

The Weekly Publication
for Every Jewish Person

גוסד תוך ימי השלושים

Dedicated to the memory of Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka Schneerson

"May there be peace in your wall, tranquility in your palaces" (Psalm 122:6)

L'Chaim



LIVING WITH THE REBBE

from the teachings of the Rebbe
on the Torah portion

The Haftora we read on Yom Kippur afternoon is called Maftir Yonah. It is the longest of all Haftoras, it consists of the entire book of Yona and three verses from the book of Micha. It tells the story of our prophet Yona, who Hashem sent on a mission to Nineveh, to tell them to repent for their bad ways.

The Jewish people, at the time, were at odds with Yona, disrespecting him and calling him a false prophet. Thinking that Nineveh would listen to him and repent, and it would look poorly on the Jewish people, he chose to run away.

Everybody is familiar with the rest of the story. The ship he was running away on, was experiencing an abnormally rough sea, and at the same time, they were witnessing other ships passing by them in relative calm. They realized that it was from Hashem. They drew lots to see which of them were at fault. The lot pointed at Yona, who told them why this was happening, and they threw him off the boat. A fish swallowed him, and after three days he was spit out of the fish on the shore. He went to Nineveh, told them to repent and they did, and the city was saved.

Why is this Haftora read at mincha on Yom Kippur? First, like Yona, we can't run from Hashem, and from the mission he wants us to do. Second, it is a story about teshuva, and the power of teshuva, that even the wicked city of Nineveh, who were not Jewish, repented and were forgiven by Hashem. How much more so, if we do teshuva, He will grant us forgiveness. Also, we see that reading it or listening to it, evokes a wanting to do teshuva.

It is said by mincha, because mincha on Yom Kippur is a preparation for the holiest prayer of the day, Neila, and because our sages say about the greatness of the mincha prayer, that Eliyahu wasn't answered, but by the mincha prayer. Mincha time on Yom Kippur is also called "raava d'raavin," the time of the "ultimate good will" of Hashem, and when it comes to doing teshuva, it's the most opportune time.

It is our custom to call this Haftora Maftir Yonah. It begs the question: If it is all about teshuva, why don't we call it Haftoras teshuva?

The answer that is given for this, is in accordance with what the Zohar says, that Yona is symbolic of the descent of the neshama into the body. The Zohar goes on to explain the details of the story of Yona and how they mirror the journey of the neshama. When the neshama is in the body, it has to deal with things that it never had to deal with in the highest of heights. For the neshama to get the body to do what Hashem wants, it has to be like Yona, from the word onaa (trickery).

May Hashem accept our teshuva, and may our teshuva bring us to our desired destination, the ultimate redemption, when we will witness the greatest revelation of Hashem, greater than any prophecy. May it happen now.

Adapted by Rabbi Yitzi Hurwitz from the teachings of the Rebbe, yitzihurwitz.blogspot.com. Rabbi Hurwitz, who is battling ALS, and his wife Dina, are emissaries of the Rebbe in Temecula, Ca.

The Perfect Time To Choose A New Mitzva

Putting on your shoes. Opening a food package. Responding to an inquiry about one's health.

These, and many other day-to-day activities, are part of our Divine service.

In small, seemingly insignificant ways that we cannot possibly enumerate comprehensively, we bring the spiritual into the mundane, thereby creating a comfortable place for G-d in this world.

Whenever the Rabbi of Ternigrad visited the Chozeh of Lublin, the Chozeh would always make a point of personally attending to his guest's needs in some way, thus fulfilling the mitzva of waiting on a Torah scholar.

Once, after serving his guest coffee, the Chozeh washed out the cup and returned it to its place.

The rabbi asked why the Chozeh troubled himself with this detail.

The Chozeh replied:

"When the High Priest took out the empty incense spoon and the ash pan from the Holy of Holies on Yom Kippur, this too was part of the Divine service of the day."

G-d gives us the incredible opportunity to infuse the most mundane areas of our lives with spirituality.

When putting on shoes, Jewish law instructs us to first put on our right shoe, then our left. Then we are to tie our left shoe followed by our right. "How controlling," some might protest. "The Torah is trying to dictate our every action and move, each thought and emotion."

Nothing could be further from the truth than this reaction.

The Torah is giving us the chance to connect with the Divine even when performing a trite, unimportant act.

Incidentally, it has been explained

that the order to use when putting on and tying shoes teaches us not to show favoritism, not to select one side over another. Through our interaction with an inanimate object we become habituated to benevolence!

When you open a package of food on Shabbat or Yom Tov, don't tear through the letters, thereby "erasing" a word. Picayune, inane? No way! We are being sensitized. We are being taught how to bring holiness into every action, every breath, every thought.

When someone asks how you are, you can respond, "Thank G-d, I'm doing just fine." You have just shown gratitude to Your Creator. And, you have reminded yourself and the other person that there is a G-d in the world.

The Talmud states:

"The transgressors of Israel are as full of mitzvot as a pomegranate with seeds."

No wonder. It's so simple to do mitzvot.

We are infinitely lucky that G-d makes it so easy for us.

The fact is that opportunities to do mitzvot easily and painlessly, are endless: Greet people with a smile; say, "Have a good, sweet new year; drop a coin in a tzedaka box; give your seat to an elderly person; tie your shoes the "Torah" way; buy the ketchup with the kosher symbol instead of the one without a kosher symbol; check the egg for blood before you cook or bake with it. The list goes on.

When we realize how simple it is to do mitzvot, it entices us to want to do some that require a little spiritual elbow grease.

Though any day is auspicious, Yom Kippur is the perfect time to choose a new mitzva to undertake for the upcoming year.

SLICE OF LIFE

Resurrection after the Raid: Yiddishkeit in Uganda

With Rabbi Moshe and Yocheved Raskin,
Chabad of Kampala, Uganda:
By Chaya Chazan



I grew up in a shlichim family. My siblings are scattered around the world, serving a variety of communities. The Rebbe's mission to light up all four corners of the globe was instilled in us from a young age. My wife experienced a similar upbringing.

When we met, we bonded over this shared dream. We'd talk for hours about building our own Chabad house. We envisioned starting a community from scratch and serving a part of the world that hadn't been reached yet. When Chabad's radar alighted on African communities, we jumped at the opportunity to move to Uganda. It was, and still is, a small community. We only have a handful of permanent residents, augmented by travelers who frequent the country for business or vacation. Fortunately, we already knew at least one local Jew, who was shomer Torah and mitzvos, who helped us settle in and begin our Chabad house. We've had to get creative, adjusting to a new life, but at the end of the day, we're happy and proud of the position we're in.

We'd only been in Uganda a week when I received an urgent summons to the hospital from a man named Avi*.

"I don't know what to do," he fretted. "My friend passed away, and I don't know what to do. I need a rav!"

I quickly made my way to the hospital, where Avi introduced me to the doctors, and we ensured his friend's body would be left untouched and prepared for a Jewish burial. It was vital that he not be autopsied.

It was a trying time for Avi, but through this, he and I ended up building a relationship. I learned that Avi grew up in a wealthy Israeli family, had a wife and kids, and didn't have much connection to Judaism. But over time, Avi started learning more, and soon was putting on tefillin weekly - something he previously hadn't done since his Bar Mitzvah. Avi quickly became more than just a member of my community; he became a dear friend.

But then, one day, seemingly out of nowhere, everything changed. Avi stopped coming to the Chabad house, refused to answer my calls, and stopped putting on tefillin. I decided to give him space - I didn't want to overwhelm him. Months went by in silence. When Pesach arrived, I knew I had to step in - regardless of Avi's apparent cold-shouldering.

Pre-Pesach preparations are, of course, hectic. We do our bi-yearly shechita, in addition to all our cleaning. I knew Avi always spent the Yom Tov at home, in Israel, but I'd heard he was still in Uganda. With just hours to go before the seder, I called him.

"Avi?" I asked. "Are you home for Yom Tov?"

"I'm in Uganda," Avi confirmed. "But I'm not coming to the seder or anything."

"Can I at least send you over some wine?" I asked. "And a few matzahs."

"Sure," Avi agreed. I quickly packed a small care package for him and delivered it to his home.

A week or so later, I decided to visit Avi. Although I wasn't sure what reception I would get, Avi greeted me with a friendly smile and invited me in. We chatted comfortably for a while, and I offered to help him put on tefillin. He agreed and whispered the brachos after me. I started a Mi Shebeirach for his family, but Avi stopped me. "Liat* is my ex-wife now," he explained.

I started piecing together the confusing events of the past few months.

"I guess I... owe you an explanation," Avi said, and took a seat by the table. "It's been a tough year. My wife decided she wanted out, and left with barely a warning. I was barely managing as it was - I simply couldn't imagine spending Pesach with my family. I knew I couldn't pretend to be okay around them.

"So, instead, I came back here. I ran away. I

planned to spend the chag alone. I was going to eat at an Italian restaurant and indulge in pasta and pizzas and bread... I was going to have an anti-Pesach. But then you called."

Avi dropped his head into his hands and took a deep breath. I sat quietly, listening. "I was getting ready to leave my house when your care package showed up. I didn't believe you'd actually send it, knowing how busy your day must have been. I was sure you'd forget about me. But there it was, on the doorstep, just as you promised. I just started to cry."

Tears rolled down Avi's face. "Hashem was trying to tell me something," he whispered. "And in that moment, I looked up at Him and nodded. I told him I got His message. Instead of going out, I dug up the Haggadah you gave me last year, and I made myself a seder."

During Corona, the Gefens gave birth to a beautiful and healthy baby boy. Soon after the birth, my wife and I went to visit the new mother in the hospital and asked her if she wanted to perform a bris.

"What's that?" she asked.

We quickly described the tradition, explaining how important it was in welcoming a boy into the Jewish nation.

"I need to check with my husband," Mrs. Gefen answered, noncommittally.

We were hopeful they'd agree, and immediately began brainstorming to find a mohel. The country was on lockdown, and inter-city travel was forbidden. But Hashem always has a way. Days later, two tourists wound up at our Chabad house. They'd planned an extensive tour of the country, but found themselves stuck in Kampala due to Covid restrictions.

"What do you do?" we asked them.

"I'm a shochet and a mohel," one of the men answered.

It was a clear case of Hashgacha Pratis. My wife and I went back to the mother and quickly got her go-ahead.

Within days, we'd organized a bris. We made cake and got the mohel on board, and then we all showed up at the new mother's house, ready to welcome her son into our nation. It was one of the most emotional moments I've ever lived through. I'm sure that was the first bris to ever happen in Uganda. And, just like everything else in life, Hashem orchestrated it all.

*Names changed to protect privacy.
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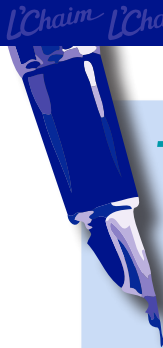
New Emissaries

Rabbi Mendy and Mushky Halperin will be the first new Chabad emissaries in Ukraine since the beginning of the war.

The historic city of Chernovtzy (Chernovitz), nestled in Western Ukraine, has been relatively peaceful compared to other parts of the war-ravaged nation. Here, even amid the turmoil of war, where the Jewish community of about 2,000 has been experiencing a renaissance. They will join the already thriving Chabad-Lubavitch of Chernovtzy team.

Teachings...

Rabbi Chanina ben Dosa used to say: "Anyone whose good deeds exceed his wisdom, his wisdom will endure; but anyone whose wisdom exceeds his good deeds, his wisdom will not endure..." (Ethics 3:10) Through study a person learns how to do a mitzva (commandment). Nevertheless, the final deed is the main thing, for the deed causes an additional measure of spiritual light to infuse the level of wisdom. In this way, a person's wisdom will not merely survive, but also endure. (Sefer HaMa'amarim 5654)



The Rebbe Writes

from correspondence of the Lubavitcher Rebbe

IN JUST ONE MOMENT

Freely translated from a letter of the Rebbe

There is a unique quality and preeminence of teshuva [lit. return, colloquially, repentance] in that it enables a person to rectify completely all that should have been achieved throughout the past, in matters of Torah and mitzvot -- "with one 'turn' and in one moment."

On reflection, it can easily be seen that, all things added up, the world contains more quantity (materiality) than quality (spirituality), and more by far. Indeed, the more corporeal and gross a thing is, the greater is the quantity in which it is found. Thus, for example, the world of inanimate, (inorganic) matter is much greater in volume than the vegetable kingdom, and the latter is quantitatively greater than the animal kingdom, which, in turn, surpasses by far, in quantity, the highest of the four kingdoms, mankind (the "speaking" creature).

Similarly, in the human body: the lowest extremities, the legs are larger in size than the rest of the body, and the latter is much greater in bulk than the head, wherein are located the organs of speech and the senses of smell, hearing and sight, as well as the intellect, etc., which animate the entire body and direct all its activities.

On further reflection, a person might also become disheartened, G-d forbid, wondering how is one to fulfill adequately one's real purpose in life on this earth, which is, to quote our Sages, "I was created to serve my Creator" -- seeing that most of one's time is necessarily taken up with materialistic things, such as eating and drinking, sleeping, earning a livelihood, etc. What with the fact that the earliest years of a human being, before reaching maturity and knowledgeability, are spent in an entirely

materialistic mode of living.

The answer is, first of all, that even the so-called materialistic preoccupations of the daily life must not become purely materialistic and animal-like, for we have to be always mindful of the imperative, "Let all your doings be for the sake of Heaven," and "Know Him (G-d) in all your ways."

This means that also in carrying out the activities which are connected with the physical and material aspects of life (which, as mentioned, take up the greater part of a person's time), a human being must know that those material aspects are not an end in themselves, but they are, and must serve as, the means to attain to the higher, spiritual realm of life, namely, G-dliness. In this way, he permeates all those materialistic-physical aspects with spiritual content, and utilizes them for spiritual purposes. Thus, all these mundane, and in themselves trivial matters, are elevated to their proper role, perfection and spirituality.

But in addition to the above, there is also the unique effectiveness of teshuva, which has the power to transform -- "with one 'turn' and in one moment" -- the whole past - the very materiality of it into spirituality.

Time is, of course, not measured simply by duration, but by its content in terms of achievement. Thus, in evaluating time there are vast differences in terms of content, and, hence, in real worth, of a minute, an hour, etc.

Suffice it to mention, by way of example, that one cannot compare an hour of prayer and outpouring of the soul before G-d with an hour of sleep. And to use the analogy of coins, there may be coins of identical size and shape, yet differing in their intrinsic value, depending upon whether they are made of copper, silver or gold.

With all the opportunities that G-d provides for a person to fill his time with the highest content, there is the most wonderful gift from "G-d who does wonders" of the extraordinary quality of teshuva, transcending all limitations, including the limitations of time, so that "in one moment" it transforms the whole past, to the degree of absolute perfection in quality and spirituality.

world's inhabitants to serve G-d as one. This marriage will only be complete with our final Redemption from exile. The marriage between G-d and Israel that occurred at Sinai is the betrothal stage of our relationship. The giving of the Torah was akin to the giving of the ring at a wedding. The final stage of the marriage between G-d and the Jewish people, will take place imminently with the final Redemption.

(Rabbi Heschel Greenberg)

A WORD FROM THE DIRECTOR

One of the unique points about Yom Kippur is the special service of the Kohain Gadol-the High Priest, who performed the Yom Kippur service on that day by himself.

For the part of the High Priest's service which was performed in the two outer halls of the Holy Temple, he wore gold clothing. The part of the service performed inside the Holy of Holies, however, was performed in plain white clothing.

Although the physical Holy Temple was destroyed -- and we eagerly await its rebuilding -- the spiritual Sanctuary within every Jew -- his Holy of Holies -- remains totally intact. Thus, each individual Jew is personally responsible to perform the special service of the High Priest on Yom Kippur.

The High Priest wore gold clothing for a large part of his special service to remind us that we should use the most precious and beautiful materials available in serving G-d; we should perform mitzvot in a beautiful and enhanced manner.

The white clothing of the High Priest, worn in the Holy of Holies, is a reminder though, that it is not enough to only do those mitzvot that involve us in material matters. Those mitzvot that are purely spiritual in nature, such as prayer and Torah study, must also be performed.

At the end of his service, the High Priest said a short prayer that the year should be a good year materially for himself, his tribe and all the Jewish people throughout the entire world.

This, too, is part of the service of every single Jew on the holiest day of the year and in the Holy of Holies of his heart. Each Jew on Yom Kippur should also pray for a good year not only for himself and his family, but for the entire Jewish people.

Shmuel Butman

L'ZICHRON CHAYA I MUSHKA לזכרון חיה י מושקא

The name of our publication has special meaning. It stands for the name of Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka Schneerson (obm), wife of the Rebbe.



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MOSHIACH MATTERS

The giving of the Torah is likened to a marriage because, like a marriage, the objective of Torah is to create a union: between G-d and the Jewish people, physical and spiritual, body and soul, and the union of all of the



IT HAPPENED ONCE

The day before Yom Kippur the air in the city of Lubavitch was already permeated with the holiness of the day. Reb Shmuel, a respected scholar and chasid, sat in a corner of the shul swaying in prayer when the door swung open and a peddler entered the room. He threw himself down on a bench and tossed his pack on the floor. Reb Shmuel inquired, "How are you, brother?"

"Oy," sighed the man. "The exile is dark and terrible. Just today I was walking past the mansion of Squire Lobomirsky. Everyone knows his evil reputation. Whenever I pass that place, I walk as fast as I can to get away from it. Suddenly, some one cried out, 'Hey, Jew!' My blood ran cold. Thank G-d, it was only the squire's servant, who wanted to buy a scarf from me. He told me about a Jewish family imprisoned in the squire's dungeon. They owe him rent, and if they don't pay by tomorrow, they'll all be killed. If only I had that money...what a terrible and dark exile."

By the time the man had finished his tale, Reb Shmuel had left the shul; soon he was knocking at the gates of the squire's mansion. "I must speak with His Excellency," he said to the guard. He was allowed to enter and he proceeded to the room where Lobomirsky sat. When the squire saw the Jew, he was infuriated: "How dare you enter my house! What do you want, Jew?"

"I want to know what is the debt of that poor, unfortunate family you have imprisoned." The ruthless landowner's eyes lit up with the thought of lining his pockets with the money. "Let me think about it," he smiled slyly and began to calculate: "Well, there's the debt, then there's all the money I put out to feed the whole brood, then there's the penalty payment; there's also the money required to cancel their hanging -- it would have provided good entertainment." At the end of his "calculations," Reb Shmuel was faced with an exorbitant sum.

"Somehow G-d will help me raise that sum," Shmuel replied to the smirking Lobomirsky. It was getting late. Reb Shmuel went from door to door, telling everyone about the plight of the imprisoned family, and although they were as generous as possible, they themselves were poor. When he had finished his rounds, Reb Shmuel had a pitifully small sum in his hands. "This will never do," he thought to himself. "I must do something else, and fast."

He was walking aimlessly, thinking of his next move, when he looked up and found himself in front of a tavern. The sound of loud, drunken voices emerged from within, and Shmuel was seized with the thought that just perhaps his money was waiting for him inside, if only he could figure out how to get it. As soon as he entered, he was sickened by the smell of liquor and stale smoke. A group of card players looked up, surprised to see a Chasidic Jew in their midst. "What do you want, Jew?" "I am here on a mission of mercy. The lives of an entire family hang in the balance. I must raise a large sum of money." One of the players replied, "Well, if you can down this beaker of vodka, I just might give you this money," and he pointed to a towering stack of gold coins. Reb Shmuel was never much of a drinker, but what choice did he have? He downed the vodka, and true to his word, the card player handed over the money. In quick succession, the other players offered their winnings if he would drink two more huge cups of vodka.

Reb Shmuel's eyes were beginning to cross, but the glimmering piles of coins steadied his resolve. An hour after he had entered the tavern, he staggered out with his pockets bulging and stumbled in the direction of the squire's mansion.

The squire couldn't believe his eyes, but he greedily accepted the gold and released the grateful family who had barely escaped death.

Reb Shmuel could barely put one foot in front of the other; his eyes no longer focused, but he still remembered the holy day. He managed to get to the shul, where he promptly collapsed in a heap. The worshippers were dressed in their white robes, looking so much like the ministering angels. They were startled to see Reb Shmuel snoring away, dressed in his weekday clothes which showed evidence of his tavern experience. "What could have come over him?" they wondered.

Reb Shmuel lay asleep throughout the evening of prayers which marked the beginning of

the holiest day. His snoring provided a constant accompaniment to the heartfelt prayers rising from the congregation. The prayers ended, Psalms were recited, and the shul emptied out. Reb Shmuel slept on.

At the first morning light, the worshippers returned to the shul for the long day of prayers. Reb Shmuel was beginning to stir. They watched curiously as he opened his bleary eyes and stood up. Walking straight to the bima, Reb Shmuel banged on the wood with his fist, and in a booming voice, exclaimed: "Know that G-d, He is the L-rd; there is none other then Him."

The congregation fell into confusion. What was Reb Shmuel doing reciting the words of the Simchat Torah prayers?! Why, didn't he realize that today was Yom Kippur? Suddenly the rabbi rose and turned toward the congregation: "Leave Reb Shmuel alone. He has far outpaced us. With the great deed he has done, his atonement is complete, and he is waiting for us at Simchat Torah!"

THOUGHTS THAT COUNT

Teshuva - Repentance

All of the Prophets prescribed teshuva, and the Jewish people will be redeemed only through teshuva. The Torah has given assurance that Israel will do teshuva--at the end of its exile--and will be redeemed immediately, as it says (Deut. 30): "It will be when all these things have happened... you will return to G-d... and G-d will return your captivity and will gather you from among all the nations where He dispersed you." (Maimonides, Hilchot Teshuva)

The Sages have said of the virtues of teshuva: "Where those who do teshuva stand, perfect tzadikim cannot stand." (Talmud Brachot 39)

Great is teshuva for it transforms willful transgressions into meritorious acts. (Talmud Yoma 81)

Whoever does teshuva, is regarded as if he had gone up to Jerusalem, built the Sanctuary, built the altar, and offered upon it all the offerings prescribed in the Torah. (Vayikra Raba 7)

So great is the strength of teshuva that when a person reflects at heart to do teshuva, he rises immediately to the highest Heaven, to the very presence of the Throne of Glory. (Pesikta Rabati 44)

Rabbi Eliezer said, "Repent one day before your death." Whereupon his disciples asked Rabbi Eliezer, "Does a person know on what day he will die?" He said to them, "All the more so--let him repent today lest he die tomorrow, so that all his days might pass in teshuva." (Talmud Shabbat 153)



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