

לזכות החייל בצבאות ה'
מאיר שלמה שיחי
ניו

לרגל ה'אפשרעניש' שלו
כ'ו מנחם אב ה'תשפ"ג
שנת הקהל

נדפס ע"י משפחתו שיחיו



Time to Recover

Written By:

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Rabbi Alexander Namdar of Gothenburg, Sweden relates the following story:

During the year following our marriage, we lived in Crown Heights. One day, my father-in-law, Rabbi Dr. Tali Lowenthal put us in touch with someone named Lydia S. who would often attend his shiurim in London, and was then in New York. Lydia told us of an acquaintance of hers, named Adam, a very refined older gentleman, who spoke a beautiful Yiddish. Adam came from a large family in Europe. As a teenager he had jumped off a speeding train heading towards Auschwitz, escaping the clutches of the Holocaust. Sadly, the rest of his family perished. After reaching American shores, he settled in New York with his wife and became quite successful running a hair brush company out of Queens, NY. Lydia had called to tell us that Adam had just been diagnosed with stage four cancer, and the doctors had essentially given up on him, giving him the dire prognosis of only a few weeks left to live. She reached out to us on his behalf, seeking our advice and help to get a bracha from the Rebbe.

Of course, we agreed and on Sunday morning, we arranged to meet with Adam and his wife at our home, then set out to 770, where we accompanied them in line for Sunday dollars.

As we stood in the long line waiting for our moment with the Rebbe, Adam trembled from emotion. Generally,

as Chassidim, we wouldn't speak to the Rebbe. But this was an exception; this was an emergency. So as we passed by, I told the Rebbe, "This Yid is asking for a *refuah sheleimah*. He has *yene machla* ["that illness" i.e. cancer] and the doctors aren't giving him much time."

The Rebbe responded immediately, "*Der Eibershter hot a sach tzeit* — Hashem has plenty of time!. May you have long and healthy years, and good news to share." Then the Rebbe gave him two dollars, and gave his wife two dollars, as well as additional *brachos*.

After such encouraging words, Adam was buoyed with *bitachon*. New hope and joy filled his heart. Afterwards, he was in no worry or rush to leave Crown Heights, so we went with them to a local judaica store on Kingston Avenue, to buy some Jewish books, mezuzos, and other items. When we finished shopping, I remember Adam carrying a few heavy shopping bags with all of their purchases, as we continued walking. "What are you doing carrying such heavy bags — you're sick!" his wife exclaimed. "What do you mean," he replied happily. "The Rebbe gave me a *bracha!*"

Baruch Hashem, Adam did recover, and lived for another ten years.

Indeed, the Eibesther had a lot of time. **1**