

To the amazing staff of the Chassidisher Derher we thank you for all your hard work and devotion in putting together this beautifully written and inspiring magazine! Dr. And Mrs. Levi A. Reiter

Rabbi Sholom Ber Gurkov, rosh yeshiva of Yeshiva Bais Shalom in Postville, Iowa, shares personal memories. Starting with his childhood in Communist Russia, and culminating with the precious years that he spent in the Rebbe's holy presence.¹

By: Rabbi Bentzion Schtroks

ШШП

MICHI DI DI

was born on 11 Nissan 5696* in Kharkov, Ukraine. My father, Reb Yaakov Yosef Gurkov, learned in Tomchei Temimim in Nevel.

In the years following World War I, Tomchei Temimim was forced to wander from one city to the

next as they sought a safe haven where the students could sit and learn, away from the houndings of the Soviet authorities. One of the cities where the yeshiva was situated for a period of time during the war, was in Kharkov.

My father related to me that the Rebbe once visited Kharkov while he was there. During the visit, the Rebbe walked into the yeshiva and began to converse with *bochurim* in matters of learning.

When the Rebbe asked the *bochurim* a question on a *sugya* that they were then learning, no one had an answer. The Rebbe said: "This is the question of the Rashba! This is how we learn?"

My father was then learning with Reb Yehuda Kulasher at the end of the table. The Rebbe stood near them looking into my father's Gemara as he began to ask a question. My father replied: "A *geonishe* question." The Rebbe then went on to share with my father and his *chavrusa* a full explanation on the particular section.

Years later, when my father visited the Rebbe for the first time in 5714*, the Rebbe reminded him of the encounter in Kharkov.

My grandfather, Reb Meir Gurkov, learnt in Tomchei Temimim in Lubavitch during the first years of its existence. He used to tell the following story, articulating as to why he is not worried about longevity. (*Baruch Hashem*, my grandfather lived to the

"The Frierdiker Rebbe performed a miracle, and they crossed the border without any issues."

ripe age of ninety with no medical issues.)

After *tekias shofar* one year, the Rebbe Rashab walked through the courtyard to his house in order to change his clothing, which were soaked in sweat. Upon attempting to turn the doorknob, the Rebbe Rashab saw that the door was locked and nobody was in the house. Observing this, my grandfather hurried over to the house, climbed in through the window and opened the door for the Rebbe Rashab. In appreciation for his efforts, the Rebbe Rashab gave my grandfather a *bracha* for *arichus yamim*.

Mekushar From Afar

When I was growing up in Russia, although we lacked any pictures of the Frierdiker Rebbe (which were forbidden by law), he was very much at the forefront of our minds and hearts. Chassidim would learn the Frierdiker Rebbe's Torah and speak of the Rebbe regularly. The first time I saw a picture of the Frierdiker Rebbe was after we left Russia.

With the outbreak of World War II, many Lubavitcher Chassidim, my family included, fled to Samarkand and Tashkent. During the years of war, the KGB was not as active in these distant cities, and Yidden were able to maintain a semblance of Jewish life. With the conclusion of the war, the persecution against Yidden and Jewish life escalated.

In 5706* a gratifying opportunity arose. The Soviet Union had decided to turn a blind eye to Polish immigrants attempting to exit their borders. Since many Polish immigrants had died on Russian soil during the war, the Soviet government wished to raise the tally of Poles who had left the country.

For Chassidim this meant that with the forging of a Polish passport they could finally escape to a place of freedom. My parents obtained fake Polish papers for our family, and we started preparing to leave Russia. My father had already bought train tickets and the suitcases were all packed, when my father heard that the Frierdiker Rebbe instructed that Chassidim should not leave Russia. Upon hearing this, my father tore the travel documents, not wanting to face the temptation of leaving.

A little while later it was discovered that in the many steps of communication, the Frierdiker Rebbe's message was distorted. The Frierdiker Rebbe hadn't said that Chassidim should not leave Russia, rather that if leaving Russia meant settling in Poland, then it was not worthwhile. If it was possible however to settle elsewhere, we should certainly leave Russia.

By this time, Reb Leibel Mochkin, who was very active in the escape efforts, received worrisome news from his aid, a Jewish Communist. The man claimed to have been in the Kremlin and was informed that Stalin caught word of the escape plan that was brewing amongst Lubavitcher Chassidim. Thus he ordered that all Chassidim who attempted to leave the country be sent to Siberia.

Chassidim were now posed with an ever challenging dilemma, whether to continue with their plans with the hopes that the rumor was false, or to remain in Russia to avoid the risk of being sent to Siberia.

My father was of the opinion that the plans must continue and that we must escape Russia. "The rumor from the Kremlin may or may not be true," he said. "One thing is certain though, and that is that we cannot remain here." Taking this approach, our family along with many other Chassidim managed to escape Russia.

One such person who left Russia with Polish papers was Rebbetzin Chana. In 5707*, the Rebbe traveled to Paris where Rebbetzin Chana had arrived, and accompanied his mother from Paris to America.

I heard from Reb Bentzion Shemtov that when the Rebbe farbrenged in Paris during his visit, he spoke of the connection that the Frierdiker Rebbe has to the Chassidim in Russia, and shared the following story:

The Frierdiker Rebbe was once sitting in his room with his holy head resting on his arms. When the doctors noticed this, they attempted to attract the Frierdiker Rebbe's attention. Not receiving a response, the doctors



REB SHOLOM BER (CENTER) AS A CHILD IN RUSSIA, CIRCA 5701.

rushed to notify the Rebbe of the situation. The Rebbe entered the Frierdiker Rebbe's room, and upon emerging he reassured the doctors that everything was alright.

When the Rebbe entered the Frierdiker Rebbe's room again later, he saw the Frierdiker Rebbe saying the words of *Az Yashir*, after which he exclaimed: "They passed."

The Rebbe explained that the Frierdiker Rebbe said *Az Yashir* three times, one for each of the trains of Chassidim that were leaving the Soviet Union. According to the natural order of things, the trains were not destined to make it out of Russia, and things were not set to end well. The Frierdiker Rebbe performed a miracle, and they crossed the border without any issues.

A New Era

Towards the end of 5707*, my family arrived in Paris where we stayed for approximately three years. During the summer of 5710*, following the *histalkus* of the Frierdiker Rebbe, Chassidim in Paris received a letter from the Rebbe encouraging them to raise funds for the Frierdiker Rebbe's



A PHOTO OF REB SHOLOM BER AROUND THE TIME OF HIS ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIET UNION IN 5707

causes. Although due to the financial state amongst most of the local *anash* money was scarce at the time, people gave whatever they had.

My grandfather, Reb Meir Gurkov, was responsible for collecting the funds from *anash* in our community to be sent to the Rebbe. There was one individual who was blessed with strong financial capabilities, and he pledged a certain amount for the cause. Hearing the amount that the fellow wished to donate, my grandfather told him that he needed to give a larger amount if he wished to be included in the list of donors. This individual wanted to be included in the list of donors, but did not want to give additional money. He therefore approached the collector of another community and attempted to give his donation there. The person responsible for the donations in that community told the Chossid that he should give the money to Reb Meir Gurkov. When he came back to my grandfather and indeed gave a larger sum, my grandfather said to him: "Do you know who the letter came from? It is from the one who is going to take us to greet Moshiach!"

The First Maamar

Towards the end of 5710*, my family relocated from Paris and settled in London. On the first days of Pesach in 5711*, an envelope from 770 arrived at our apartment. Enclosed in the envelope was the *maamar Basi Legani* which the Rebbe recited three months prior.

When my father saw the new *maamar*, he became overwhelmed with joy and began to dance with me and my brother.

The main floor of the building that we lived in housed the local *chassidishe* shul. When people in shul heard that there were *hakafos* going on upstairs, they came and joined in the celebration.

On the following Shabbos, my grandfather came to visit, and my father showed him the *maamar*. Enthusiastically, my grandfather announced in shul that the first *maamar* from the Rebbe had arrived and he recited *Shehecheyanu*.

Many of the people that were present didn't understand what a *maamar* was, and they were confused by the extent of the celebration. They thought that a *maamar* was probably a few nice

"My grandfather said to him: "Do you know who the letter came from? The one who is going to take us to greet Moshiach!"

divrei Torah.

My grandfather told them: "I will explain to you what a maamar is. When the Mitteler Rebbe began saying his first maamar, he started off by saying: 'In order to be able to recite a maamar, there are three conditions. Firstly, one needs to feel as though he is walking on the street and children are throwing stones at him, so that he will speak with humility. Secondly, one must understand that none of the words are random, but rather each word is specifically aligned in accordance with Hashem's names. Thirdly, the one reciting the maamar needs to know the history of all of those listening to the *maamar*, from the day that they were born until today.""

This was my grandfather's way of instilling in the minds and hearts of the people the spiritual weight that a *maamar* carries, and why receiving the Rebbe's first *maamar* calls for such immense joy.

Coming to the Rebbe

When we moved to London, I began learning in the Manchester

Yeshiva. Together with me in the Manchester Yeshiva were Avrohom and Yisroel Shemtov, and Berel Futerfas. Aside from us four, the rest of the *bochurim* were not Lubavitch.

After spending three years in Manchester, we decided that the time had come to travel to New York and learn near the Rebbe. Together we sat and penned a letter expressing our wish to the Rebbe.

The Rebbe gave instructions to the *hanhala* of the yeshiva to decide who should be allowed to come to New York. To my disappointment, they chose Avrohom Shemtov and Berel Futerfas, and I was to stay behind.

One year later, approaching the end of 5714*, I wrote to the Rebbe again asking for permission to come learn in New York in time for the year of 5715*. This time, I was *zoche* to receive a letter from the Rebbe telling me to contact the yeshiva in Montreal, and to ask if there was an appropriate class there for me. If I am accepted, I should attempt to attain US and Canadian visas, this way I could spend Tishrei in New York and then travel to Montreal.

Attaining proper visas was a difficult feat, and although I didn't manage to arrange myself a visa I decided to fly to New York and worry about the next step once I was there. One of the requirements in order to enter the US was to show a return ticket. This too I did not have as I lacked the funds to purchase more than just a one way ticket. Miraculously, I was not given any trouble upon my arrival.

Exiting the terminal, I was surprised by my brother Moshe and my friends Avrohom Shemtov and Berel Futerfas who came to greet me. My brother told me that a few days earlier the Rebbe asked him if he knew that I was coming, and told him to greet me at the airport.

Before leaving for New York, I told the *bochurim* at the Manchester Yeshiva that those who would like could write a letter that I would submit to the Rebbe for them. Thirty *bochurim* indeed gave me personal letters that they wrote, along with coins for *demei pa*"n.

During my first *yechidus* with the Rebbe, I gave the Rebbe the stack of letters that I had brought. The Rebbe put the letters of the *bochurim* that I brought on top of mine, and set the coins aside.

The Rebbe then asked if the letters were from the *bochurim* in my class, or from the entire yeshiva. I responded from the entire yeshiva. The Rebbe looked through the letters, and said that I should write to them that when one asks for a *bracha* they ought to learn the Torah of the one giving the *bracha*. Therefore they should learn Tanya.

One of the *bochurim* who sent a letter was the son of the *rosh yeshiva*. His name was Pesach. In order to differentiate between him and his cousin who shared the same name, he was nicknamed amongst the *bochurim* "Pesach the Rosh Yeshiva's." When the Rebbe looked at his letter, the Rebbe asked: "This is Pesach the Rosh Yeshiva's?"

Eventually, many of these thirty *bochurim* who sent letters to the Rebbe, became full fledged Lubavitcher Chassidim.

Precious Moments

During the month of Tishrei, I was *zoche* to be in the Rebbe's presence for the first time in my life. I was finally able to observe the Rebbe with my own eyes. Every moment with the Rebbe was awe-inspiring and precious.

In those years, on Simchas Torah after the main *hakafos* in the *shalash*, the Rebbe would go to the Frierdiker Rebbe's apartment for *seudas Yom Tov*. Afterwards, he would come to the *zal* and join another round of *hakafos*.

When the Rebbe came to the *zal* that year, he was given the Torah and he danced half a circuit. Afterwards, the Rebbe stood up on a chair, took out a bottle of *mashke* and said that he will distribute it to those who take upon themselves additional learning of Chassidus.

There were two *bochurim* who were standing behind the door to the *zal*. One of them said to the other: "Well,

I learn Tanya everyday." Although it wasn't physically possible for someone that was in the *zal* to hear what they had said, the Rebbe announced right then: "I am not referring to learning the daily portion of Tanya. Those who want to say *l'chaim*, need to take upon themselves additional learning of Chassidus."

While distributing the *mashke*, the Rebbe started to sing *Veharikosi Lachem Bracha*. There were a few *bochurim* who went over to Reb Yoel afterwards and complained that they were looking forward to seeing the Rebbe dance as had happened in previous years. Reb Yoel told them: "You should feel lucky that you merited to see the Rebbe sing *Veharikosi Lachem Bracha*, as he bestows us with *bracha*."

One of the interesting memories I have from that year, was when the Rebbe spoke a *sicha* on Chol Hamoed Sukkos about the story of the *tzedoki* who poured the water of *nisuch hamayim* on his feet instead of into the jug.

The Rebbe shared an incredible explanation to this story. After the farbrengen, my uncle Reb Michoel Teitelbaum told me that right before the *sicha* someone said *l'chaim* to the Rebbe, but instead of drinking the wine, he poured it onto the floor.



REB SHOLOM BER GURKOV SITTING IN THE BOTTOM ROW, FAR RIGHT, DURING HIS YEARS IN THE MANCHESTER YESHIVA. AVROHOM SHEMTOV IS STANDING RIGHT ABOVE HIM, SLIGHTLY TO THE LEFT



Did He Arrive?

Towards the end of Tishrei, with my visa still not in order, I approached Rabbi Hodakov and told him that I don't know what to do about going to Montreal. I hoped that this would be a good enough reason for me to be able to stay in New York near the Rebbe. Rabbi Hodakov told me that I should go to Montreal with the *menahel* of the yeshiva, Rabbi Kramer.

Unfortunately, Rabbi Kramer was going to Montreal before Shabbos Bereishis which meant that I would miss the farbrengen, but sadly I had no choice.

Before leaving for Montreal, I merited to have another *yechidus* with the Rebbe. In *yechidus*, the Rebbe asked if I remembered what was spoken (in the *sichos*) here. I responded that I remember a bit. The Rebbe said that I should repeat in other places the things that I heard.

When Rabbi Kramer and I reached the Canadian border, I told the patrol officer that I was going to go to the embassy to apply for a visa. Surprisingly, the officer said: "If you want you can stay." On that token I stayed in Montreal for several months without the necessary papers.

When Yud Shevat approached, I knew that the yeshiva was going to travel to the Rebbe, although I did not

TESTED IN THE REBBE'S PRESENCE

I was once being tested by Rabbi Chaim Meir Bukiet in the small *zal* in 770. During the test, I realized that the Rebbe was standing outside the *zal* and listening in. When the Rebbe saw that he was noticed, he continued walking to his room.

have a visa allowing me to enter the US again. I sent a letter to the Rebbe expressing my wish to come to the Rebbe for Yud Shevat, and that I was in doubt as to how I would cross over the border.

Being the risk taker that I was, I decided to board the train to New York together with the yeshiva, hoping that somehow I wouldn't have an issue. Before the train even departed the station, the conductor realized that I did not have papers, and I was removed from the train.

When I came back to yeshiva, I was notified that the Rebbe received my letter and said: "*Zol ehr kumen*—he should come!" Adding, that I should travel together with others, and not alone.

The next day, I traveled together with a group of *anash*. Miraculously when we arrived at the border, the border patrol did not say a word to me. Half an hour after we arrived at 770, the Rebbe walked towards the entrance as I stood nearby with several other *bochurim*. Approaching the front door, the Rebbe pointed in

"Walking towards the door. the Rebbe pointed in the direction where I was standing, and asked: "Did he arrive?"

the direction where I was standing, and asked: "Did he arrive?"

The next time I wanted to visit the Rebbe was for Yud-Beis Tammuz. I wrote another letter to the Rebbe, but this time Rabbi Hodakov called and relayed to me that the Rebbe said: "Too many kuntzen (tricks)."

Ahead of Tishrei the following year, 5716*, I once again merited to travel to the Rebbe.

On Simchas Torah night that year, when the Rebbe taught the niggun of Darkecha Elokeinu, Reb Shmuel Grossman from London said that he knew another part of the *niggun*. When he sang it, the Rebbe said that it has no connection to this niggun.

Before my birthday, which is on Yud-Aleph Nissan, I wrote a letter to the Rebbe. Included in what I wrote was that I wished to travel to the Rebbe for Pesach, but I still did not have the necessary papers. In response, the Rebbe wrote to me: "Hashem should fulfill the wishes of your heart for the good."

Indeed, a few days before Pesach, I received a visa and the other papers that I needed, and after bedikas chametz I traveled to New York.

Before I departed to New York,

a few of the Chassidim in Montreal asked me to request matzos from the Rebbe for them and to send it to them by mail, with the hope that it would reach them in time for the second seder.

On Erev Pesach I stood online as the Rebbe distributed matzos. When my turn arrived, the Rebbe said: "Did you receive the papers without any issues?" Here again the Rebbe indicated to me clearly that I was being looked after.

I then related to the Rebbe the request of the anash in Montreal. The Rebbe began giving me matzos for each person that asked, and I

attempted to keep them separated between my fingers so as to remember which matzah was for whom. The Rebbe told me that it doesn't matter who will receive which matzah, as long as everyone receives it.

When the Rebbe Smiled at Me

From when the Rebbe arrived in America in 5701*, until 5727* when a pond was built behind the library, the Rebbe would walk to the botanical gardens on the first day of Rosh Hashanah together with a procession of Chassidim to recite Tashlich.

In 5717*, it was pouring rain on the first day of Rosh Hashanah, to the point that the streets were practically empty from any pedestrians.

The Rebbe came out at the scheduled time with his siddur under his coat so that it shouldn't get wet, and the procession went on despite the downpour.

When we reached the entrance to the park, the gate was locked. Most likely, the custodian figured that



THE POND IN THE BROOKLYN BOTANICAL GARDENS WHERE THE REBBE RECITED TASHLICH

nobody would be coming due to the severe weather and decided to lock the gate early and head home.

The Rebbe handed his *siddur* to Reb Yisroel Duchman, and promptly climbed over the fence. All of the Chassidim followed suit and climbed over, young and old alike.

Upon returning to 770, we began to dance. Although the rain hadn't slowed down, we were already soaked to the point that the continuous rain couldn't make things any worse. Within a few minutes, we saw that the Rebbe had opened the window of his room and was motioning that we should come inside to 770.

At first we thought that the Rebbe wanted us to dance inside, but once we came inside we heard that the Rebbe wanted to distribute *lchaim*.

The Rebbe came out of his room and told us that the Alter Rebbe once distributed wine before *hakafos* and said that it should be given to the sick and barren to drink from. Miraculously, all of the recipients were healed.

The Rebbe continued and said that he would distribute something physical (wine) to everyone so that nobody should become sick (from the rain). Because it was nearing *shkiah*, the Rebbe announced that he would say *lchaim* once to everyone. The Rebbe also said that those who didn't manage to receive wine before *shkiah*, it will be as though they had received.

Standing up on a bench, the Rebbe began distributing wine to each person. I hadn't heard the Rebbe say that he would say *l'chaim* once for everyone, so when my turn came I said *l'chaim* to the Rebbe. When the Rebbe didn't respond, I repeated myself again. The Rebbe said: "I said one general *l'chaim* for everyone."

During the distribution, someone came by with dry clothing and the Rebbe did not give him wine. There was another person who made his clothing wet but he hadn't been at Tashlich. The Rebbe said to him: המים תחתונים בוכים אנן בעינן למהווי קמיה The lower waters cry [and say] we want to be before the king [i.e. to be used for holy things]." The Rebbe did not give this person wine either.

When Reb Moshe Leib Rodshtein came by, the Rebbe felt his hat which was dry. Reb Moshe explained that he had been at Tashlich, but he had managed to go home and change his hat, and the Rebbe gave him wine.

After this event, not only did nobody that went to Tashlich become sick, some of the older Chassidim who had previously been unwell became healthy too.

A few weeks later, when the Rebbe was entering the shul for *hakafos* on Simchas Torah, there was a bench sticking out into the pathway that was cleared for the Rebbe. One of the people near me tried to move the bench out of the way. I told him that moving the bench will cause people to fall and create a tumult. Instead the Rebbe can jump over the bench (as we had seen on Rosh Hashanah). And so it was, when the Rebbe came to the bench he looked at me and smiled and then jumped over it swiftly.

Behind Closed Doors

I merited the distinct privilege of being present during several Yom Tov meals that the Rebbe had in the Frierdiker Rebbe's residence.

On one such occasion, a dish of peach compote was brought out. The Rebbe did not take any of it, but he did cut it into several pieces so that others would feel comfortable taking some. After the Rebbe left, we realized that he had cut the fruit into the exact same number of pieces as the amount of people that were there.

On another occasion, I wasn't present, but I heard later from Reb Shmuel Dovid Raichik that the Rebbe gave out *shirayim*. This was an exception, as it was not the Rebbe's typical conduct.

During one meal on Shavuos, I believe, there were five of us *bochurim*

A HEALING GAZE

I believe it was in 5748*, when I brought my five-year-old twins to the Rebbe for Simchas Torah. On Erev Yom Tov while I was bathing them, I used an alternative substance to wash them instead of soap. Suddenly the boys began to scream and their eyes became red. I quickly washed their eyes with an abundance of water, and brought them to Dr. Zaklos to have them checked out.

Dr. Zaklos told me that I had done the right thing by washing their eyes out as much as possible, but there was still some left. He continued and told me that I should bring them to the 770 so that the Rebbe would look into their eyes.

I brought the twins with me to 770, and waited at the entrance for the Rebbe to come. When the Rebbe arrived, he looked deeply into the children's eyes, and the redness was completely cleared from their eyes. When I brought them back to the doctor, he said that no damage remained. standing behind the door to the dining room, and the Rebbe turned around and said *lchaim* to each of us.

During one of the meals on Pesach in 5721*, the Rebbe asked Reb Zelig Slonim to share something that he had heard or seen from the Rebbe Rashab. Reb Zelig shared that regarding the במקום אשר ישחטו את העלה ישחטו" possuk את האשם" (in the place where the they slaughter the *olah*, there they should slaughter the *asham*), Rashi explains that the *possuk* speaks in plural terms ישחטו)—they should slaughter) since the korban asham is brought by the whole community. The Rebbe Rashab expressed that if he weren't afraid, he would erase this Rashi since a korban asham can only be brought personally; not by a community.2

Hearing this, the Rebbe said: "אזוי האט ער גאזאגט -Is that what he said? The *mefarshim* discuss this at length."

Later when the soup was served, before tasting the first spoonful the Rebbe again repeated: "Is that what he said?"

Chosson Mohl

In 5721* the Rebbe instructed Reb Volf Greenglass to guide me to a particular *shidduch*, and we soon became engaged. The wedding took place in Montreal on the 9th of Sivan.

The custom was that the *chosson* davens *Mincha* from the Rebbe's *siddur* on the day of, or before, his wedding. On Isru Chag Shavuos, the day before the wedding, I had *yechidus* with the Rebbe. In my note, I wrote that I would be okay with using the *siddur* the following afternoon (a few hours before the wedding), and then I would go straight to Montreal.

The Rebbe told me: "It is not appropriate for a *chosson* to arrive straight to the *chupah*." He added that



I should travel by train and that I should farbreng during the journey, as a *chosson mohl*. When I asked what a *chosson mohl* is, the Rebbe said that I should ask people what it is.

Regarding the *siddur*, the Rebbe said that he would come out early for *Maariv* that night and give me the *siddur*. Ordinarily, on nights of *yechidus* the Rebbe would daven Maariv close to midnight. This time however, the Rebbe made an exception, davening earlier and giving me the *siddur*, and then continuing *yechidus*.

During the *yechidus*, I asked whether I was to say *al chet*, as *tachanun* is not recited during the *yemei hatashlumin* after Shavuos, through 12 Sivan. The Rebbe said I should ask a rav, and most likely the rav will allow it.

As a *bochur*, I was weak and fasting was difficult for me. I wrote to the Rebbe that it will be difficult for me to say the *maamar* at the *kabbalas panim* if I will be fasting. The Rebbe said, if so you can say half of the *maamar*. When I had the *chutzpah* to say that we generally don't stop in the middle of a *maamar*, the Rebbe said: "We are coming now from *matan Torah*. With the strength of the Torah, you will be able to say the *maamar* in its entirety."

Many guests attended the *kab-balas panim*, and I recited the entire *maamar*. Not only did I not feel weak, but I said it loudly and everybody was able to hear it well.

After our wedding, I began teaching children in Montreal. At one point I asked the Rebbe if I should learn to be a *shochet* like my father was, and the Rebbe replied, "There is good fruit from your labor [i.e. the children are educated well under your tutelage], as you yourself see. You should therefore continue on this path..."

^{1.} Much of the information in this article is culled from an interview by Rabbi Sholom Maggidman in Kfar Chabad magazine, issues #1994-5.

^{2.} It should be noted that in earlier versions and manuscripts of Rashi, this entire comment indeed does not appear.