



# The Saving Angel

Reb Shlomo Aharon Kazarnovsky related:

The Frierdiker Rebbe once sent me on a shlichus to Toronto together with his son-in-law, Rashag. Our journey was interrupted due to a heavy snow storm and strong winds, so we were forced to spend some time in a hotel. During our wait many individuals came to visit us. Among the guests was a certain *rav* who shared with us a fascinating story:

“One of my *baalei batim* became sick with a severe infection in his feet and was taken to the hospital. When I became aware of his situation I went over to the hospital to visit him. He wasn’t doing well at all and it had even affected his hearing.

“In an adjacent room sat his despondent family who let me know that I could not go in the room at the moment. In the meantime, while I was waiting to see him, they shared with me the details of his illness.

“At one point, when the sick man heard my voice, he requested that I be brought in. Once I was inside he said to me, ‘I heard that the [Frierdiker] Lubavitcher Rebbe came to America. Please write to him and ask what I can do to get better and free myself of this sickness.’

“I immediately sat down, wrote the letter and sent it off by express mail. Much to my surprise I received an answer very quickly. The Frierdiker Rebbe wrote, ‘Tell the patient that we are now building a yeshiva (Tomchei Temimim) in Montreal and he should donate \$1,000 towards it. Explain to him that the angel of 1000 is greater than that of 100...’

“When I received this response, I hurried over to the hospital and met some of the family members. His wife asked, ‘Did you already receive a response?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied and went on to share the details. Standing nearby was her sister, the

sick man’s sister-in-law, and with a note of mockery in her voice said, ‘They’ve already come to squeeze us for money... I know the way you people work!’ I ignored her comment and rushed into the room where he was laying. Standing next to him was his son, and I repeated the Rebbe’s answer to him. When the father heard what I was saying, he turned to his son and commanded, ‘My son, I want to live! Take \$1,000 dollars and rush over to Montreal.’ Not wasting a moment, his son carried out his instructions.

“A few days later the doctor came to check the patient but quickly stormed out of the

room in a rage. ‘Who gave anyone permission to bring in a different doctor to administer other medications?!’ he demanded. The family members were taken aback by his accusations and assured him that no one had done anything of the sort.

“‘If so,’ he cried out, ‘this must be a miracle from Heaven. In just another few days he will be ready to go home.’ Sure enough, the man got better and was able to leave the hospital with crutches. A short while later he was completely healed.” **1**

(*Shmuos V’sippurim*  
vol. 1, p. 218)

