



# And It Was At Midnight

**Mrs. Esther Glauberson** of Akron, Ohio, related the following story. It originally appeared on Living Torah, Disc 91, Program 364.

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In 1977, I was blessed with triplets. They were born nearly two months premature. Everything was fine for the first hour, but then the lungs of two of the children started collapsing; they were in very critical condition. They were placed in the neonatal intensive care unit at Akron Children's Hospital. The doctors kept having to operate; they would inflate one lung and then the other would collapse, and so on.

Neal, one of the triplets, was on a respirator and had to be restrained so he wouldn't fight it. They estimated that he had a 5% chance of living. The second triplet, Lee, had a 10% chance. And the third triplet, Chad, was born anemic and was given a 50% chance of survival.

I was still in the hospital recovering myself, and our doctor, the pediatrician who had helped deliver them, took me in a wheelchair to Children's Hospital to see them, because after the delivery they had immediately whisked them away before I could even see them.

And then, my mother, all of a sudden, was gone.

She had been there for a number of days and then suddenly, she wasn't there. I was in shock: how could my mother desert me in this time of need, with no explanation. I asked my father, but he said he didn't know where she was — maybe he had promised her not to tell. So I was really, really mad at her.

The boys were born December 20. On December 31, we decided we wanted to spend New Year's Eve with our boys. By now, I was recuperating at home. So I got dressed up and we went to the hospital, and we talked to our sons and sat near them.

Right after midnight, we went to get a cup of coffee. We were sitting there, drinking our coffee, and the doctor came out and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Aronson, a miracle has just occurred! Your boys turned around and they're going to make it! They've come out of danger, and we can now tell the world about your children."

We went home, and still didn't know anything about my mother's whereabouts.

The next morning, my mother finally came home. The first thing I said to her was, "Where have you been? How could you leave?"

She told me that she had gone to New York to see the Rebbe. She waited for three days for a chance to see the Rebbe, and on the third day, she was finally able to see the Rebbe. It was right around midnight.

She told the Rebbe who she was and where she had come from and the Rebbe said a prayer for my boys with her.

That was when the doctor came out to tell me that my boys would live. ❶