

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parsh Vayigash 5783 ■ Issue 128

HEART TO HEART

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

Is It Possible – Perhaps Someone Else Will Precede Him?

We don't like speaking negatively. *Emunah* and *bitachon* are essentially positive topics. The whole outlook on life needs to be one of bountiful blessing, of *emunah* in the Master of all, Who does good to all. Whoever learns and strengthens himself grows accustomed to thinking in positive ways, delving into Hashem's great goodness and kindness and into the positive attributes of other people, and learning to share others' happiness, to open their hearts, and to bring peace and serenity to their homes. Rabbenu Bachyai dedicated an entire chapter in *Shaar Habitachon* to ten essential differences between one who learns *bitachon* and one who has yet to do so.

In the fifth chapter of *Chovos Halevavos*, Rabbenu Bachyai does not simply describe those who live without *bitachon*; rather, he teaches: There is a remedy for this! Come and learn *bitachon*! It's not so complicated. How can we see people dealing with difficult feelings and not help them out? This is the goal of presenting the negative side of things. Not in order to poke fun, *challah*, but in order to bring us to the understanding that trust in Hashem *yisbarach* is the solution to these situations.

The sixth difference he describes is that "One who does not trust in Hashem does not have Someone Who loves him." Straightforward and simple. How could a person inspire others to love him if he is as full of complaints as a pomegranate is full of seeds? He sees his neighbor succeeding and is jealous of him. He keeps desiring and being jealous of what his neighbor has, and he thinks that if anything good comes to his neighbors, it's missing from him: *The neighbor has a good job? This is doubtless because he took it from me. The neighbor enjoys success in a certain matter? It must be that the bounty went to the wrong address. It was supposed to come to me, and the neighbor simply stuck himself between me and that success and snatched it away.* No, this is not a joke. He really has these kinds of thoughts, and he could even complain angrily, "Why did you take it from me? Why are you making money on my account?"

People bear a grudge against a *shadchan* for the simple reason that he did not make a *shidduch* for their son. They are liable to think that a certain *shidduch* was intentionally taken from them. While indeed it is fair and right to want your son to find his *shidduch* – what could be greater than building a *bayis ne'eman b'Yisrael?* – one who learns and strengthens himself in *bitachon* knows how to occupy his mind and his heart with holy thoughts. He recalls that the One Who truly

makes all *shidduchim* knows his exact address and did not forget him or neglect him. He believes that the *yeshuah* is waiting for him. He does every reasonable *hishtadlus* and awaits Hashem's *yeshuah*. He delves into the thought that everything is for the good, and he is sure that in every case, "[Hashem] makes a limit to the darkness" (*Iyov* 28:3) and that very soon the light will shine forth. Someone who hasn't yet strengthened himself in *emunah* and *bitachon* is liable to get carried away. He goes over to the *shadchan* with barely concealed rage and shouts at him, "It's your fault! You're to blame for the fact that my son is learning in *kibbutz* and nothing is moving. Why are you looking at me like that? It's a fact. You made a *shidduch* for my neighbor, for my nephew from my side and for my niece from the other side, for the family across the street and for my friends in yeshiva. You take care of all the people on your list, one by one, and you skip over only my son. Why do you leave him for last? His name starts with a *dalek*, the fourth letter; it's not fair that every time you go through your list of names, you don't try to find something for him as well..."

Do all these claims seem logical? It doesn't enter the mind of the person speaking this way that he is speaking blasphemy. No human *shadchan* is actually the one who makes *shidduchim*. He is only a good messenger. The Creator of man is the only One Who makes *shidduchim* wholeheartedly. He and no one else. Do you want to do *hishtadlus*? Do proper *hishtadlus*, without blaming anyone. The belief that everything is Heavenly ordained is a practical dictate, and it spares us much agony.

The *nisayon* is hard enough as it is. There's no need to add to it anger and blame, jealousy and hatred. Even though the *Amora* Shmuel determined the famous principle that "lest someone else precede him," and *Chazal* cite his words several times, what it says afterward is less well-known: "and even so, the *shidduch* will not last long." (See *Yerushalmi*, *Beitzah* 5:2; *Taanis*, end of ch. 1; *Taanis* 4:6.)

There is a major principle regarding *shidduchim*: The Creator of the world does not build homes in *Am Yisrael* via kidnappings! No one can take or snatch away another person's *shidduch*, and if it is the will of Hashem, all those who anticipate *yeshuos* will see them. Just believe and trust in Hashem, and remember Who is running the world. And may it be His will that we see great *chassadim* and *yeshuos* with our own eyes, in great joy; *amen*.

(Excerpt from shiur 241)

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

FROM THE EDITOR

To Whom Does One Offer a Great Proposal?

From time to time, I feel that this column is the proper place to express the tremendous gratitude I feel to Hashem.

What did friends tell me a month after our phone line was established? "For this thing to keep going you'll need a miracle." And *baruch Hashem*, the miracle is happening every second. It is so obvious that this project belongs to Hakadosh Baruch Hu, that He is maintaining it, and that it is only He Who has always done and always will do everything.

And I especially want to thank Hakadosh Baruch Hu for the *Hashgachah Pratis* Magazine for the whole family.

Regarding this project as well people told me, "How could you fill an entire magazine with content on a single topic, and do so in a way that will be full of variety and inviting to everyone, to all ages and levels?"

And here too we see how Hakadosh Baruch Hu sends an angel who tells us, "Grow!" The *Chodesh Teves* magazine has come out with 40 pages filled with fascinating material, and we are hoping and davening that soon Hakadosh Baruch Hu will expand it even more, into a weekly magazine.

People are asking: Why do you keep trying to get us to subscribe?

And as always, we love critique. As we wrote in our previous newsletter, critique shows how we are connected. It's a sign that people feel that this project belongs to them. The comments are encouraging and exciting, because they express how attached people feel to this.

And this is precisely the answer to the question: Specifically because we are all family, we want everyone to join our list of subscribers.

Meet Reb Moshe, a man who understands investments. One day he came across a unique opportunity for investment, something that you might find once in 20 years. Who is the first person Reb Moshe will run to with this opportunity? His brother Reb Yaakov. If Reb Yaakov doesn't want to hear about the proposal, because he doesn't understand that this is a good investment, Reb Moshe won't leave him alone. He'll use every possible means to convince Reb Yaakov that he simply cannot miss out on this opportunity.

No Yid can miss out on this magazine, and especially members of the *hashgachah pratis* family.

Dear brothers, if you have not yet subscribed, I am proposing that you do so. Try it out and see. Call *6176, extension 3, and join our family of subscribers.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

In Contract on This House

In the building where I live there was a pleasant apartment that was vacant. For years it had been rented out, but after the last tenant moved on it remained empty. Many people wanted to buy the apartment. They asked the owner to sell, but he wouldn't hear of it. "This apartment is for rent, not for sale," he reiterated to everyone who asked. People offered large sums, higher than what would have been expected, but he stood behind his words. The apartment was only up for rent.

Among those who expressed interest in buying the apartment was a precious *avreich* who was looking for an apartment in the area. He saw many advantages to the apartment, so he called the owner, and he received the same response as all his predecessors. But he wouldn't give up. He said all of *sefer Tehillim* and asked Hakadosh Baruch Hu from the depth of his heart to enable him to purchase the apartment.

Afterward, he called the owner again and told him, "Look, you aren't young, and if we take into account a certain number of years of rent, you'll earn a certain amount of money with it. When I buy the apartment from you for the sum I offered, you'll earn much more money!"

Before this conversation the owner of the apartment was sure of himself, but now he suddenly expressed doubts, for the first time. "You know what?" he said as he concluded the conversation. "I'll ask my lawyer for his advice."

It wasn't long before the owner of the apartment called the *avreich* back and told him his proposal was a good one, and he invited him to come to sign the contract.

The contract was drawn up and the deal was signed. People were wondering about it and asked, "Is it possible? The apartment was sold? And for such a sum?!" They had offered the seller much higher sums, but the seller said, "A promise is a promise. I told the *avreich* that I would sell it to him, and I'm not going back on my word."

This is the power of *tefillah* from the depth of the heart.

A Story Thirty Years in the Making

Avraham Moskowitz from Bnei Brak relates:

My friend collects money in America for Torah institutions in Eretz Yisrael, and he told me something incredible:

I went to see a certain wealthy man, and he told me: Listen to this. Two weeks ago, a Yid walked in here and asked for a donation. "What for?" I asked him. He told me he was the manager of huge *chessed* institutions that help many people. Several years ago, the organization encountered difficulties and fell into debt to the tune of \$750,000. In order to cover the debts, he traveled from time to time to collect money, and he had collected a lot, but he was still left with a very large debt.

While we were talking, he looked at his watch and told me, "Excuse me, I'm in a hurry. I'll talk to you more very soon."

I was amazed. He had hardly begun talking to me, and he wanted money. How could he leave before we even finished talking? "Where are you hurrying to?" I asked him.

"Thirty years ago," he responded, "I took it upon myself, as part of a project in our *chassidus*, to learn with a Yid and be *mechazek* him. I learn on the phone with a Yid who lives in America every day at a specific hour, and now the time has come. He's waiting for my call, and I can't hold him up."

An American Jew? I stopped him. Although I don't know every Jew in America, this certainly might be someone of interest to me. "What's his name?" I asked.

He told me his name, and I was blown away. "Tell me, do you know who you're learning with? A billionaire! I can't believe it. This man is rich as Korach, and you're collecting money to pay off your debts? I'm calling him this instant."

I called him, and he picked up right away. He was probably waiting for the call from his friend from Eretz Yisrael. "Do you know so-and-so from Eretz Yisrael?"

"Yes," he answered, "I've been learning with him *b'chavrusa* for over thirty years."

"Can you explain how something like this happens?" I asked him. "For thirty years you're learning with him, and he's collecting money for his *chessed* institutions because he has debts!"

"I didn't know," the billionaire said, apologizing. "Is he near you? Ask him how much money he owes."

I asked the Yid from Eretz Yisrael and he told me that he was left with a debt of \$200,000. I conveyed the information, and the billionaire told me, "Listen, if you pay half, I'll pay the second half."

We both agreed, and we closed the deal with *mazal* and *brachah*. We took the number of his Israeli bank and completed the deal.

The following day, the man of *chessed* from Eretz Yisrael already had \$200,000 in his account, and he paid off all his debts.

Hakadosh Baruch Hu orchestrated that they would be learning together for thirty years only in order to come to this time when he would get the money he needed.

This is a story that was thirty years in the making.

The Middleman

An *avreich* from the South told me a lovely story. Due to the war, he relocated to an apartment in the center of the country. He needed a washing machine, and he put a notice on a Bnei Brak community phone line. "I am looking for a washing machine, and I would be grateful to anyone who could help me with this."

The help came quickly. Someone called the *avreich* from the South and told him, "I have an old machine for you, and I have a car. If you agree, I'll send the car right over to your house with the machine."

But even before the *avreich* from the South called back to confirm with owner of the washing machine, he got a call from an acquaintance. While they were talking, the man mentioned that his son had just moved and needed a washing machine. "I have one for you!" the *avreich* said, and he explained about the call he had just gotten from someone who wanted to donate a washing machine. "He has a car, and he can take the machine to your son's house."

The *avreich* became the broker between the washing machine and his friend's son. "Look what *hashgachah pratis*," he told me enthusiastically. "I was able to help my friend."

He was so happy, and I couldn't understand. "What are you so excited about? This is the machine they offered you. You also need a washing machine."

"This is the way I work," the "broker" responded. "When I see that someone needs something, the first thing I do is give it to him, and Hashem helps me."

"And how did you manage in the end?"

"The following day, someone else brought me a big, almost new machine. So did I lose out on anything? Everything is *emunah*. Everything is *hashgachah* and *siyata d'Shmaya*."

This story impressed me tremendously. The incredible timing in *hashgachah pratis* that enabled two people to get a washing machine is something we've heard of before. But this *avreich*, who was concerned about the other person before he himself was taken care of – that's a *chiddush* to me.

An Eitzah for Everything Good

Seven years ago I traveled to Meron for Lag Ba'omer. I traveled with a heavy heart, a feeling of deep pain and oppressiveness. I was waiting for a *yeshuah* in a certain matter, and I hoped to open the gates of *Shamayim*. Rabi Shimon, whom we can rely on in times of difficulty, would be

On the giving end

A leak was discovered in my apartment, which caused mold in the building, especially for the neighbors who live under me. When I discussed the problem with a professional, I understood that merely finding the source of the leak would cost a lot of money, even before attempting to fix it. Before I did anything about the problem, I decided to donate toward the dissemination of *emunah* in a neighborhood center for the Hashgachah Pratis newsletters. Amazingly, the leak stopped without my doing anything else.

On the receiving end

I wanted to thank you for your amazing phone line, especially for the special *shiurim* of Rav Asher Kovalsky *shlit"a*, which he delivers pleasantly and with *chein* and sweetness. I get great *chizuk* from listening to the *shiurim*, and this impacts me and strengthens me with *emunah* and *bitachon* throughout the day.

with me to support me, and in that *zechus* my *tefillah* would be accepted. I came to Meron and started to daven with all seriousness, doing all the necessary actions, but my heart did not open up. The davening was dry, as though closed up under lock and key. The words emerged from my mouth, but the tears did not come, although they were very necessary, considering my situation. I was left with the feeling that this was "not it." After three hours, I got back on the bus to Yerushalayim feeling the bitter taste of a missed opportunity. I felt that my *tefillah*, dry as a juniper tree, had not been accepted. On the bus going up to Yerushalayim, a Yid from Monsey settled into the seat next to mine. A pleasant conversation ensued between us, and he started stringing together stories of tzaddikim and *hashgachah pratis*. Among other things, he described an incredible series of occurrences. He related: My neighbor had three children at home in need of *shidduchim*. The oldest was 26, the next one was 25, and then there was a 24-year-old daughter. They were all great – excellent *brachurim* and a wonderful daughter, but no *shidduchim* in sight. One day I asked him, "Do you say *Tehillim* as a *zechus* for your son to get engaged?" "I daven for him a ton," he said, "but not specifically *Tehillim*." "Say *Tehillim* for him," I proposed. "One *perek* every day." He took my idea seriously and started saying a *perek* of *Tehillim* every day as a merit for his oldest son. Two weeks passed and I got a call from him: "My son got engaged!" I came to the engagement and wished him *mazal tov*. He poured tremendous *brachos* on my head, filled with emotion and joy. "What an amazing piece of advice you gave me! Amazing! From now on I'm going to say two *perakim* of *Tehillim* every day as a *zechus* for my second son to find his *zivug*." He kept his word. Two weeks later he called once again, happy and excited. "My second son just got engaged!" Once again we met and shook hands warmly. Once again he *bentched* me with all the *brachos* one could find in the Torah, thanking me again for my good advice, and he said, "From now on I'm going to say three *perakim* of *Tehillim* every day as a *zechus* for my daughter to find her proper *zivug*." Two weeks passed, and the story repeated itself a third time: His daughter was engaged. *Mazal tov!* I parted from the Yid from Monsey, got off the bus, and suddenly my eyes lit up, the fog covering my brain became clear in an instant, and I said to myself, *It's not possible that the tefillah in Meron didn't accomplish anything. It's simply that my travel companion was a messenger of Rabi Shimon to arouse me to the importance of reciting Tehillim!* I took upon myself to say one *perek* of *Tehillim* every day for my personal *yeshuah*. I started *perek aleph* on Sunday, *beis* on Monday, and so on. And my *yeshuah* came quickly. Three weeks later, the matter that had disturbed me so much was resolved, I emerged from darkness to great light.

Who Asked for an Apartment?

Four years ago an *avreich* told me an amazing story. To protect their privacy, we'll call the *avreich* Yosef and his friend Binyamin. Yosef and Binyamin had apartments in Beitar. Their Rebbe lives in Yerushalayim, and so they preferred to rent out their apartments in Beitar and use the rental money to rent apartments in Yerushalayim. This was a comfortable arrangement for both of them. As their families grew, their rental apartments became too small, and they concluded that a change was needed. How? They had no idea. "The best thing would be to buy an apartment in Yerushalayim," Yosef told Binyamin. "I think so too," Binyamin answered, "but it doesn't seem realistic to me. Where would I get the money to pay the outrageous prices for apartments here?" "I have no idea," Yosef answered, "but we can certainly daven for this." The two friends decided to daven, each for the other, to find an apartment. They chose *perek 76* of *Tehillim*, which includes the *passuk*, "And he was in Shalem...and his dwelling in Tzion," which they would say with *kavanah* every day, and ask Hashem *yisbarach* to arrange an apartment in Yerushalayim for them. A half a year of reciting *Tehillim* passed, and Yosef had an idea. The apartment he was renting belonged to someone who owned the apartment next door as well. He called the owner of the two apartments and proposed that he would buy both apartments from him and combine them into one large apartment of 105 square meters. The owner of the apartment wanted to sell, but his price was quite high: 2,600,000 shekels. "I own an apartment in Beitar. I can sell it and add a bit, but such a large sum...it's impossible for me," said Yosef. The owner of the apartment, a Yid who does not keep Torah and mitzvos, answered in a completely unexpected way. "As you know, I am not religious. Painfully, my children are also irreligious. What will be with me in the World to Come? What merits will I have? By now I've known you for fifteen years. You've acted honestly with me all the years. You've always paid rent on time, you have a large family, and you'll buy the house and do mitzvos in it. This will be a *zechus* for me. I'll sell you both apartments for the price of 1,400,000 shekels. Let's close the deal." Yosef joyously related to Binyamin that his prayers were answered, and he'd found an apartment to buy. This roused Binyamin to do some more *hishtadlus* in the matter. He checked out every potentially suitable apartment but did not close a deal on any of them, due to the high prices. At one point he went to look at a four-room apartment, and he saw, hanging in the dining room, a picture of a great tzaddik, his wife's grandfather. He asked the elderly woman who owned the house, "What is your connection to this tzaddik? We are his grandchildren!" She related that the tzaddik had a connection to her family. "Twenty years ago, after my husband passed away, this tzaddik advised me to move to Eretz Yisrael. I did so, but now I've decided to move back to America. It would be a *zechus* for me if his grandchildren would purchase the apartment. How much are you willing to pay?" This was a very expensive apartment, worth more than 2,500,000 shekels, but the woman was so happy to sell it to the grandchildren of the tzaddik that she agreed to sell for only 1,600,000 shekels. Thus, two *avreichim* were able to buy apartments in Yerushalayim, not by their own strength but by saying one *perek* of *Tehillim* with *kavanah*.

We Are Needed Over There

I'm an *avreich* from Kiryat Sefer. Every afternoon I learn in *kollel* in a yishuv called Na'aleh, a distance of eight minutes' travel from Kiryat Sefer. In Na'aleh there is large group of *baalei teshuvah*, and *baruch Hashem*, after facing much opposition, they succeeded in establishing a beautiful shul. We arrive at the shul about 25 minutes before sunset and daven *Minchah* there. Often the minyan relies on us, and if we'd be late, there would be people there who'd want to daven but would have no minyan.

Since the war broke out there's been a lot of *chizuk*. Many Jews who were not accustomed to davening started filling up the shul for *Minchah*, and our presence is less crucial, as they are often able to form a minyan without us.

One day we set out toward the *kollel* in Na'aleh. There were 20 *avreichim* in our group, and together we filled up two cars. We left Kiryat Sefer and found ourselves stuck in traffic, which was not moving. We called our friends in the car ahead of us, and they explained that there was construction on the road, and that's why they were allowing travel in only one direction at a time. Now it was the other lane's turn. What to do? In another twenty minutes the sun would set, and who knew how long the traffic jam would last?

Ten minutes passed and our lane opened up. We were moving along nicely, but when there was only one car ahead of us, they closed the lane once again. Now we were pressured. There were only five of us in our car. How would we daven *Minchah* with a minyan?

The *rosh kollel* tried asking the traffic cop to let us go, because we had to make it to *Minchah* before sunset, but he claimed there was no possibility of doing so, since cars were now traveling in the opposite direction on this lane. Suddenly, one of the *avreichim* came up with an idea. He went over to the traffic cop and asked him to let us get out on the side of the highway and walk to nearby Yishuv Nili. He agreed to this.

At the entrance to the shul in Nili we were amazed to discover seven people who wanted to daven *Minchah* but didn't have a minyan. They were very happy that we had arrived. We joined them and davened together.

Now we understood that Hashem had arranged the traffic jam in order to send us to the place where we were needed.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

By the Work of His Hand, Not by the Work of His Mind

Rabi Yochanan said that a *talmid chacham* who learns *l'Shem Shamayim* and earns his living with his own hands will enjoy his *olam hazeh* and will receive a good reward in the World to Come (*Tanna d'Vei Eliyahu*). "Earns his living with his hands," as I heard in the name of the Kotzker Rebbe, means that a person should act with honesty and should not allow business to occupy his mind all day, but should just do the minimum he needs to do to earn his living. As Ramban says, all of *Am Yisrael* are required to work for a living, because many have tried to do as Rabi Shimon bar Yochai (who learned Torah rather than doing any sort of *hishtadlus*) but they were unsuccessful. What is the difference between one who trusts in Hashem and one who does not? You can tell the difference by how much emphasis each one puts on the means he is employing. A person who trusts in Hashem doesn't place his trust in the type of business he has, but trusts in Hashem alone. He works to earn a living because this is his obligation. Since in Hashem's Eyes it makes no difference whether the mode of *hishtadlus* is good or bad, the person does not need to rack his brain to make a *parnassah*. On the other hand, one who does not trust in Hashem but trusts only in the means he is employing is constantly worried about finding a better way to make more money.

(*Rimzei Eish* on *Tanna d'Vei Eliyahu*, Chapter 18)

Lack of Emunah, Lack of Attention

Rav Chaim of Volozhin *zt"l* described how a person from the natural world met a Jew from Luz, the city over which the angel of death held no power, and he told him that in our world people die, and it was clearly not easy for him to explain to him what it means to die. After he explained this to him, the man from Luz asked him, "If so, you certainly eat only grass. At the end of the day everyone dies, so what is the point of making a big deal over food?" The person explained that this is not the case; people eat well, and we do make a big deal over food. The man from Luz then

asked him, "But certainly you must all live in simple burrows, because what is the point of building palaces when everyone dies in the end?" He responded that actually, people do build palaces. The man from Luz then asked, "Perhaps, then, everyone in your world wears sackcloth?" He answered that actually, people dress well, in the latest styles.

The man from Luz asked many other, similar questions and received the same surprising responses, again and again. Although on a simple level he certainly asked good questions, our instinctive reaction is to view him as a strange person. Why? Because we don't pay attention to the true reality.

This clarifies what we always say: that one should not seek *emunah* in far-flung places, and not via signs and miracles, *challah! Emunah*, and all the greatest and highest things, are as simple as one plus one equals two, whereas lack of *emunah* and lack of understanding stem from a lack of attention to what is really taking place.

(*Daas Torah*, Rav Yerucham Levovitz *ztk"l*)

The Chanukah Miracle Resulted from the Emunah of the Chashmona'im

Even though when we light Shabbos candles we say, "*I'hadlik ner shel Shabbos*," when we light Chanukah candles we say, "*I'hadlik ner Chanukah*"; we don't say "*shel Chanukah*." In this way, the person making the *brachah* can keep in mind the initial letters of "*I'hadlik ner Chanukah*," *lamed nun ches*, which make up the holy Name that refers to Hashem's attribute of *Notzer CHessed La'alafim*. These letters are also the initial letters of the words from *Tehillim* (33:20), "*Nafsheinu chiksa laHashem*," hinting out that the *Chashmona'im* were saved because they trusted in Hashem *yisbarach* and relied on Him for their *yeshuah*.

(*Ben Ish Chai, hilchos Chanukah, Shanah Rishonah*)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

During these weeks we are reading the story of Yosef Hatzaddik, how he was sold to the Egyptians, how he went into jail and was released and crowned as the viceroy of Mitzrayim.

From this story Chazal learn the fundamentals of *emunah* and *bitachon*. "Fortunate is the man who places his trust in Hashem" refers to Yosef (*Bereishis Rabbah* 89:3)

We can take a lesson from here regarding the things that relate to us as well.

In *Parshas Mikeitz* it is related how the holy Shevatim came down to Mitzrayim, and Yosef accused them of being spies. This begs explanation. Why did Yosef accuse them of coming to spy the land?

Oftentimes a person gets hints from *Shamayim*. These hints are usually very hidden. Without paying special attention, one could miss them. The point of these hints is to tell people that they should improve their deeds and change for the better.

When a person has a hard time with *parnassah*, this is a message from *Shamayim* that he is meant to examine his deeds and see what he needs to improve.

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

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

Search in the Right Place

But there are people who choose not to understand the hints. When they have a hard time with *parnassah*, instead of examining their deeds and seeing what they are meant to do, they look for solutions in other places.

This idea is expressed in the conversation between Yosef Hatzaddik and his brothers, the holy Shevatim. Yosef Hatzaddik asked them about the purpose of their coming, and they said they came in order to get food, meaning to search for *parnassah*. He answered them that they had come to spy on the land – with this, he was trying to arouse them to the fact that they were seeking solutions in places outside themselves instead of within.

The brothers still did not understand, and they went on to relate the story of their younger brother "Yosef," who had disappeared, and how they were searching for Yosef, who was actually the provider, the source of bounty. And once again, Yosef answered them that they were spies. Finally, the brothers understood the message and said, "But we are at fault" – they realized that the solution to the problem lay in their examining their own deeds.

תגובות המצטרפים

לכבוד מערכת השגחה פרטית -
המגזין פשוט חלום. בחיים לא היינו
מאמינים שהאמונה היא דבר כל כך
רחב, מגוון ומעניין. מדהים שכל בני
המשפחה ממש נהנים לקרוא את
התכנים, וכל אחד ברמה שלו מפיק
מהם תועלת מרובה.
אנחנו כבר מחכים שתוציאו ביתר
תדירות.
משפחת סגל, ירושלים

גם
אתם
מכניסים
את
האור
הביתה

הצטרפו היום,
ותראו איך שהרוגע
והשלווה מגיעים
לכל בני הבית

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לקבל את כל המגזינים
שיצאו עד עתה

במתנה

שאלו את המוקדן