



*We Travel
To Educate*

*Memento from the Wedding Celebration
of
Tzemaeh Dovid & Ghaya Mishka Jeller*

3 Ghesvan, 5778





ב"ה

Introduction

Honored guests,

We are pleased to present this Teshura – Memento in honor of the marriage of Tzemach Dovid and Mushky .ש"י

This booklet is a preview of the forthcoming book *We Travel to Educate*.

In the early 1960's, Rabbi Moshe Feller שליט"א, grandfather of the chosson, would write a weekly column in *The Jewish Press*, titled *We Travel to Educate: An authentic account of a unique program for Torah dissemination by the Merkos L'inyonei Chinuch*. In these articles, Rabbi Feller would describe his (and others') outreach activities and travels on Merkos Shlichus (Chabad's Roving-Rabbis program).

Each and every article was reviewed and edited by the Rebbe. At a later point in time, the Rebbe instructed Rabbi Feller to compile the articles by topic and publish them in book form.

In conjunction with Rabbi Feller's recent eightieth birthday לאויוש"ט, we have undertaken to fulfill this directive.

Accompanying this work are several images of the Rebbe's handwritten edits. The edits and notations also illustrate the Rebbe's focus on precision, accuracy, and authenticity. Please note that only the notations in pencil are the Rebbe's.

Thank you for participating in our Simcha!

The Feller and Winner Families



200th "Yartziet" of the Baal Shem Tov

"Suppose you are in a room connected by wires to a power house and you want to bring electrical or atomic power to the room. In order to make the proper contact, you must push the right button, the button which controls the power-flow to the room. The Baal Shem Tov knew which button to push!"

The young college lad who had asked the Lubavitcher Rabbi to explain the significance of the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Chassidism, was pleased with the Rebbe's analogy. The Rebbe had previously mentioned that every Jew has a powerhouse latent within him and with the proper approach, "by pushing the right button," one could cause a Jew to function at his maximum capacity with happiness and harmony. **"THIS," the Rebbe emphasized "is etc.... (ONE PARAGRAPH)**

(and the generations afterwards)

"This," the Rebbe emphasized, "is what the Baal Shem Tov did to his generation. Finding his brethren impoverished and in great despair after the terrible 17th century pogroms of Chmelnicki, ~~the ruthless Polish bandit,~~ the Baal Shem Tov injected new life into the Jews by introducing the teachings and systems of Chassidism, based on the Kabbalah, which until then was only revealed to the privileged few. The Baal Shem Tov stressed the importance of joy and happiness permeating not only the prayer and Torah study of the Jew, but his every ~~activity~~ physical act, as all of man's actions are to be for the "sake of Heaven" and, therefore, must be performed with "simcha" (happiness.) He stressed the importance of a mature understanding of the Creator and His precepts, yet cherished the devoted service of even unlearned Jews, teaching that if this service is done "with Heart" it is on par and sometimes surpasses the service of learned Jews."

The young sophomore from Hofstra College ~~now fully understood the importance of Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov.~~ He, together with about eighty of his friends representatives of the Hillel Foundations of ten Metropolitan universities and colleges of New York, had spent the afternoon at a seminar on Chassidism sponsored

The Rebbe's edits on the text of page 21.

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by the Hillel Foundation of Brooklyn College. Now they were all privileged to be in the presence of the very eminent Lubavitcher Rabbi, Rabbi M. M. Schneerson, who spoke to them about the Baal Shem Tov and Chassidism. The Rebbe spoke to them in English as few of them come from homes where Yiddish or Hebrew is used.

My colleagues etc --- (ONE PARAGRAPH)

My colleagues and myself, students at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva, were happy to observe the glowing faces of the students beaming with inspiration as they left the Rebbe's chamber. Many of them return often to continue their study on Chassidism and apply Chassidic teaching to their daily lives.

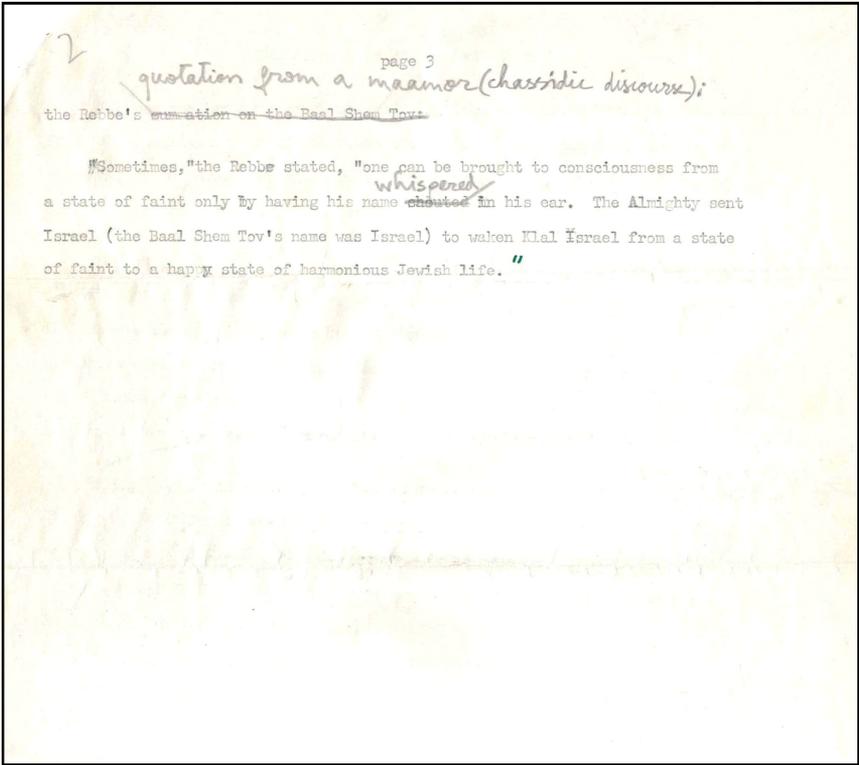
This year, all over New York and everywhere Lubavitcher Chassidim are to be found (and they are to be found everywhere) is being ~~celebrated~~ ^{marked} as the 200th anniversary of the Histalkus-Hilulo (demise) of the Baal Shem Tov. Just a few weeks ago, on Lag B'Omer, May 15, 10,000 children plus ^{TENS} ~~thousands~~ of thousands of spectators crowded the blocked off streets of Eastern Parkway to hear the Lubavitcher Rabbi speak about the Baal Shem Tov and his impact on contemporary Jewish life.

of the basic thoughts of

It is interesting to note that the Baal Shem Tov ^{based his system of} Chassidus ~~is based on~~ two fundamental instructions which he received from his father when he was only five years old. Summoning him to his deathbed, his father told him: "My son, have no fear of anyone except G-d. Love every Jew, whoever he may be and however he may be, with all the fire of your soul." When he was only alad of fourteen, he was entrusted with the task of ushering school children to and from Cheder. He is quoted as saying, "Those days were the happiest in my life," as his greatest joy was teaching children the prayers and blessings.

History proves the tremendous impact which the Baal Shem Tov had on Jewish life of the 18th and 19th centuries, and continues to have, in increasing proportions, on Jewish life in the 20th century. To put it concisely, I will reiterate

The Rebbe's edits on the text of page 22.



The Rebbe's edits on the text of page 22.

We Travel To Educate



We Travel to Educate

Moshe Feller

Hoping that others will follow suit, I will relate to you one of the projects I have undertaken since coming to Minneapolis. I have organized a Shalosh Seudos Minyon for boys. Why a Shalosh Seudos Minyon? Simply, so that young men should keep the whole of the Shabbos instead of merely attending the Shacharis services and then going downtown to a movie or to play ball. An average session of our Shalosh Seudos Minyon lasts about four and a half hours. Here's how we work it. The boys assemble ~~at my home, which is the headquarters~~ for the local Merkos L'Inyonei Chinuch, at 3:30 p.m. From then until Mincha, which is at 5:30, we study Kitzur Shulchan Aruch and other Torah studies. From the Kitzur we have completed Hilchos Netilas Yodayim and are now in the midst of Hilchos Tefillin. We have also gone through the Merkos booklets "The Complete Story of Purim" and "The Significance of the Skull Cap". After learning we daven Mincha, one of the boys leading the tefillah. As we have our own Sefer Torah, one of our boys is gabbai and calls other boys to the Torah. After Mincha we sit down for about ~~an hour and a half to a sumptuous Shalosh Seudos.~~ At the Shalosh Seudos a friend of mine who is an associate professor at the University of Minnesota, ^(as yet) ~~the only faculty member on the campus who wears a~~ yarmulke while he teaches, gives the boys a talk on the Sedra. The professor, by the way, is also the Baal Koreh. Nigunim, Chumash games and a story round out the Shalosh Seudos program, which is followed by Maariv and Havdolah. We meet during the week on alternate Sundays, at my home. On Sundays we have a visual aid program, preceeded by a talk on one of the Mitzvos.

Since Shabbos is "the day from which all days are blessed", it is fitting that we see to it that our youth keep ALL of the Shabbos. Unfortunately, many times we are complacent in having achieved ^{PART ~~part~~ time} ~~a bare minimum of~~ Shabbos observance on the part of our youth. With a bit more effort on our part in making the Shabbos more ~~pleasurable and~~ interesting to our youth, we could get them to be strict Shomrei Shabbos, the Shabbos always being remembered as a ^{inspiring} pleasant experience rather than merely "a day of infringement on one's freedom of action."

The Rebbe's edits on the text of page 31.

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I got the idea to start this type of group from my friend Rev. N., who told me of the wonderful achievements of a group of this type in his native England. Through such Shabbos and Sunday activity which was sponsored by one Hebrew teacher, HUNDREDS of Jewish youth who did not attend Yeshiva remained loyal Shomrei Shabbos. All my members, boys between the ages of 13 - 16, attend public junior and senior high schools. I would like to influence them to attend Yeshivos, but I hope that this group will at least keep them faithful to Shemiras Shabbos and ^{to all} the other Mitzvos. ~~My boys are donning tefillin regularly now, as a result of our studying Hilchos Tefillin.~~

I strongly suggest that all rabbis, educators, and baale batim who are fired with the zeal of bringing about greater observance of the Shabbos organize a Shalosh Seudos group for teen age boys, an age level which is often neglected for most boys who by then have quit Talmud Torah, having already attained Bar Mitzvah. *And the same goes for girls but with a slightly modified program*

Our group will have a Purim Seudah at our home, at which time they will exchange food gifts in keeping of the Mitzvo of Mishloach Monos and they will also be afforded the opportunity to give Matonos Loevyonim (charity to the poor). Our purpose is to get the youth to do as many Mitzvos as possible. This was Mordechai's purpose, ~~also,~~ ^{and thus} and in gathering Jewish children together, the Midrash tells us, Mordechai averted Haman's evil decree. The Lubavitcher Rebbe points this out in a Purim message.

"... The experience of our fathers is a lesson to us all.

"Let us remember that one of the chief means of frustrating the Hamans of our time, bring about their downfall, and bring light and joy to our people is - TO GATHER JEWISH CHILDREN AND TEACH THEM TORAH AND YIDDISHKEIT!

"To tell them that the true and complete redemption really lies in our own hands, for as soon as we Jews return to G-d in complete repentance - we are redeemed immediately, by our Righteous Messiah.

"To tell them further, that ~~we~~ our Holy Beth-Hamikdosh will be rebuilt soon, and we must all be worthy and prepared to serve our G-d in the Holy Sanctuary..."

The Rebbe's edits on the text of page 32.



a shul on the High Holydays, I decided to stress in my address that a) We should stay in shul and daven on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur rather than promenade from shul to shul to visit our friends or linger in the yard of the shul in idle conversation; b) ~~that~~ We should prepare ourselves at least a week in advance in the knowledge of the High Holyday prayers. We should become informed as to their content so that we know their meaning. A defendant does not wait for the last minute to prepare his plea before the judge.

Knowing full well that many of our brethren feel that they cannot reach G-d in their prayers because of their lack of ability to read Hebrew, or read it correctly, I cited to the assemblage the story of the country boy's whistle of sincerity in the Bais Medrosh of the Baal Shem Tov having come before the

~~Heavenly~~ Heavenly throne of G-d, causing G-d to have pity on a whole community.

(The story in short - A country boy, not knowing how to read and overcome by the high pitch of emotion and prayer emanating from the Bais Medrosh of the Baal Shem Tov at Neilah time on Yom Kippur, elicited the cock-a-doodle-doo of the rooster, screaming afterwards, "G-d, help us." The call of the rooster was one of the boy's forms of emotional expression. To the amazement of his followers,

שמעתי

The Rebbe's edits on the text of page 33.

The Rebbe inserted the Hebrew words: "שלא באשמתו" - "through no fault of his own".



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who would have chased the lad from the Bais Medrosh, the Baal Shem Tov explained that it was precisely the boy's scream, which emanated from the depths of his heart, which came Before the throne of G-d and caused the scales of mercy to overbalance the scales of justice.) You see, it is sincerity that G-d looks for - but ~~you~~^{WE} must show this sincerity by staying in the shul and davening as best ~~you~~^{we} can - just like the lad in the story who was ~~at least~~ present in the shul the entire time. T stressed, too, that if we prepare before the holidays, we will be more interested in what we say during services.

I concluded by stressing that, though it is important to attend the shul on the High Holydays - ~~even if one were to be present the entire duration of the services~~, frequenting the shuls but three days in the year was not the answer for Jewish survival. Our listening to the shofar on Rosh Hashana does not mean that we have fulfilled our duties as Jews for the entire year. I cited the following parable.

Many, many years ago, before there were any fire engines, fire brigades, and electric fire alarms, and most houses were built of wood, a fire was a terrible thing. A whole town, or a good part of it, could go up in flames and smoke. And so, when fire broke out, everyone left his business or work, and rushed to help put out the fire. There used to be a watch tower which was taller than the other buildings, where a watchman kept a lookout all the time. As soon as he saw smoke or fire, he would sound the alarm. The townspeople would then form a human

The Rebbe's edits on the text of page 34.



We Travel To Educate

An authentic account of a unique program for Torah dissemination by *the Merkos L'inyonei Chinuch, Inc.*

By MOSHE FELLER

Though the experiences related herein are true, names of cities and individuals are fictitious.



Rabbis Moshe Feller and Faivish Vogel, circa 1960



Our plane was landing in G—, the capitol city of a small Latin American republic. One week before, we were studying a "sugyah" on "shlichus" in the third perek of Gittin, and now we were well in the midst of a "shlichus" (mission) of our own.

Our mission was to meet with the Jewish communities in Latin American countries and inspire them to keep Torah and Mitzvos. My colleague and myself were one of the tens of teams of yeshiva bochurim sent all over the United States, Canada, Central and South America by the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi M.M. Schneerson, to awaken Jews to their religious responsibilities. Our territory was Central America and Mexico.

The transformation from the "lilmod" (to learn) to the "lelamed" (to teach) wasn't a difficult one, as both are integral parts of the Lubavitcher curriculum. A basic difference between the lilmod and the lelamed, however, was that while the lilmod was accomplished with ease at 770 Eastern Parkway, the lelamed was not always so easy, especially the day we left from N— to G—. It was Erev Tisha B'Av and our stomachs felt as though it was the final hour of Tisha B'av as it was extremely difficult to obtain provisions in N—. As we deplaned, we again realized that we had absolutely no contact in G—. We did not know of one Jewish family that was observant. We knew that G— had no Rabbi and we knew not how to find the Shul. (Even if we would have known the location of the Shul, we were quite sure that it would probably not be any different from the other Shuls we visited in Central America, which meant that only on Friday evening could Jews be found there).

Though our thoughts rarely dwelt on food, the fact that tomorrow we would be fasting in a tropical climate without a place to "farfast" (the meal prior to the fast) or "opfast" (break the fast) didn't cause us to dance off the plane with song and dance (as our Israeli Lubavitchers deplaned with rejoicing from their chartered El-Al recently). We did manage to obtain a list of 31 Jewish residents who resided in G—, but the knowledge that there was no Schochet in G— prompted us to assume that our Jewish brethren of G— were probably not as yet Glatt Kosher or Cholov Yisroel'nicks. So the chances of



"laining Eicha" with a minyan or farfasting with anything other than fruits and orange crush, loomed as a very remote possibility.

"We have about two hours until Tisha B'Av, Faivel," I told my colleague (who is presently the executive director of the Lubavitcher Day School in London) "so let's pick one name from our list and find something out about the Kehila Kedosha of G—."

The ("goiral" fell on one Mr. Fisher to whom we immediately taxied. Put yourself in our shoes in the above situation and I'm sure the same thoughts would race through your mind and the same exciting suspense would be yours. We were about to meet our first Jew in G—, a "brother" whom we had not yet met. Did you ever go to meet a brother or sister whom you had never met? I'm sure the feeling would be a different one than just meeting anyone. And I'm sure that it would be the same feeling which overtook us on our way to "Mr. Fisher," for the intensive study of Chassidus brings one to the realization that "Acheinu Bnei Yisroel" are just that – our brothers!!

Our thoughts were interrupted by the sudden stop our taxi made and the driver's announcement in broken English "Thees ees dee house."

We were met at the gate of the large courtyard by a maid (Acheinu Bnei Yisroel in these countries are quite well off and have many maids, so it is not customary for the homeowner to greet you at the door). "Senora no esta" we were told, and my limited knowledge of Spanish allowed me to understand that the mistress wasn't home.

"Maybe the children, or a brother or sister are home," I replied in Spanish, not fully knowing what made me ask for a brother or sister.

"Un momento por favor" (Wait one moment please) she replied. Soon we were greeted by a young and obviously Jewish woman who began speaking to us in a Galician Yiddish. "The maid told me that there were some CUBANS waiting at the gate," she said with a smile. (Fidel Castro's insistence on a beard left no doubt in the minds of the natives as to what nation we belonged. Well, they weren't wrong about



our being soldiers, anyway). “I figured though,” she continued, “that it was probably ‘Mishulochim’ as all the ‘Mishulochim’ (Yeshiva collectors) stay with my sister, as not only is she one of the few kosher people here, but she’s the only one who bakes her own Challah.”

We were very pleasantly surprised at this very unexpected turn of events. “But we’re not ‘Mishulochim.’” I interrupted her. “We are Shluchim (emissaries) of the Lubavitcher Rabbi who sent us to help the Jewish communities of Latin America.”

“Oh, Lubavitchers” she said cheerfully, “then we’re neighbors, as I, too live in Crown Heights. As a matter of fact my daughter attends your Bais Rivkah. My sister, unfortunately, became a widow recently so I came here to spend the summer with her. You’ll be most welcome guests, so please do stay with us.”

We felt the meaning of this Posuk in Tehillim in G— at that moment more than we ever felt it in the Beis Hamidrash.

“Tell me” my colleague asked, “Is there a private Jewish school here?” “Yes, it’s right around the corner. But school’s almost over now,” she said, sensing what our intention was.

“That’s all right, we’ll go over and meet the director and make arrangements to speak to the children tomorrow,” I replied.

“But aren’t you going to step in to take a bite?”

“Oh, we’ll be back for Seudah Hamafsekes” (last meal before the fast) “As long as we know we have a place where we can farfast, we’ve nothing to worry about,” Faivel smiled, “We’ll be back soon.”

And soon it was, as it didn’t take long to meet with the director and have him schedule us to speak to the 60 odd children that study in the Jewish National (as of yet, not religious) School in G—.

That evening, we met Mrs. Fisher who informed us that two of her daughters were studying in an orthodox academy in Switzerland. What’s more, she informed us that we could drink the milk which she



had put on the table as it was from her cousin's (a Shabbos observer also) farm. Cholov Yisroel in G— of all places!

We were informed that that evening there would be a minyan in the school which also served as the Shul, not because of Tisha B'Av as we later found out, but rather because of a Yahrzeit. We reminded the ten assembled that it was Tisha B'Av that evening and that Jewish law requested that Megilas Eicha was to be read. Immediately after Maariv we turned the Chairs over, and Faivel began to read Eicha. Afterwards we gave short talks on the significance of Tisha B'Av. It was the first time that Eicha was publicly read in G—. We were a bundle of mixed emotions! To be truthful, after the delightful unexpected experience of that afternoon, we entered Tisha B'Av in a very joyful mood, not only because of our personal benefit, but because of the realization that there still could be found in such remote corners of the world families which were so true to our Holy Torah. In meeting our first family in G—, the feeling of "Churban" was elevated. However, in realizing that only because we happened to be in G— was the significance of Tisha B'Av felt in our reading and explaining Eicha, we brought upon ourselves the appropriate mood of Tisha B'Av. We were grateful however in knowing that we had caused a minyan of Jews to hear Megilas Eicha; and our noticing the solemn expression of the assembled, even a tear or two in the eyes of some, prompted us to hope that in our brief stay in G— we would be successful in igniting the spark of Yiddishkeit latent in the hearts of the Jews of G— for, "IN EVERY JEW, BE HE A TZADDIK (RIGHTEOUS) OR BE HE A RASHA (SINNER) THERE ARE TWO SOULS — AND THE SECOND SOUL OF A JEW IS ACTUALLY A PORTION OF G-D ABOVE..." (Tanya, Chapter one and two), and the very revered author of the Tanya, the saintly Rav Schneur Zalman of Liadi, is quoted as often remarking, "A JEW DOES NOT WANT TO, NOR IS HE ABLE TO, TEAR HIMSELF FROM G-D."

It is the PORTION OF G-D which is in every Jew, which the Lubavitcher Rebbe sent us to awake, and it is with the faith that no Jew wants to tear himself from G-d that we base our optimism...

In the following weeks, Please G-D, I shall continue with my



account of experiences in G—and in many other countries which I visited on Shlichus of the Rebbe. It is only with the hope that these experiences will inspire others to emulate the numerous Lubavitcher activities of Ahavas Yisroel and will fuse them with optimism as to the success of these activities that I, a ben-Yeshiva, have volunteered to share these experiences with you.

The previous Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson relates to us that which his saintly father Rabbi Shalom Dovber Schneerson told a certain party who had a private audience with him: “From the time when the Holy One blessed be He said to Avraham Ovinu, Peace be with him, ‘Go thee forth from thy land, etc.’, and it is written ‘and Avram traveled forth, traveling forth southward, etc.’, there began the task of “Birurim” (Separating the divine spark which is latent in every material element from its corporal encasement by using that material element in serving G-D and thereby elevating the material world). And according to the decree of Divine Providence man goes on his traveling’s in the place where the Divine sparks which have to be separated by this particular man are waiting for their liberation. The Tzadikkim who possess the power of vision see the place where their sparks are waiting for them and go there by themselves, and the ordinary people—behold—the Cause of all Causes and the Medium of all Medium, causes many causes and mediums that they (the ordinary people) should come to the place where upon them has been bestowed the service of the Task of Birurim.”

So you understand how I came to Latin America. Other Chaverim of mine from the Lubavitcher Yeshiva had their “sparks” awaiting them in the U. S., Canada, Nova Scotia, South America and Europe. Our “nitzotzot” (sparks) were awaiting us, as I related to you last week, in Central America and Mexico. All of us were spending our four week summer “vacation” in the customary manner of senior students of the Lubavitcher Yeshiva, Visiting different states and countries on Shlichus (mission) from the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shlita, to revive Torah observance in these communities.





If you recall last week, I informed you of how Erev Tisha B'Av we made an appointment to speak at the Jewish School in G—. We spent a few very successful hours there speaking in the various classrooms.

As soon as we arrived, the boys donned the Yarmuklich which we passed out to them and in five minutes the children were singing the Modeh Ani which we taught them (to the tune which all the religious camps use). Any outsider who would have walked into the classroom that moment would have sworn that they were in a Yeshiva Ketana. At the moment there was no difference between this group of children in G— and a group of children in a Yeshiva Ketana in Brooklyn or a day school in Tel Aviv. As far as their pure “Yiddishe Neshamalach” were concerned, we quoted from the Sefer Hatanya last week that every Jew has a divine soul and what’s more – AS FOR THE SOUL AND THE SPIRIT, WHO IS TO KNOW THEIR GREATNESS AND THEIR POSITION IN THEIR ORIGIN AND SOURCE IN THE LIVING G-D (Tanya Ch. 32) and SOMETIMES THE SOUL OF A PERSON WHOSE GREATNESS IS ENDLESS COMES TO BE THE SON OF A DE-SPISED AND LOW PERSON (Tanya Ch. 2).

The obvious difference of course, is that there is great hope for the Yeshiva Ketana child of Brooklyn etc., to mature into a properly observant Jew as every day of his childhood his “Nishoma” is receiving its required nourishment – Torah and Mitzvot. However, the nishoma of the youngster in G— (though we gave him a breath of this nourishment) is starving for this nourishment and unless he receives it in the same or nearly the same as does the child in Brooklyn, there is little chance that he will fulfill his Torah obligations in adulthood. Why is there no Yeshiva Ketana in G—, in P—, in C—, and E—, and all the other Latin American countries which we visited? Simply because our Yeshiva graduates enter fields of endeavor other than the field of Chinuch!

I already mentioned the fact that my colleague, Rabbi Faivel Vogel, who recently married, has been sent by the Rebbe to administer to the growing Lubavitcher Day School and Talmud Torah in London.



A previous shlichus colleague of mine, Rabbi Leib Raskin, is the principal of the Beis Rivkah which the Rebbe has established in Casablanca, Morocco, and which presently has close to two thousand girl students, Ken Yirbu, and, of course there are many devoted young graduates of the other Yeshivos who have dedicated their lives to spread Torah light. But what is the percentage of those who enter Jewish education to those who enter other fields? Maybe our Yeshiva graduates doubt the possibilities of success, maybe a feeling of optimism as to being successful in these countries escapes them. It is to inspire my fellow Bnei Yeshiva from all Yeshivos with a spirit of optimism and thereby encourage them to enter the field of Chinuch that I invite them to come along on my trips through the medium of these articles. Come back inside with me to the classrooms of the “Jewish” school of G—. Look – observe closely, the gleam in the eyes of the pure little Yiddishe Nishomalach! Children who never tasted a piece of Kosher meat, who never tasted Kedushas Shabbos, who never saw a pair of Tefillin, yet nevertheless the gleam in their eyes is there! The same gleam which the Brooklyn Yeshiva child has in loudly chanting the prayers! Their voices resound loudly with Modeh Ani, Torah Tziva, and Shema Yisroel! The gladness and fervor in their voices bring a feeling in your heart difficult to describe. You glance at your colleague and you know what he is thinking. You are both thinking the same thing – Yiddishe Nishomalach! Heilige Nishomalach! (Jewish souls, holy souls). You are assured that which you studied THE DIVINE SPARK OF THE JEWISH SOUL CAN NEVER BE EXTINGUISHED is exactly as you studied and imagined. The “divine sparks” however, are waiting to be ignited! The divine sparks of the Jewish communities of P—, C—, E—, etc., and hundreds of communities similar to them throughout the world are waiting to be IGNITED! They're waiting for us my fellow Bnei Yeshiva! In such an era when such a tremendous majority of our brethren are so far from Torah observance can we be at peace with ourselves when we realize that it is only because there is a lack of Torah educators that this majority is not attracted to Torah and Mitzvot?

That evening, in the same school building, (which seemed to serve as the headquarters for all Jewish activities in G—) we met with



the older youth – those who were attending High School and College (the Jewish school of G— is only of grade school level). They were organized by a delegate from the Jewish agency into a Zionist organization called Maccabee Hatzair. We were invited by them to speak at their meeting and for over two hours we lectured to the thirty members of Maccabee on the significance of Torah and Mitzvot. We concluded our lecture by requesting that every boy should from now on begin to put on Tefillin (as we explained the meaning of Tefillin in our talk) and every girl should at least see to it that the Sabbath candles be lit in her home. We also urged the group that they put on their program a campaign to bring a shochet to G— for we told them that if they would continually urge their parents to bring a shochet to G—, eventually they would succeed, if their efforts would be persistent. As we walked from the meeting we were delighted to hear that the president of the group was so willing to follow our suggestion.

“We can solve both problems for you” Faivel told Jacobo. “Come into the Shul, as I happen to have my own Tefillin with me there. I will teach you how to put them on.”

So then and there, Motzoei Tisha B'Av, my colleague, Faivel, was giving a Tefillin laigin demonstration in G—. “We have an extra pair with us so give me your address and we will drop them off at your home on our way to the airport. We're leaving tomorrow on the 12:30 flight to M—,” I informed Jacobo.

“Oh, please, won't you stay with us at least a few more days,” the teenagers pleaded in earnest. “We have a schedule to keep so we must leave tomorrow, but we will correspond with you and send you our literature.”

Jacobo gave us his address and said that he would be waiting at his home to receive the Tefillin.

That night in our hotel room, after reviewing the events of the day with my colleague, I drew up a step by step diagram on every detail of “Tefillin laigin” and put the diagram together with the tefillin which we would give to Jacobo. As usual, because of our packed schedule, we



barely had time to pack our bags the next afternoon and catch a taxi for the airport. We told the hotel manager to phone Pan American and instruct them to hold the plane for the “Dos Rabinos Jovenes” (The two young Rabbis), the title which the local newspaper gave us. Jacobo had told us the night before that his home was on the way to the airport so we gave his address to the taxi driver and told him to literally “sprout wings.” However, try as he would, the driver couldn't locate the address. “Maaseh Satan,” I said in a frustrated tone! As we knew that they wouldn't hold the plane for us much longer, we reluctantly gave up our search for Jacobo's home and sped to the airport resolving to send the tefillin by mail in the hope that the mailman would have better luck than the taxi driver.

Imagine our surprise upon arriving at the airport we were met by Jacobo and a friend of his who were waiting for us!

“I was waiting at my home for the Tefillin you said you would bring on your way to the airport and when I saw that you weren't coming I rushed to the airport hoping to catch you before you leave. Do you have the tefillin?”

We only had a minute to give over the tefillin and say good-bye but that minute was full with a mutual inner joy which I shall never forget. The sparks spurting from the engines of our DC-7 as it began to taxi down the runway made me think of other sparks, “Divine sparks” which we were successful in igniting in G— on our Shlichus of the Rebbe.



“Suppose you are in room connected by wires to a power house and you want to bring electrical or atomic power to the room. In order to make the proper contact, you must push the right button, the button which controls the power-flow to the room. The Baal Shem Tov knew which button to push!”

The young college lad who had asked the Lubavitcher Rabbi to explain the significance of the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Chassidism, was pleased with the Rebbe’s analogy. The Rebbe had previously mentioned that every Jew has a powerhouse latent within him and with the proper approach, “by pushing the right button,” one could cause a Jew to function at his maximum capacity with happiness and harmony. “This,” the Rebbe emphasized, “is what the Baal Shem Tov did to his generation and the generations afterward. Finding his brethren impoverished and in great despair after the terrible 17th century pogroms of Chmelnicki, the Baal Shem Tov injected new life into the Jews by introducing the teachings and systems of Chassidism, based on the Kabbalah, which until then was only revealed to the privileged few. The Baal Shem Tov stressed the importance of joy and happiness permeating not only the prayer and Torah study of the Jew, but his every physical act, as all of man’s actions are to be for the “sake of Heaven” and, therefore, must be performed with “simcha” (happiness). He stressed the importance of a mature understanding of the creator and His precepts, yet cherished the devoted service of even unlearned Jews, teaching that if this service is done “with heart” it is on par and sometimes surpasses the service of learned Jews.”

The young sophomore from Hofstra College, together with about eighty of his friends representatives of the Hillel Foundations of ten metropolitan universities and colleges of New York, had spent the afternoon at a seminar on Chassidus sponsored by the Hillel foundation of Brooklyn College. Now they were all privileged to be in the presence of the very Lubavitcher Rabbi, Rabbi M. M. Schneerson, who spoke to them about the Baal Shem Tov and Chassidism. The Rebbe spoke to them in English as few of them came from homes where Yiddish or Hebrew is used. My colleagues and myself, students at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva, were happy to observe the glowing faces of the



students beaming with inspiration as they left the Rebbe's chamber. Many of them return often to continue their study on Chassidism and apply Chassidic teaching to their daily lives.

This year, all over New York and everywhere is being marked as the 200th anniversary of the Histalkus-Hilulo (desmise) of the Baal Shem Tov. Just a few weeks ago, on Lag B'Omer, May 15, 10,000 children plus tens of thousands of spectators crowded the blocked off streets of Eastern Parkway to hear the Lubavitcher Rabbi speak about the Baal Shem Tov and his impact on contemporary Jewish life.

It is interesting to note that of the basic thoughts of the Baal Shem Tov's Chassidus are two fundamental instructions which he received from his father when he was only five years old. Summoning him to his deathbed, his father told him: "My son, have no fear of anyone except G-d. Love every Jew, whoever he may be and however he may be, with all the fire of your soul." When he was only a lad of fourteen, he was entrusted with the task of ushering school children to and from Cheder. He is quoted as saying, "Those days were the happiest in my life," as his greatest joy was teaching children the prayers and blessings.

History proves the tremendous impact which the Baal Shem Tov had on Jewish life of the 18th and 19th centuries, and continues to have, in increasing proportions, on Jewish life in the 20th century. To put it concisely, I will reiterate the Rebbe's quotation from a maamor (chassidic discourse):

"Sometimes," the Rebbe stated, "one can be brought to consciousness from a state of faint only by having his name whispered in his ear. The Almighty sent Israel (The Baal Shem Tov's name was Israel) to waken Klal Israel from a state of faint to a happy state of harmonious Jewish life."



Our Shlichus of “Summer 5720” had a special theme. Since it was the 200th Yahrtzeit of the Baal Shem Tov, our talks were to be based on the Baal Shem Tov. This we gathered from the Rebbe Shlita’s introduction to his talk on the Baal Shem Tov at Camp Gan Israel. The Rebbe Shlita requested that the talk which he was about to give should be spread to Jewish children wherever they are to be found, and we were determined to do just that. This year my Shlichus partner was another English-born chaver, Asher Zeilingold.

The first Latin American country which we visited was the tropical country of P—. This was my second visit to P—, so I was anxious to renew again all the acquaintances which I made the previous year. We were met at the airport by a young sefardi, a graduate of Me-sivta Torah Vodaas, with whom I had been corresponding the entire year.

“How’s Tora Or?” was the first question I asked Moshe X—. “Tora Or” was the club which Moshe founded after our visit of the previous year. Before we left P— last year we pleaded with Moshe to organize teen-age boys into a religious group which he would direct. We promised him that we would send him literature which would be required.

“We have close to fifty boys between the age of 13 and 20, who meet every Sunday. We are the most successful youth club in P—. You’ll be our guest speaker this Sunday so you will see us in action. You’ll have a lot of satisfaction!”

From the airport we drove to the Sefardic Shul which rivaled in beauty and modernity the fabulous synagogue structures which we had visited in the states, only this shul was a kosher shul with a gallery for women and the bimah in the middle. The shul also housed a most beautiful and modern mikvah. The shul and mikvah can be credited to the young Sefardic “Chacham” of the community, Rabbi L. Rabbi L. is also the Schochet and Mohel, the only Mohel for a radius of 650 miles.

As Rabbi L. had already left for the slaughterhouse, we drove to Moshe’s store. Moshe proudly displayed a letter which he had re-



ceived from the Rebbe Shlita, in answer to Moshe's request for the Rebbe Shlita's brocho for "Tora Or." Moshe's married sister introduced herself to us, informing us that she was secretary of the local WIZO (Women's International Zionist Organization). "Could you arrange a meeting for us with WIZO? We would like to stress to the mothers the importance of sending their children to Yeshivos in the states."

"I think I can arrange it," she replied, cheerfully.

We spent the rest of the day conversing with the directors of the Institute A—, the private Jewish school of P—, which catered to 80% of the Jewish schoolchildren of P—. This school, which had an enrollment of 300 youngsters who ranged in age from six to seventeen (as the school had a high school department also), was even less traditional than the school in G—, which I wrote about last week. The directors agreed to give us one period with each of the five high school grades, and a general assembly with the elementary department. We thanked them for their cooperation.

The next day, the children heard of a great Jewish leader whom they had never heard of before. To be sure, they were quite well informed as to Spinoza and Herzl, etc., but of the Baal Shem Tov they had never heard.

In each of the high school classes we repeated the Rebbe Shlita's talk. Before we began, we gave the boys yarmulkes to wear. We divided the Rebbe's Sicha into two parts; my colleague reciting one part and I, the other. The Rebbe's talk contained six stories about the Baal Shem Tov, which enabled us to keep the interest of the children, while appropriately illustrating the Baal Shem Tov's teachings. Let's listen to Asher's talk to the 10th Graders:

"Once the Baal Shem Tov sent one of his disciples hundreds of miles away on a mission to make a brocho over a brook of water. The Baal Shem Tov later told his student that this brook which had been created over five thousand, five hundred years previously, came crying before G-d complaining that no Jew ever made a brocho over her waters. The Baal Shem Tov knew of this brook and her complaint



and promptly sent his disciple to drink of the brook's water and of course, to say the blessing before doing so. This is why we find Jews in every country of the world, for it is the Jew who has the power of causing the entire material world to fulfill its purpose by making blessings over all the material things and using the energy derived there-from in serving G-d. So you realize, children that your mission in P— is to make P— holy by saying brochos!”

“If we make a brocho on pork, can we eat it then?” shouted one of the youngsters!

“I was about to explain that while the purpose of many things which we find in our world is fulfilled when we partake of these things and recite blessings over them, the purpose of other things is fulfilled when we DO NOT partake of them. The pig is one of these negative things. G-d tells us in our holy Torah which we may partake of and which things we may not partake of.”

“What brocho do you make on a mango? On a papaya? Let's say it together – Boruch Ato...”

That evening, we drove sixty miles through the jungles of P— to meet with the 70 Jewish families of the coast city of C—. The adults of C— were gathered in the basement of the synagogue spending their evening in their favorite pastime – card playing! Our entrance did draw some attention, but only after the president of the community broke up the card games, did the people gather around to listen to what we had to say. They listened for three hours. We powerfully opposed their contention that they could not afford to bring a Rabbi to their community. We charged them with the responsibility to bring an orthodox Rabbi to C— to educate their children, and we gave them the addresses of those organizations who could accomodate them.

The president of the Jewish community of C— was waiting for our reply. “Could you return on Sunday?” was his request. “We are already engaged to spend Sunday with the ‘Tora Or’ group in P—,” I replied.

“Couldn't you split up, one of you remaining in P— and the



other spending Sunday morning with us?” continued the president in earnest. “I suppose that’s the only thing we could do,” replied Asher. “One of us will be here Sunday.”

We stepped out into the street, woke up our taxi driver, and were on our two-hour drive back to P—.

“Imagine,” I remarked to Asher, “just last week we were keeping the regular Thursday night “Mishmor” with the rest of the chevra in 770, and now we’re “Mishmoring” along on a jungle road in P—, and who knows where the rest of the chevra are!” I concluded. (We were part of the many senior students who had left 770 the previous Sunday to meet with Jews all over North and South America for the purpose of inspiring them to a greater observance of Torah and Mitzvos.)

“Shmuel Pesach and Binyamin should be in Columbia or Venezuela by now,” remarked Asher. “They’ll probably take in the islands on their way back. Were Moshe and Yitzchok to start in Los Angeles and work upwards, or in Vancouver and work down along the coast?”

“I think I heard Moshe say that they were taking a Jet nonstop to Los Angeles,” I informed Asher. “Avraham and Yisroel Chaim are either in Houston or Dallas, while Ephraim and Zalman should be either in Colorado or Kansas. Let’s see now, I think that Ben Zion and Yankel were supposed to hit the Dakotas. You know, Asher, I once went on a Merkos Shlichus to the Dakotas. Did I ever tell you about it?”

No reply! Asher was fast asleep. I was too preoccupied locating the rest of the boys on the “map” to take heed of my tiredness. I looked at my watch. Almost 3:00 A.M. My thoughts switched to Eastern Parkway. I envisioned a stately structure near Kingston Avenue and could see a ground-floor office facing Eastern Parkway. Though I knew that in Brooklyn it was close to 4:00 A.M., I was sure that the lights in that office were still burning. The lights in that office burn late every night, many nights ‘til day-break, for the revered person sitting inside that office is by day and by night on “mishmor” for Klal Yisroel. It was reassuring to realize that as well as our thoughts were with the Rebbe,



Shlita, his thoughts were with us, for it was safe to assume that he, too, was “locating his boys on the map.”

We arrived back at our hotel at 3:30 A.M. and promptly (after Krishma Leining which required great effort) went to sleep, only to be awakened at 7:00 A.M. by the ringing of our doorbell.

I jumped out of bed and ran to the door.

“Are you the Rabbi who visited the school yesterday?” asked the middle-aged woman standing at the door.

“What can I do for you,” I answered, subduing a yawn. “You speak to thee cheeldren, they go to Yeshiva in Oonited States, yes. I want send my three boys, but I have no monee!” (I found out later that the woman’s hard-luck story was even more of a hard luck account than that which she told us.)

“I’ll see what I can do for your three boys when I return to America,” I said.

It was a good thing that she woke us for we had numerous appointments that morning, beside the assembly with the grade-school children of the Jewish school and our scheduled meeting with the WIZO women, which was arranged for early Friday noon.

As we were leaving the hotel, the register stopped us and said, “You know that woman who just came to see you. She was waiting here last night till midnight to see you. They told her that you would return from C— before Midnight. Please help her, she is such a poor woman!”

Our appointments caused us to come too late for the morning assembly with the grade-school children. “If you desire, you may still have the assembly with the children this afternoon. Meanwhile, why don’t you sing the songs which you are going to teach the children to our singing teacher, and she can put the tune to notes and accompany you on the piano.” suggested the director.

“A very good suggestion,” I added, and soon the music teacher



was recording the notes that I was singing. As I was singing, the director copied the words, typed them on a stencil, and before I finished, he ran up to me with a few hundred rexographed copies of *Modeh Ani* and *Torah Tziva*, transliterated in Spanish.

“We’ll pass the papers out to the children, and they’ll learn these songs in no time,” exclaimed the director very happily.

Two hours later, on the outdoor patio-styled auditorium of the Jewish school, over a hundred jubilant voices with piano accompaniment could be heard singing the first words which a Jewish child is taught when he begins to speak.

“We will sing this with the children often,” the music teacher assured me.

I rushed to the Shul where the meeting with the WIZO women was being held. I quickly greeted Rabbi L., but hardly paid attention to what he told me, as I brushed past him into the auditorium of the Shul. Something about some other Lubavitchers having arrived in P—. The WIZO group was enthralled, listening to Asher’s repetition of one of the Rebbe Shlita’s talks on the great responsibility which lies on parents to provide for their children the utmost in Jewish education, no matter how much self-sacrifice this provision entails. “Our sages, of blessed memory, tell us” Asher stated, “that when Judah approached Joseph in petition to relinquish Benjamin, he was ready to wage war with Joseph. At first glance it is difficult to understand Judah’s logic in wanting to wage war with Joseph, knowing that Judah and his brothers were a very small group while Joseph had all of Egypt under his command. What then could have motivated him to be ready to wage war with an entire country. Judah himself however reveals to us the logic behind his determination for self-sacrifice in his declaration before Joseph. *KI AVDICHO ARAV ES HANAAR* (Your servant has become surety for the lad.) Since Judah took the responsibility upon himself to return Benjamin to his father, he was ready to battle an entire nation to live up to this responsibility. Even though the other brothers would remain free from harm, nonetheless, Judah was willing to risk his life



for even ONE Jewish child, seeing that he took the -responsibility for him. The Lubavitcher Rebbe points out,” concluded Asher, “that Judah’s attitude is an instruction and lesson for every Jewish father and mother upon whom G-d has placed the responsibility of each individual child of theirs, that they must be willing to sacrifice themselves for even one child so that those things should not befall him, which should not befall a Jewish child. As a result of self-sacrifice for education of our children Al Pi Taharas HAKODESH (according to traditional holiness) we merit that which is written in the conclusion of this sedra VAYIFRU, VAYIRBU (and they increased and they multiplied) MEOD (very much.)”

After Asher finished his talk, I began, by stressing the importance and the feasibility of Maasios on their part and the great importance of sending their children to Yeshivos. While I was speaking, I was surprised to notice a large group of high-school girls from the Jewish school enter and take seats. They had heard that we were to address the WIZO women so they came to hear us again. I was soon even more surprised to notice two familiar faces walk into the auditorium, one with a red beard, the other with a black one. I immediately introduced them to the assemblage. “This is Rabbi Benjamin Klein and Rabbi Shmuel Pesach Bogomilsky who are on a mission to South America, identical to ours.”

“How come you landed here?” I whispered to Shmuel Pesach.

“After Aruba and Curacao, we landed in Colombia, but since I had only a tourist card and not a visa, the immigration authorities wouldn’t permit me to remain. Since it was KLM’s mistake, they sponsored our trip to P— to get a visa to re-enter Colombia.”

“We were happy to hear that you fellows hadn’t left yet,” added Binyamin.

At the end of the meeting we answered individual questions, and as we were four now, it went much faster. “We are staying at the same hotel as you are. The Hotel woman said there were already two “types” like us staying at the hotel, so we figured it was you.”



“Let’s hurry back to the hotel and get ready for Shabbos,” said Asher pointing to the clock. “Say, Moish,” continued Asher as we walked out of the Shul, “one of the women said she was interested in sending her son to Yeshiva. Her name is Mrs. Hanaan.”

“We’ll visit her, Please G-d, Motzoei Shabbos,” I replied with hope that our meeting with the WIZO women had accomplished its purpose.



Hoping that others will follow suit, I will relate to you one of the projects I have undertaken since coming to Minneapolis. I have organized a Shalosh Seudos Minyon for boys. Why a Shalosh Seudos Minyon? Simply, so that young men should keep the whole of Shabbos instead of merely attending the Shacharis services and then going downtown to a movie or to play ball. An average session of our Shalosh Seudos Minyon lasts about four and a half hours. Here's how we work it. The boys assemble at the headquarters for the local Merkos L'Inyonei Chinuch at 3:30 P.M. From then until Mincha, which is at 5:30, we study *Kitzur Shulchan Aruch* and other Torah studies. From the *Kitzur* we have completed *Hilchos Netilas Yodayim* and we are now in the midst of *Hilchos Tefillin*. We have also gone through the Merkos booklets "The Complete Story of Purim" and "The Significance of the Skull Cap". After learning we daven Mincha, one of the boys leading the tefillah. As we have our own *Sefer Torah*, one of our boys is gabbai and calls other boys to the Torah. After Mincha we sit down for a sumptuous Shalosh Seudos. At the Shalosh Seudos a friend who is an associate professor at the University of Minnesota, (as yet) the only faculty member who wears a yarmulke while he teaches, gives the boys a talk on the Sedra. The professor, by the way, is also the Baal Koreh. Nigunim, Chumash games and a story round out the Shalosh Seudos program, which is followed by Maariv and Havdoloh. We meet during the week on alternate Sundays, at my home. On Sundays we have a visual aid program, preceded by a talk on one of the Mitzvos.

Since Shabbos is "the day from which all days are blessed," it is fitting that we see to it that our youth keep ALL of the Shabbos. Unfortunately, many times we are complacent in having achieved part time Shabbos observance on the part of our youth. With a bit more effort on our part in making the Shabbos more interesting to our youth, we could get them to be strict Shomrei Shabbos, the Shabbos always being remembered as an inspiring experience rather than merely "a day of infringement on one's freedom of action."

I got the idea to start this type of group from my friend Rev. N., who told me of the wonderful achievements of a group of this type in his native England. Through much Shabbos and Sunday activity



which was sponsored by one Hebrew teacher, HUNDREDS of Jewish youth who did not attend Yeshiva remained loyal Shomrei Shabbos. All my mebers, boys between the ages of 13 – 16, attend public junior and senior high schools. I would like to influence them to attend Yeshivos, but I hope that this group will at least keep them faithful to Shemiras Shabbos and to all the other Mitzvos.

I strongly suggest that all rabbis, educators, and baale batim who are fired with the zeal of bringing about greater observance of the Shabbos organize a Shalosh Seudos group for teen age boys, an age level which is often neglected for most boys who by then have quit Talmud Torah, having already attained Bar Mitzvah. And the same goes for girls but with a slightly modified program.

Our group will have a Purim Seudah at our home, at which time they will exchange food gifts in keeping with the Mitzvo of Mishloach Monos and they will also be afforded the opportunity to give Matonos Loevyonim (charity to the poor). Our purpose is to get the youth to do as many Mitzvos as possible. This was Mordechai's purpose in gathering Jewish children together and thus the Midrash tells us, Mordechai averted Haman's evil decree. The Lubavitcher Rebbe points this out in a Purim message.

“...The experience of our fathers is a lesson to us all.

“Let us remember that one of the chief means of frustrating the Hamans of our time, bring about their downfall, and bring light and joy to our people is – **“TO GATHER JEWISH CHILDREN AND TEACH THEM TORAH AND YIDDISHKEIT!**

“To tell them that the true and complete redemption really lies in **our own hands**, for as soon as we Jews return to G-d in complete repentance – **we are redeemed immediately**, by our Righteous Messiah.

“To tell them further, that our Holy Beis-Hamikdosh will be rebuilt soon, and we must all be worthy and prepared to serve our G-d in the Holy Sanctuary...”



R “Rabbi, our fraternal order is going to have its opening dinner meeting next week. We would like you to be the guest speaker. Would you come and speak to us about the High Holydays?”

I answered the young attorney who had called to invite me to speak before one of the largest Jewish fraternal organizations in the Upper Midwest that I would be most delighted to accept his invitation. I wonder if the young lawyer really realized the extent of my delight. Actually, I was being afforded an opportunity to do just what I was sent to the Upper Midwest for – inspire Jews to an increased level of Torah observance!

“What points should I stress though?” I thought to myself. Hundreds of ideas floated through my mind, but, surely, they could not be presented in the course of one talk. As my talks are geared toward action, I attempted to find a point which the listeners would follow up with deed. Since most Jews attend a shul on the High Holydays, I decided to stress in my address that a) We should stay in shul and daven on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur rather than promenade from shul to shul to visit our friends or linger in the yard of the shul in idle conversation; b) We should prepare ourselves at least a week in advance in the knowledge of the High Holyday prayers. We would become informed as to their content so that we know their meaning. A defendant does not wait for the last minute to prepare his plea before the judge.

Knowing full well that many of our brethren feel that they cannot reach G-d in their prayers because of their lack of ability to read Hebrew, or read it correctly, I cited to the assemblage the story of the country boy’s whistle of sincerity in the Bais Medrosh of the Baal Shem Tov having come before the heavenly throne of G-d, causing G-d to have pity on a whole community. (The story in short – A country boy, not knowing – through no fault of his own – how to read, and overcome by the high pitch of emotion and prayer emanating from the Bais Medrosh of the Baal Shem Tov at Neilah time on Yom Kippur, elicited the cock-a-doodle-doo of the rooster, screaming afterwards, “G-d help us.” The call of the rooster was one of the boy’s forms of emotional expression. To the amazement of his followers, who would have chased



the lad from the Bais Medrosh, the Baal Shem Tov explained that it was precisely the boy's scream, which emanated from the depths of his heart, which came before the throne of G-d and caused the scales of mercy to overbalance the scales of justice.) You see, it is sincerity that G-d looks for – but we must show this sincerity by staying in the shul and davening as best we can – just like the lad in the story who was present in the shul the entire time. I stressed, also, that if we prepare before the holidays, we will be more interested in what we say during the services.

I concluded by stressing that, though it is important to attend the shul on the High Holydays – frequenting the shuls but three days in the year was not the answer for Jewish survival. Our listening to the shofar on Rosh Hashana does not mean that we have fulfilled our duties as Jews for the entire year. I cited the following parable.

“Many, many years ago, before there were any fire engines, fire brigades, and electric fire alarms, and most houses were built of wood, a fire was a terrible thing. A whole town, or a good part of it, could go up in flames and smoke. And so, when fire broke out, everyone left his business or work, and rushed to help put out the fire. There used to be a watch tower which was taller than the other buildings, where a watchman kept a lookout all the time. As soon as he saw smoke or fire, he would sound the alarm. The townspeople would then form a human chain between the fire and the nearest well, and pass on to each other pails of water with which to put out the fire.

Once it happened that a lad from a small village came to town for the first time. He stopped at an inn, on the outskirts of the town. Suddenly he heard the sound of a bugle. He asked the innkeeper what it meant.

“Whenever we have a fire,” the innkeeper explained to the lad, “we sound the bugle, and the fire is quickly put out.”

“How wonderful!” thought the village lad. “What a surprise and sensation I will bring to my village!”

Thereupon, the village lad went and bought himself a bugle.



When he returned to his village, he was full of excitement. He called all the villagers together. "Listen, good people," he exclaimed. "No need to be afraid of fire any more. Just watch me, and see how quickly I will put out a fire!"

Saying this, he ran to the nearest hut and set fire to its straw roof. The fire began to spread very quickly.

"Don't be alarmed!" cried the lad. "Now watch me."

The lad began to blow the bugle with all his might, interrupting it only to catch his breath, and to say, "Wait, this will put out the fire in no time!" But the fire did not seem to care much for the music, and merely hopped from one roof to another, until all the village was in flames.

The villagers now began to scold and curse the lad. "You fool," they cried. "Did you think that the mere blowing of the trumpet will put the fire out? It is only the call of an alarm, to wake up the people, if they are asleep, or to break them away from their business and work, and send them to the well to draw water and put out the fire!"

We are reminded of this story when we think of the Shofar which is sounded many times on Rosh Hashana. Some people think, like that village lad, that the sound of the shofar itself will do everything for them. They think that they may continue to "sleep," or go about their business, there being no need to change their way of life and daily conduct; the Shofar sounded in the synagogue will surely bring them a happy New Year. But, like the bugle in the story, the Shofar is but the sound of an "alarm." It has a message: "Wake up, you sleepers, think about your ways, return to G-d, put out the 'fire' that is threatening to destroy your Jewish homes. Go to the Well, the Well of Living Waters, the Torah and Mitzvos. Hurry, before it is too late!"

That is why, immediately after the Shofar is sounded, we exclaim: "Happy are the people who **understand** the meaning of the sound of the Shofar; they walk in Thy light, O G-d."

This is the message of the Shofar – the High Holydays. Let us be prepared to receive it!

לזכות
החתן הרה"ת **צמח דוד**
והכלה מרת **חי' מושקא**
שיחיו
פעלער
לרגל נשואיהם בשעטומ"צ
ג' מרחשון ה'תשע"ח

נדפס ע"י הוריהם
הרה"ת **מנחם מענדל** וזוגתו מרת **נחמה דינה** שיחיו **פעלער**
הרה"ת **דוד** וזוגתו מרת **פיגא** (ווינער) שיחיו **הרצל**
זקניהם
הרה"ח הרה"ת **משה יחיאל** וזוגתו מרת **מינדל** שיחיו **פעלער**
הרה"ח הרה"ת **משה** וזוגתו מרת **העניא יהודית** שיחיו **לאזאר**



ולע"נ אבי הכלה
הרה"ח הרה"ת **משה צבי** ב"ר **אברהם דוב** ז"ל ווינער