



# More Than a Blessing

*Reb Gavriel Cagan, surrounded by some other visitors, had come to visit Reb Dovid Tzvi Chein in Chernigov. As they sat around in conversation, Reb Dovid Tzvi turned to one of the visitors and said, “Nu, tell us the story of how your life was saved and the special promise you received from the Rebbe.”*

The individual began his story:

I live in the city of Darmaluvka, near Nezhin, where I operate a very successful business with many customers and earn a handsome profit. On one occasion I got into a quarrel with a group of non-Jews. The dispute got so heated that they threatened to kill me.

I was too scared to sleep at home that night so I went to a friend's house with the hope that the fire of their anger would cool off by morning. How wrong I was! The rumors that my life was in real danger only got stronger the next day and thus began a harrowing period in my life in which I didn't sleep at home on any

given night. Fear gripped me completely and I fled to Lubavitch to receive a *bracha* from the Rebbe Rashab that I should be saved from my enemies.

This was the first time I was in Lubavitch and it so happened that there were many other guests there as well. When I inquired about having an audience with the Rebbe, Reb Nachman the *gabbai* informed me that there was a long line and I would have to wait my turn. This would be a couple of days. I was slightly uncomfortable about this prospect because I was a complete stranger in town, not knowing anyone. Suddenly I saw a familiar face. It was Reb Menachem Mendel Chein, the rav of

Nezhin. After explaining to him my predicament, he told me not to worry and scurried off.

Just a few moments later, Reb Nachman called me in for a *yechidus* with the Rebbe. It seems that Reb Menachem Mendel had gone directly to Rebbetzin Shterna Sarah to plead my case, and it worked! I shared the details of my situation with the Rebbe and listened carefully as he blessed me that no harm should come my way. This *bracha* was not enough for me so I replied, “Rebbe, I don't want a *bracha*, I need an assurance!” With a smile on his lips, the Rebbe looked at me and exclaimed, “What, you want all your enemies in your town to die?!”

לזכות  
 הרה"ת ר' מנחם מענדל  
 וזוגתו מרת מושקא שיחיו  
 רפפורט  
 לרגל יום נישואיהם י"א טבת ה'תשע"פ  
 נדפס ע"י משפחתם  
 הרה"ת ר' אברהם שמואל  
 וזוגתו מרת חי' צפורה  
 בניהם ובנותיהם  
 מנחם מענדל, נעכא, יוסף שיחיו  
 מאן



REB DOVID TZVI CHEIN

At that moment the Rebbe's attendant began ushering me out of the room and when I stood my

ground he began to tug at me to leave. I did not budge. I was scared for my life and was not able to return

home in that state. The Rebbe turned to me again and said, "And if I give you a promise that you will be safe then you won't be afraid anymore?"

"Yes," I replied.

"If so," he continued, "I assure you that you will be spared from your enemies."

A wave of calm tranquility took over my body the moment I heard those words from the Rebbe's holy mouth; I was finally comfortable to return home.

When I arrived back in Darmaluvka, I quickly heard the news about what had befallen my enemies. One individual had been riding his horse along the river bank and he fell into the river and drowned.

Another had died from a different cause. The final group of four ruffians had been caught trying to set the *poritz's* property on fire and were sent to Siberia for eight years for the attempted arson. I was finally able to let out a sigh of relief.

When the eight years were up my fears started to return but I soon realized that those four individuals no longer hated me and they became frequent customers of mine. The Rebbe's promise had indeed been fulfilled to its fullest. **1**

*(Adapted from Shmuos V'Sippurim vol. 1, p. 85)*