

דער רבי וועט געפינען אַ וועג... THE REBBE WILL FIND A WAY

A COLLECTION OF PERSONAL STORIES OF THE REBBE'S
CONTINUED BRACHOS AND GUIDANCE

COMPILED FROM

Derher
A Chassidisher
א חסידישער דערהער



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About the Cover:

Featured here is a picture of a letter – in the Rebbe's personal handwriting – that the Rebbe wrote to Rabbi Sholom Posner on 10 Nissan 5710, in which he advises him to write to the Friediker Rebbe and send it to the Ohel, and the Rebbe will then find a way to answer him. (Igros Kodesh vol. 3 page 266)

Special thanks to Rabbi Yossi Deren (Pittsburgh, PA) for the colored scan of the original ksav yad kodesh.



A Chassidisher Derher is honored to feature unique and historic photos from Jewish Educational Media's Living Archive photo collection. The Living Archive is a project to preserve, and provide access to the video, audio, and photographic recordings of the Rebbe. These photos are copyright by JEM and are available at TheLivingArchive.org.

Foreword

Some people use the term “אותנו עזב לאנחות”—[the Rebbe] left us to sighs. *I will not use this expression.* My father-in-law, the Rebbe, ignored the existence of “sighs.” Sighing is the antithesis of the chassidic way...

...But this is false. It says, “אם תעזבני . . . אעזבך”—if you leave me, I will leave you. But the Rebbe did not leave us, and we did not leave him. There is no “עזב” in our situation whatsoever. Let no one convince themselves that because the times have changed, whatever the Rebbe said is not applicable now; that today, the Rebbe would have said things differently. The only thing the Rebbe would have said differently is that you must add in your activities, many times over!

When taking a look at the state of affairs nowadays with an honest unbiased approach, you will behold that from the time of the *histalkus*, the Rebbe’s achievements have grown more and more successful, in a manner that is *incomparable*!¹

The Rebbe’s words from sixty years ago sound like they were uttered just today. In the long and painful years since Gimmel Tammuz, Lubavitcher Chassidim and their activities never ceased to grow for even a moment. The Rebbe’s army of shluchim has tripled and quadrupled in size, and the commitment of the Rebbe’s Chassidim to the Rebbe, his teachings, and his work grows stronger with each passing year.

This phenomenon is not by chance.

The Rebbe’s leadership continues in an undisputed fashion. The Rebbe’s presence is evident through each and every one of us; his Chassidim, *talmidim* and shluchim. In the Rebbe’s words:

מדֵי שנה בשנה—with each passing year, he grows more alive, more strong, and more active within us; and through us, in every single Jew, and within the entire world!

Since we, his children, live with his Torah, with his instructions, and fulfill his shlichus, this illustrates that he is alive—הוא בחיים. He lives amongst us and within us, in a manner that he is the focal point, and we are his shluchim.²

•

One of the ways that we can feel the Rebbe’s presence “הוא בחיים” is the Rebbe’s continued guidance and *brachos* even after the *histalkus*. As the Rebbe explains:

1. Selections of sichas Yom Simchas Torah 5716

2. Selections of sichas Tes Vov Tammuz 5745

“There are those who actually see the Rebbe’s continued effect in this world, in their own personal lives. Whether in their material affairs; seeing success in their business, or in their spiritual affairs; experiencing special dreams, feeling a sudden *hirhur teshuvah*, and the like. All of this is the Rebbe’s continued work and effect.

“Anyone who has a mind in his head knows that this is the Rebbe’s doing. We can see the Rebbe’s work clearly in action...”³

With this in mind, as we approach Gimmel Tammuz, we present this second edition of ...דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג.

Like its precursor, this volume collects all the stories recounted by those who merited seeing the Rebbe’s *brachos* in their personal lives after writing to the Rebbe at the Ohel, published over the past year in the monthly Derher magazines.

Every story is related by the one with whom it happened and before being published, they were each verified for the accuracy of every detail.

May the stories that you will read over the next few pages—a mere fraction of the daily occurrences experienced at the Rebbe’s Ohel throughout the year—serve as an inspiration. The small reminder for each of us that רועי ישראל לא יפרדו מעל צאן מרעיתם—the shepherds of the Jewish people will not forsake their flock, *chas v’shalom*. The Rebbe is very much with us; now, more than ever.

And as the Rebbe says of stories of this kind,⁴ the inspiration will prompt action. Our recommittal and devotion to the Rebbe and all his work, most importantly, to conclude the finishing touches of *avodah* in *galus* and bring the *geulah shleima*, now.

3. Shabbos parshas Pinchas 5745

4. Shabbos parshas Bereishis 5715

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Rabbi Tzvi Altein, Director

Editors

Rabbi Eliezer Zalmanov

Rabbi Moshe Zaklikovsky

Advisory Committee

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Rabbi Dovid Olidort

Design

Mendy Drookman

Special thanks to

Rabbi Mendy Weg

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THE GIFT OF SPEECH

AS TOLD BY RABBI MENDEL BENNISH
BROOKLYN, NY

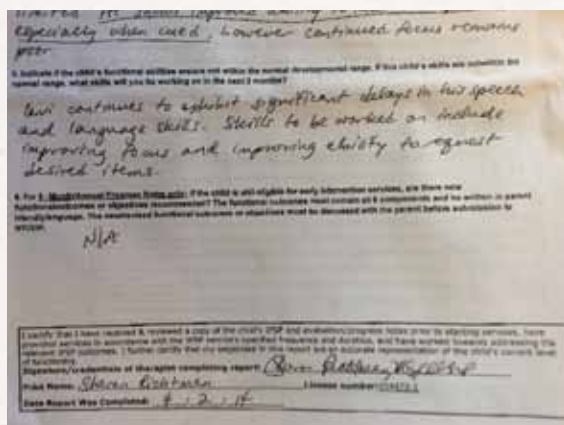
Our first-born son, Levi Yitzchak, came into this world on 8 Teves 5772. By the time he was 18-months-old, it was evident that, developmentally, he was not on par with other children his age.

His speech and communication skills were quite underdeveloped. At age 2-and-a-half, Levi only possessed about twenty consistent words at a time; he would often 'lose' new words, and the rest of the time he jabbered in his own undecipherable language. A child at that age is meant to retain at least 50-100

words in his or her vocabulary, and to string words together to form simple sentences.

In addition to this, Levi also had a difficult time processing simple questions, and providing the correct answer was too hard for him. Even when asked his name or what he did on a particular day, he would ignore the speaker, or at best, repeat back some words of the question in a manner known as "echolalia."

I'm not the type to worry so I wasn't overly concerned, but as time passed my wife grew increasingly apprehensive. We



consulted with doctors and specialists, and we began various therapies; but his speech still did not make any big improvements.

On Gimmel Tammuz 5774 I went to the Ohel and I took Levi, then two-and-a-half, together with me. Leaving at four in the afternoon, we chose to take the bus that was shuttling between Crown Heights and the Ohel throughout the day. After waiting a long while for it to arrive, the bus was stuffy and uncomfortable. By the time we arrived at the Ohel it was already late in the day and Levi was very restless.

Due to the lateness of the hour, and being that I wanted to enter the Ohel before the day ended, we immediately joined the line upon arrival. I didn't have a chance to write a *pan* nor did I manage to properly explain to Levi what we were about to do. As the line inched forward and I prepared myself to enter the Ohel, Levi played quietly in the heat on the ground next to me, occasionally watching the screens that played videos of the Rebbe.

After waiting in line for two hours, I entered the Ohel with Levi in my arms where we spent a few precious moments before being ushered out to make room for the crowds still waiting outside. I proceeded to head back to Crown Heights with a very tired Levi.

That evening we met family for dinner and my wife asked Levi, "Levi, where



did you go today?" No one was expecting any form of an answer, but it was routine to ask Levi stimulating questions, even if they didn't elicit any reaction from him.

We were floored when Levi calmly replied, "To the Rebbe," after which my wife, still shocked, asked, "And what did you do there?" Levi replied, "Daven." Not only had Levi processed the situation on his own and used words he hadn't used before, but even more astonishingly, at 2-and-a-half-years-old he finally understood a question and answered correctly for the first time!

Over the next few weeks, Levi's speech improved drastically, until his communication skills and cognitive abilities were about where a child his age should be.

As mentioned before, I had not written to the Rebbe that day at all but just being in the Rebbe's presence had brought Levi this tremendous *brocha*.

His therapists were astounded and there was no logical explanation for this sudden, dramatic change that seemed to have occurred practically overnight. ①



A CHANGE OF HEART

AS TOLD BY NAFTOLI HERTZ PEWZNER

There is a certain remote city which, due to its small Jewish population, does not have an established Jewish community. With no Jewish infrastructure such as a *shul* or community center, many Jews there felt that in terms of Yiddishkeit they were all alone in an alien environment.

This all changed when in 5771, Merkos Shluchim began visiting regularly to service the community's needs. *Be'ezras Hashem* the shlichus saw great *hatzlacha* and contributed a real sense of Jewish identity, thereby causing great strides by many in *kiyum hamitzvos*. The vast majority of the local Jews participated in the Pesach *sedarim*

and *tefilos* on the Yomim Noraim arranged by the Merkos Shluchim, and before long, a large circle of local Jews took form.

In 5774 I had the *zechus*, along with a friend of mine, Berel Paltiel, to have been assigned to organize the *sedarim* that year in this city. About a month before Pesach we reached out to some of the people to notify them that once again Chabad would be joining their community to celebrate Pesach together. A short while later we received a response from an individual, who has quite a large amount of influence in the community, informing us that it does not seem that there will be an

interest in our programs, and they don't think it would be "worthwhile" for us to come.

We were also informed that they would be arranging their own community *seder* to be held in the very same hall that we had used in previous years. Fortunately though, for matters of convenience, it was scheduled for the third night of Pesach, the first night of Chol Hamoed.

This was rather surprising to me, as I had already gotten to know these Yidden from a previous visit, and in the past they had been very glad to participate in our activities and even assisted in many ways. I wondered how this new attitude would affect the rest of the community; would this undo years of hard work?

However despite the apparent obstacles in our path, we were certain that the shlichus would work out. So, while knowing that we have a delicate task ahead of us, we continued to plan our trip. We explained to them that we still felt it would be worthwhile to come even if it was only for the tourists and a handful of locals that were still interested. In addition, we would also be bringing matzah and other kosher-for-Passover foods, which would only add to the community's holiday experience.

Our flight was scheduled for the Tuesday night before Pesach and of course that day I went to the Ohel. In my *tzetel* to the Rebbe, I described the sensitive situation and asked for a *brachah* that the shlichus should be successful in a manner, completely beyond our expectations. My intention was that although we had complete faith that something would change, I understood that the Rebbe's standard and estimation of *hatzlacha* must definitely stand above and beyond all of my most optimistic dreams.

Moments after I left the Ohel, at 12:52 p.m., I was notified that as I stood in front

of the Rebbe, at 12:46 p.m., we had received an email from this very individual, but this time in an entirely different tone. Suddenly, they were looking forward to meeting us and offering to assist us in any way. Moreover, they had just called our hotel and arranged for us a discount on the hall that we were planning to use for the *seder*! Truly "*od heim midabrim va'ani eshma.*"

Of course seeing how the Rebbe is leading us by the hand in such a clear way, gave us a huge boost and we joyfully finished packing our bags. I even ran out to the store to buy one more bottle of grape juice in preparation for a "packed house."

When we arrived, we came to realize just how deep this change of heart was. For not only did they help with cooking, etc. even more than in the past, they were surprised that I was not expecting it in the first place.

Needless to say, the *sedarim* were very well attended, and the visit as a whole was a great success. Boruch Hashem, in a more recent visit for Pesach 5775 we saw even greater *hatzlacha*. ①







MEDICAL MYSTERY

AS TOLD BY MOSHE GROSSMAN
PHILADELPHIA, PA

I would like to share with you a story which, had it not happened to me, I would have never believed it took place. This story transpired in two segments and by the end I was a changed man.

It all began in the summer of 2014 (5774). My then twenty-eight year old daughter took a trip to Israel with an extended stopover in Spain. Arriving in Israel, she noticed swelling in her right arm which she attributed to a bug bite or something she ate, so naturally, she didn't give it much more thought.

The swelling persisted and on the Sunday she returned to the US she called my cousin, a pediatric oncologist, who, after

hearing the symptoms came to the conclusion that it must be a blood clot and advised her to go immediately to the hospital.

Living in Manhattan, she made her way to the New York University Hospital emergency room, where an ultrasound scan confirmed the blood clot. Strangely enough, her condition was one that usually appears as a result of activities that demand intensive straining of the arm, such as baseball pitching or weight-lifting, neither of which my daughter had ever attempted.

When my daughter notified me she was on her way to the hospital, I immediately dropped everything to join her in



NYU Hospital. The doctors decided on a rather simple operation, which would entail inserting a tube directly into the clot through which a dissolvent medicine would be injected. This would be followed by a CT scan to determine if the blood clot had indeed dissipated. It all sounded rather simple.

The procedure took place on Tuesday. When I went to visit her in the recovery room following the operation, she was suddenly overcome with an intense, excruciating pain in her abdomen and back, causing her body to spasm uncontrollably. The doctors injected her with painkillers and after the pain subsided, she was transferred to the ICU. The tube that was inserted during the procedure needed to be re-opened, as the short passage of time already caused the opening for the dissolvent medicine to close up.

I slept in the hospital that night, and the next morning we were notified that the

treatment for the blood clot would be put on hold because, for no apparent reason, my daughter's kidneys abruptly stopped functioning. The doctors were baffled as to what had caused the kidney failure and very soon every department became involved in her case. She underwent numerous tests but none of the results pointed to anything that could be deemed the source for her kidney failure. In the meantime the doctors began to drip liquids into her body to entice the kidneys to begin working again, and over time her body became bloated from the accumulation of liquids.

At the end of the week they began dialysis in the hope of at least cleaning out the poisons out of her blood stream.

A week and a half on dialysis brought no improvement in my daughter's condition and her situation began to seem hopeless and never-ending.

That was when I received a call from Rabbi Yitzchak Weber, the Chabad shliach in my area. He had heard of our situation and he offered to go with me to the Ohel where I could write to the Rebbe for a blessing for my daughter's recovery. I wasn't the biggest believer but I figured it wouldn't hurt.

Rabbi Weber came to NYU Hospital on Thursday at ten o'clock in the evening, and we drove together to the Ohel. We arrived after midnight. I wrote my request and upon the advice of Rabbi Weber I resolved to begin laying tefillin twice a week.

That Shabbos it was decided that instead of bringing the dialysis machine to her room in the ICU, my daughter would be transferred to the dialysis department where, in addition to convenience, she would also avoid the risk of contracting any of the diseases that might have been more prevalent in the ICU.

On Sunday morning, after two weeks of endless tests, dialysis and IV drips my daughter began showing signs of recovery when she went to the bathroom for the first time in weeks, a clear indication that her kidneys had begun functioning once again just as suddenly as they had collapsed two and a half weeks before.

Over the course of the following week she released twenty eight liters of fluid which her body had accumulated from two weeks of the kidneys not functioning.

She was soon back to normal, and upon being released from the hospital the doctors prescribed oral blood thinners and after nine months the blood clot disappeared.

There is no evident medical explanation, not for her kidney failure nor for her sudden recovery. Although the doctors remain mystified by this medical mystery, I am certainly not, considering the fact that her recovery took place just two days following my visit to the Ohel.



In January 2015 (5775) I was sitting in my office when I suddenly sneezed very hard. I felt a sharp pain on my left side but I attributed it to a pulled muscle and although I was in a lot of pain, I felt better after a few days.

Several days later I was sitting in my office again, when strangely enough the scene repeated itself. The pain I felt wasn't as intense as in the first instance but lo and behold the next morning I noticed a huge bruise on my left side. I visited my doctor who sent me straight to the hospital on suspicion of internal bleeding.

After running some scans and tests the doctors determined that the bruising was a result of an artery I tore when I sneezed.

Alarmingly, the scans pointed to something much greater that had no connection to the bruising. There was an 8.7 centimeter growth on my left kidney, which was releasing blood as well.

In retrospect, the sneezing and bruising was actually an act of divine providence, as it prompted me to have myself examined and thereby uncovering the much greater issue.

After three days in the hospital the doctors informed me that the bleeding had stopped and although I was being released, they advised me to consult with a nephrologist immediately. Upon consulting with one doctor I was told that no biopsy was necessary as there was little chance that the growth was not cancerous and an operation was necessary to remove most, if not all, of the kidney. I asked the doctor if the surgery can wait until after my vacation scheduled a couple months later and he assured me it was okay.

Still, I sought out the opinions of two more specialists, one from the University of Pennsylvania and the other from the Fox Chase Cancer Center, and both concurred that the procedure should take place as soon as possible. I decided to undergo the operation with the Fox Chase medical team and we scheduled for February 12 (Chof-Aleph Teves).

Rabbi Weber, with whom I had grown much closer since the story with my daughter, suggested we go visit the Ohel once more and ask for a *brocha* that all should go well.

Visiting the Ohel, I wrote my note in which I asked the Rebbe for a *brocha* for a complete recovery. In the days leading up to my operation I underwent various tests to monitor the growth in my kidney and it was quickly decided that a full removal of the kidney would be fine as my other kidney was in full working order.



TISHREI 5749, LEVI FREIDIN VIA JEW 252122

At one point, in addition to running tests on my abdomen, the doctor administered a chest scan as well. The results proved to be terrifying. Two lymph nodes, the size of 3 ½ centimeters & 3 centimeters, were detected behind my trachea. This looked very suspicious as it was the exact area to where the cancer from the kidney was most expected to spread. If this was the case then the disease was already in stage four.

At first the doctor was hesitant to specify the implication of this, but upon my insistence to hear a clear prognosis, he informed me that the average life expectancy of a stage four patient was two-and-a-half years...

That night Rabbi Weber called, as he often did, to hear an update of my situation, and when I shared with him the grim prognosis from earlier that day he had one question for me: What exactly had I written in my letter to the Rebbe. When I told him I

had simply asked for a complete recovery he was surprised. "You should have asked for a miracle," he gently chided me. He suggested that I write another note with a request for a miracle, which he then sent with an acquaintance of his to be placed by the Ohel.

The day of my operation arrived. The surgery stretched on for over six hours, much longer than expected. Following the operation, the doctor spoke to my family and explained that everything about the kidney they had extracted screamed cancer, and it was sent for further testing to confirm the expected and seemingly obvious diagnosis. If confirmed, I would have to undergo intensive and lengthy treatment to battle the disease and we could only hope for the best.

After five days of anxious waiting for the lab results, my doctor came back with unbelievable news. The growth was benign! He had made sure the head pathologist himself

thoroughly examined the kidney and lo and behold, not one cancer cell was detected.

I must tell you that when I chose my doctor for this procedure, I made certain to choose from all my options the most experienced and acclaimed. My doctor had personally performed six thousand similar procedures and his medical group at Fox Chase had completed over fifteen thousand such operations. From all these cases he had never seen an instance similar to mine. The size, texture, look and make-up of the growth shouted cancer, but the tests have proven it to be completely clean!

That Thursday I underwent a biopsy to determine whether the lymph nodes detected in my chest scan were infected. Following the test I went home to await the results and I was feeling quite optimistic. I had recovered very well from the surgery the week before and I felt strong and healthy.

The next day a friend came to visit me at home and as I put up the tea kettle to boil I was suddenly attacked by tremendous pain. All at once my hearing dulled, my speech became slurred and I couldn't stand on my feet. I was rushed to the nearest hospital where it was determined that I had suffered three successive mini-strokes.

Astonishingly, I recovered quickly from this as well, and within a week I was back home.

Soon thereafter the results of my biopsy came back clean. The only possible explanation my doctor managed to come up with was that I had truly contracted the disease and in some inexplicable way, my body had absorbed it, a medical phenomenon that defies comprehension.

At that point I was not even surprised as it was evident that I was the beneficiary of extraordinary blessings. Every detail from start

to finish was truly a part of this miraculous tapestry of events, beginning with the sneezing and bruising which, having no connection to my kidney disease, merely served as a warning signal for me to have myself examined, and ending with a clean bill of health despite the grim prognosis of the doctors.

Contemplating all this I was suddenly stunned by a recollection that still makes my hair stand on end every time I think about it. When I had asked the Rebbe for a blessing for my daughter half a year earlier, following her kidney failure, I had written that if necessary, I was ready to sacrifice myself and take her place!

Today I know that one must not ask for such things....

Soon after, I made a dinner to give thanks and celebrate my miracle. At the dinner I announced that I will be travelling to the Ohel to give thanks and express my gratitude to the Rebbe, and I urged that anybody in need of a blessing should join me. I rented a limo bus and we filled it with people.

Since then I have arranged regular trips to the Ohel, accompanying and assisting my acquaintances visiting for the first time.

My parents are holocaust survivors and my father was very anti-religious as a result of his experiences. This is the type of home that I was raised in and without a doubt the episode recounted above has completely changed my outlook on life, imbuing me with an entirely new appreciation and sense for true fulfillment. I now lay tefillin every day, attend *shul* on Shabbos and have wholly dedicated myself to assist Rabbi Weber in building Chabad in our community. **1**



DRASTIC TRANSFORMATION

AS TOLD BY RABBI SHOLOM BER TENENBAUM
GURNEE, IL

It was towards the end of the year of 5774. As we neared the start of a new year, my wife was reaching out to families with which we once had contact, but have since lost touch with over time, to wish them a good new year.

When reaching out to one particular family, who had sent their kids to our Hebrew school, a grandmother picked up the phone; Mrs. Tammy Klein*. She was grateful to be receiving a call from Chabad, as her husband, Richard, had recently

been suffering from a medical issue, and she poured out her heart to my wife.

I made a note on my list to get in touch with this family again at a later date, but I ultimately only reached them after the busy Tishrei season. We set a time to meet, and I sensed that they were looking forward to our meeting.

When we met, Mr. and Mrs. Klein told me what was on their minds. The doctors recently discovered that Richard had a serious heart condition, and it seemed

that he would need to undergo a risky heart transplant. The couple was deeply troubled, both by the shocking news, and by the uncertainty of how to proceed. Should they go ahead with the transplant or not?

They were scheduled an appointment with a cardiologist for a few weeks later, who would assess the situation and help determine how soon he needed the transplant. As the need for transplants is great, and the amount of hearts available is far-less, the list of patients waiting for a transplant is ordered in level of priority, with the most critical cases on the top, and those with longer estimated time to live lower down.

Now, a heart transplant is no simple thing. The procedure involves many risks with tremendous dangers. Mr. and Mrs. Klein were considering if it was even worthwhile to treat the heart condition or just leaving it as is and hoping for the best.

Seeing their troublesome situation, I explained to them that they should write a letter to the Rebbe and send it to be placed at the Ohel. I advised them to write about everything that was going on, and that they should ask for a *brocha* that all cardiac issues be resolved. Additionally, I suggested that they take on a mitzvah, and recommended that they check the mezuzah of their home, as the Rebbe often instructed people in similar situations.

They had never heard of such a concept before, but after I explained it to them, they agreed, and sat down to write a letter in which

they described their situation and asked the Rebbe for a *brocha*. I immediately faxed it to the Ohel. We also gave the mezuzah to a sofer who found that unfortunately it wasn't kosher; a disappointing piece of news for them. I offered to order a new mezuzah for them and they were very grateful.

It was, *baruch Hashem*, a very busy season; I had two weddings to attend out of town, and I only got back to them with the new mezuzah a few weeks later, on Thursday of the Kinus Hashluchim. Tammy told me that since we had sent their letter to the Ohel, she spent time reading about the Rebbe, learning more

about the Rebbe, and watching videos of the Rebbe online. She was very excited to relate to me that although they had never met the Rebbe, she felt a real connection.

In the meantime, the Klein family was understandably nervous as to how the situation would develop. I tried easing their anxiety, saying that they did their part—writing into the Rebbe asking for a *brocha* and fixing their mezuzah—and, G-d willing, it will turn out okay.

I headed straight from this meeting to the airport to fly to New York for the Kinus Hashluchim.

The next day, Friday, he was scheduled to meet the cardiologist to determine how serious his case was and at what level he would be placed on the list to receive a new heart. When I opened my phone on Motzei Shabbos, I saw that I had received a long text message from Mr. Richard:





13 TISHREI 5748. LEVI FREIDIN VIA JEM 15121

“Good news! At this point in time I am not being placed on the transplant list. Physically I am in good health. My stress test results are better than my symptomatic condition indicates. They are going to run another test in order to try and determine where the inconsistency lies. Everything will be reevaluated after the test. Even if I were to be placed on a list I would be a low priority unless my condition were to worsen. The wait would be at least a year plus.

*The Rebbe? Our new mezu-
zah? I am grateful beyond words.”*

When he went for additional testing later that week, it was further confirmed

that the major issue simply disappeared! The doctors had no explanation and could not reconcile their initial concern with what they were now seeing. They saw no need for him to undergo a heart transplant. The situation had transformed for the better, as the difference of night and day.

The Kleins are deeply thankful to the Rebbe, as they witnessed in their own lives how the Rebbe’s *brocha* changed the situation from one extreme to the other. **1**

* Before publishing this story, all the details were once again confirmed for accuracy by the Kleins.



HEADLINE'S ANSWER

AS TOLD BY RABBI SAGI HAR-SHEFER
AND HIS MOTHER DR. TZIPI HAR-SHEFER
NESS ZIONA, ISRAEL

Rabbi Sagi Har-Shefer relates:
On Gimmel Tammuz 5754 I was working in my office, when my neighbor suddenly ran in and told me the terrible news being reported on the radio. I immediately grabbed my tallis, tefillin, and passport, and ran to the airport. I joined the charter flight that had been organized, and went straight to the Ohel.

The next day when I returned from New York, I received a call from my mother. Although she isn't a Lubavitcher, she would always ask the Rebbe for advice when a question arose. She explained to me that she has a

pressing issue at the moment, but now that she doesn't have anyone to ask advice of anymore, she doesn't know what to do. I reassured her that she should write to the Rebbe just like she had always done in the past and surely the Rebbe will find a way to answer her.

Dr. Tzippi Har-Shefer (Rabbi Har-Shefer's mother) elaborates:

Just to provide some background, in the early 1990s I worked for the city of Haifa under Mayor Aryeh Gur'el. I oversaw a project called *Shikum Hash'chunot*—otherwise known as “Project Renewal”—which



was a program for the rehabilitation of distressed, underprivileged communities.

In 1993, Mr. Gur'el lost the elections to Amram Mitzna and it was decided to discontinue this project due to a budget problem. Mr. Mitzna offered me a new job as director of *Beit Hagefen*, which was undergoing management changes at the time. The Beit Hagefen Center is a Jewish-Arab cultural center, which runs joint social and cultural programs for both Jews and Arabs.

I was hesitant about the new job, but time was of essence and I had to make a decision whether I was indeed interested in taking on

this new job opportunity or not. I was afraid that if I declined the offer, I would be out of a job for a while, but I was also hesitant to say yes. In such a situation I would usually write to the Rebbe to get advice, but I felt that since Gimmel Tam-muz, I no longer had whom to turn to. With this dilemma in mind, I called my son Sagi.

Having just returned from New York, I was shocked when he told me to write to the Rebbe! I was very hesitant and skeptical, but I really needed advice about the pending job opportunity so I decided to take my son's suggestion and write to the Rebbe anyway. With reassurance from my son, I wrote down all of my concerns and reservations. After sending the letter to be read at the Ohel, I inserted it into a Tanya that I had at home and awaited what would happen

with a mixture of curiosity and skepticism.

Rabbi Har-Shefer continues:

My mother wrote her letter and I sent it to Rabbi Binyomin Klein, to take to the Ohel. By Wednesday, my mother was already calling me to find out what will be happening now that she wrote to the Rebbe. She couldn't understand how she would ever get an answer, but I told her that we must have some patience and that somehow there will be one.

That Friday, my parents came to my house from Haifa to spend Shabbos with us. After *seudas Shabbos*, my mother went to her

room and suddenly I heard her screaming, “There’s an answer!”

Dr. Har-Shefer explains:

I enjoyed reading a weekly column from the former mayor, Aryeh Gur’el, in the local Haifa newspaper called “*Colbo*”. As a city employee, I particularly enjoyed it, as he primarily discussed local city gossip and the like. That particular week, I opened the newspaper and was surprised to see that Mr. Gur’el’s column—which was usually about the ins and outs of the city—was about the Rebbe!

I was literally shaking when I read the headline, “My Encounters with the Lubavitcher Rebbe.” I was further stunned upon seeing the synopsis of the article, which read:

“ראש העירייה לשעבר,
זכר בפגישותיו עם הרבי... ומג
לה ש... התנגד הרבי בכל תוקף
לקיומו של בית הגפן בחיפה...”

“The former mayor recalls his meetings with the Rebbe, and reveals that... the Rebbe strongly opposed the existence of Beit Hagefen in Haifa.” (See sidebar for a summary of his article).

After reading the headline and subtitle, I immediately realized that I received my answer directly from the Rebbe. I understood that even after Gimmel Tammuz, the Rebbe can still direct me to his answers. Needless to say, I called Mr. Mitzna and told him I would not be accepting this new position. **T**

In the article, Mr. Gur’el describes the two times he had visited the Rebbe. He starts by relating how although his first *yechidus* was scheduled for fifteen minutes, “it lasted two hours,” before going on to note that the Rebbe spoke to him “in four languages; Hebrew, English, Yiddish and French.”

Gur’el writes with amazement how the Rebbe “knew so much about me and my background, and demonstrated tremendous knowledge about what was happening in the city.” But then, Gur’el makes a shocking statement and admission: “At the Rebbe’s request, the contents of this *yechidus* were never made public. Today, however, I am allowing myself to reveal some details.”

According to Gur’el, at first the conversation focused on the educational needs of the people of Haifa, and notes how the Rebbe’s “knowledge of the city, was amazing. . . The Rebbe knew the statistics, the programs, and to this day I can not explain it.”

At one point during the *yechidus*, the conversation turned to the good relations shared between the Jews and Arabs in the city of Haifa, which the Rebbe praised, but then, Gur’el writes: “The Rebbe inquired about Beit Hagefen and spoke strongly against it. When I asked him why, he expressed concern that it could lead to intermarriage...”

Gur’el goes on to give more details of his *yechidus* and concludes that the Rebbe gave him a pair of tefillin as a gift and he gave the Rebbe the medallion of the city of Haifa.









MIRACLE AT MIDNIGHT

AS TOLD BY MRS. BAT-SHEVA LESTER
LEEDS, ENGLAND

Our third child was born on Chof-Ches Sivan 5773. Although pregnancy and labor were as smooth as could be, our new little bundle of joy was blue, and in need of oxygen. The midwife hurriedly took him to get some oxygen and thankfully after a few minutes his normal color returned. We had our cuddles and sent out the text message that everyone dreams of writing, announcing the news that we were once again the proud parents of another boy.

We were moved into the postnatal ward and about four hours after birth, the nurse arrived for a routine check-up. She found that his heart rate and breathing

were quicker than usual and the rasping sounds he produced indicated an unusual amount of mucus in his system.

The nurses grew anxious and took him into a side room to give him more oxygen, and it was then that they figured he possessed some kind of infection. Before I knew it, our baby was whisked away to the high dependency unit (HDU) where he was attached to a ventilator and various other monitors. Needless to say, the emotional strain was difficult to bear.

The situation spiraled rapidly. At first the doctors increased his oxygen intake and when that proved insufficient he was attached to a more powerful machine. This repeated itself



a few times and throughout the day he was transferred from one ventilator to the next.

It was at this point that we began spreading the word, asking people to daven for our baby's speedy recovery.

That night, as I attempted to catch a few hours of much needed rest, two doctors appeared with grim news. Our baby's situation was drastically deteriorating to the point that he was transferred to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU) and placed on life support.

Going to see him for the first time since the change, was heartbreaking.

Two days later, on Erev Shabbos, we sent out a message asking women to daven for a *refuah shleimah* as they lit the Shabbos candles that evening. We also asked some of our acquaintances, who we knew didn't regularly light, to do so this week in our baby's merit.

That Shabbos was Rosh Chodesh Tam-muz and a very good friend of ours, Rabbi Michael Danow,¹ who is a shliach here in

Leeds, had gone to New York to be by the Ohel for Gimmel Tammuz. He was well aware of our situation and assured us that before Shabbos he would enter the Ohel and ask the Rebbe for a *bracha* on our behalf.

Shabbos had begun and our baby was still on life support. The hospital didn't have any stronger machines and if the current one wouldn't be sufficient we would have to be transported by helicopter to a different hospital.

At approximately midnight there was another knock on my door. Seeing my nurse enter the room I was petrified, as over the past few days she had never been the bearer of good tidings...

Instead of relaying another piece of terrible news, she asked if I would like to go and see the baby. She informed me that they were able to reduce the amount of oxygen our baby was receiving through the machine.

Ecstatic, I jumped at the chance to go and witness our baby's improvement, albeit minor, with my very own eyes. From that moment the situation improved tremendously.

By Shabbos morning, the nurses had taken him off life support and were able to use a machine that requires the baby to breathe for himself; and by the end of Shabbos he was back onto the smallest ventilator with a minimal amount of oxygen flow.

That evening we were finally able to hold him for the first time in two days. The doctors were amazed and attested they have never seen such a quick and steady turnaround before!

By Sunday afternoon our baby was no longer on any machines and the doctors had ceased all medications.

In the meantime we were trying to decide on a name for our baby. Names like Nissim and Boruch came up, and we were undecided.

This problem was solved soon enough.

On Sunday evening Rabbi Danow's wife paid us a hospital visit. She related that her husband had entered the Ohel on Erev Shabbos at seven o'clock pm, and as he had promised, he included in his *tzetel* a request for a *bracha* for our baby's complete and speedy recovery.

A quick calculation of the time difference between New York and England brought us to the realization that he had been in the Ohel at the stroke of midnight here in Leeds, precisely the moment our baby had begun his miraculous recovery!

Two days later we were in the transitional ward, and another three days after that we were completely discharged from the hospital. Now arrangements for his *bris* were able to take place.

After such a miracle there was no more doubt as to the name we would bestow upon our new child. One week from that Sunday a belated *bris* and *seudas hodaah* for our precious Menachem Mendel took place. **1**

1. Rabbi Danow was contacted by the Chassidisher Derher Magazine and he verified the details of this story.





AMERITED SHIDDUCH

AS TOLD BY RABBI LEIBISH LANGER

A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE BORO PARK JEWISH COMMUNITY

Among the various things I enjoy doing is speaking for children and inspiring them with stories and *divrei hisorerus*. In 5764 I was asked to take part in the annual Lag B'omer parade here in Boro Park, arranged by Lubavitch, and speak for the children.

I readily agreed but when some of my acquaintances got wind of this, they expressed their dismay that I had agreed to speak at a Lubavitch event. I conferred with the rov of my shul, Horav Moshe Wolfson (himself a great friend of Lubavitch), and he insisted that I must not forego the opportunity to inspire Yiddishe children.

One Shabbos, shortly before Lag B'omer, a group of people approached me in shul in middle of davening and called me outside. They threatened that if I would speak at the upcoming parade, it would not be good for me. Unfazed, I firmly replied that I was acting upon the advice of my rov and if they had an issue they could speak to him. As far as I was concerned I was not going to change my mind.

I indeed spoke at the parade which, as every year, turned out to be a beautiful event and a tremendous *kiddush Hashem*.

Boruch Hashem I experienced no further harassment.

Fast forward to Erev Rosh Hashanah of the same year. I was returning with my son from a visit to the *kevarim* of my parents. As we passed Springfield Boulevard, my son mentioned that the Rebbe's Ohel was close by. As he had never been to the Ohel, he expressed a desire to pay a visit and spend some time there. Of course on a day as auspicious as Erev Rosh Hashanah, it sounded like an excellent opportunity for both of us.

As we arrived, I reminded myself of a dilemma I was currently facing. For approximately a year's time we had been seeking a *shidduch* for my daughter. Starting out with a list of twenty five excellent prospects, we worked our way through the options and slowly, whether it was from our side or the others', the list had dwindled. By the time Erev Rosh Hashanah came around we were left with absolutely nothing.

Sukkos was soon approaching and being that it is a prime time in our community for *shidduchim* (as this was when the *bochurim* were generally home for *bein hazmanim*), I was concerned with our present state of affairs.

Before entering the Ohel I wrote a short *tzetel* and included the above-mentioned predicament, requesting a *bracha* for a speedy solution.

In the Ohel I recited some Tehillim and in my heart I pleaded to the Rebbe that in the merit of the way I had stood for the honor of Lubavitch in general, and for the Rebbe's *kavod* in particular, at the previous year's Lag B'omer parade, my daughter should find a *shidduch* very soon and with ease.

Arriving home exhausted and with a few hours to spare till yom tov, I lay down for a short nap. When I awoke my daughter informed me that Asher Hornig had called for me. He was a friend of mine who regu-



larly sat next to me in shul and as I would be seeing him by davening that night I didn't think it was urgent to return the call.

At five o'clock he called again. Breathlessly he informed me that he had a *shidduch* proposal for my daughter, which he insisted I investigate that very day. The *bochur's* name was Yitzchok Meir Horowitz, the son of a mutual associate of ours, but for some reason it had never crossed my mind.

Although the idea sounded good, I couldn't understand the caller's urgency. When I asked him why it couldn't wait until that night when we could talk in person, he said he couldn't explain it but from the moment he came up with the suggestion he felt a strange impulse to get it off his chest immediately, before the start of the new year.

Still baffled, I thanked him and made a note to pursue the matter immediately after yom tov. Indeed I met with the father of the boy and we agreed to go ahead. Boruch Hashem everything went smoothly and by Chol Hamoed Sukkos my daughter became a *kallah*.

It was then that it struck me; Asher Hornig's first call had come a mere hour after I emerged from the Ohel. Truly, this *shidduch* has come about as a result of the Rebbe's *bracha*!

Boruch Hashem they have been married now for ten years, and they and their wonderful family continue to serve as a never-ending source of true *Yiddishe nachas*. ①



UNSOLICITED DONATION

AS TOLD BY RABBI TUVIA TELDON
LONG ISLAND, NY

My wife and I set out on Shlichus in Tishrei of 5738. We were full of idealism and energy, and we immediately threw ourselves into the task at hand. As it often happens, I managed to rack up a bit of debt over the first few years but that didn't deter me in the slightest; however as the years moved on my balance grew.

Everyone has their limit of what they can handle and by 5757 I was definitely pushing mine. I had slid so deep, and it seemed that

the only direction I was going was further and deeper down. The potential consequences both for us personally and for our shlichus and community seemed devastating.

I went to the Ohel and poured out my heart like never before, begging the Rebbe to save me and pull me out of my seemingly hopeless predicament. I left the Ohel with a lighter heart.

On that very same day I had three routine fundraising calls scheduled, the largest

STATEMENT OF TITLE CLOSING

CONGREGATION LUBAVITCH OF LONG ISLAND

11500 NORTON AVENUE, SUITE 200
ROCKY HILLS, CONNECTICUT 06067
(860) 261-1100

350 Veterans Memorial Highway, Commack, New York
American Land Title

RABBI TELDON, For Seller
ROBERT A. BRAUN, Atty. for Seller

ROBERT A. BRAUN, Atty. for Seller
ROBERT A. BRAUN, Atty. for Seller

PAT KELLY, Rep. for Title Company



donation of the three standing at five hundred dollars a year. Still standing outside the Ohel Chabad House, just minutes after exiting the Ohel I placed the first call. Getting through to my donor, we got into a light conversation and after a few minutes, he invited me over to his office as he had something of importance to discuss with me. Still under the effect of my time in the Ohel a few short moments ago, I had a strong feeling of expectancy and wondered if perhaps the Rebbe's *yeshua* had already begun to materialize.

When I arrived at his office a short while later, he explained to me that as an accountant by profession, he had advised a few of his clients to buy a small number of condos some years earlier. Due to the current tax laws, he calculated that it would be profitable for them to now donate the units to charity and he figured that Chabad would be a worthy recipient. He even offered to take care of all the legal work and the subsequent sales on our behalf. This was way beyond anything I had ever dreamed of!

The condos, twelve in all, brought in approximately three hundred thousand

dollars, lightening the load enough for the *mosad* to stretch its limbs and begin the climb upward. This boost propelled our shlichus forward and even allowed us to bring more shluchim to Long Island.

After the transactions went through and all the properties successfully sold, I asked the accountant how it had occurred to him to direct these donations to us in the first place. Although he had always been friendly with Lubavitch, I knew he was quite involved with other Jewish organizations, beginning with his own shul, in which he served as an officer on the board. He answered that he really hadn't considered it before I called him and the thought just popped into his head as we were chatting...

Years later he confided that looking back, he can't help but be amazed at how smooth the entire process went. Ordinarily there is so much legal and financial footwork involved that there is always bound to be many complications along the way. Yet somehow, in our case there were no difficulties whatsoever.

The Rebbe's *bracha* has taken our shlichus a very long way and it still resonates to this very day. **1**



THE UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR

AS TOLD BY REB TZVI DOV (BEREL) GROSS
BORO PARK, NY

Approximately three years ago my financial situation took a terrible downturn. I was out of a job and I could not afford my monthly rent, and after four months of being unable to pay, I racked up a bill of four thousand dollars. Not having the means to pay even a fraction of the money, my family faced imminent eviction. The thought of being left out on the street without a roof over our heads had me completely distraught. Still I kept my predicament to myself and shared with virtually no one.

Late one Thursday night I drove with a friend to the Ohel to seek out the Rebbe's *bracha*. We arrived after eleven o'clock and

as my partner was in a hurry, I spent no more than five minutes inside the Ohel.

I poured out my heart, begging the very Heavens for a miracle that would save me and my family from our plight. With a considerably lighter heart I returned with my friend to Boro Park.

Instead of going home, I made my way directly to the large Belzer shul on the





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corner of 15th and 51st, where I regularly attended a Thursday night *shiur* on the entire weekly *sedra* with *pirush Rashi*. It was already twelve thirty when I walked in and the *shiur* was nearing its end.

I was immediately approached by an acquaintance of mine and fellow *shiur* attendee, Reb Shea Shapira.

In a conversation with the Derher Magazine, Reb Shea shared his part:

It was in the middle of our late Thursday night *shiur* in the upstairs of the Belzer *beis medrash* when a man who appeared to be a Satmar Chosid strode in and inquired as to the whereabouts of Reb Berel Gross, a regular *shiur* attendee. I got up to check if he was perhaps in another part of the building and when I couldn't find him, the man—whom I had previously met on a few occasions and knew him only by the name Landau—handed me a thick sealed envelope and asked me to ensure at all costs that Reb Berel personally receives it.

When Reb Berel showed up an hour later I dutifully handed him the envelope and briefly told him what had happened.

Reb Berel continues:

Reb Shea handed me a thick envelope and told me someone had come an hour ago and delivered it for me. I went off to the side to inspect the mysterious envelope's contents and lo and behold the envelope contained a wad of bills amounting to three thousand dollars, enough to cover three quarters of the debt I owed my landlord!

Utterly shocked, I rushed back to Reb Shea and interrogated him as to the identity of my mysterious benefactor; but other than the fact that his last name was Landau, he himself didn't know much about him. I personally was not acquainted with anyone by the name Landau, and I certainly could not fathom how he would possibly be aware of my predicament as I had told almost nobody about it.

A quick calculation brought me to the realization that this stranger had delivered the envelope a mere fifteen minutes after I left the Ohel. The next few days I went about in a mixture of disbelief and immense joy at meriting such a swift *yeshua* from the Rebbe. ①





A TIMELY PLEDGE

AS TOLD BY RABBI ELIEZER SNEIDERMAN
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

I merited to serve as the Rebbe's shliach to the University of Delaware for 23 years. I have always attempted to keep a connection with the students I come in contact with, even after they graduate and move on in their lives. So was true with Jason¹. Even as he graduated, started a family and began his career working as an agent for a large Manhattan firm, we kept in touch and spoke often.

One day Jason called with some upsetting news. He explained to me that employees in the business in which he works are

paid a commission from each new client they acquire for the company. Due to the (then) recent market collapse of 2008, business was slow but worse was the fact that he personally had not managed to pick up a single client the entire year. He was sure his days at the firm were numbered.

Of course I had no business advice for him but I immediately offered to drive up to New York the following day and take him to the Rebbe's Ohel, a proposal he couldn't refuse.

The very next day I drove the two hours to Manhattan, fetched Jason from his office and together we made our way to the Ohel.

After visiting the *mikveh* we sat down to write our *pa”nim*. Jason asked the Rebbe for a *bracha* and included a pledge to support our Chabad House when his business turns around.

That very week Jason received his first client and from then on business never stopped. By the end of the year he received the company award for acquiring the most clients throughout the entire business.

He made it a point to share the secret to his success with his fellow employees and the next time I visited him at the firm, I actually noticed that many of his non-jewish co-workers had pictures of the Rebbe in their offices.

Still, I never heard a word about the pledge of support he had made at the Ohel and obviously I was loath to remind him.

Three years later I was in a low place financially and in desperate need of immediate funds to pay some pressing expenses. Sitting in my office one day I decided to write a letter to the Rebbe online to be printed and brought into the Ohel. After tearfully reciting Tehillim for some time I wrote my *pa”n* requesting a *bracha* that would allow me to continue my shlichus.

Two minutes after sending my *pa”n* I received a surprise phone call from Jason requesting that I come visit him in his of-



fice as soon as I could make it. Not sure what to expect, I rode the bus to Manhattan the following morning and took a taxi from the station directly to his office.

After exchanging greetings, Jason ushered me in and without further ado, handed me a package containing a very substantial sum of money. I was speechless. Noticing the astonishment on my face Jason exclaimed: “I told the Rebbe I would take care of you!” **T**

1. Real name withheld upon request



THE LETTER

AS TOLD BY RABBI ZALMAN FARKASH
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

I want to tell you a story that I myself experienced on Sunday, 20 Sivan, 5775 (June 7th, 2015).

On the previous Thursday, I left my home in Buenos Aires to travel to Seattle, Washington where my niece was to be married. I took the opportunity to depart early and first fly to New York and spend some time at the Ohel.

A dear friend of mine by the name of Mendel Chaim gave me a ride to the airport. He is a cancer survivor. Baruch Hashem, he is alive and well. However the terrible illness impaired his ability to father children.

As we navigated the teeming streets of Buenos Aires, Mendel Chaim told me that he and his wife were considering adoption. “We just don’t know how to proceed,” he said. “On one hand, we’d prefer to adopt a Jewish child. On the other hand, it’s not easy to find a Jewish baby in need of a home. We’re considering adopting a non-Jewish child, converting him or her as a baby, and then raising him or her as Jewish. We’ve spoken to many rabbonim and received a number of different answers, and we just don’t know what to do...”



Before I got out of the car, Chaim Mendel gave me his mother's Hebrew name and asked that I daven for him and his wife at the Ohel. Of course I agreed.

On Friday, I arrived in New York with plans to remain there until Sunday evening when I'd catch my connecting flight to Seattle. I entered the Ohel on Friday and on Motzaei Shabbos and on both occasions I mentioned my friend and his situation.

On Sunday morning, I sat in the shul near the Ohel learning a maamor. As I studied, the room filled up and people began to daven shachris. One of them was a middle-aged man who had come with a younger man. I observed that the older man was saying *kaddish yasom* at the appropriate places in the davening—nothing unusual for a man of that age.

Shacharis ended and I was still studying, completely engrossed in my *sefer*. Suddenly the man turned to me, dug his hand into the velvet tallis bag and pulled out a folded yellowing piece of paper.

"Here," he said, "have a look at what it says here; I'm sure you'll find it interesting."

Not sure what else to do, I gingerly took the slip of paper, unfolded it, and began to read.

The page was a copy of a typed letter from the Rebbe dated 17 Iyar 5718 on the topic of . . . adoption!

In the letter, the Rebbe advises the man and his wife to seek out a child in need of a home from a large, impoverished Jewish family. The Rebbe also advised the prospective adoptive parents to increase





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in their mitzvah observance in advance of the new addition to their family.¹

I was shocked. I asked the man if I could perhaps snap a picture with my phone, but he refused. When I told him about the conversation I had with my friend on the way to the airport, he agreed on the condition that I would not photograph the family name written on the top of the letter.

He then told me the story of the letter:

“The Rebbe sent this letter to my father. My parents had been without children for many years and wanted to adopt. Unsure of what to do, my father turned to the renowned *posek* Rabbi Moshe Feinstein who suggested that he write to the Rebbe for advice.

“The Rebbe advised my parents to look for a Jewish child in need of a home, and I am that child. My father passed away almost a year ago, and today is the last day that I am saying kaddish for him.

“I’m not sure why,” he concluded, “but after I said the final kaddish, I felt a strong urge to show you this letter.”

The Rebbe had found his way to answer Mendel Chaim and his wife. **1**

1. The Rebbe’s view on adoption is nuanced and multifaceted. The different answers the Rebbe gave in this regard vary depending on the situation. It’s important to bear in mind that the Rebbe said, that an answer to one is not necessarily applicable to another. See also Shulchan Menachem vol. 6 p. 38.



THE AUSPICIOUS SALE

AS TOLD BY ISRAEL SHUDLER
CHICAGO, IL

I emigrated with my family from Russia to Israel in 1990 and fourteen years later, in 2004, I moved to Chicago.

About five years ago, in 2010, I decided to go into the food business, something I had already been involved in while living in Israel. I rented a storefront in the French Market in downtown Chicago, which was owned by a French Jew named Mr. Besidon, and opened a restaurant called Presto where my son and I sold Shwarma, Falafel and other Israeli cuisine. The business continued successfully.

One Friday two yeshiva students stopped by my store and I called out to them a hearty Shabbat Shalom. Surprised, they inquired whether I was Jewish and when I replied in the affirmative, they asked me if I would like to lay tefillin, to which I readily agreed.

They explained that they were from the local Chabad yeshiva and visited many Jewish stores in the area every Friday to offer local Jewish men an opportunity to lay tefillin.

Yisroel Bressinger and Avraham Baron began to visit me each week and a warm friendship soon developed. They would stop by for a few minutes to chat, say a few words on the weeks' *parsha*, wrap tefillin and occasionally, even pull me in to dance to a joyful Jewish tune.

In the meantime the business began to take a toll on me. Two years had passed and although we weren't doing too badly, the work entailed in managing the restaurant proved to be too much for me so I decided to sell off the whole business. I posted ads in the local papers and I also relied on



word of mouth, but there was no interest. Six months went by with not an ounce of progress and I grew very impatient.

I even began to consider closing shop without selling, even though this course of action would result in great financial loss.

At this point I planned an extended trip to visit my family in Israel. I booked a ticket for February and made the trip my deadline. If nobody would buy the restaurant before my trip I would close down the eatery and relinquish my renter's contract. The strain and frustration was taking a toll on me and although I would lose a lot of money, there was no way I could continue to manage the business like this.

One day, about two weeks before the cutoff date, my two yeshiva friends pleasantly surprised me and showed up to my store in middle of the week. When I asked them what the change in schedule was all about, they explained that they would be travelling to New York for the weekend together with their entire yeshiva [for Yud Shevat -ed.] and, not wanting to skip their weekly visit, they decided to come around earlier.

After wrapping tefillin and chatting a little, they let me know that many of the people they

visited weekly were sending with them letters to the Rebbe which they would bring to the Ohel. Of course I had heard of the Rebbe and even knew a story that had happened with a friend of mine with whom I worked together in the food business back in Israel. My friend had related that for years he and his wife had been childless until they went to the Rebbe to receive a dollar and a blessing, and they were blessed with children. I also knew of the Rebbe's legendary love and care toward every Jew, regardless of background and affiliation. I was overjoyed by the boy's suggestions and felt moved that one could still have the opportunity to write to the Rebbe today.

I sat down and wrote a letter describing in detail the struggles with my business venture and my attempts at selling it. I wrote how I wasn't able to handle the stress and strain the business was having on me so I asked the Rebbe to please help me sell the business. The boys took my letter and went on their way.

Two days later a Mexican man entered my store and inquired as to whether I was selling the business. He must have seen the sign outside and he wanted to negotiate the price. I told him I was ready to give him a good deal as my deadline was two weeks away and I wanted the transaction to be quick and easy. He told me he would think about it.

The following day he returned and agreed to my terms and conditions. We drew up a contract and within two days, just days before my "cutoff" date, the transaction was complete with the full sum deposited in my account.

I couldn't believe my good fortune. For over six months I had tried in every way possible to sell off my business with zero success, and within a few days after writing to the Rebbe, I had made the sell from start to finish! **T**

מוקדש לחיזוק ההתקשרות לנשיא דורנו
כ"ק אדמו"ר זצוקללה"ה נבג"מ זי"ע
בקשר עם יום ההילולא ג' תמוז

•
ולעילוי נשמת

הרה"ח הרה"ת

ר' מנחם מענדל ע"ה

בהרה"ח הרה"ת ר' בן ציון ע"ה שד"ר

נלב"ע י"ג ניסן, ה'תשס"ו

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