

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Tishrei 5783 ■ Issue 99

HEART TO HEART

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

I will Pour Down for You Blessing Until there will be no Room to Suffice for It

Whoever learned Shaar Habitachon in depth until the seventh chapter has already invested a lot in the mitzvah of bitachon. He has in hand a magnificent vessel in order to accept the physical and spiritual bounty that will come to him, and what is left for him to do is to safeguard the wholeness of the vessel, that his bitachon should be strong and solid, and should not become defected or cracked.

Therefore, Rabbenu Bechaye warns us not to be foolish, and not to lose the precious treasure of emunah and bitachon.

Rabbenu brings an example for contemplation on the idea of bitachon from the mitzvah of *ma'aser*, where Hashem tells us (Malachi, 3) **"And test me now therewith, if I will not open for you the sluices of heaven and pour down for you blessing until there will be no room to suffice for it."**

In Parshas Ve'eschanan we learn "Do not test Hashem." It is forbidden to test Hashem, and to check if when a specific mitzvah is done we receive its reward. We are commanded to do things for their own sake, because Hashem commanded as such, without checking in the context of this world if the mitzvah is worthwhile or not. The reward for the mitzvah comes only in the World to Come, and we are commanded to believe this with all our hearts.

Only regarding one mitzvah does the Navi say in the name of Hashem, and not only say but rather ask us - "and test me now therewith" - test and see that you will not lose out anything from the mitzvah of *ma'aser*. The opposite will occur; this mitzvah will bring you much blessing. You will not lack for anything, your parnassah will only expand, and you'll have everything good. A person says- where will I give *ma'aser* from? I have no idea where I could find more income, how can I give up ten percent of my money? The Navi says to him- that's not your issue. You give, and you'll see that I'll give to you. It will truly be something divine- "I will open for you the sluices of heaven."

What is this similar to? The Maggid Mi'Dubno says in his sefer Kochav Mi'Yaakov (haftarah to Shabbos Hagadol): This is comparable to a material merchant who comes to market with a wagon filled with rolls of material. People ask him- how

many meters are there in a roll? And he says to them: Each roll contains sixty meters of material. If the people start checking the lengths of the material, there'll be a big turmoil. That's why he says- if you open a cheap fabric in order to check its length, you are liable to think that even if the length is exact, perhaps I gave less of the expensive fabrics. Therefore, I recommend that you open the most expensive roll of fabric to its full length, and when you see that it has exactly sixty meters, you'll believe that surely, if its length is exact, you could trust me regarding the rest of the rolls of fabric.

That's how Hashem says: For all 613 mitzvos you'll receive reward, all the mitzvos will pay off for you, with a doubt. **No one listens to me and loses out.** However, you have no permission to test me in this matter. Only with the mitzvah of *ma'aser* and tzedakah, a mitzvah where you are asked to let go of your money, and at the same time, you receive a promise that you will be blessed for it - in this mitzvah you can test me! You'll see that you don't lose out, and can learn a *kal vachomer* to all the other mitzvos from it.

In the Sefer *Yesh Nochlin* (chapter 2, letter 30) and in the Sefer *Hachassidim* (144) it says: "This is something visible to the eye, that in places where [people were] accustomed to being careful with tithing properly, they became very rich and their wealth remained. And this is tried and tested. In places where people are not careful, they lose their wealth." Ninety percent of their money is lost, and only a measly ten percent remains for them. In contrast, it is tried and tested that one who gives- gains. These are not just things that happened once, but things that happen all the time.

Sefer *Hachinuch* (mitzvah 424) brings a wonderful chiddush regarding this mitzvah: The promise for blessing from heaven rests on whoever gives *ma'aser*, even if he has sinned. His sins will not hold back the blessing, if he gave *ma'aser* properly! So great is the power of the mitzvah of tzedakah!

May it be the will of our Father in Heaven that we merit to do the mitzvah of *ma'aser* and tzedakah with all our hearts, and may this be a year of great bounty for all of Am Yisrael.

(excerpt from Shiur 270 in Shaar Habitachon)

FROM THE EDITOR

Life Before and After

A person is walking down the street, and suddenly he is doubled over with pain. He tries taking Tylenol to help him feel better, to no avail. Motrin is stronger - but his pains stubbornly persist.

He sees that the situation is impossible, and he asks a friend for a sedative. He takes it, the *yissurim* pass, and he goes on with his life.

Two weeks later the story repeats itself. Pain, then medication. It happens again and again. The pain always stops, but the fear of the next round of suffering remains. Who knows when he'll have another attack?

Then he meets a doctor, who immediately finds the source of the pain and prescribes medication to solve the problem at its root.

Baruch Hashem, we are now entering a new year. We've all blessed one another with a *shana tovah umesukah*. We opened a new page, we started off the year with a sense of renewal and freshness, and we are all awaiting sweetness in life. But the feeling of renewal soon wears off; here it's crowded in the sukkah, there, a problem arises with a child, or a friend insults us and our hearts fill with bitterness. We thought that everything at home could be sweet, but when something sweet spills right after the floor was cleaned, how could we feel the sweetness in our hearts?

This applies in every area of life, in both *ruchniyus* and *gashmiyus*. The first days of the year, filled with hopes and dreams, wave to us from afar and seem to mock our disappointment and our nerve-wracking routine. We try to cope, to somehow sweeten the trials of life, but then something else comes up.

Dear friends! There is a wondrous medication, one that addresses the source of all the problems. It is a medication that sweetens every aspect of our lives and gives us the strength to face every ordeal. This wondrous medication is *making a set time for learning Shaar Habitachon*.

The new *sefer Shaar Habitachon*, with a clear, word-by-word explanation, has been recently published and separated into daily learning segments. Every two months a new cycle begins. Do you feel you need *chizuk*? Take "vitamin *Shaar Habitachon*" for two months. Need more *chizuk*? Take it for another two months. And on and on. Never has a person complained about having too much *bitachon*. Live with the perfect and consistent maintenance of *bitachon*, one that will sweeten your life throughout the year.

Shana tovah umesukah!

Good Shabbos Pinchas Shafer

The shiur is aired on Mon. and Thurs. - menu 4 (Yiddish and Hebrew)

You can also join the many Jews who have changed their lives, by calling:

North America 151-86-130-140 • In England 0330-390-0489 • In Belgium 0-380-844-28 • In Israel 02-301-1300
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• Kav Hashgacha Pratis for women
(Yiddish and Hebrew) - Menu 4

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

From Sukkah to Home

I am Naftali Pressberg from Yerushalayim. While everyone is busy with hammers and nails, carrying boards, setting up and banging and putting so much effort into the precious mitzvah of *sukkah*, I want to tell you about the special *segulah* inherent in this mitzvah.

My father, Reb Ben Zion *a"h*, went through the terrible ordeal of the Holocaust and lost a wife and six children. Then, with Hashem's *chessed*, he lifted himself out of the ashes, remarried, and once again bore six children. We were a large family in a tiny apartment in Yerushalayim's Katamon neighborhood, and the crowded conditions were difficult for my parents. There was simply not enough floor space in the apartment; children and objects filled the apartment completely, and there was no room to move.

One day, my father approached the tzaddik Rav Avraham Anshin and poured out his pain: "Reb Avrum," he asked, "what do you do when there is no room in the house? *Baruch Hashem*, our family is large, and we are not managing."

The *rav* answered him, "Reb Ben Zion, it says in the Torah, "And Yaakov traveled to Sukkos, and he built a house for himself." Build a nice *sukkah*, and you'll see that you'll have a home as well."

My father heeded his advice carefully. He brought strong plywood and built a beautiful *sukkah* that was large and full of light and joy. He stretched white sheets across the boards and adorned the *sukkah* with pictures and beautiful decorations. How he sweated and toiled to put up a glorious *sukkah* for the family!

After Sukkos, several Jews came over to my father and said, "We see that, *bli ayin hara*, you were blessed with a large family; it makes no sense for you to live in your tiny apartment. We've decided to try to arrange for a larger apartment for you."

And so these righteous Jews made an appeal and obtained a significant sum, and our father moved into a large apartment of four rooms in Shikun Satmar in Katamon. In this apartment we grew up, and from there all of us left to our *chuppahs*, *b'sha'ah tovah umutzlachas*.

Sukkos is approaching. I wish for you all to be *zocheh* to build your *sukkah* with enthusiasm and joy, and may you be *zocheh* to build *batim ne'emanim b'Yisrael*. May there be many *chasunahs* and spacious apartments, and may Hashem brighten the home of every Jew.

(Motza'ei Shabbos Parshas Ha'azinu, 5782, story 7, #22360)

Thirty Percent More

My friend Reb Yisrael is a well-known longtime *esrog* merchant. Every year he opens his *esrog* sale in the building that houses our community's *mosdos*, near the *beis midrash*, and people come to his sale all day long, from Aseres Yemei Teshuvah until Erev Sukkos just before Yom

Tov. It is comfortable for them to go into him after Shacharis, Minchah or Maariv. The location is good for everyone, and Reb Yisrael makes a nice *parnassah* from it.

Reb Yisrael sells Yanover *esrogim* from Italy, renowned for their finery. But last year something happened to those *esrogim*.

The crop was not very successful, and when Reb Yisrael went to the *esrog* grove, he discovered that the situation was not encouraging. When he looked for clean, nice *esrogim* he realized that he'd need a magnifying glass to find them.

He took a number of them; then, several days later, he tried his luck in Kfar Chabad. He invested a huge amount of work, time, and effort, and finding the *esrogim* also cost him a lot of money. With endless hopes and *tefillos*, he prepared to launch his sale.

A day before his sale began, a friend called and told him, "I'm going to open an *esrog* sale across the street from the *beis medrash*. I hope this doesn't bother you."

"Actually, it bothers me a lot," Reb Yisrael answered. "This year I worked especially hard before the sale to get *esrogim*, and both of us would be selling to the same customer base. I don't think it's right for you to sell here right now."

Reb Yisrael thought his reaction would deter his friend from launching his own sale, but that didn't happen. When he came to daven Shacharis the next day, he saw black. In front him were large signs announcing the opening of a new sale for *arba'ah minim*, especially *esrogim*. The competing sale had become a reality, and it attracted many buyers. The *esrogim* he offered there were of a different type – clean, nice-looking, and *mehudar*, and Reb Yisrael felt a pinch in his heart.

If this weren't enough, the neighborhood customers didn't forget their longtime *esrog* merchant, Reb Yisrael. They would choose an *esrog* from the competing sale and would then go into Reb Yisrael so that he could give them his expert advice on the *esrog*, on the way it was grown, on its cleanliness, on its beauty. He would answer them with a pleasant countenance, while inside he was seething. He had worked so hard, and people were buying from his competitor who had set up shop without his permission.

Coming home in the evening, he understood that he had to put an end to this. He couldn't possibly go through each day with such hard feelings, eating himself up all day and losing sleep at night. That was obviously not Hashem's will for him. What could he do? Clearly, everything was preordained. This was a test sent to him by Hashem, and he had to strengthen his *bitachon*. He went over to his bookcase, took out the *Chovos Halevavos* and opened to *Shaar Habitachon*. He learned for ten minutes, then for another ten minutes, and thus he continued and advanced in his learning until he had reached a deep awareness of the fact that there is no power in the world that could either help or harm him if it was not the will of Hashem, and that no one could take away even a hairsbreadth of what he is destined to have. No one would take from him that which was coming to him; and that being the case, there was essentially no problem here at all. Both of them could sell *esrogim*, and Hashem has enough *shefa* to send plenty to both him and his friend. The *esrog* symbolizes the heart, and Reb Yisrael exerted every bit of effort to cleanse his heart of every droplet of jealousy or *tzarus ayin*. He girded himself with *bitachon*, until the inner peace of one who trusts in Hashem filled his entire being.

The following day, when once again people came and asked Reb Yisrael for his opinion on an *esrog* from the stand across the street, he told them, "Tell the *avreich* across the street that I have lots of experience in this field, and if he wants I could give him advice on how to be even more successful, and to help him with anything he needs."

Wow. What serenity. What joy. The Creator of the world had everything for everyone, and that being the case, why fight? We could bring *nachas* to our Father in Heaven, and He would see us helping one another.

Reb Yisrael also sold *esrogim* from time to time. Customers came to his stand as well, but he could not anticipate the big surprise that awaited him after Yom Tov.

After Simchas Torah, Reb Yisrael sat down to review his accounts from the previous month. Wonder of wonders, it emerged that this year's *esrog* sale had yielded 30 percent more profit than it had any other year!

When he came to Kfar Chabad to pay the owner of the *esrog* grove for the *esrogim* he had bought, the owner said, "I know what you're going to tell me – that the sales were not very successful. The merchants tell me sales were difficult this year."

"Actually, I experienced just the opposite," Reb Yisrael said with a smile. "I made 30 percent more."

The owner's eyes opened wide in shock. "What?! I keep hearing about losses. Someone said he made 50 percent less, and one lucky fellow shared with me that he'd had a small loss of just 20 percent. But, more?! No one made more this year than on previous years. You must have had some trick."

So Reb Yisrael told him about the trick. About the competitor who invaded his territory, and about *Shaar Habitachon*, which had opened the gates of plenty and blessing, beyond the laws of nature.

(Sunday, Parshas Vayeira, 5782, night, Yiddish, story 1 #24316)

Measure for Measure

My name is Shmuel from Kiryat Gat. I have a gift from Heaven – a highly developed sense of humor. I'm a happy person, and I try to gladden others and bring smiles to their faces. This is a talent that carries some risk as well, as it is possible to hurt or insult someone unintentionally, and I'm very careful to make sure this doesn't happen.

With all the care, what happened, and one day, at a party for friends, I mimicked an *avreich* who has a very unique voice. The listeners laughed at the successful impersonation, and I enjoyed the whole thing too.

The next afternoon, my wife told me that my son had come home from yeshiva and his voice was very strange. I told her that she should give him some tea. Perhaps his throat was a bit infected, or he had caught cold. Let him rest a bit and go to the doctor. In my heart, though, I knew that none of these things would help. I had made fun of a Jew, insulted a precious *avreich*, and from *Shamayim* I was being repaid measure for measure, in cash.

This was not pleasant at all, but I knew that I had to ask this *avreich* for forgiveness, and the sooner the better. If I delayed, the suffering would continue, so I hurried to get hold of his phone number in order to ask his forgiveness.

The righteous *avreich* declared wholeheartedly that he forgave me.

Soon after that, my wife called me happily to tell me that the strange phenomenon had vanished. The boy had returned to speaking in his normal, healthy voice.

(Tuesday, Parshas Ki Seitzei, 5782, morning, story 29708)

I Didn't Lose Out

The following story is related by a *bachur* who only recently celebrated his bar mitzvah; he already has an "adult story" to tell:

Our *cheder* had organized a trip for us to Herzliya, and departure time was set for 9:30 a.m. I overslept and didn't

wake up until 8:50. I told myself, *It's not so bad. I'll do what kids do.*

I'll daven quickly so I can make it to the bus on time. The problem is that I'm no longer a *katan*, and I have a few mitzvos to do, just like every "adult" who has accepted the yoke of Torah and mitzvos. I thought I would forgo immersing in the *mikveh* as preparation for *tefillah*, but in the end I overcame this thought, and I went to the *mikveh*.

The parking lot for the buses is near the *mikveh*. I left my backpack for the trip there, thinking I would daven quickly; but once I had won over the *yetzer hara* a bit, I had more strength to fight him.

I went to shul, davened properly with a minyan, and only afterward went out to the parking lot. I discovered that the bus had already left, and there was a lot of noise and confusion there, and a bunch of policemen were in the area. They had found a suspicious object.

I understood immediately what had happened. I went over to the police officer and told him that the suspicious object was my backpack. They released the bag, the curious onlookers dispersed, and the father of one of the boys in my *cheder* who was there asked me, "Why didn't you go on the trip?"

I told him that I had really wanted to go on the trip but I'd overslept, and I had refused to miss out on davening with a minyan, despite the fact that the *yetzer hara* tried at every stage to take this mitzvah from me.

The father was so emotional that he told me, "Come into my car and I'll take you to Herzliya. Maybe on the way we'll meet up with your bus."

This made me feel very uncomfortable, but he convinced me that he was happy to do it for a bar mitzvah boy for whom it was so important to daven with a minyan.

When we got to Herzliya, we saw the boys returning from the boat ride. "You're not going to lose out," the father told me, "I'm going to pay for your boat ride, just for you."

And that's how it was. I didn't miss out on anything because I davened with a minyan.

Even if I had missed the trip and the boat ride, I feel that davening with a minyan is very important, and it's important to publicize this story so that people will know that one truly doesn't lose out on anything by keeping mitzvos properly.

(Monday, Parshas Ki Seitzei, 5782, night, Yiddish, story 3/ #30323)

The Power of a Kvi'us

I'm a Yid from Givat Shaul. I'm still emotional about the story that happened on Motzaei Shabbos *Parshas Re'eh* to a resident of our neighborhood, an older Jew who lives alone. Toward the end of Shabbos he was feeling dizzy, and he leaned against the bookcase in his home. He held on to the shelf with a strong grip, and suddenly the whole bookcase moved out of place and collapsed on top of him. The *sifrei kodesh* fell and scattered all over, and the man lay on the floor under the closet and lost consciousness.

When he awoke, he didn't know how many hours he'd been lying there. He tried unsuccessfully to crawl out. The house was locked, and he was all alone inside, and no one knew what was happening to him. How long could he hold out there under the bookcase? When would someone notice he was missing and come to save him? And when it would happen, would there be anyone left to save?

For a long time he suffered under the collapsed bookcase, but eventually he heard knocking on the door of his house. He started shouting with all his strength, but his weak voice could not be heard outside the door. Ultimately, although no

one heard him, the door was broken open, and in the doorway stood Hatzalah volunteers and firemen. They hurried to pick up the bookcase and free the injured man from under it. The room was hot and stifling, and they immediately aired it out, gave him a drink, hooked him up to an IV and took him to the hospital. They saved his life.

Within several days he recovered from the trauma and was back to himself. I met him and asked him how he was, and then he told me everything that had happened to him.

"How do you think the Hatzalah volunteers knew to break in to my house?" he asked me.

"How indeed?"

"I'll tell you. Look at the *hashgachah pratis* here. I have a sister in the United States. Every Sunday at 3 p.m. we have a *shiur*. I share with her words of *mussar* and *hashkafah*, and that's how we are *mischazek* together. It's been sixteen years that we have this *kvi'us*. Not a Sunday has passed without my calling her at 3 p.m. On that Sunday too, my sister was waiting for my phone call. Three o'clock came, and I wasn't calling her. I couldn't call, since I was lying under the rubble. She waited and waited, saw the call wasn't coming, and then called me. I heard the phone ringing but I couldn't answer it. When she saw I wasn't answering, she called all my sons. They too called, and I didn't answer them either. They understood that something had happened to me, and they hurried to call Hatzalah, and the volunteers came at the very last moment."

I heard all the details of this story from the person to whom it happened, and I was amazed to hear about the great power a set *shiur* has to save a life.

(Tuesday, Parshas Ki Seitzei 5782, night, story 3/ #29728)

Blessed with Life

Reb Dovid relates:

On Sunday at 1 a.m., I received an urgent call from a Yid by the name of Reb Yisrael Solomon. He is a close relative of mine, and just as he knows me, he knows that I know at least half the residents of Meah Shearim. Now he needed my assistance. He needed to know, that very minute, the phone number of a Yid by the name of Reb Chaim, who lives in Meah Shearim. "You know that he's sitting *shivah* in Beit Shemesh for his brother?" I asked him.

"Yes, I know. I saw the sign near his house. But this is a matter of *hatzalas nefashos*."

I gave him the number and waited anxiously to hear his story. This is what happened, as he told me later:

On Shabbos afternoon, *Parshas Va'eschanan*, after Shacharis and a kiddush in honor the birth of a daughter to one of the *misparallelim*, Reb Yisrael Solomon left the Beis Midrash Chassidei Bohash in Meah Shearim and made his way to his home on Malchei Yisrael street. On the way, he noticed Reb Mordechai Wallerstein walking with several *Yidden*. Reb Mordechai had taken upon himself to help with hospitality for *Yidden* from abroad who come to the Holy Land. He was now accompanying a Satmar chassid from America and his son, a *chassan*. Off to the side, the wife of the guest walked along as well.

Reb Mordechai was happy to meet Reb Yisrael. After they wished each other *Gut Shabbos*, Reb Mordechai asked,

"My friend from America needs to get to Malchei Yisrael street. Would you be able to take him there?"

"Happily," Reb Yisrael responded.

The American chassid parted from his benefactor, and then an interesting dialogue began. "I would like to see how a family with eighteen children lives in Meah Shearim," he told Reb Yisrael.

"There are many large families here," he said. "You need specifically eighteen?"

"I need specifically *chai*," the American responded, stressing the word "*chai*."

Reb Yisrael did not know the area well enough, so he stopped people from the neighborhood. He turned to each of them with a question that they wouldn't hear even on Purim: "Do you know a family here with *chai* children?"

"Specifically eighteen?" each person would ask.

"Specifically *chai*," the American would correct.

There's Friedman here, Cheshin, Kletzkin...." *Baruch Hashem*, it's not too difficult to find large families in this area, but this one has "only" sixteen, this one seventeen, and the other nineteen. Even the number nineteen, more impressive than eighteen, did not interest him. He wanted eighteen. Exactly eighteen.

No one knew of a family with eighteen children, and they walked on. When they reached the end of Meah Shearim street, at Kikar Shabbos, Reb Yisrael saw Reb Amram, one of the *misparallelim* in the shul where the kiddush had been celebrated. "Tell me," he called out to him, "do you know a family in this area that has eighteen children?"

"Yes, yes. They live just opposite the place where you're standing. At 1 Meah Shearim street there's Reb Chaim's family – they have exactly eighteen children."

"*Chai*," the American corrected, and they turned toward the building. At the entrance to the building there was a sign announcing the *petirah* of Reb Chaim's brother. "They're sitting *shivah* now," Reb Yisrael pointed out, "so take into account how their house looks in this situation."

The American was unfazed. "I want to give '*chai*'-thousand dollars to a family of '*chai*' children," he revealed to Reb Yisrael. These words gave Reb Yisrael the energy to continue helping out. There was no question that a large family like this one would have plenty to do with the money, and if he could help them out by walking up the steps, he would do so happily.

They went up and farther up, on the hardest set of steps in Meah Shearim. Finally, once they had conquered 68 steps, Hashem took pity on them and they found the apartment. A young *avreich* opened the door, led the guests inside, and asked the purpose of their visit.

"I wanted to see a house where *chai* children are being raised," the American said.

The young *avreich* was joined by another one, and they both related that they had merited to join this wonderful family. Their wives had given birth, *b'sha'ah tovah*, and they had come to stay with their parents. This Shabbos, the parents and children who lived at home were in Beit Shemesh because of the *shivah*, but if the guest wanted, he could see the house. The father was a *rosh kollel*, and for many years they had lived in this 64-square-meter "key money" apartment. Here the children of the family had grown and blossomed, and today the youngest was already of bar mitzvah age.

When they left the house, the American seemed disappointed. He had wanted to actually see eighteen children, young and spirited, and at the end he had discovered a quiet house. But Reb Yisrael told him, "You didn't make any conditions. You said you would give *chai*-thousand dollars to a family of *chai* children, and this family meets your criteria."

They continued on their way, Reb Yisrael to his home and the American with his wife and son, the *chassan*, to their hosts, and they parted *l'chaim ul'shalom*.

The next day, Sunday, Reb Yisrael heard there had been an attack in the Old City, on the way to the Kosel. Among the wounded was a *chareidi* American tourist of about fifty and his son, a young *bachur*. Something was tickling him, giving him no peace. A *chareidi* American and his son, a young *bachur*.

He wasn't certain that he didn't know these people; in fact, he was almost sure that he did know them. Worried, he called Reb Mordechai Wallerstein, and his suspicion proved true. This was the very same Satmar chassid and his son the *chassan*, whom he had met the day before – the man who had insisted on seeing *chai* children in order to give their family *chai*-thousand dollars. When anyone said eighteen, he had corrected him – *chai*. *Chai...chai...* at 1 p.m. on Shabbos he had pledged *chai*-thousand dollars. Twelve hours later, at 1 a.m., the attack took place the man who had wished for "*chai*" was wounded. Obviously, there was a connection between the two events; it was not haphazard. The wounded man's situation was grave. He was in an induced coma and on a respirator, and he must be saved.

Reb Yisrael made contact with people abroad – perhaps this was a matter of *pidyon nefesh*, and indeed, the family members understood that this was *pikuach nefesh*. They hurried to collect *chai*-thousand dollars within a few hours, and late that night they informed Reb Yisrael that they had the money. Reb Yisrael called immediately to find out the number of Reb Chaim in order to give him *chai*-thousand dollars, for the *refuah* of the chassid and his son, *sheyich'yu* – so that they would live for many long, happy years.

Reb Chaim's wife answered the phone, and she immediately began davening for the recovery of the wounded father and son.

It turned out that the money was coming at the perfect time. Reb Chaim was about to marry off his daughter, and all the *gemachim* in town already knew him. These *chai*-thousand dollars would give him breathing space (and may Hashem continue to give him *shefa* and *brachah*).

On the day that the sum reached the family in Meah Shearim, the father and son were released from the hospital and returned to the U.S., where the father is continuing a process of rehabilitation.

Mi shebeirach avoseinu, Hu yevareich es Reb Yehoshua Tzvi ben Sara, and his son the chassan, Baruch Bendet ben Chana Gittel, since they have given chai-thousand dollars. In reward for this, may the Holy One Blessed is He be filled with mercy for them, for their healing, to hold them up and give them life and send them a complete and speedy recovery.

(from *shiur* 267 in *Shaar Habitachon*)



לקראת עלון המאה:

המעמד האריך לחייוק האמונה בכינוס האריך בחול המועד סוכות

עם אורח הכבוד
המשפיע מליקוד
הגה"צ ר' יהודה פנדל שליט"א

כמו כן ישאו דברים המשפיעים החשובים
בכו השגחה פרטית:
הרה"צ ר' בעריש שנייבאלג שליט"א
הרב דוד קלצקין שליט"א
הרב פינחס שפר שליט"א
בשילוב שירי אמונה והתחזקות ושמחת החג

בירושלים:

יום חמישי
ג' דחזה"ט
באולם בית ישראל
רחוב עזרת תורה 18

בבני ברק:

יום רביעי
ב' דחזה"ט
באולם עטרת
רחוב עזרא 23



סדר
המעמד

תפילת מנחה בשעה 17:00
לאחר מכן המעמד האריך
תפילת מעריב בשעה 19:00

לאחר מכן שמחת בית השואבה בריקודים ומחולות

Sichas Chaveirim, Sukkos 5782

Each week there is a sichas chaveirim that takes place on the phone line, enabling us to gain from the potency of the time and to see the events of our lives in the light of emunah and proper hashkafah. The discussion is pleasant, full of life, and graced by new insights, facts, and much chizuk. The participants are Rav Moshe Zilberman shlit"a, a ra"m in Yeshivas Sanz, Netanya, and Rav Yisrael Zev Bernstein shlit"a, a ra"m in Yeshivas Lelov, Beit Shemesh. They are joined by Rav Yosef Meir Mishinski shlit"a, a prominent mashpiah in Beit Shemesh. In the Yiddish discussion we also hear Rav Eliezer Neihausz shlit"a, one of the rabbanim of the Dushinky kehillah.

In Between the Bamboo Shoots of S'chach - and Beyond

Rav Yosef Meir Mishinsky:

I would like to bring up a very important topic for discussion. I met a precious *avreich*, and he complained about his difficult straits. There are several matters in which he is in need of a *yeshuah*. He davens so much, and he finishes one *sefer Tehillim* after another, but nothing is moving. "My friends daven and see *yeshuos* immediately, while I am stuck. How do you explain this?" he asked me.

I listened to him and empathized. When I tried to understand his way of looking at things, I realized he was making a very basic mistake. He was viewing davening as a battle. It is as though he was saying, "There are two sides here – the Master of the World stands opposite me, and He holds the key to my salvation, and I want the *yeshuah*. My job is to convince Him to give it to me."

But the truth is not so! I and the Ribbono shel Olam are on the same side. Hashem loves me; He is a merciful Father, He is on my side, and there is no argument here. He wants to give me everything, and all that I'm asking for is: "Reveal Yourself, please, and spread Your *sukkah* of peace upon me, my Beloved" – that the love should be revealed before my eyes.

Reb Yosef Meir adds: First he should say *Mizmor I'sodah*. Imagine a child who comes into the house and begins yelling at his father. The father answers him, "Why are you shouting at me?! Why do you have complaints?!" What we need to think is that Hashem surely wants to give us what we ask for; we should not walk around with complaints against Hashem.

Rav Moshe Zilberman emphasizes:

When a person gets up in the morning and sees that all is well with him, he often takes this for granted. He doesn't realize that he's just received a huge favor in that he was given his health. Unfortunately, it isn't rare to see a Jew in a wheelchair. When people became ill with corona, they discovered that simply breathing is not at all simple. Everything we take for granted, things that people never even think to ask for, are tremendous favors, miracles and wonders. Sometimes Hashem sends a person some sort of difficulty, or a lack of something that is important to him, and the person davens and asks Hashem to help him; but he doesn't know what difficulties he is being spared while he continues to receive the bounty that he's received until now.

The Midrash relates that there was a person who desired great wealth, which he was granted from Above. In the end, he traveled with all his wealth on a boat and drowned at sea. That wealth wasn't good for him. If anyone who asked for anything was answered immediately, there would be no need to learn about *emunah*. The whole idea of *emunah* is that Hashem does everything for our good. Within the words "*Anochi haster astir*

– and I shall surely hide," Hashem is found ("*Anochi Hashem*"). In the *Talmud Yerushalmi* it is written that Hashem listens to every word of ours, as though he is sitting right next to us and hears everything. If we live with this *emunah*, we will feel *yeshuos* in our *tefillos* all the time.

Reb Moshe explains why it is so necessary to strengthen our emunah:

I saw in the *sefer Pardes Tzaddikim* that the Ohr Hameir, a *talmid* of the Baal Shem Tov, told his disciple before his death, "Know that there will be difficult days to come for *Am Yisrael*, and then even people like you and me will have to make a *cheshbon hanefesh*, whether they are wholehearted believers or whether they have doubts that Hashem hears their *tefillos*. Go and publicize this, and when people know that a *tzaddik* already foresaw this, they will realize that they must strengthen themselves and give *chizuk* to one another."

Rav Yisrael Zev Bernstein brings a wonderful idea:

In the *sefer Be'eirov Mayim* by the *rav hakadosh* Reb Hirsch of Rimanov *zy"ta* it says that Avraham Avinu asked how he could be saved from the *yetzer hara* and separate himself from worldly desires. Hashem answered him, "Go out of your land" – go and enter the *sukkah*, lift up your eyes there, and in between the bamboo shoots, in the slits between the *s'chach*, see the heavens and believe in Me.

The question is asked, why specifically the *s'chach*? Isn't it preferable to stand directly under the skies and look up to the heavens? But there a hint here – that the "nothingness" of this world, the events and the difficulties, hide the existence of Hashem, and this is exactly the *chochmah*: to look specifically between the slits of the *s'chach*, beyond the difficulty and pain, and so to strengthen our *emunah* in every situation.

Reb Yosef Meir delves into the mitzvah of nisuch hamayim - libation of the waters:

I saw a wonderful idea: Usually we make a celebration after performing a mitzvah. At a wedding we make a *seudah* after the *chuppah*, and at a *bris* we make a *seudah* after the *bris*. But at the *nisuch hamayim* on Yom Tov they would celebrate and rejoice greatly all night, *before* performing the mitzvah of drawing water from the Shilo'ach.

There is another question regarding *simchas beis hashoevah*, and that is that during this Yom Tov there is also the mitzvah of *nisuch hayayin* – libation of the wine, with the *korbanos*, and we don't celebrate this, while specifically for the water, which is simple and tasteless, there is a big celebration. Why?

The answer involves a very important principle, one that can change our entire outlook on life. When we consider the source of the great joy surrounding the drawing of water – the joy that was at the stage prior to the performance of the mitzvah, we understand that this joy was because of the fact that Hashem commanded us to do it. In *brachos* for mitzvos we say, "Who has sanctified us with His mitzvos and commanded us." Why the emphasis on "and commanded us?" Couldn't we have just said, for example, "Who has sanctified us with the mitzvah of *netillas lulav*?" However, we emphasize the *zechus* of the fact that Hashem saw us as Jews who

are worthy of being commanded. To receive the commandment of Hashem is an unparalleled joy. Therefore, we experience tremendous joy even in a mitzvah that involves tasteless waters. Although Jews perform mitzvos on varying levels – Moshe Rabbeinu performed a mitzvah with all the hidden and exalted *kavanos*, while a simple Jew performs the mitzvah at his own level – nevertheless, the concept of “and commanded us” applies to every Jew, from the greatest rabbi to the simplest of Jew, and the obligation is exactly the same. We are all *metzuvim* – commanded. For this, our joy is endless; we rejoice in the acceptance of the yoke, in the mere fact that Hashem commands us to do mitzvos and *maasim tovim*.

Reb Yosef Meir continues:

The mitzvah of *sukkah* as well exemplifies this, for the *sukkah* must be made from the waste products that come from the threshing floor and the vat – their branches – and not from *esrogim* or grapes themselves. The *gaon* Rav Chaim Shaul Deitsch related that in communist Russia there were various levels in Jews’ approaches to Torah and mitzvos. There were those who thought deeply about every matter, and there were simple Jews. And at the end of the day, it was specifically the “simple” Jews, those who served Hashem with *temimus*, who held strongly to their *Yiddishkeit* and remained faithful during the most difficult times. This is the power of *temimus* and *emunah peshutah*.

Reb Yisrael Zev continues along the same lines:

The *Zohar* teaches that the *sukkah* has an aspect comparable to a mother who shields and protects her children. The father of the Sfas Emes *zy”a*, *harav hakadosh* Reb Avraham Mordechai *zy”a*, passed away in his youth, and the Sfas Emes was raised by his grandfather, the Chiddushei HaRim *zy”a*. One day the Chiddushei HaRim told him, “Tell you mother to fix your button.” The Sfas Emes decided not to bother his mother, and he fixed the button himself. The next time he went into his grandfather, the Chiddushei HaRim said, “It wasn’t your mother who fixed your button.”

“How does the *zeide* know?” he asked.

“There are several things that need to be fixed on your *kapote*,” the Chiddushei HaRim replied, “not just the button. When a mother takes an article of clothing, she fixes everything!”

In the same way, when we sit in the *sukkah*, in the *tzila dimhemnusa*, it is as if we are in the realm of a mother shielding and protecting her children, and a mother fixes everything. We emerge from the *sukkah* all fixed, as only a loving mother can fix her child.

Rav Eliezer Neihauz exhorts us to take this concept with us after the *chag* as well:

When we shake the *lulav*, we accomplish *tikkunim* that are greater than we can conceive. By shaking the *lulav* in one direction, we prevent damaging dews, and by shaking it in the other direction we shield ourselves from other harmful forces, and thus, throughout the *chag* we are shaking up the whole world. We ask in our *tefillos* that this Yom Tov accompany us after it is over, that we remember that each mitzvah and every motion of a Jew shakes up the world, and that we take with us the *s’chach* and the joy of *nisuch hamayim*, and the simple faith in Hashem in every situation. At the end of the *chag*, may we not let go of the *sukkah*, but rather simply take it with us, to continue sitting in its protective shade, the shade of *emunah*, and thus we’ll be able to live with joy throughout the year.

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Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

I have a family member who is having difficulty with shidduchim. A lot of people think this is due to an external blemish that he needs to fix. My question is: We know that a zivug is preordained, and thus, is it even possible to claim that the fact that he has an external blemish has an influence? Or perhaps he does need to try to repair this blemish?

Q #50

—Y.C., Mexico City

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

Do "Only" What Is Possible

Rav Zvi Bernstein from Beit Shemesh: It was ordained in Heaven that his *shidduch* be delayed, and the Orchestrator of all arranged it this way. The minute the prearranged time for his *shidduch* arrives, nothing in the world will stop it. On the other hand, we are speaking here of a very important mitzvah, the mitzvah of marriage, the first mitzvah that Hashem commanded after He created the world. Certainly, as with every mitzvah, there is logical *hishtadlus* to be done with this mitzvah as well, to remove barriers that prevent us from fulfilling the mitzvah.

Rav Meir Chaim Cohen from Beit Shemesh, Rav David Leifer from Yerushalayim, Rav Baruch Yisrael Sa'ada from Bnei Brak, Rav Yosef Dushinsky from Haifa: Great and righteous men have said that in *shidduchim* one mustn't do any *hishtadlus*, for Hakadosh Baruch Hu Himself makes the *shidduchim*, and how could we possibly be meant to help Him out? But great men have also said that one should not be "mafria," so to speak – one should not do things that could cause the *shidduch* to be held up. A person should do everything possible to see to it that there is nothing on his end holding it back. The definition of this, **Rav Moshe Yaffe from Yerushalayim** tells us, is to do only that which is possible, and as much as is possible, and no more. The *shidduch* will come whenever it is decreed that it come.

How do we know what is considered "possible"? **Rav Aharon Beifus from Rechasim** teaches a great principle: If the young man (or woman) who is seeking a *shidduch* acknowledge the fact that this is indeed a blemish, and is motivated to fix it, then this is something for which *hishtadlus* is the correct approach. If it is only others who think so, then the individual should be left alone, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu will not complain that he's not doing proper *hishtadlus*. He will find his *shidduch* regardless.

On the other hand, **Rav Yaakov Yosef Rosenberg from Modiin Illit** writes: Sometimes it is decreed that only after fixing the blemish the *shidduch* will come. Therefore, it is worthwhile to seek advice from an *adam gadol*.

Rav Yehuda Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh: If the blemish is not repairable, this is a sign from Heaven that it is only the woman who wants him as he is who is his intended.

The Scar That Brought About the Shidduch

Rav Yechiel Pasa from Modi'in Illit, and Rav Yishai Mezlomiahn from Holon tell an incredible story that was publicized in recent years, which testifies that an external blemish is not necessarily a reason for a *shidduch* to be delayed.

A *bachur* came to *Maran Hagaon* Rav Chaim Kanievsky *zt"l* and poured out his pain about his *shidduch*, which seemed to be delayed. The reason for this delay was a large scar he had across his face. Reb Chaim suggested to the *bachur* that when the next proposal came up, on the first date he should tell the story of the scar, how it came to be on his face. And so, the next time a *shidduch* was suggested, on the first date the *bachur* spoke up and told the girl how a number of years prior, when he was in Yerushalayim, he had heard screams coming from one of the side streets, and when he hurried there, he saw a girl running in fear, with a terrorist chasing her. He immediately

pushed the terrorist from behind and pinned him to the ground. The girl managed to escape, and the terrorist slashed his face with a knife.

When the girl heard the story, she burst out in tears, and she told the *bachur*, "For all these years I've been wondering how I would be able to thank this anonymous *bachur*, who appeared like an angel from Heaven to save me from that evil man..." *B'siyata d'Shmaya*, the *shidduch* was closed.

(brought in the *Sefer Vehn'arev Na* from the *gaon* Rav Erez Chazani *shlit"l*, vol. III, p. 33)

The Bachur Who Sought Out a Mute Girl

Rav Avraham Eisenbach from Beit Shemesh: Someone from Yerushalayim had a daughter who would not talk. He called one of the *tzaddikim* of the generation and asked for a *brachah* for his daughter's recovery, so she would be able to find her proper *zivug*. This *tzaddik* answered the girl's father that he had no need to worry, that the fact that the girl knew how to read and write would suffice for her intended mate.

It wasn't long before a *bachur* arrived from abroad who was a very *chashuveh baal middos*, and for reasons of *chassidus* and *perishus*, he had taken it upon himself to be silent. He was seeking a *shidduch* and had one demand: that his intended know how to read and write. That is how this girl was *zocheh* to marry and establish generations who were among the best and most glorious children of Yerushalayim.

Sometimes it is specifically the blemish that can lead to the right *shidduch*.

An External Blemish vs. a Spiritual Blemish

Rav Mani Darchi from Ramat Gan surprised us with a very original response: When we are deciding whether we need to do *hishtadlus* or not, we lose out on a very important detail. Clearly there is a blemish here that bothers many people. And certainly, whatever is Hashem's will is what will be, and at the right time he will find his *zivug*. But what of his intended *shidduch*? Even if she goes along with the *shidduch* despite the blemish, it is certainly plausible that the blemish will bother her. Why cause her this discomfort? When we fix a blemish that can be fixed, and we do so out of consideration for another, then certainly this will arouse mercy from *Shamayim* to bring his *shidduch* soon, *b'sha'ah tovah*.

Question for newsletter 101

I have strengthened myself in emunah and bitachon, and I desire to be sustained only directly from Hashem. As we ask in bentching, "Not through gifts of flesh and blood, and not through their loans." Recently, when money was very tight, a friend offered me a loan, which he said I could repay whenever my financial situation would improve. I deliberated a lot: Would this be considered being assisted by flesh and blood, or is he essentially a messenger from Hashem to bring me my sustenance?

—Y.D. from Ashdod

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 Noach

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

In *Tehillim* (Ch. 116) we read, "When I lift up the cup of salvation I will call out in the Name of Hashem." It is interesting to note that a few *pesukim* earlier we find, "When I find trouble and grief," and only in the following *passuk* does it continue, "I will call out in the Name of Hashem." This begs the question: Why in one place are the two phrases placed together in one *passuk*, while in another place the phrases are divided between two *pesukim*?

The holy Rebbe Reb Dovid Moshe of Chortkov *ztk"l* teaches: "When I lift up the cup of salvation" hints to the *nisayon* of wealth, while "When I find trouble and grief" hints to the *nisayon* of poverty. When a person is tested with wealth, he has no questions or misgivings. He knows immediately that this is from Hashem. That's why it is expressed in one *passuk*, as he "calls out in the Name of Hashem" immediately. On the other hand, when faced with the *nisayon* of poverty, he has many questions and misgivings, and that's why his calling out to Hashem is delayed; and so it is placed in a separate *passuk*.

This teaches us a major principle in *emunah* and *bitachon*: In every situation, even in a situation of lowliness and poverty, a person should immediately strengthen himself; when we strengthen ourselves and call out to Hashem, Hashem saves us.

On Sukkos, we enter the *sukkah* and sit under the *s'chach*. It is well-known that the *Zohar Hakadosh* teaches that the *sukkah* hints to the protective shade of *dimheimnusa* – in simple language, "the canopy of *emunah*." When we enter the *sukkah*

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

Starting a Year with Emunah

we are announcing that we are leaving behind all our pain and entering an existence under the protective shade of Hashem.

When we live in the shade of Hashem, He is near to us and helps us with everything we need.

We are now at the beginning of a new year. How good it is to start it off by strengthening ourselves. At the very beginning, the first steps we take this year will be steps of *emunah* and *bitachon*.

The *Kli Yakar* on the *passuk*, "...he will crush your head and you will bite his heel" (*Bereishis* 3:15), states the following: At first the *yetzer hara* is comparable to a strand of a spider's web, and afterward it is compared to a very thick rope – like the ropes that harness a wagon to the horses. That's why the Torah states, "he will crush your head (*rosh*)" – if a person will hasten to go to war with his *yetzer hara* at the *rosh* – the very beginning, as soon as the *yetzer hara* comes to him, then "he will crush" – the person will easily win and will disconnect himself from the *yetzer hara*, as if he is removing a strand of a spider's web.

Likewise, when we strengthen ourselves at the very start of the year, then it will be easy, and the entire year will continue with *chizuk* in *emunah* and *bitachon* and a life in which we will bask in the protective shade of *emunah*.

May Hashem help and grant us renewal with a *shanah tovah umesukah*, filled with *bitachon* and *emunah*, under the protective shade of Hakadosh Baruch Hu.

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

Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

My daughter was getting older, and her *shidduch* was delayed. I was very broken over this, until I discovered the *hashgachah pratis* phone line. I started listening to the line and heard stories that strengthened me in *emunah* and gave me much *chizuk*. I was sure that salvation was at hand. Indeed, not long ago we closed on a *shidduch* with a very *chashuveh bachur*. Thank you!

My Sister Got Engaged!

Less than a month ago I donated money toward the distribution of the leaflets in a shul in Ashkelon, at a rate of 25 shekels per month, as a merit for my sister to find her *zivug*. This was several days before Rosh Chodesh Elul, and your representatives davened for her on Erev Rosh Chodesh at the gravesite of the Baal Hachovos Halevavos. On the tenth of Elul, we already celebrated her engagement, *b'sha'ah tovah!*

—A.K.

On the giving end

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!"

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