

(23:9) בְּנִים אֲשֶׁר יִוָּלְדוּ לָהֶם דּוֹר שְׁלִישִׁי יָבֹא לָהֶם בְּקֶהֱל ה' Certain אומות surrounding ישראל were allowed to join כלל ישראל, for example, מצרים, and certain nations were not like עמון ומואב. But some nations are allowed to join כלל ישראל and we allow גֵּרִים to come from them. This story which I'm about to read to you from the Torah Tavlin is not about גֵּרִים, it's just shows you how a Yid can have an effect on the whole goyish velt and make a tremendous impact, so much so that you will not believe the story.

Many people have gotten out of traffic tickets through all sorts of excuses. No one ever had a better excuse than a woman from Crown Heights who was pulled over by a New York City traffic officer. Standing outside her open window and watching her fumble for her license, the police officer caught sight of the picture of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, R' Menachem Mendel Schneerson זצ"ל, in her open purse. "Excuse me, ma'am," he asked, "Are you one of the followers of this rabbi?" She replied that she was. "Well, in that case, I'm not giving you a ticket." Good excuse.

He closed his ticket book. She looked up at him surprised. The policeman smiled and said, "Okay, I'll tell you why. It's my favorite story, but I haven't told it to many Jewish people. In fact, I think you're the first." He raised his voice over the din of the passing cars.

"I used to be in the police escort that once a week escorted the rabbi to the Montefiore cemetery where his predecessor, R' Yosef Yitzchak Schneersohn, was buried." [R' Yosef Yitzchak Schneersohn was a phenomenal human being, a gigantic individual whose people have not heard about. His biography was written by R' Alter Metzger, who was Bobbi D's teacher at Stern and was a member of the Kew Gardens קהילה. I met him many times, a very special person.] The policeman, continued, "I got to know some of the young men who accompanied the rabbi, and I learned a thing or two about חסידים. They're very friendly people, and we talked a lot while the rabbi was inside praying. They used to tell us all the time about the greatness of the rabbi and how he tries to help people all the time. I was standing there with some of my buddies, and I half-jokingly asked if the rabbi helps non-Jews also. 'Sure,' they said. 'The rabbi helps anyone who asks. Why? Do you need something?' Later, privately, I told one of the young men that my wife and I have been married for nine years with no children. The previous week, the doctors told us we had no chance. We had spent lots of money on treatments, seen all sorts of big professors, running around like crazy for the last six or seven years. Now they were telling us there was no more hope. You cannot imagine how heartbroken we were. My wife cries all the time and I started crying myself.

So this young man tells me, 'Listen, the next time you escort the Rebbe to the cemetery, stand next to the door of the car and ask him for a blessing when he gets out.' And that's exactly what I did. The next time I was in the escort, I stood by his door, and when he got out, I said to him, 'Excuse me, Rabbi, do you only bless Jewish people or non-Jews too?' I'll never forget how the rabbi looked at me, as if I was his best friend. He said that if he can, he tries to help anyone who asks. So I told him what the doctors said. He told me to write down on a piece of paper my name and my father's name, together with my wife's name and her father's name, so that he could pray for us. I did it, although I did think he would find them funny. My father and father-in-law's names are real heavy-duty Irish names, but I did it. You know what? In a short time, my wife was expecting. We soon had a baby boy. The doctors could not believe it. They couldn't figure it out. When I told them that the only difference was a rabbi's blessing, they just scratched their heads. Wow. That was unbelievable." The cop's face was truly glowing at this point. "But here comes the best part. Do you know what we called him? What name we gave our baby, our little baby boy? We called him Mendel, after the rabbi. Can you imagine? The only Irish Mendel in the neighborhood, probably in the world! At first, my wife didn't like the name because it didn't sound American. Hey, it didn't even sound Irish. But I said, no, we're calling him Mendel. Of course our parents objected when they heard the name. They said, with a name like that all the kids will be cruel to him. Why make the kid suffer for no reason? They're missing the point. When he comes home and says that



the other kids called him names and beat him up because he has a Jewish name I'll tell him that I want him to learn from those other boys how not to behave. They hate the Jews for no reason. But you should love the Jews, you should help the Jews, you should tell them that without the Jewish rabbi called Mendel, you wouldn't be here at all. And then maybe they'll start thinking differently too."

What a קידוש השם. This story was so adorable, I could not resist. The bottom line is that the גוים hate us. There's no real reason for it. They only hate us for one reason and one reason only, because of our עבירות. And I'm not talking about everybody else's עבירות; I'm talking about my עבירות. Now that we're in אלוול, every person has to work on his עבירות and get them expunged. It's time for us to do תשובה and get rid of the antisemitism which stems from us.

