



NOSSI FOR ALL

In an interview with A Chassidisher Derher, Rabbi Dovid Dubov, shliach of the Rebbe in Princeton, NJ, shared this beautiful story.



PHOTO: JEM/THE LIVING ARCHIVE / 165302

There is an individual living in our area by the name of Robert M. Although he is not Jewish, I have known him for many years, and he is very friendly with Chabad, assisting us with various projects.

Every so often he would ask for my blessing for a problem that was weighing heavily on his heart. His daughter had been married for many years, and had yet to be blessed with children. I would always assure him that I had them in my prayers.

One time, as I was pulling out of the parking lot after meeting him in his factory, I suddenly heard someone knocking frantically on my window, trying to get my attention before I drove off. It was Robert's daughter.

She was on the verge of tears and she began begging me to please, please give her a blessing to have children. She had been married for ten years now and was undergoing various procedures for several years to try to have children. Now she was in the middle of her last procedure, and the doctors told her that if it comes back negative, she will never be able to have children. She was at her last straw.

When I saw how heartbroken she was, I realized that it was time for more serious measures, so I offered to go with the family to the Rebbe's Ohel. I explained that the Rebbe is not only the leader of the Jewish nation; he is also the leader of all people of the world, and he cares for every single person. The Rebbe could really help them.

They readily agreed. We set a date and I drove with her and her husband, a local policeman, to the Ohel.

Throughout the one-and-a-half hour ride, I spoke with them about the reason for the trip. I discussed the importance of creating a vessel for Hashem's *brachos*, and I encouraged them to take upon themselves a good resolution. I suggested that every morning, they should stop for a moment to think about Hashem and pray to Him. In other words, to say a private prayer every morning, a "moment of silence" (like "*mode ani*"). They both committed to this *hachlota*.

I also talked about the *sheva mitzvos b'nei Noach* in general, and, being that they are religious gentiles, I kept on stressing that we're praying to the *one* G-d, the one and only G-d who created the heaven and earth.

I also explained to them what the Ohel meant. We were going to the Rebbe so that he should daven for us to Hashem, and that in the Rebbe's merit our prayers should be answered. I told them that their letter is private between them and the Rebbe, and they should write everything they felt; it wouldn't be read by anyone else.

I also made sure they knew what to do when we get there; how to write a *pan*, to take off their shoes, say chapters of Tehillim and so forth.

We arrived, and they spent half-an-hour in the Ohel.

A short while later I received a phone-call from Robert. He had great news to share; after years of infertility, his daughter was pregnant! An open miracle!

A few months later, I received another call from Robert. His daughter had just given birth to twin girls! The family was overwhelmed with happiness, and they recognized the miracle that had unfolded before their very eyes.

For me, it was astonishing to see such a clear *moifes*. What was even more amazing was whom it happened with. This *moifes* hadn't happened to a Lubavitcher or another Jew. This was a miracle for a person who is not Jewish at all!

Yet, the Rebbe cared about them too, and the Rebbe helped them in their time of need. This is such a powerful illustration of the fact that the Rebbe is the *nossi* of every single person, no matter who they are and what they are.

I congratulated the ecstatic grandfather, and sent my best wishes to the family.

A while passed.

The rest of the story is related by Rabbi Chaim Shaul Bruk, director of Vaad Hanachos B'Lahak:

I received a massive shipment of newly printed books—over 100,000 *seforim*—

and I didn't have anywhere to store them. Storage for that amount of inventory is prohibitively expensive, and I didn't have the money to pay for it.

I managed to find a warehouse to store them for the short term, but the date I had to vacate the warehouse was fast approaching. So I wrote an email on "Shluchim- Achdus" asking if anyone could help me out.

Within a few minutes, I got a call from Rabbi Dubov. He told me that he happens to know someone who might be able to help me out. I would later learn that this was Robert M. I asked, "Do you realize how many *seforim* we are talking about? We need a huge warehouse for this!" He said that I should come check it out, and we'll see if it works.

I drove down to New Jersey, and I met with Rabbi Dubov and Robert in his packaging plant; it was a huge plant. He warmly welcomed us, and we sat down in his office.

Rabbi Dubov and I gave him some background on what Lahak does. The Rebbe would speak for countless hours every week, on both weekdays and Shabbos. All of these talks were transcribed at the time by a group of brilliant scholars, and, because most of these talks were on Shabbos, most of it was transcribed from memory. Lahak is working to collect and publish these talks from so many years ago.

As soon as he heard that this was for the Rebbe, he was sold. "If this is the Rebbe who gave us a blessing," Robert said, "Then this is the least I can do to thank him for my grandchildren."

He called in one of his workers and told him, "Whatever the Rabbi needs make sure to take care of him!" He gave us a generous space, plenty for all of our needs. To give you an idea of how many *seforim* there were, five trucks were required to transfer them all! He saved us



R-L: RABBI CHAIM SHAUL BROOK, ROBERT, AND RABBI DOVID DUBOV AT THEIR MEETING.



RABBI CHAIM SHAUL BROOK WITH A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TWINS BORN AS A RESULT OF THE REBBE'S BROCHA.

close to \$100,000 in storage costs!

His appreciation to the Rebbe was striking. Any time I called him to arrange a pickup of some *seforim* when a big order came in, he was always very friendly. I would ask politely if it's possible to come tomorrow or the next day, and he would say "Come! No problem!" He doesn't know me at all, and my English isn't the best, but whenever I would meet him, he was unbelievably friendly. I've never seen such a thing; the *kavod* he gave me was simply astonishing, and he would always mention that he's repaying his debt to the Rebbe.

Just a few months before, Robert had known almost nothing about the Rebbe, and now he had become a major supporter of the Rebbe's Torah. The transformation that had occurred was astounding, and it was all due to the Rebbe's *brocha*. **D**