



The Coin of Fire **Yom Kippur Special**

I carry a big coin in my pocket at all times. I received it from my rebbe, Rabbi Moshe Mordechai of Lelov. He called me once and gave it to me, after having the medallion-size coin inscribed with the words "with G-d's help, success."

I remove it from my pocket before every Shabbos, but besides that, for the past 40 years I have been carrying the coin, a sort of amulet.

One Friday, I put my hand in my pocket to remove the coin...and it was gone. I looked everywhere. My wife left the Shabbos preparations and joined the search.

My heart was beating wildly. Where was it? I felt terrible. I read a chapter of Tehillim, and then I remembered that I participated in a Bar Mitzvah celebration for the mayor's son earlier in the week on the beach. The prime minister and president were also in attendance, and so there was heavy security at the event.

I remembered that while going through a metal detector gate I removed the coin from my pocket. There was no table on which to place it, so I put it on the sand. After going through the checkpoint another mayor came and hugged me. We walked together, while the coin was left behind. I forgot it in the sand. What a loss.

What can I do? How will I find it in the sand? Shabbos was nearing, and so I decided to call the mayor and ask him for advice. He referred me to his aid named Gabi.

In the special Yom Kippur sacrifices in the Temple we find that the rites began at dawn. A Cohen in charge would call on everyone when it was time to begin with the sacrifices.

The Mishnah¹ recounts how the assistant High Priest would say to the Cohanim: "Go out and see if the time for slaughter of the Tamid daily offering has arrived."

If it had arrived then the one who saw would say: "Barkai," meaning that morning had broke.

Matia ben Shmuel was of the opinion that they would announce that "the entire east has lit up." They would ask him if the light had "reached even to Hebron?" And he would reply: Yes.

The commentators explain that by mentioning Hebron it would evoke the memory of those buried there, the Patriarchs and Matriarchs. When we stand on this holy day

we seek any merits we can muster, and therefore we invoke the memory of our forefathers.

The righteous would say that one should name his children after the holy men and women and after rabbis. One may ask – there is free will in the world, what's in a name?

The righteous explain that a name does not influence a person's actions, but serves as a powerful reminder – see whom you are named after, and act accordingly. It serves as a constant pointer for the person to dwell on.

Just as a name serves as a reminder, so does an object that belonged to a holy person remind its possessor to correct his deeds. The Minchas Eliezer of Mooncatsh wrote that the source of this conduct is found in the Yerushalmi Talmud.

The Degel Efraim quotes his grandfather, the Baal Shem Tov, who said that the righteous uplift objects to their upper source and rectify them, and therefore objects owned by the righteous are of great significance. This is why the righteous give out objects as an amulet for safekeeping.

I called Gabi and shouted into the receiver: "Something terrible has happened." I told him of my lost coin. He offered to help. I asked him to contact the security detail and see if they knew anything.

I described the coin to him, to which he responded by saying: "I can't believe it! I can't believe your coin is here!"

It turns out that his wife had taken home the gift given out at the event, a bottle of whisky. She decided to take it out for Shabbat, and in the bag holding the bottle she found my coin.

"What is this?" She called out, just as I was on the phone with Gabi. Then she heard him shout: "Your coin is here."

I ran to Gabi's house just moments before the Shabbos commenced. He was standing at the door, and I kissed him with great excitement.

I asked them how it came into their possession. I had no doubt that my holy rebbe ensured that they came upon the coin as I was speaking to them, I told them.

A week later, on Friday, Gabi called me. He invited me to his home, as he was holding a celebration in honor of the Lelover rebbe's visit to his home... they danced there with the coin like a Torah scroll on Simchas Torah.

¹ Yoma 3:1.