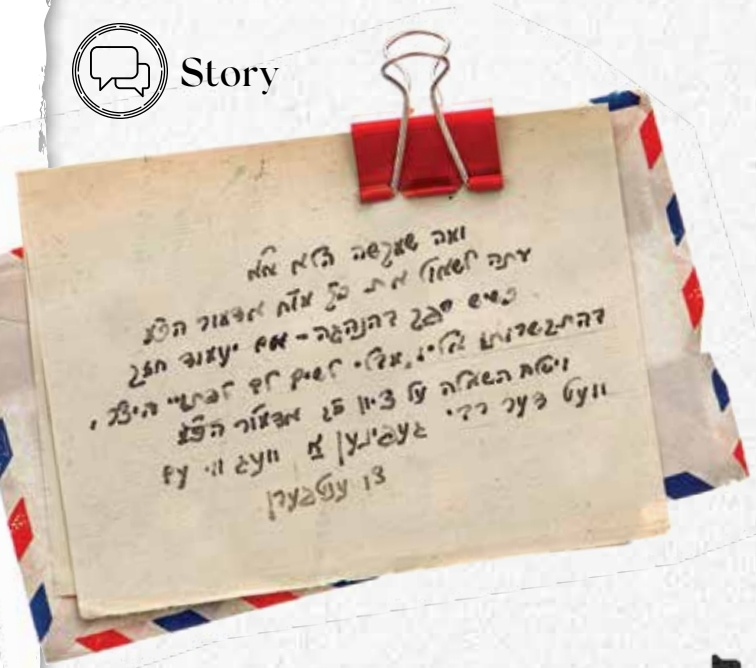




לזכות השלוחה ח' מושקא בת פערל
 גאלדא תח' לרגל יום הולדתה ד' מר
 חשוון
 ולזכות השלוחה מינא עטל בת פערל
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 נדפס ע"י
 משפחתה שיחיו



דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

The Late Night Lift

AS TOLD BY RABBI LEVI YITZCHOK CEITLIN (KIRYAT MOTZKIN, ERETZ YISROEL)
 AND REB MEIR MOSS (SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA)

Rabbi Levi Ceitlin: During the year 5782* my family experienced many simchas, *baruch Hashem*. We were blessed with a new baby boy, our oldest son became bar mitzvah, and after Pesach my daughter got engaged. As we started joyfully preparing for the upcoming wedding on Yud-Gimmel Tammuz, I realized I would need to fundraise a significant amount of money in order to pay for the *simcha*.

I am not a natural fundraiser and do not engage in it often, and was intimidated with the task at hand. I have the merit of continuing my father's (Reb Aharon Leizer Ceitlin) tradition of leading an annual trip for girls to the Rebbe for Chof-Beis Shevat, and I decided to travel to New York to approach several donors for these trips to ask them for help in covering the finances of the wedding.

On Tuesday, 23 Iyar I arrived at JFK at approximately 5:30 p.m. and caught a taxi to the Ohel. I planned to be there for a short time before continuing on to Crown

Heights to settle down for the night after such a long trip, and to return to the Ohel the next morning, refreshed and present. Then I reasoned that since I was in New York for such a short time, why push off something so important as properly entering the Ohel and requesting the Rebbe's *bracha* despite my fatigue?

Coming from a long flight I had eaten during the day and decided to wait until after nightfall to enter the Ohel.

Before entering the Ohel I wrote a short *tzettel* to the Rebbe describing the situation and specifically requested for an overflowing *bracha* that should come "from here (at the Ohel) and from the שכונה דכאן צוה' את הברכה (Crown Heights)."

After davening inside the Ohel for approximately half an hour I was exhausted and stood outside the main house by the Ohel looking for a ride to Crown Heights. Even though it was not yet late, for some reason I was unable to find a ride for several hours.

Reb Meir Moss: A few weeks before Shavuot my wife and I traveled to New York from Sydney to visit my son-in-law and daughter who had just given birth to our grandchild. At the beginning of our visit we came to the Ohel but it was significantly rushed since we were with others who were on a tighter schedule. I had not been to New York for over two years, since the start of the Covid-19 pandemic, and I wished to be at the Ohel without being rushed.

On Tuesday evening I ordered an Uber and came to the Ohel alone. I took my time preparing myself before entering the Ohel and spent a significant amount of time inside the Ohel. By the time I was ready to leave it was close to midnight.

To appreciate what happened next I must share that I generally do not give rides to Crown Heights from the Ohel. I am uncomfortable with the language barrier that typically exists between myself and the passengers and I prefer to have quiet time for reflection during the drive.

As I walked towards the street to wait for my Uber I saw a Chossid sitting on the small wall outside the main house by the Ohel with two suitcases. He asked me in Hebrew if he could join me on the ride to Crown Heights and I realized that at this late hour his chances of finding another ride were very slim. Reluctantly I nodded my head that he could join and helped him load his baggage into the trunk of the Uber.

At the beginning of the ride I was occupied contacting the people I had mentioned at the Ohel a few minutes earlier. When I was done with that I turned to my fellow passenger and asked him where he was from.

“I am a shliach in Kiryat Motzkin, a small town outside of Haifa. And where are you from?” he asked.

“My name is Meir Moss and I am from Sydney, Australia,” I replied.

To my bewilderment he reacted with utter shock. His face became flushed and his eyes filled with tears. It was very intense, but what he said next shocked me to my core.

“I am Levi Ceitlin, the oldest son of Reb Aharon Leizer Ceitlin,” he said, shaking.

Let me explain why this meant so much to me. Aharon Leizer merited to be the Rebbe’s shliach to the *yeshiva gedolah* in Australia in 5735*-5736*. He had a tremendous impact on all the *bochurim* and the community at large and maintained a strong connection with the Australian *anash* community for the rest of his life. After he was sent on shlichus

to Tzfas and started running a network of preschools there, he often visited Australia to fundraise and spent the bulk of his visit leading *farbrengens* and addressing the *anash* at every opportunity.

He would stay in my home in Sydney for over a week each year and I was privileged to support his institutions and activities. We grew very close over the years and after his untimely passing I continued supporting his wife and children to the best of my abilities.

And here I was sitting next to his eldest son Levi Yitzchok whom I had never met before.

RLC: I always knew Reb Meir was a close family friend but had never met him before. In fact, in addition to fundraising in America I planned to reach out to my father’s close friends in Australia for help and Reb Meir was at the top of the list. And here I was sitting next to Reb Meir on a car ride from the Ohel to Crown Heights shortly after specifically asking the Rebbe for a *bracha* that my success should come from here!

RMM: After we both overcame our initial shock he shared with me the purpose of his trip and the circumstances of how our unexpected meeting came to be. I started laughing and said to him that if I gave someone a ride from the Ohel, miracles can really happen. I was pleased to immediately commit to helping him out in a significant way and by the time we reached Crown Heights he was much more confident about the rest of his trip in more ways than one.

I am so grateful to the Rebbe for giving me the opportunity to help my dear friend’s children in a dignified manner.

RLC: The *hashgacha protis* was tremendous. He was already at the Ohel earlier on during his trip and decided to come again. He never takes hitchhikers to Crown Heights and he did so this time. Everything worked out so perfectly and smoothly.

I came away from this experience with an overwhelming sense of gratitude to Hashem for such a tremendous *gilui Elokus* and most importantly with the concrete knowledge, once again, that when we come to the Ohel, someone is listening.

YOUR STORY

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