



דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

לזכות
 החייל בצבאות ה'
 לוי שיחי'
 לרגל הולדתו כ"ז אייר
 ולרגל הכנסו לבריתו של אאע"ה
 ד' סיון ה'תשע"ח

הוקדש ע"י הוריו
 הרה"ת ר' יואל
 וזוגתו מרת ריקל
 ומשפחתם שיחיו
 נ"ו



I Received My Sign

AS TOLD BY RABBI MENDY ZAKLOS (BRYANSK, RUSSIA)

During the winter of 5751 there was a raffle among *anash* of Nachlas Har Chabad for a plane ticket to travel to the Rebbe. My father won the raffle (*zoche b'goral*) and he took me along for a two week trip to the Rebbe. I was nine-years-old at the time.

We passed by the Rebbe for "dollars" on both of the Sundays we were there and I merited to receive a total of four dollars from the Rebbe, which I cherished and guarded very well.

Years later, while we were moving on shlichus to Briansk, Russia, I decided to keep my four dollars and the Rebbe's letter that my parents received in connection with my birth in a safe place. I placed them all in an envelope which I hid in a cupboard in the home of my in-laws in Har Nof, Yerushalayim without mentioning it to anyone.

A year later, after we were fully settled on shlichus, I returned to my hiding spot to retrieve the envelope and was shocked and saddened to see that the envelope was



not there. At one point, that specific cupboard had been cleaned out and all its contents disposed of! I searched the home for a few days until I concluded that there was no possible way to find them. I was obviously greatly pained at losing these precious items.

Recently we experienced several strange and challenging episodes in rapid succession. The situation was unnerving and tense and I even considered making a special trip to the Ohel.

Every month there is a raffle for a trip to the Rebbe among the shluchim in remote cities in Russia. I won the raffle for the month of Iyar. It came at the perfect time. I decided to travel immediately and on Rosh Chodesh Iyar I arrived in New York.

In my *tzetel* I wrote a long and detailed report of everything that had occurred in the past few months regarding our shlichus in Briansk and concluded my *tzetel* asking the Rebbe for some type of sign.

I returned to Briansk the very next day.

On Friday, as I was sitting in my office reflecting on my quick and unusual trip to the Rebbe, the phone rang with my mother-in-law on the line.

“I have a surprise for you, Mendy. Your letter and dollars were found!”

A street cleaner had found a pile of documents next to the garbage with my in-laws’ name on them, together with an envelope of dollars, and decided to return it to them.

How did the envelope show up all of a sudden? Why did the street cleaner pay attention to the documents? Why now?

I do not know the answers to these questions.

But I certainly received the sign I so desperately needed. **T**



YOUR STORY

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