



Reb Chaim Ber, the *shamash* (attendant) of the Tzemach Tzedek (Rabbi Menachem Mendel, the third Rebbe of Chabad-Lubavitch), was suffering from a serious disease of the lungs. The doctors all agreed it was one that was beyond their powers to cure. “The only thing I can tell you is that you’d better get to Petersburg as soon as possible,” stated the local doctor in the town of Lubavitch. “Maybe they can do something to help; I cannot. But time is of the essence. Leave at once.

As the Torah’s commandment to “carefully guard your soul” was foremost in Reb Chaim Ber’s mind, he packed his *talit* (prayer shawl) and *tefilin* and some meager belongings and caught the first train that would take him to the capital.

Reb Chaim Ber arrived at the address the doctor in Lubavitch had given him. After a wait of several tension-filled hours, the chasid was called inside. His heart was pounding as he introduced himself to the doctor. The examination commenced and Reb Chaim Ber waited anxiously for the prognosis.

Much to the chasid’s horror, the doctor merely nodded his head in confirmation of the first doctor’s diagnosis. Reb Chaim Ber’s lungs were too far gone. “I’m very sorry,” the doctor stated. “But the most you can hope to live is another three months.”

Reb Chaim Ber, however, was not discouraged. Doesn’t it state that a doctor is given permission to heal, but not to pronounce judgment that recovery is impossible? For two weeks he visited doctor after doctor, but each one painted the same gloomy picture. Realizing that salvation was not to be found within the natural order, Reb Chaim Ber returned to Lubavitch. He would go to the Rebbe and ask him for his holy blessing.

As soon as Reb Chaim Ber entered the Rebbe’s room, the chasid burst into bitter tears. He was comforted by the Rebbe’s shining countenance, and he related his entire story. With bated breath, he waited for the Rebbe’s response. When the Tzemach Tzedek finally spoke, Reb Chaim Ber was sure that he was dreaming. “As the *Beit Yosef* (Rabbi Yosef Karo, author of the authoritative *Code of Jewish Law*) is of the more lenient opinion when it comes to lungs [to ascertain whether or not an animal is kosher], and he is the determining authority in the Holy Land, it is advisable that you go live in the Holy Land.”

Reb Chaim Ber was filled at once with conflicting emotions. On the one hand, the Rebbe was promising him that if he moved to the Holy Land he would live. But on the other, how could he live so far away from his Rebbe? He had been the Rebbe’s faithful shamash for years. How could he suddenly cut himself off and go to the other end of the earth, never to behold the Rebbe’s holy face again?

And then a very daring idea occurred to the chasid. “Rebbe,” Reb Chaim Ber cried out. “I accept what you have told me. I will move to the Holy Land to live out the rest of my life. But Jewish law clearly states that a master who frees his servant must give him a gift. I’ve been your servant for so many years. By moving to the Holy Land, I will no longer be able to serve you. I ask that you grant me this one request and give me a ‘gift’ before I depart.”

“And what do you ask for?” the Tzemach Tzedek said gently.

“I would like the Rebbe to promise that even in the Holy Land I will be able to see the Rebbe.”

Silence filled the room. The Rebbe’s face grew serious. Several minutes passed until the Rebbe again smiled and said, “It will be according to your words. I hereby fulfill the request you have made of me.”

It was with a joyful heart that Reb Chaim Ber left the Rebbe’s presence. He hurried home to tell his wife of the Rebbe’s blessing and to prepare the family for their impending move. One thing, however: Reb Chaim did not reveal to a soul the special “gift” that the Rebbe had bequeathed to him.

Years passed and Reb Chaim Ber lived to enjoy *nachat* (pleasure) from his children, grandchildren and even great-grandchildren. One day Reb Chaim informed his descendants that he wanted them to gather at his house. When his entire family was assembled, Reb Chaim began:

“My dear children, I have gathered you together to deliver my last will and testament, so that you will know what to do after my death. I know with certainty that today is my last day on earth...”

Reb Chaim Ber was interrupted by one of his sons, “*Tatte* (Father)! What are you talking about. You are perfectly healthy and hale. Why must you speak about such things now?”

As if anticipating his son’s question, Reb Chaim Ber began to relate the entire story of his illness and the blessing that the Tzemach Tzedek had given him so long ago. This time, however, he disclosed the secret of the “gift.” Reb Chaim Ber concluded, “Last night, I saw the Tzemach Tzedek...”

That very day, the Rebbe’s faithful shamash returned his holy soul to his Maker.

Reprinted from the weekly magazine Beis Moshiach

THOUGHTS THAT COUNT

on the weekly Torah portion

And Abraham came to mourn for Sara (Gen. 23:2)
Abraham was coming from Mount Moriah, where he had just undergone the trial of the binding of Isaac. Abraham eulogized Sara by announcing that she did not voice any objection when he set out with her only son to offer him as a sacrifice. Sara, like all Jewish mothers who follow her, had instilled in her only son the desire to give up his life willingly for the sanctification of G-d’s name. (*Drush Shmuel*)

And G-d blessed Abraham in all things (Gen. 24:1)
The blessings which G-d bestows can be divided into three categories: life, children, and livelihood. Abraham was blessed with all three. “And Abraham was old” – indicates that he was blessed with long life. “And G-d blessed Abraham” – indicates that he was a wealthy man. “In all things” – this refers to the blessing of progeny, for in Hebrew, the sum of these letters is the same as the word for “son,” indicating that Abraham was blessed with children as well. (*Bnai Reuven*)

Isaac brought her into his mother Sara’s tent, and he married Rebecca (Gen. 24:67)
When Isaac took Rebecca as his wife, the Torah writes that he took her “*ha’ohela* – into the tent.” “Ha’ohela” is written eight times in the Torah. These eight times allude to the eight places where the Divine Presence was destined to rest among the Jewish people. The seven places where the Divine Presence already rested were: the sanctuary in the desert; Gilgal; Shilo; Nov; Givon; the First Holy Temple; and the Second Holy Temple. The eighth place will be the Third Holy Temple which will be built in the Messianic Era. (*Baal HaTurim as quoted in Discover Moshiach*)

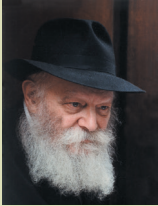


5:38 Candle Lighting Time

NY Metro Area
23 Cheshvan/Oct 29
Torah Portion Chayei Sara
Blessing of the new month Kislev
Shabbat ends 6:36 PM

L'Chaim

בס"ד
1695
23 Cheshvan, 5782
Oct 29, 2021
The Weekly Publication
for Every Jewish Person
נוסד תוך ימי השלושים
Dedicated to the memory of Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka Schneerson
"...I have called out to the L-rd and He answered me" (Psalm 120:1)



LIVING WITH THE REBBE

from the teachings of the Rebbe
on the Torah portion

In the Torah portion of *Chayei Sara* we are introduced to our matriarch Rebecca. According to the commentaries, Rebecca was not yet even a Bat Mitzva – 12-years-old. When Eliezer returned to Isaac with Rebecca, he recounted to Isaac the miraculous events of his trip. Then Isaac brought her into his mother Sara’s tent. Rashi explains that she was just like his mother Sara. This means that just as when Sara was alive there were three miracles that regularly occurred (which ceased with Sara’s passing) the miracles resumed when Rebecca came into the tent.

What were the miracles? The candles that she lit on Shabbat eve burned until the next Friday. There was a blessing in her dough, meaning that even a small amount of her bread satisfied hunger. And a cloud hovered above her tent.

It would seem that the listing of the miracles should be reversed. When she came into the tent, wouldn’t Isaac have noticed first the cloud hovering above the tent? Then he would have experienced her bread and finally, would it not have taken an entire week for him to know that her Shabbat candles burned from Friday to Friday? Why does Rashi reverse the order?

Our Sages teach that our ancestors upheld all the *mitzvot* (commandments) although they had not yet been commanded. Regarding Shabbat candles, if there is no woman in the home to light the Shabbat candles, then a man should light them.

This being so, from the time Sara passed away, Abraham would have been lighting candles. So why did Rebecca, who wasn’t yet married and wasn’t yet Bat Mitzva, light the candles in Sara’s tent?

There is a uniqueness to Shabbat candles lit specifically by women, even unmarried women, and even girls before Bat Mitzvah. A woman’s Shabbat candles bring light and blessing into the home all week. Even if one can’t see the physical candles burning, there is a spiritual light that burns all week on account of women and girls lighting candles.

The spiritual light from the candles is more powerful than that of any man. A man can build a house, but it takes a woman to turn it into a home. A woman can do this because G-d imbued women with the ability to affect the home beyond what any man can do.

Now we can understand Rashi’s order of the miracles. The first miracle is associated with the mitzva done by a young girl – lighting Shabbat candles. This brings to the next blessing, that as she matures, the work of her hands are blessed just as the dough was blessed. And these bring to the third blessing, which comes with marriage, when she makes her own home, bringing to it the Divine Presence itself, through keeping the laws of family purity.

This great power of Jewish women is a gift and an inheritance from their ancestresses all the way back to Sara and Rebecca.

May the light of the Shabbat candles fill our homes and the world with G-d’s Presence and usher in the coming of Moshiach! Adapted by Rabbi Yitzi Hurwitz from the teachings of the Rebbe, yitzihurwitz.blogspot.com. Rabbi Hurwitz, who is battling ALS, and his wife Dina, are emissaries of the Rebbe in Temecula, Ca.

Laying the Foundation

by Rabbi Dr. Dovid YB Kaufmann *obm*

Watching a building go up generates a unique kind of excitement. For one thing, the process takes time, so almost every day there’s something new to see – sometimes little changes, sometimes major changes.

Each stage generates its own observations and speculations. First comes demolition – removal of the old building and clearing of the lot.

Once the old building has been taken down the next stage is clearing the debris – wood and brick and pipes and plaster and whatever gets hauled away.

Throughout all this, the building – the new building – is not yet real. The plans and architects’ drawing and engineers’ explanations tell us what it might be, what it should be, what G-d willing it will be – but right now, it is not.

Next the construction crew lays out the dimensions. Then they go to work inside the designated area.

And then the furrows are dug, indicating where the rooms will be, where the support walls and beams must go. (As with an empty house, the rooms look too small, like they can’t possibly contain all they must – or will.)

Something’s happening, but nothing permanent enough to really say, “Yes! There will definitely be a building here.” That happens after one more stage – the pouring of the cement. The pouring and setting of the foundation.

From that point on, the observer feels the building must go up.

We don’t yet know what the final structure will look like, inside or out: brick or siding? shutters or blinds? a family room and a formal living room? There’s so much more the architect, engineer and construction firm has to do. But once the concrete is poured and the foundation set, there will be a

building.

As we incorporate more Jewish living and learning into our lives, we too are constructing a building. And we too go through various stages: gutting, sometimes even demolition of the old, defining the new dimensions, preparing layout and laying the foundation. We too have much construction to do after the foundation is set.

True, we have a building yet to build – but with the foundation there, we feel confident the building will go up.

In order to construct or rebuild our Judaism, we need to remove the debris in our minds – our ignorance. We need to “gut” the old building – negative feelings or associations. And we have to demolish old attitudes – marginalizing dismissing the spiritual dimension.

Then we have to define the new dimensions and prepare the layout: where does Judaism matter most? More Torah learning? Friday night dinners at home, preceded by candle-lighting and kiddush? Some other mitzvot?

And finally we pour the foundation: we make the commitment. We begin to solidify our observance, to set in stone – or concrete – our plans. We start doing what we’ve talked about, learned about, what has become foremost in our minds and vital to our sense of self: we apply ourselves to constructing our Judaism.

As architects of our new spiritual edifice, we know that once we’ve “poured the concrete,” the new building, the new involvement, the renewal that comes from constructing something new – from our Jewish home – will be built the Holy Temple. For the Holy Temple is the home of all Jews, and it will be built on the foundation of our increased Torah study and mitzvot observance.

SLICE OF LIFE

In the Trenches

by Rabbi Michael Oishie



If the Scroll Spoke

Torah scrolls are usually silent, waiting patiently for a reader to give them a voice. But one Yom Kippur in Kaluga, we used a Torah scroll that had a lot to say.

Rabbi Chaim Moshe Burman served as the chief rabbi of Kaluga until his passing in 1932. When the communists closed down their synagogue in 1927, the Jews of the city would pray clandestinely in various locations, including the Burman home.

Rabbi Chaim Moshe's grandchildren recall listening to the prayer services in their home and the reading of the Torah. When their mother passed away, they found, in her closet, a small treasure: a miniature Torah scroll that had been used in Rabbi Chaim Moshe's synagogue, and later in the clandestine services.

For decades, the scroll lay untouched in their home – there was no one who knew how to read it. On that Yom Kippur, as I unfurled its tightly coiled parchment, I thought of the revolutions the scroll had witnessed. If the scroll could have spoken then, it would have said, with a shaking voice:

I recall the good times, when there was a

magnificent community here with a great rabbi. But I am old, and mostly, I remember the dark days, the times when Jews would read from me in fear. They were old too, weak and frail. The children, whose loud voices might have given them away, had been left at home.

Things are different now. Jews are once again free to pray in the synagogues. They need not flee to Israel or the United States. Jews are happy, once again living in hope, in freedom, under a tolerant regime.

The Torah scroll is old and can easily become emotional. I am young, but I was moved when I read from it. No one who heard that Torah could be indifferent.

Where Is Father?

After one long and eventful holiday at the synagogue, Sofia told me, “Too bad my father was not here to see this.” Her father, Mordechai, was a religious Jew and, in fact, the son of the former rabbi of the synagogue. To describe his devoutness, Sofia told me that when the ritual slaughterer moved away from Kaluga, her father stopped eating poultry.

Yet Mordechai had taught her almost nothing about Judaism, Sofia said. “He told us, ‘Here in Russia, you will not need it.’”

She looked at me with something like regret in her eyes. “He would have been so happy to know he was mistaken.”

Are They Dancing to That?

One of the elders in our community is still a member of the communist party. He believes with his entire heart that the Soviet way was good; the error was in implementation. Every day he waits for the Soviet redemption to arrive.

But he also puts on tefillin almost every day, studies Torah, and is advancing in his Judaism. Today, I showed him a video of Jews in New York dancing in the streets, singing in English, “I’m a Jew and every Jew’s a proud Jew. . . . Never be ashamed to be a proud Jew. . . . So sing this song and spread the pride around you.”

As I am translating the words to Russian, I look at him. His face is getting redder and redder. Finally, he interrupts, “These are really the words? They

are dancing to these words in the middle of the street?” I nod my head.

Tears start rolling down his cheeks. I could only imagine the thoughts going through his mind. I am reminded that the freedom we take for granted, to some, is incomprehensible.

Between Birth and Death

An elderly Jew came to the office. He is one of the few residents with whom I can communicate in Yiddish. However, I rarely see him. And in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic, he appeared.

He told me that his father had told him several times, “You were born a Jew, and you will die a Jew.”

That is true, I said, “But between being born and dying as a Jew, we need to live as a Jew.”

“Rabbi, you are right,” he replied, “but my father never told me how to do it.”

Looking into his pained eyes, I told him, “That is why we are here.”

Outside Celebration

The event had gone perfectly. Children, parents, and grandparents had gathered outdoors. There had been a traditional Lag BaOmer bonfire, food, a moon bounce, pony rides . . . I was glad the Jewish community had come together once again in a positive atmosphere.

A few days later, a woman and her daughter came to see me. They had recently moved back to Russia from Israel and settled in Kaluga. Seeing no signs of Jewish life—our synagogue at the time had no sign, and we relied on word of mouth to find our congregants – they assumed they were the only Jews in the city.

Until they saw our celebration. A Jewish celebration in front of an unmarked building. “We were embarrassed to join you,” they told me. “We’ve been here for over two months. We didn’t know there was a Jewish community.”

Jewish life inside is good, but sometimes we need to take it outside. We need to let the world know that Judaism is thriving. Even in Kaluga. You just have to join the celebration.”

Reprinted from In the Trenches: Stories from the Frontlines of Jewish Life in Russia is available at HasidicArchives.com.

The Rebbe Writes

from correspondence
of the Lubavitcher Rebbe

Continued from the previous issue from a letter in which the Rebbe explains why he established the Jewish children's organization “Tzivos HaShem,” 1982.

As with every health problem, physical, mental or spiritual, the cure lies not in treating the symptoms, but in attacking the cause, although the former may sometimes be necessary for relief in acute cases.

Since, as I mentioned, the root of the problem is the lack of *Kabolas Ol* [accepting the yoke (of Heaven)], I thought long and hard about finding a way of inducing an American boy to get used to the idea of subordination to a higher authority, despite all the influence to the contrary – in the school, in the street, and even at home, where parents – not wishing to be bothered by their children – have all too often abdicated their authority, and left it to others to deal with truancy, juvenile delinquency, etc.

I came to the conclusion that there was no other way than trying to effect a basic change in the boy's nature, through a system of discipline and obedience to rules which he can be induced to get accustomed to. Moreover, for this method to be effective, it would be necessary that it should be freely and readily accepted, without coercion.

The idea itself is, of course, not a novel one. It has already been emphasized by the Rambam [Maimonides] in the introduction to his Commentary on Mishnayos, where he points out that although ideally good things should be done for their own sake (*Lishmoh*), it is necessary to use inducements with young children until they are old enough to know better.

Thus, a “Pilot” Tzivos HaShem was instituted. It immediately proved a great success in getting the children to do good things in keeping with the motto *V’Ohavto L’Reacho Komocho* [love your neighbor as yourself], coupled with love and obedience to the “Commander-in-chief” of Tzivos HaShem, namely *HaShem Eloikei Tzivo’os* [G-d, the L-rd of Hosts].

The Tzivos HaShem Campaign has a further

reward, though not widely applicable to Jewish children attending Hebrew schools. This, too, has already been alluded to by our Sages, in their customary succinct way, by saying that a person born with a violent nature should become a (blood-letting) physician, or a *Shochet* [ritual slaughterer], or a *Mohel* [ritual circumcisor], in order to give a positive outlet to their strong natural propensity (*T. B. Shabbos 156a*). Thus, children that might be inclined to aggressive-ness, and hence easy candidates for street gangs, and the like, would have a positive outlet by diverting their energy in the right direction.

This brings us to the point that although the ideal of peace is so prominent in the Torah, as mentioned, the fact is that G-d designed and created the world in a way that leaves man subject to an almost constant inner strife, having to wage relentless battle with the *Yetzer Hora* [evil inclination]. Indeed, the Zohar points out that the Hebrew term for bread – *lechem* – is derived from the same root that denotes “war,” symbolizing the concept of the continuous struggle between the base and sublime nature of man, whether he eats his bread as a glutton, in a way an animal eats its food, or on a higher level – to keep the body healthy in order to be able to do what is good and right in accordance with the Will of the Creator.

This is the only kind of “battle” the Tzivos HaShem are called upon to wage. By the same token, the only “secret weapon” they are encouraged to use is strict Shabbos observance and other *Mitzvot* [commandments] which have been the secrets of Jewish strength throughout the ages.

Our experience with Tzivos HaShem – wherever the idea has been implemented, in the U.S.A. and Canada, *Eretz Yisroel* [the Land of Israel], and in many parts of the world – has completely convinced us of its most successful positive results, with no negative side-effects whatever. I can only hope that it would be adopted in other sectors, outside of Lubavitch, in growing numbers.

I trust that the above lines will not only put to rest all your apprehensions concerning Tzivos HaShem, but will also place you in the company of the many prominent educators and spiritual leaders who have enthusiastically acclaimed the Tzivos HaShem operation as uniquely successful in attaining its desirable goal.

With esteem and blessing,

A WORD FROM THE DIRECTOR

On the Shabbat when we bless the new month fo Kislev each year – since 1984 – the Rebbe's emissaries convene at World Lubavitch Headquarters. (Last year, and the previous year, the convention took place via Zoom due to Covid. It was the world's longest and most highly attended Zoom event!)

We extend a hearty welcome to all of the Rebbe's emissaries who will be attending this year's International Conference of Shluchim!

While the first International Conference was attended by 65 emissaries, this year over 3,000 emissaries will attend the Conference, and the number continues to grow each year as more and more young couples join the Rebbe's army.

The conference in 1990 was opened by the Rebbe at a gathering on Shabbat attended by the emissaries and thousands of other Chasidim.

The Rebbe explained the mission of each shliach (emissary), near or far, which is to spread Judaism and the teachings of Chasidism outward. The Rebbe continued:

“These activities will lead to the realization in deed and action of the concept that the Hebrew word ‘shliach’ together with the number ten (signifying the ten powers of the soul), is numerically equivalent to ‘Moshiach.’

“Each Jew has a spark of Moshiach within his soul which can be revealed through the service described above. The revelation of the spark of Moshiach on an individual level will lead to the revelation of Moshiach for the entire world and the coming of the ultimate Redemption. May it be in the immediate future.”

May all of the shluchim and their guests go back to their communities after Shabbat with renewed energy to continue carrying out their mission to prepare the world for Moshiach!

Shmuel Butman

L’ZICHRON CHAYA I MUSHKA זכרון חי'ה י מושקא

The name of our publication has special meaning. It stands for the name of Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka Schneerson (obm), wife of the Rebbe.

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New Torahs

The **Rohr Chabad Center at George Washington University in Washington, DC** dedicated a new Torah Scroll. The Torah was commissioned by former student Ryan Kaminsky and his brother Michael in memory of their father Mitchell Kaminsky.



The **Thornhill, Ontario, Canada** community welcomed a new Torah Scroll for the **CB"D (ChaBaD) House** – the newest congregation for the younger generation of the Greater Toronto Area.

A new Torah Scroll was welcomed into the historic **Golden Rose Synagogue of Dnipro, Ukraine**, first established in 1868. The ceremony took place in the Menorah JCC's conference hall, located on the 17th floor of the building. The Menorah JCC is largest Jewish community center in the world.

Today Is...

24 Cheshvan

In material matters one should always look at he whose situation is lower than one's own, and thank the good G-d for His kindness to him. In spiritual matters one should always look at he who is higher than oneself, and plead with G-d to grant him the intelligence to learn from the other, and the ability and strength to rise higher.

MOSHIACH MATTERS

“Ephron's field, which was in Machpelah... was confirmed as Abraham's, as a purchase...” (*Gen. 23:17-18*) Abraham's purchase of the field which contained the Cave of Machpelah represents

the beginning of the general redemption of all Jews. The commentary *Pa'ane'ach Raza* explains that with the 400 silver shekels that Abraham paid (*Gen 23:16*), he purchased one square cubit of the Land of Israel for every one of the 600,000 root-souls of Israel. For by the estimation of “the seed of a chomer of barley at fifty silver shekels” (*Vayikra 27:16*), 400 silver shekels redeem exactly 600,000 square cubits. (*Living with Moshiach, Rabbi J.I. Schochet*)