

דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

לזכות החייל בצבאות ה'
מנחם מענדל שיחי'
לרגל הולדתו י"ד מנחם אב ה'תשע"ט

נדפס ע"י הוריו
הרה"ת ר' דוד
וזוגתו מרת פערל גאלדא
ומשפחתם שיחיו
טייכטל

Don't Delay Good News

AS TOLD BY RABBI SHMUEL CHAIM SCHARF (CHICAGO, IL)

In the summer of 5766, my friend Pinni Weinman and I were assigned to do Merkos Shlichus in the state of Mississippi. Baruch Hashem we encountered great success during the few weeks we were there so the next year we requested to be sent to Mississippi again and had big plans for bigger and greater *peulos*.

We got the assignment and wasted no time in preparing for our shlichus.

In addition to the logistical planning and making appointments with our contacts, we made two strong

hachlatos. Every morning we would wake up very early, go to the *mikveh*, learn Chassidus and daven unhurriedly before meeting Yidden. This also meant that we would only check into motels that had a swimming pool we could use before other guests were awake.

Our second *hachlata* was that we would write and send a detailed *duch* to the Rebbe of everything we accomplished during the day. We didn't realize how expensive sending a fax to the Ohel from a motel could be (it once cost us \$5 per page!), but we managed to keep to this *hachlata* on a



daily basis and experienced various *brachos* in connection with the shlichus while we were there. The only night we did not send a fax to the Ohel was on Motzei Shabbos, because in addition to the fact that we were not able to go to the *mikveh* in the morning, we had nothing to report on, having spent the day in our motel room.

One of our dreams for the summer of 5767 in Mississippi was to arrange a festive Shabbos dinner for the local Yidden. It was a wild idea but we started exploring our options as soon as we arrived.

A family we visited early on had a large and spacious home which we determined would be the perfect setting, and they enthusiastically agreed to host the event when we pitched it to them. We planned for our second Shabbos in Jackson, Mississippi and they started inviting their Jewish friends and we invited every Yid we encountered throughout the week to join us.

By Wednesday we had an impressive RSVP list and we started strategizing how we would pull it all off. A friend overnighted a bunch of challahs from New York and we found kosher smoked salmon in the local grocery. With some coaching, we compiled a nice salad list with several

dressings and stayed up late Thursday night putting everything together.

Friday was very busy and there was a lot of hard work to put everything in place, but by the time our “guests” arrived there was a beautifully set Shabbos table and a crowd of two dozen Jews assembled. We were ecstatic!

Although there was no *minyán*, we led a Kabbalas Shabbos service with a *mechitza* and *siddur*-copies, and it really warmed up the crowd.

Seudas Shabbos was delicious and the atmosphere was very pleasant. We shared *divrei Torah* and stories and taught them various Jewish songs. Everyone who participated was quite impressed with everything and we all left on a high note.

It took us over an hour and a half to walk back to our motel and we went to sleep very late that night. On Motzei Shabbos, Pinni suggested that we report to the Rebbe the amazing news about our Shabbos dinner but I argued that we had not been to the *mikveh* that morning and besides, we were bone tired and barely able to focus on writing a proper *duch*.

“We’ll write about it tomorrow night,” I said.

TRAFFIC ACCIDENT



RYAN MOORE | Hattiesburg American

MISSISSIPPI HIGHWAY PATROL officers and Lamar County emergency personnel work the scene of a two-car wreck involving a Mercury Cougar and a Chevrolet Suburban that occurred shortly after 9 p.m. Monday on U.S. 98 West in front of the Canebreak subdivision. Multiple people were transported by ambulance to hospitals.

On Sunday we met with several Yidden and our itinerary called for us to drive to Hattiesburg since we had appointments set up for the morning. We drove for several hours and by the time we found a motel with a pool it was extremely late.

In my exhaustion I delayed writing a *duch* about Shabbos and our Sunday meetings to the next night. By now we were two nights behind in our reporting.

Our first day in Hattiesburg was very busy but due to our exhaustion we decided to end the day early. “Let’s visit one more Yid,” said Pinni, and we headed over to another Jewish home.

Our meeting was very warm and pleasant and the man was happy to wrap tefillin minutes before the *shkia*.

As the sun was setting on the eve of **Chof-Daled Tammuz** we started backing out of the driveway when all of a sudden I heard the largest boom and crash I could ever recall experiencing.

A car that was speeding down the country highway had smashed into our SUV and we flipped over right in the middle of a high speed highway.

Upon seeing the wreckage, the first responders who arrived at the scene were convinced that there were

fatalities *r”l*, but miraculously both of us crawled out of the destroyed vehicle; Pinni was unscathed and I only suffered a dislocated shoulder.

In the hospital, while waiting for the results of several tests, we faxed a letter to the Ohel notifying the Rebbe about the accident and requesting a *bracha* that everything turn out for the best. Upon reaching our motel room at 4:00 a.m. we immediately sat down to write our overdue *duch* about the Shabbos dinner and our *peulos* from Sunday and Monday and immediately faxed it in.

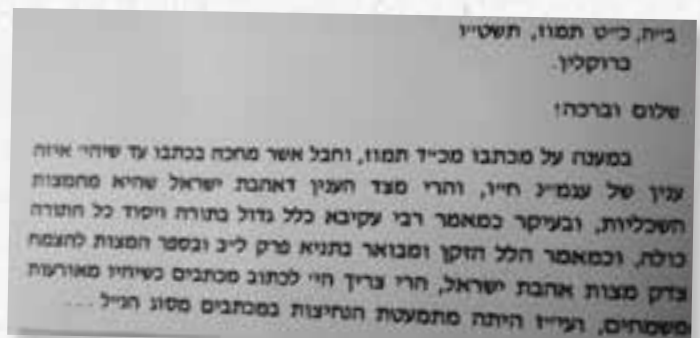
Despite our harrowing experience, we were healthy and safe and remained on shlichus until the following Sunday, **Chof-Tes Tammuz** as planned.

Straight from the airport we went to the Ohel and I opened a Dvar Malchus to learn something. As I was skimming through the pages a short letter from the Rebbe, dated **Chof-Tes Tammuz**, caught my eye.

In response to your letter from Chof-Daled Tammuz: it is a shame you waited to write to me until there was a painful reason to do so, Chas Veshalom. If only just for the purpose of ahavas Yisroel, which is a logical mitzvah and a foundation of Torah as explained by Rabi Akiva, Hillel Hazaken, the Alter Rebbe in Perek 32 of Tanya and the Tzemach Tzedek in Mitzvas Ahavas Yisroel (Derech Mitzvosecha)—you should have written letters when there were happy occurrences, and that would have minimized the need for the above type of letters...

Pinni and I were overcome with deep emotion. The dates were exact. On Chof-Tes Tammuz the Rebbe was referring to a letter written on Chof-Daled Tammuz containing painful news which should have been happier news.

We had experienced so many miracles and felt the Rebbe’s special *bracha* throughout the entire ordeal and now we merited to feel how deeply the Rebbe cares to hear from us good and happy news all the time. **1**



YOUR STORY

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