



The REBBE OPENED His EYES

As related by

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This story happened around 5750*. My husband and I were just married and living in New York. Many weeks, when we would go to Sunday “dollars,” we would bring with us to the Rebbe people who came to us from different countries. Typically I would go as the last of the people in the women’s line (before the men’s line began) and then my husband would go as the first of the men’s line, or the other way around, and we would usually be able to go together and take people to the Rebbe. It was a beautiful thing to have the *zechus* of watching people meeting the Rebbe for the first time, and it was always a very special experience.

It happened that my brother, Rabbi Yitzzy Loewenthal, now the shliach in Denmark, who was a *bochur* at the time, met someone on *mitvzoim* in London, and the individual told him that he had a relative in Italy who had a baby who was blind. Upon hearing this, my brother suggested that they bring the baby to the Rebbe.

Meanwhile, my mother-in-law, who lives in Italy, had *b’hashgacha pratis* also met this family—unbeknownst to my brother—and she had also suggested that they go to the Rebbe! So when they got these two separate suggestions to go to the Rebbe,

they decided that it would be a good thing to do.

The baby’s mother arrived in New York on a Thursday, and came to our apartment on Sunday morning along with a number of her relatives, prepared to see the Rebbe. She was holding a beautiful baby, several months old, with dark eyes that could not see. The doctors had told the parents that the child simply did not possess optic nerves, and they did not believe it would ever be possible for the child to see.

The Rebbe took the dollar and placed it on the eyes of the baby and said, ‘Dos is far dem kind. Besuros tovos’ — ‘This is for the child. Good news.’

We stood on the line together and I explained what would happen: We would go past the Rebbe and the line would move fairly quickly, and that they would have a chance, just at that moment, to say something to the Rebbe. As we got closer and closer and the excitement mounted,

לזכות
החיילת בצבאות ה'
חנה תחי'
לרגל הולדתה י"ג כסלו
ה'תשפ"ב

נדפס ע"י הוריה
הרה"ת ר' יואל וזוגתו מרת ריקל
ומשפחתם שיחיו
ניו



the line seemed to move faster and faster and suddenly we were in the Rebbe's presence. As we stood before the Rebbe, the mother simply burst into tears, just crying. And the line was moving! So I quickly said to the Rebbe, in Yiddish, "The child is blind and they are asking for a *bracha*."

The Rebbe said, "*Dos is far deer*—This is for you" — and gave me a dollar. Then the Rebbe said, "*Dos is far eer*—This is for her" — and gave the mother a dollar. And then the Rebbe did something very interesting, that I had never seen before. The Rebbe took the dollar and placed it on the eyes of the baby and said, "*Dos is far dem kind. Besuros tovos*—This is for the child. Good news."

And with that, the line moved us away from the Rebbe. The mother asked me excitedly, "What did the Rebbe say?" So I told her that the Rebbe said that this is for the baby, and that there would be good news. She gave a shriek of joy, and there was a litany of hugs and kisses from all the relatives who had accompanied her.

We left and went back to our apartment, and the mother came back on wings of joy. She borrowed our telephone to call her husband and I understood from what she was saying that she was confident their baby was going to see.

A few months later, my mother-in-law came

from Italy to visit us and she brought me a brown leather handbag as a gift. She told me that this was a gift from the woman I had brought to the Rebbe. I asked, "How's she doing? How's the baby?"

"They're doing great," my mother-in-law answered.

"One more question: Can the baby see?"

"Of course!" my mother-in-law replied. "He got

'He got a bracha from the Rebbe! Of course he can see!'

a *bracha* from the Rebbe! Of course he can see!"

Turns out, one day after she returned from the Rebbe, as the mother was spoon-feeding the baby, someone called to her and she turned around. As she did so, the baby reached out and took the spoon from her hand—and she realized the baby could see. (Until then, since the baby couldn't see the spoon and didn't know when to open his mouth, the mother would have to open his mouth for each spoonful.)

A few years later, my husband visited Italy for a family *simcha* and he danced with this boy. He wore glasses, but could see just as well as anyone. This is just one of the *nissim* that were rolling around under the table of the Rebbe. **T**