

Good Shabbos Everyone. In this week's parsha Vayeitzeh we read about how, on the way to Charan, Yakov Avinu stopped to rest for the night. As he slept, Yakov dreamt that he saw a ladder. The famous dream of the ladder contains some of the most inspirational spiritual lessons of the entire Torah. The verse tells us that Yakov "dreamt, and behold! A ladder was set on the earth and its top reached towards the heavens..." (Bereishis 28:12)

The Sages teach us that the ladder symbolizes the position of a Jew in this world. Although we stand on the ground like the base of the ladder, we strive to reach up to the heavens, like the top of the ladder in the dream. As the verse states, "A ladder was set on the earth and its top reached towards the heavens..."

The following inspirational true story illustrates how one Jew is climbing the spiritual ladder of life through helping others.

Sruli Korn was cruising down the Prospect Expressway in Brooklyn, New York one night when brake lights up ahead forced him to slow down.

Squinting through the darkness of the night, Sruli glimpsed the cause of the slowdown—an accident. Sruli immediately sprang into action. Some drivers would avoid the accident, trying to get away from the scene as quickly as possible and get home; but not Sruli Korn. Sruli is an EMT with [Hatzoloh](#) and he definitely qualified to help.

So the accident up ahead was just a signal that he was needed to help save a human life. Sruli arrived at the scene and quickly assessed the situation. One driver, a religious Jew, had not suffered any major injuries. But the other driver, a non-Jew, was badly hurt.

Sruli radioed for help. "We're going to need an ambulance right away!" While the rubber-neckers crept by, Sruli set to work on his patient. The arrival of a transit police officer was a relief. With his lights flashing, the officer redirected the traffic around the scene of the accident, providing a safe area for Sruli and the other EMTs who had arrived.

They tried to make the patient comfortable, administering whatever immediate medical attention they could possibly give. But it took some time before they were able to stabilize the man's condition. Finally, the medical technicians strapped him to the stretcher and the ambulance pulled away, sirens blaring. Sruli thanked the transit cop, and the EMT's left the scene. Their job was done.

Five months later, Sruli Korn was shopping in a Brooklyn store when a familiar-looking man walked in, with a small yarmulka perched atop his head. Sruli looked at him once, then twice. "How do I know this man?" he wondered to himself. He glanced out the storefront window and caught a glimpse of a car parked outside with an unusual license plate: "VPA1"

"Hey, did you cover an accident on the Prospect Expressway a few months ago?" Asked Sruli the man. The man looked at Sruli, recognition registering on his face.

"Yes, I did, I was one of the EMTs that night. I remember your license plate. But I don't remember you wearing a yarmulka..." Said Sruli.

The officer smiled. "To tell you the truth, I never did wear a head covering. Until that night. My wife and I always considered ourselves traditional. She always lit candles on Friday night, and at home, we never mixed milk and meat. But you and your buddies turned that around."

"What do you mean?" Sruli asked curiously. Nothing extraordinary had happened that night. There was an accident. One man was badly injured. He and the other guys took care of the victim. They did what they had been trained to do as emergency medical technicians. What you did, however was remarkable. I've been a transit cop for over twenty-six years, but I never saw anything like what I saw that night. Watching you work was inspiring. Your concern was for human life. It didn't matter whether it was your brother or someone from another ethnic group. Well, it got me thinking... We've since moved to a more religious area, and we daven (pray) in an Orthodox shul. We still have a long way to go. But my wife and I have already decided that we're definitely going to head down that road. Thanks."

Sruli Korn still practices his skills as an EMT. He is just as dedicated to helping others as he has always been—but now it is with a whole new outlook. (from Visions of Greatness, vol. VIII Reb Y. Weiss, p.90) **Good Shabbos Everyone.**