בס"ד

זכרו תורת משה

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

פרשת בהעלותך ה'תשפ"ו

HEARTWARMING STORIES FOR THE SHABBOS TABLE

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Shelter Amid Turbulence

As the long winter slowly drew to an end, Mrs. Gadiner* looked ahead with excitement. She had spent an entire year in *Eretz Yisrael*, far from her family back in America, and was soon going to reunite with them over Pesach 5786. She happily envisioned herself being once again among familiar faces, family warmth, and the support she had missed so deeply.

But those hopes quickly unraveled as the situation grew increasingly unstable. With missiles and bombs constantly being sent to *Eretz Yisrael*, all flights were canceled, requiring everyone to change their travel plans. Mrs. Gadiner realized that not only would she not have the reunion she longed for, but she would also have to make Pesach far away from family, all on her own.

In addition, the Gadiners had recently been blessed with a new baby boy, and Mrs. Gadiner was still feeling weak and vulnerable after his birth, far from the support system that awaited her in America.

Just when the crushing realization that they wouldn't be traveling came, a cousin warmly invited them to come for Shabbos. That gave Mrs. Gadiner a bit of comfort and support…until Thursday evening. One of the cousin's children had come down with a contagious infection that nobody wanted the newborn baby to contract, and thus their plans for Shabbos were cancelled as well.

Mrs. Gadiner was shattered. First, she could not return to America. Now, even the one place she was hoping to spend Shabbos was no longer possible. Alone, exhausted, and emotionally overwhelmed, she did not know how she would manage.

Sensing her pain, the cousin reassured her. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll prepare the entire Shabbos for you and send it over. You'll be able to enjoy Shabbos without any extra work."

Late Friday afternoon, as the cousin was packing up the final items for the delivery, her husband walked into the house carrying a large container of dried mango. She looked at it and thought, "You know what? I'll add this to Mrs. Gadiner's package. She could probably use this more than me." So, she placed the dried mango into the box and sent it off together with the complete Shabbos package.

A short while after the package arrived, the phone rang. Mrs. Gadiner was crying. "Thank you so much," she said emotionally. "You have no idea what this means to me."

Mrs. Gadiner then told her cousin why she was so moved by the delivery. "After hearing that we would be alone for Shabbos, I turned to Hashem in tears. I felt so broken and vulnerable. I murmured a simple personal prayer: '*Ribono Shel Olam*, there are two things I'd really like right now: vanilla ice cream and dried mango.'

"And there, before my eyes, was everything we needed for Shabbos, from *kiddush* all the way through the ice cream. Most of all, sitting on top was a container of dried mango. It was exactly what I'd asked for."

Mrs. Gadiner, stunned, turned to her husband and asked, "What's the story with the dried mango?"

He explained how, earlier that day, while returning home from *yeshivah*, a siren had suddenly sounded warning of incoming rockets. He'd quickly ran into the nearest store for shelter — a small nut and dried fruit shop. After the danger passed, he thought to himself, "I'm already here, so I might as well buy something for *kavod Shabbos*."

While browsing the shop's wares, he noticed dried mango. "My wife likes dried mango," he thought. He placed it in his cart, paid, and brought it home. Moments later, his

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wife decided to include it in the package being sent to their struggling relative, simply as a small gesture to comfort a hurting heart.

But in reality, it was far more than that. Hashem was standing beside Mrs. Gadiner, sending exactly what she needed, at a time when she needed it most.

In whatever situation a person finds themselves, the Creator of the world is always there, accompanying, supporting, and caring for them. Sometimes we see His hand clearly, and sometimes more subtly, but He never abandons His children. We might feel stranded, weak, alone, and far from everyone familiar. Yet even there, Hashem *is standing beside us, sending exactly what we need — sometimes even something as small as a container of dried mango — to remind us that we are never alone.*

A Letter from Heaven

Recently, the daughter of a renowned *talmid chacham*, **Rav Sholom S.**, from Kiryas Yoel, got engaged to Shneur Zalman A..

When the *shidduch* had first been suggested, Rav Sholom's daughter was not yet eighteen years old. The *chosson* was older, highly respected, and widely admired. Everyone who knew him spoke glowingly of his character and refinement.

Rav Sholom sat down with his daughter and spoke to her openly. "Listen," he said gently, "they are suggesting an exceptional young man from a wonderful family. But you are much younger. What do you think?"

His daughter hesitated. "What can I say?" she answered softly. "Were Mommy alive, I would ask her what to do. But now I must make this decision alone, and it's very hard."

Rav Sholom looked at his daughter. "It may seem that your mother can no longer help you. But you still can speak to Hashem. Go up to Mommy's *kever*. Stand there, pour out your heart to the *Ribbono shel Olam*. Cry, daven, and ask Hashem to guide you to the right decision."

The young woman traveled to the cemetery, hoping to find clarity. About an hour later, she returned home with a smile radiating from her face. "Tatty," she said, "this is my *shidduch*."

Rav Sholom was startled.

His daughter explained: "I arrived at Mommy's *kever* completely broken. The pain of being motherless overwhelmed me. As I stood there crying, I noticed a small rolled-up paper resting near Mommy's *matzeivah*. I picked it up and opened it. Inside were the words: *'B'ezras Hashem: Zivvug hogun l'Shneur Zalman ben Shaindel.*'"

She had no idea who this boy was, only that the boy they had been discussing that very day was named Shneur Zalman.

The story only became more astonishing afterward. Rav Sholom knew that the mother's name was Shaindel.

Her smile only widened even more.

Shortly after, the story emerged: The *chosson*'s mother, had visited her mother's grave in Kiryas Yoel to daven for her son's *shidduchim*. Before leaving, she placed a small note on the *kever* with the aforementioned heartfelt *tefillah*.

Her mother was buried directly beside Mrs. S.. At some point, a gust of wind had swept through the cemetery and carried the folded note from one grave onto the neighboring one — the grave of Rav Sholom's late wife. And there it remained, waiting to be discovered by an orphaned daughter searching for guidance.

To her, it was nothing less than a letter from Heaven.

There is tremendous comfort and strength to be gained from this story for every Jew — especially for those who feel alone. The *Ribbono shel Olam* watches over His children constantly. No tear goes unnoticed. No lonely heart is forgotten.

Sometimes, Heaven sends answers in ways no human being could ever orchestrate.

Edited by: Binyamin Lieb

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Please do not read during davening or learning ⊙ Have a wonderful Shabbos