

The Jewish Weekly

Five Times More

By Rabbi Yerachmiel Tilles

It was Kislev 1957, eight years had passed since Rabbi Yosef Yitzchok Schneersohn, the sixth Lubavitcher Rebbe who passed away in 1950, founded Kfar Chabad, a small village one train stop outside of Tel Aviv. The abandoned Arab village quickly became transformed into a Lubavitcher stronghold, but now a problem had arisen: no more apartments were available. More and more Chassidim found themselves turned away, and they wrote in despair to the "new" Rebbe.

In response, the Lubavitcher Rebbe decided that a new neighborhood should be built in the Kfar. He himself assumed the responsibility to find sources of funding. He also wrote to Chabad businessmen in Eretz Yisrael, demanding action.

Since 1955, the Rebbe had already been in contact with Zalman Shazar about the new neighborhood in Kfar Chabad. On Dec. 3, 1957 the Rebbe wrote Shazar the following letter:

... I am very optimistic regarding what I wrote to you in my previous letter, that you should participate in the farbrengen (Chassidic gathering) in Kfar Chabad on the festival of Yud-Tes Kislev, the day of the liberation and victory of the Alter Rebbe (the first Rebbe of the dynasty) and with him, all the teachings of Chabad Chassidut. It is an auspicious time to announce about the new neighborhood.

The Rebbe asked Shazar to officially announce the new neighborhood in Kfar Chabad, and the Rebbe set the date: 19 Kislev 5718/Dec. 12, 1957, nine days later. Mr. Shazar followed orders; at the main 19 Kislev event in Kfar Chabad he announced a new Chabad neighborhood. In his next letter, the Rebbe thanked him.

The new neighborhood had become a fact. The only question remained: where would the money come from? No one knew what would take place a few hours later at the Rebbe's farbrengen in Crown Heights - an amazing story that began there, continued in Belgium, and concluded some months later in Israel.

Among the people sitting in the crowd was Mr. Naftali Dulitzky, a Chassid and 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 Yisrael and Europe.

Like everybody else there, in response to the Rebbe's announcement that funding was crucial for the new neighborhood, Dulitzky handed in a slip of paper that included his name and the amount of money he would be giving. Inspired

by the farbrengen, Dulitzky wrote down a large number: twenty percent of the money he had brought with him to New York to do business.

The Rebbe praised the new neighborhood in Kfar Chabad, calling it a future tool to spread the wellsprings. Then he said, There are people who are afraid to give their donation now since I will publicly announce how much they need to add, so they prefer to give their donation some other, quieter time. But the time now is the festival and the joy of the Alter Rebbe, an auspicious time. Therefore, if you give your donation now, in addition to G-d repaying you four times as much or ten times as much, you can accomplish spiritual and material things according to what the Alter Rebbe is capable of accomplishing. Accordingly, it pays to put yourself in "danger," for me to tell you to increase your amount in order to merit the blessings of the Alter Rebbe in those things you need.

After leading a stirring Chassidic melody, the Rebbe began reading the notes, telling each person how much to add, from double to two hundred times the amount originally pledged.

Dulitzky realized that he would have to 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!"

Dulitzky looked stunned. The Rebbe had left him without a penny for his business transactions. However, as a loyal chassid 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 chassid is not put off by such concerns.

The next part of the story, related by Naftali Dulitzky's daughter, was heard from Rabbi Chatzkel Besser of Agudat Yisrael, who knew Naftali for years and was often "schlepped" by him to the Rebbe's farbrengens.

"I was supposed to go to that farbrengen with Naftali, but the snow and cold that night froze the engine of the car I was supposed to drive, so I missed the farbrengen.

The next day, when I met Naftali, I apologized and asked him how the farbrengen was. He said, with a smile, that it was fortunate I had not attended, because everyone there had to give huge amounts of money to the Rebbe. He confided that he had been instructed to give all his money for the new neighborhood in Kfar Chabad.

I was a bit surprised. I knew him as a chassid who would give everything to the Rebbe; what I could not understand was 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. The first armed robbery in the State of Israel had recently taken place, and a diamond merchant by the name of Zerach Pollack was murdered. Everyone was shaken, especially those in the diamond business. Every single diamond merchant attended the funeral, from the murdered man's best friends to his bitter competitors.

It Once Happened...

I also attended the funeral and I met Dulitzky there. We greeted one another, and as we spoke I mentioned our previous conversation that took place in Manhattan. Naftali said, 'You won't believe this. I'll tell you what happened later.'

Dulitzky related to me, "A few days after the farbrengen, I boarded a ship back to Israel. 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.

On Friday, the ship set anchor in the port of London. Since I did not want to stay for Shabbat in a place where I didn't know anyone, I decided to travel to Antwerp, where I had many friends from the diamond trade.

I arrived in the morning and went to the diamond exchange, where I was immediately greeted by an acquaintance, '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 was my 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 requested.

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 Israel, 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 Yud-Tes Kislev!"

Reprinted from an email of KabbalaOnline.org.



Shabbat Times - Parshat Vayeitzei

| | Candle Lighting | Motzei Shabbat | Motzei Shabbat ר"ת |
|-------------|-----------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Jerusalem | 4:00 | 5:15 | 5:52 |
| Tel Aviv | 4:14 | 5:17 | |
| Haifa | 4:04 | 5:14 | |
| Be'er Sheva | 4:18 | 5:18 | |

The Second Alternative

By Rabbi Shmuel Butman

The journey of the second Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Dov Ber, to Haditch was unusually somber. The Rebbe, on his way to pray at the grave of his father and predecessor, Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Liadi, was not merely meditative, but reclusive.

He not only refrained from delivering the accustomed Chassidic discourses for which his disciples thirsted, but he showed no interest or desire to converse at all with the chassidim who formed his entourage. When he wished to commit some of his Torah thoughts to paper he was unable to do so, and he indicated to his close followers that he felt the approach of some impending harsh judgment from Above.

He even intimated that he felt his own end approaching. He related to his chassidim that at the time of the arrest and imprisonment of his father, two alternatives had been offered from Above: suffering or death. Rabbi Shneur Zalman had chosen suffering. "It seems that he left the other for me," concluded the somber Reb Dov Ber.

When the entourage arrived at Haditch the Rebbe prayed at great length at his father's grave. He also delivered a number of Chassidic discourses in the study hall which had been erected at the site. One day, after having prayed for many hours, the Rebbe appeared to his followers, his face beaming with happiness. "My father has given me his promise that they will release me from my position as Rebbe," he told them.

The chassidim had long been aware of the Rebbe's desire to journey to the Land of Israel, and they understood his words to mean that he had finally decided to make the journey. "Rebbe," they cried out, "how can you leave us like that, like sheep without a shepherd?" But the Rebbe just turned to them and said, "don't worry, you will have my son-in-law, Menachem Mendel, and he will be a faithful leader for you."

When the visit ended, the party began the homeward journey, passing through the town of Niezhin. But upon his arrival, the Rebbe fell ill and was unable to continue traveling. The most experienced physicians that could be found were called in, but none could cure the Rebbe.

They ordered complete bed rest, and even proscribed the Rebbe from delivering his customary talks to his chassidim. This advice was the most bitter for the Rebbe. For the very essence of a Rebbe is to give of himself to his

chassidim. The relationship between Rebbe and chassid is a symbiotic one in which both benefit physically as well as spiritually.

His condition deteriorated steadily, until he finally lapsed into unconsciousness, evincing no apparent life force. The doctors were at a loss, when one of them said to another, "Do you want to see something very strange? If we permit the Rebbe to deliver a discourse to his followers, you will see him regain his vitality."

The scene which followed was truly amazing, as the Rebbe, fully vibrant, sat in his bed and spoke to the chassidim who crowded the house to hear his words. In the course of the talk, the Rebbe said, "Now I will tell you secrets of the Torah which have never been revealed." But just as he was about to continue, a chassid leaning forward on a bench behind the Rebbe fell. The tumult interrupted the Rebbe's thoughts and he remarked, "It seems that Heaven doesn't wish these things to be revealed."

The Rebbe's condition worsened on the night of the ninth of Kislev to the point that he could not be revived. People flocked to the house to be near the Rebbe. Suddenly the Rebbe sat up in bed, smiling and said, "I heard a voice saying, 'What need has a soul like this for this world?'"

The Rebbe requested that he be dressed in white garments. And then, for the first time since he had been so ill, he delivered a Chassidic discourse in which he praised the Jewish people for doing mitzvot with such devotion. He bade his family and chassidim to be joyful, for joy breaks through all boundaries and bitterness. Then he continued revealing deep Chassidic philosophy. All those present were overjoyed to see that their Rebbe appeared to have recovered his strength.

The Rebbe then turned to one of his disciples and told him, "While I am speaking, watch out that I don't fall asleep. If I do, just touch me with your hand and I will wake up." He continued delivering his discourse in a greatly heightened mental state, asking several times whether it was yet dawn. He expounded upon the words, "For with You is the source of life," and when he had finished saying the word "life" his soul left his body.

It is seen in certain select great tzadikim that the days of their lives are measured exactly to the day. Rebbe Dov Ber passed away, as did Moses, on the exact day of his birth, thus indicating complete fulfillment. He was 54 years old when he passed away, exactly the same age as was his father, Rabbi Shneur Zalman, when he was incarcerated in Petersburg and agreed to accept the yoke of suffering upon himself.

Reprinted from an email of Lchaim Weekly.

Editor's Note: the second Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Dov Ber known as the "Mitteler Rebbe" ז"ל's 247th birthday and 193rd Yahrzeit was Wednesday, 9th Kislev - November 25th of this year

How many of us have ever felt that we were stuck between a rock and a hard place? We have all been at one point or another, in difficult situations, each of us on our own levels. How do we move on? How do we pick ourselves up? What are we supposed to do in these situations?

Yaakov Avinu, is chased out of the comfort of his home with his loving parents Yitzchak and Rivka, because his brother Eisav wants to kill him. There were no phones or Skype then, he never heard another "I love you" from his loving mother, or a "you mean the world to me, son, you make me proud" from his father. Where is he going? He is on his way to Lavan Harami, Yaakov knew what uncle Lavan was about, Eisav got his character traits from somewhere, Rivkah I'm sure spoke about him at home, about how not to be, besides the fact that Yaakov had Ruach Hakodesh.

What does any Jew do, when faced with a tough dilemma and they don't know what to do? We go and we pray and we cry to our Creator and we ask for guidance. This week the Parsha talks about how Yaakov cries and davens till he has no energy left, and he falls asleep, and 12 stones combine to one under Yaakov Avinu's head, he sees a ladder with its roots on the ground and it reaches to the highest places in Heaven. He sees the Malachim (angels) going and coming, obviously, because that place was where Heaven and Earth meet.

Hashem responds to his cry (and really the cry of any of us going through pain,) these are His words, "I the G-d of Avraham your father and the G-d of Yitzchak am telling you, the land you are running from now, the very land you are on now, I am going to give it to you and your children. Your children will multiply and spread out with no borders, north, south, east and west with no limitation. The nations of the world will be blessed with your presence amongst them. I am going to be with you in every step of the way, I will watch over you, in any direction that you take, and I will bring you back to this land, I will not leave you until I have kept My promise to you."

Friends, we need to bring this message into our lives at whatever level we can, that Hashem is always with us, He will not leave us, no matter which way we go, so let's join together and pray with all our hearts, for the recovery of all the sick from this crazy pandemic, as well as praying for our soldiers and healthcare professionals, and Chevra Kadisha members worldwide, and for those who need healing, shidduchim, children and parnassah and may we be blessed to have the most awesome, gorgeous, beautiful, peaceful, healthy, amazing, relaxed, spiritual Shabbat.

Yossi

The Jewish Weekly's PARSHA FACTS

NO MITZVOT IN THIS PARSHA

NUMBER OF PESUKIM: 148
NUMBER OF WORDS: 2021
NUMBER OF LETTERS: 7512

HAFTORA:
Ashkenazim: Hoshea 12:13-14:10
Sephardim: Hoshea 11:7-13:5
Chabad: Hoshea 11:7-12:14

