"Yosef was a content man, and a good one. Each morning he woke up early, before his wife or seven children even stirred. He studied a page of Torah, said his moring prayers, and then walked to the riverbank, the long pole holding two pails balanced across his back. With rhythm developed over years of working as a water-carrier, Yosaf filled the buckets, hoisted them on the pole, and carried them to customers, filling and carrying all day long. He was by no means wealthy from all this toil, but he and his family managed, and this was enough for Yosaf.

Then, and no one knew why, Yosaf changed. After working all day as a water carrier, he was seen begging in the evenings. From house to house Yousef walked, palm out, asking for coins. Amazed whispers followed him.

"Scandalous that a man who can earn the money to support his family should beg too," the whisperers said.

"Trying to get rich at our expense," said others.

But they all gave just the same. One did not turn down a beggar.

One of the whisperers did go running to the rabbi, however. And a few days later, Yosaf was summoned to appear before the rabbi in the Temple.

"Do you make a living by being a water carrier?" inquired the rabbi.

"Thanks be to God, day by day," answered Yosaf. "We manage."

"Then why do you beg from door to door?"

Yosaf did not answer.

"I asked you a question," the rabbi said firmly.

Still no answer.

The rabbi grew impatient. "Since you earn enough from being a water carrier to support your family, you must promise me that you will stop begging."

The only reply was silence.

"What is wrong with you, Yosaf? This is not like you." The rabbi stood up and leaned over the table toward Yosaf, his eyes bright with anger.

"I cannot promise," Yosaf, lowering his eyes under the rabbi's stare.

It happened that the town's richest man, Shimon, was at that same moment sitting outside the rabbi's study, waiting to speak to the rabbi. He could hear what the rabbi said to Yosaf right through the closed door, the rabbi's voice was that loud.

Shimon's face grew red and his shoulders trembled. He rushed into the rabbi's study and exclaimed, "it isn't what you think, Rabbi. This man is really a hidden saint."

The he turned to Yosaf, "You must tell the rabbi what happened, my friend." And Shimon left, closing the door behind him.

The bewildered rabbi sat down, Yosaf, a hidden saint?

Yosaf cleared his throat. "I didn't want to tell anyone," he said. "It concerns Shimon. You know that each day I deliver water to those who can afford it. Shimon has always been one of my steady customers. But a few months ago, he stopped paying me.

"I'll pay next week,' he would say. Next week would come and still no payment. But I kept bringing him water. He was always such a good customer.

"One day Shimon wasn't there and his wife, Rachel, answered the door. She pulled me aside. 'Shimon would never tell you,' she explained. 'He has too much

pride. But our business failed and we have no money to pay our bills. That's why we haven't paid you. I don't know what we're goingt o do. Please don't tell anyone what I've told you.'

"I won't tell anyone,' I promised her.

"From that day on, I started begging. Of course I never told anyone I was begging for Shimon. Let people talk about me. At least I could spare Shimon embarassment and put some bread on his table until he got back on his feet. I hope you will forgive me for not answering your questions, Rabbi."

"Forgive you!" the rabbi jumped up from his chair and went over and hugged the water carrier.

"You don't need my forgiveness," he said. "How many people are there who would humble themselves to save another's pride as you have? I just pray to God that in the World to Come I will be fortunate enough to share a place beside you in Heaven, *im lo lamalah,* if not higher."

The Rabbis tell us that Yosaf will not ascend to the highest reaches of heaven, if not higher simply because he gave money to those less fortunate, but because his act of Tzedakkah was also an act of *Gimilut Hassadim* as well, a deed of loving kindness, a gift of giving that not only came from his pocket book but also from his heart.

This Sunday, marks SUPER SUNDAY, no the superbowl is not being held again, but it is the primary day of the year that the Federation of Jewish Organizations in Los Angeles organizes to raise money for its many programs and services. On Sunday tens of thousands of affiliated Jews in the Los Angeles area will be getting a phone call, those

familiar with this far reaching practice may already have plans to be out that day, or perhaps some have already volunteered to help make the calls.

Home or not the phone will ring on Sunday asking every member of our community to help support the one organization in our community that trully serves all the people in our community. From subsidising the Jewish Journal, to training Hebrew school teachers, to providing counseling and bereavement services to those in need, but not of means. The Jewish Federation fills in the gaps created by the many independent programs and activities of other Jewish organizations. Their services are not merily acts of Tzedakkah, that of giving, but coming as they do from an organization that so often serves those who cannot help themselves, who lack the courage as Yosaf did to even ask for help, they are deeds of loving kidness, they are Gimilut Hassadim.

To given when asked to give is indeed a mitzvah, and a true act of tzedakkah, but to give without being asked to do so, to do as Yosaf did an take another's troubles and burdens upon yourslef, because you sense their pain and discomfort even without them hitting you over the head with it, that is indeed an act of loving kindness.

On Sunday your phoen will ring, and someone will ask you to give money, and if your home, and if you are home you will probably give. They wills ay Jewish organization, they will say help for the less fortunate and you will open up your check book and give. But you would do that anyway, and the time they just took to convince you to do something you would have already done, was time they could have used to convince soemone who might have been on the fence, who might not have given.

So here is my challenge to us all. This Sunday, don't wait for the phone to ring, call them first, turn your act of Tzedakkah into an act of Gimilut Hassadim, save them

the call, the cost and the time, and make your pledge early. In doing so you will add to your share in the world to come by a little extra measure, assending to heaven, im lo lemalah, if not higher. And while your adding to your good name and your good graces, add a little to your pledge, say an extra $18, to give for all those who are not hoem to recieve the call, or perhaps for those who are unable to give, but need to recieve the services your act of gimilut hassadim will make possible.