

CONTENTS



The international weekly heralding the coming of Mashiach
BEIS MOSHIACH

4 | HOW TO LEARN TORAH IN ELUL

D'var Malchus / Likkutei Sichos Vol. 4, Hosafos, Pg. 1345-1348

6 | 'WHEN MOSHIACH COMES... THEY'LL SAY L'CHAIM AND ACCOMPANY IT WITH A PIECE OF SCHMERLING CHEESE'

Stories / R' Elimelech Tiefenbrun

8 | AN ELIJAHU HA'NAVI IN OUR MIDST (CONT.)

Feature / Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok Jacobson

10 | WHY CAN'T THE REDEMPTION COME THROUGH THE ZIONISTS?

Focus / Rabbi Sholom Dovber HaLevi Wolpo

12 | 'MAYBE IT IS WITH THE BATTIM'

Miracle Story / Rabbi Yisroel Yud

14 | SHLICHUS IN PARADISE

Shlichus / Chani Nussbaum

20 | THE CHASSID WHO SET UP A SPY NETWORK THROUGHOUT THE USSR

Chassid / Shneur Zalman Berger

28 | 34 YEARS AGO: THE REBBE CRIED OVER THE CEASEFIRE

Shleimus HaAretz / Shai Gefen

35 | WORKING FOR THE REBBE (CONT.)

Feature / Yisroel Yehuda

40 | A DREAM COME TRUE

Miracle Story / A. Shneur

USA

744 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, NY 11213-3409
Tel: (718) 778-8000
Fax: (718) 778-0800
admin@beismoshiach.org
www.beismoshiach.org

ERETZ HA'KODESH

ת.ד. 102 כפר חב"ד 72915
טלפון: (03) 9607-290
פקס: (03) 9607-289

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

M.M. Hendel

ENGLISH EDITOR:

Boruch Merkur
editor@beismoshiach.org

Beis Moshich (USPS 012-542) ISSN 1082-0272 is published weekly, except Jewish holidays (only once in April and October) for \$130.00 in Crown Heights, \$140.00 in the USA & Canada, all others for \$150.00 per year (45 issues), by Beis Moshich, 744 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, NY 11213-3409. Periodicals postage paid at Brooklyn, NY and additional offices. Postmaster: send address changes to Beis Moshich 744 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, NY 11213-3409.

Beis Moshich is not responsible for the content of the advertisements.

HOW TO LEARN TORAH IN ELUL

LIKKUTEI SICHOS VOL. 4, HOSAFOS, PG. 1345-1348
TRANSLATED BY BORUCH MERKUR



There are two levels of Torah: 1) The level of rain of Torah, [which corresponds to] inspiration from above brought about from initiative from below. 2) The level of dew of Torah, [corresponding to] inspiration from above of its own accord. This [second] level also exists with respect to the manner of Torah study [attained] by man. Namely, that in this manner, “the speech of man is in the ultimate state of nullification in His essence, to the extent that one’s speech does not come from himself at all. It is, rather, ‘the word of G-d, which is Torah law’ that is spoken within him automatically and of its own accord” [Footnote 21: a phrase cited from *Likkutei Torah*, P’kudei 6a], as it is written, “Let my tongue answer your sayings” as one who responds [or repeats] after the reader.

The Thirteen Attributes of Mercy are beyond the natural order of Divine manifestation (*hishtalshlus*), at a level where initiative from below does not reach. From this it is understood that the connection of the Thirteen Attributes of Mercy to Torah is primarily with regard to learning Torah in a manner of “Let my tongue answer your sayings.”

The connection of learning Torah in the ultimate state of [self] nullification to the month of Elul is also alluded to in its mention in the beginning of the portion R’ei (which is read on Rosh Chodesh Elul or on the Shabbos preceding it): “Except to the place which He shall choose, etc.” (12:5), “to the [place of] rest and to the heritage” (Ibid 9), “And it shall be that the place that He, G-d the L-rd, shall choose, wherein His name shall dwell” (Ibid 11) – “Build for yourselves the Chosen Temple in Yerushalayim” (Rashi’s commentary, Ibid).

That is, the principle object of the Sanctuary (as well as the Temple) is the place of the resting of the Divine presence, which is the ark. The significance of the ark is:

1) Torah, as it is written (Melachim I 8:9), “There is nothing in the ark save two stone tablets.” 2) There was no service associated with the ark (as with other vessels of the Sanctuary [With regard to the service of sprinkling blood between the ark’s staves, see Footnote 25 in the original.]); it simply served as a vessel for the revelation from above: “I will testify to you there and I will speak, etc.” An expression of the latter is the study of Torah in the ultimate state of nullification.

* * *

The practical lesson from the above:

In the days of the month of Elul – and even in the days preceding it, from Shabbos Nachamu – one must increase in Torah study with regard to both the revealed dimension of Torah and particularly the study of the inner dimension of the Torah. (If one did not fulfill this [directive beginning] from Shabbos Nachamu until now, one must fulfill it throughout the days from now on, and in a manner of “wisdom is manifold,” as it is explained in *Igeres HaT’shuva* Chapter 9.) And the study must be with [self] nullification – “Let my tongue answer your sayings.” For by doing so, influence will be drawn down from above in a charitable manner (*b’ofen d’tzdaka*), like the configuration of the name Havaya [Yud-Kei-Vav-Kei] that illuminates in the month of Elul [Footnote 28: Mishnas Chassidim, beginning of Maseches Elul], [as it appears in] the last-letter acronym of, “*U’tzdaka tihyeh lanu ki*” [i.e., Hei-Hei-Vav-Yud] – charity, and not just a limited compensation appropriate to the work done – by being positively inscribed and sealed for a good and sweet year with regard to one’s abundant fortune in children, vitality, and sustenance.

(From the address of Shabbos Parshas R’ei 5723)

'WHEN MOSHIACH COMES...

They'll say l'chaim and accompany it with a piece of Schmerling cheese'

*Stories and yechidusin that R' Elimelech Tiefenbrun heard from the people directly or from relatives. * From a t'shura for the bar mitzva of his son.*

ON THE REBBE'S CHESHBON

R' Leibel Groner relates:

R' Itche the Masmid visited the US in 1933 as a shliach of the Rebbe Rayatz. He visited Boston, where there was a wealthy woman who said that if R' Itche came to her house and drank tea she would give him a large donation for *maamud*. R' Itche agreed and went to her house.

Before leaving, he asked her whether she needed a bracha for anything and she said: Yes, for children. R' Itche blessed her that she should have a child by the following year.

When he left, R' Itche immediately telegraphed the Rebbe to inform him that he had given a bracha "on the Rebbe's account." The following year the woman had a son.

SCHMERLING CHEESE

R' Pesach Tzvi Schmerling relates:

My great-grandfather R' Levi Yitzchok Schmerling was a Chassid of the Rebbe Rashab and later of the Rebbe Rayatz. Around the year 5660 (1900), he went from Russia to

Switzerland, where he began manufacturing kosher cheese.

After the Rebbe Rayatz was rescued from the Nazis and arrived in the US, he arranged emigration papers for the Schmerlings. My grandfather, R' Boruch Bendit was a soldier in the Swiss army and couldn't leave Switzerland. Therefore, his mother, Chaya Sarah, didn't want to leave. However, my great-grandfather left with his two daughters and two sons-in-law and arrived in the US around the year 1941.

One yom tov, when he was at the Rebbe Rayatz's yom tov table in 770, the Rebbe said that when Moshiach comes they will say l'chaim, "and accompany it with lekach and Schmerling cheese."

SITTING OR STANDING?

My father, R' Elozor Kalman Tiefenbrun, once had a yechidus with the Rebbe MH"m together with my brother Yosef Yitzchok a"h. My brother was learning in Morristown at the time but since my father suffered from back pain, he came with my father who

leaned on him as he walked.

When they entered, my father said to the Rebbe that he had brought his son for support when he walked. The Rebbe said, "Still with the back? It's a pity to waste time!"

I think it was at that yechidus that the Rebbe asked my father how he painted, standing or sitting. My father answered that he stood since it was easier for him to see what he drew, from a distance too.

The Rebbe said with a smile: Michelangelo painted frescoes on the ceiling while he was lying down.

At the end of the yechidus, the Rebbe told my brother, "Since you are here, I'll give you [a dollar for] a commission."

DID THE RIGHT THING

One year, when my father came to the Rebbe for Shavuot, the following story took place:

On one of the weekdays when the Torah is read and the Rebbe davened as he did in those years in the zal upstairs, after the Rebbe had his aliya and returned to his place, the Rebbe bent down and picked up some cigarette butts from the floor and put them on his table. My father was standing near the northern wall in the zal (to the left of the Rebbe) and didn't see exactly what took place.

R' Yisroel Leibov, who also stood there and saw what happened,

commented to my father that it wasn't fitting for the Rebbe's dignity that cigarette butts should be on his table and he motioned to him to take them away. My father went over and took the butts and as he did so, the Rebbe turned and looked at my father.

After some time, my father wrote a note to the Rebbe which said he didn't know whether he had done the right thing but he had done it for the Rebbe's honor. In his response, the Rebbe underlined the words, "did the right thing."

"SPIRITUAL DOWRY"

I heard from my father-in-law, R' Meir Avtzon a"h that he once had a yechidus in which he complained that he didn't have money for a dowry for his daughters and sons-in-law and he asked for a bracha for this.

The Rebbe said: Give your sons-in-law a spiritual dowry.

SHE IS MY SHLUCHA

My brother-in-law, R' Sholom Dovber Avtzon, related:

In the early years it was customary that after the Rebbe said a sicha to the N'shei Chabad at their annual convention, representatives of the women from throughout the US and Canada would receive a bracha from the Rebbe.

One year, some of the shluchos from Detroit decided that only shluchos would approach the Rebbe. [Until then, all the N'shei Chabad of Detroit approached the Rebbe.] Since my mother-in-law, Mrs. Chiena Avtzon a"h, also attended the convention, they told her that only shluchos would be going over to the Rebbe.

When the shluchos approached the Rebbe, the Rebbe asked them, "Where is Rebbetzin Avtzon?" One shlucha answered that only shluchos were approaching the Rebbe that year and Rebbetzin Avtzon wasn't a shlucha.

The Rebbe said: She is my shlucha and I cannot accept the delegation

until she comes over.

WHAT DID THE REBBE ASK AFTER THE BRIS?

My mother-in-law was very involved in brissin, especially for Russian immigrants. She took care of everything including paying for the bris.

One of the mohelim who did many of these brissin was Rabbi Sholom Goldstein a"h. He was an expert mohel, but in order for the immigrants to be confident that they baby was in good hands, they arranged for the brissin to take place

One yom tov, when he was at the Rebbe Rayatz's yom tov table in 770, the Rebbe said that when Moshiach comes they will say l'chaim, "and accompany it with lekach and Schmerling cheese."

in the hospital in a special room designated for this purpose (that my mother-in-law arranged) and in the presence of a doctor.

It happened that some people wanted to take pictures of the bris to publicize their work on behalf of Russian Jewry. Rabbi Goldstein was afraid that when the hospital administration would see that the bris included *metziza b'peh* (oral suction), they would make a fuss about it and might forbid brissin from taking place there. He decided that under the circumstances he would have to use a

tube.

After the bris, my mother-in-law reported to the Rebbe about the bris and the name of the baby. Shortly thereafter she received a phone call from Rabbi Chadakov on behalf of the Rebbe who asked how the mohel did the metziza.

My mother-in-law, unaware of the whole situation, asked the mohel. When Rabbi Goldstein heard this he was shaken up as this was the first time in his life that he had used a tube and the only time that the Rebbe asked how the metziza was done!

HE DIDN'T WRITE TO ME

R' Hirschel Lipsker related:

My father, R' Yaakov Lipskar a"h, helped the Rebbe when he was in Paris in the summer of 1947. Rashag was also in Paris at the time and my father brought him meals too.

One day, Rashag told my father that the Rebbe Rayatz sent him a letter in which he asked him to take care of his health and to eat properly (since Rashag ate very little).

Since the Rebbe also ate very little and the plate of food often remained full, my father decided to tell the Rebbe about the Rebbe Rayatz's letter.

The Rebbe's reaction was: He didn't write to me!

GO AND FARBRENG

R' Yehuda Blesofsky related in the name of the R' Moshe Gurkov:

My father, R' Shneur Zalman Blesofsky a"h was of Chabad descent but he learned in Williamsburg with the "Malochim." One Friday night the Rebbe entered the zal and told R' Moshe Gurkov and his chavrusa that there was a yeshiva called Nesivos Olam where fine young men learned and it was worth going there to farbreng.

R' Moshe went there and farbrenged with them all night not knowing the results of that farbrengen, but the next day, R' Shneur Zalman Blesofsky came to learn in 770.

AN ELIYAHU HA'NAVI IN OUR MIDST

RABBI YOSEF YITZCHOK JACOBSON

Part 5 of 5 of a speech in honor of the 1st yahrzeit of the young shliach and melamed, Rabbi Levi Bialo a"h, on 7 Iyar of this year, who was taken before his time in a tragic accident. Presented during the Seven Weeks of Consolation.

[Continued from last week]

Tonight, feeling the energy that's coming from Levi's family – his wife Shira, their children, Levi's parents and siblings, in-laws and their siblings – I sense that we are privileged to be in the presence of holiness, of a family so close. They experienced so much pain, yet they maintain so much courage and faith and love in their hearts, rather than cynicism, which is very natural in the face of such tragedy.

Seeing this, I remember what the Rebbe once said – that in Judaism there are three names for a cemetery: *Beis HaK'varos* (Home of Burial), *Beis Olam* (Home of Eternity), *Beis HaChaim* (Home for Life). Why three names for a cemetery? The answer is that there are three ways to live, and therefore, three ways to die.

There are people whose entire life is biological and material. When they die, the cemetery is a Home of Burial. Tragically their body is buried and life is ceased.

There are others who nurture not only their bodies but also their souls, and souls never die. When they die, the

cemetery is not a Home of Burial; it is a Home of Eternity, because the soul is eternal.

And then there's a third category of people. They don't only nurture their bodies and they don't only nurture their souls; they nurture other people's souls, they inspire other human beings, other hearts. And when they pass on, the cemetery is a *Beis HaChaim*, it's a Home of Life. Why? Because it's not only their souls that are eternal in a spiritual world, but rather, there are people walking the face of this earth, alive, who, when you look at them you could say, "Ah, here is a life that is inspired, guided, kindled, and uplifted – by that person who is physically no longer here."

And I think – I know – it would be absolutely accurate to say that Levi Yitzchok is not buried in a Home of Burial, and not in the Home of Eternity only, but in a Home of Life, because what he left behind – his children, his students, his friends – and when you look at them you can say, "Here was a life well lived, here was someone who made other people live." So when you

look at his students and his influence, his impact and his energy, in a very real way, he lives through this community and he lives through his family and he lives through the countless souls he has touched.

His life was interrupted 7 o'clock in the morning approximately, on his way to this shul.

It reminds me of the story of Rebbi Akiva. The Talmud says: When did Rebbi Akiva die? It was morning. The Romans decided to kill him early in the morning and Rebbi Akiva needed to say the Shma – *Shma Yisroel Hashem Elokeinu, Hashem Echad* – and before he could finish the word "Echad," his life was interrupted.

The Talmud defines Rebbi Akiva this way, in Tractate Menachos: G-d told



Rabbi Levi Bialo a"h

Moshe: On each of the lines (thorns) on the letters of the Torah, Rabbi Akiva would expound mounds and mounds of Jewish law.

One of the great sages gave the following interpretation: “Kotz” – referring to the lines on the letters of the Torah – in Hebrew means “thorn.” Rabbi Akiva lived in one of the darkest periods in Jewish history. The temple was destroyed, Jerusalem was devastated, Jews were exiled... The Romans promised: this is the end of the Jewish people. What was Rabbi Akiva’s response [to this era of tragedy]? “On every **thorn** (he would expound mounds and mounds of Jewish law)” – meaning: Every time he saw the Jewish people get stabbed, every time he saw a Jewish soul, a Jewish body, being devastated, every time he saw the destruction, “On every thorn” that the Jews experienced at the hand of the Romans, “he would expound mounds and mounds of Jewish law” – he rebuilt another yeshiva, he rebuilt another “mound” of Judaism, he rebuilt another “mound” of Torah study or prayer; he expounded more Torah and built more institutions.

The Romans are not here today; Rabbi Akiva’s students and children are here. Levi, just like Rabbi Akiva, was on his way to recite the morning Shema – and it was interrupted before he could finish “*Hashem Echad*.”

And fate had it, providence had it, that we, his friends, his family, his community, his students, should continue what was interrupted.

If there’s something that represents Levi it was “on every thorn” he chose to live life, embrace life, to be filled with joy rather than cynicism, filled with love rather than apathy, filled with life rather than with indifference.

* * *

Tonight is a *yahrtzeit*, in a way it’s a time of *yizkor*, a time of remembering; not only mourning but of remembering. May we have the merit to become the channels through which Levi Bialo’s extraordinarily life will be continued.



Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok Jacobson

“On every thorn” he chose to live life, embrace life, to be filled with joy rather than cynicism, filled with love rather than apathy, filled with life rather than with indifference.

May we live up to the *z’chus*, the privilege of continuing his “*Hashem Echad*,” and making sure his cemetery is not a Home of Burial, and not even a Home of Eternity, but a Home of Life.

The Baal Shem Tov told his students that when somebody dies you can respond in three ways: in tears, silence, and song. So they asked the Baal Shem Tov: Rebbe! Tears I understand, silence I also understand, but song? The Baal Shem Tov said this: You can respond with silence, it’s justified; you can respond with tears, it’s appropriate; but there’s one more thing: Everybody’s life is a song, life is a melody. A melody has many notes, higher notes and lower

notes, dramatic notes and simple notes, exhilarating notes and painful notes. When they pass on, the song gets interrupted. You could sing in order to continue their song.

I know that Shira, her and her husband’s two beautiful children, will forever continue their father’s and her husband’s song, as well as the rest of this wonderful family. May we have the privilege in playing a part in continuing such a melody, such a powerful, inspiring and beautiful melody.

The mystery is endless, the pain is palpable, and the questions go unanswered. But if there’s anything that Levi represented it was that his song must go on, because Levi knew that life is a song, that life is a melody.

Levi’s dear children – Schneur Zalman and Chaya Mushka – until Moshiach comes, speedily in our days, will not have the opportunity of knowing their father personally. But one thing these precious, G-dly and holy children will always be comforted with is the knowledge that during two and a half short decades, their father planted so many seeds of love, generated so much light, cast so much joy and inspired so many souls, young and old, seeds that will sprout for years and years and years, songs that will generate more songs and more joy for years and years and years. And we have the *z’chus* to be part of that song.

And may the Author of life and the Author of such a special soul that Levi is, give solace, strength and joy to his family that has lived through so much during the past 12 months. And may we have the merit to embrace them tonight with our love and our affection and our genuine spirit, until that great day when the Author of life “will wipe away tears from the face of humanity,” and Levi’s big smile will be revealed once again with the coming of Moshiach to cast his revealed light and revealed joy on his loved ones, his *kinderlach*, and all of his family, and all of the Jewish people.

WHY CAN'T THE REDEMPTION COME THROUGH THE ZIONISTS?

TRANSLATED BY MICHOEL LEIB DOBRY

In response to requests by our readers, we now present the fourteenth in a series of questions and answers from the seifer Between Light and Darkness, Rabbi Sholom Dovber HaLevi Wolpo's provocative new guide for the perplexed regarding the establishment regime in Eretz Yisroel today and the tragic events they have brought upon the Jewish People.

QUESTION:

The Lubavitcher Rebbe claims that the Redemption simply cannot come through non-observant Jews who have broken the yoke of Torah and mitzvos or a secular state that is run in all matters just like all the other nations of the world. However, according to what you said previously regarding the distinction between Satmar and Lubavitch, including the praise that

the Rebbe gave to the soldiers on the Entebbe mission in spite of the fact that they were not Torah observant, what stops the Redemption from coming through the sinners? Our Sages, of blessed memory, say in the Gemara (M'ila 17b): "The miracle will come in any event," and therefore, even if Eretz Yisroel is generally not run according to Torah and most of its leaders neither were nor are Torah

observant Jews, nevertheless, this possibly could be "is'chalta d'Geula."

The Gemara states (Sanhedrin 102b) that "Rabbi Yochanan says: Why did Omri merit to receive the crown? Because he added one city in Eretz Yisroel," even though this king was more evil than all of his predecessors. His son, Achab, was even more wicked than his father (Melachim Alef 16:31-33), and his wife Izebel killed all the prophets of G-d by the sword (ibid. 18:4). It says further in Tanchuma (*Hosafos*, Parshas VaEschanan, Sec. 2) that he took a Torah scroll, erased G-d's Name, and wrote the name of idols in its place. Yet, despite all this, the prophet promised that G-d will help him to achieve victory in war (ibid. 20:13). If this be the case, then what's the problem that specifically the State of Israel, even with all of its disadvantages, can be "is'chalta d'Geula"?

ANSWER:

1. *They loaded wheat and admitted to him it was barley.* Isn't your question actually whether G-d can do miracles through the wicked? As you write above, the fact is that He does miracles for His people Israel in Eretz Yisroel as well, even through many soldiers, military commanders, and government ministers are far from Torah and mitzvos. This is quite similar to miracles made through a doctor who is not Torah observant or not even Jewish. So what does all this have to do with "is'chalta d'Geula"?

2. If we would claim that it is forbidden to live in Eretz Yisroel since it was conquered by the Zionists, the answer to this would be "The miracle will come in any event." However, we have no argument regarding the need to live and settle in Eretz Yisroel, etc., even though it was conquered by such an



authority. Our only claim is that with all the great merits of settling the land, nevertheless, this has no connection whatsoever to the Redemption, because the Redemption is an entirely different matter, specifically according to the order established by the Rambam,

With all the great merits of settling the land, nevertheless, this has no connection whatsoever to the Redemption, because the Redemption is an entirely different matter.

who maintains that it is brought about specifically through Moshiach and specifically with the nullification of "Due to our sins"! Therefore, even though the miracle can come through a variety of sources, the Redemption has only one source: Moshiach Tzidkeinu!

HOW DID THE JEWISH AGENCY COUNSELORS TEACH THE HOLOCAUST REFUGEE ORPHANS?

The following is an excerpt from the book *The Children of Tehran Accuse* (NOTE: The "children of Tehran" came from chareidi families in Poland, and they fled from the Nazi enemy via Russia, and from there to Tehran. Representatives of the Jewish Agency there made absorption camps for them, and transferred them afterwards to Eretz Yisroel.):

"On the night of Rosh Hashana 5703, **which fell that year on Shabbos**, the counselors halted the children's evening prayers, demanding that they hurry up and get ready for the party, where **the counselors smoked cigarettes**. The next day, the second day of Rosh HaShana, the counselors prevented the children from going to shul to hear the blowing of the shofar. On Yom Kippur, after the Kol Nidrei service, the educational supervisor, David Lewinberg proclaimed, "**Children, time to eat!**" All the counselors arranged a meal right in front of the children. The next day, the children were transported into the city by bus to a shul in order to arouse the mercy of the city's wealthy people, and after

collecting the contributions, they were taken from there. A child who asked to remain to say 'Yizkor' was beaten by the counselors. On Sukkos, the children were denied any permission to go to town for davening. When they asked for a lulav and esrog, the reply was: "You've been able to go without them for three years, **you'll go without them this year as well.**" On Simchas Torah, a party was organized, and they gave the children bread, butter, and **pork** in honor of the holiday. They made a presentation dramatizing the burning of the Beis HaMikdash with Jews mourning and crying over the destruction, when Zionist pioneers appeared and told them, 'The House of Israel will be built with bricks, not prayer and mourning.' There were children who didn't want to defile themselves with these forbidden foods, and they ate only bread the whole time, causing illness and fainting. The educational supervisor, David Lewinberg, told the doctor not to worry – on the contrary, **one or two will die from hunger**, and then they'll give up on eating kosher."

‘MAYBE IT IS WITH THE BATTIM’

BY RABBI YISROEL YUD

In the course of thirty years of work at Machon Pe'er checking t'fillin and mezuzos, I have seen numerous miracles connected with the kashrus of t'fillin and mezuzos. Some of these miracles came to me straight from the Lubavitcher Rebbe when he said to check t'fillin and mezuzos.

I have had the privilege to be the pioneer in establishing a center to check t'fillin and mezuzos and to carry out the Rebbe's horaa in this inyan. This is why we publicize the stories that we experience.

As time goes by it becomes ever clearer how, thanks to the Rebbe's instruction to frequently check one's mezuzos and t'fillin, hundreds and thousands of Jews have merited to wear t'fillin mehudaros and to put up kosher mezuzos on their doorposts.

To tell you the truth, I wonder what would have happened if the Lubavitcher Rebbe had not promoted checking t'fillin and mezuzos. Would there be any centers for checking? Would the public be aware of the importance of this?

Since I remember the great breakthrough caused by the Rebbe's promotion of this inyan, the answer is clear to me.

One of the stories with the

Rebbe that I recall concerned someone whose relative was a Misnaged. This man became very ill and he decided to write to the Rebbe. The answer he got was surprising: check the t'fillin and be punctilious with Havdala.

When I checked his t'fillin I found that an entire word was missing. He recovered after that, baruch Hashem, and then he said that before he had gotten married he wanted to check his t'fillin but he was told he doesn't need to. As for Havdala, it turned out that he

The image shows a sample report form from Machon Pe'er. The form is titled 'מכון פער' (Machon Pe'er) and includes contact information: 'ת.ד. 284 מיקוד 51101 - טל: 03-6161666 - פקס: 03-6161777'. It also features a logo with the word 'פער' (Pe'er) and a star. The form is divided into several sections for checking different parts of the t'fillin and mezuzos, with checkboxes and handwritten notes. The sections include: 'תלמידי - חובות' (Students - Debts), 'תלמידי - חובות' (Students - Debts), 'תלמידי - חובות' (Students - Debts), 'תלמידי - חובות' (Students - Debts), and 'תלמידי - חובות' (Students - Debts). The form is filled out with handwritten text and checked boxes, indicating a completed inspection.

Rabbi Yisroel YudA sample report from the Machon Pe'er

found it difficult to make it on wine so he used milk instead.

To my surprise, there are still miracle stories with the Rebbe which I find out about when people come to us because of an answer they opened to in the *Igros Kodesh*. The story I'm about to tell you took place on Yud-Alef Nissan, on the Rebbe's birthday

In order to encourage people to check their t'fillin and mezuzos, we offer same-day service for checking and correcting. A staff of checkers and people who make corrections finish the work in a day.

The day before 11 Nissan I got a phone call from a Lubavitcher Chassid in the south who wanted both his pairs of t'fillin checked. I told him to come the next evening and the t'fillin would be ready. He couldn't come himself and he said he would send his friend.

In the evening I got a phone call from the man who wanted to know what the problem was with his t'fillin. I didn't know what to tell him and I said I had to ask those who worked on it.

He said, "I just opened to a letter in the *Igros Kodesh* and it seems to me there is a problem with the battim." He read me the letter and even sent me a fax of it:

9 Adar II 5714

You write that you checked the t'fillin and mezuzos and found them to be kosher. They need to be checked by an expert sofer – even better, the sofer himself should write to me what he found, because I think there is some concern and maybe it's with the battim. Ask the sofer who checks to write me himself about this.

He said that when he opened to this letter he ran to the phone and called the center to find out about



Rabbi Yisroel Yud

his t'fillin.

I looked for his t'fillin and I opened and read the form that had been filled out which said that the problem was in fact only in the base and extension of the battim, where the straps are passed through.

The person who fixed them told me that the t'fillin were almost not what you could consider perfectly square at the base because of sweat and friction, etc.

By the way, regarding the base of the t'fillin, it is a serious halachic problem, so I want to point out that in addition to checking the parshiyos, the battim must be checked too or they can be pasul.

At our center, a detailed report is written about the t'fillin from the moment they come in to be checked until they leave. The report includes details to identify the owner, about the checking, any fixing, orders, finishing touches and final review, everything neatly written out. I was immediately able to fulfill the Rebbe's instruction in the letter and sent the owner the full report. He saw clearly how the Rebbe, in the answer he had opened to, was absolutely correct about the

problem with his t'fillin!

All the people who work at the center were amazed by the Rebbe's answer. The *battim macher*, Rabbi Tzvi Zayis couldn't get over the Rebbe's answer and said, "That's the power of emuna."

This taught me about emunas chachamim and about the hiskashrus of Lubavitcher Chassidim to the Rebbe – that even today they receive amazing answers and precise instructions through the *Igros Kodesh*.

I know that the Lubavitcher Rebbe learned a practical lesson from everything. As for this story, the lesson from the Rebbe's letter, as I understand it, is that even when there isn't a problem with the parshiyos or letters, you have to know there are dozens of halachos about the straps, the battim, and the knots. These halachos are very detailed. It was not for naught that the Rebbe asked that t'fillin be checked frequently.

I feel that from Heaven this miracle came my way so that I could bring it to the public's attention.

SHLICHUS IN PARADISE

BY CHANI NUSSBAUM

*Perth is the capitol of western Australia, a beautiful and quiet city, far from Melbourne and Sydney with their flourishing Jewish communities. The gashmius in Perth is superb and abundant but we are still working on the ruchnius. * Mrs. Odaya and Rabbi Sholom White are on shlichus in Perth, raising up Jewish neshamos.*

“A Lubavitcher woman who lives with her husband and ten children in a yishuv in Eretz Yisroel, recently came to visit her hometown of Perth after being away for 25 years. When she sat with us at our Shabbos meal and they began singing the niggun ‘The Beinoni,’ she could not believe she was in Perth, Australia.

“She burst into tears and said, ‘In my youth I left Perth and made aliya with the organization HaBonim (which was identified with the Left), but baruch Hashem, I became a part of the world of Chabad. I attended Machon Alte in Tzfas and now have a Chassidische family. I did not believe I would return to Perth one day and that I would sit at the Shabbos table with shluchim and hear this niggun.”

Truly, one can hear the footsteps of Moshiach.

Mrs. Odaya White picked this neshama story to begin the interview.

* * *

Perth is an isolated city, far from Melbourne and Sydney with their flourishing Jewish communities. The flight to Perth takes five hours and flights within Australia are expensive. The cost of a flight to Melbourne or Sydney is nearly the same as the cost of a flight to Eretz Yisroel.

In terms of gashmius, Perth is heaven on earth, with its sunshine and lush greenery. It is serene and picturesque. In contrast to this is its spiritual life; it’s a spiritual desert with no Jewish history.

This is why perhaps, such high neshamos land here. “People come here to run away from themselves,” says Mrs. White. “There are many Israelis who ran here in order to run from the whole world, as they put it, as do immigrants from other countries and members of the local community.”

How many Jews live in Perth?

“About 8000 Jews live in Perth out of a million people. Percentage-

PERTH

Perth, the capitol of western Australia, is one of the most beautiful cities in Australia yet it is one of the most isolated capital cities in the world. 1,433,000 people live in Perth, the fourth largest city in Australia. Perth is the world’s sunniest capital city receiving an average of 2847 hours of sunlight per year, which along with its beaches attracts many tourists. It is popular with Asian tourists who are nearby, while thousands of Australians also visit each year for the stunning beaches and variety of water sports. The warmest month of the year in Perth is February. It is situated on the Swan River and faces the Indian Ocean.



Farbrengen with mekuravim

wise, the number of Jews is relatively large even though the active community here is relatively small.”

Odaya and her husband, Reb Sholom, and their baby daughter came here on shlichus a year and a half ago. The isolation is very hard on them, but they are managing. They do all they can to

give the Rebbe nachas by working with the neshamos in Perth. Quite a few Jews, some of them well-known, discovered their Judaism in Perth, of all places.

“There is a lot of work here,” says Odaya, “and the work of shlichus is fascinating and gives you no time for rest. There is always something to do. The thirst here is great and people who

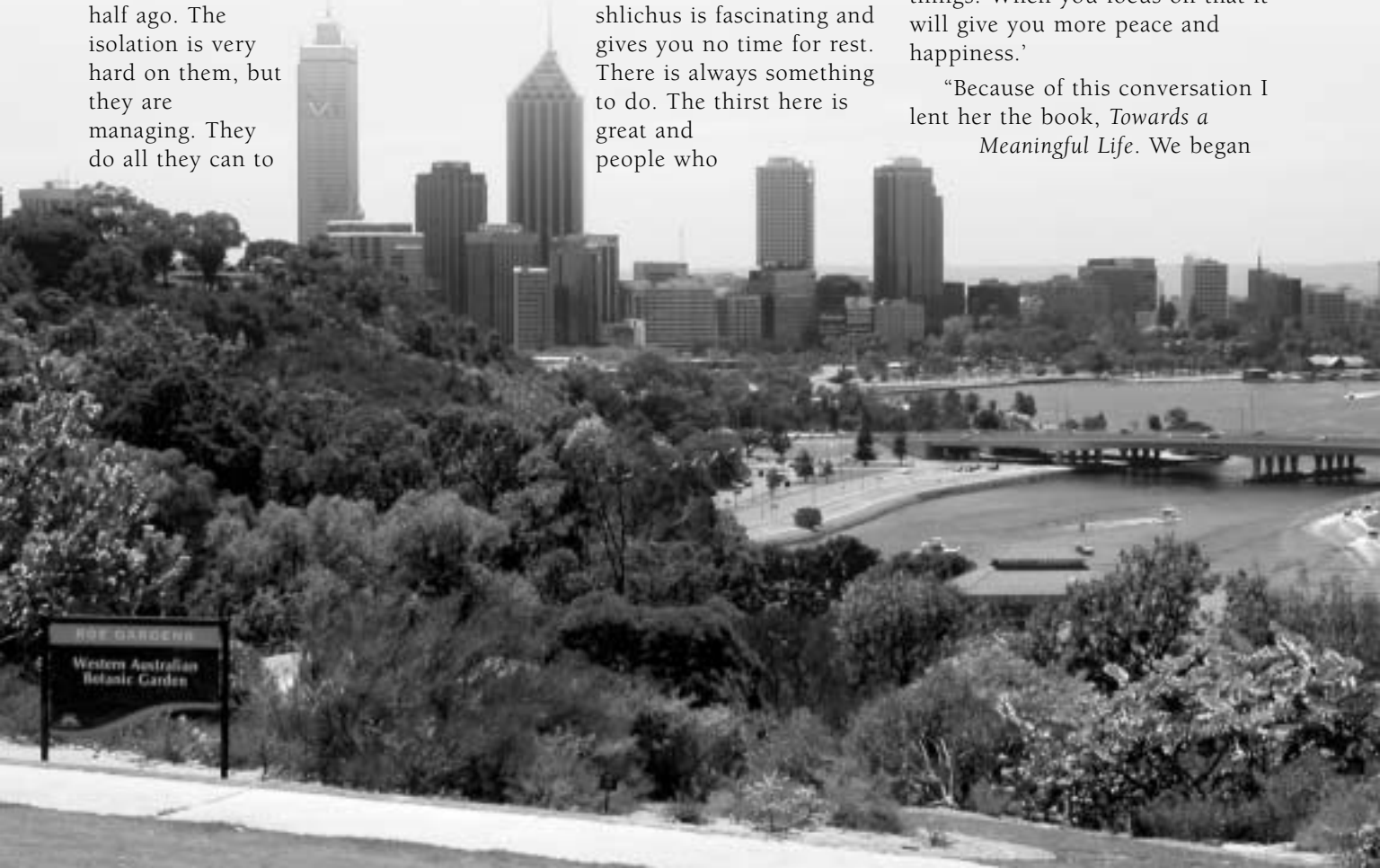
have already finally discovered ‘living waters’ want to drink more and more.”

When I asked Odaya about her work she said, “We’ve been here only a year and a half now, so you won’t be hearing about mosdos and buildings yet, but I can tell you about neshamos.

“I recently met an Israeli family, a couple with two daughters who came here to ‘find themselves.’ We met near the water and got into a friendly conversation when the woman suddenly said, ‘You know, after all that we’ve been through, I have come to the conclusion that everybody has an abyss within them and the abyss never gets enough.’

“I took this opportunity to say to her, ‘I know what you mean. This abyss has a name. It is called the neshama. The neshama is not satisfied with a new car or a move to another country. The neshama loves and seeks more spiritual things. When you focus on that it will give you more peace and happiness.’

“Because of this conversation I lent her the book, *Towards a Meaningful Life*. We began



learning Chassidus together. She loved it and now they are thinking of moving closer to the community so they can be closer to the shul and thus able to take a greater part in the life of the local community.

“That’s not the end of this family’s story. Her husband decided to start going to shul and when he came, the Torah portion read that week happened to be his bar mitzva sidra. He was so moved by this and it definitely strengthened him.

“Yesterday, when I met her, she told me that she had finished reading the book and she feels much better than she has felt in a long time.”

* * *

“There are two Lubavitcher bachurim who were learning in Morristown but live here. They met a Jewish couple from Argentina who have lived in Perth for 20 years. The bachurim told them that the following Shabbos there would be a Shabbaton and they were invited. They attended the Shabbaton and were thrilled that they did.

“At the end of Shabbos, the husband got up and with tears in his eyes said to the shliach, ‘I don’t know how to thank you for the spiritual experience you gave us at this Shabbaton. I grew up as a Catholic. My parents, although they were Jewish, lived as Christians. For 50 years of my life I never experienced a Jewish Shabbos. I did not know what Kiddush is. I did not even meet Jews. You don’t know what this Shabbaton did for me and my wife.’

“We can only thank the Rebbe for giving us the opportunity to elevate the sparks,” says Odaya with obvious joy.

“One day, my husband and I walked to the shopping center. My husband was wearing a hat and suit

as a Chassid and shliach does. Suddenly, we heard someone saying in Ivrit, ‘How amazing to see Chassidim in Perth!’ I turned around and saw an Israeli girl who was enjoying the sight of us.

“I invited her to a Chanuka party that we were about to have and to my surprise, she came. She told me her story. She was 27 and had not had a easy life and so she decided to run away from her family, from Israel, from Judaism, from everything, and come here. She did indeed drop it all and even had a gentile boyfriend. Then she saw us.

“She was very moved at the party and began to get more involved with the community. She comes to us for Shabbos. Our open house is balm to her neshama and recently, after a Shabbos meal, she cried and said, ‘Because of what I discovered here, I decided I want to have a Jewish home.’

“She has become a member of our household and baruch Hashem she is returning to her roots. All this was thanks to ‘they did not change their clothing.’

“I learned from this how important it is to maintain our way of dress, even in the Australian heat and even when just going shopping on a weekday.

“On another occasion, a local Jewish girl discovered us and she said that she wanted to move to Israel. We invited her to our Yud-Tes Kislev farbrengen where we spoke about receiving the Rebbe’s counsel and bracha through the *Igros Kodesh*. She decided to write to the Rebbe. She wrote in English and asked me to translate the Rebbe’s answer for her.

“When I read the letter to her, she was shaken by it even though she’s a cool, intellectual type. She received an answer for everything she wrote. She asked for a bracha

that her family also get more involved in Judaism and the Rebbe wrote: **One has an emotional connection with family, etc. ... and therefore, one needs to know where the things that come to us are coming from, from the good or perhaps from bad.**

“She moved to Eretz Yisroel. The path she was attracted to is that of Rav Kook, but I was recently surprised to hear from my mother in Yerushalayim (whose home, is like a branch of the Chabad house in Perth) that she began taking Chassidus classes at Ohr Chaya. This fit with what the Rebbe had written at the end of the letter: **It is worthwhile for you to begin taking an interest in the study of Chassidus which illuminates the proper path in our days.**

“I hope that she will establish a Jewish-Chassidic home.”

How do you manage with kosher food and chinuch?

“We manage with the food here. There isn’t the selection you have in Eretz Yisroel or New York, but baruch Hashem, a kosher store recently opened and we make do. As for chinuch, my children are still young with my oldest being two and my baby is three months old. We’re sure that by the time they are school-age we will be deep into Yemos HaMoshiach.

“We have a dream to build a new mikva here. Every contribution is welcome because the time has come to promote family purity here.”

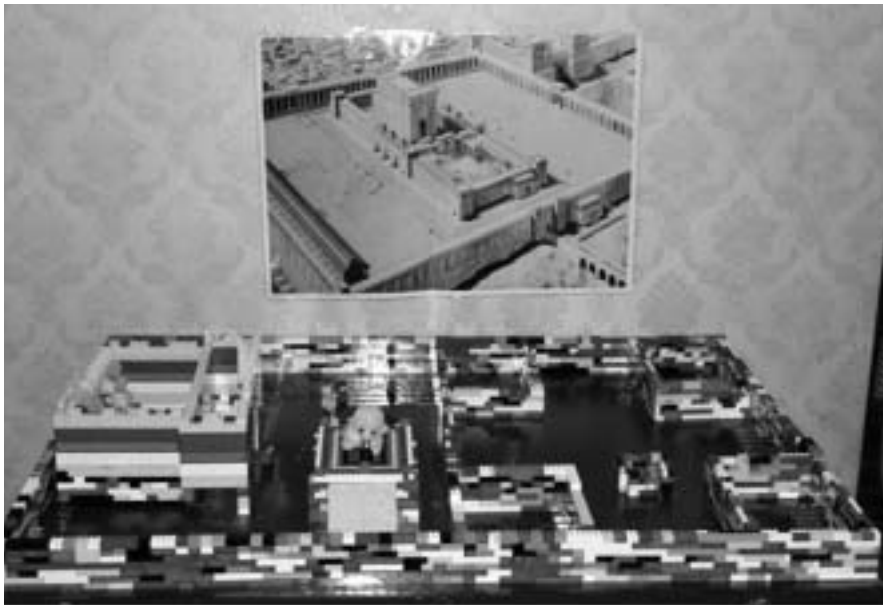
* * *

“One time, as I was shopping at the kosher store, I met an Israeli woman. We got into a conversation and got onto Jewish topics.

“She inquired about my profession and I told her that I am into education. She said she was looking for a tutor for her children



Children of Perth learning to blow shofar



The Lego model of the Beis HaMikdash

since she cannot send them to the Jewish school because it's too expensive. She said, 'If only our own school could be opened here one day.'

"This spurred me on to hold Jewish classes on free mornings. We began with the children of that woman, with one group. And now we have three groups of children who come to learn about Judaism.

We enjoy a lot of success with them. One of the girls began lighting Shabbos candles every week and what naturally followed were shul and Kiddush.

"We had a Chanuka party with them at the school while the school was having its Christian holiday party, because we did not want the girls to participate in the Christian celebration. We began our party

with a Chanuka play. It was a moving evening and a big kiddush Hashem. We saw the Rebbe's words fulfilled, 'A little bit of light dispels a great deal of darkness.' 200 people attended our party and it was a light for the goyim and a tremendous kiddush Hashem.

"Our work includes: Sunday school for children of Tzivos Hashem, winter and summer camps, learning for women which includes Chassidus, the Jewish Home, Chinuch, etc.

"Every Rosh Chodesh we have a party for Israeli women. This is aside from the usual activities before and during holidays including a public sukka and Chanuka parties. We have Shabbatons in the beach area. Before each Shabbaton we do a lot of advertising. I've already told you about people who were turned on to Yiddishkait through these Shabbatons. Baruch Hashem, we are very successful with them.

"My husband gives many shiurim. They are usually one-on-one. He puts a lot into it and progress is slow, but he gets through. One person who was affected by these classes is already helping us with our work. We also make house calls and try to connect with Jews who as of yet have little connection with their heritage.

"We try to use every opportunity for outreach. Yesterday, for example, was Independence Day in Australia. We held a picnic with mekuravim who would not join us for other programs. It was really nice. This way, we make connections with all kinds of Jews here."

* * *

"My husband recently bought a big mitzva tank. Yiddishkait on wheels. He does mitzvaim, has classes for children who don't

attend the Jewish school and has bar mitzva lessons. The tank is also used as a mobile library.”

And as far as Besuras HaGeula?

“First of all, with every activity that we do we try to make a *dira ba'tachtonim*. We tell the children, “Maybe with this mitzva you will bring Moshiach, the Geula.” We live with Moshiach in everything we do.

“At the Rosh Chodesh party we had yesterday, the main topic was the belief of the righteous women. The program was dedicated to the power of emuna that the women had which led to the redemption from Egypt. We compared that to the power of emuna we need today. We thought of doing a tambourine workshop, but it didn't work out. Instead, we bought magnets which says, ‘In the merit of the righteous women, the Jewish people left Egypt and in their merit we will be redeemed.’

“Each woman made a positive resolution to hasten the Geula. We agreed that each of us would write our *hachlata* on the magnet so we will always see it and be reminded to do it, for each of us has the ability to hasten the Geula.

“The women loved the idea and wanted to make similar magnets for their husbands and children.

“Last Tisha B'Av, we gathered all the children of *mekuravim* at the Chabad house to make the fast easier for their parents. We bought a 2000 piece Lego set for them and together we built the *Beis HaMikdash*. The *bachurim* here helped us design it, with the courtyard, the Holy and the Holy of Holies. We were surprised by how interested the children were. They learned about the *Beis HaMikdash*, what it is for, where it is located etc. When they finished, as far as they were concerned they were ready for *Yemos HaMoshiach*.



With the children of
Tzivos Hashem

“During our camp here, we raised the topic of Capoeira, a complex Afro-Brazilian martial art that originated in early slave culture and is a game, sport, mock combat, and ritualized performance involving two players who dance and ‘battle’ within a ring of musicians and singers. The following exchange illustrated for us the concept, ‘the world is a novelty and G-dliness is a given.’

“When the counselor asked the children, ‘What is slavery?’ one of the girls, a four-year-old, answered, ‘We were slaves to Pharaoh in Egypt and now we serve Hashem...’ She said it so innocently and I wondered, am I in Perth or in Kfar Chabad?

“Every week my husband takes the *Sichat HaGeula* off the Internet and distributes it here in Perth, to prepare people for *Yemos HaMoshiach*. Everybody here knows you can write to the Rebbe and receive his *brachos* in the *Igros Kodesh*.”

* * *

Odaya took the opportunity of this interview to thank *Ateres Chaya*, *Beis Moshiach's* women's section for helping her deal with

her *shlichus* and its challenges.

“Every month I look forward to it, so that I don't feel alone, especially when I read the article about *shlichus*, how *shluchos* around the world are managing. It helps me feel that I am part of the *shlichus* army and it gives me a lot of strength to continue onward and to feel like part of the family.

“*Beis Moshiach* and *Ateres Chaya* along with the *chinuch* that I got at *Beis Chana* and *Bais Rifka* seminary in *Yerushalayim* and in *Kfar Chabad*, give me the tools to deal with *shlichus* and to prepare Perth to greet Moshiach.”

* * *

I will conclude on a personal note with the permission of Odaya and her family. More than two weeks passed between when I wrote the interview and it going to print, in the middle of which Odaya was in a car accident and was saved with an open miracle. It happened when she was on her way back from a *Yud Shevat* program with children. I am sure that Odaya, who lives and breathes *shlichus*, was protected by her great *z'chus*.

THE CHASSID WHO SET UP A SPY NETWORK THROUGHOUT THE USSR

BY SHNEUR ZALMAN BERGER

*In an astounding campaign of research, spying and smuggling, R' Mordechai Kozliner succeeded in locating hundreds of manuscripts of our Rebbeim and their Chassidim, and smuggling them out from under the noses of the KGB to the Rebbe MH"M. * These were only a small part of the activities of this amazing Chassid, the Rosh Yeshiva and Menahel of Yeshivas Tomchei T'mimim in Nachalas Har Chabad, who worked tirelessly to preserve the Jewish spark behind the Iron Curtain. He was a deep mekushar to the Rebbe, one of the leading speakers at farbrengens in Eretz Yisroel and around the world, an active worker for shleimus ha'Aretz and all the mitvzaim of the Rebbe. * A glimpse into the extraordinary life and character of the mashpia, the Chassid, Rabbi Mordechai Kozliner a"h, who passed away in the winter of 5762/2002.*

The Chassid, R' Mordechai Kozliner a"h, known to all as R' Mottel, was born on Acharon Shel Pesach 5689/1928, in the town of Nevel in the Ukraine. His parents, R' Chaim Shneur Zalman Kozliner (known by his acronym, ChaZaK) and Tzippa Kozliner, were baalei mesiras nefesh. Throughout his life, he took pride in the fact that on his passport it showed Nevel as his place of birth, the birthplace and home of many great Chassidim.

R' Mottel was born into a life of mesiras nefesh, during the times of intense persecution. In fact, a few days after he was born, his father had to flee because the secret police were looking for him as one of the leaders of the Chassidim. Since he was a firstborn, his mother was concerned that the time for his *pidyon ha'ben* arrived and his father wasn't present to perform the mitzva. A short while later, she received a coded message from her husband, informing her that he had arranged to fulfill the mitzva where he was hiding in its proper time.

The persecutions and searches for his father did not let up,

especially after they found out that he was one of the administrators of the yeshiva, Tomchei T'mimim, in Nevel. Thus, by the time he was three years old, little Mottel with his keen mind already understood the proper protocol for behavior during a search. One day, the thugs of the NKVD stormed into the house and began a careful search.

The little boy was given a wink to sit on a certain suitcase filled with documents, because if discovered the parents would be in great danger. The police did not suspect that the young kid sitting innocently on an old suitcase was trying to hide anything, and that is how he saved his parents.

A few years later, his parents moved to Malachovka near Moscow, where he studied Torah under the tutelage of his grandfather, the Chassid, R' Chaim Elozor Gorelik. The persecution and arrests intensified in the summer of 1935, and one day, they arrested the grandfather and his son, R' Mendel. Both were sentenced to three years exile in Chimkant, Kazakhstan for being counter-revolutionaries and organizing chadarim for Jewish children.

R' Mottel's father had to go into hiding once again, so the grandmother Chaya Doba, who was traveling to join her husband in exile, took young Mottel along so that he could continue his Torah studies. Also, he would thus avoid being in his parents' home, which was under constant surveillance and subject to ongoing searches.

That is how at age five, R' Mottel went into exile in the wilds of Kazakhstan, severing ties with his parents and two younger sisters, Devorah (Vera Boroshansky) and Daryishka (Levin).

Fifty and more years later, when R' Mottel would talk about those days, it was obvious that he felt a

certain longing for those times. He would say, "It is true that there wasn't much food to eat, but it was a pleasure to sit together with all the Chassidim consigned to exile. Chassidim, like R' Berel Yaffe a"h, R' Yaakov Moskalik (may Hashem avenge his blood), and of course, my grandfather and uncle, who taught me a great deal and told me many Chassidic stories." He would retell the stories he heard in his childhood at farbrengens for many years to come. The Chassidic chinuch he received in those years left their stamp on him for his entire life.

The three years of exile came to an end, and his grandfather was ready to return home. However, to his consternation, he was informed that his file got lost in the police



station, and until it was recovered, he could not leave his place of exile. Because of this development, grandfather and grandson remained in exile for another year until the necessary documents were found, and only after writing to the Rebbe Rayatz and receiving his blessing in the matter.

Mottel returned home to Malachovka together with his grandparents and uncle. Words cannot describe the emotional reunion with his parents and sisters he had not seen for over four years.

YAHRTZAIT OBSERVANCE FOR AN ENTIRE FAMILY

Young Mottel did not get to enjoy life at home for very long. Only two years later, the accursed Nazi war machine invaded Russia in

1941. Due to the heavy bombing of the Moscow area, including residential areas, millions of residents were forced to run for their lives. Most Chabad Chassidim fled to cities in Central Asia, such as Tashkent, Samarkand and others.

Among the millions of refugees were the Gorelik and Kozliner families. They tried to acquire train tickets, but these were nearly impossible to come by. The trains would pull out of Moscow station packed to the rafters, without an inch to spare. After much effort they managed to get tickets three hours before the onset of Shabbos. The rabbis ruled that due

to the death threat hanging over any who remained in the city, they were obligated to flee even on Shabbos.

The train was packed with people and the terrible overcrowding made it difficult to breathe. Disease began spreading through the cars. Many of the passengers did not survive the trip due to the terrible conditions. Mottel and his cousin Feige (today Volovik) came down with diphtheria. Without medication and room to lie down, the danger was enormous.

The other family members could only pray that the children hold on until they reached civilization and found a doctor to provide the proper care. Of the two, Feige was in far worse condition, and therefore, her parents, R' Shimon Katzenelbogen and his wife Mussia, decided not to continue on to Samarkand. They got off in Tashkent, which was a larger and more developed city. The rest of the family continued on to Samarkand, where many other Chassidim settled.

The hunger and disease of the war years were the lot of the tens of thousands of refugees who arrived in a strange city without anything. Many Chassidim died of hunger, cold, and disease. Amongst them was a family of two parents and a child, the Chassid R' Chaim Kevesh, his wife and son.

R' Kevesh was the rav of the city of Yuchavitch, and merited that the Rebbe Rashab officiated at his wedding. When the family arrived in Samarkand, they could not withstand the starvation and difficult conditions, and all three passed away. This tragedy touched the heart of the young R' Mottel, who resolved to observe their yahrtzait each year. Throughout the years he held a Chassidic farbrengen for the elevation of the souls of R'

Chaim Kevesh and his family.

Despite the harsh conditions R' Mottel grew in his learning and studied Nigleh and Chassidus

diligently in the underground yeshivos of Samarkand. His teachers were R' Avrohom Elya Plotkin and the Mashpia, R' Nissan Nemenov,

WITH ALL HIS HEART AND SOUL

R' Mottel loved every Jew with all his heart and soul. He cared about others. Those who knew him knew that if a Chassid didn't behave as he ought, R' Mottel would point this out at a farbrengen, not in order to insult him but because he felt deep pain over it.

After his sudden death his friends told many stories that demonstrated his incomparable Ahavas Yisroel. May these stories serve as an example to us:

A powerful earthquake struck Tashkent in 1966 and many families, including Chassidim, were left without a roof over their heads. R' Mottel came to the aid of the family of Rabbi Abba Dovid Gurewitz:

"It's hard to describe the situation with tens of thousands of people living in tents. Large parts of the city were completely destroyed. R' Mottel hosted my children Bracha and Boruch in his home. They said that he behaved towards them like a father. At night, he checked several times to make sure they were well covered with a blanket and made sure they ate and felt at home."

Another story that testifies to R' Mottel's Ahavas Yisroel:

He would go with his talmidim to the Kastina junction near Kiryat Malachi, equipped with hot or cold drinks, depending on the season, and he would give drinks to the soldiers. He did that during the Yom Kippur War and the Peace in Galilee War, when the soldiers stopped there to rest on their way to the frontlines. R' Mottel waited for them with his talmidim or on his own, and would revive the soldiers' spirits with a drink, a smile, and a bracha.

Rabbi Mordechai Steinberger, who was R' Mottel's right hand man for some time, relates:

A Lubavitcher was jailed for a long time in a country where prison life was especially harsh. His friends did not know how to contact their friend in jail in a foreign country, so I found it odd when R' Mottel called me and said, "I must encourage him."

He found out the phone number in the jail and would call him and encourage him. It is important to note, this Lubavitcher had no special relationship with R' Mottel before his incarceration. R' Mottel simply felt terrible about a Chassid sitting alone in jail. After the man was released, he told R' Mottel that during his hardest moments he thought about him. R' Mottel was the only person who constantly encouraged him.

R' Mottel had a Seifer Torah written for the merit of the Jews of Russia at the same time that the Rebbe called for the writing of the Sifrei Torah for Jewish children. The Rebbe accepted the idea and even called upon the Chassidim to participate in the celebration of this Seifer Torah that R' Mottel wrote. (Sicha leil 15 Av 5746)



A classroom in the yeshiva



R' Mottel's father, R' Chaim Shneur Zalman Kozliner

two of the great Chassidim of the time.

R' MOTTEL IN PRISON

At the end of WWII, he traveled with his family to Lvov/Lemberg, in order to join the other Chassidim in escaping over the border. In those dangerous times his family demonstrated great mesiras nefesh. His parents and two uncles, R' Mendel Gorelik and R' Shimon Katzenelbogen, worked day and night to help as many Chassidim as possible escape. They worked on forging documents and organizing the great escape.

Despite the opportunities to leave themselves, they chose to stay in order to save as many as they could. In the end, the government caught up with the organizers and slammed the door on the Iron Curtain, and sentenced all involved to long years of exile.

It happened late on Friday afternoon, on the 28th of Cheshvan 5707/1946. R' Mottel's mother, Mrs. Tzippa Kozliner, went to an arranged meeting place near the Polish border carrying dozens of pictures and a large amount of

The thing which kept them going in those insane times was the bracha of the Rebbe Rayatz that their mother would not remain in prison long.

money. She was supposed to receive sixty forged Polish passports from a certain individual, which listed close to three hundred men, women, and children of Anash.

R' Betzalel Wilschansky and his son Chaim Ber walked along with her, when Chaim Ber suddenly noticed that a group of soldiers were following them. He warned Mrs. Kozliner, and she cleverly began to run towards the public toilets in an attempt to get rid of the documents and pictures, and to escape. However, soldiers got there first and they caught her with all the pictures and the lists of names of the Chassidim.

The next day, Shabbos morning, the henchmen of the NKVD descended upon the homes of many of Anash to carry out searches and arrests. Her brother, R' Mendel Gorelik, was arrested and they went looking for her husband. They found the young Mottel at home, but he said that he didn't know where his father had gone. Apparently, he had gotten away in time. The thugs suddenly came up with the bright idea of arresting the son to try to extract incriminating information about his parents.

After exhausting interrogations they decided to let him go. With his father on the run and his mother in prison, it fell upon him to look after his two younger sisters, Vera and Daryishka, which he did with great devotion. He somehow managed to find food and provide for all their needs. The thing which kept them going in those insane times was the bracha of the Rebbe Rayatz that their mother would not remain in prison long.

At the same time, Mrs. Kozliner's sister, Mrs. Mussia Katzenelbogen, got involved in her legal battles. She demanded a retrial claiming that

due to her sister's poor health three years of exile was a virtual death sentence. Somehow, after much wrangling the authorities agreed to a new trial, and shockingly, the judge ruled that she be freed immediately.

T'FILLIN IN AN INSANE ASYLUM

When R' Mottel reached draft age, he wanted to avoid army service, which presented many dangers, both material and spiritual. That story is told by his aunt, Mrs. Mussia Katzenelbogen:

"One day, I went with R' Mottel to the draft office, in order to help him get a deferment. I told the members of the draft board that he wasn't entirely all there. The doctor who oversaw the process asked me many questions and I tried to answer them accordingly. When he signed the release form, he said, 'You are a good actress.' Apparently, he realized it was all a farce, and his countermove was to have him committed to an insane asylum.

"It was, understandably, very trying to live among mental patients. R' Mottel's main concern, however, was simply how he would be able to put on t'fillin. Eventually, he came up with a solution. He told the doctors that he would not eat, even to the point of starvation: 'Only if my sister will come to feed me will I agree to eat.' The doctors acceded to the bizarre request and his sister, Vera, came each day with kosher food and a pair of t'fillin, which he put on daily until he was released."

Once the hoped-for deferment came through, his mother Tzippa was very moved and told him: "In the past, the custom was that a Jewish boy who merited to escape serving in the Red Army would closet himself away for the two years he would have served and

learn diligently day and night. Now, when there is no shul where you can learn I ask of you to at least conduct yourself differently for the next two years."

A few years later, he married his wife Zelda, the daughter of R' Avrohom Kapovsky (who was killed in WWII), and granddaughter of R' Shneur Zalman Chosidov of Poltava, one of the eminent Chassidim of the

Rebbe Rashab. After their marriage on the third of Tammuz 5717/1957, the couple settled in Tashkent near her mother.

* * *

R' Mottel was a true Chassid, a p'nimi and a great baal mesiras nefesh. Over the years, he carried out many activities to strengthen Yiddishkait. He saw to it that Jewish young men living in Tashkent

A LEATHER SACK FOR AN ARON KODESH

For a long stretch of time, Rabbi Ben-Tzion Grossman helped raise money for R' Mottel's yeshiva:

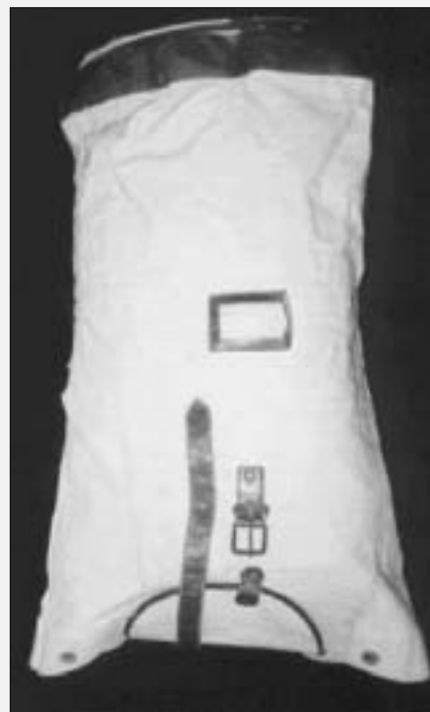
R' Mottel was a real Chassid. In the 70's we would raise money together for the yeshiva. Sometimes, the fundraising efforts continued until late at night and he would stay and sleep at my home in Yerushalayim. Throughout this time I heard Chassidische stories from him about the lives of Chassidim in the Soviet Union.

The yeshiva's financial situation was difficult which is why R' Mottel decided to take a bold and drastic step and sell an old Seifer Torah that he had brought with him from Tashkent. Since I worked in buying and selling old s'farim, he suggested that I sell the Seifer Torah to benefit the yeshiva. One day he came to my home with the Torah in a large leather sack.

I was surprised by the peculiar case and he explained to me that when they davened secretly in Russia they feared lest the secret police catch them and confiscate the Torah.

"Therefore," said R' Mottel, "I would bring this sack to where we davened and if we sensed that we were being watched, one of us would leave with this unassuming sack which contained the Torah. When the KGB came in, the Torah was gone."

I sold the Torah for a good price but the leather sack which was a symbol of mesirus nefesh, R' Mottel gave to me as a memento of the life of mesirus nefesh that he and other Chassidim lived.



should learn Torah and be strengthened in their mitzva observance, and would organize underground Torah classes.

Because of these activities, he was arrested a number of times by the KGB, but despite that he continued undaunted. He once recounted that he was sitting in his jail cell one Shabbos, and when he looked out the window he saw R' Michel Rapaport and another Chassid walking home from Shabbos davening calmly and fearlessly, as if they had no concerns about being caught. This made a tremendous impact on him.

Just as he was moser nefesh for the study of Torah, so too, he displayed great mesiras nefesh to preserve tahara. When the KGB closed the mikva in the shul in the old city of Tashkent in 1961, the Chassidim has to travel for a few hours to Samarkand in order to immerse in a mikva. It was an intolerable situation.

R' Mottel got involved and Rabbi Yaakov Galant, a Breslover Chassid and a baal mesirus nefesh, agreed to have a new mikva built in the courtyard of his home. The mikva was built in utter secrecy even though at that time this was nearly impossible since in order to buy large quantities of building supplies you needed to have building permits. Since the mikva was built secretly, R' Mottel had to buy their supplies on the black market while paying huge sums that he raised among Anash.

Despite the many hardships they faced in building the mikva, R' Mottel made sure it was exceedingly mehudar. R' Yaakov Galant relates:

"R' Mottel put all his energies into building the mikva and wanted it to be mehudar. He made sure to add hiddur upon hiddur even if this entailed much extra work and a fortune of money. Although R'

Mottel knew the laws of how to construct a mikva he did not rely on himself and consulted with the rav of the Chabad k'hilla in Tashkent, Rabbi Zalman Pevsner-Buber a"h, and Rabbi Levi Pressman, one of the distinguished Chassidim in Tashkent (now of Kiryat Malachi).

"I remember that R' Mottel worked very hard until he managed to construct two pits for rainwater so that when one pit was emptied, every few months, the other pit would serve as the mikva. He did



R' Mottel

not want there to be a situation in which the Jews of Tashkent would be without a mikva for even a short time. Everything he did was done with mesirus nefesh."

R' Mottel was particular about all the laws and customs, especially Chabad customs, even while being "there," i.e. behind the Iron Curtain, where everything was difficult and dangerous. His friends from Tashkent relate:

"One year, before Sukkos, the people of the Chabad k'hilla in

Tashkent obtained two esrogim. One was a big and beautiful esrog and the other, which was from Calabria, was not mehudar in appearance, to say the least. Many people said that the non-Calabrian esrog was nicer and the bracha should be made on it while R' Mottel said the bracha on the Calabrian esrog because this is the Chabad custom.

"After Sukkos R' Mottel went to the Jew who had the beautiful esrog and asked to see it. He looked at it this way and that way, then took a knife and cut it and then everyone could see that it had been grafted with a lemon and was unfit for use."

SMUGGLING

Two years before emigrating to Eretz Yisroel, R' Mottel got involved with a new project: sending manuscripts to the Rebbe. He searched all over vast country for Chassidic works and manuscripts of the Rebbeim. He looked in archives and in the homes of families that had been Chassidim for generations, and when he found something, he somehow or other sent it to the Rebbe.

In the course of his searching, R' Mottel utilized a complicated system of agents who traveled everywhere. This project entailed tremendous expenses, but there were men of means who placed great trust in him and financed it. Huge sums of money were used to buy the handwritten booklets from Jews who wanted something in exchange for the manuscripts. Money was also needed to bribe the police on the border so that the smuggling could go on undisturbed.

The emissaries could do their work without financial worries and they saved hundreds of Sifrei Chassidus and handwritten manuscripts from oblivion. R' Mottel sent them to the Rebbe.

Every Chassid who was able to get out, whether to Eretz Yisroel or America, was secretly given manuscripts or s'farim in order to give them to the Rebbe.

The Rebbe greatly esteemed R' Mottel's work on behalf of these writings and in yechidusin with various Chassidim who came from Russia, the Rebbe mentioned it and praised him.

Rabbi Abba Dovid Gurewitz, chief rabbi of Uzbekistan, was actively involved in this and he shares some details of the work:

"As we searched we checked out archives, shuls, and Jewish families in general. R' Mottel sent the *bichlech* (handwritten pamphlets) with Chassidim who left Russia. Not too many people know the extent of the work that R' Mottel did since many of the Chassidim themselves who took packages out of Russia to the US didn't know what they contained.

"His work gave the Rebbe much nachas. When I left Russia I took many bichlech with me that R' Mottel gave me. This package was in the Rebbe's room for a long time."

Shliach Rabbi Nosson Berkhan, rav of Latvia (who passed away last year) adds:

"R' Mottel enlisted me in his search for manuscripts-bichlech. I searched throughout the Soviet Union in order to find manuscripts and Chassidic works which he sent to the Rebbe. He would usually tell me where to go and with whom and how to send the packages to the Rebbe. I sent over 40 bichlech to the Rebbe including 16 which we gave to Rabbi Nissan Mindel a"h when he was in Russia. It was only with miracles that he wasn't caught.

"When I left the USSR, I took many bichlech with me. I packed many Chassidic s'farim and

manuscripts in hidden places in my luggage. It's hard to describe how great was the nachas the Rebbe enjoyed when I arrived in 770 and gave it all to him."

R' Mottel traveled extensively from city to city on this secret and highly illegal mission, despite his telltale long beard proclaiming to all the fact that he was a mitzva observant Jew. His friends begged him to get rid of his beard, "If you will be caught and exiled because of this mitzva, you will not be able to observe any mitzvos for a long time!"

*Whenever he
farbrenge, young
and old would crowd
around to hear what
he had to say, as well
as the practical lesson
regarding proper
Chassidic behavior.*

However, R' Mottel refused to consider any opinions outside of clear Torah rulings. He grew his beard, despite this causing him to be closely watched by the KGB whenever he arrived at a new location. They would bring him in for document checks and questioning, however he always came up with a suitable excuse for why he was visiting that place and where he planned to travel next.

His wife, Zelda, who stood at his side throughout the years, tells how he would sometimes disappear for weeks at a time without telling a soul where he was going, in order

to search for manuscripts. Only after completing his mission by sending them on their way with those who managed to emigrate from the USSR to Eretz Yisroel, would he return to his home in Tashkent.

While he was engaged in this work, he applied for exit visas from Russia, but he was refused repeatedly. It was only in the summer of 1971 that he managed to receive the long-awaited visa and make aliya to Eretz Yisroel with his family and many packages of manuscripts, which he sent to the Rebbe.

FOUNDER OF YESHIVA TOMCHEI T'MIMIM

When he arrived in Eretz Yisroel, he was appointed to the position of mashpia in the yeshiva in Kiryat Gat. However, in the beginning of 5772/autumn 1971, the Rebbe said a Yeshiva Tomchei T'mimim in Nachlas Har Chabad should open for students who came from Russia, and the administrator should be R' Mottel.

The yeshiva went by the official name Yeshiva for Olim from Gruzya (Georgia) Buchara (Bukharia) and Kavkaz (Caucasus region). It absorbed many immigrant youths from impoverished families and these were educated by some of the eminent Chassidim, like R' Yaakov Boroshansky a"h, R' Michel Rapaport a"h, as well as R' Yaakov Notik, R' Avrohom Friedland and others.

It seemed quite symbolic that his home until the end of his life was an apartment whose windows overlooked the school. He devoted his life to the yeshiva and personally cared for every student who passed through its doors. His devotion to the students was boundless. They saw him as a concerned father, who cared for

them in every area of life.

When a student would become ill, R' Mottel would take the boy into his own home and care for him like his own child. He served as a powerful role model to his students and guided them in acts of Chesed and Ahavas Yisroel.

In addition to his positions as administrator and rosh yeshiva – each a full time job – he also served on the community board of Nachlas Har Chabad. He was one of the founders of the committee and remained an active member till his passing.

As a Chassid, he was totally mekushar to the Rebbe, and he would write regular reports of his activities. However, he felt that he was too insignificant to write directly to the Rebbe, so he would address the reports to Rabbi Chadakov, the Rebbe's secretary.

According to personal directives received from the Rebbe, R' Mottel fought ceaselessly for the amendment to the Law of Return (Mihu Yehudi) and for Shleimus HaAretz. To this end, he met with ministers, Knesset members, well-known Rabbis and Admurim. Many still remember R' Mottel's appearance before the Council of Torah Sages of Agudas Yisroel at one of their meetings. His moving words regarding the clear and present danger in giving over parts of Eretz Yisroel to the enemy seemed to

strike a chord in their hearts.

Rabbi Itche Gansburg a"h accompanied R' Mottel for that speech:

"There was a special friendship between R' Mottel and R' Avishai Stockhammer, who was the secretary of the Council of Torah Sages in those days, and he granted R' Mottel's request to address the council.

"The council did not convene on a regular basis, therefore when they did meet, they had a packed schedule and would briefly discuss each issue that came before them. When R' Mottel began to speak, I was afraid that after a few minutes they would ask him to stop, but the Admurim of Gur and Vizhnitz, who were the leaders of the council, enjoyed his impassioned words and encouraged him to go on."

R' Mottel also oversaw the publishing of a seifer called *Nachlas Olam L'Am Olam*, a collection of the Rebbe's talks on shleimus ha'Aretz, and he also reprinted the pamphlet "Tzaakas HaMelech," also a compilation of quotes from the Rebbe on the subject.

R' MOTTEL'S FARBRENGEN

R' Mottel was a veritable storehouse of Chassidic stories from the generation of the Alter Rebbe until our times. During a farbrengen, when he wanted to convey a certain point so that it

pierced the hearts of the listeners, he would tell many stories which got the message across. Anyone who knew him could testify that a farbrengen of R' Mottel was completely authentic, something that is not commonly found these days. Whenever he farbrenged, young and old would crowd around to hear what he had to say, as well as the practical lesson regarding proper Chassidic behavior.

On the 19th of Kislev 5762, a few days before his passing, he farbrenged in the Chabad shul in Meia Sh'arim before a varied crowd of people from many streams of Judaism. On the next day – the 20th of Kislev – he held a farbrengen with his students in Tomchei T'mimim. Many of Anash came especially to participate. At that farbrengen, it was obvious that R' Mottel was especially joyous and he said l'chaim many times.

That Friday night, someone asked him what caused his great joyfulness at the farbrengen on the 20th of Kislev. R' Mottel answered him with a smile, "During the farbrengen, I was reminded of the farbrengens in Russia with the elder Chassidim. Those memories brought me such great joy."

A few hours later, early Shabbos morning, he lapsed into unconsciousness and was rushed to the "Kaplan" hospital in Rechovot, where he passed away in the late afternoon at the age of 72.

Raskin's
"if it grows we have it"

Consistently
Superior

Fruit and Produce Emporium WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Michal & Aaron Raskin

335 Kingston Ave. Brooklyn NY 11213 * Tel: (718) 756-3888 756-2221 * Fax: 756-2440



34 YEARS AGO: THE REBBE CRIED OVER THE CEASEFIRE

BY SHAI GEFEN

MEANINGLESS WAR

The day the haftorah for parshas Eikev was read which contains the verse, "Why did I come and nobody was there, I called out and nobody answered?" the U.N. accepted a ceasefire agreement.

This ceasefire, which has humiliated Israel, will give Hezbollah time to rearm, of course.

The Knesset almost unanimously approved this pathetic ceasefire as the nation wondered why they had gone to war in the first place. Why did all those people die and get wounded? Why are we allowing the enemy time to rearm and attack us again when it's convenient for them?

All the military pundits, those in the military, the commentators, all are reeling. The script was known ahead of time. Once again they abandoned the Jewish people and the soldiers in Lebanon. Following this irresponsible bungled campaign, they announced a ceasefire that will lead to an intolerable situation for Israeli citizens.

It's frightening. 34 years ago, on Shabbos parshas Eikev 5730, the

Rebbe MH"M, the prophet of the generation, sat and cried over the ceasefire which the politicians signed after the War of Attrition. This war later led to the Yom Kippur War and was responsible for thousands of dead and wounded. It was only thanks to a miracle that there was no churban.

History repeats itself with the same mistakes, the same tragedy. Incredibly, the Rebbe's cry back then perfectly fits the situation we are in now:

When the military comes forth and asks: Since you announced a ceasefire, it is obvious to everyone that they will use this opportunity to fortify and advance their missiles – what then were all the korbanos for, the blood that was spilled, the enormous amount of money that was spent? They answer: Since we want peace, there first has to be a ceasefire as a first step towards peace.

What did they need this ceasefire for? There have been dozens of wars in the world and when the warring sides wanted to live in peace, they did so without first making a ceasefire. And it has already been three years since a

ceasefire was signed by all countries in the area!

It is well known that in WWII (and the wars preceding it) the defeated side asked for negotiations over peace, to have a ceasefire, and all the military people opposed this. They explained that the ceasefire would be used to rearm. A ceasefire would actually *minimize* the chances for peace!

My melamed was pleased when he found a pasuk that was connected to events that happened. Today, when I read the Haftora, I saw an allusion to the terrible situation we are in now, where it says (Yeshaya 50:2), "Why did I come and nobody was there, I called and nobody answered, is my hand too short to redeem?"

How relevant these words are to our situation today! Not only did Israel allow Hezbollah to turn into a significant army in the past six years, they allowed them to arm with no repercussions. When they finally went to war, after all the delays and hesitation of leaders with no backbones, and became the laughingstock of the world, they still try to delude the Israeli public with the "great achievement" of a



ceasefire.

Over 130 soldiers were killed since the fighting began. These were pointless korbanos in the Realignment War. In the middle of the war they promised the world. The Defense Minister and Prime Minister didn't stop declaring their anticipation of victory. Every successful aerial attack that did or did not take place, ended with the announcement that we were winning and wiping out Hezbollah.

The president of Syria, Bashar Assad, said that Israel was like someone playing poker who loses game after game. Any attempts to obfuscate the terrible reality and to make believe that political aims were achieved are a waste of time. This time, even claiming that the US pressured Israel will not be a credible alibi for leaders who got more than enough time to finish the job but wasted precious days in vacillation rather than decisive action.

In one of the caricatures, Olmert and Peretz were shown

taking two steps forward and one step backward. This was the terrifying policy throughout the war. Hezbollah was daring and determined while we hesitated and sent in soldiers as target practice for the enemy. The biggest chutzpa is that after the government approved the ceasefire agreement, we suddenly heard some brilliant ministers say that if they try to shoot any Katyushas at us, we will flatten any village that they fire from. Ho hum.

Who believes them? We all remember what the Expulsion General said that if they shot any Kassams at us after we ran away from Gaza, "we'll show them." Yeah right. We saw how they reacted, or better put, how they didn't react, and we saw how they reacted in this recent war. Every day 150-200 Katyushas and missiles were shot at Israeli cities and Israel refrained from doing what had to be done to stop it.

Some Israeli soldiers were killed by weapons that Israel left in

The Knesset almost unanimously approved this pathetic ceasefire as the nation wondered why they had gone to war in the first place. Why did all those people die and get wounded? Why are we allowing the enemy time to rearm and attack us again when it's convenient for them?

The ceasefire order was given, how much will we pay for it?



Lebanon six years ago. Even our own army spokesman showed how our soldiers are being fired upon with weapons that were left 6 years ago by the IDF. Hezbollah fighters fought our soldiers while wearing IDF uniforms with the letter Tzaddik on them. Among the weapons confiscated by the IDF were also IDF equipment used by the Hezbollah such as IDF communication devices, combat bullet-proof vests, and backpacks.

When we returned to Lebanon, unwillingly, with our hands tied, we saw what resulted from our fleeing Lebanon. Sad to say but true, we got what we deserved. The ceasefire agreement is ten times worse than our flight from Lebanon. The agreement is suicidal. Aside from losing this war, the ramifications for the future of the entire region are critical.

The ceasefire that the Rebbe cried about led to the tragic Yom Kippur War. Who knows what the present ceasefire will lead to.

WHY DON'T THE LEADERS PAY THE PRICE?

Many wonder why, time after time, our leaders make such ridiculous decisions. What do they see from their perspective that we don't see from our perspective? What is there in their view that blinds them?

There are leaders who do things to save their own skin and there are those who do things to gain popularity, and sometimes they are simply weak. The common denominator is that they do not pay the price for their crimes against the Jewish people. Fleeing Lebanon six years ago was a crime committed in broad daylight. Even then we knew that this wasn't simply mistaken policy, but a policy meant to appease the Four Mothers and three network

anchorwomen who pushed for a withdrawal from Lebanon no matter the terms.

Then came the Disengagement that was meant to save Papa Arik and his son Omri from legal entanglement and the nation all proclaimed, "amen," and the journalists clapped and said, "Bravo." Then Olmert appeared with his delusional Convergence Plan and became Prime Minister.

Now Olmert has gotten us mired in Lebanon and nevertheless, the nation has not filled the streets and demanded that he resign. All the politicians have retained their jobs.

If we were normal people, these leaders would not remain in office for another day. If we remain apathetic and expect them to change, we are mistaken. A band of cynical politicians are sitting in

office and they will do all they can to remain there. It's vital that we confront the fact that they are dangerous and are endangering our lives, and the more we weaken their position and demand that they resign in demonstrations, with signs, in any which way, the better off we will be.

After the Peace in Galilee war, the Rebbe said (3 Tamuz 5742):

You should widely publicize that so-and-so [apparently, referring to Sharon, the then Defense Minister under Begin – Ed.] postponed the conclusion of the Peace in Galilee campaign [and didn't conclude the war] in time. This was despite the convictions of the military that Israel must complete this campaign. When everyone will know that he delayed it, they won't vote for him or his disciples or his party in the next

“THE MAIN THING BEING NOT TO ANGER THE GOY”

The unequivocal view of the army was to immediately finish the campaign that was designated to ensure the peace and security of the Jews living in Eretz Yisroel. They had a clear plan how to accomplish this in the quickest possible way and with the minimum of casualties (or even without any casualties).

However, politicians mixed in and prevented the military from finishing the campaign and told them to take it slow, step by step, so they could simultaneously hold meetings, etc., and this caused hundreds of deaths, and all this was despite the fact that they knew the opinion of the military that a delay would cost them in additional casualties!

Their self-esteem is so low vis-à-vis the goy that they don't care at all about additional casualties, the main thing being not to anger the goy by not consulting with him about every detail, all the more so when they are finishing the entire campaign without consulting with him first!

Since the terrorists also sense this lack of self-esteem, seeing the hesitation about whether to proceed or not, this fact strengthens their morale after the fear they felt at the beginning of the war, to the point that even terrorists in other locations have raised their heads saying that now they can try their acts of terrorism again, and have indeed done so in several places, may Hashem have mercy.

(Sicha Parshas Chayei Sarah 5743)

elections for the Knesset!

They won't allow him to speak in the name of the Jews of Eretz Yisroel. He and his cronies can speak in the name of the Arabs, for the Arabs benefited by the delay in concluding the campaign, but they can't speak on behalf of Jews! Apparently, this is the only thing that will influence them!

Perhaps this threat will affect those politicians who want to continue sitting on their seats and hold positions in the political life of Eretz Yisroel, so they will stop playing around with political considerations at the expense of the security of the Jews who live throughout Eretz Yisroel!

In a sicha that the Rebbe said on Chol HaMoed Sukkos 5743/1982, following failures in Lebanon, he continued to scream about the situation which closely resembles our situation today:

Despite this, nobody speaks up! He continues to sit on his seat and continues to damage and endanger the security of Eretz Yisroel!

As said before, the military presented a plan in which they would be able to finish the campaign within a few days, with a minimum of korbanos, and those people continue to lead with the attitude that prevailed on the eve of the Yom Kippur War – taking into account “what will the goyim say” and delaying and dragging out the campaign for a long time, knowing that this causes additional wounded and dead, r”l.

There are those who console themselves, thinking that thus they managed to expel the PLO from Beirut. Today we know already (what they figured out in advance) that only a few terrorists left Beirut and many of them changed their clothes, etc., and remained in Beirut. Furthermore, even those

who were removed from there returned to Beirut afterwards and continue doing what they were doing before!

Those Jews continue working to help the terrorists with their evil plans, r”l, by continuing to delay the conclusion of the campaign!

You want to sit on your chair? So take the chair home and sit on it there, but don't endanger even a single Jew, all the more so, dozens

The ceasefire agreement is ten times worse than our flight from Lebanon. The agreement is suicidal. Aside from losing this war, the ramifications for the future of the entire region are critical.

and hundreds of Jews!

As said previously, you can offer him honor and even award him with the title, “Jewish Leader” but on one condition – to ask him as a “soul request” – don't mix into matters of security, especially when you know all the tzaros that you caused with this approach, which we are still suffering from till this very day!

WHY DID THEY UNDERMINE THE MAJOR-GENERAL?

Northern Commander Udi Adam incurred the wrath of Chief of Staff Dan Chalutz. You will

remember that Chalutz's appointment was born in sin with the Disengagement its sole purpose. This is why we saw Chalutz falter in this war because he found it easier to expel Jews from their homes than to expel terrorists from their holes.

Udi Adam, who is known as an officer who is straight as they come, dared to disclose in a newspaper interview that he presented suggestions for an expanded ground war at the beginning of the fighting but his request was dismissed. Prime Minister Olmert and Defense Minister Peretz were unhappy with statements made by Adam in interviews that implied that the country's leaders were restraining the Northern Command's offensive operations. As a result, Halutz named his deputy, General Moshe Kaplinsky, as his representative in the Northern Command on Tuesday, in effect, firing Adam.

In general, all the surprising statements made by Olmert that he wasn't presented with a plan, as well as other bizarre comments, were made only to prepare the ground for the future war inquiry committee and to prepare his alibi.

Even when finally, thousands of soldiers entered Lebanon, it was with the knowledge that within a few hours their hands would be tied again. We won't get into the war of the generals and politicians, but it is clear that the missteps scream to the high heavens and the ones who paid the price were the soldiers who were eager to defend the nation but were like ducks on a shooting range.

There are horrifying stories this time too about the army's “Christian morality,” placing too much concern for the safety of Arab civilians so that if they shot from a mosque, the IDF was not

allowed to respond. Even the US was taken aback by the Israeli army's "morality," a perverted morality of showing mercy to the cruel and cruelty to those who are deserving of mercy. This is the army that was cruel to Israeli citizens and uprooted them from their homes, which they proceeded to destroy.

To conclude with a word to the Expulsion General Dan Chalutz:

In your year of service you managed to contaminate your honorable position and to degrade it. You were appointed in order to expel Jews from their homes. Throughout this year you operated with "determination" but not with "sensitivity" and you called the settlers "well-poisoners" and were preparing for the next expulsion.

Suddenly, your determination left you only in Lebanon. You failed there. Where you should have bombed from the air, you sent in foot soldiers and when you needed a ground force you used the air force, making sure to announce your plans in advance to your enemies so you wouldn't, G-d forbid, kill any of them. You failed even the simple logistics of preparing your army for war. You didn't give the soldiers the minimum needed for war.

You are the one who declared in several interviews that you gave on



Capturing a Hezbollah operations room towards the end of the war, how many more remained?

the eve of the outbreak of war that Israel has no need to fear a conventional war. Well that belief was discredited in the hail of Katyushas and Kassams.

You the Chief of Staff announced at a gala press interview that you are an atheist, so is it any wonder that you weren't helped from Heaven and that your ability to defend the nation was taken from you?

You are the one who dared – on the eve of Yom HaShoa, the day that is meant to unite Israeli society – to say that the phrase, "We Will Not Forget Nor Forgive," regarding what you did in the expulsion, denies the Holocaust, thus adding fuel to the fire. We'll say it again, "We Will Not Forget Nor Forgive!" We will remind whoever wants to forget and forgive who brought this tzara upon us with the expulsion and the war in Lebanon.



Crown Travel International

- שירות אקספרס
- המשרד ממוחשב

● Express service

● Fully Computerized

331 Kingston Ave.
(2nd Flr) Brooklyn NY 11213

(718) 493-1111

Fax: (718) 493-4444

Get your tickets within minutes!

קח את הכרטיס שלך בתוך מספר דקות!

WORKING FOR THE REBBE

BY YISROEL YEHUDA
PICTURES BY MEIR DAHAN

*Each one has a job and no, you won't find them on the "official" list of shluchim at Chabad.info nor at the Kinus HaShluchim. Yet, each of them does mitzvaim in a way that would make any Chabad house proud. When I say, "Wow, you're mamash a Chabad house!" they sigh and say, "halevai." * Stories about unofficial shluchim, working people who combine Hafatzas ha'Yahadus and Chassidus and the Besuras HaGeula with their daily job.*

** Part 2 of 2*

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

In order to put on a show, one needs a lot of professional equipment, including a sound system, puppets, sound effects, lighting and much more. The equipment is designed, produced and maintained by various experts who generally belong to what is known as the "Bohemian crowd." These craftsmen deal with the world of shows, theatrical productions, movies and music, and their attachment to Judaism is minimal.

When Pinchas Schwartz engages

the services of these people for his puppet shows, they are exposed to the world of authentic Judaism for the first time. Outreach work with these individuals is pretty intensive, but is made easier by virtue of their involvement in the field.

For example, for an actor to play a role, he must really "get into the part," in order to achieve the desired result. When Pinchas incorporates the great Tanna, Rabi Akiva into a production, he sits with the actor and explains all about Rabi Akiva, his greatness and wisdom, etc. When he did a show all on the topic of tz'daka, his work with

the technical team turned into a lengthy discussion about the importance of giving charity. R' Pinchas also inserts into his technical discussions, stories and sayings which spark lively conversations on the topics mentioned.

When he first went into the puppet show business, he contacted a puppeteer to produce a suitable puppet. A puppeteer is a skilled craftsman who creates puppets with unique characteristics and movements, according to the requests of the client. At that time, Pinchas put in a order for a puppet depicting a Jewish child.

The puppeteer found this task somewhat difficult. He had little prior connection to Torah and mitzvos, and Pinchas had to sit with him for many hours to describe what exactly distinguishes a Jewish child. After many tries, the puppeteer finally came up with the desired result, and he commented, "It is easier to design the scariest monster than one Jewish child..."

BARBERSHOP

Misparat 770 in the center of Hertzliya is a unique barbershop. That's what many people, not necessarily religious people, think. The fact is, they come to Yehuda Pinchas' barbershop time and again and enjoy the experience.



Yehuda Pinchas in his barbershop

Yehuda opened his shop nine years ago just at the time that he began getting involved with Judaism and Chabad. Over the years he has wondered whether it is appropriate for a religious man to have a shop like this, but the work he does beyond his barbering has convinced him to carry on. Yehuda is a pleasant fellow and people definitely find it an experience to have their hair cut by him.

When you enter his shop, Yehuda is likely to be giving someone a haircut. The sight of a Lubavitcher working in a barbershop would definitely grab your attention. It's not every day that you see a bearded Jew standing and giving someone a haircut. Some people are a bit taken aback but you can hear his clients reassure you that Yehuda doesn't eat anyone up and doesn't force anything on anybody.

In a corner of the waiting area is a large picture of the Rebbe and in the bookcase you can find all sorts of Jewish books that are perfect for Yehuda's clientele. Of course he also has a set of *Igros Kodesh*. In the background play Chabad niggunim



Inset: Yehuda outside his shop

and along with the buzzing of haircutting machines you can listen to Yehuda tell Chassidic stories.

If you take into account the fact that during a haircut a person can't do anything else, his hands underneath the protective sheet, his mouth and sometimes eyes closed so hair doesn't fall in, then you understand that you have no choice but to listen to Yehuda's stories.

YANKELE TANK

A fascinating episode of being influenced through the workplace, occurred with a Jew named Yankele Eshess. When the first mitzva tanks began traveling around the country, it was very difficult to find young Chassidic men with a type-3 driver's license needed to drive a mobile home. Rabbi Gidi Sharon, who was somewhat involved at the time, knew a fellow from a kibbutz with the proper license and offered him a job as a driver. The kibbutznik was hesitant, but after they promised not to try to make him into a baal t'shuva, he agreed and began working on the tank. Over time, the other guys began calling him "Yankele Tank."

Although it appears that they kept their word, the young man began to warm up to Yiddishkeit and slowly drew closer to a life of Torah and Mitzvos. Today, he is the head of a fully Chassidic household. By the way, his "kabbalas panim" prior to his wedding was held in the tank, since this was his "Tomchei T'mimim."



Here and there Yehuda answers questions, some regarding halacha, some about Jewish concepts. He refers some of them to the Chabad shliach, Rabbi Yisroel Halperin. If Yehuda can spare the time, he will help someone ask the Rebbe for a bracha or advice in the *Igros Kodesh*.

Yehuda has about 200 steady customers and that's no small k'hilla! The conversations during a haircut are meaningful and so, for many of them, their haircut is a visit to a sort of Chabad house. Yehuda gives his customers pictures of the Rebbe and other Jewish material.

In Yehuda's neighborhood there is a real estate firm. The agent liked Yehuda and aside from getting his haircut, he went to the barbershop every morning to drink a cup of coffee with Yehuda. Yehuda used these encounters for conversations about Judaism and as time went on, this man became a Lubavitcher! There's another person who is a Chabad Chassid thanks to the

first steps he took at the barbershop.

There are no doubt plenty of stories, but since Yehuda runs a business and not a Chabad house, as he repeatedly emphasizes, he doesn't like to promote his activities. The following story is the only he shared with me:

One day a bachur with a long beard, who seemed to be a mekurav of Breslov, came to the store. In the barber chair sat another customer and so he had to wait his turn which he did while looking through the books scattered on the table. He came across a volume of *Igros Kodesh* and he read a long letter about the importance of a beard.

The bachur said to Yehuda in amazement, "I came here after they pressured me to 'fix' my beard and here..."

Yehuda explained that this letter encouraged people to continue growing their beard. He lost a customer but benefited in another way ... (I didn't ask Yehuda what he does in situations like these from a halachic angle. Presumably he has sought the advice of a rav.)

When I asked Yehuda what advantage there is to a barbershop over a Chabad house, he didn't understand the question. What possible advantage could his store have? After some thought he said that a Chabad house only reaches someone who is spiritually ready for it. Also, a person usually goes to a Chabad house for a specific reason, with a question or a particular need.

Anybody can walk into a barbershop and since it's not a religious institution many people prefer going there for a bit of Judaism – as well as for a haircut!

EATING JUDAISM

If you enter Guy Zahavi's falafel store in the Hadar neighborhood of Chaifa, you might wonder whether you had entered the right place. Opposite the seating area is a video

screen that shows nonstop videos of the Rebbe. The walls are full of Chassidic pictures and a bookcase contains Chabad s'farim which you can peruse as you wait your turn. But when you smell the falafel you'll know you're in the right place.

Over the years, Guy has bought dozens or maybe hundreds of chapters of *Tanya* by promising children half a falafel free for every perek.

Guy is not the only one who spreads ruchnius and Chassidus via

gashmius. Throughout the country there are other Lubavitchers who have stores from which they do a lot of hafatza.

Until recently, there was a falafel store called K'Yad HaMelech in Tzfas that had a similar setup. In the spacious eating area was a video screen which was set up in such a way that passersby on the street could see it too. Jewish material was always on the tables and the Chassidishe owner, Elyahu Wagner, added to the

ACTION IS THE MAIN THING

The following is a list of little things that each of us can do without much effort:

*Have Moshiach cards in your wallet. There are many opportunities to distribute them.

*Always have flyers with Jewish content in your car or briefcase and give them out (try it on a policeman who pulls you over...)

*Nowadays you can have a personalized credit card. You can decorate it with Jewish motifs (you need to ask a rav about whether you can put a picture of the Rebbe on it) and every time you use it can be an opportunity to raise Jewish consciousness.

*Put a "Boruch HaBa" sign on your car

*Have tapes and/or videos of the Rebbe in your car or other Chassidishe tapes as well as the Rebbe's picture. Hitchhikers can watch or listen and enjoy.

*For those who talk while they drive, it wouldn't hurt to have a volume of *Igros Kodesh* in the car.

*Have a list of addresses of Chabad houses so you can send people to the place that's right for them and so you know that they have a place to turn to.

*Have a sticker (or two or three, in a dignified way) on your car.

*For Israelis: having the Rebbe's picture in your ID booklet means that every time you have to display your ID, the Rebbe's picture will be seen too. It once happened to me that a clerk in some office took my ID and disappeared. When he came back a few minutes later he had the ID in one hand and a photocopy of the Rebbe in his other hand.

*Always be ready with a little story as well as information on basic topics such as the Rebbe, Moshiach, etc., so when people ask you something (because of your stickers, etc.) you will have what to say.

*Behave properly wherever you go. That is #1 when you want to be mekarev Yidden. I once traveled with Rabbi Niselevitz of Yerushalayim. While driving, he stopped and let another driver pass even though he had the right of way. In response to my surprise he said, "I have a 'Boruch HaBa' sign on my car..."



Putting on t'fillin in the pizza shop

atmosphere as he congenially filled his customers' orders, both for food and for ruchnius.

"Many people came a second and a third time and admitted that food wasn't the reason; they came, for the most part, to see more of the Rebbe. One time, a Poilisher Chassid told me, 'Whenever I come here and see the Rebbe, I become stronger and stronger and I'm afraid I'm going to become a Chabadnik ... but I can't stay away. I have to keep coming.'"

All sorts of Jews went to K'Yad

HaMelech: Chassidim and Litvaks, Breslovers, kippot serugot wearers and just Jews. Many people were fascinated by a place where you can buy food and watch videos of the Rebbe while eating. So much so that they would stay there even after they had finished eating. It exposed them to the Rebbe and his sichos on fundamental topics, such as shleimus ha'Aretz and Geula.

"People often said that they didn't realize that the Rebbe had encouraged the singing of 'Yechi.' Others asked me to change the videotapes since they

had seen those already and wanted to see more."

ORDER A SLICE AND SOME JUDAISM ON THE SIDE

Golan Blii has a pizzeria in Hertzliya. A few years ago, Golan met R' Menachem Maidanchik, a shliach in Hertzliya and since then, he has gotten more involved in Judaism and Chabad. At that time, he closed his kiosk in the industrial area and opened the pizzeria in the center of Hertzliya.

Golan begins the day by putting t'fillin on his partner, and from that point on, until night he is busy sending pizza pies around the city. In between, he puts t'fillin on people, gives out Jewish material, and talks with passersby about Jewish topics.

There's a group of people who have decided that Golan's pizzeria is the place to start their Jewish day with t'fillin or a light conversation. The store is decorated with signs and is equipped with plenty of Jewish material. Even the bicycles used for deliveries are decorated with signs and broadcast the Besuras HaGeula and the Goel around the city.

One of Golan's business neighbors became a regular customer for putting on t'fillin. Golan had been working on the guy for a long time. Each time Golan asked him to put on t'fillin and told him how important it was, the neighbor refused. But then one day, the neighbor came to the pizza store and asked to put on t'fillin. Golan was pleasantly surprised and the man explained that he had come to the conclusion that "the Rebbe is the only rav who did not speak negatively about any Jew ever!"

* * *

So, what is the message for other Lubavitchers?

We can only refer back to the puppeteer, Pinchas Schwartz, who says, "Everybody can convey a message, you just have to know how to do it."

A DREAM COME TRUE

BY A. SHNEUR

One year ago, he celebrated his Bar Mitzva, but nine years previously, at this very time, he almost died. Reb Mordechai “Motti” Dayan recounts the events surrounding the miraculous recovery of his son Mendy from a traumatic accident.

The tired voice called out over the sound system in camp Oro Shel Moshiach, “Five minutes for everyone to be in ‘770.’” It seemed like an ordinary announcement, with no special significance.

It was late Friday afternoon during the 1997 camp season, and everybody was busy with last minute Shabbos preparations. Hearing the announcement, all the campers made their way to the camp shul, known as 770.

“Not long ago,” began the camp “General,” with a tremor in his voice, “a tragedy took place in the Chabad community in Tzfas. Those among you from Tzfas surely know the young boy, Mordechai Dayan. He was just in a serious car accident and is in critical condition. This gathering was called for us to cry out to Hashem to extend to him a refua shleima. Let us all join together now in saying T’hillim for a speedy recovery.”

His demeanor and tone were enough to convey the severity of the situation, and the campers felt it, which dampened the normally joyful atmosphere of the camp.

* * *

Reb Mordechai Dayan is an upbeat young man. All it takes is one look into his face to put a big smile on your own. He has a rich and mischievous sense of humor coupled with his own unique sharp-tongued way of expressing himself. His full and deep voice, lend him an air of dignity and thoughtfulness. However, his main feature is a deeply ingrained life’s wisdom devoted to helping others with great Ahavas Yisroel.

Despite this, when he recollects his story, his face takes on a serious countenance. He closes his eyes, furrows his brow, and rubbing his face with his hand loses himself in his thoughts.

“I live it every day, I breathe it every moment,” he says suddenly.

Last year, in honor of his son’s Bar Mitzva, he agreed to recount the story of the traumatic accident, the difficult times and the great miracle.

* * *

It was on Friday, the 12th of Av, 5757, at 2 PM, an ordinary summer day. My oldest son, Mendy, who was all of five years old at the time, and I were driving towards the community

pool in Tzfas. On the way, I stopped off at an auto repair shop located off the main road, in order to have something fixed. Before I left the car, I warned Mendy not to leave the car, “Be careful. It is dangerous. I’m coming right back.”

I entered the garage, and a few minutes later I heard screams, “There’s a child in the road! Save him!”

At that moment, I felt something burning inside me. I immediately understood that somehow I was connected with what was going on. I screamed out a powerful “Shma Yisroel,” and I ran towards the road to help.

The sight that greeted me, I will never be able to describe.

Motti pauses in silence. It is obvious that he is reliving the moment:

The boy was lying on the street, about five meters from the car. A large amount of blood was pouring from his crushed skull. I thought the worst had happened, G-d forbid. Suddenly, the boy who just a moment before was hale and hearty, a boy who loved to jump on the furniture in mischievous playfulness, had turned into a puddle of blood.

An ambulance was called. It turned out that a reckless young motorcyclist was flying down the road at high speed. Mendy’s head took a tremendous blow and he flew a few feet down the road. I totally lost myself from the pain, and ran around like a crazy man screaming on and on. I ran back and forth not knowing what to do. Well-meaning people



Motti Dayan with his son Mendy. Inset: Five-year-old Mendy shortly after the accident

tried to calm me down and told me, “He is still breathing.”

When the ambulance arrived, they drove us to the Ziv hospital in Tzfas, calling ahead to prepare the trauma unit to receive a patient with a head injury. The whole time, I kept saying chapters of T’hillim which I knew by heart.

When we arrived, the hospital was deserted. It was afternoon and outpatient visits had ended for the day. The doctors took him immediately and disappeared with the stretcher into one of the rooms.

Suddenly, I saw Doctor Avi Doron, the resident brain surgeon, rushing down the hall. I stopped him and asked him what was happening with my son. He answered briefly, saying, “Only after a CAT scan will I be able to ascertain his condition, and inform

you on the particulars.”

Who is Dr. Avi Doron? Here is an amazing example of Divine Providence as Motti tells it:

The day before the accident, I had returned with a friend on an Arkia flight from the center of the country. When we left the terminal, we looked for a way to get to Tzfas. Suddenly, my friend spotted a car on the side of the road.

He asked the driver, “Where are you headed?”

The man answered, “To Tzfas.”

“Can we join you?”

“Sure, gladly.”

During the ride, we got into a lively conversation. When I spotted a sticker on his front windshield from the Ziv hospital, I asked him what connection he had with the hospital.

He told me that he works there as a surgeon, specializing in head/brain surgery. For some reason this piqued my curiosity and he told me that he had been a senior surgeon in the Ichilov hospital in Tel Aviv, and merited to save many dozens of lives with his skills. He chose Tzfas as his new place of residence as part of his process of returning to his Jewish roots.

At the end of the “hitch,” we parted with me inviting him to visit my restaurant sometime to share a cup of coffee together.

Back to the hospital:

During the wait for the results of the scan, I sat all alone. Suddenly, I shivered. I suddenly recalled an unusual dream I had early that morning.

It was about six in the morning. In

my dream, I entered the “small zal” in 770, and suddenly, I saw the Rebbe sitting and leaning over a seifer, with a very serious look on his face. As soon as I walked in, the Rebbe lifted his head from the seifer and turned to give me a look, an extremely sharp look. I made a sign with my hand expressing surprise and the Rebbe responded with a strong dismissive gesture, and he leaned over the seifer again.

At that moment, it struck me in an instant what happened here. The dream was not for naught! The Rebbe knew of the terrible decree and was encouraging me prior to the event, and so, with the motion of his hand he had annulled the worst of the decree.

When I pictured the way the Rebbe looked in my dream, I begged and pleaded for my son’s life from the Rebbe. I cried out from the depths of my heart, “This child belongs to you, Rebbe, save him!”

Suddenly, Dr. Doron stepped out of the room and approached me. He took hold of both my hands, and looked me straight in the eyes, “Your son is now in grave danger for his life! The next hour and a half are critical. If he is not operated on, he is likely to...”

I don’t wish the feeling that accompanies hearing that your child is dying on anyone, Motti adds.

The doctor asked me, “Where is your wife?”

“At home,” I answered.

“See to it that she comes here, it is of utmost importance that both of you be here at this time.”

I called my house, but hung up right away. I did this a few times. It was Erev Shabbos, at the height of preparations for Shabbos, but each time I heard the phone being picked up, I cut the connection. I simply could not get the words out of my mouth. Finally, I called a friend and asked him to tell my wife that Mendy was in an accident and injured his

foot, and that she should come immediately to the hospital.

After that, I ran to the shul in the hospital in a panic. As soon as I crossed the threshold, I broke out into uncontrollable sobbing. I opened the Aron Kodesh and screamed from the depths of my heart, “Please, Hashem, save Mendy! If, G-d forbid, you plan on taking Mendy, take me also, because I don’t want to live!”

I continued to wail at the top of my lungs and cry copious tears. Suddenly, you feel totally helpless and experience with great clarity that “ein od milvado!” Your whole “Motti” just became nothing, and you know that there is only One Who can send salvation...

I took every penny that I had on me and dropped it all in the pushka of Rabbi Meir Baal HaNes.

A half-hour went by and people started searching for me. They thought something happened to me.

My wife and I waited for them to move my son to the operating room, in order to try to save his life. After a few minutes, I noticed people rushing about, and suddenly, they wheeled him towards an ambulance waiting outside.

I ran over to Dr. Avi Doron and asked him, “Why aren’t you doing the operation here? You said...” He cut me off and told me, “They have never done a brain surgery in Tzfas. The Health Ministry does not want to set such a precedent, and therefore, we did not get the permit to operate. I’m sorry,” he said, wringing his hands in real anguish, “I can’t do anything without permission. If there is no permit, I can’t do the operation here, and since it’s so urgent, they decided to fly him by military helicopter to the Rambam Hospital in Chaifa, where the operation will be done.

I didn’t know it, Motti recounts, but friends of mine took the initiative and used connections to contact the Health Minister at the time, Mr. Yehoshua Matza. He, in turn,

instructed the director of the Health Office, Mr. Barbash, to issue a permit for the operation.

A few seconds later, without warning, I saw them taking the stretcher back inside, as someone called out to Dr. Doron, “We have the permit,” and they all ran into the operating room.

* * *

It was four in the afternoon, and the word spread to the residents of Kiryat Chabad in Tzfas, and the community was in shock. Rabbi Wilschansky, the Rosh Yeshiva, and a quorum of young men, went to the gravesite of the Arizal. They said T’hillim and added the name Chai to Mendy’s name. Concurrently, word reached 770 in New York, and groups of ten gathered to say T’hillim. They also saw to it to mention Mendy’s name at the door of the Rebbe’s room.

Rabbi Levkivker wrote to the Rebbe by way of the *Igros Kodesh*. The answer, in vol. 10, p. 152, said:

I was pleased to receive your letter from Rosh Chodesh Kislev, the month of Geula, Geula in the material and Geula in spirit, stating that you already left your previous place, and as such, your health is improving, unlike what you wrote at the beginning of your letter. Even though you still need to consult the opinion of the doctor and actually carry out his instructions, however, as I wrote previously, you should be strong in your bitachon in the Healer of all flesh, Who does wonders. Thus, it will make it easier to fulfill the commandment, “Serve Hashem with joy.”

In Kiryat Chabad, they called an emergency inspirational gathering and they said T’hillim. All these activities, together with the rebbe’s bracha, apparently added up.

After many long hours of the operation, which went well into Shabbos, at eleven PM, Dr. Doron came out of the operating room. I approached him, with my heart

beating wildly. The doctor told me, "I will start from the easy to the difficult. The easy part is that your son is no longer in danger. The hard part is that he is still unconscious and we have no way of knowing when he will awaken."

"Your son took a severe blow to the left temple, which crushed the skull, sending shards of bone into the brain. This caused part of the brain to leak out and created tremendous pressure on the brain, in addition to the extensive bleeding."

He emitted a huge sigh, and with tears in his eyes, he continued, "During the operation there was a regression. I lost him three times. But in the end he came back to life. Based on what I saw originally, I never believed he would live. This is a tremendous miracle."

The next morning he came again and told us that he pinched the back of his neck to check for a reaction, and the boy cried out, "Ay, Ima." However, he immediately lapsed into a coma.

* * *

On Sunday, they took the unconscious boy to the intensive care ward of the Rambam Hospital in Chaifa, where he lay for a week.

Each day, we heard terrifying prognoses. The doctors would come out to us and predict the worst. They told us, "We don't know if he will wake up, and if he does, he is likely to be completely paralyzed, and rehabilitation will take many months." They didn't spare us any nightmare scenarios regarding our son, probably because they didn't want us to entertain false hopes.

Every time they hit me with these burning arrows, I would call the doctor/angel who saved my son, hoping to get some encouragement and calming words. "Motti," he would say, "I operated on your son. The boy will get up, with Hashem's help, and you will yet see that your son will experience great miracles."

After a week, they decided to

move him to a regular ward, despite the fact that he was still unconscious. The situation was still critical, but we felt hope and prayed that Hashem would speed his complete recovery.

After three weeks, miraculously, contrary to the doctors' prognoses, he started to slowly come out of the coma. When he began to recover, they moved him to Beis Levinstein for rehabilitation, and thanks to Hashem, he recovered. He was virtually born anew. He went through rehab therapy in every area of life, including cognitive function, walking and speech, like a newborn child.

*The dream was not
for naught! The Rebbe
knew of the terrible
decree and was
encouraging me prior
to the event, and so,
with the motion of his
hand he had annulled
the worst of the
decree.*

Eight months later, a feast of gratitude and praise to Hashem was held in the main shul

in Kiryat Chabad in Tzfas. The entire community came out to celebrate.

* * *

Motti insists that he wants to talk about the man, or the angel as he refers to him, who saved his son.

Dr. Doron became a baal t'shuva two years before the event, and as mentioned, his move to Tzfas was part of that process. He felt the need to get away from the tumultuous

environment of the country's central region. He was a senior surgeon in the neurosurgery unit at the Ichilov Hospital in Tel Aviv, where he performed eighty percent of all surgeries. We are talking about a hugely experienced surgeon, considered a genius in medicine. More importantly, he is a Jew who believes that the doctor doesn't have the final say as to who lives and dies. He told me all this during that providential ride, and even added sarcastically, "There are doctors who develop G-d-like symptoms, who can decide who lives and who dies."

He said then, "In the world of medicine, miracles roll about regularly. When there seems to be no hope according to nature, a point of G-dly light appears, turns things around, and you are witness to a miracle, a Divine revelation of the highest magnitude. Some people simply merit to be born anew."

Our relationship developed into far more than that between doctor and patient. I opened a window for him into the magical world of Chabad Chassidus, focusing of course, on the Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach. He himself was amazed and struck by the series of Divine providences we experienced, starting with the hitch the day before the accident, and our strange conversation about the workings of the brain.

One day, Motti recalls laughing, he gave me a blank check and asked me to go to Kehot in Kfar Chabad and buy him any books which I thought could help familiarize him with Chabad Chassidus. At the beginning, I bought only basic texts, but pretty soon, due to his great thirst, he swallowed whole libraries of material, which wouldn't put any rav to shame.

After my son's complete rehabilitation, I bought him a gift – a huge picture of the Rebbe in a beautiful wood frame. I thanked him profusely for the wonderful way he treated us throughout the ordeal.