

# LIFT



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### EDITORS

*Rabbi Shlomo Barber*

*Rabbi Menachem Sufrin*

*Rabbi Yossi Wolf*

*Mrs. Raizl Gorelik*

*Mrs. Ella Blesofsky*

---

### CONTRIBUTORS

*Rabbi Yonason Johnson*

*Rabbi Shlomo Barber*

*Rabbi Dovid Trakhtman*

*Rabbi Yossi Gopin*

*Rabbi Yossi Moshel*

*Rabbi Michoel Stern*

*Rabbi Boruch M Broh*

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### CONTACT US

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#### ADDRESS

88 Hotham St, St Kilda East VIC 3183,  
Melbourne Australia

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#### CONTACT

P : 9522 8222

E : [kollel@yeshivahcentre.org](mailto:kollel@yeshivahcentre.org)

W : [www.kollelmenachem.com.au](http://www.kollelmenachem.com.au)



## From The Editors

**L**IFT is back with our latest edition. In Australia we are heading into the Summer, but for most of the Jewish world, the month of Teves is the height of winter; a time which is cold, dark and dreary. This climate reflects the spiritual energy at this time of year.

In the spiritual darkness of Teves we need to increase light. At the beginning of the month, we are still celebrating Chanukah. The Chanukah candles are kindled to dispel the darkness and bring light and illumination to the world.

Torah is likened to fire. In Jewish law, the properties of fire are that it produces both heat and light. Torah study warms the soul and brings light and illumination, giving us perspective and clarity.

This month's edition is filled with fire. We invite you to warm yourself with a classic Chassidic story from times gone by. Enlighten yourself with a fascinating study on the mystical meaning of dreams.

We look forward to sharing more upLIFTment with you after the Summer break. Wishing you a healthy Summer.

Rabbi Menachem Sufrin & Rabbi Shlomo Barber



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#### ABOUT THE COVER

This photo was taken here in the shule during “Chanukah Live” 5751, a video broadcast uniting many countries worldwide with the Lubavitcher Rebbe in New York for a rally and Menorah lighting on Chanukah..

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#### PHOTO & ART CREDITS

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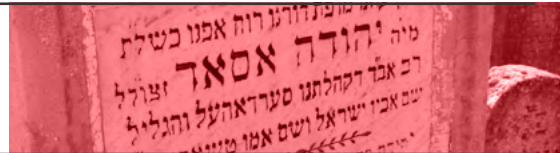
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# Speaking from Experience



## Cultivating Humility



Written by  
Dovid  
Trakhtman

*Rabbi Dovid Trakhtman is a Rabbi, chef and owner of "Passioate Catering". Rabbi Trakhtman learned in Kollel Menachem Lubavitch in the year 2000.*

Every now and then I get myself hired as an extra chef via an agency. It is a casual position and I'm at liberty to choose to accept shifts or not on any given day. I might be called to work in a fancy hotel, hospital or an old aged accommodation. I don't do it for extra cash (money isn't great anyway) but rather for the two following reasons. Allow me to share with you what they are.

Firstly, I want to know how things are done out there, beyond my kitchen. I need to step outside my thinking. This allows me to evaluate my own performance, explore alternative solutions and see current trends in the ever evolving industry. While I perform my duties under specific rabbinical guidelines (no tasting, no mixing potentially kosher meat/poultry

with dairy products), I wish to be on par with equally qualified chefs and willingly immerse into the buzzing atmosphere of a commercial kitchen.

Secondly (and I want you to contemplate what I am about to say), along with my chef's pants (that tend to drop off my waist due to useless string that is meant to secure them), I put on the shoes of... an employee, a subordinate. I want to understand what it's like to take orders, to keep quiet and do what you are told. I wish to observe the thoughts of my mind along with an attitude that requires one to do one of the hardest things that a man must do when he thinks he knows it all i. e., LISTEN.

You see, this year marks twenty years since I decided to cook professionally. I can confidently say that 90% of



what I know is self-taught (books, internet, imagination, trial and error). Being a self-made man comes with a major flaw - a somewhat inflated ego. Thankfully, I am aware of this. Hence, I figured it would be imperative to keep it checked/harnessed. Evidently, there is no better way to do it but putting oneself in the position of being subordinate or, as Chassidism teaches, the state of bitul. Bitul is an ultimate remedy against arrogance, ignorance and self-righteousness.

*Bitul is an ultimate remedy against arrogance, ignorance and self-righteousness.*

However, in this imperfect physical world, where even good is mixed with evil, one must be aware that even bitul has its flaws.

I feel that this entire concept of bitul is often misunderstood.

I will explain with this recent example of self-reckoning and inner observation.

The minute I stepped into the kitchen of the Epworth Hospital, ready to take whatever instructions I would be given, I caught myself feeling...small. It is as if my

brain went into somewhat sleeping mode, more passive and less engaged. Don't get me wrong, I was fully cognizant of my surroundings, equipped with my experience and felt absolutely competent about the culinary tasks I was instructed to perform. Yet, in the absence

of bigger responsibilities and in my limited capacity, my mental faculties automatically switched into lower gear. The advantage of that was my ability to fully concentrate on the given task at hand without being distracted by a broader spectrum of things. The disadvantage resulted in



not being able to see a bigger picture.

One may ascertain that it wasn't my place to see a bigger picture. Sear the beef. Puree vegetables. Zest some lemon. The less you know the better. Ignorance is bliss, indeed.

The problem is, on any given day, in my kitchen, I am used to looking at a bigger picture - multi-tasking, compartmentalizing, delegating and thinking multi-dimensionally. If it's about searing beef, it's way beyond a simple task. What is the final dish? How and when is it served? How many portions? What else can my assistant do while he's doing it? Should I perhaps skip this stage given the time limitations? These are just some of the broader questions I ask myself in my capacity as an executive chef and entrepreneur.

So, why this major attitudinal shift? The same person, the same task, yet different level of mental and emotional engagement.

Clearly, there is a substantial gap between employer and employee mentality.

I can not help but reminisce about how I learned to think like a boss. It was a time of big decisions.

It was up to me what food to offer, in what quantities, whom to employ and how to organize my work. I felt responsible for my clients' experience and, as a consequence, for the most

precious memories I was about to create.

Every small process would lead to an ultimate impression. My reputation, my name and my livelihood would be on the line.

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As a result of this burden of responsibility, I was cultivating a different kind of bitul. It was a sublime sense of humility that came as a result of hard work and commitment. Ultimately, I became aware of a very fine line between failure and success.

It is true that success breeds ego, an antidote of humility. However, when I found myself guilty of error of judgment, lack of attention, impatience, laziness, complacency, greed and indifference, I could not help but see how vulnerable I was and how volatile was my success. I felt humble.

I believe, along with the lessons learned this is another good

thing about perceived failure - this sense of humility.

I say "perceived failure" because there would be no justice in calling a genuine effort a failure.

Just like there's no justice in calling a marathon runner who came second a loser.

Even when you manage to track down and face your mistakes, you are fully aware of what you are capable of. Your experience reminds you of your accomplishments.

This very discrepancy between your abilities and your shortcomings will foster true humility. "You could have done but you haven't" means lost opportunity. "You can but you don't" is so much more than that, begging for bigger questions and serious reflection.

When I artificially inserted myself into the mind of a subordinate, I felt small and humble by default. My minor value as just another cook matched limited expectations of me, and my conscience was at peace as long as I performed the tasks with minimal thinking.

It is very different when you look at yourself as a performer in your own circus. With a bigger role comes bigger responsibilities. The same human flaws have more serious repercussions.

Mistakes are more costly and falls are so much more hurtful.



It is the difference between Moses of The Book of Exodus (when summoned by G-d to lead the Jews out of Egypt and Moses by the burning bush) and Moses of The Book of Numbers.

Timid, nervous and lacking confidence to face the Pharaoh, he objects on the basis of speech impediment. That was not a display of humility in any shape or form.

Later on, having accomplished an unthinkable, despite continuous refute of the Pharaoh and ongoing insubordination, stubbornness and critique of his subjects he was officially named as the most humble man alive.

What happened in between?

Many things did. All the challenges, hardships, travesties and big decisions mentioned above happened in between. All of them contributed to building Moses into a true leader, who learned to be responsible for his life and the lives of his flock. A public servant, who internalized humility as a result of accepting and dealing with whatever came his way. 🇮🇱



# A Story for the Soul

ה מ ע ש ה ה ו א ה ע י ק ר



## On a journey with the Baal Shem Tov

Adapted and translated from “Sipurim Noraim”



*By Yossi Gopin*

**I**t was the city of Brody, Ukraine that was the place of choice for the residence of Rabbi Yisroel Baal Shem Tov (Besht), shortly after the splendid rays of his greatness commenced their illumination of the Eastern European Jewish landscape. The Besht’s reputation was rapidly growing, and his unique approach to Judaism and its

observance - incorporating joy, fervour, devotion and a special love for another Jew - had spread like wildfire, particularly among the simple and sincere of heart, whose earnestness had for long been trodden upon by their “superior” colleagues, the beneficiaries of the gift of education, who had become the brilliant Torah scholars of the generation.

The Besht was staying at the home of a wealthy man in the city, who could barely believe his luck when the holy Rebbe granted him the privilege of hosting him for the duration of his stay in the region.

The gracious host took great delight in having the Baal Shem Tov as his guest, in particular he enjoyed engaging the Baal





Shem Tov in Torah discussions, in which both he and his learned son in law indulged from time to time. The astounding brilliance of the Baal Shem Tov, together with the chance to revel in some well placed Yiddishe Nachas gave the host immeasurable satisfaction. His son in law - shall we call him Shmuel? - for his part, found himself taking a strong liking to the great Rabbi, his respect for the Besht growing each time they conversed.

It was one Thursday morning that the Baal Shem Tov made an unexpected offer to young Shmuel, "If you would like to accompany me on a trip out of town, you are welcome. I intend to depart for the city of Posen, Poland within the hour".

What good fortune! The chance to accompany the illustrious Baal Shem Tov on a private journey - such opportunities presented themselves but once in a lifetime! The idea contained an additional degree of excitement for Shmuel, who had left behind his parents and family in the same city of Posen, shortly before his wedding. Brody was a long journey from the town of Posen, and Shmuel's reasons to travel and see his parents were few and far between.

Shmuel asked his wife and his father in law (his financial support) for their permission, and upon receiving their blessings, notified Reb Yisroel that it would be the greatest of

privileges for him to accompany the Baal Shem on his journey to and from Posen.

It was just twenty minutes later that the two were settled in their seats, and with a crack of his whip, the wagon driver set their journey in motion. As mentioned, it was a long way to Posen, and Shmuel hoped to arrive in Posen by the middle of the following week - of course considering the need to stop over for Shabbos, and with adequate time to suffice for the Shabbos preparations of the holy saint he knew the Baal Shem Tov to be.

But this trip was to be one of many surprises for Shmuel. The first occurred just as the wagon took leave of the city, starting off on the beaten track which people in those days called roads. As the wagon turned the bend and became hidden from the sight of the city inhabitants, Shmuel watched as the wagon driver stood up, tied up the reins and left the horses to lead the way. The horses, for their part, promptly departed from the paved path, instead preferring a diagonal direction, through the thick of the forest. His older company noticed Shmuel's horrified look with slight amusement, and gently explained that the horses needed no guidance to help them get to their destination. The wagon driver went to sleep, and the wagon's speed somehow increased, to the point that it was surely travelling faster

than the horses themselves were running. Shmuel found himself incessantly rubbing his eyes and pinching his arms, trying to ascertain whether what he was seeing with his own two eyes was indeed true. So they travelled for most of Thursday, until the time for Mincha arrived and the horses slowed their supernatural gait, eventually stopping in a field with grass so overgrown it was taller than Shmuel himself!

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|||||  
A great fear came over the young man as he watched the Baal Shem Tov fall into a deep Dveykus, until finally Reb Yisroel arose from his place and woke the wagon driver, commanding him to search between the grass and fill up their jug with water from the

spring he would find there. A little while later, just as the two were concluding Mincha, the driver returned with the water. The Baal Shem Tov made a Brocho on the water with intense concentration, drank deeply, and then handed the jug to Shmuel, instructing him to do the same. Shmuel did so, and immediately the Baal Shem Tov told their driver to go back to sleep, and they were travelling once again.

As the sun set and day turned to night, Shmuel wondered to himself what it would be like to spend Shabbos in the field. After all, Posen was a great distance from Brody and they

had only been travelling for a day. Shmuel had no idea where they were, but what he did know was that they were nowhere near any remotely civilised towns. Shmuel was greatly pained by this inevitability, and eventually heard himself asking the Baal Shem Tov about their plans for Shabbos. “Did you not know that we are travelling to Posen? With G-d’s help we will be there for Shabbos” answered the Baal Shem Tov. Shmuel shook his head in disbelief. Had he not seen the mysterious ongoings of the last day he would’ve laughed out loud, but at this point he couldn’t really rule anything out. However, he did know all the cities, towns

and villages within 80 miles of Posen, and noting the rural surroundings still flashing past in the window, Shmuel was disappointed that he would probably be spending Shabbos in the fields, something he was entirely unaccustomed to.

Shmuel gave the great Rabbi until midday on Friday, but when he saw that they were still travelling and the sun had already begun its downward slope, he once again broached the topic.

“The holy day of Shabbos will be upon us soon, where do we hope to rest for the duration of Shabbos?” Once more, and



to Shmuel's astonishment, the Besht asked him incredulously, "Did I not already tell you that we will be spending Shabbos in Posen?" The young man thought the great Rebbe was making a joke of him, and sat down brooding to himself morosely about his forthcoming ruined Shabbos, which was surely to be spent under the open sky in the middle of the Eastern European wilderness.

It was two hours before Shabbos, when young Shmuel's eyes beheld something that made him so happy! A village! Posen it wasn't, but at least he'd be able to spend Shabbos together with other Yidden, with a roof over his head and normal food for his Seudah. As they approached the village however, the horses took a different path, bypassing all the houses in the village, only stopping on the way out of the village in front of a ruined, ramshackle hut.

The Baal Shem Tov alighted from the wagon and entered the shack, Shmuel hot on his heels. Living in this shack was an older, dishevelled man covered in wounds from head to toe. His wife and children were all dressed in rags, but the joy of the man upon seeing the Baal Shem Tov knew no bounds. "Peace unto you, my Rebbe and teacher!" The Rebbe and his student went off to a private room and spoke for about a half an hour. After taking leave of each other, the Baal Shem Tov

returned to the carriage and the horses departed, the wagon driver still sleeping soundly in the driver's seat. Shmuel asked no further questions, as there was only a short time until Shabbos, and they would surely soon be stopping to accept Shabbos upon themselves on the side of the road.

But the Baal Shem Tov wasn't one to disappoint, and to the great delight of young Shmuel, the town of Posen suddenly came into view. Shmuel could already make out his parents' house from afar, and excitedly awaited the moment he would be able to see his parents once again. The Baal Shem Tov however, wasn't so sure. "We did make it to Posen for Shabbos like I said, but as for your parents' house - this I don't know if you will be able to visit for Shabbos." The young man chuckled and replied, "Holy Rebbe, I can see the house of my parents is not too far away, why would I stay anywhere else for Shabbos?" Reb Yisroel was quiet.

As the wagon started driving through the city, Shmuel eagerly anticipated the looks on his parents' faces as he walked in the door.. but it never came to be. The horses continued on, passing by his parents' house, instead turning onto "Shuler's Road".

Shuler's Road was the living quarters of the professors of the town of Posen, as well as their students, all of whom were

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big rocks,  
torches and  
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the inhabitants  
of the house  
fearfully began  
to prepare for  
the worst.*





notorious for their pronounced, unabashed hate of their Jewish neighbours, and of Jews in general. It had once happened that a lost Jew had wandered onto Shuler's Road. When the students saw that a Jew had walked right into their hands, they threw rocks at the poor man, until he succumbed to his wounds, without even a chance to seek help. No one was foolish enough to be found in that area of the city, and that was where the Baal Shem Tov's horses were taking them right now! Shmuel's heart pounded as he cried to the Baal Shem Tov to save them, for the wrath of those students was known to be without mercy. Even as the students started gathering rocks, the Baal Shem smiled insouciantly, telling Shmuel not to worry; "Just as the horses needed no help getting us here, they also know just where we need to go, now that we're here." The wagon sped forward, turned the corner, eventually stopping outside the one Jewish house on Shuler's Road - that of the Jewish tailor, from whom the students and professors bought their uniforms.

The miracle horses pulled up outside the Jewish tailor's house and Reb Yisroel disembarked and hurried up the stairs. "I would like to stay here for Shabbos" said the Rebbe. Replied the tailor, "But the great Rabbi is in mortal danger, how could he spend Shabbos here?!" The Baal Shem Tov answered, "All will be fine with G-d's

help", and he went to wake the driver, bringing his bags inside on the way back.

They were exactly ten men in total, there at the tailor's house and very soon they had gathered together to daven Mincha. The Baal Shem Tov's prayer that afternoon was something Shmuel had never seen before, with fiery passion and intense devotion unequalled even when the revered Rabbi prayed at the house of his father in law in Brody.

Meanwhile, a mob was gathering outside the tailor's house. It had never occurred before that a Rabbi (no less!) had made his way through their neighbourhood unscathed, and the students were furious. As their young blood reached boiling point, the students angrily surrounded the house from all sides, wielding big rocks, torches and pitchforks, and the inhabitants of the house fearfully began to prepare for the worst. But, when the tailor conveyed the recent developments to the Baal Shem Tov, Reb Yisroel calmly walked over to the doorway of the house, gazing strongly at the assembled youths. Without further ado, the students were overcome with a fear so great that they dropped every last rock and pitchfork and flung themselves to the floor, quaking and trembling as if they had seen a scene so frightening their souls had almost jumped from their skins! The students

quickly picked themselves up and ran away from the tailor's house as if fleeing from a lion on the loose, to share with their senior professor what had happened.

Now this professor was a truly wise man, able to understand Loshon HaKodesh (the Holy Tongue) and during his education in many of the academies throughout the region, had even studied parts of the Talmud. Concluding that either this man was a great wizard or else a truly holy man, the professor decided to go to meet the man himself.

The professor arrived at the home of the Jewish tailor just in time to watch the Baal Shem Tov accepting Shabbos, with a fervour and conviction never before encountered by any of the people in the room. The professor stood on the side rooted to the spot, his eyes fixated upon the Baal Shem and his sincere, absolute fervency. He stood there throughout the entire Maariv, Seudas Shabbos (Shabbos meal) and Birkas HaMazon(After Grace) without moving a muscle. The Baal Shem Tov, from his side, hadn't said a word to or even glanced at the professor. After the Birkas HaMazon, the professor requested of the tailor to send word the following morning when the Rebbe was due to start Davening Shacharis, and at that, he left.

A similar scene played itself out the next morning when

the Professor came to watch the Shacharis, Musaf, Seudas Shabbos and Birkas HaMazon of the Baal Shem Tov. Once again his eyes did not depart for even a second from gazing at the Baal Shem's divine service, and once again Reb Yisroel took no notice of him. For Mincha too, our Professor came to watch the proceedings, his focus still not drifting for a moment from the service of this holy man. After Mincha, the Baal Shem Tov sat down to Seudah Shlishis (the third meal of Shabbos, eaten just before sundown), during which the great Rebbe shared words of Torah, so deep and profound that the entire room, professor included, could barely breathe in amazement. Finally, the Baal Shem Tov said Birkas HaMazon, davened Maariv and made Havdallah, all with that same enthusiasm, passion and excitement, and went to pack his bags, telling Shmuel to do the same.

At this point, the professor, who had still not received even a moment of attention from the Baal Shem Tov, thanked the tailor, and left to go home. Something had clearly been going on in the head of this professor, but what it was - no one knew. Shmuel and Reb Yisroel boarded the wagon ready for another miraculously shortened trip back to Brody, when, as the horses started moving, Shmuel dared to ask of the Rebbe:

“My Master, Holy Rebbe and Teacher, please see and understand that the way this Shabbos turned out was entirely not in accordance with how I had hoped it would. I had anticipated spending it indulging in the pleasures of man; to spend time in the company of my father and mother and to converse with my sisters and brothers. Alas, even as we drive right past their house - and at this point he pointed through the window at the fast-vanishing image of his parents' house as it flashed by - I am unable to go inside to visit them and to see that they are well. Like the expropriation of a glass of clear, fresh water as it touches the lips of a tired and thirsty soul has this Shabbos been for me - even as it became one of immense spiritual exhilaration. Therefore, I would like to request from the great Master and Rebbe - please understand my pain and grant me just this one wish, if only as a marginal compensation for the exhaustion of the journey I accompanied you on; please explain to me the three mysterious episodes that played out over the duration of our trip. What was the meaning of our stopover in order to drink water amongst the grass; what gave rise to the great joy of the afflicted aged man upon seeing your holy face, and what was the meaning behind our stay in Posen for Shabbos. Surely these were not empty, but full of meaning, and as I beg for your forgiveness for my impudence in asking you for things that

are clearly of the “concealed matters, which are for the L-rd, our G-d”, I would like to know if the holy Rebbe would concede to my entreaty”.

The Baal Shem Tov looked at his young company with compassion and nodded his head concurringly. “I shall tell you but two of the happenings of our journey, the third you will yet hear about as time passes.”

Young Shmuel's face brightened a little and he sat up a little straighter, not wanting to miss a word emanating from the Baal Shem's holy mouth.

Reb Yisroel gazed out of the window as the fields flashed past and spoke softly, almost

*That old man  
we saw was the  
Moshiach of  
our generation,  
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him.*

inaudibly. “Amongst the grass that we visited, were buried two Jews who lost their way while travelling. Murderers came upon them and ended their lives cold-bloodedly, and for years their souls dawdled here chained amongst the grass,

awaiting the arrival of a fellow Jew who could purify the air and release them from their bondage, allowing their souls to experience the ascent that every soul experiences upon the completion of its mission in this world. With the blessings that you and I made,- and at this point the Baal Shem Tov looked sharply at Shmuel, who was hanging on to his every word - their souls finally ascended above.”

The Baal Shem Tov paused for a moment, almost painfully reliving their Friday journey, took a breath and continued. “The second stop we made was at the shack of the old man. It is known that in each generation there is someone in the world befitting of being the Moshiach, if his generation is deserving. That old man we saw was the Moshiach of our generation, and he implored me to spend Shabbos with him. Alas, I saw that his soul was to leave this world at the time of the third meal of Shabbos, and I did not want to be pained on Shabbos.”

This second stop seemed particularly distressing for the Besht, and Shmuel did not dare ask any further questions.

“As I said earlier, you will understand one day the meaning of our stay in Posen for Shabbos”

concluded the Baal Shem mysteriously.

For many years young Shmuel continued to toil diligently at his Torah learning with his father in law proudly supporting him, until one day he told his father in law that the time had come for him to involve himself a little in the business world, for “Beautiful is Torah learning (when accompanied) with work” (Avos 2:20).

His father in law heartily agreed, and gave him a few thousand coins to help him start off his business. Shmuel now travelled to the markets in Germany to acquire for himself merchandise to sell back home, and as he did he acquainted himself with the townsfolk along the way, never giving up an opportunity to speak in Torah learning with whomever he could.

It was in one such town where Shmuel was staying for Shabbos that he was introduced to the famed, righteous genius, Reb Avraham the Righteous Convert. Shmuel immensely enjoyed their conversation, which was rich in profound exposition and deep erudition, and his counterpart enjoyed it just as much. As the day progressed





the two found themselves still deep in discussion when the time for Mincha came, and they were forced to interrupt to make it in time for the Minyan.

After Mincha, Shmuel asked the Righteous Rav to share some words of Torah, and indeed the Rav sat down and shared the most unbelievably profound exposition.. which was somehow familiar to Shmuel. When asked about the surprised look on his face, Shmuel told the Rav that he had once before heard this same exposition, from the holy Baal Shem Tov himself, in the town of Posen on that fateful Shabbos they spent at the home of the tailor. The astonished Rabbi immediately asked him, “Were you that young man who accompanied the holy Rebbe on his trip to Posen?” When Shmuel answered affirmatively, the Rav revealed to him his true identity. “I, young man, am the professor who stood and watched the Baal Shem Tov for that entire Shabbos, and it was for me that he made that journey. My soul floundered in the depths of the kelipot (powers of impurity), unable to come into this world in the body of a Jew. It was with each word of prayer that left his holy mouth that another of the powers of kelipa inside me was consumed, until at last he set alight my soul with his concluding Drasha. It is because of the dearness of this particular Drasha that I share it each time a learned guest comes to town, for it was because of this Drasha that my lofty soul was returned at last, to rest beneath the wings of the holy Shechina. 📖

**FEATURED SHTETLACH IN THIS STORY**

Brody, Ukraine and Posen, Poland

**IMPORTANT PERSONALITIES**

Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov זצ"ל

Founder of Chassidus

נולד: ח"י אלול 'תנ"ח

Tloste, Poland

נסתלק: ו' סיון 'תק"ד

Buried in Mezibizh, Ukraine/Poland



*I Y U N*  
א ת י י ג ו א ד א נ י ע  

---

*T O R A H*



*Written by  
Rabbi Yonason Johnson*

**Living the Dream**  
**A mystical understanding  
of dreams**

*Dreams are one of the most mysterious human experiences. The vast majority of our dreams are forgotten and what we do remember is fleeting and incomplete. Our dreams can be vivid, but somehow, they always remain beyond our grasp.*





Dreams have perplexed us for thousands of years. Ancient societies saw dreams as a higher form of seeing; the ancient Egyptians used trained dreamers as seers, to help them in battle and in making state decisions; the ancient Greeks understood dreams as communications from the dead or as prophecies for the future.

In Torah thought, too, the sages of the Talmud debated the nature and meaning of dreams. Some Rabbis perceived dreams as minor prophecies, describing dreams as 1/60th of prophesy<sup>1</sup>. Others saw dreams as being meaningless<sup>2</sup> as the verse says “Dreams speak of nothingness<sup>3</sup>”. Another view explained dreams as nothing more than the ideas that we thought about during the day that come back to us at night<sup>4</sup>.

In Jewish mystical thought, dreams are sometimes understood as a revelation from above, where secrets of Torah are revealed to a person who has toiled in Torah during the day<sup>5</sup>. Through a She'eilas Chalom, a sage can ask a Torah question from on High, seeking that an answer be revealed to them in a dream. The famed work Shaalos Uteshuvos Min Hashamayim (Responsa from Heaven) is a 12th Century compilation of responsa transmitted from the Heavenly Academy by way of She'eilas Chalom.

Halachah also discusses the implication of dreams. What if a person dreams that they are excommunicated or placed

in a ban? Does the imagined excommunication hold any clout? What is the law if a person makes an oath in a dream? Are they bound by that oath?

Halacha discusses the practise of fasting to remove any possible effects of a bad dream – Taanis Chalom. In fact, there is a Kabbalistic procedure of Hatavas Chalom, to ‘sweeten’ bad dreams. When the Kohanim recite Birkas Kohanim (the Priestly blessing), we read the passage Ribbono Shel Olam to remove the negative effects of our dreams or the dreams that others have dreamed about us.

The Gemara also discusses the interpretation of dreams, citing examples of dreams and their meaning. So powerful is the interpretation of a dream that some of the Rabbis conclude that “all dreams follow the mouth”, meaning that the eventuation of a dream will depend on how it is interpreted.

Psychoanalytical theories see dreams as expressions of our subconscious. Dr Sigmund Freud authored the work “On the Interpretation of Dreams”. His theory explains that our dreams describe our deepest inner wishes and desires. These desires are suppressed by our conscious mind, but in our dreams they emerge, hidden in metaphor and euphemism. In this view, dreams are essentially a window to our subconscious that can be analysed through

free-association and universal symbolism.

Many contemporary theories from philosophers and psychiatrists have tried to explain the significance of dreams. The truth of these theories cannot be proven. Freud’s theory too has been largely debunked. And so, dreams remain enigmatic.

In a Chassidic discourse recited in the year 5562 (1802), the Alter Rebbe, Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Liadi, explained that the philosophers struggle to understand the nature of dreams because dreams are illogical. One cannot grasp the illogical using the logical mind.

## THE DREAM OF GOLUS

The biggest dreamer in the Torah is Yosef. His brothers referred to him as the בעל החלומות, The Dreamer. As a young boy of seventeen, Yosef had two dreams. In one, he saw himself and his brothers gathering wheat in the field and their bundles bowed down to his own bundle. In the second dream, Yosef saw







eleven stars, the sun and the moon bowing down to him. These dreams foretold of a time when the brothers would bow down to him and submit to his authority. These dreams led the brothers to sell Yosef into slavery, bringing him to Egypt.

In Egypt, when Yosef found himself in jail, he interpreted the dreams of Pharaoh's chief butler and chief baker. His ability to accurately interpret dreams led to his release, when he was summoned to interpret the dreams of Pharaoh. His correct interpretation of these dreams and the advice that he gave to Pharaoh led to his promotion to become viceroy, the second highest position in Egyptian society.

Yosef's ascent to the viceroy of Egypt ultimately led to Yaakov and his family coming to Egypt and the beginning of the first Golus (exile) of the Jewish people.

The first Golus began with dreams, because Golus is like a dream.

In Tehillim chapter 126<sup>6</sup> (the chapter that we say at the beginning of Bentching on days when Tachanun is not recited), we read שיר המעלות בשׁוֹב ה' אֵת "A song of ascents, when Hashem will return the captivity of Zion, it will be like we were dreamers."

Rashi explains that this verse refers to the Jewish people's future return to Yerushalaim after their 70 years of exile

in Babylon. The Talmud<sup>7</sup> teaches that the great sage Choni Hamaagal struggled to understand this verse; how is it possible for a person to sleep and dream for 70 years? The Gemara describes how Hashem caused Choni Hamaagal to fall asleep and only awaken 70 years later in fulfillment of the verse. The Yerushalmi<sup>8</sup> says that this took place just after the destruction of the first Beis Hamikdash; when Choni Hamaagal awoke, the second Beis Hamikdash was already standing.

Metzudos David interpretes the verse as referring to the Messianic era: When we return to Zion and experience the abundant goodness of the Messianic era, we will look back at all the suffering of Golus as though it were a mere dream<sup>9</sup>. In a slight variation, the Ikrim explains that the understanding of G-dliness that we can attain during Golus is like a mere dream in comparison to the open revelation of G-dliness in the times of Moshiach.

## CONTRADICTION

In his work Torah Ohr on Parshas Vayeshev, the Alter Rebbe shares a deeper insight as to why exile is likened to a dream.

When we dream, our intellectual brain recedes and our power of imagination comes alive. Unrestrained by logic and rationality, our imagination can conjure up the most fantastical images, with no limit to what

we can see and how things can be.

In a dream, we can see the impossible, where two contradictory things can co-exist. Our rational mind does not allow us to conceive such ideas. We discern the incompatibility and we shut it down, dismissing the impossible as just that. But in a dream, the opposites can merge and blend into a single reality.

The Rambam<sup>10</sup> illustrates this with the example of a flying boat. In our rational mind, a boat does not, cannot and will not fly in the sky. But in a dream boats can soar through the heavens. The Gemara gives the example of an elephant going through the eye of a needle. In a dream one can see themselves in two different places at the same time or even experience being both dead and alive at the same time<sup>11</sup>.

When we wake up, our logical, rational and discerning mind becomes dominant once again. Realising the inherent contradiction and irrationality, we know that these things cannot be and understand that it was just a dream. While we are dreaming, there may be contradictions, but we do not sense them. When we wake up, we realise the contradictions and cannot accept them.



This, says the Alter Rebbe, is why Golus is like a dream.

In the dream of exile, we live a life of contradiction, where opposites coexist and we do not sense their incongruity. On one hand, we have spiritual aspirations. We have moments of desire to unite with our Creator and connect with our souls. All that we crave is G-dliness. This is the experience of Davening at the start of each day. On the other hand, when we leave the Shule, the love that we experience fades as we spend the rest of our day pursuing success in the material world. We live our lives straddling two very different worlds.

During exile, the intellectual component of our souls recedes and our ability to discern truth is blurred. Our confused imagination augments the contradictory tensions of our physical and spiritual selves into a life of duplicity and as if that's all okay. We accept the dichotomy.

Were it to awaken, the intellectual mind of the soul would point out the obvious contradictions. We would be forced to conclude that both modalities cannot be true and one must be a lie. Our strong desire for materiality must mean

that the spiritual desire that we thought we experienced when Davening was just an illusion.

When we wake up to the dawn of redemption, the G-dly rationale will once again come to the fore. We will see the incongruity of our lives and we will realise that we were like dreamers, in terms of how we lived, thought and viewed ourselves in exile.

### LINES AND CIRCLES

This makes it sound like dreams are inferior to intellect and that the dream-like state is immature and irrational. But in truth, dreams come from a subconscious reality that lies deeper than our conscious minds. Our dreams tell us things which our limited rational mind is unable to grasp.

The mystics describe the source of dreams as coming from a spiritual level which is so lofty, that we cannot rationally understand it. In this G-dly reality, like in Hashem Himself, opposites can be united and coexist.

Kabbalah discusses two systems of G-dly revelation. One is referred to as Yosher (linear) and the other Igulim (circles).

Yosher refers to the G-dliness that is manifest within the worlds. This is the contracted light that is relatable to the logic and order of Creation. We refer to this as Seder Hishtalshelus – the evolution of existence from G-d to our physical reality. Seder

Hishtalshelus follows a linear progression. The Kabbalists describe this in terms of Sefiros, which mirror the process of conceiving an idea and bringing it to actualisation, a process that starts and is defined by intellect.

Igulim refers to the transcendent G-dly light that is beyond Creation – that which is beyond Seder Hishtalshelus and intellect. These levels of G-dliness are so transcendent that they cannot be manifest within the worlds. The light of Igulim is neither limited nor bound by the logical order and structure of Seder Hishtalshelus.

The terms Yosher and Igulim are used to visually represent these respective systems. A line has a top and bottom which are identifiable. A line creates a hierarchy of levels and a system of rigidity. Everything must fit onto the line. In contrast, a circle has neither top nor bottom, neither beginning nor end. In a circle, the opposites of beginning and end are one and the same. Unlike the line which divides, the circle is all-encompassing.

The difference between Yosher and Igulim is like the difference between the consciousness and the subconscious; Yosher being the conscious levels of



G-dliness that can be revealed within the worlds and Igulim being the deeper subconscious of G-dly reality which remains beyond reach.

Logic exists within the system of Yosher. Dreams come from Igulim.

Since we live in the system of Yosher, G-dliness of the level of Igulim cannot be revealed to us. The level of Igulim, the transcendent light of Hashem, will only be openly revealed in the times of Moshiach. Nonetheless, we experience sparks of this reality in our dreams. This is why our dreams

have within them the quality of Igulim, where opposites coexist, albeit in corrupted form.

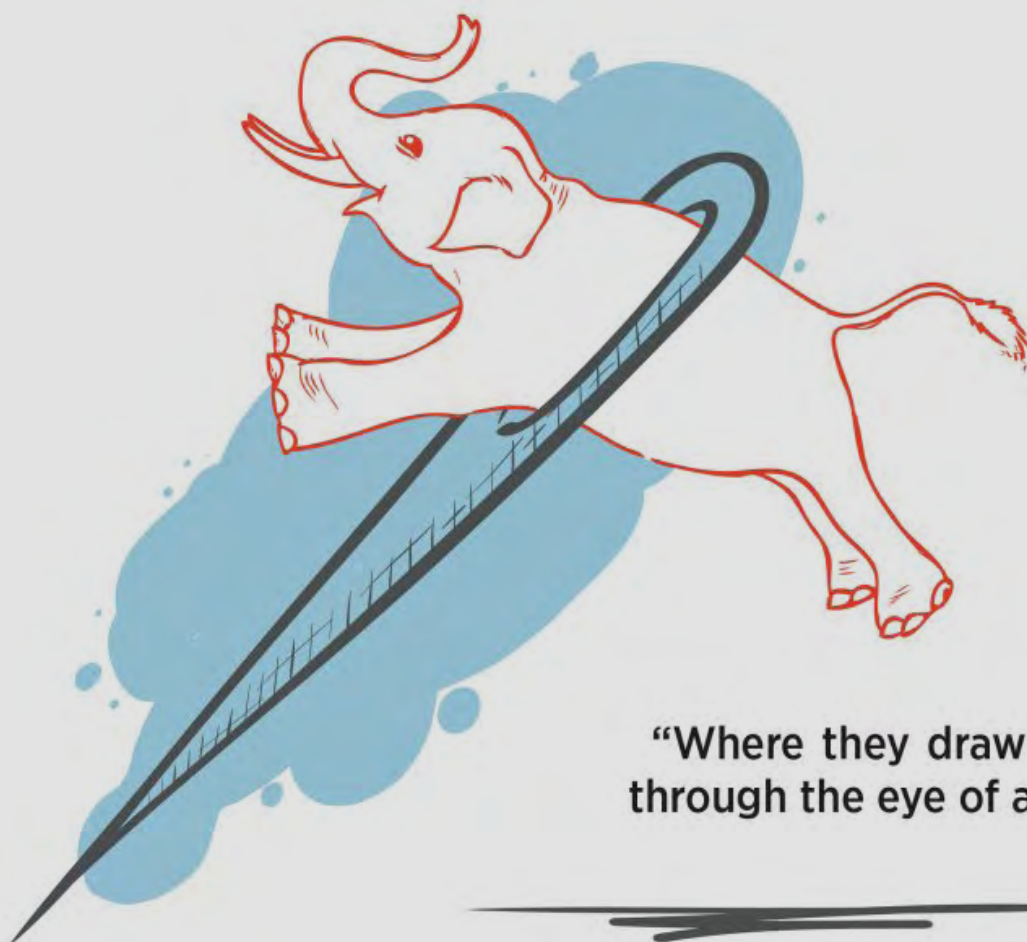
### **GEULAH - THE INTERPRETATION**

The enigma of the dream and its paradox, only exists from the perspective of Yosher. Were we to see the dream the way that it is in its source in Igulim, we would understand how the paradox does not exist and that the dream makes perfect sense. This is the objective of dream interpretation.

When Moshiach comes, we will experience the full revelation

of Igulim, as the Novi says לֹא יִכְנֹף עוֹד מוֹרִיךְ, “Your Teacher will no longer Hide Himself”<sup>12</sup>. According to this understanding, when we experience Geulah – redemption – we won’t simply wake up from the dream of Exile and say that it was an illogical experience. Geulah will be the interpretation of the dream that resolves the contradiction and rationally unifies all of its elements. Then, we will logically be able to grasp and make sense of the paradox of our Golus reality.

In our linear reality of Yosher, we see our involvements in Davening and in worldly



**“Where they draw an elephant through the eye of a needle.”**

Baba Metziah 38b



pursuits as contradictory. But in essence, they are one and the same; both are ways of serving Hashem. From our logical perspective they seem opposites, but on the level of Hashem's will, the same way He wants us to serve Him in our spiritual activities of Davening and learning, He wants us to serve Him in the mundane, worldly parts of our lives.

From this perspective, our worldly occupation can express our connection to Hashem no more and no less than our Davening and learning. Hashem wants us to do both and from His perspective they are equal.

To summarise these ideas;

In the micro sense, in a dreaming state, there are contradictions but it makes sense to us; in a waking state, when the logical mind is active, the contradiction becomes apparent and the dream no longer makes sense to us; in the deeper level of the subconscious revealed through the interpretation, the contradiction is resolved and the dream takes on a deeper meaning.

In the macro sense, Golus is the dreaming state, where we are unaware of our contradictions. Spiritually awake, we would see these contradictions and could not accept them. In the Geulah state, it will all make sense, because through the Iggulim-inspired interpretation, we will realise that there was no contradiction at all.

## YOSEF - THE DREAM MASTER

When the brothers first came to Egypt and appeared before Yosef, the Torah tells us ויכר יוסף את אחיו והם לא הכירוהו, "Yosef recognised his brothers, but they did not recognise him."<sup>13</sup>

Why was this?

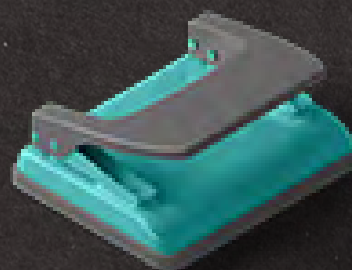
Chassidus explains that the brothers of Yosef chose the profession of shepherds so that their involvement in the physical world would be minimal. In their paradigm, involvement in the world was a contradiction to their Dveikus - cleaving to Hashem - and would be a distraction from their Divine service.

When they saw Yosef, the de facto ruler of Egypt, without whom "no man could lift their hand or foot",<sup>14</sup> an individual who was completely invested in the world, they could not recognise him as one of their own. For a Jew to remain in a state of Dveikus with Hashem whilst in this position was illogical and impossible.

From their perspective of Yosher, they were right. Yosef was a Baal Hachalomos - a dreamer, living in a

dream of illogical contradictions.

But the brothers were mistaken. Yosef's soul was spiritually superior to theirs, rooted in the reality of Iggulim. For him, there was no contradiction. He could be completely involved in the world and remain absolutely bound to Hashem. The two were absolutely compatible. Yosef was more than a dreamer; he was the interpreter of dreams. בעל החלומות did not mean that he was a dreamer, it meant that he was the master over dreams<sup>15</sup>.



Before passing away, Yaakov blessed Yosef by saying בן פורת יוסף, “A charming son is Yosef”. When rearranged, the word פורת (Poras), spells פותר, to interpret<sup>16</sup>. When rearranged in a different combination, it spells תופר, to stitch together<sup>17</sup>. Like the tailor who sews together two pieces of fabric so that they become one, the dream interpreter synthesises the paradox of dreams, resolving the contradiction and revealing its overriding oneness.

## THE KEY TO PHARAOH'S DREAMS

Based on this, we can understand Yosef's mastery in interpreting Pharaoh's dreams.

In Pharaoh's dream, he saw the seven good cows. He also saw the seven bad cows that swallowed up the good cows. But there was one detail in the

dream that didn't make sense. Before swallowing the good cows, the seven bad cows stood alongside the seven good cows, suggesting that at one point, the two coexisted.

If the good cows represented years of plenty and the bad cows, the years of famine, how could the two coexist? How could there simultaneously be plenty and famine together? This paradox is what baffled Pharaoh's wisemen.

Yosef, the dream interpreter, was able to explain the paradox and weave together what appeared as opposites. His advice to collect grain during the years of plenty was not just advice. It was part of the interpretation. By collecting grain during the years of plenty, there could be an abundance of grain even during the first

years of the famine. This is the meaning of the seven good cows and seven lean cows standing side-by-side<sup>18</sup>.

The contradiction in the dream was not a contradiction at all. It was part of the prophecy and this element was crucial to the survival of Egypt and its surrounding lands during the years of famine. Yosef, a Neshama of Igulim, was able to see the underlying oneness hidden within the contradiction.

Pharaoh's dreams also carry a spiritual message for the dream of Golus. The seven good cows represent our G-dly aspirations and the seven emotions of the G-dly Soul. The seven lean cows represent our pursuits of materialism that come from the seven emotions of the Animalistic Soul, which threaten to swallow up our



G-dly experience. How could these two opposites coexist side-by-side?

With the understanding of the world of Igulim we can synthesise the two; both the physical and spiritual parts of our lives, and the two souls within us, are part of one common Divine purpose. Indeed, the two sets of cows standing side-by-side represented Yosef's own life, where full investment in the world and absolute connection to Hashem are united.

## RETURN TO ZION

The verse in Tehillim which describes Golus as a dream, describes the redemption as the return to Zion (שיבת ציון). Zion has the same Gematria of Yosef<sup>19</sup>.

Redemption will be a state of Yosef-like awareness. In the reality of redemption, the concealment will be removed and the spiritual light which transcends intellect will make perfect sense. We will all reach the level of Yosef where the opposites of rational and supra-rational unite. We will not only look back at our time in Golus as a dream, we will understand its interpretation, seeing the Divine intent where what seemed impossible will make perfect sense.

The mystics tell us that the dreamer is greater than the scholar. Yosef the dreamer surpassed even Moshe, the icon of intellect. For dreams represent our ability to transcend

the rigid, finite confines of our rational brain to touch the infinite.

Our Avodah in Golus to prepare for the Geulah should reflect the revelation that will be revealed at that time. In Tehillim<sup>20</sup>, every Jew is likened to Yosef. On the deeper subconscious levels of our souls, we all have the ability to interpret dreams. While we are in the last moments of the dream of Golus, though we still see paradox and tensions in our lives between the material and the spiritual, between our body and our soul, we can live with a Moshiach mindset. We do this by living like Yosef, synthesising and weaving together every part of our lives into one all-encompassing dedication to Hashem.

May we merit the return to Zion with the coming of Moshiach and the fulfillment of the next words, אַז יִמְלֵא שְׂחוֹק פִּינוּ, "then our mouths will be filled with laughter." 🇮🇱

## Endnotes

- 1 Brachos 57b
- 2 Tosefta Maaser Sheni chapter 5
- 3 Zechariah 10:2
- 4 Brachos 55b
- 5 Hayom Yom Teves 4
- 6 126:1
- 7 Taanis 23a
- 8 Taanis 3:8
- 9 Metzudos David
- 10 Shemoneh Perakim
- 11 Shir Hamaalos 5565. This Maamar may be from the Tzemach Tzedek –see Maamar Shir Hamaalos 5767
- 12 Yishaya 30:20
- 13 Bereishis 42:8
- 14 Bereishis 41:44
- 15 Ohr Hatorah Tzemach Tzedek Bereishis 6 p2205
- 16 The Baal Haturim observes that פִּרוֹת has the same letters as פָּרוֹת, meaning cows. It was his interpretation of the cows in Pharaoh's dream that led to his elevation.
- 17 Toras Chaim Bereishis 74b
- 18 Likkutei Sichos volume 15 Mikeitz 1
- 19 Tzemach Tzedek Yahal Ohr on Tehillim 126
- 20 80:2



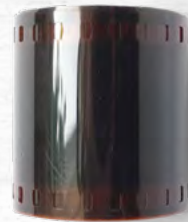


HUMANS OF  
MELBOURNE:

# Rabbi Avraham Ber Blesofsky



*"Rabbi Blesofsky as a young child"*



*Ella Blesofsky receives a dollar from the Rebbe*





*Interviewed & Transcribed by  
Rabbi Boruch Moshe Broh*

*Rabbi Avraham Ber Blesofsky, a New York native moved to Australia on shlichus in 1971 together with his wife Ella, and served as Mashpia and Mashgiach in Yeshiva Gedolah as well as a teacher in Yeshivah College.*

### Where do your grandparents come from?

My maternal grandfather was Moshe Eliyahu Silver, he was an erlicher Shochet in Hungary. Sadly, his wife passed away very young. He remarried a relative of his late wife's and together they moved to the United States just before the war. My mother's name was Chaya Itta Silver.

When my grandfather passed away, he left behind a Tzavaah (ethical will) of 10 commandments for his descendants to follow.

My paternal grandfather, Avrohom Blesofksy, was a Karliner Chassid. At the age of seventeen, he escaped Russia to avoid being drafted. When he arrived in America, he was told that he should shave off his beard, because "this is America" and that he would not get very far by maintaining the old traditions of European Jewry.

He had come to America on his own and never saw his parents again. Although he had some family in America, most of them were not religious. In fact, they were quite anti-religious.

My Zaide was a Chazzan. He would sing everything at the top of his lungs, with a booming voice. Although my grandfather would daven in 770 and became close to the Rebbe, he still kept many of his Karliner customs. Once, some of the Chassidim complained to the Rebbe about my grandfather's loud davening (which was not exactly how the Chabad Chassidim were accustomed to daven) to which the Rebbe responded, "When

he Davens, you can hear every word".

Soon after my Zaide came to America, he met and married Zelda Landy, who came from a Chabad family in Russia.

My Grandfather made his living dealing with furs. On the side he started making small batches of wine. My father, Rabbi Shneur Zalman Hakohen Blesofksy, a diamond cutter by trade, eventually took over the wine sales and built up its reputation, naming it Zalman's Wine. He ultimately sold the flourishing business to another company, which is now known as Kedem Wine.



*Rabbi Blesofsky receives a dollar from the Rebbe*



## What was Chinuch like in New York in the 1930's?

My grandparents had three daughters and one son, my father was the second oldest. They grew up in the Bronx, during the 1930s-1940s. There was no Frum school for the girls to attend and unfortunately, the daughters all became very secular, to the extent some of them married out. Sadly, in those days this was not a big surprise.

My father as a child went to Yeshiva Torah V'Daas. At the time, there was a group learning in Torah V'Daas who were not happy with the fact that they learnt secular studies there as well. They broke away from the school and rented out a house on Heus Street in Williamsburg to start their own school. My father joined this group of

people. They became known as the 'Malochim' (literally angels).

## Can you tell us about the group known as the 'Malochim' of which your grandfather was part and how he came to leave?

One first has to understand who the Malochim were. The Malochim were extremists. They were staunchly anti-zionist. They acknowledged only the first five Chabad-Lubavitch Rebbeim, feeling that since then, Chabad was becoming too modern for their views.

Rabbi Chaim Avrohom Dovber Levine was the founder of the Malochim. He was one of the closest followers of the Rebbe Rashab (the 5th Chabad

Rebbe). He was also the tutor of the Freideker Rebbe.

Rabbi Levine became known as the Malach and his followers as Malochim. Although they were a small group, they did not go unnoticed. They were known for their Yiras Shamayim and made sure to adhere strictly to the old European way of living.

They were very against anything new or modern. Back then it was quite clear if an individual was part of the Malochim, since he would always wear langer rekelach (long coats) and grow his peyos long.

In the early 1950's the Rebbe sent two Bochorim, to Williamsburg, saying that there were "taiyere taiyere yungerhliehgt", very special young men whom they have to "Mekarev zayn" – draw close. They went one Thursday night at two a.m and brought my father back with them to 770.

In the 1930s, Rabbi Yisrael Jacobson was one of the main Chabad Rabbis involved in running Chabad activities. He would come to the Cheder of the Malochim and learn with us and tell us stories, encouraging us to come to 770.

My father became close with a man named Uriel Zimmer. Uriel himself was a Baal Teshuvah and had become close to Chabad. He was a



*Rabbi Shneur Zalman Bleosfsky (Rabbi Bleosfsky's father) and his father Rabbi Avraham Bleosfsky*



clever man who knew many languages, which helped him in his work for the UN. Rabbi Yisroel and Uriel made such a strong impression on some of the Malochim, including my father and Simcha Zirkind, that on Shabbos Mevorchim, as a small group, we would walk from Williamsburg to 770.

I remember as a child, walking through the dangerous Brooklyn neighbourhoods to get to 770. The Rebbe would show us a lot of Kiruv when we came in.

*I remember as a child, walking through the dangerous Brooklyn neighbourhoods to get to 770. The Rebbe would show us a lot of Kiruv when we came in.*

The Malochim were growing upset about the influence of the Chabad Rabbis and their bringing Yungeleit to 770. One day after Shacharis, Rabbi Yankev Schorr (who led the Malochim after Rabbi Levine's passing in 1938) banged on the Bima and angrily announced that my father, Simcha Zirkind and one or two others are not allowed to go to 770 anymore

and that if they did, they would no longer be welcome back.

The incident was relayed to the Rebbe, who advised that we should remain with the Malochim, so that there should still be a Chabad presence there. My father continued to daven with the Malochim until we moved from Williamsburg to Crown Heights in the late 1950s.

### Where did you spend your foundational Yeshiva years?

After learning in the small Cheder of the Malochim in Williamsburg, my parents decided to send me to Montreal at the young age of eleven. (They sent me there because they wanted me to learn in a Lubavitcher Yeshiva, but one that did not have any secular studies). I stayed with my uncle

and aunt. My uncle was the famed Mashpia and Mekubal, Rabbi Menachem Zeev Greenglass.

My uncle and aunt were really special people, Rabbi Greenglass would play violin for me and tell me incredible stories. But as a young child, being away from home, those two years were very hard for me.

After two years there, I moved back to Crown Heights and joined the Lubavitcher Yeshiva in Bedford and Dean. Rabbi Shmaryahu Gurary, the Rebbe's brother-in-law, known as the Rashag (an acronym for his name) was in charge of the Yeshiva. Rabbi Tenenboim was the principal. I entered the Mesivta and was taught by Rabbi Garfinkel and Rabbi Ushpal.



Rabbi Blesofsky receives a dollar from the Rebbe



The following year I entered the Zal (Yeshiva Gedolah) with Rabbi Bukiet and it was then that I developed a “geshmak in my learning”.

The Yeshiva was near an anti-Semitic neighbourhood and quite often we were subject to anti-Semitic remarks. We had some Kanoim (extremists) in the Yeshiva who would not stand for it and would give it back to them. It was not a rare sight to see us Bochorim throwing fists with the Italian and Puerto Rican gangs. I remained in Lubavitch Yeshiva for two and half years.

*It was not a rare sight to see us Bochorim throwing fists with the Italian and Puerto Rican gangs.*

**What were some of your early encounters with the Rebbe?**

For my Bar Mitzvah on Shabbos Mervorchim Nissan 5715, the Rebbe spoke about the Simcha during the Farbrengen.

Another encounter was Yud Beis Tammuz 5712. Since the 12th of Tammuz celebrates the liberation of the Frierdiker

Rebbe, we went to the Ohel (resting place of the previous Rebbe). We went by public transport.

They used to close the front gates of the cemetery at five pm. By the time we came it was late, and the guard was already locking the gates. We saw the Rebbe’s car leaving the cemetery. The Rebbe asked my father if he could climb? My father said that he could, but that even if he climbed, he was not sure he would be able to go in since he was a Kohen. Back then, there was no clear path to the Ohel for Kohanim, so if one wanted to go, one would either have to go in a car or be surrounded by people as they walked in.

The Rebbe said we should come into the car and get a lift back to 770 and that tomorrow we should come back to the Ohel on Yud Gimmel Tammuz. The Rebbe sat in the front and was saying the Zohar section of the Maaneh Loshon (a Kabbalistic text of prayers when visiting the grave of a Tzaddik). Rabbi Krinsky was driving. I sat in the back on my father’s lap in the middle seat, next to Rabbi Chadokov on one side and Rabbi Kazarnovsky on the other. When we arrived at 770 and bundled out, people ran over to ask how we were zoiche to be driving in the Rebbe’s car.

Some fifty years later my mother A”H passed away on Yud Gimmel Tammuz. I understood that this is what the Rebbe was alluding to when he said that we should go on to the cemetery the next day- on Yud Gimmel Tammuz.

Another time, when I was twelve years old my parents took my twin brothers to the Rebbe to cut their hair for the Opsherenish. Exactly one year later, Yud Kislev 5713, my parents brought the twins to the Rebbe for their fourth birthday.

When the Rebbe entered 770 he must have seen me hanging around the corridors. Since it was my younger brothers’ birthday, I did not feel I should join the Yechidus so I waited outside. My parents went into Yechidus with the twins at eight pm, and after a few minutes the Rebbe told my parents to tell the older brother to come in. When I came inside, the Rebbe greeted me with a large smile and since it was during Kislev the Rebbe handed me a silver coin for Chanuka Gelt. (which I still have to this day).

Every second year we would visit the Rebbe for Tishrei. After Duchening in Yomtov Davening, the Rebbe would always make sure to say a big Yasher Koach to me. In those years, our family and another two or three were like the



children of the Rebbe. Every time the Rebbe came in and out he would come and say good Shabbos to us all.

After our Pesach Seder concluded, we would walk an hour from Williamsburg to participate in the Rebbe's Seder, joining them by Shulchan Orech. After Bentching, you could hear the Rebbe singing Hallel. It was amazing.

One year, as they were bringing in the food, as a joke, one Bochur told the Bochorim who were helping to serve, that they are serving gebrochts! The joke got passed on until it came to the Rebbe. The Rebbe did not eat the soup. Even once they realized it was a joke the Rebbe did not touch the soup.

In the early years, when I was a Bochur in 770, the Rebbe would sometimes come into the Zal and say a Maamar (Chassidic discourse) for whoever was sitting there learning. The Rebbe said that he wanted the door closed, so that only those who were keeping the Seder of the Yeshiva would be allowed to listen. Many people would stand behind the closed door. I was Zoche to be inside the Zal for those Maamorim. Once, the Rebbe asked to close the door but they did not close it properly. The Rebbe closed the Sefer and picked up and left.

My sister always came to the Farbrengens. The Rebbe once asked her if she said lechaim,

She said "Nayn - no", to which the Rebbe responded, "Farvos nisht - why not?". She said girls don't say lechaim, and the Rebbe said "Farvos- why?" Next Farbrengen she said lechaim on a little cup of wine.

*She said girls don't say lechaim, and the Rebbe said "Farvos- why?" Next Farbrengen she said lechaim on a little cup of wine.*

Back in the day, once you were Bar Mitzvah, you could go in for Yechidus on your birthday by yourself. This was good, because it meant that I always had something to work and prepare myself for. I merited to have Yechidus for many years for my birthday. The Rebbe would generally give brochos and direct me to learn my new Kapitel of Tehillim with the Pirush of the Tzemach Tzedek.

On my eighteenth birthday the Rebbe told me that I should work hard with my Avodas Hatefillah. I asked Rabbi Moshe Herson who was the Mashpia in Newark, what the Rebbe



Rabbi Blesofsky receives a dollar from the Rebbe



means. He said that I should learn Kuntres Hatefillah of the Rebbe Rashab. The Rebbe would occasionally ask me questions on my learning.

### How did you end up moving to Australia?

When I was twenty-four, I began to get involved in Shidduchim. Boruch Hashem, after I met and married my wife Ella, we went on Shlichus to Florida in 1967. We were the second Shluchim to go to Florida - Rabbi Korf was there already.

To get people to go to Florida was no problem, but finding Shluchim to go to Australia was not so easy. Reb Zalman Serebryanski mentioned that I should come to Australia. The Rebbe told us we should “Matzliach zayn” (be successful) in the Shlichus of the Ribbono Shel Olom. The Rebbe told us that we should tell Rabbi Korf to cover for us. We had been in Florida for four years and we came to Australia in 1971 together with our son Yossi (today Yossi is a Shliach in Queens).

When we came here, I began serving as Mashpia, Mashgiach and giving Shiurim in Yeshiva Gedolah. I would also teach Niggunim. Every Friday night in Yeshiva Gedolah I would teach a new Niggun, and a lot of bochorim would learn their niggunim from these Friday nights. Our son Sholem was

born shortly after our arrival in Australia.

Once Reb Zalman asked me to go to Sydney to fundraise. I was very reluctant to go, but I had no choice. The Rebbe told Rabbi Chaim Gutnick, who was on the YG board, that someone who is employed to be a Mashpia should not then also have to fundraise.

Rabbi Sholom Blesofsky notes that his father was very involved in Mivtza Moshiach. He was part of the group that organised people to put up signs saying “Welcome Moshiach” and “lets greet Moshiach”. He would give a shiur on the topic of Moshiach every Thursday night for many years. He was always campaigning for and creating awareness about Moshiachs arrival.

He started and was involved in Mivtza Mezuzah here in Melbourne. At the time, I was involved with the Sofer R' Moshe Klein in New York. My father would bring in Mezuzas and sell them at cost price to help people to put up Mezuzas. Many times, he would fundraise to ensure that people who could not afford it, would still be able to have a Mezuzah on their homes. He passed this on to Rabbi Eli Gutnick once he came to town.

On Shabbos afternoons, it would be two or three pm and my father was still davening. I remember my brother and I

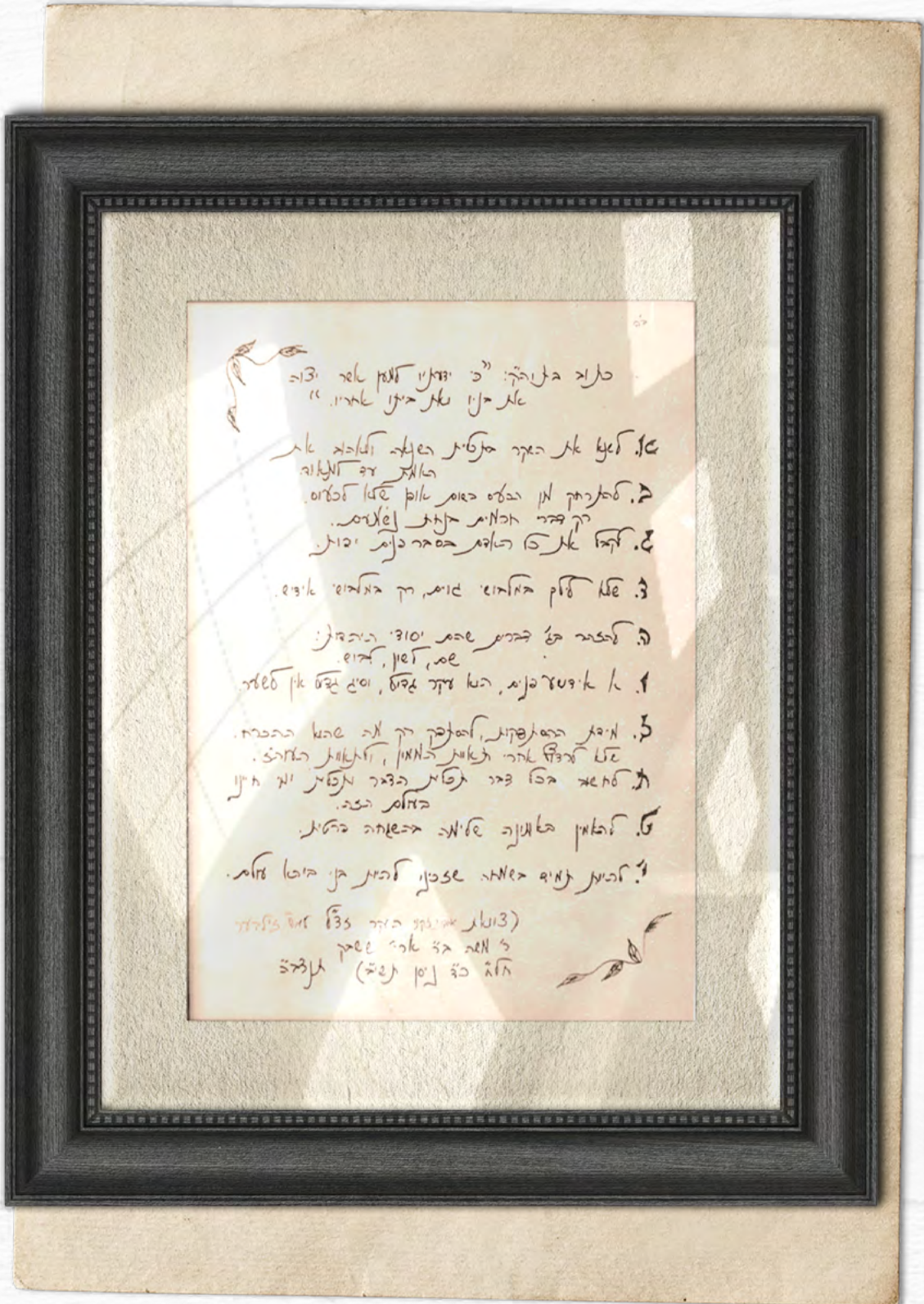
would be waiting for him to finish, there was no one else around.

Before my father came to town, Rabbi Perlow was the main Kohen in Shul, and during Duchening he would say the words fairly quickly without much singing. When my father came, he brought with him the famous Chabad niggun for Duchening, attributed to the Chassidim of the Rebbe Maharash.

When my father came to Melbourne in 1971 it was still fresh after the 6-Day War when the Rebbe started the Tefillin campaign. At that time in Melbourne, it still was not common to go out on Fridays on “Mivtzoim”. My father was one of the big proponents of Mivtzoim on Fridays.







כלי בלתי ידוע: "כי ידעתי לנעם אשר יצוה  
אל בני נאמר ביתי אהיו."

א. לנעם אל הקרובים הנאמר ונאמר אל  
האלהים זר הנאמר  
ב. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
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ג. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
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ד. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
ה. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
ו. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
ז. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
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ח. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
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ט. לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר

(צוה אחרונה הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר)  
לנעם אל הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר  
הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר הנאמר



The ten commandments of the will





# SPOTLIGHT

זצ"ל רב יהודה אסאד RAV YEHUDA ASSAD



Written by  
Rabbi Michael Stern

**R**abbi Yehuda Assad was born in the city Aszod near Budapest in the year 1796 to a poor family. His father Yisroel Elenboigen, a G-d fearing tailor passed away when he was eight. Young Yehuda amazed the crowd at the funeral with a brilliant eulogy. After several years his mother Chana wanted her son to learn Shechita and brought him to the home of Rabbi Yehoshua Falk Bichler, a student of the Chasam Sofer.



Rav Bichler noticed the unique talents Yehuda possessed and with his mother's permission raised him in his home teaching him Shas and Poskim. By the age of eighteen Yehuda was proficient in five hundred Daf of Gemara the entire Shulchan Aruch and its commentaries. By the age of thirty he was proficient in the writings of the Arizal. He wrote Biurim on Kabbalah that have been lost. One of the few Teshuvos from the Chasam Sofer on matters of Kabbalah was written to him. Eventually he moved on to the yeshiva of Rav Mordechai Benet, becoming very close to the Rosh Yeshiva and became one of his top Talmidim.

He married Ester, the daughter of a wealthy family from Szerdahely, and after four years of being supported by his father-in-law, not even having reached the age of thirty, he was appointed Dayan. Despite the fact that two of the Chasam Sofer's students wanted the position, he suggested Rabbi Yehuda Assad.

In 1831 he became Rabbi of Ratto, followed by Semnitz in 1834. There he became known as a Posek and began receiving many Sheilos in Halacha. His custom was to respond to the letter the same day he received it, dedicating his nights for that purpose.

During Pesach, 1848 during the Hungarian revolt against the Austrians, he saved the Jews of Semnitz from a pogrom by

gathering all the Jews in the Beis Medrash to daven and have Seder together. At midnight, he went outside wrapped in a tallis and began blowing the shofar in front of the Hungarian antagonists. They ran away in fear.

At midnight, he went outside wrapped in a tallis and began blowing the shofar in front of the Hungarian antagonists. They ran away in fear.

In 1853 after the Rabbi of Szerdahely passed away, Rabbi Yehuda was appointed Rov and remained there for thirteen years until his sudden passing on the 23rd of Sivan 1866. There he established a Yeshiva with a hundred and fifty Bochrin and the city became one of the important Jewish Kehillahs in Hungary.

He was asked to write many Haskamos (approbations) for Seforim in his generation. He was known to be one of the great "Matir Agunos" of his time, helping women whose husbands had disappeared.

## FIGHT AGAINST REFORM

Over a century ago the Hungarian Orthodox Jewry wanted to split from the Neolog Reform community. The heads of the Neolog had received full legitimacy from the Congress of the Austro-Hungarian

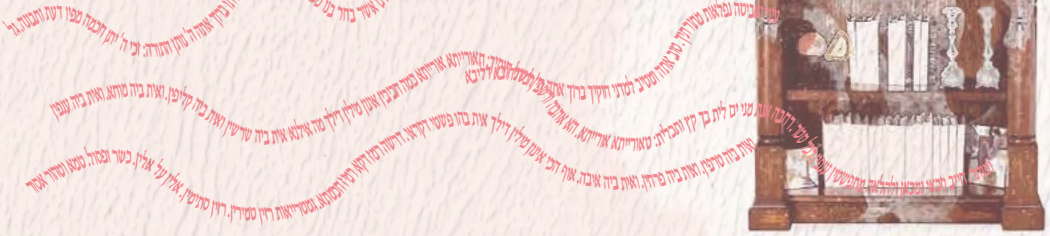
empire to be the sole leaders of the Jewish people within the empire. The leaders of the orthodox community turned to the Austro-Hungarian emperor Franz Josef, who was known to be kind to religious Jews, to ask him to influence the Congress to annul their decision and enable the orthodox community to form a separate Kehilla, independent of the despised Neolog.

A delegation of honourable Rabbonim was chosen including the Ksav Sofer of Pressburg, Rabbi Yehuda Assad, the Imrei Shefer of Darag and other Tzadikim

They needed to compose a letter to the king written in German. A modern Jewish lawyer, expert in writing letters of this nature was approached. When the Tzadikim of the delegation saw that someone dressed in non-Jewish style was going to write the letter, they completely rejected this option, claiming that such a letter needed to be written from the heart, by someone who genuinely believed in the cause. Consequently, they sufficed with a simple error ridden letter, written by a pious Jew with beard and payos.

When they arrived at the palace, they deliberated over who would open their appeal to the Emperor. Rabbi Yehuda Assad was the eldest of the group. While looking around the waiting room, he saw a reflection of his face in a





mirror for the first time ever. He whispered to one of the other Rabbonim “look at that older Jew. He has a Hadrus Ponim (a distinguished look) and Hashroas Hashechina (the Divine presence rests) upon his face. He should speak!”

Finally, the delegation entered and delivered the letter to the king. As he opened it, they said “Our Master the King, please be mevatel (cancel) the gezeira (decree)!” They burst into tears because of the severity of the matter and were unable to speak. The king was emotionally affected and despite his age, got out of his seat to call the Queen. He told her “Come and see! Angels from heaven have come to visit me!”

He promised to do whatever he could to stop the decision of the Congress and later used his veto power to nullify the decree - something which was rarely done in the Austro- Hungarian government. Consequently, the frum community received permission to form a separate Jewish community from the Neolog reform.

Once, when passing a Neolog temple, with tall towers on its roof (in the non-Jewish style) and no Mechitza inside, Rabbi Assad thought for a moment, saying with pain and humour, “this is not a shul at all, rather

it is like the Ark of Noach about which it says “Mibayis Um’chutz Bakofer” (literally it was covered “inside and outside with tar”) – playing on the words to mean that “from within and without there is heresy.”

The Haskala that came from Berlin had conquered many communities throughout Europe, causing assimilation and secularisation at a frightening rate. After the 1884 convention, reform rabbis made many changes in their communities. Rabbi Assad participated in Toras Hakanaos - a sharp response to the reform changes. We find many Teshuvos written against reform changes in Hungary, such as not to build a Shul with a tall tower resembling a church<sup>1</sup> and making a chuppah inside a Shul, since it was copying the goyim who marry in a church<sup>2</sup>.

He refused to allow a Cohen to marry a woman who had chalitza performed. When the groom threatened to convert out of the faith, he responded that we cannot nullify explicit Halachos, “let him convert, Chas V’shalom, his blood is upon his head, but our hands are clean...”<sup>3</sup>. Regarding a Rabbi who wanted to abolish observance of the second day

1 OC 39  
2 OC 38  
3 EH 140

of Yomtov he wrote to the community that they should not honour him, “...remove his hat and cloak.”<sup>4</sup>

When Rabbi Yehuda Assad learned in Nickelsburg under Rav Mordechai Benet, his diligence was so great that he practically did not lie on a bed from one Shabbos to the next. He learnt for most of the night while standing. Mordechai Benet showed him such love and favour that he had him give a shiur to a group of fifty bochrin.

*His diligence was so great that he practically did not lie on a bed from one Shabbos to the next*

Some of the other bochrin were jealous and placed a note in the Rosh Yeshiva’s Gemora, accusing Assad of three indiscretions, That he had formed his own yeshiva with fifty bochrin, he spoke against his Rebbeim and that he learned

4 OC 37



Kabbalah due to personal arrogance.

When Mordechai Benet opened his Gemora to give his shiur and saw the note, he informed Rabbi Yehuda Assad, not to worry as he would defend him. In response to the accusations he said “If you are making a yeshiva with fifty bochorim, I will give you another fifty bochorim. If you are against my derech (approach) in learning - although I know it is untrue because nobody understands my derech in limud as you do - you are entitled to say I have made a mistake. And if you are learning Kabbalah, I give you permission!”

One year during Chanukah, a government official from Pressburg came to Szerdahely to visit Rabbi Yehuda Assad. Unprepared, they had no fruits in the house to serve to him. The Rebbetzin expressed her consternation that she had nothing with which to honour the official. Rabbi Yehuda allayed her fears and miraculously provided cherries, which although out of season, proved to be remarkably fresh. The astounded guest wondered out loud where the Rabbi had found such delicious unseasonal cherries.

Rav Yosef Tvi Dushinski related that it was known that if someone was called up to be drafted to the army, he would first go to the home of the Mahr”i Assad to receive a Bracha. Rabbi Assad would pour a few drops of water into

a cup and the person would drink from it and as a result would be miraculously saved from conscription. This water was a collection of the tears shed by Rabbi Yehuda during his recital of Tikkun Chatzos (midnight prayers mourning the destruction of the Temple) that he had gathered in a cup. With these tears he saved many Jewish souls from the draft.

*Rabbi Assad would pour a few drops of water into a cup and the person would drink from it and as a result would be miraculously saved from conscription.*

The Mahr”i Assad was known to be very wise and a Ba’al Chein who found grace in the eyes of government officials. Whenever there was a Gezeira, he was the one who would be sent to speak to the King. Once the government set the time of the appointment for Shabbos. He travelled to the city before Shabbos and went to the palace on foot.

The King was so impressed with his wisdom that he took a cigarette from his pocket and handed it to him as a gift. This was considered an important gift at the time. Rav Yehuda did not know what to do. If he did not smoke the cigarette he would be considered a rebel against the king. Perhaps he would be allowed to smoke it on Shabbos as a case of Pikuach Nefesh (saving a life)?

Suddenly he had an idea. He took a garment and placed the cigarette upon it. The king’s guards were shocked at this Chutzpah, but before they arrested him, he explained that the cigarette was such a special gift that he preferred to keep it as a remembrance of the special occasion. The guards were suitably impressed and Rabbi Yehuda left to continue on his way.

His patience knew no end. Once young Rav Hillel Lichtenshtein (later Rav of Kilimayo) came to him to receive semicha. Rav Hillel had a few idiosyncrasies. When he was offered to take a seat, he declined out of concern that the couch was Shatnez (a forbidden mixture of wool and linen). When he was invited to eat the meal, he refused out of fear of Tolaim (bugs in the vegetables).

Eventually Rabbi Yehuda turned to him and asked “what is your name?”. The guest replied “Hillel”. Rabbi Yehuda smiled and said: “I should be called Hillel, for the patience



of Hillel is needed to deal with you”.

A student of Rabbi Yehuda Assad was once traveling through the forest and was attacked by a murderer. The student began to plea for his life, but the murderer ignored his requests. The student asked that he be given some time to prepare himself for his death by reciting Vidui and Krias Shema. After much supplication, he was given fifteen minutes. He began saying Krias Shema with proper Kavana and when he opened his eyes, the murderer had disappeared. The student travelled to Rabbi Yehuda to receive an explanation on why he was saved from certain death.

Rabbi Yehuda asked him if he had ever read Krias Shema with such fiery Kavana before. He explained that from Heaven, they wanted to teach this student how one should accept the yoke of Hashem’s Kingship and to say the Shema as if it were the final recitation of one’s life.

A Dayan once asked him how he reached such a level of Savlonus (patience) to the extent that he never appeared angry. He responded that his entire life he davened for the Midda of “Roga” and “Hishtavus” (to be tranquil and calm). Nonetheless, we find in many of his Teshuvos that when necessary, he was very firm.

In a Teshuva to his son regarding a goose that his son paskened was kosher and another Rabbi

said was Treif, he wrote “you Paskened well. If he doesn’t agree, he is a Shoteh (fool) and Gas Ruach (arrogant). Let him come and learn with me or others greater than myself. If he insists, let him be Machmir upon himself but not to cause others a loss. My son, do not agree with him, do not enter into halachic discussion with him. Even if he embarrasses you, don’t be concerned. If he has fear of Hashem in his heart, he will have remorse”<sup>5</sup>.

He was very careful about utilizing his time properly. Amongst the many Sheilos he received, he always gave top priority to questions that were Halacha L’maaseh (true practical cases).

In one response he wrote “... This that I don’t always respond to your Divrei Torah, is that I have an obligation to respond to those asking me L’halacha L’maaseh”<sup>6</sup>.

People would write to him asking that he should daven for them. After he passed away, pages with hundreds of names were found in his siddur that he would mention daily in his prayer. At night he would learn and write while standing, to avoid falling asleep. Writing became difficult and many times when asked two questions, he would only respond to one and would leave the second for “when he found more time”.

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5 YD 72

6 OC 117

Rav Ezriel Hildesheimer writes that his devotion to his Talmidim was remarkable. He was hugely concerned with their material situation, emotional wellbeing, and learning. Due to his commitment, it is unsurprising that he had hundreds of followers who sent their Sheilos specifically to him.

We find many Teshuvos to Talmidim who asked for help in many areas, such as Machlokes in the country, a young rabbi asking advice after he mistakenly declared someone’s ox Treif, causing a considerable loss, how to deal with a brazen shochet. He rebukes his students for speaking disrespectfully about other Poskim, writing “Regarding your wonder on the Chavas Daas...my dear student, don’t be quick to dismiss the words of a famous Gaon and say that he made a mistake”<sup>7</sup>. In another teshuva he writes “if you have an issue with a Posek Rishon, don’t speak in an arrogant manner as you did about the Rosh. Is he your chavrusa?”

## PASSING

It was after midnight during a summer’s night, the eve of the 23rd of Sivan 1866 .Rabbi Yehuda Assad was in the middle of writing a letter to Rabbi Zusman Sofer, when he cried out “my heart”! his wife woke up and found that his heart had stopped and his soul had departed. Hungarian Jewry had

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7 YD 152





lost its crown! Moments later the Roshei Hakahal came to the house. They began organizing the funeral, announcing his death throughout Hungary.

In the meantime, tens of Bochrin began to recite Tehillim. Then, one of the Roshei Hakahal received permission from another two members to perform 'a lowly act'. Inside the house, next to Rabbi Yehuda's bed, they decided to take a picture of him. It is known that he had a very handsome appearance. Since during his lifetime he had refused to have his picture taken, the communal leader decided that this was the perfect time.

The motivation to photograph him was that Rabbi Yehuda Assad and his family suffered from dire poverty yet, there remained a number of daughters to be married off. It was assumed that thousands of Yidden would purchase the photograph and the funds could go towards his daughters' dowries. This was the "Mitzvah" they felt justified taking the controversial photograph.

The tension was palpable. Everyone was afraid to go ahead. His holy body lay peacefully on the bed. As they dressed him in his Shabbos clothing, crying could be heard outside the window as people gathered to mourn for their Rabbi. After they dressed him, he was placed

in his chair with a Gemara in his hands. Some say he was painted and not photographed. After they finished, he was placed back onto his bed and the room was opened. The following morning from 10am in the morning until 8pm in the evening, he was eulogized by twenty famous Rabbonim. All of those involved in the picture did not survive the year...

## INTERESTING RULINGS

One of his novel and heavily rejected rulings is regarding the definition of a Mechalel Shabbos. The Gemara says that one who publicly desecrates Shabbos becomes a Mumar (apostate) and prohibits any wine that he touches. His Chiddush is that to disqualify such a person requires that witnesses testify against him in Beis Din regarding his Shabbos desecration. In practice, most Poskim, including the Minchas Elazar argue about this ruling and maintain that one who is Mechalel Shabbos openly is Posul for Eidus even without testimony against him.

Over the years there has been much debate regarding some of the piyyutim that we say in davening, specifically Selichos and Yomim Noraim in which we mention the Malachim and ask that they assist us. Some authorities such as the Karbon

Nesanel felt this was a violation of the fifth of Rambam's thirteen principles of faith, that one may not place an intermediary between us and Hashem.

In Lekutei Taamim Umekoros to Selichos, the Rebbe refers to the Mahari Asad's Teshuva regarding this. As support, he brings the Gemara in Sanhedrin: "one should always beseech Hashem for mercy, asking the Malachei Hashares to strengthen his power of prayer, and that he has no enemies in the world above". 🇲🇱





# LOCH IN KOP



Presented by  
Rabbi Yossi Moshel

## The Ben Ish Chai

The Ben Ish Chai writes about the value of riddles: "Around the dinner table I used to test my families knowledge of Torah by asking them enigmas and trivia questions from across Torah, as well as riddles of general knowledge. These teasers sharpen the brain and broaden the mind. I am writing them here in order that whoever learns this sefer will be able to utilise these riddles as a resource to test their students or friends, enabling them to sharpen their minds and aid them in their study of Torah. 📖"

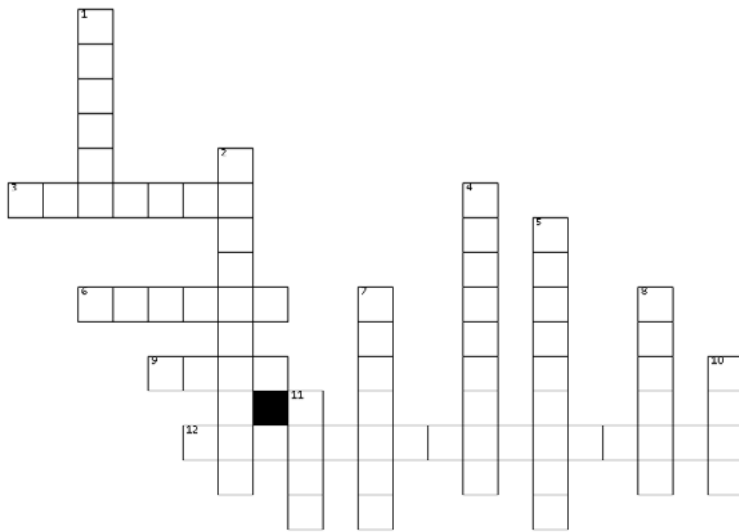
## Riddle me this

- Q. Which person in the Torah passed away at an age that the first, second and third digit of his age was the same number?
- Q. Where in the Torah do five two-letter words appear consecutively?
- Q. I come from a kosher animal, but I cannot be eaten because I am both milk and meat. What am I?
- Q. What mitzvah can only be done on a Wednesday or a Thursday?
- Q. Which two peoples' names spelled backwards, describe Hashem's opinion of them (In Sefer Bereishis)?

### ANSWERS:

A: Lemech, who lived for 777 years ~ "Noach es Sheim es Cham" (Bereishis 5:32) ~ "Ki gam zeh lach bein" (Bereishis 35:17) ~ "Ki yad al keis Y-ah" (Shemos 17:16) A: The udder of a cow. A: Eruv Tavshilin A: Noach found "chein" in Hashem's eyes (Bereishis 6:8), and Er was "ra" in the eyes of Hashem (Bereishis.38:7)

# Crossword



## Across

- 3. Marriage contract
- 6. Akubra is the Australian version
- 9. Round, shiny and very important
- 12. I conduct the wedding

## Down

- 1. Prayer shawl
- 2. Even Malach Michael can't accomplish this
- 4. A tractate in Seder Nashim
- 5. Yidden that have a Rebbe
- 7. Australia Post doesn't like leaving them at your door
- 8. Translation of blessing
- 10. Rashi made this in his spare time
- 11. You won't see this at a Jerusalem (old city) wedding

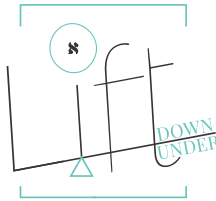
## ANSWERS:

- Wine
- Tallis
- Mesader Kiddushin
- Chassidim
- Ring
- Fedora
- Kessuba
- Farbrengen
- Band





This month's edition of *Lift* is dedicated by

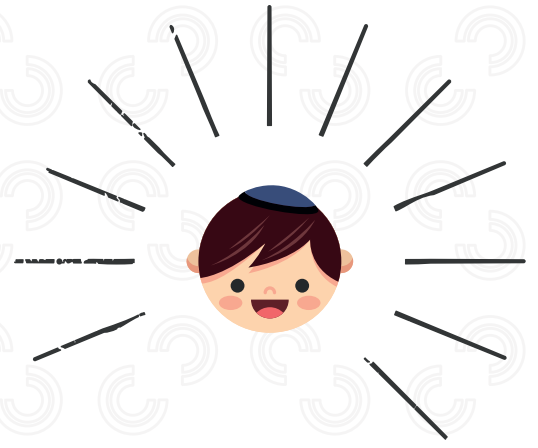
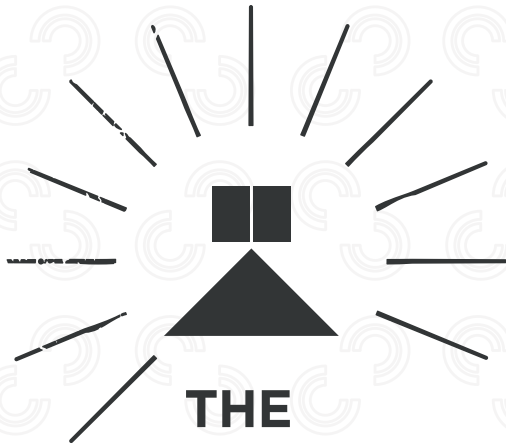


KOLLEL MENACHEM  
LUBAVITCH

KOLLEL MENACHEM SHIURIM FOR THIS MONTH

Daily Mon-Thu	Evening Shiurim		
<p><b>10 am</b> Gemara shiur with Rabbi Szmerling</p>	<p><b>Sunday evenings</b> with the Kollel Rabbis</p>	<p><b>Monday evenings</b> with the Rosh HaKollel Rabbi Yonason Johnson</p>	<p><b>Tuesday evenings</b> Parsha with Rabbi Leor Broh</p>
<p><b>10:45 am</b> Kitzur Shulchan Aruch with Rabbi Yossi Moshel</p>	<p><b>Wednesday evenings</b> Nach with Rabbi Yossi Gordon</p>	<p><b>Thursday evenings</b> Halacha with Rabbi Mottel Krasnjanski</p>	<p><b>Thursday evenings</b> Sefer Hachinuch with Rabbi Binyomin Cohen</p>

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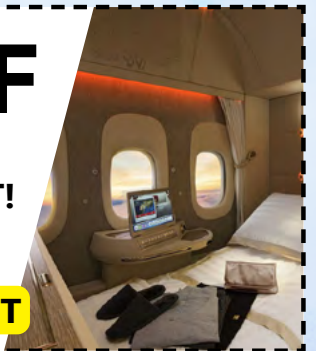


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