

Good Shabbos Everyone. The Torah tells us that Avram heeded Hashem's call to leave his birthplace. The Torah states "ve-es ha-nefesh asher asu be-haran" (12:5) - and [they took] all their wealth that they had amassed in Charan." One of the alternative translations of this verse is that Avram and Sarai brought people closer to Hashem. The verse then reads "and [they took] all the souls that they had made in Charan." Which teaches us that when we bring someone closer to Torah and mitzvahs, we are credited as if we had created them. The following true story will inspire us to act in the ways of Avrohom and Sarah.

Some twenty years ago in New York, a certain Mr. Fogel (fictitious name) - a middle-aged Chassid - was listening to a Torah tape of the Lubavitcher Rebbe while driving home late one evening from work. He had heard this one particular one tens of times but for some reason he liked it. But suddenly one sentence really struck him. It was as though the Rebbe was speaking to him directly: "As is known, the Baal Shem Tov said that a soul can come into this world for seventy, eighty years just to do a favor for someone, especially a fellow Jew."

Suddenly Mr. Fogel became lost in thought. 'Could it be that I could live my entire life and never fulfill my purpose! Could such a thing really happen? After all who knows the secret ways of G-d if not the Baal Shem Tov?' He became serious. His eyes even began to fill with tears and he began to pray. 'Please, Hashem, guide me to do what I'm supposed to do, I don't want to miss my purpose!' Deep in thought he began to imagine the hundreds (today there are thousands) of Chassidim all over the world going 'out of their ways' to wake up Jews spiritually. Nothing is more important. nothing!

When he came out of his reverie he realized that he was in a strange place and it took him a few seconds to figure out what happened. He had passed his turn-off, gotten off the expressway several stops too late and now was in a different district of Brooklyn. He was looking for a place to make a U-turn when something caught his eye. To his right, at the side of the road was an older man standing before the open hood of a stalled car. The street was unusually empty so Mr. Fogel slowed down, opened his right side window and had a better look. The fellow looked up at him and signaled. It didn't look suspicious so he pulled over and asked what was wrong. "Ahh! What rotten luck! I can't figure it out." The fellow yelled out. "The thing just died on me! Now I'm really stuck!! A tow truck stopped about ten minutes ago but they wanted six hundred dollars to tow me home! Six hundred! And I only live fifteen minutes away!" Mr. Fogel pulled his car even closer and the fellow continued. "And I'm stalled in a no parking zone. Look at this! Even if I caught a taxi. if I leave the car here . they'll tow it away." "Fogel pointed to a spot about fifty yards ahead and said. "Just don't worry. G-d will help. Here, look over there! About a hundred feet away is a place you can park. See! I'll push you. Get in your car and I'll push you. Then you can take a taxi home."

"Thanks!" he yelled back as he walked to open the door to his car. "But I've been waiting here for a long time and not one taxi has passed. look!The road is deserted. But I guess you're right. Worrying doesn't help."

Mr. Fogel was totally convinced that this fellow was telling the truth. So after pushing him to the parking place and the fellow locked his car up, he offered to take him home. After all it was only a fifteen minute ride. The old fellow couldn't stop thanking him. He got into Fogel's car and kept talking.

"Wow! Thanks a million! I really appreciate this!! Now all we have to do, my wife and I that is, is order a cab."

He looked at his watch, "Whew! It's really late! I hope we don't miss our plane. We're flying to Florida to visit our daughter and the plane is leaving in an hour."

"Listen" said Mr. Fogel "It's no problem. You know what. I'll take you to the airport, after all it's only a half hour drive and my wife won't worry. Just don't ask questions. As soon as we get to your house get your wife and suitcases and let's go! You have no time to waste." The old fellow tried weakly to protest but realized that this Chassid was right, so in no time he and his wife were in the car and before they knew it were at the airport. "I can't thank you enough" said the old man as he pulled his suitcase from the trunk. "Listen, you got to let me pay you! Here, do me a favor.. take a hundred dollars." He pulled a bill from his wallet. "Nu! It's the least I can do. Just take it! But Fogel would have no part of it. "Sorry, my friend! First of all thank G-d I don't need the money. Second, it was a favor so I don't want the money. And third it was no big deal; the whole thing took less than an hour and I enjoyed it, so I don't even deserve the money." But the old man insisted, even took another hundred out and kept pushing it at Fogel saying "Just take it. Nu! Don't argue. Just take it."

Until finally Mr. Fogel said. "Excuse me but you're Jewish, right?" the fellow shook his head yes. "So, listen, if you really want to repay me then, you know what? Put on Tefillin. Do you put on Tefillin? Do it every morning for a month."

The man shook his head no. In fact it was exactly what he did not want to hear. Tefillin?! No way!! I'm not doing no mitzvot! No MITVOS! Not me!" "Alright, so then don't put on Tefillin." Fogel replied. "You were the one that wanted to pay. As far as I'm concerned you don't owe me anything but if you want to pay, this is what I want. Nu? What do you say? Just buy yourself a pair of Tefillin and put them on when you can. Okay?" The old fellow looked at Fogel with foggy eyes for a second, shook his head reluctantly and said ."All right. I'll do it!" Then he half-heartedly shook Fogel's hand, looked at his watch and ran to get a luggage cart.

As soon as her husband was far enough away, his wife approached Fogel with tears in her eyes, dabbed them with a small kerchief and said. "Thank you! G-d just sent you!" She spoke in a low voice, keeping an eye on her husband to make sure he was involved with the cart but, although she tried to hide it, she was obviously very emotional, her eyes were red from crying. "You don't know what you just did. It was a miracle! We are holocaust survivors. We met after the war, got married, moved here to New York and agreed that we wouldn't do anything Jewish. Nothing. We were mad at G-d, you know."

She started crying again. "But as we got older I began to yearn for the things from my mother's house.. you know, like lighting candles before Shabbos. But each time I mentioned it my husband said 'NO MITZVOS!! Our children got married, we are alone in the house but he still says 'No Mitzvos!!!' "So, yesterday I felt so bad that .. I did something I haven't done since the war.. I prayed. "I begged G-d to send some miracle to change my husband's mind. And now you came .. You are a miracle!! "I'm sure that this Shabbos we will have Candles." **Good Shabbos Everyone**

A Refuah Shleimah to Shusha Malka bas Golda

To sponsor a drasha: M. Wolfberg 19 Koritz Way, #212 Spring Valley, New York 10977 (845) 362-3234

THIS PAPER CONTAINS HOLY WRITING AND SHOULD NOT BE DISPOSED OF IN THE GARBAGE