



I'm NOT EVEN Sick

This story was related by:

RABBI TZVI HIRSH FOX

There was a young kallah from a Satmar family who, as her wedding day approached, wanted to go to the Rebbe for a bracha. Her family members tried to persuade her not to go but she was adamant.

Her older sister tried to scare her out of it. “It’s dangerous to go to Crown Heights,” she said. “But it will be in the middle of the day on a Sunday, and thousands of people will be there,” the young woman replied.

After much cajoling, her sister agreed to accompany her to the Rebbe for “dollars.”

The sisters stood together in the long line that snaked through the downstairs *shul*. As they approached the steps leading upstairs to the Rebbe’s holy room, the sister became nervous and wanted to leave, but she was swept by the crowd up the stairs and soon stood before the Rebbe.

The younger sister — the *kallah* — received a dollar and a *bracha*. When the older sister passed by the

Rebbe, the Rebbe gave her a second dollar and said “this is for a *refuah sheleimah*” — a speedy recovery.

She laughed it off, and jokingly told her mother about it. “I’m not even sick,” she told her mother with a laugh. But when her mother heard what had happened, she said, “You must go to a doctor for a checkup.”

And so she did. She was examined and x-rayed, but nothing unusual was found. Then the mother told the doctor that the Rebbe had blessed this girl with a *refuah sheleimah*. Upon hearing this, the doctor checked again. The examination found that she was in the early stages of cancer, and the doctors were able to successfully treat it.

The father of these sisters told this story over to Rabbi Tzvi Hirsh Fox and explained that had they waited until the girl would have started feeling ill, it would have been too late to treat that particular form of the disease. The Rebbe saved her life. **T**