

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshas Titzaveh-Ki Tisa 5784 ■ Issue 133

HEART TO HEART

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

A Letter from Yerushalayim to Vienna

About 160 years ago, Hagaon Hatzaddik Rav Yosef Zundel Salant *zt"l* lived in Yerushalayim. He was the son-in-law of the Rav of Yerushalayim, Rav Shmuel Salant *zt"l*. Rav Yosef Zundel had a daughter who was sickly. In Eretz Yisrael in those days there was no way to take care of her and heal her, and therefore she was sent, accompanied by her brother, Reb Aharon Leib, across the ocean, to the hospital in Vienna, Austria.

Rav Yosef Zundel was known as a unique *ba'al bitachon*, to the point that Reb Naftali of Amsterdam *zt"l* testified about him in the *sefer Ohr Yisrael* that he had toiled so much to cultivate the *middas habitachon* that amazing, incredible stories were told about him, and that he had even achieved things that transcend the laws of nature.

At the same time, we need to know that when it came to healing his daughter, he did not depend on miracles but sent her to be treated in Vienna, together with her brother, his son, where there was a state-of-the-art hospital according to the standards of those days.

At that time, the great father sent a letter of *chizuk* to his dear son, filled with amazing practical instruction. It is certainly worthwhile to share the contents of one of those letters, which is infused with *emunah* and *bitachon*.

Let us look at some excerpts from the letter: My beloved son [that is how his father refers to him throughout the letter]. Don't be concerned about the delays that you are experiencing at every turn, be it because of a ship or because of something else. Every delay is for the good! And this is what the will of Hashem *yisbarach* decreed, to help a person strengthen his *bitachon*. As it says in *Maseches Brachos*: There are four things that require *chizuk* – Torah, good deeds, *tefillah*, and *derech eretz*. We learn from here that we need *chizuk* even for matters of physical *hishtadlus* – referred to as "*derech eretz*," despite the fact that a person's *hishtadlus* does not help him at all, and Hashem will do what is good in His Eyes; as it says, "Hashem's decision will prevail" (*Mishlei* 19:21).

The Vilna Gaon explains: "*Rabbos machshavos* – Many plans are in man's heart" – when a man wants to accomplish something, he might make many plans, but they are all fruitless. He needs to do *hishtadlus*, but in the end, "Hashem's decision will prevail." – he will carry out the *etzah* that Hashem put into his heart.

Remain aware that everything, at every moment, is decreed in *Shamayim*: where one will be, at what time and with whom, and how long one will stay in each place.

The *Orchos Chaim* of the Rosh states: Trust in Hashem with all your heart and believe in

His *hashgachah pratis*, for this is the virtue of *Klal Yisrael* over all the nations, and this is the foundation of the entire Torah. Nothing moves or takes place without Hashem *yisbarach's* will, and Hashem *yisbarach's hashgachah* controls not only people's deeds but also the thoughts of their hearts and minds.... Therefore, belief in *hashgachah pratis* is part of *emunah*.

Rav Zundel points out that in *Maseches Pe'ah*, the mitzvos of gladdening a *kallah* and escorting the dead are listed in the singular, while the mitzvah of visiting the sick is listed in the plural. Why? He explains that when someone is ill, all his family members suffer as well, each one according to the degree of his closeness and concern for his sick relative, and according to how much he is involved in caring for the sick relative. So the relatives of the sick person are affected by his illness as well. Thus the mitzvah is mentioned in the plural form, for when someone visits one sick patient he is in fact assisting several people.

Therefore, do not feel sorry for yourself, and do not worry about anything far-fetched, while you are with your sister in the *galus*. Feel happy for the fact that you volunteered to go on this mission of *bikur cholim* and *gemilus chassadim*, which is of benefit to several people who are also pained over her situation. And it is considered equal to immersing yourself in Torah study day and night.

Cast your burden on Hashem, and don't skimp on the expenses, and do not worry at all!

And here Reb Zundel writes something that is itself an entire *shiur*: *This is the power of bitachon – that Hakadosh Baruch Hu grants the wishes of the person who trusts in Him wholeheartedly, and He provides all his needs in every place and at every hour, and even if he is not a tzaddik.*

My beloved son, I sent you the recommendations you asked for, but don't depend on them; they are only to conceal the miracle that will take place. The main thing is to trust in Hashem with all your heart, and not to depend on your own wisdom.

And don't overdo your *hishtadlus*, and don't exaggerate it, so that you will not begin to think that it is "your strength and the might of your hand" that have brought about your *yeshuah*. The Creator has many reasons and many messengers.

And review constantly the *pesukim* of *hashgachah* and *bitachon*; they should be constantly on your lips.

May Hashem *yisbarach* help us to strengthen our *bitachon* and to see His revealed *chassadim*, along with all of Am Yisrael.

(*Shiur* 137)

FROM THE EDITOR

A Simply Incredible Story

A Yid from Beit Shemesh told me the following:

I went to Litzhensk with my son for Shabbos *Parshas Beshalach*. We were hoping for a major *yeshuah* regarding a certain matter; that is why we went to daven at this holy place.

On Friday night my wife suddenly felt terrible, unbearable pain in her back. What could we possibly do? There was no doctor there and no medication. The only thing we could do was go to "the specialist in Anipoli." A Yid once came to one of the *tzaddikim* of previous generations to ask him for a *refuah*, and the *tzaddik* told him to "go to the specialist in Anipoli."

The Yid traveled to Anipoli, which was then still a small, remote village, with no stores and, obviously, with no doctors. He asked the people there where he would find the doctor, and they all responded, incredulously, that there hadn't been a doctor in their parts since the six days of creation.

"So what do you do if someone is not well?" the Yid asked.

"We turn to the Healer of all living flesh; we open a *Tehillim* and daven," was their unique response.

When the Yid returned to his Rav and told him that he hadn't found a doctor in Anipoli, the *tzaddik* told him, "Indeed, I meant that you should go to the Doctor whom the people of Anipoli frequent. Turn to Hakadosh Baruch Hu alone, and He will heal you."

"That is truly what we felt," the Yid from Beit Shemesh told me. "The only available doctor was the One from Anipoli. We davened for Hashem to heal her and for the pain to pass."

Sunday morning came, and my wife was still in pain. She was sitting in the holy *tziyun*, and suddenly a doctor from Beitar Illit entered the *ezras nashim*; she specialized in the exact field we needed.

"Can you help me?" my wife asked her.

"Of course," the woman responded. "Gladly!"

We were very excited. Hakadosh Baruch Hu had sent her all the way to Litzhensk just for us.

They left the *tziyun* to go back to the room where they were staying, when suddenly the doctor's family members came over to her and told her to hurry up. They had to leave immediately, they said. They couldn't wait another moment, or they might miss their flight.

The doctor ran to the bus, and we were left, shocked, in Litzhensk.

"We tried to understand why Hashem had sent her," the Yid went on to tell me. "If Hashem had wanted to send us a doctor, she would not have been in such a hurry, and if Hashem didn't want to bring us a doctor, then why did she come? What was her mission?"

"Until we realized that Hakadosh Baruch Hu wanted us to strengthen this realization:

"We are awaiting a *yeshuah*, davening and hoping and doing everything so the *yeshuah* will come. Sometimes it seems to us that the *yeshuah* we seek is impossible. But Hakadosh Baruch Hu was telling us: *Everything is possible! I could bring a doctor to Litzhensk. Look! I brought you one! But I don't want her to heal you, because right now, the difficulty is for your good. The yissurim are for your good, and I don't want to take them away from you.*

No additional words necessary. *Mi k'amcha Yisrael!*

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

The Rosh Yeshivah shlit" a

Ordinarily, I make my *parnassah* through tourism. *Baruch Hashem*, I am a real estate agent for tourist apartments for people who are interested, and I take them to nice, interesting places. But for the past several months almost no tourists have come to Eretz Yisrael, and I've found myself lacking work.

The hours of the day pass, and I want to fill them, not only for the money but also in order to do something beneficial and good for the sake of His Name *yisbarach*. *Perhaps the time has come for me to go back to working in chinuch*, I said to myself. Early on, during the first years of my marriage I was a *melamed*, and afterward I worked in outreach. I gave *shiuirim* to *baalei teshuvah*, and I merited to bring the light of *Yiddishkeit* to precious young men who were very far from Torah and mitzvos.

I made contact with a *rosh yeshivah* of a yeshivah for *baalei teshuvah* in my area, and we arranged a time to meet.

I arrived at the yeshivah and was shown to the *rosh yeshivah's* room. A pleasant *avreich* with a smiling countenance greeted me, and we started talking about my past experience and my current occupation. When he asked about my methods of working with *bachurim*, memories surfaced, and suddenly a flash of lightning seemed to shoot through my head. That lightning went through the *rosh yeshivah* as well. Each of us recognized the other, and the interview ended with a clear decision on the part of the *rosh yeshivah*: "You'll certainly come to work here! You possess keen discernment. You understand *bachurim*, and you will be a treasure for us."

This is the story:

When I was still a *melamed*, I had a nice boy in my class from a respectable family. His older brother, a teenager, had left the yeshivah. It was a very sad story. The boy had broken free of all shackles and was doing whatever he pleased. His parents were horrified and tried everything in order to bring him back. The boy's mother asked me to speak with him and try to reach him.

I told her I would try. How? I had no idea. I had never before dealt with struggling teens

Within an Hour You'll Have It

Rav Moshe Zilberman *shlit" a* relates:

Several year ago an entire family made aliyah to Eretz Yisrael and settled in Kiryat Sanz in Teveria. Unfortunately, the father passed away, leaving behind a widow and orphans who lacked their most basic necessities. The *gabbaim* of the *tzedakah* fund in Teveria became deeply involved, and they are doing everything possible to give the family crucial financial support.

The widow and her family lived in a rented apartment, and the rental money was a heavy burden for them. Upon the advice of one of the *askanim* from America and of the *tzedakah* fund in Eretz Yisrael, they concluded that the best solution would be to purchase the apartment. What did this entail? Only raising the sum of 600,000 shekels.

They managed to raise 400,000 shekels, and now they needed another 200,000.

One generous sponsor promised to give 50,000, but only if they would get hold of the rest. Where would they get it? The owner of the apartment threatened that if he did not receive his payment by Tuesday of the following week, he would throw the family out of the apartment!

The threat was very serious. Reb Chaim, one of the *askanaim* of the *tzedakah* fund, understood that there was no choice but to fly abroad and knock on the doors of potential donors. He already had a list of addresses in hand, had gotten a *brachah* from his Rav, purchased tickets, and was preparing to fly.

The morning before the flight, Reb Chaim got up early in order to daven with the 6:40 a.m. minyan, and there he saw a young *avreich*, one of the widow's sons, walking calmly, holding his tefillin. "How calm you are," Reb Chaim told him. "The landlord wants to throw your mother out of the apartment, and you look like this has nothing to do with you."

The *avreich* stopped short, shocked. "What do you mean?"

Reb Chaim told him about the pressure and poverty that his mother was dealing with, and how the *askanim* from the *tzedakah* fund were being *moser nefesh* in order to help her, and how he was about to fly abroad in order to collect money urgently for her.

"What could I do?" the *avreich* asked.

"What do you mean, what? Hakadosh Baruch Hu is the Father of orphans and the Judge of widows. Cry out to Him, daven to Him, do something!"

The *avreich* took these words literally. He davened with all his heart, groaning in pain from the depths of his soul over the situation of his mother and his orphaned siblings, and he anticipated the *yeshuah*.

That very afternoon a major philanthropist in America called this married son and innocently inquired, "What's doing with you? How are you managing?"

"Don't ask," the *avreich* responded. "They want to evict my mother from her apartment. We already have 400,000 shekels, and the *askanim* thought at first they'd be able to get a mortgage for the remaining 200,000. The problem was that my mother has no income, and with all the ideas they tried, they were not successful in getting a mortgage approved, and we need to find the money by Tuesday."

The man on the other end heard, and after a moment of silence, he said, "Look, within an hour you'll have 100,000 shekels in your account. How do you want the money? In shekalam or in dollars?"

The *avreich* contacted Reb Chaim and told him about the surprising developments. Reb Chaim was amazed. He would not need to travel! He could cancel the tickets!

He was excited, and he could not stop thanking the Creator of all worlds, Who hears the sighs of every Jew from the depth of their hearts, and sends His *yeshuah* speedily, in ways that no one could even dream of. "It is not to be believed, but it's the truth," Reb Chaim told his friend in America, where he intended to stay for several days. "If I hadn't met the son on the way to *Shacharis*, he would not have known about anything and would have told the philanthropist who called him that everything was okay with his family. Look at the Hand of *hashgachah* here!"

The friend rejoiced with him, and Reb Chaim continued. "There is only one problem with my canceling the flight," he said half-jokingly. "I promised my daughters that I'd buy them dolls in America, and they're really waiting for them. I think I'll have to disappoint them."

"No, you won't disappoint them," his friend said. "As part of my business I sent a shipment of dolls to Israel, and there's an extra carton there. I'll call right away to have them send the carton over to you!" This is a true story. It happened in 5784. A genuine sigh from the depth of the heart brought about an incredible *yeshuah*.

You're Holding My Money

On Monday night of *Parshas Vayechi*, I had a dream: A Yid I had known several years earlier appeared to me. He reminded me of his name, and he spoke to me strongly. "You're holding my money!" he said.

I woke up in a terrible state. My heart was beating wildly; I felt these were not simply words. I asked my wife, "Do you remember so-and-so? Do we owe him money?"

"Yes, yes," she said. "We owe him a large sum of money, I don't recall exactly how much, but I remember that it's close to \$10,000."

With a little more probing, the picture became clear. Several years ago I was in very difficult financial straits, and my business was collapsing. I declared bankruptcy. This was a very difficult time – I wouldn't wish such an experience on anyone. The last person I bought merchandise from on credit was that Jew who appeared to me in the dream. In all the confusion, I had neglected to add him to my list of creditors. I forgot about him and about the debt entirely, and now he had come to demand his money back.

On the giving end

Last Motzaei Shabbos we came back from the North. We got lost on the way and inadvertently drove into Arab settlements, where our car suddenly broke down. We were very scared. The situation has been extremely tense lately. We promised to donate a considerable sum toward the dissemination of emunah. Wonder of wonders, the car immediately came back to life, and we left the place alive and whole.

On the receiving end

My son was not doing well in yeshivah, and he was sent home. There's no need to explain what happens to a mother's heart when her bachur comes home from yeshivah in the middle of seder. We tried to take care of the matter ourselves, to no avail. During those difficult days, we discovered the Hashgachah Pratis phone line. Listening to the line gave us strength and chizuk, and we strengthened our emunah. I don't know if I would have been able to handle those tense days if not for the phone line. The end of the story is that, baruch Hashem, after several days the boy returned to yeshivah. —L.A.

Immediately after *Shacharis* I called his factory, but the factory was closed. I reached him only after a long series of phone calls.

"Do you recall that I owe you money?" I asked him after I'd identified myself.

"Yes," he responded, and he said, in the exact tone he had spoken in the dream, "You're holding my money!"

"I want to repay the debt," I told him. "Can you calculate how much I owe you?"

He made a quick calculation and came to the sum of \$7,800. I could hear a sigh of relief in his voice. "You called at the very last minute," he told me, and he instructed me to give the money to his father, who lived in my area.

I did everything I had to do in order to return the debt. The fear that had engulfed me ever since I woke up from that dream finally loosened its hold on me. I was thrilled that I'd been able to return the old debt. I didn't know what merit stood by me that enabled me to receive such a clear reminder in my lifetime. Otherwise, there was no chance that I'd have remembered it on my own, and thus I was saved from ending my life as a debtor, *chas v'shalom*.

After I gave his father the money, I called to inform him that the debt had been paid, and I asked, "You said I called just at the last minute – what did you mean by that?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "My situation is very difficult now. Yesterday I broke down, and I felt I couldn't handle it anymore. While davening *Minchah*, I screamed out to Hashem from the depths of my heart that He save me. I concluded my davening with the thought that Hakadosh Baruch Hu had certainly heard me, and indeed, today you called me to return the debt!"

Even now, as I retell the story, I get the chills. There is nothing as clear as this. Hakadosh Baruch Hu heard the *tefillah* of the poor man, and he sent me the angel of dreams to arouse me to return the money to where it belonged.

The Chief Menahel Agreed

Shemaryahu Yankelowitz (not his real name) relates the following:

I have three wonderful children. I sent them to a specific Talmud Torah with the thought that this institution was suitable for them, but as time went on, it became clear that it was not. There are foreign winds blowing in this institution, children of all types and levels learn there, and I suspected that my children would be negatively influenced. I sat with my wife, and we thought about what to do. We connected one fact to another, we brought up the difficulties and our suspicions, one by one, and the conclusion was clear: We would move our children to a better Talmud Torah, and the sooner the better. The Talmud Torah we then chose was truly excellent. Children from the very best families learn there. "I want our children to have friends like these," my wife said, "so that our children will grow up to be like them."

We were in total agreement about our children's Talmud Torah. Only one "small" issue remained: The *menahel* had yet to inform us that they were accepted.

We are a young family, not well-known, and not connected to the specific type of families who send their children to this Talmud Torah. What were the chances that they'd agree to accept our three children, especially after they'd learned in that other Talmud Torah that was so vastly different?

I knew that through natural means, there was no chance, so I turned directly to the chief *Menahel* – Hakadosh Baruch Hu, Who teaches Torah to His nation Yisrael. I went to Har Hamenuchos and davened near the *tziyun of Mori Verabi zt"l*. I asked Hakadosh Baruch Hu to have pity on me and my children, because I desired to do His will, to be *mechaneich* my children that He'd given me, to serve Him and to learn His holy Torah in purity. I begged that my children would be easily accepted into the Talmud Torah. After a long hour of davening I went back home, ready and prepared for the next *hishtadlus* – calling the *menahel* of the Talmud Torah.

The next day I called the Talmud Torah and asked to speak to the *menahel*. "What can I do for you?" he asked respectfully.

"My name is Yankelowitz, and I want to transfer my three sons into your *cheder*."

"*B'imchah rabbah*," The *menahel* answered. "I'm waiting for you in the office." I went to his office, and the *menahel* asked me for the exact age of every child. "This child will go into Rav Cohen's class, this child into Rav Levy's class, and this one into Rav Yisraeli's class."

With that the conversation ended, and my wish had been granted. Starting the following day, the children would be going to the Talmud Torah where we wanted them to be.

I was totally amazed by the way things had worked out. It seemed very strange that the *menahel* did not even call us for an interview, did not ask to see the children or test them; but as you know, when our plans *don't* work out we ask "Why?" but when good things happen we do not. I've never heard anyone say, "I don't know why Hashem is doing this to me – why am I succeeding in making a generous *pamassah*?" or, "Why are my children bringing home tests with grades in the nineties?" People ask questions only when something doesn't succeed for them.

I thanked Hashem, and as far as those questions that nonetheless arose in my heart – I quieted them down. If you are given something good, take it. Don't ask questions.

A few days later, I found out how my children had slipped so easily into the Talmud Torah I wanted. A week after my children started learning in that Talmud Torah, a call came into the office there. "Hello, this is Yankelowitz. I want to put my children into the Talmud Torah."

"Classes are full," they told him, "and besides, it's impossible to take in children in the middle of the year."

"But the donor told me that he spoke to you and got your approval..."

Indeed, one of the big donors to the institution had spoken to the principal about Yankelowitz and asked him to accept them into the Talmud Torah. When I called, the principal thought this was the Yankelowitz he had spoken about. It did not enter his mind that I was some other unknown Yankelowitz, and he accepted my children because of the sponsor's request!!

It was incredible *hashgachah pratit* that I had called right after the donor's recommendation, and before the actual Yankelowitz he had spoken about called.

Ultimately, the children of the other Yankelowitz, who had the high connections, were also accepted into the *cheder*.

But I ask you, is there such a thing as a "simple" Jew? That other Yankelowitz placed his trust in the recommendation of the wealthy man, who, with all due respect, is only a human being, while I trusted in the One Who supervises everything, davened to Him and asked of Him, and indeed, we had *protektzia* like only Hakadosh Baruch Hu Himself could make. No one else can create *protektzia* like Hashem!

(as they are referred to today), and I simply sat and thought – *how do I approach him to speak to him?*

I remembered something from the Gemara (*Bava Metzia* 85): Rabi Elazar ben Rabi Shimon bar Yochai had a son named Yossi. He was known as a *rasha*, and when Rabi Yehuda Hanassi heard this, he called Rabi Elazar's son and gave him *semichah* as a *rav*, and sent him to learn with Rabi Shimon ben Issi ben Laconia. Rabi Yossi did not have patience to learn, and each day he expressed his desire to leave the yeshiva and go back to his city. Rabi Shimon told him: You know that when you learn you'll be wise. They'll spread a gold canopy over you and call you *rebbe* – and you want to go back to your city?

Rabi Yossi immediately regretted having wanted to leave. He picked himself up and began learning Torah with all his might, until he merited to transform himself into a real *rebbe*, a *gadol* in Torah and an exalted *tzaddik*.

I said to myself, *I'll do what Rabi Yossi's rabbanim did, and I'll call this bachur "Rebbi."* I spoke to the boy – we'll call him Moishy – and told him, "You will be a *rosh yeshiva*! You'll learn and grow so much that everyone will want to learn in your yeshiva!" Not only did I say this, I also acted it out for him. I designed special stationary for him with his name at the top: Harav Hagaon Moshe Cohen *shlit"a*, *Rosh Yeshivas Me'oros Hagolah*. We played the game all the way, down to all the minor details, and the boy indeed improved and drew close to *Yiddishkeit* again.

The connection between us was lost over time. From time to time I thought about Moishy. How was he faring and what was he up to? I had no way of knowing what would come of him, and I hoped he was living like a good Jew.

And indeed, that very same Moishy, the *rosh yeshiva* from the stationary I had fashioned, was right there before me in all his glory, and his face testified that he was a man who knew how to learn, and he was involved in *chinuch* and in bringing merit to others.

"You see," the *rosh yeshiva* told me, "You were the only one who predicted that type of future for me. You discerned the strengths that Hashem gave me, and you were right. *Baruch Hashem*, I succeeded!"

I had known Moishy 32 years earlier, and indeed, what had been written on that stationary came true for him: Harav Hagaon *shlit"a*. I merited to see the fulfillment of the *passuk (Koheles 11:1)*, "Cast your bread upon the waters, for years later you will find it."

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Torah and Bitachon Protect a Person

Similarly, we find that Hashem will shield one who observes the Torah and maintains *bitachon*, and one who takes shelter in Him from all troubles; as it says (*Tehillim* 18:31), "The Word of Hashem is pure, He is a shield to all those who take shelter in Him." Dovid Hamelech juxtaposed these two matters to let us know that by our keeping Hashem's Word and trusting in Him, Hashem will protect us from all troubles.

(Rabbenu Yonah, *Mishlei* 3:26)

It Is Good to Take Shelter in Hashem

There are two kinds of trust: One is knowing that someone promises to give him much money and wealth...and that is called *bitachon*; the second is realizing that nothing is guaranteed, but placing one's hopes in Hashem, and this is called *chisayon* – taking shelter in Hashem. As it says (*Devarim* 32:37), Hashem is the rock in which we take shelter – the rock covers a person from heavy rains when he sits under it, but the rock does not guarantee that it will be his shield. Therefore it says, "It is good *lachasos* – to take shelter – in Hashem." This is the second kind, meaning that the person casts his burden on Hashem of his own accord, even though Hashem did not guarantee him anything, rather than placing his trust in mankind, even after man promises to do good to him.

(Gr"א on *Mishlei* 14: 26)

Chisayon Is a Lower Level than Bitachon

Dovid Hamelech taught (*Tehillim* 118:8-9), "It is better *lachasos* – to take shelter in Hashem, than to trust in man; it is better to take shelter in Hashem than to trust in generous people."

The Gr"א's explanation on this *passuk* (in his comment to *Mishlei* 14:26) is well known. A person should, on his own initiative, cast his burden on Hashem even if Hashem did not promise or guarantee him anything. This is better than trusting in man even if man has promised or guaranteed to do good to him.

The *Shomer Emunim* (*Shaar* 4) explains that *chisayon* is a lower level than *bitachon*, and therefore it says that it is

good *lachasos* – which is a lower level of trust – in Hashem, than *livtoach* – which is a stronger trust – in man, even if man has promised to do much for him.

The best thing then, is, on your own initiative, to place your trust in Hashem. This is better than trusting in anyone or anything else. Even if someone makes all sorts of promises to you, and a generous person promises to give you some of his money...in any case, it is still better to take shelter in Hashem, even if He did not promise you anything.

A man, with all his promises, is merely flesh and blood, with ups and downs in business and in his thoughts. And he is

dependent on everything that is going on around him; sometimes he accepts the words of those who seek his donations and he gives them his money, and sometimes he does not. And regarding this it says, "It is better *lachasos* – to take shelter – in Hashem than to trust in man; it is better to take shelter in Hashem than to trust in magnanimous ones."

(Hade'ah V'hadibbur)

The words of Dovid Hamelech (*Tehillim* 18:36), "And shield me with Your salvation," refer to Am Yisrael, who trust in Hashem, and He is their Shield: He is a shield to all those who take shelter in Him.
(*Shemos Rabbah* 41:4)

He Who Trusts in Hashem Will Not Lack for Any Good

Anyone who trusts in Hashem *yisbarach* is surrounded by the *middas hachessed*, which supports the world; as it says, "And he who trusts in Hashem, kindness will surround him" (*Tehillim* 32:10).

Hashem orchestrates circumstances to provide for everyone. He is the One Who provided for Elyahu Hanavi through the ravens, and for one hundred *nevi'im* through Ovadia.... He provides and gives food to all the helpless beings, such as the embryo in its mother's womb and the chick in the egg, where there is no open place for the food to pass. Likewise, He provides for the bird in the air, the fish in the sea, for the ant, and for the smallest and weakest of insects. And He is the One Who *withholds* prey from the lion, the strongest of animals. And this is why it says (*Tehillim* 34:11), "Lion cubs might suffer hunger, but those who seek Hashem will not lack any good."

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

Many people feel stuck in their lives and are seeking a way out of their current situation and into a better one; in other words, they are looking to uplift themselves. How is it possible to do this?

There is a very simple act that uplifts a person, and this is the act of giving to others. He who gives – is uplifted. Terumah – giving, or donating, shares its root with the word *haramah* – lifting up. This is one of the fundamentals of Yiddishkeit.

Giving can take any form. A person can teach others, explain words of Torah to them, daven for them, smile at them, give them *tzedakah*, collect money for them, or write essays that will enlighten others. The possibilities for giving are endless.

The Alter of Novaradok zt"l would say, "Anyone who gives – takes. The amount you invest in others is the very amount that you yourself will receive."

But the first stage, before we start giving to others, is to believe in ourselves, to believe that we can give, that we have what to give, and that we are capable of giving.

The truth is that this is a cycle, like a turning wheel: We give a bit to others and we are uplifted in return; when we are uplifted, we can give more. That's how the wheel turns, with the giving and the being uplifted increasing

Excerpts from the popular shiur by
Harav Yehuda Mandel shlita from Lakewood

Giving as a Means of Becoming Uplifted

exponentially.

Parshas Mishpatim includes many mitzvos about taking care of the poor and unfortunate, but the main message in the parashah is: You are My servants, not the servants of servants. This means that you must recognize your own great value, and don't sell yourself as a servant; remember that you belong to Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and your value is great and exalted! Don't lower yourself and don't make yourself an unfortunate person. Your life comes first! And then you'll be able to do kindness with others.

The critical stage to becoming uplifted is raising up your *sheifos* and your way of looking at this world and this life. Once you have an "uplifted view," then you can start giving.

Another way to uplift yourself is to take a full hour to write for yourself one hundred of your strong points – whether you believe in all of them or not. Even if you don't believe in them at all, write them down. This is a magic formula to uplift the nefesh, and it is very much recommended.

When we become uplifted, we leave behind the lowliness of this world, our minds are more focused on *avodas Hashem*, and we come closer to Hashem. May Hashem help us to serve Him with a happy and uplifted heart.



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