



In the Tunisia of old, it was customary for the "Bey," the supreme ruler of the country, to personally appoint all nominees to public positions. This included all posts within the Jewish community.

One time the Chief Rabbi of Tunisia passed away, and the vacancy needed to be filled. The Chief Rabbi held an extremely crucial position, as many important powers were invested in him. As the official head of the Jewish community, he represented all of Tunisia's Jews in the secular courts, and his word carried much weight.

At the time of the Chief Rabbi's passing, Rabbi Nehorai Germon was serving as his assistant. In most cases it was only a matter of form for the assistant to be promoted. This time, however, there were forces within the Jewish community who opposed Rabbi Nehorai's promotion.

On the one hand, Rabbi Nehorai was easy to get along with, modest and unassuming. Yet when it came to upholding the Torah's laws and Jewish customs, he was absolutely rigid and fearlessly unbending. To some people, this was untenable. What they sought was a Chief Rabbi who wouldn't be a stickler for detail, someone who would know when to look away...

And so, a delegation of protesters went to the Bey. "He's much too fanatical," they told him. "Under no circumstances should Rabbi Nehorai become the next Chief Rabbi." The Bey was very receptive to their message. Soon rumors were flying that Rabbi Nehorai was no longer in the running.

It was precisely then that Rabbi Nehorai's inner strength and fortitude was revealed. As our Sages put it, "Wherever there is humility, there is also greatness." Overcoming his natural aversion to self-promotion, the Rabbi realized that he could not in good conscience simply withdraw from the fray. The dignity and reputation of the Chief Rabbinate demanded more of him.

Rabbi Nehorai went to the royal palace, where he was astounded by the throngs of people milling about. He asked the palace guards to be admitted but was informed that he would have to wait his turn. Stubbornly, Rabbi Nehorai refused to budge, demanding an immediate audience with the Bey. A commotion ensued, the angry sounds of which reached the ears of the Bey himself.

The Bey sent an aide outside to see what was going on. Quickly sizing up the situation, he returned to the Bey and explained that the assistant to the former Chief Rabbi was insisting on speaking to him. The Bey was surprised by the Jew's aggressive behavior, but instructed that he be brought in.

"Why was it so urgent to meet with me that you defied all social conventions?" the Bey asked Rabbi Nehorai, an artificial smile on his face.

Rabbi Nehorai was not intimidated. "If all the conventions were being adhered to," he replied seriously, "I would not have had to come here."

"What do you mean?" the Bey asked, his curiosity aroused.

"When affairs of state are attended to fairly, the assistant to the Chief Rabbi is automatically promoted to the office upon his death..."

The Bey stopped smiling. "From all the information I have received about you," he said, "it appears that you are too inflexible for the job, wedded to what you perceive as inviolate principles. It is said that you are unwilling to compromise for the sake of peace. In my opinion, a successful Chief Rabbi must know when to keep his eyes open and when to shut them..."

Rabbi Nehorai did not react, seemingly ignoring the Bey's words. "What a beautiful garden you have," he said suddenly, looking out the window at the magnificently manicured grounds. "I've never seen one more beautiful."

"It is unparalleled in all of Tunisia," the Bey responded, unable to resist the compliment.

"If I may be so bold," the Rabbi said, "it seems to me that if a lush garden like this will grow only here, of all places in the entire kingdom, surely it is a sign that G-d smiles favorably on your kingship."

The Bey almost laughed. "If everyone in the kingdom employed as many skilled horticulturists as I do, their land would also yield the same results. My gardeners are extremely vigilant, busy from dawn till dusk, planting, digging, trimming and plucking out stray weeds. But tell me, what does all this have to do with the subject we were discussing?"

"Well, I was wondering," Rabbi Nehorai replied. "Why do you insist on employing such skilled horticulturists? Why don't you hire a gardener who sometimes keep his eyes open, and other times keeps them closed..."

"Are you telling me that the Jewish community is the same as a garden?" the Bey smiled.

"In certain respects, yes," the Rabbi explained. "Our holy Torah contains 248 positive commandments, lovely seedlings in G-d's garden that must be nurtured and cared for. Then there are the Torah's 365 negative commandments. Like weeds, they must be carefully plucked out and uprooted. The Chief Rabbi is entrusted with caring for this garden, and must carry out his responsibilities faithfully."

The Bey was convinced, and a few days later Rabbi Nehorai was officially appointed Chief Rabbi of Tunisia.

THOUGHTS THAT COUNT

On the Weekly Torah Portion

See, I have called by name Betzalel the son of Uri (Ex. 31:2) When Moses ascended on high to receive the Torah, G-d showed him all the Sanctuary's vessels and explained how to make them. Moses thus assumed that he would be the one to make them, until G-d took out the Book of Adam and showed him the names of all the people who would live from Creation until the Resurrection of the Dead, "each generation and its kings, its generation and its leaders and prophets." Pointing to Betzalel's name He declared, "See, I have called by name Betzalel," i.e., ever since the creation of the world, Betzalel was intended to be the Sanctuary's artisan. (*Midrash Rabba*)

And the Tablets were the work of G-d, and the writing was the writing of G-d (Ex. 32:16) What was so remarkable about the Tablets, considering that the Jewish people had already heard the Ten Commandments? Rather, when the Ten Commandments were inscribed in stone, they were simultaneously engraved upon the heart of every Jew forever and ever, as it states, "Write them on the tablet of your heart." This, indeed, was truly "a work of G-d." (*Sefat Emet*)

And you shall see My back (literally "end"); but My face shall not be seen (Ex. 33:23) The significance of most events is not readily apparent when they first occur; it is only with the passage of time that we are able to discern the guiding hand of Divine Providence throughout history. That is what is meant by "And you shall see My end" - only in the end will you understand; "but My face shall not be seen" - whereas in the beginning, a true understanding of the overall picture is impossible. (*Torat Moshe*)

5:35 PM Candle Lighting Time
 NY Metro Area
17 Adar / March 6
 Torah Portion Ki Tisa
 Parshas Parah
 Shabbat ends 6:34 PM

L'Chaim

בס"ד
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 17 Adar, 5786
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 יוסד תורני השלושים
 Dedicated to the memory of Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka Schneerson
 "Our help is in the name of the L-rd, Who made heaven and earth" (Psalms 124:8)

LIVING WITH THE REBBE
 from the teachings of the Rebbe on the Torah portion

In this week's Torah portion, Ki Tisa, Moses descends from Mount Sinai holding the Tablets containing the Ten Commandments he received from G-d. "The Tablets were the work of G-d, and the writing was the writing of G-d, inscribed on both their sides."

Engraved on two magnificent stones of sapphire, the Ten Commandments were miraculously visible from both sides. Yet they were not to last for long:

"And Moses became angry...and he broke them at the foot of the mountain... And G-d said to Moses, 'Hew yourself tablets of stone like the first.'"

In connection to the Tablets, the Torah speaks of three distinct stages:

The original Tablets: Moses descends from Mount Sinai, where he had spent the previous forty days and forty nights, with the Tablets in hand;

The breaking of the Tablets: Moses witnesses the sin of the Children of Israel with the Golden Calf and breaks the Tablets in anger;

The second Tablets: The Jews repent of their sin. Moses goes back up the mountain for an additional forty days and nights, to return with a second set of Tablets.

The first and second sets of Tablets were not identical. The first set was written by G-d; the second set was inscribed by Moses under G-d's direction. Yet curiously, the second set of Tablets was superior to the first in one important respect, as explained in Chasidic philosophy.

The breaking of the Tablets and their subsequent replacement is an example of "a descent for the sake of an ascent."

Every descent, every failure, can lead the individual to an even higher spiritual level. According to this principle, the second set of Tablets was clearly superior to the first, for it came after the Jews' descent into idolatry and their ensuing return to G-d.

Symbolically, the three stages of the Tablets parallel the annals of the Jewish people and their progression throughout history:

The first stage (the original Tablets) spans the years between the Revelation on Mount Sinai until the destruction of the Second Holy Temple.

The second stage (the breaking of the Tablets) refers to the forced exile of the Jews from their land and the spiritual degradation endured for almost 2,000 years.

The third and final stage, the era on whose threshold we now stand, is the Messianic Era, at which time the spirituality of the entire world will be elevated to unprecedented heights, an ascent made possible only by the bitter darkness of the exile.

Adapted from the works of the Lubavitcher Rebbe

Success: It's a Numbers Game

THE BRUTAL MATH OF SUCCESS

Every modern entrepreneur knows the "numbers game." In the world of high-stakes sales and startups, we call it The 10% Solution. It's the law of averages that dictates your career, and it works with cold, clinical precision.

The formula is simple: To close one deal, you need ten pitches. To land one pitch, you need ten high-quality connections. A "connection" isn't a mass-blast email or a LinkedIn bot; it's a real, human moment where you have the permission to ask for someone's time.

If you factor in the sheer volume of "ghosting," unreturned DMs, and gatekeepers you have to navigate just to reach that first human connection, the math gets daunting. We're looking at an exponential climb: 10,000 attempts to 1,000 contacts leads to 100 meetings to 10 closes all for one significant win.

THE PHYSICS OF PERSISTENCE

Looking at a \$0.01% success rate can be paralyzing. It's exactly why most people quit before they hit their stride. Some get lucky and beat the odds early; others get crushed by a streak of bad timing.

But for the pros, the math isn't a deterrent—it's a roadmap. In an era of instant gratification, sales remains the ultimate test of "internal fortitude." It's the art of reframing a "no" not as a personal rejection, but as a data point moving you closer to a "yes." Whether you're a junior rep or a Fortune 500 CEO, you are, at your core, a storyteller navigating a sea

of silence to find the one person who listens.

FROM PROFIT TO PURPOSE

This 10% rule isn't just for the boardroom; it's a mirror for how we live our spiritual lives. In Jewish tradition, we see this reflected in the concept of a Mitzvah (a commandment or good deed).

The most literal example is Tzedakah, the practice of giving 10% of our earnings to those in need. But the ratio applies to almost everything meaningful. Great moments don't just happen; they are the "commission" on thousands of invisible attempts at being a better person.

THE 8,640-MINUTE INVESTMENT

Consider the ritual of lighting Shabbat candles. The actual act—striking the match, the blessing, the moment of reflection—takes maybe sixty seconds.

However, that one minute of peace is the result of an entire week of preparation. If you do the math, six days of work (6 times 24 times 60) equals 8,640 minutes of "attempts" just to reach that one minute of spiritual connection.

Statistically, that puts our spiritual success rate right around that same 10,000-to-1 ratio we see in the business world.

Whether you are chasing a commission or a moment of transcendence, the "Solution" is the same. The effort is massive, and the "yield" might seem small on paper—but that one percent is where the magic lives.

The grind isn't the obstacle; it's the investment.

In honor of a dear friend of the
 Lubavitch Youth Organization
Mr. Victor Braha

