

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Eikev - Re'eh 5782 ■ Issue 96

HEART TO HEART

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

Spiritual Tests

For 5,782 years, people have known as fact that in order to get their needs met and to go through life peacefully, they need to toil. However, this is not as self-evident as it seems. The Creator of the world is omnipotent and all-powerful, and nothing can stop Him from providing all our needs even without our moving a finger. There are so many things in the world that do not require our *hishtadlus* at all, such as light in the daytime and darkness at night, the stars and the changing seasons. There are huge areas of ocean and rivers that are teeming with life without any human *hishtadlus* or intervention. While millions of living creatures do fine and get all their needs met, only man has to work in order to attain things.

Sometimes a person comes home and the food is prepared on the table, hot and ready, and sometimes the food is on the stovetop – he needs to make the effort to prepare a portion for himself. Sometimes the food is not yet cooked, and he has to gather the ingredients and use them to make a meal. Sometimes the ingredients are not in the house and he has to go buy them, and sometimes he has to arrange for money to buy the ingredients. That is the most complicated of all. Here we come to hundreds of thousands of ways and paths and ideas that a person can use in order to acquire *parnassah* and the means to purchase the food that he needs.

Why is it like this? Why don't we get *mann* from *Shamayim*? Why don't our clothes grow along with us and our apartments build themselves? Why is all of humanity occupied with acquiring their needs all the time?

There are two reason for this, as Rabbenu Bachyai teaches in his introduction to the third chapter of *Shaar Habitachon* in *Chovos Halevavos*. The first is that the way a person goes about getting his needs met is a spiritual test, to determine whether he will do so in consonance with Hashem's will. In *Shaar Avodas Elokim*, Rabbenu Bachyai teaches us that Hashem wants to raise the soul to a higher level, but that is impossible unless the soul comes down to this world, withstands its *nisyonos*, and is thus uplifted more and more.

How is the soul tested? Through the fact that it needs to acquire the most basic needs for life: food, drink, clothing, a home, and a spouse. From the minute a baby is

born he needs clothing for his body, and his parents need to see to it that his needs are met for him. Then, when he grows up, he needs to care for himself. It is the will of Hashem that it be so! There are so many mitzvos that surround the need for clothing – *shaatnez*, *tznius*, not following the ways of the Gentiles, clothing for Shabbos and Yom Tov, how to dress oneself – what to put on first and what second, what yes and what no. When we get this right, we are passing our spiritual tests.

A person cannot exist without a roof over his head. Hashem's will is not that we be homeless. He wants us to make proper *hishtadlus* to obtain place to live. How many stories have filled this newsletter regarding this far-from-simple need? How many mitzvos accompany this need – *mezuzah*, *ma'akeh*, laws regarding neighbors, communal possession, and many other sections in the *Shulchan Aruch*, all meant to test us: Will we go about acquiring a house in which to live in the proper way?

The same applies to finding a spouse. Entire *masechtos* deal with this topic. In *Maseches Kiddushin* there is an entire *perek* listing whom we are permitted to marry and whom we are not permitted to marry. Moreover, a person cannot sit and do nothing. He needs to listen to *shidduchim*, needs to make a wedding, needs to rejoice *simchas chassan v'kallah*, to give a dowry and gifts as our *chachamim zt"l* instituted.

These are all spiritual tests. How do we go about this, how much honesty and *yiras Shamayim* do we invest regarding all the *halachos*, how much do we strengthen our *bitachon* and believe that the Master of all will send all?

By learning *Shaar Habitachon* regularly, we remember that the entire goal of all the *hishtadlus* we must do is to test us, to give us the opportunity to overcome the *nisyonos* in matters *bein adam laMakom*, and more than anything, to have the *zechus* from Above to do many mitzvos *bein adam lachaveiro*. And the ultimate goal of all of this is to raise our *neshamos* to higher levels! When we do our *hishtadlus* in consonance with Hashem's will, Hashem Yisbarach sends us tremendous blessing and provides us with all our needs, with kindness and mercy, from His full and open Hand. May we merit to experience His blessings!

(Excerpt from shiur 54 in Shaar Habitachon)

FROM THE EDITOR

Cast off Your Burden

When I heard the incredible story by the *avreich* from Beitar (see the story "\$360,000"), the *passuk* that entered my mind was "Cast your burden on Hashem, and He will provide for you."

If we were to see a person carrying a burden on his shoulders and we'd want to help him, we'd tell him something like, "Reb Yid, do you want to hand me your burden? I'll help you."

When we are carrying a heavy load or burden, we hand it over, or deliver it; we don't throw it. Yet the *passuk* uses the term *hashleich* – cast off, or throw.

That is the secret.

When a father allows a one-year-old child to hold a heavy item, he understands that the child will eventually throw it down, and he is prepared to catch the item in his own hands.

People walk around with their shoulders slumped by the weight of their regular burdens, and this becomes even more intense in extraordinary situations, such as when marrying off children, or when in need of a larger apartment, or, *challah*, during difficult times. At such times people may lose their heads completely, and they don't understand – *How can I possibly bear this load?*

The answer is that you are really not capable of doing so; it is truly impossible.

The *passuk* tells us *hashleich* – cast: throw off this burden; it is not yours. Hakadosh Baruch Hu says to the Yid: You are Mine, your family is Mine, your apartment is Mine, everything around you is Mine. I put you here as a messenger to do what I want; but the burden – cast it off of yourself completely.

Sometimes a person doesn't have to do anything, as in the story "\$360,000," and sometimes Hashem's will is that the person should do something. In each case we should determine what Hashem wants from us. This requires a lot of thought, and sometimes it requires a person to ask his *rav* what Hashem's will is for him now.

But the rule of *hashleich* – cast off – holds true in any case, whether the person is meant to do something, or whether he is exempt from any *hishtadlus*. Hashem wants him to do what Hashem wants, and to remember that the heavy burden is not his. If the person throws it off of himself, Hashem will catch it.

Our Father knows that the burden is heavy; He's simply waiting for us to cast it off, and then he'll catch it in His Own Hands.

When we live this way, we see tangibly how there is *siyatta diShmaya* in everything.

Good Shabbos Pinchas Shafer

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

You can also join the many Jews who have changed their lives, by calling:

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• Kav Hashgacha Pratis for women
(Yiddish and Hebrew) - Menu 4

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

Preordained Lateness

I planned on traveling overseas to a family wedding, and I was quite excited at the prospect of crossing the ocean. I packed and made all the necessary preparations, and the day before flight, I ordered a driver to pick me up at 7:30 the following morning. I live in Beitar, about an hour and a quarter drive from Lod airport. I had to be at the airport by 9 a.m., and since there is often traffic in the morning, I ordered the car early enough to compensate for any mishaps.

To my utter shame and confusion, I overslept on the morning of the flight. I awoke with a start from a sweet dream at 6:40 a.m. What to do? If I left at 7:30 as planned, when would I daven? And if I davened properly with a minyan, I might miss the flight and the wedding, lose money, and disappoint the whole family. The battle was tough but short. I called the driver, explained that I had overslept, and promised to pay him for waiting. I was going to daven with a minyan, and as soon as I was done, we'd leave. I went to the *beis midrash* near my home, and *b'siyatta diShmaya*, I was able to daven Shacharis properly from beginning to end. At 8:20 I returned home, took my suitcase and immediately got into the car, and we drove off.

On the way, the driver shared his unfortunate life story with me. "I used to be a *bachur* learning in an excellent yeshivah," he said. "I learned well and got very high grades."

I looked at him, as though seeing him for the first time, searching for some hint to this glorious past, but finding none. Sadly, he looked typically and totally secular; his description of his younger self seemed way off. Realizing that I was doubting the veracity of his story, he rattled off the beginning of a *sugya*, using all the yeshivish expressions that only an insider could possibly have known.

"Nu...", I prodded.

He sighed and continued, "I had a friend who was also a good *bachur* who learned well. For whatever reason, I began to compete with him – who would get up earlier, who would learn more, who would get a higher grade. It wasn't healthy at all. It pressured me and caused me to push myself beyond my capabilities, until I fell apart. I broke down completely. I became disgusted with everything...and you can see how I look today." His confession hurt. I thought about how important it is to learn with proper intentions, so that the Torah, which is a life-giving remedy, not turn into a deadly drug, *chas v'shalom*.

"As I was sitting and waiting for you," he continued, "I said to myself, *Look at him – a Jew who's willing to give up everything in order to daven with a minyan. He could miss his flight and suffer all the many consequences, only because he wants to do what Hashem commanded him. This is a Jew! He isn't serving Hashem as a way to compete with someone else, or for some personal gain. He is simply serving Hashem sincerely.*

"Do you understand?" He turned to me. "I suddenly realized just now that it's for real. Totally real. Not just talk. Here is a regular Jew, willing to sacrifice in order to serve Hashem!

"If you can do it, why can't I? I'm jealous of your strength, and I started to think that this doesn't have to be only your story. I can pray with a minyan too."

He continued driving, telling

\$360,000

A Yid from Beitar told me the following:

My daughter became ill with cancer fifteen years ago. With Hashem's help, we made it through the process of surgery and chemotherapy, and she recovered and went back to normal living. Seven years later the cancer returned. This time I was experienced. As strange as it sounds, this time around was easier. I knew immediately whom to turn to and got an excellent treatment plan, beginning with surgery in Israel and then two treatments abroad. These are very expensive treatments, each of which cost \$360,000. The first treatment was covered by my insurance, but the second I would have to pay for on my own. Obviously, I had no idea how and from where to attain a sum like this. I started doing *hishtadlus*, researching, traveling to meetings with experts and people in the know, chairmen and leaders of various organizations. I was working nonstop, spending my hours and days in the pursuit of this impossible sum – and coming up with nothing.

A few days before the surgery in Israel, Hashem enlightened me. I am not generally on this level, but Hashem showed me compassion and gave me this very strong feeling that this daughter of mine was not really mine. He had given this child to me. He had also sent her this illness, and He would send the money to pay for treatment! Now, a few days before surgery, I should be spending the time with my family, preparing my daughter emotionally and caring for the other children at home. I told myself firmly: *That's it – enough! I am not making any more efforts to settle this issue. I've already done enough hishtadlus. This is Hashem's child, and Hashem will take care of her. I've already done my part to get hold of the money, and now Hashem will take care of the rest.*

I was so sure of this that when a friend called to tell me that there was a possible solution for financing the treatment and invited me to a meeting, I said, "I'm not coming. I'm not doing anything else about this. Hashem can send it all directly to my house." He thought I had lost my mind, but I knew it was the excess *hishtadlus* that had been threatening to me, and now I was calmer than ever. The surgery in Israel was successful, and several days later, just before we were scheduled to travel overseas, a doctor called and told me there was an organization in the U.S. involved in medical research. They had heard about my daughter's rare form of the disease and had taken a strong interest in it. The fact that the disease had returned after seven years made them curious, and they wanted to research the matter. They requested that I relinquish my rights to medical privacy and allow them to see her medical files and x-rays. In return, they would pay for all the treatments.

I agreed immediately, and then I learned that this organization would pay not only for the treatment itself, but also for the flights, the stay, the food, and everything else related to the treatment. They even paid for the flights for the checkup after the surgery. In the end, I did not pay a single dollar for the treatments abroad! This is how the Healer of all sent everything for our daughter – my daughter, may she live for many long and healthy years. And we were *zocheh* to stand at her side and to see Hashem's *yeshuah* with our own eyes.

(excerpted from the daily bitachon, Monday, Parshas Mattos)

I Brought It for You

I was traveling abroad to collect money for my father's *kollel*. On previous trips I had found an excellent way to utilize my time during the flight and at other free times during my trip: I brought along the *sefer Bakodesh Peneimah*, a *sefer* about the life of Reb Aharon of Belz zy"a, and I found it to be tremendously beneficial. Anyone

who reads this *sefer* enters a different zone, as its lines overflow with *yiras Shamayim*, depict the inestimable value of every act, and show how every Jew is an entire world. This *sefer* is not mere words. As you read it you sense all these truths. The plane and your surroundings recede into the background as your mind engages with these truths.

When someone is traveling he needs an extra dose of *yiras Shamayim* in order to deal with everything that transpires on the way, and on previous occasions this *sefer* did an excellent job of serving as a *shemirah* for me.

Last Thursday I set out on another trip. The flight was scheduled to leave at 12 noon, and that morning I had still not gotten hold of the *sefer*. For past trips I had borrowed it from a friend, but now he wasn't answering my calls. Earlier that morning I had learned the first *perek* in *Avos*, and when I came to the *mishnah*, "...among the disciples of Aharon," I had the intention that my journey should be an *aliyas neshamah* for Reb Aharon of Belz zy" a, and that in his merit I should be successful and guarded from Above, both physically and spiritually.

Indeed, the drive to the airport went smoothly, and all the inspections and security checks went quickly, but when I got to the final check-in at the gate, the airline representative told me, "There's no room for you on the flight!"

I didn't understand how this could have happened, when I had ordered my flight through a travel agent; but this was the situation. The agent had arranged for the flight but not for a seat on the plane. "Wait here, and we'll see if we have a place for you," the representative said. I joined a group of ten people who were waiting to hear whether there was room for them on the flight, and I davened to Hashem that I would be able to travel.

A few moments later, one of the airport staff approached and told me to follow him onto the plane.

On the plane, he led me to an empty seat next to a *chassidische avreich*. I was very excited. Of all the people who had been waiting, they had specifically called me, and among all the passengers on the flight, they had given me this good neighbor. I sat down and told him I was grateful to Hashem for having prepared such a good travel companion for me. We could be *mischazeik* together and utilize our time well.

He told me that he was en route to a *chasunah*, and I related that on my previous travels I had gotten much *chizuk* from the *sefer Bakodesh Peneimah*, but this time I hadn't managed to get hold of it.

"*Bakodesh Peneimah*?"

He reached into his hand luggage and pulled out the *sefer*. "Here, I brought it for you," he said.

"You brought it for me?! What do you mean?"

"I've never taken this *sefer* with me when I traveled. I haven't read it in a long time or even opened it, but this time, for some reason, on my way out of the house to go to the airport, I went over to the bookcase and took out this *sefer*."

"Are you a *Belzer* chassid?"

"No. I had no idea why I brought this *sefer*. Now I know why," he responded.

I was so emotional. Hakadosh Baruch Hu had seen my strong desire, and He had arranged for the mishap with the travel agent and had chosen me among all those who were waiting, in order to seat me near this very *avreich*, who had brought me the *sefer* for which my soul was yearning.

Pilei Pela'im! Someone told me that all this was in merit of the fact that I was traveling for my father's *kollel* – it is well known that the Belzer Rebbe was exceptional in honoring his father, the Maharid zy" a. I don't know the calculations Above, and I don't try to understand. But I am getting emotional while sharing this story. My father stressed to me that this is an amazing revelation. A Yid has a spiritual desire, he wants to safeguard himself, to be *mischazeik*, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu demonstrates His interest in him, rejoices with him, and lights the way for him. Incredible!

(Excerpted from a sichas chaveirim in Parshas Korach, Rav Yosef Mashinski shlit" a, publicized before the yahrtzeit of the heilige Belzer Rebbe, 21st Av)

me that after this drive he would definitely change his ways for the better.

I don't recommend that anyone get up late, especially not on a day when he needs to fly, but since Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged things that way, I am overjoyed at the opportunity I had to bring a son of Hashem closer to His Father in heaven.

(Thursday, Parshas Chukas 5782, Yiddish, night, story 2/story number 29170)

The Yissachar-Zevulun Partnership

A Yid from Haifa relates:

On a trip to the U.S. to collect money for Torah institutions, I met a philanthropist who was willing to give me a significant sum that would reduce the difficult financial burdens of the institution in a major way. "This donation is on condition that you get hold of the *chavrusa* I studied with in Eretz Yisrael as a *bachur*, so that I will be able to arrange a Yissachar-Zevulun partnership with him," he said.

It seemed to me like an easy request, especially considering the handsome sum he was willing to donate, and I agreed to his condition. He gave me the money and reiterated again and again: "This is extremely important to me, and I want you to arrange it as soon as possible. I must be his Zevulun partner." With Hashem's help my trip was successful, but when I returned home I completely forgot about the condition. Two weeks later the American philanthropist called. "What's going on?" he asked. I apologized a thousand times, and I set out immediately to find some lead that would enable me to fulfill his condition. Where did this Jew, whom the rich man so badly wanted to support, live?

I discovered that he was living in a city in the South. I called a friend from that city, and he said he did not know anyone by that name. A minute before he hung up the phone, he stopped and said, "Wait. There's someone here who might know him." He turned to the passerby and said, "Perhaps you know so-and-so?"

"Sure I know him," the man answered. "What is this about?"

"I'm speaking with someone who is on a mission for a philanthropist from America, who wants to make a Yissachar-Zevulun partnership with him," my friend responded.

"What?!" the man exclaimed. "Do you know where I'm going now? This man you're talking about had a Yissachar-Zevulun partnership with someone else, and the benefactor notified me that he's stopping his support, since he can no longer afford it. I pushed off telling this *talmid chacham*, who truly sits and learns day and night, because I couldn't bear to cause him distress. I truthfully had no idea how I would tell him this, but today, I knew that there was no more pushing it off. I'm on my way to speak to him now!"

At this point the passerby took my friend's phone and spoke to me. I dialed the American philanthropist and told him happily that I had found his *chavrusa*. "Listen to what's going on here," I said. I added the man from the South to the call, and he repeated the story to him. The philanthropist was very excited. "How much has he been receiving from his previous Zevulun partner?" he inquired.

"5,000 shekels a month," the man replied.

"From now on he's going to get 8,000 shekels each month. Please give me his bank account information now, and I'll transfer 4,000 shekels to the account immediately. And also, please tell him not to be embarrassed to ask if some special need comes up, because I truly want to help him, so that he can delve into Torah and *avodas Hashem* without any disturbances." Look how Hashem protected a *talmid chacham* from distress, and how one supporter took the place of another with such precise timing. Blessed is He Who provides food to all living beings!

(Monday, Parshas Mattos, 5782, Yiddish, Story 3/Story number 28730)

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

Baruch Hashem, I have been strengthening my emunah and bitachon in the understanding that everything is preordained and everything is for the good. Sometimes, though, when I see people around me who are settled financially or who live in an apartment they received without a mortgage, it is very difficult for me to strengthen my bitachon. Perhaps I need to work on the trait of jealousy. Whatever it is, please give me advice on how to work on believing that anything I deserve I will get, and not to look at what others have. **Q #47** Y.V., Beit Shemesh

Disclaimer: All opinions mentioned here are presented for discussion only. For practical ruling, please consult with your Rav.

No One Can Touch That Which has Been Designated for Someone Else

Rav Aharon Beifus from Rechasim, Rav Aharon Avraham from Ashdod, Rav Avraham Mordechai Zeivald from Tzfas, and Harav Gamliel Hakohen Rabinowitz from Yerushalayim: The root of the problem of jealousy is that a person thinks in his heart that someone is taking something from him that he could have had for himself. When it comes to people who are far removed from us, we are not jealous; if we are jealous, it is generally of those who are close to us. In order to overcome this, we have to remember and review the words of our Sages (*Yoma* 48): "No one can touch that which has been designated for someone else." Whatever is coming to you will come. Moreover, we cannot know the calculations of *Shamayim*. This world is compared to a corridor filled with difficulties and trials, which are meant only for your ultimate good. You certainly don't want to enjoy this world on the account of your portion in the World to Come. As our Sages relate, Rabi Chanina ben Dosa received a golden leg of a table from Above, and when he realized this was part of the reward reserved for him in the World to Come, he asked that it be taken back to *Shamayim*. Moreover, sometimes financial difficulties serve as an atonement and an exchange for worse *yissurim*.

Rav Yehuda Katz from Modi'in Illit cites the words of the *Mesillas Yesharim* on this (ch. 11): "If they only knew and understood that no one can take away even the tiniest bit of what is designated for someone else, and that everything that happens is from Hashem, exactly according to His wondrous plans and His unfathomable wisdom, they would have no reason whatsoever to be upset by the good fortune of others."

Rav Yechiel Beifus from Modi'in Illit: It is recommended that you think about all the good you have received until now, and then you'll discern Hashem's personal *hashgachah* over you, and this will lessen the jealousy.

Rav Nachman Goldberg from Yerushalayim: What others have will always seem better to you; but this is an illusion. The true picture is not this way at all. If you only knew how much pain and difficulty exists in that very home that you are jealous of! If you only knew, you would surely never agree to take it for yourself!

The Bones and Limbs of One Who is Jealous Rot
Rav Yehuda Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh: Jealousy withholds everything good from a person. This is because jealousy stems from the thought that the person himself cannot acquire that which his friend has

acquired, and this becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. But if he views his friend with a good eye, this in itself will bring bountiful goodness to him as well.

Rav Mani Darchi from Ramat Gan, Rav Chaim Meir Daskal from Elad, and Rav Menachem Mendel Strauss from Bnei Brak: If you think that if only you had so-and-so's apartment, then you'd feel better, you are mistaken. Perhaps at first you would feel better, but very soon afterward that poisonous jealousy would come bubbling back. The best advice is to internalize the fact that whatever I have is good for me, and to be satisfied and happy with what there is. If your friend has more, it doesn't mean that what your friend has would be good for you. This is similar to someone who puts on his friend's shoes. Even if these were the most expensive, most comfortable shoes money could buy, they would not fit him. The Torah teaches (*Devarim* 4:39), "...in the heavens above and on the earth below..." This is explained homiletically: "in the heavens, above" – regarding spiritual matters, a person should look at those who are "above" him, to envy them and strive to be like them, while "on the earth, below" – in worldly matters, he should look at those below him, those who have less, and to encourage himself with the knowledge that he has more than them.

Rav Yosef Dushinsky from Haifa: The best advice is to simply daven to Hashem to take this deadly jealousy away from you, for it eats away at everything good. Plead with and beg Hashem to remove it, and He will certainly come to your aid.

Rav Yechiel Davidowitz from Beit Shemesh, Rav Aryeh Mordechai Greenwald from Beit Shemesh: The advice to overcome jealousy is to occupy your mind with other matters. If you keep thinking about what others have, even if your intentions are good – if your intentions are to overcome your jealousy – it will only make it worse.

Question for newsletter 98

I read these leaflets regularly and also listen to the phone line. These exposed me to a different type of life, to people who live lives of *emunah* and *bitachon*, who see *hashgachas Hashem* in every single thing that happens to them. Their lives are extremely happy and are a realization of the *passuk*, "Blessed is the man who trusts in Hashem..." My question is: How can I too connect to this, to live a life of true *emunah* and *bitachon*, and not just speak words of faith that have not truly become internalized?
Y. H., Beit Shemesh

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 Shoftim

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

I heard about a very difficult situation: A woman who has been ill with *yeneh machlah* for five years has been enduring terrible *yissurim*. Aside from her own suffering, her family has been suffering as well. Her husband is exhausted and the children feel helpless. One cannot describe the pain and difficulty this family is going through.

I told her husband that I would like to speak to the whole family. They all got onto the phone, and I started talking. For twenty minutes I spoke about *emunah* and *bitachon*, from the depth of my heart and with fire. I told them that their mother could get well – is Hashem incapable of anything?! These were not empty words; I really felt that this was correct and could truly occur. Hashem hurts us and causes us pain, then He comforts and heals us.

The very next day I already heard good news from the family. There was a sudden, dramatic improvement in her situation. A week later I experienced a similar and even more powerful story.

It was a young woman, and cancer had spread through her entire body. She was in the hospital with *yissurei Iyov* and was unable to move at all. The doctors were already counting her hours. People asked me to give her family *chizuk*. I felt I

Excerpts from the popular shiur by Harav Yehuda Mandel shlit" a from Lakewood Kol Yachol Is a Reality!

had nothing to say, but I decided to say the same things I always say. I must admit, though, that I myself did not believe the words I was saying.

I told them: Believe that she is already healthy! Today you'll see her getting out of bed! Hashem is *kol yachol*, that's a fact. I don't let any prognosis affect me; I go wholeheartedly with Hashem, without making any calculations about the probability of the various outcomes. The doctors say she's suffering and weak? That means nothing! There is no one but Him, and this truth is greater than any other fact in the world; it can override all the doctors' predictions. As the Baal Haleshem would say, "Nothing can stand in the way of *bitachon*."

I spoke to them for just five minutes. At that point I was not capable of saying more than I did.

The next day this woman's nephew called me and said, "Rav Mendel, it was exactly as you said! Today, for the first time in a long time, she got out of bed on her own. The MRI shows tremendous improvement; the cancer is regressing. The doctors are shocked; they've never seen anything like this.

The Ribono shel Olam works wonders. He is the greatest *ba'al mofeis* in the world. Strengthen your *bitachon*, and you will see *yeshuos* that are beyond the scope of nature.

Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

A mother relates: My son got married, and the day after his last sheva brachos, he came home and divorced his wife. It was indescribably sad for me. I fell into a depression and could not function at home. Then I got the newsletter, and it literally brought serenity and joy into my home. Every morning I look at it and gain *chizuk*. Thank you! It is literally saving us and reviving our souls.

I was financially stressed, searching unsuccessfully for work. I promised to donate and made a commitment to listen to the phone line every day for forty days in order to strengthen my emunah and bitachon that everything is from Hashem Yisbarach. Barely a half hour had passed, and I received a phone call informing me that I was accepted for a job, with almost double the salary of my previous place of employment. Now I am partnering in the distribution of leaflets in an entire yishuv, so that the people there receive the leaflets and strengthen their emunah in my merit.

Shimon S.

On the giving end

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