



Far, Near and Expensive

A distraught Reb Mordechai Lepler was traveling to Petersburg. Next to him in his carriage sat his son, withering in pain. Perhaps the doctors in the big city would be able to help him and find a cure to his ailment.

After a thorough checkup, they came to the grim conclusion that the disease had penetrated into the boy's bones and there was absolutely nothing they could do.

Hearing the diagnosis, Reb Mordechai sent a letter to his Rebbe, the Mittler Rebbe. In it he detailed the situation and what the doctors had said.

He estimated that the letter would take about five days to reach Lubavitch and then another five days to receive the response.

Ten days passed and an anxious Reb Mordechai waited outside to see when the mailman would come

by. On the first day, his hopes were dashed when he was informed that there was no mail for him. The same thing happened on the second day. Finally, to his great relief, on the third day the postman told him that a letter had arrived but he had no time to search for it and give it to him.

Reb Mordechai was not ready to accept that answer and so he ran after the mailman, took hold of his mail bag and began searching for the letter himself. As he was rummaging through all the letters he asked the man why he was in such a rush that day.

He replied, "A member of the royal family, who is related to the Czar, is very sick and they called the royal doctor of the Austrian king to the house to treat the boy. Today he is returning to the capital city of Vienna and I was charged

with the job of finding a horse and carriage for the trip."

As he was listening to the story, Reb Mordechai found the letter and began reading it.

"I received your letter..." it stated, "and I saw that the salvation is soon to come from near and far." It concluded, "Do not spare any money."

Trying to digest the message, Reb Mordechai realized that he had to do whatever he could to see this doctor from Vienna, so he asked the mailman for the address.

When he arrived, there was chaos outside as tens of people were trying to push their way in for the slim possibility that this famous doctor would help them.

Reb Mordechai was a respected and well known figure, so when he arrived he was able to inch his way closer and closer, until



לזכות
 החתן התמים
משה יעקב קאפל הכהן שיחי'
 והכלה המהוללה מרת חי' **מושקא** תחי'
כצמאן
 יום חתונתם
 ט"ו סיון - יום התחלת גאולת
 כ"ק אדמו"ר מהוריי"צ זצוקללה"ה
 נבג"מ ז"ע - ה'תשע"ט
 נדפס ע"י הורי החתן
 הרה"ת ר' **יוסף יצחק** הכהן
 וזוגתו מרת **תמרה ומשפחתם** שיחיו
כצמאן



finally he was inside the house, close enough to talk to the doctor.

“Please come check on my son,” he begged.

But the doctor refused to leave, stating that he was the king’s personal physician and he had to get back.

Determined to find a way to convince the doctor to visit his son he offered him one thousand rubles, a staggering sum of money!

In the face of this offer the doctor could not refuse.

“There is no remedy in all of Russia for this illness,” declared the doctor after his initial checkup. “However, if I do find a certain remedy in my bag then I will be able to give it to your son and he will certainly be healed.”

He quickly sent someone to bring his medical bag and sure enough it did contain some of the necessary medicine.

Being that administering this medication required

unique medical capabilities, the Viennese doctor decided that he would find a physician in Petersburg and teach him how to administer it.

After the initial application, the doctor let them know that the healing had already begun and that the cause had been a tooth ailment.

The Mittlerer Rebbe’s words were fulfilled in their entirety. The salvation came from afar in the form of the doctor from Vienna and it was also nearby as the medicine was with him in his medical bag. Additionally, if he had not agreed to spend any amount of money, the doctor would not have agreed to see his son. **T**

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