



The Ice Cream Recipe

After completing two years of *kollel* as a newlywed, I wrote to the Rebbe and asked, “What should I do now? Where should I go?” After some back-and-forth correspondence, the Rebbe told me I should go to Australia and look for *rabbonus*. I told the Rebbe, “The Rebbe has given me this shlichus to become a *rav*. Really, with my learning, my being, my abilities and so on, I don’t know whether I’m suited to be able to fill that position in the manner the Rebbe would like us to.”

The Rebbe replied, “*Zechus harabbim misa’yato* — The merit of working for the community will stand you in good stead.” So I took that as a strong *bracha*, something that has stood by me ever since then. I went to Rabbi Zalman Shimon Dworkin, who was the Lubavitcher *rav* in Crown Heights at the time, and with the Rebbe’s approval I asked to begin *shimush*. I also did some *shimush* in Montreal with Rabbi Yitzchok Hendel, and for the next six months I prepared to take on this position that the Rebbe had given me and that the Rebbe had given me such a strong and good *bracha* for.

During that time, while we were still in New York, my wife

and I helped out in Tzach. They would arrange for people to visit Crown Heights for Shabbosim, and one week, two young girls were sent to us to stay for Shabbos. They were part of a group visiting from South Carolina to spend a weekend with Lubavitch.

These two girls sat at our table. They had never really seen anything of *Yiddishkeit* before, so we used the opportunity to talk to them about *kashrus* and Shabbos. At the conclusion of the meal, my wife served *pareve* ice cream. Now, we had discussed during the meal about kosher and the importance of not eating dairy and meat together. These girls had just finished their chicken, and now the *rebbeztin* was presenting them with ice cream — which they thought was dairy. “Was this some sort of test?” they wondered. They looked very confused.

My wife realized what was going on in their minds and said, “Don’t worry, this ice cream is what we call *pareve*. It’s not made with milk. It can be eaten together with meat.” So they enjoyed it.

מוקדש
לחיזוק ההתקשרות לכ"ק אדמו"ר
נדפס ע"י
הרה"ת ר' דוד וזוגתו מרת מושקא
בניהם ובתם
זאב אריה, חנה רחל, מנחם מענדל
שיחיו
רחמני



As related by **Rabbi Mordechai Gutnick**, rabbi of Elwood Talmud Torah Hebrew Congregation in Melbourne, Australia and a senior member of the Melbourne Beth Din.

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They went back home and a few weeks later, we got a letter from them saying how lovely it had been in Crown Heights and how they saw, for the first time, another aspect of Judaism which seemed so beautiful, so authentic. They had attended a farbrengen with the Rebbe and wrote how holy he looked, and so on. They thanked us for helping make the weekend so spiritually uplifting.

At the bottom, beneath their signatures, one of the girls wrote:

P.S. I told my mother about the non-dairy ice cream and she was very intrigued. Could you please send us the recipe?

I took that letter and thought, "I want to give the Rebbe *nachas*, so I'm going to send it in." I wrote a note explaining what this was and sent it in.

A few hours later, I got a phone call from Rabbi Klein, the Rebbe's secretary, and he said, "There's an answer from the Rebbe for you." I wasn't expecting any answer. The Rebbe had sent out the letter from the girls that I had sent in and wrote

on it, "Thank you for the good news. You should continue her connection to Judaism [the connection of one of these girls] in a way that is suitable for her."

And then the Rebbe drew an arrow to the P.S. that asked for the chocolate ice cream recipe.

To me, this was the greatest preparation that I could have. With all the rabbis I spoke to and all the *shimush* I did preparing to go home and be a rav in Australia, the greatest piece of advice I ever received was how the Rebbe — in middle of what was a very busy time — had the time to think about a girl in South Carolina and to say that we should send her an ice cream recipe, because that ice cream recipe may bring her a little bit closer to *Yiddishkeit*.

This is our Rebbe. And this was the greatest piece of advice I could get as far as how a spiritual leader has to care about every single individual, even the smallest thing that can possibly bring them a little closer to *Yiddishkeit*. **1**