

\$1.75 US

A חידושי חסידות CHASSIDISHER DERHER

EXPANDED EDITION

ISSUE 5 (62)

TISHREI 5773



TISHREI BY THE REBBE

An interview with Reb Shlomo Zarchi

WE WANT MOSHIACH NOW

The story of Tzivos Hashem's Anthem

MAJESTIC
MEMOIRS

*In honor of Vov Tishrei
we take a look into the
newly released diaries of
Rebbetzin Chana*

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בס"ד

The articles in this publication are original content by the staff of A Chassidisher Derher.

Special thanks to

Rabbi Michoel Seligson

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Design

Lev Itchikel

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The Chassidisher Derher is a weekly publication for Yeshiva Bochurim covering many topics of interest.

This expanded edition is published periodically throughout the year. Published in conjunction with the Vaad Talmidei Hatmimim.



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A WORD FROM THE EDITORS

With the onset of the month of Tishrei, we are proud to present our readership with this expanded edition of “A Chassidisher Derher”.

The month of Tishrei is spiritually replete with so many special and auspicious times, with enough energy meant to infuse life into the Yid’s everyday *Avodas Hashem* throughout the entire year. Naturally, Chassidim throughout the generations saw it most appropriate to travel and spend at least part of the month of Tishrei in the presence of their Rebbe, where all the heavenly revelations would be most perceptible and internalized by those privileged enough to be there.

Chassidim write a *Pidyon Nefesh* to the Rebbe on *Erev Rosh Hashonah*. The only time throughout the year when the Rebbe stood and personally received the *Paan* directly from the hand of each *Chossid* was on *Erev Rosh Hashonah*. (In the later years, when the number of arriving guests grew to be quite large, the Rebbe began accepting *Paanim* in the preceding days as well). One could sense that the *Paan* written to the Rebbe before Rosh Hashonah was of a different caliber than those of the rest of the year. Perhaps it is because with the *Paan*, the *Chossid* regenerate his *Hiskashrus* with the *Rosh B’nei Yisroel*, in preparation for the *Rosh* of the *Shonah*.

These *Paanim* were brought with the Rebbe into *Shul* on *Rosh Hashonah* morning and held right near the Rebbe while he blew the *Shofar*.

The Rebbe’s preparation for, and blowing of, the *Shofar* on Rosh Hashonah was a breathtaking scene for the *Chassidim* present. They often watched as the Rebbe cried aloud from under his *Tallis*, covering the bags of *Pannim* with its corners. Also the method with which the Rebbe arranged the *Shofros* was mystifying and appeared to be an orchestration of Heavenly affairs. The *Chassidim* could only observe that all what is written in *Chassidus* regarding “*Binyan Hamalchus*” and so on is all undoubtedly being performed with the Rebbe’s actions. We, simple people, could only hope to have the privilege of following closely behind by being present at the time...

It is precisely this message we hope to convey with the following articles. It is anticipated that with the *Sichos*, stories, and insights herein, the reader will be inspired to utilize the opportune month of Tishrei properly, especially the time spent in the Rebbe’s presence, strengthening and renewing our commitment of *Hiskashrus* to the Rebbe.

Let us hope that yet this year, we will be *zoiche* to spend all of the precious moments of Tishrei, from *Tekios* on Rosh Hashonah to *Hakofos* on Simchas Torah, together with our Rebbe, with the coming of Moshiach; may it be *Be’karov Mammosh!*

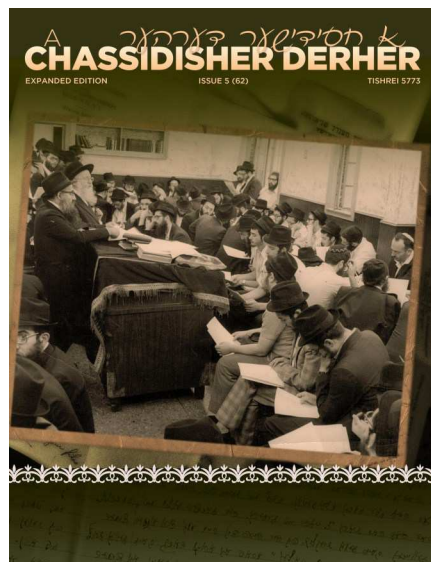
כתיבה וחתימה טובה לשנה טובה ומתוקה!

A Chassidisher Derher
Erev Rosh Hashonah, 5773

ABOUT THE COVER:

Each year in preparation for the upcoming New Year the Rebbe would send out a public letter – a *Michtav Kloli* - addressed to “the sons and daughters of Israel”, all Yidden across the globe. In addition to containing the “call of the hour” for that specific time, the letter usually elucidated a specific Torah-concept. The Rebbe was very meticulous in the preparation of the letter, carefully choosing the specific sources, and writing the long footnotes. Every word was specific, to the point that sometimes, during the Farbrengens that followed the publishing of the letter, the Rebbe would explain why he had chosen one source over another.

Rabbi Mordechai Mentlik, the Rosh Yeshiva of Tomchei Temimim of 770, would give a shiur to the bochurim and guests on the *Michtav Kloli*, explaining, to the best of his knowledge, the essence of the letter, the footnotes, and the sources. Pictured here is one of those famed shiurim.





A Time for Hiskashrus

The Rebbe began most Rosh Hashonah Farbrengens by instructing the Chassidim to sing a niggun from each one of the Rabbe'im in order, starting with the Baal Shem Tov. The Rebbe was very specific regarding which niggun of each Rebbe should be sung. Some years Niggunim with words, some specifically without words¹ and some years the Rebbe made a point that each Rebbe's name be mentioned before the niggun.

On a few occasions the Rebbe explained the reason for this Minhag:

"The² Minhag to sing the niggunim of the Rabbe'im on Rosh Hashonah is based upon the words of the Frierdiker Rebbe in regards to his father, the Rebbe Rashab's, custom to make mention of each one of the Rabbe'im on Rosh Hashonah, starting from the Baal Shem Tov and ending with the Rebbe Maharash. Afterwards, during the leadership of the Frierdiker Rebbe he would also make mention of the Rebbe Rashab. Therefore it is understood that we should mention the Frierdiker Rebbe as well."

It is self-understood that starting from Rosh Hashonah 5712 they also sang a niggun of the Rebbe. Very often this was Atoh V'chartonu. One year³ they sang niggunim without words, so when it came time to sing a niggun of the Rebbe they sang *Shami'el*.

The Rebbe explains why we make the effort of **saying** the names of the Rabbe'im on Rosh Hashonah:

"There is a special emphasis in **verbally** mentioning their names, for this conforms with Rosh Hashonah which is also connected with speech, for as we know the world was created through speech, the ten

utterances...

"In lieu of the above practice another Minhag was added; to mention each one of the Rabbe'im through their niggun in addition to mentioning their names.

"The reason for this is because a niggun is the "pen of the heart", and through it one can reveal the P'nimiyus of his heart. Subsequently, when one sings the niggunim of the Rabbe'im his connection to them is an internal way. This idea is also connected with Rosh Hashonah, for the idea of the Shofar is "an internal sound that can't be heard".

"Being that the Frierdiker Rebbe publicized this Minhag, firstly at a Farbrengen and afterwards by instructing that it be printed, one can clearly see that the Frierdiker Rebbe's intention is not to merely relate incidents that took place with the Rabbe'im. Rather there is a lesson which, all those that follow in his path (or at least all those that want to follow in his path) need to take out of it. And specifically that the reason for this Minhag was explained to us, as we will now discuss:

"Chassidus explains that the term **Rosh Hashonah**, above and beyond its simple meaning - the beginning of the year, also means the **head** of the year. This idea can be explained by looking at what function the head plays in relation to the body. The head contains within it the life force for the rest of the body, from where it spreads to each limb respectively. Not only do all the limbs receive their energy from the head, but they also conduct themselves according to its will.

"We find the same idea by Rosh Hashonah. Firstly it contains the energy and life force for the rest of the year and in turn spreads it out to each day, and secondly,

each day is conducted by the way it was decided by the 'head' - on Rosh Hashonah.

"One of the things that assist a person in his Avodah year round, and specifically one's Avodah in connecting Rosh Hashonah with the rest of the year is Hiskashrus to the leader of the Jewish people, for his Neshomah is like the head and mind of the other Neshomos in his generation. **It is through him that everyone receives their Chayus and connects themselves to their true essence.**

"This is the reason for the Minhag of mentioning the Rabbe'im - Heads of the Jewish people - on Rosh Hashonah - head of the year - for this helps a person with his Torah and Mitzvos and specifically with connecting Rosh Hashonah with the rest of the year, including and particularly his Hiskashrus with the Rabbe'im throughout the entire year.

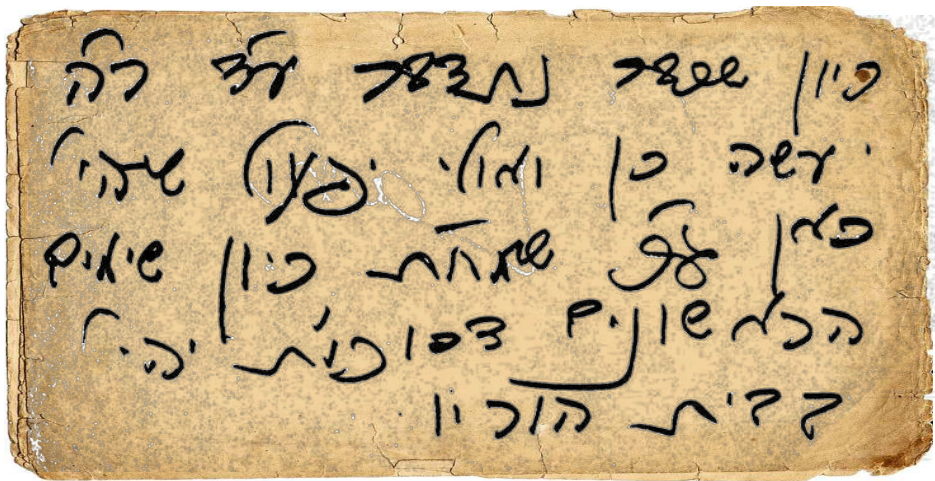
"This is brought out stronger by actually mentioning their names, for this brings it into actuality. The same applies to singing their niggunim, it helps ones Hiskashrus become internalized, especially when the niggun is sung with feelings of Hiskashrus to the one whose niggun it is. This internal effect also influences ones external facets. As is clearly seen in a person's body; how an internal organ can affect an external limb⁴.

"It should be Hashem's will, that through our Hiskashrus to the Rabbe'im on Rosh Hashonah⁵, we should merit that it continue throughout the whole year and give us a boost in all of our Avodah. This should bestow upon us the greatest Brochah of all; the coming of Moshiach. In fact, this is also accomplished through one's Hiskashrus to the Rabbe'im by



Simchas Torah with the Rebbe

A text of the Rebbe's response in his holy handwriting to a *Bochur* who wrote that for Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur he will remain in Yeshivah (i. e. near the Rebbe), and for Sukkos he plans to be at home:



"כיון שכבר נתדבר ע"ד [על-דבר] ר"ה [ראש-השנה] יעשה כן ואולי יפעול שיהי כאן ג"כ שמח"ת [גם כן שמחת-תורה], כיון שימים הראשונים דסוכות יהי בבית הוריו."

"Since you already have come to a conclusion regarding Rosh Hashonoh, you should do so [as you have decided]. Perhaps you can accord to be here for Simchas Torah as well, since for the first days of Sukkos you will be at your parents' home."

learning their Torah and following in their ways, for Moshiach will come when "All the wellsprings [of Chassidus] have spread forth". May this happen immediately now!"

Year after year the Rebbe stressed this message to his Chassidim; the days of Rosh Hashonah are precious. They are days which have an effect on the entire year, just like one's head affects his entire body, so make sure every moment is treasured and used out in the most fitting

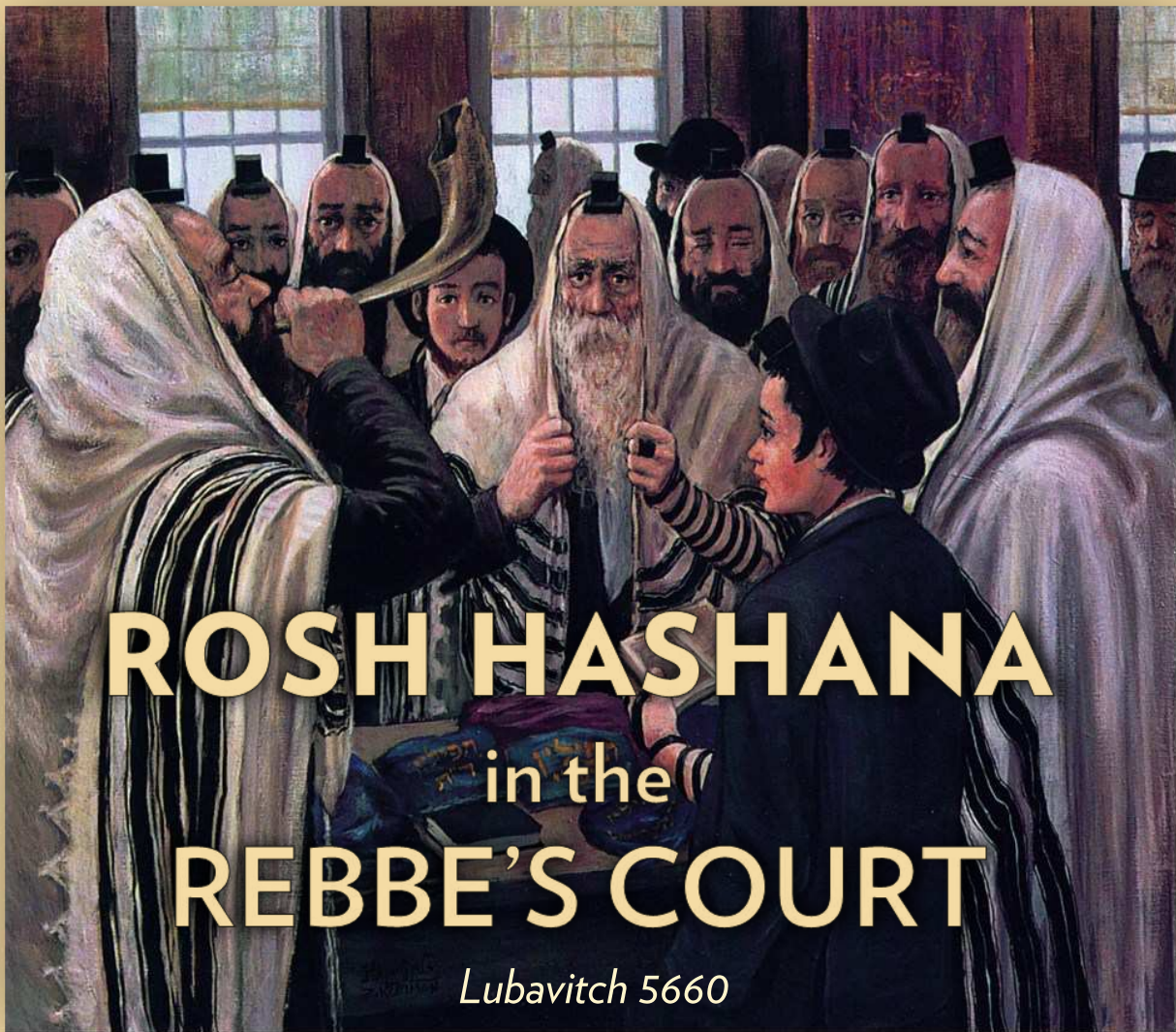
way.

Therefore the days of Rosh Hashonah should be used to strengthen ones Hiskashrus to the Rebbe. On a practical level; by learning the Rebbe's Torah, resolving to be even more careful with his Takanos, doing even more in the area of "Hafotzas Hamayonos" – spreading Yiddishkeit and Chassidus to others and increasing in our Ahavas Yisroel to every single Yid. This should ultimately lead to a deeper and internal Hiskashrus, one that completely takes over every fiber of ones

being. Through this we will merit a "*K'sivah V'chasimah Tovah*", and a year filled with Torah and Mitzvos.

May we merit to hear the Shofar of Moshiach immediately now!

1. In fact when it came to the Tzemach Tzedek it took a few moments until the Chassidim came up with one!
2. Second day Rosh Hashonah 5746
3. 5745
4. 5745
5. (through mentioning their names and singing their niggunim)



The following is a meticulous description of Rosh Hashonoh 5660 in Lubavitch, seen through the eyes of a Bochur, who, new to the unique style of Tomchei Temimim, is ushered into a world, he never imagined even existed.

Editorial note: Throughout the article, the term ‘The Rebbe’ will be referring to the Rebbe Rashab.*

I was a young boy rather well educated, I had mastered the ability to comfortably learn through Gemoro with its fundamental commentaries, and perhaps quite different than my peers, I even had a healthy grasp in the deeper works of Jewish thought, like Rambam’s Moreh Nevuchim and others.

My knowledge extended past the fron-

tiers of Jewish subjects, for as I was a studious young man, I had treaded the waters of secular topics, and gotten interested in philosophy and other major secular works.

I held this broad gamut of interests of mine very dearly, and greatly enjoyed the time I spent poring over all sorts of books. I had a deeply rooted faith that I would

retain my dual ‘identity’, and somehow manage to combine my familiarity in both the religious and laic worlds.

By the summer of 5659, the fame of the newly established Yeshiva in Lubavitch had reached my ears, and aroused my curiosity. Attracted by its outstanding reputation of rigorous study, I set my compass towards the little Belarussian town. I was

* Translator’s note: This article is a translated excerpt of a longer, more detailed memoir originally written in Hebrew. In the process of translating this piece, we’ve had to adapt to English prose and grammar rule, at times at the expense of the poetry and particular style, that is the signature of the original writer.

For the full essay in its pristine language and lexicon, see Hatomim Vol. 1 pp. 223 and pp. 416

perfectly aware that secular education wasn't emphasized in Tomchei Temimim, let alone provided for, but I - I thought-will manage to keep my balance even there.

What a bittersweet mistake, which so many had fallen prey to in that era! As soon as I arrived there, I realized I was mistaken, I came to understand that the founder of this unique Yeshiva had a wholly different perspective, a perspective which didn't include, nor necessitate any outside influence.

I thus decided that Lubavitch wasn't the place for me, and I would return home at my earliest convenience.

I was conflicted on whether to nevertheless remain for a few weeks, considering how costly and difficult the journey there had been, or simply go right back. Time had made the decision for me, and after a few days of hesitation and debate I was still there, scrutinizing with a watchful eye, every nuance and every detail of the Yeshiva's curriculum and students.

One day, I walked into the main zal, and saw a large and broad study hall, hosting within its walls, young men sitting across tables and studying diligently. Every one of them was preoccupied with the material he was learning and was devoted to understanding it, reading it, and reading it again, not ever tiring nor stopping. There was a loud and conducive chatter, a cocktail of voices stemming from the four corners of the room, filling the air, and I could almost sense the pleasure and sweetness of these boys' assiduity.

I remained there, standing in a niche observing and pondering, trying to take it all in, when suddenly, as soon as the clock hit eight o' clock, the sounds came to an abrupt end, everyone closed the seforim they had delved in during the entire day, only to replace them with other seforim, themselves rather thick and large. Where Gemoros and Shulachn Oruch's rested till but a few moments earlier, now resided Tanya's, Likkutei Torah, and other volumes I had never seen before.

I couldn't quite define it, but it seemed like the new setting was identical yet entirely different; yes, there were the same bochurim studying, across the same tables, but their tunes were different, the air was new. Every here and there I could catch a soft sound, a subdued note flying in the wind, that was inspiring and drawing me near. I perceived a higher degree of seriousness and concentration than in the previous period, and an all-around somber setting.

I gathered my little self together, and asked one of the boys what was everybody learning, was it some cryptic mystical work, or perhaps the deepest secrets?



**“Later on in your stay,
you’ll merit to see our
holy Rebbe deliver a
Maamor...”**

“Chassidus!” He told me with a broad smile, “We’re learning Chassidus!” I looked at him baffled and beguiled, and dared to ask him what this was all about.

“You see my friend” – he ensued, “Chassidus in general, and more specifically Chassidus Chabad, is a world onto itself, it explains to man the purpose of his life, and shows him the path to its fulfillment. Chassidus differs from most other books of ethics; it is first and foremost a most profound study on the root of man’s Neshomo, elucidating Hashem’s unity, and the lofty significance of Torah and Mitzvos. Only after all this, does it reach to its disciple, and with soft discipline teaches him, to refine himself and come closer to his creator.”

A cold shower. This was all new to me, ‘Entire books explaining how to be a better Jew!’ – I thought.

“Later on in your stay, you’ll merit to see our holy Rebbe deliver a Maamor Chassidus, you will learn it again and again, until you’re fluent in it, and then, and only then, will you begin to understand.

More days elapsed, and it was the eve of Rosh Hashonoh. That morning I arose early and got to Yeshiva at daybreak, to find the room filled with guests who had come from far and near, to spend Rosh Hashonoh in the presence of their leader and guide – the Rebbe.

People were pleasantly chatting and greeting one another, rejoicing in the mere being with one another in Lubavitch. I could identify in their midst many distinguished Rabbonim, and leaders of communities, all joined by the common denominator of being Lubavitcher Chassidim, who had undertaken a long trip to spend the most solemn days in the year with the Rebbe.

Behold! A piercing silence befell the room, the Rebbe was coming! A windy little path was formed, for the Rebbe to walk through to his seat at the front of the shul. I observed the Rebbe’s tenure, his saintly look as he strode across the shul, and was immediately impressed.

Like mine, everyone’s eyes were fixed on the Rebbe, all were standing in total annulment, and self abnegation, stemming from the awe of being in the presence of a man of a different league entirely.

My thoughts had caught on fire, yet my brain remained cold and removed. I couldn’t tell you why or what, but seeing everyone standing with such reverence, I too fell numb and silent.

Selichos began, and the chazzan’s initial song was immediately overpowered by the chants of the entire shul. From time to time everyone would slightly raise their eyes from their siddurim, and gaze towards the Rebbe, closely monitoring his moves, and taking keen heed of them.

At that moment, I decided that this flock had at its core point a raging fire, capable of melting even the hardest of hearts. Precisely what – however- was this fire burning on?

I would wait and see.

The sun has set, and the hundreds of bochurim, along with the myriads of guests gathered in the big room of the yeshiva, to usher in the New Year with Maariv.

A distinct seriousness, and sobriety is visible and everybody’s face.

A few minutes transpire, and the Rebbe comes in. His holy face is like a blazing torch of fire, and his gaze is ever so serious; in a paradoxical mixture however, there’s a loving warmth, emanating from his radiant smile. I clearly see how two opposing forces – bitterness and joy – are merged in one vessel, in a harmonious unity and beauty.

Maariv begins, everyone davens with fervor, and I try getting closer to the Rebbe’s place to see, to hear, though I don’t

know what. Bitter cries resound from his holy place, and ghostly sighs pierce the air.

In the Rebbe's davening, no word is uttered without first dipping in a generous bath of tears, and I stand beside him, in awe and shock.

Many people cry on these most solemn days, I thought to myself, what sets the Rebbe's cry apart from everybody else's? No sooner than I had thought that, I had found my answer. These weren't cries, nor tears, this was hishtapchus hanefesh, this is the Neshomo of a Tzadik pouring out, before her father's throne.

The general noise gradually subsides, and davening is over, but the Rebbe is standing still in his place, softly humming to himself an old Chabad tune, a tune of yearning and demand, challenging its cantor, and from the Rebbe's heart a deep cry breaks forth.

You see, there are many types of cries; cry of pain, of yearning, and even of joy. The Rebbe's cry is unlike any other, or perhaps it is like all of them together.

Maybe, just maybe – I thought to myself – the Rebbe's cry was there just to arouse the hearts of thousands of Jews to their father in heaven, and even if it were just for that, it would be enough and plentiful.

Here stood a man – I continued to my-

self – whose ambitions are so sublime and divine, whose humbleness and modesty aren't a product of hard toil, rather a result of his subservience and unity to an absolute truth. To stand in his glorious company is worth to squeeze in the multitudes who have come to bathe in the radiance of his holy presence.

An immaculate purity stems from the heart and propels tears like rain, and inside you feel hope and happiness, bitterness and longing, indeed this can only be found in the presence of a superior being.

The Rebbe, the messenger of the nation entire, stands before Hashem and offers an account of the year bygone, and beseeches Him to bestow His blessings for the upcoming one, he pleads and begs that this year be a plentiful one, both physically and spiritually.

When the Rebbe had finished davening, he turned to the awaiting crowds to wish them a good year; his face shone like that of an angel and his eyes streamed forth light, with a sweet fatherly love.

That night I could not sleep. The sights I had witnessed had made such a deep impact on me, that my thoughts were running incessantly, and gave me no rest.

In truth, I hadn't even understood so much, or intellectually processed the

events of earlier in the evening, but inside of me, something had changed irreversibly. My previous notions and imagined wisdoms had lost all value, and I was left dumbfounded and mute.

I had begun to understand – or better said, to feel – that there's a most sublime meaning and goal to mankind upon this earth.

I had come to the recognition, that not everything can be dissected on the cold operating table of intellect and knowledge. I had realized that there are things which the frigid and dry mind cannot grasp, yet you feel with all your being that they are real indeed.

Listening to the Rebbe's tefillos this evening, I could almost see the heavens open up above me, and the beis din shel ma'aloh deliberate over our future. My soul shook hearing the Rebbe's every word, and I perceived that all of the heavenly rulings and decrees, are accurately decided from below.

I then decided, that if there's any purpose to life, here was the place where I would discover it, and learn how to reach it.

At that precise moment I had made up my mind: I was going to stay in Lubavitch.



Treasured Few



The following is a letter by the Rebbe's "Choizer", Reb Yoel Kahan, addressed to his family in Eretz Yisrael while he was a Bochur studying in 770.

Its lines vividly recount the fatherly attention he and his peers in Yeshivah merited receiving from the Rebbe on Erev Yom Kippur, 5712. It was to be the first of what would become a longstanding custom throughout the years; the Rebbe would deliver the "Birkas Habonim" – exclusively to the Yeshivah Bochurim – just before entering the Shul for Kol Nidrei on Yom Kippur eve.

13 TISHREI, 5712

On Erev Yom Kippur, after davening, Anash entered the Rebbe's room to request "*Lekach*" and he gave each of them a piece, blessing them for the coming year.

When I came in to receive "*Lekach*", the Rebbe said, "Have a *Shona Tova Umisuka*." He then gave me an additional piece and said, "This is for your mother and father; write to them and wish them a *Shona Tova Umisuka* and good health."

After midday, a group of Anash entered the Rebbe's room to request his Brocha, and he blessed them. An additional group arrived after mincha, and then, as evening approached, a third group too.

I was part of the third group. When all the rest of the group had already left, the Rebbe summoned me and said, "Tell the Bochurim that they can come in later."

I did not fully understand what he meant – I thought he was referring only to

those that had not yet had a chance to come in, so I was wondering why he would single out the Bochurim as a group. But before I had a chance to ask anything, he clarified: "I mean even those who were inside already – but only the Bochurim." [Many of those in the three groups that had already come in to receive the Rebbe's Brocha were in fact Bochurim].

When we came in, the Rebbe was already wearing his *Kittel* and wrapped in his *Tallis*, and his face wore a look of awe.

The Rebbe looked at each of us in a frightening gaze. It was a look that I had never seen on his holy face in the past. [I spoke to some of the other Bochurim afterwards and they confirmed that they too had never seen the Rebbe in this manner before].

Before beginning to speak, he lowered his *Tallis* over his face and his body trembled. It was a frightening scene indeed.

"Being that you learn in the Rebbe's Yeshivah, you are the Rebbe's children; we will therefore bless you with *Birkas Habonim*!"

While saying the words "you are the Rebbe's children," the Rebbe's voice choked up while tears streamed down his face.

He then began reading the *Pessukim* from the open *Siddur* on his table, and when beginning the Brocha ("*Yevorechicha*"), he lifted his hands.

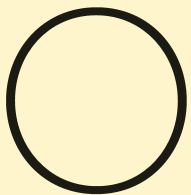
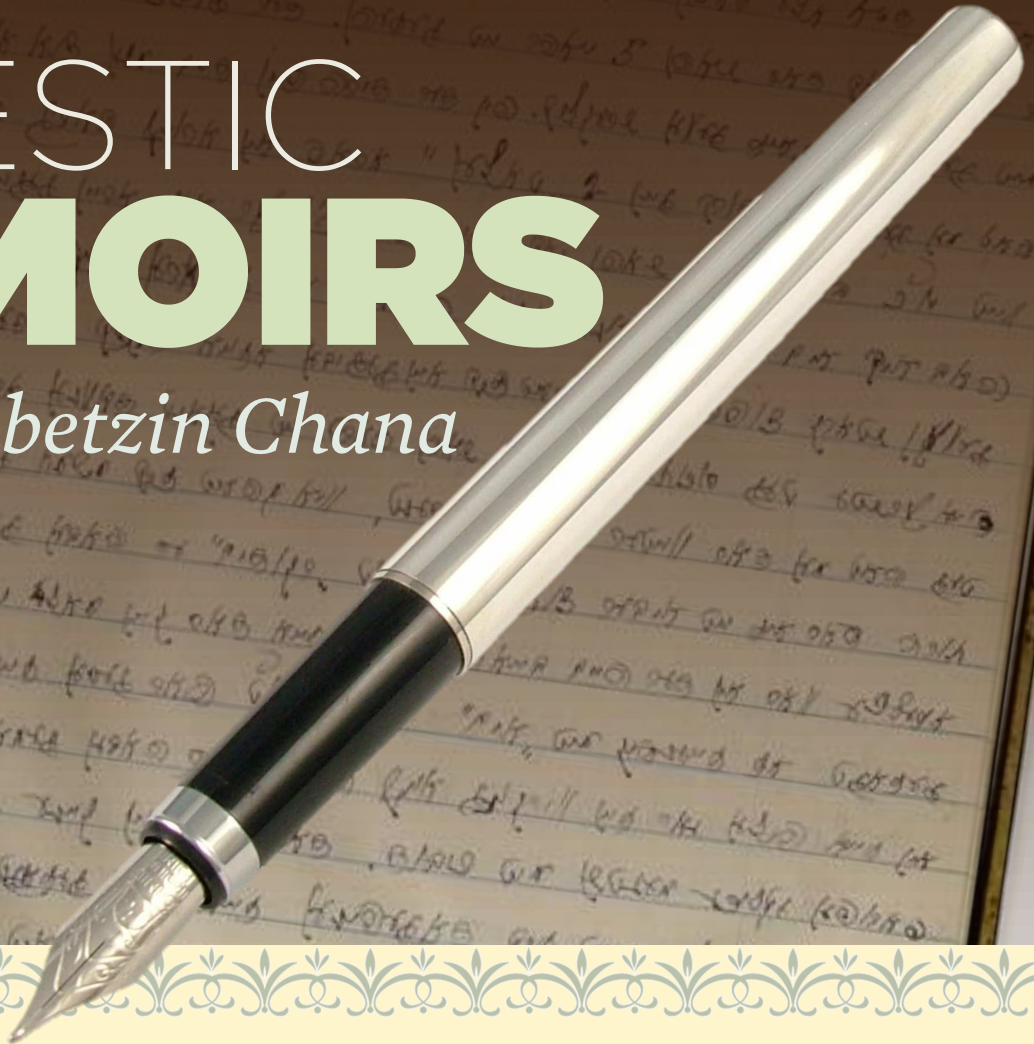
The Rebbe *Shlita*, for his part, is like a real father ("Av Mammosh"); blessing us with Birkas Habonim on Erev Yom Kippur. [You should have seen how he was trembling at the time].

If only we can be true children as well...

יובל קהל ד"ר

MAJESTIC MEMOIRS

of Rebbetzin Chana



ver the past year, Kehos has been publishing weekly booklets containing the memoirs of Rebbetzin Chana Schneerson, the mother of our Rebbe.

The diaries contain a wealth of information, describing never-before known accounts and facts of the life and times of her esteemed husband, Reb Levi Yitzchak זי"ע, as well as unprecedented insight into the Rebbe's childhood years. The vivid descriptions are written with a special touch of feeling and bear a sense of real-life, unique to the

capability of the Rebbetzin as an extraordinarily brilliant writer.

When did the Rebbetzin actually pen these notes? Why did she see it necessary to do so in the first place? What took so many years for the memoirs to finally be properly published?

In honor of the Rebbetzin Chana's Yohrtzeit on **Vov Tishrei**, we present just a small selection of the newly published memoirs, prefaced by an overview about the composition and publishing of this true treasure.

HISTORY

A short while after reaching the shores of the United States, the Rebbetzin began to write her memoirs. Transcribed in Yiddish, these accounts fill two entire notebooks. The first notebook, written between the years 5708-5709, contains the life story, imprisonment and ultimate passing of her esteemed and illustrious husband Reb Levi Yitzchak Schneersohn. The second notebook, written between the years 5710-5723, is of a more personal nature and contains various stories, anecdotes and feelings which were weighing on her mind at the time.

At one point the Rebbetzin presented the first part to one of her close acquaintances for typing and editing. Afterwards, these pages were examined by the Rebbetzin. She made some small corrections in her handwriting.

The Rebbetzin also sent a copy to her sister in law, Mrs. Rachel Schneersohn (wife of Reb Sholom Shlomo, brother of Reb Levik). This copy was seen by a handful of Chassidim in Eretz Yisroel, including Rabbi Shlomo Yosef Zevin (who noted that it was "written with brilliance and precision"), Reb Ahron Yaakov Diskin, and Reb Chanoch Glitzenstien.

As it seems, these memoirs reached the Rebbe only after the passing of his mother, the author. A folder was found in the Rebbe's house containing these writings in its typed form. Written upon the folder appears, in the handwriting of Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka "Memoirs - mother in law, Chana Meirovna Schneersohn".

INITIAL PUBLISHING

In the year 5724, a writer by the name of Reb Nissen Gordon published a series of articles in Chabad Women's Organization's periodical "Di Yiddishe Heim", on the history and life of the Rebbe. Within these articles are pieces from the Rebbetzin's diaries, combined with some additional accounts he had heard from her first-hand.

Later, in the year 5737, Rabbi Naftoli Tzvi Gottlieb published a series called "Toldos Levi Yitzchak" making use of these writings as well. (It should be noted that the contents of the book was examined by the Rebbe before publishing).

In 5743, the first part of the memoirs was printed in a book titled "A Mother in Israel" ("Eim Beyisroel"). Finally they were in a proper, orderly manner. Translated from the original Yiddish into Hebrew and English, they appeared according to the sequence of events.

In the "Tzaddik Lamelech" series, printed in 5753, it was published again, but this time in the original Yiddish, as well as in the original order in which it was written.

The handwritten pages of the first notebook disappeared after the Rebbetzin's passing on 6 Tishrei, 5725. It was only in 5752 that they were finally brought to the Rebbe.

In 5771 the original pages of the second notebook were found and brought to Rabbi Chaim Shaul Bruk, director of 'Vaad Hanochos B'Lahak'. This notebook had also disappeared after the Rebbetzin's passing and had not been seen ever since. The notebook was subsequently passed on to 'Agudas Chasidei Chabad'.

On 6 Tishrei, 5772, Kehos began printing the memoirs weekly under the name "Reshimos Zichronos", spanning thirty nine booklets, the last of them coming out in time for 20 Menachem-Av, the Yohrtzeit of Reb Levik.

These booklets appeared in Yiddish, Hebrew, English, Russian and French with footnotes offering some background information. Many corrections were made from the mistakes that appeared in previous editions as well. These will eventually be published in a book together with additional letters by the Rebbetzin, as well as many related documents which shed light on these accounts.

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The Rebbetzin opens with the following words: "I am not a writer, nor the daughter of a writer. My desire is only to record some memories of my husband o. b. m. from the last years of his life."

Despite the modesty of the above statement, these narratives make up a veritable treasure of testimony shedding light on the life of Reb Levik and the Rebbetzin. Upon reading it, one becomes aware of the many hardships they faced, starting from the arrest and imprisonment of Reb Levik in the year 5699, and up until his *Histalkus* in 5704. Within these accounts, their strength of spirit and self-sacrifice, even in the most difficult of circumstances, are apparent.

The Rebbetzin writes of the days when Reb Levik served as Rav of Yekatrineslav, describing at length the manner in which he led the city's Jewish community. She speaks of his great and lofty personality, coupled with a vast knowledge in both the revealed and hidden aspects of the Torah.

The Rebbetzin also reveals many facts and stories concerning the Rebbe's childhood. In her words, already as a very young child, the Rebbe impressed all those who saw him with his unique wisdom and capabilities. Here the Rebbetzin shares the immense pride she derived from the Rebbe's global activities and from witnessing the boundless love and admiration of the Chassidim toward him.

The memoirs are permeated with an intense feeling of loneliness brought about by the loss of her husband, as well as a desire to perpetuate his memory by - among other things - publishing his writings which were left behind the iron curtain.

With all these losses and sorrows notwithstanding, she is comforted by the tremendous joy she receives from her great and noble son, the Rebbe, whose precious daily visits infuse her with new life.

The Story of REB LEVI YITZCHOK

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THE FESTIVE MONTH OF TISHREI WITH THE RAV

[The following story is recorded in the Rebbetzin's memoirs – Part 26, describing the celebration of Yom Kippur and Simchas Torah in Yekatrinoslav during the difficult years of the communist regime, before Reb Levik was arrested]:

EARLY MORNING MINYAN, AND BACK FOR NE'ILAH

Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur fell on weekdays when the congregants were required to report for work. My husband arranged an early “first minyan” which completed its services by 8:00 a.m., after which its participants went straight to work.

On Yom Kippur, however, they didn't go home after work but returned to *shul* in time for *Ne'ilah*. For this service the *shul* was overcrowded, with many forced to stand outside. Everyone was exhausted from the fast and from having walked long distances. The physical strain was in addition to the spiritual agony from their awareness of the exalted day on which they had had to work, besides the heartbreakingly emotional prayers of the *chazzanim*—all this was indescribable.

The congregants expressed heartfelt thanks to my husband for making it possible for them to participate in congregational prayers on the High Holidays, despite the early hour.

Copious tears poured down my husband's face as they spoke to him about this. Deriving intense satisfaction from their spiritual inspiration, he would comment with joy, “Oh, how special Jews are!”

We were afraid to discuss such subjects very much. But my husband was pleased to have accomplished all this.

BREAKING THE FAST

When my husband would return home after Yom Kippur, he couldn't easily settle back into the everyday mundane existence. After coming home quite late in the evening, he drank only a glass of tea. Then he remained sitting, still garbed in his *kittel* and the *gartel* of his great-great-grandfather, the *Tzemach Tzedek*, to lead a *farbrengen* until two or three o'clock in the morning.

This was his regular custom on the evening after Yom Kippur, both when Jewish life had been less constricted and later when Judaism could be practiced almost solely within the confines of one's own home.

Some of our friends were aware of my husband's custom, and they would eat a quick evening meal with their families before coming to our home. My husband would deliver a Chasidic discourse on subjects connected with the Yom Kippur prayers. In later years he spoke about the great qualities of Jews, their self-sacrifice to observe Judaism, and how they expressed their love towards other Jews in that difficult era.

Ten or fifteen people always attended this *farbrengen*, which included dancing as enthusiastic as on *Simchat Torah*.

SIMCHAT TORAH

Our spacious apartment had been confiscated by the authorities in 1929. The small official community that still existed in our city at the time built us an apartment of three small rooms in a privately owned property, because we were not permitted to reside anywhere else.

Notwithstanding our small apartment, any Jew in the entire city who wished to rejoice on *Yom Tov* came to our home. After dark, young people would stealthily arrive as well. Due to the cramped conditions and the fact that none of our visitors wanted anyone else to know he was visiting the *Rav*, they all tried to hide from everyone else. They used to visit in small

groups, and my husband spent time with each person separately so that, during the time they spent with him, they were able to forget which country they lived in and under whose regime.

The above-mentioned *chazzanim* were also present. As a result of the holiday prayers and the *farbrengens*, the performer's attitude had changed from his original ulterior motive of earning money to a gen-



uine heartfelt expression, which impacted and stirred all the congregants. He declared that his positive transformation was thanks solely to the *Rav*.

DANCING WHILE WEeping

Following the *chazzanim*'s departure, I received a letter from them. After thanking me for various things, they wrote: “This is the first time in our lives we have witnessed such a phenomenon like the Rabbi of Yekatrinoslav, who, even as he rejoiced on *Yom Tov* with such extraordinarily joyous dancing, was weeping with such

His strength of character and determination; in the good times and the bad

indescribable tears. Yet the tears impelled him to dance even more energetically!"

THE VERY STONES WERE DANCING

[The following story is recorded in the Rebbeztzin's memoirs – Part 12, describing the celebration of Simchas Torah in exile in Chi'ili in the year 5703]:

Simchat Torah: We didn't yet have



a Torah in our possession. Our guest who ate his *Yom Tov* meals with us had found work as a night-watchman and had to spend his nights in the fields guarding the produce, so now he could come only during the day. Thus, only I was present with my husband in our room at night.

The time of *hakafot* arrived. It is most difficult for an ordinary person like me to describe my husband's emotional experience, as was evident on his face. He started reciting the customary verses preceding the actual *hakafot*—*Ata horaeta ladaat ki Hashem Hu haElokim, ein od*

mil'vado—using the same tune he used back at home [in Dnepropetrovsk], when he celebrated *hakafot* in *shul* together with many hundreds of Jews. The following night, he used to celebrate *hakafot* in our home with several dozen of those close to him. Whether at *shul* or at our home, it was not just [his] dancing—it seemed like the very paving stones danced along to his joy.

Here, too, he enveloped himself with such joy. He recited every verse, and after every circuit he sang and danced, alone, to the melody known in our hometown as "the Rav's melody." He circled around in the narrow space in our room between his bed and the table, reciting the verses of the *hakafot*:

"...Pure and upright One, please save us... Benevolent One and bestower of goodness, answer us on the day we call."

He wanted this to be pure joy, and his deep emotion was manifest in the words he recited:

"He who knows thoughts, please save us... He who is garbed in righteousness, answer us on the day we call."

This was a most difficult experience for me to endure. Sitting on a wooden stool in the corner, I observed the immensity and intensity of my husband's love of the Torah as he danced away all the seven *hakafot*.

Following *hakafot* on *Simchat Torah* morning, he recited *Sissu v'simchu b'simchat Torah* ["Rejoice and exult in the joy of the Torah..."] with similar enthusiasm.

[The following story is recorded in the Rebbeztzin's memoirs – Part 34, describing the Rebbe Levik's reaction to the news of his Rebbe, the Rebbe Rashab's *Histalkus on Beis Nissan*, 5680]:

THE PASSING OF THE REBBE RASHAB ON BEIS NISSAN, 5680

This day always reminds me of memories of something or other. It's already 32

years, I believe, since the passing of the Rebbe, Rabbi Shalom DovBer of Lubavitch, of blessed memory.

I remember when the news arrived. Generally, contact by mail or railway was very poor. Nevertheless, in this instance, we learned about it that same day.

I have no words to describe the impact of this news. It felt as if our whole life had stopped. That's how it was in our home, and for those who were close to us, and particularly among members of the Lubavitch community. My husband, of blessed memory, wept aloud, something he almost never did.

"Even as he rejoiced on Yom Tov with such extraordinarily joyous dancing, was weeping with such indescribable tears..."

All those mentioned here found out immediately—I don't remember how. Right away, more than twenty of them came to our home and brokenheartedly sat *shivah*, weeping intensely.

I recall how an engineer named Y. L. Koren, came in. He was a freethinker and thoroughly irreligious. Nevertheless, seeing how everyone, young and old, together with my husband—whom he described as having an exceptionally stalwart character—were all so brokenhearted, he wept with them together.

He told me that although he was such a total freethinker, nevertheless, when he learned that the personage who held such a sacred position among Jews, and to whom his followers were so devotedly attached, had passed away, he felt compelled to weep with them together, feeling their same sense of loss. Even when he left our home, he couldn't calm down and cried hysterically in the street.

REFLECTIONS

on the **REBBE**

THE REBBE'S PURE CHILDHOOD

[The following stories are recorded in the Rebbetzin's memoirs – Part 33, describing the Rebbe's years as a young child, and a beautiful account of the day of his Bar Mitzvah]:

...It's already twelve years since then and almost four years that I'm living here.

Praise and thanks to G-d, and to my son Mendel, long may he live, that I have reached this point. Not for nothing is hon-

all, quite simply very beautiful, with long blond locks, which I stored away on leaving home [to join my husband] in 1940. They were lost, together with all our other possessions, [during the upheavals of World War II].

When I walked with my son in the street, people would notice him and stop to gaze at him.

"DALOI SAMADERZHAVIA!"

around at home calling out [in Russian] "*Daloi Samaderzhavia!*" ("An end to the autocracy!") He had heard people mouthing this slogan, and seemed to understand that Jews, too, were suffering as a result. I remember how my father, of blessed memory, was fearful that he might be overheard, and told him to stop saying it.

Subsequently, he started his studies in *cheder* [Torah school], which continued

When I walked with my son in the street, people would notice him and stop to gaze at him.



oring one's parents rewarded with long life. As recompense for the way my son relates to me and makes my life so much easier, may G-d grant him long life and happy years, with good health and success, and may he never experience anything negative. *Amen.*

To state that my son is saintly and pure is no exaggeration.

I recall the years when he grew up, from early childhood onwards: When he turned two, he was able to ask the "Four Questions", although his mode of speech was like a child of that age.

When he turned three, he was, first of

During the 1905 pogroms in Russia, we were among a group of women and children who hid in a pharmacy. It was dangerous for us to be discovered. Other children of his age or even older were crying and making noise. But he controlled himself to the extent that not only didn't he cause any problems but also influenced other children to be quiet.

The people there, and the pharmacist, who kept on coming in to check on us, spoke about my son with amazement. He was just three years old at the time.

Before the pogrom, my son would walk

until we commissioned special teachers to teach him at home. What a pleasure that was!

There was something special about him. At every turn, we seemed to find reason to take pride in him. Not that he desired to be noticed. On the contrary, he always tried to avoid that. But his personality just evoked respect.

THE REBBE'S BAR-MITZVAH

I believe he remembers what he spoke about at his Bar-Mitzvah. He gave two speeches, I think, one on a subject of the

His childhood; remarkable Kibud Eim; and his unparalleled sense of leadership and inspiration

“revealed Torah” [Talmud-Halacha] and the other on a subject of the “concealed Torah” [Chasidut-Kabbalah].

A large number of guests were present, as we had many good friends. Additionally, it was at that time that the Chasidim triumphed in securing acceptance of a candidate of their own—my husband—as *Rav* of the city. Consequently, many guests attended even without an invita-

tion. father—my husband—urged the boy to promise him something, but the Bar-mitzvah boy wasn’t so ready to make that promise.

It was evident on the faces of those coming out of the room—old or young, Torah-observant or non-observant—that they had been weeping. There was an atmosphere that I simply cannot describe. It took many hours before our son gave his

and with success. All the *bar-mitzvahs* of our sons were celebrated by us in a fine manner. But my older son’s was something special, extraordinary, on a highly sublime level. It was our family’s first personal celebration.

My husband, of blessed memory, was held in high regard. This was despite the initial “birth pangs” of his rabbinic position due to opposition by non-Chasidim and Zionists against Lubavitch, which they



It took many hours before our son gave his father the positive response he asked of him.

Everyone then joined together in spirited dancing, their faces still showing signs of their previous weeping, but now combined with intense joy.

tion.

The celebration was on Shabbat, and the *farbrengen* continued until after *Havdalah*.

I wasn’t present in the room where our son delivered his talks. But everyone was indescribably overwhelmed by them. I recall how the above-mentioned engineer, Sergei Paley—who possessed a sharp mind and was very Torah-learned—came over to me and said, “This is the first time in my life that I hear such scholarship from a boy of his age.”

At that point, the Bar-Mitzvah boy’s

father the positive response he asked of him.

Everyone then joined together in spirited dancing, their faces still showing signs of their previous weeping, but now combined with intense joy. They were all transported to a different world.

[The following is an additional recounting of the Rebbe’s Bar Mitzvah as recorded in the Rebbetzin’s memoirs, Part 39]:

This week was the *bar-mitzvah* celebration of a friend’s son. It reminded me of the *bar-mitzvah* of my older son, long may he live in good health

considered him to personify and which is why they didn’t want to accept his appointment. But now it was already seven years that we had lived in the city, and our supporters were proud of my husband’s accomplishments, while those opposing had often expressed their remorse. Now both sides had an opportunity to express their feelings.

For our good friends, it was a genuine celebration, expressed in a delightfully friendly closeness which had a delectable feeling, as I remind myself now.

It was held on a Shabbat, and many guests attended. At that time we had a



large home, and all its rooms were packed. Because it was so crowded, there was a constant interchange of guests, with some leaving while new ones came to take their place. I had many female guests, and there were also many young people. All these groups included guests from all sorts of background.

I don't remember exactly when it started, probably around 12:00 noon, after the conclusion of prayers at *shul*. The men sat in the large hall, while we women were in the large dining room. Of course, the tables were beautifully set with abundant

amazed by the great character of such a young boy, that he was so guarded and cautious about giving his reply.

I don't know the details of what actually happened there, but around 6:00-7:00 p.m.—I remember it wasn't so light any more—the weeping faces I had previously seen became very happy. Now from inside we heard the sound of such joyous dancing and singing, and the joy became so intense that it affected those outside, too. One sensed that the enthusiastic rejoicing held some deep significance, and that both

still took with him lots of work to do at home.

Since childhood, he has always spent his time in constant study. I don't remember him ever wasting time.

Thank G-d, I derive a great deal of *nachas* from him.

He is a truly great personage, with a pure soul. He does much for my sake, which I consider to be a privilege, after all the tribulations I have experienced...

...My son—long may he live—has just left my apartment. This gives me life for the

To state that my son is saintly and pure is no exaggeration.



food, for both the men and the women.

Around 3:00-4:00 p.m. we saw some of the male guests, both old and young, emerging with weeping faces. I tried looking inside the main hall to discover the reason for their tears, but it was so crowded in there that I couldn't see through all the heads.

When I asked those who had been inside, they told me that the father—my husband—had requested our son (long may he live) to promise him something. I wasn't inside, so I don't know the actual course of events. But our son's reply, apparently, wasn't immediate. Everyone was

the nature of the request and the one who gave his reply would remain memorable for a long time.

"MY SON, MAY HE LIVE AND BE WELL..."

[The following thoughts are recorded in the Rebbetzin's memoirs – Parts 35-36, describing the great Nachas she was privileged to derive from the Rebbe and the new life she felt with his visit to her home each day]:

...Just now, my son—long may he live, and may he be well and successful—left my apartment. He is very fatigued, yet he

24 hours until tomorrow's visit, G-d willing.

THE PLEASURE OF PARTICIPATING IN THE REBBE'S *FARBRENGEN*

I am happy with the fact that I have not written lately, because I also haven't been in the best of health. Now, thank G-d, I feel much better.

I don't want to let pass the opportunity to record the pleasure I enjoyed last night listening to my son, *shlita*, speaking to an audience of many hundreds of people. I am not the expert to appraise the scholar-



ship of the subjects on which he spoke, but the portion I did understand made a deep impression upon me with its rich content.

Of course, I didn't stay until the end, which would be too difficult for me.

I was delighted to see such a large number of young people attending and how great was their interest in all the activities of my son, *shlita*. I observed how they look upon him with such a love that is indescribable. It was apparent from the way they were hurrying, by subway, by car, in

drance, in physical and emotional tranquility.

[Part 38]

"FOR THE SAKE OF MY SON, *SHLITA*..."

It's already been several days that I feel a desire to write something, but I've been delaying it.

I wanted, and no doubt ought, for the sake of my son, *shlita*, to write words that are not so "depressing," but what should I do when I don't yet feel that way.

It's now nine years since my arrival here [in New York]. Thank G-d for my

better for you than ten sons." "Some individuals can acquire their [portion in the] World to Come in a single hour." My son acquires it with the ten minutes that he comes in to visit me every day.

"IT'S WHAT KEEPS ME GOING"

It's already twelve years that I'm on my own. Thank G-d for the good that I have. What I grasp on to is my son, *shlita*.

"MY GREATEST PLEASURE IS WHEN MY SON LEADS A *FARBRENGEN*..."

Thank G-d, it's already the 11th of Tishrei,



I observed how they look upon him with such a love that is indescribable. It was apparent from the way they were hurrying, by subway, by car, in groups, each trying to get ahead of the other in order to get a better place...

groups, each trying to get ahead of the other in order to get a better place so that they should be able to see and hear as much as possible.

They were from all types of background—non-Chasidim, Chasidim, Polish Chasidim, *Litvish*, old and young, non-religious and Orthodox. The same was true for the women. Everyone tried to find a place where they could not only hear but also see.

May G-d grant my son good health and success to be able to accomplish his work, to achieve what he desires without hin-

son, who has been accomplishing so much in recent years. He possesses outstandingly great abilities, intellectual brilliance and erudition, in addition to the greatness and holiness of his soul, and the fact that whatever he does is born of absolute truth. The world at large recognizes this and appreciates it.

The young people are so devoted to him; they love him and relate to him as to a G-dly person.

I see all this, understand it and appreciate it.

My son, may he be well, can say "I am

after Yom Kippur, during which everything passed appropriately.

My son led everything so sublimely, which was a pleasure for me to witness. Now *Sukkot* is coming.

The purpose of my writing this time is as follows: This period is a time of prayer, so I ask that I should feel well under the conditions I need, for I don't have the ability to improve them.

My greatest pleasure is to listen and watch as my son leads a *farbrengen*. It's a pleasure for me to hear his voice, and I find the content, as much as I understand it, to be very interesting.

עד מתי!?

A CHILD'S ANGUISHED CRY

“Our yearning for Moshiach should be like one thirsting for water.”



The table is set and the royal family sits down to dine. The honored guests have arrived and the delicious aroma of the “*hors d’oeuvre*” drifts through the magnificent dining hall. Everything has been meticulously prepared by the best chefs in the kingdom. The immaculately dressed waiters begin serving as the sweet sounds of a violin drifts through the air.

The king himself smiles with delight at each bite, but suddenly there is a disturbance, a loud commotion... something is ruining the pleasant atmosphere. The noise becomes louder and more insistent. With a quick wave of his hand, the king sends his butler to go and deal with the nuisance. But to no avail. The butler’s efforts just rile the intruder even more, as he increases his efforts. The loud shrieking and yelling that was now coming from the other side of the door finally convinces the prime minister to take action.

As he heads towards the king, his glance lands upon a single empty chair, one place setting that has not been touched.

The murmuring between the guests becomes louder and louder, they look on in shock as someone so boldly disregards the king’s regality. Finally reaching the king’s side the prime minister gently shows the king the empty chair. A pained expression passes over the king as the true situation dawns upon him; my son, the prince, has been banished.

Why, it was only a few hours before the feast that he expelled the prince from joining in the royal banquet. Surely this is a just punishment for his unacceptable behavior.

But another anguished cry fills the room, “Father! Father! I can’t bear this anymore, how much longer will I be separated from you” The king can no longer handle it and opens up the door, inviting his son back inside to, once again, take his seat beside his father.

“AD MOSAI” – A QUESTION OR PLEA?

The prince in our story was so bothered and pained by his situation that he cried out to his father, ignoring all rules of etiquette and politeness.

No one present would think it’s logical to chastise the boy, “How dare you talk to the king like that? How dare you question a decree of the king?”

“A child banished from his father’s table”, this is what our situation in Gollus is compared to.

When a Yid cries out in pain to Hashem, “Ad Mosai”, he is not questioning Hashem, he just can’t bear it for even one moment more. This is especially so when he has been in Gollus for hundreds of years and, as the Gemorah says “All the

deadlines have already passed.” This should bother us so much that we cry to Hashem to end it already.

NOT A NEW THING

In fact, the idea of crying out and demanding “Ad Mosai” is not a new practice that has sprung up in recent years.

Throughout Tanach there are a large number of Pesukim that describe the plea of the Yidden to Hashem, “We can’t take it anymore”.

In addition to its sources in Tanach, we find this in our Siddurim. Tikkun Chatzos, a concept which everyone knows about even if they themselves don’t say it, is

As each day goes by without the ability to fulfill all the Mitzvos, should not the heart of a sensitive Yid cry and yearn for these Mitzvos to be restored?

filled with such pleas and demands.

WHAT CAUSES A YID TO CRY OUT “AD MOSAI”?

There are many Pesukim in the Torah which predict the coming of Moshiach. None of them state explicitly, “You should plead and demand the arrival of Moshiach every day!” Nevertheless, hundreds of Mitzvos throughout the Torah should evoke a Yid to scream just that.

What does this mean? The Torah gives us 613 Mitzvos to do. Many of these Mitzvos are to be done in the Beis Hamikdash in Yerushalayim. Others are applicable only when all or most of the Yidden are living in Eretz Yisroel. Altogether, the majority of these Mitzvos cannot be fulfilled as long as we as a nation are scattered all over the world and there is no Beis Hamikdash—and the only way that this can be repaired is through the coming of Moshiach.

As each day goes by without the ability to fulfill **all** the Mitzvos, starting with the Korban Tomid which is missing twice every day, should not the heart of a sensitive Yid cry and yearn for these Mitzvos to be restored?

AN END TO WORLDLY DISTRACTIONS

During Gollus we have many physical distractions which don’t allow us to focus on learning Torah (even if we manage to slip in a few hours a week or even every day,) business, health etc.

True we need food to survive and we need to be healthy to live; so we turn to Hashem with a practical solution and say, “Bring Moshiah and then we won’t have

physical worries; then we can spend the whole day learning and serving You properly.”

Once again we see, not being able to properly serve Hashem should cause a Yid to be uncomfortable. This should pain him so much that he turns to Hashem and demands that He finally bring Moshiach, so we can serve Him properly.

HOW LONG CAN A FATHER SEE HIS CHILD IN PAIN?!

One may ask: The whole reason for Gollus is to prepare us and bring us to an even greater period, so why are we demanding that Hashem end it already?

There is obviously a purpose, like we

see by Mitzrayim. Being in Gollus was for the good of the Yidden, so that eventually they would leave “*Birchush Gadol*” – with much more than they had before they went down to Mitzrayim (physically and specifically spiritually).

To answer this let us return to our story of the king and his son. A father can’t bear to be separated from his children and definitely can’t handle to see them in pain for even a short amount of time.

This is especially true with our father – Hashem. He feels our pain and he is with us in Gollus. Therefore a Yid needs to cry out “Ad Mosai”. Whatever the intentions and purposes are, we can’t bear to be separated from You for even a moment longer.

THE EXTENT OF OUR YEARNING

Water; an essential part of our existence, without it one will perish within a few days. So it is no surprise that after running around or being in the sun for a short while our bodies beg for some liquid, some form of rehydration. That feeling right before you pour the cold liquid down your throat is one of desperation, as if your very existence depends on that drink.

We are told that our desire for Moshiach’s arrival should be analogous to the yearning and desperation of a thirsty person waiting for a drink of water. We should be so desperate for his arrival; we should feel that our very existence depends on this. It is with such feelings that we should cry out “Ad Mosai”!

May Hashem hear our cries and finally end this long Gollus and bring Moshiach now!

א ציור פון א חסיד

Reb Shlomo Aharon Kazarnovsky

**‘Young age is not measured according to the passport’
- to its fullest extent**

In 5657, in the city of Mogilov, Russia a young boy was born to Reb Moshe and Shifra Kazarnovsky. This child, later to become the famed Shlomo Aharon Kazarnovsky was born into a prestigious family stemming from the daughter of the Mittlerer Rebbe, Rebbetzin Menucha Rochel.

After his Bar Mitzva, young Shlomo Aharon was sent to study in Yeshivas Tomchei Tmimim in Lubavitch, where he remained throughout his yeshiva years. These seven years from 5671 through 5677 were wonderful years for Shlomo Aharon. Recalling the atmosphere of Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur with the Rebbe Rashab he said, “It was a different world, a spiritual world that was completely removed from this physical one.” His studies in the yeshiva made a deep impression on him, forming his personality and molding him into the true chossid and dedicated soldier of the Rebbe’im that he remained for the rest of his life.

When Reb Shlomo Aharon was of marriageable age, the daughter of one of the distinguished Chassidim was suggested as a prospective shidduch. Chaya Freida Grossman had lost her father, the Chossid Reb Osher Grossman, known as Reb Osher of Nikolayev, who was among the *eltère* chassidim of the Rebbe Rashab.

Ready to go ahead with the *shidduch*, they asked for the Frieddiker Rebbe’s consent and blessing. This was during the first years of the Frieddiker Rebbe’s *nesius* when he refrained from answering questions and giving brochos for shidduchim and similar matters. So it was no surprise when the Frieddiker Rebbe responded that there was no reason to consult him in this matter.

Reb Shlomo Aharon visited the Ohel of the Rebbe Rashab and requested that the Rebbe should relay his answer through his son, the Frieddiker Rebbe. When Reb Shlomo Aharon returned to the Frieddiker Rebbe, he was told that the Rebbe Rashab consented. The Frieddiker Rebbe then pointed to the shelf where there was a *nadan* (dowry), money prepared for the choson Reb Shlomo Aharon by his late





Reb Yisroel Jacobson

father-in-law, Reb Osher.

The years after their wedding were tough times for the Lubavitcher Chassidim. The Czar had been overthrown and Communism began to spread its dark cloak over Russia.

In the 5680's, Reb Shlomo Aharon's brother who was already in the United States, sent a visa to him so that he could enter the U.S. This put him into a difficult dilemma. On one hand, the Frierdiker Rebbe was encouraging Chassidim to remain in Russia for the purpose of spreading Torah and Yiddishkeit with self-sacrifice. On the other hand, he was scared for the spiritual future of his three-year old daughter and his one-year-old son in such dangerous times?

He consulted the Frierdiker Rebbe and the Rebbe instructed him to leave Russia and travel to the United States.

"WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER"

Reb Shlomo Aharon prepared quickly for the trip. Despite the fact that he was going to be free from the communist noose, he was deeply upset, not wanting to part from the Rebbe and all his friends in the center of Chassidus in Russia and wander in the foreign and spiritually desolate land of America.

Prior to his departure in 5686, he entered into Yechidus with the Frierdiker Rebbe. The Frierdiker Rebbe calmed him and said, "We will see each other in the near future, with Hashem's help." Reb Shlomo Aharon thought to himself, "Where will we meet?" The Frierdiker Rebbe responded, "There". Reb Shlomo Aharon almost jumped from joy. He understood that the Frierdiker Rebbe was hinting to him that he would be coming to the United States. Reb Shlomo Aharon left

the Yechidus joyously.

When Reb Shlomo Aharon came to the United States, he settled in Dorchester, New York, where his brother had prepared an apartment for him. After a few months, he became the Rav in the 'Ayin Yaakov' Shul and began spreading Yiddishkeit and Chassidus among the congregants.

When the Frierdiker Rebbe was arrested in Sivan 5687, although Reb Shlomo Aharon had been in the United States for only a short period of time, he was among the primary activists who worked to free him from prison. He visited American Senators and Congressmen, petitioning them to act on behalf of the Frierdiker Rebbe.

Reb Shlomo Aharon described his activities in a letter to his friend Reb Yisroel Jacobson:

"When I learned that the Rebbe was arrested, I found no peace for myself. Today I met Congressman Jacobstein who is a peer of Senator Boro and with the New York Senators Kaplan and Wagner. They are very respected by the Soviets and a telegram was [also] sent in the name of the shul members to do everything possible to free the Rebbe. In addition, a telegram and

a letter were sent to the Joint and our hope is that our efforts will be rewarded."

On the twelfth of Tammuz, the Frierdiker Rebbe was released. The very next day, on the 13th of Tammuz, Reb Shlomo Aharon was informed by his friend Rabbi Jacobson who had been notified by the Joint Distribution Committee, the news regarding the Rebbe's release. However this news was still highly confidential.

HELPING WITH COMMUNAL MATTERS

Agudas Chassidei Chabad, founded in 5684, had already been established in the United States. However, there was a need for someone to conduct the activities. Reb Shlomo Aharon became involved and one of his primary functions was to contact and strengthen the descendants of Anash, in order that they do not forget their Chassidic ancestry.

The ability to earn a living in Dorchester was limited and Reb Shlomo Aharon relocated to Benson-Hurst, Brooklyn, where he was appointed as the Rav of two shuls.

His many activities, in addition to serving as the Rav in two shuls, did not interfere with Reb Shlomo Aharon's life as a chossid. His home was open to chassidim and when the chossid Reb Yitzchok Gurwitz "Reb Itche der Masmid" visited the

"It was a different world, a spiritual world that was completely removed from this physical one."



United States, the Farbrengens took place in Reb Shlomo Aharon's home. Rabbi Berel Haskind and Rabbi Shmuel Zalmanov stayed in his home when they came to the United States, until they found their own apartments.

He placed special emphasis on the Frierdiker Rebbe's directive to give public shiurim. In addition to his shiurim of Chumash and Rashi, Ayin Yaakov and Medrash, Reb Shlomo Aharon gave a steady Tanya shiur.

On Shabbos, Reb Shlomo Aharon's schedule was full. He would awaken early and go to the Mikva, a thirty minute walk each way. After returning home, he would study Chassidus for an hour-and-a-half. He would visit his first shul for Shacharis and afterwards walk to his second shul for Musaf.

At his Shabbos table, only Torah and inspiring words were heard. Anyone attempting to mention a negative word about someone else was met without success. A family member recalled, "My father never allowed anyone to say something negative about another, and especially about other chassidim". His Shabbos table turned into a Chassidishe Farbrengen infused with Chassidishe nigunim. As was known, Reb Shlomo Aharon had a unique talent in Chassidishe nigunim.

After the Rebbe accepted the *nesius*, Reb Shlomo Aharon would leave his shul after Musaf and walk for an hour-and-a-half to 770 participate in the Farbrengens on Shabbos Mevorchim. He did so through his seventies, though it was not easy for a man of his age.

CHASSIDUS CLASSES FOR GIRLS

In 5697, the Frierdiker Rebbe instructed his chassidim in Brooklyn to organize Chassidus shiurim for girls. The letter was addressed to three distinguished chassidim, Rabbi Yisroel Jacobson, Reb Shlomo Aharon, and Rabbi Yochanon Gordon, and refers to them as 'Roim'-shepherds.

They were to teach a shiur once a week and the shiurim should concentrate on easy Maamorim and chapters of Tanya. They should also designate time for the girls to read Sichos on their own, to show them the sweetness and sensitivity of Chassidus. Twice a month, a farbrengen should take place and one of the Sichos that they had studied should be discussed.

Over the course of the following years, Reb Shlomo Aharon became involved in the activities of the three mosdos founded by the Frierdiker Rebbe; Machne Israel, Kehot and Merkos L'Inyonei Chinuch. In addition to his work he also participated in raising funds for each of them.

In 5702, the Frierdiker Rebbe founded the Chevra Kadisha under Agudas Chasidei Chabad, and Reb Shlomo Aharon was appointed as one of the *gabaim* to conduct the mosad. His function was to supervise the selection of new members to the Chevra Kadisha, to coordinate the *levayas*, and to work with the cemetery.

In 5704, Reb Shlomo Aharon was selected along with Rabbi Hodokov and Dr. Mindel as members of a delegation from Machne Israel to visit a WWII refugee camp in Oswego, NY. The purpose of the visit was to encourage the refugees, assist with their physical needs and establish spiritual aid in chinuch and the strengthening of Yiddishkeit. While there, they set up a board to teach the children, a Chevra

Mishnayos and a Chevra Tehillim, in addition to various activities related to physical necessities.

FUND RAISING FOR LUBAVITCH YESHIVOS

Reb Shlomo Aharon had a special fondness for Yeshiva Tomchei Tmimim where he had studied for seven years. He participated in meetings on behalf of the yeshiva and its branches, and would travel to different states to raise funds for them.

At times, Reb Shlomo Aharon would travel with Reb Shmuel Dovid Raichik. On one occasion prior to their trip the Rebbe told Reb Shlomo Aharon, "*Ir zolt zehn az er zol esen, nit loit zaina hasogos, nor loit iyere hasogos*", ("You should see to it that Rabbi Raichik should eat, not according to his standards, but according to your standards").

Once when Reb Shlomo Aharon was in Florida, he learned that there was an elderly patient in a hospital who refused to eat. Reb Shlomo Aharon approached the Yid and began speaking to him in his own language, calming him down. Then he stayed until the elderly man was eating normally again.

EXCEPTIONAL HISKASHRUS TO THE REBBE'IM

An anecdote that demonstrated his devotion to the Rebbe was told by his son-in-law Rabbi Sharfstein. "My father-in-law received a call from Rabbi Hodokov on a Wednesday notifying him that the Rebbe wanted to see him. In Yechidus the Rebbe told him that he wanted Reb Shlomo Aharon to represent him at the Chanukas Habayis of a shul in Kfar Chabad."

"The Rebbe added, 'It is not worthwhile

Reb Shlomo Aharon would leave his shul after Musaf and walk for an hour-and-a-half to 770 participate in the Farbrengens on Shabbos Mevorchim. He did so through his seventies, though it was not easy for a man of his age.



to travel on Thursday because it is doubtful if you will get there before Shabbos. Therefore you should travel today.' My father-in-law did not have a valid passport, a visa for Israel, or a ticket. But when the Rebbe ordered - it was done without asking questions.

"Within three hours, my father-in-law arranged everything and came home to pack his suitcase. Boruch Hashem, my mother-in-law was home at that time. Otherwise, my father-in-law would have left to catch his flight without my mother-in-law having any knowledge of her husband whereabouts."

Reb Shlomo Aharon merited many exceptional kiruvim from the Frierdiker Rebbe and the Rebbe. He participated in the meals at the Frierdiker Rebbe's table; at Chassunahs where the Rebbe was Mesader Kiddushin, he would be the Master of Ceremonies, calling out the different kibudim; during the Rebbe's Farbrengens, Reb Shlomo Aharon sat on the bima among other distinguished chassidim.

KABBOLAS HANESIUS

In 5710, after the Frierdiker Rebbe's Histalkus, Reb Shlomo Aharon was among the initial older chassidim whose efforts were instrumental in the Rebbe's acceptance of the nesius.

Hours after the levaya of the Frierdiker Rebbe, Reb Shlomo Aharon sat with the chossid Horav Sholom Posner and said, "We have a Rebbe in a physical body", referring to the Rebbe.

The knowledge of the Rebbe's greatness was nothing new to Reb Shlomo Aharon. He had heard about the Rebbe from the Rebbetzin Nechama Dina who shared the comments of her husband, the Frierdiker Rebbe, that if the Rebbe had lived during the Alter Rebbe's time, even then he would have stood out as unique.

In Sivan of 5710, the Rebbe called a meeting. He saw that there was no great concern to maintain the mosdos. The Rebbe stated that he would continue with his responsibilities, but the new projects that he took upon himself would slow down. The assembled felt distressed by these words. Reb Shlomo Aharon stood up and declared, "The Rebbe can send everyone who is present here where he wishes, and as we were with Moshe [i.e. the Frierdiker Rebbe], we will obey your orders."

At the end of Teves 5711, there was an announcement in the newspaper that Chassidei Chabad had accepted the Rebbe as the Nosi of Chabad on the 24th of Teves. The official acceptance of the leadership would take place on Yud Shvat. When the Rebbe saw this announcement, he instructed Rabbi Hodokov to publish a disclaimer.

Rabbi Hodokov was shocked and did not know what to do. He contacted Reb Shmuel Levitin, Reb Yisroel Jacobson and Reb Shlomo Aharon. He told them what the Rebbe planned and notified them that he would wait a few hours, and during that time, they should try to do something.

The three chassidim immediately ran to 770 and entered the Rebbe's room.

Reb Shlomo Aharon broke down crying, "What is the Rebbe doing to us...?" and he cried in front of the Rebbe for half-an-hour. Reb Shmuel Levitin told the Rebbe that this announcement was made on be-



half of chassidim and was not from the Rebbe. Reb Shlomo Aharon requested that although the Rebbe did not consent to the acceptance of the nesius, he should not publish a denial in the newspaper. The Rebbe finally consented to this request.

A few days before Yud Shvat 5711, the first *Hilulo* of the Frierdiker Rebbe, Reb Shlomo Aharon had a dream. He saw the Frierdiker Rebbe telling the Rebbe to become Rebbe, adding, "Ma titzak eloy - why do you scream out to me, you are the nosi of the generation, Daber el Bnei Yisroel - say Chassidus for Yidden, V'yisou- and lead them to Moshiach."

In the morning, Reb Shlomo Aharon wrote a note to the Rebbe about his dream. The Rebbe responded with a yasher koach. Chassidim interpreted this to mean that the Rebbe would eventually accept the nesius. This indeed took place on Yud Shvat 5711.

A SPECIAL CONNECTION

The Rebbe had a very special relationship with Reb Shlomo Aharon as can be seen in the following stories:

Zalmen Shazar, President of Israel visited the Rebbe on Purim in 5731. Reb Shlomo Aharon was a member of the delegation of distinguished chassidim chosen by the Rebbe to greet President Shazar on the Rebbe's behalf in his hotel in Manhattan, and to escort him back to 770.

On Simchas Torah 5738 when the Rebbe became ill, Reb Shlomo Aharon received a bottle of mashke from the Rebbe to make a Farbrengen. He was one of few chassidim who merited to visit the Rebbe

that day. When he entered the room and saw the Rebbe's condition he began to cry. The Rebbe said, "Crying is against my wishes, you need to be joyous."

It would seem that Reb Shlomo Aharon was constantly occupied with fundraising and mosdos, but as a Rav in a distinguished neighborhood, he carried the spiritual responsibility for hundreds of families and did so with his full energy and fervor.

He was an eloquent orator and knew how to inspire his audience to strengthen their fulfillment of Mitzvos. Hundreds of people whom he was mekarev to Yiddishkeit would follow his teachings, and he inspired many families to follow a life of Torah and Mitzvos.

He established a Talmud Torah for the children of his community. He spoke English well and had a good relationship with the youth. They would come to his home on Shabbos and he would teach them Torah. His acquaintances in Benson Hurst described with pleasure his talent; how, even as an older man, he did not lose his flair with youth and the young Americans.

The Frierdiker Rebbe once read a letter in the newspaper from a girl who had doubts in *Emuna*. The editor's response to the girl was unsatisfactory. The Frierdiker Rebbe asked for Reb Berel Chaskind before Shacharis. He wanted him to see the article and to obtain the original letter that the girl had sent. Reb Berel obtained the letter for the Frierdiker Rebbe. The Rebbe handed the letter to Reb Shlomo Aharon who then contacted the girl and guided her back to her roots.

At a time when others would have retired, he continued to be active in all of the Rebbe's projects. Prior to the Six-Day-War, the Rebbe initiated Mivtza Tefillin. Reb Shlomo Aharon, then seventy years old, participated in Mivtza Tefillin every day. He would stop at the stores on his way to shul to put on Tefillin with the storekeepers.

Once, at the convention of the Lubavitch Youth Organization, Reb Shlomo Aharon stated, gripping his white beard, "We are Lubavitch Youth Organization. As the Rebbe said, 'Young age is not measured according to the age on the passport' "

On the seventh of Cheshvan of 5743, Reb Shlomo Aharon completed his avoda in this world and returned his Neshoma to its creator.

The Rebbe participated in the levaya to escort Reb Shlomo Aharon to his final rest, and instructed a bus be available for Chassidim to travel with the levaya to the Bais Hachaim.

Yehi Zichro Boruch.

(With thanks to Rabbi M. Seligson)

"די מטרע און ספעציעלע אויפגאבע אין דער מלחמה
פון אונזער צייט איז 'ווי וואנט משיח נאו!'"



..... THE TZIVOS HASHEM ANTHEM

**WE WANT
MOSHIACH NOW!**

What began in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, with a small number of children, has grown into a worldwide organization. Over 100,000 Jewish boys and girls, up until their bar/bat mitzvah, are members of a special army – Tzivos Hashem.

It started on Sukkos, 5741, during a Chol Ha'moed gathering for children in 770. It wasn't the first time the Rebbe attended such an event, however, this kinnus was the third in a series of special rallies under the Rebbe's direct instruction. One month earlier, on 14 Elul 5740, after several months of stressing the importance of Jewish education and the unique role children play in protecting Eretz Yisrael and Am Yisrael, the Rebbe requested three special gatherings to be arranged – one before Rosh Hashona, one during Aseres Yemei Teshuva, and the final one on Chol Hamoed Sukkos.

The first hint of the Rebbe's desire for a new moisad occurred on the first day of Chol Hamoed by the kinnus Tzach. Rabbi Chodakov presented a special memento—a letter from the Rebbe, and read it to the assembled. The letter speaks about the fact that every Jew, even from a young age, is a part of Tzivos Hashem. The madrichim later distributed the letter among the children by the rally on the third day of Chol Hamoed.

On Monday, at the Chol Hamoed Sukkos rally, there was an air of expectancy; everyone was anticipating a big announcement.

In the three sichos that the Rebbe delivered, he expressed that the time was ripe for establishing an international Jewish children's organization. And in keeping with the moshel of fighting the yetzer hara, the Rebbe declared that the organization be called Tzivos Hashem, the army of Hashem, and stressed the need to follow the orders of the commander-in-chief – Hashem.

Over the next few days the Rebbe issued instructions regarding the nature of the new organization. Chabad activists also began working on an emblem for the new "army," and everything was carefully scrutinized by the Rebbe.

Only one thing remained: the army needed its own anthem.

The Rebbe sent a message to Rabbi J.J. Hecht, one of the main activists in the new organization, to prepare a special niggun to serve as Tzivos Hashem's anthem.

By the first rally on Chol Hamoed, the Rebbe instructed to sing Napoleon's march, saying it was the best way to begin educating the new army. Several times throughout the coming days of Simchas Torah and Shabbos Bereishis, the Rebbe requested the children – the new soldiers



At each round of the niggun, the Rebbe's clapping grew stronger and faster...

– to sing this niggun.

Now, however, the Rebbe wanted an original anthem.

During the rallies in the summer of 5740, the Rebbe stressed the special role that children play in bringing Moshiach, and in response, the children chanted "We want Moshiach now."

In camp the previous summer, one of the staff members put these words to an old camp song, which is an old Chabad tune, about color war:

Gan Yisroel have no fear,
Color war will be here this year,
One, Two, Three, Four, we want color war
Five, Six, Seven, Eight, we don't want to wait.

The words were slightly adjusted to speak about Moshiach **"Am Yisroel have no fear Moshiach will be here this year, we want Moshiach now, we don't want**

to wait!"

At Kos Shel Brocho on Motzei Shabbos Breishis, the children sang this song for a long time with the Rebbe waving several times in encouragement. [In fact the new version was so similar to the old camp song that some children got mixed up and sang "we want color war."]

Rabbi Hecht, although busy with his other duties, set to work on composing an original anthem and came up with an idea. This niggun would be most fitting to serve as the Tzivos Hashem anthem.

The next kinnus was scheduled for the coming Wednesday, the 28th of Tishrei. In the beginning of the rally Rabbi Hecht taught the children the new song to be prepared for when the Rebbe comes. Within a few minutes, the Rebbe entered the shul for Mincha while the children sang the Napoleon's march.

After Mincha all eyes turned expectantly to Rabbi Hecht, anticipating the presentation of the new anthem.

Rabbi Hecht took the microphone and began:

"We want to tell the Rebbe the words of the new song we are singing about Moshiach. So I'm just going to read them: Am Yisroel, have no fear, Moshiach will be here this year. We want Moshiach now, we don't want to wait."

The Rebbe's smiled broadly, revealing his immense nachas.

As soon as Rabbi Hecht finished his introduction, the music began playing, and the children raised their voices in song. Immediately, the Rebbe's face turned serious as he began to clap slowly in encouragement. At each round of the niggun, the

The first time the Rebbe started the song himself was on Parshas Toldos, and the first time in a live hookup was on Yud Kislev. From then on, in almost every farbrengen, either the Rebbe sung it himself, or instructed for the chassidim to sing it.

Rebbe's clapping grew stronger and faster, and within minutes, all the children had risen from their seats, singing with all their heart, each one captivated by the Rebbe's energetic clapping.

A new song was born.

Buoyed by the Rebbe's response, it wasn't long before the niggun took off completely. By the Shabbos farbrengen three days later, the Rebbe spoke further about Tzivos Hashem and then asked that the children start the niggun. At that point, all the newly enrolled children of Tzivos Hashem excitedly joined in.

Although the Rebbe was *Koching* tremendously in Moshiach's imminent arrival and the role that Jewish children play in his coming, he had never given an official explanation for his great love in the new song. It was only by the next kinnus of Tzivos Hashem that the Rebbe gave a clear explanation.

This was on the second night of chanukka 5741, the very first time the Channukah rally was attended by children in Tzivos Hashem. (From the early 5730's the menorah lighting's with the Rebbe were attended by children of elementary and the of the release time (sha"lah) program.)

After the twelve Pesukim were recited the children sang "We want Moshiach now". The Rebbe then said a Sichah in



which he compared the battle of Tzivos Hashem to the war fought by the Yidden on Channukah whose purpose was to strengthen Torah and Mitzvos.

The Rebbe then concluded:

"Although the general purpose of the battle is always the same - to be able to learn more Torah and perform more Mitzvos - nevertheless in every period there is a special mission.

The special mission in our times is just as you loudly proclaimed -- "We want Moshiach now" that Moshiach should come immediately now!"

"We want Moshiach now" soon became

the international Tzivos Hashem anthem, being sung in many different languages. It also became Lubavitch's newest slogan with banners proudly proclaiming its message. It was also added to the newly created logo, with the Rebbe's consent.

As can be expected, as was the case by many of the Rebbe's new campaigns, there were those individuals who questioned the whole thing. By the Channuka rally of 5741 the Rebbe addressed this. He explained that there is no place for any Jew to hold himself to high for such a request. This is evident from the fact that he stands in front of Hashem three times a day in Shmoneh Esrei and pleads for Moshiach's immediate arrival. In light of this, how can one possibly be uncomfortable with screaming "We want Moshiach now"!

Throughout the next decade, "We want Moshiach now" was sung by every children's rally, with the Rebbe strongly encouraging the crowd - both when he would enter the shul for the kinnus, and after the sichos, together with the niggun Utzu Eitzah.

Those precious moments are treasured in the minds and hearts of the children who are now grown up and married - for many of them, this is one of their only memories of the Rebbe.

One unique moment for the children of

"Where are the children who want Moshiach now?"



Tzivos Hashem was during the Chol Ha-moed Sukkos rally, approximately ten years from when the Rebbe started the organization. Toward the end of the rally, when the children began singing “We want Moshiach now,” the Rebbe began to vigorously wave his hands like he had never done before, and with the music following along, he turned to a different direction every few seconds, waving at the children.

This continued when the Rebbe came down from the Bima and proceeded to hand out dollars for Tzedaka.

Another time such a thing happened was during Birchas Hachama, 5741, when the Rebbe started singing “We want Moshiach now,” and turned to encourage all sides while slowly rotating in a circle.

In the very beginning when the Rebbe would encourage or even began singing the song himself, one could notice amused smiles on the faces of some of the elderly chassidim who thought it was a little cute. However, the Rebbe’s expression was quite serious, as he understood the song’s significance. For two years it was sung by almost every farbrengen (starting from the end of 5742, the Rebbe began a major koch in the niggun “Sheyibone beis ha’mikdosh” and “We want Moshiach now” was sung less often), and it was clear that the rebbe greatly loved the niggun.

On several occasions, the Rebbe even personally turned to the children and asked that they begin the niggun on their own. The rebbe would use many beautiful expressions in describing the children’s pure singing, and the Rebbe would encourage the singing with special gestures.

For example, on Shabbos Parshas Mishpotim, 5741, the Rebbe asked, “Where are the children who want Moshiach now?”

Immediately all the children began to sing.

A similar incident occurred at the end of the farbrengen of Vov Tishrei, 5742, where the Rebbe suddenly asked, “Where are the “tzoin kodoshim” – the holy flock?” And the children responded right away with the song.

A few minutes into the singing, the Rebbe rose from his seat, and, facing the children, continued to encourage them in the singing. It was the first time that the Rebbe had stood up during a niggun for two years, and the next time was four years later in 5746!

There are several incidents where the Rebbe conveyed just how much he loved this niggun and its powerful words:

During the 5740’s, the Rebbe would eat his Shabbos and Yom Tov meals with the Rebbitzin in an apartment built into the back of the library, and on Sukkos in a small Sukka in the yard nearby. Once, one

of the neighbors from Union St. overheard the Rebbe humming to himself in the sukkah “We want Moshiach now.”

Another unique occasion was during the farbrengen of Lag B’omer, 5746, in which chassidim sang “We want Moshiach now” (to the tune of “Ad Mosai”) for an hour and a half straight! [A niggun was never sung for so long by any farbrengen.]

Usually, when the Rebbe stopped encouraging (moving his head etc.), the chassidim would stop singing, but in this instance, the Rebbe didn’t make any signal to end, so they carried on singing. Eventually, when the niggun died down, the Rebbe said, “The seder should be like by Hakafos that there is a vaad ha’mesader that announces, “Until here is the first hakafa.”

Several times over the years, the Rebbe explained the meaning and significance of the song. Here are a few selections:

“According to what the Baal Shem Tov said that one should learn a lesson from whatever he sees and hears, which this specially applies to the words from the mouths of children whose words are holy and free of sin (and even from their expressions in English), in our case, we can learn from their song “We want Moshiach now.” In the English language, there are many ways to say, “I want something,” such as, “I wish” and “I desire.” “I want,” however, denotes

“Proud and Gallant men”

Aside for “We want Moshiach now,” which the Rebbe accepted, there was another song, prepared by Rabbi J.J. Hecht, that some thought would become the Tzivos Hashem anthem. The tune was an old Poilesheer march and the words went like this:

**“Tzivos Hashem, Proud and gallant men, all Jews return with mivtzoim ten,
The sharei teshuva pesuchim leoilam, anu me’karvim es kol ha’olam,
Striding along reaching victory, fulfilling our mission for we are soldiers of the Rebbe
Capture the world then we will all see, the geluah shleima in entirety.”**

As the children were assembling into 770 for that Kinnus when they introduced “We want Moshiach now”, Rabbi Hecht gave out papers with the words to the children assembled. As the Kinnus went underway, after singing several Niggunim, Rabbi Hecht called upon two boys (Ari Beigelman and Moshe Nemenson) to lead the crowd in this anthem, to which the Rebbe encouraged.

However it was only sung this one time, as it was “We want Moshiach now” that the Rebbe chose.



something which “I lacked and needed,” not just a mere desire – and this is what they exclaim, “We want,” that Moshiach is something they lack!”

The Rebbe elaborated further on this idea and then explained that the word “now” means that despite the pleasures of Torah and Mitzvos, Moshaiach is still needed.”

At another occasion, the Rebbe explained why the children demand for Moshiach in English:

“The children specifically recite ‘now’ in **English**, and not in Loshon Hakodesh, because, since they can’t hold back their pure and sincere desire for Moshiach to come already, they are not going to wait for someone to come and teach them how to say “want” in Loshon Hakodesh, but rather they recite it in the language that they are accustomed to!”

At a later farbrengen (Shabbos Shushan Purim, 5741), the Rebbe explained the deeper meaning behind the word “now” –



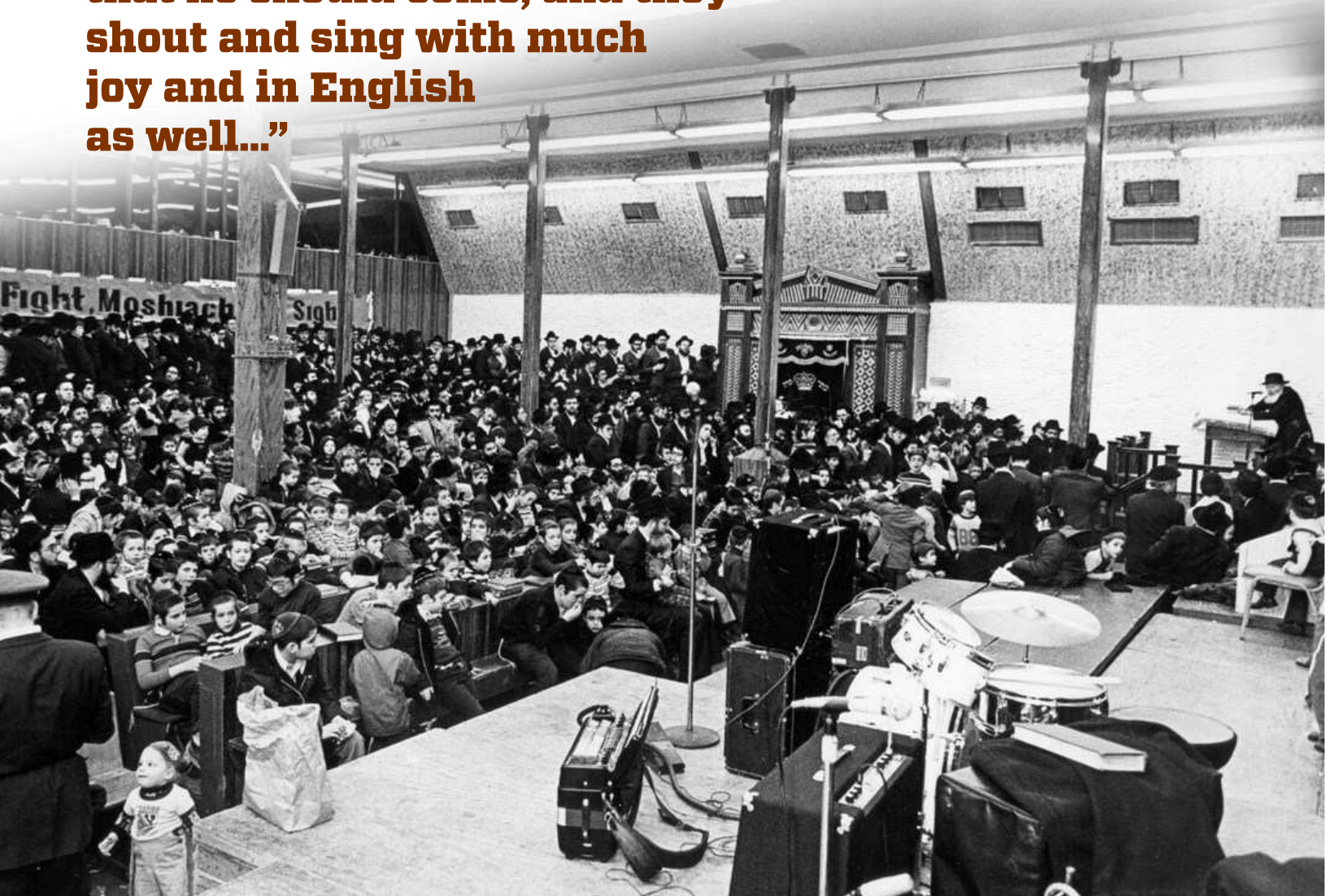
The Tzivos Hashem logo with the anthem “we want Moshiach now”.

as spelled in Loshon Hakodesh (‘Nun’ ‘Alef’ ‘Vov’) – with a Gematriya, and concluded with saying, “This is absolutely true and not just a “Purim Torah!”

We will end off with a unique explanation from the Rebbe about the niggun, which reveals his immense love toward it:

“When Yaakov Avinu told his brother, Eisav, that he couldn’t join him on his journey to Seyir, which, as explained in the Midrash, refers to the revelation of Moshiach, his reason was because “the children are weak” and not prepared to receive it. From this it is understood that when the time for Moshiach to reveal himself arrives, the children will be ready. This is why, now in the last days of Gollus when Moshiach is about to come, the children are not “weak” anymore and they await Moshiach’s coming with much anticipation – not only do they await but they demand that he should come, and they shout and sing with much joy and in English as well so that the goyim also understand them. So certainly our father in heaven who hears his children shout and sing will, in their merit, bring the complete redemption.”

“Not only do they await but they demand that he should come, and they shout and sing with much joy and in English as well...”



TISHREI

By The **REBBE**



In honor of the festive month of Tishrei when so many Bochorim will be traveling to spend these special moments in the Rebbe's *Dalit Amos*, we present the following interview with **Ho-Rav Shloime Zarchi**, Mashpia in Tomchei Tmimim Lubavitch at 770, where he discusses what it means to spend Tishrei with the Rebbe today, and how a Bochor in our times can maintain a genuine Hiskashrus with the Rebbe.

Included are many stories and accounts from his own personal experiences with the Rebbe throughout the years.

THE POTENTIAL IMPACT OF SPENDING TISHREI WITH THE REBBE

One of the most remarkable things we witness each year during Tishrei is the fact that even today, several years after Gimmel Tammuz, thousands of Bochorim continue to stream into New York to spend this festive month in the Rebbe's presence. How would you explain this phenomenon?

It actually is no wonder for me at all. The Rebbe once said during one of the Yom Tov meals on Shavuos in the Frierdiker Rebbe's apartment, that if people would have any clue what it means to be in the Rebbe's presence for Rosh Hashonah, there would not be even one Shul in the entire world left with a *Minyan* for Rosh Hashonah; all the congregants would only be here!

One of the Chassidim present at the table, asked: "If that is the case, should I begin to come here for Rosh Hashonah from now on, instead of Shavuos, as I have been doing up until now?" To which the Rebbe responded: "If people would only know what it means to be in the Rebbe's presence for *Matan Torah*, there would not be one Shul left with a *Minyan* for Shavuos!"

That being said, is everyone to travel to the Rebbe for both Rosh Hashonah and Shavuos?

I am reminded of a story about Reb Berel Baumgarten that occurred during one of the first years of his Shlichus in Argentina. He wrote to the Rebbe that in the past, he had always merited to be there when the [Frierdiker Rebbe first, and subsequently our] Rebbe blew the Shofar on Rosh Hashonah, and now as well, he wishes to come back to New York to be by the Rebbe for *Tekios*. The Rebbe replied: "Do you think that while I blow the Shofar I only have those who are present at the moment in my mind? On the contrary! If a Chossid has to be far away on a Shlichus in Argentina, I think about him all the more!"

Indeed, there are those who have a Shlichus to fulfill and must remain at their posts during Tishrei; that is what's expected of them. But on the other hand, someone who is able and comes here for Tishrei must be aware of the great privilege he has. A Bochor who comes to be near the Rebbe for Tishrei is given a great opportunity. The time spent here can have

a positive effect on him, which will remain with him for the rest of his life! Bochorim must come here for Tishrei and spend the entire month near the Rebbe, being cognizant that it is here where they receive "life" to last throughout the year. Their davening here is different than that of the rest of the year, their learning here is different, and even the ordinary conversations here are different. Here they will



"...If people would have any clue what it means to be in the Rebbe's presence for Rosh Hashonah, there would not be even one Shul in the entire world left with a *Minyan* for Rosh Hashonah!"

speak and hear "*Chassidishe dvorim b'teilim*" about *Hiskashrus* and Chassidus.

You use the term "to be near the Rebbe". Can you explain that a bit? It's been so many years now that we don't see the Rebbe physically; so what exactly do you mean when you say that Bochorim come here to be with the Reb-

be?

The fact is that today more than ever, we see a more intense and sincere will to *Hiskashrus* from the Bochorim to the Rebbe during the month of Tishrei. I have not a doubt in my mind that a Bochor who comes here for Tishrei and behaves throughout, in an appropriate manner (i.e. learning *Nigleh* and *Chassidus*, especially the Rebbe's *Sichos* and *Ma'amorim*, going to the Ohel, going on *Mivtzoim*, watching videos of the Rebbe, "milking" older Chassidim of the stories and recollections of the years that they merited to see the Rebbe, and so on) strengthens his *Hiskashrus* to the Rebbe in an unparalleled manner.

True; but ultimately he was not able to see the Rebbe?!

Reb Yoel Kahan often quotes the famous *Sicha* said by the Rebbe on Yud Shevat, 5726, in which the Rebbe tells of the Frierdiker Rebbe's departure from Russia at which point he would leave many thousands of Chassidim behind, and he wrote to them that they ought not to feel dejected by the physical distance that separates them. The physical barrier means nothing to me, he assured the Chassidim. We will remain connected just as before!

This was not a nice theory or idea; it was a matter of fact! All those thousands of Chassidim who remained trapped behind the Iron Curtain held steadfast in their connection to the Frierdiker Rebbe, despite the fact that many in the younger generation had never even seen him in their entire life! They managed to connect themselves to the Rebbe with utmost *Mesirus Nefesh* and educated their children in the same manner!

Aren't these exactly the same circumstances which we find ourselves in, today? If the physical barrier between the Chassidim and their Rebbe did not manage to deter the Chassidim then, it will not stop us today either, from maintaining true

Hiskashrus to the Rebbe.

The renowned *Mashpia*, Reb Shmuel Levitin would often repeat a *Vort* from Reb Hillel Paritcher: A *Tzaddik* is "*Bli-Gvul*" (limitless); a *Beinoni* is "*Gvul*" (limited); while a Rebbe is one who brings *Bli-Gvul* into *Gvul* (i.e. a Rebbe has the power to infuse G-dliness even into mundane and ordinary people). Because a

Rebbe is such, nothing stands in his way of connecting with Chassidim.

It is important to think into, and learn about the concept that the Rebbe is a *Neshomah-Klolis*, a true *Nossi* of the generation, and it will then be easier to relate to all of this.

If a Bochur goes to the Ohel and truly prepares himself well, approaching the whole matter seriously and sincerely, saying Krias Shema properly the night before, and so on, he will find it easier to realize and feel that he is indeed connected to the

Rebbe.

But even a Bochur who has a harder time relating to these matters, the Rebbe will find a way to clearly demonstrate that he thinks of him on a personal level, until he too, will understand and feel that the physical barrier does not interrupt anything.

I'll tell you a little secret: I was asked similar questions by Bochurim even before Gimmel Tammuz! Many times, when Bochurim would approach the Rebbe to receive "*Kos Shel Brocha*" or "dollars",

they would come to me later on and say, "Today is not like in the earlier years, when there were only a total fifty Bochurim in 770; then the Rebbe was able to know each one personally. Today, with Lubavitch being so big, is it possible that the Rebbe really knows each one of us?" Then as well, the *Yetzer Hora* crept his way in and planted his skepticism and doubts in the minds of the Bochur, and the Rebbe always found his way of resolving these doubts.

Let me tell you a story that happened to a friend of mine in Yeshivah:

He, like so many others, had these thoughts and doubts troubling his mind, "Does the Rebbe really know me personally?" Just a short while later, the Rebbe spoke at a Farbrengen of the fact that Moshe Rabbeinu knows every single Yid. From then on, my friend knew not to be troubled by such thoughts anymore.

There are hundreds of similar stories. We always saw that whenever a Bochur was faced with these thoughts and truly bothered by them, if he worked on himself and davened properly, the Rebbe did away with his issues in one way or another.

It was incredible. To one, the Rebbe would suddenly call out his name in the midst of a Farbrengen. To another, the Rebbe displayed in a different manner that he really knows the Bochur personally.

Do you believe that the Bochurim who come to the Rebbe today do so because they are told to; or do they truly understand and feel what they are doing and why they are doing it?

Well, even in the "good days" when we were able to see the Rebbe, not everyone came to the Rebbe with the proper intentions in mind.

Reb Shmeryl Gourarie from Eretz Yisroel once approached the Rebbe during a Farbrengen and said a special 'Le'chaim' for those who were not able to come to the Rebbe and remained in Eretz Yisroel. The Rebbe responded with a 'Le'chaim' for those who were present but had not yet truly "come" to the Rebbe in the true sense of the word.

The main thing though, is to come to the Rebbe, no matter what the reason. A fourteen year-old Bochur might come to the Rebbe because he struggles with *Machshovos-Zaros* and seeks the Rebbe's *Brocha*. Another might come to strengthen his *Emuna*, while others wish to gain in other areas.

It is by the Rebbe where a Bochur can attain whatever it is that he needs. One must only be sure to utilize the precious moments here properly, and he can change himself entirely with the "tools" he's given!

But Tishrei in 770 is always hustling

They held steadfast in their connection to the Frierdiker Rebbe, despite the fact that many in the younger generation had never even seen him in their entire life...



and bustling with so much going about. How can one remain focused on what's important? it's not always all that easy!

The Bochorim always knew how to be involved in the right, most important things, namely, learning the Rebbe's *Sichos* and *Ma'amorim*.

True, Tishrei was a time full special

moments by the Rebbe. Beginning with handing over the Pan on Erev Rosh Hashonah, and then, on the day of Rosh Hashonah itself, the Rebbe reciting the *Haftarah*, *Tekios*, the Farbrengens, and even "ordinary" davenings.

But the Bochorim always knew that all of this was not enough; it needed to come

along hand-in-hand with learning the Rebbe's *Sichos* and *Ma'amorim*. The Rebbe always demanded this from the Bochorim throughout the years, and particularly from those who had come as guests for Tishrei.

When the Rebbe used to say *Ma'amorim* at Farbrengens, he truly appreciated, and even demanded, that the Bochorim should learn and review the *Ma'amorim* that they heard on Rosh Hashonah and Sukkos.

And what about today?

The Bochorim must learn the Rebbe's *Ma'amorim*. In addition to all the benefits of learning the *Ma'amor*, above-all, it is learning and understanding the Rebbe's *Ma'amorim* that establishes the most our *hiskashrus* with the Rebbe.

THE REBBE'S CRIES AT HAFTORAH

Whenever you give over your personal memories of Tishrei with the Rebbe, you manage to relate even the minutest details. Is it true that you almost never missed even one Farbrengen with the Rebbe?

Already from the time I was a young child, I never missed a Farbrengen with the Rebbe, and I always remained there until the end. It happened once that I was pushed around at a Farbrengen to the point that I began to cry. The Rebbe then called me over to his place, and I stood near his chair until the end of the Farbrengen!

When my friends and I were Bar-Mitzvah age, we already understood that we should never leave the Rebbe's Farbrengen before they were finished. Leaving a Farbrengen was just out of the question for us, even if we were very tired. We used to come to the Shul hours early to reserve a good place for the Farbrengen, and after the Farbrengen we used to dance near the door of the Rebbe's room, and the Rebbe would come and encourage our song on his way in.

Where did such an intense sense of *Hiskashrus* come to you at such a young age?

Let me give you some background of the time period that we are discussing: Most of the members of our class in Yeshivah (on Bedford Avenue) were from non-Frum homes. We were all together only about five Bochorim or so, who came from Chassidishe homes.

The first thing that really "captured" us and transformed us into Chassidim, were the Rebbe's cries. They made a most profound impact on us. Every Shabbos the Rebbe would receive *Maftir*, and in those years, the Rebbe cried almost each and every week while reciting the *Haftarah*! This was when the Rebbe still davened in the small Shul upstairs and we were able



"תמים כדרוש"

Shortly after completing one year in *Kolel*, I wrote to the Rebbe that I want to go out on *Shlichus*. The Rebbe said to me: "What do you think; *Shlichus* means to pack up your bags and move out to Australia? If you will do your work here in the Yeshivah with the same *Mesirus Nefesh* as you would in Australia; that is also *Shlichus*!"

After the Rebbe's 70th birthday, when the Rebbe began his campaign to establish 71 new institutions, I felt that I could bear it no longer and I really wished to be able to go out on *Shlichus* and take part in this new initiative. I wrote to the Rebbe again, but for three months straight, I received no reply. I was devastated.

At the Rebbe's Yud Kislev Farbrengen, I cried silently to myself, hoping to be *zoche* to finally receive an answer from the Rebbe.

The next day, the Rebbe wrote to me:

"האומנם לדעתו ידעה אשר תלמיד תומכי תמימים יהי' תמים כדרוש אינו נוגע לכללות הענין דשנת השבעים!! לכתבו שאין בו חיות- זה מצד חלל השמאלי ולא מצד הענין שבו הוא עוסק."

("Do you reckon that the fact that a student in Tomchei Tmimim should be a [true] 'Tomim' as expected [of him] is not pertinent to the whole idea of 'Shnas Hasiv'im'?! Regarding what you write that you are not enthusiastic about your work - that is only because of your 'left-inclination [i.e. your *Yetzer Hora*], and has nothing to do at all with the actual work your are doing").

to stand quite close to him and hear clearly how he would shed heavy tears non-stop! Scenes as these would literally pierce through our entire beings.

[As a side note, I recall once being invited for a small *Minyan* near the Rebbe's room to hear *Krias HaTorah* with the Rebbe shortly after his heart attack in 5738. It was Shabbos Parshas Toldos, and in the Haftorah, it speaks of Hashem reprimanding the Jewish people, and saying that He is not interested in their offerings. Upon reaching these *Pesukim*, the Rebbe burst out crying terribly, and all of us in the room cried along with him...]

Speaking of the Rebbe's weep, mention must be made of the Rebbe's *Tekios*. We used to come to Shul at five o'clock in the morning to reserve a good place, and

We watched as the Rebbe threw his Tallis over the Pannim and cried; we saw the Rebbe's face change as we heard his holy voice reciting the Pessukim of "Min Hameitzar..."

while the Rebbe blew *Shofar* we would stand right near the Rebbe and observe everything from up close: We watched as the Rebbe threw his *Tallis* over the *Pannim* and cried; we saw the Rebbe's face change as we heard his holy voice reciting the *Pessukim* of "*Min Hameitzar...*" We were young children at the time, but these scenes remain engraved in our memories until today. Being with the Rebbe at these lofty moments transformed us entirely from the inside-out!

When we were young boys of fourteen, our Mashpia, Reb Yoel Kahan, farbrenged with us on Yud-Tes Kislev. With tears in his eyes, he said to us, "Why do you think the Rebbe cries while reciting '*Min Hameitzar*'?" Pointing towards each of us, he continued: "The Rebbe is crying about your *Machshovos-Zaros*; and about the fact that you don't learn and internalize Chassidus as you should!" He went on and on about this subject throughout the night until he "drilled" it well into our systems.

Truth be told, not all of us were such "*aidele*" Bochorim. Some of us were actually quite "*grub*" to put it mildly. But when we saw the Rebbe during *Tekios*, the powerful sight won over the heart of even the most "*grubbe*" Bochor ... No one was able to remain unmoved at that point.

It was at that moment when we saw the ultimate truth. We saw the Rebbe as he is. It was the most gratifying experience ever, and none of us would be willing to sell one moment of it; not even for all the money in the world!

SPECIAL MOMENTS

What are the most special moments you recall with the Rebbe?

There is no such thing! I have hundreds and thousands of most special moments.



The Rebbe's every move is special, and every Shabbos there were special things happening.

True. But there must be certain moments from all of your years with the Rebbe that stick out in your mind as most extraordinary. Can you share some of those moments with us?

I remember as a young child standing at the Rebbe's Farbrengens and hearing a certain lively *Niggun* sung very often (sometimes sung with the words "*Ve'ata Amarta*"). The Rebbe always encouraged the singing of this *Niggun* very strongly and this left a deep impression on us. Once, while the Rebbe distributed *Kos Shel Brocha*, he asked that the Chassidim sing the *Niggun* with such enthusiasm, to the extent that "*Pokka igra!*" (An expression from the *Gemora* meaning "the roof caved-in").

In the year 5720 the Rebbe once recited a *Ma'amor* entitled "*Kol Dodi*". I recall how the Rebbe cried while reciting the

words from that *Possuk*, especially the words "*Dodi sholach yadoi min hachor...*" The Rebbe's every move had a profound impact on us. As young boys at Bar-Mitzvah age, seeing the Rebbe crying really touched us deeply.

In the year 5724, the fast of *Shiv'ah Asar Be'Tammuz* fell out to be on a Shabbos, and the Rebbe held a very special Farbrengen. Throughout the Farbrengen, the Rebbe took a lot of *Mashke* and farbrenged until seven in the evening. (It was during that Farbrengen that the Rebbe temporarily withdrew the "*ge'zeira*" on *Mashke*).

The Rebbe spoke passionately about the Friediker Rebbe, quoting the *Possuk* from that week's Parsha, ואם אין לו בן נתתם את, "נחלתו לבתי". There were many things said

during the *Sichos* at that Farbrengen that really permeated us very strongly.

In the year 5725 there were many special occurrences. I recall how the Rebbe danced one week at a Shabbos Farbrengen the when they made a "*Siyum*" on one *Sefer of Lekuttei Torah*.

Throughout the year, the Rebbe davened at the *Amud* and recited *Kaddish* for his mother, Rebbetzin Chana. On 21 Kislev, the Rebbe received people in *Yechidus* throughout the night and then davened *Shacharis* early in the morning with a very small *Minyan*. The Rebbe cried profusely while reciting *Chazoras HaShatz*, just on the words "*Boruch ata Hashem!*"

When the Rebbe recited "*Slichos*" at the *Amud* on *Asara B'Teves*, he shattered every heart in the room! The Rebbe was literally banging on the *Amud* while reciting the words, it was just incredible!

In general, the Rebbe used to cry even on an ordinary day while reciting "*Shema*

koleinu". A Bochur seeing the Rebbe at all these times was simply uplifted to a higher realm!

Are there any other Tishrei moments which you can share with us?

It was during the Farbrengen of Vov Tishrei, 5728 (or 5729). Towards the end of the Farbrengen, Rabbi A. M. Zilberstrom of Yerushalayim walked in, along with a group of guests whom he had brought from Israel. It was late, and it seemed as though the Rebbe was going to

ask for a Brocha that they be able to leave, yet now, at this Farbrengen, with just one "*Le'chaim*", we could have freed three million Jews! Why has no one said *Le'chaim* for the Russian Jews? No one here cares enough!

"Tomorrow, they'll each come and ask for a Brocha for their relatives, yet when they have a chance to actually do something affective for the Jews of Russia (by saying *Le'chaim* for them), everyone is busy with their own affairs."

Chossid is expected to be so inherently attached to the Rebbe, to the point that he naturally feels what it is that the Rebbe wants at any given moment. That's why the Rebbe was so disappointed; because Chassidim are too involved in their own personal matters and have no place for the Rebbe in their lives. Hence the *Niggun* "*Essen est zich...*"

Nevertheless, us as Chassidim felt that those few Chassidim who were able to leave Russia in those early stages were



end the Farbrengen, but when the group arrived, the Rebbe suddenly began to sing "*Essen est zich*", and the Farbrengen basically began anew.

For close to half an hour, the crowd sang this *Niggun* and the Rebbe was very serious, emanating a solemn tone to the entire crowd. The atmosphere at that Farbrengen was one of true *Teshuvah*; I suppose that even those who for whatever reason had not yet done *Teshuvah* on Rosh Hashonah, were inspired to do so at that Vov Tishrei Farbrengen.

Once we're on the subject of "*Essen est zich*": At the end of the Farbrengen on Shavuos, 5724, the Rebbe spoke of the hardships endured by the Jews behind the Iron Curtain. All of a sudden, the Rebbe's face grew very serious and he began staring at the Chassidim with a ghastly look, and the startled crowd was unable to decipher what it was that he wanted from them. Finally, the Rebbe began to speak:

"We just mentioned the hardships of the Russian Jews. All those who have relatives stranded there, often come over and

The Rebbe was so distressed that he picked up the pile of napkins from in front of him and threw them across the table!

Then the Rebbe began the *Niggun* of "*Essen est zich*", but when the crowd joined in, the Rebbe asked, "Why is everyone singing?" (It seems that the Rebbe only began this *Niggun* to imply to the Chassidim that they are not involved in the right things; not to have them enjoy themselves with a good *Niggun*...)

Then the Rebbe asked for a child under Bar-Mitzvah to sing the *Niggun* and the Farbrengen ended shortly thereafter.

It seems like this was a heavenly "Eis Ratzon" that the Chassidim were totally unaware of. Why, then, did the Rebbe put so much blame on them? Were they at fault for not knowing about these heavenly affairs?

Reb Shmuel Chefer was in New York at the time, and on his way back to Eretz Yisroel, he stopped off in France and met with the renowned *Mashpia*, Reb Nissan Nemenov, whom he told of this recent Shavuos episode. Reb Nissan explained: A

only able to do so thanks to the Rebbe's *Brochos*. The fact is that those Chassidim who had relatives here in New York that would approach the Rebbe during each Farbrengen and ask for a *Brocha* on their behalf ended up leaving Russia first. For example, Reb Berke Chein who's son, Reb Mottel constantly approached the Rebbe; Reb Mendel Futerfas who's brother, Reb Hendel would approach the Rebbe; Reb Yossel and Reb Mulle Mochkin who's brother, Reb Leibel and father, Reb Peretz would approach the Rebbe, and many others.

THE BOCHUR IN TOMCHEI TMIMIM TODAY

In your position as *Mashpia*, do you believe that the Bochurim of today's day and age are expected to live up to the same *Avoda* as the Bochurim of previous generations?

Absolutely! Whatever the previous Rabbeim demanded of the Bochurim in their generations was demanded unequivocally by our Rebbe. Only that nowadays,

I remember the atmosphere in 770 around the time of Yud Shevat, 5730; the air was full of Moshiach no less than it is today.



the Rebbe has brought in new ideas (like the *Mivtzoim* and so on), which to us are even more precious and special, since they were addressed specifically by our Rebbe to our generation.

There was once a group of American Bochorim farbrenging on Tes Adar, and the discussion came up about the role of Tomchei Tmimim in America. One of the Bochorim pointed out that it comes across a bit surprising that the Rebbe doesn't seem to speak about davening and demand that Bochorim daven at length. A short while later, the Rebbe held a Farbrengen and spoke for a long time about the importance of davening at length, and then, turning to this particular Bochor, the Rebbe said: "So, you see? I do speak about *Avodas hatfila*!"

I am reminded of a story: On Gimmel Tammuz, 5729, a few people approached the Rebbe at a Farbrengen to receive bottles of *Mashke*, one of them being Reb Leib Kahan from Kfar Chabad. The Rebbe told him: "I have been distributing bottles of *Mashke* for quite some time now. One person asked for a bottle in honor of an upcoming wedding, another in honor of his new apartment, while others asked for a Bar Mitzvah or *Yohrtzeit*. Yet not one person asked for a *Brocha* regarding spiritual matters. From now on, I shall no longer distribute bottles of *Mashke* at Farbrengens!"

We saw time and again that when a Bochor turned to the Rebbe for insight or for a *Brocha* in his *Avodas Hashem*, the Rebbe took the time during *Yechidus* to

respond to him in great detail.

I once heard from Reb Yoel Kahan that there were Bochorim who were in doubt as to which *Ma'amor* to contemplate upon before davening; would it be better to have one set *Ma'amor* for every single day, or perhaps would it be commendable to think each day about the *Ma'amor* that was learnt most recently.

The Rebbe responded that it is better to think about the *Ma'amor* that was most recently learnt, as doing so would connect together each day's davening and learning. Then the Rebbe added: From each and every *Ma'amor*, one can derive something applicable to his own *Avoda*.

On the other hand, it is important that a Bochor assess his true standing, and know what exactly he is able to handle. This brings me to another story told by Reb Yoel:

The Rebbe once told Reb Yoel not to speak at Farbrengens about levels of *Avoda* that are above the Bochorim's heads. "I had two Bochorim come into *Yechidus* lately" the Rebbe said. "One of them must have heard at a Farbrengen that he is supposed to ask for a '*Tikun*', so he did. I answered him briefly, he was satisfied, and he left the *Yechidus*. Another Bochor asked a similar question, but the issue really bothered him, so he continued to ask about it, it was then that I expounded upon the issue at length."

Additionally, when the Rebbe stopped receiving Bochorim in *Yechidus* (in 5735), he explained that one of the reasons was because they didn't utilize the opportunity

in *Yechidus* properly (i.e. to ask for *Brochos* in *Avoda*, etc.).

But can't it be argued that in the latest years, the Rebbe's main focus was only on *Inyonei Geula U'Moshiach*?

Why must the two conflict one-another? After the Rebbe said the famous *Sicha* on Chof Ches Nissan, 5751, there were many people who wrote to the Rebbe all sorts of ideas as how to bring Moshiach, and the Rebbe said to Rabbi Groner: "I don't understand what they want! Didn't I say clearly that the way to do it is by studying *Inyonei Geula U'Moshiach*? Why are they searching for other answers?"

The basics will always remain the same. Only that in each period, the Rebbe will emphasize what is to be stressed most at this time. In the last years, the Rebbe taught that all of our learning, davening, *Avoda*, and *Hafotzas Hama'ayonos* must all be permeated with the ultimate goal – to bring Moshiach.

Even this was no real news to us. I remember the atmosphere in 770 around the time of Yud Shevat, 5730; the air was full of Moshiach no less than it is today. All Chassidim felt that Moshiach was finally about to be revealed. We felt it so strongly inside of us!

Let us hope that indeed soon we will actually be *zoche* to be reunited with the Rebbe, with the coming of Moshiach, ***Be'karov Mammosh!***

Reprinted from Kfar Chabad Magazine, Issue #1110 (Tishrei, 5765).



Proper Use of Medications

The Rebbe begins the letter¹ with the teaching of Chassidus that we can learn a lesson in Avodas Hashem from everything we see and hear (in fact this idea is really born of true Emunah). This, continues the Rebbe, specifically applies to the central part of one's day – his profession.

The Rebbe then turns to the recipient's profession – a pharmacist – and highlights two lessons that can be learned from this trade.

BH, 20 Tammuz, 5709
Greetings and blessings!

PRESCRIPTIONS — PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL

Anyone who walks into a pharmacy worthy of its name and sees the many remedies that can heal various diseases – even critical ones – is certainly awed.

Yet, the pharmacist must explain to his patron – and even more importantly, to himself – that the medications serve as mere preparation. Two steps are still missing – and they are vital to the success of the medication.

a) A prescription from an expert doctor as to exactly which remedy to take for a particular ailment, as well as instructions in how to take it.

b) Moreover, the patient has to actually take the medicine [in accordance with those instructions].

Similarly:

Every single Jew is an emissary of the Hashem, and is given a portion of the world that he is entrusted to heal and re-

pair. And although he is provided with the necessary materials, there still remains the need for an expert's instructions, indicating exactly which remedies should be applied today, and which tomorrow etc., because without the expert advice, he may actually endanger rather than heal and destroy rather than build.

- (One might argue, "the entire community is holy," and I am one of them: I can make my own inquiries into the Shulchan Aruch and decide on my own how I must behave – in a personal sense, and with regard to one's purpose in this world. Such an attitude can be compared to someone who, once he learns to read, buys medical books and instruments, and announces that he can now cure the ill.) -

Of greater significance, however, is the actual deed. Even someone who understands his illness and its cure very well, and has consulted expert medical advice, and has in his hands the exact prescribed medication – will not begin the process of healing until he actually takes the medica-

tion.

Even if he has all kinds of excuses², his ailment, however, remains in full strength. Since the Divine intent is that he should heal himself, it is obvious that all of his excuses are mistaken, and are no more than the Yetzer Horah's insidious scheming.

POISONOUS REMEDIES

Deep inside the pharmacy, there is another section with clear warning signs: "Danger! Poison!" Why is there poison among all these remedies? A wise person understands that what would normally be poisonous for a healthy person, may – in exceptional cases and in controlled quantities – be the only medication that is able to save the patient.

Continuing with our explanation of this parable, we can find two areas that correspond to this "poison":

Between Man and His Fellow:

The Torah is a Torah of kindness; "Its ways are ways of sweetness and all of its paths are peace." Nevertheless, if, for in-

stance, a person is invited to eat at another's home and he is not certain about the food being kosher, he may not eat at all, even if that will cause his host to be embarrassed.

If someone is a Shabbat desecrator, but there is reason to believe that he might stop if he is continually reminded about it (obviously, this is talking about a case where it was already politely pointed out, with no success), there is an obligation to do so "until he screams" or even "until he hits."

If a person sees a group educating its members to not believe in G-d, His Torah, and His Mitzvot, he is obligated to protest strongly. He must inform them that even if they are saving this person's life in this physical world, they are destroying his soul and its eternal life. It is a commandment to save lives, and thus the people must be saved from them even [in normally unacceptable manners such as] stealing

etc.

There is, of course, the usual question: "I am a polite person. Even according to Jewish law, "manners precede Torah." So how can I act in the above mentioned manner? How can I steal when this is against the law, how can I scream at a person or embarrass him in public, regarding his desecration of Shabbos etc.?"

The answer is that this type of behavior for a healthy person would indeed be poisonous, but under certain dangerous circumstances, it is the only way to save this person from certain death.

Between Man and His Creator:

Similarly, there are some who complain against the Chassidim's custom to spend so much time studying Chassidic philosophy and meditating on those concepts before Davening, since they consequently miss the prescribed times for reading the *Shma* and Davening!

The reply is that certainly for healthy

people this would be harmful, but those who are spiritually ill have no other choice. Without doing so, the prayers will be just with the lips and not with the heart, which would render them completely invalid. [See the Rambam Hilchos Tefillah.]

However, as in the parable, there must be extra care taken to do so only in controlled quantities, and only when prescribed by an expert doctor.³

1. Igros Kodesh Vol. 3 Pages 144-147

2. Such as that the time or place is not right, or that he does not have enough influence, etc. — that only matters as far as reward and punishment are concerned, i.e. to be able to determine whether he is guilty of intentional dereliction, unintentional, or even if he is "forced" in which case he is free of responsibility.

3. The core of this translation was taken from the book "**Mind Over Matter**" with some minor changes.

ומובן שכאשר אין יורדים גשמים – אזי יכולים לחגוג את שמחת בית השואבה בכל ה"שטורעם" ברחוב דוקא

כאשר מדברים אודות שמחת בית השואבה, לצאת לרקוד ברחובות וכו' - יש החושבים שדבר זה אינו מתאים ושייך אליהם. היתכן – טוען הוא ש"יהודי מכובד" כמותו יצא לרחוב לרקוד ביחד עם ילדים קטנים?!... לשיחה שנאמרת בבית הכנסת – מוכרח הוא להופיע, כדי שהכל יראו שיש לו מקום ב"מזרח", אבל ריקודים ברחוב ביחד עם ילדים קטנים, "בנערינו ובזקנינו" – אין הדבר מתאים עבורו!... ויש לקשר זה עם המעלה שבחג הסוכות דשנה זו לגבי חג הסוכות דשנה שעברה: בליל א' דחג הסוכות בשנה שעברה - ירדו גשמים (ע"ד ובדוגמת מצב של מיצר), אבל בשנה זו – הרי רואים במוחש שלא יורדים גשמים (מצב של הרחבה)! ומובן שכאשר אין יורדים גשמים – אזי יכולים לחגוג את שמחת בית השואבה בכל ה"שטורעם" ברחוב דוקא, ועד שהרחוב עצמו משתתף בשמחה וריקודים דשמחת בית השואבה, וזאת – ללא צורך להתגבר על ענין של נסיון, כי אם באופן של הרחבה, "לכתחילה אריבער".

(משיחת ליל א' דחג הסוכות תשמ"ה)

The Rebbe's SEFER TORAH

The Small Sefer Torah often referred to simply as - “The Rebbe’s Sefer Torah” - has its beginnings rooted in a moving saga from one of the earliest periods in the history of Chassidus; *“The Story of the Brothers from Slavita”*.

Each year on Simchas Torah the Rebbe would dance vigorously with this Torah, it is a moment etched within the memories of the countless people who merited seeing it. As we approach Simchas Torah, we present a detailed account of the history this unique Sefer Torah possesses. The article travels from the time of its birth, over 150 years ago, throughout its long journey to becoming the Rebbe’s prized belonging.

EARLIEST BEGINNINGS

The primary source, which tells over the story of this Sefer Torah in its entirety, is a Sefer called “Yechidei Segulah” written by Rabbi Isser Frankel OBM. In it he tells over about a pair of individuals more commonly known as the “The Brothers from Slavita”. The two brothers owned one of the first Printing houses, dedicated to printing Seforim. Chassidim may know

them best as the Printing House that was first to print the Tanya.

In his Sefer, Rabbi Frankel wrote a section called: “The Inherited Sefer Torah”, in which he tells over the story as he heard it from Reb Shmuel Abba Schapiro, a direct descendant of the “Brothers”.

In the first part of this article we have laid out a number of pieces directly from the above Sefer, translated into English.

Following that, we will complete the story of how it became a possession of the Rebbe, and recount a number of special Simchas Torah moments which occurred together with it.

[Slight deviations have been made from the literal translation, to ensure the readers clarity.]

During the time when the righteous Brothers of Slavita, were imprisoned, they

This article originally appeared in Hebrew in “Kovetz Le’Chizzuk HaHiskashrus” Issue 36, published by Vaad Talmidei Hatmimim – Tishrei 5771, and has been translated here for the first time into English by A Chassidisher Derher.

Much research has been put into this article. It is based predominantly on the following sources: Sefer Yechidei Segulah; Igros Kodesh of the Friediker Rebbe; Igros Kodesh of the Rebbe; Sefer V’zos Hatorah; various other Seforim and Kisvei Yad.



found favor in the eyes of the local officials, who in turn made an effort to ease their suffering. One official who stood out in his kinship towards them was Count Tcherbtuv, who permitted Chassidim to bring Kiddush, Havdalah and a Sefer Torah for the two Jews incarcerated under the law.

Though the Brothers strongly desired to have a Sefer Torah with them, they were also well aware of the putrid conditions in which they lived. The prison cells were filthy and definitely did not have the cleanliness that befits the sanctity of a Sefer Torah. Hence they decided to keep the Sefer Torah as separate

“Yeriyos” (sections) and not bind them together like a regular Sefer Torah. This way they would have the comfort of having a Torah with them, however it technically wouldn’t attain the Halachic status of a Sefer Torah.

The Sefer Torah was the craft of an expert Sofer, written with specially grown ink, sent by the sons of Reb Shmuel (Shmelke) of Nikelsburg.

Only once the Brothers were released from prison did they sew together the sections of the Sefer Torah.

All that was missing were the ‘Atzei Chaim’ upon which they would mount the Sefer Torah. The pair of ‘Atzei Chaim’ the

Brothers used for their Sefer Torah, itself came along with a story:

When the Tzaddik Reb Michel Zlotchover wrote his own Sefer Torah, the Koznitzer Maggid sent him a pair of ‘Atzei Chaim’ to use. However it took a while until Reb Michel received it. In the meantime, Reb Michel’s Chassidim heard what the Koznitzer Maggid had in mind, and wanted themselves to have the great zchus of providing their Rebbe with the ‘Atzei Chaim’. Therefore they fashioned a magnificent pair of ‘Atzei Chaim’ out of silver.

Now the Tzaddik faced the predicament of choosing one pair of ‘Atzei Chaim’ over the other. In the end, Reb Michel chose

the pair made out of silver, however he assured them that the other pair of 'Atzei Chaim' would belong to great Tzaddikim someday.

Indeed the Sefer Torah the Brothers used in prison was hoisted upon these very 'Atzei Chaim' which the Koznitzer Maggid had made.

This extraordinary Sefer Torah was passed down son-to-son, up until the oldest son of the Shapiro family.

When the Communist movement came to power in the Soviet Union, they confiscated this Sefer Torah from the house of a wealthy Jew from Moscow named Brodsky, in the name of exhorting their power upon all.

[Thus concludes the excerpts from the Sefer "Yichudei Segula".]

AN INHERITED SEFER TORAH

At this point we will learn about how this Sefer Torah eventually became the Rebbe's possession.

Reb Shmuel Abba Schapiro (mentioned at the beginning of this article, as the one who told over the story of this Sefer Torah, to Rabbi Isser Frankel) was the descendant of these "Brothers from Slavita" and the one who was supposed to inherit the Sefer Torah.

Reb Shmuel Abba Schapiro was actually a relative of the Friediker Rebbe.

How So?

His wife Miriam was the daughter of



The first print of Tanya, printed in Slavita by the Schapiro brothers.

Rebbetzin Sheina Brocha Dulitsky, whom was the sister of Rebbetzin Shterna Sara – the wife of the Rebbe Rashab, the father of the Friediker Rebbe. Additionally the two sisters were great-grand-daughters of Reb Yosef Yitzchok from Ovrutsh, the son of the Tzemach Tzedek. Hence, Reb Shmuel Abba was essentially married to a first cousin of the Friediker Rebbe!

We will now recount the continuation of the Story as was once heard directly from Reb Shmuel Abba:

During World War I, there was much destruction all over Europe. The various countries involved pillaged each other and many precious artifacts were misplaced far from their owners. Once the war concluded, Russia and Poland made a treaty agreeing to return to one-another all artifacts that had sentimental value.

During those times, Reb Shmuel Abba had been doing business dealings with a high ranking official known as Count Randzvil. He entreated him to help recover the Sefer Torah from the Communists who had confiscated it years earlier. After some time, Reb Shmuel Abba's efforts paid off and the Torah was returned to its rightful inheritor – the father of Reb Shmuel Abba Schapiro.

As conditions in the Soviet Union turned for the worse under the Communist rule, the Schapiro family escaped Russia to Eretz Yisroel, leaving almost

Throughout the many Simchas Torah's we merited to dance together with the Rebbe B'gashmiyus, there are two years which stand out in particular. Below we will share excerpts from diaries written by Chassidim who were fortunate to behold those memorable moments themselves.

SIMCHAS TORAH 5738: Hakofos will continue

On the eve of Shemini Atzeres 5738, the Rebbe entered 770 for Hakafos at 9:00. After saying the Pesukim of Ato Horeisa they began Hakafos. The Rebbe was honored with the first Sefer Torah (the small one) for the first Hakofa. The Sefer Torah was handed to the Rebbe by Reb Binyomin Althoiz, who spoke to the Rebbe for a few moments. The Rebbe answered him smiling. The remaining Sifrei Torah were given to various elderly Chassidim including Rabbi Chodakov. The Rebbe followed the Chazzan Reb Yankel Katz, walking very slowly, as the Rashag and the elderly Chassidim tread behind. Many of the Chassidim who stood on the perimeter of the "Shvil" (the path cleared for the Rebbe) kissed the Rebbe's Sefer Torah and wished the Rebbe the traditional Brocha of "Derlebt iber a yar" (a Brocha that the Rebbe be healthy and well throughout the entire coming year) to which the Rebbe answered "Gam Atem".

The Rebbe arrived at the center of the Shul where a

special space surrounded by tables had been prepared for Hakafos, and awaited the Rashag. Once the Rashag approached, the Rebbe stood in the middle and awaited the Moshiaich Sefer Torah. Once it was leaning on the table, the Rebbe and the Rashag placed their hands on each other's shoulders, and danced while the crowd sang the Hakafos Niggun. The Rebbe seemed to be more enlivened than usual, and the Hakafo continued until the Chazzan insisted on ending the Hakafo, to which the Rebbe obliged. The Rebbe then returned back to the front right corner of the Shul, where the Rebbe would usually Daven.

The fourth Hakafo was given to the guests who had come from around the world. The Chassidim began to sing 'Al Haselo Hoch Hoch', and the Rebbe turned to face them clapping softly – it almost seemed that it was difficult for the Rebbe to bring his hands together, as the Rebbe's left hand leaned on the Shtender. This continued for a short time, until the Rebbe's face turned a pale white, and

...they decided that such a remarkable Sefer Torah, should belong to someone of great stature.

everything behind – besides this precious Sefer Torah.

When his parents passed away, and Reb Shmuel Abba inherited the Sefer Torah, they decided that such a remarkable Sefer Torah, should belong to someone of great stature.

Therefore in the year 5707, Reb Shmuel Abba wrote to the Frierdiker Rebbe asking him if he would like to purchase the Sefer Torah.

The Frierdiker Rebbe responded to his letter as such:

(Free Translation)

“... and in regard to your question whether I desire to procure the Sefer Torah, know that ‘desire’ and ‘financial capability’ are two separate character traits. Yet much thanks for expressing interest to gratify me with this special merit, in addition to inquiring about the situation of my family and I. I very much look forward to your forthcoming letter...”

In essence the Frierdiker Rebbe was explaining that due to dire financial

straits, he couldn't afford to buy the Sefer Torah, although he was quite interested in it.

A number of years later, when Reb Shmuel Abba's wife passed on, he resolved to pass the Sefer Torah on to the Rebbe, who had since assumed the Nesius.

Below are two letters between the Rebbe and Reb Shmuel Abba dated during that time period, in which they discuss the Sefer Torah.

On the 20th of Adar, 5714 the Rebbe writes:

(Free Translation)

“...Because in your letter you touch upon the Sefer Torah found amongst your possessions, I would appreciate if you would write to me more details regarding it (*the Sefer Torah*)...”

And then on the 2nd of Elul 5714:

“To My *Mechutan* the well-known Chossid, G-d fearing man, son of greats, Harav Shmuel Abba *Sheyichye*,

Shalom Uvracha!

After a long interval, it is with great



pleasure to receive your letter written on Monday of Parshas Voeschanan, which was delayed in its arrival to me. Of most importance is the beginning of your letter, where you describe the words you heard from my father-in-law the Frierdiker Rebbe, which has since been engraved in your memory, regarding your parents stemming from the Tzaddik Reb Pinchos Koritzer, and The Brothers from Slavita whom endured much suffering and self-sacrifice for the dissemination of Chassidus. Upon such it is clearly ruled in the Mishna

the Rebbe turned to Reb Leibel Groner, asking for his chair. The Rebbe sat down and brought his Siddur close to him. The way the Rebbe leaned his head on the Shtender, and his closed eyes, displayed that no-doubt the Rebbe was enduring excruciating pains.

Reb Leibel Groner, called to a Doctor who was standing near the Bima, who immediately called out for water to be brought to the Rebbe. Reb Binjamin Klein attempted to hand a flask of water to the Rebbe, yet the Rebbe refused to drink.

Cries of “air! air!” and “make space around the Rebbe!” resonated throughout 770. The Chassidim bolted out of 770, rushing to give the Rebbe breathing room. Within minutes there were a mere hundred people left inside the Shul. The glass windows to the Ezras Noshim were burst open to allow fresh air to flow in. After a short while the Rebbe instructed Reb Leibel Groner that Hakafo's continue until their conclusion.

When they reached the seventh Hakafo, the Rebbe stood up. Those around suggested that the Rebbe remain

in his place and not walk to the center of the Shul for the Hakafo. Yet the Rebbe insisted on doing it in the usual location. Once the small Sefer Torah was handed to the Rebbe by Reb Binjamin Althoiz, the Rebbe walked slowly and painfully to the center of the Shul. Some wished to kiss the Sefer Torah as the Rebbe passed them, yet Reb Leibel Groner stopped them so that the Hakafo conclude as quickly as possible.

It is told, that earlier that day the Rebbetzin asked one of the Chassidim who had come to visit her, which Sefer Torah would the Rebbe would be holding that night. To which he responded, the small one. The Rebbetzin asked, “How much does it weigh?” to which he replied that it is extremely light. The Rebbetzin persisted to ask, “How much does it weigh with the Kesser on top of it?” When he answered that it would still be quite lightweight, the Rebbetzin turned to him and said: “Say

L'chaim that the Rebbe should be Gezunt.” The incident left him very perplexed, but just a while later he understood...



(*Mesechta Edeyois Perek Beis Mishna Tes*) that a son is parallel to akin to his father, especially a first born son.

As you don't mention anything regarding your health, this is a definite sign that all is well with you.

This that you mention in connection with the Sefer Torah, I have already written to Reb Pinye Althoiz in connection to this, and surely he has already contacted you concerning this..."

At the time Rabbi Moshe Ashkenazi was the Rov of the Chabad community of Tel Aviv. When he was informed that the Rebbe desired this Sefer Torah, he immediately jumped at the opportunity to purchase it for the Rebbe.

The Schapiro family was requesting the sum of 500 Liro, in exchange for the Sefer Torah, quite a large amount of money at the time. However Rabbi Ashkenazi swiftly borrowed the necessary funds, bought the Sefer Torah, and sent it to the Rebbe as a gift just in time for Rosh Hashana 5715.

The Rebbe expressed deep gratitude to



Rabbi Moshe Ashkenazi

Rabbi Ashkenazi for this, as can be clearly seen in the letter below:

(Free Translation)

"I would like to take this opportunity to

convey my greatest and deepest thanks for the Sefer Torah that arrived here just days prior to Rosh Hashana, and was read from on Rosh Hashana. As it is stated in Zohar, that just as Hakadosh Boruch Hu looked into the Torah, and based upon that created the world, so to every Jew builds his individual world through reading in a Sefer Torah. Yehi Ratson, that during this year you, your spouse, and your offspring, merit to a new world filled with revealed good."

THE REBBE AND THE SEFER TORAH

During the first few years that the Sefer Torah was used by the Rebbe, a number of letters were exchanged between the Rebbe and Reb Shmuel Abba, highlighting how much the Rebbe cherished the Sefer Torah.

We will bring a number of them:

(Free Translation)

4th of Tishrei 5715

"To My *Mechutan* the well-known Chossid, G-d fearing man, son of greats,

SIMCHAS TORAH 5748: Extraordinary revelations

On the night of Shemini Atzeres, the Rebbe walked towards the center of 770 for the first Hakafo, trailed by the older Chassidim. Once the Rebbe received the Sefer Torah and began to walk, the Rebbe was noticeably very at ease, and shone bountiful smiles in all directions. The Rebbe also pointedly brought the Sefer Torah closer than usual to the Chassidim, giving them a chance to kiss it. The Rebbe made one circuit around the Bima while saying the *pesukim*.

The Rebbe then stopped and began singing the Hakafo Niggun. Un-ordinarily the Rebbe grasped the Sefer Torah from the middle and began twirling it from side to side! With sweeping motions the Rebbe turned to each side of the Shul, gazing deeply into the eyes of the Chassidim.

Minute by minute the Rebbe danced with intensified momentum, passionate joy spiraling in leaps and bounds throughout the packed Shul, as the burning love in the hearts of the Chassidim transcended any other emotion and feeling possible. The Rebbe returned to his place surrounded by the impassionate cries of "Yechi Adoneinu Moreinu Verabeinu!" – Long live our beloved Rebbe! This reaction was the sole matter on the minds of

Chassidim, as they attempted to convey their intense gratefulness for meriting such an extraordinary and exalted moment.

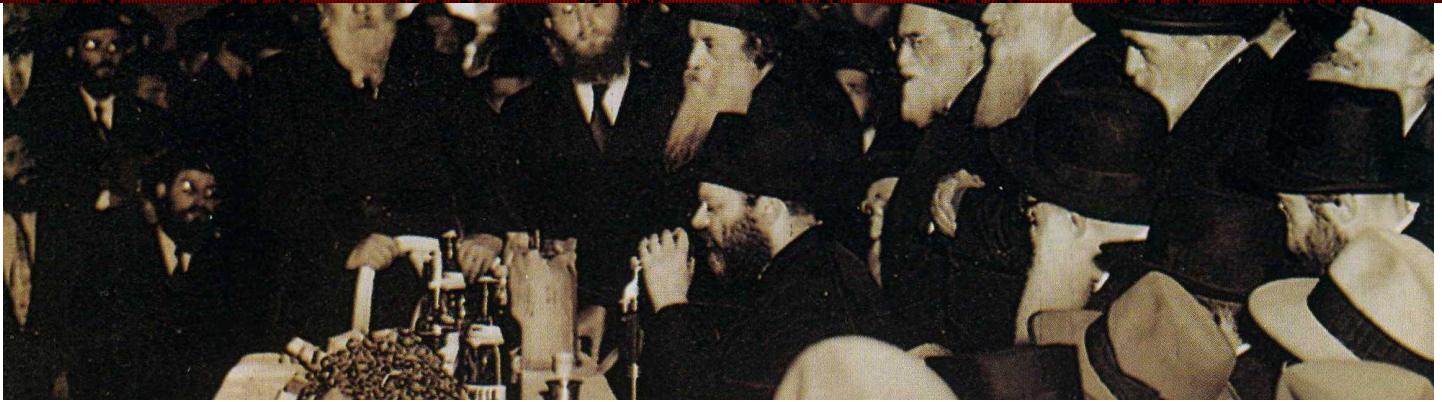


The following night, Chassidim were astonished once more. At the end of the Seventh Hakafo just as the Rebbe was about to return the Sefer Torah to the Aron, suddenly the Rebbe turned and went up to the Davening Bima, still clutching the Sefer Torah, and began singing "Uforatzta". The Rebbe danced vigorously moving the Sefer to all sides, intensively encouraging the Chassidim.

On the day of Simchas Torah after the *Pesukim* of Ato Horeisa and the usual 3 and a half Hakafo, unexpectedly, the Rebbe handed his Siddur to Reb Leibel Bistrizky, and began to encourage the singing strongly with both hands, rapidly accelerating the singing, while waving the Sefer Torah to all sides.

Years and years have passed since we have been Zoiche to behold the Rebbe dancing or

receiving an aliya with his Sefer Torah. Yet we strengthen ourselves through internalizing the memories of those treasured moments as they were impressed on the innumerable people who were fortunate to witness them.



A precious moment like no other – the Rebbe dancing in the center of 770 with nothing but this Sefer Torah, moving it back and forth towards the tens of thousands of Chassidim crushed within 770

Harav Shmuel Abba *Sheyichye*,
Shalom Uvracha!

I endeavor to thank and acknowledge today, that Harav Binyomin Eliyahu Gorodetzky delivered the Sefer Torah just days before Rosh Hashana, and during Rosh Hashana I received *Aliyos* and *Maftir* in the Sefer Torah, and may your mind be at peace just as you have caused mine to be.

And may it may be the will of Hashem, that we merit to bring pleasure to each other, and that we merit to do so with health and joy.

With thanks and blessings that you be sealed for a good year..."

Later on during that year the Rebbe again wrote to Reb Shmuel Abba, and mentioned the Sefer Torah:

"...And once more great thanks regarding the Sefer Torah, and with heartfelt wishes..."

During the year 5715 Reb Shmuel Abba sent to the Rebbe the chapters of the Sefer Yechidei Segulah that discusses the history of the Sefer Torah (from which we previously shared some excerpts). The Rebbe responded in the letter translated below:

"To My *Mechutan* the well-known Chossid, G-d fearing man, son of greats, Harav Shmuel Abba Sheyichye,
Shalom Uvracha!

After your long silence it was a great pleasure to receive your letter, particularly because I worried about the situation of your health.

Much thanks for the good news that the situation has bettered, and may it be Hashem's will that from now on, you

should only share good tidings.

With great interest I read the transcript regarding the "Inherited Sefer Torah" (from the *Sefer Yechidei Segula*) which you attached to your letter. Surely you know how attentive my father-in-law the Friediker Rebbe was to accounts and memoirs of days gone by, because of the tremendous power they have to enliven our day-to-day lives. I am sure that his reverence has many more such journals specifically ones pertaining to your golden pedigree tracing back to Reb Pinchos Koritzer and the "Brothers from Slavita". It would be ideal if you would print these. We live in a confused and chaotic generation – a generation that so desperately needs a true example of individuals who sacrificed themselves for the sacred ideals that the nation of Yisroel has always held dear..."

THE MANTEL

The Mantel of the Sefer Torah was also bought by Rabbi Moshe Ashkenazi, in memory of his brother Rabbi Meir Ashkenazi, and his name is inscribed on the Mantel. Rabbi Meir Ashkenazi was the Rov of Shanghai, China and had passed away just a short while before. Interestingly, every few years the Ashkenazi family would exchange the cover of the Sefer Torah for a new one, because of the great deal of wear-and-tear it went through.

It was this Sefer Torah that the Rebbe always held close to him, and the one the Rebbe chose to use when he received aliyos for Krias Hatorah, during Kol Nidrei, and with which he danced on Simchas

Torah.

During Yom Tov and other times when we use two Sifrei Torah for Krias Hatorah, Maftir was always read from this Sefer Torah. After the "Moshiach Sefer Torah" was completed in 5730, the Rebbe instructed that for the first part of Kriah the "Moshiach Sefer Torah" should be used, and the Rebbe would receive Maftir from this Sefer Torah.

SIMCHAS TORAH WITH THE REBBE'S SEFER TORAH

Once the Sefer Torah arrived in 770, the Rebbe held this Sefer Torah every year during Hakafos on Simchas Torah. With one hand the Rebbe would embrace the Sefer Torah, while the other was placed on the shoulder of his brother-in-law, the Rashag.

After the Rashag took ill in 5748, the Rebbe would tightly grasp the bottom handles of the 'Atzei Chaim', while gently waving the Torah to and fro. A precious moment like no other – the Rebbe dancing in the center of 770 with nothing but this Sefer Torah, moving it back and forth towards the tens of thousands of Chassidim crushed within 770, as they sing and dance to the joyous notes of the Rebbe's Hakafos Niggun.

May the Oibershter reward the fervent efforts of Chassidim and Temimim to enliven their connection to the Rebbe, by ensuring that this Simchas Torah we are reunited with our Rebbe B'gashmiyus as he dances with his special Sefer Torah.

BEYOND WORDS

The following are the words of Rabbi Yisroel N. Vogel, a Chossid who was privileged to be with the Rebbe for Hakofos on Simchas Torah many times. He attempts to describe what it felt like to be with the Rebbe in those most amazing unforgettable moments:

I'm often reminded of the Frierdiker Rebbe's Sich'a in which he describes the "Yechidus-Hakofos" of the Alter Rebbe. He quotes the words of the renowned Chossid, R' Pinchas Reizes, who said that after partaking in these Hakofos he began to understand what it must have been like to be Oleh L'regel to the Beis Hamikdash and feel a G-dly sensation. We as Chassidim unquestionably felt the same way in regards to our Rebbe's Hakofos.

When the Rebbe entered the Shul for Hakofos, the entire crowd instantaneously united to become like one entity, "K'ish Echad, B'lev Echad," all together enjoying every moment, basking in the Rebbe's aura. The Rebbe's every move orchestrated the song and dance of the Chassidim, be it by the clapping of his hands or by others signs of encouragement that he cast out to us throughout the night.

The energy on Simchas Torah was that of another caliber. Although it is true, that throughout the year, during Farbrengens and on other occasions the Rebbe did hearten the singing, Simchas Torah however, was just at another level altogether.

The Rebbe often quoted the words of the Frierdiker Rebbe who exposed us to the idea of the "Chassidische Ushpizin," and he would add that on Shmini Atzeres the Frierdiker Rebbe is the Ushpizoh. I

recall when the Rebbe explained that on Shmini Atzeres, the Frierdiker Rebbe does not only arrive as a guest but he's actually the "Baal-Habos"!

Indeed, having been with the Rebbe on Simchas Torah I can tell you with utmost certainty that *this* is the Rebbe's day. The energy was in the air; it mesmerized all of those present, and penetrated into the deepest recesses of their hearts.

To better explain myself, I'll relate the following story: I once came across a Litvishe Rosh Yeshivah in a Chabad house, who told me how on one occasion he was privileged to be present at the Rebbe's Hakofos on Simchas Torah. He was so moved by the experience that he decided to come back again on the following year, so that his son would have the opportunity to be there as well. His heart just didn't allow him to deprive his son of living through such an uplifting experience, and so he was compelled to come back again. You see, by the Rebbe one didn't come to see Hakofos, rather to live them and experience them first-hand.

Throughout the entire Yom Tov, especially on Simchas Torah and during the Hakofos themselves, we felt as if the entire world didn't exist, as if it vanished into thin air. As if we all transcended to a dimension higher than time and space altogether.

In our "world", all that existed were the Nigun that we were singing, along with the Rebbe's encouragement to it. One could see on the Rebbe's face the intensity of the joy, and specifically when he would place his eyes upon you, you were pos-

sessed by some inner strength and compelled to dance and rejoice with every last ounce of it.

One year, a friend of mine had a broken leg and for the period of Shmini Atzeres and Simchas Torah he had to use crutches. Due to this, the "Vaad Hamisader" allowed him to stand near the Rebbe's place for Hakofos, in order that he not be pushed around. Later on, I jokingly asked him: "Must I walk with crutches as well in order to be close to the Rebbe during Hakofos?" He replied: "What do you think; standing near the Rebbe during Hakofos is easy? The Rebbe gazes upon you constantly, and you're forced to sing and dance with such *Chayus*, you never even knew you had!"

These are definitely moments that no description can do justice to, and no words can express. The outstanding heat and how we were sweating meant absolutely nothing to us; we just danced and danced so long as the Rebbe would motion with his holy hand. This holds true for the myriads of Chassidim filling 770 at the time [about seven to eight thousand men]. Each and every one of them did not think about anything else, but to see the Rebbe and catch another glimpse of his face. And the Rebbe, on his part, spared no energy, singing and dancing, encouraging the Chassidim with all his might - Ah! Fortunate is the eye that saw all of this! All were on the highest of spirits, even while the Rebbe was not formally encouraging the singing, all his movements expressed his utmost joy!

A SIMCHAS TORAH LOOK

As *Chassidim*, we are certain beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Rebbe continues to pour *Brochos* and *Kochos* on his special day of *Simchas Torah*, especially to those who come to spend the *Yom Tov* in his holy presence. Though we no longer have the privilege to witness these great *Giluyim*, but the Rebbe's inexorable connection to us, and ours to him, remains steadfast today as ever before. *Simchas Torah* was the time when the Rebbe stepped out of the boundary of conformity, and gave special attention to those who only made the effort to be there at that

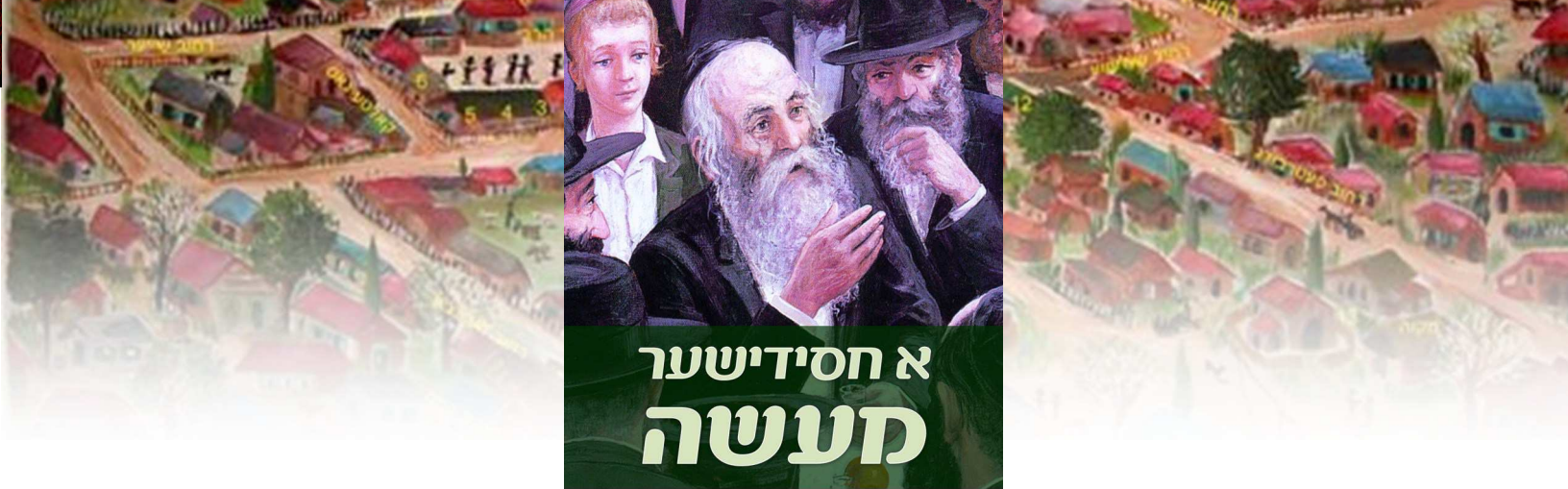
auspicious time. Today – twenty years since that glorious and majestic *Simchas Torah* – is no different.

To better illustrate this point, let us recount the following episode:

In between the *Sichos* at *Farbrengens*, *Chassidim* would raise their cups of *L'chayim* to the Rebbe, and the Rebbe would nod his head towards each of them and answer "*L'chayim Ve'livrocha*". It so happened that one particular *Bochur* often raised his cup, but for some reason unknown to him, he never received a response; as if the Rebbe did not notice

him...

Feeling rather dejected, the *Bochur* shared his anguish with his father, who in turn wrote to the Rebbe on his son's behalf asking if he had possibly done something wrong for which he was unworthy of receiving the Rebbe's blessing. The Rebbe's reply was: "I glanced at him on *Simchas Torah* and it did not result in anything practical!" I.e. the Rebbe's mere glance towards him on *Simchas Torah* should have served to strengthen the *Bochur* and empower him to change himself for the better...



Where is the Farbrengen?

'Darkei HaChassidim', the ways of Chassidim, are one of the unique novelties that give a special flavor to the fulfillment of the Mitzvos. In this story we see a group of Chassidim keeping the custom of having a Farbrengen before Hakafos under dire circumstances.

Rabbi Shmuel Prus of Kfar Chabad related the following story: I cannot forget the Yomim Tovim of Tishrei when I was still in Russia and Europe, whether it was when I was imprisoned in Siberia or at home in Leningrad or Riga. The thing they all had in common was they were difficult times yet we made every effort to fulfill the *mitzvos* and to protect the *chassidic* way of life to the best of our abilities, many times under considerable risks.

The Simchas Torah I will tell you about was when I was in Leningrad. I'll never forget it. Every year, *Anash* put in great efforts to properly *farbreng* on Simchas Torah. They were particular about not making *Hakafos* without a *farbrengen* beforehand.

The situation in those days was tense and very dangerous, but they weren't going to forego it. Since I was new to Leningrad and my house was unfamiliar to most *chassidim*, it was decided that the *farbrengen* would take place in my house. The celebrated *mashpia*, Reb Chonye Morosov, came over to me the night of Shmini Atzeres and asked me if I had *mashkeh* at home. When I said that I had, he said, "Invite only ten people to come to the *farbrengen* in your home." Reb Chonye then added, "We will *farbreng* in your house, but you must remain in the *sukkah* of the big *shul* and ask everybody where they're *farbrenging*, so no one will suspect

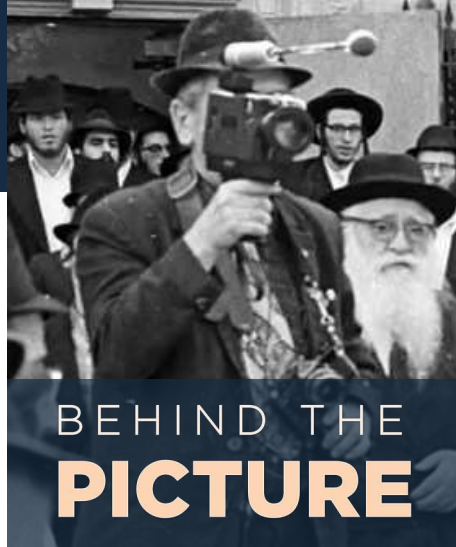
that the *farbrengen* is taking place in your house!" He didn't want many people to come because of the great danger. And when Reb Chonye said something, you listened!

Naturally I was very happy to host the *farbrengen*, despite the great danger it entailed. My entire house consisted of one room of forty meters, furnished with one large table and some old wooden chairs. Yet this was of no concern; the *Farbrengen* would take place!

So I sat in the *sukka* of the *shul* and surreptitiously asked each Lubavitcher whether he knew where they were *farbrenging*. The atmosphere was such that everybody knew there was a *farbrengen* (because there was no way we'd have Simchas Torah without a *farbrengen*), but everybody was searching for the hideout. I sat in the *sukka* for two or three hours but then I couldn't take it any longer. I thought, the great *chassidim* are *farbrenging* in my house and I'm sitting here idly? I went back home and joined the *farbrengen*. Meanwhile, the *Anash* sensed that a *farbrengen* was going on somewhere, and this was because of Reb Chonye's unexplained absence. So they sent emissaries to Lubavitchers' homes throughout the city in order to find out where the *farbrengen* was taking place. When one of these emissaries came to my house and discovered the *farbrengen*, they didn't let him leave so he wouldn't pass

the information along.

Somehow, word of the *farbrengen* got out and at 12:30 at night the house was full of *chassidim*, who drank and made merry. They began singing and dancing, making such a ruckus, that the floor beneath us trembled. Under us, on the second floor, lived a gentile professor, of course, he was awakened by the noise. He came storming upstairs to yell about the racket and about the dangerously shaky floor, which could cave in at any moment, due to the unusual strain which it was taking and which it was definitely not built to handle. One of the *chassidim* gave him a cup of *mashkeh* and urged him to drink it. This was followed by another cup, and another, until he too put his hand on the *chassidim* and joined the dancing. At a certain point there was no *mashkeh* left. I took advantage of my acquaintance with the owner of a store that sold drinks near my house, and the owner gave me the keys to the store and we took another box of *mashkeh* from there. The *farbrengen* went on until six in the morning, and that's when the nighttime *Hakafos* began. We all went to the *shul*. Rather than say we walked there, it may be more accurate to say we somersaulted there. Those who *davened* in the first *minyán* were in the midst of Shacharis, so they *davened* Shacharis while the *chassidim* enthusiastically and joyously did the nighttime *Hakafos*. It was definitely a Simchas Torah to remember.



The Singer's Cane

DOVID ZAKLIKOWSKY

Jan Peerce was known as America's Tenor, and, as a committed Jew, produced many records of Jewish music. In the words of the Rebbe to Mr. Zalmon Jaffe, the famed philanthropist from Manchester, United Kingdom, "it is well known that the artist has a rich repertoire of truly Jewish pieces."

THE ACCIDENT

At one point in his career, Peerce decided that he wanted to have more contact with his audience. He took to walking up and down the concert hall aisles while singing.

One evening, he turned down the fourth aisle and realized he had made a big mistake. "I had to make my exit, and judging from the happy, enthusiastic faces I could see looking at me, it seemed to be only a four- or five-inch drop."

With one foot in the air, he realized that he was in trouble. "It was a fifteen-inch drop, and as I went over it, I sat down hard on the left leg. I felt shock. I felt pain."

He was in the hospital for three and a half weeks with a broken leg.

THE REBBE'S CONCERN

The Rebbe kept track of Peerce's condition until he was fully recovered. He and his wife were touched by the Rebbe's care and love, and it gave them emotional strength throughout the illness and recovery.

Not long thereafter he recovered, but was reduced to walking with a cane. The Rebbe sent word, inviting him to join a farbrengen. It would be Jan's first time meeting with the Rebbe.

A sea of well wishers saluted the Rebbe's 25 years of leadership on Yud Shevat 5735, and the gathering was broadcast across the globe via satellite "hookups" and reported in the national media.

CONVERSATION IN YIDDISH

The Chassidim and guests listened intently as the Rebbe spoke about social activism, the American constitution, and diplomacy with the Soviet Union.

"Many of those attending wore the traditional black coat and tieless white shirt," the *New York Post* reported, "but many were dressed more informally. Long hair and blue jeans were not uncommon, and brightly colored, even paisley yarmulkes could be seen among the sea of black felt and beaver hats."

Many of the dignitaries sitting on the dais did not understand what the Rebbe was saying, as he was speaking in Yiddish. Peerce, however, did understand because his family had spoken Yiddish at home when he was a child. Although he never had any formal Jewish schooling, his parents had taught him well.

At the gathering the Rebbe delivered scholarly discourses that were interspersed with *nigunim*, when the entire crowd would sing and clap along.

Many in the crowd took turns lifting small glasses of wine, hoping to catch the Rebbe's personal attention for a short moment. The Rebbe would make eye contact, gesture with his head, and say "*l'chaim velivrachah*" – to life and blessing.

Meanwhile, one by one, the dignitaries were escorted to the Rebbe for a brief conversation.

Abraham Beame, the Mayor of New York City, presented the Rebbe with a proclamation on behalf of the city. The Rebbe thanked him and said, "I mentioned [in my discourse] the first Abraham, I hope you will follow in his footsteps."

The gathering began at nine in the evening, and lasted nearly seven hours. The Rebbe told the crowd, "Hashem created the world for man to perfect. The task of completing Hashem's creation demands that this task not be done halfheartedly. In the words of the Talmud, 'Man was born to toil.' When one toils, one will succeed."

The Rebbe explained that our collective mission is "to fill the earth and conquer it," while clarifying that conquering is an action performed by kings, which means we are expected to become "kings," masters over our domains, and make them dwelling places for Hashem.

The Rebbe instructed the dignitaries, Jan Peerce included, that those who have further influence as a result of their positions have the responsibility to "master" their jurisdictions.

When it was his turn, Peerce made his way through the narrow path to the Rebbe's place. He held his cane in his left hand, but it was dangling, not really touching the floor.

While most of the dignitaries would wait until the end of their conversation to say *L'chaim* with the Rebbe, Peerce raised his small plastic cup immediately upon reaching the Rebbe. The Rebbe responded.



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 Allgemeiner Journal/Lubavitch Archives

ed, "To life and blessing," but before he could drink, the Rebbe remarked, "We have half of Manchester here."

Peerce, whose connection with Chabad began at his Manchester concert, had recently performed there a second time. "Yes," he answered the Rebbe, "I saw them, my friends Zalmon and Yechiel." He turned to Zalmon Jaffe and Yechiel Vogel, both leaders of the Manchester Chabad community, raised his glass and toasted them "L'chaim."

The Rebbe and Peerce conversed in a mixture of Yiddish and English. The Rebbe told him, "They wrote me glowing letters about your concert."

Peerce had added more Jewish songs to his performance at the Manchester concert and the Rebbe confirmed, "The concert was more than good, and even better than the first one."

Peerce responded, "It always needs to be like that. I hope that next time will be even better."

The Rebbe pointed to the cane and said, "It should be *gezunterheit* [healthy]. You should not need this."

The conversation turned serious, and Peerce told the Rebbe about some of his health issues and the difficulty they caused him.

The Rebbe told Peerce, "You have to sing. You have to make people happy. You have to make those around you happy. Make those here happy, too!"

Peerce wished the Rebbe good health, and the Rebbe responded that he should report good news.

As he was leaving, the Rebbe asked, "Is Mrs. Peerce here? I heard your wife was also successful in Manchester." The tenor exclaimed, "Yes, she was!" and then happily returned to his spot on the dais.

Peerce stayed. He enjoyed the melodies, clapped excitedly, and sang along. He listened to the talks, but as the night grew late, the Rebbe's talks became quite scholarly and the guests slowly began to trickle out. Peerce stayed longer than many, but shortly before the Rebbe's ninth talk he inched his way through the crowd and out the door.

"NO NEED FOR A STICK"

Shortly thereafter, Peerce and his wife had a private meeting with the

Rebbe. The Rebbe told him to throw away his "shteken" – his cane.

Peerce explained that his foot hadn't completely healed, and he still needed something to lean on.

The Rebbe stood his ground. "I am asking you to please listen to what I am saying. *Varf arois der shteken!* – Throw out the stick!"

Emotionally, Peerce had grown attached to the cane. He couldn't get rid of it.

Alice, his wife, felt he needed to give it a chance and she nagged him to give it up, insisting that he could manage without it. "If the Rebbe said, you need to listen," she told him. "Are you going to go through all your life wearing a cane?"

Peerce did not like her reference to "wearing" the cane as if it were some kind of ornament. In anger, he threw it out and told her, "I won't use this cane, but it is on your head."

She was fine with it being on her head. "It doesn't hurt," she said.

And from then on, Peerce was able to admit; "I didn't need to use the cane anymore."

Rabbi Dovid Zaklikowski (dovidzak@gmail.com) is the director of Lubavitch Archives (www.LubavitchArchives.com). His latest compilation from the Rebbe's correspondence, ***Advice for Life II: Purpose*** was recently published.



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