

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Vayechi - Shemot 5781 ■ Issue 56

HEART TO HEART

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

I Asked and Received!

Everything that happens to us has a purpose. The navi tells us that Hashem is teaching us all the time, and our job is to be good students. The textbook is the Torah, which teaches us the way to live. (Yeshayah 48:17) Each person has his own personalized course, as well – all the events that happens in his life. If we remembered this, it would be easier to accept the challenges we face. In every situation throughout the course of our lives, we can try to ascertain what we are meant to be learning, thus avoiding a lot of stress and worries. The next passuk promises that if one listens to Hashem, his “peace will flow like a river.” He will see tremendous benefit from maintaining this outlook.

Of course there are difficult situations in life. How do we handle them? With bitachon, a person can enjoy tranquility, knowing that Hashem is the Master Director who does the very best for each and every person. Also, bitachon gives us hope – even the bleakest situation can change in a split second. Hashem is the *kol yachol*.

Every nisayon is a lesson in the course that Hashem had made for us. Some trials last a few moments, some go on years. When someone is in pain, his tefillah comes from a deeper place than usual. This in itself is a conduit for yeshuah. As Shlomo Hemelech declares, “the hopes of the righteous are joy.” (Mishlei 10:28) Hope and tefillah n and of themselves help a person cope with things. Once one knows that Hashem is watching and directing everything, it makes much less of a difference what is occurring at the moment.

Many people want an easy life, without

any bumps or challenges. This is not realistic! The difficulties force us to raise our eyes to Heaven and ask Hashem to save us.

One big nisayon is about accepting when our tefillos are not answered as we'd like. Why doesn't Hashem always give us our request?

If a child sees a colorful little ball and thinks it's candy, while really it's poison, a loving father immediately takes the ball away. Of course, he gives the child a real candy instead. So too, sometimes we ask Hashem for something we think is the very best thing for us, but really it's “poison” for us. Hashem, our loving Father, won't give us what we want, but on the other hand He doesn't want us to feel disappointed. What does He do? He gives us a different “candy” to make us feel better. A person wanted more money, but received better health instead, or more nachas from the children, or greater siyatta dishmaya in other areas...

This is how Rabbeinu Yonah explains the passuk in Mishlei quoted above. “Even if he doesn't get what he wanted, his hopes will bring baout chassadim – *even greater than those he asked for!*” We just have to look around and notice the gifts that Hashem showers upon us, which may be the fruits of our tefillos, and much better than we could have imagined.

Either way, everything that happens is a gift, and even the hardships are part of our personalized course in this world, leading to the fulfillment of our *tafkid*. We thank Hashem for every challenge He sends our way!

(From shiur 36)

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

FROM THE EDITOR

Come, Let's Dance!

I want to thank everyone who has been participating in the “Daily Bitachon.” This story, more than just an appropriate message for the line, is a living example of *Mi k'amcha Yisrael*.

My friend Yehuda came over to me on Zos Chanukah, shining with joy. He had recently become a real estate agent in order to help make ends meet, and had firmly resolved to continue attending his nightly shiur at 9:00 in his hometown of Beitar.

As he put it:

“Two weeks ago, I was on the verge of concluding a nice deal, with profits of 20,000 shekels. I found myself in Yerushalayim all afternoon, wrapping up the final details of the deal. I was planning on leaving by 8:15, with plenty of time to make it home for the shiur. However, things took longer than I thought, and I wasn't able to leave until much later. I missed the shiur. I told myself I had been doing a different mitzvah, and that I would make up the learning the next day.”

“The next morning, we were supposed to complete the deal. I always turn off my cell phone during Shacharis, but on this day I was too eager and nervous to wait until the end. As the minyan said *Ashrei* and *Uvah Letzion*, I stepped out to call the buyer and ask if things were going as planned.”

“Do you know what happened?” Yehuda concluded joyfully. “It fell through!”

“I went home and I announced: Baruch Hashem! Hashem just gave me a kiss! He wanted me to know that He loves me, and that nobody loses out from listening to Him. I never miss my shiur, or leave davening to make a call. The deal didn't work out, so I should get the message!”

I told my neighbor the story and he quoted Rabbeinu Yonah in Shaarei Teshuvah:

When a person accepts Hashem's mussar and improves his ways and actions, **it is fitting for him to rejoice over his yissurim**, since they bring him tremendous advantage. He should thank Hashem for them just as he thanks Him for any success he experiences!”

Yehuda is a living embodiment of these words. He rejoiced in this misfortune as if it was a major success in his life!

Shouldn't we dance and sing? Indeed, *Mi k'amcha Yisrael!*

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

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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

Free Parking

I was driving to Geulah one morning. I knew that it's not easy to find parking there, so I called a friend of mine who lives around there to see if he could get me a spot.

"This is real hashgachah pratis," he replied. "I'm just pulling out of a parking spot right now. I would be glad to wait for you. I remember you have a black Peugeot, right?" Baruch Hashem! He told me where he was, and I continued on my way.

When I got there, I saw – another black Peugeot parked there! I guess my friend saw it coming and drove out, thinking it was me. I hope I had a chelek in the mitzvah of that other person getting a parking spot easily.

(Bitachon Yomi 40)

A Segulah for Finding an Apartment

My name is Yossel. I was looking for a bigger apartment for two years since my home was too small for my growing family. It was hard to find anything reasonably priced.

In Tammuz 5780 I heard about a segulah for finding a house – to buy mezuzos for the future home you hope to get. I was told that this segulah really works, perhaps because once you buy an apartment, you have no money left to get mezuzos!

In truth, this segulah is based on the Midrash on the passuk **מי הקדימני ואשלם**. Hashem says, "Did anyone do a mitzvah before I gave him the opportunity to do it?" For example, "Did anyone make for My Name a mezuzah before I gave him a house?" Therefore, if you purchase mezuzos even before you own a house, it is probable that Hashem will give you the chance to put them up.

I found a good *sofer Stam*. I ordered *mehudar* mezuzos, enough for all the rooms I wanted in a new apartment. This was Rosh Chodesh Elul. The *sofer* said he could start right after the Yomim Tovim.

Before Rosh Hashanah I heard about an apartment which seemed to be a real possibility. This was the first idea that had come up after two years of searching! However, it wasn't exactly right for me. A few more apartments came up, and then, on Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan, I found the perfect place!

I was wondering about my mezuzos, and called up the *sofer*. He said he had just started working on writing them! So there you have it – a tried and tested segulah for finding an apartment!

(Monday night, Parshas Vayera story, 3. Story 16094)

Paying the Bill

My name is Yerachmiel Sheperberg and I live in Kiryat Yoel. One Friday I had to go shopping, but I didn't have money to pay. What could I do? We needed food. I went to the store without money. "How will you pay for it?" someone in my family asked. "Hashem will help," I said.

The apartment was Waiting for Us!

I live in Montreal, Canada. Five years ago, I was making plans for my son's wedding. We wanted to rent the couple an apartment near us, and the building across from us had a rental available. We called the owner, but he had just sold it. We contacted the new owner, and he said he bought it as an investment, to sell it for a profit. In the meantime, he wasn't selling it yet, so he said we could rent it for two years.

We took it. The new couple enjoyed the apartment. Two and a half years later, the owner called us and said he now wanted to sell. That was the deal; he hadn't yet found a buyer, but when he would, they would need to leave immediately.

Another six months passed. Just after Sukkos, he called to say he found a buyer. They would have to leave within a few weeks. There was nothing we could do – it was his house. Baruch Hashem, our daughter-in-law had just given birth at the time, so they were staying by her parents. I started looking for another apartment for them, but didn't find anything. The owner kept pressuring for them to leave. He was right, but where would they go?

Anyway, we started packing up their things. I did a lot of hishtadlus of davening to Hashem for a yeshuah. Also, I asked everyone I met if they knew of apartments for rent. One day I was sitting next to another Rebbi in the school where I teach, and asked him if he knows of an apartment. He said there were two empty apartments near his home, which was on the street adjacent to mine. Great! I asked him who the owner was, but he had no idea. I even went to the building and asked around – nobody knew. What else could I do? I left a note on the mailboxes of those two units, and davened.

A few days later I got a call from a fellow who introduced himself as the owner of the apartments. He had seen my letter and said I could come to the building.

He owned the two units in the building and wanted to sell them. His price was reasonable and I agreed to buy them. The problem was, he was living in the place where we met him. How could my son move in? He said they could move into the other apartment right away. We went downstairs and he opened the door for us. We were pleasantly surprised to see a beautiful, clean apartment just waiting for us!

The fellow told me that he actually didn't live in Canada anymore, but he had come back to deal with selling his apartments. The week before, he had had to leave the area because his father took ill suddenly, and when he came back he saw my note. Just then someone else called him about the house, but since he had seen my note first, he let me have it.

Our children moved in. Their backyard borders my own backyard. This was nice, and we even made an eruv

between them so we could carry things across from one house to the other. When the pandemic started and we were confined to our houses, it really came in handy. I set up a mikvah in my house, and was able to connect it to my son's house. We were able to go to the mikvah each day! The apartment is just perfect, a gift from Hashem!

(Motzei Shabbos Vayeshiv, story 1, Yiddish. Story 18743)

Two Menorahs

Reb Nota Slonim of Beit Shemesh tells this story:

One Chanukah morning, neighbor of mine named Yehoshua accompanied his wife, who was in labor, to Bikur Cholim hospital in Yerushalayim. He assumed that everything would go well and he would make it home in time to light the Chanukah candles. However, things didn't go as planned.

By midnight, he was still in the delivery room. How could he get a menorah and candles? He remembered a friend who lived nearby and was usually up late, so he called him. The friend was happy to help, and said he would be right over.

Yehoshua asked one of the hospital staff members there where he could set up a menorah. The fellow got excited. "Oh, great! Chanukah lights! We have some here." He took out a simple menorah with colored wax candles and set it up on the counter.

Yehoshua didn't know what to do. He hadn't asked for a menorah, and he preferred to light with oil. He waited outside for his friend, who soon showed up with a beautiful menorah with *mehudar* oil lamps. Not wanting to insult the well-meaning worker, Yehoshua decided to set up the menorah in the outer hallway. He went back inside to get his siddur and started saying the "yehi ratzon" before lighting. In a hospital, it's easier to have kavanah when you daven...

Upon returning to his menorah, he found two people standing next to it. An elderly man in a wheelchair was saying to his attendant, "See how much Hashem loves me! I davened that I should be able to light candles, and here's a menorah I could use!"

As Yehoshua came closer with his siddur and a candle in his hand, the man looked up and realized that the menorah wasn't available, after all. His face fell with disappointment. It took Yehoshua only a moment to decide what he would do.

"Of course you can use these neiros – I have another one inside! Enjoy, and happy Chanukah!" he told the man.

The man thanked him profusely. He had just had an operation on his leg that day, and was overjoyed to be able to light Chanukah candles.

Yehoshua went back to the counter and lit the simple menorah with the wax candles, knowing that he had done the right thing.

Imagine what a gentile would do, in the same situation. Certainly, he wouldn't give up the better kind of menorah, and he would have given the simple one to the other man. A Yid, however, knows that the best kind of *hiddur* mitzvah is to do a chessed to others!

(Bitachon Yomi 49)

At the supermarket, I filled up my shopping cart. We do all the shopping for the week on Erev Shabbos, so it was a lot. I pushed the cart over to the checkout and waited in line. My wife called. "What are you going to do?" she was concerned. "Hashem will help." I hung up and a bachur came over to me. "Are you Yerachmiel, and do you have a car service? I once got a ride with you, but I didn't have money to pay. I'm engaged to be married now, and I want to pay off my debts. Such hashgachah that I met you!" He pulled out \$200 from his wallet – the exact amount that I needed to pay for the food!

(Motzei Shabbos Parshas Vayishlach, Yiddish story #1. Story 18635)

Hashovas Aveidah at the Right Time

This is Mordechai Dan here. I live in London. One day I noticed something under a bookshelf in my shul, Kahal Chareidim. I bent down, and discovered it was a wallet full of money! I put up signs in the shul about it, but nobody came forward to collect it.

A few months later, I decided to ask a Rav what to do with the money. After shacharis, I walked out of the Beis Hamedrash at the same time as an older man who davens in the shul. Wanting to be polite, I said good morning to him and told him the *sheilah* I was about to ask.

His eyes lit up. "A wallet under the bookshelf? Oh my goodness – I think it's mine! One Shabbos night, I discovered that I had mistakenly left my wallet in my pocket. I went to the side room, shook it out onto the floor, and kicked it under the bookshelf. I forgot all about it!"

I was amazed at the hashgachah. I hardly ever talk to this man, and now I had spoken to him in the nick of time! What makes it even more amazing was that this man had just been robbed, and the money was very helpful to him at this time. Plus, it comforted him, giving him the feeling that Hashem was watching over him. Hashem was *makdim refuah l'makah!*

(Wednesday night, Parshas Veyetzei, Yiddish story #5. Story 18432)

Hashem Arranges Appointments

An avreich from Beitar Illit related the following:

I needed to have serious dental work done. The doctors told me to go to Hadassah Ein Kerem for it, where the next available appointment was only a few months later. I asked an *askan* to get me an earlier slot, and indeed, he was able to arrange an appointment for me for the following week.

I arrived on that morning with all the necessary forms filled out, but the secretary told me that I didn't have an appointment. What did I do? I said *Mizmor L'sodah!* Everything Hashem does is for the best.

The secretary saw I had all the forms with me and took pity on me. She said she could squeeze me in at the end of the day. I got in, and the doctor checked me and said it's not as complicated as they thought. One treatment would be enough! Baruch Hashem!

The only problem was that the next available appointment was in seven months! Nu, so I said *Mizmor L'sodah* again, and hoped for the best. As I was leaving, a man walked over to the front desk and told the secretary that he was cancelling his appointment. She gave me the appointment, which was for the following month.

I thanked Hashem once again!

(Bitachon Yomi 16)

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

I listen to many shiurim on the line, and get a lot of chizuk from it. Now I'm facing a challenge. Someone in my family is losing a lot of money in his job, yet continues at it. I depend on him for parnassah, and I'm shattered by what is taking place.

C. R., Yerushalayim

Q #12

Strengthening Yourself During a Nisayon

Reb Tzvi Derbamideker from Beit Shemesh: There seem to be two parts to your question. One is, how can a person be strong in the face of a nisayon of bitachon? There is also the technical question of whether you should try to convince the relative to get a different job. About the bitachon part- speaking words of emunah strengthens your faith. Keep speaking and thinking about emunah and bitachon. This will help you get through it.

Reb Chaim Yaakov Shwartz from Ashdod: When a tzarah comes, a person may forget all the divrei chizuk he heard. There's a story about the Baal Shem Tov. Once he had a tzarah and all his levels of kedushah were taken from him. What did he do? He started saying the alef-beis! That brought back his *madreigos*, and he was saved. Simple, wholehearted emunah is the way. Tell yourself that only Hashem can bring the yeshuah.

Reb Dovid Leifer from Yerushalayim: It says, "A person doesn't sin unless a spirit of foolishness comes over him." I heard that this means that he loses his emunah and bitachon. If you strengthen yourself beforehand, you have more of a chance of staying strong. It would be a good idea to start a shiur on Shaar Habitachon with your family. Regarding the job - I was taught that as long as there are no *issurim* involved, a person can keep at it.

A Job is Merely Hishtadlus

Reb Shlomo Shimon Rotman from Beit Shemesh: Rabbeinu Bechaya says that even if a person isn't making any money from his job, he should just continue with it. It's just the effort he's supposed to do for Hashem to give him parnassah. You should ask someone for advice, though.

Reb Yehuda Gewirtzman from Yerushalayim: Many Gedolim say that one way Hashem runs the world is that to get to a new stage of life, you have to break through a challenge first, just as a bird has to break through his shell so he can hatch. This is a *yerida l'tzorech aliyah*, and it's harder than it sounds! Since you learn Shaar Habitachon, you have what to tell your family about it.

Reb Yishai Ashkenazi from Teveriah: What do you mean that you depend on him for parnassah? This sounds like a joint partnership. Let me give you some good advice: Just because he may be the go-getter, you don't have to agree with all of his decisions! Express your opinion about what he is doing or not doing.

Question for next issue

Our family has a certain stigma which makes shidduchim difficult. My daughter skipped ahead of two brothers and got engaged. We're all struggling to strengthen each other. Maybe we should just give up the chizuk and accept that this is Hashem's will for us?

L. B., Ganei Tikvah

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 Vayitza.

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 our generation, it is very easy to get a loan. There are gemachim, banks, and credit cards. But it's also easy to fall into the perpetual cycle from one gemach to the next.

Borrowing from one gemach to pay off loans to another gemach - besides the many halachic ramifications, and the possibility of becoming like the "wicked man" who "borrows and doesn't repay" - this sort of behavior is addictive. It can ruin one's life! The first time a person is in a tight spot and the gemach saves him, he feels relief. Then another expense comes up, and he thinks, "Why not just get another loan?" After a while, he owes thousands of shekels, without any way to pay it back!

The Gemara says "a person prefers a kav of his own over nine of his friend." Why are nine kavim of others equal to one of his own? Because if one is happy with the money he has, he can manage with one kav. Once he starts taking from others, however, before you know it, he will need nine!

Some people who are stuck in this cycle claim it's okay since they have bitachon that Hashem will give them the money they need to pay back. The truth is the opposite! If they really had bitachon, they wouldn't go to gemachim! Hashem can send a person the money without the gemachim as intermediaries.

People have families and needs, and times are tough. Sometimes, however, a person can tell his children that something is simply unaffordable at present. One could suggest to his children to daven and trust in Hashem. This would be great chinuch in bitachon.

There are two *yesodos* that will enable a person to let go of the habit of taking loans. One is *temimus* - honest and simple trust in Hashem. Without His help, we can't do anything at all! Secondly, a person should value money. Every shekel is a gift from Hashem, to be used properly and with good judgment. There's a story in the Gemara about a simple

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

Taking the Loan is a Lack of Bitachon

villager who came to the city on a day when they were fasting because no rain had fallen. He couldn't understand what the big deal was - every time he needed rain for his fields, he simply asked Hashem, and it rained! He davened, and it started to rain!

While we often assume these are ancient tales and are irrelevant to us today, in truth that is not so. Hashem answers our tefillos. We just have to believe in the power of our prayers.

Let me tell you some examples:

A Yid told me that he owns a studio apartment which he rents out in order to pay off his mortgage. He had a tenant for a few years, but then the man informed him he was leaving. The owner put up signs advertising his apartment for rent. His family was getting nervous. How would they afford their bills? He, however, stayed calm and trusted in Hashem. *The day the tenant moved out*, another tenant called.

I know another man who lives with wholehearted bitachon, and sees Hashem's help in everything he does. He had a pretty low-paying job, and only with his wife's income did they make ends meet. One day she was fired from her job, and he asked me for advice about what to do now. We discussed it and concluded that there wasn't really anything he could do - but daven. So that's what he did. *The very next day* he called with the news that he was just offered a job with a much higher salary!

Another person I knew lived in a rented apartment for a very reasonable price for many years. Eventually the owner told him that he had to leave. He strengthened his bitachon, and the owner changed his mind. In the meantime, he won a lottery, and acquired enough money to buy an apartment in Bnei Brak!

This is the way to live - trust in Hashem wholeheartedly. He will provide your needs. Don't fall into the gemach cycle. Daven to Hashem!

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

It is already several months that my son has been hospitalized. It is only in the Zechus of my consistently listening to the KAV HASHGACHA and to my constantly reading the leaflets, do I have the strength to accept this period of my life with Simcha and complete Emunah.

D. G., Bnei Brak

Two of my family members were childless for many years. I donated money towards the spreading of Emunah by contributing to Machon Shaar HaBitachon and both were helped and had a child in a miraculous way.

On the giving end

C. R., Aashdod

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