



# דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

לזכות  
הרה"ת ר' משה פינחס  
וזוגתו מרת עלקא ומשפחתם  
שיחיו  
וואלף

## My Friend Next Door

AS TOLD BY LEVI LAZAROFF (HOUSTON, TX)

My parents, Rabbi Chaim and Chanie Lazaroff, moved on shlichus to Houston, TX, 15 years ago, and over time established a new Chabad House in an area called Uptown, which is a considerable distance from the large established Jewish community.

My siblings and I are very involved in all areas of the shlichus, and I am especially proud to join my father on *mitvzoim* all the time. I am aware of the great impact we

have on so many Yidden and our great *zechus* to be the Rebbe's shluchim.

The fact that we do not live in the same neighborhood as my school friends has been very hard for me. After school, and Shabbosim and *Yomim Tovim* can be lonely, as I can't just walk over to my friends' homes to play with them.

This year, I was at the Ohel for Vov Tishrei and I wrote a letter to the Rebbe requesting a *bracha* to succeed in



my shlichus of teaching Yidden whatever I can about Yiddishkeit. I also asked for a specific *bracha* that I should have friends living nearby.

A few days later, we were playing ball in the yard of the Chabad House (which is our home as well) when a woman opened the second story window of the apartment complex next door, and said, “Hi! I noticed this is a Jewish place. We’re Jewish too. We moved here last week. Can we come over?”

Her son was standing next to her and I excitedly invited him to come over to play football.

The Stein family moved to Houston from New York one year ago. Barely nine months after they settled in, the historic Hurricane Harvey ripped through the city and flooded thousands of homes to the point that their inhabitants were left homeless. The shluchim in the city worked together to provide much needed support for many thousands of people and these efforts are still ongoing.

Since their new home was badly damaged by the hurricane, the Steins lived in a hotel room for five weeks

until a local rabbi was able to arrange an apartment for them in the Millenium High Street, which is right next door to our Chabad House!

Their son Danny is my age; he came over to play for a while and we had a great time.

On Sukkos, the Steins observed me helping some of our guests shake *lulav* and *esrog* and asked if they could come over to do that too. I happily invited them over and proudly assisted Danny in doing the mitzvah for the first time in his life. Throughout Sukkos I shook *lulav* and *esrog* with over 115 people.

Since then, Danny and I have become good friends. The Rebbe gifted me a great friend—right next door. **T**

## YOUR STORY

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