



ALL IN A PICTURE

Harav Y. Reuven Rubin Shlita

It was a picture that caught my breath. I was captivated by its uplifting grandeur. In its simple frame the onlooker was gifted to becoming a witness of the love and care that The Eibishter harbours for us, His chosen Nation. The image was taken moments after the recent Shevuos yom tov, the Gerrer Rebbe Shlita stands on a simple small podium in a sea of holy yiden. I say a sea, in fact it bespeaks of much more. The thousands of neshomahs in attendance look up to their Rebbe and cry out brochos for the future, the Rebbe paces around the podium offering his blessings in return. A friend showed me the picture, knowing it would be of obvious interest for me. It was much more, my heart was lifted, it was proof of the miraculous vibrancy of Torah Jews throughout the world.

I don't mean that this image is meant to be a publicity blurb for any one particular group, no, definitely not. I am entranced simply by the sheer greatness of Hashem's love for us. I was born moments after World War Two officially ended. In the world where I drew my first breaths, there was no inkling that Klall Yisroel would in our lifetime see such growth and in such wondrous numbers. Growing up in a post war world, where most of my Rebbe's and teachers had numbers tattooed on their arms, talk of tens of thousands of Yidden joining together, screaming joyously 'Gut voch' wasn't anywhere on one's radar. And yet, here we are, kehillah upon holy kehillah bursting at the seams, voices raised with blessings, streets throbbing with the footsteps of Yidden running to catch a minyan. To any bystander this is the stuff of impossible dreams. Yet the dreams have become a reality wherein our everyday adds to the Kiddush Hashem that our times have created.

Allow me to share a quote from the Biala Rebbe Shlita in His masterful sefer Mevasser Tov:

"Our entire nation is founded on impossibilities.

בס"ד



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



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



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Avraham and Sarah were barren and could not possibly have children, yet they were blessed in their old age with a child whose existence was impossible according to all laws of nature. The Gemara tells us that the Matriarchs were barren in order that they pray for children, since Hashem longs for the prayers of the righteous. Hashem wanted our nation to be built upon prayers that supersede the natural order.

Thereby, whenever a Jew faces a problem that seems impossible to resolve, he must remember that his very existence is an impossibility.

The successful resolution of even his worst problem is no less likely than his own birth, since he is a direct descendant, whether physically or spiritually, of those whose birth was considered impossible.

The Bnei Yissaschar explains that the Torah was given in such a way that the sounds were seen and the sights were heard, which is physically impossible.

This was in order to set a precedent by which our spiritual growth throughout the generations could succeed even in situations that seem equally impossible.”

We sit here close to eight decades after the greatest slaughter of our holy brethren. Vast industrial factories were built with the sole purpose of destroying Klall Yisroel. Those survivors witnessed that which we dare not even contemplate, yet, they stood up from their broken past and surged forward to build what we all share today.

I copied that picture onto my own photo album that has some six thousand four hundred pictures. Most are images of a pretty pedestrian life, lived with a devoted Rebbetzin A”H, our many offspring KAH, friends, and places that have shaped our lives. Last night I was giving a shiur and wanted to share this illustration of the wonders of being here and now at this point of our golus. Being a fumbling Alta Zieda that I am, I held up the album and mistakenly showed a picture of my own chasanah, ‘oops’ sorry, smiles all around, I tried finding the picture again, this time one of my great-grandchildren popped up, this one the eldest of the next generation to carry Chaiky’s name her brilliant smile beaming forth. Now I was really embarrassed, thankfully one of my more deft chevra took the album from me and immediately the image of the Rebbe and his olam came on. Thinking back on this minor mishap, I feel actually elated, those few pictures validated what we are now sharing together. My chasanah, one of the first of those born post holocaust, was a miracle. My rebbetzin was a child of a survivor who had lost his whole family. Then that little baby, who carries the Rebbetzin's name popped up, and just to illustrate the vastness of our individual miracles, the Rebbe with His Gut voch. It’s all there, the thousands, the singular neshomahs, all miracles, born from the divine formula that is Hashem's chosen nation. We are certainly blessed, and we owe it to those who came before, and the young who carry us forward, to know how special we each are, and how much Hashem loves us.

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