

*Mid nineteenth century in Vilna. Two giants of their generation were engrossed in heated debate.*

“I concede to you, R’ Yisroel, that one who truly has Bitachon is guaranteed that Hashem will not let him down. However, I believe that this is only in regard to one’s necessities, regarding luxuries there is no such guarantee.”

R’ Yisroel Salanter responds to the Rashash: “No R’ Shmuel, you are mistaken. The overwhelming power of the trust we place in our Father in Heaven, just as His love for us, has no limitations. Be it necessity or luxury, one who places his trust in Him will not be let down. In fact, I’ll prove it! I will right now have Bitachon that I’ll receive a gold watch. You will see, Hashem won't let me down.

The following day, as the Rashash was engrossed in his learning, he heard a knock at the door. Upon opening the door, he saw a tall man in seaman’s clothes with a look of determination on his face.

“I assume you are the Rabbi,” he says.

“That is correct, how can I be of assistance to you?”

“To make a long story short,” responds the seaman, “I am the captain of a ship. Just yesterday we were hit by a terrible storm. As the waters raged flooding our ship, the grim reality of our fate began to hit us. Desperate, I pleaded with G-d to have mercy upon us promising that if we survived, I would give my gold watch as a present to the rabbi of the next city we would arrive in.” As he said this, the man handed a beautiful gold watch to the Rashash.

“No no no,” replied the Rashash, “You have the wrong rabbi. This watch belongs to another rabbi whose address I will give you now. His name is Rabbi Yisroel Salanter!”

*Established By:*



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