



## BRING ON THE FLOODS

*Harav Y. Reuven Rubin Shlita*

Days turn to weeks, the pall of worry wears heavily, and the answers still allude us. Sweet Yidden reach deep into their souls, fervently saying Tehillim, trying to learn more Torah, seeking to do our mitzvos with ever more clarity. Our minds are constantly beseeching Hashem for the safety of our brethren.

In truth we have lived in a blessed generation, able to build our lives in comparable peace for over seventy-five years. Our golus has become standardised with comforts undreamt of by our grandparents. We live in lands of 'law and order,' and despite the odd catcall from a moving car, we have had it pretty easy. We send our children to Eretz Yisroel to live the dream of learning and basking in the glow of Gedolim. Everything is accessible, wrapped in glatt kosher packaging, hence we have become a bit soft and vulnerable. Recent events have changed all that. We now know what a pogrom looks like, and we feel the cutting hate others have for us. No one can catch their breath, the media deluge is all around us, tens of thousands march against us, crashing the calm dignified streets of Britain. In America things are also taking a turn for the worse, and we wonder from whence all the hate comes. Most of the marchers don't even know where Palestine is. For some twisted reason the Jews of the world, that smallest of minorities, have become the villains behind all the worlds ills. Tens of thousands, nay millions are slaughtered by their co-religionists in lands all across the Middle East, yet never a word is said, not one foot takes to the street in protest.

The Yidden have the audacity of having 1400 of their brethren butchered by a posse of well-trained ruthless killers and by some vile manoeuvre we are quickly depicted as the oppressors.

I write these words mostly for therapeutic reasons, my readership know all this, I bring nothing new to the table. Our mistake has always been the same, over the millennia of our golus we have often fallen into the trap of thinking we were

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safe. Time and again we have been lulled into a feeling of acceptance, forgetting the clear maxim from the Torah that Esau hates Yakov. I remember over sixty years ago walking in a Manhattan street with the tzadik, The Bobover Rebbe Rav Shlomo Ztl, and hearing someone shout out of an apartment building window, a filthy epitaph about Jews. I was shaken to the core; I, an American Yankee to my fingertips, never having heard such a thing, The Rav sighed, as if it was just proof positive that even in America, we are in golus. He turned to me to give comfort, this Tzadik who had seen that which no human should ever have to see, who had lived through the darkest moments of Jewish experience, comforted this naive Americana boy that I shouldn't be surprised by what had happened.

Well, here we are, the marching has taken shape, what no one ever dreamt of has happened, and tens of thousands have found their evil voice. What should we be doing? Well, we should be saying Tehillim, davening for all our brethren, learning ever more Torah and speaking with love to one another. I recently came across a shmooz from the Biala Rebbe Shlita, the Mevaser Tov, where he quotes the Chasam Sofer, allow me to share these words with you.

“Rain is formed when moisture from the ocean evaporates, ascends to merge with “the sweet water of Heaven, and returns to earth. Mixed with this is a small trace of moisture formed by the breath of mankind. When people speak vulgarities or lashon hara, they create filthy moisture, which pollutes the atmosphere and taints the rain. Crops nourished by this rain carry the vestiges of sinful speech, poisoning the hearts and minds of those who eat them, and causing their speech to become even more distasteful. This creates a cycle by which each year's rain is increasingly polluted, and each year's crop is increasingly harmful. If Hashem would allow this cycle to continue, we would become so entrenched in sin, that we could never hope to break free.

To check this cycle of corruption, Hashem withholds rain from the sinful until their hearts are humbled. When the moisture in the atmosphere is sufficiently purified by their teshuvah. He allows the rain of purity and blessing to descend.

In the days of King Achav, the sins of Israel had polluted the air to such an extent that a severe drought was decreed, which plagued the land for many years. When Hashem finally instructed Eliyahu HaNavi to call for rain, Eliyahu searched for a way to purify the air. He gathered all of Israel to Mount Carmel, where he defeated the priests of Baal in a public competition. Hashem's Name was sanctified, and the entire Jewish nation called out in one voice.

“Hashem Hu HoElokim!”

The moisture exuded by their voices formed a small cloud, no larger than the palm of a hand, since they said only three words. Nevertheless, this was enough to purify the air and draw forth a rain of blessing.”

The Eibishter should hear our voice, the holy moisture of the Torah spoken by His Children should bring forth well springs of positive life enhancing waters. May we speak words of chizuk and kindness to one another, with Sholom and love. May this be the tipping point wherein all further pain and sorrow will be something of the past, as we sing new songs of celebration together with the Moshiach.

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