One day R. Yohanan was bathing in the Jordan.

Resh Lakish saw him and leapt into the Jordan after him.

He to him, ‘Your strength should be for the Torah.’

‘Your beauty,’ he replied, ‘should be for women.’

If you will repent,’ he said, ‘I will give you my sister [in marriage], who is more beautiful than I.’

He accepted.

He wished to return and collect his garments, but could not.

Subsequently, he taught him Bible and Mishnah, and made him into a great man.

One day there was a dispute in the House of Study: a sword, knife, dagger, spear, hand-saw and a scythe — at what stage [of their manufacture] can they become unclean? When their manufacture is finished. And when is their manufacture finished? R. Yohanan ruled: When they are tempered in a furnace. Resh Lakish maintained: When they have been furbished in water.

He said to him: ‘A robber understands his trade.’

He said to him, ‘And how have you benefited me: there I was called Master, and here I am called Master as well.’
‘[I benefitted you] By bringing you under the wings of the Shechinah (Divine Presence).’

R. Yohanan became distressed, R. Yohanan fell ill.

R. Yohanan’s sister came and wept before him: ‘Forgive him for the sake of my son,’ she pleaded. He replied: ‘Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive. (Jeremiah 49:11) "For the sake of my widowhood!’ He responded: ‘And let thy widows trust in me’ (ibid)"

Resh Lakish died, and R. Yohanan was longing for him greatly. Said the Rabbis, ‘Who shall go to ease his mind? Let R. Eleazar b. Pedat go, who remembers traditions with great precision.’

So he went and sat before him. To everything that R. Yohanan said, he observed: ‘There is a baraita (fanatic) which supports you.’ ‘And are you like the son of Lakish?’ R. Yohanan complained: ‘when I stated a law, the son of Lakish used to raise twenty-four objections, to which I gave twenty-four answers, and in that way the teaching would expand. And you say, “A baraita has been taught which supports you”?! Do I not know myself that I stated things beautifully?’

Thus he went on rending his garments and weeping, ‘Where are you, O son of Lakisha, where are you, O son of Lakishal?’ and he cried thus until his mind was deranged. Thereupon the Rabbis prayed for mercy on him, and he died.