

*The*

# CHASSIDISHE VAIBE

THE BEIS MOSHIACH MAGAZINE FOR N'SHEI U'VNOS CHABAD

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יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד

# Everyday Heroines

SARA YUTA GOPIN

## DISCOVERING MY ROOTS IN A BIBLE HIDDEN IN THE LINING OF A COAT

**LUBA** Ahuva Perlov's inspiring life story reflects the *mesirus nefesh* of the heroic women about whom we read in the *parshiyos hashavua* of these weeks. The impact of Miriam and Yocheved will always remain. As is reflected in her name, Luba Ahuva Perlov is dedicated to promoting marital harmony through worldwide observance of Taharat Hamishpacha.

"It all began when I had serious complications in one of my pregnancies," Luba explains. "I received a blessing in the Igros Kodesh of the Rebbe for the success of the pregnancy as well as instructions, and one of them was to persuade at least three other women to go to the mikvah. My life was in danger and it was clear to me that performing this task would bring salvation. The idea of writing a book came to my mind, because it would be easier for me than to approach women and talk to them openly about this sensitive subject.

"From my bedside I began writing my first book, "Let it Stay Between Us," which is in Russian. Six weeks later the book was published, which was a miracle, considering all of the logistics involved. It is a collection of inspirational stories that motivate women to observe this fundamental mitzvah, as well as a basic overview of the halachos of Taharat

Hamishpacha. This book was later translated into Hebrew and English, and is available on Amazon. More than seventy Chabad Houses on every continent have this book, and there are local versions which include photos and addresses of mikvahs in the area. Records from 2016 showed that over 15,000 copies were distributed in every corner of the world!"

Upon hearing Luba's life story, her tremendous accomplishments are not surprising. She leads a multifaceted life as a well-known artist, writer and, most importantly, teacher of women and children of Russian backgrounds in S. Clara, California. "I grew up by the Black Sea in Odessa, in the Ukraine, during the oppressive years of communism," Luba reminisces. "I was an only child, and even at home I was not permitted to speak one word about religion. This was very difficult, since I felt the Divine Presence at every moment, especially when I meditated on the beauty of the world around me. I knew that I was Jewish and always felt different from my non-Jewish peers, but I could not understand why they didn't like me. One day I bravely asked my grandmother, Rachel, zichrona levracha, for some explanation. As the sole survivor of her entire family who were massacred by the Nazis, she was speechless, and never able to answer my question.

“My search for truth continued. One day I purchased a Bible through the ‘black market’ from a man who had religious books hidden inside the lining of his coat. As I excitedly read the passages I discovered that my grandmother’s name, Rachel, appears in the Bible, as well as the names of many other relatives. Therefore I, too, must belong to the Jewish people whom Hashem lovingly redeemed from slavery in Egypt. This new awareness inspired me to create a ‘magen david’ charm from clay to wear on a necklace in order to identify myself as a proud Jew, who was also determined to marry a Jew.”

Luba’s prayers were answered and shortly afterwards she met Baruch. The only problem was that Baruch had just lost his Soviet citizenship after his application to emigrate to Israel was accepted, and was therefore unable to get married in Russia. Without the papers confirming that there was a legal civil marriage the rabbis were prohibited to perform a chuppah. “There was only one rabbi, Rabbi Dovid Karpov, who had mesirut nefesh, and he married us in the Lubavitch shul in Moscow. I will never forget how he stated that he cares about the Torah of Hashem more than about the restrictions of the Soviet government,” Luba recalls.

Six weeks after the wedding Baruch immigrated to Israel. Luba had to wait six long months, but because they were married it was easier for her to receive a visa, and Baruch Hashem she joined him! The Perlov family lived in various cities in Israel for fourteen years. Baruch’s profession as an engineer required him to relocate to the area of S. Clara, California. This new site in Luba’s journey enables her to teach and guide women and children in the community who have emigrated from Russia. Luba explains, “After living in total spiritual darkness, they have an unparalleled appreciation when they discover the light of Torah and Chassidus.”

Luba regards her creative talents as an inheritance from her parents, who were fashion designers. As a child she was in a program for artistically gifted children and continued her academic studies in art education. The highlight of her early career was illustrating twenty-five children’s books, from popular authors such as Menucha Fuchs. Every one of Luba’s magnificent paintings expresses deep spiritual meaning.

Luba’s creative path continues to flourish, and she has written her life’s story, “The Diary of a Dreamer - One Soul’s Journey.” Her beautiful drawings decorate the pages of the book, which also contains quotes of the Rebbe MH”M from “Besuras Hageula.” This inspirational book is available on Amazon in English.

The latest project of Baruch and Luba Perlov is “Mordechai’s Library,” in the Chabad House of S. Clara. “The library is in memory of my husband’s father, Mordechai ben Moshe, a”h. He lived in Odessa and was afraid to go to the synagogue or to obtain Jewish books. He wanted to fast on Yom Kippur, but since there were no Jewish calendars available he could not find out what date he should fast! There are over one hundred Jewish books that are in Russian in our library for the benefit of the new immigrants who seek Jewish knowledge.”

“We must all take an active role to bring the Geula,” Luba emphasizes. “It suits me to be involved in many different projects: dedication to Taharat Hamishpacha, teaching the Russian immigrants, writing, art, the library, speaking engagements, and lately, my work as a spiritual psychosomatic therapist. It’s up to us to make the vessel, how it is filled with light depends on Hashem.” ■

Luba Perlov can be contacted at Lperlov770@gmail.com.



*Rivkie  
Brownstein*

## STRESS FREE SHABBOS PREP

**SHABBOS** preparations was usually stressful in our home. I would spend all day cooking and cleaning and feel snappy at times with my kids and husband. As I got older (and wiser :)) I realized that being happy and calm is the most important thing above all else.

Shabbos is a special day, and if serving Hashem with joy is the goal, as well as having my kids develop a positive feeling for Shabbos, what can I do to make it more pleasurable?

As I tried to shift my focus from impressing others to thinking what will bring the most joy and peace, it began transforming the way I do things. Here are some of the tips that work in our home to help me feel less depleted and more joyful when Shabbos comes in.

### 1) PLAN AHEAD AND SPREAD IT OUT:

Planning ahead and spreading things out throughout the week helps avoid the Erev Shabbos rush. As far as shopping, I keep a magnetic notepad on my fridge. Every time I run out of something, or I notice we are running low on an item we will be needing more of, I add it to the list. I also think of my menu before I shop and that way I can add any ingredients I may need to the list. This avoids multiple trips to the store and you can shop once without needing to borrow from neighbors or rushing to the store on erev shabbos.

I like to bake challah earlier in the week and freeze it so I know it is out of the way. I shop on Wednesday, cook on Thursday and do last minute things on Friday. If I have a lot to do, I like to get up early on Friday morning before the kids are awake to get a head start on things that have to be done before Shabbos.

### 2) MENU INSPIRATION:

Each week, a friend of mine chooses one child to be the Shabbos Queen or Prince. That child gets to help choose what to cook that week and they feel extra special having chosen their favorites!

Since I have a cleaning lady on Fridays Boruch Hashem, I try to get all the cooking done before she comes so she can clean. The special child of the week is even able to bake and choose the Shabbos dessert as long as they do it before the cleaning lady comes!

### 3) KEEP IT SUPER SIMPLE:

Unless making elaborate meals is something you truly enjoy, there is no need to go crazy. I like making super quick easy things and they happen to taste just as delicious! If standing in the kitchen too long stresses you out, it is not a mitzvah to make yourself crazy.

Some examples: I make a big bag of frozen green beans, place it on a baking sheet with olive oil and frozen garlic cubes. Bake for an hour



and they are delicious! Instead of kugel I take baby potatoes and put them in the oven with oil and spices. I put rice underneath the chicken and top with spices. Easy things like this taste just as delicious as complicated recipes.

#### 4) GET THE KIDS TO HELP:

Take some time to figure out what works best for you but there is no need for us to do it all alone when we have wonderful helpers who are more than capable of being involved! I have a big white board in my kitchen and on Friday I write down a few jobs that need to be done. Each child chooses a job.

Examples can include: setting the table, polishing the *leichter*, vacuuming, putting away the toys etc.

When the kids were younger I would ask my husband to take the kids out while I got ready for shabbos which would be the biggest help.

When everyone is all ready for Shabbos (showered, dressed, finished their job and ate) the kids get to play games on the computer. But if electronics is something you would rather not use, you can take out a special Shabbos game or maybe an erev Shabbos treat - just something special to get the kids eager to get ready in a timely fashion without constant reminders.

#### 5) SLOW DOWN AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF:

When I feel myself getting stressed I like to put on soothing slow niggunim or happy upbeat music. It helps the energy shift and lifts my mood which affects everyone else as well!

Just because it is a busy day does not mean we have to neglect ourselves! Taking the time to sit down and eat proper meals is so important. (I get super cranky when I'm hungry!) I also feel really good when I work out so I make sure to get a good run in especially on Fridays when I know I'll be working hard! If I'm really stressed I'll try to fit in a short nap. Figure out what makes you happy and don't forget to add it into your schedule! It's ok if not everything is done perfectly - the most important thing is a happy mommy! And if we don't take care of ourselves, who will? ■

#### ABOUT RIVKIE:

Rivkie Brownstein is a wife and mother of five ka'h, living in Hillside, New Jersey. Her passions include home organization, parenting and emotional health. Rivkie works as a relationship and parenting coach and can help guide you toward your authentic self, which leads to inner peace and joy. To contact her, email [coaching.innerpeace@gmail.com](mailto:coaching.innerpeace@gmail.com)



# AWAITING THE CRY

Three women reflect on their childbirth experience and how it compares to the imminent arrival of Moshiach



## BY RAIZEL LIBEROW ◦

Terrorist attacks. Wayward children. Natural disasters. Financial struggles. What is happening to our world? Chazal teach us that Redemption is compared to childbirth. The period preceding the birth will be characterized by powerfully strong hardships, similar to the pain of labor. We interviewed three women from Brooklyn who reflect on their childbirth experience and how it compares to the imminent arrival of Moshiach:

“The silence was deafening in the apartment that was way too big for my husband and myself,” **Rina** begins. “We rented it as a happy newlywed couple, certain that we would outgrow it in a couple of years. Yet the years ticked by and I longed for a child that I could call my own. Fast forward six painful years, and Boruch Hashem we were expecting. Our overwhelming excitement was tinged with apprehension. Will Hashem help my pregnancy survive? Should I tell my parents? My friends and family? We were advised not to announce it to anyone except close family until it becomes obvious. We hoped and prayed and stayed positive throughout.

“It got me thinking that perhaps this was an answer to a question that I always had. Throughout the generations, we haven’t seen such a strong emphasis on Moshiach. In recent decades, we see a tremendous focus placed on it by the leaders of our generation. I guess if Geulah is likened to a pregnancy, until now we were only in the beginning stages. There was no need to discuss it too much. Yet now, closer to birth, there is

### MOUTH CLOSED, NAVEL OPEN

Exile is likened to pregnancy, and the Redemption is likened to birth; as it is written, כִּי חָלָה גַם יְלֵדָה צִיּוֹן אֶת בְּנֵיהָ — “For Zion has been in labor and has given birth to her children.”

Our Sages teach (Niddah, 30b) that when an infant is in his mother’s womb, (a) “his head is between his knees not carrying out its function,” it does not think, and though he has eyes they do not see; (b) “his mouth is closed and his navel is open;” i.e., his nourishment (for he eats what his mother eats) passes through his navel into his stomach and makes his body grow, rather than passing through his mouth, from which it would animate the heart and brain.

These two situations also characterize the Jewish people during the period of exile: (a) Since the Holy One, blessed be He, removed the revelation of His Presence from This World, the Children of Israel do not behold the Divine light. Moreover, (b) the life-giving flow that wells from one’s performance of mitzvos and good deeds does not enter through the mouth, from which it would animate the heart and brain, giving rise to a knowledge and love of G d; rather, divine service is carried out frigidly; “מִצְוֹת אֲנָשִׁים מְלֻמְדָה” — “a commandment which men perform by rote.”

This is the essence of the spiritual meaning of exile.

Accordingly, the ultimate perfection of the days of Moshiach is a kind of birth — a revelation of the light of G d within the deepest recesses of a man’s heart. As it is written וְנִגְלָה כְבוֹד ה' וְרָאוּ — “The glory of G d will be revealed, and all flesh [together] will see [that the mouth of G d has spoken];” and likewise too it is written, “כִּי עֵין בְּעֵין יִרְאוּ” — “For they shall see eye to eye [when G-d returns to Zion].”

*“From Exile to Redemption” vol. 1 p. 5, based on the Alter Rebbe’s ma’amar in Torah Or, Va’eira, p. 55a*

nothing to hide. Therefore our entire focus is on the coming of Moshiach!”

“This pregnancy was a breeze!” As a mother of 13, **Gita** is one of those “superwomen” who just seem to have everything down pat. “I’m used to giving birth a day or two late, so when I passed my due-date I didn’t think twice. Yet a week passed, then a week and a half, and then two weeks. By that time, I would wake up each morning, look in the mirror and get a shock! “I’m still around?!” My husband would laugh at me and jokingly suggest, “I guess the baby is too comfortable and wants to stay forever!”

“As I was flipping pancakes the next morning, while signing homework and buttoning-up uniforms, I yearned for the Geulah, when food and clothes will grow on trees. “Although Moshiach is way overdue,” I figured, “it’s senseless to give up! Of course, he will be here, and every morning is just one morning closer.” “I finally went into labor,” **Gita** recalls. “It was beautiful. The most beautiful pain I have ever experienced. I let the contractions course through my body and I breathed. I let the pain surge through me like bolts of lightning, and I davened. I prayed that this should be the only pain that anyone ever has to experience. I let go and let Hashem run the show. As another bolt of pain overwhelmed me, I smiled. Each contraction is one step closer to hearing that precious cry of my child.”

“I was ecstatic when the doctor informed me that I was almost there,” **Rina** reminisces. “Surrounded by the doctors, nurses, my doula and my mother, a humbling thought crossed my mind. As much as they could help and encourage me, at the end of the day, no one can make it happen except for me. Discussing it later with my husband, he compared it to bringing Moshiach. Moshe Rabbeinu and Rabbi Akiva tried their best, the Baal Shem Tov and many other tzaddikim did all they could do. But this point in time, it is up to us — the simple people, to do all we can to finally bring the Geulah. So I gave it all I could. I was absolutely exhausted.

## ” OUR OVERWHELMING EXCITEMENT WAS TINGED WITH APPREHENSION. WILL HASHEM HELP MY PREGNANCY SURVIVE? SHOULD I TELL MY PARENTS? MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY?

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Physically and emotionally drained. Yet the thought that one more burst of energy could be the final one I needed to see my child, filled me with energy again and again.”

**Seema** had it a little tougher. “It was absolutely excruciating!” She recalls. “Each time the pain was completely overwhelming. I tried to breathe, I tried to blow, but it was just too unbearably painful. It was taking a long time and the baby began to show signs of distress. Complications arose and we had no choice but to go in for a C-Section.”

Hashem, it’s enough already! Enough pain, enough hardships! Your precious baby, *Am Yisrael* is in serious distress. It’s time for Moshiach to come, in one way or another.

We want to hear that precious cry, the cry of the Shofar heralding the arrival of Moshiach. It is long overdue! We need Moshiach and we need him now!



This article was inspired by a unique musical film, combining interviews with women describing their childbirth experiences and its parallel message of the imminent redemption, through soulful and uplifting original niggunim. Produced by Shifra and Puah of Chabad of Flatbush, please contact Raizel at 917-244-8688 or email [info@ChabadFlatbush.org](mailto:info@ChabadFlatbush.org) to arrange a viewing in your community. ■

# GAMBLER

# THE

SERIAL  
BY ETEL B.

# 13



*Review: In the present – Yonasan recalls the days of his childhood. In the past – Leibel confesses publicly that he had misused money raised for the kollel, losing a sizable portion of it in a card game.*



**ADAR** 5778, Tzfas. “Everything had to be done precisely according to her standards,” declared Yonasan, as his voice broke the deep evening silence. “During my childhood, I really tried to appease her. When I realized that this was simply impossible, I developed a sense of apathy towards criticism. I learned to free myself from the controlling and bossiness, and pave my own way.

“I had no say in the choice of a yeshiva high school... However, when I tried to follow the path of Chabad, at the suggestion of my youth counselor, I no longer cared what she thought. She adamantly opposed every new mode of conduct I adopted. When I tried to explain to her that I had found what my soul had long been searching for, she claimed that I was too young, and it would be a pity if I made mistakes I would regret

later. Despite her protests, I continued getting closer to Chassidus and the Rebbe.

“She became very angry when I left the yeshiva high school program and transferred to a Chabad yeshiva. Every time I came home for Shabbos, she would preach to me about how I would have no future without a diploma. She also refused to consider my kashrus stringencies as per Chabad custom, and I was forced to settle for challah with hummus, plus canned goods such as tuna and corn. Eventually, my father had pity on me, and every Friday, he would roll up his sleeves and prepare a special chicken for me, until I learned how to cook for myself.”

“You mentioned your father. I understand that he has a different personality,” the mashpia asked.

“He’s not like her at all,” he stated categorically.

“And her criticisms were also directed towards him?” he continued to ask.

“Quite often – whether in his presence or not.”

“And how would he respond to her comments?”

“Sometimes he would respond to her, but he would usually avoid such debates. He remained silent, withdrawing into himself, and he has been that way to this day. He prefers to stay at work for as long as possible, or sit with a book or newspaper in a remote corner, in order to avoid her and her complaining.”



**MENACHEM** Av 5697 (1937), Yerushalayim. The beis medrash filled with the sound of whispers and chatter. Leibel glared contemptuously in Yankel’s direction and came down from the bimah. He was not certain whether he should

now go to his regular place in shul or go outside.

Someone gently placed a hand on his shoulder. It was Zalman, his brother-in-law. It clearly wasn’t easy for him, such an outstanding Torah scholar, to stand before him at such an embarrassing moment. He apparently wanted to say something, but he stepped back. The *rosh kollel*, Rabbi Kramer, came over to them. “Can we talk after Shacharis?” he asked.

Leibel said yes. Did he have any choice?

He put on his tallis and tefillin. He tried to concentrate on his davening, but he simply couldn’t. Terror seized him as thought about the expected conversation with the *rosh kollel*. After Shacharis, he rapped tensely on the door to Rabbi Kramer’s office. He knew that in that tiny room, filled with *sefarim*, his fate would be determined – for better or for worse. “Another half an hour,” the voice came from inside.

Zalman suggested that they wait outside in a quiet corner, far from the curious and inquisitive.

“It’s not easy to make such a confession before everyone. You didn’t have to do that,” he told Leibel.

“I had no choice,” he admitted without going into detail. “Yet, despite all my fears, they didn’t pelt me with esrogim or tomatoes,” he said with a bitter smile. They responded with restraint, as is befitting pious men like them. And he thought they were going to lynch him...

“Does your wife know?” Zalman suddenly realized.

Leibel shook his head. He was angry with himself. Why is it so hard for him to include her?

Maybe he was afraid to lose her, and to lose his position in the community – a position he never really had to begin with...

Childhood memories came back to him from the depths of oblivion.

“You will not be allowed back in class without a *tzetale* from your father,” warned Rabbi Bornstein, the melamed. This was not the first time that Leibele had left class to go play in the courtyard. Until now, the teacher had ignored it. The boy grasped the learning material quickly, and got bored just as fast. As long as he didn’t disturb his friends in class. This time, however, mischievous Leibele had gone a bit too far – playing a particularly noisy game outside, and the principal left his office to reprimand the teacher.

Leibele had doubts whether to go to his biological father or his brother-in-law, who served as his surrogate father. His real father apparently had no idea what class he learned in, and he would require a very detailed explanation before he would agree to abandon his shtender and write something – and the stress would be quite punishing.

He had a hard time deciding. Since he couldn’t come to class without a note, he complained the following morning that his head and throat hurt. Golda placed her hand on his forehead. “You don’t have any fever,” she said. Nevertheless, she left him at home, instructing him to rest in bed and drink the cup of tea she prepared for him. That evening, Eliezer Tzvi returned from work – dirty, tired, and sweaty.

“I just met Rabbi Bornstein, the melamed in the second grade. He said that Leib was supposed to tell us something very important yesterday...”

“Leibele is sick,” Golda said, pointing towards his bed.

“Sick?” He touched his forehead. “He has no fever,” he said determined. “He’s pretending!”

The boy’s face flushed.

“My throat hurts,” Leibel muttered, trying to keep from crying.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you ran out of class?”

“Because...” He strained to come up with an excuse. “Because...the melamed said to bring a note from my father – not from you!”

“I’m responsible for your education, and you have to report everything to me. Is that clear?”

“But you’re not my father,” he stubbornly answered, tears welling in his eyes.

“If you aren’t prepared to obey my rules, you’re welcome to leave my house and go to your father. We’ll see if he’ll agree to let you in...”

“I’ll go to my father,” Leibel cried, as he got out of his bed.

Golda blocked the way and tried to stop him, but he slipped past her and left through the window.

“No-goodnik,” Eliezer Tzvi called out after him.

Toiba, his father’s wife, opened the door, but she refused to let him in. “Your father is learning, and I’m washing the floor. Come back some other time.” He was left standing, totally humiliated, near the closed door. The door to the home where he was born; the home that should have been his...

It was cold and rainy outside. Left with no choice, he returned to Golda’s house. His young nephews and nieces had already finished dinner and were on their way to bed. To his great joy and relief, Eliezer Tzvi was not at home. He got into his own bed, hungry, having lied to his sister that he ate at his father’s house.

When he heard his brother-in-law’s footsteps, he pulled the blanket over his head to avoid being noticed. However, Eliezer Tzvi reasoned that he had an account to settle. He yanked the blanket off him, dragged him into a corner, and began flogging him with an old leather belt.

“I’m not prepared to let you embarrass me, you freeloader. I want to hear from your teachers that you’re learning properly, and if not, you’ll be forced to find yourself another place to live.”

As always, Golda tried to intervene, and as always, Eliezer Tzvi paid no attention to her pleas. “He who holds back his rod, hates his son,” he declared.

Leibel went home, extremely tense over his upcoming talk with his wife, while Zalman walked to the *Kosel* to pour his heart out before the Alm-ghty.

He placed his face on the cool stones.

“Ribono Shel Olam, what will be?”

Life for Zalman was about to change dramatically. His *chavrusa* is leaving the kollel. Rabbi Kramer decided that Leibel could not go unpunished over this serious matter, in spite of his remorse. Leibel listened to the verdict submissively with head bowed and his face devoid of all expression. Zalman tried to argue on his behalf. While he too was very angry over his brother-in-law’s actions, he had a hard time accepting Leibel’s expulsion.

“We have learned together since the start of *yeshiva ketana*... I won’t be able to find another *chavrusa* on his level,” he argued. “And there’s a whole family here, whose lives are literally about to be turned upside down,” he added.

Nevertheless, Rabbi Kramer would not accept these arguments. “The decision is final,” he declared in a solemn voice.

“Even a final decision can be changed,” Zalman wanted to say, but he didn’t dare. “If even Rabbi Eliezer ben Durdaya merited life in the World to Come – there is nothing that can stand in the way of *teshuvah*...”

Before they got up, the *rosh kollel* asked the humiliated Leibel what he planned to do regarding the huge debt he owed.

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Leibel was silent, unsure of how to respond. However, Zalman had a wild idea, which he suggested, but immediately regretted.

“We can raise money in America. I have uncles in New York, very affluent people. I believe that they’ll help us, and they can also direct us to the right addresses.”

Leibel looked at him, surprised.

“Would you really come with me? And what about your Torah study?” he asked, as they left Rabbi Kramer’s room.

“Of course I’ll come,” he replied, while his heart was filled with conflicting emotions. How could he so hastily make such a promise? He had never left Eretz Yisroel before, and he still hadn’t asked Rochele. And what about his Torah, the *beis medrash*?... While his *chavrusa* would be at his side, it’s hard to believe that they would have any quality studying as they traveled...

Yet, he simply couldn’t leave his friend in his time of distress, despite the disappointment and anger.

With his cheek pressed against the cool stone, he prayed for his brother-in-law, his sister, his nephew and niece, himself, and his wife. He asked that all the changes and the traveling will be for the good, and from the spiritual descent will come a great ascent. ■

*To be continued...*



## THE WAR FOR SHABBOS IN THE DP CAMP

Did you ever hear of a place called Poking?

If you ask Lubavitcher Chassidim from Russia, they would surely be able to tell you about a small town in Germany where Chabad Chassidim lived for a few years. Why?

Let us go back to World War II. During the war, many Poles escaped to Russia since it was dangerous to stay in Poland. At the end of the war, the Russians allowed those from Poland to return to their country and even provided them with trains.

Chabad Chassidim realized this was a wonderful opportunity to escape from communist Russia. A group of Chassidim worked devotedly to obtain Polish passports and give them to Chassidim. This is how the “Great Escape” happened, in which hundreds of Lubavitchers left Russia for freedom.

From Russia, the Chassidim first went to Germany and in Germany, there was a little town called Poking where the Americans had set up a displaced persons camp. Their hope was to obtain visas to the United States and reunite with the Rebbe (Rayatz).

In the meantime, about 300 Chassidim settled in the DP camp. They set up communal life with yeshivos and chinuch for boys and girls.

The Chassidim were refugees and had nothing but they were happy. In the DP camp, nobody interfered with their keeping Torah and mitzvos. They did not have to hide when they learned Torah as they did back in Russia.

Along with the Chabad community, there were thousands of other people in the camp. There were groups of religious Jews who were not Lubavitchers and also groups of irreligious Jews. Unfortunately, most of the Jews in the camp were not religious.

Along with the sound of Torah from the yeshivos and chadarim, there was also the theater with movies and plays that were completely unsuitable for Jews.

At first, the theater operated only on weekdays but after a while, it was also open on Shabbos. This caused great sorrow to all the religious Jews. This was the desecration of Shabbos by Jews!

A group of Satmar Chassidim went to where the Lubavitchers lived and said, “Let us go and demonstrate against the chilul

Shabbos. We won't allow them to open the theater!"

Of course, the Lubavitchers agreed to take part in this important activity. A fight for Shabbos observance? They were familiar with that. Every one of them, back in Russia, endangered himself in order to keep Shabbos. They lost their livelihoods, were tortured and imprisoned, for Shabbos. But how do you demonstrate? Chabad Chassidim did not know how to run demonstrations.

They said to one another, "We will go together with the Satmar Chassidim. They know about demonstrations on behalf of Shabbos. We will do what they do."

Friday evening, right after mincha, numerous Chassidim marched toward the theater. Wonder of wonders! The theater was closed

"Boruch Hashem, the theater is closed. Should we go back to shul for maariv?"

In the distance, they could hear singing. "Shabbos, Shabbos ..." They were numerous Satmar Chassidim.

Suddenly, the theater doors opened. A group of wild kids came out holding sticks. They knew that a demonstration was planned and they had prepared for it.

The Lubavitchers wanted to defend the Satmar Chassidim. They turned around and saw ... nobody was there. Not one Satmar Chassid remained. They had all run away. But none of the Lubavitchers ran off.

One Chassid stood on an overturned barrel and began speaking, trying to wake up the G-dly soul of these unfortunate Jews. "Dear Jews," he called out, and he began explaining the importance of Torah and keeping Shabbos.

The noise and commotion were so great that people couldn't hear him. Other Chabad Chassidim grabbed a boy or two and began talking passionately to them. Others cried out, "This is not Russia! In



Russia they were forced to desecrate the Shabbos but here, we are Jews and we need to keep Shabbos!”

More and more kids came out of the theater. They had been waiting for the show to begin but it couldn't take place due to the demonstration outside.

“We will show them!” they screamed. They were ready for war against the bearded Chassidim. Two of them began hitting a refined Chassid who fell to the ground.

R' Yisrael Kok, who was strong, grabbed two youth and knocked them down.

News of what was going on reached the military police. They were shocked to see what R' Yisrael was doing. They grabbed him but he, being strong, hit them too. The police tied his hands behind him and took him to jail which was a room in the police barrack. They also arrested some Chassidim.

The demonstration was over and the Lubavitchers left for the shul in sorrow.

“What will happen to R' Yisrael and the other Chassidim who now need to spend time in jail instead of davening with us?” they said worriedly.

Not long afterward, R' Yisrael appeared in shul with his friends! How did he manage that?

When he was in jail, he could not digest the fact that the police had arrested him on Shabbos. “What about maariv? I don't

remember the whole thing by heart. I must be in shul,” he thought.

He paced in the small barracks and began banging on the walls so that someone on the outside would hear and open the door. He banged and banged with all his might until one wall collapsed. He immediately left with his friends and they went to shul.

The Shabbos meal in the homes of the Chassidim was celebrated with a certain measure of sadness.

“We thought that only communists persecute Jews. We did not imagine that here too, there would be persecution by Jews.”

The next day, at shacharis, all the Chassidim gathered at the shul, as usual. In the middle of the davening, American police burst into the shul.

“Who is the one who hit the policemen and broke the jail?” they demanded to know.

They all put on innocent faces and made sure to hide R' Yisrael. The police searched for him in all the barracks and did not find him.

The happy ending was that a week or two later, the theater was closed.

As for R' Yisrael, since he knocked down a wall on Shabbos, even if he hadn't intended on doing so, he went to the rav of the DP camp to ask how to do teshuva. ■

# 7 • THE PLOT



It all began a week ago, when one of our agents, who was planted in the Arab neighborhood, sent me a message.



**Recap:** : Yoav's family hear the news that Yoav is probably no longer alive, but they maintain their faith in the Rebbe's bracha, and sure enough — he walks in safe and sound.



It was very hard to go on this trip, I knew that the family is very worried, but I understood that there is no choice.



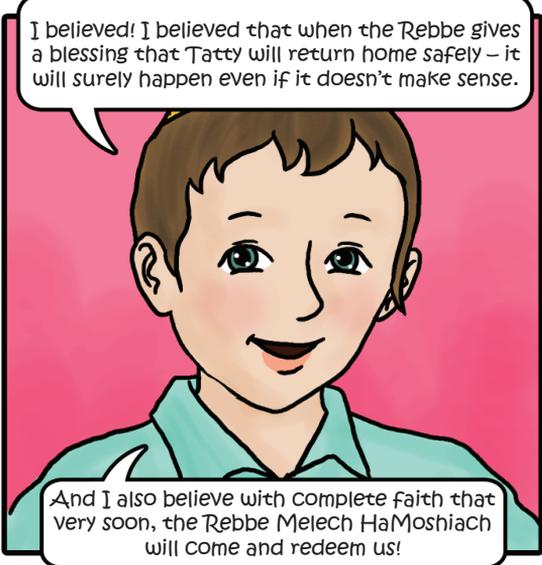
We got the news to run the story that Yoav was so-called taken out, so the gang was sure that Agent X performed the task. And when they came at midnight to the hideout to pay the hit man for his task the \$2,000 they promised him, the police were there waiting for them!!



Who believed that everything will turn around from one extreme to the other?



I did!



I believed! I believed that when the Rebbe gives a blessing that Tatty will return home safely – it will surely happen even if it doesn't make sense.

And I also believe with complete faith that very soon, the Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach will come and redeem us!

