

Rav Moshe Kormornick relates a powerful story.

When a train filled with a large transport of Jewish prisoners arrived at one of the Nazi killing centers, many Polish Non-Jews came out to watch the Jews being taken away. A Nazi officer in charge called out to the villagers standing there, "You may take anything these Jews leave behind, because they will not be coming back to get them!"

Two Polish women who were standing nearby saw a Jewish woman wearing a large, expensive coat. They ran to her, knocked her down, grabbed her coat and ran away. They rummaged through the pockets and discovered gold jewelry, silver candlesticks and other treasures, and to their astonishment, in a secret pocket in the lining they found a tiny baby girl!

Shocked at their discovery, one woman took pity on the baby and said, "I don't have any children. You take the gold and silver and let me have the baby." The Polish woman took her new "daughter" home, and raised the Jewish girl as her own. They treated her very well, but never told her anything about her history.

The girl excelled in her studies and eventually became a doctor, and worked as a pediatrician in a hospital in Poland. When her "mother" passed away many years later, the mother's friend came by to visit. She said to the daughter, "The woman that passed away last week was not your real mother", and she proceeded to tell her

the whole story of how they found her. The daughter did not believe her at first, but the woman insisted and said, "When we found you, you were wearing a beautiful gold pendant with strange writing on it, which must be Hebrew. I am sure that your mother kept that necklace. Go and see for yourself."

The daughter looked in her mother's jewelry box and found the necklace just as the friend had described. She was shocked. It was hard to fathom that she had been Jewish, but the proof was right there in her hand. As this was her only link to a previous life, she cherished the necklace, and wore it every day.

Sometime later, she went on vacation abroad and came across two Jewish boys standing on a main street, trying to interest any Jewish person passing by to put on Tefilin or accept Shabbos candles to light on Friday afternoon. Seizing the opportunity, she told them her entire story and showed them the necklace. The boys confirmed that a Jewish name was inscribed on the necklace, and they recommended that she write a letter to their teacher, the Lubavitcher Rebbe, and explain everything to him to seek his advice. She sent a letter that very same day, and received a quick reply which said that it was clear from the facts that she is a Jewish girl, and perhaps she would consider using her medical skills in Israel where talented pediatricians were needed. Her curiosity was piqued and she traveled to Israel where she consulted a Rabbinical Court, a Bais Din, who declared her Jewish.

Soon she was accepted into a hospital to work, and eventually met her husband and raised a family.

Many years later in Israel, a terrorist blew up a busy cafe in the center of Yerushalayim, and the injured were rushed to the hospital where this woman worked. One patient was brought in, an elderly man, who was in a state of shock. He was searching everywhere for his granddaughter who had become separated from him. This pediatrician tried to help him, and asked how she could recognize his granddaughter, and the frantic man described a gold necklace that she was wearing.

Eventually, they finally found this girl among the injured patients. When the pediatrician saw the necklace the girl was wearing, she froze in her place. She asked the old man, "Where did you buy this necklace?" He responded, "You can't buy such a necklace. I am a goldsmith and I made this piece of jewelry. Actually, I made two identical pieces for each of my daughters. This is my granddaughter from one of them, and my other daughter did not survive the war."

With tears welling up in her eyes, the pediatrician pulled out the necklace she was wearing and showed it to him, who also began to cry. They quickly realized that after almost sixty years, a father and daughter had finally become reunited!

Do you see Hashem's hand?

