

My encounter with Rabbi Israel Karduner ztz"l





Rabbi Israel Karduner came from Tzfat to Tveria.

He searched for a bakery and was directed to our house.

I sold him a loaf of bread and he asked to be able to eat in in our house.



When I had first seen him, he had already struck me as a Tzaddik.

When I saw him making the Brocha “Al Natilat Yadayim”, I was convinced that he was a Tzaddik.



I told him that I needed his help in serving Hashem.



We sat in an empty synagogue and learned Rabbi Nachman's Likutei Moharan.

I have never again tasted such a taste of Torah as I had tasted that night.



Suddenly, I heard my mother's
cries throughout Tveria.

“My son! My son! My son!”



She had searched for me in every synagogue and had not found me.



She feared that the Turks had taken me away to the army.





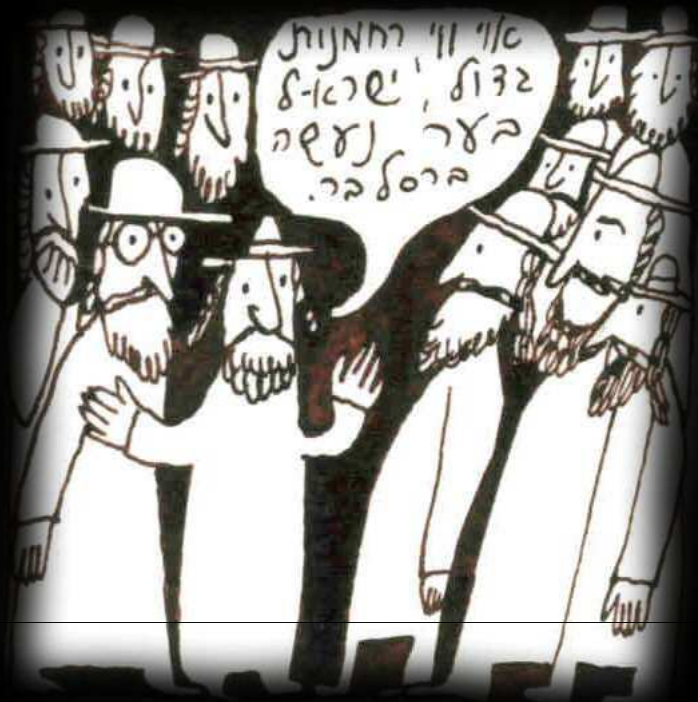
But she soon saw that I was safe and sound.



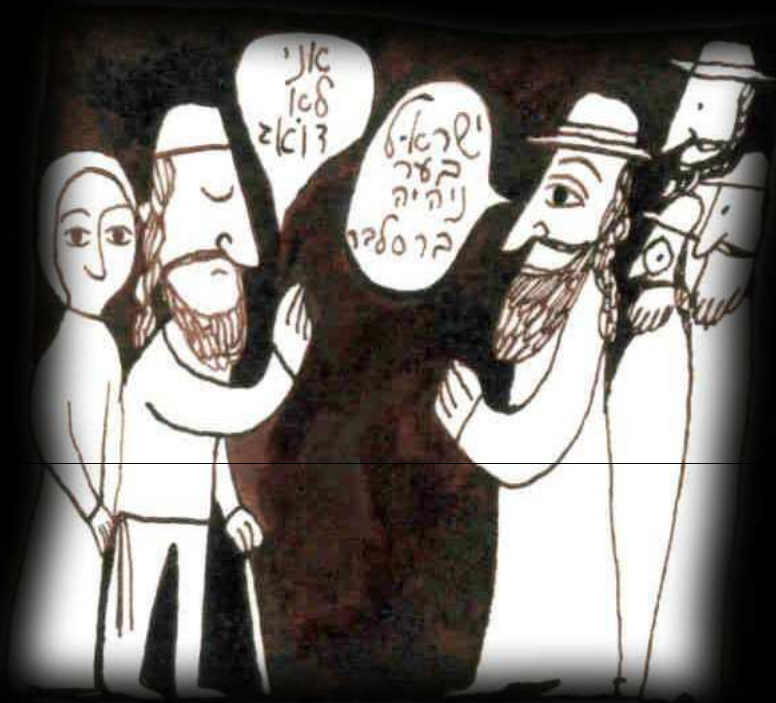
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אודסר ניה יה
בוסלב!

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I had become the talk of the whole town.
“Oy Vey! Israel Ber has become Breslev!”



The Rosh Yeshiva spoke to my father ...



and my father spoke to me:
“I allow you to be anything but Breslev.”



“Abba, I will be Breslev all my life.”



In town, it was being said that Breslev was witchcraft.



Rabbi Israel Karduner told my mother that it could not be changed: I would be Breslev forever...and my mother died!



but as they were preparing her for burial, someone saw a sign of life. “I’m not dead!”, my mother said .

It was a miracle!



The end.