



The Terrified Mailman

“I am no prophet nor the son of a prophet!”

The distraught *aguna* standing in front of the Tzemach Tzedek was hoping for another answer entirely; she had been praying that the Rebbe would miraculously reveal the whereabouts of her missing husband. However, it clearly hadn't turned out that way.

Her brother was also at the *yechidus* and had a request of his own. He asked for a *bracha* for his intended trip to Eretz Yisroel.

The Tzemach Tzedek replied, “In that case, I think your sister should travel with you and with the length of the journey perhaps she will find her husband.”

The *aguna* was willing to go along and they received a parting *bracha*.

The *aguna*, her son and brother began their

arduous journey towards Eretz Yisroel by travelling to Odessa.

It was there, at the very early stages of their trip, that they ran into difficulties. The young boy had some document issues; he wasn't listed on his mother's passport, and therefore was barred from continuing.

After some thought they came up with a different route, this time through the city of Yassi (in Romania) where the passport enforcement was much more lenient. Not wanting to split up, they decided to all go to Yassi. Along the way, through the many towns and cities, they asked, inquired and researched to try and find any tidbit of information about the missing husband. It was as if he disappeared off the

“OH, HE IS A COMPLETE RASHA AND IT WILL BE VERY DIFFICULT TO RECEIVE A GET FROM HIM.”

face of the earth; nothing at all came up.

As they approached the city of Yassi, they decided to continue their journey in the thick of night.

As they passed by one hotel they didn't see a waggoneer with his mail carriage standing on the side of the road and they smashed into him.

A string of the most vile Russian curses emanated from the wagon and amidst the furious banter the *aguna* thought she recognized that voice. It seemed that it was the man she had been



לע"נ
השליח הרה"ת ר' יהודה צבי
בן משה יעקב ע"ה
פאגעלמאן
נלב"ע ב' דראש חודש תמוז ה'תשע"ג
נדפס ע"י משפחתו
משפחת ליבעראוו
וואוסטער, מאט



“A TERRIBLE FEAR OVERCAME ME AND THE HAIRS ON MY HEAD STOOD ON EDGE...”

looking for—her missing husband.

The group went inside the hotel and asked the owner about the waggoneer. “Oh, he is a complete *rasha* and it will be very difficult to obtain a *get* from him.”

As he finished his sentence, the angry man came storming into the hotel and continued his ranting about how they had smashed his wagon.

At that moment, after waiting for so long, husband and wife locked eyes and recognized one another.

Despite the original fears, the husband travelled with them

to the city and gave her a *get* without demanding anything in exchange.

The owner of the hotel was completely surprised by this, as he had a reputation of being a wicked man, so he asked the husband what had taken place. “Surely you could have refused to give the *get* without getting money in return.” he questioned.

The man replied:

“Let me tell you what happened and you won’t be so surprised any more.

“You know that I travel past your hotel every day. On the way I go by

an abandoned building and I am not afraid at all of *sheidim*; what are they able to do to me?!

“Today, however, as I rode passed that area, a terrible fear overcame me and the hairs on my head stood on edge. I couldn’t figure what was taking place; why all of a sudden was I so scared? I did this every day, and today should have been no different. I tried to continue on my way and shake off the fear, but once again I was overcome with this terrible trepidation. And then,

when these people crashed into my wagon I realized something was going on and it was far from simple. It appeared that the whole fear was in order so that I would give the *get*, therefore I refused to ask for a single ruble for doing it.”

The wayward man then gave a considerable sum of money to the woman’s son, his own flesh and blood, and they went on their way to Eretz Yisroel with joy and happiness. **T**

(Adapted from *Shmuos V’sippurim* vol. 3 p. 176)

