

“Why did you treat me so ill by telling him (the viceroy) that you had another brother? (43:6)

Chazal (*Bereishis Rabbah* 91:10) comment: “Hashem said, ‘Yaakov thinks that he is being harmed and does not realize that I am in the process of making his son viceroy of Egypt.’” In other words, Hashem has a Master Plan. He orchestrates events to fit the goals of His plan. To us mere mortals, our cognitive appreciation coincides for the most part with appearances, with what we see before us. We do not see the before and after – the entire global picture. Be patient, and it will all come together.

The *Veitzener Rav*, *zl*, *Horav Tzvi Hirsch Meisels*, applied this *Chazal* to an incident that occurred which, at first, annoyed him, but later he saw how it was the springboard for his salvation. He relates how he, his son, *Rav Zalman Leib, zl* (*Seagate Rav*), together with hundreds of Jews were crammed into a cattle car. The Nazis, fearing the Americans breathing down their backs, attempted to rush out whoever was left in Auschwitz, so that they could murder them elsewhere. The conditions in that car were unbearable. The heat, starvation, and overwhelming stench that permeated the air were unimaginable. Yet, they did it, waiting for the Americans to attack their tormentors and liberate them from this purgatory. They made a futile attempt at sleep. Considering the conditions of their confinement, however, the only possible way to sleep was to rest one’s head on the shoulder of his neighbor. Thus, despite their physical and mental exhaustion, sleep was a luxury. The *kapo* who guarded their car was more despicably evil than his henchmen. (*Kapos* were Jews whose perverse self-loathing allowed them to save their skins by collaborating with the Nazi guards. Ultimately, their value to the Nazis was temporary, as they, too, were murdered in the same manner as their brothers and sisters. Sadly, there will always be lowlifes who, under duress or out of survival instinct, will do anything to save themselves, even at the expense of their co-religionists. The *Shomer Yisrael*, Guardian of *Yisrael*, records everything, and everyone will receive his due at the appointed time. There is no question that these men acted with shocking cruelty but, persecution and fear of death wreak havoc on the human mind. Unless one’s mind is refined with Torah, he falls prey to the base character traits that define a *rasha merusha*, which will cause him to descend to the nadir of depravity. Our problem should be with those who battle against the Torah way, the modern day *Amalekim*, who, as self-loathing Jews have persecuted with prejudice and vitriol, born of their self-hate, slandering the Torah and its adherents. No one is threatening their lives, unless living the life of a Torah Jew threatens their way of life. They have nothing to benefit from the rabid hatred they spew against us. Hashem will protect us from their iniquity. We can only pray that, one day, they will wake up and recognize the self-destruction they have caused to themselves and their families – whatever is left of them. Demonstrating his disgust for his brothers, the *kapo* made them squeeze against the walls as he set up a large bench in middle of the cattle car, stretched out on it, and went to sleep. One wonders how a Jew could descend to such a moral abyss. Without Torah to protect us, we can plummet to rock bottom, as we have witnessed throughout history.

The *Veitzener Rav* rested his head on the shoulder of his son, who sat next to him. It did not work, until, after a few attempts, he fell asleep, only to be awakened a few moments later by his son. He complained that his shoulder upon which the *Veitzener* had rested his head hurt him badly, “*Tatte*, it hurts so much that I cannot bear it any longer.” The *Rav* was surprised and annoyed, but acquiesced to his son’s request and, instead, rested his head on the fellow on the other side. Almost at that moment, they were roused by tremendous explosions caused by American warplanes, whose pilots thought this was a train bearing German soldiers. Suddenly, a missile flew right between the *Rav* and his son – where, a minute earlier, their heads had been resting together! The missile hit the *kapo* who was sprawled on the bench. He lost both hands, and his body was wracked in burning pain.

Had Hashem allowed *Rav Zalman Leib* to sleep, the tragedy would have been great. The *Rav* recounted that this was the first time ever that he had been unable to rest his head on his son’s shoulder. Nothing about what took place was typical. The *Shomer Yisrael* does not slumber. We just have to be patient.