

SICHA STORY

PROJECT LIKKUTEI SICHOS | 5783 - YEAR OF HAKHEL



Likkutei Sichos, Volume 23

Nasso, Sicha 1 (*Second Sicha of the week*)

- Rabbi Yossi Nemes, Metairie, Louisiana

Seif Yud: The reward for Yosef keeping Shabbos before it was given, meaning from higher than Shabbos being given to us, elicits a transcendental Oneg, which expresses itself in a lower manner. This is like the pleasure elicited from a simple, even childish, act of a young child, which is greater than the pleasure of a mindful act of an older child. We bring two known stories of the Rebbe reacting to such acts of young children.

The Sicha concludes that Efraim, like Yosef, transforms a negative environment, ארץ עניי, into a situation of closeness to Hashem and growth, הפרניין. We bring two stories of the Rebbe. One story is of a geographical, ארץ עניי, a Shlichus to a country with only one Jew, and the other is about a person struggling with his inner dark ארץ עניי.

Lubavitcher Rebbe, I love you!

Sunday, 26 Adar, 5752 (February 1, 1992). The Rebbe stood for hours distributing dollars, counsel, and blessings to thousands.

It was 5:55 p.m. and a father was holding his six-year-old daughter. As the Rebbe gave her a blessing and a dollar to give to Tzedakah, the little girl looked him in the eyes and said, "Lubavitcher Rebbe, I love you!"

The Rebbe's secretaries standing nearby were taken aback, but the Rebbe's face lit up, and his smile filled the room.

The Rebbe said to her: "Thank you very much." As the little girl was about to move on, the Rebbe gave her a second dollar and said, "This is for your love."

Here is the video link: ["Rebbe Mi'Lubavitch I love you"](#)

A Dollar for your doll!

A family in Crown Heights was preparing to go to the Rebbe for dollars on a particular Sunday. The parents and all the children dress up to go by the Rebbe. The three-year-old daughter is bringing her doll to meet the Rebbe as well...Her parents felt it is not B'kavadik but she would not agree to go without her doll. They tried everything in their arsenal, including bribery, to no avail, the doll is coming with her.

As you will see in this clip the Rebbe gives her doll a dollar for Tzedakah just like every member of the family!

[Heartwarming: Children Meeting the Lubavitcher Rebbe](#)

A single Jew is no longer forgotten!

A story that happened with my father, A"H, as told by my brother Mendel Nemes and published by JEM's Here's My Story:

...On another occasion, my father was traveling to Guyana, a very primitive place where in 1978 the murder-suicide of the Jones cult took place. Before he left, the Rebbe gave him a dollar and told him to find a Jew in Guyana and give it to him.

When my father arrived in the capital, Georgetown, he was told that no Jews were living there. But as he had his instructions from the Rebbe, he could not just give up. "The Rebbe gave me a dollar for a Jew," he said, "so I will find a Jew." He started searching through the phone book and saw one Jewish-sounding name. So he went to that address and knocked on the door. A man answered and my father asked him if he was Jewish. The man said he was and invited my father inside.

Once my father went in and saw the place filled with graven images, he realized he could not stay there. So, he asked the man to come to his hotel and spend Shabbat with him. The man did, and the experience proved life-transforming for him. Upon hearing

from my father about the Lubavitcher Rebbe and that he had sent him a dollar for charity, he asked my father to please bring a picture of the Rebbe on his return trip.

My father did. And when he next visited the man's house, all the graven images were gone and only the Rebbe's picture was hanging in the dining room. Following this my father stayed connected with him and upon his request, arranged that he should receive a kosher burial after his passing.

That is what happened when the Rebbe made my father his messenger for delivering just one dollar – such a seemingly small and insignificant mitzvah, with such a huge impact.

But The Rebbe said!

Rabbi Marc Wilson of Atlanta relates (from Chabad.org):

I became momentarily privy to the Rebbe's inner circle through my friendship with Rabbi Yossi Groner, the Lubavitch emissary to North Carolina, son of Rabbi Leib Groner, the Rebbe's secretary.

My encounter with the Rebbe came just months after the demise of my second marriage and the disgraced undoing of my rabbinical career had plunged me into a black hole of depression and despondency.

Accompanied by Rabbis Groner junior and senior, my meeting with the Rebbe lasted a scant half-minute.

"Sometimes," the Rebbe counseled me in Yiddish, "a devoted layperson can do incalculably more good than a rabbi.

"You should teach something, perhaps Talmud, even if it is to one or two people in your living room.

"They say," the Rebbe went on, "that you were once a student of Reb Aharon Soloveichik," invoking the name of the yeshivah teacher with whom I had had an acrimonious parting of the ways two decades earlier. How he knew, I do not know.

"I am making a gift to charity in the hope that you make peace with him."

However inspired I might have been at the moment, a year passed, and I did not take action on the Rebbe's counsel. It was, all told, a dismal, dark year, full of sickness and grief and self-recrimination. Traveling to New York, I again found myself a guest at the Groners' Sabbath table.

"Have you been teaching?" Rabbi Groner prodded.

"Er, uh, it hasn't been feasible. The situation . . ." I squirmed.

"The Rebbe said," he admonished.

"But . . ." "No buts. The Rebbe said!"

How could I do this? Where? When? I had no clue. But the Rebbe said. Confused and disconcerted, at Sabbath's end, I retrieved the messages from my answering machine. As G-d is my witness, there was the voice of a long-forgotten colleague, a rabbi in suburban Atlanta: "Marc, I've been thinking all Sabbath long. It's a pity you're back in town and not teaching. Would you consider teaching a class, say in Talmud, for my congregation?"

Let the cynics snicker. These are days of miracles and wonders. I mark the first moment of my gradual restoration to sanity and self-respect from that wondrous Sabbath in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. And I will forever attribute the first step of that restoration to one man who, with unfathomable intuition and faith in humanity, made a selfless, precise therapeutic intervention in my spirit, and demanded neither my soul nor my bankbook as recompense: Make peace with yourself. Put aside anger. Reconcile with your neighbor.

...What about the reconciliation with my long-ago teacher? I confess that I was not so quick to act on the Rebbe's behest. Until that is, I heard the news of the Rebbe's passing, when you may be sure it was the very first action I took.

After all, "the Rebbe said."
