

# DIVINE ASSURANCE

As we approach Gimmel Tammuz, we present the following moving story.

Every month, *A Chassidisher Derher Magazine* features a story of an individual who experienced the Rebbe's continued guidance and blessing in the years after Gimmel Tammuz by writing to the Rebbe at the Ohel. And as the Rebbe famously wrote to a chossid after Yud Shevat, 5710, "The Rebbe finds his way to answer."

In a fascinating sicha said by the Rebbe a few months after Yud Shevat, 5710, the Rebbe says:

"כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר אמר פעם שלא בא "לקבל" אלא "ליתן". . . ההשפעות של הרבי ישנם גם עתה, ואף שבאמצע אירע המאורע דיו"ד שבט... אין זה נוגע להשפעות של הרבי שישנם גם עתה, וגם עתה לא בא לקבל אלא ליתן..."

"The [Friediker] Rebbe once said that he is not here to take, but to give... Now as well, the Rebbe continues to give. Even though in between there was the occurrence on Yud Shevat [i.e. the histalkus], this has no effect on the hashpoa from the Rebbe which continues now as well. Now as well, the Rebbe is here not to take, but to give..."

In the following story, Rabbi Schneur Oirechman, the Rebbe's shliach to Tallahassee, Florida, recounts to *A Chassidisher Derher* how the Rebbe's brochos and guidance were evident in his life, and in a very tangible manner.

My family and I have the wonderful *Mzechus* of serving as the Rebbe's shluchim for sixteen years to the city of Tallahassee, the capital of Florida. *Boruch Hashem* we have expanded steadily and seen tremendous success in our holy work. But truth be told, it hadn't started out easy for us at all.

When we first came to check out the city as a possible *makom hashlichus*, we figured that as the capital of the state, and home to Florida State University with over four thousand Jewish students, there was bound to be great potential. Based on that, we decided to take the plunge.

The landlord of the first apartment we considered renting happened to be a Jewish college student and upon hearing why we were planning on moving, he excitedly told us that his mother had



RABBI SCHNEUR OIRECHMAN AND HIS SON LIGHT THE MENORAH WITH FLORIDA GOVERNOR RICK SCOTT (R), AND FORMER GOVERNOR CHARLIE CRIST.

called from New York the day before and begged him to get involved in more Jewish activities. For us this was an indication that perhaps it really was the place we were meant to be.

In the pioneering spirit so typical of the shluchim of day's bygone, we arrived with no more than a month's rent and a few credit cards.

Looking to establish a database of contacts, we started by copying—with a typewriter—Jewish sounding names from



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THE REBBE GIVES KOS SHEL BRACHA TO A CHILD.

the local phone book, and we frequented the public library to use the computer there to design and print flyers. Our first event, a Purim party, took place a month after we arrived and was a huge success with over thirty people in attendance. We were off to a great start.

However, as time passed we began to realize that we were sliding into a financial crisis. We didn't have a penny to our name and our credit was maxed to the limit. Although we were already acquainted with some of the locals, none possessed the means that would make them potential supporters.

In addition to our financial woes, I was

plagued by doubt and uncertainty. It was the year 5759, nearly five years after Gimmel Tammuz, and I was desperate for some indication that this was where the Rebbe wanted us to be. But our hopeless situation seemed to indicate that we didn't belong here.

Gimmel Tammuz was fast approaching and although I had made it a point to be near the Ohel every year on this day, I wasn't sure that I would make it this year; I simply didn't have the means to buy a ticket. In the end, the unthinkable idea of not being near the Ohel on this day, along with a few long-forgotten TWA miles, propelled me to a last-minute decision to

make the ticket. The only available flight at that point was out of Tampa which is a four hour drive from Tallahassee. As our vehicle wasn't up to making the drive, I borrowed a car from a college student who I knew, and caught my NYC bound flight out of Tampa on Beis Tammuz.

Arriving in New York that evening, I took a taxi straight to the Ohel. Although my initial plan was to go afterwards to Crown Heights and return later that night, once I was at the Ohel I felt compelled to stay.

Sitting in the tent, my mind began reviewing the details of our dire predicament back home and with a heavy



heart. I came to the obvious conclusion that under these circumstances, unless a miracle happened here and now, we would have no choice but to close shop and leave town. Making a mental note to include this in my *pa"n*, I went about preparing myself to enter the Ohel.

When I sat down a few hours later to write my *pa"n* to the Rebbe I included a detailed report of our situation and asked for a *brachah*. But inadvertently, I left out the punch-line, namely, the fact that we couldn't possibly survive without an immediate miracle.

I began making my way towards the exit of the tent from where a pathway leads to the Ohel, when a fellow shliach from Miami<sup>3</sup> who had just emerged from the Ohel approached me. He was many years my senior but we knew each other from the two years I spent as a bochur-shliach in the Miami yeshiva. Although we hadn't seen each other in a while, he greeted me warmly and inquired after my well-being. I gave him the run-down, and when I finished my woeful account, he asked me for the sum-total of our basic monthly expenses. I pronounced a

considerable sum and, without batting an eyelash, he took upon himself the burden of covering the entire amount with a monthly check!

Ecstatic and quite astonished, I asked him why he was undertaking this expense and he said that coming out of the Ohel, he was inspired to take upon himself to assist a fellow shliach financially. He had immediately noticed me, and knowing that I was a fresh shliach, he decided to make me his project.

I was blown away by the sheer magnitude of what had just transpired. Before I even had a chance to enter the Ohel, my troubles were addressed and solved, and all the doubts that I had entertained as to whether the Rebbe really wanted us to be his shlichim in Tallahassee were washed away in an instant.

טרם יקראו ואני אענה!

The monthly support from this shliach continued for a full year until we were able to manage on our own. When we moved from the apartment into our first house, he helped generously with that as well. Eventually, with the help of Rabbi

Moshe Kotlarsky, we managed to secure a grant from the Maurice and Lillian Tabacnic Foundation, which helped us expand our activities with the Jewish students on campus and since then we have continued to grow.

But what has stayed with me more than anything throughout the sixteen years since, is the knowledge that the Rebbe wants us here and would insure us with the ability to fulfill our shlichus in the fullest measure. This awareness continues to provide me with the strength to face and overcome even the toughest of challenges. **D**

1. Igros Kodesh vol. 3 p. 266
2. Toras Menachem vol. 1 p. 83
3. When preparing this story for print, A Chassidisher Derher spoke with this shliach and confirmed all the details of his involvement. We respect his wish to remain anonymous.

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