

# CONTENTS



The international weekly heralding the coming of Moshiach  
**BEIS MOSHIACH**

## 4 | MATERIAL CONCERNS ON THE DAYS OF AWE?!

D'var Malchus / Sichos in English

## 8 | WHY IT HAS TO COME FROM THE PEOPLE

Farbrengen with Rabbi Levi Yitzchok Ginsberg

## 13 | MEMORIES OF REBBETZIN CHANA, A”H

Vav Tishrei

## 16 | \$21 MILLION AND A CLEAR MESSAGE

Story

## 22 | A MYSTICAL DIALOGUE ON ROSH HA'SHANA

Profile / Shneur Zalman Berger

## 32 | THIS WEEK TEN YEARS AGO: SUMMING UP AN INCREDIBLE YEAR

Diary / Menachem Ben Eliezer

## 38 | A WANDERING SOUL

Feature / Menachem Ziegelboim

## 42 | WHAT IF IT HAPPENED AT THE ZOO

Shleimus HaAretz / Rabbi Sholom Dovber Volpe

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*Beis Moshiach wishes all our readers and all the Jewish people a k'siva va'chasima tova l'shana tova u'm'suka.  
The next issue is scheduled to come out for Sukkos.*

# MATERIAL CONCERNS ON THE DAYS OF AWE?!

SICHOS IN ENGLISH



## ROSH HA'SHANA, 5750

1. We find two seemingly contradictory concepts emphasized regarding Rosh HaShana. On one hand, the service of Rosh HaShana centers on crowning G-d as “King of Israel” and “King of the entire world.” A coronation (even on the earthly plane, how much more so when the concept is used as a metaphor) involves the ultimate of bittul (self-negation). The people give themselves over to the king entirely to the extent that they no longer feel their own desires at all. Rather, they concentrate on the king alone. This bittul awakens the king’s desire to accept the coronation and reign over the people.

On the other hand, we also see an emphasis on Rosh HaShana as the “day of judgment for man.” Furthermore, as mentioned by the Hagahos Maimonis, this judgment centers primarily on our material concerns. Accordingly, in our Rosh HaShana prayers, we ask G-d to “Inscribe us in the book of good life,” “Inscribe us in the book of livelihood and sustenance” and recite many other prayers that

involve worldly concerns.

On the surface, these two concepts are contradictory. When a Jew stands in complete and utter bittul to G-d, it is impossible for him to think about his individual desires and needs. We must understand: How is it possible for a Jew to consider such thoughts when he should be involved with crowning G-d as King?

A similar difficulty can be raised in regard to the name Rosh HaShana, literally, the “head of the year.”[1] The head includes within it the life force for all the limbs of the body and controls the functioning of those limbs. Similarly, Rosh HaShana includes within itself and controls the functioning of all the days of the year.

A question, however, can be raised: The reason it is possible for Rosh HaShana to include all the days of the year is because its level transcends the particular divisions that exist between the various different days of the year. Since Rosh HaShana is higher than all the different days of the year, it is

difficult to understand how it can control the particular functioning of each individual day.

These difficulties can be resolved as follows: A Jew does not ask G-d for material blessings for his own sake. Instead, his desire is afford himself the possibility of serving G-d better.

On a deeper level, the potential the Jews have to crown G-d as King originates in the essential bond they share with G-d. This bond connects them with G-dliness on a level which transcends any connection to the world as implied by the statement, “Israel and the Holy One, blessed be He, are one.” Because of this essential connection, the Jews are capable of evoking G-d’s pleasure and desire to rule over the world.

G-d’s essence transcends all our conceptions of existence. It stands above all particular levels. Indeed, stating that He transcends these levels is an improper statement which limits Him. Whenever one negates a connection with a lower level, one implies that a certain point of relation exists. Otherwise,

1. A parallel is found in regard to a king (who is also called “the head of the

people”). Because the individual identity of the entire people is negated

toward him, he includes them all.

such a negation would not be necessary. For example, in Tanya, the Alter Rebbe states that it is improper to state that a concept is so refined that it cannot be felt with one's hands. Since thought is absolutely on a higher plane than physical touch, it is absurd to negate a connection between them. Indeed, anyone hears such a statement would laugh.

The same concept applies regarding G-d's Essence. It is improper to describe this level as "transcendent," because it is above all connection to the point where referring to it in this manner would be a limitation. Accordingly, the revelation of Rosh HaShana which relates to this level contains two contradictory aspects: a) Because G-d's Essence is above all particular levels, it evokes a complete and total bittul on behalf of the people; b) Simultaneously, because this level is above even the level of transcendence, this bittul permeates through to every particular level of existence.[2]

[We see a parallel to this concept in regard to Torah and mitzvos: On one hand, the Torah is divided into different disciplines to the extent where our Sages state, "Laws regarding monetary matters cannot be derived from laws regarding Torah prohibitions." Simultaneously, our Torah is "one Torah" and various concepts do cross the lines differentiating between one discipline and another.[3] Since "Torah and the Holy One, blessed be He, are one," the transcendental unity possessed by G-d is reflected within the Torah.

Similarly, in regard to mitzvos:

On one hand, each mitzvah has its particular nature and laws. Simultaneously, there is a fundamental oneness pervading all mitzvos as reflected in the law, "A person occupied in the performance of one mitzvah is free of obligation to perform others." All the mitzvos reveal the will of G-d who authored them. Accordingly, His oneness establishes a dimension of unity among them.]

*Rosh HaShana relates to G-d's ultimate goal and intent in the creation of the world. Therefore, it is celebrated on the anniversary of the sixth day of creation, the anniversary of the creation of man.*

On this basis, we can understand the nature of the acceptance of G-d's Kingship on Rosh HaShana. Rosh HaShana relates to G-d's ultimate goal and intent in the creation of the world. Therefore, it is celebrated on the anniversary of the sixth day of creation, the anniversary of the creation of man. This purpose is reflected in the actions of Adam directly after his creation when he proclaimed, "The L-rd is king. He

clothes Himself in pride," and called to all the other creations, "Come let us bow down, prostrate ourselves, and bend the knee before the L-rd, our Maker," revealing G-d's sovereignty over the entire world and over each particular creation.

Each year on Rosh HaShana, the Jews[4] repeat this service and crown G-d as "the King of Israel" and "the King of the entire world." In doing so, they do not negate the existence of the world—for doing so would not represent any new advance over the level of existence before creation—but rather, relate G-d's sovereignty and oneness to the particular existence of each creation on its own level.

The potential to accomplish this service is possessed by the Jews. Since "Israel and the Holy One, blessed be He, are one," i.e., the Jews are characterized by G-d's transcendental oneness, they are able to draw down this oneness into all the different dimensions of existence within our world.

Thus, each Jew also represents a fusion of two opposites. He—even as he exists within the context of our physical world—transcends the entire creation. He, however, also includes the entire creation within himself as the verse relates, "The world was placed within your hearts."

In particular, these two opposites can be seen in our bodies which G-d formed from "the dust of the earth" and "the living soul" which G-d "blew into our nostrils." Only when these both were combined did man become "a living being."

Man's body represents his connection to worldly existence and

2. A similar fusion of opposites is reflected in the interpretation of the service of Rosh HaShana according to Kabbala, the construction of the S'fira of Malchus. On one hand, Malchus

includes within itself all the higher S'firos and thus, serves as the source for all the different aspects of existence. Malchus, however, also possesses a dimension which transcends the entire

concept of particular levels because Malchus reflects the quality of Kesser.

3. Furthermore, study of any particular area of Torah enhances one's appreciation of the Torah in its totality.

his soul, “truly a part of G-d from above,” transcends all aspects of limitation. The two are combined together through G-d’s wondrous powers. This level of G-dliness is reflected in the essence of the soul which is higher than the levels of soul[5] that are revealed within the body.[6] Since such a fusion of opposites exists within each Jew’s being, he has the potential to create a fusion of opposites within the world at large.

This same concept applies in regard to Rosh HaShana. Rosh HaShana possesses the two seemingly contradictory functions of a head; including all the limbs of the body and controlling them as they exist in their particular states. Since Rosh HaShana has its source in a level that transcends both the concept of simplicity (its inclusion of all the days of the year) and division (the manner in which it controls all the days of the year), it fuses these opposite tendencies together.

Based on the above, we can understand why a Jew’s service on Rosh HaShana also involves the fusion of two opposites, the coronation of G-d as King and requests for his own individual needs. Since a Jew relates to a level of G-dliness above both individual

existence and transcendence, his service also fuses together two opposite tendencies. Thus, his crowning of G-d as King does not negate his individual identity. On the contrary, it permeates through that identity entirely to the extent that he requests—and is granted—an inscription for a good year in regard to his material concerns, his health, children, and earning of a livelihood.

These ideas are also reflected in the Torah readings of the holiday which concern the birth and the Akeida (binding) of Yitzchok. The Akeida represents the ultimate expression of self-sacrifice. Our Sages explain that although Yitzchok was not actually sacrificed, he is considered as a perfect burnt offering and the “ashes of Yitzchok” are a constant reminder of the merit of the Jews.

Ashes represent the utter nullification of individual existence. Yitzchok’s ashes, nevertheless, also reflect an example of the opposite pole, powerful personal existence, for they remain as a reminder of merit for all time. From the description of Yitzchok’s service, we each derive the potential to carry out the service of Rosh HaShana, the fusion of utter self-nullification (the coronation of G-d) with our own

identity (the request for material blessings).

2. The above concepts receive greater influence this year when Rosh HaShana is celebrated on Shabbos. Shabbos also combines two opposite tendencies. On one hand, it is the source of blessing for the entire week (like Rosh HaShana which serves as the source of energy for all the days of the year to come). Nevertheless, Shabbos is also above time, higher than the days of the week.[7]

Though both Shabbos and Rosh HaShana combine opposite tendencies, being above time and yet, influencing time, in particular, however, there is a difference between them. Shabbos represents an ascent above connection to worldliness, standing fundamentally above time. Thus, we do not find it referred to as “the head of week.” Rosh HaShana, in contrast, is “the head of the year,” implying that its essential function is to serve as the source of influence for all the days of the year to come. Thus, this year when Rosh HaShana falls on Shabbos, there is an added emphasis to the fusion of transcendence and worldliness described above. Shabbos adds a dimension to the influence of Rosh HaShana as is manifest by the fact that the shofar

- 
4. This service relates to each individual Jew. Indeed, man was created alone (in contrast to the other creatures who were created in pairs) to emphasize how the mission with which Adam was charged relates to every individual person.
  5. This aspect of soul is even higher than the dimension of soul which is “truly a part of G-d.”
  6. The same concept applies in regard to the soul itself. There are five names of the soul, representing five different levels through which the soul is revealed within the spiritual worlds. The essence of the soul, however, is above all these particular levels. It thus

unites the five levels of the soul with the level of the soul which transcends all concept of difference. These five levels are alluded to in the verse “and the fifth to Pharaoh.” Pharaoh, in this context represents the level where “all lights are revealed,” a dimension of G-dliness to whose service even the fifth level is merely dedicated, [but not identified with]. [Significantly, the dedication of “the fifth to Pharaoh” was accomplished by Yosef. Yosef can be used as a general name, referring to each member of the Jewish people. (This is particularly relevant in the present generation because the Nasi of our generation was

- also named Yosef.)
7. In Kabbalistic terms, it is explained that Shabbos reflects the S’fira of Malchus which has these two opposite tendencies as described in note 2. These two concepts are also reflected in the interpretation of the word “Va’yachulu,” the word that introduces the Biblical passage describing the Shabbos of Creation. One interpretation relates the word to the concept of kalayon, absolute self-nullification. Others explain that it relates to the word “kol” (“all”) and thus, means “completed,” i.e., it reveals the ultimate intent of existence.

is not sounded and the influence of this mitzvah is generated by the Shabbos itself.

Furthermore, the fusion of Shabbos and Rosh HaShana reveals the influence of a level which transcends them both and, therefore, has the power to join them together. The influence of this level does not negate the individual identities of Shabbos and Rosh HaShana. Rather, their particular existence remains and is enhanced by this higher quality. The ultimate manifestation of this concept can be seen in the Beis HaMikdash where the shofar was sounded (the influence of Rosh HaShana) even when Rosh HaShana was celebrated on Shabbos. The transcendence of Shabbos was drawn down through the sounding of the shofar.[8]

All of the above is enhanced by the unique nature of the present year, *Tav-Shin-Nun*, a “year of miracles.”[9] the Hebrew for “miracle,” also has the connotation, “uplifted,” i.e., it refers to a level that is elevated above the natural order. The intent, however, is not merely that the miracle is itself above nature, but rather, that the miracle lifts up the natural order to the extent that the natural order reflects the supernatural. This relates to the concept explained above, the influence of Shabbos (which is above nature) on Rosh HaShana (the natural order).

The concept of miracles also relates to the custom (quoted by the

***Crowning of G-d as King does not negate one's individual identity. On the contrary, it permeates through that identity entirely to the extent that he requests—and is granted—an inscription for a good year in regard to his material concerns, his health, children, and livelihood.***

Previous Rebbe) of mentioning the N'siim, the Baal Shem Tov, the Maggid, the Alter Rebbe, the Mitteler Rebbe, the Tzemach Tzedek, the Rebbe Maharash, the Rebbe Rashab, and the Previous Rebbe on Rosh HaShana.

The word, Nasi, also means “uplifted” and is used regarding an individual who is elevated above the people as a whole as we find in regard to King Shaul who was

described as being so tall that his shoulders were higher than the heads of the people.

Our Sages, however, explain that “a Nasi is the entire people” and that each member of the people has a spark of the Nasi's soul within his soul. Therefore, all the physical and spiritual necessities required by the people are drawn down to them by the Nasi. Furthermore, the Nasi lifts the people up to a higher level. For this reason, it is appropriate to mention the N'siim on Rosh HaShana.

Our Sages teach that G-d relates to us in a manner of “measure for measure.” Thus, in order to merit the present “year of miracles,” each Jew must begin a miraculous order of behavior, i.e., take on good resolutions regarding his service of Torah, prayer, and deeds of kindness which totally surpass that would be expected of him based on his behavior in previous years.[10]

This will serve as a vessel to contain the blessings of the present year, a “year of miracles.” Surely, this will include the greatest miracle, the Messianic redemption, when “as in the days of your exodus from Egypt, I will show you wonders.” G-d will “sound the great shofar for our freedom,” bringing Moshiach. His coming is associated with the revelation of the yechida, the essence of the soul of every Jew. Then, it will be revealed how “Israel and the Holy One, blessed be He, are all one.”

8. See the Sichos of Shabbos Nitzavim-VaYeilech where the concept of the celebration of Rosh HaShana on Shabbos is discussed at length.

At present, there is also a parallel to the sounding of the shofar on Rosh HaShana which falls on Shabbos in the Beis HaMikdash. Based on the principle, “Always ascend higher in holy matters,” it follows that the blowing of the shofar on the second

day of Rosh HaShana possesses a higher dimension than the first day.

Thus, when the first day falls on Shabbos, the level of sounding the shofar which was manifest in the Beis HaMikdash is drawn down through the sounding of the shofar in every place throughout the world.

9. The plural form is used, implying that it will be a year of many miracles. Also, the plural form can be interpreted to

mean “a miracle within a miracle,” i.e., miracles that transcend even a miraculous order.

10. This is related to the custom followed by the Rebbe Rashab (revealed by the Previous Rebbe) of taking on a new hiddur (careful and beautiful manner) in the performance of a mitzvah on Rosh HaShana each year.



# WHY IT HAS TO COME FROM THE PEOPLE

FARBRENGEN WITH RABBI LEVI YITZCHOK GINSBERG, MASHPIA, YESHIVAS TOMCHEI T'MIMIM – LUBAVITCH, Kfar Chabad  
TRANSLATED BY MICHOEL LEIB DOBRY



At the Yud Shvat 5716 *farbrenge*, the Rebbe MH”M retold the following (as printed in *Bitaon Chabad*, Issue #3, p. 12, unedited):

My revered father-in-law, the Rebbe, *baal ha'hilula*, was a man of material wealth prior to assuming the leadership. He once said that Father – the Rebbe Rashab, *nishmaso Eden* – knew that the desk drawer was always open for him, and whenever he wanted, he could take as much money as he needed.

The situation afterwards [after he assumed the leadership] was seemingly a descent in comparison to the previous time. This was not only because these were not times of material growth, but even when there was nothing lacking, it was still in a manner of “it has nothing to itself,” i.e., he would have to take from people of a much lower state.

So the Rebbe even told in reference to his grandfather, the Rebbe Maharash. During his leadership, for a variety of reasons, he was also involved in commerce. His business dealings were in the capital city of Petersburg (later renamed Leningrad). The order of things was that he personally was in Lubavitch, however, he would send instructions

every day, and sometimes he would say which “papers” to buy and which to sell.

There was no radio in those days, with regular news updates every half-hour by which he could send his instructions. Even newspapers, if they were available then, provided information that was already several days old, and news of this type was generally not printed in the papers. Yet, he would send instructions on how to conduct business every single weekday.

(On one occasion, his representative in Petersburg made business transactions on his own volition, and the Rebbe Maharash informed him that he [the Rebbe] had no connection to this business dealing whatsoever – not even the profit.)

The Rebbe Maharash was extremely wealthy throughout his life – both in liquid and fixed assets. Nevertheless, he said that the fifty “*kopkes*” that a certain person gave him were especially dear and sweet, regardless of the fact that it was imperceptible in comparison to his wealth.

This can be understood from what is explained in the *maamer* of “*Basi*

*L’Gani*” – that specifically through the concept of a *mekabel*, there is aroused the aspect of raising oneself, and this also reaches the level of raising oneself as depicted Above. This is because “the kingship of Earth resembles the kingship of Heaven.” And according to the explanation regarding the gradual descent of the aspects of *Kesser*, one from another, just as the lower aspect of raising oneself is rooted in the essence of the soul, similarly, there is the level of raising oneself as depicted Above as it were... The *s’fira* of *Malchus*, “has nothing to itself,” i.e., it requires from creations lower than it, just as the earthly king needs from the people “that you will enthrone Me upon you,” as is explained elsewhere.

This is also the concept of “they raised him from among his brothers.” This need to raise himself is achieved through his servants and his people, those who are lower than him, i.e., specifically “from among his brothers” comes “they raised him,” he became most wealthy.

That is, despite the fact that he is on the level of a *mekabel*, this does not contradict the idea of raising himself. On the contrary, the fact that he is a *mekabel* represents the “empty vessel (that) holds,” resulting in his

elevation above the people, arousing also the aspect of raising himself.

Thus, the Rebbe was seen as a *mekabel*. Although our Sages say that “one who eats that which is not his is embarrassed to look in the face of the one who gives him,” nevertheless, this was interpreted to the contrary. This arouses dominion and rule by which he would dominate and reign in the higher and lower realms, leading them according to his will in material matters – children, life, and sustenance – spiritual matters, and matters that are higher than both. Even though his need can be interpreted in connection with being a *mekabel*, nevertheless, this arouses within him the aspect of kingship over the world, as represented by the miracles seen by *tzaddikim* in general, and the *n’siim* in particular...

The lesson to be learned from this is that all the Rebbeim, including my revered father-in-law, the Rebbe, required the need for servants and the people, which arouses within them the aspect of kingship over the entire *hishtalshlus*, which is above the aspect of nature seen with them.

“Master of the world, Who reigned (even) before anything was created” – G-d was essentially a king, long before all things were created (as it were). The Holy One, Blessed Be He, doesn’t need anything in order to be a king. Nevertheless, it arose in His blessed will that His kingship will be renewed and reveal itself specifically through his servants and the Jewish people. As the hymn continues, specifically when creations were formed – “at the time when all things were made by His will, (only) then was His name proclaimed King.”

G-d asks of us, His lowly and inferior creations, “Say before Me *malchios* in order that you will enthrone Me upon you.” He needs us, as it were, to crown Him as our king and king of the entire world on Rosh HaShana through our repeated prayers and requests. “Our G-d and

G-d of our fathers, reign over the entire world in Your glory and be exalted over the entire earth in Your splendor,” “And You alone, Hashem, are He Who reigns over Your works,” etc.

The concept of sovereignty is also expressed at *t’kias ha’shofar*, the “primary reason” for which is “crowning the king.” We blow the *shofar* and proclaim “*Yechi HaMelech!*” Similarly, at *Tashlich*, we go to a place of flowing water (as brought in *poskim* and even in *Kitzur Shulchan Aruch*), according to the Tanach, because when the king is crowned the people would go near a spring of water (“an allusion that His sovereignty will continue”).

Why does He need all this? What does G-d lack? What does it give Him? We know that He doesn’t need a thing. He lacks nothing and there is nothing that can add anything to Him!

Nevertheless, we know (according to what is explained in all the “*hemshechim*” in *chassidus* on Rosh HaShana) that it is the desired will of G-d Alm-ghty that His status as a king be renewed and revealed through the service of His creations via an arousal from below. It is specifically through our supplications, prayers, and *t’kias* that G-d reigns forever in every generation.

Due to His blessed and unlimited kindness, it arose in His will that everything should be done through our actions and *avoda*, as souls within bodies, in this lowest and most physical of all worlds.

So it was that “G-d Alm-ghty desired (and according to the Alter Rebbe, “*oif a taava iz kein kasha nisht*” (regarding a desire, no question can be asked) because this is a matter that is totally beyond all measure and understanding) that He will have a dwelling place in the lower world.” In other words, G-d Alm-ghty, the

*G-d asks of us, His lowly and inferior creations, “Say before Me malchios in order that you will enthrone Me upon you.” G-d needs us, as it were, to crown Him as our King and King of the entire world on Rosh HaShana, through our repeated prayers and requests. “Our G-d and G-d of our fathers, reign over the entire world in Your glory and be exalted over the entire earth in Your splendor,” “And You alone, Hashem, are He Who reigns over Your works,” etc.*

highest of the high, with no possibility of anything higher, *ch"v*, Who is beyond all upper and lower limits, will dwell in the lowest realm in all His essence.

Furthermore, the act of “drawing down” to bring G-dliness into this lower realm must also be achieved specifically through lowly created beings, their actions, and their *avoda*.

In addition, through their special *avoda* based on their existence as lowly creatures in the lower realm, not making themselves out to be lofty, but specifically due to their lowly state and their involvement in simple, lowly, and external matters, they “draw down” the essence. This arouses the pleasure and desire of G-d, as it were, to be king over Israel and the entire world, and that He should dwell in the lower realm and awaken His need to “raise Himself.” As a result, there is also an aspect of “uplifting” over the world to rule over His people Israel and the whole world in all His glory.

Just as these matters are explained clearly and at considerable length in all the *hemshechim* on Rosh HaShana, similarly, it is explained (although not to such length or detail) in connection with the sovereignty of Melech HaMoshiach, since the sovereignty of G-d Alm-ghty is revealed specifically through a flesh and blood king, body and soul. Again, as a result of the intention for “a dwelling place in this lowly world,” specifically through a material body in the physical world G-d's kingship can be revealed, “*Malchus d'Ein Sof*” – to the point of “uplifting oneself.”

Furthermore, we ask and demand from G-d Alm-ghty to “reign over the entire world in Your glory,” blow the *shofar*, awaken the inner depths of the heart, constantly saying letters of Torah, *t'filla*, and T'hilim (needless to say, it would be the height of nonsense to ask what all this is for – G-d doesn't need it, it's unnecessary,

etc. – as it is His blessed will that we should do all this), thus revealing His sovereignty. Similarly, we find in connection with the sovereignty of Melech HaMoshiach that the time has come to reveal that there is (not just his existence, but also) the *hisgalus* of Melech HaMoshiach (Shabbos Parshas VaYeira 5752). Furthermore, this is not just on the level of “fitting to be Moshiach” or even “assumed to be Moshiach,” but a initial phase in

***The sovereignty of G-d Alm-ghty is revealed specifically through a flesh and blood king, body and soul. As a result of the intention for “a dwelling place in this lowly world,” specifically through a material body in the physical world G-d's kingship can be revealed.***

“certainly Moshiach.” As “we see clearly that he is fighting the wars of G-d [one of the signs of “assumed to be Moshiach: “and he will fight the war of G-d”] and in many such matters he is proving victorious” [one of the signs of “certainly Moshiach”] (Shabbos Parshas Chayei Sara 5752).

We already see the start of his work in the world, as the major superpowers transform their weapons

of war into economic tools, etc. – “And they shall beat their swords into plowshares” (Shabbos Parshas Mishpatim 5752). In addition, all matters pertaining to the Redemption have been drawn into and have reached this physical and material world, and the leader of the generation, the Moshiach of the generation, has already been revealed in full force. Therefore, there must already be the aspect of “our mouths are filled with laughter” in the present tense (11 Elul 5751).

At such a unique time, the prevailing demand (as explained in *chassidus* regarding the *avoda* of “crowning the King” on Rosh HaShana) is for our service to be instilled with one single point. Our entire desire, all our thoughts, speech, and actions, and our very lives and existence are directed towards only one objective – that we should already see the full revelation of our king, our Moshiach *shlita*, for all to see with the true and complete Redemption! “We Want (and Need) Moshiach Now!” immediately, *mamash!*

We call, proclaim, and publicize that “we have a king,” and “*Yechi HaMelech*.” Not just any king (it's quite simple and obvious to everyone who we mean, but when you're dealing with “*binyan ha'malchus*,” it is of specific relevance to emphasize it explicitly in clear unambiguous language), but “show with his finger and say, ‘This,’” with no room for misunderstanding, “*Yechi Adoneinu Moreinu v'Rabbeinu Melech HaMoshiach L'olam Va'ed!*”

It is not enough to say and proclaim in one's speech alone. It is true that speech is a most important element, especially in connection with “*binyan ha'malchus*,” i.e., “the world of speech,” where speech is particularly relevant. As a result, we must emphasize the matter in great detail through the power of speech, as spelled out in a *sicha* from Rosh



HaShana 5737, where the Rebbe states that in the *malchios*, “thought has no relevance,” proclaiming “*Yechi HaMelech*” can be done only through speech. Nevertheless, this clarion call must fill our entire being, our entire life, and our entire existence. We must not cease thinking about it, talking about it, constantly doing until we see the full revelation before our very eyes with the true and complete Redemption, immediately, *mamash*.

At such a time, it is especially important and relevant to recognize the fact of the king’s existence. He is our King, and we are His servants and His people. We must emphasize that there is a Rebbe in this physical and material world, we are connected to him, and we live with him. We give *maamud* every month to Kupas Rabbeinu, we write to the Rebbe on all serious matters of concern, especially of a spiritual nature, and of course, we travel to the Rebbe – literally.

We travel specifically to 770 – Beis Moshiach – which the Rebbe says is the place that “the Mikdash traveled and dwelled there,” “*Talpiot*,” “the hill to which all mouths turn.”

(This is not the same as going to Haditch, Niezhin, or Lubavitch, for despite the great importance attached to praying at the gravesites of *tzaddikim*, this is incomparable to a trip to the Rebbe.)

We know that the Rebbe is for real, *chai v’kayam*, and we *daven* together with him, *farbrenge* together with him, and stand ready to see and to hear. And even if we don’t merit to see and to hear, we know that in truth, the Rebbe MH”M *shlita* is *farbrenge* with us, *davening* with us, dancing together with us, waving his holy hand in encouragement of singing and joy, exactly as it was when we saw this for ourselves.

The Rebbe receives us in “*yechidus*,” leads and guides each and every of us, individually and collectively, in a most personal and special manner. The Rebbe, who possesses unlimited love for every Jew, takes us all by the hand, and guides us every step of the way, and we respond with expressions of love and *hiskashrus*. We do everything to carry out his will. We think of him constantly and about how to fulfill his instructions, particularly, the main instruction that we saw with own

eyes and heard with own ears during the latter years, based on the Rebbe’s very conduct (in a manner of “what He does – he tells Israel to do) – “to live with Moshiach.”

Everything will be filled and instilled with this one objective, as we begin to sing and proclaim this “new song” even now, according to the boundless melody of “*zehl shoin zain di Geula*,” continuing into “*es kumt shoin di Geula*.” This will then lead us to the culmination of it all with the revelation of the essential existence of Moshiach, who is higher than worldly revelation. As a direct result, this will be then followed by his total *hisgalus* in the world for all to see at the true and complete Redemption, immediately, *mamash* (Shabbos Parshas Toldos 5752).

\* \* \*

May each and every one of us be inscribed and sealed for a good and sweet year, all of us together, and the main thing is that we will see the completion of the *hisgalus* of our king, our Moshiach *shlita* at the true and complete Redemption, immediately, *mamash* – NOW!

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# MEMORIES OF REBBETZIN CHANA, A”H

*Vav Tishrei is the yahrtzeit of Rebbetzin Chana Schneerson, a”h, the mother of the Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach.*

We asked Mrs. Esther Piekarski, who was a girl at the time, to tell us about her memories of Rebbetzin Chana, Mother of Royalty:

I mainly remember that we would see her in *shul*, mostly on the Yomim Tovim. She wouldn't come every Shabbos, but on Yom Tov she would come and sit in her regular seat. She always blessed those sitting next to her with “*a gutt Yom Tov*” (she once complimented someone on her lovely dress).

At the end of the *davening*, we would wait for her to leave. We would stand on the side and make room for her to pass. She would go to the Rebbe's room via the door in the Ezras Nashim, wait there a while, and then the Rebbe would go out to accompany her. The Rebbe would stand on the stairs at the entrance to 770 while still wrapped in his *tallis*, and watch his mother until she disappeared from view.

The Rebbe visited his mother every day. We children would stand on Kingston Avenue to see the Rebbe

go perform the *mitzva* of *kibud eim*. I once heard that the Rebbe made sure not to turn his back on his mother in her house.

On our way home from school she would stand at the corner and ask how we were and how the day

***When her son had died, the Rebbe didn't want his mother to know, and he made sure she wouldn't find out...***

had gone. We saw her a lot. She was very warm and friendly. She took a great interest in what was doing with the N'shei Chabad, and participated in *kinusim*.

On Shabbos, the 6<sup>th</sup> of Tishrei,

we saw the Rebbe get into an ambulance. We ran home and told our parents. Right after Shabbos, our parents went to the hospital, and when they came back they told us what had happened. I remember asking them if the Rebbe had cried. My mother said she hadn't seen because he stood with his back to the wall. But at the funeral I remember the Rebbe crying a lot.

They didn't let the children go to the cemetery, but when the adults returned they said that someone had tried to take pictures but the Rebbe stopped him.

Rebbetzin Esther Gurarie reminisces:

Rosh HaShana 5721 (1960). Rebbetzin Esther Gurarie walked down the street in the direction of 770 when she was stopped by the woman who accompanied Rebbetzin Chana to *shul*, and she was asked whether she could take her place and go to Rebbetzin Chana's house and accompany her to *shul*. Esther didn't hesitate but quickly walked to the

Rebbetzin's house. She knocked at the door and politely explained why she was there.

Rebbetzin Chana warmly invited her in to sit down for a few minutes at the table while she finished getting ready. Esther noticed a telegram on the table. It was a telegram that had been sent, supposedly, by her son Yisroel Aryeh Leib, a"h, and his wife, who lived in Paris, wishing her a good year.

When her son had died, the Rebbe didn't want his mother to know, and he made sure she wouldn't find out. During the *Shiva*, he visited his mother daily, as he always did, and he made sure she kept receiving letters by sending letters signed with his brother's name to France, and having them mailed back to her in New York.

While still looking at the telegram, she noticed that the Rebbetzin was putting on her hat in a regal manner. A few minutes later she was walking with the Rebbetzin to 770, proud to be the one to be accompanying her.

When they got to *shul*, it was moving to see the Rebbe going down the steps at the entrance to 770 with his mother, with his arm in hers, and then he accompanied her home. On Rosh HaShana day, the Rebbe accompanied her to the entrance to 770, and from there he watched her until she disappeared from sight.

The Rebbetzin thought about and worried about everybody. After

### "EIM HA'MALCHUS" – "MOTHER OF ROYALTY"

There's a book in Hebrew entitled *Eim HaMalchus* (it's available in English as *Mother of Royalty*) which has excerpts from sichos and letters of the Rebbe about his mother, Rebbetzin Chana Schneerson, a"h.

Rabbi Avrohom Shmuel Bukiet, *shliach* in Eretz Yisroel, collected and edited the material, and divided it into six sections: Her Origins, Her Name, Her *Avoda*, A Son Honors His Mother, Her Passing, Tzaddikim Are Called Living After Their Passing.

In the introduction the editor writes, "The relationship of the Rebbe and his mother is not known to most people. Therefore, we compiled sichos and letters of the Rebbe, many things he said or wrote about his mother or regarding her, as well as short stories, facts, and conduct of the Rebbe regarding his mother, so that people will know and learn about this special relationship."

marrying my Israeli husband who was a newcomer to the U.S. and still hadn't acclimated, she saw him from her window, as he and my brother walked home together from *kollel* and were laughing. She immediately called my mother and told her happily how much *nachas* she had from the fact that the new *chassan* was adjusting.

One day, my mother spoke with a *kalla* who told her that she had invited Rebbetzin Chana to her wedding that would be taking place in Manhattan. My mother was upset about her daring to bother the Rebbetzin to travel such a distance in the winter. My mother called the *kalla's* mother and told her to call the Rebbetzin and tell her not to exert herself to come to the wedding.

Two minutes later the phone rang

in our house and it was the Rebbetzin on the line. She asked, "What do you care if I go to the wedding?" It seems that the Rebbetzin's phone line and our phone line had crossed and the Rebbetzin had heard the conversation and immediately called before the *kalla's* mother had even called her.

The Rebbetzin was the grandmother of us all. We brought her flowers every so often, kissed her and told her about the Rebbe and his success, things that gave her great pleasure. She always smiled and never complained, to the point that on the last Rosh HaShana of her life, when I went to her on the second day of Yom Tov, she said she didn't feel well and didn't let me stay with her.

A few days later, on Shabbos Shuva 5725, she passed away.

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101 years of the Rebbe's MH"M birth

## Mivtza: HELPING THE NEEDY

**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.

We therefore appeal to every individual man and woman to contribute generously to Kupas 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.

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 a Ksiva Vachasima Tova for a good and sweet year,

**In the name of Vaad Kupas Rabbeinu**

**Rabbi Sholom Mendel Simpson**

**Rabbi Yehuda Leib Groner**

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 5764 - 355 days), Vov Tishrei, Yud Gimmel Tishrei Magbis etc. to Kupas Rabbeinu.

P.S. Please send all correspondence only to the following address.

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# \$21 MILLION AND A CLEAR MESSAGE

*A gripping story of emuna and bitachon in the Rebbe's bracha despite all odds and the lesson in it for us. \* As related by Rabbi Shlomo Cunin at a farbrengen in 770.*

At the end of the year, Jews make a *cheshbon ha'nefesh* (spiritual accounting). As *chassidim* of the 7<sup>th</sup> generation, our *cheshbon ha'nefesh* ought to focus on what we've done, and how we must add, in preparing the world to greet Moshiach.

When thinking about *Geula*, on the one hand the Rebbe's words resound in our ears – that we are the last generation of *Galus* and the first generation of *Geula*, and there's a prophecy of "*hinei zeh Moshiach ba.*" We feel utterly confident that everything the Rebbe said will materialize, and that our father and shepherd will certainly fulfill his promise and bring Moshiach immediately.

On the other hand, we think of waking up to news of yet another terrorist attack, more children murdered *al Kiddush Hashem*, and more frustrating news about how the Israeli government negotiates and rewards terrorists, *r"l*. We also hear about the terrible economic situation around the world, about thousands of

more Jews who are now below the poverty line, as well as awful spiritual news about rampant assimilation. And the main thing – that we are in doubled and redoubled darkness, not having seen the Rebbe in nine years. Nine years of darkness and concealment.

All this threatens to drown our *emuna* in the floodwaters, *ch"v*, threatens to cool off our fiery *emuna* in what the Rebbe told us – that the world is ready for Moshiach and all that remains is for us to open our eyes, etc.

Since man is called "*olam katan*" (a microcosmic world), the battle between *Galus* and our *emuna* in what the Rebbe said is waged within each one of us in our personal lives. Allow me to go back twenty years and share my personal struggle with you, when the Rebbe promised me things yet the reality appeared to be completely different, thus threatening me with feelings of despair and disappointment.

The end of the story was, as

always, that the Rebbe's promises were fulfilled, against all odds. I emerged from it all stronger than ever, having learned the lesson: Even when reality seems just the opposite, we must stick to what the Rebbe said and believe with the purest of faith that everything he said will come to pass.

## SHLICHUS DONE "L'CHAT'CHILLA ARIBBER"

It all began when shortly after I got married I went on *shlichus* to California. In those days, *shlichus* was nowhere near as popular as it is today. I remember my first *yechidus* as a *shliach*, and I'll never forget what I heard from the Rebbe. The theme was "conquer all of California." I took the Rebbe's words seriously and got to work. Naturally, this was "*L'chat'chilla aribber.*" Pretty soon, the first Chabad house was augmented by other Chabad houses. We started schools and various organizations, and the work of Lubavitch of California became famous.

In hindsight, I can say that the serious push to open more branches

was motivated by the *farbrengen* of Yud-Alef Nissan 5732, the Rebbe's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday, when the Rebbe asked for 71 new *mosdos*. After that *farbrengen*, I wrote to the Rebbe that I would do ten percent, i.e., 7 new *mosdos*.

The year passed and on 11 Nissan 5733, I came to the Rebbe with twelve new *mosdos* that we had built that year in a completely supernatural manner. This incredible success brought in its wake enormous debts, which, at a certain point, did not allow us to continue to expand. In the beginning, we managed by borrowing from one bank to pay another, and we continued opening Chabad houses and new *mosdos* while ignoring the mounting debt. Then we reached 18 million dollars of debts at forty banks that didn't stop pressuring us to repay the loans, as they repossessed building after building.

**THE REBBE: "L'CHAT'CHILLA ARIBBER" HAS TO BE IN OLAM HA'TIKKUN**

At the Yud-Gimmel Nissan 5733 *farbrengen*, which I had the privilege

*I would get up in the morning and go out to the street and search for the "pipeline" that would bring me the Rebbe's bracha. I would ask passersby if they had 18 million dollars for me. They looked at me as though I was crazy, but I didn't care. I was full of emuna...*

to attend, the Rebbe spoke about the special date and about how the yom hilula of the Tzemach Tzedek marked

the beginning of the *nesius* of his successor, the Rebbe Maharash whose motto was "*L'chat'chilla aribber*."

Then the Rebbe said the following words which resound in my ears till this very day:

When you talk about "*L'chat'chilla aribber*," jumping in a way that goes beyond limitations, it should be clear that this is not to be interpreted incorrectly [as follows]. **There are those who, when we speak about "*L'chat'chilla aribber*," latch on to this and begin acting in a way that is suitable for Olam HaTohu! ... For example, borrowing huge sums of money for *inyanei k'dusha*. Obviously, it's not possible to pay back sums like these – even miraculously. Therefore, it should be clear that "*L'chat'chilla aribber*" must be done in a way that is suitable for Olam HaTikkun and not for Olam HaTohu – "*l'sheves yatzara*" (Hashem created the world for it to be settled, in the normal fashion).**

As to those who conducted themselves in a way of "*L'chat'chilla aribber*" completely beyond the rules of behavior in Olam HaTikkun, since his intentions were good, certainly Hashem will help him be able to repay the debts he got himself into, and in a way of increase, and may he be blessed ... Yet, from now on, he must know that when acting "*L'chat'chilla aribber*," it must be done in a way that is suited to Olam HaTikkun.

The Rebbe added: **Certainly the intention is not like those who err, thinking that the work needs to be carried out in a constrained manner. Of course the work ought to be done in a way of skipping and jumping, but it still has to be suited to Olam HaTikkun, because the *avoda* of Tohu is not for us, and it certainly shouldn't be made into an *avoda*.**

I left that *farbrengen* in consternation. I felt guilty for not doing as the Rebbe wanted and I didn't know where to bury myself. Who knew what would become of me? I was upset with myself, yet the



Rebbe's words that "certainly Hashem will help him be able to repay the debts he got himself into, and in a way of increase," gave me a feeling of *bitachon* that at least as far as money went, I didn't have to worry and I'd be able to repay the debts.

I remember the days after the *farbrengen*, I would get up in the morning and go out to the street and search for the channel that would bring me the Rebbe's *bracha*. I would ask passersby if they had 18 million dollars for me. They looked at me as though I was crazy, but I didn't care. I was full of *emuna* and *bitachon* that if the Rebbe blessed me with success in repaying the debts, I would certainly succeed.

Some more time went by and the situation only got worse. Every passing day they repossessed another property and the *tzaros* just kept piling up. It was a *Galus* that's hard to describe.

### THE MIRACLE ARRIVED?

On one of these dark days, when my trust in the Rebbe's words hadn't flagged, I heard a knock at the door. I was so exhausted that I didn't have the strength to get up and see who was at the door. If he hadn't continued knocking, he would have remained outside.

I went to the door and saw a Jew who had been a guest of ours in the past, who wanted to talk to me. I invited him in and he began telling me his sad life story, including the tragic deaths of his wife and only child. "I lost my will to live," he said bitterly. "My wife and daughter were my whole life, and after they died I felt alone and devoid of emotion, joy, and the will to live on. I sat and waited for the day I'd return my soul to my Maker. From Heaven they sent me to be a guest at your house, to hear words of encouragement from you.

"You should know that solely thanks to your words of encouragement, am I alive today. To

express my thanks, I am interested in donating a large sum of money to you. Don't worry, I'll straighten things out with your banks and you continue working with peace of mind."

I thought of what the Rebbe had said and was thrilled: the miracle had happened! I was ecstatic and I rushed to call the secretariat to inform the Rebbe of the miracle.

You think that this is how the story ended, but it's really only the beginning. That man really wanted to help me, but he didn't have the money, and all his promises meant nothing.

This unfortunate experience did not manage to break my *bitachon* in the Rebbe's words, and the next day I got up as usual, full of *emuna* and *bitachon* in the Rebbe's holy promise that my debts would be paid off. As I did at that time, I put on *tallis* and *t'fillin*, closed my eyes, and began happily singing "*Sh'yibaneh Beis HaMikdash*" and the Victory March before *davening* Shacharis.

The telephones didn't stop ringing. Everybody was after me. Terrible *tzaros* threatened me, but I remained aloof and stood and sang the Victory March with the utmost *bitachon*. I felt that the Rebbe was giving me unusual *kochos* to stand strong and believe in him.

### ANOTHER MIRACLE?

The situation deteriorated daily. My creditors pressured me, the banks repossessed properties, but I was absolutely certain that the Rebbe's *bracha* would be fulfilled in its entirety.

At that time I would call the secretariat every day and update them on the situation. On days that I didn't call for some reason, Rabbi Chadakov would call me and say: the Rebbe asks why you didn't call today.

That period of time was extremely difficult. Day by day the situation got worse. The debts mounted and

naturally, the *emuna* and *bitachon* of earlier days was waning. The *yetzer ha'ra* tried to take over with thoughts of sadness and depression, but I fought it with all my might. I would sit in the office, waiting for the golden pipeline who would be the *shliach* to bring the Rebbe's *bracha*.

One day, as I sat and contemplated the awful situation, a Jew came into the office and introduced himself as a senior person at one of the most important banks in America.

"I support educational institutions all over the world," said the banker, "and I want to help you get out of debt."

This time I didn't believe so quickly, and I asked for details so I could check to verify that this wasn't another illusion. I thoroughly investigated him and discovered it was all true; this man was indeed a senior employee at that bank and he had what to offer. Nu? Maybe this was the miracle?

### A COOL REACTION FROM THE REBBE

We sat and talked for a long time and I told him everything that had happened and about the 18 million dollar debt I had to pay. He listened and said, "R' Shlomo, you have nothing to worry about. From now on, I am responsible for the financial end of things, and you are responsible for the spiritual end of things."

At first I wondered whether this was for real, whether he really wanted to help me. Maybe it was just another person with good intentions. But after a few days I saw that he was serious.

He brought a devoted team of energetic workers who came and went, and checked things out, took documents, notes, papers, any information they could find. It looked as though the story was about to end with a miracle. Of course I was thrilled, and in my heart I had already thanked Hashem for the great miracle that was about to happen.

I took the banker to the Rebbe's



Purim *farbrengen* to thank him for the miracle. I usually did not sit on the platform, but this time, when I came with the big *g'vir*, I had to sit behind the Rebbe amongst the VIPs.

Also, I generally did not dare think of approaching the Rebbe during a *farbrengen*, but this time it was another story. This was the "Rebbe's business," and it wasn't the place for me to mix in my own feelings.

In the middle of the *farbrengen*, between sichos, I took the *g'vir* over to the Rebbe and said, "L'chaim Rebbe, this is the big miracle you promised!"

The Rebbe smiled, looked at the *g'vir* and said to him, "May you have a tranquil life."

When I heard that, I was taken aback. I asked myself, is this the *bracha* that you give someone who is about to donate 18 million dollars?

I realized something was up, and the day after the *farbrengen* I called the banker to make sure everything was in order. He wasn't in his office, so I said to his secretary, "Hello, this is Shlomo Cunin. I would like to know what's happening with the donation of 18 million dollars?"

There was silence.

"Hello? This is Shlomo Cunin. What's happening with the donation?"

Then I heard the secretary say, "Donation? A loan! With guarantors and everything..."

The phone dropped from my hand. I felt dizzy. In my mind's eye I could see the creditors pressuring me to pay, the banks repossessing property, and in my heart burst forth the cry: Rebbe! I have no more *kochos*. I believe and trust in you but how much more can I take?

Apparently the banker didn't know about my conversation with his secretary, and the next day he came to the office as usual. I was ready for him, and I said that the Rebbe had promised me a miracle and I thought he was the miracle, but it seemed that Hashem – who holds all the checks in the world – wanted to test me again

to see if I believed in Him.

He was somewhat surprised to hear of my dreams, and he tried to explain that he only sought my welfare, but I wasn't interested in listening to him. I told him: Thank you for your good intentions, but I have more than enough loans and no benefit will accrue from talking to you. Good-bye!

### THE REBBE ASKED: WHAT DO YOU WANT?

The next day I got up to *daven*,

*The Rebbe smiled,  
looked at the g'vir  
and said to him,  
"May you have a  
tranquil life."*

*When I heard that, I  
was taken aback. I  
asked myself, is this  
the bracha that you  
give someone who is  
about to donate 18  
million dollars?*

and wrapped myself in *tallis* and *t'fillin* and tried to sing, "*Sh'yibaneh Beis HaMikdash*" with the same *simcha* I had sung it until then, but I couldn't. I began saying the words and began to cry. I sang and cried, *davened* and cried. I knew the Rebbe was with me but I just couldn't go on. I'll never forget the "*Sh'yibaneh*" of that morning, a "*Sh'yibaneh Beis HaMikdash*" with mixed emotions of despair and bitterness on the one hand, and hope and *bitachon* on the other hand.

After *davening* I called Rabbi Chadakov. I told him: Generally speaking, I'm a *maamin* (believer). Generally speaking, I do my work with *simcha* and *bitachon*. Generally speaking, I know that when the Rebbe promises something, he'll do it, but... And then I began to cry like a child. I poured out my heart and told Rabbi Chadakov: As hard as it is for me, I know the Rebbe can do what he promised, and I cannot remain silent. I am asking and pleading, from the depths of my heart that the Rebbe have *rachmanus* on me and help me!

A long minute that felt like eternity went by and the phone rang. Rabbi Chadakov was on the line and he said: I was at the Rebbe, and since you cried and yelled so much, the Rebbe wants to know what you want.

I realized the Rebbe was on the extension and I knew it was an *eis ratzon* (a propitious time). I said I wanted the Rebbe to take us out of *Galus*.

Then I heard the Rebbe's voice: *Aha, un vos noch vilstu* (and what else do you want)?

I was momentarily taken aback, but then I said that I wanted the Rebbe and Rebbetzin to be healthy. Then Rabbi Chadakov – under orders from the Rebbe – asked me whether I knew the story of Elisha and "the empty vessels."

I said I did, and the Rebbe said: Nu, what empty vessels do you have?

I mentioned some fundraising possibilities, but the Rebbe wasn't satisfied. In the end I said: I have two feet and I use them with *simcha* and utter *bitachon* that the Rebbe will fulfill his promise. I will do all I can to find the miracle.

(This was the only time I heard the Rebbe on the line. After this conversation, Rabbi Chadakov called back again and said: You asked for so much and cried so much, why didn't you ask for a *bracha* for the redemption of the *s'farim* that are imprisoned for 70 years? Immediately I responded: I ask for a *bracha* that all

the *s'farim* and writings be returned to the Rebbe! And I heard the Rebbe answer: Amen!)

The end of that conversation took place some time later when I saw the Rebbe and asked for a *bracha* that the “empty vessels” be full and that through them the “and you will pay your creditors” would be fulfilled. The Rebbe answered: “and you and your sons will live on the surplus!”

HASHEM, PLEASE DON'T TEST ME ANYMORE

I did as I told the Rebbe I would do. I walked around on my two feet with *emuna* and *bitachon* that the Rebbe would fulfill his promise. I went from house to house and spoke with people and asked them to help me. I had many stories, lots of “*hashgacha pratis*,” but the big amounts I needed were still lacking.

One of the times I went out fundraising I went to a home that looked like the most luxurious one in the neighborhood. The lady of the house, who knew me from before, asked me to sit down. She began telling me her *tzaros* and said she couldn't take it any longer and she was going to kill herself. I tried to cheer her up and to divert her from her terrible thoughts of suicide. I spoke to her for a few hours and I hoped that she would listen to me.

A long time passed after that visit and I forgot about it as I continued searching for the miracle the Rebbe had promised me. In the meantime, the debts continued to mount and the situation had gotten worse. What a terrible darkness!

At that time, my daughter got engaged and was about to get married. It was the Thursday night before the *aufruf* of my son-in-law to be in 770. I was getting ready to fly to Crown Heights when the phone rang. It was one of the *shluchim* in California, who said: Listen Shlomo, if you don't want our creditors to throw stones at your daughter's chuppa, do yourself a favor and make the wedding outside of California.

I was tremendously surprised by his lack of *emuna*, and I exclaimed: Where's your *emuna*? How can a *shliach* talk like that? You, just like me, heard the Rebbe's promise at the *farbrengen*!

I finished the conversation and felt I was the sole survivor remaining on the battlefield. I was afraid that if the situation continued, I would begin talking like him. Who knew whether, under such difficult circumstances, the *emuna* would continue to burn within me? Who knew how much longer I could bear this terrible burden?

My head felt heavy and I leaned it on my hands and began crying. My eyes brimmed with tears, and deep in my heart I prayed a silent prayer to Hashem: Please, don't test me anymore. My *kochos* are depleted. How much longer can I take it? How much longer can I trust and believe in You?

## THE CHABAD HOUSE GETS A HUGE INHERITANCE BUT...

The next day, my son-in-law told me that someone who had followed the developments with that lady I had visited a few months earlier had said that the woman had died and left a third of her money to the Chabad house.

I looked at him with tired eyes and said (angrily): Do me a favor. I don't have the strength to hear about inheritances. I had enough with people's dreams; let me continue my work.

My son-in-law understood my reaction and he repeated: *Shver*, a few years have gone by already, since the Rebbe's promise, and nearly everybody has lost their *emuna*. You are the only one who constantly encourages us, who revives our *emuna*. For so long you have spoken with *bitachon* and *simcha* that everything the Rebbe said will come true, and now when the miracle is happening, you're depressed?

I realized this was serious and

thoughts began flooding my mind. I saw the *shliach* who had spoken with a lack in *emuna*, as well as the Rebbe's promise of “and you and your sons will live on the surplus.”

In the meantime, my daughter's wedding took place with no untoward incident, and right after the wedding I got involved with the woman's inheritance. I went to her husband in order to find out how to turn the real estate she had bequeathed into cash, but he looked at me as though I was insane.

Are you crazy? Do you think you'll get anything from her inheritance? My wife wrote her will a few hours before committing suicide, and legally it's worth nothing, and you won't get a cent!

I explained to him what a difficult spot we were in and told him of the Rebbe's *bracha*, but he said: You won't get a red cent!

I tried to reach his heart, and he finally said he would give me a million dollars. I smiled and said: I won't give up on less than 18 million dollars plus a few more million (“and you and your sons will live on the surplus”).

When he saw I was serious he got very upset by my demands and began screaming at me and finally threw me out of the house. From that day on, he started a war against all of Lubavitch in California.

We decided to take him to court, and thanks to the Rebbe's *brachos* the date of the court case wasn't far off.

## THE REBBE: MAKE “HATARAS NEDARIM”

It was 5748, shortly before Chaf-Beis Shvat, and I was busy with the *s'farim*. I had gone to Russia and had vowed not to leave without the *s'farim* and manuscripts that were being held by the Russian government.

While working on the *s'farim* I got a phone call from my lawyer in California who wanted me there in a hurry. “The court case is about to take place and it cannot begin without

you!”

I told my lawyer: With all due respect for the law, I am in Russia, and I can't leave without the *s'farim*!

He began screaming at me that I was neglecting my work back home and it was only to my detriment, but I insisted on remaining where I was. I told him he could go to court himself.

Only a few minutes passed when I finished speaking to my lawyer and I got a phone call from the secretariat. Rabbi Groner said: I have an important bit of information for you. The Rebbe wants you to attend the court case.

I told Rabbi Groner that I can't do that since I had made a vow. There was silence. After a few seconds, Rabbi Groner said: The Rebbe said there's a *shul* in Moscow called Marina Roscha and you should annul your vow there. The Rebbe also wants to know when you're planning on coming back.

I said I would return right after Shabbos. The conversation was over and I ran to that *shul*, found three men and did *hataras nedarim* (release from vows). On Friday, a few hours before Shabbos, I got a phone call from Rabbi Groner again. “The Rebbe wants to know if you did *hataras nedarim* and which flight you'll be on.” I said I had done the *hataras nedarim* and that I was arriving on Sunday.

### SIMCHAS TORAH YECHIDUS

When I arrived at Kennedy airport on Sunday, I called the secretariat to announce that I was in N.Y. and they said that the Rebbe still hadn't come down yet to *daven*. I grabbed the first taxi I could find and drove to 770.

After I entered 770 the Rebbe came down and was unusually *b'simcha*. I experienced many events with the Rebbe but the *simcha* I saw then was something I hadn't seen before. The Rebbe walked down the path made for him and strongly encouraged the singing. Everybody sensed this was an auspicious time.

When the Rebbe was right next to me, he stopped, stood at his full height, gazed at me, and walked on with a broad smile on his face.

When the Rebbe reached his place he continued encouraging the singing for a long time and 770 was going wild. I was in *aveilus* for my mother, *a”h*, and I went over to lead the *davening* with a Yom Tov tune.

After the *davening* I had a *yechidus* which was a Simchas Torah *yechidus*...

*My eyes brimmed  
with tears, and deep  
in my heart I prayed  
a silent prayer to  
Hashem: Please, don't  
test me anymore. My  
kochos are depleted.  
How much longer can  
I take it? How much  
longer can I trust and  
believe in You?*

### THE JUDGE DECIDED: 21 MILLION DOLLARS!

Right after the *yechidus* I went to California and the court case began. The whole thing was miraculous and the Rebbe was involved throughout. Outside the courthouse stood a *mitzva* tank which printed hundreds of Tanyas. No wonder a string of miracles accompanied us throughout (which deserves a chapter unto itself).

According to the natural order of things we should have sustained a heavy loss because the husband was right – that legally the woman's will written at that time, did not have to

be honored, but there were open miracles. He brought witnesses and unbelievably, they were all, without exception, invalidated.

Nobody could believe what was happening. As the case was winding down, the judge asked me how much we thought we should be getting. I told him the whole story and he wanted to decide on 20 million. I immediately called the Rebbe's house (where the Rebbe was sitting *Shiva* for his wife, *a”h*) and the Rebbe said not to accept 20 million.

In the end, *chassidim* came out on top and we left with 21 million dollars – 18 million to repay the debts and another three million to fulfill the Rebbe's promise, “and you and your sons will live on the surplus.”

### WE'LL BELIEVE AND WE'LL SEE!

These days, while we juggle the Rebbe's words of “*hinei hinei Moshiach ba*” as the darkness intensifies, this story teaches us an important lesson in *emuna*. Even as the days go by and it looks like nothing is moving, and sometimes the *tzaros* only grow, to the point that the darkness of *Galus* conceals our father and shepherd from us, we must know that everything the Rebbe said will come true. If the Rebbe's promises to individuals were fulfilled, then when the Rebbe promised the whole world – with prophecy no less – we have all the more reasons to believe that the Rebbe will fulfill his promise and come and redeem us.

In these final moments of *Galus*, we have to raise ourselves up and believe and trust in what the Rebbe said. The main thing is to do whatever we can, to increase light in the world, and to bring the *besuras ha'Geula* to the entire world.

We can't be stingy with providing “empty vessels,” and very soon not only will we repay the debts but “you and your children will live on the surplus.”

# A MYSTICAL DIALOGUE ON ROSH HA'SHANA

BY SHNEUR ZALMAN BERGER



The *chassid* and Baal Mesirus Nefesh, R' Mendel Gorelik, a"h

*The gripping life story of a chassid and baal mesirus nefesh, Rabbi Menachem Mendel Gorelik, who toiled tirelessly to spread Torah and chassidus behind the Iron Curtain.*

With great emotion, the *chassid* Rabbi Menachem Mendel Gorelik described what he experienced on Rosh HaShana in a labor camp:

"I was imprisoned in a labor camp in the far north of Russia. 100 prisoners were packed into a barrack, which according to law could contain only twenty occupants. The crowding was terrible and there wasn't even enough air to breathe. I went out into the yard in order to get some fresh air and was met with a blast of frigid air. It was over 60 degrees below zero, and all that could be seen was snow, snow, snow. Snowdrifts twice as high as an average man. The freezing cold penetrated my bones. I was shivering.

"Today is Rosh HaShana and one thought plagues my mind and heart: Where is my wife? Where are my children? The K.G.B. has told me

terrifying things about my family. Maybe out of wickedness? Today they told me sadistically and cold-bloodedly, 'Your wife is no longer alive. When our men came to her house to take your children from her – because she cannot educate them in the Soviet spirit – she adamantly protested and went into a hysteria and panic, and in her great emotion she had a sudden heart attack and died. But don't worry. She's in a world that is entirely good...'

"And what about my children,' I asked.

"They're with us, in a Soviet orphanage where they'll get an excellent education in the spirit of communism. Not like you with your Jewish nonsense and religious stupidities.'

"When they saw that I believed them, they continued to torment me, saying: 'Where is your G-d for

whom you sacrificed your wife and children? Where is He? Why doesn't He save you from our hands?'

"And I wanted to cry but I had no tears. I kept all the pain deep in my heart. I felt that in another moment it would burst from the pain. Suddenly I had a thought. There's a law – even in the most barbaric places – that before carrying out a death penalty they allow the victim a last request. This law must also exist before Hashem, the true Judge and Merciful One. So I will ask of Him that He allow me to talk with Him a little before my end, and before I leave this world of falsehood and my many sorrows.

"And then I began my dialogue with Hashem. I said:

"Master of all, today is Rosh HaShana and we don't say *Al Cheit* today, but under the circumstances I cannot wait until Yom Kippur. I ask forgiveness for every day and year of my entire life in the world of falsehood. And You, in your great mercy, forgive me also for saying *Al Cheit* today, on Rosh HaShana.

"And I began to emotionally recite my unique *Al Cheit*: For the sin of organizing a secret school; for the sin of organizing workplaces for



shomrei Shabbos and Yom Tov so they wouldn't be forced to work on those holy days; for the sin of organizing factories in which they worked a few hours and in the rest of the time they taught children Torah; for the sin of arranging documents for those children so they wouldn't be caught and be sent to where I am now.

"I committed many sins, but I have no time to enumerate them. I sinned greatly against these wicked people, but I did it all in order to preserve Torah and *mitzvos*, so please forgive me for my sins. Please allow me to express my final request: Tell me where my wife and children are. Where are they and what happened to them? You know everything. Show them to me so it will be easier for me to leave this false world. Show my Your kindness.

"And one last thing, Almighty One, today is Rosh HaShana. Today is the last day of my terrible life. Merciful Father, give me the opportunity of hearing the *shofar*.

"And then, as though hearing a voice from heaven, 'Don't be sad and don't believe those wicked ones. Your wife and children are alive and are at home, as always. In another little while, you will see one another with joy and success.' And I continued hearing the voice and it said, 'How will you hear the sound of the *shofar*? Here in this extermination camp? Among these depraved gentiles?'

"I answered the voice and said, 'Hashem! Please change Your rules of nature, as we can see and hear long distance via the radio. Do me this *chesed* so I can actually hear the sound of the *shofar*. I will do *t'shuva* in the time remaining to me. Hashem, Merciful Father, where is my wife? Where are my sons? Where are they? How are they?'

"And suddenly I saw before my very eyes, a large *shul* with a *bima* in the center, and on the *bima* stood the Rebbe *shlita* blowing a *t'kia*. My heart fell and was shocked at the sound of the *t'kia*. My heart screamed and cried wordlessly, and then I heard the *shvarim* and *trua*. My crying intensified but without sound or words. My heart stopped beating, and once again I heard a *shvarim* and *trua*. I stood and requested and pleaded and rejoiced like a little boy, but without saying anything. I cried without tears deep in my heart: Abba! Abba! Have mercy on us! Abba! Abba! Rescue your children who need help ...

"And then tears began to burst forth from my heart, copious, warm tears. I cried before Hashem for my *tzaros* and my wife's *tzaros*, and for the children, who did not sin, and for my brothers and sisters in this *tzara*.

"And during these moving moments, for me there was no snow and ice covered camp. I didn't see the dogs who guarded the camp, nor did I see the human-animals who patrolled near the fence. What I saw and felt was only Hashem, the holy Torah, and the Rebbe *shlita* who was blowing *shofar*; and many Jews who were listening to the sound of the *shofar* and were crying from the depths of their heart. Look, the Rebbe is crying. Me too. I am also one of those who hears the *shofar* and cries. Hashem takes these tears and counts them and hides them in a special container, like it says in T'hilim, 'place my tears in your gourd.'

"Many years passed and with Hashem's kindness I remained alive. I was freed from the labor camp and returned home. I found my wife and children alive and observing Torah and *mitzvos* despite the dangers and travails they endured in the years I was away. I felt that my vision was beginning to come true. But I remained in the giant labor camp called the Prison of Nations. Some more decades went by and miraculously I was freed from that hell. Together with my wife and children we arrived in Eretz Yisroel.

"Then I tried with all my might to get to the Rebbe in order to thank him for *davening* for us, and for his *brachos* that encouraged us to be strong in a life of *mesirus nefesh*.

"Rosh HaShana arrived and I was with the Rebbe *shlita* and hearing the *shofar*. Before my eyes I could see the vision I had had back in the labor camp years ago. But this time I was really seeing it; it was no longer a vision! I saw how the Rebbe prepared for the *t'kios* in the large *shul* which contained thousands of *chassidim*. It was utterly silent. The Rebbe went up to the *bima*. He took three bags with him which contained *panim*. Some of them were from Jews in the Soviet Union requesting a *bracha* so they could leave. These requests were sent by their relatives living in the west.

"The Rebbe covered his holy face with his *tallis* and cried. He cried for all the Jewish people. Thousands of *chassidim* stood around silently. All gazed at one spot, at the Rebbe. The Rebbe began to blow the *shofar*. *T'kia*,



Rabbi Chaim Elazar Gorelik,  
father of R' Mendel

*shvarim, trua...* I cried like a baby but without tears. And the *t'kios* entered the depths of my heart. And I continued crying among the masses of *chassidim*. Before my eyes I could see the terrible sight between piles of snow and the freezing cold, and the fence all around with watchmen and huge dogs and Soviet destroying angels. I remembered the warm tears I shed before Hashem the Merciful One.

“And then again, like before, all the terrible things came back to me, and this time I cried from inner joy over the realization of my life’s dream and being with the Rebbe. And the tears of the past mixed with those of the present, in Hashem’s container. My life had been transformed from ‘darkness to a great light.’ This is the simple meaning of ‘like the advantage of light from within the darkness.’

“Having heard the sound of the *shofar* in my vision, and then in reality, and hearing the *shofar* from the Rebbe *shlita*, it formed a multi-hued picture. And when the Rebbe said the *SheHechyanu* blessing, I answered amen with all my soul. My heart felt that the Rebbe was thanking Hashem for watching over us, His children. Hashem shows us miracles and if only He would send us Moshiach Tzidkeinu in the immediate future, amen!”

*This emotional and heartfelt description was written by Rabbi Menachem Mendel Gorelik in an article published for new immigrants from the Soviet Union in order to give them the flavor of what it was like for those who kept Torah “over there.”*

\* \* \*

Rabbi M.M. Gorelik was born on Purim 5669 (1909). His father, the *chassid* Rabbi Chaim Elazar Gorelik lived in the town of Rogotchov, near the Rogatchover Gaon. A few years after his father married Chaya Duba, they had six children, but an *ayin*

*ha’ra* fell upon them and in less than a year five of them died. Only one daughter remained, Mrs. Tzippa Kozliner, *a”h*. It was an enormous tragedy.

R’ Chaim Elazar sent an urgent letter to the Rebbe Rashab in which he asked for a *bracha* and counsel. He quickly received a surprising answer – that the children that would be born in the coming years should be named after the Tzemach Tzedek and his Rebbetzin.

Shortly thereafter a son was born and they named him Menachem Mendel. His sister, who was born

***“The Rebbe covered his holy face with his tallis and cried. He cried for all the Jewish people. Thousands of chassidim stood around silently. All gazed at one spot, at the Rebbe.”***

the following year, was named Mussia (Katzenelenbogen).

R’ Chaim Elozer also adopted the children of the *chassid* R’ Yaakov Zoravitzer Moskalik, who had been imprisoned and did not return home.

R’ Mendel Gorelik absorbed a *chassidishe* education in his home, and was a *lamdan* (scholar) while still young. *Chassidim* said that at his bar *mitzva* he danced with his father and with the *mesechtos* he knew by heart.

When he grew older, he left Rogotchov and traveled to learn in Yeshivas Tomchei Tmimim in Charkov, Nevel, and other places. At that time, the *yeshivos* wandered from city to city in order not to be caught by the communists. Despite the persecution, he continued to learn diligently. At the age of 18 he was given *smicha* by the Rav of Rogotchov.

At a certain point, R’ Chaim Elazar and his family moved to Malechovka near Moscow, where there lived a concentration of *chassidim*. The *chassidim* there organized *chadarim* and *yeshivos*, and learned underground, of course.

It was at that time that R’ Mendel came of age, and a *shidduch* with Baila, the daughter of the *chassid* R’ Yerachmiel Chadash, one of the first T’mimim in Lubavitch, was suggested.

During those crazy days, an informer circulated among centers of *Anash*, who caught many of *Anash* in his snare. He was known as Itche der Moser. He looked like a *chassid* in every respect, and that’s how he got into places where secret activities were going on. He would become chummy with the *chassidim* and after finding out their names, he would pass them along to the authorities. The government would quickly arrest all those *chassidim* in one night, so that they wouldn’t be able to inform each other of what was happening and be able to flee.

In the summer of 5695 (1935) this informer came to Moscow, and thanks to information he passed on to the Yevsektzia, there were widespread arrests. Many were brought to the infamous K.G.B. headquarters known as Lubianka. Among those arrested were R’ Chaim Elazar and his son Mendel.

*Chassidim* sent a hurried message to the Rebbe Rayatz: “Please tell our father [i.e., the Rebbe Rayatz] and



The drawing of Sholom Ber at age 8 that his father, R' Mendel drew in the labor camp



R' Mendel Gorelik with his sons Sholom Ber and Mordechai during World War II in Samarkand

*Anash* that they began implementing the *inyan* in Parshas VaYeishev of the sixth chapter, the twentieth verse [where it says “and they placed him in jail] and among our brothers is also the father of orphans R' Yaakov ben Yehudis of Zoravitz v'da”l [referring to R' Yaakov Moskalik, who after the death of his wife became the father of orphans].”

Following the wave of arrests, the Rebbe Rayatz wrote a secret letter to one of the *chassidim*: Sickness and health [i.e., imprisonment and release] “until Hashem has mercy and all the sick people will be healed with Hashem’s help, you must be careful, and Hashem will send a *refua shleima* to the sick and will protect all the healthy ones and prepare their livelihoods for them amply and with peace, and they and their children will all be healthy and whole, physically and spiritually.”

For two months, the K.G.B. tortured the *chassidim*, among them R' Chaim Elazar and his son Mendel, and demanded information about who was organizing *chadarim* and *yeshivos*, who taught in them, and who were the parents who sent their children to these *mosdos*.

Years later, the file of these *chassidim* who were arrested was given to a relative. The indictment covers six pages, some excerpts of which we present in free translation:

Indictment – File 10546, October 1935

The accused: Moskalik, Yaakov; Levin, Abba; Avtzon, Meir; Gorelik, Elazar; Gorelik Mendel; Goldin, Yitzchok; Matusof, Shlomo. They are accused according to Ordinance 58 [betrayal of motherland].

I, the investigator, who signed below, found serious indictments against: Drizin, Avrohom [who hadn’t been caught yet by the K.G.B.]; Moskalik, Yaakov; Avtzon, Meir; Gorelik, Elazar; Gorelik, Mendel; Goldin, Yitzchok; Matusof, Shlomo.

The accused organized lessons for children and youth that are called *cheider* and *yeshiva*. [These were organized] in Malechovka near Moscow, in apartments of counterrevolutionaries [against the communist government]. They gathered five to eight boys who were on the intellectual level to be teachers, and taught them so that they could teach others in turn. They taught Talmud and the various laws of religion.

They spoke with their students in Soviet gardens and explained that the Soviets are against all religions, especially against Judaism, and therefore, every Jew must flee abroad, particularly to Palestine. They also taught that Jews ought to leave their official place of employment in order not to be dependent on the communists. They convinced their students to be absent from school every day of the week, especially on Shabbos when all work is forbidden.

\*They circulated among cities in the Soviet Union in order to establish *chadarim* and *yeshivos*.

\*The guilty parties organized talks against the Soviet government in their apartments. They said that the government doesn’t allow *mitzvos* and strictly punishes people for observing

them. Therefore, every Jew who can, ought to leave for Palestine, and it was only because the accused had no choice that they did not travel to Palestine.

\*They contacted people abroad. They received money from abroad in order to strengthen their *chadarim* and *yeshivos*.

At the end, all the crimes of each one was written separately, but they were nearly identical for all of them. Most of it was written above.

This sums up the accusations against father and son of the Gorelik family:

Gorelik, Elazar, born 1871, is guilty of being involved in counterrevolutionary activities. He worked to establish underground *yeshivos* and *chadarim* and taught students to be counterrevolutionaries. He is accused according to ordinance 58, paragraphs 10 and 11.

Gorelik, Mendel – born 1909, is accused of participating in activities against the government. He worked to organize groups of Jewish youth and children in underground *chadarim* and *yeshivos*, and worked to convince the students to be counterrevolutionaries. His crimes are according to ordinance 58, paragraphs 10 and 11.

In the long legal brief the words “counterrevolutionary” and “anti-Soviet” appear dozens of times in order to lend substance to the final charge – “*fidist vasmia statia*” – namely ordinance 58, i.e., betrayal of the motherland, which entailed the death penalty. It was miraculous that the seven accused were only given five years of exile in Kazakhstan. In the end, they all returned home in good health, except for R’ Yaakov Moskalik, who disappeared.

R’ Chaim Elazar and his son Mendel were sent together to exile in the village Kzil-Arda, where an

old exile, Berel Yaffe, a Tamim from Lubavitch, welcomed them. The exiles tried to live an observant life to the best of their abilities in that forsaken place. R’ Mendel later told that one Shabbos they managed to have a *minyán* in the house of R’ Berel. Somehow other exiles in the area came to join them, among them R’ Yaakov Moskalik. Throughout the Shabbos they had *t’fillos* with a *minyán*, and there were *farbrengens* in which the



In Tashkent, before leaving for Eretz Yisroel. From right to left: R’ Mendel, his grandchildren Chana, Zalman, Chaim Elazar (his son)

*mashkeh* and the tears flowed. On Motzaei Shabbos, when they went out for *Kiddush Levana*, R’ Yaakov said bitterly, “The moon cries when it sees what a harsh situation we’re in.”

If exile wasn’t enough, the

authorities did whatever they could to persecute the Gorelik family. A few days before Pesach, R’ Mendel was arrested, just like that, for no reason. Thus, he found himself in an exile within an exile. His mother was very worried about what he

## ONE MIRACLE AFTER ANOTHER – KEEPING MITZVOS IN SOVIET RUSSIA

“Keeping *mitzvos* in Soviet Russia was extremely difficult,” says R’ Sholom Ber Gorelik. “We often saw miracles. The following story is one of many, but it’s unusual in its awesomeness:

“Where we lived, in the republic of Uzbekistan, large amounts of cotton are grown. When the time to harvest came, in the fall, they enlisted everybody to pick the cotton, including working people and students. Everybody was taken to the cotton fields, which were far from where people lived, and they picked cotton all day.

“Cotton picking was a problem for us because of Shabbos and *kashrus*. The problem was made more complicated when the *Yomim Tovim* of Tishrei fell out during the days when we were supposed to pick cotton. The solution was that we hired *goyim* to take our place, and we bribed those in charge. We did this for years.

“One day, two of the men in charge got into a fight and one of them decided to inform on a few dozen of *Anash* who didn’t go pick cotton. He said he would say we want to go to Eretz Yisroel, that we *daven*, keep Shabbos, avoid work, etc.

“The situation looked bleak. Accusations of this nature brought serious punishments in their wake, and we didn’t know what to do. While *farbrenging* on Purim we got the news that the man had had a stroke and couldn’t speak!”



would eat for the eight days of Pesach, but just as he was arrested for no reason, so too he was suddenly released Erev Pesach.

He had frightening tales to relate. "They told me to walk down a long and narrow corridor. It was pitch-black. I thought these were my final steps on earth. I realized that they wanted to shoot me in the head, but thanks to Hashem's kindness, I remained alive."

In 5700 (1940), following five years of bitter exile, father and son returned to their home in Malechovka. The *shidduch* that had been suggested five years earlier between R' Mendel and Baila, became a reality. She had waited for five years, patiently and with many tears. A year later they were blessed with a son whom they named Sholom Ber, who lives today in Nachalat Har Chabad.

It was only two months before the Nazis invaded Russia. The parents had barely gotten to know their baby when they were forced to leave their home, along with hundreds of thousands of others, and flee to Middle Asia. They arrived in Samarkand, where many *chassidim* already were.

The famine during the war was dreadful. People died in the streets. The government distributed food coupons which could be exchanged for a little food, but it wasn't enough for the Chabad Chassidic families that had many children. R' Mendel helped these families and arranged extra coupons for them so they'd have enough to eat.

While living in Samarkand, another son was born, whom they named Mordechai. He lives in Nachalat Har Chabad, too.

The war ended in 5706, and Europe began to lick its wounds. Poland and Russia signed an agreement in which Polish citizens who had gone to Russia during the

war, could return to Poland.

Many Chabad *chassidim* arrived in Lvov near the Polish border, and from there they went to Poland with forged documents. Any *chassid* who was able to, went to Lvov. They all wanted to leave the Soviet government, which was so oppressive to Jews. When news came of the escape through Lvov, R' Mendel packed his bags and he and his wife and two sons made the long

journey to Lvov. His father waited in Moscow for more details and information about whether forged documents had been obtained for him.

The forging of these documents was a complicated project. One of R' Mendel's talents was drawing. With his rare talent he drew a great deal and amazed those who saw his work. This talent was adopted for forgery. It became his job to fill in



At a family *simcha* (from left to right): R' Chaim Zalman Kozliner, R' Mendel Gorelik, R' Sholom Vilenkin, R' Tzvi Milevsky, Sholom Ber Gorelik



The three Gorelik brothers with their father (standing from right to left): R' Mordechai and R' Sholom Ber (sitting from right to left): R' Chaim Elazar and R' Mendel

the details in the Polish passports, which needed names added to them. It was meticulous work which required both great concentration as well as speed, since he had to fill out hundreds of passports.

It was at this time that his third son was born. Due to his health, his bris had to be postponed.

The fear that the *chassidim* in Limburg-Lvov experienced was enormous. They hardly dared to appear on the streets. Nevertheless, on Friday night of Parshas Toldos, 29 Cheshvan, R' Mendel was arrested. After interrogations that went on all day, he was released towards evening since the K.G.B. couldn't get any incriminating information out of him.

The following Shabbos, 7 Kislev, was called by the *chassidim*, Shabbos HaGadol since it was at that time that they felt that the K.G.B. were beginning to follow the organizers of the flight abroad. Right after that Shabbos, dozens of families were supposed to cross the border, among then hundreds of *Anash*.

R' Mendel had to forge hundreds of documents for this great deception. For dozens of hours he worked without a break, until it was Shabbos, yet many documents were still needed to make up the quota.

The *chassid* R' Shmuel Notik (may Hashem avenge his blood) *paskened* that in those circumstances of *pikuach nefesh*, R' Mendel had to continue his work on Shabbos, and he had to use his right hand (that is, not using a *shinui*) in order not to endanger lives should the forgeries be discovered.

Throughout that Shabbos, R' Mendel sat and forged documents. In order to back up what he said, R' Shmuel Notik sat nearby and sharpened pencils.

On Monday, 9 Kislev, the train left with hundreds of *chassidim*, their wives, and children. With

Hashem's help they got through in peace and hundreds of *chassidim* left the horrors of the Iron Curtain.

On the day the train was supposed to leave, it was discovered that the baby that had been born two months earlier had gotten stronger and could have a bris. The bris was arranged for that Monday. Shortly before the bris was going to take place, R' Mendel received a telegram with the sad news of his father's passing. Joy turned to sadness and R' Mendel tore *kria* and wore galoshes instead of leather

shoes. That's how he went to the apartment where the bris would secretly take place.

Before the *bris*, R' Mendel asked R' Shmuel Notik: "I had decided to name my son after the Rebbe Maharash, but now I want to name him after my father." R' Shmuel told him that was fine, and thus R' Mendel named his son after his father, R' Chaim Elazar, at the bris while his father was being buried in Malechovka.

After some trains had left in the

### SPIRITUAL ABSORPTION OF THE IMMIGRANTS FROM THE SOVIET UNION

It was 5750 and a huge number of immigrants had come to Eretz Yisroel. R' Sholom Ber Gorelik got involved in helping them acclimate spiritually. For over ten years he has been responsible for spiritual absorption, and he does this energetically without a break: *chuppas*, *bar mitzvos*, *brissos*, seminars, a *shul*, *shiurim*, the newspaper *Alef*, and many other projects under the auspices of a branch of CHAMA, which is run by Rabbi Moshe Niselevitch.

The new immigrants know that the address for help is Sholom Ber. That's what they call him. They show up at his office or knock at his door, even late at night, and they are always greeted either by him or a family member with a big smile and generous assistance.



A Chanuka party for immigrants. R' Sholom Ber is standing on the left



R' Sholom Ber at "dollars" with the Rebbe MH"™

winter of 5707, the K.G.B. began arresting the organizers of the flight, among them the Gorelik family, which had not yet left. On 10 Teives, after Maariv, when R' Mendel went home from *shul*, he was arrested and taken to K.G.B. headquarters in the city, where he was accused of serious crimes: smuggling citizens and forging documents. For three days they interrogated him and tortured him, giving him no food or drink, for the purpose of extracting from him the details about those who organized it all. R' Mendel refused to talk. He knew that smuggling people over the border was a "betrayal of the motherland" and that the punishment was death.

"We had no news of our father," says his oldest son, R' Sholom Ber. "After months of uncertainty, we heard that they had changed the death sentence to fifteen years of exile and hard labor in the far north.

"My mother took me and my brother to say goodbye to our father. We arrived at the K.G.B. building and saw my father behind bars while armed guards watched

and listened. We could see that our father had endured a great deal of torture and that he hadn't slept for many days and had hardly eaten anything.

"The most moving and frightening moment was a few minutes before parting. Our father wanted to ask our mother how the baby was, but due to his great suffering he forgot the baby's name. He mustered all his strength in order to recall the name so our mother wouldn't think he had lost his mind. He finally remembered the name and asked, almost in tears, how the baby Chaim Elazar was. These were extremely sad moments. I was six years old and didn't feel the enormity of the pain in parting, but my mother, who had waited for my father for five years before they married, knew what exile entailed."

R' Mendel was exiled to a region called Komi S.S.R., where there were numerous prisoner camps. Tens of thousands of citizens had been exiled there, some of them actual criminals, while the rest – and they were the majority – were citizens who dared to speak or behave in ways that displeased the

communists. This was a difficult period in the Soviet Union, the era when the wicked Stalin ruled.

R' Mendel was liked by his fellow prisoners and they helped him and protected him as much as they could. He had to perform harsh forced labor, which he wasn't accustomed to. The backbreaking labor began early in the morning and ended at night. Despite the hard work, R' Mendel kept kosher with *mesirus nefesh*. He didn't put *treife* food in his mouth even when his body shriveled up and he was very weak.

He also observed Shabbos, even when this entailed severe punishment. For a certain period of time he had *tallis*, *t'fillin*, and a *siddur*, and he hid them in various places until they were found and confiscated by the guards. R' Mendel knew T'hillim by heart and he *davened* from memory. Throughout the day he recited T'hillim, in prayer to Hashem that He take him out of exile quickly.

One day, those in charge noticed his gift for drawing. He was immediately taken to work that entailed drawing, like drawing and painting signs. This was much easier work than he had been doing before.

"Our father told us," said R' Sholom Ber, "that sometimes he was told to draw pictures of communist leaders, which was very hard for him to do emotionally, especially when he was told to draw Stalin in a ten by twenty meter drawing."

Jews generally rejoice at the approaching Shabbos or Yom Tov, but for R' Mendel it was the opposite. He was happy when Shabbos was over. On Shabbos he did what he could to protect the sanctity of the day, which is why he was extremely tense before Shabbos and was extremely relieved when Shabbos was over.

Every day and moment in camp was a miracle. For the smallest infraction, they were punished with solitary confinement or their meager portion of bread was withheld. Despite the immense difficulties, R' Mendel fought to survive.

"When they exiled our father, my mother and we children moved to Samarkand, where her father, Rabbi Yerachmiel Chadash lived. My mother worked as a bookkeeper in a business of her brother-in-law, the *chassid* R' Yosef Shiff, *a"h*. There was a great deal of work and my grandfather and I helped her fill in forms as much as we could.

"Even though I was only a child, I became a "father" at a young age. I helped a great deal by watching my two little brothers who didn't even know who our father was. It's difficult to describe what it means to live for over six years without a father, while knowing he was in a labor camp somewhere up north, where he worked at hard labor.

"Our father didn't forget us. For my eighth birthday, he sent me a special gift: a colored drawing of me. He made it according to a picture my mother had sent him a few months before. This picture moved me a great deal and intensified my longing to see him."

After the sudden death of Stalin in Adar 5713 (1953), hundreds of thousands of political files were reexamined, and a new investigation was undertaken. Tens of thousands of prisoners were freed, among them R' Mendel.

"The joy upon our father's return is indescribable. The joy reached the skies. All the suffering was forgotten. We felt endlessly happy.

"As soon as he returned home, he took me out of school and transferred me to an evening program where they taught boys who worked during the day. This school wasn't open on Shabbos, so

you didn't need to be excused from school on Shabbos. Every morning I went with the *chassid* R' Eliyahu Paritcher-Levin. I learned *Tanya* and Gemara Meseches Shabbos. When my uncle, the *chassid* R' Sholom Vilenkin arrived in Samarkand, I learned with him too, mostly *chassidus*.

"A few years later we moved to Tashkent. When I became of marriageable age, a *shidduch* was suggested with Rivka, the daughter of my father's sister, Fraida Mariasha Vilenkin. Before concluding the *shidduch*, we sent a letter requesting a *bracha* to the Rebbe. After months of waiting, we got an answer, 'the *shidduch* of Sholom Ber and Rivka is proper.'

"After the *tanaim* we sent another letter to the Rebbe with a request for a *bracha* for the wedding. A few months later we got a *bracha* in Russian, with the usual *nusach* with the addition of: '...that you and your wife be a source of *nachas* to the parents on both sides.'

"I'll tell you about the connection we had with the Rebbe's *shluchim* in those crazy years, by telling you what happened during my *Sheva Brachos*. R' Levi Pressman was at one of the *Sheva Brachos*. He said emotionally that a "tourist" had come to town, one of the Rebbe's emissaries to Russia in the guise of a tourist. He sat in the *shul* in Stari Gurd, the old city. He sat in a corner and began singing unfamiliar Chabad *niggunim*. R' Levi said, 'I sat nearby and listened to *niggunim* that were sung a few times until I learned them well.' And then R' Levi began to sing '*Hoshia es Amecha*,' which was new for us."

\* \* \*

The Gorelik family began preparing to leave Russia. A request to leave the Soviet Union in those years was dangerous. The rules were harsh and a request to be allowed to

leave could only be presented once a year. There was another problem in that a few *chassidische* families were supported by a certain factory, and when you asked to leave, you had to bring an affidavit from your place of employment. They feared that the authorities would suspect that there was an organization of a group of citizens to leave for Eretz Yisroel. The K.G.B. didn't lack people to make an end of an organization like this.

"The ways we used to obtain the needed permits was done with great *mesirus nefesh*. Our longing was powerful – to go to the Holy Land and live as religious Jews without fear, and to be able to educate our children properly."

The family of R' Sholom Ber submitted requests to leave twice a year, once along with his parents' request and the next time, along with the Vilenkin's request. They were refused time and again.

One day it seemed that the *yeshua* had come. The OVIR emigration office told them that their requests had been approved, and they had to pay the bank for the passports and then return to OVIR in order to get their passports.

R' Sholom Ber Gorelik recounts; "We were ecstatic, but the joy was short lived. When we went to get the passports, the woman there said that permission to emigrate had been granted to the Vilenkin family, but not to the Gorelik family.

"After a long and bitter argument, I said, 'I sold my apartment with all its contents. I packed my bags and I have nowhere to go. So I'm coming with my family to live here in the emigration office.' The officials, seeing they had no choice and after realizing their mistake in telling us to pay for the passports for our family too, delayed making a decision for a few days.





The Gorelik brothers (from right to left): R' Chaim Elazar, R' Sholom Ber, and R' Mordechai

“These days were tense ones for me. At that time I heard about a *chassid* who after many years of being a refusenik had traveled to Alma Ata and *davened* at the *tziyun* of R' Levi Yitzchok, and then he suddenly got permission to leave.

“I decided to do the same thing. When I returned from Alma Ata I continued on to Rostov to the *tziyun* of the Rebbe Rashab and I *davened* there too with copious tears, so that I could finally leave.

“Shortly thereafter, the officials at emigration told us that our request had been approved. Two months later my parents’ request was also approved, and they arrived before Purim 5732 (1972). We settled with them in Nachalat Har Chabad in Kiryat Malachi.”

After moving to Eretz Yisroel, R' Mendel continued spreading the

wellsprings and working on behalf of the *klal*, at first for Tzach in Kfar Chabad and then in the Chabad *yeshiva* in Rishon L'Tziyon. Outside of working hours he was active among the soldiers. He went every day to the army base near Kiryat Malachi and put *t'fillin* on with the soldiers. He organized Shabbasos and Yomim Tovim on the base along with other *chassidim*. He planned and executed many projects for the soldiers, in collaboration with the former chief rabbi of the army, Gad Navon.

Shortly after arriving in Eretz Yisroel, R' Mendel traveled to see the Rebbe MH”M. He had a *yechidus*, in the course of which R' Mendel told the Rebbe of his son who served as *gabbai* in Be'er Tuvia near Kiryat Malachi. Upon hearing this, the Rebbe smiled and said,

“Gabbai? In Russia you were generals and you were involved with so many things and people and now you want to be plain soldiers? You have to be generals. There are many simple soldiers and we need generals. They need to be a general and work with the soldiers.”

The Rebbe added, “This should be done in a peaceful manner, not to hurt the self-respect of anyone.”

6 Kislev 5751, 44 years after that terrifying Shabbos in Limburg-Lvov when R' Mendel forged documents on Shabbos in order to save the lives of hundreds of *chassidim*, he passed away. The Chassidic community lost a special person, a *baal mesirus nefesh* who spread the wellsprings to those near and far, a person whose life should be studied by the younger generation.

# THIS WEEK TEN YEARS AGO: SUMMING UP AN INCREDIBLE YEAR

BY MENACHEM BEN ELIEZER

*This week, ten years ago, my year on K'vutza 5753 was over. As opposed to all the years prior to it, this year was unique in that there were giluyim on the one hand, and pain on the other. The predominant feeling was one of uncertainty. Every t'filla, every time the Rebbe came out, was sudden. It was a year in which many things were innovated in Lubavitch. \* This diary was written from the perspective of the end of the year, and it refers to the innovations and the special experiences. \* Part 1 of 2*

## DIFFICULT ADJUSTMENT

It was a gray Monday morning, the 23 of the Month of Mercy and Forgiveness – Elul, the week before Rosh HaShana. My friends and I had come to 770 for a year of learning called K'vutza. I arrived with my luggage at the dormitory, still not

knowing where I would sleep that year or in the coming nights.

I had mixed feelings. “Joy implanted [in the heart] on this side and tears on that side.” It was seven months since the stroke, and the Rebbe was still in his room. None of the *chassidim* [aside from the few who

personally assisted the Rebbe] had seen the Rebbe (except on Shavuot) and it was terrible.

I entered 770 and my heart overflowed, my thoughts raced, and I had no desire to stop them. “Joy implanted on this side” – 770. Is there any *simcha* greater than that? What more could we ask for than to be in *Beis Chayenu*? Upon asking what was going on in 770, the answer “nothing” hit like a thunderbolt on a clear day.

At the end of the day I understood. Thoughts continued racing. Monday was the day, the day of *Krias HaTorah*. Things like “the Rebbe *davening*” and “the Rebbe having an *aliya*,” were routine. I hurried to be at the *davening*, but at 10:00 a.m. they began *davening* without waiting for the Rebbe. “Why aren’t we waiting for the Rebbe to come in?” cried a voice within me, but we knew the painful answer.

The same thing happened at 3:15, the time for *Mincha*. The large *zal* was always full for *Mincha*. Now it was quiet. My heart overflowed as I wondered how this could be.



Motzaei Yom Kippur

At the end of the day I understood what somebody meant when I had asked him what was going on and he answered, “nothing.” What a terrible word! A word that just doesn’t fit with the idea of 770! After all, 770 is always alive and hopping, especially at this time, before the Yomim Tovim. Things like “the Rebbe going to *Slichos*,” “the Rebbe coming in to *daven*,” “the Rebbe at *Krias HaTorah*,” and “the Rebbe going up to his room,” were simple and understood with the simplicity of the sun rising in the morning.

Oy vei, where is all of this now?

Still and all, this is the day I was waiting for, for years. *K’vutza!*

Each year, as I packed my bags after Tishrei in order to return to Eretz Yisroel, I would say to myself, “In another little while I’ll be here with the Rebbe for an entire year.” That day was today. I had arrived. “Joy implanted [in the heart] on this side and tears on that side.”

### EREV ROSH HA’SHANA

I don’t have much to add to what I wrote. As the days passed, the feeling of “for the meantime, this is it” grew stronger. Apparently, it was decreed that this peculiar era had to be. I don’t know what tomorrow will bring, but will this terrible situation continue?

The answer is no. Certainly not. But on the other hand, who believed

that this could have gone on like this until now? Of course all these things are Heavenly, of the sort that no human being could fathom.

I remember that when I said goodbye to the *mashgiach* in *yeshiva* before leaving for the airport, we spoke about the new era that awaited me. When I turned to go he said, “I’m jealous of you because you will be in the *K’vutza* in which Moshiach will be revealed. I have no doubt that after the concealment of the last months, it will be this year that Moshiach will be revealed, something no *K’vutza* ever merited!”

I’m thinking over what he said.

### MOTZAEI YOM KIPPUR

The Yomim Noraim passed. They really were Yomim Noraim – Fearful Days. Rosh HaShana, the Aseres Yemei T’shuva, and Yom Kippur. I don’t have the words to describe the grandeur of these special Yomim Noraim. What should I write? Happy days? Emotional days? Sad days? Maybe all these are correct. Only someone who was there in 770 would understand.

The memories make me shudder. A shudder of emotion. Right after Yom Tov I wrote down: “Many people noticed the Rebbe’s shadow or *tallis* when he sat there, with the secretaries standing around him. I personally did not see this, not even the shadow.”

On the second day of Rosh HaShana there was a great surprise. This is what I wrote: “The Rebbe mostly did what he did yesterday, but I heard that today he looked at the crowd more than yesterday...” And then came the big surprise. Eyes that looked up at the darkened windows which only concealed things till that point, noticed a sudden movement in the shade which was intended to begin with, to be opened.

The Rebbe moved towards the southern-most window, the secretary pulled the string that moved the shade up, and everybody could see the Rebbe! Any attempt to describe things from that second on is destined to failure. Words of the heart cannot be written, let alone the hearts of thousands of *chassidim*. The long months of yearning and thirsting to see the Rebbe, and all the emotions that had accumulated since Chaf-Zayin Adar I, all burst forth in an atmosphere that – if you weren’t there, you couldn’t understand.

Emotions ran extremely high. Some people radiated *simcha*, while others cried. Others didn’t express their emotions but stood there trying to get another look, while still others danced.”

Another paragraph that I wrote describes Shabbos, Vav Tishrei. “After *Krias HaTorah*, the Rebbe came out

again. After a few minutes of waiting, the curtain was suddenly raised from the left window, and everybody could see the Rebbe! The crowd went wild. This was the second time that we merited to see the Rebbe, and who wouldn't rejoice over such a privilege?"

There was great excitement on Yom Kippur too, when the Rebbe came out at night, and three times by day.

On the one hand, it's sad to read this, certainly for those who experienced the constant *giluyim* of the previous year. On the other hand, there was tremendous *simcha*, in light of everything we had experienced the previous year. These are the images engraved in my heart with the fire of longing, even today, as I write these lines. After an entire year replete with *giluyim* have passed, these moments are etched in my heart.

Now, as *K'vutza* is over, I can say that the Rebbe came out for nearly all the *t'fillos* of Mincha and Maariv. Sometimes even for *Slichos*, and on Shabbos the Rebbe came out three (or sometimes four) times. Last year, on behalf of the Rebbe, the following were distributed: *lekach*, the four *minim* that the Rebbe had checked, *mashkeh*, about 60-70 *yechiduyos*, two edited *maamarim*, and four *Hisvaaduyos Kodesh!* An abundance of *giluyim*.

Who knew and thought, during those Yomim Noraim that this is how the year would go on? How shortsighted man is...

## MOSHIACH IN 5753

I don't think there was ever a year that the topic of Moshiach was spoken about like this year. Even 5751, the year the Rebbe spoke about Moshiach so much, they didn't talk about this great and wondrous topic as much as this year. It seems that this year something great and wondrous happened: we rose in *madreiga* (level)!

Over the years, when Moshiach was spoken about, we spoke about his delay, the anticipation, the *t'fillos*, when would he come? How would he come?

This year, they did not talk just about that, but also about the identity of Moshiach. Who is Moshiach? Why him?

I don't want to get into all the

debates and opinions about this. All I want to do is sum up the year, in hindsight, from the perspective of a bachur in 770 on *K'vutza*. Without a doubt, this was a wondrous and

## CHABAD TECHNOLOGY

Two new concepts found a permanent place in Lubavitch this past year: "Satellite" and "Beeper." The joke was, "Whoever doesn't have a fax, and didn't buy stocks, and his satellite hookup doesn't work, and his beeper is not connected is not a Lubavitcher!"

Jokes aside, these two items were used this past year as they were never used before. The satellite was first used with "Chanuka Live," and continued on Yud Shvat, and then on Purim. When they saw that it was doable, they began arranging satellite broadcasts nearly every Sunday. The broadcasts showed lectures and *Yemei Iyun* on *inyanei Moshiach* and *Geula* live, and showed the Rebbe coming out for *davening*. This is how many Americans sat in the comfort of their living rooms and were able to watch the Rebbe coming out to *daven* and encouraging the singing of "Yechi," in real time.

As far as the beeper, it's hard to assess the scope of the project that R' Chaim Boruch Halberstam innovated in this field. Whoever wasn't in Crown Heights this year, won't understand how vital this little but helpful gadget was. Since every *t'filla* with the Rebbe was unexpected, we *bachurim* were able to go and learn and eat and sleep in peace, knowing that if the Rebbe came out unexpectedly, we would know about it.

Storeowners and businessmen in the area, and even those who worked in Boro Park, could get to the *davening* on time. *Talmidim* in *yeshivos* were always alerted by the beep. Housewives and their help also knew what was going on.

When the beeper went off, Crown Heights held its breath: was it just any announcement or a call to come and *daven*?

When the beep for *davening* went off, you could see people scurrying towards 770, *balabatim*, women, young boys and girls, storekeepers, and the *bachurim*. They ran in the snow and in the heat. A stranger in town might have thought that enemy planes had landed.

A bachur once told me that he was a counselor in a camp in New Jersey, about an hour away from Crown Heights, and that each time the beeper announced Mincha, even though he couldn't go, he told his bunk: "Now the Rebbe is going out to *daven* Mincha," "Now the Rebbe is going out on the balcony." "Now the Rebbe is encouraging the singing with his head." "Now the Rebbe is going into his room." We knew it all, thanks to the beepers.

Those who were outfitted with the "Moshiach Beeper" would say, that when the Rebbe comes, and we'll all pass by the Rebbe and be asked, "*tzipisa l'yishua*?" (Did you anticipate the *Geula*), we'll take out our Moshiach Beepers and say, "We had this with us constantly. We constantly waited for the news of the Rebbe's arrival in 770."





**Kinus HaShluchim – the shluchim saying l'chaim to the Rebbe**

significant year, the year in which they began to loudly proclaim, “*Yechi Adoneinu Moreinu V’Rabbeinu, Melech HaMoshiach L’olam Va’ed!*” A year in which the Rebbe publicly expressed his approval of people proclaiming him as Moshiach! A year of activities to publicize to the world that the Rebbe *shlita* is Moshiach Tzidkeinu, who will redeem the Jewish people from *Galus* and bring us to Eretz Yisroel.

One of the nicest and most moving moments that I noted, out of hundreds of thousands of moments that I experienced all year, were those very special minutes on Rosh HaShana. It was shortly before *t’kias shofar*, and we cried and wondered, what will be? What would *t’kias shofar* be like this year? And then – a second before the start of “*Laminatzei’ach*,” R’ Yoel Kahn got up and loudly said, “It’s explained in *chassidus* that *t’kias shofar* is the coronation of Hashem as King, and that on Rosh HaShana you have to be *mekabel ol malchus Shamayim* (accept the kingdom of heaven). Since the *hamshacha* (drawing down) of Hashem’s kingdom is through a Jewish king, therefore it is proper that we all accept the Malchus of the *nasi ha’dor*.”

There was silence and then, like a

mighty roar of a wounded lion, thousands of people cried out, “*Yechi Adoneinu Moreinu V’Rabbeinu Melech HaMoshiach L’olam Va’ed!*”

Then there were the *t’kios* ...

Another moment I’ll never forget was at the end of *N’ila*, seconds before “*Napoleon’s March*.” The pushing and crowding made it so that you couldn’t even stand in one place, but the excitement only intensified. The *chazan* finished the *chazaras ha’shatz* and then it was time to be *mekabel ol malchus Shamayim*.

Thousands of *chassidim* accepted *ol malchus Shamayim*, and called out the *Shma*, and *Boruch Shem*, and *Hashem Hu HaElokim* and then, “*Yechi Adoneinu Moreinu V’Rabbeinu Melech HaMoshiach L’olam Va’ed!*”

Ah, if you weren’t there in 770 at the time, you can’t know what it was like. Even in your imagination you cannot picture the enormity of the emotions that suddenly burst forth. The enormity of pain, love, *t’filla*, and request of Hashem that He give strength and life to Melech HaMoshiach so he can redeem us from *Galus*.

The very first sign for all this, we

received from the Rebbe on Simchas Torah night. The Rebbe came out for *Hakafos* and stayed on the balcony that had been built for him near the room where he *davened*. The Rebbe took a *seifer Torah* and passed it to his right hand. Then he encouraged the singing as he used to do. He moved the Torah in all directions, and encouraged the singing with motions of his head and hand. The enthusiasm of the crowd was enormous.

I took a quick look and saw the many people who cried. My eyes filled with tears, tears of bitterness and tears of joy. The enthusiasm rent the skies. It was the first time we were seeing the Rebbe for such a long time since that bitter day back in Adar. And with such open joy! And then, someone began singing, “*Yechi*.” It wasn’t planned. It welled up from the soul that was at the height of revelation. Hundreds joined in with awe. Hundreds of others waited to see what would happen. We all knew that the Rebbe always refused to allow this to be sung [except for *Iyar 5751*], but this time...

The Rebbe suddenly began to nod his head in approval. Some still hesitated, not believing, but that was for a brief moment. Like a flame, the singing rose up and filled the four corners of the building, and 770 became one giant torch, a fire of *emuna!*

The Rebbe continued to encourage the singing by nodding his head even more vigorously. He moved his head from side to side at a swift pace. Nobody could catch up.

That same night, I saw the thousands of *chassidim* who had come for Tishrei, dancing in their places. *Mashkeh* flowed like water and the joy erupted and overflowed the doors of the *shul*. The powerful singing thundered within many hearts. Now everybody knew: a new era had begun!

It was a historic night in Lubavitch. I’m reminded of the description of the Rebbe saying his first *maamer*, and how the *chassidim* jumped for joy and

said l'chaim.

From that Simchas Torah on, the singing hasn't stopped till this day. It became the custom, every time the Rebbe came out to the balcony, Yechi was sung. From then on, they began writing, "the Rebbe *shlita* Moshiach Tzidkeinu" in various publications. In the *Mi'sh'beirach* they said, "May He bless *K'vod K'dushas Adoneinu Moreinu V'Rabbeinu Melech HaMoshiach ben Rebbetzin Chana.*"

This incredible *chiddush* got even more of a boost during Chanuka when the Chabad Mobile Mitzva Tanks in Eretz Yisroel were deployed throughout the country, and they publicized the slogan, "*Boruch HaBa Melech HaMoshiach.*" Reverberations of this *mitvza* reached 770. One day I saw some Lubavitchers standing around someone in 770. I went over to take a look and saw someone holding a big picture of a sign in a train station in Tel Aviv that said, "*Boruch HaBa Melech HaMoshiach.*" Those *balabatim*, formerly of Eretz Yisroel, were astounded. Someone commented, "As of a year ago, who would have believed that they'd hang such a large sign in such a central spot, that announces to one and all who Moshiach is?"

On Yud Shvat, 770 became a magnet for the whole world. Millions looked towards 770 to know what would happen. Millions of people watched what was going on in 770 on television. Reporters and photographers had come to 770 in full force. And the Rebbe came out and encouraged the singing of "Yechi," and this was reported around the world. In the days that followed, TV crews kept coming for Mincha and Maariv. I noticed that the Rebbe looked at them with particular attention.

### THE REBBE'S HEALTH

The summing up of this year has to include the Rebbe's health. It's interesting to look at this from the perspective of a year.

I remember that at the end of Tishrei I was with some *bachurim* and we saw Dr. Eli Rosen and asked him about the Rebbe's health. He said: In view of the tremendous improvements of the past days, I can't give a prognosis of what will be because this progress is not what the doctors anticipated. In Tishrei we saw that everything was improving so suddenly, at a shocking and unanticipated rate.

Many of the health breakthroughs were in Tishrei, and some of them became established as the norm.

These incidents were a happy surprise, especially after seven months with no significant improvement in the Rebbe's health. The doctors would report every so often about the Rebbe's progress, and I followed these reports, as did many others. We could see that every time the Rebbe came out to us, there were more improvements in his health.

The reports came at a surprising rate: the Rebbe washed his hands and ate the Shabbos meal; R' Groner took the *kos* to make *Kiddush*, and then the Rebbe indicated that he wanted to make *Kiddush*.

\*The Rebbe drank most of the *kos* and ate the entire Shabbos meal.

\*The Rebbe indicated that he wanted to light the Shabbos candles himself, and he did so.

\*At the meal, the Rebbe distributed *l'chaim* to all those present in the *sukka*, and then even to those in the

halls.

\*The Rebbe indicated that he wanted to give a bottle of *mashkeh* for the crowd.

\*The Rebbe received a group of children who wished him a good Yom Tov, and the Rebbe nodded his head and said amen to their *bracha*.

\*The Rebbe suddenly raised his left hand and strongly encouraged the singing a number of times, and then suddenly encouraged the singing again and raised his hand in an astonishing way and with even stronger movements. Those with sharp eyes said it was twenty times!

\*In light of the unbelievable *giluyim* (spiritual and physical), physiotherapists were called to 770.

\*The Rebbe put on his glasses and reviewed an entire *maamer*, page by page, the text and the footnotes, from the introduction to the end, and when he finished, they gave it to the secretary to have it printed.

We could clearly see that every time the Rebbe saw the crowd of *chassidim*, it improved his health!

This fact brings me to another personal thought: it's hard to know to what extent is the soul-Essence (and even beyond that) connection of the Rebbe and the *chassidim*. Now, after the incredible Tishrei, we can see a fragment of the power of the connection between the Rebbe and the *chassidim*, to the point that seeing them affects a bodily change in the Rebbe.

### UNIFICATION BETWEEN CHASSID AND REBBE

I would see them at one and two in the morning, when I went to the dormitory to sleep. They would stand under the big tree in front of 770, and lean on the fence, and watch the window for some time, deep in thought.

What did they think? Maybe before going to sleep they said "good night" to the Rebbe, or maybe they wondered how much longer this bizarre situation would go on, or maybe they united with the Rebbe in thought, nefesh and *neshama* (a custom of *chassidim* of old).

It was quiet on Eastern Parkway, and the thoughts united. Only the tree branches heard the silent dialogue between the soul of a *chassid* and his Rebbe.

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# A WANDERING SOUL

BY MENACHEM ZIEGELBOIM

There are *neschama* stories that have a happy ending. There are stories that end sadly. Then there are stories that haven't ended yet. They are but a partial view of an unfolding life-story, in the center of which is a stormy soul, a soul that cries out in pain.

Now, before Rosh HaShana, I was reminded of the story of Eitan (his real name and a true story), a story of a wandering soul which still wanders between the heavens and the abyss, between spirituality and hedonism, a soul that wanders right now, somewhere in G-d's world.

I heard this story from Rabbi Shimshon Goldstein, *shliach* in Manali, India, where he works on bringing back Jews to their Father in heaven under the most difficult circumstances. It was at a Shabbos Mevarchim *farbrengen* at our *shul* in Ramat Gan, as Rabbi Goldstein, in a moment of inspiration, told Eitan's story.

\* \* \*

One ordinary afternoon, an older Jew walked into our Chabad house in Manali. He was of average height and he had a mischievous gleam in his clear green eyes. Sometimes his eyes were focused while sometimes they looked dreamy.

The Israelis present, far younger than him, looked at him in surprise, then a minute later they burst into laughter and then once again seemed stunned.

He looked at me and smiled. "You're here, too?" he asked, meaning Chabad had come to this city in far-off India. Like everybody else, he felt comfortable, and he pulled up a chair

and relaxed. The guys seemed to know him from before. For ten years he had been wandering around the Far East, taking all sorts of courses on meditation and various forms of idol worship. He went from cult to monastery and from monastery to the city, and back again.

We got to talking and I found him to be an intelligent person. His speech was pleasant and lucid, his horizons quite broad.

Like with any other guest, I began talking to him about basic Judaism. I spoke and he listened, and nodded his head. After a while he began talking, too. "You know Shimmy, sometimes before I go to sleep, I listen to *niggunim michuvanim*."

I didn't know what he meant by that, and he realized I was perplexed, so he laughed and said, "Don't tell me you don't know what *niggunim michuvanim* are! Nu, like the *Dalet Bavos*..."

"How do you know what that is?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter," he said, "the main thing is, tell me what you're doing here. When did you come? What are Chabad's plans here?"

I told him about the Chabad house, about our work among the Israeli boys and girls who wandered in the area. I mentioned the *davening* on Shabbos and Yom Tov, the meals, and about this meeting place, which served as a warm Jewish home for whoever needed one.

"You know," he said, "I was born on a special day. I was born on Chai Elul."

"Aha, I see you know what's what."

"Yes," he said, "They call me Eitan, and now you're probably going to tell me that 'Eitan' has the same letters as '*Tanya*' [in Hebrew]."

So I realized that he was knowledgeable, though I didn't know whether he had been religious and had dropped it, or whether he had acquired his knowledge through his studies of religions. The guys sitting around couldn't follow our dialogue.

"So how about putting on *t'fillin*?"

For the first time, Eitan's smile disappeared, to be replaced with a serious look. "I never did and I never will."

I tried a different approach. "So tell me how you know about Chai Elul, *Tanya-eitan*, etc. Where did you learn all this?"

Eitan's warmth returned. "It's a long story," he said. "Some other time I'll tell you about it. But don't worry, I'm a 'graduate' of the Chabad house in Antwerp, where Rabbi Shabtai Slavaticki is."

That's how I first got to know Eitan. An ongoing life story. The more I learned about him, the more I came to realize that this was no ordinary individual – in terms of his life experiences and in terms of his knowledge. I could see that this was a riveting soul story that had been taking place over many years and that hadn't ended yet.

He came to the Chabad house every day and watched from the side as I worked with the boys. Sometimes he would laugh loudly and proclaim,



“Are you all crazy?”

When I sat with the guys and told them stories about the Rebbe he stood behind them and made deprecating remarks like, “*Sippurei savta*” (*bubbemaises*).

He wasn't easy. The conversations with him were deep, and his disparaging remarks were frustrating, but I noticed that he always came to the *chassidus* class each evening. I kept tabs on him surreptitiously and saw that he was really interested and thirsted to know. I once saw him go over to the shelf of *Igros Kodesh*, open one, and flip through looking for an answer. Who knows, maybe the answer to the riddle of life.

When I approached the area he was standing in, he quickly closed the book and diverted the conversation.

He came to the Chabad house every day for three weeks. Although I knew the answer ahead of time, I still stubbornly asked him to put on *t'fillin*, and he always answered deprecatingly. Then one day, to my great surprise, he said, “Yes, let's put on the *t'fillin*. It's worthwhile doing it once.”

I don't know which of us was more moved, but he put on *t'fillin*, said Shma, and then a few minutes later he packed his stuff, said goodbye, and said he wouldn't be back.

He left and that was that.

Since I knew he had been at the Chabad house in Antwerp, when I bumped into Rabbi Slavaticki at 770 I asked him if he knew an Israeli named Eitan.

I could see that even though many Jews had passed through his Chabad house, Eitan was special, because his eyes lit up and he had a certain look on his face. He began to tell me about Eitan who had come a few years before from India and had many difficult questions.

“He spent a long time at the

Chabad house and learned *Tanya* and *chassidus* in depth. Throughout this time I tried to be *mekarev* him to *Yiddishkeit*, but at a certain point I felt it was hard for him. Something was blocking him from progressing further.

“Then he disappeared without saying a word. I had no idea where he was. Every so often I thought of him. I felt that this Jew has a special *neshama* that is suffering and struggling.

“Months went by and it was Rosh HaShana. I was in the middle of Shacharis, at the words, ‘And every creation will know that You created it, and every form will understand that You formed it.’ (I remember it as though it happened yesterday).



“The image of Eitan floated into my mind. What happened to him? I asked myself. And I continued *davening* while thinking: *Ribbono shel olam!* He wants to approach You and know You, but he isn't able to. Something inside is blocking him. There's a fortified wall in his heart. Please Hashem, help him!

“And then, at that second while I was thinking these thoughts, I felt a hand on my back. I turned around and saw, none other than Eitan! I couldn't believe my eyes. I looked at him and saw that he was wearing a knit shirt and shorts, and his hair was uncombed. It looked like he had come in a hurry.

“I finished *davening* Shmoneh Esrei

and went outside with him in order not to get emotional and cry in front of everyone, and also in order not to embarrass him in front of the *tzibbur* who were dressed for Yom Tov. From the corner of my eye I could see that people were staring at us.”

Rabbi Slavaticki and Eitan sat down on a bench in the yard under a tree. It was difficult for Eitan to talk. He was clearly in an emotional state. He was quiet for a long time and then he said, “I live in Germany. I rent an apartment and that's where I do my meditation. This morning I got up and began doing my morning meditations. I was sitting cross-legged on the carpet with my eyes closed, trying to concentrate, but my thoughts disturbed me. I was completely confused. All the techniques I had learned to concentrate didn't help me get rid of my churning thoughts. I felt that some higher power was disturbing me, something beyond my *kochos*. I couldn't deny it.

“I got up and looked for a calendar and discovered that today is Rosh HaShana. A flood of thoughts and feelings overcame me and threatened to drown me. I had never been moved by Rosh HaShana and I didn't understand why I suddenly felt this way.

“When I realized that this was no simple matter, I decided to take the express train to you in Belgium, to be with you for the *t'fillos* and *t'kias shofar*. Wait a minute though, I said to myself. You're not allowed to travel on Rosh HaShana.

“On second thought, I remembered that for *pikuach nefesh* you are allowed to desecrate the Yom Tov. This is *pikuach nefesh*, I decided, and I packed my bag and came to you.”

\* \* \*

This Rosh HaShana, as thousands of Jewish *neshamos* will be aroused, does anybody know where Eitan's *neshama* is?

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# WHAT IF IT HAPPENED AT THE ZOO

BY RABBI SHOLOM DOVBER VOLPE

It was reported that the two suicide bombers who murdered 15 people at the café in Yerushalayim and at the Tzrifin junction, had been recently freed from Israeli jail.

This bit of information garnered a small mention in the papers, and the electronic media didn't pay much attention to it either. After all, it's really not surprising, for did anybody expect that terrorists released from jail would enter the *kollel* that rehabilitates prisoners that Rabbi Ben-Tzion Grossman runs? The results were predictable.

On the other hand, let's imagine what would happen if one of the guards at the zoo in Tel Aviv was lax, and as a result, a child was mauled by a lion that escaped from the zoo. The event would be discussed for weeks! They'd make investigative committees, and the director of the zoo would be fired. But when it's only about Sharon releasing terrorists ("with no blood on their hands" because when they were caught the last time, they hadn't managed to blow themselves up), and they killed fifteen Jews and wounded dozens of others, nobody protests.

And you know why? Since every paper that would protest would be asked: Why were you quiet when they were released, when you could have still accomplished something? And if any politician or *chareidi* made a fuss about it, he would be asked: Why didn't we hear the representatives of your party or your rabbis crying out about this terrible crime when it happened?

That's what happens when Jews are killed, but if, G-d forbid, Arabs are killed by policemen when they are intent on murdering Jews, oh boy, then the house comes down, and as to be expected, the government's investigative committee found the policemen to be in the wrong. Remember, this is the independent State of Israel we're talking about.

Ever since "our establishment" and "our independence" (as Ben Gurion put it), a Jew was no longer supposed to be persecuted in *Galus* for being Jewish. In actuality, it is specifically here in Eretz Yisroel that a Jew feels himself to be in a doubled and redoubled darkness, and whoever tries to protect himself is prosecuted by the Zionist government and he is declared

guilty while the Arabs are protected. This is an independence of shame, an independence of cringing before the *goyim*, an independence of capitulation and stretching out one's neck to be slaughtered, *r"l*.

We see this capitulation with the Partition Fence, in Sharon's decision, which leaves Jewish settlements outside the fence. The truth is that the way to fight terrorism is not by building fences, but by cutting off the head of the snake. But according to the government, it's the fence that will save lives, and if this is the case, then how do they knowingly abandon thousands of Jews, simply to please the Arabs and America?

How absurd the phrase "the Prime Minister decided" is, when every child knows that the U.S. government decides for him, and he's merely the means to carry out President Bush's decisions in America's 53<sup>rd</sup> state in the Middle East.

The ridiculous story about the "government's" decision to expel Arafat illustrates our self-loathing. Fifteen Jews were murdered and dozens wounded (while the prime





minister was in India, teaching them how to fight terror), and when the glorified commander of the 101<sup>st</sup> battalion returned, they formulated a tough response to the attacks: Arafat will be expelled!

But he won't actually be expelled, G-d forbid, it's just an expulsion in principle (in general, in our modern world, there are many backwards things – go to a pharmacy and they'll sell you soapless soap, and you can buy gold that isn't gold, etc. So this was a great decision, an expulsion-less expulsion). In other words, we'll have the damage resulting from the decision, but not the actual carrying out of the decision, because the Arch Murderer will continue doing his thing from his compound in Ramallah.

I've said more than once, that according to the laws of the State of Israel, Sharon and his government ought to be tried and sentenced severely, under the law of "retribution against the Nazis and their collaborators." Mr. Sharon and his ministers (like Rabin, Peres, Shamir, and Netanyahu who preceded him) collaborate with the Nazi government of our times, the Palestinian Authority. They give them money, provide international public relations, hold meetings for "meaningful" dialogue, free their murderers from jail, and they are directly responsible for the bloodshed of thousands of people, and the wounding of tens of thousands!

How right the Rebbe was when he said, "one step forward and two steps backward" about the Israeli government, that even when they set out to do something, they fail because of fear of what the world will say. They invest so much into obtaining intelligence about the location of the Hamas leaders, and

then when they're able to bump them off they're afraid of killing innocent people (people who are ready to lynch and rip the intestines out of any Jew they catch, *r"l*), and they allow the murderers to continue to live and snuff out the lives of dozens of innocent Jewish people.

The same thing is true about Arafat. The Israelis pushed him into a corner, destroyed his beautiful buildings, and watch him from the distance and take notes on every thing he says and does. They maintain that he is responsible for the continuation of terror attacks, and that removing him will save lives, but they're afraid to harm him. The *menuval* (degenerate) sits and laughs at the Israeli heroes who are frightened of him and at the tumult engendered in Israel by Sharon's idiotic decision. And Arafat openly tells his men: Continue and intensify the terror!

The U.S. is searching for Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein. It's investing hundreds of millions of dollars and is killing dozens of innocent people in order to catch these murderers. But the independent State of Israel allows the Arch Terrorist and dozens of commanders of terror cells who are with him to continue their incitement and their sending of suicide bombers, right in the faces of the Israeli soldiers who "guard" his compound. And the great Arik Sharon, with all his ministers who tremble like leaves, can't give the order to annihilate them all with one bomb. This is called "Sharon's security."

I don't even think they should expel Arafat. On the contrary, I think we should put up stickers that say, "Arafat *yimach shmo* is Good for the Jews." I'm not kidding.

Imagine what would happen if

*On the other hand, let's imagine what would happen if one of the guards at the zoo in Tel Aviv was lax, and as a result, a child was mauled by a lion that escaped from the zoo. The event would be discussed for weeks! They'd make investigative committees, and the director of the zoo would be fired. But when it's only about Sharon releasing terrorists, and they killed fifteen Jews and wounded dozens of others, nobody protests.*

Arafat was taken out. Then Abu Mazen would succeed in establishing his government and he would reopen negotiations with the Israelis, which would lead to the establishment of a Palestinian state. And so it's "good for the Jews" that there's someone who is blocking this government from ruling, and that prevents the establishment of any other government, thus waking up Israeli ministers from their dream of peace. If Abu Emar didn't exist, we'd have to invent him.

Of course, *al pi din*, Arafat should be killed, but that's only when all those hiding with him are killed too, as well as those who are disguised as "moderates," who want to establish a state of murderers with Israel's help.

As long as people like Abu Mazen and Abu Ala and Dachlan, etc., are around, and as long as the crazy Israeli government continues to think about a vision of peace in the Middle East, they have to leave Arafat alive in the Muktaa so that he'll continue to ruin the vision of a Palestinian state.

There are some (including amongst ourselves) who are impatiently waiting for Sharon to fall, following the investigations that he and his sons are tangled up in. Then, they say, Netanyahu will be prime minister and everything will be different.

The truth is that just as "Arafat is good for the Jews," "Bibi is good for the Arabs." I'm not talking about his utter capitulation to Arafat when he was prime minister, and his declaration that they have a friendship and chemistry ... I'm not talking about the dozens of *korbanos* that fell because he gave Chevron to the Arabs as a result of talks and

***I don't even think they should expel Arafat. On the contrary, I think we should put up stickers that say, "Arafat yimach shmo is Good for the Jews." I'm not kidding...***

agreements that he made. I'm talking about his uncompromising war against Jewish children, stealing the food from their mouths, and his impudent declaration like Pharaoh in his time, "lest they multiply."

As a Leftist Jew-hater, Netanyahu recently demanded that *chareidi* families cut their family size along

with the budget cuts, and he opened his mouth with the greatest of *chutzpa* against large families. This is the man that people hope will get back into power?!

Many years ago, the Knesset member Ms. Chaika Grossman came to Kiryat Gat and spoke to hundreds of women about family planning. When I heard about this, I went to a certain family in the city who had a miracle from the Rebbe when they had a child in their older years. The Rebbe told them not to abort, which was against the doctor's orders.

I brought the mother with her baby to the lecture and at the end of Mrs. Grossman's talk, this woman told her story and showed everybody the baby who brought light to their home ("If I listened to you and the doctors, I would be home alone today with the four walls.") When she finished her story, she said to Chaika Grossman, "It's a pity your mother didn't...."

Do we need more proofs to show us that the Zionist government which was supposed to be a "substitute" for the Malchus Dovid, has failed? Is there anybody who is still trying to pin their hopes on one Zionist leader or another?

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