

# HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Mishpatim-Terumah 5784 ■ Issue 132

## HEART TO HEART

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

### A Hidden World

One question that occupies the minds of people here in this world is: *What will be?* There are people who spend their days thinking about this question and trying to figure out how the world will look in twenty years or in a hundred years, or more. *How many people will be living in the world then? How much food will there be in the world then? Will it be enough?* They observe how there is global warming and they start sweating in fear. *The glaciers at the North Pole are melting, and who knows how that will affect life in this world?* It is amazing how they are preoccupied with things no one asked them to think about – purposeless ruminations, matters that human beings generally have no ability to influence whatsoever.

These people succeed in convincing those who are not as intelligent as they are that there is purpose to their actions. They are predicting the future, and they don't understand that there is no way for them to know what will be. These are the types of things about which Hakadosh Baruch Hu determined that man will know nothing about. What, indeed, will be? There is no way to know! Don't even attempt to guess, because asking such questions is of no benefit at all.

Shlomo Hamelech said (*Koheles* 3:11), "He made everything proper for its time." Everything Hakadosh Baruch Hu created in this world has its time, and that is *yafeh* – it is good and proper, and it is exactly suited to the people's needs. "He also gave them the ability to understand the world." Hashem gave each person the proper mind to enable him to get along in this world, to acquire his physical needs, to bring *parnassah* to his family, and of course, the main point, to carry out his role in *avodas Hashem*. Hashem arranged things such that people find out what they need to know, learn from each other, and succeed in doing what they have to do. At the same time, he gave the "*elem*" – which is written without the letter *vav*, so it also has the meaning *hidden*. Only Hashem knows the deeds that He has done from beginning to end. There are things that are intentionally hidden, such as the day of a person's death. No one knows when he will die, and in what way; and that is because Hakadosh Baruch Hu wants the world to be settled, and if a person knew when his life would end, he would not build a house or plant a vineyard, because he would reason, "I'll be leaving here very soon anyway. Why should I work hard?"

It is Hashem's will that we should do what we need to do in order to settle the world, and therefore He hides from us knowledge that is not necessary for us to know. If we knew, it would harm us.

We need to be careful not to be one of those smart-alecks who think too much about the past or about the future. There is no purpose in investigating that which Hashem chose to keep hidden from us. The Torah begins with "*Bereishis bara Elokim*," and our responsibility is to know about the world *after* creation. Obviously, each person in accordance with his abilities can delve into the parts of Torah that have been given to us, but we are not to involve ourselves in questions such as *What preceded the world?* or in similar questions regarding the future. Trust in Hashem, Who does everything good and suitable and right, in the way that will be best for us forever and always. What we *need* to do is live the present, in the right way. This is one of the recognizable attributes of someone who has developed proper *bitachon*: He lives peacefully, dealing with the present moment, trusts in Hashem that He will arrange the future for him, and is not afraid of that which he doesn't know. He allows himself not to know, and he lives peacefully, while making full use of the *kochos* that Hakadosh Baruch Hu gave him.

But wait – don't think that the future doesn't interest us at all. Thirty days before a *Yom Tov* we start learning halachos of that *Yom Tov*. While in *galus*, we learn the halachos pertaining to the *geulah* and the building of the *Beis Hamkidash*. There is a lot of knowledge that we want to deepen. There is the *Tanach* with all its *mefarshim*, sixty *masechot* of *Shas*, the *Shulchan Aruch*, *Rambam*, *mussar* and *chassidus*, *Chovos Halevavos*.... Do we know all this, and have time left over only to investigate matters that are hidden from us, things that Hashem hid from us for our good?! Let us trust in Hashem *yisbarach*. Live life in the best possible way, to make Hashem's Name great in this world and to crown Him over every corner of the world. Let us fulfill the words, "You shall have perfect trust in Hashem, your G-d," and the holy words of Rashi will come true for us: "Go with Him with simple trust, with hope in Him, and do not try to figure out what the future will be. Instead, accept with perfect faith whatever happens to you. Then, you will be with Him, and you will be His portion."

## FROM THE EDITOR

### Self-Confidence

There is so much talk nowadays about self-confidence ("*bitachon atzmi*"). We develop self-confidence, we are afraid to lose it, we work on acquiring more of it, and all types of coaches, practitioners, and therapists promise they can help restore our self-confidence. What does the Torah say about this? Is it important? Is it unimportant? *Bitachon*, we've always known, is only in Hakadosh Baruch Hu! Indeed, if the definition of self-confidence is that the person is sure of his ways and does what he needs to do without fear of what others will think, then a quick look around us will reveal that people with *bitachon* in Hashem have self-confidence. They are strong and steadfast, and they radiate a feeling of calm and security.

The reason for this confidence is that they trust in the Divine power hidden within them. They trust in the power of their *neshamah*, which itself is a part of Hashem, and their *bitachon* helps them to overcome all hurdles.

If Hakadosh Baruch Hu created me and placed me here in His world, then He created me with all the necessary powers, including all my weaknesses. My weaknesses too are included in my strengths, because through them I will come to fulfill my role in the world.

The belief in our divine powers includes as well the belief in a Jew's power to make things happen in the upper Worlds. This is a critical awareness for every one of us.

A Jew who believes in his own powers – acts! This is true of every Jew!

Two people learn together, daven together, and do acts of *chessed* together. The first one shakes up all the Worlds and brings about *yeshuos* for *Am Yisrael*, while the second accomplishes nothing. Of course he is doing mitzvos, and he will receive his reward, but he is not achieving anything right now.

This is as the Maggid of Mezeritch wrote (*Toras Hamaggid, Vayishlach* 32:26): There are people who are on a very high level, but they are not able to achieve anything on High, and this is due to the fact that they lack complete *emunah*.

The Maggid taught that if a person wants to achieve something in *Shamayim*, he must believe in his own divine powers. He needs to believe that "when a person connects himself to Hashem *yisbarach*, then all the worlds beneath him are connected to the Creator through him. For example, if a person has the ability to serve Hashem *yisbarach* by eating or dressing, then within him are included the inanimate world, the world of plants, the world of living beings, and the world of man, who is able to speak. All these worlds connect to Hashem *yisbarach* through him. And if he does not believe with complete faith that he achieves this through his speech and his connection to Hashem *yisbarach*, then in truth he achieves nothing at all in *Shamayim*."

We must believe in our own powers. Each and every Jew, with every act both small and large, has tremendous power. And if you thought that all of this is referring to giants of previous generations – the very opposite is true, as the *Beis Aharon zy"ta* wrote: My beloved brothers, believe me – and this concept is supported in all the *sefarim* – that *what tzaddikim of previous times achieved in a few days or months, it is possible now to achieve in one hour!*

If we just believe in this, we will bring about *yeshuos!*

Gut Shabbat  
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# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

## With No Chance of Transgressing

With much *mazal tov*, I attained the status of “*mechutan*.” Before my oldest daughter’s wedding, I desperately needed 20,000 shekels. I went to a certain *gemach*, where I was given a form to sign detailing the rules of the *gemach*. I read the large and small print, and I had a question about *ribbis*. I asked my question to the head of the *gemach*, but he barely heard it. “Why are you asking questions? This *gemach* has existed for several years, and no one has ever had any problems.”

I saw there was no one to talk to, and I decided I would not take the loan. I don’t want to take a chance of transgressing the prohibition of *ribbis*. Then, just moments later, my phone rang. My friend asked how I was doing, and he told me, “There’s a Yid here who wants to donate money in honor of a wedding. How much do you need?” “Twenty-thousand shekels,” I responded.

Before long I received the entire sum that I needed, as a gift! Not a *gemach* or a loan, but a complete gift.

This happened immediately after I decided not to take a loan that involved a question of *ribbis*.

## A Private Doctor

We were a young couple, barely out of yeshiva and seminary, and we were new parents to a sweet baby. Something about her behavior didn’t seem right to us, and we took her to the doctor. The doctor examined her and he announced, “You must go to the hospital immediately! She needs emergency surgery. You don’t have to take an ambulance, but it’s urgent that you get there ASAP.”

We walked out of the doctor’s office shell-shocked. We had never imagined that this is what we would hear. Not long before that, we’d been holding on to our parents’ apron strings! We called them up immediately. My parents were away on a long trip, and they didn’t have their cell phones with them. My wife’s parents were not available at the time to answer our call, and we understood that there was no one else who could take responsibility for the decision. We were the parents, and now the responsibility was ours alone. What to do?

I remembered that there was a family with a similar story, who had taken a private doctor, but the surgery was not so successful. My wife called her aunt, who told her that it was very important to take care of the problem, lest such and such occur, and we should hurry up. Which hospital? Perhaps it was really critical to take a private doctor?

There was no one to answer our questions, and at that point I told my wife, “I decided to take a private Doctor – the best and biggest Doctor there is: the Ribbono shel Olam. He will be our daughter’s Doctor.” I reminded her of the Nefesh Hachaim’s *segulah*, concentrating fully on the words “*ein od milvado*.”

## An Envelope as a Gift

In Reb Dovid’s *shiurim* we hear him saying many different variations of the idea that one should not ask, “Why did I do that? Where was my head?” One should not lay blame, but rather should know that the mistakes too are heavenly ordained. So we don’t ask why; nevertheless, sometimes we get a response showing us why it entered the head of a wise, respectable person to act in a totally irresponsible way.

My job is to collect tuition from the parents of the Talmud Torah of London. In our school, parents don’t arrange an automatic withdrawal from their bank account; rather, I need to call them to remind them and make sure the money comes in. Before Pesach, I called one of the parents, a prominent Jew, and reminded him that he had a tuition debt, and we wanted to pay the *melamdin* before Pesach, so they would be able to cover their Yom Tov expenses. The *gvir* agreed that this was very important. “I’m bringing the money today,” he concluded.

The day passed, and the money did not arrive. Several more days passed, Pesach passed, we counted the *omer* and lit a bonfire for Rabi Shimon, and the money still hadn’t arrived.

Just before Shavuos I called the *gvir* again and asked him, “Where’s the money?”

“What do you mean, *where’s the money?*” he asked. “I brought it to you on that very day.”

“Impossible.”

“What’s impossible? I myself came with my car to your house. I saw your son, a small child, going out of the house, and I gave him the envelope with the money. There were 2,000 pounds sterling in there!”

“Okay, I’ll ask my son,” I said, and with great difficulty I held back from lashing out at the *gvir* and offering my opinion of his behavior. Since when does anyone give over such a large sum through a small child, and depend on him to deliver the sum to the right place? Where was his head? We were talking about the equivalent of tens of thousands of shekels. It didn’t make sense that he would act so irresponsibly!

My son remembered nothing of the whole affair, and I decided to try asking the Jewish neighbors in the area if they had seen the envelope. I knocked on house after house, until we came to the home of an *avreich*, and I asked him, “Did you see an envelope with money here on Erev Pesach?”

“You’re talking about an envelope containing 2,000 pounds sterling?”

“Yes, yes,” my eyes lit up. “Exactly that.”

“Listen to what was going on then,” the *avreich* related. “Right before Pesach I was fired from my job. I had no income, and I had absolutely no idea what I would do. How would I cover Pesach expenses? I stood and davened to the Creator of all worlds and asked Him to help me. Immediately afterwards, I went out to the yard and discovered an envelope there with 2,000 pounds inside. This was simply a gift from *Shamayim*. I took the money with joy and bought everything we needed for Yom Tov.”

“That money was tuition, meant to be used to pay the *melamdin*,” I told him. “We need to return the money to the Talmud Torah.”

“I don’t have such a large sum now,” said the *avreich*, “but I can pay it back in installments.”

I called the *gvir* immediately and told him, “I found the money. An *avreich* who lives in my neighborhood saw the envelope on his lawn and thought that this was a gift from *Shamayim* in honor of Pesach, and he said he’d return the sum in installments.”

“He doesn’t have to pay it back,” the *gvir* answered. “The money is completely a gift to him. I’ll give you a new envelope.”

This time the envelope came all the way to me without any intermediaries in the form of young children. Only the message echoes on: Sometimes Hakadosh Baruch Hu makes a person lose his proper logic in order to carry out a hidden mission, in order to uplift someone who is poor or unfortunate.

## Rescue by a Code

It was four a.m. The late sleepers had already fallen asleep, and those who rise for *vasikin* hadn’t yet woken up. Everyone was sleeping, and I woke up to the sounds of knocking on the door, knocking and knocking without letup. It seemed someone needed me desperately. This was not a normal time for a neighborly visit, so I realized it must be *pikuach nefesh* and I must get up.

When I went out of the room, I saw a light on in the kitchen. What was happening there? First, I went into the kitchen and saw something terrifying: My one-and-a-half-year old Shimale was standing on the counter, a kettle of hot water in his hand, trying to pour water from the kettle into his bottle. The kettle is heavy, the bottle light; Shimmy was almost losing his balance, and in another second he was liable to end up with a severe burn from boiling-hot water.

The minute I saw this, I caught him, saving him from a fall and a burn, and perhaps also saving myself from a court order due to parental negligence. This Shimma’le of mine – he should be well and use all his strengths and great creativity to serve Hashem *yisbarach*. It seems I’m raising one of the great *kochos*, who will light up the world in coming years. He was saved by a miracle.

That whole process took mere seconds, and then I went to the front hallway to solve the mystery of the knocks on the door. I opened the door of my home, and before my eyes stood an entire family, wearing Shabbos clothing, looking tired and bedraggled.

“We rented the apartment upstairs for two weeks,” the father said. “The door locks with a combination. I wrote the code on a piece of paper and put it into the pocket of my everyday suit. The problem is that we just got back from a wedding and I’m wearing a Shabbos suit. The code is inside the house, and I have no idea how to get in. You have the code. Can you possibly give it to me?”

I readily gave him the code, which would open the apartment for him, and he apologized. “We had heavy traffic on the way from Bnei Brak to Yerushalayim, and instead of the drive taking an hour, it took two hours. I wouldn’t wake you up now, but I saw the light was on and heard someone schlep-

## On the giving end

I saw a story in your newsletter about someone who had a leak in his house for a long time, which had not been repaired. After he donated toward the dissemination of these newsletters of emunah, the problem resolved itself. When I read this, my thought was that I have the same problem, and I promised immediately that if the problem resolves itself, I will donate a sizable sum toward the dissemination of these newsletters. Not even a day passed before the problem was resolved.

## On the receiving end

A few months ago I left a story on the line, and I asked for the narrator on the line to tell it over. Today in the morning when I called the phone line, I heard the narrator relating my story. I was so excited to hear this. I want to thank the narrator for all the stories he shares in his clear, pleasant voice. Whenever I listen to the stories I gain so much *chizuk*. Thank you, thank you.

ping a chair, and so I realized someone was awake anyway and would open the door.”  
“May you be blessed from Above!” I told him. “You were a Divine messenger to save my son!”  
I was so amazed by the incredible *hashgachah pratis*; how Hakadosh Baruch Hu held back the neighbor for a full hour so he would arrive exactly when my son was in danger and wake me up, and this neighbor would also succeed in getting some sleep in a bed in the apartment he’d rented. Wondrous are the ways of Hashem!

## A Song of Bitachon

I’m an *avreich*, and I live in Tzfas. I also work as a musician at weddings and other celebrations in the evenings. My music accompanies the beautiful singing of my twin brother, and we appear together from time to time, singing and bringing happiness to Hashem and to His people.

My brother has a connection with someone whose job is to mediate between us and those who want music at their happy occasions. This agent called me one day in Tishrei and told me, “I have a great event for you. I think you are the best person to play for it. The producer said he heard about you, but before he closes with you he wants a recording of you in real time, working with the public. So make sure to send him a recording.”

My brother said he would take care of sending the recording. He very much wanted the job, but he did not have a recording. What would he do? Because people don’t generally make weddings in Tishrei, he needed to find someone to hire us for something, so we could record ourselves singing and playing.

He was clueless about what to do next, but then at the entrance to the *beis midrash* he saw a notice inviting all the *mispallelim* to a bar mitzvah. An idea came into his mind: He would call the boy’s father and offer to sing at the bar mitzvah for free, and then he’d be able to record himself.

He called me and asked me to accompany him with my music. “I do this for *parnassah*, not free of charge,” I told him.

“It’s so that we’ll have a recording of how we work together,” he said, trying to convince me. “It’s very important to me.”

I asked my Rav if it was correct to use this time for playing, and the Rav told me, “It’s your brother – your twin; it seems your helping him is the right thing to do, especially in this case, because there is no one else who can do it.”

I agreed.

My brother called the boy’s father and said, “I saw that you’re making a bar mitzvah. Maybe you’d like me to come with my brother, and we’ll play and sing at the event?”

There was no response at the other end of the line. My brother waited and waited, and finally he asked, “Are you with me?”

“I...I...I have no words. Are you for real? You’ll come with your brother and play for free?”

“Yes. Does that work for you?”

“Work for me is not the word. You simply don’t understand what happened here.”

Then the father started telling my brother everything that had happened to them over the past month: “My son, the bar-mitzvah boy, very much wanted a band at his bar-mitzvah. We are not people of means, and everything connected to the bar mitzvah, from the tefillin up to the dessert, we are bringing with true *mesirus nefesh*. We’re preparing everything ourselves, homemade food in the simplest hall, and it’s just not possible for us to add 6,000 shekels for a band. I explained this to my son, but he stubbornly insisted. “If you can’t help me,” he told my wife and me, “I will ask the Ribbono shel Olam to help me.”

During the past month he went to the *beis hachaim* in Tzfas every day and davened at *kivrei tzaddikim* for Hashem’s help in honor of his bar mitzvah, and each time, he asked that there should be a band at his bar mitzvah. This has been going on for thirty days.

My wife and I saw how much he wanted this and how much he was davening, and we were really afraid. What would be? He is so sure that Hashem will help him, and we see the reality. There is no musician on the horizon to come and make the bar mitzvah pleasant. I had already informed him that I had no intention of paying for it. No generous donor had offered us the money we needed, and then suddenly...this call. Hashem heard the boy’s *tefillos*! You are the messengers of the Creator *yisbarach*!”

It was an especially happy event. The bar mitzvah boy’s face shone with joy. The recording was only a *sibah* – a secondary reason for us to perform. We saw the Hand of the *Mesoveiv* here – the Navigator of all occurrences. We had the *zechus* to be part of an amazing display of the fruit of *emunah* – *bitachon*.

## It Happened to Me Too

I am a Yid from Monsey. My son had fluid in his ears, and the doctor gave us a referral for surgery to insert tubes in his ears in order to drain them. I told my neighbor about this.

He responded with this story: “Listen to what happened with my son. The doctor gave us a referral for this very same surgery, and I made an appointment for it in Manhattan. On the day of the appointment we got up very early and traveled for two hours. The boy was fasting. We were stressed and nervous and anxious to have it all behind us. The doctor checked him and said, ‘He has an infection. We can’t do surgery when there’s an infection. Go home, and come back when his infection is cured.’”

This neighbor’s story was really unpleasant. I learned a lesson from it, and I decided I would make sure there was no infection anywhere in his body. Immediately after I made an appointment for the surgery, I also made an appointment with our family doctor, to examine him a few days prior to surgery so I would not be sent home because of an infection.

Close to the day of surgery, the doctor examined my son, and *baruch Hashem*, everything was fine. We set out calmly for surgery, my son fasting, and we arrived at the special clinic. We went in to the doctor, and only then was a strange mistake discovered: This clinic did not *do* these types of surgeries! The doctor where our appointment was scheduled does not deal with this at all. He does all sorts of things related to ears, but surgery – no.

Thus, exactly what happened to my neighbor happened to me as well, only for a different reason that I could not have anticipated. I saw that when Hakadosh Baruch Hu wants something to happen, no *hishtadlus* will help. I don’t know why we had to go through it and what we had to be *mesakein*, but clearly, the entire back-and-forth, the preparation for surgery and the need to reschedule the appointment, this time at the right place – everything is from Hashem *yisbarach*. The *chochmah* is to rely on Him and not on our own *hishtadlus*.

We took a *sefer Tehil-*  
*lim*, and we prepared to go.

We went home, packed a few  
items, and went downstairs to the  
main road. There an *avreich* from the  
neighborhood called out to me from his car,  
“Do you need to get to Yerushalayim?”

This was special *hashgachah pratis*. Never before  
had he offered me anything like this, and here he was  
offering something I had not even asked for.

He took us to the hospital, and there the emergency room  
experience began. We waited for about three hours, and  
I saw that it was almost *shekiah*. I went out to a nearby  
shul to daven *Minchah*, and my wife, seeing that the baby  
was asleep, stood up to daven as well.

One cannot compare a *Minchah* uttered when life is  
peaceful to one uttered in times of difficulty. She davened  
from the depths of her heart, slowly and patiently, before  
the great Doctor on High, and it was just then that the  
nurse finally called our family name; the doctor had ar-  
rived. My wife heard the nurse calling her, but she said  
to herself, *We decided that we’re taking a private Doctor.*  
*I’m talking to him now; it makes no sense for me to stop*  
*a discussion with the big Doctor in order to speak to a*  
*flesh-and-blood doctor.* She continued her *tefillah* without  
hurrying, and when she finished, she asked the nurse  
what was happening.

“The doctor was here. We called you and you didn’t  
come. Wait now until he comes by again.”

We waited. Three more hours passed, and finally, the  
doctor arrived.

He looked at the girl, examined her, and said, “She really  
needs surgery, but now it’s already late. Come tomorrow.”  
“But they told us it was urgent.”

“If it’s so urgent, how is it that you didn’t come over to the  
nurse the minute she called you? I came especially for  
you, and you didn’t come. Because of this, you’ll have to  
wait till tomorrow.”

He had decided to teach us a lesson, and I saw this as  
a *nisayon* to see whether we would regret having dav-  
ened *Minchah* slowly. We stayed at our parents’ home in  
Yerushalayim overnight, and in the morning we ordered a  
taxi to take us to the hospital.

Ordinarily the taxis arrive quickly, but this time there was  
a serious delay. We waited and waited until it finally ar-  
rived, and we went to the hospital. This time we were  
greeted by a friendly doctor who was wearing a *kippah*.  
He checked the baby, and he cried out in surprise. “Listen  
– the problem has been resolved. You can see how most  
of what needs to come out already came out on its own.  
Let’s wait a bit more and see that everything that’s left  
comes out as well. I don’t think you need surgery.”

In the meantime, we were called in to the operating room  
to prepare the baby. I told the nurse, “The doctor said we  
don’t need surgery,” but they responded, “It says here  
that she needs surgery.”

I ran to call the doctor, and he came in at the last moment,  
reexamined her, and said, “We don’t need surgery. Your  
baby is healthy. Go home.”

It was clear as daylight: All the setbacks were meant to  
bring us to the point when the doctor would say that ev-  
erything was okay. Throughout all this time that we had  
to wait, our daughter was being treated by the greatest  
private Doctor. Hakadosh Baruch Hu healed her without  
any surgery.

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## Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

### He Who Trusts in Hashem Is Blessed in This World and in the Next

...As Rabi Yehuda Hanassi asked: Why does it say, "Trust in Hashem forever and ever, for Hashem created the worlds with [the Name] Kah"? (*Yeshayah*, 26:4). This is because if someone places his trust in Hakadosh Baruch Hu, then Hashem is a shield for him in this world and in the World to Come. Because they trusted in Hashem forever and ever, they had a shield in both worlds.

(Menachos 29b)

### Even if He Has Bad Mazal, Bitachon will Bring Him Blessing

Even though sometimes a person is not worthy of anything good, but rather his mazal is bad, he should still trust in Hashem yisbarach. When it says, "Trust in Hashem forever and ever, for Hashem created the worlds with [the Name] Kah," it means that Hashem created this world and the Next World with His Name Kah, and therefore one should trust in Hashem forever that He provides his needs from the Upper World, and all is good. Even if a person has bad mazal in this world, his trust in Hashem reaches all the way to the Upper World, the World to Come. Thus, Hashem safeguards him in this world and in the World to Come, for Hashem provides the baal habitachon complete protection.

(Maharal of Prague, Nesivos Olam Vol. II, Nesiv Bitachon ch. 1)

### The Power of Bitachon Is Imbedded in Man's Nature

There are people who believe that the middah of bitachon belongs to exalted men of bygone days; but these people are mistaken. Hakadosh Baruch Hu imbedded the middah of bitachon into the very

nature of man. It is an inherited trait.

It is a fact that people tend to believe someone who promises them something, even if they see that he ultimately fails to follow through and he disappoints them, or that he is unable to make good on his promise. Often a person is sure of himself and believes in his own strengths and does not despair even in times of difficulty. Clearly this power of bitachon exists within the nature of a person and it is not impossible for any person to use this middah in the right and proper way.

Therefore, Chazal used the expression "anyone who applies his trust to Hashem." This power of bitachon is part and parcel of human nature, and one need only "apply this" to Hakadosh Baruch Hu and to trust in Hashem, using this power properly as Hashem intended for it to be used, and not using it in an improper way, such as by placing one's trust in other people.

(Rav Chaim Zeitchik zt"l, Va'ani Tefillah Part II, essay "Hatoleh")

### There Is No Trait as Great as Bitachon

There is no trait as great as bitachon, as it says, "Blessed is the man who trusts in Him," for such a person believes that the world has a G-d Who is all-capable and Who oversees everything that happens, as it says, "Blessed is the man who trusts in Hashem, for whom Hashem is his source of trust." He is guaranteed that he will not lack his needs, as it says, "Place your load onto Hashem, and He will provide for you." And this is on condition that he is genuinely trusting in Hashem with all his heart and without any doubts. Moreover, since he trusts in Hashem, he will occupy himself with Torah and mitzvos without any other thoughts at all.

(Shaarei Kedushah Unit 2 ch. 4)

### A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

The laws regarding an eved ivri are that he is to be enslaved for six years, after which he is to be allowed to go free. If the servant wants to remain with his master, then we are to pierce his ear. Rashi explains that this is a punishment. The reason he was sold as an eved is that he is a thief, or that he sold himself as a result of poverty. If so, the piercing of his ear is a punishment for his deeds.

This begs explanation: If the reason for piercing his ear is that he sold himself as an eved, the punishment should have been carried out immediately, rather than after he has been an eved for six years.

Our Sages tell us that someone who purchases an eved ivri is like someone who purchased a master for himself. This is because the Jewish eved has many rights. It is forbidden to force him to do difficult labor, it is forbidden to degrade him, and the master needs to provide him with food and sustenance on the same level as the master's own.

If so, who would agree to buy an eved and become "enslaved" to him in this way? The average person would not agree to buy an eved ivri; it is only a righteous person, who knows that the Torah said to sell the eved, and thus, there is an injunction of the Torah to be carried out, so

Excerpts from the popular shiur by  
Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebal gshlit"a

### Why Is the Eved Punished by Having His Ear Pierced with an Awl?

they buy him.

According to this, during the six years when the eved works for the righteous man, he views firsthand how a good Jew is meant to behave. The purpose of the six years is for him to learn from his master's ways and improve. But if after six years he wants to stay together with his wife – the non-Jewish maidservant – it is a sign that he did not learn from the ways of his master, and for this he deserves a punishment of having his ear pierced.

Another explanation: In the beginning, when they sold him as an eved, he had no possessions and no food. As such, there was no possibility for the brachos of Shamayim to rest upon him and for him to be able to earn his parnassah honorably. Therefore, he had to be sold.

But now that he is leaving his master's house, he is given an allowance. With the money from that allowance he could go out and earn parnassah, and then certainly Hashem will send him blessings and bountiful parnassah. If he refuses to go out, that is a sign that he does not trust in Hashem to bless his money and provide his needs. He thinks that only in his master's house will he have food. Therefore, he deserves the punishment of having his ear pierced.

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