



## THE CARRIAGE RIDE IN THE NIGHT

*Harav Y. Reuven Rubin Shlita*

Life blesses us with moments that cling to the neshoma and gives strength to accept the tediousness of the everyday. However, in truth, to a Yied there is no such thing as tedious, each day has its measure of opportunities to experience Kedusha. Sometimes we are not aware of what our actions bring into the world, we just get on with things and share a sigh when becoming weary.

However, Hashem in His love for us, plants reminders that bring chizuk, and I sit here writing of just such a signpost which has shaken me to the core. In truth, I have started this article several times, deleted it and tried again. I even gave up and thought it too personal, even for me, a writer prone to sharing. Then it happened again, a fresh reminder of what I sought to express in all those deleted pages. So, I am taking the plunge, and ask for your kind forbearance if my words seem stilted.

This Shabbos the family will be celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of my chasunah. Sixty years is a milestone reached, but for me it is strapped to the realisation that the young kallah who stood by my side on that special day is now in the Olam Hoemes. The Rebbetzin AH passed away five years ago, yet this shabbos the family will speak about her and everything we shared.

I have written about the Rebbetzin Chaiky many times, and it would seem that there should be little more to say. In Yiddishkeit this is impossible, one can never quantify nor express the greatness of one's life partner. Forty days before birth, it was decreed in shomayim who your soul mate will be. From the day you step under the chuppah you are bonded with one soul, one tikun, one reality. All future

בס"ד



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challenges will be shared, strength given, illumination observed.

We lived on three continents in our fifty-five years together, and each stop was jam packed with amazing challenges and wondrous happenings. We were blessed with amazing children, and they in turn gave us generations of lovely grand and great grandchildren. Sure, life served up its full share of ups and downs, but the Rebbetzin's strength and focus got us through it all, with a brocha always on her lips, that this was Hashem's Will.

One of the most cherished of gifts we shared was the knowledge that no matter how busy life was, we still needed to have some chunk of time to share just for the two of us. I speak of this to young couples all the time, how vital some personal time as a couple is. It was just the winding down, the slight sigh of completeness that gave us so much strength to share whatever life was serving up. It was this obvious bond that taught our children what is important in a marriage.

So, its sixty years, and although I am alone, I know that I was gifted with our time shared. The last big anniversary event we celebrated was the fiftieth. We went to NYC and spent a few days in Manhattan, this so I could offer her a gift I knew she had long waited for. She had mentioned more than once that she wanted to take a horse drawn carriage ride through Central Park on a snowy night. I'm not sure what excitement a buggy ride in the snow dangled in her heart, maybe it was the Polish Jewish roots that lay in her DNA. So, on that fiftieth anniversary I arranged a horse drawn ride, Hashem supplied the snow, and the skies wore a blanket of stars. It was more than just a tourist trip on some ancient mode of transportation. I could sense that she was experiencing a long-awaited moment where she felt totally attached with herself, and even more, with The Eibishter. The Rebbetzin was a very spiritual soul, the stars, the chill of the wind, snowflakes falling on her eyes, it all combined and gave this very practical lady a peculiar spiritual gift. Life doesn't often offer us gifts that melt the heart, watching her that night was such a moment and as I celebrate our sixtieth anniversary, that sweet cold icy night is relived.

Yidden, share life with your loved ones, spend time with your soulmate, make it real.

I'm sorry if I may have over shared personal moments in my life, but I feel it's worthwhile to offer whatever advice I have in these times where much is left unsaid until the opportunity is lost.

May we all be blessed with moments of illumination, and have the zechus to share them with those who are as one with your life.