

# Better Than the Best Father

AN INTERVIEW WITH  
**RABBI ZALMAN LIPSKER**

*Rabbi Zalman Lipsker has served as the Rebbe's shliach to Philadelphia, PA, for over fifty years. Throughout his shlichus, and earlier, as a bochur learning in 770, Reb Zalman merited the Rebbe's constant guidance and direction.*

*In this exclusive interview, he shares with us his stories and experiences.*



לזכות  
שלוחי כ"ק אדמו"ר בכל אתר ואתר  
שיצליחו בגשמיות וברוחניות,  
וימלאו שליחותם בפועל 'לקבל פני  
משיח צדקינו' באופן של 'פרצת',  
ובאופן ד'ואתם תלוקטו לאחד אחד'  
עדי נזכה לגאולה שלימה  
ונשיא דורנו בראשינו

נדפס ע"י

בית חב"ד מעקוואן, ויסקונסין



## My Early Childhood in Russia

I was born in Kutaisi, Georgia, on the night of Chof Kislev 5699 (תרצ"ט), to my parents, Reb Leibel and Malkah Lipsker. My parents hosted the Yud-Tes Kislev farbrengen that night in our home; a number of famous Chassidim were present. After she served the *shvartze kashe* (as is customary<sup>1</sup>), she went into labor, and a few hours later, while the farbrengen was still going on, I was born. So my birth was in the midst of a chassidishe farbrengen.

Throughout my childhood, I was an “undocumented citizen.” Although we were a family of seven children, none of us were registered with the government, for fear that we would be forced to attend a Russian public school. Each year, when the local authorities would make rounds to register children for school, we would escape our home through a passageway in the attic, and my mother would delay opening the door until we had all made it out safely.

For our Torah education, we had a *melamed* by the name of Reb Shmuel, a *tomim* from Lubavitch, who taught us *kriah*, Chumash, *tefillos* and more. The *cheder* was a private affair; we learned in our attic, with only four or five boys.

Kutaisi at the time was considered one of the better places to live as a Yid. The intense persecution of Judaism that took place in mainland Russia didn't really make it to Georgia, and the local Jews were able to maintain many aspects of Jewish life.

Kutaisi even had a fully functioning shul, which my father would attend. However, for us children, things were more complicated. Because of our legal status, our family could never be seen walking outdoors together, so we seldom attended shul, and when we did, we would take separate routes. I remember attending the shul only



REB ZALMAN, THIRD FROM LEFT IN THE FRONT ROW, IN A TALMUD-TORAH IN SCHWÄBISCH HALL, GERMANY.

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once or twice before we left Georgia, when I was six years old.

Because of the better religious climate, an underground Yeshivas Tomchei Temimim functioned in the city. I remember *bochurim* such as Shalom Marosov, Heschel Tzeitlin, Chatzkel Brod, Folke Wilschansky, Sholom Mendel Kalmenson and others.

After the war was over, in 5705, our family left Kutaisi towards the Russian-Polish border, with hopes of leaving the Soviet Union. Moving around from country to country even within the Soviet Union was illegal without the proper documentation. For the first leg of our journey, from Kutaisi to Samtredia, Georgia, my father bribed a nurse to take us in an ambulance. We spent Pesach on the road, on a train that had been originally built for cattle. My father obtained machine matzah for us children; he himself ate onions the entire Pesach.



REB ZALMAN'S FATHER, REB ARYEH ZEV.

When we arrived at the border city of Lvov, we joined the many Lubavitchers who had gathered there to illegally cross the border posing as Polish citizens.<sup>2</sup> While waiting, my mother gave birth to a baby boy, and my father honored Leibel Motchkin, the *bochur* running the underground operation, with *sandakaus*.





A GROUP PHOTO OF THE TALMUD-TORAH IN SCHWÄBISCH HALL, GERMANY. REB ZALMAN IS STANDING ON THE LEFT THIRD ROW FROM THE TOP.



REB ZALMAN AS A BOCHUR.

Our final destination was a Displaced Persons Camp in Germany, where we waited for instructions from the Frierdiker Rebbe on how to proceed. During our stay, my father organized a *cheder* for boys and a Beis Rivkah for girls.

The Frierdiker Rebbe first instructed us to come to America, so we arranged the papers and sent over our belongings, but suddenly we received a second letter, telling us to move to Eretz Yisroel instead: “אתה—ובניך יהיו גרות להאיר בארצנו הקדושה—you and your children will be an ‘illuminating light’ in our Holy Land,” the Frierdiker Rebbe wrote.

After moving to Eretz Yisroel, my father immediately got to work once again; he was one of the founders of the new yeshiva in Lod, which later became the central Chabad yeshiva of Eretz Yisroel.

## Life in Eretz Yisroel

The most difficult experience I witnessed in my childhood was the *histalkus* of the Frierdiker Rebbe. When the news arrived on Sunday

morning, 11 Shevat 5710, in Eretz Yisroel, I watched as my father ran into Shul with tears running down his cheeks, crying “Oy Rebbe!”

All the Chassidim sat *shiva*. After the *shloshim*, they began talking about appointing the Rebbe, and writing a *ksav hiskashrus*. Reb Shlomo Chaim Kesselman, Reb Shmerel Sasonkin and Reb Moshe Gurary wrote a letter which everybody signed.<sup>3</sup>

I also remember how a few months after the Rebbe accepted *nesius*, we received a tape recording of the Yud Shevat farbrengen, which caused a huge sensation throughout Eretz Yisroel; the concept was totally novel.

I arrived in New York on 27 Elul 5717. It was a year after the Rebbe had sent the *bochurim*-shluchim to Eretz Yisroel following the terrorist attack in Kfar Chabad. They had generated a huge amount of excitement and inspiration, and in the wake of their visit, we *bochurim*, learning in Tomchei Temimim in Lod, decided that we wanted to go to the Rebbe.<sup>4</sup>

Together with my brother Eli, I traveled to the Yeshiva in Brunoy,

France. From Brunoy, we wrote to the administration of the yeshiva at 770 asking for documents to allow us to travel to the US, but they answered with a message from the Rebbe that we should remain in Brunoy. Permission to come to America would be given only following a positive report from the *hanhala* about our progress there. Other classmates of mine went through a similar process; Mottel Chein, Avremel Sasonkin, Leibel Alevsky,<sup>5</sup> and others.

We were in Brunoy from 15 Shevat through Elul 5717. Reb Nissan Nemanov was very demanding of us. He knew we desired to continue on to New York, and he took full responsibility to make sure that we would truly deserve the merit.

When we received permission to come to 770, we collected money for the ship voyage. My uncle, Reb Sender Menkin, gave a bit, the *meshpia* Reb Yisroel Noach Belinitzky gave some, and soon we had collected the full amount. The ship was to leave from Marseille, about an hour-and-a-half from Brunoy, and Reb Yisroel Noach accompanied us for the entire train ride. “If I can’t travel to the Rebbe myself, I will at least accompany you to the ship,” he said. We were very

moved by the gesture of this elderly Chassid.

Arriving in New York, we were greeted at the pier by three *bochurim*: Gershon Mendel Garelik, Itche Springer, and Yisroel Friedman, who whisked us to *mincha*, where we saw the Rebbe for the first time.

## Arriving in 770

I will never forget that first experience of spending Rosh Hashanah in the Rebbe's presence. Watching the Rebbe's cries under his tallis before *tekios*, the *pesukim*, the *tekios* themselves—you were literally able to see how the Rebbe invested his entire being for the sake of *klal Yisroel*. The image of the Rebbe crying over the bags of *panim* was unforgettable.<sup>6</sup>

Later that day, I joined the march to *tashlich* in Botanical Gardens. That was also a very impressive sight; the Rebbe walked at the front with Rabbi Hodakov, while everyone lined up behind in pairs, singing *niggunim* along the way. Large crowds of people



would come out each year to see the Rebbe on this walk.

My first *yechidus* was during *Aseres Yemei Teshuva*, a short time after I arrived. During that *yechidus*, I brought the Rebbe a picture of our family. We knew the Rebbe wanted pictures of the families of Chassidim, so my father had arranged that we take a family picture before we left Eretz Yisroel.

At the *yechidus*, the Rebbe looked at the picture and asked that I list my siblings names on the back of the photo, and tag them on the picture itself; *alef* on the picture would refer to the name tagged as *alef* on the list, etc. The Rebbe said that I should bring the picture to Rabbi Hodakov once I had done this.

I was new in town, and I didn't understand why the Rebbe would instruct me to bring it to Rabbi Hodakov. Why shouldn't I bring it to the Rebbe himself? Seeing my confusion, the Rebbe explained to me that giving something to Rabbi Hodakov was just like bringing it to him; Rabbi Hodakov would pass it on to the Rebbe.

I settled down in yeshiva in 770, where I spent the next five years, until my wedding in Kislev 5723. Those

years in close proximity to the Rebbe were the best years of my life.

The yeshiva was small in those days, and we each merited to receive personal attention from the Rebbe. To us, the Rebbe was better than the best father could ever be.

Sometimes we would meet the Rebbe walking to and from his house. As soon as the Rebbe would come into sight, we would stand reverentially on a side, and wait for the Rebbe to pass. Once, shortly after Pesach, the Rebbe noticed me walking without a coat and said, "Ah! *Noch nisht azoi hais; uhn a mantel?* It isn't yet so hot; why are you without a coat?"<sup>7</sup>

Although we felt this sense of closeness, it didn't detract from the reverence, the *yir'as haromemus*, we had in the Rebbe's presence. We felt this way, to an extent, maybe even more than some Chassidim in the later years.

We dreaded the thought of the Rebbe looking at us. Often, after *mincha* or *maariv* in the *zal*, the Rebbe would turn around and scan the crowd, so we would always try to find positions where the Rebbe wouldn't see us. We didn't want the Rebbe to see our "unrefined faces."

On Simchas Torah 5723, in the wee hours of the morning, the Rebbe taught the *niggun* "*Stav Ya Pitu*."<sup>8</sup> In the earlier years, the Rebbe would stand on a crate when he taught the *niggun*, but by then the Rebbe had a regular *bima* for the *farbrengens*, so he stood on that *bima*, while we stood on the floor. Near the Rebbe stood the *ba'alei menagnim*; Heishke Gansburg, Yoel Kahn, my brother Eli Lipsker, and others.

As the Rebbe taught the *niggun*, the crowd was working on picking up the Russian words, and suddenly the Rebbe said, "*S'iz doh noch einer vos ken Rusish, Lipsker fun Eretz Yisroel. Un er hot a shtikel chush in negina oich*. There is someone else who knows Russian,

## Ask a Rov

One Erev Shabbos Chol Hamoed Sukkos, the Rebbe arrived from his home a bit earlier than usual. On his way into 770, he asked me if there was an *eruv* from the building to the sukkah. I went outside, looked around, and came back to report (through *mazkirus*), that indeed, there was an *eruv*.

When I came to *mincha* that afternoon, I was told that the Rebbe had asked for me. I went over to Rabbi Hodakov's office to find out what it was about, but he hadn't heard anything from the Rebbe. Later, Rabbi Hodakov told me that the Rebbe had wanted to know if a *rov* had checked the *eruv*.

Lipsker from Eretz Yisroel. And he also has some musical talent...” The Rebbe pointed at me.

Another unique *zechus* I had was to be counted among the *shiv'as knei hamenorah*, or as they were known in short, the *kanim*. The *kanim* would spend extra time learning their respective subjects, either *nigleh* or Chassidus, and would also rotate in giving a *pitpul* each week on what they learned. I was a *kan* for Chassidus, and among our privileges was two special *yechidusen* we had with the Rebbe.<sup>9</sup>

## Stories from Yechidus

Each year before my birthday (Chof Kislev, as I mentioned earlier), I merited to go into *yechidus*. Most of what occurred during those *yechidusen* is not for public knowledge; the very definition of the word *yechidus* means it is something personal, something private, and *nogea* to myself alone. I never share what the Rebbe told me during those moments.

However, there are a few directives and stories that I will share with you. In fact, there was actually one *yechidus* where the Rebbe gave me a *hora'a* which I should pass on:

The Rebbe said that Rabbeinu Tam's tefillin must be put on immediately after davening, so as not to make a *hefsek* from the *bracha*; this was a *hora'a* the Rebbe said I could and should pass on, whether in his name or not.

Another time, in 5719, the Rebbe said I should approach him during the upcoming Yud-Tes Kislev Farbrengen, remind him that it is my birthday, and receive *l'chaim*. In earlier years this had been a common occurrence, but by then it was no longer the norm.

Another directive: When my birthday was on Friday, the Rebbe said I should be *malavir sedrah* before Shabbos, on my birthday itself.

Another episode from my *yechidusen*:



“There is someone else who knows Russian, Lipsker from Eretz Yisroel. And he also has some musical talent...”

I would give a weekly Chassidus *shiur* in the Mir Yeshivah of Brooklyn. One week, as I entered their building, two of my “students” stopped me. To my consternation, they said the *shiur* would need to end, because the *rosh yeshiva* Rabbi Kalmanovitch would not sanction its existence.

A week later, I entered into *yechidus* for my birthday, and I included this episode in my letter to the Rebbe. The Rebbe read the story and asked, “*Velcher Kalmanovitch, der alter tzi der yunger?* Which Kalmanovitch, senior or junior?”

I didn't know the answer, and the Rebbe continued, “*Er hot zich noch nit oisgelernt*—he still hasn't learned?”

The Rebbe suggested that we should move it to a nearby shul, Young Israel of Ocean Parkway. That is what we did.

## Moving On

In Kislev 5723, I got married to Feige Chaya Einbinder. On the day of my wedding, as was customary, I received the Rebbe's *siddur* before *mincha*. The Rebbe told me, “*Nem*

*dem siddur, tu uhn a gartel, daven mincha, zog al chet, un bet zach ois ale gute zachen far dem gantzen leben*—Take this *siddur*, put on a *gartel*, pray *mincha*, say *Al Chet*, and ask Hashem for all good things for your entire life.”

After our wedding, I became part of the founding group of the *kolel* that the Rebbe had decided to establish. Rabbi Hodakov called me and informed me that he had arranged for my father-in-law to support me in part while the *kolel* would provide some support as well, and that way I could join and learn with peace of mind.

The members were myself, Reb Arele Serebransky, Reb Yosef (Asa) Deitch and—*ybchl*—Reb Arele Chitrik *a”h*. We learned in the *ezras nashim* of 770, and Rabbi Zalman Shimon Dvorkin would give us occasional *shiurim*.

We were also tasked by the Rebbe with putting together *mareh mekomos* for Likutei Torah. We split up the different tasks, and each week, on Motzei Shabbos, one of us—by rotation—would go into the Rebbe's room to present our work from that

## Tefillin at Six A.M.

At the end of the summer of 5721, when I returned from my Merkos Shlichus, I showed up in 770 at one in the morning. It was a Thursday night, right before Chof Av. The *zal* was deserted; I was exhausted from the long trip and the heat, and I put my head down on a table and fell asleep.

Suddenly I felt a hand tapping my shoulder. At first I ignored it, but the person was persistent; he continued shaking me until I looked up in annoyance. I suddenly realized that it was Rabbi Hodakov.

I jumped up, and he inquired as to where I had returned from and when. I answered, and he asked if I was ready for another shlichus. Obviously, I immediately responded in the affirmative.

We went into his office, and he handed me a pair of *tefillin*.

“There is a Jew named Louie Shelder who lives in Long Beach, about an hour from here,” he said. “You need to be at his door at six in the morning; not a minute earlier or a minute later. Teach him how to put on *tefillin*, and leave the pair with him.”

I headed out to Long Beach with ample time, and waited outside his door until the clock struck six, and I knocked on his door.

Mr. Shelder opened the door, and looked quite surprised. I explained that I was sent by the Lubavitcher Rebbe, and I had come to teach him how to put on *tefillin*. He immediately invited me inside. I put the *tefillin* on him, and showed him exactly how to fulfill the mitzvah.

When we finished, I prepared to leave, but Mr. Shelder invited me to accompany him on his ride to work. On the train, he told me the background to this story.

“Your Rebbe is a wise man,” he said. “At midnight last night, I had a private audience with the Rebbe. We began talking, and the Rebbe began asking about my family and about my work. The Rebbe also asked whether I put on *tefillin* each morning, and I answered that I do not. The Rebbe didn’t comment further on this topic; we continued speaking about other issues.

“A few minutes later the Rebbe asked, ‘And why don’t you put on *tefillin*?’

“I told the Rebbe that I didn’t even own *tefillin*...

“Again, the Rebbe continued the conversation. He asked me about my daily schedule, when I wake up, what time I leave to work, what I do during the day, etc.

“Fifteen minutes later the Rebbe asked, ‘If you did own a pair of *tefillin*, would you put them on?’

“I don’t even know how to put on *tefillin*,’ I answered.

“Had you known how to wear them, and you owned a pair, would you put them on?’ I answered that I would be willing to do so.

“The Rebbe acted very wisely. He threw the questions at me in a manner that didn’t show where he was going, and after an hour and a half, at two in the morning, I left the *yechidus*.

“As you see, when the Rebbe heard that I would be willing to put on *tefillin*, he discovered where and when exactly it would be possible to meet me, and sent you a mere four hours later, at exactly six in the morning, to put on *tefillin* after I awoke but before I left to work.”

I was blown away by the story. Mr. Shelder wanted to pay me for the *tefillin*, but I obviously refused to take money from him.

He insisted; “Will you at least take a bottle of *mashke* to the Rebbe?”

I answered that I could bring the *mashke* to *mazkirus* and they would pass it on to the Rebbe.

Rabbi Hodakov later told me that the Rebbe wanted to know if I had returned in time for *seder Chassidus*. “I told the Rebbe that you hadn’t made it, and the Rebbe said, ‘Nu, he’s still on shlichus...’”





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week. I merited to go into the Rebbe's room in this manner three or four times.

Usually, it was very brief; we just entered and gave the Rebbe the pages of work from the past week. One time, I asked the Rebbe's permission to ask a question. At that moment, the Rebbe's expression changed; his holy face took on a "yechidus expression," he listened to my question and answered it briefly.

During my studies, I also began looking into options for shlichus. We were offered a number of positions by Rabbi Hodakov; one idea was Stockholm, Sweden, another in Queens, and a third in Philadelphia. The Rebbe chose Philadelphia.

The initial job was to be a *melamed*. In *yechidus*, I mentioned to the Rebbe that they had offered \$4,400 for a year's salary, and the Rebbe said that I shouldn't agree for anything under five thousand.

In that *yechidus*, the Rebbe said about our shlichus: "*M'darf machen Philadelphia a frumme shtot, s'iz a shverer job, uber dos iz dein shlichus—* You need to make Philadelphia a *frum* city. It is a difficult job, but this is your mission."

### On Shlichus

When we moved to Philadelphia, I began teaching in the school, and each afternoon I would visit Jewish

homes and make connections with people. At first, it was difficult going; we shlichim were a strange sight in town with our beards and *peyos*, but over time the ice broke and we began making real inroads.

One of the special moments as a teacher would be when I had the opportunity to bring my students to the Rebbe. I would bring groups to Crown Heights for Shabbos, and they would have the merit of participating in the Rebbe's *farbrengen*. The Rebbe would say *l'chaim* to them, and the Shabbos would make a powerful impact on them. Many of those students went on to become observant Jews.



## The Two Kings

My first *yechidus* after moving on shlichus was when I returned for Yud-Tes Kislev 5724. The Rebbe asked, “*Vos hert zich in Philadelphia vu shnei melachim mishamshim b’keser echad?* How is it going in Philadelphia, where two kings reign with one crown?”

I was utterly confused.

“*Ich mein di shnei melachim hamishamshim b’keser echad, Harav Yolles and Harav Novoseller.* The ‘two kings’ I’m referring to are Rabbi Yolles and Rabbi Novoseller.” Rabbi Efraim Yolles—a well-known Chossid of the Rebbe<sup>10</sup>—was considered the chief rabbi of the city, while Rabbi Dovid Shlomo Novoseller was the chief *dayan*. They sometimes had their differences.

“*Du darfst zeen zein mit beideh gut*—see to it to be on the good side of both,” the Rebbe instructed me. From then on, I made an effort to build a relationship with these and other *rabbonim* in town.

After one trip, the Rebbe wrote to me, “התוצאות? What are the results?” From then I began writing to the Rebbe about the effect these Shabbosim were having on them.

## Chabad House for Dovrei Ivrit

After a few years of balancing teaching and *hafatza*, I began doing *hafatza* full time, and opened a Chabad House for Israelis, which proved, with Hashem’s help, to be very successful.

Throughout all the stages of our shlichus, we received constant guidance from the Rebbe, often through Rabbi Hodakov. In the later years, the Rebbe would often give me a second dollar, “*Far gantz Philadelphia*—for the entire Philadelphia.”

When I began working with Israelis, many of them had stores or stalls in the local malls that would remain open on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, not to mention every Shabbos. I would often encourage them to close, but with only minimal success. One year, I decided that come what may, this year everyone will close their stores over the Yomim Noraim.

I spoke to them, encouraged them, cajoled and argued, and in the end, prevailed. One shopkeeper even paid five hundred dollars to his Korean partners as compensation.

The day after Yom Kippur, the chief of police told me how astonished he was. “Not a single store opened, Rabbi. How did you pull that off?”

Needless to say, I reported to the Rebbe about the success, and the Rebbe responded, “ת”ח על הבשורה—Many thanks for the good news.”

One time, I brought a group of *mekuravim* to the Rebbe for dollars. While we were there, the Rebbe told me to explain to them the meaning of the word Philadelphia. I didn’t understand what the Rebbe meant, so the Rebbe explained that Philadelphia in Latin means *ahavas chochmah*, the “love of wisdom,” and because the greatest wisdom is Torah, the wisdom of Hashem, they should take part in Torah classes to strengthen their love of Torah.

Later that night, I received a call from *mazkirus*. The Rebbe had said that I was probably still confused, and therefore explained: Phia has the

After one trip, the Rebbe wrote to me, “התוצאות? What are the results?”

same root as “philosophy,” and the beginning of the name, Phila, means love.

## Gemach Lubavitch of Philadelphia

In 5737, as per the Rebbe’s *hora’ah* then to open *gemachs*, we founded a free loan society for any Jew in Philadelphia in need of a loan. Over the years, we have helped countless local Jews and many *anash* as well.

The Rebbe was very happy about the *gemach*, and was interested in knowing what type of people were borrowing from it. For 15 years, the Rebbe sent a letter to our annual *melaveh malkah* each year, and always enclosed a check or cash.

During one of our early years, I sent the Rebbe pictures of an event, and received the following answer:

שתי תמונות נלקח

כדאי שבתמונות העיקריות לכה"פ יהי

תראה אם ע"י שלט וכו' את תוכן המאורע.

“Two pictures were kept here [for the Rebbe’s collection]. It would be appropriate, at least in the main pictures, for the theme of the event to be evident, whether through the sign or the like.”

One of our dinners honored a very prominent individual, and we invested a lot more into the dinner than usual in his honor. When the Rebbe saw the numbers, he wrote, “היתכן? ההוצאה חמישית מההכנסה Why is the expenditure a fifth of the income...?”

## In Conclusion

Let me tell you two things that I have always put a great emphasis on in my own shlichus; these have brought me amazing *brachos* and I suggest that others do the same:

First of all, I always make sure to carry *tefillin* and even *mezuzos* with me wherever I go. You never know who you might meet and in what situation you may have the opportunity to affect another Jew. I have countless stories about seemingly random occurrences which led to a person becoming seriously closer to Yiddishkeit.

The second is even more important.

From the day I moved on shlichus, I have endeavoured to bring people to the Rebbe. In the earlier years I would bring them to Shabbos farbrengens, later I would bring them to dollars, and since then, in our unfortunate state of *galus*, I have been bringing them to the Ohel.

Over the years, I had the *zechus* of bringing thousands of Jews to the Rebbe. I cannot overstate the immense impact these visits have made on them. There is nothing I could say to these people and nothing I could do, to equal the experience of being by the Rebbe. There were people who I least expected to be affected, yet they walked out with changed lives. With some I saw an immediate difference, with others it was more gradual, but nobody leaves unmoved.

In my opinion, this is the main goal of our shlichus: To connect another Yid to דורנו ונשיא דורנו. **ט**

1. See Sefer Hasichos 5698 p. 251.
2. For more about that great escape, see *Derher Iyar 5776* pg. 38.
3. See *Yemei Bereishis* p. 116.
4. For more about the shluchim's trip to Eretz Yisroel, see *Derher Sivan 5774*, pg. 32 "Transforming Tragedy."
5. See *Derher's* interview with Rabbi Leibel Alevsky in *Derher Iyar 5778*, pg.42, "My Years in 770."
6. To read a full description of Rosh Hashanah by the Rebbe, see *Derher Tishrei 5776* pg. 20 "Rosh Hashanah with the Rebbe."
7. A similar event was related to us by Rabbi Alevsky. See *Derher Iyar 5778* pg. 57.
8. For the full description of this event, see *Derher Tammuz 5776* pg. 66.



## Don't Just Print

In the summer of 5734, several months after the Yom Kippur War, I did an afternoon round in downtown Philadelphia. A *mekurav* of mine introduced me to his son-in-law, a young man named Danny Aleksandrovich, who had recently arrived from Eretz Yisroel. When he heard that my name was Lipsker, he was surprised. "I was a second lieutenant in the military, and during the war my brigade commander was Colonel Tzvi Lipsker..." That was my older brother.

We put on *tefillin*, and he began to tell me about the *lebedike hakafos* my brother had led on Simchas Torah, about the poignancy of lighting the Chanukah candles near the battlefield, and about the special feeling the soldiers had when they printed the Tanya in Fayid, Egypt.<sup>11</sup>

I wrote to the Rebbe about our encounter, and some time later he joined me in 770 for the Yud-Beis Tammuz farbrengen.

During the farbrengen, the Rebbe looked at him a number of times and told him to say *lchaim*.

Later, when we passed by the Rebbe, the Rebbe told him, "I understand you were in Fayid when the Tanya was printed there." Danny nodded, and the Rebbe continued, "The Tanya isn't only supposed to be printed; you need to study it too..."

9. For more about the *shiv'as knei hamenorah*, see *Derher Iyar 5778*, pg. 48.
10. For more about Rabbi Yolles, see *Derher Nissan 5775*, pg.74 "A Tradition of Old."
11. The printing of the Tanya in Fayid was a

unique *hora'a* from the Rebbe, several years before the Rebbe announced the *mitvza* to print Tanyas all over the world. For a full overview of this *mitvza*, see *Tanya to the World*, *Derher Adar II 5776*, p. 46.