

## Message from Cantor Shron



With Chanukah on the horizon, you will likely hear quite a bit about “miracles” over the next few weeks. So in the spirit of the holiday, allow me to share what I consider to be my own personal miracle – an incident that moved me deeply and helped reaffirm my faith in God.

It was a Sunday evening a few weeks ago, and Mairov and I were late for a Bat Mitzvah party. It was already a busy day and I knew there was no way we’d be there by the 5pm start time. But by 5:30, Mairov was still doing her hair and makeup, and I began to get a bit annoyed.

“Let’s go!” I called from downstairs.

“Just a minute!” came the reply from the bathroom. Ugh.

The kids would be staying home alone, with Mairov and I about 15 minutes away from home. While waiting, I double checked whether 16-year-old Simcha knew how to make one of the kids’ favorite dinners, Wacky Mac. You know, that delicious macaroni and cheese dish made from milk, butter and that mysterious “cheese powder” with tons of chemicals I can’t pronounce. Simcha assured me he knew what he was doing and got to work on dinner.

Now 5:40, after 10 minutes of my pacing around the house, Mairov finally emerges...looking beautiful, of course. A nice black dress, well-accessorized, impeccable hair and makeup...and five inch heels??

“Mairov,” I grunted, “you’re dealing with a serious ankle injury! Are you sure the heels are a good idea?”

“Yes, yes, it’s fine. Let’s just get out of here.” I wasn’t about to argue. We’re already 40 minutes late, and we haven’t even left the house! We kissed the kids goodbye and went on our way.

In the car, however, tensions were high. I was annoyed that we were running so late, and Mairov didn’t appreciate my telling her how annoyed I was. But it only got worse from there.

“You know,” Mairov said, three minutes after we left, “I think I *should* wear flats tonight. Let’s turn back.”

“WHAT????? Are you kidding????”

“Yes, I’ll never be able to deal with these heels. I need to turn around.”

Fuming, I obeyed. Let’s just say our marriage has seen better moments.

Mairov called home. “Sela,” she said to my 11-year-old daughter, “can you find my black shoes from the closet?”

“Huh????” (Sela’s typical response when she answers the phone while engaged in TV.)

“Forget it,” Mairov snapped back. “I’ll find them myself.” She hung up.

Pulling into the driveway, I asked if I could find the shoes so Mairov wouldn’t have to walk. “No way. You’ll never find them,” came the angry answer. She left the car and walked into the house.

And then she smelled it. *An overwhelming odor of gas.*

Apparently, after cooking noodles on the stovetop, Simcha turned off the fire but somehow left the gas on. The kids smelled nothing and had no idea.

We immediately turned off the gas, opened all of the doors and windows, made sure everything was safe, explained the severity of the situation to our children, and reluctantly returned on our journey.

And then I lost it. Back in the car, the reality of this incredible chain of events fell on me like a ton of bricks, and I couldn’t help but burst into tears.

*If we hadn’t turned back, we wouldn’t have known about the gas, and our kids could have died.*

*If Sela had brought the shoes out, we wouldn’t have known about the gas, and our kids could have died.*

*If I had gone in to get the shoes, I wouldn’t have smelled the gas (since I was born as an anosmic, without a sense of smell), and our kids could have died.*

If this wacky series of events is not a miracle, I don’t know what is.

Every morning, we recite a series of blessings thanking God for the miracles that are a part of our lives each and every day. That following morning, I recited the prayers with an entirely new understanding.

May we each merit to truly understand God’s miracles. A Happy Chanukah to all.

### Conversations with the Cantor

December 5 & 19 at 9pm (9th & 10th Graders)

December 12 at 8pm (11th & 12th Graders)