



ואה שאקשה הלא אלה
 צתה לשמור את כל מצות מצאור הפע
 כמים סבב דהנהגה - אם יעצור חפץ
 דהתגשמות אלו, אלו - רשק רש דבתי היצר,
 וישת השאה על ציון פה מצאור הפע
 וועט בער רדי געפונען א וועג ווי ער
 13 עטבערן

דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

THE REBBE WILL FIND A WAY

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

COMPILED FROM **Derher**

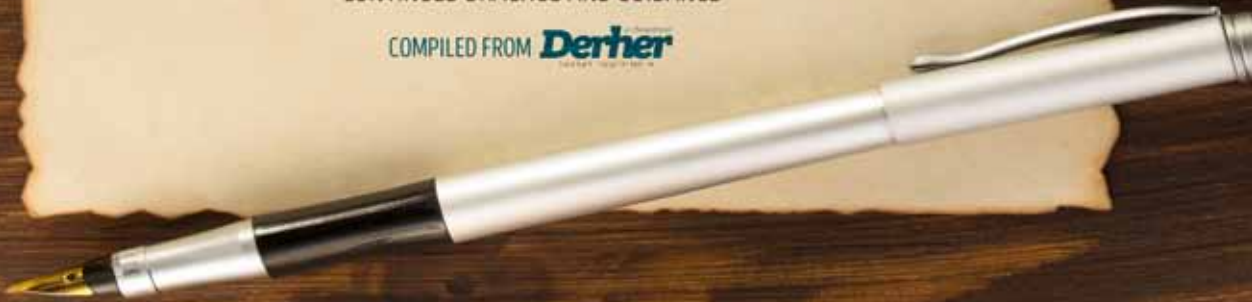




Table of Contents

OPEN EYES8

Rabbi Eliezer Tunk

A CLEAN BILL10

Phillip (Pinchas) Elijah

OUR SPECIAL CONNECTION..... 14

Rabbi Zalman Drizin

PERFECT TIMING.....17

Rabbi Yossi Marrus

THE RIGHT AMOUNT 20

Rabbi Eliezer Zalmanov

A SNOWY FEEL.....24

Rabbi Yitzi Steiner

A MEZUZAH AND A CITY.....28

Rabbi Yisroel Aryeh Leib Rabinovich

IN THE NICK OF TIME32

Rabbi Elie Filler

NO NEED FOR SURGERY34

Rabbi Noam Cohen

THE ELUSIVE PROPERTY 36

Rabbi Yossi Biston

IT WAS G-D!..... 40

Rabbi Yossi Marozov

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.

BRING it HOME!

A CHASSIDISHER DERHER

available in stores, or delivered to your door!



» www.Derher.org/subscribe

Foreword

As we approach Gimmel Tammuz, we present another edition of “דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...” Similar to the past editions of this booklet, it collects the contemporary stories from the past year’s monthly Derher magazines of brachos and yeshuos from the Rebbe. The title is based on the Rebbe’s famous words to a Chossid who asked how one can receive guidance from the Rebbe after the histalkus:

“...If you will remain steadfast in your hiskashrus to him, without paying attention to the arguments of the yetzer hara, and you will send your question to the Ohel of my father-in-law, the Rebbe; the Rebbe will find a way to answer you...”

These stories are all related by people who personally experienced these brachos in their lives after writing to the Rebbe at the Ohel. Before being published, they were each verified for the accuracy of every detail.

For a detailed overview on the nature and importance of these stories, see the “foreword” to the first two editions of this booklet.

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 of that רועי ישראל לא יפרדו מעל צאן מרעיתם that the shepherds of the Jewish people will not forsake their flock, chas v’shalom. The Rebbe is very much with us; now, as ever.

The Editors
כ"ח סיון ה'תשע"ז

A Chassidisher Derher Magazine is a publication geared toward Bochorim, published and copyrighted by Vaad Talmidei Hatmimim Haolami.

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



Vaad Talmidei Hatmimim
Rabbi Tzvi Altein

Director
Rabbi Yossi Kamman

Editor in chief
Rabbi Mendel Jacobs

Editors
Rabbi Eliezer Zalmanov
Rabbi Moshe Zaklikovsky

Advisory Committee
Rabbi Mendel Alperowitz
Rabbi Dovid Olidort

Design
Rabbi Mendy Drookman

Special thanks to
Rabbi Mendy Weg
Rabbi Mendel Gourarie
Rabbi Elkanah Shmotkin
Rabbi Levi Treitel

Printed by
The Print House

Reproduction of any portion of this Magazine is not permissible without express permission from the copyright holders, unless for the use of brief quotations in reviews and similar venues.

Submit your questions and comments:
Call: (718) 305 6859
Email: Feedback@derher.org

To subscribe, order a copy, or access back issues visit us at www.derher.org

נא לשמור על קדושת הגליון





OPEN EYES



*As told by **Eliezer Tunk**
Morristown, NJ*

Our dear daughter Zelda Rochel was born on 22 Adar II, 5776. According to the standard physical exam they ran within the first 24 hours, she was completely healthy.

Six days later we paid our first visit to a pediatrician in Crown Heights and to our horror, a quick examination of her eyes raised suspicion that our daughter may have been born with a cataract.¹ Although cataracts are very common in aging adults—cataract surgery is one of the most commonly performed operations in the United States—cataracts in

newborns and children are relatively rare, affecting only 3 out of 10,000 children.

Our pediatrician referred us to a Manhattan-based medical practice called Pediatric Ophthalmic Consultants where Dr. Marc Lustig ran the full gamut of tests on our daughter. Fundus photography² clearly determined that indeed Zelda Rochel had been born with a double cataract in her left eye.³

Surgery was required to remove the clouded natural eye lens and replace it with an artificial one. Usually surgery is performed

within six weeks of birth but because our case wasn't so severe, he felt we could wait six months before going ahead with the procedure. In the meantime the situation would be monitored with monthly examinations.

We were due to spend Pesach in England but before we left we paid a visit to the Ohel where we asked the Rebbe for a *bracha* that her condition should remain stable and the surgery be pushed off as much as allowed.

Upon returning from England, we once again visited Pediatric Ophthalmic Consultants where Zelda Rochel underwent her monthly examination. A different doctor performed the check-up and although no pictures were taken, she confirmed that surgery was still required and urged that it take place imminently.

We grew increasingly anxious at the thought of our precious little baby going under the surgical blade. We once again visited the Ohel where we implored the Rebbe for our child to be healthy. We also looked for a second medical opinion as per one of the Rebbe's well known instructions regarding medical diagnoses and treatments.

A few weeks later we were by our pediatrician who, upon completing the routine exam, told us that it seems to him the cataract had

considerably faded, but as he doesn't specialize in the field, he couldn't be certain.

We became hopeful and at our next appointment with Dr. Lustig ten days later, on



Yud-Gimmel Sivan, more pictures were taken of the eye.

The results were truly astonishing. Comparing the new pictures with those taken a couple months prior, it was abundantly clear that the cataract had disappeared! We were overjoyed at the news that our daughter was healthy and wouldn't require surgery of any kind.

Most amazed was Dr. Lustig, who had never encountered such a phenomenon throughout his career as a specialist in this field, and he was at a total loss as to what had caused this miraculous recovery.

Of course we have no doubt that it is only due to the Rebbe's *brachos* that this wondrous miracle was wrought. **1**

A CLEAN BILL



*As told by **Phillip (Pinchas) Elijah**
Chicago, IL*

I was born in Iraq to a Jewish mother and non-Jewish father. I have lived in many countries and cities before coming to Chicago, but it is really my spiritual journey that has been long and winded, up until a couple years ago when I reconnected with Yiddishkeit.

I have grown close with many in the Jewish community here, particularly with Chabad Rabbis Boruch Epstein and Shalom Gurewicz.

This particular story begins seven years ago. I was visiting a friend when my abdomen was

suddenly wracked with a terrible pain that had me convulsing on the floor. My friend rushed me to the hospital where they ran some tests and, not finding anything, I was sent home with a suggestion that I go for a more thorough checkup. The pain soon subsided and I never looked into it any further. My life moved on and the incident was soon forgotten.

Early last year a strange thing began to occur. My spleen became extremely enlarged over a period of a few months and was causing

me terrible pain. The idea of going to a hospital terrified me so I continued to push it off despite the persistent urgings of Rabbi Shalom and others. One Shabbos, as I was leaving my house for shul, I collapsed in tremendous pain. Struggling to breathe, I dragged myself to bed with great difficulty, certain that I was undergoing a heart attack. After a while my situation improved considerably but I knew something was terribly wrong.

On Motzei Shabbos I received many messages from concerned friends who hadn't seen me in shul that day. When I told them what had happened they declared that there was no more pushing off going to the hospital. The very next morning my good friend, Chananya Ehrenreich, drove me to the emergency room at Evanston Hospital where the doctors ran many tests on me. When they were finished we were left to wait as they examined to pictures and results for a diagnosis. The wait dragged on for hours, filling me with a sense of foreboding.

The grim look on the doctor's face when he finally appeared gripped me with fear. He said he has good news and bad news. The bad news was that I had cancer. The good news, he informed me, was that I had a 1% chance to live...

It seems the cancer had slowly been growing for seven years and it had spread throughout my entire body. With cancer at stage 4.3 I had 6-12 months to live.

I was sent to more doctors and specialists and more tests were run to determine the cause and its effect. Everyone came to the same conclusion. The last doctor I spoke to was a man by the name of Dr. Greenblatt. After examining the x-rays and all the previous test results, he decided to take me under his care.



I was devastated. For two weeks I stayed home wallowing in despair, not even leaving the house to attend shul on Shabbos. I couldn't understand why now that I had found Yiddishkeit and every day of my life had become a blessing, Hashem was doing this to me. Together with the decline of my physical health, my emotional well-being was in tatters.

I had been diagnosed for about a month when I was suddenly hit by an idea like a bolt from the blue. Half a year prior, Rabbi Epstein had taken a group of us to the Ohel and it was like nothing I had ever experienced before; I decided I would return someday. Recalling that experience, I was filled with an intense longing to visit the Ohel and pour out my heart before the Rebbe and request his holy blessing. I wasn't sure how I would make the trip but I was determined to find a way.

A short time passed and one day my friend Chananya called me with an offer. He was planning to drive to New York for his niece's wedding and he thought it would be good for me to get out and enjoy myself a little, so he proposed that I come along. Realizing the divine providence, I immediately seized on the opportunity. I told Chananya that I was willing to come on condition that we first stop at the Ohel on our way into New York. Chananya was very skeptical about such things, aside for



the fact that it would add much travel time, so at first he resisted. When he realized I was adamant though, he relented.

We drove for most of the night and arrived at the Ohel at four o'clock in the morning. I was euphoric. With mounting excitement I prepared myself to enter the Ohel. I prepared my *siddur* and removed my shoes in the tent and went out to the path leading to the Ohel. I noticed two people entering the Ohel and as I wanted to be alone with the Rebbe, I waited for them to leave.

Finally the moment came when I entered the Ohel alone. I cannot adequately describe the feeling that washed over me as I prayed like never before. I left the Ohel completely shaken and filled with a strange sense of transformation. For the remainder of the ride I didn't utter a word but I was certain everything would somehow work out.

Upon returning from New York my chemotherapy treatments began. I also went back to work and started going to shul again and in general I tried to make the most of each day.

By the fourth session of chemotherapy in June of last year, they decided to run more scans and tests. Dr. Greenblatt spent some time studying the results and returned incredulous. He announced that the scans show that my body had entirely rid itself of the cancer. Not a shadow of the illness remained! Additional scans and supervision, which concluded in August, confirmed that I was completely healthy.

I will never forget those moments with the Rebbe and the certainty of his blessing that continued to accompany me until the day I received a clean bill of health and beyond. **T**



OUR SPECIAL CONNECTION



As told by **Rabbi Zalman Drizin**
Brooklyn, NY

I used to give a weekly shiur at a family business on Coney Island Avenue; a phone motor business, owned by an individual named Mr. Shlomo Shemiah and his two brothers.¹

Every week when I would arrive, the brothers would encourage all of their employees—about twenty in total, all of them Yidden—to take a break from their work and listen to the message that I gave over.

Now, the Rebbe says that the reason Chassidus is called *Divrei Elokim Chaim*, and the act of spreading Chassidus *hafatzas hamaayanos*, is because it has to be with a *lebedikeit*—like a *maayan*, a spring. I didn't just show up, say

a *vort*, and leave. I tried to give it over with *chayus*, conveying a powerful message each time, and in such a manner, it has an effect on the listener. The fellows in the office responded very well, and it was clear that they enjoyed the weekly dose of Yiddishkeit and Chassidus during a busy day of materialism.

Over time they developed a liking to me, and more importantly, a trust developed between us, and after about a year, Shlomo called me aside and confided in me.

He told me that he had been married for a number of years but he and his wife were not able to conceive. They had been involved in various fertility treatments for a period of



time, spending tens of thousands of dollars, but to their consternation, none of them produced the anticipated results.

Hearing his predicament, the first thing that came to my mind was to check his tefillin and mezuzos, but Shlomo assured me that they had all been checked and were perfectly kosher.

I told him what he needs to do is to go to the Rebbe and ask for his *bracha*, and we will definitely see a *yeshua*. He always heard me talking about the Rebbe, so he understood what I was saying. But before doing so, I told him, he has to fulfill the Rebbe's directives, and in this case, there was one specifically pertaining to the success of his marriage.



I myself am married to a *bas Kohen*, and before my wedding, I became well acquainted with the many letters of the Rebbe, in which he quotes the *halacha* that if an *am ha'aretz* married a *bas Kohen*, “*ein zivugam oileh yafeh*”—the marriage does not go well, *chas veshalom*. The Rebbe therefore instructs those *chassanim* to master at least one complete *masechta*, even if it will be only a small one, like *Maseches Kallah*.

Shlomo's wife is also a *bas Kohen*, so my suggestion to him was that we should learn *Maseches Kallah* together, and upon concluding it, we would go together to the Rebbe to ask for a *bracha*.

He agreed to go along with my plan. Over the next few weeks, he came over to my house to learn, and after a few sessions we completed the *masechta*.

We then prepared for our trip to the Ohel. He had never been to the Ohel before, so in the duration of the trip I explained to him the meaning of what he was about to do. We are not simply going to a *kever* of a *tzaddik*, I told

him. There are *kevarim* of holy men all over the world, but here we are going to a *lebedike* Rebbe, whom we are going to connect with. In other words, I gave him the full 101 training of a *Chossid*.

We arrived. He wrote a *pan* for a long time. I told him to picture the Rebbe's holy face in his mind, and he went into the Ohel. Afterwards, I asked him how he felt and he replied that he felt an energy that he had never felt before. I also felt that something special had occurred, and I waited to see how events would play out.

Over the next few months I didn't see him often. His business underwent a transition and they couldn't hold the weekly lessons during that period of time.

About five months later, he called me with the good news; his wife was expecting a child. He told me that the good news had arrived only weeks after our visit to the Ohel.

His wife gave birth to one child, and then to another. He now has four daughters. He later told me, in his own words, “I think about the Rebbe every day; there is no way I can forget.”

1

1. The details of this story have been confirmed by Mr. Shamiah as well.

PERFECT TIMING



As told by Rabbi Yossi Marrus

S. Antonio, Texas

On 12 Cheshvan 5759, we welcomed a new addition to our family, our dear son Mendel. However, to actually give him that name was no easy feat. We first needed to organize a *bris*, with all of the myriad of details involved. Any *bris* requires preparation, but in S. Antonio, a *bris* comes with additional complications: namely, obtaining the services of a *mohel*.

The *mohel* (from Houston) that usually performs *brissin* in our community was out of the country. The closest available *mohel* I could

find, was located in Los Angeles, an expensive, last-minute flight away.

Left without options, I booked the flight, but I realized that the cost of the *bris* had just doubled. I wasn't yet sure how I would cover the regular expenses of the *bris*, and now the budget had just jumped to a much larger sum.

The days passed, and two days before the *bris*, while teaching in the community day school, I made sure to inform everyone I encountered that, with Hashem's help, my wife had given birth to our first baby boy, and that



the bris would be held in two days time at the Chabad House.

Later that day, I sat in my office brooding over the situation. While we were very happy and thankful for the blessed addition to our family, I was a new shliach, merely two years in S. Antonio, and I was really beginning to worry about the upcoming expenses which—I knew—I would ultimately need to cover.

I began expressing my concern in a letter to the Rebbe. I wrote about our new baby and I asked that everything should be *b'shaa tova umutzlachas*. I also described the dilemma of the expenses that was weighing on my mind. I asked the Rebbe for a brachah that we be able to find the funds to cover them.

I finished writing the letter, and walked over to the fax machine to send it to the Ohel. I placed the sheet of paper in the slot, hit the send button and watched the paper begin inching slowly through the machine. At that moment, I heard the phone ring in the front office.

It was Marvin Vexler on the line.

A well known philanthropist in our town, Marvin was a colorful individual. He wore a wide ten-gallon cowboy hat and cowboy boots and was a real Texan, but underneath the hat was a warm *Yiddishe neshamah*, who had helped Chabad considerably over the years.

That very morning, I had chanced upon Marvin Vexler at the local JCC and I had informed him of the *bris*. He told me that he

wasn't sure if he would make it, and he would have to think about it.

After exchanging mutual greetings over the phone, he informed me that to his regret, he would not be able to participate in the *bris*, as he is a diabetic, and he usually doesn't feel well during the morning hours, when the *bris* was scheduled to take place.

He then mentioned something else.

"Rabbi, I've got a question for you. Where are you getting a *mohel* from? We ain't got no *mohel* in Texas..."

He was right, I told him, and we would be flying in a *mohel* all the way from Los Angeles.

"That's going to cost a lot of money," he exclaimed.

"You are totally right," I told him, "but G-d willing, we will figure it out."

"Rabbi," he tells me, "I would like to have the honor of paying for the *mohel*."

Ultimately, he gave us enough money to cover the *mohel's* expenses and part of the *bris*. I thanked him profusely, and was feeling quite elated over the good news.

As I reentered the front office following the call, I noticed that the letter to the Rebbe had just cleared the fax machine and gone through.

It dawned on me, that I had just this very moment asked the Rebbe for a *bracha*, and immediately after hitting 'send,' without being delayed a single second, my answer had arrived. The entire deal had been sealed as the letter was being sent to the Rebbe. **1**



THE RIGHT AMOUNT



As told by **Rabbi Eliezer Zalmanov**
Munster, Indiana

My wife and I have been on shlichus in Munster, Indiana since the summer of 5763. It's a small town, with a small Jewish community, but, *baruch Hashem*, there is always enough to keep us busy. For the last thirteen years, most of our activities and programs ran out of our home, which also serves as our Chabad House.

Our story relates to the house next door to ours, on a main street in Munster, which had been uninhabited for five or six years. We

always had a dream to buy that house and expand our Chabad House, but no matter how long we waited, the house never went for sale; we felt that our dream might never materialize.

One day, I noticed a hired worker mowing the lawn. Usually, the owner of the property would mow the lawn himself, so I took notice, and I asked if the property had changed hands. The worker informed me that indeed it had; the house had been foreclosed, and he was

working for the company hired by the bank to care for the property.

My ears perked; if the bank had confiscated the property, they would certainly be putting it up for sale. I began to do some research, and I found out that the property was indeed slated to be auctioned off a short time later.

I began to get excited, but soon enough my enthusiasm began to fade. The property was priced at around one hundred thousand dollars, and in order to seal the deal, we would need to come up with the money within the next few days. Needless to say, that was far beyond our capabilities, and we quickly gave up on the idea. We didn't go to the auction, and we pushed the thought out of our minds.

A few weeks later, a sign went up in front of the house; the property was for sale by a realtor. I called the number, and I was surprised to hear that the house hadn't sold in the auction, and now they were attempting to sell it as a regular property, for a substantially lower price.

They also informed me that the bank, the sellers of the house, didn't want to sell it to an investor; they preferred to sell it to a buyer who would actually be living in the house, a first time home owner perhaps, or maybe someone who wouldn't normally be able to afford a home at all.

I asked them if they would entertain selling it to a non-profit organization. They said I was welcome to try, but they warned me that chances are my offer won't be accepted. It didn't hurt to try; they were asking for around \$72,000, so we decided to put down an offer for \$70,770, and to hope for the best.

This took place in Elul 5775.

My birthday, Yud-Daled Elul, fell out on Shabbos that year. I drive my kids to school in Chicago every day, so on the last possible



opportunity, on Thursday, after dropping them off, I stopped off at the *mikveh*, and upon returning home, I sat down to write a letter to the Rebbe.

In addition to the personal nature of the letter, for my birthday, I also noted all of the details relating to the potential new Chabad House. After listing all the uncertainties about buying the house—is it the right choice, the community isn't growing that much, should we really be expanding—I also noted that I was afraid to get into debt over this deal. It was a substantial sum of money, and I wasn't in the position to handle such a large debt.

I concluded the letter, and faxed a copy to the Ohel.

Aside for my shlichus in Munster, in my free time I work as a copy editor for A Chasidisher Derher. That afternoon, I sat down to edit an article for the upcoming Cheshvan issue [issue 37]. One of the articles that I edited was a column called “Horaos V’hadrachos—Guidance from the Rebbe,” a column that features the Rebbe's directives, focusing each month on a different topic. To my surprise,



that month featured “financial difficulties on shlichus.”

In it, the Rebbe encouraged people to spend more, while not going too far. The Rebbe related a story about the Friediker Rebbe, where he said that he never had money in his bank account, but he also never went bankrupt.

Then there was another quote. During a Machne Israel Development Fund *yechidus*, a *mekurav* complained to the Rebbe that he was in debt, and asked the Rebbe for a *bracha*. The number he said jumped out at me. He told the Rebbe that he owed seventy thousand dollars.

I continued to read the Rebbe’s answer.

The Rebbe told him, “You’re intimidated by such an amount? G-d is estimated to be a lot wealthier than that. In any case, may you pay the debts, and then take on new debts to spread Judaism even more.”

That was almost the exact number we had offered for the building, and that was exactly what I had asked for when I had written to the Rebbe that very morning. I felt that the Rebbe had already answered my letter.

We waited eagerly to hear the good news from the realtor. A short time passed, and to our dismay our offer was declined. Someone else had submitted an offer as well, perhaps for a larger sum, and was actually planning on living in that house; the sale had been given to him. Our enthusiasm and anticipation came to an abrupt halt.

I asked the agent how much the other buyer had offered, but he replied that it was illegal for him to disclose the information until the deal is sealed. That, he said, would take another three or four weeks. I immediately began to have regrets—maybe I should have offered a more money, perhaps eighty thousand dollars...

The weeks passed slowly; I couldn’t stop thinking about the house and regretting my small offer, and exactly four weeks later, I sent the realtor an email, asking him how much the property had sold for. This time again, I was in for a surprise: the house had not sold. The deal fell through at the last minute, the house

was up for sale again, and if I was still interested, I could resubmit my offer.

This took place on Chol Hamoed Sukkos. On Hoshana Rabba, just two hours before Yom Tov, the agent came to my house with all the paperwork and he asked me if I was interested in upping my offer. I told him no; I was just fine with my offer for seventy, seven seventy.

I also let him know that being that Yom Tov was approaching, I would not be available to answer any phone calls or emails over the next two days.

On Simchas Torah night, our community has a custom to dance the last *hakafah* outdoors. That night, I invited everyone to dance in front of the house next door; I told them about the offer we had made and the deal we were hoping for, and prayed that we would be able to pull through.

The next day, on the second day of Yom Tov, I took a walk with my family. Returning home, just an hour before Yom Tov was over, I found an envelope in our mailbox. After *havdalah*, I read in it, that our offer had been accepted, and the house was ours.

We began a fundraising campaign, which with the Rebbe's *brachos*, was very successful. Throughout the renovations, which—as every construction project—comes with a fair share of *tzaros* and disruptions, we always managed to pull through. Every time an issue would come up, I would write a letter to the Ohel, and somehow, some way, the issue would be resolved.



There was one time that a serious issue came up. I hadn't been able to go to *mikveh* that day, so I called a friend and asked him if he would be able to write a *tzetl* to the Ohel for me. He happened to be busy at that moment, so he told me to call him back in an hour and a half, and he would write in for me. Before that hour and a half was up, the issue resolved itself. I didn't have a chance to write anything yet, but just the intention itself already brought the Rebbe's *brachos*... ❶

A SNOWY FEEL



*As told by **Rabbi Yitzi Steiner**
Minneapolis, Minnesota*

When my wife and I got married a few years ago, it was clear to us that we would be going out on shlichus. While we had nothing immediate waiting for us, we began searching and asking around about different places and different options.

One of the places we looked into was University of Minnesota, which had a sizable Jewish population. That fact was a bit surprising to me. If there were so many Jews on campus, why hadn't any shliach moved there yet, I wondered.

I did a bit of research;

It seemed that this campus had never merited a shliach for a number of reasons,

including the terribly cold winters that are visited upon Minnesota each year. Not too many people have been willing to move to such a harsh climate.

I was far from convinced that this was a perfect idea for me and my family. In addition to the bitter cold, the Jewish population, while significant, was still not large compared to some other schools that had shluchim, and I wasn't sure if the campus would be able to sustain a full time shliach. How would I support the *mosad*? What if we weren't successful? Many doubts and questions nagged at me.

However, looking at our options, this campus definitely seemed to be the best choice.



With hopeful hearts we decided to take it on, all the while thinking about the many issues and problems that can come up over there. With all the excitement, I couldn't stop dwelling on my doubt about the choice.

We went to the Ohel to tell the Rebbe about our decision, and to ask the Rebbe for his permission and *brachos* to become his shlichim.

On our way back to Crown Heights, I received an email from Chabad on Campus. A student from the University of Minnesota had emailed them, *asking them to send a shliach to his campus.*

That message immediately uplifted my spirits, and we proceeded with the move. Like all new endeavors, "all beginnings are harsh;" it took a few years for our activities to have a strong foundation, but I knew the whole time that with the Rebbe's *bracha*, we would be successful, and Boruch Hashem, we have been witness to tremendous growth; countless Jewish students have found a home away from home, and who knows how far the effect will reach. ❶





A MEZUZAH AND A CITY



As told by **Rabbi Yisroel Aryeh Leib Rabinovich**

Ashkelon, Eretz Yisrael

This story took place last summer, around the month of Av.

My wife and I are shluchim in Ashkelon, in the south of Eretz Yisrael. One Shabbos morning, at around seven o'clock in the morning, we woke up to a frightening cry.

"Abba, Ima, I can't walk..."

It was the voice of our two year old daughter Sheina. She had been walking for quite a while by that time, and her call had us jump out of bed and run to her room. To our consternation, we saw her attempting to stand, but

with each try, her feet would just buckle and she would collapse on the ground.

Needless to say, we were very frightened. By *hashgacha pratit*, my sister was visiting our home that Shabbos and we were able to leave the rest of our children with her, and we immediately prepared to take Sheina to the hospital.

As we were gathering a few things to bring along, she simply returned to being a small baby, crawling around on the floor, and from time to time she would forget her new situa-

tion, and she would attempt to stand only to fall back down again.

The hospital in Ashkelon is a short walk from home, so *baruch Hashem* we did not need to enter a dilemma about *chilul Shabbos*, and we walked her there in a stroller, arriving very quickly at the emergency room.

In Eretz Yisrael, the main population is Jewish, and therefore, visiting the hospital on Shabbos, if it is not a situation of *pikuach nefesh*, entails extensive *chillul Shabbos* through every step.

So, when the nurse admitted us, I asked her to type instead of write—as that is a lesser *chilul Shabbos*, and I began pestering her to find an Arab nurse to do the paperwork instead of her and so on and so forth.

Now, from my point of view, I wanted to find out if this was an issue of *pikuach nefesh*, and if—as I hoped—it was not, I would leave the hospital and return after Shabbos.

My plans had one impediment. According to the hospital regulations, they were not permitted to release us until the issue was under control. I began questioning the doctor. I asked him, if there would have been a seven hour line ahead of us, would you see us first, or would you let us wait. He answered that in that case (this was not actually the case, because on Shabbos, the emergency rooms in Eretz Yisrael are usually quite empty) he would have allowed us to wait; there was no immediate urgency. When he told me that, I asked him to allow us to wait in the waiting room until Shabbos was over, and when he agreed, I simply took my wife and daughter home.

My daughter went about crawling her way around, and we spent our Shabbos going about



our regular schedule. As Shabbos drew to a close, I went to the Chabad House for *mincha* and *maariv*, and by the time I returned home, my wife had already written a letter to the Ohel with all of the details involved, asking for the Rebbe's *bracha*. She also had managed to take down all our mezuzos to be checked, as the Rebbe had instructed on innumerable occasions. On our way to the emergency room I dropped the mezuzos off at the *sofer stam* of our Chabad House.

When we got back to the emergency room it was overflowing with people; we figured that we would not get in until three or four in the morning.

Since we had already heard that this was not a life-threatening issue, we decided to come back home and return the next morning.

The next morning we headed to the emergency room once more where we were admitted, and a doctor was assigned to us. He conducted a series of tests, and, as he did not see anything at first glance, told us to wait in the hall while he studied the results and return in one hour.

My wife and I were sitting on a bench, and our daughter was sitting on my wife's lap. Suddenly, she turns to us and says, "Abba, Ima, I

can walk now; my feet hurt me only a little bit.”

We were shocked. My wife helped her onto the floor, while I pulled out my phone to record the moment on video. My daughter put one foot on the ground, then the second one, and after a few wobbly steps with my wife’s assistance, she began to walk and run as if nothing had ever happened.

Well, we still had a half hour before we would see the doctor. Meanwhile, we took her to the children’s play corner of the hospital, where she ran and jumped around. She totally forgot that she had ever had an issue in the first place.

When we walked into the doctor’s office, he took one look at the girl in front of him, and he asked us,

“Is this the same girl that you had here before?”

He was as mystified as we were; he told us that the tests did not show anything amiss, and prescribed some antibiotics “just in case.”

We went home, and a couple of minutes later I get a call from the *sofer*. He wanted to let me know that he had gone through all of our mezuzos, and everything was okay besides for one small issue which he had corrected: in one mezuzah, the “*veis*” of “*uvilechticha*” was too short, and the word seemed to be split into two. He had added some length to the letter, and now the mezuzah was as good as new.

His news hit me like a bolt of lightning. I inquired what time he had checked and



repaired the mezuzah, and he said,

“I just finished going through all of them; I finished with that mezuzah a few minutes ago...”

I realized that I had been a first hand witness to a miracle. I felt that it would probably be worthwhile to tell the story to the *anash* of Ashkelon; it would remind people of the importance of writing to the Rebbe and checking their mezuzos. So I wrote up the story and sent it as a Whatsapp message to the local *anash*.

At the time that I sent out the story, I forgot the abilities of Whatsapp. Within a few minutes, I began receiving messages from all of my friends and relatives who had heard about the story, and a short time later, I received a phone call from a local journalist, who wanted to confirm the story with me and write it up in the local newspaper.

We agreed. A photographer came to our home, took a picture of our daughter kissing the mezuzah, and the story was published in their next issue.

Within a short time, the entire city was buzzing about the miraculous occurrence. Many people, including the entire staff of the newspaper, came to write letters to the Rebbe and have their mezuzos checked...

I had not intended to publicize the story, but in the end, an entire city was lifted up by a story of the Rebbe’s miracle. ❶



IN THE NICK OF TIME



*As told by **Rabbi Elie Filler**
Prescott, Arizona*

Our shlichus began in the beautiful, mountainous town of Prescott, Arizona two years ago. After a year, we were gifted with access to a substantial amount of cash to purchase a suitable building for a Chabad House. The layout of the city is quite scattered and we felt that the strategic location for a Chabad House is in the downtown area.

Buildings for sale are hard to come by and we spent several months scouting the area for the perfect fit. We finally settled on a struc-

ture that is both commercial and residential. The posted price was above our means, so we made an offer that was considerably lower yet reasonable. The owner stubbornly refused our price and compromised for a price that was still more than we could afford.

I consulted with several older shluchim and I received conflicting advice. Some felt that acquiring the building was important enough to accumulate some debt and others felt that the stubbornness of the owner was a concern.

I sent a *tzettel* to the Ohel detailing the entire episode and included the conflicting messages I was receiving. I concluded that until I gained more clarity on the matter we would stop pursuing this specific deal and perhaps a better option will present itself.

The search for a new home for Chabad continued and, in the meantime, the building we had looked into went into contract with another company. I figured this was our answer.

Several months passed, our search was unsuccessful and the original building was back on the market! Realizing that this was an opportunity, I wrote to the Rebbe of the developments and requested a *bracha* that we should succeed in purchasing the building no matter the price.

I advised our real estate agent to re-submit our original offer and clarified that in the event that they requested a higher price, we would strongly consider it. A month passed with no response.

It was Friday afternoon and I received a letter in the mail notifying us that the lease on our current home will be up in forty days and the owners do not wish to continue renting out the house. We were shocked! Homes for rent are difficult to find in this area and a



month's time was painfully insufficient to find a new place to live.

Immediately I notified the Rebbe of the disturbing news and asked if perhaps this was a sign that I should work aggressively to obtain the building at any price.

Literally, ten minutes later my phone rang and the caller ID showed that it was our real estate agent on the line. My wife gasped, "Oh my goodness!"

The agent excitedly notified us that the owner had agreed to sell the building for our original offer! We went into contract that very day. Since it was a cash deal, the transaction was relatively quick and the day we needed to move out of our old home we received the keys to the building we now call Chabad of Prescott. **T**



NO NEED FOR SURGERY



*As told by **Rabbi Noam Cohen**
Ocean City, Maryland*

On Erev Shabbos Selichos, our son Meir injured his ankle while playing basketball with his friends at Yeshivas Tzeirei Hashluchim in Tzefas. Although he experienced pain and had difficulty walking, he did not feel the need to seek medical attention. On Wednesday night, five days after the incident, he complained about the pain to my wife and she insisted that he have his foot examined at the hospital immediately.

After examining the x-rays, the doctors discovered that in addition to two fractures in the left leg bone, Meir had sustained a tillaux fracture: the leg bone was dislocated from the ankle by more than 2 mm. Urgent surgery was needed to fix the problem. We sought a

second opinion from a family member who is a prominent doctor at Shaarei Tzedek Hospital in Yerushalayim, and he agreed that immediate surgery was required.

Since the surgery required full anesthesia and Meir is a minor, a parent needed to be present for the doctors to go ahead with the procedure. It was Thursday evening and Sunday night was Rosh Hashanah. There was no way we could make it to Eretz Yisrael before Wednesday, Tzom Gedalya. We decided that Meir should travel back to the US after Rosh Hashanah to have the surgery close to home. Meanwhile, the doctors applied a cast to his leg to prevent further damage to the bone.

Flying back home presented a whole set of challenges. Firstly, the airline would not allow Meir to fly with the cast. It was removed and his leg was set in a special brace. In addition, since his foot needed to be elevated throughout the flight, we needed to purchase a business class ticket. Business class seats on the first flight out after Rosh Hashanah were unavailable and the price of a first class ticket was exorbitant. *Behashgacha pratis*, at the last moment, a passenger upgraded to first class, and Meir was able to fly home on Tzom Gedalya.

Our orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Florian Huber, agreed with the diagnosis of the doctors in Israel and scheduled Meir for surgery early Monday morning, Ches Tishrei. He explained to us that after such a surgery there is a six-month healing process for the foot to return to normal functionality.

Each year before Yom Kippur, I travel with a group of *mekuravim* to New York to visit the Ohel and to do *kapparos* in Crown Heights. On Sunday, Zayin Tishrei, while we were driving to New York, Meir's situation was on our minds and we all planned to request a *bracha* from the Rebbe on his behalf. I told them that in such situations the Rebbe would sug-



gest that the proper *bracha* to ask for is that there should be no need for a surgery at all. This is exactly what I wrote in my *tzetl* that afternoon at the Ohel.

We left the Ohel at approximately 7:00 p.m. and headed to Crown Heights for *kapparos*. At approximately the same time, Meir told my wife that he was feeling a strange sensation above his ankle.

Early the next morning we arrived at the clinic for Meir's operation. He was

wheeled into the operating room and we remained in the waiting room anxiously reciting Tehillim.

Fifteen minutes later, Dr. Huber entered the waiting room with an incredulous smile.

"After putting Meir to sleep with anesthesia, we took one last x-ray, as is procedure before starting the operation. The x-ray shows that there is no tillaux fracture and the bones are exactly where they should be. There is no need to operate! This is a miracle!"

Due to the two other fractures in the leg bone, Meir needed to wear a cast for several weeks. Boruch Hashem, his foot healed quickly, and on Yud-Daled Kislev, Meir returned to yeshiva, happy and healthy. **1**

THE ELUSIVE PROPERTY



*As told by **Rabbi Yossi Biston**
North Broward (South Palm Beach) Florida*

I was appointed by Rabbi Avraham Korf in 5738 to direct the Gan Yisrael overnight camp of Florida. I ran the camp successfully for four years, but come 5742 I had difficulty finding a campsite to host our program. After much effort I managed to come up with a couple of options, one of which was an empty piece of land a donor was willing to grant Chabad of Florida upon which to build an entirely new campsite.

I wrote to the Rebbe about our difficulty and included the details of the options we faced. Regarding the empty piece of land, the Rebbe instructed us to only purchase a ready built campsite.

Over the years we rented various grounds and all along I kept up my search for a ready built site for sale as per the Rebbe's directive, but I was never able to find anything reasonably priced.

Three years ago the camp was on the verge of closing. We had been renting a particular campsite for seven years and each year I could only afford to pay 60-70% of what was required for rent and soon I had accumulated a debt of approximately \$150,000. I knew we could not sustain this loss for another year renting at this location but I hadn't yet managed to find another site.

Six months before the summer, I was contacted by a fellow shliach who had come across a campsite that was up for auction on a real estate list. The grounds were located only 30 minutes from our Chabad House, which is unusual because most sites of this nature are generally situated in central Florida, some three hours away.

We looked at the property and sure enough it was fully built and it suited our needs perfectly. Incredibly, the starting bid was at \$930,000 which was remarkably less than any other camp site I had seen before!

I hired a broker who advised us to raise our offer to about one million dollars and not long afterwards we were notified that our bid was accepted. The campsite was co-owned by seven non-Jewish religious organizations but I assured them I would keep present employees at the site - as well as the tenants who had been renting the camp site for some weekends throughout the year - and they seemed quite satisfied with the deal.

I borrowed the first ten percent for the down-payment and set out to raise the remaining funds. Unfortunately not one donor who had pledged significant sums in the event that we found a site was able to follow through, as there was another mosad at that particular time facing foreclosure and they had all stepped in to bail it out.



Fortunately a fellow shliach, Rabbi Shalom Ber Lipskar, secured a donor who donated \$500,000 and I managed to fundraise an additional \$100,000. Days before the anticipated closing date, set for a Friday April 19, 2013, I was still short about \$400,000 dollars. In middle of the week I received a call from a friend and supporter who offered to loan us



the rest of the money but I wouldn't have it until the middle of the following week.

I thought that it wouldn't be a problem and immediately called my broker to let them know that we have most of the money and would be receiving the remaining sum a few days late. Surprisingly the sellers refused and warned us that if we wouldn't have the entire sum by Friday at noon we would lose the deal entirely. We cajoled and begged but they wouldn't budge.

At this point there was nothing I could do. Sure enough, Friday came and went and we had lost the deal. We were back to square one.

They sent back my down-payment which I held onto and flew to New York to visit the Ohel. I wrote to the Rebbe how we had found the most perfect site for our camp as per the Rebbe's directive, and now it seemed we would lose the opportunity and the future of the camp looked bleak. I asked the Rebbe for a bracha that the owners should have a change of heart and agree to the sale.

I returned to Florida with a hopeful heart, but still, they refused to reconsider the deal. The entire episode seemed quite odd, so I decided to find out what had happened. After some investigation I found out from the caretaker of the property that only one organiza-

tion had agreed to sell, and when the other partner organizations heard that the site was on the verge of being sold to a Jewish camp they were very upset and pressured to nix the deal (but couldn't do it until I was in default).

With a heavy heart I officially closed the camp for the upcoming summer and moved on.

Two months passed and unbelievably, they called back to inform me the grounds were up for auction again! At this point, I was sure they were just using me to get more money from another bidder.

This time, I was advised, we would need to put down a larger offer. 1.2 million dollars was still quite a bargain and once again our bid was accepted. Now, amazingly the original donor who had pledged half a million the first time around, agreed to donate one million dollars so that we wouldn't lose it again! I still had the down-payment from last time and collecting the remaining \$100,000 was easily accomplished. The Rebbe's bracha had materialized.

After I received the keys and full ownership of the camp site I drove straight up to the site and asked the manager what had transpired.

Full of wonderment, he related how the organization who had hired him was desperate to make a sale, but it was the other six who had originally insisted against selling it to us. Believe it or not, the second time around there were other potential buyers who had offered higher bids than me and still, all seven organizations stunningly voted unanimously to accept my offer!

It was then that I realized the full impact of the Rebbe's bracha and the camp remained open with no issue. **1**



IT WAS G-D!



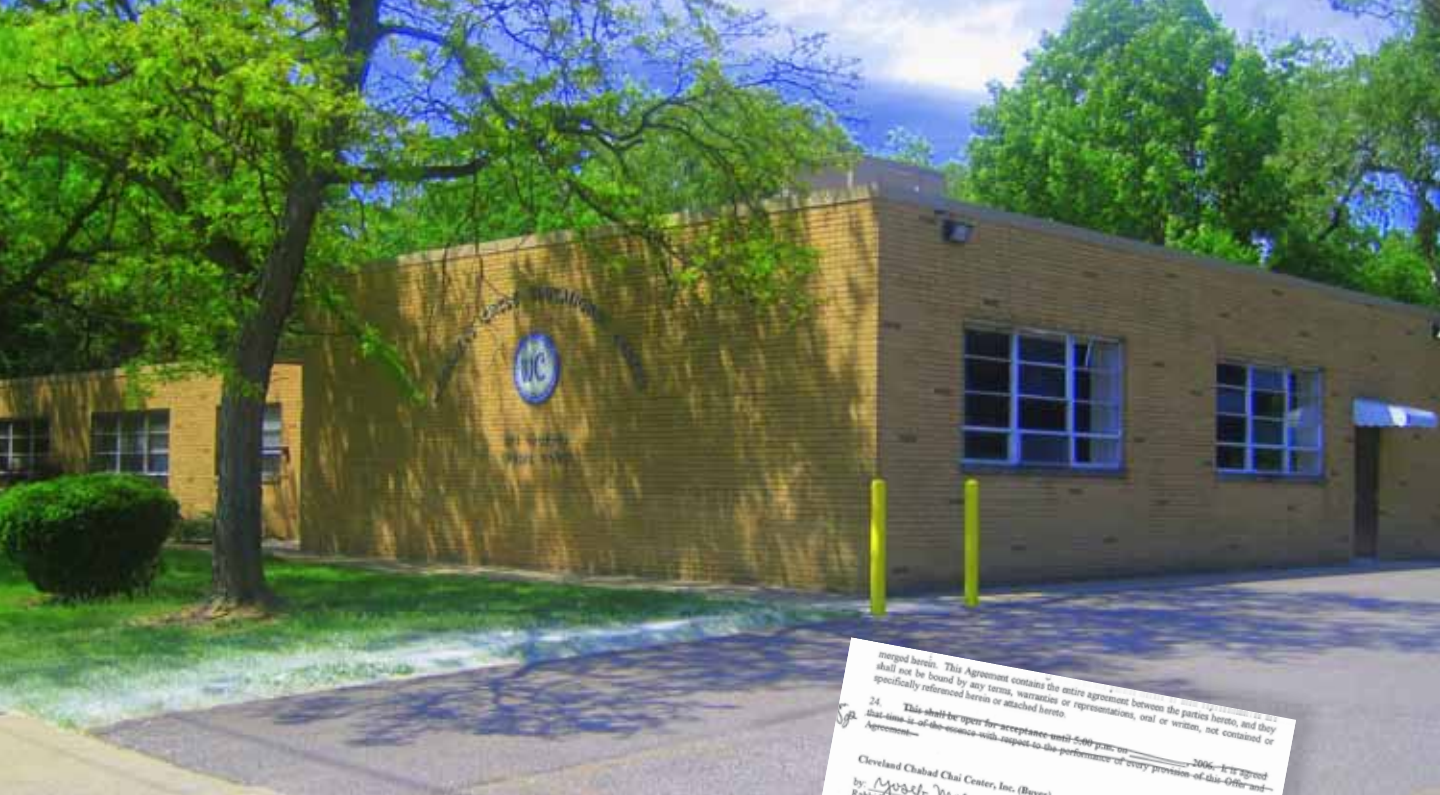
*As told by **Rabbi Yossi Marozov**
Cleveland, OH*

We were fortunate to come to Cleveland as the Rebbe's shluchim in Elul of 5760. Four years later we opened Friendship Circle to assist children with disabilities and their families and, *boruch Hashem*, the program grew steadily.

In 5766 we heard there was a building near us that was up for sale and we decided to jump on the opportunity to expand into a location that would properly house our operations. The building belonged to the Workmen's Circle,

which is a secular Jewish international organization geared towards promoting Yiddishist culture and labor unions.

I was well acquainted with many key members of the Cleveland chapter because I had done programs in their school and as one of the only Yiddish speaking people in town, I had developed a rapport with them. I was therefore hopeful when I submitted our bid to purchase their building.



After a bit of back-and-forth our bid came before the Workmen's Circle board and sure enough from the sixteen board members with voting rights, fourteen voted in our favor.

Harry and Marilyn Cagin, the elderly couple who voted against our bid, were so adamantly opposed to us receiving the building that they threatened to resign from the board.

I found out that this was for two reasons. Firstly, they felt the organization could have received a higher bid from another buyer. But more importantly, they were terribly upset at the prospect of the building going to an organization completely "out of line" with the Workmen's Circle's ideals.

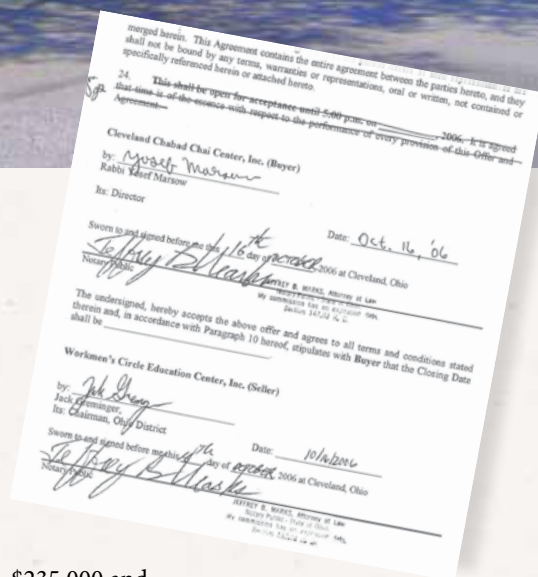
Although our bid was accepted, their opposition caused a deep schism in the organization and left a bitter taste in everyone's mouths.

In any case, I was now faced with (what was certainly for me at the time) a tremendous challenge. I had sixty days to come up with

\$235,000 and

I didn't have a penny to start with. The day I received the news that the board had voted in our favor, I booked a flight to New York for the following week in order to visit the Ohel and ask the Rebbe for a *bracha* for success.

My itinerary only allowed me a few short hours in New York. At the Ohel I wrote a *tzettel* detailing our situation and asked the Rebbe for a *bracha* that we should somehow be able to come up with the necessary funds in time to



acquire the building. After my short visit at the Ohel I rushed back to the airport to catch my return flight to Cleveland.

I was the last person to board the plane, and approaching the seat number printed on my boarding pass, I saw it was a window seat with the outer two spaces occupied by an elderly couple. In order for me to reach my place they would have to stand up and move out to the aisle while I climbed in. The plane was quite empty so I offered to move to a different seat so as not to inconvenience them.

How surprised I was when the man uttered a grateful “*adaink*” in Yiddish! Realizing the opportunity to spend the next hour conversing with a Jewish couple in Yiddish, I changed my mind and asked if they wouldn’t mind if I retained my original seat. “*Mit fargenigen*—with pleasure,” they said.

After some small talk I asked them their names and lo and behold, the man introduced himself as Harry Cagin. I was shocked! “Harry Cagin!” I exclaimed. “And you must be Marilyn!” I said, turning to the woman.

I promptly introduced myself: “I’m Rabbi Yossi from the Friendship Circle.” Now it was their turn to be shocked! Realizing that we were stuck together for the duration of the trip, we all began to laugh and the tension quickly melted.

I immediately felt that this was the Rebbe showing me that we would be successful in all things regarding the building and I was determined not to lose this opportunity to make a positive impact on this couple.

First I explained them what our organization was about and why we needed the building. They were genuinely impressed and soon we moved on to the subject of Yiddishkeit and *emunah*.



Harry considered himself a skeptic (to say the least) but we had a very open conversation and towards the end, I explained why I had made the trip to New York that day and pointedly asked him who he thinks orchestrated this meeting between us. He answered with visible emotion “*Es iz geven G-t*—it was G-d.”

Before we parted, he jotted down their address on an airplane napkin and asked that I visit them at home. We developed a very warm relationship and they even pledged towards our building fund!

Thanks to the Rebbe’s *brachos*, we managed to collect the funds for the building in time and since then we have moved to an even larger location.

There are times when it may be harder for us to discern the Rebbe’s *brachos* and *kochos* in our shlichus. On that plane, only minutes after being by the Ohel, I felt the Rebbe was showing me that he is with me and would continue to shower me with his holy *brachos* and *kochos* every step of the way. ①



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
תנצב"ה

ולעילוי נשמת
זוגתו מרת **שרה ע"ה**
בת הרה"ח יעקב אפרים הכהן ע"ה
נלב"ע ז' אלול, ה'תש"ע
שם טוב
תנצב"ה

~
נדבת בני משפחתם שיחיו



A Chassidisher Derher • Vaad Talmidei Hatmimim • 770 Eastern Parkway Brooklyn, NY 11213

A CHASSIDISHER DERHER IS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE PRINT HOUSE

