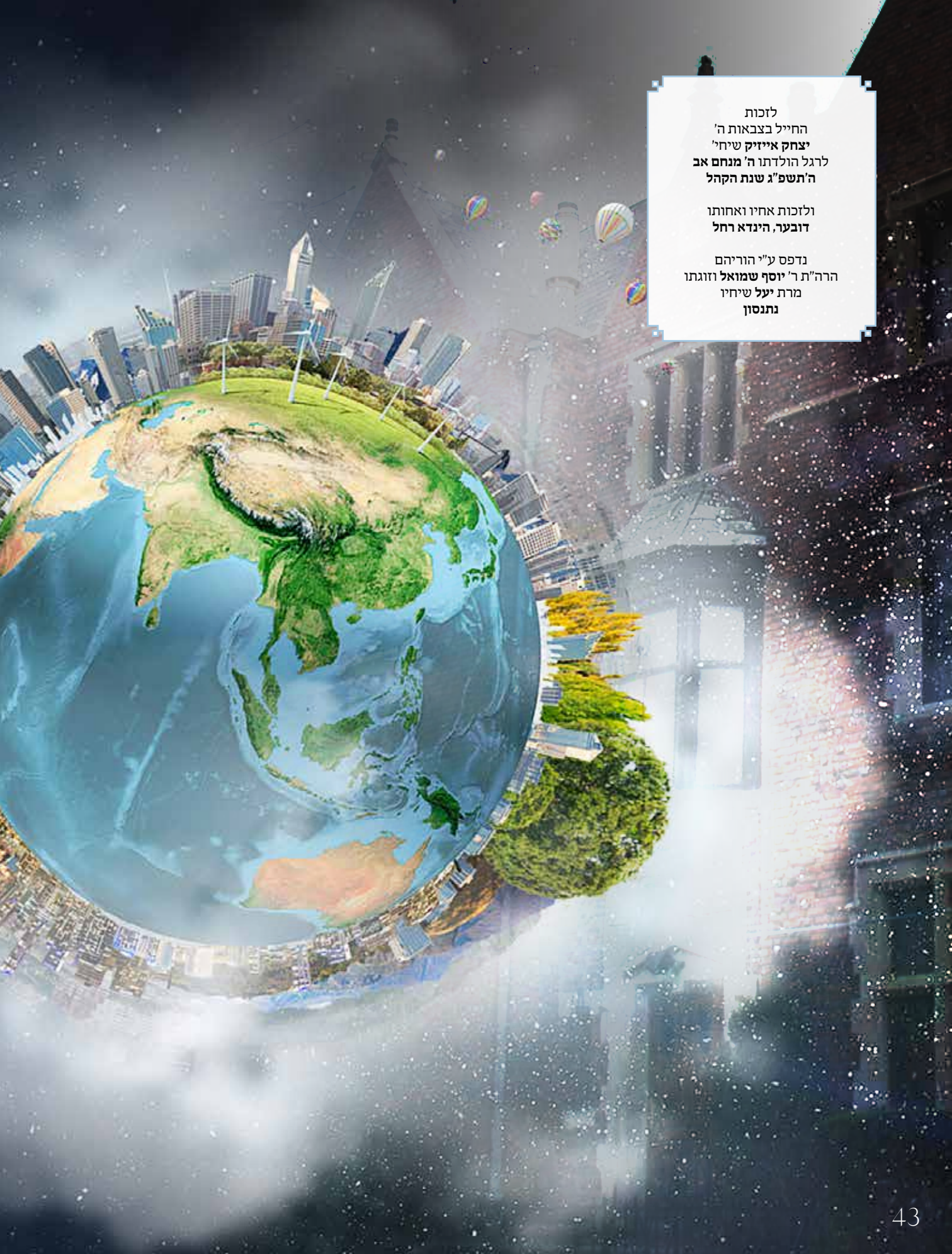




WHEN I WENT ON SHLICHUS...

EIGHT STORIES SHARED BY SHLUCHIM ABOUT HOW THEIR SHLICHUS BEGAN— THEIR APPOINTMENT, THE REBBE'S GUIDANCE, AND THEIR EARLY EXPERIENCES 'ON THE GROUND.' PRESENTED IN HONOR OF THE KINUS HASHLUCHIM HA'OLAMI.

BY: RABBI MENDY GREENBERG



לזכות
החייל בצבאות ה'
יצחק אייזיק שיחי'
לרגל הולדתו ה' מנחם אב
ה'תשפ"ג שנת הקהל

ולזכות אחיו ואחותו
דובער, הינדא רחל

נדפס ע"י הוריהם
הרה"ת ר' יוסף שמואל וזוגתו
מרת יעל שיחי'
נתנסון

THE GUIDANCE WAS STILL THERE

RABBI MOSHE GURKOV

Boston, Massachusetts

As a *bochur*, I always knew that when I got married I would go on shlichus to wherever the Rebbe would send me. In those days, the Rebbe would handpick the places to which he sent shluchim and that seemed to me the greatest gift—the Rebbe himself would choose where I would spend my life dedicated to his shlichus.

To my consternation, ‘bad’ news came around the time of my wedding. The Rebbe would no longer be choosing the locations; prospective shluchim now had to research different places, settle on what seemed the best choice, and—of course—submit it for the Rebbe’s approval and bracha.

I was devastated. I had always envisioned my place of shlichus as one chosen by the Rebbe himself. My life on shlichus

would be spent not where my own *nefesh habehamis* chose but where the *ratzon ha’Elyon* designated.

In *yechidus*, I poured my heart out to the Rebbe, and begged the Rebbe to direct me to a location of his choice. It was probably a bit *chutzpadik* but I felt that I couldn’t settle for less. The Rebbe spoke to me in a very fatherly tone but didn’t agree to change policy. Instead, he said, “*shreib arein*,” that I should write in about my various options and the Rebbe would guide me further.

In my deep yearning for my life to be carried out exactly as the Rebbe wishes, I told myself that I would leave it entirely to the Rebbe; I would not allow my own comforts and desires to impede. Whenever a shlichus opportunity came my way,

I would immediately write it to the Rebbe without determining whether it seemed desirable to me or not. I would leave the decision entirely to the Rebbe.

Several options appeared and I began writing about them to the Rebbe. For a while, I received no response at all, and I assumed that those *shlichus’n* weren’t for me.

One day, I received an offer to teach in the Chabad school in Boston. For several reasons, the offer was not palatable to me and I ignored it.

Then I realized that if I really wanted to be guided by the Rebbe, I needed to do just that, and not insert my own desires. I submitted the offer and to my surprise—almost immediately—I received a warm, positive answer. I had received my shlichus.

As told to Rabbi Yossi Shemtov — Toledo, Ohio



RABBI GURKOV RECEIVES KOS SHEL BRACHA FROM THE REBBE

LEVI FREIDIN VIA JEM 21041 (3 TISHREI 5745)

THE SPECIAL GUEST AT THE TZEISCHEM L'SHALOM

RABBI ZUSHE POSNER

Eretz Yisroel

Rabbi Leibel Alevsky relates:

When I was learning in 770 in Elul of 5718, my good friend Reb Zushe Posner was appointed by the Rebbe to be a shliach to the “Reshet,” the Chabad school network catering to non-religious children in Eretz Yisroel.

We Israeli *bochurim* felt close with Reb Zushe; he had been one of the shluchim sent by the Rebbe after the terrorist attack in Kfar Chabad in 5716, and had played an important role in inspiring us to come learn in 770 near the Rebbe. So, before his departure, about ten or fifteen of us sat down for a “*tzeis'chem l'shalom*” farbrengen in the small zal.

During our gathering, I noticed Rabbi Hodakov leave the Rebbe's room and begin observing us. I was comfortable with Rabbi Hodakov—I had worked with him on various projects—so I approached him and asked if there was anything he needed.

“If you all remain here,” he said, “the Rebbe will come out in around five minutes.”

He went back into the Rebbe's room, and pandemonium broke out in the zal. The Rebbe was coming out! We needed to clean up, set up, bring the Rebbe's chair and *becher*—and we had only five minutes!

Exactly five minutes later, the Rebbe emerged from his room. We had set up a table for the Rebbe as he sat at farbrengen, and we stood around a second table, protruding forward like a T.

The Rebbe sat at his place and looked around. “*M'hot doch geredt az m'zol bleibn zitz'n oif di pletzer* - we agreed that you would remain seated in your places...”

“*Un der shliach alein shteit oich* - the shliach himself is standing too.”

In our frenzy, all the benches had been removed, so we just bent down as if we were sitting. The Rebbe smiled and proceeded to say a *sicha*.



REB ZUSHE POSNER (ON THE LEFT), HANDS A TANYA TO A CHILD, DURING THE HISTORIC VISIT OF THE SHLUCHIM TO ERETZ YISROEL IN 5716.



REB ZUSHE POSNER RECEIVES A DOLLAR FROM THE REBBE DURING THE KINUS HASHLUCHIM, 5752.

LEVI FREIDIN VIA JEM 2/21/07

THE REBBE'S DELIBERATE PLANNING

RABBI PINCHUS FELDMAN

Sydney, Australia

The first indication of my shlichus location came when I became engaged to my wife Pnina (a shidduch initiated by the Rebbe), the daughter of Rabbi Chaim Gutnik. It was then that the Rebbe conveyed to my father his desire for us to live in Australia, saying, "*Zei zolen zein in Australia* - they should live in Australia."

The actual implementation of my shlichus, however, took place over the following months and years, in an incredible sequence of events orchestrated by the Rebbe himself.

It began with instructions I received in *yechidus* before traveling to Australia.

The Rebbe told me that though the wedding would be in Melbourne, one *Sheva Brachos* should be held in Sydney. The official reason, the Rebbe explained, was that the kallah's grandparents lived in Sydney; her grandmother's second husband, Rabbi Asher Abramson, was chief *dayan* of the city. The *taam pnimi*, however, was about the *Sheva Brachos* venue.

The Rebbe specifically instructed that it take place in a particular shul called "Yeshiva." This shul had a number of very learned congregants, Holocaust survivors who had been

educated in Europe's finest yeshivos. It also had a semi-yeshiva for children, and it was a major center for Yiddishkeit in Sydney. In the early 5720s, when their previous rabbi moved, the community members had sought the Rebbe's guidance in finding a replacement. Although they eventually hired a different rabbi named Rabbi Barzel, a renowned rosh yeshiva from Eretz Yisroel, the Rebbe's connection to the Yeshiva synagogue remained strong.

The Rebbe instructed us to arrange a *Sheva Brachos* in the Yeshiva shul on Motzei Shabbos, and provided me with precise guidelines. I was to deliver a pilpul, tailored to the understanding of the erudite congregants. I was to review a *maamar* (which they should not fully comprehend), and also sing the *niggun hachana* and the Alter Rebbe's *niggun*.

In the month before my wedding, I spent most of my time in Sydney, where I first met the members of Yeshiva. The rav of the Yeshiva would deliver an *iyun Gemara shiur* every week. Upon meeting an American *yungerman*, he honored me with the opportunity to present the *shiur* in his stead. Baruch Hashem, I made a favorable impression.

A few weeks later, the family and *baalei batim* hosted our *Sheva Brachos* at the Yeshiva. As per the Rebbe's instructions, I delivered the pilpul, and the learned Jews in attendance listened attentively and enjoyed it. Following that, I reviewed a *maamar*, and they sat in deep reverence, awed by the Kabalah "flying over their heads." Soon after, we sang the solemn and soul-stirring *niggunim*. The audience was quite moved; it was a very uplifting experience. Soon, we headed off to Eretz Yisrael, where I joined the kolel in Kfar Chabad as per the Rebbe's instructions.

A year later, my wife's younger sister became engaged to Rabbi Sholom Ber Hecht. Initially, we did not plan to attend the wedding; frequent trips to Australia were unheard of. However, about a week before the wedding, I received an urgent phone call from Rabbi Hodakov. He informed me



RABBI PINCHUS FELDMAN PRESENTS THE REBBE WITH A PHOTO FROM HIS COMMUNITY WORK.

CHAIM BARUCH HALBERSTAM VIA JEM 59712

that the Rebbe wanted me to pack my bags and travel to Australia without delay.

Why the sudden rush? It turns out that Rabbi Barzel had decided to relocate to Eretz Yisroel, leaving a void in Yeshiva's leadership. The *baale batim* were already advertising the position. The Rebbe wanted me to assume the role of rav in Yeshiva, and the wedding presented a fitting opportunity for me to visit, discuss this new possibility, and do whatever we could to achieve it.

I took my suitcase and set off for Australia. At the outset, my father-in-law was incredulous about the Rebbe's instructions. As one of the founders of the Yeshiva, he couldn't fathom that they would hire a 23 year old rabbi.

The Rebbe's instructions were clear, however, so we didn't hesitate. My father-in-law invited several community leaders to the wedding and suggested that they bring me to Sydney for a "*probeh*," a two-week trial period. The idea was accepted, and my *probeh* concluded successfully.

Before long, the community extended an offer: they would employ me to oversee the school, teach classes, and fulfill all rabbinic duties, but they reserved the right to hire a senior rabbi in the future if they deemed it necessary. After all, I was only twenty-three years old.

My father-in-law called 770 and the Rebbe gave us the following instructions: We were to tell the community that I am a rav. A rav is *mara d'asra* and must have full control

over everything in the community. If they were willing to hire me as rav unconditionally, with final say on all matters, good. If not, "*mir velen bleiben gutte freint* - we would remain good friends," in the Rebbe's words, but we would not accept the offer.

After some deliberation, they accepted. The Rebbe sent a telegram to the *hachtara*, and also a beautiful letter to the congregation praising them for their choice and writing the most extraordinary compliments:

ואשרי חלקם שבחרו בהרב פנחס שליט"א הכהן לרב דקהלתם ולראש הישיבה, שהרי הוא מטובי תלמידי הישיבה הק' תומכי תמימים ליובאוויטש — You are fortunate to have chosen Rabbi Pinchus Shlit"א Hakohen to serve as rav and rosh yeshiva of your community, for he is from among the finest students of Tomchei Temimim Lubavitch." (Igros Kodesh vol. 25 pg. 236)

After I received the post, the Rebbe told my father-in-law that my task was "*iber-tzu-nemen di gantze medineh* - to 'transform' the entire state [New South Wales, as Rabbi Hodakov explained]." That was to be my shlichus, and "Yeshiva" was at the center of it all.

At the time, there was no official Chabad presence in the city. There were three Chabad families in Sydney—two rabbonim and one shochet. Today, fifty-five years later, nineteen of the approximately twenty-four Orthodox shuls (including Chabad Houses) have Chabad spiritual leadership—all a result of the Rebbe's vision.

THE AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

RABBI GERSHON MENDEL GARELIK

Milan, Italy

When we received our shlichus to Milan, we were so excited to become the Rebbe's shluchim that we set the earliest possible date for our departure. We didn't even wait for Yud-Tes Kislev; we bought airline tickets for 12 Kislev 5719.

In *yechidus* before our departure, the Rebbe gave us Tanya as a gift, and then pulled out one final Tanya: "*You never know who you might meet on the plane; perhaps someone will need this Tanya.*"

We left for the airport with a lively entourage, dancing

in front of 770 until I was rushed into the car. The Rebbe came out to see us off and was waiting until we would leave for the airport.

The *farbrengen* continued on the plane, much to the consternation of the flight attendants and finally settled down as we prepared for departure. At that moment we received one final goodbye—Reb Leibel Raskin raced onto the plane with a newly published *sicha* about shlichus, said the previous Shabbos, which the Rebbe had rushed to print in time for

our departure.

My first thought as we settled in was to fulfill our first shlichus—to give the extra Tanya to a Yid on the plane.

I got out of my seat and began wandering up and down the aisles, in first class and economy, looking for a Jewish person; all the while, the staff were chasing me and asking me to sit down in my seat. Despite my best efforts, I couldn't find a single Jew and I was forced to sit down for takeoff without having fulfilled the shlichus.

I was very disappointed; I felt like the opening moment of our shlichus had been a failure. From the emotional high of our send-off, I dropped to an emotional low.

A few minutes after takeoff, a well-dressed man approached us. "I see you are a Chabadnik; would you by any chance have a Tanya?"

I was stunned.

Hiding my emotions, I asked him, "Why do you need a Tanya?"

His answer was incredible.

"I'm on my way to Paris for business, and I visited the Lubavitcher Rebbe for a bracha. The Rebbe told me that on the plane, it's worthwhile to study a *sefer*, and preferably—a Tanya. To my question, 'Where should I get a Tanya?' the Rebbe responded, 'You never know who you will meet on the plane...'"

My first shlichus had been fulfilled.

From Rabbi Garelik's JEM interview.



REB GERSHON MENDEL WITH OTHER CHASSIDIM IN FRONT OF 770 AS HE LEAVES TO THE AIRPORT.



REB GERSHON MENDEL PERFORMS HAGBA AS THE REBBE LOOK ON

LEVI FREEMAN VIA JEM 4699 (4) CHESHVAN 5767

WHAT SHOULD I DO THERE?

RABBI NACHMAN SUDAK

London, England

When I became a chosson in Kislev 5720, some fellow *bochurim* and I wrote to the Rebbe with a request. Instead of us looking for cities to settle in, we wanted the Rebbe himself to direct us on our shlichus.

From that moment, there seemed to be a long series of subtle tests to determine the extent and seriousness of our commitment. For instance, Rabbi Hodakov once summoned me into his office and asked me what I thought of going to

Turkey. I replied that wherever the Rebbe would send me, I would go. Showing no sign of whether my answer pleased him or not, he sent me back to my studies. Later, I realized that the suggestion about Turkey was just an outlandish question to see how serious we were.

Months went by and I had yet to set a date and location for my wedding because I was waiting for the Rebbe to let me know where I would be going. Towards the summer I

finally received my orders: I should get married in London (where my kallah lived), and shortly thereafter I would move somewhere in Europe.

Naturally, I was somewhat disheartened to hear this, because that meant that the Rebbe wouldn't be *mesader kid-dushin* at my wedding, so I decided to write to the Rebbe asking for permission to get married in New York. I added that this arrangement would be easier for both sides, as far as logistical arrangements were concerned.

The Rebbe replied in no uncertain terms: “מנהג ישראל לעשות החופה במקום דירת הורי הכלה. זאת אומרת בלונדון. וגם עליהם לעשות כן — It is a Jewish tradition to hold the chuppah in the place where the kallah's parents live. This means in London. And they should do so as well.”

The Rebbe's insistence on this matter was clarified some more when, one day, I was called in and told that my shlichus would be to London. The Rebbe even showed me a letter he had written to the board of associates founded by my father-in-law (Rabbi Bentzion Shemtov), recommending me for the position. It finally dawned upon me that the Rebbe wanted my shlichus to begin with my wedding, easing my transition into town, rather than landing there later as a perfect stranger.

In those days, the definition of shlichus was still a bit vague, and I wasn't exactly sure what my job would entail. So during that *yechidus* I asked the Rebbe what I should do upon arriving in London.

The Rebbe raised both his hands and said, “וואס זאל איך — דיר זאגן, ס'איז פאראן טויזענטער זאכן וואס צו טאן



REB NACHMAN SUDAK RECEIVES A SET OF DALED MINIM FROM THE REBBE

LEVI FREDIN VIA JEM 2/8/58

I tell you; there are thousands of things to do.”

The Rebbe told me to open a branch of Merkos L'Inyonei Chinuch, and that we would be in touch. The Rebbe concluded by saying that if I were to have any questions, I should write straight to him, and finished with, “מיר וועלן זיך זעהן — we will see each other.”

I moved to London and did precisely as the Rebbe had instructed. I opened a branch of Merkos and started giving shiurim and doing other activities. The Rebbe assisted me every step of the way. Over the years, whenever a problem arose, the Rebbe always found out about it somehow, even when I had deliberately chosen not to bother him with it. He always knew and came to the rescue.

From Rabbi Sudak's 5773 interview with A Chassidisher Derher

THE OPEN WINDOW-SHADE

RABBI SHABSI ALPERN

Brazil

On Shvi'i Shel Pesach 5721, shortly after my wedding, I walked on *tahalucha* to Williamsburg in a group of some 200 *yungerleit*.

After crossing Eastern Parkway, my attention was caught by a man leaning against the wall. He was clearly Jewish, but his clothing were peculiar; he had pointy shoes—not in

style then. I approached him and wished him a Gut Yom Tov, asking where he was from.

“Brazil,” he answered.

“What are you doing here?”

“I'm on business.”

Although he wasn't fully observant, he wasn't working that

day, so I invited him to join us on our walk to Williamsburg. He joined us, watched the dancing and Divrei Torah in the shuls, and afterwards I brought him to my home for the seudah. He was a warm Jew, and quite touched by everything he had seen that day. We spoke late into the night.

“Would you be willing to move to Brazil?” he asked as our discussion concluded.

I explained that we don’t make these decisions, but that I would write to the Rebbe about it after Yom Tov. After Yom Tov, I wrote to the Rebbe who very quickly responded in the affirmative.

Our flight was set for 3 Av 5721. We had two *yechidus’n* before our departure, and on Shabbos, 2 Av, the Rebbe held a farbrengen. During the farbrengen the Rebbe said a short *maamar* on the topic of Bnei Gad and Bnei Reuven, but at the end, he suddenly spoke about the importance of shlichus in faraway places.

“Unlike those who mistakenly want to remain in their own *daled amos* and not travel to distant places, one must know that although it is easier to remain in your own *daled amos*, it is nevertheless not the *tachlis hakavana*, the ultimate purpose. Hashem’s will is that you go to a distant place and spread the wellsprings of Chassidus there.”¹

That last paragraph wasn’t directly connected to the *maamar*, and we understood that it was a farewell to us. In the *sicha* following the *maamar*, the Rebbe spoke about it once again.

In those years, there was a special ritual when a couple went on shlichus. On the way to the airport, the shlichim would stop in front of 770, and the *bochurim* would come out of *zal* to dance and see them off. During the dancing,



RABBI SHABSI ALPERN RECEIVES A DOLLAR FROM THE REBBE

CHAIM BARUCH HALBERSTAM VIA JEM 39446

the Rebbe would raise his blinds about a third of the way.

When we came to 770 before our departure, the Rebbe did not raise the blinds. Everyone thought it was very strange. The Rebbe had given us two *yechidus’n* before our trip, and there was no doubt that the Rebbe knew we were going on that Sunday. Slightly disappointed, we left for the airport.

The first leg of our journey, to Caracas, Venezuela, was on a Belgian airline. We sat down for take-off, but the plane didn’t move. After some time, the pilot apologized and said that one of the engines had burned out, and it would take 48 hours to receive a replacement part from Brussels. We were told to go home and return two days later.

On Tuesday, before returning to the airport, we again stopped off to say farewell at 770. This time, the Rebbe opened the blinds.

DON'T DIFFERENTIATE!

RABBI YISRAEL DEREN

Stamford, Connecticut

During the two years I spent in kollel, I received many offers for shlichus opportunities. In those years, the Rebbe generally didn’t send shlichim to new locations; new

shlichim were usually hired to join existing *mosdos*. At the time, many *mosdos* needed extra hands, and quite a few shlichim called us with offers.

When my wife and I were in *yechidus*, we told the Rebbe that we wanted to go on shlichus to a new location. The Rebbe told us to go into Merkos and speak to Rabbi Hodakov to hear suggestions. Rabbi Hodakov said there was a suggestion for a shliach to move to Amherst, Massachusetts, and I immediately said, “We’ll take it.”

He smiled and explained that the recent norm was to come with a list of suggestions and choose the best one.

I wrote up all nineteen proposals we had received, and we asked the Rebbe to choose. The Rebbe replied, “The *seder* now is that we don’t send out shluchim anymore; you should choose a place yourself, *b’makom shelibo chafetz* - according to your heart’s desire, *v’al yeshaneh adam mibno mitoch banav* - a person shouldn’t differentiate among his children.”

I remember being disappointed; I wanted the Rebbe to choose our place. Reb Binyomin Klein saw my disappointment, and said, “The Rebbe just called you his own child!”

In the end, my wife wrote a letter to the Rebbe explaining that our heart’s desire, our *libo chafetz*, was to go where the Rebbe himself would send us. This time, the Rebbe circled three of the nineteen options, and said to look into those places and get more details. After we did so, the Rebbe chose Amherst.

During that same *yechidus* regarding our shlichus, the Rebbe said, “*Bichlal zolt ir zehn az s’zohl zein gut b’gashmius. Hagam az ruchnius iz der ikar, az s’iz gut b’gashmius, ken men hob’n koach oif ruchnius*—In general, you should ensure that you’re comfortable *b’gashmiyus*. Although *ruchniyus* is the main thing, when you’re physically comfortable, you have energy for *ruchniyus*.”



REB YISROEL DEREN BRINGS A MEKURAV TO THE REBBE AT A YECHIDUS FOR MEMBERS OF THE MACHNE YISROEL DEVELOPMENT FUND

VELVEL SCHILDKRAUT VIA JEM 149398 (3/NISSAN 5748)

WHAT A MESS!

RABBI YIGAL TZIPORI

Kiryat Shemonah

We arrived on shlichus with the Rebbe’s bracha in 5748, and immediately began working on our first major event — a *Siyum HaRambam*. We secured a spacious venue, distributed flyers, and began a major campaign to attract attendees.

When I approached Kiryat Shemonah’s Sephardic rav

with an invitation, he responded warmly and said he would be delighted to participate. However, his demeanor changed when I mentioned the Ashkenazi rav.

“Under no circumstances should you invite him,” he declared. “He has opposed us and does not deserve our

cooperation. If he attends, I won't!"

Realizing that I had gotten myself into a hot situation, I suggested that we not make the final decision ourselves. "I will call the Rebbe's office," I suggested, "and we will follow his guidance."

The rav agreed.

I spoke with Rabbi Groner over the phone, and he conveyed the Rebbe's response: *Limmud HaRambam* is intended to unite the Jewish people, not create divisions. Therefore, all the *rabbonim* should participate.

I relayed the Rebbe's answer to the Sephardic rav, and he accepted the Rebbe's decision.

The Ashkenazi rabbi was no friend to Chabad, so I wasn't sure how to go about inviting him. At this point I suddenly found myself inundated with outraged phone calls. During a Gemara shiur, the Ashkenazi rav had made a statement that caused quite a stir, saying something derogatory about Lubavitch, and more specifically about the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

People were very upset; many were familiar with Lubavitch, and several had even learned in Chabad institutions. Protests erupted at the shiur the moment those words were uttered, and news of the incident quickly reached me.

I approached the rav, and told him that I was sure he had been misunderstood. "Absolutely," he exclaimed, "My words were taken out of context! I would never have said anything like that!"

"Listen," I said, "We have the *Siyum HaRambam* next week. Why don't you join us and address the crowd? It will be the perfect time to counter those claims!"

He hadn't anticipated being "roped in" like that, but after a moment's thought, he agreed.

The big day finally arrived. The *Siyum* was a resounding success; Rabbis Kaplan, Bistrizky and Wilschansky from Tzfas graced the event, both local rabbis addressed the crowd, and there was a very impressive turnout. We couldn't have been happier with the outcome.

As the event drew to a close, we held a raffle for a ticket to travel to the Rebbe. Rabbi Wilschansky, our master of ceremonies, mixed the raffle tickets and invited the Sephardic rav to select the lucky winner. With anticipation in the air, the rav pulled out a ticket and glanced at the name. Suddenly, his face began changing colors; it was none other than his long-standing rival, the Ashkenazi rav!

It was just too bad. The Ashkenazi rav was granted the coveted ticket, and, after several delays, he got to 770 on Rosh Chodesh Nissan 5750.

The Shabbos he spent in 770 was very memorable for



RABBI YIGAL TZIPORI RECEIVES A DOLLAR FROM THE REBBE DURING A RARE DISTRIBUTION ON CHOL HAMOED SUKKOS 5746

him. At the farbrengen, he received several *kiruvim* from the Rebbe, and the Rebbe even called him up to sit on the dais. He also had the opportunity to receive a bottle of *mashke*, as was common for anyone hosting a farbrengen or event of *hafatzas hamaayanos*.

As the Rebbe handed him *l'chaim*, the Rebbe asked when his farbrengen would take place.

"After Pesach," he replied.

The Rebbe remarked that the Rabbeim were not accustomed to selling *chametz* that was *kos shel bracha* or the like, so the rav changed the date; "Before Pesach," he said.

"When?"

On the spur of the moment, he said, "*Yud-Alef Nissan*, the Rebbe's birthday."

Hearing that, the Rebbe gave him an incredible smile.

On *Yud-Alef Nissan*, he held a grand farbrengen. He invited the *gabbaim* of all 42 shuls in Kiryat Shemonah, and gave each a bottle containing the Rebbe's *mashkeh* for their shuls, with strict instructions that it be finished before Pesach.

The visit made an incredible impression on him. He later began delivering his own Tanya shiur and all his children started studying Chassidus; today some of them are deeply connected to the Rebbe. That *Siyum HaRambam* was the start of a beautiful connection with Lubavitch. ①

1. Toras Menachem vol. 31 pg. 160.