

לזכות
החייל בצבאות ה'
מנחם מענדל שי"ח
לרגל יום הולדתו י"ד מנחם אב
לשנת הצלחה בכל מכל כל, בגור'
נדפס ע"י הוריו
הרה"ת ר' דוד וזוגתו מרת פערל גאלדא
ומשפחתם שיחיו
טייכטל

You Don't Just Give "Shalom"

This story was related by Rabbi Shmuel Lew, and took place circa 5711-5712*.*

In the early years of the Rebbe's *nesius* there was a Bobover *kehila* in Crown Heights. One afternoon, two Bobover Chassidim were standing on Eastern Parkway; one of the Chassidim was local and the other was visiting from out of town. In those years the Rebbe would walk to 770 from his home or from his daily visits to Rebbetzin Chana.

As these two Bobover Chassidim stood there, the Rebbe was seen walking from a distance. This caught the visitor's attention and he asked his local friend if he knew who this person was because he looked like a very special Jew. He replied, "That is the new Lubavitcher Rebbe."

Excited by this, the visitor decided to approach the Rebbe to give "*shalom*" with a handshake, as is often customary in *Chassidishe* circles. His friend tried to advise him not to but before he had the chance to do so, the visiting friend had already approached the Rebbe.

As he shook the Rebbe's holy hand and gave *shalom*, the Rebbe asked him his name and where he was from. He gave his name and told the Rebbe that he was currently living in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Rebbe replied that the community had begun building — or had begun discussions about building — a *mikveh* three years earlier, and had for some reason not seen much progress. The Rebbe asked him if he was aware of this and encouraged him to see what he could do to help make it happen.

The visitor answered respectfully that he wasn't a community activist; he merely lived there, worked for *parnasah* and was not involved in much else.

The Rebbe told him, "But you have more to do with it than I do. You're from Cleveland; I am not. I'm here in Brooklyn and [yet] I must inform you of what is happening with the *mikveh* in your own city?" The Rebbe urged and encouraged him to take upon himself to do what he could to make sure the *mikveh* would be built as soon as possible, and then the Rebbe continued on his way.

Returning to his friend, he repeated what had just transpired and noted how he regretted the encounter because now he has this responsibility. Hearing this, the local replied, "I tried to warn you. Everyone knows that when you see the Lubavitcher Rebbe you don't just give *shalom* — he gives you a job to do." **T**