



“You Have Lost All Hope From Heaven?”

As related by **Esther Solomon**, a veteran Israeli mechaneches.

Published by JEM in the Living Torah, Disc 168, Program 672. Our thanks to JEM for sharing the interview with Derher readers.

I was diagnosed by a prominent physician with infertility; from a biological perspective, it was impossible for me to have children. Of course, I was shattered by this news.

I visited the Rebbe after hearing this news and he started talking to me about *chinuch*, how he had heard good news about me from the Reshet school network.

I was very emotional, and I had the courage to say that the Rebbe had heard correctly, that the news from the Reshet was true. I invested an enormous amount of effort in my teaching and I was very close to my students; they were like children to me.

“However, I ask of the Rebbe—I beg of the Rebbe—that as a *tzaddik*, the Rebbe should nullify any *gezeirah* that might exist against me.”

The Rebbe said to me, “How is it possible that a girl who learned in Beis Yaakov places her hope only in conventional medicine?” Then, motioning with his holy hands upwards, the Rebbe continued, “Have you lost all hope from Heaven?”

The Rebbe pointed at my husband standing on the side—I was standing opposite the Rebbe and my husband was standing to the side—and the Rebbe said to me, “You live with the ‘Man of Trust in Hashem’! It would be appropriate for you two to study together *Chovos Halevavos Shaar Habitachon* [which

discusses the topic of trusting in Hashem], and Hashem will bless you with sons and daughters who fear Heaven and will be *Chassidim*—the Rebbe emphasized—and you will merit to raise them to Torah, *chuppah*, and good deeds.”

Then the Rebbe turned to my husband and asked, “How did you pay for the trip here? Did you go into debt?” My husband replied that we had used our savings and then borrowed as well. The Rebbe reached into his drawer and took out \$300, saying, “This should go towards the cost of the trip.”

We went to Rabbi Hodakov and asked him, “What do we do with this money?” Rabbi Hodakov replied that the Rebbe wished to participate in the cost and also to give an opening for the *brachos*.

One year later, we were blessed with our oldest daughter.

For the Rebbe’s eightieth birthday we came again, and this time we came with our four daughters. By that time, the Rebbe didn’t hold *yechidusen* anymore; instead, people would receive a dime and a *bracha*.

That Sunday I stood there and the Rebbe turned to me and asked, “What’s with a continuation? Regarding sons, may it be with *mazal* and *nachas*.”

And of course, a year after I returned home, I gave birth to our son. **1**