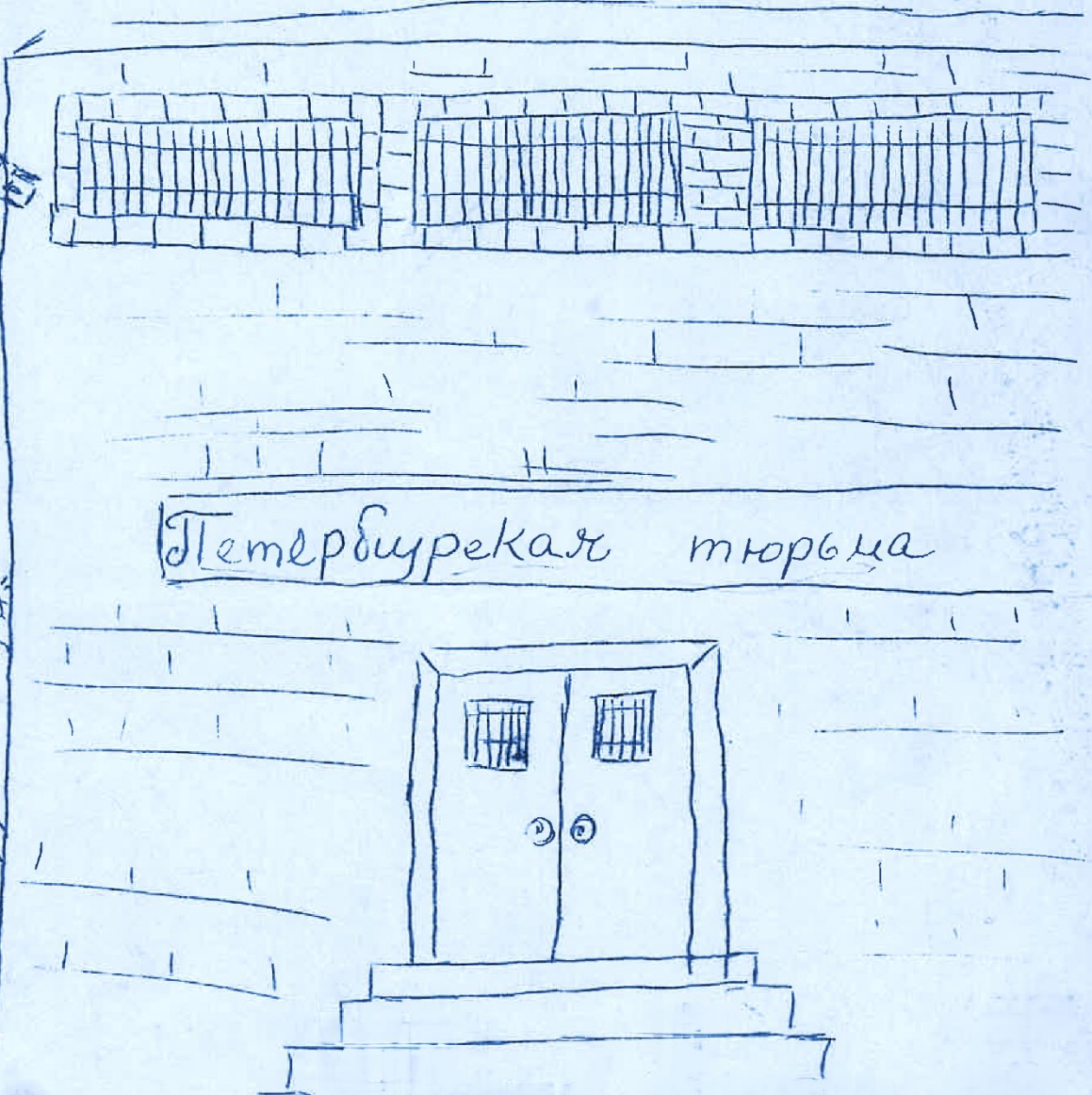
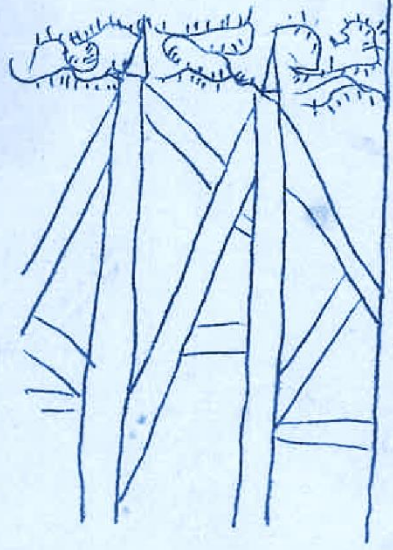


# BNOS CHABAD NEWSLETTER

## תשורה

משמחת הנישואין של

יונתן ורבקה שיחיד תמרי



אור לכ"ד טבת ה'תשפ"ה

BH

## *Foreword*

With gratitude and thanks to HaShem we welcome all our esteemed guests to take part in our *Simcha*, the wedding of our children *Yonason* and *Rivka* ״שׁ.

Based on the conduct at the Rebbe's wedding, where a *Teshura*-Memento, a facsimile of a Letter from the Alter Rebbe was distributed, we hereby present this *Teshura*, a booklet prepared by the students and teachers of Beis-Rivka. Mrs. Michla Laufer, grandmother of the Kallah was part of the presidium.

In honor of Yud-Tes Kislev 5730, the students of Beis-Rivka published a special Journal, called "The Bnos Chabad Newsletter," before sending it to print they gave the draft to the Rebbe, who, after editing it, sent it back.

As can be seen from the pages before us, the Rebbe's corrections are mainly fixing inaccuracies (which are understood after looking up the source from where the stories etc. are taken from), leaving the style of the original author. Many of the corrections made on this draft are not by the Rebbe, rather by the editor, and were penned both before and after this draft was submitted to the Rebbe.

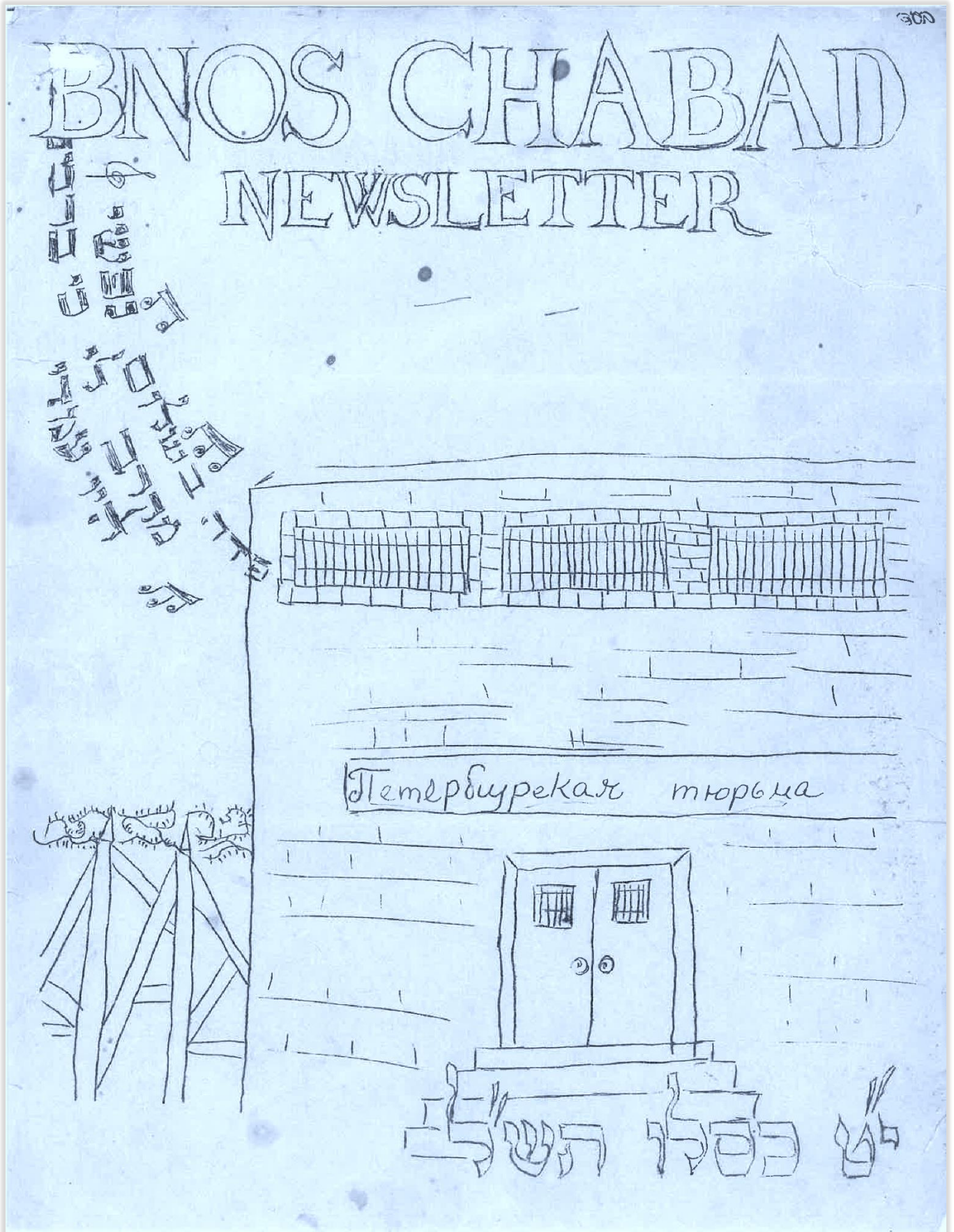
For the benefit of the reader, we have typed up the Rebbe's notations, which appear (in **bold** typeface), together with some additional words of context, under the picture of the page.

All the pages have been reduced to 80% of their original size.

May the merit of bringing joy to the Chosson and Kallah bring us to the greatest joy of all, when we will celebrate the rebuilding of the Beis Hamikdosh, speedily in our days.

*Tamarin & Laufer families*





The cover of the published newsletter

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THE FOUNDERS OF GENERAL CHASSIDIM  
and the  
HEADS OF CHABAD

The Founder of Chassidim

Rabbi Yisroel Baal Shem Tov (1698-1760)  
Elul 18, 5458 - Sivan 6, 5520

Successor

Rabbi Dovber of Mezritz (?-1772)  
? - Kislev 19, 5533

Founder of Chabad

Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liadi (1745-1812)  
Elul 18, 5505 - Teves 24, 5573

Second Generation

Rabbi Dovber (son of Rabbi Schneur Zalman) (1773-1827)  
Kislev 9, 5534 - Kislev 9, 5588

Third Generation

Rabbi Menachem Mendel (1784-1866)  
(grandson of Rabbi Schneur Zalman; son-in-law of Rabbi Dovber)  
Elul 29, 5549 - Nissan 13, 5626

Fourth Generation

Rabbi Shmuel (1834-1882)  
(son of Rabbi Menachem Mendel)  
Iyar 2, 5594 - Tishrei 13, 5643

Fifth Generation

Rabbi Shimon Dovber (1860-1920)  
(son of Rabbi Shmuel)  
Cheshvan 20, 5621 - Nissan 2, 5860

Sixth Generation

Rabbi Joseph-Bakon Schneerson (1880-1950)  
(son of Rabbi Shimon Dovber)  
Tammuz 12, 5640 - Shevat 10, 5710

Seventh Generation

Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson, Shlita  
(sixth in direct paternal line from Rabbi Menachem Mendel)  
Born Nissan 11, 5662 (1902)

love

p#2

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by the Rebbe, Shlita

Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson  
Lubavitch  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11213  
Hyacinth 3-9250

By the Grace of G-d  
10th of Kislev, 5714  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

To my brethren, everywhere  
G-d bless you all!

Sholom uBrocho:

In connection with the Day of Liberation (19th of Kislev) of the Founderoof Chabad, Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liadi, author of the Tanya, whose release from imprisonment for the dissemination of Chabad established freedom of thought and practice for the ideology and way of life of Chabad Ch,ssidism in particular, and of General Chassidism as a whole,

I wish to express herewith my inner wish that every one of us be liberated, with G-d's help and by determined personal effort, from all handicaps which arrest the good and noble in everyone's nature, so that this part of one's nature reign supreme, giving fullest expression to the threefold love: love of our people Israel, love of our Torah, and love of G-d, which are all one.

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26-71-Elite

start on  
line 10



## A Shared Yomtov

p. 4

Besides being the best student of the Baal Shem Tov <sup>ש"ס</sup>, and the teacher of the Alter Rebbe <sup>ש"ס</sup>, the Mezritcher Maggid <sup>ש"ס</sup>, was a great Rebbe in his own right. It is strange one should have to defend him, the Maggid was the world leader of Chassidim--but the fact is people know so little about him. Here is a bit of his history; perhaps it can throw some light on this personality.

Before Horav Hamaggid became Rebbe of world-wide Chassidus he was a teacher in a small town and very poor. It happened one day that there was ~~(absolutely)~~ nothing to eat in the house. The Rebetzin approached him with their little son Avraham, later to be known as the Malach (the Angel), and said, "this will be the third day that he has not eaten anything." When the Maggid heard this he cried. *sighed.*

In heaven there arose a big tumult. What!, said the prosecuting angels, the Maggid of Mezritch should ~~let tears fall~~ *sighed* over material needs--over the flesh of his own son? While others claimed that ~~the tears were shed~~ *he sighed* over the pain of a Jewish boy--only incidentally was the boy his son. In any case the decree was passed: the Maggid must reveal himself and must become Rebbe. He can no longer remain poor and unknown.

~~Clearly in the~~

At that moment the Maggid was returning his Tefillin into its case. In the case his fingers touched a coin, which he knew had not been there before. "Ah," he said sorrowfully, "we have lost this too: now we will have bread to eat."

*Sighing* Funny, is it not, how strictly are judged these people. For crying over his son's ~~pain~~ hunger the Maggid is punished. Notice, too, the nature of his punishment: to have to become Rebbe. And

there was ~~absolutely~~ nothing to eat | as [space] the Malach | [the Rebbe circled: "cried," "let tears fall," "the tears were shed" and "cried" and noted:] התאנה | over the [space] pain | the sdecree

4-2

the Maggid's reaction: how sad that now I won't be lacking anything.

In the last year of his life (5533) the Maggid told his pupil, Rav Schneur Zalman of Liadi, known to us as the Alter Rebbe, "Yud - Tes Kislev--that is our Yomtov." And so it was. On the nineteenth of Kislev the Maggid passed away. And on the nineteenth of Kislev in the year 5559 the Alter Rebbe was, by a miracle, released from prison. (But for that story you will have to turn to another page).



✓ CHAG HA'GEULAH p. 5

200

The birth of Chassidus, particularly Chabad Chassidus, was not a painless one. It was, like all new things, not accepted easily. The false *D'EN* movements were still fresh in the minds of Jews, and the special way of thinking that was peculiar to Chassidus was not understood by many. These opponents did all they could to quash the movement in its beginning. They went so far as to denounce the Chassidim as traitors to the government. ~~It was a dangerous thing for a Chassid to travel alone.~~

But all the sufferings that Chassidim were forced to endure served only to strengthen them and to make their effort to spread Chassidus even more meaningful. As the opposing side took to using more dangerous weapons in ~~xxxx~~ their fight, the Chassidim grew in greatness. The movement was thus given its depth, its force, its power to endure and last forever.

The sufferings of Chassidim had to have their limit, however, as all things must. The limit was reached when the founder of Chabad Chassidus, the Alter Rebbe, *135*, was imprisoned in Peterburg, Russia, after having been accused of disloyalty to the Russian government. On the nineteenth day of Kislev in the year 5559, nearly two months after the arrest, ~~was~~ The Rebbe was saying *לפני* and had just gotten to the *קיום : 'עם השלום נבט' / 'הקנה לו'* (He delivers my soul in peace from the battle against me) when he was notified of his freedom. From that time on~~x~~ the movement rose to newer and greater heights, gaining tremendously in numbers and in strength. *ליום זה* was the climax and so this day has remained special for Chassidim of Chabad. Through all the generations the Rabaim and the Chassidim have set aside this day for making decisions as to their study of Chassidus and *למחרת* for the year ahead.

~~It was a dangerous thing for a Chassid to travel alone.~~

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p. 6

The Original Bnos Chabad

Bnos Chabad! To paraphrase the remark of a fairly new member, "I sort of walk taller when I think I'm part of BNOS CHABAD!" What is it about Bnos that makes us so proud? Where did Bnos get its dosage of mesiras nefesh and other characteristics that make for daughters of Chabad? I'd say looking back into the pages of history can give us a clue.

Our predecessors, Fraida, Devora Leah, and Rochel, daughters of the Alter Rebbe, founder of Chabad Chassidus, present a shining example to us. In the 18th century, the most unfashionable thing <sup>for</sup> a girl could be <sup>to be</sup> was a daughter of Chabad. Often, her in-laws would be among the Misnagdim who participated in the "cherem" against Chassidus, <sup>which was the case</sup> <sup>the youngest daughter, she</sup> <sup>belonged to</sup> as occurred with Rachel. ~~Menas~~ ~~nefesh was a definite requirement.~~

עצ צני  
כל לא

Fraida was <sup>so much so that</sup> <sup>was Fraida,</sup> The oldest daughter of the Alter Rebbe. A noble, intelligent person, ~~she was very loved by her father,~~ and he often said Chassidus ~~for~~ her. Frequently, the Mittler Rebbe, her brother, would present his sister with questions on Chassidus and while their father answered her, he listened in.

לואו  
הואו

Fraida has the "zechus" to be buried at the right hand of her holy father. When she was nearing death, very sick in bed, she requested that she be buried there. The Chassidim were hesitant to agree because despite the fact that Fraida had always been dear to her father, she was a woman, and men and woman were not buried together. One day, a few Chassidim were called into her room. She began reciting <sup>hands</sup> until <sup>אמר זמיר עלם מיני</sup> until she died. She lifted her ~~out~~ and cried, <sup>הואו! הואו! הואו!</sup> and her soul left her body.

A noble, [very] intelligent person, she was loved by אשר כד כד her father, and he often said Chassidus for her. | men and women were not buried together באותה השורה.



After such a histalkus, the Chassidim did not know what to do. They led the horse and wagon carrying her body to a road which led in either direction. The horse continued by itself towards the Alter Rebbe's grave. She was buried there at her father's right hand.

Her sister, Devora Leah, laid the foundation for literal mesiras nefesh. Two years after her son was born, Devora Leah sacrificed her life so that Chassidus might continue to bring light to the world.

It was a time of great crisis. The Alter Rebbe realized that the intrigues and dissension which jeopardized his activities were the result of <sup>the Adversary</sup> Satan in Heaven. One day he confided in Devora Leah and expressed his apprehension in regard to the future of Chassidus and the Besht's teachings.

Devora Leah realized the gravity of the situation and sensed that her father's life was linked with it. Devora Leah met with three senior Chassidim and made them promise on oath that they would act according to her request and instructions, even if it was a matter of life. After considering her conditions, the Chassidim agreed.

Devora Leah began, "We are all Chassidim of my father, our Rebbe, and each of us must be willing and ready to give his or her life for him and for the future of ~~Chassidus~~ Chassidus."  
 "My father once said to me, 'These were my father's words.' For thirty years a good fruit-bearing tree requires cultivation and care to bring it to its

One day he confided in **לראשי תלמידיו ולילדיו** Devora Leah

optimum fruitfulness. It is now thirty years since the teachings of our master, Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov, were firmly planted by my ~~master~~, the Maggid, and grew into a tree of life. Now the Adversary on High threatens to destroy it all.... More precious to me than life is my desire to cultivate this tree so that it continues to give fruit until the coming of Moshiach...<sup>8</sup>

"In view of the situation," concluded Dvora Leah, "I resolved to put my life in ~~stead~~ <sup>stead</sup> of my father's. I wish to be his atonement; I bequeath my life to him. I am going to die so that he may live a ~~good and~~ long life, in order to cultivate the tree of life..."

On the first day of Rosh Hashana, the Rebbe called for Devora Leah and began to wish her the customary blessing "to be inscribed unto a happy year". She immediately interrupted and wished him instead, "to be inscribed unto a happy year."

On Tzom Gedaliah, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> day after Rosh Hashana, Devora Leah passed away. The Alter Rebbe took ~~her~~ young son to his room and took personal charge of his upbringing. The boy grew up to be the famed and saintly Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Lubavitzh, the Tzemach Tzedek, the third generation head of the Chabad movement.

so that he may live a ~~good and~~ long life



P.7  
The Light that Never Failed;

(by Sara GANSBURG) B.R. 171

Springtime verdure has been blighted and withered and slowly decayed. Glassy lakes no longer reflect beautiful trees and flowers; they have been transformed into masses of solid ice. Emerald leaves have attained golden pigmentation, fallen off and slowly disintegrated. Gone is all grace, all beauty. Winter makes its appearance.

A day has come to its conclusion. A bright day, a sunny day. Twilight has made its appearance and then the night--night, so black and obscure, so stark, futile...

Times of glory and sovereignty are momentarily over for Klal Yisroel. Now we are subordinates. All is dark and obscured in the Diaspora. We stretch our hands out in an attempt to find a glimmer of light. In this cold winter, this phenomenal darkness, there shines a glimmer of light. A light to arouse the Jewish heart, to awaken the conscience, to open the eyes and cheer the heart.

The Chanukah candles have their story to tell. ~~It~~

It is the year 1340 and Europe is swept by the dreadful Black Plague. Those Jews who are fortunate enough to survive the epidemic are murdered on charges of poisoning the wells.

1492. Jews are engulfed in the merciless, twisted claws of the Inquisition. The Chanukah candles are lit in deep, elaborate hide-outs in a defiant attempt to keep Yiddishkeit going.

1905. The black bear is growling again. Hundreds of Jews suffer as a result of Russia's defeat by Japan.

1941. History is repeated again. The Jews are the convenient scapegoat for the perverted, twisted mind of a maniac. How much more? How much more?

But when the Chanukah candles are lit... Whether we are young soldiers on the front or Jews in a concentration camp, the warmth of the Chanukah light disperses the darkness of Golus. We are a people who shall always persevere. The One Who helped Yehuda Maccabee is with us always...

Times of glory and sovereignty are momentarily over for Klal Yisroel. Now we are submerged. All is dark and obscured in the Diaspora. We stretch our hands out in an attempt to find a glimmer of light. In this cold winter, this phenomenal darkness, there shines a glimmer of light. A light to arouse the Jewish heart, to awaken the conscience, to open the eyes and cheer the heart.

The Chanukah candles have their story to tell. It is the year 1310 and Europe is swept by the dreadful Black Plague. Those Jews who are fortunate enough to survive the epidemic are murdered on charges of poisoning the wells.

1942. Jews are engulfed in the merciless, twisted claws of the Indistinct. The Chanukah candles are lit in deep, elaborate hideouts in a defiant attempt to keep Yiddishkeit going.

1905. The black bear is growling again. Hundreds of Jews suffer as a result of Russia's defeat by Japan.



p. 8

7"02

Reminiscences of a Chosid

by Shterna Carlebach

The following letter came to me last Thursday. It was written to me by my grandfather <sup>more.</sup>

My dear child,

You ask me to write to you of Yud Tes Kislev by the previous Rebbe. I will do my best to recall how it was in the years 5685-5687 in Leningrad.

The Rebbe, at one farbrengan, said:

"My father once told me to prepare myself to leave the country. I was really not too eager to go just then; I was learning well with Chonyen (Rav Chonen Marosow, later exiled by the Bolsheviks). But when a father says something, one listens. So we went.

"We went to Vienna and during the days we spent there, we would go into the Polische shtiblach. No one knew who we were. My father would give out "tabac" to the older members, would listen to their tales, or would sit by himself and learn ~~Likutei Torah~~. One old man who did not know who we were, seeing how absorbed my father was in ~~Likutei Torah~~, said, "Young man, not everything do you have to have here"--pointing to his head--"you have to have here too," pointing to his heart.

"In the evening, coming back to the hotel, my father would farbreng with me. No one could imagine how many tears were shed then when the Rebbe spoke of his Chassidim in Russia. "How can I reach my Chassidim," he said, "if my Chassidim do not understand me!"

We heard what the Rebbe said, all of us at the farbrengan. You understand quite well that no one dared ask anything. We did not know, we could not know, what those embittered, tearful words meant, "How can I reach my Chassidim if my Chassidim don't even understand me?" But two things were clear: first,

"Gott's, 4/2/10 27/16 8/1/12 2A"

When the Rebbe tells us what his father had said, he means himself too. His Chassidim don't understand him either. Second, we must never make a mistake: these people are not people like us. These Rebbes are far away from us. They talk with us, they write for us and spend time and effort for us, but the truth is that there is an abyss separating us, a distance that can never be crossed.

The morning after Yud Tes Kislev found me at the home of the Rebbe's mother, Rebetzin Shterna Sara, z"l. At that time a revolution was taking place in Korelya, a province near Finland belonging to Russia. The Rebetzin and I were reading the news in the papers. Suddenly the Rebbe, coming to see his mother, entered. Seeing us with the papers, he asked, "Where is Korelya?"

It was the morning after Yud Tes Kislev. I was still under the impression of the abyss. I felt the distance between us

would sit by himself and learn ~~Likutei Torah~~. One old man who did not know who we were, seeing how absorbed my father was in ~~Likutei Torah~~,

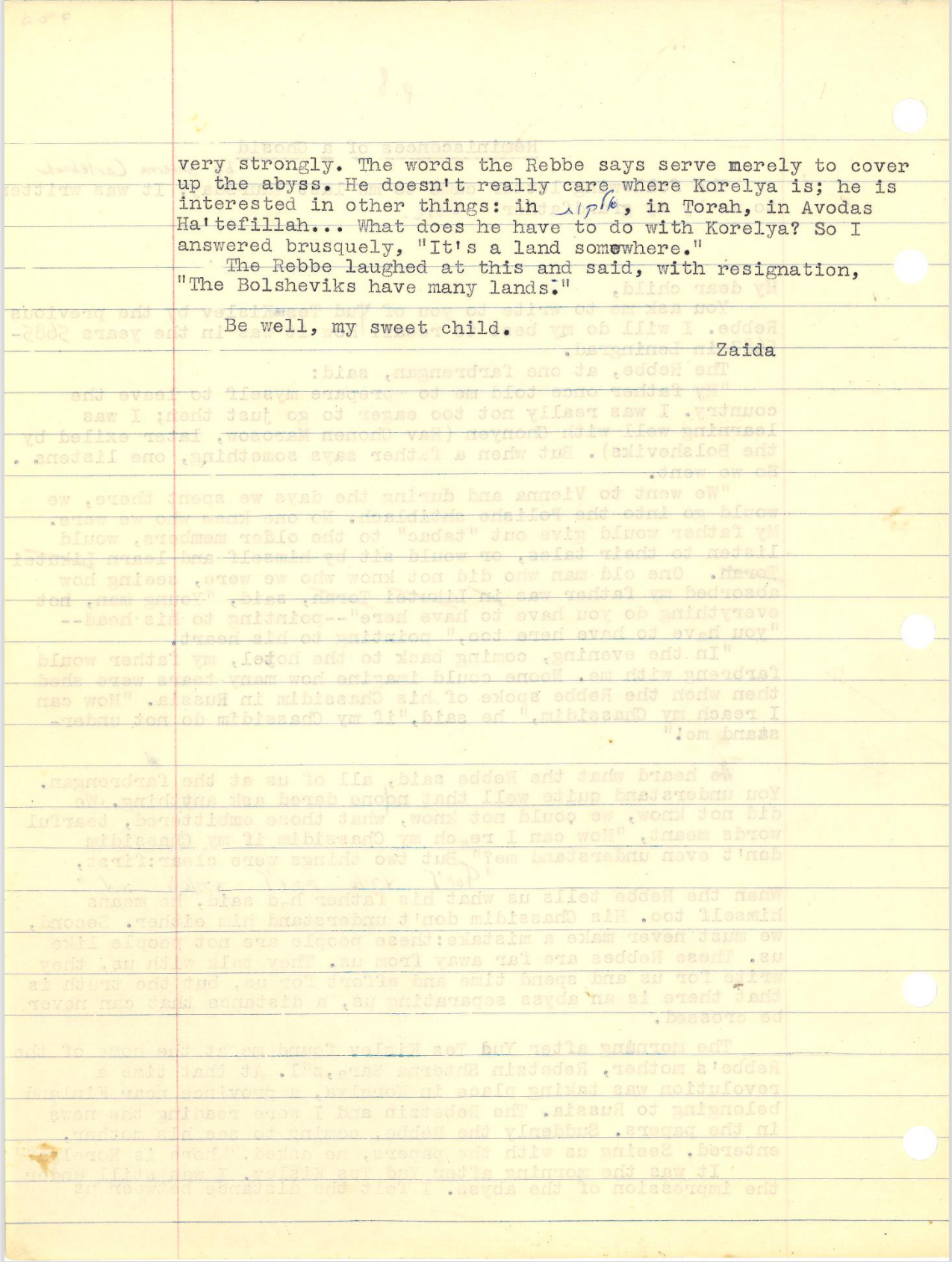


very strongly. The words the Rebbe says serve merely to cover up the abyss. He doesn't really care where Korelya is; he is interested in other things: in <sup>אורה</sup>, in Torah, in Avodas Ha'tefillah... What does he have to do with Korelya? So I answered brusquely, "It's a land somewhere."

The Rebbe laughed at this and said, with resignation, "The Bolsheviks have many lands."

Be well, my sweet child.

Zaida





## Three Cheers for Simplicity (21)

P.9

By Rabi Rosner,  
Dean of Bar Ilan

Pity the poor "tzadik gomur!" The Baal Tshuva gets all the praise, all the plaudits, all the attention.

He's even placed on a higher level than the tzadik. Is it a wonder then that the tzadik who spends his whole life living as a yid sure gets downhearted sometimes? Always the same routine. Davvening every day, making a brocha before and after eating, examining food before purchasing it...

The Baal Tshuva views life as a fresh adventure, a new experience; something different is discovered every day. He looks forward to tomorrow and what it will bring. How can the "tzadik" get this enthusiasm and retain it?

The Gemarah tells of an incident that occurred when Ashmodai, King of the Demons, was brought before Shlomo Hamelech. He saw a magician conjuring magic and suddenly Ashmodai started to laugh. When questioned, Ashmodai explained, "Here is a person conjuring magic while there is a treasure lying right under his feet."

Here lies the clue for the "tzadik". He needn't reach for the stars. The genius of Torah and Chazal <sup>that</sup> the very same words are applicable to everyone. The simplicity of Torah is its greatness. It is not an absolute prerequisite to meditate in Chassidus for two hours in order to davven properly (although it is laudable). Not everyone can reach that degree. However, there is no excuse for anyone not listening to the words of the davvening she utters.

listening to the words of davvening she utters.

Three Cheers for Simplicity

When a brocha is recited, think of the meaning of each word.  
 When a mitzvah is performed, think of its symbolism and significance. Not the transcendental mystical inferences, just the plain down-to-earth meaning. It is surprising how refreshing and inspirational this can prove to be. True, this is a very prosaic solution, but it works. Try it.

The Tzemach Tzedek told the melamdin of his young grandchildren that besides the usual subjects, they should teach the children פירוש פשוט, the simple translation of the words of davening. Once a month, the Tzemach Tzedek tested them on this.

Hayom Yom

think of its ~~symbolism~~ and significance.



P. 10

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Consolation Prize

Leaders of Klal, <sup>Yisroel</sup> ~~in particular~~, <sup>general</sup> and Chabad leaders, in particular, have always been interested in the physical welfare of their people, ~~also~~. The Rebbe RaSHaB is no exception.

Towards the end of 1901, about 40 Jews were arrested for living illegally outside the Pale of the settlement. At this time in Russia, the Jews were restricted to certain parts of the country, <sup>the Pale</sup> (which parts depended on the whim of the present ruler).

<sup>?! In</sup> These ~~ghetto states~~ <sup>Pale of Settlement</sup>, living conditions were <sup>had</sup> intolerable and many Jews had resorted to desperate, dangerous ways to escape and try to eke out a living ~~in the cities~~ elsewhere, in the country. Now a number had been caught, imprisoned, their families brutally expelled from their homes, and their "wealth" confiscated.

The RaSHaB (Rabbi Sholom Dovber, 1860-1920, father of the previous Lubavitcher Rebbe) immediately set out to Moscow to organize the defense and release of the unfortunates. His task was made more difficult by the attitudes of <sup>some</sup> ~~many~~ wealthy, prominent Jews (who were privileged <sup>to</sup> and lived comfortably in Moscow). They disassociated themselves from the "criminals", mainly because of the vicious verbal attacks by their anti-Semitic colleagues and the press. The Rebbe spent much time and effort trying to arouse feelings of compassion, leading to concrete action and money for bail and proper defense.

Back in Lubavitch, the Yomtov preparations for Yud Tes, Kislev were going full force. The mashpim handed in their lists of <sup>which</sup> students <sup>who</sup> would be privileged to attend the farbrengen. Plans were

on the whim of the present ruler | living conditions were (intolerable)-?! | their families brutally expelled from their homes, | the attitudes of many **some** wealthy, prominent Jews (who were privileged to live comfortably in Moscow)



P 11

made

new paragraph

still

15

for the Yeshiva to eat together on Friday night since Yud Tess Kislev would be Shabbos. The Rebbe's son returned from Moscow. In a meeting with the student council, he told them the sad news that the RaSHaB might not be back for Yomtov, because of the work in Moscow. Their yearning to see the Rebbe and hear his words on Yud Tess Kislev was so strong that many students had tears in their eyes, at the meeting. Nevertheless, because there was <sup>still</sup> a chance, Chassidim came from far and wide for the farbrengen, hoping and praying that the Rebbe would return.

The newly arrived guests sent a delegation to Rebetzin Rifka, the Rebbe's mother, entreating her to prevail upon her son to return. She answered that if <sup>it</sup> was possible for the Rebbe to come, he would. If the urgency of his work made it impossible, she could not ask it of him. <sup>of paragraph</sup> Yud Tess Kislev without the Rebbe!! The tz'ar <sup>of the</sup> of the students and Chassidim was very great.

The day before Yud Tess Kislev, a letter, written by the Rebbe arrived. After long preparations in learning, etc. the Chassidim stood up to hear their "consolation prize". This letter has attained great significance for Chassidim and for the world. Here, for the first time, Yud Tess Kislev was proclaimed to be Rosh Hashana for Chassidus, a day of rejoicing for the world.

Chassidim greet each other on Yud Tess Kislev:

אני ואתה יחד

אני ואתה יחד  
 אני ואתה יחד  
 אני ואתה יחד  
 אני ואתה יחד  
 אני ואתה יחד

Back in Lubavitch, the Yomtov preparations for Yud Tess Kislev were going full force. The mashgichim handed in their lists of which students would be privileged to attend the farbrengen. Plans were



P. 1B  
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That First Year

by Masha Popack

I had finally made it. Seminary graduation was over and at long last, there I was--a graduate and a bona fide certified teacher! Certified to do what? Oh... I didn't think about details then... I just put on my best deskmanner and landed myself a real job.

September.

There I was, so brave and poised and just bursting with teacherly eagerness. I imagined just how I would greet my wonderful class, teach my darling students, imparting lofty knowledge to ~~the~~ eager minds. At last I, the graduate, would show the world what being a real teacher was all about...

I remember the first day. Teaching was fine! As I turned on the light, I hummed a merry tune. I hung up posters, arranged desks and books, and erased the board with great expertise.

Teaching was fine!--until the little angels themselves began to saunter in--dressed in their back-to-school best. At that moment I became aware of something indefinably disturbing. Every child that entered snatched away a bit of my courage. There were so many of them, and all together they seemed so ominous. I never imagined it this way. I felt lost. The bell had not yet rung and I overheard, "What's she (me!) doing here? I want to be in Rabbi Gold's class..."

That was enough! My few remaining bits of courage rolled quickly, leaving me with a first-class case of butterflies and a classroom of noisy children. I cleared my throat but no one even heard me... my first day had begun. ~~But~~ If I had come ~~there~~ through that day thinking it was my worst, I had a few surprises waiting.

Painstakingly I would prepare the lessons. I did not always get around to using them, though. Although I thought they were the most beautiful lessons, the class thought otherwise. What did we do instead? Well... I would count to one hundred while the class, sweet souls, swung merrily from the chandeliers. Literally. The "long term" disciplinary method I was using (never scream and--oy--always emphasize the positive) helped only a little and not often enough. Can you just imagine the rising crescendo of thin, high voices, and me (nebach!) trying to make myself heard. I just had to make them listen to my lesson.

What was I saying? "Oh," I'd say, "just look at Sara, sitting so nicely." Curiously enough, they would all listen. Quick!, I'd think. The lesson!

And that's how it went. It took me at least six weeks worth of gimmicks to get the class (really me) in classroom order, and then, Baruch Hashem, the problems moved up to a higher level.

Still,,, I couldn't wait for the end of each day, each week, and that year. Sometimes, I feared it would never end. But it did. And by the end of the year I was beginning to understand the people I was teaching instead of the subject alone.

I greeted the summer like a long-awaited friend. I had made it! I hadn't quit! or run away. Instead, I had graduated. And



now, would you believe it, I am a "real" teacher.

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Patience is a teacher's motto.....

After pulling and tugging for several minutes, the first grade teacher finally succeeded in getting the five-year old's galoshes on.

She remarked, "They're awfully hard to get on."

The little girl nodded and answered, "That's because they're not mine."

Patiently, patiently, the teacher pulled and tugged until she had the rubbers off, and the child said in a resigned voice,

"They But I have to wear them anyway. They're my brother's."



From the President's DeskUnited Will Stands

Chazal tell us: <sup>ישראל יחד</sup> Nothing can stand in the way of one's will. Each of us carries a lot of destiny in her hand, for her will affects her environment also.

We are now in the month of Kislev, when the first Lubavitcher Rebbe was <sup>הרב</sup> sacrificed himself for the will of Hashem. We, as the followers of the Alter Rebbe, have a special feeling towards mesiras nefesh which we inherited from our Rebbe.

Many people are under the impression that mesiras nefesh means only sacrificing one's life literally, to sanctify Hashem's name. But mesiras nefesh also includes <sup>ישראל יחד</sup> sacrificing personal desires and wanting only that which Hashem wants, according to the Torah. As stated above, there is nothing that can block one's will; therefore, if each of us will <sup>truly</sup> work at giving up her personal desires for the will of Hashem, she will surely succeed in her undertakings.

We hope that the spirit of mesiras rotzon will be carried over to the organization of Bnos Chabad, so that our united will <sup>To</sup> strengthen Bnos ~~Chabad~~ Yisroel will prevail. Let us keep in mind that our will is to ~~strengthen~~ spread the fountains of Chassidus far and wide so that Hashem's will to have a <sup>ר' יצחק ד"ר</sup> will be fulfilled.

Since Yud <sup>for</sup> Tes Kislev is Rosh Hashana ~~for~~ Chasidus, we will take this opportunity to wish all of you a K'siva Va'chasima Tova in Gashmiyus and in Ruchniyus, materially and spiritually. Thanks to everyone for having been so cooperative and giving us such a wonderful head start on the New Year. We have many wonderful activities scheduled. Among them are Melave Malkes, Chaggigas, Chassidus classes and much more. Let us hope that we will continue <sup>הן הן</sup> and be <sup>help</sup> to bring <sup>הן הן</sup>.

The Presidium  
Chaya Sara Gansburg  
~~Michla Grossbaum~~ Michla Grossbaum  
Nechama Kotlarsky

