforgettable Yid.

Shemiras Halashon

Harav Shlomo Gestetner, a *dayan* on the Eida Hachareidis, Rav of the Givat Moshe neighborhood in Yerushalayim, and the son of Harav Nosson Gestetner, told Reb Yitzchak Beirach:

I came to your father a number of times, on behalf of my father to ask him for help with causes my father was involved in. As we spoke, I also used to ask him advice whether I could reach out to certain people, and I mentioned them by name.

In his unique way, with allusions and hints, your father was able to convey to me the message not to reach out to one of those people — but without saying a negative word about him. This repeated itself a number of times. Time and again, I marveled anew at how cleverly he was able to get me to understand his message without saying anything offensive about other people.



Harav Nosson Gestetner, author of
Lehoros Nosson

Heart of Chessed

Harav Shlomo Gestetner also related:

In the years when your father did not have the means to help my father's *mosdos*, he never sent me away empty-handed. He tried all kinds of ideas, including offering to mortgage a certain asset of his in order to get a loan.

Any other person would have simply turned me away and told me

that he had nothing to offer, and that would be the end of the story. But your father always thought about how he could help, despite his circumstances. I sensed that the requests touched him, and that he felt a personal connection to the causes I had come for. I felt his *lev shel chessed*.

“I’m Crying That We Have No Part in It”

Reb Shmuel’s grandson, Reb Yoel Rosner, a son of his son-in-law Reb Moshe Yosef Rosner, related:

I went to my grandparents on Purim to wish them *a freilechen Purim*. To my surprise, I saw my grandmother crying.

“What happened, Savta?” I asked. “It’s Purim today.”

“Every year on Purim, Saba would give out so much *tzedakah* for *matanos l’evyonim*, and today, we can’t do that anymore. Is that not a good reason to cry?”



The *tziyun* of Reb Shmuel and his wife Geulah. “The beloved and the pleasant in their lifetimes, in death they were not separated.”

Exalted *Middos*

Rav Yitzchak Beirach Daskal related:

Harav Menachem Mendel Mendelson, the Rav of Komemiyus, told us that we should write on my father's *matzeivah* that he was "*muflag bemiddos uma'avir al midosav*." When we showed the wording to the Shevet Halevi, I asked him if one could write these words about my father. He replied simply, "Certainly, certainly, he was indeed like that!"

A friend told me about his antics as a boy, and reflected on to what extent my father displayed this *middah*.

"When I was a boy, I sat next to your father in the Chisda Shul in Bnei Brak. After I finished learning how to put on my *tefillin* before my bar mitzvah, I felt 'big.' I learned how to put on *tefillin* like the *minhag* of Ashkenaz, where the straps are wound inwards, and I saw your father winding his *tefillin* straps outward. I didn't know that this is the custom of the *chassidim*. Shamelessly, I turned to your father — who was at least forty years my senior, not to mention a wealthy man of standing in the community — and said to him 'Excuse me, sir, but you are putting on the *tefillin* wrong!' I was sure that he would admit to his mistake. Instead, he looked at me with a warm smile, and continued his davening as though nothing had happened. I felt that he was belittling me, and I was very offended...

"I decided that I would not let this pass, and I wrote your father a very harsh letter. 'Dear Rabbi Daskal, I do not understand why you are so mocking of me. I pointed out your mistake, that you are putting on *tefillin* incorrectly, and instead of thanking me, you belittled me and are paying me no attention. It's a big chutzpah and I object to this behavior.' I stuck the letter into an envelope and put it in his mailbox.

"Right afterwards, I regretted what I had done. And then I found out that your father had not made a mistake at all, because he was following the *chassidische* practice. I was very afraid. I had no doubt that as soon as he'd see me, he would angrily berate me for my chutzpah. So I moved a place, and didn't sit next to him at davening anymore. For two years, whenever I saw him, I tried to make sure he wouldn't see me.

“The story came to an end on Purim, two years later. My friends decided to raise money from a few wealthy people for the yeshivah. Of course, your father was one of them. There was no way for me to get out of it. I was literally quaking in fear as we went up to his house. I expected the worst dressing down. I stood before him in utter shame, and waited for the scolding I so richly deserved. But your father — who remembered the story well — smiled at me warmly, and gave me a very generous donation. That’s when I realized what a giant of a man I was standing in front of. His heart was so pure, and he truly excelled at the *middah* of being *ma’avir al midsoav*.

“I have to note that the day that I got the email from you with stories about your father, my grandson was standing next to me, and I mentioned this story that happened more than forty years ago. I told my grandson, ‘Do you know who this Yid was? Listen to this story that happened when I was a boy.’ Forty years may have passed, but the immense impression his actions made have never left me, and will remain with me for the rest of my life,” he concluded.

The Imrei Chaim’s *Brachah* — “You Will Have a Happy Life”

Rabbi Menachem Eliezer Moses, *gabbai* of the Imrei Chaim and former MK of Agudas Yisrael, related:

On Tu BiShevat 5730, with *mesirus nefesh*, the Imrei Chaim of Vizhnitz traveled to Meron to daven. After that, he went to Teveria to conduct a *tish*, to which his son, the Yeshuos Moshe of Vizhnitz, came from Bnei Brak.

When they spoke, the Yeshuos Moshe related to his father that the *kollel* in Kiryat Vizhnitz had encountered serious financial difficulties. It was good that many *avreichim* were joining the *kollel* after their marriage, but there were large deficits — potential donors were not so aware of the tremendous value of a *jungerman* learning after his wedding. The general attitude was that right after he marries, he should start working to support his household.

The Imrei Chaim asked his son what the total deficit was and the



The Yeshuos Moshe of Vizhnitz dancing with Reb Shmuel after his acquittal in the Abuchatzeira trial [Chapter 33]. From the archives of Rabbi Menachem Eliezer Moses

Yeshuos Moshe replied, “Five thousand liras.” Fifty years ago, that was a colossal sum.

Reb Shmuel Daskal was there and overheard the conversation; he did not say anything, nor did he share his intentions with anyone. After the *tish*, Reb Shmuel came to the Imrei Chaim with a *kvittel*, and together with the *pidyon nefesh*, he added a check for 5,000 liras. When the Rebbe asked what the check was for, Reb Shmuel replied that he had heard the Rav [the Yeshuos Moshe] telling the Rebbe about the *kollel* budget shortfall, and he wanted to cover the missing funds.

Upon hearing these words, the Rebbe’s face lit up, and he showered Reb Shmuel with warm *brachos*. He then added:

“Today is Tu BiShevat, [and it says both] *Ki ha’adam eitz hasadeh* and *Eitz chaim hi lamachazikim bah vesomcheha me’ushar*. On this day, when a person is compared to a tree, it is an auspicious time to be one of the ‘*atzei chaim*,’ a supporter of *lomdei Torah*. ‘*Vesomcheha me’ushar*,’ by doing this, you will have a happy life.”