



# דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

## A Mezuzah and a City

AS TOLD BY RABBI YISROEL ARYEH LEIB RABINOVICH (ASHKELON, ERETZ YISRAEL)

This story took place last summer, around the month of Av.

My wife and I are shluchim in Ashkelon, in the south of Eretz Yisrael. One Shabbos morning, at around seven o'clock in the morning, we woke up to a frightening cry.

"Abba, Ima, I can't walk..."

It was the voice of our two year old daughter Sheina. She had been walking for quite a while by that time, and her call had us jump out of bed and run to her room. To our consternation, we saw her attempting to stand, but with each try, her feet would just buckle and she would collapse on the ground.

Needless to say, we were very frightened. By *hashgacha pratis*, my sister was visiting our home that Shabbos and we

were able to leave the rest of our children with her, and we immediately prepared to take Sheina to the hospital.

As we were gathering a few things to bring along, she simply returned to being a small baby, crawling around on the floor, and from time to time she would forget her new situation, and she would attempt to stand only to fall back down again.

The hospital in Ashkelon is a short walk from home, so *baruch Hashem* we did not need to enter a dilemma about *chilul Shabbos*, and we walked her there in a stroller, arriving very quickly at the emergency room.

In Eretz Yisrael, the main population is Jewish, and therefore, visiting the hospital on Shabbos, if it is not a situation of *pikuach nefesh*, entails extensive *chillul Shabbos* through every step.

So, when the nurse admitted us, I asked her to type instead of write—as that is a lesser *chillul Shabbos*, and I began pestering her to find an Arab nurse to do the paperwork instead of her and so on and so forth.

Now, from my point of view, I wanted to find out if this was an issue of *pikuach nefesh*, and if—as I hoped—it was not, I would leave the hospital and return after Shabbos.

My plans had one impediment. According to the hospital regulations, they were not permitted to release us until the issue was under control. I began questioning the doctor. I asked him, if there would have been a seven hour line ahead of us, would you see us first, or would you let us wait. He answered that in that case (this was not actually the case, because on Shabbos, the emergency rooms in Eretz Yisrael are usually quite empty) he would have allowed us to wait; there was no immediate urgency. When he told me that, I asked him to allow us to wait in the waiting room until Shabbos was over, and when he agreed, I simply took my wife and daughter home.

My daughter went about crawling her way around, and we spent our Shabbos going about our regular schedule. As Shabbos drew to a close, I went to the Chabad House for *mincha* and *maariv*, and by the time I returned home, my wife had already written a letter to the Ohel with all of the details involved, asking for the Rebbe's *bracha*. She also had managed to take down all our mezuzos to be checked, as the Rebbe had instructed on innumerable occasions. On our way to the emergency room I dropped the mezuzos off at the *sofer stam* of our Chabad House.

When we got back to the emergency room it was overflowing with people; we figured that we would not get in until three or four in the morning.

Since we had already heard that this was not a life-threatening issue, we decided to come back home and return the next morning.

The next morning we headed to the emergency room once more where we were admitted, and a doctor was assigned to us. He conducted a series of tests, and, as he did not see anything at first glance, told us to wait in the hall while he studied the results and return in one hour.

My wife and I were sitting on a bench, and our daughter was sitting on my wife's lap. Suddenly, she turns to us and says, "Abba, Ima, I can walk now; my feet hurt me only a little bit."

We were shocked. My wife helped her onto the floor, while I pulled out my phone to record the moment on video. My daughter put one foot on the ground, then the second one, and after a few wobbly steps with my wife's assistance, she began to walk and run as if nothing had ever happened.

Well, we still had a half hour before we would see the doctor. Meanwhile, we took her to the children's play corner of the hospital, where she ran and jumped around. She totally forgot that she had ever had an issue in the first place.

When we walked into the doctor's office, he took one look at the girl in front of him, and he asked us,

"Is this the same girl that you had here before?"

He was as mystified as we were; he told us that the tests did not show anything amiss, and prescribed some antibiotics "just in case."

We went home, and a couple of minutes later I get a call from the *sofer*. He wanted to let me know that he had gone through all of our mezuzos, and everything was okay besides for one small issue which he had corrected: in one mezuzah, the "*veis*" of "*uvilechticha*" was too short, and the word seemed to be split into two. He had added some length to the letter, and now the mezuzah was as good as new.

His news hit me like a bolt of lightning. I inquired what time he had checked and repaired the mezuzah, and he said,

"I just finished going through all of them; I finished with that mezuzah a few minutes ago..."

I realized that I had been a first hand witness to a miracle. I felt that it would probably be worthwhile to tell the story to the *anash* of Ashkelon; it would remind people of the importance of writing to the Rebbe and checking their mezuzos. So I wrote up the story, and sent it as a Whatsapp to the local *anash*.

At the time that I sent out the story, I forgot the abilities of Whatsapp. Within a few minutes, I began receiving messages from all of my friends and relatives who had heard about the story, and a short time later, I received a phone call from a local journalist, who wanted to confirm the story with me and write it up in the local newspaper.

We agreed. A photographer came to our home, took a picture of our daughter kissing the mezuzah, and the story was published in their next issue.

Within a short time, the entire city was buzzing about the miraculous occurrence. Many people, including the entire staff of the newspaper, came to write letters to the Rebbe and have their mezuzos checked...

I had not intended to publicize the story, but in the end, an entire city was lifted up by a story of the Rebbe's miracle. **T**

## YOUR STORY

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