

NEWSLETTER

Boys division, Grades B2 - B8

ב"ה
Issue No. 12

עש"ק פרשת וישלח
ט"ז כסלו



Happy Birthday

Schneur Zalman Mangel
18 Kislev 5766

Shimshi Schlanger
20 Kislev 5769

Yudie Oirechman
23 Kislev 5767

Mendel Shapiro
24 Kislev 5766

Gabi Shapiro
24 Kislev 5769

Menachem Mendel Pelman
28 Kislev 5769

Contact us

Boysprograms
@shluchim.org
347-654-6951

"How the Torah Teaches Us"	1
Shliach Spotlight: Tzvi Teichtel	2
Story, Yimei Chabad	4
Story about Yud Tes Kislev	6
Chanukah with the Rebbe	8
About Mivtza Chanukah	10
Fun page	12

How the Torah Teaches Us

Tayere Talmidei Hatmimim sheyichyu,

By the time the Alter Rebbe was a young man he had already learned and mastered a tremendous amount of Torah and he was seen to be an "Iluy" and Ga'on (young genius) already from his youth. The Alter Rebbe grew up in the home of his father, the great tzadik Reb Boruch, who was connected with the Avoda of Chassidus of the Ba'al Shem Tov. Nevertheless, despite the Alter Rebbe growing up with this way of serving the Aibershter, as a young man he was faced with a choice as to where to continue his learning:

At the time there were two great centres of Torah learning, the one was in Vilna - where many great Talmidei Chachomim would go to learn and where they were inspired by the Vilna Go'on, and the other centre was in Mezeritch where the Rebbe was the Maggid of Mezeritch. Vilna was well known as a place where people learned Nigleh (the revealed parts of Torah such as Gemora) with great depth in the spirit of the genius of the Vilna Go'on, whereas Mezeritch did not have that type of reputation for learning. The major difference was in the way that the Yidden in these places lived their lives: Vilna was the centre of the Misnagdim, whereas Mezeritch was the centre of the Chassidim.

The Alter needed to choose if he would go to Vilna to learn or to Mezeritch. It seemed that the likely place for such a great young Ga'on like the Alter Rebbe to go would be to Vilna! However, the Alter Rebbe ultimately decided that he would go learn in Mezeritch where he became a Chossid of the Maggid and a member of the special group of the Talmidei Hamagid.

At a later stage the Alter Rebbe was asked why he chose Mezeritch over Vilna



when it seemed that Vilna would have apparently been a more appropriate choice for such a great Talmid Chochom. The Alter Rebbe explained that in Vilna "a person can learn Torah" but in Mezeritch one is able learn how "the Torah teaches the person", he learns to be transformed to "become a Torah" himself. This means that Chassidus (which was what Mezeritch was about) teaches a person to become Botul and dedicated to Hashem and to His Torah, and this was not something

that could be attained in Vilna. Therefore, the Alter Rebbe went to Mezeritch.

Dear Talmidim, we are holding a few short days before Yud Tes Kislev, which, as you know, is "Rosh Hashona L'Chasidus" and is an extremely important time for all Chassidim. Yud Tes Kislev is a time for us to reconnect and strengthen our Avoda as Chassidim especially in the area of looking to apply what we learn so that "the Torah will teach us" how to be better Yidden. On Yud Tes Kislev we not only reconnect ourselves with Chassidus but of course we also reconnect ourselves with the Rabbeim and especially with the Rebbe who teach and guide us how to live our lives in the Ru'ach of Chassidus.

Let us use these days to dedicated ourselves to all these Inyonim and B'ezras Hashem we will soon complete the Shlichus of "לכשיפוצו מייענותיך חוצה" - the Avoda of teaching and spreading Yiddishkeit and especially Chassidus all over the world, with the coming of Moshiach NOW!

With Brochos for לשנה טובה בלימוד החסידות ובדרכי החסידות! כתבו ותחתמו!

Rabbi Yaacov Ringo

Principal Boys
Older Division



Shliach Spotlight



**My name is
Tzvi Teichtel,**

**I'm in Grade
B8 and I'm a
Shliach in
Tempe, AZ.**

What sort of Shlichus do your parents do In Kempe, Arizona?

Chabad on Campus. The famed Arizona state university is here in Tempe. it's not exactly a college city but about half of the people in Kempe are the 75,000 students. amongst those, there are around 2,500 Jewish students.

My parents came here on Shlichus in 2003 (Cheshvon 5764), to bring the Jewish students and their families closer to Yiddeshkeit.

In what ways do you reach out to Students?

We have Chabad house and every Friday night and Shabbos day we have Minyanim and a grand meal with about 50 - 60 people.

We have a lot of exciting events because there are a lot of young people and you need a lot of excitement to keep things running....

We have many special programs geared for the young men and woman who learn here on campus, events like special BBQ for the students Shabbaton's, trips to Eretz Yisroel and much more. All this is besides the Torah classes I'll talk about soon.

What do you think is the most exciting part of your Chabad house?

The student lounge by far. With the newest games in the world and the coolest coffee machines, it gives the students more then enough reasons to always try to drop by the Chabad House.

There is also a fridge full of yummy food. (The students would always raid the Kitchen where we kept food for Shabbos

meals, so we made a "student fridge" with all the leftover's from events this way they don't miss out...).

Students drop by to hang out and do homework. My father is there and speaks with them, tries to arrange Chavrusas etc. and encourage them to get more involved in our programs in general.

Can you tell me more about the courses for the students?

One of our courses is entitled "Sinai scholars". We have about 20 students coming, Mr. George Rohr sponsored many special benefits and trips for students that participate. We have two Shabbaton's a year where the students get together at the Shul and get to know each other better.

We often go on Mivtzoim on campus and iset up a table with Tfillin and pamphlets etc. (it's called "Tabling") we also invite students for a Shabbos meal. Our long term goal is to send students to "a taste of Yeshiva" during school breaks, a lot of these are in Florida. We B"H have a lot of students that we sent and as a result, started going to Yeshiva full time. There was a student who came here on our first



**"The Student Lounge
gives the students
more then enough
reasons to drop by the
Chabad House"**

Shabbos on Shlichus, now he runs several of our programs. He even opened a Cheder here in Arizona with a lot of Shluchim kids and other Kids B"H.

What's new and coming up?

We just had a successful charity campaign in which we B"H raised a lot of money. We are now in the midst of renovating the backyard of the Chabad house and building many new sports areas for the students.

I'm sure that with all the lively college students you have many funny stories...

Yeah! Let me tell you this one: several years ago, I was out on the campus grounds "Tabling". I asked a guy if he was Jewish. I excitedly told him about all our programs, about our lounge and delicious Shabbos meals... he seemed very interested and we even put on Tefillin. He started coming to all our events and was getting really involved, till... one day we found out he wasn't actually Jewish. We didn't know what to do. One of the closer students is an Israeli and he told the non Jew that our programs are only free in the beginning but then it starts costing a lot ... Needless to say he didn't come back.

Can you tell us a story that happened on your Shlichus, something connected with you?

Well, we had an amazing story that was also Published: We had this girl who was going to "Sinai scholars" for a while and was becoming extremely interested. She even went to Yeshiva for a week,

and really liked it, she felt that she couldn't get enough of Yiddishkeit. At a certain period, she started having doubts. A while before then, my father got from someone several Rebbe dollars and really wanted to give one to this girl but he kept forgetting. Suddenly as she started having inner doubts he remembered to give it to her! She was really inspired by the Hashgocha Protis and became totally Frum!

We also had this boy at the Chabad House who was becoming more involved, his parents were very opposed to this. What actually got him to change his way of life was me! He was really inspired from the way I behaved as a Jewish child. And therefore he wanted to become Frum...

To make a long story short, these two people got married to each other and now happily live as a Chassidisher couple in St. Lewis!

How do you help on Shlichus?

I'm closer to the age of the students, so they feel more comfortable with me. I play with them, talk with them and I arrange with students to learn. I try in my way to help them get closer to Yiddishkeit. Overall, I'm very involved in Shlichus.

What do you like about the Online School?

Well, till this year, I used to go to a Misnagesdhe School in Phoenix, which is about half an hour away from Kempe this year (8th grade) I started going to the Chassidisher online school and I really like it!



The Chabad House



In the town of Liozna a Chosid came the Rebbe with a question. His had faced difficult times, financially. He had struggled and failed in an array of ventures, and came to ask the Rebbe's advice concerning parnassah (making a living). The Alter Rebbe thought for a minute, and told this chosid that he should open a small market in town. The Rebbe told him that it would be a success, and told him to come back in a few months to report on how things were going.

After a few months he came back, and reported that, Baruch Hashem, the business had gotten off of ground, and the people of the town were regularly shopping in the store. He even had his daily customers. The Rebbe said was very happy to hear the news. When the chosid got up to take leave the Rebbe added, "just one thing. From now on it would be a better idea to go to Vitebsk to buy the products for your store. There you could get them cheaper, and you'll buy enough so that you won't have to stock up as often. Report back to me in a few months."

After a few months the chosid came back, and reported, once again, that the business had really taken off, and he had his share of regular customers from the town. The Rebbe, once again, was pleased, but mentioned, "that's all very well, but from now on it would be best to take a trip to Moscow every few months where you could buy the products even cheaper. You will stock up so that you won't have to shop as often, and surely this will save you money, and you will make money, as well. Come back in six months."

The chosid made a trip to Moscow every few months, and after some time came to see the wisdom of the Rebbe paying off. All was going quite well. "Very nice," said the Rebbe, upon the chosid's next visit, "but from now I think the best idea would be to take a trip a bit farther away, to Leipzig, to the fair. There you could buy your products cheaper than anywhere in Russia, and you won't have to go

as often." The chosid agreed, but before he left the Rebbe added, "oh, and when you're in Leipzig, relax a little. Buy a ticket for the theater and see a show." The chosid wasn't sure if he heard correctly, and from the look of astonishment on his face the Rebbe knew that he had to reiterate. "Buy a ticket for the theater and see a show while you're there. Relax a little. After all, it will be a strenuous day at the fair." The chosid, astonished, agreed, took leave of the Rebbe, and began to plan for his first trip to the Leipzig fair.

The work in Leipzig was tiring. All day at the fair, going from booth to booth, picking out the most suitable items for the store, and finding the cheapest prices. He bought his ticket to the theater, and almost as soon as the lights had gone

down his head fell back, and he fell asleep. At the end of the performance, when all had left the theater, a janitor came over to wake him up. "Reb Yid, Reb Yid. Please wake up. The show is over."

The chosid opened his eyes, and exclaimed, "who are you?" "I'm Karl," replied the janitor, "a fellow Jew." Karl inquired, "where are you from?" The chosid told him that he was from Liozna, and upon hearing this news the janitor said, calmly, "from Liozna. Then you must know my friend, Rabbi Zalman." The chosid opened his eyes wide, "Rabbi

Zalman? Rabbi Zalman? You know the Rebbe? You call him Rabbi Zalman?" "Sure," said the janitor. "And if you see him please tell him that Karl says hi." "You know the Rebbe? But what are you doing here?" asked the chosid. "I work here. I'm the janitor," replied Karl. Amazed at the turn of events the chosid could not wait to get back to Liozna to tell the Rebbe about this unbelievable find in a theater in Leipzig, Germany.

Back home, the chosid reported to the Rebbe, and told him how everything had gone according to plan in Leipzig: cheap prices, superior goods, and he stocked up enough so that he would not have to go back for six months. But he was very



At the end of the performance, when all had left the theater, a janitor came over to wake him up.
"Reb Yid, Reb Yid. Please wake up..."

anxious to tell the Rebbe about this Karl fellow. He related the entire story to the Rebbe, about how he had bought a ticket to the theater, fell asleep, and was woken up by a fellow Jew named Karl, the janitor, at which point the Rebbe's face lit up. "Please come back to see me before your next trip to Leipzig" said the Rebbe, simply.

Six months had passed. At the outset of the chosid's second journey to Leipzig he met with the Rebbe, as he was now accustomed to doing before any trip to buy goods. The Rebbe handed him a package, wrapped well, and told him to buy another ticket for the theater while in Leipzig and, at the theater, to hand the package to Karl.

The chosid was very busy in Leipzig, but managed to buy his ticket for the theater in the evening. Just as during his first trip to the theater he fell asleep almost instantly after the lights went down. Just as during the first trip he was woken up by the janitor, Karl. "Reb Yid, Reb Yid, please wake up. The show is already over, and everyone has left. I don't want to get into any trouble, so please wake up." Delighted to see the sight of Karl's very ordinary face the chosid quickly took out the package from the Rebbe, and handed it to him. Still wary and confused at the exact nature of his shlichus (his being sent by the Rebbe with this package) the chosid instructed Karl, "this is directly from the Rebbe. Whatever it is, you are to guard it with your life!" Karl responded calmly, "sure. No problem. And oh," he continued, "meet me back here at the theater tomorrow night at the same

time." The chosid could not fathom what might be in that package, or what Karl might do with it overnight. The next evening at the show, after the same routine, Karl appeared. "Tell Rabbi Zalman that I approve," said Karl, and he handed over the package. "That he approves? That he approves??" thought the chosid to himself. When he finally returned to Liozna he didn't even stop at the store with the wagon to unload. Nor did he stop home for a drink or a hot meal. Instead he went straight to the home of the Rebbe, and upon handing him the package he reported that he had seen Karl, and that Karl "approves" the contents of the package. The Rebbe's face seemed to light up with a special glow upon hearing this news and upon receiving the package back into his hands.

He gave the chosid a very meaningful bracha (blessing), wished him well, and told him that as far as his store was concerned he was now on his own, because he would be assured further success. But the chosid wasn't content with just that. He looked across at the Rebbe deeply, but before he got a chance to speak the Rebbe said, "he's one of the lamed vav tzaddikim. And in this package is something I have been working on called Tanya. Now I could publish it." The chosid, quite astounded, but now able to make at least a little bit of sense out of all the events of the past couple of years, was sworn never to tell another soul.

Yimei Chabad

“ט כסלו, תקל”ג (1772)

The Yohrtzai of the Mezritcher Maggid. Reb DovBer, known as "The Mezeritcher Maggid", was the Talmid of, and successor to, the founder of Chassidus, the Baal Shem Tov. Rabbi DovBer led the Chassidic movement from a year after the Histalkus of The Baal Shem Tov for another 11 and a half years.

“ט כסלו, תקנ”ט (1798)

The Alter Rebbe Reb Schneur Zalman of Liadi a leading Talmid of the Mezeritcher Maggid and the founder of Chabad Chassidism was released from his imprisonment in the Peter-Paul fortress in Petersburg, where he was held for 53 days on charges that his teachings threatened the imperial authority of the Czar.

More than a personal liberation, this was a watershed event in the history of Chassidism heralding a new era in the revelation of the "inner soul" of Torah, and is celebrated to this day as "The Rosh Hashanah of Chassidism."

Chassidim celebrate Yud Tes Kilseiv with Farbrengen's, by not reciting Tachnun, taking a Masechte to learn over the year and by beginning a new study cycle of Tanya.

“ט כסלו, תקנ”ט (1798)

On the very day that the Alter Rebbe was liberated from prison, a granddaughter was born to him -- the daughter of his son the Mittlerer Rebbe and his wife Rebbetzin Sheina. The girl was named Menuchah Rachel -- "Menuchah", meaning "tranquility" now that the Alter Rebbe had been freed (Rachel was the name of a daughter of the Alter Rebbe who died in her youth).

In 1845, Rebbetzin Menuchah Rachel realized her lifelong desire to live in Eretz Yisroel when she and her husband, Rabbi Yaakov Culi Slonim (who passed away in 1857), led a contingent of Chassidim who settled in Chevron. Famed for her wisdom, piety and erudition, she served as the matriarch of the Chassidic community in Chevron until her passing in her 90th year in 1888.





After the Alter Rebbe's release from jail, the *chassidim* greatly rejoiced. Wherever the news of his release reached, the day was declared a *yom tov*. The tension and fear, which had prevailed during the waiting period, had dissipated, and thousands of *chassidim* breathed a sigh of relief. *Chassidim* of the Rebbe wanted to write a special *megilla*, *Megillas Yud-Tes Kislev*, which would describe the imprisonment and redemption and the great miracles that occurred so that future generations would know about it.

After the *chassidim* agreed to write this special *megilla*, the great and elder *chassidim* asked the Rebbe for his permission. The Rebbe thought it over and then said, "This will arouse the ire of the *misnagdim*. In any case, this day will be established as an eternal holiday among the Jewish people, in which the great Name will be magnified and sanctified, and thousands of hearts will be aroused to *t'shuva* and service of the heart, because what happened was engraved in the heart of Israel up Above, and it is written in the heart of Israel down below."

This statement, reached all the *chassidim* throughout White Russia, and was a comfort.

Yud-Tes Kislev – Rosh HaShana L'Chassidus. *Chassidim* gathered to *farbreng* with the Rebbe Rayatz, who *farbrenged* in a heartfelt and sweet manner. From time to time, a *chassid* raised a cup of *mashkeh* and said *l'chaim*, and the Rebbe graciously responded. At the end of a *niggun d'veikus*, the Rebbe began to speak about the significance of the day, explaining the *maaleh* (unique quality) of Jews in general and *chassidim* in particular. "Great *kochos* (abilities) lie hidden within *chassidim*," said

the Rebbe with great feeling. "These *kochos* come to us as an inheritance from our fathers."

The Rebbe paused, closed his eyes, thought for a while, then gazed upon the *chassidim* present and began to tell a story:

A rich man lived in the verdant suburbs of greater Petersburg in a spacious villa. Liveried servants stood on duty throughout the house and a magnificent garden surrounded it. It was hard to believe that the villa belonged to a Jew, and not to just any Jew but to a staunchly religious Jew!

However as time went by, the more wealthy the man became the less time he devoted to studying Torah. Even his *mitzva* observance began to wane. Since he was in constant contact with other wealthy men, he began arranging parties in his salon, and he participated in them to the wee hours of the morning.

Despite his neglect of Torah and *mitzvos*, he still kept one

holy item in his home. It's doubtful whether even he knew why he did so. Maybe he did it because of the *chassidic* feeling he had absorbed or perhaps for some other reason. In any case, that is the way it was.

In his private chamber, he had a picture of the Alter Rebbe. The Rebbe seemed to look down on the occupants of the room. The wealthy man zealously refused to remove this picture from the wall.

Aside from this picture of the Alter Rebbe, the man kept one other *chassidic* practice. Every year, on Yud- Tes



At the end of the performance, when all had left the theater, a janitor came over to wake him up. "Reb Yid, Reb Yid. Please wake up..."

Kislev, he would put on special clothes and be transformed into a new man. He observed this day as a holiday. He held a *farbrengen* and invited the *chassidim* who lived in his area.

Every year, *chassidim* would sit in his palatial home *farbrenging* and relating the wonders of the day, telling of the highs and lows of the story of imprisonment and release, and they would give praise to Hashem for the wonders He performed for their Rebbe.

In the year our story took place, the *farbrengen* took place as usual, but something happened. The *chassidim* sat and *farbrenged* and sang *niggunim* which aroused the heart and inspired the listeners. Then an older *chassid* cleared his throat and spoke about the significance of the day. He described what had happened to the Alter Rebbe at length, and added praise and thanks to Hashem. From time to time, he paused, took a deep breath, and gazed over the crowd of *chassidim*. Then he continued with his inspiring words.

In the meantime, the wealthy man took one cup of *mashkeh* and then another, and he opened up and absorbed the words of *chassidus* and inspiration. The *chassidim* were hanging on the words of the *mashpia*, and they didn't take any notice when the head of the household got up and left the room. It was almost dawn before they realized their host's absence. The man had disappeared. It was quite strange. They decided to look for him.

"Perhaps something happened to him and he needs help,"

said someone, and the *chassidim* scattered throughout the many rooms of the house in anxious search for the master of the house.

When they came to his office, they nervously opened the door and immediately recoiled at the sight they beheld. For a moment, they found it hard to believe that it was the distinguished wealthy man they knew, but on second glance they realized that it was indeed him.

The man was lying prostrate on the floor in his expensive clothes, his face pale and his eyes closed. Tears flowed from his eyes and his body shook in suppressed sobs. From time to time, he spoke to (the picture of) the Alter Rebbe: "Oy, Rebbe, look at me, look at what I've come to. I want to do *t'shuva*."

There was silence and then a chilling wail: "Rebbe, help me!"

From that day on, the man changed his lifestyle completely. He began observing *mitzvos* punctiliously, as he used to do.

Indeed, concluded the Rebbe Rayatz, this day will be marked as a holiday among the Jewish people forever, in which the great Name will be glorified and sanctified, and the hearts of thousands in Israel will be aroused to *t'shuva* and service of the heart.

A Letter from the Rebbe

In the early generation of Chassidus, many great leaders from Misnagdim made a Ban on the Chassidim and the teachings of Chassidus, amongst them The famed Vilna Gaon. They feared that it was contradicting the way of the Torah Rachmana Litzlan. Of course today, all Jews see clearly how the truth is the opposite.

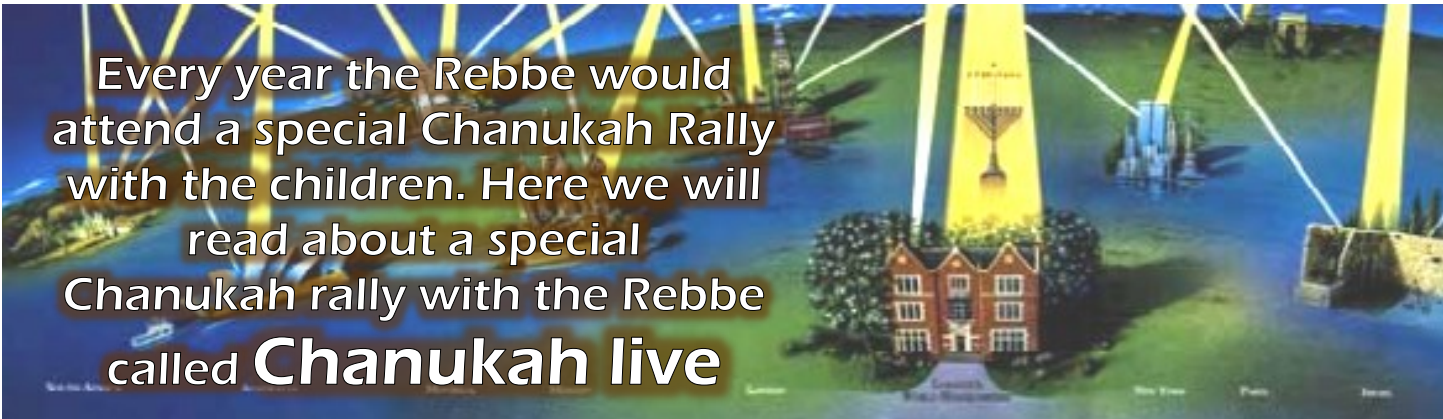
The following is an excerpt from the Rebbe's letter, dated 12 Tammuz 5720:

It is remarkable that when one reads the letters and bans by the early opponents to the Baal Shem Tov and his teachings, and if one does so without prejudice and with an open mind, it should make everyone a Chosid.

In fact, the greater the attachment to, and veneration of, the Gaon of Vilno, the chief opponent of Chassidim in those days, the greater and more loyal a Chosid one should become. The reason is plain, for those letters also state the reasons for opposing the Chassidim, namely, the fear that they may weaken the foundations of the Torah, and Mitzvoh. How wrong those apprehensions were is obvious.

Stop any Jew in the street, even one of the most stalwart adherents to "the other camp," and ask him, "What is a Chosid and what is his way of life?" he will unhesitatingly reply something like this: "A Chosid is a bearded Jew with long Peios, dressed in an old fashioned way, who puts on two pairs of Tefillin, prays much longer, boycotts the movies, careful to eat only Shemura on Pesach, etc., etc."





Every year the Rebbe would attend a special Chanukah Rally with the children. Here we will read about a special Chanukah rally with the Rebbe called **Chanukah live**

As the year 5750 drew close, Chassidim around the globe looked forward with great anticipation to celebrating forty years of the Rebbe's dedicated leadership. This was a milestone of unparalleled nature, and Chassidim wished to mark it in a way that would be most fitting.

While there were numerous undertakings throughout the year of 5750 to celebrate "Arbaim Shono", the one that undoubtedly stood out was the launching of the "Chanuka Live!" broadcast.

What brought the conception of this idea?

From Vov Tishrei 5741 until Vov Tishrei 5747 there were tens of Farbrengens of the Rebbe that were broadcast live over satellite to Chassidim around the world, and to anyone who had a cable television in their home. Several Lag Baomer parades were also broadcasted live and on occasion coupled with background commentary by Rabbi Shmuel Kaplan and others.

It occurred to Rabbi Avrohom Shemtov; what could be greater if they utilized the most cutting edge technologies of the day, to accomplish just that. In the present time, when Hashem's aura can be felt most strongly where the Rebbe is found, this would be the ultimate "Aliya L'regel" short of coming in person. A inter-continental hookup which could also be viewed on any personal television, would show Chanukah being celebrated in 770 concurrently with 4 other public lightings around the world. The broadcast would enable countless Jews to not only have a glimpse into the Rebbe's Chanukah, but for them to be seen by the Rebbe!

Moreover this would be an opportunity to fulfill the Rebbe's campaign of publicizing the miracle of Chanukah, in an extraordinary fashion, because anyone with a cable television could tune into these lightings. Pir-sumei D'nisa in its ultimate form!

A small group of Shluchim and Bochorim worked feverishly to assemble a program that would cause the Rebbe great Nachas. At the helm of the concept, was Rabbi Avrohom Shemtov, who spearheaded the concept and oversaw the entire production. The Rebbe directed Rabbi Shemtov to work together with Rabbi Hillel Dovid Krinsky, founder of Jewish Educational Media and the one who pioneered the broadcasting of the Rebbe's Farbrengens.

A detailed overview of the proposed program was submitted to the Rebbe for approval, and Chassidim were delighted when the Rebbe responded with a Brocha, and indicated that he would participate personally.

The costs and labor that it would take to produce a broadcast of such proportions were tremendous. Yet this small group toiled enthusiastically on bringing the idea to fruition.

CHILDREN ONLY

On the afternoon leading into the fifth eve of Chanukah, thousands of children from the New York area would gather inside 770 for a Tzivos Hashem rally. At that time the events being held in the participating locations would also commence. Inside the main shul of 770 a extensive camera crew and numerous screens sprawled about. Outside 770 several satellites were set up.

Only children, along with their Teachers, counselors and a select few others were permitted to be in 770 throughout the duration of the program. Bochorim squeezed into the Ezras Noshim of 770 to witness the proceedings, yet when the main Shul in 770 overflowed with children they were made to leave to give space for more Children to participate.

To accommodate the thousands of Bochorim and Anash that so desperately wished to be a part of this epic moment, several screens were set up throughout Crown Heights. In the small Shul of 770 two screens stood. One played the broadcast while the other streamed footage from the camera of Reb Chaim Boruch Halbershtam which was constantly focused on the Rebbe. Two additional screens were placed in the Ezras Noshim of 770.

Once everyone had assembled in 770 and all the equipment was in place, the Rebbe would enter the Shul amidst lively singing. The moderating of the broadcast would start a short while before the Rebbe entered the Shul to prepare the viewers for what was to come. In the main shul of 770 the screens did not display the background commentary that was happening live simultaneously, and began the rally as a children's rally would usually begin; with davening Mincha. When Mincha drew to a close the Rebbe turned to a second Bima facing the crowd in 770, which also had screens set up for the Rebbe to view the broadcast.

GLOBAL MENORAH LIGHTINGS

The Pesukim were said in a global succession. The Rebbe would watch the monitors very closely and often repeated the words of the pesukim after the children. At the culmination of the recital of the Pesukim, everyone joined together in the Brocho of "Yechi Adoneinu Moreinu Verabeinu" and burst into the singing of "We want Moshiach now."

Prior to lighting the Menorah and various times throughout the program, unique video presentations about the Rebbe, Chanukah, and the activities of Chabad around the world would be shown. Many of these clips also included good wishes from dignitaries around the globe to the Rebbe.

At this point the Menorahs would be lit at each location consecutively. Usually the one who lit the Menorah, or

Hallalu was sung in tandem throughout the world. As the participants at each location would see them-selves on the screen, often they would excitedly wave and jump, out of great joy of being seen by the Rebbe.

THE REBBE'S ADDRESS

Now for the highlight of the entire broadcast: Chassidim watched enthusiastically as the Rebbe addressed literally the entire world, giving the order of the day in a Sichos, and most years two or three!

The Sichos would be simultaneously translated by Rabbi Manis Friedman and could be heard anywhere other than in 770. In 770, as at every childrens rally, Rabbi J.J. Hecht would deliver a summary of the Rebbe's message, and after his passing this was done by his son Rabbi Sholom Ber Hecht.



another individual standing together with him in every location, would say a few words, and end off with a Brocho to the Rebbe.

All-through Chanukah Live each year, Chassidim recognized a rare sense of serenity in the Rebbe's features. It was clear that the Rebbe had great pleasure from the entire program. However there were particular moments when it seemed the Rebbe's face would light up with joy. Each year the tens of thousands gathered at the Eifel Tower in France, would elicit broad smiles from the Rebbe. During the first Chanukah Live, when a hookup showing Jews in Moscow celebrating Chanukah freely for the first time in decades, the Rebbe showed sheer delight.

Once the Menorah was lit in all locations, concluding with the kindling of the spectacular Menorah in 770, Haneirot

CHANUKAH GELT

In many of the Sichos given during Chanukah Live the Rebbe tied the event with the giving of Tzedokah, and personally distributed various forms of money in the years 5750, 5751, and 5752.

As this unforgettable evening came to a close nothing lay more on the hearts of Chassidim worldwide, that the Rebbe have boundless energy to accomplish all his hearts desires, that he only derive Nachas from all his Chassidim, and that he speedily lead us all to Yerushayim with the revelation of Moshiach! Echoing these deepest wishes, each year Birchas Kohanim would be recited at this point followed by a heartfelt Brocho from Rabbi J.J. Hecht, and after his passing his son Rabbi Shimon Hecht.



Stories about Chanukah Mivtzoim

HERE WE WILL READ FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A SHLIACH AND FROM A JEWISH PERSON ON THE STREET HOW THEY WERE INSPIRED BY THE WARMTH OF MIVTZA CHANUKAH.

A SHLIACH RELATES:

The car was magnificent. As we stood back to admire our handiwork amidst the gently swirling snowflakes, I had to admit that it was the finest Menorah Car that I had ever seen, with the huge wooden menorah on its roof, it would definitely make people sit up and take notice—and that was our goal.

We planned to visit shopping malls and old age homes—anywhere that we could spread the joy and message of the festival of Chanukah.

Seven or eight of us were crammed into the smallish vehicle; the trunk was filled with tin menorahs and colored candles which we hoped to distribute. As the more technologically advanced kids discussed the intricacies of the electronic apparatus that powered the flickering lights of our menorah (was it an alternator?), I tuned out and stared out at the blackness of the winter night outside.

We presently arrived at our targeted destination for the evening, a huge residential complex in Brooklyn, situated in close proximity to our yeshivah.

In the 1970s the Russian floodgates had opened, and This Village was the destination of choice for thousands of newly-arrived immigrants. Often elderly, these feisty Jews had survived decades of communist rule with their Jewish identity intact; yet they knew very little about the particulars of the Torah and mitzvot, and we were hoping to kindle a spark or two.

I saw him sitting there. An elderly man of about seventy or seventy-five years of age, seated on one of those park-like benches that New Yorkers know so well. The base was

concrete and the seat was wood, painted green, facing a concrete chess table. He just sat there and watched the cars go by on that frigid night.

“Ah freilichen Chanukah! Would you like to light the menorah?” I asked him, hoping that he would help me accomplish my personal goal of ten people that I had hoped to inspire that night.

“Please go away,” he replied in Yiddish. *“I am not interested,”* he said, perhaps a bit more softly.

I tried to change his mind. I cajoled, I explained the powerful story of Chanukah, perhaps I even pleaded a bit, yet he was pretty firm in his decision. *“No, thank you. Now please have a good night.”*

Sensing an opportunity slipping away, yet not quite ready to throw in the towel completely, I took the little tin menorah, placed it on the concrete chess table, inserted four colorful candles into the little slots that always seem as they were designed for candles much slimmer than mine, lit them, and turned to the old man and said: *“Here is the menorah. If you want, it is yours—if you don’t want it, then it is not.”*

The man said nothing, and I walked away.

We continued our rounds of the massive complex, and thank G-d, we were extremely successful that night.

It was getting late and it was time to go home.

My mind kept on going back to the old Russian Jew sitting outside on that lonely park bench.

“Let’s drive past the place where we saw the old man.” I was curious. What had he done with the menorah? Did he throw it away, or perhaps had he just left it, a lonely menorah in a forlorn spot?

There are images that stick with you. Events that transpire

that leave an indelible imprint on the psyche, that even thirty years later one can see them clearly.

This is one of them.

I see an old man sitting on a bench. His eyes filling up with tears, as one large tear courses down his left cheek. The candles are burning low and he is staring at them. Staring and crying. Flame meets flame and a soul ignites. I don't know where he is now, or even his name. However, I know that I was privy to something powerful that night.

A JEWISH MAN RELATES

Two years ago I was in Baltimore on business, and happened to pass by the public menorah in front of Johns Hopkins University just as the first light was being lit. My eyes welled with tears. Although I was raised a secular Jew, my family has always celebrated Chanukah. To be away from my family that first night of the holiday felt cold and lonely. Now, seeing the lights of the first night's flames of that big menorah, my heart lit up also, and I felt the warmth of my people all around me.

The next day I was walking by the waterfront, and a young man in a black hat ran up to me and politely asked, "Excuse me, are you Jewish?" Somewhat surprised that anyone would care, I answered in the affirmative.

"Do you know that it's the second night of Chanukah tonight?" he asked earnestly.

I nodded.

"Do you have a menorah?" he inquired, looking a bit anxious.

"No," I replied.

"Do you want one?" he asked hopefully.

"Do you have one?" I asked, almost shouting with joy.

"Yes, I'll get you one!" he replied, almost as excited as I.

He ran off, and returned moments later with an entire menorah kit in a box: little brass candleholder, box full of the right number of candles, and complete instructions. Also a DVD full of Chanukah stories, how-tos, even recipes. I politely declined the offer of a doughnut (fried foods are traditional on Chanukah, but I have to pace myself), and raced off to my hotel room to examine the contents of the box and watch the DVD.

Childhood memories of Chanukah lights, my father telling stories of the Maccabees, the miracle of how one day's

worth of oil somehow lasted for eight days . . . it all came flooding back. I knew I had been given a gift that Chanukah in Baltimore: the gift of the return of Judaism to my life, and of my life to Judaism.

All this because of a menorah on the steps of a public institution. And all because I "happened" to be passing by that day, and the flame of the menorah ignited the spark that had been sleeping in my Jewish heart for nearly 50 years.

When I returned to Seattle the following week, I called a rabbi for the first time in my life. I told him what the menorah in Baltimore had stirred in me. Over the next two years, with his wise and gentle guidance, I found my way as a fully observant Jew. The spark that was rekindled by a public menorah is now a steady burning flame.



He ran off, and returned moments later with an entire menorah kit in a box: little brass candleholder, box full of the right number of candles, and complete instructions. Also a DVD full of Chanukah stories and even recipes.

How grateful I am to live in a country that is founded on the right to worship as we choose, in the manner in which we choose. I thank our founding fathers who crafted the Constitution of the United States of America, which recognizes our freedom to express and practice our religion. And I thank those who have the courage, in these sometimes dark times, to defend those rights.

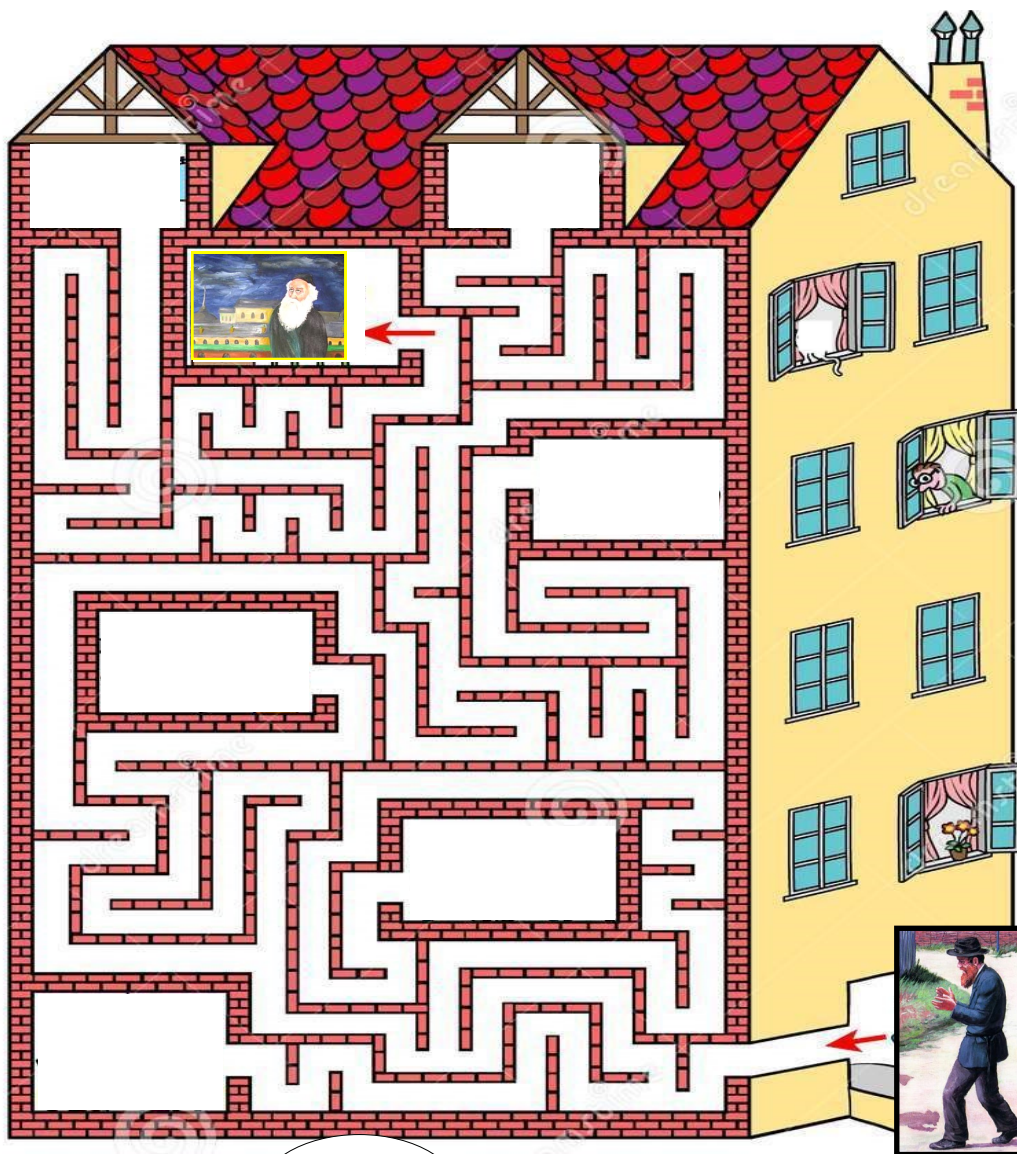
We never know how many hearts and lives are touched and, yes, even transformed by the sight of the miraculous Chanukah lights, shining into the darkest reaches and reminding us of miracles long ago and not so long ago.

All those selfless souls whose courage and staunch commitment fuel the kindling of light the world over deserve our heartfelt gratitude. I know they have mine.

When the Alter Rebbe left prison he was mistakenly brought to the home of a Misnagid who caused him much pain with his questions. Afterwards, the Alter Rebbe said that the three hours he spent at the Misnagid's home were more difficult than all the time he had spent in prison.

In commemoration of the fact that the Alter Rebbe's liberation was not complete until he left the Misnagid's house, Chassidim mark 20 Kislev as a day of liberation as well.

In this house - maze with several floors, Chassidim have gone to see the Alter Rebbe but he isn't there. Help them make their way to the where the Alter Rebbe is found.



א קלאץ קשיא

If a Pickle costs a Nickel, how much does a pound of Latkes weigh?



Answer: A pound