

The Chassidische Vibe

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ומאוֹרָה



יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד

Everyday Heroines

SARA GOPIN

A MIVTZAIM MIRACLE

AS we finish up the cycle of Pirkei Avos, the second mishna in perek vav always strikes a strong chord in my neshama, especially since we're before Rosh Hashana. It is written, "Rabbi Yehoshua ben Levi said: Every day a *bas kol* goes forth from Har Chorev proclaiming and saying: 'Woe to them to mankind for their affront to the Torah.'" It is commonly interpreted that this heavenly voice is not from an angel, but the echo of a warning to take heed of our obligation for Torah observance. The word (Har) **Chorev** is used, rather than (Har) **Sinai**, thus depicting an atmosphere of desolation as an awesome awakening to do teshuva reverberates from the mountain.

Now, too, on the cusp of the Final Redemption, this wake-up call can still be heard, loud and clear, even in the farthest corners of the world. Baruch Hashem, Yidden are crying out for us to help them live a lifestyle in accordance with the divine laws of the Torah. The word **chorev**, destruction, is no longer applicable. It's been replaced by our byword, **uforatza**, since we're spreading the wellsprings of Chassidus. As Lubavitchers we know that the Rebbe's mivtzaim are a **proactive** pursuit.

MY WEEKLY MIVTZAIM

The inspiration for this article was my dear friend Chana Lustig's experience last erev Shabbos, which she shared at our women's Shabbos

farbrengen in Rechovot. She was emotional as she began, "Erev Shabbos mivtzaim are an integral part of my weekly schedule. I must admit that it isn't always easy for me, but I adhere to my commitment nevertheless. Last week I had a particularly busy week, I was in Tzfas and also in Yerushalayim, traveling with public transportation. Everything takes its toll. I was also hosting the Pirkei Avos shiur that coming Shabbos. It's a big *zechus*, but it required me to do all kinds of last-minute errands, like getting chairs from my neighbors and dashing to the store to get date spread for my cookies." She pauses, taking a deep breath, "It was an extremely hectic erev Shabbos, and I was running around, exhausted. But I can't say that I was running on empty, because the Rebbe is here with us, infusing us with the strength to get our jobs done, and mivtzaim are 'serious business.'

"When an undertaking has been part of my schedule for years it should remain that way, and therefore canceling my weekly mivtzaim rounds is always out of the question. Even the midday Mediterranean heat never deters me, although it could easily become another reason to stay home, in the comfort of my air-conditioned living room. I packed my shopping cart with all of my 'goodies,' such as Shabbos candles, miniature Tehillims, tzedaka boxes, laminated cards with the Twelve Pesukim, story booklets of tzaddikim for children and more."



Chana adds emphatically, “When I give out Shabbos candles I stress that what seems like only a little light is actually illuminating the entire world!”

“I began doing my usual rounds, starting at the supermarket and continuing down the main streets which at this time of day on erev Shabbos are flooded with people just before the stores are closed. It always gives me immeasurable *nachas* when our fellow Yidden eagerly take Shabbos candles and whatever else I give them.”

AT THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT

Chana looks quite overwhelmed as she continues her story, “I was finishing up my round of mitzvaim, which takes about an hour and a half. I had reached the street corner and was about to cross when two cars suddenly crashed into each other several feet away from where I was standing! The huge boom was alarming, and I jolted backwards, in fear of being struck by the out-of-control vehicles. I immediately took out my phone and was about to call the police to send emergency medical assistance. Regaining my composure, I took a look at the crashed cars, as I felt my heart beating rapidly, imagining the worst, *chas v’shalom...*” She pauses, and her voice escalates as she describes what happened next, “You would not believe it,

there were two men in one car, one in the other, and all three of them got out of their vehicles without a drop of blood, or even a scratch! As I watched them stand up and exchange their contact information, I breathed a tremendous sigh of relief. There was a rush of warmth inside of me as I exclaimed, “This miracle is in the *zechus* of the mitzvaim of the Rebbe!”

“After *bentching licht* I calmed down, sat on the sofa and contemplate all that had transpired that erev Shabbos. Nothing happens randomly, there is a deeper reason for whatever we must go through. By *hashgacha pratis* I was present at the scene of this accident, and I’m still hearing the shrilling sound of the boom. But a moment later I witnessed a *yeshua* that was a clear message of the protective power of mitzvaim.”

We are each bogged down with our own “*pekalach*,” as they say. But let’s learn from Chana not to listen to any excuse to take a break when there are so many Yidden out there who need the spiritual treasures that we distribute. This is the *shlichus* of every Yid, not only of the *Shluchim*. The only difference is that *Shluchim* are busy with mitzvaim 24/7! These are the last, final touches that will hasten our Final Redemption and the *hisgalus* of the Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach! ■

THE time of the Rosh Hashana season already abounds with customs and halachos from the very outset. Most of them are very spiritual, e.g., saying Tehillim at every free moment, refraining from idle chatter, proper kavanos at Tekias Shofar, etc. – while some of them are surprisingly physical. At the seuda on the first night of Rosh Hashana, we are accustomed to eat different types of very specific foods. What is their connection to the spirituality of this most lofty day, which comes to determine for us the coming year in our lives?

One of the most interesting and revolutionary experiments in physics, actually meant to identify the conduct of particles and eventually proved the strength of the influence of thought over physical existence, leaving the world with its jaw dropped, is the experiment initially designed to clarify whether light is made from particles or waves.

While we won't get into all the details of this amazing experiment here, there are two things that it made clear in our discussion. First of all, the light acts both as a particle and a wave. One fascinating thing quite suitable for learning material in Chassidus – light is a condensed form of G-dly energy, and it's a transitional stage between energy and raw material. Thus, it's used in Chassidus as a parable for G-dly energy.

Furthermore, it turns out that the conduct of light, whether it acts like a wave or a particle, depends on the expectations of the person looking at it!!!... The bottom line is that the particles, comprised of everything that exists in our world, changing their conduct in accordance with the thoughts of the person looking at them – is no less amazing!

THOUGHT DOES CHANGE THE REALITY

This point
applies

equally to the customs pertaining to the signs of Rosh Hashana as well. Rosh Hashana is the time when G-d's Divine energy enlivening the world returns to its source, and a renewal of His *Malchus* is drawn forth for the new year.



**SIC
LANG**

**A CLOSER LOOK AT THE "EATEN ON ROSH HASHANA"
REASONS AND PEARLS OF
WE CAN LEARN FROM**

BY ARIELLA ELHARAR-DASHIFF

Malchus is neither domination nor oppression. The essence of *Malchus* is that it is will-

ister, or king feels when he falls from his status of greatness. (For example, the Medrash speaks about the pain felt by Moshe Rabbeinu when he saw Yehoshua leading the people during his lifetime, despite that this is precisely what he had requested from G-d: “At that moment Moshe cried and said: One hundred deaths are preferable to a single feeling of envy!” (Devarim Rabba 9).

Thus, the concept of Rosh Hashana is to arouse this inner pleasure within Hashem, born when a Jew willingly accepts G-d’s sovereignty upon himself – in thought, speech, and the fulfillment of the mitzvos, connecting to his Father in Heaven with true inner pleasure.

To enable this process, the withdrawal of G-d’s vitality to its source on Rosh Hashana is essential. Why? Because when this vitality withdraws and G-d’s presence in the world is unrevealed, neither in a manner of punishment nor a revelation of love (as at the Giving of the Torah, when G-d revealed such great love to His People until they were “compelled” to accept the Torah), this enables us – the created beings, to accept G-d’s sovereignty by choice.

This is similar to Election Day. All media traditionally falls silent, broadcasting no advertisements on behalf of any party or candidate, and all candidates sit in their campaign headquarters offices, waiting anxiously for the people’s decision. Have they chosen them? Do the people want to accept their authority over them?

CREATING REALITY

The holy custom of eating the *simanim*, the signs, among the other blessed actions it does, binds us to the very thought that helps us in being connected to the holiness of the time and place we find ourselves and to “create the

GN UAGE

“SIMANIM” CUSTOMARILY
SHANAH — SOURCES,
OF CHASSIDISHE LESSONS
IN FROM THEM
HARAR-DASHIFF

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“And they will- ingly accepted His sovereignty.” We can attain the great pleasure within sovereignty, if we try to imagine how a person who was a president, prime min-



proper reality.” This means connecting to those things that awaken a sense of pleasure in our Avodas Hashem, thereby giving *nachas* and pleasure to G-d, and arousing His desire to reign over the world and give the world another year of life and good spiritual influences.

“Abaye said: Now that you said that an omen (‘siman’) is a significant matter, a person should always be accustomed to seeing these things on Rosh Hashana: squash and chilba, leeks, beets, and dates” (Horayos 12a).

The source of this custom is very ancient, mentioned in the aforementioned Gemara, appearing also in sefarim on Jewish law and philosophy from the era of the Geonim to our times. However, throughout the generations, different communities have customarily interpreted the names appearing in this section of Gemara in a variety of ways – merely placing the simanim on the table, eating additional simanim, and quite often eating totally different simanim. Thus, on the Chabad holiday table, there appear only three signs – apple in honey, the head of a ram, and a pomegranate – although the Rebbeim were extremely precise about how and when they were eaten.

Beyond the technical side of how we fulfill the custom, each of the signs has its own inner meaning, a message directly connected to the concept of Rosh Hashana – accepting G-d’s Divine sovereignty willingly and with great

pleasure, and if we wisely choose to listen to Him, the coming year will surely be overflowing with all the revealed and hidden good He can bestow.

YEHI RATZON – MAY HE OPEN THE FLOODGATES

Rosh Hashanah is an auspicious time for opening a channel for a new spiritual flow into the world, a time for a renewal of G-d’s desire to reign over Creation. This is the time when it is proper to daven for a renewal of His desire for a good and sweet new year, and this is the reason for the saying of the “Yehi Ratzon”...



How will the year turn out, what kind of abundance will come forth? This too depends upon us. Practically speaking, our custom is to say “Yehi Ratzon” only on the apple dipped in honey, and with a general request for all that is good. However, we also eat the other signs, which also include all general aspects of Avodas Hashem.

APPLE IN HONEY: TWO TYPES OF PLEASURE

Ask yourselves once: Why do beloved aunts tend to pinch you on the cheek? It turns out that this attraction towards the cheeks has its spiritual source! Not surprising, but interesting. When a person turns to someone else with a shining countenance, he reveals his inner love towards him, the connection that comes from a higher source, in the essence of the soul, or

in the words of the Mittlerer Rebbe – the *kesser sheb'kesser*, and from there he draws kindness towards him. The cheeks then puff up with a smile and blush.

Thus, the cheeks are the place where a person's inner connection with another becomes revealed at auspicious times, called in the Zohar “two apples.” We seek to remind Hashem of these inner connections of kindness on Rosh Hashana when we eat the apple. It would also be appropriate to remind ourselves of this inner connection we have towards Hashem, and towards every Jew as well, especially our family – spouse, children, and parents. This connection is beyond all reason, and it is directed towards them with a shining countenance and inner kindness.

If the concept of the apple is the revelation and drawing forth of kindness coming from the source of supernal kindness, then the concept of honey, the Alter Rebbe writes, is the revelation of kindness coming from the *tzimtzum* and *gevuros*. This represents becoming something good and beneficial in a revealed manner of holiness, or in the language of Chassidus – “sweetening the severities.”

In fact, the characteristic of honey is a clear indication as to its spiritual source. Honey is used as a food preservative, keeping it from getting spoiled. You take food, which could go bad, make a person sick *ch”v*, or give off a bad smell, etc., and you preserve it in honey, thereby turning it in something always useful.

In a similar vein, it is written in the *Leket Yosh-er* responsa that while honey's source is from sweet nectar, it is produced in the body of the bee, an avenging and impure insect with a nasty sting in its tail. Therefore, on Rosh Hashana, when we seek to transform the attribute of *din* (stern judgment) into mercy – we eat honey from a bee.

So, how do we “sweeten judgments”? Bread symbolizes the avoda of birurim and trials – *lechem* (bread) comes from the same root as *milchama* (war). In order that our ordinary day-to-day avoda or even the more difficult avoda of standing up to spiritual tests should have a sweet result, we dip it in the honey of our awareness of G-d's constant Divine Presence.

We still remember the COVID-19 pandemic, difficulties in making a *parnassa*, doubts and misgivings, trials in matters of education, heartache – and they all come from a good and lofty source. The benevolent Creator, Who gave us all this, knows that we can pass the test, and He “conceals” their solutions within Creation. Thus, the knowledge that the solution is out there, waiting for us to find it and bring it out into the open, gives us the strength we need to motivate ourselves in the direction of meeting this trial. Hashem wants us to succeed! He stands and watches, waiting for us to move forward, because we will surely succeed if we just take the necessary action.



In eating an apple dipped in honey, we combine these two types of pleasure – the apple that was always sweet and the honey that temporarily seems far from sweetness – to request from G-d that we should always benefit from His Divine Kindnesses, and to remind ourselves and Him about our two types of Avodas Hashem – both in good times and when facing a trial.

THE HEAD

Not necessarily a fish, preferably a ram, reminding us of the ram replacing Yitzchak on the sacrificial altar, representing the eternal covenant of the Jewish People, an essential and inner connection not subject to change.

Even in the connection between individuals, there can be two approaches. The first is maintaining the connection when things are easy – a love that is dependent upon something, and the second approach is maintaining the connection even during hard and challenging times - a love that isn't dependent upon anything, except the covenant. Standing alongside someone else even when there are hardships.

Another point: It is an accepted concept among Chassidim that the wish of “that we should be as the head (*rosh*)” means that we should belong and be connected to *Rosh Bnei Yisrael*, the Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach. Thus, this inner connection should be in a manner of giving and devotion. As that smart fellow said:

“I take the king”, I choose the king himself. I want His Essence, not to derive any personal benefit for myself, but to dedicate myself unswervingly to the king, simply to give Him pleasure and carry out His Will.

POMEGRANATE: FULL OF MERITS AND AHAVAS YISRAEL

The Rebbe was stringent about having the pomegranate placed on the table when eating the apple with honey. This is possibly due to various halachic rulings stating that fruits unique to Eretz Yisrael should be on the table when eating the special signs of Rosh Hashana.



The pomegranate, which is filled with seeds, symbolizes being filled with merits. There is the well-known saying of our Sages, of blessed memory, on the passuk “Your temple is like a split pomegranate”, even the emptiest among you are filled with mitzvos like a pomegranate (Berachos 57).

There's a story of a Chassid who once reported to the Rebbe a question he heard from his Rebbe: How is it possible that a person whom the Gemara calls empty can be filled with mitzvos like a pomegranate? The Rebbe replied: “I also have a similar question. I fail to understand how it's possible for a person filled with mitzvos like a pomegranate to be called empty?!”

It all depends on how you look at it! It means that we have to search for and find “those filled with mitzvos” among ourselves and among all Jews. This doesn’t just refer to those far from us, rather mainly those who are close at hand. Put aside the obscuring screens and focus on the inner beauty, filled with good in the merit of their pure *neshamos*.

Being filled with the merits of mitzvos, both between man and G-d and between man and his fellow, **only when they are combined together**, constitute a completion of a Jew’s Avodas Hashem, giving *nachas* and bestowing tremendous pleasure.

AND IF WE’RE ALREADY TALKING ABOUT SIGNS...

There’s a story about a wise man who was extremely careful to do G-d’s Will with great precision. One year, when the first night of Rosh Hashana fell out on Shabbos, he came home to find the candles extinguished and the table not set. He and his rebbetzin decided to go up to the roof to make Kiddush. When they reached the roof, the rebbetzin, out of haste and discomfort, knocked over the tray containing the food and the holiday simanim. Everything was spoiled. This wise man became very upset, but eventually he chose not to be strict with his wife. Instead, he appeased her and even made her happy as he waited to make his seuda with what was still salvageable.



Rabbi Yosef Chaim of Baghdad, the “Ben Ish Chai” writes: “If someone happens to come home and doesn’t see the table set, he shouldn’t quarrel with his wife and get angry, because anger is a very unfavorable sign. Instead, he should be tolerant and not be strict, even in his heart.” And he was being totally serious! If you want to arouse a sense of pleasure and happiness within Hashem, strictness and anger towards others, even just in your heart, is not the way. On the contrary, a true and inner avoda on one’s middos works better than a segula and a nice custom...

SIGNS OF THEIR OWN

And here are a few “signs” originating in the ruach ha’kodesh of... children, who go with the flow quite nicely...

Sardines – may they be *sar dinim* (turn away stern judgments).

Kohlrabi (turnip cabbage) – may we merit to hear *Kol HaRabi*.

Chocolate – may we merit to have a year of many sweets.

Banana – may Yerushalayim merit *binyana* (its rebuilding).

And may the True and Complete Redemption come immediately, mamash, now! ■



Henny
Elishevitz

YOU'RE TRUE ROYALTY – GO FOR IT!

I sat down with my chavrusa – just the two of us – the sicha including the brachos of Erev Rosh Hashana 5752. She read and summarized the first section – even from *Erev Rosh Hashana*, we know that our spiritual judgment will be a miracle for a good and sweet new year.

“Tell me,” I couldn’t manage to restrain myself from asking – both in anguish and with a little bit of cynicism, “why hasn’t this year seemed that way??? Last Rosh Hashana, we were also promised a good and appropriate judgment, right?”

She silently stared at me – with a firmly fixed look in her eyes.

“All right, I’m not saying that there weren’t plenty of good things, but how much uncertainty, concern, unpleasant news, and drastic changes can you include in just one year?”

“And did you also remember to say ‘thank you’ for the ‘plenty of good things’ you just told me about?” she asks me. “Did you feel happy that they took place and express your thanks for them?”

“I don’t think that’s a complete answer to what I asked you. Anyway, let’s continue.”

It was my turn to read, and I felt myself a bit detached as I was reading. Then, I suddenly grasped the meaning to what I had just read:

“May each and every Jew stand (on Rosh Hashana) like a king, a king over all

existence in his surroundings, to the point of reigning over the entire progressive descent of the spiritual worlds (*seder hishtalshelus*)... Therefore, we receive – by our receiving from the King of all kings, the Holy One, Blessed Be He – all the spiritual influence drawn forth, as is deserved by a king without any effort on his part.”

“Just a moment, but what is the practical meaning to this? I have to decide what I want to receive, and then I just get it!”

“Come, let’s continue and maybe we’ll grow wiser. I’ll read the third section. Are you with me?”

“Yes, of course.”

“And some would say that the connection of the Day of Judgment, Rosh Hashana, with the Redemption (‘the congregation [of judges] shall rescue) is also emphasized by how Rosh Hashana represents the avoda of accepting His blessed sovereignty, fulfilling G-d’s request of “Crown me as king over you’... His blessed sovereignty is connected and fully revealed through Dovid Malka Meshicha (representing the Divine attribute of Malchus).”

“In short, what you mean is that we don’t have to make any effort to acquire the spiritual wealth, and all our efforts should be focused on accepting G-d’s sovereignty?”

“Okay, and then we’ll have the wealth in any case!”

“But who said that this is what the Rebbe MH”M meant? It isn’t written explicitly; that’s only how we understand it...”

“You know what? It’s your turn to read the fourth section and we’ll see.”

“When we stand (*nitzavim*)...before Hashem, your G-d’, in a manner of ‘*nitzav melech*’ – the Jewish People have the strength that immediately thereafter, they will have [the aspect of] ‘*vayeilech*’ – above all, the going from exile to the Redemption.”

“I’m not certain that I understood what the words I read are telling us. Can you explain this to me in simple language?”

“I’ll tell you a story that I once heard. It speaks for itself.

“As part of the operation to transfer Jewish children to Great Britain during the Second World War, done at the initiative of King George VI, two Jewish children arrived at the same house: Yitzchok Tuvia and Moishy.

“One day, the community members were informed that the King of England wanted to come and see with his own eyes what is happening with the children he rescued. They trained the children to sing nicely in a choir, warning them to stand straight and quietly in place until the end of the visit.

“Suddenly, however, in the middle of everything, Moishy jumped out of his place and ran towards the king...”

“After the soldiers stopped him, the monarch asked to speak with the boy.

“Moishy wanted to thank the king very much personally that he is alive in the merit of his marvelous rescue operation. Then, he turned to the king with a request: ‘I miss my parents so much. Can you bring them here as well?’

“The surprised sovereign smiled and replied that in times of war, with the current situation, this simply isn’t possible...”

“But little Moishy didn’t accept the royal answer and claimed in a determined voice:

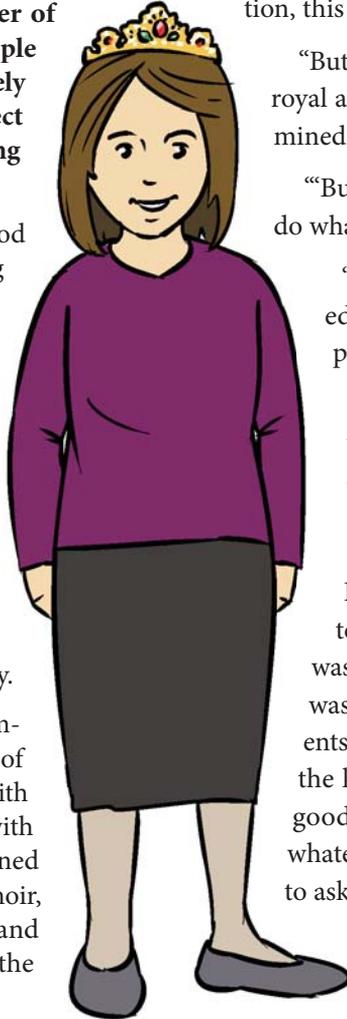
“But you’re the king! A king can do whatever he wants!”

“You know how the story ended. The king brought the boy’s parents to England.

“And how do we know about this story? Because Rabbi Yitzchok Tuvia Weiss [of blessed memory, chief rabbi of Yerushalayim for the Eidah HaChareidis] told it every year to his students and added: ‘He was the only one in our group who was privileged to see both his parents again, because he realized that the king wanted to do something good for him, and a king can do whatever he wants. You simply have to ask him and arouse his will.’

The two of us sat silently for a few minutes, and then I summed it up: “To know that you just have to awaken your sense of awareness and the desire to do what we really can do.

“We have to want the Geula – with an *emes*, in earnest!” ■



THE SECRET TO NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS THAT WILL LAST THE YEAR

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HACHLATOS WE ACCEPTED UPON OURSELVES IN YEARS PAST? IS THERE A CHANCE THAT THE COMING RESOLUTIONS WILL APPEAR DIFFERENTLY THIS TIME? IN PREPARATION FOR THE NEW YEAR, WHEN WE SHOULD MAKE GOOD RESOLUTIONS IN STRENGTHENING OUR OBSERVANCE OF TORAH AND MITZVOS, WE SPOKE WITH AN INFLUENTIAL SHLUCHA AND A PROFESSIONAL ADVISOR ON HOW, IN JUST A FEW SIMPLE STEPS, WE CAN SKETCH OUT SOME CLEARLY DEFINED AND MEASURED OBJECTIVES THAT WE ARE INTERESTED IN ACHIEVING DURING THE COMING YEAR AND ACTUALLY DO THEM...

Yael SCHNEERSON ◦

HERE comes a new year spreading its wings, “the king is in the field”, and we seek to get closer, accepting another new resolution upon ourselves for the new year. We observe it faithfully and consistently for a day or two – and afterwards? Slowly but

surely, routine kicks in. Daily objectives and obligations make their own demands – and the *hachlata* (good resolution)? It disappears somewhere along with similar *hachlatos* from previous opportunities.

What do we do? All of us want to make *hachlatos* and stick to them, all of us want to succeed and advance in our Avodas Hashem, none of us want to accept something upon ourselves if we don't plan to fulfill it. However, our left side works very hard to prevent this from happening to us. So, how it is possible to succeed in meeting those objectives we set for ourselves?

Let's begin with the Rebbe Melech Ha-Moshiach's guidelines:

1) Publicize the resolution among friends and acquaintances, so they can remind you to follow through on it (sicha, Acharon Shel Pesach 5748).

2) Make a *hachlata*, *bli neder*, that is suitable for one's individual tools and limited in time, with the intention and desire that it should be a continuous activity (Likut Maanos Kodesh 5748, Sec. 56).

HOW TO HARNESS THE ANIMAL FOR KEEPING THE RESOLUTION

Shoshi Goldstein, mashpiah and shlucha in Spain, gives us some advice on how to stand firm on our resolutions:

“When we decide to make a *hachlata*, it comes from our G-dly soul, from the part that wants to connect to Hashem and get closer and closer to Him. However, since each of us is comprised of body and soul, and the animal soul also has what to say on the matter, for it's the animal soul that causes all our resolutions to dissolve. It's clear that our G-dly soul wants the *hachlata* to be fulfilled and continue indefinitely. As a result, in order to harness the animal soul and convincingly advance the matter at hand, we have to speak to it in its own language, a physical language. Each of us knows what motivates us to action, what moves us to do what must be done and push forward.

“This is what we have to harness for the sake of advancing our *hachlatos*. For example, when

you encounter certain difficulties in fulfilling the resolution you made, imagine to yourself that every time you do fulfill it, you receive a sizable amount of money – let's say a thousand dollars. Would you do it for a thousand dollars? Would you be willing to make the effort to obtain this amount?

“Now tell yourself: ‘I am about to earn one thousand dollars for participating in a Tanya class, reciting a kapitel Tehillim, learning a halacha, etc.’ – This will motivate you to get up and do it. Of course, after you have ‘put your animal soul to sleep’, continue explaining to yourself that the good deed you are fulfilling now is truly worth much more than a thousand dollars. It is eternal, and it will serve you in good stead forever and ever. It might even be the last remaining action required for the arrival of the True and Complete Redemption! This is what will bring the *hisgalus* of the Rebbe, what can be of greater value than that?!

“It's important always to start with some physical incentive that will give an urge to the animal soul, and only after it has calmed down, we will move forward with G-dliness for the truly important things that occur as a result of fulfilling this resolution.”

“EVERYTHING HAS IT'S A TIME...”

Here's another tip:

It's important to limit the *hachlata* by time, a starting and an ending. All of us knows that it's better to make a resolution for a set period of time, as it's much easier to observe it that way, especially when you, or more correctly, your left side, which really doesn't want you to do as you resolved, knows that it's not for long. Afterwards, when we see that we've fulfilled the resolution we made – let's say for a week – it's possible to decide on keeping it for another week, and then for another two weeks...until it becomes part of our regular routine.

This is in contrast to what we are inclined to think sometimes, ‘What is this resolution

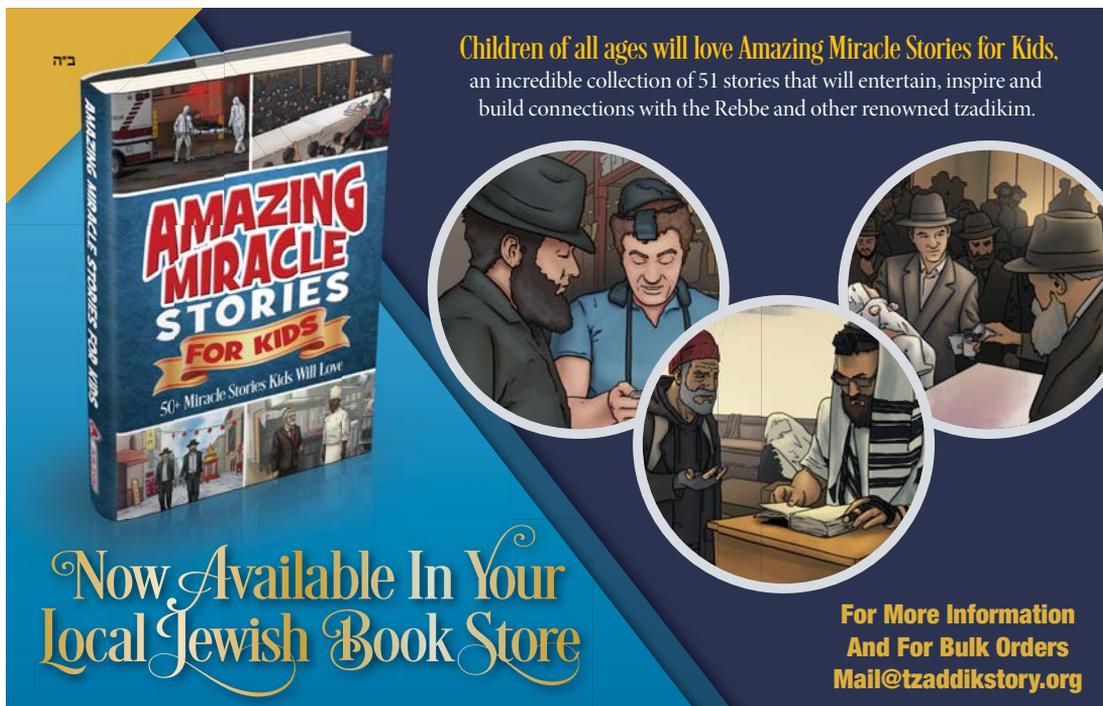
worth if it's only for a week?' On the contrary, setting a specific time is the very thing that gives us the desire to meet our objective and even continue after that initial period comes to an end.

There's a story about a bachur in 770 who was having difficulties concentrating on his studies, and he couldn't seem to find a good reason to remain in yeshiva any longer. When he went in for 'yechidus' with the Rebbe and poured his heart out, the Rebbe suggested that he learn each day for only five minutes! Then, after a while, he can incrementally add another minute every so often. The bachur started learning five minutes each day, and he occasionally found himself stopping in the middle of an interesting Medrash or some complex Torah subject. He wanted very much to continue, but according to the Rebbe's instructions, he had to stop after five minutes! This spurred his desire to keep learning, and as time wore on, he slowly added more and more minutes

to his daily quota until the passion for Torah came back to him.

It would also be appropriate to limit the time for fulfilling the resolution to the daytime hours. This will help you to remember it, not push it off or drag things out. Later, without even noticing it, it's suddenly nighttime, and oops, you remember in bed that you forgot. Set a time for yourself, e.g., I'll sit between eight and ten in the morning and learn a sicha, make a telephone chavrusa with a friend, recite five chapters of Tehillim, etc.

The Alter Rebbe speaks about the importance of setting times (*kevius b'zman*) and setting things up within our soul (*kevius b'nefesh*), the former helps to achieve the latter. You can start with external aids such as an alarm clock, a cellphone reminder at a certain set time during the day for fulfilling your resolution. Slowly but surely, your internal clock will have already brought this into your regular schedule, transforming it into an integral part of your daily or weekly routine." ■



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TIPS FOR SUCCESS FROM THE PROS

Make specific resolutions – The more general the resolution, the harder it is to keep it. “I’ll try not to get angry anymore” sounds like a marvelous resolution, however, in practical terms, it’s very hard to implement. Decide on a specific hour of the day that you refrain from anger, or towards a certain individual.

Here’s an example, “When the children again start throwing the shoes in every corner, I’ll try to respond in a businesslike manner and without getting angry.” This works a lot better. Afterwards, it’s possible to progress further on additional objectives of a similar vein. However, you have to remember again to choose a small specific goal each time, work on it – and nothing else. Research studies have established that students who make specific resolutions regarding progress in their learning have far greater success than others who make more general resolutions, e.g., “getting good grades.”

No delays – When we make a hachlata, it comes with a certain degree of enthusiasm. Thus, as the enthusiasm dies out, it will be much harder to carry out the resolution. Therefore, when we resolve to do something, we immediately have to start implementing it without delay – not even until tomorrow!

Take good notes – Follow up on your resolutions on a daily basis, maintain a kind of “resolution log book”, checking each day if I fulfilled mine and to what extent. The log book will help you not to forget and also to check how far you’ve progressed, maybe even to discover what things are interfering in your carrying out what you resolved to do, and how you can avoid them.

Maintain a supportive environment for keeping your hachlata. For example, I know about a social media group where each member shares how she completed the daily Chitas. If you carry out something and there are other people together with you who are also fulfilling the same resolution, this will help you in your implementation.



Researchers at Harvard University found another sound piece of advice for remembering resolutions when they discovered that people tend to have a difficult time keeping the resolutions they set for themselves if they simply forgot all about them. As a result, they suggest creating a unique form of reminder to provide a greater association with fulfilling the resolution. They claim that the more creative and less standard the reminder, this will help us in remembering better to carry out the resolution.

For example, if you resolve to be more stringent in learning Chitas, perhaps a picture of a Chitas on the refrigerator door will help you to remember each time you go there for something? Or maybe putting the Chitas on your pillow will remind you not to go to sleep before learning? Apply some creativity and use a variety of ideas that can help you remember your resolution and implement it. *B’hatzlacha!*

5



THE SECOND HOUSEWIFE

— A SERIALIZED FAMILY DRAMA —
SET IN THE SHTETL OF TWO CENTURIES AGO

RECAP: After “discussing” with her late mother the embarrassing shidduch offer with the Rosh Hakahal almost twenty years her senior, Aidel agrees to go ahead with the match, realizing that it's her only chance to ever marry a talmid chacham.



DINNER had long been finished. The large table was now tidy and clean, and Tzirel the housekeeper spread out a spotless and freshly starched cotton tablecloth. Shmuel placed a large sheet of paper on it and carefully prepared a quill and inkwell.

The usual sounds of the evening could be heard throughout the large house. Gronem yells – perhaps at one of the children. Marina laughs out loud, Sophia the cook admonishes her. There was the sound of a baby crying, footsteps quickly cascading down the stairs. Another minute and it will be quiet, as a thought



momentarily flashed in his mind. He flipped through the Gemara with his left hand, folding his left leg under him. He jotted down a few words in pearly script on the paper with his right hand.

He again looked in the Gemara, biting his lower lip, as he wrote a few more words on the sheet of paper.

The room's heavy door opened quietly. He looked up for a moment, expecting to see Tzirel come in with a broom. It wasn't Tzirel; it was Pessia. She entered quietly, closing the door behind her. She pulled the chair closest to her father towards her and sat down, smiling. Her green velvet dress slid around the chair like a silent ocean wave.

"Pessia?" Shmuel asked in a single word, raising his eyebrow in surprise.

"Pesach Tzvi went out to learn," she shrugged her shoulders. "So, I came in to speak with you, Tatte." Shmuel was quiet for several long seconds. He then gently placed the quill in the inkwell, closed the Gemara, and kissed it. He got up from his place and moved over to sit on the couch, crossing one leg over the other.

"What did you want to talk about, my dear?" he asked, inviting her to sit on the couch near him with a motion of his hand. She came over with a sweet and innocent looking smile. "Can we discuss your wedding?"

His face became serious. "Please, what seems to be troubling you?"

"Many things." She began nervously twisting her diamond wedding ring.

"Let's start with one," he smiled tensely, twisting his right sidelock.

"What's with Aidel's dowry, Tatte?" she looked at him, deeply troubled.

THE CHARACTERS:

Reb Shmuel: The distinguished Rosh Hakahal of Lubianka. A widowed man and father of many children, all married. He's seeking a shidduch after the town's rav encourages his to do so.

Aidel: A destitute orphan girl who is working in the Rav and Rebbetzin's home. She dreams of marrying a talmid chacham, but her financial state doesn't allow it.

Pessia: Reb Shmuel's youngest daughter, two years younger than Aidel and was once her friend.

Pesach Tzvi: Pessia's husband. A tremendous young talmid chacham who was "worth" a 5,000-ruble dowry.

"Dowry?" he laughed. "Why does Aidel need to bring a dowry? I promise to sit and learn in any case. Everything's all right..."

"I didn't mean that kind of dowry," she replied, maintaining her serious facial expression. "I was referring to dresses, a wardrobe. She has nothing, Tatte! Her Shabbos dress looks worse than the uniforms of our domestic servants!"

"Are you sure you know what you're saying?" he queried, furrowing his brow in confusion. "I never considered that..." After thinking for a moment, he added: "I'll go to speak with the rav first thing tomorrow. I'll give the rebbetzin a sum of money and ask her to deal with the matter."

"The rebbetzin is not suited for that," Pessia wrinkled her nose. "Tatte, if Aidel is going to be your wife – she needs clothes befitting a wealthy woman."

"Then perhaps you can handle it?" he asked hesitantly. "You were friends once, weren't you?"

“We haven’t been friends for a long time already,” Pessia muttered. “Ever since she started working at the bakery.”

“What’s wrong? She wasn’t holding on your level anymore?” he asked with a gleam in his eye.

“Something like that,” she laughed nervously.

“Nu, maybe you can be her friend again,” he said authoritatively. “You know her future husband. Someone even wealthier than your own husband...”

“Tatte...” She intoned with a uniquely child-like distinction.

The two sat in silence for several minutes. Even the sounds previously heard throughout the house had almost ceased completely. Shmuel was already totally immersed in his thoughts when he suddenly heard Pessia in a barely audible voice: “Of all the women in the world, you specifically choose a twenty-year-old girl? The boys are older than she is, I’m almost her age. How can she possibly take the role of our stepmother?”

“She will be my wife, not your mother,” he said in a stern voice. “All of you are already married; I wasn’t in search of a stepmother for you.”

“So, what were you looking for, another girl to educate?” she looked at him defiantly.

“You can’t speak to your father that way,” he glared at her with steely eyes. “Apologize!”

She stood, lowering her head. “I apologize, I won’t speak in such an inappropriate manner to my father ever again.” She then lifted her eyes and looked at him, but her face didn’t seem to indicate any regret.

“Good night.” He motioned for her to leave the room. As she reached the door, he said: “Ask Gronem’s Mirele to take care of the dowry.”

She stopped and pondered for a moment. “Mirele? No, Tatte, I’ll do it.”

“ THE TWO SAT IN SILENCE FOR SEVERAL MINUTES. EVEN THE SOUNDS PREVIOUSLY HEARD THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE HAD ALMOST CEASED COMPLETELY. SHMUEL WAS ALREADY TOTALLY IMMersed IN HIS THOUGHTS WHEN HE SUDDENLY HEARD PESSIA IN A BARELY AUDIBLE VOICE: OF ALL THE WOMEN IN THE WORLD, YOU SPECIFICALLY CHOOSE A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GIRL?”

He got up and again sat down near the Torah innovations he had begun to record on the previous page. He opened the Gemara, read the sugya in a Talmudic singsong. Afterwards, he studied what he had written, but he couldn’t manage to return to the level of concentration he had before.

“So, what were you looking for, another girl to educate?” Pessia’s voice continued to snipe at him.

“Cheeky little girl,” he muttered to himself, fully aware of the truth. This very likely could happen. He educates the whole world every day. What’s preventing him from also trying to educate this genteel young girl?

In a moment of decision, he cut a small piece off from the sheet of paper. He took the quill and wrote: "I hereby accept upon myself, *bli neder*, not to make any untoward comments to..." After hesitating briefly, he continued with determination, "To my wife, Aidel *tichye* bas Perla of blessed memory, no matter what."

Afterwards, he got up, blew on the sheet of paper to dry the ink, and placed it between the pages of a siddur, near the bracha for putting on tefillin.

"It's better this way," he muttered to himself. "It's good that we spoke."



The home of the Rav and the Rebbetzin suddenly seemed so strange.

There was the seamstress with a tape measure around her neck, chattering unceasingly. There was her helper – measuring, cutting, bending over, sketching, marking with chalk – and everything with incredible speed. There were five rolls of thick fabric, and there was the seamstress' husband – dozing on the side until he received instructions to drag the fabric back to the house.

And above all, there was Pessia, standing with her arms folded, examining everything with a stern facial expression and only periodically issuing orders.

In the evening, when things got back to normal, and the Rav and Rebbetzin sat down to eat dinner – Aidel turned to escort Pessia home. They walked slowly and silently, Only the sounds of their footsteps could be heard.

"Thank you, Pessia," Aidel finally said. "You did it everything so quickly and effectively, and you've helped me a great deal. It will take me a little time to get used to my new status."

"Ah," Pessia waved her hand. "You'll get used to it before you know it. People become accustomed to good things very quickly..."

Aidel shrugged her shoulders. "I can't argue with you, but I don't feel that way."

They continued walking quietly until they stopped in front of the Rosh Hakahal's house. It was cold. Aidel wrapped herself tightly in her coat as she stared at the three-story stone house. Chills went up her spine as she thought about being the *balabuste* of this house in less than a month.

Pessia looked at her with her large round eyes. "You're thinking about my father now, aren't you? The wealthy and charitable head of the community?"

"Nu," Aidel asked.

"Another two months, maybe less, you'll argue. He'll annoy you or you'll get insulted, and he'll just be your husband, not some living legend..."

Aidel closed her eyes. She sees the cook Nechama Leah in her imagination, screaming at her husband with a rolling pin in her hand. She shook her head emphatically. "Your father is a great Torah scholar, Pessia!"

"My husband Pesach Tzvi is also a talmid chacham," Pessia shrugged her shoulders. "So what?"

The whole way back she thought about what Pessia had said. It seemed so impossible to her. She entered the small warm wooden house of the Rav and the Rebbetzin, virtually without making a sound. She hung up her coat and could hear the voices of the Rav and the Rebbetzin speaking gently in the room.

"I'll never argue with my husband," she silently resolved. "No matter what. And to make certain that I won't forget it, I'll be stringent to speak to him always in plural." ■

To be continued...

QUEENS ARE NOT FOREVER

I was in the middle of flipping schnitzels on Friday afternoon when my husband casually mentioned to me “you know there’s a new King of England..”

What? The Queen’s gone? But how is that even possible? The Queen of England kind of seemed like one of those perpetual things that we were born with and just doesn’t change. Like the sun rising proudly each morning. And the stars glittering each night. Who would think that we would wake up one morning and she would be gone?

With galus too. We were born into it. It’s just everyday life as we know it, stumbling and rising, the sorrows, the joys. On a certain level we feel as if this is reality. And one day we will wake up and galus will be gone. Just like that.

This Rosh Hashana, as we once again coronate Hashem as our King, a King that always was and always will be, let’s beg Him for one thing. That we wake up tomorrow morning to a brand new reality.

Avinu Malkeinu Hareim Keren Meshichecha



THE SUITCASE FULL OF KOSHER SANDWICHES

It was the last hour of Yom Kippur. Neilah would start in just a few minutes.

The gates of Shomayim were wide open to let everyone's tefillos straight to Hashem. Then, the shofar would blow, and the gates would close once more.

In California, Rabbi Yehoshua B. Gordon's Chabad house was full of all types of Yidden.

Some were frum, while others barely kept kosher - but they all had at least one thing in common: They knew it was only right to spend Yom Kippur in shul.

Before Neilah started, Rabbi Gordon got up to speak.

"Yidden!" he cried out, "Welcome to the holiest moments of the holiest day of the year.



The Lubavitcher Rebbe has asked us all to try and do more mitzvos. Now is the perfect time to try out one more mitzva! If we take the Rebbe's advice, we'll surely be given the zechus of a wonderful new year!"

Usually, by the time Neilah rolls around, everyone in shul is sleepy and bored. They just spent the whole day fasting and davening; they're running out of energy. But Rabbi Gordon's words woke them up, and they all tried to pick a new mitzva to do.

Rabbi Gordon finished his speech and then turned to the bima. "Ashrei..."

Neilah had begun. Everyone joined in, pouring their hearts out to Hashem and davening for a good year.

The loud blast of the shofar filled the shul. "L'shana Haba'ah, B'Yerushlayim!"

They sang and clapped, certain their tefillos had gone straight to Hashem. Yom Kippur was officially over.

Rabbi Gordon went home to have a meal with his family. He could never have guessed the effects his little speech would have.

Rabbi Dovid Borenstein, the shliach in Bologna, Italy, pulled a heavy suitcase behind him. It was stuffed to the brim with kosher sandwiches for any Yid who might be hungry.

That day was the yearly Cosmetics Fair. "Cosmetics" are basically anything someone uses to make themselves look and feel prettier, like makeup and skincare. Cosmetics companies from all over the world come to Italy just to visit this fair. They meet other sellers, buy, and compare their products. Not too many of these people were Jewish, but there were always a few Yidden in the crowd.

As the shliach to Bologna, Rabbi Borenstein wanted to make sure they had kosher food to

eat. He walked around the fair, schlepping his suitcase and looking out for Yidden.

Right then, a Jewish couple from California passed by and noticed the Rabbi. "He looks a little lost," the man commented to his wife. "He's been showing up all over the place, like he's looking for something. Maybe we can help him!"

They hurried to catch up with Rabbi Borenstein.

"Hey - excuse us, but, um, can we help you, Rabbi?" the man called out.

Rabbi Borenstein turned to the man with a twinkle in his eye. "Oh! No thanks," he replied. "I'm actually here to help you!"

"Huh?" the man asked. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Rabbi Borenstein said, "I thought you might be hungry for something kosher. Am I right?"

The man looked at his wife in shock. "I can't believe it!" he exclaimed. "Yes! We're starving!"

Rabbi Borenstein nodded, a big smile on his face. "Alright! Kosher sandwiches, coming right up!" He bent down and unzipped his suitcase. "What would you like? Salami? Tuna? Egg? I've got plenty! Here, take a bunch!"

But instead of taking the sandwiches, the man and his wife just stared. "Rabbi, you have no idea what this means to us!" the man exclaimed, finally finding his voice. He ran over to Rabbi Borenstein to shake his hand, and then he gave him a big hug!

"You showed up like Eliyahu HaNavi!" the man continued. "You came to us at the perfect time! Who are you, and why are you here?"

Rabbi Borenstein was very surprised. No one had ever been this emotional before - all he'd done was offer them a sandwich. "I'm the shliach to Bologna," he explained. "I'm at the



Cosmetics Fair to take care of any Yidden here. Me and my wife made sandwiches to help people who might be hungry. Who are you?”

“I’m Shlomo Mansano,” the man replied, “and this is my wife, Shoshana. We’re makeup artists from California.”

“California, you say? Do you know my friend Rabbi Gordon?”

“Sure! He’s our Rabbi!”

“Then please send him my regards,” Rabbi Borenstein said, warmly. “We’re good friends.”

Shlomo and wife thanked the Rabbi again and went on their way. Rabbi Borenstein zipped up his suitcase and went back to wandering around the fair. Why’d they been so excited about the sandwiches? He had no idea, but he was glad he’d been there.

When the fair was over, the couple returned to California. The whole time, they kept talking about the Rabbi who’d given them

those kosher sandwiches. It was clearly a very big deal for them.

As soon as they arrived, Shlomo went straight to Rabbi Gordon.

“Rabbi, do you remember the speech you made on Yom Kippur? The one about the Rebbe asking everyone to try and do more mitzvos?”

“Of course!” Rabbi Gordon replied. “Why do you ask?”

“Well, the mitzva my wife and I chose was to keep kosher. We already kept kosher at home, but we traveled a lot, and it can be really hard to find kosher food in other countries. Since we’d never been to those places before, we didn’t know where to look. But, after your speech on Yom Kippur, Shoshana and I decided that, no matter how hard it would be, we’d keep kosher, even while we were traveling.”

Rabbi Gordon was very moved. “What an incredible mitzva!” he exclaimed. “So tell me, how did it go?”

“Well, it was going alright - until we visited the Cosmetics Fair in Italy,” Shlomo admitted. “We checked into our hotel and figured we’d find some basic, kosher food. But we were wrong! We were surrounded by nice restaurants, and their food smelled amazing, but it was all treif! We couldn’t even find a single kosher bagel!”

“By lunchtime, we were starving. All we’d had all day was soda. The non-kosher food around us looked so good, and we started doubting ourselves. How bad could it be if we ate just one treif hot dog? Hashem would understand. We needed to eat!”

Rabbi Gordon held his breath. Did they give in to their hunger, or did they stay strong?

“Don’t worry, Rabbi Gordon,” Shlomo continued. “Right then, just as we were about to buy a non-kosher lunch, Hashem showed us that our mitzvos do matter after all! A Rabbi appeared out of nowhere, pulling a big suitcase full of kosher sandwiches! His name was Rabbi Borenstein.”

“Ah, I know him! We’re good friends!” Rabbi Gordon exclaimed.

“Yep! He mentioned that! And, thanks to him, we were able to keep kosher! He gave us so many sandwiches, we had enough food for our entire stay in Italy!”

“Do you realize what a miracle that was?” Shlomo wrapped up his story. “Because you encouraged us to take the Rebbe’s advice, we decided to keep kosher, even when we were far from home - and right when we were feeling like we couldn’t keep our promise, the Rebbe’s shliach appeared and saved the day!”

Rabbi Gordon smiled warmly. “Yes, Shlomo. That’s exactly what tzaddikim do. They care about every Yid, no matter where they are. When we connect to our tzaddikim, they help us serve Hashem in the best possible way.”

*After being a shliach for 40 years and inspiring thousands of Yidden with his Torah shiurim, Rabbi Gordon passed away in 2016. May his memory be a blessing.

From the TzaddikStory.org collection





YOSSI: the benches in shul deserve their own article, or at least a prize, a medal, an honorary title or a real gift of appreciation.

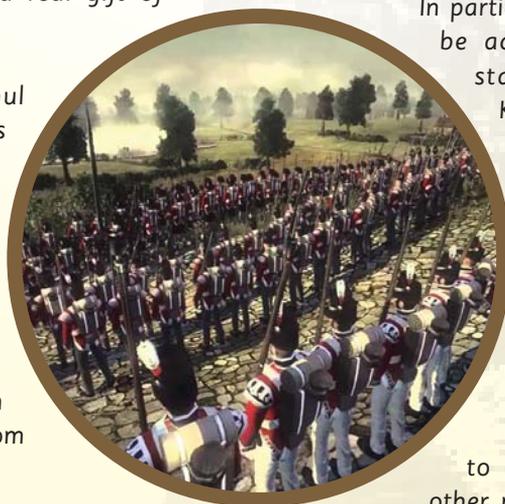
The benches in shul are nameless heroes who bear their loads in silence, with no complaints or protest about their exertions. In their everyday lives, many people sit on them, load them with sefarim, and push them and pull them from place to place.

Have you ever seen a bench refuse to do its job? A bench that

announces that it cannot carry its burden any longer? A bench that went on strike?

In particular, the benches should be admired for their strong stance on motzoei Yom Kippur. With my own eyes I've seen how Simcha, a beloved yungerman, danced on a bench, jumped on it, stamped on it with his feet and the bench, heroic as always, remained strong.

Actually, we also ought to admire Simcha and the other people in our shul. Every year I'm amazed how, despite the



long fast, being thirsty and hungry, they jump about on motzoei Yom Kippur.

Last year, I also fasted on Yom Kippur until nearly the end. In the final hours, I'll admit, I felt very weak and, having no choice, as my father warned me, I ate a bit to restore my strength.

I'm sure that Simcha and the other people were no less hungry than me and yet, when

the fast was over they danced gaily to the usual tune on motzoei Yom Kippur.

If you are in shul at Neila, you surely know what tune I'm talking about. It's a pity that this magazine you are holding doesn't have a button you can press to hear the familiar niggun (Who knows – maybe a magazine like that will be invented one day).

When the fast was over, and everyone had washed their hands and davened maariv, were mekadesh the moon and revived themselves with bourekas, cookies, and orange juice that were on the table that Feivish the gabbai put out, I found Simcha in his sweat-stained sirtuk, standing in the corner of the shul.

I took the opportunity to offer him another cup with a cold drink and to ask him to tell me about the special niggun for motzoei Yom Kippur.

Although Simcha was tired and weak, he was happy, as usual, to tell me about "Napoleon's March." So that you will also know the story of this special niggun, I had Mendy write it up for you.

MENDY: At the end of Neila on Yom Kippur, before the shofar is blown, it is customary to happily sing the niggun called "Napoleon's March."

As Yossi correctly noted, it is hard to describe the niggun in writing but whoever heard it can tell, without being a musicologist, that it is a victory march.

As the name indicates, the tune was actually sung by soldiers of the French general, Napoleon. In 572/1812, war broke out between France and other European nations.

DRAWING OF THE REBBE DURING NAPOLEON'S MARCH
ON MOTZOEI YOM KIPPUR



Napoleon, the famous general, was able to subdue the trained armies of many nations and he furiously advanced towards mighty Russia.

The ideas of Napoleon and the French captivated many hearts. He promised progress, freedom, and liberty for all oppressed nations. He committed not to make harsh decrees against the Jews under his rule.

The Alter Rebbe strongly opposed Napoleon. He said that being under the reign of the French would be easier materially for the Jews but their spiritual state would deteriorate and they were likely to assimilate. Under Czar Alexander the Jews were very poor but their hearts were connected to their Father in heaven.

As Napoleon's soldiers approached Liadi, the Alter Rebbe and his household left the town and moved to the interior of Russia. The Alter Rebbe passed away on the journey.

The Rebbe Rayatz related that the Alter Rebbe said to let him know with which march Napoleon's troops crossed the border. When they sang the tune for him, he said it was indeed a victory march and he entered a state of dveikus and then said, "In the end, didon notzach!"

And that's what happened. Napoleon got bogged down in the Russian winter and ended up returning to his country from where he ultimately was exiled. The Russian czar continued to rule for many years.

This tune of victory is "Napoleon's March" which Chabad Chassidim sing on motzoei Yom Kippur. This practice is even mentioned in the Sefer HaMinhagim, "All the congregants sing the March and after that there is the tekia."

In 5749, in one of his sichos, the Rebbe said, "It is customary in a number of Jewish communities to sing 'Napoleon's March' at the conclusion of the holy day."

It was a special sight to see the Rebbe encouraging the singing on motzoei Yom Kippur with the Chassidim singing with all their might. Until 5741, the Rebbe would get up on a chair in order to urge the Chassidim on. In the following years, the gabboim had built a special set of steps that the Rebbe used so the Chassidim could see him without pushing.

It's interesting to know that there were other special occasions when Chassidim sang this niggun for the Rebbe:

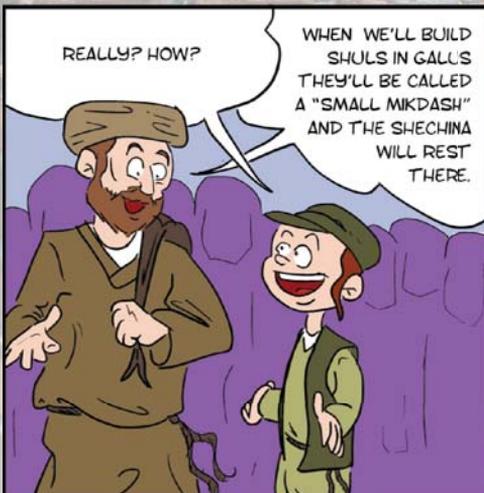
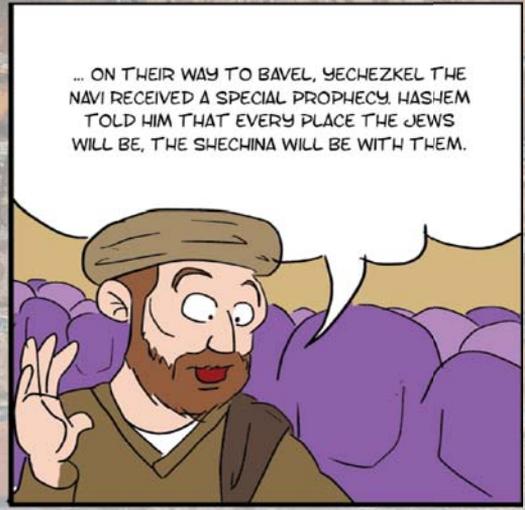
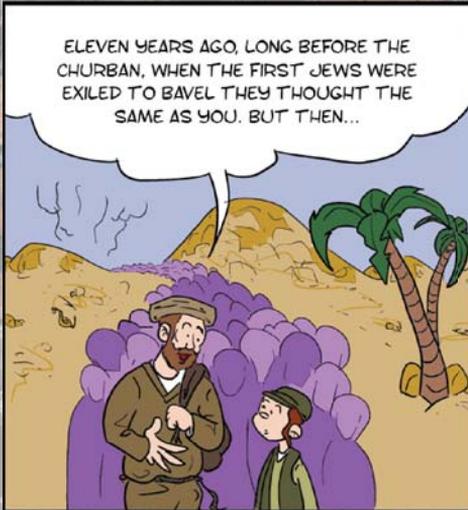
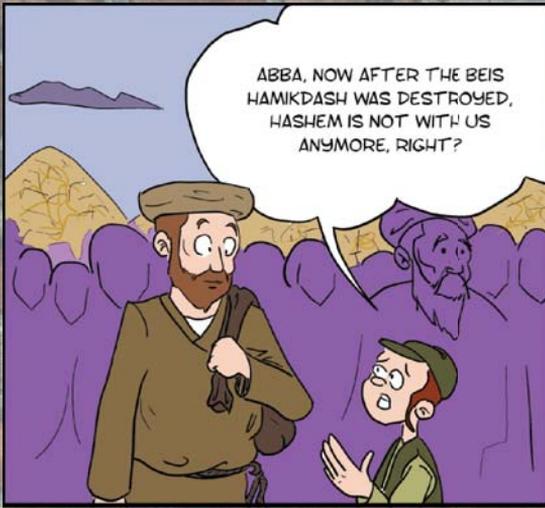
In 5716, the Rebbe said in a sicha that victory in war is something that pertains particularly to the young who have the energy and the time to impact the world and vanquish it. Since victory in war is achieved specifically with the singing of a march, only the young, not yet married, should sing it while the older ones should clap. Then, only the young sang "Napoleon's March." Afterward, by the way, the Rebbe asked the older ones to sing a niggun and the younger ones to clap.

After the Rebbe founded the Tzivos Hashem organization in Tishrei 5781, Rabbi Yaakov Yehuda (JJ) Hecht asked the Rebbe what to do with the bottle of mashke he received on motzoei Simchas Torah at kos shel bracha for Tzivos Hashem. The Rebbe said that on Wednesday there would be a big children's rally to conclude the month of Tishrei and there would be a band. Before mincha they would sing "Napoleon's March" for that is how you start training an army!

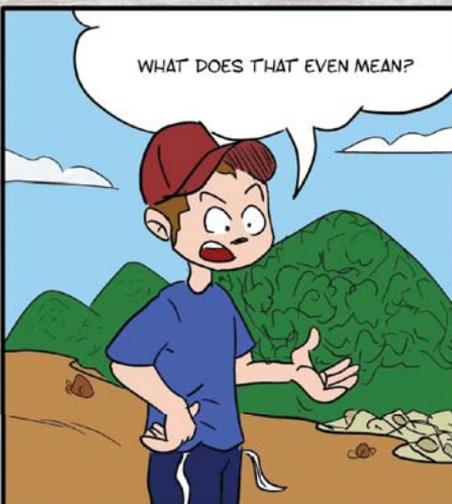
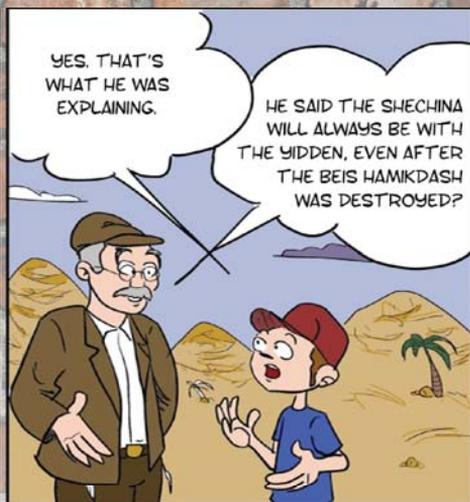
Another time was on Shabbos parshas Noach 5752, when the Rebbe mentioned the pesukim which are customary to say on motzoei Yom Kippur with a special tune. The crowd spontaneously began to sing "Napoleon's March" and the Rebbe encouraged the singing with both hands.

There were other occasions but we've run out of space ...

THE SEARCH FOR THE TRAVEL



TRAVELING BEIS HAMIKDASH • 3



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