

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Vayakhel Pekudei - Vayikra 5783 ■ Issue 110

HEART TO HEART

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

Benefit in This World and the Next

Boaz approached his friend Nissim and blessed him emotionally: "Congratulations on winning a prize at the green grocer's. I heard you won a nice big red apple! And congratulations on winning, in the country-wide auction – an eight-room apartment in the center of the country, with no mortgage!" Nu, what do you say? Is it possible to be as excited about winning an apple as about winning an apartment? One is a passing thing, while one is permanent. One is worth a few pennies, one a few million shekels. One you eat and it's gone, the other you leave as an inheritance for your grandchildren. How did Boaz see any sort of connection between the two things?

This question comes up in Rabbenu Bachya's statement: *The reward for having bitachon in Hashem will accompany him throughout his life in this world and in the Next World.* How can we possibly compare the reward in this world to the reward in the World to Come? All the pleasures and luxuries of this world are nothing in comparison to the World to Come. How can Rabbeinu mention them both in the same breath?

The explanation is as follows: When a Yid strengthens himself in *bitachon* and gains serenity in this world, he opens up pipelines of spiritual bounty while living in this world. He gains greater achievements spiritually – more Torah, more mitzvos and more *maasim tovim*, and so the physical reward is in fact a spiritual reward. It is worthwhile to strengthen ourselves in *bitachon* just in order to live, here in this world, lives that are physically better and happier. The result is a more elevated life, a happier life, and besides the reward set aside for the *bitachon* itself, a person will discover that he has much more strength, time, and peace in order to fulfill the mitzvos.

People plan their days. Now, between Purim and Pesach, people have a lot of plans. They need to get hold of money, to fit in time to work, to buy here and sell there, to organize the house, and to take care of errands. The plans for the day pile up to the sky, and a person sets out to accomplish everything. What happens when he gets stuck in traffic for half an hour and then is so late for his appointment that it is cancelled? If he strengthens himself in *bitachon*, he earns an hour of *emunah* and continues his day in peace, and his mind is available to think of solutions. He believes that everything is from Hashem, Who will certainly help him. But if he still hasn't learned of such an approach, and he thinks

that he himself plans everything and that if something doesn't work out, it's because of all the incompetent people around him, then he blames the whole world – the driver, the neighbor, his wife, his children, the guest, the boss, the secretary...all of them are at fault, and he now has a full hour to get angry at everyone.

The anger brings difficult things in its wake – pain and struggles; as the *passuk* says, "A wicked person will suffer much pain" (*Te-hillim* 32:10). In contrast, one who strengthens himself in *bitachon* understands that Hashem's desire is only for his good, and even when he is in pain he sees the *chessed* in it – "One who trusts in Hashem will be surrounded by *chessed*."

The *Midrash Rabbah* explains that the wicked man and the person who trusts in Hashem are in fact one and the same. Even if a person was wicked and then he did *teshuvah*, Hashem accepts him, as it says, "and he who trusts in Hashem will be surrounded by *chessed*."

Many *mefarshim* question this *midrash*: We know that Hashem accepts those who do *teshuvah*, so what does this *midrash* come to teach us?

The answer is that this *passuk* is not referring to a wicked man who cast off the yolk of Heaven, who did whatever he felt like doing. It is talking about a good Jew who does mitzvos and even goes beyond the letter of the law in serving Hashem, but throughout his life there are several things he needs to improve. These acts are called "wicked acts," but the man is in fact a *tzaddik*. Whenever Rabbi Hakadosh (Rabi Yehuda Hanassi) would hurt even his little finger, he would say about himself, "A wicked person will suffer much pain." Didn't Rabbi know that he was a righteous man? The answer is that, according to his high spiritual level, he understood there was some sort of deficiency that could justify his referring to himself as "wicked."

We can learn from here that while every person knows in what ways he is imperfect, what his *nisyonos* are, and what he needs to improve, if he strengthens himself in *bitachon* and exerts himself to truly anticipate Hashem's salvation, Hakadosh Baruch Hu in His great mercy will show him His *chassadim*, and he will earn the reward of *bitachon* in this world and in the Next.

May we always strengthen ourselves with joy, and may we see revealed *chassadim*; amen.

(Excerpt from shiur 12 in Shaar Habitachon. To listen to the shiur, press 4 after selecting a language, or dial directly: 02-301-1904)

FROM THE EDITOR

Doing Business with Shaar Habitachon

My friend Reb Moshe from Beit Shemesh advises and assists businesses in order to promote their growth and expand their profits. He has one important principle regarding his work: When he is assisting a particular business, he avoids assisting a competing business in the same area. If, for example, he is working with a business selling nutritional supplements, he will not agree to work with a health-food store located in the same area, at the same time.

One day, one of the business owners who uses his services phoned him and said, "I heard that so-and-so asked you to advise him regarding his business, and you refused."

"That's correct – because it goes against my principle; he opened a business similar to yours."

The Jew was not moved. "I'm asking you to help him and use all your expertise to enable him to prosper."

"I don't understand," Reb Moshe said. "People usually oppose my working with a business similar to theirs within a radius of two kilometers, and you're asking me to help a business similar to yours and located in your own neighborhood, and even on the same street as your business?"

"You need to understand," his client responded. "Before I discovered the light of *Shaar Habitachon*, I used to think like you. But now, after several months of learning *Shaar Habitachon* consistently, *baruch Hashem*, I believe with all my heart that there is no one who can help or harm me without the Creator's permission.

"I just think: Why did Hakadosh Baruch Hu present me with the *nisayon* of the competitor? Because He wants more *emunah* and *bitachon* from me. He wants me to internalize in my heart – the deeper the better – that He is the L-rd Who sustains and provides for all, and only He gives bread to all living flesh. When I help my competitor, I am actualizing the *chizuk* in *emunah*, and *emunah* is what brings the greatest *shefa* of all."

It's amazing to see how life is transformed completely in the *zechus* of *emunah*. Two people have the same *nisyonos*. Both have a business, and both are faced with a new competitor. Both have children in *shidduchim*, and a *shidduch* did not work out for either of them. Both are searching for an apartment, both missed the bus, and yet – how great is the difference between them. The Yid who lives with *emunah* sees everything with purity; everything is glowing and shining, everything is for his good. In every difficulty, he sees recovery and revival.

Such strong *emunah* comes only from setting aside a set time for learning in the *sefer Shaar Habitachon*, a set time for listening to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line. The set daily time instills in the heart that Hashem is the L-rd – there is no one but Him.

Good Shabbos Pinchas Shafer

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

HASHGACHA PRATIS HOTLINE
Yiddish, Hebrew, English.

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratit, as told on the hotline

The Power of Tefillah and Chizuk

I've never had it too easy in *parnassah*. Ever since I was first married, I have found myself chasing one penny, then another. Someone once said jokingly that in *Selichos* we refer to ourselves as "a poor man at the door" – *k'ani bapesach*, because a poor man somehow manages with all his difficulties throughout the year, but when Pesach comes...then he can no longer depend on his paltry abilities, and he cries out for help.

That was exactly the state in which I found myself – a poor man before Pesach, and I begged Hashem not to abandon me or to leave me alone, and to shower me with blessing in honor of Pesach, so that I could welcome the Yom Tov *b'harchavah gedolah*.

At the same time, my wife started cleaning and organizing the house for Pesach. While organizing closets, in the way of all good Jewish women, she sorted clothing into piles, deciding which to give or throw away because they could no longer be used. She came across an outfit that did not adhere completely to the laws of *tznius*. Although she liked it, she decided that its color was too flashy, and she bravely decided to throw it out. When she threw out the outfit, she davened wholeheartedly that in the *zechus* of her being *mischazeik* in *tznius* and giving up the outfit, Hashem would send us all our needs for Pesach, *beharchavah gedolah*.

The *tefillos* and the *chizuk* ascended Heavenward, and something incredible happened. While I was walking outside, a friend called me to say that a distribution of food was taking place just then, and he did not need the box that was earmarked for him. "You can take the box set aside for me," he said. I got there and saw that the box was filled with delicacies: meat, matzah, grape juice, fruits and vegetables. I took his box, and I asked the people in charge to allow me to get a box like this for myself as well. They approved my request, and I brought home great *shefa* – two boxes filled with delicacies.

Afterward, a Yid I did not know approached me and told me that his father was giving out food to families in honor of Pesach, and he could give me four kilos of matzah. Thus things continued coming my way; all types of people, without my asking for anything, gave me money and took care of all my needs, so that I had everything amply, as is befit-

The Traditions of Abba's Home

Today I davened in the home of Harav Chaim Kanievsky *zt"l*, where I met his son. He told me that two weeks ago he made an *aufruf* in Ramot. Both sides of the family were invited, and they prepared for a meal for about one hundred people. The caterer was ordered, everything was organized, and now they had to arrange for one more important detail. Rav Chaim *zt"l*, like many G-d-fearing Jews, had the custom of separating *ma'asaros* from all food, even if it had an excellent *hechsher*. Reb Chaim's son continues this custom, and he sent one of his sons to the hall to separate *ma'aser* from the food the caterer had brought.

The son got to the hall and discovered that there was no food there at all. No food and drink, no challah and wine, no meat and no fish. He made some calls and finally figured out that the caterer had made a mistake with the address of the hall and had put the food down in a completely different location, far from the hall.

Within a short time everything was taken care of. Someone brought all the food over to the right hall, and thus they were able to enjoy the pleasures of Shabbos with all the delicacies – *barburim uslav v'dagim*.

What would have happened if the son had not gone to the hall on *erev Shabbos* to separate *ma'aser* from the food? When would they have discovered the big mistake, and would there have been a possibility of bringing the food over on Shabbos? Would there have been any food for the many guests to eat?

Maintaining the traditions of his father's home ensured that their *simchah* would be complete.

(Tuesday, Parshas Mishpatim 5783, afternoon, story 3, #32668. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

A Familiar Picture, from Yesterday

An *avreich* from Beit Shemesh relates: My wife has a *gan* in the house, and she is usually the one who greets the children in the morning and sends them off in the afternoon. One morning I was the one who greeted the children, and thus I discovered that one of the children had the same last name as ours. I struck up a conversation with his father and discovered that we were related.

The next day I met someone. "I found a Rav Kav (bus card) with the same last name as yours. Perhaps you know the person whose picture appears here?" he asked, showing me the Rav Kav.

How happy I was to see the familiar face of the newly discovered relative I had met the day before. I was amazed to hear that the finder had been walking around for several days with that Rav Kav, and only on that day, the day after I had met the child's father, did he ask me about the card he had found. There was a considerable amount of credit in the card, and I was happy to be able to return a lost object to the *avreich* whom Hashem had sent my way a day earlier.

(Tuesday, Parshas Mishpatim 5783, morning, story # 32659. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

Not Less than a Thousand

On the scheduled day, my wife gathered all the documents related to her salary and asked an accountant's office to do her accounting, so she could receive the returns that were legally coming to her. But after speaking to them, she still wasn't sure that she wanted to use their services. Then she decided she could handle the paperwork on her own. She took care of the matter herself and eventually received a stipend that had nothing to do with the accountant.

At the office, however, they understood that she had initially been interested in their services, and not only that particular service, but all the services given to a permanent client. Thus at the end of the year she received a bill from the accountant's office for 1,200 shekels.

My wife claimed that she had never made an agreement with them to use their services, and certainly not to become a permanent client, but the office staff claimed, "We took care of your paperwork, and we deserve payment."

Time passed, the debt weighed on her, and she called to ask them to forgo it. The management agreed to go down to 1,000 shekels, and that was the end of the conversation. The debt continued to weigh on her, along with a feeling of injustice, and in the meantime, nothing was done.

Some time later, there was an emergency fundraising drive in our neighborhood for medical treatment for a young girl who was ill. It touched my heart, and I pledged to contribute 1,000 shekels. I did not know where I would get the money, but I knew I would make every effort to bring the critical sum. My friends spoke about how it was interesting that a national organization was making the drive, and not our city's local organization.

A few days later, my wife began having doubts. She recalled the accountant's office and suddenly thought, *Who knows, perhaps I owe them money?* Hard as it is to let go of 1,000 shek-

חייגו עכשיו:

02-6246845

ניתן להצטרף גם

בעמדת נדרים פלוס

תחת השם "מגזין השגחה פרטית"

הכניסו את
האור הביתה!

הצטרפו עוד היום

למשפחת המנויים:

ממשיכים עם מבצע ההשקה

"מגלגלין זכות

על ידי זכאי"

מגזין נוסף בעלות דמי משלוח בלבד

els, it is even harder to come to the upper worlds and discover that you hadn't transferred the money to a creditor. She called the office and the secretary answered her: "Just yesterday I spoke to the manager about your debt. She said that if you weren't pleased, she is prepared to forgo the debt, on condition that you give the money to a certain *tzedakah* organization. If you don't owe us the money, the *zechus* will be yours, and if you do, the *zechus* will be ours." The secretary mentioned the name of the organization that was collecting money for the girl who was ill. Incredible! The 1,000 shekels I had pledged to contribute had cancelled out the debt we owed to the office. Once again I saw how one never loses out from giving *tzedakah*.
(Sunday, Parshas Beshalach 5783, morning, story # 32306. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

Dangerous Books

My name is Mordechai from Beitar. I teach in a *cheder*. One morning, I peeked into the parallel class on my way into my own class and saw a box on the *melamed's* table filled with old books. *Interesting*, I thought. *It seems that he's started dealing in antiques. May he have good luck.*

I hadn't even asked him about it, but several days later he told me, "You must hear this story! You've never heard a story like this one!"

And this is what he told me:

I have a very dear, beloved son, a *masmid*. You know him – a gem of a boy, *baruch Hashem*, a gift from Above. One day at end of Av he brought home an old box of books from the *sheimos* and asked if I would agree to keep it in the house, just because it looked like something interesting. I told him, "It really is interesting. Maybe we could sell some of these books and earn something."

The box was stashed somewhere in the house and almost forgotten. I had no time to take care of it in the hustle and bustle of the day, with the hectic beginning of the year, Yom Tov, and *simchos*, *baruch Hashem*. Now, at the end of the winter, I decided I would take care of it. I brought the books to *cheder* so that our friend Reb Shaul, who understands antiques, could tell me their worth.

He saw just one *sefer* and was horrified. "What dangerous books these are!" Reb Shaul told me. "This is heresy, written by an evil *maskil*. Not only is it forbidden to study these books, but even holding them in your house is forbidden. Throw them out."

I still dreamed of making some sort of profit, and I asked him how much, in his opinion, I could make if I put them up for sale. "Something like 500 dollars," he said, "but don't do anything before asking a Rav."

I asked a Rav, and he was no less horrified. "Don't sell them and don't deal with them. Wrap them up well in thick tape and write on them, 'Do not open!' and don't bring them into your home."

I did as he told me. The *sefarim* were taken out of my home, and I still did not realize how important this act was.

A few days later, I received a note from my son's *rebbe*: "Your son is blossoming! Learning as he should, davening with enthusiasm, exactly as in the past!"

The note caused my heart to expand with joy. As I said before, this son of mine is a gem. Every father would want to be blessed with a son like this one. But from the beginning of the year, something happened to him. Suddenly he was no longer what he used to be. A type of heaviness settled over his limbs, a type of sadness we could not understand. He stopped showing interest in his learning, and in davening his enthusiasm disappeared completely. We tried to understand what was happening to him, tried to help him, and of course we davened from the depth of our hearts that Hashem would save him and that we would see *nachas* from him like we used to see, but nothing seemed to help. He walked around like his light had been extinguished, and my heart went out to him.

The note from the *melamed* aroused me to notice that indeed in the past days there had been a tremendous improvement in my son's behavior. Suddenly I was beset by the thought: *Books! My son brought home books of heresy just before the start of the school year, and now I've just taken them out!* It was very simple. The mere existence of the bad books had brought a *ruach ra'ah* over my son. It was terrifying to think about it.

I told this over to the Rav, and the Rav told me that I had been saved from tremendous danger and that I should make a *seudas hodayah* to publicize this, in order to warn others and to relate the kindnesses of Hashem, Who guards those who serve Him.

(Erev Shabbos Kodesh, Parshas Mishpatim 5783, story 4 #32742. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

The Last Book

An *avreich* from Beitar relates: My daughter borrowed a book from the school library, and when the time came to return it, she could not find it. She searched the whole house, and I joined her in the search. Everyone checked in every possible place, above the closets and under the drawers, until we gave up. We had to return the exact same book to the school, so I went to a large bookstore to find the same book.

I asked the seller whether he had a book by this name, and he answered, "No. We're out. I only have a new edition, which differs somewhat from the old one."

"I need to return specifically the old edition of the book," I said, but the seller did not know how to help me.

While we were talking, a Jew standing nearby joined the conversation. "My father is the publisher of this book, and I am the distributor," he said. "If you want, I can check our storage rooms and see if a copy of the old edition is left."

He checked, and a few days later he contacted me. "I have one last copy of the old edition," he informed me happily. He too lives in Beitar, so I was able to get to him easily, buy the book, and return the exact book back to the school library.

(Monday, Parshas Tetzaveh 5783, morning, story #32960. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

ting sons of Kings.

We were able to see tangibly that the *tefillos* and *chizukim* brought the great *shefa*. After Pesach, my situation returned to what it had always been; I continued struggling to bring home food for my family. This shows that the bounty we experienced was completely beyond nature and *mazal*.

(Thursday, Parshas Ki Sisa, 5783, night, Yiddish, story 3, #32668. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

It's a Good Thing I Went Home

Rav Aryeh Eisenbach relates: I repair *matzeivos* in order to earn a livelihood. People who are concerned about the honor of their loved ones come to me asking me to repair their tombstones. While not everyone knows that I am the address for anything connected to repairing *kevarim*, there are people who know my potential clients, and they connect them to me.

One evening, toward the end of the week, I completed a job on Har Hamenuchos and began heading home. What would next week bring? I had no idea. I had no orders for the coming week, and I prayed for *parnassah*. From afar I saw a Yid who was one of those who would send work my way from time to time. I told myself that perhaps I should go over to him, wish him a good night, and then he'd keep me in mind.

I was tired from the day's labor and anxious to get home. In order to meet the Yid I would have had to go out of my way. I deliberated, but my constant listening to the *hashgachah* phone line paid off. Going over to the man in order to remind him what I do would be too much *hishtadlus*. The Ribbono shel Olam could send me *parnassah* without it.

The moment I understood this, things got easier for me. I drove straight home. Two minutes later I got a call...from the Yid I had seen from afar on the mountain!

"Are you in the area?" he asked me.

"I'm home now," I answered him.

"I wanted to show you something. I have work for you." At that moment I was happy that I hadn't gone over to speak to him. It didn't work for me to be near the *kevarim* at that hour of the day. It was getting late, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu was sending me *parnassah* through him, without my having to try too hard. I told him that, *im yirtzeh Hashem*, the next day I would see how to deal with the matter.

Two minutes later, *baruch Hashem*, another Yid called me about a job. Once again I was able to see that there is no reason for increasing *hishtadlus*, when we know that Hakadosh Baruch Hu sends the *parnassah* with exactitude, *chesed* and mercy.

(Daily bitachon, Thursday, Parshas Tetzaveh 5783. To listen to the shiur, press 0-2 after selecting a language, or dial directly: 02-301-1905)

מאמינים ומזכים



כל אלו שיצטרפו עד יום ראשון פרשת צו ד' ניסן בשעה 22.00 בלילה א"ה המגזין יגיע אליהם הביתה לחג הפסח

השגחה פרטית לכל המשפחה שיצא לאור בעזרת ה' לקראת חג הפסח הבא עלינו לטובה

הצטרפו עוד היום למשפחת המנויים על המגזין החדש

אלפים כבר הבטיחו לעצמם ביטחון!

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

We know that a person is obligated to bless Hashem for bad things just as he blesses for good; but is it possible to give blessings and thanks for the pain of another person? This applies practically, if, for example, there is an older girl who is awaiting her shidduch. While the girl herself has the right to give thanks for this difficulty, how can her parents give thanks for the pain that their daughter is suffering? **Q #62** —R.S., Yerushalayim

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

Thanks for the Bad

Harav Yosef Shachor of Bnei Brak: The source for the fact that one is supposed to thank Hashem for bad things is in the *Gemara (Pesachim 50a)*: "In this world, for good tidings one says *Baruch hatov v'hameitiv*, and for bad tidings one says *Baruch Dayan ha'emes*. In the World of the future it is all *hatov v'hameitiv*." The *mefarshim* specify (see *Maharsha* and *Tz'lach* there) that this does not mean that in the World to Come there will be no bad, because in this world as well, if there is no "bad," we don't make the blessing *Dayan emes*. Rather, this comes to show us that nothing bad comes from Hashem, and everything is for the good. However, in this world it *seems* to be bad, while in the World to Come we will see that it was for the good. Thus, we do not give thanks for the bad but rather for the good that is hidden within what seems to be bad. Therefore, if someone is suffering on account of someone else's pain, he gives thanks for the good that is concealed within his own suffering. He does not give thanks for the suffering of the other person.

With Knowledge and Wisdom

Harav Shlomo Ashkenazi of Yerushalayim: This question addresses two different situations. One is when someone else has a *tzarah* that is unrelated to you. In this case, it is certainly not applicable to give thanks for the other's pain. This would be outright cruelty; a person is supposed to be pained by the pain of another Yid. Alternatively, however, a *tzarah* may be shared by more than one person, as in the case of the parents and their daughter. In this case, the parents cannot give thanks to Hashem for their daughter's suffering, but they can give thanks for their own suffering, just as they would for any other pain they have. Certainly, this must be done with wisdom and sensitivity, so the daughter doesn't think that her parents don't recognize her suffering. When they do this in her presence, they need to explain and specify the idea behind it – that they are doing this in order to accept Hashem's judgment with love and with the belief that this difficulty is for the good.

Harav Mordechai Septimus of Ofakim: When a *tzarah* comes upon someone else, there is no place for strengthening yourself in *emunah* on his account. It is said in the name of the Alter of Kelm that all *middos* can be used positively or negatively. For example, *ga'avah* can be used as brazenness to stand strong for matters of holiness. So too with heresy, the Alter said jokingly. The positive use of it is when one person encounters the pain of another – that is a time to focus on things other than *emunah* and *bitachon*. He should, rather, focus on feeling the pain of the other person. Giving thanks for the suffering of another person would come from a lack of awareness and empathy for his difficulty.

Harav Moshe Friedman of Yerushalayim: We say that "the other person's *gashmiyus* is my *ruchniyus*," meaning that when another person has a *tzarah*, my mitzvah is to care about the other person's difficulties. Just as

matters of our *ruchniyus* are not in the Hands of Heaven, the same is true regarding someone else's *tzarah* – we must do our best to help them.

Blessing for the Bad

Harav Avishai Ezra of Rechovot: Blessing Hashem for the bad means accepting His judgment with love, "sincerely and willingly." (*Shulchan Aruch*, 222:3) The Bach explains that the obligation to bless Hashem for the bad as we do for the good implies that although it seems to be impossible for a person to be *happy* that bad things have befallen him, nevertheless, just as he blesses Hashem for the good – happily, sincerely and willingly, so too he can bless Hashem for the bad with complete sincerity and willingness. Only a person who has experienced the bad is obligated to make this blessing, just as only a person who has experienced good is obligated to make the blessing *Hatov v'hameitiv*. Thus, whether for good or for bad, we do not say a blessing for something someone else has experienced. In the scenario presented here, the parents are also suffering, and certainly they should accept their own suffering with love. But the suffering of their daughter applies to her alone.

Harav Ephraim Brisk of Modi'in Illit: The blessing we recite for the bad does not come with song and dance, but through pain. It is true that it is painful and there is suffering, but we believe it is done with justice. Thus for anything bad that befalls a person, even if it affects others as well, he can bless Hashem only for his own part in the suffering.

Rav Shlomo Spitzer of Yerushalayim: The *brachah* we say for the bad is *Dayan ha'emes*. This is not a blessing of thanks, but rather an acknowledgement of the fact that the judgment of Hashem is true. Thus we find that we say this blessing also regarding bad things that have befallen others. As brought in *Maseches Berachos* (58b), "One who sees a cripple, a blind man [and others with disabilities]...says *Baruch Dayan ha'emes*."

Rav Shimon Tzinwerth from Beit Shemesh: The blessing *Dayan ha'emes* is made by all the relatives of the deceased, without differentiating between the varied levels of suffering experienced. The orphans feel tremendous pain, while another relative's pain may be of a much lesser degree. Nonetheless, he too makes the *brachah*.

Due to space constraints, we could not print all the wonderful responses that came in.

Question for newsletter 112

There are some people I have a hard time tolerating, because their style and way of handling various things differ from mine. I feel that this is not Hashem's will, for the Torah commands us to "love your fellow as yourself." How do we deal with this, get over the differences, and love every Jew?

—Y.B., Beitar Illit

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 Tzav

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

The 29th of Adar is the *yahrtzeit* of my master and *rebbe*, Hagaon Hatzaddik Rav Gershon Libman, the son of Rav Chaim Avraham Libman zt"l, who built a world of Torah in France.

From the time he came to France until his final day, he barely spoke French. The Novardok principle applied to him: "It is not the one who knows how to speak that speaks; but one who speaks, will know how to speak." His words always opened hearts; they bore fruit, and he raised thousands of *talmidim*.

What would he say to his *talmidim*? *Temimus, temimus, temimus* – "Be totally trusting in Hashem your L-rd." Do not fear. Do not be afraid of anything; just go in the ways of Hashem with *temimus*. Do not fear the wicked. When they surround you do not be afraid; just trust in Hashem and depend fully on Him.

He did not merely speak. There, in the land of the enemy, during the horrors of the Holocaust, he never stopped his holy work. In the ghetto where he was imprisoned he established a *yeshiva*, with *talmidim*. He walked the streets of the ghetto in search of *bachurim* and young teens, gathered them together in his hiding

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

Harav Gershon Libman ztk"l

place and taught them Torah.

Who even thought, during those cursed days, about teaching Torah to *talmidim*? Reb Gershon did not get agitated about anything. Everything he did was directed toward his goal, even though he was constantly endangering his life and his well-being.

In the ghettos, before the eyes of the German Gestapo *ym"s*, he stood and davened aloud and learned aloud, as though he were sitting in the Novardok *yeshiva*. The cursed ones *ym"s* let him feel their whips and lashes, but he did not get discouraged. It was worth it to him to have his body beaten, as long as he could continue to serve Hashem!

Those who were with him testified that throughout all those days, he was simply happy. The whippings, the humiliation – nothing broke his spirit. He was always happy.

This is the result of learning *mussar*. Reb Gershon, who would always learn *Chovos Halevavos* and *Madreigas Ha'adam*, was *zocheh* to attain great heights and to bring merit to others as well.

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

Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

Since I started listening to the daily bitachon line, my whole day is different. I am filled with *chizuk*, I am calm, and I know that everything is orchestrated from on High. This phone line is like an infusion of life-sustaining *emunah* and *bitachon* for me. Thank you so much. May you continue your wonderful work.

Last year in Adar, I donated money toward the dissemination of these newsletters in an entire settlement in the country, for a full year. I did this as a merit for my daughter to find her proper *zivug*, for my son to have *zera shel kayama*, and for my young son to develop properly. Throughout the year I saw miracles and wonders: My daughter got engaged within a month and is already married, my older son had a baby boy, and my young son began developing properly.

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!"

Call now to the sponsorship hotline

(9722) 631-3742 or donate by:

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