



RABBI YISROEL WEINGARTEN



דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

לזכות
הרה"ת ר' אברהם יהודה הלוי
וזוגתו מרת דבורה לאה ומשפחתם
שיחיו
סאסקינד
נוביי, מישיגין

Doing It Right

AS TOLD BY MRS. SHEINIE WEINGARTEN (FLINT, MI)

During a beautiful *bris* celebration we had arranged on the Sunday of *Parshas Lech Lecha*, I received a Whatsapp message from our friend Assia notifying me that her daughter Mor had just given birth to a healthy baby boy. Their family had lived in Flint for many years and we were especially close with them. All their children went through our preschool and Sunday School. I continued studying privately with Mor, in particular, until she was 16. We've arranged and participated in all their family *simchos* and milestone events.

Assia had recently moved back to Israel while Mor remained in the US. She is presently living in the Detroit area—an hour and a half drive away from us.

I was very excited to hear the good news and inquired about Mor and the baby. She responded that everyone was doing well but made no mention of Mor's plans with regard to a *bris* for the child. A few weeks earlier I had discussed with Mor the importance of having a proper *bris* for the child, but she had seemed non-committal.

The possibility of being involved with a *bris* two Sundays in a row was very exciting—especially on the *parshiyos* of *Lech Lecha* and *Vayeira* when we learn of the *bris* of Avrohom and Yitzchok.

The next morning I texted Assia to follow up, and she responded, "All is well. Mor will do the *bris*." I was unsure what to make of the message. Did she mean that Mor would



arrange the *bris* on her own or did she want us to arrange it? I decided to wait another day before pursuing the issue.

On Tuesday we traveled to New York for a family wedding and I figured I would call Mor en route. After deplaning I realized that my pouch with my phone and driver's license was missing. We frantically searched for it, but it was gone. I felt quite lost since I was supposed to call Mor about the *bris* and I had no access to her contact information.

We went to the Ohel, and among the things I wrote in my *tzettel* I specifically requested that "Mor should commit to doing the *bris b'simcha uv'tuv leivav*." I felt much better afterwards and enjoyed the rest of the evening at the wedding.

Back at home on Wednesday, I retrieved Mor's contact info from my iPad and called her right away. After a brief conversation, she was very clear that she wanted us to arrange the *bris* so that it should be done properly. Greatly relieved, I scheduled the *bris* for Sunday at her home in Detroit with a local *mohel*.

On Friday morning I prepared Shabbos delicacies and my husband delivered it to Mor's home after driving the kids to school in Detroit.

At 10:30, my husband called me sounding very distressed. "Sheinie, we failed! We messed up! Last night, Mor made an appointment with a Jewish doctor to do the *bris* at his clinic on Sunday."

I could not believe my ears. How could Mor back out like that?!

"It's impossible," I said. "I requested a *bracha* from the Rebbe that she should do the *bris* properly! I refuse to accept this!"

Time was of the essence and this *bris* had to be done properly, so I decided to call Mor and give it everything I could, despite the extreme discomfort it would entail.

"I am very disappointed," I said to Mor when she answered the phone and asked so casually how I was. "How can we deprive your child from an authentic *bris*?" I explained to her that a *bris* is a covenant with Hashem and not merely a circumcision, and it must be done by a proper *mohel*. For generations Jews sacrificed everything to do it right.

I reminded her that when she moved into her new home she purchased *mezuzos* for all of the doors of the house because she wanted to do the mitzvah correctly. "When you do a mitzvah, you do it the best way possible. How can you not do the same for your child's *bris*?"

After a brief and qualitative explanation of this mitzvah and a heart-to-heart conversation about how this all connects with her, I could sense that she was listening carefully. She concluded the call saying, "Let me speak to Ima. I'll call you back."

I immediately ran downstairs to write a letter to the Rebbe and faxed it to the Ohel. As I pulled the paper out of the fax machine, my phone rang; it was Mor. She said, "We will do the *bris* with your guy!"

My response to Mor was spontaneous yet from the depth of my heart. "Mor, I'm so proud of you! You passed your test!" I showered her with blessings to be able to overcome all challenges in life and to reap *nachas* from her child.

I wasted no time to call the *mohel* who was on call for us. "Rabbi" I said, "In Chabad we have a special Yom Tov called *Didan Notzach*. Today, in Flint, Michigan, we are celebrating our own *Didan Notzach*!" The *mohel* was ecstatic and expressed his respect and admiration for the Rebbe and his Shluchim. **T**

YOUR STORY

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