



Parshas Bo

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Formatting & Design: Levi Schmerling. Editing: Mendel Labkowski
Contributors: Shmuly Goldman, Levi Laufer. Extracurricular Director: Rabbi Vaisfiche.

For all questions, comments, or to be interviewed. Please email SosWeekly5780@gmail.com

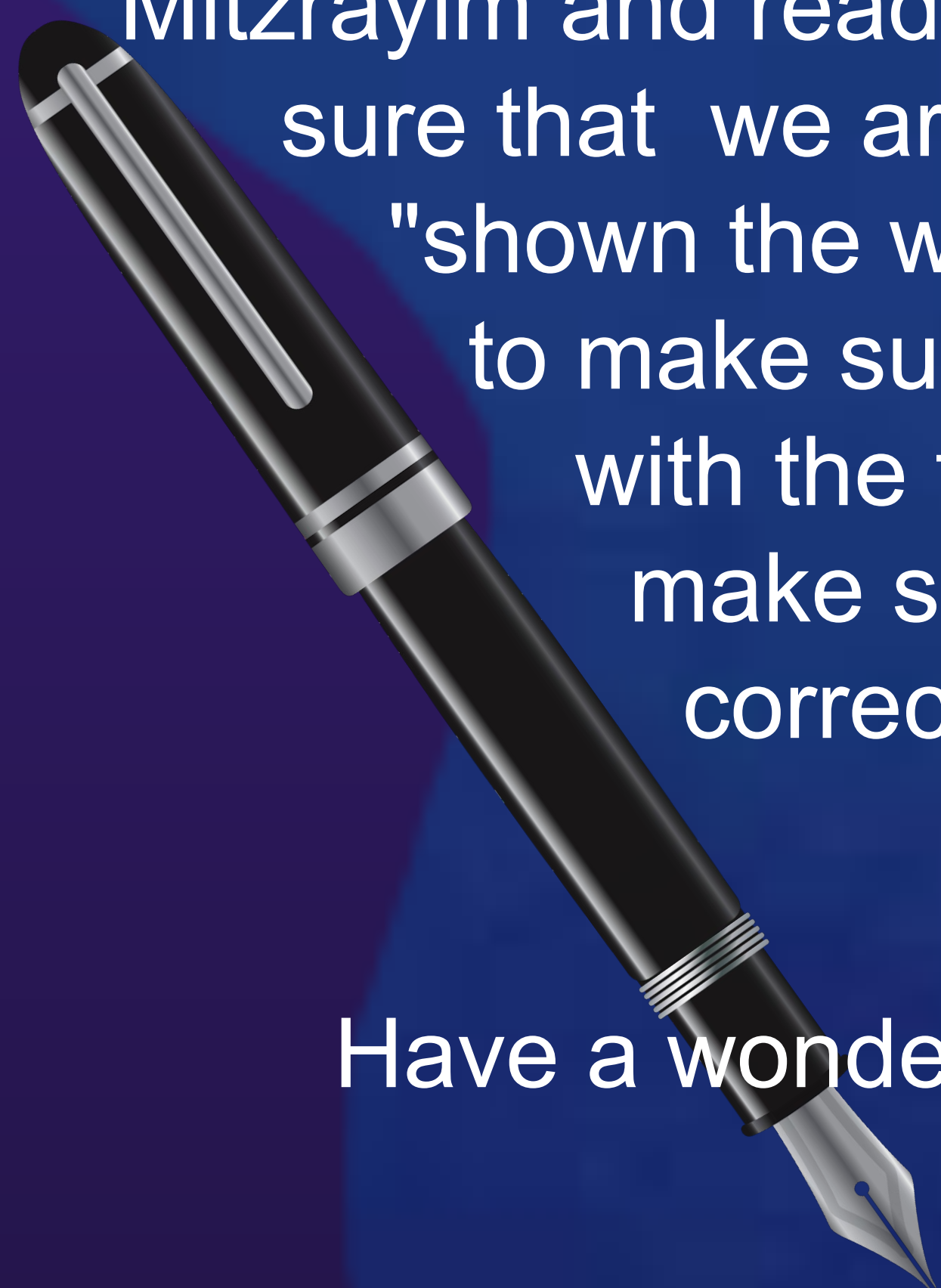
A Word from our Principal

By Rabbi Ringo



Tayere Tmimim sh',
Chassidim tell a story that once when the Frierdicker Rebbe was in hospital, a nurse came To give him an injection. He observed how she made sure that her hands were clean, that the needle was absolutely sterile and clean, and that all the "tools" that were being used in the procedure were perfectly clean. The Frierdicker Rebbe asked her why she was doing this, and the nurse explained that unless everything being used to give the shot is clean, it could lead to an infection, Causing harm instead of good to the patient! The Frierdicker Rebbe turned to his secretary who was with him and explained that this is a tremendous lesson in avoda: before "poking" or telling someone else off, one must first ensure that he is perfectly clean first. If he is not "clean", meaning that he has some side personal reason or an ulterior motive as to why he is pointing out the person what he should be doing, not only will he not help the other person, but he might actually cause harm. As we learn this week about Yetzias Mitzrayim and ready ourselves for the special day of Yud Shevat, let us make sure that we are not only making sure that other people are being "shown the way" of what to do, but that we, too, are doing whatever we can to make sure that we are working on making ourselves "clean" with the torah, horo'os and shlichus of the Rebbe. By doing so we will make sure that the message we are giving over will be received correctly and we will be able to complete our shlichus and bring the geula right away!

Have a wonderful shabbos and a meaningful Yud Shevat!



A Story of the Rebbe

By Mendel Labkowski

It was the winter night of 5 Shevat 5692/1932. A Jewish woman by the name of Fraida Gisha was in her ninth month of pregnancy in Riga, Latvia. A serious problem arose and the doctors recommended ending the pregnancy to save the woman's life.

The woman said to the doctors: "Wait, don't do anything." And to her sister standing next to her she said, "Leah, go and pray for me in shul."

Leah walked to the shul in the middle of the night. She entered and approached the holy ark. There she poured out her heart to G-d. She prayed and cried. Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder. She turned around and saw an older woman.

"Why are you crying?" asked the woman. Leah told her about her sister in the hospital.

"Come with me," said the woman. She took her to the home of the (previous) Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok Schneersohn. Leah wrote a note, said her sister was ill and the doctors were concerned and even wanted to end the pregnancy.

The Rebbe's faithful secretary, Rabbi Yechezkel Feigin, gave the note to the Rebbe. Five minutes later he came out of the Rebbe's room and gave Leah a letter with a response for her sister: "G-d should help you so that all will be well and so that you give birth to a healthy, live child."

With trembling hands, Leah took this letter and returned to the hospital. As she walked in, all the doctors came running to her and exclaimed: 'We have no idea what happened here but an hour after you left, your sister went into a normal labor and a girl was born.' That was my mother. This baby girl was my mother.

We have the original note in a safe but everyone in the family, including me, of course, have a photocopy of the letter with them. When I travel the world, the letter is always in my pocket. Anybody in the family who gives birth takes the letter with her to the hospital.

For many years I was a cantor, just like my grandfather wanted me to be. One day, I was traveling in London and I saw the musical Les Miserables. As I sat there, I thought, I can do that.

When the musical arrived in Israel, I went to audition and was given the lead role of Jean Valjean. During the performance, the British producer Cameron Mackintosh came over to me and said: "Dudu, after you finish performing here in Israel, I want you to perform on Broadway."

I was thrilled. I couldn't believe it. I, Dudu Fisher of Petach Tikva, Israel, would appear on Broadway?

But I told him I didn't think that will be possible. He asked me why not and I explained that I am a religious Jew and I do not work on Friday night and Saturday.

A few months later I got a phone call from him, telling me triumphantly that he had managed to arrange that all the performances would take place only on weekdays.

Two months passed and there was another call from Mackintosh. This time, he had bad news. "Dudu," he said, "there's a problem. All the professional organizations are against me and are unwilling to change the dates to weekdays only. I am fighting them all and as of now, I am not winning."

I was so very disappointed. My mother suggested that I go to the Rebbe.

At first I said to her: "People go to the Rebbe with serious problems of health, livelihood, and children. I should go to talk to the Rebbe about Broadway?"

But my mother urged me and I went. I thought I would need to explain my entire situation to the Rebbe but to my surprise, he immediately understood the issue. He looked straight at me and said: "Hold strong with Yiddishkeit (Torah and its commandments) and everything will be fine."

The Rebbe's look was so powerful. I looked at the Rebbe's eyes and felt calm. I felt certain that everything really would be fine. I resolved to stand strong on my principles and not perform on Shabbat.

Two months later I got a phone call from Mackintosh who told me that he had won the fight on my behalf, and I could perform on Broadway without compromising on Sabbath observance.

It was a miracle; until I got this job without Shabbat and Jewish holiday performances, there was no such thing. And afterward, until today, there has been nothing like it. I auditioned for many other shows and always, the moment it came to Shabbat observance, it fell through.

It's not an easy test. But those words of the Rebbe, "Hold strong with Yiddishkeit," continue to strengthen me all the time.



A Short Dvar Torah

By Mendel Labkowski



“And it was on this very day that the entire *army of Hashem* left the land of Mitzrayim.”

Many things help to make an army strong and successful. Let's talk about three very important rules.

The first is to obey. We all know that we should listen to our parents, our teachers and other people who guide us. Still, we sometimes say: “Sure, mommy, I'll do what you say, but please tell me why I have to do it?” Or “Why does the teacher tell me to do it this way?”

Soldiers on the front don't ask why. They listen to their commander, who may or may not explain why, and do just as they are ordered. After the battle is over, there may be time to discuss and explain. But while in combat, the soldiers must carry out every order which they are given.

The second important rule is to cooperate. All people are responsible for one another. In the army, cooperating with another person is much more than just a good thing to do. It's necessary, because it's the only way that the army can succeed. All the soldiers in any unit depend upon each other.

Soldiers in a tank depend upon the navigator to steer them in the right direction. Parachutists in the air depend upon the pilot to fly the plane at the correct height, and upon radar specialists miles away to give them correct reports. In the armory, soldiers depend on the equipment manager to supply them with the proper arms. And every soldier in the field of battle hopes that his fellow man will help him in time of need.

The third rule is to understand the importance of every individual.

Even though every soldier knows that others care for him and will be there to help him, he must still take full responsibility for himself and for his position. The future of the entire army sometimes depends upon a lone guard at an outpost, or upon the information provided by one radio dispatcher. Every individual soldier must do his job properly in order for the army to succeed.

These three rules must also be followed in Hashem's army. We follow Hashem's mitzvos. We cooperate with each other. And each one of us tries his best to do his own job well.

The Weekly Shmooze

By Mendel Labkowski

**This Week With:
Schneur Zalman Greisman**



Where do you live?

Rogers Arkansas

What are some of the
Classes that you family does
on shlichus?

My father teaches a Sunday
class every Week, we have a
Hebrew School, and my father
has a few private classes
where he learns Mamorim
with them.

So tell me a bit about your
chabad house

Now we are in the middle of
building a new Chabad
house! We are almost done,
the grand opening will be
iy"n in middle Sefiras
Ha'omer.

What is your favorite part
of being on Shlichus?

Being able to have non
frum friends.

What are some of the
challenges you face on
shlichus?

Not having so much kosher
food around

What are some things you
like about Online school
Day Of Celebration.

FUN PAGE!

By Mendel Labkowski

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

Find the 7 differences



Riddle #1

A farmer was playing
hide and seek with his
wife. His wife hid in
their family's vehicle.
How did the farmer
find his wife?

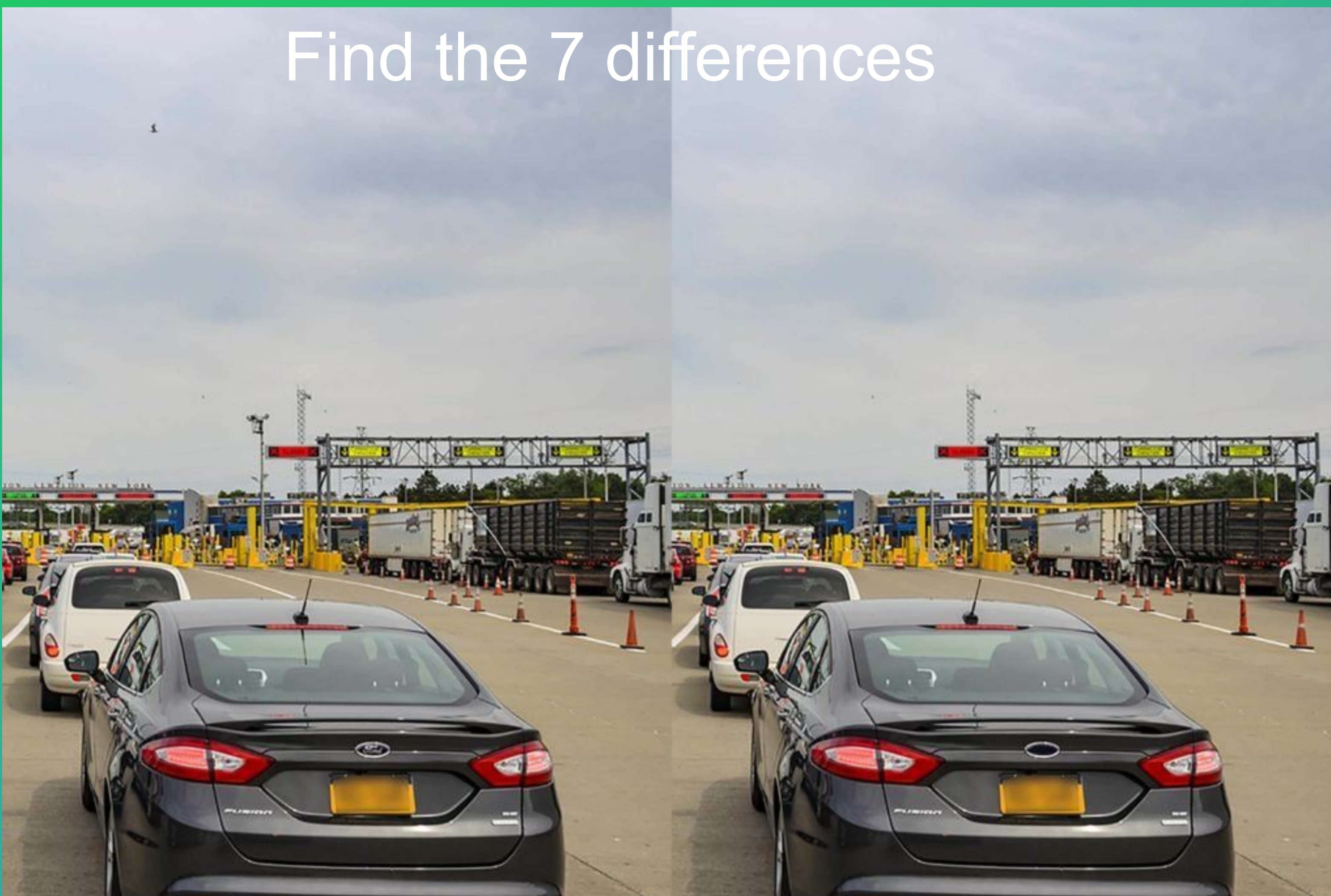
Riddle #2

I can't hurt you, but I
can leave you with
scars. Nobody wants
me, but everyone has
me. But you are the
only one who can see
me. What am I?

Riddle #3

The more you take
away, the more I
become. What am I?

Find the 7 differences



A Jew traveling about on business from town to town arrived in the middle of a winter's night in Gostynin, and made his way to the only house where lights were still shining.

Weekly Comic

Written & Illustrated

By:

Levi Y. Laufer

The householder—Reb Yechiel Meir of Gostynin whom he did not know gave him a warm welcome, and when he heard that his guest was hungry, served him strong drink and refreshments.



But since the traveler was still hungry, the tzaddik searched about the house for food of some kind, and found a quantity of uncooked porridge. Which the famished traveler ate with gusto.

The tzaddik then settled him in for the night in his own bed, where he slept soundly, galoshes and all (for he was weary from his travels), while his host, having nowhere to sleep, stayed awake through the night.



The guest, woke up, and went to shul. there, in the course of conversation after prayers, people told him the identity of the illustrious personage who had gone through so much trouble for him.



He was much abashed, and hastened to offer his apologies to the tzaddik, explaining that he did not know whose room he was in or whose house he was visiting. But the Tzaddik's reply was disconcerting



The traveler tried even harder to explain that he was the innocent victim of ignorance, and so on and so forth, until the tzaddik finally said: "If you promise to carry out an instruction which I will give you, then I will accept your apology." The unfortunate fellow solemnly gave his promise, after which the tzaddik spoke:

