



*Even the elders of the town could not remember the last time such excitement and anticipation had enveloped the entire community. Tonight was the night they had all been waiting for. The secret of true marital bliss—the key to true happiness—would no longer be the exclusive possession of Mr. and Mrs. Reiyim, rather, their lot, which was the envy of all, would be within reach of all who yearned for it. The famed couple, the shining example held up before every newlywed, of true love and total devotion, of how two people could seemingly be fused into one, each living only for the other, knowing no greater joy than the other's happiness and no greater sorrow than the other's sadness, would be celebrating their 50th anniversary on which they had promised to reveal to all their priceless secret. A hush fell over the crowd as Mr. Reiyim began to speak:*

*“Everyone asks how we succeeded in maintaining such perfect and fresh love for such a long period of time, so I’ll reveal to you the secret. For the past fifty years, we never began neither breakfast nor supper without taking out a few minutes to remember and relive the feelings we felt as we walked down to our chupah. This we accomplished by reading at least one of the many letters of affection we had written to each other at the time of our marriage! Not only that, but one day each week we set aside exclusively for each other, to relive that day and the freshness and beauty of that relationship! Yes, that is how we have lived for the past fifty years, without missing a day! Additionally, each year on the day of our anniversary we rent the town hall where we ourselves got married and all by ourselves we relive that night. From eating the very same type of cakes we ate at our wedding reception, to walking down that same aisle towards the chupah we got married under. Then we proceed to the very same yichud room which we ourselves used and reiterate to each other those same words that poured from the depths of our hearts during those very first moments of our marriage. This sacred day is then followed by another week spent exclusively in each other’s company when we relive our sheva brachos week of long ago! So, true, we got married a half a century ago but not a day has gone by since without us in effect “getting married” again. Add upon that fifty years of total dedication and sacrifice for each other and is it any wonder how we love each other so?!”*

True, we were chosen as the sole bride of the Creator and Sustainer of Heaven and Earth 3330 years ago, but every day since we redeclare our allegiance to Him before we let food enter our mouths each morning, as well as each evening, with the recital of the Shema. In it we proclaim our love for Hashem, “*V’Ahavta es Hashem Elokecha... bchol nafshicha*—even on pain of death—I will gladly give my life to sanctify His holy name,” (see *Brachos* 61b). We continue reliving our wedding day with the fulfillment of the mitzvah “*So that you remember the day of your going out of Egypt every day of your life,*” (*Devarim* 16:3) in the last paragraph of the Shema. Moreover, a full day each week, for thousands of years without fail, we take leave of all the worries in our lives and dedicate the day solely to Hashem in commemoration of the day of our marriage. As we say in *Kiddush* “*Zecher l’yitzias Mitzrayim*—in memory of our going out of Egypt.” Already weeks before our anniversary, our entire families take part in feverish preparations for the sacred day of our anniversary, when we relive that day we were chosen as Hashem’s eternal bride, as we recite in the Haggadah, “In each and every generation one is obligated to imagine as if he himself has right now left Egypt.” We eat the same bread and we express the same love and we explain to our children and grandchildren how fortunate we are to have been chosen by the Creator of the Universe as His exclusive bride whom He has promised never to divorce, rather, to infinitely love for all eternity. Is it any wonder then, that despite all we have suffered throughout the generations, the thought of letting go has never crossed our minds?!

