

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Bamidbar - Nasso 5783 ■ Issue 114

HEART TO HEART

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

A Life of Parnassah

Every Yid who is *zocheh* to strengthen himself in *bitachon* earns peace of mind and physical energy. He lives in a more secure way, for he does not need to wander to faraway lands and travel long distances when there is danger. He trusts that Hakadosh Baruch Hu will provide all his needs in his place, and thus he lengthens his life.

Rabbenu Bachyai brings the story of one of the *perushim* who was a righteous man who served Hashem, and in the process of earning *parnassah* to support his family he came to a city where he met an idol worshipper whom Rabbenu refers to as "the sorcerer."

"How completely blind you are and how little you understand in your worship of the stars," the righteous man told the sorcerer. "The stars are only messengers of the Creator *yisbarach*, appointed over the constellations and the order of the world; but they have no choice but to fulfill their mission, and there is no purpose to serving them. They will not be able to either help or harm you if it is not the will of the Creator. Only a total fool would worship 'the stick' rather than the One Who holds the stick."

"And whom do you worship?" the sorcerer retorted.

The *parush* responded with an answer in which each word was accented with "the": I serve the Creator, the Omnipotent One – meaning that He can do everything and there is nothing that is difficult for Him; the One Provider – for there is no one like Him; the Provider of food – for only He provides *parnassah* and food for each one of the creations, and cares for all of them, from the smallest to the largest ("from the eggs of lice to the most gigantic beast.") In his enthusiasm the righteous man gave this exalted *shiur* in *mussar* passionately to the sorcerer.

"Your actions contradict your words," the sorcerer told him. "These are empty words, for you don't act accordingly."

"What do you mean?" the righteous man wondered. "I am a devoted Jew. I daven and learn Torah and do all the mitzvos faithfully in honor of the Giver of the Torah, *yisbarach*. How can you say something like this?"

"If everything you say is true," the sorcerer responded, "then your Creator would give you *parnassah* in your city, and you would not tire yourself out by traveling to some distant city!" Ahh! Chilling words. The righteous man accepted the rebuke without a word. He subsequently returned to his land and never

again left his city, and he made ample *parnassah* on his own turf.

Rav Yaakov of Emden *zy"ta* asks about this story: Why did the *parush* keep quiet and not respond to the sorcerer? He could have answered that there is no sign of lacking *emunah* here, that our forefathers too went abroad in order to find food, and we know of prophets and pious ones in our people's history who went out to exile in order to atone for their sins. In general, it is known from the Ari Hakadosh that Hakadosh Baruch Hu orchestrates circumstances so that people have to seek *parnassah* in far-flung places in order to bring *tikun* to *neshamos* that are reincarnated in that place. Every form of *parnassah* contains some hidden mission. A person thinks he is going out to seek sustenance, when in fact he is being sent to that place in order to accomplish something altogether different, to rectify something in the world.

Although this is true, the *parush* still accepted the truth from the one who said it. He suspected that his discussion with the sorcerer would influence him, and when there is reason to suspect a negative influence from bad friends, it is better to go home rather than to endanger oneself, notwithstanding the great benefits of going into exile.

The *parush* returned to his home and strengthened his *emunah*. He earned two things: One, he had more time for his *avodas Hashem*, and two, through *emunah* he expanded the pipelines of *shefa* and thus earned bountiful *parnassah*.

The *rosh yeshivah* of Ponevezh *zt"l* pointed out that in the beginning of the story, Rabbenu refers to "one of the *perushim*," and at the end of the story is written, "and he accepted *perishus* upon himself from then on," meaning that only once he returned to his city did he become a truly righteous man. What changed? In the beginning, he thought he was a *tzaddik* on a very high level, but after he was given *mussar*, he understood that he needed to improve his ways and that in truth he was not a *tzaddik* at all. This teaches us that every person sees himself as a good and "kosher" person, even a *tzaddik*, but in order to move forward we need to hear *mussar* and, regarding *bitachon*, to learn more and more, to invest and delve into it again and again, and thus to grow and strengthen ourselves always, with Hashem's help.

FROM THE EDITOR

A Child Senses

It's worth listening to children's reflections, which often shed light on a point that adults may have missed.

A Sephardic Jew related to me:

Most of the neighbors in my building are of Sephardic descent, as I am. There are also Ashkenazim, but they are the minority in the area. We are all Jews, friends who relate well with each other, but the categorizations remain.

One day my young son had a birthday. He wore a white shirt and was duly crowned in *cheder* with a proper birthday crown. On that same day I saw that the son of my Ashkenazic neighbor was dressed up like a birthday boy as well.

"Do you know," I asked my son when he returned home from *cheder*, "that the neighbor's son also had a birthday?" "Which boy?" he asked.

The Ashkenazi," I responded.

"Poor him – so sad that he's an Ashkenazi," the boy said. I opened my eyes in shock. My home is the last place where people would speak against Ashkenazim. We have good relationships with everyone, tell stories of *tzaddikim* both of Eastern origin and from Europe. We have books about *tzaddikim* of widely varied communities, and we appreciate and respect all of them. I wanted to understand where his reaction was coming from, so I asked him, "Why do you say that?"

"Because he's an Ashkenazi."

"And what are you?"

"I'm a Jew!"

"Do you understand?" the father told me. "My son truly didn't know that there is such a thing as Sephardi, Litvish, Ashkenazi, or Moroccan. He knew there was only one thing – a Jew! And whoever isn't a Jew is a *goy*. He simply didn't know that there were different groups of Jews. It was I who had been bound by meaningless categorizations and labels, and in my foolishness I had dubbed the neighbor "the Ashkenazi," instead of simply calling him by name – his Jewish name, the essence of a Jew."

We all stood together at Har Sinai, as one man with one heart. The holy Torah tells us that there at Har Sinai we were shown, so that we know, that "Hashem is G-d, there is none other than Him." On that holy occasion we all stood together – everyone, with no exceptions.

And this *ma'amad* is renewed each year. The *hashgachah pratis* phone line is entering its sixth year. It is a line through which *Am Yisrael* comes together and we all shout as one, "Ein od milvado – There is none other than Him!" The *tzaddikim* of our times from all the varied communities and circles say that this phone line is a gift from *Shamayim*, in anticipation of the coming of Mashiach, may he be revealed soon.

Let us strengthen this feeling, for it is the truth; we are all Jews, and all of us are accepting the Torah.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

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

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

You'll Only Gain

I am an *avreich* living in Argentina. Before Pesach there was a distribution of vouchers for purchasing ten kilograms of meat that had been prepared in our *kehillah*. I didn't get to use my voucher before Pesach, and once Yom Tov passed, the coupons were valid for only one day.

Being that I hadn't used my voucher, I called the seller the morning after Pesach and asked if he'd agree to accept it today. "If you come within five minutes, it will be okay," he said, "but afterwards I will no longer be able to accept the voucher, because I'll be going very soon to exchange all the coupons for money."

Within five minutes? This wouldn't work for me. Our *kollel* begins immediately after Pesach, and *seder* was just about to begin. I was not willing to be late – not even if it meant losing the use of the voucher. I strengthened myself with the knowledge that one does not lose out from doing what Hashem wants, and I went to *kollel*.

After *seder* I called the store again and asked, "Perhaps I can still make a purchase with the coupon?" "Yes, you can!" the seller told me. "Hashem made a miracle for you. Ordinarily on the morning after Yom Tov the *askanim* call me to redeem the vouchers for money, and if they don't get to me first, I call them and ask for the payment. But just this time I forgot to take care of it when I intended to, and they didn't call me either. Just before you called just now, they called and told me to bring in the vouchers. The package of vouchers is still here, and you can buy meat for the full sum listed on your voucher."

I knew that this whole story happened because one does not lose out from doing what Hashem wants.

Good Journey

I live in Beitur. A week before Pesach I decided to go to Kerestir and make Shabbos near the *kever* of Reb Shayaleh of Kerestir. I work as an air-conditioning installer, and I felt the need to clear my mind and rest a bit before Pesach, in honor of the approaching Yom Tov.

Just before the flight, my travel agent called and asked me for a favor: "I have a couple here going to Kerestir, and I arranged for transportation to get them to the *tziyun*, but the ride was cancelled. You have a car; would you be able to take the couple to Kerestir?"

It was hard for me to agree to his request. I had gone out for the specific purpose of resting and clearing my mind. The roads in Europe are quiet – long highways with scenery that barely changes have a monotonously calming effect. I had also planned to make several phone calls from the car, enjoying complete privacy; but at the end I overcame

Ya'amod Aharon

My name is Aharon. My story took place many years ago, on a Thursday during *sefiras ha'omer*. On that day I left the house in the direction of shul, and suddenly I felt a strong desire to be called up to the Torah, to get an *aliyah*. It was such a powerful feeling that I started thinking about where I could go. I would not go to the shul where I regularly daven, because I had received an *aliyah* there not long before. I would go to another shul, and there, I hoped very much, they would agree to give me one.

When it was time for *krias haTorah* the *gabbai* started giving out *aliyos*, and his voice was clearly heard: *Ya'amod Aharon ben Yaakov*. I got up enthusiastically and went up to the Torah. The people all around me looked shocked; they whispered loudly among themselves, and I couldn't ignore them. I understood that something that I was not aware of had just taken place and caused a commotion.

After davening I asked the *gabbai* what all that noise was about when I went up to the Torah, and he responded, "Here in this shul there is a *takanah* that during *sefiras ha'omer* we do not give an *aliyah* to someone who cuts his hair. One of the regulars here who usually gets an *aliyah* from time to time noticed that since Pesach he hadn't been called up to the Torah. This was because he shaved during those weeks.

"Last week, this person realized that this was done intentionally, and he banged on the table and said, 'That's it! I'm not coming here to daven anymore!'" When the *rav* tried to find out what had caused his great anger, the man told him bitterly, 'It's because you aren't calling me up to the Torah.' " 'Come next Thursday,' the *rav* told him, 'and we'll give you an *aliyah*.'"

That Thursday came along, and the *gabbai* knew he had to call up the Jew, whose name – like mine – is Aharon ben Yaakov, to the Torah; and it was just at that time that I got an inexplicable urge to get an *aliyah* – a desire that I had never experienced before, and I don't recall having had this type of feeling after that time. This happened so that I would end up in that very shul, and when the *gabbai* would call up that Yid, I would hear my own name and would go up to the Torah without waiting.

The congregation whispered and wondered, *How is it possible that one Yid was called up and another Yid went up?* I felt uncomfortable after hearing the story, because I had not wanted to get an *aliyah* on the account of another Yid. After davening I went over to this other Reb Aharon to ask for his forgiveness. "You don't need to ask for forgiveness," Reb Aharon said. "We both have the same name, and it is completely your right to go up to the Torah upon hearing your name."

I asked him if he had another name, and he answered, "Yes. I never let the *gabbai* know that my full name is Aharon Mordechai ben Yaakov."

How wondrous are the ways of Hashem! The *gabbai* did not call the Jew by his exact name so that I would go up instead of him, and thus the *takanah* that this shul enacted when it was established would be upheld, in honor of Hashem *ysisbarach*.

Messed-Up Barcode

I took my son to the supermarket. We had many things to buy, and I loaded up the shopping cart. My son, a young fourteen-year-old, became very thirsty and asked me to buy him a bottle of cold chocolate milk. I put the bottle into the wagon, and when we got to the register I passed it through first so that my son could quench his thirst.

The cashier passed the barcode, but the machine wouldn't read it. He tried again and again, and the problem persisted. He typed in the numbers manually, and the computer still refused to recognize the item. "Strange" the cashier shrugged, "totally incomprehensible what's happening here. I've passed hundreds of these bottles through this machine and never before has there been a problem with any of them."

We decided to wait for the computer to change its mind, and in the meantime the cashier rang up the rest of my purchases. At the end, he tried to pass the chocolate milk again, and the same thing happened. The barcode could not be read, and the bottle remained in the store.

הירשמו היום למגזין שאלפים כבר נהנים וקבלו את 2 המגזינים הראשונים חינם

אנחנו מתפללים שתוכן להתיא את המגזין בתדירות של פעם בשבוע המגזין שיהיה את כל הבית טובה, הנכנס את כל בני הבית לשארה ועלאת ביום המיוחד לדבר בשפה חדשה: שפה של אמנות, שפה של עלוה ורועג משפחת יעקובי, עמטאל

...תענה לראות את כל המשפחה, הידלים והמבוגרים גם יחד, קוראים בשקיקה את המגזין ולא מספיקים שום מודו, כזה נעים לראות את כל בני המשפחה רבועים ערבים מוכים של אמנות ובחןן משפחת שחרן, ירושלים

שנים רבות שתיכנו למגזין משבוע עם חוקן איכות, בנית שלנו סאוד נשפרים שלל הכניסם הנכנסים יבית יהיו רוחניים ושמונים, נשארתי את הבהירה ממש רוקדת משפחה אשריני כלל ישראל שיכניו בודו היה למגזין לדבר מועלת משפחת אייבובי, ברת שש

אין לנוסילים להודות לכך מרגש לראות אן שיהיהם ספצים בכליין עניים למגזין הופי של המגזין הוא בחנן האמיתי שבו, מתחילה ועד סופו מלא בחסן אמיתי ומשנות. שתוכן להפיק את האמונה בכל העולם משפחת חפץ סובי, יעקב



"It's really strange that the chocolate milk wouldn't pass through the barcode reader," I told my son. "Why did Hashem do this? Think for a moment what it might be connected to."

The boy caught his head. "Ribbono shel Olam!" he called out in amazement. "I am totally... Abba, Hashem was watching over me! Yesterday I was at a *sheva brachos*, and a few portions remained. I took a portion home with me, and right before we left to go shopping, I ate a *fleishig* portion! What a miracle that the chocolate milk didn't make it through the machine. I'm *fleishigs* now!"

How wondrous it is that Hashem messed up the barcode so that a Jewish child would not stumble in the prohibition of meat and milk.

Torah Protects and Saves

I am Chanoch from Chatzor Haglilit. On Sunday, the day the *zman* began in Yeshivas Gur Chatzor, two *bachurim* from Bnei Brak made their way to yeshiva on bus number 984. They sat in the first row of seats behind the driver and utilized the travel time to review pages of Gemara verbatim, as part of the special program called "Mezumanim," whereby *bachurim* invest much effort in reviewing and remembering what they've learned.

"You're bothering me," the Arab driver said suddenly. "You're making noise in my ears. Please move to another seat."

The *bachurim* got up, moved several seats back, and continued learning. The journey continued predictably until they reached the Kedarim junction in the upper Galil, where the bus crashed into a truck. This was a difficult, head-on collision. The driver was mortally injured, and the front seats where the *bachurim* had been sitting were crushed completely.

They were saved in the merit of their Torah learning.

The Heavens Repay Him

I like to use pure oil that shines with a clear, bright light in honor of Shabbos. As the Gemara teaches, "one who is accustomed to [kindling] lights will have children who are Torah scholars," and the *Tur* on *Shulchan Aruch* explains that the lamp one uses should be attractive. Even if this costs a lot of money, one should not worry, for the Rambam writes that even if one needs to go from door to door begging for this purpose, it is proper to invest the necessary sum.

I try to do these things simply; several weeks before Pesach last year I tried a few different oils and wicks. I even tried using the expensive Kever Rachel-brand olive oil (meant for eating), but for some reason it emitted an unpleasant smell, and that's why I went back to the less-expensive type of olive oil used for lighting.

As Pesach was approaching I bought olive oil to use for the Shabbos and Yom Tov lights, but I then discovered that the oil was "kasher l'Pesach for those who eat *kitniyos*." This was strange to me. Why would olive oil contain *kitniyos*? Although we wouldn't consume that oil, I didn't want to use it on Pesach. Finding no other option, I bought expensive olive oil meant for eating, and it seems that the higher-quality olive oil I had tried previously must have had some sort of problem, because on Pesach we had beautiful lights without a terrible smell, and their light was clear and wondrously pure. After that Pesach I wanted to buy olive oil for lighting again, and I deliberated whether to buy the cheap oil or the significantly more expensive one, which burns much nicer. It wasn't easy for me to decide, but I made a *cheshbon* that Shabbos expenses are high anyway; we buy meat and fish and all the good things. Why should I save money specifically when it comes to Shabbos *neiros*? Besides, it's not really so expensive. A bottle of oil can last for a number of Shabbosos, so it's only a small additional expense for every week. Following a short inner struggle, I decided to go with the more expensive oil. I purchased it happily and thanked Hashem for the strength and *yishuv hadaas* He had given me, enabling me to make the decision not to be tight-fisted about Shabbos expenses.

Who knows? Shabbos expenses come back to you, and perhaps a nice story of *hashgachah pratit* was in the midst of being formulated.

A year later, a Yid called and told me, "I want to give you a sum of money." I know this person well; he is part of our *kehillah*. I never knew him to be someone who has money, and he had never offered me any money before. "Come," he said, "it'll be worth your while."

I didn't rush over, and he called again. "I'm waiting for you; and don't think I'm calling you for no reason. It's a really nice sum of money."

And so he gave me a sum that was fifty times more than the price I'd paid for the pure olive oil for lighting *neiros* in honor of *Shabbos kodesh*.

all this. If I wanted the merits of the *tzaddik*, it was not enough to merely travel to his *kever*; how good it would be to cleave to his ways as well. He dedicated his life to other Jews, gave everything he had in order to benefit *Am Yisrael* with purity and holiness, and what were they asking of me? A bit of dedication, a bit of giving up my personal comfort. I would be traveling anyway, and no harm would come to me from driving others to the *kever* of the *tzaddik*.

I agreed. The agent breathed a sigh of relief, the couple thanked me from the bottom of their hearts, and the two joined me at the airport. The journey passed quietly. The couple recited *Tehillim* throughout the ride, and only toward the end did I speak a bit to the man. He told me he was an expert contractor and was in the process of preparing dozens of apartments for imminent occupancy and he needed to install air conditioning.

"That's exactly what I do," I told him. "I install air conditioners! I could send you the best workers and installers."

He asked for all the information, and thus we closed a deal that earned me about 200,000 shekel.

I thought I was doing a *chessed*, thought I was giving of myself to another, but in truth, this was merely a divine preparation for the great *shefa* that Hakadosh Baruch Hu wanted to send me.

Times Five

I used to think that a person who works earns a livelihood, and only if you do *hishtadlus* do you have what you need. In my line of work there is much competition, and I would always run to get the job before someone else beat me to it. In recent years, since I hooked up to the phone line, I've learned that I don't need work, I need *parnassah*. I must do *hishtadlus*, but there is no need for *extra hishtadlus*. At the same time, I accepted upon myself a specific *hishtadlus* to increase the *shefa*, as my Rav told me to do, and that is to give one-fifth of my earnings to *zedakah*. And thus, *b'rachamei Shamayim*, I see great *chessed* from Above. I was *zocheh* to marry off two children without taking any loans other than one check, which I repaid within a very short time.

A family in our community had a fire, and *askanim* were collecting money for them. They asked each person to give 200 shekels. When they called and asked for my credit card information – it is a debit card that allows a withdrawal only if there is coverage for it in the bank – I repeated the last three digits on the card, 503, and the caller mistakenly understood that I wanted to give 503 shekels, and he took that sum from my account.

A while later, he called back and apologized for the error, wanting to return the change, but I thought to myself, *If Hashem orchestrated that I give 503 instead of 200, let it be so. Surely this donation will be for the good and will be a source of brachah.*

The donation remained as it was, and several moments later someone called and asked me to do a job for him that was worth 2500 shekels. My donation was a fifth – a *chomesh* – of this job.

(Daily Bitachon, Sunday, Behar-Bechukosa)

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שפספסתם

המבצע
חמשיך
לעוד
שבוע בלבד

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

Someone caused me harm, and he wants to reimburse me, to repay the loss in full. At first I thought I would not take the money from him, because he is only a messenger from Hashem to cause me harm, and therefore he is not the mazik and there is no reason for me to take money from him. But on second thought, I think that it is part of my hishtadlus to take the money. I would be grateful to hear some guidance for this situation. **Q #64** — M. D., Yerushalayim

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

Beyond the Letter of the Law

Rav Avraham Branhut from Bnei Brak: Certainly the *mazik* needs to pay, and halachically, the money is coming to you. However, if your feel that he doesn't see himself as obligated to pay, you should let it go rather than push for it. And **Rav Gamliel Hakohen Rabinowitz from Bnei Brak** advises: The first time he offers to pay, you can tell him he is forgiven and does not need to pay, but if he insists, do not refuse him.

Rav Aharon Beifus from Rechasim: On the assumption that he made a mistake and caused you harm unintentionally, there is reason to say that it is not part of your *hishtadlus* to demand compensation. And in general, by letting it go one can acquire good *middos*, as is explained in *Sefer Hachinuch (mitzvah 480)*, in the reasoning behind the mitzvah of *ha'anakah* to an *eved Ivri*: "...so that we acquire for ourselves exalted, valuable and enviable character traits." This applies here as well, and acquiring *middos tovos* is certainly worth more than monetary compensation.

Rav Yosef Lazarson from Modi'in Illit: In case the *mazik* is obligated halachically to pay, then the questioner must take the money from him; this is his obligation of *hishtadlus*. I learned this from a similar occurrence which the Chazon Ish discusses in his *sefer Emunah Uvitachon*, Ch. 3 (letter 15), on the subject of *hasagas gevul*. He writes that it is possible halachically to stop a person from *hasagas gevul* with the claim that he is taking away one's means of sustenance and life. The Chazon Ish comments that in truth the other person is not taking away his sustenance. His *parnassah* is determined on Rosh Hashanah, and nothing that anyone does can cause him to lose it. Nonetheless, he is still obligated to stop him, as a means of *hishtadlus*. This is the commentary of the Chazon Ish. In this case, however, one should be mindful, for sometimes the *mazik* is not obligated to pay according to the strict halachah; rather, he wishes to go *lifnim mishuras hadin*, beyond the strict standard of halachah. Under such circumstances there is no obligation of *hishtadlus*, and it is appropriate to refrain from accepting compensation from him.

Rav Naftali Kreiger from Beitar Illit: The answer to this question depends very much on the sum of money involved and on the level of *bitachon* of the person who was harmed. If he is capable of forgoing the money without harboring any sort of grudge against the person who harmed him, then he can do so; but if not, then the losses might be greater than the reward for letting it go.

The Ways of Hashem Are Just

Rav Yitzchak Cohen from Haifa: Sometimes Hashem orchestrates circumstances to cause a person pain without monetary loss. The person who harmed him is a heavenly messenger to cause him harm and then to repay him. Therefore, there is no lack of *middas habitachon* in accepting compensation. One should thank Hashem that there is someone who can repay the cost of the damage.

Rav Yehuda Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh: Hashem's ways are just. One might think that taking money that the Torah commands another to give us shows a lack of *emunah*; in truth, however, fulfilling the mitzvos of the Torah is the greatest display of *emunah* and *bitachon*. Moreover, compensation for damages that the *mazik* pays is a means of teaching him to take responsibility for his actions, so the world doesn't become *hefker*. **Rav Ezriel Berger from Bat Ayin** adds that he received instructions from a *gadol* that demanding compensation should be done in the same way one demands the return of a loan, without mixing in feelings of hatred or anger, but in a purely businesslike manner.

Question for newsletter 116

The importance of telling hashgachah pratis stories is well-known – in order to publicize the greatness and honor of Hashem, and to give thanks and praise. There are instances, however, when for various reasons it is difficult to publicize some of the details, such as when there is a personal matter involved, or even when part of the story is connected to a good deed I did, and by telling it I would be bragging. What should one do with these type of stories? Should they be publicized nevertheless, or is there reason to refrain from doing so? — Y.H., 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 Beha'alotcha

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 best mode of healing is tefillah. The power of tefillah can heal all the cholim and all the illnesses; it can eradicate every illness to be found in the world. Tefillah helps not only for ill patients and for sicknesses, but for everything we might need. Not long ago, a Yid told me an amazing story: He is a naturally organized person, and he likes when his things are put away in their places, when the table is empty and clear, and the floor is cleared of all items. His family members, however, haven't a clue about organization. His house is always a mess. He tried everything – speaking, explaining, teaching, even organizing things himself, but the result was always the same: When he'd come home, a terrifying mess would greet him. This went on until he took up the art of his forefathers and started to daven. Ever since then there's been an incredible improvement. His family members have gotten the message, and he enjoys cleanliness and order once again. Tefillah!

If you davened and saw a yeshuah, write it down in a special notebook. Write it in simple words: I davened to succeed in such and such matter, and I was successful.

Surely within a short while you will find that you have in hand a thick book of miracles and salvations that came about through your tefillos.

Tefillah is indeed the art of our forefathers – an art that has its secret. It is a form of wisdom. It is not just a type of work; one who knows the secret is able to

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

The Art of Prayer

make things happen through his prayer.

There are Jews who have just whispered the words of tefillah, and they were answered immediately. When we ask someone to daven for a choleh, he generally will ask for the name of that choleh. The truth is that we don't need the name of the choleh at all in order to bring about a yeshuah. We need only know the secret of prayer.

And what is that secret?

Our Sages say (Berachos 6b): "These are things that are of supreme importance, but people make light of them." Rashi explains that one example of such a thing is tefillah, which ascends to the highest heavens.

People underestimate the value of tefillah. They are told to daven, so they daven, because what have they to lose? They don't understand that their prayer is of supreme importance. They don't know that the mere movement of their lips shakes up all the Upper Worlds.

And this is the secret of tefillah: If you consider tefillah to be of value, then it works.

Whether your tefillah is accepted depends only on you – in accordance with how precious that tefillah is in your eyes, and in accordance with how clearly you know its power and how much you believe in it. Try this out and it will become clear to you that this is so. May you experience firsthand how Hashem listens to our voices and heeds our cries.

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

Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

I have to thank you for the great light you've brought down to the world. It's a bit trite to say the same thing as everyone, that it has changed my life, but I have no other way to say it, and that is the truth: Your phone line changed my life. Often during times of stress I call the phone line. Listening for a few minutes is enough to enter the world of emunah and bitachon. How fortunate are you, and fortunate is your lot; yasher koach. May you continue on with great strength.

On the giving end

Our four-year-old daughter was not meeting any of her developmental milestones. For over two years we'd been going from doctor to doctor and from one evaluation to another. We endured many dashed hopes and much pain and suffering. Then, two months ago, we signed on an ongoing donation to light up the world with emunah. For the first time in two years, the experts were literally able to pinpoint the problem, and baruch Hashem, our daughter started thriving at an amazingly fast pace. We see tangibly how the zechus of disseminating emunah is a tried and true segulah.

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

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

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