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Na Nach Nachma Nachman meUman

Yemey Shmuel (The Life of R' Shmuel Horowitz)

Introduction:

With G-d's help, Tuesday, Parshat "Achrei Kedoshim" _____, 6th of Iyar 5693, here in the holy city of Jerusalem, may it soon be rebuilt.

I set myself to fulfill my vow and what I had also promised to our friends in Poland, to record a small bit of what I endured from the time I first drew close to Rabbeinu Rabbi Nachman son of Feige of Breslov, may his memory be blessed.

And in truth I wonder if it is humanly possible to remember and conceive even in thought, all the more so in speech, all the more so in writing, even one day of what I went through – all the ascents and descents, etc.

And like Rabbi Nachman said after the story of the Merchant and the Poor Man, that the Messiah will tell each person what he went through every day, especially being that there are many things that cannot be told to other people, only that G-d Himself knows all hidden things. In any case, I cannot consider myself free of responsibility, and what I can relate, I will. But all of that is not even a drop from the sea of what I experienced every day. And this I will record in abbreviated form for posterity, from among what has not yet been forgotten and still remains in my memory.

And it will be a benefit for those who strain and struggle to serve G-d and want to draw close to G-d in truth, for they will see all that I endured, and all the obstacles and burdens and confusions and suffering and endless self-sacrifice, and after all of that, G-d's mercies have not left us, for G-d will not abandon forever, and "G-d is close to all who call upon Him, to all who call Him in truth" – that is to say, for the sake of truth.

This is to say, whatever the circumstances, whatever one must endure, if one only desires truth and will not abandon his place, no matter what he suffers, and does not give up his hope in G-d, and expresses his words before Him, and nevertheless draws himself to truth, and does not release his hold on his good will.....

Then G-d will certainly finish with him for good, and he will merit what he needs to merit, and will reach what he yearns more and more – beyond what any eye has seen. And from all the suffering, crowns are made, and from all the humiliations, vessels are formed, and pain is transformed to desire. And he will feel that the wisdom amidst the tribulations stood for him, as the Rabbis commented on the verse, "Even so my wisdom stood for me (Kohelet 2:9, Rambam on Torah Learning 3:12, and also Pirkei

Avot 5:23 on the same verse).” And as Shimon bar Yochai said to Rabbi Pinchas ben Yair: “_____ (from the Mishnah or Gemarrah – clarify which – Shabbat 32, ‘Bemey Madlikin?).” And everything is transformed to good.

And with great thanksgiving and kindness, one will return and say “I thank G-d for He has lifted me,” and so, for this reason we read the Book of Ruth on Shavuot, to know that the Torah is only received through suffering. But in truth, afterwards these sufferings are all the more delightful and sweet, as is explained in the writings of the Ari Zal, that the vessels themselves become lights greater than the lights they contain, and the descents specifically are transformed into ascents, and when one merits, the vessel becomes an extension of the inner light.

May G-d help us merit this, to do His will in truth until we merit what we need to merit, and know for what we came into this lowly world, and rise from the lowest depths to the greatest heights, and gaze on the pleasantness of G-d and be absorbed in Him, amen and amen.

Second Introduction:

Behold, as I merited seeing, that the treatise “The Days of Shmuel” that I wrote for our friends in Poland who asked me to write for them about my experiences, and intensely aroused some people -- this account was very abbreviated. Therefore I was inspired to rewrite it in expanded form. Also for myself it is very good to remind myself at all points of what I am enduring, to enliven myself through this with good points and with the wondrous Providence from G-d at every point, in that He has not abandoned and will not abandon us. In the aspect of “And also this, when they will be in the land of their enemies, I have not despised them or detested them to destroy them,” etc, and thus I remind myself that also now, G-d will not abandon us forever.

It is also good to arouse myself with inspiration through this, like a blind man who walks with a cane – thus we go with the vitality of the previous days wherein G-d shined His light on me, as is brought in Likutey Moharan, chapter 222, and to remind myself through this that “I am a tiny creature in the sea,” who has endured so much, and who has had so many varieties of inspiration, may it not be swallowed up in the mouth of the whale – that it should not be lost, G-d forbid.

And in the story of the Son of the King and the Servant who were Switched, wherein the King’s son thought to himself and said: “(Translate the Yiddish).”

Likewise it is in this case, I thought to myself, after enduring so very much, and I had thought that I would become an entirely different person, and in the end the days passed fruitlessly, how could this be?! And also for others who will see everything I endured, and know to strengthen themselves also in everything they are enduring, and to hold their ground, not to despair from reaching all kinds of holiness in the world, for desire and patience are higher than everything, and in the end one merits what one desires through this.

Therefore it is surely worthwhile to write everything, for certainly G-d has satisfaction from our writing about the miracles and wonders He did, and this is

incumbent on every person, to publicize the miracles G-d did for him. And this is the entire matter of the Passover Haggadah (as is explained in the Zohar, Parshat Beha'alotkha, refer there). And this is also the matter of the Channukah lights and the Megillah of Purim, wherein we publicize the miracle.

And this is also an aspect of meriting the many, for it is easier to inspire the heart with stories that have already transpired, especially with regards to people who are newly entering into the service of G-d, who need much encouragement on their path, not to abandon their place due to all they are enduring. It is certainly helpful when they see that others have already experienced such trials, and that G-d helped them in that to the contrary, the pain was transformed to desire, in the aspect of "And Pharaoh approached (Likutey Moharan Part II, chapter 13)."

"And it was a time of distress for Ya'akov," etc, and specifically "From this he was saved," that is to say, from all that a person suffers, vessels and vitality for serving G-d are created, and it is all for wondrous good, and the distancing is for the purpose of drawing one close, and one needs to fulfill the verse: "To make known that all those who hope in You will not be ashamed and humiliated forever." Especially for the generations to come, it is incumbent upon every father to inform his children and descendants of the greatness of G-d and His wonders, that they will acknowledge and praise G-d about this, and as is brought in the Shulchan Aruch and the teachings of the Rabbis, that one who comes to a place where he experienced a miracle, must recite the blessing intended for such a case (Blessed are You, L-rd, Master of the Universe, who did a miracle for me in this place), and also his children and descendants must recite the blessing "Blessed.....who did a miracle for our fathers in this place," etc.

And especially when they will see and know of the great self-sacrifice of their father in every matter of his holiness, so that the matter will be holy and honored also in their eyes, and at the least they will not neglect and disrespect their father's holy matter to such an extreme, G-d forbid, wherein he devoted his body spirit and soul regarding it.

And this was all his concern and desire and purpose, and they will understand that also afterwards, after his passing, all his desire and yearning and attachment is still in this matter, for "according to a person's attachment to something in this world, so will he be attached to it in the World to Come." If so, all one's desire after his passing, wherein he himself cannot fulfill the matter, for the dead cannot act in this world (check translation of verse bmetim chafshi). At the least it will be eternally fulfilled by his children and descendants, who are the legacy he left in this world. And through this it is as if he himself fulfilled the matter in this world and carried it out.

And when they will understand the above, they will know and understand that the main satisfaction they can give to their father is that they will also fulfill the holy matters he did, and in this is fulfilled "A father will reveal to his son Your truth," and from all the above, I was inspired to write of my experiences, and even though I had already written of them in the memoir "The Days of Shmuel" mentioned above, there I had only written the overall ideas, and there are many matters I did not mention at all, nor what happened after the time the memoir was written.

And in truth, it is impossible for one to relate and remember what one experienced even one day, and as Rabbi Nachman said: "The Messiah will tell each person what he experienced every day." But even so, until I reach the ability to relate

what is possible to relate, I will strive toward this end, G-d willing. And there is no study hall without a novel teaching, and G-d will help us merit learning and teaching, guarding and fulfilling, and not to sleep away our days, and to merit what one needs to merit in this physical world, wherein the time demands doing, and only in the future to receive reward, and free choice is given.

And anyone who wants to merit, can merit as long as he is still living, and if not now in this world, then when? And in truth one does not lose anything when one snatches some good bit of serving G-d, whatever may be and whoever one might be, for in truth nothing is left of a person save the good deeds he manages to do in his life.

Happy is the one who in his life merits thinking only about his eternal purpose which endures forever, for this world passes on, and all that is left to each person is what he snatched amidst the darkness – Tehillim and prayers, Mishnahs, Gemarrahs and good deeds. And there, in the World to Come, everything is expensive, as is brought in the Stories of Rabbi Nachman. May G-d help us that the Righteous Messiah should come and redeem us, speedily in our days, Amen.

Chapter 1

On Motzei Shabbat, Parshat Beshalach (Shabbat Shirah), on the Sixteenth of Shvat, in the year 5665, I was born to my father and mother in the holy city of Tzfat, may it be built and established speedily in our days, Amen. And the order of my lineage is as follows.

My father was the eleventh generation of the Holy Shlah, whose full name was Rabbi Yeshayah Horowitz the Levi, and also the (translate – maybe referring to grandfather?) of my father was given his holy name, and my father was the sixth “Yeshayah” after the holy Shlah, and he was also the fifth generation of the tzaddik Rabbi Aharon the Great of Karlin, the student of the great Maggid of Mezrich, may his memory be blessed (as is discussed in the material on my family’s lineage in the books my father wrote, being the books *Yavoh Shiloh* and *Eden Tzion*, chapters 10 and 50.

My grandfather was the Rabbi Asher Yehezkel Horowitz the Levi, may his memory be blessed, whose mother Baylah was a close relation of the Tzemach Tzedek, and she was the granddaughter of Rabbi Aharon the Great of Karlin, and the Tzemach Tzedek matched her with his student Rabbi Yeshayah, who was the ninth generation from the holy Shlah, and he was already elderly, and from him she gave birth to five sons, and afterwards he passed away.

Following this she traveled with her five sons to the Holy Land, while the children were still young, and came to the holy city of Tzfat, and they called her five sons the Five Books of the Torah, and my grandfather Rabbi Shmuel Heller, who was then the leading Rabbi of Tzfat, would come to her every Shabbat evening to wish her Shabbat Shalom, and he soon became related to her, for his eldest daughter, our Aunt Sarah, married her son Yoseph Moshe, and they were very respected in the Holy Land.

And my grandfather Rabbi Asher Yehezkel, may his memory be blessed, married his wife, Helkah, may she rest in peace, from the Yaffe family, of the leading Chabad

Chassidim, a student of the Ba'al ha Tanyah (who was the student of the Ba'al Tanyah? Clarify), and she was also related to the tzaddik Rabbi Mordechai Yaffe, the *Ba'al ha Levushim*, may his memory be blessed.

And my father wrote in his book *Eden Tzion* in these words: "I heard in my youth that this Torah master Rabbi Mordechai Yaffe named his books 'The Ten Garments', due to the miracle he experienced, for one time he strayed into an impure place, and when he saw and understood that he was in great danger, he told them that he was ready for this, only that he needed to use the bathroom to relieve himself, and there he squeezed himself into the sewer which was wide and large, and which reached the edge of a river outside the city, and at that time wherein he was in danger of dying there, he was clothed in ten garments and he soiled them all, and then he vowed that if G-d would save his life, he would write ten books with the name 'The Ten Garments'."

And thus he prayed on behalf of the generations to come, that in order to spare them from being tested, they should not have an attractive appearance. Rabbi Levi Yitzchak Bender, of the Breslov Chassidim, told of how when he was a student in the *Mekaveh* Yeshivah in Poland, he was acquainted with a young man called Rabbi Yitzchak Atvetzcher, who drew many of the yeshivah students close to Rabbi Nachman, and when the First World War broke out, Rabbi Yitzchak's father came to the yeshivah, and took him home, and then they saw that Rabbi Yitzchak was very handsome, and his father was the total opposite, and Rabbi Levi Yitzchak asked him, 'How could this be?' He answered him that his father was the fifteenth generation of the *Ba'al ha Levushim* (author of the book *The Ten Garments*), who requested of G-d after the trial he endured, that the next fifteen generations of his descendents should be ugly, and he himself was already of the new generation which initiated a new beginning (the *Ba'al ha Levushim* passed away on the 29th of Nissan, 5374, approximately three hundred years ago, and every generation is roughly twenty years).

And my grandfather, Rabbi Asher Yehezkel, from a very early age, grew up in the Holy Land, in the holy city of Tzfat, may it be rebuilt speedily in our days, and he was among the passionate chassidim of Chabad, and he was very zealous in defending the honor of G-d, and when he saw a person profaning the Shabbat or committing another sin, even the very wealthy figures who could do him harm, he would not hesitate to chastise them to their face, even by humiliating them, and likewise he was zealous in all matters of holiness, and he could not bear a *shlemazelnik*, and he would always chastise me about the need to wear clean clothes, and he conceived my father, Rabbi Yeshayah Horowitz the Levi.

And my father, truly from the time of his birth, was righteous in all of his ways, and was a good person from his youth, and did not cause any suffering to his father and mother, and had a quiet and balanced character. He never cried to milk from his mother, rather he would be found sleeping in some corner, and his mother herself would have to oversee nursing or feeding him, for he never demanded from her, and thus he grew up without his father, for my grandfather traveled abroad to serve as a Chabad emissary.

Due to the obligation upon children to remember the miracles that were done for their fathers and their fathers' fathers, I will relate here the miracle which I heard occurred to my grandfather, Rabbi Yehezkel, may his memory be blessed, in Russia, when he traveled from a major city on a train with many carriages, and he sat in one of the first carriages. Someone came and expelled him from the carriage, so my

grandfather went on to another carriage, and the person came also there and drove him out of that one as well, and he was forced to go on to another carriage, and this man came and expelled him yet again, and thus it continued repeatedly until he reached the last carriage, and from here he was not expelled. When the train continued traveling, it collided into another train coming toward it, and the carriages were destroyed, and all those sitting in the forward carriages were killed, and my father who was in the last was not killed, he only fell out of the carriage and was saved from a painful death. And who knows who this man was who kept expelling him from the carriages so many times in order to save him?

My grandfather Rabbi Asher Yehezkel, mentioned above, also built a Chabad study hall in Tzfat, and my father grew up in holiness and purity, from his own initiative, and he learned Torah and served G-d with devotion and awe, and dedicated himself day and night to Torah learning and holy service, and he would write essays for himself on how to behave in the service of G-d (a small portion of which are in my possession).

Aside from his great Torah scholarship, he also learned much *Mussar*, and he was well-versed in all of the book *Reishit Chochmah*, *Chovot ha Levavot*, and the book of the holy Shlah. Between *Minchah* and *Ma'ariv*, he was accustomed to learn *Mishnahs* and memorize them, until he knew all the Six Orders of the *Mishnah* by heart. Later, when he lived abroad, he also merited memorizing the Order of *Taharot* as well, and when my grandfather returned home, he found his son already a complete vessel, in knowledge of Talmud, Rabbinic law and fear of Heaven. But he knew nothing of Chassidism, and so my grandfather urged him to adopt Chabad Chassidism, and from that point he became great also in this, and learned the *Tanya* by heart, and also composed a commentary on the *Tanya* which still remains in script form.

Chapter 2

After this, his father married him into one of the prestigious families in Tzfat, the family of my grandfather Rabbi Yitzchak Leberboim, the son of Rabbi Yaakov of Kalish, the grandson of Rabbi Yaakov Melisa, the author of *Chavot Da'at*, and the grandson of the Chacham Tzvi, and also a descendant of the Maharshal, and it is known that the Maharshal is descended from King David, may he rest in peace.

My grandfather Rabbi Yitzchak Leberboim, mentioned above, was the brother-in-law of Rabbi Shmuel Heller, the Head of the Religious Court of Tzfat, whose grandfather was a student of the Chozeh (Seer) of Lublin, and his shofar blower, and Rabbi Shmuel Heller grew up under the care of the Chozeh of Lublin, and the Chozeh commanded my father Shmuel to travel with his son Shmuel to the Land of Israel, and there (**niba – translate**) great things, and Rabbi Shmuel was descended from the author of the *Tosephot Yom Tov*.

The greatness of Rabbi Shmuel Heller is known to some degree by the elders of Tzfat, and my father Rabbi Yeshayah Horowitz the Levi writes about him thus: His kindness and goodness were beyond measure. One man told me that he was among the students with whom Rabbi Shmuel would (**mitroaya – translate**) in the Synagogue. Each of the children would approach him, and ask him for a coin, and he always had a load of coins in his pouch, and he would distribute them to all the children.

He would go every day to the Kitchen (clarify) to supervise the *kashrut* there, for at first he would do the slaughtering and checking himself, but after he hurt his hand in the earthquake in Tzfat and Tiberius in the year 5597 (not to be confused with the previous earthquake of 5584), and his hand was trapped under a pile of stones an entire night, he left the (**shov – translate**), but even after he was appointed Head of the Religious Court, and was burdened with various responsibilities, he would go every night to the Kitchen to supervise the *kashrut* and insure that it was acceptable.

And on his way home, when he would pass through the shopping district, he would peer into the stores of the Jews, and when he saw a storekeeper saddened by the lack of customers, he would come into his store and buy some cheap handkerchief or the like, and speak warmly to the storekeeper, to encourage and gladden him, and every day he would come home burdened with various items he had bought in the stores, and it can be assumed that nearly all of them were superfluous for his household, and that he donated them to the poor.

Likewise, every day there was a big pot of meat and soup cooking in his house, and the poor and the needy would come, and his children would serve them meat and soup from the pot, and they would add water to the pot, until by the time arrived for him and his family to eat, all that was left for them was water and beans.

After the above-mentioned earthquake, wherein Shmuel was injured as noted above, he thought to travel to Vienna to heal his weakened hand, and he asked a 'dream-question' as to whether he should leave the Holy Land or not, and he was answered by the verse “(**Tiviamo ve titaemo – translate**) to the mountain of Your heritage, the sanctuary of G-d that Your hands established,” and the word 'hand' had vowel signs underneath it. He understood from this that he should remain always in the Land of Israel, and his two hands would be established and strong, and thus it was, for his hand was healed entirely. And due to the answer to his dream-question, he no longer had any desire under any circumstances to leave the borders of Israel.

It was said of him that he would use two types of dream-questions which were accepted by the Torah leaders, such as Rabbi Hai Gaon and others: In one method, he would hear the answer through a heavenly voice, and in the other, he would lay a piece of paper with the question written on it under his pillow before going to sleep, and when awoke he would find the answer written on the paper.

Before asking any dream-question, he would do several fasts and mortifications, and several immersions in a ritual bath. One time the (**Pechah – translate**) of Akko became sick, and the doctors could not heal him. When they heard that Shmuel Horowitz in Tzfat was an expert doctor, they sent for him to come and heal him. But Rabbi Shmuel knew that the settlement of Akko was outside the Land of Israel (see Gemarrah *Gittin*, page 7), and he was not willing at all to leave the borders of Israel. Thus he answered them, that they should bring the patient in a wagon to a location several miles outside of Tzfat, and he would come there to heal him, and thus they did, and he healed the man.

Chapter 3

My father, master and teacher (Rabbi Asher Yehezkel) told me that he heard from Rabbi Shmuel's holy mouth, that one time during the High Holy Days there were many diseases in the city, may G-d have mercy, and on Rosh ha Shana before the blowing of the shofar, when he went to the *mikveh*, many non-Jews were gathered in the street in front of the synagogue – men and women with sick children, to ask him for treatment, and he was occupied at the time with (**eshtonotav – translate**), in awe of the momentous Day of Judgment, and he heard nothing of what they asked of him, rather he trusted in G-d, the true Healer, as he passed through the crowd, and told this one to drink soda water, and that one milk, and so on with simple answers, and he escaped them, and knew nothing of what happened to them. But after several days, he was brought gifts of many packages of tobacco. Then he knew that everyone had been healed with the help of G-d.

My father also told me that he heard directly from him, that immediately after the earthquake, there was among the survivors a very great and honored man, one of the leaders of the community. He had an only daughter who was gravely ill, and he had given her medications which were of no help. Everyone knew that by feeling her pulse, Shmuel would know the disease precisely (I heard from my close relative Rabbi Shmuel, brother-in-law of our friend the Ri, who heard from his father, that they said about Shmuel that in the wisdom of the pulse, he was the second Rambam, and knew more than eighty principles of this wisdom). But he would not touch a woman under any circumstances. However, this honored man and his wife beseeched him and wept before him, that he feel their daughter's pulse, and he acquiesced, and with a thick handkerchief he felt her pulse. He promised them that this was no disease, rather she had become pregnant with a male child, and thus it was.

Chapter 4

Shmuel had many opposers from whom he suffered deeply, however he did many kindnesses for them. My father told me that he had one enemy whose name was Mordchele, who occasionally would harass him with insults and contempt, and when he would rage with his abuse, Rabbi Shmuel would stand there and shower him with words of endearment in these words: "Mordchele, why are you becoming angry? It is damaging to your physical health. You could say all these words peacefully and calmly.

My father also told me, that at the time the noble Rabbi Moshe Montefiore was in Tzfat, and visited in Rabbi Shmuel's house, and the walls of the room where Shmuel always sat were black from the smoke of the candles, and apparently this was shortly preceding Passover, before the houses had received their yearly plastering, and the noble in his simplicity wondered at the color of the walls, the likes of which he had never seen before. When he was told that this was not paint, rather the soot from the smoke of the candles they burned, for they learned often in the night. Then he said, "I am jealous of the Rabbi's walls having this color. I have, bless G-d, large palaces painted in various brilliant colors, but this color is more precious and important by far than all the colors in the world.

I also heard from another relative, the pious Rabbi Shmuel, the grandson of the holy Rabbi Shmuel Heller, that his father told him that his grandfather, in the last year before his passing, was weak, and decided not to travel to Meron on the eve of Lag b'Omer (due to the difficulty of traveling on mules). But on Lag b'Omer, he came after all to Meron, and people asked him about this, and he answered that they read this verse to him in a dream: "All those who do not ascend to the House of G-d, their property will be confiscated (Ezra, 19:8)," and thus he strengthened his will and came.

There was another story wherein he healed an only child of a prominent non-Jew, who had been beaten by a Jew because he had thrown stones at the Jews traveling to Meron. He was close to death, and the non-Jews prepared to kill the Jews if the child died, and Rabbi Shmuel stayed with him day and night healing him, and also prayed profusely, and aroused the congregation to pray profusely as well. The child healed in a miraculous manner, and they had a day of celebration and joy.

I also heard from the elders of Tzfat, that one time a non-Jew violated a Jewish girl, and Rabbi Shmuel was informed of it, and he was very distressed about it, and afterwards when honored members of the non-Jewish community came to him, they could placate him, and he said, "How can I bear the fact that they violated my sister? How could this be?" until they promised him that the offender would be fined, and that this would not happen again.

Overall, he was very honored among the non-Jews, for he would do great favors for them, and would heal them free of charge, and traveled to their cities and villages, and stayed with them several days at a time, until they were totally healed, and when they wanted to pay him, he did not want to accept any payment, only asking them to do kindnesses to the Jewish People, and that they should command their children and grandchildren to love the Jews and not do them evil, and if they should see some Jew who had lost his way, they should direct him in the right way.

And thus it was, for the non-Jews of Tzfat did not hate the Jews like the non-Jews in other places, because of the love for the Jews that he planted in them, until more recent times, when a new generation arose which did not know of Joseph.

Thus, Rabbi Shmuel was known to them by the laudatory name "The Wise Shmuel", and they honored his grandchildren, for they said they could recognize by their faces that they were the grandchildren of the Wise Shmuel. One time, during Rabbi Shmuel's era, there was an intense famine in Tzfat due to drought. Arabs came with sacks of flour, and settled a price with the Jews, and when they returned to pay them, the Arabs could not be found, and it is not known to this day who sent the flour.

Chapter 5

Once he was studying in the writings of the Ari, and he was confounded by a matter he did not understand. So he prayed and asked the Ari to come and study this matter with him, and so it was – the Ari came and studied with him, but afterwards he

regretted that he had bothered our master the Ari, and accepted upon himself to go to the Ari's grave every Friday, and recite the entire book of Tehillim there.

When Rabbi Natan, the main student of Rabbi Nachman, was in the land of Israel, he stayed in the home of Rabbi Shmuel Heller, who related to him all of the above, and he asked Rabbi Natan, "What would one do if on some occasion, one could not complete all of the Tehillim?" Then Rabbi Natan explained to him the greatness of saying the Ten Psalms Rabbi Nachman revealed for rectifying the Covenant, which he referred to as the Tikkun ha Klalli.

And in his old age, when he did not have enough time or energy to recite all the book of Tehillim at the gravesite of the Ari, he would say the Ten Psalms, and he would say that these ten psalms are the essence of all the book of Tehillim, and likewise he would recite them at other holy places, as well as prayers from Rabbi Natan's book Likutey Tefilot, and he owned all the books of Rabbi Nachman (and I myself possessed the book Likutey Halachot, Division Yoreh Deah, with his signature and many of his handwritten notes on the pages).

Likewise, when the Rabbi of Stehern was in Israel, he also stayed by him, and also Rabbi Nachman's sister lived there free of charge.

According to the book Eden Tzion, Page 119, Line 4: "At the time of Rabbi Shmuel's passing, he was ninety eight years old, the gematriah of "to life", and he began serving in the Rabbinate of Tzfat in the year 5584, at the age of thirty eight. Rabbi Natan arrived in Tzfat two years earlier, in the year 5582, and according to this he was then age 36.

Rabbi Shmuel had one son, whose name was Rabbi Avraham, and he was also great and awesome in his attachment to G-d, and he was blind, and also Rabbi Shmuel had two daughters, one named Sarah, who became the wife of my grandfather Asher Yehezkel's brother, as mentioned above. The other was named Devorah (she was my grandmother on my mother's side). She married my grandfather Rabbi Yitzchak Leiberboim, mentioned above, who was a very great Torah scholar with much fear of Heaven.

The story is well-known, that before the passing of my grandfather Yitzchak Leiberboim, he called to his son-in-law, who is my father, and asked him to bring him the book of the Rambam, for he wanted to study it, and so he did, and said, "Good and well." Then he explained to my father that the Rambam had come to him shortly before my father's passing, and said to him that because he had studied his book all his life, now near the time of his passing, the Rambam had come to answer the questions that had arisen during his studies. So my grandfather Rabbi Yitzchak asked him a difficult question which had always perplexed him, and for which he had found no answer, and the Rambam answered him. Therefore he commanded my father to bring him the book and he examined it, and found that the answer the Rambam had given was correct.

His righteous wife told us, that several days before his passing, after midnight, he awoke from his sleep with shocking shouts, and when he was asked about this, he answered that he had dreamed that he had been invited to a festive meal with the Rambam, and thus he had shouted and rushed to go quickly to the meal. This was wondrous, for he passed away on the ninth of Tevet, eleven days before the anniversary

of the passing of the Rambam, which falls on the twentieth of Tevet (it is customary on the date of a tzaddik's passing to eat a ceremonial meal in his honor).

All of this was copied from what my father Rabbi Yeshayah Horowitz the Levi wrote, of the greatness of Rabbi Shmuel Heller, may his memory be for blessing.

Chapter 6

My grandfather Rabbi Yitzchak Leiberboim, mentioned earlier, had two sons. One of them is my cousin Rabbi Avner, also a great man who served G-d from his youth. Rabbi Avner had a custom to go every Saturday night to the Sephardic synagogue of the Ari (near the Tzfat graveyard), and would sit there shut in alone day and night, the entire week, serving G-d, until the eve of the following Shabbat, when he would return home. Thus he behaved many years – he would spend the whole week there serving G-d, and my mother and her sister would bring him food. They would ask him how it is that he had no fear being there alone, and he answered them that he had no fear.

There is a great deal to tell of what he experienced there. Several times while he was praying the Shmonei Esrei prayer, a snake curled around his foot, but he did not move until the end of the prayer, and afterwards he grasped the snake and cast it away. The old Sephardic caretaker of the synagogue told us that a coarse anti-Semitic non-Jew lived near the synagogue, and he could not bear that Rabbi Avner studied there, and came to murder him. But when he entered and saw the learning of Rabbi Avner and his roaring, for he would roar like a lion when he learned, a great fear befell him, and he fled away, and he became sick and died shortly after. So may all Your enemies perish, O L-rd.

One time, when he came home on the night of Shabbat, he was covered in blood. The explanation was that Rabbi Avner had sat and studied at the big pulpit in the middle of the Ari synagogue, where the Seven Shepherds had ascended to the Torah reading during the time of the Ari, as is described in the book Praises of the Ari. The Ari appeared to Rabbi Avner in an awakened state, and he was frightened by it, and leaped down all the steps of the pulpit at once, and fell and was injured, and when he came home he was shaken, and did not want to explain at all what had happened, and his mother decreed in the name of honoring one's parents, that he not go there alone anymore. He fulfilled the decree, and afterwards he always had a room designated for service of G-d and also for hosting guests, and he helped people to the best of his ability.

And I heard that our grandfather Rabbi Shmuel Heller loved him with all his heart, and when his mother was still pregnant with him, Shmuel said that she was pregnant with a great soul, the soul of a "father of light and a son of light". And thus he was named Avner (father of light), and my father told me that in his youth, he prayed with such enthusiasm and self-sacrifice that his stomach became sick from it. His father would go to another synagogue to pray, for he could not bear the intensity of his son's self-sacrifice in prayer. The overall idea is that Rabbi Avner was one of the giants of the generation, and even in relation to previous generations he was a novelty in the service

of G-d. In his final years he dwelled in Meron for several years, until he ended his stay there and moved to Jerusalem. Afterwards he lived in the Old City of Jerusalem, and there he became sick and passed away, on the twenty-eighth of Iyar (the date of the passing of Shmuel the Prophet), in the year 5701 (1941).

Chapter 7

One of the daughters of my grandfather, the tzaddik Rabbi Yitzchak Leiberboim, is my dear mother Feige, and my father, even though he was young in years, was a great halachic authority (hora'ah – verify translation), and became a rabbi of Tzfat in the Chabad seminary, and he was also from the religious court of the rabbi Yitzchak Rabin of blessed memory, the rabbi of the Lemberg seminary, and he would negotiate religious law with the Sephardic rabbi Chaim Siton of blessed memory.

One of our elderly friends in Tzfat, Rabbi Shlomo Kavler, that he and Rabbi Chaim Siton studied much from the books of Rabbi Nachman together, in the Ari Synagogue, and they would do service of G-d together, and the above-mentioned Rabbi Chaim told him how when he was a small child, he was with his mother at the grave of Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai in Meron on Lag b'Omer, and he was on the roof where the bonfire was conducted, and there were masses of people and great pressure, and he fell from the roof to the back of the building, and his mother searched for him, and suddenly he was seen entering the room, and he explained to them that when he fell, an elderly Jew was standing below, and he caught him in his arms, and commanded him to enter the room of the holy grave.

And my father also negotiated religious law with the sage Rabbi Alfandri of blessed memory, and with his teacher Rabbi Dov of Warsaw of blessed memory.

Afterwards, when the Ridbaz (the Rabbi from Slotzek) came to Tzfat, my father was like a son to him, and he ordained him, obtaining ordination from the sage Rabbi Betito of Jerusalem, and from the head of the rabbis of Togarmah, the sage Rabbi Chaim Nachum of blessed memory, and my father behaved with justice, uprightness and truth, and fulfilled the dictum "Do not fear other people," and he devoted himself to judging with absolute truth, and he was wary of touching the wealth of others, and his 'yes' was righteous, as was his 'no', and he was far from flattery and falsehood and the pursuit of honor.

Chapter 8

When I was born, I was a delightful child, of attractive appearance and full of grace in the eyes of all who saw me, and Rabbi Avraham of blessed memory, the son of Rabbi Shmuel Heller, would play with me, and would always command that I be brought to him to play with me, and afterwards when they gave me my first haircut on Lag

b'Omer in Meron, wherein were thousands of people and hundreds of children, I was a novelty of beauty and appearance.

When I was ill with the measles, my parents suffered from me beyond measure, and also as a small child I suffered an illness of the stomach, and my father abounded in mercy on me, and also was aroused to repent and made vows about this, and one vow in particular was not to interrupt his learning with conversation under any circumstances, and he had a card on which was written a request of anyone who talked to him, not to interrupt him while learning, and thus he would show the card to all who approached to speak to him while learning, and jhe would follow this practice until I was healed from my illness, thank G-d.

Chapter 9

I started to learn in childrens' schools under teachers, and with practically all of them I excelled due to my brightness, and on some occasions I would understand the explanation on my own before the teacher said it, and I would learn and explain to the other students. When I learned the Chumash, I would study for hours in our house, and my eyes suffered, and thus my father did not allow me to study at night, and I suffered intensely due to this, and I studied against his will, until he was obliged to go to the teacher to complain about me.

Later on, I began studying with a teacher who was our friend and relative, a good and upright man, an innocent and righteous man, Rabbi Noach Shlomo. His qualities and character are impossible to describe. Even though he was poor, poor people would always eat at his table, and he would practice much charity and good deeds, and he was a brilliant scholar, and served G-d with passionate prayer, and he would implant fear of Heaven in his students, especially in me, and he loved me with all his soul, and he had high hopes for me (as did my father).

And he commanded me to be especially careful in two matters: Firstly, in washing of hands immediately upon waking, and second, in wearing a head covering even while sleeping. He related that the Tzemach Tzeddek would always give thanks to his nursemaid, in that she oversaw that he never go about with his head uncovered, and in that she would wash his hands from his youngest age, and in this she instilled fear of Heaven in him, for these things sanctify a person from his youth.

He would take me to teachers in the city, to show off my keenness in Gemarrah and the commentaries, and also when I came to him to learn, he warned me to tell his students that I was twelve years old, when in truth I was not more than seven, and then I was also the most exceptional student, and he taught us in the study hall of the Breslov chassids (which my master Rabbi Dov of Warsaw had donated to the Breslov chassids – the study hall and everything in it).

Chapter 10

Rabbi Israel Halprin of Kardun, one of our friends, would come to prepare the Shabbat lights during the time we were learning, and I merited seeing him every time, and also in the study hall, there were among the books of my teacher Rabbi Dov of Warsaw, five volumes of Chok le Israel, and at the end of every volume was included the Tikkun ha Clalli of Rabbi Nachman, and at the beginning of each Tikkun ha Clalli was printed (translated Yiddish), as appears in the introduction to the Tikkun ha Clalli, and we would read this, but I did not understand it, and overall I did not know of the existence of Breslov chassidism at all, and only now I remember what I read then.

Likewise, a grandson of a Breslov chassid would study with me, Rabbi Natan of Travitza, and he would bring the book of the Stories of Rabbi Nachman to the school, and together we children read the story of the Beggars, but I did not know of Breslov at all, as explained above, and the teacher Rabbi Noach Shlomo loved Breslov chassidism with all his soul, and he would always give moral edification to the above-mentioned child: "See to it to be G-d fearing. Your grandfather Rabbi Natan goes every day to the grave of the Ari, and cries out and pleads about you that you should be upright and fearing of Heaven," and so when the above-mentioned Rabbi Natan passed away, he tore his garment according to the law before our eyes, and recited the blessing "Blessed is the truthful Judge (said upon the death of a relative).

One time, when I was very young, I came home and cried profusely without stopping for a long time, and my father asked me, "My son, why are you crying? What are you lacking? Is it possible that the Rebbe beat you?" I, due to my intense pain, kept crying and could not answer him at all, and he went and asked the Rebbe if he had beaten me, and the Rebbe answered "G-d forbid," and both of them expended a great effort, until they managed to extract an explanation from me as to why I was crying, and I answered them, "How could such holy tzaddikim, the Twelve Tribes of G-d, cause such suffering to their brother Yoseph the Tzaddik, and sell him to Arabs? And all the suffering he endured..... (for that day, the teacher had taught me the story of the Selling of Yoseph).

Chapter 11

Even though I had a sharp mind, thank G-d, even so I acted with innocence and simplicity, and recited much Tehillim and prayers and supplications from the prayerbook of the holy Shlah, and all my vitality derived from praying and speaking abundantly with my Maker from the depths of my heart. I liked using a prayerbook that had many prayers, supplications and requests, and I would recite them with such simplicity (if only I could have such simplicity and innocence now, and feel the vitality from the innocence), and I would rise at midnight and recite the Midnight Lament by the doorway, with ashes on my forehead and tears, and I would recite the prayers from the book Sha'arei Tzion as well, and the Chapter of Song, and I would pray the Morning Service with sunrise.

There was an incident wherein a tragedy befell my uncle Rabbi Avner, in that his precious young son was killed, and it happened thus: He lived in the home of his father-in-law, in a separate house, and the house was filled with sacks of sugar one on top of

the other up to the ceiling, and he would sleep on the floor with his children, and thus it was several years and nothing happened.

Suddenly, on one Shabbat night when everyone was sleeping, the sacks of sugar began to fall on them, and the small child was killed, may G-d have mercy, and Rabbi Avner himself was sick for some time due to the blows he received, as well as his other children, and I was a small child at the time, and I prayed abundantly, for I believed innocently that my prayer had the power to revive the dead child.

Chapter 12

My father trained me in the mitzvot from an early age, as in the commandment of the etrog or lighting the Channukah menorah or the Passover Seder. The mitzvot and service of G-d were very precious and dear to me, and I felt vitality and holiness from each mitzvah, and I loved to recite the prayers for each mitzvah from the prayerbook Sha'arei Tzion and other books, in order to help me merit being a truly righteous person, and the fear of Heaven showed on my face.

At the time of bringing in a new Torah scroll to the Ari Synagogue, when all of the people of Tzfat accompanied it with drums and violins, the Ridbaz also joined the procession, with one hand grasping me and the other grasping another child, and as we went he tested me in my learning.

The Ridbaz upheld the flag of the Torah in Tzfat, and drew close many Torah masters, both the youths and the married men, and established a yeshivah where he learned with them and did for them many favors. He had a great deal of power, for he was of American background, and also he had consular authority conferred upon him by the American government. The overall concept was that he granted much honor to Torah learning in Tzfat. The students would study several hours at night in the yeshivah, and afterwards each one would return home.

Chapter 13

In the year 5671 (1911), an earthquake occurred in Meron, on the night of Lag b'Omer, while the congregation was dancing on the roof at the time of the customary bonfire lighting. Suddenly a strong wind came and scattered the fire of the bonfire on the gathering, and people began to flee from the fire, and people were squeezed against the fence, until the fence gave way and they fell with the fence onto the courtyard below, on top of the people who were standing in the courtyard, and many people were killed or injured.

Elderly people who witnessed the event told me that there was amazing Providence involved, for those who were meant to be injured, even though they were far away from the upheaval, were injured, and those who were meant to be spared, even though they were very close at hand, were saved. They also told that at the time of the

dancing, before the earthquake hit, an unidentified Jew danced with the people, and from time to time he would switch hats with the dancers, and there were many who wanted to switch hats with him in the joyous spirit of the moment, but he did not agree to it. He would only switch hats with one he chose with whom to switch. Afterwards they saw that each one who had switched hats with him, even though they had been in the greatest danger, survived. And for his part, he disappeared, and no one knew anything about him.

The community interpreted the disaster as a Divine rebuke for the mixing of men and women and the sexual immodesty during the event, and due to this the people and the Rabbis of Tzfat convened a major meeting, and passed a decree banning women and girls from being in Meron, or even being on the road from Meron to Tzfat, on Lag b'Omer or the day before it. So women would start coming to Meron several days before the holiday, and the day before the eve of Lag b'Omer they would return home, and during these two days – the day before Lag b'Omer and Lag b'Omer itself, not a single woman could be seen in Meron, nor on all the road between Meron and Tzfat. The ban lasted five years, and I heard that nobody was willing to stand up and pass the decree upon the community, except for Rabbi Israel Karduner of Breslov Chassidism, who stood up before the community in awe and fear of G-d, and declared the ban in the name of the Rabbis.

There were many who opposed the ban, and claimed that the world war that broke out afterwards was in consequence of women being denied to come to the grave of Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai to plead on behalf of the Jewish People. They also claimed that all the rabbis who had a part in the ban, including Rabbi Karduner, did not live long after this matter.

But in any case, no one dared to trespass the ban, and they waited five years, and only then women began to come to Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai's grave on Lag b'Omer.

Who can know what harsh judgments on the Jewish People were annulled by this decree? For it is known that the tzaddikim suffer on behalf of the Jewish People. Also our Breslover friends told us that in the same year there was also a fire at the grave of Rabbi Nachman in Uman. May it be G-d's will to guard the Jewish People in the merit of the tzaddikim, amen.

My personal account of the above event is as follows: My younger brother Shneur Zalmon had reached the age of the first haircut, and my grandfather Asher Yehezkel traveled with his grandson, my cousin Leibel, on the eve of Lag b'Omer to Meron, and we slept there, and my father and brother Zalmon were supposed to arrive on the morning of Lag b'Omer, which is the ideal time for a child's first haircut, as is known. We had already prepared a giant wax candle, extending practically from the floor to the roof, that we intended to light there, for thus is the custom when a child has his first haircut.

I begged and cried to my father that I also be allowed to come, but he did not agree, due to the need that the house not be left abandoned. I could find no solace at all, and in the morning before they prepared to leave, my grandfather returned home with my above-mentioned cousin, and they recounted the disastrous event described above, wherein all the celebration had been eclipsed, and they had given up hope on all those

who were supposed to travel there by day, and so they did the haircutting in Tzfat instead.