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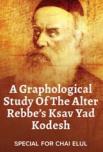
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SHLICHUS

How to Property Arrange the Seatin at a Shabbos Seuda

ASK THE RAV





JSH

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The Mission of Tomchei Tmimim in America THE REBBE'S OPINION

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CHASSIDISHE

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יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד

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Boruch Hashem, Elul 5783

Lubavitch

HUNDREDS OF FAMILIES ANXIOUSLY LOOK FORWARD FOR YOUR GENEROUS ASSISTANCE!

To every member of the Lubavitcher community:

During this month of preparation for Rosh Hashonoh, the "head" of the New Year, we fondly recall our Rebbe's words that this is an especially auspicious time for strengthening our deep bond of Hiskashrus with the "Rosh Bnei Yisroel," the "head" of the Jewish people and leader of the generation.

Our Rebbeim explain that an important way to strengthen Hiskashrus is by participating in the Rebbe's activities and concerns, consequently, by supporting an organization that brings together a number of these activities, the Hiskashrus is greater and stronger. Such an organization is Kupas Rabbeinu, which seeks to continue many of the Rebbe's activities and concerns without change from the way he would conduct them himself.

Every year at this time, the Rebbe would call upon us to contribute generously to help needy families with their extra expenses for the coming month's many Yomim Tovim. This also coincides with the special emphasis during this month of giving extra Tzedokah, (indicated in the Hebrew letters of the word "Elul," as explained in many Sichos etc.), as a vital way of preparing ourselves for the new year and arousing Divine mercy upon us. See sicho in the Hebrew text of this letter.

We therefore appeal to every individual man and woman to contribute generously to Kup as Rabbeinu, enabling us to fulfill the Rebbe's desire to help all those who anxiously await our help. The greater your contribution, the more we can accomplish. Please do not forsake them!

Your generous contribution to Kupas Rabbeinu will be the appropriate vessel for receiving the abundant blessings of the Rebbe, who is its Nasi, that you may be blessed with a Ksiva Vachasima Tova for a good and sweet year, materially and spiritually. May it help to bring the full revelation of Moshiach - our Rebbe - immediately now!

Wishing you a Ksiva Vachasima Tova for a good and sweet year,

On behalf of Kupas Rabbeinu,

R' Yosef Boruch Spielman	Groner family	R' Samuel Malamud
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P.S. Of course, you may send to Kupas Rabbeinu all contributions that you would send to the Rebbe; all will be devoted to the activities to which the Rebbe would devote them. You may also send Maimad, Keren-Hashono (this coming year 5784 - 383 days), Vov Tishrei, Yud Gimmel Tishrei Magbis etc. to Kupas Rabbeinu

Important Note:

Please make all checks out to "Kupas Rabbeinu" and send only to the following address: Kupas Rabbeinu, P.O.B. 288, Brooklyn, New York 11225 Via Zelle: kupasrabbeinu@gmail.com

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התפרה בכוונים בבת היי עור ושער לארים לעוור ער יצרו ברע כל הווח גם אחר התצוה לעיים ש מצות הי בין שור שריע עיים בב בי שאר לו לגבון -במותו נובו ש הרום אך אי שאינו מתצו בבוונים בב שאל שוומר ל הווח בתאונה נואר סצרים אפר שיויים אם שומר ואבשר ויושר הואר שא וייהו

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Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok ("Itzik") and Chaya Kupchik went on the Rebbe's shlichus 12 years ago to La Paz, just recently the shluchim were given a golden offer: a three-story building in the center of the tourist area of the city for only \$550,000 that would make a lovely "770" replica

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DVAR MALCHUS אגרות-קודע לקוטי שיחות לקוטי שיחות

mit blessing in chuletion

The Rebbe's Opinion On:

The Mission Of Tomchei Tmimim In America

Over the years, the Rebbe wrote several letters to the fundraising dinners of Yeshivos Tomchei Tmimim, outlining the uniqueness and special mission of the yeshiva. In honor of 15 Elul, the founding day of the yeshiva in the year 5657 (1897), we present a selection of snippets from these letters:

To Raise Whole Jews

It is written, "This is the Torah-Man," indicating the identity of the Torah with the Jew. So is a Torah institution comparable to a Jew in many respects: Both experience identical fortunes; the same exile, the same wanderings and vicissitudes, until their Providential destiny is fulfilled.

Seventy years is an epoch in human life - "Our years are seventy," so that thereafter begins a new era... "and if in strength, eighty years" (Ps. 90:10).

The Lubavitcher Yeshiva has traversed an epoch of seventy years one of the most difficult and critical periods in Jewish life in the Golus (Exile). Yet, by the Grace of G-d, the Lubavitcher Yeshiva stands today in the center of a network of Torah institutions encompassing many parts of the world - at the height of development and creativity.

It can clearly be seen that these sacred institutions are fulfilling the purpose and destiny which their great and saintly founders had envisaged and ensured for them. And their purpose is: To raise whole Jews ("Tmimim"), living the whole Torah (-"Tmimo"), who serve as luminaries to illuminate their surroundings with the light of Torah and Mitzvos, in both the revealed and inner dimensions, thus paving the way for the coming of Moshiach Tzidkeinu. (*Letter dated 15 Teves*, *5728/1968*)

To Préparé Jewish Laymen Permeated With Toráh

Some people think that the main purpose of a Yeshiva is to train Rabbis, Shochetim, and other Jewish clergymen. This is not so[,] for the essential and main purpose is to prepare Jewish laymen, who, before going out into the world of business trade, or profession, would be imbued and permeated with Torah and Yiras Shomayim, and later, living within this world, would elevate their entire environment by inspiring every Jew they come in contact with, with love of G-d, love of Torah, and love of fellow-Jew in actual daily practice.

The 10th day of Shevat is the Yahrzeit of my saintly father-in-law who conducted the first Lubavitcher Yeshiva (which was founded by his saintly father in Lubavitch 62 years ago), and who transplanted it on American soil 19 years ago, and made it here a flourishing Torah institution.

True to the above mentioned principles, my father-in- law of saintly memory made it the aim of the Yeshivoth Tomchei Tmimim in America as aforementioned:

That while they produce outstanding scholars of the Torah and outstanding scholars of Chassidus, the primary function of these Yeshivoth is to produce students who are imbued with Mesiras-Nefesh in their love of G-d, love of the Torah, and love of fellow-Jew expressed in practical deeds. That the Lubavitcher Yeshivoth have been most successful in attaining these aims is clear from the record of accomplishments of the "Tmimim" in all parts of the world. (*Letter dated 29 Teves*, 5719/1959)

To Be Mature Jews

The 27th Annual Banquest of the Yeshiva Tomchei Tmimim Lubavitch, taking place only a few days after Purim, will surely reflect the spirit of Purim. As a matter of fact, the two have a special relevance to each other.

Haman's decree was connected with the argument: "There is one people, dispersed and divided among the nations... and their laws are different from those of any other people." Haman claimed that Jewish separateness and refusal to assimilate with their environment, and keeping their laws and customs, was no good for the state, nor for them either. However, the truth, as it turned out, was exactly the opposite: Salvation came not through altering the character and essence of the Jews and Jewish people, but, on the contrary, through strengthening Jewish unity and identity - the oneness of the "one people" with "their laws which are different."

This not only saved the Jewish people from their enemies, but it also brought new prosperity to all the states of Ahasuerus's empire, when the affairs of state were entrusted in the hands of Mordechai the Jew, who "did not bend his knee nor bow down."

The lesson of it is clear: At a time when Jews are dispersed and scattered among the nations of the world, no one must think that by doing away, G-d forbid, with Jewish identity and the Jewish way of life, and imitating the environment, Jews will be able to secure their own position and benefit the society in which they live. The truth is just the opposite: The preservation of Jewish identity and otherliness, through closer adherence to their different laws and standards - the eternal laws and values of our sacred Torah - this is the only way to ensure Jewish existence, and incidentally also to gain the confidence and respect of the nations of the world.

... Obviously it is a vital necessity to begin to develop the true Jewish spirit from earliest age. This, indeed, is the task of the Yeshiva Tomchei Tmimim in Montreal, namely, to educate the students in the said spirit to the degree of Mesiras Nefesh, so that they should be Tmimim - "wholesome" and mature Jews, with complete harmony in their physical, mental and spiritual life, since only such a life can ensure their true happiness, and consequently also the happiness of their parents and of the whole Jewish people, as well as of their environment at large. (Free rendition of Letter to Dinner of Tomchei Tmimim of Montreal, 15 Adar, 5729/1969)

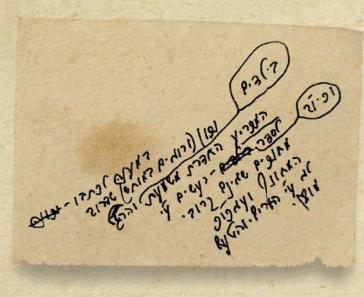
From The Rebbe's Pen

How To Instill Discipline In Children

Advice from the Rebbe on educating children to have discipline:

במענה לכתבו -נכון (ורואים במוחש) שברוב המכריע החדרת משמעת בילדים והרגל לסדר וכיו"ב [= וכיוצא י"ע [= וכיוצא לסדר בזה] - נעשים ע"י [= על ידי] מחנכים שאינם קרובי המחונך ועאכו"כ [= ועל אחת כמה וכמה] לא ע"י הורים. והטעם מובן.

In response to your writing: it is correct (and we see this clearly) that in the overwhelming



majority of situations, instilling discipline into children and training them for orderly behavior and the like, is done by educators who are not relatives of the educated and certainly not by the parents. The reason is self-explanatory.

		SHAB	BOS				
09/02					ט"ז אלול		
CANDLE LIGHTING	SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	MIDDAY	SUNSET	SHABBOS ENDS		
7:10	6:23	9:39	12:55	7:26	8:09		
ג' פרקים: הלכות מעשר פרקים ז-ם פרק אחד: הלכות שבת פרק כה ספר המצוות: מ"ע קכז							

MONDAY						
09/04		י"ח אלול				
SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET				
6:25	9:39	7:23				
כות שבת פרק כז	נשר פרקים יג–יג, הלכור הלו עלעק	פרק אחד				

TUESDAY			WEDNESDAY				
09/05	י"ט אלול			09/06		כ' אלול	
SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET		SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET	
6:26	9:40	7:21	-	6:27	9:40	7:20	
ג' פרקים הלכות מעשר שני ונטע רבעי פרקים ב-ד פרק אחד הלכות שבת פרק כח ספר המצוות מל"ת קנ, קנא			ג' פרקים הלכות מעשר שני ונטע רבעי פרקים ה–ז פרק אחד הלכות שבת פרק כט ספר המצוות מל"ת קמא. קמב. קמג				

THURSDAY			FRIDAY			
09/07	5	כ"א אלוי	09/08	1	כ"ב אלול	
SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET	SUNRISE	LATEST SHEMA	SUNSET	
6:28	9:40	7:18	6:29	9:41	7:16	
ג' פרקים הלכות מעשר שני ונטע רבעי פרקים ח-י פרק אחד הלכות שבת פרק ל ספר המצוות מ"ע קיט			ג' פרקים הל' מעשר שני פ' יא, הל' שמיטה ויובל פ' א–ב פרק אחד הלכות עירובין פרק א ספר המצוות מ"ע קלא. קכה			

THE TIMES ON THIS PAGE ARE FOR BROOKLYN, NY

ASK The Rav

HORAV YOSEF YESHAYA BRAUN

HOW TO PROPERLY ARRANGE THE SEATING AT THE SHABBOS MEAL

A collection of halachos on the topic of properly separating men and women according to halacha at public functions, by Horav **Yosef Yeshaya Braun**, Mara D'asra and member of the Crown Heights Beis Din

Q. When there are a group of families, bachurim, and older single men and women together for the Shabbos meals, how should they be seated? Is mixed seating allowed? Is it okay for men and women of the opposite gender to sit next to each other or face each other (if they're not in the same family)? Should there be separate tables? At what age should children not be allowed to sit with the opposite gender? I'd like to know please both for a small group in the house and a large group in Shul, if that make a difference.

A. • At a public communal meal such as in a shul hall, men and women must be seated separately, with a *mechitza* between the men and the women, to ensure that there should not be any intermingling of men and women and to prevent the *issur* of *histaklus* (men gazing at women).

• At a small Shabbos meal at home, the common custom is not to have a *mechitza*, even when non-family members are invited

as guests. Nonetheless, the men and the women should be seated separately as much as practically possible.

The general age for when to separate kids is when they start maturing to understand the concept of separation between men and women. This is generally between the ages of 6 and 9. Children of 9 years and older, must be educated not to mingle and should be seated separately.

Men and women should be seated in a way that a man isn't seated between two women or a woman between two men.

• When having several families together, the men should preferably face men, and women should face women. It is important to note that this is especially important when eating by a table without a full divider underneath, as it is a common possibility for one to stretch his legs only to touch the person on the opposite side.

The best would be to designate separate tables for men and women or at least separate tables for each family. Even if this is not possible, the families should be sitting at other ends of the table.

• As for hosting singles, while technically it's not forbidden to host single bachurim and girls at the same meal, this is considered inappropriate. One should go to great lengths to arrange their hosting of meals in such a way that bachurim and girls aren't invited at the same time. Rumor has it that the Rebbe instructed that Yeshivos not allow bachurim to eat out at families who have girls home, even if they are little girls.

Where circumstances require such an arrangement, they should be seated at different tables.

_

The following is a suggested seating arrangement, where all are seated together, at one long table. Of course, the more tables you have the better:

All single men are seated at one end of a table. For example, if there are seven men, then one at the table end and three on each side. Then families, with a male representative seated next to the two men on each side of the table where the families start sitting. Then after the families, the single women (understandably seated next to a female family member at the end of the families' place on the table).

The best way to flow from men to women between families is by husband and wife, as they are the only ones that can have either gender (from the same family) on the other side. Alternatively, the seating between families can be where the same gender from different families are seated near each other, i.e. a man next to a man and a woman next to a woman.

Any sibling of the opposite gender can be a divider, so for example a sister can separate between her brother and a row of girls. **#2967**

THE PROBLEMS OF MIXED SEATING

Q. Are men and women allowed to sit together? (At a concert, event, etc.)

A. Mixed seating for men and women at Jewish events is forbidden and is a breach in *tznius* laws.

See some of the following sources: *Tractate Sukkos 52a* where in the Beis HaMikdash they built a special women's section so that men and women would not mix during Simchas Beis HaShoeiva. The Alter Rebbe in his *Shulchan Aruch (Orach Chayim 529:13)* in the laws of Yom Tov also records the ruling that men and women are not allowed to sit together for eating and drinking (in particular when there is alcohol) for this brings to sin.

The Rebbe writes in *Likkutei Sichos vol.* 9 pg. 333 that by a wedding there must be a *mechitza* up, this is even during the eating and bentching and not just for the dancing. The Rebbe also quotes the view of the *Beis Shmuel* (*Even Haezer 62:11*) that one may not say "Shehasimcha B'maono" at a *chasuna* when there is mixed seating.

[The reason for this is as explained in the *Beis Shmuel* is that the *yetzer hara* works when men and women are together in mixed seating. The Rebbe brings that despite the view of the *Levush* is to be lenient on this matter, nonetheless the Rebbe concludes that today unfortunately we see that one may not be lenient in this matter.]

See at length the excellent book *Toras Hamechitza* for details.

In order to avoid all problems, a *mechitza* would need to be affixed between the men and women. When the crowd is not-religious, and there is concern that by having a *mechitza* this will prevent people from coming to **a Torah class**, one should consult with a Rav. **#2806** (2)* =



I must admit, that ... had I not personally known you, I would not have believed this to be possible..."

— The Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach in a letter to President Shazar

A Graphological S Of The Alter Rebb Ksav Yad Kodesh

By Ruth Zucker*

* This essay was published in "Sefer HaKan" — a special collection of essays published for the 150th anniversary of the Alter Rebbe's histalkus. We present here a translation into English of the Hebrew translation as we were unable to locate the original as of yet.

RUTH ZUCKER •

PREFACE

Mrs. Ruth Zucker, the author of this graphological analysis of the handwriting of the Alter Rebbe, Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liadi, is a researcher whose opinion has, for many years, served as a basis for decisions by courts and tribunals in Israel. She studied graphology with Professor G.A. Magnat, President of the Graphologists' Association in Geneva. Several of her graphological studies on famous authors, both current and ancient, were published in professional foreign scientific journals and earned her much fame.

At the time I commissioned her to prepare this graphological analysis, she knew no Hebrew at all except for the shape of the letters, and did not understand the meaning of the words. I also examined her carefully and was convinced that, at the time, she had no idea about the personality of the Alter Rebbe and his biography, nor about his role in the spiritual sphere of Judaism. This study was based exclusively on the analysis of the letters and she only told what she was told by the letters.

The research was conducted on the basis of a photocopy of an authentic manuscript [of the Alter Rebbe], which was provided to me for this purpose by the Lubavitcher Rebbe, who also read this analysis and agreed to publish it.

When translating her study from English to Hebrew, I did not attempt to translate her terms into equivalent terminology that can be found in the literature of the Chassidic philosophy, rather I took caution to keep the terms in their simple sense, as she intended them to mean.

Shneur Zalman Shazar

A graphologist who faces this wonderful handwriting finds himself in great bewilderment. He does not know how to find in his modern dictionary the appropriate terms to properly describe the personality revealed to him through the letters written in this facsimile under study, due to the enormous gap of mentality, of time, and of greatness.

Another difficulty in this analysis is the lack of original written material. The current research is not based on an original manuscript, but on a photocopy of a certificate. Therefore, it will be impossible to encompass all the greatness of the writer's personality. Please let these disclaimers serve as a kind of explanation and apology.

FIRST IMPRESSION

The first impression gleaned from studying the handwritten manuscript is that before you stands an enormous, sublime, and astounding figure. One is strongly moved by — and discovers intense admiration for — a personality that was very steadfast and yet capable of being in a state of constant awe and reverence of a manifestation of transcendental forces [within him]. The author, apparently, was able to face the confrontation of the two parallel ambitions which prevailed within his soul, a confrontation that would perhaps have brought a man of a lesser mental capacity to the brink of madness.

The first aspiration – to develop all of his talents and all of his personal and physical energies into a powerful and complete force, such that they would serve him as a firm and solid base.

And the second aspiration – to pitilessly elevate all of the elements that sprout

and flow from that base and designate them exclusively to the spiritual. To raise up all of these strengths, of acute original inborn senses, from their "lowly nature" and to devote them – with rarefied passion – to the service and authority of spiritual goals.

SUBLIME YET TERRESTRIAL

By this sublimation, he still did not relieve himself of his terrestrial gravity and the responsibility that terrestriality imposed upon him. And he, as it were, reached a deeper perception through the arousal of his impassioned desires, which lifted him above the earthly level in which they were ignited. However, he never forgot their origins and accepted this origin from a place of humility and regal simplicity.

He was humble enough to recognize this [terrestrial origin] as well as dynamic and bold enough to fly upward away from it and leave it behind, but he would return to it like to one's roots and [he did so] naturally, not as one might assume out of a sense of limitation on his upward flight, or a sense of falling, Heaven forbid.

This irrational passion that comes to the fore in the handwriting, born from placing his entire being to serve spiritual goals was, apparently, constantly balanced by very powerful rational intellection and by a power of judiciousness that knew no mercy.

He appears to have lived constantly under severe orders, practically a supernal command, to bring down to earth the transcendental meditation, which was not – as one might assume – granted to him from above as a free gift but was a personal conquest on his part through massive struggle. And it was incumbent on him to fill this contemplation of his with content that was tangible, compelling and pithy, due to his love for people and all of existence.

The handwritten manuscript testifies to the warmth of his unceasing interest, which probably pushed him to seek and find the strongest

possible connection between humanity, that is, between the universe as a whole and his observation into the noble [sublime] world. It is probably due to this successful conquest that his quiet and steadfast pride arose, which in this manuscript is associated with a degree of humility and with a simplicity devoid of all [external] mannerisms, and since his tendency was alert towards illustration, he also strove to get to know the world; to understand it with a systematic and precise understanding, without fear of encountering contradictions, secrets, and inexplicable things, all with the daring of simplicity. And if, despite all his careful research, he came across something that was impossible for him to explain, he probably accepted it in humility as a Divine dictate from above, without rebellion. His ultimate confidence lay, most likely, in his humility more than in his wisdom.

Yet, it is very plausible that his strong leadership skills forbade him from appearing in public only as a humble person. He apparently aspired to act — in an ever growing manner — as a "pillar" for his community and a solid support for others [as well]. The handwritten manuscript reveals an absolute firmness and proud steadfastness which allowed him to achieve this.

More than he had the desire to extend his hand to help his fellow man and to lead him - he had the desire to protect his fellow man. Both tendencies were very strong and instinctive within him, and he felt within himself the fateful command to stand **firm**, as a solid example for all those loyal to him. But the mission to serve as an example could not remain a passive measure within a dynamic personality as his. The fact that he was a spiritual giant forced him to bear actual fruit in the form of giving advice, extending generous assistance, and active public advocacy.



THE REBBE GREETS SHAZAR AT HIS VISIT OF 13 MENACHEM AV 5726 (1966)

COMING DOWN TO THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM

It appears that sometimes he would secretly struggle with the desire to "come down" to the level of the people around him. And sometimes, with his grace, he also was inclined to come to terms with this desire and express it with the poetic sweetness unique to him. But always, as well, this was conditioned with a commitment to immediately return to his infinite vastness. His moving away was like a diver diving into an abyss, illuminated by the glow of revelation and by happiness that has no end.

The fact that he was inclined toward relationships with people around him does not mean that he always identified with them. In some way, he maintained a clear dissonance from them, barring him from getting too familiar with them. And yet, he was always imbued with great love for them and understanding of their souls. His love for his fellow man caused him to apply a large degree of patience and tolerance towards others that amounted to the level of *in*tolerance he applied towards himself.

He strictly behaved towards himself according to rules he accepted upon himself. These rules were determined according to all his brutally-honest researches and quests, and he lived by them with his full characteristic diligence, and at the same time, [always] with all that shock-filled initial excitement.

His handwriting reveals that in all his research and inner quests, he took it upon himself to maintain a high-level and strict watch over his fertile and intense imagination. All the energy and fertility of his imagination (which any other person of lower caliber would certainly direct towards literary or artistic work, perhaps being important in their own right) forced him to treat his visions with serious reservations. He had a great talent for the experiences of poetry. Very rarely did he allow himself to indulge in pleasant, "sleepy" moods. Instead, by his own will, he became completely "sold" to holy asceticism; he devoted himself to it with all his heart and soul, and hardly allowed himself to part with it even for a short while.

It is difficult to determine (due to the lack of material) if his endless strive towards the real truth was self-driven, or if he acted on it by a stern Divine decree.

Apparently, both are true: at different periods of his life he was probably full of longings for further perfection, and he was gripped and disturbed by an inner ambition to reach this perfection. In other periods, as his handwriting shows, he was subject to an inner calling that condemned him to dare, and not to settle for a less perfect spirituality than what a human being can achieve on his terms.

NOT OVERLOOKING EVIL

The author was overflowing with a desire for a positive faith, yet he was by no means quick to believe nor was he comfortable with optimism. More than the ordinary person, he saw the dark side of the human psyche and nature, and did not block his eyes from seeing reality as it is with all its blemishes that eliminate all illusions. But nothing was more distant to him than an easily-attained faith of belief. Whatever his broad and great mind grasped, was always put to the test of contrast, [he made sure to view] both the good and the bad. In this confrontation between the two of them. he was ready to take on any test and face any struggle. And so, while his enormous vitality used very actively all good traits - his justness, steadfastness, seriousness and honesty with himself, defeated all the dark and evil. This confrontation between good and evil was not just a theoretical war within his soul. It was an inner edict that called on him not to accept evil, but to always perfect the existing, to elevate and

illuminate it; this was one of the fundamental traits of his character.

THE DRIVE FOR DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE

This trait seems to have made him dare and try things, which sometimes seemed impossible even to himself. He accepted this pure and innocent attitude as a matter of law, [i.e.,] if a given matter was proven to him at a certain point to be virtuous, religious, and crucial to be accomplished, [it had to be accomplished no matter what]. In these efforts of his to master the impossible, he was able to bypass the impossible, or cancel it and ignore it. Another, less great than he, would certainly have recoiled from these impossibilities or would have even failed under them.

This suprarational daring he possessed, was the result of his constant sense that he lived under the dominion of the supreme **Divine law**, a law that he not only accepted unconditionally, but also worshiped persistently and happily. Accepting the yoke of the law and believing in it protected him from any skepticism. His handwriting is quite solid, indicating that he felt himself insured under the wings of a superior regime, which was also understandable to him, thanks to his comprehensive intelligence.

But what is it that caused this constant struggle, the traces of which are preserved in his handwriting?

This struggle, it appears, was caused when encountering irrational matters beyond human comprehension while being driven by the strength of his spirit to understand even the most sublime. And with all the strength of his deepest desires he strove for the light by utilizing all the might of his reasoning and all the power of his contemplation, while displaying a distrust for imagination and blind faith. He always made an effort to dive in and reach an



"SEFER HAKAN"— WHERE THIS STUDY WAS PUBLISHED ALONG WITH A FACSIMILE OF MRS. ZUCKER'S ARTICLE

understanding of the depths of the essence of things and ideas.

And despite these traces of a struggle, the handwriting displays a very strong inner self discipline, which probably took the place of that struggle during the years of his personal maturation. What in the days of his youth served as a passion-filled motion, later became acceptance of the yoke and [thereby] a [source for] fruitful creativity. What was once in his heart attached to ambition and constant action, later brought to understanding and inner-silence, quiet listening, love of tradition, and the patience for a creativity based on firm foundations.

Within the author's mature personality, there was no longer any need to deal with those desires, but the ability to stand resolute against external opposition, apparently remained with him. The author's personality was strong enough not to surrender to the whole outside world. Naturally, the manuscript itself cannot solve the enigma: what force within him was greater - his desire to give of his own to others and to provide them with his vision and the nobility of his enthusiastic observation, or his wondrous virtue to infinitely devote himself to infinity itself...

AFTERWORD

When President Shazar sent this analysis to the Rebbe, the Rebbe responded thus:

"I confirm receipt of your letter from 13 Tammuz, which arrived with considerable delay, along with the graphological analysis. I must admit, that if not having clearly read in your letter that the analyst — except for having the manuscript — did not know anything about the author of the manuscript and had I not personally known you, I would not have believed this to be possible... •

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA: Building the Highest Altitude 770 In the world

NITT

Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok ("Itzik") and Chaya

Kupchik went on the Rebbe's shlichus 12 years ago to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. While the city is a heavily toured spot with thousands of Jews coming there every year, living conditions are not easy and just recently the shluchim were given a golden offer: a three-story building in the center of the tourist area of the city for only \$550,000 that would make a lovely "770" replica in the city with the world's highest altitude

MENACHEM ZIEGELBAUM •

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF SHLUCHIM

around the world. Some of them stand out; there is something special about them, both simple and deep at the same time.

You sense that this is a faithful soldier in the Rebbe's army, who has nothing in his world but another hanachas tefillin, more dalet minim, another kosher meal for another Jew.

This describes the shlichus of Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok (Itzik) Kupchik and his family in La Paz, Bolivia, far from any large Jewish center. Life on shlichus for the Kupchiks, with their eight children, is full of challenges. Nothing is a given, nothing comes easily. Sometimes, it seems that even as they live a simple lifestyle their story is the stuff of legend.

For example, the mivtzaim which are done on Shabbos and Yomim Tovim or even just walking to the community's shul, entail difficult climbing and no less difficult descents, on the impossibly steep streets of La Paz.

You know what? Even breathing is not a simple matter because La Paz is one of the highest cities in the world above sea level, and the air is thin. When they return there after a family vacation, or after a fundraising trip, they need two days to get used to the thin air. If necessary, they use the oxygen tank and pass it from child to child.

NO PLACE TO REST

Their life on shlichus will be going through a significant change as they try to buy a new building at this time. For years, they moved from place to place, always renting.

Worse than the conditions of the Chabad House were the impossible living conditions for the family, without privacy, without open spaces for the children who are home 24/7 without a a school. Children were born, tourists came, and they still don't have a Chabad House of their own. Now, a rare opportunity presented itself to upgrade the physical state of the Chabad House which will happen soon, with Hashem's help.

However, before the happy ending which they are working hard on, to raise the necessary funding, we need to start with the young couple, a child and newborn baby, who went on shlichus.

SHLICHUS!

We were instilled with the value of shlichus when we were young children, by our parents, shluchim in India. I remember, when I was seven or eight, and we davened that the Rebbe be healthy and the Geula come. As we did so, I thought, but if the Geula comes now, I won't be able to go on shlichus...

At first, we considered shlichus in the Far East, either in India or a neighboring country. There were offers but nothing came of them.

At the bris of our second son, who was born via C-section and miracles, my father came from India to be the sandak. After a l'chaim at the bris seuda, he quieted the crowd and said, "Itzik, I want to bless you from a loving heart, the blessing of a father to his son..."

I wondered, what would the bracha be?

"That you go on shlichus with two children and not ten," he said, alluding to the fact that my parents had gone on shlichus to India with ten children.

That night, as I brought things back home from the bris seuda, I got a phone call from a friend. "Do you want to go on shlichus?"

"Of course," I said.

"There's an active Chabad House where the shliach is looking for a replacement."



EVERY TIME THEY TRAVEL, THEY LOAD UP THE SUITCASES AND PRAY.

"Where?"

"Bolivia."

"Where is that?"

"South America."

I was unfamiliar with the geography and thought it was a four-hour flight from New York. (It's eight and a half hours, nonstop.)

It's far, and I don't speak Spanish (it's still far and my Spanish is still not great). I tried saying no. I had just finished a bris after a difficult birth. How could we do this now?

"It's your opportunity," he said. "There's a shliach who has to go back to Eretz Yisrael for personal reasons. The Jewish community and many tourists are waiting for you," he said persuasively.

I arrived home and told my wife about the offer.

"No problem, we will go happily," she said, "but in another three months. Maybe for Chanuka, when I recover from this birth." When I spoke to my friend I heard that the shliach had already bought tickets for Eretz Yisrael and if we wanted to work out a transition with him we needed to get on a plane the following week.

My wife wrote to the Rebbe, 'We really want to go on shlichus. We have an opportunity now, but I physically don't have the strength." In the letter that she opened to, the Rebbe wrote about the special strength that Jewish women have, and in this merit we were redeemed and in their merit, we will be redeemed.

"This is a clear answer. Buy tickets," she said heroically.

I called a travel agent without knowing where Bolivia is located. I learned that it takes two to three days to get there with four flights and stopovers. There wasn't even time to raise any funds. I called a good friend, Rabbi Shmulik Vishedsky (today a shliach in Japan), and asked him for a loan of \$5000.

"You should know that I can't guarantee you will get it back," I told him, and he wasn't



TAKING A WALK MEANS MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

fazed. He gave the travel agent money for the tickets and with the remaining money we went shopping.

A week after the bris, we went on shlichus with two babies.

HARD TO BREATHE

In every location in the world, the oxygen, the basic need of man, is available and free for the taking, but here, because of high elevation, 11,975 feet above sea level, the oxygen level is low. Upon landing, it's recommended to take extra oxygen for two or three days until you get used to the air. Unfortunately, we haven't gotten used to it. Every time we arrive, we have two sleepless nights. Every hour we check every child's oxygen level and the child with the lowest level is attached to the oxygen tank.

For the most part, we try to remain healthy. Medicine here is that of a third-world country. Fortunately, the president of the Jewish community is a top doctor and most importantly, a caring doctor-friend. I can call him even at two in the morning.

Even after being on shlichus here for years, we are still surprised. It was Motzoei Shabbos at two in the morning. We had arrived right before Shabbos. One of the children was coughing. Upon checking his oxygen saturation level, I saw it was under 50. I connected him to the oxygen tank and, boruch Hashem, things began stabilizing. I called the doctor and he said we should go to the clinic right away. I asked him to call for an ambulance and he said, "It's Sunday; there

is no ambulance."

I was shocked. There was an ambulance but no driver, because it was Sunday.

We took a taxi to the nearest clinic and after two days, the child recovered.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Because of the medical situation here, a large part of our shlichus has to do with saving lives. I recall an incident which happened on my birthday. I got a present from heaven, the zechus of saving a life. The story made it into *Yediot Acharonot* and caused a big kiddush Hashem. It was the morning of my birthday. I got up early in order to say the entire Tehillim, learn Chassidus and daven properly. I wanted to do all the birthday customs.

I usually leave my phone on at night. For some reason, this time, I had shut it. I decided not to turn it on until I finished what I was doing, but something pushed me to turn it on. I immediately saw why. There were ten missed calls. Urgent messages on text and Whatsapp: "Help! A tourist in Bolivia was extricated yesterday by ten rescuers over a twelve-hour period. She was brought to a hospital in La Paz. Her condition is quickly deteriorating and she is cut off from all contacts. The color of her foot is changing and she is suffering terribly. She may lose her foot. She urgently needs to be evacuated. Please go to her! Please save her!"

The last time, before the phone was hung up, I could hear her crying and screaming in the background from the pain as she says that her condition is deteriorating and her foot is turning darker and white spots have already appeared and there is no doctor and nobody who speaks English who can translate for her. She was there alone, without friends.

They had left the address where she was hospitalized and where she was now cut off from contact. Her phone wasn't working. I knew that the place she was in was not where she should be. The so-called medical treatment was nothing more than painkillers which were already having almost no effect. The gangrene in her foot was spreading.

I ran outside without even brushing my teeth. I took a taxi and raced to the hospital. On the way, I got some more details from the family in Canada and Eretz Yisrael.

It's one of the biggest hospitals here. Go and find her... And she didn't have a working phone, and who said she was conscious? She was out of touch for hours. It was very early in the morning but hundreds of sick people were already standing in line at the entrance. That's how it is in a public hospital.

I circumvented the entire line and went straight to the manager. "Where is Amit?" He dropped everything and began checking. After a few minutes, he told me which floor and which room she was in.

I'd better not describe what this hospital looks like. I was just concerned that I shouldn't catch anything...

Fortunately for her, she was placed in a private room, one of the few in the building. It was a terrible situation in which they wanted to amputate her foot. When she arrived the day before, she waited for a few hours until she was seen by a doctor. A doctor finally showed up, cleaned the foot a bit, and then left.

She did not understand Spanish.

My wife called the president of the Jewish community, himself a doctor, as I mentioned, and when he saw pictures of the foot he became alarmed as well.

"Bring her immediately to my clinic," he said tersely.

I began arguing with the medical staff to get her released immediately. They said it was impossible to release her without her doctor, and he would come in an hour and a half. I knew it could take hours and in the meantime, the gangrene could spread. Every hour it spread visibly and if it wasn't treated in a timely manner, she could die, G-d forbid.

I went to the doctors' room and with my broken Spanish I began shouting until one of the doctors came over to release her.

Then I had to deal with payment. Insurance was calling to pay, but nobody was answering the phone at the hospital. It was too early and the secretary wasn't in yet. I paid myself and ordered an ambulance. All this took about two hours. A minute before getting into the ambulance, someone from the community came who had also been recruited to help. He said emotionally, "What a birthday gift G-d arranged for you, to save the life of a Jew."

An ambulance ride here leaves you injured. Every second, the ambulance falls into a pothole and your head bangs against the low ceiling. After a few minutes in morning traffic, I reminded the driver to turn on the siren, not that it helps all that much.

Boruch Hashem, we arrived at the private clinic. The Jewish doctor was waiting there with another doctor. After a thorough examination, he explained that the gangrene had not yet penetrated the bone and they were able to save her leg. Boruch Hashem, there was no need to amputate. If we would have been a little later, the story could have ended differently. During the day, she underwent a minor operation to remove the gangrene.

KOSHER MEAT – NOT ONE FOR THE BOOKS

One of our significant challenges here on shlichus is bringing kosher food into the country. The government is socialist, almost communist, and it tries to prevent imports. It does all it can to encourage using local products. At the airports, every suitcase is X-rayed. You can only bring in five kilos of food. They confiscate the rest.

Before Pesach, we are busy bringing in one thing: matzos. It's not easy because we have hundreds of participants at the Seder and hundreds more local people. Five kilograms of matzos will obviously not be enough.

Every year, we see miracles. One time, the official was watching an animated video as the suitcase with the matzos went through the X-ray machine (one suitcase out of many). Another time, a security official in New York took a lock off a suitcase and mistakenly put it on ours, and the policeman at our end was too lazy to break the lock.



MOMENTS BEFORE THE SEDER IN THE CHABAD HOUSE IN BOLIVIA

The same goes for kosher meat all year round. After kashering kitchens for several families in the community, we needed kosher meat (we shecht chickens twice a year). I contacted shluchim in Argentina, some of whom I had never met. They are unbelievable Chassidim. Together, we began making overland deliveries until the Argentinian-Bolivian border. Every one of these shipments entails weeks of work!

It's unbelievable: ordering the meat, sending cash to Argentina, making sure someone goes to the store and pays with local currency after exchanging the dollars, taking the meat from the store and bringing it to the shipping company. The meat is sent to the cities of Salta or Tucuman to Rabbi Rafi Tawil or Rabbi Levy. They pick up the meat, pack it, and send it by taxi 700 kilometers till the border.

I have to set out, making two flights within Bolivia until the city closest to the border. Then a seven-hour drive to the border, crossing the border in a small boat on the river because on the way back I will have an illegal shipment of meat. Over the border, I sometimes have to wait for hours until the taxi arrives with all the meat. I pack it all in suitcases, shlep it with the help of porters, and load it all on a raft with which we cross the border.

You think that's all? It's not! The real difficulty begins at this point. On the roads there are sudden road blocks by the ministry of health. Every vehicle undergoes a careful search. A lot of prayers and miracles are needed. It has happened, more than once, that after all the effort and money spent, the shipment was confiscated. However, we don't give up. We learn from our mistakes and improve our method, the main thing being kosher meat for Jews.

KOSHER COFFEE AND RUGELACH - A DREAM IN BOLIVIA

As the Rebbe MH"M says, a Chassid is like the Rebbe's animal and the Rebbe takes care of all his needs. We see this clearly. A few years ago, two older couples came to the Chabad House. The women run schools in Yerushalayim and Mevaseret Tzion; one of the men is a heart surgeon at Hadassah and the other a local building safety official in Yerushalayim. At first glance, they seemed very distant from Yiddishkeit.

In the evening, one of them did not feel well. He had a headache and dizziness, which could be the result of the thin air in La Paz. We invited them to our home where we have a new oxygen tank for situations like these.

When a person lacks oxygen, he feels like he's going to die and here, the shliach was giving him new life! I opened the oxygen tank and put the mask on him. His friend, the doctor, stood on the side and smiled.

"Why are you smiling?" I asked.

"Do you know that in another half an hour he will die?" he responded with a question.

"Why?" I asked in a fright.

"From the oxygen poisoning," he said. "G-d created everything in balance, including oxygen." He explained to me exactly what level of oxygen a person needs in cases like this.

At this point, we have half an hour to talk until the person with the oxygen mask balances out his oxygen level somewhat, and it's a time when they ask me about shlichus and the difficulties, etc. I explained to them that the Rebbe takes care of everything.

"And if something is lacking?"

"The Rebbe sends it to us," I said.

At first, they thought the Rebbe prepares packages in 770 and sends them to shluchim. I educated them. "G-d has many messengers," I explained, "and we see this with even the smallest things."

For example, I like Elite instant coffee. The problem is, there is no coffee like this here, and I need it every day in order to work and function. One year, we returned to Bolivia with many suitcases before Pesach. I already told you that whoever comes to Bolivia can only bring in five kilograms.

Between the enormous amount of matzos for over a thousand people, we managed to squeeze in a small jar of Elite instant coffee. I knew it would only last a short while but it was the only product I had managed to bring, aside from the matzos and clothing which were vital.

A few days after Pesach, an Israeli tourist came in to the Chabad House and asked, "By any chance, do you have any Elite instant coffee?" Usually, tourists ask for black coffee and this wasn't a typical request. In any case, I had brought some from Israel and gave it to him as I thought, after all, for one cup of coffee I wouldn't feel the lack of this vital resource.

But the young man had other plans. He began coming three to four times a day to drink coffee. True, thanks to the coffee, he began putting on tefillin, he attended shiurim, and connected to the atmosphere at the Chabad House. At the same time though, I noticed that the amount of coffee was diminishing and I no longer felt comfortable. On the one hand, I personally need it very much; on the other hand, I couldn't say anything to him. I didn't want him to feel uncomfortable.

After a week of his daily visits, he continued on his trek, leaving not much coffee. My wife reassured me and said not to worry about the coffee, that the Rebbe would send what we need.

A few hours later, a tourist came in and as soon as she walked in, she announced, "I have a package for the Chabad House." Generally, most packages addressed to the Chabad House are for tourists, which is why we have a "package corner." I told her to put it in the package corner. She corrected me. "No, it's a package for you! In the package, my mother sent me from Israel there is a package for the Chabad House." I was very surprised because I didn't know her, nor her mother. I asked her if she had been here previously and she said she had attended one Shabbos meal along with 300 people (I hadn't noticed her then). I asked about the package and to my astonishment she said that hadn't even asked her mother to send anything, and she had sent it on her own.

I opened the package and what was in it? A jar of instant coffee and some Bamba snacks. We are on shlichus for twelve years in Bolivia and it was the only time that anyone sent us a package.

Another story occurred one evening. My wife suddenly had a desire for rugelach. They would go so well with the coffee... but there are none in Bolivia. Unfortunately, there is no kosher bakery where we can buy them and there isn't even kosher cocoa to make them at home. It was merely a fond wish.

A few minutes later, I heard knocking at the door. It was someone from our community who had just returned from Miami and he was holding a package of rugelach! That was the first and last time, in the last twelve years, that he came to our house, because we usually go to him. On this one occasion, he brought rugelach!

I told these two stories to the tourists from Yerushalayim who asked questions about the difficulties a family experiences on shlichus. I told them that the Rebbe takes care of everything for us.

A month later, a big package came in the mail. It said on it, *Eit latet, eit lekabel* (a time to give, a time to receive) and contained four jars of instant coffee and Bamba for all the children.

REGARDS FROM THE REBBE

The Tishrei holiday season and the Kinus HaShluchim came and went and we settled into a routine of shlichus.

Nine months passed on shlichus without one day off. We thought of visiting Eretz Yisrael to refresh ourselves, raise some much need-



A VIRTUALIZATION OF A SHUL AND BEIS MEDRASH IN THE NEW BUILDING

ed funds, and return to shlichus with renewed chayus, but for a number of reasons it wasn't possible.

Officially, tourist season had ended, but practically, we had several dozen people the previous Shabbosos. It was quiet though, in day-to-day life.

Sometimes, the thought occurred to me: What am I doing here? Wouldn't it make sense to close up shop and go to Eretz Yisrael until tourist season begins, especially when we had a family simcha that week in Eretz Yisrael.

Sometimes, even when we know we are doing the right thing, we ask the Rebbe for a sign, regards, to give us the strength to go further. And it came...

Sunday morning it was quiet. My wife was at home, preparing a shiur for women and refreshments. I was babysitting our four kids when three tourists came in to the Chabad house who wanted kosher food.

At the beginning of the week, with no supplies, it took the worker double the time to prepare food. In the meantime, our shiur got underway. Even when the hot food arrived, it didn't cool off the shiur. Three hours of learning. In the end, it turned out that the dominant one of the three had learned in a religious school and now, he really wanted to learn.

After a lot of hesitation, he agreed to put on tefillin. In the end, he armed himself with a volume of the Rebbe's Igros Kodesh for the rest of his trip. Just as they were leaving, another group came in. A traditional girl and two boys who seemed a bit distant from Judaism. This time, the conversation style was different. I pampered them with food, leftovers from what my wife prepared for the community's women's shiur. Although the leftovers were meant to be for us (all baked goods are baked with ingredients that are hard to get here), I somehow decided it's for them. In short, they went "crazy" over the abundance.

Toward the end, I suggested tefillin to one of them. He was silent.

"I haven't put on tefillin since my bar mitzva," he said.

I could see that he couldn't refuse. With another push, he would put on tefillin. He was definitely moved and when he finished, he wanted to put them away. I stopped him. "What about Danny, your friend?" Danny didn't know how to react.

"I don't know how to do that. I've never put on tefillin."

I and Danny's friends were shocked.

"Really? Never? You didn't have a bar mitzva?"

"No."

I was truly surprised. Although I had met many "karkaftos," a young man from Beer Sheva, warm to Yiddishkeit who had never had a bar mitzva? It's rare!

I used the momentum to put the tefillin on him. I thought: it was so worth forgoing the delicious baked goods.

The girl went to the women's section to look for candies to throw at the "bar mitzva boy."

There were no candies but there was chocolate.

Thanks to the chocolates that suddenly rained down, the children will also not forget this bar mitzva.

They arranged bar mitzva gifts for him: a tefillas ha'derech, a page for Kerias Shema, markers and a few other small toys...

This was the regards that I got from the Rebbe, the week I wanted to drop everything and go to Israel.

THE BUILDING THAT WAS WAITING FOR THE SHLUCHIM

One could say that the first seven years of shlichus were the seven years of plenty, relatively speaking. The Chabad House at that time was in the building of an older Jew from the local community, who let us use it. It was on the fourth floor without an elevator and each time, you needed to climb sixty-six steps with minimal oxygen, but it was relatively spacious.

Inside, there was a tiny apartment: our room, a couple with children, a room for the bachurim-shluchim, and a shared bathroom.

A VIRTUALIZATION OF A DINING ROOM WHERE SHABBOS AND YOM TOV MEALS WILL TAKE PLACE



Not the easiest setup, not the most pleasant, but we managed.

Unfortunately, the owner died and the heirs wanted to sell the building and asked us to leave. Since then, we've moved from one rental to another.

At first, it was a restaurant in a hostel. There was no inside room, no place to change a diaper for the kid at that stage. There was no privacy for the family. Guests were constantly looking at us and it felt like we were in a goldfish bowl.

At a certain point, we moved to a tiny apartment in the community complex. They had originally built it for the chazan of the shul who needed to stay there on Shabbos and Yom Tov. It was a studio apartment with a kitchenette and a bathroom. We moved there for the long term, a couple with five or six children (depending on which year).

This apartment was twenty minutes from the Chabad House. Every Shabbos, we had to pack up and move. We had to rent a room in the hostel, pack linens, pillows, blankets, a pack-nplay, toys and clothes for six kids, and of course, food for us and dozens of guests. That's a lot of boxes...

Shabbos morning, we had a walk of an hour and a half on the steep streets of La Paz to the community's shul, to lead the davening. Then, another hour and a half walk back uphill on the impossible terrain of the city. On motzoei Shabbos we had to pack everything up and go home. This went on, week after week, month after month.

We managed then too.

Recently, we had to leave this place after the owners rented the entire hostel to new people who decided to open a restaurant there.

Having no choice, we rented a house in the neighborhood of the Jewish community, a forty-five minute drive from the tourist area of the city, the area of the guest houses, restaurants, and entertainment where all the tourists are. The Chabad House was no longer a place to drop in and feel at home. Dozens of people weren't coming in every day to put on tefillin and eat kosher food. There were no farbrengens and shiurim every night.

For five years now, we have been looking for a permanent building, and there isn't any. The tourist area is densely populated. Months of searching, with the help of local Jews, realtors and friends, and nothing.

A few years ago, a large building was for sale in the heart of the tourist area. We immediately had our eye on it but it didn't look as though there was a chance to get our hand on it. The owners were nine heirs living all over the world.

Until corona, they asked for over a million dollars for the building, which was completely out of our league. When the world went awry during corona, the price went down and half a year ago we were going to sign to buy the building for \$700,000.

By divine providence, due to a technical reason, the signing was pushed off for some unknown reason. The sellers were angry and gave the real estate agent the right to sell the property to the highest offer. Two months later, they informed me that the building was sold.

I was very disappointed. After years of searching, we found a building, our only option, at a decent price, and we lost it?

Just at that time, I saw a video of Rabbi Chaim Mintz, a shliach in California, in which he told how he had been looking for a long time for a property for his Chabad House. He finally found the right place but then people came and offered more money than him and he lost it.

He wrote to the Rebbe and the Rebbe's answer was, "May the saying, 'every delay is for the good,' be fulfilled with you." In the end, the potential buyers withdrew their offers and he bought the property for \$550,000. I realized that there was a message here for me and every delay is for the good, and there was no reason to be disappointed. I continued searching and finally found a hotel for sale; it was large and nice, but it was five million dollars, way beyond me.

A month and a half went by and I met someone from the community who asked me, "So, what's with the building?"

"They sold it," I said, without hiding my disappointment.

"What? You didn't hear? The sale blew up," he informed me.

"Can I ask you for help," I asked. "I want to buy it and they want to sell. Someone is needed to get involved and complete the deal in the best possible way."

"Fine," he immediately said. "In another two weeks, one of the heirs is going to come and visit La Paz. I went to school with him fifty years ago. I'll meet with him for coffee and I'll push the deal for you."

Two weeks later, he reported to me. The real estate agency had exclusive right for another two months and they did not want to lower the price. If they were unable to sell it, the property would revert and then we could negotiate directly and there was a good chance the price would drop.

We impatiently waited two months and, boruch Hashem, the property wasn't sold. The sellers agreed to lower the price by \$50,000 but the Jewish go-between hinted to me, "Let's wait a bit more. I want it to go down more."

Purim, Pesach. I flew to the US to fundraise. I flew to the border of Argentina in order to smuggle in meat and wine. I went to S. Cruz to perform shechita and returned to La Paz to get ready for the Seder. I didn't have time to deal with the building.

After Pesach, I contacted the broker. "So? What's happening?"

"Don't ask," he said, and I didn't know whether that meant good new or bad news.

"There is a financial collapse underway in Bolivia. The central bank ran out of foreign currency reserves, so the new rules are that money cannot be taken out of the country. You can only withdraw local currency from the bank. As a result, the government began selling gold in order to buy dollars to infuse into the banks. Whoever wants to transfer money abroad has to be pay a 9% commission fee, and even that is difficult to arrange."

"What does all that have to do with me?" I asked.

"What don't you understand? The sellers live abroad. If we pay them \$650,000 in Bolivia, they will get \$585,000 in the US, in the best case scenario. Can you pay it all in the US?"

"Yes," I said.

"Great!" he exulted. "We will offer \$550,000 to be paid in the US and that way, we will save them work and a headache, and you will have gotten the property at a bargain."

A week later, he came back to me. "They are in need of cash and are willing to accept your offer. They have one condition, that the payment be made within ninety days."

It's a fabulous price, but with a terrifying time limit! Of course, we wrote to the Rebbe and received a bracha. We signed a contract and paid an advance. By the middle of Elul I must bring them the entire amount and then, finally, we will be able to have our own, spacious building for the upcoming holidays.

The cost is precisely the amount that was paid by R' Mintz in that video we watched.

The Kupchik family are raising the money for the building to expand their shlichus and prepare La Paz and all of Bolivia to welcome Moshiach. Would you please help us complete the purchase?







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Rabbi Chaim Levi Goldstein

CHINUCH FOR THE MOSHIACH GENERATION

CHINUCH 101: WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE AFTER?

Dear parents and teachers,

In the following series I will be presenting what you can perhaps call a teacher's personal "diary" of my own experiences as an educator who, after many years in this field, changed his entire teaching approach to successfully implement the Rebbe's new and revolutionary approach to *chinuch* of the children in our generation. I believe you will find it beneficial to use as a step-by-step guide, on doing the same.

Traditionally, the approach to *chinuch* was always, as the Rambam writes (in his introduction to Pirush Hamishnayos) that the way to get a child to learn Torah is by bribing him with things which he loves (candies, prizes, honor etc.) and slowly training him in doing what's right.

The Rebbe Rashab, however, "paved" a new path, so that even a very young child would want to learn Torah JUST for Hashem's sake. His best prize is the learning of Torah itself!

Yes! This revolutionary approach works without the need of bribing children with prizes for good behavior, and/or punishments for the opposite. The Rebbe teaches (in Likkutei Sichos Vol. 15, sicha for Parsha Vayera – Chof Mar-Cheshvan, that the children of our generation are all ready for that. It is only up to the Rebbi, so let us begin!

EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN TO LOVE HASHEM

Before embarking on a journey, one must clearly know what the destination is, so that he prepares himself accordingly.

Namely: the right vehicle, supplies, food for the way, knowledge of what to watch out for, spare tire, first aid kit, and most importantly – directions (GPS).

When it comes to *chinuch*, the above conditions are even more crucial. For if we do not set our goals properly and we don't use the correct tools/vehicles and supplies etc. we stand a very small chance of reaching our goal.

And as the Rebbe Rayatz writes in *Klalei* HaChinuch V'Hahadracha, באם אינו מתקן, i.e., in matters of *chinuch*, there is no "in-between". One either "fixes" or destroys, *chas v'shalom*.

Thanks to Hashem, we are so fortunate to have at our disposal an incredible wealth of

resources for *chinuch*, mainly in the Sichos Kodesh and Igros Kodesh of our Rebbeim.

However, as the saying goes "You can lead the horse to the water, but you can't make it drink." This, the horse must do on his own. Likewise in regard to *chinuch*, having at one's disposal all the resources is worthless if one does not make use of it. Namely, learning and studying them and most importantly, of course, applying the *hora'os* into practice.

So, what *is* the goal of *chinuch*?

Obviously, there isn't just one answer. There are numerous goals, but we have to start somewhere.

The Alter Rebbe has already taught us what is the FIRST and FOREMOST goal in *chinuch*.

We find this in the following story:

The Alter Rebbe once summoned a young talmid of the Maggid and said to him in his customary chant: "I have the mitzva of 'לבניך' — 'teach Torah to your children.' You have the mitzva of sustaining and providing for your family. Let us make an exchange. I will give you what you need to fulfill *your* mitzva and you will teach my son (who was later the Mitteler Rebbe)."

Then the Alter Rebbe explained to the teacher the method of instruction:

The first thing is to teach the child are the letters, *Alef, Beis* and so on. What is [the shape of] an *Alef*?

A dot ("a Yud") above, a dot below and a line in between, this is an *Alef*. A child must know that the *Alef* of Torah is composed of "a *Yud* above, a *Yud* below, and a line of *Emunah* in between that joins them."

Another version: "A *Yud* above - this is the *Neshama*; a *Yid* (Jew) below - is the body; a line of *Yiras Shamayim* in the middle."

The goal is clear: **The Alef-Beis of** *chinuch* **is to connect, and in essence** *reveal*, the "Nesha-

ma" within the body. Through the kav (line) of Emunah and Yiras Shamayim. In other words, to inplant and saturate the kinderlach with Emunas Hashem and Yiras Shamayim.

We find similar words in the Rebbe's letter:

"The main goal of a Yeshiva is to train the students into *Yiras Hashem* and *Ahavas Hashem* and to teach them Hashem's Torah and mitzvos."

RAISING "EHRLICHE YIDDEN"

Sounds like quite a task. How do we accomplish this task?

The answer:

In many letters to *Mosdos Chinuch*, based on the well-known passuk (Koheles 12:13) סוֹף סוֹף (גָּשְׁמָע אֶת הָאֱלֹהִים יְרָא וְאֶת מִצְוֹתִיו שְׁמוֹר דָּכָר הַכּּל נִשְׁמָע אֶת הָאֱלֹהִים יְרָא וְאֶת מִצְוֹתִיו שְׁמוֹר all is said and done: Revere Hashem and observe His commandments! For this applies to all mankind"), the Rebbe stresses the utmost importance in educating the children in such a manner, that they grow up to be *"Ehrliche Yidden*" (pious Jews) who are not only *knowledgeable* in Torah, but mainly know all the *halachos* pertaining to their daily life, so that they can live as **"Shulchan Aruch–Yidden"**.

The Rebbe writes: "If I had the power, I'd institute in each and every *mosad chinuch*, beginning from kindergarten through the highest grade, that the primary and foremost subject to be learned is *halacha l'maaseh* (practical halacha), whereas the mere "knowledge" of Torah should be secondary.

It is mainly the מעשה המצוות (versus the knowledge of Torah) that brings out *Yiras Shamayim*!

It follows, that this should be reflected in the day-to-day behavior of the child. The teacher must train his *talmidim* to be careful with the

CONT. ON P. 38

THE REBBE On Chinuch

RABBI GERSHON AVTZON

IS A CHAVRUSA A MUST-HAVE?

OUESTION: I am a bachur in Yeshiva Gedola and I am about to start a new year of – a *chavrusa* (study-partner), so I have decided this year to learn on my own and refrain from having one. Is that something that the Rebbe would be accepting of?

ANSWER: While it is self-understood personal situation is unique and they must discuss their specific questions with their personal mashpia, I would like to share some letters of the Rebbe that stress the importance of learning with a *chavrusa* and what to look for in a *chavrusa*:

IT'S HOW TORAH CAN BE ACQUIRED

(1) "It is understood that everyone that comes to Yeshiva must conform to the schedule and standards of the Yeshiva. This includes, but is not limited to, the extremely important behavior of learning with a study partner. Our sages tell us that one of the ways in which Torah is acquired is through *"dibuk chaverim* - discussion amongst friends"." (Igros, Vol. 14 p. 241; #5001)

(2) "In response to your question as to how to deal with forgetfulness: In accordance with the directive of Chazal, it is advisable to learn verbally (not just with your eyes and mind), and it would be even better if you spent the time learning and discussing your studies with a *chavrusa*. These things help with retaining the information being learned." (Igros, Vol. 22, p. 168; #8369)

COMPATIBLE PERSONALITIES

(3) "It is understood that when you are looking for a study partner, it should be someone that — in addition to being on similar learning levels — the personalities of the two people learning together should be compatible. Thus, you should speak to those that know the students and pick a study-partner from those that they feel would be compatible with you." (Igros vol 20 page 248 #7664)

WHEN A CHAVRUSA IS LIKE A CLIENT...

(4) In 5719 (1959) a certain bachur decided to leave his yeshiva and join Tomchei Tmimim. He wanted to climb higher in Torah and *avodas Hashem*. When he came to Tomchei Tmimim, he found that the talmidim were not "perfect" and he felt slightly disillusioned. One of his issues was that he felt that the students who were very studious did not focus enough on their davening and the ones that did daven at length were less studious when it came to Gemara.

He wrote to the Rebbe and received a lengthy reply. We will quote the part of the letter that deals with his *chavrusa*-troubles:

"While your complaints about your various study-partners — that they may be missing in certain aspects of their *avodas Hashem* — may be justified, you need to change your perspective and to help you in this I will give you an example:

A businessman knows that he needs to make sales for his livelihood. When people come to him to negotiate a sale, he tries to find — in the potential buyer — the part in him which will enable him to bond and make the sale. He will not focus on the parts of the potential buyer which would seem to negate the sale. The same is true with a *chavrusa*: You must focus on, strengthen, and enhance the good part of the person and not the negative part.

The bottom line is: you must learn with true diligence and get uplifted by the diligence of those in Tomchei Tmimim who are very diligent even if they do not daven at great length, and inspired by the davening of those that daven at length even if they are not the most diligent in their studies." (Igros, Vol. 18 p. 151; #6653)

(5) "It is known from the Mishna that one of the 48 ways to acquire Torah is through connecting with friends, thus you should try to set up a *chavrusa* for yourself. It is obvious that if, for whatever reason, you can't set up a *chavrusa*, one is still required to learn Torah." (Igros, Vol. 11 p. 172; #3663)

WHEN MATTERS GET STICKY...

(6) In 5716 (1956) a bachur complained to the Rebbe that one of his friends was upset at him and this was affecting his learning and spiritual growth. There was a very insightful response which included the following very important perspective:

"At your age the main thing is your personal growth in learning and not that specific friend. If you will be diligent in your studies, you will not have to worry about finding a study partner as many will come on their own to ask to study with you. While this may take time, and it is indeed difficult to study on your own, you must do so energetically and trust that it will not take long for things to work themselves out." (Igros, Vol. 13 p. 208; #4477)

THE MOSHIACH CONNECTION:

We all know that the Rebbe taught us that the direct path to bring Moshiach is by learning about Moshiach. The Rebbe encouraged that this learning should take place not just individually, rather that it be done as a group in a public setting. In his holy words (Parshas Tazria-Metzorah 5751/1991):

"It would be even better to learn (in public) with ten others, because, in addition to the advantage that when 'ten sit and occupy themselves with Torah the Divine Presence dwells among them,' there is a particular advantage when learning about Moshiach in public. Such public learning impacts the excitement and the heartfelt joy through which comes an increase in desire and anticipation for the coming of Moshiach."

"Therefore, those who want to learn in depth, and in the give and take fashion of scholarly discourse (and to even contribute original Torah ideas about Moshiach and Redemption) in a quiet and peaceful setting and therefore prefer to learn by themselves or with a partner, should still try (from time to time) to also join the learning of ten; this way they will also have the advantage of learning with ten."

PARASHA OF The FU

RABBI NISSIM LAGZIEL

OPEN YOUR EYES TO THE REALITY OF REDEMPTION

BEGIN WITH A GRIN

A man is in a taxi and the driver is speeding and driving recklessly.

"How about slowing down? I'm dying of fright back here..."

"Don't worry; close your eyes and relax, just like me!"

OPENING THE MIND'S EYE

Parshas Ki Savo is associated by many with the curses, those terrible curses which will befall those who don't keep the Torah. What may not be known to many is that after all those curses, toward the end of the parsha, the Torah reveals to us an interesting and vital fact regarding the Geula.

Moshe Rabeinu, who began (at the beginning of the book of Devarim) his final soliloquy of rebuke, declares (29:3), "And G-d has not given you a a heart to know and eyes to see and ears to hear until this day." Moshe is rebuking them for ignoring the miracles and wonders that Hashem did for them, over forty years, but then he says, "until this day." What happened on this day? What changed after so many years? They suddenly got a heart, eyes and ears? Rashi says, "For a person cannot fully understand his teacher and the wisdom of his teachings until forty years."

Although we did not get a heart or eyes, we did get a bit of sechel. Yes. That's how it goes. It takes a person forty years to get a bit of healthy logic and sharpened senses, to understand and recognize what is going on around him. As the Mishna puts it (Avos 5:21), "Forty years for binah."

But the number forty is far more than just a "lucky number" for brains. It's a significant number when it comes to Moshiach and Geula. (There's a reason why "Moshiach" and "Menachem" begin with a mem).

The letter which represents the number forty is the mem, which can be written in two ways, an open mem and a closed mem. The open mem is usually in the middle of a word, while the closed mem is at the end of a word. This is true except for two places in Tanach.

In Nechemia (2:13), it says, "הַוֹּמֹת שָׁבָר בְּחוֹמֹת וָאָקָלוּ יְרְוּשָׁלָם אֲשֶׁר־הֵם (כתיב הֵמ) פְּרוּצִים וּשְׁעָרֶיהָ אָכְּלוּ יְרְוּשָׁלָם אֲשֶׁר־הֵם (כתיב הֵמ) פְרוּצִים וּשְׁעָרֶיהָ אָכְלוּ 'כָאֵש' (I contemplated the walls of Yerushalayim that they were breached, and her gates were consumed by fire) with the word "heim" written with an open mem. In Yeshaya, (9:6), "לְמַרְבֵּה (כתיב לְםַרְבֵּה) הַמִּשְׂרָה וּלְשָׁלוֹם אֵין־קֵץ עַל־ כּתַּא דָוִד (to bring abundant dominion and to peace without end upon the throne of Dovid) with the word, "l'marbeh" written with a closed mem.

The first verse describes the exile and the word "heim" goes against the rules and has an open mem. The second verse describes Yemos HaMoshiach and the word "l'marbeh" goes against the rules and has a closed mem.

Why?

The reason is, in exile the walls of Yerushalayim were breached, like the open mem which is breached. But in Geula, Yerushalayim will be surrounded by a wall, protected and closed in, which is why the mem is closed.

From a Chassidic perspective, the significance is that in exile, there is a "breach" in the G-dly energy given to the world, and it is possible for the forces of evil to leach abundance and life. In the Geula, the mem is closed, which expresses the idea that the breaches of exile will be closed and the world will be protected on all sides from any possibility of evil and impurity!

But it doesn't end here. Just as the purpose of the open mem is for us to close it, through our work in bringing the Geula, likewise, the purpose of the closed mem is to be opened up.

EYES WIDE OPEN

What does that mean? How can we open the closed mem, and how does this help?

Rabeinu Bechayai (at the beginning of Vayechi) quotes the Medrash which says, "When the 'walls of Yerushalayim' are closed which are now open and breached, in the time of Geula, the 'dominion' which was sealed off, will open."

That means, that in the Geula, the hidden qualities in the heart and soul of every Jew will be revealed. Furthermore, in the Geula, Moshiach will reveal "the hidden things" (as the Rambam puts it) which were hidden from us throughout the years of exile, the secrets of the Torah, the wonders and secrets of creation, etc.

An interesting hint to this is seen in that when you divide the closed mem diagonally you end up with two dalets, which alludes to Moshiach who is ben Dovid.

In Ohr HaTorah of the Tzemach Tzedek, there is an original parallel to this shown from a Gemara in connection with the birth of a baby. Exile is compared to a fetus, and Geula to birth. During pregnancy, the mouth of the fetus is closed while its navel is open (Nidda 30b). The Gemara says that at birth, that which is open is closed (the navel closes) and that which is closed is opened (the baby begins to cry).

The wondrous G-dly revelation of the Geula will bring with it a blessed conclusion. The verse from Yeshaya continues with the words, "and to peace without end." That means, as a result of opening the closed mem, i.e. as a result of the G-dly revelation of things that were closed, there will be endless peace, world peace which will include not only human beings but animals too. In the Geula, wild animals will make peace with domestic animals as the prophet says (Yeshaya 11:6), "And a wolf shall live with a lamb, and a leopard shall lie with a kid; and a calf and a lion cub and a fatling [shall lie] together, and a small child shall lead them."

This tranquility will be a direct result of the revelation of G-dly knowledge, because the prophet himself concludes that prophecy with the words, "for the land shall be filled with knowledge of Hashem as (mayim) water covers the (yam) seabed." By the way, "mayim" and "yam" are also associated with the open letter mem and the closed letter mem.

So, the time has come for us to open the closed mem, as the Rebbe says, "Now we just need the 'heart to know' to open, and 'eyes to see' to open, and the 'ears to hear' to open ... to

learn pnimiyus ha'Torah as it has been revealed in the teachings of Chassidus, and fulfilling the hora'os of our Rebbeim, including learning inyanei Geula in a way that the heart, eyes and ears open, so that we understand, see and sense the true and complete Geula in the physicality of the world."

TO CONCLUDE WITH A STORY

We will end with a story about opening eyes. Danny Finkelman related:

When I was seven, one morning, right after I got up, I wasn't able to open my eyes. I ran to the bathroom in a fright and tried to wash my eyes but it didn't help. My eyelids were closed like they were glued.

My father, himself a doctor at Hadassah medical center, took me to the emergency room and after a series of tests they discovered I was suffering from a rare eye disease in which I was allergic to the rays of the sun. Every morning, I had to rub creams and medication on my eyes. I had to get up at six in the morning so my eyes would be opened by seven-thirty. I had to wear special glasses and wherever I went, the shades had to be closed to darken the room as long as I was in it. The doctors we went to were no help.

My condition deteriorated until, at age eleven, I was told I would lose my sight! In the meantime, my father was offered a position in the US and in Iyar 5749 we emigrated to the US. The first month after we arrived, we spent with a good friend of my father's, Meir Rhodes, who was living in Crown Heights. I remember how Meir told my father, "Your son needs to meet the Rebbe on Sunday morning."

That Sunday, I asked the Rebbe for a bracha that my eyes not hurt and that I grow up to be a talmid chacham, and I asked for a bracha for health and success. "Amen," said the Rebbe. Then he added, "May G-d grant that you succeed in everything, everything, everything, and that you grow up to be a Chassid, yirei shomayim and a lamdan. Bracha v'hatzlacha!"

A week later, the following Sunday, I got out of bed and for the first time in years I was able to open my eyes right away. I was stunned. I ran to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. My eyes were open and I wasn't blind. I went outside and took off my glasses. I didn't feel any pain. I was healed! The only explanation for the sudden change was the Rebbe's bracha.

The Rebbe opens the closed mem and enables us to see what nobody else (yet) can see, the true and complete Geula!

Good Shabbos!

mitzvos, i.e., that his *tzitzis* are kosher, that he says a *bracha* clearly, washes *netilas yadayim* properly, etc.

Especially in our times, says the Rebbe, when unfortunately, many children do not get this kind of *chinuch* for *Yiras Shamayim* at home. RABBI CHAIM LEVI GOLDSTEIN, CONT. FROM P. 33

Now, of course the point is not to train the kids just to act this way out of habit, but that they should feel that they are doing it for the sake of Hashem. This will be discussed in the following installments *bezras Hashem*.

(Based on articles that were published a number of years ago and were updated with many new sources and information)

The Bels Moshiach Magazine for N'shei u'bnos chabad Chassidishee

BASIC FINANCES

BEFORE YOU GO SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES AGAIN...

THE TWO TAILORS AND THE NON-KOSHER SAUSAGE STORY FOR CHILDREN FOR CHAI ELUL

JUST ASKI KIDS LEARN GEULA & MOSHIACH

"HURRY! THE REBBE IS WAITING FOR YOU"

SARA GOPIN TALKS

יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבינו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד

Everyday Heraines

SARA GOPIN

HURRY! THE REBBE IS WAITING FOR YOU

"THE experiences in our lives are all connected to each other, and are part of the Divine plan from the time that Hashem created the world," **Rifka Raices** of Crown Heights says emphatically. "In the Torah, Hashem tells us directly what He needs from us, but He also gives us hints and messages through the experiences and challenges that we undergo. No matter what kinds of tests we are destined to have, it is all for a higher purpose. Nevertheless, there is an obligation to serve Hashem with simcha. We have the opportunity to be grateful and enthusiastic about our privilege of living a truly happy, 'Moshiach' life. It's an infinitely precious gift."

Rifka begins her story, "In the summer of 5745, Yossi, an extremely kind-hearted bachur, was the director of night activities at Camp Gan Yisroel. I met him after he did a tremendous chesed for my son who was in the camp.

"Several years later I traveled about 1000 miles to be by the Rebbe for Sukkos. On the holy day of Hoshana Rabba 5750, which that year was on erev Shabbos, I was a guest at the home of a wonderful woman who had the zechus of helping the women's line for blessings and tzedaka move smoothly on Sundays. On that Friday morning the secretary of the Rebbe called my hostess to say that the Rebbe was going to give something out that day to whoever came when the special siren was sounded. You can't imagine how excited I was! Since I was one of the first people to find out about it - I'd run to 770 to be one of the first on line!

"Before I could say a word, or jump for joy, my hostess told me that she had been planning to go to the hospital that morning to visit a precious woman, and to bring her grape juice for Shabbos and Yom Tov. But that was no longer possible because she needed to be by the Rebbe. Therefore my hostess asked me if I could visit the woman in the hospital in her place, and I said that of course I would. She gave me the grape juice, and I swiftly made the long walk to the subway, hoping that the trip would be quick. With Hashem's help the Rebbe would still be there when I came back, although it was highly improbable."

SEVEN MOST PRECIOUS WORDS

"When I finally arrived at the hospital it was unthinkable to just run in and out," Rifka continues. "After a liesurely and delightful visit, the woman insisted that since it was erev Shabbos - erev Yom Tov I go back home to prepare.

"It was pouring rain outside as I ran to the bus stop, but when I saw a crowd of people waiting I raced to the subway instead and took the 3 train. On the way back I kept deliberating, 'Should I go to 770? Is it possible that the Rebbe is still there? Should I not go? Should I go?' What would a lady be doing in the men's section of 770 if the disribution is over and the Rebbe is no longer there?'

"Totally unsure of what to do, I exited the train station on Kingston Ave, and who was standing at the top of the steps? Yossi! The kind-hearted bachur who had been the director of night activities in my son's camp five years beforehand! He quickly told me, **'The Rebbe sent me here to see if there was anybody coming up the steps.'** Then he said the seven most precious words, **'Hurry! The Rebbe is waiting for you!'**

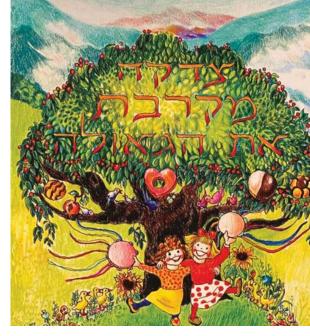
"The Rebbe was reading my thoughts and chose the one bachur whom I knew personally as the shliach to go outside and tell me to come to 770. It was all precisely planned in shamayim. The bigger picture was beginning to be revealed and I started seeing the connection between all of the tinier pieces of the puzzle.

"I dashed off to 770. There were no lines of people, only two bachurim learning together on the side, and a few others further away. The Rebbe was standing, looking towards me with the biggest, most loving and welcoming smile, full of warmth and nachas.

"Boruch Hashem, despite the late hour, I was zoche to receive *lekach* from the holy hand of the Rebbe. No matter how unfathomably busy the Rebbe was on that Hoshana Rabba - erev Shabbos - erev Shemini Atzeret, the Rebbe expended time and effort so that I wouldn't miss this extraordinary opportunity.

"By this deed the Rebbe is teaching us by example how valuable and indispensable we all are, and that each and every one of us is worth the Rebbe's time. We are all gifted with the unique talents and attributes required for our shlichus. Yes, it takes effort, tremendous effort at times, but Hashem endows us with an inner strength that we didn't even know we had!

"Our overriding purpose is to keep moving forward as Hashem's trusted partners. We



RIFKA'S PAINTINGS, WITH TITLES UNDERNEATH

can and **will** tip the scales and make the entire world a dwelling place for Hashem. There are no limits as to what we can accomplish for Hashem, and for the Rebbe, when our heart is in it!"

TREASURE DETECTIVES

As an extra treat, I'm sharing Rifka's colorful, illuminating artwork. "From the time that I was a little girl, just able to scribble, my dear, precious father would surprise me that when I woke up in the morning there would be a crayon, or a colored pencil, under my pillow! My father encouraged me to draw and enrolled me in an art class after school. In fact both my father, and my wonderful, precious mother, were 'treasure detectives.' They were always looking for and finding the treasures within every person, and the good in every situation. I grew up optimistic because of this, with emunah that there is a treasure buried underneath every 'bump' in the road of life." She concludes emphatically, "It's actually a very 'Moshiach' way of thinking!" -

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HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY ABC'S FOR NEWLYWEDS

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A YOUNG COUPLE SETS OUT ON THEIR LIFE'S JOURNEY FACING THE CHALLENGES OF ECONOMIC MANAGEMENT – HOUSEHOLD MAINTENANCE, BILLS AND PAYMENTS, RENTAL EXPENSES, SCHOOLING AND WHAT NOT... HOW WILL THEY DEAL WITH REAL LIFE? SOME BEGINNERS TIPS INSIDE

CHAYA HERSHKOVITZ •

LET'S open the door with a brand-new sign hanging on it. Let's breathe the air of renewal and joy.

We are now in the home of the new chassan and kallah. A week ago, they were still standing under the chuppah, and here they are, starting to run their lives together. The excited couple prepare their future with a twinkle in their eyes, filled with hopes and aspirations. The world is virtually cast before their feet.

How good it is to start a new life!

Together with the tremendous joy engulfing us at the start of our new lives, there also come some important responsibilities. We begin the ongoing maintenance of our home, our daily schedule changes – one accommodating the other, and the couple's dynamics come into being and develop.

One of the challenges facing the young couple is proper financial management. For many newly married couples, this is the first time that they have had to deal with money and its actual meaning. While it's possible that they had worked previously and earned some nice sums of money, nevertheless, financial issues had never fallen upon their shoulders. Their parents paid for the bread, milk, and other basic needs. Now, this responsibility has suddenly become theirs.

Young couples often begin their financial lives in a feeling of euphoria. They make purchases, also some hasty decisions, and they live with a feeling of "It'll be all right...there's no need to worry about money." There are also cases where couples totally refrain from dealing with the financial aspect of their lives, ignoring the need for economic planning out of a fear over getting involved in money matters.

Naturally, no situation is lost. At any given point, you can always put on the brakes and

correct things. However, the sooner we acquire knowledge on proper financial management, with Hashem's help, we can live a relaxed, serene, and more balanced life economically.

I'd like to point out that the things you read here are not meant to replace advice from professionals. There are experts who are happy to answer any questions you might have on the subject.

Another point: As a family, we too deal with economic challenges and learn to be precise in our financial affairs again and again. The purpose of this article is to initiate a feel for the matter, removing the concerns over dealing with money and providing a number of preliminary tips.

Let's start with a question: Why should we even be getting involved with financial issues? Isn't dealing with money matters and giving them importance antithetical to the Chassidishe home?

The Rebbe, Melech HaMoshiach clarified this subject in the 'Dvar Malchus' from Parshas Teruma: "A Jew needs to strive to be literally rich." The Rebbe also speaks there about material wealth, in addition to spiritual wealth. Not only to be "well-founded" economically – but to be rich!

In order to be wealthy, you have to make a genuine effort, learn about the subject, practice in the ways of constructive thought and proper management, and try to think in a creative manner.

It's frightening. How do I overcome my fears?

Sometimes, we feel concern and a desire to "toss" this subject onto someone else, perhaps even our spouse... This concern can stem from a negative childhood experience regarding money or incorrectly applied skills. This is exactly the place to talk about trust in G-d. The Aibishter finds *parnassa* for every created being in the world, "from the horns of wild oxen to the eggs of lice", and He surely will make certain that I will have as well. He has enough *parnassa* for me too.

However, in contrast to your garden-variety crawling insect, He demands that I make a serious effort to prepare large vessels for this wealth. The investment in financial management done with this awareness requires a great deal of calm, tranquility, and satisfaction. We remember that the overall results are not in our hands, and they categorically depend on Him.

BUDGET ADMINISTRATION

It is safe to say that this is a most basic skill. To put it simply, managing a budget means estimating how much money we should put in and how much we should spend next month, and run things accordingly.

Even in the very first months of their lives together, it would be appropriate for them to sit down and see how much their joint income and expenses are each month. For those who have a relatively easy time working with the Excel program, you can enter relevant data there and compute more simply what we earn and spend per average on a monthly basis.

For us to follow up successfully after our expenses, particularly if they're incurred through cash payments, it would be most advisable to keep all receipts on purchases we make. Thus, we can calculate more precisely and make fewer ballpark estimates.

We bring here an example of computing Chani and Shmulik's first monthly expenses since their wedding, with the rent being covered by their parents.

- Food Products: \$300
- Transportation: \$100
- Electricity: \$100
- Phones: \$50

- Gas: \$35
- Total Monthly Expenses: \$585

Monthly Income:

- Shmuli's Kollel: \$550
- Chani's Salary: \$550
- **Total Monthly Income: \$1100**

They give \$110 in maaser or \$220 in chomesh. (Hashem says about tzedaka "Test Me now therewith!")

Final Income Amount After Giving maaser/ chomesh: \$880.

When we deduct the expenses from the income, there remains \$295.

This amount is the "balance", and now the balance is positive. However, if Chani and Shmuli's expenses were greater than their income, the balance would be negative.

When the balance sheet is in the black and shows a budget surplus each month, it would be advisable not to get overexcited and squander it. It would be more correct to save the amount in an interest-free loan fund, a bank, or seed money for an apartment, or invest it somehow according to the sound advice of knowledgeable friends.

SPEND AS MUCH AS YOU EARN, EARN AS MUCH AS YOU SPEND

Baruch Hashem, a year has passed since the wedding. Chani and Shmulik started paying for their rental apartment themselves, and now they were also blessed with the birth of their first-born child. The expenses grew larger and eventually

reached

the amount of their income. What should they do?

There are two possibilities:

- Limit their expenses.
- Increase their income.

The young couple currently has been given an assignment: They will check whether there's a way to increase their income. Maybe they can find full-time employment or take on a good-paying job on the side. Here too, it would be proper and correct to seek the advice of family and friends to find more creative ways to increase their income.

In the case of Chani and Shmuli, their expenses are absolutely essential, and it is neither possible nor desirable to cut them. Thus, the best direction for them is to increase their income.

However, we can take another example: Zalmi and Leah, who earn good money from regular well-paying jobs, yet their expenses are greater than their income.

It would be appropriate to sit together and ask the following questions:

Are all our expenses really essential? For example, does it make sense that we are buying a lot of ready-made food from the outside?

Expensive clothes? Traveling on vacation with unusual frequency? Can we possibly reduce expenses to balance our budget and avoid a deficit?

LUXURIES = ETERNAL POVERTY

What do we do with our fervent desire to purchase new items? We don't always really need them now, and they won't be good for the budget for the time being. However, if we pass it up, it is liable to give us a feeling of impending poverty...

Here's a tip: It would be appropriate to take note of the following fact – when you buy something that you don't really have a way to pay for it, you don't become richer, you become poorer! You are now accumulating more financial obligations, thereby perpetuating your poverty. You'll have another debt to pay and less money for truly necessary and essential things.

I must add here something I heard from my dear grandfather, Rabbi Elazar Kenig a"h, and (may she live long) his wife: In their home, it was clearly evident that with what you have – you're wealthy!

There's a satisfying vegetable soup: "How great!" – and you enjoy every spoonful.

The floor sparkles after we work hard to wash it: "Look, children, what a palace we live in!"

The grandchildren return home after a joyful visit, leaving the house upside down: "How rich we are! Look at what darling grandchildren the Aibishter has given us!"

Once my grandfather returned from the grocery store with plain yogurts and vegetables, and he proclaimed happily: "Look at the nice gift I bought you!" He theatrically took out the yogurts and called out lovingly, "Yogurt! Especially for my sweet grandchildren!"

And these statements were made sincerely, not as an empty cliché.

We never run to buy fashionable products because everyone else does. We feel quite comfortable with the beautiful gifts Hashem has bestowed upon us. Take note of them and be filled with gratitude. This is genuine spiritual wealth.

The children don't need expensive gifts and grandiose expenses to feel loved. Even a container of plain yogurt given with love and making a "Wow" over it can cause children feel on top of the world.

LOANS AND CREDIT

There are two types of loans and credit:

First type – Existential Loan: This kind of loan is never good. If we maintain a balanced budget, with Hashem's help, you won't need to reach the point of taking out loans.

Mushka and Shneur go through the month and they suddenly notice that their balance sheet shows them in the red, and they're missing funds necessary for buying Shabbos groceries. What do they do? They go to the bank and take out a loan, returning home happy and content with an additional several hundred dollars in their account.

However, this loan is rather problematic because it doesn't return by itself, merely gathering more debts (and high interest). And where exactly will they get the necessary amount to pay next month's installment on this loan when their income has not increased?

A possible temporary solution for Mushka and Shneur would be taking on odd jobs to help cover the difference. If they have no alternative, it would be advisable for them to get some friendly advice on where to take out a loan and how much.

The same thing applies regarding the use of credit cards and checks: If there's no money for the weekly purchase at the supermarket, we don't pay for it in three installments.

Using the credit card on a regular basis makes it difficult for us to maintain our budget. It is recommended that we refrain from using our credit card unless we're talking about the purchase of electrical appliances, a car, et al., which are only sold on credit. If you find that you're buying things on credit and you can't seem to handle such acquisitions intelligently, it is strongly suggested that you give the credit card to a third party, e.g., your parents, and use it only when you need it. Don't leave the credit card at home.

In a general sense regarding our most vital expenses, we avoid going into overdraft or taking out loans, and we don't use money without need.

The Rebbe relates to this point in numerous replies to shluchim, writing that they should act according to what there is!

Second type – Investment Loan: This form of loan is appropriate and quite useful. These are loans taken for the purpose of buying a house or building a business. Again, pay attention: These loans should also be taken only after receiving the sound advice of knowledgeable friends.

RECEIVING HELP

Mushka and Shneur, who had started with bank loans, have been happily married now for three years. However, they have sunk deeper and deeper into the mud of improper financial management, and they noticed a little later that their balance sheet was seriously in deficit. They took unsupervised loans and had no way to pay back such large amounts.

Chazal teach us that "a prisoner cannot free himself from prison." Don't be embarrassed to turn for help. There are many people like you who have been helped and extricated themselves from some unpleasant and even difficult situations. It's most important to get advice and receive outside help to get back on track.

Today, there are organizations that offer advice to couples, free of charge, in matters of household economics and even maintain a financial advisor on staff to help the young couple in feeling that they can stand on their own two feet.

It's possible that even after Mushka and Shneur receive financial advice and determine exactly what they should do, their household budget will continue to be in the red. It's also quite likely that their economic difficulties are due to a poor line of thought. For example, Mushka feels that it isn't worthwhile for her to give up buying luxury items, while Shneur is afraid to leave his current job, even though his salary is inadequately low.

In such a case, it's advisable to go for focused cognitive treatment in solving their financial problems due to a faulty way of thinking.

WEALTH

We already mentioned the holy words of the Rebbe in the "Dvar Malchus" from Parshas Teruma demanding that we strive to be wealthy!

Each one of us should seek the advice of her mashpiah, what she considers to be the proper definition of "wealth." If you think that wealth means those who have three million in liquid assets, you should set certain objectives on how to attain this.

One of the tools for wealth is settling for less at the start of your journey. There's an old saying that claims that the difference between the poor and the rich is that the poor first buy items of wealth (houses, cars...) and then start piling up debts. However, while the rich also purchase such things, they did so only after years of sweat.

Another tool for attaining wealth is creating assets, i.e., something that earns revenue

S'GULOS FOR ECONOMIC SUCCESS

In his letters, the Rebbe brings two central tools for drawing down G-d's blessings:

Maaser: When we know exactly how much we bring in, we can also give maaser or chomesh in precise accordance with this amount. Being strict about giving maaser or chomesh is a vessel for receiving G-d's blessings. "Give maaser in order to become wealthy (*she'tisasher*)."

There are numerous letters where the Rebbe MH"M writes to people experiencing financial distress, yet apparently they hadn't been stringent about giving maaser, and now they should do so on a continual basis.

Torah Study: In response to letters written regarding difficulties in making a living, the Rebbe replied about setting fixed times for learning Torah. Just as you have regular working hours, similarly, you decide on a time during the day when you work on your spiritual tools for *parnassa*. It would be desirable to set a time with a chavrusa. Someone from the outside making a commitment would be most helpful in keeping the regular learning schedule.

> passively without physical labor. Examples of this kind of asset: a book, an Internet course, a house for rent. These are things we worked on once, and afterward, they produce their own income while our sole objective now is maintenance.

> Such tools for attaining wealth require a little enterprise on our part. If we know about all these tools but we fail to implement them – it will be impossible to achieve this objective.

> Much success to all of us, and may it be G-d's Will that we should already merit the ultimate objective that all material good will be plentiful and all delicacies will be as common as dust – at the True and Complete Redemption, mamash, NOW! •



ORGANIZING BEFORE SHOPPING

BEFORE you go shopping, have some pity on your limited credit line and make the time for a task that most people wish would take care of itself: sorting and organizing your closet.

There's the saying that goes, "Every woman has a closet full of clothes and constantly complains she has nothing to wear." I don't know whether this is true for every woman... Just take a moment before you go out shopping again and see whether you can start the shopping in your very own closet.

We compiled some important tips for you from professional organizers:

1-First, your closet needs to be organized in such a way that with a quick glance you will be able to see everything in it. This will prevent hours of stressful searching in the morning for that striped skirt. An organized closet will also help you see different ways of combining your clothes which a messy closet makes impossible.

2-How should you organize it? Some suggest organizing by color. This way, you can easily remove and match things. Others suggest organizing by outfits, those things you wear together.

First, take out all the contents of the closet, one shelf at a time, so you aren't left with piles of clothing on your bed when you need to take care of other urgent things in the house. Sort the items. Some recommend taking pictures of good combinations which you can save in a file on your phone and use every morning.

3-As you sort, you see exactly what you have and what you need, and what can be passed along. Something you haven't worn in over a year is taking up space in your closet when someone else could enjoy it. What a shame! There's no point to keeping clothes that you don't wear, that you don't like, etc.

What must you have in your closet? Basic blouses or tops and basic skirts in solid colors, black, white, and other colors that you like. They provide a good start for all combinations.

4-You don't always need to buy something new. Sometimes, a small touch can make a big difference like a colorful scarf, a unique belt, and even a necklace in the right color, that can freshen up and do wonders for something you feel is finished.

5-You can have your sister, a good friend, even an older daughter, go "shopping" with you in your closet. They can sometimes give you ideas of combinations you didn't consider.

6-As you organize, make a list of items that you think you truly need. You might find that in the end you need just two new vests, or one skirt which will work together with several tops that you have.

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THE SECOND HOUSEWIFE

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



RECAP: Shmuel asked Aidel to suggest to one of her friends that she meet with Akiva, a simple bachelor with fine middos. While she didn't want to do so, knowing her close friends wanted to marry a Torah scholar, she couldn't refuse her husband and therefore sets Akiva up with Rochel, who is the most adamant of her friends in her desire to only marry a talmid chacham, certain that nothing will come of it. Pesach Tzvi received guidance from Yaakov the grocer on how to write to the Rebbe. Aidel decided to add a Shabbos candle for each of her husband's children. After some hesitation, he agreed most enthusiastically.

SHAUEL entered the office and found Gedalia there filing documents in the cabinet behind his table. Waiting for his seat to be vacated, he sat on the other chair near the door, sighing.

"What happened?" Gedalia laughed. "The eternally young man is sighing?"

"It's nothing really. I've just been running all over since around six o'clock this morning..." he replied, taking a deep breath. "Did you at least eat breakfast?" Gedalia asked with concern, turning around after he finished putting away the files.

"It happens to be part of my duties," Shmuel grimaced. "You know, *shana rishona...*"

Gedalia tried to maneuver his large body and squeeze his way outside through the narrow passageway. "You are the only man in the world who relates to a meal as a task that must be fulfilled..." he mentioned to him. "Do you still have a long and grueling day ahead of you?"

"It's now eleven o'clock, and I'm relatively free until two in the afternoon. I think that I'll learn something here with two breaks for a couple of brief meetings."

"And then this unfortunate soul will be compelled to eat lunch..." Gedalia chuckled, as he finally managed to extricate himself from the narrow room.

"The problem is," Shmuel sighed, ignoring Gedalia needling him, "that I remember that I have something at eleven o'clock, but I don't remember what!"

Gedalia laughed. "Not you, your Rebbetzin. Today, it's the Tehillim group she's organizing…"

"That's right!" Shmuel was surprised. "How did you know?"

Gedalia was embarrassed. "Matilda has been pondering for three days now whether to go or not. We've been speaking about nothing else..."

Shmuel smiles. "And what did she finally decide?"

Gedalia shrugged her shoulders. "When I left the house, she still hadn't made up her mind." After a moment, he added, "I don't think she'll go. She really loves your wife, but it's not suitable for her to sit, you know, with all the simple womenfolk who will surely attend."

Shmuel was silent, curling his right forelock. "You're not angry, are you?" Gedalia inquired. Shmuel chuckled. "At you? Of course not. I'm not even sure that my daughter or my daughters-in-law would agree to participate..."

At one o'clock, he stopped at the estate to see if everything was all right. In the large dining room downstairs, the table was still waiting to be cleared – fully extended, laden with food and dirty dishes. Chairs pushed aside with piles of Tehillims. In the midst of all the disorder and mess, Aidel sat alone in one of the corners with a plate of vegetables and a slice of bread.

"Shmuel!" she got up with surprise. He smiled, pulled a chair over to her, and sat down. "How was it?"

Aidel's eyes sparkled. "Excellent! Many women came and enjoyed themselves, I think...and they even listened to the shiur," she blushed. "They found it quite interesting."

"And now you're eating..." he laughed. "I noticed this morning that you didn't manage to put a thing in your mouth..."

"I was too excited," she said with embarrassment and a wave of her hand. She finally sat back down.

"Did important women from the community also join in?" he asked cautiously.

"Matilda came," her eyes shone. "Chaiky initially said that she wouldn't participate, but she came first to bring the vases and suggested how I should arrange them. As for Mirele, she was near me the whole time so I shouldn't pass out..."

"That's what's most important," Shmuel said in a serious tone and with a stern look. "Are you satisfied?"

Aidel nodded her head, her face shining.

PESACH Tzvi sat near the small table in their apartment. That morning, he immersed himself in the mikva, not even consulting with Reb Baruch. Since he didn't accept upon himself to do this every morning, that's fine – after all, even *misnagdim* go to the mikva sometimes...

When he got out of the cold water, dripping wet and shivering, he couldn't decide if he was shaking due to the cold or due to excitement, but he surmised it apparently was from excitement. He dried himself off with some difficulty, sparing not a single drop of spiritually pure water absorbed into the towel. As for the davening...it was like Neilah on Yom Kippur. Something with his wet peyos swaying back and forth together with him had apparently made a powerful effect upon his soul. Recalling the words of the Seder Avoda of Yom Kippur Mussaf "He descended into the ritual bath and immersed and ascended and dried himself ... ", he had to ask Mendel if perhaps there's some maamar from the Rebbe on this matter that can help him understand what he's going through.

Now, on a day such as this, he can write a letter to the Rebbe. Placed before him were a white sheet of paper, an ink well, and a quill. He now has as least half an hour of quiet; Pessia is at the "Mincha Tea"...

He got up, washed his hands, then put on his top coat and hat. "It's more respectable this way," he said quietly to himself. Suddenly, he felt like putting on a *gartel*, although the time still hadn't come for him to be stringent about this according to the plan that Reb Baruch had set up for him. All this just to write to the Rebbe for the first time. He surely would agree as well.

He went over to his woolen coat, pulled out the belt, and tied it around his waist. Ready to start, he again sat down in front of the sheet of paper. When he didn't feel right composing his letter sitting down, he decided to stand as he wrote. It was a bit uncomfortable, however, comfort is not what he was looking for when he came to Chassidus, right?

Kevod Kedushas Admor Shlita

It's good that Yaakov at least revealed the first line to me...

He looked at the ceiling, scratched his tiny beard with the quill, deep in thought.

Pesach Tzvi ben Azriel writing, originally from Vilna, today your Chassid in Lubianka —

Doesn't seem right, he thought. Can he inform the Rebbe that he is his Chassid? He erased the word *today*, and replaced it with *aspires to be*. He went over the words again: *Aspires to be your Chassid*? It doesn't sound serious. He *is* a Chassid, he doesn't aspire to be one. He erased the word *aspires* and writes *implores*. It still seemed to him that he hasn't defined his situation as he should. He has already decided and has received guidance! Implores? Inappropriate.

He drums on the table with his fingers. This is a problem. From his standpoint, he is a Chassid, however, he can't decide for the Rebbe. Suddenly, his eyes brighten. He crosses out the word *implores* and adds after the word *"Lubianka"* – *"obviously if the Rebbe will agree.*"

He reads everything in sequence.

K'vod Kedushas Admur Shlita

Pesach Tzvi ben Azriel writing, originally from Vilna, today a Chassid in Lubianka, if the Rebbe will agree. He hums with satisfaction and continues to write: I accept upon myself, bli neder. He stops for a moment, decisively erases the words bli neder, then continues: to do everything, even to the point of self-sacrifice. He thinks briefly. To be a beinoni, to correct my bad middos. Red with embarrassment, he wrote in small print: Pride, laziness, shyness.

I want to thank the Rebbe shlita's shluchim who help me: Yaakov the grocer, Reb Baruch Madmin, Mendel from Kiev. Some momentary indecision. May they be healthy. That's not called 'immediately asking for a bracha', right?

I accept upon myself to listen to their guidance in all matters with kabalas ol, even when I don't understand, and to bring my wife, Pessia bas Breindel, closer to Chassidus through strong cords of love. He took a deep breath and added: As well as the children, sheyichyu.

He quickly reviewed the letter and then wrote in conclusion: Writing with a genuine longing to be connected to the Rebbe on all levels of my soul – the three mothers and the seven offspring – with the three garments.

Pesach Tzvi ben Ruchama from the village of Lubianka

He again reviewed the entire letter, biting his lower lip. A tremor of excitement passed through his body - this was the real thing! He pulled out a clean sheet of paper and copied the letter again without any corrections or erasures. He folded the first draft twice, unwilling to throw it into the trash. In an instant, he decided to place it in one of the sefarim sitting on the single shelf connected to the wall, his own personal sefarim that he had brought with him from Vilna. Now, he quickly destroyed the evidence, arranged the writing implements, returned the belt to the winter coat, hung the coat up, and put his hat back on the shelf. He gently touched the letters, the ink now dry. He carefully folded the letter, placed it in an envelope, and then put it in the inside pocket of his winter coat.

To complete the picture, he placed an open Gemara on the table, got himself a glass of water, and sat down. He was very restless and excited, unable to concentrate. This might be his closest experience to the engagement he once went through. His hands were shaking under the table. "Just relax," he quietly told himself. "The letter hasn't even been sent yet…" His heart betrayed him, as he trembled with exhilaration, feeling that he had been willingly accepted.

Tears of joy streamed from his eyes. He quickly wiped them away, fearful that someone might see them. **THAT** night, the entire village was in complete shock. Akiva is engaged! It seemed that this was something that would never happen... And whom did he choose after all these years? None other than Rochel, the unmarried daughter of Yerucham, the fish peddler!

People in every corner were speaking only about this.

Aidel was in a bad mood. She couldn't believe that his sparkling green eyes, his smile, and good humor had managed to convince Rochel to concede on all her principles, and she was disappointed to know that she had a role in all this.

"Enough, be happy!" Shmuel brightened with joy. "She will establish a Jewish home with a fine young man, and I assure you that it will be good for her!"

"And it's my fault," Aidel gently whispered, hunched over, trying to unburden her turbulent emotions without too much damage.

"You are a fine woman," he reminded her. "You fulfilled the will of your husband..."

"At least that," she muttered.

Their only meeting lasted almost forty minutes – in their living room! At its conclusion, Akiva looked elated and was immediately embraced by Shmuel. Rochel came out, her eyes red from weeping, straight into Aidel's arms. They didn't exchange a word. Just heartbeats. How can she be happy?

And what was most frustrating? How clear it was to her that she too would have acted the same as Rochel if she had agreed to meet Akiva. It's far easier to reject suggestions when they're merely names...

To be continued...

STORY TIME

BY SANDY ELLER - FROM THE TZADDIKSTORY.ORG COLLECTION

THE TWO TAILORS & THE NON-KOSHER SAUSAGE

- IN HONOR OF CHAI ELUL, THE ALTER REBBE'S BIRTHDAY -

As the person in charge of guarding the Alter Rebbe's Ohel, Rabbi Chaim Meir was used to meeting all different kinds of people, so at first, the two men who showed up that day didn't seem unusual in any way. They didn't look anything like typical Chassidim, but Reb Chaim Meir was touched by their loud cries as they davened by the tzaddik's tziyun. By the time the two of them, who were named Yankel and Zalman, came out of the Ohel, Reb Chaim Meir couldn't hold



his curiosity back any longer, and he asked what had brought them to the Alter Rebbe.

"The Alter Rebbe was very kind to our simple souls, helping us to return to a life of Torah and mitzvos," explained Yankel, and he began to share their story with Reb Chaim Meir...

Around 200 years ago, Yankel and Zalman were poor tailors. The two were good friends, and they wandered together from village to village, offering their services to farmers and villagers. Even though they worked every day, from early in the morning until very late at night, they barely earned enough money to buy food for their families. While they were grateful to Hashem for the many brachos in their lives, they were tired of traveling from place to place just to earn a few coins and dreamed of better days.

And then, one day, it seemed like their prayers had been answered. A wealthy Russian man offered them jobs working on his large area of land. Yankel and Zalman were excited for a chance at regular steady work in a single location.

"What do you think we should do?" Zalman asked Yankel. "If we say yes, we won't have to travel from place to place to find work... but we'd be so far away from our wives and children."

"You're right, my friend," answered Yankel. "But we'd be able to send money back to them. Imagine what it would be like if your Chava went to the market on Thursday and didn't have to decide between buying fish or chicken for Shabbos, because she had enough money for both!"

It didn't take long for the two to decide that Hashem had sent them a special gift, and they agreed to work for the Russian man. They said goodbye to their families, promising to send money and return home as quickly as they could, and made the long trip to a small town in central Russia to start their new jobs.

At first, Yankel and Zalman couldn't believe how lucky they were as they spent their days cutting, sewing, and mending. No more traveling through dark forests in freezing cold weather; No more waking up at sunrise and going to sleep at midnight to find work.

Customers came to them during regular business hours. But it didn't take long for Yankel and Zalman to realize there was one big problem they hadn't thought of – they were surrounded by simple Russian peasants, and there was no kosher food, no rabbi, and no shul. Over time, they drifted away from Yiddishkeit, and things like Shabbos, Yomim Tovim, and mitzvos became an old memory. Eventually, Yankel and Zalman looked just like the customers who came to them, and no one even remembered they were Jewish anymore.

As the years went by, Yankel and Zalman managed to save a good amount of money, and one day, they decided it was time to go home to their wives and children. On the way, Yankel and Zalman decided to stop to rest in a large village called Piena near the city of Kursk in Russia, not knowing the Alter Rebbe had passed away there while fleeing the French emperor, Napoleon. They knocked on a cottage door, and asked the farmer who answered if they could have food and a place to stay. Despite the fact that they were so far from Torah at the time, the farmer clearly recognized Yankel and Zalman for who they were.

"You're welcome to stay in my home," said the farmer. "But I don't have any food that Jews can eat."

"That isn't a problem," said Zalman. "We can eat whatever you have. Even a simple sausage would be fine."

"And, of course, we can pay you," added Yankel.

The farmer welcomed the two into his cottage, showed them to a room, and told them he'd be back in just one minute. Yankel and Zalman were shocked when the farmer returned with a murderous look in his eyes, swinging a huge axe.

"Give me all your money," roared the farmer.

Yankel and Zalman didn't hesitate for even a second. They gave the farmer all the money they'd saved up during their years of working, hoping he wouldn't hurt them and would let them leave his house in peace. But the farmer had other ideas, telling the two he was going to kill them to make sure they didn't report him to the police.

"Please, we promise we won't say a word to anyone," cried Yankel.

"We have wives and children," Zalman blurted out. "Please have mercy on us!!"





But no matter how much Yankel and Zalman begged and pleaded, the farmer refused to change his mind. He headed for the door, telling them he would give them a few minutes to say their final prayers, locking the door as he left.

Knowing they were just minutes away from death had a powerful impact on Yankel and Zalman. Despite having left Yiddishkeit behind years earlier, they did the only thing they could do - they cried for the many sins they'd committed over the years. Driven by an overwhelming need to do teshuva, they davened with all of their hearts, promising the Aibishter that if he rescued them, they would return to living lives of mitzvos.

As they heard the door opening and saw the farmer walking into the room, Yankel and Zalman screamed out "Shema Yisroel" with all of their hearts, and what they thought would be their final breaths.

But then something unbelievable happened.

The farmer smiled at Yankel and Zalman, who noticed he was no longer holding his deadly axe.

"You're free to go home, unless you want that sausage you asked me about," said the farmer, giving Yankel and Zalman back all of their money.

The two quickly assured the farmer they didn't want anything to eat, and that they would never eat sausage again. For a moment, Yankel and Zalman stood there too stunned to say another word, trying to understand what had just happened. Understanding their confusion, the farmer began to tell Yankel and Zalman a story from many, many years earlier.

"A holy man came to my cottage with his family," explained the farmer. "They were refugees, running away from Napoleon's army, which had attacked Russia. I could see how tired this holy rabbi was, so I offered him and his family a place to stay for as long as he wanted."

The farmer, of course, had no idea that the rabbi was the Alter Rebbe. Over the next few days, the Alter Rebbe told the farmer how he had faithfully served the Tsar of Russia.

"He had the face of an angel and looked like he'd stepped out of the pages of the Bible. I knew he was a prophet, because he told us that Napoleon and his army were in Moscow, but that they would eventually be defeated," the farmer told Yankel and Zalman. "Everything he said came true."

Knowing that he would soon be leaving this world, Alter Rebbe called the farmer into his room to thank him for his hospitality. The Alter Rebbe also told the farmer that one day, two Jews would knock on his door, asking for a place to stay and food to eat. He instructed the farmer to bring the two men into the room where he will pass away in, scare the two men to get them to change the way they lived their lives, explaining that it would be good for them. While the farmer was ready to do whatever the Alter Rebbe asked, he needed to know how he would recognize the two men he was describing. The Alter Rebbe responded by giving him a sign, telling him the men would specifically ask for non-kosher food.

"And now you know the ending of the story," said the farmer. "I was never going to hurt you, I was just doing what the rabbi told me to do, all those years ago."

"We left the farmer's house," said Yankel, finishing his own story for Reb Chaim Meir.

"But we couldn't finish our journey home to our families without visiting the Alter Rebbe's Ohel. Zalman and I traveled here from Piena to the Jewish cemetery in Haditch, where the Alter Rebbe is buried, so we could daven by his tziyun."

"Why did we come today and cry so many tears?" asked Zalman.

"The answer to both of those questions is exactly the same. We wanted to thank the Alter Rebbe, not only for rescuing us, but also for bringing us back to the Aibishter and the lives he wants us to live."

Based on "L'shema Ozen" by Rabbi Zalman Duchman



After we learned about the importance of anticipating the Geula, and we really try to wait expectantly for it to happen at any minute, we must also constantly try to ask Hashem for the Geula. Some people think that although we are anticipating the Geula, we don't need to ask for it so much. Hashem Himself knows what's best and when He decides, He will bring the Geula. So yes, I'm really looking forward to it, but I don't need to ask. I rely on Him.

This is incorrect. We need to ask and even demand the Geula. Not only is this a good thing but it can make the Geula happen! This is what will learn about in this chapter, about praying for the Geula and how important and effective this is.

ASKING REPEATEDLY

Perhaps we don't always pay attention to this, so first let's see how many times a day we ask Hashem for the Geula. Try and count ...

We say at least four times, "May the Beis HaMikdash be rebuilt speedily in our days," once before Shacharis and at the end of Shemone Esrei. During davening, we say many things which are requests of Hashem to bring the Geula like, "and bring us to peace from the four corners of the earth," etc. And, in Shemone Esrei, more than a third of the brachos are asking for the Geula! "Resurrecting the Dead, "Redeeming Israel," "Gathering the Outcasts of Israel," "Restore our Judges as at First," "Who Builds Yerushalayim," "Swiftly make Blossom the Planting of Dovid Your Servant," "May our Eyes see when You return to Tziyon with Mercu."

After the davening, many proclaim "Yechi." Every dvar Torah or farbrengen ends with a request for the hisgalus of Moshiach, as the Rebbe ended all his sichos.

So, if we didn't notice this previously, from now on, it's worthwhile to pay attention to the many times we pray for Moshiach to come soon. From this we understand that davening for the Geula is something important in the life of a Jew.

TO SIMPLY ASK HASHEM

The tefillos that we say as our daily obligation are good and important, and we need to have kavana when saying them. However, if we really want the Geula, we need to pray and ask for it all day, not just at the time we need to say it from the Siddur. Like for anything a Jew needs, when he can simply turn to Hashem and ask for it, the same is true for the Geula. We need to simply ask Hashem to bring the Geula. This is why we cry out, "Ad mosai?!" We cry out, "Until when must we suffer in this galus? The Geula needs to come already!"

The cry of "Ad mosai" needs to be not just because we were told to say it, because they taught us we need to cry out and ask for it. It needs to burst forth from us because we *really* are waiting for the Geula. We *really* are unwilling to continue being in galus. Ad mosai?!

When I bang myself, I cry out, "Ow!" Why? Did someone teach me that I need to cry out when I'm hurt? No. I cry out because it hurts; the cry bursts forth from me. That's the way it should be when we cry out, "Ad mosai." It needs to burst out from us because it is so hard for us in galus. We cannot live like this any more. We feel we cannot go on in galus.

THERE IS NO SHLEIMUS FOR A JEW IN GALUS

Why can't a Jew continue to live in galus? A person might have plenty of money, a big house, and lack nothing. Why should he cry out, "Ad mosai?" and feel he can't remain in galus any longer? In what way is he suffering?

A Jew's true desire is that G-dliness be revealed in the world, that people openly see Hashem. Although it seems that there are many Jews who want a lot of money and a comfortable life, what they and we also want is a revelation of G-dliness in the world. As we learned in earlier chapters, this is what will happen in the Geula. In galus, there is no revelation of G-dliness. Therefore, a Jew won't be satisfied with anything that he has in galus because as long as there is no revelation of G-dliness in the world, as long as there is no Geula, he is not willing to accept this situation. He is upset that there is no revelation of G-dliness in the world and does everything he can and asks and demands that Hashem bring the Geula.

BANGING ON THE TABLE

Notice the difference between the following two scenarios:

If your friend has an interesting game and you also want to play with it, what will you do? You can ask him to let you play with it. But what would happen if a friend would take your game without permission and not return it? Would you only ask him to return it to you? The answer is, no. You wouldn't just ask; you would demand that he return it to you, right now!

The same is true for us. We shouldn't only pray and ask Hashem for the Geula. We should demand it!

Hashem and the Jewish people are compared to husband and wife. A husband

cannot go far away without his wife's permission. The same is true for Hashem. According to halacha, it cannot be that Hashem leaves us and is hidden from us. That's like a husband who leaves his wife. Therefore, it's our right to bang on the table and demand that Moshiach come right

now and we will see Hashem openly in the world.

DAVENING

If, until now, we have davened for the Geula many times throughout the day but did not pay attention to it, after learning this chapter, surely things will completely change, with Hashem's help. The time has come for us to sincerely ask Hashem for the Geula.

In the davening, we will have special kavana at the parts where we ask for the Geula and during the day we will try and remember to ask Hashem for the Geula. It can be the words, "Ad mosai" or other words, loudly or quietly. The main

thing is that it be sincere, conveying that we truly need the Geula and are unwilling to remain in galus any longer.

DID YOU KNOW? CONSTANTLY ASKING

One of the times that the Rebbe spoke about a Jew not resting, but constantly asking for the Geula, he said, "During davening, the bedtime Shema, etc. a Jew must cry out, 'Shema Yisrael,' but the rest of the time, he needs to constantly cry out, 'Moshiach now!'"

STORY TIME WHAT PRAYER CAN ACCOMPLISH

In a small village near Yerushalayim there lived a simple, G-d fearing Jew, who was very unlearned. He didn't even know how to use a Siddur, which tefilla should be said on a weekday, which on Shabbos, what is added on Rosh Chodesh, etc.

Every week, on market day, this farmer would go to to Yerushalayim to sell his produce. He took this opportunity to visit the rabbi of the city. The rabbi would write down the tefillos for the upcoming week and that is how the farmer davened. This repeated itself every week.

One year, there was a drought and the Rav of Yerushalayim declared a fast day to pray to Hashem for rain. The farmer went to town on this fast day and was surprised to discover that all the shops were closed. He began to worry, "Perhaps I erred and today is Shabbos and I desecrated it, G-d forbid?" He quickly got off his donkey and then noticed a Jew walking to shul and holding his tefillin and he realized it was not Shabbos.

The farmer asked passersby why the shops were closed and they told him it was because it was a fast day and they were all going to shul where they would pray for rain.

The farmer hurried to the rabbi and burst into tears. "Rabbi, why didn't you tell me that today is a fast day? I ate on a fast day and I didn't say the special prayers one says on such a day."

The rabbi reassured him and explained that it wasn't a regular fast day but one

that was decreed only in Yerushalayim. Since he, the farmer, wasn't a resident, he was absolved of it. The farmer was relieved and he asked, "But why did you declare a fast day?"

The rabbi told him it was because of the drought.

"You declare a fast day because of rain?" wondered the farmer.

"Well, what do you think we should do?" asked the rabbi.

"When I need rain for my wheat, I go out to the field, turn to Hashem and say, 'Father, I need rain,' and it begins to rain."

"Can you do that here too?" asked the rabbi.

The farmer went outside to the yard of the shul. He began to cry and raised his eyes heavenward and said, "Father, will you allow Your children in the holy city of Yerushalayim to die, chalila, from thirst? Don't You see they need rain?"

And it began to rain.

That is the power of a simple, sincere prayer that emerges from an innocent heart. If we cry out and sincerely ask Hashem to bring the Geula, surely He will bring the Geula right away.

The Rebbe said in a farbrengen that all the avoda has been done and the only thing needed is for a Jew to sincerely ask, "Ad mosai," and the Geula will immediately come.

TISHREI IN SAMARKAND

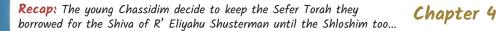
The Adventures of a Jewish Boy in Soviet Russia Rabbi Hillel Zaltzman



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