

תשורה

למשתתפים

בשמחת הנישואין של
שמחה וחי' מושקא
וואגעל
בדר"ח תמוז, ה'תשפ"ו



Memento

from the wedding of

Simcha and **Mussa**

Vogel

2nd Day of Rosh Chodesh Tammuz, 5786 • June 16, 2026

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WELCOME



Dear Family and Friends שיחיו,

As is our tradition, at every joyous occasion we begin by thanking Hashem for granting us life, sustaining us, and enabling us to reach this moment together. We are delighted that you can share in our simcha. Indeed, the Torah enjoins the entire community to bring joy and happiness to the chosson and kallah.

In honor of the Rebbe and Rebbetzin's wedding in 1928, the Friediker Rebbe distributed a special teshurah, a memento, to all the celebrants: a facsimile of a manuscript letter written by the Alter Rebbe.

In that tradition, we are honored to present:

1. The Rebbe's response regarding the kallah's name.
2. A chapter from the forthcoming book *More Than Gems: The Life and Legacy of Bobby Vogel*, the chosson's grandfather.
3. A collection of stories from the kallah's father about the Rebbe and Rebbetzin.
4. Stories drawn from the notes of the kallah's grandfather, Rabbi Berl Junik.

We would like to thank Rabbi Dovid Zaklikowski and the staff of Hasidic Archives for their dedication in preparing this memento.

We hope that you will enjoy the festivities, participate fully in every aspect of the celebration, and share in the joy and pride that we feel on this special day. May we merit to celebrate many more simchas together in the near future.

And may the merit of bringing joy to the chosson and kallah lead us to the greatest joy of all, when we will celebrate the rebuilding of the Beis Hamikdosh, speedily in our days.

The Vogel and Junik Families



At a siyum Sefer Torah.

mentioned to Mr. Vogel that he would be traveling to Israel and wanted to see the cutting factory. There was in fact no factory to show him, but Reb Asher told Mr. Vogel that he had a friend who owned one in Tel Aviv: “We will bring him there.”

At the end of the tour, the manager of the factory went over to Mr. Halpern and said, “We hear that you are a successful diamond merchant. We would love to do business with you.” The London dealer replied that he was already doing business with the company, adding, “That is why I am here today.” What ensued was an awkward conversation that ended with the manager giving him his card. Mr. Halpern did some research and discovered the truth behind the visit.

When he returned to London, he called Mr. Vogel to a meeting. “What’s going on?” he asked. “You told me you had a factory. This was all a setup.

In fact, you are just cutting in Jerusalem basements.” He could not fathom that his goods were being processed in people’s homes in makeshift cutting facilities.

Mr. Vogel tried to calm him down, saying that he was personally responsible for the diamonds and would reimburse him if anything happened to them. But Mr. Halpern would hear nothing of it, and the arrangement ended.

Despite the loss, Mr. Vogel made an effort to supply more diamonds to sustain the work for the Jerusalem cutters.

Over time, his relationship with Reb Asher deepened. In Reb Asher, Mr. Vogel saw a person who selflessly worked for others’ livelihood without taking any credit for himself. He became a major contributor to Reb Asher’s Yad Ezra, at the time one of the leading chessed organizations in Israel.

Jerusalem Influence

Shlomo Simcha Sufirin likes to say that when the high school he attended bumped him up two grades, “I discovered the world before my brain was able to process it.” He recalled seeing the world beyond his school and home and feeling confused, wanting to be a part of it.

In addition, he did not understand what the religious studies had to do with his daily life. Chasidic concepts such as *Za, Zun*, and *Malchus D’Atzilus* made no sense to him. When he demanded an explanation about what they had to do with his life, the teacher would respond that when he was older he would understand. “I will come back when I am older,” he retorted, and walked out of class.

The teachers saw him as rebellious. He simply saw himself as someone who wanted to understand things. His father, Rabbi Mordechai Tzvi Sufirin, a longtime London educator, panicked about his son’s behavior. He wrote to the Rebbe, who told him to discuss it with “knowledgeable friends.” It was a classic response from the Rebbe, who guided people to confer with those who would know, or could find out, more about the situation on the ground.

Rabbi Sufirin went to speak to Mr. Vogel, who advised him to send his son to the yeshivah that Reb Asher had established for “kids at risk.” The Jerusalem rabbi understood teens who did not want to conform to the “rigidness” of the community. He would recall that when he was a teenager he had begun to falter in his studies. Once, after failing a test



Rabbi Asher Freund

in front of his parents, he ran away from home and did not return for several days. It was then that he found the teachings of Breslov — which taught him to meditate and go into the forest to commune with Hashem — as a way for him to connect to Judaism.

With a little bit of Breslov, the wit of Kotzk, and the classic Jerusalemite cynicism, many teens found their place at Reb Asher’s yeshivah. By then, Mr. Vogel was regularly speaking to Reb Asher — who himself was a savvy businessman — for hours about many aspects of his life, especially in business and family matters.

Rabbi Sufirin, a hardcore Lubavitcher and



With the Rebbe.

hostile to the relationship with Reb Asher, openly teased Mr. Vogel: “The man with the shtreimel is in town? Reb Nosson, you know that there is only one Rebbe; you cannot have two.”

With his characteristic smile, and choosing to be respectful to Rabbi Sufrin, Mr. Vogel responded, “Reb Asher is my rebbe in kindness.” Rabbi Sufrin could not bring himself, though, to remove his son from a Chabad institution and place him in Reb Asher’s.

Things continued to deteriorate for Shlomo, his attitude remaining rebellious, and six months later Rabbi Sufrin wrote to the Rebbe again. The Rebbe told his aide, “I don’t understand — we already discussed this.” Rabbi Sufrin told the aide that “the knowledgeable friend” had advised him to send his son to Reb Asher’s school. He added, “I regularly sacrifice for the Rebbe’s school, and I am going to

pull my son out of it? I don’t believe the Rebbe wants me to do that.”

One night, the Sufrins had a knock on their door. Opening it, they were surprised by the visit of distinguished guests: Rabbi Yitzchok and Rebbetzin Rivkah Hertz, who said they were taking a stroll and had thought of stopping by.

While Rebbetzin Hertz schmoozed with Mrs. Sufrin, Rabbi Hertz, the respected rosh yeshivah of the Chabad yeshivah, talked with Rabbi Sufrin. During the conversation, he asked Rabbi Sufrin about his son Shlomo. Rabbi Sufrin said that he was struggling with him. Rabbi Hertz asked what advice Shlomo’s father had received. Rabbi Sufrin told him the entire story.

On hearing it, Rabbi Hertz began to explain the philosophy of Reb Asher and how he placed great emphasis on faith in Hashem. “Send him there,”

Rabbi Hertz said. “There he will receive the foundations of faith, and Chasidus will come later.”

The London educator was taken aback, but Rabbi Hertz never revealed to him that the Rebbe, in a private audience, had spent an hour discussing Shlomo, Reb Asher, and why it was appropriate for the teen to go to the Jerusalem school. With the Rebbe’s backing, he felt comfortable saying, “I give you my word that it is a good idea for you to send him there.”

After the conversation, Rabbi Sufrin told Shlomo that he was taking him to Reb Asher’s yeshivah. “Stay for a month,” the father said. “If you don’t like it, you can come home.”

It was a fascinating time for the teenager. He saw the care that Reb Asher had for others and the acceptance he had for his struggles. “He let me run wild for a few weeks.” He gave him cigarettes and money. “Whatever I needed, he took care of me.”

But the boy never did come to the yeshivah. Then one day Reb Asher told him he was sending him home. “I don’t think you’re going to live very long. Your parents brought you into the world — let them bury you.”

When Shlomo asked why he believed that would be the case, Reb Asher said, “You are smart, but you are using your intelligence to follow your heart, which wants you to fulfill your cravings and desires. You are using your brain to find every way possible to feed your lust. The issue is that it is not satiable. It never ends.”

“He sized you up in a minute,” Shlomo said later. “He figured out your process of thinking, got to your core right away, and he didn’t mince his words.”

The conversation went on for hours, and the teenager asked if he could guide him on what to do to return to the right path. Reb Asher said that he did not have a ready answer. After the boy had

been running wild for weeks, the rabbi ultimately told him to take a bus to the forest and cry out to Hashem: “Ask why He created you.”

That trip to the forest changed Shlomo’s life. After crying out to Hashem, he said, “I felt that I’m unique in the world. Hashem brought me here for my strengths.” Ultimately, he remained at the school for four years.

It took decades for Shlomo — now the famed Chasidic singer Shlomo Simcha — to learn that the Rebbe was the one behind his going to Reb Asher’s school. It was at a wedding he was singing at in Lakewood, New Jersey, which Rabbi Hertz was attending as the grandfather of the groom. That night, Rabbi Hertz revealed to him all the details in conversation.

Shlomo was shocked to learn that in 1980, at the height of the Rebbe’s activism, he had taken the time to deal with a troubled teen. “It just completed everything,” he said of his journey from Chabad to Reb Asher. “It really completed everything for me; the Rebbe did care.”

As for Mr. Vogel, Shlomo said, “He had a huge impact on my life” — the entire trajectory of his life: “just everything.”

Diamond Setting School

When an acquaintance got in trouble with the law and could not find employment, Mr. Vogel taught the man how to set diamonds. By teaching him the trade, he watched how an entire family was saved from relying on charity, and thus had their dignity restored. He decided to establish a diamond-setting school to assist the Chasidic refugees from WWII who had never found proper employment and were forced to receive assistance from others.

He dedicated an entire floor of his office to the



Bobby Vogel at the farbrengen marking the Rebbe's 70th birthday.

trade school. At the outset, many in the diamond district viewed the school with skepticism. Not only was Mr. Vogel wasting his money, they said, but he was also creating competition for himself, as these students would ultimately open jewelry businesses of their own.

The costs involved in running the school were considerable. In addition to the operating expenses, there was the cost of the diamonds that the students practiced on. Often the stones were chipped or broken in the process and became unusable. For Mr. Vogel, however, the satisfaction of providing a livelihood for others made it all worthwhile. "What will I take to the next world?" he would ask, and answer the way Rabbi Freund had once told him: "The broken diamonds from the trade school."

It had been nine years since Mr. Vogel first made contact with the Lubavitcher Rebbe when he

found himself in New York in March 1972. He joined thousands of people from around the world at Lubavitch world headquarters for a grand Chasidic gathering, or farbrengen, to celebrate the Rebbe's 70th birthday.

"Age makes my life more exacting," the Rebbe told a New York Times reporter. "My age is de-



manding more of me,” he explained, though he was not going to slow down.

At the gathering, the Rebbe refused personal presents but requested a much larger commitment from his Chasidim and himself: 71 new Chabad institutions.

“I think that is a very good challenge — not only for me. It is a very good challenge for them,” the Rebbe told the reporter.

Mr. Vogel felt he had to participate in the new initiative, but he did not know exactly how. He decided that the setting school would be his birthday present to the Rebbe — one of the 71 new Chabad institutions. In a private audience, he told the Rebbe of his intention and suggested naming it the “Lubavitch Trade School.”

“Heaven forbid!” the Rebbe said.

Mr. Vogel was taken aback. “What’s so terrible?” he asked.

“It could be that a Satmar Chasid or someone from another community would want to learn a trade,” the Rebbe told Mr. Vogel, alluding to the re-

cent dispute with Satmar over the Rebbe’s openly embracing the president of Israel, which they saw as implicit support for the Zionist cause. “And because it is called ‘Lubavitch,’ he won’t join the setting school. How can you withhold a Jewish person’s livelihood? The central idea is that someone should have the means to support their family. Heaven forbid that you should call it Lubavitch.”

Previously, Mr. Vogel had been drawn to the Rebbe for his activism — especially in Jewish education — on behalf of the entire Jewish community. The selflessness of caring for another’s livelihood, rather than personal gain for his own organization, was a new layer in his relationship with the Rebbe.

“The most important thing [to the Rebbe was] that a yiddishe yungerman vell hubben parnassah,” Mr. Vogel later said. “And the *maase* is that most of the applications in the beginning were only from Satmare Chasidim.”

To share stories of Mr. Vogel, please contact info@HasidicArchives.com.