

*“Ta, I must speak with you.” The nervousness in his son Yaakov’s voice is not lost through the telephone wires. “Please speak, I’m all ears,” he responds. “No, No, we have to speak in person.” Fine, be by me in half an hour,” he says hanging up the phone. He is pretty sure what this is about. Yaakov must need to borrow money from him as he had done many times in the past year, and the sums kept getting larger. He loved his son with all his heart and soul and nothing hurt him more than seeing his pain, and yet, he was no millionaire. Exactly fifteen minutes later he hears a timid knock on the door. He quickly opens it and leads his anxious son into his study. “Ta, I really need your help!” “I noticed,” he replies “and I have no doubt what kind of help you need. How much?” Yaakov, his guilt and desperation apparent, responds, “Sorry Ta, but I’m desperate, I assure you I’ll pay it back very soon.” “How much” he repeats? “Ta, you got to trust me...” “Just tell me,” he interrupts. Yaakov takes a long pause to gather his courage and says, “Ta, I desperately need a nickel!” “Son,” he responds, “you don’t need a nickel, you need a doctor! You know how much I love you? You’re my whole life! You come in here nervous like you’re about to ask me for a million dollars? A nickel?! Have you lost your mind?!”*

We’re all Yaakov! In need of *parnassa*, *refuos* and *yeshuos*, we get caught up in worry over our circumstances. We daven to Hashem, hoping against hope, that maybe, just maybe, He’ll have pity on us and grant us our requests. But we forget that Hashem loves us more than any father loves his son. We forget that nothing pains Him more than seeing us suffer. He created the entire universe just for us and most importantly, no matter what we ask for, it’s only a nickel!

(Heard in the name of Rav Noach Weinberg)

*Established By:*



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