



דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

Unsolicited Donation

AS TOLD BY RABBI TUVIA TELDON (LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK)

My wife and I set out on Shlichus in Tishrei of 5738. We were full of idealism and energy, and we immediately threw ourselves into the task at hand. As it often happens, I managed to rack up a bit of debt over the first few years but that didn't deter me in the slightest; however as the years moved on my balance grew.

Everyone has their limit of what they can handle and by 5757 I was definitely pushing mine. I had slid so deep, and it seemed that the only direction I was going was further and deeper down. The potential consequences both for us personally and for our shlichus and community seemed devastating.

I went to the Ohel and poured out my heart like never before, begging the Rebbe to save me and pull me out of my seemingly hopeless predicament. I left the Ohel with a lighter heart.

On that very same day I had three routine fundraising calls scheduled, the largest donation of the three standing at five hundred dollars a year. Still standing outside the Ohel Chabad House, just minutes after exiting the Ohel I placed the first call. Getting through to my donor, we got into a light conversation and after a few minutes, he invited me over to his office as he had something of importance to discuss with me. Still under the effect of my time in the Ohel a few short moments ago, I had a strong feeling of expectancy and wondered if perhaps the Rebbe's *yeshua* had already begun to materialize.

When I arrived at his office a short while later, he explained to me that as an accountant by profession, he had advised a few of his clients to buy a small number of condos some years earlier. Due to the current tax laws, he calculated that it would be profitable for them to now donate the units to charity and he figured that Chabad

would be a worthy recipient. He even offered to take care of all the legal work and the subsequent sales on our behalf. This was way beyond anything I had ever dreamed of!

The condos, twelve in all, brought in approximately three hundred thousand dollars, lightening the load enough for

the *mosad* to stretch its limbs and begin the climb upward. This boost propelled our shlichus forward and even allowed us to bring more shluchim to Long Island.

After the transactions went through and all the properties successfully sold, I asked the accountant how it had occurred to him to direct these donations to us in the first place. Although he had always been friendly with Lubavitch, I knew he was quite involved with other Jewish organizations, beginning with his own shul, in which he served as an officer on the board. He answered that he really hadn't considered it before I called him and the thought just popped into his head as we were chatting...

Years later he confided that looking back, he can't help but be amazed at how smooth the entire process went. Ordinarily there is so much legal and financial footwork involved that there is always bound to be many complications along the way. Yet somehow, in our case there were no difficulties whatsoever.

The Rebbe's *bracha* has taken our shlichus a very long way and it still resonates to this very day. **1**



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