



THE DANCE OF GENERATIONS

Harav Y. Reuven Rubin Shlita

It flows up into your heart like a lava of love. The Eibishter allows us these moments, gifted moments that will be cherished for years to come. These points in time are heartwarming and come without fanfare nor rehearsal.

You are dancing at a chasanah, hands clasped with others, then it rushes up, the joy of being part of a special simcha, the sheer love of what klal yisroel is, 'oy sweet Eibishter, oy sweet Yiddishkeit,' you are no longer just shuffling along in the circle of well-meaning friends, you are now feeling the singular simcha of what being a Yied is all about.

You embrace the young chosson, tears wet Your heart, 'look down from shomayim Hashem, look what your children can attain.' Your heart is thumping, the music swirls around, looking at this young man, seeing his family creating what is our holy future, it all becomes so alive in your being, nothing can be sweeter, nor more embracing.

This was my experience a few weeks ago as I took part at the chasana of the son of Doctor Faivish Rosenberg. Usher his eldest son shined like rays of the sun, dressed in full Chasidic garb, (spodek included) his warm smile and Torah'dika composure raising everyone's spirits.

The good doctor and I go back some thirty years. He was a student in Manchester and I was the Rav of the local shul on Wilbraham Road in the heart of the city's university. I was blessed having a large contingent of students in shul. It was a life saver for me. The area was changing and very few Jewish households were still in the vicinity. The students made up my weekday minyan and we had great communal Friday night meals with large numbers of young

בס"ד



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



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neshomalach that were seeking a bit of traditional Jewish life. Some of these young souls became very enthralled in their Yiddishkeit, and went on to become very chosheve baalabatim. Faivish and his future wife Debby met in Manchester and we were given the zchus to share in their wedding. The Rebbetzin A”H was close to the young couple and kvelled throughout their time with us. As I mentioned, this was thirty years ago, but despite all of life’s bumps, we stayed close, and hence my magic moment whilst dancing the mitzvah Tantz at Ushi’s chasanah.

His parents are my hero’s, they gave resonance to why we were living in an area that wasn’t particularly Hiemish. This was part of what our hopes and dreams were made of. Giving license to these youngsters to find their pintela Yied and ignite it even in the cold streets of Manchester. It was often asked how it was that a full-fledged Gerrer chossid, with with the whole Chasidic regalia plus untrimmed beard and peiyos lurking under his kappel, came to be a Rav in one of the most English of synagogues. How did a Rebbetzin, student of Rav Wolf’s seminary in Bnai Brak, have the ability to bond with all those English ladies? Well, I still don't know all the answers, we were there for twenty-five years, and I am still bewildered, but such was the Eibishter’s plan. We found wonderful souls there, generous and kind with a will to be true Yidden. Such as in so much in life, we found sparkling gems amongst those wonderful souls, Faivish and Debby were two such brilliant examples, their Yiddishkeit flowed and gave so much to so many.

I thank them for making my position so much more meaningful. I know there are many whom they have touched and inspired since those days of yore.... May they see true nachas from this young couple, and all their wonderful family. May the wonderful doctor continue to serve so many with gift of healing whilst his noble wife’s work saving neshomas through her holy work in seed bring further growth.

So yes, I cried at that magical moment when we all danced, thanking Hashem for the merit of being there. A choshever Rav came over to me on Shabbos and whispered, ‘A gutta Zaida always comes to his grandsons aufriff’ I smiled, for so it was.

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