



A CHOSEN GIFT

Harav Y. Reuven Rubin Shlita

I am in the midst of suffering from a humungous case of jet lag. Flying has never been one of my favourite pastimes, it's all that waiting and being in an uncomfortable space that wears me down. To add misery to my discomfort, I just can't seem to sleep on planes, no matter how comfortable the seat, spacious the overhead locker, or even how empty of others, Rubin just can't sleep. It could be the subconscious thought of flying in a metal box over vast oceans that has me perpetually apprehensive, or just the fact that I'm not in my comfort zone.

I write these words safely home after our recent two week stay in America, swimming about in my mind are a thousand moments of shimmering memories that I give heartfelt thanks the Eibishter for. The faces of my children's children, the look of the various family members as they arrived at the simcha, oh and yes, the music, loud, thumping but grabbing you from within with the energetic joy. Gazing upon the many young men, friends of the Chosson dancing and singing will remain with me forever. Which brings me to the star of this amazing event, the Chosson, Reb Avrom Rottenberg.

We Chasidim follow the pathways of our Tzaddikim, our children hopefully marry young, and become engaged after just a few short meetings (personally for me it was two) thus dispensing of having to go through the long drawn-out dating pageantry which drains so much out of all the participants. For a Zaidy, and even more so an Alter Zaidy who lives on a different continent, your knowledge of this new member of the family is usually sketchy. At best you receive a smiling picture, or a crackling voice mail. You meet personally for the first time under the pressure

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לזכר ולעילוי נשמת
כ"ק מרן אדמו"ר מפאסצנה
הרב קלונימוס קלמן שפירא
זצוקלה"ה



לזכר ולעילוי נשמת
הרבנית הצדקנית
חיה שרה בת הרב שלמה
יחיאל רובין ז"ל



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of the impending chuppah, smiles flitting over everyone's face, (the enemy jet lag lurks stealthily) and if you're like me, you share one of your innate witticisms which is always a sign of one's nervousness.

So, I prepared for our great day with a tefilah that all would go well, and my precious Great Granddaughter would be blessed with a wondrous life together with her Basherta husband, bonded to the Torah and kedushah. Over the week of sheva brochos, I got to know this most caring and friendly of souls. His smile lightens up the room, and his many chaverim testify to his goodness of character. The Chasunah was uplifted with the musical enhancement by the Chosson's family, the famed Werdiger clan. What captured my soul the most was the cohesiveness of all the Chosson's chevra during the singing and dancing. Much has changed in the many years since I was part of the wedding circuit. These young men have found so much in a nigun, the swaying of the kumzits interval is still with me. I looked up to see our Chosson on stage, high Spodek shimmering in the lights, duetting with the lead singer. His voice sweet and thick with deveikus. I took advantage of the short time I had after the week of sheva brochos to shmooz with this new gem of our family. He is so fresh and alive, filled with consideration for his sparkling kallah and filled with chassidishe warmth that bespeaks generations of torah teachers. His grandfather, Rav Eliezer Rottenberg is renowned for his recorded shiurim on the Sefer Sfas Emes. I was honoured to tell him I am a talmid of his.

So, a new family link is forged, and as is the case with many of us, we come to the simcha with different pieces of the puzzle that is the tapestry of Yiddish golus circa the present epoch.

With all the many trials and tribulations that stand on the path of our golus, I feel a sense of gratitude and confidence that our family is blessed with this young couple. They will shine the future with the light of their devoted parents and teachers. For this Alter Zeidy there can be nothing greater.

May we all share in simchas, may all the pieces fit together as our simcha did, and may we sing and dance under the sunlight of the Moshiach soon.