

זכרו תורת משה

לעילוי נשמת ר' משה בן החבר צבי זצ"ל ור' משה יצחק בן אברהם צבי הכהן זצ"ל

כ"ח אדר ה'תשפ"ה

HEARTWARMING STORIES FOR THE SHABBOS TABLE

Vol. #201

The One In Charge

BLAME-FREE ZONE



RECENTLY, Reb Moshe Menachem Hakohen Adler, זצ"ל, a special Yid, was *niftar* after 62 years of *yesurim*. He had been born prematurely and placed in an incubator. While incubated, there had been an electrical shortage, causing the incubator to stop working. As a result, the young child was affected for the rest of his life: He could not see at all, and his body didn't develop properly. For his entire life, he had lived in Beis Lowenstein, a center that provides accommodations for individuals with disabilities.

He was the oldest son of Reb Aharon Adler, זצ"ל, a *talmid chacham* and outstanding *yorei Shamayim* from Bnei Brak. I heard from his children that when his son was harmed by the hospital due to the electrical shortage in the incubator, people advised the broken-hearted father to sue the hospital and receive compensation. The hospital was responsible for this terrible mishap and the resulting damage, and he could collect a lot of money from them.

Reb Aharon refused to do so. He explained that he would have to place the blame on the doctors and nurses at the hospital, saying that they were guilty of their son's suffering and were responsible for what occurred. But to say that is *kefirah*, because he believed with *emuna sheleima* that the hospital crew wasn't at fault. It was destined and decreed from Heaven, and he wouldn't say anything that contradicted that. (Reprinted with permission from *Machon Be'er Haparsha*)

FRIDAY AFTERNOON TRAFFIC



BEFORE THEY KNEW IT, the truck Sruli had been riding in, which had been heading northbound, slid in the rain and found itself on its side in the southbound lane of the highway.

At the end of the long winter *zman* in 2019, Sruli's yeshiva was treating its *talmidim* to a Shabbos *hisvaadus* in the Catskill Mountains.

That Friday morning, Erev Rosh Chodesh Nissan, the whole yeshiva was scheduled to go to Coco Key waterpark and then proceed to an uplifting Shabbos, recharging in the refreshing air of the mountains. While the yeshiva boys would first go to the water park, one truck was going straight to the Catskills to set up the food for Shabbos.

Sruli had volunteered to prepare all the food for the Shabbos getaway in the yeshiva's kitchen. He'd spent the entire Thursday night there, ensuring that the boys would have delectable food for the upcoming affair. Instead of joining his friends at the waterpark, he opted to go with the truck that was bringing all the food to oversee its care. Friday morning, while the vans to the waterpark filled up, Sruli loaded the truck with all the goods, blew the horn, and started up to the campus.

The "fun" began at 1:02 PM. As they were traveling northbound on RT-17, the truck found itself getting dangerously close to a Tesla right in front of it. Apparently, though the Tesla had slowed down, its brake lights hadn't indicated it. The truck was traveling at 55 MPH, and when it swerved to the side to avoid hitting the Tesla, it took a spin. The poor traction of the truck and the rainy roads caused them to spin around, the front of the truck crossing the barrier in the median and landing on the southbound side of the highway (see picture above).

As all this was happening, Sruli's mind went blank. He was flustered. The driver, though, immediately shouted: "*Ein Od Mivado.*" Hearing those words sparked Sruli's memory of his *rosh yeshiva's* recent *vaadim* on the topic. Spontaneously, his mind filled with the concept and the *segula ha'yedua* of **Reb Chaim of Volozhin**. Reb Chaim writes that when one is mindful of *Ein Od Mivado*, then there's no power that can control him other than Hashem.

"As it filled my mind," Sruli recounted, "I felt a sense of serenity fill my body — I'd never felt so serene before. My life was spinning. Literally. Yet, I felt that only my loving Father is in control, and whatever happens is only from Him. Buckled to my seat without any way to help myself left me with a sensation that He's the only One Who could — and would — work this through, and I'll be just fine."

In the meantime, the truck fell on its right side and slipped southbound another 50–60 feet. Sruli was sitting on the right of the truck, and throughout the accident, though his hand was resting on the right window that scraped along the highway, miraculously, the window didn't shatter. He walked away without a scratch, as though nothing had occurred. He unbuckled his seatbelt, found his yarmulka, and went to help the other two passengers.

The only one "injured" was the driver. When he got into the ambulance, they asked him what they could do for him.

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He replied, "I need a band aid." They responded that they didn't have any. "Why do you need one?" they asked. "You look just fine."

"I got poked in my finger," he explained. "I want a band aid to soothe it."

"We don't carry band aids," they told him. "All we have is gauze and tape. Sorry."

With that gauze and tape, they treated *all* the "casualties," and the paramedics' job was over. So, while the seven-layer cake was smeared all over RT-17, and the popcorn was popping over the road, the passengers of the overturned truck were strolling on the shoulder of the highway as though nothing had happened.

Within a short time, a whole squad of emergency vehicles showed up: ambulances, state troopers, reporters, and of course, standbys. "As one of the state troopers pulled in," Sruli recalls, "he asked me what happened. I responded by replaying the incident."

"And where are the passengers?" asked the trooper. Pointing to himself, Sruli replied, "Here."

"What?" came the response, as his jaw dropped. "You're alive after such an accident? That makes no sense. From the way this collision looks, there shouldn't have been a happy ending. You are lucky [to have a Father watching you]!"

After they finished at the waterpark, one of the vans rerouted to meet Sruli and try to assist him. Seeing the open *neis*, they burst into an uncontrollable dance on the shoulder of the highway — in a safe place bordered by the police, of course.

Remembering "Ein Od Milvado," Hashem showed him Divine orchestration. Sruli was glad to witness Hashem's unforgettable hashgacha and how He cared for them in such an incredible way.

Follow-up

That Chol Hamoed, when Sruli was driving on I-76, the Pennsylvania Turnpike, he noticed two trucks stuck in the forest on the side of the highway. From the way it seemed, the trucks had derailed from their route and were buried between the trees, deep in the forest. The sight was unsettling to him — to see those abandoned trailers just after experiencing his own *hashgacha*. He felt as though Hashem was talking to him with that sight, but he didn't know what the message was. The day continued, but the dilemma didn't budge.

That night, while he was lying in bed, twisting and turning, a *pasuk* came to mind: "*Ani yesheina v'libi ebr, kol Dodi dofek pischi li* — I am asleep and my heart is aroused, the voice of my Beloved bangs: Open for Me" (*Shir Hashirim* 5:2). He wasn't sure what to make of it, but after some few minutes, an original explanation fell into his mind: In this quiet voice, he was being told that he contained a heart that is aroused; it's on fire. "*Pischi li*," just open it up and utilize it for Me.

"I felt as though Hashem was leaving me with a message: This event wasn't coming as a punishment. Hashem was telling me, in so many words, 'maximize your potential. You have endless potential; unlock it

and max it out.'" Sruli found peace with that message, and in no time, he was sound asleep.

Ever since that night, that story never weighed on Sruli. Till today, he finds himself in Beis Midrash Govoha, learning day and night, and he uses his potential to the max with the unforgettable message: Hashem loves me, and He wants me to unleash all my hidden potential. As you see in the picture, Sruli has a keychain that reads, "*Ani yesheina v'libi ebr*," with one picture on it, and on the flip side, "*kol Dodi dofek pischi li*" with another picture on it, reminding of the invaluable message that Hashem left him with from that fateful day.

TIME-RELEASE TEARS



THE WEEK BEFORE Shavuot, R' Donner and his family flew to Eretz Yisrael for a week's time. On Erev Rosh Chodesh Sivan, an auspicious day for *tefillah*, their family traveled to Tiveria to daven at the gravesite of the Shelah Hakadosh. Yidden utilize that day to daven for their own success and the success of their children in Torah study, and the Donners also wanted to utilize that day to the fullest. So, they traveled to the *kever* of the Shelah Hakadosh to recite his *tefillah* at that *heilige* site.

On her way out, Mrs. Donner noticed a lady who stood out from the rest of the crowd. She didn't fit in with the people who were coming to daven there, and something seemed different, so she went ahead and introduced herself. The lady explained that she had grown up secular with no connection to Torah. Then, pointing to a chain hanging from her neck, she said, "This is a picture of my dear son, Almog Meir. He has been in captivity for the past several months, ever since Oct. 7th. I came here to plead on his behalf — for his wellbeing and for a speedy release."

Hearing this, Mrs. Donner was moved to tears. She was filled with compassion and asked the woman for her son's full Hebrew name. Mrs. Donner then returned to the *kever* with a new wind and a heart bursting with sympathy. She cried her eyes out for his hasty return, and again departed from the *kever*.

The Donner family enjoyed their Shabbos in Eretz Yisrael, and their trip continued. That Motzaei Shabbos, June 8th, 2024, the news broke forth — that the rescue of Almog Meir Jan and three others had been successfully pulled off. That Friday morning, they had gotten intelligence as to where four of the captivities were being held, and over the next 24 hours, they conducted a "high-risk mission" (how they termed it) and bombed the surrounding area. Shabbos morning, 48 hours after those fervent *tefillas*, 22-year-old son, Almog Meir was rescued from Gaza, and Mrs. Jan was once again reunited with her beloved son.