

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Mattot - Masei 5782 ■ Issue 94

HEART TO HEART

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

A Package Appears in the Darkness of Night

A person who must live on a tight budget, who is accustomed to making do with little, cannot be compared to a rich man who lost his wealth. While the first man is used to his life, the second has a very difficult time accepting his new situation. His memories of wealth haunt him, and his feelings of pain and loss are tremendous.

How does a person handle this sort of downfall? Rabbenu Bachyai states at the end of his introduction to *Shaar Habitachon* in *Chovos Halevavos*: **If he loses his money, he should not worry or mourn its loss, but should thank Hashem for taking his collateral from him, and thank Him for having given it to him.**

"Hashem gave, and Hashem took" (*Iyov* 1:21). The Name *Hashem* alludes to the *middah* of mercy. Both the giving and the taking of one's money stem from Hashem's mercy. Generally, if a Jew receives \$10,000, he does not suspect that his address was mistaken from Above. His mind doesn't conjecture that perhaps there was a mix-up between him and his neighbor who gets up in middle of the night to learn until *Shacharis*, or another neighbor who gets up at *vasikin* every morning and learns for two hours after davening, aside from his set daily *shiurim*.

No, the person has no doubt that the money is rightfully his. He justifies this and says joyfully, "How interesting! Just this week I was honored with opening the *aron kodesh*, I said *Parshas Hamann* word for word, and yesterday, on my grandfather's *yahrtzeit*, I lit a candle in his honor and asked that he be a good advocate for me, to help me receive a respectable *pamassah*. Look at that! I've found favor in Hashem's Eyes and I was answered. Hashem knows my exact address, and he sent me the cash today. May Hashem continue to give, and may He add even more – a thousand times more!"

If, on the other hand, he loses money, complaints bubble up within him: "Why did this happen to me? Maybe it should have happened to my neighbor. When I come to daven *Minchah Gedolah*, he's still davening *Shacharis*. Or it should have happened to that other fellow, who listens to songs all day instead of hearing *shiurei Torah* like I do...." Is there a difference between Hashem's *hashgachah* when money is given to a person and when it is taken from a person? Would it even occur to you that the money would move from one place to another without the Master of the world having commanded it to do so?! In both cases we say, "May the Name of Hashem be blessed."

The *Be'er Mayim Chaim* on *Parshas Chayei Sarah* brings- a wonderful *meshal* from the *Yalkut Shimoni* on the words *rav chessed v'emes*, to explain this.

Chazal tell us that since Hashem is the essence of mercifulness, He avoids harming people even when He must administer a punishment. When Hashem's judgment ascertains that someone needs a *tikkun*, Hashem informs that person by causing his possessions to be taken from him. And what happens if the person does not own any significant possessions? In that case, Hashem first does a *chessed* and gives him possessions, just so that He can take them away from him afterward.

This can be compared to a good king who loans one hundred thousand gold coins from the king's treasury to his beloved friend. As the day for payment approaches, the king knows that his friend doesn't have the money to pay. The king cannot forgo payment, as that would be disregarding the laws of his kingdom, but on the other hand, he really wants to help his friend. What does the king do? The night before the money is due to be repaid, he throws a package containing one hundred thousand gold coins into his friend's home.

The family is so excited to discover this treasure! No more debts! No more penny-pinching! They start making a list of home-renovations that are needed, clothing they need to buy, and the vacation that they haven't allowed themselves in years. Then the king's messengers come to collect the debt, waving an official document before their eyes. The family is devastated. "Why?! Why are you taking this treasure from us? We had it for such a short time. Have you no mercy?"

The envelope is gone, all their plans shattered before their eyes.

They cry and complain bitterly about the stubborn king who is unwilling to compromise, and they don't understand that the truth is the very opposite – it is only due to the king's merciful heart that they received the large package on the previous day. He is the best king in the world, for he gave them a free gift so they would be able to repay their debt.

When the good King takes our money, this is a double *chessed* – the *kaparah* and the *tikun* that would result from the loss of money began earlier, when Hashem provided us with the money that was to be lost. This is "in order to do good to you at the end!"

(From *shiur* 18 on *Shaar Habitachon*)

FROM THE EDITOR

Introduction: David Hamelech's Advice

We say *mizmor l'sodah* each day. "Serve Hashem with happiness, come before Him in joy." How, indeed, can we come before Hashem with joy, in every situation and at all times? David Hamelech tells us: "Know" what I am about to tell you. In the verses that follow, the seven principles outlined in the *Chovos Halevavos* are encapsulated in an amazing way:

דעו כי ה' הוא אלקים - Know that Hashem is L-rd

This is the first principle: **Hashem is more merciful than the mercy that any being is capable of.** The Name *Hashem* indicates mercy, while *Elokim* indicates *din* – strict judgments, the difficulties a person endures. When a person undergoes difficulties, and he questions, *Why is this happening?* the *passuk* tells him that he should know that the aspect of *Elokim* – of *din*, comes from Hashem – from mercy. Everything comes from Hashem, Whose mercies are greater than any other merciful being.

הוא עשנו - He made us

This is the second principle: **Whatever is best for a person, either visibly or in a hidden way, in this world or in the Next, is never hidden from Him.** The *Chovos Halevavos* explains that the Creator knows best what is good for his creation. Hashem is the One Who created man. "He made us," and therefore He is the only One Who knows what is truly good for man – whether revealed, hidden, in this world or in the Next.

וילא אנהו - and not us

This is the third principle: **Hashem is stronger than the mightiest creature, and He can do anything He wants to do.** Only Hakadosh Baruch Hu – *and not us!* – can do everything. We cannot do anything.

עמו וצאן מריעו - His nation, and His flock of sheep

This is the fourth principle: **Hashem is in control of whatever happens to all mankind; nothing is hidden from Him.** Think of the sheep who sense that the shepherd sees them all the time, knows where they go and when

they need to eat and drink. When they wander off of the path, the shepherd strikes them, to convey the message, "I didn't forget about you. I need you to stay close to me."

So we are his nation and His flock of sheep, and Hashem supervises us all the time.

בואו שעריו בתודה הצורתי בתהילה הודו לו ברבו שמו - Come through His gates with thanks, into His courtyard with praise. Thank Him and bless His Name

This is the fifth principle: **There is no one who can either benefit or harm me; rather, everything is in the Hands of the blessed Creator.** When a person knows that no one other than Hashem can give him anything, then he gives thanks only to Him, and he blesses only His Name.

כי טוב ה' לעולם חסדו - For Hashem is good; His kindness is eternal

This is the sixth principle: **Hashem bestows goodness upon man from the moment he comes into being, even though he is not worthy of it.** Hashem's goodness is forever, irrespective of a person's situation. He is all *chessed*, forever and always.

ועד דור ודור אמונתו - And for all generations He can be relied on

This is the seventh principle: **The ways of Hashem are deep and hidden from us. We can neither increase nor decrease anything that Hashem has decreed; nor can we make it occur earlier or later than Hashem has decided.** The ways of Hashem are not in accordance with man's intellect at all; therefore, we should accept everything with *emunah*. This is what has sustained our nation from one generation to the next, and what will sustain us in the generations to come.

When we say *Mizmor l'sodah* with this intention, we automatically fulfill the words of the *Shulchan Aruch* (*siman* 51): ***Mizmor L'sodah* should be sung, for all songs will eventually be nullified, except for *Mizmor l'sodah*.**

Good Shabbos Pinchas Shafer

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

The Judge of the Entire World

A year and a half ago, on a regular evening, I was driving down one of the streets of Beitar, on my way home. Suddenly I saw a big bus move out of its lane and come toward me. The danger was tangible, a mere step between me and tragedy. *B'chasdei Shamayim*, I was able to turn aside quickly, touching the van that was parked there, and saving my life.

The bus driver continued driving wildly and hit the back of my car. I heard an explosion and discovered that the car was shaking. The car was badly damaged, and the bus driver drove away as if nothing had happened.

Angry, I ran after the bus driver and yelled at him that he had damaged my car. Instead of apologizing, he yelled back. "Why did you suddenly burst out into the intersection?" he shouted.

I had never burst out into any intersection, and this incident took place before either of our vehicles had even reached the intersection. I went home, and the next day I called the bus company and filed a complaint with my personal information. If I had known what they would do, I would never have left any details about myself. I did not dream that they could think so crookedly.

Several months passed, and I called again. They told me that the driver was no longer working for their company and that he insisted that I was to blame and that I was the one who had hit his bus.

The claim made me laugh. My car could bear testimony to the fact that he was the one who had hit me, but I was not dealing with someone who was seeking witnesses and testimony to discover what had truly occurred, but rather with someone who was seeking to take advantage of a situation for his own benefit. If he could do so at my expense, why not?

Several months later, I received a letter from a lawyer informing me that I was being summoned to court and inviting me to an initial hearing, where I would be allowed to speak in my own defense. I naively assumed that the event was so transparently simple that I would have no problem defending myself by relating the simple facts. It seems that the bus company also suspected that the words of truth would be accepted, so they hurried to make their own claim first. A short time later, I received a letter from a courthouse in Ramle informing me that the initial hearing had taken place without me. I was found guilty and would have to pay 8,000 shekels.

At this point I realized I would have to take a lawyer, who immediately arranged for a cancellation of the initial hearing, which had taken place without my knowledge, and scheduled a hearing in the presence of both sides. This was pushed off time and again, until it was set for Monday of *Parshas Chukas*.

That Sunday evening I called the *Hashgachah Pratis* line and listened intently to Rav David Kletzkin's *shiur* #22. He read the words of the *Chovos Halevavos* describing how Hashem takes care of every matter regarding every person, and

The Guardian of Israel

Avraham Levine relates:

This morning I rode an electric bike, which I then tied to a pole outside the *shtiebel* before entering to daven. Afterward, I went to *kollel* and started learning *b'iyun*. Suddenly, at noon, I remembered the keys to my bike. I felt around in my pocket, and they weren't there. I knew I had left them in the motor, and anyone passing by and seeing the bike could easily rev up the motor and drive off with his prize.

My first instinct was to get up and check that the bike was okay, and to take the keys from there. But Hashem had mercy on me, and I remembered a story about a Chabad chassid who was standing for *Shemoneh Esrei* when he recalled that he had left his purse near the river.

He immediately left the *beis midrash*, but after he had gone several steps he turned around, returned to the shul, and continued davening. People asked him, "What's going on? Didn't you want to save your wallet? Why did you come back without it?"

"My first instinct was to run and save the wallet," the chassid responded, "but then I thought to myself, The wallet is in the public domain, and if it hasn't been stolen yet, that is only because Hashem is showing me mercy. And if so, I can certainly finish davening first and then go get it."

This story gave me strength, and I told myself the same thing: "If from 7 a.m. until now the bike has not been stolen, this is only because Hashem is showing me mercy and watching it. What will it help me to leave in the middle of *seder*? I'll wait until *seder* ends, and then I'll go out to look for the bike."

I continued learning until 1 p.m., and only then did I go to check on my electric bike. *Baruch Hashem*, no one had taken it. The bike was right where I had left it, with the keys in the ignition. Hashem had guarded it for me.

He'll Be a Good Advocate for Us

I came from London to Rabi Shimon bar Yochai on Lag Ba'Omer 5782. I had a rare treasure in my suitcase: a package of *kvitlach* from *Yidden* in London, each of whom had accepted a *kabbalah* to be kept from Lag Ba'Omer until Rosh Hashanah 5783.

In Meron, I saw things were plodding along. The long queue to get into the *tziyun* snaked all the way down the hill, and I was forced to stand in line with my three-year-old "*chalakah* boy," who had been waiting for this day for three years – from the time of his birth. We walked along slowly, saying *Tehillim* all the while, in order to bring merits to the dear *Yidden* who had taken these *kabbalos* upon themselves.

Finally I entered the *tziyun*, only to come face-to-face with a stern police officer, who pushed me further inside. "I need to put *kvitlach* on the *tziyun*," I told the police officer.

"Impossible," he said, and he indicated with his hands that I should move on.

"What does that mean?!" I sputtered. "This is Rabi Shimon – Rabi Shimon is for everyone! How can you tell me not to put *kvitlach* here?!"

The police officer did not respond, of course. He made threatening motions with his hand and forced me to move faster. I was barely able to concentrate, and the *kvitlach* stayed with me.

When I came out, I was greeted by a Yid giving out *chai rotel mashkeh* in the form of bags of chocolate milk. It was exactly what we needed; it was very hot, and my disappointment was acute. We took three bags, and I went off to find a place on the mountaintop, thinking about how I could get the *kvitlach* to their destination. When a messenger doesn't fulfill his mission, that is a bad omen for those who sent him, and I wanted this to be a good omen.

I walked along with my son, the bags of chocolate milk in my hand, and came upon a young man clad in a security vest, a *kippah* on his head. I could not decide which part of his getup was more indicative of who he was – the security vest or the *kippah*. No matter; he saw me and asked, "Where did you get the chocolate milk?"

"Do you want some?" I asked. "Take this." I gave him a bag.

He thanked me profusely and, in a burst of gratitude, asked, "Tell me, would you want me to put *kvitlach* on Rabi Shimon's *tziyun* for you?"

"How do you know I have *kvitlach*? Who sent you?"

"No one sent me," the young guard responded. "I just asked because I wanted to return a favor."

"So you should know that I have a package of *kvitlach* from an entire community in London, *Yidden* who each took upon themselves a *kabbalah* to be put on the *tziyun*. I have no doubt that you were chosen from Above to be Rabi Shimon's messenger and to ensure that the *kvitlach* are brought to him."

The young man became emotional. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I had a job inside to hurry all the people out, and my heart could not allow me to do it. How could I chase Jews away from Rabi Shimon? I wanted to throw off the security vest and get rid of this terrible job! I asked for someone to switch with me, and someone else was sent in. Now I'm going to go back in, and you get on the long line again. If you get in within 40 minutes, I'll be there, and I'll allow you to place the notes on the *tziyun*."

A minute later he added as an afterthought, "I think it's a big *zechus* to be the messenger to carry this out. If I was chosen to do this from Above, then I would also like to take a *kabbalah* upon myself."

I did as he suggested, and together with my *chalachah yingel*, I went back onto the long line before the *tziyun*. We moved along at a snail's pace. Forty minutes passed, and we were still outside. When we finally entered the *tziyun*, the young security guard was not there. Someone else was there in his place. I understood that I had lost my chance, and I moved further into the *tziyun*, trying to slow my steps as much as possible.

"*Mazal tov*," said the guard, seeing my little boy. "Do you want the boy to kiss the *tziyun* in honor of his *chalachah*?"

What was the question!? He took the boy from me, and I took out the *kvitlach* to give him to put on the *tziyun*. *Baruch Hashem*, the *kvitlach* reached their destination!

Seeing that this was an *eis ratzon*, I took out the scissors and gave my dear child a haircut right there at the *tziyun*. When I came out, my son's hair was mostly cut, the *kvitlach* were inside, and I was amazed by the *hashgachah* I had experienced. Everything had happened in such an unnatural and surprising way. Each time, Hakadosh Baruch Hu sent a different messenger to ensure that the *kvitlach* would reach their place. I felt that Rabi Shimon bar Yochai himself was working on our behalf, ensuring that the *kvitlach* would reach him. This was his *yom hilula* – like a wedding day, and the notes containing sincere *kabbalos* were meant to bring *kiddush Hashem* to the world; they were a gift sent from the Jews of London to Rabi Shimon bar Yochai.

In the Span of Twenty Seconds

My name is Yehoshua Zilber, and I'm from Beit Shemesh.

At 1:31 I stood on one side of the bridge at the Har Tuv intersection, hoping to catch the bus slated to pass on the other side of the bridge at 1:32. I made a mad rush across the overpass, and as I ran I felt that something had fallen, but I paid it no heed. I made the bus to Yerushalayim at the last second before the doors closed, and I breathed a sigh of thanks to Hashem.

After catching my breath, I wanted to pay the driver. It was at this point that I realized what had fallen as I was running. My Rav-Kav – my bus pass! I apologized to the driver and sought out a passenger who could sell me a ride. The Jew who did this for me said, "It's a gift. Don't pay me for it."

I thought there was no chance I would be back at that remote bus stop to retrieve my lost Rav-Kav. By the time I would get there, it would be stepped on and ruined many times over, and so I would have to arrange for a new one.

In Yerushalayim, I took care of several important matters. While I was meeting with people there I did not answer my cell phone. Afterward, I saw that my neighbor from Beit Shemesh had called me twice. I did not call him back, as I assumed he had needed some sort of favor and had worked it out without me.

On my way back to Beit Shemesh, another good Jew paid for my ride and asked that I donate the money for it to *tzedakah*.

The thought of wasting so much time the following morning getting a new Rav-Kav in an office far away was really bothering me. When I came home I davened to Hashem to help me. I gave a coin to *tzedakah* and asked that the *Borei Olam* help me get a Rav-Kav quickly, without *bitul Torah*.

The next morning after Shacharis, the neighbor who had called me twice the day before came over and asked, "Did you hear about this amazing *hashgachah pratis*?"

"What are you talking about?"

"About your Rav-Kav." He pulled out the Rav-Kav bearing my name in black on green.

"*Yasher koach*," I said in shock.

"Why don't you ask me how I got it?"

"How indeed?"

"Yesterday I was on the bus returning from Yerushalayim when a friend called and asked me where I was. When he heard I was on my way home, he suggested that I get off at the Har Tuv bus stop and he would take me home in his car. This was a great idea that would save me time, so I got off at Har Tuv and crossed the street on the overpass. On the way, I saw a Rav-Kav with your name on it, lying on the concrete. I picked it up and called you, but you didn't answer."

"Ahh," I said, nodding in understanding, "so that's why you called me."

"But do you realize how amazing this is?" my neighbor continued. "It was no more than twenty seconds from the time I got off the bus until I got into the car. In those twenty seconds I found your Rav-Kav!"

He cares for a person far more than the person is capable of caring for himself. I listened to the entire *shiur*, which was one solid block of *chizuk*, *emunah*, and *bitachon*. Afterward I felt completely at peace. I told myself, "There is nothing here! No driver, no company, no lawyer and no judge. Only the Ribbono shel Olam, Who cares for me more than I can care for myself. I'm in excellent Hands. Whatever will be, will be."

The next day I came to the courthouse holding a *Chovos Halevavos*, which I had ample time to read while awaiting my turn. I told my version of the story, but the judge did not seem impressed. During the cross-examination, the lawyer asked one stupid question after another. "Why did you turn off to the side?" the opposing lawyer asked. "You should have backed up." No one with even average intelligence would have accepted that claim, and it was ridiculous to have to explain to him that, considering the speed at which the bus was driving, doing so would have led to my death.

They continued asking random, insignificant questions, while the judge seemed to be encouraging them and looking at me through crooked eyes. I stayed strong, the memory of the *shiur* replaying in my ears. Again and again I repeated to myself, "The real prosecutor is my sins; the Judge is Hakadosh Baruch Hu; everything and everyone else here is nothing; they have no power to influence the outcome here."

When the judge called for a recess, my lawyer told me, "This is not simple. It seems they are going to declare you guilty. So you have two options: Either to demand an explanation of the verdict, and then the judge can write whatever she pleases and put together a document that will seal your fate, or to forgo the explanation and come to some sort of compromise on half the amount they want."

"The judge is not really the judge here," I responded, "and I don't want to let go of the chance to come out completely innocent. Hakadosh Baruch Hu is the presiding Judge here, and I prefer waiting to see the complete *yeshuas Hashem*."

The lawyer lifted his hands up in defeat. Just then the judge walked in holding her papers. "This is your verdict," she said. "Is this what you expected?"

I sifted through the pages and saw that everything written there was the opposite of the reality. It seemed no one had heard what was said in the room. For example, they documented the incident as having taken place in the morning, when I had explicitly told them it had happened at night. There was no connection between what actually took place and what was written on the paper. It seemed the walls had understood better than that judge. But for some reason, the final line read: "In light of the facts, we find no reason to implicate the defendant. Moreover, he should be paid the court fees and all legal costs."

At the end of the day, I did not pay even one shekel, and I emerged from the courthouse completely innocent!

The lawyer told me that in the course of twenty years of work, he had never seen such an occurrence. *Never!* There is no explanation. The whole procedure was slanted against me. All their conclusions seemed to be leading to a guilty verdict. No one there had heard me or was interested in knowing the truth. Only Hakadosh Baruch Hu heard me; only He controlled this whole thing; only He judged me; and only He declared me innocent.

Reb David's *shiur* thundered in my ears. *Hodu LaHashem!*

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

If a person's financial situation is not great, can he take on a financial burdens in order to fulfill a mitzvah, such as paying for a Shabbos generator and the like, or is it only a great ba'al emunah who can do this?

Q #46

A.B., Rechasim

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

Repeated Expenses for a Mitzvah

Rav Binyomin Zev Friedman from Beit Shemesh: The Gemara (*Beitza* 16) teaches, "All of a person's sustenance is decreed for him between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, except for the amount he will spend for Shabbos and Yom Tov and to pay for his sons' Torah education. For these things, if he spends little, they [Heaven] give him little, and if he spends much, they give him much." The Ritv" a explains: This applies not only to these specific things, but to anything having to do with a mitzvah; the Gemara just mentioned the most common examples. Thus you have an answer to your question. It is acceptable to extend yourself financially for the sake of a mitzvah.

Rav Yehoshua Levi from Yerushalayim, Rav Yehoshua Turchin from Beit Shemesh, Rav Nachman Goldberg from Yerushalayim, Rav Shimon Rotman from Beit Shemesh, Rav Yosef Berkowitz from Beit Shemesh, Rav Yosef Nissim Cohen from Yerushalayim, Rav Ahron Beifus from Rechasim: You ask, notably, if a person needs to be a "great ba'al emunah." The issue of the expense of a mitzvah has nothing to do with *emunah* and *bitachon*, and even if someone's *emunah* is not so strong, but he believes that the words of *Chazal* are true, he is promised that he will be repaid for these expenses. If the matter involves a generator, *poskei hador* have already determined that precisely regarding this, *Chazal* have taught, "Borrow, depending on Me, and I will pay it back." And anyone who spends much, they give him much from Above.

Rav Yehudah Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh: If he truly desires this mitzvah – and not only because "everyone else does it" – and if he had money for this purpose he would spend it happily, then his act of borrowing the money is truly based on *bitachon*, and he becomes a receptacle for the bounty that will support his desired goal.

Taking a Loan for the Sake of a Mitzvah

Rav Nosson Halevi from Beitar, Rav Shneur Zalman

Shubaks from Bnei Brak: It sounds from the question that you are referring to taking a loan for the purpose of a mitzvah. See *Shulchan Aruch Orach Chaim, siman 242*, and the *mefarshim* there – the view of the *Poskim* regarding whether it is permissible to take a loan for the purpose of fulfilling a mitzvah. There are several rules relating to this; what you are asking is a halachic question rather than a question regarding *emunah* and *bitachon*.

Rav Yosef Dushinsky and Rav Gamliel Hakohen Rabinowitz from Yerushalayim: If the person has debts to others, he must first pay those debts before he spends money for other mitzvos. The *Chida* suggested this (*Devash L'fi, ma'areches ches*). This is hinted to in the *passuk*, "Bifroa pera'os b'Yisrael, behisnadev am, barechu Hashem" (*Shoftim* 5:2), which can be translated to say: Once a person pays off his debts, he can then volunteer more mitzvos, and then this will be a blessing to Hashem. However, if someone is clear of debts, then even though his financial situation is tight, he should certainly extend himself for a mitzvah, and everything *Chazal* say about this will take place for him.

Rav Aryeh Mordechai Greenwald from Beit Shemesh: The advice here is that he should put aside money little by little until he has the entire sum, so that he doesn't have to take a loan. We saw this approach taken by many tzaddikim, who put aside penny after penny throughout the year in order to purchase an *esrog*.

Question for newsletter 96

Baruch Hashem, I have been strengthening my *emunah* and *bitachon* in the understanding that everything is preordained and everything is for the good. Sometimes, though, when I see people around me who are settled financially or who live in an apartment they received with no mortgage, it is hard for me to strengthen my *bitachon*. Perhaps I need to work on the trait of jealousy. Whatever it is, please give me advice on how to work on believing that anything I deserve I will get, and not to look at what others have.

Y.V., Beit Shemesh

To send in questions or answers: Leave a message on the Hotline at 02-301-1300 menu 3 ext. 5 (Yiddish or Hebrew)
Email: s023011300@gmail.com | Fax: 02-659-9189 - Until Sunday Parashat Devarim

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

"Who is rich? He who is happy with his lot" (*Avos* 4:5). Being happy with one's lot is the work of a lifetime, every moment of every day. Some say, "Right now, I am not capable of being happy with what I have; let's wait a bit more." *No*, the *chochmah* is to be happy this minute – with your current situation, with the home you have now, with your children. To be happy with all your problems, with your difficult character traits. To thank Hashem for what you have now.

Take the "loser." It is so easy to be the quintessential loser. With one wrong decision, you can be stuck in traffic for a number of hours. But instead of sitting in a sea of cars bemoaning what a loser you are, remember that it was Hakadosh Baruch Hu Who brought you here, and He is also sitting with you in traffic.

My neighbor made a wedding yesterday, and I completely forgot about it. What a loser I am! In truth, making a mistake and feeling like a loser is also a gift from Hashem – yes, a gift! It is a great *tikun* for the *nefesh*.

Rav Mandel's shiurim are broadcast on Kav Hashgacha Pratis weekly in all three languages - Hebrew, Yiddish and English

Excerpts from the popular shiur by Harav Yehuda Mandel shlit" a from Lakewood

Being a Loser Is a Tikun

Instead of being upset and blaming Hashem for having created me this way, I can just say *Thank you*.

Obviously, one is not obligated to go through life as a *batlan* and a loser. But if that's the way things work out, then one can see the good in it; see the *tikun hanefesh* inherent in it.

What is the root of *batlanus*? Why does being a loser hurt so much? The answer is one's *kavod* – it is not so admirable to be a loser. More often than not, one's main source of pain is the thought: *What will people think of me?!*

If that is the case, the solution is very simple. A person should internalize the fact that *kavod* is artificial; it does absolutely nothing for him. He should tell himself a thousand times: *Kavod is nothing. That's something important that you forgot – remember that kavod is nothing.* This is the way to overcome the pain and to be happy with your lot, even right now, when you feel that you're a loser.

Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

I want to relay a special thank you to the organizers of the phone line. I have been listening to it ever since it was founded, and especially to Rav David Kletzkin's shiurim. I gain a lot of *chizuk* from it, and each topic discussed goes deep into my mind and heart.

I donated money toward the distribution of the pamphlets in 40 different shuls, as a merit to enable me to find work and ample *parnassah*. Immediately afterward I received a call from a place where I really wanted to work, and *baruch Hashem*, I now have ample *parnassah*. Thank you. In the merit of spreading *emunah* and *bitachon*, my salvation came.

On the giving end

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