

ISSUE 6 SHVAT 5778

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Breslov Family Magazine

**Rays**  
of

Hope

גיוואלד!

זייט אייך נישט מייאש!

**INTERVIEW WITH**  
**C.R. ZWOLINSKI**  
DIRECTOR OF BRI  
WOMEN

**PHONE FUN!**  
FEATURE BY S.  
HARRIS

**THE MEMOIRS**  
**OF GITTELE...**  
TRANSLATED BY S.  
LANDESMAN



*To the Rays team,*

Just a short note to compliment you on a beautiful magazine with something for everyone.

Please alert your readers to the sheimos on the page of "A Touching Tefilla" in the Rays of Rosh Hashana. It should be treated accordingly.

Thank you,

L.W.

*Dear Editors,*

Thank you for a magazine that is well put together and interesting too!

In the Rosh Hashana issue of Rays it was noted that 'by Borchy on the first night of Maariv...' The sentiment that the Rebbe will

take care of us the first night Rosh Hashana is correct, however, the words 'by Borchy' are inaccurate.

To add a thought regarding going to the Rebbe for Rosh Hashana; it should be emphasized that the men are 'going to the Rebbe', not merely 'going to Uman'. Going to the Rebbe is something that the majority of the people don't have an issue with, since that is a common occurrence, and readily understood, and in truth that is what everyone is going for. The time and timing of the trip to Uman to go spend time with the Rebbe is not to be taken lightly.

Keep up your good work!

Wishing you much hatzlacha in your future endeavors,

E.B.

*Dear Editor,*

Thank you so much for such a beautiful magazine!

Each article is a masterpiece, especially A. Hoffman's poems. I think the next thing you should publish should be a book of poems by A. Hoffman.

I wanted to ask you if you could please change the Kid's Rays section to Yiddish, so that my kids should have more knowledge about their chasidus than I had at their age. Also, my five-year-old wants more of the comics at the back – he claims that if there are only about ten pictures each time than the king will never find the lost princess!

Thanks again,  
S. Harris



## **Rays - The Breslov Family Magazine.**

*For comments or questions, to submit articles, place an ad, or sponsor the following magazine for a z'chus, please contact us at:*

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Look out for the next magazine, coming out before Pesach Bezas Hashem.

*Dear Readers,*

From the depths of despair, mired in the muck of misery, listen carefully for the cry:

**'GEVALD! DON'T GIVE UP!'**

The Rebbe's heartfelt cry resounds and rebounds within each of us until today at our individual level. It calls to us, beckoning us to hearken its words... *'Yes, I mean you! Hashem is with you, close to you, at your side, don't be afraid! Whatever happens, it will all turn out good! No matter how low you've fallen, Hashem is there too!'*

There is no pit from which the Rebbe hasn't shown us how to climb out; no yawning chasm in which the Rebbe hasn't thrown us the rope to pull us out. The Rebbe's Torahs, stories, sichos and the ways he left us include all the cures and remedies for every person in every situation.

We, who know they are there, won't be fooled by any cheap substitutes. Just like the king's viceroy who cried bitterly, *"I know that it surely exists..."* we'll keep hoping to find it. We won't give up! They won't be able to throw us off with cheap wine, we've tasted the real stuff! The Hungarian wine! Being dangerously sick as we are, we won't settle for anything less than the best doctor, the one who can really heal all our aches and pains. Band-Aids and temporary fixes won't satisfy us, we'll keep on hoping for the true spiritual doctor.

And then the Rebbe will extend rays of hope which will never be extinguished: His light which burns until Mashiach's coming, and the subject of all our hopes and dreams will appear – Mashiach himself.

Keep hoping!

*Faigy Kahane.*

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# Eternal Hope!

Rabbi Elimelech Silbiger Shlita

Immediately after Chauka, R' Nosson would occupy himself in preparing for Purim, when we all sing the famous 'Shoshanas Yaakov'. There, it is mentioned: **תשועתם היתה לנצח** – Their salvation was forever, and their hope was for all generations. We also say, להודיע, לשלל קיוק לא יבשו...לנצח – To make known, that all those who hope to You will never be shamed... forever! It is well known that the Rebbe associated himself with 'Netzach' as he said, נצחתי ואנצח. We also find that netzach is the same gematria as that of the Rebbe's holy name – 148. We may rightfully say that tikvah and netzach go hand in hand. In other words, anyone who is connected to netzach – the holy Rebbe – has definitely got an everlasting hope. This idea is repeated countless times in all of R' Nosson's writings.

Regarding the meaning of the words tikvah, in terms of gashmius, it doesn't necessarily mean that things will work out in the exact way we would want them to. One may and should be optimistic and never pessimistic; he should rely that Hashem will show him revealed kindness as the passuk says: **'Hashem desires those who fear Him, those who hope to His kindness,'** and **'Behold, Hashem's eyes are to those who fear Him, to those who hope to His kindness.'** It also says, **'Those who rely on Hashem are surrounded with kindness.'** Chazal explain this to tell us that even a sinner who relies on

Hashem will be surrounded with kindness! The Mezritcher Maggid adds, **'The actual fact that one relies on Hashem has the power to draw down upon the person kindness.'** We also say every morning in Shacharis, **'And I trusted in Your kindness; my heart will rejoice with Your salvation.'**

Nevertheless, it is not 100% guaranteed that we'll always see the kindness we would like, yet one has to believe that however Hashem behaves with us is total kindness, and we don't have to be able to work out logical reasons for His behavior. Rather, we should accept it with blind faith: that everything that happens is for the best.

But it is not so in terms of Ruchniyus. The meaning of tikvah here is totally different. It is 100% sure! If a person really wants Ruchniyus, then he will definitely get it, without the slightest doubt. He will reach his goal, his purpose in life, and he will be zoiche to fulfil his shlichus for which he was sent down on this world. It may and will take time; one must have a lot of patience, but ultimately, he will reach his goal, without doubt.

But having said this, one has to know that it is very much dependent on the level of the Tzaddik to whom one is connected. On Rosh Hashana, we daven in Shemonei Esrei: **"Hashem, give Your glory upon Your nation... and a good hope to those who search for You."** Every morning, we say **דרשו וה' יעזר** – **'Search for Hashem and His**

**strength.'** R' Nosson explains, how does one seek Hashem? Through 'His strength' – which refers to the Tzaddik, who is named עוז. As the Zohar says that Boaz was the Tzaddik of the generation. His name spells **עוז – ב' ע' – 'in him there is strength'.**

The tikvah and guarantees that the Rebbe promised, as brought down in Chayei Moharan, are unique to the extent that no other Tzaddik took upon himself.

In Yirmiyahu, we find our holy Rachel Imeinu crying bitterly over the galus of her dear children, to which Hashem answers her: 'Stop crying, for there is reward for your deeds... **ויש תקוה לאחריתך** – **and there is hope for your end.'** The Rebbe says in Torah 23 that **אחריתך** means emunah, on which everything stands. We also know that emunah is Tefila; therefore, to conclude with a most powerful working message to the Nashim Tzidkanios who should daven and remember that not just the men have the power to bring the Geula, but just as much do the women! As Chazal tell us, **'In the merit of the Nashim Tzidkanios, the Yidden went out of Mitzrayim.'** Therefore, from today's lengthy galus, if the women will all get hold of a copy of a Likutei Tefillos, (even if it is only the adapted one for women) and say a page or so every day, then we are guaranteed – **'There is hope'**, and we will surely hasten the coming of Mashiach, may it be soon in our days.





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# Revelation & Inspiration

Based on the writings of R' Nosson

The  
Tzaddik  
shines  
into  
every  
person's  
heart  
that  
Hashem  
is still  
with  
him.

*Fall season arrives. The fruits have long ripened and been picked off, the once proud tree now stands bereft of its produce. Shedding its protective layers, the tree's leaves fall off, its branches bending submissively in the hailing wind. Heaps of golden crunchy leaves cover the ground, slowly evolving into mushy brown dirt.*

*Winter takes over. The trunk stays bare, its roots gnarling and its branches contracting in the cold. Heavy snow overpowers. Stuck in the frozen-over earth, the tree sucks valiantly, but the rocky soil is stony, frigid ice. Its roots delve deeper, searching desperately for warmth, for vitality, but in vain. The frost increases unceasingly, and the roots crumble helplessly. Shivering in the cold and in fear, the tree is on the verge of death. Glancing around weakly, it is tempted by its dead friends having given in to the wind and cold to do the same and throw in the towel. But it so wants to live...*

**Exactly then comes the fifteenth of Shvat: The turning point.**

*From the outside, nothing seems to have changed. Same frost, same ice, same bowed, bare branches. But down below, deep in the earth, the roots have lost their lethargy and renewed their vigor. They are energetically sapping their life-force, eager to return to their strength. The tree gives a violent*

*tremble of relief in the next gust of wind. Nobody knows its secret, but it will yet survive, it will yet bear fruit. From the brink of despair, when it had all but given up on life, hope was revealed. Survival courses through its veins; the tree waits patiently and continues hoping optimistically.*

The tree's message whispers in the wind, gaining momentum from leaf to leaf, until it finally comes up against the thick walls surrounding our homes and hearts. Seeping in through the cracks in our armor of ice, it slowly destroys our self-destructive thoughts of despair and depression. It fights against our tendencies to just 'let go, give in, and give up' when faced with our larger than life battles.

The message having penetrated, we won't give up! As long as we're alive, we'll continue hoping, wanting, trying, battling, whatever it takes! Like the tree, we'll look towards the future with bright hopes, never losing heart. It may seem hard, the circumstances surrounding us urging us to admit defeat, but we'll stand firm! We know that someday, sometime, someplace, there'll be salvation. We'll yet get there. We'll yet bear fruit.

And when we falter, stumbling in the dark after having fallen once again; when we are dangerously close to despair, it is this message



# 'The main thing is to hold on!'

that lifts us up and prevents us from falling. The call of the Tzaddik, who shines and instills in us the strength to keep hoping. **'It is the Tzaddik who shines into the heart of every single person – even the lowest of the low – that Hashem is still with him...'**

**'Because he shines and makes known Hashem's boundless ways of goodness and kindness to the world. He reveals to every single person that Hashem is still with him, next to him and close to him; he enlivens, cheers up and comforts everyone, and shines in them his ways, so that they too should be able to strengthen themselves and bring themselves to joy even when they're far.'**

Even when we're down in the dumps, convinced that there's no way out of this black situation, the Tzaddik works to lift us up! He boosts us, reassuring us that Hashem is still with us, and emboldened, we have the courage to continue hoping!

We'll hope and hope and hope and hope! And then hope some more! And even more! Bolstered with the Rebbe's strength, we won't give up! Eventually, we'll attain our hopes, but we'll never tire of hoping.

How poignant to note that the tree's turning point – the fifteenth of Shvat, marks the exact date of the arrival of the greatest revitalizer into this world. R' Nosson! Quintessential

strengthened, the one who injects the Rebbe's chizuk into us with every wonderful word flowing from his pen, **'the moon who reflects the light of the sun and shines it into the deep darkness of our generations, and enlivens and encourages with it even those weak sighted ones who can't gaze straight at the sun itself...'**

As low as we may have sunk, as far as we may have fallen, R' Nosson reaches us. He pours bucketfuls of chizuk over us, washing us over with revitalizing water from the flowing brook. He doesn't let us give up! **ברודער, האלט זיך! 'Even a tiny turn away from bad is so very valuable! The main thing is to hold on!'**

And when so much time has passed already, and although we're holding on with our last bit of strength, we still see no change... It gets hard to continue hoping. But a picture of the tree continues to reverberate in our minds: *From the outside, nothing seems to have changed. Same frost, same ice, same bowed, bare branches.*

The tree itself shows no outside change, but beneath its dead exterior lies a hive of activity. What do we know?

The Rebbe reveals: **'Even if many years have passed and he hasn't risen to any greater levels in fear of Hashem, but he's remained on the same level he started out on, or he's even worse off than**

**when he began; if he is close to the true Tzaddik, the connection itself is worthy beyond value.'**

We don't need to see results to know that something has changed – the Rebbe tells us in advance that as long as we're clutching onto him, great things are being achieved. True success isn't measured by human faulty eyes; we're talking about the Tikkun Ha'olam here! Even if presently, we're at rock bottom; we're aiming for the very top! And we won't give up hoping until we get there!

And between you and me, what do we have to worry about? We're not alone in the struggle. The Rebbe has already told us explicitly, he'll take care of us! As he himself puts it:

**'I stand and hope, await and anticipate at all times that Hashem should give me the merit that I should see in you what I desire; that you should be true servants of Hashem like I want. And I hope that with Hashem's help, it will surely be so. Not only those who are close to me, but even those who are close to my people, and even those who'll just touch them, will surely be truly righteous people. Anyone who'll merit to come close to my people will not just be a truly righteous person, but even a great big Tzaddik!'**

He also said then: **'I have already finished, and I will finish!'**

# *A Touching Tefila*

***Ribbono Shel Olam, You know the bitterness of this last Galus; to where we have fallen and descended with our many sins. I have turned to all sides and salvation is far from me. What can I say, my sins have caused all this. All the chances I had hoped to be helped through have finished and I am still stranded. I don't know how I'm alive with all this bitterness, more bitter than death; with such falls, plunges and flings; I constantly rise to the heavens and plummet into the depths; I am flung from the sky to the ground below countless times until it is impossible to recount my bitterness and distress.***

***Ribbono Shel Olam, this comforts me in my pain: That the True Tzaddikim strengthened us in all kinds of ways, and revealed to us that there is no such thing as despair at all. On this alone I put my reliance, and I supported myself on their great strength to continue hoping for a salvation from the place where I am. Therefore, I beg You Merciful One, at all times, that You should help me with all the holy eitzos that You revealed to us through the True Tzaddikim, of which every single eitzah has the power to help and assist even me. And if due to my many sins, I have spoilt them all, I know and believe that You still have much more mercy, salvation, help and wonderful advice that You revealed to them alone, and they didn't yet spread to the world. Through those I still have hope that I should be zoiche to return to You and start anew to fulfil all Your holy eitzos with love and fear, so that I will merit to speedily correct everything while I am alive, and to behave according to Your good will constantly.***



Baruch Hashem, Friday morning Erev  
Shabbos Parashas Balak 5600, Brod.

**Much peace to my honored,  
beloved, learned son, R' Yitzchak.**

...I was brought your letter, and it provided me with much nachas. However, my pleasure is mixed with pain over everyone's many deficiencies, and especially in your letters, where your cries reach the very heavens. I don't know what to answer you right now, but you uplifted me with what you mentioned that you enliven yourself with 'Kametz Aleph'. In truth, we all need to start anew to learn 'Kametz Aleph' with every single Torah that the Rebbe z"l revealed, and in Torah 7 where it explains how the entire world is filled with Hashem's glory. Look there carefully, literally as if for your first time, how I was particularly precise with my wording, to inscribe it exactly as it came out of his holy mouth with purity, that even in the depths of purgatory one can come close to Hashem, since the whole world is filled with His glory, and how he cried out in his holy voice, **"Hashem is with you, next to you, at your side, do not be afraid; rely on my strength; there is no such thing as despair!"**

Believe me my cherished son, that all these words were said for you specifically, and you need to say that they were said only for you, for a person is obliged to say that 'the world was created for me'. If you would only know what I understood today in the new sefarim that I found here; how the whole world is stuck in what it is stuck, may Hashem have mercy, and how all of today's authors desire to strengthen and inspire, yet they don't have the tools for it. It is impossible to explain more clearly; I forced myself to write these few words amidst such trouble due to your great longings.

Trust in Hashem for He will not forsake you, make yourself happy and force yourself to remove all bad and strange thoughts from your mind. Whatever happens to you, don't dwell on the past at all; rush to save your soul and don't look back. Baruch Hashem, we have on whom to rely, 'and how we have' – the strength of the holy elder of elders. How fortunate we are, how good is our portion that we in this generation merited to know of such a light...

The words of your father who pleads on your behalf, just strengthen and fortify yourself very much, and Hashem will constantly help you.

**Nosson of Breslov**







# THE DAY OF HOPE

## MRS. B.

Chazal established the fifteenth of Shvat as the Rosh Hashana for the trees. Especially now, when the tree trunks are so bare and ashamed, we celebrate, for we have hope that spring will arrive and with it, the trees will bloom and blossom.

On the fifteenth of Shvat – the day of hope – in the year 5540, the soul of the great Talmid, R' Nosson Sternhartz, descended in glory. He merited to bask in the Rebbe's glow for a mere eight years, until the Rebbe passed on from this world. It seemed to everyone that without a successor, the Rebbe's whole light would cease to shine. In the immediate period of mourning after the Rebbe's death, R' Nosson also thought so. However, with Hashem's great mercy and His kindness towards us, with the passage of time, R' Nosson understood

differently. He realized that the Rebbe's light *must* continue, that his fire will burn until Mashiach's coming, and that the Rebbe's desire was to 'water trees,' especially after his passing. In other words; he wanted his Torahs, Sichos and Eitzos taught to the next generations.

From then on, R' Nosson's entire being, all his thoughts, deeds, words, ideas, and books centered on this hope – that the Rebbe's Torahs should remain reachable for all future generations. The whole world was against him. He suffered persecution, imprisonment, exile, loneliness, poverty and widowhood. In addition, all the troubles that came over his Talmidim struck him personally. Yet he stoically bore it all.

Where did he take such steel strength from? Such iron

determination?

From the hope that the Rebbe's wisdom should reach every single Yid. R' Nosson became so full of joy and vitality from his hope for this mission to be attained, that his oppressors slandered him that he was a drunk. Any other reason for the radiant smile on the persecuted R' Nosson's face was inconceivable to them.

In every situation, R' Nosson's only concern was the Rebbe, and how to spread his wisdom further and wider. He mentions his troubles in his writings only by the way, fleetingly. He doesn't deem them any significance; their only redeeming factor is that it gives him reason to draw from the Rebbe's Torah and to try and spread it further.

\* \* \*



We all hope. Every single person nurses hopes and silent dreams. (Whoever doesn't carry any hopes in his heart, either goes crazy or dies, in a speedy or slow process.) It would seem that the more ambitious the dream a person hopes to accomplish is, the harder it should be.

*"Enough! My workload is piled up until the sky! If I take on one more project – I'll collapse!"*

Mathematically, the equation is correct. However, life demonstrates differently. We are all familiar with those busy people who are somehow always able to take on more, and manage their lives without giving any impression of weakness or of falling apart. On the other hand, we have those spineless people who long for comfort and rest, yet are swept away by waves of reality to worry, anger and fights. If we study the matter, we see that a person's drive infuses them with much more strength than it takes.

#### Caution from Imitations:

Each morning, we awaken to the sound of hope ringing in our hearts. Not just us, but the goyim too. However, their hopes are limited to this world: to be healthy, wealthy, and socially successful, to raise successful children, to manage, to rule, to 'make their mark' on history, to donate to some charity fund for the disabled, or for some rare zebra species in Africa...

The Yetzer Hora knows the great power that hope has: It gets us to choose right, to do good, and it prevents us from falling into his net, since as long as a person is occupied with his hopes, the doubts that creep in from the side don't have such power to

persuade him to go after them. Therefore, it wisely hides itself in mitzvos, and comes up with all kinds of false goals, disguised as mitzvos: To be healthy - in order to be a healthy mother, to be wealthy – in order to give Tzedaka, to be prestigious – to be able to increase Hashem's honor, and so on... Like this, he throws us back into the rat race of trying to succeed in this world, and he can Chas Veshalom cause us to be goyim covered with a shtreimel, since what's the difference between us if our hopes and aims are the same? That the goy has more opportunities and abilities, and less limitations???

Different hopes and aims are expected from us: **קוּמָה אֵלָּה**! - **Hope** to Hashem! After 120, every one of us will be asked, 'Have you **hoped** for the salvation?' We won't be asked if we hoped to be a millionaire, nor if we hoped to be strong enough physically, and not even if we hoped this year to eat our favorite fruits on Tu Bishvat, but if we hoped for the yeshuas *Hashem*.

R' Nachman promises us, 'This you have received from me, that this world won't fool you anymore.' Whoever merits to come close to the Rebbe receives the strength and the eyes with which to understand this false world, this confusion between true good hopes to false hopes. This understanding is what we thank Hashem

for in the first bracha of Birchos Hashachar: 'Who gives the heart of man understanding to distinguish between day and night'. Which understanding is necessary for such a simple thing? Even the animals differentiate between light and dark, hot and cold?! However, understanding the difference between the two hopes, one kind which is day – light, and the other which is night – dark, that requires understanding. And immediately afterwards, we thank Hashem – 'Who didn't make me a goy,' since this is the difference between us: The focus of our hopes. Only someone who is connected to

**R' Nosson realized that that the Rebbe's desire was to 'water trees,' especially after his passing.**



the Tzaddik can merit a life of such clarity, hoping only to Hashem.

A Yid's hopes are his specific mission, which nobody else can accomplish in his place. Many times, nobody else (besides for the Tzaddikim) will even completely understand the other's hopes. It is only sometimes, after the deed is attained, that others will be able to acknowledge it. There is a well-known tale from the Baal Shem Tov about a simple Yid who ate massive amounts, so that if he would be burnt Al Kiddush Hashem like his father was, lots and lots of smoke should rise, to increase the Kiddush Hashem. Only with an understanding of the essence of hope, is it possible to understand this tale of this Yid who spent all his days gorging himself. "Who is he serving?" But to Hashem, every bit of his feasting

was Kodesh Kedoshim!

One needs to carefully clarify their hopes constantly, that they should be focused only on Hashem, since Baruch Hashem, life has a way of inviting problems – both true and invented ones, every day and hour. Therefore, even if we've already started off with hoping to Hashem, there is a great danger that very quickly, we'll find ourselves chasing after money – in order to enable us to continue hoping to Hashem – and rightly so. Or pursuing health, or different solutions to varied problems. And the truth is, there are problems that get us so confused and weak, that there seems to be no way for us to continue going forward and functioning properly. We need to beg Hashem to help us, but we should be wary of getting stuck over the solution for the passing

problem. Instead, we should force ourselves again and again to return to the main point – to hoping to Hashem.

To help us with this clarification, the Rebbe left us all his Torahs, his Eitzos, and Sichos. Whoever delves into them steadily with sincere emunah, gets filled with good desires and yearnings, and throws away the idols of silver and gold. Like R' Yitzchak Breiter sings in the Shir Yedidos about the Rebbe: **חידש בכל עת רצונו, לבלו להתבלבל ממה שעובר עלינו** – **'He renews our strength at all times, so that we shouldn't get confused from what we're going through.'**

R' Nossan, the man of great hopes, and the one who continued the Rebbe's Torahs in the world, left us a massive catalogue of good hopes: He took those Torahs and made from them tefillos – the





# R' Nosson, the man of great hopes, left us a massive catalogue of hopes: The Likutei Tefillos

Likutei Tefillos. Anyone who takes this sefer will have her eyes opened up and her heart widened to understand what is truly worth hoping for (and how to daven also for our physical needs without losing the hope). There is no doubt that everyone who davens from this sefer will discover there her personal tikvah, which is closest to her heart.

The Rebbe instructed his chassidim to turn their wives into Breslovers. He obviously didn't intend for us to delve into the Likutei Moharan... But the Likutei Tefillos, is surely applicable for us too. Baruch Hashem, today's women are a little more knowledgeable in reading and understanding, and there is some time to be snatched here and there (instead of chatting on the telephone) to

be utilized for saying the Likutei Tefillos. If we persist at it, we might even manage a siyum on the entire Likutei Tefillos every year... If there are issues with the language (there is already a Likutei Tefillos translated into English) I have a suggestion to hope for for whoever wants: they can translate the entire Likutei Tefillos – without adding or subtracting anything – into Yiddish. וכל הקודם זוכה...

May we be zoiche to renew our desires to hope to Hashem and to hope to do His will completely, everyone according to her own personal shlichus for which she came down on this world, in the zchus of the Rebbe, R' Nachman of Breslov, and his Talmid R' Nosson.



# LET THE SUN SHINE IN!

**By C. R. Weissfish**

*– Like healing leaves in a generation sick with despair...*

*– An injection of chizuk so desperately longed for in this world of instant gratification or 'I give up...'*

*– A miraculous cure in this day and age where the psychiatrist's office is sadly such a common address for all sorts of depressed patients...*

***...The Rebbe's sefarim are full of hope!***

Anyone who is zoiche to open any of the Rebbe's sefarim feels automatically revived – their terrible thirst begins to get quenched with the heilige words of hischazkus. The cry of

אין שום יאוש בעולם כלל! that penetrated the universe 200 years ago continues to proclaim in all its intensity: אידישע קינדער! זייט אייך נישט מייאש

More and more neshamos are waking up to enable the Rebbe's words to envelope them and embrace them in a calming, soothing, healing way – to wash away the yetzer hora's despair with pure drops of refreshing, inspiring, life-giving dew, and thus allow the neshama to shine forth and reach closer to our Tatte in Himmel.

אם אתה מאמין שיכולין לקלקל – Most of us have no problem at all dwelling on these types of thoughts; I'm just **no** use!

See – the same thing happened again!!! That's it for me! I've tried hundreds of times and yet still see no hope...

Our avoda is not just to float along with these natural thoughts forever, but to listen to the amazing eitzos of the heilige Rebbe and just as strongly as we believe the first part believe the continuation – תאמין! "שיכולין לתקן" and reprogram our minds with: Amazing! I succeeded in controlling myself that tiny bit more than last time... My every smallest tefilla splits all the heavens!!! My tiniest movement is connected to Hashem! I have endless higher Kochos and potential



hidden inside me to enable me to be misgabeir... I can! I'm tied with ropes of love to my Father in heaven, **no matter what** I've done in the past... I can begin from now again!!!

R' Nossan writes that all the tzaros together cannot even compare to the terrible tzarah of someone who cannot hope for the good anymore, and is convinced that 'that's it'. When we go through difficult moments, they somehow seem to invite along all our other worries from different aspects in life, in order to intensify the despair of this present moment and make us feel like it's just impossible to continue anymore.

David Hamelech says in Tehillim 'בצרה הרחבת לי' – in my distress, You brought me relief. R' Nossan tells us that it's a fact that there is never a tzarah without any חן - relief attached. The yetzer hora tries to hide it and *that* is the biggest tzarah – when it seems like there is just no hope

chalilah. Yet a believing Yid always knows how to search for the relief – the spaces of yeshua inside the tzarah.

You can ask very logically, what does it help me already to find a little relief inside a huge tzarah? You need to understand that the relief is not competing with the tzarah as to who is bigger. The relief is reminding me that Hashem is here with me, עמו אנכי בצרה and that is enough to show me that this pain isn't going to swallow me alive, and I can now open my mouth and daven for a complete salvation. Once you're zoiche to find the relief, the tzarah begins to crumble apart instead of intensifying its strength in your mind, and you can take a step further as well. Expand the relief by הרחב פיר – thanking Hashem for it and reminding yourself that never ever am I given more than I can bear! Allow another ray of light to shine into your life and through this chizuk you'll have the strength to go on until the yeshua arrives. As the song goes,

ס'דא האפענונג פאר יעדע איד

, פאר יעדע איד,

ס'דא האפענונג פאר דיר

אויכעט...

ברודעניו! הער זיך איין –

און פאר דיר אויכעט!

An example of this is seen with David Hamelech – מזמור .... בברחו מפני אבשלום בנו Why does he start with mizmor – a praise? In such a terrible situation of having to escape from his own son?! But David Hamelech found the relief here: that his pursuer is his son Avshalom and after all, a son will have pity on his father...

I know a really special lady who became more frum than her family before she got married. Not long afterwards, her husband was tragically killed in a car accident. While she was sitting Shiva all alone in the world – no family support from anywhere around, she got a phone call from Rav Vosner ztz"l. He called to comfort her, and wished her a son and daughter! She wasn't so young anymore, and at present, a childless widow, - but listen to the end of the story: she was zoiche to get married to one of the most chashuve Breslover Chassidim in Yerushalayim, and after a time she called up Rav Vosner ztz"l with the amazing

**'If you believe you can break...'**



**'...believe you can repair!'**

news that she just gave birth to her first children, twins - a boy and girl!!!

There is *always* hope! Even in the seemingly most hopeless situations. Look through all the generations throughout history, how many Yidden didn't give up and went through such terrible wars and concentration camps with such strong and unwavering emunah, remembering in every situation that 'even if a sharp sword lies on one's neck, he shouldn't despair of mercy.'

There was a man lying in hospital unable to use most of his body. His children asked him, 'Tatty, how can you still be happy?' He answered, 'You can all fulfil בחיי while I can accomplish אומרה לאלקי! As long as Hashem gives me life I thank Him!'

Now with Shabbos Shirah coming up, let's learn from the Nashim Tzidkanios who took drums

along with them from Mitzrayim because they were so convinced that there would be a geula. So many times when we think back, we exclaim, 'Who would've believed that so and so would ever reach this present stage of life?!' But the challenge is to believe and hope in the beginning, not after it happened...

I know one mother who patiently said brachos word for word with her Downs syndrome child that couldn't speak, every single time she gave him to eat. I kept myself back from asking her, 'Why do you bother?' Yet unbelievably, after all those years, her *teenage* child began to say brachos on his own!

So as we taste the fruits of חמשה עשר בשבט this year, let's keep in mind the lesson of the nuts and their shells which we Yidden are compared to; just like nuts don't get spoilt when they fall into the mud, so too we Yidden; even when we fall into bad desires and

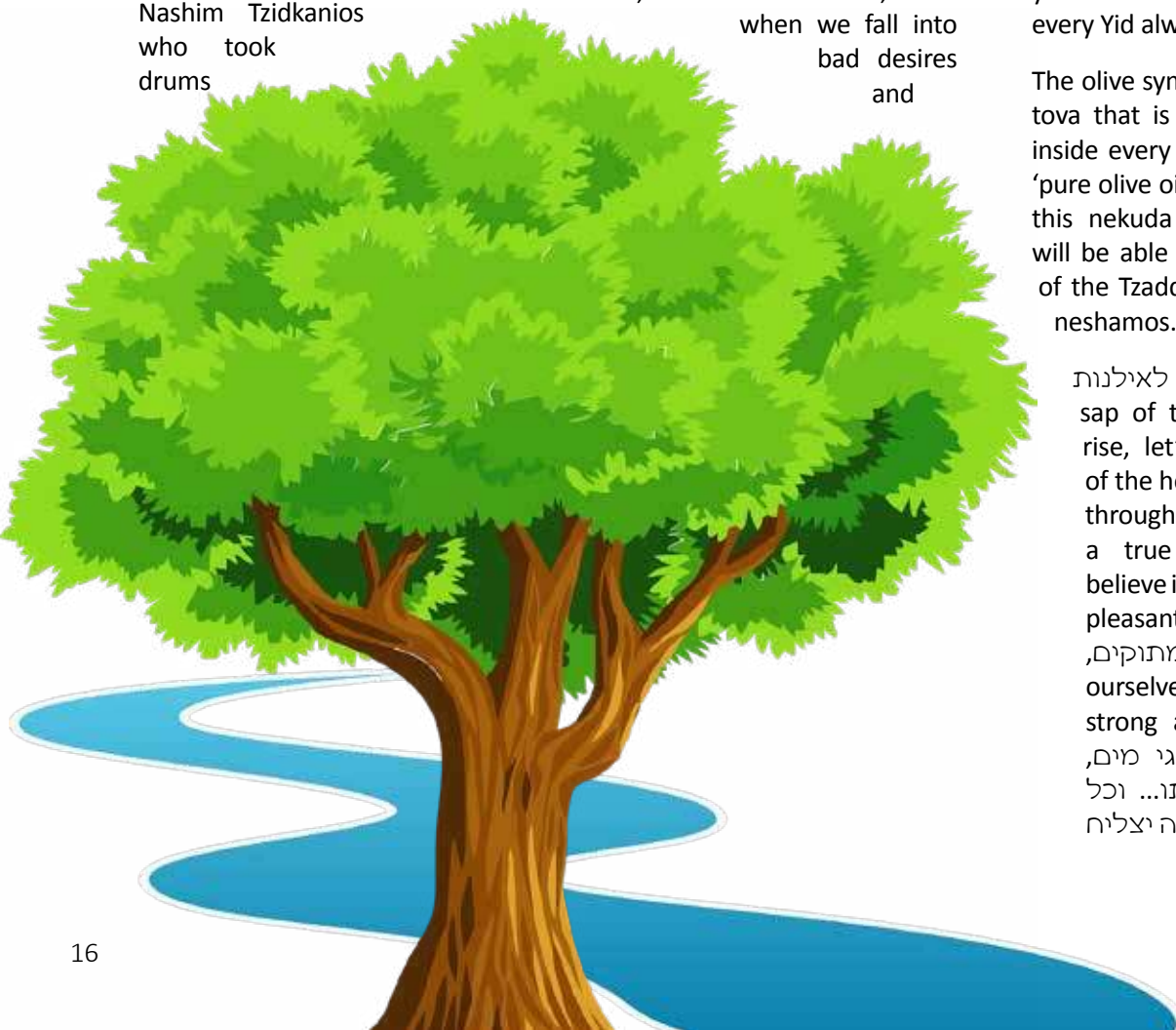
middos, our inside isn't affected. Even while it looks like the bad is overpowering and the outer shell is filthy, yet hidden inside the nut continues growing from day to day. So too, Hashem makes the yeshuos all the time even while we can't see it with our eyes.

Remind yourself how wheat and barley need to ferment – the waiting time after kneading the dough, in order to rise and become appetizing bread. So too, we Yidden need to be able to wait patiently in order to reach Yishuv Hadaas and not demand to see instant results.

Think of the pomegranate, so full of seeds. As Chazal say, 'even the sinners amongst the Yidden are filled with mitzvos like a pomegranate'. See to rejoice with every seemingly little mitzvah that we are able to do, as the Rebbe teaches us in, 'Azamrah' and be mechazek yourself with the tikvah that every Yid always has.

The olive symbolizes the nekuda tova that is always there deep inside every Yid, which is called 'pure olive oil'. If we bring along this nekuda to the Tzaddik, it will be able to receive the light of the Tzaddik and light up our neshamos.

As the ראש השנה לאילנות the sap of the trees begins to rise, let's allow the words of the heilige Rebbe to seep through ourselves with a true hischadshus and believe in the sweetness and pleasantness of our deeds, - פירותיך מתוקים, allowing ourselves to become a strong and confident tree כעץ שתול על פלגי מים, אשר פריו יתן בעתו... וכל אשר יעשה יצליח!





*She believed,  
Trusted,  
And remembered,*

*Hashem's love,  
Mercy,  
And power.*

*Days turned into weeks,  
Months,  
Then years.*

*But she remained hopeful,  
Optimistic,  
She persevered.*

*She didn't give up (hope),  
Or give in (to Yiush),  
Or give room (to doubt).*

*Ultimately; Hashem sends salvation,  
Redemption,  
Freedom.*

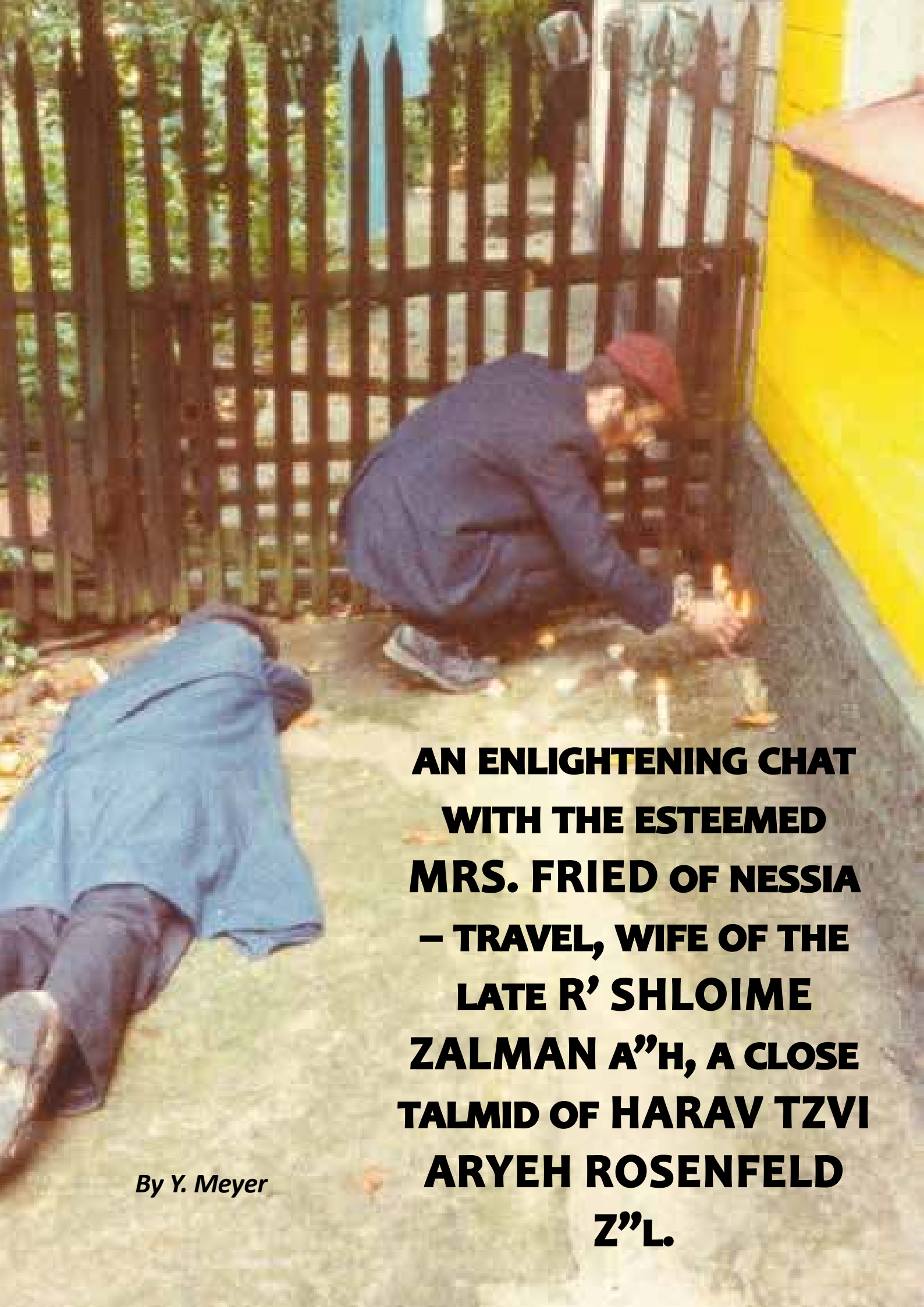
*It is no more a distant dream,  
An abstract belief,  
A faraway hope.*

*But very tangible,  
Real,  
And present.*

אני מאמין באמונה שלימה  
בביאת המשיח  
ואף על פי שיתמהמה  
עם כל זה אחכה לו  
בכל יום  
שיבוא.

# PERSEVERANCE

*By M. L. Reiner*



**AN ENLIGHTENING CHAT  
WITH THE ESTEEMED  
MRS. FRIED OF NESSIA  
– TRAVEL, WIFE OF THE  
LATE R' SHLOIME  
ZALMAN A"H, A CLOSE  
TALMID OF HARAV TZVI  
ARYEH ROSENFELD  
Z"L.**

*By Y. Meyer*



***“How did your husband a”h join Breslov?”***

His Rebbe Rav Tzvi Aryeh Rosenfeld was the one to introduce him to Breslov. He found him as a child, roaming the city streets in the summer since his parents couldn’t afford to send him to camp. After that, young Shlomo Zalman joined R’ Tzvi Aryeh’s shul. As a Bachur, he belonged to the Breslov youth group in Flatbush and after our chasuna, we moved to Boro Park where he became part of the minyan on 16th Avenue.

***“Can you share anything about R’ Tzvi Aryeh Rosenfeld?”***

He was a real American Chassid! He inspired many people in Avodas Hashem, and made a lot of Breslover Chassidim and Chassidistes! He would encourage them to travel to Uman and coached them in hisbodedus. I once asked him for guidance, what I should do, since I wasn’t really part of his group – they were real serious people! He advised me to say Tehillim.

He was our mesader kiddushin. He used to do business with my husband and they travelled together to Uman many times in the hopes of reaching the tzion, before the Iron Curtain fell.

***“How were you zoiche to a Breslov husband?”***

With the kindness of Hashem! I had no idea about anything Breslov until I was a newlywed. I thought I had married a typical clean-shaven yeshiva guy from Boro Park- he didn’t appear Chassidish at all. I was shocked when I discovered the fact

that he was a Breslov Chassid, though the parts of him I had really admired came from his ‘Breslovness’.

Right after our first baby’s Pidyon Haben, R’ Rosenfeld whipped him off to Uman for his first trip to the Rebbe. As I said goodbye, I seriously feared I might never see him again. Ultimately, I don’t recall whether he made it to the tzion on that particular trip – there were so many attempts, and many which landed them in deep trouble! But Baruch Hashem, I did see him back again.

***“Can you elaborate on those trips to Uman long ago?”***

They really traveled many times together, they so much wanted to get to the Rebbe’s tzion. Before my Nachman turned seven, they got until Kiev and were only authorized visas to travel to Medzibuzh. They were so disappointed! Improvising, they requested permission to travel to Odessa via Uman, but when they got close to the tzion, the driver sped through Uman so fast, they barely managed to say Tikkun Haklalli as they drove in the vicinity of the Rebbe. (As a side note, my Nachman was the first child to visit the Baal Shem Tov since the war!)

One Erev Rosh Hashana, they succeeded in arriving to Kiev, hoping to be granted a visa to get to Uman, yet they were refused, and had to stay in Kiev for Yom Tov.

***“Your house was always a busy hub of Breslov activity,***

***with various chashuve Breslov personalities visiting. Who do you particularly remember?”***

R’ Gedalia Koenig z”l, was our guest, as well as R’ Nachman Burstein z”l, - he was really like a father to us, bringing along his wife and family. He left me a beautiful letter about my Breslov home. R’ Elazar Koenig also once stayed over. The house was often full of visitors. It was interesting to observe the Kabbalas Kahol, - we could really see how the

**‘I get a lot of chizuk from the Rebbe’s advice to connect to Hashem.’**

Gedolim took the Tzaros that people were sharing personally. They literally shared the pain of those who came looking for support, yeshuos and brachos.

***“What can you tell us about the hand you have had in helping many Yidden get to Uman?”***

I run a travel agency, where we arrange group tours. We opened a long time ago, way before computerized tickets and online boarding passes! How it came about was that my husband a”h



**R' Tzvi Aryeh Rosenfeld z"l**



**R' Nachman Yisrael Burstein z"l**



**R' Gedalia Koenig z"l**



**The Tzion in those times**

was looking for a job and found employment at a travel agency. He appreciated the fact that in his work capacity, he was able to share in the zchus of people traveling to Uman, because at that point, he couldn't afford to travel himself! He felt that the tachlis of him being in this business was to help people reach the Rebbe. He helped R' Dishon smuggle in Sefarim and Tefilin to revive Yiddishkeit in Russia and encouraged whoever he could persuade to travel to Uman. And my kids continue his work, bringing people to the tzion. My Nachman was involved with bringing Sruli Singer and the Sheiner brothers, who promote the Uman experience with free gourmet food and lodgings for all the numerous visitors to Uman

***"Can you remember any particular incident when arranging groups to travel to Uman for Rosh Hashana?"***

In the year 2001, our business was really struggling due to the introduction of internet tickets, etc. so we moved our office to our home to reduce the business expenses. Two days following the move, my husband was niftar. This was Elul. Then came the devastating 9/11 attack, when all air travel was closed. Obviously, we had a lot of clients booked to travel to Uman/ Eretz Yisrael for Rosh Hashana, stranded! It was a chaotic disaster!

We tried to do what we could to arrange new tickets – the Israeli travelers weren't too complicated because EL Al put on extra flights to accommodate the overflow demand, but the Uman trips were truly difficult to organize. 16 years ago, tickets were still printed out properly, and everything was on paper!

My children helped me finalize the myriad details and b'chasdei Hashem, at the last minute, we managed to arrange the travel details for all our Breslov clients. They arrived on Erev Yom Tov at 1pm. Baruch Hashem, all my boys were zoiche to make it, though many Americans didn't manage.

Then my business slowed down for a year because there was little traveling following 9/11, but eventually it picked up again, Baruch Hashem.

***"Can you tell us more about your husband?"***

He was in Eretz Yisrael to visit R' Rosenfeld towards the end of his life, and he spent the last Shabbos with him. He helped him put on his Tefilin on Sunday and then on Monday, R' Rosenfeld was niftar. He was still very young. On my husband's trip home, (I'll never forget that he traveled with TWA, because he used their stationery) he wrote his will. He was so shaken from losing his Rabbi at such a young age, that he felt one is never too young to prepare for leaving this world. He wrote to each child personally, and stressed that R' Zushe would often say that 'in heaven, he wouldn't be asked why he never became Moshe Rabbeinu, only why he never became R' Zushe!' So too, he expected each child to be their very best and achieve their potential.

***"Living with such nisyonos and raising your young children on your own, - how did you cope?"***

I get a lot of chizuk from the Rebbe's advice to connect to Hashem. Breslov is different to any other Chassidus because they all have a Rebbe to pour



their hearts out to. But we have a Rebbe who connects us straight to Hashem! An Almanah is very alone. The need to develop a kesher with Hashem is much stronger, and Hashem becomes one's Best Friend! He really stands at my side. On paper, the cheshbon of my income and expenses do not match, yet somehow, He manages to cover our needs.

I say Tefillas HaShlah daily and mention my kids' names; that they and all their generations should follow in Hashem's ways and be close to Him. The Rebbe really takes care of my boys, they should be matzliach.

***"I hear from my husband that you used to help co-ordinate the Breslov Shabbos Hisachdus for boys in the U.S.A. He has such warm memories of those Shabbosim in the mountains, - the achdus, hisorerus, and your special Shabbos food! Can you elaborate about those times?"***

It's really my son Dovi from South Fallsburg who arranges these events. I used to take care of all the cooking, but now I'm too old! It is a really memorable Shabbos where you can literally feel Breslov in the air. We would have popular Breslov mashpiyim from Eretz Yisrael speaking about the Rebbe's Torahs and being mechazek the crowds in Avodas Hashem.

***"How have these Shabbosim changed with the evolving times?"***

Today, a big crowd comes from Monroe. The Satmar from there are very inspired to join Breslov. They are a really gorgeous crowd who come seeking chizuk. We've had speakers

such as R' Chaim Kramer – the son in law of R' Rosenfeld, R' Moshe Binenstock, and so on... The ladies here really need to understand and appreciate to send the six-year-old boys to Uman – they're afraid they'll get lost along the way!

Americans don't have the same exposure to Breslov as Israelis do, yet they are a spiritual group who are willing to get it! We feel such encouragement to understand Breslov and hisbodedus... Sometimes here in Boro Park we have N'shei Breslov – the ladies of the 16th Avenue Shul are a very united group!

***"Do you have any message to share with our readers on the theme of this issue – hope?"***

The Rebbe always said, 'Never give up – just keep on trying. For example, life is like a boxing ring. Sometimes you punch, other times you get punched. The main thing is, who gives the last punch!' We need to fight, have hope and keep going. Life is like a mountain, one must climb. At times, life is smooth, and it will also curve suddenly. I've had some rocks in my married life that I felt I couldn't climb over, but I held on to the support of Hashem. He picked me up, and helped me overcome my nisyonos. You will make it, cross over hardships and recuperate from difficulties, for Hashem has the power to help you succeed. Just reach out to Him!

***"Thank you so much! It's been a pleasure talking with you, and a real inspiration! May the Rebbe's koach continue to strengthen all of us to keep on reaching out to Hashem!"***



**Getting on to the aeroplane to Uman**



**Only 32 kilometers to Uman...**



**In the 'Uman Hotel'.**



**R' Tzvi Aryeh at the Tzion...**



A dramatic landscape photograph of a deep canyon. In the foreground on the left, a large, dark, textured tree trunk frames the view. The canyon walls are steep and rugged, with various shades of brown, tan, and purple. A bright light source, likely the sun, is positioned on the right side, creating a strong lens flare and illuminating the canyon walls. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds. The overall mood is one of vastness and depth.

*From the  
Depths of Despair*



*By A. Hoffman*

*Today I fell  
Low.  
Into a bad place.  
A place which consists of  
Darkness.*

*I tipped into it  
Deep.  
I couldn't see myself coming out.  
Not now,  
Not soon,  
Not ever.*

*Negativity swirled there,  
Red and black.  
Helplessness and pain  
Streaked like silver lightning.  
Desperate, desolate, despairing.  
Confused, cold, clueless.  
Deeper and darker  
Like a hazy cloud,  
Stormy grey and blinding white.*

*Nothing.  
There isn't anything anymore.  
I am here  
Hashem cannot be here.  
It is the end.  
My end has come.*

*\* \* \**

*My dear suffering neshama,  
R' Nachman calls to you,  
Yes, you:*

**'Even someone who fell very badly  
And lies in the lowest of the low  
Even then,  
They have a great Tikkun from the  
Tzaddik  
Because through him  
Everyone can receive vitality from  
holiness  
Even in the deepest depths.**

**Therefore,  
Truly, there is never any place for  
despair.'**

*I let loose with a soundless scream.  
Again.  
And again.  
And once again.  
I will not stop  
Until Hashem will come.*

**'And the main thing is  
Cry out!  
Because even a scream  
From the bottommost pit  
Never gets lost.'**

*Grasp the string by your fingernails  
For it is elastic.  
It will stretch with you  
Down until the depths.  
But, sweet Breslover's soul:  
Never give up!  
Never let go!  
Never stop screaming!*



# WOMEN'S VIEWS

BY: T.C.S.

**HOW DO YOU PRACTICALLY APPLY  
THE REBBE'S DECLARATION OF  
גיוואלד! זייט איך נישט מייאש!**

**ARE THERE ANY PARTICULAR  
THOUGHTS OF CHIZUK THAT GIVE  
YOU HOPE IN BLEAK SITUATIONS?**

Just the basic meaning of the words... The Rebbe is the greatest person and if he stresses this so much.... then it must be for a reason. So when I feel like despairing and dropping out, then I think: wait! This is exactly what the Rebbe means when he says, 'Don't give up!' This he sees as so important to emphasize, how can I just lose it now? And with every last drop of strength I fight 'til I feel back on track. What helps me a lot is that the Rebbe said it for everyone; we all have struggles on our individual level, which means that the big huge Tzaddikim also need to hear this, just like I do... That makes me feel normal and that I'm allowed to and supposed to have moments of despair but I just need to work on it, using the koach that the Rebbe puts into me.

- Malky Lebowitz, Monsey, N.Y.

Life's road is full of bumps. In order to reach the goal you have to pass through some uncomfortable spots. There are two ways to go about it: either cry before a bump – which is despair, – or jump over it and be done with it. You can walk barefoot and get scratched and wounded, or y'can prepare yourself with cushions and comfortable shoes. In real life, fill up with chizuk, emuna and tefilla. You can also go out with friends, eat ice cream, or go to the gym... Whatever it takes to get distracted from the pain. With every step on the road we're one step closer to the goal; with every step we take we gain experience, making the next step much easier. Bumps are there to give us experience, to help us grow and become the person we're supposed to be.

- C. R. Weberman, Beis Shemesh



One thought that gives me a lot of chizuk is "Hashem has helped me in the past, He will help me pull through this tough situation as well." Reminding myself of a great yeshua that I had in the past, helps me remember Hashem's kindness that is not finite, - it doesn't depend on how worthy I am. I also need to remind myself that Hashem loves me, my welfare is His concern, and to believe in this with sincerity, with תמימות (a term that can't be translated adequately). This is a big avodah for me personally, because in tough situations my yetzer hora likes to entangle my thoughts with complicated, negative חכמה (such as, "yes, Hashem wants what's good for you, but sometimes tough things are good" instead of

thinking with פשטות - simplicity, "Hashem wants my good, and He will give me simple goodness. I don't have to envision the worst and how the worst is good for me." This - and other thoughts of expecting the worst while presumably hoping for the best - is not 'preparedness to conquer the yetzer hara', but it's the yetzer hara himself.) In short, I think that יאוש is sometimes the outcome of negative חכמה, it is dressed up as 'practicality', 'realism', and the likes. But in reality, I can expect the best, and hope for the best, because Hashem is my best friend, and I can rely solely on Him, and not on my skewed שכל.

- Name withheld,  
Yerushalayim

Firstly, the Rebbe's statement is not something that can be understood with intellect, rather, it is much higher than a person's intellect can grasp. Because with our limited understanding, we find that sometimes there is despair. Through our connection with the Rebbe and his teachings, we are able to internalize that there actually is no despair. This comes from a place of emunah. How I practically apply the Rebbe's teaching is by internalizing another teaching of his, which states that "yesh inyan shenis-hapech hakol letova"- "There is such a thing that everything will be turned around for good". Even when I feel that there is no other option but to despair, I try to hold on tightly to my emunas chachamim, my emunah in the Tzaddik that everything will turn around for good and therefore there truly is no despair, even though in my mind it doesn't seem that way.

- K. V. Yerushalayim

If a person trains himself (the younger, the better and easier it is) to think that everything is min HaShamayim and nothing happens by chance, then challenges that come our way are easier to

cope with. Our thoughts should constantly be on the theme of, 'this is where Hashem wants me to be now', this is what Hashem wants from me, nobody can harm or hurt me without a master plan,

etc. If we train ourselves correctly, then no situation is bleak - since the situation I am in is where I am meant to be, orchestrated by the Master Conductor himself!

- E.J. Brooklyn

When the Rebbe cried from the depths of his heart that there is no despair he literally meant NO DESPAIR!!! We see such beautiful examples from the Tanach: the Shivtei Kah, when confronted by Yosef Hatzaddik and the becher was found in Binyamin's sack, which meant that Binyamin - the last son of Rachel Imeinu - would have to be a slave, they were at a loss. How could they return to their father Yaakov Avinu without Binyamin? Their father wouldn't bear it!

Says Reb Nosson that גביע - בעכער is an acronym for the letters ו"ג and ע"ב. The ע"ב is the gematria of Hashem's name which symbolizes kindness, and ו"ג stands for the מידות של רחמים.

This gevia that the Shevatim thought would terminate their family's lives, was actually the biggest rachamim and brought about the Yeshua!

Another example is when Esther Hamalka was sent by Mordechai to go to Achashveirosh to plead for her brethren. She was at a loss, since to go to Achashveirosh without being called was a great risk to her life! Esther

Hamalka put on her beautiful embroidered majestic gown. Embroidery in Lashon Hakodesh is רקמות. Esther Hamalka was thinking רק מות - only death! Esther Hamalka almost despaired; she pleaded, 'Please Hashem, help me from this horrible fate', calling out to Him, 'Keli Keli Lama Azavtani...' Mefarshim ask, is Keli Midas Harachamim or Midas Hadin? They answer that Keli Keli is Midas Harachamim because to Midas Hadin you surely wouldn't say Lama Azavtani. So what seems to be Din is in actuality the greatest rachamim from which the Yeshua emanates!!

In our personal lives, in regard to parnassah, health, chinuch with the children, shalom bayis or a personal midah etc., there are always times when we reach a point where we can't handle it anymore. We have to know that Hashem wants our Tefillos, Teshuva and Bitachon - with the same intensity of our emotions of fear and despair - and to utilize it to make actual change and progress or at least ratzon. Hope, smile and wait for the salvation to surface!!

- E.S. Yerushalayim.



The Rebbe says that a person's first tefilla that was answered is called בכורה, because the same way a בכור lets his parents know that they can have children, this first answered tefilah - בכורה lets us know that Hashem answers our tefillos. This בכורה should be used in all those black dreary heartbreaking moments of 'that's it, I prayed so much for it but this time I will only be answered when Mashiach comes

- no hope for me with that!" Or when you're thinking, 'there are many special people in the world that have their tefilos answered - because they know how to pray, but me... I'm not really the type to daven so well, and to really know how to convince Hashem....' That's exactly when you have to bring that Ness to mind - the memories of the hard moments when you thought it will never happen and then how after

praying, everything turned around and the ness did actually happen in the end. Thinking of this will make you believe that indeed, you are the one that can give birth to nissim as well, with your simple tefillos.

Remember what R' Nosson repeated countless times: All desires will eventually be fulfilled.

*- Name withheld, Beis Shemesh.*

All resources dry up; no foreseen avenue to success, the whole world seems to scream yiush. This is what R' Nachman was referring to when he taught us the beautiful truth of גיוואלד! ואין שום יאוש בעולם כלל. We don't need to understand the math or figure it out, neither do we need a clue as to how salvation can come.

Hashem has His ways and he doesn't need our 'assistance or advice'. All that's left for us to do is trust in Him and believe in His infinite power.

And of course, never to give up!

*- Miriam Leah Reiner, Brooklyn N.Y.*

Well, I think that this is really the slogan of my life: don't give up on yourself, don't give up on your husband, on your children, on your students, your friends... on any Yid, anywhere. I have gone through many times in my life when the Rebbe's words literally scraped me up off of the floor to start again, and again and again. And because I have experience with this, it's an eitzah that I'm able to share a lot with people. As a teacher, I'm in the position of having to be mechazek people all the time, often for several hours in a single day, day after day. And the Rebbe's words are the heart and soul of chizuk--"Don't give up, never give up!" The rest of his eitzos are built on this one, because, first and foremost, one must hang in there in order to follow the rest of his pathways of chizuk and simchah.

Really, the root of it is that *there is no such thing as yeiush*. There is no such thing as a truly irredeemable situation, because Hakadosh Baruch Hu is with me in every single place in my life, and He is all-powerful, and all good. So there is always a possibility for the situation to change, because Hashem is in the situation and nothing limits Him at all.

When I consider this, and actually use the Rebbe's words, I almost automatically gather a big breath, ball my hands up into fists, and make that upward shake of a motion that means, "Start again, I'm starting again." And I do, with His help.

*- Yehudis Golshevsky, Yerushalayim*

**CAN YOU  
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HOPING?**



Once, on a Thursday afternoon I went to the grocery with an almost empty purse to shop for Shabbos. Standing at the register, I had to select what I needed most importantly, and despairingly realized that I couldn't manage without a single item on my list! I really felt like just giving up and going home, but I knew that I couldn't do that. Steeling myself, I bought the bare minimum needed to take care of the immediate cooking, and davened to Hashem to help me with the rest. Later that night I was able to return to the store with even more money than I needed to pay for a complete Shabbos order!

- C. R. Weberman, Beis Shemesh

Our accounts in the grocery, fish and fruit store plus the Schar Limud were only accumulating. We didn't get paid for the month of Tishrei and the expenses were doubling. I started eating myself up with worry; the income for the coming month of Cheshvan was supposed to cover the Cheshvan expenses. How on earth were we going to manage the Tishrei surplus expenses? We heard a story that making Brachos with Kavana is a segula so we started making Brachos out loud with concentration and B"H the funds came in unexpectedly!!

- E.S. Yerushalayim.

Sometimes (a lot of times) I start feeling that I'm so old already and I'm past the time of striving to reach heights, but then I think, "No way! Don't feel old and don't give up ever – ever – ever!" I then think of really old people who are still so alive and reaching, growing, climbing ... and yes falling and rising again and again....and I think, 'Wow! GO MALKY GO! Don't EVER get old and EVER give up!!'

- Malky Lebowitz, Monsey,  
N.Y.

On the first day of my teaching career, I entered my kindergarten class enthusiastically. The little girls informed me very matter-of-factly that one girl doesn't speak. My heart went out for the three year old, who had locked herself up like that, yet all my efforts were in vain. I tried so many different ways, even going to her house to play with her, but nothing changed. Day after day, I watched her suffer in silence and felt her pain, yet I had no more ideas left and almost gave up. After three months like this, I went to Uman to be mispalel before my upcoming chasuna, and I really davened for her there. I came back to school and asked her during an activity, "Which color would you like?" "Blue!" she answered and went flying under the table, not believing what she just did. Baruch Hashem, since then she became a different person.

- C.R. Weissfish, Beis Shemesh.


An experience where I sometimes felt like giving up was when I was in shidduchim. Things were dragging on and I sometimes felt like they were never going to come to an end. But they did, and everything turned out better than I had ever imagined. During this period of uncertainty and at times of despair, I tried holding on tightly to my emunas chachamim and in the Rebbe's teaching that there is no despair. I also kept reinforcing my emuna that "everything will turn around for good". The difficulty in internalizing this, is that while it is easy to believe that the Ribbono Shel Olam can turn everything around for good and does only good, it is much harder to strengthen ourselves in the belief that Hashem will turn everything around for good for me. We all know in our minds that Hashem Yisbarach can turn absolutely every hard situation for the good, but many don't live it in their hearts. Only once I worked on internalizing this belief in my heart, did I actually start believing that things will turn out good.

- K. V. Yerushalayim

For years I so badly wanted to move to Eretz Yisrael. I heard how the Rebbe says that the mekor for tefilah, simcha, and hiskarvas Yisrael le'avihem shebashamayim is in Eretz Yisrael. I felt that every day that I was living in America was such a shame, even though everything in America was just so perfect. I had a well-paying prestigious job, my kids were all doing great and were settled in school, we had our own custom-built home.... and my husband did not think it was an option at all then. I didn't speak to anyone about my deep desires, I just davened and prayed and yelled to Hashem. But NOTHING moved. My dream just seemed to float further and further away, and as time (actually years) went by, it seemed impossible. But I knew that I had the right to continue wanting it, hoping for it, praying for it and eventually I would get it.

And then one day (I guess the end of Hashem's planned "waiting period" was over) I found myself starting to actualize the decision of moving. It all suddenly went so fast that within 2-3 months I found myself on the plane with my family, on the way to Eretz Yisrael (without any debts at all!!). We had a beautiful dream apartment waiting for us in an excellent neighborhood. My belongings were swimming in the ocean safely with almost all our American possessions, and my entire family (including my kids) were happy and content with our decision. After a short while, when all the kids were settled into the schools of my desire, me, my husband and my kids even started feeling bad for all our friends and family that weren't granted this special heavenly gift of living here.

- Name withheld, Eretz Yisrael, originally from Monsey



# The Memoirs of Gittle, righteous wife of R' Yisrael Kardoner zt"l

*Translated by Suri Landesman*

I came to Eretz Yisrael as a young girl from the city of Brisk in Poland/Lithuania, although I don't remember anything of my life outside Eretz Yisrael. Immediately, I fell ill with malaria and it took several years for me to recover completely.

My mother of blessed memory would say that this world is an illusion and we must accept everything that happens to us with love.

R' Yisrael arrived in Eretz Yisrael when I was 13 years old and our neighbor, the great tzaddik R' Avraham b'R' Nachman, author of 'Beur Halikutim,' suggested the match between us. Initially I refused to listen, as I was still a little girl.

R' Yisrael had left Eretz Yisrael in order to divorce his wife, because she couldn't have children, and by the time I was 15 we got married, [R' Avraham b'R' Nachman being the matchmaker].

It took nine days of traveling by donkey to reach Meron as there were no buses those days. I came to Meron to pour out my heart in prayer. There were no floors or beds in the house we stayed in. Instead we slept on a stone indent

hewn out of the wall, which suited me perfectly. For food I put up a pot of soup that took ages to cook. It was especially nice when I was able to watch my husband dance after eating. It was such a delicious dessert, the memory of which still continues to revive me.

The war with the British broke out afterwards (WWI that started on Tish B'av 1914) and there was no food or even a little bit of warm water to give to a little child. I had to walk back and forth without food or drink for four hours in search of a place to warm up a bit of water to give to the young, forsaken children.

In those days they would rob and murder people in broad daylight. The world was lawless and anarchy reigned. We had no leaders to guide us on how to live properly physically and spiritually. The main thing is to remain steadfast in our emunah in Hashem no matter what happens and accept everything with love and say this too is for the best. For whatever Hashem does, it's always good.

R' Yisrael traveled to Tiberias to pray and in the



meantime he heard that the British were coming, and he said this would cause tremendous heresy to spread throughout the world. He wanted to nullify the decree from the Jews, so he would wander from place to place. I remained in our tiny house as he went from place to place, not remaining in the same place overnight. Then he saw that a terrible plague had arrived, which left a person dead within 24 hours. I too fell gravely ill with cholera, and my husband prayed for me and I recovered.

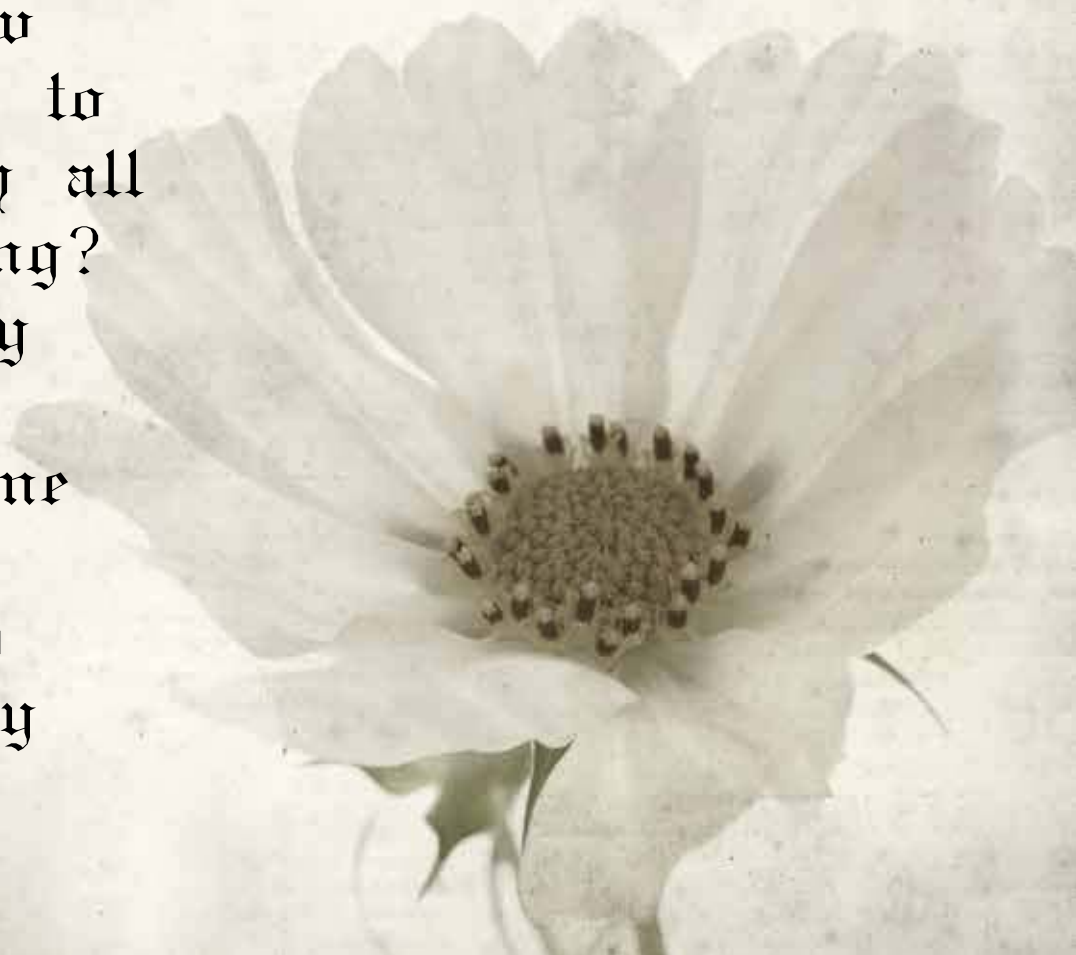
Then my children died and my husband passed away three days later. Before he became ill he said he would be atonement for the city and all its children. He then fell bitterly ill with cholera and they took him to the hospital of Shabbos before sunset. They didn't allow anyone to go into to him, but I stole in through a window. My husband said to me, "Please pour some water on my hands and I'll learn some Torah. I'm not worried that I'm leaving this world because I'm leaving with my beard and peyos, and all my suffering will be a forgiveness for my sins. I am ecstatic!"

Can you imagine how I was able to live through all of this? It was only the Rebbe who gave me the courage and uplifted me from my sorrows and he is continuing to uplift me. I remained all alone and moved into the Hachnasas Orchim with Sephardic women. I suffered greatly and had nothing to wear. They gave everyone else there dresses, except for me, and threw me down all the stairs. I cried bitterly. The person who did this became gravely ill and was on his deathbed. He asked to call me and begged for forgiveness and recovered. He gave me dresses and gold and repented. After he recovered, he gave a lot of charity. I used the money he gave me to erect tombstones for R' Yisrael and my children.

My children are spread throughout Eretz Yisrael: there are two buried in Tsfas, two in Tiberias and another two who I had with R' Nosson Beitemmacher – my second husband – are buried in Yerushalayim.

My whole approach was that the Satan tosses you into the sea. Every day I would go to the burial sites of tzaddikim and cry that I merit having clarity and accepting everything with

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love. These prayers healed me; the Rebbe healed me.

I needed to receive Chalitzta, which required me to travel to Chutz L'Aretz, and I really didn't want to. My parents were still alive, and they were extremely poor; they had no money to give me for the trip. I traveled to Meron, to R' Shimon Bar Yochai, and I pleaded there that I shouldn't need to travel. I was completely broken, I had no strength left. I told R' Shimon everything, and he helped me, with the strength of Hashem.

**Keep strong! You must keep strong in the belief that everything is for good. The Master of the World does not cause suffering randomly.**

One must remain strong with emunah in Hashem and accept everything lovingly. Afterwards I had no money to return home and suddenly someone gave me money for the trip. I have no clue who that was.

I came home to my father and he told me that I already had salvation and wouldn't have to leave Eretz Yisrael. He had met a Jew who asked him for R' Yisrael's brother's address. My father gave him the address and this man wrote to his son asking him to find R' Yisrael's brother. They searched for him and wrote that he was killed in the war. This is how Hashem runs the world. A person is led on the path he desires. I so much didn't want to leave Yerushalayim.

Very good matches were suggested to me, but I wanted only a Breslover. The son of R' Pinchas Yeshaya – R' Nosson Beitemacher – was suggested. He had no source of income, but he was a Breslover, so I went to look for work. Although he was much older than me, I didn't care. I didn't want to leave the Rebbe's path; the Rebbe healed me from all my sorrows. All the doctors had said that he wouldn't be able to have any children, but with my prayers, I gave birth to two children, who lived for a few years.

You must know that these are the birth pangs of Mashiach. When darkness prevails, we must wait for daylight as King David says in Tehillim. We have to yearn for the light of the divine presence as the watchman waits for morning to come. We must accept all of our physical and spiritual suffering lovingly. We get purified in this world in order not to become disgraced in the everlasting life. Keep on being strong and with courage. When turbulent waters passed over me, I always bent my head down and let the waves pass.

The Rebbe says that when suffering comes we must accept everything lovingly. We have to encourage ourselves very much for these are the birth pangs of Mashiach.

There were many Tana'im who didn't want to live in these times because troubles come in succession. There will be terrible illnesses and only after the Jewish nation will be purified





through all their sufferings will they merit seeing the final redemption.

For five years now I'm suffering with chest pains and bleed a lot. Lately, I became ill with several diseases and I hope to Hashem to rescue me. The doctors discourage me but I put my hopes in Hashem. He who has taken me out of all of my troubles will also save me from these travails.

Keep strong! You must keep strong in the belief that everything is for good. The Master of the World does not cause suffering randomly. This is how we have to remain strong and hope that everything is for the good. Always encourage yourself with emunah. The Rebbe goes ahead of us. He will defend us. We have to hold on tightly to Hashem, keep together and pray that the Satan should not have a hold over us. The main thing is prayer. Personally, I have not yet seen one good day, only suffering, and don't wish this for anyone. We must beg Hashem that our emunah should be strong; this should be the main theme of our tefillos. The whole world is nothing at all, it's like a dream. Mainly, we need to be happy that we are Yidden. When Mashiach will come, we'll know that all the tzaros were really good.

I am now sick for six years and am in great pain, but my trust in Hashem is very big. The main reason why suffering befalls is because one must say, "This is for good." Man is created to suffer in this world; encourage yourself and always be satisfied with your lot, because whatever happens to people is only for good. Hashem gives the gifts of suffering and I probably deserve it. We must strengthen ourselves more and more in the knowledge that whatever Hashem does is for the good. We become purified from this materialism in order to fortify ourselves with true emunah. Put yourself into emunah and accept all suffering lovingly. When Mashiach will come, they will count each and every one of them.

*Thank you so much for giving me the zechus to translate this amazing memoir, full of belief in Rabbeinu z"l and his teachings. It was so fascinating that after I finished writing I felt that I wanted to be her friend. Her style is very powerful and it felt to me as if she's right next to me talking. I am personally wondering what the Rebbe meant that the women should become followers (I don't believe it means learning Likutei Moharan, sorry) and this was a real eye-opener.*

-Suri

*From the Siach Sarfei Kodesh where it says that the Rebbe wanted his Chassidim to make their wives followers - אָמַר פֿעם רַבֵּנּוּ - מִדּוּעַ אֵין אַתֶּם מְקַבְּלִים אֶת נְשׁוֹתֵיכֶם וְעוֹשִׂים גַּם אוֹתָם לְחַסִּידוֹת? "פֿאַר וואָס מאַכט אַיר נַיִשְׁט אַיַינעֶרע נײַבֿער קײן חֲסִידוֹת"? כִּי אַז נִקַּל לוֹ לֵאמֹר לְהַתְנַהֵג - It seems like the main reason he wanted was so that we should be accommodating and supportive of the men, and not prevent **their** learning Likutei Moharan.*

-Faigy

*What caught my attention was that Gittele was a newcomer to Breslov at the outset of her marriage to R' Yisroel, but at the end of it she would hear only of Breslover marriage offers. It must be that R' Yisroel did a tremendous amount of shining the Rebbe zt"l's light into her entire being. She has so much emunah and knowledge of how the secret of constant simcha is linked to the knowledge that Hashem is constantly doing things for our eternal benefit, as she so succinctly points out, "gam zu l'tovah."*

*This fits it perfectly with what is said in the Rebbe's name that the Chassidim should make their wives followers. It is up to the Chassidim to shine the Rebbe's light into their wives so they will be supportive of their husband's avodas Hashem fulfilling Rabbeinu zt"l's advice with truth, simplicity and wholeness.*


-Suri

*It is up to the Chassidim to shine the Rebbe's light into their wives, and it's up to us to receive it! B"H that we were zoiche, and may we keep being zoiche more and more...*

*Thank you so much for turning Gittele's words into a really lasting experience!"*

-Faigy





*We have the privilege of speaking with Mrs. Chaya Rivka Zwolinski, the Director of BRI (Breslov Research Institute) Women, the first international Breslov program for women.*

**How did you first become interested in Breslov?**

About twenty years ago, I read *The Empty Chair* and *Rabbi Nachman's Wisdom* (a translation of Sichos

HaRan.) They both tugged at my heart for many reasons. Little did I know that I'd eventually be working with the publisher of these and numerous other Breslov books, the Breslov Research Institute. Although I didn't consider myself a Breslover Chassidite, Hashem had other plans.

Neither my husband nor I discussed Breslov before we married, and I was very surprised to see that the first sefer he pulled out to learn during Sheva Brachos was *Likutey Moharan*. From his sharing with me what he learnt, I found answers to many of my unarticulated questions about life—and I've continued to find comprehensive guidance in the Rebbe's works since then. I also realized I had been practicing hisbodedus since I was a girl, as far back as when I was six or seven years old. I literally would go into the woods near our house and converse with Hashem.

I'm  
not

the only one who has these experiences—many women tell me they see their past (and present) begin to make sense only once they start learning Breslov Chassidus. Because I've always been involved in communicating ideas in a variety of media (journalism, books, lecturing, film, images, etc.), I knew I wanted to give over what I was learning, especially because Breslov is the most powerful medicine—it helps us heal at the most fundamental psycho-spiritual level.

**Which teaching of Rebbe Nachman has most changed your life?**

Whatever one I'm learning at the moment!

Azamra, LM 282 is the lesson I teach over and over again, because it is the foundational teaching of Breslov Chassidus. It's a lesson in which you can always find something new. Reb Noson told us that the Rebbe wanted us to "go with this Torah" and most Breslovers do learn it often. At its core, it's a teaching about what I call "Holy Self-Esteem." Once we are able to seek and find the underlying good inside, once we understand how precious we are to Hashem and how valuable our completely unique life mission is, we develop a sense of self-esteem that

SIMCHA  
Yael  
ROTH  
IN AN  
INTERVIEW WITH  
CHAYA  
RIVKA  
ZWOLINSKI,  
THE DIRECTOR  
OF BRI WOMEN  
THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL  
BRESLOV PROGRAM FOR WOMEN.



is strong but devoid of hubris. This is also something you want to give over to your children.

Another lesson which changed my life is Likutey Moharan 15. Many years ago, after a bad experience, I developed a phobia of flying. Nothing I tried helped. I was a “white knuckle” flyer and it was having a negative impact on my life. Then I began to learn Torah 15 which deals with fallen fears vs. Yiras Hashem. After learning it a few times (and making hisbodedus about what I was learning) something clicked, which is a good thing as I’m working with BRI Uman Experience taking groups of women to Uman! I’ve taught this Torah as a workshop and I’ve also used it in private coaching lessons with women who’ve been dealing with various phobias (including agoraphobia, fear of driving in cars, fear of illness, etc.) It’s incredible how this lesson combined with tefilla, especially the corresponding prayer number 15 in Likutey Tefillos as well as hisbodedus, can help resolve even profound fears.

### **Has your marriage been affected by your becoming a Breslover?**

Unquestionably. Not everyone grows up with perfect role models for marriage. It’s also hard to maintain the Emunah we want to in every moment of a marriage and truly live with the knowledge that whatever is going on in our life is from Hashem. Oddly enough, sometimes the big tests are

easier than the small ones.

Breslov doesn’t feel like mussar because the Rebbe’s teachings aren’t harsh and he doesn’t encourage us to focus on the negative. I feel it is a gentler mussar, perfect for this generation. By focusing mainly on the positive we find that a lot of the negative falls away on its own. We know this can work in many cases with parenting. But it can work with ourselves, too. Even a busy wife and mother can take a few minutes out of her day to think about the good she’s doing—the mitzvos and gemilus chasadim she does. And, it does work in our relationship with our husbands. It seems sometimes it is easier to see faults. When we practice being dan l’chaf zchus and focus on the good that’s there, we’ve found a major key to shalom bayis. Breslov helped me view my husband in a new light, renewing and strengthening our marriage because it helped change my focus. Instead of trying to fix things, I focused on what was already working.

Another point is that I had been taught to be extremely punctilious about mitzvos (with numerous chumros.) I fell right into a pattern of rigidity by allowing myself to indulge my natural “uptightness.” And this was having an impact on my marriage.

But the Rebbe is against us falling into this kind of thinking. He spoke out frequently against all the stringencies that people observed which caused people to become depressed. He said

extreme practices, especially those associated with Pesach, for example, were based on “confusion and foolishness.”

The Rebbe himself at one point in his life focused excessively on specific Pesach preparations in his sincere desire to avoid the smallest trace of chametz. At that point in time he felt the only way he could guarantee chametz-free water for Pesach would be to travel to a far spring and collect the water from its source, rather than use a possibly chametz-contaminated well near his home. He even considered relocating for the holiday so he could spend Pesach near the spring!

Fortunately for us, the Rebbe explains that overly-complicating our avoda is not what Hashem wants of us. By being happy with serving Hashem as best as I was able without aiming for total perfection, I saw stress in our household reduce dramatically. Of course, there are different personality types, and there’s a Breslov teaching for each one.

### **How did you become the Director of BRI Women?**

We should begin with the Breslov Research Institute, the leading publisher of over 100 Breslov books in English and other languages. Rabbi Chaim Kramer founded BRI in the 1970s and in addition to publishing translations of major Breslov works such as *Likutey Moharan*, *The 50th Gate* (Likutey Tefillos), *Tzaddik* (Chayey Moharan), *Rabbi*







*Nachman's Stories* (Sippurey Maasios), etc. he also published numerous original works including *Through Fire and Water* (biography of Reb Noson in English and Yiddish), *Rebbe Nachman and You*, etc. There are over 100 titles in the BRI catalogue. BRI is instrumental in the tremendous growth of Breslov Chassidus in North America, Canada, South America, and other places. Rabbi Kramer, along with his sons and other teachers take men in groups to Uman and many years ago built their own shul and guest house, (which has been recently renovated), affectionately known as "the Uman Ritz."

In 2011 Rabbi Yossi Katz, the Director of BRI North America asked me to consult with BRI as well as contribute written articles. I have a degree in communications, which dovetailed nicely with BRI's needs. I immediately felt that there needed to be more programming for women, but at that time we were busy developing educational technology as well as in-person programming for the heimishe olam and also kiruv. This led to us building our extremely successful online learning program created by Rabbi Katz, called [BreslovCampus.org](http://BreslovCampus.org), where top teachers including Rav Moshe Weinberger, Rav Elchonon Tauber, Rebbetzin Yehudis Golshevsky, Rabbi Chaim Kramer, as well as myself and many others give live Breslov classes accessible by phone or internet.

I probably mentioned "women's programming" and "women's Uman trips" dozens of times, and davened about them thousands of times, but in truth the biggest obstacle was fundraising (and still is.) Finally, after Rosh Hashana we launched BRI Women, which is providing a range of women's Breslov programming to diverse communities ranging from The 5 Towns, Manhattan, Monroe, Boro Park (and other Brooklyn communities), Toronto, and others.

We also brought our first group of women to Uman and are now planning our third trip in May.

#### **Tell us about the first Uman trip.**

There were 24 women in total and the menios were so daunting I had to keep reminding myself that the obstacles were a good sign—the yetzer hara was going to try and shut down this trip because of the potential kedusha. Of course, it was all worthwhile. There were some women on the trip who had been to Uman before, and of course, they benefitted from traveling to the Tzaddik (we also visited other kevarim including the Baal Shem Tov, Rav Levi Yitzchok, and Reb Noson.)

Two women who were struggling a long time to start families had babies after the trip, B"H. There was a mother and daughter who came together and powerfully renewed their relationship. The trip had

diverse participants ranging from Boro Park backgrounds to one young woman who had her very first Shabbos in Uman!

#### **Can you describe the BRI Women's Shabbaton and other projects?**

Last Elul, our first women's Shabbaton and retreat was held at the gorgeous ValleVue Estate in Morristown, NJ. Our next Shabbaton is scheduled for August, 2018, l'yH. If you're coming, expect a diverse bunch! I've always loved the idea of learning from each other, and feel the best type of outreach is to include women who might not otherwise have the chance to connect with frum women. Rebbe Nachman teaches that when we teach someone else, our words are reflected back to ourselves and give us chiyus! In other words, inspire others and you'll be inspired.

Last year, in addition to regular BRI Women speakers, Rabbi Yonasan Rietti spoke to our 36 guests. We had workshops, a Maleve Malka bonfire (complete with toasted marshmallows), singing, along with much participation including a group reading of *The Chacham* and the *Tam*. We also did a Contemplative Writing workshop, inspired by Reb Noson's letters to his son, which is a workshop that helps you get in touch with your inner author. So far, these workshops are very popular—whether you are an experienced author or someone who has always



wanted to write but doesn't know where to begin.

**Are you involved with any interesting future projects?**

In addition to a range of events and workshops, we are working on our most exciting (and history-making) project to date: the first Breslov book by women for women called *Rebbe Nachman: A Woman's Treasury*. It will contain uplifting Breslov teachings, life-changing insights, and personal stories from people whose lives have been touched by Breslov.

Our contributors include noted teachers, speakers and authors including Tzipporah Heller, Yehudis Golshevsky, Sara Yocheved Rigler, Libi Astaire, Shalvi Waldeman, and others, as well as personal stories by women at varying points along their spiritual paths. Don't think you have to be a professional writer to contribute (between you and me, the essays we've received so far from "ordinary" women are my favorites.)

This book will be filled with inspiring essays on many subjects such as Joy, Women in Breslov, Personal Growth and Inspiration, Marriage, Parenting, Emunah, Forgiveness, Hisbodedus and Prayer, Creative Expression, Healing, Life Stages and many others. We're also accepting Breslov-inspired art submissions, and have already received a few gorgeous pieces.

The conception of this idea

BY FOCUSING MAINLY  
ON THE POSITIVE WE  
FIND THAT A LOT OF  
THE NEGATIVE FALLS  
AWAY ON ITS OWN. WE  
KNOW THIS CAN WORK  
IN MANY CASES WITH  
PARENTING. BUT IT CAN  
WORK WITH OURSELVES  
TOO...

is to bring Jewish women together to create something each of us would be proud to hand down to a daughter or granddaughter, and that's why we're planning on making this a beautifully designed and richly bound volume with full-color illustrations. Right now, we need women to participate in any way they're able.

Everyone involved in the production of this book feels it will be history-in-the-making, and will not only get numerous women excited about Breslov but usher in many more Breslov books for women. If you are able to submit art or an essay, sponsor a dedication in the book or fundraise, BRI Women needs your help. You can contact me at [briwomen@breslov.org](mailto:briwomen@breslov.org) or 347-471-1098.

***Mrs. Chaya Rivka Zwolinski has worked with Breslov Research Institute as a consultant, writer, and teacher since 2011. She shares Breslov inspiration with women in her lectures***

***and workshops in various venues as well as the BreslovCampus.org. Her articles have appeared at Breslov.org, BreslovWoman.org, HealthyJewishCooking.com, and numerous other publications and she's written several books including Therapy Revolution: Find Help, Get Better and Move On and The Parent Child Dance: A Guide to Help You Understand and Shape Your Child's Behavior. She's the director of curriculum and program marketing at BreslovCampus.org. She leads women's trips to Uman and Jewish Ukraine for the BRI Experience travel program, and works with women and girls as a personal coach to women in the USA and Eretz Yisroel, using the teachings of Rabbeinu z"l as a guide, and is working on the first Breslov book by women for women, Rebbe Nachman: A Woman's Treasury. She lives in Boro Park, Brooklyn and can be reached at [briwomen@breslov.org](mailto:briwomen@breslov.org) or 347-471-1098***





# Phone Fun

*By S. Harris*

A very tragic event happened in my house this week: The death of my second phone handset, which joined its partner alav hashalom in Gan Eden. This really upset me; I had built up such a strong relationship with it over the past few years that it was very difficult to part from it. After the shivah period, (which consisted of one hour on my neighbor's phone trying to get hold of my husband) we went to buy a new phone. We spent a long time choosing which one to get, well you know, considering the amount of time it gets used, it does really deserve a bit of thought! In the end, we figured that the more expensive a phone is, the better it should be, so we got a telephone for triple the price of the old one and hoped we wouldn't regret it.

I came home and opened up the box, found the instruction sheet and started reading. 'Wow,' I was amazed, 'so many features!' From simple ones such as call restrictions and call blocking, to many unusual features for a house phone like recording songs to use as ring tones and several fonts and displays which could be changed.

'Whew! This is fun!' But as I continued reading past the first page which had all the features in five different languages including English, I realized that the main instructions were written only in German. Baruch Hashem, my first language is Yiddish, so I



there trying to work out what it says, relying on it being similar to Yiddish. When after fifteen minutes I was only up to the fourth sentence and even that I wasn't sure if I had fully understood, I gave up. Now what on earth was the point of a super amazing cool phone that I had no clue how to set up? I slumped down on the couch and

let the instruction book fall to the floor. As it fell, something slipped out from between the pages. I curiously bent down to pick it up.

The paper I retrieved from the floor was amazing! It had basic instructions in English on how to set up the telephone, then it had a list of all the hundred different things you could do with the phone, and next to each feature was a code. For example, 'restrict calls - #123'. All I had to do was press #123 and I had the call restriction settings on the screen without getting lost within the many lists in the phone trying to find the restriction settings.

Later in the day I sat on the couch with the phone, adding all my contacts, blocking the nudnik numbers and restricting outgoing calls abroad so that I shouldn't get another scolding from my husband about the phone bill like I got last month. I was in the middle of changing the screen display, thinking to myself, 'what a relief, just imagine that I wouldn't have found this sheet of English instructions! And the best part is the easy code system – without it I would still have been sitting here, trying to follow the long-winded instructions on how to

sat



set everything up...'

And then a thought flew through my mind. 'Hey! Isn't this a little like real life? Hashem gave us the Torah, our instruction book on how to lead our lives. But sometimes, we get a little confused, – we don't understand it properly. There is so much to know, and we don't have time to learn it all, but luckily enough, we have a Rebbe with a vast knowledge of Toras Haniglah and Toras Hanistar. He wrote sefarim full of wonderful, great eitzos which help us grow in Avodas Hashem – sort of like my sheet of codes. We should be dancing for joy – others have to struggle to work out what they should do with their life, but we are given a whole set of amazing tools which each one in itself is such an amazing gift. We should all be dancing (okay, maybe not literally) and singing 'Ashreinu that were zoiche to come close to the Rebbe!'

Until not so long ago, I

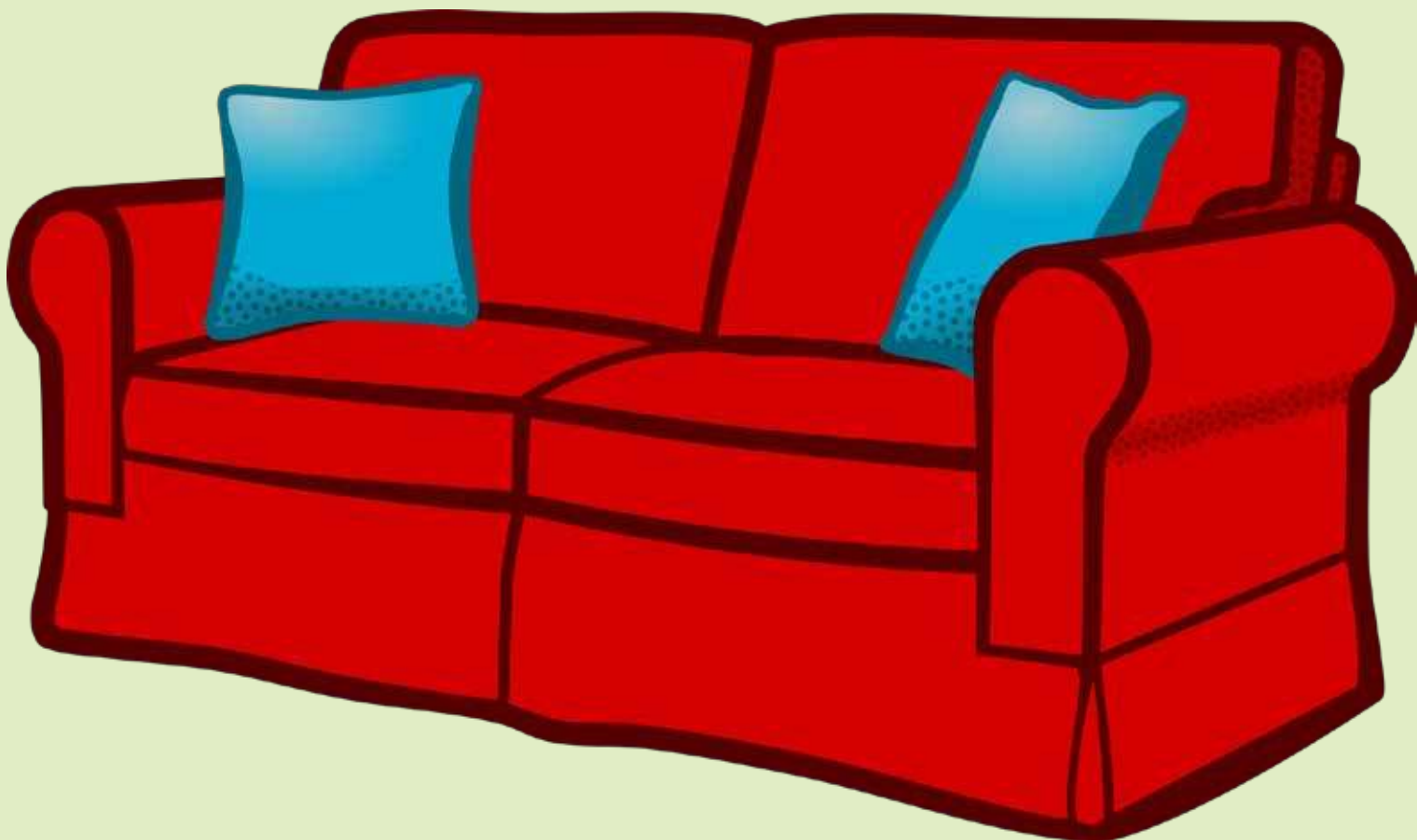
considered myself a proud Breslover, but if I was asked what Breslov meant to me, I vaguely answered, 'Um, Hisbodedus, simcha, Uman Rosh Hashana.' All that changed one day when someone left a Sichos Haran with English translation in my house. Being an avid bookworm who devours the written word, I opened it up and started reading. I was hooked! Fascinated, I told my husband, "The whole world must be told about this sefer! It's life-altering! It could change the world!"

He just smiled at my enthusiasm and mumbled something about hisnagdus and menios, but my enthusiasm wasn't dampened. All right, so I won't hang up big billboards saying 'Be Breslov', and I won't even post leaflets into people's mailboxes, but I can tell the Breslover women: "The treasure is in your hands! Recognize its worth, make the most of it, read up about it, and use it!"

Now, I can just see some of the readers thinking: 'A woman's Avodas Hashem is in running her home, washing dishes and changing diapers; our grandmothers way back in the European shtetlach didn't learn sefarim, they just had their plain, simple faith.' Well, I ask you, did our grandmothers waste even a tiny bit of their Shabbos afternoons reading magazines full of fictitious stories and articles that clog the brain with nonsense? You can rightly defend yourself that 'a woman needs some leisure time to enjoy herself so she can continue giving,' but don't you need to add some gasoline to your neshama? Isn't it at least as important as your body?

So open up any of the Rebbe's sefarim (there are plenty that come with translation) and start quenching your neshama's thirst from the Nachal Noveia Mekor Chochmah.

And don't forget Ashreinu!



# BRESLOV CONFERENCE

1. What did the Rebbe tell his daughter that his death is compared to?
2. Which object did the Rebbe protest to his daughter using to protect the furniture while they were painting?
3. What did R' Nosson say that women should have inzin while they tzind Shabbos licht?
4. Which of the Rebbe's daughters served him two kneidlach and was rewarded with two special children?
5. What did the Rebbe say
6. What did the Rebbe say about סיפורי מעשיות that's different to the world?
7. Why did the Rebbe want he should be called after his mother - R' Nachman ben Feiga?
8. What did the Rebbe tell R' Nosson in his dream when he kept falling off the ladder?
9. What did the Rebbe want his Chassidim to turn their wives into?

was the reason why the Baal Shem Tov so respected his daughter Udel?

My death is just like I'm leaving this room and going into another room and closing the door behind me. If you cry out, 'Tatty', won't I hear you?

A woman's kerchief. He told her, 'Such a thing you don't spread out, since there are such mixed up minds nowadays, that this too confuses them.

'So should the Rebbe's light shine in all the worlds.'

Udel served her father two kneidlach in his soup, and she was zoiche to a son and daughter - R' Avraham Berinyu and Rivka.

She went around with a heart full of yearning, 'What else can I do to give Hashem pleasure?'

Because she davened a lot for him at the tzion of her zeida the Besh"t before he was born.

דבאפע זיך און  
האלט זיך - Climb,  
and keep holding  
on.

The world says that telling stories brings no results, but I say that telling the stories of the Tzaddik, which wakes people up from their sleep, brings about that the barren should be remembered.

The Rebbe asked, 'Why don't you make your wives Chassidis'tes?'





# **An Experience All Right!**

Motzei Shabbos, the cholent pot  
soaking in the sink.

Dear Reader,

Hi – how are you? I’m dead nervous, and I’ll tell you why. I have this trip planned for tomorrow, to a weird place which I’ve never ever dreamt of visiting, and have only heard mentioned in geography classes to be exact. I’m going to the... Ukraine. To Uman. Because... because... I’m an aishes chayil. You see, my husband seems to have gotten hooked with this Breslov crowd, and I’m also his wife, so I’m flying. Waaah! How many sweaters should I pack? I heard it’s freezing – below zero, - how will Baby cope? Oh well, I’m definitely being brave. You’re relaxing on your cozy recliner in

your familiar home, so you better pray for me!

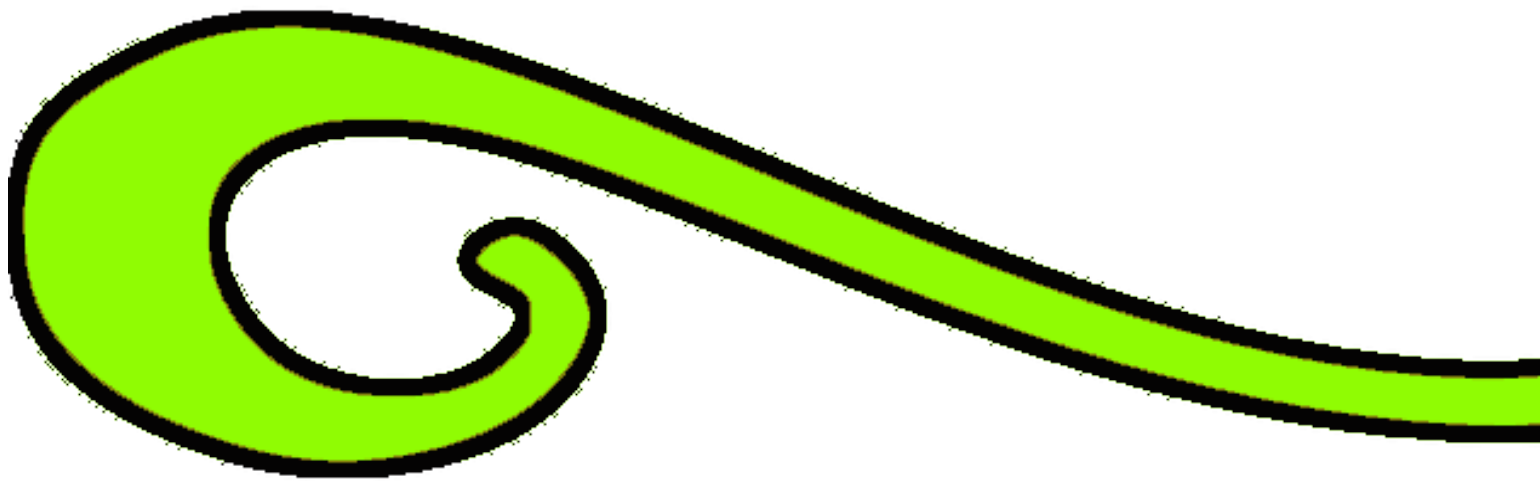
Sunday evening, (pot status:  
unchanged)

The trunk has been slammed shut. We’re off. I can really commiserate with Avraham Avinu when he was told Lech-lecha – go. Check-in proceeds smoothly. We’re flying with Ukraine International Airlines. I’m hoping they’ll have bassinets for Baby, and I’m just as sure they won’t. Too bad. (My husband would say his favorite new word - menios. He’s sure you can plant it into any sentence, whatever the content). What *does* it mean, pray tell???

Plane ride is uneventful b”H, but now we have this grand

three hour car trip! Help – I better stretch my legs. We stop a Ukrainian taxi driver (How do they all look so Ukrainian? I guess it’s their blue murderous eyes... I quiver, firmly deciding not to look at them.)

All too soon, the driver starts swerving and bumping the car around like a lunatic, and all my bones start rattling inside my tired body. I quickly whisper to my husband that I’m afraid our driver is either drunk or falling asleep, but he reassures me that these bumps are due to these crumbling, pot-holed roads, and the driver is actually doing us a kindness by swerving to avoid all these bumps! What a fat favor! I’m totally ungrateful. I must have dozed off, because I wake



up a half hour later in a panic from a particularly bad swerve, and yell out, "What was *that*?!" All too soon, I remember where we are – on the way to the Rebbe. My husband notices I'm awake, and gives me a sidelong glance – he feels bad for me about the roads, I can tell. I am right, because he starts telling me that it's a zchus for us to travel on the same exact route as the Rebbe and R' Nosson. Years ago, it seemed, they also

traveled this long, long (long, long) straight road (and this is also menios of course). I decide I might as well hear a little detail about the Rebbe's life, if I'm already going to 'meet' him. Y'see, I always will be proper, until the very end. My husband tells me some wonderful facts about the Rebbe as a child, how unique he was even then; working on his desires as a little boy, immersing in the freezing outdoor mikvah in the

middle of the night... The vivid descriptions told over in his soothing voice lull me to sleep.

#### Monday at dawn.

It's getting light outside already; we've arrived at the hotel. I'm quite impressed, and slightly surprised at its elegance, being that I expected to be staying in a third world country. As soon as the bell-boy brings up our suitcases, my head drops onto the pillow, and I'm out like a light. Aaahh, the comfort of being on terra firma again...

#### Monday, 11am

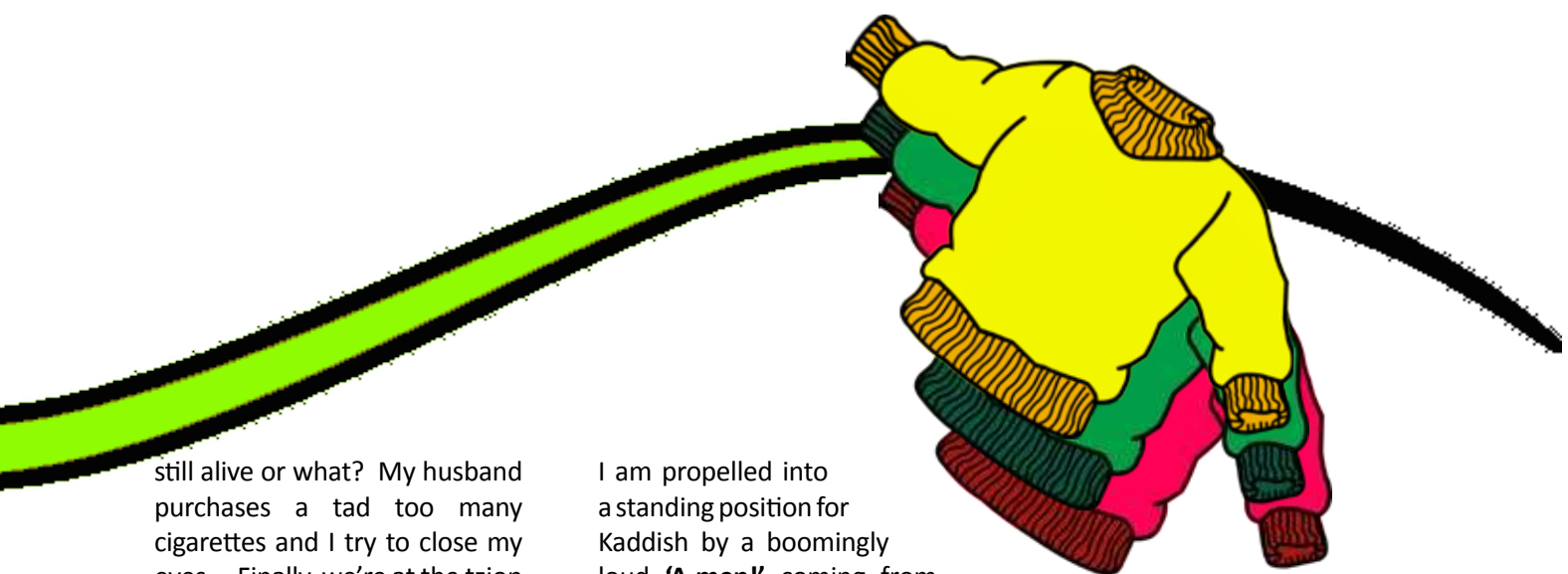
I wake up refreshed three hours later. After a relaxing breakfast, we make our way to the tzion. Just so you know, I am TERRIFIED of dogs, and they seem to be everywhere, leisurely strolling around as if just to spite me – I *know* they're out to get me. I once even heard (or imagined) that dogs especially love blood which is B-positive. I howl in fright and cling to Baby's stroller for 'protection.' We pass some weird booths with old, old men sporting fur kutchmas, bulging money belts containing single dollars and singing in a tuneless chant, 'Lifrot Kesef – Monit Tzarich...

Are my eyes deceiving me? What do I see hanging there, if not for a real inside out fox? Is it

***The driver starts  
swerving and bumping  
the car around like a  
lunatic...***







still alive or what? My husband purchases a tad too many cigarettes and I try to close my eyes... Finally, we're at the tzion where we part ways, with my husband telling me I'm sure to meet lots of friends. I hope he knows what he's talking about...

I open the door to the tzion and it's warm at last and... colorful... Yes, that's the word I would first use to describe the cacophony of people. I remove my gloves and make my way over to the area of the tzion, not forgetting to put in a pruta l'tzedaka. I look for an empty seat where I can survey the goings-on, as is my custom. The place is comfortably full, I notice, and the first thing my eyes take in is definitely an impressionable and adorable sight. A little Yemenite boy with tightly curled coal black peyos is earnestly chanting what must be the famous Tikkun Haklali my husband has told me about. I'm overcome by the concentration and seriousness of this little boy, swaying away, while a miniature copy of him in a girl version is sitting on his mother's lap gurgling happily. I'm wondering if they must live here. I mean, who else (besides for an aishes chayil like me) would shlep an infant here in such weather conditions?! Next, I notice an old woman wrapped in a huge shawl, who is so ensconced in her seat in front of the tzion that she looks like a piece of the furniture, crying her eyes out for all her dear einiklach.

I am propelled into a standing position for Kaddish by a booming loud '**A-men!**' coming from the men's section. The door suddenly squeaks open and in walk a bunch of Israeli teenagers chattering loudly and carrying bags of bargains. They watch in wonder as the Russian caretaker – Gala, sweetly and unobtrusively wraps their jean-clad legs in swathes of pink material. Overtaken by the holiness of the place, they nod gratefully at her. Stopping along the many charity boxes that line the wall, they drop coins into each slot fervently with all ten fingers, mumbling under their breath, 'Behitkashrut leRabbeinu...' I watch in fascination as they take out the items they just purchased and ahem... start rubbing them onto the tzion. Are they asking for the Rebbe's approval? I'll have to check with my husband about that later on. But I'm actually getting jealous of the connection they seem to be feeling with their Rebbe, as they each fall upon the tzion, hands covering their faces protectively so that no one is privy to their emotional conversation which is directed only to Hashem and the Rebbe. I'm definitely hearing a couple of sniffles and suppressed whimpers every now and then. May they all return to their roots, I find myself whispering...

One row ahead of me sits an

older single with graying hair, and I shiver, automatically reaching for Baby's carriage for reassurance – so many people in need of yeshuos. What am I doing, staring around, I scold myself, as I open my newly minted edition of the Tikkun Haklali, presented to me by my dear husband. I wonder how he's faring on the other side. I'm sure he's davening away. I'm beginning to get slightly envious of all these people around me. Why can everyone just embrace the Rebbe's way, and even feel proud of it, whereas *my* mind has to torment me with if's, why's and proofs? I guess it'll come with time, and I just have to be patient.

A tall woman with a fur black shtreimel perched on her head regally enters the room. (I wonder if she wears a white version on Shabbos...) Daintily selecting a Likutei Tefillos off the shelf with a lacy gloved hand, she seats herself at the back of the room and immerses herself in her gentle prayers.

"Squeak!" goes the door again and Rabbanit Shula (as I later find out she is called) shuffles in amidst great commotion, surrounded by an entourage of highly... *interesting* women.



They are covered in an assortment of fur coats, shawls, earmuffs, guitars and tambourines. One of them is holding a massive bowl of *something*. One thing I realize is that in this place, wonders never cease. They promptly settle themselves and enthusiastically start reciting a mass Tikkun Haklali in unison, (a tad too loudly), kindly inviting everyone to join. Rabbanit Shula introduces the event with a custom made tefilla, which they repeat word for word. Their hands go up, palms upwards, and then to their eyes and mouths. They seem to be receiving some kind of heavenly light. The women chant after her; every so often a wave of applause rolls through the room as the women follow her lead in clapping their hands. All too soon, loud shushing noises emanate from the men's section, but I guess their great fervor stops them from noticing. Their voices only rise louder and louder, until they reach their climax by '*Kol haneshama... Hallelu Kah!*' They then start rambling people's names for yeshuos one by one, with the others bellowing '**A-men!**' This goes on for about ten minutes, and I consciously close my mouth to stop it from hanging open in wonder. They then get up and make their way to the tzion, and the bowl bearing lady uncovers her trophy and starts... Hafrashas Challah! All over again go the blessings and the names. I must say, I'm enjoying their enthusiasm. Afterwards, they form a lively circle, the one with the tambourine really losing herself into the beats,

smashing one after the other. One of them is motioning for... ME (no.) to join them. No no no! I panic. This could harm my daughter's chances for shidduchim! I politely decline, but they don't even seem to notice, because they're on such a high. It's the first time I'm seeing irreligious ladies so fired up for Hashem and the Rebbe, as they go from one song to the next, forming a kumzitz next to the tzion, arms linked and swaying to a totally off tune rendition

## ***They then make their way to the tzion, and the bowl bearing lady uncovers her trophy...***

of '*Tehei hasha'a hazot shat rahamim...*' snapping pictures of themselves with their smartphones. I guess here is where the nekuda tova my husband told me about recently would be in place. Although they don't look like you and me, they definitely have achdus and the ratzon to be close to Hashem and His tzaddikim. They are certainly kind, offering to hold Baby, and most definite of all, they have very, very loud voices!

So all this is what I'm seeing on my first visit to the Rebbe's tzion. My husband calls in to check on me, - he's smart,

he doesn't want to overdo it on my first visit, and I'm appreciating his extra concern for me over here.

12:30pm

We decide to take a walk and I try to regale him with all the colorful sights, knowing nonetheless that I won't possibly be able to give over the innocence and warmth of the women davening there. "By the way," I tell my husband, "I didn't even daven."

"I'm sure you said the Tikkun Haklali," he swiftly rejoins.

"Yes of course," I say, "But nothing personal..."

My husband goes on to tell me how the Rebbe is a doctor - you don't have to daven, and you don't have to feel anything either. You just need to travel to him and sit in the operating room, and he already knows how to deal with you. You and I don't know the shoshonim of our own neshamos, or what we need to do to rectify it. That reassures me, and we go back to the hotel for dinner and to rest up.

4:00pm

We come back for our last visit and this time I already feel different. More like I 'belong.' The pressure of davening and having to 'feel' is also off after my husband's previous talk, and I relax. My baby is with my husband and I

bravely find myself a spot close to the tzion and put my head down. *"Hello Rebbe,"* I start. *"Um, I came to you. My husband has found his way of Avodas Hashem in your life and your sefarim, so I guess I will also... I know you're listening to me, and really, I even said the ten kapitlach of Tehilim like you instructed us too. Please help us not be criticized by our family and friends for becoming Breslov, and help my husband follow your advice. Because even I see that he's becoming much more positive and full of life."*

I go on, and my tefillos become increasingly more heartfelt, and my face wetter with tears. I don't even care about my now ruined carefully applied makeup - I'm really davening. I feel my heart opening up and emptying out, being cleansed and then returned to me. I daven like never before, enjoying the sensation of being so close to Hashem, until I am suddenly aware of human warmth on my back. I look up to find that I'm surrounded by a large group of people. I make room for them, and find a seat at the back. I automatically feel the fervor of my tefillos waning, after noticing that this tour group is comprised of what is to me 'normal people' i.e. from my circles. It's interesting to me that the Kever of R' Nachman is part of their itinerary, but I realize that people come from the

four corners of the earth to these four cubits of space, the holiest of holies, 'the place from which light spreads to the entire world,' (as my husband told me.) Somehow, everyone finds their place here...

I'm upset about the decline of my emotional tefillos and I ask the Rebbe that I shouldn't be so self-conscious and stop caring what people think of me. I pray that I should be zoiche to be connected to the Rebbe and then I leave with a final goodbye kiss, promising we'll keep in touch.

I definitely got the feeling that this is the beginning of something.

5:00pm

Time to pack up and start that three hour trip again. 'It's all part of the zchus...', I find myself rationalizing, and am struck by the difference in my usual sarcastic self. "That was definitely an experience," I tell my husband, as we settle in for the long haul. Dozing off with a calm expression on my face, I sleep through the majority of the bumps.

10:30pm

We're on the plane, and as I see my husband's face shining away, I know I've done the right thing. I am feeling very virtuous. But suddenly he asks



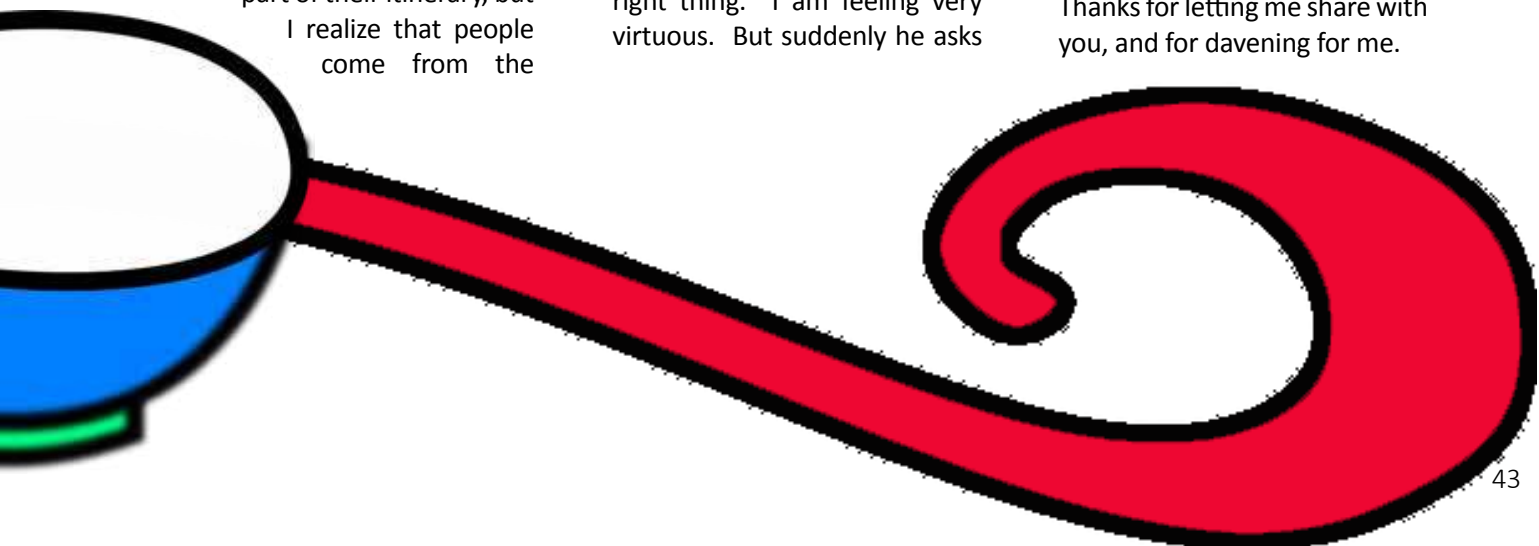
the most unexpected question: "So when can I go again, maybe for Rosh Chodesh Nissan?"

I gape. We are still on the way back, for heaven's sake. But my husband tells me that someone who's tasted Hungarian wine simply won't settle for anything else. This is my first lesson in the retzonos of a Breslover Chassid, and I am impressed, although slightly nervous about the practicalities.

I wisely push off the discussion for a long, long time from now, (maybe after Pesach there'll be time to talk about it,) and enjoy the feeling of having moved to the next rung of my life. A quality life, secure in my doctor's arms. (I sweetly ignore any visions of mold growing in the cholent pot back home.)

So, I finish scribbling in my pad; if I could go, anything can truly happen.

Thanks for letting me share with you, and for davening for me.





## Chapter Six

# The Rebbe's Journey to Eretz Yisrael

*The story until now:*

*The Rebbe embarks on a harrowing trip to Eretz Yisrael, surviving many life-threatening episodes. He spends some time in Haifa and then travels to Teveria, where he saves the city from the terrible threat of a Jewish informer. R' Nachman visits many Kivrei Tzaddikim, including his zeida R' Nachman Horedenka, Meron, and lots of others. Teveria is struck with a deadly plague, and the Rebbe is forced to flee the city, but the city gates are barred. The Rebbe and R' Yitzchak are locked in, and cannot escape.*

They stand before the iron gates, aware of the danger of the moment. Every minute is vital! They must get out!

Desperate straits call for desperate measures. If the regular way out is inaccessible, another exit must be found. Circling the city, the Rebbe and R' Yitzchak descend into the caves on the outskirts of the city, persevering onwards until they eventually reach the city walls adjacent to the coast of the Kinneret. Seeing the wall looming up before them

as the only barrier preventing them from leaving the city, and knowing that they must get out, they climb the tall wall. Finally getting to the top, they start sliding down the other side, relieved that they are out of the contaminated city, when suddenly, the Rebbe looks down and beholds the sea. They are trapped!

Icy terror closes in on R' Yitzchak, leaving him dumb with fear. Hanging in mid-air, grasping onto the wall with his hands and legs, beneath

him the stormy sea, the Rebbe turns to Hashem. He is about to fall into the churning waters, and he cries out to Hashem in his heart desperately. And He in His mercy saves him...

(The Rebbe uses this as a lesson many times over, telling his people that this is how every single person should cry out to Hashem: as if he is in the middle of the ocean hanging by a thin thread, the wind whipping until the high heavens, and the person is totally stuck, he can't even



cry out; the only way out is to lift his eyes to Hashem. This is how everyone should constantly cry out to Hashem, because a person is in great danger in this world.)

Baruch Hashem, they are saved, and they leave there in peace until they arrive to the city of Tzfas. But they cannot simply sit there in quietude – only a few days pass, and already they hear of the next trouble brewing. The war between France and Turkey is still raging. News reaches their ears that the French will soon be arriving to Acco. The enemy is drawing closer... Again, they must be on the run.

A special messenger is sent to the port city of Acco in the Rebbe's name, to book passage for him and R' Yitzchak on a ship from Ragusa. It is common practice for war ships sailing the sea to seize any innocent civilian boat and take its passengers captive. However, with Ragusa being a neutral country, not involved in the war, it is hoped that passengers traveling on ships flying its flag will be safe. Baruch Hashem, their emissary is successful in obtaining passage for them on a Ragusan ship.

Word spreads that the Rebbe is setting out on his journey homewards, and R'

Avraham Kalisker gets wind of the talk. Immediately, he dispatches a courier to the Rebbe with two letters: one from him, and one from the community as a whole. The Rav of Shpitivka also sends out a letter, but the Rebbe is in too great a hurry and has no time to wait for his letter's arrival.

Thursday night sees the Rebbe traveling continuously, heading for Acco. All through the night they move onwards until at last, three hours before Shabbos, they arrive at the harbor in Acco. The threat of imminent battle is hanging in the air; fear is palpable. Like migrating birds, people are fleeing in droves. Their agent who has booked them places on the Ragusan ship tries to send them aboard, but they are refused entry, with the explanation that the ship is already crammed full with passengers. Not an inch on the ship remains for the Rebbe and R' Yitzchak to squeeze themselves onto; the vessel is already packed like sardines.

Shabbos is drawing nearer, almost spreading its wings over the city. The sun is dipping lower in the sky; the Rebbe and R' Yitzchak realize that they need to move quickly. New plans must be made. Seemingly, they'll have to spend the

approaching Shabbos Zachor in the city of Acco.

With the help of R' Avraham Kalisker's letter to a certain wealthy resident, they find lodgings in his spacious quarters and settle there for Shabbos. But the tension in the air is like a fog hanging overhead, intensifying instead of dissipating. Around 15,000 Arab troops have stationed themselves in the city along with all their guns and battle equipment, sowing terror in their tracks. The city is being transformed



**A painting of an old Ragusan ship**

into a battleground before their very eyes... And there is no backtracking. Just as in Teveria with the plague, the city gates have clanged shut, leaving no chance of escape.

The Rebbe's travel agent frantically bursts in Shabbos morning with a news report, interrupting the tefillos. "There are no more ships from Ragusa setting sail! I've thought about it: Your only option of getting out



of here safely is on a Turkish trading vessel traveling back to Turkey with merchandise. Even though you'll be faced with the danger of capture by enemy soldiers at sea, it's still preferable to staying here, since reports have come in that war will break out within two or three days. Heads will roll here in Acco, many thousands will be slain!" He gulps for breath. "What do you need to bring this trouble on your heads for?" He lowers his tone urgently. "Please would the Rebbe allow me to go quickly and hire a ship for you on Shabbos, since pikuach nefesh overrides Shabbos?"

Permission granted, the agent rushes off to the teeming harbor, and locates a merchant vessel. Paying the princely sum of one golden dinar as a deposit, he reserves places for the Rebbe and his faithful companion.

Meanwhile, many more British ships reach the shores of Acco, depositing its soldiers on land to help fight against Napoleon and his powerful army. With their arrival, the fear increases tenfold, threatening to choke the residents. Masses of soldiers are everywhere, filling the city way past its capacity. Soon there is no place to move.

The entire household of the wealthy man where the Rebbe is staying is shaking in fear and apprehension. Hearts and hands are outstretched to Heaven, begging for mercy. Shabbos passes in terror and fright. Amidst all the panic, the Rebbe and R' Yitzchak take slight comfort in the fact that their escape route is settled: Passage has been reserved for them on the Turkish trading vessel. But owing to the suddenness of the matter, not a morsel of food, nor a sip of drink, has been prepared for them to take along as provisions for their journey at sea. Memories of their outbound trip to Eretz Yisrael,

**An aerial view of the city of Acco surrounded by water. Note the wall encircling the city and the fortress on the bottom right, from where they would defend themselves against threatening ships.**





when they had been supplied with plentiful foods to last for several months, imbue them with sadness at this paltry comparison.

In an attempt to rectify the matter, R' Yitzchak is sent along with the travel agent to procure supplies for their forthcoming journey. But although they have started out first thing Sunday morning, the usually bustling marketplace lies as abandoned and deserted as a cemetery. Even the indefatigable Turkish peddlers ever eager to hawk their wares are daunted by the impending battle and don't

show up at the traditional shuk. R' Yitzchak is forced to return to their lodgings emptyhanded.

Upon his arrival, he discovers the Rebbe wrapped in Tallis and Tefillin, seemingly in another world. R' Nachman doesn't pay him any attention, nor show any signs of having noticed him. In fear and anguish, a shattered R' Yitzchak collapses onto his bed and sinks into a deep slumber.

During his beauty sleep, the city is thrown into turmoil. In an unrivaled show of cruelty only seen amongst Arabs,

the Pasha has announced a two hour curfew for the civilians to leave town. Any noncombatant found present after the time limit will be slaughtered like chickens. He has zero interest in the fact that the city gates are still tightly sealed, leaving the sea as the only option of escape. The warning has been given; anyone who wants to save himself should see to flee.

The rationale behind this warped brutality is simple: Acco is overloaded with people. The Arabs, wanting to 'clear some space' so that the city shouldn't be so overcrowded, have found

**A. The fortress in Acco, with cannons placed, ready to fire against the enemy.**

**B. A clear view of one of the cannons.**







**Napoleon and his approaching army.**

an easy solution to the burdensome hindrance: They have proclaimed a mass butchery, to take effect in two hours. Whoever desires to live, should leave!

The streets are transformed into a seething mob. Panic triggers terror, fright breeds dread. Losing their heads from fear, people dart in all directions, seeking to save themselves. The commotion from the outside seeps inside to the Rebbe's lodgings; upon discovering the news, R' Nachman escapes to the harbor to get onto his merchant ship. He still has no idea that R' Yitzchak has returned from his excursion and is sound asleep in his room.

Fresh after his nap, R' Yitzchak awakens in a better mood. Not having slept properly in the past few days, he was

really in need of this sleep. Stretching, he gets up and goes off to find the Rebbe. Surprisingly, R' Nachman is nowhere to be found! 'Hmm, interesting,' he muses aloud. 'Where could he have gone?' He resolves to wait a while, but the clock ticks on and still, R' Yitzchak is alone.

A niggling worry creeps into his heart. Throwing on his coat, he leaves the house and enters the courtyard. A terrifying scene greets his eyes: Men, women, and children are wailing and crying, tearing at their hair and weeping bitterly. The whole city is enveloped in ... mourning? Fear? R' Yitzchak cannot make it out, and his panic grows by the second.

"What's going on?" He grabs the closest person and starts shaking him. Catching sight of him from afar, his

hostess runs over and starts screaming. "Alas! Woe unto us! The end is near! We're going to die! Oh, how I pity you! We at least lived here and benefited from this city; now we must accept that which has been decreed on it," she rambles irrationally. "But you! What a pity for your young children and families, that you should be killed here just like that! Oh, what a sad end is awaiting us all!" On and on she wails, painting a morbid and gloomy scene, but R' Yitzchak is no longer listening. Overcome with dread, he has become white as a corpse, his ashen features trembling. Teeth knocking into each other out of fear, he stands still as a statue, unable even to move a finger. Summoning his last bit of strength with iron force, he asks her about the Rebbe.

She pauses her incoherent moans momentarily to mumble "I think he fled to the sea," and resumes her blubbering. "The poor young men! What'll be with their wives? Destined to remain destitute widows raising penniless orphans singlehandedly..."

Getting a grip on himself, R' Yitzchak ignores her ominous predictions and focuses on the one meaningful phrase in her disjointed ranting. The Rebbe has fled to the sea. He



must get there too!

Running back into their room and spying all their belongings there, he realizes that the Rebbe has fled without taking along anything. R' Yitzchak throws their possessions haphazardly into their chest and gathers their money together. Next he attempts to lift the hefty box and run, but quickly realizes that it is far too heavy. Struggling with the cumbersome burden, he glances around wildly, searching for a solution. He must get to the harbor!

Help arrives in the form of a simple Sefardi. Noticing R' Yitzchak straining under the weight of the chest, he graciously offers his services. An immensely relieved R' Yitzchak almost throws the box at him and together, they rush off to the harbor.

Elbowing their way through the surging masses proves to be no simple matter. The frenzied crowd is wild with fear; prepared to dig their

daggers into the backs of anyone blocking their way. Close to despair, R' Yitzchak is confronted with the fact that it is almost impossible to move any further. How will he get to the Rebbe?

Again, Hashem's salvation appears. A group of Arabs standing on the roof of the fortified walls surrounding the city suddenly go wild with excitement. Words spewing from their mouths in a language unintelligible to R' Yitzchak, they seem to have good news to report. As if with one mind, the people press themselves closer towards them, wanting to hear their announcement. Body on body, they trample each other in their rush to get closer to the source of positivity. Fortunately for R' Yitzchak, a path clears for him where the people had previously been standing, and he and the Sefardi successfully rush past the crowd to the harbor.

Finally, R' Yitzchak arrives at his destination. The harbor is

swarming with people, boats and soldiers. Ships are lined up in rows upon rows, with Arab stevedores rushing to and fro, loading the holds to their full capacity. Announcements, observations, instructions and warnings are bellowed with guttural screams, the supervisors trying in vain to enforce order. R' Yitzchak looks around wide-eyed, observing civilians pushing themselves onto the first ship they see. How is he going to find the Rebbe here, in this tumultuous hubbub? Going towards the first ship in line, he searches amongst the passengers, but Arab after swarthy Arab meets his eye. The next ship shows the same results. Chewing his lip nervously, R' Yitzchak redoubles his efforts, searching, seeking, pursuing, but all he finds is dark-complexioned heavy-set growling men. Where is the Rebbe?

*To be continued...*

**The port of Acco**





# ***Yummy Snack Recipes***

*By T. Friedman*



## ***Peanut Chews***

*No explanation is needed – one word sums it up for me: Addictive! So beware!*

### **Ingredients:**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup golden syrup/honey
- 1 cup peanut butter (use crunchy for an extra munch)
- 6 cups Rice Krispies
- Baking chocolate

Heat first three ingredients in a saucepan and bring to a gentle boil. Turn off the flame, add the Rice Krispies and mix well. Spread out onto a baking tray, flatten well, cool and top with melted baking chocolate. Cut into desired shapes.

**Tip – use a chopping board to flatten well and turn over for a really smooth surface.**

(After submitting this recipe, the editor told me she makes these without the sugar. I haven't yet tried it, but I definitely will.)







## Craisin Oat Cookies

*I started making these about two years ago... and never stopped! They are healthy, delicious, filling, and perfect to go with my morning coffee – to keep me going for the first bit of my day, until I get to a real breakfast (which can sometimes take a long time!)*

### Ingredients:

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups light brown sugar
- 1.5 cups flour (I use whole-meal)
- 1.5 tsp. baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1.5 cups oil
- 1 Tbsp. vanilla sugar
- 4 cups of oats
- 1 cup chocolate chips (optional)
- 1 cup raisins

Mix sugar and eggs with whisk. Change to dough hook (*very important – I broke my machine when I forgot!*) Add the rest of the ingredients besides for the last three, mix and then add the oats, chocolate chips and raisins. Spoon onto cookie sheets (leaving space in between as they flatten slightly.) Bake on 180 for 15 minutes. Do not overbake as they harden while cooling.

## Choco-Crumb Cake

*This is a cake I grew up with. We made it for Yom Tov or simchos and I always thought it was complicated, considering how good it tastes – until I tried it myself and saw how quick and easy it was. It's become a family favorite in my home now, and it might just become yours too! Give it a try...*

### Dough:

- 6 egg yolks
- 4 cups flour
- 10 oz. margarine (*gasp!*)
- 4 Tbsp. sugar
- 1 Tbsp. vanilla sugar

Mix to form a dough and put  $\frac{1}{4}$  in the freezer for grating. Roll out the rest onto a baking sheet to form the bottom of a 9 by 13 inch cake.

### Filling:

- 6 egg whites
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice
- 3 Tbsp. red jam
- 3 Tbsp. cocoa
- 8 oz. ground hazelnuts

Whisk egg whites to form a snow, add sugar and then the rest. Spread onto the rolled out dough. Smooth over, and grate the frozen dough on top. Bake on 180 for 50 minutes. Cut when cool.







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# A TALE OF A THIEF

## Recap:

*Jim caught Kalman breaking into the store and they set up a partnership: The J&K Corporate, using Jim's experience and Kalman's luck. Their first project was stealing the king's set of coronation clothes. The operation was successful, but the two partners broke out into a fight over who should get the larger set of clothes. Kalman saved the day by offering to ask the king to resolve the dispute.*

## Part Three:

Kalman spun on his heels, and began marching purposefully. Puzzled, Jim called after him in a loud whisper, "Where ya goin'?"

Without breaking his stride, Kalman threw over his shoulder, "Didn't we agree that we're asking the king?"

Jim's eyes turned into large round saucers. "Y'mean, uh, wha..." he spluttered, taken aback. In the shady underworld, Jim was considered the boldest and most daring, but he had never yet come across someone with Kalman's guts. As it slowly dawned on him that Kalman was seriously heading back for the palace, Jim recovered his wits. Huffing and puffing, he chased after Kalman, sprinting across the wide expanse. He'd never realized the palace grounds were so enormous!

"So you got curious," Kalman winked at Jim. "Great to see you! I was wondering when you'd get here. We need to work fast before morning comes along with the sunlight."

"Um, so what's the plan?" asked Jim, feeling out of sorts. He was used to being boss; tailing after Kalman was making him antsy.

"Being that you are familiar with the palace like the back of your hand..."

Jim reveled in the compliment, and Kalman noticed his obvious pleasure before continuing.  
"I want you to lead

the way to the king's sleeping quarters, so that he can resolve our dilemma."

"You actually want to wake the king!" Jim closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead, trying to jog his memory. "Oh yeah, of course I know. Let's go!" Jim was eager for action, and happy to be in charge again. Silently, they scurried through the winding passageways, working their way through the confusing maze. The hallways became wider, the carpets thicker and softer, and the wall hangings more ostentatious. It was clear that they were getting closer to their goal. Suddenly, Jim put a finger to his lips and motioned to the closed oak door facing them. Losing his bravado, he gestured to Kalman to take the lead.

Kalman got the message. They had arrived. Boldly, he twisted the doorknob and





opened the door without a creak. Jim had turned a chalky white at the thought of entering the king's bedchamber so Kalman proceeded on his own into the room. Soft snores reached his ears; the king was deeply asleep.

An assortment of stuffed pillows surrounded his head and the thick quilts were perfectly arranged around him. A quick glance around the room told Kalman all he needed to know: The king's personal storyteller was fast asleep on his chair, his head lolling back with his mouth wide open. Kalman grinned at the sight, and got into position. Grabbing hold of the two bedposts behind the king's head, he motioned to Jim, whose curiosity had gotten the better of him and was peeking into the room, to do the same with the other two posts. Mouthing his ingenious plan to Jim, Kalman was relieved to see the impish grin spread across Jim's face, demonstrating his cooperation. Together, they lifted the bed into the air and backed out of the room. Jim led the way into an empty side room, and they set down the bed. Kalman flexed his muscles; unaccustomed to carrying such heavy loads, but Jim took it in stride. Fluttering his eyelids, the king stretched and Jim shrank back in fright. Kalman sat down on a chair at the king's side and waited patiently for him to awaken. When it was clear that the king was awake, Kalman opened his mouth. In

short, concise sentences, he explained the story of the two thieves, and ended off with the question, "So who gets the larger garment?"

The half-asleep king, not realizing that he had been taken on a night trip, answered angrily, "Why are you asking me stupid irrelevant questions? Of course the poor man deserves the larger clothes – it was his luck that got it them! Now stop asking questions and

tell me a story to put me to sleep!"

Kalman couldn't keep himself back from shooting a triumphant glance in Jim's direction, before starting to relate in a soothing voice, "Once upon a time..."

Placated by the story, the king's features softened and he was soon lulled to sleep. Kalman waited until he could hear the king's even breathing, and then the two partners carried the bed back to the king's original sleeping quarters. Setting the bed back into position, the two thieves disappeared into the night. The king slept peacefully through the whole ordeal, and no one was the wiser about the night's adventures.

\* \* \*

The palace was in a turmoil. The unbelievable had occurred! Someone had stolen the king's precious coronation clothes! The news spread from ear to ear like wildfire; all the servants were in an uproar. How had it happened?

Demanding to know the reason for the tumult, the king listened to the grim news, and dimly recalled the story he had been told in his sleep. He slowly pieced together the fuzzy snatches of the tale in his brain, and then snapped his fingers. "Call my storyteller," he ordered. "He has a hand in this."

The storyteller was duly called, but he denied any involvement in the deed. Despite being beaten, no confession was forthcoming. "I'm innocent!" he insisted repeatedly. "I didn't leave the king's room all night! You might be able to accuse me of having fallen asleep in my chair, but that's the extent of my misdeeds! I didn't steal anything at all!"

His pleas seemed convincing enough, but the king didn't fall for it. The nighttime tale was etched in his memory. Taking their cue from the king, the servants renewed the whipping while increasing the intensity, but the storyteller maintained his denial. "I don't know a thing about the thievery!" he contended.

The thrashing continued mercilessly until the head servant finally dared voice his opinion. "Your majesty, the hardest criminal has broken under such torture."





The king was puzzled. Could it be that the storyteller was really clueless about the robbery? Perplexed, he decided to seek advice. "Send for Archirigo," he commanded.

Archirigo, the head priest, made a grand entry a short while later, the hems of his flowing black robes sweeping the floor behind him. "Yes, your Majesty," he announced gregariously, bowing to the ground theatrically. "You wanted my counsel? Here I am, at your service, ready to be of assistance."

The king grimaced at having to ask the arrogant man for help, but saw no other way out. "My precious coronation clothes have been stolen," he began, but was immediately interrupted by Archirigo's long, drawn-out gasp.

"That is terrible news indeed, your majesty! Catastrophic! Calamitous! Absolutely disastrous!" Wringing his hands dramatically, Archirigo was enjoying the chance to show off his extensive mental dictionary but the king impatiently cut him short.

"Yes, yes, we know all that. But what we need to do now is -"

Archirigo broke in again. "We must track down the thief, and give him such a flogging that'll send him directly to his rightful place in hell. Why, the audacity! The impudence! The cheek of it!"

"Enough with your melodramatics! The court jester does a better job than you," the king said in sarcastic tone, which Archirigo pretended not to catch. "I know who the thief is. My storyteller."

Archirigo's eyes popped open wide in surprise. "Really?"

"But he's not confessing," admitted the king.

"So flog him harder. You want to use my whiplash? No one has ever withstood its lashes." Archirigo's eyes shone with pride.

"Will you kindly let me talk?" the king barked at him impatiently. Subdued, Archirigo closed his mouth and prepared to listen for a change.

"We've beaten him more powerfully than any

of your priests. However, he insists that he knows nothing. I'm starting to have doubts about his guilt. Maybe he really is innocent?"

Unable to control himself, Archirigo interjected boldly, risking a dressing down. "What makes you think he's the thief?"

"I was just getting to that!" said the king reprovingly. "Last night, when I stirred in my sleep, my storyteller, instead of telling me a soothing bedtime story to put me back to sleep, asked me a question. He told me, 'Suppose two thieves make a partnership to steal together. One of them is very experienced, while the other's luck is thievery. Say they manage to steal the king's set of coronation clothes. Which of the two deserves the larger garment?'"

I told him that obviously, the one with the luck gets it, since it's in his merit that they managed to steal it. Soon afterwards I fell asleep, and in the morning, I was awoken with all the tumult about the stolen clothes. My first reaction was that the storyteller is the thief, but he insists he doesn't know anything about it. Is it possible that he's telling the truth?"

Archirigo stroked his wispy beard wisely. "Hmm." Making the full show of being deep in thought, he answered finally, "Yes, it is viable that the storyteller is innocent. But permit me to tell you something else: you answered the question posed to you like a fool." Disregarding the king's thunderous expression, Archirigo continued, full of his own importance, "What kind of logic is that? The larger garment surely goes to the experienced thief, since without his know-how, they'd never manage to get their hands on the clothes." Archirigo punched the air for emphasis, inadvertently knocking into the table and banging his fleshy fist.

The king's scowl deepened. How had Archirigo put it before? *'Why, the audacity! The impudence! The cheek of it!'* Who did this priest think he was, calling him a fool? It took all his self-control to keep himself from tearing him apart with his bare hands. Although Archirigo was goading him, it wasn't fitting for a king to lose himself in front of his mere subject. Clenching his fists, the king hissed between his teeth, "You've answered

my question about the storyteller satisfactorily. Now you may leave." Completely ignoring the second part of Archirigo's response, the king dismissed him, not deigning him a second glance.

With a flounce of his robes, Archirigo self-importantly swept out of the room. The king breathed deeply, trying to recover his composure. That priest had really infuriated him. His blood still boiling, the king burnt for revenge. 'I need to settle the score with that stuck-up big-head. The fool thinks he can just insult me and get away with it! Well, he's in for a surprise.'

Pacing up and down agitatedly, the king knitted his brows and tried to develop a plan of revenge. But to his dismay, every idea that lit up in his brain was immediately dismissed by the realization that it wouldn't work – it was unsuitable for a powerful king such as himself to stoop to such low levels. Frustrated, the king realized that his hands were tied. He was unable to get back at that haughty priest.

His angry thoughts were interrupted by the head servant tiptoeing into the room and hesitantly asking what to do with the storyteller.

"Leave him, it's clear that he knows nothing," the king waved his hand dismissively. "But we'll have to set up a committee to investigate in the matter. The thief must be found!"

"Yes yes, I'll see to it immediately," agreed the servant, and backed out of the room to organize the team. Six of the smartest, highest-ranking ministers were chosen and mobilized. But all their efforts and investigations were to no avail. The thief seemed to have disappeared without a trace!

Impatient and frustrated, the king called in the town-crier. Minutes later, bells were ringing across the town. "Hear ye, hear ye! In the name of his majesty the king, the thief who has stolen the king's clothes should come and confess, and no harm shall be done unto him. His

majesty just desires to know how it is possible to achieve such a feat." His words echoed throughout the town, leaving heated discussions in its wake.

"Have you heard?"

"Do you know who it was?"

"How is it possible?"

"What was stolen at all?"

In the midst of all the commotion, Kalman arrived to the town square. He innocently entered the group and asked, "What's all the excitement? What are you all talking about?"

"Haven't you heard?" They turned on him with open eyes. Faint strains of the town-crier's voice were still audible from the distance. "Hear ye, hear ye! In the name of his majesty the king..."

Kalman listened to the announcement, and didn't seem too impressed. "So what's the big deal? Whoever stole should return it," he answered nonchalantly.

"Are you crazy?" A wave of outbursts was poured onto Kalman's head, and he quickly retreated. But a short while later, when Kalman noticed them involved in a frenzied exchange once again, he jumped right into the fray. "What's going on?"

"You beggar! Look what you're getting yourself into! They'll say that you know about the thievery!" they hurled at him.

To their astonishment, Kalman calmly replied, "As a matter of fact, I do know about the thievery."

"If you know, then go tell the king," piped up a young man from the back of the crowd.

"Okay," said Kalman agreeably. "I'll go."

*To be continued...*





# אויב דיין חבֿר איז טרויערֿיג, דערן אים אויס זיך אויסצורעדן צום פֿאשעפֿער, כאָפֿ מיט אים אַ טענצ, פֿארשפּרייט דעם רבי'נס אור!

וועט מיך רופן ביינאכט צו מאַכן זיכער אז איך שלעפֿ נישט ביים שלאָפֿן גיין, אָבער עס האט נישט געהאַלפֿן. אַן אַנדערע חבֿר האט אָפּגעמאַכט אז אויפֿן וועג צו חדר גייט ער קומען שלעפֿן אַ שטריק וואס איך האָב אַרויסגעהאַנגען פֿונעם פֿענסטער און צוגעבינדען די עק צו מיין פֿיס. ער האט אויפֿגעהערט שלעפֿן ווען ער האט געזעהן אַ פֿיס אַרויסשטעקן פֿון פֿענסטער...

איך האָב אָבער נישט אויפֿגעגעבן און פרובֿירט אַסאך, געבעטן דעם באַשעפֿער און ב"ה עס איז מיר געלונגען – היינט וועק איך מער נישט אויף שפּעט אזוי פֿיל מאָל ווי איך פֿלעג.

**וואס האָסטו דער בעסטע ליב פֿון זיין אַ בֿרסלֿכער חסיד?**

נישט קיין שְׂאָלָה! פֿאַרן אויף ראש השָׁנָה קיין אומן!

ווען איך דאווען ביים ציין געבט עס מיר אזא התעוררות, מַחֲשַׁב כְּמַעַט בִּזְיוֹ וויינען! (איך האָב אויך ליב דער מַחֲבֵּב אָבער דאָס איז ווייט נישט די עיקר אויף וואס איך פֿאַר...)

**וואס קענסטו איבערגעבן פֿאַר אַלע ליינערס?**

דער עקר איז צו וויסן און גלייבן אז אַלעס קומט פֿון דער באַשעפֿער, ווען עפֿעס גייט שווער זאָל מען זיך גלייך ווענדן צו אים ווייל ער איז דער איינציגסטער וואס קען אונז העלפֿן.

אַסאך מאָל האָבן קינדער מוכא פֿון זאכן ווי גנבים, פייער, הויעכע פֿלעצער... אונזערע רבי האט פֿאַר אונז אַן עצה: זיך צו שטאַרקן אין אַמונָה און בְּטַחוֹן. ווען דו האָסט מוכא פֿון עפֿעס פֿאַרלאָז זיך נאָר אויף השי"ת און גלייב אז ער היט דיר יעדער מינוט.

אז דו האָסט זוכה געווען צו וויסן פֿון אונזער הייליגע רבי, קענסטו אויסלערנען פֿאַר דייןע חבֿרים די געוואלדיגע עצות. לְמַשָּׁל אויב דיין חבֿר איז טרויערֿיג, לַעֲרֹךְ אים אויס זיך אויסצורעדן צום באַשעפֿער, כאָפֿ מיט אים אַ טענצל, פֿאַרשפּרייט דעם רבי'נס אור – זיי וועלן דיר נאך דאַנקען פֿאַר דעם!

אז אונזער רבי'ס עצות בֿרענגען רוהניות אויפֿן גאנצע וועלט. עס לוינט זיך אַסאך מער ווי מיינע חבֿרים'ס רביס מיט זייערע שטראַקעס און פֿעלץ, און עס געבט מיר אַסאך מער בֿרוחניות!

**וועלכער פֿון די רבי'ס עצות נוצטו די מערסטע?**

התבודדות. איך האָב אַלעמאל געמיינט אז צו מאַכן התבודדות דאַרף איך גיין אין פֿעלד אָדער מאַכן אַ ספּעציעלע צייט פֿאַר דעם, און וועגן דעם, האָב איך טאַקע קיינמאָל נישט געמאַכט התבודדות, ווייל איך בין נישט אָנגעקומען צו דעם. אָבער מיין טאַטע האט מיר געזאָגט אז איך קען רעדן צום באַשעפֿער אין מיין שלאָף-צומער, סיי ווי איך בין, אָדער אַפֿילו ווען איך ליג אין בעט – דער עקר איז רעדן און נישט אַפּשטופֿן פֿאַר נאַרישע סבות.

**האָסטו אַמאָל געהאַט אַ פֿראַבלעם וואס דו האָסט געפֿילט אז דער רבי'ס עצות העלפֿן דיר?**

זיכער – אַסאך מאָל! ווען איך קען נישט ביי אַ פֿאַרהער בעט איך השי"ת אז ער זאָל מיר העלפֿן, איך דאווען און בעט אין מיין אייגענע ווערטער אזוי ווי איך רעד צו אַ חבֿר, איך דערצייל אים ווי שטאַרק איך וויל קענען און אַסאך מאָל די ענטפֿער פֿליעט אַריין אין מיין קאָפּ!

**האָסטו אַמאָל געפֿילט אז דו ווילסט אויפֿגעבן מיט עפֿעס?**

יא – איך פֿלעג קומען אַסאך מאָל שפּעט צו חדר, איך בין געווען אזוי שטאַרק מַחֲשַׁב צו מיין בעט אז מיינע חבֿרים האָבן מיר גערופן 'דער בעטענער רבי'. איך האָב פרובֿירט נישט אויפֿצוגעבן, איך האָב געקויפט אַ וועקער זייגער וואס קלינגט זייער הויעך ביז מיין שֶׁכֶּן האט זיך אויפֿגעוועקט, אָבער איך בין נאך געשלאָפֿן. אַ גוטע חבֿר האט אָפּגעמאַכט מיט מיר אז ער

## וויאזוי הייבסטו?

מ'פֿאָרשט געוויינט, ס'איז געווען אזוי שווער.

### וויאזוי האסטו זיך דערהאלטן אין דער צייט?

איר האב זיך מחזק געווען אז יעדער גוטע זאך קומט אהן שווער און איר האב דורכגעשטופט טאג נאך טאג. היינטיגע צייטן בין איר שוין עלטער און איר ווייסט פון דיעזע פון התבודדות, אז יעדע פראבלעם קען איר זיך אויסרעדן צום באשעפער, א שאד איר האב נישט געוויסט פון דעם פריער!

### ווען האט זיך די מצב מיט דיינע חברים געטוישט?

ווען דער מנהל האט זיך אריינגעמישט און באשטראפט די אנדערע קינדער.

יעצט בין איר אריין אין ושיבה קטנה, און דא האב איר ב"ה אנדערע חברים. עס איז אויך דא צוויי אנדערע ברסלבער בחורים אין מיין כיתה.

### ווען ביסטו געווארן מער פרייליך צו זיין א ברסלבער?

ווען איר האב געהערט די געוואלדיגע עצות פונעם רבי'ן, און איר האב געזעהן

איר הייס נענקי עקשטיין, איר בין 14 יאר אלט, אין שעור א' פון ושיבה קטנה, און איר בין שטאלץ צו זיין א חסיד פון אונזערע הייליגע רבי.

### ביסטו אלעמאל געווען פרייליך צו זיין א ברסלבער חסיד?

נישט ממש. מיינע חברים האבן מיר שטארק גערופ'ט אין חדר. עס זענען געווען אפאר הויפטן פון כיתה וואס האבן אנגעפירט און אלע אנדערע קינדער האבן מוכא געהאט זיך קעגנצושטעלן. זיי האבן אויפגעהאנגען חזק צעטלעך – 'ברוך הבא, דער ברסלבער איז שוין דא' – און זיי האבן מיר געלייגט אין חכם, קיינער האט נישט געמעגט שטיין אין מיין ד' אמות. זיי האבן מיר גערופן חזק נעמען... יעדן טאג ווען איר בין געגאנגען אין חדר האב איר געוויסט אז איר האב יעצט אויסצושטיין נאך ניין שעה פון חרפות און רדיפות. אסאך מאל האב איר

נאמען: 'עני' עקשטיין

עלער: 14 יאר

כיתה: ש'אור א'







ער האט  
איינגעשלאנגען די  
עסן לאנגזעהייט  
אז ער זאל נישט  
הנאה האבן פון  
דעם טעם!

38 יאר אלט!



אין מציחוב, אינעם  
הויז פון זיין זיידע -  
דער בעל שם טוב!

ער האט  
אריינגעשטעקט זיינע  
פיס פאר די רעדער  
אז זיי זאלן נישט  
קענען פארן אן איק!



שלמה אפרים,  
יעקב, אדל,  
שרה, אריק, חיה,  
פייגא



ר נתן!

ער האט עס לענוצט  
זו זאלן זיין אלמאד  
איק אויסצולערנען  
נאך בעסטער  
לארא!



שבת ראש  
חודש ניסן!

איט התבודדות  
אין די פעלדער  
און וועלדער!



# קענסטו טרעפן יעדע פרוכט זיין ריכטיגע פאר?

ווען איז דער  
רבי געהוירן?



וואס האט דער רבי געטוהן  
אלס אינגל פון 4-5 יאר ווען  
די תלמידי ההעש"ט האבן איך  
נישט געוואלט מיטנעמען צוק  
תולדות?



ווער איז  
געווען דער  
רבי'ס ערשטע  
תלמיד?



וויאזוי  
האבן די  
רבי'ס  
קינדער  
געהייסן?

וויאזוי האט  
דער רבי  
פארברענגט  
אסאך שעות  
פון דעם טאג  
נאך זיין  
חתונה?



וויאזוי האט דער  
רבי געלעבט ווען  
ער איז געווען א  
קליינע אינגל?



אין וועלכער  
שטאט איז דער  
רבי געהוירן?



ווי אלס איז דער  
רבי געווען ווען  
ער איז נפטר  
געווארן?

וואס האט דער רבי  
געטוהן אלס קליין קינד  
מיט דער געלט וואס זיין  
מאמע האט איך געגעבן  
צו קויפן ציקערלעך?





# פרייטליכע פרוזנט...

דורך שרי

## מיט פרוכט אלע קאלירן וועלן מיר אונזער ס'ו בשבט טיש באצוין קומט אלע צוזאמען מיר וועלן א שיינע מענטשעלע אויפשטעלן

שנייד אפ א פערטל פון די מאראנץ כדי עס זאל קענען  
שטיין, און לייג עס אוועק צו נוצן אויף די היטל. שנייד אויס א  
טרייענגעל פון די מאראנץ, און שטעק אריין א לאנגע שטעקן  
(Kebab stick)



שטעק ארויף א גרעיפ-פרוכט אויף די מאראנץ פאר די בויה.  
שייל א באנאנע און שנייד עס אויף האלב. שטעק אריין א  
ציינשטעכער אין ביידע זייטן, און שטעק ארויף אויף דעם די  
האלבע באנאנע.

שטעק אריין צוויי אדער דריי ציינשטעכעלעך (לויט וואס  
ס'פעלט אויס) אריין אינעם גרעיפ-פרוכט פון אויבן,  
און שטעק ארויף אויף דעם אן עפל. צוברעך אפאר  
ציינשטעכער אויף האלב.

שטעך אריין צוויי האלבע שטעקענעס (מיט די שפיץ אויף  
ארויס) אינעם עפל פאר די אויגן, און שטעל ארויף ראזינקעס  
אדער אנדערע טריקענע פרוכט. טוה די זעלבע פאר די מויל.  
מיט נאך ציינשטעכער, טוה אן פאר דיין פרוכט-מענטש זיין  
הוט, און ווינטש אים א וואקסעדיגע יאר!





The king's servant falls asleep again on the last day of the year, after longing to take out the princess for an entire year. She passes him in a carriage while he's sleeping, gets out and goes over to him. She tries to wake him, but he doesn't wake up. She cries over him a great deal, saying, 'It's a great pity for you and for me...'

# THE LOST PRINCESS

By: Felgy Weissfish

Chapter Six



She takes the veil off her head...



You slept a long time, 70 years. Many soldiers passed by, and the princess too. She cried over you...



If I can't wake him up, then I'll leave him a note. I'll write it with my tears...

He's worked so hard to find me... But I must continue on my way



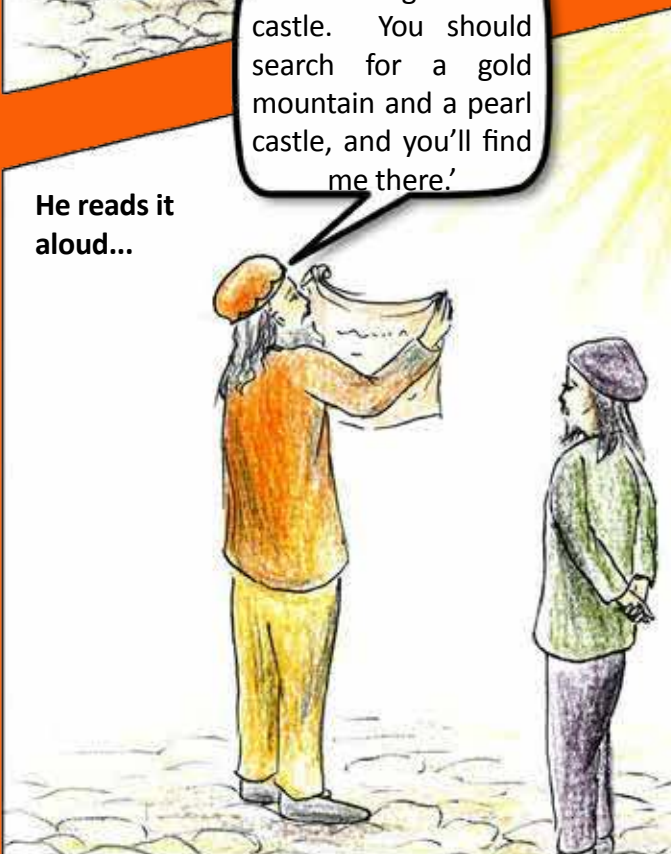
He wakes up...

Where am I in the world?



'I am no longer in that castle. You should search for a gold mountain and a pearl castle, and you'll find me there.'

He reads it aloud...

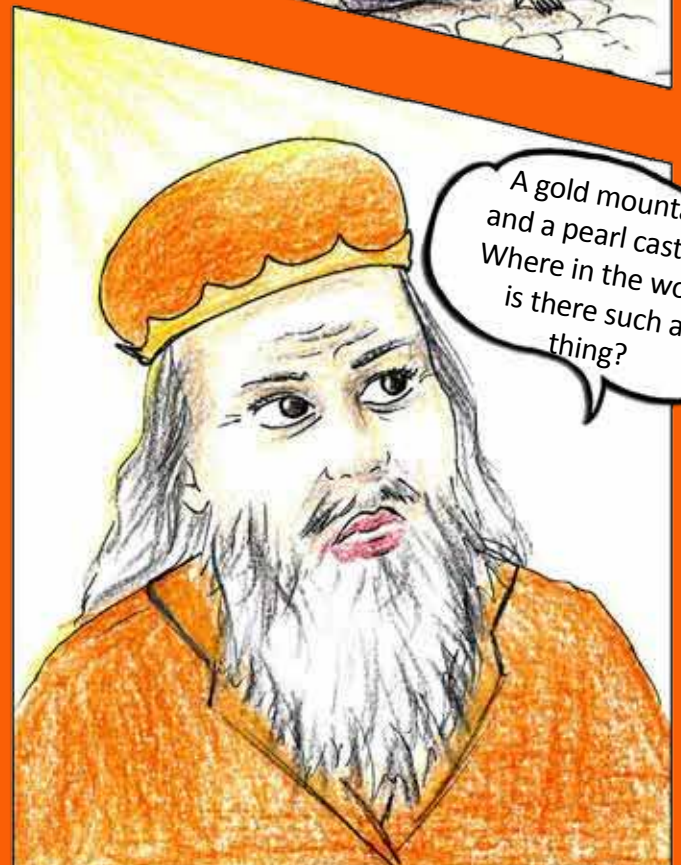


What's this?

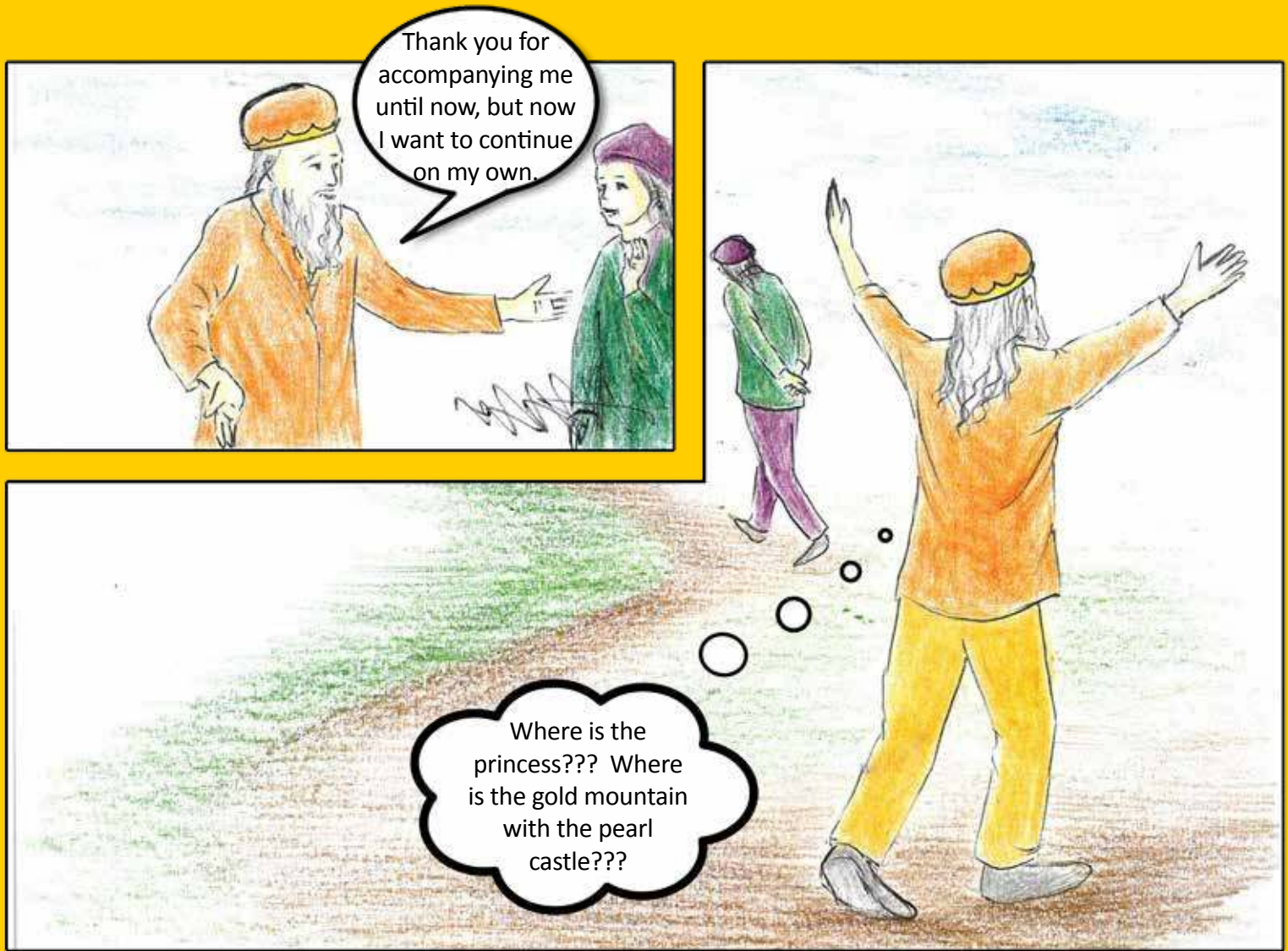
She left it here for you... She wrote on it with her tears.



A gold mountain and a pearl castle... Where in the world is there such a thing?







*To be continued...*

## **DEAREST CHILDREN!**

**WHILE THE KING'S SERVANT  
GOES SEARCHING FOR THE  
LOST PRINCESS, LET ALL OF US  
SEARCH INSIDE OURSELVES FOR  
A LESSON THAT WE CAN LEARN  
FROM THE STORY, SOME WAY IN  
WHICH IT HELPS US...**