

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Vayechi - Shemot 5783 ■ Issue 105

HEART TO HEART

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

Giving Is Receiving

One of the mitzvos that is strongly connected to the *middah* of *bitachon* is the mitzvah of giving *tzedakah*. Someone who strengthens himself in *bitachon* has a much easier time giving *tzedakah*, for he knows and believes that “no one ever becomes poor from giving *tzedakah*.” (*Shulchan Aruch, Yoreh Deah, hilchos tzedakah*), and he is happy for the privilege of being a pipeline to bring the bounty from on High to other Yidden. He is sure that he will lack nothing, but rather, just the opposite, by giving *tzedakah* great bounty will come to him as well. As the wisest of men, Shlomo Hamelech, said (*Mishlei* 11), “There is one who scatters and gains more,” and by contrast, “one who withholds from [giving] what is proper only loses.” The person who gives will see blessing, while the one who withholds ultimately loses out.

When the U.S. stock exchange crashed, many wealthy Jews lost all their money and declared bankruptcy. Tzaddikim said at that time that a Jew needs to “lose” his money to *tzedakah* in order to safeguard it for himself. When he withholds from giving he does not exempt himself from his obligation; rather, the money is taken from him forcibly. If he doesn't give his money to “Yaakov,” he gives it to “Eisav.”

How does *tzedakah* bring bounty? The *Zohar hakadosh* teaches (110b) that when a person gives *tzedakah* he arouses blessing. His arousal from below causes an arousal of *shefa* from Above, and thus the act of giving *tzedakah* has ongoing effects. He gives, and he is given from Heaven. He gives more, and from Above he is granted more and more, and thus the bounty grows. The *Zohar in Parshas Behar* (ibid.) portrays the blessings that result from giving *tzedakah*, through the following amazing story:

Rabi Chiya and Rabi Yosi were walking together and came to a mountain. They saw two people walking along, as [those two] were met up by another man coming from the opposite direction. He turned to them pleadingly. “Merciful Jews,” he said, “I've been walking in the desert for three days without food. I am so hungry. Please give me something to eat.”

One of the two immediately opened his pack and took out a nice portion of bread

and vegetables for the starving passerby. “Listen well,” his friend said. “It doesn't pay for you to give him what you have. If you're depending on the fact that I will share with you the rest of the way, you're mistaken. The food in my pack will not suffice for two people, and I must save it for myself.” [One's own life takes precedence.] His friend replied, “Do you think that I am depending on your food?! I have on Whom to rely.”

He gave the passerby the meal, and after the man had eaten his fill, he also gave him some food for the way. Only then did the two part in peace.

Rabi Chiya saw what had happened and was pained that this merit of saving a life was not his own. Rabi Yosi told him, “Don't feel bad. It seems that there was a decree against this good man, and Hashem sent him a merit in order to save him from the decree.”

The travelers continued on their way, and the man who had given up his bread did not have anything to eat. Rabi Chiya saw that the man was tired and hungry, and he said to Rabi Yosi, “I have food for him; I'll go give it to him.”

“Let's wait,” Rabi Yosi answered, “in order not to take away his merit, which will surely protect him from death.”

They saw that same Jew who had given away everything he had sit down under a tree, tired and hungry, until he fell asleep. Then, from out of nowhere an angry roaring animal appeared. It seemed that in one moment she would devour the sleeping man; but this did not happen. Suddenly, a snake came down from the tree under which the man lay sleeping. The animal fell upon the snake, killed it, and took off.

When the man awoke from his sleep, Rabi Chiya and Rabi Yosi approached him, gave him food to eat, and told him about the two miracles that had happened to him – he was spared from both the animal and the snake. He had received his life as a gift from heaven.

We see here, as we do from many stories, that the greatest good that results from giving *tzedakah* is for the giver himself. He gave bread, and he gained his life as a gift. How fortunate we are to be part of this nation!

(excerpt from shiur 237 in Shaar Habitachon)

FROM THE EDITOR

Immunity without Side Effects

A Yid told me: On Erev Shabbos Chanukah, the menorah and wicks were all prepared for lighting. We were pressed for time, and I wanted to light, but then my four-year-old came running and rushed headlong into the menorah, which overturned. Some of the glasses broke, and oil spread all over the freshly washed floor...

What did I do? *Baruch Hashem* I have immunity, as I am strongly connected to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line. I did not get angry; I did not feel even a bit of anger welling up in me. I understood immediately that there was a reason for this and that it was from Hashem, that Hakadosh Baruch Hu, Who did and does all deeds, had given me another opportunity to work on my *middos*. I thank Hashem for my ability to react this way.

This is one anecdote about which we could say: If we had created the phone line for this alone, *dayeinu*.

When Yosef Hatzaddik saw his brother Binyamin, “his mercies were aroused.” The *Alshich* explains that his mercies were aroused for himself, for all the years that he had been distanced and exiled among the Egyptians in great shame and suffering, “and it was within him like a burning fire, stopped up within.” What did Yosef do with all these overwhelming emotions? “*Vayisapak*” – he steeled himself. He held back his emotions and girded himself with *emunah*, which he later gave over to his brothers, telling them, “It was not you who sent me, but Hashem.”

The *Targum* explains the word “*vayisapak*” as meaning “*vischasin*” – and he was immune. The best form of immunity, which works according to all opinions, is to hold oneself back. Holding back during a *nisayon* is a protection, a “vaccine.” When a person strengthens himself and holds himself back from reacting, he becomes immune to anger and other bad *middos*, and he is then prepared for an even greater *nisayon*.

When a Yid leaves us a message like the one related above, with an anecdote about a real mishap and his reaction of total acceptance and serenity, we understand that he was “vaccinated.” The constant listening to the phone line has done something for him. He lives with clear *emunah*, and he has lifelong immunity to bad *middos*. He has internal strength and true serenity.

This is just one story among many.

Try it yourself. Connect, and you too will feel the effects of the “vaccine.”

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:

North America 151-86-130-140 • In England 0330-390-0489 • In Belgium 0-380-844-28 • In Israel 02-301-1300
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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

After Thirty Years

My daughter reached the age of *shidduchim*, and many suggestions were made and discarded for various reasons. The years passed, and the longing and pain increased. One of the suggestions was for a *bachur* from America. They were interested in my daughter, but I was not interested in the *shidduch*.

Some time later, I decided that this *shidduch* was actually a good one, but by then the boy's side was not interested. I saw how difficult things were, and I decided to make a special *hishtadlus*. I traveled to the U.S. for the *yahrtzeit* of the Ribnitzer Rebbe on Isru Chag Sukkos, to daven at his *kever*.

I entered, along with my young son, and said the entire *sefer Tehillim* with *hisorerus* and with outpouring of the heart. When I finished, I asked Hashem to show me the way so that I would know what to do. The moment I concluded davening, the *shadchan* called. He asked for the names of my daughter and her mother. I was so emotional. I understood that the other side was interested in the *shidduch*, and I decided to go back to the *kever* and say *sefer Tehillim* again.

I recalled that this was the Rebbe's way during his lifetime: When someone would ask him about a *shidduch*, he would ask for the names of the two people and their mothers, and their family names, and I decided to do this now. I took out a sheet of paper and wrote a *kvittel* with the full name of my daughter and the full name of the *bachur*, and I placed it on the *tziyun*.

Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, an episode from 30 years ago came into my mind. At that time I was serving as the *gabbai* of a famous Rebbe *zy"ta*. I traveled with him to the *chasunah* of one of his family members and tried to fulfill my job faithfully, to ensure his comfort and to arrange for everything necessary.

That evening, the Rebbe was very weak. I knew that he had barely eaten anything all day. It was clear to me that we had to allow him to rest and not to receive visitors. I told the people who were waiting that the Rebbe needed to rest, and there was no possibility for them to come inside. Most of them nodded, disappointed, but there was one Yid who could not accept this. He was in desperate need of a *yeshuah*, but I did not have the presence of mind to think about this. He did not seem to care that I was not allowing people in, and he tried to come closer; so I pushed him with my hand and told him, "Don't ever come again!"

The man left immediately, and I never saw him again, but ever since that time, the image of this Yid in pain would sometimes come up in my mind. I thought it would be right for me to ask for his forgiveness, but I had no idea how to find him. I did not know his name or where he lived. I only knew how he looked, and being that it seemed impossible to locate him, I pushed off the matter – postponed it and postponed it, and my daughter's *shidduch* was postponed as well.

I lifted my head, and what did I see? The face of the very Yid I had pushed thirty years earlier!!

"Do you know me?" I asked him.

He looked at me briefly and responded, "Yes, you were the Rebbe's *gabbai*."

"And do you remember that I pushed you?"

"How could I forget how you embarrassed me in front of everyone?"

Great Yeshuos

We are blessed with several healthy children, and with one smart and cute child who suffers from kidney problems. His kidneys function at only 20 percent efficiency. In order to deal with this problem, he is given medication and various treatments. One of the side effects of this illness is severe lack of appetite and vomiting. When he turned one year old he stopped eating completely, agreeing only to drink water. As there was no alternative, he was hooked up to a feeding tube that went directly into his intestine, but with this he continued vomiting. If he was ever tempted to eat something and tasted it, a short while later he would vomit copious amounts of anything that had entered his body in the previous few hours.

On Thursday, 21 Adar Beis, 5782, my wife was with him in the hospital because he had contracted pneumonia. He was supposed to be released from the hospital, but they were waiting for results of his repeat blood work. My wife took him for a walk, and they arrived at the cardiology department, where dozens of people were awaiting their turn. As she was walking by with the child, he suddenly began vomiting.

This was a most familiar phenomenon, and she did not become overly excited. While he is vomiting, there is nothing to do. You have to wait for everything to come up, then change his clothing. The child vomited and vomited, and my wife simply waited for the next stage. Not a pretty sight, but part of the routine we know.

Among the people waiting, there was a woman who made it clear to everyone that she was appalled at the sight. She did not understand that because of this child's chronic condition, the mother was handling the situation properly. The woman in the waiting room saw a boy vomiting, hurting and dirty, and near him a woman, who was supposedly his mother, doing nothing. "Is this how you act?!" she called out to my wife. "What a neglectful mother you are – allowing your son to vomit without doing anything for him. Did you all see this?!" She shouted about her again and again to the dozens of people who filled the area. My wife did not know where to hide. She felt that her blood was being spilled like water. Then, like a *he'arah* from on High, the realization shot through her: This was a great time! She should make a request!

What would she ask for? She herself did not know what to ask of the Creator of all worlds, and so all she said, with a broken heart, from the depth of her degradation and pain, was, "Ribono shel Olam, send us great *yeshuos*! Great *yeshuos*!" This was what she asked for – "great *yeshuos*!"

The following Sunday our son asked for food, which he was given. He swallowed. An hour passed, then another, and he did not vomit. A bit later in the day he tasted something else, and he did not vomit. The child had begun eating normally! Shocked, we thanked Hashem, barely knowing how to "digest" this. Our child – whom we were accustomed to following around, wiping off and changing his clothing, and dealing again and again with the smell and the dirt – had suddenly stopped vomiting!

Of course, we still need a great *yeshuah*. We are still waiting for him to eat completely normally, and we hope that in the *zechus* of the *chizuk* that the readers of this newsletter receive, he will have a complete recovery, but the great turn for the better began then, on Sunday, 24 Adar Beis.

Was it specifically the *tefillah* of those difficult moments that pierced the heavens? Perhaps it was the *tefillah* on Purim, only a few days beforehand? In order to show us that indeed it was the *tefillah* of those degrading moments that was accepted, we were *zocheh* to an additional *he'arah*. On 14 Kislev, we were *zocheh* to hold a healthy baby of our own. The *bris* took place on 21 Kislev, 5783 – exactly nine months after that cry from the depths, on 21 Adar Beis, 5782.

Indeed, we were *zocheh* to see "great *yeshuos*."

There Is Enough for Everyone

I was *zocheh* to take part in a special Shabbos that some fine, generous Jews organized at the *kever* of one of the tzaddikim, in honor of his *yom hilula*. The *tziyun* is located in *chutz la'Aretz*, and so bringing such a big crowd there, giving them a comfortable place to stay and meals fit for a king is logistically daunting and demands huge sums of money.

When the guests arrived everything was ready for them, and without charge, but even such a spiritual Shabbos could not happen without money. The

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Four different languages - Emunah in the Creator
Lashon Kodesh, Yiddish, English, French
Hashgachah Pratis - the newsletter that brings people
closer to their Divine Source

organizers found a nice way to increase donations: Throughout the Shabbos they sold *kibbudim*, hoping to use the proceeds to pay for some of the expenses of the Shabbos.

During the Friday night *seudah*, one of the participants stood up and related that he was writing a *sefer Torah* in honor of the *neshamah* of the tzaddik. He told interesting stories, all in order to impart the simplest of messages: He needed money in order to complete this project, and he was hoping that on this Shabbos, with the gathering of many dear Jews in honor of the tzaddik, people would certainly want to contribute to this important goal.

The organizer, who had the financial burden of the entire Shabbos on his head, stood up and called out, "Now we'll sell the *kibbud* of *zimun* for *bentching* in honor of the *sefer Torah*!"

One of the *chashuveh mashpi'im* participated in this Shabbos, and the organizer proposed that we honor him with *Birkas Hamazon* in an interesting way that would enable anyone who wanted to participate in the *zechus* to be able to do so, and would also enable him to sell the *kibbud* for the best possible price. His method was as follows: Reuven says, "\$100," and is obligated to pay that amount. Yaakov comes and says, "Add another \$100," and thus becomes obligated to pay \$200, so at that point the *kibbud* is already holding at \$300, and so on. After all the contributions are made, the *mashpia* is honored with *Birkas Hamazon* for the total sum.

Most of the participants were not people of means, and no one anticipated a very high sum. But in the end, the crowd was surprised that the sizable sum of \$3,600 was collected for the *sefer Torah*.

"Why did you do this?" caring people asked the organizer of the event. "You need the money to cover this Shabbos. It's not okay that he took it from you." "He didn't take it from me," the organizer answered calmly. "I gave it to him and he took it honestly, and I'm sure that from giving to another, I will not lose out. You'll see that Hakadosh Baruch Hu will send *shefa*, and everyone will gain."

The next day, the participants agreed unanimously to buy an *aliyah* for this same *mashpia*, with the same type of sale as that which was used on the previous day. They first deliberated whether people would contribute as generously as they had the day before, and whether it was right to sell the *aliyah*, but then someone stood near the *bimah* and announced definitively: "Let's just sell it! It's not right not to sell the *aliyah*." And so they began the sale.

Amazingly, people participated generously. One after another, they offered large sums, until that *aliyah* alone brought in \$7200 – exactly double the sum collected the previous day for *Birkas Hamazon*.

And the organizer smiled a small smile – a smile of *emunah* and *bitachon*, a smile of giving and of generosity, a smile of *shefa* and *harchavah*. For one never loses out by giving to others.

With Simchah You Shall Go Out

My aunt, who had no children, wrote in her will that she wanted to be buried on Har Hazeisim, leaving us with a difficult task. She passed away several years ago, on the first day of Chanukah, and throughout the day of her *petirah*, the family searched for a plot for her on Har Hazeisim. The family engaged anyone who could possibly help in the matter, spoke to *askanim*, and tried convincing the officials in charge. "There's nothing to do," one of the officials said. "Go and move over the *matzeivos*; there is no place!" Even the dead could hear his loud, firmly declared proclamations.

I heard what was going on, and I told myself, *You haven't tried to help yet. It's your turn now. What could you do? Call.* I called the *chevra kaddisha*, and the official told me what he had told the others: No room! "There's no room on the entire mountain, really?" I asked.

"You know what? If you're talking about the entire mountain, call the *chevra kaddisha* leader of one of the communities," he said, and he gave me a certain name. "Maybe he'll find you something."

I called, and the man answered in a jolly, friendly way. "How are you?" I asked in a friendly way myself, and the man responded by cracking a number of jokes. I felt I had no choice but to respond accordingly, despite the fact that it was quite inappropriate, considering the situation. After we finished laughing together, I told him that my aunt had passed away, and we were searching for a plot for her on Har Hazeisim.

He became confused. He hadn't thought the conversation would take this turn. "Listen," he explained, "when I saw your number on my screen I thought it was my neighbor calling. You have very similar numbers."

Now it was no longer easy for him to refuse me. The conversation had been so pleasant, we had almost become friends. He made an extra effort and found a place for my aunt, and *b'siyata d'Shmaya*, she was buried as she wanted, within half an hour after the conversation. We were *zocheh* to fulfill her final request

I could not hold myself back.

I cried and told him, "You have no idea what I am going through, how difficult it is with my daughter's *shidduchim*. I suspect it is connected to your hard feelings against me." He empathized with my pain and forgave me completely.

I left the *kever* and decided to return soon in order to say *Tehillim*. One cannot compare *Tehillim* said while someone bears a grudge against you to *Tehillim* said after his complete forgiveness. I looked around for my young son and found him waiting in line, and the father of the *bachur* was standing behind him! He noticed me and smiled. "If I'm meeting you here, then on my end, the matter is closed," he told me, and he related that he was on his way to place a *kvittel* with the name of his daughter and my son on the Rebbe's *tziyun*.

"Just a few moments ago I myself placed such a note on the *kever*," I told him.

We did not need anything more than that. The next day, our children were engaged, and we broke a plate – *b'sha'ah tovah umutzlachas*.

It Could Happen

A *yungerman* from Monroe relates:

My father-in-law sits and learns all day, and he focuses especially on *emunah* and *bitachon*. At every opportunity, he speaks to the children about *emunah*. At the Shabbos table he tells stories and gives *chizuk*, and he repeats again and again and in dozens of ways that *ein od milvado*, Hashem is *kol yachol*, He did, does, and will do all deeds. My father-in-law himself is a walking *sefer* on *emunah*; he has married off several children already, and at every wedding he has been *zocheh* to revelations of *hashgachah* and covers all his expenses without incurring debt.

At a certain stage, my father-in-law saw that his house had grown too small for the blessings Hashem had sent his way, and he began looking for a larger apartment. His brother-in-law proposed that they buy a plot together, with my father-in-law paying a share of \$600,000. The plan was to build two houses on the plot. My father-in-law agreed to the proposal and borrowed \$600,000, with *tefillos* that Hashem would enable him to pay back this debt as well as the cost of building a house on the property.

The plot was bought, and the time came to build. Where would he get the money to pay for it? A short time passed, and a Jew from Williamsburg called and asked his brother-in-law to find him an apartment in Monroe. "We just purchased a plot," the brother-in-law said, "and we're planning on building two houses on it. In your honor, we'll add another floor, where you'll be able to live." He said this half-jokingly, but the Williamsburg Jew took it with utmost seriousness. He saw the brother-in-law hesitating, because the building hadn't yet begun, so he, who so badly wanted to move to Monroe, said that he would cover all the expenses of building. The agreement was that he would pay the entire cost of building, but he would not pay for the property.

My father-in-law thanked Hashem for all His *chassadim*, and asked Hashem to enable him to return the \$600,000 debt. He put his apartment up for sale, and a Jew showed interest. The potential buyer asked my mother-in-law what the price was, and she responded that it was \$700,000, even though the market price is closer to \$600,000.

The buyer tried to negotiate, but my mother-in-law informed him she would not take a penny less. He agreed, and paid \$700,000 in cash. And so a Yid who learns all day bought a new, larger house, and put away \$100,000 for his next child's wedding, without any real estate brokers, but only through the power of pure, wholehearted *emunah* – and with zero debt!

Let your acquaintances and neighbors, father, grandfather, brother, and relative know. Today there is *bitachon* for everyone, in his own language.

Sign up, and get others to do the same -
and buy yourself the inner serenity of one who trusts in Hashem.

Contact us to receive copy at B023011300@gmail.com



Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

How does a person make his tefillah for parnassah as important in his eyes as going to work? Hashem gives parnassah, and one's hishtadlus has nothing to do with it, and nonetheless, a person is naturally willing to invest hours into his work (his whole motivation being the need for money), while for tefillah it is difficult to invest energies, despite the fact that it is obviously necessary. Q #57 -Y.S., Modiin Illit

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

Habituation

Rav Yosef Astanboli from Modiin Illit, Rav Yehuda Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh, Rav Aharon Beifus from Rechasim, Rav Mordechai Septimus from Ofakim: In your question, you point out that it is difficult to invest efforts in tefillah. The truth is that our true investment needs to be in habituation – to habituate ourselves to daven all the time. This is accomplished by instilling in ourselves the knowledge that everything we have – big and small – is from Hakadosh Baruch Hu. In this way, a person becomes accustomed to davening and asking Hashem for everything, at every moment. Whoever accustoms himself to this will sense the *toeles* of it, and then it will no longer be difficult for him.

Rav Yaakov Fischer from Ofakim brings several practical ideas for instilling this knowledge in our hearts: a) Learn the *sugya* in *Maseches Nidah 70b*: "What should a person do in order to become wealthy?... He should plead for mercy from the One Who possesses all the wealth." b) Accustom yourself to saying *pesukim* and words of *Chazal*. c) When you succeed, tell yourself that this is "in the merit of my tefillah."

Doing these things and saying these words instills the understanding deep in our hearts that everything is from Hashem and everything depends on tefillah, and it leads to success.

Connection

Rav Snir Ratzon from Givat Asaf: The main problem is that people often relate to tefillah as though it is a "give and take," whereby one "gives" a tefillah and expects a response. But this is not so; tefillah is a connection to Hashem, from the *lashon* of "*haftulei Elokim*" – like a *petil*, a wick that connects the oil to the flame. This type of tefillah is spiritually uplifting, and it sharpens our awareness that connecting to Hashem is our main goal, and that it brings blessing and bounty, and it accomplishes great things.

Emunah

Rav Dovid Boker from Tzfas, Rav Aryeh Mordechai Greenwald from Beit Shemesh, Rav Dovid Leifer from Yerushalayim: The solution is knowing that tefillah is the main thing, the greatest determinant of hatzlachah in parnassah. It is well known that the Chazon Ish zt"l said that the greatest hishtadlus for parnassah is tefillah. In *Maseches Brachos* (22b) there is a short *nusach* for a tefillah: "The needs of your nation Yisrael are many,

and their *da'as* is limited." Rashi explains: "their *da'as* is limited – they do not have the *da'as* to pray." It is said in the name of tzaddikim that the most important aspect of tefillah is for a person to have *da'as* – knowledge or awareness of what he is doing when he davens, and then all his needs will be provided for him. And there is an added hint in the words of our Sages that "mouthing words is considered a deed"; and so, when someone moves his lips in tefillah, this is considered an act of hishtadlus for parnassah.

Rav Yosef Dushinsky from Haifa and Rav Michael Levinson from Yerushalayim: The main thing is to connect tefillah to emunah. When, before davening, one recalls all the *chassadim* of Hashem, and believes that everything he has is from Hashem, then the tefillah will be on his lips constantly.

Tefillah Is Avodah

Rav Gamliel Hakohen Rabinowitz from Bnei Brak: We need to know that tefillah is also a type of "work," as it says, "And you will serve Hashem, your Master." Chazal say: "What is avodah of the heart? It is tefillah." And once a person knows that tefillah is not less important than going to work, he will invest all his strength into his tefillah. And we witness, in every instance, that the more a person davens, the more easily his income comes to him, and he is spared extraneous effort in his work. I once asked someone what his job is, and he responded, "My work is in tefillah."

Question for newsletter 107

I am constantly strengthening myself in bitachon, and the knowledge is already ingrained in me that anything that is coming to me – will come. But recently, a relative who has no children told me he wanted to bequeath his possessions to me and asked me to arrange the matter legally. Because of a specific reason, I did not do so. Time passed, and the inheritance was given to someone else. This bothers me a lot, and I ask myself whether I should have done more hishtadlus, and if so I lost out because of my lack of hishtadlus, or whether it was Hashem's will that the inheritance come into my hands, it would have come, and the fact that it did not proves that this was Hashem's will, and my hishtadlus would not have changed anything.

—Z.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 Va'eira

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

The holy Rav Mordechai from Lechovitz ztvk"l would say that he didn't come to the world to satisfy people with bread but rather in order to spread emunah. When a person would come to him seeking a yeshuah, he would try to ignite the light of emunah in his heart, until the person would understand on his own that there is no difference between nature and that which is above nature. With the power of this emunah, the person would then bring a yeshuah upon himself.

It is related that once a deathly ill person came to him, and he took a siddur and recited with him the passage of *Shemoneh Esrei* from "*Atah gibbor*" until "*rofeh cholim*." Each time he read it, he asked him, "Do you really believe this?" until the ill person responded, "Yes, I believe." And Rav Mordechai said to him, "You are healed." And so it was.

This was likewise his custom when simple, ignorant people would come to him. He would instill emunah in their hearts, and they would see the yeshuah they sought.

On the *passuk*, "And behold, his hands were emunah" he would explain that emunah needs to be like a hand: Just as with the help of a hand a person is able to perform any act he wants to do, so it is with emunah. With the help of emunah a person can do whatever he wants to do.

Many people ask: Can every Jew acquire this great power of emunah?

Excerpts from the popular shiur by Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlit"a

The Point of Emunah and Bitachon

Regarding this, the holy Rebbe from Lechovitz would say that by speaking about emunah one comes to emunah.

We speak about emunah and bitachon. But really, what is the point of emunah and bitachon? That is, who is considered a master of emunah and bitachon?

A person has bitachon when he lives without feeling pressure from the burden of parnassah, knowing that he will receive everything from Hakadosh Baruch Hu. It is true that we must do hishtadlus, and sometimes even a lot of hishtadlus. But all of this should be without feeling pressure.

It is written in the *sefer Ohr Meir* (*Parshas Beshalach*) that the most useful mode of bitachon in Hashem is for a person to give over of everything – his possessions, everything he has and the means by which he seems to be acquiring his needs, and even his very self – to the knowledge that he would not receive any of this in any way other than through the will of Hashem and what is right in Hashem's Eyes. A person should not think that his parnassah is coming to him through any particular way and that if that reason would be lacking he would not have his needs met. Rather, he should trust only in Hashem Yisbarach.

In this way a person can live with total bitachon, and during his tefillah or Torah learning, his hishtadlus for parnassah will not distract or disturb him.

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

My name is Yisrael Meir, and I'm from Yerushalayim. I gain much from listening to the Hashgachah phone line, both privately in my home and outside. This week I was faced with a huge nisayon, and in the merit of the Hashgachah Pratis line, I passed it easily. I had hopes that a certain investment would bear fruit and would bring me financial ease, and this week the investment failed. Instead of being disappointed, I said to myself, "This was from Hashem," and other words of bitachon that slipped off my tongue in the merit of the Hashgachah phone line. Thus I passed the test with happiness and inner serenity. Thank you so much.

On the giving end

About ten months ago I began donating 180 NIS per month for the dissemination of pamphlets in an entire neighborhood, as a merit for my son, who needed a yeshuah to have children. I gave over the names for tefillah of the baal Chovos Halevavos to be recited on Erev Rosh Chodesh, as well as for a daily tefillah by all the Rabbanim. Baruch Hashem, his wife just had a baby boy.

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 (9722) 631-3742 or donate by:

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