Rav Rechumi, who would frequently study before the school of Rava at Machuza, used to return home on the eve of every Yom Kippur. On one occasion, he was so engrossed in the learning that he forgot to return home. His wife was expecting him at every moment. She would say: “He is coming soon. He is coming soon.” But he did not come. She became distressed. A tear fell from her eye (some translations say ‘tears fell from her eyes’). At that moment, he was sitting on a roof. The roof collapsed under him and he was killed.