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**When The "HaMaor"
Defended The Belief That The
Rebbe is Moshiach**

The Rebbe & Hagaon Harav Meir Amsel

**Wildfires, Missiles
and Miracles**

Report From The Safest
Place In The World

**Mivtzaim If
You're Shy**

The Chassidische
Vibe

**The Professor Said 3%
Chance, The Rebbe
Said "B'karov!"**

Short Story

**Who's
Enjoying
This?**

Ksav Yad Kodesh

**Lullabies
For
Moshiach**

Short Stories

**The Boy Who The Rebbe
Made Walk**

The Story of R' Bentzion Yaacov
Orimland Illustrated For Children

יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד



Published by

**CHABAD WORLD
CENTER TO GREET
MOSHIACH**

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Brooklyn NY 11213

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Beis Moshiach (USPS 012-542) ISSN 1082-0272 is published weekly, except Jewish holidays (only once in April and October) for 216.00\$ in Crown Heights, USA 252.00\$. All other places for 288.00\$ per year (45 issues), by Beis Moshiach, 744 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, NY 11213-3409. Periodicals postage paid at Brooklyn, NY and additional offices. Postmaster: send address changes to Beis Moshiach 744 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, NY 11213-3409. Copyright 2023 by Beis Moshiach, Inc.

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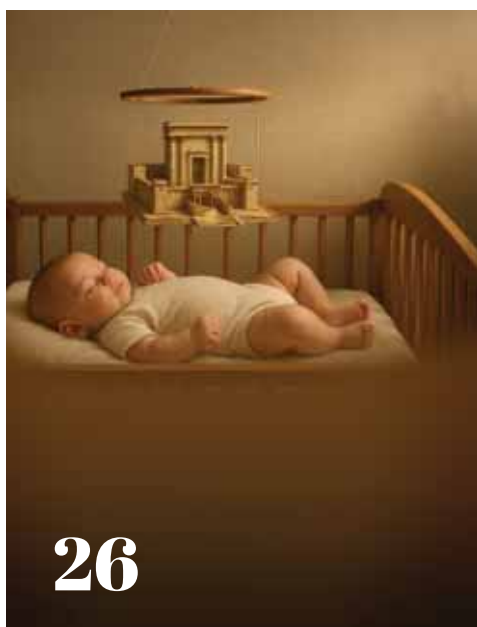
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Moshe in Every Generation

For Gimmel Tammuz, the day of “Ischalta d’Geula”, we present a selection of letters and sichos on the topic of there being a “Moshe” in every generation who is also the Moshiach of the generation:

Moshe in Every Generation: Basic Judaism

... Further on you write that you have heard that the Lubavitcher shita declares that it is possible to have in our generation great men of the order of men of former generations and you take issue with this view.

Here you seem to have fallen victim to the erudition of a real am-hooretz, for this idea is not a Lubavitcher innovation. It will be found in the Torah shebe’al-peh, in the Midrashim of our Sages unless one wishes to deny its validity, in which case there is the clear ruling of the Rambam that one who denies the Torah she’be’al-peh is a kofer b’ikor.

Moreover, the text in the Torah she’be’al-peh is not that “it is possible” nor is it confined to the Tannaim, but even higher, for it states: “There is not a generation in which there are no men like Avrohom, like Yaakov, like Moshe,” and the same is cited in other places (Midrash Rabba Vayero, 56:7 and there you will find other sources).

(From a letter to a Yeshiva student, 1 Iyar 5725)

Why Must There Be a Moshiach in Every Generation?

...In response to your letter from 24 Nissan ... and to your questions [included therein]:

... b) You have heard from the rabbi of your shul that in several generations, including ours, there lives a man

“

This idea is necessitated also from the text of the “Ani Maamin,” also known as “The 13 Principles of Faith”, and especially the 12th Principle which calls for “I await his coming every day”.

”

who based on his character is befitting to be Moshiach Tzidkeinu etc. However, in your opinion — and that of many more in your area — Moshiach can't be at all a human being born to a mother.

This opinion of yours comes to me at great wonder, as it negates that which is explained in many sources, [starting with] the Written Torah, [including] the Oral Torah and finally in an unambiguous halachic ruling by the Moreh Hagadol, the great teacher the Rambam, worded in his meticulous style. His words are these: “A king will arise from the House of Dovid who diligently contemplates the Torah and observes its mitzvos [...] as Dovid his ancestor ... he will compel all of Israel to walk in it [the way of the Torah] (Laws of Kings, Chapter 11 Halacha 4).

...As to the first portion of your question, [namely] “that in several generations, including ours, there lives a man who, based on his character etc.”:

This idea is necessitated also from the text of the “Ani Maamin,” also known as “The 13 Principles of Faith”, and especially the 12th Principle which calls for “I await his coming every day” which is only possible if he is already born and has matured several years prior.

(Free translation of a letter dated 28 Nissan 5725)

“Moshiach” refers to the Nasi and Moshe of the Generation

In the sicha of Simchas Torah 5746 (1985) the Rebbe spoke of the identity of this person in the generation in unambiguous terms:

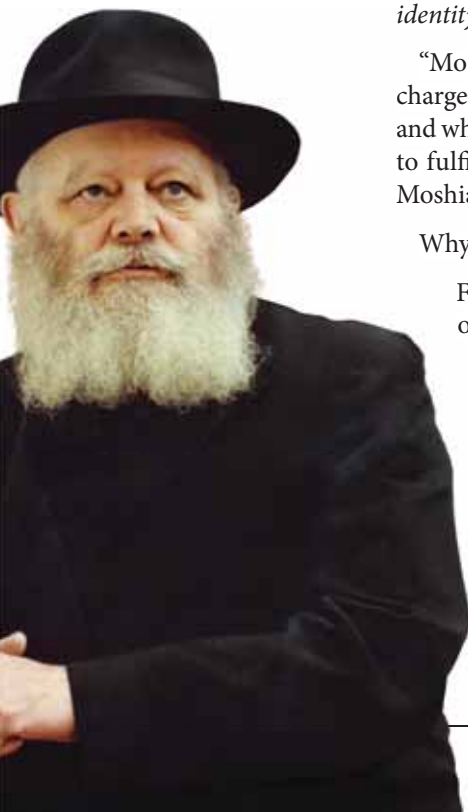
“Moshiach” refers to the Nasi of the generation. When the Nasi charges his shluchim with their mission they become his messengers and when they commit their ten soul-powers and dedicate themselves to fulfilling their mission, they affect the revelation of the sender, Moshiach (358).

Why is the Nasi equivalent to Moshiach?

First of all the simple meaning of the term Moshiach is “anointed one,” which personifies the Nasi, who was chosen and anointed to be the Nasi and Shepherd of Israel.

But I will have no complaints if you were to translate Moshiach simply — Moshiach Tzidkeinu. That is the truth — the Nasi of the generation is the Moshiach of the generation.

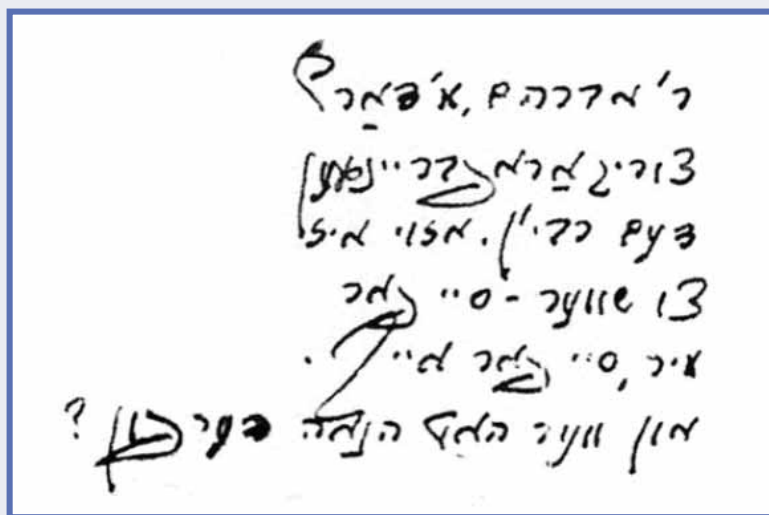
The role of every generational Nasi and Shepherd of the Jewish People is to be the “Moshe Rabbeinu” of that generation. As the Zohar teaches: ‘An emanation from Moshe is present in every generation. So much so, that every genuine Torah scholar is also called a Moshe.’■





Who Enjoys This?

A postscript to a letter written by the Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach to the famous Chassid and Mekushar, Reb Avrohom Pariz on 9 Shevat 5711:



ר' אברהם מ'דארף צוריק אראפבריינגען דעם רבי'ן. אזוי איז צו שווער - סיי פאר מיר, סיי פאר אייך. און ווער האט הנאה דערפון? בברכת שיבשר טובות ובקרוב.

Reb Avrohom! We must bring the Rebbe back down. The way it's now is too difficult — both for me and for you. And who enjoys this?

With blessings that you report good news, and soon. ■

*Behind every wise DAYAN
is a masterful POSEK*

*Rabbi Tuvia Kasimov
Beis Horaah Crown Heights*



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Doesn't The Rambam Say Not To Learn About Moshiach?

In honor of Gimmel Tammuz, we present a selection of halachic Q&As on the topic of Moshiach, by HaRav Yosef Yeshaya Braun, Mara D'Asra and member of the Crown Heights Beis Din

Moshiach Tambourines on Shabbos?

Q. If Moshiach comes on Shabbos, will the laws of muktza still apply? Should we take our tambourines?

A. There are seemingly conflicting indications in the sichos about this matter.

Some sichos imply that when Moshiach comes it will be okay to play instruments on Shabbos and Yom Tov.

Here is what we wrote in the Badatz Luach for the first day of Sukkos:

Law of Redemption: The *simchas beis ha'sho'eivah* in the Beis HaMikdash would not take place on the first night of Sukkos because the musical instruments required for its celebration may not be played during Yom Tov by Rabbinic decree.

However, the Rebbe explains (Sichas Erev Chag HaSukkos 5752) that these restrictions will no longer be relevant in the era of the true and complete Redemption. Therefore, the

simchas beis ha'sho'eivah will indeed begin on the first night of Sukkos. #7216*

If Moshiach Comes In Middle of the Amidah

Q. What do I do if Moshiach comes in the middle of Shemone Esrei?

A. When Moshiach comes, we will no longer ask for our needs in Shemone Esrei; instead, we will only give thanks to Hashem.

Whether this will take effect immediately or not is not clear, as we do not know a lot of the details of Yemos HaMoshiach until they happen. Otherwise, you may not stop in the middle of Shemone Esrei. 23192*

Q. Will we still say את צמח דוד עבדך מהרה in Shemone Esrei when Moshiach comes?

A. The tefillos for Moshiach will be stated in a manner of *hodaah* (thanksgiving) about the past, not a request and supplication for the future. 4822*

Is Learning About Moshiach Halachically Acceptable?

Q. I recently started teaching about Moshiach and Geula, and someone pointed out the Rambam's ruling (Hilchos Melachim 12:2) – “A person should not occupy himself with the Aggados and homiletics concerning these and similar matters, nor should he consider them as essentials, for study of them will neither bring fear or love of G-d.”

How do I reconcile this with what the Rebbe says is necessary to learn and teach about Moshiach and Geula?

A. Please note that AskTheRav is primarily focused on providing answers to practical relevant halachic questions. Due to limited time and funding, we are generally unable to answer questions which are for research and learning purposes.

On the other hand, because a lack of an answer in this case might lead to a חלישות in your learning, here are a few brief points, based on several of the Rebbe's talks on this matter:

The Rebbe, and other Gedolei Yisrael who encouraged learning these subjects, were, of course, familiar with what the Rambam wrote and nevertheless encouraged the learning of these ideas. So, obviously, they are not a contradiction—we only need to understand why.

Specifically, the answer lies in the words you quoted, “Aggados and homiletics”. The Rambam is only negating delving into specific aspects of Moshiach, such as the war of Gog and Magog, matters which are not critical to

Moshiach's coming, but not the very study itself.

The Rambam is explaining that the various “metaphors and riddles” we find in this literature should not deter us from believing in the general concept of Moshiach, and anticipating his arrival, even if it appears that some of the prophecies were not yet fulfilled.

Also, the Rambam doesn't write not to learn this. He writes that “the arrangement and order of the existence of these matters and their specifications are not a fundamental part of faith”. Note, that we are addressing the “order”, what is first and what comes later, and the “specifics”. He further writes that “one should not occupy oneself with homiletic matters and he shouldn't spend long time on the various Medrashim dealing with these matters”.

He is specifically referring to spending a lot of time on matters not addressed in his *sefer*. Focusing on *Medrashim* which contain various opinions on these matters, and not the actual final halacha, would be an issue.

Part of the reason is also because the fulfillment of some of these prophecies depends on so many factors, including the merit of *Klal Yisrael* at the time of Redemption, as Chazal point out that certain prophecies are dependent on a state of “*zachu*”, being extra meritorious.

Think about it this way: the Rambam is not saying, after more than a complete chapter of Moshiach halachos, that people shouldn't be learning these things; rather that some aspects—aspects that the Rambam himself doesn't address—are not the focus. But of course, the Rambam holds that the preceding (and succeeding) *halachos* can and must be learned. #35484* ■

HAMAOR:

THE JOURNAL THAT BROUGHT THE REBBE TO THE AMERICAN RABBINATE

SINCE ITS FIRST EDITION APPEARED IN ADAR OF 5710 (1950), **RABBI MEIR AMSEL'S HAMAOR JOURNAL** SERVED AS A BRIDGE BETWEEN THE REBBE MELECH HAMOSHIACH AND AMERICA'S TORAH ELITE. WHAT BEGAN AS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION "DEDICATED TO TORAH AND ALL MATTERS OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE" EVOLVED INTO SOMETHING FAR MORE SIGNIFICANT—THE PRIMARY VEHICLE THROUGH WHICH THE REBBE'S TEACHINGS REACHED RABBIS, ROSHEI YESHIVA, AND TORAH SCHOLARS ACROSS THE UNITED STATES.

THIS IS THE REMARKABLE STORY OF HOW ONE DEVOTED PUBLISHER SELFLESSLY TURNED HIS JOURNAL INTO CHABAD'S MOST INFLUENTIAL PLATFORM IN THE AMERICAN RABBINICAL WORLD. FROM PERSONALLY EDITED SICHOS THAT THE REBBE PREPARED SPECIFICALLY FOR HAMAOR'S SCHOLARLY READERSHIP, TO FEARLESS ADVOCACY DURING CONTROVERSIAL MOMENTS, RABBI AMSEL'S UNWAVERING DEDICATION CREATED A UNIQUE CONDUIT THAT FOREVER CHANGED HOW ORTHODOX AMERICA VIEWED THE REBBE AND HIS REVOLUTIONARY APPROACH TO JEWISH OUTREACH.

BY MENACHEM KAHANE

PHOTOS: RABBI AMSEL GETTING LEKACH FROM THE REBBE. A HAMAOR ISSUE THAT RAN A LETTER OF THE REBBE ON THE FRONT PAGE



משיבי מלחמה שפרה זה הנשא נתון במלחמה של תורה (מטורין קרא):

המאור

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(משי 10)

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למנו המדעות כמנו
וכשוקי.

המאיר שכתב
למנו (מכת רבתי)

קובץ מוקדש לתורה ולכל עניני עם ישראל
הוא לאור בהשתתפות הרבנים והסופרים הידי
בעריכת הרב מאיר אמסעל

כ"ה בחולין נספאירי ה'תשס"א תצ"ו
שנה לנ קטמס ד (רמא)

הכלות וחידושים
הוא דמי אלו כל השנה
הכלות בכל יום
מכנת לו שרא בן השלם הוא וזי מזה זמ

חקירות
ופלפולים

מכתב דחוק אל כלליות ישראל
מכבוד קדושת ארמ"ז מדינ"מ שלי"מ"א מליובאוויטש
בדבר המצב הרוחני והגשמי בכל העולם והדלדל ומתדרדר
ר"ל, הצעה למעשה בפועל ובקשה נפשית לאחד את
בבני לאיתוד אמיני בתורת אמת

כ"ה יום א' פ' בחוקות;
י"ג אייר, שנת הקהל,
ה'תשס"א בחולין, ג. י.

אל כל בני ובנות ישראל
בכל מקום שהם
ה' עליהם יהיו

שלום וברכה!

מצב הרוחני והגשמי — בעולם כולו, בנעץ ליהודים ובנעץ ליהדות
הלא יציב ככלל וההולך ומתדרדר ר"ל, השם ירחם ברחמי הרבים,
בדאי אין הרש ביאור באריכות ואפילו — לא בקיצור, כי נלוי הוא קתה
לכל, אפילו לאלו שעד קתה דרי מסיבות שעות ומסוגלות עצמי עיניהם ואמנם
אנוניום מסמך ומראות את הגעשה מבינם — כולל במסכתם מסמ
ואפילו לאלו, שעיר לשון הרמב"ם (מורה הנבוכים נדחה וכלל ההודות) כמפור
יד החוקה היו גרדמים בתרומתם ושכחו האמת בהכלי הזמן.
אין צורך ולא זה המקום לכתוב אודות זה שהרי, אדומא, תוכת כל אחד ואחת
וכותם לשמח את לב באריא והולך ותוסף בזה —
בכ"ו בדאי גם זה, מצב זה למוכה במוב הנראה והנגלה — ע"י שנתקורר



The distinguished rabbi was walking on a street near 770 when he suddenly stumbled on something and nearly fell. Suddenly, he felt a strong hand supporting him from behind, and a familiar voice reassuring him: “Dear Rabbi Amsel, don’t fall.” When he turned his head, he discovered to his amazement that the man was none other than the Lubavitcher Rebbe himself, who had saved him from an unexpected fall.

“Dear Rabbi Amsel” is none other than the great Rabbi Meir Amsel z”l, one of the well-known Torah figures in the United States, largely thanks to the Torah journal he published for decades: *HaMaor* (The Light Source).

Here is a brief glimpse into the biography of our subject.

R’ Amsel was born in Neudorf, Slovakia, and was a descendant of the Maharal of Prague and the Bach. He married Mrs. Braindel, daughter of Moshe Begler from Kerestir (Hungary), where he also lived after his wedding, and later he was among the activists of Agudath Israel.

After his wife’s death during World War II, he married her sister.

In 1948, he emigrated to the United States and settled in the Crown Heights neighborhood. About two years later, he established the Torah journal *HaMaor*, in which many of the great Torah scholars of New York were published.

In 1968, he moved to Boro Park, where he established the *HaMaor* shul. He was blessed with long life and passed away at the age of one hundred - on the 23rd of Teves, 5767 (2007).

A Pioneering New York Torah Journal

As mentioned, about two years after coming to the United States, R’ Amsel established the Torah journal *HaMaor* - a unique periodical that became a central platform for disseminating Torah, halacha, and Jewish

thought among Orthodox Jewry in the United States. The journal served as a platform for Torah debates, pieces on theological insight and outlook by Gedolei Yisrael. The periodical also helped promote Torah heritage and knowledge among many communities, and was an important source for community coverage and the history of American Jewry for nearly seventy years.

HaMaor was first printed as a monthly “dedicated to Torah and all matters of the Jewish people and their everyday issues,” as its chief editor described it.

Already in its first issue, its editor aspired to serve as a “shared platform for all the greats of our generation, its sages and writers,” for publishing Torah and halachic articles, as well as articles of thought relating to American Jewry and world Jewry in general. The periodical included news from the Torah world that were published regularly.

In its first issue, in the month of Adar 5710 (1950), there appeared a notice about the passing of the Rebbe Rayatz (see photograph) under the headline “Woe to the ship that has lost its captain.” The editor notes that “on Shabbos Parshas Bo, the mighty ones overcame the distressed and the Aron HaKodesh was taken up - His Holiness the Admor, leader of all of the diaspora, Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok Schneersohn of blessed memory.”

He went on to write: “Any attempt to describe even a small part of the greatness and splendor of the Lubavitcher Rebbe of blessed memory will remain only an unsuccessful attempt to understand his great spirit as the greatest leader of our generation. And who has the power to describe even the smallest edge of his mighty deeds even during the terrible distress in Soviet Russia, and especially the great and fruitful works he performed and did in the USA in all branches of Judaism, and especially in the field of education and strengthening religion and spreading Torah study and acquiring myriads of admirers for Torah and fear of Heaven.

“The passing of this giant of the spirit struck hard at our orphaned and wretched generation that has been so emptied of great ones and true leaders, and who will strengthen our hands and who will illuminate our path?!”

This notice was the first link in a deep and many-year connection between the founder of the journal and Chabad Chassidus and its leader, our Rebbe.

In the following lines, we will bring tidbits and fascinating anecdotes from the relationship and the special place given to the Rebbe's positions on public matters, as well as matters of Chabad teachings and the Chassidim.

Great Respect For Hamaor

Over time, a close and warm relationship developed between the Rebbe and the editor of *HaMaor*, R' Meir Amsel. We do not know exactly when the relationship between them began, but the earliest letter from the Rebbe in our possession addressed to R' Amsel is from 12 Tishrei 5716 (Igros Kodesh Vol. 12, p. 17), in which the Rebbe writes in response to R' Amsel's question about one of the Rebbe's letters full of quotes from Chazal and pesukim in Tanach and Zohar, “printed in a newspaper where there is concern that newspapers are not preserved.”

The Rebbe responds to him that the basis for this practice is the custom of the Gedolei Yisrael in Russia and Poland, and also the practice of the Rebbe Rayatz in the United States - to print words of Torah and spiritual inspiration in newspapers, although they are careful with halachic rules (such as not writing Hashem's name in its full form, etc.).

“And the purpose is,” the Rebbe continues in his letter, “only that they should reach even one

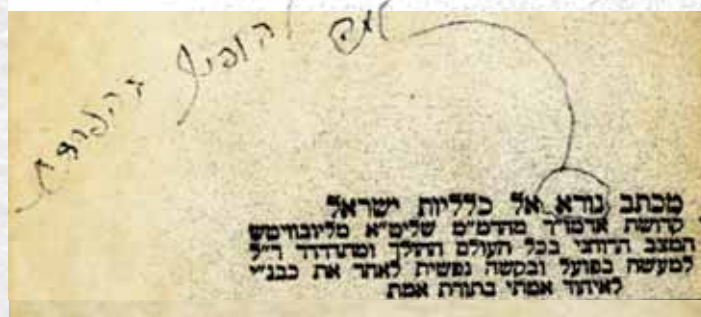


Rabbi Meir Amsel

or two of the Jewish people and set them upon the truth and in a corner of light.”

Since R' Amsel lived in Crown Heights, he began over time to participate in farbrengens and tefillos with the Rebbe, occasionally even entering for yechidus, and also corresponded with him on many halachic matters.

“On Shabbos when we bless the new month of Tammuz, after Shacharis, I entered the Beis Medrash of the Lubavitcher Rebbe to listen to sichos and maamarei kodesh,” he once described. “My place was up above, behind the Rebbe. The reason was - due to the heat of the day in the large courtyard, and about four hundred Chassidim gathered there.”



The Rebbe's edits of his letter in HaMaor.

The Rebbe, for his part, greatly appreciated R' Amsel and accorded him great honor. One of his close associates testifies that the Rebbe called R' Meir "the greatest Rosh Yeshiva of our time."

One time, during a farbrengen held on Shabbos Chanuka, the Rebbe instructed to fill R' Amsel's cup again and again in order to say l'Chaim. R' Amsel, for his part, interpreted this in light of the Torah reading during Chanuka in the portion of the inauguration offerings "filled with incense" (*meleim ketores*).

The Rebbe's Words On The Cover Page Of The Journal

Many times the Rebbe referred to articles published in the *HaMaor* journal. For example, in Sivan 5719 (1959), R' Amsel received a letter from the Rebbe (Igros Kodesh Vol. 18, pp. 463-464) regarding the reading of "zecher" or "zeicher" when reading the section about destroying Amalek.

The background to this letter is revealed in issue #94 of *HaMaor* printed in Tammuz 5719, where it was published on its first page "Notes from the Lubavitcher Rebbe regarding the reading of *zecher-zeicher*," where the editor prefaces:

"In my visit to the sanctum of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, he mentioned to me regarding what was printed in *HaMaor* about the reading of 'you shall blot out the memory of Amalek,' from what is brought in the *sifrei Chabad Chassidus* on this matter. And my thanks to his secretary, Rabbi Eliyahu Quint, who was

kind enough to copy and provide me with the divinely inspired words of the Rebbe on this matter."

For the 100th issue of *HaMaor*, the editor published an announcement stating that "by sacred counsel of Kevod Kedushas the Lubavitcher Rebbe, *HaMaor* #100 will be dedicated to the 200th anniversary of the holy of holies, our master the Baal Shem Tov of blessed memory..." And indeed this instruction was fulfilled completely, with the publication of a beautiful and elaborate issue in honor of the Baal Shem Tov.

Sichos Especially Prepared For Hamaor

The Rebbe's high regard for *HaMaor* was expressed by the fact that many *sichos* were *personally edited* by the Rebbe specifically for publication in *HaMaor*! In fact, thanks to this publication, we now have access to many such *edited sichos* by the Rebbe in a scholarly

style (many of which were later compiled and printed in *Likkutei Sichos*, chelek 40). This fact underscores the importance of *HaMaor* to the Rebbe and the role it played in spreading the Rebbe's teachings far and wide.

For example, during the *farbrengen* of Yud Shevat 5720, which marked a decade since the passing of the Rebbe Rayatz), the Rebbe spoke at length about the self-sacrifice of the Previous Rebbe during the Tsarist regime. This sicha was edited and printed in the *HaMaor* issue of Shevat that year. A behind-the-scenes look into the publication of that talk was given by the Rebbe's secretary, Rabbi Leibel Groner, who recounted in his diary (published in the book *HaMazkir*):

"I told the Rebbe that Amsel came today asking for the sicha, as he had already given the material to the printer (meaning they were waiting for the Rebbe's edits), and the Rebbe said the sicha should appear at the beginning (i.e., as the lead article). The Rebbe then asked me: 'How many pages can they print?'"

"I said: If it's like the Yud-Tes Kislev issue (same number of pages), he will ask for \$18 for the publication. The Rebbe said: That's what he'll ask, but I want to know how many pages he'll need - it will probably be a full issue."

The secretary's wife added that R' Amsel initially refused to place the sicha at the beginning of the journal for technical reasons, but the secretary, knowing this was the Rebbe's wish, insisted and warned that if R' Amsel refused, he wouldn't be allowed to print the sicha at all. R' Amsel relented and even added a heartfelt description of the *farbrengen*, its content, and its progression.

Further insight into the behind-the-scenes process of publishing the Rebbe's talks in *HaMaor* comes from Rabbi Shalom Yaakov Chazan:

"I had the merit of serving as the liaison for several years, delivering the Rebbe's edited materials to the *HaMaor* editorial staff.

"In *Likkutei Sichos*, Volume 16, Parshas Bo (first sicha), there's an in-depth explanation

regarding the solar and lunar years. The sicha was originally delivered in Yiddish, but the Rebbe specifically edited it in Lashon HaKodesh for publication in *HaMaor*.

"But the editing process took time, and the *HaMaor* editors began to pressure us for the final version. Time was running out... I told them, 'The Rebbe doesn't work for us.' The secretariat informed us that the Rebbe was still working on it, and there was nothing to do but wait. Eventually, the Rebbe returned the sicha with his edits, and alongside it added an entire handwritten note, which enriched the discussion significantly. The segment spanned five small handwritten notes."

Furthermore, as part of the Rebbe's appreciation for the journal, he often referenced *HaMaor* as a source for study. For example, in a letter dated 9 Tammuz 5713 (1953), the Rebbe wrote:

"In response to what you wrote about the mechitza in the shul, this matter was already addressed in the *HaMaor* journal published in Brooklyn, Teves 5711..."

Similarly, to the renowned Rabbi Ephraim Eliezer Yolles of Philadelphia, who had participated in the Yud-Tes Kislev 5720 (1960) *farbrengen* and subsequently asked a follow-up question, the Rebbe replied (Igros Kodesh, Vol. 19, p. 113):

"Regarding what you wrote... I learned that this sicha is being printed in *HaMaor*, and I asked that the relevant references be noted there..."

Hamaor And The Shlichus Revolution

HaMaor did not merely legitimize the Rebbe's holy initiatives - it honored the Rebbe's shlichus work and his shluchim.

In the early years of the Rebbe's leadership, *HaMaor* reported on a Chabad wedding. The editor added passionately: "It is noteworthy that the Lubavitcher Rebbe, shlit'a, does not officiate at weddings unless the

chassan signs a pledge to relocate wherever the Rebbe instructs him to after marriage. These chassanim are often surprised by the ‘wedding gift’ they receive from the Rebbe - one is sent to settle in Sydney, Australia, another to Casablanca, Africa, or even to the Arctic Ocean - to establish or direct a new branch of the holy yeshiva Tomchei Tmimim, or other similar missions.”

The editorial staff also occasionally published “bruchim ha’baim” for the Rebbe’s shluchim, praising their activities.

Naturally, these articles, published for the American charedi community of all groups, sparked widespread awareness and discussion about Lubavitch activities worldwide.

The Impact Of Publicity

The influence of the Rebbe’s letters and sichos published in *HaMaor* is evident from a letter by the Av Beis Din of Leeds, England, published in issue 238 (Sivan–Tammuz 5737 / 1977), under the title: **“On the Mesirus Nefesh of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shlit’a”:**

With G-d’s help, Tuesday, Parshas Shelach 5737.

Peace and blessings to the distinguished and famous Torah scholar and warrior for G-d, the renowned Rabbi Meir Amsel, editor of HaMaor.

...In the HaMaor journals I see the holy letters of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, shlit’a. I want to express my deep admiration for the Rebbe, even though I have not yet had the privilege to meet him in person. His mesirus nefesh for Torah and Yiddishkeit across the four corners of the earth is unparalleled. His mighty deeds in strengthening Torah and Chassidus are well known. Each of us is obligated to honor and revere him for this. May G-d strengthen him to continue his holy and fruitful work until the coming of the goel tzedek, soon...

— Rabbi Yosef Yehoshua Apfel
Rosh Av Beis Din, Leeds, England.

Another time, he responded regarding the Rebbe’s stance on shleimus ha’aretz:

“I must confess that before reading the article in HaMaor titled ‘Daas Torah,’ I was like a chick whose eyes had not opened. I had no true understanding of what was happening in Israel. The Rebbe presents a completely different, truthful picture - plain and without embellishment. His words are pearls, divine truth... He speaks like a prophet, with wisdom and deep insight.”

The Entebbe Affair

Following “Operation Yonatan” (Entebbe) in the summer of 5736 (1976), in which Israeli commandos rescued hostages from Uganda, the Rebbe stated clearly that “It was the hand of G-d that did this.”

Certain circles, particularly the Satmar sect, were outraged at what they saw as the Rebbe’s implied endorsement of the “Zionist army.” They repeatedly criticized him. The Rebbe addressed these criticisms at length, from the standpoint of his deep love for all Jews.

R’ Amsel, although his journal catered to the broader religious public in New York, clearly supported the Rebbe’s view and published two articles on the subject. One was titled: **“Did the Defense Soldiers Who Rescued the Hostages in Uganda Act Properly in Risking Their Lives?”**

At the end, he added:

“We must thank the great gaon, the Rebbe of Lubavitch, shlit’a, for taking the right approach to strengthen faith. Among other things, he also emphasized the mitzva of mezuzah, which provides protection and security, as noted in the Zohar and other sacred texts. Most of the hostages lacked proper mezuzos in their homes...”

The article sparked much discussion.

Meanwhile, the Rebbe posed three halachic questions on the matter (see *Hisvaaduyos* of Simchas Torah and Shabbos Bereishis 5737) for rabbanim to weigh in. R’ Amsel later



Rabbi Amsel (right) speaking with Rabbi Gershon Ber Jacobson, editor of the *Algemeiner Journal*

published a 14-page article responding to the Rebbe's queries based on halachic principles.

Enthusiastic Supporter

It is easy to understand why R' Amsel was labeled as an enthusiastic supporter of all the holy inyanim and mivtzaim of the Rebbe, and he even placed the respected platform of *HaMaor* at his disposal.

One of the readers of *HaMaor* who found this displeasing wrote an angry letter under the title "From where is there permission to put tefillin on Jewish sinners?" in which he dealt with the issue of putting tefillin on Jews on the street, and even challenged: "Your honor, as a 'tomech tmimim' and advocate for all the minhagim that the Rebbe of Lubavitch has instituted, please show me what source or hint there is for the minhag they instituted several years ago, to grab sinners from the marketplace

and entice them to put tefillin on their heads for barely a moment and also to say the bracha over them, while we maintain that tefillin require a clean body... in the 'revealed' Torah there is certainly no permission for this, and it's a shame for the desecration of the holiness of tefillin for nothing."

In the response that R' Amsel gave in *HaMaor*, one can see his enormous appreciation for the Rebbe and the Chassidim:

"Let it be known to him," R' Amsel responded, "if he examines the writings, pamphlets and many maamarim of Kevod Kedushas the Admor of Lubavitch, he will be convinced that first of all he is an enormous gaon and no secret is hidden from him, and he does not go beyond any boundaries of the Shulchan Aruch, and the *poskim*, Rishonim and Acharonim. My prayer is that the rivals and opponents of the Admor shlit'a whom I know very well, if only they would be so careful



The Rebbe's edits of his letter in HaMaor.

in all the minutiae of mitzvos as the Lubavitch Chassidim.”

R’ Amsel then quotes a number of Rishonim who refute this question from its foundation.

On another occasion, he again spoke against criticisms leveled against the Rebbe: “In all my days of residence in Crown Heights for about twenty years, and many of my days and years I merited to be present at the pure tefillos of our holy Rebbe and especially at the farbrengens, and I was amazed to see the carefulness of his holiness in every law of the Shulchan Aruch and minhag Yisroel kedoshim, which I did not see by a number of the great tzaddikim and roshei yeshivos. May the Almighty have mercy on us *u’va l’Tziyon goel*, and may the *malchus shomayim* be revealed speedily in our days.”

In general, regarding the very publication of the Rebbe’s words in *HaMaor*, the chief editor once wrote: “In this place we wish to announce publicly the measure of nobility and spiritual elevation of Kevod Kedushas the Admor of Lubavitch, that besides the fact that without

him we would have no possibility to maintain the publication of *HaMaor*, and may his reward be double and manifold from heaven, and moreover for about thirty years we have been printing the articles and responsa of the Rebbe, and it has never happened that he or one of his appointees would demand from us anything small or large, and especially regarding what relates to any third party and so forth.”

The Rebbe’s fierce struggle for shleimus ha’aretz also received extensive coverage in *HaMaor*, despite the fact that there were many who dared to disagree

and speak negatively about the leader of the generation. The editor received many letters against the publication of the Rebbe’s positions on the issue, and he even published some, while immediately responding to the objections.

Thus in one of his articles he attacks back: “Your honor mentions in one breath two great ones of Israel: Kevod Kedushas the Admor of Lubavitch and Rabbi M... To the first you attribute hearsay, and to the second - the proof. I am sorry for his inaccuracy in this, and the Admor of Lubavitch - his eyes roam from one end of the world to the other, and there is no land and no place in the world where his Chassidim, his shluchim and his adherents would not be, informing him constantly of every detail that has already been done and what is about to be done, and certainly he has ongoing connections with the highest echelons in the USA and in Israel and in other countries through his representatives, and his ‘hearsay’ is better than all the proofs in the world.”

“For 25 Years We Have Been Connected With Him”

It will not be surprising, therefore, that the rift that was created in those days between zealous, anti-Zionist circles and Lubavitch also negatively affected the editor R' Amsel. It can be said that *HaMaor*, which was widely respected among Torah Jewry in America, was displeasing in the eyes of certain circles, because it openly expressed the Rebbe's views.

At a certain stage, there were those who began to make various false accusations about the supposedly inappropriate behavior of R' Meir Amsel, who learned this from “his Rebbe the Admor of Lubavitch” (r'l).

R' Amsel did not hold back and he replied with a pointed response: “It is incomprehensible why they speak in such a way about the Rebbe of Lubavitch, and for 25 years we have been connected with him, and we have not seen nor heard that he commanded anyone, even by the slightest hint, to pain, G-d forbid, any Jew, even a Jew who is his opponent, and everyone saw that he swallowed all their humiliations and

overlooked everything, and commanded all his adherents to be completely silent, while with you everything is the opposite...”

Among other things, they complained that the Rebbe tends toward Zionism and brings Zionists closer, a practice that R' Amsel followed.

To these claims of theirs he replied with an answer that teaches more than anything about his being a definitive ‘mekabel’ from the Rebbe: “For more than thirty years I have been listening to the sichos of the Admor of Lubavitch and I was at many farbrengens... I learned much from the Admor... It is impossible to learn Tanya and to be at all the farbrengens and not to hate Zionism and all corrupt views.”

From these words one can appreciate the extent to which Rabbi Amsel was influenced by the teachings of the Rebbe.

Once, when he was attacked by Satmar Chassidim in the USA through a variety of false and disgraceful claims (see at length *HaMaor* issue 234 page 48), the Rebbe came to his aid by instructing the Chassidim to support *HaMaor* even more.

Announcement in *HaMaor* about the passing of the Rebbe Rayatz

אוי לספינה שאברה קברניטה

ברוסיא הסובייטית וביתור חנדרות
והנצורות שפעל ועשה בארה"ב בכל ענפי
היהדות וביתור על שרה החנוך וחזק הרת
והפצת למור התורה ובהרכשת רבבות
מעריצים לתורה וליראה.

פסירת ענק הרוח הזה פנעה קשה ברורנו
חיתום והעלוב הזה שנתרוסן כל כך מנדרלים
וממנהיגים אמתיים ומי יחזק בידנו ומי יאיר
לנו נתיב ?

ת.נ.צ.ב.ח. נדרלים צדיקים ונו' ויחית נא
למליץ יושר בעד כל ישראל ומחת ר' דמעה
מעל כל פנים.

בש"ק מ' בוא נצחו אראלים את המצוקים
ונעלה ארון הקודש ב"ס אדמו"ר

רשכבה"ג
ר' יוסף יצחק שניאורסון
דצוקללה"ח

כל נסיון לתאר רק מסצת גדלו וחדרו של
האדמו"ר מליובוויץ זי"ע, ישאר אך נסיון
בלתי מוצלח, כי מי עלה על סולם השלמות
הנפשית להכין לרוחו הכביר למנהיג דורנו
הכי גדול הזה, ומי בכוחו לתאר אפס קצה
מעשיו הכבירים גם בעת מצוקתו האיומה

**לרבן של ישראל מדברנא
דאומתי
כבוד קדושת הגאון האדיר
מאור הגולה
מוהר"ר מנחם מענדל
שניאורסאהן שליט"א
אדמו"ר מליובאוויטש**

ברכותינו החמות לו מעומקא דליבא בהגיעו
לשנת התשעים של ימי חייו הפוריים והטהורים,
רויים תורה, הוראה, חסידות, קדושה ומסירת
נפש בעד כלל ישראל וארה"ק. הש"י יחייו
ויחזקו ויאמצו בחיים וכחות טובים ורעננים,
ברמ"ח אבריו וש"ס גידיו. יפרח בימיו צדיק,
ויד שרשיו כלבנו, ילכו וינקותו ויהי כזית הודו
ותנובתו בכל תפוצות ישראל, לאורך ימים טובים
ורבים מאוד.

עם ברכותינו הללו רואים אנחנו חובה
לעצמנו להכיר כאן טובה רבה, לכבוד ידידנו
צדיק תמים, עומד על משמרת הקודש, הרב
הגאון המפורסם מוה"ר יהודה לייב גראנער
שליט"א, יד ימינו ופאר מזכירותו של כ"ק
אדמו"ר שליט"א, אשר לרגל נאום ברכתו
המפוארה לרבנו שליט"א ליום הולדתו התשעים
במכונה הנושאת את קולו מסוף העולם ועד סופו,
השתמש בפסקי הלכות מתשובתנו שנדפסה
בהמאור קונטרס שכ"ו, להצדיק צדיקים
מעיקרא, חסידי ליובאוויטש, שהכתירו את רבנו
שליט"א בשם משיח. ע"י שם ראיתנו המכריחות
והנשגבות מש"ס ומפוסקים שאין להכחישם
בשרא. יתברך נא לדור דורים.

המערכת

Editorial in HaMaor - "Lubavitch Chassidim who have crowned Rabbeinu Shlita as Moshiach"

leave the shul, but instead of continuing to the stairs as he usually did, he turned toward R' Amsel, stepped toward him several steps and was mechazek him when he mentioned the saying of Chazal, "Rise early and stay late [in Torah study] over them etc." [- and they are finished by themselves]...

Moreover: For many years, *HaMaor* was printed at the 'Balshan' printing house in Bensonhurst which was owned by Chabad Chassidim, Rabbi Mordechai Shusterman and Rabbi Shalom Ber Pevzner.

At some point, the printers decided that it was not worthwhile for them economically to continue printing the kovetz. The Rebbe hastened to call them, saying that this is R' Amsel's livelihood, and G-d forbid to play with this. Obviously, this issue no longer came up.

R' Amsel for his part appreciated this, and in the 60th anniversary collection of *HaMaor* he mentioned them favorably "and therefore the two partners who printed thousands of sifrei kodesh with all brilliance and dedication - Rabbi Mordechai and Rabbi Pevzner - will be remembered for good."

Even before this, in the 40th anniversary issue, R' Amsel writes that without the Rebbe, he would have stopped publishing *HaMaor*: "In recent years there stood for us a savior and redeemer, one great and holy captain of the nation, Rabban shel Yisrael, the great gaon from whose mouth hundreds of thousands of Israel live, Kevod Kedushas the Admor Rabbi M.M. of Lubavitch, whose kindness inundated us to be for us a help and great support, may the Almighty preserve him and strengthen him and give him life and make great his throne higher and higher for many good and pleasant days with all tranquility and joy of holiness, and in his days and in our days may Yehuda be saved and Israel dwell securely!"

Strengtheners Of Emuna

In the 1990s, when the Rebbe ratcheted up the anticipation for Geula, the Chassidim began to loudly proclaim the fact that the

In those days, R' Amsel came to 770 to participate in the Rebbe's farbrengen (apparently it was Yud-Tes Kislev 5737). At the end of the farbrengen, he stood near the entrance of the shul. The Rebbe turned to

Rebbe is Melech HaMoshiach. Following this, many chareidim came out against this belief of the Chassidim. In his sharp article from the month of Adar 5752 (issue 326), R' Amsel proved how this faith is based in Torah and in the *poskim*, so that there is nothing to cry out against it; on the contrary, one should rejoice in it.

After he elaborates and explains what is Moshiach in Judaism, and the persona of Moshiach from the words of Chazal and the words of the Rishonim (mainly according to the words of Rambam in Hilchos Melachim), he adds: "If some talmidim and Chassidim, *yereim u'shleimim*, who are careful with the smallest detail of every mitzva and minhag Yisrael decided to believe that their Rebbe, one unique and special in his generation in genius and in his righteousness and in his enormous deeds to return myriads of Israel to the good, is the one worthy and proper that the Almighty should choose him to be the savior of Israel, what great sin is it?"

And he continues: "And seemingly, what does it matter to anyone if some Rav who teaches Torah to thousands of his students, and these decided that their Rav is worthy to be the Moshiach Elokei Yaakov, and to the contrary, if only he would gather thousands of thousands of the dispersed of Israel and settle them in the Holy Land and expel the *sitra achara* from all the cities of Israel, on the contrary, what loss is there in this to the holy religion?"

At the end of the article he mentions the famous teshuva of the Chasam Sofer who writes regarding the 'final redeemer' that "in every generation there is one who is worthy of this."

After the Rebbe's stroke on Chof-Zayin Adar 5752, R' Amsel wrote with great warmth:

"Kevod Kedushas our master the Admor of Lubavitch, may the Almighty heal him and strengthen him and return him to his first strength, to sit on his royal throne with all power and might, for there is no other in

our orphaned generation who rules in the dissemination of Torah and Chassidus and holiness in all corners of the earth like this gaon and tzaddik... May the Almighty have mercy on him and strengthen him and encourage him with complete healing to all his limbs and sinews for length of days and exalted years, and may He put in the heart of his faithful advisors and his officers and servants and all his mighty warriors to stand guard over the holy watch to fortify and elevate the great and holy camp called Chabad, in all the diasporas of Israel, and let the small listen to the great, the great ones of Torah and instruction, to do according to all the words of this Torah."

And on another occasion he wrote another article under the title: "Students Who Appoint Their Rav As Melech HaMoshiach, Whether They Have Damaged Any Foundation Of Faith."

In this article (issue 332 page 34) he responds to those "many who jump on us in wonder: why are you silent in the face of the roar of those who do battle with the quill, little foxes that destroy the vineyard of G-d? They open their mouths without limit against the students and Chassidim of the Gaon Yisrael u'Kedosh, the Admor of Lubavitch..."

"In practice," R' Amsel responds, "it is not worthwhile to consider all those who sharpen their tongues with mocking speech. In the foolishness and folly of their hearts, they show faces like Pinchas, and do acts of wantonness and hypocrisy while their heart is not with them."

And he explains: "We have already written in previous kuntreisim that it has already been in the world in different generations, that they proclaimed about the great ones of Israel – Goel and Moshiach Hashem. And *tzaddikei olam* prophesied about known times when certainly the redemption would be. And many believed and many did not believe. And there was never any disaster or any calamity when it concerned the great ones of Israel and faithful leaders, righteous and holy ones." ■

A 3% CHANCE...

YOSSI AND ANAT, A NEWLY OBSERVANT COUPLE, WERE TOLD BY A TOP FERTILITY PROFESSOR THAT THEIR CHANCES TO GET PREGNANT WERE 3%, AND THE CHANCES FOR THE PREGNANCY TO COME TO FULL TERM ARE EVEN LESS... IN THE END, THEY HAD THREE HEALTHY CHILDREN IN NATURAL AND HEALTHY PREGNANCIES. WHAT WAS THE SECRET? ■ **AMAZING STORY OF THE REBBE FOR GIMMEL TAMMUZ**

BY ARIELLA DASHIFF



Baby Steps

Yossi and Anat were a relatively new young couple in 5744 (1984). Although they had been married for three years, they still had not been blessed with children. They were living in the pastoral Israeli town of Kiryat Tivon, which back then was a section of the larger metropolitan city of Haifa. Yossi was a civilian employee with the Israel Defense Forces, and Anat worked as a clerk with Bank Leumi. Yossi's soul longed to become stronger in his observance of Torah and mitzvos, and the most natural place for him was the Chabad House, as he had been educated in his youth in Chabad institutions. He began visiting the local Chabad House, run by Rabbi Menashe Althaus. He participated in Torah classes and farbrengens and became an integral part of its bustling scene.

For her part, Anat had no serious objections, just that her enthusiasm was not quite on his level. She let Yossi take his giant steps, while she proceeded at a slower pace than him. The one who continuously and warmly supported their journey was Rabbi Gideon (Gidi) Sharon, a former pilot, one of the Chassidim working with the local Chabad House. He would devote considerable time to them, and when he heard about their concern over the fact that they still didn't have any children, he reassured them and suggested that they write to the Rebbe.

When they received the Rebbe's reply in the mail, Yossi and Anat excitedly went over to R' Gidi to get his help in deciphering the unfamiliar acronyms and other expressions. R' Gidi perused the letter, and then declared with half a smile: "The Rebbe wants you to be Chabadnikim..." The answer was extremely detailed on the matter of a Jewish lifestyle, including among things, instructions to be strict in the Laws of Family Purity, a kosher mikva, and the highest standards of kashrus.

Yossi and Anat accepted the answer, and they immediately asked R' Gidi what they should do. He instructed them to study the Laws of family purity and buy new mehudar tefillin. He provided Anat with guidance on how to run a strictly kosher kitchen, and he came with his kashering staff to "turn over" their kitchen – literally and figuratively! Some of the cooking vessels were thrown out, what could be kashered was kashered, some utensils were broken, and before their disbelieving eyes – an actual revolution occurred! R' Gidi referred Anat to Rebbetzin Wolosow from Ramat Yishai in order to learn with her the halachos of family purity.

Trip to 770

The years passed, and Anat and Yossi gradually become stronger in their religious observance – but there were still no children! While there were pregnancies, nevertheless, time after time, they ended in miscarriages... The anguish was great, and after about two years, the couple decided to relocate to Netanya, and they immediately contacted the local shliach and joined the community. One farbrengen led to another, one Chassidishe story followed another, and the longing to travel to the Rebbe reached its peak. With the encouragement of the local shluchim, the community rav Rabbi Menachem Wolpo *shlita* and R' Binyomin *sheyichye* Niazov, about a year after they moved to Netanya, they made the decision to travel to the Rebbe for Shavuot!

On the day they arrived, they were sitting on a bench in the shade of the trees along Eastern Parkway.

"Yossi, submit another note to the Rebbe and request a bracha for children," Anat asked.

"There's no need," he replied. "We already received a letter from the Rebbe regarding what to do and we still haven't completely

fulfilled the instructions... Why should we write again without purpose?"

"It isn't without purpose," she insisted. "Write anyway!"

When Yossi saw how firm was her desire, he agreed. Thus, with a slightly uncomfortable feeling, he sat with his wife to compose a letter requesting another bracha from the Rebbe MH'M. Yossi then went to submit the letter to the Rebbe's secretary, Rabbi Leibel Groner, and the young couple waited for a reply. They thought that the answer would only come after a few days. Meanwhile, Anat continued to long to hold a baby of her own.

To Yossi's great surprise and Anat's great joy, the answer came much more quickly than had been expected. After only about two hours, he was shown a small piece of paper with the Rebbe's holy handwriting in pencil which said (not the exact wording): "I have already instructed them what they must do..." The Rebbe remembered their names, their request, and the reply he gave at the time! The Rebbe even knew clearly their situation and their present circumstances, and he encouraged them to increase and become stronger. They accepted upon themselves to increase and strengthen their mitzva observance, and be more stringent in matters of purity and kashrus. In fact, the brachos started coming soon enough.

III

"B'karov" at Yechidus Klalis

On the thirteenth of Sivan, a few days after Shavuos, a "*yechidus klalis*" for guests was held.

Yossi stood in line, trembling. He still hadn't managed to absorb the enormity of this moment when he was already standing before the Rebbe, presenting him with a written request to be blessed with children (among other things). The Rebbe gave him a dollar

and said "*Bracha v'hatzlacha*", and as quick as a flash, he soon found himself outside. When the men finished passing, the line for the women began to move. The secretaries quickly gave the dollars to the Rebbe, and the women of *vaad ha'mesader* guided those in line in an orderly manner, almost pushing them to avoid troubling the Rebbe for a fraction of a second more than necessary. When her turn came, Anat was determined. For a gentle and delicate woman such as herself, this was literally an act of self-sacrifice – a golden opportunity that could not be wasted. This was why she came all this way. She gathered up her strength and her courage, and then asked the Rebbe for a bracha to have children.

"*B'karov* [Very soon]!" she heard the Rebbe's reply as he handed her a dollar. Deeply moved, she was heading in the direction of the exit, when they called her back. The Rebbe gave her another dollar and said: "This is for your husband." In another moment or two, she was back out on the sidewalk facing 770. *B'karov! B'karov!* The Rebbe said: Very soon! She quickly found Yossi, gave him the dollar the Rebbe had designated for him, and told him that with Hashem's help, he would very soon merit to become a father!

IV

A 3% Chance

The landing back in Eretz HaKodesh was gradual. First, the plane landed, then their feet landed on the holy ground, and only a few days later did their sense of awareness land as well. They unpacked their personal belongings, both material and spiritual. They had to fulfill the Rebbe's instructions. With a renewed sense of vitality, Anat looked for an appropriate opportunity to learn the laws of family purity.

Around this same time, Aliza Abramov was a new bride in her first year of marriage. She had

recently arrived in the Netanya community. She had met Anat at a community event for women, and they became very good friends. Aliza wanted to expand her knowledge in family purity, and Anat wanted with all her heart to fulfill the Rebbe's instructions. They decided to start learning the halachos together from Rebbetzin Chava Boneh.

Their joint studies lasted about nine months, during which the Rebbe's words kept ringing in Anat's ears: "*B'karov*..." *B'karov*..." Their months of learning together felt at times like an emotional upheaval, shifting between faith and despair.

Yossi and Anat decided to start fertility treatments, and they visited the office of a renowned professor at the Tel HaShomer Hospital in Ramat Gan. After Anat underwent a series of comprehensive examinations, the professor called the couple in to his clinic. With a stern countenance, the professor informed them that there was a genetic problem of some kind, and it was causing Anat's body to deem the pregnancy as a foreign bodily intrusion. As a result, her immune system created antibodies that expelled the pregnancy from the body again and again. In his estimation, the chances of her body accepting a pregnancy stood at three percent, and the chances of the child surviving the pregnancy were virtually nil.

After this inflexible evaluation, all that remained for them to do was choose between the laws of nature and the words of the tzaddikim, between statistics and trust in G-d, between living a limited material life and perceiving infinite G-dliness.

Yossi and Anat decided to write to the Rebbe again. They waited impatiently for an answer that was not long in coming – and it didn't come the routine way. About nine months after Anat began a more intense study of the laws of family purity and about a week after they had written to the Rebbe – Anat discovered that she was pregnant! And not only her, her learning partner also became pregnant.



"For The Miracles"

With joy mingled with apprehension, the couple called the professor, who made certain to lower their illusionary expectations as quickly as possible. "This must be a mistake," he said. "I recommend that you do a more reliable test in a more efficient laboratory." This second test also came out positive: She was going to have a baby!

"This is truly astounding!" the highly-educated professor admitted. He then added, remaining faithful to his medical approach: "However, I don't expect that the pregnancy will continue much longer..." No words of encouragement nor a sliver of hope.

The spiritual journey among the stormy waves of emotion had by no means ended. Was it perhaps too soon to be happy? The learned professor noted that there was virtually no chance of the unborn child's survival. Every day was filled with tefillos... Every passing day was a gift with hope for another day – after eight years of waiting! Then, on the ninth of Kislev, at the conclusion of about nine months of a natural pregnancy, their sweet baby boy was born (by Divine Providence, born on the birthday of the woman who had taught her the halachos of family purity). The scholarly professor was positively stunned! The joy in the community was great indeed.

How nice it was that in that same hospital ward, Aliza Abramov, her learning partner, gave birth the day before to a darling little girl...

After this first miraculous birth, they had three more children born healthy and strong, and just as miraculously. The births were completely natural without any difficulties or complications. It was as if the existing genetic

CONT ON PG. 38



FOR LULLABIES **MOSHIACH**

HOW JEWISH MOTHERS THROUGHOUT HISTORY
UNDERSTOOD THE PROFOUND SECRET OF INSTILLING
FAITH AND HOPE FOR MOSHIACH IN THEIR CHILDREN
FROM THE EARLIEST AGE

INSPIRING TALES OF INTENSE LONGING FOR MOSHIACH
FROM GEDOLEI YISRAEL ACROSS ALL CIRCLES AND
TRADITIONS COMPILED IN THE "ZICHRONAM L'VRACHA"
SERIES BY **RABBI AHARON PERLOW**

I Will Wait for Him Every Day

There was an incident at a sheva brachos celebration at the wedding of Rabbi Meir shlita, held in Bnei Brak, the son of the Gaon, the Rav (Rabbi Yitzchok Zev Soloveitchik z'l of Brisk). The topic was emuna in the coming of Moshiach, as stated: "I will wait for him every day." In his words, the (Brisker) Rav illuminated this idea and explained that it does not mean "every day" (once a day), but rather "all day long" I will wait for him.

Our Rebbi, (Rabbi Chaim Brim z'l), added: When Rabbi Yitzchok Zev expressed this idea of "all day," all the attendees lowered their faces in shame and embarrassment before his unwavering faith in Hashem and His anointed one.

("Shenos Chaim," Jerusalem 2008, vol. 1, p. 86)

Why Was Rabbi Avrohom Called an Angel?

My grandfather from Bohush zt"l said: Why was Rabbi Avrohom the Malach called a "malach," when in earlier generations all Jews were G-d-fearing and pious? It was because on Tisha B'Av, he would lay his head between his knees until the next day. When he awoke, he would ask: "So, Moshiach still hasn't come?"

The second reason was the ascetic lifestyle he led. Because of these two things, he was called "the Malach."

— The Rebbe of Bohush shlita

(From the kuntres "HaMasa l'Kivrei Raboseinu HaKedoshim")

The Rainbow and the Release of the Alter Rebbe

Rabbi Meshulam Roth zt"l related in the name of his grandfather, the Chassid Rabbi Yosef Roth z"l - who at one point served as attendant to the Rebbe of Ruzhin zt"l - who

said he heard from the holy mouth of the Ruzhiner Rebbe:

While the holy Rabbi Shneur Zalman zt"l, author of *Shulchan Aruch HaRav* and *Tanya*, was imprisoned, my father (the holy Rabbi Shalom of Prohobitsh) engaged in various spiritual efforts to hasten his release. On the day of Rabbi Shneur Zalman's release, my father woke early and saw a rainbow. He said, "It is written in the Zohar (Bereishis 72): 'Do not expect the footsteps of Moshiach until a rainbow appears in the world, adorned with radiant colors, lighting up the world. Then you may expect Moshiach.' And behold, I see these radiant colors, yet Moshiach has not come. It must be that the holy Rabbi Shneur Zalman is being freed today." And so it was.

Afterwards, my father wrote a letter to the holy Rav, telling him that he had a part in his release. As a sign, he wrote that before receiving news of the release, he had been reciting Tehillim. When he reached the pasuk, "He has redeemed my soul in peace" (perek 55), he accidentally reversed the words, saying: "In peace, He has redeemed my soul," and then repeated it correctly. And at that very moment, the release occurred.

("Ner Yisrael," Bnei Brak 1994, vol. 4, p. 8)

All the Mikdash Vessels Are Ready

I once heard from the young Rebbe (Rabbi Shlomo Dovid Yehoshua of Slonim, H'y'd) that after singing the traditional Slonim niggun to "*Mimkomcha Malkeinu Sofi'a*," when singing the words "*Mosai Timloch b'Tziyon?*" he repeated them many times and said: "When will You reign—in Tziyon? When the *midda* of Tziyon is rectified, which is numerically equal to Yosef, which corresponds to the attribute of Yesod."

He recounted that once the Maggid of Kozhnitz was shown from Heaven that all the vessels of the Mikdash were already prepared. Each vessel corresponds to a different *midda*

in avodas Hashem. The tzaddikim of each generation had rectified all these *middos*, thereby preparing the *keilim*.

The Kozhnitzer Maggid asked: If all the *keilim* are ready, meaning all *middos* have been rectified, why has Moshiach still not come? He was told from Heaven: The shovel (*machtah*), which corresponds to the attribute of *Yesod*, is still missing. When that is rectified, Moshiach will come.

The Maggid said: "I am willing to take upon myself the *yetzer hara* of this *midda* from the entire world and, G-d willing, rectify it." But he was told from Heaven that the *tikkun* must come from the collective Jewish people.

— Rabbi Yair Schwartzman z"l

(*"Yehi Or,"* p. 105, letter 179)

Do Not Divert Your Mind

Our teacher, the Turna Rav zt"l, often spoke with us about Moshiach and the suffering that will precede his arrival. His students once asked: "But didn't Chazal say (Sanhedrin 97b) that Moshiach will come when people are not expecting him?"

He replied: "We already have enough distraction! Proof of this is that if people truly weren't distracted from the Geula, they would study Seder Kodashim and Taharos. Judging by the tribulations around us, it is clear that the footsteps of Moshiach are very near."

— Rabbi Avrohom Yaakov Teitelbaum zt"l - Nasi of Tzerei Agudath Israel, USA

(*"Kol Yaakov,"* p. 122)

There Will Be No Jews in Poland

My father zt"l (the "Shefa Chaim" of Sanz) said he heard in his youth that the Maggid of Kozhnitz once said: "One should not delouse his clothes (*ein polin*) [on Shabbos] by candlelight" - meaning that before the coming of Moshiach, there would be no Jews left in Poland. At the time, it sounded as improbable

as saying such a thing about America today. But tragically, it came true.

[As a side note, the Lubavitcher Rebbe once said to philanthropist Mr. Ronald Lauder, who wanted to rebuild Jewish life in Poland: "If someone were to ask me whether to establish a new Jewish community in Poland today, I would say honestly that I see no benefit in it. Today, the future for Jews is in the USA, Israel, or England - but not in a country where Jewish life cannot realistically endure for two or three generations." (Motzoei 20 Teves, 5750)]

— The Rebbe of Sanz shlita - London, 17 Teves 5766

(*"B'tzila D'Mehemenusa,"* Noach 5767, p. 18)

The Wagon Driver's Unexpected Request

Even non-Jews, *l'havdil*, would occasionally approach the holy Rabbi Chaim of Atinia, zy'a and ask for a bracha from him.

On one such occasion, the request of a certain goy brought the tzaddik great satisfaction. The story goes as follows:

The non-Jewish wagon drivers who traveled the back roads of Bukovina had managed to earn substantial profits from transporting Jews in their wagons - but they were generally lazy and sluggish. At that time, there were many Rebbes who would travel from city to city and town to town, and the wagon drivers often tried to avoid taking them as passengers, offering various excuses for their refusals: "I'm tired," "The horses are tired," placing the blame on the poor animals. Sometimes they would claim they still needed to grease the wheels or feed the horses. It was not easy to convince a wagon driver in those days to set out on a journey, and even when they finally agreed to travel, they did so lethargically and reluctantly.

However, when the holy Rabbi Chaim of Atinia hired one particular wagon driver, this driver did his job properly: he drove

the horses energetically and sped along the roads without delay. As they arrived at various locations, the wagon driver noticed large groups of Chassidim coming out to greet the tzaddik, and he realized that he had the honor of transporting a truly great and holy man.

When they returned to Atinia, the wagon driver went to the Rebbe to ask for a blessing as a reward for his dedication. It turned out that the goy had a heavy burden weighing on his heart. With a weeping voice, he told the Rebbe: "I have an old father," he said angrily, "grumpy and irritable, causing me endless trouble. I can't take it anymore!" he cried out. "Holy Rabbi - do me a favor... I ask that this old man be taken away, that he leave this world already..."

Several days after this incident, the holy Rabbi Chaim of Atinia was seen in a state of extraordinary joy. His close followers were puzzled by the special radiance on his beaming face, and they could not contain their curiosity: "What is the reason for your great joy?" they asked.

The tzaddik then recounted the goy's request and exclaimed:

"Know this! All the pain and suffering we endure in this bitter galus stems from the *kibud av* that Esav ha'Rasha showed his father Yitzchok. But when we witness with our own eyes the kind of 'honor' a goy gives his father - this is already the beginning of the Geula (*Ischalta d'Geula*)! If only we had a few more goyim like this one - we would already be redeemed!"

(Bitaon Vizhnitz, Kislev 5764 [2003], p. 119)

Even a Simple Jew Has a Role in the Geula

Once, when I was visiting my relative, the holy Rebbe of Koloshitz zt"l, I noticed that he warmly welcomed a coarse, unsophisticated man. I asked him why he treated him so kindly. He replied with a story about the holy Rebbe of Apta, author of *Oheiv Yisrael*:

He too used to show affection to a coarse, often drunk peasant who would roll through the city streets. Why? Because, he explained, when Moshiach comes, he will destroy all the military forces of every nation. The world's kings and nobles will try to resist but will have no general to fight him. In desperation, they will agree to surrender but won't find anyone willing to go to Eretz Yisrael to deliver the message - out of fear.

So they will look for a drunk who doesn't know that Moshiach has come and thinks he's a gentile. They'll investigate his roots, discover he is Jewish, and force him to deliver the message.

The holy Rebbe concluded: "Now you understand how important such a Jew may become in the future."

— Rebbe of Sanz-Klausenburg zt"l

(*"Sanz," Kislev 5762, p. 8*)

Faith in Young Children

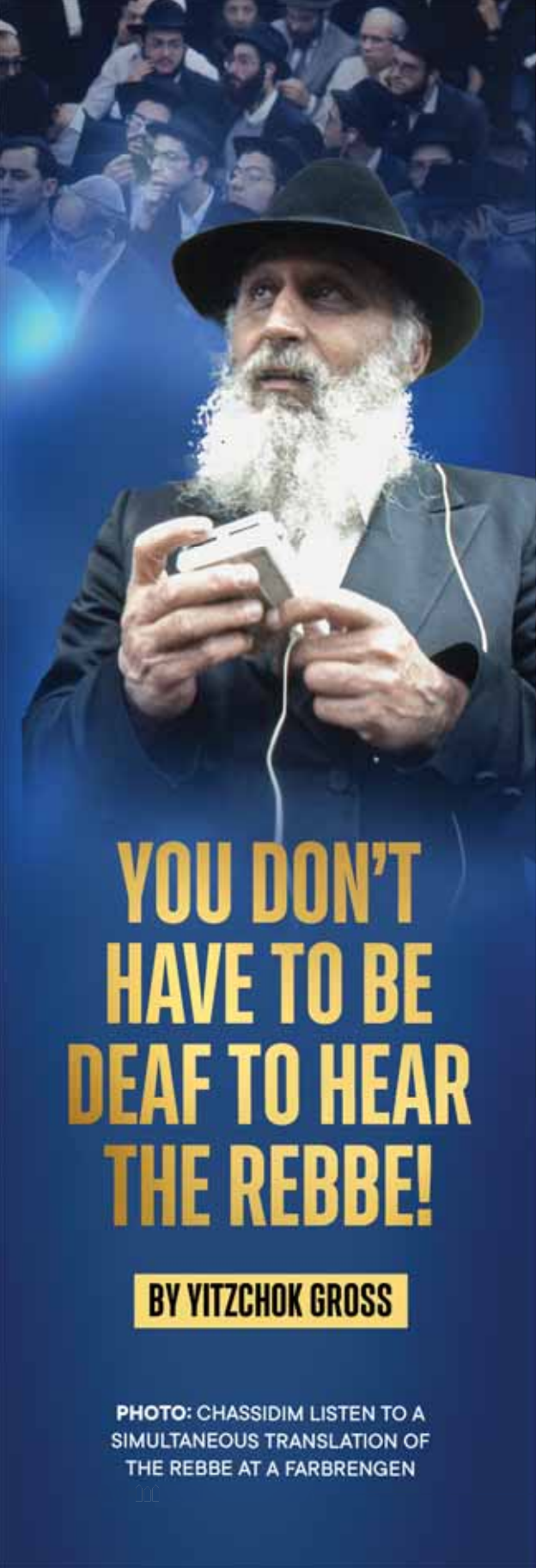
Rabbi Yitzchok Waldman told me, as he heard from Rabbi Shraga Moshe Kalmanowitz zt"l (founder and Rosh Yeshiva of Mir in America) and student of Rabbi Boruch Ber Liebowitz zt"l:

Rabbi Boruch Ber once explained the lullaby that women used to sing to children before bed: "*Tzigale, Migale, Katinke...*" It actually comes from the words: "Tze'i Geula, Mi Geula, K'tnai"—"Go out, redemption; from redemption; like a condition."

The point is to instill in children the concept of Geula. Some think these are matters to be taught only when children grow up, but in truth, the younger the child, the deeper these ideas are absorbed. As the pasuk says, "A simpleton believes everything" - meaning, the more innocent and simple one is, the more they are able to believe.

— Rabbi Shimon Yosef Meller

(*"Stories and Practices from the House of Brisk,"*
Vol. 3, p. 134)



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE DEAF TO HEAR THE REBBE!

BY YITZCHOK GROSS

**PHOTO: CHASSIDIM LISTEN TO A
SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATION OF
THE REBBE AT A FARBRENGEN**

When I was a bachur in 770, the legendary Shliach to Milan, Reb Gershon Mendel Garelik זצ"ל came to 770 and wanted to farbreng. All the bachurim excitedly gathered around, but there was no mashke. Reb Chaim Moshe ran to his locker where he had his "emergency bottle" for such situations — as Chassidim always make sure to have a special bottle waiting to be opened for the complete hisgalus of the Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach, may it happen speedily! — and brought it to the table.

The elderly shliach and Chassid was very happy and asked him for his name. When he said Chaim Moshe, Reb Gershon Mendel told him, "Since you brought mashke to the farbrengen, I would like to pay you back with a story about a different Chaim Moshe, Reb Chaim Moshe Alperovitz זצ"ל", who happens to be the storyteller's נ"ח great-grandfather and namesake.

And so said Reb Gershon Mendel:

"I was a young bachur when we left Russia and arrived in Eretz Yisrael. In those days, Tel Aviv was home to many older Chassidim that learned in the very first location of Tomchei Tmimim in the town of Lubavitch with the Rebbe Rashab, and they used to farbreng with each other the way Chassidim do. We were young little bachurim, and we loved to *drei zich arum*, to hang around, and listen in to their conversations."

Why Is Reb Chaim Moshe Still a Tamim?

"One time," said Reb Gershon Mendel, "I heard two elder Chassidim, Reb Moshe Gurary and Reb Nochum Goldshmidt farbrenging together. One asked the other: 'I have a question. We both learned in Lubavitch years ago. And now, we are here today, sitting together. But there is a big difference between then and now. When we were bachurim in Lubavitch, we

were in full force! *Ein od milvado!* We were so dedicated and inspired. Nothing existed or mattered but *Elokus!* But now, years later, what are we? *Balebatim...* *balabeselech....* Perhaps Chassidishe *balebatim*, with Chassidishe stories and memories, but it's nothing to compare with the way we were then.'

"It makes sense, that's life,' they concluded, but they were still troubled. 'Look at Chaim Moshe... Chaim Moshe was a *tamim* when he learned in Lubavitch, and he's still a *tamim* the very same way today too. He hasn't changed an ounce. He has not become a *balebos!* What is his secret?'"

"The other Chassid answered him that the answer is very simple.

"When we were in Lubavitch, we heard and listened only to the Rebbe. But then, we left Lubavitch, we got married and we started hearing other things besides for the Rebbe. Chaim Moshe, on the other hand, was with us in Lubavitch and he heard the Rebbe, but since he is deaf he hasn't heard anything else! No wonder he has stayed a *tamim!*"

[Reb Chaim Moshe was a construction worker and once, during his work, there was some kind of explosion, and he lost his hearing to a certain extent.]

This was the story Reb Gershon Mendel shared at that impromptu farbrengen.

Thirty-One Years!

I was once given an opportunity to speak for a few minutes in front of a very rich and influential individual, who respected me and was very interested in what I had to say. I thought to myself, "what can I say in five minutes that will include the thousands of messages I will ever want to tell this man forever?"

I told the above story. Now I don't know what this story means for the readers, but for me this story is extremely uplifting and encouraging.

We are over thirty years after Gimmel Tammuz and as a community, we face an immutable challenge. We haven't heard the Rebbe.

Many of us struggle with not internally registering with the Rebbe's fervor and excitement on Moshiach and Geula. Many of us feel that we are not seeing the world eye-to-eye with the Rebbe. In a more general way, many of us feel that from year to year after we've left yeshiva, our connection and alignment with the Chassidishe values and *chayus* that we once had, are getting weaker and weaker.

Some of us may blame this on deep and serious issues; on big problems like *timtum ha'lev*, *timtum ha'moach....* who knows what.

— My beloved Mashpia, Reb Moshe Orenstein ז"ר would relate by farbrengens, that often bachurim come over to him complaining that they have *timtum ha'lev*. He told us that he usually joyfully replies that he is so happy to hear that.

Answering the bewildered look on the bachur's face, he would patiently explain the reason for his happiness. "Let me tell you what is *timtum ha'lev*, and then you will realize the reason for my excitement. *Timtum ha'lev* is an 'illness' that can *chas v'shalom* happen to someone that has properly learned through the Tanya a few times, to someone who is studying properly the material that the yeshiva is learning for *seder Chassidus* both *l'iyun* and *l'girsa*. It can happen to someone who has learned a number of *hemsheichim* and reviewed them properly until he properly understands them.

Then, before the minyan begins davening, he sits and meditates on the Chassidus that he knows and then begins davening. But, alas, he has a 'small' issue, he has *timtum ha'lev*, he doesn't feel a tangible *ahava v'yirah*, love and fear for Hashem in his heart! How I wish that all the bachurim in yeshiva would be struggling with your *timtum ha'lev*... —

Many think and feel that our enthusiasm and dedication of our yeshiva years are a thing of the past. We are too far gone to even dream of excitement for Yud Alef Nissan and Yud Shevat like in the good old days. “I’m in a different place now...”

Are You Listening To Me?

But really, it’s very simple: we are listening to other things besides for the Rebbe!

The underlying message that the Chasidim in Tel Aviv were saying was that we are simple human beings that think and feel based on the information that we are fed. If we are in the wrong place spiritually, it very often just means that we’re just not feeding ourselves with the right information, that’s all.

If we were only constantly hearing the Rebbe’s words, and with that gained the true outlook on life and the true reality of the world, of course our lives would be different!

But we do hear other things aside from the Rebbe, and therefore gradually, without realizing, our minds and hearts change course.

We Don’t Need to Be Deaf

If so, it is inevitable that if we will hear the Rebbe more, of course we will be right back on track.

And here’s the good news: Those elder Chassidim in Tel Aviv had to rely on their memory from tens of years back to “hear the Rebbe” or read the written and printed sichos and maamarim. We, by contrast, merited that Melech Hamoshiach had *rachmanus* and has given us **42 years-full** (!) of audio and video

of sichos and maamorim where he is talking to **us**!

We **can** see his face and hear his holy voice! From 5738 and 5739 and some of 5740 [when the Rebbe ‘farbrenge’d over the sound system on Motzoei Shabbos] we even have full “*Shabbosdik*” style farbrengens in audio, from that week’s parsha! And we can hear the *besuros* and *nevuos* from 5750 through 5752 directly in the Rebbe’s holy voice, again and again until we merit to see the *nevuah* unfold entirely before our eyes.

Boruch Hashem, we in *dor hashvi’i* don’t need to be deaf to not listen to the world, to keep focused on the truth and not fall for the mirage of the fakeness of this world. We can hear and see the Rebbe 24/6!

So, for me the message of this special story is: Tune in to hear Melech HaMoshiach! Hear him, and hear him some more!

We are desperately waiting for Moshiach to come and teach us *Toraso shel Moshiach*, why don’t we start with the 42 years of *Toraso shel Moshiach* that are already at our fingertips. Just dial 718-569-7700-P-5. (EY: 089493770+1+2. In Europe: +442089053770+1+9). Or on the internet websites, **RebbeDrive.org** (downloadable audio and video but not as good quality for some of the material), **jem.tv** (they also have an app. Sometimes it works better/worse than the website depending on the strength of the internet. Note most videos of raw footage — without subtitles etc. — are free and you don’t need membership, which is quite cheap anyway), **mafteiach.app** which gives a wealth of information alongside the sichos, and the **ashreinu.app** which has beautiful playlists arranged according to topics are just some of the resources.

Friends! Don’t think twice! Just press play! You won’t regret it! ■

Times for Brooklyn NY

שבת קודש
פרשת קרח
Korach

SHABBOS ב' תמוז
JUN 28

Candle Lighting 08:13 Shabbos Ends 09:22

ג' פרקים הלכות כלאים • פרקים ג-ה
פרק אחד הלכות מכירה • פרק יב
ספר המצוות מצוות לא תעשה רטז

עלות השחר 03:38 • הנץ החמה 05:27 • קריאת שמע 09:13
חצות היום 12:59 • שקיעה 08:31 • צאת הכוכבים 09:07

SUNDAY ג' תמוז
JUN 29

ג' פרקים הלכות כלאים • פרקים ו-ח
פרק אחד הלכות מכירה • פרק יג
ספר המצוות מצוות לא תעשה ריז-ריח

עלות השחר 03:39 • הנץ החמה 05:28 • קריאת שמע 09:13 • חצות 01:00 • שקיעה 08:31 • צאת הכוכבים 09:07

MONDAY ד' תמוז
JUN 30

ג' פרקים כלאים • ט-י | מתנות עניים • א
פרק אחד הלכות מכירה • פרק יד
ספר המצוות מל"ת מב • מ"ע קכ • מל"ת רי

עלות השחר 03:40 • הנץ החמה 05:28 • קריאת שמע 09:14 • חצות 01:00 • שקיעה 08:31 • צאת הכוכבים 09:07

TUESDAY ה' תמוז
JUL 01

ג' פרקים הלכות מתנות עניים • פרקים ב-ד
פרק אחד הלכות מכירה • פרק טו
ספר המצוות מ"ע קכא • מל"ת ריא • מ"ע קכג • מל"ת ריב

עלות השחר 03:40 • הנץ החמה 05:29 • קריאת שמע 09:14 • חצות 01:00 • שקיעה 08:31 • צאת הכוכבים 09:06

WEDNESDAY ו' תמוז
JUL 02

ג' פרקים הלכות מתנות עניים • פרקים ה-ז
פרק אחד הלכות מכירה • פרק טז
ספר המצוות מ"ע קכד • מל"ת ריג • מ"ע קכב • מל"ת ריד

עלות השחר 03:41 • הנץ החמה 05:29 • קריאת שמע 09:14 • חצות 01:00 • שקיעה 08:31 • צאת הכוכבים 09:06

THURSDAY ז' תמוז
JUL 03

ג' פרקים הלכות מתנות עניים • פרקים ח-י
פרק אחד הלכות מכירה • פרק יז
ספר המצוות מ"ע קל • קצה • מל"ת רלב

עלות השחר 03:42 • הנץ החמה 05:30 • קריאת שמע 09:15 • חצות 01:00 • שקיעה 08:31 • צאת הכוכבים 09:06

FRIDAY ח' תמוז
JUL 04

ג' פרקים הלכות תרומות • פרקים א-ג
פרק אחד הלכות מכירה • פרק יח
ספר המצוות מצוות עשה קכו • קכט

עלות השחר 03:43 • הנץ החמה 05:30 • קריאת שמע 09:15 • חצות 01:01 • שקיעה 08:31 • צאת הכוכבים 09:06



Iran: Another Stunt of Hashgacha Pratis

Yahya Sinwar *yemach shemo* didn't plan this. Yet thanks to this despicable murderer who led Hama - a modern-day Hitler - Israel has succeeded in significantly pushing back the Iranian nuclear threat.

Ron Ben Yishai wrote in his column in *Yediot Achronot* that the immediate danger of Iran's nuclear breakthrough has been removed for now through the strike on the Isfahan site. At that site, the murderous Iranian regime had accumulated about 450 kg of 60% enriched uranium, writes Ben Yishai - material that could be enriched to 90% within days to produce nuclear explosive cores for 12-15 bombs. The strike created a critical bottleneck for the Iranians and at least paralyzed the facility for an extended period.

How does this relate to Yahya Sinwar?

For over a decade, one reason for Israel's hesitation about military action in Iran was the combined threat of Hezbollah and Hamas. The conventional wisdom in Israel's security agencies - proven again this past weekend - was that a single strike on Iran would be meaningless. To seriously damage the Iranian nuclear program (not even destroy it completely, just inflict serious damage), the

air force would need multiple waves of attacks to achieve significant results.

Everyone understood that after the first wave, there wouldn't be a second. Air force planes would be occupied fighting Hezbollah and trying to destroy their thousands of rocket launchers, which would fire en masse at Israeli territory, while also stopping the infamous Radwan forces invading the northern Galilee. (The Radwan force is Hezbollah's "commandos," something like the Hamas Nukhba forces *ym"sh* who carried out the October 7 massacre).

Aircraft not dealing with Hezbollah would have to handle Hamas launching thousands of rockets, alongside Nukhba forces invading the northern Negev and igniting Judea and Samaria, including Hamas attacks on Jewish settlements.

In such a scenario, Israel would face an extremely difficult situation. It was clear there weren't enough interceptors of all types for even one front, certainly not for three active fronts with thousands of rockets each. During an October 7th discussion at the Kirya, the IDF situation room in Tel Aviv, when then-Defense Minister Yoav Gallant suggested Netanyahu initiate war with Hezbollah, the Prime

Minister pointed to Tel Aviv's skyscrapers visible through the window. He told Gallant that if Israel went on the offensive as Gallant suggested, "the entire landscape you see here will change."

This was Qasem Soleimani's original Iranian plan: build the monstrous forces of Hezbollah and Hamas, then activate them simultaneously the moment Israel attacks Iran.

“ Over the years, Israel understood that after a first wave of attacks, a second wave wouldn't be possible—the aircraft would be tied up fighting Hezbollah. But suddenly Hezbollah has lost its power, and the air force flies freely through Iranian skies.

But the A-lmighty hardened Yahya Sinwar's heart and clouded his judgment. Acting on his own calculations and situational analyses - influenced partly by Israeli societal divisions - he launched an independent attack on Simchas Torah, delivering a devastating, blood-soaked blow unlike anything Israel had ever experienced.

Yet the recovery matched the magnitude of the blow, especially since Hezbollah and West Bank Arabs didn't cooperate at the level Sinwar expected. Hezbollah limited itself to long-range fire, giving Israel justification to implement its secret plan: exploding the

beepers and communication devices, followed by Nasrallah's elimination. His replacement, Naim Qassem, frightened by the fate Israel arranged for his mythological predecessor, refrained from executing his part of the Iranian plan.

Prime Minister Netanyahu demonstrated real leadership, making the brave and correct decision. The Israeli air force struck Iran wave after wave with unprecedented freedom without any fear from the north.

Hezbollah's response this past weekend? A statement: "Hezbollah strongly condemns the brutal Israeli aggression directed against the Islamic Republic of Iran, which constitutes dangerous escalation and defiance by the Zionist regime of all oversight and rules, under full American cover and sponsorship." That's it.

Who would have believed! Just two years ago, Israeli leadership feared dealing with two flimsy Hezbollah tents on Mount Dov and supplied suitcases of dollars to Hamas to avoid war. Now, the IAF can fly freely over Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, and Iran... We haven't even discussed the Yemen strikes or Assad's surprising collapse in Syria, which returned the IDF to Hermon's peak, Quneitra, and additional Syrian outposts.

This entire process could be seen as pure coincidence, smart advance planning, or luck that smiled upon us despite the heavy human cost. All perspectives are valid. These are precisely the ways of the HaKadosh Baruch Hu-how He navigates the world through individualized Divine Providence that surprises us again and again. ■

(Translated from Arutz Sheva, INN.co.il)



The 'Lady Of The House' And 'The End Of The Story'

BEGIN WITH A GRIN

A housewife, an accountant, and a lawyer were asked, "How much is two plus two?" The housewife replied, "I think it's twenty-two!" The accountant thought for a moment and said, "I need to check with a calculator." The lawyer dimmed the lights, closed the curtains, and asked in a whisper, "How much do you want it to be?"

A Story Of Two Ladies

The bitter story of Korach is known to all - a distinguished man, wealthy, respected, wise, and clever, whose jealousy of Aharon HaKohen led to bitter consequences for him and his entire group. What most of us may not know is that there is a very significant moral lesson for our time, especially regarding bringing the Geula.

In one of the Rebbe's letters, we find an interesting reference to this story and its implications for us in our time.

"Korach was one of the most distinguished in Israel, a descendant of one of the most honored families. He was a great lamdan (scholar), one of the world's richest men, a very clever person, and even related to Moshe and Aharon. In contrast, regarding On ben Peles, one of his group, we don't find anything special

about him: not in wisdom, not in lineage, and not in anything else."

What was their end? How did their lives turn out? Who succeeded and who failed?

Exactly the opposite of what you would expect or think. Korach's end was miserable, and he left a major disaster in his wake for hundreds and thousands of other Jews. Entire families were destroyed and eliminated as a result of participating in Korach's dispute.

In contrast, On ben Peles was saved along with all his family members. In fact, he was the one and only who did not suffer among all those who were part of Korach's original congregation.

What was the reason for their unexpected denouements? What led to Korach's bitter end and On ben Peles's pleasant conclusion? The influence and leadership of their wives!

The Gemara (Sanhedrin 109b) expounds on the verse (Mishlei 14:1), “The wisdom of women built her house” regarding On ben Peles’s wife, who according to the Gemara’s interpretation was the one who convinced him to avoid disputing Moshe. When On ben Peles boasted to his wife about how he joined Korach’s rebel league, her response was honest contempt: “What did you gain from this? If this one is the rav, you’re a student, and if that one is the rav, you’re a student!”

On said to her: “What should I do? I was in counsel with Korach and swore loyalty to him.” His wife said to him: “You know that the entire congregation are all holy and modest. Sit down, and I will save you!” She gave him wine and he became drunk, and she laid him down inside the house, and she sat by the entrance and let down her hair. And anyone who came to call him and saw his wife with her hair uncovered turned back. Meanwhile, Korach’s congregation was swallowed up.

Such a woman deserves to be called “akeres ha’bayis” (“the foundation of the house”).

Korach’s wife, on the other hand, did exactly the opposite!

She, through her words and conduct, kindled the fire of dispute and caused the “setting of her husband’s sun,” and along with him the descent of the entire congregation. Korach’s wife, instead of being the “akeres ha’bayis” was “okeres ha’bayis” (the uprooter of the house) - she uprooted, tore down, and destroyed her house, along with many other Jewish homes.

Ladies, What’s The Story?

The Gemara (ibid.) expounds on the end of the verse quoted above regarding Korach’s wife: “The wisdom of women built her house”

- this is On ben Peles’s wife, “but foolishness tears it down with her hands” - this is Korach’s wife.

Korach’s wife is called ‘foolish’ because in her stupidity she encouraged her husband to dispute Moshe. Our Sages tell us that Korach’s wife was the one who pushed her husband to rebel, feeding him more and more words of slander against Moshe, and inflating his self-image until he felt he must rebel against him.

But the story of these two women doesn’t end here. The Rama of Fano (in his *Gilgulei Neshamos* 11) reveals to us that later, On’s wife was reincarnated as Michal, daughter of Shaul, the wife of Dovid HaMelech. And just as On’s wife saved her husband, so too Michal saved Dovid. She helped him understand that he was not yet able to reign, and thus saved his life at that time, until the right time came for the kingdom of the House of Dovid.

The moral lesson learned from this story is clear and valid seven-fold in our time. The women and daughters of Israel have enormous responsibility and an important role in leading the home, family, children, and husband. They are the true foundation of the Jewish people, and they are the “ikar” and basis of every home.

It is known that the future Geula will be in the merit and virtue of the righteous women of our generation, as our Sages said: “The generations are not redeemed except in the merit of the righteous women in the generation.” And particularly according to what is explained in the writings of the Arizal that the last generation in exile is a reincarnation of the generation that left Egypt. So, today as then, every woman can choose who she wants to be like. Like On’s wife, “akeres ha’bayis,” or like Korach’s wife, “okeres ha’bayis.” Specifically, a

woman has the spiritual and inner strength to awaken the family, together with the husband, to more faith in Geula, to more action for Geula, and to more sacrifice for Geula.

To Conclude With A Story

We will end with a story about the virtue of Jewish women and girls and how specifically through the consent of the Alter Rebbe's wife, the Alter Rebbe came to the Maggid's court, and ultimately established Chabad Chassidus.

As is known, in his youth, the Alter Rebbe heard about what was happening in Mezeritch, where the Chassidim were deeply investing in and spending a long time on their prayers. On the other hand, he also heard about Vilna and the Torah study there.

Finally, he said in his heart: "It seems to me that I know how to learn, but I have not yet learned how to truly daven," and therefore the Alter Rebbe decided to travel to Mezeritch.

His wife, Rebbetzin Sterna, agreed to the path he chose, especially given the fact that at that time the couple suffered greatly in the house of the Rebbetzin's father, the Mahari Segal.

She only asked him to promise her that he would not stay there more than a year and a half, and the Alter Rebbe promised her with a *tekias kaf* (a handshake commitment that is binding like a vow) that he would return on

time. And rumors say that she even provided him with thirty rubles to buy a horse and wagon.

The Alter Rebbe set out on his journey, and with him his brother Rabbi Yehuda Leib, who decided to join him. Except that his brother, Rabbi Yehuda Leib, traveled without asking his wife's permission. When they reached the

“ What led to Korach's bitter end and On ben Peles's pleasant conclusion? The influence and leadership of their wives!

city of Orsha, the horse died. The Alter Rebbe understood that this happened because of his brother, who did not ask for his wife's consent before they set out on their journey.

The Alter Rebbe said to him: "It seems to me that you don't need to travel. Return to your home. I will continue on my way, and from everything I achieve and learn there, I will share with you too."

Afterward, he continued his journey to Mezeritch on foot. And from this, Chabad Chassidus was born. Blessed are the women of Israel!

Good Shabbos! ■

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disorder had simply disappeared, and the Rebbe's bracha was fulfilled in spite of modern medicine's gloomy forecasts! The blessing of the Nasi HaDor, had shattered all the doctrines of scientific and statistical probabilities.

May we merit to receive the bracha of the True and Complete Redemption, as prophesied and

promised by the Rebbe, Melech HaMoshiach, immediately, mamash, now!

This article has been written in memory of Anat bas Binyomin a"h, and in honor of L.L. bas S., may she very soon be blessed with children of her own. ■

The Chassidishe Vibe

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



FROM TREMBLING HANDS TO LIGHTING UP HEARTS

3 GIRLS GET REAL
ABOUT THEIR MITTZA
NESHEK JOURNEY

WILDFIRES, MISSILES AND MIRACLES

SARA GOPIN

MY REBBE

3 WOMEN SHARE A
PERSONAL MOMENT WHEN
THE REBBE MADE SURE
THEY KNEW HE CARED...

יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד



Wildfires, Missiles and Miracles

B'hashgacha pratis I returned to Eretz Yisrael from New York one day before Ben Gurion Airport shut down to avoid the Iranian attack. Presently we are in a lockdown. My grandson's Bar Mitzva celebration, which was supposed to be four days after I arrived, has been canceled.

Sirens are piercing the sky. The booms are frightening, and my house shook from the impact of a missile that just fell nearby in Rechovot. Yet Abba in Shamayim is hovering over us, protecting us like a mother bird hovers over its nest to protect its children.

It's the middle of a sleepless night and images of the traumas of the past weeks keep flashing through my mind... On Beis Iyar, which was designated this year as an "early" Yom Haatzmaut, there were massive wildfires in the hills west of Yerushalayim. It was the worst blaze in history, perpetrated by terrorists. A burnt smell from the smoke permeated the air even where I live, in Rechovot.

The stages set up for the yearly festivities of the general Israeli population were all empty. Everything was canceled. Instead of the usual firecrackers, there were fervent prayers for the firefighters working around the clock to extinguish the raging flames outside of our holy city.

The next week, 6 Iyar, began with a "boom" (literally). A missile launched by the Houthis

crashed right outside of Terminal 3 in Ben Gurion airport, injuring eight people. I live fifteen miles away, but the force was so powerful that I heard the explosion and my house shook.

I was supposed to be flying out to New York through Rome the next morning, and shortly after the missile attack I received an email that my flight was canceled, as were most of the flights with foreign airlines. My heart sank, I often go to New York to help my mother, may she be well, and she was expecting me. Somehow I found another flight.

When I arrived at Ben Gurion airport it was practically empty. About twenty other people who were on my flight were standing with their suitcases by the information desk, looking totally confused. We were told that our flight to JFK had been pushed off until the next morning, with a five hour stopover in Athens. I arrived in New York after quite an ordeal. But baruch Hashem I was able to get back to Eretz Yisrael just before the lockdown, and to be *zoche* to witness **firsthand** the stream of miracles in this War of Hashem.

Safeguarding Our Souls and Our Land

Instability brings people closer. There was a young woman sitting a few seats away from me who was also "stuck" in Ben Gurion airport

and looked just as exhausted and flustered as I was. Somehow we struck up a conversation.

“I grew up like you, in a home that was Chareidi,” Tami (a pseudonym) said. “There’s so much chaos now, everywhere, and it just doesn’t end. I miss the framework that I once had when I was religious, before we lost it...”

“What happened?” I asked.

“Well, it’s difficult even thinking about it, but I’ll tell you,” she began. “My parents converted to Judaism after they got married. It was mostly my father, who’s from Russia, leading the way. He is a musician with very sensitive soul who searched for the truth and found it in Judaism. After their conversion my parents made aliya. Since then my father is in kollel, totally immersed in Torah. My mother always worked hard to earn a salary so that we, as a large family, could make ends meet.

“My grandmother, my mother’s mother, lived with us. Even though she wasn’t Jewish, and grew up as an atheist in a communist country, she always showed tremendous respect for our observance of mitzvos, and showered us with love.

“We lived in a tight-knit Litvish community in a small town near the Southern border. My father was very strict about not letting anything not Torahdik into our home. We were one of the last families in our kehilla to buy a computer, and he kept a close watch over every disc that we brought home.

“When I was in high school I began feeling suffocated and got into a lot of arguments with my father about his rules.” She paused, and with sadness in her eyes added, “Now I

deeply regret all the trouble I caused him, and understand his intentions much better.

“Simultaneously our home began falling apart,” Tami continues. “My mother had purchased a smartphone and began spending hours on end listening to the Russian music that she grew up with, and watching Russian movies, which was even worse. At first she would do it privately, in her bedroom, but then she began lying on the couch after work, mesmerized by the entertainment. There was nothing anyone could do to break its spell. At one point we all realized that she’d become addicted to her phone. But it was much more than that. My mother was revisiting her non-Jewish past and it was invading the Jewish atmosphere of our home.

“As one of the older children in the family, it pained me to see my younger siblings coming back from school and my mother too busy on her phone to even prepare a basic meal for them. My heart broke even more as I watched my father constantly begging her to close her phone and function as a mother. Witnessing all of this I realized that my father had been so firm about boundaries in order to safeguard the stability, and holiness, of our home. We keep trying to convince my mother to get help but she’s in her own world and refuses to listen.

“When I turned twenty I found a job, left home, and have been living with a roommate ever since. But once a week I bring bags of groceries to my family, and cook and clean for them too. Most of the time when I walk in the door my mother barely looks away from her phone to greet me the way a mother should.”

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MY REBBE

**3 WOMEN SHARE A PERSONAL
MOMENT WHEN THE REBBE MADE
SURE THEY KNEW HE CARED...**



MY GIFT TO THE REBBE

Mrs. Rachel Bolton



Years ago, I gave lectures for Chabad Youth Organization in Israel. Over time, I turned to other pursuits. My husband was disappointed and encouraged me to return to it, but I couldn't see how I could fit it into my already full schedule.

One year, it was Rosh Chodesh Kislev and a renewed burst of excitement filled me. I thought, "What can I give the Rebbe as a gift for this special day when he returned to us after such a long time of not seeing him face-to-face?" At the time, my husband was at the Kinus HaShluchim, and I decided that I would return to lecturing whenever I was asked, for the Rebbe's health.

But I didn't expect it to happen so soon - and so far away!

My husband was still in 770, and I was alone with our small children. Suddenly, the phone rang. On the line was a shlucha from Eilat asking me to give a lecture. I was shocked: "Rebbe, I get it. I want to lecture. But why in Eilat, and when my husband isn't even home?!"

Still, a decision is a decision. I agreed, on condition they arrange round-trip flights the same day, so I wouldn't need to stay overnight. "No problem, we'll take care of the tickets," I was promised.

But many are the thoughts of man... On the day of the lecture the airline Arkia canceled the return flight from Eilat due to a lack of passengers, and I didn't know what to do. On the one hand, my kids were home. On the other, the shluchim had already publicized and promised the event.

The shlucha felt bad and said she would understand if I declined, but she also made it clear that my presence was very important.

After some thought, I agreed to come. My dear friend Yehudis Feigin took my children.

"If you're already coming, and if you don't mind, we'll make you the final lecture of the evening - this way the women will stay until the end to hear you," the shlucha requested. And me? I'm a soldier of the Rebbe... I agreed to whatever she said.

I flew to Eilat, took a cab from the airport to the hall. "Pay, and we'll reimburse you," they said. When I arrived, the shlucha handed me 20 shekels to cover the taxi. I politely refused: "This is my small donation." But she insisted, and so did I.

Finally, I noticed a raffle booth - tickets to win a trip to the Rebbe. I told her to use the money as a donation toward someone else's trip, no need for a ticket. "I can't take money without giving a receipt," she said. And so, they *forced* me to enter the raffle.

I sat in the hotel lobby while the speaker before me was finishing. Suddenly, I heard: "The raffle winner, ticket number..." I looked at my ticket - unbelievable. It was my number! I had won!

I was confused. The raffle wasn't meant for me. I went up to the stage and apologized: "I feel uncomfortable. This was for the local women..." But they warmly congratulated me and declared in unison: "You deserve it. You left your kids, your husband is with the Rebbe, and you still came."

Thanks to my good hachlata - to step out of my comfort zone to give the Rebbe nachas - I merited to travel and see the Rebbe face-to-face. Those were incredibly special moments in my life. The unforgettable moment? When I received thirty dollars from the Rebbe during the dollar distribution - for the women of Eilat!

MY BOTTLE

Mrs. Yaffa Spinner recounts:

In 5748, while I was in 9th grade, I traveled to the Rebbe. The Rebbe spoke extensively about Hakhel to bring joy to yourself and others. When I returned home, I repeated this to my father a'h, who greatly encouraged me to organize Mesibos Shabbos. I was shy and didn't see how I could implement this instruction, but after much persuasion and my inner desire to fulfill the Rebbe's wishes, I began



Mesibos Shabbos in my home for a group of children that seemed least threatening to me - children who were not religiously observant. The group was very successful and I opened another group for Bais Yaakov girls who were my neighbors. We said 'Pesukim,' the Rebbe's kapitel of Tehillim, sang songs, I said a short dvar Torah, and the children received candy. They were very happy to come.

Since the groups were so successful, I opened another group for Yiddish-speaking girls. I adapted the activity to suit each group - for example, for the Yiddish speakers, my father searched for a segment of a sicha of the Rebbe in Yiddish, we let them learn together among themselves, and even the Tehillim were recited in the pronunciation they were used to.

My father suggested that we run the Mesibos Shabbos for the non-observant children on Friday night, and so I did. I davened with them selected portions from Kabbolas Shabbos with tunes, we waited for my father to return from shul, they participated in singing "Shalom Aleichem" and "Eishes Chayil," heard Kiddush, received a taste of mezonos and then went home. They loved coming very much.

Since the activity was so successful, in the summer I organized a Shelah (after-school) campaign - ten days of activities in which I taught concepts in Judaism. I reported about all this to the Rebbe and attached drawings that the children drew for the Rebbe.

A very special response was received: "Thank you graciously, I will mention it at the *tziyun* and the drawings were received with blessing." I was very moved to receive such a response from the Rebbe!

A year later, in 5749, I wanted to fly to the Rebbe but couldn't raise the money. I tried to do all sorts of things to make the dream come true. My brother made an interesting suggestion: "I'm sure that if you say the entire Tehillim three times consecutively, standing, and without speaking, any request you make will be fulfilled, and you want so much to fly to the Rebbe, surely Hashem will help you." Due to my strong desire, I followed his advice and said the whole Tehillim consecutively, three times, standing.. At the end I nearly fainted... Of course I requested with all my heart, but still didn't merit to fly, to my great disappointment.

My younger brother flew to the Rebbe, and remembered his sister who so wanted to come but couldn't manage it. On the night after Simchas Torah, at the 'kos shel bracha,' he passed by the Rebbe with two cups. One for himself and one for his sister. He said to the Rebbe: "My sister makes Mesibos Shabbos." The Rebbe poured into his cup, while for his sister, for me, the Rebbe gave a small bottle of mashke. When my brother arrived with the vodka, I was very, very moved, and we of course held a special farbrengen.

I feel that this vodka accompanies me to this day in all my work and shlichus activities. For me, this vodka is still rolling along and generating very many good things...

SHAME AND CAKE IN RETURN

Mrs. Risha Vishedsky

We were destitute in Soviet Russia, with everything that came with it. With Hashem's kindness, we managed to leave that valley of tears and emigrate to the new Chassidic village in Israel - Kfar Chabad.

That year, the Rebbe invited all Chassidim who had managed to leave Russia to come to his holy court, ages twenty and up. The tickets were paid for by him. For perspective: a plane ticket back then was worth half a year's salary or more - something the average person could not afford.

That year, my father and two brothers went. (My younger brother was 19, and during his yechidus the Rebbe asked how he got there and whether he had money. He said he had part of it and borrowed the rest. The Rebbe replied: "You'll get reimbursed for the borrowed part by the secretariat." And so it was.)

A year later, there was a raffle in Kfar Chabad for a trip for the month of Tishrei. Back then, raffles weren't commonplace like today. It was a big and exciting event.

My two brothers wanted to participate and asked our father for 20 shekels each for a ticket - and one for him. As new immigrants, our parents worked very hard and earned very little. My father said: "I'd love to, but I earn 20 shekels a day. I can only afford one ticket. You decide who to register."

One of my brothers went to register and suddenly worried that if he won, he might not be allowed to leave due to military service. He asked the organizer what would happen if he won but couldn't go. The organizer said the prize could only be transferred to someone *who also entered* the raffle.

So he said, "We both might not be able to go. I have a feeling we'll win. Let's register Abba."

The names were mixed well. One name was drawn ceremoniously. Unbelievably - Abba won!

It was a holiday in Kfar Chabad. My father had already gone to sleep - there were no phones then - and suddenly, singing and dancing erupted under the window: "Mazel Tov, you won the raffle!"

Father didn't understand; he hadn't registered! And my mother? I can say she was a true Chassidiste. From a young age, she was raised on Chassidic values and self-sacrifice. Her father, Rabbi Yehoshua Laine, was a renowned rav whom the Rebbeim described as a "Beinoni" from the Tanya. (She lost both parents in the Holocaust.)

Though she lived with great *hiskashrus* to the Rebbe in Russia, she never got to see him. Her desire to travel to the Rebbe was immense, and she wanted to join my father on the trip. But



financially, it seemed impossible.

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FROM TREMBLING HANDS TO LIGHTING UP HEARTS

THREE GIRLS GET REAL ABOUT THEIR MIVTZA NESHEK JOURNEY AND HOW THEY COPE WITH THE SHYNESS OF APPROACHING TOTAL STRANGERS AND OFFERING THEM SHABBOS CANDLES ■ PRESENTED FOR GIMMEL TAMMUZ, TO STRENGTHEN OUR COMMITMENT TO THE REBBE AND HIS HOLY MIVTZOIM

ALUMA SHEMLI



Fifty years since the Neshek campaign began, and it seems there isn't a single Chassidishe woman who hasn't had the experience of distributing Neshek. In a bustling mall, on a main street, or in a sad or joyful hospital ward, each one finds herself from time to time or regularly, offering her simple or special kit and receiving back an enthusiastic, grateful, cool, or perhaps even insulting or aggressive response.

With us today are three Bnos Chabad who regularly go out to distribute kits on Fridays. They shared with us openly and anonymously their concerns, discomforts, and also their ways of dealing with them. And of course, they didn't spare us the stories, whether embarrassing or moving.

Racheli, a seminary student, studies in a special education track. She specializes mainly in distributing Neshek in the women's ward. **Chaya**, still in 11th grade, loves the central bus station. And **Ahuva**, finishing 12th grade, distributes candles wherever she goes on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Creeping Fear

When going out on mitvzaim, naturally, various concerns arise. Share with us your biggest fear, the moment before you approach a woman, while you're still holding the bag of prepared kits...

Racheli: I love doing mitvzaim of all types - Neshek kits, letters in a Sefer Torah campaigns, Dalet Minim, and approaching people. I'm not embarrassed at all. My real fear, which, baruch Hashem, usually doesn't materialize, is that a woman will ask me a serious question and I won't know how to answer her. First of all, it's embarrassing, very much so. And I approached her; to her, I represent all religious people, Judaism. To some extent, the Rebbe. After all, I come to her in his name. How is it that I don't know what to answer?

Baruch Hashem, this almost never happens. Women accept the kit happily or they don't. Sometimes they share some problem or

moving story. Even when there are questions, they're usually at a basic level, like: when to light, what bracha to say, or whether she's allowed to light even if she's not sure she'll be able to keep the whole Shabbos.

Chaya: What am I afraid of? I'm embarrassed, terribly so. I'm naturally shy and every approach to a stranger, or even someone not familiar enough, makes me swallow my tongue. It's not easy to deal with, so I always go with someone else. Sometimes I gather courage, offer a kit to someone who looks nice and gentle, whisper "Shabbat Shalom." If she accepts the kit happily and starts talking to me, I thaw. But the beginning is very difficult for me. I'm sure I could distribute much more each time if I wasn't so afraid before every approach to someone.

Ahuva: I'm afraid of unpleasant reactions. Someone who will yell at me or say something unpleasant. I'm very sensitive and any ungraceful approach can bring me to tears. It's enough for her to make an impatient face and say, "Ugh, what a nudnik!" for me to take it personally.

Have you ever had an embarrassing or unpleasant incident when you approached women and offered them Neshek?

Racheli: Something embarrassing/funny happened to me... We were several girls in the women's ward on Friday afternoon and we walked around among the beds. One of the nurses got angry at us for walking around getting in the way, disturbing the women's rest and the staff's work. We didn't really understand what she wanted from us, because the women were actually very happy. Apparently she just had some 'anti' feeling toward the whole Torah and mitzvot issue.

One of the times she encountered us again, she threatened to call the police on us. We weren't scared - what crime did we commit? We continued with our business, ignoring her. We entered one of the rooms where a young woman was lying there, who was really happy to see us. She took two candles and asked how

to light them. We explained to her. When she heard that she needed to give charity first, she was really sorry because she didn't have small change. We tried to reassure her that it wasn't mandatory, and suddenly two policemen entered the room, with a beeping radio and everything. Our hearts dropped. Really.

Only after a few long seconds during which we couldn't breathe, we noticed that they weren't looking at us at all. One of the policemen approached the woman and asked her "How are you?"

She was really happy. "How wonderful that you came, Motti! They just explained to me how to light candles and I don't have small change!" Her husband gave her coins and said "Thank you" to us. We left the room, falling on each other's necks, laughing liberating laughter. It was stressful!

Chaya: A very embarrassing incident happened to me once! I had one last kit left and my bus was supposed to arrive already.

I didn't want
to leave
it with
me
and

quickly looked for someone suitable to offer it to. Next to me passed a young person with very long hair flowing over their shoulders. I hurried after them, happy. "Excuse me?" When they turned around with a smile, I discovered it was a man...

I wanted the earth to swallow me at that moment!

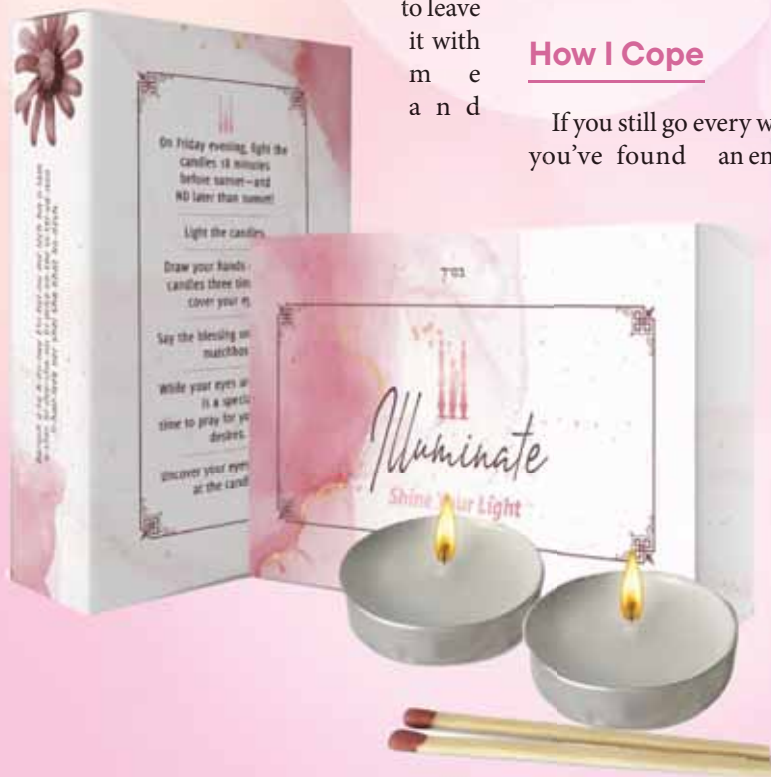
Ahuva: We were a group of girls and once went to distribute Neshek at some small and quite deserted mall. We were equipped with lots of energy and kits. Each one took a different area of the mall. I was at the entrance, trying to catch everyone who entered. There weren't many. At some point a woman approached who apparently finished her shopping and I went over to her with a smile. She got angry. "I have no problem with Shabbos candles, but you're the seventh one to approach me in the last half hour! Maybe you should coordinate the number of distributors with the size of the mall?"

I apologized on behalf of everyone...

How I Cope

If you still go every week on Mivtza Neshek, you've found an encouraging thought that helps you. Can you tell us what it is?

Racheli: I tell myself, "I don't go on mivtzaim on my own initiative, right? The Rebbe sent me and decided that I can go even though I didn't pass training in 'know what to answer...' If he decided that I know enough, then it will be okay. He will put the right



answer in my mouth if they ask me something too complicated...”

Chaya: Before I approach people, I remind myself that I haven’t done anything bad to any of them. On the contrary, I come to illuminate their lives with the light of Torah and mitzvot and I’m here on a short and cold or long and hot Friday only for them. If I were providing first aid, and I saw someone who needed medical treatment, I would immediately approach her, without being embarrassed. That’s exactly how I need to feel, because that’s what I’m doing - providing spiritual first aid!

Ahuva: Once I asked my brother what to do if someone yells at me and it makes me cry? So he told me, “That would be excellent! She’ll be scared by your tears and hurry to placate you, and suddenly realize that actually you didn’t do anything bad to her! You only wanted her good!” This hasn’t happened to me yet, but I remind myself that I really didn’t do anything bad, so what am I so afraid of?

I Was Moved!

A moving story that happened to you personally?

Racheli: We were in the women’s ward shortly before Shabbos, walking around among the beds and offering women to light candles. There was a religious, elderly woman who was placed in a bed in the corridor, apparently due to lack of space. We debated whether to approach her - she surely lights candles and maybe it would embarrass her that we’re approaching her. In the end we decided to try. When she understood what we wanted, she simply burst into tears. “I can’t believe it! From all the pain and fear I simply forgot that today is Friday! That Shabbos is coming soon! If you hadn’t approached me, I would have forgotten to light candles!”

We were moved, along with her. We were so happy that we approached her despite her religious appearance.

Chaya: Once I approached a sweet woman who seemed traditional to me, someone who

wouldn’t yell at me... She was so moved, took the candles and gently put them in her bag. “What do you think?” she said to me, “I light every week and I have a box full of candles at home. But when I receive them from the Chabad girls I always light their candles, because what are my candles worth compared to the candles the Rebbe sends me?”

For weeks afterward I was still moved to hold the kits that the Rebbe himself sent to women. It’s true, and good for her that she saw the truth. Candles that the Rebbe sent are worth more than any other purchased pair...

Ahuva: Once I approached a young female soldier, who was very moved and asked many questions. After we finished talking she asked for my phone number. I gave it to her and from time to time she would call and ask something small like what bracha to say on some food or what was the parsha that week. Later I invited her for Shabbos and when she finished her service she continued to a Chassidic school. I never thought it was possible to really bring a Jewish woman closer to Chassidic life from one small candle!

Coming Out Ahead

What do you gain from mitvtzaim?

Racheli: What do you mean what do I gain? First of all, I’m bringing the Geula closer, which is the greatest profit any Jew can have! Besides that, I feel that mitvtzaim are my preparation for when one day I’ll go out on real shlichus after marriage. This way I practice, learn how to speak to Jews, how to look at them.

Chaya: When I go on mitvtzaim I have a way to make the Rebbe happy. It’s simply a pleasure to start a letter to the Rebbe with such good news, a report from mitvtzaim - where I went, with whom, how much I distributed.

Ahuva: Profit? Who’s looking for profit in mitvtzaim anyway? We are the Rebbe’s soldiers and this is part of our job; it doesn’t matter at all what we gain or lose from it! ■

Our economic situation was tough. I remember oranges from the orchards were the only fruit we had. We never felt poor, but that was the reality. We never got new clothes except on rare occasions when packages arrived from America.

So - no money, but great ratzon. What did she do? Like a true Chassidite, she wrote a letter to the Rebbe laying out her dilemma. The Rebbe responded: She should make the decision herself.

After much thought, she decided to fly.

On the first day she landed in Crown Heights, she went out with her nieces and walked down Kingston Avenue. Suddenly, a siren! She panicked - it was shortly after the Six-Day War.

"Don't worry," they explained, "this is an announcement for a surprise farbrengen." No digital communication then. "Let us take you to 770 and show you where to go in and stand."

They brought her to 770. She entered and stood directly opposite the Rebbe's chair - the best spot to see him.

It was noon, not many women were present. Suddenly the Rebbe entered the room, striding quickly toward his chair. *Melech b'yafyo*. I remember how she described it to us in awe. The power and excitement she felt were indescribable.

"A king. Truly a king," she'd say. "I trembled with emotion and joy. A thousand feelings overwhelmed me."

The Rebbe spoke in Yiddish, her mother tongue, but she was so emotional she couldn't understand anything. She always said the strongest feeling she felt was *shame*. Immense shame.

Shame for what? "How did I dare to hesitate? For this moment alone - seeing the Rebbe - whether I understand or not, it was worth

everything. Even to be sold into slavery to pay for it. It was all worth it for that one moment of elevation and *hiskashrus* to the Rebbe."

The Rebbe spoke briefly and then exited. Most women left, some stayed to chat, but she remained frozen in place, overwhelmed by the experience and her feelings.

A few minutes passed. Suddenly, a side door opened that connected the women's section to the "lower Gan Eden." Two men stood in the doorway. One held a large box. The other asked: "Is there anyone here from Kfar Chabad?"

My modest mother didn't imagine they were talking about her - she had just arrived and hadn't even notified the Rebbe she was there. Still, it was rude not to answer.

"I'm from Kfar Chabad," she replied, "but I'm not the raffle winner. The winner is Gila Pruss, and she's not here right now."

He waved his hand dismissively and asked, "You're from Kfar Chabad?"

"Yes," she replied.

The second man approached her and placed the box in her hands: **"The Rebbe sent this for you."**

When my mother realized what had just happened, it was almost too late - everyone around her had pounced on the treasure like those who discover great spoils, snatching pieces of the Rebbe's cake. Only a few crumbs were left.

At the last second, she clutched the box tightly in her hands and ran to her sister-in-law's house. Her sister-in-law calmed her: "It's all right. It doesn't matter how much is left."

She quickly baked a large cake and placed within it all the remaining **holy crumbs**.

A woman stands in 770, feeling shame and guilt for having hesitated to come to the Rebbe - and the Rebbe gives her an immediate answer...■



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Recap: *Shmuel is released to house arrest. Yom Kippur passed on the estate with joy mixed with deep concern over the unknown future.*



"I don't want to talk about this!" Hysterical crying. "Not a single word!"

"But Aidel," his father sighed. "We can't..."

"Enough already, please." Was that Aidel's voice? He doesn't think he has ever heard her cry before, surely not this way. "Stop talking about it, I'm begging you!"

Motzoei Yom Kippur. Gronem stopped in the small anteroom on the third floor. While his father had sent Zalman to tell him to come upstairs as soon as he has finished organizing the shul, it didn't seem to him that he meant that it should be for... this occasion.

"Here comes Gronem." His father sighed again. "You don't have to stay if this will be too hard for you." So, he *is* supposed to be here?

Aidel got up, covering her face. "I don't want you to speak about this either," she whispered. She took a step in the direction of the bedroom.



THE SECOND HOUSEWIFE

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

BY ALUMA SHEMLI

Gronem was embarrassed. Shmuel took a very deep breath, remaining silent for a long moment. He motioned to him to come in, smiling with some hesitation.

"You called for me?" Gronem sat down, a bit perplexed.

"I wanted us to deal with a rather important matter," Shmuel smiled apologetically, "but I've been placed under a gag order..."

The bedroom door closed. He sat facing Gronem, deep in thought, very troubled.

"How much did it cost you to get me released into house arrest?" he suddenly asked.

Gronem's large eyes opened wide. "Cost us? We didn't pay anything!"

Now it was Shmuel's turn to be stunned. "What does that mean? That tormentor who brought me here said that they had placed a sizable sum of money for me with the court. If it wasn't you, then who was it?"

Gronem shrugged his shoulders. "Is that what he said?" He was surprised. Pesach Tzvi should be fired from his translation services. He only translated when he felt like it...

"So, who could it be?" Shmuel furrowed his brow. "Who could have arranged such a large amount for me?"

"Gedalia?" Gronem whispered.

Shmuel gave him a pensive look. "He's not in a very good financial state right now," he replied softly. "However, he would be prepared to give his right eye as collateral to get me freed." After a moment, he added quietly: "If it was him, that would be most embarrassing. He remained at my side throughout the entire fast and I didn't even thank him..."

"He is a true friend," Gronem said in praise, preferring not to say who isn't...

"Indeed," Shmuel's eyes shone.

"So, shall I go downstairs?" Gronem asked. "We won't discuss this matter?" he smiled.

"Not for the time being." His father smiled back, holding out his hands in a gesture of acceptance.

Shmuel stood. "May I ask a question, Tatte?" Gronem said quietly.

Shmuel nodded and serenely retook his seat, a fatherly smile on his lips.

"Can't you just tell her: 'I'm sorry, but we must discuss this. You don't have to listen?'" His eyes were filled with hope and expectation. "I have been trying lately to be a good husband," his face reddened. "However, it doesn't seem to me that I would let Mirele decide for me whether I could speak about something or not..."

"You know me too well, my boy," Shmuel sighed with a smile. "I am the last person who would let someone decide for me what I can do and what I can't. Certainly not a woman..."

"But..." He filled his lungs with air, lowering his voice to a very quiet whisper. "I don't want to use force, son. It's quite possible that we don't have very much time left to be together..." He breathed heavily again, his eyes still dry. "My trial has been set for the fifteenth of November. I apparently won't even be with her for the birth..."

Gronem shuddered. "I understand," he replied. He actually feels that he doesn't understand a thing. Nothing! *Ribono Shel Olam*, how is it possible to separate such a couple!?

"I'll go down, then." He made his way to the room's entrance. "If anything changes, call for me."

"Wait just a moment," his father asked. He got up, quickly trying to head for the door, almost falling when his leg wouldn't respond due to the heavy iron ball. "*Ach*," he sighed with a laugh. "I'm not used to my new limb..."

He walked towards the bedroom and opened the door a crack.

"Aidel, if you were here now and I was still in the citadel, and you were able to bring me kosher food, would you do so?"

Gronem entered the room, trying not to pay attention. In any case, he couldn't hear the *gevirte's* replies.

"And tefillin, if you could, would you send them to me?"

"And if you could reassure me? Convey to me a message that everything is all right, all is well with you, and you're waiting for me?"

"That's what I was thinking, that you shouldn't keep anything from me." One could even hear the smile coming to his face.

"You guessed correctly." He sighed. "It would be a source of much comfort to me if I knew that we have arranged this... this matter, you know."

He closed the door and returned to the room. "She'll come," he sighed as he sat down. "Thank you for your time, my son."

"Whatever you wish, Tatte." Gronem was embarrassed. "Especially that I don't know how much time I still have left with you..."

Shmuel placed his hand on Gronem's hand, giving a tired smile.

Aidel comes out of her room and stands near the entrance, an embroidered handkerchief in her hand ready for any moment of sorrow.

"Come, sit down," Shmuel asked with a smile. Aidel shook her head with a shrug of the shoulders. Shmuel then straightened his back, leaning with his elbows on the table. "Gronem, I want you to draft a will for me," he began. "I'll tell you in very general terms the direction where it should go. I'll leave all the halachic conditions to you, down to the smallest point. After you finish the draft, we'll go through it in precise detail."

"That's very important!" Gronem smiled, feeling as if a huge weight had been lifted off his chest. "When Tatte reaches the age of one hundred and twenty, I'll be a hundred and two. It will be hard for me then to focus on the minute details..."

A surprised Shmuel smiled. He was unfamiliar with Gronem's sense of humor. Aidel tried unsuccessfully to remain unmoved, but she couldn't keep from smiling.

"So, here in general are the terms of the will: After my passing, nothing will change on the

estate. Decisions in general, and in all financial matters in particular, will be made by Aidel. She will run the estate, the business affairs, everything."

Gronem took a deep breath as he absorbed his father's instructions. "There's simply no way possible that I can do that," Aidel said in a barely audible tone of voice.

"First of all, you won't do this on your own..." Shmuel smiled. "Zalman is managing the business affairs now and he will continue to run them for you. I am certain that even my older children would be happy to help, as they did when I was in Kiev and during the past *Aseres Yemei Teshuva*."

"Secondly," he lowered his eyes, making imaginary drawings with his finger on the table. "Since I have always considered it important to study Torah, I have based my business dealings primarily on indirect income. I am referring to assets I have bought and subsequently rent out to people. With the accumulated rent income, it's possible to make a decent living for many years without much effort. In this village alone, there are seven buildings that belong to me, to us," he smiled. "Thus, when you have a business administrator who makes certain to renew the contracts and collect the rent money, there won't be much left for you to do, all right?" He looked up at Aidel.

"So, why don't you sit and learn all day long?" she queried. She couldn't believe that it would be so simple.

"Above all, my business affairs are based primarily on Torah study, albeit not solely, and secondly – dealing with community matters takes up a lot of time..." he laughed. "However, I won't bequeath this to you. Have no fear..."

"You aren't bequeathing anything to me," she replied most assertively. "You will continue to live until the age of one hundred and twenty!"

Shmuel raised his hands in mock surrender. "I didn't say a word..."

"After a hundred and twenty years of Aidel," he continued in a businesslike manner, "all the property will be divided as follows: Each of

the Jewish employees in this house – Zalman, Tzirel, Sophia, or anyone who worked for a period of five consecutive years before the will is executed – will receive half of a percent of the property. The rest will be divided equally among all the children, sons and daughters alike, from both wives.”

He sighed as he looked at Aidel with concern. “If one or more of Aidel’s children will be under the age of eighteen, an external executor will be appointed for them, subject to a follow-up by the seven community leaders serving at the time in this village or any other place where Aidel decides to live.

“Everything will remain in force even if Aidel decides to remarry,” he breathed slowly, smiling at her. “With G-d’s help.”

Aidel looked down at the floor, ignoring that last statement.

“It will take me a few days,” Gronem said as he got up. “I’ll try to pay close attention to every small detail. May I seek the advice of other dayanim or would Tatte prefer that all this remain confidential?”

Shmuel thought for a moment. “It’s better that people don’t know. In any case, we don’t intend to use this for another seventy years...”

Aidel smiled. “Are you calm now?”

“Much calmer,” his eyes sparkled. “You have no idea how much this has troubled me! If I would have returned just for this... Nu, enough already, I didn’t say a word, Aidel!” She began to sob again.

Gronem quickly goes downstairs, leaving Shmuel and Aidel alone. Without a doubt, his father is very wise. A will of this type will prevent the earthquake due to be unleashed if something happens to him. Personally, irrespective of Aidel and her child, Gronem and his siblings are not prepared to inherit anything right now. However, this was a very difficult experience, painful to the point that it was hard for him to breathe.

All he suddenly wanted was to go into his apartment and see his immediate family, get a little strength, take in a little air. ■

To be continued...

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Standing Firm

After a thoughtful pause, Tammy concludes. “It’s strange. Even though today I live a secular lifestyle, I realize that my father’s approach of total and uncompromising adherence to mitzvos is the right way. In my heart I know that one day I’ll go back to being religious. The lack of clarity about identities and lifestyles weakens us and we fall into the hands of those who hate us.”

I felt Tammy’s pain and tried to find the right words to give her chizuk. “When problems are too big for us to resolve, we just have to give them over to Hashem. B’ezrat Hashem your home will become normal again!” We sat together a few more minutes, and then Tammy stood up, and we said a warm good-bye.

Our personal conscience is a microcosm of the global consciousness. We need to stand firm and totally eradicate evil in the world. The Rebbe MH”M is with us, leading the way! ■

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I LEARNED TO WALK AGAIN IN THE REBBE'S ROOM

Recap: Little Yaacov Shmuel Orimland is injured in a devastating car accident. His father Reb Gimpel, calls the Rebbe who gives him three instructions: to add the name Bentzion, give \$1800 to tzedaka, and to have the doctor call. The doctor listens to the Rebbe's advice and the boy is alive, but he is still in a coma.

Little Bentzion Yaacov Shmuel's eyes were still closed. He still didn't move.

Four months... five months... six months.

Still nothing. The doctors didn't have any more ideas.

Many people gave up hope, but his mother and father did not.

They sat by his bed every day. They watched the machines. They looked at his little face. They held his hands. They whispered Tehillim. They asked Hashem for help.

"He's still alive," they reminded each other. And if he was still alive... then anything was possible.

His mother never left his side. Seven months passed. Then eight. Then nine. Ten months... eleven months... still nothing changed.

Bentzion Yaacov Shmuel's eyes were still closed. He didn't move. He didn't speak. Not a finger. Not a toe.

The hospital staff gently moved him to a different part of the building. It was called hospice.

Hospice was a place for patients who weren't expected to get better.

The doctors and nurses were kind and gentle—but they didn't think anyone in that section would ever go home again. People there were simply being kept comfortable until the end.

But his mother didn't listen to what the doctors said.

She pulled her chair next to his bed. She whispered Shema in his ear. She held his tiny hand. She said Tehillim, even when it felt like no one was listening.

And every day, she stayed. No matter what anyone said, she stayed.



Because a mother's heart always holds on to hope. Even after everyone else let's go.

One day, something changed.

A new nurse came to work in the hospice section, where Bentzion Yaacov Shmuel had been for nearly a year:

She knew exactly where she was. This was the floor for patients who didn't speak, move, or open their eyes. I hadn't responded in eleven months.

But still, with a smile, she spoke to me like I could hear her.

She walked into the room, she smiled kindly and said, "Jacob, what would you like to drink tonight—milk or soda?"

His mother's face turned red. She was hurt. Was this nurse trying to make fun of her son?

Didn't she understand? He had been silent and still for almost a whole year.

Why would she talk to him like that—like he could answer?

But then...From the bed... came a quiet voice. "Soda," said Bentzion Yaacov Shmuel.

His mother's eyes went wide. Her knees gave out. And right there next to his bed—
She fainted.

Now Bentzion Yaacov Shmuel had woken up. Just like the Rebbe had said—it would take a long time until he got better.

And it did.

He stayed in the hospital for many more months.

Why?

Because his body had forgotten how to do almost everything.

He had been in a coma for eleven months. That's almost a whole year. He had been just three and a half years old when the accident happened. Now, he was four and a half—still a little boy.

And at that age, a child is still learning new things all the time. But while other kids

his age were running, jumping, and playing... Bentzion Yaacov Shmuel was lying in bed. Still. Quiet. Not moving.

When someone is in a coma for that long, their brain goes into a deep sleep. And sometimes, when they wake up, it's like the brain forgets how to do things it used to know.

He had to relearn everything—just like a baby.

He had to learn how to talk again. How to eat. How to sit up. How to hold a spoon. How to turn his head.

And the hardest of all... he had to learn how to walk.

But after so many months in bed, his legs were too weak. The muscles didn't remember how to work.

The doctors gave him two metal braces to help him stand. With help, he could stand.

But walking? That was something he just couldn't do.

One day, a Chabad Chassid named Rabbi Yosef Wineberg came to visit our town to fundraise. Back then, the area had a big enough Jewish community that people would often come through — collectors, speakers, and others passing through.

When Rabbi Wineberg saw my father, he asked, "Did you ever take your son to the Rebbe... to say thank you for the bracha?"

"I can't," Rabbi Gimpel replied. "He can't leave the hospital."

But Rabbi Wineberg didn't give up.

"You could ask permission," he said. "Just one night. Take him to New York. Take him to the Rebbe. If Hashem already gave you one miracle... maybe, you'll get another."

So they did. Bentzion Yaakov Shmuel and his father traveled to see the Lubavitcher Rebbe—for the first time in their lives.

They came to say thank you. To say thank you for the blessing that had kept him alive... That had helped him wake up. But they also

came to ask... Would the Rebbe give another bracha? Could their son one day... walk again?

When they arrived, Rabbi Gimpel carried his son into the Rebbe's office.

The boy still had two metal braces—special supports to help him stand. Without them, he couldn't walk at all. The Rebbe looked up and said gently, "Let him walk in by himself."

Rabbi Gimpel was confused.

"Rebbe... he can't. The accident—he needs the braces. He can't even stand."

The Rebbe smiled softly. "Put him near me," he said. "And please... step outside for a moment."

So Rabbi Gimpel placed his son near the Rebbe... and left the room.

What happened during those twenty minutes?

I don't really know.

To this day, no one knows exactly what happened in that room.

I was only four and a half years old. I don't remember what was said. I don't remember what was done.

But I know one thing for sure: I walked in being carried—because I couldn't walk.

And twenty minutes later, I walked out holding my father's hand.

The room had been quiet. Still. But something happened. Something big. I wasn't perfect. I was slow. But I was limping again with my father's help.

The miracle had happened with the Rebbe.

Back at the hospital, even after the visit to the Rebbe, the doctors still didn't believe.

They told my parents, "Your son will always need help. Lots of therapists. Special care. He may not ever be like other children. His brain was too damaged. You shouldn't expect much."

But my father didn't give up hope. He began going to farbrengens, traveling from southern New Jersey all the way to New York. He wanted to soak up the warmth and emunah from the Rebbe and the Chassidim. And he wanted to be near the Rebbe again.

At one farbrengen, the Rebbe looked at him and said: "Now is a special time. You can ask Hashem for anything. Ask!"

My father closed his eyes right there in 770 and whispered a quiet, desperate tefillah.

"Please, Hashem," he said. "Heal my little son. Make him strong. Help him grow. Let him learn."

After that, I kept getting better—slowly. I still limped. My right side was weaker than the left.

But the hardest part for me... was learning.

When I turned six, my father took me back to see the Rebbe again. The Rebbe smiled kindly and asked me questions about the weekly Parsha. But for each one, I had to answer, "I don't know. 'Why don't you know?'" the Rebbe asked. I looked down. "Because of the accident," I said quietly. "I have brain damage."

The Rebbe's face softened.

He reached over to a shelf and took out a siddur. He handed it to me and said gently, "Daven from this siddur—especially Shema. And you won't have anything to worry about."

So I did.

Every day, I said Shema from that siddur. Slowly. With kavana. And something began to change. I began to learn. I began to remember. I began to grow. Because when Hashem sends a bracha through the words of a tzaddik—it always reaches the right place.

Even if it takes time.

No one in the hospital ever thought I would survive. And they definitely didn't think I would grow up to be like other children—healthy,

happy, and strong. But my parents didn't listen to the doctors. They listened to Hashem.

They believed in the Rebbe's bracha. They held onto hope, even when things looked dark.

And my father, Rabbi Gimpel, made a promise to Hashem.

"Hashem," he whispered, "if You heal my son and make him healthy and strong, I will make his bar mitzva like a wedding. Seven days of celebration—to say thank You."

Slowly over time, I went back to school. I started to learn again. I played games with other kids. I made friends. And when I turned thirteen, my parents kept their promise.

They made me a bar mitzva that lasted for seven full days. Just like sheva brachos after a chasuna. So the whole community could celebrate and give thanks.

It wasn't just a party. It was a neis. A bracha from the Rebbe. A miracle from Hashem.

Everyone came to see the boy the doctors said would never live... The boy who once couldn't walk or talk or open his eyes... Now dancing, smiling, and reading from the Torah.

On the day of my bar mitzva, even the elder Chassidim came to celebrate. Famous Chassidim such as the Rebbe Rayatz's son-in-law and the Rebbe's brother-in-law Rashag. Reb Mendel Futerfas. Reb Zalman Taibel. Fetter Hendel Lieberman. They all came to the seudas mitzva.

Because they knew what everyone else had come to see—dem Rebbin's kind, the Rebbe's miracle boy.

When I turned fourteen, I was able to visit the Rebbe again for yechidus—a private meeting in his office. This time, I came with many things to ask for.

But most of all, I asked the Rebbe for strength in my right hand. Even after everything I had gone through, that hand was still weaker than it should have been. The Rebbe listened and gave me many brachos. He smiled. He

encouraged me. But... he didn't give a bracha for that last request.

I asked again—just one more time.

But instead of answering, the Rebbe gently changed the subject. He began asking me questions about my Torah learning. And then I understood. This was how Hashem wanted it. That part of the story would stay the way it was. It has until this day.

And that's okay. I was alive. I could walk. I could learn. I had so much to be grateful for. And as the Rebbe taught me—sometimes, the greatest bracha of all is just knowing how to say thank you.

Years passed. I grew up, just like everyone hoped I would. I learned in Yeshiva for many years. And then, one day, I got married.

Later, I became a father.

When my first son was born, we had a shalom zachar at our home—a special celebration on the Friday night after a baby boy is born. Our family and friends filled the house. There was food and singing and lots of l'chaim. Everyone was in a good mood.

My father—Rabbi Gimpel—sat at the table, holding a small cup of wine. He smiled. He was glowing. And then, out of nowhere, he told a story that no one had ever heard before.

"No one ever asked," he began, "why the Rebbe told us to add the name Bentzion to my son."

Everyone at the table leaned in. "Most people add names like Chaim or Refoel when someone is very sick," he said. "Names that bring life or healing. But Bentzion? What did that mean?"

He looked down at his cup. His voice grew quiet. "There's something I've never told anyone," he said. "Only my wife and I know it." The room went still.

"My wife was expecting our first baby. And we decided that if it was a boy, we would name him Shmuel, after her father—and also

Bentzion, after her grandfather, who was killed al kiddush Hashem in the Holocaust."

"But before the baby was born, my own father passed away. His name was Yaakov. So, at the bris, we gave the baby two names: Yaakov Shmuel."

Then my father's voice changed.

"The night after the bris," he said, "my wife woke up crying. She had a dream. A scary dream."

In the dream, her grandfather, Zeide Bentzion, had appeared.

He was crying. He said, "Now no one will be named after me."

Then... he hit her with a stick and said, "No good will come from this."

She woke up in tears. But it was just a dream. Who changes a baby's name because of a dream? So we forgot about it.

Until three years later... When little Yaakov Shmuel was in the hospital. Barely alive.

"The Rebbe never met us before," my father said. "He didn't know anything about the dream. Or about grandfather Bentzion. Or the names we almost used."

"But when I called him in the middle of the night... what did he say?"

He looked around the room.

"'Add the name Bentzion,' the Rebbe told me."

"How did he know?" No one answered. No one could. Because there was no other explanation.

The Rebbe had seen the gezeira in Shamayim. He had seen that something needed to be fixed. And he knew—without anyone telling him—exactly how to fix it.

Because when a tzaddik sees with the eyes of the soul... Even secrets from Heaven can become known.

And because of that... I'm here. Alive. Healthy. With my full name: Bentzion Yaakov Shmuel.



ECHOES OF COURAGE

WHAT DO A BOY FROM
A SECRET CHEDER IN
COMMUNIST RUSSIA
AND A MYSTERIOUS
ELDERLY MAN HAVE
IN COMMON?

17

DOUBLE SHOW

RECAP:

Present day Yerushalayim: The director of the old age home discovers that the children copied the document and asks them to return it. Meanwhile, Shmuel informs them that he doesn't intend to participate in the show with Tzvi, and he will do everything to prevent it from happening.

Olden days Russia: Shulem and Avremel discovered that the agents are following them, and they decide to take cover inside a fish stand.

Russia 5684

"By any chance have you seen two men with a black coat?" asked one of the agents in a fearful tone. The "fisherman" shook his head in the negative and continued his work. Shulem and Avremel's hearts pounded. The man was right there

BY: Y. KIRSHENZAFT

and they knew that only a thin board separated them from the worst of all.

The stench at the stall was unbearable. They could barely breathe but they knew this was preferable than the authorities discovering the Rebbe's whereabouts and arresting him. Every so often, a bit of the fish water that was on top of them dripped down and the whole situation was awful. Shulem and Avremel were there for twenty minutes and then left.

They decided not to use the main road this time.

"It's safer in the forest," said Shulem.

They left the market and everybody there looked at them. Seeing someone walking down the street smelling like dead fish is not the norm. People held their noses and backed away.

"I hope we don't attract too much attention," whispered Avremel, and Shulem felt that was exactly what they were doing.

They entered the forest and began walking silently.

"This reminds me of the story of the Baal Shem Tov," said Shulem. "The Baal Shem Tov, who was orphaned of his parents when he was a child, would always walk in the forest. His father had told him, 'Don't be afraid of anyone; just of the one G-d,' and this is what constantly helped him.

"One time, he heard a voice among the trees. He approached and realized it was saying verses of Tehillim. He went even closer and observed a man wrapped in a tallis and tefillin who was saying Tehillim with a special tune. This was a hidden tzaddik and he took the Baal Shem Tov under his wing and turned him into a hidden tzaddik too."

"I think we are also a kind of hidden tzaddikim," commented Avremel jokingly.

"Opening chadarim, yeshivos, getting shoctim, and it's all done secretly ... The difference is," said Shulem, "that the tzaddikim of the time of the Baal Shem Tov did it on their own. We are doing it because the Rebbe tells us to do it! Naturally, we are happy to do it but I think that if the Rebbe wouldn't be fighting so much for Yiddishkeit in Russia, we wouldn't have the ability to do it."

Shulem took a small piece of paper and wrote something on it in tiny print and told Avremel, "This is the address of the Rebbe's hotel. Be careful with this and make sure nobody finds it."

Avremel put the note in his pocket and a strong wind began to blow. They parted with a hug and he continued on his way.

The wind blew off his cap. He bent down to pick it up and didn't realize that the note had fallen out of his pocket. He continued on his way and didn't notice a mysterious hand with a black glove reaching out from the bushes and picking up the note.

Yerushalayim 5785

"I don't understand; is he threatening us?" asked Zalmi angrily.

Moishy calmly explained, "Shmuel is very angry at Tzvi for some reason. I'm sure it has nothing to do with the thefts because Shmuel knows good and well that Tzvi can't even hurt a fly."

"We must find out what's bothering him," said Mendy.

"But what about the performance?" asked Zalmey. "You're not really going to take kids from the parallel class ... that would be awful! Our entire class will be mad at us and nobody will want to talk to us."

"You're right," said Moishy, "but I have a better idea. Wait till tomorrow."

They left the bomb shelter feeling better and went home.

The next day in class after davening, their rebbi said, "Wait a minute before you go out to wash your hands. Moishy wants to make an announcement."

Moishy stood up and said, "Guys, as you read yesterday on the bulletin board, we are planning a big performance at the senior center near us. I'm making a list now. Whoever wants to be a part of it should come over here."

He finished talking and boys began going over to him.

"One minute!" called out Mendy, standing on his chair. "I was told that we are forgetting something important. You don't have to be in the performance. You can choose not to, on condition, of course, that you bring some nosh."

The class laughed and then many boys went over to them. Moishy made a list while Mendy struggled to ensure they didn't push the desk.

Boy after boy signed up until all the boys were signed up. Well, almost.

A pair of brown eyes looked jealously at the scene. Shmuel stood there and knew what to do. He waited until the last boy signed up and then he stood on a chair and shouted, "Whoever wants to join a competing performance at another senior center, is invited to sign up here!"

"What?!" sputtered Mendy. "He's making a competing performance?"

Moishy calmed him down.

"Don't worry. Look at the kids' reaction."

The boys didn't even look in Shmuel's direction.

"There already is a performance," one of the boys told him. "It's a shame you're making another performance at the same time. Nobody will go."

Hearing this, Shmuel became furious and he decided to take action.

The next day, the boys went to class and couldn't believe their eyes. A huge colorful sign was on the bulletin board, covering it completely.

It said, "Shmuel's Performance" in big letters. "The most captivating performance! Sign up! Treats for the performers."

"What are you doing?" Zalmey asked, angrily approaching Shmuel. "Why do you want to ruin our performance?"

"Simple," said Shmuel with a smile, "You didn't want to listen to me and expel Tzvi from the performance so I'm making a different performance."

"It's not going to work; nobody will sign up," said Zalmey.

Shmuel opened the folded paper in his hand and showed it to Zalmey.

"Look at how many signed up."

Zalmey looked and his heart sank. Everyone had signed up except for the three friends and Tzvi.

"This battle is going to be tough," thought Zalmey.

To be continued.



ALEJANDRO

CHAPTER #31



GIMMEL TAMMUZ RAFFLE



INVEST IN BRACHOS, REDEEM IN PRIZES

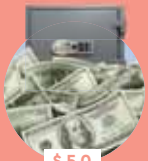
"In the final weeks before Chof Zayin Adar, the Rebbe gifted us with a treasure—a Maamar that has since become the cornerstone of strength for Chassidim around the world.

This Kuntres, the last the Rebbe personally gave out, carries with it a power that transcends time—instilling unconditional and everlasting Emunah."

- RABBI SHLOMA MAJESKI,
Principal of Machon L'Yahadus and renowned Mashpia



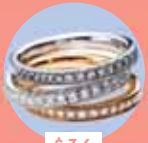
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JUNE 29, 2025

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For women and girls only