



“I Was Talking About You?!”



“Where are you going? Are you really leaving us now, right before Rosh Hashanah?! We were hoping you would stay in our village and serve as *chazzan*, shofar blower and rabbi...”

The *melamed*, a devoted Chossid of the Alter Rebbe, explained to his boss, a local *yishuvnik* (villager), that he intended to spend Tishrei with his Rebbe.

“Your Rebbe?!” exclaimed the puzzled man, who was used to calling the *melamed* with the title Rebbe. He was amazed that this man had his own Rebbe and was intrigued to visit him himself.

“Can I join you on your trip?” asked the *yishuvnik*.

The *melamed* was thrilled with this prospect. He had been unsure of how exactly he would make the journey; now he would have a ride.

“Sure!” replied the *melamed*, glad that he had found a way to avoid

making the trip by foot. Off they went on a journey to nourish their souls, while their bodies remained satisfied with the food the *yishuvnik* brought along.

The horse and carriage came to a halt and the passengers disembarked. The pair headed over to the *beis midrash* where things took an interesting turn.

While the *melamed* was widely known and respected, the *yishuvnik* was not. With growing anger and frustration he was forced to watch from the sidelines as the *melamed* was lovingly welcomed by his colleagues and peers who launched into lengthy and intellectual discussions with him.

The highlight of the journey arrived and the *melamed* prepared himself to enter into *yechidus* with the Alter Rebbe. This was an opportunity that all the Chassidim had and each

one of them wanted to make sure he was adequately prepared.

The *yishuvnik* was not at all familiar with *yechidus* and how it worked, however, when he saw the fervor of the Chassidim around him he asked for an opportunity to have a *yechidus* as well.

His wish was granted and he entered the Rebbe’s room.

Silence.

“Nu...”

Silence.

Not knowing the way one conducts oneself in *yechidus*, the *yishuvnik* remained silent for a lengthy period of time, even though the Alter Rebbe prodded him on with a repeated “Nu.”

Slightly confused and clearly not getting the hint, the *yishuvnik* exclaimed with frustration, “Rebbe, why are you saying ‘nu?’”

The Alter Rebbe replied in his traditional sing-song tone, “It happens that a Yid will transgress such and such *aveira*, or violate such and such prohibition...”

On and on, the Alter Rebbe listed all the *aveiros* that this *yishuvnik* had transgressed.

In his mind, as he was hearing his list of *aveiros* being told to him, the only way to make sense of it was that the *melamed* had reported to the Alter Rebbe about him. “Having come in before me,” he figured, “he probably gave over an accounting of all my actions to the Rebbe; after all, he lived in my house and saw how I conduct myself.”

Completely enraged, the *yishuvnik* ran straight to the *melamed* and began berating him over and over for what he had perceived that he had done to him. “This is how you repay me?! This is the return I get for the

לעילוי נשמת
 הרה"ח ר' שניאור זלמן הכהן
 בן הרה"ח ר' אברהם הכהן ע"ה
 בלעסאפסקי
 גבאי בית הכנסת ובית המדרש
 ליובאוויטש שבליובאוויטש - 770
 נלב"ע ט' אדר שני ה'תשס"ה -
 אמעריקע איז נישט אנדערש
 תנצ"בה

נדפס ע"י
 משפחת בלעסאפסקי
 ומשפחת רובינפעלד



kindness I have shown you?! Don't ever come back to my house again. Go find yourself a different job!"

The *melamed* was deeply pained by the severe accusations leveled against him. The thought that his

employer, who had indeed treated him well, now considered him an ingrate, bothered him tremendously and he decided to act in a drastic way.

He went back into the Alter Rebbe's room and

begged the Rebbe to let the *yishuvnik* know that it had not been him who had reported on all his actions.

The Alter Rebbe summoned the *yishuvnik* back into *yechidus* and told him, "Your anger at the

melamed is misplaced. He didn't mention a word to me about you."

"If so," exclaimed the puzzled man, "then how did you know about all my actions?"

The Alter Rebbe replied, "Did I say that you transgressed these *aveiros*? I merely listed some actions that are possible for a person to stumble on. How should I know that you committed all of them?"

"No one revealed my deeds to you? Listen to me, Oh Heavens!" cried out the *yishuvnik*, "Rebbe, I committed all these *aveiros*... I transgressed such and such."

The Alter Rebbe provided him with a path to complete *teshuva* and eventually the *yishuvnik* turned into an ardent and devout Chossid. **1**

(*Shmuos V'Sippurim*)

