זכרו תורת משה

בס"ד

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

פרשת שלח ה'תשפ"ו

HEARTWARMING STORIES FOR THE SHABBOS TABLE

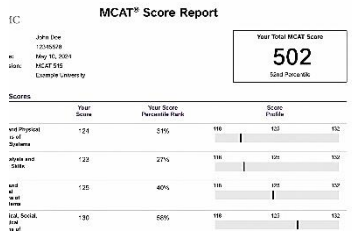
Vol. #259

The Impossible Residency

Rabbi Michael Fuzaylov shared an incredible story that recently happened:

I work with EMET Outreach in Queens, New York — an extraordinary *kiruv* organization that, over the past twenty years, has helped hundreds of Jews reconnect with Torah and become fully observant.

Very recently, one of our most remarkable students called me. Over the past six years, he had completely transformed his life. From someone with little connection to Yiddishkeit, he had grown into a committed *ben Torah* — all the while pursuing the demanding path of medical school.



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Now he was preparing for the next stage: applying to residency programs in anesthesiology. But he was deeply troubled. "Rabbi," he told me, "there are no *shomer Shabbos* residency programs in anesthesiology."

I reassured him that Hashem could take care of his predicament. "Rely on Him to find a job that won't have you work on Shabbos."

He paused. "Rabbi," he said honestly, "it doesn't exist."

I replied gently, "Just trust."

He agreed. A few days later, he called me again.

"Rabbi, you won't believe what just happened."

He had just finished interviewing with a newly established residency program. The interview had started poorly. The program director didn't seem particularly interested in him, and the conversation felt flat.

Toward the end, the director asked the standard question: "Do you have any questions for us?"

My student hesitated. He considered asking whether they make accommodations for Orthodox Jews who observe Shabbos and Yom Tov. But he knew that bringing up such issues could lower his chances of acceptance — not only because of anti-Semitism, but because programs worry about scheduling complications.

For a moment, he stayed quiet. Then he decided to ask anyway.

The response stunned him. The director looked at him and said, "We will fully accommodate you. We believe faith plays a very important role in medicine. And if you are willing to put faith before your work, then you must be sincere with your beliefs." And with that, he was hired!

My student could hardly believe what he was hearing.

What continued becomes even more remarkable.

Earlier in medical school, something had happened that had greatly upset him. Right before a crucial exam, an unexpected issue arose that interfered with his preparation. As a result, he lost several points on the test — a significant setback that had frustrated him deeply at the time.

Now he suddenly understood. If his scores had been higher, this residency program would never have even offered him an interview. They would have assumed he would be accepted into — and choose — a far more competitive program, and they would not have wasted their time giving him an interview.

Instead, Hashem orchestrated that precisely *because* he lost those few points then, he was able to interview there in the first place. And it was through that interview that he discovered something he had been told did not exist: a residency program fully willing to accommodate a *shomer Shabbos* doctor.

Sometimes what appears to be a setback is actually the opening move of Hashem's plan. What seemed like a loss on an exam was, in reality, the key that unlocked the impossible.

And through a little *bitachon* — and Hashem's endless *chessed* — the impossible became reality.

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The Miracle of the Plastic Factory

A remarkable story was shared by Rabbi Shloime Klein that highlights the extraordinary holiness of Shabbos and the powerful *brachah* that flows from honoring it.

There once was an upright Jewish businessman in Montreal, a member of the Satmar community, who owned a massive plastic manufacturing company. His factory was highly successful, producing plastic goods that were shipped to customers across the United States.

His operation presented a serious challenge.

The machines used in the factory required extremely high temperatures in order to function. Once they were shut down, it took several hours for them to heat back up again before production could resume. From a purely business perspective, this created a significant problem: If the machines were turned off for Shabbos, the company would lose many hours of production time every week, along with thousands of dollars in additional heating costs.

Nevertheless, this devoted Jew would not consider operating on Shabbos. Every single week, as Shabbos approached, the machines were shut down, and the factory doors were locked.

Friends and business associates tried to persuade him to reconsider. Some suggested various arrangements that might technically allow the factory to continue operating on Shabbos, such as partnerships with non-Jews who could run the operation during that time.

But he would not hear of it. For him, the sanctity of Shabbos was absolute. Week after week, year after year, he accepted the financial loss with complete faith. While others saw lost profits, he saw the privilege of honoring Shabbos.

Over time, his business flourished. After earning millions, he eventually sold the company to a large non-Jewish corporation for an enormous sum.

The new owners were convinced they could increase profits even further. Their strategy seemed obvious, as the factory could now operate continuously — twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The machines would remain running even on Saturdays and holidays, eliminating the costly reheating process.

But that was not what happened.

Instead of increasing profits, the company began experiencing one failure after another. The machines constantly broke down. Production slowed. Engineers tried to solve the mechanical problems repeatedly but could not understand what was going wrong.

Losses mounted rapidly. The company fell hundreds of millions of dollars behind. The very machines that had functioned reliably for years suddenly refused to cooperate.

What the new owners did not understand was something the original owner had known all along: The factory had not been sustained merely by heat, engineering, or business strategy. Shabbos had sustained it.

The Torah teaches us that Shabbos is *mekor habrachah* — the source from which blessing flows. When a Jew protects the holiness of Shabbos, Shabbos protects him in return.

But perhaps the most powerful lesson lies in how we look at sacrifice.

From the outside, people saw a businessman "losing" thousands of dollars every week by shutting down his machines. In truth, he was not losing anything at all. He was protecting the very source of his success.

The reality is that no one ever loses from honoring Shabbos. The opposite is true: The *brachah* of the entire week comes from those sacred hours. Sometimes we think that if we give up a little for Shabbos — a deal, a convenience, an opportunity — we are sacrificing.

But stories like this remind us of the truth: When we give up something for Shabbos, we are not losing. We are investing in the greatest source of *brachah* a Jew can have. And that investment always pays dividends far beyond what any business could ever produce.

Edited by:

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