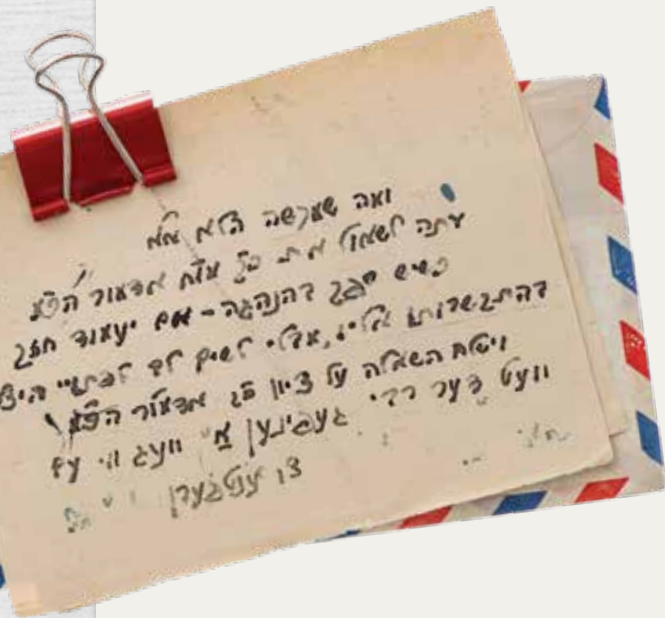




לזכות  
דוד בן שיינא לרגל  
יום הולדתו,  
לשנת הצלחה בכל מכל  
כל, אמן, והצלחה מרובה  
בעבודת השליחות



# דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

WRITTEN BY: RABBI LEVI GREENBERG (TX)

## I Had A Purpose There



AS TOLD BY  
**RABBI SHMUEL LEW**  
(London, England)

In connection with Yud Shevat 5760, the fiftieth anniversary of the start of the Rebbe's *nesius*, I was invited to spend Shabbos with the Antwerp community. On the morning of Yud Shevat, I returned to London to participate in school activities in my capacity as principal, and had booked a flight to New York for later that afternoon. I scheduled my day so that I could ride the Tube (London's underground train system) for the one-hour and five-minute train ride to the airport to catch my flight.

Several stops before the airport, the train stopped, and it was announced that we would need to wait on the platform for around fifteen minutes for the next train to the airport. This unforeseen delay caused me to arrive late to the terminal, and by the time I approached the check-in

counter, my seat had been given to someone else. I asked for a different seat, and thankfully, got one.

Shortly before takeoff, there was a ruckus a few seats ahead of me. A woman was trying to recline her seat, and the passenger behind her was protesting loudly. To calm the situation, the flight attendant reseated the woman in the seat across the aisle from me. We started speaking, and it turned out she was Jewish, living in Greenwich, CT, but I was saddened to learn during the conversation that in her youth she had converted to a different religion. At that moment, I was reminded of a *yechidus* I merited to have on Thursday evening, 24 Tishrei 5735.

At the time, my role on shlichus was visiting universities around England, meeting with students, arranging



*shiurim*, Shabbatons, and the like. It was one month after the Rebbe had launched Mivtza Neshek, and at one point during the very long *yechidus*, the Rebbe said:

*“You will meet female Jewish students who observe nothing, and you should speak to them about the importance of lighting a candle before Shabbos. However, you must explain to them that it is on condition that they do so before sunset; if they miss the proper time, they should not light after dark at all. They will keep this condition. Not out of religiosity, but out of honesty.”*

With this instruction in mind, I shared with her the story of the Rebbe, who had told me that I would meet her and should encourage her to light Shabbos candles each week. After explaining what it was all about, she agreed to commit to the mitzvah. She shared her contact information in Greenwich so I could send her a candlestick and arrange for someone to provide her with candles every week.

Toward the end of the flight, she told me with excitement that she had just learned that South African President Nelson Mandela was on the flight. I replied that there was a far more important presence on the flight, Hashem! Our meeting on the plane was the result of a confluence of events that could only be explained by divine providence. I lost my original seat due to an unforeseen Tube delay, and she was reseated after another passenger caused a disturbance. Hashem surely orchestrated this so I could share the Rebbe’s request that she light Shabbos candles every week. She was very moved to hear this.

When I arrived at the Ohel, I encountered a chossid who was originally from England, currently living in New York. After briefly catching up, he introduced me to his cousin Rina, who was working for the Shluchim in Greenwich, CT.

Amazed at the wonderful *hashgacha pratis*, I told her about my encounter with the woman on the flight. I asked if she would undertake to arrange candles for her every Friday on my behalf, and she was delighted to do so.

A few weeks later, Rina sent me an email. After confirming that she was visiting the woman every week, she shared her side of the story. Upon finishing seminary, she wanted to do something useful and found a job with Chabad of Greenwich. After several months, she had doubts as to whether she was needed specifically in Greenwich. With these troubled thoughts, she came to the Ohel on Yud Shevat and asked the Rebbe for a sign that she was useful, specifically there. Sure enough, five minutes after leaving the Ohel, she received the sign she so desperately needed to know she could achieve something special in Greenwich.

Rina kept in touch with the woman for a while and even invited her to participate in the public seder for the first time in her life. **T**

## YOUR STORY

Share your story with A Chassidisher Derher by emailing [stories@derher.org](mailto:stories@derher.org).

