



חסידים הראשונים

Stories of the Early Chassidim

HIS GRANDFATHER GAVE ME A SEFER FOR MY CHASUNAH

Rabbi K, a Lubavitcher Chossid and communal activist from New York, told the following story:

I once was in South America, and I met a Jewish father, who told me about a problem he was having in his family. His daughter had left home and had become involved in a cult in New York. He asked me that when I go back to New York, I should try and find his daughter and bring her back to Yiddishkeit. I promised to try and find her. Hard work pays off (יגעתי ומצאתי) (תאמין), and after showing her picture to many people, I found someone who recognized the girl in the picture. He directed me to where the girl was, and I started being in contact with her. I invited her to my house for Shabbos meals, and slowly she started coming back to the Yiddish way of life.

She met an Israeli boy who was also becoming more frum, and they decided to get married. They asked me to be Mesader Kidushin at their Chupah, which was going to be on Yud Daled Kislev.

The girl's father was very happy that his daughter was found and was going to have a Yiddishe Chupah, but the Chosson's father was different. He had grown up in a Frum family. His father was an important Rav in Warsaw before the war, but now he was very far from living a Frum way of life. He was upset that there was going to be a Rav at the Chupah, and said that he will only come, on condition that he is not asked to say any Brachos or any Tefillos under the Chupah.

The day before the Chasunah, I wrote a letter to the Rebbe regarding this Chupah, and added the information about the Chosson's grandfather.

The Rebbe's answer was quick in coming, and surprising! The Rebbe revealed that the Chosson's grandfather was at the Rebbe's Chasunah and had given the Rebbe a present of a sefer that he himself had written. The Rebbe suggested that I take along that very sefer (from the Rebbe's library) to the Chasunah.

At the Kabolos Ponim, before the Chupah, I was invited to say a few words. I spoke about the meaning of a Yiddishe Chasunah, and then said that I want to speak about the Chosson's grandfather and introduce him to everyone. I showed everyone the sefer, that the grandfather had written, and then told everyone where I got the sefer from (from the Rebbe himself).

As soon as I said that, I noticed the father of the Chosson leaving the hall. When I finished speaking, I went to see what happened, and found him in the corner of the hallway, crying bitterly. It seems that the words about his father, and seeing the sefer, had a deep effect on him. I understood that something had changed in the father's heart, but did not want to disturb him, so I went back into the hall.

A few minutes before the Chupah, the father came over to me, and said that he wants to be under the Chupah, and could I please tell him what he has to do. Needless to say, that was the beginning of the Chosson's father's return to true Yiddishkeit.

[Translated from "Galgal HaShonoh"]