

בס"ד

My Encounter With The Rebbe

By Zalmon Jaffe

26th Installment

Two Years

**Shovous 1994 (5754)
Until Shovous 1996 (5756)**

MY FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REBBE
The Rebbe always greeted me with a happy smile



INTRODUCTION

I have much pleasure in presenting you with my twenty sixth instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe."

You will notice that this edition covers a two year period instead of only one year as hitherto. I do apologise for the delay. At one time I had decided that because the Rebbe was no longer physically with us, I could not find the inclination, nor the heart, to carry on writing these "Encounters."

However, for the past twelve months, I have been subjected to a great amount of pressure to produce this book. Members of my own family and friends (including Label Groner) had insisted that the Rebbe told me to carry on writing. I was therefore put under great duress to follow the Rebbe's wishes.

Bernard Perrin was amongst my most persistent petitioners and has been pressurising me almost daily to complete, at least, this one edition. Strange! Because it meant that Bernard would be involved in much hard work, typing, printing and so forth, work which Bernard has always done voluntarily - at no cost to me.

Now that I have completed this instalment, I should like to thank him for his non-stop nagging. I extend to him and Hilda our best wishes for a happy future and Simchas and joy from all their children and grandchildren.

HALACHA

Following my usual procedure, I am commencing this instalment with some Halacha.

I have decided to repeat my argument and appeal to everyone regarding the importance of reciting the "Tefillas Haderech" - the prayer which one makes to ensure safety on a journey - every day when one is away from home.

If one goes on a holiday for a few days, or even for a few weeks, it is incumbent upon one to recite this prayer every single day (even Shabbos).

The above has been made quite clear to me by our friend, Rabbi Dvorkin (Z.Tz.L.)

In a nutshell, and to sum up briefly, as long as one is away from home, travelling or on a holiday, one is obligated to recite this "Tefillas Haderech".

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

I had decided to discontinue this feature.

However, my great friend and loyal reader, Walter Hubert, has never failed to show his appreciation on every occasion that I have published a new instalment.

It is an excellent record and I do not wish to break with tradition after twenty five years. May you and Rebecca enjoy good health and Nachas from your children.

The first letter is from Peter Kalms, a great friend of Hindy and Shmuel.

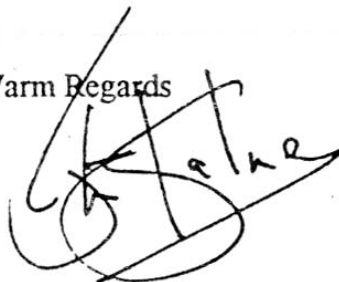
To Zalman Jaffe Manchester

Dear Zalman,

I have to thank you, and add my voice to the chorus of praise for the latest issue , the 25th Encounter with the Rebbe. Not only is it enjoyable ,but uniquely valuable in showing a side of the Rebbe very few were privileged to see. I particularly enjoyed the passages from the early years , and would ask you to please continue to share the full details with us. I did not know before of the wonderful 'Romance ' of Hindy and Smuel --I will have to approach them with even more affection and respect(if that's possible) now.

I enclose a donation to your Yeshiva

Warm Regards

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Walter Hubert', written over the printed text 'Warm Regards'.

105 canendish rd Salford M7 0NB

Walter I. Hubert

A.C.C.S., F.R.S.A. F.InstD.

18 September 1994

Mr Zalmon Jaffe
105 Cavendish Road
Salford 7
Lancs

My dear Rosalind and Zalmon

Only last week did I receive your latest book about our dear late Rebbe, although it was posted on 27 June 1994.

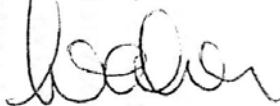
As usual, it is a compelling and exciting manuscript. Not wishing to keep it to myself, it is being circulated throughout my family and friends, together with previous issues.

Please continue with the holy task of putting to paper the many precious memories which you have through your lengthy and special association with the Rebbe, those of us who were not as fortunate as yourself can derive some small insight into everything that he was.

Rebecca and I look forward to seeing you soon in Jerusalem.

In the interim, please accept the enclosed cheque for Lubavitch, Manchester, with every good wish for the New Year.

As always



Walter

FAMILY TREE

This Family Tree was originally included at the express demand of many of my readers so that they could comprehend about whom I was writing. Of our (Nisht) twenty three grandchildren, fourteen are now married and have presented us with (Nisht) forty four great grandchildren - 25 boys and 19 girls.

I am often asked whether I remember the dates of their birthdays. Roselyn and I sometimes cannot even remember their names - although with ten Menachem Mendels, ten Chaya Mushkas, five Dovid's and five Yossis our task is made very much easier.

When a little girl's voice tells me on the telephone that, "Zaidie, I am Chaya Mushka and my father's name is Yossi," then I have to investigate further.

The family is also becoming so widely dispersed that I have now added the names of the countries of their residence.

Avrohom Jaffe married Susan Beenstock.

(Avrohom is the Honorary Rabbi of Lubavitch / Kahal Chassidim Synagogue; Chairman - also unpaid - of the Lubavitch Organisation in Manchester and of the Manchester Yeshiva. He has very many more similar unpaid jobs. Fortunately, he has an income from his many business activities.)

Name	Age	Married	Children
Dovid (dovid is the Rebbe's Sheliach in Bowden, South Manchester)	30	Rochel	Menachem Mendel Yakov Zvi Moussia Devorah Leah
Leah	29	Max Cohen (Max is warden of the Synagogue. He also helps Avrohom in his voluntary work. Fortunately, he is also in business.)	Moshe Soro Gavriel Levi Shalom Ber Menachem Mendel Yisroel
Levi (He is a rabbi in a Shool in Brisbane, Australia.)	28	Devorah	Chayale Moussia Menachem Mendel
Chana	26	Yossi Marlow (Yossi is the headmaster of the Chabad Shool, Miami, Florida.)	Menachem Mendel Levi Moussia Rochel

Golda	25	Avremel Kievman (Avremel is the Rebbe's Sheliach in Liverpool.)	Menachem- Mendel-Dovid Yisroel Arya Leib Nechama-Chaya- Mushka
Shmulie (Shmulie attends the Kolel in Jerusalem)	23	Sorole	
Aaron (is at the Yeshiva in Kiryat Gat, Israel.)	20		
Dina (attends the Girl's High School, Salford.)	12		

Hindy Malka Jaffe married Shmuel Lew.

(Shmuel is the headmaster of the Lubavitch Girls' High School in London where Hindy also teaches. She assists Shmuel in his many, varied school activities and other Lubavitch and the Rebbe's charitable works.)

The names of their children are as follows:

Name	Age	Married	Children
Yossi (is the headmaster at the Chabad School in Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.)	32	Shternie	Chaya Mushka, Sholom Ber Channa Dovid Faiga
Mendie (is the Rabbi of the very large Community and Synagogue at the Southend-on-Sea, near London)	30	Rivka	Chaya Mushka Channah Simmy Esther Yosef Yitzchak
Chaya	29	Shimon Posner (is the Rebbe's Sheliach in Manhattan, New York.)	Mousia Freidie Chanah Dovid Menachem Mendel
Gold Rivka	27	Menachem Yunik (Menachem is the	Yosef Yitzchok Avrohom Baruch

		Rabbi of the Richmond Synagogue, near London.)	Dovid
Pincus (is in business in Crown Heights, Brooklyn.)	26	Channah	Dovid Menachem Mendel
Channah	25	Yosef Lipsker (is the Rebbe's Sheliach in Orlando, Florida.)	Chaya Mushka Zelda Rochel Menachem Mendel
Zelda Rochel	23	Hershy Vogel (is the Rabbi of the Croydon Synagogue, London.)	Dov Ber Chaya Mushka
Sholom Ber (is studying in Crown Heights, New York, yeshiva.)	22		
Toby Gittel	20	Yossi Caplan (is learning in the Kollel, Crown Heights, New York.)	
Shaindel (at the seminary, Montreal, Canada.)	18		
Ben Zion (attends London Yeshiva.)	17		
Bas Sheva (attends school at home in London.)	15		
Yisroel (attends school at home in London.)	13		
Yocheved (attends school at home in London.)	11		
Moshe (attends school at home in London.)	8		

Shavuos, 5754, 1994

WE PLAN OUR VISIT TO 770

The Rebbe once explained to me that my time for visiting 770 was Shavuos. We did manage to make some additional visits during the year as well but Shavuos remained our special occasion - top priority!

Therefore, it was no coincidence that the first instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe" and all the subsequent issues were published on Shavuos. Furthermore, because I had a definite and traditional target date, this ensured that these books were ready on time. Each instalment covered the period from one Shavuos to the next.

This year, however, with all our worries and frustrations regarding the health of our dear Rebbe, I suddenly realised - one day - that for the first time ever, it was going to be absolutely impossible for me to produce this (twenty fifth) instalment in time for Shavuos.

It would have been a calamity if I would have arrived at 770 without a new publication, especially for me. Also, I dared not disappoint my loyal readers.

I had already written most of the manuscripts and it would have been a great shame if all my work and endeavours would have been wasted.

Furthermore, it would have caused a great financial loss to our Manchester Yeshiva which received the total proceeds from the sale of these books. I, personally, paid all the costs of this venture.

The only solution was to select, immediately, an alternative date for our visit to 770 - and it would have to take place pretty soon.

So, with the cooperation of Field's Press and of my friend Bernard Perrin, we chose Wednesday, June 15th, the 6th day of Tamuz, exactly four weeks after Shavuos.

The Rebbe was still very poorly. For over two years he had survived by miracles. It was above - higher than nature. On one occasion, at the hospital, the Rebbe had completely stopped breathing - and was pronounced "dead". However, one of the doctors would not give up and persevered with the heart massage and other treatment - and did succeed in bringing back the Rebbe to life.

When we booked our flight for June 15th, I remarked to Roselyn that I sincerely hoped and prayed that although the Rebbe was so very ill we would still have the chance to visit the Rebbe in hospital when we duly arrived at New York.

Unfortunately, it was not to be. We lost our Rebbe on Sunday, 3rd of Tamuz, June 12th - just three days before we were due to arrive at Crown Heights. He had passed away peacefully in hospital.

He was now reunited with his Rebbetzen and with his father-in-law, the previous Rebbe, and with his parents.

He would now take his rightful, well-earned and merited place at the side of HaShem - together with the Souls of our illustrious Patriarchs, prophets and renowned and distinguished ancestors.

It was impossible for us to obtain a flight to New York which would ensure that we would be in time for the funeral.

So we decided to keep to the original arrangements and to travel to 770 just a few days later.

THE REBBE' S FUNERAL

On that date, 3rd Tamuz, 5754, the funeral of our dear Rebbe took place at 4 p.m that afternoon - corresponding to 9 p.m our (British) time.

The proceedings would be relayed by T.V. Satellite direct from the cemetery to Lubavitch House, Manchester.

By a unique coincidence, Rabbi Chaim and Mrs. Jacobs, the Lubavitch Sheluchim in Glasgow, had arranged to celebrate on that day the Bar Mitzvah of their son - in Manchester. We were in the middle of the Seudos Mitzvah (dinner) when we heard the news.

After careful deliberation it was decided that the Seudos Mitzvah should continue. The Bar Mitzvah boy should recite the traditional Maamer (Chassidic discourse) and that other words of Torah should be narrated, as befitted this ritual.

It had been arranged that after the dinner, everyone - men and women and children - should congregate at Lubavitch House where each one would make the blessing "Boruch Dayan HoEmess" ("Blessed be HaShem, the True Judge") which is recited when one hears bad news, G. F. The custom of "Krieh" is then immediately performed. This entails tearing one's garment in grief as a sign of public mourning.

We would then "sit Shiva" (mourn) on a low seat for a token one hour.

On our way to Lubavitch House we visited our home where Roselyn put on a different dress whilst I donned an old shirt. These could be torn for the custom of "Krieh" as mentioned above.

When we arrived at Lubavitch House, I asked my son, Rabbi Avrohom, to assist me in performing this Mitzvah, but, as this would show some disrespect for one's father, he handed the razor blade to our friend Gerry Greenberg with the request that he should carry out this task.

Gerry rushed up to me and, before I could stop him, he had cut the edge of the lapel of my brand new suit - and completely ignored my old shirt.

Gerry has a well-earned reputation of being a practical joker (he once faxed a £50 note to a friend in settlement of an account - useless, of course) - but when I screamed at him that he had ruined my new suit, he casually suggested that it was rather strange that I should wear a new suit on such an occasion. I retorted that I had just attended a Bar Mitzvah party!

He nodded sagaciously and said, "It's just your Mazel - Tov!!

As I have stated above, the Rebbe had been very poorly in hospital. The doctors had admitted, and they publicised this fact, that only by some outstanding miracles had the Rebbe survived over the past few years - and even more so during the past few months. Many of the doctors were most emphatic in their opinion that the prayers to the A'mighty by the hundreds of thousands of the Rebbe's Chassidim and followers, world wide, had helped to achieve these miracles.

On many occasions during that period, the doctors had given up all hope of prolonging the life of the Rebbe.

Who had ever heard of a human being pronounced "dead" by the doctors because there was no heart beat, no pulse and no blood pressure - for almost an hour! and then suddenly being brought back to life - together with a strong heartbeat and pulse, and so on.

Therefore, when subsequently, on the 3rd day of Tamuz, the Rebbe's Holy Neshoma (Soul) did depart from this world, many could not believe it and, indeed, they refused quite categorically to acknowledge what they had perceived - until they actually saw with their own eyes that the Rebbe was being borne along to the cemetery in the Oran (coffin).

Many women and girls had been so "pre-conditioned" during the past few years that when they saw on the T.V. video that the Rebbe was being lowered into his grave, and a man screamed out, "Rebbe, Rebbe, get up and be revealed as our Moshiach," then they fully expected the Rebbe to arise and to step out of his coffin. They were shocked and appalled when this did not happen.

I can place on record that the Hatzola (the Jewish ambulance service) was kept exceptionally busy that afternoon attending to hundreds of these hysterical cases. Not only women and girls, but men and boys were fainting by the scores when it was finally realised that we had lost our Rebbe.

In Lubavitch House Manchester, T.V. sets were dotted around the hall - also in the women's section, so that everyone present could see and hear what was occurring at the cemetery.

Officially, except for a few important people, no one was supposed to enter or be in the cemetery whilst the burial was taking place. Special passes had to be obtained.

Well, the place was absolutely crowded. Most of my family, the Lews and Jaffes, were at the graveside - I suppose that in their opinion they were all in that special category and did not require special passes.

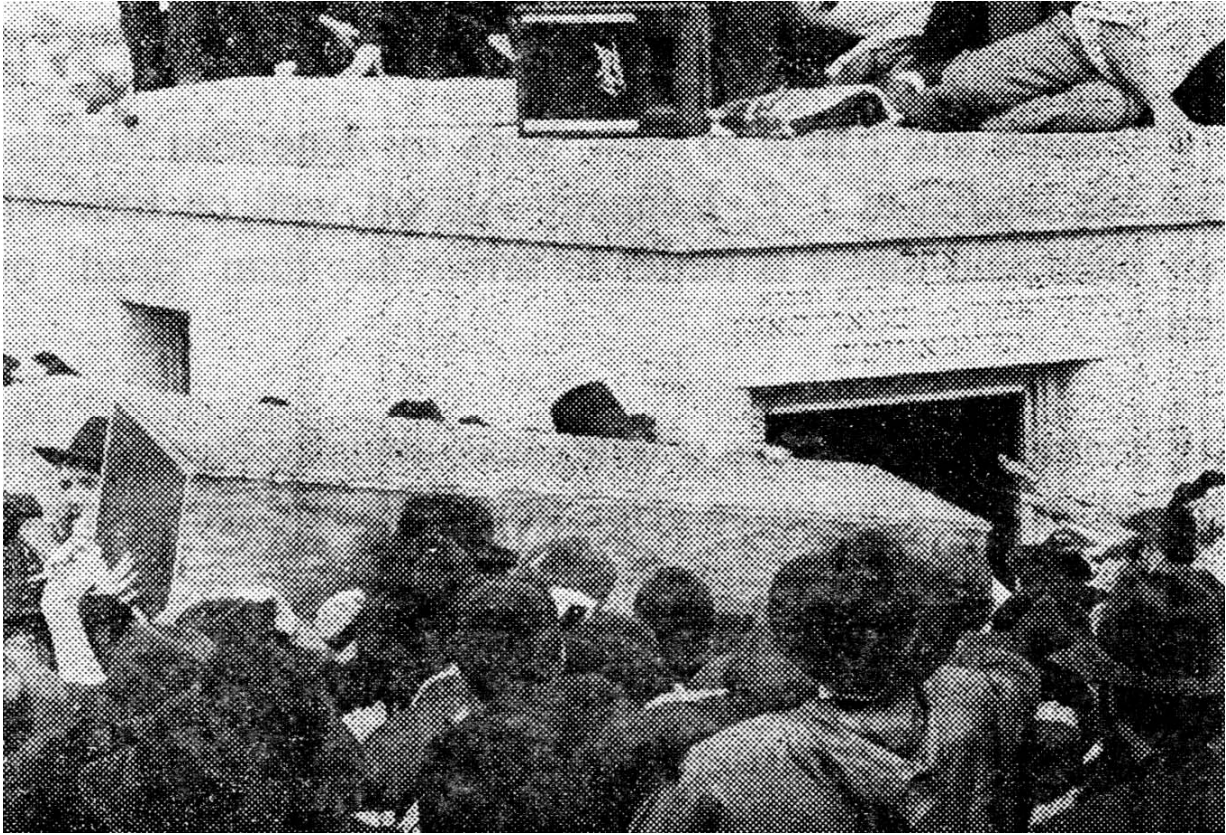
Dovid (Jaffe) had even taken his two young sons, Menachem Mendel aged 4 and Yankel aged 3, and hoisted them precariously upon the roof of the actual Mausoleum so that they could "have a good view."



The coffin had been constructed from the Rebbe's own personal desk and shtender (lectern), solid, Israeli wood, and so it was tremendously heavy and dangerous to handle.

And during the whole of the proceedings all we could hear were people shouting, "Boys get off of the roof, get off! GET OFF!!" It was terribly hazardous and I still cannot ascertain how they found the courage, the nerve or even the Chutzpah to stand in such a prominent, exposed and dangerous position.

It was interesting to observe that except for the one man who screamed out that the Rebbe should arise and be revealed as the Moshiach, there were no funeral orations.



It is a Lubavitcher custom that no "Hespeidim", i.e., Elegies and Eulogies, are delivered at the cemetery during a burial.

However, there is one exception, and that is when a Saintly Person passes away this rule is waived.

Yet, today, when the Guf, the body of the greatest Tzadik of our generation was laid to rest, then not one single oration was delivered.

The Rebbe was always humble and modest in his lifetime and he did not reverse this characteristic at his passing.

OUR VISIT TO 770

Roselyn and I flew to New York by American Airlines and we landed at J. F. Kennedy Airport well on time. (It has been said that it is better to arrive late than "dead" on time).

Channah Lew, Pincus's wife, was actually awaiting our arrival in the concourse. Her time-keeping was perfect, unlike that of some of our grandchildren.

We reached our apartment at 2.30 p.m and Sholom Ber (Lew) had the Zechus (merit) to help me to carry our suitcases and the heavy cartons of my books downstairs to our basement flat - well, at least I did tell him where to put them!!

The Services at 770 were being held at the usual times, as in the past. Morning Shacharis was at 10 a.m; Mincha at 3.15 p.m; Maariv, in the summer, at 9.05 p.m.

The four principal secretaries of the Rebbe, Rabbis Label Groner, Yudel Krinsky, Binyamin Klein and Simpson, were formally sitting Shiva in the Rebbe's study, and they took it in turns to officiate at the Services. It was just time for Mincha so I made my way to the Rebbe's study.

To my great surprise and annoyance, a young man barred my way and exclaimed, "Please give other people – and especially boys - the chance to Daven (pray) in the Rebbe's study."

I was flabbergasted and very much taken aback. I had only just arrived after travelling over ten hours - over 3,000 miles, so I felt that I was entitled to join this - for me - first service.

The number of people allowed into the study was supposed to be limited to thirty. However, more than eighty men and boys were squeezed into that little room - and about a hundred boys were standing outside the study and upon the stairway.

As I stood in this room it brought back to me vivid memories of our many Yechidus with the Rebbe which had taken place at all times of the night and early morning (past midnight).

I felt the Rebbe's presence all around me but I had never, ever, Davened (prayed) in this room.

Actually, it was more emotional for me when I joined the service in the Shool downstairs. This was especially so on Shabbos when Shimon Neubolt placed the Rebbe's lectern, covered with a beautiful white cloth, and stood it in its usual place on the platform, and I could almost visualise that the Rebbe was actually standing there as he had always done for so many years. This was especially so when we sang a Nigun, for example, Hu Elokainu, when we could envisage that the Rebbe was there furiously conducting the assembly. The Rebbe's chair was also in its usual position. No Tachnun was said all the week.

When a Farbraingen was held, then the Rebbe's chair, which always remained unoccupied, was placed in its usual position on the Dais, in the centre of the top table.

For many years at the Farbraingen at 770, the Rebbe had always been surrounded by dozens of Rabbonim who stood or sat in a semi-circle behind the Rebbe.

In due course, most of these older Chassidim have passed away and I had noticed recently at the Bess Olam (cemetery) that some of the Rebbe's most intimate disciples were already, literally, lying - and waiting peacefully in a similar semi-circle for the advent of the Rebbe.

Amongst these were the Rabbonim, The Rashag, Kazonofsky, Simpson, Gordon, Katz, Hecht, Krinsky, Kunin, Drizin, Dvorkin, Duchman, Chadakov, Mentelik and "Feter" (uncle) Lieberman. Many of these had been my co-guests at the Rebbe's table for the Shavuos Yom Tov meals.

The Rebbe was laid to rest, and there they stood, a dozen or so large tombstones which marked the burial places of these Rabbonim, and set out in a semi-circle behind the Rebbe - just as they used to be at 770 when they were alive.

I knew all of the above mentioned Rabbis personally – and thirty five years or so later – I am just as well acquainted with some of their sons.

It is amazing, but through this it is possible to study, contemplate and comprehend the theme of "Tehiyas HaMaysim" - the resurrection of the dead.

The sons have assumed the likeness, mannerisms and characters of their fathers - as we read in the Rashi of Genesis XXV.19, that Isaac looked like the image of his father, Abraham.

Even voices sound the same. I know from personal experience that on the telephone callers mistake me for my son Avrohom - and vice versa. Years ago, one could not tell the difference on the telephone between me and my father (O.H.).

On many occasions, Roselyn has blurted out, "Zalmon, you are just like your father!!" And I would retort, "Who do you expect me to be like - your father?"

Afterwards, I had a private meeting with Label and it was resolved that:

- (a) I should, obviously, discontinue my weekly letter to the Rebbe sent every Friday.
- (b) I should give up the tenancy of our basement apartment next door but one to 770. Actually, Mrs. Itkin, my Landlady, was already pressing me to do so.
- (c) I should continue to write "My Encounter with the Rebbe" as already instructed by the Rebbe, and
- (d) to deliver to Kehos, and other shops, further quantities of my books for public sale, for the benefit of our Yeshiva.
- (e) It was logical to continue to recite the Rebbe's portion of the Tehilim (Psalms), according to his age group, every day, and
- (f) it was just as logical to include the Blessings for the Rebbe when we recited the "Grace after

Meals". (We say these Blessings for parents even when they have passed away.)

(g) To continue to send letters, or a P/N (Pidyan Nefesh) - a special entreaty to be placed upon the graveside of the Rebbe - Label had already received scores of these letters.

Lubavitch do not believe in a public unveiling of a Matzaiva – a tombstone. Therefore, on Sunday Morning at 7a.m, the day after the Shiva had concluded, contractors arrived at the Ohel with wagons, cranes, building materials and tackle to place the tombstone in position. No one was allowed into the Ohel at that time - but, at 9.30 a.m when the work was completed, it became "open to visitors."

The Rebbe was now lying next to his father-in-law, the previous Rebbe, both had identical Matzaivos, and as one entered this holy place, one would be facing the two tombstones - with the Rebbe on the left. Here is a photograph of this with Rabbi Yudel Krinsky standing in between the two.



All week, every day (except Shabbos), every hour from 8 a.m until 9 p.m, buses left 770 for the Ohel. This service was free. No charge at all.

Pincus's Channah insisted upon driving Roselyn and me to the Ohel very early on Monday morning. We entered by the side entrance which was close to the Ohel.

A number of tankers were drawn up along the roadside. They each contained five hundred gallons of water. A tap protruded from every one to enable people to obtain water for washing one's hand (which is the custom when leaving a cemetery) and for drinking.

On the previous day, Sunday, drinking water was also provided for everyone. Crowded buses and hundreds of cars brought thousands to the cemetery and the weather was so hot and sultry that this service became an absolute necessity. People were fainting all day long until 2.30 p.m when the weather broke and sheets of rain poured down from the heavens.

Within a few months a house had been purchased, which was situated very near to the side entrance to the cemetery. This was also the gateway nearest to the Rebbe's Ohel.

When one walked out of the back door of this house, one would find oneself already inside the cemetery and only yards from the Ohel. This was very convenient when this Bess Olam was closed and locked up for the night.

So we had now established a new Chabad House where one could enjoy real Lubavitch hospitality. A special Fax machine had also been installed and one could Fax a letter or Entreaty direct to this Chabad House from anywhere in the world. This would be taken immediately to the Ohel and placed at the graveside - or even read out if so desired. It was anticipated that a Mikvah would also be erected shortly nearby.

It was early on this Monday morning and there were only a few people present, so we had a little time to spend with the Rebbe.

I read out my letter and entreaty and I explained to the Rebbe that I was very pleased that, healthwise, Roselyn and I were doing nicely. Also, we thanked G-d that the number of our great-grandchildren continued to increase - and all were in excellent health, K.A.H.

(You will see by the "Family Tree" at the beginning of this book how well, K.A.H., we are doing)
But business was still causing me worries and aggravation.

(Avrohom complained that I was a "continual WORRIER", whereas I should be a "HAPPY WARRIOR")

I told the Rebbe that as he was now sitting in his rightful place, at the right hand of the A'Mighty, and together with the Previous Rebbe, so I now appealed to him, AND to the Previous Rebbe, to intervene on my behalf.

I was really getting rather fed up with business - especially at my age - and I demanded to see some improvement.

(Well, believe it or not - when we returned home I did find a decided improvement. I even sold many thousands of pounds worth of old stock which had been lying around in my warehouse for ages.)

LIFE HAS TO GO ON!

I delivered copies of my latest Instalment, No. 25, to the Kehos bookshop and to the Judaica shop in Kingston Avenue. Rabbi Sillkop of Kehos paid me - well not cash - yet - but a wonderful compliment by requesting copies of my previous - back editions. I had a few, of numbers 20 to 24, at our apartment which I delivered to him. He wanted even earlier ones and maintained that many people were asking for these.

It was really a shame that so many persons from all over the world now wanted to read my books but I have no proper, professional agency to handle the distribution.

Meanwhile, life has to go on, and it was expected that nine Chasanim (bridegrooms) would be called up to the Torah at the Shabbos service which was held in this small study of the Rebbe. Nine Chasanim are K.A.H. a lot of young men but it was the number of men and boys who would be accompanying them that would make this room - maybe - a little overcrowded.

We had been invited to the wedding of Channah, the eldest daughter of our friends and (Crown Heights) neighbours Raizie and Myer Minkowitz, on the following Tuesday.

Two weeks ago, Raizie had given birth to a baby boy and the Bris had taken place at the correct time.

Roselyn and I were present at the wedding and Myer appointed me as and "Aid" - a witness. My task was to stand under the Chuppah; to examine the ring; and to ensure that it was perfect and it was the property of the groom. Then I had to confirm that this ring was placed on the correct finger of the bride and to listen intently when the Chosson recited the sentence commencing with the words, "Harrai At" ("With this ring you are connected to me according to the law of Moses and of Israel")

Meanwhile, there was a long delay under the Chuppah. It was extremely hot, unbearably so, and the bride very nearly fainted. Raizie had obtained a large, heavy envelope and she lifted up the Kallah's heavy veil and kept wafting this makeshift fan in front of her face to cool her down.

We waited - and we waited - in the sweltering heat - until, at last, we realised that no one had remembered to bring along the wine.

(Sholom Weisz told me that he once attended a wedding and they forgot to bring a prayer book or a programme of the marriage ceremony.)

Sholom added that a non-Jewish friend had attended that wedding and he subsequently sent a "Thank you" letter to the hostess. He mentioned that, "It had been a wonderful wedding and please convey my compliments and thanks to Miss Beth Din for her excellent and unsurpassed catering!!"

I like the story of a gentleman who was dining in a Jewish, Kosher restaurant and requested a bottle of wine. The non-Jewish manageress explained to him that he would have to wait until the Moshiach arrived. - She meant the Mashgiach - the Supervisor and not the Messiah.)

To continue. Eventually a boy arrived with a bottle of wine and a beautiful cut glass goblet. The bride and groom would subsequently swallow only a couple of mouthfuls of wine and, so as to

ensure that the Blessing on this wine was not made in vain, it is a Lubavitcher custom that a young man is selected to drink all the wine which remains in this glass.

This empty goblet is then broken at the end of the service - by the Chosson stamping upon it. This is to remind us that even during our joy we have always to remember the destruction of our Temple in Jerusalem.

Our Mechutan, Rabbi Marlow, who was officiating and was in charge of the proceedings, indicated to me that it would be a disgrace and a shame to break such a beautiful and expensive glass.

I maintained that as it was so terribly hot and the poor bride could barely stand because of the suffocating heat, and lack of food, (for the bride and groom normally fast on this day until after the ceremony) therefore, we should waste no more time if there was no other glass available at this moment, then we should carry on with the service with the goblet which we already possessed.

Still, Rabbi Marlow persisted in waiting because, "It was ridiculous to break such an expensive goblet." In due course, the lad returned - and he had brought - wait for it - a solid silver "Becher" - unbreakable - of course. So we therefore had to use the beautiful, expensive, crystal, cut glass goblet, upon which the groom stamped his foot at the end of the service and it broke into a thousand pieces. Mazel Tov! - Mazel Tov!

I had not yet completed my job as a witness and, after the ceremony, I had to accompany the newly-weds to a small private room where refreshments were provided. I had to ensure that they would enjoy complete privacy for the certain length of time as laid down by our Rabbis.

CONCLUSION OF SHALOSHIM

When Shaloshim (the end of the thirty days of mourning) arrived, I was asked to be one of the speakers at the Hilton Suite where about 850 people attended. I said the following:

We read in the Torah that when Aaron HaKohen, the High Priest, died, the Bnei Yisroel (Israelites) wept for thirty days. And when HaShem took away Moishe Rabbainu from this world they also mourned for him thirty days. No more and no less! That is the Halocha!

I can do no better than read to you a letter which the Rebbe sent to my sister when she had suffered a tragic bereavement and would not - and could not be consoled nor comforted.

This letter gives the views of the Rebbe on the subject of Availus - very clearly - concisely and unambiguously. Here are the exact words of the Rebbe:

By the Grace of G-d, 5th of Nissan, 5735

Blessing and Greeting:

I am in receipt of your correspondence and trust that you received my regards through your brother R' Zalmon who was here for the Yud Shevat observance.

I must reiterate again what was said when you were here in regard to Bitochon in G-d that all that He does is for the good. It is not easy to accept the passing of a near and dear one, but since our Torah, which is called Toras Chayim, our guide in life, sets limits to mourning periods, it is clear that when the period ends it is no good to extend it - not good, not only because it disturbs the life that must go on here on earth, but also because it does not please the soul that is in this World of Truth.

A further point which, I believe, I mentioned during our conversation, but apparently from your letter not emphatically enough, is this: It would be contrary to plain common sense to assume that a sickness, or accident, and the like, could affect the soul, for such physical things can only affect the physical body and its union with the soul, but certainly not the soul itself. It is also self-evident that the relationship between parents and children, is in essence and content a spiritual one, transcending time and space - of qualities that are not subject to the influence of bodily accident, disease, etc.

It follows that when a close person passes on, by the will of G-d, those left here can no longer see him with their eyes or hear him with their ears; but the soul, in the World of Truth, can see and hear. And when he sees that the relatives are overly disturbed by his physical absence, it is saddened, and, conversely, when it sees that after the mourning period prescribed by the Torah a normal and fully productive life is resumed, it can happily rest in peace.

Needless to say, in order that the above be accepted not only intellectually but actually implemented in the everyday life, it is necessary to be occupied, preferably involved in matters of "personal" interest and gratification. As I also mentioned in our conversation, every Jew has a most gratifying and edifying task of spreading light in the world through promoting Yiddishkeit. Particularly, as in your case, where one can be of so much help and inspiration to children and grandchildren who look up to you and your husband for encouragement, wisdom, etc.

Here is also the answer to your question, what can you do for the soul of the dear one. Spreading Yiddishkeit around you effectively, displaying simple Yiddish faith in G-d and in His benevolent Providence doing all the good work that has to be done, with confidence and peace of mind - this is what truly gratifies the soul in Olam HaEmes, in addition to fulfilling your personal and most lofty mission in life as a daughter of our Mothers Sarah, Rachel and Leah, and thereby also serving as an inspiring example for others to emulate.

It is possible to enlarge on the above, but knowing your family background and tradition, I trust the above will suffice. I might add, however, that one must beware of the Yetzer-hara who is very crafty and knows that certain people cannot be approached openly and without disguise. So he tries to trick them by disguising himself in a mantle of piety and emotionalism, etc., saying: "You know, G-d has prescribed a period of mourning, which shows it is the right thing to do; so why not do more than that and extend the period?" In this way he may have a chance to succeed in distracting the person from the fact that at the end of the said period, the Torah requires the Jew to serve G-d with joy. The Yetzer-hara will even encourage a person to give Tzedoka in memory of the soul, learn Torah and doing Mitzvoth in memory of the soul, except that in each case it be associated with sadness and pain. But, as indicated, this is exactly contrary to the objective, which is to cause pleasure and gratification to the soul.

May G-d grant that, inasmuch as we are approaching the Festival of Our Freedom, including also freedom from everything that distracts a Jew from serving G-d wholeheartedly and with joy, that this should be so also with you, in the midst of all our people, and that you should be a source of inspiration and strength to your husband, children and grandchildren, and all around you.

Wishing you and all the family Chag Koshe v'Some'ach,

With blessing, (signed) M. Schneerson

There is a time for crying and a time for laughter, and the Alter Rebbe warns us in the Tanya against being sad and dejected, especially during prayers.

We are enjoined to "Serve G-d with joy" and "To greet all men with a smiling face."

A few reminiscences on this theme: The Rebbe had invited me to join him for Yom Tov meals, together with about a dozen of his elder Chassidim, which were held upstairs in the apartment of the Previous Rebbetzen.

After the first dinner, the Rebbe asked me how I had enjoyed this meal. I replied that the meal was very nice and traditional but I did have to admit that I found the atmosphere very strained and depressing. "G-d forbid it was like a morgue." I explained that, in my opinion, this was not the correct way that Chassidim should behave at a Yom Tov meal with their Rebbe where they all sat with long, sad, dismal and sombre faces. It was their duty to make the Rebbe Freilich (happy).

The Rebbe interrupted and said that he agreed wholeheartedly that, "The Chassidim darfen machen der

Rebbe freilich," and he added that "it is up to you, Reb Schneur Zalmon, to do this job."

So I was appointed to be the Court Jester!

Incidentally, the Rebbe thanked Roselyn for giving me permission to join the Rebbe and thereby leaving Roselyn on her own for the Yom Tov meals.

Roselyn intimated that the Rebbetzen was also left alone. The Rebbe maintained that the Rebbetzen was used to this for many years. Roselyn said, "Biz 120!"

As a matter of fact, over the years Fetter (uncle) Lieberman taught me a few tricks. The Rebbe never joined us for luncheon until after 2 p.m giving the "Fetter" time to go home to make Kiddush on a giant tumblerful of vodka (followed by a tumblerful of water to put out the fire.) He then had a snack and a Shloff (sleep) for an hour.

Therefore, I followed his example - not regarding the vodka - and made Kiddush and ate the fish course together with Roselyn.

I always did my best to make the Rebbe happy during our private Yechidus when it was wonderful to see the Rebbe so relaxed and his eyes sparkling with intense good humour and mirth.

On one occasion, at about 11 p.m, I had just arrived from Manchester and Rabbi Chadakov had told me to wait outside the Rebbe's study so that as soon as Rabbi Chaim Gutnick emerged I could enter for Yechidus.

Two hours later Chaim Gutnick came out. I entered the room and found the Rebbe sitting in his chair behind his desk looking absolutely exhausted. His face lit up when he saw me and we spent the next hour laughing and joking.

When I left, Rabbi Chadakov told me that, "You don't know what good you have done to the Rebbe: he has been reinvigorated. Keep up the good work."

At that time I asked the Rebbe why he showered upon me so much Koved (honour). I thought that he would answer that it was because I made him Freilich and I had a smiling face, etc. The Rebbe replied that this Koved was given to me, "Not for what you are doing now but for what you are going to do in the future."

Years later, I again asked the Rebbe this question and added that a few years previously the Rebbe had told me that it was for the work I was going to do in the future.

The Rebbe retorted, "Yes, the same applies today." On many occasions the Rebbe had told me that he loved to be surrounded by happy faces. He hated to see miserable countenances.

When my books contained 50 pages he instructed me to write 100 pages. It seemed impossible. Then the Rebbe said, "Make it 200!" And still I managed to fulfil the Rebbe's instructions. This year I have filled 328 pages - a miracle!

I have always been close to the Rebbe and these days I have the most peculiar feeling that the Rebbe is even nearer to me than ever.

When I wrote my little note, Pidyan, at the Ohel a couple of weeks ago, I found it impossible to write Z.Tz.L.

After a lifetime of writing to the Rebbe, Shelita, I found that I could not change the title and I wrote my usual type of letter and explained certain problems which I was encountering at home and at business, and told the Rebbe straight that now he was in Gan Eden and sitting at the right side of HaShem, he should intercede with the A'Mighty and I expected immediate and satisfactory results - which I am delighted to tell you have been forthcoming.

In conclusion, we have had our instructions over many years. We have to carry on with Achdus (unity) and Ahavas Yisroel to increase Lubavitch work: with good humour too!

And we must endeavour to ensure that the soul of our dear Rebbe is kept happy and contented by our successful activities here on this earth.

THE FIRST YAHRTZEIT

On Gimmel, the third day of Tamuz (July 1st, 1995), we concluded the "twelve months of the Official Period of mourning for the Rebbe."

Many Chassidim felt that they ought to continue to mourn for their Rebbe, their Leader and Guide, for a much longer time.

Yet the Rebbe wrote a letter to the effect that the official duration of grief, as laid down by our Rabbis, should be strictly adhered to and should never be extended.

This would not be good for the mourners nor for the soul that had ascended to Gan Eden.

We have learned that the Children of Israel mourned for their leader, Moishe Rabbainu, for thirty days, but will anyone ever forget Moses, or his teachings?

It has been a peculiarity of this past year that the Rebbe has always been referred to by his Chassidim as just "The Rebbe" as if he were still with us - alive and vibrant - and replying to all our pleas and enquiries - and extending blessings to all those who submitted "Pidyonim" (requests) either at his graveside or at some other special self-evident holy place.

There are already innumerable, wonderful stories in circulation of how many people have received answers to their pleas and enquiries in so many miraculous ways.

Incidentally, it is a well-known axiom that when a Tzadik passes away he becomes even more closely associated with his Chassidim.

The "Alter Rebbe" confirms this in the section of "Igeret HaKodesh" (of the Tanya) chapter 27 & 27b.

He wrote, "It is stated in the sacred Zohar that when a Tzadik departs from this life he is found in all worlds even more so than in his lifetime."

"This is hard to understand because, obviously, as he has ascended to the Upper Worlds then that is the place where he is expected to be found."

"But how can he be found more in this world?" The Zohar continues, "That as far as worldly and mundane matters are concerned, Tzadikim shield the world, and after their death even more than in their life."

"This can be explained by the fact that the life of a Tzadik is not a physical one but a spiritual life consisting of Faith, Awe (fear) and Love, and whilst the Tzadik was alive on this earth, these three attributes were contained in their vessel, i.e., in the Guf (the body) of the Tzadik."

The Alter Rebbe continues, "That it is known that something sacred is never wholly or totally uprooted from its place or original level, even after it has reached the highest point (in Gan Eden)."

"After his passing, the Guf remains in the grave whilst his spirit "Ruach" abides in Gan Eden."

We have an uncanny feeling that the Rebbe is still with us and it is therefore only natural that we should feel impelled to visit the Ohel where the physical remains of our Rebbe are lying in his Eternal Resting Place on this earth.

The Rebbe has proved this point to us when every year he was called up to the Torah for the outstanding Aliya of "Choson Beraishis". The Rebbe's late father-in-law, the Previous Rebbe, was always called up to join him in this great Mitzvah, although only in spirit!

GIMMEL TAMUZ AT CROWN HEIGHTS

As I have already stated, this first Yartzeit occurred on Shabbos, 5755.

Thousands of visitors poured into Crown Heights for this occasion and it was like "olden times" at 770 with all the pushing and shtupping.

The main day for visiting the cemetery was, therefore, on the previous day, Friday.

Hershel Gorman had arrived at the Ohel at 5.30 in the morning and discovered that there were quite a few people there already present. Fifteen minutes later it became impossible to move.

Shmuel (Lew) went to the Mikvah at 6.30 a.m - nice and early - and he arrived at the Ohel at 8.30 a.m - also, nice and early.

But he discovered that so many people were already waiting in a long queue that it took one and a half hours to reach the Ohel.

Then, because of the extreme pressure, he was allowed to spend only five minutes inside with the Rebbe.

Avrohom Weisz arrived at J. F. Kennedy Airport direct from London at about 1.30 p.m on that same Friday afternoon. He decided that, as he was so very near to the cemetery, it would be sensible to drive direct to the Ohel.

When he arrived he found that many thousands of people, of every type and category, were milling around and that scores of police were patrolling this area.

One of the officers, who happened to be Jewish, was shouting in a very loud voice that everyone should recite the special prayers which were said on visiting the graveside of a Tzaddik whilst they were actually waiting in the queue before they even entered the Ohel.

Avrohom Weisz waited for two hours in the intense and sizzling heat and then, when at long last he reached the Ohel, he was ordered to leave his P/N (entreaty) and leave immediately.

Many people stayed at a hotel near the airport and held a Minyan on the following day, Shabbos, at the New Chabad House situated at the cemetery.

I heard that many persons were keen to purchase a house in that vicinity.

Inside 770, Sholom Gansberg stood outside the Rebbe's study with a bell. He allowed persons who were visiting on their own to remain inside for two minutes, whilst family groups attending together had their time extended to three minutes.

So Sholom's bell was clanging away every few moments. People were given their appointments well in advance and the system worked very well indeed.

And yet, there were still many hundreds of visitors cluttering up the waiting room!!

Because this Yartzeit was on a Shabbos, which entailed much walking, besides the huge overcrowding at 770, I decided that I would choose a more convenient day for my visit to the Rebbe.

There was now a new Lubavitch custom of flying over for the one day to see the Rebbe on some special occasion, such as before Rosh Hashona or Yom Kippur, or on some other notable date. Avrohom has flown on several occasions. He also took along P/N's or letters from friends to be left at the Ohel. Benzion Lewis indicated that he received an answer to his query at the identical moment that Avrohom submitted his P/N.

On their way to Miami to see their children, Channah and Yossi Marlow and their grandchildren (our great-grandchildren), Avrohom and Susan made a small diversion to the cemetery and then continued their journey to Florida.

People were obtaining replies to their queires by many diverse methods. The two most popular systems were:

1) To place their letter or P/N at random inside a "Sefer Igeret" - a book which consisted of replies by the Rebbe to various correspondents. There have been a number of these volumes published.

The book was then opened at the page where their own letter had been inserted and it was amazing how successful they were in obtaining meaningful replies.

One fellow had asked the Rebbe whether he should emigrate to Israel. A day or two later he emerged from a shop and amongst his change he found a dollar bill on which was written, "You should go to Israel." Someone had probably received this reply from the Rebbe a few years previously and had written this message on this actual dollar bill.

This note had now been in circulation for a few years and after all that time this fellow, by some miracle, just had to pick up this dollar and message.

Personally, I preferred to hand over my P/N to a friend or relative who was flying to New York. He would place this letter at the Ohel.

We realise and appreciate that the A-Mighty is present everywhere, all over the world.

We have the opportunity of praying to Him at anytime - in a Shool, at home or at any remote and quiet place. Yet, we are told that G-d prefers us to pray at His chosen spot - in Jerusalem, and has even shown a preference that we should visit this place on those three special occasions during the year. Preferably, everyone should gather together at this one location at these three happy times. This does not prevent us from praying to G-d twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, wherever we are.

We are also told that since the destruction of our Holy Beis HaMikdosh, the Shechinah of the A-Mighty has never left that place. That is the reason why Jews are attracted to this centre to pray, to entreat and even to have the Zechus to hold a Simcha - such as a Bar Mitzvah - at this, the most Holy ground for the Jewish Nation on earth.

Similarly, but obviously to a much lesser degree, we Lubavitch Chassidim can well understand that the Soul - the Spirit of the Rebbe in his Heavenly Abode has the power to be everywhere in this world, and therefore, we can contact the Rebbe anywhere and everywhere. Yet, the most holy place for Lubavitch Chassidim is the Ohel where the mortal remains of the Rebbe are resting.

This is confirmed in the Torah where Caleb, who was part of the group which went to spy out the Land of Israel, made a detour to Shechem to visit the Ohel of our Patriarchs. (See Rashi on Bamidbar, chapter 13, verse 23) to pray for the success of this mission.

So this is a very good reason, and example to us, to visit the Ohel of the Rebbe with our entreaties.

To sum up, the best place to visit the Rebbe is at the Ohel. But any place - anywhere - would also be acceptable and suitable for making contact.

We had now settled down into an accepted and well established routine with the Rebbe taking his usual prominent position in Lubavitch.

The new Chabad House at the cemetery was under the control and authority of Rabbi Refson, the son of Dayan Refson of Leeds and a brother-in-law of my grandson Shmulie. He possesses all the latest technology in telecommunications and letters and Faxes are being received continuously with instructions to place these messages directly onto the Ohel. This is in addition to the continuous daily flow of the many tens of thousands of visitors who are anxious to make this pilgrimage in person.

Rabbi Refson is kept very busy but is fortunate that he possesses all the facilities for dealing with any and every emergency. ...Shelter, coffee, cake, writing materials and so forth are always being provided, non-stop.

The address is:

The Ohel (or Rabbi Refson)
226-20 Francis Lewis Boulevard
Cambria Heights
New York 11411

Office Telephone No:
(From England) 00178-723-4545
Fax No:- 00178-723-4444

SOROLIE AND SHMULIE

Rabbi Shmulie (Jaffe) was introduced to Sorole (Refson). It was "Love at first sight" and the marriage took place within a few weeks.

I have always composed poems to commemorate these happy occasions. This one is self explanatory.

Sorolie and Shmulie

Shmuelie arrived home from California for a very short visit.
He was to return at once to take Camp and receive 3,000
dollars. He was certainly with it.

Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne did suggest that he should meet a certain
young lady, whom he had in mind
Shmuelie protested that he was much too young to be
interested in a maiden of that kind.

Shmuelie's researchers - sister Channah, cousin Chaya, advised
him to waste no time and to meet this little beauty
Who was cute and possessed every wonderful attribute.

Shmuelie was reluctant to give up the \$3,000 plus expenses
paid holiday
But he was certainly impressed with what Channah and Chaya
had to say.

This girl did not reside thousands of miles away, nor over the
seas
Just over the Pennines, it was only about forty miles to Leeds.

Her name was Sorole, the daughter of the Dayan of the local
Beth Din
So Shmuelie took a chance, took a car and arrived at the home
of the girl whom he hoped to win.

Shmuelie met Sorole. they both liked what they saw
So they met again - and again - and more and more.

After only these few meetings they had made up their minds
To marry within weeks and leave their single status behind.

Meanwhile, Shmuelie flew to Crown Heights to study and
ponder
And discovered the truth that "absence does make the heart
grow fonder."

It is a Mitzva in the Torah to spend the first year of marriage to
give Simcha and joy to one's darling wife
We hope that Sorole and Shmuelie will make each other happy
throughout their future life.

In the time of the Gemorrah, Sheva Brochus lasted for one
whole year
But a week is enough. The Choson and Kaleh could not
manage one more chicken dinner.

Shmuelie was always desirous of becoming an illustrious
Dayan
He has very nearly succeeded. He married the daughter of one.

The Chupa was in Leeds, the dinner and dance were in
Bradford.

It was a fabulous event and no one was bored.

It was a wonderful occasion which was greatly enhanced
By the presence of good friends and Yeshiva boys who danced
and danced and danced.

Sorole is a lovely girl, pretty and friendly and with lots of sense
Shmuelie is extremely happy - and lucky, for she will make of
him a fine Bala Batisha Mench.
(Tra la la la la...)

LEVI YITZCHOK JAFFE GETS A JOB

Levi (Jaffe) had been offered a job as the Rabbi of a Shool in Australia. Not in the city of Sydney, nor in Melbourne, with their large Jewish infrastructure and nucleus of Shools, Yeshiva and other Jewish institutions, but in the city of Brisbane which is situated about a thousand miles north east of Melbourne, with Sydney approximately half-way in between.

Furthermore, the position which Levi was offered was not in the main Shool but in an outlying district of Brisbane.

Although not many families were residing in this area, they urgently needed a Rabbi and guide. Unfortunately, it was not a very wealthy congregation and the Rabbi's salary would cause problems.

However, Australia was now attracting large numbers of new immigrants, and Brisbane, in particular, was to become a popular new focal point and centre for Jewish immigrants.

This was a basic and real Lubavitcher challenge and Levi was young enough to accept this. He flew out on a few months trial period with his wife, Devorah, and baby daughter, Chayelle. He very soon made his mark in that community and good progress was maintained.

Herewith is a copy of a letter which a member of that congregation sent to me - completely unsolicited and very much inspired.

Brisbane 19.6.95

To
Mr. Zalmon Jaffe
105 Cavendish Rd.
Salford 8,
Lancs Eng.

Stanley (Ben) FORD
Jewish Communal Centre
Retirement Village.
Unit 3, 2 Moxon Rd.,
Burbank
QLD 4156

Dear Mr Zalmon Jaffe

I highly commend your book
"My Encounter With The Rebbe" 25th Instalment
The precisness of your book was a pleasure to read, in
fact I read it three times, the book is written in plain
english and easy to read, you deserve full praise for
your work, I look forward to read your 26th edition
G-D Willing

I obtained this nice book from Rabbi Levi
Jaffe, the Rabbi is a fine had, he is also an insperation
to Jewish South Brisbane Congregation Community, after reading
your book I have come to the conclusion that the whole
Jaffe Family is an insperation to Jews worldwide

I wish ^{you} good luck in your endeavors
Shalom Brocha

Ben Ford

P.S
Stanley Ford is by Deed Poll, my real name is Benjamin Ben Leib LEIB
I survived the holocaust and the Warsa Ghetto by a miracle at
the age of 13 year. All my Parents were murdered by the Nazis in
1942 Hashem saved my life
Forgive my mistakes in writing I am self educated

Levi could well predict that there would be a great future for Brisbane Jewry, and although at present this Shool could only afford to pay their minister a very moderate salary, Levi decided to make a sacrifice and he accepted this post. He very much liked the people who were extremely friendly and helpful and this influenced Levi's decision.

So, they settled in Brisbane and, in due course, Devorah presented us with a new great-grandson on the exact day of Gimmel (the third) of Tamuz, the first anniversary of the Rebbe's passing - the first Yahtzeit.

The baby was obviously given the name of Menachem Mendel - and as Levi (Yitzchok) was named after the Rebbe's father (Z.Tz. L.) it became evident that the little boy possessed the exact name of the Rebbe.

Levi had already received his diploma as a Mohel and he personally circumcised his new born son. This is the Halachic ruling but today, in most cases, the Mohel is acting as the agent of the father.

We then realised the justification and reason for his settling in that faraway and remote city. It was because of the Bris (the Covenant of Circumcision) of his Bane (son) = BRISBANE.

Timewise, they were about ten hours ahead of us so, when we had heard the good tidings on that Shabbos morning, it was already after Shabbos in Brisbane.

Incidentally, when Avrohom phoned Levi on the morning of Tisha B'Av, before leaving for Shool, Levi was already enjoying a good meal. It was 6 p.m "tonight" and, as it was wintertime in Australia, the fast concluded very early, unlike 10 p.m according to our Manchester summertime.

A COUPLE OF SNIPS

Just after Tisha B'Av, on Monday, August 7th, Roselyn and I were invited to attend the "Opsher" of our great grandson Mendie - the eldest son of Golda and Avremel Kievman, the Sheliach of the Rebbe in Liverpool.

When a Jewish boy attains his third birthday he has his "Opsher" which is his first haircut.

By this time, the little boy has a large crop of hair which gives him the appearance of a little girl. All relatives and friends are invited to this Simcha - the Ceremonial Haircut. Each one is handed a pair of scissors and cuts off a tiny lock.

We then observe, before our very eyes, how the little girl is transformed into a young boy. From now onwards he will always wear his Tzitzis, a Yarmulkie (Kapel) on his head and learn to make the Blessings on foodstuffs and actions.

Goldie and Avremel conformed to the usual practice and custom and invited all their relatives and friends to come along to their home between the hours of 6.30 p.m and 9.30 p.m.

It was a beautiful day and all the guests mingled in the garden where they enjoyed a rich variety of food and drink.

Mendie sat on a chair and behaved impeccably. He also made certain that those aspiring barbers would place some money in the charity box which lay on a table nearby. People were coming and going all the time. So in brief:

From the hair one took a snip
From the bottle a nip
From the sandwiches a dip
With some friends a quip
It was voted a lovely trip
Which gave everyone a much needed Phillip



A Worried Little Boy

The other "Opsher" took place at the home of Golda and Menachem Yunik on the following Sunday afternoon in Richmond, near London.

Menachem was the Rabbi of Richmond Synagogue and he invited all the members of the congregation with their families to attend this Simcha which was the first haircut for their second son Avi.

This was a more formal affair and all were invited from 3 o'clock until 6 p.m. This meant that guests were expected to arrive at 3 o'clock and stay until 6 p.m. Nearly all the members came along together with their wives and children, and most were punctual.

For over an hour the guests ate, drank and chatted in the large garden. After which the formal proceedings commenced. Menachem introduced Avi, the birthday boy, and explained the importance of this third anniversary when Chinuch (Jewish education of boys) was started. Rabbi Shmuel (Lew), my son-in-law, recited a few words of Torah and concluded with Blessings and good wishes on behalf of all those present.

Menachem then called upon the Chief Kohen of his Shool to cut the first lock of hair, followed by great grandparents and grandparents, after which, all the men, women and children formed a line and cut small pieces of Avi's hair.

Avi really enjoyed himself, accepting gifts and tributes. Eating, drinking and chatting continued until 6 p.m. Roselyn and I stayed overnight.

On the following day, Menachem took Avi to the barbers for a proper haircut. At the hairdressers, Avi screamed and cried and refused point blank to sit on the chair. He wanted another "Opsher" party. So the barber came along to Golda's home where tea, cake and sandwiches were again served. I think Avi was disappointed at the lack of more presents.

DOVID'S WORK

Dovid (Jaffe) continues to do wonderful work as the Rebbe's Sheliach in Bowden, South Manchester.

Some typical examples:

He organized a summer day camp and appointed ten girl leaders plus those for the boys. The campers were asked to bring along their own sandwiches. The mother of one girl took the easy way out and bought a ready-made sandwich from Mcdonalds!! I hope it was not a "burger".

Of all the boys who attended, only one was wearing Tzitzis. Parents dashed off to buy their sons these "Arba Canfas". An example of children bringing back parents to the fold.

A singles evening had been arranged and about two hundred and fifty boys and girls were present. During the evening all were exchanging addresses and telephone numbers. If these socials would become too successful there would be no single people left!

A New Sefer Torah for Lubavitch in honour of the Rebbe

My grandson, Rabbi Dovid Jaffe, is walking beside me

A New Sefer Torah for Lubavitch in honour of the Rebbe

My grandson, Rabbi Dovid Jaffe, is walking beside me



LABEL GRONER'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER

We learnt that Label (Groner) and Yehudis, his wife, were in Israel for a family Simcha.

Since the Rebbe has passed away, we had not had the pleasure nor satisfaction of greeting or welcoming even one member of the Lubavitch Hierarchy of 770. It was considered to be a good idea to invite Label to visit Manchester on his way back to Crown Heights.

We, in Manchester, felt neglected and needed some encouragement and inspiration at that moment. I invited Label and Yehudis to share their reminiscences and memories with us and we were delighted when they accepted.

About eight hundred people were present at the Holy Law Shool to hear label's address. There were a few special buses from London because Label did not visit the capital at this time.

Altogether, they spent a hectic two days here. Label was in great demand. He Farbrainged with the Yeshiva boys and spoke to the women. They visited schools and had not a moment to spare. They recreated for us the wonderful atmosphere and spirit of 770 and left a lasting impression.

I have scores of stories about the Rebbe. Label has hundreds. He should write these in a book because it would be a shame not to possess a permanent record of these.

Below is a photograph showing Label and me holding a grand reunion.



WE FLY TO EILAT - 1995 - AND I BECOME UNWELL

My sister-in-law, Yetta, brother Ephraim's wife, had been suffering from an incurable illness for many years. It was now November, 1994.

She had been kept alive only through the constant and encouraging Brochus from the Rebbe and the latest technological advances and new methods in medical treatment, and also, by the devoted attention of Ephraim.

My sister, Rosy, was in a very similar predicament. Suddenly, both relatives began to deteriorate very rapidly and there was not much hope that they would recover.

Meanwhile, I had booked and paid for our usual holiday to Eilat which I intended to cancel.

Yetta passed away just a couple of weeks before I lost my sister and, by a curious coincidence, I got up from Shiva on the exact day on which we were due to fly to Israel so we could have left Manchester as originally planned.

Almost a year later, in 1995, we had again booked a holiday in Eilat, when my brother Joe, who had been suffering from a bad heart for many years, passed away on Friday, November 17th. He had continued to carry out his Communal activities until almost the very last moment.

As I would still be sitting Shiva, we had no option but to postpone our holiday until January 1996.

About a month before we were due to fly, I was not feeling too well. Even after walking a hundred yards I had to stop and rest.

Roselyn persuaded me to visit my consultant at the hospital privately.

He gave me a thorough examination for one and a half hours, including x-rays and scans, and the doctor's verdict was, "You are in perfectly good health, Mr. Jaffe."

When I enquired why I became so breathless he replied, "Do you realise how old you are?"

With these assurances we packed our bags and flew to Eilat at the beginning of January.

As soon as we arrived at our destination I discovered that I could not even breathe easily, neither could I eat nor walk. I probably had pneumonia but there were no symptoms showing that I had an illness, no temperature, no phlegm, just nothing except that I felt very ill indeed.

I surmised that it might be pneumonia because I had had this almost every year. Ephraim had prepared for me a D.I.Y. kit of antibiotics for just such an emergency, but no one could confirm that I was really ill especially when my Manchester specialist had guaranteed that I was in good health.

After three weeks, I felt so unwell that Roselyn very easily convinced me that it was time to return home. We got a Jumbo Jet to London and the steward gave me oxygen to make me more "comfortable."

Menachem Yunik collected us from the airport and we stayed overnight in London as we had missed the last plane from London to Manchester.

Next morning, Tully Lowenthal took us to Euston station to avoid the long journey to Heathrow. It had been snowing and freezing all over England - there was no train to Manchester until 11 a.m. We rushed to get this train and then waited in the cold, freezing carriage (there was no engine yet) until 12.45 p.m.

After a nightmare of a journey, we arrived at Manchester. I saw my doctor and a specialist, and a little later on I was lying in bed in hospital being treated for pneumonia and other complications. Faxes were being sent to the Rebbe continuously, every day even more frequently. I spent four weeks in hospital.

The doctors had almost given me up for lost. They worked very hard, and the Rebbe's Brochus certainly helped.

Well, it seemed that the A'Mighty was not yet ready for me and he accepted the Rebbe's Brochus and the doctors efforts on my behalf.

I thank G-d for all His goodness and ensuring that I should recover. I thank the Rebbe for his help and the doctors for their superhuman efforts. And poor Roselyn, whose life I made a misery, but I must admit that she was a great comfort to me, especially when I was in hospital, for her great self-sacrifice in "shlepping" large bags of food and other goodies (to supplement the Kosher hospital meals) through the labyrinth of corridors and up and down the stairs in the hospital.

She always arrived exhausted. It was no wonder that she afterwards stayed with me for such lengthy periods. But her companionship proved invaluable. I spent Purim in hospital and Shmuel and Pincus (Lew) came up to Manchester specially to layen the Megilla in the early evening. Michael Rose read it for me the next day. Ephraim spent many hours at the hospital to ensure that I was receiving the best medical service. Avrohom did a wonderful job as chief co-ordinator.

TICKEY AND YOSSİ

Meanwhile, another member of my family was keeping the Rebbe busy. My granddaughter, Tickey, (Toby Gittel Lew), had been introduced to a very fine young man. His name was Yossi Caplan. As usual, it was "love at first sight" and Toby Gittel could not keep away from New York. They had spent a lot of time at the Ohel entreating the Rebbe for his approval of their Shidduch and much Mazel for the outcome.

We now possess (Nisht) five Yossi's. We differentiate between them as follows:

(1) Mendie Lew - Baby Yossi; (2) Yosef - Channah Lew's husband who insists on his name in full; (3) our Eldest Yossi (Lew); (4) Big Yossi (Marlow, married to Channah Jaffe); and now we have (5) Giant Yossi (Caplan).

Giant Yossi's mother was a Hecht and J.J., my friend, was his great uncle.

Besides the Yichus of being a Hecht, Yossi's other grandfather was Moishe Binyomin Caplan who was a great personal friend of mine too.

Many years ago, Moishe Binyomin, wife and family, arrived in Manchester from Russia (I think). He was well learned and we held Shiurim together. A few years later, the Rebbe advised him to move to Brooklyn where I had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance very often.

We sat on opposite sides of the same bench at the Farbraingen. He well understood the Rebbe's Sichos and he always explained the difficult parts to me. I also remember that he invariably interrupted the speakers at the Kinus HaTorah. He wanted the answers to difficult questions, and he had his own replies too.

It was a wonderful wedding with a happy, joyful atmosphere. One of my happiest moments was when the Kalloh invited me to join her for a dance. It has become a tradition that on these occasions the bride and other granddaughters join their grandfather in a dance.

It was quite late and many guests had already left. After a few minutes of dancing, a chair was brought out and placed on the dancing floor. I was asked to be seated and the Kalloh was joined by my other granddaughters and great-granddaughters who were present and, before long, I counted twenty five of "my girls" who were dancing around me.

There seemed to me to be a lot of pretty girls, K. A. H., twirling around.

The bus, which was ordered to take us back to Lubavitch House at 1.00 a.m, did not leave until 2.30 a.m. The guests just would not leave the hall!!

I have just heard that Sholom Ber has just received his Semicha, so we have, K.A.H., four Rabbi Lews, Kain Yirbu.

We extend a Mazel Tov and good wishes to him. He is a good boy. He is now 22 and would make a good husband.

SOME FAVOURITE STORIES

Fond Memories and Profound Sayings

It is now my pleasure to recall some of the exciting times that I have spent with the Rebbe, privately and at Farbraingen, during the past thirty six years, together with a few of my favourite stories.

I have included: A Typical Children's Rally - A Kinus HaTorah - Simchas Torah - and - The Rebbe's 80th Birthday.

The Rebbe was well-known and famous for his great knowledge and learning - for his outstanding authorship and scholarship.

His love for his fellow Jew was legendary and he went out of his way to help everyone - including non-Jews.

But to me, the Rebbe's most outstanding attribute was his sense of humour. His wit and repartee were extraordinary and we enjoyed many a laugh together over the years.

Roselyn and I had arrived at the Rebbe's sanctum for our very first ever Yechidus (1959). Rabbi Shemtov had warned and advised me on the correct etiquette, e.g., not to shake hands with the Rebbe nor to sit down in his presence, and so forth.

As soon as we entered the room, however, the Rebbe sprang up, hands outstretched, in welcome and wanted to shake my hand. I refused and told the Rebbe that Rabbi Shemtov had warned me about this very matter. The Rebbe confided, "Well, we won't tell Rabbi Shemtov." (This was accompanied by a gorgeous twinkle in his radiant blue eyes.)

The Rebbe then invited me to sit down. Again I quoted that Rabbi Shemtov had maintained that one should not sit in the presence of the Rebbe. The Rebbe made the following ruling: that it was quite in order to sit for the first three times in the Rebbe's presence.

I had arranged another Charter Flight. Our friend, Rabbi Shemtov, wished to join us but the Rebbe had refused him permission to fly with us.

Rabbi Shemtov was a very close friend of all our family and it was pathetic to see him so sad and dispirited. I had pity on him and we took him to Crown Heights.

The Rebbe was terribly annoyed that Rabbi Shemtov had disobeyed his instructions and he refused to speak to or even acknowledge his presence.

At a Yechidus, I pleaded with the Rebbe to please forgive Rabbi Shemtov because, I had to admit, that it was not all Rabbi Shemtov's fault. I was also a little responsible for his coming to 770.

"Ah," retorted the Rebbe, "Then I now have two people upon whom to vent my anger."

Incidentally, Rabbi Shemtov had formed a committee which held functions in order to raise money for the "Handicapped boys" of Kfar Chabad. One year, the members of this committee visited Israel and made a detour to discover how the money they collected was being spent. They found young boys studying Hebrew subjects in the morning and learning a trade, e.g., joinery, in the afternoons. They complained to Shemmy that they had been deceived because the boys seemed quite normal, robust and healthy.

Shemmy retorted, "Oh no, they are handicapped because Zay ken nisht goot lernan." (They can't study too well.)

In those early years, about 1959, the Rebbe used to walk from his home in President Street to 770. On the way he generally called to see his mother.

About half a dozen boys marched some way behind the Rebbe as guards and protectors.

Roselyn and I were standing in Eastern Parkway when the Rebbe was approaching. We stood alone - everyone had disappeared from view. It seemed to be the custom.

As soon as the Rebbe came near, he touched his hat to Roselyn and wished us both a "Good morning." We then exchanged some pleasantries.

Every time we saw the Rebbe coming along Eastern Parkway we awaited his arrival. The street always became deserted except for a few coloured people. We did notice the heads of some boys who were peeping over walls.

Over the years, the people at 770 began to realise that Roselyn and I were having pleasant chats with the Rebbe and that we - and the Rebbe - were enjoying these very much. And we had come to no harm?!

Thirty years later, matters had completely changed and, whenever the Rebbe arrived at 770, hordes of people now pushed and shtupped just to get closer to the Rebbe.

Similarly with Yechidus. At our first meeting, Roselyn and I spent nearly two hours with the Rebbe in his study. Three weeks later we were honoured with another Yechidus when we spent one and a half hours there.

In those days, the Rebbe held private Yechidus about two or three times a week - but only during the "season". Many weeks passed when there were no Yechidus taking place at all.

Label Groner would make a list of all those individuals who had been approved to see the Rebbe privately that night. It had to be a special occasion before Label would permit anyone to see the Rebbe.

Normally about 100 to 130 persons would visit the Rebbe on one evening. They were divided into the following categories:

- (1) Birthdays and entreaties for good health.
- (2) Brides and grooms with their respective parents.
- (3) Bar Mitzva boys and Bat Mitzva girls with their parents and grandparents.
- (4) Visitors from abroad who had made previous appointments.
- (5) Special and distinguished persons.

Yechidus commenced at 8 p.m and the first categories were not long with the Rebbe, e.g., one of these groups might contain as many as six people - Chosen and Kalloh with two sets of parents. They would be with the Rebbe for one minute only to receive Brochus and good wishes from the Rebbe.

Label Groner was at the door of the Rebbe's study all night and ensured that no one overstayed their welcome.

During the rest of the night, the Rebbe discussed communal and international matters with his special guests - sometimes until 8 a.m next morning.

Ten years ago, matters got out of hand. On special occasions such as Yom Tov or a Lubavitch unique holiday like Yud Tes Kislev, and so forth, the number of people who desired a Yechidus with the Rebbe had reached a total of 7,000 after Simchas Torah.

Thereafter, Yechidus took place in the large Shool at 770. (On our first visit the Shabbos services took place in the Beth Hamedrash upstairs. At one of the first Farbraingen, at the new Shool downstairs, there were 500 people present.)

This large Shool was divided into two with a row of tables down the centre to act as a Mechitza. Men and boys stood at right side and ladies and girls on the left. The Rebbe sat at a small table, top centre, and addressed us for about half an hour; after which a line was formed and each person walked past the Rebbe and received a short Brocha and a brand new dollar bill.

The men went first and then the women. The bride and bridegroom groups plus the Bar Mitzva and Bat Mitzva categories took place afterwards.

Yeshiva boys who were leaving 770 and returning to their Yeshivas to continue their studies were in a separate group of their own.

These arrangements did not suit some people who could not afford to wait for these special Yechidus.

Then the Rebbe had an inspired brainwave. He distributed dollar bills every Sunday, and sometimes during the week too. Everyone had an opportunity to speak to the Rebbe "en passant."

Thousands of people stood for hours waiting for their turns. But the Rebbe waited even longer, standing on his feet from before 11 a.m until about 6p.m in the evening.

Many thousands took advantage of this easy system and many people flew to Crown Heights just for the day, even from as far away as England, to spend a few minutes with the Rebbe. It gave everyone an opportunity to see and speak to the Rebbe for a moment or two.

One Sunday, Roselyn and I were making our way to 770. Label (Groner) was always helpful and had arranged for our visit to take place at a given time to avoid too much waiting.

We had left Sholom Ber (Lew) in bed at our flat. He had a temperature of 102 degrees and Roselyn had ordered him to remain in bed for the day and we would try to obtain the services of a doctor. (It was Sunday).

As we neared 770, we realised that Sholom Ber was following behind. He intended to join us on our visit to the Rebbe. He looked very poorly, and it was obvious to anyone that he did have a temperature of 102.

Roselyn and I were terribly annoyed with him and ordered him to return to the flat immediately. We walked forward a few yards - and Sholom Ber did the same. Another three paces - Sholom Ber was persisting and persistent and he refused to take even one backward step.

We accepted the inevitable, but I intended to explain to the Rebbe how naughty was Sholom Ber. The Rebbe would, we hoped, scold and berate Sholom Ber for misbehaving and ignoring his grandparents' advice and guidance.

We reached the Rebbe and pointed out that Sholom Ber had a temperature of 102 degrees and should be in bed. The Rebbe took one look at Sholom Ber's green and yellow face and exclaimed, "Ess is an Oisgetrachte Maaser" (a piece of fiction) "And he is a gezunta Chassid" (a healthy Chassid).

Sholom Ber collected a dollar from the Rebbe and we then saw a young man with a green face, and with a temperature of 102 degrees, dancing and skipping away from the Rebbe's presence. It was Sholom Ber - the GEZUNTA CHASSID.

Once, at a Lekach distribution, the Rebbe asked me, "Where are your grandchildren?" We had three or four with us so I understood that we should have taken the rest of them. We had plenty of help from Label Groner and Esther Sternberg to enable us to join the line when it was convenient.



At one time, I took the opportunity to complain that my grandchildren did obey the Rebbe's instructions to dance all night in the streets. From 8.30 p.m until 7.30 a.m they were carrying out the Rebbe's instructions, but then they spent all the next day in bed. No Shool, no davenning, no eating, and just nothing.

I recalled that Roselyn tried to get Levi out of bed at about noon. There was no reaction at the "first awakening." At the second attempt still no response. At the third "awakening" at about 2 p.m, Levi went to attend the calls of nature but returned immediately to his bed.

The Rebbe answered that, "You are the commanding officer in charge of the Lekach, but remember they are in charge of the Dancing Department."

After I had partaken of my first meal with the Rebbe he asked me whether I had enjoyed it. I thanked the Rebbe for the great honour but added that I was disappointed with the atmosphere at the table. I realised that one should definitely not talk whilst eating but it was so quiet - just like a morgue - really depressing.

I added that the Rebbe's Chassidim should make him happy - Freilich. The Rebbe turned to me and

said, "Yes, you have to make me Freilich." So that is how I obtained this special task from the Rebbe.

The Rebbe told me on many occasions that he likes to be surrounded by happy, smiling faces. He once ordered me to dance on Simchas Torah with a certain Chazan who was standing nearby with a miserable, scowling face. I grabbed hold of this Chazan and we twirled round and around. He was stiff and unrelaxed but I considered that he was really doing his best to make the Rebbe happy.

I explained that at 770, Lubavitch headquarters, we should sing during davenning. We in Manchester, an outpost of Lubavitch, sang during the Kedusha, "Hu Elokainu." During Hallel, "Kaile Atoh", and at Shacheriss during Yom Tov, "HoAderress Vehoamuna." The Rebbe agreed and stated that this is a "Chok Velo Yaavore" (a statute forever), "and I expect you to carry out my wishes."

At the next service I told the Chazan that we shall be singing Hoaderress. He replied, "Only if the Rebbe gives a sign by lifting his hand or arm, and so forth." Well, the Rebbe gave no signal, but I already had my orders so I carried on the best way I could.

After the service, I exchanged harsh words with the Chazan and I threatened to inform the Rebbe. The result was that I did complain and the Rebbe told the Chazan that he should not interfere with my business with the Rebbe.

During a meal with the Rebbe, I told the participants a good story - a joke, in English. Next day I met Rabbi Tarvil and asked him how much he had enjoyed my joke? He replied that, as I had spoken in English, he could not understand one word. "But" - I protested - "you were laughing hilariously." "Yes," he muttered, "Everyone was laughing so I laughed too." (Alli haben gelacht hob ich oichet gelacht.)

Many years ago, I found it difficult to make my annual trip to see the Rebbe during Shavuos. About four weeks before Yom Tov I wrote to the Rebbe explaining the difficulties and stating my deep regret for having to cancel my visit.

Just three days before Shavuos I received a telegram from the Rebbe in which he queried why I should break the lovely tradition, "A custom of spending Yom Tov with the Rebbe." He expected me to fly over.

Of course, I flew over. I complained to the Rebbe that it was totally unfair to wait until the last moment before asking me to come to Crown Heights.

The Rebbe smiled and maintained that if he would have written to me four weeks ago, then he would have become involved with a lengthy correspondence - and I would have had plenty of time to refuse and persuade the Rebbe that I was in the right. By sending me a cable so near to Yom Tov, then I had no option but to obey.

And yet, many years later, the Rebbe wrote to me a strong letter telling me not to come for Shavuos. Why? - because the Rebbe had cancelled the programme of having Yom Tov meals upstairs with certain, privileged Chassidim. The flat belonged to his Mother-in-law. It had been the abode of the

Previous Rebbe. For their sakes the Rebbe continued this custom - an empty chair at the top of the table was always left vacant. It was the Previous Rebbe's seat. But when his mother-in-law passed away, there was now no obligation to continue with this custom.

The Rebbe added that the accomodation I possessed in Crown Heights (before I took over Itkin's flat) was terribly unsuitable and inconvenient, and the Rebbe was assured that I would not be able to enjoy a Simchas Yom Tov under those conditions.

I disobeyed the instructions of the Rebbe. The Rebbe greeted me with happiness and relief. Roselyn and I spent a nice Yom Tov with the Rebbe at 770 in spite of the absence of Yom Tov meals and a murky apartment, and so forth.

Actually, before these meals were cancelled, I had arranged the routine to perfection. I had been advised by Fetter Hendel (Lieberman). After the morning service had concluded, he went home to make Kiddush - a tumbler of vodka followed by a tumbler of water (to put out the fire). He always invited a few boy guests so the meal was served.

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Then Fetter Hendel went to bed for an hour, after which he returned to 770 a few minutes before the Rebbe arrived to make Kiddush and partake of the meal. The Rebbetzen would open the far door to listen to the Rebbe's Kiddush. It was all spiritual because it was not possible to hear the Rebbe even when standing next to him. The Rebbetzen kept her mother company in the far room. Therefore, I

followed Hendl's example and made Kiddush for Roselyn and ate a morsel of food before returning to 770, much before the Rebbe.

The Rebbe once thanked Roselyn for allowing me to leave her and join the Rebbe for Yom Tov meals. Roselyn replied that the Rebbetzen had been doing this for a long time, to which the Rebbe added that, "She was used to this." Roselyn stated, "Biz 120."

I once asked the Rebbetzen whether the Rebbe disturbed her (or her sleep) when he arrived home at about 4.30 a.m. until 7 a.m. and even later after Koss Shel Brocha or Yechidus.

The Rebbetzen answered, "Not at all, I wait up for him until he arrives home."

Dayan Golditch and Rabbi Shemtov were at a Gan Yisroel Summer Camp and were enjoying themselves on a see-saw. They pointed out to me that they were typical Chassidim. If they wished to elevate another Jew, then they had first of all to lower themselves.

We always had great difficulty in finding an apartment for our Shavuot visits. Owners who had flats to sell were very reluctant to let them to us for a couple of weeks and risk losing a sale. On many occasions we were forced to accept dark, dank basement flats, nowhere near 770.

Then the Rebbe had pity on us and, for many years, we had the use of the apartment right above the Kollel in Union Street and next to the rear of 770. This meant that we had to go through the actual rooms where the young men were supposed to be learning. They were bad timekeepers and very untidy!!

One day the Rebbe, suddenly and unannounced, called in to see the condition of the place and also to confirm that the young men were studying. The Rebbe was terribly upset by what he saw and immediate changes were put into effect. The whole building was cleaned up and the Rebbe was kept informed daily if anyone came late or missed Rabbi Dvorkin's Shiurim.

One year we took with us to 770 Yossi and Mendie (Lew). The Rebbe had insisted that they should attend school every day. "Young" Shagalow would collect them every morning.

One night whilst we were sleeping there was a loud and prolonged banging on our door. It was Yossi who wanted to know the time in case he overslept and would not be ready for school.

I told him that it was after 1 o'clock a.m. and ordered him back to bed. A half an hour later there stood Yossi again banging on the door and again demanding to know the exact time. I was very angry and, to save him bothering me again needlessly, I gave him a clock so that he could see the time for himself.

A half an hour later, there stood Yossi again. I could not believe it and demanded to know what was the matter. Yossi started to weep and confessed that he had broken the clock.

When Itkin's flat became available, the Rebbe advised us to take it. It was a "Glaiche zach" - and it

was!

We paid the rent on a monthly basis and we asked Rabbi Dvorkin whether we were responsible for paying for thirteen months in a Jewish leap year. Rabbi Dvorkin said, "No!" We should pay for the year according to the universal calendar.

On the first Charter Flight from Manchester to see the Rebbe in 1960, my passengers were so delighted with the arrangements I had made, 118 passengers @ £35 each return, including food and bus connections, that they decided to present me with a "Shass" - the complete set of the Gemora.

My brother-in-law, Rabbi Julius Unsdorfer, was in charge and it was arranged that all the members of the group would sign their autograph on the large, inside front page.

It was really odd but automatically a Mechitza was made for their signatures - men on the right and women on the left!?

I was anxious that the Rebbe should also sign. This book would then become a priceless treasure. The Rebbe demurred and said, "But I was not a passenger on the plane."

I remonstrated and explained to the Rebbe that when a party of Lubavitcher Chassidim were travelling by air then the Rebbe is always with them.

The Rebbe signed at the head of the list. On the next page is a photo of the Shass.

A few years ago, Roselyn led a family delegation to see the Rebbe at a special mini-Yechidus.

Roselyn complained to the Rebbe that she was being harrassed by the ten grandchildren whom we had with us in our flat. They refused to help - for instance - when she called for Golda or Channah they remained silent pretending that Roselyn wanted the other Golda or Channah.

They were always misbehaving and Roselyn felt like a prisoner stuck in a basement flat cooking, baking and cleaning.

The Rebbe complimented Roselyn and remarked that, "This is your Seventh Heaven."

A few years later on, Roselyn was being harrassed by a different group of ten grandchildren. I advised her to write to the Rebbe explaining the problems.

The Rebbe replied, "Dear Mrs. Jaffe, I thank you for letting me know such good news!"

I was very impressed with the very first Sicho I heard from the Rebbe who related this to us at my first Farbraingen.

In a few short sentences, the Rebbe explains to us the basic principles of Lubavitch.

Here is the scene:- The Jewish people, men, women and children have just arrived at the shores of the Red Sea. They are in complete disarray and turmoil because the well-armed Egyptians are just behind, ready to pounce and return them to slavery.

The Jewish people are in a terrible quandary. They don't know what to do. Some want to jump forward, others desire to surrender to the Egyptians.

So what does Moishe do? He prays to the A'Mighty. It is a general principle that one does not interrupt a man who is Davenning, and moreover, if he is a great man.

But G-d does interrupt Moishe. He calls out to him, "Ma Titzchak Ailaye" (Why are you busy Davenning?). "Now is the time for action to save the Jewish people. Therefore, lift up your hand and go forward - then you will succeed in your efforts."

The Rebbe told me that my time for visiting 770 was Shavuos. Then, a few years later, the Rebbe told me to come for Simchas Torah as well. Then - after that - the Rebbe requested me to come for the whole of Succos too.

Therefore, on the first day of Chol Hamoed Succos, Roselyn and I, together with a few grandchildren, flew to Amsterdam to catch the plane to New York.

As we were going to see the Rebbe, this made us "Potter" (free) of eating in the Succah. But I did take my Arba Minim (the Esrog, Lulav, etc.)

When we arrived at Crown Heights, I discovered that the Rebbe had put on one side for me a set of Arba Minim. So I sold my own set to Shmuel for the magnificent sum of £1. I was always told that one had to pay for the Arba Minim even if it was only a token £1.

On the assumption that it was beholden of me to pay the Rebbe something for my set, I sent the Rebbe a \$50 bill. The Rebbe returned this to me with a note saying that as he does not accept money from anyone else, then he had to refuse my contribution.

The following year, I arrived before Succos had commenced. We were invited to enter the Rebbe's waiting room and choose our own sets. Everything was laid out nicely and there were even boxes to hold the Esrogim. I collected my set and was thanking the Rebbe whilst he stood at the open door of his study. The Rebbe smiled at me and pointed out that I was not a good businessman. Why? Because I took one Lulav - correct, one Esrog - also correct. Two arovus - very good. And three Hadassim. "you are a bad businessman, Mr. Jaffe, because although three Hadassim are Kosher, that is only a minimum and one could take many more. " Therefore I took another handful, making the total fifteen. The Rebbe took about thirty six.

For many, many years I was one of those lucky people to whom the Rebbe presented a set - for their own sake. For instance, Label Groner used to call out the names of these special men to come forward, e.g., Rabbi Chadakov, Rabbi Nissen Mindel, Zalmon Jaffe from Manchester. After which, all those men who were representing a Yeshiva, a Kollel, a Chabad House, or had won a Goral (lottery) to go to 770, were asked to enter. Label called up Rabbi Sudak, Rabbi Vogel and Rabbi Lew to collect one set only on behalf of London Lubavitch.

A few years ago, I was unwell and could not travel to New York for Succos. With the help of Levi (Jaffe) and Pincus (Lew), with the co-operation of Label Groner, and with permission and approval of the Rebbe, the Rebbe sent me a beautiful set of Arba Minim. All in Manchester had the Zechus and the good fortune to bench Esrog with the Rebbe's Arba Minim.



I have just collected the Arba Minim from the Rebbe's table.
Note my hand full of Haddassim

When the Rebbe was recovering from his first heart attack, the doctors advised him to "slow down", to "take it easy" and not to do any work - because there is a 25% chance that you will suffer another one. The Rebbe was delighted with this report. "It was good news," he said. "That would mean that I have a 75% chance of not getting another heart attack."

However, many years later, the Rebbe did experience another heart attack. There was great panic amongst the hierarchy, the leaders of Lubavitch, who decided in their wisdom that the Rebbe had to be protected from himself, and it was decided that no one should bother the Rebbe, not even to collect wine from Koss Shel Brocha, nor go for Lekach, and so forth.

So, when the Rebbe told me at Yechidus that he would see me at the distribution of Koss Shel Brocha I disclosed that everybody had been given instructions not to go for Koss Shel Brocha. We should not bother the Rebbe at this time.

The Rebbe was really angry and referred to that Rabbi who gave the ruling as a Tippish Chossid. "No," he added, "Not even a Chossid." The Rebbe demanded that I should come as usual and so should everyone else.

The Rebbe declared that all his Chassidim should continue to come for Koss Shel Brocha and for Lekach, to ask for guidance and advice and entreat him for health and Pamoso and then the A'Mighty would do His part and give the Rebbe good health and long life to continue to do his job as Rebbe as hitherto.

Leah and Max were to be married shortly. Max was anxious to obtain a shirt from the Rebbe to wear under the Chuppah. I promised to use my best endeavours and influence with the Rebbetzen to achieve this objective.

The Rebbetzen was wonderful and, without hesitation, she suggested that I should come to her home in President Street to collect some.

I returned to the flat to impart to my grandchildren the marvellous news and pointed out how lucky we were to possess such a priceless heirloom. This statement was greeted with strong objection and protests. "How could you even consider taking the Rebbe's shirt from Max," declared Leah. "You obtained this for Max and it is not yours."

I had serious thoughts of not bothering to collect this shirt at all, but I didn't want to "cut off my nose to spite my face." So, in due course, I set out for the Rebbetzen's abode.

When I entered the morning room, the Rebbetzen observed, "What is the matter Mr. Jaffe, you look very upset?" I explained to her that I wanted the shirt for a family heirloom and all my grandchildren objected because the shirt belonged to Max. They were most annoyed with me.

"Ah, don't worry about this, Mr. Jaffe. I have a simple solution. I will give you another shirt and you may collect this on your next visit to Crown Heights." What a wonderful woman and what outstanding friendship!!

I thanked her profoundly. I was overcome with joy but I had to request her to let me have the shirt now, whilst I was there.

The Rebbetzen asked Sholom to go upstairs and bring down another one of the Rebbe's shirts. So I now had two shirts, one for Max and the other for a Jaffe heirloom.



Dollar distribution on Sunday



The Rebbe, followed by Label Groner and Binyamin Klein, enter the Shool for Prayers.
The Rebbe is encouraging me to sing



Koss Shel Brocha

A RUSSIAN ADVENTURE

One year the Conference of Lubavitcher Shiluchim to Europe had been arranged to take place in Moscow, Russia.

Rabbi Nachman Sudak phoned me from London and invited me to join the delegation. I vacillated, and Nachman suggested that as I have a very good friend in Crown Heights - the Rebbe - that I should phone him and find out his views on this matter. I should not forget to remind the Rebbe that this conference was for men only. Many women had applied and had been refused permission. It was definitely for men only.

I gave the details to Label and phoned him later on to discover the Rebbe's reaction. The Rebbe had replied that, "Baider Zollen Gain." (Both should go).

I suggested that the Rebbe had meant me and Avrohom, but Label insisted that the Rebbe had referred to Roselyn. As a matter of fact, Avrohom had also been invited and had accepted, but he withdrew at the very last moment because his daughter Golda was staying at his home and was expecting a baby on the day of departure.

Roselyn and I were in Bournemouth at that time. She needed a visa for Russia. Her passport was at home in Manchester and a photograph had to be obtained. With the help of Avrohom and Fax machines everything was arranged in one day.

I conveyed the Rebbe's message to Nachman. He was a little startled, to say the least, but - the Rebbe had to be obeyed. And if Roselyn had to be the only woman amongst one hundred and twenty men - then so be it. He still took the precaution of phoning the Rebbe to confirm that this was correct. Label also received many other phone calls with the same enquiry.

We drove down to the hotel near London Airport and took with us Rabbi Akiva and Sholom Weisz. First though, even before we had travelled two miles, we had to return to Sholom's home, he had forgotten his passport (and other documents).

The plane left London Airport early next morning. Our group (from England) took with us wagon-loads of paper plates and so forth and plastic cutlery. Other groups from France, Belgium, etc., took bread, wine, milk, chickens and meat. We brought all our own food except the vegetables and Pepsi Cola which we obtained locally.

Breakfast on the first day included Corn Flakes and milk. By the third day it was Corn Flakes with dried milk, after which we managed to eat Corn Flakes "Shtam" (only).

When we arrived at Moscow Airport we were greeted in English through the loud speaker system, "Welcome to our Lubavitcher friends to Russia, etc." This message was broadcast throughout the airport in English, Russian and Hebrew.

Actually, we were the last official group to visit Russia before the Communists lost power - (don't blame us).

We were in Russia for a week and visited the "town" of Lubavitch. We travelled in three buses - and it was a full day's work (from early morning till well after midnight).

We flew by air - charter plane to Alma Atah. 2,000 miles from Moscow and where the Rebbe's father is buried.

We spent most of the time at Conference Halls but did have time for sightseeing and shopping. Merchandise, and so forth, were ridiculously cheap - that is, if one could find anything to buy in empty shops. I managed to buy a "Lubavitcher" hat for a dollar.

We made Havdalla on shabbos night and the only spices available were provided by Roselyn who brought them along in case of emergency. This was an emergency.

On the last day many resolutions were passed. Amongst them - that every Sheliach should give a percent of his salary to Tzedoka. This created an uproar until it was realised that Moishe Kotlarsky's resolution meant "a pur cent" (a few cents), not a percentage.

I have written around a hundred pages in a recent book about this Russian trip. I have mentioned just a few events here.

A KINUS HATORAH

The Rebbe has always insisted that I should speak at the Kinus HaTorah, generally held on the day after Yom Tov. Here, famous and distinguished Rabbonim would go up to the lectern and take, sometimes, as many as six or seven Gemorahs and other Seforim and relate to us a whole complicated Pilpul. The speaker would be interrupted on many occasions by a member of the audience who did not agree with his arguments or other statements. Our new Mechutan, Rabbi Moishe Binyomin Caplan, was an outstanding "heckler" and always succeeded in proving his point and provoking the speaker. Many times, a speaker would become so inflamed that he refused to finish his lecture. I cannot claim to be a scholar or an expert in Shass (Gemorah) but, as the Rebbe has demanded, then I could not refuse.

The Kinus HaTorah was broadcast live and relayed by telephone to hundreds of homes in Crown Heights. The Rebbe listened to this in his own study (although I had no knowledge of this for many years.)

One day the Rebbe called me and wanted to know if I had addressed the Kinus HaTorah. Obviously, the Rebbe knew the answer, but I explained that the main speakers had all spoken too long and there was no time for me to address the audience.

The Rebbe was a little annoyed and declared that Rabbi Mentelik understood quite well that the Rebbe wanted me to be included in the list of speakers.

It was about 7 p.m and the Rebbe called Label (Groner) and indicated that, "Zalmon Jaffe would now address the Kinus HaTorah - at once - IMMEDIATELY - and Label should arrange this!" Next moment, boys were flying down Eastern Parkway, Kingston Avenue and other streets shouting out that all were expected to return to 770 because Zalmon Jaffe would be speaking at the Kinus HaTorah. Within minutes, a large audience had congregated at 770 to listen to an extended Kinus HaTorah. Needless to say, it was a great success!

This reminded me of the time when I was called to the Rebbe's study one afternoon. The Rebbe indicated that he would like me to arrange a Shidduch for a very nice young girl - Miss G, who had arrived from England to spend a short time at 770.

If I would be successful, the Rebbe promised to pay me "Shadchonus Gelt" (matchmaking commission) which must be paid to the Shadchan without fail. This was most essential and could cause complications to the young married couple if the Shadchan did not receive his commission.

I accepted. The Rebbe then wished to see the young lady to disclose to her the fact that, "Mr. Z. J. would endeavour to arrange a Shidduch for her." Within seconds, everyone was shouting, "The Rebbe wants to see Miss G. straight away." A few minutes later, Miss G arrived. As one can imagine, she was very flustered but happy to hear the good news that the Rebbe was so much interested in her future welfare.

Within only a few weeks, I was successful in arranging my first ever Shidduch - obviously with the Rebbe's Brocha, because I have not enjoyed much success in that business since then.

I informed the Rebbe of my great achievement and added that I did not desire my commission in cash. I would accept payment in kind. In this instance, I would like the Rebbe to sign - autograph - the five Hebrew/English Tanyas which the Rebbe would be presenting to the five members of the Tanya Committee at a later date. To my great delight and gratitude, the Rebbe agreed to my suggestion.

"LET THE SHADCHAN BE SATISFIED"

I have proof of the importance of this rule. A very great friend of mine had been married eight years and had not been blessed with children.

One evening we discussed the matter - it was decided that my friend should write to the Rebbe for a Brocha and I would send an explanatory, covering note at the same time.

In due course, my friend received a reply from the Rebbe. This included blessings and advice. There was one paragraph which suggested that, when this Shidduch was arranged, someone was annoyed. This person should be located and my friend should apologise and beg his forgiveness.

After many enquiries were made, it was discovered that it could have been the Shadchan who was annoyed at that time. A Lechayim was held and the Shadchan did admit that he had been upset but, after such a long period, he forgave them. My friend has now been blessed with many children and grandchildren, K.A.H.

To return to the subject of the Kinus HaTorah. At first, I used some illustrations to portray the greatness of the Rebbe, such as: the boys living at 770 were dwelling on top of a high mountain. They could not appreciate the magnitude and the dominance of this high peak. They were too near to the source of its greatness.

Whereas, those people who resided many miles away could appreciate from afar the strength and eminence of this outstanding glory.

Similarly, those who are living at the source of a river could not believe that this small spring could be transformed into a great river which contained fish and carried ships and cargoes over 1,000 miles to the sea, and on its way provided blessings and goodness to all who lived nearby.

At other occasions I spoke words of Torah from the topical weekly Sedra - in this instance - Beha'alocho, and the theme was that, "We learn from the Torah that we need a Rebbe." At the end of this Sedra we read that Miriam spoke Loshan Horah about Moishe our Rebbe. Therefore G-d punished her by inflicting the plague of leprosy upon her.

Aaron, the elder brother of Moishe, who was also a prophet, approached his Rebbe, Moishe, and begged him to intercede with the A'Mighty on Miriam's behalf so that she should be completely cured.

And Moishe prayed to G-d and said, "Kale Noh Refo Noh Loh", four words of 2 letters (in Hebrew) and one of 3 letters, which, when translated read, "Heal her now, O G-d, I beseech You." And the A'Mighty listened to the prayers of Moishe and cured Miriam at once.

Similarly, in the same Sedra, verses 6, 7 and 8, in chapter 9, we read that certain men who were unclean - they were carrying the bones of Joseph to the Holy land, therefore they could not partake of the Passover sacrifice at that moment. They desired to know why they should suffer because they were doing a Mitzvah. Moishe did not know the answer and told the men to wait for a while and he would ask his Rebbe, the A'Mighty, to give him a reply. This was received immediately and to the effect that they should commemorate this in four weeks, the fourteenth day of Iyar, and celebrate Pesach Sheni at

that time. These men were given a second chance to perform the Mitzvah.

And Rashi states how happy is a man who can contact his Rebbe at any time and receive a reply to his questions immediately.

Latterly, I read out excerpts from my Diary which were greatly enjoyed by the members of the audience.

The Rebbe often gave his definite and unambiguous opinion on many important aspects of life in Eretz Yisroel. For instance: the problem of, "Who is a Jew?" Or he spoke out against someone in the government who was not behaving according to the Halacha.

Some of these people objected and demanded that the Rebbe should not interfere in the internal matters of State, and were forever clamouring that if the Rebbe wished to give advice to the government then, at least, he should visit the Holy Land.

I personally pointed out to these people that Moishe (Rabainu) taught all the Jewish Nation the whole Torah and yet he was never allowed, by the orders of HaShem, to set foot in the Holy Land.

How can we comprehend, or understand, what reasons the A'Mighty had given to our Saintly Rebbe why he should not make even one visit to Eretz Yisroel.

As the Rebbe once said to me, "Don't you think that I would love to stand at the Kossel and Daven a Minchele - only just a little Mincha - at that Holy Spot.

Immediately after the Six Day War, when it became much easier to visit the Kossel and people were flocking to Israel in their tens of thousands, I did consider that the time was now right and the Rebbe would also join a flight to Israel. I impressed upon the Rebbe that I should be the first to know - and the Rebbe interrupted and told me that, "You will not be the first but one of the first."

One morning, I awoke and discovered that our apartment was flooded to a depth of nine inches.

I met Rabbi Dvorkin and he agreed with me, that as far as the quantity of water was concerned, it was a kosher Mikvah.

I explained to the Rebbe what Rabbi Dvorkin had ruled, but the problem was: how could I get into this kosher Mikvah which was only 9 inches deep. Rabbi Dvorkin had suggested that I should lie flat in the water and roll about.

The Rebbe wanted to know who lifted me up from the floor. I replied that Roselyn and Mrs. Itkin raised me up. The Rebbe almost fell off his chair laughing at the very thought of Roselyn and little Mrs. Itkin struggling to get me off the floor.

Last year (1995), my granddaughter Chaya (Posner) was in London awaiting the arrival of her fifth child (K.A.H.). The baby was over two weeks overdue when Chaya went into labour pains.

She was rushed to hospital when it was noticed that complications had arisen. The baby was very big and was not lying in the correct position. The matter was becoming dangerous and urgent. It was not possible to reach the baby, and the doctors had to decide whether to perform a Caesarian operation.

A fax was immediately forwarded to the Ohel explaining the problem and pleading for a Brocha and assistance. Within fifteen minutes the baby was delivered, helped a little by the use of forceps.

The ensuing result was, K.A.H., a bouncing, ten pound baby boy, 22 inches long (or tall), almost the size of some Bar Mitzvah boys.

My grandson, Yisroel, was Bar Mitzvah on the day of the Bris. He was, K. A. H., like a Chosson Bochur. In fact, the straps of the Tephillin, which I had bought for him, proved much too short. This was most unusual because they were a large adult size. It cost me £16 extra to purchase longer straps.

So, the family is, K.A.H., increasing in quantity and quality - when a baby is like a Bar Mitzvah boy and a Bar Mitzvah boy is like a Chosson.

I was the Sandik - godfather - to the baby at his Bris. And now we have another Menachem Mendel, K.A.H.

A CHILDREN'S RALLY

We attended many types of Farbraingen but the easiest ones for me were the Children's Rallies. About six of these were held each year and it was very difficult for an adult to gain admission to the large Shool which was packed tight with young children. I had to use every kind of strategy and wiles and even bullying to gain access.

About six thousand boys and girls were present. These children attended the Release hour of their own school, which was sponsored by Lubavitch and which assured that every child would receive at least one hour of Hebrew tuition each week. The girls sat at the back of the Shool, the boys in the front.

The Rebbe had indicated that these Rallies were under the auspices of Tzivas HaShem, G-d's Army, and everyone, especially the children, were all soldiers of this army.

The theme was that every soldier had to obey the orders of the Commanding Officer - at once and without hesitation, implicitly.

These troops were trained to react swiftly and immediately to the orders of the C/O. The privates did not know of the overall strategy of the battle. It was not up to them to analyze or dispute these commands of the C/O.

The war was being waged against the Yotzer Horah - the evil inclination. Orders were issued daily. They varied a little when the day coincided with a Yom Tov.

We needed new volunteers for this army every day and little girls should be encouraged to bring their little friends and the boys - their little friends too.

The normal procedure was that the children were entertained by clowns, Eli Lipsker's musicians, fire eaters and so forth, until all the children were assembled and the Rebbe had arrived at about 2.30 p.m. All the frames of the windows of the women's Shool had been removed and fifteen heads of Yeshivah boys filled the empty space. They were being changed constantly.

The Rebbe was welcomed and greeted with great applause - yelling, shouting and then singing an exciting and joyful tune which was led by the Rebbe. He conducted the tempo of this song by clapping his hands very quickly and for long periods.

It was impossible for anyone to keep up with the Rebbe at these moments. It was outstanding - and out of this world.

All one could do was to gape with amazement and watch the blur - the shadow - of the Rebbe's hands moving at great speed.

A Mechitza of white sheeting was affixed to divide the girls from the boys when Mincha was to be recited.

One day, I had Yartzeit and was given the honour of leading the prayers. I was instructed to be quick, loud and clear. After Mincha the twelve Torah verses were recited.

Young girls and boys had been invited to read one of the twelve verses loudly and distinctly after which the whole assembly would repeat each word.

One year, a very young granddaughter of mine, Toby Gittel (Lew), was honoured to represent London and to recite a verse, which she did with great vigour and determination. She was really very good.

"Torah" she screamed. "Torah" repeated everyone.

"Tziva" she yelled. "Tziva" repeated everyone.

And so on. The Rebbe nodded to me his approval and signalled that I must not fail to mention her great, outstanding success in my book.

After this, the Rebbe related to us three or four Sichos in Yiddish. As soon as the Rebbe had concluded the first one, which took about fifteen minutes, there was a pause whilst my friend Rabbi J.J. Hecht translated the Rebbe's talk into English for the benefit of those who could not understand Yiddish.

This was even a great help to me. J.J. had been taking copious notes on huge paper pads whilst the Rebbe had been speaking so he did not have to memorise too much.

This same procedure was followed after each of the Rebbe's Sichos.

The Rebbe then explained that the world stood upon three things - Torah - Avodah - and Gemillus Chassodim.

We have had the Torah - the twelve Torah verses. We have also had the Avodah - the Mincha service. Now we shall proceed with the Mitzvah of Gemillus Chassodim - the giving of charity, Tzedoka.

The Rebbe explained that he would present to every child, through their Madrichim and leaders, three coins, two for Tzedoka and the other one for themselves.

Chaya (Lew) was a girl leader and came to the dais to collect a packet of dimes for her group. The Rebbe handed her the coins and, as she was walking backwards from the Rebbe as a mark of respect, she dropped the whole packet onto the floor. Label would not allow Chaya to pick up the coins from the floor. The Rebbe handed her another, a different packet.

I recall that on one occasion the Rebbe had a packet of coins left over. He stood on the dais contemplating what to do with these coins which were left over. He noticed my appealing and pleading eyes looking up to him and, with a happy smile, the Rebbe threw me the whole packet.

My eyes then showed appreciation and pleasure. The Rebbe now announced that we should forthwith sing a couple of Freiliche tunes starting with "Vesomachto".

The Rebbe lifted up his arms and the band, the children and everyone else burst into this lively Nigun as the Rebbe followed by his aides, Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner and Binyomin Klein, briskly

marched out of the Shool.

SOME MEMORIES OF SIMCHAS TORAH

I was always given the honour of joining the Rebbe for the first (and automatically, for the last) Hakofa.

I was handed a Sefer Torah and followed the Rebbe towards the dancing square.

As soon as the Rebbe had passed through the aisle it was blocked by a solid mass of boys. I was left stranded outside the area and ended up on the floor with the Sefer Torah resting on top of me.

In due course, the Rebbe returned. I tried to follow the Rebbe in order to regain my place.

I was heaving and crawling along the floor. I was in agony and found my way blocking by hundreds of bodies.

There I lay gasping when, suddenly, the cavalry had arrived. My grandsons, K.A.H., all tough and strong boys, had seen my predicament and, with a loud cry of "S.O.Z. – S.O.Z." – Save our Zaide, they charged up the slope and rescued me.

After this, Moishe Kotlarsky advised me to grab a little Sefer Torah and make my way before the Rebbe to the dancing square. This also had its drawbacks because I was blocking everybody's views of the Rebbe.

Furthermore, as soon as the Rebbe arrived, scores of boys stampeded and jumped over the "railings" to join us in the dancing square.

Boys were shouting, "Get down, Jaffe!" and made sure that I was down - and out.

There I was again, lying on the floor, holding a Sefer Torah whilst thirty boys made themselves comfortable lying upon me and on the Sefer Torah.

Next morning, many hundreds of Yarmulkas, Gartels and hats - even jackets - were found all lying on the floor - including those that belonged to me. My hat was as flat as a pancake.

The boys used to make their own grandstand with the aid of hundreds of empty milk crates. We had hundreds of these crates stored in our flat.

In due course, to make improvements for the sake of safety, solid steel bleachers were fixed around the Shool. They were not a success. The top rows blocked the views of the ladies and it had to be removed.

Many parts of the bleachers were bent and broken because of the great pressure and were in a dangerous condition.

The Rebbe danced only with his brother-in-law, the Rashag. It was impressive - just the two of them together. After the Rashag had passed away, there were many conjectures and opinions which forecast with whom the Rebbe would now dance on the first and last Hakofus.

In the event, he danced only with a small silver, Sefer Torah, 12 inches long, all alone. The Rebbe used this Torah to encourage everyone to sing - with gusto and verve. The Rebbe danced around the square pointing the Torah to the north, then west, south and east. Every time and everywhere he pointed, he caused an immediate reaction of screaming, yelling, singing and jumping up and down.

From the Rebbe's chair, which stood near the roof of the Shool, all one could see was a huge sea of red faces with wide, open mouths and bodies surging hither and thither like an ocean wave.

Latterly, on one occasion there were so many boys present that one could see nothing. As soon as the cold air from above contacted the wet, red, hot bodies of the boys, it created a large layer of hissing steam. From the Rebbe's chair, one could see only a cloud down below. By the following year, huge air extractors were fitted which kept the air clear.

Those people who were near to the Rebbe could see and hear. Half way down the Shool one could see but not hear. And at the back of the Shool, one could neither see nor hear. The Rebbe appeared to those in the rear like a blurred figure on the horizon.

To try to get some order of discipline, especially when the Rebbe was reciting the seventeen verses of the "Atoh Horaiso", it was decided to write each verse on white sheeting. This was placed on two rollers and fixed on the west wall and on the east one.

Everyone could then see that the Rebbe was reciting the first verse, and then the second verse appeared on the sheeting. Signals were passed between those in charge of the rollers which had to be turned simultaneously.

Everything went along fine for a few minutes. When one set of rollers became stuck and the other set fell off the wall, chaos reigned, and it was put down to another simple scheme which failed to work.

I stood near to the Rebbe during the middle Hakofus. The Rebbe conducted the singing with energy and excitement. It was usually a non-stop four minutes of concentrated singing, yelling and screaming "marathon" accompanied by excessive jumping exercises which left everyone limp, exhausted and worn out.

It was during one such occasion that the Rebbe told me to dance with the elder Chazan Teleshefsky because he seemed so miserable, and the Rebbe always liked to be surrounded by happy faces.

Dr. Ira Weisz and I danced together in front of the Rebbe many times. The Rebbe was very amused and amazed at our antics.

The last occasion on which the Rebbe attended Hakofus was nearly four years ago, on Simchas Torah morning. All the frames and windows had been removed from the Shool and the place looked like an outdoor auditorium sloping up to the rafters.

Thousands of boys had been present since 6.30 a.m that morning. By 9.30 a.m they were all hot, wet and steamy - and dehydrated. There was now a continuous, non-stop flow of thousands of bottles filled

with water, soda and any other liquid available, thrown to the boys. This was definitely a life-saving exercise and very vital.

The Rebbe arrived at about 11 a.m and remained in the Royal Box for only a short time. The Rebbe was not well.

I had been presented with a special ticket which entitled me to enter the special area beneath the Royal Box.

When the Nigun commenced for Hakofus, I started to dance around the table. I was the only one. Those who were facing the Rebbe refused to budge. They were not interested in dancing, nor in anything else - only to gaze - to look at the Rebbe when they had the chance.

I discovered that this was a sensible idea because I was left standing with my back to the Rebbe. No one would move to allow me to turn to face the Rebbe.

In all those years we have been present at 770, for Simchas Torah, Roselyn saw the Rebbe dancing only once. That was when Chaya (Posner) took a class of girls into a special room and, thoughtfully and considerately, took Roselyn with her.

It was impossible to find a spot in the Ladies Shool and, although I pleaded with Chaim Halberstam to allow Roselyn to join a select band of ladies in the telecommunications room - just for one moment - Chaim refused. It was very selfish and inconsiderate of him.

SOME EVENTFUL DAYS AT 770 DURING 1982

Yud Aleph Nissen Arrangements

The Rebbe's birthday this year took on an added significance, for the Rebbe would be 80 years young, till 120! A really special occasion. "Ben Shmonim Ligvurah" - at 80 years one receives extra strength.

Everyone was anxious to fly to New York to be present at the Rebbe's special Farbraingen on Yud Aleph Nissen. I was told that extra charter flights and group travel were being organised from all over the world. London Lubavitch were also arranging a cheap flight.

The Honorary Officers of Manchester Lubavitch were anxious to present the Rebbe with a nice gift to mark this unique occasion. It was decided to present a volume of special Birthday Greetings hand written on vellum.

On the next pages is a copy of the original first two pages of the volume. Then followed letters from Religious and Jewish Communal organisations - for example: The Manchester Beth Din signed by Dayan Ehrentreu and Dayan Krausz; The Dayan, Rabbi Schneebalg of the Machzikei Hadass; The Synagogue Council; The Representative Council of all Manchester organisations; Sir Sydney Hamburger; Arthur and Walter Hubert; then followed the Civic Dignitaries -

בס"ד

Lubavitch, Manchester

Special Greetings

to

Our revered and beloved

REBBE שליט"א

on his

80th BIRTHDAY עמו"ש

יא ניסן תשמ"ב

בן שמונים לגבורה

from

Civic Dignitaries

Illustrious Persons

Chassidim and

Friends

in

*The Greater Manchester Area
England*

From
The Honorary Officers & Members of
Lubavitch Manchester

We extend 'Warmest' greetings to Our Rebbe, Shlita, today,
And hope for the next forty years, you will enjoy good health every day.
For the Rebbe, nothing has been too difficult, nothing too hard
In order to teach the Jewish People that the A'Mighty is their guard.
For the past eighty years the Rebbe consoled most Jews in their sorrow
Solved their problems, never put them off for the morrow.
We all share in this Simcha, this Eightieth Birthday cheer
And wish Our Rebbe, with Our Rebbetzen, joy throughout every year.
Moishe Rabbainu served eighty years on a self-sacrificing probation
Until he was ready to lead the whole Jewish Nation.
Our Rebbe, Shlita, is the Moishe Rabbainu of our own generation
Whom we love and adore with the utmost veneration.
Who will bring us forth to our hearts desire
And lead us into the 'Era of our 'Righteous Messiah.

"We want Moshiach Now"

Zalmon Jaffe *Chairman*

D. Abenson	B. Perrin	A. Yaistfiche
D. Hickson	F. Pink	Y. Vogel
A. Jaffe	D. Schurder	S. Weiss
B. Lewis	S. Simon	

THEN Dovid Hickson made -
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the Mayor of Manchester; the Mayor of Salford; the Deputy Mayor of Salford who is my brother Joseph (he wrote that he was a Lubavitcher born and bred and knows full well of the wonderful work of the Rebbe, may he celebrate till 120 years); local Members of Parliament; and finally messages from many hundreds of our friends and supporters from this area. Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan amongst world leaders.

Then, Rabbi Dovid Hickson made an invaluable suggestion. He is in the jewellery business and he had bought a wonderfully designed silver decanter for wine. He was absolutely raving about it and recommended that it would be an ideal gift for the Rebbe. He thought that it would be much nicer for the Rebbe to use this silver decanter during a Farbraingen rather than an ordinary bottle covered by a brown paper bag, and would enhance the proceedings. We agreed with Dovid that it was really a marvellous idea. But there was just one proviso - we had to make sure that the Rebbe would use it when we did present it to him. It was left to me to find out. After careful thought I considered that our Rebbetzen would be the best person to advise me.

I therefore telephoned the Rebbetzen and explained to her how anxious we were to present this silver

decanter to the Rebbe. I begged her to enquire from the Rebbe whether he would make use of it, and I promised to phone again during the course of the following day. This I did and the Rebbetzen informed me that she had given the message over to the Rebbe and - the Rebbe had remained silent - he had made no comment.

I informed my colleagues of our conversation and we concluded that the Rebbe's silence meant confirmation that he would accept and use this gift.

I immediately wrote to the Rebbetzen thanking her for her co-operation and advice. I added that I hoped that it might be convenient, in spite of erev Pesach preparations and turmoil, to see me for a few moments when I was in Crown Heights on Yud Aleph Nissen.

I continued the letter by saying that, "I don't even know whether I am 'coming or going'. I had booked through London Lubavitch - and that should explain all!!" It seemed that London had arranged a special charter with Air India for £184 return - if we could provide 100 passengers. That was O.K., says London, but what if we have only 75? Or maybe only 50? O.K. said the airline, we shall do it for 50.

The latest news was that they might accept only 25!! But - another complication had arisen. They have no return service from New York on the Monday - only on Tuesdays! This would mean that Shmuel would arrive home just in time for the Seder and I - I would have to keep Pesach Sheni (the second Pesach, on 14th Iyar)!

After I forwarded this letter, London informed me that we shall, after all, be flying to New York with Air India on the Thursday, April 1st, but we shall return with T.W.A. on the Monday night. And - Ah yes! - there will be an additional £50 to pay because we are leaving on April 1st when the fares are increased to mid-season tariff. And no! - we cannot travel now, on the Wednesday before, because every single flight is fully booked on that final day of the cheap fares. It seems that I cannot win!!

Next morning I received a letter from the Rebbe. The envelope was stamped all over, "Special Delivery", "Express", and \$3 of postage stamps were affixed. The letter contained everything - words of Torah - a nice Brocha on the occasion of my birthday on 7th Adar, the Rebbe's signature, and a P.S. I have often written about the lovely letters which I receive from the Rebbe but - it is the P.S. added to these letters which cause quite a commotion.

The following is the full letter I received:

Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson
770 Eastern Parkway,
Brooklyn.

1st Rosh Chodesh Adar
5742

To Shneur Zalmon Jaffe,
"Greetings and Blessings,

I herewith thank you for your letters which were received all in their good time.

And whilst we are today, in Rosh Chodesh, entering the month of Adar, we are reminded that as we reach Adar then Joy and Simcha are increased.

Our Rabbis tell us in Gemorra Taanos, that if a Jew has a Court case with a non-Jew, he should try and postpone it until the month of Adar, because his Mazel is very strong at that time. This non-Jew could also refer to the "alien, peculiar and strange being" which is within us and which we call the Evil Inclination.

The time is now ripe to arouse every Jew, who has a judgement and a battle with this Evil Inclination, because his Mazel is strong at this moment. He will be victorious in the battle and change "the Evil to Good, Dark to Light and Bitterness to Sweetness" - to serve Hashem with "all your heart and with both inclinations" with joy and happiness in increased measure. To add in Torah and Mitzvahs through Joy, and to make this a Dwelling place for Hashem.

And especially to arouse the Mitzva of "Love your fellow man like yourself" - in all this, and make us "one people", especially as "their laws are different from all other nations" and "all together we will draw the Blessings of Our (Heavenly) Father towards us in the Light of His Countenance".

And then the main blessing will be fulfilled each and every day, that "Hashem will shine His Face towards us, and we should be saved in the true redemption through Our Righteous Moshiach.

And to arouse to the fulfillment of Torah and Mitzvahs with Alacrity and strength by learning the laws of Purim and its Torah and Mitzvahs and to fulfil them physically - each one at its proper time."

(The Rebbe did point out that there are seven Mitzvahs which have to be performed on Purim – ‘Al Hanissim’ has to be recited in the Amida and in the Grace after Meals; the Megilla of Esther has to be read and listened to; there is a special portion of the Torah read on Purim; Mesheloch Monoss - gifts of edible foods to be given to friends; gifts of money to the poor people; a joyous Seuda, meal, to be partaken; and finally, there is the prohibition to fast on Purim.)

"With proper self-examination, this will lead to action - and Kavana, to prepare all Jews for an assembly of thousands, in complete unity, including the teaching of Torah to young children.

And peace and love amongst all Jews in a physical manner by sending presents to friends (Mesheloch Monoss) and gifts to the poor.

As with all important matters, we need time to prepare - at least from Rosh Chodesh.

The importance of the days of Purim are very great - as we say only regarding them, "That they shall never be nullified from amongst the Jewish people."

With Blessings for a Joyous Purim

(signed with the Rebbe's signature)

"N.B. The time is opportune to mention regarding the Sefer Torah so that all Jews should purchase a letter to bring the everlasting unity of everyone. Because in the days of Purim the Jews had fulfilled that which they had already accepted at Matan Torah."

There followed another N.B. wherein the Rebbe extended to me all good wishes, "Begashmius Uberuchneus (material and spiritual) on the occasion of my birthday on the seventh day of Adar.

Then followed the P.S. - a postscript - in English:

"P.S. Mrs. Schneerson has mentioned to me about the question of a silver wine decanter. I certainly appreciate your good intention and desire. But for practical considerations I must take the thought for the deed. For, as a matter of principal and practice over the past 30-odd years, I prefer to use a "bagged" (this word had been corrected by the Rebbe) glass container that conceals its contents, though I have, thank G-d, silver vessels. Similarly, I do not use a silver Esrog box.

I cannot go into the reasons for the above here. But one reason, if it will satisfy you, is that I do not wish to make a distinction between me and those surrounding me."

("Well," as Dovid Hickson remarked, "I will purchase this silver decanter for myself. I will always treasure it as the decanter 'that the Rebbe nearly had'.")

Is not this postscript a wonderful example of the thoughtfulness and consideration, together with Ahavas Yisroel, which the Rebbe is continually showing to his Chassidim and to his followers. So we now know one of the reasons why the Rebbe does not use a silver Esrog box. "Yes", the Rebbe seems to imply, "spend money on the Mitzvah, on the Esrog - get the best - but the box does not really matter."

Throughout our history we have possessed great men of immense intellectual stature and wisdom who have not been afraid to break with tradition and set a new example to the world in order to save financial embarrassment to many thousands of Jews.

It is well known that when the Alter Rebbe (the Founder of Lubavitch/Chabad) was arrested on a false charge, jailed and sentenced to death - then a great deal of money was urgently required for his defence. One way of raising cash was that the married men sold the silver crowns, or collars, with which their Tallaisim were adorned.

Subsequently, when the Alter Rebbe was acquitted and released, he issued a proclamation to his Chassidim that these silver crowns should not be re-purchased. Obviously, it might have caused some financial embarrassment to some of them.

The Rebbe showed pity and Ahavas Yisroel to his followers.

I do believe that this is also one of the reasons why Lubavitch Chassidim do not wear these silver adornments even to this day.

THE REBBE'S 'PROHIBITION' FOR YUD ALEPH NISSEN

His 80th Birthday, 1982

Every Lubavitcher from all over the world - from young Yeshiva boys to elder statesmen - intended to be present at 770 on the happy and joyous occasion of the Rebbe's 80th birthday - and to pay homage and to give honour to our beloved Leader and revered Rebbe.

It was going to be the outstanding Lubavitch Social Occasion of recent years. Each person considered it vital and necessary that he should attend the Rebbe's Simcha. As all the most important people would be there, how would it appear if he, himself, was absent?

Therefore, special charter flights and cheap individual tickets were being arranged from all over the world. Eight hundred people were expected to travel from France alone.

Yossi, my grandson, who was studying at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva in Jerusalem, had already informed me last year that nothing would keep him away from 770 at Yud Aleph Nissen, 5742.

When I demanded to know from where he was obtaining the fare, he replied that he still had money in his own bank account from his Bar Mitzvah presents and, "I can do what I want with that, it's mine."

Mendie, his brother, is also a very important person - and he could not possibly be left behind - so Shmuel was making contingency plans to airlift Mendie to New York as well. The question of whether Shmuel himself should travel to Crown Heights for these four or five days never came up. This was just taken for granted.

A few days later the Rebbe addressed a Children's Rally at 770 which was broadcast live to all the world.

At the end of the Rally, it was announced that the Rebbe was going to make a very important statement which would concern everyone who was listening - and others too. We all waited expectantly as the Rebbe addressed us in Manchester; those in London, Israel, all over the U.S.A.; and so forth.

What the Rebbe said, briefly and concisely, and which could be expressed in one sentence, was, "I do not want anyone to come to see me at 770 on the occasion of my birthday." It was quite straightforward with no ambiguity.

The Rebbe added that he could not prohibit anybody from coming to 770 for Yud Tess Kislev - that was the Alter Rebbe's (Z.Tz.L.) Simcha - nor could he prevent people from visiting Crown Heights on Yud Bais Tamuz - that was the Previous Rebbe's (Z.Tz.L.) Simcha, but the Rebbe emphasised - "Yud Aleph Nissen was MY Simcha and I do not want anyone to come specially to 770 for my Simcha!"

"Furthermore", the Rebbe continued - "All those who had intended to travel to New York should give half of the money which would now be saved on the fare to Tzedoka, and the balance, the other half, should be spent on Hiddur Pesach - to make the Yom Tov much brighter and nicer - even by buying a new dress for one's wife."

One can imagine the turmoil, the excitement, the arguments and the stories that were flying around the world within minutes. I do know that Shmuel had received telephone calls from South Africa, the U.S.A. and other countries. Everyone wanted to know what the others intended to do.

Already, there were many versions of what the Rebbe had said. Just as there are many commentaries on the Chumash, the Nach, the Gemorra and so forth, so here too we had many commentators who explained exactly what the Rebbe had meant. One would have thought that the Rebbe's statement was a simple and straightforward directive to all his Chassidim to stay at home on Yud Aleph Nissen - but No! - each Lubavitch Chossid had his own interpretation.

We still could not persuade Yossi to cancel his flight. He was in a different category - and the whole prohibition did not concern or refer to him - he had no wife for whom to buy a new dress.

Personally, I was myself in a dilemma. I didn't know what to do. I had already received a report that a certain Lubavitch worker from South America had arrived at 770. The Rebbe had shown his displeasure and enquired of him whether he had listened to the (now famous) Sicho.

I did not wish to embarrass the Rebbe nor myself by travelling to Crown Heights without permission. Well, T. G., I had a very royal and close friend in Brooklyn who might use her good graces and best efforts on my behalf and discover whether the Rebbe would object to my participation in his Simcha.

I therefore telephoned to the Rebbetzen and put the following points to her as my reasons for wishing to travel:

- 1) I considered that I might be in a special category.
- 2) I was seeking more material for writing my book.
- 3) I would do my utmost to make the Rebbe happy and cheerful.
- 4) I had written a letter to the Rebbe last week, therefore the Rebbe knew that I was coming for Yud Aleph Nissen and yet, in the Rebbe's reply to me, he did not say "No!"
- 5) I did not want people to say that Zalmon Jaffe is a Baal Chutzpah - a cheeky fellow - who went to 770 in spite of the Rebbe's prohibition.
- 6) Before the Issur, matters were different - everybody was going to 770 - how could I stay at home?
- 7) I would be away from home for only four days.
- 8) I would still pay my Tzedoka money which would be half the amount of the fare.
- 9) I did not want people to say that because Zalmon Jaffe was going to the Rebbe's birthday Farbraingen then that would give them all an excuse to travel.

I also confided to the Rebbetzen that another interpretation had been submitted by some shrewd and

"learned" people that this Isur only referred to those who had sought permission - whereas those who had not asked for the Rebbe's consent would be allowed to travel.

The Rebbetzen intimated to me that, "Surely, you cannot compare yourself to all the groups of people who want to travel. The Rebbe does not want these groups of hundreds of people, but - I am sure that the Rebbe does not mean you."

I promised to telephone again on the following day to discover what reply the Rebbe had given.

When I spoke to the Rebbetzen again she stated that the Rebbe had given no answer whatsoever.

Shmuel had a brilliant idea. Why not phone Rabbi Dvorkin in Brooklyn and he would give me an immediate answer to my question?

I therefore rang up Rabbi Dvorkin and asked him whether I could come to Crown Heights for the Rebbe's birthday. "NO, definitely NO! Did you not hear the Sicho? You must not come. No one should come."

I commenced to put my nine reasons to him, and he, in turn, proceeded to demolish my nine points, one by one.

He told me that I was not in a special category, and that I need not write about Yud Aleph Nissen in my book - or, alternatively, I could obtain the details and particulars from other sources. Although he did admit that I might make the Rebbe cheerful, it was much more probable that the Rebbe would be none too pleased and be unhappy because I had disobeyed his instructions. He agreed that people would call me a Baal Chutzpah and a cheeky fellow, and I should not consider that I would appease the Rebbe by giving the value of half the fare money to charity. "So, please remain at home!"

I was still not satisfied. There remained a strong doubt in my mind whether I was doing the correct thing. I deliberated, considered, pondered and brooded over all these points of view - and then I decided to talk to the Rebbetzen again.

I explained that I had asked Rabbi Dvorkin for his views and that he had pronounced his verdict that I should remain at home.

The Rebbetzen again reiterated that the Rebbe did not answer her query because, in her opinion, if the Rebbe agreed that I should travel, then others would also want this privilege.

I intimated to the Rebbetzen that I wanted her to advise me - as a FRIEND.

The Rebbetzen answered that in her opinion the Rebbe did not refer to me - or to any personal friends - only to groups of people.

She continued that, "You cannot compare yourself to all the groups of hundreds of people who want to travel to 770 for Yud Aleph Nissen. The Rebbe does not want these hundreds of people. I am certain that the Rebbe did not refer to you."

The Rebbetzen advised me, as a friend, to come to 770 for the Rebbe's birthday - BUT - she concluded - "Do not blame me if you should become embarrassed by the Rebbe..."

PREPARATIONS FOR YUD ALEPH NISSEN

The Rebbe's 80th Birthday, 1982

At last I was on my way to New York - alone. I arrived at my apartment, next door but one to 770, at 6 p.m.

It was now about 7 p.m and I had ascertained that the Rebbe would be davening Maariv at just this time. I gathered together all the letters which many friends had entrusted to me - for the Rebbe - and I flew into 770. I was just in time to greet the Rebbe in the hallway on his way to take the lift down to the Shool where Maariv and all subsequent services were to be held.

I wished the Rebbe a heartfelt and warm, "Sholom Aleichem", and in return received a most glorious smile and welcome from the Rebbe. He said something in reply to my greetings (probably, "Aleichem Sholom") but I could not quite make out exactly what the Rebbe had said.

I then whizzed downstairs and was just in time to join the Rebbe's procession. First the Rebbe, followed by Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner and Binyamin Klein. This strategy and expertise enabled me to march unhindered behind Rabbi Klein to the top end of the Shool where the Rebbe would be standing during the service. It had to be split-second timing too because, as soon as the Rebbe and his Aides had passed, the whole assembly would close its ranks and it would have been impossible for me to make any headway at all. I would have had to remain at the rear end of the Shool to await the Rebbe's return.

After Maariv, the Rebbe commenced the Nigun, "We Want Moshiach NOW!" and he turned to me with a heartwarming and beaming smile and signalled that I should join in.

I realise, dear readers, that every year you read a similar little story - about the Rebbe's welcome, his smiles, his friendliness, and so forth. You probably say to yourself, "Why does Zalmon keep writing the same thing every year?" Well, for the simple reason that the welcomes and the smiles become bigger and nicer every year.

In view of the Rebbe's prohibition on travelling to Crown Heights and all the different viewpoints which I have enumerated above, I was actually uncertain and unsure of what kind of a welcome I would even receive this time from the Rebbe.

The Rebbe's first smile, therefore, absolutely overwhelmed me and completely reassured me by confirming that I had done the right thing in coming to 770 for Yud Aleph Nissen.

My grandson, Dovid (Jaffe), did join me next morning. He had decided to eat all his meals at the flat together with me.

So Dovid and I took our large shopping trolley and went off to buy our Shabbos meals. We first of all bought our Challas, Kuchen and cake from the bakery and then made our way to Mermelsteins to purchase our "Ready Cooked Meals."

There were just the two of us so we did not need very much - only sufficient for the two main meals

plus the Seudah Shelishit. But Dovid always had a raving appetite!

For the first course we bought four large pieces of gefilte fish (one piece for every meal), then we obtained one pound of chopped liver; four pieces - a whole chicken; a pound of sliced meat; one large hamburger; a large carton of vegetable soup with the bits and pieces (knaidlech, etc.); two potato puddings; a lockshen pudding; one pound of cole slaw and one pound of potato salad; and, in case we might run short, I bought two pieces of chopped and fried fish, and Dovid added a few slices of salami in case we were short - we had to play safe!

We then called at Kahan's for a jar or two of pickles, a jar of chrain and a dozen bottles of soda and coca-cola. We filled the shopping trolley and carted the goods back to our apartment. Dovid loves his food - but he enjoys cooking nearly as much. He was the expert so I left everything to him. It was a pleasure to see his face, beaming and alight with enthusiasm as he prepared the meals for Friday night dinner and Shabbos midday luncheon.

He obtained the largest cooking pot or pan which was available and placed therein, as a base, evenly spread out, the contents of a tin of baked beans which I had bought for Sunday morning's breakfast. On top of this he placed the four pieces of chicken and the hamburger, and surrounded these with the sliced meat. He added some sort of liquid - or maybe water?

He placed the Shabbos Blech (steel or tin covering) on the gas stove, boiled the Shabbos kettle, put the vegetable soup in a pan, set the table, placed thereon the candlesticks and the candles, and Challas - we were ready for Shabbos.

We enjoyed our Friday night meal, eaten very leisurely, although the vegetable soup turned out like an extraordinarily thick Tzollent. But the Shabbos luncheon, just before the Farbraingen, had to consist of a ten minute snack, whilst Dovid could barely manage much more. Dovid was minding my seat at the Farbraingen so we had to take our meals in shifts.

Therefore, we had sufficient food for Sunday and Monday too. In addition, we had a dozen eggs, cream cheese and Smetana, plus, plus.... So we had plenty of food left over which we handed to Mrs. Itkin to dispose of before we departed for home on Monday evening.

On this Friday morning I had been informed by Label and Binyomin that, at this year's Birthday Farbraingen there would not take place the usual procession of men bearing gifts and tributes for the Rebbe - as had been the custom hitherto. It was taking far too long.

I telephoned the Rebbetzen and explained that I wanted her to have a preview of our tribute to the Rebbe. It was 2.30 p.m on Friday afternoon and the Rebbetzen intimated that she would like to see me - at any time when it was convenient to me. I replied that, "Now is a very convenient time." "Alright," she declared, "Come along now." So I went along at once. I went alone because, in any case, Dovid had gone off on the Mivtzoyim.

I thanked the Rebbetzen for giving me the pleasure, honour and privilege of seeing her for just a few minutes before Shabbos. Like every other Jewish woman, the Rebbetzen had plenty to do at this time of the week - and - it was also erev Pesach, so I was deeply indebted to her.

I had brought with me our special Birthday Greetings tribute to the Rebbe to show the Rebbetzen. She greatly admired the whole production and, in particular, she loved the poem. She kept repeating how beautiful it was. I also handed her a letter which my daughter-in-law Susan had asked me to deliver.

The Rebbetzen was very anxious to read it straightaway.

In fact, she did open the envelope but, she resisted the temptation, and even apologised for opening the envelope!! (And I had told her that I was happy and delighted to wait whilst she read the contents of Susan's letter). I do not wish to give the Rebbetzen an "Ayin Horo" (the evil eye) but, T.G., she looked really lovely and younger than ever, K.A.H. and Umberuffen.

The Rebbetzen told me that she was delighted that she had the courage to tell me to come to New York for the Rebbe's birthday. I commented that Yossi might not be too pleased - I told him to remain at home and yet I saw fit to come along myself.

The Rebbetzen retorted that, "Yossi should know and realise that there is a vast difference between him and his Zaidie!"

The Rebbetzen also remarked, "en passant", that she would not be seeing the Rebbe - not at all - on the morrow, Shabbos. This was a true prophecy. I saw the Rebbe enter 770 at 7.45 a.m - the Service began at 10 a.m and ended at 12.20. The Farbraingen commenced at 1.30 p.m and concluded at 5.30 p.m. Mincha followed, and Maariv was at 7.15 p.m. As I have stated before - it is hard to be the Rebbe - but it is still harder to be the Rebbetzen!!

770 was overcrowded. There were more people present than at any time before. I trembled to think how 770 could have coped with, or accomodated, the many more thousands of Chassidim who had been ordered by the Rebbe to stay at home.

I had a problem, I was in a predicament. I always present to the Rebbe five bottles of vodka for the Rebbe's pleasure but, being made of grain, chometz, and it being only a few days before Pesach, I was uncertain what I should do. Some suggested that I should present just two or three bottles, others told me that I should not hand the Rebbe any bottles at all.

I asked Rabbi Dvorkin. He laughed uproariously and said that this would present no difficulties. It would not be any problem to finish off the five bottles of vodka before Pesach.

At Mincha, I was called up for an Aliya for which I was grateful to Myer Harlick.

THE DAY OF YUD ALEPH NISSEN

The Rebbe's 80th Birthday, 1982

On Sunday, Yud Aleph Nissen, the Rebbe arrived at 770 at 10 a.m, just as he does on every weekday of the year. As he marched up the steps of 770 the huge throng of boys and men vigorously and enthusiastically sang the Rebbe's new tune. The Rebbe encouraged us all by beating time with his hand – and immediately entered his study for another day's hard work.

After Mincha, the leaders of Anash, the top men of Lubavitch at 770, went to the Rebbe's study in a delegation, and Rabbi Katz, on everyone's behalf, extended to the Rebbe a long Brocha which had been written down on paper. The Rebbe replied and returned blessings to everybody.

My friend, Rabbi Avrohom Shemtov invited me to attend a special reception and dinner party at the Brooklyn Museum to commemorate this memorable day in the Lubavitch calendar. It was called:

"Celebration Eighty"

American Friends of Lubavitch

"National Day of Reflection"

Nissen 11th 5742

4th April 1982

This day had been proclaimed by President Ronald Reagan also as a 'National Day of Reflection' and this is the text of his message:

A Proclamation

Amid the distractions and concerns of our daily existence, it is appropriate that Americans pause to reflect upon the ancient ethical principles and moral values which are the foundation of our character as a nation.

We seek, and steadfastly pursue, the benefits of education. But education must be more than factual enlightenment - it must enrich the character as well as the mind.

One shining example for people of all faiths of what education ought to be is that provided by the Lubavitch movement, headed by Rabbi Menachem Schneerson, a worldwide spiritual leader who will celebrate his 80th birthday on April 4th, 1982. The Lubavitcher Rebbe's work stands as a reminder that knowledge is an unworthy goal unless it is accompanied by moral and spiritual wisdom and understanding. He has provided a vivid example of the eternal validity of the Seven Noahide Laws, a moral code for all of us regardless of religious faith. May he go from strength to strength.

In recognition of the Lubavitcher Rebbe's 80th birthday, the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled have issued House Joint Resolution 447 to set aside April 4, 1982, as a 'National Day of Reflection'.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, RONALD REAGAN, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim April 4, 1982, as National Day of Reflection.

(signed) Ronald Reagan

A very special Dinner had been arranged to celebrate the Rebbe's birthday at a large Brooklyn hall.

Representatives from all over the world had gathered at this hall for this event. Avrohom Shemtov had asked me to be prepared to say a few words to the gathered assembly on behalf of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

It was a very nice affair. First there was a walk-about reception. The waitresses walked about and we received the delicious edibles and drinks while standing.

We then took our seats for dinner. Aaron Weingarten of London had accompanied me to this hall and we remained together at a very well positioned table, directly opposite the top table, which was situated on a small platform and on which four or five people would be sitting.

I was delighted to see my friend Jan Pearce sitting at this top table, but I was very sorry that Alice (Pearce) could not make it.

Avrohom Shemtov was in charge and also Master of Ceremonies. He did a grand job. The food was good and the atmosphere delightful. Jan Pearce made Hamotzee, and I was pleased to note that his voice had lost none of its strength or quality of tone.

Avrohom made some good speeches and called up many representatives to address us from the microphone at the top table. He then described some wonderful Englishman who was present, and whom he now asked to address us. I realised, with a start, that he had called upon me to speak. I was expected to deliver a message from Margaret Thatcher. I walked up to the platform and Rabbi Avrohom Shemtov greeted me by shaking me by the hand. When he withdrew his palm I discovered that I was holding a letter in my hand. It was from 10 Downing Street, London, and was signed by the British Prime Minister, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher. I read the whole letter to the assembly, very slowly and deliberately - from the address and date to Maggie's signature.

It was a very nice letter of congratulations on the Rebbe's birthday and all good wishes for the continued success of the Rebbe's work in good health and long years.

Incidentally, the Rebbe has no time for parties or banquets. Each day is the same as other days.

AT THE YUD ALEPH NISSEN FARBRAINGEN

The Rebbe's 80th Birthday, 1982

I returned to my place at 770 at 8 p.m. It was four hours since I reserved this seat. A further six people had arrived on our bench. It was a form with a high wooden back. My neighbours regretted that others had squeezed their way onto this bench, in spite of their protests, and they apologised profoundly for their inability to ensure that my seat was kept reserved for me.

So, I sat on top of this high wooden back and gradually sidled downwards. First, I managed to get my toe onto the bench, then one complete foot. Twenty minutes later I managed to get the other foot into position. There I was, sat on the back of the bench with both my feet pressed into a narrow space between the gentlemen who were sitting down. I could not rely any more on these men to be upstanding when the Rebbe arrived so that I could be seated in their places.

Having made a narrow gap with my feet, it was now much easier to force my legs, and then my body, down onto the bench. A wriggle here, a push there, and by 9 p.m I was IN. I would have loved to let out a sigh of relief but there was no room for that luxury.

The dais was also overcrowded. Every seat in the five rows of benches was taken, but these seated gentlemen could hardly be seen because of the vast number of men standing over and above them. And distinguished and illustrious men were arriving all the time. Mr Koch, the Mayor of New York; the personal representatives of the President; Governors and Senators - all came to pay tributes and give honour to the Rebbe. Mr. Reagan's representative delivered the following personal letter from the "President of the United States of America" to the Rebbe, which read as follows:

The White House
Washington
April 2nd 1982

Dear Rebbe,

Nancy and I are pleased to share in the joy and celebration which surrounds your 80th birthday on this 11th Nissan. On behalf of all Americans, we offer our most heartfelt congratulations.

You have so much of which to be proud. Since your first moments in the United States in 1941, you have shared your personal gift of universal understanding to the benefit of all. Time and again, your love and spiritual guidance have brought hope and inspiration to those confronted with despair. In bringing solace and comfort to the human spirit, you have helped to strengthen the foundation of faith which is mankind's most vital asset. Your life's work has been a response to that special calling few are privileged to hear.

I am especially pleased to join members of Congress in proclaiming a National Day of Reflection on your birthday. As I stated in the Proclamation, your work "stands as a reminder to us all that knowledge is an unworthy goal unless it is accompanied by moral and spiritual wisdom and understanding." As with all great leaders, you have given much more than you will ever receive.

G-d bless you today and always.

Sincerely,

(signed) Ronald Reagan

I really do not know where all the extra thousands of people, whom the Rebbe had prohibited from travelling to New York, would or could have sat or stood.

All the proceedings were being televised, live, to every part of the globe. I was told that 700 people, men, women and children, watched the Farbraingen in London. The picture was produced on an eight foot screen. "It was like a personal Yechidus for each and every one of the 700 people gathered in Lubavitch House, London."

Thousands were watching the televised Farbraingen in the comfort of their own homes in New York and all over the U.S.A.

The Farbraingen commenced at 9.30 p.m. T.G. the Rebbe was extremely happy. He ensured that the Mayor and V.I.P.'s all said LeChaim to him on a glass of vodka. The Rebbe even signalled that the T.V. operator should be handed a glass of vodka in order to say LeChaim. By 12.30 a.m, after midnight, many V.I.P.'s and those who had to be up early for work, had gradually left the hall, and I discovered that I could even stretch my legs underneath the table.

Some Words of Torah

The Rebbe related nine Sichos and a Maamer at this Yud Aleph Nissen Farbraingen.

Rabbi Shmuel Lew, my son-in-law, translated and summarised the Sichos and Maamers from most of the weekday Farbraingen which were broadcast to the world from 770.

Shmuel dictated these to my daughter-in-law Susan, in Manchester. She transmitted these to Avrohom, my son, who organised and arranged for these summaries to be printed, published and distributed by Manchester Lubavitch.

Here are some excerpts from Shmuel's version of the Yud Aleph Farbraingen:

Sicho One

We begin with a blessing, as it is written, "...Blessed are those who come in the name of HaShem..." This means that we become united in the blessing through becoming united with HaShem, bringing about the deepest unity possible. Becoming a receptacle for "light" is a great power, for the nature of light is that it illuminates infinitely, provided nothing stands in its way. That is why we see that the light from the stars, which are countless millions of miles away, reach the earth despite the distance, for light is infinite. Similarly, in becoming united with the light of HaShem, and the light of the Torah, we bring about an infinite power.

An important element in our efforts has been the promulgation of education. I would like to express publicly my deep gratitude to the President of the U.S. who has sent me a personal letter, together with a proclamation by the Congress, affirming the essential value of education, and calling for a "Day of Reflection" about our purpose in the world based on the Ten Commandments.

Sicho Four

The important thing - action. Priority must be given to that which is most pressing today. The young generation is waiting! We cannot put off this important task of education until tomorrow, for there is enough to be done in the future without leaving today's task for them. Even though there are youths who are not demanding that we educate them, this in itself makes it even more crucial and more obvious that they are lacking in something.

The Rebbe Distributes the Special Tanyas

It was almost 3 a.m when the Rebbe made the following unusual and unique announcement:

"I would like to express my gratitude to those who have sat and listened for long hours at this Farbraingen which was not for the honour of an individual but for the Chabad Movement. Our task is to win the battle of HaShem and the war is not won by the officers but by the soldiers in the field. I would like to express gratitude for that! Every person becomes incorporated through a Sefer Torah. There is the revealed part of the Torah but also the inner part of the Torah through which we will be redeemed from exile, and the "written Torah of Chassidus" is the Sefer Tanya. It is there to teach man how near it is for him to serve HaShem, as mentioned in the title page. This unifies all people. The Sefer Tanya has been printed in many different places, and we suggested the idea to print a Tanya which would incorporate in it all Tanyas which were ever printed. The Sefer itself is identical, and it is why the title page which has the name of the different cities - which differentiate between them so we have published a Tanya with a facsimile of the title page of a Tanya printed in every city.

Thus, those who study in this Tanya will become unified with all the places and the people who have studied in those Tanyas. When my father-in-law was a child, he was taught the Aleph Beis from the title page and inner pages of the Sefer Tanya. Each person will be given a Tanya and a dollar for Tzedoka. After all the men and boys have received their Tanyas, they will clear the Shool and the women will file by and each will be given a Tanya. For women are obliged to keep those positive commands which are not limited by a time factor, one of which is the love of HaShem and the fear of HaShem, which comes about through the study of Chassidus. Furthermore, we find in the Rambam (Hilchos Teshuvah, chapter 1) that women should also study the inner part of Torah to reach the love of HaShem."

[This Tanya made the total editions printed to nearly 180. Over the next ten years a great upsurge - wherever Jews were living in cities or small villages, many thousands of Tanyas were printed.]

One can well imagine what great excitement this statement generated. Scores of cartons containing Tanyas were brought onto the dais and emptied. And they were continuously being replenished. The Tanyas were then placed in neat piles upon the table and the Rebbe commenced the distribution. Everybody surged forward and rushed towards the platform. The Rebbe appeared annoyed and halted

the distribution. He announced that there must be no shuffling and pushing.

Everyone must come forward in an orderly manner and he indicated that a line, or queue, should be formed to the left of him, file past and accept the Tanya from his own hand.

Everyone was singing and clapping, and the Rebbe stood on the platform and handed each person - man, boy, child or baby, a Tanya with a dollar note enclosed.

An hour had elapsed since the commencement of "Operation Tanya" and the line and number of people did not appear to lessen. In fact, they seemed to be growing. I then realised what had occurred. The Rebbe had announced during the Farbraingen that he would give a Tanya to every single person, man, woman, boy, girl and child who was present at this Farbraingen.

This announcement was clearly heard on the radio and on television, so within half an hour, men and women were arriving with their children and little babies, still wearing their night clothes and pyjamas, and some even in carry cots. Most of them were more asleep than awake, and they appeared as if they had been awakened at 4 a.m - which they obviously were.

After an hour of hard work the Rebbe sat down and continued the distribution. It was certainly a very hard task. Each Tanya actually weighed one pound and nine ounces. The Rebbe carried on handing them out for three and a half hours non-stop, 32 to 35 Tanyas every minute. (I checked this every fifteen minutes or so.) Therefore, I reckon that in the three and a half hours the Rebbe had given away 7,000 Tanyas - at one pound nine ounces each - means that the Rebbe handled nearly FIVE TONS WEIGHT of Tanyas.

To make matters more difficult for the Rebbe, most people waited for him to stretch out his arm and present them with a Tanya instead of leaning forward towards the Rebbe and saving him the effort of rising from his seat. Of course, it was not easy to lean forward if one is holding two babies in one's arms and four more little ones are slinking along behind, but it was not easy either for the Rebbe.

One young handicapped man, sitting in a wheelchair, was hoisted up - still in the wheelchair - by a dozen boys so that he could receive a Tanya from the Rebbe.

It was a lot of work, a lot of Tanyas, and a lot of weight. The Rebbe was entitled to feel tired. At about 5 a.m I joined a line and made my way to the Rebbe. He gave me a cheerful smile (and I thought that the Rebbe was tired?!) and enquired where I had been and why was I so late in coming for my Tanya?

The Rebbe then wanted to know whether I had received his Shmura Matzo. I replied, "Not yet." The Rebbe told me to make sure that I received the Matzo from Label Groner or from Rabbi Chadakov as soon as possible. There were two pounds in the box and I could take this home for distribution to the Manchester Anash.

I received my Tanya, and included inside was a crisp new dollar bill. I examined the new Sefer Tanya and, as the Rebbe had told us, there were included facsimiles of the title pages of all the Tanyas which had ever been printed. I counted almost 180 title pages, and the number of countries represented was fifty. Many volumes were printed in Russia and in the U.S.A. and about a dozen or so were produced

in various towns and villages of Eretz Yisroel.

These were the names of the countries enumerated therein (not in any particular order):

The U.S.A.; Russia; England; Poland; Japan; India; Israel; Hong Kong; Lithuania; West Germany; Australia; Tunisia; Canada; Morocco; Argentina; Belgium; Brazil; Holland; Italy; Switzerland; South Africa; Venezuela; Denmark; Sweden; Finland; France; Spain; Portugal; Gibraltar; Hungary; Yugoslavia; Greece; Chile; New Zealand; Uruguay; Thailand; Taiwan; Ireland; Austria; Korea; Colombia; Lebanon; Singapore; Norway; Nigeria; Turkey; Panama; Honolulu; Czechoslovakia; and North Africa (Suez).

The proceedings concluded at 6.40 a.m and immediately a Minyan was formed for the Rebbe's Kriass HaTorah and, Bassia Azeemof's son, who wished to be called up for his Bar Mitzvah at the Rebbe's Minyan, joined in and had his Aliya.

The Rebbe departed for home at 8.30 a.m and was back at his office at 10.30 a.m.

I had spent a very hectic, exciting and exhilarating few days with the Rebbe. I was indeed delighted that the Rebbetzen had had the courage to advise me to come to Brooklyn and that the Rebbe was not at all angry with me.

I packed my suitcases and left by air to rejoin my family in Manchester for a restful Yom Tov.

But the Rebbe departed to visit the Ohel of the Previous Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.)

The Rebbe's work is never ended.

WE WANT MOSHIACH NOW!!

SOME MORE FOND MEMORIES

The Rebbetzen told Chaim Halberstram that she loved to have the Jaffe's as her guests. They were no trouble. All she had to do was to lean back in her chair and let herself be entertained by the whole Jaffe family, individually and collectively.

The Rebbetzen uses the brass candlesticks which she had brought from Russia and are a family heirloom. She does possess silver candlesticks but not for Benching Licht (lighting the candles) on Friday night.

The Rebbe always phoned before he left 770 to travel home. It gave us plenty of time to make our farewell to the Rebbetzen although she never pressed us to leave.

Max and Leah often visited her. The Rebbetzen dangled our great grandson, Moishe, on her knees. He called the Rebbetzen, "Doda."

I always presented the Rebbe with five bottles of vodka. The Rebbe wanted to know what was the significance of five? Five books of the Torah? Five grandchildren? Or?? I replied that five bottles of Mashkie were allowed into the country free of duty, so why should not the Rebbe have the advantage. "But I don't drink vodka," said the Rebbe. "Well, take them to your wife," I replied. "But my missus also does not drink vodka, either." Anyway, I always took the five bottles, which the Rebbe gave out at the Farbraingen.

I should like to express my thanks to my great nephew, Chazkie (Unsdorfer), who has never failed for many years to telephone and extend his good wishes for a happy Yom Tov and to enquire about my health.

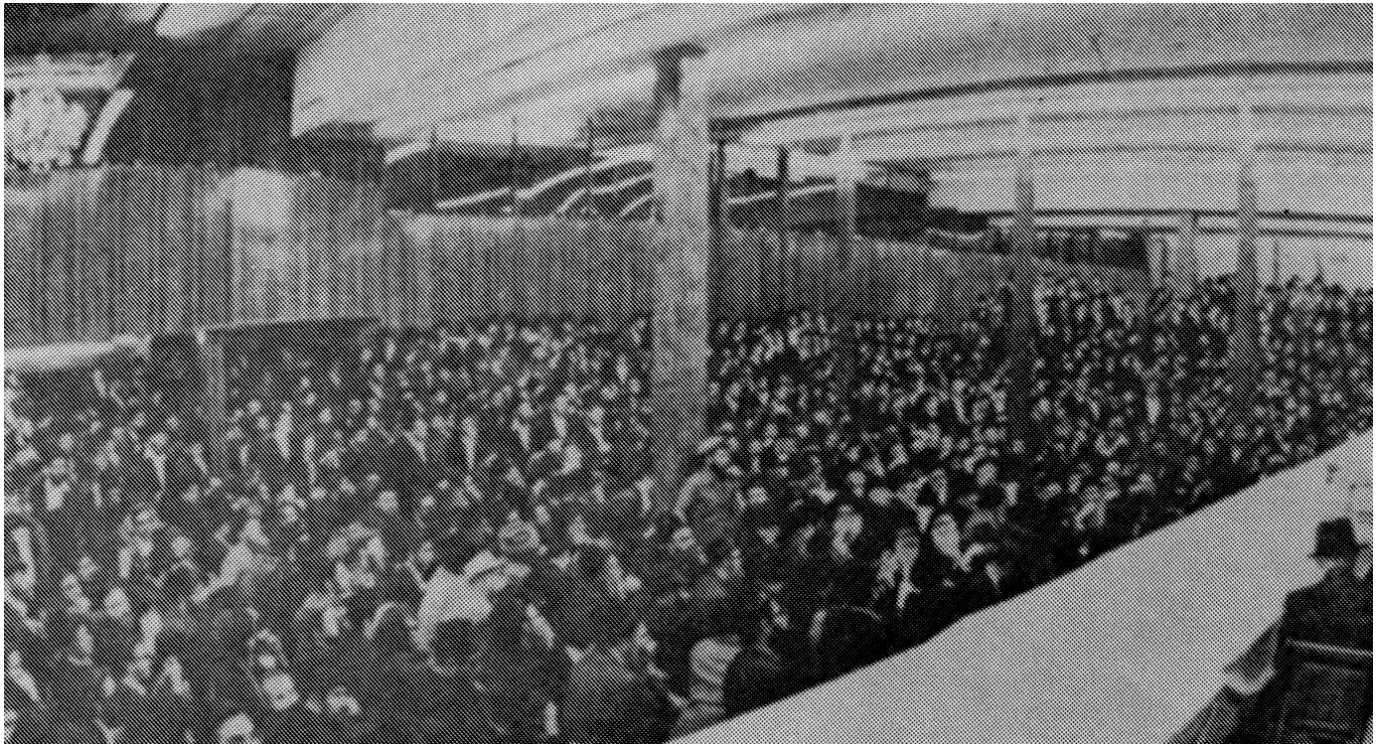
He is about 16 years old. He is a big lad - and getting bigger every day, K.A.H.

I have very often reiterated to the boys that I do not want to be a Tzorus Chossid. That means one who writes or contacts the Rebbe only when one is in trouble and needs help, guidance or a Brocha. I wrote every single Friday explaining what was happening in Manchester and at my own home - about mutual friends and "gossip". Even a good joke would not go amiss.

For instance: What is a female "Galoch" (priest) called. Answer: A "Gelechta" (in Yiddish, this means a big joke.)

Mrs. Itkin loved my book, especially that part about the Halacha. She is always late for Shool but she now knows how to arrange the Davenning to enable her to listen to Kerias HaTorah (Layenning).

She has always enjoyed my rendition of the "Hoaderres Vehoemuna" because it gave her the chance to catch up.



"A Typical Farbraingen" before 770 became unbearably overcrowded



The Rebbe handing me dollars

AT THE REBBE'S TABLE ON YOM TOV

Firstly, the Rebbe made Kiddush very quietly. The door to the adjoining room was kept slightly ajar so that the Rebbetzen, who was next door, could listen.

We, who were standing very near to the Rebbe, could not hear the words. The Rebbetzen was well used to this spiritual communication.

The Rebbe then went to wash his hands for the Hamotzie blessing.

At that moment, each guest made his own individual Kiddush using the silver goblets provided by the Rebbe. After which, we also went to wash our hands for the meal.

The chair at the top of the table was always left empty for it belonged to the Previous Rebbe. The Rebbe sat on the left and the Rashag on the right of this chair. The Rashag was the elder son-in-law and this had always been his place.

The first course was then served. No one was allowed to talk until this had been consumed.

When the Rebbe laid down his cutlery, then everyone had to do the same and stop eating.

Therefore, the Rebbe would eat very slowly to ensure that everyone had finished.

We were allowed to speak in between courses but normally, only through and by permission of the Rebbe.

At the first meals at which I was present, I noticed that as soon as the Rebbe laid down his utensils, then the Rashag would immediately get involved with the Rebbe on some problem, and we all had to listen to this (to me) uninteresting conversation.

At one time, it seemed that the Rashag was building a new Yeshiva at Ocean Parkway and had difficulty in raising funds. With the Rebbe's permission he turned to me and wanted to know how I managed to erect Lubavitch House in Manchester. I told him that if one had money there was no problem. In our case, we also had no cash but, with the Rebbe's Brocha, we succeeded. The Rebbe was extremely pleased with my reply because it showed faith in the Rebbe.

As one can imagine, the atmosphere was very quiet and subdued. I was determined to make the Rebbe Frielich, therefore I watched the Rebbe very carefully and, as soon as I saw that he had concluded that course, I exclaimed, "Excuse me, Rebbe, but I would like to tell you a story." The Rebbe agreed to my request and I soon had the Rebbe and all the guests roaring with laughter.

I spoke in English but the Rebbe asked me to speak in Yiddish so that everyone could understand. I admitted that it would not be too easy. So the Rebbe intimated that I should start with half-Yiddish and, in time, I might reach the objective of all-Yiddish.

Sometimes, the Rebbe would ask me to sing a Nigun. Fetter (Uncle) Hendel, who was the official "singer", was not too pleased and, on one or two occasions, I did ask the Rebbe to excuse me because

Fetter Hendel was "green with envy", which amused the Rebbe.

The Rebbe liked to eat Challah with plenty of salt. Someone asked if there was a special, or Cabalistic, reason for this. "No," said the Rebbe, "The answer is very simple, I like a lot of salt with my bread."

Once I was served chicken, as usual, and I asked the boy serving me whether he could change this for something else - maybe meat.

"Certainly," he replied, and took away the chicken. It took him ages and ages to return, by which time most of the guests had finished that course.

The end of the story was that I managed to eat a few mouthfuls - the Rebbe put down his fork and so I was forced to stop eating.

The founders of general Chassidism and the leaders of Chabad

the Founder of Chassidism

Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov
Elul 18, 5458–Sivan 6, 5520 (1698–1760)

Successor

Rabbi Dovber of Meseritch
(Date of birth unknown)–Kislev 19, 5533 (?–1772)

Founder of Chabad

Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Ladi
Elul 18, 5505–Teves 24, 5573 (1745–1812)

Second Generation

Rabbi Dovber
(the son of Rabbi Shneur Zalman)
Kislev 9, 5534–Kislev 9, 5588 (1773–1827)

Third Generation

Rabbi Menachem Mendel
(grandson of Rabbi Shneur Zalman; son-in-law of Rabbi Dovber)
Elul 29, 5549–Nissan 13, 5626 (1789–1866)

Fourth Generation

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

Fifth Generation

Rabbi Sholom Dovber
(son of Rabbi Shmuel)
Cheshvan 20, 5621–Nissan 2, 5680 (1860–1920)

Sixth Generation

Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneersohn
(son of Rabbi Sholom Dovber)
Tammuz 12, 5640–Shevat 10, 5710 (1880–1950)

Seventh Generation

Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson שליט"א
(sixth in direct paternal line from Rabbi Menachem Mendel,
son-in-law of Rabbi Joseph Isaac)
Born Nissan 11, 5662 (1902)

CONCLUSION

Many persons, including Rabbi Rap shook me by the hand when I was at 770. They very wisely and wryly remarked that - "He will be back."

"Well, all is relative!"

It has been stated that in the eyes of the A'Mighty a thousand years are like a blink of the eyelid.

The Rebbe has laid down, over the years, what we have to do.

We have to continue to study and fulfil the Mitzvos. If someone has established a Chabad House he must try to build even another one.

There are still many towns and cities all around the world awaiting the helping hand of Chabad Shiluchim - many Jews who need the care and attention of Lubavitch Chassidim.

We know what is our task.

The Rebbe will return - whether it will be immediately or very many years later depends on the A'Mighty.

But as the Rebbe has often told us

We want Moshiach Now.

Moshiach will be coming soon

M A M O S H (definitely)

M A M O S H (undoubtedly)

M A M O S H (positively)

The letters MAMOSH are the acronym of Menachem Mendel Schneerson.