

Bereshis 5786 (2)

In פרשת בראשית, we have the pasuk (2:24) **עַל כֵּן יַעֲזֹב אִישׁ אֶת אָבִיו וְאֶת אִמּוֹ וְדָבַק בְּאִשְׁתּוֹ וְהָיוּ לְבָשָׂר אֶחָד**, which is the basis of all of our **שידוכים** efforts, to fulfill this pasuk and bring **שידוכים** and **זיווגים** into the world. The following story, quoting from the Torah Tavlin, was recently told over by a **יונגערמאן**, married with three children. This story occurred when he was 27 years old.

The **שידוך** period was a real difficult one for him. It's not that he was overly picky, but the appropriate offers just didn't happen. The right date had just not come along. After so many offers that ended in nothing, one can easily reach despair.

What's more, two of his friends were married, and one of them already had a six-year-old child. "On one of the days of **בין הזמנים**", he says, "I went to **בני ברק** to attend the wedding of a friend. I arrived at the **חופה**, stayed for the food and dancing. At 10 o'clock, I left the hall for the nearest bus back to **ירושלים**. I met a friend and started talking to him at the entrance of a building. It turns out that he was at a **שבע ברכות** of his relative. Suddenly, a man comes down from the building and says to my friend, "Why are you out here? Come upstairs. It's really empty and sad up there." Then he turns to me, "Come upstairs, they're waiting for you there." "Waiting for me?" I asked? "Go upstairs?" "Waiting for what?" I tried to tell him that he's mixing me up with somebody else, but he interrupted me. "Look, I'm really looking for a man to complete our **מנין** for a **שבע ברכות**. So please, come upstairs. There's a **חתן** and **כלה** up there, they're supposed to be happy. It's already 10:30 p.m. and there are only six people there. If you go up, you'll get a prize." I opened my mouth to answer him that I'm in a hurry, and besides, I wasn't looking for a prize. But something in his voice sounded kind and innocent. I decided to comply.

"It was a basic **שבע ברכות** in a private home. It was also rather shabby, with the bride and groom, two in-laws, one grandfather, two boys, and several babies in strollers. No one sang or even spoke. No music was being played. It was quite **נעבעכדיק**, to be quite honest. I thought to myself, "How are they going to pass the time here?" Little by little, individual family members arrived, and finally, they had a **מנין**. The man who had called me looked and said to me, "Sing something." I looked to left, then to my right, and realized he was talking to me. I had no choice. I started with **עוד ישמע** and **מהרה**, and then lapsed into **ענוי** **ויוזכו לבנות בית נאמן בישראל** and **הגפן וענני הגפן**. A few members of the bride's family, it might have been the groom's family, who knew, hummed along with me. This went on for a few moments. After these songs, the same man approached me and whispers in my ear, "Say a few words for the **שמחה**." I looked at him. "I know you didn't prepare a **דבר תורה**, but go ahead. Start to speak. Say something about the **חתן**. You will receive a prize." Again with the prize. What does he want from me? The man told me that the **חתן**'s name was Mordechai, he learns in such-and-such **ישיבה**, his **מסכתא**, his **ישיבה**, **ראש**, and a few other pertinent details. "Say a few words **לכבוד** the **שמחה**," he again urged me.

"And so I acted bravely, got up and began to sing the praises of a man named Mordechai who I had never in my life seen before, and most likely would never see again. Somehow, a speech came out that was full of praise for the bridegroom, whose name I'd never heard a few minutes ago, who went far in his learning, **עבודת השם**, and in relation to his friends. I even gave examples from his life which I had heard a moment before, in which Mordechai proved himself to be noble and special in the **מידה** of giving. My words made a great impression on those present, and to be honest, myself too. I praised the wonderful **חתן** by saying that "This is what they say about him." Everyone shook my hand, and the bridegroom embraced me with many thanks. No one stood up to speak after me. It seemed that my speech saved the **שבע ברכות**, which had almost shut down.

"The Yid sitting next to me asked for my name. He wanted to propose a **שידוך**. "How are you related to the groom?" he was interested. "I'm not related to the groom - or the bride," I explained to him. "I don't know anyone, I don't even know the bride's surname." "So what are you doing here?" he asked. "**חסד**," I told him. "I was asked to come and make the **מנין**." He laughed heartily and said, "I am also a passerby



who came here at the request of one of the relatives. Since we are both in the same family situation towards this התן and כלה, that already makes us מחותנים, kind of.” He smiled kindly. “In short, I want to suggest to you my sister’s daughter,” “What makes you think of proposing your sister’s daughter before you even know me? I asked him. “To tell you the truth, after your special speech, I feel like I know you a little. After I hear that you were here voluntarily, I know you even more and appreciate you. Thirdly, why not give it a try?” Indeed, the third claim tipped the scales. I gave him my parents’ phone number and we went our separate ways.

“Everything else is already history. That evening produced a match, and today I am married with three children, ברוך השם. And why did I remember this story? Because a week ago I met someone familiar on the bus. He looked at me and I looked at him. “I know you from somewhere,” he said. “Yeah, I recognize you too,” I answered him. We both looked at each other. We both knew each other, but we couldn’t remember from where. Suddenly he tapped his forehead. At that moment, I did the same. We both remembered. “It was you who spoke at the שבע ברכות of my brother, Muti, in בני ברק without even knowing him. How could I forget that? I have never heard such praise on someone who does not know the groom at all. It might have been the best שבע ברכות speech of all time. It was a very sad evening that did not contribute to the happiness of the התן and כלה, and you saved it with your appearance and your wonderful words and your act of חסד. I remember that very well.” We both laughed. “Wait, oy oy, hold on a second” he said suddenly. “What’s the matter?” I asked. “I promised you a prize, remember? One must keep his promise.” I laughed and said to the kind man, “Don’t worry, Hashem has kept your promise, I received my prize.”

