

JEM 105307



EXCEPTIONAL SOLDIERS

On 23 Av 5736* a delegation of injured IDF veterans visited the Rebbe, while on a trip to the U.S. and Canada to attend the Paralympics in Toronto. We present a special photo gallery from this unique occasion.

The Rebbe came downstairs and said a *sicha* in *Lashon Hakodesh*. He explained that having a physical weakness or being deprived of a limb or a faculty, indicates that Hashem has given the *neshama* special powers to overcome those limitations and to surpass the achievements of ordinary people. The Rebbe suggested that these people not be called “disabled” or “handicapped” but rather special and unique, as they possess unique potentials that the rest of us do not, as well as the ability to be a living example of how every Yid can serve Hashem with *simcha*, overcoming all challenges.



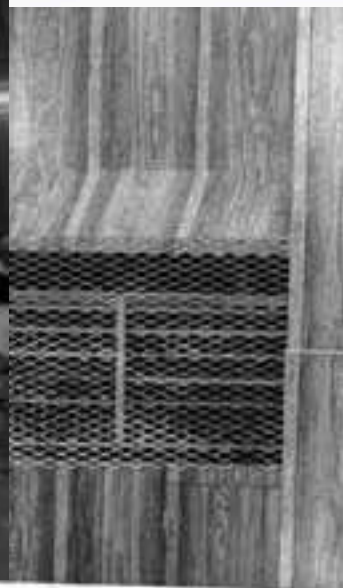
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YOSHI MELAMED VIA JEM 24021



YOSSEI MELAMED VIA JEM 24030



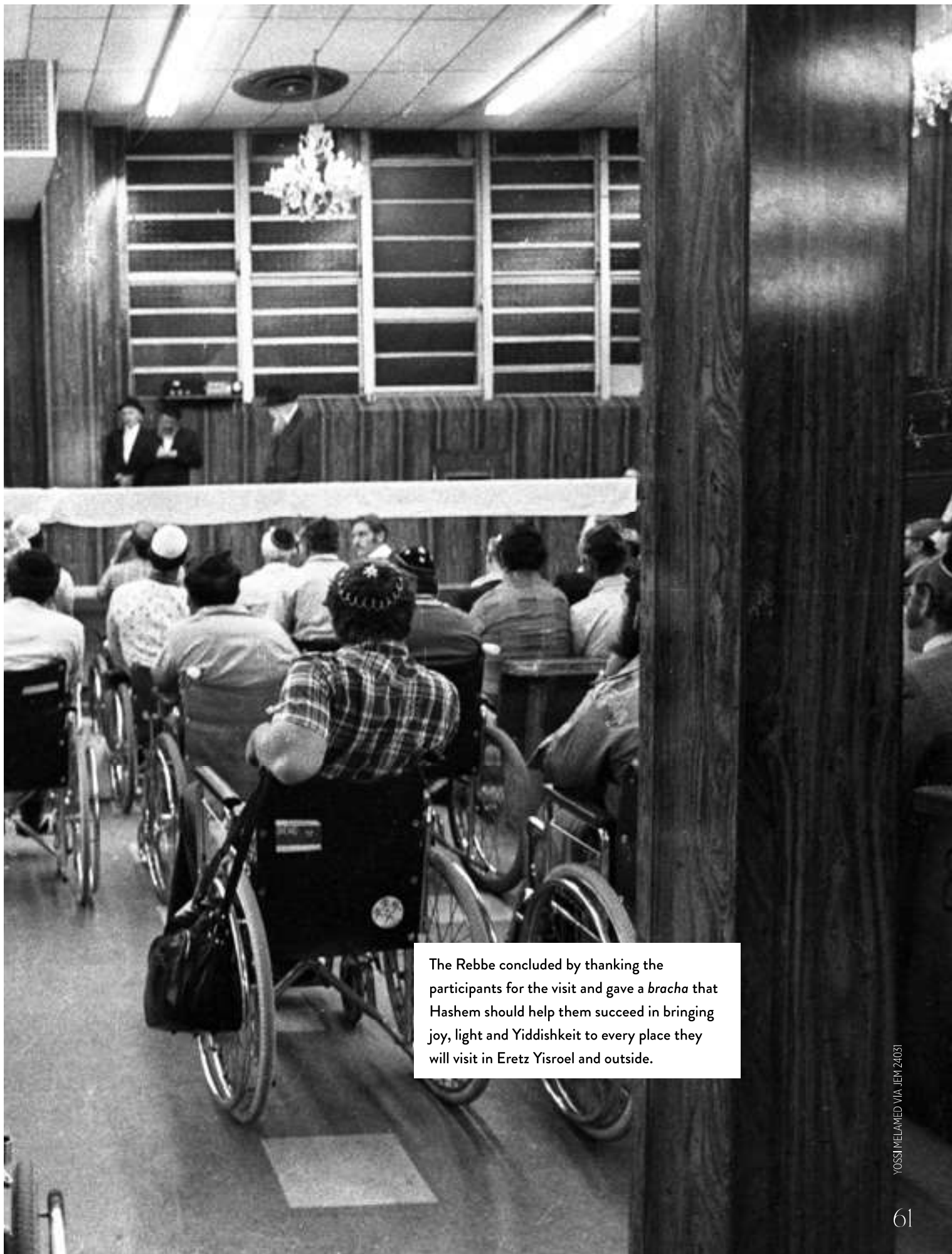
The Rebbe continued to speak of recent terror attacks that occurred during the days prior to this occasion, requesting that each person do something to strengthen security measures through properly fulfilling the mitzvah of mezuzah, checking and verifying that they are kosher when returning home.



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The Rebbe concluded by thanking the participants for the visit and gave a *bracha* that Hashem should help them succeed in bringing joy, light and Yiddishkeit to every place they will visit in Eretz Yisroel and outside.



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After the *sicha*, the Rebbe came down from the farbrengen *bima* to distribute dollars and share a personal moment with each visitor.



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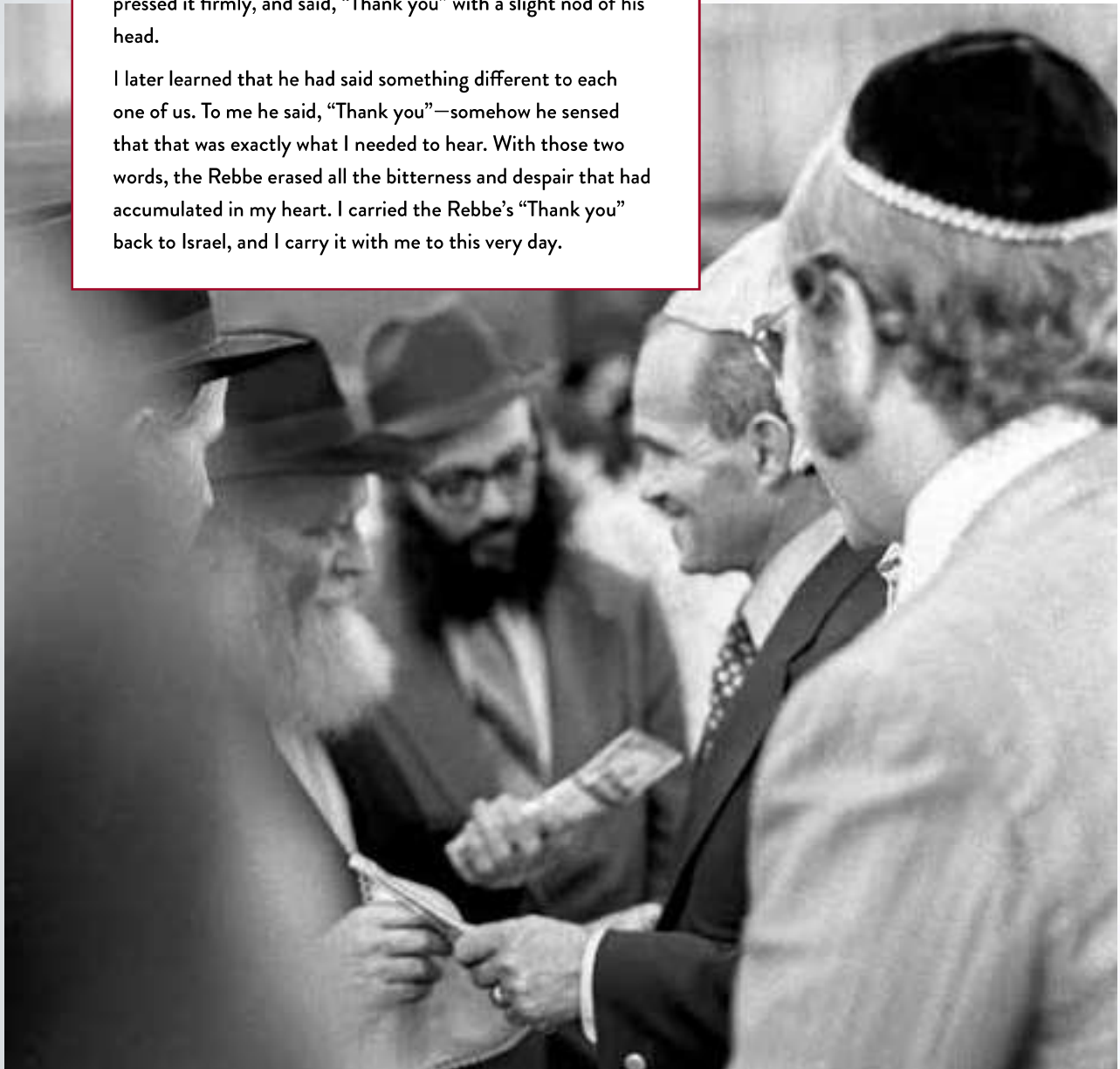
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Mr. Joseph Cabiliv related:

From that terrible day on which I had woken without my legs in Rambam Hospital, I have seen all sorts of things in the eyes of those who looked at me: pain, pity, revulsion, anger. But this was the first time in all those years that I encountered true empathy. With that glance that lasted barely a second and the faint smile on his lips, the Rebbe conveyed to me that he is with me—utterly and exclusively with me.

He walked from wheelchair to wheelchair, shaking our hands, giving each a dollar, and adding a personal word or two. When my turn came, I saw his face up close and I felt like a child. He gazed deeply into my eyes, took my hand between his own, pressed it firmly, and said, “Thank you” with a slight nod of his head.

I later learned that he had said something different to each one of us. To me he said, “Thank you”—somehow he sensed that that was exactly what I needed to hear. With those two words, the Rebbe erased all the bitterness and despair that had accumulated in my heart. I carried the Rebbe’s “Thank you” back to Israel, and I carry it with me to this very day.



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