

Rabbi Naftali's Big Wedding

By Shloyme Kuperhand

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When Rabbi Naftali announced that he was marrying off his daughter, the community married off a poor/orphaned girl (as a philanthropic service) and performed a double mitzve, celebrating the marrying off of the poor girl and the rabbi's daughter. Right away the people contributed 500 zlotys as a dowry. And, according to his custom, Rabbi Moyshele Aynbinder went to work - rousing one and all to celebrate with the rabbi and the entire town.

On the wedding day (Lit: *khupe* day) the whole community gathered at covered tables laden with *leykek* (cake) and wine, and we became emboldened.

Afterwards we went to the carters, selected fifteen of the finest horses, dolled them up in colorful ribbons and took off dressed as Kazakhs and Chirkasians/Chircasans, riding to the Mrozi train station with the entire town of Kalushin following the disguised riders on their way to pick up the groom.

Meanwhile, until the train came, people again grabbed a snack in Mroze. Yudi Pienknoviesh had a good time doling out wine and whiskey in abundance. The entire Kalushiner community attended, with Reb Ruvn Mikhlzon on his carriage at the head. The police made their presence known and everyone, thoroughly intoxicated, awaited the good-luck-whistle of the train.

The groom debarked from the train looking like a king and around him an entire contingent of rabbis and grand rabbis from Poland and Galicia. The sable *shtraymelakh* and shining furs, together with the jewels of the *mekhuteteynestes* sparkled in the frost. With a hearty "*Mazl tov*" the community welcomed the guests and, at the order of Reb Moyshele Eynbinder, sitting on his bejewelled horse, "*Lekhu vi nelkho*" [Let us go forth], the entire crowd began to go.

The crowd went, and Reb Moyshele Eynbinder sang his song--the song of the *Khevre Hakhnases Kale* [the committee for providing for the bride]

"In the beginning, He created," we study
And deeds of loving kindness we do
Akh, how joyful is our service
Our life is sweet as sugar.

The entire crowd sang along, the orchestra played along, and in this manner we entered Kalushin. Reb Moyshele rode in front like a Tsar/Kaiser.

When it came time for (raising) the *khupe* there gathered such a crowd, there was no space to set up the *khupe* poles. We hastily repaired to the carters (*balegoles*), got horses and with their help managed to put things in order.

The groom stood nearby with Khayim - Ozer and Reb Moyshele Aynbinder and, his followers with great difficulty led him through the crowd.

The joy of the wedding celebration was unbounded. Reb Moyshele led the celebration and the "Society for Providing Dowries to Impoverished Brides" gathered together close to a thousand (rubles).

Der Rov, Reb Shmuel Koppel gave Moyshele a kiss: "We still have, B'H, Jews that know how to do it."