



דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

לזכות
הת' השליח שניאור זלמן שיחי'
לרגל יום הולדתו י"א אדר
לשנת הצלחה בכל מכל כל, לנח"ר כ"ק אדמו"ר
נדפס ע"י הוריו
הרה"ת ר' דוד וזוגתו מרת פערל גאלדא
ומשפחתם שיחי'
טייכטל

Permanence

AS TOLD BY RABBI YISROEL HECHT (SUNNYVALE, CA)

Sunnyvale is a city in the famous Silicon Valley and due to the high-tech industry, the community is very transient and real estate is extremely expensive. We moved to Sunnyvale in 5763* and for the next 15 years we rented homes to serve as the base of our operations, needing to move six times. Purchasing our own home was way beyond our means and we made the best of the situation.

Everything came to a head Erev Purim 5778*, when entirely out of the blue we were notified that the owners of the rental that we had been in for seven years—an elderly couple with no children—were moving back and it needed to be vacated within two months.

During those seven years, the real estate market had exploded, the average home price in our area had nearly doubled, and even rental homes were hard to find with landlords being very selective. We managed to find something temporary, and although the worst was averted,

we were keenly aware that the clock was ticking and we needed to buy a house as soon as possible.

With this weighing heavily on my mind, I attended the Kinus Hashluchim in 5779*, joining my fellow shluchim at the Ohel on the Friday of the Kinus. After the reading of the Pan Klali, I stood off to the side to write my *tzetel* to the Rebbe. I poured out my heart, writing all the details of the hardships we were facing in purchasing a home. This was a major challenge in our shlichus and with great emotion I asked the Rebbe for a bracha that we find permanence quickly.

On Motzei Shabbos during the Kinus Melave Malka, I met up with my brother-in-law Rabbi Zalman Lent from Dublin, Ireland. While catching up with him, he mentioned the name of someone he hosted in Dublin who said they knew me—Susan S.

That cleared up a mystery. A few weeks earlier he had told my wife (his sister) that a woman in Dublin had told him that I had officiated at her mother's funeral. This was puzzling, because I did not know *anyone* from Dublin, so the story made no sense to me. However, now I realized that I knew her parents. They were a lovely elderly couple and when Mrs. S. had been in a nursing home near our house I would visit often on Shabbos afternoon. When she passed away, her husband asked me to officiate at the funeral.

When I returned home from the Kinus I needed to rush to prepare our Chanukah mailing, but before doing so I decided to update our mailing list. The post office sends us cards with updated addresses and since we had recently moved it was a while since I had done so.

Perusing through the cards I noticed the name Harvey S. and since I had so recently been reminded of him, I decided to reach out. From the card I learned that he moved from his home to a senior home and when I called his phone numbers they were all disconnected. I called the senior home and they told me that Harvey had been with them for a while but had since moved to a different home and they could not share that information with me due to privacy laws.

Fresh in my mind was the conversation at the Kinus, and so I contacted my brother-in-law Zalman to find out more from his daughter (I would not have known how to reach her otherwise).

She replied and in short told me where her father was and that she would be coming to visit him in Sunnyvale in February. I assured her that I would visit her father and invited her to spend Shabbos with us during her upcoming trip.

After Chanukah I started realizing that the fact that the family had come to my attention during the Kinus certainly carried some deeper significance. The fact that I had noticed Harvey had moved to a senior home and was only able to reconnect with him because my brother-in-law had made the connection with his daughter, only intensified my conviction that perhaps the bracha for our new home was to be found here.

I emailed Susan to confirm our Shabbos dinner invite and also asked her what she planned on doing with her parents' home. She responded that she was planning to sell it, and would be willing to have us see it and perhaps work out a deal.

A few weeks later we toured the house, located on a busy street, with a large backyard and two floors and concluded that it was the perfect fit for our private residence as well as a Chabad House.

The market at the time was so wild that every home was sold with a bidding fight and usually fetched a sum that was often a half million dollars or more than the market value. Susan graciously offered us the home with a generous discount, but clarified that because of a tax issue the purchase needed to happen by June. She would need to see that we had the down payment and financing plans by March or she would put it on the market.

We were elated to have landed such an incredible deal, but fundraising such a large sum of money in such a short time seemed to be impossible. Knowing that this was all clearly the realization of the Rebbe's *brachos* we jumped into a capital campaign and miraculously the donations started pouring in from many unexpected directions.


Shortly afterwards Harvey became very ill and sadly passed away. Susan notified us that the tax issue was no longer a problem and that we could take our time putting everything in order.

Procuring a mortgage for such a large deal proved to be very challenging for us and after one bank looked at the deal for close to two months, they dropped it right before Pesach and we were back to square one. I was devastated because clearly this was all a bracha and now it seemed to all be falling apart!

We resubmitted our proposal to several other banks hoping to find the right lender.

On Lag B'Omer my nephew went to the Ohel and we asked him to ask the Rebbe for a miracle for the purchase of a new Chabad House in Sunnyvale. That afternoon, as I was setting up the Lag B'Omer BBQ I received an email with a Letter of Intent from a bank expressing interest in our loan. The terms of the loan were considerably better than the first bank was offering.

I excitedly called my broker with the news, but he did not share my enthusiasm since this bank did not have a good track record for these types of mortgages. Other banks started looking into our package, but we were certain that the deal would come from the first guys.

Sure enough, that's what happened. We purchased the house and moved into the permanent Chabad House of Sunnyvale, California on Chof Av 5779*. 



YOUR STORY

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