

# דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

מוקדש לחיזוק ההתקשרות  
לכ"ק אדמו"ר

בקשר עם יום הבהיר י"א ניסן

נדפס ע"י

הרה"ת ר' ישראל בן בתי'

וזוגתו מרת שטערנא שרה בת חנה בתי'  
ובנם מנחם מענדל בן שטערנא שרה

## Perfect Clarity

AS TOLD BY CHANA SHERMAN (TORONTO, ONTARIO)

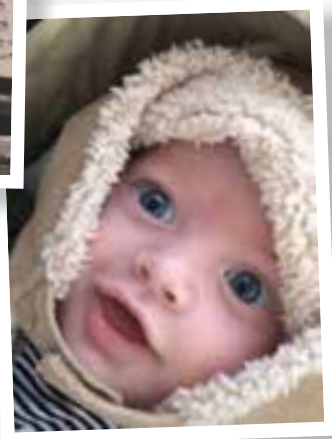
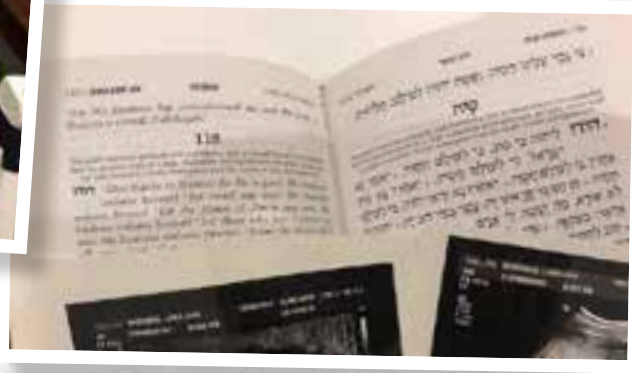
My youngest child was 10 years old when I became pregnant with my son Yonatan, in the winter of 5774\*.

At the 18-week ultrasound, the doctor discovered many large fluid spots in the baby's brain. He told us that in his 30 year career he had never seen such large and numerous spots and was unsure of what to make of it. Thankfully, the organs were all healthy, which ruled out Down Syndrome, but further investigation was needed to come up with a plan. In the meantime, another ultrasound was scheduled for six weeks later.

We were plunged into great emotional turmoil from the news, especially the fact that the prognosis was unknown, but we refused to consider "other alternatives."

I immediately understood that I must call my Rebbetzin, Mrs. Toby Bernstein of Chabad of Richmond Hill, so we can daven to Hashem together for help that everything would turn out alright, and to write to the Rebbe.

I had been to the Ohel before with Mrs. Bernstein when I joined her at the Kinus Hashluchos, and I felt certain that I must turn to the Rebbe for a bracha. From home I wrote a



detailed letter of the situation requesting a bracha and sent it to the Ohel.

As I waited out the six weeks for the next ultrasound, I said much Tehillim and found considerable comfort in Chapter 118.

The day of the ultrasound arrived and after an hour of scanning, the head radiologist came over to us and asked in a frustrated tone, "What are you doing here? Your baby is perfectly fine. There is no evidence of any spots whatsoever!"

We were overjoyed by the wonderful turn of events and looked forward to welcoming a healthy baby to the world.

I was scheduled to have a C-section for the 21st of Cheshvan, but Hashem had other plans. I went into labor 24 hours before the scheduled C-section, and gave birth on the 20th of Cheshvan to a healthy baby boy whom we named Yonatan. I later learned that this is the birthday of the Rebbe Rashab, a special day.

Three years later, Mrs. Bernstein invited me to join a women's trip to the Ohel and I decided that it was time to bring Yonatan along to say thank you to the Rebbe for the miraculous blessing of his birth.

When we arrived at the Ohel by bus, I asked Mrs. Bernstein what the Rebbe's chapter in Tehillim was and, although she probably said 116, I heard 118. I had brought

with me a Tehillim from home and as I entered the Ohel holding Yonatan in my arms, I opened to chapter 118 to say (what I thought) was the Rebbe's chapter.

To my utter surprise, the picture of the ultrasound with the large numerous fluid spots in the baby's brain fell out of the page! I had completely forgotten that during those tension filled weeks I had said this specific chapter over and over again and had placed the picture of my unborn baby at that spot as a page marker.

Standing at the Ohel, holding the picture of the ultrasound with its dire prognosis in one hand and my healthy Yonatan in the other, I was overcome with deep emotion and a feeling of perfect clarity. I felt as if the Rebbe was smiling at me in acknowledgement that he was with my little Yonatan throughout the entire ordeal until its happy conclusion.

I later learned that I had opened the Tehillim to the wrong chapter, as the Rebbe's chapter was really 116, but in truth the Rebbe wanted me to open to chapter 118... **1**

## YOUR STORY

Share your story with A Chassidisher Derher by emailing [stories@derher.org](mailto:stories@derher.org).