

# HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Vayechi- Shemot 5783 ■ Issue 129

## HEART TO HEART

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

### Without "B'li Ayin Hara"

Let's talk about a way of speaking that has become the norm in our crowd. Obviously, it makes a huge difference who is using this expression. If you see another person succeeding, and you say "b'li ayin hara," you're saying it because it's important to you to safeguard him from harm. We know that there is something called "harm via sight," and that is why one should not gaze intently at someone else's field where a beautiful crop of wheat is growing, as we are taught in *maseches Bava Metzia*. Nor should one look into another person's home, *challilah*. Even someone who is working on himself is liable to discover that his heart is not pure enough, not completely clear of jealousy and competitiveness. In order not to cause the other person harm, he says "b'li ayin hara."

On the other hand, when someone who is succeeding says "b'li ayin hara," this shows that he is afraid that others will harm him. Here the question arises: What is he afraid of? We've learned and reviewed again and again the words of Rabbenu Bachyai: There is no power in the world that can cause one benefit or harm if it is not the Will of the Creator! Why should we be afraid of other people?!

In the fifth chapter of *Shaar Habitachon* Rabbenu Bachyai explains that someone who has not yet strengthened himself in working on *bitachon* will relate with great seriousness to what others think of him, and if he experiences some evil or financial loss, he will think this happened because of others, and that they have the ability to remove the evil from him as well.

In the commentary *Pas Lechem* it is explained: How can a logical person think that another human being caused him to become sick? The answer is that he is sure that someone specific gave him an *ayin hara*, and that is why he became sick. Or, the neighbor saw his laundry hanging on the line and said: What a good smell this laundry has, and how nice and shiny the clothing are! It happened because of her, and only because of her: She gave an *ayin hara*, and afterward, when the girl wore the dress, it tore...

This mode of thought afflicts people who never invested in learning *bitachon*. They walk through the streets afraid – who knows what the other person is thinking and what he's looking at? And all the neighbors are liable to cause him harm... These people's lives are very difficult. It's not simple at all to live among enemies who hate us. It's an impossible challenge! Moreover, these thoughts don't remain only in one's heart. At some point they will burst out. As Rabbenu

Bachyai says, because these thoughts first entered his mind and soul, he will eventually come to be disgusted by these people, to speak badly of them, to curse and to hate them.

And why did all this happen? Because of the fact that a person blames others for what happened to him, and the vicious cycle continues. A thin wisp of dislike grows thicker until it becomes a thick rope of distance and hatred, and thus his life becomes ever more complicated. His brothers are confusing to him, his loved ones are his enemies, his neighbors are a source of conflict, and his list of blacklisted people grows longer and longer.

Is this *ayin hara* a configuration of those who lack *emunah*? We know that *ayin hara* exists. So let us understand it. The fact that there exists in the world a power that can cause harm to someone is not news to us. *Ayin hara* is indeed a type of curse, and therefore we must be careful not to give someone else an *ayin hara*. Rather, we should be happy for the other person's sake. However, when it comes to ourselves, we have nothing to fear. A person should not show off what he has or do anything to arouse jealousy in others. However, there are people who, when someone praises them, immediately respond with "b'li ayin hara." In the course of a single conversation one can catch them saying this dozens of times. This is not the proper way! In the entire *sefer Chovos Halevavos*, Rabbenu Bachyai does not mention the term "b'li ayin hara" even once.

How should we react when someone praises our child, our happy occasion, or our family? We should say, with feeling, "Baruch Hashem." "Hodu laHashem!" "Chasdei Hashem!" When we remember that everything is heavenly ordained, then we attribute all our successes and *yeshuos* – the beauty, the *chein*, the expansiveness, and the pleasantness – to the Ribbono shel Olam. Then we surround all the bounty from the Creator of all worlds with the great protection of *bitachon*. "I will say about Hashem, He is my Protection... my G-d in Whom I trust" (*Tehillim* 91:2). In His great mercy He will safeguard for us the gifts He has given us, and we will try as hard as we can to use them in ways that will bring Him *nachas*. This is the correct way for those who are learning and strengthening themselves in *Shaar Habitachon*.

May we be *zocheh* always to take joy in the free gifts that the good King gives us at all times; *amen*.

(Excerpt from shiur 241 in *Shaar Habitachon*. To listen to the shiur, press 4 after selecting a language, or dial directly: 02-301-1904)

## FROM THE EDITOR

### Unanswered Call? No Such Thing!

The greatest question we have relates to Hashem's answering our *tefillos*.

Very often we hear talk along these lines: I daven so much, I've already davened for a *shidduch* thousands of times, for bountiful *parnassah*, for an appropriate apartment...tens of thousands of times I made my request and...I'm still making it. Why am I not being answered?

Some compare this phenomenon to what we often see on our cell phones. There are calls that were answered and calls that were unanswered. If I received what I asked for, then my call was answered, and if not, then it is considered an unanswered call.

Dear brothers, for Hakadosh Baruch Hu there is no such thing as an unanswered call! We say three times each day, "...for You listen to the *tefillah* of every person's mouth." Hakadosh Baruch Hu answers every call.

There are times that we receive what we asked for, and there are times when Hakadosh Baruch Hu tells us: My dear son, your voice is so sweet to Me, and I want you to daven to Me again; as the *passuk* states, "Let Me hear you voice, for your voice is pleasant" (*Shir Hashirim* 2:14).

Therefore, we learn (*Berachos* 32b): Rabi Chama bar Chanina said: If a man sees that he davened and was not answered, he should daven again. For if you see that your request was not fulfilled, that is a sign that Hakadosh Baruch Hu wants to hear you again. As it says in the Midrash, "Why were the matriarchs barren? It was because Hakadosh Baruch Hu desired to hear their words; as it says, 'For your voice is pleasant and your appearance is beautiful' (*Shir Hashirim* 2:14)."

And what happens when we see that the decree was carried out, and it seems that our *tefillos* did not help? Where did all those *tefillos* go?

The Degel Machaneh Ephraim shared an important principle in the name of his ancestor, the holy Baal Shem Tov (haftarah of *Ki Seitzei*): Every *tefillah* is answered. If you didn't see with your physical eyes that your *tefillah* was accepted, that is a sign that it did something in a place that you cannot see with your physical eyes. "All *tefillos* affect something in the Upper Worlds, and sometimes at the ends of the earth, awesome things that are of supreme importance are achieved through [the prayer], and people think that their *tefillos* were not answered, and therefore they make light of them... The *tefillos* that you think were ignored are in fact doing great things beyond your physical vision."

Every *tefillah* is accepted; if you asked for something and did not receive it, daven again. Hakadosh Baruch Hu is waiting to hear your sweet voice. You don't know how much you're benefitting yourself, your family, and the world.

Gut Shabbat  
Pinchas Shefer

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

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# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

## Double the Amount

An *avreich* from Yerushalayim relates: I was happy to see that a certain store had glasses on sale. It was an amazing 1+1 sale – perfect for us. I purchased two pairs of glasses, one for me and one for my wife, and only after I paid the sale price did I discover that the eye exam would be performed by a woman. I wanted to be stringent with myself; it's proper to be stringent in such matters. I did an eye exam at another optical store with a male optometrist, for which I paid 250 shekels.

It would seem that I lost out, but no. That very evening I received 500 shekels from an unexpected source – double the amount I had spent on safeguarding my *kedushah*.

## Organize Things Here

Harav Hagaon Moshe Nachshoni *shlit"a*, *rav* of the *kehillah* in Rishon LeZion, tells the following amazing story:

My righteous wife, Mrs. Sara Nachshoni *a"h*, passed away three months ago. Since then I have lived alone in my home. Last night, on Monday, the eve of 6 Teves, she appeared in my dream along with another woman, a relative who is also deceased. They were pointing in the direction of a certain shelf in the bookcase, and my wife asked that I organize the shelf.

I woke up, astounded. I am not a dreamer, and the visions in the dream were very clear. Nonetheless, I did not relate to it seriously, and I told myself that most dreams are meaningless. What was there to put into order on that shelf that my wife had pointed out? It was a very organized shelf. There were a set of *Shas* there and a few solitary documents – an ID card, medicines, and bank notes.

Although I understood that there was nothing to organize on the shelf, the dream disturbed me throughout the day, and in the evening I decided to check out what there was on the shelf. When I took out the documents I discovered a check there. At that moment everything became clear. That

## When Morning Came...

My friend in *kollel* shared with me a difficulty he has been facing recently: Since Yom Kippur, his wife hasn't received any salary from her work, and he really didn't know what to do. "What do you say?" he asked me.

What could I say? I didn't have a salary to give him. "Learn *emunah*; learn *Shaar Habitachon*," I advised him.

"Do you have a *sefer* I can borrow?" he asked.

"Yes. I have a *kuntres* – '*Beis Halevi* – *Middas Habitachon*.' Learn from it, and you'll see *brachah*."

He learned and saw *brachah*. He strengthened himself and believed. For two weeks he looked into the booklet – one day yes, one day no; he would learn a paragraph or two, and two days later he would continue from where he left off.

Two weeks later, he decided to learn it systematically. From that point on, he determined, he would learn the *kuntres* every day without fail, delving into the daily page.

The decision worked out well on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Then on Wednesday, in the middle of the night, at 4 a.m., he woke up and recalled suddenly that, "Hey, I didn't learn from the *kuntres Beis Halevi*!" He washed his hands, said *birchos haTorah*, opened the *kuntres*, and learned for two minutes before returning to bed. How sweet is the sleep of one who trusts in Hashem.

At 7 a.m. the next morning he opened his eyes and heard stirring words. His wife was talking on the phone and saying: "*Baruch Hashem. Hodu laHashem ki tov!*"

They had called her from work to let her know that most of the salary she hadn't received over the past few months had been deposited in her account.

It happened specifically on that day, following that night when he had truly demonstrated his commitment to learning about *bitachon*.

## You Can Go Home

My name is Nissim Elkayam, from the Achisamach neighborhood in Lod. Over a year and a half ago I met with a speech therapist, as I was having difficulty talking. I felt I had to strain myself in order to speak, and I was hoping he'd have a solution for me. He sent me to an ear, nose and throat specialist, who would check me with a special, expensive machine that can be found only in hospitals. This machine shows an accurate display of the vocal cords while a person is speaking.

The results were not encouraging. There was a polyp sitting on my vocal cords, preventing them from closing properly while I was speaking.

"The only way to get rid of such a polyp," the doctor told me, "is through surgery. Do you want to have the surgery done now, or wait another half a year and then see what the situation is?"

I chose to wait. I hoped that within half a year a miracle would happen and the polyp would disappear on its own. I davened for this from the depths of my heart, going to the *Kosel* and to *kivrei tzaddikim*. During the *Yamim Nora'im* I also begged Hashem to spare me the surgery. It's not a simple surgery. After the surgery, the patient is not allowed to speak for three days. Someone else told me that I wouldn't be able to say one word for a full week, and afterward I would have to be very careful not to strain my voice. I was terrified of the recovery period and, of course, of the surgery itself.

The year progressed, and the time for my next appointment arrived. The doctor examined me, and with a serious demeanor he informed me that not only was there no improvement, but in fact the situation had deteriorated and the polyp was now bigger.

We set a date for the surgery.

I left the doctor's office thinking that I had exaggerated my hopes with my *tefillos*. What was I thinking – that I would experience a miracle?

The day of my scheduled surgery arrived. I fasted as per the doctor's instructions and checked into the pre-op ward, where preparations for surgery began. I put on a hospital gown, and at 2 p.m. I was wheeled into surgery. They secured me to the bed and positioned the light on top of me. The anesthesiologist was there, ready to do his work.

Suddenly, the doctor approached me and said, "Say a few words."

I said something.

"Based on the way your voice sounds, you don't need surgery!" he declared. It was decidedly unpleasant for him to face the entire staff standing poised to operate on my vocal cords. "Come up to my office, please, and I'll reexamine you," he said.

I was shocked by the sudden turnaround. I pulled myself together and went up to the doctor's office. He inserted the special tube that photographs the vocal cords, and wonder of wonders: My vocal cords closed completely when I spoke. The polyp had disappeared! There was no trace of that complicated problem, nothing at all.

"This is very rare," he said. "This type of surgery is cancelled on average once in eleven years. You can go home."

That was it. I was released.

I speak with ease now; my vocal cords work exactly as they need to work. Blessed is He Who

## On the giving end

Enclosed please find our donation toward the dissemination of your important newsletter in two different neighborhoods. Lately I have found myself in a difficult situation: I purchased an apartment with the understanding that I would take a large mortgage, and for seven months I've been trying unsuccessfully to get a mortgage approved. The entire deal was liable to be lost, causing me serious financial loss. I promised to donate toward the dissemination of *emunah* and *bitachon*, and two days later I was approved for a mortgage for 70 percent of the apartment's worth. *Hodu laHashem ki tov!*

## On the receiving end

I want to thank you from the depths of my heart. I live in a distant yishuv, and your newsletter comes to us as well. It strengthens me and my friends so much, and we literally wait for it all the time. This is besides the wonderful phone line that is filled with stories and shiurim and words of the rabbanim, which give me strength. Thank you for all the things you do for the sake of Am Yisrael. May you continue to see success in all that you do.

hears our *tefillos*, Who creates *refuos* and brings about *yeshuos*!  
I am so emotional as I tell you about my personal *yeshuah*, publicizing the miracle for all to hear. My mouth is speaking to you, with clean and healthy vocal cords, *baruch Hashem*, so that we should all know the great power of *tefillah*!

## The Car Was Waiting for Him in the Parking Lot.

Rav Elazar Grossman *shlit"a* relates:

My son Reb Moshe *sheyichyeh* traveled to Ukraine with a group of *yungeleit*, to daven at *kivrei tzaddikim*. They davened and pleaded for personal and communal *yeshuos*. Before Shabbos, he left the group. He and another *avreich* were planning to return home and spend Shabbos in Eretz Yisrael. They hired a taxi driver to take them to the airport in Kiev, and they were on their way.

At one point their taxi got stuck in a huge traffic jam that spanned dozens of kilometers. Cars and vehicles snaked their way at a snail's pace. Half an hour passed, then another half-hour, and the taxi had barely moved.

Finally, the traffic cleared up. The driver stepped on the gas and drove Reb Moshe and his friend to the airport as quickly as possible. They hurried to the departure gate, but they were stopped by the official in charge. "You can't get on the plane now. The flight is already closed." The two Jews stood there, confused. Just a moment earlier they were planning to be in Eretz Yisrael with their families for Shabbos. What a disappointment! They looked around, asking themselves, "Shabbos in Kiev? How do you do that?!" They had no idea. Where would they get *challah* and wine? What would they eat? Where would they sleep?

They had no clue, no ideas. They stood there, waiting for *yeshuas Hashem*.

Then a *chassidische avreich* saw them. He asked what happened and heard that they were Jews from Eretz Yisrael. "I'm traveling to America," he told them, "but I hate to think that you'll be spending a dismal Shabbos here. I have a floral kaftan with me. Take it, so at least you'll have Shabbos clothing to wear." He gave them the kaftan and left them to catch his flight to America. Now they had a kaftan, and they agreed that on Shabbos each of them would wear it for a few hours before giving it to the other.

A short while later another Jew approached them. He was Rav Hillel Cohen *shlit"a*, a well-known *askan* who does much for the Jews of Kiev. He heard about their missed flight and told them, "This is truly *hashgachah pratis*! This Shabbos I'm making a bar mitzvah for my son, *iy"H*. I invited my extended family and rented rooms in a hotel. Everyone showed up except for one family. So I have an extra room, and it's just waiting for you! Come with me, and I'll show you where you can stay for Shabbos. Of course, regarding food you have nothing to worry about; you'll be my guests along with all the bar mitzvah guests."

This was above and beyond anything they might have expected.

The two were escorted honorably to the hotel, where they were greeted pleasantly. They were taken into a comfortable, fully-equipped room, and it seemed that everything had worked out. Reb Moshe called me on Erev Shabbos and told me about everything that had happened until then and said, "Everything Hashem does is for the best. We have everything we need here. There's only one thing that's bothering me. I don't have my *shtreimel*. How can I go into Shabbos with a weekday hat on my head? Even when Tisha B'Av falls on Shabbos we wear a *shtreimel*!"

My son's pain touched my heart, and I recalled a relative, Rav Binyamin Gutfarb *shlit"a*, who is the principal of the Talmud Torah in Kiev and recently made Aliyah to Eretz Yisrael, where he serves as a respected *mechaneich*. I called him and told him the story, and my son's problem. "He's in the Jewish hotel in Kiev?!" Rav Binyamin asked.

"Yes," I responded.

"Tell your son to look out the window. He'll see an old Volvo. He should go down, open the trunk, and take out the Shabbos kaftan and *shtreimel* that he'll find there."

"Are you talking to me?" I asked, astounded.

"Yes, yes, tell your son."

I called my son and told him, "Are you standing by the window?"

"Yes."

"Look down at the parking lot. Do you see an old Volvo?"

"Yes."

"Go down there, open the trunk, and you'll find a *shtreimel* and kaftan."

Reb Moshe is a wonderful son, who respects his parents and does what I tell him to do. Without understanding how I could possibly know what he saw outside the window of the hotel in Kiev, he went down to the old car, opened the trunk, and found exactly what he needed. Back in his room, he called me, all excited. "Tatte, it's true! I'm now holding a *shtreimel* fit for a *chassan*, along with a distinguished-looking floral kaftan! On Shabbos night I'll wear a tallis and my friend will wear the *shtreimel*, and in the morning he'll wear a tallis! That way we'll both have a *shtreimel* for Shabbos!"

I could hear the joy spanning continents and coming all the way to Yerushalayim.

I asked Rav Gutfarb, "Perhaps you can explain to me what's going on?!"

And he answered, "Ever since I left Kiev, I've been going back there from time to time. So as not to have to carry too much each time I come, I purchased a *shtreimel* and kaftan to wear for the Shabbos that I'm there, and I keep them in the car that I use when I'm in Kiev. The last time I traveled there, there was a problem with the car's battery, and since I didn't have the time to take care of it, I asked a friend to call a mechanic. I left the car unlocked so the mechanic would be able to fix the car. That's how it turned out that when your son came the car was unlocked, and he was able to take my Shabbos clothing."

It's incredible how Hakadosh Baruch Hu orchestrated that, even if it was decreed that he not make it home for Shabbos, everything was arranged, down to the last details, so that His two children from Eretz Yisrael would be able to keep Shabbos *kodesh* properly.

check, taken from *tze-dakah* money, was given to me by a Yid I met at a wedding, and he'd asked me to give it to a needy family that was marrying off a daughter. When I came home from the wedding I put the check down on the shelf, planning to hand it over promptly to that family, but I forgot... The second woman who appeared in the dream was the maternal grandmother of that *kallah*, the mother of the *kallah's* mother, who so desperately needed money.

This was a true dream. I saw how important it is in *Shamayim* that money reaches the place where it needs to be. I saw how there is a connection between *neshamos* in the World of Truth and those in this world. It is awe-inspiring to hear and see that there is an accounting and there is a Judge, and there is *hashgachah pratis* over each and every thing that occurs.

May the publicizing of this story bring merit to the *tzibbur*.

## At the Traffic Light

*Baruch Hashem*, I was *zocheh* to set a time for learning before Shacharis. When you learn before davening, your davening is different and the entire day is different. This learning is very important to me, and I make every effort to carry it out even when it doesn't come easily.

This morning I went to the bus stop to wait for the bus to take me to yeshivah to daven Shacharis and, of course, to learn beforehand. Suddenly I realized that the bus I was waiting for had just passed my stop. For some reason it had come earlier today, and the only way I could get to yeshivah would be to wait for the next bus, which would delay me to the point that I would miss my time for learning before *tefillah*.

There was also another possibility; it was not so realistic, but perhaps it could work: I saw that the bus that had just passed the stop was waiting at the traffic light. The driver never opens the door when he's waiting at a traffic light, but perhaps this time he would? I ran after him, signaled to him, and saw the expression on his face – he was deliberating, and then he decided to open the door. I boarded the bus and was on my way to yeshivah and to my regular morning learning schedule.

I saw tangibly that Hakadosh Baruch Hu helps those who exert themselves for holy matters.

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# Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

## Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

### Someone Who Has Emunah Speaks Only Truth

The main thing is *emunah* – to believe that every occurrence comes from Hashem *yisbarach*, with His personal *hashgachah*. And he [*mori v'rabi Refael z"l*] would mention the words of the Gemara (*Makkos* 24): "Chavakuk came and condensed them (*v'he'emidan*) to one: And a tzaddik shall live through his *emunah*" (*Chavakuk* 2:4). Why did the Gemara use this term *v'he'emidan*, which literally means "and he stood them"? We have been taught (*Osios d'Rabi Akiva, nusach* 2), "Falsehood has no legs." And we say "truth and *emunah*," because someone who speaks the truth has legs to stand on, and he has *emunah* in Hashem *yisbarach*, unlike someone who speaks falsehood. As the *rav z"l* said: Habitual liars have thoughts of *avodah zarah*. That's why it says "*he'emidan*" – he stood them; because someone who has *emunah* certainly speaks the truth. He stands on his own two legs. (*Imrei Pinchas, Shaar Emes V'emunah*, 37)

### The Reason There Is a Lack of Emunah in Our Times

Why is it that nowadays *emunah* is lacking and *bitachon* in Hashem has deteriorated? Perhaps because in the past, the standard of living was not so high and people lived more simply. There were no officials or other people with positions supported by the public; in general, people did business, and when they opened their stores in the morning they would say, "We will act with the Name of Hashem and we will succeed," and thus they would place their trust in Hashem and live lives of pure *emunah*. But today, a person feels as though his salary is coming to him naturally, and he trusts in his employer or in the institution that provides his salary, and thus his *bitachon* in Hashem weakens in his heart, and his *yiras Shamayim* and *emunah* deteriorate. (*Ohr L'Tzion Chochmah Umussar*, p. 231)

### One Who Is Engaged in Hishtadlus Needs to Daven to Enter and Leave in Peace

The Rema said (*respona Rema #18*) that "cursed" is considered being endangered, as the *navi* told us (*Yirmeyahu* 17:5), "Cursed is the person who trusts in other men." Anyone who trusts in another person places himself in danger. Not only someone who trusts in a stranger or in his fellow man, but also someone who trusts in himself and his *hishtadlus* and powers and abilities – he too is in this realm. Therefore, we should be afraid of all our forms of *hishtadlus*, because they place us in danger. We should limit *hishtadlus* as much as possible and be happy that nothing that would place us in danger has come our way, *challallah*. And if something like this does come our way, when we need to do *hishtadlus*, then we should certainly daven like the *tefillah* of one who is entering a danger zone – to enter and leave in peace, as it says in the *Mishnah* (*Brachos* 54a, and in the *Gemara* *ibid.*, 60a). We've learned about the tangible danger that is hidden in doing *hishtadlus*, and "danger is more severe than forbidden things." But the truth is that besides the danger, it is also for-

bidden, since we were warned explicitly by the Torah (*Devarim* 8:11-18), "Take care, lest you forget Hashem, your G-d...lest you eat to satiation and build fine homes and settle in them, and your cattle and sheep will multiply, and you will accumulate much gold and silver...and your heart will grow haughty, and you will forget Hashem, your G-d Who took you out of Mitzrayim...and led you through this great and awesome desert, where there are snakes and scorpions and thirst... He fed you manna in the desert...and you will say in your heart: My talents and the strength of my hands have brought me this wealth."

On the other hand, there is a positive commandment to "remember Hashem your G-d, Who gives you the talent to accumulate wealth."

(Collection of *Sichos Mussar*, part 2, p. 83)

### Bitachon Is a Fundamental Principle of Torah

*Bitachon* in Hashem is one of the most important *middos*, and it is even a fundamental principle of Torah. There is no one who disputes the obligation of *bitachon*... It is found throughout the *nevi'im*, and many *pesukim* in the Torah point to it. It would be enough to just mention the words (*Devarim* 8:3), "For on all the Words of Hashem man shall live," or the command to refrain from planting and sowing and to forgo ownership of the produce of the land during the *shemittah* year, which is based on the principle of *bitachon*. And it is stated explicitly in Torah (*Vayikra* 25:20-25) that if a person worries about what he will eat at this time, he should place his trust in Hashem's blessing.

The main point in *bitachon* is to strengthen the belief that Hashem is the Creator and the Provider, the One Who gives life and takes it away; He determines who will be healthy and who will be ill, who will be wealthy and who will be poor. He is the Source of all that happens in the world – both to communities and to individuals. He created all these occurrences and decreed them and makes them happen. (*Hamaspek L'ovdei Hashem*, Rabi Avraham the son of the Rambam)

### They Direct Their Hearts to Their Father in Heaven

Rabi Shimon ben Yochai's disciples asked him: Why didn't *Am Yisrael* receive manna in the desert once a year, to cover their needs for the entire year?

He told them: I'll answer with a parable. This can be compared to a human king who had one son, and he decreed that he be given his sustenance once a year. Then the prince would see his father only once a year. So the father decreed that he be given his needs every day, and then the prince would greet his father every day.

*Am Yisrael* is the same. Someone with four or five children would worry and say, "Perhaps the manna will not fall tomorrow, and then everyone will die of hunger." So it turned out that everyone directed their hearts to their Father in *Shamayim* (*Yomah* 76a).

## A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

In his waning years, my father z"l was old and sick, and he suffered especially from pain in his legs. When the pain became too much for him, what did he do? He would burst out in song. And the song would be a source of healing for him; it would relax his pain and calm him down.

I too have gone through times when I was surrounded by *yissurim* and there was a great deal of fear about my health. And then I heard the sound of a tune someone was humming to himself: "Mussar Hashem, beni al timas..." – My son, do not despise Hashem's rebuke...for Hashem rebukes those He loves; He is accepting, as a father feels toward a son (*Mishlei* 3:11-12). That song was a source of much pleasure and joy for me, and it gave me strength to overcome everything.

Song is a tremendous gift from *Shamayim*.

"For it is good to thank You and it is pleasant to sing for Your Name" (*Hallel*).

Music plays on the strings of the soul, and it arouses a person to *bitachon* and to place his hopes in Hashem. With the words of the *niggun* a person's soul pours out and davens to Hashem; he forgets all his pain. It brings a healing to his entire body. In the sefer *Menoras Hama'or* we are taught, "When

a person trusts in Hashem and withdraws his trust from all the things I mentioned [such as trusting in his own wisdom or wealth or strength or family], not only will Hashem do his will and he will be blessed, but Hashem grants him these things. How? If he was not wise, Hashem will make him wise; if he was not strong, Hashem will hold his hand and strengthen his heart; if he was not wealthy, Hashem will make him wealthy; and if he is in another country and separated from his family, Hashem will bring him closer."

Awesome.

The power of *bitachon*!

*Bitachon* can transform a person from a fool to a wise man, from a weakling to a strong man, from a poor man to a rich man. It can cause *Hakadosh Baruch Hu* to draw him close.

The expression of *bitachon* is *tefillah* to *Hakadosh Baruch Hu*.

We need only *tefillah*, boundless *tefillah*, and everything works out. Through *tefillah* a person can make anything happen. People do not recognize the power of *tefillah*.

Take these words with you – daven to Hashem, trust in Him, place your hopes in Him – and you'll merit to see all sorts of *yeshuos* with all types of good things.

תגובות המצטרפים

לכבוד השליחים הטובים מערכת "השגחה פרטית", שלום וברכה! התחלנו את המנוי למגזין לפני כחצי שנה, ומאז "התמנינו" להיות בוטחים ומאמינים בהקב"ה ביתר שאת וביתר עוז. זכינו להתחזק יחד, וברוך ה' מאז גם זכינו לראות ישועות. תודה גדולה על ההשקעה המרובה במגזין המיוחד, התכנים ממש מדהימים. זכיתם! ואתם שליחים טובים להפיץ את אור האמונה, ומגלגלין זכות ע"י זכאי - ה' הטוב יתן לכם הלאה כח בשליחות המיוחדת! ת.פ. - חיפה

גם אתם מכניסים את האור הביתה

הצטרפו היום, ותראו איך שהרוגע השלווה מגיעים לכל בני הבית

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