

Celebration!

Purim Magazine

13-14 ADAR, 5786
MARCH 2-3, 2026



Is It Possible to be Truly Happy? p.6

Commemorate the Bad Guy? p.7

Purim NYC p.11



THE REBBE'S MESSAGE

VICTORY OVER INDIFFERENCE

The total triumph of the Jewish people over the evil Haman is celebrated on Purim. The holiday transforms the entire month into one of joy and happiness. What, one can ask, is so unique about Purim that, unlike other festivals, it has the power to change a whole month?

Haman was a descendant of the nation of Amalek, infamous for their audacity in attacking the Jewish people soon after their miraculous exodus from Egypt. With the exception of Amalek, the nations of the world trembled at the thought of battling the Jewish nation.

The Torah explains that Amalek “met” the Jewish nation during its journey. Our commentators explain that the Hebrew word for “met” – “karcha” can also mean “made you cold.” After all the miracles and Divine revelations that the Jewish people had witnessed, Amalek wanted to “cool off” the Jewish people from their fiery faith in G-d

and Moses. In fact, the very name Amalek has the same numerical value as the Hebrew word “safek,” meaning doubt. **Amalek’s goal was not to win a military victory, but to pierce the faith of the Jewish people by introducing “doubts.”**

When the Jewish people were victorious over Haman the Amalekite, it was a victory over all that he stood for – coldness, doubt, skepticism, and the like. Thus, the entire month of Adar is permeated with the joy and happiness of the Purim holiday, because the stakes were so high. For it is our faith and trust in G-d, as well as our enthusiasm and warmth for Torah and Mitzvot, that define us, the Jewish people.

Adapted from the teachings of the Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, O.B.M.



PURIM NIGHT

Monday,
March 2

6:30pm

LOCATION: at Chabad

Megillah Readings

AT CHABAD

PURIM DAY

Tuesday,
March 3

9:30am

LOCATION: at Chabad

PURIM EVENT

Tuesday,
March 3

5:00pm

See page 11 for more information.

If you can't make it for the megillah reading at any of these times, please call us at 847-782-1800 for a **personal megillah reading time.**

Celebration!

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*Dedicated to the Rebbe,
Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, OBM,
whose boundless love and teachings are an
endless source of inspiration and guidance.*

THE STORY OF PURIM

Once upon a time...

A FATEFUL PARTY

It all began in the city of Shushan of Ancient Persia in the 4th century BCE. The reigning King Achashverosh hosted a series of lavish royal feasts in his palace that went on for 180 days – one half of a year! Every citizen living in Shushan was invited. The Jews, too, participated in the great party.

Intoxicated with the excitement of the festivities and days of endless drinking, King Achashverosh commanded his queen, Vashti, to appear before his guests wearing only her crown. Vashti refused. Enraged at her insolence, the king consulted with his ministers and had Vashti executed.

THE BEAUTY CONTEST

The king now needed a new queen. Achashverosh had all the beautiful daughters of the country brought to the palace so that he might choose a wife. The king chose Esther (Hadassah), the cousin of Mordechai, who was one of the leaders of the Jewish people. Heeding Mordechai's advice, Esther did not reveal her identity as a Jew, and observed Jewish law secretly in the palace.



The Story in a Nutshell

The Persian empire of the 4th century BCE extended over 127 lands, and all the Jews were its subjects. When King Ahasuerus had his wife, Queen Vashti, executed for failing to follow his orders, he orchestrated a beauty pageant to find a new queen. A Jewish girl, Esther, found favor in his eyes and became the new queen—though she refused to divulge the identity of her nationality.

Meanwhile, the anti-Semitic Haman was appointed prime minister of the empire. Mordechai, the leader of the Jews (and Esther's cousin), defied the king's orders and refused to bow to Haman. Haman was incensed and had the king issue a decree ordering the extermination of all the Jews on the 13th of Adar—a date chosen by a lottery Haman made.

Mordechai galvanized all the Jews, convincing them to repent, fast and pray to G-d. Meanwhile, Esther asked the king and Haman to join her for a feast. At the feast, Esther revealed to the king her Jewish identity. Haman was sent to the gallows, Mordechai was appointed prime minister in his stead, and a new decree was issued—granting the Jews the right to defend themselves against their enemies.

On the 13th of Adar the Jews mobilized and fought their enemies. On the 14th of Adar they rested and celebrated.

MORDECHAI TO THE RESCUE

Mordechai would spend time at the palace gates every day, waiting for word from Esther. One day Mordechai overheard two of the king's chamberlains discussing a plot to assassinate the king. He told Esther of the plot and she informed the king. The plot was foiled, and Mordechai was credited with saving the king.

THE ANTI-SEMITIC PRIME MINISTER

Meanwhile, Haman, a descendant of Amalek – the implacable enemy of the Jewish people – became Prime Minister of the king's court. The king had issued an order commanding everyone in the palace to bow down in deference to Haman, but Mordechai refused, because Haman wore an idol around his neck. This so enraged Haman that he devised a scheme to annihilate



all the Jews in the kingdom on the 13th day of the Hebrew month of Adar.

MORDECHAI'S REQUEST

Hearing of the evil plan, Mordechai donned sackcloth and ashes and told Esther that she must go to the king and intercede on behalf of her people. To appear before the king without being summoned meant risking her life. Esther requested that all the Jews undertake a three-day fast of prayer and repentance.

Mordechai complied with Esther's request. He gathered the Jews of Shushan – especially the children, 22,000 of them – and they fasted, repented and prayed to G-d.

THE FIRST FEAST

At the end of these three days, Esther stood uninvited before Achashverosh. Upon seeing her, the king immediately extended his scepter. "What is it?" Achashverosh asked. "What is your request?" "I would like to invite the king and Haman to a private party," Esther responded.

During the feast, the king again asked Esther whether she had any request. "Yes," Esther responded. "I would appreciate if tomorrow, again, the king and Haman would join me for a feast."

Haman left the party a happy and proud man. Oh, the honor he was being accorded! But standing at the king's gate was Mordechai – who still refused to bow to Haman – and Haman was enraged. When he arrived home, his wife and wise advisors counseled him to erect a gallows, and then to go to the king and request permission to hang Mordechai. Haman excitedly went ahead and put up the gallows.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Sleep eluded the king that night, so he asked his servants to read for him from the Royal Chronicles. When they reached the episode where Mordechai

saved his life, he realized that Mordechai had never been rewarded. Just at that moment, Haman appeared in the courtyard, planning to suggest to the king to hang Mordechai.

When he entered Achashverosh's chambers, the king asked Haman, "What shall be done to a person whom the king wishes to honor?"

Haman, who was certain that the king wished to honor him, responded: "Bring royal garment and a royal horse. And let one of the king's nobles dress the man and lead him on the horse through the city streets, proclaiming before him, 'So is done for the man whom the king wishes to honor!'"

"Great idea," Achashverosh responded. "Now go get the garments and the horse and do so for Mordechai the Jew!"

Haman had no choice but to comply. On the next day he went and honored Mordechai as the king had ordered, and then immediately rushed to join the king and Esther for...

THE SECOND FEAST

"What is your request?" a curious King Achashverosh asked Esther at the feast. "If I have found favor in your eyes, O King," Esther replied. "Spare my life and the lives of my people." Surprised, Achashverosh asked Esther who had threatened her. She replied that it was none other than the wicked Haman. Haman was immediately hanged on the gallows he had intended for Mordechai.

THE TABLES ARE TURNED

Although Haman was dead, his cruel decree remained unchanged. According to Persian law, once a king issues a decree it cannot be rescinded. A new decree was issued, granting the Jews permission to defend themselves against their enemies and to attack and slay all those who would assault them. The Jews experienced a stunning victory in battle.

IN COMMEMORATION

At that time, the 14th day of Adar was consecrated as the festival of Purim, to celebrate and commemorate the great miracle of our people's salvation and the downfall of the wicked Haman.

This holiday, called "Purim," is the most joyous holiday on the Jewish calendar.



IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE Truly Happy?

You have a constitutional right to be happy.

Yet I wonder how many people are actually taking advantage of this right.

Give a look at the declaration of independence. It's stated clearly that "all men are ... endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

It seems to me that happiness is different from life and liberty.

It's natural to want to live. Normal, healthy people will do everything they can to live as long as possible.

It's very natural to want to be free. Here, too, normal and healthy people will live their lives as freely as possible.

But happiness... that's another story.

Is it natural to feel happy?

Is it common?

I am afraid not.

In fact, it is unusual to meet someone who is really happy most of the time. Most of us, me included, are experiencing a myriad of emotions, but happiness is not the most prevalent one.

In Judaism, happiness is not only a right, it's actually an obligation – a Mitzvah!

As the verse states, "serve Hashem with joy!" Our service of G-d, done through every detail of our life, should be conducted with joy.

And now we enter the Hebrew month of Adar, when "Mishenichnas Adar, marbin besimcha": when Adar enters, we are required to increase in our joy and happiness.

Combined with the understanding that happiness is a Mitzvah, we can gain some insights.

We shouldn't expect it to be easy. Every mitzvah has

its obstacles, and this is no exception. In order to have joy, we must overcome an inner struggle: worries, fears, and all sorts of legitimate reasons why we can't be happy.

We can do it. If G-d asks us to do something, he knows that we can do it. After all, he created us and knows us best. So when He says "be happy", He really says "you have it within you".

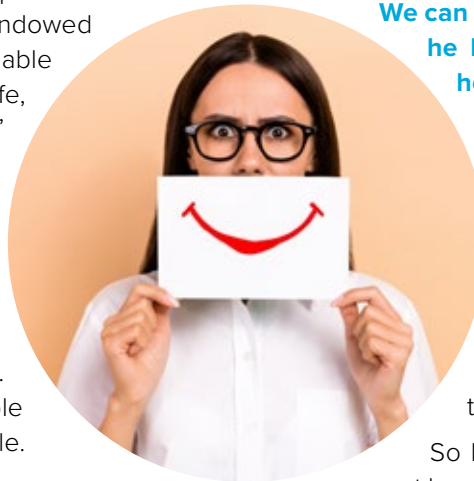
There is always a reason to be happy. The Mitzvah to be happy is not about living in la la land, detached from reality. Rather, to be aware of the many gifts we have in our lives and to always look for parts that are worth celebrating.

So let's be happy. Not because it's easy, not because it's natural for us, but because it's the right thing to do.

[Oh, and did I mention that it's going to make our lives so much better?]

May we always be happy and may we always have only reasons to be happy!

By Mendy Kaminker, author & Rabbi Chabad of Hackensack, NJ



A graphic for Genesis Point Wellness. It features a QR code in the top left corner. The text "GENESIS POINT WELLNESS" is prominently displayed in green. Below this, contact information is listed: phone number (847) 816-3350, email GenesisPointADM@gmail.com, website GenesisPointClinic.com, and address 330 Barron BLVD (Rte. 83) Grayslake, IL 60030. There are icons for phone, email, website, and location. At the bottom, it says "Find us on Google Maps" with the Google Maps logo. The entire graphic is framed by a decorative border of pink and red roses and green leaves.

COMMEMORATE THE Bad Guy?

QUESTION:

Hamantashen are triangular pastries filled with jam or other fillings, which are traditionally eaten on Purim. Why is that? I have heard that they are the same shape as Haman's hat. But Haman was the man who wanted to wipe us out. Why would we immortalize him by eating cookies that bear his name?

ANSWER:

This may be a case of mistaken identity. These Purim cakes were originally called mohntashen, which means "poppy-seed pockets." Today most hamantashen are filled with jam, but poppy seed used to be the more popular filling. It was a short linguistic jump from mohntashen to hamantashen, as people assumed there was a connection between the food eaten on Purim and the villain of the Purim story.

The real reason for eating hamantashen is that they symbolize the very nature of the Purim miracle. If you read the story of Purim, you notice that it was a string of seeming coincidences that saved the Jewish people from annihilation. There were no open miracles, no seas split, no plagues, just some twists and turns of history that, when viewed as separate events, seemed quite natural. Only at the end of the story was it revealed that a miracle had occurred.

Jews can always find a food to tell a story. In this case, it is the hamantash. The outside of the hamantash is just plain dough. The true flavor is concealed inside. Beyond the very ordinary veneer is the heart of the hamantash, bursting with sweetness.

Our lives are much the same. At times it seems that we



are being pushed and pulled by accidental forces. Things happen to us that seem haphazard and random; there seems to be no system in place, no direction to this cold and harsh universe. **This is not true. There is a system. But it is hidden. Below the surface there is a sweet hand and a warm heart that directs the universe.**

Rarely do we get to see this hand. Purim is one day when it was revealed, when a crack opened in the outer shell of nature and we glimpsed what lies beyond. Purim reminds us that all those coincidences are no coincidences, and nothing is random. We are still in the middle of our story, so it is hard to see the full picture. But in the end we will see that it's all one big hamantash.

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MEGILLAH

MARCH 2 & 3

We read the megillah, not just once but twice - on the eve of Purim and again in the morning. The Megillah documents the entire story of Purim and we pay rapt attention to every word. We blot out every mention of Haman's accursed name by twirling our graggers and stamping our feet.

[Hear the Megillah at Chabad. See page 2.](#)



MISHLOACH MANOT

Gifts of Food

MARCH 3

This Mitzvah is performed on Purim day. The important thing is to pack up at least two types of edibles or drinks that are ready to eat or drink (e.g. pastry, fruit, beverage) and have them delivered, ideally by a messenger, to at least one friend – men to men, women to women, kids to kids. The ideal messenger? A child of course – they love it!

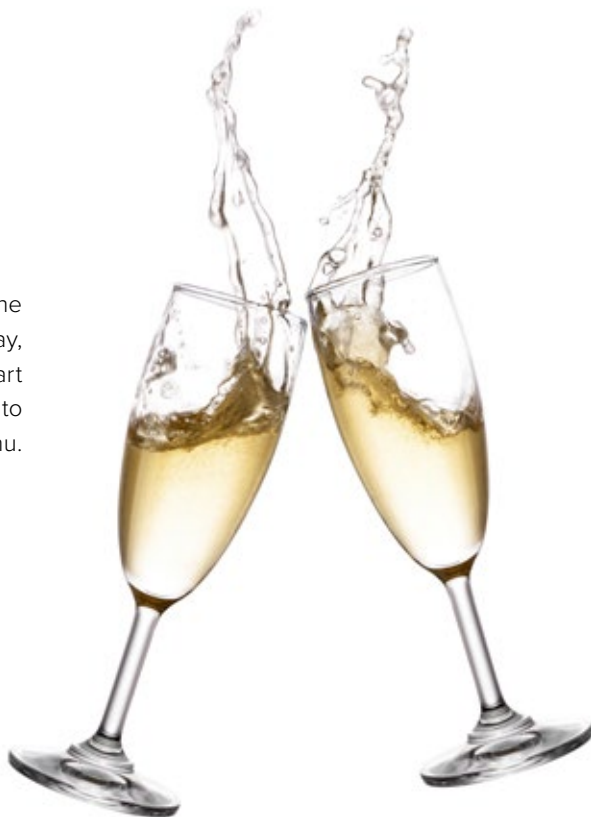


MISHTE

Festive Meal

MARCH 3

Usually, the Purim feast may be eaten anytime during the day. However, this year because Purim falls on a Friday, out of deference to the approaching Shabbat, we start the meal earlier, ideally before midday. It is customary to include “kreplach” (stuffed dumplings) as part of the menu.



YOUR
ZVOT
OF
PURIM

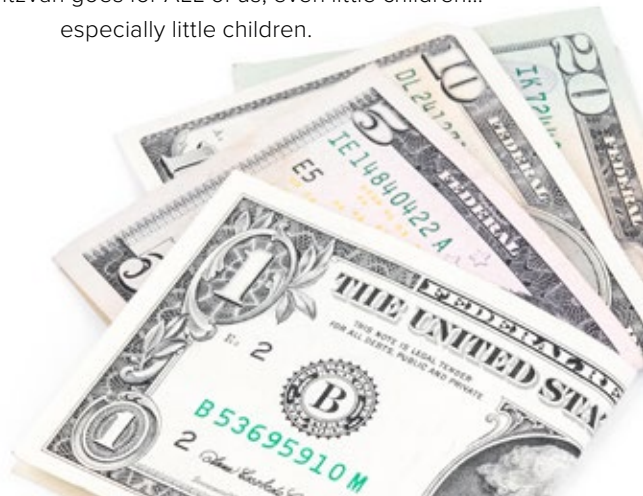


MATANOT L'EVYONIM

Gifts to the Needy

MARCH 3

Dont know any poor Jews? How will my gift get to the poor on Purim day? Not to worry. There are plenty of wonderful charitable organizations that will gladly distribute your tzedakah dollars on Purim. You can even put your *matanot l'evyonim* money in a chaity box. This Mitzvah goes for ALL of us, even little children... especially little children.



PURIM PALOOZA!

Session 4 at Chabad Hebrew School



STAMP & SIP



THURSDAY
FEBRUARY 19



MEGILLAH

MIMOSAS



MASQUERADE

Mmmm...
TASTY NIBBLES!



Monday,
March 2
6:30pm



For Purim events and RSVP, please
visit ChabadofGurnee.com/Purim26



B"H

Chabad of Gurnee invites you to

PURIM ♥ NYC

T U E S D A Y

March 3 5:00PM

Heather Ridge Golf Club

NY Style Deli Buffet

Megillah Reading

Maxwell St. Trio

Caricature Artist

Pickle Making

Photo Booth

Crafts for Kids

RSVP at

ChabadofGurnee.com/PurimNYC

THE PERFECT SETUP

“Is the Toyota Sienna yours?”

“Yes, why?”

“I am so so sorry, but I smashed your rear window.”

It happened as I finished a meeting at an office building and headed back to the valet parking to retrieve my car. Visibly upset about what happened, the valet attendant didn't stop apologizing.

“I apologize. I feel awful about what happened,” he kept on repeating. “You must be so upset.”

Truth be told, I wasn't so upset. I was more baffled by this strange event. Oh, and I also felt terrible for him. I can imagine his supervisor admonishing him for this incident that could have happened to anybody.

Moments later, the supervisor showed up. As they vacuumed my car and fitted it with a plastic cover so I could drive back home, it was his turn to apologize.

“You don't have to apologize so much,” I said. “Clearly, G-d wanted me to be here for a while longer than expected.”

“Oh,” his eyes lit up. “Maybe you just avoided getting involved in a severe accident because you were late! I always say that: if something bad happens to you, it's because it will save you from something much worse!”

I smiled because I expected that answer.

“Actually, no,” I said. “Maybe because I am late, something incredible is going to happen? And if I left earlier, I would have missed it!”

Okay, so as far as I know, nothing extraordinary happened (yet!) because of this annoying incident. Still, I spent the way back home thinking about this idea.

When something goes wrong, we want to understand why. In our heart of hearts, we know that everything has a reason. So often, we will explain it to ourselves with this “something-bad-instead-of-something-worse” rationale.

But the Torah teaches us a more profound understanding: these events prepare us for something great that will happen in the future. Every decent will, eventually, turn into an ascent.

Here is an example: Every word in the Torah was carefully

chosen. So much so, that even a seemingly extra letter is a cause for great debate in the Talmud.

Yet, when we study the Megillah (the scroll of Esther), we find many paragraphs that seem to be unnecessary. We read about the 180-day drunken party hosted by Achashverosh; His short temper when he sentenced Vashti to death there and then; and so on.

And then, when discussing Mordechai, the Megillah points out that he has “been exiled from Jerusalem with the exile that was exiled with Jeconiah, king of Judah, which Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, had exiled.”

Why is this information important?

Because every detail in this story was setting the stage for the great Purim miracle!

The drunken party, Vashti's execution, and even Nebuchadnezzar's exile – yes, that great tragedy that befell the Jewish people – was all a prelude to the great Purim miracle. Mordechai and Esther were positioned to help and save the Jewish people only because of all of these events.

As we are about to celebrate Purim and listen once again to the reading of the Megillah, I hope that I can always remember this lesson. Setbacks in life – and please G-d, keep them as minor as the broken window! – are custom designed for our own good. Hopefully we can relax and enjoy the ride!

By Mendy Kaminker, author & Rabbi Chabad of Hackensack, NJ



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SALTED CARAMEL *Hamantaschen Recipe*

Ingredients

DOUGH

3 large eggs • 1 cup sugar • ½ cup canola or vegetable oil
1 teaspoon orange juice • 3 ½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon black pepper • 3 cups all-purpose flour, plus
extra for dusting parchment and dough

CARAMEL FILLING

1 cup sugar • 2 tablespoons water • ½ cup
whipping cream
2 tablespoons unsalted butter • ½
teaspoon salt

Directions

To make the caramel, place the sugar and water in a small, heavy-bottomed saucepan. Cook on medium-high heat until sugar melts. After several minutes, the sugar will start to color. Stir the mixture so all the sugar browns. When it is a uniform amber color, turn heat to low, remove saucepan from heat and add the cream. The mixture will bubble up. Add the butter and salt and stir. Return to the heat and cook for one minute, or until mixture is smooth. Remove from heat, transfer to a bowl and let cool. Chill in the fridge for at least a half hour to thicken the caramel. Store in the fridge for up to five days.
Preheat the oven to 350°F. Line 2 large cookie sheets with parchment. You will bake in batches.



In a large bowl, mix together the eggs, sugar, oil, and orange juice. Add the baking powder, pepper and flour and mix until the dough comes together. I like to use my hands for this because it kneads the dough well. Divide the dough in half.

Take another two pieces of parchment and sprinkle flour on one, place one dough half on top, and then sprinkle a little more flour on top of the dough. Place the second piece of parchment on top of the dough and roll on top of the parchment until the dough is about ¼-inch thick. Every few rolls, peel back the top parchment and sprinkle a little more flour on the dough.

Use a glass or round cookie cutter about 2 to 3 inches in diameter to cut the dough into circles. Place a little less than a teaspoon of the filling in the center and then fold in 3 sides to form a triangle, leaving a small opening in the center. Pinch the 3 sides very tightly. Place on the prepared cookie sheets. Repeat with the rest of the dough and re-roll and cut any dough scraps you have. Place the cookies sheets in the freezer for ten minutes; this helps the hamantaschen hold their shape and not open up while baking. Bake for 12 to 16 minutes, or until the bottoms are lightly browned. Slide the parchment onto racks to cool the cookies. If desired, drizzle any remaining caramel over the cookies. Store covered with plastic or in an airtight container at room temperature for five days or freeze for up to three months.

Yields: 4 dozen hamantaschen

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TA'ANIT ESTHER

The Fast of Esther

MARCH 2

The fast of Ester is a dawn-to-nightfall fast held on the day before the holiday of purim. The fasting on this day commemorates the three-day fast of the entire Jewish nation in the times of Purim. They fasted upon request of Queen Esther, who asked that all Jews refrain from food or drink in her merit before she put her life on the line for the sake of her people.

In the Gurnee area the fast begins at 4:58am and ends at 6:12pm.



HERE'S my STORY

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IMPETUS FOR CHANGE

DR. IRVING WOLINSKY

Dr. Irving Wolinsky practiced dentistry for over fifty years in Bayside, Queens. He was interviewed in his home in January 2014.



I was born in Brooklyn in 1923. I was raised by immigrant parents and I was a traditional Jewish kid until I went to college. That's when I got too smart for Judaism and dropped it all.

During World War II, I attended City College, majoring in chemistry, and together with the other chemistry, science, engineering, and medical students, I was classified 2A. This meant that we were considered essential for civilian defense at home and were not eligible for service abroad. When I moved over to the New York University School of Medicine and started studying dentistry, I was placed in the ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program). I went to school in uniform, like a soldier, but for all intents and purposes, I was in the inactive reserve. Unlike millions of other American boys who were shipped out to war, I served my country by staying home.

The war ended and, in 1947, after completing my education, I opened a dental office in Brooklyn. After struggling for three years, my practice was facing disaster. One of my patients was a Lubavitcher chasid, and I mentioned to him that I was facing overwhelming challenges. My mother was suffering from a heart condition. My wife had just given birth and was suffering from postpartum depression. And now, suddenly, although I was desperately needed at home, the US Army began sending me letters about being re-activated for service in the Korean War! And this was all in addition to my practice not generating enough income to support us.

I was considering relocating my office to Bayside, Queens, but I wasn't sure if things would improve over there.

Hearing my troubles, the chasid suggested that the Rebbe might be able to help me sort things out. I was reluctant, but my wife and my father-in-law, himself a Stoliner chasid, were both sure that the solution to our problems lay in the spiritual approach, and they urged me to go. Eventually, I relented and made an appointment to see the Rebbe.

This was toward the end of 1950. I don't remember exactly when, but I know that the Rebbe was not yet officially the Rebbe, although everyone already seemed to accept him as such.

After a long wait, I went into the Rebbe's office and poured out all my troubles. First, I described my mother's illness and my concern that she didn't have much longer to live. He asked me some questions about her medical care, and I explained it was the best available – she had top doctors from New York University School of Medicine. He voiced optimism that they would be able to help her.

Next I told him about my wife's postpartum depression. He understood exactly what I was talking about, and he said that when the time comes and she is ready, he would refer me to a top psychiatrist or psychologist.

And finally, I talked to him about myself – that I was struggling financially although I'd already been in practice for three years. I was afraid that I'd be poor for my entire life, like my parents had been, and this thought made me very despondent. No matter what I did, I just wasn't getting anywhere. On top of that, I was receiving threatening letters from the War Department. They had sent me a string of advisories reminding me that they had partly financed my medical education, and now my expertise was needed in the war zone. Initially I had ignored these letters, but they kept coming and were getting more demanding. It was clear that, shortly, I would have to go into the armed services.

After hearing me out, the Rebbe asked me about my religious background. So I told him that, as a child, I was influenced by my maternal grandfather, who was a chasid of the Stoliner Rebbe. He used to visit us often, staying a couple of weeks at a time, and when he was with us, we kept Shabbat – my parents closed their shop which was otherwise open on Saturdays. I loved my grandfather; I thought he was the greatest thing on earth, and he left a very strong impression on me. In particular, I remember going to synagogue with him, and reciting the shema at bedtime with him – “Hear O Israel, the L-rd is our G-d, the L-rd is One.”

The Rebbe asked, “When you did that, how did you feel?”

“I remember my grandfather telling me that it's good to say the shema before going to sleep so that you rest well,” I answered.

The Rebbe advised, “You should do this every night, so that

you have a peaceful night. And recite it again in the morning so that you will have a peaceful day.” He added that putting on tefillin might help me as well.

Then he asked me if I worked on Shabbat, and I had to admit that I did. So he said, “When you move to Bayside, perhaps you should conduct your business in such a way so that you don’t work on Shabbat.” He was very subtle about it all. He didn’t say so outright, but he seemed to be implying that my business would improve if I kept Shabbat.

After that, he discussed my fears of being sent to Korea. He basically dismissed them outright. “It seems to me that you will not go into the Army,” he told me. I didn’t know how he could know that, but I wasn’t there to argue with him. So I said nothing, and that pretty much ended the meeting and I left.

I admit that I felt really disappointed as I walked out. I don’t know what I had expected, but I thought it would be more than this. I felt like he gave me the standard advice you’d get from any rabbi – keep Shabbat, say the shema, put on tefillin, and everything will be fine.

A couple of weeks passed and, suddenly, I received a letter from the War Department saying that my records had been transferred to the US Navy. I was no longer in the US Army and I was being sent to Camp Lejeune in North Carolina to work on base for the next two years. And they sent me together with my family, mind you. That’s when I began to pay more attention to my meeting with the Rebbe. “I guess this is what the Rebbe meant,” I thought. “But how did he know?” I remember saying jokingly to my wife, “Eleanor, this Rebbe must have connections in Washington, because he just got my records transferred from the Army to the Navy just so I would put on tefillin...”

After my discharge and subsequent return to New York, I

opened a practice in Bayside, which was a commuters’ town; people came home late from work, so they usually went to the doctor on Saturday. It was unheard of for a doctor to be closed on Shabbat. But I said to myself, “You know, it might not hurt to follow the Rebbe’s advice.” So I decided to make a change and not work on Shabbat anymore.

I joined an Orthodox synagogue, Young Israel of Windsor Park. And everybody knew that Dr. Wolinsky doesn’t work on Saturday; Dr. Wolinsky goes to shul.

Surprisingly, even though I was closed on a doctor’s busiest day, my practice grew. My list of patients increased every week. And I watched my receipts growing week by week and month by month. Being a mathematical sort of guy, I tried to understand how it made any sense, but I couldn’t.

I had also started putting on tefillin every morning and saying the shema as the Rebbe advised. And even if I was not completely Jewishly observant, I felt more satisfied with my life, more peaceful and more at ease, in general.

My mother – who had suffered for years and who had seemed at the end of her life – lived another ten years. My wife recovered. And I went from being despondent and feeling like a failure to being happy and satisfied. Financially, I have done very well since then, and I credit all my success – the whole picture – completely to the Rebbe.

It was my meeting with him that provided the most important impetus for change in my life. I was twenty-seven years old at the time, and now I am ninety-one. Looking back, I feel that he had knowledge of things before they unfolded. I really can’t put it any other way.

MY ENCOUNTER with the **REBBE** *An oral history project dedicated to documenting the life of the Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, of righteous memory. The story is one of thousands recorded in the 900 videotaped interviews conducted to date. Please share your comments and suggestions. mystory@jmedia.org*


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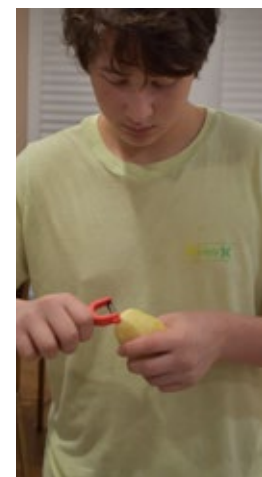
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This publication is in loving memory of Mrs. Henya Federman and her daughter Shterna Sara Federman.