

SALUTE



The Beis Moshiach Superstars are soldiers in Tzivos Hashem

A TRIP TO
THE MIKVA

**THAT TOOK
6 MONTHS...**

WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT

**THE TZIVOS
HASHEM
UNIFORM?**

**YOSSI &
MENDY
DISCOVER:**

THE REBBE
STOPPED FARBERENGING
IN THE SUKKA?

**LET'S GO
ESROG
PICKING!**

FACTS & PHOTOS

גַּהֲי אֶתְנוֹתָךְ מִזְרָחָנוּ וְרַבְנֵנוּ מִלְןָהָמָה לְעֹלָם וְנֶדֶ



WHAT DO YOU KNOW About The TZIVOS HASHEM UNIFORM?

Look around and see how many people wear special clothes! Employees of companies, members of sports teams, and of course, those in health care, security and the military.

Each of them has a way of dressing that differentiates them from others with color, style, and design. It announces to everyone who they are, who they belong to.

EXTERNAL GARMENTS

You may have asked, what's it for? As Chabad Chassidim, we know that the main things are one's inner garments. We need to be careful about the three garments of the soul: thought, speech and action, so they are always holy to G-d.

"Chabad demands pnimiyus," the saying goes. Why then, is it important how we dress?

EXCUSE ME, DO YOU WORK HERE?

If you've ever needed help when you were shopping, did you know whom to ask without first saying, "Excuse me, do you work here?"

A uniform represents something and its purpose is to let you know who this person represents. This way, you can identify whoever walks down the street in uniform.

Many companies spend a lot of money on branding so we will always recognize their logo.

UNIFORMS

Uniforms also help the people wearing them. Do you want to hear an astonishing fact? Twenty years ago, the Egged bus company decided their bus drivers would wear a uniform. A year later, it was reported that the number of complaints



THE REBBE SALUTES A SOLDIER IN THE UNIFORM OF TZIVOS HASHEM



THE REBBE GIVING OUT COINS TO COUNSELORS IN UNIFORM



SOLDIERS IN TZIVOS HASHEM UNIFORM AT A RALLY IN 770

about drivers had gone down drastically as compared to the year before! A uniform helps us remember who we represent and we behave accordingly.

OUR UNIFORM

Soldiers in Tzivos Hashem also have a “uniform.” The purpose of a uniform in a regular army is to let everyone know that this soldier is part of the army of that country. The uniform represents the country.

So too with the “Army of Hashem,” boys have a uniform that testifies to their being Jewish like tzitzis. If you see a boy wearing tzitzis, he is definitely a soldier in Hashem’s army. When girls dress modestly, this is their uniform and the world knows that she is a girl in Hashem’s army.

UNIFORM OF TZIVOS HASHEM

There is also great importance in matching outer garments. The Rebbe once said in a sicha, “And therefore it was agreed and suggested that there be additional things that unite them all, whether by wearing the same color, or a slogan in the same color, etc. as has already spread from country to country.”

When soldiers passed by the Rebbe in their uniform, the Rebbe often saluted them and showed how much he liked it.

Let's Go Esrog Picking

In honor of the Yom Tov of Sukkos, join our diligent reporter and talented photographer who toured an Esrog orchard in Kfar Chabad and learned about how the Esrogim come from the orchard to our hands, for the special mitzvah.

We arrived at the orchard in the early afternoon and it was bustling. One of the workers, named Shimi, who had a big smile and was holding cold apple juice, welcomed us and responded to our many questions.

We first wanted to know why there are esrog orchards in Kfar Chabad and what is special about these esrogim.

"Remember," said Shimi, "that a grafted esrog is pasul." That

means, on Succos you are not allowed to use an esrog from a tree on which they attached a branch from another type of tree (like a lemon).

"Why would someone do that?" asked the photographer as he kept clicking away.

Shimi was happy to explain.

"The esrog trees are very delicate, weak and sensitive to cold, winds and various things that can damage them. Similar

trees, such as lemon trees, are much stronger and healthier. If you graft a lemon branch on to an esrog tree, you produce a stronger esrog tree but the esrogim are pasul for a bracha. It looks like a beautiful esrog but it can't be used for the mitzva."

"How can someone know whether the tree is an original esrog tree?" I asked Shimi curiously.

"In halacha there are a number of signs," said Shimi, "but the best way is a 'chazaka' or a 'tradition' that certain trees are the 'offspring' of kosher trees. These trees grew in Calabria, Italy. For thousands of years, enormous groves of wild esrogim grew there, untouched by humans. Of course, they are not murkavim and are kosher l'mehadrin.

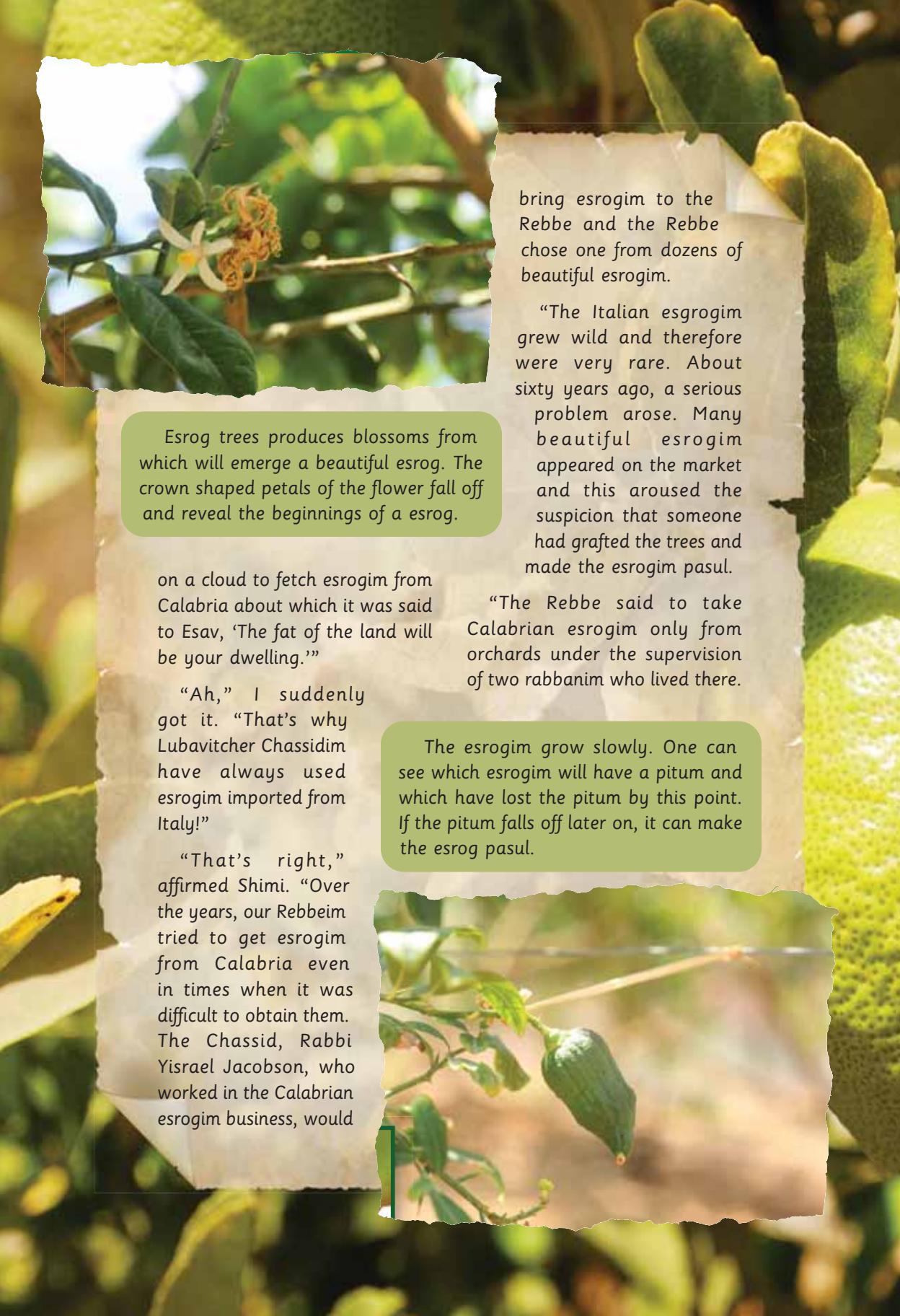
"Calabrian esrogim have another advantage in that they have a glorious 'yichus.' The Alter Rebbe writes that when Hashem told Moshe Rabeinu to use esrogim on Succos, Moshe sent emissaries



The journey toward a mehudar esrog begins with the tree. The esrogim grove is shaded by huge special coverings that protect the delicate plants from the harsh rays of the sun and from various pests.



The esrog trees are orla for the first three years and are marked with what year they were planted. Afterward, the saplings will be put in the ground under the supervision of a mashgiach.



Esrog trees produce blossoms from which will emerge a beautiful esrog. The crown shaped petals of the flower fall off and reveal the beginnings of an esrog.

on a cloud to fetch esrogim from Calabria about which it was said to Esav, ‘The fat of the land will be your dwelling.’”

“Ah,” I suddenly got it. “That’s why Lubavitcher Chassidim have always used esrogim imported from Italy!”

“That’s right,” affirmed Shimi. “Over the years, our Rebbeim tried to get esrogim from Calabria even in times when it was difficult to obtain them. The Chassid, Rabbi Yisrael Jacobson, who worked in the Calabrian esrogim business, would

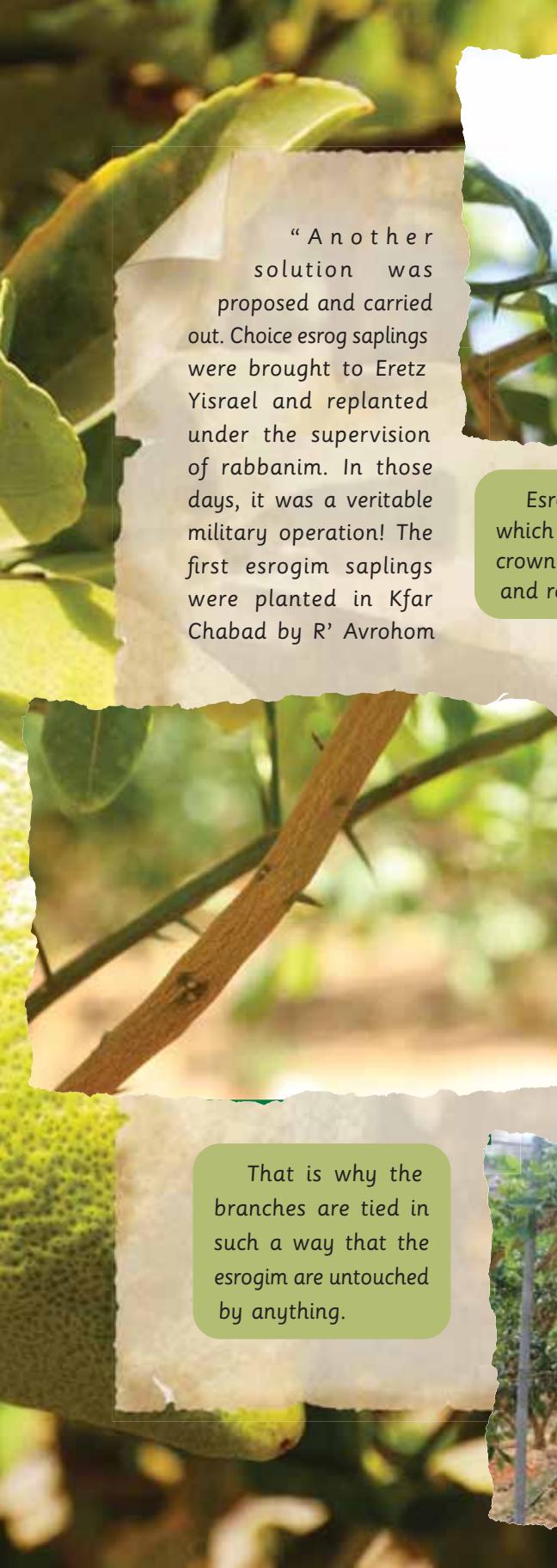
bring esrogim to the Rebbe and the Rebbe chose one from dozens of beautiful esrogim.

“The Italian esrogim grew wild and therefore were very rare. About sixty years ago, a serious problem arose. Many beautiful esrogim appeared on the market and this aroused the suspicion that someone had grafted the trees and made the esrogim pasul.

“The Rebbe said to take Calabrian esrogim only from orchards under the supervision of two rabbanim who lived there.

The esrogim grow slowly. One can see which esrogim will have a pitum and which have lost the pitum by this point. If the pitum falls off later on, it can make the esrog pasul.

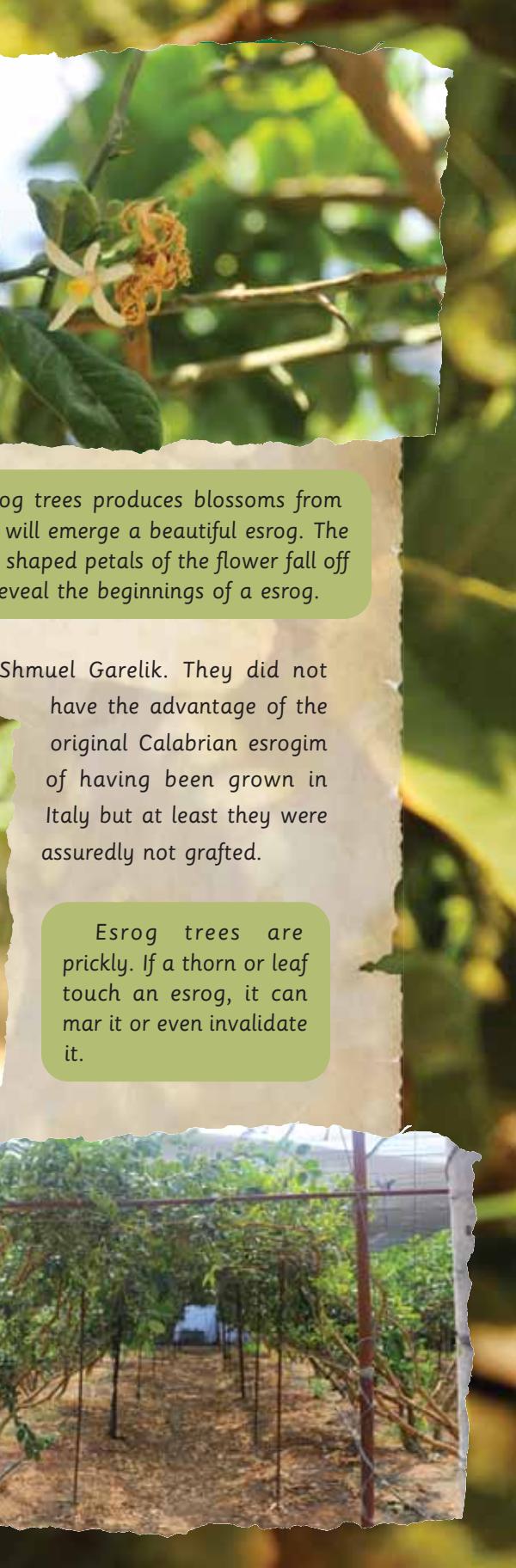




"Another solution was proposed and carried out. Choice esrog saplings were brought to Eretz Yisrael and replanted under the supervision of rabbanim. In those days, it was a veritable military operation! The first esrogim saplings were planted in Kfar Chabad by R' Avrohom



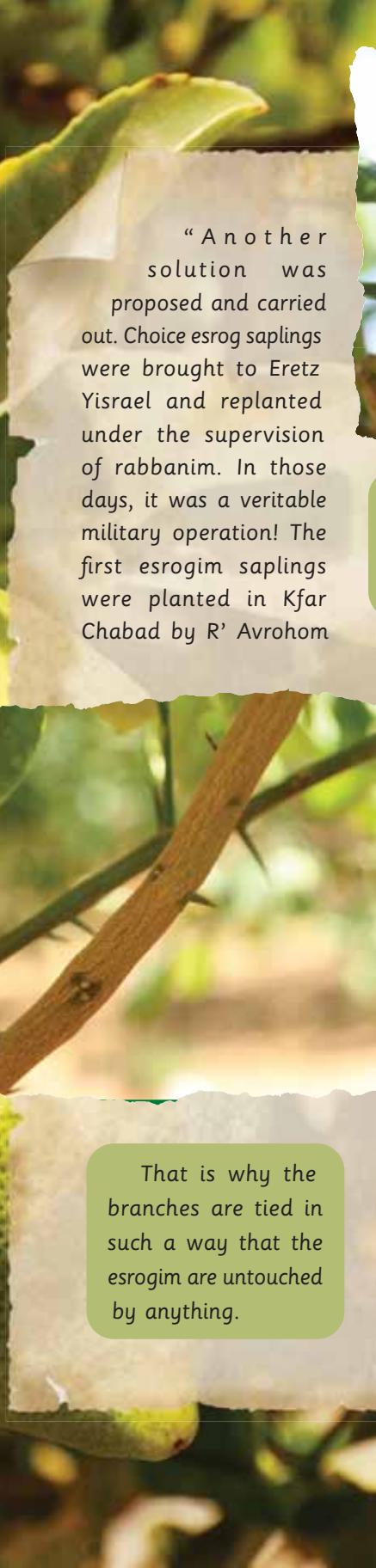
Esrog trees produce blossoms from which will emerge a beautiful esrog. The crown shaped petals of the flower fall off and reveal the beginnings of an esrog.



Shmuel Garelik. They did not have the advantage of the original Calabrian esrogim of having been grown in Italy but at least they were assuredly not grafted.



Esrog trees are prickly. If a thorn or leaf touch an esrog, it can mar it or even invalidate it.



That is why the branches are tied in such a way that the esrogim are untouched by anything.



Other enemies of the esrog: aphids, flies and worms and other harmful insects, which is why the trees are sprayed.

"The Rebbe said not to neglect growing the esrogim because the day would come when we would need them, and the orchard should be expanded. Rabbi Elozor Garelik continues the tradition of growing these esrogim.

"In 5751, Rabbi Moshe Naparstek received the two esrogim over which the Rebbe said a bracha on Succos that year. Since then, all the esrogim that grow in the orchard are 'offspring' of the Rebbe's esrog, over which he made the blessing."



Esrog trees are prickly. If a thorn or leaf touch an esrog, it can mar it or even invalidate it.

When the esrogim are finished growing they are carefully picked





As we spoke, workers scurried around us as a blue tractor pulled a large blue container behind it, and workers in the orchard watered the saplings. "Is there always a lot of work to do in the orchard?" I wondered.

"The work throughout the year is very hard," said Shimi. "The slightest touch of a thorn can damage an esrog and maybe



even invalidate it. The esrog has to have the right amount of water and no pests to harm it. It's not easy! Come and I'll show you."



We walked through the orchard and Shimi explained the stages in the growth of an esrog.



The packing of the esrogim is done carefully and there are special coverings so they don't get banged around during shipping.



The esrogim are ready for shipping. Many are sent to distant countries and to shluchim of the Rebbe around the world!

BY SHANI EICHLER

A Trip to the Mikva That Took 6 Months

Reb Yaakov Fisch was curious where Rabbi Eizik Kaliver disappeared to every Erev Yom Tov. For years, he watched his Rebbe roll down their village's dirt roads early in the morning, only to come back minutes before the start of Yom Tov. They lived in Kaliv, a small town in Hungary - where could he be running off to?

He never told anyone where he was going, and he always went alone. Everyone was really starting to wonder about him. What was his secret? What was he hiding? If he wouldn't tell anyone about it, it must be a big deal.

But Reb Yaakov was tired of being left in the dark. He was the leader of this community; it was his job to know where his Rebbe was going. He didn't think he was doing anything dangerous, but he wanted to know, just in case.

So, early in the morning on Erev Sukkos, Reb Yaakov hid outside his Rebbe's house. He watched his Rebbe pack his carriage and climb in. When no one was looking, Reb Yaakov snuck over and crawled inside. He hid under the seat, blocked from view by big bags and blankets. He settled in while it started moving.

For hours, Reb Yaakov stayed hidden, heart pounding. He tried to stay quiet, but every bump and turn knocked him against the wall, and before long, his Rebbe knew someone was there.

"Hello...?" he called. He bent down to search the carriage and was shocked to find Reb Yaakov under his seat.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, confused and surprised.

Realizing he'd been caught, Reb Yaakov crawled out, his cheeks pink with embarrassment. He didn't know how to explain what he'd been planning.

"Rebbe, I wanted to know where you're always going on days like this. You never tell anyone, so I..." he said quietly, trailing off. The Kaliver Rebbe looked down at him. He couldn't think of anything to say.

The carriage continued to bounce along dirt roads, while Reb Yaakov waited for the Rebbe to explain where they were going. He figured that, at this point, even though things were very, very awkward, the Rebbe had no choice but to finally be honest. But instead, they didn't talk at all. Even though he'd come all this way, the Rebbe still refused to tell him anything.



Soon, the carriage rolled to a stop. Reb Yaakov peeked out, and, to his surprise, he saw a glowing hot sun. When they'd left Kaliv, it had been a gray, cloudy day, but here, the weather was completely different.

"Where are we?" Reb Yaakov asked.

"Don't ask any questions," his Rebbe answered.

The Kaliver Rebbe pushed past Reb Yaakov and jumped out of the carriage. "Stay here," he said, looking back over his shoulder at Reb Yaakov. "I'm going to the mikva. We'll head home when I get back. In the meantime, don't leave the carriage - and don't talk to anybody!"

Reb Yaakov nodded. He'd never seen his Rebbe this serious before; he was actually a little scared.

He sat on the edge of the carriage, his feet dangling out to enjoy the warm sun. The city

they were in looked so strange. Stone buildings stood tall, their gray walls held back on either side by small, crooked paths.

They'd only traveled a few hours, but it was like they were in another world. He'd never seen anything like this in his town - in fact, this wasn't like anything he'd seen in his entire country! For all he knew, they could be on another planet right now.

For a little while, Reb Yaakov just listened to the birds singing. He didn't dare move from his spot on the carriage. But when a group of people walked by wearing clothes Reb Yaakov had never seen before, he grew too curious to wait quietly any longer.

"Um, excuse me," he called. A man stopped and looked at Reb Yaakov. His white shirt blew in the summer wind. "Where are we?"

The man looked at Reb Yaakov strangely. "What do you mean?" he asked. "We're in Tzfas."



Reb Yaakov laughed. The other man raised his eyebrows even higher and stared at Reb Yaakov.

"What's so funny?" the man asked.

Reb Yaakov calmed down and smiled. "I'm serious," he said. "Where am I?"

This time, the man crossed his arms. He seemed annoyed. "I already told you: We're in Tzfas - a famous city in Eretz Yisrael." His voice was serious, like he was getting tired of Reb Yaakov and trying not to yell.

Reb Yaakov shook his head. "I was just in Hungary a few hours ago," he argued. "There's no way I'm in Tzfas now - that's impossible!"

"You're crazy," the man said under his breath and started to walk away. Reb Yaakov watched the man's back, and suddenly felt a little nervous. There's no way he could be telling the truth, right? Reb Yaakov ran after the man.

"Are you telling the truth?" he asked. "We're in Tzfas? In Eretz Yisrael?"

The man rolled his eyes and sped up. Reb Yaakov knew he was bothering him, but he couldn't believe his ears. He needed the man to prove he wasn't lying. There was no way he'd traveled across the world in only a few short hours.

He and his Rebbe had been at home just a little while ago. How could they be in Eretz Yisrael now? The stranger had been right; that would be crazy.

Reb Yaakov was desperate for answers. He walked around the city, noticing that all the signs were written in Hebrew or Arabic. He got so wrapped up in exploring that he forgot about making it back to the carriage.

Before he knew it, the sun was setting, Yom Tov was starting soon, and his Rebbe was long gone. The spot where the carriage had been parked was empty. No Rebbe. No carriage in sight. Once again, Reb Yaakov



started to panic. He was lost, confused, alone, and, apparently, in Tzfas - if the signs in Hebrew were real.

Reb Yaakov walked back through the town, struggling to breathe. He heard the soft tunes of Yom Tov davening and followed them to a shul. Jews speaking Hebrew, Arabic, and Yiddish were gathered for the first night of Sukkos.

Reb Yaakov realized his Rebbe must have used kefitzas haderech. This was a power given to tzaddikim that let them travel really far, really fast. Reb Yaakov had heard about this kind of power. He couldn't pretend it was just a rumor anymore, though... how else could he have jumped across the world in a couple of hours? It wasn't a joke or a prank - he really was in Eretz Yisrael. Getting back home would require a plan and a lot of money - and he didn't have either of those things. He hadn't thought to bring money with him.

The Rebbe was a very powerful tzaddik. Reb Yaakov was amazed. This was the tzaddik's secret journey before every Yom Tov - he came to bathe in the mikva of the Arizal HaKadosh in Tzfas. In Tzfas. He still couldn't believe it...

With nothing else to do and an important holiday to celebrate, Reb Yaakov joined in on the powerful tefillah of Sukkos and then happily accepted an invitation for a Yom Tov meal. He sat in the small sukka of a local family, listening to children speak in Hebrew. Reb Yaakov could barely understand what they were saying.

His hosts kindly offered him a warm meal and even a bed, and Reb Yaakov joined their Yom Tov traditions. It wasn't until later, when his hosts started asking about him, that it really started to sink in; Reb Yaakov realized he was trapped.

"Where are you from? When are you going home?" his hosts asked. Reb Yaakov didn't know what to answer. He couldn't tell anyone the truth.

In this moment, he remembered his wife and children. The Yom Tov table where he usually sat was now missing him. Reb Yaakov began to cry. He'd been so amazed by the miracle that he forgot about himself - and his family.

Back in Hungary, the Kaliver Rebbe walked into shul to find a worried wife. Her clothes were messy, and it was clear she hadn't had a chance to finish getting ready for Sukkos.

"Rebbe," she called. Her cheeks were wet with tears and her eyes were red. She'd been crying. "Rebbe, my husband is gone!"

The Rebbe smiled and asked Mrs. Fisch to take a deep breath. "Your husband is perfectly safe," the tzaddik told her. "I promise!"

Reb Yaakov's wife forced herself to breathe and started to calm down. Hearing that her husband was safe made her feel a little better. "That's... good to hear. But where is he?" she asked. "It's Sukkos."

The Rebbe nodded. "I can't tell you where he is, but I know he'll be back, just in time for Pesach!"

Freezing, Mrs. Fisch stared at the Kaliver Rebbe, her mouth hanging open. P-E-S-A-C-H? Pesach was 6 months away.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "But - but that's half a year away! We have a family to take care of! Who's going to work? How am I supposed to feed our family?"

The Kalover Rebbe listened to Mrs. Fisch, understanding that she must be so afraid.

"He went on a... trip with me," the Rebbe explained.

Mrs. Fisch nodded, wiping tears from her eyes. She realized she had no choice but to wait. Her husband was on a trip - and if he'd gone with the Rebbe, it must be a holy and "special" trip. She imagined he'd have lots of stories to tell when he got back.

Back in Tzfas, Reb Yaakov was desperately trying to figure out how to get home. Carriage rides and boats and walking for days seemed to be his only option. He sat with maps, trying to find a shortcut that didn't rely on his Rebbe. But, as much as he tried, he could never find a good solution. He didn't have any money or any of the things he needed to leave. He was stuck.

His hosts kindly let him stay in their home, and in return, Reb Yaakov helped the man with his work. It was a nice life, but Reb Yaakov missed his home and his family.

Six months later, on Erev Pesach, The Rebbe arrived in Tzfas with a light bag and a

small carriage. He stopped outside the mikva, where he found a smiling Reb Yaakov.

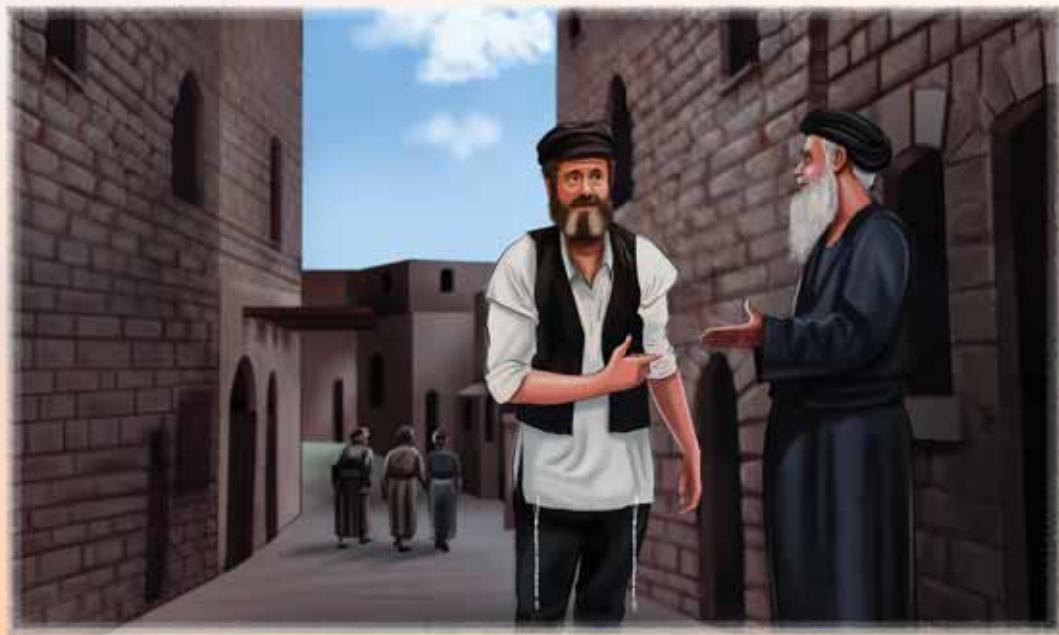
The Rebbe hugged his friend and motioned for him to wait in the carriage.

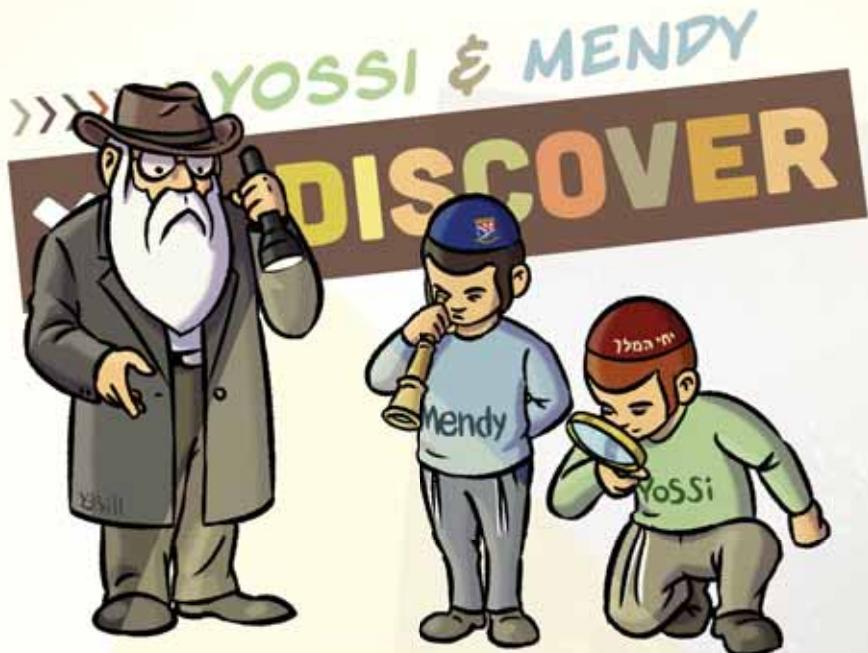
"I'll be back soon," the Rebbe said, with a smile, "Stay put this time, okay? Your wife will be upset with me if I leave you in Eretz Yisrael for another six months!"

The Kaliver Rebbe made his way to the Arizal's mikva. Then, just as he was about to walk into the small room, he called back to Reb Yaakov. "I think we should keep this... just between us."

Reb Yaakov smiled, sitting on the edge of the carriage, excited to finally be going home. He knew he would never tell a soul. Even if he did, who would believe him?

Of course, many years later, after the Kaliver Rebbe passed away, Reb Yaakov did share his story, and that's how we know it today. It was recorded in a sefer of stories about the Rebbe.





A FARBRENGEN IN THE SUKKAH?

mendy: When Feivish spoke it was hard to make out what he was saying.

After all, it's hard to talk when you have long, sharp nails in your mouth and you're holding a heavy hammer.

Every year, Feivish ensures that there's a spacious sukka in the shul's yard so people can eat something, drink something, and shake the lulav in the sukka.

This time Feivish was doubling the size, maybe tripling it when the sukka

had never been particularly small. It wasn't only large; it was enormous. It looked to me like you could fit both the shor ha'bor and the livyasan in it and there would still be room for a cup of the yayin ha'meshumar.

Feivish, after inserting the large nails into a wayward board, explained to me that the sukka was that big to enable people to keep their distance from one another, for their health. I preferred the regular sukka with whatever crowding there was, than a vast sukka as we had this year.



I guess I thought out loud because Feivish fully agreed with me (though his mouth was not full of nails). Feivish, it seems, also missed the days when you could sit in a crowded, warm farbrengen atmosphere without wearing a mask that covered the mouth and nose.

As he put the schach on the sukka, and as I wondered how many palm trees had to donate their branches to cover such a large sukka, Feivish told me – to distract me – about special farbrengens that the Rebbe held in the sukka of 770, farbrengens that were stopped because of ... crowding.

Since I was unfamiliar with this, I called Yossi over to listen along with me and to write down every detail that Feivish said.

Yossi: In the early years of the Rebbe's nesius, the Rebbe would farbreng with Chassidim at Simchas Beis HaShoeiva farbrengens in the sukka of 770. These farbrengens were very special and were very joyous. The Rebbe's sichos were mostly about simcha, and the niggumim were sung with special joy. The Rebbe encouraged the

singing vigorously and even danced in place. In some of the farbrengens, the Rebbe said l'chaim and told Chassidim to say l'chaim, sometimes several times. The special simcha at these farbrengens is impossible to describe.

Mendy: Until 5724, the Rebbe farbrenged on every Yom Tov sheini in the sukka. From 5725 and on, the farbrengens were on Shabbos Chol HaMoed, until those ended, as will be told here.

Officially, the farbrengens were meant for bnei ha'yeshivos, not necessarily talmidim of yeshivos Tomchei Tmimim, but also, or mainly, for talmidim of non-Chabad yeshivos. In the first years of the Rebbe's nesius, Crown Heights was nearly entirely Jewish and most of the people were not Lubavitch. Many of them also came to these farbrengens and some of them became Lubavitchers.

Yossi: The weather wasn't always suitable for a farbrengen. Winter sometimes came early to New York and there was rain and wind. Obviously, this did not deter the Rebbe and the



Chassidim. Farbrengens sometimes took place in chilly weather. When it rained, the Rebbe would arrive in a raincoat and take it off at the beginning of the farbrengen and put it back on when it was over. The Rebbe would change the soaking wet sirtuk only at the end of the farbrengen.

Mendy: They say that one time, during a farbrengen in the cold, the Rebbe said people should remove their coats. One person, not a Lubavitcher Chassid, did not take off his coat and he was the only one who got a cold. When he wrote to the Rebbe about this, the Rebbe wrote back that it happened because there was a chatzitza (barrier) between his body and the warmth of the farbrengen.

The sukka was relatively small for the large crowd which led to great crowding and pushing. In 5730, the Rebbe encouraged the singing of the crowd which danced in place with great enthusiasm. Due to the dancing, one of the pyramids, made of tables and benches, suddenly collapsed and cut Rabbi Yehuda Kalman Marlow (who later became rav of Crown Heights)'s foot. Despite the tremendous pain, he didn't utter a sound so as not to disturb the farbrengen.

The Chassidim began removing broken benches and the Chassidim who fell and that's when they realized that R' Marlow was lying with his injured foot under the boards. In the meantime, the singing stopped and the Rebbe looked very grave. He kept looking at the area where things were going on. After much effort, they managed to get R' Marlow out and he was taken immediately to the hospital where he was given emergency treatment.

The following year, the Rebbe announced that he would not farbreng in the sukka.

When the members of the "vaad ha'mesader" waited near the Rebbe's room and asked him why, he said it was because of the pushing. Rumor has it that the Rebbe said that when there would be a larger sukka to fit everyone, he would go back to farbrenging in the sukka. The sukka made of livyasan skin would definitely work, with the complete hisgalus of the Rebbe.

An unusual event took place in 5737, when the Rebbe farbrenged in the sukka as a one-time occurrence. The Rebbe declared 5736 as "Shnas HaChinuch." That year, Chabad Chassidim worked hard on providing children with proper chinuch. In the United States, one of the things that was done was taking Jewish children who were in public school and providing them with Jewish education. This work was known as Shaloh, an acronym for "shiurei limud ha'das," work that is ongoing till today.

They say that the Rebbe had a special fondness for these children and was mekarev them in special ways. One of these kiruvim was on Sukkos 5737 when the Rebbe announced that he wanted to farbreng in the sukka with the Shaloh children who came for a rally to the sukka at 770.

At this special farbrengen, they sang joyous niggunim such as "Ata Vechartanu" and "V'Somachta." The Rebbe said short sichos that were translated into English for the children and at the end, the Rebbe gave out kos shel bracha and coins for tzedaka to the counselors to be given to the boys and girls.

That was the last time the Rebbe farbrenged in the sukka until next Sukkos when we will all celebrate, together with all the Jewish people, in the true and complete Geula.

חֲסִידִישׁן קָאנְפּ

THE TRUE PLEASURE OF SHABBOS

The following is a mashal about completing work on a job and the pleasure that comes with that. The nimshal is about jumping to a higher level in connection with Shabbos. In short: a mashal, nimshal and picture.”

MASHAL

The heat was intolerable. The flames flickered, the oven burned, the room was full of steam and the metal trays were burning hot even through the thick glove. Micha wiped his forehead from the beads of sweat and his smile became larger.

For many months he had worked to open the new bakery. The sign for the store

designed in a cream color and decorated with artificial whipped cream announced the name of the store: “Pleasure,” and promised fresh, warm, delicious baked goods.

Since his youth, Micha enjoyed seeing people enjoying his baked goods and he dreamed of a bakery of his own where he could knead the dough and fill it with tasty fillings, brush egg on top and feel satisfaction as he watched the dough turn

NIMSHAL

into an appetizing pastry and mainly, seeing people enjoying every bite.

After a lot of hard work, his dream was taking form with lots of wood and metal and a large stone oven.. He had spent months with the team of workers in building the bakery. He cut, polished, measured, sawed and turned the neglected store into a well designed attractive space. He put much thought into every detail and insisted on every aspect being top notch down to the last detail.

On opening day, Micha stood there and delighted in his handiwork: an inviting bakery and fragrant baked goods coming out of the oven, one after the other. The thoughts of the tremendous effort and work he had put in were far from his mind. Now, he concentrated on one thing only: the feeling of joy of his dream come true.

His train of thoughts and feeling of accomplishment were interrupted by the first customer who knocked hesitantly at the door of the bakery and asked for a chocolate croissant and other baked goods in honor of Shabbos.

"Mmmmm," said the surprised customer after saying a bracha and biting into the warm pastry. "Amazing! I've never tasted a croissant that good!"

Micha's heart expanded with joy. Finally, someone was enjoying his exceptional baked creations. His efforts had borne fruit and the work was done!

This world of ours – the sun, moon, stars, and earth were created by Hashem in six days. Creating the world is unlike building a bakery but let's just use it as a mashal.

Creating the world in six days, through the spiritual powers that emanated from Hashem's "middos," came to an end with Shabbos, about which the prophet says, "and you shall call the Shabbos a delight."

Delight on Shabbos is from the completion of the work in creating the world. While creating, the pleasure isn't felt; it comes with the completion of the work. Like Micha in our mashal, he wanted a new bakery and to attain this goal he was ready to greatly exert himself. For half a year he invested his intellect, energy, talents and strength but did not feel pleasure. The pleasure came only when the work was completed. Then, Micha didn't feel, didn't remember, and didn't think about his previous efforts. He only focused on the pleasure in completing the work.

Hashem created our physical world so we, created beings, can do good. To enable us to fulfill the purpose of creation, during the six days of action, Hashem's creative powers came down and "dressed" themselves through many levels and descents, until our world was created. The culmination was on Shabbos when the world attained perfection and the delight in the creation was revealed.

There is an even greater pleasure that Hashem can have from His creation which is thanks to each and every Jew, just like

FRESH CHALLAH
EVERY FRIDAY
FRESH COOKIES
EVERY DAY!



PRICES
CHALLAH - \$4
2 CHALLOS - \$7
COOKIES - \$10 LB.
CROISSANT - \$2
BIRTHDAY
COOKIES - \$8 LB.

WHEN YOU BUY
BOUREKAS
YOUR FIFTH
CHALLAH
IS HALF PRICE



the pleasure Micha has in the mashal, when customers enjoy his work.

A Jew's work in the world, learning Torah and fulfilling Hashem's will, causes a greater delight in the completion of the work of creation. The world wasn't created for tweeting birds, fish in the water, and trees in the forest ... The purpose of creation is Torah study and doing Hashem's mitzvos, bringing the world to the perfection of the Days of Moshiach.

When a Jew delights in Shabbos with tasty, special food, in addition to the spiritual enjoyment of davening and learning Torah, he adds to the usual pleasure of Shabbos and reveals the pleasure that Hashem has in the completion of the creation of the world.

When we act the way we are supposed to, that adds delight to Hashem and brings the world to perfection. The enormous power which is in our hands to bring the world to its true purpose and to give pleasure to Hashem Himself shows how a Jew is above creation.

The Rebbe Maharash taught us to operate "l'chatchile ariber." That means that when it looks like the world is blocking us from carrying out our mission, we should not fight with the obstacle but jump right over it. The very fact that a Jew can add perfection to the creation teaches us how this great power of ours, to accomplish and add delight in the completion of the work of creation, places us above it all, higher than the world and more important than anything else in it, as we reveal its ultimate purpose.

CHALLENGE

- 1 In which Hebrew month did Micha begin building his bakery?
- 2 Is the man in the picture the first customer of the day?
- 3 Did this customer ever shop here before?
- 4 What day of the week is it?
- 5 The customer wants to buy five challos. How much will he have to pay?

fifteen challah which is \$2, so altogether \$16. four loaves he will only pay half price for the the first four. Since you can see him buying 5-2 challos are \$7 so he will pay \$14 for

it says on the sign. 4-Obviously Friday, since that is the only day that there are challots in the bakery as

3-Yes. The bag in his hand is from an earlier purchase, as it says in the Mashal that name of the bakery is Pleasure.

2-No. You can see that some of the baked goods in the trays have already been taken and the sign says that the cookies are baked fresh every day.

1-There are hamantaschen in the picture which means it's now Adar. In the Nimschal half a year, which would mean that he says that he worked on the building for

ANSWERS

או דאס אויז שְׁבַת קָדֵשׁ - אויז וואמס הייסט, נאך דערויף ווועט זי גיין אַרְוִוִּסְגָּעֶמָּעַן די ווועטשערע (supper), און דערביי אַנְצִינְדָּן צי פֿאַרְלָעַשָּׂן וכולהו!

מַקְעָן דָּאָךְ אַכְבָּעַר נִיט עַסְּנָסְתָּם אֹזְוִי קָאַלְטָעַ - הָאָט מַעַן אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן מִאָכְן טְשָׁאָלָנוּ (כ"ק אַדְ"שׁ אַצְּחָק וְהַמִּשְׁקָה): אָז מֵהָאָט אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן מִאָכְן טְשָׁאָלָנטָט, הָאָט דָּאָס שְׁוִין גַּעֲהָאָט אַ וּירְקוֹנְג אַוִּיפְּמַאְרְגְּנְדִּיקְעָר סְעוֹדָה אַוִּיךְ. דערנָאָךְ אויז דורךגענָאָגָעָן - ווֹי גַּעֲרַעַט פְּרִיעָר, אַיצְטָעַר קָעָן מַעַן דְּעַרְצִיְּלָן דָּעַם גַּאֲנָצָן סְפָּוָר, דְּעַרְפָּאָר וּוְאָס זַיִן וַיְגַעַן שְׁוִין אַיִן דָּעַר דְּרָגָא פּוֹן בְּעַלְיִ תְּשֻׁבָּה. וּוְאָרוּם אָז דִּי קְלִיּוֹן מַיְידְעַלְלָעַ הָאָט אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן, מַיִּט אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן מִיְּדְעַלְלָעַ אָזְוִי מִטְּבָּחָה, אַיִן קְלִיּוֹנָעַ לְיִבְטָעַלְלָעַ, אַיִן דָּאָס דורךגענָאָגָעָן אַיִן אַפְּאָר וּוְאָכְן אָרוּם, אַיִן כְּלִזְמָן דִּי לִיְכַלְתָּל הָאָט גַּעֲרַעַט הָאָט מַעַן זַיִן אַוִּיסְגָּעָהִיט פּוֹן עַנְנִינִים שֶׁל מְלָאָכָה שֶׁל חֹלֶל. אַיִן דערנָאָךְ הָאָט דִּי מַוְטָּעָר, עַקְרָת הַבִּיטָּה, אַוִּיךְ אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן טָאָן אֹזְוִי. אָז זַי הָאָט אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן אַנְצִינְדָּן נֶר שְׁבַת, הָאָט זַי - וּרְיִי בְּדָרְךְ הַנְּשִׁים - זַי אַיְבָּרְגָּעָטָאָן אֹזְוִי, בְּמִילָא הָאָט אַיִר נִיט גַּעֲפָאָסְט וַיִּזְקְעַן (mess) מִטְּעַנְנִים וּוְאָס מַקְעָן פְּאַרְשְׁמִירָן (around stain) אַוְן ווּרְעָן אַבְּלָעָק אַוִּיךְ אַשְׁתָּוֹתְדִּיקָעָה קְלִיָּה, אַיִן יְסָמְכָבָדִיקָעָה קְלִיָּה, אַיִן קְלִיָּדְהַמִּיחָס וּכְלֹהָג, אַוְן אַט אֹזְוִי הָאָט זַי אַיְבָּרְגָּעָטָאָן לְיִכְתָּבָה (transformed) דִּי גַּאנְצָע הַוִּוִּין.

פּוֹן וּוְאָס הָאָט זַי דָּאָס גַּעֲנָוָעָן? - פּוֹן אַנְצִינְדָּן נֶר שֶׁל שְׁבַת וּוְאָס סְ'הָאָט אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן, טָאָקָע מִצְדָּחָנָק - אַיִן דְּעַרְפָּוֹן אָרוּסִים נִיט נֶאָר דָּעַר חָנָוק פּוֹן דָּעַר קְלִיּוֹנָעַ מַיְידְעַלְלָעַ - אָז בְּשַׁעַת זַי ווּעַט ווּרְעָן אַבְּתַ-מְצָהָה וּוּעַט זַי מְקִים זַיִן דִּי מְצָהָה בְּשַׁלְמוֹתָה, נֶאָר דָּעַר דְּרָוּרִיףְּ הָאָט זַי מְחַנֵּק גַּעֲנוּן דִּי גַּאנְצָע הַוִּוִּין!



הַעֲרָט דִּי שִׁיחָה פּוֹן רְבִ'ין:
אלְיוֹן! סְקָעַנְט דִּי בָּאָרְ-קָאָד:

מִיט דָּעַר זַעֲלָבָעַד פִּי יִעַר לְעַכְקִיִּט (seriousness), מִיט דִּי זַעֲלָבָעַד הַאֲרָצִיקִיִּט בִּי אִיר, אַוְן הָאָט דָּאָס אַוִּיךְ מַשְׁפִּיעַ גַּעֲנוּוֹן אַוִּיךְ שָׁאָר בְּנִי-הַבִּיטָּה. אָז סְ'אָיוֹן דורךגענָאָגָעָן אַפְּאָר שְׁבַתִּים, הָאָט מַעַן אַוִּיפְּגָעַה עֲרָט אַנְשְׁטָעָלָן דָּעַם טְעַלְוּוֹיְזָהָאָן כְּלִזְמָן דִּי לִיכְטָה הָאָט גַּעֲרַעַטְנָט.

הָאָט מַעַן גַּעֲרַעַט-גַּעֲנָגָט: "מַאי הָאִי?" (what's this about) (בְּכוּוֹס נִיט צַי דִּי מוֹטָעָר הָאָט גַּעֲרַעַט בִּיִּים פְּאַטְעָר, צַי דָּעַר פְּאַטְעָר בִּיִּים מוֹטָעָר). הַאֲבָנָן זַיִן גַּעֲנָגָט, "אָז סְ'הָאָט עַפְעָס קִין אָרְטָנִיט, אָז דִּי קְלִיּוֹנָעַ מַיְידְעַלְלָעַ גִּיט אָרוּם אָזְוִגָּט אַיִן אָרוּם כְּלִזְמָן דִּי לִיכְטָה בְּרַעַנְטָנָה, אָז זַי נִיט פּוֹעָלָן אַנְשְׁטָעָלָן דָּעַם טְעַלְעָפָּאָן.

דְּרָגָא הָאָט דִּי מוֹטָעָר עַפְעָס אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן קוֹקָן אָז סְ'זָעַט עַפְעָס אָוִס מַאֲדָנָעָ: סְ'גִּיט אָרְיִין אַשְׁכְּבָנְטָעָ, צַי אַשְׁכְּנָן צַי אַפְּרִינְדִּינָעָ (woman-friend), זַעַט זַי, אָז סְ'בְּרַעַנְט אִין לְיִכְתָּבָה, אָז דִּי קְלִיּוֹנָעַ טְאַכְּטָעָר אִירְעָ אַיִן מֶלֶא שְׁמַתָּה וּוְאָס זַי הָאָט אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן אַשְׁתַּדְיָקָע לִיכְטָה, אָז טְעַנְהָט אַיִן אַיִר קְדוּשָׁ וּכְלֹהָג - אָז זַי גִּיט אָרוּם אִין אָרוּם וּאַכְּעַדְיָקָע קְלִיָּה, סְ'הָאָט עַפְעָס קִין אָרְטָנִיט הָאָט זַי וְיִזְקְעַן be what (may) - זַי וְזַעַט אַוִּיךְ אַנְגָּהָוִיבָּן צִינְדָּן לִיכְטָה!"

או זַי הָאָט אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן צִינְדָּן לִיכְטָה, הָאָט זַי דְּרָגָא באָ זַי נִיט גַּעֲקָעַנְט פּוֹעָלָן זַי זַעַט גַּיִן צַו דָּעַם פְּלִיטָעָ (stove) - צַו דָּעַם אָוִיּוֹן - אַנְצִינְדָּן דָּעַם פְּיִיעָה. או זַי הָאָט עַרְשָׁת אַנְגָּעָהוִיבָּן אַנְצִינְדָּן דָּעַם פְּיִיעָה. אוֹזְוֹן הַעֲרָט קָדֵשׁ, אָז אַיִן הַעֲרָט גַּעֲנָגָט אַבְּרָכָה,

די כה פון א שְׁבָת לִיכְטֶל

א מעשה דערציאילט פון רבינ' מלך המשיח, וא"ו תשרי ה'תשלו

מווטער? זי בעט בי איד
קין זאך ניט, מערניט ווי דעם
רשישן (permission) – כי'ויס
נט צי דאס איז גענווען דאנערשטיק

צי פריטיך צי מיטוואך – או זאל דאס
קענען טאן! אונ מאט איר געגען אלייכטער
(candle-stick). או זי וויס די ברכה, [דארט
אייז דאך קין זאך ניט וואס מיארכ זיך לערנען
די שפראך, דאס אייז דאך דארטן זיער שפראך
מקטנותם], אונ אנגעהשריבן וככל העיגנים.

אונ בשעת זי האט געמאקט א גוואל אונ
מייט בכיות, האט די מווטער געזאגט, או זאל זי
אויפערן ווינגען, אונ טאן וואס זי וויל, אונ
זאל זי איר לאונן צורו!
אייז זי גענווארן בשמחה גדולה ביזה. מאט
איד אנגעהזאגט וווען די צייט איז אויף צו אנטיגנדן
די נרות שבת קודש, אונ זי האט געהאט אונ
איינגענעם לייכטער מיט אן איינגענער ליכטל,
אונ אליען אנטיגאנדרן, אונ געמאקט אליען די
ברכה – אייז זי גאר גענווען בי זיך "לעילא
ולעילא" (in a good mood)!

אונ דערנאך האט מען דאך איד אנטיגאנט,
זז שבת טאר מען דאס ניט ריין אונ ניט פירן
אונ ניט שאקלען וכולה, איז זי ארטומגעגעגען
אונ האט אנטיגאנט די גאנצע הויז או מיאל
נט טשעפען די ליכט, אונ מיאל ניט בלאון
אויף דער ליכט, אונ האט אנוועקגעשטעלט
די ליכט אויפן שולחן וואס מאט געגען
וכולהו וכולה.

או די מווטער אונ דער פאטער צי די ברידער,
[כי'ויס ניט צי זי האט ברידער, שווועסטערקט
וכולהו] האבן דערזען או ס'אייז ניט קיז גוואל
אייז אויף דעם פריטיך לאחר זה האט מען
איד געלאות אנטיגאנדרן אן קינגע שטורעמס, אבער

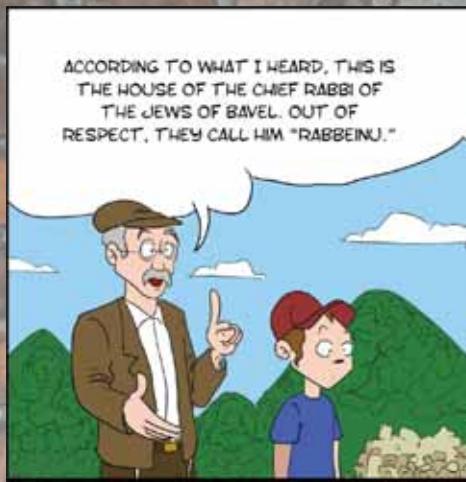
...אנגעההיין האט זיך אנטגעההיין, וואס זי
האבן א קליגע מיידעלע פון פינרכזעקס יאר,
וואס זי אייז גענאנגען איז בית-הספר, אין
א בית-ספר וואס אייז ניט קין דתי (frum),
איין ארץ-הקודש, און דארט איז געקומען א
צוויטע מידעלע און האט דערציאילט או ס'אייז
דא אוא ענן און אוזא מצוה פון הדרלקת גורות
שבת קודש.

אונ אפ-על-פי וואס זי – די וואס האט איד
דערציאילט – אייז נאך פאר בת-מצוה, על-
את-כמה-וכמה די צו ווועמען זי האט דאס
דערציאילט, וואס זי ווינגען נאך פינרכזעקס
יאר אדרער נאך אינגענער – אפ-על-פי-כו קענען
זי אויך, מעד ענין חינוך, מעד שליחותו של
הקדוש-ברוך-הוא, מקיים ויין את די מצוה, אונ
יאן את די און די ברכה, און אויב זי ווילו
– געגען נאך א פרוטה לזרקה, און דורך דעם
וועט זי אריניפרין דעם ענין פון א מצוה, און
אריניפרין דעם טאג פון שבת.

אונ בשעת זי אייז געקומען אהיים און האט
דאס דערציאילט דער מווטער – האט די מווטער
געזאגט: "זי וויס ניט פון דער גאנצער זאך",
זי אייז אויסגעווואקסן איז א מקומ וואס זי אייז
געזאגט "תנווקת שנשבה בין העכו"ם", האט ניט
געזאגט פון דער גאנצער זאך, "אונ ווי אייז
דאס געהערט גענווארן, או די עקרת הבית",
די מווטער, ווועט דאס ניט טאן, און די קליגע
מיידעלע ווועט איר לערנען איניפרין ניעץ
סדרים אין הויז!"

בדרך פון קטנים וקטנות, ווי געזאגט אייז
חסידות, או מיקפה ומיד וווערט ער אויפגעראקט
(upset), און ס'אייז גאר ניט שיך צו אגן אן
קיינע הגבלוּת – האט זי אנטגעההיין ווינגען! און
זי האט זיך געבעטן: "וואס הארט דאס דער

The Search For the Trav...



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