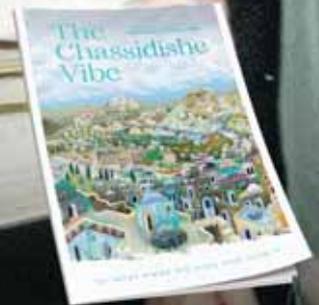
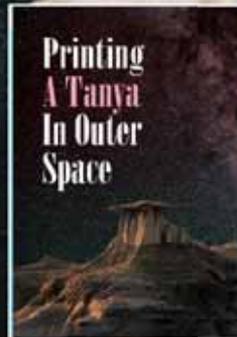
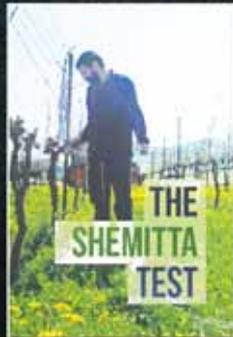
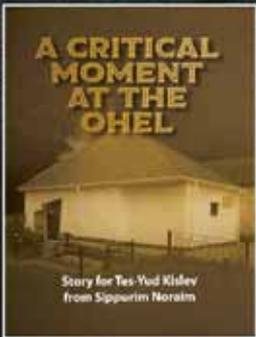
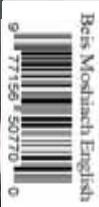


# BEIS MOSHIACH

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Bringing Moshiach Values  
Into Our Homes

no. 1285



THE CHASSIDISHE VAIBE

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MOMENTS WITH THE REBE

**THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT EXPOSES THE WORLD TO MOSHIACH**  
MISURAS HAGEULAH

יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד

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🌐 [BMoshiach.org](http://BMoshiach.org)

✉ [info@BMoshiach.org](mailto:info@BMoshiach.org)

☎ 718.778.8000

📧 [editor@BeisMoshiach.org](mailto:editor@BeisMoshiach.org)

Editor: **Levi Liberow** • Managing Editor: **Shraga Crombie**  
Director: **Rabbi M.M. Hendel** • Rabbinical Advisor: **Rabbi Yaakov Chazan**

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# BESURAS HaGeulah

THE REBBE ON THE IMMINENCE OF THE REDEMPTION

## THE DECLARATION THAT EXPOSES MOSHIACH TO THE WORLD

מט. חלק משיחות ליל ה' פ' תולדות, אדר"ח כסלו, וש"פ תולדות, ב' כסלו תשנ"ב (3)  
49. Parshas Toldos, Kislev 1-2, 5752 – November 8-9, 1991 (3)

At the International Kinus HaShluchim of 5752, the Rebbe defined the goal of shlichus now as greeting Moshiach. The theme chosen for the conference was "All the days of your life are [dedicated] to bring about the days of Moshiach." In the following week, the Rebbe continued to speak of this theme and what it means in our practical day-to-day life.

Since "Action is the main thing" all the above means the following in practical terms:

... every Jew needs to increasingly emphasize the concept that "all the days of your life are to bring about the days of Moshiach",

by seeing to it that his entire existence, immediately upon awakening from his sleep, is penetrated with a Moshiach energy

— which truly is the essence of the existence of every Jew, the *Yechida* which is also described as the "spark of Moshiach" within him —

thus energizing him to do all he can to bring about the days of Moshiach.

\*\*\*

May it be G-d's will — this being the *primary* matter — that at the commencement of the month of Kislev, "the month of Redemption",

— The month is called "the month of Redemption" because of the liberation of the Alter Rebbe from czarist prison in Russia on the 19th of the month (in 5559/1798) and of the Mittlerer Rebbe on the 10th of the month (in 5587/1827) —

ובנוגע לפעל - "המעשה הוא העקר"

... צריך כל-אחד ואחד מישראל להוסיף ביקור  
שאת וביקור עז בהדגשת הענין ד"כל ימי חייך  
להביא לימות המשיח",

על-ידי-זה שכל מציאותו, תיכף כשנעור משנתו,  
תדורה בהחיות דמשיח

(שזוהי עצם מציאותו של כל-אחד ואחד מישראל,  
משיח שבו)

שמביאה לימות המשיח.

ויהי-רצון והוא העקר - שבתחלת חדש כסלו,  
חדש הגאולה,

the true and complete Redemption should come in actual reality and in a visible manner,

תבוא בפעל ובגלוי הגאולה האמתית והשלמה,

both the *beginning* of Redemption and its *completion* through our righteous Moshiach as explained above:

התחלת הגאולה ושלמותה, על-ידי משיח צדקנו -

He will *begin* the process of Redemption when — as the Rambam describes — “A king from the house of Dovid will arise...”

”יעמד מלך מבית דוד כו”,

and *complete* it when “He will perfect the world to serve G-d in unity, as it says ‘then I will turn to the nations ... to serve Him as one.’”

עד ש’יתקן את העולם כלו לעבד את ה’ ביחד, שנאמר כי אז אהפך אל עמים גוי לעבדו שכם אחד.”

— The Rebbe proceeds to show how this idea is alluded to in the *haftorah* of Parshas Chayei Sarah, which relates the story of a rebellious act against King David by his son Adoniyahu, who crowned himself as heir apparent to the throne. Batsheva, the mother of Shlomo - the true heir to the throne - approached the king to request that he step in and make clear who is the rightful heir. Once Dovid made that commitment, Batsheva bowed and proclaimed “Long live my master King Dovid forever!”

The Rebbe explains the significance of this declaration in the above light:

This is also alluded to in the conclusion of the *haftorah* of the past week and in the beginning of this week’s *parasha*:

וכמרמו גם בסיום וחותם ההפטרה דשבוע שעבר ובהתחלת פרשת השבוע:

The *haftorah* of the past week concluded with the pronouncement, “Long live my master King Dovid forever.”

ההפטרה דשבוע שעבר מסתימת בהכרזה ”יחי אדני המלך דוד לעלם”

— Although this declaration comes in the context of the afterlife of Dovid, it speaks of Dovid living forever, because it refers to

the eternity of the Davidic monarchy that was continued through Shlomo’s leadership

- נצחיות מלכות דוד שנמשכה במלכות שלמה,

and will be *completed* by the King Moshiach who, as the Rambam states, “is from the House of Dovid and the seed of Shlomo.” —

ששלמותה על-ידי המלך המשיח שהוא ”מבית דוד ומזרע שלמה” -

In the context of what we were discussing earlier and then his revelation through his actions,

concerning revealing Moshiach’s essence first

the content of this declaration is the revelation of the *existence* of the King Moshiach by solidifying his role as king,

שתכנה של הכרזה זו הוא התגלות מציאותו דמלך המשיח.

and through this declaration — and after it — comes his revelation to the eyes of all, through his activities...

ועל-ידי-זה - ולאחר-זה באה התגלותו לעין כל על-ידי פעולותיו כו”

This theme of declaring “*Yechi HaMelech* - Long live the King!” and its crucial role in bringing about the revelation of Moshiach is discussed at length in the talk of the 2nd of Nissan 5748 (1988) which appears as an appendix to his book.

# From The Rebbe's Pen



## What Does "Between Six and Seven" Mean?

Concerning the *minhag* not to make Kiddush between six and seven, (see *Ask the Rav* in this issue), there was always a debate how this "seventh hour" is to be calculated.

In the Torah journal *Yagdil Torah* (Vol. 7) that was published through the Kollel under the Rebbe's secretariat and edited by Rabbi Sholom Ber Levin, Reb Moshe a"h Levertov wrote what he heard from the Rebbe on the matter at a Yechidus:

"In Lubavitch they were careful concerning this. You follow [6 to 7] by the clock, but we are careful about it."

This answer of the Rebbe sparked a debate on its meaning and Rabbi Levin wrote in to the Rebbe the three understandings that were given to this answer:

**1. Some say the meaning is six hours after the "true" midday, as the Alter Rebbe's language suggests "the middle between sunrise and sunset."**

**2. Some say it means six hours after midday according to our clock (12:00pm), as the Rebbe's language "we follow the clock" suggests.**

**3. Some say it means six hours after the "average" midday as explained here in *Siman 23*.**

The Rebbe responded by crossing out the middle option completely,

The he added to the first interpretation the words **לכאורה הי' צריך להיות — "Seemingly, this is how it should be practiced..."** as option 1 suggests, and the Rebbe added:

**דלכאורה קל לאדם לדעתו, כשהחמה בראשו — "Being that it is ostensibly easy for a person to know [i.e., to calculate when this is by observing what time] the sun is directly over his head."**

However, the Rebbe concluded by prefacing to option 3 that:

כ"ק אדמו"ר שליט"א

מצו"ב עלי ההגהה של קובץ יגדיל תורה  
לחדשים כסלו-טבת.

שלום דובער לויין

נ.ב.

בענין המבואר כאן סי' כג, ישנם תמיד  
חילוקי דיעות בין אנ"ש בכוונת כ"ק אדמו"ר  
שליט"א; ובמילא חילוקי דיעות איך לנהוג:

~~שש אומרים בהכוננה - שש שעות אחר~~

חצות האמיתי, כמסמעות הלשון "האמצע בין

נה"ח ושקה"ח" (3) כא"ה (2) אצ"ח אצ"ח - כ"ה

וי"א / ~~הכוננה שש שעות אחר חצות~~

לפי ~~שעוטינו~~ ( - שעה 12.00 ), כמסמעות

הלשון "מען גייס נאכן זייגער".

~~וב"א הכוננה - שש שעות אחר חצות~~

~~האמצעי - כמבואר כאן בסי' כג.~~

ע"פ  
אנא  
נוהגין

"The meaning, according to what I have seen being practiced is that we go by the average midday."

Later, the Rebbe added a footnote, that what he meant by "seeing practiced" is:

עמא דבר. בבית אאמו"ר, ולאח"כ מה שראיתי בבית כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר - היו בלאה"כ מקדשין \*)  
זמן רב לאחר שעה השביעית

\*) what regular people do. In my father's home, and later what I saw in the home of my saintly father-in-law the Rebbe — Kiddush was made, regardless, long after the seventh hour.



This answer of the Rebbe was subsequently published in *Yagdil Torah* #27 p. 70. ■



# ASK The Rav

HORAV YOSEF YESHAYA BRAUN

## KIDDUSH BETWEEN 6 & 7

In conjunction with ending of Daylight Savings Time this week, which makes this the first Shabbos when the minhag regarding “Kiddush between six and seven” becomes practical for most of us, we bring a collection of halachic Q&As on this fascinating topic, by Rav **Yosef Yeshaya Braun** shlita, Mara D’Asra and member of the Badatz of Crown Heights.

**Q. What’s the reason we don’t make Kiddush in the seventh hour between 6 and 7 on Friday night?**

**A.** The Gemara tells us that the hours of the day are associated with the seven *mazalos*, constellations or planets – Mercury, Moon, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, with each one operating one hour of the day in a rotating system; these celestial forces have influence on this world during their corresponding hour.

During this hour of 6-7, the constellation of *Tzedek* (and its corresponding angel Tzadkiel) ceases to be dominant and the constellation of *Maadim* takes over. *Maadim* (and its corresponding angel, Samael, pronounced usually as “the Samach Mem”, the source of evil who rules over this Mazal). This *mazal* - identified with *Esav* (Edom), Amalek and Haman - is associated with negative influences and is said to be the cause of destruction, plagues, murder, sickness and punishment, among other such phenomena. The Gemara tells us that those

born during the hour of *Maadim* have a tendency towards becoming a *shochet* or *mohel*, a profession involving bloodshed.

Thus, it’s recommended to avoid acceptance of Shabbos through Kiddush in the times when *Maadim* dominates, so as not to add spiritual energy to *Maadim*. The reason for the particular caution when making Kiddush is because Chazal tell us that two angels accompany people on their way home from shul on Friday night—a good angel and an evil angel. If the house has been prepared (the candles lit, the table set, etc.), the good angel gives a blessing that the next Shabbos will be the same, and the evil angel is forced to respond Amen. If the house is not prepared for Shabbos, the evil angel wishes that the next Shabbos will be the same, and the good angel is forced to respond Amen. These two angels correspond to the *mazalos* of Tzedek, Jupiter, and Maadim, Mars. Thus, at this time it’s important not to allow the negative angel dominion over us.

## WHITE WINE?

### Q. Is it true that you can make Kiddush on white wine between 6 and 7 on Friday Night?

A. The original sources make no mention of red wine specifically; likewise, the explanations provided for the custom do not link it with the color of wine either. The accepted interpretation is that this applies to all types of wine, and according to many – even if one makes Kiddush on bread.

## KIDDUSH IN THE SEVENTH HOUR

### Q. When is the 7th hour that we're not supposed to make Kiddush?

A. There is a dispute whether it is the seventh hour of that specific day or the seventh hour from the average midday. The custom is to follow the average midday, with the time being the same throughout the whole year (adjusting to DST accordingly). [Some follow always 6:00 to 7:00 pm no matter the location, though it is difficult to comprehend this opinion.]

The average midday is different in every location because it is based on the longitude of each place. In Crown Heights, the average midday is approximately at 11:56 pm, so the seventh hour is **5:56-6:56 pm (6:56-7:56 pm** when DST is in effect). For other locations, visit: [7thhour.info](http://7thhour.info) to calculate the time.

## WHEN NOT MAKING KIDDUSH BETWEEN 6 & 7 CAUSES DIFFICULTIES

### Q. I know the *minhag* of many is not to make Kiddush between 6 and 7. Sometimes this leads to stress in the house, either by rushing through *Shalom Aleichem* to be on time and rushing home from shul. Besides, the kids get impatient and hungry and we also we have guests. Is there room to be *meikel* on this custom?

A. Although this *minhag* is brought in the Alter Rebbe's Shulchan Aruch (271:3), it is a *minhag* and not a *din*. Chazal teach us that great

is peace, for the whole Torah was given only to make peace in the world. Accordingly, the mitzva of *shalom* overrides this *minhag*.

At the same time, it is highly recommended that one do their best to explain to family members that this is our *minhag* and the significance of observing *minhagim*, especially a *minhag* mentioned in *Poskim*. In fact, some consider this an issue of potential *sakana* which is often deemed more serious than matters of *issur*. Generally speaking, observing Torah customs brings about more peace and stability in the home and shouldn't cause conflict. The conflict usually stems from an inadequate presentation and packaging of the issue. If the family perceives the significance of this issue, they would fully appreciate your behavior.

Obviously, if despite all attempts to present things in the proper manner it still appears to cause stress or tension, or if it affects the atmosphere in the house then one definitely should not wait. When Kiddush is made within the hour wait time it should be made immediately upon arrival home from shul, with the least delay as possible.

Alternatively, one may make Kiddush before going to shul, even before dark. Although this is not the usual Lubavitch *minhag*, it is preferable than making Kiddush during that hour.

**Guests** – the Rebbe writes that this *minhag* applies even in the event of guests, since it is a *sakana* issue. However, it is still restricted to what I wrote above.

**Children** – children do not need to wait for Kiddush to eat, not even for *chinuch*. Most likely the situation can be ameliorated somewhat if they are given something to eat until Kiddush is made. In fact, if they are hungry, one is not allowed to stop them from eating. **#6155\*** ■

# SHABBOS

11/13

ט' כסלו

CANDLE LIGHTING	SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	MIDDAY	SUNSET	SHABBOS ENDS
4:22	6:40	9:10	11:39	4:39	5:23

ג' פרקים: הל' כלי המקדש והעובדים בו פרים ט-י, הל' ביאת המקדש פרק א פרק אחד: הלכות מעשה הקרבנות פרק יח  
ספר המצוות: מ"ע לג. מ"ח פח. פד. עג. קסג. קסד

## SUNDAY

11/14

י' כסלו

SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET
6:41	9:10	4:38

ג' פרקים . . . . . הלכות ביאת המקדש פרקים ב-ד  
פרק אחד . . . . . הלכות מעשה הקרבנות פרק יט  
ספר המצוות . . . . . מ"ח סח. קסה. מ"ע לא. מ"ח עה. עח

## MONDAY

11/15

י"א כסלו

SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET
6:42	9:11	4:37

ג' פרקים . . . . . הלכות ביאת המקדש פרקים ה-ז  
פרק אחד . . . . . הלכות תמידין ומוספין פרק א  
ספר המצוות . . . . . מ"ח עה. עו. מ"ע כד. מ"ח סט. ע. עא

## TUESDAY

11/16

י"ב כסלו

SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET
6:43	9:12	4:36

ג' פרקים הל' ביאת המקדש פ' ח-ט, הל' איסורי מזבח פ' א  
פרק אחד . . . . . הלכות תמידין ומוספין פרק ב  
ספר המצוות . . . . . מ"ח עה. מ"ע סא. מ"ח צא. צב. צג

## WEDNESDAY

11/17

י"ג כסלו

SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET
6:45	9:12	4:36

ג' פרקים . . . . . הלכות איסורי מזבח פרקים ב-ד  
פרק אחד . . . . . הלכות תמידין ומוספין פרק ג  
ספר המצוות . . . . . מ"ח צד. צה. צו. מ"ע פו

## THURSDAY

11/18

י"ד כסלו

SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET
6:46	9:13	4:35

ג' פרקים . . . . . הלכות איסורי מזבח פרקים ה-ז  
פרק אחד . . . . . הלכות תמידין ומוספין פרק ד  
ספר המצוות . . . . . מ"ע ס. מ"ח קצח. מ"ע סב. מ"ח צח

## FRIDAY

11/12

ט"ו כסלו

SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET
6:47	9:14	4:34

ג' פרקים . . . . . הלכות מעשה הקרבנות פרקים א-ג  
פרק אחד . . . . . הלכות תמידין ומוספין פרק ה  
ספר המצוות . . . . . מ"ע סג. מ"ח קמו. מ"ע סד

THE TIMES ON THIS PAGE ARE FOR BROOKLYN, NY

# קופת רבינו

תחת נשיאות כ"ק אדמו"ר מלך המשיח

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# Printing A Tanya In Outer Space



In honor of the Chassidische Chodesh, the month of Kislev, Beis Moshiach went out to explore unique editions of the Tanya. Read about R' Pinye Altheus' edition of the Tanya, the Tanya that saved the community leaders in Tehran the Tanya printed under the auspices of the American army and the Tanya that was almost printed in outer space



## IN 5703 (1943), ANOTHER

edition of the Tanya was printed (#46), this time, in Tel Aviv. It was at the end of that year that the activist Rav Pinchos Todros Altheus (R' Pinye) z"l, decided that the Tanya had to be reprinted. He had a number of reasons for wanting to do so, primarily because of the terrible condition of the Tanyas in Eretz Yisrael at that time. Importing Tanyas was impossible due to the poverty in those days.

Most of the earlier editions of Tanya had used photo-offset printing, while this new edition of the Tanya, thanks to R' Pinye's daring decision, was something entirely new. He arranged the Tanya in a handy format, in a line-by-line copy of the original Tanya, so that it would be an accurate copy of the Tanya printed by his great-uncle, Rav Asher of Nikolaev (which was printed in 5660-1900 in Vilna).

R' Pinye, who was an energetic worker in the service of the Rebbeim, threw himself into the work. After getting the permission and approval of the Rebbe Rayatz, he contacted a printing house in Tel Aviv, and together with them, began the complicated job of reprinting the Tanya.

They spent days and nights on it, with R' Pinye taking all the responsibility. The work entailed scrutinizing the galleys, correcting mistakes, and most importantly, seeing to it that the new edition was clear and precise.

R' Pinye put aside all his other work that occupied his busy days, and devoted himself fully to printing this Tanya. On the frontispiece, he printed, "Published by Pinchos son of Bin-yamin z"l Altheus" (today, the Kehos symbol replaces that).

On the other side of the *shaar blatt*, he put the names of the other members of the Tanya

Printing Committee in Tel Aviv: Rabbi Chaim Eliezer Karasik, Rabbi Moshe Gurary, Rabbi Naftali Dulitzky, and Rabbi Dovid Chanzin.

When R' Pinye was ready to send a fresh copy of the new Tanya to the Rebbe Rayatz, not only did he select the best one, but he went through it page by page, and when he found a black dot on one of the pages he scraped at it until it disappeared.

An interesting encounter took place while R' Pinye visited the Rebbe Rayatz for the first time in 5710. In the course of his stay, R' Pinye met the Rebbe's son-in-law, known then as the Ramash.

The Rebbe asked him where he got the courage to print the Tanya in a new format.

R' Pinye answered in his characteristic mischievous way – that he was willing to pay the Rebbe a dollar for every mistake he found in the new Tanya. After a while, R' Pinye got up the nerve to ask the Rebbe how much he owed him. "Not much," the Rebbe smiled.

## THE IRANIAN KISSED THE TANYA

The 119th edition of the Tanya was printed in 5738 (1978) in "Tehran, Persia" (today, Iran). At the time, the rav of the Jewish community in Persia, Rabbi Yehuda Ezrachian told (in Kfar Chabad magazine) about the miracle in connection with the printing of the Tanya.

"About a year before the Revolution, two shluchim of the Rebbe came to Iran in order to print the Tanya. The community decided to print many copies of the Tanya in order to distribute them to the Jews of the community.

"The Tanya was sent to be printed, but there were delays and it took a long time. In the meantime, Khomeini overthrew the Shah. When the work of the community resumed,

and I was responsible for the community's spiritual needs, I tried to get all the copies of the Tanya from the printer in order to bring them to the community's library. There, in the large hall of the library, they were stored for the meantime, in messy piles.

“At that time, a new law was announced called ‘cleansing.’

The new law stated that every Iranian citizen and all public organizations had thirty days in which to burn all documents, papers, and books they owned, containing the Shah's royal emblem, his name, and the like.

“The law stated that after thirty days, anybody who possessed anything with one of these symbols would be severely punished. And if it was determined that he purposely did not destroy these symbols, he would be executed.

“We faced a difficult problem in that we had archives over one hundred years old, and most of the papers, documents, and books, had the royal crown on them, as well as the name of the Shah and his government. For example, we had many special gold coins that the kehilla produced in honor of the king's coronation and in celebration of 2500 years since the coronation of Koresh. On one side of the coin was a menorah and on the other side was either Koresh or the royal crown.

“It was very hard for us to accept the ‘cleansing’ of the entire library and the huge archive, considering its value, but we had no choice.



COLONEL JACOB GOLDSTEIN LIGHTING CHANUKAH CANDLES IN GRENADA. ON RIGHT: MAJ. GEN. JACK FARRIS

Nevertheless, there was clearly no way we could comply with the law in such a short time.

“At the end of the month, before we had finished the work, the secretary came into my office and said that two government inspectors had shown up to inspect the offices in order to see whether we had followed the cleansing law.

“I was terrified. I knew that I was finished and that the entire Jewish community was in great danger. I said Vidui, Shema, and prepared myself for what I knew was coming. When the inspectors entered my office, and I was frightened to death, it occurred to me, for some reason, to take them first to the library.

“The first thing they saw were piles of books that were thrown all over the place. One of the inspectors bent down and took one of these books, which was a Tanya. He asked me what it was, and I told him about the Baal HaTanya, about the Chabad movement, about Rabbi Yisroel Baal Shem Tov, and about Chassidus. I told him that this was one of the movement's primary works.



TANYA PRINTED "IN SPACE" ABOARD THE SPACE SHUTTLE "COLUMBIA"

“He opened the book and asked me to explain to him what it said on the page he opened to. It was the first page of Shaar HaYichud V’HaEmuna. I translated and explained the entire page, from beginning to end. When I was done, the inspector closed it, kissed it, and said, ‘In a place with books like these, and with such a person in charge, there is no need for anything else!’

“When I had recovered from this pleasant shock, I said to him before he left that we would be extremely happy if he would sign our guest book.”

## THE CHABAD INVASION OF GRANADA

In the winter of 5740 (1980), the Rebbe said the Tanya should be printed in every city and town where Jews lived.

That winter, the American army invaded Grenada. The Jewish chaplain, Rabbi Yaakov Goldstein, was part of the unit sent to the front. He asked the Rebbe for a bracha, and the Rebbe told him to print a Tanya there.

Rabbi Goldstein left for Grenada, and he hid the plates deep in his kitbag. Upon his arrival, he faced a familiar legal problem. The separation of church and state did not allow soldiers to be involved in printing religious books. He decided to take advantage of the lack of supervision due to the war, and U.S. soldiers printed the Tanya. On the binding, in the olive-green of their uniforms, is the symbol of the American Defense Department. When the Rebbe received a copy, he put on his glasses and examined this symbol.

A few days later, the gentile major general who oversaw the operation, received a thank-you letter from the Rebbe. The Rebbe wrote that many of the concepts explained in Tanya are part of the American way of life (see copy of letter).

At this time, the chief rabbi of the IDF, Gad Navon, arrived in the U.S. and had a private audience with the Rebbe. He noticed the mil-

itary edition of the Tanya on the desk and asked about it. The Rebbe smiled and said, “I also have a soldier,” and he gave Rav Navon the Tanya.

## THEY SHOULD IMMEDIATELY BEGIN PREPARATIONS TO PRINT THE TANYA

Occasionally, the printing of Tanyas involves miracles, as in the following story. A Lubavitcher couple in Pretoria, South Africa, were told by the doctor in a routine examination that the fetus she was carrying had died, and she needed to undergo an operation. Terribly shaken by this news, they asked the Rebbe for a bracha.

“They should immediately begin preparations to print the Tanya in their city,” was the Rebbe’s reply.

They spoke to the members of the Vaad L’Hafotzas Sichos, appointed by the Rebbe to be in charge of printing Tanyas, and told them the Rebbe’s answer. The Vaad members were flabbergasted when they remembered that a certain businessman had taken the plates on one of his trips, and they had remained in South Africa!

“Take the plates to your city and that will be the preparation the Rebbe was referring to,” they advised the couple.

The doctors thought the couple was crazy, but the woman gave birth to a healthy son.

## STAR WARS

In the early 90s, Rabbi Konikov, shliach in Satellite Beach with connections in NASA, received permission to print the Tanya on the space shuttle Columbia. The Rebbe approved this and the members of the Vaad L’Hafotzas Sichos began working on the technical details.

Rabbi Sholom Jacobson inquired of the 3M company in Minnesota, which is known for its expertise in developing micro-machinery, whether he could order a miniature printing

// IN THE EARLY 90S, RABBI KONIKOV, SHLIACH IN SATELLITE BEACH WITH CONNECTIONS IN N.A.S.A., RECEIVED PERMISSION TO PRINT THE TANYA ON THE SPACE SHUTTLE COLUMBIA. THE REBBE APPROVED THIS AND THE MEMBERS OF THE VAAD L’HAFOTZAS SICHOS BEGAN WORKING ON THE TECHNICAL DETAILS.

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press which could be attached to the shuttle’s circuitry (where there are severe space limitations, and every inch and ounce counts). They looked into it and concluded that it was impossible. In the end, they decided to print it primitively with a rubber stamp!

Rabbi Jacobson prepared the “plates” and the *shaar blatt*, which would say in Hebrew and English, “In Space, Around the Earth – by the astronauts on the space shuttle Columbia of the United States” (see picture).

The end of the story was that Rabbi Konikov’s contact in NASA, a gentile, didn’t understand what was supposed to be done, and he “printed” it when the shuttle was on the ground. So the Tanya was not printed in outer space after all.

## THE COMMANDER DECLARED: “THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE WANTS TO CONQUER THE WORLD!”

Rabbi Yitzchok Lifsh, director of a Chabad house in Tzfas, relates:

By the Grace of G-d  
20 Teves, 5744  
(28 Dec. 1983)  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Major General Jack H. Farris, Jr.  
US Forces, Granada  
APO Miami, Fl. 34028

**Greeting and Blessing:**

I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of December 9, 1983. It is gratifying to know how much you and the Jewish servicemen under your command in Granada appreciate Rabbi Goldstein's services, especially during his recent visit.

On my part, I take pleasure in expressing sincere thanks to you for extending to our emissary every cooperation to facilitate his carrying out his duties as Jewish chaplain.

I am particularly appreciative of your splendid cooperation helping Rabbi Goldstein carry out a specially significant assignment, namely, the printing of the book Tanya in Granada.

This 18th century Habad classic expounds a philosophy and way of life permeated with profound awareness of the Supreme Being, whose benevolent Divine Providence extends to all His creatures, to nations as well as to every individual human being. It is a philosophy that inspires trust in G-d, a feeling of optimism and confidence, dedication to the time-honored moral values, and a deeply-felt responsibility to promote all that is good, indeed vital, for a wholesome and meaningful human society. Many of these concepts are, of course, part of the American way, on which the morale of American servicemen rests.

Should there be a suitable opportunity, I would be very pleased if you would convey my warm sentiments and thanks to all those of rank and file who were helpful with you in making Rabbi Goldstein's chaplaincy such a memorable experience.

With esteem and with blessing,

P.S. With reference to your remarks about trying to talk Rabbi Goldstein into entering active duty as a Chaplain - insofar as I am familiar with his family obligations, including personal supervision of his young children's education, and also as head of the family in a broader sense, including aging parents needing his moral support, etc., I doubt whether he could in all conscience accept the responsibilities of a Chaplain for an extended period, with the peace of mind and dedication that he would expect of himself.

THE REBBE'S LETTER TO MAJOR GENERAL JACK FARRIS

During the period that the Rebbe spoke about printing the Tanya, Rabbi Yurkowitz of Tzfas and I went to print the Tanya at the foot of Mt. Chermon. At that time, the approach to the military base on the top of the mountain was difficult, and so we decided to print the Tanya at the foot of the mountain.

He arranged a permit for us and we continued printing at the military base on the top of the mountain.

## THE SECRET OF THE SHIUR

Rabbi Shmuel Beckerman, director of a Chabad house in Be'er Yaakov, relates:

It was a snowy day and very cold throughout the Golan Heights. We somehow managed to set the equipment up and began printing the Tanya. As we stood there, a military jeep pulled up with the commander of the Golan sector sitting in the front seat. He asked, "Are you shluchim of the Lubavitcher Rebbe?"

When we said that we were, he said, "The Lubavitcher Rebbe wants to conquer the world, so why are you printing here? Print on the top of the mountain!"

In addition to the work that I do in Be'er Yaakov, I give Tanya classes in two shuls in two different sections of the city. One of them, the Eretz Mitzrayim shul, is on Meir Baal HaNes Street, in the center of the city, and the other one, is the Chabad shul in the Talmei Menasheh neighborhood.

Incredibly, despite the many difficulties that came up from time to time, the Tanya shiur is ongoing. Sometimes, even I am amazed by how the shiur is successful despite the enormous difficulties, which I won't get into now.

One time, it looked as though one of the shiurim was going to stop. The reason for this was that a few men said that it wasn't right that I was giving a shiur in the shul when their own rav didn't give a shiur. They thought this was an insult to the rav, but with Hashem's help, and the rav's own involvement, things were straightened out.

This year I found out, through one of the older men in shul, that years ago, Lubavitchers came to these two shuls and printed Tanyas. I discovered that it was printed in only these two shuls (because each shul is in a different section of the city). Now I understand why my Tanya classes in these two shuls have lasted despite the many obstacles!

## FORMER STUDENT

Rabbi Lipa Kurtzweil, director of a Chabad house in Kiryat Malachi, relates:

When the Rebbe spoke about printing Tanyas everywhere, the Chabad house in Kiryat Malachi began printing Tanyas in about one hundred yishuvim in the south.

After one of these editions of the Tanya was bound, I would go with a group of tmimim from Yeshivas Beis HaRaM to that yishuv, and we would distribute the Tanya to all the residents. We would be asked many questions by the curious people, such as: Why did you print

this? Who wrote it? What should we do with it? What segulos are contained in it?

Many people were inspired by the printing and distribution of these Tanyas, and I will tell you two stories that I remember well.

One time, the tmimim went to one of the homes and told the man who lived there that they wanted to give him the Tanya that was printed recently on his yishuv. This elderly man said, "What? A Tanya!?"

"Yes, a Tanya," said the tmimim.

He invited them in and told them, "I learned in Chabad yeshivos in Eastern Europe. For many years I left the life of Torah and mitzvos, and for many years I haven't stepped foot in a shul. I once decided that if someone came along and learned Tanya with me, that I would begin going to shul to daven."

The bachurim were moved by this story and learned a chapter of Tanya with him. From then on, the old man went to shul.

## THE MINYAN THAT WAS STARTED, THANKS TO THE PRINTING

Rabbi Kurtzweil's second story:

There was a man who lived on a moshav in the south who came to daven every day in Nachalat Har Chabad. The residents of the moshav he lived on did not want a shul there, which is why he had to travel every morning to daven Shacharis with a minyan. They didn't even allow a minyan on the moshav for Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur!

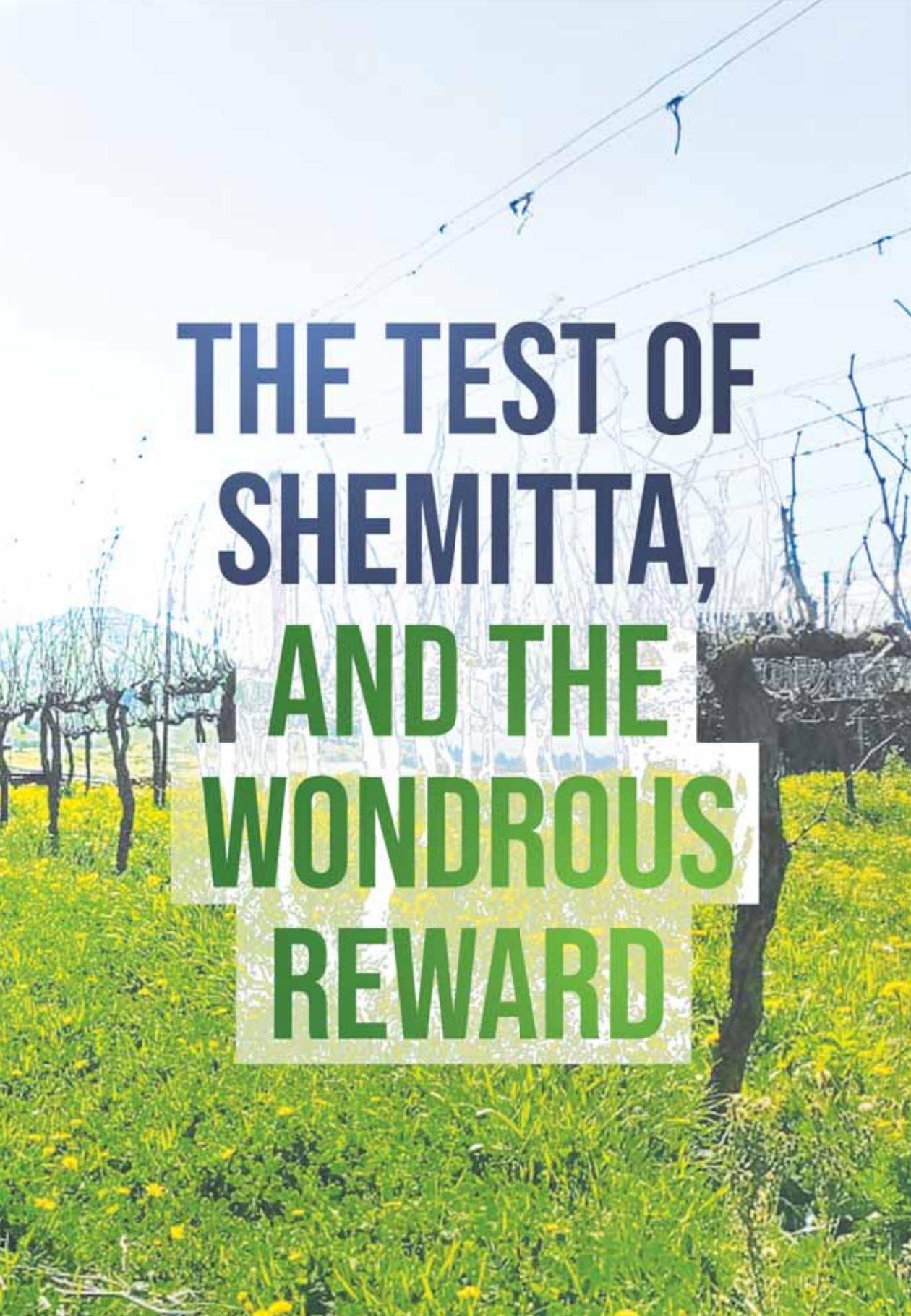
After we printed the Tanya on this moshav, something changed. The next year, a minyan for the Yomim Noraim was arranged on the moshav, thanks to the printing of the Tanya, a minyan that is ongoing till this very day.

As the Rebbe said on a number of occasions – that printing the Tanya would cause a spiritual arousal of the Jews in that place. ■



**Yossi Sidon** has been a winemaker for over ten years, supervising the process from the vineyard to the bottle. Soon after he rediscovered his Yiddishkeit, Shemitta came and put him to the test... \* A story of faith, resilience and unwavering commitment

**Mendy Dickstein**  
Cover photo by Rina  
Nagila



**THE TEST OF  
SHEMITTA,  
AND THE  
WONDROUS  
REWARD**

## ERETZ YISRAEL IS KNOWN FOR

its high quality grapes. Way back, from the story when the Spies carried a bunch of grapes on their shoulders, we learn about this fruit with which the land is blessed.

If the wine produced throughout the country is considered fine wine by the great sommeliers of the world, the best of the Israeli vineyards is in the northeast of the country in the Golan Heights. The combination of the cool climate and the basaltic earth that is high up, is what motivates vintners to plant vineyards here and wineries abound.

The wineries produce their quality product and market it globally. Some wines earn valuable prizes in the worldwide wine market.

However, the sight that greets visitors to the winery at Kibbutz Ortel won't be found anywhere else in the world. Among the vine branches, at the foot of Tel Shifon, there is an old Syrian tank, a mighty iron monster to which a plow is attached, a literal fulfillment of the prophecy of "they will grind their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

The tank-plow is at the entrance to the Ortel Winery (or Tel Shifon as the mishna refers to it) which produces boutique wines of various types.

Yossi Sidon is responsible for the very atypical exhibit. He is the chief vintner of the winery who enthusiastically told us about it.

The story began with the founders of the winery, former members of the Armored Corps who fought in the Golan Heights. They wanted to memorialize their fellow soldiers' heroism in war for bodily preventing the invasion of Syrian tanks into settlements of the Galilee and

the Golan Heights. It was actually the local kibbutznikim who didn't want to use a tank which represents combat, blood and death.

Yossi suggested an interesting compromise in the spirit of the Geula. He told the directors of the kibbutz that the prophecy of Isaiah is engraved on the United Nations building, "And they will grind their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks." The kibbutznikim were surprised and checked it out and found that this is true. He suggested that they transform the words into an actual display. Even the biggest pacifists among the kibbutz management were willing to turn a tank into an agricultural tool and that is how this fascinating Geula motif came to be placed at the entrance to the Tel Shifon winery in the Golan Heights.

### FIRST CONNECTION WITH THE REBBE

This story is a good way to introduce Yossi Sidon, the subject of this article. Yossi was born to a traditional family. His father was a career soldier in the Air Force. Due to his job, the family moved from one base to another. Interestingly, before Yossi's parents married in 5744, they received a letter of blessing from the Rebbe.

This happened thanks to a Lubavitcher Chassid who would go around to army bases and connect soldiers to the Rebbe. This Chassid was serving his mandatory tour of duty in the Systems Division on the Ramat Dovid base. He would stand with tefillin at the entrance to the mess hall and put tefillin on with whoever wanted to. On Fridays he would give out *Sichat HaShavua*.

One day, he announced that he was discharged from the army and was going to the Rebbe. He made sure to tell everyone and collected names of soldiers for a bracha (What Mr.



THE TRACTOR AND TANK AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEL SHIFON WINERY IN THE GOLAN HEIGHTS.

Sidon remembers is that his name was Michoel; he does not remember the last name. Another detail about Michoel is that he survived the “Ason Ha’bonim” train and bus crash. If any reader knows who this is, the Sidon family would be happy to know.)

“During Michoel’s rounds among the soldiers he asked my father whether he was already married,” said Yossi. “My father said he was getting married soon. The Chassid was very happy to hear this and asked for his name and address for him to give to the Rebbe for a bracha. A letter from the Rebbe with a blessing for the marriage arrived on the ‘Shabbat Chattan.’”

The connection with Michoel continued after Yossi, the first child, was born. Along with the blessings, Michoel brought a picture of the Rebbe and placed it in the infant’s crib. Yossi has kept this picture with him all his life, till today.

The family settled in Karmiel and a warm relationship developed with the shliach, Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok Rivkin, who had the parents buy a letter in a Sefer Torah for baby Yossi. R’

Rivkin was the kohen at Yossi’s pidyon ha’ben and also for Yossi’s son.

### ENCOUNTERING “KISHORIT”

“My life was absolutely ordinary. I went to elementary school, then to a specialized high school for engineering connected with the air force. I was drafted into the army and after being discharged I went on a trip to the Far East.

“At about age sixteen I began keeping Shabbos at my own initiative without anyone guiding me. I went to the army as a shomer Shabbos, at least based on my understanding in those days.

“In India, I experienced a turning point in Kasol with the shliach Rabbi Danny Winderbaum. I was exposed to Chabad teachings for the first time and a better acquaintance with the Rebbe and his approach. Until today, I am grateful to Rav Danny and he is my mashpia for all the important decisions in my life.

“After I returned from India I was drawn more to the spiritual side of life. I often attended R’ Rivkin’s shiurim in Karmiel. You could say that at this point I became a shomer Torah

and mitzvos. Despite this, my externals did not change and I looked like a typical Israeli young man.

“The big change happened unexpectedly. It was at a farbrengen at the Chabad house. After a lot of l’chaim, I sat with Rabbi Yuval Charpak of Anash in Karmiel and poured out my heart. I expressed my concerns about life itself, the routine of work within the four walls of an office, the boredom and the high rate of burnout in this kind of life. I was already a ‘big boy,’ and felt that the world was starting to close in on me.

“R’ Yuval who is a man after my own heart with an open mind said, ‘Why are you closing

yourself off in this kind of work? Go grow apples in the Galil or peppers in the Arava ...’

“The breakthrough concept that was laid out for me at that eye-opening farbrengen was that it wasn’t necessary to remain locked into the professional training that I got in technical high school and the army, but I could be open to other horizons that interested me.

“I began to look for a different kind of work. One day, I went to Kibbutz Kishor. Within this kibbutz there is a sort of kfar (village) by the name of Kishorit, founded by Stef Wertheimer, an Israeli billionaire industrialist. People with special needs live there independently. You can say that Kishorit is home for life for adults with special needs, whether psychological, developmental or emotional.

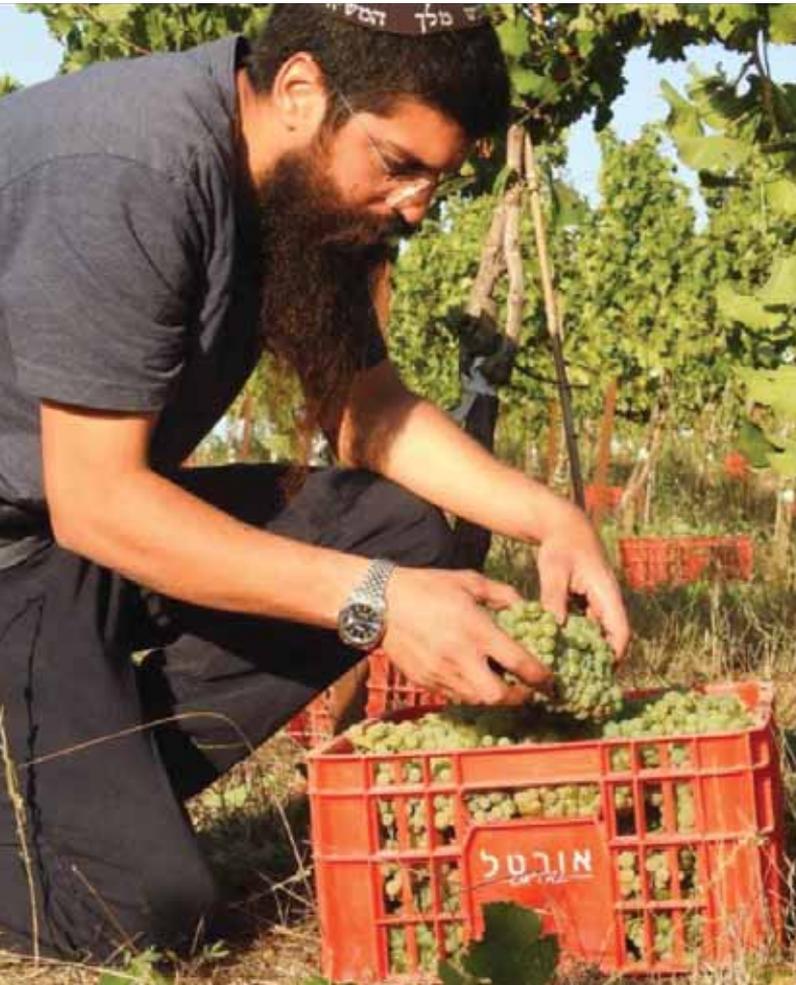
The two communities, Kishorit and Kishor, together are a unique integrative model in which ordinary and special needs individuals live alongside one another. This integration enables the adults with special needs, who often experienced alienation and isolation previously, to finally feel a **sense of belonging, friendship and partnership in the community.**”

### CATCHING THE WINE BUG

At the end of 5767, vineyards were planted at Kibbutz Kishor for the purpose of manufacturing boutique wines that would be sold on the free market. After the first three years of orlah, as the summer of 5770 approached, the founders began planning for the first harvest and the launching

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CAREFULLY INSPECTING THE GRAPES.



of the new winery. The founders of the vineyard looked for people to work in the winery. Since they wanted to get kashrus certified they looked for shomer Shabbos workers. That's how Yossi came across the ad looking for workers in the new winery. Under the influence of that farbrengen, he decided to apply.

“The directors and I hit it off immediately. They loved me and wanted me to come work for them. As I mentioned, back then, I did not look like a religious person and that was the final block to getting the job. After we became acquainted, the director said he'd be happy to have me work for them but he needed the affirmation of a known rabbi that I was shomer Shabbos according to the kashrus requirements of the rabbinate.

“Since the idea of working in a vineyard and winery appealed to me, I spoke to R' Rivkin and asked him for the letter of affirmation. R' Rivkin took the opportunity to speak to me in a heartfelt conversation about changing my way of dress and my appearance. So, thanks to the new job, I decided to cut my long hair and change my t-shirt for my 'yeshivish' garb.”

Yossi began working in the vineyard and winery. It was a meaningful time of his life.

“The interaction with the residents of Kishorit was enlightening and edifying,” he remembers. “I saw how people who are usually shunted to the margins of society blossom when they get the right treatment and approach. You can say that I grew and learned along with them.

“I remember that in that kfar there was a Chabadnik whose only job was to put tefillin on with members of the kfar and kibbutz. He was the only person who officially had no work other than



THE REBBE'S PICTURE THAT HE HAS TILL TODAY.



YOSSI'S CERTIFICATE ATTESTING TO HIS LETTER IN A SEFER TORAH.



MIVTZAIM WITH A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD MAN WHO HADN'T PUT ON TEFILLIN SINCE HIS BAR MITZVA.

to be involved in mivtzaim. The room he lived in was draped with a large Moshiaich flag. Over the years, they set up for him a nice mikva in an ancient well in the area. They also built a beautiful shul that he was made in charge of by the administration of the kfar.”

## THE SHEMITTA CHALLENGE

“I began working in the winery and vineyard in 5770. As the ‘kashrus trustee’ I quickly became the one the kibbutznikim turned to with all their complaints about religion and religious folk. The thing that irked them the most was the shemitta year. They did not understand how one could abandon the fields, orchards and vineyards for an entire year. A farmer, whose primary livelihood comes from the earth, finds it hard to think of cutting off his own livelihood by abandoning his produce.

“Since the shemitta year was still far off, the discussion about it was more philosophical than practical. My first year working in the vineyard I got much stronger in keeping Torah and mitzvos. R’ Winderbaum, with whom I was constantly in touch, told me it was time to think about marriage.

“He suggested that I meet a certain girl, also a baalas teshuva, from the Chabad community in Ramat Aviv. After a few dates we were engaged and then married. This was the point when thoughts about the approaching shemitta year began to occupy me. To continue working in the vineyard in a shemitta year was out of the question since the kibbutz continued to operate with halachic heterim they received from the chief rabbinate, and I did not rely on that. However, the winery and vineyard were my livelihood and I felt really torn since I already had two children with bills and rent to pay every month and the responsibility weighed on me.

“I tried to work things out with the Lubavitcher agronomist Rabbi Zev Caplin about the possibility of my working in the vineyard even during shemitta but he made it clear that this was forbidden and I had to leave the job.

“When I wrote to the Rebbe, the answer in the Igros Kodesh said to speak with my mashpia. The Rebbe showered me with brachos if I would do as he said. I called Rav Danny and told him that I had to leave my job and I didn’t know how I would support myself during shemitta. Rav Danny told me that the test was a biggie but perhaps this year was a great opportunity to fill in the knowledge that I was missing. He suggested that I go to yeshiva for the year and become more familiar with Gemara, learn Chassidus systematically, learn halacha in Shulchan Aruch, etc. As for mon-

ey, he spoke warmly about the great zechus of taking off the year of shemitta.”

## THE SHEMITTA MIRACLE

“The truth is that this was bizarre to me but I decided to go all the way. Right after the Tishrei holidays, I went to the Chabad yeshiva in Tzfas as a tamim and began learning Nigleh and Chassidus with chavrusos. I felt I was in the clouds ... I had never enjoyed learning so much so that I completely forgot about making money. Worries about the future were forgotten during those hours. That year, the shemitta of 5775, filled me up so much and provided me with sustenance for the road that sustains me till today.”

### **What about money for paying rent and for electricity and water?**

“An amazing thing happened, just amazing! Money flowed in to me from unexpected sources. For example, one day I went to the old city of Tzfas and saw a nice apartment for sale. One phone call to my friend in a real estate agency in Tel Aviv ended up netting me several thousand shekels. Here and there brief jobs came my way that did not affect my learning schedule. I saw the promise and blessing of ‘I will command My blessing to you.’

### **What happened at the winery in the meantime?**

“It wasn’t simple. Although the seventh year passed in amazing fashion, I had quit my job at the winery and they had moved on. I knew that after the shemitta would end, I would not be able to go back there.

“It was a summer day at the end of 5775. I left yeshiva in the evening and went to the south of Tzfas to air out a bit from the long day of learning. I suddenly noticed the grave of the Tanna, Nachum Ish Gamzu. I stopped my car and went in to say Tehillim, to daven at his grave. I wanted to ask this optimistic tzaddik to intercede on my behalf to effect a salvation

in the merit of my keeping shemitta. I poured out my heart.

“I then noticed that on the bench I was sitting on it said, ‘giborei koach osei devaru’ (the heroes who do His will). It was written in thick, black marker ink. These words in Tehillim refer to those who observe shemitta and heroically do the will of Hashem. I felt this was an encouraging sign for the future.

“A few days later I got a phone call. The woman on the line told me that the Saslove Winery in Kibbutz Eyal was bought by a new group of investors and since they heard terrific things about me, they wanted to invite me for an interview.

“When I met with them, I learned that they were two of the famous Israeli heroes of the Yom Kippur War. Tzvika Greenwald, commander of Koach Tzvika, who is known for his courageous stand in battle in the Golan Heights and Moshe Levy who also fought valiantly in the Sinai and lost a hand in battle. Both of them earned the highest award that the State gives its brave soldiers. Their offer stunned me. They offered me the position of manager of the winery. I knew this was a huge promotion, compared to the work that I had done the previous year at Kishor.

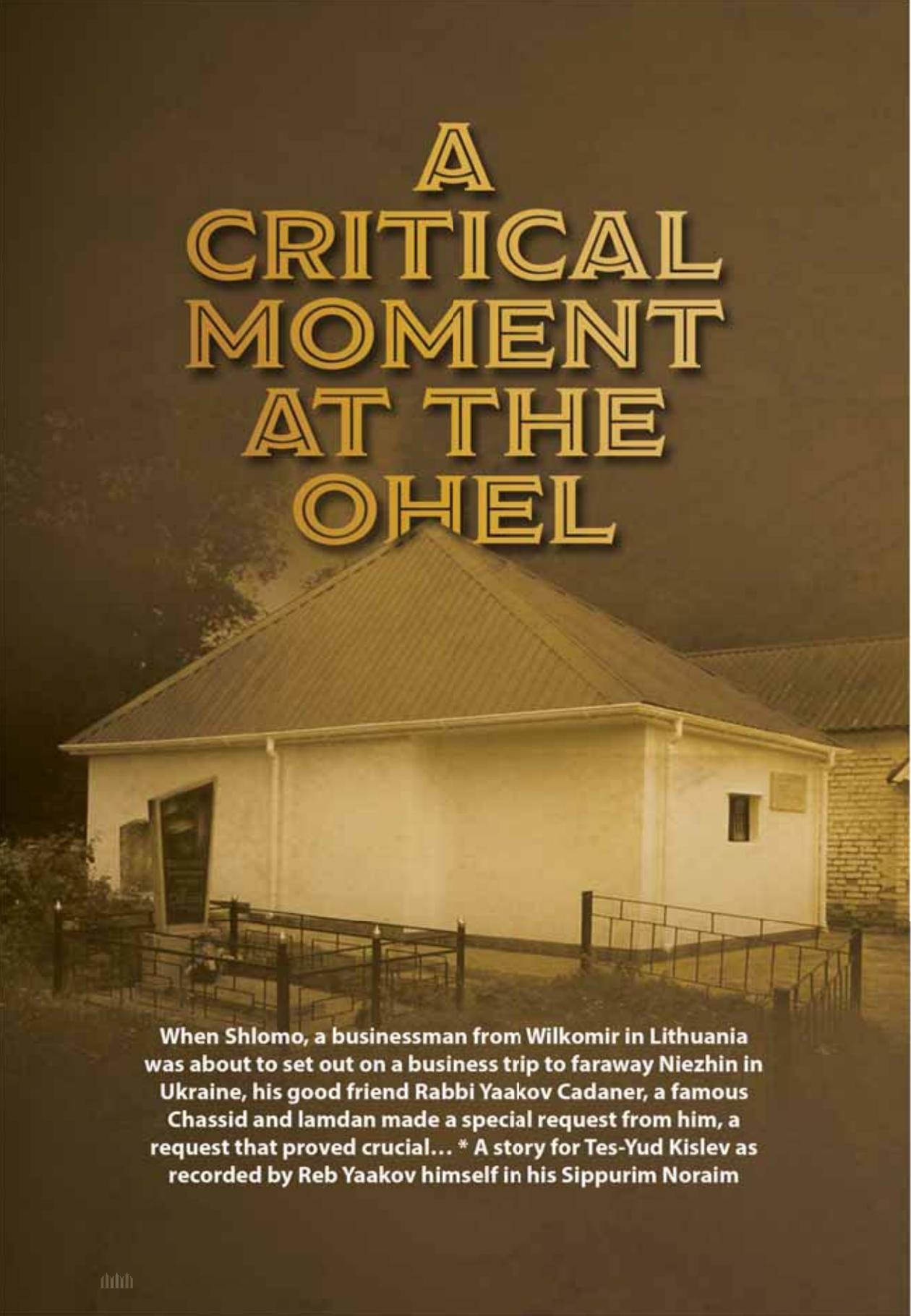
“After working for a year at the Saslove Winery, I was also made the vintner of the winery.”

## ALL THANKS TO THE SHEMITTA YEAR

For three years, Yossi Sidon worked in the Saslove Winery, and then he moved on. He went to work for Bazelet HaGolan in the Golan Heights. Now he is in the Tel Shifon winery at Kibbutz Ortel.

“I feel that all this advancement along with the professional and financial advancement is all in the merit of the shemitta year,” he concludes. ■

# A CRITICAL MOMENT AT THE OHHEL



**When Shlomo, a businessman from Wilkomir in Lithuania was about to set out on a business trip to faraway Niezhin in Ukraine, his good friend Rabbi Yaakov Cadaner, a famous Chassid and lamdan made a special request from him, a request that proved crucial... \* A story for Tes-Yud Kislev as recorded by Reb Yaakov himself in his Sippurim Noraim**

## MENACHEM ZIEGELBAUM ◦

### - PART I -

Shlomo sat in the wagon bent over in sorrow. It had been many months since he had left his warm, protected home to seek a livelihood to support his family. He had been on the road for nearly six months and what had he found? No blessing, no nachas, no satisfaction.

He was from Vilkomir and made a living primarily by buying and selling tobacco in the various markets. One day, he decided to travel a long way, to Niezhin, where he could obtain large quantities of tobacco at low prices. He made the calculations and after some hesitation he decided to set out. It wasn't an easy decision leaving behind his young wife and little children. That is why he always tried to do business in the area where he lived. But this was a good opportunity and it led him to pack his bags and set out.

He first received parting blessings from one of the great men in his city, Rabbi Yaakov Cadaner, a Lubavitcher Chassid and Torah scholar, author of the sefarim *Matzreif HaAvoda* and *Sippurim Noraim*. They knew one another well and Shlomo often enjoyed visiting R' Yaakov's house and talking to him and mainly, hearing Chassidic stories from him. R' Yaakov knew numerous stories of Chassidim, mainly of the Mittler Rebbe and the Alter Rebbe of Liozna (about whom he wrote in his sefer).

R' Yaakov held out his hand to young Shlomo'le and blessed him with success in his business affairs.

"Before we say goodbye, R' Yaakov said softly, "I'd like to make a request.

"Although you are not a Lubavitcher Chassid, still, since you are traveling to Niezhin, it would be fitting for you to go to the gravesite of the tzaddik, the Mittler Rebbe, who is buried

there. Surely, the merit of the Rebbe will stand by you for success in your trip."

Shlomo happily agreed.

### - PART II -

As mentioned, young Shlomo had been away for six months. There was no train yet and the distance from Vilkomir in Lithuania to Niezhin in Russia was very far. Now, he was very close to Niezhin.

On the way, he tried doing small business deals but was unsuccessful. He wasn't experienced enough to withstand the enticing business deals that came his way and he even lost quite a bit of money. If that wasn't enough, he had an uneasy feeling. He himself didn't know what it was about. As he traveled the long, desolate way he had time to think and the image of his wife and children came to mind again and again. He had a strong, inexplicable feeling that something was wrong with them. Not surprisingly, his mood was low. He had a lump in his throat. This feeling was a sort of mini-prophecy ...

### - PART III -

His wife Kreindel was in bed, sick, surrounded by her helpless children who cried. None of the doctors who came could diagnose the illness that grew worse by the day.

That day was the worst of all. All that critical night, three doctors sat at her bedside, wringing their hands in despair and tension. They did all they could but other than easing her breathing a bit, they could do nothing. They knew that during the night her fate would be sealed, that it could go either way.

At a certain point she lost consciousness. All the doctors' attempts to revive her were to no

avail. She did not respond. If not for her light, almost imperceptible breathing, they could think she had passed on.

Dawn broke with a new day and new hope. Perhaps, perhaps, this light would expel the darkness and gloom.

The worried neighbors filled the house, wringing their hands and hoping for a miracle. They helped as much as they could.

The crisis was at ten in the morning. The sick woman suddenly began to breathe easier. Her breaths were softer and the color returned to her face. She broke out in a sweat and her eyelids began to flutter.

“Mazal tov!” said the doctors emotionally as they stood up. “The crisis has passed and she is doing better.”

She continued to improve quickly. She hardly needed the doctors anymore. She recovered and a month later she was on her feet. The doctors and neighbors considered this a marvel.

#### – PART IV –

A few months passed and Shlomo returned to Vilkomir to the delight of his wife and children. He had spent only a short time at home before he dashed out to the home of R’ Yaakov

**|| AS I ARRIVED IN NIEZHIN,  
I FELT I COULD NOT GO ON. IT  
WAS LIKE A HEAVY STONE WAS  
ON MY HEART. I COULD DO  
NOTHING. I DID NOT EVEN HAVE  
THE STRENGTH TO CRY OUT TO  
HEAVEN.**

---

Cadaner, his friend, without even changing out of his travel clothes.

R’ Yaakov looked at him questioningly as though to ask, is this right, after not being home for about a year that instead of rejoicing with your family, you come to me?!

The young man felt confused and found it hard to say what he wanted to say.

“A great thing brings me to you, a great wonder!”

Shlomo then began to tell what happened:

“I had a miserable time on this trip. I wasn’t doing well and even lost nearly all my money. Aside from that, I was in debt over a large sum of money after various things which happened to me on the road. If that wasn’t enough, I felt very uneasy about my wife. I felt that something bad was happening at home and the helplessness made me feel terrible.

“As I arrived in Niezhin, I felt I could not go on. It was like a heavy stone was on my heart. I could do nothing. I did not even have the strength to cry out to heaven.

“I suddenly remembered the promise I made to you to visit the gravesite of the tzaddik, Rabbi Dovber, the Mittler Lubavitcher Rebbe. I thought it would be a refuge for me and my soul. I immersed in a mikva and then entered the ohel of the tzaddik. It was freezing, bone-chilling. I was surprised by this since all along the road I had been exposed to winds and the cold and my warm clothes protected me while here, the cold was overpowering.

“As I stood in the Rebbe’s presence, a dread fell upon me; I could feel my hair stand up. I had never felt such a terrible fear before in my life. Due to the fear, I felt how the cold penetrated my body from the hair on my head to the heels of my feet. The cold increased until I couldn’t take it anymore. I realized something was going on. Being in this holy place was what caused these startling phenomena.

**// IF YOUR HOLY REBBEIM  
AFTER THEIR PASSING SHINE  
LIKE THE STARS, ALL THE  
MORE SO IS THEIR HOLINESS  
SUPREME IN THEIR LIFETIMES!**

---

“In my terror, I nearly ran out of there but before I did, the thought occurred to me: Surely, from such a holy man nothing bad would happen to me, so why run? On the contrary, I would pray from the depths of my heart and ask for mercy to be aroused upon me from Above and surely he would pray for me.

“I began reading from the Zohar and chapters of Tehillim as well as some chapters of *Maavar Yabok*. My difficult situation and heaviness of heart burst through and I cried in a way that I had never done before. Rivers of tears poured from my eyes. My body shook with the sobbing and all my attempts to calm down were futile.

“After a long time I managed to write down some words on a paper that I brought. I wrote two pidyonos, one for me and my family in general and one specifically for my wife. That uneasy feeling that accompanied me all along spurred me to write a p’n for her and to arouse much mercy on her. I put the two pidyonos on the grave and said out loud, ‘Rebbe, I ask you to arouse much mercy up Above on me and my family and especially on my wife Kreindel bas Sarah, about whom I have a bad feeling.’

The moment I laid the pidyonos on the Rebbe’s tziyun, my heart filled with joy. I felt such peace and delight the likes of which I never felt before. The taste of Gan Eden. I felt that I had left the matter in good hands and that from then on, all would be with kindness and mercy. The longer I stayed there, the stronger my joy became and if it wasn’t the holy ohel, I would have danced. I stayed there a long time, finding it hard to leave the hidden light.

“I finally left in peace and contentment. I spent a few days in Niezhin and although I hardly had any money, I made some nice deals. I saw the fulfillment of the Rebbe’s blessing.

“It took several more months until I returned home. That extraordinary joy did not leave me for even a moment. The previous trip

was all sadness while on this return trip I felt an upliftedness of spirit.

“Today, as I arrived safely home, I asked my wife how she was and she briefly told me how she had been sick and the doctors despaired. She told about her unconsciousness and how she was on the brink of the next world and had suddenly awakened and recovered in a miraculous way with no help from the doctors.

“When I asked her whether she remembered which day this happened, she said it was a certain day and I realized it was precisely the day I was at the Rebbe’s ohel and at that tenth hour I placed the pidyonos on the grave.

“Now, R’ Yaakov, how could I restrain myself? Before changing my clothes, I ran to you to tell you about the wonders of G-d and His display of his might through His servants the tzaddikim.”

R’ Yaakov was greatly moved.

Shlomo added, “If your holy Rebbeim after their passing shine like the stars, all the more so is their holiness supreme in their lifetimes!”

R’ Yaakov chuckled and said, “It’s the other way round. Chazal say that tzaddikim are greater in their deaths than in their lifetimes.” ■

*(from a story in Sippurim Noraim  
by R’ Yaakov Cadaner)*



Rabbi  
Naftali  
Estulin

## "IT'S MY FATHER'S ANNIVERSARY"

**YUD-DALED** Kislev, the Rebbe MH" M's wedding anniversary, marks a day of especial significance to tmimim. On this day, about which the Rebbe said, "it connected me with you," the virtue of tmimim as the Rebbe's children is revealed with greater fortitude. That is, not just "as if he is his son," as with previous *nesim*, but children literally, "*Dem Rebben's kinder*."

The tmimim feel that the Rebbe is their father, and thus, their faith is with the greatest intensity. In spite of the hiding and concealment, they clearly believe that just as a father never forgets his son, similarly, the Rebbe could never possibly ch"v forget his children – the tmimim and the Chassidim.

If we can understand how the Rebbe utterly transcends his Chassidim, then we will understand the greatness of the seventh generation, when the Rebbe is the "father" and the Chassidim are the "children."

It is told that when the Rebbe Rashab was fourteen years old, his father, the Rebbe Maharash, testified about him that he possesses all the qualities enumerated in the Rambam regarding one who is fit for prophecy and the indwelling of the Shechina.

The Rebbe Maharash continued to say that the students of Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai

called him by various lofty titles, to the point that when they went to him for Yom Tov, they said the pasuk, "Three times a year, all your males shall appear before the Master. Who is the Master? Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai!" The Rebbe Maharash said that in our generation, the Rebbe is the Master, and just as prior to making our requests from G-d, we first say Pesukei D'zimra and other liturgical songs of praises, likewise must we approach the Rebbe.

In the seventh generation, we see something truly amazing. On the one hand, the attribute of Malchus has been revealed in the Rebbe more than the preceding Rebbeim, as according to what the Rebbe has taught us, it is understood that the Rebbe is on the level of Malchus. Chassidim of the previous generations felt quite comfortable about speaking with the Rebbe in the middle of a farbrengen, while with the Rebbe, we see a malchusdike mode of conduct.

However, on the other hand, the Rebbe relates to us as a father to his children. For example, during Sunday dollars distribution, the Rebbe devoted time to every Jew, no matter what his status in life. Anyone who was privileged to pass by his holy countenance at Sunday dollars certainly remembers the marvelous feeling – you with the Rebbe, and the Rebbe with you. At that moment, it seems as if you are the only person in line, and the

Rebbe gives you all the time in the world. After all, he is your father, and a father gives up all his time for his children.

If all the Chassidim are the Rebbe's children, then this most certainly applies to the tmimim, called by the Rebbe with the endearing term of "Dem Rebbe's kinder." I remember when I was a small boy in the Soviet Union, we once celebrated Simchas Torah without a Sefer Torah. We simply didn't have one. R. Mendel Futerfas was with us, and he told the baalei battim who were there that they must dance with the tmimim, as the tmimim are our Sefer Torah.

Thus, when we consider the tremendous closeness to the Rebbe, in spite of how negligible we are in comparison to him, this fills our hearts with true joy.

Anyone who doesn't know the Rebbe, and thus has not experienced this wonderful feeling, can become sullen and depressed. However, someone who knows that the Rebbe is his father can never be sad.

I once heard a story from R. Avrohom Drizin about a leading scholar in the teachings of mussar, named Lipa, who came to visit his Chassidic town. The local youngsters had grown up their whole lives without ever seeing a Jew with *mara shechora*, and when they saw the frightful sadness that engulfed this mus-sarnik, one of them asked his father, "What is this?"

"Do you remember learning in Tanya about the kelipa and how grave it is?" the father replied. "It's only 'ke-lipa' (i.e. 'similar to Lipa'), but here, we have Lipa himself..."

To our regret, there are still people who when they see our intense love for the Rebbe, it drives them crazy. They are simply unwilling to understand such a deep heartfelt connection, and out of a sense of jealousy, they decide to register their opposition. However, when we explain to them about the Rebbe, they under-

stand how wrong they were, and they too will desire to bond themselves to the Rebbe MH" M.

This is one of the duties of the tmimim.



**ONE** of the elder Chassidim from the previous generation, who was privileged to see the Rebbe Maharash, the Rebbe Rashab, and the Rebbe Rayatz, wrote to the Rebbe after Yud Shevat that he must accept the leadership for the young people. He personally doesn't need it, but the wife and children need a Rebbe. The Rebbe responded that he doesn't understand how a Chassid can live without a Rebbe, and that we must see the Rebbe immediately!

If we are alive, then it is apparent that the Rebbe is alive. If this were not the case, we wouldn't be able to live, as a Chassid cannot live without a Rebbe. Together with the clear knowledge that the Rebbe is *chai v'kayam*, we must long to see the Rebbe with our own eyes.

Meanwhile, in our present situation when we don't see the Rebbe, it must be clear to us that the Rebbe is the one who still runs the show in Lubavitch. No one has to start worrying about Lubavitch. The Rebbe is the boss. He cares about every Jew, and is concerned for every Chassid. Instead of worrying about the future of Lubavitch, we simply have to act. We must fulfill the Rebbe's instructions, especially the directive to prepare the world to greet Moshiach Tzidkeinu.

A very wealthy man, who donated a lot of money to the Rebbe, once asked the Rebbe for a bracha, adding that he wanted the brachos to be fulfilled "in cash"... The Rebbe told him that only he (the wealthy man) can fulfill the brachos that he has received.

The Rebbe has given us the ability to bring the Redemption, but only we can bring it to fruition – with the true and complete Redemption through the hisgalus of the Rebbe MH" M shlita, immediately, mamash, NOW! ■

# THE REBBE On Chinuch

RABBI GERSHON AVTZON



## WHY DID THE REBBE RASHAB FIRE THE MELAMED?

— THE IMPORTANCE OF TELLING CHILDREN STORIES OF TZADDIKIM —

**QUESTION** > “I am a non-Lubavitcher who works in the administration (financial department) of a Chabad cheder. I see that the teachers put an emphasis on telling stories of Tzaddikim. In my mind, there are two issues with that: firstly, many of these stories can be confusing to children as they deal with things which are above their understanding. Secondly, I feel that this is bittul Torah. Please explain the reasoning behind this chinuch approach.



**ANSWER** > Thank you for reaching out to us and for your willingness to listen and understand. I would like to begin with a story that the Rebbe brings in Likkutei Sichos (Vol. 19 p. 91):

“When the Frierdiker Rebbe was a child, his father, the Rebbe Rashab, looked to hire a *melamed* to teach his only son. This teacher had a philosophy that stories of miracles should only be shared with adults and not young impressionable children. When the Rebbe Rashab heard about this, he dismissed the teacher.

“The reason,” explains the Rebbe in that sicha, “is because the foundation of Yiddishkeit is faith and realizing that our connection to Hashem is beyond our intellect. Even the mitzvos that we *do* understand, we need to perform with a sense of *kabbolas ol*. Thus, instilling *Yiras*

*Shamayim* — which is a direct result of the stories of miracles — is an utmost educational priority.

### WHY BEREISHIS COMES BEFORE EVERY- THING ELSE?

I would like to share some letters of the Rebbe in which he discussed this important topic:

(1) In a letter written to the famous chief rabbi of Philadelphia, **Rabbi Efraim Eliezer Yolles**, the Rebbe writes: “It is with great pleasure that I read your letter which has in it your personal memories from the lives of holy Tzaddikim. The advantage of *Sefer Bereishis* — called ‘*Sefer HaYashar*’ — is well known: it is filled with stories of Tzaddikim *and therefore comes before all the other parts of the Torah.*” (Igros, vol. 21 p. 111; #7863).

## THE MAKING OF "DETROIT'S STORYTELLER"

I would like to share a story that I heard firsthand connected with the above:

There was a famous educator in Detroit named **Rabbi Shmuel Kaufman A"H**. He taught for over 50 years and was well-known as the "Storyteller of Detroit." He was close to my grandparents and when I once met him in Toronto, he told me the following story:

I was once in need of a personal *bracha*, so your grandfather **Rabbi Meir Avtzon A"H** pushed me to go into Yechidus by the Rebbe. When I entered, the Rebbe asked me what my job was. I told the Rebbe that I am a teacher. He asked me if I would tell stories of Tzaddikim to the children. I told the Rebbe that in my opinion, it is *bittul Torah*.

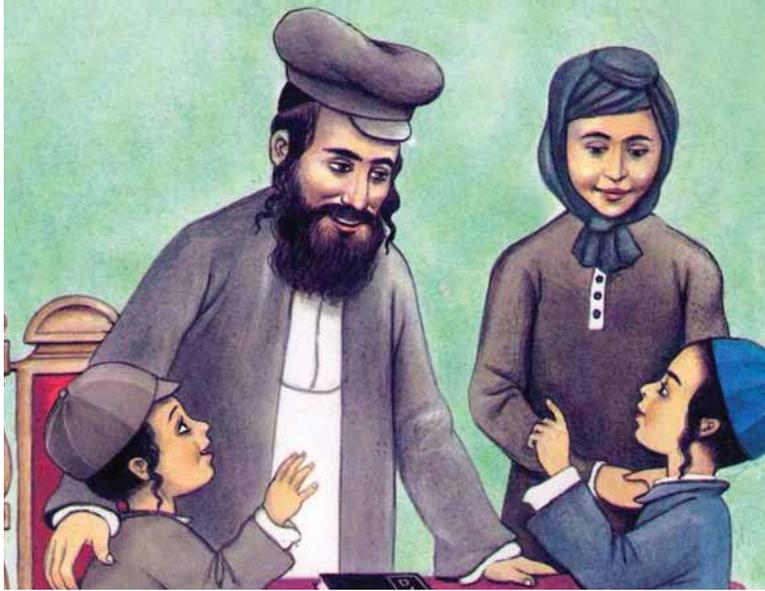
According to the testimony of Rabbi Kaufman: The Rebbe stood up and screamed: "*Bittul Torah?! Gantz Torah iz meysud of Chumash Bereishis, Sippurei Tzaddikim!* — the whole Torah is based on the stories of Tzaddikim."

The Rebbe continued: "What you will teach your students in *halacha* and *mishnayos*, is a doubt if they will retain as they get older. The *Emuna* and *Yiras Shamayim* which come from stories of Tzaddikim will undoubtedly remain."

### TRAINING TO EXPECT MIRACLES

(2) To someone that wrote that stories of miracles will confuse the children, as they will think that miracles should be happening to them, the Rebbe responded:

"When we tell a child a story of a miracle that happened in the past or even in recent times, we are not giving the message that the



miracle will take place tomorrow. It is just to empower the child in his *Emuna* that Hashem can perform miracles and thus it is always good to *daven* to Hashem and ask Hashem to help you through whatever you are going through and the more heartfelt the *tefilla*, the better chance of this *tefilla* being accepted." (Igras, Vol. 22 page 299; #8492).

### THE MOSHIACH CONNECTION:

On Shabbas Parshas Vayeishev 5752, the Rebbe explained that publicizing miracles helps bring Moshiach:

"Recognition, acknowledgment and praising Hashem for the miracles He performs, in addition to the concept of expressing gratitude, is relevant to **the coming of Moshiach Tzidkeinu in the true and complete Redemption**. For as the Gemara states: Hashem desired to make Chizkiyahu Moshiach ... but the attribute of Divine Justice said to Hashem: 'Chizkiyahu, for whom you did all these miracles (who was saved from Sancheriv and healed of his illness) and didn't sing praises to You, You want to make *him* Moshiach?'"

Obviously, in our context, publicizing the miracles which G-d has done in our times is relevant to bringing the true and complete Redemption in actual reality!" ■

# MOMENTS With The Rebbe

THE GRAND WEDDING OF YUD-DALET KISLEV

*Some descriptions of the Rebbe's wedding from the diary of the Chassid, Rabbi Eliyahu Chaim Altheus, HY'D, who was with the Rebbe on the day of the wedding.*



THE REBBE AT A CHUPPA, ELUL 5744



THE REBBE SPEAKING AT A KABBOLAS PANIM WEDDING RECEPTION



AT A KARBOLAS PANIN, BEFORE THE CHUPPA

**1. The day of the chuppa.** Tuesday morning, before shacharis, we went to the mikva. After shacharis, he learns and I eat. As the time for mincha approached, the chassan shlita stood up to daven the last mincha prior to the chuppa and to say vidui before the One who knows all secrets, the long vidui, with much concentration and pouring out of the soul in a quiet voice. This frightening scene, with no one but us, me and him, and very very far, one from another, like east from west, for his thoughts are not my thoughts. He is preparing himself for a long journey, to find life, to build a home with the helpmate he found, and he does not know what path he is being led on.

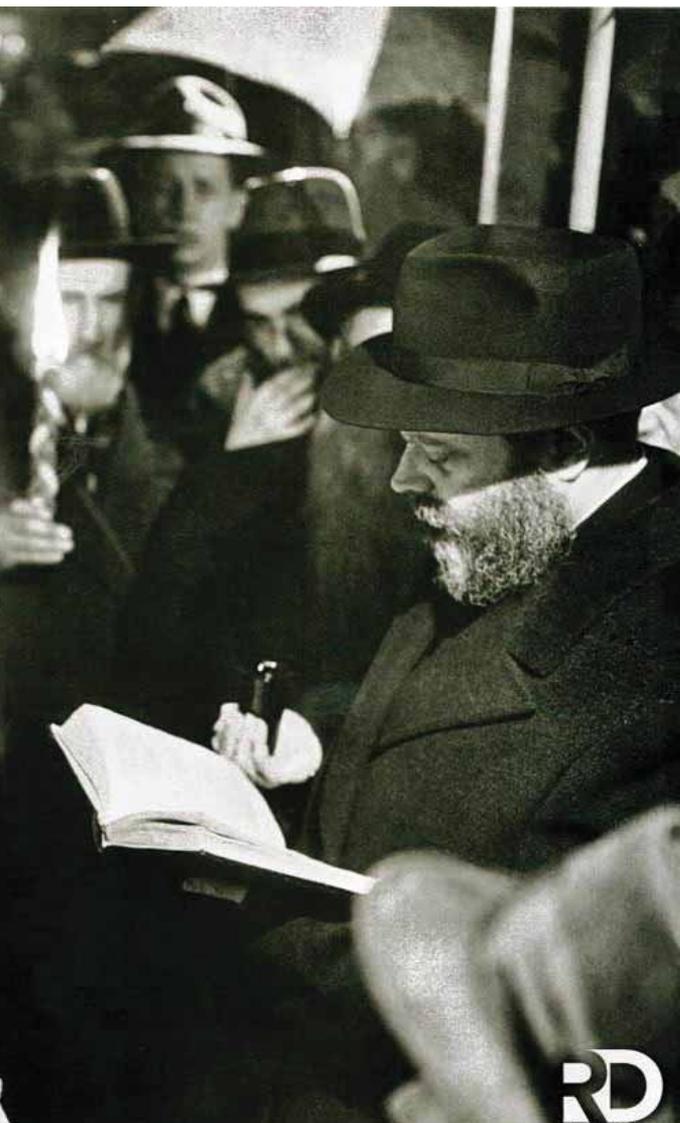
**2. Chuppa.** After [seven] circuits, I heard the first bracha from our Rebbe shlita [the Rebbe Rayatz]. Just hearing his voice, like the sound of great waters, a great fear fell upon us all because the resplendence of his voice replete with bitterness and with a fearsome sound was heard on high and all the people in the courtyard trembled. Instantaneously, the clamor of the crowd ceased and a long silence prevailed throughout the courtyard, and his pleasant, sweet voice, in which the sound of weeping and lament of joy and jubilation together could be heard even at a distance, and many tears like water poured from the eyes of all standing there then, and the hearts of each one melted at the time that this bracha emanated from his holy mouth.



THE REBBE OFFICIATING AT A WEDDING



THE REBBE ARRIVES AT A WEDDING HALL.

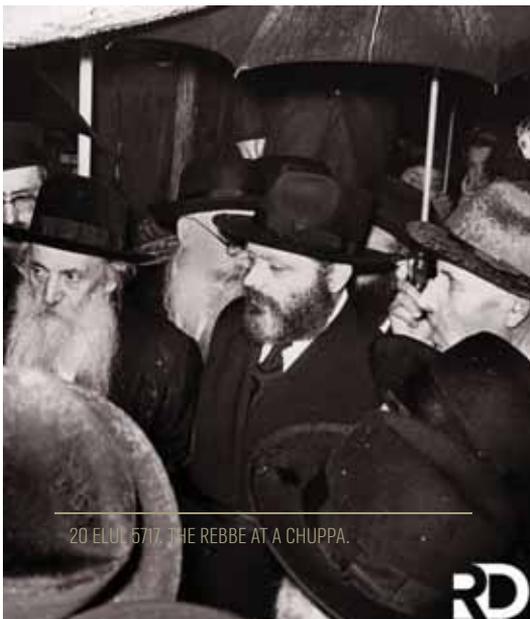


**3. The wedding meal.** Many years later, the Rebbe himself spoke about special moments at the wedding meal: “At my wedding meal, *kevod kedushas* my master and father-in-law the Rebbe stood and walked among the assembled to give them mashke to say l’chaim. Seeing this, I could not remain seated as the Rebbe stood and gave out mashke and I stood in my place to, at least, try and help, to hold the mashke or hold the cup. The Rebbe immediately turned to me and motioned that I should remain seated. A Jew is stubborn ... and seeing how my father-in-law walked around and gave out mashke (or wine, I don’t remember precisely) and he probably also held a cup in his hand, I began to get up again to help. Then my father-in-law looked at me [sharply] (which was *tzu zingen uhn tzu zogen*) and I realized I must stay seated. I remained in my seat on tenterhooks but I remained seated until the Rebbe came back and sat in his place to continue the wedding meal.”



ELUL 5711. THE REBBE AT A KABBOLAS PANIM

**4.** In the house of the Rebbe's parents, in Yekaterinoslav. At that very time, there was a *seudas mitzva* held to mark the wedding in the house of the chassan's parents, Rabbi and Rebbetzin Levi Yitzchok and Chana Schneerson. The Rebbetzin summed up their feelings of that night in general: The atmosphere of the *farbrengen* of the community that night – cannot be expressed in writing. In addition to the sorrow of our not participating in the wedding of our oldest son, there wafted in the air of our home the feeling that we would not merit to see one another again soon. As for yearning, there was that too. It was an indescribable situation, suffering in the general sense and on a personal level. My husband danced with his father-in-law [Rabbi Meir Shlomo Yanovsky] and with his brother [Rabbi Shmuel Schneerson] (all of them already in the world of truth.) Although we thought that the number of those gathered would not reach even thirty because of the terrible spiritual climate of those days, about three hundred actually participated. The dancing of the rabbanim lasted a long time and throughout this time, the entire crowd stood and watched them without being able to hold back their tears. That was the type of joy there was there. ■



20 ELUL 5717. THE REBBE AT A CHUPPA.



# PARASHA Of The Future

RABBI NISSIM LAGZIEL

## WAKE UP AND SEE THE LIGHT OF REDEMPTION

### BEGIN WITH A GRIN

*Q. How is it possible to not sleep for more than seven days straight?*

*A. Simple. Sleep only at night!*

### SLEEPLESS NIGHTS OF TORAH AND AVODA

Yaakov Avinu, whom the Torah tells us a lot about in parshas Vayeitzei was not a sleepy Jew. He was a man of action and energy who did not stop working for a minute. At the beginning of the parsha the Torah tells us of one time only that he veered from his norm and lay down to sleep. On his way to Charan, to his scoundrel uncle Lavan the Aramean, as he passed via Yerushalayim, he lay down to sleep. He would never forget this sleep ...

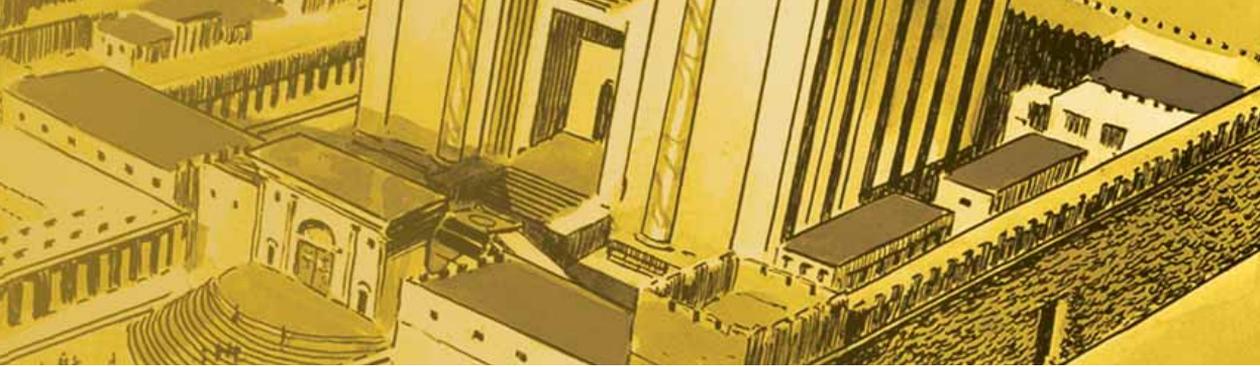
(28:11) “And he lay in the place and slept there because the sun had set.” The Medrash (Bereishis Raba 68, 11) brings a dispute between Rabbi Yehuda and Rabbi Nechemia. “Rabbi Yehuda said he slept here but all fourteen years that he was hidden away in Beis Eiver, he did not lie down. Rabbi Nechemia said that he did lie down but all twenty years in Lavan’s house he did not lie down.” In Lavan’s house he had no time to lie down. He had to, and wanted to, work.

As far as the fourteen years that he was in the Beis Medrash of Shem and Ever, that is still possible to understand... A Jew whose soul yearns for Torah and who delves into the study of Torah day and night, we’ve already seen people like that. But not to sleep for twenty years in Lavan’s house?! To be occupied day and night caring for sheep? Taking them out, bringing them in, cleaning and caring for them. An ordinary person would go crazy ... and without sleep?!

What gave Yaakov the moral strength and inner fortitude to stick to the goal? What was the light that burned in his eyes, what was the wind that filled his sails? How was it that he did not collapse under this crazy yoke and burden?

The Medrash has a double answer to this. “What would he say?” What was the soulful inner mantra that infused Yaakov’s psyche and spirit during those difficult years?

“Rabbi Yehoshua ben Levi said, the fifteen Shir HaMaalos in Sefer Tehillim [and the Medrash cites a verse that is the source reason for his opinion]. Rabbi Shmuel bar Nachman said he would say the entire Sefer Tehillim. What is the reason? ‘But You are the holy one; You await the praises of Yisrael,’ Grandfather Yisrael.”



We can understand Rabbi Shmuel bar Nachman's view. Yaakov was in unbearable circumstances. He could not learn Torah in depth as he was used to doing for the previous decades, so he found a substitute ... saying songs and praise to G-d through Sefer Tehillim. The Medrash (Shocher Tov, 1) already promised that whoever will immerse himself in it and say it at every opportunity, will receive a great reward comparable to learning the most difficult areas of Torah (the tractates of Negaim and Ohalos). But how do we understand the view that Yaakov decided to say the Shir HaMaalos morning and night? What's wrong with Ashrei or the Halelukas?

The Chida, in his commentary to Tehillim (Yosef Tehillos 120) explains that the meaning goes far deeper. The fifteen Shir HaMaalos represent the fifteen years that the lives of the Avos overlapped, for Avrohom lived for 175 years and Yitzchok was born when Avrohom was 100. Yaakov was born to Yitzchok when the latter was 60. That means, the years they were all alive at the same time totaled fifteen. And those fifteen years, with the soul powers that he absorbed from his forebears during those years, are what enabled Yaakov to survive the depth of spiritual desolation that was Charan. With the power of "Avrohom My beloved" and the power of "the fear of Yitzchok" he surmounted the daily difficulties in Lavan's home.

However, there arises a major question, a question and answer that only the Rebbe could ask and answer, a question and answer that

only Chassidus can teach with an important moral lesson for the time (and year) we are in.

### TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP WHEN YOU SEE THE LIGHT

Yaakov said the Shir HaMaalos ... "shir" signifying a happy tune, an uplifting melody. What was so joyous about spending twenty years in the house of Lavan, the number one rogue in world history, a man capable of selling his daughter/s (which he actually did)?!

When you have trained your mind to adopt the mindset, orientation and guidance of Chassidus, the answer is simple, "a descent for the purpose of an ascent." Yaakov saw the goal of exile; he understood that after twenty years of darkness there are infinite years of light. He internalized the deep significance of "a descent for the purpose of an ascent" and began, even then, to rejoice in the joy of the Geula. He sang a song, "A song of ascents to G-d, in my distress I called to G-d and He answered me." He was aware of suffering, of hardship, but was not fazed by it because he knew that there was far greater light at the end of the tunnel.

He ended the first of the Shir HaMaalos, which Lubavitcher Chassidim have been saying this year, with the words, "I am at peace, but when I speak, they [come] to [wage] war." The spiritual war of the time of exile, darkness and terrible concealment we are in, can bring us to despair but Yaakov teaches us the way ...

Even when matters of this world and exile seek to do battle with us, even when they come

to destroy our lives, we are in a state of “peace,” inner quiet, because we are aware of the G-dly truth that “there is someone in charge of this manor,” and everything is by divine providence, and it’s all good!

Although there are obstacles and they are numerous, “I am at peace,” not only unfazed by tests but learning from them how to rise above!

This lesson becomes all the more significant as we approach the Rebbe’s 120th birthday and the 121st chapter of Tehillim. This chapter teaches us that we need to “raise our eyes,” we need to know to look, to raise our head and our eyes and gaze beyond our navel. We need some vision, some faith and then we will see that “mei’ayin yavo ezri” (my help will come from nothingness instead of “from where will my help come?”) as the Chassidic saying goes, that Hashem can bring salvation from “ayin” (noth-

ingness) too. From the very “ayin” my help will come! The G-dly and supernatural “ayin,” the “ayin” which is above the Seder Hishtalshelus, will help reveal and illuminate and be our help in bringing the true and complete Geula!

## WHAT ARE WE SLEEPING FOR?

If we are on the topic of sleep versus toil, there is none greater than the Rebbe from whom we can learn what the true meaning of lack of sleep is when being devoted to the avoda. Rabbi Binyamin Klein a’h, the Rebbe’s secretary, said, “How many hours did the Rebbe sleep at night? The truth is that I don’t know the precise answer. In the early years, the Rebbe would come to the office at eleven in the morning and leave late at night. On a typical day he would leave 770 at one in the morning. On the days he received people for yechidus he left much later, often at five or six in the morning.

“After his heart attack in 5738, we noticed that the Rebbe never slept a few hours in a row. I recall how one night the Rebbe went to sleep at ten and at 11:30 he was already up and sitting at his desk, responding to questions and working on other things. Later on, the Rebbe slept for about another hour. I heard that the Rebbe Rayatz said about the Rebbe, ‘He was never asleep at four in the morning. Either he didn’t go to sleep yet or he was already awake.’”

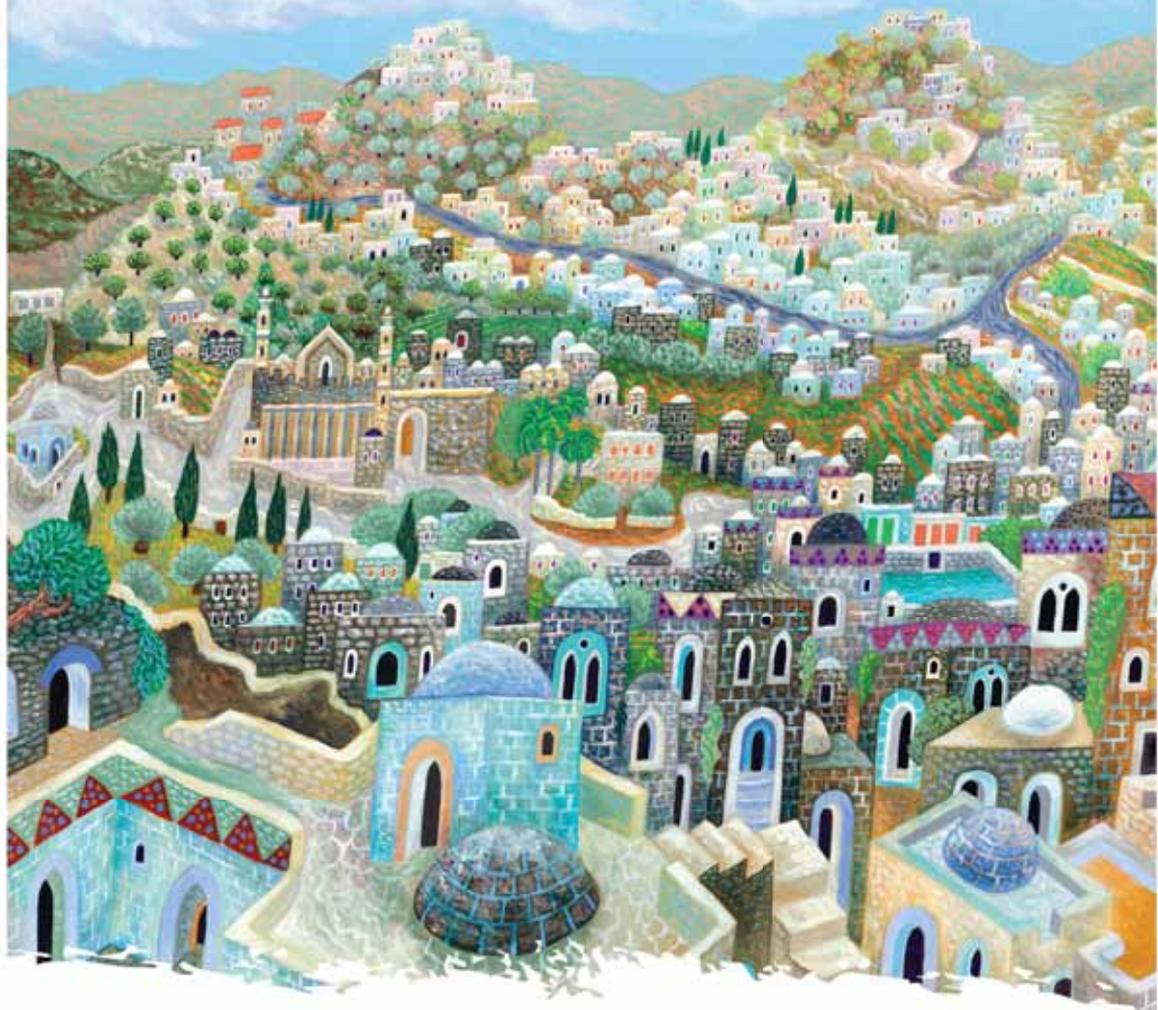
So what say we? ■

Good Shabbos!



# The Chassidische Vibe

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



יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד

# Lesson Learned From My Father

Growing up in a big family Boruch Hashem, there were always fun times. My mother would take us biking around the track just down the block, row boating in National Park and read to us loads of *Chassidische* stories. At times, the name of the game was for Tatty-To-Take-The-Kids-Somewhere-So-Mommy-Can-Get-Something-Done.

Living close to the Sydney Airport – a grand trip would include a visit to the terminal, watching the jumbo jets disappear into the heavens. Another favorite, was to pick a car on the street and try to follow it. We loved choosing the fanciest cars because usually it would lead us to gorgeous homes. And the best was to try to get my father lost. It was before google maps and we would tell my father to turn right, left or continue straight. Somehow, he would always know the way home. Thinking back to these fun times, I realize that fond memories don't need to cost money. They just need to be together. A memorable lesson learned from my father.

Here we asked, what is something you have learned from your father, that has stuck with you until today?

## A Project by **Raizel Liberow**



There is a line that my father, Rabbi Yossi Goldstein a”h, would say in a singsong chant in Yiddish that I repeat almost every single day – *altz vos der Eibishter tutt iz gutt*.

It came across every single day, in every thread of the tapestry of life that I lived, incorporating it into every aspect of life. If I slipped, or if a bottle of milk spilled, or if I slammed the door too loud, he would say “It’s ok. Nothing is bad in life. Because whatever Hashem does is good!”

It was one message throughout life – of positivity and *shalom*. He hated machlokes and I never heard him once say Lashon Hara or speak badly about anyone. You never heard him raise his voice, yell, or scream – for the sake of *shalom*, let’s keep it calm.

There’s an incident that I will never forget for the rest of my life. I was about 11 years old and the front door of our house on Empire Boulevard was adjacent to my father’s study. That would mean that every time someone would slam the front door, his study would vibrate too. Leaning against the door of his office was a bookcase with every precious thing that my father owned, including precious stones from Eretz Yisrael.

One Sunday, I accidentally slammed the door a little too hard and suddenly I heard the most tremendous crash coming from the study. It sounded like an earthquake! I rushed into the room and all I saw was my father’s tall stature. He pointed to me with his pointer finger and said in the calmest voice “Toby, would you please bring me the broom”.

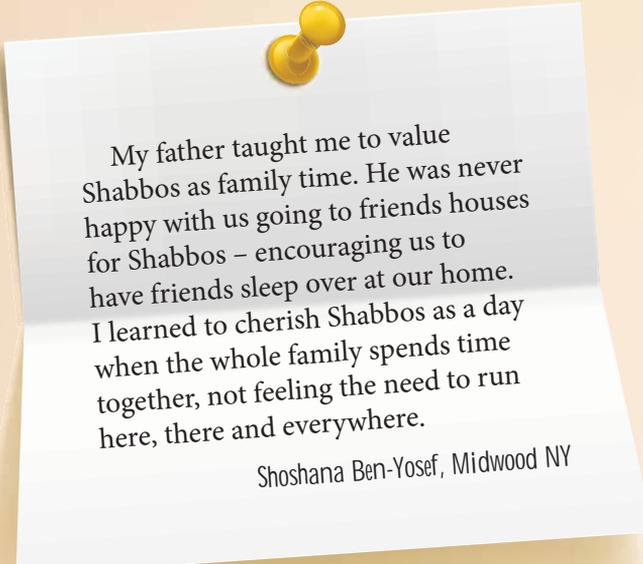
I looked down and saw that every sefer and precious stone was on the floor, with dust, and the wooden bookcase was on top of it! I slowly realized what had happened – when I slammed the door, it was the final shake that tumbled the entire *shafeh* to the ground!

“Ta!” I said “Scream! Do something! Look what happened! The entire *shafeh* fell down!”

He said calmly “*Altz Vos Der Eibishter Tutt Iz Gutt*”. I will never forget how he wasn’t angry at me. He didn’t scream at me. Nothing! And I got the broom, we cleaned it all and in 15 minutes, it was all back up. I will never forget that.

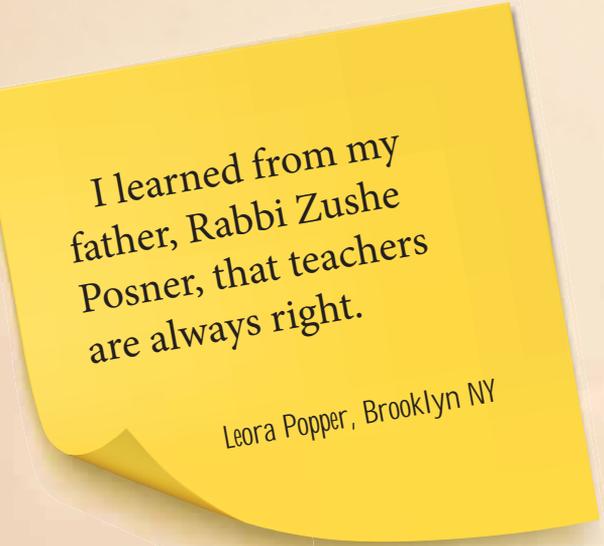
And that’s how he lived his life. In control, with discipline, calmness, peace and positivity.

Toby Leider, Sydney Australia



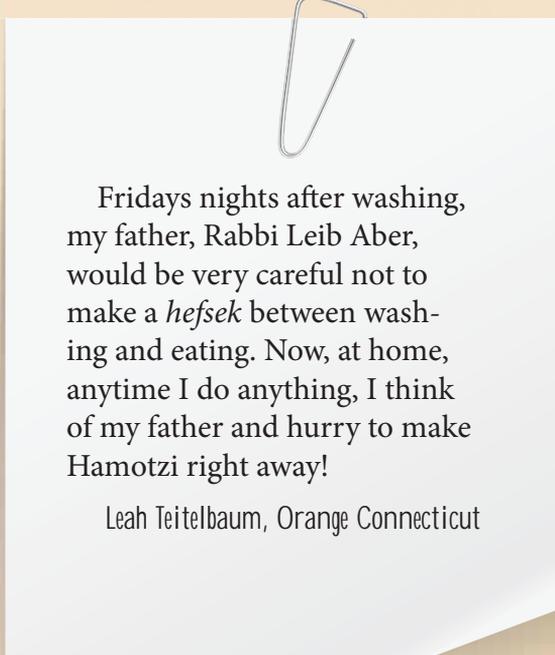
My father taught me to value Shabbos as family time. He was never happy with us going to friends houses for Shabbos – encouraging us to have friends sleep over at our home. I learned to cherish Shabbos as a day when the whole family spends time together, not feeling the need to run here, there and everywhere.

Shoshana Ben-Yosef, Midwood NY



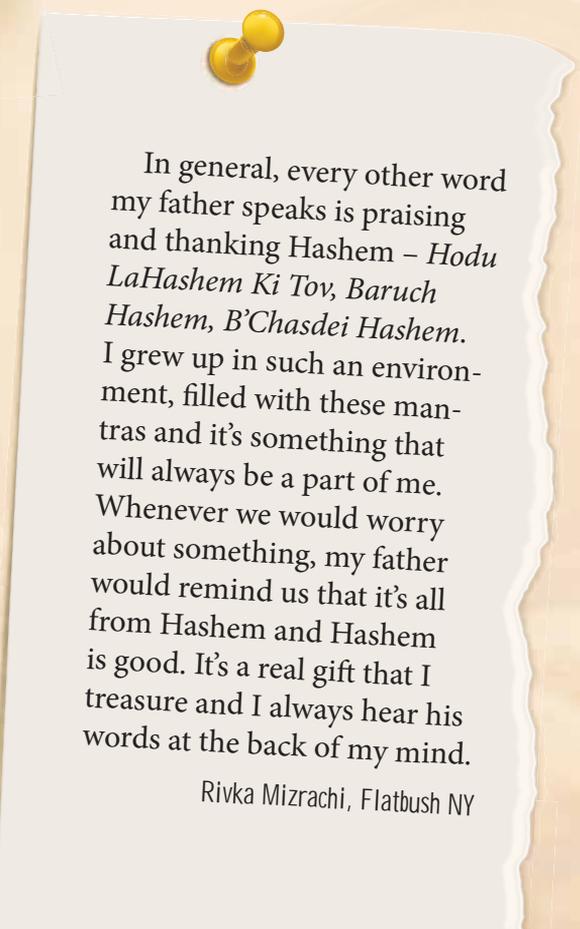
I learned from my father, Rabbi Zushe Posner, that teachers are always right.

Leora Popper, Brooklyn NY



Fridays nights after washing, my father, Rabbi Leib Aber, would be very careful not to make a *hefsek* between washing and eating. Now, at home, anytime I do anything, I think of my father and hurry to make Hamotzi right away!

Leah Teitelbaum, Orange Connecticut



In general, every other word my father speaks is praising and thanking Hashem – *Hodu LaHashem Ki Tov, Baruch Hashem, B'Chasdei Hashem*. I grew up in such an environment, filled with these mantras and it's something that will always be a part of me. Whenever we would worry about something, my father would remind us that it's all from Hashem and Hashem is good. It's a real gift that I treasure and I always hear his words at the back of my mind.

Rivka Mizrachi, Flatbush NY



When we were little, my father, Rabbi Menachem Rodal a”h, used to read the Torah each Shabbos by an old age home that was an hour and a half walk away from our house. It was the biggest treat to go with him! He would detour to hikes along the way and share incredible stories from Navi. A lot of men are not so comfortable with Navi since it’s not usually a subject studied in-depth in Yeshiva, but my father somehow knew all the stories back to front! It stuck with me until today and my excitement and love for Navi, as well as my decision to teach it myself and pass on those feelings to the next generation, was definitely born on those long Shabbos walks to the old age home with my father.

Chaya Chazan, Baltimore, MD



My father appears to be simple, but as time passes, I realize more and more that he’s not simple at all. My father is an example of “*Hatznea leches im Hashem Elokecha*” – to “walk discreetly with Hashem”.

There have been a few instances where I found out about things my father did and does to assist others, but it was never spoken about or mentioned at home.

For myself, sometimes I feel that recognition for my actions and efforts are important (and I still feel that they are to some extent). In general, it’s tempting to tell people about something I did, or to talk about it – especially nowadays, when things that are not publicized, seem to have never happened. But through watching my father, I learn so much from what he doesn’t say.

Thinking about it, I reached the conclusion that when a person deeply appreciates the privilege in serving and pleasing Hashem, one can actually feel a pleasure and recognition from Hashem – by knowing and internalizing the truth that Hashem hears and sees everything, with a desire to only serve Him.

I think about how to emulate my father’s ways, and I realize that by feeling so lucky and privileged to serve Hashem, the true King, it brings a great satisfaction that it doesn’t even need to be spoken about. It’s just a desire to do things in a pure way; and when it’s done discreetly, it helps it to be more truthful.

M.G., Crown Heights, NY

My father, Rabbi Yosef Feldman, has taught us all the importance of davening with a minyan, not missing a shacharis, mincha or maariv. Once my friend was complaining that their family couldn't go on vacation because their father had a yahrtzeit and needed a minyan. I thought back to that time when our family vacation was not in a location with a minyan and my father drove three hours there and three hours back to make the closest minyan. No yahrtzeit, just as an everyday thing. This has stuck with me as such an important value and as a sister to six brothers ka'h, they appreciate the importance of a minyan because of my father.

A final point, because I just can't write about my father without mentioning his kindness for everyone and anyone! No matter who, what, when or where, his kindness knows no bounds. And that attribute, Boruch Hashem, has taken me so many places, thanks to his example.

Chaya Feldman, Sydney, Australia

I learned from my father to always wash my hands with soap when coming into the house, a habit that I still have to this day...

On a bit of a deeper note... A couple of years ago, my father, Rabbi Chaim Levi Goldstein, began *koching* in bitachon. He learned Shaar HaBitachon from Chovos Halevavos and spoke about it wherever he went. At every Shabbos meal that we were at, he would be talking about it. I joined a class that he was giving, and he was talking about it. I joined a class that he was kinderlach, he would teach them the song 'I believe in Hashem...' Wherever he turned, he would talk about it. About a year or so later, he was extremely unwell with Covid-19 and this koch in bitachon was the best and most valuable gift he could've given us, and really empowered us through this tough time. My mother specifically, despite being home alone, kept us going and kept us strong, and no doubt it was my father's infusion of bitachon that helped her and us throughout it all.

Hindy Feldman, Crown Heights NY

# Everyday Heroines

SARA GOPIN

## THE POWER OF A NAME

I met **Tova Bronstein** at a shiur in 770, and asked her if she would be interested in sharing her story. Several days later we sat together at her kitchen table, upon which there was an interesting assortment of books on Chassidus. “I grew up without any knowledge of Yiddishkeit, and didn’t even have a Jewish name,” she opened our interview. “I wrote to the Rebbe asking to be given a Jewish name, and the Rebbe answered to chose between Tehilla and Tova. I chose the name Tova, and afterwards I was told that my great grandmother’s name was Tova. The Rebbe saw this in *ruach ha’kodesh*.”

“I’m an only child and grew up in Brighton Beach. Studying English education and theatre in Brooklyn College, as well as protesting against the Vietnam War, kept me busy, but I was lost. Eastern religions were popular at the time, but they didn’t give me the answers that I was searching for. I remember the guru in Central Park who became a Lubavitcher, dedicating his life to doing mitvza Tefillin by the Kotel. The truth is in our own backyard.”

### THE TANK IN NEW YORK CITY

“The first year that the Lubavitch Mitzvah Tanks came out I was approached by a bocher with the famous line, ‘Excuse me, are you Jewish?’ and given Shabbos candles. Seeing the list of mitzvos on the tank made me realize that there are many mitzvos that Jews must do, but it seemed so hard. I called the phone number on

the tank, 953-1000, and reached Rabbi Kasriel Kastel. It was winter, and I remember very well that, in a caring voice, the first thing he asked me was if I have a coat. He then gave me directions how to go by subway to the library of the Lubavitch Youth Organization, where we met. It was Rabbi Kastel who introduced me to Miriam Rhodes, who took me under her wings. She explained to me about tznuyus, and I bought a blue corduroy skirt which I wore when I came to 770. Miriam encouraged me to attend the women’s ‘Pegisha’ in Crown Heights, where Rabbi Manis Friedman spoke, and it was an awakening. That particular year, I think that it was 5734, Rabbi Moshe Feller gave out free airline tickets to go to Beis Chana in Minnesota, and the excitement in the air was beyond bounds. ‘On the spot’ I decided to do something meaningful with my life and joined the other beautiful Jewish women going to learn Torah.” Tova pauses, and adds, “The Rebbe had told me, ‘Learn Torah and do mitzvos, and you will have light around you wherever you go.’

“The experience in Beis Chana changed the course of my life. I moved to Crown Heights, into the basement of Brunya Shaffer, who also took me under her wings. I was studying in the Beis Rivka Mechina, which was in East Flatbush at the time, and also in Machon Chana.

CONT. ON P. 55

*The Diaries of*  
REBBETZIN  
CHANA'S  
TRAVELMATE



YOCHAVED ZALMANOW

TRANSLATED FROM YIDDISH BY DOV BARON



CHAPTER XIII

RUSHING BACK TO POKING

THE young students were the orphans of rabbis and rebbes from Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Poland and other countries. Their knowledge in how to run a home was amazing. They cooked, baked, and kept everything perfectly clean. They helped the teacher in every way. The tremendous warmth and respect that they showed each other was indescribable. The loving family atmosphere that they created included us Russians.

They were very vigilant in keeping to their study schedules, davened a lot, and carefully made the blessings together before eating and after eating. They kept Shabbos with great dedication, in the same way they kept all the halachos. They acted as their parents had, with pride in their holy lineage.

One time, late on a stormy winter night, we were preparing for an exam. The whole group sat together in a large heated room, engrossed in study. Suddenly, a girl ran over to me happily, saying, "Go quickly to the teacher's private room. There is a telephone call for you."

I ran quickly, anxious and afraid. What happened at home? How did they know there was a telephone here? I did not even know there was a telephone. In those years, it was a rare luxury. Telephone conversations were usually only held at a post office.

When I came to the teacher, she still held the telephone in her hand. She said, "The phone conversation just ended. This is a message from your mother – the holy Rebbetzin – to give over to her daughter - she called you by name – that she is departing for Paris at six o'clock in the

morning. She requested that you come to say good bye and travel with her until Frankfurt!

For a while, I was in shock. I said to myself, “Six o’clock in the morning! It is now twelve o’clock midnight. I am sure the Rebbetzin knows that it is twelve midnight.” I thought, “If the Rebbetzin called me now, she must know that I could get there on time!”

As if reading my thoughts, the teacher asked, “This must be the great Rebbetzin of Lubavitch that you speak of from the family of the Lubavitcher Rebbe – the one about whom you always say ‘there is only one Rebbe in the world, the only leader of the generation,’ like your father taught you. And your father’s word is very precious to you.”

“Yes,” I repeated, “the Rebbe is the leader of the Jewish world. And this is the righteous Rebbetzin of us all – an example of incredible *mentchlichkeit*, of friendship and devotion, of wisdom and holiness!”

“There is a way!” the teacher said enthusiastically. “At three o’clock in the morning there is a train from here to Munich that makes a stop at the station in Poking! From there you will have to go by foot, but you should be able to make it there on time.”

Not waiting for my answer, the teacher immediately called to the caretaker and told him to run quickly and hitch the big wagon to two horses because we had to get to the train station before three o’clock. Running out, she instructed the girls, “In ten minutes, we will all travel and escort our dear friend Yevah Garelik to the train station. She must travel to Poking right away to be there by six o’clock in the morning!”

We traveled together through the deep forest, crammed into the wagon in the frosty night. There was singing, joy, and laughter. We arrived on time to the train. My teacher was to accompany me on the journey.

When I got off the train, the night was nearly over. As the sun rose, I ran quickly until I saw the long barracks in the distance. I was sure that everyone would still be sleeping when I arrived.

As I came closer, I could not believe my eyes. Next to the Rebbetzin’s block stood a closed Military Police car. All around the block, there was a black sea of people who were there to escort the Rebbetzin. They could not pass up the opportunity to show respect in this way to the holy Rebbetzin! It seemed as if the whole Poking was there. How could I approach the Rebbetzin? I definitely did not have the audacity to push my way through the crowd.

I turned around to go back to my own block. I ran into our room to hide from the tumult. I was thinking, “Kein Ayin Hara, what a crowd, what a gathering! I am very happy! However, how can I go over to my dear Rebbetzin in front of everyone? Who am I to approach the Rebbetzin in front of all those Chassidim? Who needs me there?”

From great exhaustion and emotion, I began to cry. Suddenly, I heard shouts, “She is here! She is in her room!” They asked me, “Why did you hide?” Soon a giant crowd exclaimed from all sides, “The holy Rebbetzin is waiting for you! Come and do not cause distress! Come, its late.” However, I remained determined not to go.

Then my father came.

My father said, “My child, you must travel. The righteous Rebbetzin is waiting for you. She is certain that you already arrived.”

As I approached the Rebbetzin’s car, I noticed an important woman who was pushing her daughter forward onto the step of the Rebbetzin’s vehicle. However, the Rebbetzin motioned to her, “No, no...” and did not let her enter. I began to tremble. All I wanted was to run away and hide in the crowd.

However, upon seeing me, the honored Rebbetzin Chana stood up and hugged me as a mother would her own child. ■

# 16



**RECAP:** *Noa, a shlucha in Yerushalayim, visits her mother's gravesite. A large chareidi family arrives at the cemetery helps to make a minyan for Kaddish. Noa feels that there's a connection between this family and her mother. She turns to the daughter Devora who doesn't want to cooperate. She did reveal that the relationships among the family were strained. Noa tries to unify them.*



A bit too late, it became clear to Noa that this project, a “*latkes ovent*” for the Erlstein family, was somewhat more complicated than she had originally thought... This time, however, Daniel was against the whole plan. This was rather strange, because ever since she came up with the idea of some connection between her mother *a”h* and Mrs. Erlstein, he supported her and was a full partner throughout the whole process.

“I just don’t understand why you took the organizing of this bizarre evening upon yourself,” he said with some irritation. “It’s not that I’m complaining about the role we happily accepted upon ourselves. It’s just that the month of Kislev on shlichus is extremely demanding! We have a children’s rally on the fifth day of Chanukah, you have a *latkes ovent* for women, a Chanukah party for your students in class, organizing a “Week of Chassidus” before Yud-Tes Kislev, and the Yud-Tes Kislev events for men and women.

# A GRAVE SITUATION

A SERIALIZED EMOTIONAL JOURNEY

ALUMA S.

This is all we need right now! Making a *latkes ovent* for a family that simply doesn't want it?"

Noa didn't reply. She made a face as if she was insulted by the disapproval, but the truth was that she really didn't have an answer. Why would she take such a burden upon herself with all the things she's already responsible to do? She had no problem letting go of the idea. Every additional telephone call to one of the sisters-in-law merely gives her more reasons to forget the whole thing. However, it was as if some powerful force was pushing her to continue in any case. She literally wanted to prove to herself (prove what, essentially?) and to others (to whom? To the Erlstein sisters-in-law?...) that it's possible.

The only good thing that came out of all these endless telephone conversations was being introduced to a new and sweet member of the sister-in-law corps, Faigy. She is a young kindergarten teacher, mother of two small children, living in Beit Shemesh. The funniest thing was the shock she expressed when Noa called. "You're trying to understand what the connection is between my mother-in-law and your mother, both of whom have long since passed away, may they rest in peace?" After talking for a few minutes, it turned out that it wasn't the idea that surprised her. She was something of a fiery type who generally looked for action. "I never imagined that some exciting adventures would come my way through the serious and boring side of my husband!"

What is her problem with uniting the family? The hours... She has to take a long bus ride with two small children used to going to sleep at half past six, otherwise they're exhausted. As for her, she goes to sleep early in order that she'll have the strength to deal with thirty-one boys in her kindergarten the following day. "My husband told me that it's even a halacha in Shulchan Aruch, teachers need to get enough sleep at night!

"Then, they say that they'll meet at around eight-eight thirty, yet no one arrives before

nine, and it doesn't start getting interesting until half past ten. As a result, we stopped coming! How many times can we ask and plead?"

To sum it up, she is happily ready to get together, while stating that she has some reservations, and she is also willing and quite pleased to prepare some tasty dish for the occasion. Furthermore, since the event is linked to lighting the Chanukah candles, everyone would gather at around sundown, and the time is quite suitable for her. The location? Definitely not at her house. Do you honestly think that the family from Yerushalayim would trouble themselves to travel as far as Beit Shemesh?

After a series of back-and-forth telephone contacts, she managed to make only one measly check mark. Everyone agreed that the event should take place... There were those who replied more willingly, such as Gita and Yehudis, albeit not with great enthusiasm. However, they also agreed that it was an important project and would be happy to cooperate. There were those who agreed simply because they felt there was no alternative, as they didn't want to be the ones who jeopardized the event's success. Otherwise, people would say *they* were the cause of problems in the family...

Devora was very angry. She almost began to argue with Noa. "Why did you make this whole mess? For what? Why did it seem to you that something good would come out of all this?"

"Do you want me to cancel everything?" Noa sighed. "I'll do it! I had the best of intentions, and I don't want to cause you any anguish. I just wanted..."

"Certainly not!" Devora abruptly cut her off. "All I need is for everyone to say that they're running to repair relations and make peace within the family and only Devora didn't want! I just felt that it would have been better if you didn't even start..."

They were quiet for a moment, and then Devora blurted: "What's with my father? No one asked him if he wants this get-together!"

“Will you speak with him?” Noa asked cautiously.

“You speak with him,” Devora retorted. “But tomorrow. He goes to sleep early.”

Noa didn't think that eight-thirty was too late, even for someone who goes to sleep early. However, she realized that Devora probably wants to speak with him first and she had to respect that. In any case, she would prefer to push the conversation off to another day...

“Again, me and my stubbornness...” she sighed late at night. “Every once in a while, I get some idea in my head and I charge full force with it into high gear, not listening to anyone.

“You know what I think?” Daniel replied. “We didn't understand correctly... It isn't that the Sara Erlstein was paying your mother for some favor by arranging the minyan at the cemetery. Your mother wants to thank Sara Erlstein for the minyan, and therefore, she's sending you to make peace among her children...”



***It's a rainy day.** We all sit in the stairwell of an old building and have a smoke. Most of the apartments are abandoned, and the neighbors who still live here have gotten used to us, I don't know how. Dudu, as usual, is on his transistor radio, looking for something of interest, yet finds nothing. Yosef Eliyahu brought a few beers today. He's now holding the last one, as if the glass bottle could keep him warm. Every few moments, he quietly takes a swig.*

*Avi speaks nonsense at a dizzying pace, not even checking to see if anyone is listening to him. Suddenly, he gets angry and kicks someone. It's too cold, so no one bothered to get fired up...*

*I wrap myself in my coat, thinking about eleven p.m. I literally feel pains in my chest from the internal war waging within me. Come back on time like a baby? Give in and surrender? No! Absolutely not! I want to yell this with all my lung power, but because I keep it to myself, it sears my insides.*

*Stay outside all night? I'd really like to do that; the idea doesn't frighten me at all! But Ima...*

*At half past ten, I say that I'm going out for a stroll – because I haven't decided. Yosef Eliyahu gets up and goes home. I accompany him for a while in the direction of his home. I could just scream with every ounce of strength in my body. Suddenly, someone calls me – “Gingy!” I immediately know that this is Nissim from the grocery store. I know his voice, and besides, he's the only one who calls me a redhead, even though I'm not.*

*I turn towards him.*

*“I was looking for you,” he says, and he motions for me to follow him. I go after him. I don't understand what he wants from me. “I didn't steal anything from you. I give you my word!”*

*“Did someone say that you stole something?” he mutters strangely, as he's holding a set of keys in his mouth as he raises the store's rolling shutter. “I need you to give these out,” he says, pointing to about seven cartons on the floor inside the store.*

*“Give them out? To whom?”*

*“Each carton has a name and address of the person meant to receive it,” he notes. “Take the keys. When you finish, lock the store and put the keys in the post box. Agreed?”*

*I still haven't moved. I feel like a fool trying to take a test I haven't prepared for. I don't understand a thing.*

*Nissim starts to get annoyed. “Don't you work for Rachel? Giving out her envelopes at people's homes? She doesn't even know your name, yet when she described you to me, I knew that it was you. When your'e done, remember to lock the store, okay? So they shouldn't empty it out...”*

*Afterwards, he pulls out a pack of “Noblesse” cigarettes, tosses it to me, and winks.*

*It turns out that I'm working for Rachel tonight. ■*

**To be continued...**

There were so many wonderful teachers, and I'll always remember them and how much they gave to me. Rabbi Nissan Mangel, Rabbi Shloma Majesky, Rebbetzin Yehudis Groner, Chana Gorowitz, Sterna Spritzer and the list goes on and on... I'll also never forget the sudden cries of simcha in the hallway announcing that one of our classmates just became a *kalla*." We both enjoyed the nostalgia, and Tova continued, "My Shabbos *kalla* was by Chana Marozov, who'd been sending me out on *mitzvaim* in Brooklyn, after picking up the packages of Shabbos candles from Esther Sternberg. It's especially important for me to mention that one of the Rebbe's secretaries, Rabbi Sholom Mendel Simpson, and his Rebbetzin Rochel, *zichronom l'vracha*, became my Lubavitch 'family.' Living nearby in Brighton Beach, they hosted me warmly and invited me to come with them to *farbrengens*. Baruch Hashem, I had a new *chayus* from the Rebbe and from Lubavitch!"

## DOUBLE BLESSINGS

In Elul 5741 Tova married Menachem Nachum Bronstein z"l. "We got married in the same year as the Rebbe initiated *Tzivos Hashem*," she said. "After our *chuppa* the Rebbe came out and gave us nickels, while blessing us, 'Besoros tovos, besoros tovos.' Three years later my first son was born, and we were blessed with two more sons. This was good news!

"For forty-six years I've lived above the Lefferts Shul, where I can daven and hear the Torah being read downstairs. My husband was a devoted member and the *shamash* of the shul for many years. Every day after work he'd run to do all of the errands necessary for its upkeep, such as buying milk, coffee and everything else. On Shavuos he'd make a lovely platter of fruits, and on Shabbos Nachamu, after his birthday, he always gave a *kiddush*. He loved to learn Torah and to give *tzedaka*, and *tzedaka* collec-

## // MY NAME, TOVA, IS A POWERFUL REMINDER TO ALWAYS STRIVE TO BE A GOOD AND BETTER PERSON

tors knew him. Giving with all of his heart, he was the best husband, father and grandfather.

"I read a lot, especially the *Igros Kodesh* of the Rebbe, and receive answers," Tova shares. "Recently I was going through a medical issue, and my doctor advised seeing a specialist. But the Rebbe answered me: 'You have this condition a long time. Learn about *bitachon*, and keep a healthy diet.' I am following both suggestions and, *baruch Hashem*, there is no need to undergo an operation.

"My name, Tova, is a powerful reminder to always strive to be a good and better person and to think positively. As the Chassidic saying goes, 'think good and it will be good.' There's no room for remorse, just change the 'radio station' in your mind. One idea is to start singing, because you can't think and sing at the same time!"

Tova's message is inspiring, and she concluded, "I participate in Rabbi Shloma Majesky's weekly 'Moshiach' shiur. The Rebbe says that learning about Moshiach and *Geula* will hasten the Final Redemption. It's almost here, **mamash**, closer than you can imagine!"

Just before we parted Tova made a heartfelt request, "Please dedicate the article to my beloved husband, Menchem Nachum ben Yitzchok Shlomo Bronstein, of blessed memory. Very soon there will be *Techiyas HaMeisim* and we'll all see our loved ones once again."

Amen! ■

# חסידים קאפ

CONNECTING BODY & SOUL TO SERVE HASHEM

**Why did Yaakov travel to Charan and what connection is there to pouring rain and the Italian train?**

## MASHAL

Lorenzo looked at his watch impatiently. It was getting late and the cup of espresso he had bought at the little kiosk was empty. The train still hadn't moved from the Centola station toward its distant destination, the last stop.

He glanced out the window. The train was still in the station. Through the greasy window, Lorenzo could see the shoes of passersby, how quickly they walked, and where

they were headed. Many ran breathlessly for the train and relaxed when they saw the train was still in the station. Lorenzo was greatly annoyed. The train was very late and he would miss the meeting!

Finally, they heard the train's whistle, the signal that the train was about to leave. The train whistle blew again and the rumble of the wheels and the noise of the engine could be heard in the crowded train car.

Lorenzo leaned back on the stained seat and close his eyes in peace. He could sleep

for a few hours until they reached his stop. It was time for a nap.

After a brief nap full of dreams about late trains and crowded compartments, Lorenzo tensed. His watch told him that he had slept for an hour.

“I am supposed to be halfway there,” thought Lorenzo as he looked out the window, expecting to see the scenery of Italy with mountains, green vineyards and lakes.

How astonished he was when, looking out the window, he could see they were still in the station! The train hadn’t budged an inch since he had slept.

“This can’t be,” he fumed as he waved his fist. “With my own ears I heard the engine whistle and the train leave!”

Red in the face, Lorenzo jumped out on the platform and discovered that the engine had, in fact, left. But the train cars were still in place.

“Without connecting to the engine, the train won’t move,” Lorenzo shouted at the station manager. “Don’t you understand that without the engine pulling the rest of the train it’s worth nothing?”

Yes, the confused train workers had prepared everything for the trip: the engine worked just fine and it merrily traveled on its way. They forgot one small detail: to connect the engine to the train compartments. The engine had left by itself, leaving the train cars behind as well as an irate and disappointed passenger by the name of Lorenzo.

## NIMSHAL

The Torah’s stories about Yaakov Avinu are mostly in this week’s parsha, Vayeitzei (as well as Vayishlach). In these parshiyos, we read at length about Yaakov and his interactions with Lavan and Eisav, stories that occurred primarily while Yaakov was out of Eretz Yisrael.

How is it that the Torah tells us at length about what Yaakov did outside of Eretz Yisrael and not about his deeds in Eretz Yisrael?

The reason is that the Torah teaches us how we should act as we live in our world. The stories of the Torah about Yaakov are life lessons.

Yaakov left the yeshiva of Shem and Ever, a place of holiness and Torah, similar to how the neshama descends from above where it had no worries and dealings with the world.

Yaakov traveled to a place of sinners and lived with the trickster Lavan and still managed to keep Torah and mitzvos and to have 12 righteous sons, just as the neshama of each one of us comes down to the world in order to keep the Torah and mitzvos despite all the difficulties.

On the way to Charan, Hashem appears to Yaakov and gives him the spiritual strength to succeed in surmounting the challenges awaiting him in Charan. We too are given an abundance of strength so we can withstand the tasks assigned to us.

In the Torah’s stories we can see the purpose of Torah and mitzvos, to refine and



sanctify the world and to prepare it for the light of Hashem. To combine the material and the spiritual in such a way that the spiritual lifts up the material.

This is similar to our Mashal. The purpose of the engine is to move the train, for the neshama to “drag” the body along, elevate it and refine it so it too is a vessel for the light of the neshama.

This will be completed with the true and complete Geula when we will see how “a stone from the wall will cry out,” because it will feel the light of Hashem that penetrates and gives it life.

The revelation and combining of the spiritual and the material is strengthened by the teachings of Chassidus, the revelation of the

inner part of Torah which is understood by a person’s intellect.

This is why the month of Kislev is the month that Chassidus was revealed and it has many “Chassidishe” dates like Rosh Chodesh Kislev, 9 Kislev, 19 Kislev, etc. Chanuka and the miracle of the jug of oil are also connected to the revelation of the inner part of Torah because Chassidus is the “pure olive oil” of Torah.

The reason is, Kislev is the month in which it rains. Rain is formed by the evaporation of moisture from the earth up to the sky. In the sky, the water vapor becomes water and comes back to earth as rain. This is precisely what Chassidus does. It unites the material and the spiritual, earth and heaven, until the world is full of water, with the teachings of Chassidus.

## CHALLENGE

- 1 Did the forecast say it would rain today?
- 2 Is someone sitting opposite Lorenzo?
- 3 Is Lorenzo a righty or a lefty? (There are two ways to figure out the answer.)
- 4 What month is it now?
- 5 Where is Lorenzo going?

## ANSWERS

- 1) No. You can see people with summer shoes and not boots, meaning they did not prepare for rain.
- 2) Yes. You can see him sitting with his back to the direction that the train goes, which is less comfortable. That means the seat opposite him is taken.
- 3) Lefty. You can see his watch on his right hand, and the drink is near his left hand.
- 4) Kislev. The Nimschal mentions that Kislev is a month of rain.
- 5) To Venice. It says in the Mashal that he is in the Centola station and plans to take the train to the last stop. You can see on the sign that the train goes from Centola to Venice.



## A RABBI AND A PRIEST SAT DOWN ON A PLANE...

“Everyone must exit the plane!” the pilot’s voice crackled through the loudspeaker.

Rabbi Yossi Denberg looked around in confusion. “What’s going on?”

“Mechanical issues,” a nearby steward explained. “We’ll have a bit of a delay.”

Rabbi Denberg sighed and gathered his things. There were no direct flights from Florida to Ohio, so he had chosen a flight with a short stopover in Nashville, planning to remain on the plane while passengers got off and on.

He joined the crowd heading toward the terminal and settled in a chair. It must be hashgacha pratis that I’m here, he thought, removing a thick folder from his bag. I’ll read a story of the Rebbeim to elevate my surroundings. He rifled through the stories he had prepared for his flight and picked one to read:

In a conversation with Reb Zalman Posner, the Frierdiker Rebbe pointed

upward. “In Shomayim, it is warm and full of the light of Torah.” He pointed downward. “Down here, it is cold and dark.”

Reb Zalman understood. “Rebbe,” he asked. “Which place should I make warm and bright?”

“Nashville,” the Frierdiker Rebbe replied.

“Nashville?!” Rabbi Denberg stood up abruptly. “That’s exactly where I am! I must have a shlichus here!”

He paced the floor excitedly. What could he do to make Nashville warm and bright? He had only a short time until his flight!

Suddenly, an idea popped into his head. It was time to daven maariv! He donned his gartel, checked which direction was mizrach, and ran to the center of the quiet terminal. In his loudest voice possible, Rabbi Denberg shouted, “Who knows the way to Jerusalem?”

Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at him. "That way!" someone shouted. "No, that way!" another chimed in. I'll bet that those who are avoiding my gaze are Jewish, Rabbi Denberg thought.

"Who knows why I need to know the way to Jerusalem?" Rabbi Denberg called out. He gestured to everyone to come closer and told them about davening to Hashem. "Who wants to pray?" he asked the crowd. A few people raised their hands. "Fantastic! We'll say six words in Hebrew and six in English."

Rabbi Denberg said Shema with them and continued to daven maariv on his own. Fully aware of his shlichus to make Nashville warm and bright, he davened with a lot of kavanah.

After davening, Rabbi Denberg once again stood in the center of the terminal. Nothing else was happening, so he had everyone's full attention. "Who wants to know why Jerusalem is called Jerusalem?" He asked, launching into a shiur in Chassidus.

As he spoke, Rabbi Denberg scanned the crowd. Jews and non-Jews alike listened in fascination, but one very Jewish-looking man stood off to the side. When their eyes met, the man looked away.

When he finished his spontaneous shiur, Rabbi Denberg approached him. "What's the matter, Reb Yid?"

"Oh, it's nothing," the man replied, clearly uncomfortable. "It's just that... you remind me of my rabbi in Ohio."

He must be talking about the shliach who's picking me up at the airport, Rabbi Denberg realized. "You're in luck!" He grinned. "Your rabbi will be there to greet us when we land!"

The man slowly shook his head. "Not a chance, Rabbi. I haven't seen him in years."

Sure enough, when they landed in Ohio a few hours later, the shliach was waiting to pick up Rabbi Denberg. When he spotted this man, he immediately ran over to greet him.

The man was shocked. Rabbi Denberg's words had come true! After a meaningful conversation with the shliach, he resolved to do more mitzvos and stay in touch. "You know, Rabbi," he said thoughtfully. "I'm not sure why I ever stopped going to shul. I'll come this week!"

With a bounce in his step, Rabbi Denberg left the airport. Indeed, with the passion of a true Chassid, he had made Nashville warm and bright. The Frierdiker Rebbe's shlichus was fulfilled for the second time.

## PART 2

When Rabbi Denberg's time in Ohio was over, he once again found himself in the airport. It was barely morning, and his eyelids kept closing. All he wanted was some rest.

Rabbi Denberg paced the terminal, fighting his urge to settle in the chairs around him. Stay awake, he commanded

himself. Stay awake, or you'll miss your flight!

After what seemed like forever, Rabbi Denberg boarded his flight. He made himself comfortable in his seat and was about to drift off...

“A Rabbi, huh?”

Rabbi Denberg's eyes flew open. He nodded briefly to the passenger near him and closed them again.

The man did not get the hint.

“So Rabbi, do you believe in idols?”

Seriously? I had to sit near a priest? I'm too tired for this! “No.” Rabbi Denberg said shortly. He laid his head back down, making it obvious that he wanted to sleep.

It was no use. The priest peppered him with questions, leaving Rabbi Denberg no choice but to stifle his yawns and respond. After a while, when Rabbi Denberg had reached his limit, a thought popped into his head. Hashem must have made him sit next to me for a reason.

His eyes opened wide. “Hey, I'll bet you're Jewish!”

“Nah,” said the priest. “But my grandmother was!”

“Let me guess. Your mother's mother, right?”

“How did you—”

Rabbi Denberg smiled widely and burst into song. “Heveinu shalom aleichem!” he sang loudly, becoming the center of

attention once again. “You're as Jewish as I am! Let's put on tefillin!”

Although he was stunned, the priest held his ground. “Na, Rabbi, those things are not for me.”

Unsuccessfully, Rabbi Denberg tried convincing the priest to put on tefillin. “Put on the teflon!” other passengers called out, but to no avail. He simply wouldn't hear of it.

After a while, Rabbi Denberg held up his hands in defeat. “Would you say just six words with me?” He asked the priest wearily. The priest agreed, and Rabbi Denberg recited Shema with him.

Moments later, the plane began its descent. The priest packed his bags, ready to escape as fast as he could. When the priest hastily made his exit, Rabbi Denberg couldn't help but feel like a failure. After all his efforts, the Jewish priest hadn't put on tefillin! What a waste of time!



“Excuse me,” a voice jolted him from his thoughts. A middle-aged man stood before him. “I heard everything you said before, and I would like to put on tefillin.”

Rabbi Denberg could have danced for joy. “I haven’t put on tefillin since my bar mitzva,” the man continued. “Your words really inspired me.” He rolled up his sleeve and allowed Rabbi Denberg to wrap the tefillin around his arm. He repeated the words of Shema after Rabbi Denberg and started to cry. “Thank you,” he said simply.

My message wasn’t for the priest, Rabbi Denberg realized. Hashem wanted the Jewish man behind me to hear it!

Rabbi Denberg returned to his home in Florida, the sight of the man’s tears etched permanently in his mind.

To this day, whenever he attends a Bar Mitzvah, Rabbi Denberg shares this story. “May it be Hashem’s will that you put on tefillin like the man on the plane,” he benches the bar mitzvah boy. “May you do mitzvos with a passion that will shake the heavens and bring Moshiach now!”



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