

Mama Rachel

The family magazine of
Mosdos Kever Rachel

מוסדות
קבר
רחל



A powerful message from Mosdos Kever Rachel

Shvat 5776 | Volume 7 | ב"ש"ד



Published by Mosdos Kever Rachel

1303 53rd Street, #45,
Brooklyn, NY 11219
e-mail: keverrochel@gmail.com

- ✦ Kollel Kol Beramah Nishma
- ✦ Daf Yomi Shiurim
- ✦ Chasdei Rachel Imeinu Fund
- ✦ Kollel Chatzos
- ✦ Chevras Tehillim Yeshuos Yisrael
- ✦ Mikveh
- ✦ Subsidized Transportation

Rabbinical Committee:

Rabbi Azriel Auerbach, Rav of Chanichei HaYeshivos in Bayit Vegan | Rabbi Naftali Nussbaum, head of Ahavas Shalom Beis Din | Rabbi Tzvi Braverman, member of the Badatz of Beitar Illit | Rabbi Mattisyahu Deutsch, Rav of Ramat Shlomo | Rabbi Reuven Elbaz, Rosh Yeshivah of Ohr HaChaim | Rabbi Avraham Tzvi Rosenfeld, member of the Badatz of Belz | Rabbi Kalman Greenwald, President.

(US) **1-888-276-2435**

Int. (+972-2) 580-0863

All donations are tax deductible

Graphic Design:

S Rapaport
3103399@gmail.com

Translation: R. Cywiak

Copyeditor: M. Miller

Nudging Mother Every Day

Every mother knows it's not always possible to give her child everything he asks for, but a child who asks again and again is much more likely to get what he wants in the end ...

That's the way it is with Rachel Imeinu, too. Mama Rachel truly is our mother and, sometimes, in order to get something exceptional, we need to nudge her again and again, until we get it.

But who among us is able to come to Beis Lechem every single day?

That is exactly why the Rabbanim and *tzaddikim* of Mosdos Kever Rachel are there 365 days a year, not missing a single day. They are there on night and day shifts, always at our mother's side. They are your representatives to ask for any special request you have, day after day, over and over again, until you get what you are asking for.

These are not just any representatives. They are very beloved sons, great *tzaddikim*, who have nothing in this world except the holy Torah that they learn in purity. They are children who live with Mama Rachel and you have the great merit of supporting them and giving them the opportunity to continue to sit and learn Torah – including Kabbalah – so that they can implore *Shamayim* to bring about *yeshuos* for you. They will mention your name every day, without desisting. They will grasp tightly at Mama Rachel's wide skirt and cry, plead and beg, not giving up until your request is granted!

This is the time to make a recurring direct-debit donation to Mosdos Kever Rachel and merit having a *tefillah* recited there on your behalf every single day!

Call now: 1-888-276-2435

(rochel2)

Hagaon Rabbi Chaim Kanievsky, in his historic letter:

"Many have seen yeshuos and will see yeshuos, refuos and all good, by supporting Mosdos Kever Rachel, headed by Rabbi Moshe Menachem Kluger.



Don't miss the golden opportunity

Yom Tefillah for individuals and for all of Klal Yisrael

"Tu Bishvat is a special time to daven to find one's suitable marriage partner" (Pri Etz Chaim)

Monday, January 25, at 4:00 pm (Israel time)

The Rabbanim and Talmidei Chachamim of Mosdos Kever Rachel will mention each name individually in their tefillos.

To add your name,
call now:

(US) **1-888-276-2435**
R O C H E L
(Israel) 1-800-800-863

Fact: Rachel Imeinu pleads a stronger case than anyone else before the Borei Olam on behalf of our people (זוהר, פ' יוחי).

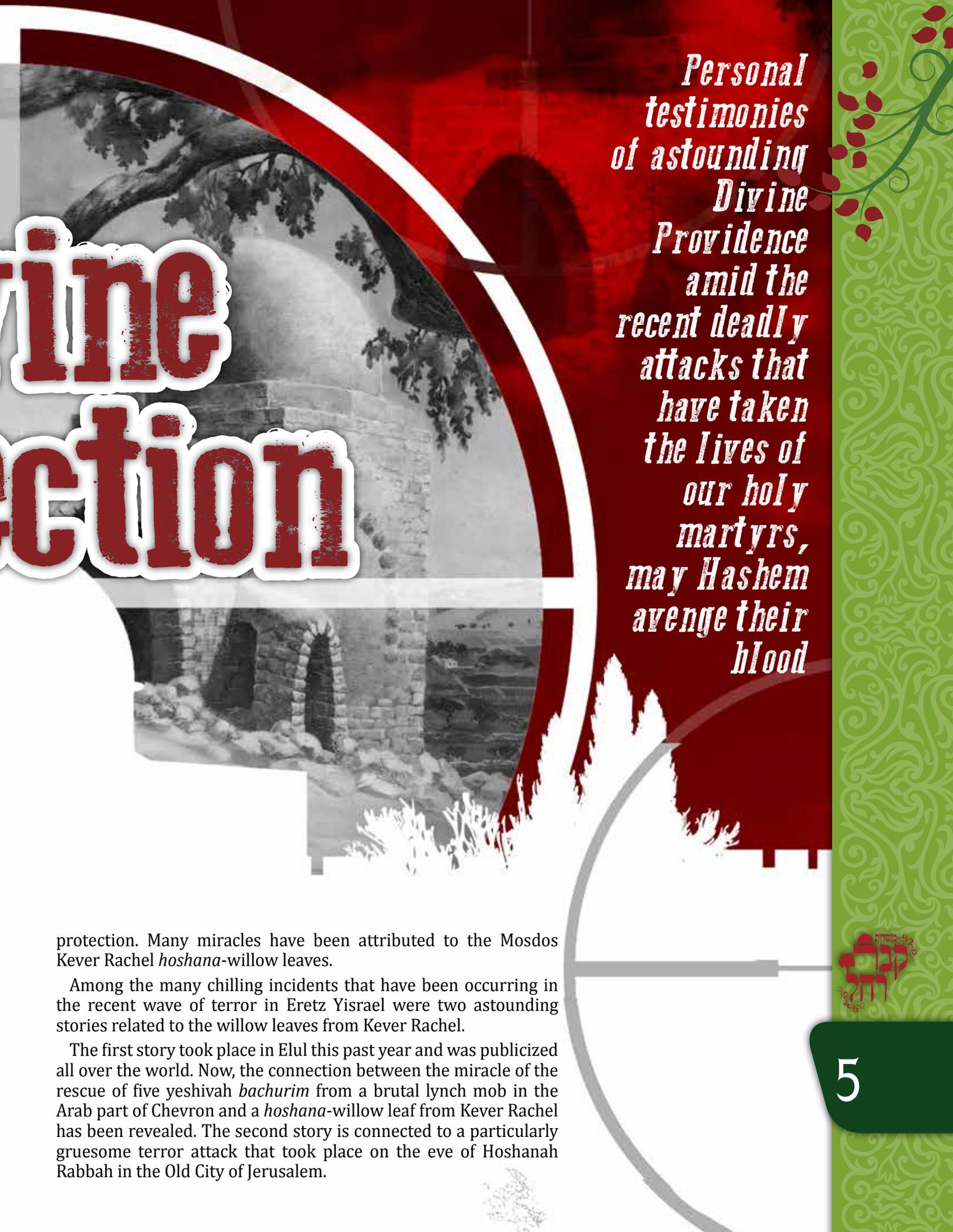
Fact: Gedolei Yisrael send their kvitlach to Mosdos Kever Rachel when in need of a yeshuah.

Fact: Most of those in need of a shidduch who have requested to have their names mentioned daily at Kever Rachel became engaged within the year. (We've recieved hundreds of letters and phone calls attesting to this.)

Fact: Every day, 150 talmidei chachamim spend their day completely immersed in Torah and Tefillah at the kever, and recite each individual name with their personal request.

Div Prote

The *segulah* of willow leaves from the *hoshana* bundle is well-known: A willow leaf from the bundle of branches beaten on the ground on Hoshanah Rabbah is an auspicious *segulah* for protection against evil. Mosdos Kever Rachel makes sure to distribute this *segulah* from the home of Mama Rachel. Willow branches that were beaten on the floor of Kever Rachel – the site where so many *yeshuos* take place – by the Rabbanim of the kollel, after studying all night on Hoshanah Rabbah and reciting the entire *sefer Tehillim* together, is clearly a special *segulah* with additional value. Many have the custom of carrying this willow leaf, distributed to the dedicated donors of Mosdos Kever Rachel, in their pocket as a source of



Divine Protection

Personal testimonies of astounding Divine Providence amid the recent deadly attacks that have taken the lives of our holy martyrs, may Hashem avenge their blood

protection. Many miracles have been attributed to the Mosdos Kever Rachel *hoshana*-willow leaves.

Among the many chilling incidents that have been occurring in the recent wave of terror in Eretz Yisrael were two astounding stories related to the willow leaves from Kever Rachel.

The first story took place in Elul this past year and was publicized all over the world. Now, the connection between the miracle of the rescue of five yeshivah *bachurim* from a brutal lynch mob in the Arab part of Chevron and a *hoshana*-willow leaf from Kever Rachel has been revealed. The second story is connected to a particularly gruesome terror attack that took place on the eve of Hoshanah Rabbah in the Old City of Jerusalem.

Looking at the Angel of Death in the Eye

As the five *bachurim* from the United States drove to Chevron to daven at *kivrei avos*, they felt a sense of spiritual elevation. For some of them, it would be their first visit to the City of the Patriarchs, the place where the gate of Gan Eden is located (*Likutei Mohara*"n, 17) and through which all the *tefillos* that *Am Yisrael* daven rise to the Heavens (*Noam Elimelech, Vayechi*).

The City of the Patriarchs is set among vineyards and orchards; olive trees and other trees native to Eretz Yisrael envelope the city on all sides. The road winds around as you reach the Gush Etzion junction and continues southward toward Chevron. It is narrow, difficult to navigate – and two-way. The traffic signs are mostly erased and the drive must be made with utmost caution. Stalls manned by local village Arabs line both sides of the road.

"Everyone sells the same thing here," one of the *bachurim* joked.

"And they're so close to one another. What's with the *issur* of *hasagas gvul* (encroaching on another's property)?" another added.

The road straightened out and the driver sped up.

"Hello, hello, stop! Make a left over here!" Motty pointed to the sign bearing the word Chevron, along with its Arab transliteration. None of the *bachurim* spoke Hebrew well, but they were familiar with the letters from *Tanach* and the *Siddur*. When they saw the English letters indicating "Hebron" they relaxed. This was the way to Chevron and not to some hostile village. On the left, they saw an IDF outpost; soldiers are part of the scenery here, and the *bachurim* continued their drive.

Had the *bachurim* been Israelis, they might have noticed the fact that the vehicles in front and behind them all had white license plates, instead of yellow ones. But they were foreign residents, and focused more on the scenery than anything else.

Again, they saw those stalls, and again, they commented that all the Arabs seemed to be selling the same thing.

"Something's strange. They're all Arabs here. Chevron is also a Jewish city, isn't it?" Shalom was the first to notice something amiss. He didn't need to say another word to back up his suspicions, because a blow to the side of the car made them suddenly realize that a group had gathered around them.

They were in the middle of an Arab street – and the Arabs were furious.

They were surrounded by stone houses with large windows on all sides; the general scene was that of a construction site. None of the houses seemed finished

and there was an air of neglect all around. The driver instinctively glanced in the rearview mirror and the scene that met his eyes made his blood freeze.

Masked faces, with only evil eyes exposed, muscular forearms... Keffiyeh-clad young men were surrounding them on all sides. Stones began to fly...The *bachurim* suddenly felt part of those newspaper photos they had been perusing back home. This was what images from the burning Middle East looked like – only now it was them at the center of the inferno.

"Is this what it feels like to know you're going to die?" one of the boys asked, nearly in tears. Later, one of them would say that he could not describe the feeling of closeness to Hashem that he felt in those moments, as he prepared himself to move on to the Next World. He smiles a bit now when he says, "It was a certain pleasure to feel the real truth."

CRASH!

The back window shattered to smithereens and glass sprayed everywhere. Their eyes tried to absorb the unfolding events and the horrific images closing in on them from all sides. They looked at each other with terrified expressions. Bloodstains, scratches, the odor of death...

"*Allahu Akhbar!*"

The horrific shriek came from the mob, followed by echoes of "*Allah!*" and "*Akhbar!*"

The young Arabs were streaming toward them from every direction, from the homes and the stores, picking up rocks along the way and hurling them furiously at the car.

"*Itbach al Yahud!*" ("Slaughter the Jews!") The chant sliced through the air and the bloodthirsty mob surged forward.

Inside the car under attack, the *bachurim's* senses were numbed; their awareness of impending death overtook everything. The scent of blood, of fire, of death was in the air. They sat staring at the horror coming at them. The blood drained from their faces, which looked to each other already more like corpses than live faces. Their hearts pounded in their chests, feeling like they would explode. Breathing became difficult, as though the oxygen had been sucked away, and their fingers were frozen.

The driver tried to make a U-turn and, in a panic, pressed down hard on the gas pedal. The car stalled and the mass cheered gutturally.

All at once, the doors were torn off their hinges, and tattooed arms lunged inside. Iron fingers grabbed the boys' hands, and elbows, feet... Fists and sticks were everywhere.

Lynch...

In the mob, a figure suddenly appeared: He was a middle-aged Arab forging a path through the furious rabble. The Arab youngsters seemed intimidated



Face-to-Face With a Cruel Terrorist

Hoshanah Rabbah this year will be remembered as a tragic night.

It began when the Banet family was making its way to the Kosel. The young couple and their baby daughter were in the Old City, on Haggai Street, when suddenly, an Arab terrorist leaped at them with a knife. The terrorist fell upon Rav Aharon Banet, *Hy"d*, and injured him. Reb Aharon tried to shield his wife and baby and struggled with the terrorist. He was stabbed over and over again until his death. Mrs. Banet and the baby were also wounded, but miraculously, their lives were spared.

The shrieks in the street alerted a neighbor, Rav Nechmiah Lavi, *Hy"d*, who raced toward the terrorist armed with a pistol. During the struggle, the terrorist was able to grab the Rav's weapon and stabbed him – making Rav Nechemiah the second fatality of the night.

This heralded a night of attacks the like of which the Old City has not known for many years.

These tragic events occurred on Hoshanah Rabbah night.

Just moments before the Banets walked down Haggai Street, the Ps (their name is omitted at their request) went the same way, walking under the same windows and past the same Arab terrorist. Only a few moments separated them from the gruesome events that followed. Later, they would discover that they were carrying a willow leaf from the *segulah* of Mosdos Kever Rachel in their pockets.

The willow of Hoshanah Rabbah, carried on the evening of Hoshanah Rabbah, brought about for them a great salvation, a *yeshuah rabbah*.

We do not know the Heavenly accounting, but sometimes, even within the judgment, the Gates to Heaven open and permission is granted for us to view a bit of the wondrous miracles that transpire every day. The Ps were decreed to live, and Hashem executed the mission of saving them through the willow of Hoshanah Rabbah from Kever Rachel.

When Reb Michael P. went with his father-in-law to receive a *brachah* from Harav Chaim Kanievesky, *shlita*, and revealed the open miracle they had experienced, the Rav replied: **There are sources for the *segulah* of protection by the willow, but there are much stronger sources of Kever Rachel serving as a protection. Do you know who discovered the secret of the *yeshuos* at Kever Rachel? Yaakov Avinu! It is not for naught that so many see salvation there.**

>>> **Rescue workers at the site of the attack.**

Photo credit: Uri Davis, Avraham Tzemach – Chadashot 24

by him. He stepped over the tires and other metal objects and leaned into the car with its five occupants.

"Come after me," he instructed in heavily accented Hebrew.

The *bachurim* obeyed, not believing what was happening. They abandoned the car, leaving behind all their personal effects, including one of the boys' *tefillin*. The anonymous man urged them on with hand motions. They followed him through the hail of stones and fury.

Later, when they tried to reconstruct those terrible moments, the *bachurim* could not understand how it was possible: Five *chareidi bachurim* with beards, *peyos* and *tzitzis* marched through a blood-thirsty Arab mob in Chevron, guided by an elderly Arab, and were barely harmed...

Out of the corner of their eyes they absorbed the images that they will never forget. A moment after they abandoned the car, an arc of fire flew across the street and a fire bomb landed on the car with an explosion. The flames spread instantaneously and the car turned into a furnace.

Their Arab benefactor led them to his home, where they found temporary refuge. The mob recovered very quickly, however, and surrounded the house. A real lynch was only moments away.

Bechasdei Shamayim, the security forces arrived on the scene and the *bachurim* were extricated from the Arab's house.

The story of the boys' miraculous rescue spread quickly around the Jewish world, generating both fear and relief. The unknown angle, however, ties the rescue to Mother Rachel. One of the boys had in his pocket that day a *hoshana*-willow leaf that he had received as a *segulah* for protection from Mosdos Kever Rachel. He carried it with him at all times because of his grandmother, who is a veteran, regular donor to Mosdos Kever Rachel. She had described many miracles that she and her family had experienced in their lives because of the *hoshana*-willow leaves from Rachel Imeinu. She made sure each of her children and grandchildren always carried such a leaf with them as a protection.

When things calmed down and the story was told to the grandmother, she was a bit angry at her grandson for getting into such a dangerous situation, but added, mollified, "Nu, I already have experience with Rachel Imeinu!"



A Unique Segulah Under the Guidance of Gedolei Hador

A unique segulah that effects miracles beyond the power of nature, under the guidance of Gedolei Hador, Harav Chaim Kanievsky, shlita; the Vizhnitzer Rebbe, shlita, and the Rachmastrivke Rebbe, shlita

The Power of Torah Learning

In this dark generation, beset by many troubles, with so many people crying out in pain, where no home lacks tribulations, and *Am Yisrael* is crying to the Heavens in terrible fear, we must remember that the Torah provides us with guaranteed protection from anything bad.

There is no *segulah* like the holy Torah!

There is a clear promise in the *Gemara* (*Sotah* 21) that Torah protects from sin and saves one from transgressions. This is full coverage: spiritual and physical!

There is tremendous power and *segulah* for *yeshuos* in completing a *masechta* from beginning to end. In the *Tikkunei Zohar*, the *Tanna* Rabbi Shimon Bar Yochai reveals and praises the power of completing a full *masechta*.

The pinnacle of this great *segulah* is fulfilled at the time of a *siyum masechta*, as the *Gemara* says (*Shabbos* 119) that it is a *seduas mitzvah*. The Chasam Sofer (*Shu"t Orach Chaim* 158) also praises a *siyum* because it has a source in Torah and is more important than the *seudah* at a *bris milah*.

Many *Gedolim* have said that a *siyum* is an auspicious time for a *yeshuah* because it is a special *eis ratzon* during which the Gates of Heaven are open even beyond their normal scope. At such a time, *yeshuos* can be effected in the areas of offspring, life and *parnassah* (*Shu"t Mishnas Yosef* 69). The Chozeh of Lublin, *zy"l*, testified that a *seudas siyum masechta* has the power to annul all difficult decrees (*Shu"t Mishnah Sachir Orach Chaim* 18). The Brisker Rav, *zt"l*, would set aside all important requests until he made a *siyum*, stressing that this is a special time for *yeshuos*.



Siyum Wine

Moreover, *tzaddikim* throughout the generations have attributed great importance to the wine from the *kos shel brachah* at a *siyum*, as the holy *sefarim* bring down the *segulah* of "wine of a *seudas siyum*." (See *Mishnas Chachamim* by Rav Moshe Chagiz, *zt"l*, on the 48 *Kinyanim* of Torah, number 19.) The abundance of *yeshuos* that *Chazal* have established from the *kos shel brachah* are combined with the power of the wine from a *siyum*.

A Powerful Segulah

If all this is said of a *seudas siyum* for one *masechta*, made by a single person, wherever he is in the world, then who can estimate the wondrous *yeshuos* that could be brought about through the wine of a *seudas siyum* that brings together:

- The *segulah* of a *siyum* on all of *Shas*, in *iyun*, from *Brachos* to *Niddah*
- The *segulah* of *siyumim* made by hundreds of *Rabbanim* and *avreichim* of the *kollelim* of *Gedolei Torah* and *mekubalim* of our generation, who were given written tests on each and every *masechta*
- The *segulah* of studying the *masechtos* in a place that is auspicious for *yeshuos*, at *Kever Rachel*, the conduit of *yeshuos* for *Am Yisrael* during the thousands of years of our exile. Note that the greatest *mekubalim* and *tzaddikim* – among them the *Apta Rav*, *zy"a* – revealed that learning Torah at *Kever Rachel* brings the *Geulah* closer.

In light of this, it is no wonder that the *Gedolim* of our generation have marveled at the tremendous power of this *segulah* and have issued guidance, to the extent that *Harav Chaim Kanievsky, shlita*, has said to put away the wine of each of these *siyumim* for a *segulah* and, in an exceptional step, even added wine from his own *siyumim* to the *Kever Rachel* wine, in order to provide a token of appreciation to the supporters of *Mosdos Kever Rachel*.

The *Vizhnitzer Rebbe, shlita*, emotionally shared his feelings about the *siyum-wine segulah*, and asked to give some of this wine to specific people who need *yeshuos*, stressing that "there is the power of Torah here, and the power of *tzaddikim* who study Torah, and the power of *Rachel Imeinu*, and they all reach the Heavens and tear all the decrees, and influence *yeshuos*." It should be noted that the *Rebbe* considers the *siyum* wine from *Kever Rachel* so important that when he traveled to *Teveria* for a few days, he insisted that the *segulah* wine come along.

The *Rachmistrivke Rebbe, shlita*, who made the *brachah* on the wine at the *siyum HaShas* of the *kollel avreichim* in *Kever Rachel*, said that if people would know the potency of this *segulah*, no one in the world would forgo it.

This is a guaranteed *segulah* for *yeshuos* that encapsulates all the power of Torah together with the power of *Rachel Imeinu*. Who can pass up such a thing?

>>>

The *Rachmistrivke Rebbe, shlita*, blessing the "Siyum Wine" that was sent to donors. At his left is *Harav M. M. Kluger, shlita*, at *Birkas Hamazon*.



Yeshuos Hotline: 1-888-276-2435

**Eager for peace of mind in these dangerous times?
Your quest for a genuine spiritual shield is over...**

One Million Chapters of *Tehillim*

For You!

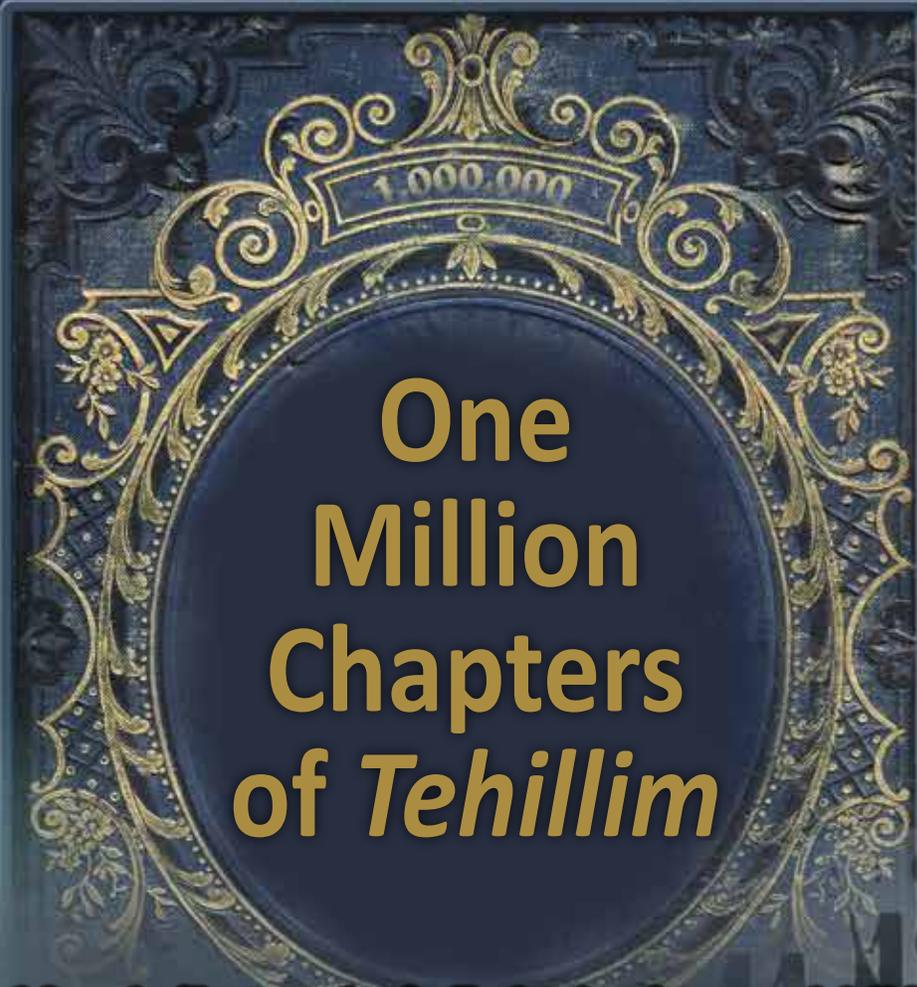
Sound unbelievable?

It's true. 1,000,000 chapters in one year.

This is the potent protection and unfathomable merit offered to each person who establishes a fixed donation to Mosdos Kever Rachel, via automatic monthly payments.

150 tzaddikim and kabbalists who sit surrounding Mama Rachel's burial site will take turns offering sacred words of prayer for your benefit, throughout all hours of the day and night, without stopping for a moment!





One Million Chapters of *Tehillim*

These lofty souls will not cease learning Torah and praying on your behalf. When one *Tehillim* minyan concludes, another commences, and so it goes, in an endless cycle that weaves thread after vibrant thread of holiness into your life. They will not leave Mama Rachel's side until her merits usher in the personal breakthroughs you have been hoping for. This is how we can offer you this overflowing supernal treasure of one million chapters of *Tehillim*, recited with intense devotion by pure and holy *tzaddikim* and *kabbalists*.

Every prayer a Jew offers has incredible power – how much more so the prayers of righteous scholars who delve into the deepest foundations of Torah and the universe, unraveling eternal mysteries that leave others confounded. These efforts, particularly at the holy burial site of our illustrious matriarch Rachel, wield a force that defies human comprehension.

These powerful merits can be yours – to bring about the blessings you need, in health, income, dating, marital harmony, peace of mind, children, *nachas* from children, success on exams, victorious judgments in court, joy, and literally anything else you require.

Who is so secure that they can afford to pass up this precious opportunity?

Now is the time to join the circle of steady donors and merit daily non-stop prayers every day of the year.

Call now and merit miracles. Your journey is just beginning... 1-888-276-2435

Mama R Makes Shidduchi

The Genius

Shloimy Green was the type of *bachur* about whom it was fun to gossip – in the positive sense of the word. If a *shadchan* wanted to hear about him, there was no need to exert oneself too much. One telephone call to the yeshivah or to one of his friends, and the positive information would begin to flow. The *shadchan* would hear those same good words from every staff member, *maggid shiur* and even the *Rosh Yeshivah*. It was easy to provide *shidduch* information about him; there was no need to come up with hidden talents or muster up something nice to say about him. The *bachur* was exactly what every *mechutan* was looking for – and some said, even more. He had a heart of gold, was multitalented, a *masmid*, a gentle soul, was wise and efficient. No less important – he would never be caught coming even five minutes late, his *chavrusos* would say.

That's why none of his friends could understand how such a *bachur* was still in the yeshivah. How come the lucky family who would grab him with both hands had not yet been found? Shloimy was getting older – and soon would reach that dreaded status of “older single.”

Shloimy dated frequently but, for one reason or another, came back disappointed each time. Sometimes he said no, other times it was the girl who didn't want to proceed. On some occasions, things just didn't work out, for no apparent reason.

One hot summer day, a *shadchante* named Chana called. She had, in her opinion, an excellent suggestion – something of a caliber that the Greens had not yet seen. A fantastic girl from a good home; her father was a well-known *Rosh Yeshivah*. She had every *maalah*; she was talented and pious – what else could they ask

for?

“If you get this girl, it will be the *shidduch* of the year,” Chana gushed, and promised to get things rolling.

But a mere twenty-four hours later, she called back, her enthusiasm significantly muted. “Look, I didn't know ... I tried, it's not so clear... whatever... Let's talk next week,” she stammered uncertainly.

This was not the first suggestion that had rejected them. But this time, Shloimy didn't understand what was happening to him. He was used to delays and rejections; he usually took them in good spirits. This time, though, something inside him broke. Suddenly, all the suggestions that had come and gone joined together, and all the different *shadchanim* who had called came to mind. Somehow, it seemed to him as though the entire world had turned its back on him, labeling him “an older single.” That's what he felt like: old.

Am I really getting old?

He recoiled at the thought, but it pursued him relentlessly. He stroked his bearded chin, and looked into the mirror, worried. No, he did not seem to be going gray just yet. He berated himself for letting his thoughts get the better of him. But the images in his mind did not fade. He sat in his regular seat at the yeshivah, with the *Gemara* open in front of him, but the letters swam before his eyes.

The Lonely Bachelor

Maybe I'll stay alone forever ... like Yitzchak the cook.

Shloimy had known Yitzchak, the cook at the yeshivah, for at least seven years. He remembered the first time Yitzchak told him about his single state. Shloimy had asked innocently how many children Yitzchak had, and Yitzchak had smiled and said that he was a

achel im



bachur. A *bachur*? Shloimy was sure that the cook was joking. The man looked to be at least forty-five years old!

"A bachelor," Yitzchak corrected himself. Those in the know said that Yitzchak was from the first class in the yeshivah. He'd learned there as a young *bachur* and now, he was still there, an older bachelor. Shloimy was pretty sure that Yitzchak had long passed his fiftieth birthday, and he was still there, alone.

Shloimy felt as if he were choking. Enough! He was still a young man, with his whole life ahead of him. Where were these thoughts coming from? He had to banish them.

He decided to take a day off to air himself out a little. He would take a trip up north and pour his heart out at *kivrei tzaddikim*, while enjoying the air and the scenery. Perhaps he would forget about his woes for a bit, and would return refreshed. Rabbi Shimon Bar Yochai had tremendous power.

Shloimy called some friends and asked if they wanted to come, and they decided to leave at the end of the week. That evening, he entered his neighborhood shul to daven. A small sign on the bulletin board caught his attention. The next morning, at dawn, a van was leaving for Kever Rachel. The yeshivah was located in a town not far from Jerusalem and while there were frequent buses to the capital, transportation to Kever Rachel was not something that happened every day. This was an opportunity and he was looking for a break. True, this was not to the north, as he'd planned, but he needed a *yeshuah*. Where better to daven than at Kever Rachel? He had

read lots of stories recently about people who had found their matches through davening at Kever Rachel. Shloimy quickly signed up for a place on the van.

The next morning, he boarded the van. Within half an hour, he was standing in front of Kever Rachel. Shloimy was shocked. He'd left the yeshivah, and the *kol Torah* there, and was sure he would come to a quiet, still gravesite with a few worshippers. What was this? A *beis medrash* that resounded with the sound of learning?

"Is this Kever Rachel?" he asked a passing young man in confusion.

"Sure, what else?"

"I don't know," he shrugged. "It looks like a kollel."

The man smiled understandingly. "You probably haven't been here in a long time. This is a kollel, Mama Rachel's kollel. Truth to be told, there are five kollelim here, which operate around the clock: There's an evening kollel, one at *chatzos*, another at dawn, and then two more, in the morning and in the afternoon.

"Here's Rav Kluger," the young man indicated someone who had just entered the corridor. "Speak to him. It's worth your while."

A smile. That was the first thing Shloimy noticed about Rav Kluger. A captivating smile that melted hearts, worthy of the souls so tied to their mother's home. Everything there was motherly. Before he even opened his mouth, he felt understood.

A serendipitous delay that led to a new home being established and a happy ending for an older single in his thirties who had waited so long to marry



Rav Kluger took Shloimy's hesitant hand and led him down the corridor. "Here is your mother; approach her directly, she's waiting just for you." As they walked, Rav Kluger gave him *chizuk* in *emunah*, *Hashgachah Pratis* and how to have a personal conversation with Hashem. These were tools that would help him overcome the travails of life. An encouraging pat on the shoulder accompanied him as he walked into the actual *tziyun* area.

In Mama's Embrace

Shloimy did not need any further preparations; Mama Rachel immediately touched a sensitive chord in him. The tears that flooded his eyes told him how overflowing with emotion he was. His heart floated upward, as though trying to escape through his throat. With trembling hands, he gripped a large *sefer Tehilim* that concealed his red eyes, and pressed himself to the *paroches*, to the stone monument, just like he had done many years earlier as a child in the arms of his own mother.

The atmosphere enveloped him. He felt an unfamiliar warmth spread through him. Only here did he feel how deep the disappointment was; how desperate he felt. Only now was he able to feel the pain of his dashed hopes and his terrifying fears and worries. He understood that this was the place to open his mouth and speak about everything. And when his mouth opened, there was what to hear; a *tefillah* emerged – a real, sincere *tefillah*. It wasn't just a pale request, or words uttered by rote. He davened, really davened.

After an hour of purification, he met Rav Kluger again at the exit. The Rav was holding a cup of tea. "And now, a *brachah*. Mama Rachel likes to see her children satiated," Rav Kluger says pleasantly. "Your *yeshuah* is certainly imminent. Every matter has the quota of *tefillos* that need to be completed in order for it to come to fruition. You've surely davened a lot already, but today, you were at Mama, and you probably did not come here for naught. You are getting closer, the *yeshuah* is nearing; you are approaching one another. Very soon, *b'ezras Hashem*, there will be a *mazel tov*."

The simple words, the sympathetic tone, the clear *emunah*, all infused Shloimy with tremendous

strength. He felt, for the first time since he had entered *shidduchim*, that his *shidduch* and everything it entailed were arranged from Above. He didn't mean it figuratively. Now, he knew with certainty that his *shidduch* was fully arranged, and the One who could arrange it was taking care of him. He could relax.

The Donation

"Just when someone's looking for you, you disappear! What ... where?" Itzik, Shloimy's roommate welcomed him with a tease. "I think someone at home was looking for you."

Shloimy dialed quickly and his mother picked up right away. "Where are you?" she asked.

"I was at Kever Rachel."

His mother was stunned. "I didn't want to tell you, but a good friend of mine called this week. She knows how I feel about your *shidduch* situation. She told me about a few people she knows who got engaged in the *zechus* of giving *tzeddakah* to Kever Rachel. So, of course, I called right away and made a donation for the Kollel Hashelah in your *zechus*. It's amazing that Hashem put into your mind the thought to travel to Kever Rachel on the exact night that is being paid for in your *zechus*. It's amazing!

"Now, listen to the rest," his mother continued. "Not even two days passed since I donated to Kever Rachel and look, Chana – the *shadchante* – called half an hour ago. Don't ask how, but suddenly they want the *shidduch*. I mean, they want to meet you. Get ready quickly. You have to get to Petach Tikva, and you still have to come home and get organized. You can't be late for this. The *Rosh Yeshivah* is very punctual and he stressed that it's important to him that there are no late arrivals."

There was no time to be excited. Shloimy still had an hour's ride ahead of him, and he also had to get ready. He quickly gathered up a few things that he needed and parted from Itzik with a wink. "Daven for your old friend, okay?"

Itzik slapped him on the back. "I think you did it today better than anyone else."

"Shloimy Tzadok, phone call!" A young *bachur* from



shiur aleph ran into the dormitory hallway. "Did someone see –"

"Who's looking for me?" Shloimy darted out of his room.

"I don't know. It's the phone on the second floor."

Should he go or not? If he missed the bus, he'd have to wait another fifteen minutes at the bus stop. Still, he decided to answer and ran to the phone.

"Shloimy!" It was his mother again. "How were you thinking of getting to Petach Tikva?"

"By bus, of course."

"It's a good thing you haven't left yet. You're not going on any buses; I'm not taking any chances. The *Rosh Yeshivah* stressed that you should be there exactly on time. I can't bear the thought of you getting stuck in traffic and being even five minutes late. Take a taxi and straight to the meeting. Don't come home first. I hope you can get yourself together in the yeshivah. I'm ordering you a taxi right now."

About five minutes later, a gleaming white taxi pulled up to the yeshivah. The driver was rather impatient.

"They told me it's a huge hurry, you'd think you were on the way to a meeting with Obama. Who's the one who called? Your mother? She should live and be well; she really worries about you!" The driver pulled out.

"Wait a minute – where are you going? I didn't even give you an address!" Shloimy just remembered this important detail. He didn't know where the *Rosh Yeshivah* planned to meet him.

"Hello, you look too involved in your Torah learning! Do you think Yedidya – the best driver in the land – doesn't ask these details before coming to an address? Your mother, she should live and be well, gave me the address five times. You just leave it to Yedidya. Come on, tell me a *dvar Torah* ..."

On the Banks of the Yarden

Highway 1 seemed to smile at them: The road was virtually empty and Yedidya was able to step on the gas. Shloimy began to relax. The drive was going smoothly and, *b'ezras Hashem*, he would even have time to sort out his thoughts before the meeting.

"Here we are, Rabbi." Yedidya began to press buttons

on the meter.

Shloimy glanced at his watch. Only half an hour had passed. "One second, where are we?"

"What do you mean? Here we are, on Hayarden Street. Where did you want to be?"

The meter spit out the receipt and Yedidya argued with the dispatcher over whether he should pick up a fare at the airport or go straight back to Jerusalem.

"B-but I know the street; it's not here."

The driver was losing his patience. "Listen, sonny, look at the sign. What does it say? Hayarden, right?"

Indeed, it was Hayarden Street.

Shloimy could believe this was happening. He thought he was going crazy: They were on Hayarden Street in Bnei Brak, while the meeting was supposed to take place in Petach Tikva.

A quick call to the *shadchante* cleared up the misunderstanding. Indeed, Shloimy was supposed to be on Mishmar Hayarden Street in Petach Tikva. Yedidya cursed, but then remembered he was responsible for the mistake. He updated the dispatcher and swore by everything that was holy that within fifteen minutes they'd be on Mishmar Hayarden Street in Petach Tikva – "Yedidya's word."

And they were off again.

The traffic on Jabotinsky Street was heavy, as usual. Shloimy made a quick calculation and reached the conclusion that in order for him to be there in time, the taxi would have to turn into an airplane. He decided to try a supernatural method: *tzeddakah*.

With his lips tightly pressed together, he promised that if he wouldn't be late for the meeting, he would make a donation of his own money to Mosdos Kever Rachel, in addition to what his mother had already given.

Traffic jam. This wasn't heavy traffic; it was full-fledged gridlock.

"Everything is okay, buddy," Yedidya tried to cheer his passenger up. "It's not a traffic jam, it's just heavy flow. You'll see."

Traffic jam, heavy flow, it made no difference. Shloimy looked out the window and saw an endless sea of cars. The clock was ticking away. If the traffic cleared up over the next few minutes, he might still make it. But what would happen if it didn't?



The sky was blue and clear and planes could be seen taking off and landing in the distance. Yedidya was muttering to himself about the roadwork, the police and Israeli taxi drivers. Shloimy sat up straighter, trying to discern the end of the snake of cars in the distance, but there was no end in sight. He'd promised to donate to Kever Rachel, he'd davened, and he believed in the power of *tzedakah* and of Rachel Imeinu. A miracle had to happen – but how?

He snickered to himself. *How? A good question. How does Hashem plan to rescue you Shlomo?*

No Chance

The cars inched forward maddeningly slowly. Shloimy tried to concentrate on the *Maseches Bava Basra* he had brought with him. But the letters were too small and he was too nervous. Although he tried to think about his learning, he raised his eyes every few minutes as if to push the cars ahead. Where would salvation come from? He looked towards the Heavens; maybe he would merit some type of *kefitzas haderech*?

The phone rang.

"Hello. Yes. Who? Oh, my passenger, yes." The driver handed the phone to Shloimy. "It's for you."

It was the *shadchante* wanting to know where he was. The *Rosh Yeshivah* was supposed to wait for him on Mishmar Hayarden Street in exactly ten minutes.

"Ten minutes?" Shloimy shuddered when he noticed the clock reading 5:20. There was no chance he'd make it in time.

"I don't know what to say. We're really stuck in traffic just outside Bnei Brak."

The *shadchante* was worried. "From what I know about this potential father-in-law of yours, he's extremely punctual. If he said five-thirty, that's when he'll be there. I can't tell him to wait at home and postpone the meeting. It doesn't sound good. Besides, he's probably left the house already. What can I tell you? May Hashem have mercy. Just daven that everything goes well."

At six o'clock, Shloimy climbed out of Yedidya's taxi. He'd already come to terms with the situation. The *Rosh Yeshivah* – the punctual *Rosh Yeshivah* – had been waiting for him half an hour already.

He identified the *Rosh Yeshivah* right away at the designated meeting spot. Oddly, a smile of satisfaction rested on his lips. They found themselves a nice corner to sit, and the conversation flowed.

The next morning, the phone rang. It was Chana, the

shadchante.

"Green light!" she cried. The *Rosh Yeshivah* was pleased. They could proceed.

*

Two weeks later, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the two families crowded into the small apartment on Mishmar Hayarden Street in Petach Tikvah for the *tenaim*. Only close family and friends were in attendance. The guests enjoyed the refreshments, the *divrei Torah* and the good wishes being exchanged all around.

Seated at the head of the table was the excited *chassan* and his future father-in-law, the *Rosh Yeshivah*. During a lull in the singing, the *Rosh Yeshivah* leaned towards the *chassan* and whispered emotionally, "Let me tell you something. When we inquired about you, we heard only praise. Everyone had the nicest things to say about your family, your talents and your personality. It was clear that you were a special boy. But something bothered me.

"Too many people mentioned your punctuality, praising how you adhere to the yeshivah's schedule and your punctual arrival at any planned event. This actually bothered me. As you have already understood, I'm also very fussy about punctuality. Time is *pikuach nefesh* for me. For that reason, I know what it's like to face the challenges of being so punctual. I was afraid to marry my daughter off to someone who gets stressed out and angry by his punctuality. That's why, at one point, I told the *shadchante* that I wasn't interested in the *shidduch*.

"*Hashgachah* ordained it that the suggestion should be raised again, from a different direction, and I realized that Hashem was guiding me. I was unsure of what to do. Then, I had an idea: I'd try the same method Eliezer, the servant of Avraham, used. I asked Hashem that, if you were the right *shidduch*, then He should show me a sign and remove my doubts during the meeting with you. When I saw that you were able to come late to such an important meeting and not display any anger or alarm, I realized that, indeed, you are a real prince. *Mazel tov!*"

The soft smile that spread across the *chassan's* lips concealed another chapter in this story of *Hashgachah Pratis*. When Mama Rachel undertakes to facilitate your *shidduch*, she also worries about how you will get to the meeting with the *kallah's* father, for example, by placing you in a huge traffic jam that makes you late for the most important meeting of your life – fortuitously late, as it turns out.

The Yevamos Deal

Kever

Rachel is not only a place where *tefillos* and tears are poured out. It is surrounded by a fortress of Torah in the form of a network of kollelim directed by Mosdos Kever Rachel. Hundreds of *avreichim* study Torah throughout the day and night, and the sound of their learning accompanies the *tefillos* of *Am Yisrael* that are poured out at the kever as they reach the Gates of Heaven. In the kollelim, *avreichim* study the *masechtos*, are tested on them and bring joy to Mama Rachel, who reaps much *nachas* from the learning of her descendants.

Harav Kluger devotes himself entirely to obtaining the stipends for the *avreichim*, because he knows how much these *bnei aliyah* need the money to be able to continue learning Torah. The task is not an easy one and, each month, Rav Kluger needs to make extensive efforts in order to meet his obligations to these *bnei Torah*.

When the kollel completed *Maseches Yevamos* and its members were successfully tested on it, the stipends were not yet available. Rav Kluger arrived at Kever Rachel late at night, as he usually does, and met his *avreichim*. Their pleas touched his heart, but despite all his efforts and much to his dismay, he had not yet obtained the necessary money. The *avreichim* received payment only for learning and being tested on *Seder Moed*. However, Rav Kluger decided to try again to raise the money. Miracles always happen at Kever Rachel Imeinu, and this was for her *avreichim*, after all.

One of Rav Kluger's friends is a businessman who holds Kever Rachel close to his heart. That night, from the offices of Mosdos Kever Rachel located at the site, the Rav called his friend and shared his woes. He told the businessman about the *avreichim* learning diligently and how painful it was for him that he had to disappooint them.

"Listen my friend," the businessman said excitedly. "As we speak, I need a big *yeshuah* for my business. I'm expecting a very successful deal to go through. I submitted a bid for a contract that I'd like very much to win, and if I do, it will be a huge boon for the business. The problem is that someone entered another bid and I'm afraid that I'm going to lose the opportunity. Let's make a deal: If I win the contract, then I'll give you 5,000 shekels for the *avreichim*, okay?"

Rav Kluger was quiet for a moment. No, if he made

a deal in the name of Rachel Imeinu, it had to be an offer that would be beneficial to all of Mama Rachel's beloved *avreichim*. According to his calculations, he needed a far larger amount in order to pay the stipends. All the *avreichim* were the matriarch's sons; each one of them was *moser nefesh* to come to her kever every day to give her *nachas* with Torah learning. Why should they not all benefit?

"I can agree to the deal," Rav Kluger replied candidly, "only for a sum of \$15,000. That's how much I need to pay the stipends for *Maseches Yevamos*."

There was a long silence on the other end of the line. "All right. It's a deal."

A week later, a young Chassidic man entered the *beis medrash* at Kever Rachel. The sounds of Torah learning that greeted him surprised him. He thought he'd find a burial site and instead he'd come to a lively, vibrant *beis medrash* with real Torah learning going on. He spoke with a few of the *avreichim* and shared with them how impressed he was.

"You have no idea how powerful this is. I came to see firsthand, because my father just saw great miracles in your merit – literally supernatural!"

The *avreichim* realized that there was a story there and directed the visitor to Rav Kluger. The two shook hands and the guest excitedly told Rav Kluger what had brought him there.

"My father is an agent for major real-estate deals and earns a commission. Sometimes, there are especially big deals and the commissions amount to very large sums of money. Lately, my father was about to finish a very big deal when someone showed up with a better bid and my father saw the whole thing slipping out of his hands. Just then, he got a phone call from here, from Kever Rachel, from someone who said that he needed a sum of money for the *avreichim* of Rachel Imeinu. My father agreed, and suddenly, without any logical reason, the deal was back in his hands, and was finalized."

The story was familiar to Rav Kluger and he quickly called his friend, who confirmed that it was, indeed, him and that the deal had been completed. He apologized that he hadn't called to update Rav Kluger, but he had just been so busy. He sent the promised sum – and even added to it, so that the *avreichim* who do not abandon Rachel Imeinu and provide her with *nachas* throughout the day and night should benefit even more.



A Mikveh in the Merit of Mama Rachel

Dreams are an integral part of everyone's life, especially for creative people. There are dreams that occur during sleep, and others that come when we're awake – and the latter are stronger and more substantial. Dreams belong to other worlds for which we long for, even if, for the time being, they sometimes remain out of our reach.

A person is identified by his dreams: What do you dream about? Money? Success? Some people's dreams are taken from the world of materialism. Others dream from a spiritual realm. The dream of Reb Eliezer Zusha comes from both worlds: Its subject is spiritual, but the tools to actualize it are physical.

Reb Eliezer Zusha is a mature adult. He is realistic, a deep thinker and likes to get to the crux of a matter right away. He lives in one of Jerusalem's northern neighborhoods, where he has formulated his dream over the years: to have a personal *mikveh* in his own home.

The dream is not that distant from reality. *Mikvaos* are built in homes all over the world all the time. Knowledge in this area has been disseminated widely in recent times, and it is no longer impossible for a simple person to have a private *mikveh*.

But why would a Yerushalmi Yid need a *mikveh* at home when almost every single one of the city's streets features a clean, *mehudar* facility? The answer is connected to one of the primary occupations of Reb Eliezer Zusha's life: learning *Toras Hanistar* – Kabbalah. Reb Eliezer Zusha is scrupulous about immersing in a *mikveh* frequently and having to leave the house so often robs him of valuable time.

Therefore, he awoke one morning with a brilliant idea: He needed a *mikveh* at home.

As our story takes place in the middle of last year's winter – the rainy season in Eretz Yisrael – it is understandable that Reb Eliezer hoped to complete the construction and fill the *mikveh* with fresh rainwater and, thus, be able to begin using the *mikveh* fairly quickly. As often happens in holy matters, especially when they involve construction, the building of the *mikveh* took longer than planned and completely deviated from the original timetable. Various problems arose, some of them relating to the contractor, others to the workers, and others involving a shortage of materials and money. Then came unexpected problems from neighbors, and the pace slowed to a worrying crawl. At the end of the winter, Reb Eliezer Zusha found himself looking at the sky each morning like a farmer worried about his crops and almost pleading with the clouds to save a late dose of rain for him, for when the construction would be complete.

At the end of Iyar, the construction finally came to an end, but it was far too late for rain. Reb Eliezer Zusha's joy was combined with the bitter taste of disappointment. He would only be able to fill and use his new *mikveh* the following winter.

One morning, Reb Eliezer Zusha sat pouring over his *sefarim*, having just returned from the local *mikveh*, and felt again what a missed opportunity it had been. If not for all those delays, he could have immersed in his own *mikveh* and then gone right back to his learning, calmly and quickly.

As his eyes focused on a distant spot, for some reason, he suddenly remembered Mama Rachel. A Jew doesn't need a special reason to remember



מוסדות קבר רחל

| השיר | שם | גן | בת | האם | בשעה |
|--------|----------|----|------------|--|------|
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | יהודית | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | המה מלכה | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | רינה טל | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | אחיה | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | דבלין אפרת | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | גילא פינפל | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | דורית | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | שרה | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | דוריה | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | רחל | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | חיה כרמיאל | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |
| י"ד אב | הרן העוז | גן | שפתייה | לשיכנס לברית של אברהם אבינו בעת נישואי | |

13 Brissos

his mother; we are all her children and thus, it makes sense that we should remember her from time to time. But Reb Eliezer Zusha had a special connection to his mother, to her home.

"Why did I give up on the *mivkeh* for this year? I was hoping to realize my dream *this year!*" he found himself wondering.

Why did you give up? Because you are a mature, logical person. It is now Iyar, and even if it rains a few drops, it won't be enough to fill the mikveh!

His last thought was definitely logical. But wait a minute: He already had extensive experience with Mama Rachel and the first thing that she reminded him of was that there is no logic with a mother – everything is possible. "It's also possible, Reb Eliezer Zusha," he thought, "that you will still have a kosher *mikveh* this year!"

He decided to donate as a "*parnas*" to Mosdos Kever Rachel.

The surprise that was sent directly from Mama Rachel's home was shared not only by him and his family – but also the entire neighborhood. In the midst of Iyar, the skies opened and an exceptionally powerful rainfall flooded the streets and the roof of his home. Reb Eliezer Zusha stood at the window, gazing at the open miracle and then, dancing like a little child with his own children, spun around singing, "In the *zechus* of Rachel Imeinu! In the *zechus* of Mama Rachel!"

And when the water reached the fill line in the *mikveh* collection pool, the rain stopped and the clouds scattered – just like in the wondrous stories of miracles you read about.

During the appeals before Yamim Tovim and special times that are auspicious for *tefillah*, many names accumulate at the offices of Mosdos Kever Rachel with various requests for *tefillos* at the kever. This year, after the Tu B'Av appeal, the person in charge of collecting and organizing the names and requests noticed something interesting.

There were 13 requests that seemed extremely similar. They each concluded with the words, "...and we should merit to bring him into the *bris* of Avraham Avinu." Each request had a different name – so it was clearly not the same person. At first, he tried to figure out if something had gone wrong, but he soon realized that all the information was correct and there had been no mistake.

When Rav Kluger heard about this strange phenomenon, he thought for a moment and then made a remarkable calculation: Nine months had passed since the appeal for the *yahrtzeit* of Mama Rachel. Indeed, all thirteen of those people had made donations for 11 Cheshvan and had seen *yeshuos* almost immediately. Amazing!





"We know with certainty that many thousands will be saved from all their troubles because of the merit of Rachel Imeinu. The thanks to the merit they accrued by"

Choose the path to your yeshua:

1

Kollel Chatzos:

The merit of supporting the righteous rabbis and kabbalists who study in the midnight kollel of Kever Rachel is so powerful it brings about supernatural assistance.



Mosdos Kever Rachel
1303 53rd Street, #45, Brooklyn, NY 11219
e-mail: keverrochel@gmail.com

Guiding Committee

Rabbi Azriel Auerbach, Rav of Chanichei HaYeshivos in Bay-it Vegan; Rabbi Naftali Nussbaum, head of Ahavas Shalom Beis Din; Rabbi Tzvi Braverman, member of the Badatz of Beitar Illit; Rabbi Mattisyahu Deutsch, Rav of Ramat Shlomo; Rabbi Reuven Elbaz, Rosh Yeshivah of Ohr HaChaim; Rabbi Avraham Tzvi Rosenfeld, member of the Badatz of Belz; Rabbi Kalman Greenwald, President.



**Dozens of Jews have been saved with open miracles
by supporting Mosdos Kever Rachel**
The merit of this pure charity will also hurry the final redemption, may it come speedily and in our days, Amen”

2

Minyan Tehillim:

The merit of supporting the dozens of Jews who pour out their hearts while reciting the Sefer Tehillim at Kever Rachel every day. Many have seen open miracles in the merit of the supporting this enterprise.

3

***One full year of 3
daily prayers :***

1. At midnight, an auspicious time.
2. At dawn.
3. At minchah, after reciting Sefer Tehillim.

4

***40 days, at midnight,
at Kever Rachel:***

The rabbis of the Kollel Chatzos pray for the personal requests of the donors at an auspicious time.

**Yeshuos Hotline -
Mosdos Kever Rachel
24 hours**



(US)

1-888-276-2435
R O C H E L

Int. (+972-2) 580-0863



Basmati Rice With Dried Fruit

Ingredients:

- 2.5 cups (365 grams) basmati rice
- 1 flat tbsp salt, for rice cooking water
- 1 onion (about 125 grams), sliced thinly
- 1 carrot, peeled and coarsely grated
- 4 tbsp (40 ml) canola oil, divided into 2
- ¼ tsp black pepper (optional)
- ½ tsp curry powder
- Handful of sliced almonds (about 26 grams)
- Handful of raisins (38 grams)
- Handful of dried cranberries (30 grams)
- ½ teaspoon of turmeric (optional)
- ½ cup (120 ml) boiling water
- 1 tbsp (10 ml) canola oil to mix with water
- ½ tsp salt, to mix with water
- Water for cooking, as needed

Preparation:

Boil 2 quarts (2 liters) of water in pot, add tablespoon of salt and rice, cook about 8 minutes (until partially cooked) while stirring occasionally. Strain.

Sauté the sliced onion in 2 tbsp oil in skillet, until golden. Add the carrot, black pepper and curry and continue cooking for 5 minutes. Remove from fire and place in separate dish.

To the remaining oil, add the almonds and brown. Add the raisins and cranberries, stir for one minute and switch off fire. (You can set aside about one third of this for garnish.)

In a small (8-inch; 22-cm) saucepan, heat the remaining 2 tbsp oil, add the turmeric and remaining ¼ tsp curry powder and mix. Add about 1/3 of the rice and cover the bottom of the pot.

Add the vegetables and dried fruits to the rest of the rice and mix. Add this to the pot, smooth and press into place. Leave to cook 5 minutes on high flame (so that bottom is golden and crispy.)

Mix the remaining 1/2 tsp salt and 1 tbsp oil in half a cup of boiling water and slowly pour over the rice.

Cover the pot, turn the flame down to the lowest setting and cook for 30 minutes, until ready.

Recipes from Mama's House

The winter winds are knocking at our windows. The cold weather makes us want to stay home, cooking and baking in a warm homey atmosphere.



Oven-Baked Silan Chicken

Ingredients:

- 8-10 pieces of chicken (eighths)
- 6-8 onions
- 2 large sweet potatoes, slices
- 12 pitted prunes

Marinade:

- 2 tbsp oil
- 5 tbsp silan (date honey)
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- Pinch cinnamon
- Pinch salt
- Black pepper, optional

Preparation:

In a bowl, mix the marinade ingredients.

Place the chicken, onions, prunes and sweet potatoes into a bowl and coat very well with marinade.

Place in oven pan and roast for 1½ hours at 350 degrees Fahrenheit (180 degrees Celsius).

A DOUBLE YESHUAH



Early morning, at a kollel in Yerushalayim

What's doing, Reb Meshulem? You look very thoughtful.

Thanks, it's nothing major, but my landlord is demanding more money and I just don't have it.

It's important to us to continue living here in Yerushalayim, but right now, it just doesn't seem possible.

I don't know what to do!



I've seen a lot of people experience *yeshuos* there. It's a wonderful *tzaddikair* that supports Torah learning and, at the same time, they will daven ^{on} your success.

The thought of leaving the kollel and all your close family must be difficult.



I think that's what I'm going to do. I'll ask them to daven and mention our names.



Two months later, on the way home from kollel ...

Nu, Reb Meshulem, what's doing?

Wonderful. Take care. You need to turn right here and I continue straight to get home.

Everything's fine. We're looking into cheap housing projects. After the donation and the *tefillah*, I'm sure we're going to see special *siyata diShimaya*.



Lots of luck. Be well.



I'm going to drive off quickly and get away from here ...



Oy! Help!!!

I've also read and heard about these *yeshuos*. And the *mizvah* of *tzaddikair* protects and saves people all the time.



Y Y Y A DOUBLE YESHUAH

At the hospital:

Look, it's miraculous that you survived, but your hip bone was severely damaged. We'll see how it heals and then decide if you need surgery.

Two days later:
The doctors claim that there's no need for surgery, and that my leg is healing far better than expected.

I'm sure that the *tefillot* at Mama Rachel are what made this miracle happen.

Now I have to undergo physical therapy. You know, I received disability compensation plus a stipend from the government because this was terror related.

I see the *yeshuah* from Above. We can use this money to buy our own apartment in Yerushalayim.

BANG BOOM BOOM WOW
Are you okay? Uhhh, I think so, *baruch Hashem*.

Please also call the *tefillah* hotline at Kever Rachel. I want them to mention my name for a *refuah*.

The driver sped away after the accident, but they've caught him.

Can you call my wife?

Stay put. There are some serious breaks here.

We were saved by a miracle.

It must be terror related. He was an Arab. He was probably trying to hurt Jews.

