



# דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

לע"נ  
הרה"ח הרה"ת ר' זאב יוסף ע"ה  
בן יבלחט"א ר' שלום שיחי  
וזוגתו מרת רחל ע"ה  
בת יבלחט"א ר' מרדכי שיחי  
גלב"ע י"א טבת ה'תשס"ח  
נדפס ע"י משפחתם  
הרה"ת ר' אריה  
וזוגתו דבורה לאה שיחי  
לאנג

# Perfect Timing

AS TOLD BY RABBI YOSHI MARRUS (S. ANTONIO, TEXAS)

On 12 Cheshvan 5759, we welcomed a new addition to our family, our dear son Mendel. However, to actually give him that name was no easy feat. We first needed to organize a *bris*, with all of the myriad of details involved. Any *bris* requires preparation, but in S. Antonio, a *bris* comes with additional complications: namely, obtaining the services of a *mohel*.

The *mohel* (from Houston) that usually performs *brissin* in our community was out of the country. The closest available *mohel* I could find, was located in Los Angeles, an expensive, last-minute flight away.

Left without options, I booked the flight, but I realized that the cost of the *bris* had just doubled. I wasn't yet sure how I would cover the regular expenses of the *bris*, and now the budget had just jumped to a much larger sum.

The days passed, and two days before the *bris*, while teaching in the community day school, I made sure to inform everyone I encountered that, with Hashem's help, my wife had given birth to our first baby boy, and that the *bris* would be held in two days time at the Chabad House.

Later that day, I sat in my office brooding over the situation. While we were very happy and thankful for the blessed addition to our family, I was a new shliach, merely two years in S. Antonio, and I was really beginning to worry about the upcoming expenses which—I knew—I would ultimately need to cover.

I began expressing my concern in a letter to the Rebbe. I wrote about our new baby and I asked that everything should be *b'shaa tovah umutzlachas*. I also described the dilemma of the expenses that was weighing on my mind.

I asked the Rebbe for a brachah that we be able to find the funds to cover them.

I finished writing the letter, and walked over to the fax machine to send it to the Ohel. I placed the sheet of paper in the slot, hit the send button and watched the paper begin inching slowly through the machine. At that moment, I heard the phone ring in the front office.

It was Marvin Vexler on the line.

A well known philanthropist in our town, Marvin was a colorful individual. He wore a wide ten-gallon cowboy hat and cowboy boots and was a real Texan, but underneath the hat was a warm *Yiddishe neshamah*, who had helped Chabad considerably over the years.

That very morning, I had chanced upon Marvin Vexler at the local JCC and I had informed him of the *bris*. He told me that he wasn't sure if he would make it, and he would have to think about it.



After exchanging mutual greetings over the phone, he informed me that to his regret, he would not be able to participate in the *bris*, as he is a diabetic, and he usually doesn't feel well during the morning hours, when the *bris* was scheduled to take place.

He then mentioned something else.

"Rabbi, I've got a question for you. Where are you getting a *mohel* from? We ain't got no *mohel* in Texas..."

He was right, I told him, and we would be flying in a *mohel* all the way from Los Angeles.

"That's going to cost a lot of money," he exclaimed.

"You are totally right," I told him, "but G-d willing, we will figure it out."

"Rabbi," he tells me, "I would like to have the honor of paying for the *mohel*."

Ultimately, he gave us enough money to cover the *mohel's* expenses and part of the *bris*. I thanked him profusely, and was feeling quite elated over the good news.

As I reentered the front office following the call, I noticed that the letter to the Rebbe had just cleared the fax machine and gone through.

It dawned on me, that I had just this very moment asked the Rebbe for a *bracha*, and immediately after hitting 'send,' without being delayed a single second, my answer had arrived. The entire deal had been sealed as the letter was being sent to the Rebbe. ①



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## YOUR STORY

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