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דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

A Merited Shidduch



AS TOLD BY RABBI LEIBISH LANGER, A PROMINENT FIGURE
IN THE BORO PARK JEWISH COMMUNITY.

Among the various things I enjoy doing is speaking for children and inspiring them with stories and *divrei hisorerus*. In 5764 I was asked to take part in the annual Lag B'omer parade here in Boro Park, arranged by Lubavitch, and speak for the children.

I readily agreed but when some of my acquaintances got wind of this, they expressed their dismay that I had agreed to speak at a Lubavitch event. I conferred with the rov of my shul, Horav Moshe Wolfson (himself a great friend of Lubavitch), and he insisted that I must not forego the opportunity to inspire Yiddishe children.

One Shabbos, shortly before Lag B'omer, a group of people approached me in shul in middle of davening and called me outside. They threatened that if I would speak at the upcoming parade, it would not be good for me. Unfazed, I firmly replied that I was acting upon the advice of my rov and if they had an issue they could speak to him. As far as I was concerned I was not going to change my mind.

I indeed spoke at the parade which, as every year, turned out to be a beautiful event and a tremendous *kiddush Hashem*.



TISHREI 5749, LEVI FREIDIN via JEM 257122

Boruch Hashem I experienced no further harassment. Fast forward to Erev Rosh Hashanah of the same year. I was returning with my son from a visit to the *kevarim* of my parents. As we passed Springfield Boulevard, my son mentioned that the Rebbe's Ohel was close by. As he had never been to the Ohel, he expressed a desire to pay a visit and spend some time there. Of course on a day as auspicious as Erev Rosh Hashanah, it sounded like an excellent opportunity for both of us.

As we arrived, I reminded myself of a dilemma I was currently facing. For approximately a year's time we had been seeking a *shidduch* for my daughter. Starting out with a list of twenty five excellent prospects, we worked our way through the options and slowly, whether it was from our side or the others', the list had dwindled. By the time Erev

Rosh Hashanah came around we were left with absolutely nothing.

Sukkos was soon approaching and being that it is a prime time in our community for *shidduchim* (as this was when the *bochurim* were generally home for *bein hazmanim*), I was concerned with our present state of affairs.

Before entering the Ohel I wrote a short *tzettel* and included the abovementioned predicament, requesting a *bracha* for a speedy solution.

In the Ohel I recited some Tehillim and in my heart I pleaded to the Rebbe that in the merit of the way I had stood for the honor of Lubavitch in general, and for the Rebbe's *kavod* in particular, at the previous year's Lag Bomer parade, my daughter should find a *shidduch* very soon and with ease.

Arriving home exhausted and with a few hours to spare till yom tov, I lay down for a short nap. When I awoke my daughter informed me that Asher Hornig had called for me. He was a friend of mine who regularly sat next to me in shul and as I would be seeing him by davening that night I didn't think it was urgent to return the call.

At five o'clock he called again. Breathlessly he informed me that he had a *shidduch* proposal for my daughter, which he insisted I investigate that very day. The *bochur's* name was Yitzchok Meir Horowitz, the son of a mutual associate of ours, but for some reason it had never crossed my mind.

Although the idea sounded good, I couldn't understand the caller's urgency. When I asked him why it couldn't wait until that night when we could talk in person, he said he couldn't explain it but from the moment he came up with the suggestion he felt a strange impulse to get it off his chest immediately, before the start of the new year.

Still baffled, I thanked him and made a note to pursue the matter immediately after yom tov. Indeed I met with the father of the boy and we agreed to go ahead. Boruch Hashem everything went smoothly and by Chol Hamoed Sukkos my daughter became a *kallah*.

It was then that it struck me; Asher Hornig's first call had come a mere hour after I emerged from the Ohel. Truly, this *shidduch* has come about as a result of the Rebbe's *bracha*!

Boruch Hashem they have been married now for ten years, and they and their wonderful family continue to serve as a never-ending source of true *Yiddishe nachas*. **T**

YOUR STORY

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