

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Eikev 5783 ■ Issue 119

HEART TO HEART

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

If Only...

We are obligated to do *hishtadlus* in this world, and this involves a test of our *middas habitachon*. The fact that we do things that bring about foreseeable results is liable to lead us astray, to cause us to imagine that everything depends on our efforts. The proper perspective is that on the one hand, we have to fulfill our part in *hishtadlus*, and on the other hand, the result is not guaranteed. In the beginning of Chapter 4 of *Shaar Habitachon*, Rabbenu Bachyai instructs us to "surrender" ourselves to whatever Hashem has decreed for us. Rabbenu Bachyai did not say "Place yourself in Hashem's Hands"; rather, he calls for total surrender, all at once, to Hashem *yisbarach*. Cast your burden on Hashem. He is the Manipulator of all events, and so one does not need to worry. What will be? How will it be? How will this matter end up? We have no control over this; everything happens according to His decree.

Often we do *hishtadlus*, and the results are the opposite of what we wanted: We call but we don't get an answer. We go to the store just when the item we need is missing... A person should not think that this happened because he is so unsuccessful and unfortunate; rather, he should know that there is a Heavenly plan that is playing out according to all his steps in life, and he should trust in Hashem. He should know that the results of all his actions will be nothing other than what the Creator has decreed is correct for him in this world and the Next, and ultimately it is all for his good.

If only every time we called to find some information, we'd get an immediate answer, without hearing a call-waiting signal or songs and tunes that take us back to the same point again and again. If only every time we arrived at some sort of office we'd be the first in line, the person we need to speak to would be available for us immediately, with tons of patience and in a good mood, would understand quickly exactly what we want, and would help us to our satisfaction.

If only when we set out to go somewhere, all the traffic lights would be green and all the streets wide open, with no traffic jams; if only the engine would always work well and we would never run out of gas. And if we're traveling by bus, if only the bus arrived at the bus stop the moment we got there and we'd immediately find a comfortable place to sit, and the journey would be peaceful and the bus would be *mehadrin*, without inspectors and without any other surprises.

If only everyone in the streets would always be organized: Here the men, here the women, and no child would be crying or screaming annoyingly; everyone would be calm, happy, and in an exalted frame of mind.

If only we would find only happy notices in our mailbox, informing us that we deserve a lot of money, instead of computerized letters obligating us to make all sorts of payments, or to pay taxes or fines.

If only we'd find a good place to sit at every *simchah*, at a set table with pleasant neighbors, with a polite, smiling waiter who would give us good, fresh food like we'd get at home, and we'd be able to talk peacefully with others in a quiet atmosphere, without a noisy band drowning out all conversation.

Once we're talking about quiet, if only all the pre-recorded messages and phone calls would stop completely, and the bothersome, annoying adverts and unexpected solicitation calls would stop disturbing our daily routines and important calls. And in general, it shouldn't be so hot in the summer. Wherever we go there should be shade, and in every building an air conditioner – not too cold and not too hot – and we should be greeted wherever we go with cold watermelon and sweet, thirst-quenching drinks, preferably low in calories. In the winter it should not be so cold, and blessed rains should fall. But the second we go outside the rains should stop in our honor, and no car should shower us with a puddle full of water.

And what about spiritual matters? If only, immediately upon approaching the shelf in the yeshivah's library, the *sefer* we want to learn would jump out toward us. We should find a good *vort* for the speech easily, and when we come to shul to daven we should be *zocheh* to find a *baal tefillah* and *baal korei* whose voice is pleasant and pleasing, exactly at the pace we want, not too fast and not too slow. And the sections of song and *chazzanus* should be according to our taste. And all the *gabba'im* should do only what finds favor in our eyes, with no mistakes, in the best way possible.

How many things we wish for – and we are allowed to wish, and to make an effort to achieve the results we want! We are allowed to be men "in a place where there is no man," but to remember at all times that what will be at the end is what was decided according to the knowledge of the Creator, and that all the mistakes and everything that happens won't turn out to be exactly what we want. It is all only for our good. How great is our obligation to thank Hashem, Who carries out His will at all times and Who brings everything to the best possible conclusion for us!

And may it be His will that we strengthen ourselves more and more in the *emunah* that He Alone does everything and that everything is for the good; *amen*.

FROM THE EDITOR

The Very Best Strategist

A person who opens a business and wants it to succeed will hire a strategist whose job it is to see a few steps ahead and suggest actions that will make the business prosper and the merchandise sell. As a professional who has studied this subject in depth and gathered data learned over the course of many years by the best experts, he suggests ideas that may seem illogical: He may urge the business owner to use a certain style of advertising or to raise his prices. He might make a host of other proposals that could seem illogical to the business owner.

Why does the businessman continue to use his services nevertheless? Because he is smart and knows that in order to succeed, one needs to listen to the professionals who understand the field. The ability to foresee developments as much as is humanly possible is an art, and it would be irresponsible to ignore professional recommendations.

A man lives in this world and asks: *Why is something so illogical happening here? I am davening so much for bountiful parnassah, and all I want is to be able to learn in peace. Why am I not receiving this?*

A *bachur* is waiting to establish his own home; a man wants to have children – and they wonder: *Why? All I want is to do the will of Hashem. Why am I not receiving that which I desire?*

In *Tehillim perek 37*, Malbim explains that the entire chapter is talking about the advantages of one who trusts in Hashem, and the differences between him and one who does not trust in Hashem.

David Hamelech addresses one who is seeking *parnassah* and says, "*Dom el Hashem v'his'cholel lo*" – Place your hopes in Hashem, even when success seems far away from you. "*Heref mei'af v'azov cheimah*" – Do not feel anger toward Hakadosh Baruch Hu, *chas v'shalom*, because it is better for you to be a poor man who trusts in Hashem than to be a rich man who does not trust in Hashem. There is a process taking place here, and there is a Strategist controlling it; your current situation is only a small part of the plan that is unfolding. Ultimately, we will see the differences between those who acted wrongfully and those who trust in Hashem, for in the end the wicked will be cut off, but "*v'kovei Hashem heima yirshu aretz*" – those who trust in Hashem, they are the ones who will inherit *Olam Haba*." Rely on Hakadosh Baruch Hu. He knows what He is doing. His strategies are the most exacting and the best, and His success is ensured for all eternity.

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

So That It Will Be Good for You

One morning, on my way to the yeshivah where I give shiur, I stopped near a car. The driver asked where I was going and graciously offered to take me to the yeshivah. He was happy to perform the mitzvah of hachnasas orchim in his car, and the drive was pleasant. When we arrived I was already pressured for time, and I hurried out of the car. Only after I had entered the yeshivah and seder had begun did I realize that I had forgotten the bag I had with me.

The bag contained a hidden treasure: my notebook of chiddushei Torah, which I had written with great toil over the course of thirty years. I have no other copy of it, and there is no way to reproduce it. Every chiddush in it is a part of me. I had to find that notebook, but I had no idea how, because, unfortunately, I had not left any identifying mark on it. Since I hadn't written my name, how would the driver of the car reach me?

You have to understand that this is a loss for which there can be no compensation. You can't comfort me by telling me I'll be able to write other chiddushim, because I need specifically these chiddushim. For thirty years this notebook has gone everywhere with me, and now, what was I to do? It's hard to estimate the worth of a notebook like this one, for Torah is "good" – more precious than "thousands of pieces of gold and silver."

Of course, in the days that followed I did various segulos for finding a lost object. I hung signs in a number of places, and I invested much effort trying to identify the driver of the car. Because I had gotten out of the car near stores, I asked the store owners to try to see on their security cameras the car I had gotten out of, and to try to see its license number. It was moving to see how much they cared, how they responded to my request – rachmanim bnei rachmanim! They looked through their cameras, but the results were dismal for me. One said that just on that day the camera had stopped working. Another told me that specifically during that quarter hour, there was an interval in the filming. A third storeowner found the film of those moments when I left the car. You could actually see how I turned and went on my way, but not the license number of the car.

I continued to daven and hope for a yeshuah. Then the search for that valuable notebook expanded into "nachpesah deracheinu v'nachkorah – we will search and investigate our ways." In bentsching, when saying Harachaman, I concentrated and asked

Giving and Receiving

During general renovations of the house, we decided to change the master bedroom furniture. We planned on selling the old furniture for 1,000 shekels. We advertised secondhand furniture in good condition and waited for someone to call asking to buy it.

We didn't have much time, because we had to get rid of the furniture quickly. Several days passed, and then my wife told me about an older woman who works with her, a widow, who told her that the beds in her home were shaky and broken.

"Let's give her our beds," I suggested.

"But we wanted to sell them. We're building now, and every thousand shekels is really helpful."

"True," I agreed, "but it's already been several days and no one has come up to buy the furniture. And besides, we'll be *zocheh* to gladden an *almanah*; and one doesn't lose out from giving *tzedakah*."

My wife agreed, and I asked her to feel completely at peace with our decision. "It's a *zechus* for us to enable her enjoy this. The very next day my wife offered her friend the beds. She convinced her that it would be best for us if she would take them. The beds were really in excellent shape, and they suited her perfectly.

"Believe me," the woman told my wife, "since my husband passed away, nothing could make me as happy as this new furniture does!"

This was enough for us, and we were thrilled with the mitzvah we had done, but Hakadosh Baruch Hu showed us that we hadn't lost anything monetarily. On the day that we gave away the beds, someone called and asked to buy the closet. We sold it for 500 shekels. Then someone else asked for the chest of drawers, and so on. All the items were sold on that day, and the money we made on them turned out to be the price for which we had wanted to sell the entire room's furniture.

The ad we had placed, which people seemed to have forgotten, suddenly came to life the moment we were *zocheh* to give something to a widow who needed it.

Safeguarding the Holy Mitzvah of Shabbos

While I was talking to an *avreich* about *chizuk* in *shemiras Shabbos*, another *avreich* approached me and told me the following:

The insurance company where his wife works received a call from a Yid who does not keep many mitzvos. He introduced himself as secular but added a caveat: "Shabbos, I keep!"

And this is the story he told:

One Shabbos morning a few policemen knocked on my door and told me, "Near your home here, there is a tree that's about to collapse. It is dangerous, and we want to cut it down."

"What has that got to do with me?" I asked.

"It's has to do with you because your car is parked near the tree, and we're calling you to move the car before the tree falls down."

"Today is Shabbos," I told them, "and on Shabbos I don't move my car."

"No problem," said one of the policemen. "Give me the keys and we'll move the car for you."

I looked at him for a moment and thought, *These policemen are Jews just as I am. Why should I allow them to be mechallel Shabbos?* I said, "I don't know if I'm allowed to give you the keys. I'm going to ask my *rav* about this."

They left, and I went to the *rav*. He told me that it was not a situation of *pikuach nefesh*, and I was not allowed to give the policemen the car keys for them to move the car. If it truly seemed that the tree was so shaky, they should set up barriers around the tree and cut it down on Motza'ei Shabbos.

I came back and relayed the *rav's* words to the policemen. But to my dismay, they did not agree to wait. "That's your choice," one of them said. The second one added, "If it's okay with you that we cut down the tree onto your car, then...no problem. We have to do this now. We can't refuse an order."

Suddenly they became so "righteous," so worried about, *chas v'chailah*, the tree falling on someone. The only thing they weren't concerned with was Shabbos. And what could I tell them? They cut down the tree together with my heart, over the fact that Jews would do this on Shabbos.

The tree fell right on top of my car, and it was completely smashed. This was a car worth 25,000 shekels, and I was happier than I had ever been before, that I had paid 25,000 shekels for Shabbos!

That afternoon my grandchildren came to visit, and they noticed that I seemed more upbeat than usual. I was feeling truly great, and they asked me, "Saba, why are you so happy?"



I took them to the window and showed them my car buried under the tree and told them how nothing could make me agree to move the car, or even to give the keys to the policemen, because today was Shabbos! And so my grandchildren could also see how we keep Shabbos, even if we have to pay a lot for it.
 The man concluded his story and said, "Now I'm asking about the insurance. How can I get reimbursed for the damage to my car?"
 The insurance company told him that there is no coverage for these types of damages, and they suggested that he sue the city.
 The story is now holding at this stage. How much money, if any, this Yid will succeed in getting from the city is still unknown, but it doesn't matter; because the *zechus* of *shemiras Shabbos* is more than what he gains or loses, and when a Yid like him is *zocheh* to value the Shabbos so highly, it is an inspiration for all of us.

As Though I'd Wandered Far

An *avreich* from Bnei Brak relates:

I learned in a good yeshivah with an adjacent dormitory, and *b'chasdei Hashem* I got an amazing, rare room, one with only two beds in it. While my friends were dealing with three or four roommates, I had one nice roommate. We got along excellently, and the privacy was very pleasant for me.

That's how it was until my roommate decided he needed a change. He'd connected with another *bachur* from the *shuir* and wanted to room with him. He knew that if he'd approach the *mashgiach* and innocently express his request, he'd have no chance. The yeshivah wouldn't change a *bachur's* room because of a friendship. Today he'd request a change, tomorrow his friend would request a change, and the chaos that would result from the many requests would be difficult for both staff and *bachurim*. In order to request a move from one room to another one needed a serious reason, and if there wasn't one, then a *bachur* could create one.

That's exactly what my roommate did. He approached the *mashgiach* and complained about me that I set the alarm clock too early for him and this was messing up his *sedarim*. The *mashgiach* listened attentively and promised to take care of it. Next, he approached me and gently asked me to move to a different room.

I knew the complaints had no basis in reality. Our alarm clocks were synchronized perfectly, and we had roomed together peacefully until now. The complaints were all false. If I had wanted to, I could have responded that I knew exactly what this *bachur's* goal was. I could have gone out to war against him and, with great delicacy, ruin his name and make the true facts clear to all.

But I kept quiet. Why? Because I thought about my dear sister, who at the time had been married for four years and had already moved from apartment to apartment six times. In one place the rent was raised too much, in another there was a leak, and in a third there was noise pollution. In each apartment, she and her family suffered another problem that they could not live with. They went from one exile to another, wandered between apartments, and we all davened for them that they would be able to settle peacefully.

Every time they moved I was called in to lend a hand, moving the heavy boxes and furniture. I saw how difficult it was, and how much the lack of stability disrupted the routine of their lives. And so I thought to myself, as I stood before the *mashgiach*, *Now I have an opportunity to ask Hakadosh Baruch Hu that I be spared this pain of moving from one apartment to another after I am zocheh to establish my own home.* At those moments when I accepted the *mashgiach's* criticism, of which I was innocent, and I was called to gather my belongings and move to another room, I did not say one word. I nodded my head and asked which room I was to move into, and thus the conversation ended.

It wasn't easy, and not at all pleasant to think of the impression I was making on the *mashgiach*, as if I were a *bachur* who did not take others into consideration. But, *b'chasdei Hashem*, the future stood before my eyes. Better to move now and spare myself wandering in the future. I asked Hakadosh Baruch Hu to help me continue to keep silent and not to let loose a hurtful word in the future either, and along with this I davened for the future, for how my life would be after my *chasunah*, *b'shaah tovah*.

And indeed, *baruch Hashem*, I established my home in the *chashuveh* city of Bnei Brak, entering a rental apartment of 2.5 rooms. Four children were born to us in this apartment, and when the fifth was born, we felt the apartment had gotten tight. Clearly, we needed a change. My wife started talking about moving to another apartment, but I asked her to wait. I recalled the degrading incident with the *mashgiach*, and I was sure its influence would last to this day.

Indeed, the incredible occurred. The landlord called to tell me that the entire building was to be renovated and expanded, and he wanted to get in on a process of building, ultimately expanding the apartment by two rooms and an additional service room. He asked us to leave the apartment for only two months while it was being renovated.

It was easy for me to accede to his request, since my wife's parents welcomed us graciously after her stay in the convalescent home. Within two months we received an excellent, spacious apartment with all the comforts we'd been missing before.

I thought now that they would raise the rent, but at the end of the month the landlord told me, "You're an *avreich*. I'm not raising your rent. As much as you paid until now – you'll continue paying!"

People grow wide-eyed upon hearing this story, but it is the truth. I felt Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranging the apartment for me as though we were in the generation of the desert, when children's clothing grew to fit them as they grew to become adults. Here too, the apartment grew together with us, as our family grew.

And again, I came to the ever-valid conclusion that *one does not lose out from giving in*.

Hashem to show me what I needed to rectify; and Hashem enlightened me. I recalled that until recently, I was visiting my parents at least once a week, and lately, since before I lost the notebook, I had stopped visiting them. Who knew? Perhaps Hakadosh Baruch Hu was sending me this difficulty in order to arouse me regarding this mitzvah? The passuk states that one should honor one's parents "so that it will be good for you," and from this positive statement we can learn the opposite as well. If in the merit of honoring parents we merit all the good, then a lack of honoring one's parents can result in the good being taken away, and there is nothing as good as Torah! Perhaps the loss of the *chiddushei Torah* was in order to cause me to return to honoring my parents properly?

Since I reached this conclusion, I got up and went to my parents' home. They were happy that I visited, and when I left I told myself that from now on I would try to honor them and visit them often, as I had been doing before.

The very next day (!) my father called and asked, "Did you lose a notebook of *chiddushei Torah*?"

"Yes," I said with great joy.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

I told him I hadn't wanted to cause him pain.

And then he told me what had happened "behind the scenes."

The owner of the car where I left the notebook is accustomed to visiting his father every day. When I joined him for the ride, he was on his way to his daily visit to his sick father, and after I got out of the car, he discovered the bag I had left behind.

He tried to identify the owner of the notebook – unsuccessfully, for I hadn't left a clue as to my name. He brought the notebook to his father and asked him if he had any idea as how to reach the person who lost it. The notebook remained there.

One day, someone came to this father for a *bikur cholim* visit. The father showed his friend the notebook and asked him if he could identify the owner of the notebook. The guest leafed through it until he discovered on one of the pages, in small letters, a family name. Because he knew my father, he took the notebook and brought it to my father when he was sitting in the *beis medrash* after *Shacharis*.

Then I was *zocheh* to get the long-awaited phone call, when I received the good news that my lost item had been found. I saw a special *he'arah* from *Shamayim* in this whole episode, that this indeed was the *tikkun* that was demanded of me. The loss took place in the car of a person who merits to honor his father every day, at a time that I had become weak in the mitzvah of honoring my parents. The "good" was taken from me, and now, that I had strengthened myself, the good was returned the very morning after I visited my father, may he live and be well.

להכניס
אמונה
הביתה

מאמר לאמא
שרוצה יותר

הומור
בצד

לראות
אמונה
בעיניים

ראיון
שנתון 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 feel that I am in a situation of hester Panim. I have a lot of yissurim and much pain, and I daven and have not seen a yeshuah (although I believe and trust that it is all for my good). My question is: How do you deal with this feeling of hester Panim?

Q #70 — Y. M. from Yerushalayim

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

Emunah

Rav Yehuda Gewirtzman from Beit Shemesh and Rav Leibel Stern from Rechovot: No one chooses *yissurim*. They simply occur. But we can choose how we react to them. Two people can go through the same pain, and each of them experiences it differently. When a person encounters *yissurim*, he can choose to try to fight the *yissurim* or to accept them. Fighting against the reality is hopeless, and it ultimately results in a person's drowning in his misfortune. When he fights his *yissurim*, he focuses on the pain and suffering, and he is not able to see the good things in his life. When we accept *yissurim*, we spare ourselves the hatred in our hearts, and the bitterness of the *yissurim* subsides. The most important tool that helps us to survive and grow from *yissurim* is *emunah*.

Rav Yisrael Meir Sillman from Yerushalayim: Life is not easy, and there are difficult and challenging stages. Nevertheless, if a person continues "swimming" despite the failures and difficulties, he will ultimately reach safe shores. The way to safe shores is not easy; it is accompanied by suffering, pain, and difficulty. If you are now in a difficult stage — don't fall. Don't put your head down. Continue swimming. Don't give up. In the end you will reach safe shores.

Rav Shimon Shushan from Yerushalayim: When we experience *yissurim* we can get the feeling that they are worse than what they truly are. A stone that falls into a pool is a good example of this: When the stone falls in, it causes ripples going outward in all directions. The waves seem so large, but they are only reflecting the place where the stone fell in. In the same way, *yissurim* seem so large, but they don't reflect the truth.

With Gratitude and Joy

Rav Avigdor Rosenthal from Bnei Brak: Hakadosh Baruch Hu does only good, but not always do we see this. Therefore, it is important to give thanks always for the hidden *chassadim* and to ask for revealed *chassadim* in the future. When a person feels he is in a situation of *hester Panim*, he needs to think about the root of this *hester Panim*: What is the hidden *chessed* that is hiding behind the *hester Panim*? When a person stops defining himself as being in *hester Panim* but rather focuses on the *chessed* hidden with it, he can handle it better.

Rav Zev Aryeh Steiglitz from Bnei Brak: A person needs to accept the bad with joy. If he does not do this, he causes himself great harm. He needs to know that Hashem brought this situation upon him, and that he could emerge from it. He needs to overcome sad thoughts and focus on *simchah*. He needs to live with *emunah* in Hashem, not with sadness and worry. One who believes in Hashem with all his heart and soul will never fall into sadness.

He'aras Panim

Rav Yaakov Yisrael Arera from Yerushalayim: *Hester*

Panim does not mean pain and hurt, but rather distance from Hakadosh Baruch Hu. A person can be rich and successful, but if he is not close to Hashem, he is in a state of *hester Panim*. On the other hand, a person can be poor and beset by *yissurim*, but if he is close to Hashem, then he is in a state of *gilui Panim*. If a person is in pain, this is the time to come close to Hashem through *tefillah* and *emunah*, and then he'll be *zocheh* to see *he'aras Panim*.

Rav Shimon Deutsch from Bnei Brak and Rav Avraham Yeshaya Cohen from Modi'in Illit: There are many good things in life, and it is important to focus on them. If a person focuses on good things, he will not see the *hester Panim*. Everyone has good things in life. It's important to think about the good things and give thanks for them.

Rav David Leifer from Yerushalayim: Hakadosh Baruch Hu is close to us, especially when it is hard for us. He holds us and helps us get through the difficulties. We can illustrate this through the example of a father with a sick son: When a child is sick, his father cares for him and invests in him more than in his other children.

Rav Aharon Beifus from Rechasim: The way to deal with the feeling of *hester Panim* is to search for the sparks of *chessed* that appear within the difficulty. It can even be something small. When we search for the *chessed*, we'll find it, and we'll see that Hakadosh Baruch Hu is still with us, and He still loves us.

Rav David Booker from Tzfas, Rav Shimon Davidson from Yerushalayim, Rav Chaim Levy from Modi'in Illit: Rebbe Nachman of Breslov explains the *passuk* "In suffering, You brought me comfort" to mean that Hakadosh Baruch Hu provides us with comfort through our *tzaros* themselves. When we encounter difficulties, we can understand that good is coming to us through the *tzaros*.

Rav Shlomo Shimon Rotman from Beit Shemesh, Rav Aharon Schick from Bnei Brak: "Hashem reprimands those He loves" (*Mishlei* 3:12). When a person goes through a difficult time, it is not because Hashem has left him but rather because Hakadosh Baruch Hu loves him and cares for him and is reprimanding him, in order to do good to him ultimately.

We would like to thank all our readers for their enlightening responses. Due to space constraints we could not present all of them here.

Question for an Upcoming Newsletter

The words of our Sages are well-known: "Who is rich? Someone who is happy with whatever he has." It's true that everyone says, "Be happy." But my question is: How 5you have? How do we succeed in being happy and satisfied even with our small, limited portion?

—A.R. from Bnei Brak

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 Balak

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

Whenever we do something, someone else will always come along and try to do the exact same thing. With every step we take, someone stands in our way. For everything you do, there will be someone else taking the credit. How do we deal with this?

The answer to this is *emunah*: simply to believe fully that everything is from Hashem and that He is the One Who gives us strength to act, and He decides how much we will succeed. Even if someone competes with you fiercely, he could not take away your success.

When we believe in Hashem, we learn to give in to the other person, and it is easier to overcome our feelings and to continue to succeed.

In the Midrash (*Eichah Rabbah*, *Pesichta* 24) it is related how, when the Beis Hamikdash was destroyed, Avraham Avinu came before Hakadosh Baruch Hu and asked for mercy for his children, and his *tefillah* was not answered. Yitzchak came and asked for the same and was not answered. Yaakov came and asked and was not answered. Moshe Rabbeinu came and asked, and he too was not answered.

At that time, Rachel Imenu threw herself before Hakadosh Baruch Hu and said, "Ribbono shel Olam!

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

In the Zechus of Giving In, We Will Merit the Geulah

What am I — flesh and blood, dust and ashes — and I did not envy my sister and did not allow her to suffer humiliation. But You, a living, eternal, merciful King, why were You jealous of the *avodah zarah* that has no substance, and You exiled my children, and they were killed by sword, and their enemies did whatever they wanted with them?"

Immediately, Hashem's mercies were aroused and he said, "For you, Rachel, I will bring Yisrael back to their own place."

Aside from the simple understanding of the Midrash, that in the merit of Rachel they were redeemed, there is a lot of depth to be found. The secret of the future redemption is hidden here: By giving in to one another, we will merit the complete *geulah*.

"For you, Rachel" — in the merit of Am Yisrael's cleaving to your *middah*, the *middah* of giving in, "I will bring them back to their borders."

Now we are in the midst of the days of *nechamah* — we are being comforted for the destruction of the Beis Hamikdash, and we hope that speedily, in our days, we will be redeemed and the third Beis Hamikdash will be built.

Let us remember this and try to give in to others, and thus we will merit the complete redemption speedily, in our days; 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

I sent in a question for the question-answer column, and I gained great *chizuk* from dozens of Yidden all over the country who had troubled themselves to answer my question, each in a different way. It was a great source of *to'eles* and *chizuk* for me. Thank you!

—Y.L. from Modi'in Illit

For a long time, two of my close family members were searching for an apartment but did not find one. I decided to contribute for the dissemination of these newsletters in an entire neighborhood in their *zechus*. Two months hadn't passed since the contribution, and they both found good, spacious apartments, just as they wanted.

—Yaakov P.

On the giving end

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