בס"ד

זכרו תורת משה

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

פרשת פנחס ה'תשפ"ו

HEARTWARMING STORIES FOR THE SHABBOS TABLE

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The Whole Picture

On Sunday of *Parshas Tzav*, 5786, shortly before *Pesach*, **Rabbi Yitzchak Kaufman**, editor of the Spring Hill Times, received a request from a *ger tzedek* in *Eretz Yisrael*, requesting help for his *Yom Tov* expenses.

At the time, Rabbi Kaufman was facing a significant personal financial strain — over $14,000 in expenses, with $3,000 due imminently. His initial instinct was to decline the *ger tzedek*'s plea for help. But something held Rabbi Kaufman from immediately doing so. He had just finished editing a story for the Spring Hill Times, and its message lingered.

The story was that two years earlier, a boy in his shul, Moshe Friedman, had shared a simple but powerful experience. His brother had been collecting on behalf of Yeshiva Bais Dovid in Monsey and asked him for a donation. Moshe thought to himself, "It says '*U'vichanuni na b'zos*,' that Hashem promises repayment for tzedakah. So, I'll give a dollar, and Hashem will send it back." Moshe therefore gave his brother a dollar.

The frame with the envelope attached

The very next morning, Moshe put on *tefillin* for the first time. A *bochur* approached him and handed him a dollar in honor of his *hanachas tefillin*.

That story of simple reliance on Hashem had stayed with Rabbi Kaufman. Drawing strength from it, he decided to send the *ger tzedek* $1,000 for his *Yom Tov* expenses, and in an act of quiet *bitachon*, Rabbi Kaufman wrote "Hashem" across the invoice, as if placing the burden of repayment directly in His hands.

The following Sunday, Rabbi Kaufman received two $1,000 checks, each from two completely unexpected sources — double what he had given.

Yet, he still needed much more to get out of the red. He turned to Hashem again, this time invoking the words: "*ad bli dai*."

Two nights later, during *bedikas chometz*, as he was checking a shelf in his coat closet, he noticed a picture frame on the wall — an image of his beloved *rosh yeshivah*, **Rabbi Meir Hershkowitz**, *zt"l* (1925–2003). Suddenly, a memory surfaced. Two years earlier, he had used personal savings to cover a $3,650 expense for the Spring Hill Times, trusting that Hashem would repay him. Shortly afterward, he received an unexpected call from *Eretz Yisrael*. His nephew in Kiryat Sefer had opened the back of one of Rabbi Kaufman's old picture frames — items left behind when he moved back to the United States — and discovered an envelope containing $6,000. With that, the debt was paid!

Amazingly, fifteen years before that, Rabbi Kaufman's father had sent him money, which he had hidden behind the picture frame for safekeeping — and then had completely forgotten about it. What should have been lost forever had instead been preserved, waiting quietly for the right moment.

Now, standing during *bedikas chometz*, that memory stirred something within him. Perhaps…just perhaps…

He carefully removed the frame from the wall and noticed a slight bulge.

With his family watching, curiosity building, he cautiously opened it.

Inside was an envelope with sixty-one one-hundred-dollar bills — $6,100 — still resting in the original bank envelope.

It was a different envelope his father had sent him, also hidden and forgotten until the moment it was needed. The *brachah* was unmistakable. Hashem had now returned more than eight times what he had given.

There was something even deeper. Earlier that very night, during *Shemoneh Esrei*, he had made an unusual request — one he rarely allowed himself to articulate — to feel his father's presence during the *bedikah*.

And now, scarcely an hour later, he stood holding a gift his father had sent nearly two decades earlier, complete with his handwriting.

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The story continued.

Seeing Hashem's hand so clearly, Rabbi Kaufman sent additional funds to the *ger tzedek*. The response came back filled with emotion. The *ger tzedek* wrote that he had rarely encountered such generosity, and that because of this support, his family was able to experience *Pesach* "like kings." He added one poignant line: "Your father must have been very special."

Could he overlook his father's experience throughout the *bedikah*?

As if to echo the moment, Rabbi Kaufman's brother later shared that on the final night of *Pesach*, he dreamed their father was distributing money to the family for *Yom Tov* — a dream that only made sense after everything that had unfolded.

The *hashgachah* is striking. Had the first envelope never been discovered years earlier, the thought of checking the picture frame would never have crossed his mind — especially in a place no one would reasonably search for *chometz*.

Hashem's message was unmistakable: When a person gives with trust, nothing is ever lost. Sometimes the return comes immediately. Sometimes it is hidden away for years. But it is always there, waiting patiently for the exact moment.

The Dining Room Set

Soon after R' Dovid purchased his first home, he realized that there was one important item still missing: a dining room set.

Until then, he had been living in a small studio apartment in a basement in the heart of Lakewood. There simply hadn't been space for a dining room table, let alone a full set. But now, with a house of his own, he finally had the room. The only problem was figuring out how to afford one.

Like many young homeowners, his budget was already stretched thin. Purchasing a quality dining room set seemed well beyond their means.

The very next night, something unexpected happened.

A message from an unfamiliar number appeared on his phone. Someone was forwarding a notice they had received about a family giving away a dining room set, free of charge.

Curious, R' Dovid asked for pictures.

To his surprise, the set was beautiful. Although it was not brand new, it had been exceptionally well cared for and was in remarkable condition. It was exactly the type of dining room set he would have loved to own, but never imagined he could afford. There was only one obstacle: getting it to his house.

When he spoke with the owner, the man explained that he was eager to have it removed as soon as possible. "If you're interested," he said, "please let me know quickly. If not, I have twenty others people waiting for it."

R' Dovid knew he had to act fast. The dining room set was large, heavy, and impossible to move on his own. He contacted a friend in the delivery business and asked how much it would cost to transport it. The quote came back at $400. For a young homeowner already watching every dollar, that was a significant expense.

Later, while discussing the situation with his father, his father smiled and said, "Don't worry. I'll cover half." That certainly helped, but R' Dovid still needed the remaining $200. Then another unexpected development occurred.

R' Dovid tutored the son of a friend, and while the friend paid him nicely and on time, around the *Yomim Tovim*, he would also give him a bonus of $50. However, just as R' Dovid was scrounging for the money to pay for the movers, the friend informed R' Dovid that he wanted to give him a $250 bonus to help with the upcoming *Yom Tov* expenses. Right at the time when he needed it, his bonus was upgraded.

R' Dovid was surely grateful for all this, but the story wasn't over yet.

After the dining room set arrived, they discovered that a few small parts needed replacement. Some handles were missing, and the lock-and-key mechanism needed repair. After everything, the total cost of the repairs came to $50.

Now, the entire picture was clear.

The $200 from his father covered half the delivery. The additional $250 he unexpectedly received paid for the other half and the repairs. Every expense had been accounted for.

What had begun as an impossible dream for someone on a tight budget ended with a beautiful dining room set at no out-of-pocket cost.

Hashem had not only provided the furniture but also arranged every detail, from the random forwarded message to the transportation costs and even the final repairs. Looking back, R' Dovid realized that long before he knew where the dining room set would come from, Hashem had already prepared the means to pay for every penny of it.

Edited by: Binyamin Lieb

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