



Parshas Vayeishev

A Parsha Story for the Shabbos Table

In parshas Vayeshev, Yosef is sold into slavery in Mitzrayim. As he later notes, this turns out to be for the best, because when famine comes to Eretz Canaan, Yaakov and his family are able to go down to Egypt where Yosef is already established. Hashem sometimes sends difficult tests our way, but we can rest assured that whatever situation we face, Hashem has already provided us the tools we need to make it through.

Nechemia and his family were packing up the car for an exciting road trip. Back and forth they went, back and forth, loading up the trunk. Mr. Yiddlestein, the next-door neighbor, shuffled outside on his cane to see what the commotion was.

“Veh ya going?” he asked Nechemia in his heavy Yiddish accent.

“Hi Mr. Yiddlestein!” chirped Nechemia. “We’re heading out to Pennsylvania for the week!”

“Ahhh, vell! Pennsylvania!” murmured Mr. Yiddlestein. “You gonna pass through Scranton? My nephew lives in Scranton! He runs a car service. You should say hello!”

“I don’t actually think we’re-”

“Hold on, let me get his number for ya,” interrupted Mr. Yiddlestein, before hobbling back inside. He returned moments later with a napkin containing a name and a number. “You should call him, he’s a vonderful boy, runs a car service, you should say hello!” He stuffed the napkin into Nechemia’s hand.

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“Um, thanks Mr. Yiddlestein,” said Nechemia.

“Have a good trip!” called Mr. Yiddlestein as Nechemia and his family squeezed into their minivan and set off.

Where would you want to go if you were going on a trip?

The trip got off to a good start. Nechemia and his siblings had plenty of games to play in the car. Their parents passed back treats every now and then. All was well – until the minivan began to sputter, then rolled to a stop somewhere along route 84.

“Ohh boy,” sighed Tati. “Just as it’s starting to get dark. I wonder where the nearest mechanic is. Or the nearest Chaveirim...” He pulled out his phone and started calling friends back home. “Anyone know where we are?” he called out. Nechemia looked around. The sign by the side of the road said “Scranton, 6 miles.”

“Hey!” exclaimed Nechemia. “Scranton! We’re near Scranton! I know somebody with a car service in Scranton!” Everyone looked at him with a puzzled look. He pulled a crumpled napkin out of his pocket. “Mr. Yiddlestein’s nephew lives there!” he explained. “Mr. Yiddlestein gave me his number before we left. He’s got a car service here! Maybe he can come pick us up?”

In short order, Mr. Yiddlestein’s nephew was at the scene. Not only did he pick them up, he hosted them for the night in his basement, and drove them back to their car in the morning with his mechanic friend.

Tati was extremely grateful. “I don’t know how we would have managed without you, my friend,” he told Mr. Yiddlestein’s nephew. “Many thanks to you, and to the Ribbono Shel Olam for taking care of us!”

Did Nechemia expect to use the number Mr. Yiddlestein gave him?

How did Nechemia think to call Mr. Yiddlestein’s nephew?

Can you think of a problem you encountered for which Hashem had already prepared a solution for you?

Good Shabbos!

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