

# SALUTE

The Beis Moshiach Supplement for Soldiers in Tzivos Hashem



A PEEK  
AT THE  
PYRAMIDS  
BACK IN TIME

AVREMEL'S  
RUSSIAN  
ADVENTURES  
COMICS

PICTURIDDLE  
A CHASSIDISHE KUP

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AFTER IT GOT  
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A MIRACLE STORY

יחי אדוננו מוריינו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד

# THE PUNISHMENT OF THE PRIEST

BY NECHAMA BAR



The scent of springtime blossoms in the air mixed with the scent of cleaning products. They were signs that Pesach was coming soon. Diligent women worked scrubbing their homes, the matza bakeries were in operation, and all the Jews of Liozna were getting ready for the holiday of freedom. However, this time, the preparations were being made under a shadow of great worry and prayer.

We know that Christians, haters of Jews, invented the blood libel. They claimed that Jews use the blood of a Christian child when they bake matzos. Utter foolishness!

The new priest who came to Liozna hated Jews with all his heart and preached hatred of Jews to his congregants day after day.

"Guard your children well," he warned them, "lest they be kidnapped by your neighbors, the Jews."

The innocent Christians accepted what he said.

Around Purim time, a rumor spread like fire in a field of thorns. "Woe to us, the Jews kidnapped a Christian child!"

Armed policemen hurried to arrest two Jews and the rav and head of the kehilla were also given arrest warrants. The rav, R' Shamai the Elder, immediately decreed a three-day fast. In addition, the Jews gathered in the shul to plead to Hashem to have mercy on them and cancel the evil decree. The old rav opened the aron kodesh and declared an excommunication and curse on the wicked ones who hid the Christian child.

Two days passed. On Shabbos, the rav was called to the police station. There, he was told the bitter news: if the child did not return, bitter would be the lot of the Jews!

The following day, the Christians went to church and the fired-up priest spoke with fury about "the cruel Jews who dared to do such a terrible thing." The crowd believed him and were ready to attack the Jews. But then, at the end of the priest's incitement, an old, simple peasant arrived.

"I have an important mission," he said as he pushed his way in. "My friend died a few days ago and before he breathed his last he asked me to go to the priest of Liozna and remind him of his promise."



The priest stared at him in astonishment. He tried to avoid him but the man was focused on his mission and continued speaking. "My sick friend said to tell the priest that he carried out what he said. He kidnapped a Christian boy and hid him with his brother so that the priest could accuse the Jews of kidnapping him. Now, the priest must do as he said and ensure that he gets to heaven."

The priest was confused for a moment but immediately recovered and began to shout, "Take this crazy man out of here!" Some of those present grabbed the peasant who did not understand what he did wrong. They dragged him outside but he continued to talk to whoever would listen. Among the people who heard him was a policeman who listened closely. This policeman had never believed the priest's nonsense and knew that the priest lied about the Jews since G-d commanded the Jews not to consume blood. How could they put blood in matzos?!

Because of the peasant's story, the policeman and his friend traveled to that village, looked for the missing child, and found him alive and well. They brought the child back to the church and went to the priest.

The local peasants, who saw the boy "come to life," became very excited and a babble of shrieks filled the air. The priest turned pale and then red and did not know where to put himself but again, he tried to find a way out. "I did nothing, I swear! It's the Jews! They kidnapped the child and when they saw they couldn't hide what they did, they decided to give him back.

They bribed the policemen and invented a story that never happened and they aren't ashamed to blame the priest, those cursed Jews ..."

The crowd was once again in a state of confusion. They did not know whom to believe. Suddenly, a sign from heaven proved who was right. The priest was suddenly attacked by pains and he could not walk out of there by himself.

Word of this reached the chief of police who rushed over to the church. As he saw the priest groaning in pain and the commotion around him, he gravely announced that whoever dared to harm the Jews would be severely punished.

In the meantime, all the Jews were crying bitterly in the shul, praying, beseeching, and unaware of what was happening not too far away. When they suddenly saw the chief of police and some police officers standing in the shul, the frightened Jews raised their voices to Hashem. They were sure they had come to arrest the rav and who knew what else they had in mind ...

To their surprise, the policemen were smiling. They announced to the rav that the Jews were absolved of any crime and that the evil priest had already received his punishment from heaven.

The prayers turned into songs of thanksgiving for the great miracle and the real holiday of freedom they would be able to celebrate. The priest continued to suffer for weeks until he died.

"For not just one rose up against us to destroy us. Rather, in every single generation they stand up against us to destroy us and the Holy One Blessed be He saves us from them." ■

# HE REDEEMED US FROM EGYPT

BY Y. MICHAL

Ancient Egypt was far bigger than the Egypt we know of today. The one who first built it was Cham, the son of Noach. He gave it to his son Mitzrayim after whom the country was named.

Many tribes lived around the Nile River and they united as one strong nation under the first Pharaoh. These tribes worked the flourishing land, traded with nearby nations and spread beyond the Nile River Valley.

The fertile land and the strong government made Egypt into a powerful, wealthy country.

The source of life in Egypt is the Nile, one of the longest rivers in the world, 4100 miles (the United States from coast to coast is 2800 miles wide). The Nile, which flows the length of Egypt, begins with two separate rivers, the White Nile which goes out from Lake Victoria, and the Blue Nile which comes from Ethiopia. Near the city of Khartoum these tributaries



connect and become one river.

However, aside from the area of the Nile, Egypt is mostly desert with minimal rain. Not surprisingly, it was around the Nile that the Egyptians grew the fruit, vegetables, and grain that they needed. They constructed a series of canals and irrigation ditches to bring water to their fields. These were called ye'orim which is why, in the Torah, the Nile is called "Ye'or." According to some opinions, this is the Nachal Mitzrayim mentioned there.

Rashi, in Chumash Bereishis, says that the Nile is Pishon, one of the four main rivers that split off from the river in Gan Eden. It was called Pishon because its waters gushed and overflowed to water the land or since the Egyptians grew pishtan-flax on its banks out of which they made clothes.

The Nile provided water for the Egyptians even during times of drought. The Torah tells us about Avrohom and Sarah who went down to Egypt during a famine in Eretz Yisrael.

### AS A VERDANT GARDEN

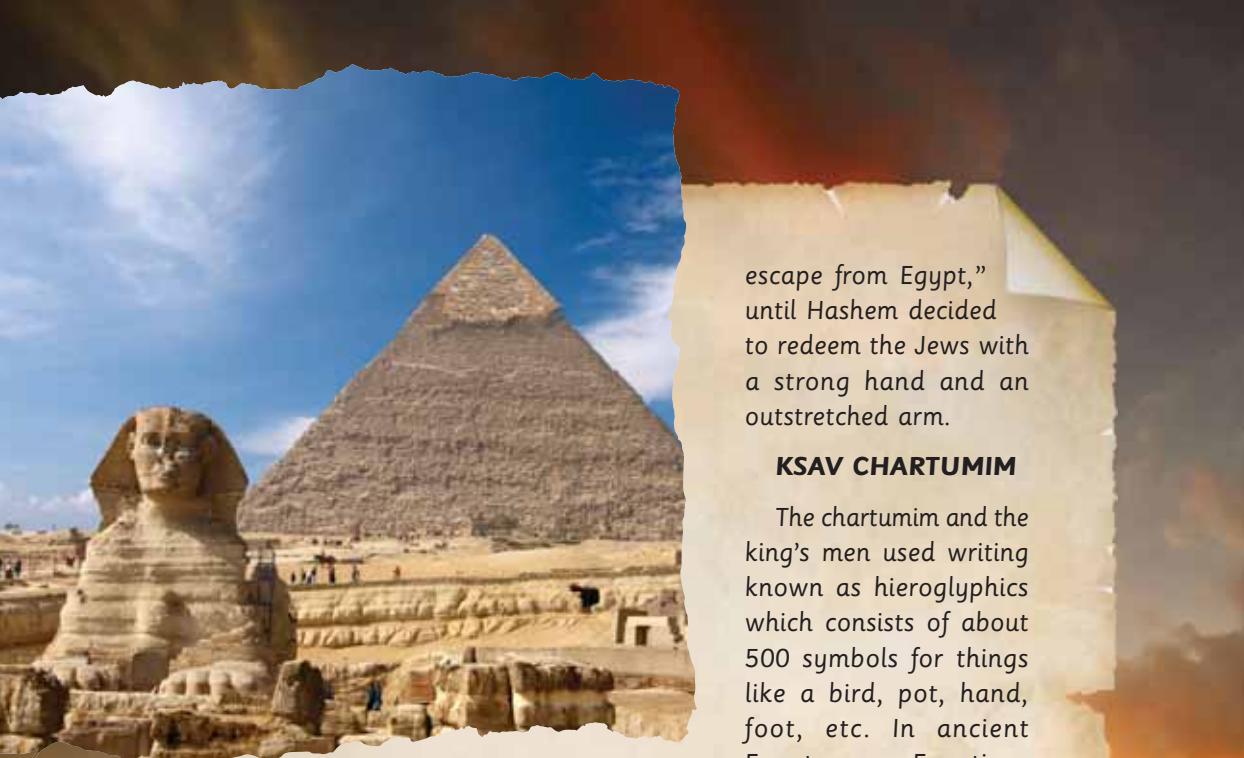
The Egyptians invented many things and the kings' wise men, the chartumim, used magic and other wisdom and invented a writing called "Ksav Chartumim." The Egyptians built impressive buildings and its strong army was provided with the best weaponry.

Leading Egypt was the Pharaoh, a title given to the rulers of Egypt (like Czar in Russia, and Sultan in Arab countries). Pharaoh told his people that he created himself and that he had divine powers. Moshe met Pharaoh at the Nile and caught him using it as his bathroom (when he claimed he did not need to excrete waste).

Pharaoh was the supreme ruler and beneath



רשות סITEM הראמברם - קהיר  
RAMBAM SYNAGOGUE CA



him were officials, chartumim and servants who oversaw the treasures of Egypt. Yosef, as you know, attained the most senior position a person can reach as second to Pharaoh.

Pharaoh's mighty army included iron chariots attached to powerful horses and ... powerful magic! That's why "No slave could

escape from Egypt," until Hashem decided to redeem the Jews with a strong hand and an outstretched arm.

### **KSAV CHARTUMIM**

The chartumim and the king's men used writing known as hieroglyphics which consists of about 500 symbols for things like a bird, pot, hand, foot, etc. In ancient Egypt, many Egyptians knew how to read and write but as time passed, the wisdom was lost and nobody was able to read the language of the chartumim.

Many researchers tried to decipher hieroglyphics without success. In 1799, during Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, a French soldier found a rock, later called the Rosetta Stone, which

### **THE DISPUTE ABOUT THE NILE**

The Nile is the source of livelihood of Egypt but many other countries use its water too. Nine countries live alongside the Nile. In 5689/1929, an agreement was made between Britain, the ruler in the area, and Egypt about how to divide the waters of the Nile. According to the agreement, Egypt was given about 85% of the waters of the Nile and the other countries divided the rest.

In recent years, countries that live near the Nile have been trying to change the old agreement but Egypt strongly opposes this and threatens to use military force to defend its right to the waters of the Nile. Egypt's main rival is Ethiopia which also has a strong army.

The dispute isn't over and every now and then there are threats of war.

## THE CURSE OF THE PYRAMIDS

About 100 years ago, a group of archaeologist specializing in Egypt (called Egyptologists) found the tomb of King Tut. As they opened the tomb, back at his home, a cobra killed a pet bird owned by the head archaeologist. Panic spread when they learned that the cobra is a symbol and protector of the Egyptian monarchy.

The British nobleman who initiated the excavation was found dead a short while later. He was followed by many of the backers and participants in the excavation. A rumor was spread that in one of the tombs a curse was found that said, "I will kill whoever crosses the threshold." Many people came to believe the "Curse of the Pharaohs."

There were rumors about supernatural forces, fatal germs that were in the tomb, or poison contained in the items buried in the tomb. Was this truly an ancient curse or a series of unrelated events? We don't know. What we do know is that everything happens by divine providence.

had three ancient scripts on it, ancient Greek, hieroglyphics, and another kind of ancient Egyptian writing.

Since the researchers could read ancient Greek, and they realized that the same thing was written in all three languages, they were able to decipher the hieroglyphics. Each symbol represented another syllable and they were able to read the language of the chartumim.

Thanks to the precise documentation that the chartumim and officials used, archaeologists can research the business that was done in Egypt. A sack of wheat was called a "char" and it contained

about 110 pounds of wheat. The monthly salary of a simple laborer was one sack.

Another method of payment were copper bars that weighed about .2 of a pound and were called "debbet," and of course there were also silver and gold. A debben of copper was equal to half a char of wheat. 200 copper debben were equal to a debben of gold. A cow cost 1200 debben.

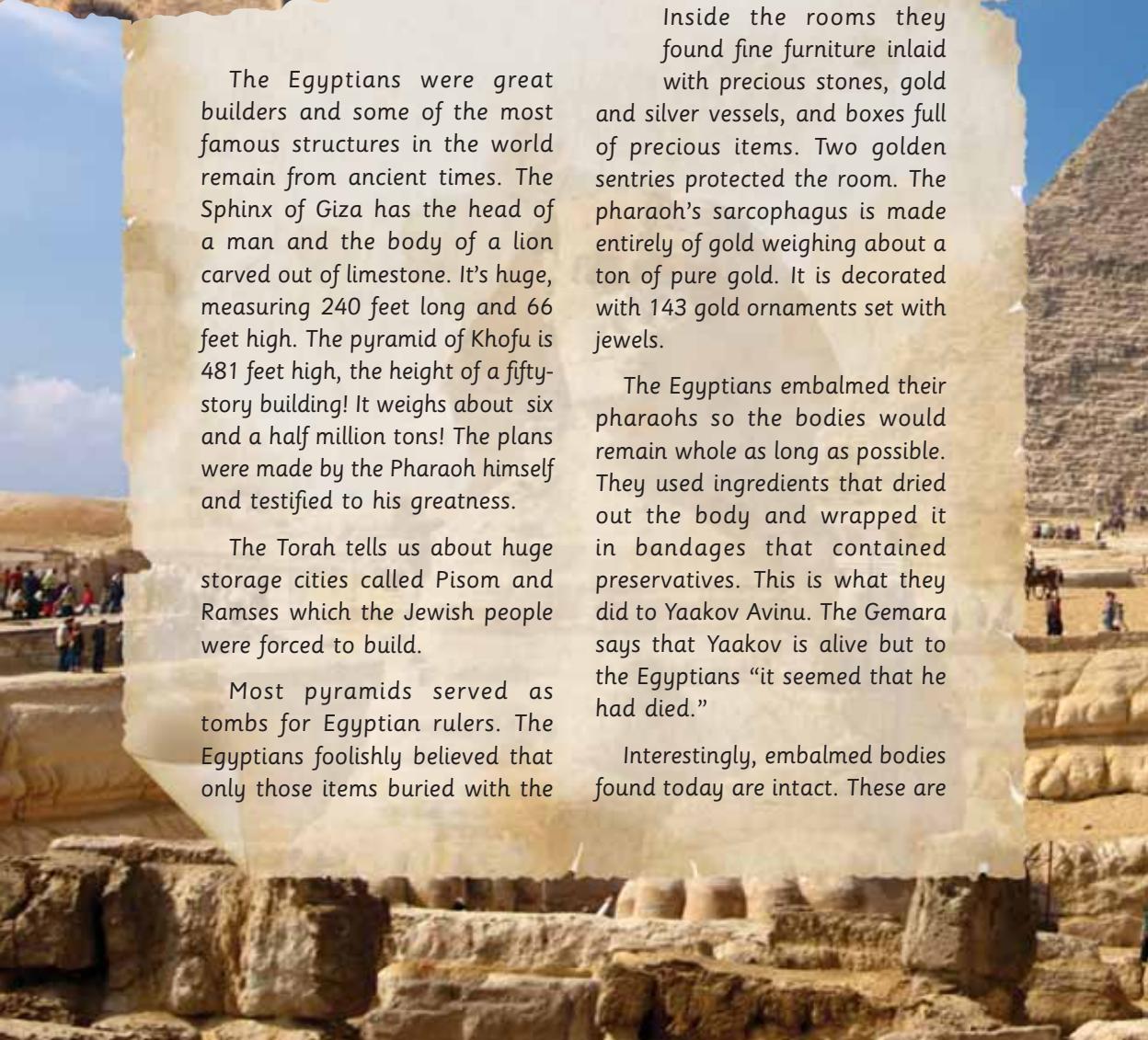
The Egyptian language was similar to other languages in the area, from the family of Semitic languages, a reference to Shem, the son of Noach. Pharaoh himself spoke 70 languages; Yosef could speak 71!

**TO THE PYRAMIDS!**



body would be used in the Next World which is why their kings were buried with enormous treasures of gold, silver, food and drink.

Thieves broke into most of the pyramids and stole the treasures. Very few tombs remain with the treasures intact. One of them is that of Tutankhamun (King Tut). Inside the rooms they found fine furniture inlaid with precious stones, gold and silver vessels, and boxes full of precious items. Two golden sentries protected the room. The pharaoh's sarcophagus is made entirely of gold weighing about a ton of pure gold. It is decorated with 143 gold ornaments set with jewels.



The Egyptians embalmed their pharaohs so the bodies would remain whole as long as possible. They used ingredients that dried out the body and wrapped it in bandages that contained preservatives. This is what they did to Yaakov Avinu. The Gemara says that Yaakov is alive but to the Egyptians "it seemed that he had died."

Interestingly, embalmed bodies found today are intact. These are

The Egyptians were great builders and some of the most famous structures in the world remain from ancient times. The Sphinx of Giza has the head of a man and the body of a lion carved out of limestone. It's huge, measuring 240 feet long and 66 feet high. The pyramid of Khofu is 481 feet high, the height of a fifty-story building! It weighs about six and a half million tons! The plans were made by the Pharaoh himself and testified to his greatness.

The Torah tells us about huge storage cities called Pisom and Ramses which the Jewish people were forced to build.

Most pyramids served as tombs for Egyptian rulers. The Egyptians foolishly believed that only those items buried with the

## CHABAD IN EGYPT

During World War I, the Turks expelled many Jews from Israel to Egypt including Chabad Chassidim such as Rabbi Menachem Mendel Naeh and his family. R' Naeh opened a yeshiva there which was led by his son, Rabbi Avrohom Chaim Naeh. He later became famous as the one who researched measurements in halacha (an amah, a tefach, k'zayis, etc.)

When the war ended with victory for the British, R' Naeh returned to his home but continued to help the Jews of Egypt and even published a sefer of halacha for them called *Shnos Chayim*.

The Rebbe Rayatz, on his way to Eretz Yisrael, traveled via Alexandria where he was welcomed by R' Naeh and Rabbi Eliezerov.

The Rebbe MH”M said to hold siyumim of Rambam in Egypt. Every year, a delegation of rabbis goes there for a siyum in the shul associated with the Rambam. In recent years, due to the poor security situation there, hardly any Jews go from Israel to Egypt and the tradition of siyumim has almost stopped.

mummies and they can be seen in museums.

## EGYPT NOWADAYS

Egypt today is nothing like the ancient Egyptian empire. The language today is Arabic with an Egyptian accent. The country is large and has nearly 100 million people but 98% of the country is desert which is why the population is concentrated close to the Nile, to the Mediterranean Sea, a more fertile area. This is where Cairo, the capital, is located where a fifth of the population lives. Other big cities are Alexandria, Aswan, and Sharm El Sheikh.

Egypt, despite its size, is a poor country. Only about

half the population is literate. The Suez Canal is important as it connects the Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea and many ships pass through it on their way between the Far East and Europe.

In recent years, the country has known opposites: the government of the dictator Mubarak was toppled. He was replaced by another extremist who was also toppled in favor of a new president.

There used to be a large Jewish community in Egypt and many Torah scholars. Today, only a few Jewish families remain and the many ancient shuls remain desolate until the Geula.



STORY TIME BY BAILA BRIKMAN

## The Rebbe's Wine

When the shliach in Ramat Gan, Eretz Yisrael, opened his mailbox, a fancy envelope fluttered to the ground. Huh? What's this? Gershon and Sandy sent a wedding invitation? But they've been married for years!

He took a closer look. Oh! It was an invitation to a party, celebrating their 25th anniversary! With such a fancy invitation, the shliach realized that it wouldn't be a regular party. It would be as fancy as a real wedding!

He called up Gershon. "Gershon! What's this? Looks like you're having a really big anniversary party!"

"You'd better believe it!" Gershon said happily. "And it's going to be in The Royal Gardens, the fanciest hall in town!"

"Wow, Gershon! That's incredible! But why is this anniversary so special?"

"Oh, it's a long story," Gershon laughed.

"I have time. Let's hear it!"

And so, Gershon began his story:

About five years after we got married, I decided to go to Crown Heights to visit the Lubavitcher Rebbe. I'd heard a lot about him, so I really wanted to meet him! After

waiting in line for a while, it was my turn to pass by the Rebbe. The Rebbe handed me some wine and said I should use it for my wedding.

I didn't know what to think! I was already happily married! Was the Rebbe hinting that I would get divorced chas ve-shalom? I stuffed the wine into my bag and went home, feeling very confused.

*Baruch Hashem, Sandy and I stayed happily married and I never used the wine. I just couldn't figure out what the Rebbe wanted me to use it for!*

Gershon finished with, "A few weeks ago, we started planning our 25th anniversary party. I don't know why, but this felt like the perfect time to use the Rebbe's wine! And if I was serving the Rebbe's wine, I needed to serve it with respect! The party would have to be the fanciest, most beautiful party, exactly like a real wedding! All in honor of the Rebbe!"

"Wow!" the shliach said. "This huge party is all because you'll be serving the Rebbe's wine?"

"You got it!" Gershon replied. "I booked the fanciest hall and the best band. We invited everyone we know! It's going to

be the greatest ‘wedding’ ever! And the star of the show will be the Rebbe’s wine!”

“I can’t wait!” the shliach exclaimed. He took out his calendar and marked down the date of the party. This’ll be the event of the year! He thought. And it was - but for a different, special reason.

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Three days before the grand ‘wedding’, Gershon’s phone rang.

“Hi Gershon,” the caller said, “this is Elliot, the owner of The Royal Gardens. We have a problem.”

“What’s wrong?” Gershon asked, bracing himself for bad news.

“A sewage pipe burst in the hall yesterday,” Elliot said, grimly. “The hall is full of water. And what’s more, it stinks! There’s no way we can have your anniversary party there!”

Gershon felt like he was going to faint. How could this be?! He was supposed to serve the Rebbe’s wine at the party! Would all this planning be for nothing?

Elliot continued talking. “I know - this is the last thing you want to hear, so close to the event. But don’t worry! I have everything figured out! There’s a Jewish center right across the street from The Royal Gardens. Inside, there are a few event halls. I booked their biggest hall, and my workers will stand in our parking lot to tell your guests to go across the street to the Jewish center. No one will even notice that it’s not in The Royal Gardens, because we’ll decorate the entire hall!”

As Gershon listened, it sounded more and more like Elliot’s idea could work. His party couldn’t be in The Royal Gardens,

but at least it would still be fancy - and he didn’t even have to contact his guests to tell them about the change of plans! He thanked Elliot and agreed.

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On the big day of the party, Gershon and Sandy came early to the Jewish center. They looked around the hall—it really looked like a garden! Beautiful flowers were on every table, and plants were everywhere. Waiters hurried about, setting tables with the fanciest dishes. Gershon breathed a sigh of relief. Everything looked perfect! He went to the head table and put the Rebbe’s wine in the middle. After all, it was the star of the show!

They still had a lot of time before any guests would be there, so Gershon and Sandy walked around the Jewish center. When they passed by one of the smaller halls, they peeked inside and noticed something strange. It looked like it was set up for a simcha, but the room looked so plain! There were simple bottles of soda and cheap juice on the tables, and there were only a few trays of cake. Where were the flowers? Where was the band?

Gershon and Sandy looked at each other in shock. How could this simcha be simpler than a regular Shabbos meal? They realized right away that the baalei simcha were very poor. Gershon decided to ask the manager of the Jewish center what was going on.

“A young couple is getting married in the small hall tonight,” he said. “They are baalei teshuvah, and they have no money or help from their family. They’re making the cheapest, most simple wedding in the world!”



All of a sudden, Gershon realized exactly which wedding the Rebbe wanted him to use the wine at! He didn't mean Gershon's wedding - he meant the wedding of this poor chosson and kallah! The Rebbe wanted them to share their big celebration with this couple, so they could have a beautiful wedding!

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Gershon found the chosson in the other room, saying tehillim. After wishing him a big mazel tov, he told him everything that happened. "Our party was supposed to be across the street, but by hashgacha pratis, it's going to be upstairs!" he told the chosson. "We have the best band, delicious food, and tons of guests! I heard that you're getting married tonight. We'd be honored to share our party with you and your kallah so you'll have the most amazing wedding!"

The chosson's eyes filled with tears. "Thank you!" he whispered, deeply moved by Gershon's kindness, a man he'd never even met before.

Gershon was thrilled. He could finally carry out the Rebbe's request from so long ago! The Rebbe's wine had waited patiently all these years to be served at this young couple's wedding!

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The wedding was incredible. The penniless couple stood under the chuppah, surrounded by hundreds of guests in a magnificent hall. As soon as the chosson stepped on the glass, shouts of "Mazel tov!" filled the room! The band burst into lively music, and the crowd danced and danced.

There was so much simcha and energy in the room! Everyone was thrilled to do the great mitzva of bringing joy to a chosson

and kallah. When the music slowed down and the guests went to enjoy a delicious meal, Gershon got up to speak.

"Honored guests, let me tell you a story. Years ago, the Lubavitcher Rebbe gave me a bottle of wine. He told me to use it at my wedding. I never knew what he meant, until I realized he wanted me to use it at my 25th anniversary party! My plans didn't work out, and I had to move the party to this hall - and when I saw that a chosson and kallah were getting married downstairs, I realized that the Rebbe wanted me to share my party - and his wine - with them!"

"Here it is," Gershon finished, holding the bottle in the air. "I'm honored to serve it at this wonderful wedding!"

All the guests clapped. What an amazing story, with clear hashgacha pratis!

Suddenly, the kallah asked if she could speak.

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With tears in her eyes, she began to tell her story.

"I am a baalas teshuvah. I left everything I knew to become frum. And the hardest part was that my parents were upset at me! They tried convincing me to stay - well, not frum, but I knew the right thing to do was to follow Torah and mitzvos. They weren't happy about it, but they still spoke to me."

She took a deep breath and continued. "But then, when my parents heard I was going to marry a frum Yid, they were furious! They told me if I married him, they wouldn't give me any money for the wedding - and they would never speak to me again!"



"I really wanted to marry my chosson, so I stayed firm. But last night, it hit me hard - if I married my chosson, I would never see my family again. How could I do such a thing? Before I went to sleep, I had decided to cancel the wedding. I tossed and turned, and when I finally fell asleep, I had a dream."

The kallah paused and looked around the room. All the guests held their breath.

"In my dream," she continued, "the Lubavitcher Rebbe came to me. He said, 'Miriam, marry your chosson. He's a good man, and he's the right one for you. To show you that you're making the right choice, I'll be at your wedding! You'll know that I am there!'"

Pointing at the wine, the kallah said. "This is how I know that the Rebbe is here

with me tonight! He sent this wine as a wedding gift for us!"

Everyone stood up and clapped and clapped. They all realized what a great tzaddik the Rebbe was. Twenty years earlier, the Rebbe had seen that this kallah would need his help! He'd given the wine to Gershon, setting the pieces in motion so they'd all fall right into place!

Gershon ran his hand over the wine and held it up for everyone to see. "It's finally time to serve this wine! Let's drink a l'chaim to the Rebbe, who saw what would happen today from so many years in the past!"

The wine was absolutely delicious. And how could it not be? It had waited all these years to give brachos to a chosson and kallah on their wedding night.

\* Names have been changed to protect privacy



# THE LETTER THAT GOT DELIVERED 50 YEARS LATTER

In Eretz Yisrael, there's a school that trains frum men how to be good teachers. People from all types of backgrounds learn there. In one class alone, you can have a 25-year-old Lubavitcher, a 40-year-old Litvak, and a 32-year-old Breslover!

One year, the Lubavitcher students made a farbrengen in honor of Yud Tes Kislev. They gathered everyone together to speak about Chassidus and share stories about the Rebbe.

At the farbrengen, many students got up to speak. One of them was Shlomo Yehuda Solomon, a 40 year old Belzer chassid. "I'm not a Lubavitcher," he announced, "but let me tell you an amazing story that my family had with the Rebbe."

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My Zeidy was a Belzer chassid named Reb Moshe Solomon. In the early 2000's, he was the principal of a yeshiva in Eretz Yisrael. Whenever the yeshiva needed money, he would travel to New York to fundraise.

One time, Zeidy's friend asked him for a favor: "When you go to New York, can you stop by 770 to daven that I stay healthy?"



Zeidy agreed, and that's how he found himself in 770 for the first time in his life.

In 770, Zeidy told some bachurim why he had come. They explained that he could write a letter to the Rebbe and put it inside an Igros Kodesh. "The Rebbe will find a way to answer you!" they told him.

Zeidy had never heard anything like that before, but they managed to talk him into it. He wrote a letter to the Rebbe, asking for a bracha for his friend. He also wrote about his work in the yeshiva and how he came to New York to raise money.

Zeidy put his letter into volume 19 of Igros Kodesh and opened it randomly to page 208. The letter on that page was written to people who were in charge of yeshivos, just like Zeidy! The Rebbe gave many brachos

and wrote about the great zechus of teaching and spreading Torah.

Zeidy felt like he'd gotten a personal answer from the Rebbe! He went to the nearest sefarim store and bought that volume of Igros. He couldn't wait to show it to us!

Baruch Hashem, his trip to New York was successful and he raised a lot of money for his yeshiva. He came back home to Eretz Yisrael and told our whole family what happened! When he took out the Igros Kodesh to show us the letter, he noticed a p.s. at the bottom: "I included a copy of my letter to **Mr. Moshe Solomon.**"

What?! That was Zeidy's name!

Our whole family was amazed. Out of all the letters in Igros, Zeidy had opened to this one with his name in it! He really had gotten a personal answer!

I was so excited, I made a copy of the letter to show my friends.

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When I showed it to them, boy was I disappointed! I expected them to get excited too, but they just shrugged. "So what?" they said. "There's probably hundreds of Moshe Solomons that the Rebbe wrote to! Why are you making such a big deal about this?"

I didn't know what to say, but one of my friends knew just what to do. He searched online with special software to check how many times the name Moshe Solomon was printed in the Igros Kodesh. "Guess what, guys," he shouted. "There are only two pages in Igros with the name Moshe Solomon! One is page 208, in the letter that Shlomo Yehuda's Zeidy found, and the other is page 207, the page right before that!"

After hearing that, we all realized that something very special had happened. Out of

the thousands of letters in over 25 volumes, the letter Zeidy opened was the very one with his name in it! It was clear that the Rebbe had known that Zeidy would open to that specific letter.

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The next time I was in my Zeidy's house, I went straight to the bookcase and pulled out the Igros. I wanted to see the letter from page 207. Even though it was on the page right before the letter Zeidy found, none of us had seen it! When I opened up to that page, I couldn't believe my eyes. This letter (from the year 5720/1960) didn't just mention Zeidy's name—it was actually written and addressed to him!

This is a summary of what it said:

**Sholom U'Vracha!**

**I was happy to hear from the bachurim that you let them speak to your talmidim about the Frierdiker Rebbe on the day of his Yom Hilula.**

**I also got the pan that you signed, and I will read it at the ohel of the Frierdiker Rebbe.**

**You should continue to use the talents that Hashem gave you to spread Yiddishkeit everywhere, starting with your talmidim. You should do it with chayus! You should teach very clearly, so that all your talmidim will understand the ideas of Chassidus. That way, they can make the ways of Chassidus part of their daily lives!**

**The chachamim say that if you want to do something, nothing can stand in your way! And when you have the zechus of teaching so many talmidim, for sure nothing can stand in your way. There is nothing more important than**



**days than learning Chassidus, because it adds chayus to our avodas Hashem.**

**With brachos for success in all of the above. You should have good news.**

When I finished reading, I was pretty confused. Why did the Rebbe write a letter to Zeidy? I went over to Zeidy, who was sitting in the next room. "Zeidy," I asked, "did you ever write to the Lubavitcher Rebbe?"

He looked at me strangely. "Just that one time, when I davened for my friend in 770."

"And before then, you never wrote to the Rebbe?" I pressed. "Maybe someone else wrote for you?"

"No. Why are you asking?"

I took out the Igros and started reading the letter out loud. As I read, Zeidy's face turned white. "I remember now!" he exclaimed. "I know what this is all about."

"In the 1960's, I ran a different yeshiva. One day, Chabad bachurim came and asked

if they could speak with my talmidim about the Frierdiker Rebbe, because it was his Yom Hilula. I gave them permission, and they spoke with my talmidim. Afterward, they asked me to sign a special pan to the Rebbe."

Zeidy took the Igros from my hands and started to read the letter again. "I can't believe it!" he said emotionally. "After all these years, I had no idea that the Rebbe wrote a letter to me, and with such beautiful brachos! Now I know how much it meant to him that I signed the pan and let the bachurim speak with my students!"

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Back at the farbrengen, Shlomo Yehuda Solomon finished off the story:

"Look at the Rebbe's greatness! For whatever reason, Zeidy wasn't supposed to get the letter until the time was right. And now, so many years later, the Rebbe made sure that he would get it!"

# חַסְדִּים נָשַׁעֲנִים קָאֵפֶן

YOU CAN ADD LIFE TO THE KING

The proclamation of “Yechi HaMelech” is familiar to us. We all say it every day after davening, sing and dance to it, and watch videos of the Rebbe encouraging this special song. Do we understand what this proclamation accomplishes in the world and why we constantly say “Yechi HaMelech?”

## MASHAL

Mr. Yisraelowitz leaned heavily on the railing at the end of the stairs. In vain, his trembling hands tried to grasp the metal pole and his feet struggled with the slippery stairs. He felt dizzy and it seemed as though the ceiling and floor had begun a weird dance together. The world was blurring

before his eyes and a sleepy feeling spread through his body.

“It’s nothing,” he mumbled to himself and he tried to walk further, to the door of his house, but the sudden weakness won out. Mr. Yisraelowitz’s grasp weakened and he slid from the top of the steep flight of stairs.

By divine providence, his worrisome fall was straight into the lap of his devoted, strong neighbor, Mr. Ami. He had arrived at the critical moment from behind him and put the brakes on the dangerous crash.

Ami, as a beloved volunteer for Hatzalah, easily recognized that something wasn't right. The yellow tinge of his neighbor's face and his heavy breathing left no doubt. He called the base and within minutes the flashing lights could be seen. Mr. Yisraelowitz was put on a stretcher and the ambulance set out with a wail of the siren.

Dr. Even-Lev, considered an expert in his field, diagnosed the problem immediately. "Don't worry sir," he said as he patted Mr. Yisraelowitz's shoulder. "In two or three days you will be home. Your heart is a bit weak but the new medication we developed right here, in Chayus Hospital, will make you hale and hearty again. Just try not to get worked up, okay?"

Mr. Yisraelowitz did get worked up, and how! He even got angry.

"I'm not sick, doctor. My hands and feet hurt, I was tired, what connection is there to the heart?"

Dr. Even-Lev wasn't fazed. He was used to dealing with stubborn patients and he pleasantly explained, "The body is connected to the heart. When the heart is weak, pain is felt in other limbs. The heart sends blood to the limbs and organs which is why life is dependent on it."

Out of the pocket of his white jacket he removed a metal instrument. He attached it to Mr. Yisraelowitz's chest.

"Here, you can listen to your heartbeat. It is constantly beating, contracting and expanding, sending blood to the rest of the body. We will treat your heart and you will feel like new."

Two days later, as the doctor promised, Mr. Yisraelowitz was released from the hospital. He went home and climbed the stairs easily as he thanked G-d for His miracles.

## NIMSHAL

The heart is the most essential part of our bodies and needs to be treated properly if we want a healthy body! The same is true for the Jewish people, Mr. Yisraelowitz in our Mashal.

A king is called the "heart of the Jewish people." He is the head of the nation and leads it. On the one hand, the king is above the people and we need to fear him and submit to him. On the other hand, he is connected and close to the nation just like the heart is to the limbs. The king sends strength and life to all parts of the Jewish people like the heart sends blood to the rest of the body!

The king, even as he pumps out life to his citizens, is also dependent on them. "There is no king without a nation." It is

# CERTIFICATE

Dr. Even-Lev  
Cardiology

Doctor:  
EVEN-LEV

PATIENT NAME:  
MR. AZULAI  
3 NISSAN

רשות  
שטיינְזֶר  
גִּילָאָן

the people who make a king when they accept his kingdom and proclaim, "Long live the king!"

In order to add life to him, they need to continue proclaiming, "Yechi HaMelech." Then, he can continue to send the flow of life to the nation, just as the medication that the patient in the Mashal received. The medication strengthens the heart in order to assure the healthy life of Am Yisraelowitz, excuse me, Yisrael. Then the heart, the king, can continue and provide life for his people.

The Rebbe MH" M adds: In every Jew there is a spark of the soul of Moshiach, the "Yechida," the highest level of a Jew's soul. It is part of the "Yechida Klalis," the soul of Moshiach.

Therefore, proclaiming "Yechi HaMelech," by which the nation accepts the kingdom of the king and adds life to him, is especially important for Moshiach.

Another important point about the proclamation is that it also contains the statement that the time for the revelation of Moshiach has come, as well as a request, demand, and longing for Moshiach.

## CHALLENGE

1

Mr. Yisraelowitz fell as he was on his way home. Where was he coming from?

2

Who was treated in this hospital room the day before?

3

What halachic issue needs to be fixed in the room as soon as possible?

4

What is the date of his arrival in the hospital?

5

Who is the owner of the pen Dr. Even-Lev is using?

5) Mr. Yisraelowitz slept next to the pen as you can see the cap on the shelf next to the bed.

4) Since the date on Mr. Azulai's form says 3 Nissan, today is 4 Nissan.

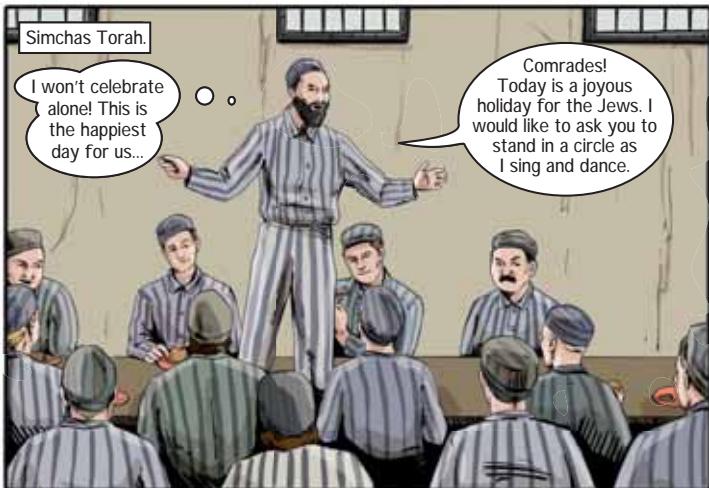
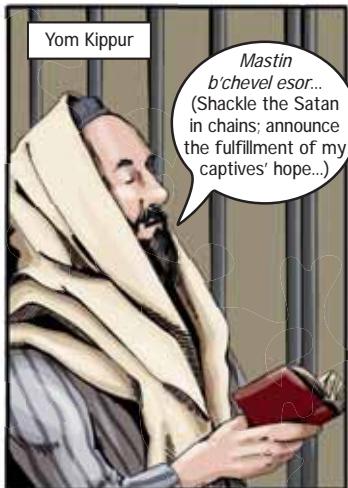
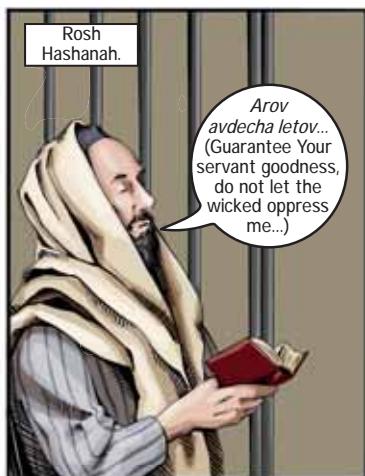
3) The mezuzah is not on the correct side of the door.

2) Mr. Azulai. You can see the form attached to the bed that was not changed yet.

1) Schul. You can still see the marks from the tefillin on his arm.

## ANSWERS

# AVREMEL'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURES



# 15.

**Recap:** When Reb Avremel offers his photo enlarging services to a rich Uzbek, the man calls the police who arrest him for working “illegally”

