

Riga, November 4th, 1928

Dear, sweet Nata¹! For me to organize myself to write a letter is an act of valor! Somehow, either there is no time, or no mood. And although I wrote to you several times, I have not received a reply. I always try to explain [the reason behind] someone's silence. Especially yours, knowing that you are so busy and roughly imagining your mood. At the same time, it seems to me that you were offended by something [I did]. Dear, sweet Natochka, I am earnestly asking you to write to me about this. And if I have really offended you in any way, I sincerely ask you to forgive me. I can't even imagine how this could have happened. Perhaps because of my absent-mindedness — I've been terribly absent-minded lately. I never exhibited anything like that in the past.

I can't explain the reason, dear Natusya, but lately I have somehow become convinced that for some reason you were indeed offended. And that really hurts me.

Recently I sent you a postcard which you have probably received. I wrote it in a hurry, thinking that I will surely write the longest of letters later. But I spun, became preoccupied with various tasks and was terribly busy. Today I am taking advantage of the Sunday day, resting, [spending] the entire day at home. I would be overjoyed to know about your kids. How are you? How's your health?

The little hat you sent for Berusya² is great. He is terribly religious and without a hat he will not move from the spot. Your little hat is here with us and when he comes [to visit], he puts it on. He also knows that this is a gift from Elyusya's³ mom. Natochka, he is a very good boy, talented, smart, and some even find him handsome. Boris Borisovich⁴, when he was [visiting] here, said that if you saw him, you would "*shepp nachas*", because you love children so much.

¹ Necha (Nacha) Rivkin, at that time living in Jerusalem. Wife of Rabbi Moshe DovBer Rivkin

² Barry Gurary

³ Necha's daughter, Ella Shurin

⁴ Rabbi Moshe DovBer Rivkin (the Russian nickname here is based on Berl ben BenTzion)

Recently, quite by chance, I received greetings from your younger brother Leibush (I call him by the old name). They say that he is a smart, good, and sweet man, and that his wife is very cute. I was so glad to hear good things about your family. I want to know how your parents are. Do they live together with their sons or on their own? And in general, [I want to hear] everything about old acquaintances and friends. But the acquaintance who saw Leibush, saw him only very briefly and couldn't reply to the barrage of my questions.

I would gladly write to you about us, but everything here somehow remains the same, and since you also correspond directly with my mom and grandma, you roughly know all about our life from them. We don't have any acquaintances here, save for some individuals who came with us from the USSR. We lead a very monotonous and boring life. Often, I feel such an acute desire to go back "home", that, it seems, I would walk there by foot. This probably is not going to happen any time soon.

Nata dear, I'm planning to travel to Warsaw, since my wedding is going to take place there on November 27th. I would of course be overjoyed if you could come. But it seems to me that this is all in the realm of dreams. Therefore, I ask you, my dear, remember me, your old friend, on that day.

I will remain Schneerson, since the last name of my "faithful one"⁵ is also Schneerson. I have to admit, this pleases me greatly. Boris Borisovich met him here and probably wrote to you about that when he had a chance.

Afterwards, I plan to move to Berlin, since Mikhail Lvovich⁶ is attending the university there. This I am actually very happy about, because here in Riga we are almost completely cut off from life.

Write, my dear. Be very-very happy. Write about your children.
All the best, kisses to you all!

Musya.

⁵ An archaic Russian word for husband — "благоверный", roughly translated "faithful one" — is used here

⁶ The Rebbe (the Russian is nickname here is based on Menachem ben Levi)