

# A BROCHA THREEFOLD

## *A Story*



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**Editor's note:** *By the request of the individuals involved, and for the protection of their privacy, the editors have refrained from publicizing the last names of Reb Shlomo and Heshy.*

The Chassidisher Derher was recently fortunate to have an exclusive interview with Reb Shlomo. He shared the following story:

Reb Shlomo relates:

“Around two years ago, a good friend of mine, a Satmar chossid by the name of Heshy, visited my place of business in

Crown Heights. He pulled me over to the side and asked if I could tell him a story about the Rebbe. His sudden interest confused me and for some reason I evaded his request and he left.

A few weeks later he returned and again insisted that I relate a story about the Rebbe, primarily a miracle story. Again, it seemed to me that he was just trying to get on my nerves and so, for the second time, I evaded his request.

Some time passed until one morning he arrived at my store more troubled

than he had been. He wanted to hear a story of the Rebbe that happened with me personally. We were such good friends, he said, that I had to tell him.

It then dawned on me that something was deeply bothering him. I invited him into my office and encouraged him to tell me what was wrong.

Slowly, he opened up. Five years ago, after the birth of their daughter, the doctors told his wife that she would no longer be able to have children. But together they did not take ‘no’ for an answer. They visited dozens of doctors, undertook many tests, but the answer was always the same. She would not be able to have more children. In the last year alone, he said, they had spent close to forty-five thousand dollars in treatment.

Heshy strongly believed that the power granted to doctors was only to heal and nothing more. He felt that he needed a brachah from a Tzaddik and he decided to turn to the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

He then fell silent and waited for me to speak. I thought a moment and then, instead of telling him a miracle story as he had asked for, I told him of the Ohel, that today, when one is in need of the Rebbe's Brochos, they come to the Ohel.

He immediately expressed his wish to come with me to the Ohel. I readily agreed but told him that he should first consult with his wife.

Heshy went home and spoke to his wife. She agreed immediately but felt it

important to first request her parent's consent. She would only go to the Ohel if they were comfortable with it. Surprisingly, her father made a similar condition, stipulating that his son-in-law get permission from his father before going. His father readily agreed.

They visited Heshy's wife's parents and her father immediately insisted that they visit the Ohel. Heshy called me excitedly. He said they would like to go on Motzaei Shabbos, which turned out perfect for me because I take my children to the Ohel every Motzaei Shabbos.

On Motzaei Shabbos, Heshy called and we arranged to meet at the Ohel. I arrived with my children, we wrote our Pa'nim, entered the Ohel, and still Heshy

didn't show. I thought that maybe he had changed his mind and decided to leave. But just as I was walking towards my car, Heshy arrived.

He was a bit nervous and he asked me to show him exactly what to do. I told him to go in, say some Tehillim and simply tell the Rebbe whatever is on his heart. We went to the Ohel and I told him he should take his time and that I would be waiting outside. He entered the Ohel and less than a minute passed before he came out very shaken and emotional...

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After that, I met him every couple of weeks for business purposes. I never mentioned a word to him about the

whole episode because I felt that at that point it was not of my concern. He in turn never mentioned anything about the matter either.

About five months passed in this manner, until one day he called me with exciting news. His wife was five months expectant, and triplets no less. I almost fell off my chair!

I told him that he must go immediately to the Ohel to inform the Rebbe of the good news and to ask for a Brochah for his wife as well as for the children. We agreed to meet by the Ohel and this time he was already waiting for me when I arrived. The Ohel just so happened to be quite full and he was just standing, awe-

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## “אן אפענער טיר...”

A fascinating Sicha by the Rebbe about holding steadfast in Hiskashrus,  
and the way we can bring that about most efficiently:

Even though we find ourselves **thirty years** after the *Histalkus*, nevertheless, we can be certain that “רועי ישראל לא יפרדו מעל צאן” “מרעיתם”.

One might think, now that we stand thirty years later, which as the Mishna tells us, “*Ben Shloshim Le'koach*” (at the age of thirty one gains his full strength), we can now stand on our own, independently.

But the truth is – quite the contrary: **we are connected with the Rebbe now just as we were in the very moment of the *Histalkus*!**

Therefore, we must hold steadfast on to the Rebbe's “*Kliamke*” (lit.: doorknob), and hold on to his **open** door. We must go to his *Tziyun* with our questions and requests, write *Pidyonos*, and ask for his mercy and *Brochos*, including that the Rebbe himself should provide the proper vessels with which we can receive those *Brochos* (“והוא יכלכלך”).

This applies to anyone who has already held on to the Rebbe's “*Kliamke*”, as well as to those who hold on to it today, and all those who will hold on to the “*Kliamke*” in the future. Even those who only heard a point from the Torah he taught...

אז אע"פ וואס וואס ס'איז שוין שלשים שנה זינט די הסתלקות פון כ"ק מ"ח אדמו"ר, און מ'קען מיינען אז ייובאלד מ'איז שוין דרייסיק יאר אלט, א "בן שלשים לכח", און מ'איז אויסגעוואקסן - קען מען שוין שטיין אויף די אייגענע פיס;

זאגט מען אז "רועי ישראל לא יפרדו מעל צאן מרעיתם", און מ'איז פארבונדין מיט אים איצט פונקט אזוי ווי דאס איז געווען אין דער ערשטער רגע און אין דעם ערשטן טאג נאך די הסתלקות! און דערפאר מען זיך אנהאלטן אן דער "קליאמקע" ביז אנהאלטן זיך אין א אפענער טיר און גייען אויפן ציון מיט שאלות ובקשות, שרייבען פדיונות, און בעטן רחמים און ברכות ביז אז מ'בעט אויך עס זאל זיין "והוא יכלכלך" - אז ער זאל אויך מאכן די כלים מיט וואס אויפצונעמען די ברכות.

און מ'זאגט אז די אלע וואס האבן זיך געהאלטן אן דער "קליאמקע", און וואס האלטן זיך איצט אן דער "קליאמקע", אדער אזעלכע וואס האבן בהשגחה פרטית געהערט תורתו, אדער אן אנדער ענין זיינעס...

(ש"פ יתרו תש"מ; שיח"ק תש"מ ח"ב ע' 117)



Moshiach, they are also a preview of those times, a sample of what is to come.

In the famed *Kuntres Inyono Shel Toras Hachasidus*, the Rebbe Rashab refers to chassidus as a *'me'ayn'*—a semblance of what the Torah will be when Moshiach comes—which is consistent with the Minhag mentioned in Shulchan Aruch that in the hours before Shabbos, one must taste from the dishes of Shabbos. In *ruchniyusdike* terms, Shabbos is the Geulah. Thus, now, standing at the threshold of Geulah, we are given a taste of the spiritual "dishes" of Moshiach's times.

#### IN CONCLUSION

From all the above we understand that Chassidus in its deepest level is the expression of Yechida in Torah and in virtue of this, it is rooted together with Moshiach.

It is important to further elucidate that in both cases the concept of Yechida isn't one of the many facets of the idea, alongside other properties, rather it is the very essence from where all else stems.

Witnessing the utter dissemination of Chassidus the world over, we turn to Hashem in a heartfelt that he speedily redeem us from this Golus and reveal the Yechida of this world, through the coming of Moshiach. ■

1. Certainly the principle exists beyond Chassidus as well, however, the teachings of Penimiyus Hatorah are crucial in appreciating its depth.
2. קוטרס עניניה של תורת החסידות, סעי' ה-ו. Perhaps it can be referred to as פנימיות הרצון, which is also explained as the core of identity.
3. This also explains why the Baal Shem Tov's teacher is referred to as the בעל ח"י—Chaya Yechida.

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struck at the many different types of people – even non-Jews – he encountered from all over the world, all coming for the same purpose.

We went into the Ohel together. I stayed inside for about half an hour and waited an additional twenty minutes outside until Heshy came out looking content.

From then on, Heshy and I kept in touch every week. He told me the doctors were worried and constantly warned his wife to be careful and stay off her feet, but she insisted that she felt fine.

Four months later, on Wednesday night, at a quarter to six, I was getting ready to leave for the Ohel and I decided to call Heshy for his wife's full name (so I could mention her for a Brocha). The call went to voice mail. I thought nothing of it and left for the Ohel. On the way I tried calling again, but again it went through to voice mail.

I arrived at the Ohel and went straight inside. I asked the Rebbe for a Brochah that when the time comes, Heshy's wife should have an easy and speedy delivery, and that the children should be healthy.

I arrived home and quite literally as I walked through the door my phone rang. It was Heshy. "I have news," he said. "Nu?" I replied. "But I have news," he repeated. "Nu," I said again. "But I really have news," he said a third time. . "Okay tell me the news!" I said impatiently.

He said that at 5:45 the first of three girls were born, at 6:05 the second child was born—both happening at exactly the time when I tried calling him for his wife's name—and the third child was born at 6:30, while I was in the Ohel. Everything had gone smoothly, Baruch Hashem.

That Shabbos, Heshy made a lavish Kiddush in Williamsburg. I wasn't planning on walking but I met a friend of

mine on Shabbos morning that knew the story and he persuaded me to attend the Kiddush. When I asked him why, he simply said that if anyone at the Kiddush heard the story and wanted to go to the Ohel as well, then I needed to be there to answer a question or two.

I realized he was right. After Shacharis I made the long walk to Williamsburg. Heshy was, to say the least, overjoyed that I had made it. To my surprise, the story had spread quickly. I was the center of attention all afternoon.

Incidentally, during the Kiddush, Heshy's father-in-law approached me and said that he was marrying off a child in two months. He wanted to know if I could take him and his wife, and the Chosson and Kallah, to the Ohel to receive a Brochah from the Rebbe. Of course I told him it would be an honor! ■