



A Letter From The Heart

I've never done this before, and so I'm not quite certain as to the correct procedure in addressing this letter. I suppose the individual who could best assist me in that would be Reb Levi Yitzchok of Berditchev.

But that Tzaddik is in a higher world now, probably pleading our case better than anyone on this lowly earth. But there are a few things I want to say — so, Aibishter, please listen.

Our history has not been an easy one. It wasn't easy for Avrohom Avinu; it wasn't even easy for his children or his Aineklach. That's not to say that our past isn't laden with Brocha and pleasant times.

But you know, Aibishter, it hasn't been easy. At Har Sinai you made us an offer. We know it meant a different lifestyle. We understood that having been rejected by the other nations this Torah would make us an eyesore. We perceived that keeping your Torah wouldn't be child's play. We understood all this and we embraced your Torah.

Countless generations have kept this Torah intact. Every generation encountered bitter hardships, and despite these hardships we kept your Torah. We glorified her, loved her; cherished her and we thanked you for her as we still do today — *everyday*. And then Aibishter you gave us yet another gift. The world needed chassidus and you allowed a dynasty of Tzadikim to spread its

teachings. Again, Rebono Shel Olam, it wasn't easy. Forgive me, Aibishter, if I say it was even hard. But chassidus grew and flourished. And its teachings and lessons poured out "L'chol Kitzvel Taivel". Literally. Jews the world over keep your Torah, do your Mitzvos, learn and teach Chassidus. Aibishter of course you give us the 'Koach' to do it; after all you and only you give us life. but *we do it*. And we do it joyously.

Look, Rebono Shel Olam — at our children. See how we teach them. Our children love Hashem, the Torah and the Mitzvos. Do you hear Itzik's Torah Tziva in the morning? And his bedtime songs. They are Nigunim, Aibishter. They awaken a love for Yiddishkeit in his little hertzeleh like nothing else can. And this is what we do, Aibishter. Every day. Day in, day out. With pleasure.

Some of us do more, some of us do less. But you don't have another Am Yisroel. There exists no other people in this universe — which you in your wisdom and goodness created, who believe in you, defer to you, and know beyond a shadow of a doubt that all good emanates from your heavenly seat.

So, Rebono Shel Olam, I'm writing to ask you a favour. I know that whatever you do is good. Chassidus teaches us that what we perceive as the opposite of good is actually good that comes from a very high source. I believe this and therefore accept with love that which I cannot understand. But Rebono Shel Olam you created us as humans, we serve you as humans, the Mitzvos you gave us can be done only by humans. And as simple and lowly humans, in flesh and blood — we've had enough. We're weary, Aibishter. This Golus is a bitter golus. It's not halmish. We're not comfortable here. "Epes" we don't belong.

How is it fitting, that a Yid should be broken? It's time to go home, Rebono Shel Olam. Our Rebbe is right — if we polish any more we'll wear out the kneplach.

Please, Aibishter this is a good year to make a finish *תהא שנה נסיים*.

How your name will be praised.

Please Rebono Shel Olam

Please!

Freida Rochel bas Esther