

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Vayeishev 5783 ■ Issue 127

HEART TO HEART

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

Coping When Things Go Wrong

Everyone likes to be accepted by others. It gives them pleasure when others listen to what they have to say, when friends and neighbors are eager to spend time with them. Many people invest considerable time and effort in discovering how to gain acceptance by their peers. They work hard at making an impression on others, and the impression they leave is just what they are out to accomplish – namely, to make an impression.

The *Chovos Halevavos* explains (ch. 5) that when a person's *bitachon* is firmly established he enjoys better relationships with others. His family and neighbors, his business associates, his *chavrusas* and the members of his *shul* – they're all happy to spend time with him. He doesn't try to fool anyone; he lives with the simple truth that Hashem runs the world, and He is the One Who brings us together. It is He Who provides everything we need.

A person with *bitachon* knows that Hashem alone is the Master of all that takes place – and of all that *doesn't* take place, even if he had hoped that it would. And because it all comes from a loving Father, he is convinced that it is all for the good. With this attitude, how can he blame others? How can he hold a grudge, or envy others? How can he act condescendingly toward anyone?

The true *ba'al bitachon* accepts every fault and shortcoming of others with a special understanding: Hashem has a reason for it to be as it is.

Where does one find the strength to relate to all types of people in this way? Only from a deep awareness that it is not his fellow man Who is causing him pain or disappointment; it is only Hashem. No human being has the power to override Hashem's will. Therefore, no one needs to be afraid that others will cause him harm; nor can others give him pleasure, unless Hashem has decided that it be so.

What distinguishes the *ba'al bitachon*? He has worked to cultivate a keen awareness of Hashem's *hashgachah*; not so one who fails to delve into this matter. Both can conduct their lives as kosher Jews. But without *bitachon*, the latter will be nervous about what will happen to him, what people will say about him. In addition, he expects *people* – not Hashem – to do him favors, and he is disappointed when they don't come to his aid. The *ba'al bitachon* is free of anxiety. He is honest and straightforward, without fear that others will harm him. He knows that only Hashem determines his fate.

If his neighbor Yitzchak opens a store selling the same type of goods that he sells, he doesn't worry. He knows that his *parnassah* lies in the Hands of the Creator. With all his heart he wishes Yitzchak much success. In fact, he might think to himself, "Maybe now I'll have more free time, because some of my customers will buy from Yitzchak instead of from me."

How can he be so relaxed about having another

competitor, and a neighbor, at that? It's because he's fully confident that, with or without Yitzchak's new store, at the end of the year he will have received every cent that Hashem decreed for him this past Rosh Hashanah.

Engraved upon his heart are the words of *Chazal* (*Yoma* 38b), "No one can take anything from that which has been decreed for a person," and as Rashi explains: A person should not worry and say, "So-and-so will take away from my *parnassah*."

Consider the example of someone who hasn't achieved much *bitachon*. We're shopping at Danny's hardware store. How do we feel when Danny starts telling us that his chief competitor's goods are stolen or inferior? There's a good chance that we won't patronize Danny's store again. In the end, Danny loses out.

In contrast, the *ba'al bitachon* welcomes a customer by saying, "Here's what I have to offer you. As for the competition, it's fine with me if you check them out too." The *ba'al bitachon* isn't worried; he knows that no one can deprive him of whatever Hashem has decreed will be his.

Here's another example: Yankel is sitting in the *beis medrash*. Avigdor passes by and, by *hashgachah pratis*, spills his steaming-hot coffee on Yankel. Since Yankel is a *ba'al bitachon*, he accepts Avigdor's apology with a smile. *Hashem wanted this to happen*, he tells himself. *It's not Avigdor; it's min haShamayim*. Yankel doesn't have to fight back his anger; he's simply not angry. His instinctive response is that there's nothing to complain about. It came from Hashem, and therefore it's for the good.

A Jew who cultivates his *middah* of *bitachon* on a regular basis is popular with others. They don't fear that he might harm them or cause them a loss. A *ba'al bitachon* won't touch anything that isn't his. He believes that Hashem provides for every creation in His world. Surely He will send him whatever he needs in this world, through his honest dealings, without any need for deception or theft, *chas v'shalom*.

Such a Jew is trustworthy. Loyalty is acquired not through external pressure and persuasion but through honest and true leadership, which stems from one's inner character. To be trustworthy is an enormous virtue, as Shlomo Hamelech teaches (*Mishlei* 28:20), "*Ish emunos rav brachos*." The Midrash interprets this *passuk* to mean that Hakadosh Baruch Hu brings blessings through a person who is trustworthy.

May we learn and be strengthened more and more in faith and confidence, and may we enjoy the *brachos* of abundant blessings and success; *amen*.

From Lesson 239 of *Sha'ar Habitachon*. To listen to this *shiur*, (.press 4 after selecting a language, or dial directly, 02-301-1504

FROM THE EDITOR

This Is Our Family

"We're finally going to buy a new couch! A beautiful new one, modern and stylish, and a wonderful color!" Everyone in the family was grinning from ear to ear.

When the day came to take away the old, battered sofa, the neighborhood children gathered to enjoy the sight of two hefty workmen maneuvering our "relic" down to the parking lot. Surprisingly, our family watched with mixed feelings. It was a bit difficult to say goodbye to such a good "friend."

What wonderful memories they had of jumping, hopping and climbing on its bulging cushions when Abba announced the arrival of a new baby brother! They had jumped for joy until the springs beneath them joined in their squeals of delight.

And what fun they'd had sliding their pudgy hands between the cushions to fish out surprises. "Oh! Here's my favorite eraser/hairband/sticker!" Perhaps the best memories of all were the times when they huddled together on the brown cushions to listen to unforgettable stories from Abba and Ima. They could still recall the suspense and the amazing endings when listening to the tales their parents had recounted time and again. Would they enjoy the new couch as much? They wondered.

The *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line has been active for over five and a half years, *baruch Hashem*. It tells your stories and gives voice to our listeners who seek *emunah* and closeness to Hashem. Rav David *shlita* defined the connection between everyone: "The *hashgachah pratis* family" is one united family, where we are all connected to our Father in *Shamayim*. The involvement you recently displayed proves even more how connected everyone is to the phone line.

After this past Simchas Torah, with *Klal Yisrael* in need of so much *rachamim*, and there is so much anxiety among our people, the call came from all over the world to come up with something that would bring all *Am Yisrael* together within this family, because those who are part of the "family" of the phone line feel safe and protected.

We – the *Hashgachah Pratis* team – got together to discuss ways to improve and optimize the phone line. What could we add to it so that more communities would feel comfortable joining the family? It was decided that new content would be added every hour – a story of *hashgachah pratis*, a *shiur* or a song. We also made some changes to the way it was all presented.

Our efforts have proven themselves. Many more people joined the *Hashgachah Pratis* family, and the warm feedback we receive encourages us to keep improving.

But there was also a surprise. Some people started to complain: Why are you making changes? We're used to the style; we want everything to be the same as it was before.

Such responses warm the heart, because that's how people in a family talk. If people care so much, it's because this is *our* phone line. *Our* family. "You've entered our hearts, and we are so attached to it."

It's a great feeling, and it's the truth. This is the phone line of *Klal Israel* – of each and every member of *Klal Yisrael*. It's an organization that Hashem inspired, in a wonderful revelation, and it belongs to every Jew.

Therefore, I would like to take this opportunity to ask anyone who has an idea for improving anything we offer, to please share it with us.

With hope and *tefillah* that we, all *Klal Yisrael*, will be *zocheh* to unite as one family – all children of Hashem!

Pinchas Shefer

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

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

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

The Tissue Issue

As I stepped out the door of the *mikveh*, the icy air let me know I hadn't really dried myself off that well. But there was no time to dawdle. I had just enough time to make it to my shul in time for *Shacharis*.

But I was really chilled. Invite another cold? No way! I fished a tissue out of my pocket, tore off one corner, and stuffed it into my right ear. I did the same for my left ear. *Baruch Hashem*, it really helped.

Twenty minutes later, at shul, I recalled my "earplugs" and decided it was time to remove them.

Out came the white fluff from my right ear. But my left ear? It seemed glued in place. I tried yanking to one direction and then another, but nothing worked.

Why? I asked myself. *What message is Hashem sending me? It doesn't make sense! One ear yes, the other no?*

There must be a message here. Nothing happens by chance!

Then it occurred to me. Ears – listening – newscasts...maybe it's that news hotline I listen to; it's nominally *kosher*, but it talks only of members of the government and committee reports. They analyze politicians' speeches no end.

There's never a word of thanks to the Ribbono shel Olam for His *nissim* – even now, when they're happening day after day! And what about announcements for future events? Do they ever say "*b'ezras Hashem*"? No!

Maybe that's what Hashem is warning me about, I thought.

"Okay, Hashem," I said in my mind. "I undertake not to listen to it for such-and-such a period of time.

"Is that what You want me to do?"

I got my answer at once. Out slipped that bit of tissue, on the spot!

Closing the Circle – as Only Hashem Can Do

My name is Yosef Yehudah. I was born shortly after my grandfather *z"l* passed away, and I was named after him.

I followed the standard path of every child in our chassidic community: kindergarten, *cheder*, and yeshivah. Since the custom in our circles is to marry young, I knew it wouldn't be long before I too would be offered *shidduchim*. I was considered a good catch, and no one expected that I wouldn't follow the beaten track of all the other young *chassidische bachurim* and soon stand under the *chuppah*. But it was not to be.

Most of my peers got married during my second year at the yeshivah; by the end of my third year I was the only bachelor left from our group. Some of my former ye-

Obviously Heaven-Made

One day, the *shadchan*, Reb Shmuel, called to suggest young woman from a reputable family for my son Shimi.

"The girl's father, Reb Dovid, is looking for something special for her – a brilliant *lamdan*," Shmuel told me.

While my son Shimi was, *baruch Hashem*, an excellent learner, it seemed a bit premature to call him a brilliant *lamdan*. I daven that he will continue on his path and eventually earn the crown of Torah, but...

The *shadchan* continued talking about the aspirations of the girl's father until he finally came to the point. "In short, the father wants to *farher* the young man to get an idea of his level of learning."

"No problem," I said.

The *shadchan* arranged a time and place, and the next day the girl's father, Reb Dovid, met with my Shimi. "What are you learning now?" he asked.

"Shabbos," my son answered, referring to *maseches Shabbos*. But the would-be father-in-law misunderstood; he assumed that Shimi was delving into the *halachos* of *shemiras Shabbos*.

Immediately, Reb Dovid's eyes lit up. "For years," he told Shimi, "I've had a tremendous *kashah* that bothers me no end. How could it be that, regarding such-and-such a matter, the *Mishnah Berurah* writes one thing, and the *Biur Halachah* states exactly the opposite! How can this be, if they were both authored by the Chafetz Chaim *z"l*?"

Shimi had a ready solution to Reb Itzik's quandary. "That's a good *kashah*, and you can find an answer in *sefer Minchas Yitzchak*," he told the prospective father-in-law. Then Shimi proceeded to quote the *Minchas Yitzchak's* explanation in detail.

Reb Dovid was overjoyed. He told Shimi that he had been closely associated the author of the *Minchas Yitzchak z"l* while he was still alive. Later, after the *Minchas Yitzchak* passed on to the *Yeshivah shel Maalah*, Reb Dovid went on studying the *sefer* regularly.

And now, lo and behold! Here was a young man who gave him an answer to his long-standing *kashah* – and *davka* from the *sefer* that was so dear to him!

Reb Dovid was overwhelmed. Shimi was just the young man he was looking for! *Now*, he thought to himself, *all we have to do is get on with a few meetings between the two young people, and prepare a l'chaim!*

And Reb Dovid wasn't disappointed. A short while later his family and mine became *mechutanim*, *baruch Hashem*.

When things calmed down a bit, I asked Shimi, "What's your connection with the *Minchas Yitzchak*? How did you know to answer Reb Dovid's *kashah*? You're learning *maseches Shabbos*, not *hilchos Shabbos*!"

Shimi laughed and explained, "Just one day before the *farher*, two distinguished *rabbanim* were sitting behind me in the *beis medrash*. And what were they were discussing? Precisely the same question that Reb Dovid asked me the first time we met. One of them had read the answer in the *Minchas Yitzchak*, and he quoted it word for word.

"The whole discussion was very interesting to me, so I listened carefully. The very next day, when I met Reb Dovid, I remembered it, *baruch Hashem*, so I was able to say it over almost word for word."

I could only marvel at the wondrous ways in which Hashem orchestrates events to make a *shidduch* come about! If we'd had any doubts, it became crystal clear to one and all that Shimi's *shidduch* was Heaven-made.

The Rema's Formula for Success

Avi from Yerushalayim related:

Baruch Hashem, I managed to buy an apartment in the center of the country. I could afford it only because it was bargain-priced, but it would need to be completely renovated. Also, we would need to add on to it so it would be large enough for our family.

As anyone who has been through the process of renovating and expanding his living quarters can testify, getting neighbors' approval for adding on to an apartment is a tedious and sometimes nerve-wracking task.

On top of that, I would have to negotiate with the municipality and get their approval on the architect's plans for the expansion. Another challenge was that the city takes a substantial fee to approve adding on to the existing area of any apartment within its jurisdiction.

I knew I'd need Hashem's help throughout the process, especially in gaining the neighbors' consent to enlarge our apartment. So many things could go wrong!

When I thought over our situation, I decided that I should look for some additional *zechus* to merit Hashem's help in seeing our plans through.

But just what sort of step should I take?

Hashem helped me right away. I came across the Rema's words in *Shulchan Aruch*, at the beginning of *siman beis* in *Even Ha'ezer*, stating that a person should choose a worthy wife and should not marry for wealth. The Rema adds that a person should take from his in-laws only as much of a dowry as they give him willingly, and then he will succeed. I also recalled the story about a Yid who was *zocheh* to wonderful children and to ample *parnassah*, because he had given up the dowry that was promised to him.

I decided to follow the Rema's advice. I approached my father-in-law and thanked him for everything he was giving us. True, he had committed himself to provide a certain sum, but I

On the giving end

For several years I was overwhelmed by large debts. Not only could I not return what I had borrowed, but my list of debts was growing longer and longer. Recently, I decided to make a concentrated hishtadlus to improve the situation. One step I took was to donate a substantial sum for the distribution of leaflets at a local community center. I am now filled with gratitude to Hashem: Shortly afterward, *baruch Hashem*, I was able to pay off all my debts!

On the receiving end

I want to express my sincere appreciation for the first-rate enhancements you have made to the Hashgachah Pratis phone line and for the wonderful new content you've recently added. I derive much *chizuk* from the one-minute messages delivered by *chashuveh rabbanim*. These brief yet powerful messages have a great impact on my attitudes, and amazingly, they take only sixty seconds! Both the content of the Torah messages and the methods by which they are delivered are truly magnificent. May you be *zocheh* to continually grow and expand all that you offer!

asked him to give us only as much as he could manage without having to take loans. Of course, I told him, we would be happy for whatever help he could comfortably give us, but we definitely didn't want him to take on debts on our account. My father-in-law's face lit up. "I've already saved up a part of the total sum, and I'll be glad to give you that," he said, "but it's far from the full sum I committed to." I assured him that my wife and I would forgo the rest. "That's a major relief for me," he revealed. "As you know, we've got Yonason's *chasunah* coming up, and I would have been hard-pressed to find the money to lay out on two fronts. We deeply appreciate your thoughtfulness." In short, he was happy to hear that we were *mevater*, and I was happy that I had fulfilled the words of the Rema. But I didn't want to stop there. I wanted to find a way to help with the challenge of marrying off my wife's younger brother. Clearly, I didn't have any funds to contribute, but I did find another way to extend a helping hand.

There are *gemachim* that allow young adults to borrow tens of thousands of shekels to help out their parents. The children have several months to repay the loan. I approached several such *gemachim* and found out how much we could borrow. Each *gemach* has its own rules and requires the signatures of guarantors for the loan. Hashem helped once again. I managed to transfer close to a hundred thousand shekels to my father-in-law's account from these *gemachim*.

And what *siyata d'Shmaya* we had! On the same day that this sizable loan was transferred from my account to that of my father-in-law, the bank notified me that the exact same sum of money had been unexpectedly deposited in my account!

I was mystified. On inquiring, I discovered that a *tzedakah* fund to which I had applied months earlier had approved our grant only now. What was more, they had forwarded a far larger sum than I had hoped to receive. I couldn't understand how they had calculated it, but I was certainly grateful for the boost to our bank account.

A few days later there came yet another pleasant surprise. I discovered another sizable deposit in my bank account! It turned out that the same fund distributed their grant in two installments.

Why? It's clear to me. The Ribbono shel Olam sent me the first installment in the exact amount of the transfer I made to my father-in-law to let me know that He was happy with our decision to forgo the rest of our dowry. I was gratified to know that I had done the right thing. Since then I've seen many signs of *hashgachah pratis* and Hashem's support. May we continue to be *zocheh* to His special *hashgachah* and help.

And I send you all my *brachos* that you manage to find apartments – or whatever you and your families need – with no less success. True, it may seem complicated, but "*haYad Hashem tiktor?*" – Is Hashem's Hand limited in what it can do?

We never lose out when we go in the path of the Torah and mitzvos.

It All Depends...the Story of a Tiny Earring

Our family was hosting several other large families, with a lively crowd of youngsters. We climbed on the beds, jumped on the couch, built towers and tunnels with the various chairs that were at hand. Every available spot was decked with toys, skates, baseballs and jump ropes. An occasional laundry hamper or broomstick had also been enlisted in a number of "construction" projects, not to mention sheets, blankets, clothespins, and...whatever. Our guests were so much fun, we hoped they'd stay forever.

Suddenly five-year-old Rivki gave a scream. "My earring! Where is it?"

All eyes turned to the little one, who was holding one chestnut-colored braid aloft to expose a delicate, petit earlobe that had lost its gem. We all quickly looked down and all around, but it seemed hopeless – even worse than the proverbial needle in a haystack.

The rowdy games came to an abrupt standstill. Suddenly, we were all silent – and sad.

Rivki's mother gasped. "Why did I ever let her wear such an expensive set of earrings to this get-together!"

Chani, my ever-capable oldest sister, was the first to break the silence. "Don't worry," she reassured Rivki. "We'll say '*Amar Rabi Binyamin...*,' and I'm sure we'll find it!"

I glanced around. The living room, the dining room, the children's bedrooms...they bore a distinct resemblance to Erev Pesach! How could anyone – even Chani – find a tiny gold earring in this mess?

But Chani wasn't fazed in the least. "*Amar Rabi Binyamin: Hakol b'chezkas sumin...*," she proclaimed as we all focused on her. "Everyone is considered blind until Hashem gives sight to their eyes!"

Then, while Chani was on the floor near the couch (which, for the moment, had been disguised with two sheets and a stool, as a lion-hunter's tent), the most incredible thing happened.

"Here it is!" Chani's voice rang out in victory.

All eyes stared in disbelief as she held up a gold earring that none of us had ever expected to lay eyes on again.

Everyone called out at once.

"How did you ever find it?"

"It can't be!"

"Really?"

Chani was not at all surprised.

"I said '*Amar Rabi Binyamin*,'" she declared, "so of course I found it. Saying '*Amar Rabi Binyamin*' always works!"

"Not for me!" exclaimed a nearby mother.

"And not always for me, either. I still haven't found the sugar spoon from my Shabbos cutlery that I lost two weeks ago!"

What was Chani's secret? The *segulah* doesn't consist of merely reciting a few words or sentences. What matters is whether or not the person saying these words truly believes in his heart that the Source of vision – or of any other human ability – is Hashem, and Hashem alone. Hashem knows whether we're relying on Him and *only* on Him. If we truly believe that without Him we wouldn't be able to spot an elephant at close range, the *segulah* will indeed help, if that is what Hashem knows is good for us right now.

shivah-mates were already

happy fathers. I was the only one

of our original *shiur* to join *kibbutz alef*

and, later, *kibbutz beis*.

Why isn't Yosef Yehudah married yet? people

wondered. They couldn't figure it out. I poured my

heart out to Hashem. I recited *Tehillim* day after day, and

when I was twenty-two, my *yeshuah* finally arrived.

A girl from a family that had only recently arrived in the country

was suggested to me. It was a Lithuanian family from London.

After arriving in the Eretz Yisrael, the family had drawn close to

our chassidic community.

The father often came to our *beis medrash*. One of the *shad-*

chanim decided to suggest my name for their eighteen-year-

old daughter.

The parents were amenable to the idea, and shortly thereafter,

we celebrated our engagement.

After the wedding, my uncle approached me one day and told

me, "You have no idea what happened with your *shidduch*!"

"Actually, I do," I replied, "because my wife, may she live long,

is the helpmate that Hashem destined for me, and it wouldn't

have been appropriate for me to get married any earlier. After

all, she was only eighteen when we got engaged, so obviously,

I had to wait for her to grow up."

"True," my uncle responded, "but why were you destined to

marry someone from a *Litvishe* family, and from a foreign

country to boot? Have you ever thought about that?"

"No. Why should I have? Do I have any inkling of Hashem's

calculations in matchmaking? I rely on Hashem, Who knows

what is best. And now that everything has worked out so well,

I thank the Ribbono shel Olam for the delay. All those *tefillos*

and *Tehillim* served to bring me closer to Him over the years

that I had to wait."

My uncle was not satisfied with my answer. "Let me tell you

what happened here, to the extent that a human being is al-

lowed to perceive the workings of Hashem," he said.

"My uncle, your grandfather, Rav Yosef Yehudah z"l, after

whom you are named, became engaged shortly before the out-

break of World War II. His *kallah*'s name was Rachel. Both of

them went through the horrors of the terrible war, and *b'chas-*

dei Shamayim, they survived the ordeal. They came to Eretz

Yisrael, each one separately. Rachel hoped to build her home

with her *chassan*, but Reb Yosef Yehuda decided to break off

the engagement.

Rachel was deeply hurt, but the former groom did not change

his decision. Their paths diverged completely, and after a short

time each of them found their respective matches. Rav Yosef

Yehudah established his family here, in Eretz Yisrael, and Ra-

chel and her husband moved to London, where their family

expanded, and they merited righteous generations.

"You are named after your grandfather, Rav Yosef Yehudah,"

my uncle concluded, "and your young wife is the granddaugh-

ter of that same Rachel!"

I was speechless. When our first daughter was born, we

named her Rochel, after her great-grandmother. Hashem had

orchestrated our match as only He alone could do, to close a

circle of reconciliation and forgiveness.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashem's Hashgachah Extends Even Over the Birds In His boundless *chesed*, Hashem watches over us. *Am Yisrael* are not at all subject to the influence of the *mazalos* – if, and *only if*, we do not attribute events to happenstance. If someone says something like, "He died because he was so old," or, "The people who died in that fire in Barcelona just happened to be there when a wagonful of gun powder exploded," that person will not merit Hashem's *hashgachah pratis*.

In truth, every member of *Klal Yisrael* is an entire world, because each person has three angels – one on his right, one on his left, and a third overhead. Each angel is one-third of a world; thus, every Yid constitutes an entire world. How can it be that Hashem would destroy worlds haphazardly, without an explicit decision to do so?

Rambam states in *Moreh Nevuchim* that Hashem watches over every individual human being with *hashgachah pratis*, whereas His *hashgachah* over animals and birds is for the general preservation of each species as a whole, but not for each individual animal or bird.

Ramban disagrees.

Midrash Rabbah (Vayishlach 77:7) tells us that when Rabi Shimon bar Yochai left the cave after many years, he saw a hunter trying to trap a bird. A *Bas Kol* came forth saying, "This one will not be trapped," and that bird escaped unharmed. Then, regarding a different bird, a *Bas Kol* announced, "This one will be trapped," and indeed, the hunter managed to catch it. Rabi Shimon bar Yochai then declared, "We see that without a heavenly decree, a bird cannot be trapped." The *Ya'aros Devash (Drush 6)* explains that at first Rabi Shimon bar Yochai thought that, as Rambam held, there is no *hashgachah pratis* for individual birds. But then he perceived that this was not the case; there is specific *hashgachah* on each bird, so that without a heavenly decree, it cannot be caught.

Yaakov Avinu's Anger – What Upset Him?

The *Shem MiShmuel* on *Parshas Vayishlach* discusses a *passuk* that describes Yaakov Avinu's return to Eretz Yisrael and his confrontation with his estranged brother Esav: "*Vata'avor haminchah al panav* – The gift [for Esav] passed before him..." (*Bereshis 32:22*).

Rashi on this *passuk* quotes the *Midrash Rabbah*:

"He [Yaakov Avinu] too was angry, because he had to resort to all this."

Why does the Torah need to tell us that Yaakov Avinu was upset? He knew that Esav wanted to kill him – how could he not have been angry? Apparently, he was upset with himself, feeling that it must be that he did not have enough *bitachon*, for if his *bitachon* was strong enough he wouldn't have been afraid at all, as the *passuk* states (*Tehillim 118:6*), "Hashem is here for me; I will not fear anything people might do to me."

In the manner of a true tzaddik, Yaakov sought his own shortcomings to blame for the difficult situation he was facing. Esav, on the other hand, would always justify himself, considering himself blameless. Through this anger that Yaakov felt toward himself, he sanctified the *middah* of anger in the world, and in this way he nullified Esav's anger.

Likewise, we find in the Zohar hakadosh

(as explained by the *Masok Midvash*)

: If one truly trusts in Hashem, no power can cause him harm.

Another interpretation quotes the verse (*Yeshayahu 26:4*), "Trust in Hashem forever..." The *Masok Midvash* explains that the word *forever* means that a person should place his trust fully in Hashem, both in times of distress and in times of success. Never give up hope of Hashem's *rachamim*. The *Zohar* teaches that having proper trust in Hashem, means that he doesn't just give *bitachon* lip service while his reactions to hard times contradict his words. It means that he relies on Hashem in every situation, good or bad. If he does this no harm will befall him, unless Hashem sends difficulties for his benefit, to cleanse him of his sins.

As the final words of that same *passuk* state: "*ki b'Kah Hashem Tzur olamim* – for Kah Hashem is the Rock of the worlds." Because Hakadosh Baruch Hu is the "Rock" and Source of power in the world, whoever relies on and trusts only Him will be enabled to endure.

(*Masok Midvash* on the *Zohar, Parshas Va'eira* p. 173b [Part 2, 22a])

מאות אלפי זכויות

בתרומה אחת!

דווקא עכשיו כשאתה כל כך זקוק לישועה

ובמיוחד עכשיו כשעם ישראל

צמאים לאמונה ובטחון...

תורמים להפצת אור האמונה וזוכים לישועות ורפואות



מצטרפים כעת למאות מפיצי עלוני השגחה פרטית, ברחבי הארץ והעולם

וזוכים להיכלל בתפילת הישועות על ציון בעל החובת הלבבות ביום המסוגל 'זאת חנוכה'

חייג: *6176

לפתיחת מוקד הפצה חדש - שלוחה 2 לשתומות בויכחי הרבים - שלוחה 4 או בעמדות 'נדרים פלוס' בבתי הכנסת

E. Kahana

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

Want to succeed in life? Of course! Everyone does! Let's discover the secret to success in life. I met someone who, *baruch Hashem*, is blessed with success in every aspect of his life – in his learning, in his family life, and in his *parnassah*. He's so well-liked that everyone runs after him and seeks his company. He appears to be the embodiment of the words in the first perek of *Tehillim*, "...he succeeds in his every endeavor." I once asked him, "What's the secret of your amazing success?" "Before I do anything, major or minor," he explained, "I lift my hands to *Shamayim* and say: *Ribbono shel Olam*, please help me! *Ribbono shel Olam*, stand by my side!" Such a person davens to the *Borei Olam* again and again over the course of each day. Hashem's Name is always on his lips. This is a wonderful guideline for a life of happiness. When a person walks through life together with the Creator of the world, everything he undertakes will succeed. But we need to set up the connection, to ask for everything small as if it's a major issue. And Hashem helps.

Everyone knows that often, when we make requests and we daven, our prayers go unanswered. Our *yeshuah* seems to be light-years away. If only we knew why, it would be easier to wait, but the reason is hidden from us. It's important to remember that every challenge in life is a faithful messenger of the *Borei Olam*, sent to refine us and to raise our lives to a higher standard of spiritual living. When a person accepts suffering with love, he can elevate his entire life. He can transform a life of hardship to one of

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

Happiness – No Matter What!

pleasure and satisfaction. Individuals who are at peace with themselves accept suffering willingly. They don't worry about it and they don't suffer anxiety because of it; they know it has a constructive purpose, because "whatever Hashem does, He does for the good." One time Rabbi Shmuel Shneur zt"l, a brilliant talmid of Rabbi Gershon Livman zt"l of Novarodok, came to Lakewood. It was an extremely hot day, and anyone who could stay home remained safely settled next to the air conditioner. And whom do I see out for a stroll? None other than Rav Shmuel Shneur. "Aren't you hot?" I asked him. "Don't you suffer from the heat?" "I love the heat!" he responded. Ah! What a *madreigah*! Rav Shmuel enjoyed hardships. It's a great *madreigah* to love suffering! Everything depends on a person's attitude. When one accepts a hardship with love, he no longer suffers from it. In addition, he will earn *sachar* for having endured it. The Alter of Slabodka taught that if a person doesn't suffer from situations that people generally consider to be misfortunes, that person will be rewarded all the same. One who accepts the difficulties of life with love will not suffer in this world, since he loves the difficulties that Hashem sent; nor will he suffer in the World to Come. May Hashem grant us pleasant lives, filled with the revealed good that will be good for them in this world and the Next; amen.

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