



SHIDDUCHIM AND STORIES WITH AUTISTIC CHILDREN

A GOOD ISHAH AND A BAD ISHAH

This week's *parshah* is the *parshah* of *zivugim*. The *gemara* in *Brachos* (8a) says when a man married a woman, they would ask him the following: **מוֹצֵא אוֹ מוֹצֵא**, as the *passuk* in *Mishlei* (18:22) says: **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה מֵצֵא טוֹב** - *he who finds [motzo] a wife finds goodness*, or **מוֹצֵא**, as the *passuk* in *Koheles* (7:26) says, **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה מֵצֵא מָוֶת מֵרַחֵם אֶת הָאִשָּׁה** - *I find [motzeh] the woman more bitter than death*.¹ It could be the ultimate *tov* or it can be the ultimate *ra*.

Now the *shaylah* is, if **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה לְאִישׁ**, how could it be *ra*? So how is it *shayach* that an *ishah* should be *ra* for a person? If **שֵׁל אִישׁ** **דָּם** comes from *Hakadosh Baruch Hu*,² we know that **מִפִּי עֲלִיּוֹן לֹא תֵצֵא הָרַעוּת** - *no evil comes from the Mouth of Hashem!*? (*Eicha* 3:38)

The *teretz* is the *gemara* says in *Moed Katan* (18b). Rava once heard a person *davening* a *tefilah bekavanah*, and he was saying: "Ribono Shel Olam, put in that woman's heart that she should be *maskim* to marry me." There was a certain woman who he decided would be good for him, so that he should be able to marry her. **אָמַר לוֹ רַבָּא**, Rava said to the man, "Reb Yid, don't *daven* like this!" Why not? Listen to what he said: "If she's your *zivug*, she won't get away from you, and if she's not your *zivug*, **זֶה לְךָ לְצַרְרָה**, what do you need this *tzarah* for?"

But the guy didn't listen. He *davened* like that anyway, and Hashem answered his *tefilos*. The lady decided to marry him. After a while, Rava bumps into him and he sees the guy *davening veiter*. Rava hears him *davening* and you know what he was saying? "Ribono Shel Olam, either take me out of the world or take her out of the world." It got so intolerable, the guy *pashut* was now *davening* to meet Dr. Death. You see, he was a *finch ba'al middos*. A regular guy would have sent her down the road. But the guy understood, I *davened* for her, so at least, I have 50% responsibility. He wasn't *aza tzaddik*. He wouldn't take it all on himself but 50%. He said, "Hashem, either me or her."³

The Chasam Sofer writes in the name of his *rebbe*, the *Hafla'ah* that this is the *pschat* in the *gemara* in *Brachos* (*ibid*), that when a man would marry a woman, they would ask him **מוֹצֵא אוֹ מוֹצֵא**. What's the *pschat*? Says the *Hafla'ah*, Rav Pinchas Halevi Horovitz (1731-1805), **לְעוֹלָם מֵצֵא אִשָּׁה מֵצֵא טוֹב** - it's always **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה מֵצֵא טוֹב**. You know why? Because **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה לְאִישׁ**. Every time a *shidduch* comes to you from the Ribono Shel Olam, it has to be *tov*. There's no place for *ra*. But, if a person is **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה**, that means he *davened* for a specific woman, he *davened* that she should say yes to him, it was **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה**, meaning he was *poel* with his *tefilah* to marry this specific woman - and it's *shayach*, the *gemara* says, to *daven* for that and get the *zivug* - then it's going to be for you **מֵרַחֵם אֶת הָאִשָּׁה** (a bitter end).

HOW IN THE WORLD WILL I FIND A SHIDDUCH?

Similarly, people explain it on the same lines, if a person attempts to find a *shidduch* for himself. Recently, a fellow came here, a young-looking fellow from a *chashuve yeshiva* in Eretz Yisrael. He was a *talmid chacham*. He was a *meyuchas*, and he got divorced. Now he was looking for a second wife. He asked me, "Nu, maybe you have someone for me?" I said, "How old are you?" The guy looked *mamash* not a day over 35. He told me he's almost 50. I said, "You look very young." He said, "I know. I want somebody who's going to take me thinking I'm 35." Ahhh - already he's **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה**! **He's** 'looking for.' Then, he started to get into a whole *shmooze* with me. He told me he needs somebody who's very good looking. Somebody who has *yichus*. Somebody who has money. "Do you have a job?" "No, I don't have a job." "Do you have any money?" "Nah, but I look good, don't I?" And he wanted somebody young, somebody this, somebody that.

I explained to him, "I see you didn't learn anything from your first mistake." I said, "Tell me which *yeshiva* did you learn in when you got married the first time?" He told me he learned in a *chashuve yeshiva*. He started telling me how his wife was now running around with young Israelis, half her age. He said, "She has no *bushah*. She comes from a very *frum* neighborhood (where they lived) and she *pashut* talks to my friends in front of everybody." He says, "It was a *bushah*."

I said, "How did she become like this?" He said, "You know, we got married. I was young. I thought I wanted this. I thought

¹ **מוֹצֵא אִשָּׁה** מֵרַחֵם אֶת הָאִשָּׁה אֲשֶׁר הִיא מְצוּרִים וְחַרְמִים לְבֵה אֲסוּרִים יֵדִיה טוֹב לִפְנֵי הָאֱלֹקִים יִמְלֵט מִמֶּנָּה וְחוּסָא יִלְכַד בָּהּ (קהלת ז:כו)

² שְׁלֹמֹה פָּרְשָׁת הָאֱלֹהִים תּוֹלְדוֹת יִצְחָק, יְרוּיָחוֹ דּוֹרְשֵׁי הַפְּרָשָׁה וּשְׁבִילֹהוּ, וְסוּמָךְ לְלִיקוּחֵי הַרְשָׁע זְיוּגֵי הַצְּדִיק [וְיֹלֵךְ עִשׂוֹ אֶל יִשְׁמַעְאֵל וְיִקַּח אֶת מַחְלַת] סוּמָךְ לְ"וַיֵּצֵא יַעֲקֹב מִבְּאֵר שֶׁבַע וְיֹלֵךְ הָרְחָה" [זוּ שֶׁלֹּשׁ זֶה אַרְבַּע, לְלַמְדֵךְ שֶׁאִין זְיוּגוֹ שֶׁל אִדָּם אֵלָּא מֵאֵת הַקַּב"ה, וְשֶׁלֹּשׁ שְׁעוֹת בְּכָל יוֹם הַקַּב"ה עוֹסֵק וּמְזוּוֹג זְוֹגוֹת, יֵשׁ נוֹשָׂא בְּמִקְוָמוֹ, כְּגוֹן אַבְרָהָם לְשָׂרָה, וְיֵשׁ שֶׁהָאִשָּׁה הוֹלֶכֶת אֶל הָאִישׁ, כְּגוֹן רִבְקָה לְיַצְחָק, וְיֵשׁ שֶׁהָאִישׁ הוֹלֵךְ אֶצֶל הָאִשָּׁה, כְּגוֹן יַעֲקֹב לְנָשָׁיו, שֶׁנֶּאֱמַר אֱלֹהִים מוֹשִׁיב יְחִידִים בֵּיתָה מוֹצֵא אֲסוּרִים בְּכוֹשֵׁרוֹת (תְּהִלִּים סח ז), רַנְנוּ צְדִיקִים ב'ה' לְיִשְׂרָאֵל נְאוּה תְהִלָּה (שִׁם לֵג א), וְכו' (מִדְרָשׁ שֶׁכֵּל טוֹב, בְּרַאשִׁית כ"ח:ט)

³ כִּי הָא דְרַבָּא שְׁמַעִיה לְהוּוּא גְבַרָא דְבַעֵי רַחֲמֵי וְאִמְרָה: תּוֹדְמוֹן לִי פְלִיטָא. אִמְרָה לִיה: לֹא תִבְעֵי רַחֲמֵי הֲכִי. אִי חוּזָא לְךָ - לֹא אֲזֵלָא מִינֵךְ, וְאִי לֹא - כִּפְרַת בְּה'. בְּתַר הֲכִי, שְׁמַעִיה דְקָאִמְרָה: אִי אִיהוּ לִימוֹת מִקְמוֹה, אִי אִיהוּ תְמוֹת מִקְמוֹה. אִמְרָה לִיה: לֹא אֲמִינָא לְךָ לֹא תִבְעֵי עַלָּה דְמִילְתָא? הֲכִי אִמְרָה רַב מְשׁוּם רַבִּי רַאוּבֵן בֶּן אֶצְטְרוּבִילִי: מִן הַתּוֹרָה וּמִן הַנְּבִיאִים וּמִן הַכְּתוּבִים - מִה' אִשָּׁה לְאִישׁ. מִן הַתּוֹרָה, דְכַתִּיב: "וַיַּעַן לְכֹן וּבְתוֹאֵל וַיִּאֲמָרוּ מִה' יֵצֵא הַדְּבָר". מִן הַנְּבִיאִים, דְכַתִּיב: "וְאָבִיו וְאִמּוֹ לֹא יִדְעוּ כִי מִה' הִיא". מִן הַכְּתוּבִים, דְכַתִּיב: "בֵּית הוֹן נְחֹלֵת אֲבוֹת וְמִה' אִשָּׁה מְשַׁכֶּלֶת".

I wanted that.” I told the guy, “That’s the *pshat*. You were *ומוצא אני מר ממות את האשה* (ibid), that means whenever it’s *מוצא אני*, it’s going to be *מר ממות*.” I told the guy, “You’re making such a mistake, because you’re repeating the *zelbeh shiur* over.” I told him, “Your wife did things that *al pi halachah*, it seems, you had to get divorced.” If a wife is not loyal, not an *ishah kesheirah*, you have to get rid of her. “But I see now you’re doing the exact same thing over.” I said, “Tell me, what wife is going to want to marry a *shnorer*? Because you look 35? You understand? You have a very poor record.” He replied to me, “Nah, it’s not me.” I said, “Listen. If you think to yourself ‘I’m going to try to find myself the woman’ - that’s called *מוצא אני*, and then it’s going to be *מר ממות*. The approach to a *shidduch* has to be, ‘Ribono Shel Olam, how in the world do I know where to find a *shidduch*? How in the world do I know what’s good for me? How do I know?’ It’s like finding a needle in a haystack. You’re going to pick out a needle in a haystack?!” I said. “Don’t you *chap* there’s no such thing?”

I talk to people and I say, “What are you looking for?” and they give me a whole list. Then I say, “It will be a *neis* if you find a *shidduch*. And if you find the *shidduch* you’re looking for, it’s going to be *מר ממות*.” The guy says, “What?” I say, “You’ve been reading too many secular advertisements. If you ever look in *goyishe* advertisements where they’re seeking a *shidduch*, the stuff they write - looking for a guy who enjoys this, looking for a guy who likes long walks that go nowhere, looking for a guy who likes to hike in the woods - I mean silly things. They have nothing to do with a wife or a husband.. But it’s all *מוצא אני* and that’s why it’s all *מר ממות*.”

I told the guy, “What you have to *daven* for, is that Hashem should give you the brains and the *siyata dishmaya*, that your stupidity that you have baked into yourself, is not going to be *monei’a* (prevent) your *shidduch*, and that when Hashem sends the *shidduch* that is supposed to be for you, you’ll take it. That’s the biggest *siyata dishmaya*.”

My zeida (HaRav Avigdor Miller) used to say, “You should get married young and dumb.” Everybody likes to quote that line. It’s Rabbi Miller’s line - “young and dumb.” The people who say it over are not that wise, because they have no idea and no *musag* what my zeida was saying. What he was trying to say is that *shidduchim* come from Hashem. When you’re young, you don’t think so smart. You don’t think you have experience. You know you’re dumb. So then you’re going to be *maskim* to accept what Hashem sends you. But when you get older, then you become a ‘smart’ *mentsch*. You’re experienced. You think you know better. So you say, “I don’t know. I don’t see. I don’t feel it. I don’t this, I don’t that. My kidneys are not ‘dancing’ over here. It’s not *שישו מעי*. It’s not this. It’s not that.”

Rabosai, you have to understand, that’s what you have to *daven* for from Hakadosh Baruch Hu - that you’re going to be *maskim* to accept what Hashem brings for you.

YOUR SHIDDUCH IS FROM HASHEM EVEN THOUGH...

Now, I don’t believe there’s anyone in this world who hasn’t been challenged by the *yetzer hara* after he got married, like, “Whoops, I think I might have made a mistake,” or “I think I could have done better,” or “I tried but I can’t say I lucked out and hit the jackpot.” I don’t believe there are many people that aren’t going to say that. So now, when a person faces that challenge - and believe me everybody’s got good reasons, believe me there are good reasons - but the person has to ask himself one thing: “What am I trying to do? Am I trying to become a *מוצא אני את האישה* after I got married?” That’s what happens. That’s the challenge that Hashem gives you after you get married. It’s called *והסר שטן מלפנינו ומאחרינו* (“remove the Satan from in front of us and from behind us”) - couldn’t I have done better? Before I got married, she said everything I wanted to hear. “You want to grow?” “Oh yeah!” “Are you a warm person?” “Very warm.” “Do you want to grow? Are you going to be my mate? Are you going to be excited for growth?” “Oh, of course.” Then as soon as you get married, do you know what they say? “Grow up. Don’t get so excited. What, you’re going to give away all our money to *tzedakah*?! What do you think, I should be a slave?!” And etc, etc.

So what does a person have to tell himself? Here is the answer: Hakadosh Baruch Hu wants me to live with this person. Do you know why? Because every one of us came to this world to fulfill a *tafkid*. Now, I don’t know exactly what the *tafkid* is, but what Hashem does is that He puts me in situations that challenge me. Those challenges make it as clear as possible for me to have an awareness of what my challenge is. If you forget about your *tafkid* in this world, then you see each individual episode as, “Okay, this is Episode 39 - Take two: *Tzaros* on Tuesday. Take three: *Tzaros* on Wednesday.” If you look at the whole picture, that there’s one big movie and you’ve got to fulfill the role, the *tafkid*, then it’s a different story. You have to remind yourself that if you would have had any other wife in the world, you wouldn’t fulfill your *tafkid*.

A REALLY HARD CASE OF SCREAMING

I once knew somebody who had a wife that was not well emotionally. *Nebach*. She would scream and scream loud. I can’t tell you to what degree. But I’ll tell you that she screamed to the degree that a neighbor of theirs called me up one time. I didn’t know him, and I started talking to him and I’m hearing these noises in the background. I said to this neighbor, “Excuse me, is everything alright there?” He said, “Well, actually, that’s why I’m calling you.” I said, “What is that?” He said, “That’s someone screaming.” I said, “Who’s screaming?” He said, “My neighbor.” I said, “No, you’re joking!” “Actually, it’s my neighbor’s wife, and it’s really impacting on our *shalom bayis*, because the screams are happening every single night, and it sounds bad.” I said, “Why are you

calling me?” “Because you have a *hashpa'ah* on that person. I did some research, and I found out that you have *hashpa'ah* on that person. I want you to help him, and try to save the *matzav*.”

I called the fellow up, and I said, “I heard something interesting. I heard *shreiing bekol ra'ash gadol*.” He said, “From where?” I said, “I was in Cleveland, and I heard it from another state. I heard it *klar*.” He said, “No.” I said, “Yeah. I happened to be on the phone with your neighbor, but I heard a *kol ra'ash gadol*.” I asked the guy, “Do you have any idea how often this happens? Does it happen once a week?” “No, it's every night.” I said, “Really? Is it like some kind of vampire thing, that at night she comes out of the woodwork?” He said, “No. It could be during the day too. Whenever it gets a little stressful.” I said, “How many times a night would you say?” He says, “I learned to just tune it out. I have a family to deal with so I tune it out.” I said, “But how could you live like that?” He said, “Well, I have a lot of pairs of headphones, and I listen to *shiurim*.” I said, “What do you mean you have a lot of pairs of headphones?” “Oh, because every time I put one on and my wife sees me listening to a *shiur*, she comes over and she breaks it, so I keep a stock of them hidden on the side.” I told the guy, “Are you serious?” He was very serious. I said, “How do you live with this?” He said, “I'm not sure. I'm living, but I'm not sure how.”

I said to the guy, “Let's discover what the cause of this is.” Now, there was no *safek* it was an untenable situation. If the lady just had a high volume pitch, okay. If she just broke headphones, okay. But she was not well. What he told me was just the tip of the iceberg. With an iceberg, you can't see how much is under the water. You only see what's above water. They look huge above the water. They say what's above the water is only a part of what's under the water.

So the guy started telling me about his life. I said, “How could you live like that?” He said, “I have children. I don't know what to do.” I said, “Maybe getting remarried?” But then he said, “Do you think I should?” I said, “No.” I said, “Listen, the Torah says, if there's a *devar ervah* then you can get rid of a wife. It doesn't say if a wife is not well. With that, **you stay** with the wife. It doesn't say you divorce a person for that.” I asked the guy, “Are you *shteiging*?” “I *shteig*,” he tells me. I said, “At least you're *shteiging*.” He said, “I go to *yeshivah*. That's my greatest time.” Four or five hours of *seider*, the guy has *moradike koach*. He can hold in learning, “With no screams, very quickly I get into Rav Chaim, I get into learning. I'm out of the picture. She takes care of things. She's a good cook. It's not like she doesn't cook.” So I said, “You know what? Let's call the autistic children.”

AWED BY COMMUNICATING WITH AUTISTIC KIDS

Now, we've been out of this for many years already, but there was a *tekufah* where we did some very interesting research into communicating with autistic children. There were a number of books that were published about something called “facilitated communication.” It's known as FC. Facilitated Communication was a discovery made by a woman in Australia, who figured out how to communicate with autistic kids. They could reveal stuff that blew your mind. They were aware of stuff. She is a *goy*, and so she would ask them, “What do you like? What don't you like? What do you want? What don't you want?”

After I read about this, I read another Jewish book on this subject. I was extremely intrigued by this, to say the least. I did a lot of research with Syracuse University's research material. They had 500 facilitators on staff. It was an amazing discovery. Now, they weren't using it for spiritual or kosher purposes. They were using it for regular types of things, such as asking an autistic child: “What would you like for supper? Do you like this? Are you happy?” Usually when you talk to autistic kids, they don't talk back to you. But this way, at least, they were talking and communicating.

They started doing it in Eretz Yisrael. There was a *Yid*, Rav Yisrael Elya Weintraub (1932-2010), a very big *tzaddik*, whose daughter worked with autistic children. One day she asked the kids, “What would you like?” She was surprised when they said, “We'd like to go to your father.” She said, “My father? What's with my father?” They said, “Your father is a very big *tzaddik*,” and they wanted to hook up with him. There were all kinds of stories. They revealed tremendous revelations.

We had a *talmid* here, a doctor who used to live here. I told him about it. I said, “You know what, doc? How about we go to Eretz Yisrael, and we check it out firsthand for ourselves. Let's go incognito, and what we'll do is, you get dressed exactly like me.” He had a beard anyway. I said, “Grow it a little longer. I'll make mine a little shorter. We'll go there dressed the same, with a jacket, a hat.” We flew to Eretz Yisrael. We stayed in Yerushalayim and we called up that institution. It was up north in Zichron Yaakov. I said, “Could we come?” They replied, “Who are you?” I said, “I'd rather not say my name, but I'd like to come visit your facility.” They said, “Okay, you can come.” Before we left Yerushalayim, we stopped off at a bakery and bought some cookies for the trip. Zichron Yaakov is a long trip. It's up north. We got into a car, and we traveled there.

We came to the place. It was a home situation. It was a home for about six or seven kids. The son of an American Rosh Yeshiva was also there. He was one of the *bachurim*. He was acting wild that day.

We walked in. What we saw looked like six mentally retarded children in different stages of retardation, and they were sitting on the floor. We went into the room. There was a *yungerman* learning Tur. He was learning Tur *hilchos tevilas geirim*. And on the floor and on the couches, there were these six boys sitting around. They were going like this, “Maaaa. Guuu. Ayaya,” just like you could expect. There was nothing here. No mystical stuff. I said to the *yungerman*, “What is that that you're doing?” He said, “I'm learning *hilchos tevilas geirim*.” I said, “You're learning *hilchos tevilas geirim* with them?!” He said, “I could learn anything with them. They have tremendous pleasure from *limud haTorah*.” And the kids were all *shukling*, and they were looking at the ceiling and they were going like this, “Uuuuuuuuuu, aiaiai.” I felt funny as soon as I came there. I said, “I think I'd better go home. This is not working out here.”

He said, "Ask them a *shaylah*." I said, "Excuse me? Ask them a *shaylah*?! Okay. I want to ask you, does anybody know what 'tevilas' means or 'hilchos' means?" He said, "Ask them a real *shaylah*." I said, "Okay. Does anybody know the *shitas haRambam* on the *nusach habrachah* of *tevilas ha'ger*?" It's a *machlokes Rishonim*." All of a sudden, they started jumping up and down. I said, "Oooh, did I set something off over here? What is going on here?" The *rebbe* gave one of them a card, and the child punched, "Baruch atah..." exactly like the Rambam. I said, "Who is *cholek*?" The child answered, "The Ramban says this and that." I said, "Do you like learning Torah?" They started typing, "We have no *mitzvah* of *talmud Torah*. We are *shotim*. We are *patur* from *taryag mitzvos*." So I said, "So then what's your enjoyment?" They said, "The enjoyment is watching the *malachim* being created from each and every word and watching them go up to *Shamayim*." All of a sudden, I understood. They were all looking up at the sky and going, "Uuuuuuuu." They all get excited. They see one *malach* go up and another *malach* go up. That's their *hana'ah*, their joy.

I started to get a little bit impressed. Now at that point, the lady asked my name. I said, "I'd rather not say my name," because I didn't want to compromise my anonymity. She said, "Oh, you're here to test us." I said, "No, I'm here to be *mechazek* people." *Bekitzur*, I said, "I read a book and I saw that one of the fellows here is named Ben. Could we speak to him?" She said, "Sure." So she brought out Ben from the group. (It wasn't *bitul Torah*). We took out Ben from the group, and we sat down by a table. I sat in front of Ben, and the lady sat next to Ben, and the doctor sat opposite. She gave us pencils and pieces of paper. She said, "Now I want you to write down this message." I said, "What message?" She said, "Ben will give you a message." I said, "He will? Okay." And the guy began to type on a card.

EVERYTHING WAS REVEALED

Now, they didn't know what state I was from, or what my name was. They knew nothing about me. I made sure to take off all my "nametags." I was sitting there, and I was writing down the messages. Ben related the following to me: "Go back to America, and tell them that they have to believe that Hashem created the world. Tell them the message that they have to believe. They don't think Hashem is running the world." I said, "We're in a *yeshivah*." I made sure to say "we." He says, "I know. And in that *yeshivah* there are some very big *talmidei chachamim*, very big *bnei Torah*, but they don't believe that Hashem is running the world. They think that people are running the world." I said, "Do you know which *yeshivah* I'm in?" The guy spelled it out. At that point, a little something went up in the nape of my neck. He continued: "Give the message to the *balebatim*. Give the message to this person. Give the message to the *roshei yeshivos*. Give the message to the *yungerleit*." He gave different messages to everybody. We wrote about three to four pages. At that point, we stopped. The boy wanted to relate something. The lady asked him, "Who is this for?" He replied, "For the man sitting in front of me." I said, "Why me and not him?" He said, "You are a *medaber leha'am*, you speak to the people. You speak to the people so you have to give this message." I said, "What about him?" He said, "He doesn't do *avodas Hashem*." The doctor popped up and asked the boy, "Should I quit my job and do *avodas Hashem*?" This is what he typed for the doctor: "Why ask me? Ask your *rebbe*. He's sitting next to you." It was mind boggling! We spent about three hours in this place. It was the closest I ever got to *Shamayim* in this world. I asked him about *talmidim*.

We asked him other *shaylos*. He said, "Ask *rabbanim*." I said, "Who should we ask?" He said, "In America, where you come from, there are two people, two gifts Hashem gave America. Rav Avigdor Miller and Rav Matisyahu Salomon. Ask them." So the doctor said, "They're hard to access." The boy replied, "Your *rebbe* has access to them. He's connected." It was a *pelah*, not *stam*. A *pelah*!

Then at the end, we finished. We went to see the kids again. All of a sudden, one of the kids was going *azoy*, "*Gegi gegi*." They wanted cookies! So the lady said that they don't have any cookies. He said, "Eeeeeeee." I said, "Where are the cookies?" He said, "Eh." They pointed outside. "Go outside and get the cookies from the car!" It was mind boggling.

The *yungerman* told me that he had a very difficult time, because he would take a train from Bnei Brak so he could learn with them. When he got there, if he ever looked at something that wasn't proper, he would come in, and they would attack him. They were right. Don't bring *tumah* pictures here! He said, "It's *shrek*, I'm on a train. What should I do?" I said, "Don't look and don't bring pictures in here."

Then the boy told me a message to give to my wife. He said, "Your wife thinks that you're working too hard and sometimes you don't spend enough time with her. You're busy with the people. Tell her she's 100% *shutaf* (partner) with you in everything you do." I didn't even mention one thing about this. It was frightening. They knew my grandfather, my father. It was amazing what they knew!

YOU HAVE THE KOCHOS TO MESAKEN YOURSELF!

So, going back to the earlier story, I had this guy whom I told you his wife was going nuts on him, and the guy had it tough in this world. I told the guy, "Call up the kids. Find out. What do you have to lose?" "No, I spoke to this *rav*, that *rav*." I said, "Call the kids." The guy called the kids. I said, "But you've got to call me right back." This is what the child said. The child gave him such *chizuk*! Listen to what he told him. He said, "This is your *zivug amiti*. You have to be *mesaken* yourself in this world. In the last lifetime, you treated her poorly. Now, you have to be *mesaken* every single thing." And he said, "*Vaharayah*, the proof is the *kochos* that Hashem gave you to be able to be *omed* on this *nisayon*. Everybody marvels at your *kochos*. Everybody can't understand. How could you stand this? And the answer is because this is your *tafkid*, so you've been given the *kochos*. And you're even into learning. You have *kochos* to learn! Another person wouldn't have the *kochos*."

