



GROWTH

At The

SHABBAT TABLE

PARSHAT BESHALACH

Celebrating in the Snow

The year was 1956, and the Great Blizzard of '56 had descended upon New Haven, Connecticut. Nearly 25 inches of snow buried the streets, shut down schools, and brought traffic to a standstill. As one might expect, children throughout the neighborhood were ecstatic — sleds raced down every hill and snowballs filled the air. Even the adults found themselves enjoying the unexpected time off from work (this was long before the days of Zoom).

But inside one home, excitement was replaced by anxiety.

A woman named Beverly Leibowitz had just given birth to her first and only son, and that day was scheduled to be his brit milah. She had waited so long for this moment. Through the night she had cooked, baked, cleaned, and prepared every detail, transforming her home in anticipation of what was meant to be a joyous celebration. But as she looked out the window at the unending blanket of white, her heart sank. Would anyone be able to make it through the snow? Would anyone come at all?

She prayed, hoped, and pleaded with Hashem that someone — anyone — would arrive. Beverly didn't have much family, and her closest friends lived far away. The streets were nearly impassable. She assumed that perhaps the men would manage to come for the minyan, but what about the women? Who would stand beside her and share in her simcha?

The brit was scheduled for 8:30 a.m. At 8:35, no one was in sight.

At 8:40, Beverly continued pacing, anxiously glancing out the window.

At 8:45, she stepped outside, hoping to catch a glimpse of someone — anyone — walking down the block.

As she squinted through the falling snow, she could hardly believe her eyes. "Is that Judy Herman trudging through the snow?" Beverly exclaimed. "Judy, you live a mile away! I can't believe this!"

Judy laughed, snow clinging to her coat and hair. "Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss your son's brit even if a hundred feet of snow fell."

Minutes later, Sara Glick appeared in the doorway. "Sara? I don't believe it. You just had surgery, and you walked here in this weather? Are you serious?" Sara looked at her in disbelief. "Me? Walk? Nothing would keep me away from this brit."

Then, just moments later, Miriam Siegel entered the house. "Miriam, you walked all this way?" Beverly exclaimed. "You live two and a half miles from here! It's twelve degrees outside!"

Miriam smiled and said simply, "Beverly, I would walk halfway across the world for you."

Beverly stood there, overwhelmed, tears streaming down her face. She embraced each of her friends. She had waited so long for this child — and here they were, battling a blizzard, risking discomfort, and trudging through the snow just to be there for her. Her heart filled with gratitude, love, and awe as they celebrated the simcha together.

But the story did not end there.

Exactly nine months later, the miracle of that snowy brit unfolded in a way no one could have imagined. All three of those women gave birth to baby boys — on the exact same day. That day, Beverly Leibowitz found herself repaying their kindness by attending three separate britot for the very women who had shown up for her during the blizzard.

Incredible? Yes. But it gets even more astounding. These were not ordinary births.

Judy Herman, the woman who had walked a mile through the snow, had only daughters and had been longing for a son for years.

Sara Glick, the woman who had come straight from surgery, had two children and then struggled with secondary infertility for eight long years.

Miriam Siegel, the woman who walked two and a half miles in the freezing cold, was celebrating the brit of her first child after ten years of waiting, hoping, praying, and crying. For a decade, she sat childless, and now she was finally holding her son.

Each of these women had carried deep pain. Each had her own private struggle. Yet each one chose love over comfort, loyalty over convenience, and faith over fear. And in return, Hashem blessed them with something far beyond what they could have imagined.

G-d is not stingy with blessing. He is not hiding it or holding it back. He wants to pour it upon us even more than we want it for ourselves. But sometimes, He asks for one thing first: show up in the storm. Take a step when it's freezing outside. Choose the right move when it's the hardest move. Prove to yourself that you are ready for what He has been waiting to give you.

(Story recounted by R' Hillel Eisenberg)

"Enjoy the little things in life... one day you'll look back and realize they were the big things."