

Shovuos 5750/1990 until Shovuos 5751/1991



בס"ד

My Encounter With The Rebbe שליט"א

by Zalmon Jaffe

22nd Instalment

Shovuos 5750/1990 until Shovuos 5751/1991

שנת נ"א

אראנו נפלאות

"I will show you wonders"

Introduction

The year 5751

“The year when I will show you Wonders”

I have pleasure in submitting to you "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shiita, No. 22", and I hope that my readers will continue to enjoy my books as hitherto.

The Rebbe prophesied that last year would be a year of Miracles - and how right the Rebbe was!

The Rebbe then foretold that this year, 5751, would be a year in which "I will show you Wonders."

So far, we have been astonished and amazed at:

- 1) The speed of the Allied victory in the Gulf, in 100 hours with so few Allied casualties.
- 2) The Miracles which took place in Israel and which were for the good of the Jewish people
- 3) The continuous large influx of Russian Jews into Israel.

The Rebbe said that this is only the start, and we shall see more awesome and exciting happenings before the end of the year. - Yes, Moshiach is just around the corner and we hope to welcome his advent at any moment.

Meanwhile, events speak for themselves, and the Rebbe will have the first word.

WHAT THE REBBE SAID

Here are some comments the Rebbe related in a Sicho. (As submitted by Elan Grossman).

RABBI MENACHEM M SCHNEERSON

Lubavitch

770 Eastern Parkway

Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213

493-9250

FREE TRANSLATION

By the Grace of G-d

Within three days of Shabbos-Kodesh

25th of Adar on the eve of

the third day of the week,

doubly good,'

Sedra: Vayikro el Moshe,

5751. Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Sons and Daughters of

Our People Israel, everywhere,

G-d bless you all!

Greeting and Blessing:

Coming from the days of Purim — days of miracles that HaShem wrought "in those days at this season," and approaching the Festival of Pesach, when we celebrate the "Festival of Our Freedom," thanking HaShem for the miracles and wonders which He wrought in connection with Yetzias Mitzraim (our liberation from Egypt) —

It is now highly opportune to give full attention to the miracles and wonders which came to pass just recently around Purim time.

These were revealed miracles, obvious miracles, not only for Jews but also for all nations, "seen in all the corners of the earth"; everyone saw the great miracles that unfolded at this time.

The miracles of "those days" — in the days of Mordechai and Esther — were, as is well

known, concealed in the natural order of events: from the beginning of Achashverosh's reign, to the third year of his reign, to the seventh year of his reign, to the month of Nissan in the twelfth year of his reign and Esther's banquets for Achashverosh and Haman — all seemingly natural happenings per se. It is only after profound study of those events and perceiving them as one continuous and connected sequence that one is able to recognize the guiding Hand of HaShem. This is one of the reasons why there is no explicit mention of G-d's Name in the entire Book of Esther (one of the 24 holy books of T'NaCh) — because the Miracle of Purim occurred in a manner of "concealment, of (HaShem's) Countenance," as alluded to (according to one interpretation) in the verse, "And I will hide My face on that day," namely, that it refers to the Miracle of Purim — a miracle that was "clothed" and concealed in a natural "garb."

By contrast, the events during the months leading to (and up to the middle of) the month of Adar unfolded a clearly extraordinary miracle for the benefit of Jews as well as for the benefit of the entire world; a conspicuous miracle before the eyes of all the nations.

In view of the existing international conditions it seemed inevitable that not only would there be a declaration of war, etc., but that the war would engulf many nations and set off a new world-war, G-d forbid — yet, in a most extraordinary turn of events, not only was a world-war prevented, but the war that had begun was quickly over!

While all signs pointed to the outbreak of a massive war, requiring a huge army with massive weaponry of the most advanced technology, and after everything was duly assembled and in place for a long war expected to last weeks and months, victory came in a matter of days.

The victory was so wondrous that not only was much bloodshed (as had been feared) avoided, but the enemy was forced to relinquish without further ado its booty and to free captives and hostages including some that had been held from before.

— Our Torah teaches and directs us to guard against speaking in terms of predicting evil. We pray that hence-forth there will be only good tidings, in the kind of good that is revealed and obvious. —

Indeed, those who are "insiders" — who know many details that do not reach the media — appreciate more deeply the marvels of the miracles and wonders in this our time and in these our days.

In the course of the current year (5751) — which Jews have (by way of acronym) designated and assigned: ("It shall surely be a year of revealed wonders"); as also during the latter part of the preceding year (5750) — which was likewise designated ("It shall surely be a year of miracles"), we frequently emphasized the timeliness of our Sages' prediction (in Yalkut Shimoni on Isaiah, #499) concerning wars that would break out in the specified region of the world, which will signal the near arrival of the true and complete Geulo through Moshiach Tzidkeinu.

In light of the aforementioned events and miracles, one should become even more strongly aware that this is the time of urgent preparedness for the fulfillment of the prophecy "and the

kingdom shall be HaShem's," when all nations will recognize that this mansion (the world) has a Master — a recognition that will lead "all of them to call upon the Name of HaShem, to worship Him with one consent."

Especially that, as mentioned, we are now approaching the month of Nissan (from the Hebrew word nes - a miracle). Moreover, as our Sages point out, the name of the month (by its two letters nun, making it also readable forward and backward) indicates a "multiple of miracles" and "miracles within miracles".- Thus it is certain that HaShem will show even greater miracles than heretofore.

And particularly when Jews also increase their own efforts to elevate their daily Jewish conduct to the level of the supra-natural, with everyone, man and woman, elevated above their natural tendencies and habits, in the area of Torah study and doing Mitzvos with Hiddur (excellence) in a manner of "multiple miracles," striving ever higher and still higher.

Apropos of the above, we have an instruction right in the beginning of this week's Sedra (from the word seder, order): "If any person of you bring an offering to HaShem," as interpreted and taught by the Alter Rebbe: "If you bring an offering to HaShem," let the offering be of you, of yourself, by breaking out of one's habits and constraints, in order to dedicate oneself totally to HaShem.

Thus, the "supra-natural" behavior of every Jew in a manner of "revealed wonders" — open and manifest to all around, will hasten the fulfillment of the prophecy: "As in the days of your liberation from Mitzraim will I shew you wonders," and HaShem will now fulfill His promise: "I have found David My servant, with My holy oil have I anointed him," followed immediately forthwith by the true and complete Geulo through Moshiach Tzidkeinu.

With esteem and blessing of Hatzlocho and with blessing for a kosher and joyous Pesach,'

/Signed: Menachem Schneerson/

Halacha

It was taught by Elijah, "Whoever studies Torah Laws every single day is assured of life in the world to come."

The Rebbe has always emphasized that any meeting or convention, and even a book, shall be preceded and prefaced by a word of Torah.

I have a long tradition of commencing my books with a word of Halacha.

But instead of only one Halacha, I am reproducing herewith a copy of a leaflet issued by our Manchester Yeshiva which contains many Laws relevant to these auspicious days.

Urgent Call

In these days when the world trembles we call upon every Jew to identify him/herself with living Judaism please consider undertaking the following:

Light your Shabbos candles at the correct time, make Kiddish and observe Shabbos properly.

Men and boys over thirteen put on Tefillin daily except Shabbos and Yom Tov.

Make sure you have Kosher Mezuzahs on every door of your home and business except on toilet and bathroom doors.

Tefillin and Mezuzahs should be examined once in three years to make sure they are Kosher and have not faded in any way.

Buy and eat Kosher food at all times. Where necessary arrange to have your dishes Koshered if Kashrus was not observed at any time.

Ladies identify with the laws of Mikve and family purity.

Give charity every weekday. Place a charity box in every room of your home and business, and use it regularly.

Every morning say Shema and Psalms with your family at the breakfast table. Study Torah daily by yourself and with the family.

The Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, strongly urges Jews to remain confident of the protection of G-d for his people and in particular the Jews in Israel.

He also strongly criticised those who cast blame for whatever reason upon those who perished in the holocaust. "every Jew who died was pure, every single Jew practising or not is an intrinsic part of our Jewish nation."

In these exciting yet frightening times we ask every Jew to consider the contents of a letter from the previous Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson:

At the present time, when the world trembles, when all the world shudders with the birth-pangs of Moshiach, for G-D has set fire to the walls of the exile... It is the duty of every Jew, man and woman, old and young, to ask themselves:

"What have I done and what am I doing to alleviate the birth-pangs of Moshiach, and to merit the total redemption which will come through our righteous Moshiach."

Discuss the above with your family and friends now.

For any assistance in the above or any matter of Jewish observance and Jewish education contact Yeshiva Gedolah — Lubavitch 62 Singleton Road, Salford, Telephone: 061-721 4734 Manchester M7 OLU,

The Way I Saw It

Last year was the year of Nissim - miracles, which the Rebbe had prophesied six months beforehand.

This year, 5751; fifty one is Nun, Aleph which the Rebbe has foretold would be a Shnass Arenu Niflo'us, a year wherein I will show you wonders.

Saddam had threatened to destroy "half of Israel with chemicals."

Ella (Jaffe), my sister-in-law, phoned from Jerusalem. She was extremely worried and upset. She begged me to telephone the Rebbe and discover his reactions.

I spoke to Rabbi Label Groner (Henceforth I will always refer to him as Label) at 770, who confirmed what the Rebbe had already stated publicly, "The Jews of Eretz Yisroel do not need gas masks and do not need to hoard food."

"All should remain in Israel and must not desert or leave the country. It would be much safer in Israel than in London or New York - and all this would be good for the Jewish people."

I phoned Ella who was reassured and pleased with the Rebbe's statements.

To me it was just incredible that this evil Saddam did not attack Israel at once, when he would have received the universal support and acclamation of every single Arab in every Arab country everywhere. The United nations would have been helpless - even the "third world" countries would have encouraged Saddam. The U.S.A. would have only helped with arms and weapons whilst Europe and the rest of the world would have shed crocodile tears of sympathy.

So here occurred the first miracle. Saddam's thoughts became confused by the A'mighty and were guided into a different direction – he invaded, took over and despoiled a friendly Arab nation, Kuwait, and Arabs became involved in fighting each other.

This was foretold by the Yalkut Shemoni, Tanah Yeshoyu, chapter 499, which states: "Persia will fight the Arabs, and Arabs will also fight Arabs."

An American boy was studying at a Yeshiva (not Lubavitch) in Eretz Yisroel, and his parents became very anxious about his safety and ordered him to return home to New York. When he arrived he was immediately called up to the draft and was sent to Saudi Arabia.

Major "Jacob" Goldstein, a chaplain in the U.S. Army, asked the Rebbe whether he should take with him a Megilla for Purim and Matzo for Pesach. The Rebbe said that the war would be over by Purim. (It was, only just).

Saudi Arabia refused to allow Rabbi Yaakov Goldstein to enter the country, his beard was too big?! He was sent to Israel to look after the crews who manned the Patriot Anti Missiles. Therefore, he spent Purim in Israel - there were plenty of Megillas in Eretz Yisroel.

On January 19th, Shabbos, the "Daily Telegraph" of London reported: "A GREAT MIRACLE - Eight Scud missiles were sent against Israel; four landed in Tel Aviv, two in Haifa, one in the sea, and one in the desert. Twelve people were slightly injured and three died because they were suffocated by their gas masks. (The Rebbe said that gas masks were not needed).

One missile had made a crater forty feet wide in waste ground surrounded by a large estate. Houses and buildings were damaged by blast - but no injuries.

A woman and her child were asleep upstairs in bed. The missile had ripped away completely the front of the building but the woman and her child still remained asleep in bed - not even touched, although extensive damage was sustained to property.

A week later, a missile landed right into the centre of the Petrol storage tanks at Ben Gurion Airport. There it was, a huge crater surrounded by storage tanks full of aviation fuel.

Pincus (Lew) reported how all the Yeshiva boys from Kfar Chabad (close to Ben Gurion Airport) spent the night singing and dancing around the crater.

These guided missiles were guided by HaShem. The deputy mayor of Tel Aviv said, "There is a Higher Being looking after us."

However, one of the Scuds sent to Saudi Arabia killed one hundred and twenty Allied military personnel and injured many hundreds.

Levi, from New York, and Zelda Rochel from Australia, were amongst those who sent me newspaper reports about the Miracles in Israel.

Iraq had invaded in August, and for six months their army took up defensive positions. Tanks were buried in the sand with only their guns showing - and pointed forward just waiting for the expected attack.

Military theses maintained that the advantages to the defence in these circumstances were five to one. That meant that the Allies would need five men to every one of the enemy to succeed in overcoming their huge defensive positions. (In fact, at the end of the war, a Russian general, on of over a hundred of these personnel who had been seconded to the Iraqi army, stated that he could not understand why - when Saddam held such a great superiority in numbers, that he did not attack Saudi Arabia and some of the small Arabian Sheikhdoms whilst so few of the Allied

men were in position.

So Saddam sat back and waited for the attack. This war, which the experts and the prophets of doom had predicted would last for many months, if not years, and would involve us in the loss of tens of thousands of casualties, actually lasted one hundred hours - against the might of the fourth largest army in the world - and the Allies suffered one hundred and twenty six personnel killed (eight of these were British soldiers killed by accident by the American Air Force). The Iraqis did lose over one hundred thousand men (besides civilians).

Meanwhile, after the first attack on Israel, their government made plans for immediate retaliation. (I heard that plans were prepared to drop parachutists with light armour behind the enemy lines to destroy the Scud launchers). Bush, Major, Mitterand, the Germans and even the Allied Arabs, prevailed upon Israel to hold their fire. After the second Scud attack, Israel said, "Enough is enough, we have to protect our own citizens."

Well, America, Britain, France and "all" - were falling over themselves in offering millions of pounds in aid, in weapons, money for the Russian immigrants, anything - but please do not attack! Otherwise the whole Allied consortium would collapse - because they could not bear to see the Jewish state fight an Arab country. They all hated Saddam for what he was doing but, after all, the Jews and Israel were the real old enemy.

Overnight, Yitchok Shamir had become a great statesman and a wonderful diplomat, so clever and astute!

In addition to all these billions of dollars promised, the U.S.A. and Germany and Holland provided sets of Patriot anti-missiles to protect Israel. (They also had these in Saudi Arabia).

These Patriots would attack a Scud travelling at 3,000 miles per hour, eleven miles high, and destroy it - amazing technology. A set of these four Patriots, together with its sophisticated launcher cost ONE MILLION dollars.

(The American Navy were shooting Cruise missiles from the Gulf into Baghdad. They cost £100,000 each and were being fired continuously at intervals of one minute). War is an expensive business.

Actually, these Patriots caused more damage than the Scuds. The debris from the attacked Scud and the Patriot caused much more damage than the "guided" Scud. Evil Saddam always sent his Scuds against Israel on Shabbos.

The Rebbe indicated that "Shabbos is a day of Simcha. Do not be sad."

It was reported that in the three weeks until February 12th there were 33 Scud attacks against Israel, and only one man was killed. Dayan Westheim extensively broadcast that this man was a well known anti-religious agitator. He used to drive around Bnei Brak on his motorcycle on the Shabbos and deliberately made a terrific noise, showed off, and gloated.

This is an interesting story but our Rebbe is not fond of this type of tale.

I wrote to the Rebbe as usual on the Friday. I was amazed that Bush had halted the Allied attack so suddenly. He was probably afraid that Syria could take a slice of West Iraq, that Turkey would help herself to a good portion of the North, and that Iran would take a liberal portion from East Iraq. Bush did not want to dismember the country to the advantage of her neighbours. He was also afraid of getting bogged down in another Vietnam.

Just imagine, if at the end of World War II, Winston Churchill would have stopped at the Rhine and left that devil Hitler to continue to rule Germany because we could not interfere with the internal affairs of another nation. He felt very sorry for the Jewish people still being wiped out and sent some blankets and hoped the S.S. would destroy Hitler. The other real losers were, King Hussain of Jordan who has the knack of always joining the losing side - a "Ganzer Knacker", and the P.L.O. who lost the support of hundreds of thousands of Palestinians overnight in Kuwait. They had no income to send home and no more millions of dollars from the Arab states to strengthen the Intifada.

I thought, surely they will revolt inside Israel and we could have chased them out into Jordan. They seemed to have acquired more sense very quickly.

Some Corrections to Last Year's Encounter

The Rebbe had advised me that when I mentioned, for example, the number of children that Shmuel and Hindy possessed, I should use the word "Nisht" (not) because of an Ayin Horo (evil eye).

So I presumed that if they had fifteen children I should say "Nisht" (not) sixteen, which was obviously correct. But, it seems that my assumption was wrong because, if they did have fifteen, I should have said, "Nisht fifteen".

In other words, when I wrote last year that Hindy and Shmuel had Nisht sixteen children, then this inferred that they ACTUALLY DID HAVE sixteen, and as Shmuel remarked, It was not in your jurisdiction to give us an extra child."

In the article about our future Chief Rabbi in the "Guardian" newspaper, it mentioned that "Lubavitch in the late 1960's moved into Cambridge University to bring back the penitents to Judaism and were successful in influencing people like Jonathan Sacks to return to their roots and even to attend a Yeshiva."

It is essential to give credit where it is due. I herewith categorically state that Rabbi Shmuel Lew, my son-in-law, was one of those who were mainly responsible for this sudden upsurge towards religion at Cambridge University at that time.

It is a Din (law) in the Shulchan Orach that the author of a quotation, or the originator of a specific action, should always be mentioned by name.

I therefore extend my apologies to Shmuel for that omission and oversight.

Some Comments On My Instalment No. 21

Taubie (Beenstock) was reading about the escapades of our grandson Leve whilst she lay in bed. She told me that she laughed so much that she cried out with pain - and could not sleep all night.

Harry Johnstone, a non-Jew, was the main contractor in the rebuilding of our Yeshiva after the disastrous fire. He has been connected with our Synagogue and Honorary Officers for over twenty five years. He is a good friend of Lubavitch. He saw a copy of my book at Avrohom's home and promptly borrowed it.

He telephoned to inform me that he could not put the book down until he had finished it. (Many of my readers have used the identical words).

He wished to know what O.H. and Z.Tz.L. stood for after a person's name. I explained that these people had passed away, and so, when we mentioned them, we indicated either O.H. - Peace should be upon him (or her), or Z.Tz.L. - May their saintly memories be a blessing.

By a peculiar coincidence, Harry knew the name of the customer who put on Tefillin every Friday at Avrohom's office - and - became lucky because afterwards he met a nice Jewish girl and so on and so forth. This client remarked that he would now put on Tefillin regularly.

Harry Johnstone wanted to know whether he could "have a go". He is divorced and lonely - and - "There might be something in this Tefillin business, after all!"

Mrs. Scharfi's youngest son wanted to know, what was the book which his mother was reading, that she kept bursting with laughter.

Osher Vaisfiche said that he could not get a chance to read it. His friends kept borrowing it.

Rabbi Caploun explained that he always handed over my book to his guests. "It is marvellous. They lap it up!"

My grandson Yossi (Marlow) continues to look down onto most people - it is not entirely his fault because he is still 6ft 2" tall. He complained that I mix him into my book like a "Bean in a Tzolent" (special vegetable and meat stew which is continuously on the boil and ready to be served for luncheon on Shabbos). Levi suggested that every bean counted was important, as long as it was not a "HAS BEEN".

Avrom Shemtov was delighted to offer me \$18 as a donation to our Yeshiva in exchange for my book. Unfortunately he had no cheque handy. He remarked that this was a similar case to the story of a millionaire who went to shool and had no cash at all with him. He wanted to borrow a couple of coins to place into the Charity Box. A little lad proffered him these pennies and the millionaire told the boy to remind him that he owed him these coins. The boy retorted, "No fear, it is worth much more to me to appreciate that you, the millionaire, owe me money."

Having mentioned the Tzedoka Box in the story above, here is a true tale. When I filled up my car with petrol (gas) I was presented with a free gift by the garage - a money box for children in the shape of a toy animal bear in porcelain. I handed this money box to Dina (Jaffe) aged 6½ years. She was in raptures and ejaculated, "Oh what a lovely Tzedoka Box."

I was very proud of her because an ordinary girl would use it as a money box to save cash for herself; but Dina wanted to save the money to give to "poor people".

Letters of Appreciation

Every author is proud and grateful to receive letters of praise from his fans.

Walter Hubert, who now resides in Jerusalem, has never let me down and sends me a wonderful letter of encouragement every single year - without fail. He has the extraordinary ability of writing something different every time.

This is what he wrote last year: My dear Zalmon,

.....

Congratulations on the publication of the 21st edition. Naturally - we greatly enjoyed your latest set of memoirs, humour, history and appreciation of the Rebbe - You really are blessed by G-d in having the ability, enthusiasm and energy to surpass yourself every year - Please keep up this good work and whenever you wish to prepare a Video Production, just let me know, I'll be happy to sponsor it "

Regards,

Walter, Rebecca and family

Rabbi A. D. Sufrin sent me this note on behalf of Lubavitch Foundation, London:

"Dear Zalmon,

I would like to wish you a "Hearty YeYasher Koach" for this wonderful publication. Reading it is "great". It is a wonderful Chizuk and a great source of inspiration" Sincerely,

A. D. Sufrin

Rev. Wyatt of Bournemouth wrote:

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Jaffe,

"....Once I started reading it I had to finish it in spite of the lateness of the hour. I can only say the A-mighty should bless you both with good health and more years to give so much pleasure

and enjoyment to those privileged to read of your experiences, indeed a great delight...."

Yours very.....

Lewis and Dollie Wyatt

Dear Aunty Roselyn and Uncle Zalmon,

".....Yosi was delighted with your new "Encounter" it kept him quiet for a couple of days. All we heard emerging from his room was laughter and, once or twice, he rolled off the bed!....."

Lots of love,

Joy & Barrie

(Professor) Joe and Margaret (Jacobs) from Canada wrote:

My dear Roselyn & Zalmon,

"Having just read your 21st instalment from cover to cover, I feel I must send a few lines - first of all to say how sorry we were to read of your illness, but relieved you have made such a good recovery.

Joe waited, somewhat impatiently, for me to read the diary (I always read it first) and, like me, I noticed that he was reluctant to put it down until the last page. I must say that your accounts of "770" are so vivid that they are most surely the next best thing to actually being there.

All is well T.G. here - we have just had another granddaughter - always a very exciting event - but in no way can anyone compete with your prowess as probably the world's most prolific Grandparents K.A.H.

I made full note of your comments on page 44 of your 21st instalment and most surely, coming into the category of your numerous, ardent fans I have pleasure in enclosing a cheque (£54) in payment of your book, made out to the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva as requested "

With love from,

Joe and Margaret

My granddaughter Zelda Rochel (Lew) is studying at the Seminary in Sydney, Australia. She wrote that the Girls Seminary is excellent. There are 21 girls in her class and she continues:

"Rabbi Alman, a fan of yours, was telling me and my friends stories about you and he loves your diaries. My friends borrowed some previous books and they just couldn't put them down and they kept on laughing at some of the things you wrote.

You really have some fans down here in the land down-under, Aussie Land."

Here is a photograph of Zelda Rochel with a Wallaby (a small kangaroo). The wallaby is the one wearing the fur coat and lying on the grass.



Channah Negin of London wrote:

".....Your books have given me and my family much pleasure, they have a good spirit and great humour! May you write many more in good health.

The Rebbe Shlita is such a great Tzaddik that one can feel a great fear, but your writings help people see the Rebbe Shlita as a 'loving father' which means I, and I'm sure many of your other readers, feel great love for the Rebbe Shlita "

Yours sincerely,

Channah S. Negin

Bernard Perrin

You will have noticed that there has been a great improvement in the type and printing of this edition.

Many people had complained that the type in the last instalment was uneven and "dotty", and that the number of mistakes was appalling. This spoilt their enjoyment in reading the book.

I personally accept the blame for those errors because it was my duty to check the typing.

I have a dear old friend, Bernard Perrin. He sponsored and assisted in the production of the first Hebrew/English Tanya which we produced in London in 1975.

Bernard complained to me about those errors and about the irregular and fluctuating typing which varied from deep, heavy black letters to light, dotty words.

Bernard owns a word processor and he offered to type out this book - free of charge - a labour of love, because he enjoyed the contents and wanted it to be technologically perfect.

The only condition was that I should supply him with the material as soon as I had written a few pages. Therefore, although I could check these at once - at the end of the day - I had pages of all the events very mixed up - Succos before Shavuos, the middle before the beginning, and the end in the middle.

Bernard told me not to worry. His processor can do anything. I went to see him at work. He had, first of all, to study a 700 page manual and it took him quite a while to master the intricacies of this machine and become proficient in its use.

All the 200 pages of this book are recorded in a very small disc. He will press a button and he is able to bring onto the screen any page he so desires.

There is also a built-in dictionary of about a hundred thousand words and, if he makes a spelling mistake the machine will illuminate the error and refuse to budge until it is corrected or instructed to ignore it.

When Bernard had concluded all the typing we had to put all the pages into their correct order of time and number them in their right sequence which, Bernard assured me, was no problem at all for this machine.

So, if you are reading about Shavuot and suddenly discover a story about the Succah, then I shall have to personally accept the blame and seek your forgiveness.

The excellent photograph of the Rebbe on the front cover of this installment, No. 22, was taken by Shimon Roomani the photographer of Crown Heights.

I have used this picture in previous editions. Chana, my granddaughter, informed me that she and Shimon's wife Marcella, attended the same school in London and were in the same class.

Rabbi Greizeman from Jerusalem wanted one of my books for his English library. He knows that I always like to place my publications in a public library so that more people would have the opportunity to read them. He did admit, however, that this library was sited in his living room and that most of the English speaking patrons were his own children.

Lag B'omer

We saw the video of the 770 Lag B'Omer Parade via satellite, which was also relayed all over the world. Many tens of thousands of Children and Adults were present and took part, with groups and delegations from all over the U.S.A. Sunday is always a convenient day.

Scores of topical and excellent floats were in the procession. Unfortunately, towards the end of the Parade the rain came down in torrents and the remaining floats just floated by.

The Rebbe looked very well indeed, K.A.H., and it was a great pity that the Fun Fair, which was due to take place in the afternoon, had to be cancelled because of the continuous downpour. On the other hand it was a real miracle that the rain did keep off for so long.

As far as I could discern, one of the main casualties was the Rebbe's hat which suffered a severe drenching. The water was cascading down from the brim of the hat in a continuous flow.

It did not appear to bother or distress the Rebbe, who never stopped smiling, but continued to encourage and salute the marchers. With so many umbrellas that were available I could not understand why not even one was found to cover and protect the Rebbe from this drenching. I suppose that the Rebbe considered that if all those tiny tots and other children could bear the rain with fortitude and march by the Rebbe with serene and beaming faces, then the Rebbe would show them too that the rain did not bother him either.

Selig Haber, who travelled to 770 for the weekend



festivities, brought back with him to Manchester a beautiful, heavy, "silver" medal which commemorated that Lag B'Omer day and also the 40th Anniversary of the Rebbe's reign.

Here is a photograph - full size - of this medal - both sides shown.

In Manchester we enjoyed glorious weather for our Lag B'Omer Parade and Fun Fair. Avrohom was in charge, and Dayan Westheim addressed the Children and Adults who numbered over a thousand.

We only managed to produce one float which was very cleverly made and enormously entertaining.

The whole day was very successful, and the food, refreshments, games and competitions were enjoyed by all.

Our Flight to 770 For Shavuos

Before Shavuos, Roselyn always enters into commerce and trade. She manufactures *Blintzes*, the traditional Shavuos sweetmeat (not meat but small pancakes filled with cottage cheese). Each one is a choice morsel of mouth watering, delicious ambrosia.

To me each one is only a mouthful, but I am often accused of having a "big mouth".

Unfortunately for me, most of these products are exported, mostly to members of the family. Roselyn makes hundreds of these Blintzes. She has a long tradition and it has become a labour of love. My love is to be as far away from home as possible when Roselyn is busy fiddling and faddling whilst preparing these tiny individual Blintzes.

I never receive my rations of these until well after Shavuos - on our return from 770.

Shlomo Freundlich, who studied at our Yeshiva, called at our home to collect a consignment of these to deliver to the Lews in London.

I presented him with the latest publication of "My Encounter" - free - a gift - because he is a very good natured boy - a nice lad. But he insisted on giving me a £5 donation for the Yeshiva.

So, I gave him another copy in appreciation - also free - for his parents and family. He handed me another £5 for the Yeshiva. It was becoming a vicious circle!! Mendie Shmerling, who was standing by, also gave me £5 for the Yeshiva in exchange for my Book.

These young Yeshiva boys are certainly being brought up very well, and they spend their money wisely!

As we were leaving for 770 on that very morning, they decided to give us a real Lubavitch "send off" from our home. We drank L'chaim and, together with young Eidelman (from France), we all danced together (not Roselyn - she looked on).

Our granddaughter Golda, accompanied by Aaron and Dina (aged 7), drove us to the Airport.

She imagined that she was the Captain of the plane. It was very nerve-racking and I became a plain wreck!

At the Passport Control I asked the Officer whether he recognised me by the photograph inside

my passport. He replied, "No, and we shall have to shave off your beard before we allow you to proceed!"

Security was very tight and a girl official was examining my hand luggage very thoroughly. She picked up my Tefillin and wanted to know what they were and what was inside the "Boxes". I informed her that there were sacred writings contained therein.

I was going to frighten her and tell her to handle these boxes very carefully or they might blow up - but I thought better of it. It would have been very stupid of me and would have caused an "explosive" situation.

On our flight we met Simcha and Yehuda Levy, from France, who had flown from Paris to connect with our British Airways plane. They explained that it was much cheaper this way. They were also flying to 770.

As usual, we had ordered Kosher meals. We have always experienced trouble in that department. That is the reason we like to travel with El Al whenever, and wherever possible. There is no hassle and no hustle - and everyone gets Kosher food. But there is no El Al direct flight from Manchester to New York.

Some of my friends will not eat those meals supervised by the Beth Din?! They always order Kedassia meals - But they do NOT eat these either. They bring their own sandwiches.

We also, invariably bring sandwiches, in case our Kosher meals do not arrive.

Now, on this flight the stewardess informed us that she had received only one meal - for Mrs. R. Jaffe. This was obviously a silly mistake. She agreed and said, "Not to worry", because she had found another meal for me.

Unfortunately, she also discovered, later on, that she had given us the meal ordered by Mr. & Mrs. Levy from Paris. But as we had already consumed these by that time, there was nothing that we - or she - could do about it.

But - Yes - Roselyn had a good idea and handed to the Levy's the fresh salmon sandwiches which we carried as our "First Aid Meal Kit"! They enjoyed them and thanked us profusely.

As usual, we complained to the Chief Steward who took copious notes. His main concern was to ensure that we received our two meals on the return journey from New York to Manchester - and everything would now be in order.

When we subsequently checked in at J.F.K. Airport on our way home, we enquired about our meals. We were told that "We have only one meal for you!?" But they did have two meals for two other passengers also named Jaffe!! (These were the meals which the steward had ordered specially for us on our journey to New York.)

Dovid Eliyu Simons said we should not worry because they also had meals for their two

youngsters. So we had the option of five meals on our journey home, over two weeks later.

Incidentally, when we enter into the U.S.A. and pass through the U.S.A. Customs at J.F. Kennedy Airport, we are always questioned whether we have with us any fruit or food because these are not allowed to be imported.

Last year we were on our way to Dovid Jaffe's wedding and travelled via New York. Taubie Beenstock, our Mechutenisti, - what's that in English? It is one of many Yiddish words that have no English equivalent. For instance:- Sidney Beenstock is my son Avrohom's father-in-law, so that makes him my Mechutan - and I am his. The feminine gender is Mechutenisti.

[We do have some English words which have no Yiddish equivalent - for instance - If I ask a Jewish fellow to translate into Yiddish the phrase, "I am very disappointed", he will reply, "Ich bin Zayer dish-a-pointed".]

However, to continue. When Taubie was asked by the Customs Official whether she was carrying any food, she replied, "Oh yes! I have some very nice home-made sandwiches." "Thank you", said the Officer, and immediately snatched them from her hand and, with disgust, heaved them into the litter, or garbage bin, which was standing nearby.

Well, Taubie was shocked and outraged - and she also heaved with disgust - she screamed, "They are completely uncivilized in this Country, and I shall keep well away from New York's Kennedy Airport in the future.

Our Arrival at Crown Heights

Our flight from Manchester to New York was very pleasant but when we arrived at our apartment we found it a terrible tip. What a sight met our eyes. It seemed as if an earthquake had hit our flat.

The long sideboard, which stood against the whole length of the side wall had been knocked over and was lying flat on the floor. The cupboard doors were smashed. Crockery and glasses, bottles and towels, pans, tea cloths and cutlery, were all lying strewn over the whole apartment.

After travelling all day, and over three thousand miles, it was rather heartbreaking to be met with such a scene of devastation and chaos!

Roselyn felt like sitting upon a chair and crying - but she could not find a clean one!

Fortunately, Dovid and Pincus were present and were making repairs to the sideboard. They had hammer and nails, electric saws and other appliances, and were doing their utmost to make this piece of furniture serviceable.

In due course, the sideboard was stood upright again against the wall and all the contents were replaced therein.

Grateful thanks were extended to them for their invaluable help. This was tempered somewhat when we learnt that the apartment had been in this chaotic state for many weeks, and as usual, no one bothered about it, until the very last moment - just before we were due to arrive.

Incidentally, no one was supposed to use this flat. But - many do - and someone did! Instead of acting with responsibility, these people had proved themselves to be completely irresponsible.

The Jaffes blamed the Itkins; the Itkins blamed the Lews; and the Lews blamed the Jaffes. Everybody had a very good reason for blaming someone else. As it was almost impossible to attach the blame upon any one particular person with any great certainty - we had to suffer.

Shortly afterwards, at about 5 p.m., Channah (Marlow) arrived and exclaimed, "Run, Zaide, to 770 because the Rebbe is just leaving for the Ohel." So I ran! Half an hour later the Rebbe emerged from the side door of 770 to enter his car which was parked in the driveway. Except for Myer Harlick, I was the only one who was allowed to remain in this area, the entrance to which was entirely blocked by barriers - to stop anyone from entering.

Yudel Krinsky rushed forward to open the car door for the Rebbe. The Rebbe noticed that I was standing nearby and he gave me a lovely smile of welcome before he entered the car.

Seconds later, Label (Groner) beckoned me forward as the Rebbe wished to speak to me.

The Rebbe enquired whether my wife had come along to 770 with me. I replied in the affirmative. The Rebbe was pleased and very happy - and as Label remarked, "The Rebbe normally leaves 770 for the Ohel in a pensive and stern mood - but this time the Rebbe was actually smiling."

I encountered Dovid Mandlebaum later on. He told me this story about Mezzuzas.

The Rebbe advised a fellow to check his Mezzuzos. The Sofar (Scribe) could not find anything wrong with them - but - as the Rebbe had wanted him to check them, he spent much more time in searching and examining the parchment.

The Scribe went over to the window to investigate the Mezzuza in the daylight and there he did notice that the Shamus, HaShem's Name had a very slight but different tinge than the rest of the words.

They knew who was the original writer of this Mezzuza and approached him to try to discover the reason for this. This Scribe explained that he had left out these Holy Names until after he had gone to the Mikvah.

This, of course, invalidated this Mezzuza - made it possul, not Kosher.

When writing a Sefer Torah the above method is the accepted practice. But a Mezzuza has to be written continuously, non-stop - from start to finish. If the Sofar wishes to dip into the Mikvah, he should go before he commences to write the Mezzuza.

When we arrived at Crown Heights, I sent in to the Rebbe my usual "Greetings letter" in which were enclosed:

- 1) Avrohom's letter with the Manchester Ma'amud money (for the Rebbe's special funds).
- 2) A scrap book from my granddaughter Leah (Cohen)
- 3) Some letters from my friends for the Rebbe.
- 4) A donation for the Rebbe's funds from Z.J.
- 5) "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita." No. 21. This contained over sixty pages more than the previous year which had also been a record instalment.

I explained that my "new" typist, also a Jewish girl, was not used to my writing, especially

Hebrew words, and in spite of checking, she had made some mistakes. For example, instead of Shneur Zalmon, she had typed Shrewd Zalmon.

I concluded my letter with the information that the usual five bottles of Vodka would be delivered almost at once.

By next morning I had received the following reply from the Rebbe, in Hebrew. Label observed that it was a most wonderful answer. This is the English translation.

"Received with many thanks." "And the New Encounter was ACH TOV, and so forth - also." [This verse, or quotation, means only good and so on. ACH, which means ONLY, is the Gematria (the count of) 21- (Aleph 1 + Chof 20 = 21), which is the number of this year's instalment - 21.] "But," the Rebbe added, "It is also better than all the other instalments.

Tehillim At 770

On the Shabbos when we 'bench' Rosh Chodesh – bless the new month – it is our custom to recite all the five books of Tehillim (Psalms) before the morning service.

This is also said on the night of Hoshanna Rabba at 1 a.m.

In this instance at 770, Rabbi Sholom Ber Lipsker was the reader and led the congregation. He said aloud the first and last verses of each chapter - slowly - and in a strident, guttural, husky and very hoarse voice.

What happened to the middle verses I do not know. I, personally, certainly could not keep up with him. I even tried just reading, without moving my lips and mouthing the words, but I still lagged far behind.

I did a little better when we came to the well known and familiar chapters.

But, the whole Tehillim, including the Kaddish, which is recited at the end of each of the five books, took only one hour and fifteen minutes!

As it takes me two hours to say the identical Psalms in Manchester, it is no small wonder that I could not keep up with the Chazan.

At the Tehillim on Shabbos Beraishis, when we bless the month of Marcheshvan, I did very much better. I discovered that I was actually keeping up with the Chazan. In fact, on a number of occasions I was slightly ahead of him!

However, I had just concluded the longest chapter in the Tehillim, number 119, which contains 176 verses, when I realised that the Chazan was only half way through this chapter. He was at verse 96. I then discovered, to my surprise, that there were five pages missing from this chapter 119 in the book I was using. I furthermore discovered that there were also many more pages missing, right through the Sefer.

So this was the secret of my success! If one recites half the book then one takes half the time. I am not suggesting, G.F., that the Chazan, or other skilled and proficient experts used this type of Tehillim.

But many people like myself, who need two hours to read all the Psalms with concentration

and devotion, should use one of these special books of Tehillim which are lying all around 770, and which have many pages missing. Then they can keep pace with the Chazan at 770.

I Acquire a Fervent Chossid

My friends, Sylvia and Hershel Pecker, once dwelt in London and both are very keen fans of mine.

Hershel commented, "I cannot put your book down, it gets me, it's fantastic!"

As he could not put it down, he spent a great deal of time in researching the various pages and chapters - even the printing of my book. He treated it as a Holy Sefer, and the result was like a Talmudical discourse.

Subsequently he presented me with three pages of a closely written thesis entitled:

Insights on Instalment 21, Shnass Nissim

By Hirschel Pekkar

"Shnass Nissim means a year of Miracles. The word Nissim itself means Miracles, plural: The word Ness, singular, also signifies a flag, the highest point, and the ending EEM or YAM is the sea, the lowest dimension.

The two opposites are combined into one word perceiving Divine Providence (Miracle). This is indicated in your INDEX pages wherein there are listed 33 Chapters.

Thirty three is the Gematria count of GaL. The letter Gimmel is 3, the Lamed is 30 = 33. In Psalm 119, verse 18, it states, "Gal" - open up my eyes that I may perceive the miracles (wonders) of Your Torah."

Your book has 236 pages - the numerical value of the word "LeDaber", to speak. 42 of these pages are distinguished by a different type of print. The numerical value of 42 is BOM (Bais = 2; Mem = 40) meaning, "Of them" and hinting to us that we should speak about them (the words of Torah).

This prompts me to relate a few ideas of a revealing nature:

1) On page 73, you write about the fire at the Manchester Yeshiva. Until that page the printed words were made up of "Dots". On the next page, however, the letters are in Solid Lines. We could connect this to the story of Jacob our Father, about whom it states in Genesis, chapter 28,

verse 11, that "When he lay down his head he took stones (plural) and placed them under his head." But when he awoke it states, that "He took the STONE (singular) which he had put under his head.

Rashi explains that "every stone wished to support Jacob, so HaShem made them all into one stone," so that each one had a part in the Mitzvah.

Similarly with the Yeshiva. Before the fire the letters are printed as "dots", but afterwards, each wanted to support and build the Yeshiva, so they combined into solid lines.

2) The idea of Tzedoka (Charity or Righteousness) and Chassidus is that they should be spread out, as it says, "That G-d acted with Tzedoka towards the Jewish people" in that He dispersed them amongst the nations, so that Your Teachings should reach out throughout the entire world.

You confirm this on the 13th line of page 106 when you write, "Spread the word to others."

By Divine Providence you begin the Rebbe's (Shlita) talks on page 93, and conclude on page 106. Add 93 to 106 and this gives a total of 199 which is the same numerical value as Tzedoka - which is also the merit of your book. It is spread all over the world and the money received goes to Tzedoka.

3) On page 167, there appears for the very first time in your publication a picture of you with your new beard.

Mazel Tov! As one exclaims at every birth. This is also providential:- It states that a ZOKEN - an elder - (it also means a beard) is one who has acquired wisdom.

Wisdom is indicated by the letter Yud = 10. Therefore, Zokein, which is the count of 157, together with the 10 (from the Yud) brings the numerical value to 167 - exactly the page where your beard first appears.

4) For a long time I had a question on a certain Mishna which states that every assembly that is (whose purpose is) for the sake of Heaven, the end will be that it will continue.

But if it is the end, then how does it continue? And if it continues, then how is it the end?

But your book has answered this question for me because, at the end of your book, you state that "it will be continued", which proves that your Book is only for the sake of Heaven!

Hershel carried on in this vein for many more paragraphs. But - as it is often said, "One can make figures prove anything."

Still, it is very gratifying to me to realise that someone is so keen on my book that he is prepared to spend many hours analysing every aspect of every page.

I am proud of Hershel for his interesting thesis on my book and I do thank him most sincerely.

A Service For Me At 770

I always like to be in Shool well before the start of the services.

I noticed that a certain young married man was always present at 9.45 a.m. - fifteen minutes before the weekday morning service was due to commence - and already wearing his Tallis and Tefillin - prepared and ready for davenning - which was highly commendable.

One morning this young man approached me and I suddenly realised that he was Dovid, my eldest Jaffe grandson.

Was this really the same Dovid who never arrived in Shool before 2 o'clock in the afternoon? Who never, as far as I was aware, even attended a weekday morning service at all?

Well, I did actually recognise that he was really Dovid and not a figment of my imagination. Of course, he was disguised - he wore a Tallis over his head - and I had never seen him before wearing this apparel. The Lubavitch custom is that unmarried men do not wear a Tallis.

You will notice from the photograph, taken by Levi Freidin, that "Dovid's reactions went straight to my head."



Dovid has been a new man since he married Rochel, a Canadian Beauty Queen.

He has become more orderly, tidy and calm, and this wonderful transformation is due solely and entirely to Rochel.

It is fantastic to see how a petite, pretty, young maiden can have such a tremendous influence on a big hulk of a fellow. (Do not worry Dovid, because most of us men have been in that same happy state and position ourselves).

Rochel looks after Dovid's substantial material needs very well. But she also ensures that he remembers his religious obligations. For example, on one Shabbos they came to our apartment for Kiddush and a quick snack. Dovid was in a hurry to return to 770 for the Farbraingen but Rochel reminded him to make the Brocha Achrona (the concluding blessing after food).

No one is suggesting that Dovid would have forgotten, but it is very nice to know that someone is looking after one's spiritual needs too.

Tight Security

At 2.15 p.m. on this Erev Shavuos, I went to visit Label (Groner) and to inspect his new offices which were situated next to the Rebbe's study, but at the far end of the corridor.

I was surprised to discover that the Rebbe had already left 770 to visit the Ohel once again. This was now the third consecutive day!

In the new offices there was a T.V. monitor which showed who was standing at the front door and demanding access. Another T.V. set - coloured, brought into focus the whole immediate area around 770. A further T.V. set is being installed to enable Label to scrutinize the whole of Eastern Parkway from 770 to a block away to Brooklyn Avenue on one side and to Kingston Avenue on the other.

Two of the latest models in telephone devices lay on his desk in addition to other machines of high technology. As I have often stated - Lubavitch make the most of all technological advances in modern telecommunications.

I was present in Label's office for about half an hour. The telephones never stopped ringing. Label had assumed that it would be very quiet at this time because in Israel it was almost Yom Tov. But the Americans were now taking advantage of the Israeli lull.

A young lady had arrived, slightly worried and anxious. She wanted to know whether there was an answer to her letter which she had sent about her Shiduch. "Yes" said Label, The Rebbe had replied and wished her all the best and that she and her Chosson should build an everlasting edifice together, full of Yiddishkeit and Chassidus.

Label added that he hoped she would enjoy a good and happy Yom Tov - "Which I am sure you will!" This young lady then danced her way out of Label's office with a happy and radiant countenance.

As I have explained on many occasions, the Rebbe pens his answers to written queries on the actual notepaper of the sender. The Rebbe will cut out only the relevant sentence and write his replies in the margin or in between the lines, generally in Hebrew abbreviations.

Label will then transpose, if necessary, the Rebbe's answers onto small sheets of notepaper which he will hand to the sender. He writes out these replies in Hebrew so fast that his pen becomes alive and streaks across the paper like flashes of lightning. The Rebbe's original notes

will never leave the office, however.

I also had the opportunity to wish Label, and his wife Yehudis, a hearty Mazel Tov on the birth of two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, within two days, from two daughters. They were both in the same room in the local hospital and Yehudis had brought them back home together in her car.

As an added bonus, Label's niece also gave birth to a daughter on the same day - Mazel Tov to all!

Shavuos

After all my experiences in dealing with the Rebbe I received another profound lesson on the first day of Shavuos. Actually, I should have known better.

I was suffering from a very severe cold which affected my throat and I was completely and absolutely HOARSE!

I had written to the Rebbe explaining my predicament and suggested, with respect, that the Rebbe should take over the singing of the HoAderress VeHoemuna. All the Rebbe had to do was to raise just one arm and everyone would join in.

My worry was that I might commence to sing and the Rebbe might NOT raise his hand, and I would then be left with the task of singing all the twenty two verse all by myself. I did have this experience on some occasions but then my voice was in fine fettle and I had the confidence of being able to conclude what I had started.

At this moment I dared not take this chance so, when we reached that moment in the service, I remained quiet. The Rebbe also remained quiet, and this stirring song was recited quietly by the whole congregation.

Everyone complained to me that I had let them down, and all promised to help me if I would commence this tune on the following day.

Shlomo Kunin said, "You start, Zalmon, and I will jump upon your back!" Shlomo is K.A.H. a big lad and it would not have done my back any good at all. So I decided to take a chance. I just croaked only the first two words - when the Rebbe raised his arm and the whole song went with a terrific swing. The lesson I learnt (not for the first time) was that if one wants something from the Rebbe then one has to work for it and make the effort to show the Rebbe that one needed the Rebbe's help and co-operation.

At A Farbraingen

At a Farbraingen at 770 space is at a premium - valuable and vital. T.G. there are so many thousands of people who desire to hear the Rebbe that the long rows of tables are placed very close together so that it is impossible to walk upon the floor in order to reach one's place.

Either one has to be sitting in one's seat from a very early hour, for example, Shmuel lew my son-in-law, would be in his place from 7 in the morning and remain there all through the morning service until the Farbraingen which would start at 1.30 p.m. He did have an arrangement with his neighbours so that he could leave occasionally for essential needs.

Or one could come a little before the due time and suffer the mental and physical agonies and formidable manoeuvres in one's endeavours to arrive at one's seat.

A few years ago it was decided, quite rightly, for the sake of safety, that the centre aisle should be widened and should be kept completely empty and free. This would also serve the purpose of enabling some of the elderly gentlemen who wished to use the "bathroom" to move easily and unhampered down the aisle.

This was also the finest position in the whole shool - just facing the Rebbe, where one could see and even hear. So, over the years, this aisle has become saturated and over congested with men and boys sitting upon scores of crates, and others just standing or sitting wherever and on whatever they could rest even one limb.

To ensure that no one would occupy my seat, Dovid, in this instance, sat in my place for an hour before the Farbraingen was due to commence. He had advised me to go home and make Kiddush and enjoy a snack - "And take your time, Zaidie!"

But, as I have stated above, the most difficult problem for me was to actually reach this haven just a few moments before the Rebbe was expected.

It was impossible to push through this solid mass of humanity. The only alternative was to walk over or upon the people - or on top of the tables. These were covered with all types of books - Sidurim, Chumoshim, Tehillim and so forth, plus bottles and glasses. Most people had their arms and hands leaning onto the tables too. (There was no room to place these limbs anywhere else).

Therefore, it was not quite so easy for me. On one occasion Shmulie (Jaffe) volunteered to guide and protect me and lead me to where Dovid was sitting.

His method was to stand facing me and to hold both of my hands in his and lead me forwards. This meant that Shmulie himself was walking backwards.

Obviously he had no eyes in the back of his head, so he could not see where he was going.

He just leaned backwards, pulled me forward and crashed brutally into anyone who happened to be in his way.

Our progress was accompanied by loud protests and howls of pain as Shmulie continued to pull me over the benches and on top of the tables. Once or twice I also howled with pain as I missed my step and fell down from the top of the high side of a bench onto the floor below, and was then dragged and pulled back again.

I felt very sorry for those people who got into Shmulie's way. He had no consideration whatsoever. His job was to get his Zaidie into the seat which Dovid would vacate as soon as I arrived, and he just forced his way right through. I felt extremely embarrassed.

On another occasion, Levi took on this responsibility. He is very much bigger and heftier than Shmulie, and if he would have used Shmulie's methods, he would have wrought untold damage to others, both physically and even mentally.

But Levi's methods were entirely different. He did it with kindness and tact, and the result was achieved with smiles, pleasure and constraint.

He would ask a fellow whether he would allow him to place his foot on the bench, then on the table in front of him, so that he, Levi, could help his Zaidie to get across to his seat. "Certainly", was the reply, "with pleasure."

Levi strode very daintily across the benches and tables, constantly asking for permission, and in due course, with no trouble and with no difficulty, and with no cross words, we arrived at our destination.

I would like to add that although the Men's department is so overcrowded KAH, compared to the Women's shool, we sit (and stand) in luxury and ease. The women and girls do suffer most acutely. Yet most of them brave all this tumult and chaos with great patience. They feel repaid by being in the presence of THEIR Rebbe.

I am very pleased when Levi is guarding my place by sitting in my seat. He is KAH a very big boy, and he sits there waiting for my arrival, terribly squashed in on every side. When I exchange places with him everyone heaves a sigh of relief. (They could not do this until he had left, they could hardly breathe until that moment).

The Farbraingen took three hours. It was hard for me to understand the Sichos, but the Nigunim were really exciting - out of this world. The Rebbe swung his arms and the singing was terrific. And - I received some beautiful smiles.

I did ask a number of Rabbonim to explain to me the gist of the Rebbe's remarks at the Sichos. I was unlucky. One replied that he could not hear what the Rebbe had said. Another answered that he did hear but could not understand the meaning.

As I have said, I was unlucky because there are very many who do understand the Sichos perfectly, and I am not referring to people like Rabbis Yoel Kahan, Weinberg and Caplan - and Shmuel. But some of my own grandchildren are also fully conversant with the Rebbe's Ma'amer and delivery of his Sichos, and do explain to us afterwards what the Rebbe intended to convey to us.

Levi's Long Marches - And Other Stories

At 12 noon, on the first day of Shavuos, Levi (jaffe) walked from Crown Heights to Queens, a distance of about eight miles, to Farbraing with his special "Kids" (children) from the Schools' Release Hour. It took him six hours to walk there and back to 770.

He returned just in time to join the official Annual Shavuos March to Boro Park.

The result of all his efforts was that he developed six huge blisters on the soles of his foot and toes. They were very painful and he could not put his foot down upon the floor.

Roselyn was not quite certain about the Halacha - the law, but as Levi was in such excruciating pain, she took a pin and made a minute hole to allow the pus (clear liquid) to flow out. She then made Levi soak his feet in VERY hot salt water.

Next morning, Levi's foot was very much better - except for the blister which Roselyn had opened up the day before. This was still very sore indeed. One of our own family Rabbis had complained that one was not allowed to do this on Yom Tov.

Fortunately, we were able to contact our Mechutan, Rabbi Marlow, the Av Beis Din of Crown Heights, who gave his verdict as follows:

"That it was in order to 'pop' a blister on Yom Tov if it was extremely painful - and as long as there was no blood, and only a colourless liquid was being discharged."

Besides "Release Hour" Levi goes on Mivtzoim every Friday. He has built up quite a nice connection (or collection) of Chassidim. They look forward to confiding all their troubles to Levi, their bosom friend, and he does his best to give them moral support.

One poor fellow had failed in business - for the second time. All he needed now was \$50,000 to pay his debts. He was confident that Levi could help him.

"O.K." said Levi, but first we must check your Mezzuzas. The first case which they opened was just completely empty. Oy Vay! nothing at all inside. Levi now wanted advice on how to raise or borrow \$50,000 for his poor friend who, it seemed, could not afford to buy a proper (Kosher) Mezzuza to place inside the Mezzuza case.

Koss Shel Brocha

At the conclusion of the Farbraingen the Rebbe "benched" (recited the Grace After Meals) and then we "davened Maariv" (the evening prayers).

After which, the Rebbe made Havdola for the whole assembly and drank more than half the cup of wine. This Havdola Benediction separates and makes the distinction between the Sacred (Yom Tov) and the profane (weekday).

When a man makes Havdola on behalf of others it is customary that those males (one opinion even says - Females too) who have heard those blessings should also drink a portion of the wine.

Therefore the Rebbe's cup is replenished, in order to distribute the Koss Shel Brocha (literally, "the Cup of Blessing") to the men and boys of this "great Assembly".

There were now many thousands of people waiting, in about a dozen lines, to walk past the Rebbe, who would pour a few splashes of wine into the container held by the recipient. Whenever the Rebbe's "becher" (cup) was about a quarter full, Myer Harlick would refill the cup and the Rebbe would continue to distribute the Koss Shel Brocha.

This operation was repeated for many hours until everyone had been served.

The question that now arises is - "If the Rebbe pours out wine from his cup to so many thousands of people, then how much of the original Havdola wine would be left in the cup at the end of this distribution?"

I read a scientific article in a newspaper which discussed the qualities of a certain natural herbal water. It pointed out that this substance was so potent that if a small drop was diluted by many thousands of gallons of water it would still increase its original strength and identity. It is called Homeopathy, used extensively in alternate medicine. The Koss Shel Brocha of our Rebbe is in that special category.

After last year's traumatic experience I had decided that I would leave the hall during Maariv and return for the Koss Shel Brocha later on and obtain this in comfort and at my leisure. Levi promised to assist me and he would be standing nearby.

Whilst we were still only "benching", boys were dropping down upon us in their dozens. Rabbi

Marlow is K.A.H. a Big and tough Man and was sitting next to me. He jumped upon the table and pushed his way forward, ignoring all obstacles, whether human or inanimate, and left.

I was by then beginning to suffer from claustrophobia. I was hemmed in from all directions and I prayed for the arrival of Levi. There was no sign of him and I decided that maybe it would be better for me if I persevered and weathered out the storm. When - Yossi (Lew) arrived. I suggested that maybe I should stick it out. Yossi remonstrated and indicated that matters would be getting much worse and that I should flee whilst I still had the chance.

He lifted me up bodily from the floor - onto the table and, using the tactics and methods of an army tank, he barged his way to the rear of the shool where we just managed to hear (not to see) the Rebbe making Havdola.

We left for home where I made Havdola for Roselyn and for some members of the family who were present.

About an hour later we made our way back to 770. A huge screen had been erected outside and was showing a live video of the Rebbe distributing the Koss Shel Brocha.

It was beautiful and heart warming to watch the Rebbe pouring out the wine for the small children and babies. These moments would be cherished by the children all their lives.



Now just look at this photograph (taken after Succos by Levi Frieden) and notice how the

Rebbe is concentrating on pouring out the wine for our great grandson, Menachem Mendel (Marlow), who is being held by Levi (Jaffe). Label (Groner) is near to Levi and Rabbi Beryl Yunick is standing close to the Rebbe.



Here is another picture taken at the same time. The Rebbe is now pouring out wine for our great granddaughter Freidel. She is being held by her father, Shimon (Posner). Her elder sister, Mousia, is holding her paper cup, awaiting her turn to be served by the Rebbe.

However, to continue. Outside 770 the scene that met our eyes was of a teeming throng. It was even more crowded than when we had left an hour previously. It was no small wonder because more people were arriving than were leaving.

Men were RUNNING into 770 from all directions. I noticed large numbers of Chassidim wearing Shtreimels rushing along, as well as men and boys wearing Israeli type Kipas on their heads.

I was accompanied by Yossi and Dovid, and I considered that the best plan would be to choose the smallest line of the twelve, which were converging slowly but inexorably on the Rebbe, and I reckoned that in about an hour or two, at the latest, I would reach the Rebbe.

My protectors, guards and advisors had other ideas. My friends Yisroel Goldshmidt, Michael Zerkon and Yisroel Yarmush were on duty to ensure that those who had been served would leave quickly and orderly, and that no one would join the line by the "rear exit".

So I was most embarrassed when Shmiddy passed me along to Michael and Michael to Yisroel, and I was pushed by Yossi and Dovid until I discovered that I was in a moving line only a few feet from the Rebbe. I think that this is called "protectia".

The Rebbe wished me "Hatzlocho Rabba" very fervently. This was accompanied by a very heartwarming and wonderful smile.

I looked around to see whether the photographer had managed to snap this lovely scene of me with the Rebbe.

He was busy putting a new film into his camera, so it was hard lines - NO PICTURE!

I met our Friend Chaim Farro and I remarked that one came to 770 for either one of the following reasons:

- 1) To see the Rebbe.
- 2) On business.
- 3) To arrange a Shidduch.

"Tell me Chaim, for what reason have you come?" He replied, "For all three!"

I also encountered David Nool (you will recall his name in last year's book - N for Nancy; O for Olive; O for another Olive; and L for Lucy). He informed me that he hopes to be married very shortly. (I am not sure whether his fiancée is a Nancy, an Olive or a Lucy).



Here is an interesting photograph.

The gentleman on my right, holding my book, is David Hadler the new owner of the "Jerusalem Post" for which he paid twenty five million dollars. He also owns the English "Daily Telegraph", one of the foremost British daily newspapers, as well as other publications.

He was excited and very happy indeed to come and to receive a Dollar from the Rebbe.

The gentleman on my left is a friend of David Hadler. He is Rabbi Yitzchok Weinberg of Vancouver, Canada, and he is the son of our old friend Rabbi Yoseph Weinberg the well known author and broadcaster on the subject of the Tanya, the Lubavitch Text-book and basis of Chabad Chassidus.

As I have often said - the most famous and interesting people all wend their way to 770 to meet the Rebbe.

Distributing Dollars

Every Sunday morning there would be thousands of men and women standing in two separate lines to see the Rebbe and obtain dollars, but mainly to gain the opportunity of exchanging a few words with the Rebbe and to receive his blessings. The women's line was formed outside the main door of 770 and tailed right back to the next block and beyond.

The men's queue went in the opposite direction through the Shool and upstairs to the Beis Hamedrish. The door leading to the hallway was only opened for the men when the ladies' line was temporarily halted.

After all these years I had only discovered recently that there was a third line. This was for (i) Distinguished, important and notable people. (ii) Those who wished to see the Rebbe together with their wives and families. (iii) Those who were in a terrific rush to catch a plane, and so forth.

Special permission had to be obtained from Label (Groner) in order to be allowed to join this line.

The 10 a.m. Sunday morning service (every single morning service throughout the year commenced at that time) normally concluded at 10.45 a.m.

The Rebbe would be visiting the Ohel after the Distribution of Dollars so he would only partake of a cup of tea (or coffee) and eat no food.

The Rebbe would start to hand out the dollars at any time between 11.15 and 11.45 a.m. It depended on how much urgent business had to be attended to first.

The Rebbe was accompanied by his lieutenants - Label, Binyomin and others. Chaim Boruch Halberstram took the videos of the proceedings and a photographer would be in attendance.

If permission could be obtained, then the best time was to wait inside the hallway at about 11 a.m., before the Rebbe had arrived.

We were in no particular haste on this morning but, to save us a two to three hour wait, Label had suggested that we should come along at 2.30 p.m. to his private door which abutted onto the driveway where the Rebbe's car was occasionally parked and where the wedding Chuppahs were erected.

Roselyn and I duly arrived there at the appointed time, and we were accompanied by our grandchildren, Chaya (Posner) with her daughters Moussia and baby Freida, and Yossi (Lew) with his little daughter Chaya Mushka. Golda Rivka with her husband Menachem Yunik were also present.

Unfortunately for us, there was a constant flow of people leaving the Rebbe's presence and emerging through this same door. It was well nigh impossible for us to push our way upstairs, through this door, against the tide of departing people.

It is peculiar, but at 770 there is always someone who is pushing his way against the flow of people.

For example, after the Shabbos morning service, when solid masses of men are departing through the various doors, there are always one or two persons who desire to enter into 770.

After a service in the upstairs Bess Hamedrish when everyone is descending the small, narrow staircase in a solid mass, in order to get into the Shool for a Farbraingen, there will be some silly fellow wildly straining to push his way back upstairs into the Bess Hamedrish.

So, here we were standing outside Label's door. Even Menachem, who is an "official" adjutant, could not make any headway.

But, as usual, our friend Michael Zerkin saw our dilemma and came to our rescue.

He led us right up to the front door of 770, took a key from his pocket and opened up this door for us to enter.

Within seconds the Rebbe was handing over to Roselyn a dollar, accompanied by a most beautiful smile, and he wished her "Hatzlocha Rabba" (great success).

Roselyn replied, "I thank you very much." To which the Rebbe answered, "You are very welcome," and handed her another dollar - for Manchester.

The Rebbe then turned to me and also gave me a dollar plus one for Manchester.

I reminded the Rebbe that last year, when I was in the New York Hospital for ten days during and after Simchas Torah, the Rebbe had sent me a dollar for NOT speaking at the Kinus HaTorah.

The Rebbe indicated that "You will have a good chance to be recompensed for this at the Kinus HaTorah this afternoon."

Here is a photograph of Roselyn and me receiving our Dollars. Label is in the background and our grandson, Sholom Ber (Lew), is behind Roselyn and me.



Many famous, and internationally well known people, do make a point of going to 770 on Sunday morning to collect a dollar from the Rebbe and to obtain advice and a Brocha from this great Tzaddik and world renowned leader.

Lazer Avtzon, our friendly neighbour, had, on that very morning, brought the Chief Rabbis of Jerusalem and of Morocco to 770 as they were most anxious to meet the Rebbe.

As I have written above, Chaim Boruch Halberstram was taking a video of all these proceedings. This was extremely important because no one could afterwards dispute, or argue about, what the Rebbe had said - or what he had not said.

Furthermore, if anyone wanted a permanent record of these few precious and historical moments, then Chaim Boruch would be only too pleased to provide a copy - in exchange for some small remuneration.

Further on in this book you will find some interesting examples of the value of these records. The Rebbe takes exceptional pleasure and delight in giving away his money.

The Rebbe also hands out dollars during the week on many occasions - normally after the evening service, and especially after the Rebbe has related a Sicho. Also sometimes, after Mincha on a Fast day.

On these weekdays the Rebbe would hand out dollars in the Shool immediately after the conclusion of the service.

There would be no stopping or talking to the Rebbe, and the line would file past very quickly indeed.

As soon as the men had been served, the women's line, which had been formed and was waiting outside 770, would enter the Shool and also walk past the Rebbe very speedily.

The whole proceedings took about half an hour. Of course, there were only hundreds of people present on these occasions - NOT thousands.

Here are two photographs of Roselyn and of me receiving our rations of dollars in the Shool, separately - on these occasions.





Pictures by Levi Yitzchok Freidin

Sometimes there would be the added excitement of a Bride and Bridegroom arriving in the Shool accompanied by the Parents and Mechutonim and whole contingent of members of both families and well wishers.

The Chuppah had taken place that evening outside 770 and all the wedding party and guests had walked across to the hall, almost opposite.

As soon as they heard the news that the Rebbe was distributing dollars they all rushed over to 770. The Bride, in all her white and flowing finery, together with her Chosson, were anxious to obtain a dollar and further blessings from the Rebbe on the actual day of their wedding.

Obviously, this caused a diversion and a commotion, because - in their haste, they just strode right through to the Rebbe without heeding whether the men's or women's lines were "in transit".

We were leaving for home on Monday so, on the day before, Sunday, we again went for dollars and for a Brocha for a safe return journey.

It was a glorious morning and some women had been waiting outside 770 since before 9 a.m. At 12.30 p.m. a holiday carnival atmosphere prevailed. Many hundreds of ladies and girls were in the line. Babies in prams and strollers were everywhere, and children were busy chasing

each other all over the side road.

But they all seemed to be outnumbered by the hordes of collectors walking up and down the whole length of the queue. (The men's line was inside 770).

There was a busker singing popular Hebrew songs and accompanying himself on a ukulele. Refreshments and cold drinks were being proffered. All types of books and photographs of the Rebbe were on sale. And, of course, the inevitable Tefillin stand, placed under a huge sun umbrella, was doing good business. As the Rabbi in charge remarked, "They all get wound up." They say that a Chassid wears a gartel (a type of fringed belt) but he prays with "no strings attached."

Michael Zerkin once again assisted us to gain comparatively easy access to the Rebbe.

The Rebbe handed me a dollar and then another dollar - for Manchester, and repeated this procedure for Roselyn. I then indicated to the Rebbe that I should like a Brocha for good health so that I should be able to return for Succos.

The Rebbe commented, "Why wait so long? Moshiach may be here in between!" He then handed me a third dollar - "For all the Jews in Manchester."

I enquired, "Two dollars for Manchester?" The Rebbe confirmed that, "Number one is for you in Manchester and the second is for all the Jews."

The Rebbe asked Roselyn, "How is your health?" Roselyn replied, "Much better, Thank G-d."

The Rebbe observed, "You are thanking G-d for a good thing," and also presented Roselyn with a third dollar and said, "Brocha VeHatzlocha" (Blessing and Success).

We were followed by our granddaughters. Channah (Marlow) with her baby Menachem Mendel, and by Golda Rivka who all received dollars and blessings.

Levi Freidin had just handed me a very nice photograph of the Rebbe and me immediately after the conclusion of the Dollar Distribution. I gave this to Label to present to the Rebbe on my behalf.

Within minutes, Menachem had brought me an acknowledgement from the Rebbe. He had written three sets of two Hebrew letters, viz: NaS V'TaCH TaCH which, when translated into English, meant, "Received and thanks - thanks."

After the Rebbe had left to visit the Ohel, Rabbi Labkowsky, the Rosh HaYeshiva at 770, opened up the proceedings of the Kinus HaTorah. He is an excellent organiser and a very good time-keeper. He had asked me at what time would I like to speak - and bearing in mind that I am always keen to ensure that the Boys could manage to attend, I suggested 7 p.m.

Thanks to Rabbi Labkowsky I did commence my talk promptly at the arranged time. I had a good audience but, as usual, many scores of people were listening on the telephone Hook-up -

even label (Groner), sitting in his office, managed to hear some parts of my address in between his telephone calls, and it was nice to receive glowing reports from some of these other listeners - Menachem Shochet, Lippy Brennan and Rabbi Rap all indicated how marvellous it was!!

Rabbi Labkowsky had even arranged that a special photographer should be present.

On the following page there is the one he took of me when I was giving my talk. I am not chewing the cud, only the microphone - and it looks as if I am making quite a meal of it.



The Magic Hat

Our son-in-law, Shmuel, had left Crown Heights in a great rush. He had not slept at all that night as he was busy chatting with friends and family. He is a good chatterer and talker. He was still wearing his old hat which he wore at the Farbraingen but, as it was late, he just grabbed the hat box containing his new "Borsolino" and hurried to the airport.

When he arrived home in London he opened the hat box and was flabbergasted to realise that it was completely empty - NO HAT!

He contacted the Airline and was informed that if he produced the bill, or a quotation from the shop, then they would pay his claim for \$160. Chaya obtained a copy of the bill and sent it to Shmuel.

Meanwhile, as we were leaving our apartment to catch our flight back to Manchester, Roselyn noticed that Shmuel's new hat was lying on the sideboard. She suggested that we should take it back to Manchester. David Karnofsky of London maintained that we should not bother because, "Shmuel will be here again very soon, probably in a week or so."

Roselyn decided to bring back the hat to Manchester - and Sholom Weiss subsequently took it to London. Shmuel was again flabbergasted to see his hat make another appearance and he had no option but to cancel his claim against the Airline.

So - O.K. - Shmuel carried an empty hat box for over 3,000 miles, but how could he persuade and convince the Airline that someone had untied the string from around the hat box, took out the hat and then retied the string again.

Roselyn always said that Shmuel was a good Chatterer and Talker!

The Birthday Party

It was Yossi's (Lew) birthday on Thursday. He arranged to collect us from our flat and drive us to Long Island where he now lived and worked - for Lubavitch, of course.

He promised to call for us at twelve noon. I indicated to Roselyn that it would probably be nearer to 2 o'clock - knowing Yossi's time keeping.

To our great surprise he actually walked through our door at 12.05 p.m. I could not believe it! Such wonderful timekeeping! But he walked straight out again. He had to go shopping first.

So it was after 2 o'clock that we did leave Crown Heights to travel to his abode 65 miles away - a round trip of 130 miles.

His home was situated in a lovely, quiet, scenic neighbourhood. It was a beautiful house although his office and a small Shool were in the basement.

He parked the car and left it unlocked and unattended. Yossi said it was very safe in that part of New York and no one would dream of touching it.

This was in great contrast to the time when Yossi visited Chaya at her apartment at Crown heights for a couple of days over a Yom Tov. He left his car outside the flat and he actually watched as gangs of youths gradually vandalised and took his car to pieces before carting them away piece by piece. The tyres, batteries, wheels - everything - until only the shell remained, whilst he could do nothing about it, being Yom Tov. They just disappeared when he arrived on the scene and the police would not do anything either.

At Long Island, however, Yossi and Shterny made us very welcome. Shterny is a very good cook and Baby Chaya Mushka was a real live wire - very good and always laughing.

We had refreshments and dinner and it was all very pleasant. But Yossi had to leave. It had been arranged that Dovid and Rochel and Golda Rivka and Menachem would travel to the railway station nearest to Yossi's house, and from there Yossi would collect them in his car. It was a twenty minute drive away.

The train duly arrived - but no member of the family was aboard. Yossi waited for the next train - and still no "Jaffe or Lew" alighted. Yossi phoned Shterny and asked her to discover what had happened to his birthday party guests.

We knew that Channah and Yossi (Marlow) could not manage to come, and we knew that on a sudden impulse Levi, and three friends, had gone to Detroit for a wedding. One car - four drivers, and two days away.

But where were the rest, those who had promised, and for whom Yossi had already waited nearly an hour. Shterny phoned Dovid at his home and Dovid actually answered the phone himself. Shterny exclaimed, "Where are you?" - a silly question, as she had phoned him at home. Nevertheless, we learn in Beraishis that G-d asked Adam, "Where are you?" - and G-d obviously knew the answer. But Rashi comments that G-d wanted to enter into conversation with him and sought to calm him down. It was Shterny who needed calming down in this instance.

Well, there had been the usual misunderstandings, and after we had consumed more than our normal share of soup, fish, bagels and lox, trifles and creams, and all types of goodies, we placed all that was left into the freezer for another happy occasion.

At home, I write to the Rebbe every single Friday, T.G. When I am at 770, I write every day except, of course, on Shabbos and Yom Tov. And I do receive a reply through Label (Groner) on every occasion.

I sent into the Rebbe a note just before the advent of Shavuos so it was not possible for the Rebbe to reply to this on that day. However, what the Rebbe did in this instance was to send me this printed message - shown herewith:

ב"ה. נוסח המברק שהואיל כ"ק אדמו"ר שליט"א

לשלוח לאנ"ש שי בכל מרחבי תבל

לקראת חג השבועות, ה'תש"נ

יום טוב שמח וקבלת התורה בשמחה ובפנימיות ולהמשיך כל זה

בכל השנה כולה,

ויקויים בכל אחד ואחת היעוד: כרתי ברית לבחירי, נשבעתי

לדוד עבדי, כי מצאתי דוד עבדי - בגאולה האמתית והשלימה

/מקום החתימה/

כרתי...עבדי: תהלים פט, ד, כא.

My version of the English translation is as follows:

B.H.

This is my summary and gist of a telegram sent to the members of "Anash" all over the world by the Rebbe, Shlita, on the occasion of the Festival of Shavuos, 5750.

"A happy Yom Tov and to receive the Torah with joy and inner happiness and to draw this down throughout the whole year."

"And this excerpt (or quotation) (from Tehillim Chapter 89, verses 4, 5 & 21; which is the Psalm that the Rebbe and Chabad Chassidim recited on every day of this year) should be fulfilled upon every person, male and female:" "I have made a Covenant with My Chosen One; I have sworn unto David, my servant, (that) I will prepare (establish) your descendants unto eternity."

"I have found My servant and I have anointed him with My Holy oil." - With a true and complete Redemption.

On Yom Toy we went for Kiddush to Zalmon and Chavelle Gurary's apartment around the corner to 770. We have a long tradition for this too. Chavelle is a very sweet lady although she still manages to make a great fuss of Roselyn and to shower lovely compliments upon her. She is very effusive - but it's nice.

I asked Zalmon why they were building such a large, really tremendous, extension to the Rebbe's library, next door to 770. Zalmon replied that at this moment most of the books were still lying in boxes and cartons. No one could see, let alone read them. This library was an invaluable treasure and the books were just wasted lying there in that condition.

It was a job that had to be done - now - and although the Rebbe is a partner and a "Mechutan" in this venture, he, Zalmon, had made himself responsible for raising the necessary funds.

Daniel Kaye is the director of Chabad house of the "Five Towns". I cannot discover yet the names of these Five Towns but Larwence seems to be the main one. This is on the East Coast of Massachussets according to my atlas, although Daniel Kaye's literature states that this town is in the State of New York.

Daniel was approached by a woman of 45 who was single and had developed cancer of the pancreas. She was obviously very worried and wished to ask the Rebbe for a Brocha. The Rebbe reassured her that she would get better very soon.

A few months later she went to the hospital for treatment and x-rays were taken to discover where to give her the special therapy.

But the growth had completely disappeared. She has now become a different woman, healthy,

bright and content - and she has also become joined in wedlock to a very nice gentleman.

The Rebbe is always appealing to non-Jews to keep, at least, the Seven Noachite Commandments. Daniel has printed these in his leaflet and they are worth repeating.

- 1) Do not worship idols.
- 2) Do not blaspheme.
- 3) Do not murder.
- 4) Do not steal.
- 5) Do not commit immoral sexual acts.
- 6) Do not be cruel to animals.
- 7) Maintain justice.

Roselyn and I were invited to attend the Bar Mitzvah celebration of Levi Kramer, a grandson of Rabbi and Rabbetzen Chadakov.

I recall that thirteen years ago I was invited to his Briss, at 9 a.m. on Friday, erev Shabbos. The Seuda was magnificent. There was more food served at this meal than at all the Shabbos repasts put together.

So I did consider that the Bar Mitzvah Seuda would be in the same category.

But I was proved wrong - it was much better! Roselyn and I arrived at 8 p.m., the time stated on the invitation. As yet there were not too many people present, but the tables and appurtenances were set as for a wedding. The orchestra played a lively tune and we danced with great enthusiasm together with Rabbi Chadakov and Rabbi Kramer.

I sat next to Rabbi Zarchi at the meal - which was excellent. He mentioned that Sholom (Gansberg) had lent him my book which he had read immediately.

There were a number of empty seats at our table. There were speeches by Rabbi Chadakov - who really did enjoy himself at his grandson's Bar Mitzvah - followed by the Rov from Montreal and then by the Bar Mitzvah boy himself - Levi Kramer.

Towards the end of the meal a number of important guests arrived, sat at our table, and left at 10.20 p.m. - a short time later. Amongst these were Binyomin Klein and Sholom Gansberg who were probably very busy with the Rebbe's work but still made the effort to be at least associated with Rabbi Chadakov's Simcha. It was very embarrassing and a self sacrifice for them as they had missed a lovely Simcha. But their first priority is, naturally, the Rebbe, and they did come, even though for a short while.

After all these years I had the pleasure of meeting Rabbi Chadakov's Rebbetzen - Ethel. She is an exceptionally charming and very good looking lady. She is also an authoress who has translated into Yiddish the Biography of the Alter (Old) Rebbe, the founder of Chabad, from the original German. She presented me with a copy. I wonder if I could persuade Ethel Chadakov to translate my book into Yiddish. I have received offers in the past to translate my book into IVRIT - FRENCH - DUTCH - and even RUSSIAN, but so far nothing has materialised.

Levi Kramer wrote a lovely "Thank you" card for participating in his Simcha, and "we all enjoy your books."

Life at Crown Heights

When we first arrived at our apartment, and saw the havoc and destruction, we certainly received a terrible shock. Happily, however, Roselyn had now become quite relaxed.

We had at that time (not) nineteen grandchildren and great grandchildren in New York (and Minnesota) but only three of these grandchildren were not married.

Shmuel (Lew), our son-in-law, slept at our flat. We saw very little of him at night, and then only "en passant."

Shmulie (Jaffe) was very independent and was staying with Mrs. Gorovitz. I confessed to her that Shmulie was a tough "customer" and I wanted to know how she managed him. She replied, "He manages us."

As Roselyn had decided that it was essential that she "took it easy" over Shavuos we therefore did not prepare any large family

We were, however, very delighted that most of the family did call to see us every day, and full attention was paid to the large pan of tasty soup which was on the boil all day.

Levi, who was not married, kept Roselyn busy. He is a lovely boy, good natured but impulsive, also careless. And very often Roselyn had to repair his trousers which he had torn on a nail, which is easily done in 770. Buttons needed to be sewn on jackets and shirts, and clothes had to be washed and ironed.

Food was no problem - he helped himself to the contents of the fridge - day and night. Roselyn's medicine chest was required frequently for cuts and bruises.

He always wanted to borrow money - generally for a friend who was "temporarily embarrassed". We were walking along near 770 when a friend approached Levi and appealed for a loan of \$15. Levi turned to Roselyn for a temporary loan and handed it straight to his friend. Nu! A great Mitzvah! However, Levi was very well versed in Torah - and as it states that, "Talmud Torah is equal to all the other Mitzvahs," therefore we could forgive Levi all his idiosyncrasies. He explained succinctly to Roselyn and to me the Sichos of the Rebbe in a manner which we understood quite clearly. He certainly has the gift and the ability of speaking distinctly and well.

We did receive many invitations for Yom Tov and Shabbos meals, notably from the Yuniks and Lipskers, but we considered that their homes were located too far away for a comfortable walk. However, we made exceptions.

On the first Friday night we dined at Channah and Yossi's (Marlow) apartment. All the family, K.A.H., were present plus some guests, and we enjoyed a gorgeous meal in a lovely atmosphere. I should like to place on record our appreciation to Yossi for his great achievement in arriving home after Shool so promptly, even before Roselyn and I reached his flat. Normally, Yossi gets home an hour after the service ends so it was a supreme effort which he made for our sakes.

On the second Friday night we dined with Chaya and Shimon (Posner) at their flat which was situated in the same apartment block as Channah and Yossi. The banquet and the atmosphere were on the same high standard as on the first Friday night and Channah's. We felt very proud of our grandchildren.

The third invitation which we accepted was our long standing tradition of joining Rivka and Moishe (Kotlarsky) and their lovely family, and their many guests, at their luncheon on the first day of Shavuos. This event is a long standing Chazoka which we dared not and would not refuse.

This always is a very jolly affair where the wine, spirits and conversation flow along merrily. On this day we enjoy two meals. The first is the Milky one specially for Shavuos, which is followed an hour later by the main meat meal. So the food is plentiful and appetising and delicious. Some of the singing was almost deafening and Moishe's speech received deafening applause.

Roselyn and I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Yisroel Goldshmidt's wife and daughter - very nice too! And, of course, our old friends Molly and Dr. Larry Resnick were also present.

On the day after Yom Tov, Isru Chag, Friday, the Rebbe went again to the Ohel. Therefore during these eight days, of which two were Yom Tov and one Shabbos, the Rebbe visited the cemetery on all five weekdays.

People no longer ask whether the Rebbe is going to the Ohel today, they enquire whether the Rebbe is not going today.

I met Michoel Zirkin that Friday morning. He was going to work. He has to keep a wife and family (a little boy) he stated. I was surprised as I understood that he had a job which was to help and do the Rebbe's work. He confirmed that all the boys of the "Heavy Gang" who "policed" and kept order at 770 did this work voluntarily. It was a labour of love and they received no pay.

I should like to mention a young man by name - Yosef Veshedsky - who always leads the singing when the Rebbe enters the Shool. They told me he is eccentric.

It requires a great deal of courage and effort to take on this responsibility - to be singing all alone amongst thousands of men and boys. I can confirm that from personal experience.

I told him that in that case I too must be eccentric. But it is a great Mitzvah and it gives the Rebbe much pleasure, so "eccentric, shmentric - as long as the Rebbe is happy."

Yisroel Goldshmidt said that I had made a mistake in my book. "Only one?" I countered. He added that I had printed a photograph showing Rabbi Chadakov "who is holding a chair," "but no!" he said, "the chair is holding Rabbi Chadakov!" Cheeky Shmidddy.

There were so many Chassonim that week that their Aliyas had to be spread out over the Shabbos, also at Mincha and during Yom tov too.

One of our old Yeshiva boys remarked that "The three years which he spent in Manchester Yeshiva were the best years of his life."

As I have stated before, the Rebbe makes use of the latest technology. Years ago, before they left the Ohel to return to 770, they phoned from the cemetery. Then they used a car phone and today they have a two-way radio to keep in touch.

Yechidus

The "General" Yechidus commenced at 8p.m. The hall was divided by low tables about twenty feet in length. The Rebbe sat at a small table with the men standing at his left and the women on his right.

At the conclusion of this Yechidus everyone filed past the Rebbe and received a dollar for Tzedoka and a Brocha. The men went first followed by the ladies. From these photographs you will notice that the Rebbe is facing the passageway formed by the two lengths of tables. I was the last of the men to obtain my dollar. Close to the Rebbe and me you may see Label, and also Myer Harlick on the extreme left of the picture.



Roselyn was one of the first in the women's line (so we could leave the hall together). The Rebbe has turned around and you now have a better view of the aisle in between the "Mechitza".



The Rebbe had explained to us in a short Sicho that we were holding this extra assembly since Mattan Torah (the giving of the Torah on Shavuos) because it was the end - the completion of the Twelve Days of Semi-Yom Tov since Rosh Chodesh Sivan (which included the actual two days of Yom Tov).

Each person was returning to his (or her) home and country and all were spreading out over the whole world.

Men, women and children were ONE people. In this third month (Sivan) we were looking forward to the third Bess HaMikdosh.

As we are saying farewell, all of us assembled together, men, women and children, we pray that this third Exile will soon be over. Then we shall all be in the land of Israel - where Jews belong - to Jerusalem and to the Temple Mount.

When the Rebbe handed me a dollar he wished me (in Hebrew) "All the best at the Receiving of the Torah with Simcha and inner joy."

After this General Yechidus it was the turn of the Bar Mitzvah boys, accompanied by their fathers - and sometimes by grandfathers. I noticed Edward Cohen of London who had brought his son, the Bar Mitzvah boy, to meet the Rebbe at this milestone in a Jewish boy's life and to receive a blessing for his future health and success.

He informed me that he had come specially from London to obtain my book (!?) and he gave

me \$50 for the Yeshiva. He could have obtained the same book from the Judaica Shop in Kingston Avenue for \$11, but not autographed.

The brides and grooms with their parents joined the third and last group on this occasion. The Rebbe had told us that we should take from here Gashmius and Ruchneus (material and spiritual matters) with us when we return home.

One fellow indicated that "I would like to take the Rebbe with me."

The Rebbe told him that "When you take the Ruchneus from here you are taking me with you, and as you are taking me with you, you should use me only for good things."

Levi Yitzchok Raskin (of London) had spent two weeks in Russia and Estonia. He was told, amongst other things, that the Jews sank the Titanic. It is horrifying to note how we get blamed for everything.

Young Mendie Fellow, Shmuel's nephew from Minnesota, had also just returned after spending many weeks in Kiev, Russia.

He had been teaching groups of teenagers and full-time students, some from Public schools. They had all become extremely interested in Judaism.

He put on Tefillin with them - even with their fathers. He had also taken with him to Russia six sets of Tefillin because these were difficult to obtain in Russia.

The Late Dr. Avrohom Zeligson

Michoel Zeligson has written and published a book called "Sefer Toldoss" In English it means, "Book of Stories of the Life of my father, Reb Avrohom, the Doctor."

I knew Dr. Zeligson (O.H.) very well indeed. He often treated me and our family when we were unwell in Crown Heights and he invariably related a "good word of Torah" when we parted.

The book is full of interesting data including his correspondence with the previous Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.), and his connections with the Rebbe Shlita.

He was a very learned man and Michoel has reproduced sample pages of Chumesh, Tanya and Gemora with Dr. Zeligson's personal notes written in the margin thereof.

There is also a summary in English of "Six factors which have saved the lives of several million people throughout the world in the last few years." These are:

- 1) Control of smoking.
- 2) Restriction of table salt.
- 3) Control of overweight.
- 4) Control of high blood pressure.
- 5) Restriction of saturated fats.
- 6) Its substitution by unsaturated fats

Michoel presented me with a copy of this well produced, hard backed publication.

Dr. Seligson related to me the following humorous story.

A patient went to see his doctor and paid him \$5 for his examination. The doctor handed him a prescription to take to the chemist and he paid the chemist \$5 for the bottle of medicine. He then returned home and poured the whole contents of the bottle down the drain. His friend was puzzled and wanted to know the reason for this odd behaviour.

The patient explained:

I went to the doctor and gave him \$5 - he has to live.

I went to the Chemist and gave him \$5 - he also has to live.

Then I poured the medicine down the drain - I also want to live.

One is always busy with one's own affairs and one gets into a routine. So, especially at weekends, one is tired and has no inclination to travel to London, 200 miles away, even for a Simcha.

The danger is that in these cases one very easily loses touch with the family, and "Please, Uncle Zalmon and Aunt Roselyn, do make an effort to attend."

Therefore we did make an effort, and it was well worth while. We were made extremely welcome, wined and dined and treated like Royalty.

On Friday night we enjoyed a small, intimate family dinner - a big dinner for a small number of people. My sister Ada, Golda's mother, had arrived from Jerusalem together with children Paula and Henry. Zally (Unsdorfer) with his wife Debby and children, including my Chief Fan, Chezky, were also present. Chezky had only read my book five times so far.

On Friday night our host Eric Wolfe Doring asked Yossi, the father of our Bar Mitzvah, at what time the Shabbos morning service commenced. He replied, "It is no use asking me as I never come in time for the start."

The service was at the Kinloss Gardens Shool where approximately a thousand men and women were present. We commenced at 9 a.m. and concluded at 12.15 p.m. That is 3¼ hours for a Shabbos morning service!!

In these large Shools, the biggest Mitzvah is to take out the Sefer Torah from the Oran HaKodesh. It was Rosh Chodesh as well, so there were two Sifrei Torah that morning. In their opinion the Mitzvah is such a great one that it is divided between two people. My brother Ephraim and I were chosen and we had to join the procession right around the Shool following the Sefer Torah and the Chazan, the Warden and other officials. This part of the service took about twenty minutes.

Elan read the whole Sedra. He was exceptionally good and Layenned with enthusiasm and gusto, but mainly with enjoyment. There were fourteen Aliyas that morning.

I told Rabbi Tzvi Telzner, one of our Lubavitch friends, whom I met at the Kiddush, that Elan's performance was up to the highest professional standard. Rabbi Telzner said, "So what!!" I

stressed that it was up to the highest Jaffe standard. Tzvi was then really and visibly impressed.

We adjourned to the Halbershtadts for Shabbos luncheon - about 35 of us. We joked, we sang, we made speeches, and Papa Halbershtadt from Eretz Israel, Yossi's father, told us the following story. He had been married for eleven years and had not been blessed with children. He was in the army and was explaining to his friend that he had once asked the Rebbe for a Brocha, and the Rebbe had asked him to follow certain instructions which he had disregarded.

His friend was astounded and confounded, and just could not comprehend "Papa's" reasoning. It was like going to see the doctor who gave him some medicine which the patient neglected to take and then he wondered why his health did not improve.

Papa belatedly followed the Rebbe's advice and was blessed with a daughter, Channah.

Shortly afterwards, Elan was "horse playing" with some of his friends and there was a crash of heads with the result that Elan had two teeth, which belonged to his friend, embedded in his skull. He wanted to take a bite out of Elan's crust. Elan was taken to hospital after Shabbos where these teeth were removed from his crown and the wound was stitched up. I have heard of a tooth being crowned but never of a crown being toothed! His friend would now need two false teeth.

Yail, Elan's sister, said he needed this distress like a "Loch in Kop" - a hole in the head.

He was, however, in good form at the dinner on the following night when many hundreds of guests were assembled. A good time was had by all and, if it is at all possible to attend a family Simcha, then every effort should be made to do so.

We were expecting that Dovid (Jaffe) and Rochel would present us with our tenth great grandchild in a few weeks time. Suddenly we were informed that Rivka, in Minnesota, had surprised everyone and had just given birth to a seven months, premature, baby girl. Even Mendie (Lew) her husband was surprised. He was away at the Convention of the One Thousand Shiluchim of the Rebbe at 770.

One cannot deny that Rivka asked for it - literally. Because only a few weeks previously, you will have read above, that when we all went round to see the Rebbe to obtain a dollar, Rivka had asked the Rebbe for a Brocha for an easy delivery, and the Rebbe had confirmed that this would be so. The Rebbe added that it would be a healthy baby and she would eventually bring the child up to "Chupah and good deeds."

So, when Rivka delivered, suddenly and unexpectedly, a 4½ lb. little girl in a very easy manner, the nurses at the hospital were anxious about the baby's health as she was so small.

But Rivka produced a photograph of the Rebbe and said that this Saintly Person had told her that her baby would be healthy, and therefore she was not unduly worried about her well-being.

Our friend, Jeffrey (Goldman) came to see us at our flat and handed me a nice cheque for our Yeshiva as usual. He was very excited and his face was beaming. He gave me the good news that, after fourteen years of childless marriage, his wife was now expecting not one baby - but two.

The Rebbe had told him for the past number of years that they would surely be blessed with children, and the Rebbe's prophecy would now soon be fulfilled. They were going to have children - plural - all at once.

Well, a few months later, his wife Sheryl (Sara) gave birth to two lovely twin daughters - on January 7th '91.

Imagine the excitement in the Goldman abode - after fourteen years, at last the house became full of joy and happiness - at one stroke.

The Rebbe was so pleased for them that he sent them a letter of congratulation and Mazel Tov. Jeffrey sent me a copy and here it is.

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בי"ה, ה' שבט תש"א
ברוקלין, נ. י.

הווייח אי"א נוי"נ וכו'
מוה' זליג אבא שי'

שלום וברכה!

במענה על ההודעה אשר נולדו להם תאומות
למזל טוב ונקרא שמותיהם בישראל עליזה חיי וחנה רינה
תי',
הנה יהייר שיגדלן ביחד עם זוגי תי' לתורה
ולחופה ולמעשים טובים מתוך הרחבה.

-ידוע מכ"ק אדמו"ר (מוהרש"ב) נ"ע, אשר
מנהגנו הוא לאמר גם בלידת בת לתורה ולחופה
ולמעשים טובים, עי"פ מרז"ל (ברכות י"ז א) נשים
במאי זכיינ באקרובי כו' באתנוי כו' ונטרין כו'.

ברכת מזל טוב


The Rebbe wrote that he was pleased to hear about the birth of their twin daughters whose names are Elizah Chaya and Chana Rina. He hoped that Jeffrey and his wife would bring them up to (learn) Torah, bring them to the Chupah and good deeds amidst plenty.

The Rebbe pointed out that the Rebbe Sholom Ber always stressed that it was important that girls should also learn Torah and then to Chupah and good deeds.

The Rebbe signed the letter - with Blessings of Mazel Tov.

Baby Talk

Our granddaughter, Golda Rivka, and her husband Menachem (Yunik) had just presented us with their first child, a new born son, and an additional great grandchild.

Shmuel was delighted and "over the moon". He had it all worked out. It was absolutely marvellous! Here was the plan. The baby was born on Monday so Shmuel would leave London on Friday morning and arrive at Crown Heights on Friday afternoon, since New York time is five hours behind London.

On Friday night he would attend the Sholom Zochor - the welcoming party for every baby boy on the first Friday night after his birth. On Shabbos there would be a Farbraingen at 770.

On Sunday he would be privileged to meet the Rebbe at the dollars distribution.

And on Monday would be the Bris. He might even be honoured by being given the Mitzvah of Sundik. All in all - a delightful prospect.

However, on Thursday morning Golda Rivka phoned with the information that the baby had turned yellow and she was not quite sure when the Bris would now take place.

When Triple M (Menachem Mendel Marlow) was born, he too became yellow. So they placed him in a microwave oven, or under some other electrical gadget, which cooked him up nice and brown for the Bris.

Shmuel did not wish to suffer the experience of Mr. Vogel, Michael Zerkin's father-in-law, who, on learning the good news that his daughter had given birth to a boy, flew at once from Israel to Crown Heights. He did not want to miss the Bris.

He waited for a couple of weeks, but he could not remain away indefinitely, so he returned to Israel. At the very moment he arrived in Israel the baby had his Bris.

Early on Monday morning, Shmuel was informed that the Bris would now take place on time - on Monday.

So he caught the first plane from London to New York and he was in time for the Bris.

It seemed that the prerogative of choosing the Sandik belonged to Menachem, the baby's

father, and it was customary that the paternal grandfather should receive the honour of being the Sandik for Menachem's first son. So although Shmuel was offered this highly prized Mitzvah, he reluctantly declined.

The boy was named Yoseph Yitzchok so, in addition to the triple M, we now have a triple Y - Yoseph Yitzchok Yunik.

(Incidentally, a few months later, Shmuel attended the Bris in Long Island of the new baby son of Yossi and Shterney (Lew). One Zaidie, Shmuel, was the Sandik and Shterney's father from Brazil, the other Zaidie, was the Mohel)

After thirty days, Menachem (Yunik) had to make the Pidyan HaBen - the redemption of his first born son.

We celebrated the Pidyan HaBen of Triple Y (Yoseph Yitzchok) the firstborn son of Golda Rivka and Menachem (Yunik) with a very nice mid-day Seuda.

I was given the honour of saying a few words and I mentioned that, P.G., we should be privileged to attend many such Simchas, when Max interposed and remarked, "Why should not all your grandchildren marry into families of Kohanim or Levi'im? (Then they would not need a Pidyan HaBen). What objection have you to these holy people?"

Rabbis Nachman Sudak and Phaivish Vogel were amongst the Rabonim present.

Meanwhile, Rabbi and Mrs. Yunik phoned from Crown Heights to wish everyone a hearty Mazel Tov.

And then Label phoned from 770 to extend good wishes to all, which was very nice. But he also had a message from the Rebbe, which was even nicer. This stated: "May it be very soon that the A'mighty will celebrate the Pidyan HaBen of all the Jewish People, Amen."

At the Pidyan HaBen of Dovid and Rochel's baby, Menachem Mendel, Max (Cohen) my grandson-in-law was offered the job of Kohen, to act on behalf of HaShem. Although the ceremony was at Crown Heights, Max accepted this invitation with alacrity. Avrohom and Max travelled together from Manchester.

It was Rosh Chodesh on the Wednesday and, to Avrohom's surprise, Max was called up for the first Aliya - the Kohen. Avrohom suspected that Max had arranged a good business deal with the acting Gabbai, Myer Harlick, to enable him to be so honoured.

Max is a good businessman. When he sees a good bargain or merchandise, then he makes sure that he gets the first offer. He is a Kohen and is in a strong position to attain all these honours - unlike we poor, ordinary Yisroelim (neither a Kohen nor a Levi).

I like the story of a "Yisroel" who attended morning Shool services for about a year without

having an Aliya. A couple of Kohanim were always present and they alternated with the first Aliya. He hit upon a brilliant idea. He went to a different Shool and he told the Gabbai that he was a Kohen. He fully expected the first Aliya to be given to him - a visitor. The time for layenning drew near, the Sefer Torah was brought out and the Gabbai approached the new "Kohen" presumably to discover his Hebrew name. Good he thought, his scheme was working. But, all the Gabbai did was to request our "Kohen" to leave the Shool for a couple of minutes because he had to give Aliyas to three people who had Yahrtzeit and were Chiyuvim (entitled by law) to be called up to the Krias HaTorah on that day. As a Kohen he could have thwarted the plans of the Gabbai by remaining in Shool, but it would have been unfair to the three Chiyuvim. Obviously he was not a good Kohen - he was a Shmeryl.

However, truth is stranger than fiction. Levi related to us the following: A boy married a girl, neither of whom was orthodox yet. Later on they became divorced. Each went their own way and each became a Ba'al(as) Teshuva. Later they met again, fell in love and wished to remarry. But the boy was a Kohen and the Halacha states that a man is not allowed to marry a divorcee. The Rabbi refused to marry them. As a last resort, the boy approached the Rebbe to endeavour to solve his terrible dilemma. The Rebbe was informed of all the circumstances and he advised the boy, "to ask your mother." The boy did so and his mother confirmed that he was a Kohen. The boy was very upset and insisted that the Rebbe surely had a very good reason for advising him to ask his mother. Under pressure, she confessed and admitted that her husband was not a Kohen, and when he died suddenly she wanted that her son should command respect, obtain the first Aliya, and so forth. So she made him a Kohen. Obviously the boy was overjoyed and the marriage took place in due course.

Now, to revert back to Menachem Yunik's baby, Triple Y. As most of the family were unable to be present at the Bris in Crown Heights, Menachem and Golda Rivka had the lovely idea of making the Pidyan HaBen in London - a nice gesture. This Mitzvah is a very important and basic one of the Torah. We recite every day in the davenning - that all the first born, whether man or (lehavdil) beasts, belong to G-d. The A'mighty gives us a chance to redeem a first born son by paying the Kohen, who acts as G-d's agent, a sum of money for his redemption.

Max, the family Kohen, was again invited to be the priest in this transaction. He has the stock in trade already prepared - five pure silver Sela'im, weighing 102 grammes. He sells these to the father and then, at the ceremony, the Kohen asks him whether he wished to redeem the baby by paying over to the Kohen 5 pure silver Sela'im. As the father does not wish to lose the baby, he hands over the money and the baby remains the property of the parents. Max says that it is a very good business.

The last family Pidyan HaBen which I attended was fifty years ago. It was the one whereby I redeemed my own son Avrohom.

Yossi, the first born of Hindy and Shmuel (Lew) had his Pidyan HaBen in Crown Heights about 27 years ago and we were not able to attend.

There was a valid reason why Avrohom's son, Dovid, did not have this ceremony. Susan, my daughter-in-law is the daughter of a Levi and her son is thereby exempt.

On Erev Rosh Hashonah, the Rebbe commenced Shachariss at 11.30 a.m. I asked Dovid why they started so late? He explained that the Selichos this morning there was almost double the amount this morning there was almost double the amount of Selichos to be said. These ended at 9.30 a.m. After which thousands of people filed past the Rebbe and handed in their PANS, not cooking utensils but Pidyon HaNefesh, pieces of paper on which were written their names and the names of their mothers - together with requests for Brochas for the New Year.

This took two hours - just for people handing into the Rebbe their personal written notes.

We sent ours by post. Many scores of thousands had already done so, too.

A Hair Cut

Uncle Moishe (Lew) had reached the ripe old age of three (till 120) and it is our custom that on that birthday he should have his first haircut and celebrate this with a party. It was on the 13th of Teves - Roselyn's birthday as well (Roselyn is over three and doesn't need a haircut). It was a lovely birthday present for Roselyn from Hindy.

We travelled to London by train and the journey takes just over 1½ hours on weekdays but over 3½ hours on Sundays due to line work being done on Sundays. This was a Sunday so we warned Hindy not to meet us at the station. In any case, the trains were always late and we did not want her to wait about in the cold.

However, a miracle occurred and we arrived 33 minutes early. This went into the Guinness Book of Records.

We phoned Hindy who informed us that Desmond Hertzberg, a good friend, who enjoyed acting as Shmuel's unpaid taxi driver, had insisted upon picking us up from the station. So in this instance, Roselyn and I had to "wait about in the cold."

Desmond, besides being Shmuel's honorary taxi driver, is (I think) a book reviewer, or in a similar profession. He reads about sixty books every month.

He stated that the best current authors, in his opinion, were Nancy Reagan, Chaim Pottock and ---- Zalmon Jaffe. That was a really nice thing to say to me.

He admitted that the printing by computer was a great improvement but criticized the "dotty" type and the appalling number of spelling mistakes and printing errors.

We had the pleasure of meeting Rabbi Yitzchok Groner from Australia who had just attended the wedding of his youngest son at Kfar Chabad.

He was on his way to 770. He owed so much money that he needed a good Brocha from the Rebbe and - a miracle.

Our Yeshiva Gedola

It is hard to believe that it is now nine years since we opened up our Yeshivah in Manchester.

The Rebbe was very strict with us at that time and would only give his approval and permission to establish this Talmudical College if we could produce ten boys and a good Rosh HaYeshiva who was prepared to work hard to make our Yeshiva a great success. The Rebbe would not provide us with his ten Shiluchim, who were normally sent from 770, to encourage those Yeshivas in their growing and formative years.

Since my glowing report in my last year's "Encounter" we have completed the reconstruction and refurbishment of our premises.

Our Yeshiva has often been described as the Jewel in the Crown of Lubavitch (not only of Manchester) and this referred to the studying and learning and the spiritual atmosphere of this holy place.

We can now boast that the newly refurbished Yeshiva has reached the same high standard materially as it has always been spiritually.

Our top priority has been to ensure that our boys should have a first class, even luxurious "Zalle" (hall), and no expense has been spared to ensure their comfort. For example, in our Shool we have the normal fluorescent tubes which, although not noticeable, flash intermittently at so many times a minute. These lights cost £2 each. But when the boys are learning in this light continuously, this would cause severe eye strain - one reason why most Yeshiva boys wear spectacles, I suppose.

Therefore, instead of paying £2 for a fluorescent tube we paid £200 for each one. The flashes occur at thousands of times per minute so that they are not noticeable to the naked eye and there is no strain whatsoever. The light seems bright and continuous.

Although we have not added to our original building, we have managed to erect an extra storey inside the existing framework. We have therefore, actually nearly doubled the Yeshiva area.

I believe that the Rebbe is extremely pleased with our Yeshiva, and particularly with our Head, Rabbi Akiva Cohen.

I have often reiterated, and I cannot stress too much, that our Rabbi Akiva is the only Rosh

Hayeshiva in the world whom the Rebbe honours every year by presenting him - personally - with a set of Arba Minim on Succos. Rabbi Akiva has a great merit, and privilege, which is so well deserved.

His reputation has been enhanced by the wonderful progress achieved by the Yeshiva.

My son, Avrohom, is the Co-Chairman together with Rabbi Vaisfische, and they are doing an excellent job in ensuring that the Rosh, supported by his wonderful staff of Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, the Mashpia, and Rabbi Eliezer Eidelman, may concentrate, without any material worries, on the spiritual welfare of the boys.

Sholom Weiss, the treasurer, is also a devoted and loyal member of the Honorary Officers, and works harmoniously with Avrohom.

Originally, we budgeted for thirty students, but over the years the number has crept up and we now cater for nearly fifty pupils plus a waiting list of twenty boys.

The Rosh has sole and full control over the acceptance of boys who wish to enrol into our Yeshiva. An excellent rule which has been enforced by Rabbi Akiva is "No Smoking."

This is so important because many of my friends who are today very heavy chain smokers acquired this dreadful habit whilst they were studying at a Yeshiva.

They cough and choke violently, and this is bad for them, and worse for others who are standing nearby.

One of our senior boys, Shmuel Yoseph Davidson, is in charge of the publishing and distribution of the weekly "Thoughts of the Week."

I have included a few of these, as usual, into this book, but instead of placing them together, as hitherto, I have spaced them out.

Elan Grossman has also continued to produce the "Sichos in English". I have included a couple of these as well.

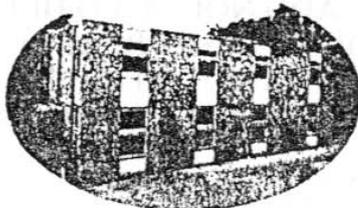
ב"ה

**A
THOUGHT
FOR
THE WEEK**

CHAYE SARAH

פ' חיי שרה

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF
Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson
THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE SHLITA



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Vol. 9 No. 4

COUCH POTATOES

First it was the pet rock, then dolls that grew in cabbage patches. Now the rage is couch potatoes. They're symbolic of people who sit in front of the television all day (or night) without exercising much more than their index finger to switch the channel on the automatic controls.

Recently, a parent asked an experienced educator how to ensure that a child will read--and enjoy reading. "If your child doesn't see you read, if all your child sees every evening is a couch potato, then she, too, will become a couch potato," was the explicit reply.

This same theory can be applied to Judaism. If a child sees charity put in a tzedaka box every day, he, too, will learn to set aside some of his money for the less fortunate. If he sees respect shown to elders--grandparents, great aunts and uncles--he will grow up to treat his own parents and grandparents with respect. If he sees that Jewish studies are a priority, not just something to be finished with

once the bar/bat mitzva is over, Jewish studies will become one of his priorities.

A story is told that one time, in the synagogue, a hassled father with two young, rowdy children in tow, approached another father. "How is it that your children sit so quietly in shul, not talking, saying their prayers, participating where they should?"

asked the first father. "I always tell my children to sit down, pray, stay quiet, but they don't listen," he continued.

"You *tell* your children to behave. I *show* them how to behave," was the second father's simple reply.

When we show those around us, by example, what is important to us, rather than just saying it, we make a lasting impression.

So next time you're thinking about sitting on that couch, consider what kind of impressions you're making.



Friday 9th Nov 90/21st Cheshvan 5751

SHABBOS	CANDLE LIGHTING	ENDS
MANCHESTER:	4: 08pm	5: 17pm
London:	4: 06pm	5: 12pm
Tyneside:	3: 59pm	5: 11pm
Glasgow:	4: 07pm	5: 20pm

BLESSING FOR SHABBOS:

BO-RUCH A-TOH ADO-NOI E-LO-HEI-
 NU ME-LECH HO-OLOM A-SHER KI-DE-
 SHA-NU BE-MITZ-VO-SOV VI-TZI-VO-
 NU LE-HAD-LIK NER SHEI SHAB-BOS
 KO DE SH

*Women and girls 13 years & up don't forget to light candles to
 G-ds light BEFORE mother and WITH a BRACHA*

This publication contains words from sacred literature. Please do not deface or discard

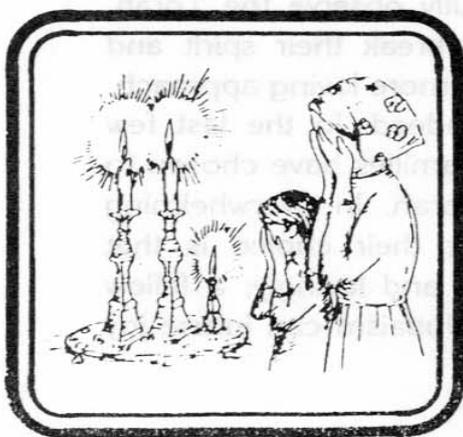
YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

Sidra Sh'mini contains the prohibitions against eating non-kosher birds, animals etc. ". . . and they (*certain non-kosher birds*) shall be a detestable thing to you; you shall not eat of their meat etc. . . ." Some commentators explain: "The reason for the prohibition of these birds is because of the cruelty of the species; the same is possibly true for the (non-kosher) animals . . . all of them possess exceedingly harmful properties . . ."

Researchers in the field of nutrition have recently published their findings, that food has a profound effect upon the personality, far beyond the simple relationship of malnutrition and disease. Scientists now understand that the mental and emotional workings of the individual can be deeply affected by the intake of food additives, vitamins, sugar etc. To the Torah-observant Jew the fuss made over these "startlingly new" discoveries is amusing. He has always known that man's character and instincts are greatly affected by the kind of food and drink he consumes. For food is transformed into one's very flesh and blood; just as one's choice of food affects his *bodily* health, so does it also affect the characteristics of the *spirit*. As the Torah commentators explain – eating the meat of a predatory beast imparts the animal's cruel instincts to the person's spirit.

So much for character and instincts. As for man's intellectual faculties, if he eats crass and debased foods, the workings of his mind will come to be likewise crass, debased and dulled. If, on the other hand, he eats spiritually refined foods, his intelligence will be clear, refined and sensitive. Obviously then, non-kosher foods are "contra-Torah" foods; they have a devastatingly harmful effect on the nobility and purity of the Jewish mind – to the extent that they exert an anti-Torah influence upon the intelligence!

Man is given free choice between good and evil. Man possesses a *Neshama*, a soul, with powers that enable him to choose good. *The failure of so many of us to make the correct choice nowadays is partially due to the cessation of strict Kashrus observance*



MANCHESTER
CANDLE 7.48
LIGHTING

BLESSING FOR SHABBOS.

BO-RUCH A-TOH ADO-NOI E-LO-HEI-
NU ME-LECH HO-OLOM A-SHER KI-DL-
SHA-NU BE-MITZ-VO-SOV VI-TZI-VO-
NU LE-HAD-LIK NER SHEI SHA-BOS
KO D'ESH

We have printed this prayer in Hebrew and English. It is a translation of the original Hebrew text. The Hebrew text is printed in the back of the book.

This publication contains words from sacred literature. Please do not deface or discard

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Every Jew Has A Silver Lining

"G-d loves every Jew more than parents love an only child born to them in their old age."¹

This teaching of the Baal Shem Tov applies to every member of our people without distinction. Even a Jew's failure to observe the Torah and its commandments cannot detract from this love, for it is rooted in the very essence of his being and that of G-d, as it were. The essence of every Jew is his soul, which is "an actual part of G-d from above."² This defines his fundamental personality.

A person's failure to manifest this dimension in his actual conduct does not affect this essential connection. A Jew always remains a Jew. Thus Maimonides rules that *every* Jew, even one who protests the contrary, "wants to be part of the Jewish people and desires to fulfill all the *mitzvos* and separate himself from sin, and it is only his Evil Inclination which forces him [to do otherwise]."³

What does a Jew really desire? To fulfill G-d's will. And if he does not conduct himself accordingly, we should realize that he is momentarily not in control of his behavior: it is his *yetzer hara* which is forcing him to act contrary to his true self.

G-d Loves Every Jew as He Is

It is therefore utterly out of place to belittle the virtues of those of our people who do not yet fully observe the Torah. Moreover, unloving rebuke is likely to break their spirit and dampen their innate Jewish zeal. With a more loving approach, however, the response is heartening indeed. In the last few decades, thousands of individuals and families have chosen to return to a lifestyle inspired by the Torah. In overwhelming proportions, the immediate reason for their choice is that someone reached out to them warmly and lovingly; a fellow Jew showed them how the practice of Judaism can infuse joy

1. See Addenda to *Keser Shem Tov*, sec. 133.
2. *Tanya*, ch. 2.
3. *Mishneh Torah, Hilchos Geirushin* 2:20.

Every Jew Has A Silver Lining

and meaning into their lives – because it attunes them to their innermost selves.

G-d Alone Can Judge

There is a yet more fundamental flaw in criticizing the conduct of one's fellow man. No person has the right to sit in judgment over his colleagues. Maimonides writes:⁴ "The reckoning [of sins and merits] is not calculated on the basis of the mere number of merits and sins, but on the basis of their magnitude as well. Some solitary merits can outweigh many sins. The weighing of sins and merits can be carried out only according to the wisdom of the All-Knowing G-d: He alone knows how to measure merits against sins."

Can any mortal presume to be capable of assessing a colleague's ultimate spiritual worth "according to the wisdom of the All-Knowing G-d"? This is particularly true in the present generation. In our days, a Jew whose performance of the commandments of the Torah is imperfect must be judged leniently, according to the principle of *tinok shenishba*. (In its original context, this phrase describes an individual who for no fault of his own was deprived of a childhood environment conducive to Torah observance.⁵) If, then, though pressured by tensions of time and place, a person does fulfill any *mitzvah* – and, of course, every Jew has numerous *mitzvos* to his credit – how dearly must it be cherished in the Heavenly Court.

Compassion for the Remnant of Our People

Looking at *all* our fellow Jews with a favorable eye is in place especially now, for our generation is "a firebrand saved

4. *Ibid.*, *Hilchos Teshuvah* 3:2.

5. See *Mishneh Torah, Hilchos Mamrim* 3:3, where Maimonides ascribes the failure of such people to observe the laws of the Torah to duress – and the *Talmud (Bava Kama 28a)* teaches that "the Merciful One absolves a person who acts under duress."

Significantly, in *Hilchos Mamrim*, Maimonides states that the above applies even when such a person later comes in contact with Jews and is made aware of

from the blaze,"⁶ the smouldering remnant preserved from the horrors of the Holocaust. After so many of our people have perished, we must try to appreciate – and in this manner, help reveal – the positive potential that *every* Jew possesses.

This potential is enhanced by the luminous legacy bequeathed to us by the martyrs of the previous generation. Our Sages⁷ teach that the very fact that a person dies *al Kiddush HaShem*, in sanctification of G-d's Name, elevates him to such a level that "no creature can stand in his presence." Thus, every man and woman who died in the Holocaust is a holy martyr.

Accordingly, to say that those very people were deserving of what transpired, that it was a punishment for their sins, heaven forbid, is unthinkable. We cannot *explain* the Holocaust, for we are limited by the earthbound perspective of mortal understanding. As G-d says, in a prophecy of Isaiah, "For My thoughts are not your thoughts."⁸ No scales of judgment could ever condemn a people to such horrors.⁹

לזכות To be continued.

הילד מנחם מענדל שיי

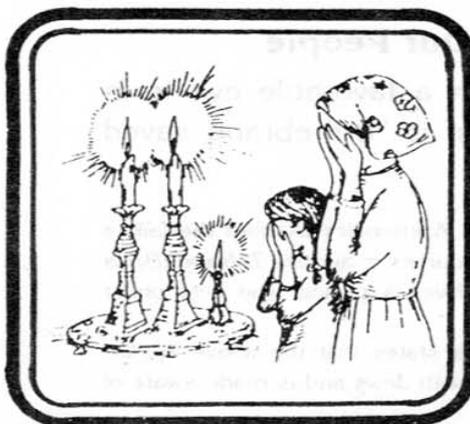
נוגד ביום ראשון כ"ט כסלו נר ה' דהנוכה

ה' תנש"א

נרבת ע"י זקניו

הרה"ת הרה"ח ר' אברהם יוסף וזוגתו שיי

יפה



SHABBOS	Friday 11th Jan	Jan /25th Teves '51	CANDLE LIGHTING	ENDS
MANCHESTER	3: 58pm			5: 15pm
London	3: 59pm			5: 12pm
Tyneside	3: 47pm			5: 07pm
Glasgow	3: 53pm			5: 15pm

BLESSING FOR SHABBOS:

BO-RUCH A-TOH ADO-NOI E-LO-HEI-
 NU ME-LECH HO-OLOM A-SHER KI-DE-
 SHA-NU BE-MITZ-VO-SOV VI-TZI-VO-
 NU LE-HAD-LIK NER SHEL SHA-BOS
 KO-DESH

*Women and girls (3 years & up) don't forget to light candles to.
 Girls light BEFORE mother and WITH a B'RACHA*

This publication contains words from sacred literature. Please do not deface or discard.

Another Reply from the Rebbe

Before Succos I had handed a letter to Label every night, in Shool, for the Rebbe and Label gave me the Rebbe's answer next morning, also in Shool. When I handed Label the fourth letter it was almost Yom Tov but next morning I received a "printed" reply instead - just as I received last Shavuos. This is a copy of this reply.

My English translation would read as follows:

"Received and with warm thanks."

"May (your actions) be continuously effective, but with additional increases.

The time is auspicious, because of the strength we are given by our Sages - as well as their blessings, that he who increases will enjoy additional blessings. And especially as these are the blessings of HaShem that this increase will be even more than the (original) principle.

And the time is (also) auspicious, as Tishrei, the beginning of the year 'Shnass N/A', the year wherein I shall surely show you wonders.

And in Tishrei itself, the 'Time of our rejoicing', and with the assembly of all our 'Guests' (of the Succah) as detailed in the Zohar and in Chassidus.

I will mention you in prayer at the Holy Tzion (the Ohel)."

You will notice that this message concludes with the same phrase as do most of the replies

נתי ות"ח
ותהא פעולה נמשכת
ובהוספה
והזמ"ג, כנתינת כח
דחז"ל וברכתם דכל
המוסיף מוסיפין לו,
ובמיוחד ברכתו דהקב"ה
שתוספתו מרובה כו'.
והזמ"ג -
תשרי - ראשית שנת ה'תש"ח
ת(הא) ש(נת) ג(פלאות)
א(ראנו)
ובתשרי עצמו זמן שמחתינו,
כולל כל האושפיזין כולם
(המפורטים בזהר ובחסידות).
אזכיר עה"צ

from the Rebbe, - "AZKIR AL HATZION" (I will remember you at the Ohel)

From this one can deduce why the Rebbe visits the Ohel so often - almost every day during some weeks.

I was told by a friend that just as we need our Rebbe, to ask him for advice and for blessings, so too does our own Rebbe himself need his Rebbe.

Therefore the Rebbe, Shlita, visits the Ohel this Holy place, the graveside of the previous Rebbe (Z.TZ.L.), where lie the mortal remains of the Saintly Father-in-law of our Rebbe, Shlita.

For up to ten hours without food, in the solitude, quietness and Holiness of this Ohel, the Rebbe will meditate - and mediate on behalf of all his Chassidim with the Almighty, our Heavenly Father.

And what better advocate or intermediary can a Lubavitcher Chassid possess than our own Rebbe, Shlita.

Over the past forty years, the number of Lubavitcher Chassidim, supporters, sympathisers, and newly "converted" Ba'alei Teshuvos, has risen most dramatically.

They write and contact the Rebbe in their thousands every day of every week throughout the year. Now, all require urgent answers to their queries, and this has necessitated that the Rebbe has to visit the Ohel on so many more occasions than in the past.

The Rebbe is continually making many self sacrifices on our behalf - non-stop.

Bournemouth

We have been visiting Bournemouth, a holiday resort on the South Coasts of England, on business for many years. A new Chabad House had been recently opened but, as we had been busy at work, we never found the time to have a look at these premises.

The Supervisor at the hotel where we stopped, Alex Kesselman, is a great friend of mine and, for old times sake, I left him a copy of my book after we had concluded the morning service in the Shool at this hotel - and I went into the dining room for breakfast.

Roselyn and I were eating our meal when Yossi Alperowitz appeared. He had been visiting Alex and had noticed my book lying on the table in the Shool. He asked Alex from where he had obtained this book and Alex informed him that I had just presented it to him and I was now having my breakfast. "This is Divine Providence", Yossi remarked, and he entreated us to visit and inspect the new Chabad House in Bournemouth.

Meanwhile, I discovered in my room a copy of a FAX from the Rebbe wishing us a happy Yom Tov and with all the Brochas connected with it - Yud Bais Tamuz. This had arrived in Manchester with a note from label to ensure that I received it in time. So Max Faxed it to this hotel. I certainly appreciated this great honour. Yankel Davidson from London was told by his son Shmuel Yoseph, of our Yeshiva, that the Rebbe had sent two Faxes, one for Manchester and one for Zalmon Jaffe. He wished to be the first to congratulate me and was surprised that I already had a copy of this in my hotel.

Chabad House in Bournemouth is a splendid Edifice, beautifully appointed, large and modern. Yossi and Channah (most young married couples seemed to be called Yossi and Channah these days - we have a Yossi and Channah (Lew) and a Jaffe one as well).

They had a Seder on Pesach for over one hundred people. Their activities included all the usual Lubavitch events. Channah is the daughter of Rabbi and Mrs. Nachman Sudak, head of London and British Lubavitch.

Yossi had also initiated a Businessmen's morning Minyan at 7 a.m. (the Bournemouth Shool service is at 8 a.m. - they are mostly retired men). Many of his Minyan men are being taught to put on Tefillin.

Dr. Joseph, who attends our Shool in Manchester, explained that he decided to be present at the Bournemouth Chabad House for the Shabbos morning service. He stated that over 40 people

attended and, after the service, they were served with "Cholent and Kugel". He and his son thoroughly enjoyed the service and the refreshments, and decided to come again for Mincha.

After that afternoon service they partook of the Shalosh Seudos meal and there was an abundance of all kinds of herring, drinks and so on.

It was wonderful and they were looking forward to attending again. It was very friendly, hospitable and enjoyable.

Erev Succos

On the Fast of Gedalia, the day after Rosh Hashonah, Sholom Ber (Lew) went for "Dollars". The Rebbe handed him his "ration" - and called him back.

"Are you not Zalmon Jaffe's grandson," the Rebbe enquired (in Yiddish). I really do not know how the Rebbe could recognize him. He has K.A.H. shot up and is now a tall young man of seventeen years, and has changed quite a lot.

Sholom Ber replied in the affirmative. "Then", said the Rebbe, "Here is a dollar for your Zaidie." He then called him back again - and with a beautiful smile, he added, "And here is one for your Bobby."

AHH! "Bobby" was pleased!! She had received for the first time ever, a dollar from the Rebbe - sent through a Sheliach (agent) all for herself, and not because she was my wife and was entitled to a share. Roselyn was so delighted and appreciative that she wrote a message of thanks to the Rebbe - as a postscript to my usual Friday letter.

On the following Sunday - the day after we left Manchester to travel to New York - the Rebbe again distributed dollars, and once more called back Sholom Ber, and moreover presented him with another dollar "for your Zaide." Wasn't I doing well - and I had not yet arrived at Crown Heights!

Aaron (Jaffe), who had flown to Crown Heights for Rosh Hashonah, described Yom Kippur at 770 as, "It was like standing in a washing machine." He is always in hot water!

Yossi (Lew) told Aaron, "You think that this pushing and shtupping on Yom Kippur is terrific? Well, wait until the fast is out, there will be large vans outside 770 with food and drink (cake, Coke, soda, etc.) supplied FREE. Well, then you'll see some pushing and shtupping - and how!

We did not have much trouble with our flight this year. There was a slight delay because of a small navigational fault. This definitely had to be rectified because we did not relish having to end up in Saudi Arabia instead of Crown Heights. Although, with so many thousands of U.S.A. Jewish personnel in the Gulf, we could have made ourselves useful and helped them to celebrate Succos.

After thirty minutes, the Captain informed us that the fault had been repaired, but the cargo door would not close because a container had shifted and had caused problems, but it will not

be long before we shall take off. It is very peculiar that everything happens to us on our flights!

Dovid Pink (our neighbour Phaivish's son) and Elan Grossman accompanied us. Elan always manages to be on our flight to New York before Succos. We always promise him a lift from J.F. Kennedy if we have room - even when we did NOT have room! Last year he sat on my knee in the taxi - both of us crushed, squeezed and breathless.

Golda and Levi (Jaffe) met us at the Airport with a car. We had very much luggage and there was certainly no room for our extra passengers. But Levi persevered, heaved and pushed us all inside then, with all his might, he forced the doors closed and jumped into the drivers seat and away we went.

But first there was a loud banging on the window. Levi had left the Rambam on the car roof. Levi must have considered that there was no room inside the car for poor old Rambam. We did eventually find a little space for this

Honour Your Father

I was at the Mikvah and it was convenient at that time to buy the five bottles of Mashkie for the Rebbe from Yankel.

I had placed these into two carrier bags when a very pleasant young man, Rabbi Herzel, approached me and insisted upon taking these to 770 for me. This was very nice of him and I was truly very grateful. He went on ahead of me with his two young sons and, after a few moments whilst I settled my account with Yankel, I followed the Herzels.

The two lads were waiting for me in our driveway holding the bags of vodka. Their father had left.

I was full of praise and gratitude for their great Mitzvah and I asked the elder boy for the name of his father. He replied that he could not give me the answer to that question.

I intimated that I would ask the younger boy but was told that, as they were brothers, then he too could not give me their father's name.

I then indicated that I would like to know their own names and, to ensure that I got them right, I took out my pen and paper and wrote down that the elder boy was named Tzvi Hersh and the younger boy was Moishe Shimon.

Tzvi Hersh then declared that "Although I cannot tell you my father's name, I will write it down for you," and he inscribed the word "Dovid" onto my paper. I was informed later that the Shulchon Oruch does mention that one is not allowed to call one's father - or one's Rebbe, by their first names.

But when Tzvi Hersh wrote the name down on the paper he was not calling or talking to his father directly, it was an indirect reference.

Well, it certainly showed the greatest respect by sons to their father, and he should be very proud of them.

I now realise, of course, why we do not call up the Rebbe by his first name. It would show too much familiarity and no respect. So when the Rebbe is called up for his Aliya to the Sefer Torah, the Baal Korah intones, ".... Ya'amod " "Arise - our Lord; our Master and our Rabbi, the son of Rabbi Levi Yitzchok."

Shimon Yunik commented regarding my serious illness last year, "You had a close call last year. HaShem took one look at you, saw no beard, and sent you back." I should have added that it was a "close shave!"

As usual, I had written my customary letter to the Rebbe on the plane flying to New York. In addition to the normal Maamud money for the Rebbe's special funds from Avrohom; letters and so forth; I had also notes from Susan, my daughter-in-law, requesting a Brocha for her birthday, and a "Thank you" letter from Roselyn. I had handed these to Label immediately upon our arrival.

Next morning, Monday, I already received a reply, "Regarding Mrs. Roselyn Jaffe - How is her health?" "Regarding Mrs. Susan Jaffe - On her birthday she should keep - carry out – all the customs of this date of her birth." "Regarding Zalmon Jaffe - I will remember him at the Ohel."

Meanwhile, on the previous evening, Sunday, the Rebbe had returned from the Ohel at about 7.30 p.m. for a late Mincha, and had entered the Shool where I was already waiting for the Rebbe. I was singing lustily and clapping my hands energetically.

The Rebbe saw me and his face became transfigured by a lovely, glorious smile and he waved his arm about to encourage me to sing even louder. The rebbe moved along to the Oran HaKodesh, lightly caressed and kissed the curtain which covered the Ark and again, just as on the last occasion, the Rebbe looked down questioningly at my legs - the Rebbe never forgets.

This time, to prove that they were now fully recovered, I gave a really good exhibition, or impression, of a ballet star dancer - a skip - a hop - a whirl - a twirl - and concluding with a lovely PIROUETTE.

The general consensus of opinion was that it was a terrific show, and that I had probably taken dancing lessons to ensure that I was in perfect condition, and to assure the Rebbe of this fact.

We carried on singing until the Rebbe had ascended his platform, turned around to the assembled gathering, and by swinging his arms he encouraged everyone to make a supreme effort to lift the roof by their vociferous singing.

By next morning, the singing became even louder and more ecstatic. I was told that I had been given an enormous Hors d'oeuvre which was much more than a normal main meal.

Shmuel Butman invited me to the wedding of his son which was to take place that night - at the usual hall across the way.

The Chosson had his Aliya, his calling up, this morning because on Shabbos, the usual time for a Chosson to have his Aliya, was of course, Yom Kippur. And furthermore, one was not allowed to throw sweets on Yom Kippur.

The groom received more than his rations of sweets this morning.

A Day's Work

On Monday morning, I went to Shool at 9.30 a.m. There were groups of people layenning - reading from the Sefer Torah - all over 770, until the Rebbe's minyan started at 10 a.m. After the conclusion of the Rebbe's minyan, more groups continued layenning, and this went on until well after lunch time and far beyond.

This gave the men a chance to have an Aliya, to hear the layenning and for visitors to bench Gomal - a blessing of thanksgiving after a dangerous journey (for example over the sea) made when standing beside the Torah.

Aaron and I joined a 9.30 a.m. group. Aaron was honoured with Hagboa and continued with the Mitzvah of replacing the Sefer Torah into the Ark.

I was asked why I did not bench Gomal at the Rebbe's minyan. I explained that it would not be fair to the Rebbe, who was a busy man.

If I went up to the Torah then scores of men would follow my example. Why should they be considered as of less importance than Zalmon Jaffe? If this occurred, it would take fifteen to twenty minutes of the Rebbe's invaluable time. That was the reason why we stopped this former custom.

We were just finishing our breakfast. It was nice and quiet in our apartment. Sholom Ber, Shmulie and Aaron were upstairs helping to complete the building of the Succah. The most important section was, of course, the roof, which was covered with bamboo rods, and these were overlaid with Schach (green foliage). Being eternal optimists, no provision was made to protect the roof in case of a downpour. Almost every year we got drenched.

We shared this Succah with the Itkins and the Avtzons. We each had our own section. Lazer Avtzon, the only unmarried child, resided with his father and was the architect, builder and supervisor of the Succah. Suddenly and without any previous warning, the door of our flat was flung open and in strode one of our neighbours screaming and yelling.

It was impossible to decipher what he was shouting but it was extremely bad manners to barge into the apartment of a neighbour without knocking and saying, "Hello!", or words to that effect.

I rushed up to him to interrupt the tirade and shouted, "Please calm down - and at least say Sholom Aleichem first." (We had not yet had the "pleasure" of meeting him on this visit).

He stopped screaming and snapped out, "Sholom Aleichem", and continued to rain abuse upon us. (This was the quickest and most abrupt "Sholom Aleichem" greeting I have ever experienced).

Roselyn was becoming anxious and worried, and remarked that she thought this Rabbi was going to box me or hit me. I then assisted him to leave our flat.

It appeared that he had suspected our grandchildren of moving a couple of the bamboo rods a few inches towards our section. This fellow then forbade us to use the Succah. Mrs. Itkin advised me to inform him that the Succah belonged to all of us and not to him alone. Lazer was very cooperative.

Unfortunately, the Rabbi in question is not very well, and living almost alone does not help his nerves or his general condition.

On Succos he insists, quite rightly, on fulfilling the Mitzvah of erecting one's own Succah, and especially regarding the roof section. Every year we experience difficulties with him. Last year he fell off a chair, which he was using as a temporary ladder, and broke his shoulder.

And poor Sholom Ber, my grandson, is always the target of his abuse in spite of the fact that Sholom Ber is only anxious to help a neighbour, a Rabbi, and an elderly person.

Levi arrived for lunch, after which Roselyn asked him to wash up the crockery. He put on his jacket to do so.

Roselyn and I were sitting outside 770 from where one could see everyone and everything.

Two little boys, one aged four years and the other one six, were running along Eastern Parkway, each one carrying a few branches of Schach which had presumably fallen off the roof of the Succah at 770. They were probably taking them home to use on their own Succah. It was an important Mitzvah.

Their sister, Orah Malka Ginsberg, aged 7, gave them a good telling off and made them return the Schach to 770.

Before Maariv, two young boys were smiling at me. I spoke to them in English - they could not understand. I tried Ivrit - no reaction. Yiddish and Chinese - blank stares. Then French - "oui, oui!" (pronounced wee, wee).

After Maariv at 7.30 p.m., the Rebbe distributed dollars. I was one of the first and I was handed two dollars that evening so I rushed to the flat to advise Roselyn to come along quickly.

I was waiting with Roselyn in the queue - keeping her company - when a pretty young girl turned to me and said, "I am a woman." I considered that this was a hint to me that I had no

right to be near Roselyn in a women's line.

I admitted that I could very well see that she was a woman, but she had spoken a little indistinctly, maybe she was also a Frenchy?

But no - she said that she was a Gorman. Her name was Devorah and she added that my friend, Hershel Gorman, was her father and was due to arrive tomorrow.

Rabbi J. J.

I was extremely distressed when I learnt that my dear old friend J.J. (Rabbi Hecht) had passed away.

He was a great guy. His cheerful personality, great charm, keen wit and jovial manner endeared him to everyone.

His performances at a children's rally were simply superb. I always admired his own special style in which he conducted these gatherings for he had to keep the children happy and amused but quiet and respectful. And he took a delight in making the Rebbe laugh.

I always appreciated the style of his delivery especially when it was his task to translate the Sicho which the Rebbe had just related, in Yiddish, and recount them in American English - instantly - with no notice and with no hesitation. He excelled in this job.

He was a very close friend of mine, so very close - especially at a Farbraingen when we shared a space on a bench barely large enough for a thin, five year old boy. These miracles do abound at the Farbraingen at 770.

We were always well supported by a pole, not a native of Poland, but the steel pole which supported the roof. But he was always full of fun and was cheerfully infectious in spite of his ill health from which he had suffered recently.

We all miss him very much.

Incidentally, his son Yossi who was in South Africa at that time, travelled back to New York via London, Heathrow Airport. Yossi had contacted the Lews to try and arrange a Minyan for him at the Airport where he would be changing flights. Menachem (Yunik), who was then in London, made positive contacts to ensure that there would be at least ten men present for the Minyan (Quorum).

Unfortunately, at that early hour of the morning only nine men turned up (with Yossi). Aah, if only nine men were needed for a Minyan how happy and easy it would be for many Shoos except, I suppose, that only eight would turn up.

Menachem phoned his Tenth Man from the Airport and asked him, "Where are you?" - "In bed," was the answer. It was extremely difficult to obtain the services of a tenth man that

morning. Everyone was rushing to catch his plane.

However, after an hour or so, they did manage to rush a quick service - in order to assist the "new" tenth man and Yossi Hecht to catch their planes.

On Wednesday, Erev Succos, at 12 noon, the Rebbe presented sets of Arba Minim (sets of four species - the Lulov, Esrog, Hadassim and Arovus) to various distinguished visitors, representatives of the main Lubavitch organisations, and to other lucky people.

The lucky people were those who had won the Gorrels (lotteries) to represent twenty other Lubavitch institutions.

Label (Groner) read out the list of those who had been invited to participate in the collection of these sets from the Rebbe. He called out all the names on the list, including four from London Lubavitch – Rabbis Nachman Sudak, Shmuel Lew, Phaivish Vogel and Hertz - to collect one set between them, and so on, and concluded with a set each for Rabbi Akiva Cohen of the Manchester Yeshiva, and Zalmon Jaffe.

So once again, as for the past eight or nine years, Rabbi Akiva Cohen was the only Lubavitch Rosh HaYeshiva in the entire world to be so honoured by the Rebbe.

On entering the room (outside the Rebbe's study) we collected a cardboard box in which to place the Esrog. All the four components of the Arba Minim were laid out upon the tables. I picked out the smallest Esrog that was available. It was so huge that it would not fit properly into the cardboard box.

At that moment there were no Hadassim left on the table and Rabbi Akiva and I, who were the last in the room, waited for further supplies. A large delegation from various institutions of Kfar Chabad was waiting to enter.

The Rebbe disappeared into his study and reappeared with another bunch of Hadassim.

Remembering the Rebbe's previous instructions I took hold of a couple of large handfuls and, carrying the Lulov, the Esrog, the Hadassim and the Arovus, I passed by the Rebbe who gave me a beautiful Brocha, a gorgeous smile and instructions to collect more Hadassim.

I did not need any further encouragement and picked up another handful. When I returned home I counted nineteen twigs of Hadassim.

On the following page is a photograph of the Rebbe who is standing at the door of his study giving me a Brocha when I collected the set of Arba Minim.



Photograph taken by Levi Freidin, Israel

Moishe (Kotlansky) had confided in me that these Hadassim come from Tzefas in Israel and cost \$5 per piece on the street here in Crown Heights. Myer Harlick confirmed this.

Mendie Groner acquiesced by remaining silent but then he added that in Tzefas they cost \$1 each. However, as these were a gift from the Rebbe they were invaluable (but even at \$5 they would cost nearly \$100!)

Shmuel, in the absence of Avrohom Meisels of Jerusalem, (the first time since I have been coming to 770 for Succos) fixed up my Arba Minim.

Sholom Ber, Shmulie and Aron were working very hard to complete the Succah under the direction of Lazer (Avtzon).

Mrs. Itkin said, "Don't bother with anyone except Lazer with anything to do with the Succah, he is a real Mensh.

No Tickets for Zalmon

Although I had received my Arba Minim (Lulov, Esrog and so on) direct from the Rebbe, it has always been my custom to "bench Esrog" on the set which the Rebbe himself had used earlier that morning. Most men who received this personal gift from the Rebbe did the same.

For the past couple of years I have taken advantage of my (age) seniority, and I have been given permission to be one of the first to use the Lulov and Esrog despite the thousands of people waiting in the line.

Numbered tickets were again available this year and, once again, that clause which stated that "this ticket will only be honoured if it is shown within 100 numbers...." was inserted.

On the first day of Yom Tov I approached the special, small Succah where the head of the line was already waiting. This little Succah adjoined the very huge Communal one where most of those "unattached" visitors ate their meals and where some social activities took place.

Yehuda Blessofsky indicated that because this small Succah was so overcrowded, I should therefore join the line just outside. The line had passed the Kolel and had reached Union Street and beyond, even past Kingston Avenue.

I had just settled in when a raucous voice grated, "Where's your ticket, Mr. Jaffe?" He was a great friend of mine but he redeemed himself by shouting out immediately that he was very sorry because the joke was in "bad taste."

Next morning I arose at 6.30 a.m. and I considered that, as I was already up and about, I might as well go and obtain a ticket even though I did not need it.

My old friend, Yossi Kazan, was in charge and asked me what I required. I requested a ticket. "Not for you, Zalmon, Oh No! After you wrote all those sarcastic remarks about us in your book you don't deserve one."

After due consideration, Yossi did give me a ticket. It was number 356! - And it was only 6.30 a.m.! Nevertheless, I accepted it, thanked him very much, and turned to go. Suddenly he called me back and said, "Never mind Zalmon, I have a special one for you; and he presented me with one which had the word FREE printed thereon. (I think he had plenty more of these.)

Yehuda Blessofsky was always the first to bench with the Rebbe's Esrog every morning. He

was in charge of the refreshments and had to provide coffee and cake for many hundreds of people in the Communal Succah to be partaken after they had "benched Esrog."

He possessed three containers, each with a thirty gallons capacity. Yehuda lifted these upon a low, flat, wheeled bogie when he wished to convey these containers from place to place.

He also owned a fifty gallon container. This was permanently fixed upon a bogie because even Yehuda admitted he could not lift it.

This was his recipe for thirty gallons of coffee:

COFFEE - three large jars

SUGAR - ten pounds.

For Shabbos, Yehuda always prepared a very delicious and aromatic CHOLENT.

His recipe to provide for five hundred people was:

POTATOES - one hundred pounds

BEANS - twenty pounds

DOUGH - fifty pounds

plus spices and a special Yehuda mixture which caused the Cholent to exude a very tempting meat flavour.

"It tastes like meat," they all exclaimed, and were amazed when Yehuda then served them all with coffee with milk.

A Gezunte Chossid

On the first Sunday of our vacation, Sholom Ber (Lew) entered our apartment. He was coughing, choking and "chropping" (a Jewish cough). He paced up and down, backwards and forwards, and he flopped down into a chair.

Roselyn and I could not bear to watch these convulsions and decided to take his temperature. Roselyn took out the thermometer and, in due course, it showed that Sholom Ber had a temperature of 102 degrees. In view of what had occurred at this time last year when I became seriously ill with pneumonia and spent two weeks in the New York Hospital in Manhattan, Sholom Ber became anxious and Roselyn looked extremely worried.

Sholom Ber persuaded Roselyn to take his temperature once again - as a double check. To ensure that the mercury had returned to normal Roselyn, in her agitation, whacked the thermometer onto a chair and, of course, broke it.

She sent Levi to buy another one and I gave him \$20 to cover the cost. He soon returned with the new thermometer and handed me the change which was \$5 short. He had met a fellow outside 770 who borrowed \$5. So "You are lucky Zaidie, you now have a part in this important Mitzvah."

Yes - it was soon confirmed that Sholom Ber still had a temperature of 102. Roselyn became very agitated and rushed outside to search for Shmuel.

Where was Shmuel? Why didn't he look after his son? A father had certain responsibilities and we had to get Sholom Ber to a doctor at once.

Shmuel intimated that there was no surgery open, it being a Sunday. "O.K." declared Roselyn, "then, in that case, we shall have to ask the doctor to come privately." "Alright, so it will cost money. So what! - a boy's life is at risk and we are discussing money - \$50 - \$100 - whatever the cost, let us obtain medical advice and service immediately."

Roselyn added - "And get Sholom Ber into bed at once and I will look after him."

She then asserted that under these circumstances she would be unable to accompany us to Long Island to celebrate Simchas Bais HashoaiVu in their Succah.

At that moment, Menachem (Yunik) dashed into our flat and exclaimed, "Come along Bobby

and Zaidie, we may now go for dollars, as per our arrangements with Label."

Off we went - and lo and behold - there was Sholom Ber following behind.

I screamed at him, "Get back to the flat and into bed! - 102 degrees! - it's madness!"

We arrived at 770 and Menachem led us through a series of passageways and corridors and up some stairs - and we eventually found ourselves in the Bess HaMedrish. And there was Sholom Ber, still following behind.

We had to wait a little while before the door would be opened to allow us access to the Rebbe.

Meanwhile, Sholom Ber was pacing up and down - up and down - his face drawn. Someone protested to me and said, "Sholom Ber looks feverishly ill and his face is flushed - get him home and into bed!"

Meanwhile, we discovered that there was a large contingent of men and women who had come specially from Montreal, Canada, for the day – just to see the Rebbe and collect a Brocha and a dollar.

They had left after midnight and had travelled throughout the night.

Rabbis Ronnie Fine and Eliezer Green had organized this trip - 49 people at \$50 per person.

It was Thanksgiving Sunday, so every bus and coach in Montreal had been booked up many weeks before. They were lucky to be offered a cancellation which they accepted with alacrity, before five other groups received the offer.

In the event, twenty people who wished to join this trip had to be turned down. Many others travelled by private car. They all met at the border and drove down together.

I met Yossi Ezagui, a nephew of our neighbour in Manchester, Dovid Ezagui. He related an interesting story. Two brothers, Ezaguis, had married two sisters. The Halacha stated that in such a case, they were not allowed to reside in the same town. So one of the brothers had to leave the city and had to live in a different town, Montreal in this case.

And now - the door was opened and Roselyn and I walked towards the Rebbe - and Sholom Ber was still with us. (Well, I thought it was just as well, and whilst Sholom Ber was here with us, we shall ask the Rebbe for a Brocha for him - for good health. The Rebbe would probably wish him, hopefully, a "Refuah Shelomo Bekorov" - a complete and speedy recovery.)

The Rebbe handed me a dollar, and the another one for a "Double portion". I then mentioned that I was going to Long Island tonight and then to Great Neck tomorrow night. The Rebbe added another two dollars - "one for each place."

The Rebbe turned to Roselyn and asked her whether she was going as well. She replied, "Yes".

So the Rebbe gave her two separate dollars for each place - and a dollar for herself.

I then pointed to Sholom Ber and said that "He is very ill, with a temperature of 102 degrees. He had no right to come out from the house and he should be in bed."

The Rebbe said in Yiddish, "Ess iz an ousgetrachte zach." (which roughly means - that it is a figment of the imagination, and a lot of nonsense). And "He is a gezunte (healthy) Chossid". When Sholom Ber heard this terrific compliment that the Rebbe praised him for being a healthy Chossid - in spite of a temperature of 102, he went skipping and jumping out of 770, and his eyes were sparkling. An hour later we again took his temperature, it had come down to 100 degrees.

Sholom Ber rushed back to 770 to obtain from Chaim Boruch Halbershtam a video copy of these few but most exciting and thrilling moments of his life, which he (and I) would never forget, that the Rebbe had actually referred to him as a "Gezunte Chossid"!

The cost of the video was a small price to pay for such a wonderful memento.

"Dollars on Sunday"

On Monday, after the morning service, Levi and I returned to our apartment but, unfortunately, Roselyn was still out shopping and neither of us had a key, but Levi had the sensible idea of asking Mrs. Itkin to permit him to walk through her flat and thereby open up our door from the inside.

Our friend Sholom (Gansberg) arrived and he was terribly excited. At the dollars distribution, which took place the day before, a little Rebbelle - a Misnagid - had joined the line and had started an argument with the Rebbe.

The Rebbe was extremely annoyed, which was very unusual and out of character.

The whole of 770 was buzzing about this episode and Sholom had brought along a video film of this encounter. (Chaim Boruch made copies of this video and they sold like "hot cakes").

Roselyn, who was now present, suggested that Levi should endeavour to borrow a projector from Binyomin Klein who lived just a few doors away. Within seconds he had returned with the machine and Levi fixed it up ready for the showing.

At that moment Menachem (Yunik), together with a friend Tzvi Konikov, came along and decided to remain and watch the film.

There was another knock on the door. It was Mrs. Itkin. She had locked herself out of her apartment and did not have the key - would we allow her to walk through our flat and so gain access to her apartment.

Meanwhile, she also decided to join us to watch the video.

By now we had a nice little group gathered around Binyomin Klein's machine and Levi pressed the switch and the "show was on".

On numerous occasions the film was stopped - turned back - started again - and "there and back" until Levi, who understood very well, and was ably assisted by Tzvi Konikov, were satisfied that we fully comprehended the video. It took us twenty five minutes.

I now give you the gist of what I consider transpired at that encounter.

But first one should understand the background to that episode which had taken place in 770. This is my version.

A Misnagid is against a Chassid. The word Misnagid itself actually means "against".

The classic example from where all this hatred against Lubavitch originated was the animosity shown by the world famous Gaon, the Misnagid and great Rabbi of Vilna, towards the Founder of the Lubavitch Movement, the Alte Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.) It seemed that he could not bear to see the huge success of this new movement, 200 years ago. His animosity and envy knew no bounds and he informed the Russian authorities that the Alte Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.) was supporting the Turks in the ongoing Turkish/Russian war and was thereby committing treason. The Alte Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.) was certainly sending money and other material aid, as well as spiritual help to his followers and Chassidim who were living in Jerusalem in very poor circumstances and which, at that time, was part of the old Ottoman (Turkish) Empire.

The Russian courts found these accusations substantiated and verified and the Alte Rebbe was sentenced to death. This was later commuted to life imprisonment – and then, at long last, the verdict was overturned. He was found NOT guilty, completely vindicated, and released on the 19th of Kislev of that year 1820.

The Vilna Gaon was still full of hatred but the Alte Rebbe impressed upon all his followers the importance of keeping calm, to continue to be friendly with the Misnagdim, and mainly - not to gloat about this famous victory which completely exonerated the Alte Rebbe.

Now, the Alte Rebbe had also edited and published the Shulchan Orach (Code of Jewish Law) which was the guideline on the Halacha for all Jewish people.

This Shulchan Orach quoted many opinions which seemingly contradicted each other. One ruling stated that Jewish men should sleep in the Succah.

The Alte Rebbe also edited and published a Siddur - a prayer book - which included certain minhagim (customs) for Lubavitch Chassidim, and this gave good reasons why a Jew should NOT sleep in the Succah.

Since those days the Misnagdim and the Chassidim have always lived in peace and harmony - until this Rabbi Shach came along. He opened again the whole controversy, disputes and disputations, which had been the cause of such bitter animosity by the Misnagdim against the Chassidim.

Rabbi Shach also accused the Rebbe, Shlita, of claiming to be the Moshiach, and has ridiculed many of the Rebbe's sayings and actions.

These are well known facts, and articles on this subject have been written - even in the "Daily Telegraph" - one of the foremost and distinguished of English newspapers.

This is the background to the encounter which took place at that Sunday's dollar distribution.

This Misnagid Rebbelle had introduced himself to the Rebbe as the "Acting Rosh HaYeshiva of...", in Jerusalem. He had come on behalf of the Bnei Torah (The Sons of Torah) to ask the Rebbe why the Lubavitchers do not sleep in the Succah.

The Rebbe replied that the reason for your question is only to cause disruption and arguments between Jew and Jew.

The Rebbe went on, "During the war with Midian, the Midianites used their women to cause trouble. Today, you people - with so much chutzpah and presumably so well learned, that you profess not to know what the Alte Rebbe wrote. It is people like you who are halting the advent of our Moshiach. You take a man, as long as he has a beard, put him into a Yeshiva, and all he knows is to cause "Machlaikos" (friction and disputes) amongst Jews."

The Rebbe continued, "We all know the history of how the Vilna Gaon disliked the Alte Rebbe and caused disruption and hatred. But - the Vilna Gaon's disciples, who were strong Misnagdim, did live in peace and harmony with the Chassidim."

The Rebbe then mentioned Chaim Vilojiner who was actually a talmid of the Vilna Gaon, and also Itchie Vilojiner, his son, who were great friends of the Mittle Rebbe (the son of the Alte Rebbe) and friendly to all Lubavitchers.

This Misnagid Rebbelle was not deterred and still wanted that the Rebbe should tell him what answers he should take back to the learned people who had sent him.

The Rebbe replied that for over one hundred years it has been a well known fact. It has been written down on paper - in books - that neither the Alte Rebbe nor the Mittle Rebbe slept in the Succah. The whole world knows this and keeps to this custom.

The Rebbelle kept repeating that he was asking this for the Bnei Torah - (who, the Rebbe surmised, obviously did not know what the Alte Rebbe said or did.)

The Rebbe added that, "The Yetzer Horo (the evil inclination) has a big beard and learnt in a Yeshiva." and, "if you have to do with a low person you become a low person yourself."

"During the war, Lubavitch brought your people from Shanghai (China) to Eretz Yisroel and to the U.S.A. They were friendly with Lubavitch and they came to us for help, so all were friends. These people who are only concerned about sleeping in the Succah would not put even one finger in cold water to save just one of these children."

"All they want to know from me is whether one should sleep in the Succah - or NOT - and they definitely know this answer themselves already."

At the end of this talk the Rebbelle stood silent and sheepish. The Rebbe asked him what he wanted now? He replied that he wanted a Brocha. --- A Brocha for what? He wanted a "clear head".

The Rebbe told him that his head was quite clear enough to ensure that he could explain to his people - the Bnei Torah - the true reasons why one does not sleep in the Succah.

"Dollars on Sunday" is the only opportunity for a person to get close to the Rebbe and ask for a Brocha, advice and help.

People from the whole ambit of Jewish life, from all the countries of the world, make every effort to attend. Politicians (from Israel, the U.S.A. and so on). Men, women and children. Those who hold views contrary to Lubavitch, and even contrary to Judaism, flock to see the Rebbe. Mr. Mario Cuomo, the Governor of the State of New York, joined the queue for dollars and blessings.

Stories abound in their hundreds and I am herewith appending some samples.

There was a delegation of Senators, State Governors, and so on. The Senator from Connecticut was introduced to the Rebbe, and he said, "It's a great pleasure to see you again." The Rebbe replied: "I have heard a lot about you, and G-d A'mighty should bless you to do double from now on, and to have a double portion of G-d A'mighty's blessings."

Senator: "Do you have any advice for us going back to Washington now with what's happening in the Middle East?"

The Rebbe: "There are so many changes, and so soon, that it is difficult to predict something or to say something about tomorrow! Then, according to the situation tomorrow, you will decide tomorrow, and the same thing for the day after tomorrow."

Senator: "We should decide every day individually"

The Rebbe handed him an additional dollar "For double success in your activities."

The Rebbe then handed an extra dollar to his wife and said, "For the partnership with your husband. And a partnership in his rewards also."

The Rebbe then gave her a third dollar, "For her family".

Senator: "We have four children and the youngest one is named Chana Rachel, which I know is a good Lubavitcher name." The Rebbe presented him with another four dollars and said, "This you will give to them, and it would be a good idea that everyone of them will put it themselves in Tzedoka and not rely on the Senator."

The Senator introduced his Chief of Staff. The Rebbe gave him a dollar and said, "It would be a good idea, and certainly the Senator will agree to it, that you should put a Tzedoka Pushkie

(charity box) in his office.”

Chief of Staff: "We will certainly do that." The Rebbe: "And you will start by putting my dollar in the Pushkie."

An Assembly man received a dollar and a Brocha for "Good news, and you should be written and sealed for everything good."

A Controller was told that "Hashem bless you for success personally in the community."

An Israeli General said, "I am General Ben Gal and I fought against the Syrians in the Golan Heights." The Rebbe gave him the appropriate blessings for great success and efforts for Eretz Yisroel.

Amongst the thousands of visitors were judges, leaders and Chabad representatives, Mordechai Ben David, the singer, and various Chazonim and Mohelim and so forth.

One day, the Rebbe came out of his study and two Chassonim (bridegrooms) were waiting to borrow the Rebbe's Siddur with which to say the Mincha (afternoon) prayers before their wedding (a special Lubavitch custom).

The Rebbe had to decide which Chosson had priority, so he asked, "Which one is getting married first?" Label indicated that they were both being wed today. The Rebbe inquired whether one was a Kohen or a Levi, to which Label replied that they were both Yisroelim (ordinary Jews). The Rebbe wanted to know their names and was told, "Shmuel and Chaim Yoseph." The Rebbe ruled that as Chaim is before Shmuel, alphabetically, so the Siddur should be given first to Chaim Yoseph.

Aaron, my grandson, submitted these stories.

There was a certain Chassid of the Gerer Rebbe who lived in Bnei Brak, Eretz Yisroel. He wished to remove to a different location so he asked his Gerer Rebbe for advice. I personally do not imagine that this Chassid was too overjoyed at the reply he received from his Gerer Rebbe because his wife, who had Lubavitch leanings, decided to ask OUR Rebbe, Shlita, for his opinion when they were at 770 later on.

The Rebbe told her that he understood that they had already received an answer to this query. The husband maintained that he had never put the question to the Rebbe before, and he asked Label to clarify the position. Label confided to them that the Rebbe had intimated that they already had an answer to their query from "another great Tzaddik" (saintly person).

A man, not a Lubavitcher, wished to ask the Rebbe for a Brocha for his children. By the time

he had arrived at the Rebbe's side he had lost his nerve. The Rebbe gave him a dollar and a blessing and then a handful of extra dollars. When the man counted the number of dollars they equalled the exact amount according to the number of his children.

Similarly, many years ago, at the conclusion of a Children's Rally, the Rebbe was still holding half a packet of dimes in his hand. He looked around, considering what to do with them. The Rebbe saw that I was looking at him so he threw this opened packet to me.

There were just sufficient dimes to share out amongst all my grandchildren - at that time.

The Rebbe asked a doctor from Eretz Yisroel, "Where do you work?" The doctor answered, "In Bess HaChollim" (hospital for the sick). The Rebbe corrected him by saying, "No, it is a hospital for healing."

At dollar distribution the Rebbe shows such happiness and delight in giving away money.

Most of the ladies manage to say something to the Rebbe - and receive a reply.

Most of the Yeshiva boys say nothing - not even "Thank you."

A fellow told the Rebbe that he was a member of the sect of "Jews for Jesus" and he handed to the Rebbe a book all about their history, aims and objectives. The Rebbe threw the book away and said to the fellow, "You are ill." The fellow replied, "I am happy." The Rebbe explained, "You are happy because you don't realise you are ill." The man demanded the return of his book. The Rebbe refused and told him that it would be one less to give away to others.

One fellow told the Rebbe that he was disappointed in the Rebbe. "I am also disappointed," answered the Rebbe.

A woman brought along her little daughter who had trouble with her eyes and could hardly see anything at all. The Rebbe waved a dollar in front of her eyes - and thereafter she made wonderful progress and recovered her sight.

The editor of the "Inverstia", the Russian national newspaper, a non-Jew, came for dollars. The Rebbe's photograph and New Year's message were subsequently produced in this newspaper. - A real miracle - Moshiach must surely now be due.



In these photographs, taken by Levi Yitzchok Freidin, you will see the Rebbe handing dollars to Sholom Ber (Lew) the "Gezunte Chossid", with Aaron (Jaffe) next to him.



In the second photograph, Roselyn and I are receiving our dollars. Label (Rabbi Groner) is holding a wad of dollars prepared and ready to hand over to the Rebbe.

Simchas Bais Hashoaivu

On Sunday evening, Roselyn and I, together with Shmuel and Shmulie, joined Chaya and Shimon (Posner) at North Shore, Long Island, to celebrate Simchas Bais Hashoaivu with the people of that town. This took place in the Central Shopping and Restaurant complex.

We arrived there at about 7 p.m. and Yoseph Guigue, the owner of the (Kosher) "Promised Land" restaurant, provided us with an excellent meal (all free on the house) in the special Succah which he had constructed with Shimon's help. This had been erected in the small space between his restaurant and the shop next door. It was very small and it only held about eight people. But it was sufficient to allow visitors to step inside, eat something, make the blessing on the Succah, then leave to make room for others.

It was a three sided Succah with the fourth wall, the front portion, completely open.

They had built this without asking permission from the local Council and hoped that no trouble would ensue. We had a similar situation in Manchester once when a fellow complained to the Council that his neighbour had erected a building without permission.

The owner was brought before the magistrates who found him "guilty" and gave him seven days to pull down his Succah.

Shimon did really well, and it was organised perfectly. At about 8.30 p.m. Yehuda Niasoff, a young Lubavitcher from Borough Park, started to play on his keyboard which he had brought along with him, and from that time onwards, until 11.30 p.m., except for the intermissions for Shmuel's words of Torah and my humorous pieces, plus Shimon's introductions, the singing and dancing never stopped. It went with exceptional zest and excitement, and I would say, quite categorically, that it was one of the best – if not the best Farbraingen of this nature that I have ever attended. The Rebbe's dollars were received with rapture. It certainly improved the status of Shimon and will help him in his work in that area.

Yossi and Shterney, with their baby Chaya Mushka, arrived later. Obviously, all could not fit into the Succah so after refreshments the audience overlapped onto the pavement and into the street. There was always a basic 120 people present. In addition, cars were continuously driving up to the reception area and disgorging scores of passengers who would stay for about a half hour or so and then leave to make room for others. The owner's brother-in-law, Moishe Meyer Newman, sang through the microphone with some help from me!! The men and the boys danced merrily in front - in the public area. The women and girls danced somewhere else.

One woman sat in a wheelchair and was doing some wonderful "dancing" steps and routines in her wheelchair going backwards and forwards, and sideways, in time to the music.

On the last night we travelled to Great Neck. Rabbi Yossi Geizinski (and his wife Channah, nee Itkin) were in charge. Unfortunately, we were not told of the new venue. Yehuda Blessofsky and his son Hillel, Roselyn and I, plus Levi and Aaron - and Shimon Kessler - got lost. We were in Great Neck but did not know where to go. We did have the address book of all Chabad institutions and houses and the official address was 11 Middle Neck Road. This proved to be empty as Yossi had removed to a new abode only a few weeks ago. We searched hard and long for a phone box. Yehuda found one at last but could not get through to the operator. Just then a car drove up and the driver asked Yehuda if he was going to the Chabad Succah. "Yes? Then follow me."

Shmuel again spoke well. I also spoke. We danced and sang and we concluded with a video.

Many came up to me and told me how much they enjoyed my speech. One woman said she would love to hear me speaking all night - although she could not understand one word I said. She just loved my English accent!! We also presented the Rebbe's dollars once again.

I had tremendous pleasure in meeting our old friend Mishel Hajibay who thinks so much of the Rebbe that he gave me a cheque for \$260. Yes, two hundred and sixty, for our Yeshiva. He loves me and loves my book! He was kissing my hand and, at that stage might have been slightly merry and full of good spirits - mainly vodka - but he certainly wasn't when he made out the cheque a few days previously.

Avremel Gurary, from South Africa, was at the keyboard. Altogether it was a great success, T.G.

When we returned to 770, it was pouring with rain. Aaron went out at once to dance, just as he was. Shmulie took an umbrella and Levi a raincoat. Nature had caught up with Aaron the day before. He almost fell asleep standing up at the Sicho - came home for an hour's rest and slept non-stop for 12 (twelve) hours! So he was in good form for last night's dancing. Over a thousand people were dancing and "singing in the rain" till about 4 a.m. with wet, radiant faces. Three hundred carried on until 6 a.m. and Aaron returned home at 6.30 a.m. We put his crushed, wringing wet, suit into the (wash) drier and it came out crushed but dry. His hat was placed on the steel "blech" of the gas stove to dry. Afterwards, he came to 770 to stand near me for Hallel and then went off at once to Mivtzoim.

After due consideration it has been decided, for the sake of the Rebbe and for Roselyn too, to ask the Rebbe for Lekach (cake) tonight instead of going the next day, Hoshanna Rabba, as we have done for the past number of years. As Dovid and Rochel (Jaffe) and other members of the family wished to join us, this would also save many complications and inconveniences.

Shmulie had been giving me resumes of the Sichos and had promised to write down the main points.

THE BALABATISHE MENCH SONG

WE ARE THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO COME TO CLASSES
WE KEEP THE JEWISH STANDARD FLYING HIGH
THE THINGS WE LEARN ARE GRAND
WE KNOW AND UNDERSTAND
WE'RE PROUD TO BE YIDDISH AND DAVEN, MAKE KIDDUSH AND HELP THE
HOLY LAND
THE HEROES OF THE PAST WE LOVE AND HONOUR
WE HAVE OUR OWN LIKE THE BRITISH OR THE FRENCH
YOU NEED NOT MAKE A FUSS
'COS GREAT NACHASS YOU'LL GET FROM US
IF YOU'RE A BALABATISHE MENCH, DA DA DA DA DA
IF YOU'RE A BALABATISHE MENCH

DON'T FORGET TO SEND YOUR KIDS TO CHAYDER THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE
EVERY BOY SHOULD GO TEACH THEM HOW TO READ AND LEARN THE THINGS
THEY NEED
TO KNOW CHUMESH AND RASHI AND ANSWER A KASHI PERFORM A GOOD
DEED
THE CHILDREN GET TO KNOW AND LOVE EACH OTHER
AT FIRST TO YOU IT SEEMS AN AWFUL WRENCH
BUT YOU'LL ADMIT IT'S TRUE, IT'S THE ONLY THING
TO DO
IF YOU'RE A BALABATISHE MENCH, DA DA DA DA DA
IF YOU'RE A BALABATISHE MENCH

NEVER MIX YOUR MILCHIK WITH YOUR FLAISHIK
DON'T FORGET TO KOSHER ALL YOUR MEAT
NEVER TAKE A SUP FROM A TRAIFFE CUP
ALWAYS BE WILLING TO PUT ON TEFILLIN AND MAKE A
MINYON UP
DON'T FORGET TO GO TO SHOOL ON SHABBOS
REMEMBER AFTER MEALS YOU'VE GOT TO BENCH
AND IF ALL THESE THINGS YOU DO
FOLKS WILL SURELY SAY OF YOU
THAT YOU'RE A BALABATISHE MENCH, DA DA DA DA DA
YOU'RE A BALABATISHE MENCH.

A Succah is like the Jewish people - frail but indestructible.

(My translated English version of the song).

A Succelle, a little one
From lots of wood was it done
I built it with Tzorrus and might
I covered the Dach with nice green Schach, And I sit in this Succelle at night.

The bitterly cold winds Blow through the cracks
And put out the candles and light
I make for myself Kiddush, And discover a Chidush
The candles are burning steady and bright.

With a deep, heaving sigh
My wife brings me nigh
The first course of my dinner, all glatt
She stands so erect
And tells me with Shrek
That the Succelle will very soon fall flat.

Please don't be absurd
And don't be disturbed
Don't let the winds cause you distress
The storms will get stronger
And the gales will last longer
But the Succelle will stand "Strong, firm and fast".

Horachamon Hu Yokim Lonu Es Succas Dovid Hanofelless.
May the Merciful One restore for us the fallen Succah of David.

Lekach

Every year, Roselyn and I, accompanied by various grandchildren, went for Lekach, always on the day of Hoshana Rabba.

It had been decided that this year we should go on the previous evening in order to save the Rebbe even a few minutes of his valuable time on the following day.

The Rebbe stood at the door of his new Succah which had been converted temporarily from Label's new office suite. It was on the same level as the Rebbe's study so there were no stairs to climb.

A movable roof had been installed. In fact, during Chal haMoed one just pressed a button and the roof closed and opened automatically.

Each piece of cake was wrapped in a brand new dollar bill and placed in a plastic bag, and we all received blessings for a good and sweet year ("A zisse yahr," said the Rebbe).

A Rabbi in New York was off to see the Rebbe for some cake. A notable Rabbi was staying with him - he was a Misnagid - and said, "Have you no cake at home?" However, he decided to accompany his friend on this one hour's journey to 770, but he needed a large piece. That would be just a matter of luck, explained his friend.

The Rebbe handed the first Rabbi the normal piece of cake, dollar and bag. When the second Rabbi approached, the Rebbe made a thorough search in order to give him the largest piece that was available.

Roselyn and I were accompanied by Shmuel, Tobie, Gittel, Shaindel, Mendie and Rivka (Lew) Channah (M) and baby Mendie, Golda, Dovid and Rochel (Jaffe) - a nice Bar Mitzvah group.

The Jaffe grandchildren had just received a letter from Susan (their mother). She wrote: "To start with, there is nothing to report." –and she carried on for eight pages.

We met Dovid Hickson, our Manchester friend. He had been to the Airport to meet his daughter, Channah Feigie.

They had started off together from Manchester but, when they arrived at the Airport, it was discovered that Channah Feigie had forgotten her passport. She returned home to collect it.

Meanwhile, Dovid, who was not allowed to change his flight, unless he lost all the fare money, had no option but to travel on this direct flight whilst Channah Feigie had to journey all the way to London to get a plane to New York.

They had a grand reunion at J.F. Kennedy Airport in New York.

One meets all types of people at 770. Here was Yuri Burlan, a press photographer - he was originally from Russia. He told me that he had been to the house in DNEPROPETROVSK where the Rebbe once lived.

He had a large camera and wore a special floppy jacket which had pockets all over - inside, outside, back, front, pockets within pockets, and zips all over too. I remarked that there were probably twenty pockets in that jacket. He said that there were - SEVENTY - just unbelievable!

Shemini Atzeres

It was now the eve of Shemini Atzeres. The Lubavitch custom is that we go Hakofus with the Sifrei Torah on this night too.

770 had been closed all afternoon in order to prepare the Shool for these special Hakofus. The Committee had made an edict that no crates were to be allowed into the building except by special permission and to ensure that they were not dangerous.

It was 6.05 p.m. and in ten minutes it would be Yom Tov. Our apartment was chock full of crates. Six grandchildren were working, binding the crates with ropes and screwing pieces together.

Upstairs in the Succah, another grandson (Roselyn has censored his name) was benching Esrog and banging the Hoshaanos. He maintained that he was in good time.

At 770, I found a new system and arrangement. Every year we endeavour to reach a higher elevation - physically as well as spiritually, in regards to the Rebbe's dancing with the Sefer Torah.

I have explained on many occasions that everybody and everyone ONLY want to see the Rebbe - especially when he is dancing. It has always been a very dangerous experience for me to go with the first Hakofa with the Rebbe.

This year they had planned it extraordinary well. The passageway led from the Rebbe's platform at the far end, down some steps, then sloped upwards till it reached the centre square where the Rebbe usually danced.

From this square another set of steps led upwards and outwards to a small but much higher platform. Six seats were provided on this small bimah for the convenience of those Notable people who had accompanied the Rebbe on this Hakofa. They sat here whilst the Rebbe danced around with the Sefer Torah and every single person had an uninterrupted view of the Rebbe, as long as we remained seated.

However, on the Rebbe's main platform at the far end of the hall, there was the usual turmoil and pushing. Another small platform had been erected above the main one, for the Rebbe only.

Dovid was my bodyguard in this instance, and we arranged with Zalmon Gurary that we should share the top step, leading down into the well, with him. Each stair was packed tight with men. Rabbi Pinson, the warden, sat on the bottom step together with others. Levi Liberov was hovering around us to ensure that we were comfortable. Chavelle Gurary told us later that the Rebbe had given strict instructions that Zalmon G. and I had to receive special protection. As usual Tzvi Katz, the Gabbai, was in charge and shouted out the names of those who had been honoured to recite one of the 17 verses of the Ata Horaiso. It was impossible to hear even one word because of the noise. Tzvi Katz seemed to be miming the words.

Since my first ever visit to 770 for Simchas Torah, I have been requested to recite the verse "Malchuscho" year after year, so I was well prepared. When we reached the posuk I looked up at Tzvi and I was just in time to see him mouth some words and then point his finger straight at me - so I was on!

It was now time for the first Hakofa, and I discussed the matter with Zalmon G. who said that he was prepared to try again this year. Doctor Ira Weiss declared, "Go along, Zalmon. You will be alright."

So, as was our custom, we obtained our Sifrei Torah and rushed along the passageway to the centre square, before the Rebbe had commenced his walk behind the Chazan. The crowds were so dense, numerically, that there was just sufficient room to creep along the passageway.

We awaited the arrival of the Rebbe who then ascended the few steps to the new, higher platform. The Chazan, Zalmon Gurary and I followed the Rebbe and sat on these new seats like Royalty on a throne and watched the Rebbe dancing with the Sefer Torah.

There was no one shouting at us to get down and lie down. The Rebbe did ask a member of the Heavy gang, who had flopped down on one of these special seats, to kindly leave and get down to the lower platform.

Everyone in the hall had a perfect view and I hope that the Rebbe's main platform will receive similar attention next year.

I returned to this platform. The Rebbe was standing there and everyone was still singing the tune from the last Hakofa. Ira Weiss stood next to the Rebbe. So confronting and facing me were my two Guardian Angels who were responsible for saving my life exactly at this time last year when I was rushed to the New York hospital on Simchas Torah with double pneumonia.

This was now a very highly emotional moment for me. And when Ira made an involuntary gesture that I should dance with him - in front of the Rebbe - I trembled with excitement.

I grabbed Ira's arms and we started to dance. The Rebbe clapped and applauded and urged us to dance quicker - and faster. Ira and I sprang and skipped around whilst the Rebbe moved out of the way of our flying bodies - and clapped even more energetically than before. At the same time he personally moved his chair out of our way.

This was the first and only time that the Rebbe had clapped his hands so excitedly, this evening.

After my thrilling and emotional dance with Ira in front of the Rebbe, I invited Ira for dinner to our Succah. Roselyn had never had the opportunity of personally thanking him for his timely intervention and successful efforts on my behalf when I was ill last year. She also wished to present him with a little personal memento.

He gave us the honour of being our guest and we were fortunate to persuade Sholom (Gansberg) to join our dinner party together with Levi, Golda and Aaron (Jaffe) and Sholom Ber (Lew) our grandchildren.

As we were walking home from 770, S. joined our party, literally, by hooking his hand through Ira's arm. He wanted only to hold a brief "consultation" with him.

I entered the Succah, Sholom followed, Ira came in, and big, huge, S, who was still hooked onto Ira, also arrived.

We settled down into the Succah. Roselyn wanted to talk to Ira. I wanted to speak to him. Sholom was next on the list - Levi had no chance. In fact, no one had any chance at all. This big fellow ("I am very thick skinned" he stated) just never stopped his consultation with Ira.

After half an hour my irritation got the better of me and I complained very bitterly. That a fellow should come into a Succah - uninvited - (although he was always welcome) and sit himself next to our honoured guest, and never stop talking even for one second, but was determined to take full advantage of our hospitality and Ira's generosity, to obtain a free Yom Tov consultation, was just a blatant Chutzpah. And whether he was thick skinned or not, he was not a welcome guest any longer this evening.

In the middle of dinner, a messenger arrived from the Itkins to tell us that Myer (Itkin) was in a very dangerous condition. Would Ira come upstairs and examine him!

Ira took Myer's pulse, his cardiograph (he has a small portable machine), checked his blood, and gave him a thorough, first class examination.

We managed to repossess Ira and he continued with his dinner. Levi sang some very jolly community songs, imitated Mordechai Ben David and other notable Jewish singers - we all joined in and laughed - until - another messenger arrived from the Itkins. Would Dr. Ira Weiss please call again to see Myer, upstairs? Myer was not well again.

Ira diagnosed the trouble. "It was only a usual Simchas Torah over-reaction."

More messages had arrived for Ira and, as he had quite a list of honorary patients, he left us soon after. Poor Ira, he delights in looking after people and - some do take advantage of his good nature.

On the following night, Simchas Torah., after Maariv, most of us left 770 to make Kiddush. I understood that the Hakofas would start at 11 p.m. but many of my grandsons were certain that they would commence at 12 midnight.

As I was ready to return, Dovid accompanied me to 770. They had already started the Ata Horaiso and everyone was settled in. It was hard for me to climb upon the tables and to creep along to my seat next to Zalmon G. on the top step. It took all Dovid's strength to move me along to this target.

Rabbi Pinson was already sat in my place and there was no room. Dovid asked them to move, pleaded and begged them, but no one listened, nobody was interested - although they knew quite well that I had reserved my claim on the previous night.

Dovid became annoyed - he sprang up - and jumped down with all his might upon Rabbi Pinson and all his neighbours, and everyone fell down to the bottom of the stairway.

I was embarrassed - although I had regained my seat, and Rabbi Pinson was raving and raging at Dovid. A Chutzpah! How dare he! Dovid countered this with, "You know quite well that this was my Zaidie's seat and you had no right to take it!"

The last I heard was that Rabbi Pinson intended to take Dovid to a Din Torah. He wanted that Dovid should be fined \$100 to be paid within twelve months. And he should learn ten Maamorim by heart.

After the Farbraingen at the end of Yom Tov, just before Maariv, Havdola and Kos Shel Brocha, I took the same precautions and evasive action as I took during last Shavuos.

This time, Levi was my protector. He guided me along the top of the tables and when I reached the end - there was no place to go - except upon Levi's back - and he carried me physically right out of 770.

When I returned for Kos Shel Brocha, quite a while later, the Rebbe asked me why I had "Kum Zum Sof?" (Why did I come at the end).

Below is a photo of the Rebbe pouring out wine for me. The young man who is standing in between Label and me - and who seems to be biting his hand is Shmulie (Jaffe).

I was proud to notice that the Rebbe was extending to the Scharf orphan boys the same love, affection, protection and friendliness that he had shown to them during the year when they were saying Kaddish for their father (O.H.)

The Rebbe insisted that they still remained under his wings at the services and at the Farbraingen - literally - almost at the Rebbe's feet.



Here is one of the young Scharf boys sitting on the steps leading to the Rebbe's platform. He is almost at the Rebbe's feet. I am officiating at the service, and the boy's uncle is standing between me and the Rebbe.



Shimon Newbort knew I was at 770 although he was not actually present. He heard me on the hook-up when I started to sing when the Rebbe arrived. He recognized my voice.

It is said that "little boys should be seen but not heard." - I was heard but not seen - I must be getting older.

On Wednesday at 7.35 p.m. we were sitting in the flat chatting, when Mendie and Rivka arrived. They had just come from the Airport - from Minnesota.

After the usual exchange of greetings and welcomes, Mendie casually remarked that the Rebbe had already returned to 770 from the Ohel. This was a real surprise - a shock. We had expected the Rebbe to arrive at 7.45 p.m. at the very earliest. We all made a dash for 770 and arrived in the middle of Mincha.

Zalmon Gurary had also just arrived. The Gabbai, Rabbi Pinson, five minutes later. Zalmon was a tough pusher and all I had to do was to follow in his wake.

After the conclusion of Mincha, the Rebbe decided to distribute dollars because it was too early for Maariv.

Roselyn and I both received our dollars separately. Before commencing Maariv, the Rebbe washed his hands - as is the custom before prayers - a bowl, a quart container and a towel were ready to hand. The Rebbe had already washed his hands before he davened Mincha, but in the meantime he had been distributing dollars, so he had to wash again.

We Prepare To Leave For Home

We were returning home to Manchester on the following day so it was therefore essential that we should see the Rebbe today, Sunday and request a Brocha for a good, safe journey home and to obtain a dollar for Tzedoka.

Many members of the family took advantage of the fact that we were permitted to go together - as one unit.

The Rebbe had often quoted the phrase, "Ladies first", so Roselyn was given the honour of being the first to approach the Rebbe.

1) The Rebbe handed Roselyn \$1 - then added another one as a double portion "for the whole of Manchester." Label then intimated to the Rebbe that we would be returning home to Manchester on the following day so the Rebbe handed Roselyn a further dollar for Manchester.

2) It was now my turn. The Rebbe handed me \$1 and another one for Manchester. Plus a third dollar "for the good people of Manchester if you will find them, but do not spend too much time searching for them."

3) Sholom Ber (Lew) was next. The Rebbe wanted to know whether he was staying over. I replied, "No, he is leaving on Tuesday." Sholom Ber interrupted and said that he was leaving on Thursday. "Very well," said the Rebbe, "And here is a dollar for Manchester." "But," interjected Sholom Ber, "I shall be going to London." The Rebbe emphasized, however, that this dollar was for Manchester.

4) Aaron (Jaffe) followed. The Rebbe handed him a dollar and asked him when he was going home. Aaron replied, "Wednesday, no - maybe Tuesday." The Rebbe handed him another dollar and added that we should all hear good news about him.

5) Golda (Jaffe) brought with her Chaya Posner's little child Moussia. The Rebbe handed her a dollar plus another one for Manchester. Moussia was ever so pleased and gave a lovely, little giggle.

6) Channah (Marlow) with baby Mendie were next. The Rebbe presented a dollar to Mendie. Channah indicated that it was the baby's first birthday. The Rebbe said in Hebrew, "He should have a successful year." And to Channah he added, "Blessings and success - and here is another dollar for Manchester." "But," explained Channah, "I live here (in Crown Heights).

The Rebbe confirmed that she would be permitted to redeem the dollar here for the Jews of Manchester "including your grandfather."

7) Next in line was Rivka (Lew). The Rebbe handed her a dollar and extended the Brocha of "Blessings and success." Rivka confided to the Rebbe that she was in her "seventh month" and she begged for a Brocha for an easy pregnancy and delivery. The Rebbe answered that she would have "easy labour and a healthy child which she would bring up to "Torah, Chupah and good deeds."

8) Rivka's husband, Mendie, followed. The Rebbe gave him a dollar and a second one for the child who will be born.

9) Golda Rivka (Yunik) brought her little baby boy, Yoseph Yitzchok. The Rebbe blessed them with "Blessings and success," after handing to both Golda Rivka and her son a dollar each. Label indicated to the Rebbe that she is another one of my granddaughters who lived here. The Rebbe presented her with another dollar (and once again) "for the Jews of Manchester.

10) Menachem (Yunik), her husband, was last but not least. He also received a Brocha for "Blessings and success," together with a dollar.

Chaim Boruch Halbershtram took this photograph of the Rebbe handing me a dollar - Roselyn is standing in the background. Chaim Boruch asked me to accept this with his compliments.



Manchester received seven separate dollars from members of our party. It is extremely

gratifying, and satisfying, to belong to a Community and city which the Rebbe seems to hold so very dear to him.

Aaron was a very good boy. He danced through most of the night but was always on time for Shacharis at 10 a.m. I have discovered him studying Sichos and learning Rambam at all hours - day and night.

He demanded of Roselyn that she should awaken him every morning at 9 o'clock. NOT later - even after dancing all night. This was an irrevocable order - "unless I inform you beforehand to the contrary."

Levi, on the other hand, belonged to the Old School of Thought. The Rebbe says "DANCE" - so Levi danced all night. Then he told Roselyn that he wanted the "First awakening at 10 a.m.!?! The second awakening at 11 a.m.!! And the last - the RUDE AWAKENING at 12 noon and onwards."

He partook of his luncheon and breakfast at 3.30 p.m.

I heard a typical 770 rumour. It was to the effect that when I collected the Hadassim from the Rebbe I was told to pick up some more "for my wife". Then a different version appeared which indicated that the Rebbe handed me five Hadassim personally "for my wife Roselyn was already demanding these five Hadassim."

Although I denied these rumours vehemently, my grandsons were not convinced and bought the video of these few moments from Chaim Boruch. But it proved inconclusive.

Channah (Marlowe) and Chaya (Posner) resided in the same apartment block and therefore they shared the same common (well, not so common) Succah.

On one evening, Chaya invited us, together with all the Lews, whilst at the same time, Channah invited all the Jaffes. So we enjoyed a real jolly family reunion. Shmuel was asked to repeat the Rebbe's Sicho. He started at once – he took no chance, in case someone else wished to give it over.

On a different night when Channah invited us for dinner together with the Jaffes, Chaya invited all the Lews again, so we had another grand reunion.

On Shabbos Chol HaMoed, I was not sure whether we sung HoAderess VeHoemuna - so I kept quiet. The Chazan started the tune but the Rebbe did not raise his arm to help - and no one else sang. Then, all of a sudden, the Rebbe startled me by turning to me with a swing of his arms, in no uncertain manner, to urge me to join in the singing. This was accompanied by an extra special, wonderful smile.

On Yom Tov, during the Priestly Benedictions, I stand very near to the Rebbe. K.A.H. there are so many Kohanim that they cannot all fit onto the Rebbe's platform and many stood almost touching me. After the "duchening", the Rebbe turned to all the Kohanim and wished them a

"Yosher Koach"! He also extended these good wishes to Channina (a Kohen) and to me too (not a Kohen) - we were so close together!

Binyomin Klein and Michoel Zorkin wanted to know since when I had joined the Priesthood. I explained that I was always delighted to accept good wishes, especially from the Rebbe, for whatever reason.

Unlike the fellow who had been visiting some mourners. At the conclusion of the service, and before they left, the men wished the mourners, "Long life". There were three mourners and this fellow sat so close to them that when a gentleman wished the mourners, "Long life", he also wished this visitor "long life". The fellow nearly went berserk. He screamed, "How dare you wish me Long Life! I am not one of the mourners."

Life is stranger than fiction. A man is given a very lovely blessing - and he becomes annoyed.

At every morning service, as I have stated, Aaron was always present at 770 and, when we reached Hallel, during which we shake the Lulov on four occasions - eighteen movements every time - Aaron would jump over to where I was standing in the reserved square and took part in this Mitzvah. I had by then accumulated about half a dozen partners - all anxious to join my "shaking" experience.

One of my uninvited, but welcome, partners was my young Manchester friend Motty, aged about ten, the son of Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, the Mashpia of our Yeshiva. He always insisted on being one of my first customers. The main problem was that we had very limited time. Even though the Rebbe was deliberately very slow in order to accommodate large "shaking" groups like ours, it meant that I personally had to commence the Mitzvah much earlier than the Rebbe, go through the movements at a very fast speed, hand the Arba Minim to Aaron, who also exceeded the speed limit, and then gave it over to the next person. All I could see were about a dozen outstretched arms waiting to grab the Esrog and Lulov.

After Hallel, Shmidy led me close to the gangway to enable me to follow immediately after the Rebbe and join the procession around the Bimah for the HoSha'anos. Only about a dozen of us were allowed on these circuits with the Rebbe. Sholom Ber always joined me. He insisted that I needed protection - and he was the one to do the protecting. So we went around as one man. Sholom Ber enjoyed every moment.

Only one circuit was made on each day (except none on Shabbos and seven on Hashonah Rabba).

After the circuit the Rebbe returned to his platform and he waited until every single person who wished to go round the Bimah with the Arba Minim had done so - and until the Sefer Torah was placed back into the Ark. This exercise took about fifteen minutes and sometimes even more.

However, on Hashonah Rabba, the Rebbe followed by the aforementioned special people completed the seven circuits - and the service was completed straight away.

In my opinion, if the Rebbe had to wait for everyone to complete the seven circuits, the service would have been extended by about an hour and a half. No one would expect the Rebbe to have to wait so long. And the rest of the congregants had plenty of time to walk round the Bimah seven times - all day if they wanted to.

Bar Mitzvah of Elan Halbershtadt

We were invited to attend the Bar Mitzvah of Elan, the son of our niece Golda (nee Unsdorfer) and Yosi Halbershtadt, in London.

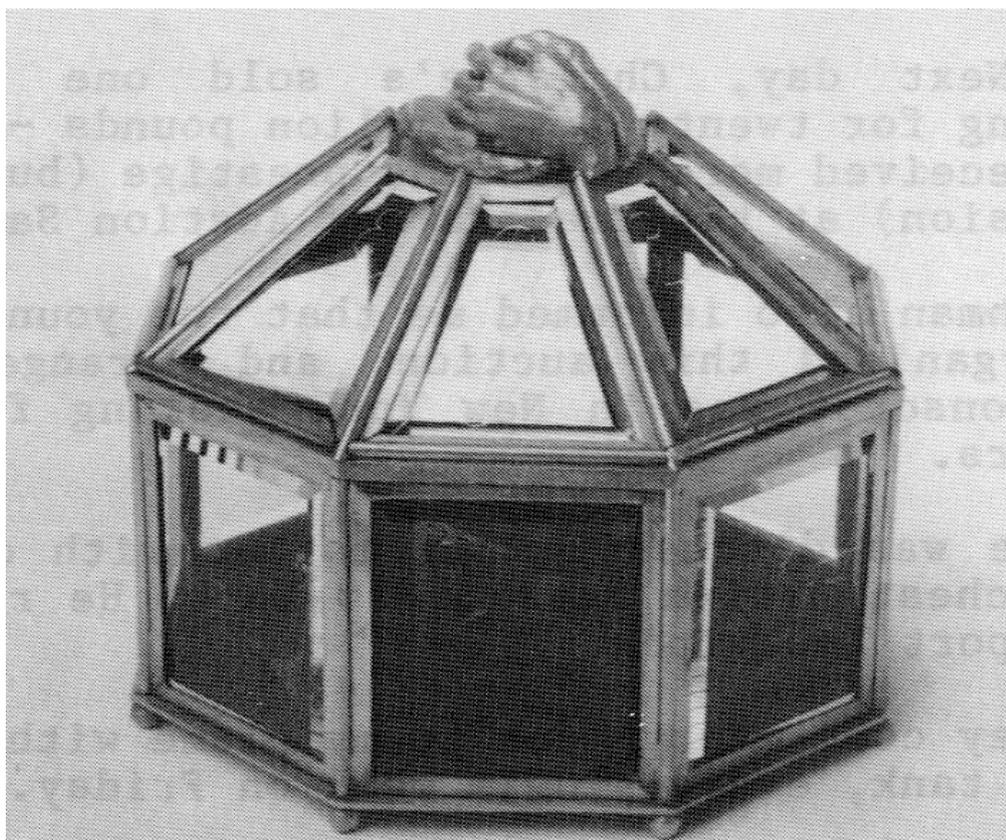
Golda and Yossi begged us to be present for the whole weekend - Friday evening until Sunday night. They would arrange our sleeping accommodation with friends across the road.

Christie's Auction

Rabbi Nachman (Sudak) reported to me about the Special Auction Sale which had been arranged for the benefit of Lubavitch, London, by the world famous auctioneers of Christie's.

The goods to be sold were all Tzedoka Boxes (charity boxes) - eighty three of them - all sizes and shapes and prices ranging from £50 to £9,000.

Here is lot 83 at between £7,000 and £9,000.



David Maude-Roxby-Montalto di Fragnito, gilt metal and glass, the hexagonal casket with tapering cover, set with finial of two pairs of hands clasping a cabochon crystal, the casket with eight bevelled clear glass panels diamond point stipple engraved with eight ways of giving, the

cover with inscription "Remember those who are needy," on ball feet 12.7cm. high £7,000-9,000

Two hundred people were expected to attend - five hundred came.

The Chief Rabbi elect, Rabbi Jonathan Sacks, opened the proceedings. He referred to the Rebbe as the **leader of our generation**.

He also mentioned that the word Tzedoka does not mean charity - but justice.

The auction was a great social success as well, and although some of the most expensive items did not reach their reserved price, most were sold and about £80,000 was raised.

Next day, Christie's sold one single painting for twenty five million pounds - but - they received more kudos and prestige (but less commission) at the Tzedoka Box Auction Sale.

Nachman also informed me that the young lady who organised this auction, and arranged for the sponsors, was in New York seeking further sponsors.

She was discussing the matter with one of the richest Jewish men in New York. He refused to support Lubavitch.

"They come every week to my place with their Mikvah tank, every single week on Friday."

The young lady pointed out that this was a Mitzvah tank - not a Mikvah.

He maintained that they made him roll up his left sleeve.

This was a Mitzvah tank. If it had been a Mikvah he would have had to roll up more than his left sleeve.

Lord Jacobovitz

The Chief Rabbi has made a statement which referred to the disturbing parallel between the rise of False Messiahs after the expulsion from Spain and the approach of Lubavitch and the Gush Emunim in the wake of the Holocaust.

This is the report which appeared on the front page of the "Jewish Chronicle" of London:



This caused a very great outcry, and in the "Jewish Chronicle" of that week, the whole centre

pages were filled with letters supporting Lubavitch and condemning the Chief Rabbi.

At the conclusion of a long leading article, the Editor wrote:

Anger over Chief's speech

By BERNARD JOSEPHS Home News Editor

The Chief Rabbi is at the centre of a storm over a speech in which he drew a "disturbing" parallel between the rise of false messiahs, after the Expulsion of the Jews from Spain, and the approach of Lubavitch and the Right-wing Israeli settlers' movement, Gush Emunim, in the wake of the Holocaust.

Lord Jakobovits, addressing the 25th anniversary meeting of the Memorial Foundation for Jewish Culture in Jerusalem, spoke of a "streak of Messianic fervour" in the Zionist enterprise and, "at a different level altogether, the messianic fervour generated by Lubavitch."

Letters of protest — mainly from Lubavitch supporters — attacking the Chief Rabbi and this newspaper, poured into the "Jewish Chronicle" this week.

Lord Jakobovits, in a letter to the editor, said that the report — which was taken from a text of the speech issued by the Chief Rabbi's Office — was inaccurate.

However, he added, "I carefully weighed, and stand by, every word I uttered. By referring to Lubavitch as having a streak... of Messianic fervour, I was stating an historical fact without in anyway being offensive." But his letter does not state that in his speech he described the parallel as "disturbing."

The Editor of the Jewish Telegraph had this to say:

Of course, the Chief Rabbi's views are open to debate. It is a pity, though, that some correspondents saw things that were simply not there — he at no time rejected the basic tenet of Judaism, messianism, nor did he utter one word of criticism about the Lubavitch missionary and other work that has so illuminated Jewish life. It is therefore difficult to understand why so many are rushing to proclaim the great Lubavitch virtues, which were never doubted. It is even more a pity that some correspondents — whose letters were simply not fit for publication — felt that, in the course of defending the Lubavitch movement, it was necessary to attack the probity, integrity and Jewish commitment of the Chief Rabbi himself and, in some cases, to descend to abuse. It is one of the saddest factors of Jewish public life that an honest debate about eternal values — the truth of which can never be fully plumbed — is so often dragged down to the level of name-calling between two teams of opposing football supporters.

The Chief Rabbi himself wrote afterwards:

"The report bore little resemblance to what I actually said. I have spoken in support of Lubavitch in five continents for over 30 years and have promoted the Lubavitch movement no less than any of my critics."

"The personal association of my wife and myself with the Rebbe over the past 40 years has been both warm and enduring."

"I hope this episode will lead to a greater sense of responsibility by our Press and to more tolerance and understanding by some of its more intemperate readers."

Incidentally, Rabbi Jonathan Sacks, the Chief Rabbi Elect, was on the radio recently.

He was being interviewed on the programme, "Desert Island Discs." Every week a notable personality is presumed to be shipwrecked on a desert island and he has the choice of taking with him eight records.

He explained to the interviewer the reasons why he chose each record in relation to the events in his life.

One of the records was the Lubavitcher tune, "Tzoma Lecho Nafshi" (Psalm 53:2, "My Soul does thirst for You.") sung by the Lubavitch choir of Crown Heights. Rabbi Sacks confessed that at a Yeshiva in Israel the Lubavitch Chabad Chassidim sat round a table on Shabbos afternoon, said words of Torah, drank vodka and sang this song.

He felt very emotional at that hour and did not want the Sabbath to end.

He mentioned the Lubavitch influence on him during the course of the programme.

The last record he chose was "Kol Moleh Rachamim", the prayer for the dead. The Nazis had chosen 2,000 men to be shot. Chazan Katz was among this number. He asked the Commandant to allow him to sing this prayer before they were killed.

The singer and the tune created such an impression on this officer that, although he did murder the 2,000 men, he did spare the life of Chazan Katz.

At the end of the interview, Rabbi Sacks was given the choice of taking one book with him, but not the Bible or Shakespeare.

He chose the Talmud, which consisted of twenty two volumes. The interrogator was a little taken aback but was persuaded that Rabbi Sacks could take these in a small, miniature edition. I think it was fortunate for him that the interviewer did not realise that the Talmud is a commentary upon the whole Bible - a real Yiddisher business.

Philip Machnikoff, my friend from Great Neck, sent me a lovely postcard from Israel. He had read my book whilst flying from New York to Ben Gurion. He found it entrancing. Philip also

sent me a photograph which was taken at Great Neck last year. It shows Shmuel, Philip and me all enjoying a good laugh.

If I put this picture in my book the smile would have been wiped off my face. It is a very good photograph - but not of me!

We were at a wedding and Mr. Buckman remarked that it was a very good Mechitza.

But I complained that it was impossible to keep out the sound of the ladies chattering and talking during the speeches.

Sholom Weiss said that "Women were the first to break the Sound Barrier."

A fellow had Yartzeit on Shabbos and wanted to make a nice big Kiddush for this special occasion.

I explained that the Rebbe had once told me the reason why we say "LeChaim" on a Yartzeit.

One should really fast on this day, instead of which we have Tikun, which means "rectification", - we have drinks and say "LeChaim" to friends.

But on Rosh Chodesh and on Shabbos one is not allowed to fast, so it is not necessary to have Tikun and drinks.

I was persuaded to ask Label (Groner). He replied, "Although it is not necessary - but if a man wants to make a farbraingen on the occasion of a Yartzeit, then I cannot see any objections."

Rambam Siyum

We held our Annual Rambam Siyum on the Yom Tov of the 10th of Kislev.

Avrohom was in charge and about 300 men and women were present. Rabbi Ginsbury, a local Rabbi, made the Siyum (the conclusion) and also made the fresh start. He was very good indeed.

Rabbi Yossi Hecht from Eilat was the guest speaker and was also a great success.

He emphasised that until the Rebbe publicised and stressed the importance of studying the Rambam, NOBODY except the top Rabbonim and the intellectuals ever looked into this Sefer (book). But now - everyone - even the "common man" is learning the Rambam every single day.

Yossi Hecht also mentioned that in the time of the Gemorra, the largest Shool in the world was the Eliyohu Hanovi Shool in Alexandria, in Egypt. It was so big that the worshippers at the back of the Shool could not hear the Chazan. Therefore, men were sited all over the place and would give a signal by waving a handkerchief, or other cloth, to advise everyone to say Amen, and so forth.

Just as in 770, when those at the rear of the Shool cannot always hear the Chazan!

A couple of weeks later we flew to Eilat. The Rebbe always said it was safer in Israel - and in any case, the war was not due to start until after January 15th - the date when the United Nations resolution, ordering Saddam to vacate Kuwait, came into force.

The special Chanuka Menorah had been set up by Lubavitch and was to be lit at 7 p.m. A four piece orchestra started playing at 7.10 p.m. and a puppet show was due for 8 p.m.

Meanwhile, the Menorah was still unlit. I asked one of the officials where was Yossi Hecht?

He explained that Rabbi Yossi Hecht and Glickstonstein were away in Egypt taking part in a Rambam Siyum in Cairo. Three Rabbonim had travelled to Cairo - one to speak in English, one in Arabic, and the third one in French.

Rebbetzen Hecht had arranged a very nice - professional - Chanuka reception at the hotel where we were staying. Over 300 women and girls were present and there was music too.

Roselyn did not attend because all the proceedings were in Ivrit and Roselyn was not too conversant with the language.

I did not attend - I was not allowed to enter the hall.

I asked my friends - on every Rosh Chodesh we recite half Hallel, yet on one Rosh Chodesh we recite the whole of Hallel, and on one we say no Hallel at all. The answer: Rosh Chodesh Teves falls during Chanuka when we say the whole Hallel every day, and on Rosh Hashonah we say no Hallel.

The Jerusalem Post reported that all over the U.S.A. there were Menorahs in 200 public places and in 2,000 semi-public places.

Some More Anecdotes

A few years ago, in Israel, Rabbi Elituv had arranged to be married. He invited his brother who resided in Argentina. But firstly his brother had to ask the Rebbe. The Rebbe advised him not to travel.

Just two weeks before the wedding date, the Chosson became involved in a motor car accident and he remained in hospital for nearly a year.

He duly arranged a new date for the wedding and once again invited his brother who once more asked the Rebbe. In this instance the Rebbe replied that, "Yes, he should attend the marriage."

A similar case occurred when Levi was leaving 770 to become a Sheliach of the Rebbe to study at an Australian Yeshiva together with a dozen other boys.

They were all standing in a line and the Rebbe gave each and every one a Brocha - but poor Levi received no Brocha and no farewell!

Meanwhile, his sister Channah had just become engaged to Yossi (Marlow) and Levi flew to Manchester to be present at the Simcha intending to fly on to Australia. He discovered that if he returned to New York and flew to Australia from the States then there would be enormous savings on the fare.

So he went back to Crown heights and the Rebbe gave him a Brocha and a farewell before Levi flew on to Australia.

I was buying wine and I required a bottle of grape juice in case the wine was too strong for some members of the family.

Nachman stood nearby and advised me to purchase a bottle of special 770 Farbraingen wine. It was not necessary to mix this wine with grape juice.

My shoes were a little grubby, especially after being trod upon continuously at 770. So I went

into a shop and bought a tin of boot polish. I met Sholom Ber outside. He maintained that it was silly to buy boot polish which needed a brush plus a shiner brush and plenty of "elbow grease" before the shoes reached perfection. Sholom Ber had bought a special self-polisher and shiner - a unique liquid which, together with an extra rub, brought out the full bloom of the polish on one's shoes.

It was so brilliant that one could see one's face or reflection in the shoes. I was tremendously impressed - until I looked down at Sholom Ber's feet and saw the most grubby and dirty shoes that it has been my misfortune ever to behold.

It may have been a good idea but the liquid had to be put onto the shoes and not left in the bottle.

On Yom Tov morning, I picked up my Tallis from its usual place on the sideboard where I had left it lying the previous day. I always take my Tallis to Shool by wearing it. It is more convenient that way. I made the Brocha and placed the Tallis over my shoulders. It did not feel quite right and I asked Shmuel to confirm that I wore the Tallis correctly. He replied that it seemed to be alright.

At Shool, at a certain point during the service, we kiss the Tzitzis, the fringes at the four corners of the Tallis. It then dawned upon me that this was definitely NOT my Tallis. My own Tzitzis were heavier and thicker.

It was no small wonder that the Tallis was uncomfortable. It was made for a six footer. It was obvious that someone had taken mine by mistake because there was no Tallis left on the sideboard that morning when I took this one. It was too late now to return to the flat to investigate so I had to make do with the one I had.

I was quite certain that Shmuel was the culprit and that he was wearing my Tallis; so when I met him I swooped it off his back.

He was annoyed and explained why he was positive that the Tallis was his. All round the bottom of a Tallis there are woven into the material small tassels and fringes. To ensure that these little fringes did not infringe upon the four official, corner fringes - Shmuel was very particular - he had cut these off. He showed me that there was no tassel or fringes around the base (except the four sets of Tzitzis).

I could not accuse him of cutting these off on Yom Tov so I had the embarrassing task of handing back the Tallis to Shmuel.

That afternoon, Yoseph Lipsker (Channah Lew's husband) was in a turmoil. Someone had taken his brand new Tallis and he had been wearing "this old one" all day. Everywhere he went - the Tallis went too.

He was also worried and upset that someone could actually walk into a strange flat and take his brand new Tallis.

It is said that "attack is the best form of defence," so I gave him a few half truths about carelessness and the impropriety of misappropriating the possessions of others.

Hindy flew to 770 to attend a Women's Convention on the occasion of the Yartzeit of the Rebbetzen Z.Tz.L. There were over five hundred delegates from all over the world. She was one of the principal speakers and addressed many meetings.

After the Rebbe had related a Sicho, all the ladies were presented with dollars. Two dollars for every delegate. Hindy received her dollars and walked away. The Rebbe called her back and said, "Here are \$2 for your mother." So Roselyn was included amongst the Sheluchos and obtained the same amount, \$2, as did all the delegates.

Poor me! I received none at that time.

Aubrey Harris was in New York and wished to see the Rebbe together with his wife, Lottie, at the dollar distribution. They had to catch a plane in the early afternoon and asked if I could help in any way.

I made arrangements with Label that they should be available at 1 p.m., and I gave Aubrey a letter of introduction for the "heavy gang" and Dorit.

Aubrey and Lottie were very lucky and within five minutes they were at the Rebbe's side.

I asked Aubrey whether the Rebbe had said anything to him. "Yes", he replied, "The Rebbe gave me a Brocha, but there were such long queues, and everyone was being rushed along so quickly, that I did not want to bother the Rebbe."

I indicated that people do take the opportunity of asking the Rebbe for something special whilst they were there and had the chance.

"Oh yes." replied Aubrey. "I did ask the Rebbe for a special Brocha which he did extend to me."

Many months later, Aubrey Harris' daughter Miriam and her husband, Rabbi Mordecai Kaufman, travelled to 770 to obtain a Brocha and a dollar from the Rebbe.

Miriam explained to me that she was expecting a baby and all pregnant women were allowed to be the first in the women's queue - I never knew this!

Miriam received a dollar for herself, a dollar for her family - and a dollar for Manchester - plus a nice Brocha.

Our neighbours, Michael and Greta Rose also went to see the Rebbe for dollars. They did not ask for any assistance from me, they decided to take a chance.

Michael waited for two and a half hours in the men's line whilst Greta spent an hour waiting with the ladies. Michael did not mind the wait. It was interesting to hear all the different conversations and see such a variety of people. But he would have preferred to see the Rebbe together with his wife and receive a joint blessing.

Caroline Sugarman used to reside in Kingston, South London. Her parents and sister were not orthodox - they had never been religious.

Shlomo Levine of South London had met her brother who had become a Baal Teshuva. Caroline was searching for religion and she stayed for a while at the Ladies' Seminary in Zfas, Israel.

I met Caroline at the home of Hindy and Shmuel, in London. She was a very attractive, good looking girl and was staying at Hindy's to complete her Jewish education.

It was her birthday and Hindy advised her to write to the Rebbe for a blessing for this happy occasion. Caroline realised that she did not possess a Hebrew name. She liked the name of Chaya and she understood that Chaya went together with other Hebrew names such as Soro.

Hindy suggested that she should ask the Rebbe to choose a suitable name.

The Rebbe replied that in his opinion the name Chaya Soro was very appropriate - much to the delight of Caroline.

She has since become engaged to marry a Yeshiva boy - in Israel.

She has a cousin who is an accountant in the City. He wanted to spend a few hours during Yom Kippur with her AND for the first time in his life - he fasted.

Aaron's Birthday

As I have stated above, Aaron is a very good boy. Two years ago he visited 770 especially to receive a Brocha on the occasion of his Bar Mitzvah.

He returned to England a completely different boy. Up till that time he was mostly interested in football. It was good exercise and he was excellent at it.

But when he came back from 770, he threw out all his football sportswear and paraphernalia and became interested only in studying Torah and learning Sichos and Maamorim.

Our Shool morning service commenced at 7.20 a.m. - Aaron started to arrive at 6.45 a.m. and together with Selig Haber and sometimes Mordecai Abrams, they would learn Chassidus for half an hour until 7.15 a.m.

At the moment he is a pupil at the Manchester Jewish Grammar School. He is too young to join our Yeshiva but, every spare moment he has he learns and studies with his friends at the Yeshiva, and sometimes even alone.

I sent him this poem on the occasion of his fifteenth birthday, on Adar 9th. He was pleasantly surprised and commented that he always understood that I composed a poem only for a special event - a wedding or Bar Mitzvah and so forth.

Well Aaron this is a special event.

Following is a poem I wrote specially for Aaron.

To you Aaron it must feel like heaven
To be learning in Shool at a quarter to seven.

We do not envy your early start
But are really jealous of your Torah true heart.

You are showing a wonderful example to all your friends
Maybe they will follow you and achieve all these ends.

May you always be Bobby's and Zaidie's pride and joy
And continue in this way as a real Chassidisher boy.

May you enjoy good health and give Nachass to the Rebbe and everyone
Until you reach the good old age of one hundred and twenty one.

OUR REBBETZEN (Z.Tz.L.)

The 22nd of Shevat is the date of the Yartzeit of our Rebbetzen (Z.Tz.L.) - and how we do
continue to miss her!

The magazine "L'Chaim" was founded and dedicated to the memory of our Rebbetzen, Chaya
Mushkie (Schneerson) Z.Tz.L.

As you may see from this enclosure, the word L'Chaim is the acronym of **L'Chaya** Mushkie.



Yehudis Cohen is the Editor of this Magazine and she persuaded me to write a short article
about our friendship and our association with the Rebbetzen Z.Tz.L.

Herewith is a copy of the article.

L'Chaim

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

by Zalman Jaffe (Manchester, England)

The Rebbetzin was a very good friend to us-- kind, considerate, cheerful and gracious. She was good looking and petite, always smartly dressed and well-groomed. She looked and acted quite youthful, and yet, "majestic, queenly, and regal" were adjectives which could well

describe her. Despite her size and humility, her presence filled an entire room.

We were fortunate that we enjoyed her personal friendship and we were privileged to partake of her charm and wit. For example, I once informed her that some readers of my annual publication, "My Encounters with the Rebbe, *shlita*," had complained when I had mentioned them in my book. She retorted that "those whom you mention are annoyed, and those whom you do not mention are insulted."

I once asked the Rebbetzin whether the Rebbe disturbed her when he arrived home at 4:30 a.m. in the early morning. She replied, "Oh, no. I always, always wait up for him." Her

Personal Glimpses

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I once asked the Rebbetzin whether the Rebbe disturbed her when he arrived home at 4:30 a.m. in the early morning. She replied, "Oh, no. I always, always wait up for him." Her whole life and being were bound-up with the Rebbe. She was the ideal companion, worthy advisor, and shared his problems, heartaches and successes.

The Rebbetzin used to indicate to us that surely we had better things to do during the short time we spent in Crown Heights than to visit her. Her humility kept her from assuming that visiting with her was one of the high points of our biannual visits to the United States.

We used to talk to her every single Friday, without fail. On one occasion she asked about my health and I painted a very rosy picture. But she interrupted me and said, "Please let me speak to Roselyn." She was so astute, she knew she'd get the real story from my wife.

When Chaya, our eldest granddaughter from London, went to study in Crown Heights, the Rebbetzin realized that she might be very lonely at first. So, one day, she phoned Chaya's apartment and asked to speak to her. The young lady who answered the phone wanted to know

who was calling and nearly fainted when she heard that it was "Mrs. Schneerson from President Street."

On the Friday before our Rebbetzin passed away, we spoke to her as usual, from Manchester and I will always remember her last words to us: "Thank you for calling. It was lovely speaking to you. I shall look forward to our chat next week, please G-d." But it was not to be. She is so much missed—terribly!

The Rebbetzin's Yartzeit
(continued)

The portion of the Tanya which we study on the 22nd of Shevat, the date of the Rebbetzin's (Z.Tz.L.) Yartzeit, is very appropriate because it is natural for us to be sad on this day.

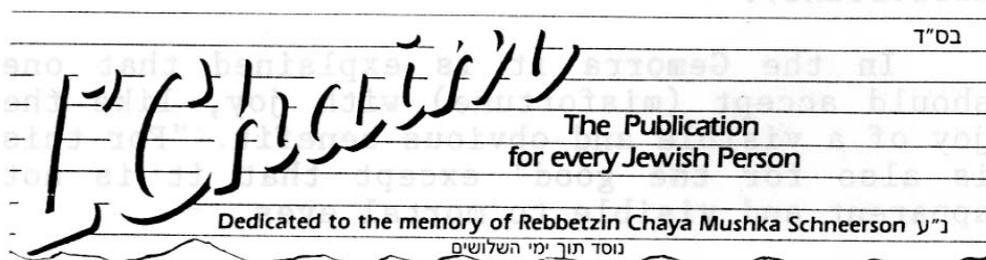
In brief it states:

"The following is sound advice as

to how to cleanse one's heart of all sadness and every trace of worry about mundane matters, even about children and sustenance.

Just as one must recite a blessing for good (one must also recite a blessing for misfortune).

In the Gemorra it is explained that one should accept (misfortune) with joy, like the joy of a



12 Shevat, 5751

Dear Mr. Jaffee,

Enclosed please find a copy of the special chof-beis Shevat issue of "L'Chaim" in which we printed the article you so kindly wrote for us.

I would just like to mention that our copy-editor enjoyed your article so much that I offered to lend her two of my copies of your "Encounters." She accepted them without hesitation, promptly read them, and enjoyed them, too.

With much thanks,

Yehudis Cohen

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visible and obvious benefit. "For this is also for the good" except that it is not apparent and visible to mortal eyes.

...The Rabbis, of blessed memory, commented, "That it is to those who rejoice in their afflictions that the verse refers: "But they that love Him shall be as the sun going forth in its might."

Therefore (the man who accepts affliction with joy) merits (to see) "the sun going forth in its might" in the World to come.

There is a weekly news sheet printed at 770, in Ivrit, which is forwarded to subscribers all over the world.

It is called "Bais Chayainu" - "The House of our Life." It is a complete diary of the Rebbe's movements and activities during each and every day.

The most interesting items are those which occur during dollar distribution, as I have recorded elsewhere.

Avrohom and I received honourable mention - 10th of Teves:

"The Rebbe handed to Avrohom Jaffe \$2 extra to give over to his father (Zalmon Jaffe) and another \$2 to give to his mother.

Another week we read that the Rebbe gave to the son of Zalmon Jaffe two extra dollars and said, "These are for your father and mother - for Tzedoka."

Miss Shterney Zakless, aged about 17, and originally from Detroit, travelled to Israel for Pesach. She spent a few days at the Dead Sea.

One morning she was in the water and she beckoned to a lady, standing at the edge, to come along into the sea.

The lady answered that she usually went at 8 a.m. They became involved in conversation. The woman asked Shterney from whence she came and was told, "From London".

The lady enquired whether she knew the Lews. "Of course", answered Shterney. "I am in the sixth form of the Lubavitch Girls high School, of which Rabbi Shmuel Lew is the headmaster, and I spend a great deal of time at Hindy's home.

Well, the lady happened to be Taubie Beenstock, Avrohom's mother-in-law, and our Mechutenisti (female Mechutan). Is it not a small world?

MATZO

Faigie Rochel Golomb (nee Simon) phoned me this week to inform me that I had won a prize

in a raffle - it was a Mezuzah which she brought to my house. I gave her a donation for the Keren Chanah Fund to provide money for girls to attend a Seminary.

I told Avrohom that I was a lucky man to win a raffle. He indicated that I had won more than a raffle because he had heard that the Rebbe had handed to Osher Vaisfische a pound weight of Matzo to give to me. This I found hard to believe - a whole pound!! I did not know whether Osher had received this yet - nor what it was. But whatever it was in weight would be much appreciated. I could not leave the matter in abeyance any longer, though, I wished to know about the Matzo which the Rebbe had handed to Osher Vaisfische for me. Label confirmed that the Rebbe had actually sent for me a whole box of Matzo weighing, probably, one and a half pounds.

Obviously, I had not yet received this parcel but it seemed that I might get for myself as much Matzo as all of Manchester. This is really something!!

Then - on Sunday, Shmulie (Jaffe) phoned me from Crown Heights. The Rebbe had given him a dollar for his Zaidie. He was very excited and, as a reward, he requested that I should let him have - for him alone - a piece of the Rebbe's Matzo, and to make sure that it was a "Shlomus" (a whole, complete, unbroken Matzo). Well, it was my turn to get excited! A Chutzpah! He wanted to know who was more important than he! An hour or so later on, Sholom Ber also phoned that the Rebbe, Shlita, an "old customer", but Shmulie? I was surprised that the Rebbe recognised him, but I should never be surprised at what the Rebbe does - and says. I am very delighted to have grandchildren to act as my agents. I thank G-d for that.

Osher duly arrived. He brought the Matzos - originally about thirteen whole peices, 12 lbs. With the Rebbe's Brocha they had increased to about twenty pieces. Osher also brought me another one dollar bill plus the rebbe's letter 25th Adar. So it was a good delivery, a very lovely parcel.

Avrohom maintained that the rebbe may have wanted that I should have six pieces all for myself, three at each Seder. Well, I have never been a greedy person and, if I have something very precious, I would want to share it with my own children, especially if, and as they were, so appreciative.

Regarding the Rebbe's Matzos. What a windfall - what a "wonder" in this year of "I will show you wonders".

I could afford to be generous, T.G., and although I was advised that I should put away for myself THREE whole Matzos for each Seder night, I could not bear to be so greedy.

Everyone was looking forward to a large ration so I put the family first because each and every one did appreciate each and every piece and crumb. I sent to the Lews, in London, two large pieces and a quantity of smaller pieces - a few whole pieces must have got broken in transit. I kept for myself two whole pieces (one for each night) and took some extra to share out at my brother's (Ephraim) Seder where we spent the first night.

I gave the rest to Avrohom to share out.

There was a wonderful reaction. Yossi and Channah (Marlow) confessed that never could they envisage having a whole Matzo from the Rebbe, Shlita, whilst Rochel, Dovid's wife, told us that for the whole Rosenblum family in Montreal there was only one square inch of the Rebbe's Matzo.

Bernard Perrin was typing out my book. He had already produced nearly one hundred pages - and would not accept any payment, so Roselyn suggested that I should give him a nice piece of this Matzo. He was very delighted. I also had a few people begging and pleading for some. It was remarkable how news leaks out!

Shmuel indicated that we received the same rations as for a town or city. As I have said to the Rebbe before, "T.G., our family, K.A.H., is doing the work of many towns." However, of course, this certainly does not entitle us to receive such hefty rations.

Maybe, one day, the Rebbe will tell me why he did send me so much Matzo! For the work I have done?? The Rebbe once told me - and a few years later repeated it - that, "It is for the work you are going to do." Whatever the reason, the fact is that I got it. I appreciated it. My wife and the whole family did so too. Obviously, no words could do justice to my gratitude - but - as the Tanya says, "One has to be 'Bottel' and be humble."

Rosh Hashonah and Pesach Connection

Yehuda and Dovid Pink, together with Dovid Uhrmacher and others, were responsible for organising and fixing up

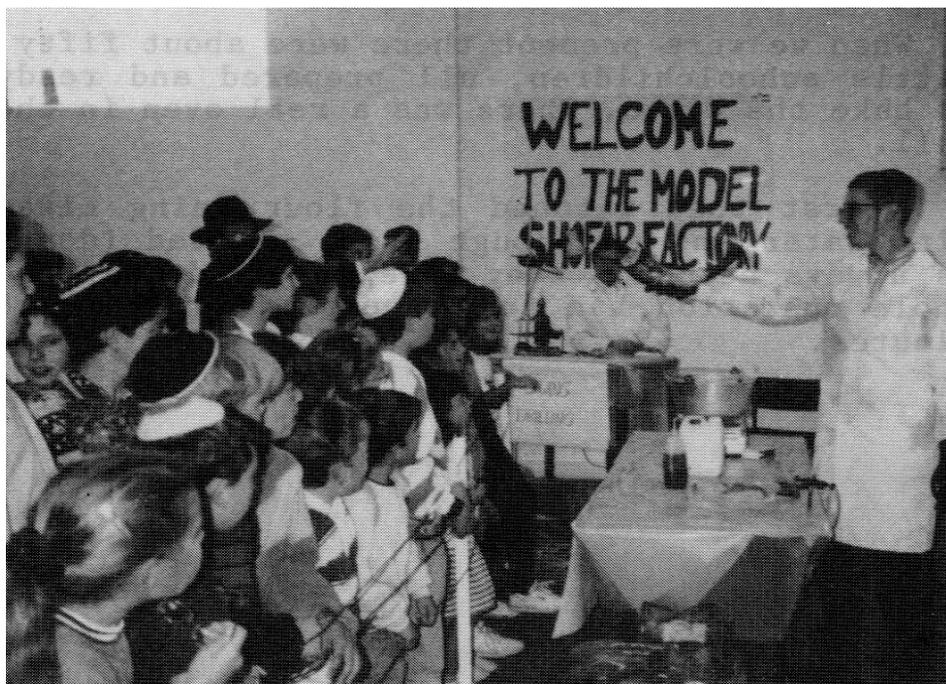
1) The Lubavitch Rosh Hashonah Experience.

2) The Lubavitch Pesach Exhibition.

In the Rosh Hashonah display we were shown the table prepared and set for Yom Tov, the water for the Tashlich ceremony, the Succah, and so forth. But the most interesting department was "How to make a Shofar." A video was also shown.

The Ram's horn is a hard, solid bone. It has to be softened and made malleable so that it became pliable and easy to work upon it. Therefore it is soaked in boiling water first. It then has to be cut, sawed and drilled.

Below is Dovid Pink showing a class of school children the intricacies of the job.



The Pesach Exhibition, however, was really outstanding and done very professionally.

I went to see it with Roselyn and we were very impressed by what we saw. Two video films were shown. I saw the cartoon called "The Pesach Story". I had a really good laugh and I enjoyed it immensely, especially the scenes with Moishe, Aaron and Pharaoh and the ten plagues. It was amusing to watch Aaron's snake gobble up the "other snakes" and so forth.

When we were present there were about fifty little schoolchildren, all prepared and ready to bake the Matzo. There was a real oven in the hall.

First they watched the flour being mixed with water and the dough being kneaded (dough is always needed) They were informed that the whole operation had to be completed within 18 minutes.

They then stood around five large tables, each one holding a rolling pin and dressed in a new plastic blue apron, and wearing a chef's hat (paper one) with the words, "I visited the Matzo Bakery" printed thereon.

A small piece of dough was slapped in front of each five or six year old girl and they all rolled and rolled with the rolling pin.

The flattened piece was pricked to make the holes - and into the oven it went.

The children took their own hand-baked Matzo home with them. I shall always remember the scene of the fifty little girls rolling their dough.

Yehuda Pink was in overall charge (the only one present without an overall). He gave a short talk about Pesach. He obtained his Semicha (Rabbinical degree) recently in Kfar Chabad so he is now Rabbi Yehuda Pink.

Both exhibitions were a huge success and over 2,000 children from about 20 local schools and Chedorim attended, as well as numerous coach loads from the North of England.

The public also flocked to these events in their hundreds, in the evenings and on Sundays.

On the following page are two photographs.



Rolling the dough. Yehuda Pink is surveying the scene.



Another class leaving the exhibition with their boxes of their own hand-baked Matzo, & leaflets

The Rebbe's Message, Quoted By Press

The Rebbe had become Big News and most newspapers, non-Jewish as well as Jewish, were publishing articles about the greatness of our Rebbe.

The "Guardian" - one of the foremost English daily newspapers, wrote a seven column article on December 24th. Herewith is a brief resume:

"Last night was the kindling of the eighth Chanuka light and this coincided with the Forty City Satellite link-up from the Lubavitch Headquarters at 770 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

A magical world tour which transcended time zones and nationalities.

We saw and clapped to the still astonishing sight of Jews dancing the Horah in Red Square, Moscow, whilst a giant Chanukia was lit at the Kremlin.

Menorahs were lit in Melbourne and Sydney. There was singing in Hong Kong, and there was a huge Menorah near to the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

A personal representative of King Hassan of Morocco lit one in Casablanca, whilst the Chief Rabbi of Israel 'did his stuff' at the Western Wall, Jerusalem.

President Bush stood and watched the Menorah being lit in front of the White House, Washington.

The Prime Minister of Canada prayed that the Rebbe would go from strength to strength and praised his inspiration to Jews and non-Jews alike.

In New York, Mayor Dinkins stood in a fork lift whilst the candles were being lit and he thanked the Rebbe for the blessings he brought upon the city.

Prime Minister Shamir of Israel interrupted a banquet speech to tell those linked to satellite that, "He hoped The Rebbe would always be with us."

The Rebbe, in his address, spoke essentially of the miracles of the lights and their ability to draw nations and neighbours together.

There was a brightness and poetry to his words as he moved to a peroration on how the

multitude of lights would reach G-d in the Temple of the Heavens.

"From the Heavens the lights would reach Israel. And from Israel to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to the Temple Mount - and there, "On the Temple Mount, in these days, would be the coming of the Moshiach, and there would be a redemption and we would all go to the Holy Land."

The Rebbe has developed the most vibrant brand of modern Jewish traditionalism. His own extraordinary life story which brought him, from the jaws of the holocaust and the brink of death - to New York City, has its own biblical quality. As a writer, Talmudic scholar and Sage, he ranks amongst the greatest of the twentieth century.

In the past forty years, the Lubavitchers have grown from a tiny movement hailing from one Russian village to an extensive network with hundreds of thousands of adherents.

Plus another five columns in the same vein – in an international, world renowned, non-Jewish newspaper.

The "Jewish Chronicle" published a four column article. It stated that on Rosh Chodesh Kislev, 5738, the Rebbe made a full recovery from his illness which he had suffered 38 days previously, on Shemini Atzeres.

This day is now kept as a Yom Tov of Thanksgiving by all Lubavitcher Chassidim.

On that day there was a conference of one thousand of the Rebbe's Shiluchim at 770, from all the four corners of the world.

The Rebbe told them - alluding to Yaakov's sojourn in Haran - "A Shaliach is one who journeys afar, venturing from the light and warmth of his home environment to the dark and cold of the outside."

"A Shaliach must always look forward, striving to do more. Upon embarking on his mission he should already be thinking and planning future accomplishments."

Four main sections were discussed at this Conference. Missionaries on University Campus - drugs - Soviet Jewry - and the Children of Chernobyl.

Lubavitch was taking a very active part in all of these problems. Regarding Chernobyl - nearly three hundred children had already been airlifted to Kfar Chabad, Israel. A further 3,000 more were awaiting their planes. They had received no medical treatment in Russia although hundreds were dying every month from cancer and its associated diseases.

These Shiluchim also provide a much needed facility. Max, my grandson-in-law, was visiting Hong Kong. He telephoned to the Shaliach in that Colony, who happened to be our old friend (young) Rabbi Avtzon, who made arrangements to provide food and hospitality for Max.

"Join Lubavitch and see the world" is an old adage.

28 Years of Successful Achievement In Russia

We have all heard of the enormous success which Lubavitch have achieved in Russia during the past 28 years but how many have considered that the annual budget involved is nearly three million dollars!!

I have included some material and photographs from the "Lishkas Ezras Achim", the official Lubavitch Umbrella Organisation in Soviet Russia, which I am certain you will find extremely interesting. I have been most impressed.



One of this year's innovations: 400 women attend a convention on the Yahrtzeit of Rebbitzin Chaya Mushka, of blessed memory.



7,000 Jews dance at the public Simchas Beis Hashoeva celebration.



(article by Lishkas Ezras Achim)

A Year of Wonders - A Year of Revolutionary Accomplishments

During the present century, two powerful revolutions have exploded in one of the world's vastest lands.

In 1917, the October Revolution brought the Bolsheviks to power in Russia, sending shock-waves around the world ever since.

In 1989-1990, during the Year of Miracles, 5750, came the second revolution, this time a peaceful one. It is a revolution of Torah and Mitzvos spreading to Jews throughout the vast land, arousing them to new awareness and observance of their original Jewish heritage that they lost after the 1917 revolution. It has gradually received official approval as its positive benefits have become appreciated.

This new revolution is the accomplishment of Lishkas Ezras Achim. For 28 years, they have quietly worked behind the scenes helping Soviet Jews materially and spiritually. We'll have to leave for some other time a description of Ezras Achim's amazing operations during those 28 years, operating virtually alone in its miraculoos struggle to preserve the flame of Yiddishkeit in a hostile, persecuting environment.

Here we will limit ourselves to a few of Ezras Achim's accomplishments during the past year, since our last Melaveh Malka, to let you know how your generous contributions have been put to wonderful use.

Let the pictures tell the story....

Vital Statistics of the Past Year

Manpower

10 Couples sent as Shluchim to cities in the USSR

76 Senior Yeshiva students sent for activities in the USSR

23 Senior Yeshiva & Seminary students sent as camp counselors

Schools & Camps

Innovations Of The Last Year

* The first-ever Shluchim's Convention in the Soviet Union, with 48 Shluchim and activists participating.

* Weekly Mitzva campaigns in the streets of Soviet cities.

- * Mitzva Tanks go through the streets playing Jewish music.
- * Simchas Beis Hashoeva in the Soviet streets, with music, tremendous public participation and publicity.
- * Giant Menoras in the center of Soviet cities.
- * Regular Tzivos Hashem rallies
- * Official radio announcements and press advertisements.
- * Intellectual seminars on Yiddishkeit for the Jewish Public.
- * A strong and active movement of hundreds of Baalei Tshuva
- * Continuous stream of Soviet Jewish students sent to Lubavitcher Yeshivos and Machon Chana in the USA.
- * Wide distribution of kosher food.
- * First giant exhibition about Yiddishkeit - Jewish Family Expo of Tzivos Hashem.
- * Machon Chaya Mushka established for senior women student.

Plans For This Summer

We plan to send:

4 New couples as permanent Shluchim to open new centers in Soviet cities.

28 Senior Yeshiva students to settle and work in 14 Soviet cities during the spring and summer months!

12 Senior Yeshiva students to travel on "Merkos Shlichus" through 60 Soviet cities!

48 Senior Yeshiva and seminary students as counselors for summer camps (20 for boys camps and 28 for girls camps).

We plan to open:

3 New Torah day-schools

4 New Machom Chaya Mushka schools for senior women students in various Soviet cities!

We plan to build:

* A beautiful new Headquarters Center for all our activities in the Soviet Union - at Marina Roshtcha Shul in Moscow!

DO YOU REALIZE...?

- * Sending each student to the USSR for 3-4 months costs: \$ 7,000
- * Sending a Shluchim couple to the USSR for a year cost \$38,000
- * Expenses of a summer camp in the USSR average: \$35,000
- * Expenses of all our communal Pesach Sedarim total: \$55,000
- * A year's assistance and medications for the needy total: \$68,000
- * Expenses of sending each food container truck total: \$21,000
- * Buying Tefillin, Mezuzos, Tzitzis, Seforim etc. for-Jews in the USSR over the past year totaled \$87,000

Work it out yourself...

In the course of the coming year we will have: 12 Shluchim couples
150 Senior Yeshiva and seminary students - in several groups.

Together with the other projects we have planned, it adds up to a grand total of \$2,800,000 for the coming year!

We'll need all the help you can give us-and then some - to bear this heavy, but urgently needed, burden of expenditure.



The "pioneer" that first burst into the streets of Moscow with a Suka-mobile. Thousands of Jews queued-up in long lines to perform the Mitzvos of Sukos - for the first time in their lives!



A Tzivos Hashem Sukos rally in the enormous Suka especially built for this purpose.

A Letter From The Rebbe

I received a letter from the Rebbe just in time (a letter from the Rebbe is always "just in time") This was an unexpected but most welcome bonus. The first letter for 12 months. I have received many messages and dollars all year - but a letter!!

This extended Brochas and good wishes on the occasion of Pesach. On the following page is a copy.

Here is my English translation.

B.H. 13th Nissan, Tof, Nun, Shin, Aleph. (you will notice that the letters Nun and Shin have been interposed because, if left in their correct order, it would have formed the word Tisna meaning "hatred").

To: (complimentary titles) Schneer Zalmon Greetings and blessings.

As we approach the festival of Pesach, the time of our freedom, which comes to us and to all Israel for good.

Behold, with this I extend my blessings for a kosher, joyful and true freedom. Freedom from material and spiritual worries - from all matters that obstruct (your) service to G-d with joy and

a good heart.

And to continue (this) freedom and joy throughout all the days of the whole year. And especially since in our service to HaShem, as we are commanded in our Torah, the living Torah, applies to every aspect of a person and continues all the day and all the night.

As it says, "In all your ways you should know Him."

With Yom Tov blessings

(signed by the Rebbe)

P.S. With this I acknowledge receipt of all your letters, with many thanks.

יפה- לונדן RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON Lubavitch 770 Eastern Parkway Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213 493-9250	מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן ליובאוויטש 770 איסטערן פארקוויי ברוקלין, נ.י.
	בייה, ייג ניסן חנשייא ברוקלין, נ.י.

הווייח איינא נוי"נ עוסק בצ"צ וכו' מוה' שניאור זלמן שי'

שלום וברכה!

לקראת חג המצות, זמן חירותנו, הבא עלינו ועל כל ישראל לטובה, הנני בזה להביע ברכתי לחג כשר ושמח ולחירות אמתית, חירות מדאגות בגשם ומדאגות ברוח - בכל דבר המעכב עבודת ה' בשמחה ובטוב לבב.

ולהמשיך מחירות ושמחה זו בימי כל השנה כולה.

ובפרט שעבודת השם, כמצווה עלינו בתורתנו תורת חיים, הרי היא בכל עניני האדם ובמשך כל היום וכל הלילה, וכמו שנאמר בכל דרכיך דעהו.

בברכת החתום


נ.ב. מאשר הנני כל המכיר, ות"ח.

THE REBBE SUMS UP THE SITUATION

5751 The year of "I will show you wonders" 1"03

**DIVINE MIRACLES
ARE NOT PAST
HISTORY**

An adaptation of statements of
the Lubavitcher Rebbe,
Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson שליט"א,
at the Communal Yechidus
on the 25th of Nissan, 5751



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Founded In Memory Of The Lubavitcher Rebbetzin
Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka Schneerson obm.

Publisher's Foreword

Our Sages ordained that whenever a person sees a place where miracles occurred to him or to the Jewish people as a whole, he is obligated to recite a blessing.¹ This law reflects one of Judaism's fundamental ideals – not to be *kefui tovah*, unappreciative of the favors one has received. In recognition of the miracles G-d performs, we should express our thanks and praise.

The results of ingratitude can be awesome. Our Sages relate² that G-d desired that King Chizkiyahu be revealed as the *Mashiach*. Nevertheless, when he failed to recite a song of praise after the miraculous defeat of Sancheriv and his armies,³ G-d withheld this from him and from the Jewish people at large.

As the Lubavitcher Rebbe *Shlita* emphasizes – and has emphasized over the entire course of the past nine months – we have witnessed miracles and, indeed, wonders so great that no one can fail to notice them. These are times of epic proportions; our experiences are of historic import.

As this miraculous sequence continues, it is easy to lose one's awareness of G-d's hand, and to begin to accept today's events as a matter of course. The Rebbe warns against such complacency, and assures us, moreover, that our acknowledgment of G-d's wonders will amplify the effects of these miracles and lead to new wonders in the near future.

May we see a complete fulfillment of the prophecy, "As in the days of your exodus from Egypt, I will show you wonders"⁴ – in these days, the season of the exodus, with the coming of *Mashiach*.

Sichos In English

27 Nissan, 5751 [April 11, 1991]

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1. *Berachos* 54a.
 2. *Sanhedrin* 94a.
 3. See *II Kings*, ch. 19.
 4. *Michah* 7:15.

In each and every generation, a person is obligated to regard himself as if he personally left Egypt.... It was not only our ancestors whom the Holy One, blessed be He, redeemed; rather, He redeemed us together with them.¹

The Pesach Seder does not merely commemorate the events of the past. Rather, it offers every individual an active, dynamic experience which brings him to a present awareness of redemption.

We, Too, Witness Miracles

In the midst of this experience, however, a person may ask: How can we compare our individual appreciation of redemption with the redemption of our ancestors? Our ancestors' redemption from Egypt was accompanied by visible miracles and wonders. Why do we not see miracles like our ancestors did?

The answer is that indeed we do! One of the miracles which accompanied the exodus from Egypt was that G-d "smote Egypt through their firstborn."² After Moshe informed Pharaoh that the last of the Ten Plagues would be the slaying of the firstborn, the Egyptians' firstborn sons demanded he release the Jews. When he refused, the firstborn waged war against him.³ This turnabout represented a great miracle: the firstborn – the symbol of the Egyptians' might – waged war against them for the sake of the Jews.⁴

1. The Haggadah; Pesachim 116b.

2. Tehillim 136:10.

3. Shulchan Aruch HaRau 430:1.

4. Although the war waged by the firstborn inflicted severe losses upon the Egyptians, it did not dislodge Pharaoh from his throne. Even after this war, he retained his authority.

In this present year, the year in which "I will show you wonders,"⁵ beginning from the days of Purim,⁶ we have seen a reenactment of the miracle of "smiting Egypt through their firstborn." *Mitzrayim*, Egypt in Hebrew, is related to the word *meitzorim* which means "cause suffering," and thus refers to "those who cause suffering to the Jews."⁷ The firstborn of Egypt, i.e., the most powerful forces among the gentile nations, struck out against the tyrant who desired to cause suffering to the Jews, weakening his power, humiliating him, and forcing him to carry out all the directives which they dictated to him, beginning from his acknowledgment of regret for his previous conduct.

The Love Relationship between G-d and the Jews is Still Vibrant

This miraculous sequence of events cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed. We must realize that it is not only in the distant past that G-d has worked miracles for the Jewish people. Ancient events like the exodus from Egypt or the Purim miracles of Shushan are not the only examples of our unique relationship with G-d.

As we have seen, miracles are happening today. Indeed the miracles of Purim this year surpassed those recorded in the *Megillah*. Those miracles were disguised within the natural order of political intrigue and took several years to unfold. In contrast, the miracles of the present year were openly revealed. Despite the grim forebodings of the international opinionmakers, we ourselves have seen how the enemy of the Jewish people has been routed and humiliated, and furthermore, how that humiliation has continued and increased until the present day.

5. *Michah* 7:15. See the essay, "The Message of the Year, 5751," published by Sichos In English.

6. See the essay "Purim Miracles Today," published by Sichos In English.

7. *Bereishis Rabbah* 16:4.

Divine Miracles are Not Past History

5

Purim was just the beginning of his downfall; his descent has continued from day to day, until at present, in the last days of Nissan, the firstborn (the mightiest forces) of the gentiles (i.e., the United Nations) have given him a detailed list of instructions including: a) the return of all captives, which is to be supervised by the U.N. to insure that this commitment is indeed kept, and b) the payment of reparations for all the damages that he caused, according to a fixed timetable. Furthermore, they are compelling him to reveal and to destroy all the weaponry which he has concealed until the present.

What We Can Do

Everyone knows about all these matters because they have been widely publicized by the media. Indeed, we have been thoroughly saturated with reports of the goings on in the Gulf; and in truth, over-saturated. There is a limit to the extent of interest and involvement a person should invest in these events. There is no objective need to investigate *all* the particulars, to listen precisely to the statements of *all* the generals, and then to venture a sage opinion on strategy and tactics.

A person's energies should be directed into areas in which they bear fruit. For in truth, a Jew's direct effect on global crises is very limited. How *can* he have an effect? By reciting a chapter of *Tehillim* or by increasing his study of the Torah and enhancing his performance of its *mitzvos*, and doing the latter *beiddur*, in a beautiful and conscientious manner. And most importantly, by studying *P'nimiyus HaTorah* – the inner, mystical dimension of the Torah – which prepares the world for *Mashiach's* coming. This is where a Jew should devote his energies.

There is, however, positive value in being aware of the above-mentioned current events, for this allows us to appreciate how – not only in the past, but also at present – G-d works miracles for the sake of the Jewish people. Surely, we will

see more wonders of this nature in the future, and, indeed, in the very near future.

There are individuals who have convinced themselves that nothing special is happening, that everything is carrying on in an ordinary manner. We should reach out to such people, and help them open their eyes to G-d's wonders. After an honest look at the sequence of events that is unfolding before us, they will surely realize that these are indeed miraculous:

A Present-Day Exodus

There is another dimension to the miraculous sequence of events which is taking place at present that resembles the exodus from Egypt. Our Sages relate that when the Jews asked the Egyptians for gifts in partial payment for the labor of centuries,⁸ the Egyptians uncovered all the gold and the silver which they had hidden away and, in fact, forced the Jews to take their treasured property.⁹

Similarly, today, after the enemy of the Jews was routed, he was forced to reveal all his hidden treasures and surrender them to other nations. Among the recipients are generous nations who will employ these resources for positive purposes. These include the granting of assistance to Jews who have in a very real way recently experienced an exodus from Egypt, i.e., the Jews who are leaving Russia to settle in *Eretz Yisrael*, ensuring them the possibility for a safe and flourishing future, both materially and spiritually.

It is noteworthy that, in addition to the assistance rendered by other nations, the entire Jewish people are extending themselves in helping these Russian Jews settle in *Eretz Yisrael*. Among those offering this assistance are Jews who previously did not have a visible connection to the Torah and its *mitzvos*. They are now beginning to develop such a connection by helping other people advance in their observance. No doubt, step by step, they and their families will themselves take a

8. *Sanhedin* 91a.

9. See *Berachos* 9b.

Divine Miracles are Not Past History

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further interest and begin studying the Torah and observing its *mitzvos*, and do so with happiness and joy.

Why be Embarrassed to Celebrate?

May we be privileged to witness a continuation of this miraculous process. And this will start with our appreciation of the miracles which have happened already – an appreciation so vibrant that we will not be embarrassed to dance in celebration, as befits the overt miracles which we are witnessing every day. Moreover, these miracles will be further amplified when we make an effort to share our awareness of them with others.

This, together with our increase in the study of Torah and the performance of its commandments *beiddur*, will bring about the time when “the pleasantness of G-d [i.e., the ultimate satisfaction that will be revealed in the era of redemption] will be upon us” and “the work of our hands will establish it.”¹⁰ I.e., this revelation will be earned by our own service of G-d. And may this take place in the immediate future.



10. *Tehillim* 90:16-17. See *Sichas Parshas Tzav*, 5751.

Our sages teach that one should pay attention to the needs of the community on Shabbos. In this context, it is necessary to begin plans for the summer vacation which is approaching. Schools are closed and often, the free time a child has may be spent in an environment which will not have a positive influence upon him.

Accordingly, efforts must be made to enroll children in Torah camps. Everyone should try to influence his neighbors or people with whom he has contact to send their children to such camps.

Since a camp provides a 24 hour environment, it has a tremendous influence on a child, often surpassing the influence of a school. Indeed, the time a child spends in camp will have a continuing influence, not only in the year that follows, but throughout his life as implied by the verse "Educate a child according to his way; even when he becomes older, he will not depart from it."

In view of these concepts, it is clear that we must work towards these goals, "raising up many students," who will, in turn, themselves attract other students and thus, reveal, in an apparent way, how each Jew is, "the work of My hands in which to take pride."



SHABBOS PARSHAS SHEMINI
26TH DAY OF NISSAN, 5750

(Dedicated to my SON AVROHOM BY)
HIS GRANDCHILDREN

Mazel Tov Zaidy On Your Birthday

Rosh Chodesh Iyar

From Moshe, Soroh, Gavriel, Mendy,

Levi Yitschok & Menachem Mendel

Thank G-d this has been an exceptional and eventful year, and I hope that my readers have enjoyed the contents of this, "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita, No. 22".

I shall conclude this edition in the same manner as I always do by stating that "The Rebbe always ends a Sichos, a talk, with the declaration that

MOSHIACH IS COMING - NOW

MAMOSH (DEFINITELY)

M A M O S H (UNDOUBTEDLY)

M A M O S H (POSITIVELY)

but the letters of MaMoSH are the acronym of
Menachem Mendel Schneerson

*** LATE NEWS FLASH ***

The Rebbe has emphasized that it was now up to each and every individual to prove to HaShem that they really wanted Moshiach NOW.

This can be done by learning all about the Redemption by means of Public Shiurim.

There are at present twenty seven Lubavitcher Yeshivas (Gedoloss) world-wide, and of course, twenty four hours in a complete day. Therefore, it has been easy to arrange that throughout this daily cycle, one of these Yeshivas will be holding a Public Shiur about Moshiach

This is in addition to the numerous Shiurim presently taking place on a regular basis throughout the week.

To be continued B'ezras HaShem