

A message from Rabbi Dr. David Nesenoff

As a Conservative rabbi for 20 years I had certainly attended my share of hospital visits and, in more severe situations, stood with the family alongside their loved one as he or she left this world. And that is why when my father lay in his hospital bed with hours remaining to his life I wanted my moment with him; and indeed, I knew the importance of that moment.

It was Saturday night and the doctors said he would most likely pass sometime the next day. And the conflict was in front of me. I was to officiate at a funeral that Sunday morning but I wanted to stay with my father. Every rabbi knows that often he has to bend to his flock prior to even his own family, but there is only one time when the soul leaves the body and I had been there for others; it just felt correct and fair that I should be there for my own beautiful father.

But the family who had already sustained their loss was counting on me and it seemed like the logistical choice to preside at the funeral and then rush back to the hospital, hopefully in time. As I drove to the graveside funeral that Sunday morning I kept wondering if my father was perhaps leaving this world at that very second and I was not there. The clock was ticking. I arrived at the Queens, New York cemetery and found the open grave, which was situated alongside the very edge of the grounds next to the fence on Francis Lewis Boulevard. Trying not to let the mourners realize that I was on borrowed time, I respectfully recited prayers; but my heart and head were miles away. I didn't want to rush, but I had to be efficient while being compassionate, as they deserved their sacred time as well.

Perhaps I didn't notice it right away because of all that was swirling through my mind, but just a few feet away was a tremendously large mass of human beings in a line. All types, looks, styles and ages stood there waiting; they were entering and exiting a small structure right there in the cemetery.

Although I was not involved with Chabad, I realized that this place was the grave of the Lubavitcher Rebbe. I knew that there had rested this master rabbi of Chabad who was very special and who with great wisdom and compassion, in his life, advised everyone from the homeless to heads of state. And now in his death he obviously continued to draw hundreds of souls waiting for a moment of his time.

I thought about all this while juggling the funeral psalms and sentences and the thought sustained in my mind about wanting to be with my father. The eulogies and interment finally concluded and although I am usually the last one to leave as everyone typically shmoozes their way back to the cars, I knew what I had to do; but something stopped me from fleeing.

I was drawn to the sight of the Rebbe's grave. When I was a teenager growing up on Long Island, I remember our Conservative synagogue's youth group had a field trip for a Shabbos in Brooklyn. At the time I really didn't know much about where we went, other than we were observing the day of rest in traditional homes and eating Sabbath foods. I remember seeing a noisy tumultuous room of black beards and hats come to a complete silent stand still as a white bearded man walked through an aisle that was instantaneously created by two walls of attentive, respectful men.

I also recall the memorable fun and interesting songs we sang that Shabbat afternoon, "Ufaratzta," "Ain't Gonna Work on Saturday," and "Little Bird." But why am I thinking about beards and "Ufaratzta"? I need to run to the car, jump in and race to the hospital.

I truthfully don't remember how it happened, but I found myself in that structure known as the Ohel where the Rebbe rests alongside his father-in-law, the previous Rebbe. People encircled the graves with their pleas and supplications; perhaps they were petitioning for health issues or business deals or brides to find grooms. My prayers for health had concluded the night before with the knowledge of the inevitable; I just wanted to be with my father when he passed from this world.

Even though the clock was still ticking, the sentiment of the very first of the seven Lubavitcher Rebbes is so true. Sometimes the long road gets you to your destination faster than the short trail, which will delay your journey. I took the time to place my tearful request.

Upon my arrival to the hospital my family was gathered around the bed and they all grabbed a well-deserved break from the difficult emotional moments they were experiencing; I found myself alone in the room with my father. Never have I witnessed such a dignified, noble, sacred exit of one's G-dly soul from this material world. The date was Tisha B'Av, the ninth of Av. Who could have thought that the most tragic day on the Jewish calendar could feel a little more pain?

My father had shown me how to walk and dance on this earth and I had the great merit and honor to learn from him how to step from this world as well.

And so the Rebbe from afar when I was a teenager, and then I experienced his compassionate blessings and warmth up close in the Ohel that very memorable Sunday. As a Chabad Jew today, I have continued to form a deep relationship with this Rebbe through literally the hundreds and hundreds of his beautiful Shluchim, emissaries, that I have visited on my speaking tours throughout the world.

My father, may he rest in peace, I am sure is proud to know that his grandson Adam and his granddaughter Shira are now Lubavitcher Chasidim; and that they both lead lives of true Yiddishkeit, as they pursue the Rebbe's directives to follow Torah and mitzvos, to conduct acts of kindness and to endeavor to transform darkness into light.

(Rabbi Dr. David Nesenoff is an internationally renowned speaker on Israel, anti-Semitism, Judaism, Chasidut and media. His popular website is DavidINSPIRES.com and his video interview exposing and expelling the anti-Semite Helen Thomas from the Washington Press Corps went viral and became global news. JNesenoff@gmail.com)



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זמני הדלקת הנרות

Candle Lighting Times for
New Albany, OH (Based on Zip Code
43054):
Shabbat Candle Lighting: 8:46 pm
Friday, Jun 26
Shabbat Ends: 9:54 pm
Shabbat, Jun 27
Torah Portion: **Chukat**



Schedule of Services

The Lori Schottenstein Chabad Center offers a full schedule of Shabbat services.

Come and be inspired for the rest of the week! For more information, please call us at 614-939-0765.

10 Tammuz 5775
Saturday, June 26, 2015

Morning Services: 9:30 a.m.

CKids - ages 5-12: 10:45 a.m.

Torah and Tea*: 10:00 a.m.
*this class is now Dedicated in Memory of Rashi Minkowitz, ob"m, a community leader, mother and Shlucha

Tot Shabbot for 4 and under: 11:00 a.m.

KIDDUSH - 12:00 pm

11 Tammuz, 5775
Sunday, June 27, 2015

Shachrit: 9:45 a.m.

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לוח מודעות

Upcoming Events

Thurs night Parsha class
Jul. 2, 2015 - 7:30 pm - 8:30 pm

[More Info »](#)

Thurs night Parsha class
Jul. 9, 2015 - 7:30 pm - 8:30 pm

[More Info »](#)

[View all upcoming events](#)

פרשת השבוע

Parshat Chukat

Moses is taught the laws of the **red heifer**, whose ashes purify a person who has been contaminated by contact with a dead body.

After **forty years** of journeying through the desert, the people of Israel arrive in the wilderness of **Zin**. **Miriam** dies, and the people thirst for **water**. G-d tells Moses to speak to a **rock** and command it to give water. Moses gets **angry** at the rebellious Israelites and **strikes** the stone. Water issues forth, but Moses is told by G-d that neither he nor Aaron will enter the Promised Land.

Aaron dies at Hor Hahar and is succeeded in the high priesthood by his son **Elazar**. Venomous snakes attack the Israelite camp after yet another eruption of discontent in which the people "speak against G-d and Moses"; G-d tells Moses to place a **brass serpent** upon a high pole, and all who will gaze heavenward will be healed. The people sing a **song** in honor of the miraculous well that provided them water in the desert.

Moses leads the people in battles against the Emorite kings **Sichon** and **Og** (who seek to prevent Israel's passage through their territory) and conquers their lands, which lie **east of the Jordan**.

Chabad Hebrew School
For more information:
www.chabadhs.org
Call 614-939-0765 or 614-578-9318 or email hebrewschool@chabadhs.org

מגזין שבועי

This Week @ www.ChabadColumbus.com

your questions
Why Don't Fish Need Shechitah?
Why is there a ritual way of slaughtering and preparing all kosher animals except for fish?

story
Risk and Rescue
"If you come again on behalf of your Jews, I will kill you!"

video
A Joint Effort
Stanley Abramowitz frequently traveled to North Africa on behalf of the Joint Distribution Committee, where he found himself working side by side with Chabad. Impressed, he decided to meet the man behind the operation. (1950s)

parshah
Why Do People Die for Judaism?
When he was being led, manacled, out of his home, the final words he addressed to his children were, "Dear children, dedicate your lives to that for which I am being arrested."

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Weekly Torah study
Please join us for "A Journey into the Soul of Torah", a weekly Torah study. The class will continue on Thursdays at 7:30 pm at The Lori Schottenstein Chabad Center. Open to all and free of charge.

Kiddush Sponsorship Opportunities Available
Looking for a meaningful way to recognize a special day? Consider sponsoring a Kiddush. For more information, please contact the Chabad office at 614-939-0765.