



# Torah U'Tefilah

*A Collection of Inspiring Insights*

## 🌀 Besamei HaTorah ... Beneath the Surface

By: R' Shmuel Winzelberg

ואברהם זקן בא בימים (כד:א)

And Avraham was old, well on in years (24:1)

המלך דוד זקן בא בימים (מלכים א א:א, הפטרת חיי שרה)

And Dovid Ha'melech was old, advanced in years

(Melachim I, 1:1; Haftaras Chayei Sarah)

The Admor, Rebbe Yehuda Leib of Gur, *zt"l*, the *Sfas Emes*, used to say that the explanation of *בא בימים*, *well on in years*, is that a person who carries all the days of life with him, meaning that he has not squandered a moment of his life on this earth, is a very special and meaningful individual, such as Avraham Avinu and Dovid Ha'melech. (*Parperaos LaTorah*)

## 🌀 Parshah Thoughts - Ideas and Reflections -

By: Rabbi Aron Moshe Jacobsohn

Throughout the story of Eliezer looking for a wife for Yitzchak, there is only one character trait which is stressed, that of good *Middos*. Why is Eliezer only looking for good *Middos* and not *Yiras Shamayim*, fear of Hashem, or other essential spiritual characteristics? Rav Nosson Zvi Finkel, *zt"l*, the *Mirrer Rosh Yeshivah*, explains that as long as a person has proper *Middos*, he has the capability to change and fashion himself in all other great traits. However, if one is lacking good *Middos*, all other traits are almost worthless.

## 🌀 Working on our Middos

Rav Mendel Futerfas, *zt"l*, told a story. Czar Nikolai's Russian army would fight during the day and drink at night. One soldier once drank too much, and he was still asleep when his troop moved on the next day. When he finally woke up late the next day, he knew he had to catch up with his battalion quickly, but first, he wanted to find something to eat. It was a Friday night. He came to a random Jewish home and helped himself to the pot of steaming cholent that he found, and he left with it. He mounted his horse, placed the pot of hot cholent on the horse's mane, and set off to find his division. The hot cholent burned the horse's back, which prompted the horse to run quickly. It didn't take long before he reached his battalion, but his horse, burning from the hot pot, kept charging forward, past the battalion, and straight toward the frontlines. He couldn't stop his horse. The enemy soldiers saw him charging at full speed toward them, and they assumed that he surely had a powerful weapon, as he wasn't scared to face them alone. As such, they fled in panic! In this manner, Czar Nikolai's army won the battle without firing a single gunshot! Rav Mendel would explain with this story that it is the same thing with our battle against the *Yetzer Hara*. If one shows courage and has a fierce passion to beat him, the *Yetzer Hara* will be afraid of him and leave him alone!

## 🌀 B'Kitzur -

### Hilchos Bikur Cholim, The Halachos of Visiting the Sick

One should not visit his enemy who is sick, nor should one comfort him in his mourning, so that he does not think that he is rejoicing at his enemy's tragedy. However, one may attend his enemy's funeral, for there is no concern that people will say that he is rejoicing at his downfall, since this is destined for every person.

(*Kitzur Shulchan Aruch* 193:1)

## פרשת חיי שרה תשפ"ה

Parashas Chayei Sarah 5785

Special Edition

Compiled by: Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg

Staten Island Z'manim

Erev Shabbos:

Plag HaMincha: 3:34

Candle Lighting: 4:15

Sh'kiah: 4:33 *ליכל זמן ועו* Tzeis: 5:18

Shabbos Kodesh:

Sof Z'man Krias Shema:

Mogen Avraham: 8:42 Gra: 9:18

Sof Z'man Tefillah (Shacharis): 10:06

Chatzos: 11:43 Sh'kiah: 4:33

Havdalah: Tzeis HaKochavim: 5:18

Rabbeinu Tam (72 minutes): 5:46

(some say 5:59)

Next Week: Toldos

Candle Lighting: 4:12

## 🌀 The Siddur Speaks

Rav Meilech Biderman once shared an insight. Reb Shmuel Munkes was one of the close *Chasidim* of the *Baal HaTanya*. One morning, he came into the *Bais Medrash*, and announced that a fire had consumed his house, and it destroyed all his possessions, *R"l*. Somehow, he had scraped together a few coins, and had gone to buy a bottle of whiskey, which he put on the table. He invited the *Chasidim* to join him in drinking a *L'Chaim*, and they looked at him oddly. He had just lost all of his possessions, yet, he was clearly in high spirits. He poured a little whisky for each of the *Chasidim*, and then he started to dance, singing a *Niggun* to the words, "*Shelo Asani Goy*," thanking Hashem that they were *Yidden*. Reb Shmuel's friends wondered if the tragedy had affected him. Perhaps he had lost his senses, and he didn't fully realize what had happened to him. Reb Shmuel saw the expressions on their faces, and he explained his joy. He said, "Imagine I was not a *Yid*. Just imagine this would have happened to me. I would have lost everything. Every possession and every object. And if my god was material, then it too would have been consumed in the fire. But thankfully," Reb Shmuel's face brightened, "I am a *Yid*, my G-d, Hashem, is alive and well, and no fire can affect Him. He remains as powerful and good today as yesterday, and therefore I dance, '*Shelo Asani Goy*'!"

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לזכות אילן אברהם שליט"א בן יבלה"י ג'ואר ז"ל  
לרגל יום הולדתו ט"ו חשוון

## ☞ L'Maaseh

Rav Kalman Krohn, *zt"l*, shared a story about the *Ibn Ezra*, who led an extremely difficult life. In the introduction to his commentary on *Koheles*, the *Ibn Ezra* writes that he could not find success in any area of *Parnasah* that he tried. He wrote that his bad fortune was such that if he would have become a gravedigger, people would have surely stopped dying. If he would sell candles, the sun would not set, and it wouldn't get dark. Still, despite his challenging experiences, the *Ibn Ezra* recognized that each difficulty was a *Brachah* in disguise, and was a steppingstone on which to draw closer to *Hashem* and His infinite kindness.

The *Ibn Ezra* was knowledgeable in many areas, and he would travel to different places to acquire knowledge from the experts in different fields. His wisdom was such that the *Rambam* later told his son Rav Avrohom that the *Ibn Ezra's* commentary was the only one he needed in order to properly learn *Chumash*.

One of the great *Tzadikim* that the *Ibn Ezra* wanted to learn from was the *Rambam*, Rav Moshe ben Maimon. He traveled to Egypt to spend time with the *Rambam* and gain from his wisdom. When he arrived, the *Rambam* ordered his servants to set up the *Ibn Ezra* in a room with a pile of onions, and he instructed the *Ibn Ezra* to peel onions for the next three days. The *Ibn Ezra* was not very pleased with this arrangement. He had wanted to learn from the *Rambam*, and instead he was put to work peeling onions like a kitchen maid. However, since he was a guest in the *Rambam's* home, and depended on his host for food, he had no choice but to obey.

He stood over a mountain of onions, peeling one after the other, the strong scent of them causing his eyes to water terribly. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he worked his way removing the brown skin on onion after onion. Soon, servants arrived, and on the *Rambam's* instructions, held buckets to his cheeks to collect his tears. For three difficult days, he sat with burning eyes and wet cheeks, peeling and chopping onions, as his tears dripped into containers. He could not understand why he was subject to such cruelty.

On the fourth day, he was brought before the *Rambam* who embraced him warmly, and greeted him with tremendous respect. "*Shalom Aleichem*, Rabbeinu Avraham ben Ezra!" Confused, the *Ibn Ezra* responded, "I've heard so much about you, and I want to learn from your knowledge, but why did you treat me so cruelly for three days?"

Instead of responding, the *Rambam* asked a servant to bring the bucket containing the *Ibn Ezra's* tears. "Look carefully into the container," he told his guest. The *Ibn Ezra* peered inside. Inside the puddle of tears, tiny bugs were crawling and swimming around.

The *Rambam* said, "As soon as I saw you, I knew it was urgent for you to cry profusely for three days, to rid your eyes of these poisonous bugs." The *Ibn Ezra* was astounded at the brilliance of the *Rambam*, of his incredible diagnostic skills, and his medical knowledge. Since he was interested in learning different sciences, including medicine, the *Ibn Ezra* asked the *Rambam* where he learned all his medical knowledge. The *Rambam* told him that there were three important physicians that he had desired to learn from. However, since he was Jewish, they refused to teach him. He decided to pretend he was foolish and mindless, and hang around their practices, but making himself useful at the same time. He would carry things across the room for the doctors, bring them supplies, and volunteer to run small errands for them. After a while, they got used to having him as their errand boy, and they would ask him to help them with small, basic tasks. He was allowed to remain in the operating room and sit in on consultations with patients, and he began to pick up a lot of knowledge in medicine.

## ☞ L'Maaseh Continued

One day, a seriously ill man was brought into the office. He was given a potion to help him fall asleep, and then he was brought into a windowless room so that the airflow should not harm the surgery they planned to perform on him. They operated and opened up his head, and the doctors discovered a tiny insect resting on his brain. However, they had no knowledge of how to remove the insect without damaging the brain. The consensus among the doctors was that the insect needed to be lifted off the brain by its stomach, yet they did not have instruments fine enough to grasp the tiny bug without causing damage to the fragile organ.

The *Rambam* was present in the room, but he was just an unintelligent errand boy that nobody paid any attention to. Peering closely at the insect while the doctors deliberated and argued, he noticed that the insect had tiny claws. If the doctors would attempt to lift the insect off, it would dig its claws deeper into the brain and cause lasting damage to the patient. Just as they were about to try to remove the insect with their clumsy instruments, he cried out, "Wait!" The doctors all looked at him in surprise. They did not expect their dumb assistant to have the solution to this medical challenge, but the *Rambam* begged them to give him a chance. Running out of the room, he went outside and plucked a leaf off a nearby tree. He returned to the operating room and with utmost care, brought the leaf right up to the insect, taking care not to frighten the small bug into clinging more tightly to the brain. When the insect smelled the leaf, it behaved just as the *Rambam* had thought it would. With tiny steps, the little bug crawled off the brain and onto the green leaf, and with shaking hands, the *Rambam* moved the leaf away from the man's head. The doctors, deeply impressed, closed the man's head again, and finished putting in the stitches. After, the *Rambam* told them that he was really a Talmudic scholar who wanted to learn medicine from them. His impressive performance during that day's operation convinced them to take him on as a student, and that was how he learned all about medicine.

The *Rambam* and the *Ibn Ezra* spent a lot of time together, sharing each other's wisdom. The days passed, and it was time for the *Ibn Ezra* to move. He left by ship to travel to another part of the world to acquire a different kind of knowledge. In the middle of his journey, the ship he was on was captured by pirates. They killed the captain, plundered the cargo of all valuable items, and shackled the passengers to be sold on the slave market. On a low platform, with his hands and feet tightly bound together, the *Ibn Ezra* was put up for sale.

A wealthy priest arrived at the market to shop for some new slaves. He scrutinized the row of captives carefully before stopping in front of the *Ibn Ezra*. "Are you smart?" He demanded. The *Ibn Ezra* hesitated and then responded carefully, "I am good at math." The priest replied, "I, too, am excellent in mathematics." He gave a complicated calculation for the *Ibn Ezra* to compute, and without even pausing to think, the *Ibn Ezra* said the correct answer. The priest was shocked, and then, with a small smile, the *Ibn Ezra* said, "My turn," and he proceeded to ask the priest a complex mathematical equation of his own. The priest was silent, his mind working quickly, but he could not keep track of all parts of the equation in his head, and he was forced to admit defeat.

"I'll take this one!" the priest called to the slave dealer while gesturing at the *Ibn Ezra*, and he counted out some coins to pay for his new slave. The chains were removed, and the *Ibn Ezra* became the property of the priest.

When they reached the priest's home, the *Ibn Ezra* was brought to his master's study and shown his business ledger. The priest recognized his slave's unsurpassed brilliance, and he wished to take full advantage of it. "You will be my business coach," he said to the *Ibn Ezra*. "I want you to give me advice on various business issues. For example, I am unsure if selling my sheep now would be a sound business decision. What do you say?" The *Ibn Ezra* asked, "How many sheep do you have? How much does it cost to feed them? How many slaves do you have caring for these sheep? How much does it cost to feed those slaves?" Using the information the priest provided, the *Ibn Ezra* skillfully sketched a profit and loss calculation for either side of the decision, allowing his master to easily compare and reach the most profitable conclusion. Impressed and satisfied by the *Ibn Ezra's* work, the priest offered him a meal, and took it very well when he heard that his new slave had special dietary requirements. Overall, the *Ibn Ezra* was treated decently.

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A few days later, a royal messenger arrived to summon the priest for a sudden audience with the king. Anxious about the unexpected summons, the priest quickly dressed in his clerical robes and hurried to the palace. He was brought before the king and bowed deeply. "My dear advisor," the king said to him. "I have a large pool of consultants and counselors, and I want to downsize to a select group of only the most intelligent men. I am therefore subjecting all my advisors to a small test to weed out the less bright from among them. I would like to ask you three questions, which you must answer within the next three days in order to retain your position on my advisory council."

The priest bowed respectfully even as his stomach turned. He understood well enough the manners of the court, and he was able to detect the hidden threat in the king's words. If he could not answer the king's questions, he knew, his fate would be far worse than just a demotion from the king's council. His very life depended on providing the king with satisfactory answers.

The king began. "My first question is: Which direction is G-d facing?" The priest nodded, keeping his features even. Inside, though, he was a mess. He hadn't the faintest idea of what to answer! "And for the second question," the king continued. "What can travel around the world in a single day?" The priest's knees turned to jelly and he struggled to retain his composure. What would be? The king was asking impossible questions! "As for my third question," the king said slowly. "How much am I worth?"

This was the most difficult question of all. There was no answer the priest could give that would satisfy the king. If he said too little, he would almost certainly insult the king, and if he said too much, he would be accused of flattery. It was a lose-lose situation.

The priest left the palace, his mood very low. He could not eat or sleep. He watched his new slave work through business calculations, but decided against asking him for assistance in answering the king. In his depressed state, his pride would not allow him to stoop and ask for help. He was just as smart as the Jew!

A day passed. Then two, and the priest grew depressed. He was staring at his impending death, and he saw no way out. The *Ibn Ezra* said, "Something seems to be troubling you," seeing his worried expression. The priest took a deep breath. As much as he loathed asking his slave for help with this, he really did not have much of a choice. Briefly, he explained the situation. Then he broke even further and actually begged his slave for help. "Please, tell me the answers," he pleaded. "If you can provide satisfactory answers, I will set you free!" After a moment, the *Ibn Ezra* responded, "I have a better idea." He did not trust his master's word that he would be granted freedom. "Instead of me giving you answers that may or may not be accepted, I'll dress in your clothing and present myself to the king in your place. If he is satisfied with my answers and I return back to you, you will set me free then. If he is disappointed with my responses, then he will kill me instead of you, and you will be able to escape."

The priest liked this idea, which removed the danger from his head entirely. He gave his slave his robes to wear to go meet the king, and the *Ibn Ezra* put on the priest's clerical robes, pulling the hood low over his eyes. With surprising accuracy, he impersonated the priest's voice and asked his master for some coins to purchase supplies to use as part of his presentation to the king.

On his way to the palace, the *Ibn Ezra* stopped at a religious goods store and purchased a small statue for eight francs. He entered another shop and purchased a single candle. Then he continued on his way to the royal palace, where he was led into the king's chamber. A row of dignitaries stood in a semi-circle beside the king, waiting to witness the priest's brilliance. If he would be able to answer the questions, he would be promoted as the king's foremost advisor. If not, he would become a head shorter.

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"Tell me," the king called out in a thunderous voice. "In which direction is G-d facing?" "Your Majesty," the *Ibn Ezra* responded, reaching into one of his cavernous pockets and removing a small wax candle. "Do I have your permission to light this candle?" The king gave a slight nod. "Proceed." The *Ibn Ezra* ignited the wick at the head of the candle and placed it in the center of the room. The soft candlelight glowed equally in all directions surrounding it. "Your noble Majesty," the 'priest' continued, stepping away from the candle. "G-d is facing the same direction as the candle is facing."

The king smiled, accepting this answer, and he moved on to his next question. "Can you tell me what travels around the world in a single day?" "The sun," the 'priest' responded. "Very well," the king said, impressed. "As for my last and most difficult question: How much am I worth?" The *Ibn Ezra* did not miss a beat. "Your value is six francs, Your Majesty." The dignitaries gasped. The king stood up, his face flaming. Each word he uttered was like a firebomb. "Six francs! That's all you think I'm worth?!"

The 'priest' removed the small idol from within his deep pockets and held it up for all to see. "Yoshke is worth eight francs," he said carefully. "It would therefore be logical that His Majesty, our great ruler, is worth just two francs less." The king was amazed by this clever comeback. "I'd like to ask you one more question," he said slowly. "Tell me, what am I thinking now?" The *Ibn Ezra* quietly answered, "You are thinking, 'Who is talking to me, a priest or a Rabbi?'" "That is exactly what I am thinking!" the king exclaimed. The *Ibn Ezra* threw back the hood of his robe and bowed. "Your Majesty, my true name is Avrohom, and I am a Jew from a faraway land. I was captured by pirates and sold as a slave to the priest. I've given you the answers you sought, and I'm happy to assist you further with anything you may need." The king grew furious at the priest for cowardly sending his slave to respond to the king's questions in his place. He ordered his soldiers to arrest the priest and kill him. He then instructed his servants to transfer the priest's property and possessions to the *Ibn Ezra* as a reward for his brilliance.

The *Ibn Ezra* remained with the king for a few days to give him wise advice and assist him with some government affairs. Then, he returned all the money the king had given him and begged to be allowed to go back to his family instead. The king arranged for a ship to bring the *Ibn Ezra* home, and before long, he was at last reunited with his beloved family. When he arrived home, the *Ibn Ezra* said that although he didn't know the reason why he had to go through such an ordeal, being captured by pirates, sold into slavery, and being separated from his family for so long, he was confident that from then on, the king would treat his Jewish subjects with a fair hand. Through his suffering, the Jewish community in that country would receive the gift of kindness from the king, and for that alone, it was worthwhile!

### *Pearls of Wisdom... A Word for the Ages*

Rav Avigdor Miller, *zt"l*, would frequently say about *Shidduchim*, when someone would ask him what they should be looking for. He said, "There is only one prescription, one recipe for success. It's not enough to look for the best person out there to marry. It's important to try to *be* the best person. No matter what you really are, or who you really are, you should always try to be the best!"



The *Chazon Ish* said, "It is impossible to pass through this world without troubles. The difference between people is how they accept these troubles. Some people pass through the world laughing, and some pass through the world crying. It is better to pass through the world with laughter!"

One should be a person who is happy.

(Kitzur Shulchan Aruch 29:6)

### Simchah From Tefilah

The *Ramchal* in *Mesilas Yesarim* (Perek 19), when discussing attaining *Ahavas Hashem*, love for *Hashem*, says that this can be done practically, when one *Daven*s and acknowledges that he is speaking to *Hashem*. The *Ramchal* writes that one way one to reach *Ahavas Hashem* is through *Simchah*, and this is a great and essential principle in serving *Hashem*. This is what *Dovid Ha'melech* meant when he wrote the *Pasuk* in *Tehilim* (100:2), "Serve *Hashem* with joy, come before Him with song," and also (68:4), "The *Tzadikim* will rejoice, they will celebrate before *Hashem* and delight with *Simchah*." *Chazal* teach us (*Shabbos* 30b) that the *Shechinah*, the Divine Presence of *Hashem*, rests on a person only through his *Simchah* in doing a *Mitzvah*." On the *Pasuk* that mentions to "Serve *Hashem* with joy," *Chazal* teach in the *Medrash* (*Shocheh Tov, Tehilim* 100), "Rebbi Avahu says, 'When you stand before *Hashem* to *Daven*, your heart should rejoice, because you are *Davening* to *Hashem*, and there is none like Him.'"

In the end of *Shemoneh Esrei* (*Nusach Sefard*), we also ask *Hashem* to help us with *Simchah*, with the words, "*V'Samach Adasecha*", "And *Hashem*, please make your congregation happy." We can learn from this that one can *Daven* for *Hashem* to help him with *Simchah*!

After *Yom Kippur* one year, the *Baal Shem Tov* went to see if it was possible to say *Kiddush Levanah*, the *Brachah* for the new moon. However, the sky was overcast and the clouds obscured the view of the moon. The *Baal Shem Tov* returned to his study and became extremely agitated because he couldn't do the *Mitzvah*. He saw, with his heavenly vision, that if they were unable to say *Kiddush Levanah* on that specific night, it was going to be an extremely difficult year for the Jewish people. The *Baal Shem Tov* sat in his room, his mind in the deepest contemplation, trying as hard as he could to impact the upper realms. He implored the skies to open, to move the clouds, and let the moon's light shine forth. However, his efforts did not help, and the clouds remained where they were. The *Baal Shem Tov* became even more distressed.

Meanwhile, his *Chasidim* were unaware of any of this, and they began to sing and celebrate the conclusion of their holy day of *Tefilah* and fasting. As they sang and danced, they became even more enthusiastic and energetic, and the entire *Shul* reverberated with their *Simchah*! The door of the *Baal Shem Tov's* room became partly open from the dancing, and the *Chasidim* went in and tried to convince their *Rebbe* to join them. The *Baal Shem Tov* complied, silently *Davening* that the skies should clear, and while they were dancing, someone came in and said that the skies had cleared, and the moon could be seen! They all then went out to say *Kiddush Levanah*, and the *Baal Shem Tov* was quite relieved.

Later, the *Baal Shem Tov* commented that the simple and pure joy and *Simchah* of his *Chasidim* had a greater impact on the heavens than all his deep *Kavanos* and spiritual efforts!

Rav *Dovid Sutton* shared a story that was relayed by the *Mekubal*, Rav *Ovadia Hadaayah*, *zt"l*. In the times of the *Chida*, Rav *Chaim Yosef Dovid Azulai*, *zt"l*, there lived a *Talmid Chachom* who suffered from terrible illness and pain. In despair, he decided to visit the *Chida* and ask for a *Brachah*. When he entered the *Chida's Bais Medrash*, he found the great *Tzadik* giving a *Shiur* on a certain topic in the *Gemara*. Not wanting to disturb, he sat quietly in the back of the room, waiting until the *Chida* finished.

His journey to the *Chida* had been a long and tiring one, and in the warmth of the *Bais Medrash*, this *Talmid Chachom* fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly, he felt like he was dead. He was surrounded by his family and friends who were escorting him to his final resting place. They eulogized him, they asked his forgiveness, and then they turned back to their homes, and he was left alone.

The quiet of the grave was soon broken as a *Malach* came to escort him to the Heavenly Court for judgment. It's a long way from this world to the next, and the *Talmid Chachom* found it exhausting as he walked with the *Malach*. When the *Malach* said it would take two days of walking to reach where they had to get to, the *Talmid Chachom* was shocked. He exclaimed, "Two days? I'm exhausted! I can't walk much farther."

As they were speaking, he heard the sound of a carriage approaching. He looked up hopefully, but saw it was sagging beneath the weight of its heavy load, which was a huge trunk. The *Talmid Chachom* asked the driver, "Could I possibly get a ride with you?" The driver laughed, "Do you have any idea what is in this trunk? It's filled with your *Aveiros*! Tell me, do you really want to ride with the *Aveiros* that will incriminate you?" The *Talmid Chachom* stared in horrified disbelief. Could this really contain his *Aveiros*? Impossible! He hadn't committed so many *Aveiros* in his lifetime! Again, the driver laughed, "And all this? This is nothing! There wasn't enough room in my carriage for all of your *Aveiros*. There are dozens more coming after me!"

The *Talmid Chachom* saw that, indeed, more carriages were following on the road. As each of them passed he asked the driver what load he was carrying, and with a sinking heart, he heard the same answer. They were each carrying his *Aveiros*.

Finally, the dismal procession of wagons came to an end. Only one more coach drove up. It was a small one which carried a very small trunk. Almost in despair, the *Talmid Chachom* asked the driver what he was carrying. The response was, "Oh, this small trunk? It contains your *Mitzvos*."

They made it to the trial, and the verdict seemed to be a foregone conclusion. On one side, stacked so high you couldn't even see the top, were the boxes of his *Aveiros*, and on the other side, was the pitifully small box that held the *Mitzvos*. A voice called out, "He shall be brought to *Gehinom*!" Two *Malachim* immediately appeared at this man's side to bring him to where he would carry out his dreaded sentence. But before they could move, a *Malach* dressed in gleaming white appeared and demanded, "Where are you taking him?" The *Malachim* replied, "To *Gehinom*."

The *Malach* turned to the judges of the Heavenly Tribunal and said, "Have you taken into consideration the terrible suffering this man went through in the physical world?" The judges began to leaf through the book of the man's life. Seeing the suffering he had undergone, they ordered that half of the crates that were filled with *Aveiros* be discarded.

"And what about the illnesses? Have you considered them?" Again, the judges looked through the book, and again, they reduced the number of *Aveirah* crates. "And what about the problems with his family?" More crates disappeared. "And his financial troubles?" By this time the scale was almost equal. But the *Aveiros* still weighed heavy. The *Malach* looked at the scale and asked the judge. "Is there more *Yisurim*, suffering, that perhaps this man can go through?"

The man watched in disbelief. He could no longer control himself. "More suffering!" he screamed, "More suffering! Can't I have just a little more suffering?"

And then he awoke. He wasn't dead. He wasn't in the grave. He wasn't facing the Heavenly Court. He was in the *Bais Medrash* of the *Chida*, who was just finishing up his *Shiur*. The *Chida* saw the stranger and courteously asked him what he could do to help him. The *Talmid Chachom* told him with enthusiasm, "*Baruch Hashem*, I don't need any help. I have everything I need, and I accept it all with love!"

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