

Brick By Brick

FROM THEIR
DAUGHTERS' HEARTS

Mothers to Us, Mothers to Klal

We've attended their lectures, witnessed their *chessed*, read their books. From a distance we admired the magnificent edifices they built for *klal*.

Now, in *Binah Magazine*, we'll have the opportunity to "meet" those amazing women up close through the memories their daughters share with us.

Join us as their daughters speak from their hearts. And when they take us inside the homes in which they grew up, we'll see that it's the seemingly small stuff that builds true greatness, *one small brick* at a time.





Estie Florans

Always a Team

*Rebbetzin
Esther Jungreis, a”h*

Separate phone calls, similar questions, almost identical responses.

“When did you realize your mother was not a ‘regular’ mother?”

“But she *was* a regular mother!” Chaya Sora insists.

Then I speak to Slovie.

“Your mother flew in Air Force One with the president, was invited to the White House and spoke at the Republican National Convention. You do realize that that isn’t... *regular*?”

“Yes, *that* wasn’t regular. But what *was* regular was coming home to warm suppers every night...”

Mrs. Chaya Sora Gertzulin and Mrs. Slovie Wolff are the daughters of Rebbetzin Esther Jungreis, a”h.

Their mother was one of the most influential women of our time. Author¹, newspaper columnist², founder of a worldwide organization³, *shadchan*, *kiruv* pioneer, teacher... she was a prolific orator who lectured to diverse audiences all over the world from the most Torah observant to completely unaffiliated, including gentiles of varied backgrounds. She traversed military bases, visited prisons, stood behind political podiums,



Harav Meshulem HaLevi Jungreis, zt"l

reaching the furthest corners of the globe.

And she was a devoted wife, daughter, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother.

From center stage in Madison Square Garden to a chair at someone's bedside in a hospital room, no venue was too vast or too trivial for Rebbetzin Jungreis. For she did it all — the speaking, the writing, the counseling, the interviews — with one goal in mind... that of creating a *kiddush Hashem*.

It was a mission of *avodas hakodesh* involving the whole family.

And it was *for* the family.

The *mishpachah* of Klal Yisrael.



Ima was born in Szeged, Hungary, in 1936, to Harav Avraham HaLevi and Miriam Jungreis. At the time of her birth there were 85 Rabbanim and *Roshei Yeshivah* named Jungreis across Europe, all of them descendants of the same rabbinical dynasty.⁴

Ima knew from a young age that the only way to live was for others. As the daughter of the city's Rav, Ima watched her parents open their home to all, even risking their lives to save others.

Before the Nazi invasion, Jewish boys were conscripted into slave labor battalions, which often meant death. Szeged became a way station for the boys before being shipped off. Zeide, as the city's Rabbi, was permitted to visit these Jewish boys and was determined to save them. He discovered that a concoction of white paste made from soybeans and raw milk smeared on one's eyelids simulated the symptoms of a contagious eye infection and would thereby disqualify one from serving in the army.

Mama (as we called my grandmother) placed this concoction in small bags and sewed the bags into the lining of Ima's and her brother's coats. Ima, only five years old, and her older brother⁵ accompanied their father into the camp where the boys were being held. The guards inspected Zeide to ascertain that nothing was being smuggled, but the children weren't suspected. The children understood that what they were doing was illegal and dangerous — but knew unequivocally that there was no alternative.

For helping others *is* the only choice.

Prior to their own deportation, Ima's parents took the children to visit their paternal grandparents in Nadudvar, understanding that this would most likely



The Hineni building

and spoke regularly in shuls, yeshivos and college campuses. Interviewed frequently, her message was eloquently conveyed through a myriad of media

Shoresh

Our parents gave our grandparents the utmost *kavod*, raising us to give them a tremendous amount of *kavod* as well. We always thought that the way our parents treated our grandparents was the way *all* people treated parents and grandparents.

We children were given names for relatives lost in the Holocaust. This became our identity.

When Ima was filling out my birth certificate in the hospital and wrote "Slava Chana," the nurse peered at the paper and asked, "What's her name?"

"Slava Chana," Ima replied.

"You know," the nurse said, "I'll come back when you're feeling better. Maybe you had a difficult birth."

"Absolutely not," Ima said proudly. "This is the baby's name. Slava Chana."

Slava Chana was the name of Zeide's mother. Whenever I walked into my grandparents' house Zeide's eyes would light



Harav Avraham HaLevi Jungreis, zt"l, *bentching* great-grandson, Yosef Dov Gertzulin.

up with love. "Slava Chana! *Mayn princhessa...* my princess!"

I'd bend my head down to receive his *brachah* — and whenever he *bentched* me, I felt his hot tears. But I understood. Those tears were tears of pain for what he lost and tears of joy for what he has. I felt enveloped in a shelter of safety, security and love while simultaneously understanding that I have a charge, to live for those for whom we were named, to do for those who could no longer do. Not with a sense of guilt but with a sense of mission and pride, that you are here in this world because you have something important to do and accomplish.

We didn't have a lot of "things." But, we had a *shoresh* and love, and it is these scenes of our childhood that reverberate in my mind... Ima tearfully asking *mechilah* from her parents before Yom Kippur, all of us lined up to kiss Zeide's hand and receive his *brachos*, Ima escorting her elderly parents — walking slowly, honored to be accompanying them.

**BY POPULAR DEMAND!
NOW FOR WOMEN!**

The highly acclaimed
Chinuch workshop
now in English
for the very
first time!

C.L. Rudman | Bimah

CLASSES GIVEN BY

**RABBI
SHIMON
GRUEN**

These classes will enable you to truly understand each and every one of your children through assessing their natural personality and inherent characteristics, enabling you to bring out the best in them, while avoiding struggles and miscommunications.

"If only the previous generation of parents and educators would have known what Rabbi Gruen teaches, I believe very much pain, suffering, and difficulties could have been easily avoided."

Rabbi Chaim Glancz,
Co-founder & Director of Our Place

Hundreds of References

Leha'ir classes are
בהמלצת חר"ג
ר' מנחם פישער שליט"א
דומ"ץ וייען מאנסי

RECOMMENDED FOR

- Parents of children of all ages
- Rebbes and teachers
- Therapists
- Mentors and Tutors

PROGRAM DETAILS AND FEATURES

- Options available for telephone or online access to all classes & features
- Questions & Answers to make sure the material is understood properly
- Clear and concise handbook with synopsis of all material covered
- MP3s of all 10 classes at the end of the course

PROGRAM FEE: \$325

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Call now to reserve your spot
718-256-0454



Program Begins: January 4, 2017

be their final goodbye. Enveloped in love and security as she sat on her Zeide Yisroel's knees, Ima was oblivious to the storm clouds hovering over Hungary's Jewry.

Suddenly, she became terribly frightened. *Why is the Zeide weeping?*

Ima's father took her hand and led her outside.

The snow covering the ground was deep. Zeide walked ahead of Ima, deliberately forming footsteps in the snow, carving out a path in which Ima could place her own little feet. "Do you know why I walked ahead of you?" he asked Ima when she reached him.

"Of course, Tatte," Ima replied. "So I could follow in your footsteps and not fall."

someone else's face.

That message, that she had a duty to give to others, to live for others, to follow in the footsteps of her *zeides* and *bubbas* while carving out footsteps for the generations still to come, became the mission statement of her life.

Following years of suffering, Ima, her parents and brothers arrived in 1947 in the United States, settling in a basement apartment in East Flatbush. Determined to rekindle *Yiddishkeit* in America, Zeide instructed Ima and her brothers to gather the neighborhood children who were Jewish, but knew little about *Yiddishkeit*, to join the family for the Shabbos *seudah*. Zeide never left the house without a pocketful of lollipops and candy. He'd request the Jewish children to recite a *brachah* before giving them the candy and always asked them their Jewish names. Although only a child herself, Ima followed her parents' example, also teaching the children to say *brachos* and to take pride in their Jewish names.

Zeide opened a shul, but realized that to combat the ignorance about *Yiddishkeit*, it was necessary to establish a yeshiva in an area where Jewish children would most likely attend public school. So Zeide established Yeshiva Ateres Yisroel in Canarsie.

Ima attended Bais Yaakov High School in Williamsburg. When she graduated, she spent two years in Eretz Yisrael, studying and teaching.

While still a young teen, Ima's fifth cousin, our father, came into the family's lives. In Europe, the distant relatives had never met, but after the war, he sought out the cousins living in America with whom he shared a surname.⁶ Our uncle recalls how apprehensive the brothers were before meeting Abba for the first time. He had lost his father before the war; his mother and four siblings were murdered by the Nazis. Only he and one brother survived after suffering through the concentration camps. They expected a depressed man...

But when he entered their apartment, he immediately lit up the room with his laughter and joyous outlook on life. He had a wonderful sense of humor and wholesomeness, a deep contentment along with a *lev tov* — a heart of gold.

When Ima was ready to enter *shidduchim*, her parents said, "Why should we look elsewhere? We know a *bachur* related to us, who is a *talmid chacham* with exceptional *middos* and a wonderful *simchas hachaim*."

Ima always said about Abba, "*Kishmo, ken hu* — he is as his name, Meshulam, meaning *shalem*... complete."

From the beginning of their marriage in 1955, they were a team.



The illustrious family tree of Rebbetzin Esther Jungreis, a"h.

"That's why the Zeide is crying," Ima's father explained. "We are living through difficult times and the days ahead are going to be rough. But each tear that the Zeide sheds is going to make it easier for you to tread through those difficulties.

"Because with each of those tears, with each of his *tefillos* and learning, he is *also* carving a path for you to follow..."

In the darkness of Bergen-Belsen, Zeide exhorted Ima to bring light into the world by putting a smile on her face, which would then bring a smile onto

Tuvia

There are loads of stories demonstrating Rebbetzin Jungreis taking that first, seemingly impossible step, and then with remarkable hashgachah pratis and teamwork, a huge kiddush Hashem unfolds. Here's one.

After one of Ima's Hineni classes, a young man approached her, introducing himself as Tommy. Ima asked Tommy her usual question. "What's your Hebrew name?"

"I don't have a Hebrew name," he responded.

"I hope you don't mind, but I must ask you a personal question. Did you ever have a *bris*? You know," Ima explained softly, "if you didn't have a *bris*, we have to question whether you are Jewish."

"I never had a *bris*, but my mother is Jewish," Tommy insisted. "She arranged a circumcision for me in the hospital."

"You know what, Tommy," Ima told him, the concern evident in her voice, "I have a son, Rabbi Osher, who learns in yeshiva. He will learn with you and we will arrange for you to have a *bris* and receive your Hebrew name."

Ima suggested that Tommy's new name should be Tuvia.

Tommy had gone to Hineni because someone had told him that since he is Jewish, he owes it to himself to find out about his religion. After attending classes and meeting Ima, he was hooked. He followed her advice and began learning with our brother at Yeshiva Chaim Berlin on Coney Island Avenue.

The learning was going well, and Tommy/Tuvia was willing to have the *bris*... but *not yet*.

One day when they finished learning, our brother suggested that the two of them go across the street to Tiferes Stam Judaica Center and inquire about purchasing a set of *tefillin*. As they browsed, author and *mohel* Rabbi Paysach Krohn entered the store.

Our brother introduced Tommy/Tuvia to Rabbi Krohn, informing him that Tuvia needed a *bris*.

"You know what?" Rabbi Krohn said, "I have all my *bris* equipment in the car. I'll go get it, and we'll do the *bris* in the store right now!"

Our brother immediately ran to the supermarket down the block to get some cake, then to a nearby schnapps store to purchase a bottle for a *l'chaim*. Tiferes Stam's doors were closed. They proceeded to a back room and the *bris* was completed, with Tommy officially becoming Tuvia.

How appropriate that that week's *parashah* was *Parashas Shemos*! The *passuk* says "*Vateireh oso ki tov* (when she saw that he was good...)," Yocheved hid him for three months. We learn from the *Midrash* that Moshe was originally called Tuvia⁹ and it was only after he was drawn from the Nile by Basyah that he was renamed Moshe.

Tuvia's connection to *Yiddishkeit* grew. He became engaged to a terrific girl. At the wedding, an aunt of Tuvia's approached Ima. "I must ask you a question. How did you know that Grandpa's Hebrew name was Tuvia?"

Rent Me!

CAMERA RENTALS



Going on
Vacation?
Need good
memories?

Making
Bar Mitzvha
or a
Simcha?

Making your own
Photography
pictures?

Don't
have
a camera?

Is your
camera being
Repaired?

Need a
camera
asap?

Having a
special
occasion?

It's things you
CAN'T REPEAT
so don't regret it
and rent a professional
camera today!

Capture Your
Chanukah
Memories...
Reserve Your
Camera
Today!



WE RENT ALL KINDS OF CAMERAS-
BASIC TO PROFESSIONAL

☎ 718.490.2917

✉ 4902917@GMAIL.COM

Having emerged from the blackness of the Holocaust, where so many family members perished, they were determined not to remain silent in the face of the spiritual Holocaust taking place before them. They set out together to plant seeds of *Yiddishkeit* and together, they nurtured those seeds, watched them sprout and flourish.

A few years after their wedding, Abba and Ima established Congregation Ohr Torah in North Woodmere. Today, North Woodmere has a huge *frum* community, but at that time, we were the only religious family there. Abba's shul was Orthodox but the congregants were not *frum* or knowledgeable about *Yiddishkeit*.

Abba was the Rabbi and Ima the Rebbetzin, but it

davening, often staying with us for the *seudah*. On Pesach, we had a long, extended table, with my parents always making sure that all the *almanos* in the community joined us.

I [Chaya Sora] vividly remember coming home from school on Friday afternoons and being greeted

For our parents, it wasn't a job, it was their life! Kiruv isn't only about "teaching" people about *Yiddishkeit*. It is about bringing people close to Hakadosh Baruch Hu wherever you are and whatever level you're at.



At the HINENI Yamim Nora'im program, which each year attracts several hundred *baalei teshuvah* (L-R): Rabbi Shlomo Gertzulin, Rabbi Yisroel Jungreis and Rabbi Osher Jungreis.

was never 'Abba does his thing and Ima has her separate *avodas hakodesh*.' We always felt that everything our parents did, they did as a team. They shared a vision and you sensed a tremendous *shalom* from that common focus.

For our parents, it wasn't a job, it was their life! *Kiruv* isn't only about "teaching" people about *Yiddishkeit*. It is about bringing people close to *Hakadosh Baruch Hu* wherever you are and whatever level you're at.

In the beginning, Mama and Ima prepared the weekly *kiddush* for the shul. Later on, as the shul grew, the sisterhood arranged it under our parents' guidance. Many people gravitated to our home after

by that familiar chicken soup aroma mingled with a roast baking in the oven — and someone from the shul sitting in the kitchen and shmoozing with Ima. Everyone knew that the Rebbetzin's kitchen was always open to them.

Each Friday night, Abba *bentched* us and so did Ima, with Ima's *brachos* lasting at least five minutes ... a different individual message each week to each of us, zeroing in on whatever needs we had at the time.

Brachos played a huge part of our lives. As little children, Ima regularly took us to visit Zeide and Mama, and Ima would ask them for *brachos* for every occasion. For example, before the first day of school we'd always go to ask for a *brachah* to be *matzliach* for the school year. Whatever we faced in life, our grandparents' and parents' *brachos* accompanied us.

Just as Ima took us to our grandparents for *brachos*, Ima brought her students — whom she treated like her own children — to our grandparents in order that they, too, should receive their *brachos*.

As the children of the Rabbi and Rebbetzin, we saw up close how our parents took someone else's *tzaros* and made them their own. Upon returning home from shul Rosh Hashanah, we never began the *seudah* immediately. Together, our parents figured out who had been missing from shul. *Is she sick? Did something happen to him?*

Abba would then go to each missing person's home to make sure everyone was all right. Sometimes we accompanied him. He blew the *shofar* for whoever had missed it, and ascertained that no one

was alone for the *seudah*, inviting them to join our family. That feeling of *achrayus* and *areivus* spread to us children.

We had *frum* school friends, but our neighborhood friends did not come from religious families. Even as young children we understood that we must set an example for other children.

One Friday night after Ima *bentched licht*, there was a knock on the door. Kevin, our five-year-old brother Oshie's friend, stood by the doorway with his housekeeper.

"Hello," Ima said.

"Hello," responded Kevin. "I was wondering if you could teach my housekeeper how to do the Shabbos candles because Oshie was telling me about it, but my mother is never home..."

After that Kevin became a steady guest at our Shabbos table.

Shabbos is a gift! *Yiddishkeit* is a gift! And as part of the "team" we knew we had to share this gift. Even at age five.

When jelly apples were given out to all the children in the shul on Simchas Torah, if there weren't enough for everyone — guess who didn't get? The Rabbi's kids.

But that was fine with us, because we knew — you give to others. You give your time, your chair, your jelly apple. This is part of who you are. *I am the Rabbi's daughter. I am the Rabbi's son. I have a mission.* We never felt that we were missing out or resentful of our parents' time, because they gave us their time. Neither Ima nor Abba *ever* said to us, "We're too busy." We were included in everything because we were part of the team.

Even our grandparents were part of the team. Zeide and Mama were called "Zeide" and "Mama" by everyone because they were *everyone's* Zeide and Mama!

Whenever we approached Mama's house, a delightful aroma floated through the doorway. When sleeping over, we'd hear the clanking of pots and pans at 4 a.m. and we knew Mama was up preparing something delicious.

But she didn't just bake for us. She baked for everyone!

For Purim, Mama prepared hundreds of *cherugers* (fried cookie dough sprinkled with confectioner's sugar) and other delicacies, and then packed them carefully into huge metal containers. We children went with Abba to pick them up from Mama and bring them to our house — after Zeide, of course, heaped *brachos* upon us. Then Ima would assemble over 200 *mishloach manos* packages, filling them with

Ima would assemble over 200 *mishloach manos* packages. We helped Ima wrap them up, and enclose a Purim card from our family.

Go ahead. Take a bite.



State of the art
implants at a price
you can afford:

\$1,695

INCLUDING IMPLANT, POST AND CROWN

Dr. Howard J. Kurland is a highly skilled dentist with years of experience in implant dentistry who can restore your ability to eat and smile comfortably. Make an appointment for a consultation. You'll be surprised at how affordable single or full mouth implants are, all performed in a soothing and tranquil environment. **Best of all, Dr. Kurland's dental implants won't cost a fortune.**

 HOWARD J. KURLAND

EXCEPTIONAL DENTAL SERVICES

718-596-4242 717 WYTHE AVE. KURLANDDENTAL.COM

SUNDAY & EVENING HOURS PAYMENT PLANS AVAILABLE

GLOBAL VISION 718-431-0100

Mama's pastries and grape juice. We helped Ima wrap them up, and enclose a Purim card from our family.

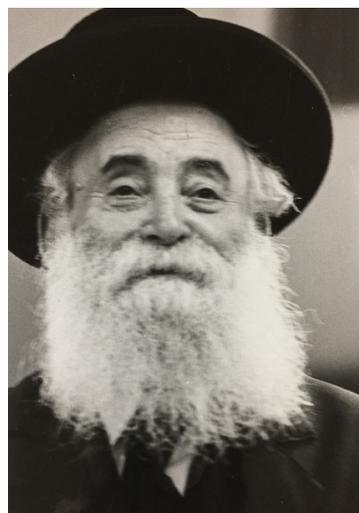
We'd take out the shul membership list and pile into the car. Abba, Ima and us kids made the rounds throughout the day delivering *mishloach manos* packages and heartfelt words.

"What is this?" the recipients often asked, puzzled but happy. No one even knew what Purim was at that time.

Abba gave classes to the men, but realizing that education begins with the children, Ima began a Tiny Tots program at the shul for the youngsters. The preteen boys received bar mitzvah lessons, but the girls needed spiritual nourishment too. So, Ima invited the girls to our house and would tell them Torah stories in our kitchen while simultaneously tending to the little ones and doing her housework.

As families became *shomrei Torah u'mitzvos*, Abba would go to their homes to *kasher* their kitchens. Ima sent me [Chaya Sora] along with the mother of the house to A&P to help her stock her kitchen with kosher foods and ingredients, since looking for a *hechsher* was an unfamiliar skill.

Shabbos preparations that we take for granted had to be taught, like putting a tablecloth on the Shabbos table, placing two *challos*



Harav Avraham HaLevi Jungreis, zt"l

listeners. Word spread, and Ima was asked to speak in other shuls, with one speech leading to another. Before long, with Abba's encouragement, Zeide's *brachos* and Mama's babysitting, Ima was speaking all over!

When we were younger and Ima lectured out of town, she always made sure to return home at the crack of dawn, taking the red-eye flight when necessary. We never woke up in the morning with Ima not there. When Ima started her column in *The Jewish Press*, she wrote her articles at the kitchen table while stirring the dinner pot, and during Hineni's early years, the office was our dining room table.

Our home was Ima's classroom. Ima didn't just teach; she brought people into our home and into our lives, enveloping her students with love and embracing them as full members of our family. It was never, "I'll teach you and now you're on your own." As a result, we have so many siblings!

When Ima brought Sara* home, Sara was still enamored with the cult to which she'd fallen victim. But Ima brought her home anyway — even though it was a few days before Pesach. In Ima's inimitable way, she convinced Sara to burn her cult paraphernalia along with the *chametz*. Sara became my [Chaya Sora] roommate and dear friend.

During the summers, Ima was invited to speak at various hotels in the Catskills. Ima agreed to go only if accommodations were provided for the whole family, our grandparents included.

On the way up to the country as we approached the toll booth, Abba made sure to drive directly to the booth that had a person collecting the money, as opposed to the ones with the automatic machines.

"Abba, we have exact change. Why not go on the shorter line?" we'd ask.

"Because saying thank you and wishing a good day can only be done with a person," Abba responded. "And whenever possible we must look for opportunities to make a *kiddush Hashem*."

During the summer of 1972, we stayed at the Pine View Hotel, where Ima lectured on a daily basis. On *Shabbos Parashas Eikev*, our brother Yisroel had his bar mitzvah. As Ima spoke about the *parashah*, she recalled the story about her Zeide's tears in Nadudvar and her father's explanation about footsteps in the

Shabbos preparations that we take for granted had to be taught, like putting a tablecloth on the Shabbos table, placing two challos at its head — and it was our job to teach them.

at its head — and it was our job to teach them.

Soon Ima began giving more Torah classes in Abba's shul. She was a bright, educated woman whose oratory skills and passionate delivery inspired

Great-Granddaughter Miriam Bistricher (age 12) shares:

Bubba always told me that I was very special to her because I am the oldest great-grandchild and also because I am named after her mother. I was able to attend the Hineni dinner and other things that the younger kids couldn't go to.

Bubba always remembered all of our birthdays. When the grandchildren gathered in the house, Bubba always made sure to have a birthday cake for all the children whose birthdays were that month. We received a *brachah* for our birthday.

She had a huge garage stocked with tons of toys, dolls, trucks and jewelry-making kits, and every time one of us went to the house, Bubba gave us a toy!

I always knew that Bubba was a very brave person and that there aren't so many people out there like her, and that she was unusual in the best possible way. She always had time for everything and everyone!

snow. She then told her audience, "My grandfather, whose name was Yisroel, was murdered in Auschwitz, but my son Yisroel, the bar mitzvah boy, carries his name. Names are a link in the chain..."

Ima spoke about the generation that perished during the Holocaust and how, sadly, due to ignorance about Judaism and negative influences on college campuses, a spiritual Holocaust was taking place across America, with so many Jewish souls becoming lost forever.

After that speech, people approached her: "You have to do something about this!"

And thus, through incredible *hashgachah pratis*, *tefillah* and the efforts of countless individuals, Madison Square Garden was booked for a "Jewish Event" to be held on November 18, 1973, with the aim of reawakening Jewish souls.

Before that monumental gathering (which led to Hineni's "official" inauguration), Zeide took Ima to the Satmar Rebbe, *zy"ta*, Harav Moshe Feinstein, *zt"l*, and Harav Yosef Eliyahu Henkin, *zt"l*, where she received their *brachos* and encouragement. Ima also contacted numerous schools and yeshivos requesting that they set up booths in the Garden's lobby presenting various *mitzvos*, where literature and questions about *Yiddishkeit* could be addressed by the many who attended and wanted to find out more. The long-anticipated night came, and thousands of people packed Madison Square Garden for this Jewish awakening.



*Make your
family history
part of your
family library.*

At Dor V'Dor Legacies we help unlock the past and open new chapters, transforming your memories into the written word. The quintessential heirloom.

Because every family's story should last forever.

Estie Florans, noted author and Binah columnist can write your story



**CREATING PERSONAL BIOGRAPHICAL LEGACIES
WITH ESTIE FLORANS**

Personal Biographies • Memoirs • Tribute Books • Corporate Histories
www.dorvдорlegacies.com • estie@dorvдорlegacies.com
(646) 847 - VDOR (8367)

I [Chaya Sora] was in eleventh grade during that memorable Madison Square Garden speech and I remember the way Ima began as the spotlight zeroed in on her: “You are a Jew...”

Sitting in the audience was the Consul General of Israel. He contacted Ima, requesting that she go to Eretz Yisrael to speak to the soldiers. As word spread that Rebbetzin Jungreis would be coming to Israel in June, more speaking engagements were arranged, with a lineup of lectures planned throughout the country.

Ima invited me to join her.

But that June I had four Regents exams — Chemistry, Trigonometry, English Literature and French — all scheduled to take place as soon as I’d return from the trip. “I’d love to go, Ima, but there’s too much going on,” I said, certain that Ima would be proud of my studiousness. “I have to study, so I can’t go.”

“Is this the girl I raised?” Ima was visibly upset. “I raised a daughter to have *ahavas Eretz Yisrael*... to be there for her People, her Nation.”

Of course, I quickly changed my mind. I’d go, take along my Regents review books, study in the evenings.

And of course, I didn’t open one book while I was there.

I accompanied Ima all over Eretz Yisrael, giving *chizuk* and strengthening *Yiddishkeit* wherever she went. The more she spoke, the more the requests kept pouring in.

Abba encouraged Ima to stay on longer to help more people. I took my return flight as scheduled. Alone.

I sat on my seat in the plane, opened one of my review books, and burst into tears. *Regents are beginning tomorrow. There’s no way I’ll pass!*

So I studied a bit, said some *Tehillim*, and eventually dozed off. When the plane landed and I entered the airport terminal, I was greeted by newspaper headlines saying that nine of the Regents exams were being canceled.

I didn’t have to take *any* Regents that year!

Ima always went to parent-teacher conferences. Abba always studied with me [Slovie] — elucidating the *Kli Yakars* and making them so much clearer for me. Whenever I’d bring my report card home, the first thing Ima did was check the *middos* and behavior. “I’m not interested in marks,” she’d say. “I want to know how your *middos* are.”

When Ima went with me [Slovie] for my interview for Bais Yaakov Intensive Seminary, we couldn’t walk three steps without people stopping us. “We are going for my

daughter’s seminary interview, so please excuse us,” Ima said. Ima always gave everyone attention, but right then, her daughter went first.

That was something we all knew unequivocally. As much as Ima had *mesirus nefesh* for the *klal*, there was *mesirus nefesh* for the family. Because for our parents, nothing was more important than us *kinderlach*.

One summer when I [Slovie] was in Camp Hedvah and had one of the main roles in the major play, I couldn’t believe it when the curtains opened for the first performance. There, sitting in the front row, was Ima!

She could have had a million excuses not to attend. But I will never forget that extra love she showed me by being there.

Ima encouraged us to call her when we knew we were soon to give birth, so she could *daven* for us. And years later, our own children continued to do the same. It didn’t matter what time of the day or night it was, but before any of our children went to the hospital to give birth, they’d call her to *daven*.

Every time we gave birth, Ima came to



Harav Meshulem HaLevi Jungreis, zt'l, giving a shiur from his ancestor's sefer "Menuchas Osher"

That was something we all knew unequivocally. As much as Ima had *mesirus nefesh* for the *klal*, there was *mesirus nefesh* for the family. Because for our parents, nothing was more important than us *kinderlach*.

the hospital straightaway. Even when her grandchildren gave birth and even if they gave birth in Eretz Yisrael, somehow Ima was always the first one there⁷. It was the greatest *nachas* for her. She’d bring a robe for the new mother, a layette for the baby, a salad...

We never had a baby nurse when we had our newborns, but went home to Ima with our babies. The diapers would be piled up, ready for our arrival, along with creams and baby shampoo. Ima always gave the newborns their first bath.

I [Slovie] will never forget the way Ima held my six-

Somehow, Ima, a woman who came to this country as a child refugee with a strong accent, managed to articulate with brilliance and with a high vocabulary the message of kiddush Hashem wherever she went.

week-old baby, ill with bronchitis, near the steaming shower each night, singing and rocking her, the sweat pouring down Ima's face. Ima's care enabled us to keep newborn Shaindy from being hospitalized!

Our parents constantly did so much for us, giving us a feeling of security and comfort, and we always had tremendous love and awe for our parents. Even after marriage, we were still very much a part of our parents' home. Abba was called Abba Zeide by the grandchildren — because he was a Zeide who was an Abba! Ima prepared whatever the *einiklach* wanted. They, too, received tremendous love and attention from our parents.

Whenever we visited our parents with our children they'd stop whatever they were doing to warmly and enthusiastically welcome us.

I can still see it in my mind's eye... Abba, busy learning, hearing us enter. He'd rush over to the top of the staircase, a huge smile spread across his face, his arms opening wide. "Aah, the *kinderlach* are here!"

Abba went to every kindergarten graduation of his *einiklach*. As the chaplain of the Nassau County Police Department, he was often invited to various ceremonies and always took his proud grandchildren along. It was very exciting for them to meet the commissioner and the policemen.

Ima, too, utilized opportunities to give the grandchildren different kinds of learning experiences. When Ima was invited to give the Holocaust Memorial Address to the American armed forces at Fort Hood, Texas, Ima agreed to go only if she could bring her grandsons along.

Friday nights at Abba Zeide and Bubba's home, all the cousins would quickly get into pajamas, Abba Zeide would sing *Shema* and *Hamalach Hagoel*, and then it was time for Bubba to tell stories.

Ima shared stories about the Zeides and Bubbas from both Jungreis sides and stories about growing up during the Holocaust. They weren't frightening stories... Ima told her "footsteps" story, her famous "Shabbos *malach*" story... and

THE GREATEST GIFT FOR CHANUKAH

...and all year round.



BONUS FUN PACK!

DVD + FREE COLORING BOOK + KARAOKE CD!*

*Download

Available in stores or watch online today!



www.MendyMusic.com

by **MORAH MUSIC**™

the children's eyes grew wide. They, too, felt that *shoresh* of where they came from... and the *emunah* and *bitachon* that no matter what darkness you might go through, Hashem loves and takes care of you.

Indeed, when Abba was *niftar* 20 years ago, it could have been a dark time for Ima. Our parents had been so supportive of each other. Whenever Ima made a speech and people came over afterward, Abba lit up the room with his huge smile as he proudly said, "And I am the husband of Rebbetzin Jungreis."

At the beginning, my [Chaya Sora] husband and brother took turns going to the shul and being the Rav. But the shul really needed a full-time Rav, so after a year, a Rav was hired, and Ima moved to Lawrence, where she gave a *shiur* every *Shabbos Mevorchim* in Agudath Israel of Long Island, in Far Rockaway. Ima lived a block away from me [Slovie] and joined my family for the *Shabbos seudos*. The children knew, when saying *divrei Torah* at the *Shabbos* table, that they had to really understand what they shared. Bubba knew every *passuk*, remembered every quote.

Ima continued giving classes at Hineni, helping people find their soulmates and helping people find their souls, while inspiring audiences all over the world. Somehow, Ima, a woman who came to this country as a child refugee with a strong accent, managed to articulate with brilliance and with a high vocabulary the message of *kiddush Hashem* wherever she went.

Ima cherished every moment of life as an opportunity to accomplish. She never wasted time and never gave up. I never heard her complain, *kvetch* or say anything was too difficult.

Often, after a class or lecture, Ima would be surrounded by people, all wanting to speak with her. Somehow, Ima knew how to handle it all without feeling overwhelmed. She'd speak to one person, giving that person full attention, full eye contact, while at the same time, Ima held another person's hand, letting her know, "Don't worry, you're next..."

Every Friday, Ima received around 100 phone calls. No, I'm not exaggerating. And no, I don't know how she managed to speak to so many people or how Ima did everything.

She had amazing *kochos* that were obviously a unique gift from Hashem. Ima hardly slept, and was able to get away with two or three hours of sleep at night, even when she got older. Ima would say, "I sleep fast."

And no, she didn't nap during the day either.

If Ima sat down "to relax," it was with a *Tehillim* or a *Chumash*. Or she called someone who she knew needed *chizuk*. *Who didn't make it to the Chumash class this week? Is she feeling okay?* Ima could look at a person and know what pain the person was feeling, what solace and *chizuk* was needed, whatever the challenge might be.

And when I [Chaya Sora] needed *chizuk*, Ima was

there for me too.

Ten years ago, my granddaughter Aliza was born with Down syndrome. I foresaw the difficulties my children would face. I cried.

Until Ima called me.

"Imagine you are preparing for a guest," Ima said. "You tidy the house, set the table beautifully and fix everything up as you wait excitedly for the guest's arrival. Finally, the day comes.

"There's a knock on the door. You open the door and you see the guest. 'What!' you exclaim in shock, 'You're my guest? You're not the guest I expected.'

"The guest at the door says, 'Please! Let me in! I traveled nine long months to get here.'

"Your guest stands there, waiting for you to say, 'Baruch haba! Please come inside!'

"You welcome the guest. And you find out that this is the best guest you could have ever asked to host..."

That's my Aliza. No one gives me such delicious wet, mushy kisses like Aliza or greets me when I enter a room with the same enthusiastic, "Bubby! Bubby!"

I owe that inspiration and *chizuk* to Ima.

When Ima became ill, she was full of acceptance. "Yissurim shel ahavah... This is what Hashem wants from me."

Ima kept pushing herself until the end. Still giving classes, still giving *brachos* and still inspiring others.

Ima spent this past Shavuot together with us and one of our married daughters. My four-year-old granddaughter said to Ima, "Bubba, will you come visit me? If you come to visit me, I'll make you an apple kugel."

Ima agreed to go to visit little Miriam the next Sunday.

But that next Sunday, it was pouring. I tried to convince Ima to stay home.

Ima insisted on visiting little Miriam. "If I make a

If Ima sat down "to relax," it was with a *Tehillim* or a *Chumash*. Or she called someone who she knew needed *chizuk*.

promise to a little girl, I must keep my word. Children should know that they can rely on a Bubba."

So despite having to travel from Lawrence to Flatbush, Ima went. Despite having to use a walker and traverse a street flooded with ankle-deep water, Ima went. "A child should see that a Bubba keeps her word..."

Ima, who gave *brachos* with such joy, was *niftar*

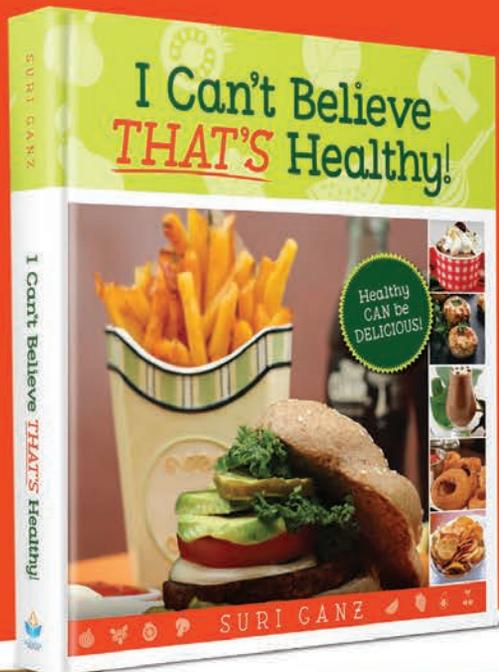
JUDAICA PRESS PROUDLY PRESENTS



I Can't Believe THAT'S Healthy!

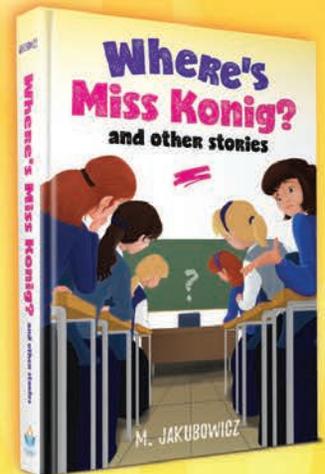
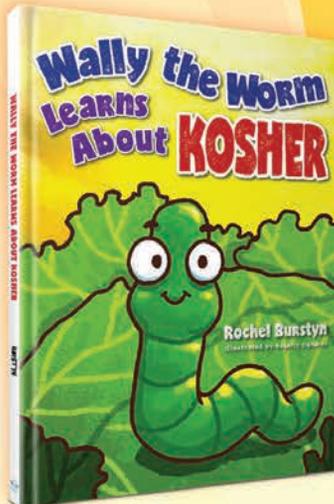
Who says healthy food can't taste good?

FINALLY, a kosher cookbook that gives you both — great-tasting recipes that are great for your health, too! **Suri Ganz** — a veteran personal fitness trainer and expert chef — poured her years of experience and creativity into this amazing collection of recipes, and now they are yours to enjoy!



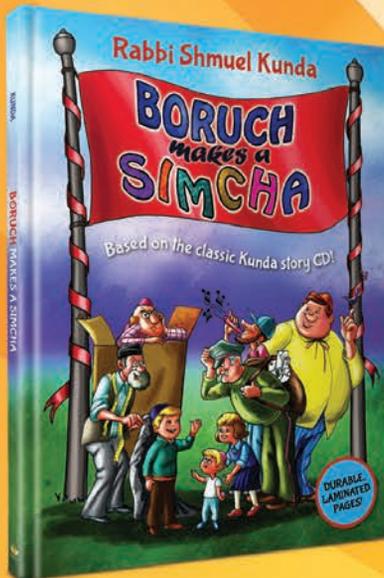
WALLY THE WORM LEARNS ABOUT KOSHER

Cute little Wally the Worm learns about something we all need to know!



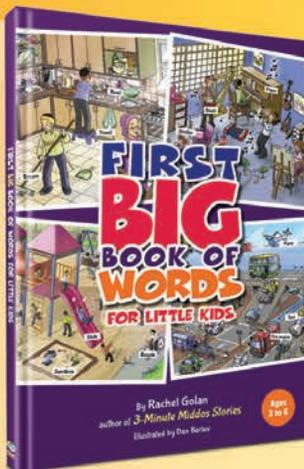
WHERE'S MISS KONIG? AND OTHER STORIES

38 fabulous stories by popular author M. Jakubowicz!



RABBI SHMUEL KUNDA'S BORUCH MAKES A SIMCHA

Join Boruch as he shows us what real simcha is all about, in this adorable new book based on the classic recording by R' Kunda, 5771.



FIRST BIG BOOK OF WORDS FOR LITTLE KIDS

Perfect for bedtime ... or anytime! Hours of interactive fun! From the author of the **3-Minute Middos** series!

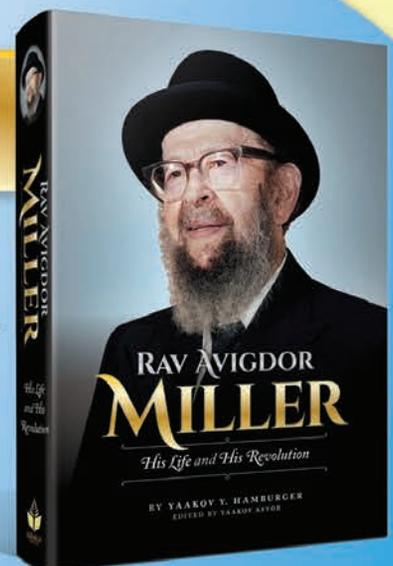
AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL JUDAICA STORE OR AT JUDAICAPRESS.COM / 800-972-6201

Now in its 2nd large printing!

RAV AVIGDOR MILLER

His Life and His Revolution

Get ready to be inspired by the biography that has touched thousands!



during the week of *Shabbos Mevorchim*. Even when she was so sick in the hospital, she loved *bentching* others. In fact, Ima had a *frum* nurse who was an older single. Two days before Ima was *niftar*, she *bentched* this girl with the last of her *kochos*.

On the day of Ima's *sheloshim*, that girl became a *kallah*.

Indeed, Ima's *tefillos* and *brachos* extended to everyone, because to Ima, everyone was *mishpachah* and *mishpachah* was everything...

Before each of us walked down to the *chuppah*, Abba reminded us that all the *Zeides* and *Bubbas* are going to be there to greet us. "Know that they will always be there for you, *davening* for you. You don't ever have to be afraid." And so, every relative — even distantly related — tried to attend every *chasunah*. After all, all the *Zeides* and *Bubbas* from past generations would be present.

Whenever we celebrated a family *simchah*, Ima arrived schlepping a shopping bag filled with *sefarim* authored by her ancestors and placed them on the table for all the children and grandchildren to see. "More important than people knowing

This spiritual inheritance of sharing the beauty of *Yiddishkeit* is as much a part of us as the color of our hair and eyes. But it takes many people to fill Ima's shoes.

Ima spoke to everyone, FFB, BT and not yet BT, *chassidish*, *yeshivish*, *litvish*, Sephardic. The same speech with a diverse audience, yet, somehow Ima's message penetrated the heart of each listener.

"Imagine we are all at the ball game," Ima often said. "The stands are filled with a cheering crowd. But there are no players on the field. So whom are we cheering for if there is no team for whom to cheer?"

"*Yiddishkeit* is not a spectator sport where we sit out on the sidelines. We must all become team players!"

That's how we were raised. Our parents were a team, we were part of the team, the past and future generations are also part of that team. No one should ever have to make a separation between what they "do" and who they are; it should be unequivocally clear to our children that I am who I am and I live what I am — and you, dear child, *are a part of it*.

Because when a mother makes her children part of the team, then everyone comes out a winner.

And an exceptional mother could be regular. ●

"Yiddishkeit is not a spectator sport where we sit out on the sidelines. We must all become team players!"

where you come from, *you* should remember where you come from."

They came from greatness, but we saw only *anivus* in our parents. Nothing was too small for them to do. Not for a baby, child or elderly person — whether toward a family member or a complete stranger.

Because *everyone* was family.

There are so many stories we are aware of, but there are probably even more stories, of people made to feel like family — *whom Ima truly considered family* — caring for them and advising them, as an Ima.

During Ima's *levayah*, a man sat outside the shul, sobbing hysterically. "What was your connection to the Rebbetzin?" someone asked him.

"I grew up without any *zeides* or *bubbas*... without *Yiddishkeit*. When I became *frum*, Rebbetzin Jungreis told me that not only am I becoming religious, I am becoming part of her family. She assured me that 'Our *zeides* and *bubbas* will become your *zeides* and *bubbas* also.' All through my life I had been alone, until the Rebbetzin gave me that feeling of *mishpachah*. Who will do that for me now?"

Wherever we go people tell us, "*Klal Yisrael* misses your mother."

Hineni continues to grow. All four of us are part of Hineni.⁸

1. Rebbetzin Jungreis authored *The Jewish Soul on Fire*, *The Committed Life*, *The Committed Marriage*, *Life Is a Test*.
2. For over 40 years, Rebbetzin Jungreis wrote a column, "The Rebbetzin's Viewpoint," for *The Jewish Press* in which she addressed current issues while finding solutions through Torah sources.
3. Hineni has centers all over the world.
4. The Jungreis dynasty could trace its roots back to the Menuchos Osher, the Rema, Rashi, the Shela Hakadosh and Rav Yochanan HaSandlar.
5. Rabbi Yaakov Jungreis
6. Our father's family spelled the Jungreis name without the z.
7. Ima must have arranged her speaking engagements in Eretz Yisrael to take place when she knew my [Slovie] daughter who lived there was due to give birth. Ima wanted to be with her during that special occasion and always, that first hospital photo included the new mother and newborn — and Ima!
8. Mrs. Chaya Sora Gertzulin, Rabbi Yisroel Jungreis, Mrs. Slovie Wolff and Rabbi Osher Jungries
9. Shemos 2:2
10. Tuvia (or Tovia) from *Tov*, good (*Shemos Rabbah*, 1:20)

*Name has been changed

Estie Florans, a writer of fiction and nonfiction, is a personal biographer and is the author of "Conquer the Darkness," "Set Me Free," "Lift Me Higher," and the recently published book "From Their Daughters' Hearts." She can be contacted at erflorans@gmail.com.

NEW FROM MOSAICA PRESS ...



Rina by Yocheved Nadell **NEW!**

Following her best friends' (*Adina* and *Shira*) bestselling drawing books, Rina's new sketch and design book is filled with lots of easy to follow design and illustration tutorials, tons of tips and ideas and above all – hours of FUN!

Adina & Shira **BESTSELLERS!**

Each volume in the *My Design Sketchbook* series has dozens of stickers, sketches, tutorials ... and more. These books provide tons of creative, kosher entertainment for girls' endless ideas! Recommended for ages 8-100.

The New Normal by Rebbetzin Feige Twerski **NEW!**

The world has changed. How can we remain positive and strong? Find out why this masterpiece is already one of the most talked-about books of the season!

Patterns on Parchment by Dr. Robert Appleson **NEW!**

This fascinating work demonstrates the inherent unity of the Torah in ways never before explored. This work is a game-changer!

Spirituality and Intimacy by Raphael Aron **BESTSELLER!**

Love... and Judaism. This magical book reminds us of the marital relationship we should – and can have!

Empowerment by Sheea Langsaam **COMING SOON!**

This eye-opening inspirational work offers understanding and guidance in four major areas of our lives: Self; Interpersonal; Marriage; and Chinuch. Truly empowering!

Go To Yourself by Aryeh Sampson **NEW!**

Based on Rav Israel Salanter's unique three-step approach to change, this fascinating and practical self-help system is proven to work!

Healing in Halacha by Rabbi Micha A. Cohn **COMING SOON!**

An amazing, readable encyclopedic work of great interest to parents, medical practitioners & interested Jews of all kinds.

AVAILABLE AT JEWISH BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE
OR AT WWW.MOSAICAPRESS.COM

DISTRIBUTED BY
FELDHEIM
NEW YORK



MOSAICA PRESS