

REB SHEA SHAPIRA

דער רבי וועט
געפינען א וועג...

The Unknown Benefactor

AS TOLD BY REB TZVI DOV (BEREL) GROSS OF BORO PARK, NY

Approximately three years ago my financial situation took a terrible downturn. I was out of a job and I could not afford my monthly rent, and after four months of being unable to pay, I racked up a bill of four thousand dollars. Not having the means to pay even a fraction of the money, my family faced imminent eviction. The thought of being left out on the street without a roof over our heads had me completely distraught. Still I kept my predicament to myself and shared with virtually no one.

Late one Thursday night I drove with a friend to the Ohel to seek out the Rebbe's *bracha*. We arrived after eleven o'clock and as my partner was in a hurry, I spent no more than five minutes inside the Ohel.

I poured out my heart, begging the very Heavens for a miracle that would save me and my family from our plight. With a considerably lighter heart I returned with my friend to Boro Park.

Instead of going home, I made my way directly to the large Belzer shul on the corner of 15th and 51st, where I regularly attended a Thursday night *shiur* on the entire weekly *sedra* with *pirush Rashi*. It was already twelve thirty when I walked in and the *shiur* was nearing its end.

I was immediately approached by an acquaintance of mine and fellow *shiur* attendee, Reb Shea Shapira.

In a conversation with the Derher Magazine, Reb Shea shared his part:

It was in the middle of our late Thursday night *shiur* in the upstairs of the Belzer *beis medrash* when a man who appeared to be a Satmar Chosid strode in and inquired as to the whereabouts of Reb Berel Gross, a regular *shiur* attendee. I got up to check if he was perhaps in another part of the building and when I couldn't find him, the man—whom I had previously met on a few occasions and knew him only by the name Landau—handed me a thick sealed envelope and asked me to ensure at all costs that Reb Berel personally receives it.

When Reb Berel showed up an hour later I dutifully handed him the envelope and briefly told him what had happened.

Reb Berel continues:

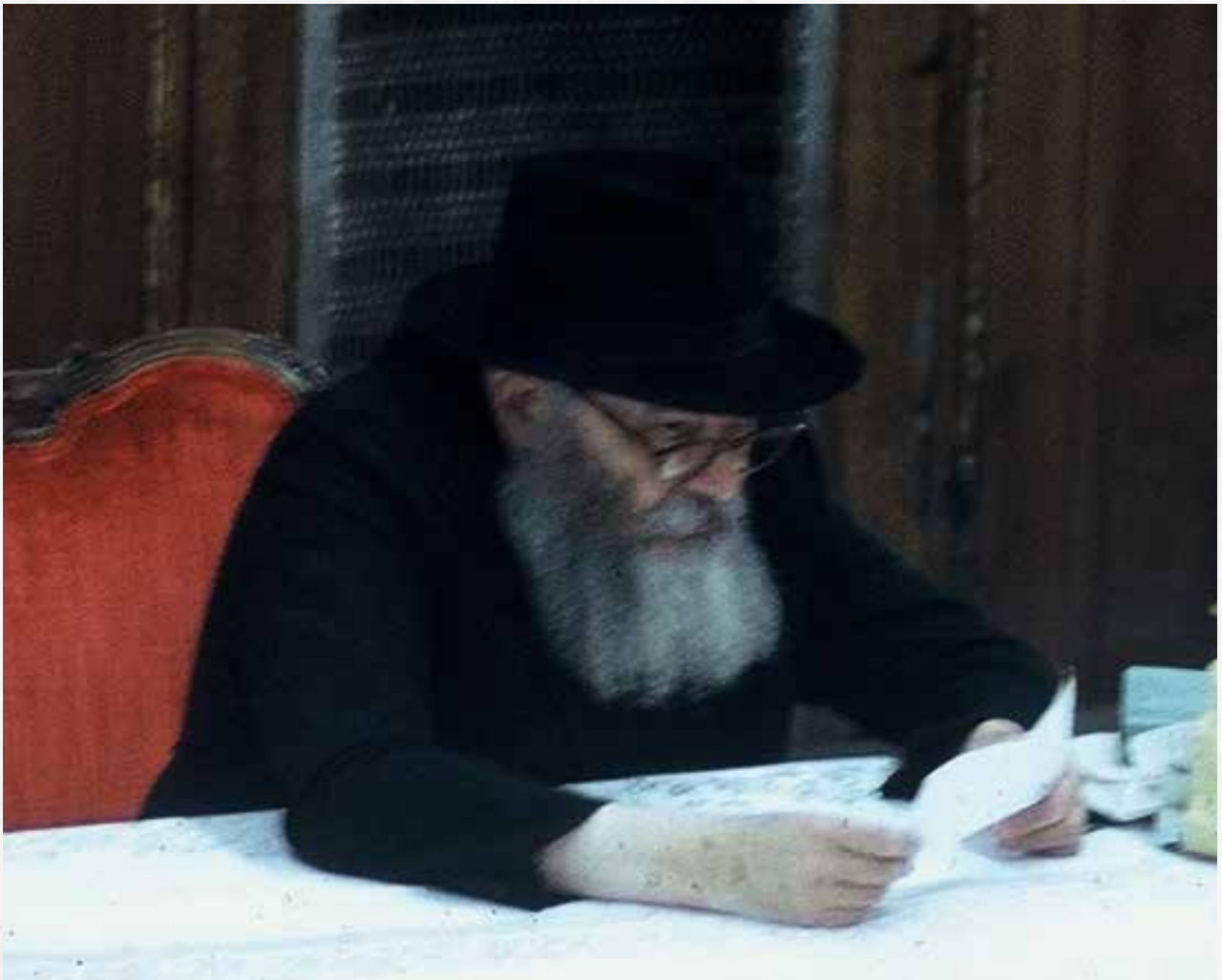
Reb Shea handed me a thick envelope and told me someone had come an hour ago and delivered it for me. I went off to the side to inspect the mysterious envelope's contents and lo and behold the envelope contained a wad of bills amounting to three thousand dollars, enough to cover three quarters of the debt I owed my landlord!

Utterly shocked, I rushed back to Reb Shea and interrogated him as to the identity of my mysterious benefactor; but other than the fact that his last name was Landau, he himself didn't know much about him. I personally was not acquainted with anyone by the name Landau, and I certainly could not fathom how he would possibly be aware of my predicament as I had told almost nobody about it.

A quick calculation brought me to the realization that this stranger had delivered the envelope a mere fifteen minutes after I left the Ohel. The next few days I went about in a mixture of disbelief and immense joy at meriting such a swift *yeshua* from the Rebbe. ❶

YOUR STORY

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