

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Beha'alotcha - Shelach 5783 ■ Issue 115

HEART TO HEART

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

The King of Chazzanus – Ninety Years Later

We are promised in *Parshas Re'eh* that we will see blessing in "all the work of your hands...." Rabbenu Bachyai explains in the beginning of chapter 4 that craftsmen and businessmen are commanded to make an effort to sustain themselves. No one is exempt from doing what he has to do, but at the same time, we trust in Hashem that our sustenance comes from Him alone and that *He* provides us with our needs through any sort of channel that *He* desires. One should not think that the means he uses in his efforts to sustain himself can help or harm him in any way.

When a Jew is involved in trying to earn *parnassah*, and he thinks that *hishtadlus* is the main thing and only through it will he achieve results, he is liable to forget who and what he is. We see the salary we receive when we complete our work, and we do everything in order to increase it, without accounting for what is demanded of us regarding doing mitzvos. Only someone who strengthens himself in *bitachon* could stand strong against the trials that come his way, for he knows that it is not the *hishtadlus* that brings him sustenance; rather, that is only a pathway for the *shefa* of Hashem's blessing. The means he uses neither brings him benefit nor harms him. With this understanding, he will not change anything in his *shemiras hamitzvos* in order to increase his finances. While it may seem that some loss came about because he kept halachah, the truth is that it is a great *zechus* for a *Yid* for whom a loss was decreed from on High, that the loss comes about through the means of doing Hashem's will and not, *challilah*, the opposite.

An incredible example of this is the noble behavior of the famed *chazzan* Yossele Rosenblatt *z"l*; who hasn't heard of him? 130 years have passed since the recordings of his *chazzanus* were first disseminated around the world. The world of sound and music has developed dramatically since then; advances that one could not have imagined at that time have become a part of life, and yet Yossele remains the undisputed "king of *chazzanim*." In fact, when a *chazzan* displays unusual talent, people will tell him, "You're *mamash* like Yossele Rosenblatt...."

Chazzan Rosenblatt did not have an easy life. He wandered from place to place in order to provide for his family of ten and to use his pleasant voice to arouse and bring merit to the *rabbim*. He had many debts, and he hoped to pay them off using the money he made on his performances. The Jewish *chazzan's* fame reached the White House in Washington DC, and there it was decided that in honor of a big occasion in America, they would invite

Yossele Rosenblatt, the famed Jewish singer, along with a great non-Jewish singer.

Yossele arrived, and when his turn came to sing, he sang several examples of his *chazzanus*, and with a voice filled with emotion and yearning for the living G-d, he uplifted the entire crowd. The president was very excited by the songs, taken straight from the heavenly store of *neginah*, and at the end of the performance he came over to shake the hand of the world-renowned Jewish *chazzan*. Then the first lady came over, and she too stretched out her hand to shake hands with the *chazzan* as a note of admiration. How shameful and confusing it was when her hand remained suspended mid-air and Yossele – the chareidi Jewish cantor – refused to shake it.

He explained that he greatly admired and esteemed the president of the United States, and he was sure that her contribution as his wife was great, but he could not shake her hand, as this would go against Jewish law.

This confusing instance took place before thousands, and under the eyes of the camera. Millions of people saw this embarrassing episode. The next day it was written up in papers that the Jewish cantor had refrained from shaking hands with the first lady due to religious reasons, and anger and venom dripped from the article.

Due to his behavior, he lost ten thousand dollars. (Nowadays, the value of that sum would be about a quarter-million dollars.) But what a *kiddush Hashem*! The whole world sees and knows how a *Yid* who keeps Torah and mitzvos behaves. He works hard for his *parnassah*, but he is not willing to transgress halachah. This is a clear example of the *passuk*, "And all the nations of the earth will see that the Name of Hashem is called upon you." There is no doubt that this deed, which involved great *mesirus nefesh*, stood by him so that to this day he is considered the king of *chazzanus* and his pleasant tunes continue to arouse hearts during daily *tefillas*, and especially on Shabbasos, *Yamim Tovim* and the High Holy Days.

Am Yisrael owes him gratitude for his contribution to the world of song and *chazzanus*, so how fitting it is to relate this story close to his *yahrtzeit*; he was *niftar* on 25 Sivan 5693. And may the retelling of this story, and the *chizuk* that will come from the phone line and the newsletter, benefit the *neshamah* of the *nai'm zemiros Yisrael*, Reb Yosef ben Reb Refael Shalom, may his memory be blessed.

(Excerpt from shiur 91 in *Shaar Habitachon*. To listen to the shiur, press 4 after selecting a language, or dial directly 02-301-1904.)

FROM THE EDITOR

Which Psychologist Did You See?

In place of an introduction, I present you with a letter that I received last week:

Lichvod the heads of the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line: On Shabbos I was at the home of my father-in-law *shlit"a*, and on Shabbos night a cousin who lives in the same city was there as well.

The cousin related how in his *kollel* there was an *avreich* who would always complain. He had a comment every step of the way and remarks about everything. If the *rosh kollel* changed something, or the *gabbai* of the shul made some sort of improvement in management, he would be sure they had done it intentionally to harm him. His perspective was bitter about many things. He had complaints when the manager of his building decided to do a thorough cleaning, when a store opened, and when the municipality began some sort of initiative that caused noise. He would claim that no one thought about him, no one listened to him, people stepped all over him and caused him pain. Thus his days passed, filled with complaints from sunrise to sunset.

What a pity! He believed that the entire world was against him, and all the members of my cousin's *kollel* felt very sorry for him.

"One day," my cousin said, "we noticed a dramatic change. Suddenly he was praising people and always saying good things about everyone."

"After several days I asked him, 'What happened to you? How is it that you suddenly see things differently from the way you've seen things until now?'"

"I thought he would tell me he had seen a therapist or psychologist, but he answered me, 'It's very simple. On the way home from *kollel* I started listening to the *Hashgachah* phone line for several minutes. Every day I utilize that time to do this, and I discover that life is so happy and I am so fortunate. The line transports me to a place of tangible *emunah*, to the knowledge that everything comes from my good Father in heaven, and everything, everything is for the good.'"

I have no doubt that these stories happen all the time, but I am certain that each such story gives people *chizuk* anew.

May you have continued success in strengthening *Am Yisrael*. The writer of that letter was correct. This is a story that repeats itself all the time, and it is always exciting and gives us joy anew each time we hear another one.

Listening to the line daily is a sure recipe for change. It is life-changing, no matter how much time you invest in it. The main thing is consistency. Day by day we need to remind ourselves that there is a *Manhig labirah*, a good Father Who does everything for our good.

Use this recipe, and you'll see wonders.

Save the number for the *Hashgachah* phone line in your phone: (02) 301-1300. Make yourself a daily reminder, and you'll merit much joy in life.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

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

HASHGACHA PRATIS HOTLINE
Yiddish, Hebrew, English.

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

North America 151-86-130-140 • In England 0330-390-0489 • In Belgium 0-380-844-28 • In Israel 02-301-1300
In Australia 613-996-10005 • In South Africa 87-551-8521 • In Argentina 3988-4031 • In Ukraine 380-947-100-633

• Kav Hashgacha Pratis for women
(Yiddish and Hebrew) - Menu 4

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

Two Years Ago

My story is a simple one, perhaps so simple that something similar has happened to you as well. I did not think of putting it on the phone line until I recalled that it is precisely stories like this one that I listen to from time to time: When my mood is down, or when I am seeking *chizuk*, I call the phone line, and the short daily stories about *Yidden* whom Hashem helped bring healing to my tired soul, to arouse and renew itself with joy and thanksgiving.

On Friday I was eating a hearty breakfast when suddenly the light went out. I went over to the electric box, lifted the central fuse, which had blown, and discovered that the fuse for the washing machine had blown as well. I checked to see if the washing machine was to blame for the problem, and indeed, repeated attempts at turning on the washing machine brought about the same result: the electricity blew.

I called a technician, who arrived within a few minutes and made a professional assessment that the machine was dead, and if we didn't want to wash laundry by hand we would need to purchase a new washing machine.

To purchase a washing machine you need money, and it was a riddle to me where I would get that money.

We did the simplest thing of all. We turned to our Father in heaven and asked Him from the depths of our hearts: We need a machine to wash clothing and we don't have the money to buy one. Please, Abba, send us a machine. On Motzaei Shabbos my wife told her mother about the machine's malfunction. "Buy a machine, and we'll pay for it," said her mother, who knew our situation was tight. "Thank you, Ima," my wife said, "but if Hakadosh Baruch Hu can send us the money, why shouldn't He send it directly to us?"

My mother-in-law started looking into washing machines to find the best machine on the market, one that would service us for many years. She asked housewives and professionals, and thus settled on a particular model that was most worthwhile to purchase. After all her research she decided to call one more person, someone who deals with cleaning houses, who would certainly know which model people liked.

The man confirmed her conclusions and added, "I bought this exact machine for myself, for the new apartment I am going to move into. The problem is that for two years I've been waiting to move into that apartment, and it doesn't seem that construction will be completed anytime soon. If you want, you can take the machine from me for 1,000 shekels instead of 2,700 shekels."

We were very happy with the proposal, and thus, instead of paying the full sum, we paid a bit more than a third of it, for an excellent new machine.

Bituach (Insurance) or Bitachon?

Four years ago on the night of Lag Ba'omer, I had a terrible toothache. A light touch revealed that the area around my wisdom tooth was swollen. I realized I had to get treated ASAP. I was learning in yeshiva in Yerushalayim, and I looked for a dental office that worked with my health insurance plan. Thus I arrived at a clinic that was open during evening hours, waited several minutes, and went in. The dentist who examined me was pleased to report that I had arrived in the nick of time. He diagnosed a developing infection, gave me a prescription for antibiotics, and sent me on my way.

When I approached the secretary to pay for the visit, she asked whether I had supplementary insurance.

"No," I said. According to my father's approach to life, one should not pay for additional health insurance beyond the basic required payments, and none of the members of my family are signed up for any supplementary health insurance. When necessary we pay for treatment on the spot.

"If so," the secretary said, "since you came for first-aid treatment, you need to pay 128 shekels."

I had some money in my wallet, and the coins added up to the required amount. "Why don't you sign up for supplementary insurance?" the secretary asked. "Why come to such situations where you need to pay so much for such a short visit?"

At that time I was not yet actively acquainted with the *middah* of *bitachon*. While I'd heard and read about it, and it was spoken about in our home, the ones who truly lived with it were my parents. I got everything from them and had hardly come face-to-face with a practical need for *bitachon*. So I quoted my father and said: "We don't have *bituach*, we have *bitachon* in Hashem."

The secretary listened attentively and decided to approach the dentist and ask, "Perhaps we can make it 101?"

"Let it be 101," the dentist responded.

"The price went down to 101 shekels?" I asked in wonder.

"No," the secretary answered. "I'm arranging the report of your visit using code 101. This is the code used for a free treatment, and you don't have to pay anything, not 128 shekels and not 101 shekels."

Very simple. I was able to see with my own eyes how my father's insurance policy works. There is no *bituach*, but there is *bitachon* in Hashem. On this night of Lag Ba'omer, undoubtedly the *zechus* of Rabi Shimon stood by me as well.

(Thursday, Parshas Bamidbar 5783, night, story 4, story #34850. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

Lost and Found

My son, whom I will refer to as Moshe for the purposes of this story, arrived home one day holding a 50-shekel bill. He had found it in one of the entrances to the building and asked me, "What do I need to do with it?"

I told him, "The halachah is that it belongs to you. It has no sign of ownership on it and you can take it, but before you put the money in your wallet, listen to this story..."

"An *avreich* who learned in yeshivat Porat Yosef approached the *rosh yeshiva* Hagaon Rav Ben Tzion Abba Shaul and told him he had found 300 lirot, equivalent to a month's salary. Was he allowed to take the money? The *rav* answered him, 'According to halachah, you are allowed to take it; but think: This sum probably fell out of the pocket of one of the people who learn here. This is the stipend he receives at the end of the month, which he uses to buy food for his children. What do you think about putting up a *hashavas aveidah* sign about the money you found?'

"The finder hurried to write a sign, and he soon discovered the *avreich* who had lost the money and was very happy to get it back.

"The *rosh yeshiva* saw this and told the finder, 'You don't have to lose out from my advice. According to strict halachah, the money belonged to you, and you acted *lifnim mishuras hadin*, so I am giving you 300 lirot now.'"

Moshe listened to the story attentively, and afterward I added, "Imagine that the 50-shekel bill had fallen out of your pocket. How upset you would be! Think that a boy or girl had to pay for something, and the money fell on the way, and how happy it would make them if you returned the money to them."

Moshe heeded my words. He wrote two notes and hung them in two different places in the building. A few minutes later, a little girl knocked on our door and asked for the money. She said her parents had sent her with the money to pay a private tutor, and she had lost it. She was very upset over the loss, since her parents did not have extra money, and they were so happy to see the note and



get the money back.

The girl took the money, and my son was filled with satisfaction and joy for the mitzvah he'd performed.

Less than five minutes later the phone rang. "Do you have a son named Moshe?" someone asked.

"Yes."

"I found a guarantee-paper for a watch with his name on it on the bus."

I took down the caller's address so Moshe could go and pick up the guarantee; and we were both awed at the incredible *hasgachah*. Moshe had received an expensive watch as a gift, but a week ago it broke. When he went to the store to have it fixed, they hadn't agreed to fix it without the written guarantee. I couldn't purchase a new watch for him, and he had been very upset by the loss of both the written guarantee and the watch.

Now, right after he'd returned a lost item *lifnim mishuras hadin*, his own loss had come back to him, worth much more than the money he had returned. We saw tangibly how happy Hashem was with Moshe's good deed.

(Tuesday, Parshas Bamidbar 5783, story 2, #34804. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

On the Exact Date

It's now Tuesday of *Parshas Bamidbar*. I am on my way home from visiting *kivrei tzaddikim* in Poland and am still excited about the special trip that I was a part of. We traveled, about fifty of us, led by a renowned *mashpia*. On Friday we arrived at the guest house adjacent to Dinov, which is the resting place of the Bnei Yissas'char *zy"á*.

The plan was to go up to the holy *tziyun* on Friday before noon, but it took longer than expected to organize ourselves for the trip. The clock was ticking quickly and we had to forgo our plans. It was decided to push off the trip until Motzaei Shabbos.

An exalted Shabbos passed, filled with praise and song to Hashem, *seudos* spiced with *divrei Torah*, enthusiastic *tefillah*, and abundant Torah learning. We ate an appropriate *melaveh malkah* and afterwards, past midnight, we headed for the *Beis Hachaim*, to the *tziyun* of Rav Tzvi Elimelech of Dinov *zy"á*.

After reciting *Tehillim* at the *tziyun*, the group decided to go into the adjacent tent, where Rav Yehoshua of Dinov *zy"á* is buried. He was the Rav of Dinov for dozens of years prior to the Bnei Yissas'char and was renowned as a *baal mofeis*. It is widely accepted that he was also *zocheh* to regular revelations of Eliyahu Hanavi, and we felt it was a *zechus* to daven at his *kever*.

Wondrously enough, gazing at his *matzeivah*, we saw written on it, "The light of the world was extinguished; he was taken to his world on 23 Iyar."

This was the exact date on which we had entered the tent around his *kever*, on Motzaei Shabbos of *Behar-Bechukosai*! We now understood, in retrospect, why *hashgachah* had orchestrated that we weren't able to reach the *kever* on Friday. Hashem had sent us to the *tziyun* of Rav Yehoshua so that we would be there on the day of his *yahrtzeit*.

And so we lit candles, and one of the men said Kaddish; this was certainly greatly beneficial for the *neshamah* of the tzaddik, in addition to good *hashpa'os* for all those who were there. May his merit protect us and all of *Am Yisrael*.

(Wednesday, Parshas Bamidbar 5783, story 1, story # 34827. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

Repeated Apologies

I called my close friend, who is a *talmid chacham* and a special personality, a kind and capable person who helps me a lot. I wish for every person to have a connection with such an exalted Yid. It was in the morning, the beginning of first *seider*. The *rosh yeshivah* asked me to find a specific phone number, and I called this acquaintance time and again to ask him for the number. I didn't notice that his line was busy, that he was on another call.

I nudged him without realizing it, until he answered me angrily, "What was so urgent that you had to disturb my call?"

I apologized, then asked for the number, and he gave it to me, but I was left with a bad feeling. How hadn't I realized I was disturbing him? Who knows what important call he was on! And it seemed as though this was a very serious disturbance, as I did not recognize the impatient tone of voice that my ears heard.

The next day we met, and he asked me, "Do you remember what happened yesterday?"

Of course I remembered! I was filled with embarrassment and wanted only to apologize and appease.

"So listen, I had to call a very important person. He didn't answer me, and I tried time after time to reach him. I didn't notice that his line was busy, and I clicked in again and again. When he finally picked up, he asked angrily, 'What was so urgent that you had to disturb me like this?'"

"Do you know a situation like this? Were you ever on that side, where someone was angry at you when you hadn't meant to anger him?" I smiled.

"So here, you see, on the very same day, I was sent a lesson from *Shamayim* regarding my behavior toward you. I apologize."

(Sunday, Parshas Behar-Bechukosai 5783, night, story 2, #34558. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

We also gained time.

Instead of waiting several days for the order to arrive from the store, we got the machine immediately. The previous one had died on a Friday, and by that Monday its replacement started working full speed. We saw how two years before we had the problem, Hakadosh Baruch Hu had prepared the next machine for us that will service us for many years, *iy"H*.

(Thursday, Parshas Behar Bechukosai 5783, night, story 6, #34685. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

None Left for Him

For some time I had a connection with a very dear older Yid, an *oved Hashem* and *ben aliyah* who toiled in Torah. In the past he had served as a judge in secular courts, and with *rachamei Shamayim* he merited to do complete *teshuvah* and leave behind a place that kosher Jews make every effort to refrain from entering.

Back then he had what was considered a very respectable position. He was publicized by the media as an important person in the know, but while his friends still saw him as one of theirs, he had already begun the process of being *chozer bit'shuvah*. The truth was that Torah had captured his heart, and he was already keeping many *halachos* without yet having changed his outward appearance, and in the meantime, he retained his position in court.

One day, he was called to preside over a ceremony appointing new judges. This was a highly impressive ceremony at which all the guests of honor sit at a special table and give speeches about the incoming new judges. In honor of the occasion, a bottle of fine wine was served. The MC, who was none other than my friend, managed to get a look at the label on the bottle and discovered that the wine was not *mevushal*, and at that moment he decided, *I will not drink from this wine!*

This was a difficult decision for him, since drinking the wine is an inseparable part of the ceremony. He could not hide, for he was sitting at the head table, not in some remote corner of the room. He did not want to cause a commotion, but drinking *yayin nesech* was not an option. What could he do? He davened from the depths of his heart that Hakadosh Baruch Hu should help him, and indeed, he was sent help from on High.

As is the custom at these occasions, a special waiter was appointed to pour the wine into glasses. He went from one person to the next, and precisely when he reached the judge, the wine bottle was empty!

The waiter did not know what to do. He apologized profusely for the embarrassing mistake, said that he must not have properly planned the amount to be poured into each cup and that he could not understand how, after so many years of experience at these sorts of events, he had made this error. But my dear friend certainly understood how the mistake had occurred, and he thanked Hashem with all his heart.

(Sunday, Parshas Behar-Bechukosai 5783, night, story 2, #34558. For stories, press 1 after selecting a language.)

להכניס
לאמונה
הבית
מאמר לאמא
שורצה יותר

צחוק
בצד

לראות
אמונה
בעיניים
ראיון
שנות כח

בחזית
האמונה
סיפור אישי

להתעמק
מאמר עומק

שטח
פרטי

סיפורים אישיים על
השגחה פרטית

ניתן להצטרף גם
בעמדת נדרים פלוס
תחת השם:
"מגזין השגחה פרטית"

אלפי יהודים כבר יושבים
ומתענגים על המגזין החדש
ההושקע

השגחה פרטית לכל המשפחה
הצטרפו גם אתם התקשרו עוד היום ל-

02-6246845

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

I am an avreich kollel, and my wife is the main breadwinner in our home. Recently she lost her job. After searching for a long time, she found a job with a lower salary that does not cover all our expenses. My question is, after having done everything in order to find work, have we fulfilled our obligation of hishtadlus, or do we need to continue searching for something better?

Q #66

—H.Y. from Beit Shemesh

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

Strengthening Bitachon

Rav Aharon Shoshitzky from Bnei Brak: The questioner writes "my wife is the main breadwinner." When his perspective becomes that Hakadosh Baruch Hu is the main and in fact the only Provider, then he will not have any questions. This exact idea is also brought by **Rav Shimon Chaviv from Kiryat Malachi**, in the name of the Maggid of Kelm in his *sefer Tochachas Chaim (drush 1)*. He writes that a person who feels that his first source of livelihood is his store or his work, and afterward, he "mentions weakly the Name of Hashem," can be suspected of feeling in his heart that it is his power and the strength of his hand that provides for him, while Hakadosh Baruch Hu just helps him a bit. Such a person, writes the Maggid of Kelm, is a *meshatef* – he is combining the alleged power of his business with the power of Hakadosh Baruch Hu. Just as he believes in Hashem, he believes in his store or his trade, and the conclusion is that he is serving *avodah zarah beshituf*. It is the first of the thirteen principles of faith that Hashem alone did, does, and will do all the deeds, meaning that for every matter that takes place in the world, Hakadosh Baruch Hu alone makes it happen, from beginning to end. Similarly, **Rav Shlomo Shimon Rotman from Beit Shemesh** brings: It is explained in the holy *sefarim* – *Mesillas Yesharim, Chovos Halevavos* (end of Chapter 4) and more, that *hishtadlus* is an obligation, but we are not to think that our *parnassah* depends on our *hishtadlus*. We just need to do *hishtadlus*, and there is nothing holding Hashem back from saving us, whether with a large or a small amount.

Rav Chaim Meir Viznitzer from Bnei Brak: Under such circumstances a person should strengthen himself with extra *emunah*. As great as his *emunah* is, that is how great the *shefa* will be, as is brought in *sefer Kedushas Levi (Parshas Beshalach)*, in the paragraph beginning with the words "In the *midrash* on *Az yashir Moshe*". These are his words: "And therefore, if a person trusts in Hashem, that Hashem *yisbarach* will take care of all his needs, then all his desires will be fulfilled from Above. But if a person is always worried about his *parnassah* and the *parnassah* of his family, then his *parnassah* will not be forthcoming from Above. Therefore, 'fortunate is the man who does not forget You,' and who places his trust in Hashem, for then Hashem follows him and prepares his *parnassah* for him. Just as he trusts in Hashem to provide him with all his needs, that is how Hashem will give us all our needs."

Rav Aryeh Fremd from Nof Hagalil: One must do *hishtadlus*, but how much? It depends on the level of *emunah*. One whose *emunah* is strong can fulfill his obligation with small efforts, while one whose *emunah* is not strong needs to do more *hishtadlus*. How do we know what is the necessary level of *emunah*? **Rav Yehoshua Margalit and Rav Elad Shalit, both from Modiin Illit**, give us a sign for *emunah*: inner calm. A person who is calm does not ask questions, and if someone is asking questions, that is a sign that he needs to increase his *hishtadlus*.

Rav Yosef Dushinsky from Haifa, Rav Nosson Levine from Beitar Illit, Rav Yehuda Weissman from Bnei Brak: This is a very general question, lacking many details, so that it is not possible to give a complete answer to the question of "have we fulfilled our obligation of *hishtadlus*?" But something general can be written here. As is known, *hishtadlus* is not what provides *parnassah*, so the amount of the salary is not the test of whether a person has fulfilled his obligation or not. In general, a person needs to check whether the work is suited to his abilities, and if he is satisfied and feels *sipuk* in his work. The *passuk* says, "And you

shall remember Hashem your L-rd, for He is the One Who gives you the power to succeed" (*Devarim 8:18*) The *Targum Yerushalmi* explains that He is the One Who gives you the knowledge to gain possessions. This means that each person receives from Hashem the talents he needs in order to earn *parnassah*. When a person earns *parnassah* using the talents he has, he is happy with his work and also receives a proper salary.

Heavenly Blessing

Rav Aharon Beifus from Rechasim: There is an expression that goes, "*Hishtadlus* is a mitzvah but also a curse," meaning that we are commanded to do *hishtadlus*, but this is because of the curse placed upon the descendants of Adam and Chava – "By the sweat of your brow you shall eat bread." It is told of many tzaddikim who, after doing *hishtadlus* for *parnassah* and seeing that it did not help them, were very happy, saying, "From now on my *parnassah* will not come from the curse, but rather from the Hands of my Father in heaven." This level cannot be demanded of every person. But in our instance, when the *hishtadlus* is helping only partially, this is already a level whereby he needs to believe and trust that the remainder will come from Hashem, and he can rejoice in the fact that at least a part of his *parnassah* will reach him through the *brachos* of Hashem Above.

An Answer from the Gemara

Rav Ezra HaKohen Tawil from Beit Shemesh brings explicit instruction about this from *Maseches Pesachim* (50b), where it says that a person who counts on his wife's earnings will never see any sign of blessing. Rashi explains that this refers to someone whose wife takes a scale to the marketplace hoping to rent it to people. This is belittling her dignity for the sake of very little money. However, the Gemara continues, if she produces her own merchandise and goes out to sell it, she is praised, as the words of Shlomo Hamelech in *Eishes Chayil* indicate.

The Ben Yehoyada explains: Being that blessings come into a person's home because of his wife, if he causes her embarrassment, he sees no blessing in it. This is an explicit answer to the question: If the salary is so low that it is embarrassing, then she should certainly not do this type of work.

Rav David Leifer and Rav Menachem Cohen, both from Yerushalayim: The questioner does not relate to his part, which is that the obligation is placed upon him to sustain the members of his household. While the desire of every Yid is to dwell in the house of Hashem all the days of his life, there is a situation where working to earn *parnassah* is necessary, especially as there is the possibility of continuing to learn Torah with a position such as *maggid shiur* or a *meishiv* in a *yeshiva*, where he would receive a salary, as many *gedolei Yisrael* have done. It would be appropriate for you to ask your *rav* this sort of question.

Question for newsletter 117

From time to time I call the automated-response number at my bank in order to update myself regarding the situation in my account. Sometimes it is important to track the monies that I am waiting to receive, or if I want to purchase something and need to know whether I have the money for it or not. Most of the time, however, I call because I enjoy hearing all the activities on the account, monies that went out, and especially monies that came in. I fully enact the words of Chazal, "He checks his pocket every single hour." Lately I have begun deliberating that perhaps this behavior is a lack in *middas hitachon*. I would be happy to hear the opinions of the readers about this.

—Y.L. from Modi'in 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 Korach

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

Emunah and *bitachon* bring one to joy and to awe, to love and to cleave to Hashem. The way to come to true *emunah* and *bitachon* is not easy. There are many pitfalls and many difficulties until one is *zocheh* to reach this level.

The first stage is acceptance – to accept upon ourselves that from now on we will live with *emunah* and *bitachon*. The *kabbalah* itself gives us unique strength to be able to reach the goal to which we aspire.

In *Parshas Naso* we learn about the *nazir*, the man who accepted upon himself not to drink wine. The Torah crowns him with exaggerated praise: "The crown of his L-rd is upon him"; "All the days of his abstinence he is holy to Hashem."

This seems puzzling. Here is a man who took something upon himself, just made a vow, and immediately afterward he already carries the exalted description of "he is holy to Hashem," and it says about him that "the crown of his L-rd is upon him." What has he managed to do already, in the moment following his accepting *nezirus* upon himself?

The holy Lev Simcha *zt"l* explains:

We learn from here the great power of a *kabbalah*. The

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

The Strength of a Kabbalah

strength of the *kabbalah* grants him divine strengths and abilities. This is the lesson from this *parshah*: that if a person has something that he cannot overcome, and he accepts upon himself to refrain from it, then the strength of the *kabbalah* itself gives him divine *kochos*, and he will be able to overcome.

In order for the *kabbalah* to be real, we need *cheshbon hanefesh*, to know what the current situation is and what we need to improve. After contemplating this, then we can take upon ourselves good *kabbalos*.

When we are occupied with providing for our homes and families, and we want to access *emunah* and *bitachon*, we need to make a simple calculation: How much money do I need to live on, how much money came in, and what am I doing in order to bring in money? After all the calculations have been made, then we can accept upon ourselves a good *kabbalah*, that from now on we will strengthen our *emunah* and *bitachon* and bask in the shade of Hakadosh Baruch Hu.

May Hashem help us so that we don't need other people's gifts or their loans, but that we receive our needs from His full, open, holy and expansive Hand; *amen*.

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

In the past, I thought that one needs to be a baal dargah in order to feel hashgachah pratis. I did not know that this is something that everyone can experience, until I came to be acquainted with your phone line, and my eyes opened up. I gained *chizuk* in *emunah* and started to feel that my entire life is orchestrated by hashgachah pratis. How fortunate are you, *mezakei harabbim*. *Chizku v'imtzu!*

One of my relatives was slated to undergo life-saving surgery. In addition, two of our family members have been waiting for a *yeshuah* in finding their proper *zivug*. As a result of the many *tzaros*, I decided to commit to a set contribution toward the dissemination of these newsletters in a large *shul*. I gave in my credit card information, along with the names of my family members in need of *yeshuos*. This took place in the month of Shevat. That very month, both of them became engaged, *b'shaah tovah*, and simultaneously there was an improvement in the ill person's situation. The doctors decided to postpone the surgery, and after two months, he miraculously recovered completely.

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

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