

ב"ה  
Issue No. 10

עש"ק פרשת תולדות  
ב כסלו



**Happy Birthday**

**Boruch Mendel Lapidus**  
4 Kislev 5769

**Dovid Winner**  
7 Kislev 5769

**Avremi Tenenboim**  
8 Kislev 5771

**Mazel Tov on the Bar Mitzva**

**Ari Silberberg**  
6 Kislev 5764



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# NEWSLETTER

Boys division, Grades B2 - B8

## Hard Work Pays Off

Tayere Talmidei  
Hatmimim sheyichyu,

Allow me to share a beautiful Moshol with you: A wealthy nobleman was once viewing his vast estate when he came across a simple peasant who was expertly using a pitchfork to throw hay up in the air and to then organize it to form special mounds and piles in the field.

The nobleman was amazed by the peasant's skill with the pitchfork and he really enjoyed watching the peasant at work as he majestically wielded the pitchfork like an artist. He particularly appreciated the style of the peasant as he swung the pitchfork up and down.

The nobleman decided to make the peasant an unbelievable offer: he would pay him a gold coin each day for every one of the days that the peasant would come to the nobleman's palace and reenact his pitchfork abilities in the palace drawing room.

The peasant accepted his new "job" with glee as it would result in much more money than he usually earned and the "work" was so much easier! However, after a few days of swinging an empty pitchfork and earning a lot more money, the peasant began to lose



enthusiasm and by the end of the week he informed the nobleman that he was going to quit and that he would be returning to his regular work in the field.

"I don't understand," the nobleman responded, "Why would you prefer to perform hard labor in the rough outdoor fields when I am offering you an effort-

free job with a far greater salary?" The peasant looked directly at the nobleman. "All that you say is true my dear master, but I'm not doing anything...!"

Dear Talmidim, we have just enjoyed a wonderful Day of Celebration in the Online School and participated in the Kinus Hashluchim. Additionally today is Rosh Chodesh Kisleiv, the day the Rebbe returned home after being so sick.

The common theme in all of these events is that we need to engage ourselves in our Shlichus and in and in our learning and Davening. The message that is being sent to us as Chassidim of the Rebbe is that we need to work hard to achieve, and that is a payoff that's worth it!

Wishing you a wonderful Chodesh!

**Rabbi Yaacov Ringo**

*Principal Boys  
Older Division*



My name is Levi Teichtel,  
  
I'm in Grade B8 and I'm a Shliach in Champaign IL.

**So tell us about your place of Shlichus.**

I am on shlichus in Champaign IL, and in Champaign there is a college campus called the "university of Illinois". We also do shlichus with the community but mostly with the college students.

My tatty and mommy learn with people every day and we have Shabbos meals every week with at least 70 students on Friday night. We usually have events at least twice a week, for example every Wednesday we do a BBQ dinner in our Chabad house and my tatty and mommy also teach classes.

**What is your daily life like?**

Usually every day I go to school. after school I go to my Chabad

house. We do events and I like to talk to the kids and students at the events.

It's hard to not be around my friends all the time on the computer, and every week you feel like "I want to be with my



**"I talk to the kids in the Chabad house so they feel comfortable"**

friends..." but I cant.

**What makes your Shlichus especially meaningful to you?**

When you are on a college campus it is - like my tatty says - the lowest of the low, so when I see every week students all acting crazy at night, it makes you feel like, "imagine if these Yidden were involved in Yiddishkeit"... I talk to all the kids in our Chabad house and make them feel comfortable.

**What kind of Shlichus do you think you will do when you grow up?**

First of all Moshiach will be here by then, but if Chas VeShalom not, I want to be a college campus shliach.

## Yimei Chabad

ב' כסלו, תשמ"ח (1987)

After the federal judges gave their final verdict in the case of the Seforim, that they belonged to Agudas Chassidei Chabad, they announced that they will be returned shortly to their rightful place in 770.

On Tuesday Beis Kislev the Seforim returned home. Originally hundreds of Chassidim gathered to witness the joyful event, but when the Rebbe came out of 770 a short

while beforehand, he told the Bachurim that's Didan Notzach meant to learn more Torah and sent everyone back inside.

ג' כסלו, תרס"ה (1904)

The younger brother of the Rebbe, Reb Dovber, was born in the city of Nikolayev. This fact was not known till a few years ago when the memoirs of Rebbeizn Chana were published.

ו' כסלו, תרפ"ט (1928)

The Rebbe and Rebbitzin's Tenoim was written today.





## The Dish of Milk

It happened all too often. Poor Jewish tenants were unable to pay their rent and would end up in the dank dungeons of the local *poritz* (landowner) until they could scrape together what they owed. But how were the poor wretches supposed to raise money from the confinement of their prison cells?

The Baal Shem Tov would spend many long weeks on the road, finding incarcerated tenants and raising funds for their release.

It happened that the Baal Shem Tov encountered one such family, and after immense efforts, managed to secure their freedom just before Shabbos.

"Please spend Shabbos with me as my guests," offered the Baal Shem Tov. "It is too late for you to return home before the sun sets, and you surely have nothing prepared for the holy day."

The family gratefully accepted his offer, and thirstily drank in the dazzling spiritual delights of Shabbos with the Baal Shem Tov and his close circle of students, the Chevraya Kadisha (the Holy Brotherhood).

As the Friday night meal progressed, the Baal Shem Tov turned to the poor man he had just rescued. "Please tell us," he began, "what news from today do you have to share?"

"Rebbe," replied his guest, "surely you know that I have been in jail for many weeks now. What sort of news can I possibly have heard?"

"In that case," replied the Baal Shem Tov, "please tell us something interesting that happened to you."

"I do not recall ever doing anything of particular interest," said the man, "but we experienced something very peculiar while we were in prison.

"There was a group of vile men who were imprisoned near us. Every day, they would weep and wail. They made such a ruckus that we just kept to ourselves, frightened and miserable.

"Then, every Friday afternoon, just before Shabbos, they would begin to laugh and dance. This too would frighten us, but we had nowhere to hide and nowhere to run.

"Today, they cried and shouted louder than ever before. Then, as the afternoon progressed, they began to laugh and dance as usual. But this time, they were so horribly gleeful, it was like nothing we had seen on previous weeks. I had always been afraid to approach the men lest they harm me, but knowing that you would be coming shortly to redeem us, I summoned up the nerve to ask the men the meaning behind their outlandish behavior.

"They explained to me that 'there is a righteous man, an otherworldly *Tzaddik*, who spends the entire week immersed in Torah study, prayer and spiritual pursuits. We are not men, but spirits (*Sheidim*) who live off of this man's sins. Since he lives such a holy life, we have very little to live off of, and this is why we cry.

"It is only on Friday that he finally decides to break his weeklong fast with a dish of milk, which he carefully prepares so that it will be ready when he returns from prayers. Every week, after he prepares his dish, one of us goes to his house and arranges to shove a member of the household into the cabinet where the milk is stored. The holy man becomes mad by this, and this anger gives us enough vitality to survive the next week.

"Recently, the holy man caught onto our game and decided to trick us. He carefully prepared his milk and locked it into his safe, confident that no-one would disturb it there. He then contentedly prepared himself for prayers. When we got wind of this, we cried like never before, fearing for our very survival.

"Then we had an idea. One of us went to his house disguised as a peasant with a cart full of firewood. Standing outside the man's humble home, the peasant offered the firewood at such a cheap price that the righteous man's wife asked her husband if she could go to the safe and withdraw a few coins to purchase the wood. In her excitement, she knocked over the bowl of milk, and her husband lost his cool. That's why we laughed with such joy now."

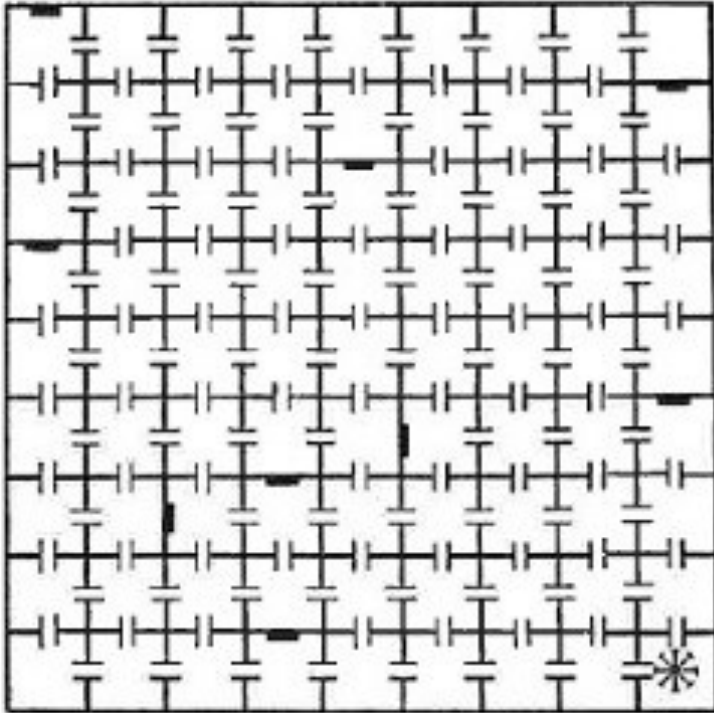
As the man concluded his strange tale, one of the students of the Baal Shem Tov fell from his seat in a faint. He was the holy man in question.

*(When telling this story, Chassidim would say: See how Hashem orchestrates things. He arranged for this man to be placed in prison and to be released right before Shabbos, just so that this man could learn to mend his errant ways.)*

(From Reshimos Devarim, vol. 1, pp. 12-13.)



# Send in Your Drawings, Games, Riddles and Comics to [boysprograms@shluchim.org](mailto:boysprograms@shluchim.org)



## One Hundred Forty Five Doors

A man was thrown into a dungeon with 145 doors.

Nine, shown by black bars, are locked, but each one will open if before you reach it you pass through exactly 8 open doors.

You don't have to go through every open door but you do have to go through every cell and all 9 locked doors.

If you enter a cell or go through a door a second time, the doors clang shut, trapping you.

The prisoner (in the lower right corner cell) had a drawing of the dungeon. He thought a long time before he set out. He went through all the locked doors and escaped through the last, upper left corner one.

What was his route?



א קלאץ קשיא

How much dirt is there in a hole 3 feet deep, 6 feet long and 4 feet wide?



Answer: None, or else it's not a hole!