

The Miracle Baby and the Ben L'Ashri

There is an old English saying: a smart person learns from other people's mistakes, but a truly wise one learns from other people's success. In life, every Jew carries some measure of struggle. Each of us is waiting for something — for children, for *shalom bayis*, for health, for *parnassah*, for *shiduchim*, and more. We *daven*, we hope, we try again. And sometimes we wonder: how long must we wait before we finally see light at the end of the tunnel?

To learn how to endure the interminable wait for *yeshuos*, the best place to look is to the greatest *tzaros* and the greatest *yeshuos* — to those who endured the longest waits and yet merited the most miraculous salvations. That is why, when *Klal Yisrael* learned that the *Rosh Yeshivah*, Harav Zvi Kushelevsky, after a wait of 65 years, had been *zocher* to a historic and unprecedented *yeshuah* — the birth of his *bechor* — and was inviting *Klal Yisrael* to an evening of *tefillah* marking the 49th *yahrtzeit* of the *Tzaddik* of Raanana, the reaction was immediate. The news spread swiftly, and the event drew a great deal of interest, particularly among those who are waiting, hoping, and longing for their own *yeshuos*.

Adding to the sense of anticipation was the list of speakers: Rabbi Daniel Glatstein and Rabbi Yehoshua Frankenhuis, alongside the *Rosh Yeshivah* himself. The convergence of an extraordinary personal miracle, the *yahrtzeit* of a *tzaddik* long associated with remarkable *yeshuos*, and a program devoted to *tefillah* and *chizuk* created a powerful pull on many hearts.

Although the public event was scheduled for 8 p.m., a close circle of *talmidim* and friends of the *yeshivah*, together with those associated with Rabbi Glatstein's *Machon Maggid Harakiah*, gathered already at 6:30 p.m. for a *yahrtzeit seudah*. As the *Rosh Yeshivah* entered the hall, music began to play. The crowd rose to its feet in spontaneous song, and the circle of dance that formed around the *Rosh Yeshivah* carried a special resonance: in his arms, he held his "miracle baby," little Eliyahu.

It was a scene that spoke without words. Years of quiet, hidden tears; decades of painful waiting — and now, before so many *talmidim* and friends, the *Rosh Yeshivah* held the answer in his arms. The dancing was not only a celebration of a private *simchah*, it became a communal expression of gratitude and hope, a sense that from this *yeshuah* each person could draw strength for his own long wait.

The guests then sat down to partake in the festive *seudah*. The food was beautifully presented and delicious, but what truly nourished the participants were the spiritual delights. The *Rosh Yeshivah* offered words of *chizuk* about the greatness of the *Tzaddik* of Raanana and his *kochos*, explaining that when a person is truly *davuk* to Hashem, living beyond the narrow calculations of *teva*, he can merit to see *yeshuos* that are themselves beyond nature.

Rabbi Glatstein then surprised the crowd by introducing his longtime associate, Rav Neuman, the *mechaber* of the *sefer She'elos U'Teshuvos Ben l'Ashri* and an expert in the *divrei Torah* of the *tzaddik*. With warmth and clarity, Rav Neuman opened a window into the world of the Ben L'Ashri — his life, his *avodah*, and his hidden greatness. Those present listened, rapt, emerging with a deeper



understanding of who this *tzaddik* was and why he became so beloved across the breadth of *Klal Yisrael*.

Meanwhile, downstairs, the *beis medrash* was filling rapidly in anticipation of the main event. The crowd was diverse, yet a common thread ran through many of those present: each carried a personal story of waiting, of hope, of *tefillah* for a *yeshuah* that has not yet arrived.

The program opened with remarks from Rabbi Frankenhuis. He noted that many had come that evening with heavy hearts — to *daven* for *yeshuos*, to draw *chizuk*, and to find renewed hope. But before rushing straight to the *yeshuah*, he said, it is important to recognize that there is meaning even within the *tzarah* itself, and that the period of waiting can become a time of deep growth.

This was the life of the *Tzaddik* of Raanana — a life filled with greatness in Torah and *avodah*, yet also marked by extraordinary suffering: the terror of World War II, the bitter exile of Siberia, years of poverty, and, at the end of his life, blindness and childlessness. And still, through all of these *nisyos*, he rose to towering spiritual greatness. His hardships did not break him; they refined him.

Remarkably, this is also the *Rosh Yeshivah's* approach to his 65 years without children. Alongside the indescribable joy of his miracle, he also views those long years of waiting and yearning as one of the greatest gifts of his life — for they drew him closer to Hashem and shaped who he became. The waiting years were not empty years; they were years of *avodah*, of inner building, of becoming.

With this, Rabbi Frankenhuis invited the *Rosh Yeshivah* to address the crowd.

The *Rosh Yeshivah* began by describing how, during the long years of waiting, he would share Torah from the Ben l'Ashri with at least three *talmidim* every single day. He felt strongly that his own *yeshuah* came in the *zechus* of spreading the Torah of the *tzaddik* to others.

From there, the *Rosh Yeshivah* went on to speak about the special *segulah* of the *tzaddik* himself, delivering a carefully developed Torah thought on the *parashah* and weaving it into the *nisyos* of our generation. The tests of today, he



acknowledged, can feel overwhelming and impossible to overcome. Yet nothing stands in the way of *tefillah*. A Yid who turns to Hashem again and again, even when the answer seems delayed, is never turned away empty-handed. With that powerful message, he introduced Rabbi Glatstein.

The crowd then heard, in vivid detail, about the greatness of the *tzaddik*. Rabbi Glatstein related how Rav Aharon Leib Shteinman, *zt"l*, said that he had numerous proofs that the Ben l'Ashri merited *giluy Eliyahu* on a regular basis.

Rabbi Glatstein also spoke about one of the deepest wishes of the Ben l'Ashri: that his Torah be printed and disseminated. Presenting the new *sefer, Birchas Hatzaddik* — a remarkable *likkut* on the *parshiyos* and *moadim* — he explained that through learning and disseminating this Torah, that wish is being fulfilled, extending the light of the *tzaddik* into countless homes and *batei medrash*.

The *divrei ne'ilah* of the evening were delivered by Rabbi Frankenhuis, and once again his words reached deep into the hearts of those present. He shared that many people come to the *Rosh Yeshivah* and say, "I've been *davening* for years — and I still haven't seen a *yeshuah*." The *Rosh Yeshivah's* response is that sometimes a person must change the way he *davens*. Instead of approaching *tefillah* with a sense of "I deserve," he must turn to Hashem and ask only in the merit of Hashem's *rachamim*.

Rav Shimshon Pincus, *zt"l*, said:

Chazal relate that when Moshe Rabbeinu ascended to *Shamayim*, Hashem showed him the great *otzaros* — the heavenly storehouses. One was for *gomlei chassadim*, those who perform acts of kindness. Another was for those who toil in Torah. There were others as well, each filled with blessing according to a person's deeds.

Then Moshe Rabbeinu was shown another *otzar* — one so vast that it seemed to stretch on forever, without end. Moshe Rabbeinu asked, "Halalu lemi? — Who is this for?" And Hashem answered: "This is the *otzar harachamim* — reserved for those who simply beg Me for mercy."

Rav Pincus explained the depth of this teaching. When a person receives blessing because of something he did — Torah, *chessed*, raising *yesomim* — his reward is great, but it has a measure. How much Torah did he learn? How much *chessed* did he perform? The blessing corresponds to the deed.

But there is one thing that has no measure at all: Hashem's infinite *rachamim*.

And therefore, if a person turns to Hashem and says: "Not in my *zechus*. Not because I deserve. Only because of Your *rachamim*," then he is drawing from the *otzar harachamim* itself, a storehouse without limits.

The evening closed with heartfelt *tefillah* and song. Many who had arrived carrying heavy burdens left lighter, strengthened by the knowledge that no tear is ignored, no *tefillah* is wasted, and no long wait is meaningless. From the longest wait can come the brightest *yeshuah*.