

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Vayeira - Chayei Sarah 5782 ■ Issue 75

HEART TO HEART

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

Don't Blame the Waiter

Starting on the fifth chapter of Sha'ar Habitachon, we wonder what new lesson Rabbenu Bachaye could teach us. The fourth chapter, seemingly, has all the instructions for all of life's situations and people, so what more is there to learn? But, says the Bnei Yissachar, Chovos Halevavos is a guidebook written by the doctor of souls. He knows the human soul inside out, even those parts that may float up and appear only **after** learning Sha'ar Habitachon.

A good Jew sits and studies, works on himself and invests effort in perfecting his bitachon. Then, he goes to shul and sees a sixty-year-old man, dressed in rabbinic garb. The man must have learned a lot of Torah -- Shas, Poskim, Gemara, Mishnah. He looks settled in life, and everyone respects him. 'What am I worth?' the good Jew thinks. 'Why did I have to spend so much effort on bitachon, while this man, who obviously didn't, seems respected and important. What did I gain from my efforts?'

For this kind of situation Rabbenu Bachaye wrote the fifth chapter, where he spells out seven differences between one who has learned bitachon and emunah, and one who hasn't. And for our good Jew here, Rabbenu Bachaye writes, see how much you gained!

The first thing you gained, writes Rabbenu Bachaye, is **"One who trusts G-d will accept His judgment in all his matters, and thank Him for good as well as for bad. As it says, 'G-d gave, G-d took back, blessed be His Name.' (Iyov 1:21)"**

Uncomfortable things happen in life. Shabbos morning after davening, you go into the kiddush hall and there someone brushes by you. All of his cholent, kugel, pickles and herring fall over your brand new tallis. How do you react? If you didn't learn bitachon, everyone will be to blame -- the poor man, the floor, the shul, the *ba'al hasimchah*, the crooked table, the company that produces the paper plates... but if you learned about bitachon, you accept it calmly, knowing

that Hashem, Who runs the world, sent this situation to test you. So, getting stuck in traffic on the way to a brother's wedding no longer causes stress, high blood pressure or sweating. Nobody is to blame.

But there's a higher level. There's a level where one not only accepts it calmly, but he is even happy about it. He not only says, "Hashem, if this is what you want, I accept," but: "Thank you Hashem for putting me in this situation. I love You for this, because it clearly is the best thing for me right now. What a joy it is, knowing that a Loving Father in Heaven is taking care of me and arranging this bit of traffic just for me!"

Thanking Hashem is a great and wonderful way to serve Hashem. But praise and thankfulness alone are not enough to develop a full, true feeling of gratitude to Hashem. The words sound hollow, fake. Studying bitachon strengthen one's emunah, and allows one to reach a level of genuine gratitude for whatever Hashem sends his way -- pain, frustration, or difficult finances. One who worked on perfecting his faith in Hashem wants Hashem's judgement -- longs for that personal, private connection. Iyov, who lost his ten sons in one day, blessed Hashem, saying: **"G-d gave, G-d took back, blessed be His Name." (Iyov 1:21)** The Malbim points out that Iyov used the Name Hashem, not Elokim in his blessing, connoting *Midas Harachamim*, the Attribute of Mercy. That same G-dly Attribute that was apparent when the baby was born and brought him such joy was the same Attribute when the child was taken from him, with all the pain it involved. A Jew who merits blessing Hashem for the pain and says "Baruch Hashem" for his failures, has reached a level of deep emunah in Hashem.

May we be *zoche* to achieve greater levels of emunah, and earn deeper, more inspired joy and pleasure in Hashem's protection.

(Lesson 221, Sha'ar Habitachon)

FROM THE EDITOR

A Full Salary for a Half Hour of Work

The following random message was left on our hotline:

"Our finances were a wreck. Everything cost so much, and we needed to up our income desperately. I was considering going out to work, but I felt unable to take the step. I just didn't have the physical stamina to go out and work.

"One day my husband came home and said, 'I have a job for you. You don't have to go anywhere, and all it takes is a half an hour every day. Can you commit yourself?' Obviously, I agreed. 'Every day,' he said, 'you have to listen to the Hashgacha Pratis hotline for half an hour. It doesn't matter which extension you listen to, but you must listen for a full half hour a day.'

I started the job. It was certainly interesting! And all I had to do was sit and listen.

And I started earning, too. I earned a peaceful, calm life. I earned less stress, lowered anxiety, and better sleep. I earned a loving, ongoing connection with the Ribono Shel Olam.

And how did this improve our finances? Well, ever since I began the job, I really don't know what to say, but we always have what we need, and it comes about in almost miraculous ways. Thank you very much."

I was unsure if I should publicize this story. Today, with all the *segulos* people so easily pick up, this could easily become a new fad. Tomorrow, people will begin listening to the Hashgacha Pratis hotline to see yeshuos. People will start tracking the amount of time they spend listening, and complain if the "magic" doesn't work for them.

Ultimately I decided to publicize the story, because it has a strong message.

A good Jew once approached me and told me he stopped reading newspapers. "Every time I read the news it lessens my emunah," he explained. "I read that this minister did this; the government passed a law; these people did something else. I understand that's how newspapers work, but when I read it, I forget that Hashem is the only one who does anything in the world, and that He 'is the Primary cause of all that exists'."

The Hashgacha Pratis hotline is the diametric opposite of newspapers. On a daily basis, it hi-lights and declares: "We have one Father, and He, and only He, rules the world. Only He provides parnassah, *nachas*, and energy. He gives us everything. There is nothing in the world that can harm or help us without His permission."

So, brothers, it doesn't matter if it's an hour, half an hour, or just two minutes. The most important thing is to keep it up, to stay connected. Listen to pure emunah regularly. It's not a *segulah*, it's a reality which leads to a calm and peaceful life, brachos and plenty in everything.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

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
In South Africa 87-551-8521 • In Argentina 3988-4031 • In Ukraine 380-947-100-633

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

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

What Goes Around, Comes Around

A talmid chacham approached me this past Friday and told me his financial situation was very tight, and he didn't have money to buy food for Shabbos. I told him that Shabbos is important for all the Jews and we went around together to the various shuls and shteiblach, collecting money for him. It was amazing to see how Jews give – simple people, certainly not rich, give whatever they can. I'm sure they had a lot of other things to do with their money. We walked around until we'd collected 1000 shekels, enough to buy his large family everything they could need for Shabbos. Happily, the talmid chacham went shopping for Shabbos and I went home.

My workspace is a rented room, for which I pay 1000 shekels a month. Sunday was the first of the month and I went into my landlord to pay my rent, but he wouldn't take the money. "I won't charge you for this month," he said. "This month I did some building in the room right next to yours and the drill was working for many hours of the day. Since I know you rent the room in order to have a quiet workspace, I don't deserve your rent for this month."

I told him the noise hadn't bothered me at all, and the drill wasn't on all the time I was in there, but he was adamant and the money remained in my pocket.

I couldn't figure it out -- why had Hashem left me with this money? Then I recalled the thousand shekels I had helped the poor man collect on Friday. I guess you could say "you reap what you sow". Or, as Chazal put it: "Whatever one does, he does to himself."

Storytelling

Someone on the hotline said he'd been seeking a tenant for his apartment and heard of a *segulah* of telling a specific story. He told the story and within a short time he found a tenant. The problem with this was that the person on the line didn't give the story.

I had an apartment and sorely needed to find a tenant. I didn't know any stories famed as a *segulah* for finding a tenant, so I said to Hashem, "Please Hashem, I don't know the story the man was referring to, but I know everything is from You. Everything You do is true and right, and I ask of you, please send me a tenant."

I said it just like that, in simple words. And two days later, the apartment was rented out to a very nice family on excellent terms.

Door to Door

I live on one side of Bnei Brak and my parents live on the other side of town. Every so often we go stay with them for Shabbos, and in order to get there we order a large van to transport our large family. We try to leave about an hour before Shabbos in order to have enough time to get organized.

This week, we joined a community initiative to bring in Shabbos early for the merit of a family in need of *yeshuah*. Since we had planned to go to my parents for Shabbos, we decided to

Croissants and Regards

For the past half a year I've been volunteering in a Covid unit at our local hospital. Twice a week I come in with my wife, dressed in the horribly uncomfortable personal protective equipment, and go into the dreaded ward. The sick people all lie there, isolated and suffering. Their pain is not only physical but also emotional. Anyone who comes in and shows interest in them does a very big chessed. When you come there, you can literally save lives, just by moving a tube a little bit to the right or to the left, offering food or water, and showing interest in people who feel lost and forgotten. I had the *zechus* of doing this, and saved many precious lives.

I once approached a man who told me he was ravenously hungry because he eats not from the hospital. The flavor, it seemed, repulsed him. "What do you want to eat?" I asked him. "Chocolate croissants," he said. That he would eat.

Since I didn't have croissants in my pocket, and it was very complicated to go out and come back with all the gear that needed to be changed with every entry and exit, I promised to bring some for him the next time I would come visit, and gave him some fruit I had in my pocket.

The next day, on my way to the hospital, I stopped at a bakery owned by R' Simcha. I told him where I was headed, and he packed a nice big box of chocolate croissants for the poor man. Then, my wife and I continued to the hospital. This time, my wife and I were going to split up – she would go into the Covid ward, and I intended to visit someone lying in post-op. Before we parted ways, we stood at the entrance to the Covid unit to make up when and where we would meet, and I gave her the box of croissants. "Don't forget to give this to the man who wanted them," I reminded her. Just then, my phone rang. It was a friend of mine, an avreich who lives in a village called Even Shmuel. He knew I was going to visit people in the Covid unit and asked me to send his warmest regards to a man lying there. "His name is Moshe," he said. "Tell him his friends from the shiur are praying for him, miss him, and worry about him. Tell him we are waiting for him to come back." I passed on the message to my wife and was about to walk away, when I heard a shrill voice calling out from behind me, "What do you have to do with Moshe? He is my father!"

I spun around. There stood an obviously irreligious lady. "We are volunteers who come here twice a week. Someone who knows him just called and asked us to send him regards from his friends and their best wishes for his hasty recovery."

The woman burst out crying and my wife tried to calm her, assuming she was crying from all the bottled-up tension of having a father in that terrifying unit. She tried to reassure her and bless her father with a speedy recovery and a long and happy life, complimenting her on how she was such a wonderful daughter for spending so much time with her father...

The next day, someone called me up. "Did you do something with croissants?" he asked.

This was strange.

"Yes," I answered.

"In that case, I'm sending you something interesting." My friend sent me a blogpost from a famous social-media personality who'd been posting her experiences from the Covid unit where her father was hospitalized. Her recent post was mostly positive – she wrote how she appreciated the staff who worked entire shifts with those uncomfortable space suits, in which it is almost impossible to breathe. She couldn't understand how they could take it while she herself couldn't spend even a short time in those suits. "But my biggest surprise came when an obviously religious couple stood at the entrance, getting ready to go in. At first," she writes, "I thought they had just come back from a large gathering, maybe a funeral or something, where they had been infected with Covid."

Because hey, that's what they say – religious people don't care about Covid and they have the highest infection rate, right? But here I was meeting something else. They were volunteering here. That's right. They came to serve one man croissants, give another man regards. I came to visit my father, and had no idea there were other people who knew his name and wanted to visit him and show him they care.

"You have no idea what this did to me. I burst out crying, shedding tears of regret for the terrible mistake I had made, believing what we are told every day in every media form. How could I have thought such terrible things about such caring, giving people? Friends, we must know the truth. The media is lying about them. There is nobody so noble and giving as they are."

Hashem's ways are miraculous. We usually just go into the ward without talking much because we go in together. The only reason we stood there talking was because we were about to part ways. And that woman "just happened" to be standing right behind us. We merited causing a kiddush Hashem, and the story was publicized to all her followers. Perhaps readers of her post also had some thoughts of teshuvah.

I pray all Covid wards close and there should be no more sick people, and we should merit doing only good and feeling the Heavenly inspiration, knowing that what we do brings Hashem joy.

Remove the Sign Before Shabbos

My name is Menachem and I live in Bnei Brak. I decided to sell my car, and I was told that the model I had would be difficult to sell. Thinking it would take a while to sell, I was afraid people would call me and this would interfere with my learning schedule in Kollel. But I had to sell, so I did the sensible thing – I washed the car, took a piece of paper, and wrote "For Sale" along with my phone number. I hung it on the back window of the car, promising myself to remove the sign before Shabbos. This was important – I recalled how many times, when I was still looking to buy, I would see a "For Sale" sign on a car on Shabbos and couldn't help looking at the car and checking it out. Now, when I was trying to sell my car, I wanted to make sure nobody else would be tempted to do so on Shabbos. That was on Thursday morning. In the afternoon, just before seder began, an avreich approached me and asked if I was selling my car. When I answered in the affirmative, he asked to take it for a short ride. He informed me he wanted to buy it, just like that. Hashem showed me special *siyyata Dishmaya* and the car was sold within a day, without inhibiting my learning schedule even one bit. And the sign? That's right, I removed it before Shabbos...

Kaddish For the Soul

R' Shlomo Edri *zt"l* was a lonely man who used to walk around the Beis Yisroel neighborhood, often frequenting Shoshanim L'David, a shul in the neighborhood. He used to donate coffee and peaches for the people who learned there, and he became famous for the juicy peaches he would serve every day.

R' Shlomo passed away childless, leaving no one to say kaddish for him. His passing touched the heart of a young bachur, who began reciting kaddish for him throughout the first year. At every *Kaddish Yasom*, the bachur's voice would ring out with the words of kaddish.

One Shabbos, his grandfather, Rabbi Zion Brown *shlit"l*, heard his grandson reciting kaddish. "You have parents!" he reprimanded him, "You have no business reciting kaddish!" His grandson listened to his grandfather, and stopped reciting kaddish.

After Shabbos, the bachur's married sister called her parent's house and told them about a dream she had. "On Friday night I dreamed a man was shouting at me, 'Why is it my fault I don't have children?' Does anyone have any idea what this means?"

The boy's father, who had heard about the episode, called his father, Rabbi Zion. When he told him about the dream, Rabbi Zion ruled that the bachur should go back to reciting kaddish, as he had done until then.

Surprisingly, the bachur got engaged on R' Shlomo Edri's first *yahrzeit*.

set out an hour and forty minutes before Shabbos so we could be sure to welcome Shabbos early.

But things started going wrong. Everything happened at once, and an hour and ten minutes before Shabbos, we were still home. We tried calling a van to transport us, but nobody was available. We tried calling two taxies, but none of the stations were open anymore. I didn't know what to do.

I started davening to Hashem. I stood there and begged Hashem from the depth of my heart to send me a van in order to reach my parents quickly and welcome Shabbos early along with my community. I had just finished speaking, when my neighbor walked up to his van, and pulled out the keys.

"Do you need to go somewhere?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "But don't bother."

"It's no bother for me," he said. "Hop on."

"I'm going to my parents who live on the other side of the city."

"That's no problem," said the neighbor, turning down my offer of payment. "I go there almost every week at this time. You see, my son learns in a yeshiva in that neighborhood, and I go there at this time every week to pick him up so he doesn't have to walk the whole way home. This is my third son learning in this yeshiva," he told me. "I've been driving this way every week for the past five years."

Five years! Five years I have a van leaving from my own parking lot downstairs, driving just where I needed to go, with room for my entire family, for nothing! And I tried to get there myself, be independent. Who knows, if I had davened to Hashem earlier and asked to reach my parents' home – perhaps I would have learned about this neighbor's weekly travels earlier?

From Home and From Shul

I live in *chutz la'Aretz*. This year, on Shemini Atzeres, I was in shul in the morning, getting ready for Shacharis, when I happened to glance outside. Huge, gray clouds were rolling in. It was going to rain. What would I do? My wife tends to sleep late on dark wet days, and besides, today was Yom Tov, so nothing would wake her. The succah, which stood proudly on our porch, had important precious things inside which would be ruined by the rain, and our *shlock* (tarp succah-cover) was open. It was Yom Tov, so calling home to tell them to cover the succah was out of the question, and I was at a loss.

I couldn't run home because the davening was about to start. I started stressing out. I didn't know what to do. I turned to Hashem in prayer. "Please, Hashem," I said. "Let my wife look outside and see the rain clouds. Let her realize the succah needs to be covered."

I began davening Shacharis. Just as the chazzan began "Hakeil" a giant thunderclap shook the shul. Rain began falling in torrents, and thoughts of our ruined succah raced through my mind. But then I caught myself. I decided I was putting the situation in Hashem's hands, and from here on I couldn't care less what the succah looked like. I would accept whatever happened with love and that would be it – whether or not the succah was covered.

Baruch Hashem my disturbing thoughts subsided, and I was able to concentrate on the prayers with no further hitch.

Later, when I got home, I saw the succah was covered. I went in, and my wife told me, "I woke up and saw rain clouds rolling in, so I decided to close the *shlock*. Then I turned to Hashem and asked for His help – I wanted to send our little boy to shul for Birkas Kohanim, and didn't want him to get wet in the rain. I also wanted to be able to make kiddush in the succah and bid the succah our farewell without a problem. I davened that you and the children should be able to daven without worrying about the succah." Hashem heard both our prayers – from home and from shul.

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

Every few days, there's a man who comes to my shul and asks the gabbai for permission to daven for the *amud*. The gabbai allows him to do so, and this bothers me for a number of reasons, one of which is that I have a nice voice myself, and the only reason I don't daven is because I lack the self-confidence to go up and ask the gabbai for the *amud*. This bothers me so much that it prevents me from davening properly. What should I do about it?

Q #27

M.N., Yerushalayim

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

Modest People Don't Grab

Rabbi Yaakov Ingbaum from Natanya: Davening for the *amud* is a big responsibility, and responsible people should shy away from it. This approach is mentioned in the Mishnah Berurah who quotes the Eliyahu Raba (581:10): "One who knows that he is not careful to refrain from mistaken transgressions should not attempt to place himself in this position. And if he is not a learned, fitting person, his judgment is not postponed like others, but he is punished immediately for his sins." **Rabbi Moshe Chaim Meirson from Ashdod:** Serving as a *shaliach tzibbur* is a big responsibility and not everyone is cut out for it. This topic is a broad one, but in short we can say you should be glad you are not offered the *amud*. To quote the Mishnah Berurah (53:5): "One should not insist on getting to do any mitzvah such as rolling up the Sefer Torah and other things, as we have learned – the modest [kohanim] don't grab the *lechem hapanim* and the brazen stretch their hands out to seize it." For more on this topic, see the Pele Yoetz on the topics "Tokeiah" and also "Rosh Hashanah."

Let Go

Rabbi Yehuda Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh: a. You write that you are too embarrassed to ask. Your embarrassment is a result of your own lack of self-confidence. You must believe in the powers that Hashem gave you. You say you have a nice voice and are able to pray -- in that case, believe in yourself that Hashem gave you the abilities to fulfill your mission in life. While it is possible that the other man doesn't have the same talent as you do, what he has -- and you don't, is self-confidence.

b. The reason you are jealous of him may be because you don't believe you possess the same poise that he does. If you show him respect -- use your *ayin tova* to tell him how well he davened, what a nice voice he has, it may help you break your own barrier, and assist you in approaching the *amud* yourself. Jealousy serves to strengthen that barrier, and *farginning*, utilizing an *ayin tova* -- breaks it. As a result of this, your prayers will also come from a better and healthier place.

Good Idea

Rabbi Shalom Miller from Bnei Brak: In order for it to stop bothering you, you must create a disconnect -- if you see the person walk into shul, decide you will not even try. You can decide that even if offered, you will not approach the *amud* today. This way, you will feel

disconnected from the issue and be able to pray with better *kavanah*.

Rabbi Yaakov Zilman from Bnei Brak: "The jealousy of *sofrim* increases wisdom" -- jealousy can, at times, come from a good place. This jealousy brings on good things, encourages better behavior and higher achievements. Had your jealousy been of this sort, it would have propelled you to find another minyan that needs a *shliach tzibbur* (and there are many!). You have to strengthen your emunah that you will get whatever you deserve.

Rabbi Dovid Leifer from Yerushalayim: Chazal say (Yoma 38b): "Nobody can touch what doesn't belong to him, even slightly." Nobody can take from you what belongs to you, and what you don't deserve you'll never get. It's a waste of time and energy to eat yourself up with unnecessary jealousy. But I have an idea for you -- gather up your courage and ask the gabbai to daven for the *amud*. If you are embarrassed, send a friend over to talk for you. I'm sure everything will work out. These things happen every day, and there's room for everyone.

Rabbi Dov Kaufman from Modiin Illit: You have to understand two things. One -- who will and who won't be the chazzan is not in the hands of the gabbai because, "the benefit and damage is not in the hands of the creatures", but in the hands of The Creator. And second of all -- whatever Hashem does is for the best. If he is the chazzan, it must be the best thing for you. You really have no reason for jealousy.

Rabbi Aharon Beifus from Rechasim: Hashem gave the gabbai a healthy intuition -- or, perhaps, somewhat of a heavenly inspiration, to know who is worthy of being sent up to pray for the *amud*. Whether you ask for it or not won't really make a difference. You need to work on your bitachon, and this will help you daven well.

Question for next issue:

I am a lucky man. I make a living doing a mitzvah that most people never have a chance to perform. My question is -- should I put more effort into it, since it is a very rare and precious mitzva, one which I thoroughly enjoy and with which I earn completion of my soul, or is the extra effort going towards *parnassah*, from which one should usually refrain? If that was the case, I would make the same effort I would normally put into any other mitzvah.

M.M., Elad

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 Toldot

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

Emunah -- a treasure, gifted to the Jewish people. With it, one creates pathways and allows for everything good to come. "With emunah one has the power to arouse the dead, turn silver to gold and change the natural order. One with real emunah is afraid of nothing, and nothing will harm him" (Ma'or V'shemesh, Hints for the First Day of Succos, quoted from the Rabbi of Nechsziz zt"l).

Rashi explains the passuk, "And Noach went in and his sons and his wife and his sons' wives with him into the ark because of the flood waters" (Bereshis 7:7): "Noach, too, was of those who had little faith, **believing and not believing**, that the Flood would come, and he did not enter the ark until the waters forced him to do so." How could Noach, one of the most righteous people in the world, be called "**believing and not believing**"?

The holy rebbe, Rebbe Michel of Zlotchov (quoted in Ohev Yisroel, Parashas Noach) explains that emunah, faith, has power. Through faith one can pull whatever it is from its source into the world. Therefore, Noach, was afraid to believe with his whole heart that the Flood would come because he was afraid to be the catalyst for its appearance.

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

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

A Multifunctional Solution

The Power of Emunah

It's true. One is sometimes presented with a *nisayon*, just as was Avraham Avinu, the first believer -- the naysayers in his generation mocked him for having to travel down to Egypt. Only after he returned laden with gold and livestock did they see Hashem's Hashgachah. (Chasam Sofer)

Stress and anger are the result of a lack in emunah. When one knows everything is from Him, there's no reason for anger or stress, nothing to scream and holler about. Everything is calm and peaceful, nothing causes anxiety. Noach was his name because he was *noach* -- pleasant -- to the creatures (Midrash), and pleasant Above and below (Zohar). One who is pleasant to his Creator lives with emunah and has no complaints towards Hashem; He is pleasant to people and creates a calm and peaceful atmosphere around him.

The solution for very problem is emunah and bitachon. When one believes with his whole heart in Hashem, he witnesses the fulfillment of the passuk: "He shall be as a tree planted beside rivulets of water, which brings forth its fruit in its season, and its leaves do not wilt; and whatever he does prospers." (Tehilim 1:3)

Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

I really enjoy the speeches I hear on the hotline. In particular, I enjoy the music you have, the tune of "Ani Maamin" sung with such stirring emotion. This tune enables me to relax when I am stressed and reminds me of my simple faith in Hashem Yisborach. Thank you.

On the giving end

Our family, the N. family from Elad, donated a number of emunah and bitachon newsletters to be distributed in shuls. Within a short time, our daughter got engaged, Baruch Hashem. With hearts filled with gratitude, we'd like to donate again. Please continue producing and publishing this important and inspiring newsletter.

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

Call now to the sponsorship hotline (972) 631-3742 or donate by:

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