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The Precious Pail of Water

By C.B. Weinfeld



Shifra Zeidman* was already 27 years old. Even her normally unflappable mother had begun to worry. As the youngest of seven siblings, Shifra lived a full life — she worked as a dietician, spent hours caring for her nieces and nephews, and filled her days with chessed. Life was busy, but the silence of the phone told its own story.

When her friends began having their third and fourth babies, reality hit her hard. Her classmates, her neighbors, her camp friends — nearly all had built their families. Though surrounded by people, she felt left behind.

Mrs. Zeidman could not understand it. Her daughter was refined, warm, capable — a true gem. Why wasn't the phone ringing? Why weren't shadchanim calling? One morning she cleared her schedule, sat by the phone, and spent hours

making calls. But when she finally set the receiver down, her heart was heavier than ever. No leads, no names, nothing.

A few days later, weighed down by worry, she drove to New Jersey to daven at her parents' kevarim. It wasn't their yahrzeit — but she felt compelled to go. She poured out her heart in tears, begging Hashem for her daughter's future. When she left, she felt lighter, as if a stone had been lifted.

Days later, the phone rang. "Is this Mrs. Zeidman? Perhaps you are a Rivlin from Eretz Yisroel — the daughter of R' Yom Tov Yisroel Rivlin?"

Startled, she answered, "Yes... who is this?"

"My name is Feivel Markstein. I'm a shadchan. I moved from Eretz Yisroel a few years ago."

Mrs. Zeidman nearly dropped the phone. Mr. Markstein was one of the most prominent shadchanim around. Why was he calling her? But he was indeed calling about Shifra. He wanted information. Enthusiastically, she gave it, and within days he called back with suggestions. Then more. And more. Within weeks he had suggested eight boys.

Two dates materialized, though they didn't work out. Still, he refused to give up. Day after day, week after week, he kept calling — checking, suggesting, following up. This went on not for weeks, but for months — for eighteen long months. It seemed as though this busy, well-known shadchan had made Shifra's shidduch his personal mission.

At times, Mrs. Zeidman tried to ask him why. Each time, he brushed it off. Until finally, as Shifra neared thirty, his efforts bore fruit. He introduced her to Yonah Scheiner* of London — her chosson. At the vort, the Zeidmans gratefully handed him a substantial shadchanus. For the first time, he revealed the secret behind his tireless dedication.

"I grew up in Yerushalayim during the British Mandate," he began. "Those were years of hunger, deprivation, and fear. British soldiers were harsh, Arabs hostile. Families lacked bread, and the Old City was plagued with disease. Many children didn't survive their first year. Then came the War of Independence in 1948. I was just a boy. Gunfire, grenades, bombardments — the Old City was under siege. Food was scarce, water even scarcer. Fetching it from the public wells meant risking one's life under constant shelling.

"But one man, R' Yom Tov Yisroel Rivlin, risked his life every day to bring water to his neighbors. People lined up at his door, begging for survival. I will never forget one blazing hot day. Our water barrel was empty. I hadn't had water in over a day. Weak and dizzy, I dragged myself to the Rivlin home, dodging shells. When I knocked, R' Yom Tov Yisroel opened the door. 'What do you need, my child?' he asked gently. 'Water,' I whispered. 'Please. I can't go on.'

“He sighed. His barrel was empty. But when he saw my condition, he didn’t hesitate. He told me to sit, then ran into the open — under fire — to draw more water from the well. I trembled, certain he would be killed. But miraculously, he returned with a full pail. ‘Drink, mein kind. Drink your fill.’ I drank until I could drink no more. He had saved my life at the risk of his own.

“Mrs. Zeidman, that tzaddik was your father. When I later came to America, I searched for him. I finally found you. And when I heard you had a daughter waiting for her shidduch, I knew this was how I could repay him. I put everything aside and focused only on her. And now, Boruch Hashem, the effort has been rewarded.”

The room fell silent. The Zeidmans were overcome. One pail of water, given in the fire of war, had rippled forward through decades — to bring life, joy, and continuity to a granddaughter’s new home. (Excerpted from the ArtScroll book — “Another Handful of Stars”)

Reprinted from the Parshas Bereishis 5786 email of The Weekly Vort.

Rav Nossan Tzvi’s Lulav



One year, on the Shabbos that came between Yom Kippur and Succos, Yehuda, a boy from America who was learning in Eretz Yisroel, went away for that Shabbos. He had already purchased his Lulav, and he carefully left it near his bed in the dormitory while he was away. When he returned after Shabbos, he found his bed a little ruffled, which was not how he left it. His things were moved and knocked around a little, and to his dismay, his Lulav had become Pasul.

He turned to his roommate and asked, “What happened to my bed?”

Yehuda didn’t want to confront him about the Lulav, so he didn’t mention it. The roommate casually replied, “My friend came for Shabbos and needed a place to sleep. I knew you wouldn’t mind, so I let him use your bed.”

However, Yehuda minded very much since he didn’t have a Kosher Lulav anymore. He was very perturbed, but he kept it quiet and went instead to speak about his frustration to his Rosh Yeshivah, Rav Nossan Tzvi Finkel, zt”l.

Rav Nosson Tzvi said to him, “It’s a shame that your Lulav became Pasul, but I have a suggestion for you. Many people bring me Lulavim for Succos. They would all like me to use the Lulav they bring me on Yom Tov. Come over to my house later and choose a Lulav from my collection. You can use that one this Succos.”

Yehuda was very pleased with this offer, and later that day he came to Rav Nosson Tzvi’s home and found several beautiful Lulavim lying on the table. He chose one, and Rav Nosson Tzvi said to him, “I’m giving this to you on one condition. You can’t bear a grudge against your roommate, or be angry at him at all.”

Yehuda agreed, and went back to Yeshivah, elated at the thought of using such a beautiful Lulav on Succos. Only later, did the family find out the truth about those Lulavim. Rav Nosson Tzvi did not really have any extra Lulavim, and no one had ever brought any for him to use.

Before Yehuda came over, Rav Nosson Tzvi asked his family members to put all their Lulavim on the table, and after Yehuda had taken one, the Rosh Yeshivah gave everyone in his family a Lulav. He was the only one left without having a Lulav, and he went out to go get one for himself. Rav Nosson Tzvi loved peace so much that he was happy to give away his own Lulav to a Bachur, and make sure that no one would be upset with another person, and that there would be peace in the Yeshivah!

Reprinted from the Parshas HaAzinu 5786 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.

The One Loaf of Bread

During World War I, many Jews were uprooted from their homes. Whole families were forced to move into single rooms in other people’s homes or into public buildings. The conditions were extremely difficult. Organizations were created to deal with the hardships and alleviate the suffering of the many who were distressed, and often penniless.

At that time, the Rabbanim and community leaders held a meeting which Rav Chaim Brisker, zt”l, attended. The topic of discussion was how to better help these people, who had poured into every neighborhood in the city. They were suffering greatly from lack of supplies, and some were even going for days without proper food.

One of the Rabbanim then asked, “Why are only talking about the physical needs of these people? What about the fact that many may be without Tefilin and Taleisim? Those present nodded their heads, and wondered why they had not thought of this.

However, Rav Chaim dismissed these questions and pointed out that while all the people could fulfill the Mitzvah by sharing one pair of Tefilin, they certainly could not all satisfy their hunger with one loaf of bread!”

Reprinted from the Parshas HaAzinu 5786 email of Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg’s Torah U’Tefilah.

Meat for Yom Tov

By Rabbi Moshe Hirschberg

Every Thursday morning, one of the large meat stores in Queens sends out many meat orders. Many call in their orders on Wednesday and find their packages neatly wrapped and taped in front of their door on Thursday morning.

One Thursday morning, shortly before Pesach 5784, the manager received a call from a customer complaining that her order was yet to be delivered. The manager reassured her that the order was processed and that the delivery boy would arrive shortly. Time was ticking, and every few minutes the manager’s phone rang with the lady’s demands only getting louder. It was apparent that someone else had received the order. He tried procrastinating in the hope that the finder would reach out to the store to return the order, but no such call came through.

At 12:15, the manager decided that there was no alternative. He would send out the order again, and hopefully sometime later, the missing order would turn up. Within a few minutes, the delivery boy was driving through the streets with the new order and had it delivered to the correct address.

At 3:00, the manager’s phone rang. On the line was a woman who said that an order was delivered to her door mistakenly. The manager was glad that the misplaced order was located, but now he had a different dilemma. The delivery boy was done for the day, and there was no way the manager himself could leave the store. He asked the lady if she would put the package in the fridge until he could find

someone to pick it up. She happily complied. As day turned into night and the package was still in her fridge, she called the manager to follow up on the pickup. The manager told her, “Just keep the meat. It’s too late to pick it up, and the store will take the loss. I’m assuming that you have already purchased your Shabbos meat and have no need for it, but please figure something out. I can’t busy myself with it.”



Just saying those words, the manager sensed that it triggered something in the woman. She became very emotional. This is what she told him: “My husband owned a company whose revenue used to cover our monthly expenses comfortably. Some three months ago, business went sour, and he had to close up shop. He laid off twenty employees, and all his investment and its profit fell into thin air, leaving us with nothing but heartache.

“As the weeks went by, our financial state went from bad to worse. We’ve had to cut out even the basics. This week, I wasn’t sure if we would have meat for Shabbos. There is simply no money. This morning, I woke up and asked Hashem to somehow prepare meat for us. Now I know why this order landed at my doorstep. It wasn’t your mistake; it was Hashem’s plan for us to have meat.”

Learning about this hashgachah, R’ Matis Fried, the manager’s brother-in-law, wanted to share this incredible siyata d’Shmaya with others. He contacted Pardes Shlomo, a hotline followed by tens of thousands, to share this story with its many listeners.

The following Wednesday night, at 11:17, R’ Matis received a call from an unfamiliar number. Surprised as to who would reach out to him at that hour, the caller introduced himself as Moshe from Williamsburg. After confirming that he was

R' Matis, the one who shared the story on Pardes Shlomo, R' Moshe asked in surprise, "Do you not know the story of the Beis Halevi?"

"Which story? Tell me."

"The Beis Halevi received a shailah from a woman asking if she could fulfill the daled kosos (the four cups of wine used at the Pesach Seder) with milk. Without answering, the Beis Halevi gathered a large sum of money and handed it to the one who posed the question. The Beis Halevi had understood from her question that she didn't even have meat for Yom Tov, for certainly one can't drink milk at the Seder if they're eating meat! 'If she doesn't have the basics, we must supply her with it.'

"Regarding the story that you shared, you see that this family is in trouble. We must do something. Call your brother-in-law, get the woman's contact info, and we'll send her money at once. I myself am willing to contribute a significant amount toward her family, but we must do even more. We can't leave a family like this hanging."

Proud to be part of such a nation, on Thursday morning, R' Matis dialed his brother-in-law to fulfill his mission. But Thursday went by, and then Friday went by, but his brother-in-law was not answering his calls. Finally on Sunday, R' Matis was able to speak with his brother-in-law, who apologized for being unable to respond because his phone broke.

When R' Matis shared the reason for his call, the manager explained that he'd already reached out to Tomchei Shabbos to ensure that the family would receive what they needed to make Shabbos and offer them some support. The manager then shared something even more amazing:

"Had you gotten through to me last week, I wouldn't have had her number. When my phone broke, my Call History became history. But now I am going to tell you what happened. That Thursday morning, I once again had a woman calling me that her order didn't arrive. It was the very same woman from the previous week, but this time, she started off more agitated than before. With it being Erev Yom Tov, and it being the second time, she demanded that I resend the order right away. Which I did.

"Shortly after, I received the same 'finders' keepers' call from that same lady. This time, I told her from the onset to keep it. She happily took it — the \$700 order from the previous woman, free of charge. Only because it repeated itself a second time did I have her contact information. So not only did the second 'mix-up' get her meat for Yom Tov, but it also got her a sizable donation."

Shocked at how this simple woman had such an outstanding story repeat itself twice, R' Matis reached out and asked her what segulah she had done.

"Segulah?!" she replied. "What segulah?!?" In all simplicity, she said, "It was Thursday morning, and I needed meat for Shabbos, so I asked Hashem to deliver. And He did!"

This shocked R' Matis to the core. He expected to learn about a brachah from the Baba Sali or the like, but in truth, she'd simply turned to the One in charge. Directly. No intermediaries. This "simple" woman was in no way so simple. This added a new dimension to their lives. The simplicity of this story taught him that talking in one's own language could suffice to bring about an incredible yeshuah.

Reprinted from the Sukkos 5786 email of Zichru Toras Moshe

The Power of Talking Directly to Hashem

Sequel: Shortly after Pesach, R' Moshe from Williamsburg met a friend who seemed down. As they spoke, his friend disclosed that he had three daughters and one son looking for their bashert. With the days stretching into months and the months turning into years, it was taking its toll on him and his family.

"So, what do you do about it?" asked R' Moshe.

"I say lots of Tehillim — kapital after kapital."

"Do you also speak to Hashem in your own words?"

"No. I just repeat the words of Dovid HaMelech. What could be better than his words?!"

"Let me share a personal story with you." With that, he narrated the aforementioned story that he'd witnessed just a few weeks earlier, how speaking to Hashem in elementary language brought about exceptional results. "How about talking to Hashem in your own words, not just using the words of Tehillim?"

"I never thought about it, to tell you the truth. Once you're mentioning it, it sounds like the right thing."

From then and on, in addition to his daily Tehillim, he also saw to it to enunciate his bakashah in his own words. Shortly after its implementation, he witnessed the shidduch wheels — which till then had seemed frozen — begin to move.

Three months later, R' Moshe received a call inviting him to his friend's 31-year-old daughter's vort. He was glad to have been part of the instigation that had brought about the simchah. Preparing for the chasunah was no easy feat. Aside from the preparations in and of themselves, the phone was ringing nonstop with suggestions for his other children.

Two weeks before the chasunah, the family members gathered for the celebration of the 29-year-old daughter's engagement. The preparations were a bit

overwhelming, but knowing the key to premier assistance — speaking to Hashem — offered unparalleled support.

One month after the chasunah, he celebrated the engagement of his third daughter — the 27-year-old. To date, one year after R' Moshe's suggestion, all three daughters were happily married, with each of them holding the key to success right in their hands. The simplicity of the story taught him not such a simple lesson: There is no simple tefillah. Be open with Hashem. He wants to hear from you!

Reprinted from the Sukkos 5786 email of Zichru Toras Moshe

A Special Cover

We know that our Sukkah is in memory of the *Annanei HaKavod*—clouds of glory that Hashem created for us in the desert. There were so many miracles in the desert - *maan*, springs of Miriam... Why do we have a whole holiday for this miracle?

The Tzemach Tzaddik explains that the food and water were essentials *Bnei Yisrael* needed to survive. The clouds Hashem provided them were not a necessity; *Bnei Yisrael* had tents to shelter them. These clouds were a symbol of Hashem's love surrounding us. These clouds protected *Bnei Yisrael* from the harsh desert sun, the hot sand and hid *Bnei Yisrael* from enemies. The sukkah reminds us that we did not just survive in the desert for forty years, we had 360 degrees of Hashem's love.

Many years ago, Rabbi Dovid Goldwasser traveled to the former Soviet Union to teach a torah class. Since torah learning was illegal, the whole mission was highly secret and dangerous. In that basement he gave an unforgettable class, each participant burning with passion for Torah. The fiery class extended past the mandated curfew, and as they were leaving his host invited Rabbi Goldwasser to a farewell meal the next day.

Rabbi Goldwasser wanted to bring his host a gift for endangering his life to host him. He decided on a white challah cover with a Magen David and the words; "Shabbat Shalom" embroidered in blue thread. The Rabbi hid the cover deep into his bag.



The meal was simple, and the tiny kitchen was filled with glowing *neshamot*—souls. At the end of the evening the Rabbi brought his gift over to his host. Instead of thanking him, his host silently broke down in tears. Wordlessly, he took the Rabbi to the foyer and pulled out a folded paper napkin from a crumbling shelf. He unfolded it carefully. In blue marker was a hand drawn Magen David, and beneath it in loving letters were the words “Shabbat Shalom.” For years this had been his beloved challah cover. Then he gave the napkin to the Rabbi, kissed the new cover and put it on his shelf.

Hashem had shown Rabbi Goldwasser the *hashgacha pratis*—divine supervision He has for His nation, Am Yisrael. May we feel Hashem’s love surrounding and guiding us this Sukkot and upcoming year. May we follow in the ways of Hashem and offer unconditional love to others.

Reprinted from the Parashat Haazinu-Sukkot 5786 email of Jack E. Rahmey based on the Torah teachings of Rabbi Amram Sananes

It Depends on the Question

By Shmuel Himelstein

A man came to Rabbi Yehuda Assad for advice. "Rabbi," he said, "I want to buy a certain run-down store, which will give me the opportunity to support my family and myself comfortably. What do you suggest?" Rabbi Assad told him not to buy the store.

The next day, another man came to ask Rabbi Assad for advice. "Rabbi," he said, "if I buy this store, I will, with the help of Hashem, be able to fix it up and earn a decent living." This time, Rabbi Assad urged the man to go ahead.

When the first man heard the Rabbi's advice to the second, he grew furious and ran to him. "Rabbi, yesterday I asked you about buying the same store, and you told me not to. Why did you tell the other man to buy it?"

"It's very simple," said Rabbi Assad. "You wanted to take on the task of running a run-down store all by yourself, and I felt that it was too much for one person. The other man, on the other hand, stated, 'with the help of Hashem.' With a partner like that, I felt he has an excellent chance of making a go of it." (Excerpted from the ArtScroll book - Words of Wisdom, Words of Wit)

Rav Gustman's Wife

By Rabbi Yitzchak Hisiger

In Sivan, 1941, the city of Vilna fell to the Germans. At this time, Horav Yisroel Zev Gustman, zl, his rebbetzin and daughter were living there. [The word "living" is perhaps a euphemism, since they suffered immeasurably. Indeed, they were the beneficiaries of countless miracles during their stay in Vilna and during the rest of the war.]

The Gustmans escaped and, for a while, were hidden in a pit belonging to a kindly non-Jewish farmer. When it was no longer safe even there, they fled to the forest and joined a group of partisans. This is how they were able to exist for the next few years. They had run out of food and now subsisted on grass.

The Rosh Yeshivah realized that they must leave the forest before they died of starvation. Unsure whether the Nazis were still in Vilna, they took their chances. Who knows? Perhaps they would experience another miracle. The Rav and his family were desperate, so they knocked on the door of the first house. When the woman of the house saw who stood at her door, she immediately slammed the door

in their faces. She was not allowing a Jew to cross her threshold. The owners of the next two homes responded in a like manner. It was the owner of the fourth house who opened his door to them. [We can only begin to imagine the incredible merit that person had for playing such a crucial role in saving such a brilliant Rosh Yeshivah and his family.]



Rav Yisroel Zev Gustman

When Rav Gustman looked inside the house, he was astonished to see an Aron Kodesh, siddurim and other sifrei kodesh. Apparently, since the shul was housed in a nondescript house with no mezuzah on the door, the Nazis had no reason to believe that Jews were its residents. He was about to turn around and leave in search of food, when his Rebbetzin blocked the door. She firmly asserted, “For two years, we were on the run. You did not have a sefer from which to learn. Here you have a house filled with sefarim. Sit down and learn for an hour. We can wait one more hour to search for food!” This tzadekes had her priorities straight. [Not that the Rosh Yeshivah did not. He probably felt that sustaining his wife and daughter took precedence over his learning. Indeed, both Rav Gustman and his Rebbetzin had their priorities in order.] What mattered most to her was her husband’s Torah study. This eishes chayil personified the true Jewish woman of valor. She was on a mission to glorify Hashem, and no greater avenue exists than Torah learning. Food would have to wait. It was not part of their mission. Is it any wonder that Rav Gustman once commented that his yeshivah, his talmidim and whatever he merited to accomplish in Torah, were in the z’chus of this extraordinary woman?

Your Return is Complete

Mrs. Ruchama Thaler



When I was nineteen years old, I embarked on my life-long career as a first-grade teacher. This year is my fifty-first year of teaching first grade and I have to say – with apologies to my husband whom I married a year later – that these first-graders were my first love.

I had spent the whole summer at my parents' home in Worcester, Massachusetts, preparing for my first job at Yeshiva of Kings Bay in Brooklyn, and then, a few days before school was to start, I returned to an apartment that I shared with several other girls in Crown Heights. I took a taxi for the last part of my journey and, in my excitement, I left my briefcase behind in the cab. That briefcase had all my textbooks and the lesson plans I had prepared so painstakingly. It was irreplaceable!

Now, this was 1974, when there were no cellphones, no internet, no Google. I didn't even have a phone in my apartment. So, I had to use my upstairs neighbor's phone to call the cab company, but the answer I got was, "Forget it lady! You are looking for a needle in a haystack." I was very upset. What was I to do?

Then, something unbelievable happened. My neighbor summoned me to the phone because a man named Danny, who identified himself as a jeweler from Bay Ridge, was calling. He had my briefcase! And, he had an amazing story to tell.

It seems that after I got out of the cab, a kindly Irishman got in. He noticed the briefcase on the floor and he asked the driver, “Are you going to return it? Somebody must be looking for it.” But the driver just said, “I don’t have time for that!”

“Do you mind if I take it and try to find the owner?” the Irishman asked. The driver didn’t mind and didn’t care. So, the Irishman took the briefcase home and recognized that the writing on the books inside was Hebrew. Since the only Jew he knew was Danny, the jeweler, he brought the briefcase to him.

The story could have ended right there. Danny could have said, “I have a business to run. I don’t have time to search for the owner.” The only clue he had was an envelope he found inside from Bais Rivka, the girls’ school I had attended, addressed to me in Worcester.

He found the number for Bais Rivka and, luckily, he spoke to someone who knew where I was staying. He got the number for my neighbor and he called, telling me that I could come pick up my briefcase.

So, the next day I traveled to Bay Ridge together with my roommate. When we met Danny – who was not religious – we used the opportunity to speak to him about the many *mitzvah* campaigns that the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe was promoting at that time, but he was not interested. “It’s not for me, it’s not for me,” he insisted. But he added that he had a daughter who was exploring Judaism. When we heard that, we said that if she ever wanted to come and spend Shabbat with us, she would be most welcome.

But we didn’t leave it at that. As a thank you gift for all the trouble he had gone through, we went back and brought him two *mezuzahs* – one for his home and one for his store. We again repeated the Shabbat invitation for his daughter, but nothing came of it.

Then just before Rosh Hashanah, the [Lubavitcher] Rebbe launched his candle-lighting campaign. It was Wednesday, 24th of Elul 5734 (11th of September, 1974). On this occasion, the Rebbe spoke at length exclusively to women about how the world was deteriorating into moral darkness. He suggested a simple solution – bring light – have all Jewish women and girls light candles before each Shabbat and holiday.

My roommate and I looked at each other, and we agreed that we had to go back to Danny and bring a candle-lighting kit for his daughter. And this we did. Still, we didn’t hear from her.

Four years passed – during which time I got married, had two children, and moved to Los Angeles. One day, out of the blue, I got a letter forwarded to me by my former neighbor. It was from Danny’s daughter, Leah.

She wrote that she had received the candle-lighting kit years before and put it to good use. Not only that – the lighting of the candles was just the beginning of her Torah observance. She went on:

About a year after ... I began to keep kosher. It was hard in my home, and with my friends eating out, but I have been kosher ever since. When I went away to college, I learned Hebrew and began taking Torah classes one night a week with a few other people in my university. The classes made me want to learn more. This summer I have decided to go to Bais Chana [women’s seminary] in Minnesota to study. I’m sure you’ve heard of it. I’m really looking forward to going. I’m going alone but will not be alone in feeling once I get there. There are girls like me who have had little or no religious background attending. I think it will be a strengthening experience and will help me to see if I want to continue studying [Torah] in the fall as opposed to going back to college. I have been thinking about you for a while now and have always regretted not accepting your Shabbos invitation. I guess I just wasn’t ready then. I had to learn for myself...

I know that a long time has passed since you gave me the candle holder and I’m sure that many more have been passed out among Jewish youth all across the country. But this is timeless. It’s never too late for a person to learn. And I surely wasn’t going to let time get in the way of telling you that you did a great mitzvah.

I couldn’t believe it. I immediately made a copy of the letter and sent it to the Rebbe, who replied, “Thank you thank you! It’s a *mitzvah* to publicize all this! I will mention it at the resting place [of the Previous Rebbe.]” As a result, the letter was printed in various Chabad publications.

Years later, I heard that Leah was living in Crown Heights raising a beautiful Chabad family of seven children. And then I heard that her son was living in Los Angeles and had married a girl whom I had taught in first grade. Since then, I have taught their children.

This wonderful, blessed turn of events started way back in 1974 with the Rebbe’s candle-lighting campaign! And it goes to show that, as the Rebbe taught, when you do a *mitzvah* you have no idea what ripple effect you are setting in motion and what the end result will be.

Since 1978, Mrs. Ruchama Thaler has served a Chabad emissary in Los Angeles and a first-grade teacher in the local Chabad schools, presently in Bais Chaya Mushka. She was interviewed in February 2023.

Reprinted from a recent edition of “Here’s My Story [with the Lubavitcher Rebbe] published weekly by the Jewish Educational Media.