



MRS. JORDANA STOCKHAMER AND HER HUSBAND CONVERSING WITH THE REBBE AT THE SUNDAY DOLLARS OF 26 ADAR I, 5752.

JEM 1058027

לזכות

החתן הרה"ת ר' יוסף יצחק והכלה  
המהוללה מרת ח' מושקא שיחיו  
שיינער  
לרגל חתונתם ג' סיון ה'תשפ"ג שנת הקהל

ולזכות הוריהם  
הרה"ת ר' מנחם מענדל וזוגתו מרת שושנה ומשפחתם שיחיו

נדפס ע"י זקניהם  
ר' צבי אברהם וזוגתו מרת חנה שיחיו  
מארנץ



# The Four Extra Dollars

Written By:

Rabbi Shabi Soffer & Rabbi Tzemach Feller

*This story was related by Mrs. Jordana Stockhamer, an attorney living in Toronto, Canada.*

I met my husband in 1990 on an Israel Bonds mission, we got engaged in 1991 at Masada on another such mission, and got married several months later. On those Israel trips, a young rabbi named Rabbi Shmuel Butman accompanied our group. We decided a few months later to attend an Israel bonds conference in New York, and Rabbi Butman was there as well.

On Motzei Shabbos, Rabbi Butman told us: "I have a treat for you tomorrow, I want to take you somewhere. We're going to meet the Rebbe. There is a bus arranged that will pick you up, and it will be wonderful." I was initially hesitant, concerned about missing our flight home later on Sunday, but Rabbi Butman assured us we'd be able to get to the airport on time. And after all, this was an opportunity to meet with the Rebbe, and we'll get a *bracha* from him.

The day my husband and I went to see the Rebbe was March 1, 1992 — 26 Adar I 5752.

I walked outside the next morning expecting a coach bus, but instead we found a school bus waiting for us... I was again hesitant but my husband said, "Shmuel said it'll

be okay, so it'll be okay." We got on the bus, and of course traffic from Manhattan to Crown Heights was terrible, and it was getting later and later.

We finally pulled up to 770, and I saw a line stretching down the block and around the corner. I turned to my husband and said, "Do you see how long this line is? This is ridiculous! Get us a cab, we're going to the airport right now!" But Rabbi Butman said, "Don't worry about the line, I have another way in. We're going around the side." And we did; our group skipped the line and in no time we were on our way in to see the Rebbe.

As we approached the Rebbe, I saw that each person only had a moment or two to exchange several words before receiving a dollar from the Rebbe and being whisked along. So I turned to my husband and said, "Let's discuss this right now, what will we say? We should ask for a *bracha* for our marriage, that we should have beautiful children, and most importantly a *bracha* for our parents," I detailed. "And say it in Yiddish," I concluded. My husband was the son of Holocaust survivors and spoke fluent Yiddish. Our group looked as American as could be, so I said, "Speak in Yiddish, that will get the Rebbe's attention."

# “The Rebbe appeared to be surprised, and all of a sudden everything stopped; it was just the Rebbe, my husband, and myself.”

Indeed, as we came face to face to the Rebbe and were already being whisked along, my husband began talking to the Rebbe in Yiddish. The Rebbe appeared to be surprised, and all of a sudden everything stopped; it was just the Rebbe, my husband, and myself. My husband asked for the *bracha* for our marriage, for children, and for our parents. The Rebbe gave us a beautiful *bracha* for our marriage, that we should have beautiful children, and that each of our parents should live until 120. Then the Rebbe handed each of us a dollar.

And then the Rebbe handed us four more dollars.

I didn't understand the significance at the time, but we took the extra dollars and were on our way — now we were focused on catching our flight! We got back on the school bus, and made it to the airport on time, returning to Toronto. I soon became pregnant with our first child, who was followed by two more, and life became very busy after that.

Ten years later, in 2002, I found out that I was pregnant again. The doctor recommended that I get an amnio (an amniocentesis; a type of prenatal test that can detect certain birth defects) since I was 40. I didn't feel it was necessary — we had beautiful children, and I was healthy. But my husband insisted; he asked lots of doctors and everybody said I should get this test. Only my mother was on my side, mentioning that since I bruise easily, perhaps it wasn't a good idea to get this test. In the end, the nurse called and said that the doctor had scheduled the test a week from next Tuesday, and I should let them know if I wanted to cancel.

So I told my husband, “I think we should speak to a rabbi.” So we went to one of our (not Chabad) rabbis, who told us, “Look, halachically, you can have an amnio, it's just that you need to be careful what you do with the information from

the test; you cannot abort if there's a problem. But what does she need it for ...”

This was about a week before the test was scheduled. Then I told my husband, “You know, I want to go to shul this Shabbos at Chabad Flamingo; maybe Rabbi Kaplan can speak to us on Sunday.” We came to shul, but Rabbi Kaplan and his wife Faigy weren't there that week — they had gone out of town for a wedding.

I was very disturbed and upset, and I sat there asking Hashem to help me, to tell me what to do. It came time for the sermon, and Rabbi Grossbaum — who was filling in for Rabbi Kaplan — got up and began speaking about the *parsha*. I wasn't paying much attention, but then I got my sign.

He began to say, “Some of you may know that the Rebbe used to hand out dollars to people on Sundays,” and he went on to tell a story of people getting dollars from the Rebbe. It was as if a lightbulb lit up. I thought, “We got four extra dollars, and I'm pregnant with our fourth child. I think there's a connection here.”

As soon as shul was over I ran to my husband and said, “Did you hear what the rabbi was talking about? We also went to the Rebbe, and the Rebbe gave us four extra dollars, and I'm pregnant with my fourth child. Those dollars weren't for our parents — they were for us. We're supposed to have four beautiful children. I don't need any doctor to tell me that, I don't need any amnio to tell me that.”

And my husband turned to me and said, “Wow, I think you're right! Monday morning, I want you to call and cancel the amnio.” And I did, and our fourth child — a daughter — was born happy and healthy. ❶