



מוקדש על ידי ולזכות

הרה"ת ר' שניאור זלמן וזוג' מרת נחמה דינה טייכטל ולזכות ילדיהם

מינא ברכה, מענדל, יוסף אברהם מאיר, לוי יצחק, ישראל, סימא חסיה, ואסתר רבקה שיחיו

שיגדלו להיות חסידים ויראי שמים מקושרים לאילנא דחיי כ"ק אדמו"ר ושילכו בדרכיו אשר הורנו נס"ו

דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

Miracle at Midnight

AS TOLD BY MRS. BAT-SHEVA LESTER (LEEDS, ENGLAND)

Our third child was born on Chof-Ches Sivan 5773. Although pregnancy and labor were as smooth as could be, our new little bundle of joy was blue, and in need of oxygen. The midwife hurriedly took him to get some oxygen and thankfully after a few minutes his normal color returned. We had our cuddles and sent out the text message that everyone dreams of writing, announcing the news that we were once again the proud parents of another boy.

We were moved into the postnatal ward and about four hours after birth, the nurse arrived for a routine check-up. She found that his heart rate and breathing were quicker

than usual and the rasping sounds he produced indicated an unusual amount of mucus in his system.

The nurses grew anxious and took him into a side room to give him more oxygen, and it was then that they figured he possessed some kind of infection. Before I knew it, our baby was whisked away to the high dependency unit (HDU) where he was attached to a ventilator and various other monitors. Needless to say, the emotional strain was difficult to bear.

The situation spiraled rapidly. At first the doctors increased his oxygen intake and when that proved



insufficient he was attached to a more powerful machine. This repeated itself a few times and throughout the day he was transferred from one ventilator to the next.

It was at this point that we began spreading the word, asking people to daven for our baby's speedy recovery.

That night, as I attempted to catch a few hours of much needed rest, two doctors appeared with grim news. Our baby's situation was drastically deteriorating to the point that he was transferred to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU) and placed on life support.

Going to see him for the first time since the change, was heartbreaking.

Two days later, on Erev Shabbos, we sent out a message asking women to daven for a *refuah sheleimah* as they lit the Shabbos candles that evening. We also asked some of our acquaintances, who we knew didn't regularly light, to do so this week in our baby's merit.

That Shabbos was Rosh Chodesh Tammuz and a very good friend of ours, Rabbi Michoel Danow,¹ who is a shliach here in Leeds, had gone to New York to be by the Ohel for Gimmel Tammuz. He was well aware of our situation and assured us that before Shabbos he would enter the Ohel and ask the Rebbe for a *bracha* on our behalf.

Shabbos had begun and our baby was still on life support. The hospital didn't have any stronger machines and if the current one wouldn't be sufficient we would have to be transported by helicopter to a different hospital.

At approximately midnight there was another knock on my door. Seeing my nurse enter the room I was petrified,

as over the past few days she had never been the bearer of good tidings...

Instead of relaying another piece of terrible news, she asked if I would like to go and see the baby. She informed me that they were able to reduce the amount of oxygen our baby was receiving through the machine.

Ecstatic, I jumped at the chance to go and witness our baby's improvement, albeit minor, with my very own eyes. From that moment the situation improved tremendously.

By Shabbos morning, the nurses had taken him off life support and were able to use a machine that requires the baby to breathe for himself; and by the end of Shabbos he was back onto the smallest ventilator with a minimal amount of oxygen flow.

That evening we were finally able to hold him for the first time in two days. The doctors were amazed and attested they have never seen such a quick and steady turnaround before!

By Sunday afternoon our baby was no longer on any machines and the doctors had ceased all medications.

In the meantime we were trying to decide on a name for our baby. Names like Nissim and Boruch came up, and we were undecided.

This problem was solved soon enough.

On Sunday evening Rabbi Danow's wife paid us a hospital visit. She related that her husband had entered the Ohel on Erev Shabbos at seven o'clock pm, and as he had promised, he included in his *tzetel* a request for a *bracha* for our baby's complete and speedy recovery.

A quick calculation of the time difference between New York and England brought us to the realization that he had been in the Ohel at the stroke of midnight here in Leeds, precisely the moment our baby had begun his miraculous recovery!

Two days later we were in the transitional ward, and another three days after that we were completely discharged from the hospital. Now arrangements for his *bris* were able to take place.

After such a miracle there was no more doubt as to the name we would bestow upon our new child. One week from that Sunday a belated *bris* and *seudas hodaah* for our precious Menachem Mendel took place. **T**

1. Rabbi Danow was contacted by the Chassidisher Derher Magazine and he verified the details of this story.

YOUR STORY

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