

## MY ENCOUNTER WITH THE REBBE, SHLITA

SHOVUOS 5734

In last year's 'Encounter' I mentioned the fact that the Rebbe fasts all day when he visits the Ohel of the previous Rebbe (Z.L.) at the Beth Olam.

The Rebbe has explained to me that this is not quite correct. He then went on to inform me that there are many and various opinions on this subject, but the Rebbe follows the one which actually prohibits fasting when visiting the Beth Olam. So the Rebbe has a drink before he leaves in the morning. He then partakes of neither food nor drink until he returns in the evening, sometimes as late as 9.00pm.

To be precise, of course, this is **not** exactly fasting and I apologize for giving a wrong impression!

The Rebbe also 'requested' me to quote more Torah in my future editions!

I am happy once again to preface my 'Encounter' with a most beautiful letter, which I received from the Rebbe whilst I was in Israel attending the wedding of my nephew.

B.H. Erev Lag B'Omer, 5734

Sholom uBrocho:

I just received your letter of Iyar 9 from Yerusholayim Ir-haKodesh.

First of all, to open with a blessing, here is wishing you and all the family a hearty Mazel Tov on your nephew's marriage scheduled for the auspicious day of Lag B'Omer. No doubt my letter with blessing was duly received. May G-d grant that it should be a Binyan Adei-ad.

The reason for my prompt reply to your letter, despite the great pressures, you can guess. For, as usual, I come to you with a new 'assignment.' But a prefatory word will explain why. For, after reading your entire letter, it leaves the unmistakable impression that you consider yourself no more than S. Z. Jaffe, hence you write only about family matters and relatives, etc. Do not misunderstand. Every Jew is a 'whole world,' as we are especially reminded on Lag B'Omer, which is connected with Pnimius haTorah (RaShBY), with deeper insights into the concept of Ahavas Yisroel, as well known to those who are born and bred in Chassidic families.

However, there is the well-known saying by our saintly Rebbe - az gut iz gut, iz beser nit beser?(What is good is good, but isn't better - better?)

I have in mind the fact that in addition to being Mr. SZJ, you are 'MR. MANCHESTER,' and surely you have heard about this appellation in reference to your good self. Consequently, your being now in the Holy Land, in addition to the great Mitzvah of sharing and increasing the joy of the Chosson-Kalah and all the family, etc., there is surely a further reason (not necessarily in that order) - to arouse all Mancunians in the Holy Land, and those who have family ties with M/c, and inspire them with the spirit of Rebbe, without measure or limit, since such activity should be inspired by unbounded Ahavas Yisroel, and, moreover, you have seen Hatzlocho in your activities in this direction. And furthermore, since Mrs. Jaffe is your helpmate, and generous in her cooperation.

You will surely also not overlook the fact that one of the Mancunians living in Eretz Yisroel is a 'certain' Dr. Moshe Jaffe and will include him too, in this your campaign, - and likewise on the principle 'good is good, but better is better.' Particularly in view of the fact of his dominating position in the Federation of Synagogues in Eretz Yisroel, which gives him the great zechus, hence also great responsibility for ALL shools in the Holy Land, including the unaffiliated, since he would surely like to see them join - and, again, to apply to each of them the principle, 'good is good, but better is better.'

I believe I had occasion to mention to you once a word of the father of my father-in-law, to the effect that what is expected of every Chossid is that when he is engaged in a job, he

should do it with pnimiyus, so that no other thing should distract him at that time, however important it is. I therefore hope and trust that IF you accept my said suggestion about your 'job' during your stay in Eretz Yisroel, you will consider it as though this is the only Shlichus, which Supreme Providence has given you in Eretz Yisroel.

Because time is of the essence, and because of the importance of the matter, I am having this letter sent to you by Special Delivery - Express. And for better measure still, I will request the office to contact you by long distance phone, so that you can make the most of Lag B'Omer and Shabbos and subsequent days.

With blessing,

(Signed) M. SCHNEERSON

It is significant that the Rebbe repeats **three times** in this one letter, the proverb that "if good is good, is better not better?"

The Rebbe also refers to me as Mr. Manchester, but when I am in Israel, especially in Jerusalem, certain Israeli Cabinet Ministers call me, spitefully, Mr. Lubavitch. They take me to task because the Rebbe is fighting to amend the law of 'Mihu Yehudi' so that it should read "according to the Halacha." They also allege that the Rebbe has split the religious party into two. I, however, retort and emphasize, that the Rebbe's fight is for the 'sake of Heaven' and for the 'sake of Israel,' whereas **their fight** was for the 'sake of themselves.'

\*\*\*

Shovuos this year was on Sunday night, 26th May, and we arrived at '770' a few days before, on the Thursday.

Roselyn and I were accompanied by Hilary and by her three youngest children, Sholom Dov Ber (ten weeks old), Zelda Rochel (sixteen months) and Channah (three years). Linda Grant, our very dear young friend, had also joined us once again.

Actually, she had changed her mind quite a few times before making her final decision to travel with us. Firstly, she had telephoned to ascertain whether she could accompany us to New York. Of course we replied that it would be a real pleasure and we would be delighted to have her with us. A week later Hilary informed us that Linda had decided to stay at home. She had been very pleased indeed with her sessions with the Rebbe last year and particularly impressed with the Rebbe's obvious friendliness and interest in her problems. The Rebbe had even described to her fully the type of boy whom she would marry, and even how he looked. But - in the event - the Rebbe had told her that there would be **no** shiduch for her that year.

So, as she did not wish to be embarrassed, or to have people talk about her, nor arrange shidduchim, she had decided to remain in London. I asked Hilary whether it was important for Linda to visit the Rebbe this year. She replied, very emphatically, that in her opinion it was extremely urgent and essential that we should take Linda with us to Brooklyn. So, putting the onus on the Rebbe, I finally persuaded her to join us.

Immediately on arrival I delivered to the Rebbe thirty letters, together with my 'Encounter' and a covering letter.

Rabbis Chodakov and Label Groner greeted us very warmly and their first question was, "Where is your diary?" I handed a copy to each with a profound sense of satisfaction and relief because I had **only** completed this edition a few days previously, and it would have been most embarrassing not to have brought it with me.

Another great friend of ours Rabbi Binyamin Klein was a terrific help to us. He gave us the key to our (the Rebbe's) apartment above the Kolel to where we immediately made hasty steps.

The Rebbe had promised us the previous year that the flat would be better **this time** - but what a surprise! (If good is good, is not better - better!) Even compared to last year it was like a palace. Newly painted, new floor covering, new furniture and the actual Kolel was completely 'rebuilt' and

refurnished. It was full of young men busily engaged in learning and study. The place was spotless - like a new pin. I give due credit for this of course, to the Rebbe and particularly to his foresight in appointing young Rabbi Slavin to be in charge and to be responsible for keeping the place clean and tidy. If a person is neat and methodical, then one can be certain that whatever tasks he is allotted will be up to the same high standard. Rabbi Slavin is also a wonderful 'handy man.' He has personally planned and constructed the new library in the Kolel. He has succeeded in producing a real professional masterpiece.

The Rebbe really deserved our grateful thanks and I immediately dispatched a letter of congratulations to him. I also sent the Rebbe five bottles of vodka - for the "Rebbe's pleasure."

Next morning, Friday, I had a mini Yechidus with the Rebbe. The Rebbe arrived at '770' by car, and everyone as usual rushed away and disappeared. I was left all alone - with the Rebbe, of course. It is like the well-known parable of 'Meeting the King in the Field.' Normally, the story goes, if one wishes to see the King, one has to first see the Commissionaire, then the under-secretary, afterwards the minister, until - if he is lucky - he is allowed into the King's presence, where His Majesty is sitting on his throne surrounded by scores of officials and nobles. But, if perchance one should meet the King whilst he was walking in the field, then he was much more easily approached and a more intimate "tête-à-tête" could take place.

Similarly with the Rebbe. Firstly, one has to arrange matters with Label Groner or with Rabbi Chodakov. One has to be very fortunate indeed to be able to book an appointment with the Rebbe, even months ahead. When the time does arrive, it is generally at about 8.30pm till midnight and more often in the early hours of the morning - about 1.00am till 3.00am. The waiting room is full of men, women and children. At long last one enters the Rebbe's sanctum, sometimes after waiting for many hours for one's turn and then every five minutes or so Label Groner gives a gentle hint (sometimes not so gentle) that others are still waiting for **their** turn!

Is it not much better to 'meet the King in the field?' Here I am all alone with the Rebbe, the street deserted, not a soul to be seen anywhere and no Label Groner to tell one to "make it brief."

As the Rebbe walked up toward me, I wished him "*Shalom Aleichem*." He seemed very pleased to see me and returned "*Aleichem Shalom*." The Rebbe enquired whether Hilary had brought any of my *einiklech* (grand children) because he had received letters from a number of them. I told the Rebbe that Hilary had been informed that this year was the 'Year of Hakhel' and on that year in Israel, the women used to bring their babies in arms to see the King. She had, therefore, brought with her all her three 'babies in arms;' Sholom Dov Ber, who was only ten weeks old, could not even hold up his head properly. She had brought letters from all the children whom she had left at home in London. The Rebbe was very pleased and said he hoped to see more of my Grandchildren next year.

On Friday afternoon I went to see Rabbi Chodakov privately in his office. Already he had some replies from the Rebbe for some of my friends in Manchester and also for me personally. Hilary also accompanied me. Together with Shmuel, she was this year again producing the S.T.E.P. (Summer Torah Educational Program) for children on vacation (thirty days of study, puzzles and prizes). She left some sample pages for the Rebbe's perusal and also discussed other matters with Rabbi Chodakov.

As befits the Rebbe's principal secretary, Rabbi Chodakov always interposes many words of Torah. When I told him about the *moshul* of the 'King in the field,' he said I had better start blowing Shofar. (This parable refers to the A'mighty during the month of Elul, when the Shofar is blown every day - except Shabbos, of course!)

The Rebbe in his reply to me, noted how pleased I was with the apartment - but what did my wife have to say about it? I told Roselyn on my return and she at once wrote a letter to the Rebbe. She let me read it and it confirmed all I had stated, and added how much it benefited the boys in the Kolel. It **encouraged** them to keep the place clean.

Before Mincha on Erev Shabbos I had a chat with Label Groner, who confided to me that during the past few months the Rebbe was driving himself along unsparingly and to the utmost limit. He kept

everyone else on their toes too. Time seemed to be so precious and at a premium. For instance, the Rebbe would give instructions to “get his message around the world.” All central offices would be contacted and these in turn would relay the messages to their own area branches. For example, London would receive the notice directly from ‘770.’ They would then telephone Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin. Manchester would be responsible for Liverpool, Blackpool, Leeds and other smaller cities. Leeds might contact Sheffield, Bradford, Gateshead and Sunderland and so forth.

This procedure would be adopted all over the United States, South America, Europe, Israel, Australia, South Africa and every continent and in every city where there was a Lubavitcher Nucleus. It normally took two hours to cover the whole world, yet within thirty minutes the Rebbe was enquiring whether the message had been received everywhere. **Even we** in England can perceive the Rebbe's insistent urging and pushing, especially in regard to the Five Mitzvah's Campaign and the kindling of the Shabbos Lights.

The Rebbe is (*kein ayin horah*) full of energy and is untiring. He once told me that a true Lubavitcher should work twenty-five hours in the day. Our Rebbe tries to do forty-eight hours in one day - and seems to succeed too.

My friend Tzvi Fisher presented me with a new Parker pen, remarking that I now had no excuse for not continuing to write my Diaries. He then handed to me a beautiful coloured photograph of the Rebbe placing the new ‘Silver Crown of Moshiach’ onto the Sefer Torah. A lovely picture - and a lovely gesture by Tzvi Fisher. More lovely still was the story he told me. He was fortunate to have had a Yechidus with the Rebbe. Tzvi had asked, “How is the Rebbe?” and the reply was “Always *freilech*.”

Tzvi is really a ‘good lad.’ He not only laughs at my jokes and stories but on Shabbos he is invaluable. On Shabbos morning in shul - or anywhere else in ‘770’ for that matter - it is impossible to obtain a Siddur, a Chumash or a Tehilim. Tzvi always brings along a set of almost new ones for me, and what is more, he holds them until I need them. Where he gets them remains a mystery. But, should one leave a sefer (book) unattended on the ledge, then it would disappear within seconds, literally from right under one's nose.

Anyway, let us revert back to Mincha Erev Shabbos. The Rebbe walked into the Beth Hamedrash and a fellow made the brocha ‘*Shehechiyonu*’ in a deliberate slow and very loud, clear voice. Everyone answered “*Omein*.” We all make some brocha when we see the Rebbe for the first time after a long period, but generally one makes it quietly. It is unusual to be so ostentatious and to make a loud brocha of ‘*Shehechiyonu*.’ Maybe the gentleman wanted to make known to the Rebbe that he was present - as if the Rebbe did **not** know! Anyway, it was something unusual and different. Of course there was nothing wrong about it.

After the Friday night Shabbos service we ‘sang’ the Rebbe out of Shul, Tzvi Fisher and Moishe Stuart helped considerably.

I then had the opportunity to meet all my old friends - and many new ones too. Also, I seemed to have lost my *Smicha*. Instead of being referred to as ‘Rabbi’ Jaffe as in the past, I was now called ‘Reb Zalman’ and even just ‘Zalman.’

A new friend whom I met was Rabbi Saltzman from Russia. There were scores of Russians here, for the first time ever. They all desired Yechidus with the Rebbe so it was obvious that there was not to be much time available for general Yechidus.

This Rabbi Saltzman was in charge of a small factory in Russia with about twenty workers. They arranged that **all** the profits were to be put aside to pay for the Jewish education of children, of whom there were over a thousand. They had to be taught the very basis and rudiments of Judaism. One of the main problems was that they had **no** siddurim. Fortunately, there were hundreds of sensible tourists who visited the Moscow synagogue and surreptitiously left behind their prayer books. Rabbi Saltzman then purchased these from the Gabbai (warden).

All the money they had, went on the children's education. They could not be taught openly in large classrooms, but were divided out three children to a house. This required more teachers who, in turn,

had to sacrifice some of their time. And “lost time meant less money to be earned.” It was all very worrying and he said to Reb Mendel Futterfas (this was many years ago) that he did not know “where the next kopek would come from!” Reb Mendel asked him if he had a watch. When the reply was affirmative, then Reb Mendel retorted, “then you do not have to worry - yet!” On the other hand, it was even worse for the wives and children because if they were ever discovered, they could be jailed and even banished to Siberia.

I also met Benzion Kravitz, a young man from Dallas, Texas. He introduced himself to me, his whole face beaming and said “I am a Baal Tshuva. It is lovely to be a *Baal Teshuva* and I am proud of it! And he really **was**. He is studying at the Morristown (Lubavitch) Yeshiva in New Jersey, together with another nine boys from Texas. Altogether there were over fifty boys, all *Baalei Teshuva*, now studying at Morristown in a special class.

Anyone who knows the ‘wilds of Texas,’ especially regarding to Yidishkeit or even basic Judaism, will appreciate the wonderful achievement of Rabbi Lazaroff whom the Rebbe sent to this state. These ten boys knew nothing about our heritage and practiced even less and were no different from the four thousand Jewish students who attended Austin University together with forty thousand gentiles. It is no wonder that intermarriage and assimilation have reached catastrophic proportions.

However, Rabbi Lazaroff persuaded these ten boys to become *Baalei Teshuva* and prevailed upon them to leave their homes and environment and to travel all the way to New York to study. Even more - to take an example from the Rebbe and from his stupendous work for Klal Yisroel.

The Shul has been extended again and it was crowded with thousands of people from all over the world who came to spend Yom Tov with the Rebbe. Everyone knew me and shook my hand, saying “Shalom Aleichem Zalman” - I wish I knew all **their** names. It reminds me of the time I was asked by a friend if I knew his son who is studying at '770.' I asked what he looked like. He replied that he was attired in a dark suit, an open neck shirt, a black trilby hat and he wore glasses and a black beard. Of course I knew him. I know them all. But please do not ask me their names **only** the Rebbe knows the names of every boy and man who stays or lives in ‘770.’

I was very proud to be called up for an *aliya* on this Shabbos morning. After all, there were hundreds of distinguished and important Lubavitcher workers present. For example - Rabbi Shmuel Chayfer who was in charge of the new hostel and school for one thousand girls in Kfar Chabad and others of similar caliber. But here at ‘770’ all were equal. There was just one ‘Boss’ - the Rebbe who stood head and shoulders above everyone.

As usual, I had the best *aliya* – *Shevi'i*, so that I could stand almost touching the Rebbe when he recited the *Haftorah*.

Then, afterwards, it was all so easy just to follow the Rebbe through the solid mass of men and boys, which gave way on the approach of the Rebbe, and which enabled me to return to my place quickly and in safety. It was a little unnerving however, to stand on the Bimah which stood about five feet from the ground! and to look upon a solid mass of people which was continually swaying from side to side. Occasionally there would be a reverberating crash and the whole Bimah would shake and tremble. I considered this highly dangerous!

I sang *Hu Elokani* as usual - and as usual not only did I get **no** help in the singing (except from my regulars: Tzvi, Stuart and now Benzion Kravitz) but stupid people actually made more noise shouting shush, shush. If they would have spent this energy in singing instead of in shushing, then the Rebbe would have been much more pleased. After the davening some of these ‘well intentioned’ people reprimanded me for singing without the Rebbe's permission. As if I would! Anyway, I am getting quite used to this after all these years.

We had a nice Farbrengen this Shabbos, but not very freilech. The Rebbe has everyone's worries on his head - especially those regarding Eretz Yisroel. The Rebbe handed me a bottle of vodka, poured a little into my cup wished me “le’chaim” and told me to serve the rest to the people assembled, but **not** to take it to Manchester. I did as requested and when the bottle was emptied, I turned it upside down to show the Rebbe that I had obeyed his instructions.

Next day, Sunday, I wrote a letter to the Rebbe. I mentioned the reprimand I received for my singing and I hoped that the Farbrengen on Yom Tov would be a little more freilech. I could well comprehend that the Rebbe was under great duress because of events in Israel - regarding the 'Mihu Yehudi Law' and so forth, but after all Yom Tov has to be freilech - happy. I also thanked the Rebbe again for the loan of the apartment, about the great improvement and mentioned a few other items.

I left this letter in the Rebbe's tray at 1.30pm on Sunday afternoon, Erev Shovuos. There were about twenty other letters in the tray.

At 2.30pm, one hour later, I received a message from Label Groner that there was already a reply to my letter. The Rebbe told Label to let "Reb Zalman" have these replies at once. I liked that "Reb Zalman" part.

What was amazing to me and really fantastic, was that with all the preparation the Rebbe had to do regarding the Shovuos Farbrengen - six hours of sichos, discourses and the Maamer - he still had time to read scores of letters and reply to mine at least.

I still have friendly discussions with our Rebbetzen and with Rabbi Chodakov about the times the Rebbe needs for preparing his talks - sometimes he speaks for fourteen hours over Yom Tov and Shabbos. Rabbi Chodakov remarked that whilst we are singing the nigunim, the Rebbe is preparing for the next Sicho. I told him that this was all right in the past when we used to sing two nigunim before each Sicho, but these days we only sing one in between the Sichos. Rabbi Chodakov smiled and said that the Rebbe is much more experienced nowadays and does not need so much time to prepare as in the past.

One learned gentleman informed me that just one of the talks which the Rebbe gave was so full of scholarship and profound knowledge that it would have taken him (the learned gentleman) six months just to look up the sources and prepare this sicha.

The Rebbe - in his reply mentioned above - said he liked my diary and it was self-understood that I must carry on. **And** I know that the Rebbe did read this, because he told me to make the correction which I did, at the beginning of this edition regarding the Tanya. I had suggested to the Rebbe that we print the Tanya at once and to take the chance that there would be no mistakes. The Rebbe said that he could not give me permission to print without the agreement of my friends in Manchester and in London.

Regarding the singing - the Rebbe had written "*vesorvou olov berocha*" (Blessing shall be upon you). In other words, carry on, as my mother (a"h) would have said - "*a gezunt aff zain keppele.*" So - was it not worth singing? I should say it was!

\*\*\*

Shovuos had now arrived. If one wished to participate in all the activities, then one had to be prepared for the following program.

**Sunday** - up all night saying Tikun.

**Monday afternoon** - a ten mile walk, 2,000 boys and men took part in the 'best ever' march to Boro Park. Wonderful Ruach and singing. Police cars and cyclists accompanied the walkers. After the boys had addressed the congregation at different Shuls, they gathered together outside the Rebbe's home, singing, dancing and covered with perspiration, at about 1.00am. Then dinner and to bed at 2.30am.

**Tuesday** - the Farbrengen ended at 2.30am. Then the Rebbe served the *Kos Shel Brocha*. This finished at 4.30am.

**Wednesday Night** - the Rebbe held Yechidus. The last person left at 5.00am.

From the above one can see that Shovuos at 770 is a very relaxing and restful Yom Tov.

The Rebbe told me to quote more Torah. So it is about time that I repeated some of the Rebbe's Sichos which we were privileged to hear over Shabbos and Yom Tov. Some of the mysteries of Chassidus and Kabala are a little too complicated for me and I have chosen those Sichos which have logical arguments and are easy to understand. These I like very much and enjoy immensely.

At the end of the first Perek of Avos, Hillel makes three statements. He says in Mishna 12 in **Hebrew**, “Be like a Talmid (pupil) of Aaron, loving peace and pursuing peace, loving thy fellow creatures and drawing them close to the Torah.” In Mishna 13 he says in **Aramaic**, “A name made great is a name destroyed. He who does not increase his knowledge decreases it. He who does not study deserves to die and he who makes worldly use of the Crown of Torah shall pass away.” And finally, he says in the next Mishna, and again in **Hebrew**, “If I am not for myself, who will be for me? If I am only for myself, what am I? And if not now - when?”

Now, the Rebbe argues that Hillel came from Babylon, where the official language of the common man or the ‘man in the street’ was Aramaic. Therefore all these three statements should have been made in that, his ‘natural’ language. Or at least - if any Mishna had to be in Aramaic, it should have been the first.

So, let us examine what Hillel said in this first Mishna. “Be like a pupil of Aaron... Love **all human beings**, and bring them each close to the Torah.” Now, only the Rabbonim/Chachomim, the learned men could teach those who knew nothing and bring them nearer to the A’mighty. This saying was orders and instructions to the Rabbonim/Chachomim. They alone understood Hebrew. The majority of Jews who lived in Babylon only knew Aramaic. It was obviously undiplomatic and bad taste to tell people that they were ignorant and so forth. So this saying had to be in **Hebrew**.

The second Mishna, “A name made great is a name destroyed... and he who makes worldly use of the Crown of Torah shall pass away,” was a dire warning to the people to beware of the fellow who took advantage of his learning and knowledge to put himself above everyone else. He sought fame and was a dangerous person. This saying **had** to be made in **Aramaic**, so that the “common man” could understand the problem and the perils.

And finally the third Mishna was again directed towards the Rabbonim/Chachomim, “and if not now - when?” Hillel concentrated on the Rabbonim again. **Do not** waste time. Do it now - regardless of fame. There is no time like the present to bring close to G-d those poor ignorant people who know so very little about Torah and Judaism. That is the reason why this Mishna was said in **Hebrew**.

The Rebbe gave another similar sicha. Shovuos is the time of ‘*Matan Torah*,’ the anniversary of the day when we received the Torah on Mount Sinai. The sixth Perek of Avos is referred to as ‘Kinyan Torah’ - the ‘acquisition of the Torah.’ It was therefore, an appropriate time to quote from this Perek.

In Mishna 9 we read, “Rabbi Yoisi Ben Kisma said, ‘I was once walking along the road, when a man met me and greeted me and I returned his greeting. He said to me, Rabbi, from what place are you? I said to him that I came from a great city of Rabbonim and Scribes. He said to me, if you are willing to live with us in our city, I will give you a thousand golden Dinars and precious stones and pearls. I said to him, even if you gave to me **all** the silver and gold and **all** the precious stones in the world, I would not live anywhere except where there was Torah.’”

It is unusual to find such a lengthy detailed story in Perek. It is interesting to examine this closely. Rabbi Yoisi said, “Once I was walking along the road,” which infers that normally he did **not** walk along the road, but this time he was going for a certain Mitzvah. “When a man met me and greeted me.” A previous Mishna states that even when walking along the road, one must study the Torah. When Rabbi Yossi saw this man, he should have greeted him, as according to Jewish etiquette and good manners, one should always be the first to say Shalom to another, but Rabbi Yossi was studying Torah and could not interrupt his learning in order to greet someone. However, once this man **had** greeted him, then it was not only permissible, but imperative that these greetings were returned.

The man continued by saying, “Rabbi, from where are you coming?” He surmised correctly that Rabbi Yossi was a Rabbi from the fact that he was learning Torah. Furthermore, because he was walking along the road, he also surmised, incorrectly, that Rabbi Yossi was dissatisfied with his own town and was leaving, walking along the road. The man then wanted to know the name of the town from where Rabbi Yossi came, so that he could find out whether Rabbi Yossi was the only Rabbi in that town. Rabbi Yossi replied that he came from a city with many Rabbonim and Scribes. This new acquaintance then assumed that there were so **many** Rabbonim in that city, that Rabbi Yossi would not be missed so very much. He therefore offered him a job - he could demand his own terms, all his

needs would be supplied. All he had to do was to accept this position and carry on with his learning and study of the Torah in this man's town. Rabbi Yossi replied that even if he was offered all the money in the world, he would not leave his own city.

We are still waiting for the Rebbe to finish this interesting Sicho!

Label Groner explained that in **his** opinion this was **not** Lubavitch doctrine. Lubavitchers had to be prepared to leave the Rebbe's side. They were 'requested,' they were ordered to go out into the world to wherever there were Jewish people, and to sacrifice themselves for Jews and Judaism everywhere. It was easy to be an orthodox Jew near to the Rebbe, with all and every facility available for kashrus of the home and of oneself. But to be the Rebbe's representative in some outlying Jewish community, and be responsible for actually establishing Kashrus and Jewish education, was a very different and difficult proposition.

Now here follow some further excerpts from various sichos which the Rebbe related during the Shovuos period:

- a) The Torah was given to us in the desert. This is to teach us that even in the wilderness, where there is absolutely nothing, we need Torah. Therefore, how much more so do we need it in the town or city.

In a spiritual way this means that people who possess neither learning nor knowledge still need the Torah, as well as those endowed with understanding and wisdom.

- b) Moses, King David and the Baal Shem Tov all have connections with Shovuos.
  1. **Moses** - because the Torah which is called **Toras Moshe** was given to us on that day. Moses wanted to see G-d's face but was shown only His back. Rashi remarks that in this way, Moshe was privileged to see the *Kesser shel Tefilin shel Rosh* - the knot on the Tefilin of the head. The Gomorrah states that one had nothing to fear whilst wearing the Tefilin shel Rosh.
  2. **King David** was born and also died on Shovuos. It states in the Midrash that because King David studied Torah, his generals won the wars.
  3. The Baal Shem Tov was born on Shovuos. He was the founder of Chassidism. He used to point out that the *Tefilin shel yad* (of the hand) was placed on the arm, almost touching the heart, the seat of **love**. This was to teach us that we must love every single Jew. The Baal Shem Tov was very fond of, and concentrated on the children. The Rebbe added that the children on summer vacation should learn *Limudei Kodosh* (Jewish Studies) every day - just as during the year.

The Rebbe again stressed the importance of the **five mitzvah campaigns**:

**Mezuzahs** - to be affixed on every door in the house. The Gemora in Shabbos states that Mezuzah's act as a guard for a home. It was essential to ensure that they were kosher, otherwise they were just useless. **Teffilin** - had to be worn by all males over thirteen years old, every weekday. A **Tzedoka Box** had to be kept in the home and some coins placed therein every day (except, obviously during the time of Shabbos or Yom Tov). A **Book of Psalms** - Tehillim and a **Chumash** (the five books of Moses) Sidur and other Hebrew books were also to be kept in the home.

- c) There is an interesting Rashi on the phrase in Posuk 47, "*Laavod avodas avoda*" - "To do the work in the Ministry" and Rashi says "with **songs** accompanied by cymbals and harps." In a different section of the Torah it says that the Levites were accompanied by cymbals, harps and flutes. Rashi explains to us that in the first instance, the principal work was **singing** by everyone and one could not sing with a flute in one's mouth.

Everything that Moshe Rabeinu did was permanent. The Torah is *Toras Emes*. The *Mishkan* (Tabernacle) which Moshe built, was never destroyed. The Medrash states that it is hidden somewhere. If Moses would have entered into Eretz Yisroel and built the *Bet Hamikdosh*, this would also have survived and the Jews would have never gone into exile.

e) Regarding the law of '*Mihu Yehudi*' in Israel, the Rebbe again showed his displeasure with the cabinet minister who said he would resign on this issue, but not yet. Perhaps in a few weeks time. Of course, he had a very good job and did not want to give it up. But this minister knew that what was going on was against the Halacha, he should resign now. If the same law would be against the Halacha in a few weeks time, then it was against the Din at this moment.

The Rebbe quoted the fact that Willie Brandt of Germany held a much higher position in a much richer (in a material way) country. Yet, he resigned immediately, as soon as he realised that he was doing wrong.

f) Some people have complained because they allege that the Rebbe had stated that if one does not have Mezuzahs on one's doors, then one would be punished. The Rebbe never made such a statement.

It says in the **Shulchan Aruch** quite plainly and straightforwardly that Mezuzahs "assure long life for you and your children." The Gemora Shabbos stresses this even more sharply. The Rebbe is only quoting from these - our own sacred, authentic and religious sources.

A Mezuzah is a guard. A soldier has to wear a steel helmet. It is for his protection, in case of the remote possibility that a bullet would speed directly to his head. A soldier would be very foolish indeed, if he neglected to wear this steel helmet.

The Rebbe said recently that he could not understand why, for the past few months, he had the continuous urge to talk about and to stress the importance of Mezuzahs. Then came the tragedy at Maalot, in Israel, where the Arab murderers slaughtered so many defenseless and helpless children and families.

The Rebbe realised that this was the culminating point. The Rav of Safed telephoned the Rebbe to inform him that he had checked the Mezuzahs and found 21 that were *posul* - not kosher.

No one says nor dares to say, that this happened because there were no kosher Mezuzahs. Nevertheless, the Torah has ordained that these are a *Shmira*, a guard, and it is imperative that they are constantly checked to confirm that they are still kosher.

The Rebbe also stressed that women too had to take the responsibility for looking after the Mezuzahs. It should not be left wholly and entirely to the men.

I have explained in previous editions that the majority of the Lubavitcher families have guests staying with them most of the time. During Shovuos or Yomim Tovim, every Lubavitch abode has quite a few visitors. Although we occupy our 'own' apartment (the Rebbe's) we are continuously being inundated with pressing invitations for luncheons and dinners by all our friends and many acquaintances.

We always arrange to have at least one meal during Yom Tov at the home of our friends Sarah and Mendel Shemtov - our first ever hosts - with whom we stayed every year for very many years, since 1960 to be exact, whenever we came to Brooklyn to see the Rebbe.

This Shovuos we were once again invited to the Baumgartens for the Yom Tov night dinner. From our previous experience we could expect good company, delicious food, plenty to drink, in a congenial atmosphere, plus the 'best entertainment in town.' We accepted with much pleasure and alacrity.

We davened Maariv at '770' and when we arrived at the Baumgartens, we found that our host, Mendel, had been home for quite a while.

It seems that he had davened in a small Shul, close by his home. This rather surprised me. Surely he should have taken every opportunity to pray, together with the Rebbe at '770.'

I then learned that it was not Mendel's choice. The Rebbe had given specific instructions to scores of Lubavitcher *baalei batim* that they should daven at the various Shuls in the neighbourhood, so that these Synagogues could continue to exist to provide a local need and to keep up the amenities and services for the district.

It was a great sacrifice for these young men **not** to daven with their Rebbe, but their presence at these Shuls was more necessary and vital than to join the many thousands at '770.'

Nechama, our gracious hostess, made us all very welcome indeed. This year her house was comparatively empty. Only twenty guests were staying with her, including Hilary (my daughter) and her three youngest children. Fortunately, additional guests were invited for the meal so that nearly thirty of us sat down to dinner.

Our host, Mendel, sat at the top of the table, but he was not there alone, because every available space had to be used to the maximum advantage. He was surrounded by his sons and the men. His charming wife, Nechama, graced the bottom end of the table, with all the girls and the ladies.

In between sat their son Yossi and his Kalah, Linda, whose parents, Hilda and Bernard Rader, were also present - as was their son, Hershel. A girl of twenty and a boy of eleven, who were living at the Baumgartens to "learn and study Yiddishkeit" were there too. Another set of Machotonim, a son-in-law, a couple of invited girls, plus Roselyn and I, made up the party. There were also a few babies here and there.

All the males made Kiddush. Everyone washed their hands and made *Hamotzei* over the bread and we then settled down to the serious business of eating and some drinking.

Mendel used his prerogative as host to give us a long but interesting sicha from the Rebbe, which was much appreciated. It was then my turn to provide entertainment - not a sicha. The audience, it seemed, enjoyed my efforts, for I was requested to do an encore. After the second encore I decided that "enough was enough" and I pressed into active service all the Baumgarten boys, who, after some little persuasion, sang individually and collectively. They really excelled themselves in harmonising most beautifully and it did not take too long before they were competing with each other to show off their prowess.

Mendel had just returned from San Francisco where he had taken part, together with Jan Peerce, in a most successful concert in aid of Lubavitch. He also decided to join in, and he sang to us many lovely pieces from his large Lubavitch repertoire.

We also managed to attract the attention of the Chosson, Yossi. He and his Kaloh seemed impervious to everything that was going on around them.

We even prevailed upon him to sing to us - which he did - to the great astonishment and satisfaction of Linda and the benign approval of both sets of *Machotonim*. As they say in Yiddish, "*zai hobben geklibben nachas.*" All in all, it was a most successful and beautiful Oneg Yom Tov, which we had immensely enjoyed.

We felt very pleased and gratified when a further invitation was extended to us for the following Friday evening.

Shovuos ended on Tuesday night. So after Mincha on that day, we all washed our hands, made *Hamotzei* on the bread and sat down to await the arrival of the Rebbe to commence the Farbrengen which would go on until the early hours of the morning. It was a freilech Farbrengen at which I received a bottle of vodka to take to Manchester Lubavitch. The Deputy Mayor of Jerusalem, Shmuel Shaulson, Aaron Dov Suffrin from London, Rabbi Shlami from France, and a representative from Kfar Chabad Israel were amongst those who also received bottles of vodka.

The Farbrengen ended at about 2.00am. We then davened Maariv and during the service there was a terrific commotion. 'Stewards' were busy taking away the benches and some tables in order to make more space. It was a dangerous hazard to stand still and say the *Amida*. It was only by a miracle that no heads were broken or skulls cracked by table legs or by bench ends.

The Rebbe then made Havdola and we had now arrived at the most interesting and rewarding part of the Farbrengen - the receiving of the *Kos shel Brocha* wine, direct from the Rebbe himself.

Every year for the past number of years, there has always been, at the best an undignified scramble, and at the worst even some private physical 'arguments,' at this part of the proceedings. It is

extremely difficult to control many thousands of people who are all desirous of reaching the Rebbe at one and the same time.

Before the Rebbe arrived at the Farbrengen, the usual announcement was made to inform us of the procedure regarding the *Kos shel Brocha* distribution.

There should be **no** pushing and no '*shtupping*.' We were to behave like civilized human beings. **One** line only should be formed and this should ascend the platform by the right hand side stairway, continue down the length of the dais and file past the Rebbe in an orderly fashion. The Rebbe would 'en passant' fill our containers with wine from his silver *becher* with which he had made *Havdola*.

A lively tune was started and I tried to make my way to the right hand stairway. It was a sheer impossibility. Crowds were pushing in the opposite direction and hordes of boys were climbing upon the tables. Looking around, I found that another line had been formed **on top** of the tables and that men and boys were resolutely walking forward towards the Rebbe, filing past and cutting out the 'official queue.' Exactly as on the previous occasion. It was just plain ridiculous.

In my right hand I was clutching a paper bag, which still contained some bread and cake. In my left hand, I held two paper tumblers for the *Kos shel Brocha* wine. In one pocket I placed the empty bottle into which I intended to pour the wine afterwards from the paper tumblers and in my other pocket I put my small Siddur, which I had used for benching and for Maariv.

I was being jostled on all sides and was in danger of being trampled upon. I decided that it was safer to be standing on the tables. By a supreme effort and with no little difficulty, I found myself on top of the tables.

There I now stood, completely hemmed in by a mass of people - all pushing and jogging. To my utter dismay, I felt myself being pushed towards the edge of the table. I was under a grave handicap because my hands were full, so that I could not grab or hold any of the men or boys. Suddenly there was a great concerted heave and I felt myself actually slipping off the table. The thought flashed through my mind that I should jettison the paper bag or grab someone's jacket with my teeth, but it was too late. I found myself lying flat on my back on the floor, in complete darkness and with a terribly heavy feeling on my chest and stomach. This heaviness soon disappeared as five boys disentangled themselves and jumped off my body. This coincided with a blinding flash and I found myself staring at the electric lights on the ceiling. I was helped up from the floor and made my way, in a daze, to the right hand stairway whilst plucking out handfuls of wooden splinters which were adhering to my trousers and jacket.

I encountered Bernard Rader, who heaved a sigh of relief on seeing me. He did not know where to go for his wine. He said he would follow me as I knew the ground well. (Oy vey - did I know it!)

To my amazement, the 'stewards' had now blocked up the official passageway, which was supposed to be the 'one and only' way to the Rebbe. I got over that hurdle, literally, quite easily and even Mr. Rader, who is a rather hefty person, managed it very well too.

I then made the awful discovery that not only had I lost the paper bag, but what was more important, the empty bottle was missing. It must somehow have dropped out of my pocket during the recent skirmishes. Somehow, I still held two battered paper tumblers in my hand!

I needed this bottle; I searched high and low, here, there and everywhere. Some of the boys were helping me in my search, but it was of no use. The bottle had completely disappeared.

Meanwhile, I was being slowly but firmly pushed towards the Rebbe, who, as usual was quite unperturbed by all the commotion. He swung his arms now and then, to revitalise the singing which went on non-stop until the last boy had received his wine from the Rebbe himself at about 4.15am.

It was now my turn to be served. I told the Rebbe that I had twenty-one customers - Roselyn and I, our four 'children' and fourteen grandchildren and also for Linda Grant. The Rebbe obliged and poured out twenty-one times into my paper cups. I thanked him, descended from the platform and made another still unsuccessful search for my lost empty bottle.

Roselyn was waiting for me outside. We drank our own rations, returned home, put the paper cups in the fridge and retired to bed.

On the following day I asked Roselyn to purchase another empty bottle, as we needed it to take the wine back to England and to buy it from a shop which had their own Mikvah and so to save any bother about koshering.

“By the way,” I asked Roselyn as an afterthought, “where did you *toivel* (immerse) the other bottle? She looked at me in surprise and replied that she had not *toiveled* it at all. She had assumed that I had done so on my daily routine visit to the Mikvah.

It now seemed certain that the lost bottle had definitely not been immersed and koshered. We would have surely been very upset to find that we had put the Rebbe's wine in a bottle that had not been Toivelled, so, we were very pleased that we had lost that first bottle and considered ourselves very lucky indeed.

The day after Yom Tov was the annual ‘Kinus Torah’. It commenced at 3.30pm and went on until around 10.00pm. The audience of about 400 or 500, mostly boys, are addressed by a number of Roshei Hayeshivas, Rabbonim and some outstanding boys who deliver extremely complicated Pilpulim. Many of the speakers bring with them about a half dozen Gemorahs to the pulpit for reference. It is all very 'heavy stuff' but very interesting. Members of the audience are not slow to fire questions at the speaker and even relish having an argumentative debate with him. And in the middle of all this learned discourse, I too have to address the boys, generally at about 6.00pm. Rabbi Mentlik always insists upon it. He says the boys look forward to my talk and they love it. I have been doing this for many years and this makes it difficult now to refuse. Besides which, as my wife says, it provides some light relief to the proceedings and maybe “that is why the boys like it.” At the same time I always add some words of Torah as well.

I commenced by saying that in the *Sedra* we read last Shabbos, *Bamidbar*, we came upon the sentence “These are the generations (the children) of Aaron and Moses.” Yet, there is subsequently no mention whatsoever of the children of Moshe. Rashi explains that all the disciples of a Rebbe are referred to as his children.

Our Rebbe has scores of thousands of children all over the world. They all love and revere him. But - just like children everywhere they have their own friends and interests. Only when they need their father at times of trouble, do they go running to him for help.

Each of these countless thousands of children is so very precious to the Rebbe. He goes out of his way, as every father does, to help even the least deserving of his sons. **Do not be a *tzoris* Chossid** and wait until you are in trouble before writing or contacting the Rebbe. Give the Rebbe pleasure. Smile when you see him, write to him often with plenty of good news. Do not be annoyed or upset if no written reply is received. I write to the Rebbe nearly every two weeks. I do not expect any replies, so I am not disappointed. But - what a happy day it is if and when I do get a letter from the Rebbe. I had two last year, in reply to my twenty-four. So keep on writing. It will make the Rebbe happy and by the law of averages you must get a reply some time.

I continued by saying that last year I mentioned that Aaron the prophet and Chief Kohen, the **elder** brother of Moses, was also a *tzoris* Chosid. He was in trouble and wanted help for Miriam. He suddenly realised that with all his greatness and yichus he still needed a Rebbe. Why could he not appeal himself directly to the Almighty? No - he had to go to his Rebbe, Moses, to help him in his trouble.

A few years ago, in a *sicha*, the Rebbe compared a Chossid to a lamplighter. Fifty or sixty years ago our streets were lit up by gas lamps. Every day, at dusk, a man walked along the roads carrying a very long pole to which was attached a light, a flame. He went from lamp to lamp lighting up all these lights. Similarly, a Chossid lights up the divine spark of every Jew, making it burn brightly and strongly.

Today we have progressed. We have atomic power. In simple language this means that one atom splits another atom. This sets up a chain reaction and we get millions of atoms splitting up millions of other atoms.

Our Rebbe is our atomic power reactor. He charges up all our atoms in the first instance. Boys come to '770' and are 'radio activated' and sent all over the world to make contact with other 'atoms' - other boys and groups.

For instance, I was told that the Rebbe had sent Rabbi Lazarof to Texas. He contacted and influenced ten boys to come to '770' for Yom Tov. He then persuaded them to spend a few months at Morristown Lubavitcher Yeshiva. Soon they will be completely charged up and ready and prepared to return to Texas to commence their own chain reaction.

I then came to the part which the boys always enjoyed and to which they looked forward. I read stories about the Rebbe from my previous 'Encounters.' These always go down well. They can never have enough. However, I concluded my talk after forty minutes, although they pleaded for more. There were many more speakers with huge piles of Gemoras still waiting 'in the wings' and I had to be fair to them. I listened to the next speaker and then took my leave.

The time for our Yechidus with the Rebbe had now arrived. It is always difficult to gauge the exact moment when we would enter the Rebbe's sanctum. It all depended upon the length of time which the previous appointments took. Label advised us to be prepared for an 11.00pm appointment.

Actually, a new system has been introduced for Yechidus. All prospective visitors have to forward to the Rebbe, well in advance of their appointment, all the questions for which they required answers and all the problems on which they wanted the Rebbe's advice. By this method the Rebbe was able to conclude a whole evening's Yechidus by 2.00 or 3.00am - instead of between 5.00am and 7.00am as in the past.

Up until recently, anyone who was celebrating a birthday and ladies who were in their ninth month of pregnancy were 'automatically' allowed to see the Rebbe for a few minutes privately, in order to receive a brocha. These interviews have also been suspended.

The Rebbe has implied that in future these brochas will be conveyed 'collectively' at the Farbrengen. This is not done only for the sake of the Rebbe's health - may he enjoy the best of health till 120 - but it is just impossible for one man or even one Superman, to carry out such a heavy and concentrated program alone.

Label Groner told me that one evening a short while ago, the Rebbe had a little time to spare. So an announcement was made that all those bochurim who had not been privileged to have a Yechidus with the Rebbe for some length of time, would be allowed to see the Rebbe privately that night. One hundred and eighty boys took advantage of this 'offer'. The whole Yechidus lasted seven hours, from 8.00pm until 3.00am, which meant in effect that if one deducted the time when the Rebbe davened Maariv, plus the few seconds it took to enter and leave the Rebbe's room, each boy was in the Rebbe's presence privately for just barely two minutes.

Whilst one is waiting in the hall, one meets and sees all types of men, women and children from every walk of life and from every country in the world. Two very tall handsome military looking men were receiving V.I.P. treatment. They looked like Israeli generals. Binyamin Klein said that they were higher than generals and were "very nice boys." Another Israeli had plans to open a diamond factory in Kfar Chabad, and another one in Nachlas Har Chabad. He required the Rebbe to approve the details. An elderly gentleman approached me and in a mournful voice said, "You are alright Mr. Jaffe, I am very sorry indeed." I was taken aback and I asked him why he was sorry. He replied that he was sorry for himself that **HE** could not make the Rebbe happy like I do.

The time passed very quickly and at 12.45am (only one hour and three quarters after the estimated time) we entered the Rebbe's room.

The Rebbe stood up and said a "'guten ovent'" (good evening). He requested Roselyn to be seated and asked me where was my usual long list of problems. I replied that T.G. I had no personal problems -

but plenty of Lubavitch ones. The Rebbe had once given me a brocha that I should have only Lubavitch problems - and he reiterated this.

I related to the Rebbe all that had transpired at the Kinus Torah - of the congratulations and acclamation which I had received afterwards. A whole delegation had told me "Your speech was wonderful, terrific and you should inform the Rebbe that we were all very much inspired by your remarks." Some boys said they "got real turned on."

Rabbi Mentlik said something which I could not quite make out, but as his face was angelic and beaming it must have been something nice.

I reported that I had inspected the new Lubavitch library in Kingston Avenue and it was in the height of luxury. I added that still there was plenty of room for more books. The Rebbe divulged that he had reserved a place for the new Hebrew/English Tanya!

Last year the Rebbe gave me a Brocha "*iber dem kop*" which really means that the blessings should be unlimited. I suggested to the Rebbe that I was very satisfied last year and that I would like the "same again please?" The Rebbe was keenly disappointed. "Have you no ambition?" he said and added "next year will be even better."

The Rebbe disclosed that he had read my Diary which he had enjoyed. He then made the correction about "taking a drink before going to the Beth Olam". (See page 1).

The Rebbe also 'suggested' that I should include more Torah in future editions. I hope that the Rebbe will be pleased with my efforts in this 'Encounter.' I do not have to quote the Maamorim nor the outstanding sichas which are, of course, printed and distributed all over the world even in the English language. I then hinted to the Rebbe that I should now discontinue to write these diaries. It would be better to concentrate on editing the previous editions and printing them into one book. In any case, it was becoming difficult to find new material every year.

The Rebbe asserted that whether I intended to publish this book or not, did not make any difference. I had already published five installments so I had a *chazoko*. (If one did a certain action three times or more - this constituted a *chazoko*, which could only be 'broken' with the permission of the Beth Din). Therefore, the Rebbe was looking forward to seeing my 'Encounter 1974' otherwise I would have to attend the Beth Din to be '*matir neder*' (literally to get my vows annulled). So I must carry on writing. And with the Rebbe's Brocha I would certainly find something new (and how!).

The Rebbe then indicated that I did not need to exert myself to obtain 'customers' for Yechidus. He already had plenty of clients who were most anxious and eager to see him. The Rebbe did **not want anyone** to '*bashtel*' (order) any customers for him whatsoever!

We discussed various communal matters and the Rebbe enquired about Dayan Golditch, the Huberts and other local Manchester celebrities. The Rebbe had received wonderful reports about Hilary's Lubavitch work in London.

He turned to Roselyn and asked her whether she was happy with Hilary. Roselyn replied that she would have preferred that Hilary should have spent more time on her home and on her children than on Lubavitch, but if Hilary wanted it that way and was happy - then Roselyn was satisfied.

The Rebbe then asked me why I had sent him five bottles of vodka. "Was it for five children?" "No," I answered, "the reason is quite a simple one. We were allowed to bring with us five bottles free of duty, so the price is very cheap, and as a businessman, I thought why should not Jewish people have this benefit. Therefore I sent them to the Rebbe." "But what shall I do with them?" questioned the Rebbe. I suggested to him that after the Farbrengen, the Rebbe should take them home and take a glassful every night. The Rebbe revealed that "Mrs. Schneerson would be surprised to see me drinking vodka. I don't like it and I don't drink vodka."

The Rebbe enquired about business matters and whether trade was satisfactory. I replied in the affirmative and the Rebbe turned to Roselyn for confirmation. The Rebbe remarked that we should make money and spend it "*af a gutten aifin*" (in health and on good things).

I congratulated the Rebbe that at long last he could see his campaign regarding *Mihu Yehudi* coming to a successful conclusion. (It seems that I spoke too soon.) The Rebbe exclaimed that “there will be still plenty of problems, even when *Mihu Yehudi* is settled.”

With a nice brocha to my wife for health, and to both of us for ‘*nachas*’ from our children and grandchildren ‘*iber dem kop,*’ we took our leave from the Rebbe, after spending just thirty minutes in his presence.

Incidentally, Hilary had also seen the Rebbe at Yechidus earlier that evening. As she had three ‘babies,’ Roselyn accompanied her to hold one or two and to keep them quiet. They stayed for eight minutes and Channah (aged 3) cried the whole time. The Rebbe gave them all a full measure of brochas.

Once again we were privileged and honoured to be received by our Rebbetzen *Kein Ayin Hora* she is really marvelous. She intimated that Hilary and her children would also be welcome. We arranged with Hilary that we should arrive first and that she and the children should come later on. We knew from past experience that small children soon became fidgety, mischievous and uncontrollable.

We had spent a glorious two hours with the Rebbetzen. She is a most attentive and rapt listener. If she had enjoyed herself that afternoon half as much as we did, then she had a wonderful time. Hilary and company then arrived. They all partook of fruit juices and cake. They all visited the ‘smallest room’ in the house. They all became fidgety, mischievous and uncontrollable and after ten minutes, we all quickly took our leave. Fortunately, the Rebbetzen asked us (Roselyn and I only) to call and see her again, which we did, and ‘a good time was had by all.’ (More about the Rebbetzen later on.)

On Shabbos we had another Farbrengen which was extremely freilech. It was the first time I had ever seen or heard the boys singing vigorously non-stop without any prompting by the Rebbe. I like to think that it was because of my talk to them at the Kinus Torah.

We had arranged to leave New York very early on Tuesday morning. I therefore sent a note to the Rebbe informing him of this fact and added that we were hoping to have the opportunity of saying farewell to our Rebbe after Maariv and to receive a brocha for a pleasant and safe journey back to England.

Those good old days when we had Yechidus with the Rebbe for 2 or 3 hours on our arrival and again for 2 hours before we departed have gone forever. The Rebbe would have liked to continue this custom, but it is not humanly possible. We have therefore to maneuver our mini-Yechidus whenever we had the chance.

On Monday evening at 9.15pm Roselyn, Hilary and Linda Grant were already standing in the hallway hoping to catch a glimpse of the Rebbe and maybe be rewarded with a nice smile. I was inside the Beth Hamidrash, standing in my usual place just behind the spot where the Rebbe davens.

Punctually at 9.30pm, the Rebbe arrived for Maariv. It is rather paradoxical that the quickest part of the davening is just at those two sections of the service where in other Shuls the congregation is waiting for their Rav or minister.

The Rebbe keeps **no one** waiting. He normally finishes the Krias Shema and Amida together with everyone else.

After Maariv at 9.45pm the Rebbe opened the door of the Beth Hamedrash and walked out, and I followed quickly after him. The Rebbe walked right past Roselyn, Hilary and Linda not giving them even a glance, which was itself most unusual.

He arrived at his office door about ten yards away, put his key into the lock and still gave no sign to me, not even any indication that he knew I was behind him. The Rebbe was just about to enter his room. It would soon be too late. So, in desperation I blurted out "Rebbe, Rebbe". On hearing the sound of my voice the Rebbe seemed to be startled. He turned around, saw me and gave me his famous wonderful beaming smile.

He said that he had a new *shlichus* for me and told me to wait in the hallway outside his door whilst he went inside his office. I asked whether Roselyn could remain with me too. The Rebbe said, “Yes, and bring along Hilary and Miss Grant as well.”

Within a few minutes the Rebbe returned. He was holding a huge wad of English £10 and £20 notes. The Rebbe peeled off a £10 note and handed it to me and said that this was for Tzedoka. He peeled off another £10 saying that this was for the Mezuzah Campaign. The Rebbe then turned to Roselyn and handed her also two £10 notes using the same words. “With the right hand please,” says Label Groner who was standing nearby, “when one accepts something from the Rebbe.” And then once more, the Rebbe turned this time to Hilary and Linda Grant and gave to each one also two notes of £10 each and used the same wording again.

The Rebbe still had a handful of bank notes in his hand. He asked my advice on what to do with them. I was looking at the Rebbe with questioning eyes, when he startled me by suddenly slapping the whole lot into my hand. I asked the Rebbe how much money he had given to me. He answered that as he had not counted the notes, then why should I bother to count. The Rebbe stated that this additional money should be divided between London, Manchester and Glasgow. (I did check this cash afterwards and it came to £70.)

The Rebbe said that he could not refer to me now as Mr. Manchester. He would have to call me Mr. England. I interjected with “Mr. Britain” and the Rebbe corrected me and said “Mr. United Kingdom” - a very speedy promotion!

The Rebbe then said that he had a new assignment for me. He asked me to be a *shadchan* (matchmaker) and find a *choson* for our young friend, Linda Grant. The Rebbe also promised me *shadchoneess Gelt*. With such an incentive, how could I fail!

I repeated to the Rebbe the ‘story’ about meeting the ‘King in the Field’ and he laughed heartily. He promised that next year the apartment would be even better. I remonstrated and told him that it **was good** this year.

The Rebbe said that I should come again to ‘770’ **before** next Shovuos and that he was looking forward to seeing me. I pointed out that I would please G-d be coming again before Shovuos with the new Tanya. The Rebbe exclaimed, “You are an optimist, and you should certainly **not** wait for the Tanya.” I thanked the Rebbe for everything he had done to make our stay over Yom Tov so very enjoyable.

The Rebbe told Roselyn to convey regards to “your son and his family,” and told Hilary to convey the same to her husband and children. The Rebbe concluded by saying that “Tuesday” (the day we were travelling home) “was a good day.” “*Fort gezunterheit un mir zollen herren guttie besuros*” (travel in good health and we should hear good news).

The Rebbe then thanked **me** profusely for coming for Shovuos and for everything I had done for him. He then held out his hand to me! I cannot remember whether I was more astounded and astonished at the words, or by the offer of a handshake by the Rebbe. I had the presence of mind to grasp the Rebbe's hand and mumble some words to the effect that I was very embarrassed by the Rebbe thanking **me** when I was so much in the Rebbe's debt. I hoped the Rebbe would keep well and freilech - in spite of everything which he had to put up with.

On this happy note we took our departure. I would like to point out that obviously the Rebbe knew that I wished to see him, but he likes to demonstrate that nothing comes easily; one has to work hard to achieve success.

We had to arise early the next morning, but firstly I had a job to do. There was an English boy studying at ‘770’ whom I knew very well in Manchester. A very nice boy whose name was Shmuel Arkush. He seemed a boy with a forceful character, full of energy and great capabilities. He seemed to be the very man I was seeking. I asked Linda for permission to speak to him on this subject and she agreed. So, I approached him and told him about the Rebbe's protégée. He was very interested indeed. He had known Linda for a few years. They had both worked for Lubavitch day schools in England at

the same time. As we were leaving within an hour, the matter was left in abeyance until we returned to England.

To our great delight and surprise there was another treat in store for us before we left '770,' even at this late hour of 11.00pm. I had just heard that the Rebbe would be coming outside within a few minutes to be *Mekadesh* the *Levono* (the new moon). This decision was so unexpected that there were just about twelve of us to make up the Minyan, instead of the many hundreds who are normally present. The Rebbe walked sprightly towards us, a real mischievous smile on his face, as if to say - "What? Are you still here?" He came up to me and said that *Kiddush Levono* was good before a journey.

After the short service at which we exchanged the customary *Sholom Aleichem* and *Aleichem Sholom* greetings, the Rebbe repeated, "*Kiddush Levono* is good before a journey." He gave me his wonderful heartwarming smile and waved three times to Roselyn, Hilary and Linda who were sitting on a bench nearby.

What better leave-taking can one hope or pray for!

\*\*\*

Within a few weeks I had the pleasure to cable the Rebbe the following:

THANKS HASHEM AND REBBE SHLITO, SHIDUCH ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED SATISFACTORILY  
REGARDS ZALMAN MANCHESTER

As one can guess, Linda and Shmuel became betrothed within a few weeks and the marriage took place within a few months.

I wrote to the Rebbe confirming my cable and indicated that the Rebbe should not send me any cash for arranging the *shiduch*. Instead, I asked the Rebbe to credit my account with this. I felt very pleased with this unique and unusual situation!

## YUD SHEVAT 5735

Bearing in mind the fact that the Rebbe had emphatically asked me to come along to '770' again before our next annual Shovuos visit, plus the fact that we could not be absolutely certain when the Tanya **would** be ready, I started to think about buying an air ticket.

Avrohom, my son Rabbi Jaffe, was arranging his annual group flight as usual for Yud Shevat, seven days visit at the end of January.

This year it coincided with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rebbe's reign, so it seemed to be the most appropriate time to spend with the Rebbe. A notable and historic occasion.

The Rebbe had once told me that I should always bring my wife whenever I came to Brooklyn. On this occasion however, Roselyn, after thoughtful consideration, decided that it was not worth traveling all the way to New York for a seven-day visit in mid-winter. There were likely to be several inches of snow underfoot, and it would be far too cold for her to sit on her usual bench outside '770' waiting for me, as was her custom, for as long as an hour or more at a time. Of course, she could always sit alone inside her apartment whilst I enjoyed myself chatting with the 'boys' at '770'!

So, I booked just myself as a passenger on Avrohom's flight - the first time for many years that I have left Roselyn alone in Manchester.

A passenger for whom Avrohom had an added responsibility was our own Rabbi Yitzchok Dubov of Manchester. He was *kein ayin hora* about 90 years young (till 120) and thank G-d was in the best of health. However, to 'save his legs' Avrohom had arranged for a wheel-chair to be at his disposal. Rabbi Dubov was wheeled from the airport entrance direct to the plane, which was standing on the tarmac. He sat huddled and crouched in the wheel-chair clutching a small brown attaché case on his knees. This contained his Tallis, Teffillin, a flask, sandwiches, a Chumash, a Siddur, a Tehillim and a Tanya; he was prepared for all eventualities.

Along came a security officer and commenced to **frisk** poor Rabbi Dubov. He felt along his arms, up and down his legs, all over his body - everywhere. He then opened the attaché case and examined the Teffillin very carefully - not to check the Kashrus however. He then unscrewed the top of the flask and confirmed that it contained only tea. Rabbi Dubov was completely amazed. He was astounded, "Never," he said "never in all my years of traveling have I known the Customs to be so keen." I had to explain that they were searching for bombs, guns and grenades. When Rabbi Dubov was finally seated on the plane and was requested to fasten his seat belt, he exclaimed, "*Nisht tzu daygen* - I don't need this belt."

The flight to New York was quite uneventful. We enjoyed a wonderful luncheon/dinner. A Kedassia super Kosher **vegetarian** meal - just one nicely cooked omelet and that was all. Some of our Manchester boys, Lippa Brennan, Dovid Abenson, Shaul Cohen and Danny Rothenberg, met us at the airport and drove us to '770' where we arrived at 4.30pm.

I had barely alighted from the car when I was hailed by our friend 'J.J.', a.k.a. Rabbi Hecht, full of bonhomie and camaraderie; I was just the man he was looking for. A dinner was being held on that very evening in aid of Machon Chana. The Rebbe had requested that all visitors should attend and had specifically asked that I, Zalmon Jaffe, should be present to make a speech! These were direct orders from the 'Boss' he said. (I know that J.J. is a practical joker - but how can one be sure if and when it is a joke?) Avrohom and Menachem Mendel Katch who were standing near me, were also included in this invitation.

I forgot to mention before that during our stay last Shovuos, Rabbi J.J. Hecht had approached Roselyn and I and cajoled, appealed, pleaded and insisted that we make a half-hour recording for his Radio show, "Youth Program." We acceded to his eloquent and passionate pleas. The recording was impromptu - there were no rehearsals. J.J. met us a few days later and said, "Congratulations Mrs. Jaffe, you were marvelous." Poor me, no mazal!

On entering '770,' we met Rabbi Chodakov and Rabbi Label Groner who both immediately asked me, "Where is your wife?" They were dumbfounded and crestfallen when I explained that Roselyn had

not come along with me on this occasion. They were really upset and so were the Rebbe and the Rebbetzen - as you will read later on.

Many people did enquire about my wife, but merely out of politeness - some then asked me to convey their regards to her. But the Rebbe, the Rebbetzen, Rabbi Chodakov, Label Groner and Binyomin Klyne were all flabbergasted and really very sorry indeed not to see Roselyn by my side.

We learnt that the Rebbe would be leaving for home at about 5.45pm. (He had to be back for Maariv before 6.45pm.) This was indeed a stroke of good fortune - to be able to see the Rebbe within an hour of our arrival. At 5.55pm we did see our Rebbe. He gave us all a happy smile. I greeted him with “*Shalom Aleichem,*” to which he answered, “*Aleichem Shalom.*” He asked where was my wife and did not seem at all pleased when I replied that she was still at home in Manchester.

It was now the eve of Yud Shevat, The Yohrtzeit of the previous Rebbe and the Rebbe Shlita would be officiating and davening Maariv. The Yud Shevat Farbrengen would take place on the following evening, Wednesday. We rushed to ‘770’ expecting to find a large crowd of people, but not **such** a crowd. The service had to be held in the large Shul, and a typical Yom Tov scene met our eyes. There were literally many thousands of people present and the place was absolutely packed. Even the women’s Shul was full to overflowing. The greatest Chazan on earth could not have attracted a quarter of the number of people who had gathered together to listen to the Rebbe davening a mid-week Maariv.

After the service we found that everyone was preparing to attend the Machon Chana dinner. Only a short while ago the organizers had decided to cancel the whole affair because the response and the support was so poor - only twenty-five couples, fifty people, had intimated that they would be present. The Rebbe was asked whether a more moderate and smaller function should be held instead. The Rebbe told them quite emphatically that the original arrangements should be adhered to - everything had to be in the highest possible taste and the height of luxury and “to cater for 300 people.”

We arrived at the Young Israel hall shortly before 8.00pm and already a nice crowd had gathered together. An excellent reception was provided with drinks and every type of hot and cold dishes and delicacies. A really sumptuous ‘spread.’

One had time to walk around and chat with friends. I was particularly delighted and enchanted to meet an old girlfriend of mine, whom I knew so well in Manchester many years ago. I had not seen her for ages although we corresponded quite regularly - we exchange New Year greetings. This young lady's name is Mrs. Nemtzov - Nettie Mindel’s mother, and of course Dr Nissen Mindel's mother-in-law. She implied that she was well over ninety years young. *Kein ayin horah* she does not look a year over 60 and thank G-d she has all her faculties and abounding energy. It was a wonderful experience to have seen and spoken to her again.

At about 8.30pm three hundred people sat down to dinner. It was an excellent meal. At 9.30pm Avrohom complained that he was terribly tired and wanted to leave. We had risen very early that morning and had been traveling all day from Manchester to London and to New York. Besides which, by our watches, still English time, it was nearly 3.00am. Menachem Mendel Katch was fast asleep. I prevailed upon Avrohom to wait until at least 10.00pm. I hoped that by that time we would have heard the main speaker and there was also the chance that I might be asked to make my own speech a little earlier.

The formal proceedings had still not commenced by 10.15pm and I had no alternative but to accede to the pressure of Avrohom to take him home, so I awakened Menachem Mendel Katch. We bentched and we took our leave. When we passed the top table the Chairman (I presumed it was the Chairman) begged me to stay as I was the ‘next speaker.’

This reminds me of two stories:

1) A barber's shop was crammed with customers who have been waiting for hours. The door opens and the newcomer gasps when he sees so many people sitting and awaiting their turn. The barber turns to him and shouts - “Come inside, you’re next!”

2) A Public Meeting was taking place and the speeches were going on and on and on - for hours. Members of the audience were creeping out all the time. Until finally there was only one member of the audience left. The speaker said to this fellow, "Tell me, everyone has already gone home. What are **you** waiting for?" "Oh," replied the other "I am the **next** speaker!"

Shacharis next morning - Yud Shevat - was at the usual time of 9.30am.

I took my time and went to the Mikvah at 9.00 am. What was a mistake! Everyone else had the same idea. I am informed that 500 men and boys use this Mikvah. But can you imagine what it is like when all 500 decide to use it at one and the same time. The Shul was again packed tight with people and even the women's gallery was crowded out. Everyone anxious to be present and listen to the Rebbe davening at the Omud (officiating at the service).

After the service, Benzion Kravitz introduced me to a friend - another Baal Tshuva, who was also studying at Morristown Yeshiva. There was something unusual and different about this fellow. He was 62 years old. What a nice example to prove that everyone has a chance to become a Baal Tshuva.

A young man asked me if I was going to address the boys 'this week.' I looked at him dubiously and questioned whether there was to be a Kinus HaTorah, "No," replied the young man, "but we will arrange one.

Yud Shevat is the Yohrtzeit of the previous Rebbe. After Shacharis a group of us went by car to visit the Ohel of this great Tzadik. We provided ourselves with rubber-soled canvas shoes, bottles of water and towels with which to wash and wipe our hands.

Almost at the centre of this huge Beth Olam, is situated the resting place of the previous Rebbe. This is called the Ohel, which is quite a large stone edifice in the centre of which is another wall about three feet high which encloses the hallowed ground wherein lie the mortal remains of this saintly Tzadik.

Literally many thousands of people visit this holy place on this day, and it is extremely difficult to push ones way through the solid phalanx of men and boys in order to reach the actual graveside. All say the special prayers and afterwards beg the soul of the departed to intervene on high on their behalf.

Even the Kohanim, who are not allowed to pass through a graveyard, have found a *hetter* – a way to approach this holy ground without contravening the Din. A Kohen will ask five or six of his friends (not Kohanim) to form a ring around him - a living barrier. In this manner they may walk to the graveside of the previous Rebbe.

I returned to '770' and then walked down Kingston Avenue to obtain something to eat. Quite a number of improvements were noticeable. In addition to the new luxurious Lubavitch library, there was Gil Hersh's flower shop. Last year the Rebbe had advised him to open this shop. He had done so well with his personal service and artistic arrangements, that he had found it necessary to buy the shop next door too.

We then came to the new snack bar. I was delighted to discover that the owner was my old friend Chaim Boruch Halberstram, Chaim and I used to partake of our Yomim Tovim meals with the Rebbe many years ago. Here again, the Rebbe had told him to open this refreshment bar and he was doing exceedingly well. It was a small place, but clean and very modern. Everything was parev - the ice cream, and even the milk for the coffee. Plastic plates and cutlery saved the work of washing up. The 'speciality of the house' was fish and chips and salads. The main attraction however was the Pitta sandwich. I decided to be a 'sport' and try this.

The Pitta looks like a large *eyer kichel*, a piece of dough about eight inches in diameter. It is opened out like a bag and placed in the oven. After a few minutes it is taken out and filled with a piece of fried fish, chipped (French fried) potatoes, coleslaw and other salads and then filled to the top with mayonnaise, salad cream and vinegar. It looks very exciting. One needs to wash for this and recite Hamotzei. One digs one's teeth into this concoction and one finds oneself literally up to the ears in

chipped potatoes, salad cream and vinegar. Needless to say, one has to wash afterwards too! Still, for one dollar a time it is very reasonable and it is available from 10.00am until 1.00am after midnight.

Further down the road there is a new Kosher Pizza shop, which is also very well patronised.

Whilst I was at Halbertam's, two friends joined me at a table - I cannot recall having seen them before. "Oh Zalmon," they pleaded, "do tell us a story about the Rebbe." They pestered me and nagged me until I finally agreed. I told them that last year I informed the Rebbe that I was well satisfied with the Rebbe's brocha "*Iber dem kop*," so I would like the same again. The Rebbe retorted "Have you no ambition?"

They were delighted and said it was worth coming all the way from Israel just to hear one story - "But please, please, tell us just one more." So I told them how I had arranged the Shidduch for which the Rebbe had promised me *Shaddchonus Gelt*. But, I wrote immediately to the Rebbe not to send me cash but to credit me with this in his ledger. They laughed very heartily at this story and were preparing to settle down at my table until closing time. All I had to do was to tell them stories and more stories about the Rebbe. Unfortunately (for them) I had made other arrangements.

It was now nearly time for Mincha, so I went along to '770.' Within a few minutes the Rebbe's car drew up, the crowds of boys rushed away and I rushed forward to open the car door for the Rebbe. The Rebbe alighted and I had my 'mini Yechidus' again. I explained to the Rebbe that I had a new temporary job as Commissionaire for the Rebbe for the next 7 days. We exchanged some greetings and I then dashed forward to open the door of '770.'

The Rebbe came into Mincha carrying the Siddur as usual, which he has been using for thirty four years. It had been given to him by the previous Rebbe. Actually the Rebbe has two of these Siddurim. One he lends to a Choson the day of his Chuppah in which to daven Mincha and the other one the Rebbe always uses himself.

For the past number of years, I have often wondered how the Rebbe managed with it. For instance, those sections containing the daily prayers consisted of only loose pages, some of which during the course of time had become frayed and withered, especially at the corners.

I was really fascinated to watch the Rebbe delicately turning over these fragile leaves when he was following the repetition of the Shemonei Esrei by the Chazan.

However, I now noticed that the Siddur has been rebound. What a pain-staking and delicate piece of expert workmanship this must have been<sup>1</sup>.

The historical occasion of the Yud Shevat Farbrengen to commemorate the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Rebbe's accession was due to commence at 9.00pm that evening.

At 7.15pm, around 1,000 people had arrived to reserve their seats or their places for standing. The entire area of the hall was prepared for this Farbrengen making it into four times the original size. At 9.00pm about 6,000 people were present. Everyone was crushed but happy to be there to share the Rebbe's *simcha* and celebrations.

The top table now stretched a good way down the length of the hall, about 60 yards. The Rebbe, of course, was seated alone in the exact centre, with many hundreds of Chassidim on the platform behind him. At one far end of the table sat Rabbi Gurary and at the other end sat Rabbi Weinberg (who broadcasts the Rebbe's sichas regularly every week). When this hall was first used, these two gentlemen could almost touch hands across the table. Tonight, they could hardly see each other.

---

<sup>1</sup> Reb Yitzchok Gansburg offered to rebind the Rebbe's siddur. The Rebbe agreed only if a few conditions could be met:

1. The Rebbe had never missed a prayer in this siddur. Therefore it would have to be done between prayers. The Rebbe suggested that he bind it on a day that the Rebbe visits the ohel when he returns late and then davens Mincha.
2. He may only add to the siddur and not take away. So the covers which were well worn could not be removed. The new leather covers were placed over the existing covers. The page edges were 'taped' with new paper to 'square' them.

Herman Wouk, the author, was present as was also Jan Peerce the opera singer. Jan's wife, Alice, had joined the ladies in the gallery. Abraham Beame, the Mayor of New York, had arrived in person together with the comptroller of the City of New York. A message was brought from the Senate that a unanimous resolution had been passed extending greetings to the Rebbe on this eventful occasion. President Gerald Ford had also thought fit to send a personal representative with a special message. The world press, T.V. and radio were all represented and the Farbrengen was being broadcast live to all parts of the world.

It was a real royal occasion and the Rebbe spoke about royalty and about kings. A king has his subjects. The Almighty needs subjects. There is no such thing as G-d by himself in the heavens and the world itself below. It is all **one** entity and **One** G-d leads the world.

If a man lives alone and for himself in his own 4 *amos* (a very small area) then he could be boss only over himself. When he married and had a home and family, then he became king of his domain. The needs of his subjects, his family, came before his own requirements. If he became a leader of a city, then the demands of the citizens took first preference. Likewise a king had to give the country top priority.

Similarly with the previous Rebbe. He gradually became a leader of all Klal Yisroel. He had to put the welfare of every Jew before himself.

The Rebbe said that everyone had gathered together tonight for one purpose only, and it was connected with Torah. Torah, which stands for peace; Torah which also means truth. When we believe in *Toras Emes*, we have peace and truth - the very foundations of the earth's existence.

A Tzadik inspires another person to become a better Jew. This other Jew will influence a second individual and so forth. When a Tzadik sees his disciples studying his Sichos and Maarmorim and through this are persuading others to better themselves, then this proves and confirms that this Tzadik is fulfilling his appointed task.

The Rebbe continued by saying that the Talmud teaches us that it is the correct thing to speak in praise of the hospitality one enjoys (Berachot, 63B). Furthermore, in Jeremiah, 29:7 we learn that one should "seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away and pray to G-d for it: for in the peace thereof shall you have peace."

Therefore the Rebbe thanked firstly those great leaders of the U.S.A, who, by their diplomatic intervention saved the previous Rebbe from the Holocaust. Secondly, to the State and the City of New York who made the previous Rebbe so welcome when he took up residence in 1940. Through their assistance, Lubavitch was enabled to establish their headquarters at '770,' from which Torah and inspiration now radiates throughout the whole world.

The Rebbe was disappointed with the U.S.A. Government who professed that they had no money to spare for Religious Education. The Pilgrim Fathers, the first settlers in the New World, were an extremely religious people. Because they were persecuted and had no religious freedom, they left their own homeland to settle in a strange and unknown land, thousands of miles away. Their strong religious beliefs enabled them to overcome all difficulties and to establish themselves in a just and righteous environment. They were instrumental in ensuring that the whole basis, the foundation of the American Constitution was faith and belief in G-d. We see the legacy of this even today in the slogan "In G-d we Trust" which is still printed on the back of the dollar bills.

Times have changed, but truth never changes. Unfortunately, religious freedom has now come to mean freedom from religion. Juvenile delinquency and crime have become so rampant as to pose a serious threat to society. Clearly, a child that is brought up without fear of G-d in his heart will have no fear or respect for a police officer.

The Rebbe pointed out that the fulfillment of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not murder," "Thou shalt not steal" and so forth, can only be assured and can withstand any temptation **only** if they are preceded by the knowledge that "I am the Lord thy G-d" (the 1<sup>st</sup> commandment).

It is against the spirit of the constitution to withhold state aid for religious education. If the Supreme Court has decided that this is not in the Constitution, then the Constitution has to be amended. It is now 200 years old and methods should be found to change this straight away. The Government gives money for almost everything and anything, so why not for education in which lies the whole future of the U.S.A. The matter is urgent and cannot endure delay, for the children are growing up every day. The Rebbe said we should continue our efforts, as in the past, to bring Jews out of Russia in a quiet way with no publicity in the media.

The Rebbe added that as mentioned many times in the Torah, G-d gave the Land of Israel to Abraham and afterwards to his children forever. This land is a gift, direct to us from G-d, not from Abraham, Isaac or Jacob. The Torah is also a present direct to us from G-d. Therefore both are connected, both have been confirmed by the Covenant, the bris between G-d and his people.

The Rebbe appealed to the U.S.A. to provide '*Neshek*,' weapons and arms for Israel as this would stave off war. On our side '*NeSHeK*' are the initials of *Neiros Shabbos Kodesh*, the lighting of the Shabbos candles by all women and even young girls. This was better than war and would spread brightness and light all over the world. (Incidentally, this sicha was quoted in much more detail in the 'Congressional Record' which reports all that transpires at Congress. It is the equivalent to our own British Hansard which reports, verbatim, parliamentary proceedings in England.)

It was a very happy Farbrengen and the songs were jolly and tuneful. I noticed Herman Wouk and Jan Peerce in particular, singing with all their hearts and souls and clapping hands with all their might in time to the music.

In addition to the messages mentioned above, there was a long procession of dignitaries bearing letters of congratulations, proclamations and keys. For instance, the Governor of New York and all the local Senators were present and paid their respects, and so was the Israeli Consul General. The Governors of California, Michigan and Minnesota also sent representatives. Delegates from Los Angeles, San Diego, Detroit and Amherst, Massachusetts brought the keys of their cities as a mark of homage to the Rebbe. Altogether, about 25 presentations were made and about 30 notabilities were introduced to the Rebbe.

During the proceedings the Rebbe poured out a glass of vodka for Jan Peerce and pointed out that all his friends from Manchester were here. These friends had told the Rebbe that Jan Peerce's concert in Manchester this year was even better than last. The Rebbe asked whether Alice was in the hall and added that he had heard that Alice did exceedingly well when she spoke publicly in Manchester.

Jan and Alice are certainly very impressed with the Rebbe who had helped Jan enormously in his recent serious illness. The Rebbe had followed the whole course of his treatment until Jan was fully recovered.

The Rebbe then decided to distribute two dollars to every person who had participated in the five Mitzvah campaigns. And especially to those boys and men who had manned the 'tanks.' These 'tanks' were a military type of vehicle with all caravan-home conveniences inside. Tables, chairs, fridge, stove and so on. During that week there were ten of these vehicles parked outside '770,' before setting out for the day on their campaigns. The tanks were covered with Lubavitch slogans and looked very impressive.

The Rebbe sat there at the table like a banker whilst all those who claimed to have worked on the 'tanks' walked along in single file to receive their two dollars from the Rebbe's hands. Hundreds of people were given their 'prize money' and there were still many thousands amongst the audience who were clamoring for their share. Of the two dollars, the Rebbe said one could be kept by the recipient and the other dollar to be given to charity.

To lighten the Rebbe's burden and to speed up the distribution of the dollars, Label Groner and Binyamin Klein were given huge wads of notes by the Rebbe, with instructions to go amongst the audience and pay out the dollars to those who deserved them. Visitors from out of town were entitled to this cash, as long as they had worked on the campaigns.

As I was sitting well in front I received my two dollars quite early. Twice the 'bank' had to be replenished. Even after all that there were still hundreds who were claiming their two dollars.

At the Tu b'Shvat Farbrengen five days later, the Rebbe completed the distribution. At a Farbrengen a few months later on, the Rebbe sent Label Groner and Binyamin to the women's department to give each woman and girl who were lighting Shabbos candles three one-dollar notes, one for themselves, one for charity and one for the Candle Lighting Campaign. At the Shabbos Farbrengen after Yud Shevat, the Rebbe gave the cake, which he normally leaves on the table (and what a smash and grab there is for it) to be distributed to the women and girls upstairs in the women's Shul. The Rebbe thinks about everyone.

It was nearly 5.00am, before I retired to bed after the Farbrengen. Needless to say, I did not attend the early morning minyan for Shacharis and it was quite late by the time I had davened. Chatting to friends beforehand takes most of the time. I also discovered that the Rebbe would be arriving shortly and as it was Thursday, a minyan would be made up for Krias HaTorah, laying.

I was asked to be the Gabbai - a great honour - but it was emphasized that all I had to do was to stand by the table, look nice and decorative, but to say nothing. I did just that. I do not know exactly what the time was. Avrohom took a photograph of me standing waiting for the Rebbe. The clock on the wall did show 12.45pm. I think someone must have played a joke on me. Or maybe that was the correct time.

The Rebbe was called up, "*Ya'amod, Adonanu Moranu, VeRabbanu Ben HaRav Levi Yitzchak*" (please come up, Our Master, Teacher and Rebbe, the son of Rabbi Levi Yitzchak). I also had an *aliya* and Avrohom managed *hagbah*.

Menachem Mendel Katch was in a flap. He goes regularly to buy goods. He gives a list of the furs which are on offer to Label Groner ('Labele,' as Katch calls him) and they submit the list to the Rebbe who tells Katch which lots to purchase. Katch will buy **nothing** unless and until the Rebbe tells him. He says the system is infallible and if no instructions are forthcoming from the Rebbe, then he would not even go to the sale. Instructions were forthcoming a little later and off Katch went to catch some lots.

Meanwhile, I walked along Eastern Parkway and saw my usual bevy of ladies waiting against the wall of '770,' each clutching her tin box or cup in which to put some coins for Tzedoka. I offered a dollar note to my favourite 'Lady in Waiting.' It was the Rebbe's dollar for Tzedoka. She looked amazed, but was more astonished when I offered to buy it back from her for five dollars. She thought either I was mad, or there was some trickery going on. However, after carefully scrutinizing both notes, she took a chance and the five-dollar bill! I was also well satisfied. I had redeemed the Rebbe's dollar.

Although I was without Roselyn on this occasion, our Rebbetzen did consent to receive Avrohom and me at her home. The Rebbetzen greeted us very warmly and paid me a very nice compliment. She said that I had lost a lot of weight and I looked very well, "**umberuffen!**" How is that for saying the right thing at the right time, especially as I had joined the fashion and was trying to lose a little weight!

The Rebbetzen looked really lovely; she gets younger and looks more charming every time I see her (*kein ayin horah*). She was genuinely disappointed that Roselyn had not come with us. She said that the flowers which we sent from Gil Hersh were simply gorgeous.

Avrohom had brought a letter from Susan, his wife. Susan corresponds quite often with the Rebbetzen who told us that she loves Susan's letters which describe her daily activities and the progress of her children in the minutest details.

I brought along about a hundred photographs depicting various Lubavitch functions in Manchester. I was very gratified when the Rebbetzen asked whether she could have one or two and I begged her to choose as many as she desired. She picked about half a dozen - all of Roselyn and I - how very nice of the Rebbetzen!

We had our usual long discussion about the Rebbe. I intimated that it seemed that the Rebbe wanted his Chassidim to come more often. I said “*mir darfen areinchappen vos men ken - ven men ken,*” which means simply that we must make the most of our Rebbe. We should seize every opportunity to spend as much time as possible with the Rebbe imbibing knowledge and Torah, and as often as we could manage to do so.

We also visited the Rebbetzen a second time before we left for England. She was in a really jolly mood. We told humorous stories and her laughter was hearty and spontaneous. The Rebbetzen made the best joke of all - she said that the Rebbe does not consider himself as a world leader! That was really a ‘good one.’

I was then a bit cheeky. I asked the Rebbetzen for a photograph of herself for me in exchange for those which I had given her. We have dozens of pictures of the Rebbe but not **one** of our Rebbetzen. She promised that when we came for Shovuos she would allow us to take a photograph of her.

Everyone keeps asking me, “What does the Rebbetzen look like? What does she wear?” and so forth. I relate the story to them about the man who rushes out of a house and asks a lady standing near whether she has seen a girl go by. The woman asks, “Was she wearing a blue hat with a red feather?” “Yes, yes,” replies the man. “Was she wearing a blue checked blouse, a navy pleated skirt, blue high heeled shoes with silver buckles and was she carrying a red leather handbag and a pink umbrella?” “Yes, yes,” says the man. “Well” replies the woman, “I never noticed her.” This is true of a lot of people and especially me. I only see the face of the Rebbetzen, I can never recall what she wears.

I had a nice experience the following day. A sleek Cadillac drew up to ‘770.’ At the same moment the Rebbetzen’s sister came down the drive. I assumed, correctly, that this was Rebbetzen Gurary, because she looked very much like our own Rebbetzen. I dashed forward to open the door of the car for her. She looked at me - first with horror - and then with amazement. She had never had this courtesy paid to her at ‘770.’ I explained to her that in England a gentleman always opens the car door for a lady.

I was then astonished to notice that the driver whom I thought was a young girl of eighteen, was our very own Rebbetzen. She is, of course, very petite and she looked very chic and smart. The Rebbetzen gave me a wave, a glad smile and drove off.

On Friday evening, after an excellent Shabbos dinner at Malka's (Zuntz) apartment, we were joined by a few of our Manchester Yeshiva boys: Lippa Brennan, Elli Sufrin, Barry Weinman, Dovid Hickson, Dovid Abenson and Shaul Cohen. We sat around nashing and drinking soda and I told them stories about the Rebbe and about ‘770.’ I then described various humorous incidents and the boys were splitting their sides with laughter and rolling upon the floor.

They had come, ostensibly, to invite Avrohom and myself to a Melava Malka in honour of Shmuel Arkush who was leaving ‘770’ to take up permanent residence in England. We did attend this function which took place in the bedrooms of Dovid Abenson and Barry Weinman and others. All the beds had been removed, and a nice spread of herring, beer, soda, herring, crisps, herring and cake, nuts and more herring had been provided. We sang nigunim, told stories and young Lieberman recited a Sicha of the Rebbe very well indeed.

Shabbos morning in Shul, I met the usual opposition, denunciation and disapproval (shush, shush and shush) when I sang ‘Hu Elokanu’ with the assistance of a few of my loyal friends. Poor Benzion Kravitz was actually physically assaulted by some stupid men thumping him on his back to quiet him. Everyone should know by this time that the Rebbe has told me to sing and sing and sing.

At 1.30pm promptly, the Rebbe arrived for the Shabbos Farbrengen. The Rebbe gave a very interesting Rashi Sicha.

In this weeks Sedra (Beshalech 14:10) it states, “*Vayitzaku*” “and they cried,” they prayed. Rashi explains this by asserting that “they took upon themselves - they adopted the occupation of - their ancestors.” Rashi then quotes the following examples:

- (1) About Abraham (Breishis 19:27), he “came to the place where he had stood” and our rabbis explained that this was a hint that he prayed (actually he instituted the Shacharis morning service).
- (2) About Isaac (Ibid 24:63), he “meditated in the field.” The rabbis again explained that this was a hint that he prayed (he initiated the Mincha afternoon service).
- (3) About Jacob (ibid 28:11), “he met the place.” Once again this is a **hint** that he prayed (and instituted the Maariv evening service).

In these cases just mentioned, our forefathers prayed, but for no apparent reason.

The Rebbe asks:

- (a) Why does Rashi have to explain **why** they cried? They were obviously in trouble.
- (b) If Rashi wanted to explain the word “*vayitzaku*,” why did he not do so when it appears previously in Shemos (2: 23)?
- (c) How can we call prayer an occupation? In any case the Torah tells us that the occupation of our forefathers was shepherding.
- (d) Why select verses which indicate prayer only in the form of a hint, when we do find that it explicitly states that our forefathers **did** pray? For example, Abraham prayed when he appealed to G-d to save Sodom. Isaac prayed to G-d that his wife, Rebecca, should be blessed with a child, and Jacob prayed to G-d before his clash with Esau.
- (e) In any case, why did the Jews need to pray to G-d at all. He had already promised to bring them to the Land of Israel. If they had faith, why pray? If they had no faith, what was the use of praying?

Rashi replies, “they adopted the occupation of our forefathers” who did **not** pray for any ulterior motive (even to save themselves from an undesirable situation), but because this was their natural occupation - their constant practice.

Similarly, it was not necessary for the Jews to pray to G-d at this moment because He had already promised to bring them to Eretz Yisroel. Rather, they prayed because this was their natural occupation - the Jewish response to any situation.

Therefore, Rashi supports this view by quoting these three verses where prayer was not required for any specific reason. They davened because it was their natural occupation.

When our forefathers **did** pray for a specific reason and it became very obvious why they prayed, Rashi does not need to comment; just as in the case of the first “*vayizoku*” in Shemos (2:23) when the Jews implored G-d to rescue them.

Only in **our** case, when there seems no reason for praying, does Rashi make his point as above.

From this, the Rebbe derives the following lessons:

Prayer, Torah study and the performance of Mitzvahs should be approached as our normal “occupation” and not for any other motive such as praying **for** something, etc.

We should not be discouraged by our fellow Jews who appear to have no connection with Torah, Prayers or Mitzvahs, but to realise that essentially and truly the natural occupation of every Jew is Torah and Mitzvahs. It is merely concealed and it is our duty and privilege to bring it out into the open.

The Rebbe then disclosed that some ‘Chassidim’ had become involved in a campaign against a journalist from a Jewish newspaper who had criticised the Rebbe. These ‘Chassidim’ had threatened this writer with dire consequences if he continued his vituperation against the Rebbe - even physical violence was threatened against him and his family. The Rebbe was terribly annoyed with these ‘Chassidim.’ The Rebbe did not require, nor did he need any assistance or help. (In any case, I say that this is exactly what the writer wanted. He printed large bold headlines in his paper attacking the

Rebbe every day. Everyone rushed to buy his paper, even our own Lubavitchers were anxious to find out what was being written about our Rebbe. Circulation of his newspaper was up and business was booming. What better way to sell his 'trash' than to headline his attack on the Rebbe and on Lubavitch?

The Rebbe showered blessings on all those who were working for the five mitzvah Campaigns? These boys **did** have Kosher Tefillin and Mezuzahs. They should take no notice whatsoever of those who **vindictively** vilify the Rebbe and Lubavitch. Those people were against G-d and we shall carry on our work with G-d's help. **We do** keep to the *Shulchan Aruch* (code of laws).

The Rebbe added that he has broad shoulders and he takes full responsibility for everything at Lubavitch. He even likes Burg and Rafael, but he hates the '*Mihu Yehudi*' law. We will build up Eretz Yisroel in spite of these people who oppose the '*Mihu Yehudi*' *al pi Halacha*. It is G-d's war we are fighting.

This Farbrengen then blossomed out into a wonderful freilech affair. The Rebbe asked Rabbi Dubov to come forward and requested him to sing a solo. His voice was not as strong as in the past and it quavered a little, but he did very well.

The Rebbe then handed me a bottle of vodka, first pouring out a little into a paper cup so that I could say Lechaim to the Rebbe. This bottle I had to take home to Manchester for a Lubavitch Farbrengen. Hershel Gorman received a bottle - "You work hard for the new Tanya." Ben Zion Hackner was given one to celebrate with the women's Lubavitch in London (he is a ladies man). Bobby Vogel received his for Hampstead. Menachem Mendel Katch's bottle was probably for 'general purposes' (I didn't discover the real reason), and Shmuel Arkush received a bottle for his wedding seuda.

What constitutes a freilech Farbrengen? As far as we - the Chassidim - are concerned, when the Rebbe shows us that he is happy, then we are happy. When the Rebbe wants us to sing, then we all sing. When the Rebbe waves his arms in quick tempo, then we all sing in quick tempo and when the Rebbe stands up and flings his arms about, urging us on, then we all jump up singing lustily and yelling the nigun in time to the Rebbe's beat, with everybody bobbing up and down. The whole hall has the appearance of a storm-tossed sea, the boys' faces resembling huge, white crested waves rolling furiously downwards and upwards in time to the ever-increasing tempo of the nigun. When the Rebbe signifies that he now wished to address us, we flop back onto the bench very happy and exhilarated, but completely exhausted. We then listen to another Sicha from the Rebbe.

How do we reach such a high state of ecstasy? It does not happen very often. My own view is as follows: The Rebbe speaks on a vital subject concerning Klal Yisroel, on which he has very strong feelings. For instance, '*Mihu Yehudi*' or the press articles mentioned previously. This upsets the Rebbe very much indeed and when he has concluded this talk it leaves him very depressed, aggravated and disturbed. The Rebbe then considers that it is, after all, Yom Tov or Shabbos and in any case, the Psalmist says "Serve G-d with *simcha*" - with happiness and joy. Furthermore, it states in Tanya that one should shake off and banish dejection, sadness and depression.

Sitting facing the Rebbe, I can see him making a superhuman effort to overcome this depression. I can see the deep concentration on the Rebbe's face and the beads of perspiration forming on his forehead. At the same time, his head is conducting the nigun faster, faster and still faster until the Rebbe reaches that high degree of ecstasy and completely breaks through this barrier of dejection.

The Rebbe has to concentrate great physical efforts and power to force himself out of this sadness. This is a positive example to all of us of how to serve G-d with *simcha* and with joy.

The Farbrengen terminated at 5.25pm. In 25 minutes time at 5.50pm it was 'out Shabbos' and time for Maariv. Meanwhile, we had to daven Mincha first - and what about Shabbos dinner and the Cholent?

Well, many years ago the Shabbos Farbrengen took place almost immediately after the morning service. Many women complained that there was no time for their husbands to make Kiddush for their families, let alone to have their Shabbos meals together. Therefore, the Rebbe - as always considerate - decided to leave sufficient time before the Farbrengen to give everyone the opportunity to go home and look after their families. The Farbrengen now commences at 1.30pm sharp, which sometimes

leaves as much as an hour and a half to spare from the termination of the morning service until the commencement of the Farbrengen.

Yet, in spite of the fact that the Rebbe had purposely and deliberately left sufficient time for a man to have his meal with his wife and children, we still get the perennial arguments whether one should eat the Shabbos meal before or after the Farbrengen. For example, "The Rebbe does not eat before, so therefore, I should not eat," and "If we eat, we may fall asleep during the Farbraingen, which would not be good for us, nor polite to the Rebbe," and so on and so forth.

On this Shabbos, after Yud Shevat 5735, it was conclusively proved that one **should** eat before the Farbrengen - Why? Because if one had not eaten before, there was no time to eat afterwards. Someone told me that it was the first time ever that he had partaken of his Shabbos meal whilst listening to the gramophone and answering the telephone.

After Maariv, the Rebbe was expected to come outside to be *Mekadesh* the moon. I had already said this prayer at home before leaving England. (It is a good thing to be *Mekadesh* the moon before leaving on a journey said the Rebbe last Shovuos). But I could not miss the chance of joining the Rebbe as I always do when in Brooklyn. So, during this service I again had the merit to exchange the *Sholom Aleichem* with the Rebbe.

Sunday night at 12.20am I entered the Rebbe's study for my Yechidus.

The Rebbe said "*Sholom Aleichem* Reb Zalmon." He then asked, "Why did **Mrs. Zalmon** Jaffe not come with?" The Rebbe was really upset, emphasizing the **Mrs. Zalmon** was a direct reproach to me. (When the Rebbe writes to my wife he refers to her as Yacha Reisel - her own Hebrew name - not **Mrs. Zalmon**) I should have persuaded Roselyn to accompany me. The Rebbe had stated once before a few years ago that I must not come to Brooklyn without my wife. Here I was without her. I protested to the Rebbe and told him that I had written a letter informing him that Roselyn was remaining at home this time. The Rebbe remarked that he thought that this was just a threat and that I would ultimately persuade Roselyn to come along with me.

We discussed the Tanya. I indicated to the Rebbe that we should have twelve leather-bound copies ready in a few months time. The Rebbe queried, "months?" We made a list of those who would receive one of these first ever copies of the Hebrew/English Tanya. The Rebbe would receive, of course, copy number **one**.

I gave regards to the Rebbe from the Rebbetzen. I informed him that she looks really lovely (*kein Ayin Hora*).

I asked the Rebbe for a Farbrengen on Monday, Tu B'shevat. The Rebbe exclaimed "Another Farbrengen?" "Yesterday, Shabbos, we had a Farbrengen and the Rebbetzen and myself missed our Shabbos dinner and the cholent, and so did many other families."

I insisted that we could have a short one. The Rebbe said that he would have to ask his wife, but that he would try his best. In England these two remarks would mean it is '*farfalen*,' hard lines and nothing doing! In the case of the Rebbe however it means exactly what it states, and if the Rebbe would do his best, we could be assured that there would be a Farbrengen.

As the Rebbe had especially asked me to come to see him, I suggested that this trip was a social visit. I would leave the 'business' discussion - the *Brocha's* and so forth - until my usual time - Shovuos.

I then wanted confirmation from the Rebbe that the message he asked me to convey to Hilary and Shmuel was correct. That this year Hilary brought three children and next year the Rebbe expected Hilary and Shmuel and all eight children (*kein Ayin Hora*). The Rebbe said that I did **sometimes** change his messages and quotations a little, but on this occasion it was correct. If it did **not** interfere with the children's studies, the Rebbe would be happy and pleased to see all Hilary's family on Shovuos.

I asked the Rebbe whether I could again have the use of the apartment over the Kolel for our Shovuos visit as usual. The Rebbe agreed to this. (I went to the Kolel to inspect the apartment. Rabbi Michael

Slavin who is in charge of the premises, had to go and obtain his keys, for our flat was always kept locked now. I was very glad to hear that.)

I confessed to the Rebbe that on his advice given last Shovuos that it was a good thing to 'Mekadesh the Levono' (the moon) before leaving for a journey, I had done so in Manchester. We were now leaving for another journey - back to England in a day or so. I 'cheated' and joined the Rebbe when he came outside for this service.

Maybe it was my guilty conscience, but it seemed that the Rebbe looked at me suspiciously when I said *Sholom Aleichem* to him (as part of the service) and he replied *Aleichem Sholom*. The Rebbe said it was quite in order to join the throng. Obviously I should not *Mekadesh* the *Levono* again, but I could say the 'Mizmorim' (some Psalms) contained in the service. The Rebbe added that he was only too pleased that I had wished him *Sholom Aleichem*.

We discussed those newspaper articles against the Movement. The Rebbe was annoyed that the attack was against the Lubavitcher movement and not against him personally. I disagreed - the Movement was Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson, Shlita. Newspapers had to sell copies - increase circulation. What better method than to attack a great leader - and who greater than our own Rebbe. Even Moses and all the prophets had trouble with their own Jewish people and only because they were doing G-d's holy work.

We discussed communal business and communal personalities, and also our family in Israel and England. After a thirty-five minute Yechidus I took my reluctant leave of the Rebbe. A number of people objected to the fact that I was having another Yechidus. It was only just over six months since I had my last interview. When I explained that I had come specifically at the Rebbe's own invitation, they were satisfied.

Seymour Gorman tells an interesting story. He is a lawyer and was representing a communal organization in certain litigation. He was told that his claim could not succeed because the law, as it stood, was quite adamant and definite on that point. He asked the Rebbe's advice. The Rebbe wanted to know whether his query was because of legal ethics. A good lawyer acts in the best interests of his clients and not according to the law of 'Old King James.' This Seymour did, and won this test case, which means that the law of 'Old King James' has now been altered to suit modern conditions. So the Rebbe was proved correct.

We did enjoy a lively Farbrengen on Monday night, Tu B'shevat the New Year for trees. There were four New Years in the Jewish calendar. Rosh HaShanah on the 1<sup>st</sup> of Tishrei. New Year for Kings on the 1<sup>st</sup> of Nissan. First of Elul for tithes for animals, and the 15<sup>th</sup> of Shevat, the day we are now celebrating. One seed is sown and in the case of plants, one reaps dozens of plants from this one seed. But before this takes place, the original seed has to disintegrate. That is the main thing. So it is with Jews, who have to nullify themselves to consider themselves as nothing in order that other Jews should become fruitful in Torah and Mitzvahs.

On Tuesday night, the Rebbe was on his way to the Beis Hamedrash to daven Maariv when he noticed a young pretty girl standing in the corner holding a camera. The Rebbe anticipated that this young lady, Sarah Cousins, aged 11½ from London, wished to take a photograph of him. He stopped, smiled and told Sarah that if she wanted to use the camera, the Rebbe was prepared to pose for a few seconds.

Sarah blushed and became flustered, but she had the presence of mind to focus the camera at the Rebbe and take the picture.

This is just another example of the Rebbe's thoughtfulness and consideration. After Maariv that night we were due to depart for home. I had enjoyed three Farbrengens, a Yechidus, two visits to the Rebbetzen and about half a dozen mini Yechidus all in only seven days - a very good achievement by any standards! Our six large cars were parked outside '770,' all waiting to be boarded by the 26 members of our group. There was not too much time to spare to get to the airport and to our plane. We all tramped out of '770.' A rollicking nigun was started and everyone joined with us in the singing and

the dancing. We were told that the Rebbe would be coming out to wish us 'Bon Voyage' (*Tzeischem l'Shalom*).

We had barely received this message when the Rebbe arrived outside. He urged the singers and the dancers by energetically clapping his hands, faster and faster. We rushed into our cars and within 20 minutes we were whisked to Kennedy Airport - a record - and the journey to London took only five and a half hours.

Throughout the whole journey the singing was still echoing in our ears and the wonderful picture of our dear Rebbe standing on the steps of '770' clapping his hands and urging on the boys, will always remain a vivid memory to all of us who were privileged to witness such a unique and remarkable scene.

What a wonderful 'send off' and what an unforgettable farewell.

(To be continued *b'ezras Hashem*)