



**sos  
weekly**

# Parshas Beshalach

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# A Word from our Principal

## *By Rabbi Ringo*



Tayrere Tmimim sh',  
As we relive Yetzias Mitzrayim in Chitas and  
Parshas Hashavua, we look for ways to apply  
what we learn about, to our daily lives. Yetzas  
Mitzrayim in Avodas Hashem has many sides to it, and I  
wish to discuss one of these with the following story in mind:

The great ga'on and chossid Reb Aizik Homler once complained to the Rebbe the Tzemach Tzedek that he has too much "geshmak" (enjoyment) and chayus in his learning and he therefore feels that he might not really be fulfilling the mitzva of "limud hatorah" being as, for Reb Aizik, learning came so naturally and easily! The Tzemach Tzedek responded that he must focus on chazora, as naturally people do not have that much "chayus" in chazora. In that way he could be mekayem the mitzva of learning torah in its best way. A lesson from this is that going out of Mitzrayim means that we sometimes need to go out of what makes us comfortable in order to do the right thing. When it comes to learning, chazzering and reviewing what we have learned, is absolutely critical and important to our remembering and understanding what we have learned. Although chazora it is not always the easiest or most enjoyable thing to do, it is an important key to one's hatzlocho as a talmid in yeshiva and it is one way that a person is able to apply Yetzias Mitzrayim to one's Avoda in learning torah. Wishing you much hatzlocho in your learning and in making the Rebbe proud!

Good Shabbos,  
Rabbi Yaakov Ringo  
Principal  
Nigri International Shluchim Online School

# A Story of the Rebbe

**By Mendel Labkowski**

Kfar Chabad, the Chabad village in Eretz Yisroel, was founded by the Frierdiker Rebbe in ט"שנ. By ה"שנ, people who wanted to live in the village were being turned away as there were no more apartments available. On ט' כסלו in ת"שנ, the Rebbe asked that at the farbrengen in Kfar Chabad it should be announced that a new neighborhood in the village was being established.

At the farbrengen in New York with the Rebbe, a unique occurrence took place which had never happened before and was never to be repeated: The Rebbe decided how much money each Chasid should give toward the establishment of the new neighborhood. The Rebbe benched whoever would give to receive Hashem's Brachos, saying, "If it seems to someone that he was told to give an amount that he is unable to give, the intention is so that Hashem will give him at least four times that amount and therefore, when you add another \$1000, Hashem will give you \$4000!"

Among the people sitting in the crowd was Naftali Dulitzky, a diamond dealer from Tel Aviv. Whenever he visited the Rebbe he brought a large sum of money with which he would buy diamonds at lower prices on the New York diamond exchange and sell for a nice profit in Eretz Yisroel and Europe.

Like everybody else there, Naftali handed a slip of paper to the Rebbe that included his name and the amount of money he would be giving. Naftali wrote down a large number, 20% of the money he had brought with him to New York to do business.

The Rebbe began reading the notes, telling each person how much to add, from double to 200 times the amount originally pledged. Naftali realized that he should at least double the amount he wrote, but did not imagine how much more would be asked of him. When his note was read by the Rebbe, the Rebbe announced: "Tula Dulitzky - five times more!"

Naftali looked stunned. The Rebbe had left him without a penny for his business transactions. However, as a loyal Chasid he did not ask questions, and as soon as the farbrengen was over he gave the full amount. Although he did not know what he would do the next day, a Chasid is not put off by such concerns.

## *Continued From Page 2*

The next part of the story, related by Naftali's daughter, was heard from Rabbi Chatzkel Besser of Agudas Yisroel, who knew Naftali for years and often went with him to the Rebbe's farbrengens.

"I was supposed to go to that farbrengen with Naftali, but I missed it. The next day, when I met Naftali in Manhattan, I asked him how the farbrengen was. He said, with a smile, that they had to give huge amounts of money. He confided that he had been instructed to give all the money he had brought with him for the new neighborhood in Kfar Chabad.

"I was a bit surprised. I knew him as a Chasid who would give everything to the Rebbe, but I did not understand why the Rebbe needed to take everything from him. We spoke for a few minutes and then parted. As far as I was concerned, the story was over. "A little more than a year later, I was in Israel for some communal matter. I met Naftali while there. As we spoke I mentioned our previous conversation that took place in Manhattan. Naftali said, 'I'll tell you what happened later. A few days after the farbrengen, I boarded a ship back to Eretz Yisroel. My original plan was to stop for a few days in Europe to sell the diamonds I would have bought in the U.S. Although now I had no reason to waste time there, my ticket was already purchased. ' 'I arrived in the morning in Antwerp and went to the diamond exchange, where I was immediately greeted by an acquaintance, <sup>1</sup> 'Dulitzky, you don't know how happy I am to see you!' Understanding my surprise, he explained that he wanted to do a deal on large diamonds, which he knew to be my area of expertise.

" 'I explained to him that I did not have any money or diamonds for sale, but he insisted that I accompany him nonetheless. "At least come with me to see the diamonds," he begged.' 'I tried to get out of it, but he was determined. I finally gave in on condition that I would be there only to advise him. I looked at the diamonds that he had been offered and recommended that he buy them. They were very nice and the price, relative to the quality, was quite reasonable. I figured that my job was done, but he thought otherwise.

" 'He wanted to make a partnership with me. As much as I tried to explain to him that I didn't have money to invest, he refused to hear it. He wanted a partnership, and honestly, I don't know why I agreed. But I signed a contract and promised to send him my share when I returned to Israel.

" 'When I returned to Eretz Yisroel, I sent him a letter asking for the details regarding the payment I owed him. He sent me back a telegram saying I didn't owe him anything.' 'A few days later I received a letter from him in which he explained that he had been able to sell all the diamonds quickly and make a nice profit. He promised to send me my share of the money. When I read the next line I was flabbergasted. The sum was four times the amount I had donated on צדקה טו! The Rebbe had stated at the farbrengen, "If it seems to someone that he was told to give an amount that he is unable to give, the intention is so that Hashem will give him at least four times that amount..." ' '



# A Short Dvar Torah

By Mendel Labkowski



In this week's Parsha we learn how the Yidden were standing by the Yam Suf and the Mitzrim were standing right behind them. The Yidden were frightened and didn't know what to do.

Moshe Rabeinu cried out to Hashem. Hashem told Moishe "Why are you crying to me? Now is not a time for Davening, my children are in danger. Tell the Yidden to travel forward!"

Couldn't Hashem just tell Moshe "Tell the Yidden to travel forward!" why did Hashem have to first tell Moishe, "Why are you crying to me?"

"My children are in danger", wasn't the point just that the Yidden should go Forward?

Hashem was teaching Moshe a very important lesson. The Yidden were in a time of danger, and Moshe's mission was to save them. Hashem was telling Moshe, "When you go to save a Yid you must do whatever you can to save him. You must give yourself over with your full attention, you can't be busy Davening." That is why Hashem said "Why are you crying to me?" it isn't enough that Moshe will tell the Yidden to go forward, but he will continue Davening. He must stop whatever he is doing and give himself over completely to help the Yidden who are now in danger.

As we saw in the story of the Alter Rebbe. When he went in middle of Davening, on Yom Kippur, to help the woman who had just given birth. The lesson for us is clear, if we hear or know about another Yid, it may even be another boy in our class, or someone in our family who needs help, we must stop whatever we are doing to help him, even if we are Davening or doing something else very important, we must stop to help the other Yid.

# **FUN PAGE!**

**By Mendel Labkowski**

**There are are **five** things  
wrong with this sentence;  
only **geniuses** will be able to  
to **spot all** of the mitstakes**

**WHICH COLOR  
IS DIFFERENT?**

**1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10**

**Send your fun page  
submissions and answers to  
SosWeekly5780@gmail.com**

**Riddle #1**

I look flat, but I am deep,  
Hidden realms I shelter.  
Lives I take, but food I  
offer. At times I am  
beautiful. I can be calm,  
angry and turbulent. I  
have no heart, but offer  
pleasure as well as  
death. No man can own  
me, yet I encompass  
what all men must have.  
What am I?

**Riddle #2**

The more there is  
the less you see.  
What is it?

**Riddle #3**

I fly when I am born,  
lie when I'm alive,  
and run when I am  
dead.

## **ANSWERS TO BO RIDDLES**

**Riddle 1 - He tractor down! (TRACKED HER down)**

**Riddle 2 - Nightmares.**

**Riddle 3 - A Hole!**



We will "H  
have a new  
feature  
starting next  
week!

**Reb Yaakov Yitzchak was visiting Mezeritch for the first time.**

# Weekly comic

## written & illustrated

By:

### Levi Y. Laufer

The people who had watched this little incident were somewhat surprised, and asked each other: "What makes this young man think that precisely this piece of fish is going to be served to him? Obviously, it will be mixed up among all the other pieces."



They are all being cooked together, and it will all be divided up and served by the waiters to the various people who will be sitting at the rebbe's table!" And so they dismissed the newcomer's action as bizarre.

As soon as he arrived, on a Friday afternoon, he went straight into the kitchen and told those who were busy cooking the Shabbos meals: "I am accustomed to personally taking some part in the preparation of the fish that I am to eat on Shabbos



"With your permission, I would like to maintain that custom today too." He then took up a piece of fish, salted it, put it down, and went his way.

Now, one of these disciples was a young man known affectionately by his colleagues as Zalmanyu—the same who was later to become famous as Reb Schneur Zalman of Liadi, the author of Tanya. This young man tied a short piece of thread to that chunk of fish,



in order to be able to trace it to its precise destination at the table. The newcomer, of course, having left the kitchen, knew nothing of this unobtrusive sign.

At the Shabbos table, Zalmanyu watched the waiters closely, and sure enough, the marked piece was being served to some stranger who was seated next to the newcomer. But no sooner did he take it up than he was overcome by a feverish trembling, and was unable to eat. He pushed his plate aside—right in front of the newcomer, who duly ate it.

