

# HASHGACHA PRATIS

Inspirational messages and contemporary stories of hashgacha  
From the Hashgacha Pratis Hotline



Parshiyos Noach - Lech Lecha 5782 ■ Issue 74

## HEART TO HEART

Based on shiurim in  
Duties of the Heart, Shaar Bitachon, given on the Hotline

### The Best Deal

One of the most important parts of Midas Habitachon is believing in the eternal reward for mitzvos and expecting it. Of this the Navi (Yeshayahu 64:3) writes: "You perform for him who hoped for him". We live in a world which we don't, and cannot, understand. We can't see all the good that comes from every mitzvah we do, or how much blessing is born of our efforts. We often hear stories on the Hashgacha Pratis hotline, in Hebrew, Yiddish and English – how a Yid's efforts to do good or refrain from bad gained him immediate reward. But the stories we **don't** hear are the truly heroic ones, stories that happen every day, to every single one of us – the eternal reward that awaits us in heaven, how every effort to grow in Torah and *Yiras Shamayim* reaped spiritual rewards. A Yid spends a lot of money and doesn't get it back; he is careful not to skip davening and actually loses a great deal; he takes a longer route to protect his eyes and misses an important meeting – here one needs to exercise his bitachon muscles. It's important to understand – doing what's right is the best deal possible. And it's true -- the reward no doubt awaits us, just not right here or right now.

For every mitzvah and *hiddur* we will receive special reward. Some Jews perform perfect mitzvos, forgo comfort, work hard in difficult situations, pay money, overcome difficulties, and then hide the fact that they did the mitzvah, keeping it only between them and Hashem. One of the ten terms for bitachon that Rabbenu Bachaye mentions at the end of Sha'ar Habitachon is '*chikuy*' – awaiting. **One who awaits the reward in the Next World is worthy of Hashem's chessed with the pleasantness of the Next World.**

What is the nature of the said reward? How does **pleasantness of the Next World** manifest itself? Nobody knows. Even Shlomo Hamelech, the wisest

man who ever walked the face of earth couldn't comprehend it. Midrash Shacher Tov lists the three things that were not revealed to Shlomo Hamelech. One was the reason why the *parah adumah*, the red heifer, makes the impure – pure and the pure – impure. Another, was the timing of the end of days. And the third – the reward for mitzvos. Regarding the *parah adumah*, Hashem told him this mitzvah must be done with faithfulness, with *temimus*. About the end of days, Hashem quoted the passuk in Yeshayahu (63:4) "For a day of vengeance is in My heart" -- it is a secret I don't even allow my heart to tell my mouth. And regarding the reward for the mitzvos, Hashem says: "It says in Tehilim (31:20) 'How great is Your goodness that You have laid away for those who fear You'." The reward for the Next World is hidden and described in Yeshayahu (64:3): "And whereof no one had ever heard, had ever perceived by ear, no eye had ever seen a god besides You perform for him who hoped for him." No person ever saw the eternal reward and came back to tell the tale. Describing the reward for learning Torah and keeping mitzvos is impossible. We, with our physical bodies and limited comprehension lack the tools to understand it. Even the prophets could only see what Hashem does for those who keep the mitzvos and support Torah scholars, but for Torah scholars themselves -- "No eye had ever seen." This passuk stresses the point of awaiting and hoping towards reward: "You perform for him who hoped for him." Awaiting the reward, believing it's there and will come, is itself a reason for reward. We must do our job faithfully and truthfully, fulfilling Hashem's Will without expectations, without looking for or expecting physical reward. The only thing we need is to believe that reward will come in the Next World. For this faith itself one is rewarded.

## FROM THE EDITOR

### Publish and Circulate This Letter!

During the *hakafos* on Simchas Torah someone danced up to me and called out, "You don't know what the *hashgacha* phone line did for me! I struggle a lot in life, and ever since I started listening, everything became lighter and easier to handle."

"Hashem should help you," I answered, "and everything should turn out better this year."

But he was adamant, "As it is right now, everything is good. I'm telling you, everything is wonderful now, just the way it is!"

I couldn't understand it. Did he have problems, or didn't he? If everything is good, what's his problem? But he didn't stop. "You don't know what I'm going through, but this hotline made everything so light and bright, that even now, while everything is still going on, I already feel better. Every step of the way I see how Hashem loves me, and everything is because Hashem wants to do good things to me."

This man spoke with such conviction, all smiles and joy, and the whole congregation sang and danced around him.

I was inspired. You know how they say that all the effort and work we put into the months of Elul and Tishrei are in order to come to the realization of the passuk: "Hashem is Elokim; there is none else besides Him"? This man was a beautiful illustration of that lesson for me.

We owe Hashem so much praise for illuminating this passuk for us. Hashem is the Name that refers to the Attribute of Mercy, *midas harachamim*. Elokim hints at *midas hadin*, Judgement. Hashem is Elokim – Mercy is Judgement, everything is combined. There is nothing but Hashem.

A person gets tested, feels struck by the *midas hadin* as he struggles through life. He may ask himself, 'Why? Why me? What did I do? Could it be that Hashem wants to punish me?'

But the truth is that there is nothing punitive in Hashem's world. Everything is for the good. Everything is Mercy, everything stems from His love.

I once saw a letter that Rav Asher Freund *zt"l* wrote to someone whose whole life was one long string of painful struggles (Imrei Asher, 31). He writes that every difficulty comes as a result of Hashem's love for us. Hashem wants people to come closer to Him, so He sends people reminders of love.

The following excerpt is worth copying and publishing throughout the world:

"*Yissurim* are not, *chas v'shalom*, a slap for our bad behavior, (and woe to us if they would be, for even one thousand-thousandths of our misdeeds!) It is all from Hashem's mercy that He send us pain, anxiety, stress, and illness – to arouse us to cling to Him and call out to Him with all our hearts. Why does He send each person their own individual pain? That is not our business. All we have to know is that it comes from Hashem, and we really cannot understand why. Just as the heavens are higher than the earth, understanding Hashem's ways is far beyond our paygrade."

The main thing is to understand that Hashem, the Attribute of Mercy, is G-d – the Attribute of Judgement. All our struggles stem from His mercy. EVERYTHING! is Hashem's chessed.

This man, who listens to the *hashgacha pratis* hotline was so exuberant, so happy. He didn't need any explanations. His emunah is so strong that he could see it was all good, right here, and right now.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

The shiur is aired on Mon. and Thurs. - menu 4 (Yiddish and Hebrew)

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# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

## First Thing's First

This story took place at a time I was working on tefillah, and as usual, the Yetzer Hara was working double as hard to try and make it difficult for me.

On that day, I awoke early and recited Krias Shema. I was about to go to shul when my young son, who had been on his way to school, ran back into the house. He told me someone had placed a large steel clamp on my car wheels. This was major trouble! And the fact that I couldn't drive my car was minor compared to the bigger one -- the reason for the wheel boot. You see, here in London, putting a wheel boot on someone's car is an accepted way of letting someone know that he owed money, and you can probably guess the sum is way more than a hundred pounds...

I was frightened. I went down to the car and saw the boot on the car with a sticker of the company and the phone number of the agent who had locked my car. Frantically, I dialed the company. They calmly informed me that they were hired by a third party to place the clamp. I realized they were hired by someone who was owed money by a company I had owned in the past. Since the debt was on the company's name and not my own, there was really no reason for them to lock my personal car. I explained this to the parking boot company, but they told me I had to prove that I no longer had any connection to the company, and this had to be done in court.

I hung up with the company and called the agent. He didn't believe me. "How can you prove that the company closed?" I felt like everything was closing in on me. The whole world had turned against me! And anyone who knows how these things work in London knows that a parking boot on your car is reason enough to break out in cold sweat...

Suddenly I caught myself. I hadn't davened Shacharis yet! Halacha specifically forbids doing anything before davening, and here I was, making one phone call after the next. I was embarrassed. I called a taxi and took it to shul. There, I sat and davened like a good Jew davens, slowly. I said *korbanos*, and after davening -- *shir shel yom*. When davening was over, I started getting ready to leave, but then caught myself. Since I am used to laying Rabbenu Tam Tefillin, I forced myself to stay and lay them, which took an additional fifteen minutes, telling myself that this could accomplish more than all the phone calls and hishtadlus in the world. After doing so, I felt calm and secure enough to deal with the situation. I decided that since nothing would change unless Hashem wanted it to, I would go about my day as usual, and at 2 pm, upon reaching my office, I would call the agent again.

I went about my day as planned, and at 2 pm I called the agent who had locked my car. I started asking which forms I would need in order to prove that the company was no longer mine, when he cut me short. "No need, mister, there's no

## 18 Vertebrae

Klal Yisroel recently lost a very precious member, Dr. Eli Schussheim *zt"l*. Last year I came to visit him and complained about ongoing back aches. I described the various methods I was exploring. Dr. Schussheim sincerely wanted to help. He spoke to me about the vertebrae in the spine and how each of the 18 vertebrae was connected to one of the blessings in Shemone Esrei. "When there's a problem in the back," he said, "you should check what's wrong with your Shemone Esrei. One must pray and bow properly. But the most important part," he continued, "is *chazaras hashatz*, when the chazzan repeat the Shemone Esrei. Some people use the time to lay Rabbenu Tam tefillin and lose out on all the blessings. You know, listening to *chazaras hashatz* all the way, answering amen, and bending by Modim is a very strong remedy for backaches." I followed his directives. Within a short time, all my pain disappeared. *L'iluy nishmas* Rabbi Dr. Eli Schussheim *zt"l*.

## Waiting in the Car

On one of the nights during Sefiras Haomer I went to a gathering in Yerushalayim. Since I live in Beit Shemesh and the hall where the gathering took place in Yerushalayim was slightly off the beaten path, I was forced to rely on the organized bus to get home. And I would have taken it, if not for my father's instructions.

My father taught me to never travel before praying Ma'ariv. Since the gathering had begun before sunset it was impossible to pray in Beit Shemesh. Now, I was in Yerushalayim without having prayed Ma'ariv and I couldn't travel without davening. I heard them announcing that the bus would be leaving in several short minutes, but I needed to daven Ma'ariv. I found a minyan and prayed slowly, trying to infuse myself with calm by envisioning my own father outside in a car waiting to take me home. I prayed calmly, and even recited Sefiras Ha'omer. When I was done, I walked outside. And there was a car! A young man was sitting inside, and he opened the window to offer me a ride.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Beit Shemesh," he responded easily. "Get in."

## Wherever You May Be

Rabbi Mordechai Zalinsky was a true Williamsburg tzaddik. One day, he needed to travel into Manhattan for a medical appointment for his son. After the appointment, the two stood on a side street trying to stop a taxi that would take them home.

"There's no way a taxi will drive here, on this side street," his son told him. "We need to go out to the main street."

But Rabbi Zalinsky, who guarded his eyes with all his might, didn't want to contaminate them with all the sights the main streets of Manhattan had to offer. "The main street is not a place for us. Let's wait here."

Before the conversation was over, a car stopped at the curb. "Hello," called out a familiar voice, "Where are you going? Can I take you home?"

A friend had passed by and drove the surprised father and son straight to their door.

## A House of Prayer

For the past eleven years we've merited living in the Holy Land. We started out in a nice, rented walk-in apartment in the Mekor Brauch neighborhood in Yerushalayim. Since my wife uses a wheelchair to get around, we need this kind of apartment.

For the first five years everything was fine. But one day, our homeowner called to announce that he wanted to end the contract.

What was I supposed to do? We needed this apartment. It met our needs. Finding another one was almost impossible! I was distressed beyond belief and went to pray at the Kosel. A friend gave me a tefillah for finding an apartment, and I stood there, saying the tefillah seven times, tears streaming down my face.

After reciting it seven times, out of nowhere, a nail fell right to my feet. I have no idea how it got there, but I saw it as a heavenly sign that my prayers would be answered. I promised myself that when we would IY"Y have an apartment of our own, I would bang this nail into the wall just next to the unpainted area one leaves in commemoration of Yerushalayim, to remind myself how Hashem answers our

prayers, and marked down the date.

For the next four years we didn't hear from the owner. We paid our rent and that was it. Four years later, he notified us that our time was up, and we would have to vacate the apartment after Succos.

On my grandfather's *yahrzeit* I saw an ad for a ground-floor apartment in Romema for sale. I went to see it, and it seemed to meet our needs. Even the price was right, and the bank agreed to give me a mortgage.

We sat with the lawyer to sign the deal, and a certain date kept being mentioned. I knew the date meant something, but I wasn't sure what. I asked the seller what the date was, and he told me it was the day the apartment's foundations were laid. That's when I realized it was the exact same date that the nail fell to my feet at the Kosel. Yes, it's true – at the time I stood praying fervently for Hashem's help, the foundations for my future home were being poured.

A few days later we moved into our new apartment and I nailed the nail into the wall right opposite the entrance. And it's still there today, reminding us how Hashem answers the prayers of those who call out to Him wholeheartedly.

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## The Same Night

I sometimes help fundraise for various *tzedakah* causes and often merit connecting between a donor and a needy individual. It's very exciting to see how the donor and poor person 'just happen' to find each other.

One day, an American *askan* called to tell me he had a check of \$2000 for my current *tzedakah* cause, and also a check of \$7500 for a certain Jerusalem *avreich*.

Why was an *avreich* getting such a large sum from one donor? This specific *avreich* is a serious *talmid chacham* who learns all day and all night. Literally. Now, he was about to marry off his daughter, and had no idea where he was going to find the money to cover the wedding expenses.

As his *hishtadlus*, he called a friend from Williamsburg, also a Torah scholar, and told him his problem. The friend couldn't help him, and they hung up the phone.

The next day, the Williamsburg *avreich* was sitting in the *Beis Midrash* learning, when two men walked in and started to learn two rows in front of him. He overheard one of them telling the other, "I wish I knew someone else who was marrying off a child when I am."

When one of the men left the *Beis Midrash*, the *avreich* approached the second one. "Who were you learning with?" he asked. The man told him the fellow would be marrying off his youngest son in a month and he wanted to cover a poor couple's wedding expenses as a merit for his own young couple.

"My friend from Yerushalayim is marrying off his daughter next month," said the *avreich*. "He just called the other day and told me he has absolutely nothing for the wedding. I was just sitting here wondering how I could help him. \$200 is really all I have to spare right now."

The man gave the *avreich* his friend's phone number and within a few moments it was clear that both weddings would take place on the exact same night. The two men spoke and calculated that \$7500 would cover all the wedding expenses. And this was the check I was sent to deliver.

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## Eat Only Kosher

I'm a *Rebbi* in a *yeshiva*. Fifteen years ago, an amazing story took place in our *yeshiva*, and now, I feel, is the time to publicize it. Perhaps it is especially appropriate for this year, the *shemittah* year, when one must be extra careful to eat kosher food, especially kosher fruits and vegetables.

There was a young Argentinian boy in my *yeshiva* who learned in the first-year grade level. Twelve years earlier, his mother had dreamt that her deceased mother was telling her that she would be coming to get her on March 8<sup>th</sup>. The young woman awoke in a panic and went to a *rabbi* to ask him what the dream was about. "Since your mother mentioned a non-Jewish date, there's nothing to worry about," said the *rabbi*, and the woman promptly forgot about the dream.

But when the said date approached, the dream occurred again. "Who will raise my young children?" the young woman asked her mother. The grandmother seemed to agree, and said she would ask about it. She disappeared. Then she returned and said, "You are right. But you must make sure to raise your children like Jews and make sure they only eat kosher."

The mother sensed the dream was real and was careful to keep her promise. She was always extra careful to make sure her children ate only *mehadrin* food. Twelve years later, her son was learning in our *yeshiva*. The 7<sup>th</sup> of *Shevat* was *Shabbos* that year, and the mother dreamt, at five-thirty in the morning, that her son was eating non-kosher food. As soon as she was able, she contacted her son and asked him what he had eaten.

It turned out that at exactly that time the son had eaten the *Shabbos* meal in *yeshiva*, which included meat. While the meat had certainly been kosher, since animals in Argentina are checked after *shechitah* lying down while in Israel they are not, it was considered a lower standard of *Kashrus*. At exactly the moment her son was eating the meat, the mother was notified of the mistake.

need. I believe you.

I already removed the parking boot and you can use your car."

I was shocked. Normally, it could have been months before I would get my car back, and here, the agent simply believed me and removed it!

I'm certain it was only the result of overcoming my urge to take care of things myself, and going to *daven* instead. Baruch Hashem, my prayers were answered.

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## Learning Vatranus

When I reached marriageable age, all my friend got engaged one after the next. At each *vort* and wedding people wished me that my turn would come soon, but it seems to be taking its good old time. Before long, I found myself the last apple in the bin or the last book on the shelf – the last *bachur* in *yeshiva*.

I felt uncomfortable staying in *yeshiva* with boys who were younger than myself and started learning in *Kollel* half a day. For the rest of the day, I took a job. Even half a day was hard to spend with young married men who were busy running to pick up children from daycare or needed a small loan for groceries. People don't realize how blessed they are to have those small worries. Eventually I left *Kollel* and started working all day, learning a *Daf Yomi shiur* at night.

The years passed, and I found myself at 25 still waiting for an appropriate *shidduch*. My friends were already making *upsherin*s.

Meanwhile, my younger sister reached marriageable age and a promising suggestion came in. My parents didn't want to start with her before receiving my consent, and I was reluctant. How could I give in? Worse than being an unwanted bachelor was being one whose younger siblings skipped over him. I couldn't handle the thought of it, and refused. While everyone let the matter drop and my wonderful family didn't even mention it, the *bachur* suggested for my sister persisted. For a half a year we all waited and hoped for a miracle that didn't come.

At this point I got a phone call from a *rav* who's close to our family. He explained that the *shidduch* suggested to my sister seemed very appropriate and I could rest assured that I would lose nothing from allowing her to get engaged before me. "Whoever is *mevater* doesn't lose out," he promised. "On the contrary, perhaps all Hashem is waiting for is for you to be *mevater*. Perhaps *vatruanus* will pave the way for your *yeshuah*? Hashem runs the world," he explained, "and if your sister is supposed to get engaged before you, that's what will happen, whether you like it or not. But you now have the opportunity to be *mevater*. Grab it. You never know – it might be just what you need."

The *rav* spoke gently, and I felt he really cared about me. I agreed, and as expected, within a short time my sister was engaged.

She was blessed with a good, caring *chosson*, who took one look at me and thought of a great idea for me – his own first cousin.

From there, things proceeded smoothly. The cousin was the perfect match for me, and we announced our engagement even before my sister's engagement party.

In retrospect, by refusing to allow my sister to go ahead, I had pushed off my meeting with my own *shadchan*...

# Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

People often ask me for a loan. Since in my eyes, lending people money is a very important mitzvah, I try not to lose the opportunity, even if I need the money for myself and will end up having to borrow money later. I realize that if I need the money, I am not obligated to lend it out, but is there a midas chassidus here? I wish I knew what Hashem wanted from me in this sort of situation.

Q #26

Y.Y.R., Modiin Illit

**Disclaimer:** All opinions mentioned here are presented for discussion only. For practical ruling, please consult with a rav.

## Self-Examination

**Rabbi Avigdor Freidman from Bnei Brak** and **Rabbi Aharon Beifus from Rechasim:** It's hard to answer this question without knowing you. There are two types of people who would tend to act this way— those who are genuinely inspired by the desire to do chessed, and others who are unable to say no. The latter group are people with low self-esteem whose generosity stems from weakness. Check if your generosity in extending loans is bothersome to you or those close to you. If it is, then it clearly stems from lack of self-esteem, not piety. In this case I recommend you discontinue it immediately. **Rabbi Dovid Leifer from Yerushalayim** and **Rabbi Yehuda Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh:** Lending people money is a very important mitzvah, one closely linked to seeing nachas from one's children, as the pasuk reads: "All day long he is gracious and lends, and his seed is due for a blessing" (Tehilim 37:26). It's nevertheless very important to remember, that with the mitzva of tzedakah, one's own children and family take precedence over anyone else. If lending out the money you need for groceries will make life difficult for your immediate family, lending it out is inappropriate. **Rabbi Mordechai Hakohen Malachi, Beitar Illit:** You could answer this question with the Vilna Gaon's words: "Everything depends upon the strength of one's heart and his faith in Hashem." If this is your regular practice, your faith in Hashem that He will provide for you must be strong enough, making this practice praiseworthy. Rav Dessler writes that the test for one's level is how he would react if he didn't end up getting what he needed after lending the money to someone else.

## Tzaddikim Give

**Rabbi Yehoshua Levi from Yerushalayim:** Lending money to people who need it is certainly praiseworthy. In addition to the mitzvah of lending money to the poor, one receives a boost in his bitachon, because he is constantly reminding himself to rely on Hashem to send him the money when he'll need it. **Rabbi Zalman Chadash from Elad:** *Midas chassidus*, going beyond the letter of the law, is something that has no limit. Nobody can tell you what is and what isn't

included. In addition, halachah has it that one should not refrain from lending money unless doing so will cause him loss, as Rashi writes (Bave Metzta 33a): "Although one is not obligated to do so, one should go beyond the letter of the law... unless he will suffer a clear loss. And one who is forever careful [about the possibility of losing out] and removes from himself the yoke of *gemilus chessed* and *tzedakah*, will ultimately become needy himself."

**Rabbi Mordechai Refaeli from Yerushalayim:** The Chafetz Chaim in *Ahavas Chessed* (1:12) writes clearly that the mitzvah to lend people money is only if one has the money himself. And he writes: "But if he doesn't have the money, he is not obligated to go and borrow in order to lend someone else money, unless it is a mitzvah of chessed." It thus seems that finding a way to lend money you don't really have is a mitzvah of chessed, and certainly praiseworthy.

**Rabbi Yehoshua Cohen from Yerushalayim:** "One who is merciful to others will be shown mercy himself." (Shabbos 158b) If you're on the level to extend chessed to others even when your own situation doesn't allow it, Hashem will certainly show you mercy, and you won't be forced to borrow yourself. Hashem will shower you with bounty in other ways.

**Rabbi Yaakov Hileson from Natanya**, and **Rabbi Baruch Fischer from Yerushalayim:** Chazal tell us (Yevamos 63a): "One who lends a *sela* to a poor man when he needs it is described by the *navi* (Yeshayahu 58:9) 'Then you shall call, and the Lord shall answer.'"

## Question for next week

Mine is a question of 'how'. I try very hard to work on my emunah and bitachon. My general approach is to rely on Hashem to arrange everything for us. I try to really and truly live this way, but my wife thinks this behavior is reckless and irresponsible. She often gets aggravated by my approach to life. I must add, though, that I do everything to help out at home and work hard to bring in a decent parnassah. How does one make emunah and bitachon come to life? How do you 'drive the message home', literally?

Y.B. Yerushalayim

**To send in questions or answers:** Leave a message on the Hotline at 02-301-1300 menu 3 ext. 5 (Yiddish or Hebrew) |

Email: s023011300@gmail.com | Fax: 02-659-9189 - Until Sunday Parashat Vayeira

Replies must include your full name and city Names of questioners are printed with initials and city

## A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

Everyone should walk around like he's the richest man on earth. And, indeed, we are – we have everything we could ever dream of – we are Hashem's beloved children! We have "*Yedid Nefesh, Av Harachaman!*"

Is there something Hashem cannot do? Hashem has nothing stopping Him. Nothing at all. I was recently invited to a *shalom zachor* for the first-born child of a 49-year-old mother. The same thing happened a half a year ago, when a sixty-year-old woman gave birth to her first daughter. There's nothing beyond Hashem's capabilities.

Reb Don Segal *shlit"a* once told me: "I got a lot of chizuk from something that happened to us once. My brother sustained a bad leg injury, and the doctors said his leg needed to be amputated. Everyone was sad, mourning the young boy who was about to lose his leg and become crippled for life. I went to the *meshgich*, Rabbi Yechezkel Levenstein *zt"l* and told him the story. He just smiled and said, "Do you think doctors know everything? Hashem can do anything." And indeed, my brother was healed and could walk on his two legs."

Seeing Hashem's miracles depends on us. Our yeshuos depend on our level of bitachon in Him.

There was once a man who suffered a lot from his children. They gave him a lot of trouble and eventually began slipping away from Yiddishkeit. And as usual, the way down is slippery, and they soon found themselves spinning out of control. In addition, their emotional health was deteriorating, and he needed a lot of money to try and save, not only their souls, but their sanity. He came to me crying. I told him three words: "Bitachon! Bitachon!

## Excerpts from the popular shiur by Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlit"a Need Yeshuos? A Wonderful Segula

Bitachon! Have bitachon in Hashem!"

Shortly afterwards, their situation stabilized. In the end they all returned to full observance, and I even attended one of their weddings. With bitachon you see open miracles! And there's no end.

Another story: A sweet avreich married a woman who had suffered through a traumatic childhood, to the extent that she lost the ability to guide her own children. She couldn't set boundaries for them, and they grew up like wild animals. As a result, they started leaving the fold. When their father tried to make rules and set up boundaries, both mother and children decided he was a tyrant, and the only solution was to throw him out of the house. He came to me crying, "Rabbi Mandel, Rabbi Mandel, save me!" Nothing I said could comfort him, so I told him, "Bitachon, Bitachon! Hashem can do anything!" He accepted my idea and within one day (!) everything sorted itself out. And how, you may ask? He came home and said something. His son was fascinated by what he said and told his brothers. The news traveled throughout the family and his position in the family rose several notches.

What did he say? Nothing really. No great pearl of wisdom, just whatever happened to come out of his mouth at that moment, but Hashem can do everything, all we have to do is have faith in Him.

When everyone was arguing about the presidential campaign and who would be best for the Jews, I said, "I vote for Hashem Yisrachel! He is the best president! He will look out for the Jews' best interests, and for real!"

The shiurim of Harav Shneebalg are delivered weekly in Yiddish and Hebrew alternatively. Dial 2 then 3 (after language preference)

## Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

I listen regularly to the hashgacha pratis hotline and it inspires me a lot. I heard today someone telling how just as a mitzvah brings on another mitzvah, one realization of *hashgacha pratis* brings on another. I can tell you, that's exactly how it is. If you open your eyes you can see Hashem every step of the way. I used to think the little things in life fell in place, well, by themselves. Today I see things differently. No, nothing falls into place by itself. Everything is carefully coordinated by Hashem, down to the finest details.

On the giving end

My husband spent a long time looking for a job, but nothing came up. We promised to give a fifth of his salary to the *hashgacha pratis* hotline, and Baruch Hashem, within a short time he found an appropriate job. Attached to this letter please find the sum we promised to donate.

You, too, can be a partner in spreading emunah throughout the world, and merit the Zohar's promise of "children and grandchildren who are G-d-fearing and upright!"

**Call now to the sponsorship hotline**

(972) 631-3742 or donate by:

בעמדות גדרים פלוס על שם 'שער הבטחון'	משלוח בדואר 5475 .ד.ת. ירושלים	העברה לבנק לאומי סניף 902 חשבון 57390056
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**Call the office at  
(972) 586-6075**

between 12 PM & 2 PM Israel time  
or leave a message anytime

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