

THE SEVENTH BEGGAR

The revelation of this will change the face of the world

On the seventh day, there was also rejoicing, and the couple merited the *beggar without legs*. They were very much longing to see how they would be able to bring the beggar here. And, behold, he came and he said: *here, I came for the wedding*, and he fell upon them and hugged and kissed them.

And he said to them: In the beginning, I blessed you that you should be like me, and now I give it to you as a gift, that you should be like me. (You thought that I have defective legs) I have no defect in my legs at all. Rather, in truth, I have strength in my legs. It is just that I don't use the strength I have in my legs in this world, because I need the strength for something else. And I have an agreement on this from the *Keter Malchut* (the crown of kingship) of the *medina* (State).

Because, once they sat and one would boast that he had such power and strength in his legs that when the persecutors came against him, he was able to stand up against them, because the main aspect of patience and being 'slow to anger' depends on the legs. Like we see in practice, that someone who is under pressure and does not have 'slowness to anger' his legs start to shake.

But, that one, he could stand up patiently and with 'slowness to anger' against his persecutors, and this was the great strength of his legs.

And I asked him: against which persecutor are you able to stand? Because there are ten types of persecutor. Meaning, when they want to persecute someone they prepare *lashon hara* and then afterwards they send the *lashon hara* through a *meragel* [a gossip / spy].

And there are ten types of *meragel*, because there are ten types of evil speech (*rechilut, mirmah, dibah, la'az, sheker, chanufah, malshinut, leyztanut, ona'at dvarim, halbat panim*)¹.

So, I asked him, against which *meragel* are you able to stand with the strength in your legs? He replied that he was able to stand up against a certain *meragel*.

I said to him, if so, then you cannot help the King's son. Since you can stand up only against one type of *meragel*. Therefore, you cannot help the King's son.

Another boasted that he had in his legs the power that he could always find his way. Because there are (*havelim*) (breath/vapours) and *ruchot* (winds/spirits) in the world, and someone who loses his way goes by these *havelim* and *ruchot*, because someone who has lost their way has nowhere to go, he can only follow his legs, because he doesn't know where to go, which direction. So, he follows his legs. And his legs take him according to these *havelim* and *ruchot*.

And there are ten levels of purity of *havelim*, one above the other, until the tenth *havel* which is the most pure.

¹ Roughly: gossip, rumour, bad words, mocking, flattery, lies, informing to the authorities, jokery, hurting through words, embarrassing someone (publicly).

I asked him through which *havel* are you able to find your way? Which way are your legs able to guide you? He replied to me: a certain way.

I said to him: If so, then you cannot find the King's son. Because, you know your way only through one *havel*. Therefore, you can't find the King's son.

Another one boasted that he had such strength in his legs that he was able to dance continuously, without any pause. And he wouldn't get tired or get weak from all the dancing. Rather, the opposite, he would get stronger and stronger from all the dancing, which in truth is the great strength of his legs, that he is able to continue to dance continuously without any pause.

I asked him: which dance are you able to dance? He replied to me: a certain dance. I said to him: if so, then you cannot make the King's son happy, because there are ten types of dance and you only know one dance.

Because there are ten toes on the feet, and from each toe it is possible to make a dance. Meaning, that the main movement of the dance comes from that toe and even though at the time of the dance you use all the toes, the main aspect of the dance depends on a specific toe. And you only know how to dance one dance. Therefore, you cannot make the King's son happy, because there are ten levels of happiness, and each dance causes happiness of one type of happiness, and you only know of one level of happiness.

Another one boasted that he has such strength in his legs that he can grow herbs through [the use of] his legs. Because every herb has a power that causes it to grow, and the power of growth is *emunah*. And, according to the *emunah* of the herb, so it grows. Because if the herb does not have the *emunah* then it doesn't grow, and it remains a seed, and only if it has the *emunah* then it has the strength to grow. And, in truth, it needs very great strength to grow a herb, because from one seed, this needs to become a small sprout and it needs to grow until it emerges from the ground as a large herb. Therefore, there is no power of growth in the world, except for *emunah* alone. Meaning, the seed needs to believe in the great power that the herb has to grow, and this power of *emunah* is the greatest strength that it has.

But, sometimes, the ground is not suitable for its needs, and then it is difficult for the herb to believe that it will become a large herb. Because the ground is not suitable for its needs, and it has no *emunah* that it will grow some day. So, in order that the seed has *emunah* that it will grow, it's necessary to give it *emunah*. And this is the great strength of the one who boasted that he could cause herbs to grow through his legs. Because, he was able to give *emunah* to a seed even in ground that was not appropriate for it, in ground that was not suitable for it.

Because with the strength that he walked to and fro on the ground, through the walking of his legs, through this he would give *emunah* to all of the herbs in it [in the ground]. This way, he was able to grow herbs through [the strength of] his legs.

I asked him: which herb are you able to grow? Because there are ten levels of *emunah*, and with each level of *emunah* it's possible to this and that types of herbs. He replied to me: such and types of herbs. I said to him: If so, then you cannot cure the King's son, because you only know how to grow such and such herbs, because you only have the power of one level of *emunah*.

They [the others there] responded and said to him: what is your power?

I replied to them: I can do what you cannot. Meaning, all nine parts of the above (of that which was referred to above), which you cannot do, I can do it all.

I can stand against the ten *meraglim*. I know how to go according to the ten levels of pure *havelim*. I know how to dance the ten types of dance. And I have the ten levels of *emunah*.

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Because there is a story which *Rabbenu Hakadosh* told (at the beginning of the thirteen *Sippurei Ma'asiot*):

Once there was a King who had an only son. The King wanted to transfer the kingdom to his son during his lifetime. So, he threw a grand party (which they call a "ball"). Now, when the King throws a ball there is certainly great merriment, so especially now that he was transferring the kingdom to his son during his lifetime, there was certainly a very great celebration. And there at the ball were all the royal officers and all the dukes and gentry, and people were very merry at the ball. And the country too was enjoying this, that the King was transferring his kingdom to his son in his lifetime, for it is a great honor for the King. So, a very great celebration took place there, and there were all types of festivities there: song groups, drama groups and so forth, as well as everything useful just for merriment. It was all there at the ball.

And when they were very merry, the King got up and said to his son, "Being that I am a stargazer, I see that you will at some time fall from the kingship. Therefore, see to it that you have no sadness (that is, no grief) when you fall from reign; just be happy. And if you will be happy, I will also be happy. Even if you will have sadness, I will still be happy that you are not king, since you are not fit to be king if you cannot keep yourself happy. (In other words, if you are the kind of man that you cannot keep yourself happy even when you fall from reign then you aren't fit to be any sort of king). But when you will be happy then I will be extraordinarily happy.

The King's son took over the reign with a high hand, appointing his own royal officers, and he had dukes, gentry and soldiers. Now, this son of the King was a clever person and loved wisdom very much, and very great intellectuals accompanied him. And whoever came to him with some sort of wisdom was very esteemed by him, and he would grant them honor and riches for their wisdom. Whatever each one wanted, he gave him: one wanted money — he gave him money; another wanted honor — he gave him honor; anything for wisdom. And because studying was so important to him, they all took to wisdom and the entire country was occupied with philosophies [chokhmot], because this one desired money — in order to get money for it [being his motive] — and that one desired status and honor.

And, because all of them were busy only with philosophies, therefore they all forgot in that country the strategies of war (in other words, how to wage a war), for they were all busy exclusively with philosophies, to such a degree that the smallest person in that country was the greatest sage in another country, while their own wise men were extremely wise scholars. And on account of their philosophies the wise men of the country fell into heresy, and they drew the son of the King too into their heresy. However, the simple folk were not harmed and did not become heretics, for there was great depth and subtlety in the sages' wisdom, so the common folk were not able to enter into their wisdoms, therefore it did not harm them. Only the wise men and the King's son became heretics.

And the King's son, because there was good in him, for he was born with goodness and had good character traits, would frequently remind himself, "Where I in the world am I? What am I doing?" etc. and would make a very big groan and sigh deeply over it. He would ponder, "What

is this? I should be carried away with such things?! What's going on with me? Where am I in this world?" as he kept sighing intensely. However, as soon as he began to use his intellect, the heretical philosophy became strong again in him. This happened many times, that he would contemplate where he is in the world, what he is doing, etc. as above, with groaning and sighing — but as soon as he began using his intellect, the heretical belief became strong in him again, as mentioned above.

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[Up to here is the original story from Rabbenu]

And I used to walk around forests, and I lost my way, and my legs directed me towards some dark path that I didn't recognise. And I depended on my legs, because they they guided me that time, according to the upper level of **zekut hahevel** (purity of breath).

And this was a wonder to me, that there was such purity of breath in the world. And these pure breaths, they were the groans and the moans of the King's Son.

And I went after my legs, down this dark path, and my legs went after these pure breaths, which were the groans and the moans of the King's Son. So then I was on the path going towards him, and I was drawing closer to him, and I heard a big commotion in the closest city to the King's Son, and I heard that he had become very sick.

For the King's Son had been struck with a very serious illness, he used to only experience the taste of 'dust' when he ate his bread. And everything that he used to eat or drink, everything contained within it the taste of dust, and he lost all his sense of taste. Everything became dark for him, and he was very worried about his situation, and he called a *rofeh-nefesh* (doctor of the soul), because he was wise, and he knew that this disease was a type of spiritual malady.

But the *rofeh-nefesh* didn't help him, and even though everyone were great wise men, and they understood about all of the soul's powers, and about the balance of these powers, but all of this didn't help him, and every day that passed just became even more dark for him.

And it was only the times when he was busy with the wisdom of profound *apikorsiyut* (heresy) that he would feel some mental alertness and acuity, at the time that he was engaged in this, and this used to warm him up a little, and enlighten him. But even this above-mentioned wisdom didn't have the power to focus his *da'at* (mind), and each day he saw himself becoming more and more sick, and he used to worry a lot about his situation, and most of his days passed in great darkness, with the taste of dust.

And I drew closer to him, and entered his city, and I told the people of the city that I'd heard that the King's Son was very sick, and that I wanted to help him.

But they didn't let me see him, and they sent ten *meraglim* (spies; speakers of *lashon hara*) to me, in order to test whether I was worthy of meeting with the King's Son.

And these ten *meraglim* came against me, and asked people about me and heard what they heard, and they made a *partzuf*² (face) out of this. And I saw all of this, and afterwards the *meraglim* came a little closer to me, and looked from afar at my deeds, and at my *sackit* (purse / pouch), and they made from this a *partzuf*, and they went back another time to ask people

² *Partzuf* literally means face in Hebrew, but it's also a very common term in kabbalistic imagery, and refers to much deeper spiritual mysteries.

[about me], and [to ask] other people. And each time, they would make a *partzuf* from that which they heard from them.

And I saw that they even questioned the 'fetuses in their mothers' wombs', and also made from what they heard *partzuf*, and spoke together a very great deal, and came a little closer to me again, and observed my deeds and looked at my *sackit* from afar, again. And then saw what they saw, and ran away from me, to the king.

And they said about me the ten types of evil speech, to the King's Son, he didn't agree to receive me, and even requested that I should be sent out of the *medina* (state),

But I have power in my legs to stand up against all the ten types of *meraglim*, who are the ten types of evil speech, and so I had such great patience and *arech apayim* (another expression of 'patience') that it's impossible to even describe it.

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And the peoples who surrounded this *medina*, when they heard that the King was sick, so they thought that now it would be easy for them to conquer the *medina*, and to take the *keter-malchut* (crown of kingship) from the King's Son. And all the peoples who were surrounding the *medina* joined together to come against it.

But in this *medina* of the King's Son, they were only busy with 'wisdoms', and they'd forgotten how to conduct a war, as described above. And when they heard in the *medina*: *If and maybe there would be a war with the surrounding peoples* – then, there was a great confusion amongst them, because they didn't remember how to conduct wars, and they never thought that it would even still be possible for there to be wars, because they just kept themselves busy with 'wisdoms'.

And they thought a little about their capabilities, and they knew that in the near future, they would lose the *medina*. They started to make calculations how they could make peace with their enemies, in order to give them what they wanted, so they wanted kill them, and then they went in to the king with great concerns, and told him about the matter of the war.

The King's Son, when he heard that there were enemies, he also knew that in the near future, the *keter malchut* would be lost, because he also didn't know how to conduct a war. Just, he had a different worry – how to give the *keter malchut* to his enemies, happily.

Because this was his father's will, as described above, and he wanted to fulfill the wishes of his father, who foresaw in the stars that a day would come when he would be deposed from the kingship, but only, that he shouldn't be sad when he was deposed from the kingship, and that he should be happy. And he was moaning and groaning about this a lot, [about] how to turn over the *keter malchut* to the enemies, happily.

And this was a great worry for him, and his illness was greatly exacerbated by this, and his days were even more difficult and bitter.

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And I, after a certain amount of time, I found a path behind the palace of the King's Son, and I went in to see him. He was a great *chacham* (wise person), and he saw that I had patience and *arich apayim* about everything that they'd said about me, and then he agreed to listen to me.

Even though the *mikatragim* (persecutors) still continued to tell him things from the sides, [whispering into] his ears, he had seen each time my patience, [and] the *arich apayim* that I had about this matter, that they spoke against me, as described above, all the ten *meraglim*, with the ten types of evil speech. And how I suffered everything with great patience and *arich apayim*, and in the end, the King's Son himself laughed about this matter.

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I said to the King's Son that i wanted to be his dance teacher; he didn't understand how dancing could help him, in his situation, and he asked me to explain it again.

I told him that I had ten types of dance, that could help him a great deal, with all of his circumstances – but only if he would learn them, and then he would see very soon how the dancing could help him. He thought in his heart that he was now very sick, he already couldn't experience any taste, and everything just tasted of dust, and also in a little while, all the surrounding peoples would united against him and would depose him from the kingship, because he didn't know a thing about the matter of conducting wars – and how could he start to learn dancing, in that sort of situation?! And also, what would the close relatives of the King say, if he started to learn dancing in this sort of situation?

He thought that he had to decline the offer, but then he remembered his father's order, to be happy on the day that he would be deposed from the kingship. *If and maybe, these dance lessons could help him to be happy on the day of his downfall?* – and he had such confusion within his heart, that he started to cry and to groan about his situation.

And then everyone had mercy upon him, and left the hall of the King's Son, because he was weeping, and in order to maintain his dignity, they needed to leave. And I stayed behind, alone, with the King's Son, and he agreed to the dancing lessons.

And so at the beginning, I taught him dancing once a week, because it was hard for him.

I taught him all ten types of dancing, and each time his condition was better, and then I taught him dancing each day, and he was *od yoter tov* (even better), and each time he would go over the ten types of dances, and this made him very happy. But nevertheless, he wasn't cured, and his taste didn't return, because he still experienced the taste of dust in everything.

He asked me when he would be cured from his illness: *You know how much spiritual enjoyment I get from the dancing, because each day I am better, every dance completes more of the light that I lost over the course of the years, and the ten types of dance completes all of the orot* (lights, but also spiritual enlightenment), *so why am I not healed, because I have a machalat nafshi* (spiritual illness), *and with the dancing, my soul is doing better. So why am I still not experiencing any taste, and only the taste of dust?*

I replied to him: *The king is correct, that he has a machalat nefesh, but with the passing of the years, the illness also spread to the body, and now the body is also extremely ill, and it also requires healing.*

He asked: *How can the body be healed?*

I said to him: *For every malady, there is a herb by way of which [a person] can be healed from it, but sometimes, there is an illness that requires a few herbs to be assembled together in order to cure it, and each one [of these herbs] in such-and-such a soil, and the other grows in such-*

and-such a soil, etc. And it's hard to assemble them together, because sometimes you need to find the seed of the herb, and to grow it from scratch.

But there is an inyan (matter) that all the seeds of the herbs are to be found in every place, but this is only in a very small state, and they never grow, because not every place is suitable for them. And only the seeds where the earth is suitable for them grow as they should, but all the rest of the seeds remain there, in their smallness and thinness, and it's impossible to know at all that they are to be found there, only potentially, in the ground.

And I know how to grow all the herbs that are required in one [piece of] earth, and to bring them out from potential to action, for example, in the garden of the King's Son. Because every herb only grows according to the power of the emuna (faith / belief) that it possesses, and I know how to give the herb the power of emuna, and to get it to grow, via the walking of my legs on the earth.

And the King's Son was so very happy from the dancing lessons that he also agreed to this story, and he came out with me to prepare the medicine from his garden. I told him that such-and-such a seed was required, and we planted the seeds that we had in the earth of his garden, and the rest of the seeds that were required for his medicine we didn't find, so we didn't plant [them] in the earth.

I walked to and fro over earth over the course of a few days, and all of the herbs required for the medicine grew according to what I had said to the King's Son, and there were also herbs that were required for the medicine where we didn't have their seeds – but they also grew. And this was a wonder in his eyes, how all the herbs that were required for his medicine, all of them grew in his garden, and even though this was a type of earth that wasn't suited to every herb, and that even the seeds that we hadn't planted them at all in the earth – also they grew as required.

But he was so very happy with the ten types of dancing that he didn't inquire into this too much, and also accepted this with satisfaction, and with *emuna*, because his heart was full with the dancing.

He took the medicine and he was healed, and all of his taste returned to him, and he was very happy about this, and he made a great feast (that is called a 'ball'). And then they played wonderful *niggunim* (melodies), because he wanted to open the ball with lovely dances, with such beauty, and with such grace, that all the *medina* came to see this, and everyone rejoiced at the happiness of the King's Son.

At this same time, all the armies of the nations came to the city, in order to conquer the *medina*, and there was no resistance from the people of the *medina*, because they didn't know how to make war. And so all the enemies entered the castle of the King's Son, and saw how he was doing a great feast, with great happiness, and how everyone rejoiced with the King's Son, who had been healed. And they also saw me, because I was by the King's Son at the feast, and they stared at me, and then they asked:

How do you have such happiness, when after all, this is the day of your downfall?!

And the King's Son replied with great enthusiasm: *I am happy because thus my father commanded!*

And only I heard this explanation, because I was next to him, and he was in the middle of eating and drinking with great joy, and the enemies didn't hear what he'd replied to them, and they asked again:

How are you so very happy, when after all, this is the day of your downfall?!

And the king told me to answer, because he didn't have the heart to reply to them, because he was so very happy to be in that place, that he couldn't also be in that other place. So I said to them:

For we know all ten types of dancing, and these dances always fill up our hearts, because there are ten types of happiness, and every type of dance builds within the heart one type of joy. And I have all ten types of dancing that construct within the heart the ten types of happiness, and with the ten types of happiness, it's also possible to be happy on the day of one's downfall, which is a very great thing!

And all of this was a wonder for them, and they said that they wanted the *keter malchut*, and afterwards they would leave, and then it would be possible for us to continue with the feast, because they didn't know what to think about all of this.

So the King's Son immediately got up, with the *keter malchut* in his hands, and slowly, slowly, he started to dance. And they played sweet *niggunim*, because the King's Son was dancing slowly, slowly, with all the grace in the whole world. And this was such great, beautiful light, that it's impossible to describe it.

And afterwards, he danced a different type of dance, and they played a different type of *niggun*, and everything was with great splendor.

And he gave the *medina's keter malchut* to the enemies, and he danced the ten types of dancing without stopping, and they played the ten types of *niggunim* to accompany this with such happiness, that it's impossible to describe it.

And then, a few of his people started to dance with him, and the dances were so very beautiful, with such grace, that the enemies didn't want to leave, and wanted to stay more, and to see the dances of the King's Son together with his people.

And the enemies sat with us, and watched the dances, and also [watched] the face of the King's Son which was shining so very much, because he was complete with the dancing, and he was truly happy with all of his heart. Then the King's Son, because of his great joy, started to dance with one of the enemies, and this was an even greater wonder, in their eyes.

Afterwards, they asked: *Where did the King's Son learn how to dance like this, because in our lives, we have never seen in any other place such a dance as this!*

And everyone said to them: *Behold, here is the dancing teacher of the King's Son!*

And they stared at me, and they also told the enemies *he also healed the King's Son!* And they said no end of praises about me, so then the enemies drew close to me, and asked me if they could also know how to dance like this.

So I started to teach them the ten types of dancing, and they also started to dance, and they became so very happy, and the whole castle of the King's Son was filled with light, and filled with joy. And the enemies rejoiced so much, they asked me if they had already reached the level of the happiness of the King's Son, who rejoiced with such happiness on the day of his being deposed from the Kingship.

And I said to them, to give me the *keter malchut*, and then they would know if they were so very happy – or not.

They enjoyed the dancing so very much, that they gave me the *medina's keter malchut*.

The King's Son saw this, and told me not to give him back the *keter malchut*, because now he was whole with the dancing, and he didn't need anything else. And everyone was so very happy, that I'd received the *keter malchut*, and there was additional rejoicing in the castle of the King's Son.

So, I searched for the father of the King's Son, and I gave him back the kingship. He was overjoyed to see his son so very happy on the day of his downfall, and also saw that his son had been cured of his illness, and also saw that his son had returned from his heresy, to having *emuna*, thanks to the power of the medicine and the dancing.

And so, the father of the King's Son was so very happy from all of this, that he told me to give the *keter malchut* of the *medina*, now, to whoever I wanted, because he was so very happy and complete with his son, that he was sure that I would pick a good king, in order to rule the *medina* with joy and light.

And from then on, I have had the *keter malchut* of the *medina*.

So it is, that I have this great power in my legs, that I was able to do all this, as said above. And now, I am giving to you this power as a wedding present. And I am also giving you the *keter malchut* of the *medina*!

And there was such great happiness and joy there, more than on any of the previous days, because the children had also received the *keter malchut*, and so from their great joy, they raised up all the poor and all the needy from the garbage, because everyone had been at the wedding that was in the pit, that they covered over with sticks and dust and garbage. And all the Beggars were with them, with the *Chatan* and *Kallah*, who now had become the King and Queen, by way of the Seventh Beggar, without legs, who had given them the kingship as a total present.

And so the joy and enlightenment spread out in all of the countries, and in all of the worlds, and everyone was only joyful for all of their days, and were filled up with light and happiness.

May it be speedily in our days, Amen.

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The Rav added a few clarifications about this story, which stand at the pinnacle of the world:

- The *tikkun* (rectification) of the 'King's Son' is the *tikkun* of sins that are transformed into merits, and this is by way of the 'Prachim Nivarchim'. And the healing of the 'Bat Melech' from the Sixth Day [of this same story], is by way of the Tikkun HaKlali, of Rabbenu Nachman.
- We need to connect the 'Prachim Nivarchim' with the Tikkun Haklali, like we see at the end of the tale, when there are the 'ten types of *niggunim*', with the 'ten types of dancing'.
- So, we need to distribute the 'Prachim Nivarchim' to every place and to explain their greatness, and to connect them with the Tikkun HaKlali. **First, the Prachim Nivarchim should be recited, and afterwards, the Tikkun HaKlali.**

- And all of this will change the face of the earth, 'the revelation of the Seventh Beggar, who has no legs', the revelation of the Prachim Nivarchim.

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RE: THE PRACHIM NIVARCHIM:

Before reciting them, a person should say the 'yehi ratzon' that precedes the recital of any chapters of tehillim.

And also:

(Transliterated):

Hareini m'kasher et atzmi b'amirat prakei hatehillim l'kol ha'Tzaddikim ha'मितim she be'doranu, u'b'prat le Rav Eliezer ben Ettia, shlita, ve le kol ha'Tzaddikim ha'मितim shochney afar, kedoshim asher b'aretz hema, u b'prat le ha'Tzaddik ha amiti ve ha'kadosh, Tzaddik Yesod Olam, Rabbenu Nachman ben Simcha ben Faige, zechutam yagenaleynu, v'al kol Israel Amen.

(Translation: I hereby bind myself by saying these chapters of Tehillim to all the True Tzaddikim in our generation, and especially, to Rav Eliezer ben Ettia, shlita, and to all the True Tzaddikim buried in the dust, holy ones who were in the land, and especially to the True, Holy Tzaddik, the foundation of the world, Rabbenu Nachman ben Simcha ben Faige, may their merit protect us, and all of Israel, Amen.)

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Selected Chapters (Prachim Nivcharim): לא, לה, לו, סח, פט, קט, פ, פח, פג, קט

[Which translates to: 31, 35, 36, 68, 89, 109, 80, 88, 83, 109]

General Rectification (Tikkun Haklali): טז, לב, מא, מב, נט, עז, צ, קה, קלז, קן

[Which translates to: 16, 32, 41, 42, 59, 77, 90, 105, 137, 150]