



דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

לזכות
הרה"ת ר' חיים רפאל
וזוגתו מרת רבקה
ומשפחתם שיחיו
גראסבוים
להצלחה רבה ומופלגה
במילוי שליחותם הק'

A Year on the Mark

AS TOLD BY HERTZEL KUSASHVILI (LOD, ISRAEL)

My wife and I got married 13 years ago. After a year had passed since our wedding, we began to worry why we had not yet been blessed with children.

Our journey began: we went from one fertility center to another and tried many different hospitals and personal physicians. Since my wife and I had no prior knowledge in the field, we would implement anything and everything that we learned about in attempt to help our situation. We left no stone unturned. I'm not speaking of *segulos*; I'm talking about complicated medical procedures which cost a fortune and are overly exhausting, to say the least.

We had made numerous fertilization attempts over the years, but alas they were all unsuccessful. This went on for years until about three and a half years ago, when an extraordinary individual and a very dear friend of mine got our good friends together and arranged tickets for

myself and my wife to travel to the Rebbe. This was a real treat especially for my wife who hadn't been by the Rebbe for over three years and had desperately wanted to go to the Rebbe the previous year, which was also a Hakhel year (5776*). Of course the main reason she wanted to go then was to yet again request a *bracha* for children.

We were given the plane tickets on three conditions. Firstly, that we keep the trip a secret aside from those who absolutely needed to know. Secondly, that we would not do any shopping during the course of our visit (which believe it or not, fell out on "Black Friday"). Thirdly, that we recite the whole Tehillim and Maane Lashon in the Ohel.

We arrived in New York on Thursday morning, Yud-Daled Kislev. From the airport we drove directly to the Ohel, and I davened Shacharis after going to the *mikveh*. We then went in to the Ohel where we recited the entire

Tehillim and Maane Lashon. We spent that Shabbos in Crown Heights at the house of a friend. On Motzei Shabbos 16 Kislev (the night of 17 Kislev) we stopped at the Ohel on our way to the airport. My wife and I had planned to go into the Ohel for five minutes to say thank you to the Rebbe, then return to the car and be off to the airport.

I quickly went to the *mikveh* to *tovel*. From there I went into the Ohel, and without pre-arranging the matter with my wife, I had the idea to ask the Rebbe for a *bracha* in the form of a “deal.”

This is what was going through my head as I stood at the Ohel: “Dear Rebbe: First of all, thank you for the *brachos* which you have bestowed upon us; we are certain that they will be fulfilled. You know, Rebbe, that we have come here for one reason only. Please grant us this request within a year, and I promise I will not be ungrateful; instead I will notify you of every update in our situation until we receive the joyous news that a child was born.”

I was educated not to be an ingrate (*kefui tova*), which the Rebbe spoke about many times. It doesn't take much to cry and ask for things; it takes wisdom to remember to say thank you and be appreciative of what you have been granted.

We left the Ohel and traveled home, our hearts full of hope. We landed in Eretz Yisroel on Sunday evening, Erev Yud-Tes Kislev. Aside from select few, no one had any idea that we had just come back from a short trip to New York.

Again we began the fertilization processes and all that goes with it. The results of a test which I had taken about two weeks after returning from New York showed a drastic change for the better! The numbers, which until now were completely negative, had suddenly turned around and showed a positive trend! The doctor who was treating us seized the opportunity that had miraculously arisen and told us, “You should now begin the fertilization processes. There are good chances for success.”

Following additional testing, the fertilization processes was scheduled for Shushan Purim 5776*. Everything is *b'hashgacha pratis*, and after we had completed the testing we had to anxiously wait for two long weeks until we would receive the test results. On Beis Nissan it happened... It fell out on a Sunday and we went to the Rishon Letziyon Medical Center for the long-awaited blood test. That afternoon the joyous results came: My wife was expecting a child!

Then we went to the Kupat Cholim to open a Pregnancy Tracking File, and we were astonished to find that the date of birth is expected to be on 17 Kislev, exactly one year to the day that we stood at the Ohel, when I asked the Rebbe to give us a child within the year!



I began to tell people that we were expecting a child as soon as it was permissible. My wife kept asking me, “Aren't you reluctant to reveal such personal information in such a manner?” I answered her, “Yes, it is difficult for me to divulge this personal information, but I'm not spreading the miracle in order to get applause, rather in my own way I am doing this to drive home the message, that we need to learn to be thankful for what we have been given and not only to ask for what we don't have. We cannot be ungrateful to the Rebbe who has certainly shook worlds for us.”

Many people have told me that a first child is usually not born on schedule, and there are always surprises at birth whether positive or negative...

Nevertheless, our daughter Rivka Eida was born on Motzei Shabbos, 17 Kislev, the night of 18 Kislev, precisely one year from the time that I stood at the Ohel and made my request. Needless to say, I traveled to the Rebbe numerous times during the previous year and during the pregnancy to notify the Rebbe of the situation and to thank the Rebbe for all the miracles.

I named the baby in the Chabad Shul in Lod. Rabbi Nochum Kaplan, the town's *mashpia*, did the “*Mi Sheberach*” while I was on the phone with a *bochur* who was at the Ohel at that time, and I asked him to go into the Ohel while we were doing the baby naming.

Aside from our personal joy, we have not forgotten those friends of ours who are still longing for children of their own. Dear friends, do not despair, there is a Rebbe in the world who takes care of his children even 25 years after Gimmel Tammuz 5754*. **T**

YOUR STORY

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