



Adapted from the sefer חמין במוציא שבת and חדוותא דזעיר אנפין collections of maamarim given by the Tolner Rebbe shlita at Seuda Shlishis and Melave Malka

Melave Malka Parshas Shemos 5764

The *yahrzeit* of my maternal grandmother, *Harabonis Hatzidkonis* Tzipora Perel of Tolna *a"h*, takes place this coming week, on the twenty-seventh of *Teves*. She was the eldest daughter of my great-grandfather Rav Moshe Langer, the Stretiner Rebbe *zt"l*. She was a wise, righteous woman from the previous generation, who told us much about the court of her father in Kozova, Galicia.

When the first World War broke out, they had to escape from Galicia. Stretiner *chasidim* who had emigrated to Toronto asked Rav Moshe to join them. He did so and reestablished his *chatzer*, just as it had been in the old country. It was a precious island of *kedusha* in Toronto.

Because his sons were great *bnei aliya* who were concerned only with *avodas Hashem*, my grandmother undertook the responsibility of running the *chatzer* and making sure that all of its material needs were provided for. She devoted herself to caring for the *beis medrash* with great self-sacrifice. The *chasidim* used to call her "*Perele Dem Reben's*" - "The Rebbe's Perele", who ran the *chatzer* with a strong hand.

I will mention one detail that I heard from my paternal grandfather, R' Tzadok Weinberg *z"l*, a Lubliner *chasid* who emigrated to Toronto in תרצ"ג (1943). He established a *beis medrash* for a group of young men of *chasidische* background who had come to Toronto from Poland. He told me that all week, they had to work to the point of exhaustion just to earn a living. They all lived in poverty, but those who had wives and children were under additional pressure to demonstrate to the



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Canadian authorities that they were able to support a family. They took any job they could find, no matter how difficult or degrading, as long as it didn't require them to desecrate *Shabbos*.

On Shabbos, when they were able to rest a bit, they would get together in the Stretiner Shul to warm and revive their exhausted bodies and souls by the fire of *kedusha* ignited by the Rebbe *zy" a*. The *tefillos* and *nigunim* of the Stretiner *nusach* and the *divrei Torah* at the *tish*, imbued them with the strength and vitality they needed to successfully meet the challenges of the upcoming week.

He told me that the time they spent in the rarefied atmosphere of the Stretiner Beis Medrash, elevated and extricated them from the secularism and rejection of *Yiddishkeit* that was prevalent in Toronto at that time. The homes and families of Torah that they built were all in the merit of the *kedusha* that they absorbed in Rav Moshe's *beis medrash*.

My grandmother *a" h* used to share an amazing story from her experiences in the first world war. When the war broke out, the *chasideim* first helped the Rebbe escape from the village of Kozova to the city of Lemberg. However, his Rebbetzin, *Harabanis Rivka Ruchama a" h*, and my grandmother who was the eldest daughter, had to escape separately with the young children.

When they got off of the train in Lemberg, they were met with chaos and confusion. Thousands of refugees from villages all over, had crowded into Lemberg. The Rebbetzin and her daughter stood there with the young children, without any idea of how they could reach their destination. In fact, they didn't even know where to go, because the *chasideim* had housed Rav Moshe in a secret location, in order to avoid drawing the attention of the government.

As they stood helplessly in the midst of the confusion, a carriage pulled up next to them. Surprisingly, they recognized the passenger. She was



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young woman who had worked as a maid in their home in Kozova years ago. The woman urged them to get into the carriage so that she could take them to the Rebbe. They quickly loaded their few belongings into the carriage, and the driver took them directly to the Rebbe's hiding place.

When they finally rested and calmed down a bit, they began to tell the Rebbe how they were miraculously aided by their former maidservant. However, as they recounted the story, they began to tremble with fear. They suddenly remembered that the young woman in the carriage had passed away some years ago!

They now realized that their experience was miraculous. Hashem had sent a *malach* of mercy in the guise of the maidservant, in order to save them in their time of need.



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