

Pardes Yehuda

Pesach

חג האמונה

Inspirational Stories for Pesach
and some Pesach insights

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Eating regular matzah with Simcha

וְשִׂמְחָה בְּחֶגְדָּךְ, וְהָיִיתָ אֶדְ שְׂמֵחָ:

A chosid once came to the heilige Taddik, Rav Yitzchok of Neshchiz, author of Sefer Toldos Yitzchok, and Zichron Tov, and opened his heart with worry: "This year, my shmurah matzos became chometz, and I will be forced to eat regular matzos." The Rebbe realizing that this Yid would be sad on Yom Tov, replied, "Shmurah matzah is only a hidur mitzvah, an enhancement, but Simchas Yom Tov is a mitzvah from the Torah וְשִׂמְחָה בְּחֶגְדָּךְ, וְהָיִיתָ אֶדְ שְׂמֵחָ. It is better to eat regular matzos and be with Simcha than eating shmurah matzos with sadness."

No chometz to be found but turkish wool is available!

One year on Erev Pesach afternoon, the heilige Berditchever, Reb Levi Yitzchok, known as the Kedushas Levi, sent his shammass to go and find for him a piece of chometz in any of the Jewish homes. It is very important! "Rebbe! it is after the zman of biur chometz," said the shammass. "How can I possibly find a piece of chometz?" The Rebbe didn't reply. He asked the shammass again to go and fetch him a piece of chometz at any price. After an hour of knocking on doors and being sent away in humiliation, the shammass returned empty-handed. Now the Kedushas Levi sent the shammass to the black market to buy a piece of Turkish wool, which was outlawed by the government. He returned a short while later with the fabric, which had cost him a pretty penny. Elated, the holy Berditchever thanked the shammass and raised his hands heavenward. "Ribono Shel Olam, look at Your beloved nation. The king has outlawed the sale of Turkish wool, and has ordered soldiers to guard the borders to ensure that none of the fabric is brought in, under pain of imprisonment. Nevertheless, it is possible to procure the fabric for the right price. "On the other hand, You have written in the Torah that we may not eat chometz. There are no guards and no threats of imprisonment. Nevertheless, there is not a crumb of chometz to be found in a single Jewish household! See how loyal we are, and please take us out of golus!"

הָאֵל לְהִמָּן עֲנֵנָא דִּי אֲבָלוּ אֲבָהֶתְנָא בְּאַרְעָא דְמִצְרַיִם

Why is Matzah eaten on Pesach? We eat Matzah which is called poor mans bread, לֶחֶם עֲוִי, in order that Hashem should forgive the sin of Aharon and Moshe that ate a meal in Egypt in the house of Pharaoh. As we see in Posuk that the meal of Mitzraim was called לֶחֶם רַע עֵינַי, *the bread from an evil eye* and in order to rectify this

evil eye we must show that we have a good and a kind eye. How do we do this? We eat Matzah. We can also add as follows: That is also the reason why we repeat כָּל דְצָרִיךְ, כָּל דְכָפִין because we went to show our compassion to another Yid. When one invites a poor person to come to him The poor person will usually refuse. It is only when the host asks again to come then the poor person feels welcome. That is why we repeat it twice כָּל דְצָרִיךְ, כָּל דְכָפִין so that the poor person sees that he is welcome and that we Yidden have a good and kind eye. (ר' זושא אניפאלי.)

Never despair כָּל יְמֵי חַיֶּיךָ - הַלִּילוֹת

The Chozeh of Lublin interpreted the words, "We remember Yetzias Mitzrayim at night," to mean the following: Even when a person finds himself lost in the darkness, surrounded by bitterness and pain, one may not despair of the geulah and Yeshuas Hashem. We must recall the miracles of Yetzias Mitzrayim, how Klal Yisroel was redeemed from one moment to the next. We, too, can see nisim in a matter of minutes.

The time to pray is when we say: וְכֵאן הִבֵּן שׂוֹאֵל

Rav Aharon Perlow the Rebbe of Karlin, the Bais Aharon, recalled that his saintly father, Rav Asher of Stolin, said one year during the seder, "And here the son should ask. שׂוֹאֵל is from the loshon of sheilah and bakashah; asking and begging. During the seder, one can ask for anything. "One who serves Hashem can accomplish great things on the seder night," said the Stoliner Rebbe. "This does not apply only to people of a lofty spiritual level, but to ordinary people as well." The Tiferes Shlome of Rodomsk interprets this phrase in a similar way: He once told a couple who had no children, to pray for children before they say the Ma Nishtana. As it says וְכֵאן הִבֵּן שׂוֹאֵל "and here the son asks!" This can be interpreted: "Here one can ask for a son"!! Hence one can ask for what he desires at the Seder.

Three times of heavenly mercy וְאַנִּי תַפְלְתִּי לְךָ ה' עַתָּה רִצּוֹן

Rav Eliezer of Dzhikov said, "There are three times of Heavenly mercy, when we can daven for anything. These are: every Motzoei Shabbos during Melava Malka, on Acharon, the eighth day of Pesach, and on Shemini Atzeres." This is alluded to in the following parable: A king came to visit a city. During his visit, there was constant music and celebration. No one wanted to bother the king with their private requests.

However, on the last day, when the king was about to leave, the townspeople came to plead and beg for whatever they needed. After being treated with great honor during his visit, the king graciously agreed to their requests. The same thing applies to these three times: During Shabbos and the Yomim Tovim, it is not proper to bother the King with personal requests. Only at the end of these holy days, when the King is about to leave, do we ask for whatever we need.

This mashel is for us to apprehend. However there is a deeper reason which is according to Kabbala, this world is under the seven middos. Everything above the seven is higher than this world. Hence the Divine Presence is closer and the prayers are answered. There is another opinion as to when are the times of heavenly mercy: when they open the Ark, when they lift the Torah after Krias HaTorah, and when the Kohen gives his blessing.

(Yehuda Z Klitnick)

Greater than Gilui Eliyohu שפך המתה אל הגוים

The Chidushei Harim Rebbe of Gur once related the greatness of Rav Yechezkel Landau, Rov of Prague, the

Noda B'Yehuda, who would open the door on the seder night at שפך המתה, and then escort Eliyohu Hanovi down the stairs. The Chidushei Harim added, "It wasn't that he saw Eliyohu Hanovi, but he believed with his heart and soul that Eliyohu comes to every Jewish home. That powerful emunah is greater than Gilui Eliyohu." There are endless stories of Tzaddikim who saw Eliyahu Hanavi entering and drinking from the Becher prepared for Him.

צפונה לפני ה' (ויקרא א י"א)

Chazal teach us that a person must be תוכו כבדו to be as ehrlich on the inside as you show yourself to be on the outside. The word צפון also means hidden, as we refer to at the Pesach Seder where צפון, eludes to the אפיקומן which is hidden. This can be what the posuk is teaching us צפונה what is hidden inside of you should also be לפני ה' what you show on the outside. Now since the Seder is a preview of what will be the upcoming year, the Afikoman is a omen for us to be תוכו כבדו to be ehrlich on the inside as on the outside.

STORIES OF INSPIRATION (By Yehuda Z. Klitnick)

***** Naming a baby just the right way brings salvation for Pesaach *****

On the outskirts of the city of Skver in a small village lived a wealthy chosid of Harav David from Skver, named Reb Fischel. He had a large estate of livestock, dairy and egg products, wool, fruits and vegetables production. Reb Fischel had many sons who lived near him who helped in the business. They only left the village on Shabbos to walk to the Skverer shul to daven with the Rebbe.

Reb Fischel was an ardent *machnis orech* and baal chesed. Every Pesach he would have many guests at the seder table and found a bed for all the guests. At the seder table Reb Fischel used to tell the following story, year after year, and his children drank in every word:

He had once been prosperous. However, one year, his fate changed drastically. He was on the verge of having to beg for food from the soup kitchen. Reb Fischel took to working as a street peddler and earned barely enough to put food on the table. The winter was so blustrous and snowy that people stayed off the streets and Reb Fischel made hardly a kopeck.

He was expecting his seventh child around Purim time. He scrimped through the winter, but Pesach was looming and he saw no way to afford even the most basic Yomtov needs. He had an old candelabra and an antique becher which he pawned off for 5 ruble, which he felt would carry him through Pesach, hoping that when the weather warmed up he would be able to repay the 5 ruble and get back on his feet. Reb Fischel came home clutching the 5 ruble when he was greeted with a Mazel Tov on his newest baby son.

Reb Fischel now had a dilemma. He needed the 5 rubels to cover expenses of the new baby and a bris, but how would he have the money to make Pesach? A thought to ask for Maos Chitim /charity, crossed his mind, but he ruled that out. He decided to turn to the Skverer Rebbe for help and advice. Upon arriving in Skver he found that the Rebbe's door was closed. All the gabbaim had gone home. In the still of the night, Reb Fischel heard the Rebbe learning in his chamber with a sweet nigun. Reb Fischel was desperate for help and slowly

opened the door to the Rebbe's room. The Rebbe took note of Fischel and warmly invited him to come in for an impromptu visit.

"What brings you here so late at night and before Pesach as well?" asked the Rebbe with fatherly concern. Reb Fischel went straight to the point: He was facing big expenses for childcare and the bris seuda of his new born son and he pawned some heirlooms to raise 5 rubels for Pesach expenses, but now had to use the money for the Bris. What to do with the 5 rubels?

The Rebbe sank deep in thought for a while and told Fischel: "Yidden live with Bitachon every day. Hashem has enough for both the Bris and Pesach. You go home and prepare for the Bris. Use the 5 rubels and buy food for a nice seuda and in the zechus of the mitzvah, Hashem will provide all your needs for Pesach. The Rebbe continued. "Listen, Fischel. Go, to Reb Shimon Dinner's house and tell him I said he should be sandek at the Bris and he should invite his extended family. Every man in the family should get a kibud. Now this is crucial: name the baby after Shimon's late father Chaim Yoel. After this Bris your life will be that of a wealthy man again."

Wasting no time, Fischel hurried to Reb Shimon's house and talked his way past the doorkeeper by invoking the Skverer Rebbe's name and mission. Reb Fischel told him, "I get a Mazal Tov! I'm making a bris next week and the Rebbe said I should honor you as sandek and that your whole family should be there, and each man will get a kibud. Reb Shimon was thrilled, and promised to take care of all the details. Reb Shimon started lining up all his family and friends, adding the word that the Skverer Rebbe insisted he be sandek. For his part, Fischel began shopping for the great event. The town baker greeted him warmly and told him to take as much as he needed and to pay

him after Pesach. The same thing happened at the butcher shop. The Rebbe's brocho was clearly unfolding before Fischel's eyes.

Reb Fischel prepared seuda, with the entire Dinner family in attendance. As planned, Reb Shimon served as Sandek. Then, when the crowd heard the name: Chaim Yoel" jubilation broke out from excitement. This was the first name bestowed in memory of Shimon's father who recently passed away and hence was treasured by Shimon.

At the seuda, with Reb Shimon at the head table, he began to speak. "My dear family, now that we have a name for our dear father we must arrange a nice present for little Chaim Yoel. I'll start by giving a cow that will give him lots of milk." Another brother said, "I'll give enough sugar from our sugar factory to last anyone for two years." A third brother promised a few wagonloads of wood. And so it went. Then came the turn of the youngest brother Zalmen who had been very close to his late father. "I will give Reb Fischel 50 rubels, but on two conditions. One, he has to quit peddling and go into a real business; and two, when he will become rich, he will donate the 50 rubels to tzedaka."

The next day wagonloads full goods arrived at Reb Fischel's home along with the 50 rubels as the Dinners had promised. Fischel had a Pesach to remember. The cow gave so much milk that he was able to sell milk and butter to other people; with the profits, he purchased more livestock, which yielded more profits and allowed him to diversify his holdings in different directions. Before long, Reb Fischel amassed a goodly fortune. Reb Fischel would repeat this story every Seder night, as a tale of his personal liberation from poverty to riches. They celebrated Yetzias Mitzayim and, secondarily, their own salvation. The Skverer Rebbe's brocho was the catalyst.

The Ruzhiner explains how conflicting oaths from two spiritual giants were reconciled in Shomayim

The famed **Shpoller Zeide** had a devoted and loyal chosid who alas had not (yet) been blessed with children. At every visit to the Rebbe, this Yid begged for him to daven that he should merit to see

offspring, but each time, the Rebbe deflected the request or gave an oblique, noncommittal reply. The man's desperation grew and grew until he reached the most extreme course of action: during his next trip,

he would camp out at the Rebbe's house, vowing not to leave without a firm promise that he would welcome a child into the world in due time. Even though such an adamant stance could be said to smack of chutzpah, that's what he did.] He laid his kvittl with the usual supplication on to the Rebbe's reception table. His ears burned when he heard the Rebbe's barbed retort: "Stop pestering me already with the same old request. I'm dealing now with an important matter affecting everybody in Klal Yisroel." The chosid was actually happy to hear this, since if the Rebbe was trying to obtain salvation for all Yidden, then he would surely ride on their collective coattails for his salvation. "A rising tide lifts all boats," he thought to himself. He boldly made his move, using his "ultimate weapon": "*I will not leave this place until the Rebbe promises firmly that I will have children.*" He refused to allow the Rebbe to remain immersed in his thoughts, but instead commenced crying bitterly, entreating the Rebbe to pity him and bentsch him with children. This continued until the Rebbe showed his annoyance, even hinting strongly that if the man did not cease his entreaties, things would not go well for him. Yet withal, the man remained stubborn, secure in his view that the Rebbe was a warm-hearted leader who would in no way actually cause harm to a loyal follower, or any other Jew, for that matter. But things took a nasty turn, when the Rebbe turned downright angry, and burst out these terrifying and fiery words: "Since you disturbed my kavvanos (lofty spiritual intentions) which were aimed at helping Klal Yisroel, there's no hope for you. I swear that you will remain childless as long as you live!!" The man's trembling retort: "If that's what I'm hearing from Shpolle, I see it's time for me to find a different Rebbe. Good bye for good, Rabbi." But on the way home, he was beset by gloom, knowing that the Rebbe's words held sway in Shomayim and really meant that he could forget about progeny. Full of despair, he reached his home. Some time later he took a trip to Koretz for a trade fair, hoping to close some favourable business deals. In a local beis midrash, he encountered Reb Pinchas of Koretz, engrossed in learning. At that time he had not yet been revealed as a Holy Tzaddik. But our chosid was deeply impressed by Reb Pinchas's conduct and piety and recognized him as the Holy and G-dly tzaddik which he was. He asked a few

local Yidden what Reb Pinchas had in the way of parnossa/livelihood. The reply shook him: Reb Pinchas was a pauper, actually suffering from hunger, who learned Torah continuously amidst great deprivation and hardship. Pesach was fast approaching and Reb Pinchas let out a deep sigh: "Oy, how can I get some funds to make Pesach without slackening up my schedule of learning?" Hearing this plaint, our chosid saw a new opening for him to have his yeshua. He hurried over to Reb Pinchas's house and asked the lady of the house if there was money to make a proper Pesach. "Not a penny," was the forlorn reply. On the spot, the visitor took out a pouch filled with a large amount of money and gave it to the lady with instructions to buy everything she could possibly need for a beautiful Pesach, *mehadrin min hamehadrin*, "soup to nuts", sparing no expense. He also told her that he personally intended to be at the Pesach Sedarim. His only condition was that she not reveal to Reb Pinchas where the Pesach funding had come from in advance of Pesach night. He also directed her to buy the longest Yomtov candles available -- ones which would burn for the entire Seder, late into the night. His largesse was consummated by gifts of clothing for Reb Pinchas and the entire household. Meanwhile, as Pesach approached nearer and nearer, Reb Pinchas seemed oblivious. He neither seemed concerned about funding for the Yomtov, nor did he get involved in any of the usual preparations. His sole aim was to continue learning unabated.

Layl Pesach, after davening, Reb Pinchas' face shone with the light of holiness and great Simchas Yomtov. He walked home confident of Hashem's help. He came into a brightly-lit home, resplendent and sparkling with all the Pesach appurtenances. When his wife gave him the new clothing that our chosid had provided, and pointed him out, Reb Pinchas merely gave him "sholom aleichem" greetings, and with no further ado, sat right down to the Seder, which he conducted with great exaltation .

During the "Shulchan Aruch" meal, Reb Pinchas sensed that his guest was yearning to lay forth a request. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked. The chosid blurted out: "Rebbe, I have not yet been blessed with children. I used to have a bond with the Shpoller Zeide, but that was broken when he swore that I would never have a child as long as I

live. I have come to seek your brocho for children." Reb Pinchas Koritzer thought deep and long, and finally said firmly: "If I have any merit in Shomayim, I swear that you will be a father within a year." The chosid returned to his place and after Yomtov went home to his wife. Not ten months later, he made a bris. The oath of Reb Pinchas was fulfilled.

How could Rav Pinchas have taken an oath in the face of a diametrically opposite one from the Shpoller Zeida? Why did the Koritzer oath supersede the Shpoller oath? The question remained unresolved until the Heiliger Rav Yisroel miRuzhin explained it

during a tisch. After Reb Pinchas's oath, a tumult broke out in Shomayim: which oath should prevail -- that of Shpolle or Koritz? The Bais Din paskened that whichever tzaddik had never taken any kind of oath -- even about the truth -- before the events described would have his oath fulfilled. Heavenly records showed that the Shpoller Zeide had in fact, on one previous occasion, taken an oath to help a Yid in a dire situation, whereas Pinchas Koritzer had never done so for any reason. It was his oath that prevailed, and the chosid became the father of a beautiful boy!

Reb Aryeh Leib - Vishnitsa's detective work retrieves his chosid's stolen money

Harav Hatzadik Reb Aryeh Leib Lipshutz, (1727 - 1846) the Rav of Vishnitsa, Ukraine was the son-in-law of the heilige Yismach Moshe. He had a chosid, Reb Moshe, who was a Talmid Chacham and a successful wine maker, which provided him a comfortable income. Alas, the tides turned and R' Moshe could not seem to be able to produce the top wine his customers were used to. He tried again and again, but to no avail: he seemed to have lost the knack. Being a Talmid Chacham he decided to journey to Hungary to find a job as a melamed. He went to his Rebbe to get a Brocho and to take his leave. He saw true siyyata dishmaya in his new enterprise. As soon as he arrived in Hungary he found favor in the eyes of a wealthy Jew, a certain Reb Gershon, who hired him for two years, at a very nice salary. R' Moshe was a brilliant teacher, and the boys were very successful in learning with him. It happened that R' Gershon was also a successful wine merchant and R' Moshe offered to share his past expertise. In recognition of R' Moshe's hard work, R' Gershon rewarded him with a hefty bonus.

At the end of his two years, R' Gershon paid R' Moshe the sum of 2000 Reinish, a considerable sum. He added "I'm also giving you 6 barrels of wine as a bonus for your superior work and in a seventh one I'll hide your coins by pouring wine on top of them, with no one the wiser." Both men realized that it was dangerous to transport such a large sum of money openly. R' Moshe told R' Gershon he remained worried about the weight of the coins. R' Gershon thought for a moment and said to R' Moshe, "It is Hashgacha Pratis, that a wine dealer I know who always purchases wine for Pesach is now heading for

the city of Vishnitsa." R' Gershon knew this dealer had a reputation for scrupulous honesty and he asked him if he could transport an additional 7 barrels of wine. The wine dealer agreed and said he would gladly deliver them to R' Moshe's home in Vishnitsa. Now the problem seemed solved. R' Moshe set out for home. He sent a letter in advance to his wife telling her of his success and that he was shipping home 7 barrels of wine. He even added that she could borrow money to buy what she needs and he would pay it back when he returns home. However, he didn't mention the money hidden in one of the barrels.

The "honest" wine dealer arrived in Vishnitsa to deliver the barrels to R' Moshe's address. When he lifted the barrels, he noticed for the first time that one barrel was heavier than the others by far. He opened it up and saw all the coins inside. He couldn't resist his evil inclination and greed overcame him. He switched the barrel! He dropped off the seven barrels, including the switched one, to R' Moshe's house. His wife didn't know anything about the hidden coins and innocently thanked the dealer for the delivery. R' Moshe came home to a very warm reception. When he settled down, his wife asked him where he stored the money he had earned for his two years' service. He told her that it was hidden in one of the barrels. The family's joy vanished swiftly when R' Moshe saw that the barrel with the hidden coins had been swapped with another barrel. This episode thrust R' Moshe into deep depression. He couldn't bring himself to leave the house and give Shalom Aleichem to his Rebbe. Meanwhile a few days went by, and when the Rebbe heard that R' Moshe had come

home, and hadn't come to give Shalom, he realized that something must be wrong. So he Rebbe, the faithful shepherd, went to visit R' Moshe. When the Rebbe came to the house, R' Moshe immediately apologized to the Rebbe for not coming to him sooner. The Rebbe asked him what was troubling him. R' Moshe opened his heart and told the Rebbe about the scoundrel wine dealer switching the barrels and stealing his money. The loss of 2000 Reinish doomed him – or so he thought. The Rebbe was very agitated by the story. After pondering for a few minutes, the Rebbe told R' Moshe not to worry. The Rebbe promised that he would soon receive every Reinish back and very soon.

The Rebbe sent a messenger to R' Gershon to verify the truth of the story and to make sure that the barrel with the coins was loaded onto the wagon. When all the facts were verified, the Rebbe summoned the rogue wine dealer. He steadfastly denied any knowledge of any missing 2000 Reinish that belonged to R' Moshe. The Rebbe dismissed him and without delay, issued a decree that the wine dealer's wares were not kosher and hence forbidden to Yidden shomrei Torah!

The wine dealer soon realized that his entire trade would vanish into thin air if the issur held firm. He went to the Rebbe to plead his case and beg him to revoke the issur. He persisted in arrogantly denied that he switched any barrels. "Then where is the barrel with the coins that were hidden inside?" the Rebbe challenged him. The dealer, falling into the trap, blurted out "probably the Goy switched the barrels." "Then you admit that you didn't watch the barrels the whole time! That is the reason the wines are not kosher!" Now the dealer realized that he had dug himself into a hole, and he hung his head in shame. He pleaded with the Rebbe that he wanted to do Teshuva. The Rebbe sensed that he was sincere and told the dealer to return all the money to R' Moshe and to compensate R' Moshe for the agony he caused him. In addition he ordered him to beg R' Moshe's forgiveness. The dealer readily agreed. When the money was delivered to R' Moshe, and the wine dealer had his mechila, everything was sorted out. For his part, the Rebbe issued a new *teudas kashrus* that the dealer's wine was now reliably kosher for all, *af lemehadrin*.

****** *Rab Eliezer from Dzikov arranges a good Gan Eden for his chosid* ******

HaRav Avrohom Simcha Horowitz, The Barnover Rav, lived his life by the lesson of the following story which he always shared.

His grandfather, **HaRav Eliezer from Dzikov**, the son of the holy **HaRav Naftali Zvi of Ropshitz**, had a chassid R' Avigdor Hersh who was a wealthy lumber merchant. R' Avigdor Hersh had a heart of gold and was known for his tremendous fulfillment of the mitzvah of having guests. His wife and daughters were always busy cooking and preparing for the next group of guests to come visit his house. Every Pesach he had a custom of having 12 guests for the entire Yom Tov. One year there was a very big famine and food was scarce, but R' Avigdor Hersh knew he could not go without his 12 guests. He pawned his and his wife's special belongings just to afford the high price of food to continue to fulfill this great mitzvah. That year the Barnover Rav came to visit his grandfather the Dzikover Rebbe for Shavous and R' Avigdor Hersh was present. Everyone noticed the somber and worried look on R' Avigdor Hersh's face including the Rebbe. That week there was

tremendous rains and flooding throughout the country and R' Avigdor Hersh had shipped by boat a large amount of lumber to Danzig. After 6 days of steady rain and flooding he was sure that all the wood had rotted and everything was lost. This investment was an ever larger loss because he had not only invested his money, but also his friend's money, now R' Avigdor Hersh was a lost soul. As hard as he tried to enjoy Yom Tov with his Rebbe he could not pull himself out of this misery. Shavous night, during Tisch, the Rebbe stared at him for a long time and suddenly the Rebbe started to tell a story: Rav Meir Ben Baruch of Rottenberg also known as MaHara"m M'Rottenberg was arrested by Emperor Rudolph in the city of Lombardy on a false claim. He wanted an astronomical amount for bail, 23 thousand pounds. MaHara"m M'Rottenberg did not allow the community to pay the ransom because he felt the government will only continue to arrest Rabbanim for such large sums. MaHara"m M'Rottenberg sat and learned from morning until night and wrote many responsa to Rabbonim in his time. The Maharsha'l

writes in his sefer Yam Shel Shlome on tractate Gittin this specific story along with many others. MaHara"m M' Rottenberg passed away in prison on the 19th of Iyar 1293. After his death, his body was left in prison and the Emperor still wanted a very large sum for the release. The community was not able to raise this astronomical amount. His body remained in prison for almost 14 years until 1307 when a wealthy Jew from Frankfurt, R' Alexander ben Shlome Wimpfer paid the ransom to release the body. There was a large funeral and many *hespedim*. Jews from all over flocked to the funeral and the whole community begged forgiveness from MaHara"m M'Rottenberg. He was buried in the cemetery in Worms. This funeral was a tremendous *Kiddush Hashem* even the non-jews were moved by the tremendous amount of dedication and respect the whole Jewish community showed. This great emotion was short lived, three days later R' Alexander Wimpfer passed away. The community was astounded that such a great deed that they had waited 13 years to accomplish, and it caused a *Chillul Hashem*, how could Hashem take him from this world? This caused a tremendous uproar in heaven. R' Alexander was summoned to appear to his friend in a dream and share the truth. R' Alexander told his friend, "That night after the funeral from MaHara"m M'Rottenberg, he came to me in a dream and thanked

me for bringing him to *kevuras yisroel*. He offered to reward me with one of two ways, either that I shall remain rich until eternity or I should die and be with him in *Gan Eden*. The choice was mine and I chose to be with him in *Gan Eden*, now please go and spread this dream to the town and everyone should understand what occurred." The Dzikiver Rebbe turned to R' Avigdor Hersh and said, "You merited a portion in *Gan Eden* with Tzadikim because of your fulfillment of the mitzvah *Hachnosis Orchim*. However the angels in Heaven are demanding that in order to merit this special portion you must suffer the loss of your fortune in this world. However, I do not consent to this! It is not worth one minute of *Gan Eden* if it will cause a *Chillul Hashem* in this world. People will look and say, 'this is the reward he gets for his mitzvahs? And now he loses his whole fortune?' I know that you will agree to lose a small amount of lumber which will be counted as your pain and suffering. Then you will also merit this lofty reward in the next world." The Rebbe handed him a small piece of challah and blessed him with wealth for many generations. After Yom Tov, R' Avigdor Hersh contacted Danzig and inquired about his shipment. The response was just as the Rebbe had said, a small amount had been ruined but the majority was intact and worthy for sale.

******The Rebbe said the right words that the Yid needed to hear******

The Rebbi of Magalnitza, Reb Chaim Mayer Yechiel זצוק"ל known as the *Saraf* related the following story that happened with his Rebbe the Apta Rav, and the significance of *Emunah Pshuta* in a Tzaddik, brought instant results in a desperate and dire situation.

Berel was not a very happy person a week before Pesach when he sat down to count his money. He rented a tavern from the poritz (landowner), who had a particularly evil method of collecting the rent from his Jewish tavern owners. Four times a year, Berel would have to come to give him three months of rent. If he had the money he was in the clear for the next three months; however, if he was not able to come up with the money, the poritz, who was not a man who was interested in any excuses, would immediately have the Jew thrown over a bench, and have his assistant flog him with lashes! How many lashes? As many as it took before someone brought money to the

poritz.

Berel knew that his wife needed a new pot and his children needed new clothing, and they needed matzah and wine for Pesach, and he came to the ill-fated realization that he didn't have enough money for the pesach expenses and for the poritz! His wife noticed how worried he looked, and when he explained why, she told him that she heard people talking about a big tzaddik known as the Apta Rav זצוק"ל, the author of the sefer *Ohev Yisrael*, a Rebbe who has helped many, many people. She explained that you bring him a kvitel, a piece of paper with your name on it, and he prays for you.

Having very little time left until the rent money was due, Berel quickly set out to seek the bracha and guidance of the Apta Rav. When Berel finally arrived, never having been by a Rebbe before, he simply proceeded to go straight to the Rebbe's study

and was about to just walk in, when he was stopped by the shamash. Besides looking like a ball of mud, after the drudgery and dirty trip, the shamash explained that there is a long line of people waiting in the next room! Berel didn't have the energy to wait around so long, and realizing that, anyway, he would not be able to make it home before Shabbos, he decided to go to rest. He didn't have any money for an inn so he went to the shul where it was nice and warm, had some tea and cake and picked a bench to sleep on along with the other wanderers.

When Berel woke up, it was already late in the morning, and he reasoned that by now he wouldn't be able to get in to the Rebbe either, so it would have to wait. He was invited for the Shabbos meals, which he enjoyed, and on Shabbos day he decided to attend the Rebbe's *Shabbos Hagadol Derashah*. He pushed himself forward so that he could get a good look at this great Rebbe that everyone talked about.

At first Berel didn't really understand anything the Rebbe was saying, but he was happy that he had the zechus to see him... However, at a certain point, after the Rebbe had discussed some halachah, kabbalah and chassidut, the Rebbe started to translate the Haggada word by word into Yiddish. And when the Rebbe came to the words of Vanitz'ak el Hashem... he entered into some type of a trance, in a state of tremendous deveikut, and then said, "Don't think that this "Vanitz'ak" was only in Mitzrayim; it wasn't only in Mitzrayim that the Jews cried out to Hashem and He answered them. This could – and does – happen even today! Every year on Pesach night there are tremendous hashpa'ot of mercy that come down to the world! And we should take advantage of them. If when we will say these words in the Haggada, we will pray to Hashem and scream these words of Vanitz'ak, and cry out to Him as the Jews did in Mitzrayim, Hashem will surely answer us! A Jew who needs children should scream and shout out these words to Hashem for it! A Jew who needs parnassah should scream to Hashem for it; a Jew who has trouble paying the portiz his rent money should scream to Hashem for it! That's all Berel had to hear! He was so excited!

When he finally came home, and his wife asked him what the Rebbe told him and what berachah he received, he answered, "You don't have to worry about a thing; the Rebbe told me exactly what to do

and when the time comes I will let you know and you will see!" The first night of Pesach came and the Seder looked pretty much what it looked like every other year, but when they reaches Vanitz'ak, Berel explained that the louder they scream, the greater the chance that they we will be answered! "If we scream really loud the Ribono shel Olam will answer us and we will have the money to give to the poritz!

Berel and his wife screamed louder than they ever had before! They shouted and repeated this passuk again and again! Then, suddenly, they were interrupted by some banging on the window that startled them. Berel opened the door and saw a gentile who lived close by. "Hi Berel; I am sorry if I woke you up." "Berel, can I come in? I have a big problem." Once he came in he explained that he got into a fight with a different guy and he pushed him off the roof and he died. "I have to run for my life, and I want to leave you something. Here are two pots filled with gold coins. If I run off and they spot me at the border with all this gold, it will arouse the border guards and will figure that I am running off. Now since I saw your house was lit and heard you screaming I realized that you were up so I came to say goodbye. But I have a favor to ask of you: Take these two pots of gold. If I come back I will take one and you can keep one; if I don't come back, they're both yours!" Berel tried reasoning with Borris, that if he returned he should take back both pots, but Borris insisted that this is what he wants!

Berel had his answer! The Ribono shel Olam answered him! The first day of Chol Hamoed, Berel went to pay his rent to the poritz, who was very pleased. Then the poritz told him that he wanted to make Berel an offer: instead of having to pay rent every few months, he offered to sell the tavern to Berel at a very low price, that it should be totally his! Of course, now he had the money! He used most of the money of one of the pots to pay for it. "Wow," said Berel, "Our screaming of Vanitz'ak must have really gone far!"

His wife said that they must go back to thank the Apta Rav. They decided to churn some butter and bring it to the Apta Rav as a present along with a few coins for tzedakah. After they came and were let in, they presented their gift to the Rebbe. Everyone was standing around beholding this interesting sight: "Why I am privileged for such a special gift?" asked

the Rebbe.

“What do you mean?” said Berel, “You told me what to do and gave me the advice that saved my life!” Everyone seemed perplexed: what brachah; what advice? Berel never ended up speaking with the Rebbe.

Berel explained, “By the *Shabbos Hagadol Derashah* the Rebbe was talking to me, when you said that if there’s a Jew who needs money to pay the portiz his rent money, he should scream to Hashem by Vanitz’ak and he’ll get help! So we and my wife really screamed by Vanitz’ak and we were helped right away! The Rebbe smiled and said, “Berel, yes, I was talking to you by the *Shabbos Hagadol derashah*, and I was also talking to everyone who was there; and for that matter I had in mind that every Jew in all

future generations: that when the author of the Haggadah writes that when we cried out to Hashem He heard our voices and brought our salvation, this is a message that on Pesach night it is a very opportune time for our tefillot to be answered. And if only we can have that same level of emunah and bitachon that you had, Berel, with those words, we would also be saved from all our problems. Berel, you proved a point: **It’s not the bracha, the advice or the kvittel money; it’s the emunah and bitachon that brings the yeshuah!**” The Apta Rav thanked Berel for the butter and invited him to stay with him for the rest of Yom Tov with him. **The strength of believing in the words of a gadol, delivers great results.**

In the Zchus of his Mesiras Nefesh, Hashem came to his rescue

Rabbi Kopel of Likova, the grandfather of **Rabbi Yaakov Yitzchok Horowitz** (1745-1815) the **Chozeh of Lublin**, earned a living by purchasing barrels of vodka and beer from the local distillers and selling his wares to the taverns in and around his native village of Likova. It was not an easy life, with the heavy taxes exerted by the government and the hostile environment facing a Jew in 18th-century Europe. Yet his faith and optimism never faltered. Each year, on the morning before Pesach, Reb Kopel would sell his chametz to one of his gentile neighbors. Chametz is "leaven" — a category that includes bread but also all food or drink made with fermented grain. The Torah commands the Jew that absolutely "no leaven shall be found in your possession" for the duration of the Pesach festival, in commemoration of the leaven-free Exodus from Egypt. In the weeks before the festival, the Jewish home is emptied and scrubbed clean of chametz; on the night before Pesach, a solemn candle-lit search is conducted for every last breadcrumb hiding between the floorboards. By the next morning, all remaining household chametz is eaten, burned or otherwise disposed of.

What about someone like Reb Kopel who deals in leavened foods and has a warehouse full of chametz? For such cases (and for anyone who has chametz they don't want to dispose of) the rabbis instituted the practice of selling one's chametz to a non-Jew, fondly known as Mechiras chametz. Reb Kopel's neighbors

were familiar with the annual ritual. The Jewish liquor dealer would draw up a legally-binding contract with one of them, in which he sells all the contents of his warehouse for a sum equal to their true value. Only a small part of the sum actually changed hands; the balance was written up as an I.O.U. from the purchaser to the seller. After Pesach, Reb Kopel would buy back the chametz and return the I.O.U. The purchaser got a tip for his trouble — usually in the form of a generous sampling of the merchandise that had been legally his for eight days and a few hours.

One year, someone in Likova came up with a novel idea: what if they all refused to buy the Jew's vodka? In that case he would have to get rid of it. Why suffice with a bottle or two when they could have it all? When Reb Kopel knocked on a neighbor's door on the morning of Pesach eve, Ivan politely declined to conduct the familiar transaction. Puzzled, he tried another cottage further down the road. It did not take long for him to realize the trap that his gentile neighbors had laid for him. The deadline for getting rid of chametz an hour before midday was quickly approaching. There was no time to travel to the next village to find a non-Jewish purchaser.

Reb Kopel did not hesitate for a minute. Quickly he emptied the wooden shack behind his house that served as his warehouse. Loading his barrels of chametz on his wagon, he headed down to the river. As his neighbors watched gleefully from a distance,

he set them on the river bank. In a loud voice he announced: "I hereby renounce any claim I have on this property! I proclaim these barrels ownerless, free for the talking for all!" He then rode back home to prepare for the festival.

That night, Reb Kopel sat down to the Seder with a joyous heart. When he recited from his Haggadah, "Why do we eat this unleavened bread? Because the dough of our fathers did not have time to become leavened. He savored the taste of each word in his mouth. All his capital had been invested in those barrels of vodka and beer; indeed, much of it had been bought on credit. He was now penniless, and the future held only the prospect of many years of crushing debt. But his heart was as light and bright as a songbird. He had not a drop of chametz in his possession! For once in his life, he had been given the opportunity to truly demonstrate his love and loyalty to Hashem. He had removed all leaven from his possession, as commanded from him.

The eight days of Pesach passed for Reb Kopel in a state of ecstatic joy. Then the festival was over, and it

was time to return to the real world. With thoughtful steps he headed to his warehouse to look through his papers and try to devise some plan to start his business anew. Clustered in the doorway he found a group of extremely disappointed gentiles.

"Hey, Kopel!" one of them called, "I thought you were supposed to get rid of your vodka. What's the point of announcing that it's 'free for the taking for all' if you put those watchdogs there to guard it! "They all began speaking at once, so it took a while for Kopel to learn the details. For the entire duration of the festival, night and day round the clock, the barrels and casks on the riverbank were ringed by a pack of ferocious dogs who allowed no one to approach. Reb Kopel rode to the riverbank. There the barrels stood, untouched. He in fact got rid of his chametz halachically, but it was the grace of Hashem to be of salvation, as to the magnitude of Mesiras Nefesh of Reb Kopel. Reb Kopel was able to keep his business going. He also gained the respect of the gentiles, who witnessed how Hashem was at his side.

*******Food For Pesach with Chachma*******

It was Erev Pesach in Vilna. One of the prominent community members, R' Noach, approached the Rav, R' Chaim Ozer Grodziensky the author of *Achiezer* about a very urgent matter which could not be postponed. He was a genius in his ways of doing Chesed. It seems that R' Noach, who was a very wealthy man, had lost his fortune right then and had become impoverished. He had nothing at all for Pesach, and he and his family were in real danger of starving. They would not have it that they should beg for tzdaka. When R' Chaim Ozer asked why he had not come earlier, R' Noach apologized, saying that he and his wife had refused to let their situation be known as they did not want their enemies to rejoice at their downfall, nor did they want the pity of their friends and relatives. R' Chaim Ozer began to think of a solution that could help R' Noach at this late hour. "Listen, R' Noach," exclaimed R' Chaim Ozer: "come to me tonight after maariv, when the entire congregation wishes me a 'Gut Yom Tov.' and whisper your greeting into my ear instead of saying it aloud. When you will do this, I assure you that all your needs will be taken care of to everyone's satisfaction." R' Noach was astonished and

perplexed. "But Rebbe, what miracle is supposed to spring up from my whispered greeting?" R' Chaim Ozer told him, "This is no time for questions and answers. There is still much to prepare for Yom Tov. Quickly, go to your wife and prepare the table with all the beautiful dishes.' That evening, when R' Noach approached the Rav, R' Chaim Ozer announced to the people, "Wait. I see that R' Noach has something private to tell me." The people drew back and R' Noach whispered his "Gut Yom Tov" into the Rav's ear. Suddenly, R' Chaim Ozer exclaimed, "Chametz! Everything is chametz! There is no way out!" Before R' Noach could react, R' Chaim Ozer continued. "But you don't live in a wilderness, R' Noach. I am certain that the good Jews of Vilna will see to it that you have everything you lack – matzos, fish, meat, wine and everything else." The people understood the situation and immediately came forward with their offers for help. Thus, within a few minutes, R' Noach was assured of all the food he would need for Pesach. And he had no choice but to accept it. After all, it was the Rav's psak. Nothing was missing from his table that year. Above all, R' Noach's pride and self-esteem

remained intact for no one in Vilna was aware of his sorry plight. The chachma of Reb Chaim Ozer saved the Simchas Yom Tov. Eventually after Yom Tov, R' Noach was able to get back on his feet.

*****The lost Becher miraculously reappears at the seder Table*****

The Mattesdorfer Rosh Yeshiva, my uncle Harav Moshe Shmuel Toisig ז"ל heard this story from his Rebbe Harav Yosef Tzvi Dushinsky ז"ל. The Abarbanel, who served as counselor in the royal Spanish Court, had a magnificent becher which he reserved only for the Seder table. Once just before Pesach, the King of Spain came to visit the Abarbanel and couldn't help but notice the beautiful Becher. The king burned with jealousy and asked the Abarbanel to sell him the precious Becher. The king offered to pay any price. The Abarbanel didn't need the money, even if were a large sum. He reserved this Becher, steeped in Kedusha, specially for Pesach, and had used it all his years. He could not bear to part with it, much less have it fall into the hands of an impure Goy, even a king. The sage now had a real dilemma. If he refused to sell it to the King, the King might get enraged and have him put to death for refusing. But nor was he ready to see his precious becher fall into a goy's impure hands.

The Abarbanel asked the king to excuse him for a few minutes to consider his offer. The king agreed and "graciously" waited patiently for the Abarbanel to return. The Abarbanel raised his hands to Hashem and, with tears and entreaties, begged Hashem to rescue his Becher from falling into the hands of a Goy. Hashem answered his prayer. The king dozed off for a few minutes and all of a suddenly the Becher

miraculously disappeared from view. When the king awoke, he saw the Abarbanel entering the room. The King anxiously asked the Abarbanel what he had decided. The Abarbanel answered: "Of course I will give the Becher to Your Majesty." But when they went to the glass case where the Becher had been displayed, to their dismay the Becher was gone. Although he acted devastated, the Abarbanel was secretly delighted that the King would not gain possession of the holy treasure. The king was crushed, as he genuinely craved the Becher. The king ordered his servants to search the house but the Becher was not to be found. Exasperated and dejected, the king concluded his business with the Torah Sage and departed. Although gratified that his precious Seder becher would remain out of the king's impure hands, the Abarbanel sadly lamented that his becher would not take its proper place at the Holy Seder. Boruch Hashem, the miracle we saw earlier now ran its full course. Pesach night when the Abarbanel came home from shul and started preparing himself for the Seder, the he was startled to see the Becher standing at his place at the table. The open miracle he merited brought with it an unmatched Simchas Yomtov that the Abarbanel savored for the rest of his days.

******The Rav saved the city from a Pogrom on Pesach******

Rav Yehuda Assad, זצ"ל (1796-1866) -author of Responsa Mahari Assad and Yehuda Yaaleh - was born in Assad, north of Budapest, to his father **Reb Yisrael**, a tailor, but a pious person who lived a very simple life. When he earned enough money for his basic livelihood, he went to learn in shul. **Reb Yehuda** learned in the Yeshiva of **Reb Mordechai Banet** in Nikolsburg. He first served as Rav in Semnietz and then served as Rav of Szerdahely from 1853 to 1866. After the Petira of the **Chasam Sofer**, Reb Yehuda was labeled as the Rav of all the Hungarian Yidden.

In the year 1848 when the **Mariah** was Rav in Semnietz, there was a Galach -Priest- with the name **Hurban**, he was an anti semite. That year he

threatened the Yidden that Pesach by night, he would make a pogrom. The Yidden were frightened, but the **Mariah** ordered the entire city, men, women, and children, to come to the seder in the Shul and everything will be fine. Everyone came to the Shul as the Rav had requested.

When it was midnight the Rav called over 10 of his close Talmidim to go check when the enemy approaches, and when they see the enemy coming they should let him know. When the enemy was spotted, the Talmidim rushed to the Rav, who quickly put on his White Kittel and Tallis and took along his Shofar from Rosh Hashanah. The Rav said a Tefillah and started walking towards the enemy. When the Rav saw the enemy approaching he took out the

Shofar and blew a very long Tekiah. Pandemonium and chaos broke out and the horses became wild and out of control and trampled hundreds of the hooligans. Most of the Hooligans died there and then and a few lucky ones escaped unharmed. the Galach was also spared. In the morning when the Yidden saw that the hooligans were killed at the entrance to the city, they thanked Hashem for saving them. When the Galach **Hurban** was asked what caused the Pandemonium and chaos? He answered, when the Rav approached them, it appeared that an angel who was a giant was coming towards them. The city erected a stone monument at the entrance to the city commiserating the fallen people. This monument was in place till world war 2.

In the city there was a Baker who wanted to take revenge on the Rav for what had happened. One Shabbos morning when the Rav was going to shul with his followers, the Baker, suddenly began to run towards the Rav wanting to stab him with his large knife. The Yidden started screaming for help. The Rav was very calm and stood in his place waiting for the Baker to do something. When the Baker tried to take out his knife, he accidentally cut off his own hand and from the bleeding, died from the wound. After this episode the Goyim saw the greatness of the Rav and as long as Reb yehuda Assad was Rav, there was calmity in the city. He passed away in 1866 ב"ג סיון תרכ"ז

תרכ"ז

*Peasach is the Chag of Emunah. The Matzah is called the bread of Emunah. As we sit by the Seder and we remind ourselves how Hashem redeemed us from Mitzrayim and the miracles at the Red Sea and in the Midbar. Then the giving of the Torah at Har Sinai. At the Seder we elevate our souls to very high levels in Emunah and we strive to keep us at this great level throughout the year. The Mitzvah is to tell to the children and household the Story of Yetzias Mitzrayim. The reason is to have Emunah. Through stories we get inspired to become closer to Hashem. Baruch Hashem we reached milestones with number 600 approaching soon with our Yiddish edition, and approaching #400 in this English edition. The satisfaction of the thousands of readers is a big zchus for my mother **מאשע באמיל בת אברהם יעקב הלוי ע"ה** who's Yahrtzeit was 6 days in Nissan. She left us 15 years ago, but everyone still remembers her heart of gold, remembering everyones birthday and anniversary. That special gift she always bought. She was from the first students at Bais Yaakov in Williamsburg. Her Emunah in Tzaddikim was very strong, especially in the Stoliner Rebbe **ר' יודנן זצוק"ל** and she followed the ship with the Stoliner Rebbe **שליט"א**. Her Emunah was instilled in her children and she was zocheh to bring forth a beautiful generation of Ehrilche Yidden. She is surely proud of the fruits of the Pardes Yehuda. True to the task we all wish my father Reb Lazer Klitnick **שליט"א**, Arichus Yamin gezunterheit, and Yiddishe nachas from his great family who all B'H are Bnei Torah .*

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Hundreds of Hagaddos antique and out of print. The next Gilyon will be after Pesach. We pray to Hashem that we should be all together this Pesach in Yerushalayim in the Bais Hamikdash, together with Moshiach.