NOAM HASHABBOS
נועם השבת

# The Gan Eden Song

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Amongst Slonimer Chassidim, every Shabbos they sing a Niggun called the Gan Eden Niggun. This Niggun was given to Slonim by Rav Mottel Kastelanitz, the great Tzaddik that led Slonimer Chassidim after the Second World War. When he was a young man, he was walking in the streets of Tzfas on Friday night and he heard a hauntingly beautiful Niggun coming out from a house and he knocked on the door. An Alter Yemenite Yid came to the door and he said to him, "Where'd you get this Niggun from? Please teach me the Niggun." And the Yid's eyes welled up with tears and he said, "Come in, Kevod HaRav, let me tell you. I'll share with you the Niggun, but first let me tell you where I got it from. It comes from Gan Eden." And the Yid shared with him that he had a very difficult upbringing and he got married, a beautiful Eishes Chayil and then they had a child. The joy of their lives, but afterwards their lives were marred by tragedy. She became sick and it didn't take long before she was Nifteres and he was left alone with his son who was the apple of his eye. And the son grew up to be a wonderful boy, the delight of his teachers. And then, he got married. He moved down to the south where his wife was coming from, to the town of Yericho. And this father used to communicate to him in writing and he said, "My son sent me beautiful letters and one day, he shared with me, 'Daddy, I don't want you to work anymore. You can sit, you can learn, you can say Tehillim, you can daven. I have a very good job and I'm going to send you money.' And he sent me every month a gold Napoleon. It was enough for me to live very comfortably. I was so grateful. He was such a beautiful son." And after a few years, I got a letter not in his handwriting, but from his wife that he was sick. And I took a donkey and I came down as fast as I could and I saw he was lying in bed in so much pain. I davened, I beseeched, I tore the heavens apart! And Baruch Hashem, after a couple of weeks, he came back to his strength. He was so grateful. And I went back home. But when I came home, I got another letter from his wife and she said, "Come back! Come back! Your son is very sick! My husband's very sick!" And I came back down, but it was too late. He was already in Tachrichim. I came in time for the Levayah. I was so broken. I was so ripped apart. It was so hard for me. I didn't want to live anymore. I said to Hashem, "Take me to my son. I have no meaning in life." But I

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made it through that first year and on that first Yahrzeit, my son came back to me in a dream and he was on a bed made out of gold, gorgeous cushions all around him. His face was shining and he was smiling and he said, "Abba!" And I said, "Yaakov! Yaakov!" His name was Yaakov. "I want to be with you!" He said, "No, Abba. You have many good years. Do you know what this bed is made of? It's made of all the gold Napoleons that I sent you every week. It's so good for me over here." And in the background, there was a beautiful song that was singing and I heard it and my son told me, "This is the song that the Malachim are singing in Gan Eden to the Ribono Shel Olam." And he taught me the Niggun and he said, "Every time you miss me, just sing this Niggun and you're one with me." And with that, he receded into the background. And I sing this Niggun every time I miss my son. And he taught it to Rav Mottel and it's sung in Slonim every Shabbos. Every time we do Mitzvos and Maasim Tovim during the week, we are sending gold Napoleons that are going to make our Olam Haba. But the key is we have to sing the song of Gan Eden. We have to live Shabbosdik in the vochen. When it's Shabbos in the vochen, when we're a little bit more Derhoybn (uplifted), when we yearn and we're Metzapeh for Shabbos Kodesh, then life becomes not just manageable, but a celebration because the light at the end of the tunnel of Gan Eden is shining our pathway forward. We're en route to an Olam Shekulo Shabbos.




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