



Parshas Vayechi

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A Story of the Rebbe

By Mendel Labkowski

Zalam visited Albert at his business in Manhattan every Friday on his Mivtzoyim route, and they became quite friendly. On July 31, Albert expressed great concern for his cousin's children.

Albert began saying his sad story. His cousin in Mexico was driving with another cousin of his, and his four children in their car. In the middle of the day, they were suddenly stopped by a Mexican Mafia gang, and taken hostage. They were taken to a hideout where they were locked up together with other kidnapped children. One of these children was the son of a prominent political figure.

The father of the boys was released with specific instructions: If he would like to see his sons again, he must come up with two million dollars; he was not to go to the police if he valued their lives. After pleading with them that he couldn't possibly raise that kind of money, the mafia agreed to accept one million dollars.

The next few days were extremely tense as he raced around raising the funds. Finally he was able to inform the mafia that he was ready to drop off the money at the designated spot. Moments after the money was dropped off, two of the sons were released. To his horror, the father realized that the mafia had no intention of giving up the other two sons. Obviously, they were still after the second million dollars, though they had said no.

The father waited anxiously for a call or some form of instructions, but nothing came. It was though his sons did not exist and he had no idea if they were even still alive. He knew from the two sons who had been released, that they were beaten daily. A week had passed since the kidnapping, and nearly 2 full days with no word of the two sons still in captivity.

Continued from page 2

Albert would have done everything in his power to help, but what could he do from New York? Zalman suggested that Albert write to the Rebbe for a Bracha. Albert immediately agreed. He wrote a letter and gave it to Zalman to put into a volume of Igros Kodesh, when he got back to his home in Crown Heights.

That Friday, as soon as Zalman returned to Crown Heights, he rushed to 770, the Rebbe's shul. hurriedly, He took a volume of Igros Kodesh, and inserted Albert's letter into a random page. When he opened to where the letter was inserted, he read the Rebbe's most positive answer. On the very first line the Rebbe clearly stated "As you requested, I will mention your request at my Father-in-law's gravesite on the eve just prior to the redemption!"

In great excitement Zalman ran to call Albert about the Rebbe's promising answer. Albert too, was greatly encouraged, and looked forward to seeing the fulfillment of the Rebbe's words.

On the following Friday, when Zalman arrived at Albert's business for their weekly get-together, Albert's mood seemed much more positive than it did the previous week, and Zalman immediately enquired about the situation with the young hostages. Albert happily informed him that the two boys were back at home, safe and sound.

Because one of the kidnapped children was the son of a political figure, the police became involved. They surrounded the hideaway, and staged a shooting what tragically ended with the death of one of the kidnapped children.

Complete chaos broke out and the Mafia gang became absorbed with saving themselves. Giving the two boys a chance to run away. A passing motorist, seeing the two boys running for their lives, offered his assistance and drove them all away safely to their parent's home.

Zalman had only one question to ask Albert: "When were the boys freed?" true to the Rebbe's words, Albert responded, "they were released on Shabbos night, the night after receiving the Rebbe's response and Bracha.



A Short Dvar Torah

By Levi Schmerling



When the צמח צדק as a little boy, he learned 17 פרשת ויחי in מצרים that יעקב lived in מצרים 17 years. The מפרשים tell us that this means that יעקב lived the best seventeen years of his life in מצרים.

When the צמח צדק learned this, he asked his Grandfather, the אלטער רבי, “How can יעקב’s best years have been in גלות, in מצרים?”

The אלטער רבי answered him that the תורה says that יעקב sent יהודה ahead to setup a גשן in ישיבה. This was so that the brothers could sit and learn תורה.

When a person learns תורה he becomes closer to ה', and even in מצרים he can have good years.

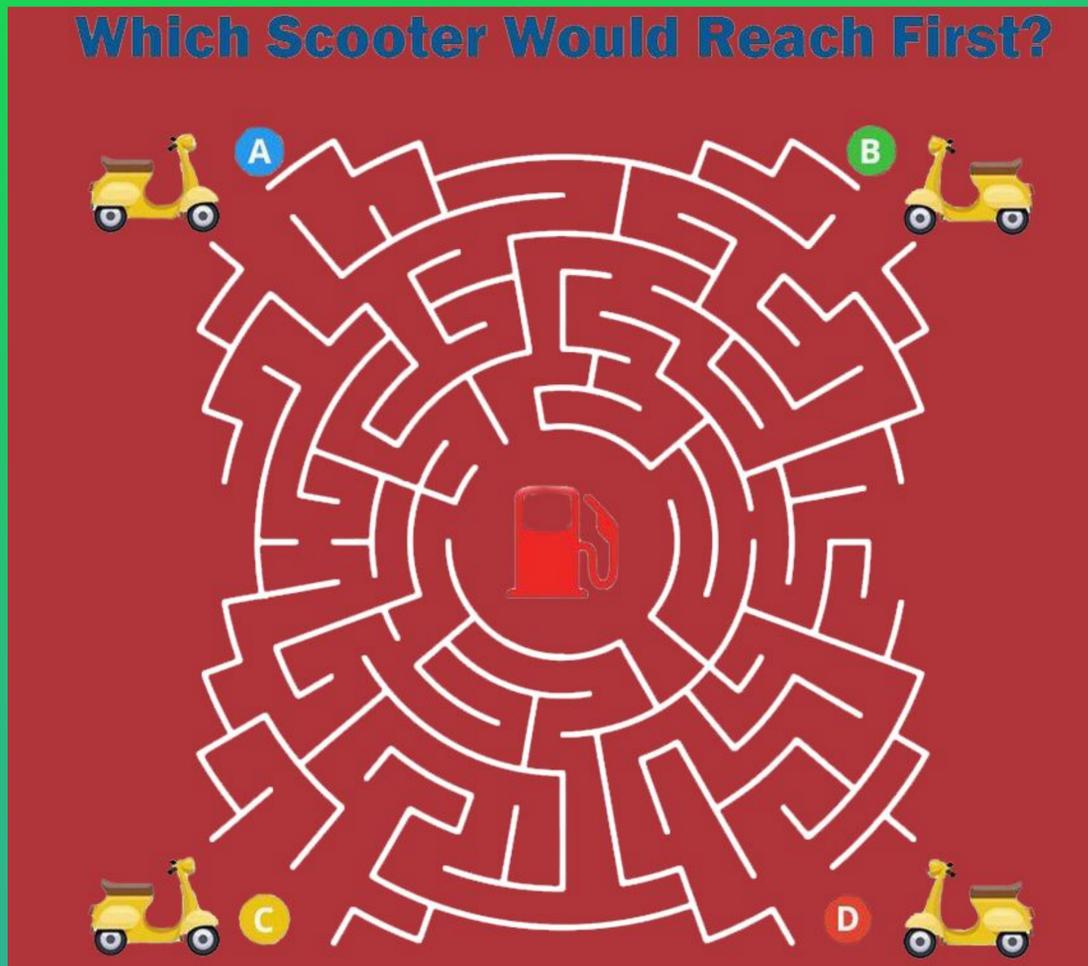
FUN PAGE!

By Levi Schmerling

Say the color, not the word!

YELLOW **BLUE** **ORANGE**
BLACK **RED** **GREEN**
PURPLE **YELLOW** **RED**
ORANGE **GREEN** **BLACK**
BLUE **RED** **PURPLE**
GREEN **BLUE** **ORANGE**

Which Scooter Would Reach First?



ANSWERS TO VAYIGASH RIDDLES

Riddle 1 - The letter "M"

Riddle 2 - A Microscope

Riddle 3 - A piano

Riddle 4 - Remove the 'S', and it becomes even

Picture Puzzle 1 - Mitsake

Picture Puzzle 2 - Move the middle and bottom stick on top

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

Riddle #1

There is an apple tree on a cliff. If the wind is blowing 15mph to the West, where would the apple fall?

Riddle #2

A man who was outside in the rain without an umbrella or hat didn't get a single hair on his head wet. Why?

Riddle #3

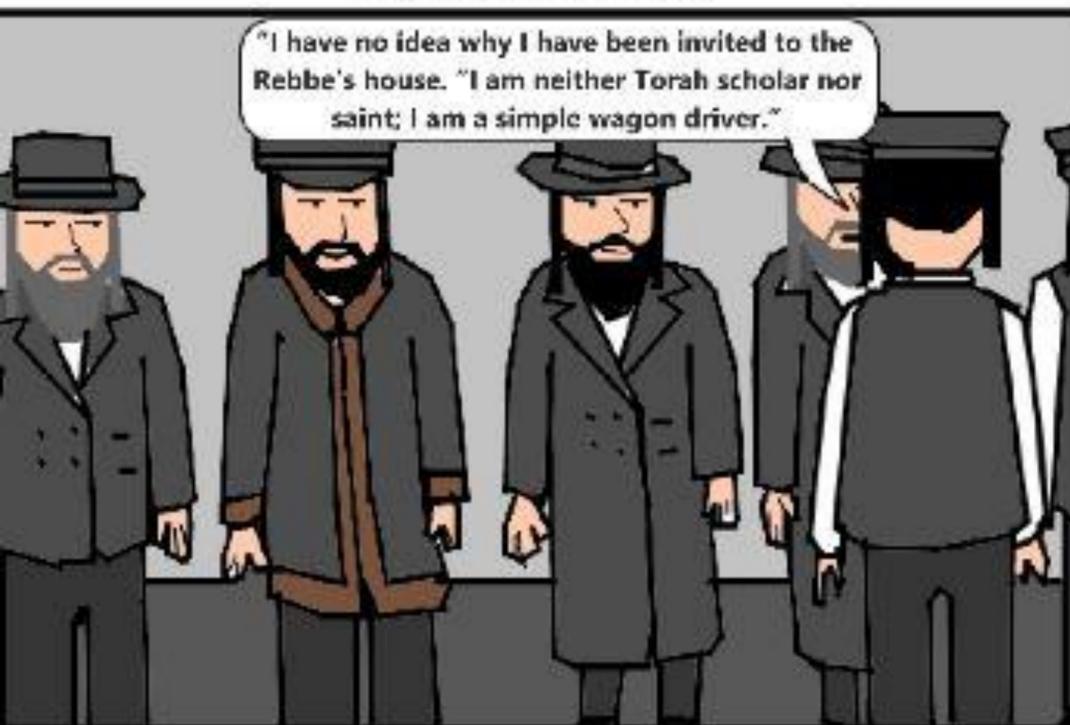
Friday, Chaim and Zalman went to the store to buy some challah for Shabbos. The total of \$12 was divided equally among the friends. Chaim paid \$4 and Zalman paid \$4 as well. Who paid the other \$4?

There was once a wealthy businessman who was a follower of the Tzemach Tzedek, the third Chabad Rebbe. Before embarking on any business venture, he would make certain to go to the Rebbe for his approval and blessing.

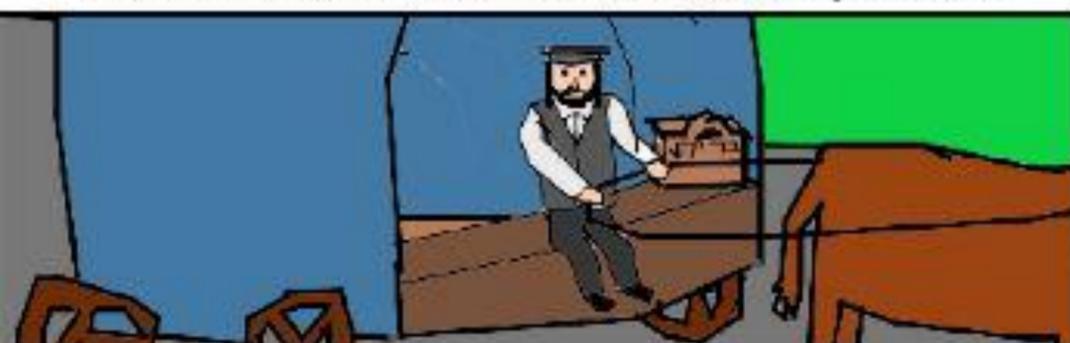


This request caught the visitor by surprise. Until then, the Rebbe had never mixed into such things, like who should be his wagon driver. And, in fact, he had never noticed anything remarkable about the man the Rebbe now wished to see. Yet he knew better than to question the Rebbe.

In the meantime, the news spread about the simple wagon driver who merited to be greeted like royalty in the Rebbe's house. Soon, a group of young chassidim surrounded the wagon driver, demanding that he reveal himself to them.



"During my many travels, I reach outlying villages where there sometimes may be only one Jewish family living among many gentiles. More than once, it happened that the Jews would ask me if I knew of a mohel, because a baby boy had been born to them, and in the whole area there weren't any mohelim



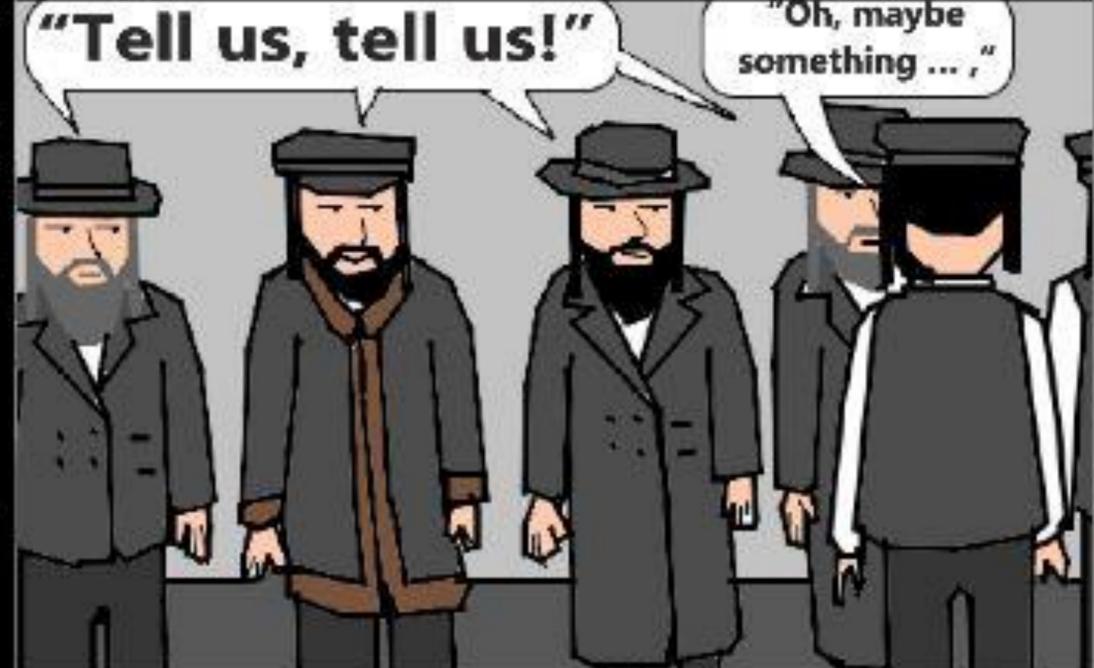
"Therefore," the wagon driver continued, "I learned the laws of brit milah and trained under an expert mohel. When I travel, I take along my brit milah kit. Thank G-d, I have been privileged to do quite a number of circumcisions in many of these far-flung communities.

Months passed, and the businessman returned to the Rebbe's court. As instructed, he traveled with the particular wagon driver the Rebbe had requested.



The driver, who was surprised by the warm greeting, was dumbstruck when the revered rabbi invited him to return the next day in order to dine with him. When the wagon driver left the house, the Rebbe turned to his wife, Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka, and asked her to prepare special delicacies and foods reserved for holidays and chol hamoed to be served to their guest the following day.

The group did not let him off the hook so easily. "Perhaps you can remind yourself of a special incident that occurred to you," they queried. The driver scratched his head, trying to think.



And so the wagon driver began to tell his story.

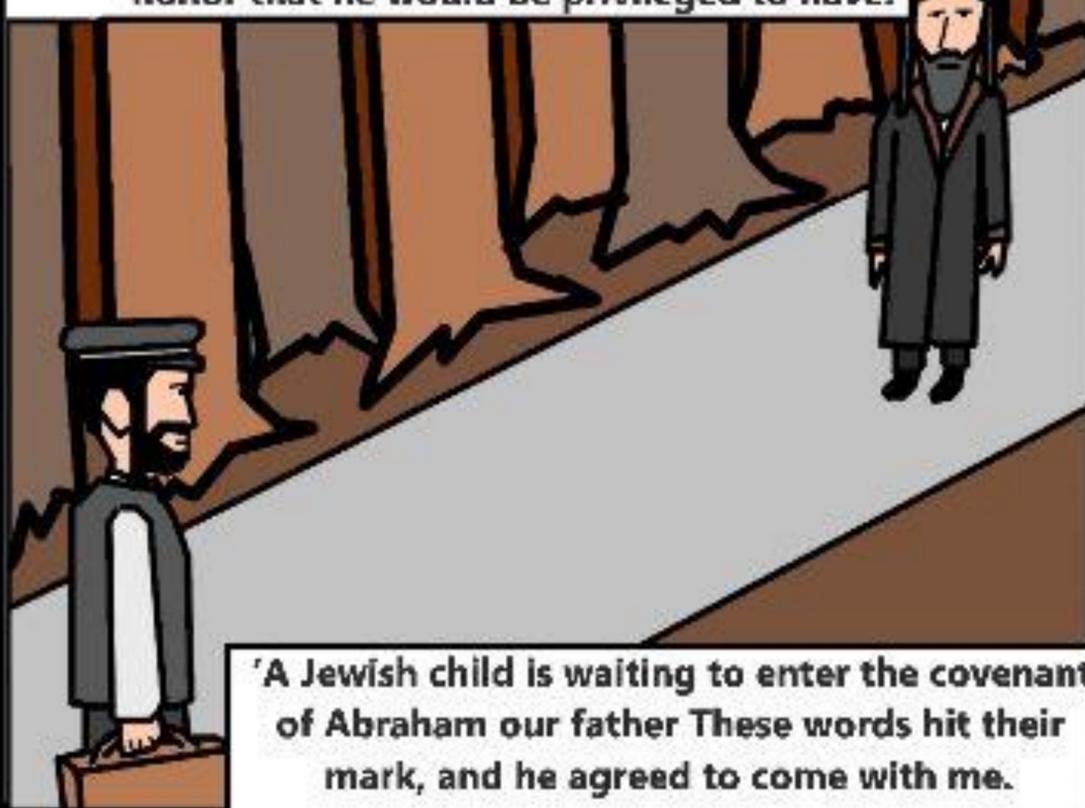
"A number of months ago, I was traveling through a forest and lost my way. Suddenly, I heard a loud, pitiful crying that broke my heart. I followed the cry and reached a hovel belonging to a Jewish forester. The crying was coming from his wife. She told me that her husband became ill a while back and was laid up in bed, unable to move.



And, today was the eighth day of the birth of their son. Her husband was meant to travel to the large city to bring a mohel from there." Now, however, he cannot move, and I don't know what to do!" she burst out, crying anew.

I calmed down the surprised woman. But now I had to find a sandek to hold the baby, as the father was too weak to sit up and hold his newborn son.

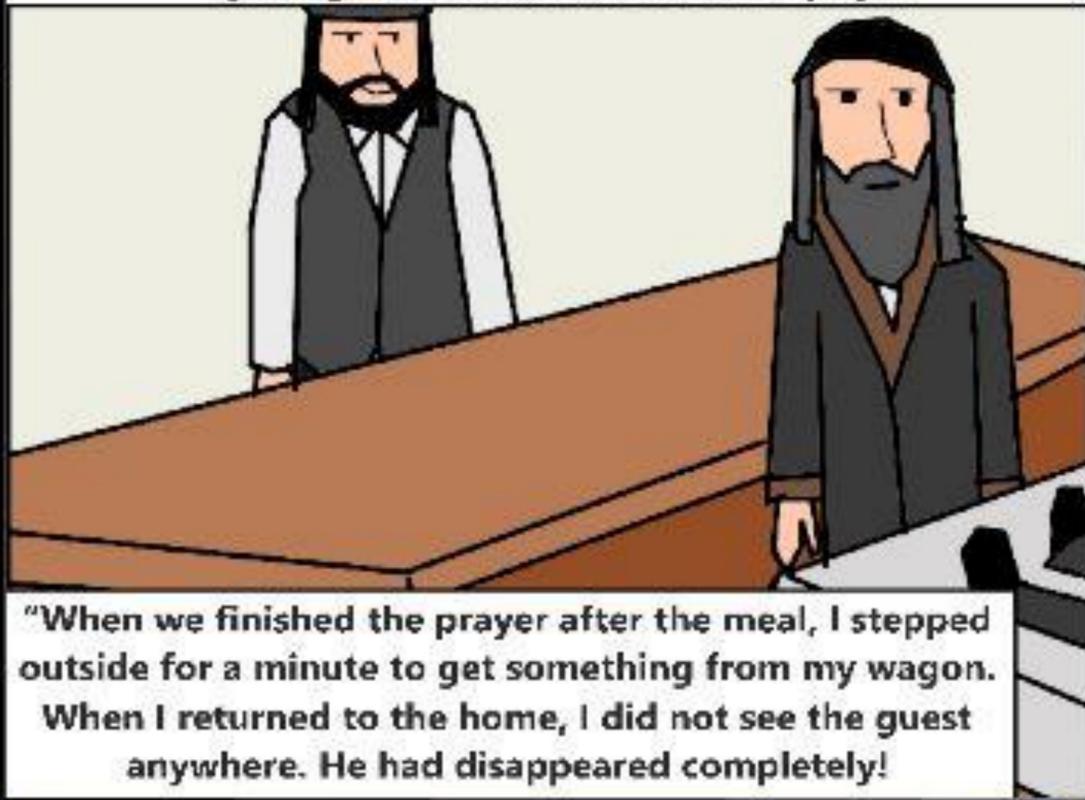
"Suddenly, a short while before the sun was to set, I saw a Jew walking towards me. I told him about the great honor that he would be privileged to have.



I went out to the main road, hoping against hope that a Jew would pass by.

But this strange guest walked over to the father, and in a minute, the man was standing upright, being led to the table by the guest. I could not believe my eyes!

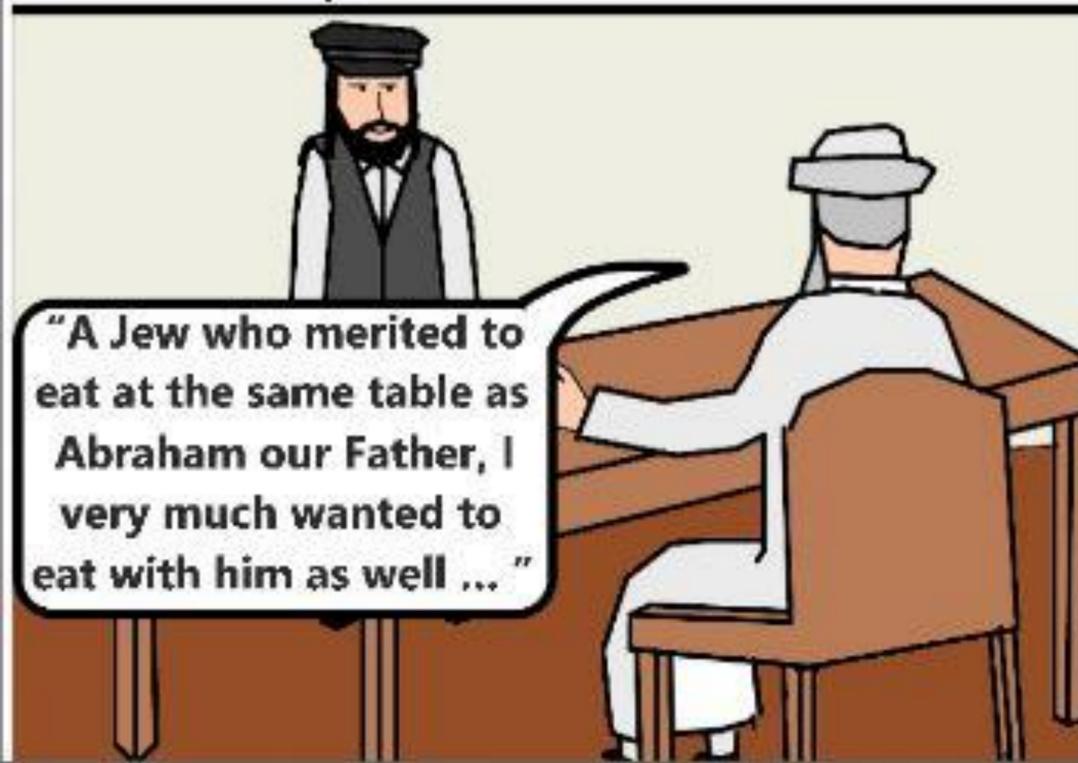
"After the brit, I suggested to the guest that he join me for the festive meal to celebrate the occasion. However, there was not a morsel of food in the house. I took out my knapsack, which contained bread and some cheese. We washed our hands and sat down to eat the mitzvah meal, which we shared with the mother.



"Afterwards, the guest suggested that we should call the father of the child to complete the zimun. I looked at him with disbelief. 'Can't you see that he is almost on the other side?'"

"When we finished the prayer after the meal, I stepped outside for a minute to get something from my wagon. When I returned to the home, I did not see the guest anywhere. He had disappeared completely!"

The next day, the wagon driver came to the house of the Rebbe and ate a festive meal. At the conclusion of the meal, the Rebbe said to the assembled:



Weekly Comic

Written & illustrated

By:

Levi Y. Laufer