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BREAKING THROUGH BARRIERS WITH EMUNAS TZADDIKIM

On Yud-Alef Shevat, 1976, the Rebbe sent a special group of shluchim from America to Eretz Yisrael. Their mission was clear: learn Torah, do mitzvos, and help other Yidden connect with Hashem.

Before sending them off, the Rebbe announced: “I am taking full responsibility for these shluchim!”

One of these shluchim was a young man named Yosef Yitzchok Gurewitz. When he arrived, he settled in Yerushalayim. He spent his days learning Torah and looking for ways to inspire the Yidden around him.

A few months passed. When Purim came closer, the shluchim began planning for the special day. “Let’s visit all the army bases in the area,” they decided. “We’ll read the Megillah and give out mishloach manos. That way, the soldiers will be able to celebrate Purim!”

They got a bunch of trucks and prepared many packages of mishloach manos. The Rebbe even sent money for this. When Purim came, Yosef Yitzchok, his friend Yaakov Elchonon Segal, and two young bachurim climbed into the back of a truck. In the front were two soldiers, ready to drive them to the army bases in the Shechem area.

The truck left Yerushalayim and turned onto Highway 60. As they rumbled across the sandy roads, Yosef Yitzchok thought about the beautiful day ahead of them. He couldn’t wait to bring the soldiers a taste of simchas Purim.

All of a sudden, with no warning at all, the driver slammed the brakes.

Screeeeeeech!

The tires scraped against the road, coming to a sudden stop and making everyone jerk forward. What was that? they wondered. At first, they didn’t see anything wrong, but then...

“I think I hear people screaming,” one bachur said worriedly.

“And do you smell smoke?” asked another.

Suddenly, there was a big bang, and they heard the front door of the truck open and slam shut.

A moment later, the back door swung open and the soldiers driving them poked their heads inside. “We can’t continue,” they told the bachurim urgently.

Yosef Yitzchak’s eyes widened. “What do you mean?”

“See that pile of big rocks blocking our way?” The soldiers pointed. “The Arabs are



blocking the road. We have to get out of here quickly, before they start up with us. There's a whole group of them. They're burning tires and collecting stones to throw. We have to turn back!"

Suddenly there was a big BANG! A rock had hit the truck!

Bang! BANG! BANG!

More rocks hit the truck. "The Arabs are running toward us!" The soldiers panicked. One of them picked up his gun and shot into the air. For a moment, the Arabs froze in fear, but then they kept running, throwing rocks and shouting.

BANG! Bang!

"We have to get out of here! Quickly!" the soldiers yelled.

But before they could close the door, Yosef Yitzchok stopped them. "We're not going back," he said calmly. "Please take us to the army bases."

"What?!" the soldiers exclaimed. "Are you nuts?! The road is blocked, and we're surrounded by dangerous Arabs. They're coming closer each second. They want to hurt us! We have to get away!"

Yosef Yitzchok looked the soldiers in the eyes and said, "If you turn back, let me out here. I'll walk. I'm going to the army base."

The soldiers gasped. "We can't continue!" they sputtered. "If we drive past these Arabs, we'll all be hurt - or worse... killed!"

"No we won't," Yosef Yitzchak said, his voice firm and clear. "We are shlichim of the Rebbe, fulfilling our shlichus by bringing simchas Purim to the soldiers. We will not be hurt."

"How can you say that?" the soldiers yelled. "Do you see these Arabs? If we keep going, we're doomed! They'll beat us up - or..."

At that moment, more rocks pounded the truck.

Bang! BANG!

Yosef Yitzchok took a deep breath. “Before we left for Eretz Yisrael, the Rebbe said he was taking responsibility for us. That’s why I’m not afraid!”

With powerful emunah, he continued: “A tzaddik’s words always come true. We’re fulfilling the Rebbe’s shlichus, and I know that the Rebbe will keep us safe. A Chassid needs to trust in his Rebbe.”

BANG! BANG!

The soldiers wrung their hands. “But can’t you do your shlichus on a different day, in a different place? Why here? Why now?! It’s too dangerous!”

He shook his head. “The Rebbe, a big tzaddik, said he would protect us. We’re moving forward with our shlichus.”

“Okay,” the soldiers finally said. “If you have so much trust in your Rebbe’s promise, we’ll continue. But remember – this is very dangerous. We’re risking our lives!”

Without another word, they ran to the front of the truck and climbed back inside. They put the engine in reverse and backed up. Then, they switched gears, slammed the gas pedal with full force, and sped straight towards the pile of rocks.

The truck moved faster and faster, picking up speed until... SMASH! They broke through!

That moment was the scariest. The back of the truck was still open, and the Arabs were all around them, throwing rocks and shouting. One rock landed right between the two young bachurim, making one of them throw up from fright!

The Arabs tried chasing them, but Baruch Hashem, the truck sped away to safety. After a few minutes, the Arabs were finally out of sight.

Yosef Yitzchok and the rest of the group let out a shaky breath. Their muscles were still

tense and their hearts were beating very fast, but they were finally safe.

A short while later, they arrived at the army base.

“It was a bit of an adventure to get here!” the soldiers told the commander of the base. “There was an Arab mob blocking the way!”

The commander listened in amazement. “How did you get here safely?” he asked. “Who knows what could have happened!”

The soldiers shrugged. “Those crazy Chabadniks had such strong faith in their Rebbe. They said that he’s a tzaddik, and we couldn’t argue with them. Honestly, we were really scared!”

The commander was very moved. He gathered all the soldiers on the base, and they listened in awe as the Chassidim repeated the story.

Yosef Yitzchok and his group read the Megillah for the soldiers, gave out mishloach manos, and helped many of them put on tefillin. They filled the army base with the joy of Purim, singing and dancing until it was time to go.

When Yosef Yitzchak’s group got back to Yerushalayim later that night, they called 770. Rabbi Klein, one of the Rebbe’s secretaries, answered the phone, and they told him the entire story. Only then did they finally go to sleep.

But not for long.

At 4:00 am, they woke up and hurried to the yeshiva. The Rebbe was leading a Purim farbrengen in New York, and it was being broadcast around the world. They didn’t want to miss it!

They arrived at the yeshiva and sat listening to the live audio hookup, excited to take part



in the farbrengen, even though they were so far away.

They heard the sounds of hundreds of Chassidim gathered in 770. Suddenly, the crowd became quiet. The Rebbe had walked in.

The Rebbe spoke for a few minutes about Purim, and then the Chassidim sang a niggun. Afterwards, the Rebbe announced, “I received news from Eretz Yisrael today.”

Yosef Yitzchok gasped. Was the Rebbe talking about what had happened on the way to Shechem? He listened in amazement as the Rebbe began telling their story.

“A group of shluchim were bringing simchas Purim to the soldiers, and Arabs tried to stop them,” the Rebbe announced to the crowd. “The drivers didn’t want to continue, but the shluchim said: ‘Part of our shlichus is to encourage other Yidden to celebrate the mitzva of Purim. Doing a mitzva won’t get us hurt.’”

“Because of this, they broke through the Arabs’ wall!” the Rebbe announced. “They got to the base safely and celebrated with the soldiers in the true spirit of Purim. No one – not even the Arabs – got hurt.”

Wow, Yosef Yitzchok thought as he listened. This is the sign of a true leader – the Rebbe cares about everyone, not just the Yidden!

The Rebbe continued: “This lines up with the main lesson of Purim. When a Yid stands strong in his Yiddishkeit, he will be successful – without getting hurt or hurting anyone else!”

Yosef Yitzchok couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Far away in America, the Rebbe was talking about what had just happened to them that day!

He thought back to the moment when he stood strong in his shlichus to spread the joy of Purim to the soldiers. Because of his powerful emunas tzaddikim, they were able to break through the barriers and continue with their shlichus.

OUT OF GAS

Rabbi Yonah and Esti Grossman are the Chabad shluchim in Fargo, in the state of North Dakota. During the first year of their shlichus, a few bachurim from Postville, Iowa, came to help for Purim.

On Purim day, they split into a few groups to visit different cities throughout North Dakota, where they would read the Megillah and give out mishloach manos.

Rabbi Grossman and two of the bachurim planned to go to Bismarck, the capital city of North Dakota. Before getting into the driver's seat, Rabbi Grossman turned to the bachurim.

"Do either of you drive?" he asked. "I've been up late the past few nights preparing for Purim, and I'm exhausted. I'd love to catch a nap on the way."

"I just got my driving permit," one of the bachurim offered. "I can drive."

"Terrific!" Rabbi Grossman said, handing the keys to the bachur. It seemed like a perfect fit. The bachur would get some driving practice on the wide, safe roads of North Dakota, and Rabbi Grossman would get to nap!

He settled into the passenger seat as they set off on their way, and was about to doze off, but then he remembered something. "Next time there's an exit on the highway, pull over so we can get gas," he told the bachur. "I think we're running low."

The next thing he knew, he was fast asleep.

"Rabbi Grossman? Rabbi Grossman!"

Rabbi Grossman's eyes flew open. "What is it? What's wrong!"

"Uh... well..." the bachur stammered. "I forgot to get off at the exit. It looks like we're out of gas."

Right then, Rabbi Grossman heard funny noises coming from the car's engine. "Quick, pull over to the side of the highway so we don't get stuck in the middle," he told the bachur. The bachur drove the car over to the side, and a minute later, the engine sputtered to a stop.

It looked like they were stuck. The bachur pressed the gas pedal again, but the car wouldn't budge.

Uh oh. How would they get to Bismarck on time to read the Megillah to the Yidden there?

"Maybe there's a gas station nearby?" one of the bachurim asked hopefully.

"Probably not," Rabbi Grossman shook his head. "We're in the middle of nowhere in North Dakota. The closest gas station could be fifty miles away!"

Oh dear. Yeah, they were totally stuck.

Even though their situation seemed hopeless, Rabbi Grossman didn't give up. He closed his eyes and said a short tefilla to Hashem. "Hashem," he whispered, "I know that it's our fault. We got ourselves into this mess. But we have a shlichus, and we need to get to Bismarck so the Yidden can hear the Megillah!"

After asking Hashem for help, he started waving at the mostly empty highway, hoping that someone would stop to help. A small trailer just passed them by, but luckily, a pickup truck slowed to a stop in front of them.

"What's the matter, boys?" the driver asked kindly. "Car trouble?"

"The car's fine," Rabbi Grossman replied. "But we're out of gas. Do you know where the closest gas station is?"

The man whistled in amazement. "Well, it's your lucky day!" he said, pointing to the back of his pickup truck. "See that tank? It's full of gas! I just filled it up this morning!"

He pulled up next to Rabbi Grossman's car, stuck the nozzle in the gas tank, and gave them enough gas to get to Bismarck.

"Hope you guys have a nice day!" he said, jumping back into this truck. He revved his engine and took off down the highway, disappearing from view.



Rabbi Grossman and the two bachurim were stunned. The Yidden in Bismarck would hear the Megillah after all! They continued on their way to fulfill their shlichus, in awe of the incredible hashgacha pratis they had just seen.

These two stories about people getting stuck on the road on Purim have the same lesson: When we follow our tzaddikim's instructions, they take responsibility for us and help us.

When Yosef Yitzchok Gurewitz's group was fulfilling their shlichus, their powerful emunas tzaddikim helped them break through the barriers without getting hurt. Because they had such extraordinary emunas tzaddikim, Hashem made extraordinary miracles for them.

Even though halacha says we shouldn't put ourselves in danger, they had absolute faith that if the Rebbe had taken responsibility for them, they weren't in any danger.

Tzaddikim are connected to Hashem above. When we connect to them, they lift us up, and we won't fall and get hurt.

On Purim, there's a minhag to give mishloach manos through a shliach. When someone asks you to be his shliach, you are given the power of the person who sent you. He's acting through you to fulfill the mitzva. Our tzaddikim are the same way. When we follow in their ways, the power of the tzaddik is within us.

In the second story, we learn exactly what a Yid should do when he needs help. When Rabbi Grossman's group had trouble on the road, they davened to Hashem to help them with their shlichus. Then, out of nowhere, a stranger showed up with exactly what they needed to continue forward.

It was obvious that this wasn't by chance. Because they were connected to a tzaddik on their way to fulfill their shlichus, Hashem sent someone to help them on their way.

We see this same lesson in the story of Purim itself. When the Yidden finally listened to Mordechai Hatzaddik, that's when they were able to win! When we follow in the ways of our tzaddikim, Hashem looks out for us and gives us the strength we need to succeed!

HAMANTASHEN BEFORE SHAVUOS

In the spring of 1967, Eretz Yisrael was in serious danger. Egypt had sent 100,000 soldiers, 1,000 strong tanks, and 900 heavy guns to the border, announcing that they were going to kill the Yidden.

Can you imagine how scared the Yidden were? They were surrounded by three powerful Arab countries, who had big, strong armies. How would they ever be able to win?

On Lag B'Omer, a few days before the war began, twenty thousand Jewish kids gathered in Crown Heights to celebrate the special day. As they stood outside 770, the Lubavitcher Rebbe spoke about the scary times they were in.

"Hashem is protecting the Yidden in Eretz Yisrael," he announced to the large crowd. "Each of us can help them by learning more Torah, doing more mitzvos, and having Ahavas Yisrael!"

"Then," the Rebbe continued, "Hashem's promise of 'You should live in peace in your land' will come true. The Yidden in Eretz Yisrael will be safe!"

The Rebbe's words gave everyone hope. They spent the next few days adding in Torah

and mitzvos, trying to get a lot of zechusim to protect their fellow Yidden.

Many Yidden left Eretz Yisrael, but the Chassidim there didn't know what to do. On one hand, it seemed dangerous to stay. On the other hand, the Rebbe had promised that Hashem would keep them safe.

They wrote to the Lubavitcher Rebbe, asking what to do.

"Continue learning Torah," the Rebbe told them. "Stay in Eretz Yisrael, and Hashem will protect you."

On Chof-Dalet Iyar, just two days before the war began, the Rebbe announced: "Every Jewish man – especially soldiers in the Israeli army – should put on tefillin. Then, the Arabs will see that we're Yiddishe soldiers, whose leader is Hashem. They'll run away from us, and we'll win the war!"

Right away, Chassidim in Eretz Yisrael went to help the soldiers put on tefillin. Chassidim around the world joined in as well, going around their cities and helping Yidden put on tefillin. Everyone held onto the Rebbe's promise, hoping that it would come true.

On Chof-Vov Iyar, the war began. To everyone's shock, the Israeli Army won again and again. After only six days, the Arab

soldiers suddenly panicked. They ran back to their countries in total confusion – just as the Rebbe had promised!

It was an incredible miracle.

Just a few days after the war ended, Yosef, a bachur from Australia, traveled to New York to spend Shavuot with the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

The plane landed with a soft thump, rolling smoothly down the runway until coming to a stop. It had been a long, tiring flight from Australia to New York. The passengers got up from their seats, stretching their aching muscles and making their way off the airplane.

Yosef hurried toward the exit, searching for a taxi to take him to Crown Heights. He didn't want to waste a second of his trip.

When Yosef came to Crown Heights, he joined a group of bachurim going to the city to help the Yidden put on tefillin.

Before they left, he ran into a nearby store to get some snacks. It was already almost lunchtime, and his stomach was rumbling. He hadn't even eaten breakfast yet! He grabbed the first few boxes of pastries on the shelf, paid, and ran back to the car.

As they started to drive, he pulled out his bag to take something to eat. "Anyone want any?" he offered, passing the boxes.

Suddenly, all the bachurim started laughing. One of the boxes was full of hamantaschen!

"Hamantaschen now? On Erev Shavuot!?" they exclaimed. "It's been three months since Purim!" They helped themselves to the other cakes and cookies, but stayed far away from the hamantaschen. No one wanted to eat them if they were three months old.

As they rode, they began to chat. "Can you believe that only a week ago, Eretz Yisrael was deep into a war with the Arabs – and in just

six days, they won a massive victory?" one of the bachurim asked his friends.

"It was a massive miracle!" Yosef agreed. "Israel's small army had no chance of winning against three strong Arab countries."

The bachurim nodded, marveling at the greatness of Hashem. "Remember when the Rebbe put together the tefillin campaign, just two days before the war started?" another bachur added. "He promised that the goyim would fear us when we put on tefillin – and that's exactly what happened! The Arabs ran away, and we won!"

Everyone cheered. "The Rebbe said to keep helping Yidden put on tefillin, even now that the war is over," Yosef said. "Chassidim have been going around the city each week to help people put on tefillin; this is my first time. I'm so excited!"

The bachurim pulled up in front of a big hospital in Manhattan. They split into groups of two and spread out, each pair visiting a different section.

They went from room to room, asking patients if they were Jewish and helping them put on tefillin. Most of them were very happy to do the mitzva and rolled up their sleeves right away... but not everyone.

When it was almost time to go, Yosef and his partner decided to go into one more room. Once they were inside, they saw that two of their friends were already there.

"Are you Jewish?" the bachurim asked the two patients in the room. "Would you like to put on tefillin?"

"Yes!" one replied. "Can you show me how?"

"No!" the other yelled. "I'm as connected to Hashem as you are! I don't need to put on tefillin."



As one pair of bachurim helped the first man put on tefillin, Yosef and his friend tried to calm the other man down. "It's a great mitzva," they tried explaining. "It only takes a minute."

"Go away," the man yelled, refusing to listen. "I'm not going to put on tefillin."

The bachurim were confused. Why did the mitzva of tefillin make this old man so upset? They tried speaking to him for a few more minutes, but he wouldn't budge.

Before leaving, one of the bachurim offered the old man a fruit. "Would you like to eat this and make a bracha?" he asked.

The man turned his face to the wall, ignoring them. But then, he suddenly turned back around. "I don't need your fruit," he said sarcastically, "but if you bring me a hamantash, I'll put on your precious tefillin."

A hamantash?! The bachurim couldn't believe their ears. Yosef smiled widely. "Wait right here!" he called to the elderly man,

rushing toward the door. "I'll get you some hamantashen!"

The old man stared at him in disbelief. "Very funny," he muttered. "Hamantashen now? After Pesach? There's no way you can bring me any."

The other three bachurim kept the man company while Yosef ran to the parking lot. When he got to the car, he swung the door open and took out the package of hamantashen. What hashgacha pratis! He thought in amazement. Just a short while ago, everyone laughed at these hamantashen – and now they're the key to get this old man to put on tefillin!

He came back to the room and handed him the package of hamantashen. To everyone's surprise, the old man's eyes filled with tears. "I can't believe it," he whispered. "Hamantashen after Pesach? Who would've thought...?"

He took a hamantash and lifted it to his mouth. One of the bachurim helped him say a bracha. He closed his eyes and chewed slowly.



Everyone watched quietly. Without a word, the old man rolled up his left sleeve to fulfill his promise. As the bachurim helped wrap the tefillin around his arm, tears streamed down his cheeks.

I wonder when he last put on tefillin, Yosef thought as he watched the emotional scene. It was probably many years ago.

Finally, it was time to go. The bachurim said goodbye and drove back to Crown Heights. Knowing that they'd helped so many Yidden – especially the old man – do the mitzva of tefillin was the best feeling in the world.

On the way back, they couldn't stop discussing the amazing hashgacha pratish they had just seen. "Can you believe it?" Yosef said in wonder. "Shavuot is almost here. What are the chances that a store would be selling hamantaschen? And what are the chances that we would buy them? But Hashem made sure that everything would fall into place - all so this Yid could do a mitzva."

Before Yosef went back to Australia, he had a yechidus with the Lubavitcher Rebbe. He told

him the entire story, and the Rebbe smiled and replied, "Nu, if that's what it takes, let someone bring him hamantaschen every day."

During the Six Day War, the Lubavitcher Rebbe clearly showed us the power of our tzaddikim. The entire world thought that Eretz Yisrael would be destroyed, but the Rebbe was able to see in shamayim that Hashem would keep us safe.

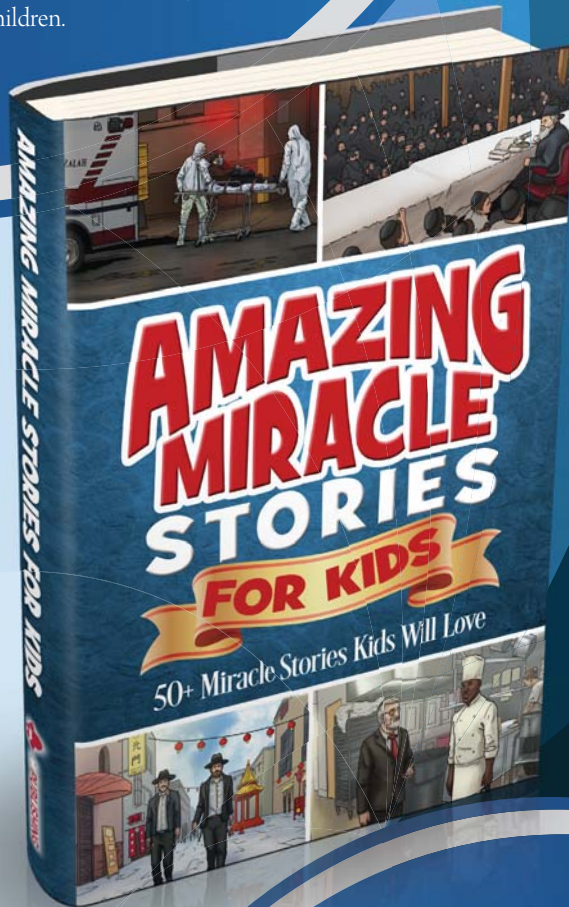
He encouraged the Yidden to strengthen their connection with Hashem by doing more mitzvos, promising that in that zechus, we would be safe.

In the end, the words of the tzaddik came true. Eretz Yisrael won in a miraculous way, showing the world that Hashem is on our side.

The amazing hashgacha pratish in the hamantash story shows how precious every little mitzva is to Hashem. Hashem arranged for everything to work out so the old man would agree to put on tefillin! Even the tiniest mitzva can change a life forever.

Children of all ages will love **Amazing Miracle Stories for Kids Vol. 1**, an incredible collection of 51 stories that will entertain, inspire and build connections with renowned tzadikim.

With dynamic stories about the Lubavitcher Rebbe and his shluchim, the Baba Sali, Reb Shayale Kerestirer, the Ribnitzer Rebbe, the Yenuka of Stolin, the Ohr Hachaim Hakadosh, the Baal Shem Tov and Reb Levi Yitzchak of Berdichev and many, many more, kids will be drawn in by the vivid full-color illustrations, creating a golden opportunity to teach important values and concepts. Younger readers will delight in being able to enjoy a book that was written with them in mind, while the important messages will resonate on a deeper level with older children.



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