



Don't Feel Entitled!

לע"נ
מרת בינה
בת ר' יהודה אריה ליב ע"ה
נלב"ע כ' מנחם אב ה'תשס"ה
תנ"צ'ב'ה'

נדפס ע"י בנה
הרה"ת ר' חיים צבי
וזוגתו מרת חנה
ומשפחתם שיחיו
חנוכה



“Divorced? Really?!”

The sad reality rocked the small community but after so many childless years the distraught couple decided it was best that they part ways.

Following the *psak* of the *beis din*, they prepared the details of the *get* and in good faith divided their possessions down the middle. They agreed to do this in a different city to spare themselves of embarrassment and shame.

The community of Chassidim in Dokshitz had accepted the leadership of the Rebbe Maharash following the Tzemach Tzedek's *histalkus* and decided that they would advise this couple to speak with the Rebbe before going ahead with their plan. The husband and wife had been respectable members of the community, working hard and earning a living, and the community members felt bad with the path they were taking.

They reached out to the husband and explained to him, “You were anyway planning to go to a different town for the *get*, so why don't you go to Lubavitch? There you will be able to find a *rav* to help you with the *get* and if you go on a market day you will be able to get produce at a good price. While you're at it, perhaps go into the Rebbe and get his advice regarding the steps you are taking.”

The idea was well received and the husband went into the Rebbe Maharash and recounted his plight.

In a surprised tone the Rebbe exclaimed, “Who *paskened* that you should get divorced? No, no! It is my hope that Hashem will merit you with a healthy child.”

The husband was completely taken aback by what he had just heard because having children was not on his mind at all; he had given up hope on being a father. The only doubts

he had were regarding the divorce itself.

So shocked was he by the news that he asked the Rebbe Maharash if his wife could stand behind the door and hear this directly from the Rebbe. Sure enough, the next day, she stood behind the door and heard the same instructions from the Rebbe not to divorce, and the *bracha* that they would soon have a child.

They spent the next few days in Lubavitch purchasing some inexpensive materials from the market and then returned home together, still married.

Nine months later the Rebbe's *bracha* was fulfilled and they were blessed with a son.

Joy, happiness, and sheer gladness should have been the natural reaction to this miraculous birth, but sadly it wasn't.

The baby was never quiet, constantly yelling screaming and giving his parents no rest. At

some point, the situation became so unbearable that they decided to travel to Lubavitch to seek the Rebbe's advice.

The Rebbe suggested that they whisper in his ear that he shouldn't feel so “entitled”; he will not be an only child for too long and will soon have sisters.

Indeed, after doing so the baby finally quieted down; but the peace was also short lived.

After three months, the baby broke out with a terrible rash all over his body. Once again they made their way to Lubavitch.

“The cure is well known,” said the Rebbe Maharash. “You need to take his shirt and put it in the wood storage room and the sickness will pass.”

The worried parents carried out the Rebbe's instructions and sure enough he had a complete recovery. ¹

(*Otzar Sippurei Chabad*
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