



Dreaming A Mission

“I have two sons, 18 and 21 years old,” began an excited Reb Dovid¹ to his new-found friend at a motel in Disna. “I want to share with you an amazing story that happened with them and the Tzemach Tzedek.”

“Being a young adult in Russia during those years meant facing the inevitable challenge of being forced to join the Czar’s army. Being drafted as a soldier was the greatest nightmare and fear for any Jewish family.

“The lottery, which determined who would have to become a soldier, landed on my family and one of my sons was ordered to serve. With no way out from the dreaded conscription, I

went directly to the Rebbe for help and shared with him the terrible situation.

“What do you want from me?” replied the Tzemach Tzedek. ‘Am I a minister?!’ Completely broken, I burst into bitter tears and asked the Rebbe why he is distancing me. ‘Am I not a devout Chossid and *mekushar* like the Chassidim of yore?’ I cried in despair.

“You are of those who are *mekushar*?” exclaimed the Rebbe.

“Yes! I was in Lubavitch last year and this year and I am fluent in all the *maamarim* I heard from the Rebbe.’ The Tzemach Tzedek then began to

question me on the different parts of Chassidus he had taught and I was able to answer all the questions clearly and fluently. At that moment his compassion for me was revealed and he blessed me that, ‘With Hashem’s help your sons will be saved. Go to the city of Liepeli and over there you should meet up with an individual who is proficient in these matters. Go immediately to his house and he will help you.’

“Hearing this advice, I replied, ‘But he doesn’t know me at all!’ The Rebbe responded, ‘Don’t worry he will recognize you.’ I set out for Liepeli without delay and arrived very early in

the morning. I made my way over to this individual’s house only to find that the gate was locked. I stood outside and listened for some noise coming from within; my ears picked up the sound of the attendant moving around. I knocked on the gate and was welcomed inside. At that moment I heard sounds coming from the owner of the house but it was very strange; he seemed like he was under the influence of alcohol. Every few moments he would let out a scream, ‘Master of the world, what is this?!’ His behavior was like that of someone who was possessed; running from room to room like

לזכות
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עליזה ושיינדל
שיחיו
שוחאט

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a madman. For the first few moments he paid no attention to me at all, completely ignoring me as if I wasn't there. Finally he saw me and greeted me warmly.

"Where are you from?"

"I am from Tzashnik."

As soon as he heard this he began clapping his hands and dancing. 'He is from Tzashnik, he is from Tzashnik...' At that point, in my head, I was fully convinced that this man was not mentally stable. When he finally calmed down he said, 'I know you think I am crazy but by the time I will have finished explaining to you what happened everything will be clear.'

And with that he started telling me his story:

"It has been five years since I have last seen the Rebbe, the Tzemach Tzedek, and then one night he appeared to me in a dream. In the dream he told me that I need to help the Yid from Tzashnik out of his plight. Understandably I woke up quite shaken from what had occurred but then I managed to fall back asleep. Once again the Rebbe came to me and implored me to help this Yid. This happened practically the whole night.

"When you saw me this morning pacing around and around it was because of the dreams that I had

seen overnight. And then when I heard you were from Tzashnik I completely lost it as I realized this was indeed a true request from the Rebbe. So, please let me know what your problem is and how I can help you?"

Reb Dovid continued his tale:

"I quickly filled him in about what was decreed against one of my sons and asked him to help me out of the draft. Acknowledging the challenge of such a feat, he encouraged me by saying that with Hashem's help and the Rebbe's *brachos*, all will certainly turn out well. He then drank some tea, davened Shema and

Shmoneh Esrei and left the house.

"About midday he returned with a great smile and in a joyous mood. 'All is well,' he announced. 'I was at the bureau today and I guarantee you that your children are safe and no one will lay a hand on them. Their lottery will only be called in a number of years and by that time the decree will be over.'

"This my friend," concluded Reb Dovid, "is a true story of the greatness of our Rebbe." ¹

(*Sippurim Nora'im*
p. 106)

1. Name does not appear in the original, it was added here for the sake of clarity.