

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

ב"ה

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יחי אדוננו מורנו ורבנו מלך המשיח לעולם ועד



The Rebbe at the wedding of *kallah's* grandparents,
Berl and Fruma Junik, Sivan 9, 5714.

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

THE REBBE'S WEDDING MEMENTO



At the wedding of the Rebbe and Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka in Warsaw in 1928, the bride's father, the Rebbe Rayatz, distributed a special memento, a copy presented here, to all the celebrants: a facsimile of a manuscript letter written by the first Chabad Rebbe, Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liadi. On top is the Rebbe Rayatz's explanation of the manuscript.

MAZEL TOV WISHES



The letters that the Rebbe sent to the parents of the *chossan* and *kallah*:



By the grace of G-d

[...]

Brooklyn

To the young man, who is accomplished and a Chassid,

a man who fears G-d, pleasant and gracious, etc.

[To the groom] and his bride may you be well,

Greetings and Blessings!

In reply to the notification of the date of your wedding on the [...] that is forthcoming for the good,

I would like to convey my blessings, Mazel Tov, Mazel Tov. May your wedding be held in a good and auspicious hour and may you build a true Jewish home, an eternal structure, on the foundations of the Torah and its commandments, as they are illuminated by the inner-light of Torah, namely, the teachings of Chassidism.

With blessings of Mazel Tov, Mazel Tov,

The Kallah's Name

By Shamshon Junik



After our daughter Chaya Mushka was born, we wanted to name her after the Rebbetzin, however, we have another daughter whose name includes Chaya. I wrote a letter to the Rebbe asking if it would be okay to name her after the Rebbetzin:

I hereby wish to inform you that a daughter was born, thank G-d, to my wife, Miriam Mindel bas Raizel, yesterday evening, the 23rd of Kislev. We request a brachah that we merit to raise her to Torah, chuppah, and good deeds, together with our other children, may they live and be well, with peace of mind and physical well-being, amid prosperity and honor; that we see much true Chassidic nachas from them; and that their lives be pleasing and a source of satisfaction to the Rebbe.

We would like to name her after the Rebbetzin. We have a daughter named Chaya Sarah, and we do not know whether to call the baby only Mushka, or Chaya (Mushka) as well. We have spoken with several people, some of whom say that this is done and others that it is not done. The two names together become an entirely new name, and the like. We are uncertain (although I myself would like to call her Chaya Mushka, my wife is un-



Our letter to the Rebbe regarding the naming of Mussa.

sure whether there is any objection or concern, and the like) whether to add the name Chaya Mushka, as the Rebbetzin, of blessed memory, was called.

We therefore request clear guidance whether to name her Chaya Mushka, or simply Mushka, or perhaps even another name.

The response we received in Igros Kodesh vol.

וזה נוגע לכל השנה הבע"ל.

ולכן לדעתי אף שמוכן שאין הזמן מספיק אפילו בהשתדלות הכי גדולה שלתשרי הבע"ל כבר יהי בנינם בנין בית הכנסת בניו עד המגרש שקנו, הנה יש להשתדל במרץ לשכור בסמיכות לשטח הנ"ל עכ"פ חדר גדול או טרקלין אשר בו יוכלו להתפלל אנשי השכונה ההיא בימי רצון דתשרי הבע"ל, וכן מקום ליסוד סניף התלמוד תורה שלהם כשביל ילדי הסביבה ההיא, כי על ידי זה יאחדו תושבי השכונה לחצרות מתפללים וחכמים בבית הכנסת שלהם לכשיבנה בשעה טובה ומוצלחת, וכן אשר בניהם ובנותיהם ילמדו במוסדות חינוך שלהם אשר שני עינים אלו תלויים בהתחלת השנה שנת הלימודים ושנת התפלה, כי כרובא דרובא בית הכנסת בו מתפללים בחדש תשרי, ממשיכים להתפלל בו כל השנה, ומוסדות החנוך בו מתחילים ללמוד בתחלת זמן הלימודים מכקרים בו עד תומו.

ג) בנוגע לסיפורו אשר ישנה הצעה מאיזה בית הכנסת או בית המדרש להשתתף עמהם בכנין בית הכנסת שלהם על מנת שיהי שינוי השם, ושואל חוות דעתי בזה.

ולדעתי פשוט אשר שם בית הכנסת שלהם שזה עשיריות בשנים נתפרסם בשיקאנא וסביבותי, אין לחשוב ע"ד שינוי בו כלל וכלל, וצריך להשאיר במילואו – השם שזכה לתפארת ולתהלה, ובמענה לדרישה הנ"ל אפשר להסכים שיצטרף גם שם, ומוכן אשר שם ביהכ"נ שערי תפלה בני ראובן צריך להיות הראשון וקודם, ומה טוב שיהי בהפסק המלות "ובית הכנסת" או "ובית המדרש", כוונתי, "בית הכנסת שערי תפלה בני ראובן נוסח הארז"ל, ובית הכנסת (או ובית המדרש) פלוני וכי... .

The response in Igros Kodesh volume 11.

11, p. 189:

3) Regarding your report that there is a proposal from a certain shul or beis midrash to participate with them in the construction of their building, on condition that the name be changed, and you ask my opinion on the matter:

In my opinion, it is obvious that the name of your shul, which has been known throughout

Chicago and its environs for decades, should not be altered in any way whatsoever. The name that has earned distinction and renown should remain in its entirety. ...

We named our daughter Chaya Mushka.

Selfless Attraction

By Dovid Zaklikowski



It was the early 1960s, on a family trip to Israel, when someone approached Mr. Bobby Vogel with a business venture. He told him that there were Holocaust survivors who, before the war, had been diamond cutters in Antwerp but now had no livelihood. He asked Mr. Vogel, “Would you supply them with diamonds to cut at home?”

The idea may have sounded simple, but for Mr. Vogel it was not. The situation presented many potential problems. First, he had no idea who these people were or whether they would produce good work. Further, there was no way for him to oversee their production and quality from London. He was reluctant, but when they asked to meet him at the hotel where he was staying, he agreed.

He learned in conversation that he was not the only one they had approached with their idea, but no one had been willing to take such a risk. With that, they assured him that this was an organized effort and not some scam. Mr. Vogel approached the situation with the outlook of: “I am in the precious gem business, there is a reason for it, and if I can assist people with their livelihood, I am in.”

After the details were hammered out, a middle-aged Chasidic man approached Mr. Vogel and introduced himself as Asher Freund. He said that he was the individual behind the project and that he appreciated Mr. Vogel’s willingness to work with them.

Rabbi Freund — or as he preferred to be called, “Reb Asher” — was a relatively unknown person. While he was the mastermind behind the plan to help his fellow yidden out of poverty, he did not mind sitting in the back of the room. He had a few devout followers who saw him as a selfless man.

At the core of his teachings was self-abnegation before Hashem, to the degree that one felt like nothing, which would lead a person to deeply care for and willingly assist others, especially those less fortunate. To his followers, it was a form of social responsibility toward one another. As he said, “You need to give to others as much as you have yourself.” The result was that he himself lived in near poverty while working to support the poor and arrange employment — in fact, mostly for those who did not share his philosophy.

Back in London, Mr. Vogel began to supply the group with rough diamonds and receive the polished stones in return. Things were going well, but he could only afford to supply gems for at most ten people. Reb Asher, though, wanted a greater supply. Mr. Vogel approached Leo Halpern, who at the time was known in London as the “king of diamonds.”

“There is an opportunity to assist people with work in Israel,” Mr. Vogel told him. “Their work is second to none, their labor is cheap, and I will be responsible for their output.” With that assurance, Mr. Halpern agreed.

With Mr. Halpern’s supply of stones, the enterprise grew exponentially. One day, Mr. Halpern





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.

A “Farbrengen” of Stories

By Shamshon Junik



My father, Rabbi Berl Junik, *alav hashalom*, was involved in many aspects of life in 770 and in caring for the needs of the Rebbe and Rebbetzin. One of his responsibilities was setting the table where the Rebbe farbrenged.

From the hallway adjacent to the Rebbe’s office, Gan Eden Hatachton, a staircase leads to a hallway next to the main shul of 770. At the top of that staircase, my father had a small closet where he kept the items needed to prepare the Rebbe’s table, including tablecloths, a napkin holder, napkins, a cake tray and cover, and a wrist-watch.

One time in the early 1980s, after a weekday farbrengen, my father was standing near the closet on the narrow staircase, while my brothers, Meir Shlomo and Menachem, and I were standing in Gan Eden Hatachton.

When the Rebbe opened the door to leave for home, he noticed us standing there. He turned to us

and asked, “איז אסאך?” what is going on. Meir Shlomo replied, “גלאט אזוי,” meaning that there was nothing unusual, no particular reason.



The Rebbe receives an aliyah near the door to the staircase where my father’s small closet was located.



The small closet where my father stored the supplies for the farbrengen.



My father shortly after escaping the Soviet Union.

The Rebbe responded, “גלאט אזוי א פארברענגען, א גלייכע זאך,” a farbrengen is always a good thing, even when it is *glat azoi*,” simply for no special reason.

Please accept this farbrengen of stories, “*glat azoi*.”

A New “Mother”

After World War II, many chassidim escaped the Soviet Union using forged Polish passports. To maximize the number of people who could cross

the border, unrelated individuals were often added to other people’s documents. In this way, entire “families” of Polish citizens were created on paper.

In 1946, my father and Rebbetzin Chana traveled on a forged Polish passport that identified them as mother and son. As a result, he traveled with her from Lviv, known then as Lemberg, in western Ukraine, to the Polish border some forty miles away. From there, they journeyed through several countries before finally arriving at a displaced persons camp in Germany.

The arduous journey involved travel by truck and train, including stretches in roofless cattle cars, leaving them covered in black soot from the locomotive’s smoke. They also waited for extended periods of waiting for the right conditions to continue. Weather, arrangements with border guards, and other uncertainties all played a role in determining when and how they could proceed. During this difficult journey, my father developed a relationship with Rebbetzin Chana.

From Germany, Rebbetzin Chana continued on to Paris, while my father went to Brunoy to study in the yeshivah. The Rebbetzin soon made her way to the United States to join the Rebbe, while my father arrived on Rosh Chodesh Shvat 5710 (1950).

A short time later, the Rebbe asked my father to visit his mother, and they renewed the connection they had formed during their journey from the Soviet Union. From then on, my father visited her regularly, assisted her with her needs, and helped in whatever way he could.

A London Passing

In 1952, after Reb Yisroel Aryeh Leib, the Rebbe’s brother, passed away in London, Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka had someone call my fa-





My father with the Rebbe (left), 1952.

ther. It was about 7:00 a.m., and she asked him to come to her apartment at 346 New York Avenue. When he arrived, she informed him of what had happened. Among other things she said that because Rebbetzin Chana was elderly: “איך ווייסט נישט ווי אזוי די שוויגער וועט אויסהאלטן,” I don’t know how my mother-in-law will handle the news.

The Rebbetzin then asked my father to go to 770 and summon Rabbi Shmuel Levitin to the apartment. When Rabbi Levitin arrived, he and the Rebbetzin spoke privately for about half an hour while my father waited in the kitchen.

After davening, Rabbi Levitin went to officially

inform the Rebbe of his brother’s passing. The Rebbe asked whether anyone else knew of the news and requested that anyone who was aware of it come in to see him. Rabbi Groner performed the kriah with the Rebbe. The Rebbe then wrote a handwritten letter to his sister-in-law and asked my father to mail it.

There was discussion about the Rebbe traveling to London for the levayah, but in the end it did not work out, either because of time constraints or the necessary travel paperwork.

Visits Made Short

Ultimately, the Rebbe decided not to tell his mother and hide the news from her. This required a number of elaborate arrangements. There was a morning minyan of exactly ten men in the Rebbe’s room. Everyone who attended was sworn to secrecy. Rabbi Hodakov served as the shaliach tzibbur, and the Rebbe recited all of the kaddishim.

After shivah, Reb Zalman Duchman continued to daven for the amud and recite kaddish on the Rebbe’s behalf, and he did the same on subsequent yahrtzeits.

The Rebbe customarily visited his mother each day in her home. He would many times prepare a cup of tea for her, and they would sit together and talk. Despite the fact that he was sitting shivah, the Rebbe continued these daily visits. Before his first shivah visit, the Rebbe asked my father to paint the white strip along the soles of his non-leather shoes black, lest his mother notice that he was not wearing regular shoes. My father painted the shoes while the Rebbe was still wearing them.

I assume that the Rebbe did not wish to sit on a regular chair during shivah and therefore wanted to keep his visits as brief as possible. Before his first visit to Rebbetzin Chana’s apartment, the Rebbe



Rebbetzin Chana (second from right), next to my mother, at my parents' wedding.

instructed my father to call a few minutes after he arrived.

To do so, my father would go either to one of the public telephones or to the candy store on Kingston Avenue and place the call. When he called, he heard the Rebbe telling Rebbetzin Chana, "רייד געזונטע-רהייט," speak freely. The Rebbe concluded the visit.

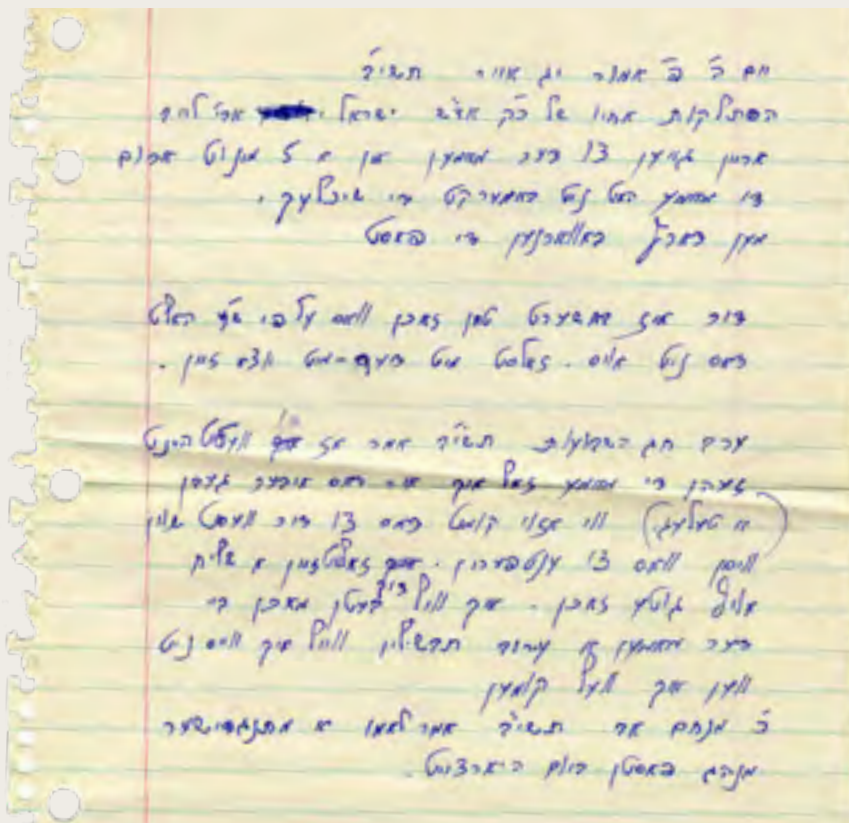
From then on, it became my father's responsibility to distract Rebbetzin Chana, allowing the Rebbe to leave shortly after arriving. As soon as he called, the Rebbe would stand up and bid his mother farewell, telling her that she should continue her

conversation freely, say that "I see you are busy" or words to that effect.

After that first visit, the Rebbe remarked to my father, "די מאמע האט ניט באמערקט די שיכלאך," My mother did not notice the shoes.

He then added, "מען דארף באווארענען די פאסט," the mail must be watched, referring to the need to ensure that no letters reached his mother informing her of her son's passing.

My father went to Rebbetzin Chana's apartment, obtained the key to her mailbox, made a mold of it, and personally fashioned a duplicate



My Father's Notes

Notes my father recorded concerning the passing of the Rebbe's brother and of Rebbetzin Chana, along with several recollections and comments the Rebbetzin shared with him (freely translated here with suggested explanation in brackets):

**Thursday, Parshas Emor,
13 Iyar 5712 (1952)**

To go in to my mother, and about five minutes later [after I went in, the Rebbe said he was leaving]. [The Rebbe told me quietly] my mother did not notice the shoes.

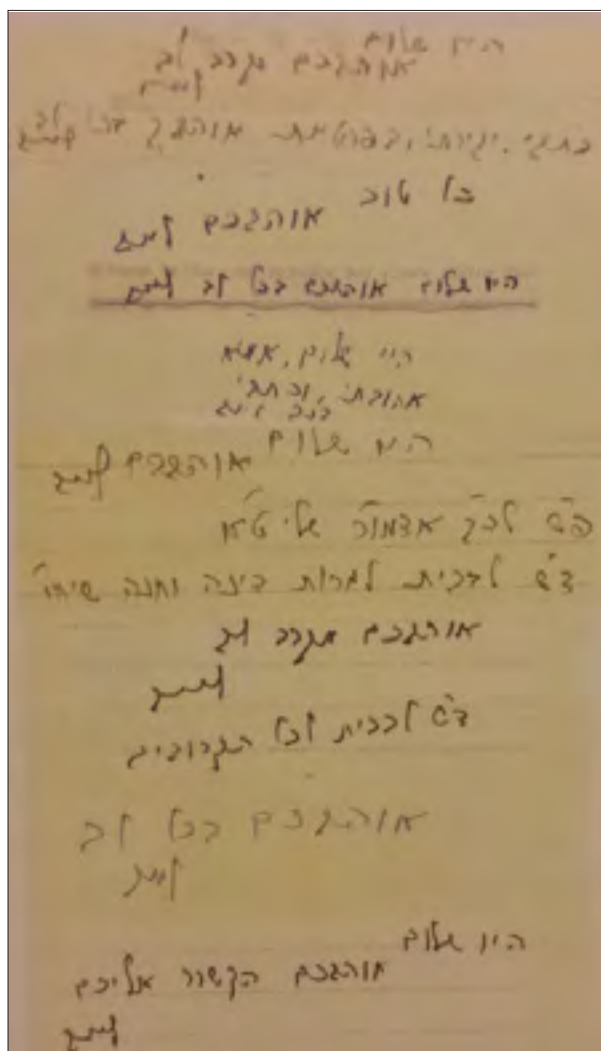
[In regards to the letters and telegrams]

One must be warned whether it is appropriate

It is destined for you to do things that, according to the Shulchan Aruch would ordinarily not be okay. [While in this case it is okay] You should fulfill your obligation through that [and never have to do anything that one should not do].

Erev Shavuos 5712

He said: Since you will be seeing my mother today, I would like you to give this to her ([he gave me] a telegram). How it came to you, you will already know how to answer. [He gave me a brachah:] You should be a



The Rebbe's brief notes on letters from Reb Yisroel Aryeh Leib's wife.

from metal. Each day he would collect the mail and bring it to the Rebbe. After reviewing it, the Rebbe would return it to him, and my father would place it back in the mailbox.

In those days, long-distance telephone calls were prohibitively expensive, and people often sent telegrams with greetings, or send a letter. That is the way the Rebbe's brother in communicated with his mother.

For the first few months, Reb Yisroel Aryeh Leib's wife continued to write letters, explaining that her husband was busy with his studies and

therefore unable to write himself. After several months, however, Rebbetzin Chana told my father that it had been a long time since she had received a letter from her son, and that this was causing her considerable *agmas nefesh*.

She added that she does not want to tell the Rebbe: "ער האט גענוג עגמת-נפש אן מיר. איך בין," he has enough heartache without me. I always try to tell him only good things.

My father relayed this to the Rebbe, and about a week later the Rebbe gave him a letter from the daughter-in-law in England and instructed him to place it in the mailbox. That evening, Rebbetzin Chana showed the letter to my father. The letter itself had been written by her daughter-in-law, but it also contained a few lines from "her son," which had in fact been penned by the Rebbe.

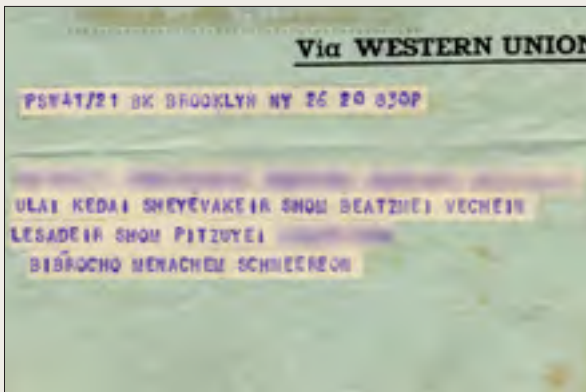
When the Rebbe came later that day, Rebbetzin Chana showed him the letter as well.

As Shavuot approached, the Rebbe asked my father to arrange for a telegram containing Yom Tov greetings to appear as though it had been sent by the Rebbe's brother.

My father had no idea how to do this. The Rebbetzin showed him that by holding a telegram over the steam from a kettle, the words could be lifted off with tape. The original text could then be replaced with a Yom Tov greeting. This practice continued for over twelve years, until the passing of Rebbetzin Chana in Tishrei 1964.

Among my father's regular responsibilities was bringing Rebbetzin Chana her mail. During this period, he took special care to ensure that no condolence letters reached her that might reveal her son's passing.

Following Rebbetzin Chana's passing, the Rebbe instructed my father that the matzeivah should have eighteen lines.



A sample of the type of telegram in which words were taped onto the page and could later be removed with steam.

messenger for good things.

Because I do not know when I will arrive [for his daily visit,] I want to ask you to make an eiruv tavshilin for my mother,

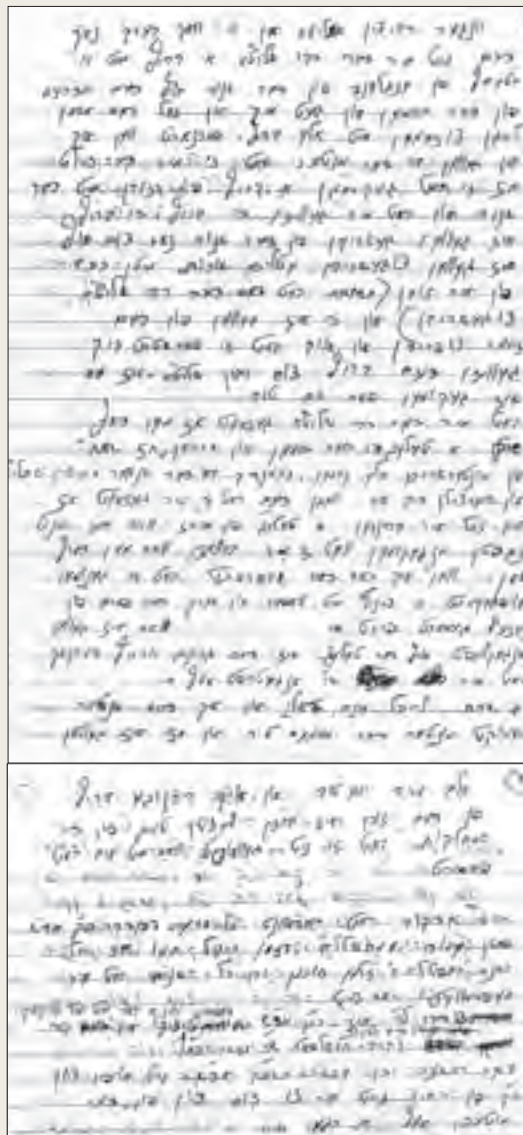
20 Menachem Av 5712

He said to his mother: It is a Misnagdishe custom to fast on the day of a yahrtzeit.

About a week later, the Rebbe, gave me a letter bearing an English stamp from the daughter-in-law [Reb Yisroel Aryeh Leib's wife], addressed to his mother, and asked me to place it among the rest of the letters.

That evening, when I was with the mother, she told me that she had received a letter from her son and daughter-in-law and showed me the letter. The letter had been written by the daughter-in-law, but at the end a few lines had been added in her son's handwriting (presumably the Rebbe had written them), and she was very pleased by this.

Naturally, she also showed the letter to



the Rebbe to let him know that it had arrived.

Before Yom Tov, the Rebbe told me that a telegram should be sent to the mother with the greeting "Chag Sameach," signed with all the names [of my brother and his family].

While I was with the younger Rebbetzin [Chaya Mushka], and told her about this, she said that I should bring her a telegram from Merkos that had arrived that day or the day

My father's notes recording what he witnessed during the shivah for the Rebbe's brother, Reb Yisroel Aryeh Leib.

בס"ד. הנהגות

שכ"ק אדמו"ר שליט"א הי' נוהג בסוף זמן אבילותו אחר אחיו שנפטר ביום ה' ס' אסור ד"ב אייר ה'תשי"ב בעיר ליווערפול ענגלאנד.

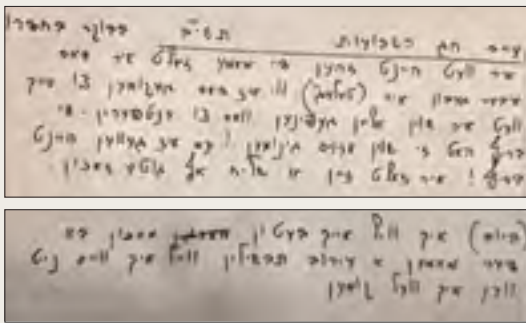
הקבורה הי' צ"ל באה"ק ויתארך שני שבועות, ושאל שאלה איסחי סתחיל זמן האבילות? והמסק הי' היום שאינו נוסע להלו' סתחיל סעכשיו, ואין להסתין עד אחר הקבורה.

תיכף אחר היריעה קרע קריעה - רש"ל התחיל בהספורה ואח"כ סיים הקריעה בידו בעצמו. כשעה הקריעה אמר לרש"ל ולי (=ל.ג.) לאמר הסוקים הסופנים בהסידור. - כסובן בצד הימני, אח"כ ישב על כסא נמוך. צוה להדליק חמשה נרות (גלעזער) וכן ככל יום. לא התפלל לפני החיבה רק אמר כל הקדושים. בצנעה כתב סתב לגיסחו בענגלאנד לחזקה. הסנין התפלל בחדרו. הקאפי"ט ס' אמר אחר הקדוש דעלינו ואחר אמירת הק' אמר קדיש. הר' פסניו צוה להתפלל לאמרם בקול רם (כנראה שהוא בעצמו אמרם גם כן).

אחר התפלה ישב על כסא נמוך והתחללים נחמו בברכה נישום אבליים וכן אחר כל תפלה. למעריב לא הי' שינויים. שחרית, צוה להתפלל שיאמר המרק "איוהו פקוסן" בקול רם (כמדומה שהוא בעצמו אמרו ג"כ). הקאפי"ט ס' אמר אחר היום תהלים וקדיש א' אחר שניהם. צוה להש"ץ לאמר "פסום הקסורה" באין בא-לקינו בקול רם (הוא בעצמו אמרו ג"כ). הפסניו צוה להש"ץ כמו במנחה שלפניו לאמרם בקול רם וכן בכל תפלה. אמירת שיקור תהלים קודם אמירת פסניו. היום פסיום הפטירה - יום ה' התענה בה"ב - לא אכל הסעודה. אחרי תפלה ערביה בקפו להביאו הסעודה ואמר שהחזוב הוא רק ביום הראשון, אבל אם לא אכלו אז אין חיוב לאכלו אח"כ. עש"ק אחר תפלה מנחה לא אמר הקאפי"ט ס', כי עש"ק אחר חצוה אין אומרים צווק הדין. ואמר אחר תפלה אין אומרים תחנון כל השביע? ואמר "ראם איז צוליב אן אנדער טעם, ניט צוליב מעורר זיין דינים, " ואח"כ אמר "זאל סען זאגען א קאפי" תהלים, ס' איז אן אחריות" ואמר קדיש אחר האמירה. הג' תפלה דש"ק התפלל בבית המדרש ואמר כל הקדושים גם הקדים אחר הקריאה.

עלה למפסיר, אבל לא קראוהו בשמו. למנחה לא עלה לתורה - סיפר שכ"ק סו"ח אדמו"ר עלה לתורה בשנת האבילות אחר אסו נ"ע - . ביום ש"ק למפסיר, למנחה ביום ה' בלי קריאת שמו, ואמר לו רש"ל (סי') שכמדומה לו ששטע אח"כ סב"ק אדמו"ר זי"ע שחזר (הרט) מזה (וכנראה שלזה לא עלה לתורה).

סעודה שבת אכל בחדרו (בעש"ק צוה להביא יין לקידוש ונשר). מעריב מוצש"ק התפלל בחדרו. הגדלה עשה בביטו על יין. הסנעלים חלצם קודם אמירת הקדוש דברכו, אבל הי' לבוש בגדי שבת. אחר התפלה ישב על כסא נמוך ונחמו בברכה נישום אבליים. ביום ב' לא עלה לתורה. ראיתי איך שאומר אחר התפלה השני מרקיס פסניו, כיתירות בעש"ק - פסח שני - נמל זריו כדי לאכול כזית מצה, וצוה להביא המצות סע"ס.



before, and she would show me what to do. When I brought it, she heated a kettle of water and, through the spout, moistened the words that had been glued to the telegram. It then came off easily.

Afterwards, Mr. -- -- typed on a form: “Chag Sameach, Leibel, Gina, Doli,” and I slipped it under the mother’s door.

This was done before every Yom Tov. Likewise regarding letters from her son: until the very last day before her passing, she did not know what had happened to him.

Rabbi Hodakov davened for the amud throughout the entire shivah in the Rebbe’s room. The minyanim took place at the regular time, around 9:30. Afterward, and throughout the year, Reb Zalman Duchman

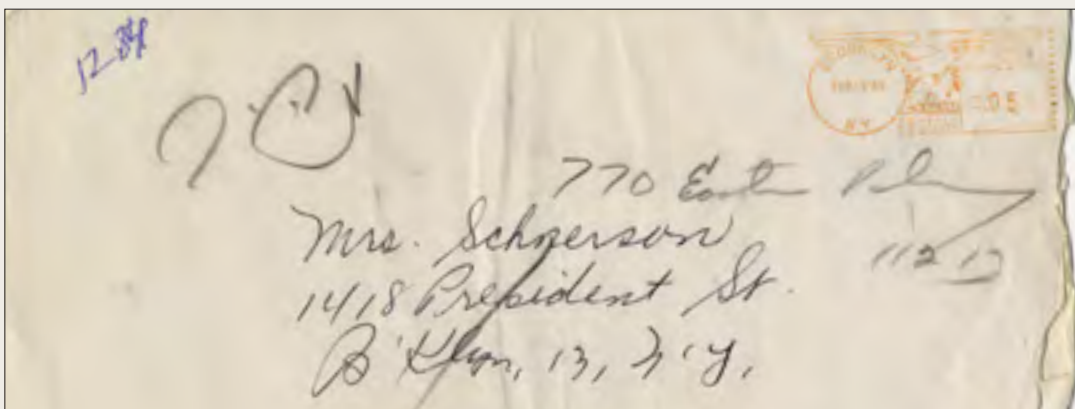
davened for the amud, and in subsequent years he also observed the yahrtzeit on the Rebbe’s behalf.

For the levayah [or Rebbetzin Chana], the Rebbe traveled in a car together with Yudel Krinsky, Rabbi Hodakov, and Rabbi Ushpal, and possibly also Rabbi Moshe Leib [Rodstein].

During the first year, and even now, whenever the Rebbe goes to the Ohel of the Frierdiker Rebbe, he stops for a moment at his mother’s gravesite as well.

On Monday, 8 Tishrei, before the Torah reading, he discussed with Rabbi Shmuel Levitin whether he should receive an aliyah. Apparently, he wished to take shelishi, but Rabbi Levitin strongly objected. (The kohen aliyah was given to Reb Zelig Katzman, because a daughter had been born to him and she had been given the name Chana, the first child named after the Rebbe’s mother.)

In the end, [the Rebbe went up without being called and] received shelishi. Rabbi Shmuel Levitin remarked that the Frierdiker Rebbe had not received shelishi.



The envelope from the cleaners and storage company where Rebbetzin Chana kept a blanket at the time of her passing. The claim receipt for the blanket was sent to the Rebbe, who wrote **מהיר**, urgent, on it and gave it to my father so he could retrieve it.

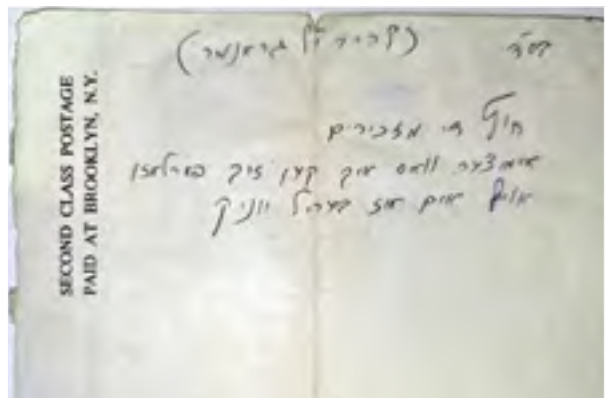


The Rebbe at a farbrengen. Visible before the Rebbe is the table setting my father prepared for each farbrengen.

The Reliable People

The Rebbe once told Rabbi Groner that, aside from the mazkirim, he could rely on my father.

The Rebbe also told Rebbetzin Chana that there were three people upon whom he could rely: my father, Rabbi Dovid Raskin, and יבלחט"א Rabbi Yehuda Krinsky. Recently, my brother Menachem met Rabbi Krinsky, who shared the same story.





My father (left) behind the Rebbe as he leaves a farbrenge.

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The Farbrenge Table

Before the Rebbe's farbrenge, at around 1:25 p.m., the Rebbe would crack open the door of his office and then continue whatever he had been doing. My father would then enter the room to re-

trieve the Rebbe's *becher*.

In later years, it became customary for shluchim and communal leaders to submit a bottle of *l'chaim* to the mazkirus on the Shabbos before an upcoming event, such as a dinner or chanukas habayis. My father was responsible for collecting the bottles, and my siblings and I assisted many times in bringing them downstairs before the farbrenge.

Toward the end of the farbrenge, the Rebbe would distribute the bottles to those who had submitted them. Each recipient would say *l'chaim* and announce the occasion. On Shabbos, they would then share the *l'chaim* with those standing nearby.

When my father was in the Rebbe's room before the farbrenge, the Rebbe would sometimes ask about the children or grandchildren, depending



The Rebbe gives Rabbi Moshe Yerusalvsky the plate of cake that my father prepared for the Rebbe's farbrengen.

on what was going on at the time.

If circumstances permitted, and my father had a question, wanted to ask for a *brachah*, or wished to say something, he would do so then. Following the birth of our son Shmuel *sheyichye*, who was born with multiple health challenges, the Rebbe asked about his progress and wished *brachos*.

All of the items used by the Rebbe at the farbrengen belonged personally to my father. The tablecloths were supplied by Rabbi Moshe and Rebbetzin Rivkah Dubinsky, who washed and ironed them.

My father would purchase a two-pound box of marble cake to place on the Rebbe's table during the farbrengen. He would carefully arrange the pieces in a pyramid on a silver tray. On the side facing the Rebbe, he would place two or three pieces

as a bundle so the Rebbe could easily take it. Before kiddush, the Rebbe would take those pieces, place them in a napkin, and place them on a china plate.

Believing that what kind of cake the Rebbe ate was nobody else's business, my father was careful to be discreet. Before the Rebbe would enter the farbrengen, he would arrange the cake while bending down beside the Rebbe's chair, out of the public eye and away from the glare of attention.

When the Rebbe began to eat only sugar-free cake, he placed the traditional marble cake on the outer layer facing the crowd and the sugar-free cake facing the Rebbe. Done discreetly, no one realized that there were two different types of cake on the tray.

Hirsch's Bakery, under the supervision of Rabbi Berel Levy of the OK, specialized in sup-



My father Setting up the Rebbe's farbrengen table.
In the top photo, my father's wristwatch can be seen,
which he would place in front of the Rebbe during the farbrengen.

plying baked goods to medical institutions. When purchasing from a new vendor, even one with a reliable hechsher, the Rebbe preferred to have the kashrus personally verified. When it was suggested that the cake be purchased from this bakery, Rabbi Groner asked Rabbi Kalman Marlow to consult with Rabbi Levy. Rabbi Marlow subsequently wrote to the Rebbe that the bakery was entirely acceptable and that there was no concern about purchasing cake from them.

The Cake

For many hours on Motzaei Pesach, the Rebbe would distribute Kos Shel Brachah, while my father stood nearby refilling the Rebbe's becher. By the time everyone had received, it was already many hours after Yom Tov had ended.

A year or two after the Rebbe's passing, my mother would bake a chocolate cake while this was taking place. By the time the Rebbe returned to his room, the cake was ready, and Rabbi Groner would bring it in for him.

At some point, however, the Rebbe told Sholom Gansburg that he did not want food brought from the outside, whenever possible, it should come from a source under a local hechsher. From that point forward, my mother no longer baked the chocolate cake for the Rebbe.





Rabbi Mentlick pouring wine for the Rebbe.



My father pouring wine for the Rebbe.

Sar HaMashkin

During shivah for my father, Rabbi Wineberg told us that my father had begun pouring wine for the Rebbe while he was still a bochur. At the time, some felt it was inappropriate for a young yeshivah student to serve in such a role. As a result, Rabbi Mentlik, one of the roshei yeshivah in 770, took over the responsibility.

In Shevat 1976, Rabbi Mentlik accompanied the shluchim whom the Rebbe sent to Eretz Yisroel. On

the Shabbos following his departure, the Rebbe was scheduled to farbreng in honor of the Fifteenth of Shevat. That Shabbos morning, Rabbi Chaim Mordechai Hodakov emerged from the Rebbe's room after shachris and informed my father that he would be pouring the wine for the Rebbe.

Later, when Rabbi Mentlik became ill, my father continued pouring the wine at his request. After Rabbi Mentlik passed away, others expressed interest in assuming the position of *Sar HaMashkin*. My father did not say anything. However, on the following Shabbos, after Shacharis, Rabbi Aizik Hodakov emerged from the Rebbe's office and informed my father that he should assume the role.

The position also included refilling the Rebbe's *becher* during Kos Shel Brochah, when the Rebbe would stand for hours pouring wine with his holy hand into people's cups. After repeatedly turning his hand countless times to pour the wine, the Rebbe would hold the

becher only lightly with his fingers. My father therefore had to be extremely careful when refilling it not to touch the *becher* at all, since even the slightest bump from the pitcher could cause it to fall.

Time Issue

My father also prepared the *k'vort* and *shissel* for the occasions when the Rebbe washed his hands during a farbrengen. While the Rebbe washed, my



My father, top left, behind the Rebbe at a farbrengen.

father would hold the *shissel*.

To enable the Rebbe to keep track of the time, my father would place a wristwatch on the table. Many times, toward the end of a farbrengen, before people rushed forward to obtain a piece of the Rebbe's leftover cake, wine, or other items, the Rebbe was concerned that his watch might be lost in the commotion. He would gently slide it toward my father, signaling that he should take it before the Rebbe rose to leave and the crowd descended upon the table.

At one winter farbrengen, the gathering continued past *shkiah*. At some point, the Rebbe looked at the clock on the wall and then at the watch on the table. The watch was about forty-five minutes behind. He picked it up and turned toward my father.

My father took the watch, looked at it, and said it stopped working. The Rebbe reacted with a facial expression of surprise and then remarked, "מ'וועט מאכן בקיצור," we will make it short. He then continued speaking for another forty-five minutes.

One Sitting

Out of respect for the Rebbe, my father would not sit in his presence. For many years, he stood at the Rebbe's right side.

One time in the early 1980s, my father was not feeling well on Rosh Hashanah. The following Shabbos, when he went to receive the becher from the Rebbe, the Rebbe told him that he wanted him to sit "between the rabbonim." Embarrassed to do



The Rebbe leaves the library apartment library.



Rabbi Shlomo Aharon Kazarnovsky reads the Rebbe's letter at my bar mitzvah. On the table is the bottle of l'chaim that the Rebbe sent for the occasion. From left to right: Rabbis Shaya Matlin, Zalman Shimon Dvorkin, myself, Rabbi Kazarnovsky, Rabbi Yosef Blizinsky, Reb Getzel Rubashkin, and Rabbi Rabbi Shmuel Kahanov.

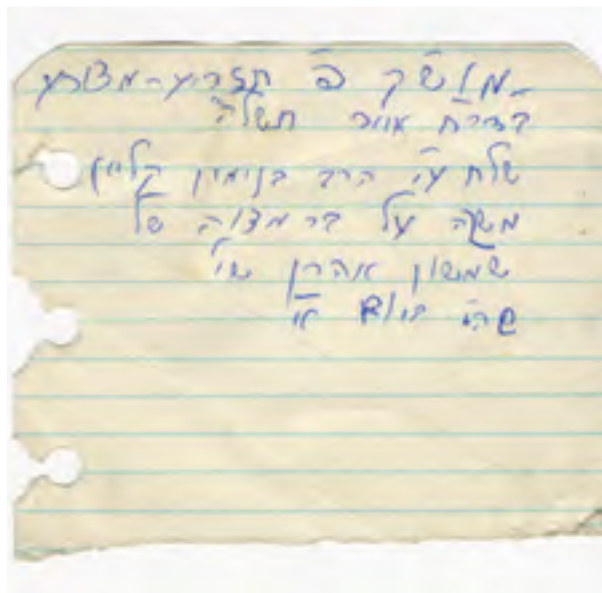
so, my father took a seat in the second row behind the Rebbe.

When the Rebbe entered the farbrengen, after he sat down, he looked to the back of him to make sure that my father was sitting.

Discrete Appreciation

The Rebbe had his own special ways of showing appreciation to my parents for all that they did for Beis Harav. However, because he did not want others to become envious, he did so discreetly.

My birthday is on the second day of Pesach. For my bar mitzvah the Rebbe said we should have a minyan and I should the maamar. The



My father's handwritten note documenting the l'chaim bottle the Rebbe sent in honor of my bar mitzvah.



My father and I as Dr. Ira Weiss plays the flute.

celebration, the Rebbe said: “דער גאנצער פאראד קענט איר מאכן ווען איר ווילט,” the entire ‘parade’ you can make whenever you want.

We did as the Rebbe said, and the celebration itself took place on Beis Iyar at the Young Israel of Eastern Parkway. As this was not the custom, we of course did not send a bottle to the Rebbe for a bar mitzvah. Despite this, on the Motzaei Shabbos before the bar mitzvah celebration, the Rebbe gave Rabbi Binyomin Klein a bottle of mashke for the occasion.

My Beginnings

As a young bochur learning in Oholei Torah, I was determined to merit becoming involved in Beis Harav and, by extension, in the daily operations of 770. My father, who did not want me to be distracted from my studies, was not particularly enthusiastic about my new pursuit. Nevertheless, when the opportunity presented itself during Tishrei 5739 (1978), I began assisting in Beis Harav with the help of Chaim Baruch Halberstam.

To see whether anything was needed, I would call the Rebbetzin.

At a certain point, the Rebbe and Rebbetzin began staying in the library building adjacent to 770. The Rebbetzin would provide the linens for the Rebbe’s room. Eventually, she sent over a dedicated set of linens for that purpose, and whenever necessary, we would purchase replacements.

Preparing Food

At one point, I began preparing fruit and melons for the Rebbe, which Rabbi Leibel Groner would bring in. Our practice was simple: if the Rebbe did not partake of something after it had been served once or twice, we stopped serving it again.

At night there was a table near the door of the Rebbe’s office. If the Rebbe had finished editing a sichah, or if there was a request or letter that needed to be delivered to him, it would be placed on that table. Periodically, the Rebbe would open the door and check it. Sholom Gansburg would prepare supper for the Rebbe and Rabbi Groner would bring it into the Rebbe’s room. Later in the evening we would try to provide a freshly prepared item.

The Rebbe and Rebbetzin always insisted on paying for any service performed or item acquired on their behalf. As for the supplies and provisions for their Shabbos and Yom Tov apartment, the payments were arranged through Rabbi Yehuda Krinsky.

Undoubtedly, every vendor who had the privilege of supplying Beis Harav went out of his way to provide the finest merchandise at the lowest possible price. There were two vendors whom I dealt with many times over the years.

I recall Rabbi Zev, may he be granted a com-

plete *refuah shleimah* (Zev Yechezkel ben Mindel), and Yossi Katz, who operated a linen store and supplied the apartment with beautiful, high-quality tablecloths, towels, and linens. Raskin's Fruit & Produce likewise went out of its way to provide the finest, sweetest, and juiciest fruits and melons for the Rebbe and Rebbetzin. I remember Arik Raskin telling me many times, several days before Shabbos, "I put aside a beautiful Crenshaw melon for Shabbos," or something to that affect.

Reb Sholom Gansburg, who also assisted in the home, once told me that the Rebbetzin remarked that the Rebbe could eat the same supper every day. After the Rebbetzin passed away, I thought it would be a good idea to introduce some variety through the foods prepared at night or on Motzaei Shabbos.

On Motzaei Shabbos, Rabbi Groner would return to 770 and go into the Rebbe's room to turn on the radio so that the Rebbe could listen to Rabbi Yosef Wineberg's weekly Tanya shiur and his rendition of a sichah. When Rabbi Wineberg was out of town, Rabbis Moshe Pinchus and ז"ל ר' זב"ל ז"ל Zev Katz would fill in.

I would prepare fruit or melon or make a fresh dish, such as a baked apple, blintzes, or potatoes and onions fried until golden and crisp. We also tried to provide a different kinds of mezonos, while the fruits and melons changed with the seasons.

Rabbi Groner would bring the food into the office, or it would be left on the table outside the room. Whenever we introduced something new, we paid close attention to whether it was eaten. If it was, we knew to prepare it again. If the Rebbe did not touch it once or twice, we understood that it should no longer be served.

French Toast

At about 11:30 each morning, Rabbi Groner

would bring something for the Rebbe to eat. The menu was the same every day, and I thought it might be nice to add something different. I took some mezonos bread, cut it into one-inch slices, and made French toast.

Rabbi Groner brought it into the Rebbe's room, and the Rebbe asked, "וואס איז דאס?" what it was. Assuming that I had prepared it because the Rebbetzin used to make it, Rabbi Groner replied, "The Rebbetzin used to make this."

The Rebbe responded, "נעם עס ארויס און בריינג," "דאס מער ניט אריין!" it should be removed and not be prepared again.

Chrein on Rosh Hashanah

After the Rebbetzin passed away, the Rebbe no longer ate in the apartment adjacent to 770, as he had previously. Instead, he remained in his office. Sholom Gansburg prepared the food, and we would plate it for Rabbi Groner to bring in to the Rebbe.

For the Rosh Hashanah seudah, I prepared a plate with chrein. Rabbi Groner told me that we do not serve chrein on Rosh Hashanah. I replied that in previous years the Rebbe had eaten chrein.

Rabbi Groner brought it in, and the Rebbe ate it. This continued for about two years, until the Rebbe suddenly stopped eating it. I never asked why, but from the following year onward we no longer served chrein.

The Bechers Saga

As the bechers the Rebbe used at farbrengens became worn over time, my father would retire the old one and purchase a new one for the Rebbe's use. At some point, we had the zechus that he allowed his children to use these bechers. In addition, for Chanukah 1964, Rebbetzin Chana gave my father



The Rebbe holding the becher following Kos Shel Brachah.



From: [redacted]@aol.com
 Date: December 15, 2011 9:45:53 PM EST
 To: [redacted]@chicago.com
 Subject: Emergency

Dear Rabbi Sperlin,

I am turning to you out of desperation. Just this morning I put out all my garbage from this past Saturday till today.

I just realized that 2 silver cups we use for the Sabbath Kiddush are missing.

One of those cups were used by the Grand Rebbe and the other one by his esteemed mother who gave it to me as a gift in 1964.

I beg you, if you can contact the Dept Of Sanitation on my behalf. The garbage is probably still local here on Brooklyn. If I can search it, or even pay someone to search it.

This are items that are irreplaceable

My address is:

Please respond asap. My call # is:

Sincerely,

S.Junk

money to purchase bechers for everyone in the family, including smaller ones for my mother and sister, as Chanukah gifts.

In 2011, as my children were setting the table for Shabbos on Thursday night, Yud-Tes Kislev, they realized that two bechers were missing: one that had been used by the Rebbe and another that was gifted by Rebbetzin Chana. At approximately 9:00 p.m., they called me in a panic with the news.

There had been no break-in, so it appeared that the bechers had been accidentally thrown out together with the plastic tablecloth after the previous

Shabbos. Since our garbage was collected from the alley, at the time, I would keep the bags in the back and put them out on Thursdays. That meant the garbage was picked up on Thursday morning.

I called my friend Chanina Sperlin for assistance, and he told me to send him all the details by email. He reached out to a Deputy Mayor of New York City, and the process of obtaining permission to search the dump was set in motion.

While I waited for a response, I felt that immediate action was necessary. Together with my son Itchel, I headed to the garage of the Department of Sanitation's BK-9 district in East Flatbush. As we arrived, I received a call from the deputy mayor. He told me that he had heard what had happened and said, "I understand that many people in the community are very upset about this loss." I replied that there were indeed many people who were deeply distressed by it.

He told me that he had forwarded my email to the assistant commissioner of the sanitation department and the assistant union chief. When I told him where I was, he instructed me to go into the building and speak with them. "If there's a problem, call me," he said.

At the garage of BK-9, they informed me that twelve garbage trucks were assigned to their district. Eleven had already departed for the landfill in New Jersey, and the remaining truck was not the one that had collected our garbage. They told me that our truck had already arrived at the Doremus

On Dec 15, 2011, at 11:36 PM, [redacted] wrote:

Spoke to him several times. Good news is that it got dumped in Newark, NJ a little over a hour ago and Sanitation will give me a name and contact for him to deal with. He is there now awaiting word from me.

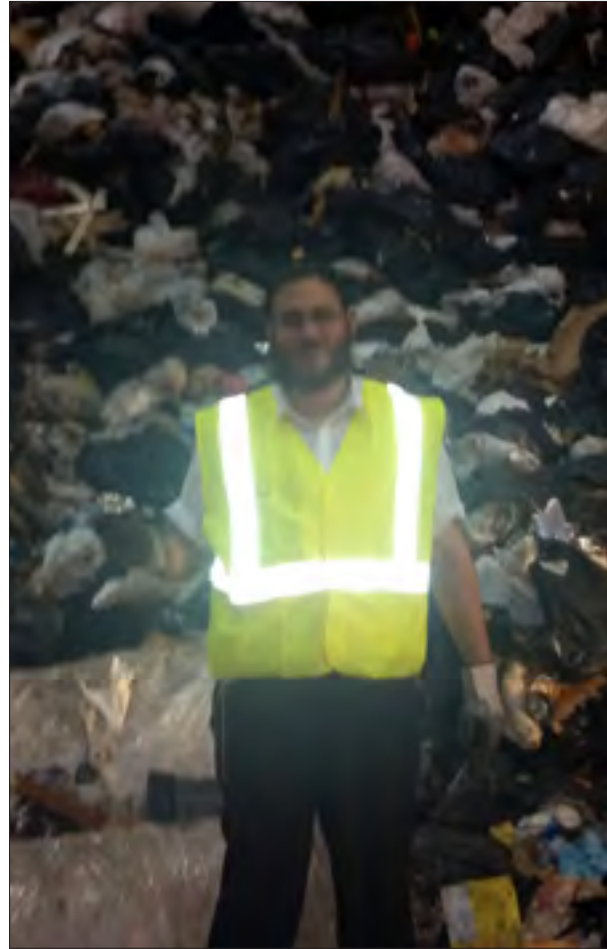
They know where the load was dumped, will update you later.

Sent via BlackBerry by AT&T

Avenue Recycling & Transfer Facility (DART) in Newark, New Jersey. They explained that the facility processed approximately 2,000 tons



A tractor moves the garbage to make it easier for us to look.



Itchel with the found bechers.

From: [redacted]@[redacted].com
Date: December 15, 2011 11:49:30 PM EST
To: "Chanina Sperlin"
Subject: Re: Emergency
Reply-To:

Sanitation bosses have called the transfer station, The scale operator at DART is Harry, Harry has isolated the area where the truck dumped and Sanitation has dispatched a Bureau of Waste Disposal officer to the scene to assist the delegation in their search. So I think things are looking good. Now the hard work of digging through the load begins. But I know the delegation is determined and will prevail. My fingers are crossed.

I and DM Holloway's office are being updated, the bosses of sanitation are actively assisting and stressed the importance of sensitivity and helping to the transfer station.

Jupnik is very happy I believe with the assistance and sees what's happening
Sent via BlackBerry by AT&T

of garbage each day and wished us good luck in our search.

I called the deputy mayor and told him that we were on our way to DART. He, in turn, contacted the company's headquarters in Randleman, North Carolina. We arrived in Newark at 11:10 p.m., and told the guard why were there. He called the office and they told him to that the they were expecting us and he should let us in.

We were told that the truck had dumped its ten to twelve tons of garbage at 10:22 p.m. By what seemed like a miracle, the worker who normally moved the piles after the trucks unloaded had been occupied elsewhere and this load of garbage remained in its place. In an email sent at 11:49 p.m., they informed us that they knew exactly where the garbage had been dumped and had isolated the area.

They provided us with safety vests and gloves, and when an officer from the Bureau of Waste Disposal arrived to supervise us, we began our search. We climbed onto the pile and started opening bags. We looked for what we called "Jewish garbage,"

items that might identify our section of refuse, such



The two bechers.





Standing behind the Rebbe, left, during Kiddush Levanah.

as a bottle of Lakewood orange juice.

The facility had a ceiling about thirty-five feet high, but it was open along the sides. Because it was a chilly night, the odors were not overpowering. After going through hundreds of bags, our shoes became soaked, but we continued searching. At one point, I was excited to find a piece of my mail I had thrown away, only to discover that it had come from another bag. Still, it gave me a measure of comfort that we were searching in the right area.

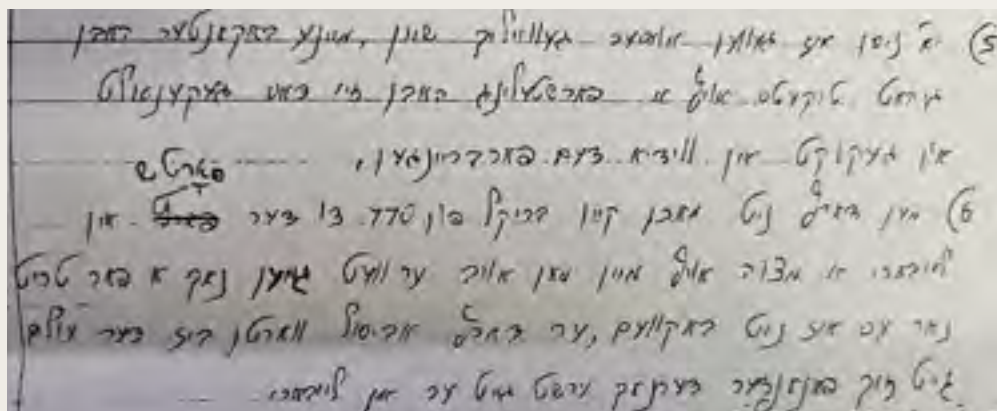
After more than two hours, someone took pity on us and brought over a small tractor to spread the garbage across the floor. Shortly afterward, at approximately 2:40 a.m., Itchel opened a bag and pulled out a folded plastic tablecloth. When he unrolled it, to our immense joy and relief, the bechers

were there. The smaller becher from Rebbetzin Chana was nestled inside the Rebbe's becher. Both had been crushed nearly halfway.

The entire staff, who had been exceptionally helpful and sensitive throughout the process, were thrilled that our mission had succeeded. As we drove home, I marveled at the many nissim that had led to their recovery, especially the fact that my children were so eager and particular about preparing for Shabbos that they had set the table on Thursday night.

At 3:14 a.m., I sent an email to the deputy mayor thanking him profusely for his assistance. He replied that he had fallen asleep only after receiving direct notification from the sanitation department that "the silver cups were found at 0240 hours."





[The Rebbetzin said:] The 11th of Nissan was exceptionally beautiful. Some acquaintances of mine had tickets to a performance, but they canceled them and instead watched the [Rebbe's] farbrengen on the broadcast [on cable].



[The Rebbetzin said:] There is no need to build a bridge from 770 to the library porch. It would be a mitzvah for my husband if he had to walk a few extra steps. Only that he is not comfortable going [when there are crowds outside] and he has to wait a little until the crowd disperses, and only then can he go into the library.

We had the bechers repaired and properly thanked everyone who had helped us. Above all, however, we are grateful to Hashem, for “the kindness of Hashem has not ceased.”

“I Am Nothing”

In the early 1980s, there was a period during which the Rebbe would return home at night on Shabbos and Yom Tov, while eating the daytime meal alone at 770.

The Rebbetzin wanted the Rebbe to have something warm during the Yom Tov meal and asked me to come after davening to pick up warm piece of kugel at their home and bring it to 770. At approximately noon, I would go to the Rebbe's house

and call from outside for the Rebbetzin to open the door.

Dr. Bernard Lown, the renowned cardiologist who developed the direct-current defibrillator for cardiac resuscitation and who had been Dr. Ira Weiss's professor, would generally visit the Rebbe twice a year.

On one occasion, as I sat with the Rebbetzin waiting for the kugel to warm up, I remarked, “As you know, Dr. Lown came to see the Rebbe before Yom Tov.”

I said that I had heard that he had advised the Rebbe to walk more, I commented: “אויב דער רבי, וואלט געקומן אהיים וואלט דאס געווען עקסרעסייז...” if the Rebbe would come home on Shabbos and Yom Tov day to eat, that would be exercise.



Holding the broken plate the Friediker Rebbe and Rebbe used for *makkos*.

The Rebbetzin responded, “דו ביסט גערעכט! גיי,” *du bist gerecht! go,* “צו און זאג עם,” *to and say him,* that I was right and that I should tell the Rebbe.

I was startled by her response and said, “ווער! בין איך צוגיין זאגען... איך בין דאך גארניט!” *ver! bin ich zugehen... ich bin doch garnit!* I am nothing. Who am I to go and tell the Rebbe such a thing?

The Rebbetzin responded: “ניין דו ביסט ניט,” *nein du bist nit,* “גארניט און גיי צו און זאג עם,” *garnit and go and say him,* and you should go and tell the Rebbe.

Of course, I never said anything.

It is interesting to note what was recently published from the diary of Rabbi Groner (free adapted from the Hebrew):

Dr. Weiss asked what types of activities the Rebbe would like the doctors to permit him.

“That I be permitted to do everything that I have done until now: to farbreng endlessly

and to travel to the Ohel.”

The Rebbe explained that taking walks never did anything for him, because he was never an athlete and never derived any satisfaction from it. When he took longer walks, it did nothing to advance anything for him, and in his eyes it did not contribute to his health.

Rebbetzin's Dedication

I would occasionally come to see the Rebbetzin in the evenings without calling in advance. If she was busy or had visitors, I would simply leave.

Beyond what is generally known about the Rebbetzin, much of her life revolved around the Rebbe and his needs. At the same time, she was careful not to do or say anything that might cause the Rebbe concern about her health.



My father cleans the dishes in the Rebbe's Pesach kitchen.

I once witnessed a scene that vividly expressed to me the Rebbetzin's quiet loyal devotion.

One evening I decided to visit the Rebbetzin. I came to the house from the back door. The Rebbetzin answered. When I entered, I saw she was sitting alone in the kitchen, carefully cutting orange peel into small squares to cook with sugar. The resulting jam, known in Russian as *varenye*, was commonly eaten in small quantities with a cup of tea. It was striking to see her personally engaged in this simple labor of love for the Rebbe.

Not For Sale

On another occasion, in the early 1980s, I was sitting across from the Rebbetzin in the den. Turning to me, she asked, "וויפעל האלטס דו מיין שטוב איז,"

how much I thought the house was worth.

I looked around, and replied that it might even be worth \$200,000.

She responded, "קוק נישט ארום מי גייט דאס," "נישט פארקויפן," Don't look around, we're not going to sell it.

The Official Visit

My father never flaunted his relationship with Beis Harav. He emphasized this from the very first time our family went to visit the Rebbetzin. Those who came to attend to the needs of the home, would enter through the back door. Official visits would be through the front door.

When we entered, the table was set with a beautiful tablecloth, fine china, and elegant silverware.



At the yechidus (I am standing, second from the left) of Rabbi Mordechai Eliyahu, the chief rabbi of Israel, in the library behind the Rebbe and Rebbetzin's apartment.

In front of each person stood two crystal glasses filled with different-colored drinks. On the table was a custard cake from Lowen's Bakery, which at the time was located on Rogers Avenue.

As we were taking our seats, the Rebbetzin pointed to the Rebbe's place at the head of the table and told my brother Menachem, "אויף דעם פלאץ, קען מען ניט זיצן," in that seat you cannot sit.

She then told my father that he should cut the cake, adding, "Everything you do is perfect."

Throughout our time there, the Rebbetzin made a point of speaking with each of us individually and giving us her personal attention.

My older sister, Nachamah, was already a teenager when she resolved that, since birthday cakes were a *minhag akum*, she would no longer have

one on her birthday. When the Rebbetzin learned that her birthday was coming up, she said, "Zicher," surely, "you will have a birthday cake to celebrate."

Before we left, my seven-year-old brother Dovid told the Rebbetzin that he wanted ice cream. She responded that if he came the next day after yeshivah, she would give him some. Menachem immediately chimed in that he wanted ice cream as well. Since he was older, the Rebbetzin replied, "No, you should go and learn in yeshivah."

As the visit was winding down, my brother Menachem asked for a siddur so that he could recite a *brachah acharonah*. The Rebbetzin pointed to a small round table between the dining room and the den. Resting there was a *Torah Ohr* siddur from 5701, which had been given as a gift and contained a



The Rebbetzin watches the Lag B'Omer parade.

handwritten dedication from the Frierdiker Rebbe.

Big Bird

One year, the Rebbetzin came to watch the Lag B'Omer parade from the front room on the second floor of the library. That year, I was dressed as Big Bird. Wanting to show her my costume, I went upstairs to where she was sitting.

She was a bit startled when I walked in. Because it was hot inside the costume, I removed the headpiece. When she realized it was me, she burst out laughing.

The Rebbetzin remarked on how well organized and beautiful the parade was.

The Siddur

When the Rebbe and Rebbetzin began staying periodically at the library in 1981, they did so only during periods of snow or exceptionally bad weather. Before Shabbos, I would go to the Rebbe's house with a large paper bag and place inside it the *leichter*, *becher*, siddur, and several personal items.

The siddur was the same one my brother had used at the house during that period. I would take the siddur and place it on the left side of the Rebbe's place.

I saw that the Rebbe had recorded various minhagim in different places throughout the siddur. The thought crossed my mind that I could make a copy of those notes.

Ultimately, I decided against it. I knew that



Wearing my Big Bird costume at the Lag B'Omer parade.

when the Rebbe later used the siddur, he would realize that someone had copied his notes. If he learned that I had intruded upon the privacy of either the Rebbe or the Rebbetzin, I was certain that he would have someone tell me not to return.

These notes were recently published in the new edition of the *Siddur Torah Ohr*.

No New Car

On one occasion, I attended an auto show, picked up several brochures for new cars, and brought them to the Rebbetzin. I told her that her brown 1972 Cadillac was getting old and that it was time for a new one. I suggested that she choose a replacement from one of the brochures. The Rebbetzin told me that although I wanted her to get a new car, she had no need for one because the car

she already had was good.

After Mindy and I were married, we visited the Rebbetzin. During the conversation, I mentioned something about her car. Smiling, she replied, “Don’t laugh at my car. It is already *bas mitzvah*.”

Later, the Rebbetzin told my parents that she had been very impressed by the visit and that she found it meaningful and enjoyable, and that the *kallah* was refined and *eidel*.

Lesson in Consideration

One time on Shemini Atzeres, the Rebbetzin was sitting in the front room of the library. Chaim Baruch went in and told her what was taking place at the *farbrengen*. Later, I also went in and reported what was happening. The Rebbetzin listened attentively and thanked me for the update.



The Rebbe at the levayah of the Rebbetzin. My father stands to the Rebbe's right, and I can be seen at the far right of the photograph.

Only later did I learn that Chaim Baruch had already reported the same details. Yet the Rebbetzin gave no indication that she had heard them before, listening patiently and thanking me as though I were the first to tell her.

MS 173

I also had the zechus to accompany the Rebbetzin to Manhattan on two occasions.

When Chesed Halberstam drove the Rebbetzin and her sister, who was then visiting 770, he would park several houses away in order to preserve their

privacy. At times, while he went upstairs to bring down the Rebbetzin's sister, I would farbreng with the Rebbetzin in the car. To conclude, the license plate on the Rebbetzin's car was MS 173. I heard from Reb Yudel Blesofsky, who in turn heard it from Reuven Polis, that the initials "MS" represented the Rebbetzin's name. Reuven Polis, who drove the Rebbetzin for approximately ten years and was involved in purchasing her first car, explained that the number 173 was understood as follows: 1 represented Hashem, 7 represented Shabbos, and 3 represented the Avos.



ועל הכל יי אלהינו אנחנו מודים לך ומברכים אותך, יתברך שמך בפי כל חי תמיד לעולם ועד.
ככתוב ואכלת ושבעת וברכת את יי אלהיך על הארץ הטובה אשר נתן לך: ברוך אתה יי על הארץ
ועל המזון:

רחם יי אלהינו על ישראל עמך ועל ירושלים עירך. ועל ציון משכן כבודך. ועל מלכות בית דוד
משיחך. ועל הבית הגדול והקדוש שנקרא שמך עליו: אלהינו אבינו רוענו זוננו פרנסנו וכלכלנו
והרויחנו. והרוח לנו יי אלהינו מהרה מכל צרותינו. ונא אל תצריכנו יי אלהינו לא לידי מתנת
בשר ודם ולא לידי הלואתם. כי אם לידך המלאה הפתוחה הקדושה והרחבה שלא גבוש ולא נכלם
לעולם ועד:

ובנה ירושלים עיר הקדש במהרה בימינו. ברוך אתה יי בונה ברחמי ירושלים. אמן:
ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, האל אבינו מלכנו אדירנו. בורנו. גואלנו. יוצרנו. קדושנו קדוש
יעקב. רוענו רועה יישראל. המלך הטוב והמטיב לכל בכל יום ויום. הוא היטיב לנו. הוא מטיב
לנו. הוא יטיב לנו. הוא גמלנו, הוא גומלנו, הוא גמלנו לעד. לחן ולחסד ולרחמים ורוח הצלה
והצלחה ברכה ישועה נחמה פרנסה וכלכלה. ורחמים וחיים ושלוש וכל טוב ומכל טוב לעולם על
יחסרנו :

הרחמן הוא ימלוך אלינו לעולם ועד: הרחמן הוא יתברך בשמים ובארץ: הרחמן הוא ישתבח
לדור דורים ויתפאר לנו לעד ולנצח נצחים ויתהדר לנו לעד ולעולמי עולמים: הרחמן הוא
יפרנסנו בכבוד: הרחמן הוא ישבור עול גלות מעל צוארנו והוא יוליכנו קוממיות לארצנו: הרחמן
הוא ישלח ברכה מרובה בבית זה ועל שלחן זה שאכלנו עליו: הרחמן הוא ישלח לנו את אליהו
הנביא זכור לטוב ויבשר לנו בשורות טובות ישועות ונחמות: הרחמן הוא יברך את אדוננו מורנו
ורבנו: הרחמן הוא יברך את אבי מורי בעל הבית הזה ואת אמי מורת בי בעלת הבית הזה. אותם
ואת ביתם ואת זרעם ואת כל אשר להם. אותנו ואת כל אשר לנו. כמו שברך את אבותינו אברהם
יצחק ויעקב בכל מכל כל. כן יברך אותנו (בני ברית) כלנו יחד בברכה שלמה ונאמר אמן:
ממרום ילמדו עליו ועלינו זכות שתהא למשמרת שלום ונשא ברכה מאת יי וצדקה מאלהי ישענו
ונמצא חן ושכל טוב בעיני אלהים ואדם:

הרחמן הוא יזכנו לימות המשיח ולחיי עולם הבא. מגדל ישועות מלכו ועושה חסד למשיחו לדוד
ולזרעו עד עולם: עשה שלום במרומינו הוא יעשה שלום עלינו ועל כל ישראל ואמרו אמן:
יראו את יי קדשיו כי אין מחסור ליראיו: כפירים רשו ורעבו ודרשי יי לא יחסרו כל טוב: הודו ליי
כי טוב פי לעולם חסדו: פותח את ידך ומשביע לכל חי רצון: ברוך הגבר אשר יבטח ביי והיה יי
מבטחו:

ברכת המזון

שיר המעלות בשוב יי את-שיבת ציון היינו כחלמים: אז ימלא שחוק פינו וּלְשׁוֹנֵנוּ רִנָּה אֲזַי אָמְרוּ
בְּגוֹיִם הַגְדִּיל יי לַעֲשׂוֹת עִם-אֱלֹהֵי: הַגְדִּיל יי לַעֲשׂוֹת עִמָּנוּ הַיְיָנוּ שְׂמֵחִים: שׁוֹבָה יי אֶת-שְׁבִיתָנוּ
כְּאֶפְיָקִים בְּנֶגֶב: הַזְרְעִים בְּדִמְעָה בְּרִנָּה יִקְצְרוּ: הַלֹּחַךְ יִלַּךְ וּבִכָּה נִשְׂא מִשָּׁךְ-הַזֶּרַע בְּאֵי-יְבוּא בְּרִנָּה נִשְׂא
אֶלְמָתָיו:

לְבַנְי־קִרַח מִזְמוֹר שִׁיר יְסוּדָתוֹ בְּהַר־רֵי-קֹדֶשׁ: אֲהַב יי שְׁעָרֵי צִיּוֹן מִכָּל מִשְׁכָּנוֹת יַעֲקֹב: נִכְבְּדוֹת מְדַבֵּר
בְּךָ עֵיר הָאֱלֹהִים סֵלָה: אֲזַכִּיר רַהֵב וּבִכָּל לִידְעֵי הַנָּה פִלְשֶׁת וְצוֹר עִם-כּוֹשׁ זֶה יִלְד־שָׁם: וְלִצִּיּוֹן יֵאָמֵר
אִישׁ וְאִישׁ יִלְד־בָּהּ וְהוּא יְכוֹנֵנָה עֲלֵיוֹן: יי יִסְפֹּר בְּכֶתוּב עַמִּים זֶה יִלְד־שָׁם סֵלָה: וְשָׂרִים כְּחַלְלִים כָּל-
מַעֲיָנֵי בְּךָ:

אֲבָרְכָה אֶת-יי בְּכָל-עֵת, תְּמִיד תִּהְלֶתוּ בְּפִי: סוּף דְּבַר הַכֹּל נִשְׁמַע, אֶת-הָאֱלֹהִים יֵרָא וְאֶת-מִצְוֹתָיו
שָׁמֹר כִּי-זֶה כָּל-הָאָדָם: תִּהְלֶת יי וְדַבֵּר-פִּי וּיְבָרֵךְ כָּל-בֶּשֶׂר שֵׁם קֹדֶשׁוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד: וְאֲנַחְנוּ נִבְרָךְ יְהוָה
מֵעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם הַלְלוּיָהּ:

קודם מים אחרונים יאמר: זֶה חֵלֶק-אָדָם רָשָׁע מֵאֱלֹהִים וְנִחַלֵת אָמְרוּ מֵאֵל
וְאֲחֵר מִים אַחֲרוֹנִים יֵאמֵר: וַיְדַבֵּר אֵלַי זֶה הַשְּׁלַחַן אֲשֶׁר לִפְנֵי יי

המברך אומר: רַבּוֹתֵי, מִיר וְעֵלִין בְּעֵנֶטְשִׁין

המסובים עונים: יְהִי שֵׁם יי מְבָרַךְ מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם

המברך אומר: יְהִי שֵׁם יי מְבָרַךְ מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם: בְּרִשׁוֹת מְרִנָּן וּרְבִנָּן וּרְבִוּוֹתֵי
נִבְרָךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁהִשְׁמַחָה בְּמַעֲוֹנוֹ שֶׁאֲכַלְנוּ מִשְׁלוֹ

המסובים עונים: בְּרוּךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁהִשְׁמַחָה בְּמַעֲוֹנוֹ שֶׁאֲכַלְנוּ מִשְׁלוֹ וּבִטְוֹבוֹ חֵיֵינוּ

ומי שלא אכל עונה: בְּרוּךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁהִשְׁמַחָה בְּמַעֲוֹנוֹ וּמְבָרַךְ שָׁמוּ תְּמִיד לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד

המברך אומר: בְּרוּךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁהִשְׁמַחָה בְּמַעֲוֹנוֹ שֶׁאֲכַלְנוּ מִשְׁלוֹ וּבִטְוֹבוֹ חֵיֵינוּ

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. הַזֶּן אֶת הָעוֹלָם כְּלוֹ בְּטוֹבוֹ בְּחֵן בְּחֶסֶד וּבְרַחֲמִים. הוּא נוֹתֵן לָחֵם
לְכָל בֶּשֶׂר כִּי לְעוֹלָם חֶסֶד: וּבִטְוֹבוֹ הַגְּדוֹל עִמָּנוּ תְּמִיד לֹא חָסַר לָנוּ וְאֵל יַחֲסֹר לָנוּ מִזֶּן לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.
בְּעֵבוֹר שָׁמוּ הַגְּדוֹל. כִּי הוּא אֵל זֶן וּמְפָרְנֵס לְכָל וּמְטִיב לְכָל וּמְכִין מִזֶּן לְכָל בְּרִיוֹתָיו אֲשֶׁר בָּרָא:
כְּאִמּוֹר. פּוֹתַח אֶת יְדָךְ וּמִשְׁבִּיעַ לְכָל חַי רְצוֹן: בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי. הַזֶּן אֶת הַכֹּל:

נוֹדָה לָךְ יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ. עַל שֶׁהִנְחַלְתָּ לְאַבּוֹתֵינוּ אֶרֶץ חֲמֵדָה טוֹבָה וּרְחוּוָה. וְעַל שֶׁהוֹצֵאתָנוּ יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ
מֵאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם. וּפְדִיתָנוּ מִבֵּית עַבְדִּים. וְעַל בְּרִיתְךָ שֶׁחֲתַמְתָּ בְּבִשְׂרָנוּ וְעַל תּוֹרַתְךָ שֶׁלְּמַדְתָּנוּ. וְעַל
חֻקְךָ שֶׁהוֹדַתָּנוּ. וְעַל חַיִּים חֵן וְחֶסֶד שֶׁחֻנַּנְתָּנוּ. וְעַל אֲכִילַת מִזֶּן שֶׁאַתָּה זֶן וּמְפָרְנֵס אוֹתָנוּ תְּמִיד
בְּכָל יוֹם וּבְכָל עֵת וּבְכָל שָׁעָה:

שבע ברכות

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, שהכל ברא לכבודו

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, יוצר האדם

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר יצר את האדם בצלמו, בצלם דמות תבניתו, והתקין לו
ממנו בנין עדי עד. ברוך אתה יי, יוצר האדם

שוש תשיש ותגל העקרה, בקבוץ בניה לתוכה בשמחה. ברוך אתה יי, משמח ציון בבניה

שמח תשמח רעים האהובים, כשמחך יצירך בגן עדן מקדם. ברוך אתה יי, משמח חתן וכלה

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר ברא ששון ושמחה חתן וכלה, גילה רנה דיצה וחדוה,
אהבה ואחווה שלום ורעות. מהרה יי אלהינו ישמע בערי יהודה ובחוצות ירושלים, קול ששון
וקול שמחה, קול חתן וקול כלה, קול מצהלות חתנים מחפתם, ונערים ממשתה נגינתם. ברוך
אתה יי, משמח חתן עם הכלה

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא פרי הגפן



**Thank you for
celebrating this
special simchah
with us!**

The Vogel and Junik Families

ברכת המזון ושבע ברכות בפנים

Birchas Hamazon and Sheva Brachos can be found inside