

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Beshalach-Yitro 5783 ■ Issue 131

HEART TO HEART

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

Farthest...Closest

While Still in Mitzrayim

People tell me: On the phone line people relate so many incredible stories. In the newsletter you publicize all sorts of beautiful success stories. When will we be able to come and tell our own story? I want to give thanks already, to sing Hashem's praises. My *Mizmor l'sodah* is ready and waiting to burst out in pure joy; I long to give thanks for the miracles and the wonders and *yeshuos*. But the situation right now is that I am still in pain.

People are waiting for *shidduchim*, whether it is the parents or the young man himself. When finally he gets engaged, they need money for the wedding expenses, and it is really not simple. We await a *yeshuah*, and in the meantime we become pressured and wonder – *Me'ayin yavo ezri?* The wedding takes place, and then we wait to see children, the family's continuity. Here we may discover that we need medical treatment, there another type of *yeshuah* is needed. *Nachas* – everyone wants *nachas*. All day long we ask for and anticipate Hashem's salvation. Each person, at whatever point he is in life, with the particular *yeshuah* he is waiting for, asks himself this question: When will I finally be able to sing my song of thanks?

The answer to this is: *Right now!*

In the beginning of *Parshas Bo*, before *makkas arbeh*, there is a *passuk* from which we learn the mitzvah to retell the story of *Yetzias Mitzrayim*: "...so that you will relate into the ears of your son and your son's sons, how I mocked [the people of] Mitzrayim.... And you will know that I am Hashem" (*Shemos* 10:2).

The situation right now is that Am Yisrael is still in Mitzrayim. Another three heavy *makkos* are still left, among them *makkas choshech*, during which many of Am Yisrael who were not worthy of leaving Mitzrayim died. It would seem that it would have been more appropriate to insert the *passuk* cited above at the end of the story, when the nation is already completely separated from Mitzrayim, after *Krias Yam Suf*. But Hakadosh Baruch Hu determined that this *passuk* appear specifically here, when the process is still underway, several months before the wondrous culmination of *Krias Yam Suf* and the call of *zeh Keili v'anveihu*, "This is my L-rd, and I will glorify Him." The reason the *passuk* appears here is to teach us that the right time to give thanks is not only at the end of the story but also when we are still in the midst of it. Within the longing and hope for salvation, there is time to stop and think about the mercy and *chassadim* that Hashem *yisbarach* has done for us until now.

There is a beautiful story about a *bachur* who came to Meron, to Rabi Shimon, and gave

thanks for the fact that he would be leaving that place as a *chassan*, and a girl in the *ezras nashim* gave thanks for the fact that she would leave that place a *kallah*. Someone made the connection between the two of them, and a beautiful *shidduch* was the result. This is a nice story to publicize and everyone opens their mouths in wonder at the clear display of *hashgachah* here. If we speak about a *bachur* who came to Rabi Shimon and went home still single and searching like before, then what type of story have we told? This is not a story, but only part of a story, and that is the point: to give thanks to Hashem at a time when there is still pain, at the time when we are in Mitzrayim. Already then, we should be giving thanks for everything Hashem gives us: for our health, for the ability to travel and daven, for all the small manifestations of *hashgachah pratis*, for the mercy and *chassadim* that accompany us all the time. This is the time to give thanks for the full story which we will yet be able to tell. This is the best time to come to the point of, "And you will know that I am Hashem."

The story is told of a couple who came to the *gaon* and tzaddik Rav Yehoshua Leib Diskin *zt"l* and expressed their great pain over the fact that all the children born to them had passed away a short while after their birth. The tzaddik asked them, "Are you healthy? Do you eat?" They answered, "Yes."

The tzaddik explained: In *Birkas Hamazon* we say the word "*zan*" four times. In the first *brachah*, *birkas Hazan*, authored by Moshe Rabbeinu, the word *zan* appears three times, and in the *brachah Nodeh l'cha*, composed by Yehoshua bin Nun, it appears once. The letters of the word *zan* have the numerical value of 57, and four times 57 is 228.

228 has the same numerical value as the words *chozek ha'emunah* – "the strength of *emunah*." If we add another 4, for the four times that the word *zan* appears in *Birkas Hamazon*, the sum is 232, which is the numerical value of *tze'etza'im* – offspring.

After all these calculations, the tzaddik instructed the couple to accept upon themselves to recite *Birkas Hamazon* with deliberate concentration, and to thank Hashem for all the good that He gave them, and in that merit they would have living children.

The couple took upon themselves to say *Birkas Hamazon* with *kavanah*, and indeed, Rav Yehoshua Leib's blessing came true, and they had children and many offspring who are alive today as a result of this blessing.

May Hashem enable us always to see His great chessed, to give thanks and praise for all the stages in our lives, and to see, speedily, the complete *yeshuah* and *geulah*.

FROM THE EDITOR

Recipe for a Happy Life

A happy life.

Many who hear this expression imagine money, a big house, *nachas*. Everything flowing along peacefully. Anyone who has all of this is a happy person.

If you get to know people, you discover that joy in life has nothing to do with that list. A happy life is a life of *emunah*, a life with Hakadosh Baruch Hu; only this brings happiness.

On the fifth day of Chanukah there was a terrible car accident in Modiin Illit. Shoshana Kook, a five-year-old girl, was killed, *R"l*.

This is a terrible tragedy that could cause a family to collapse. If something like this were to happen to a non-Jew, he would likely be completely broken and would spend his days bemoaning his fate. He might also try to take revenge on the driver and on anyone else who could be labeled as guilty. He'd blame the municipality, the lawmakers, and anyone else indirectly connected to the accident. All the family members would walk around depressed, angry, or revengeful.

All this could be the reaction of someone who does not believe. But this tragedy hit the Kook family, and it's amazing to see how they accepted it.

Harav Hagaon Reb Refael *shlita's* *hesped* for his daughter echoed throughout the world. The father stood in front of his daughter's *aron* and inspired the crowd that had come to cry at her *levayah*. "There was no accident here," he shouted out to them. "There is no one at fault. There is only one Hashem, Who is good and does good!

I was *zocheh* to speak to Reb Refael a number of times since then, and I gained much *chizuk* from him.

In his interview on the phone line, you can hear how he turns everything around, how his pain only strengthens his *emunah* more and more. A happy man is a man with *emunah*, a man who knows that everything comes from Hashem. Everything that happens in the world is Him. *Ein od milvado*.

The holy *mekubal* Rav Moshe Dovid Vali, a disciple of the Ramchal, wrote in his *sefer* (*Mishlei* 22:19), "There is no *middah* that benefits a person as much as the *middah* of *bitachon*." *Emunah* and *bitachon* are the recipe for a good life, a happy life.

Yidden who have made the commitment to learn from *sifrei emunah* or to hear *shiurim* and stories of *emunah* testify that their lives have changed from one extreme to the other. They walk around shining.

May it be Hashem's will that we no longer hear of tragedies and pain.

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

Kollel Without Kollel

After my wedding, I started learning in an excellent *kollel* in Givat Shaul. I lived in Yerushalayim, and every morning I would board the 15 bus, which, back then, would go to Givat Shaul. It was a very successful *kollel*, which at the time paid more than the accepted stipend. I was happy to be able to achieve my goal of sitting and learning while bringing home enough money to cover our needs, *baruch Hashem*.

At one point, the 15 bus line was cancelled. It had been a *mehadrin* bus, with men in the front and women in the back, and thus there was no problem of *shemiras einayim*. Now, in order to get to *kollel* I would have to take the 11 bus, which was not a *mehadrin* bus. I boarded the bus and immediately felt that this was not a place for me. I could not travel this way each day. It was totally unsuitable, and under these circumstances I would have to leave my *kollel*. I didn't want to learn Torah in a way that would compel me to see forbidden sights on the way.

"But it's a really good *kollel*," a voice inside me said. "They pay much more than other *kollelim*. How will you find a *kollel* near your home now? Don't you think leaving your *kollel* is a luxury you can't afford? Just close your eyes, and you'll be fine."

But I knew that it was not a luxury. I could not close my eyes the entire way, day after day. If there was no *mehadrin* bus, I could not travel that way regularly; that was a simple fact.

I got off the bus at the next stop and went to the *beis medrash* of my *chassidus*. The minute I entered the *beis medrash*, my friend from yeshivah greeted me. He was an American *bachur* who wasn't yet married. He told me *shalom aleichem* and said, "I was actually looking for you."

In answer to my unasked question, he told me, "I'm looking for a *chavrusa*, and I think you would be ideal for me. What do you say?" I told him it was actually a good idea, and I thought to myself that until I'd find a *kollel*, this was a really good arrangement. If not money, at least I'd have a good *chavrusa*.

He hurried to call his Rav, who was happy for him that he'd found an excellent *chavrusa* and wished him *hatzlachah*. Next he called his father. "He can learn with me today," he told his father, "but he is an *avreich kollel*, and I don't know for how long he'll be able to continue."

"No problem," his devoted father responded. "Tell him I'll pay him as much as they paid him in *kollel*!"

He told me what his father had said. That's how I got an amazing *chavrusa*, the same salary I'd had up until now, and all close to my home, without my

A Private Taxi

I live in Bnei Brak, and my parents live in Yerushalayim's Ramot neighborhood. They came to us for Shabbos and greatly enjoyed our children. On Motzaei Shabbos, they planned to take a taxi to the bus stop, and then to take the 422 bus, which would bring them to their home in Ramot. I went downstairs and waited with them for the taxi. "Hashem, please help so that a taxi comes quickly to take us to the bus-stop," I davened in my own words.

"That's not how you daven," my father told me. "Ask Hashem to take us to our destination, *l'chaim ul'shalom*. We ask for it to be good without adding details of *how*. We don't know exactly what is good for us."

Abba had just finished speaking when a taxi approached our home. We waved it down, and the driver stopped near us.

"Can you take us to the bus stop?" I asked.

"I have no time," the driver said. "I need to go to Yerushalayim."

"We also need to go to Yerushalayim," my father told him.

"I'm going to Ramot," the driver specified. Ramot is on the outskirts of Yerushalayim, and it means he would be taking a different route.

"We're also headed to Ramot," my father responded.

The driver smiled and said, "Welcome. You can travel with us."

He took a token price from my parents, less than what a taxi in Bnei Brak and then a bus would have cost them. We wished each other a *gut voch*, and my dear parents traveled to Yerushalayim in a private taxi.

We waved goodbye to them as the taxi left, leaving us with a resounding message: A person doesn't know what is good for him. Make general requests, rather than specific ones, and you could get something much more expansive than what you expected.

Next Time, a Shtreimel

About two years ago we went to Lizhensk. We went up to the grave site of Reb Elimelch *zy"ta*, and after davening we went in to eat in the *hachnasas orchim* building. There we met a precious Yid from Yerushalayim, and he told us the incredible story of an excellent *bachur* who had succeeded in *yeshivah ketanah* and *yeshivah gedolah*, and now he had come of age. He traveled to Lizhensk and said the entire *sefer Tehillim* as a *zechus* to find his *zivug* quickly.

A year passed, and he was still a single *bachur*. Again he traveled to Lizhensk, again he poured out his heart and finished the whole *sefer Tehillim*. Another year passed, and his *yeshuah* was delayed. From year to year his *tefillos* became more desperate, more pained, the tears poured out and came up from the depths of his bitter struggle, and yet... proposals came and went, and nothing moved; there was no hope on the horizon.

The tenth time the *bachur* came to Lizhensk, he was already thirty years old. At that time there was no one else at the *tziyun*. The *bachur* started speaking, and with his bitter heart, he screamed a long scream that had been bottled up inside him for ten years. "Rebbe!" he cried, "for ten years I've been coming here. My friends came only once and were immediately saved, while I come here year after year with the strongest *emunah* that I'll be *zocheh* to *siyata d'Shmaya* in the merit of the Rebbe. This is it. I can't do this anymore. *Ad masai*? I'm letting you know that the next time I come here, I'll be wearing a *shtreimel*!"

That's what the *bachur* screamed from the depths of his bitter heart, and he concluded his *tefillah*, his face awash in tears.

At the time there was a *chassidische* Yid who lived in a small moshav and thought to himself that his children were getting older, and if he wanted proper *shidduchim* for them, he should move to Yerushalayim in order to enable people to get to know him and make *shidduchim* with him. He started looking into rental apartments, and for some reason was unsuccessful in finding one. Time after time, different matters held him back from signing. Once the price was too high for him; another time, moments before he signed a contract, someone else came and signed; another time, for some unknown reason, the owner did not want to sign a contract with him.

He told his problem to a friend who lived in Yerushalayim, and this friend told him, "I just saw an advertisement for an apartment for rent in Sanhedria Murchevet. Try speaking to the owner of the apartment." He gave him the phone number, and indeed, it was a wonderful apartment in a great area.

"This *dirah* has been waiting for you for a long time," the owner told him. "For several months it's been empty and I haven't been able to rent it out. This is really strange, because it's an excellent apartment in a sought-after location. It seems totally *miShamayim* that it was held back from everyone else so that you would get it."

The Yid from the moshav settled in Yerushalayim and went on to the next stage – seeking a *shidduch* for his daughter. Several *shidduchim* were suggested for her, but none worked out. At a certain point, this older *bachur*, whom we know from Lizhensk, was suggested. The proposal went over nicely, and the meeting between the *bachur* and the girl took place in the home of a neighbor – a family named Weisblum.

While the meeting was going on, the girl's father got a call: "I'm only telling you this for your own good," the caller told him. "I think you're making a mistake marrying off a young girl to a thirty-year-old *bachur*. I really don't understand you. Call it off now, before it's too late."

The father was very confused. He'd actually thought the *bachur* was very suitable, but the call gave him cold feet, and he almost cancelled everything.

On the giving end

A year ago, on 29 Teves, we donated for the dissemination of your newsletters for a full year, as a merit for our dear son to find a *shidduch* quickly. Indeed, *baruch Hashem*, during the course of the year he got engaged, and now, in Chodesh Shevat, we're celebrating his *chasunah*. What is most interesting is that the final donation was set to go out of our account on the twentieth of this month, which came out in the middle of the week of *sheva brachos*. We want to continue our donations for another year, as a *zechus* for our dear daughter, who is also waiting for her proper *zivug*.

—The S. Family, Bnei Brak

On the receiving end

I wanted to thank you for your wonderful phone line, which gives me so much *koach*, *emunah*, and *bitachon*. Lately I got into a difficult situation financially, to the point that one day, when I had to buy food for my family I did not have money, and I borrowed a few shekalim from the *tzedakah* box in the house in order to buy bread. This left me very broken. I dialed the phone line, and with wonderful timing and *hashgachah pratis*, I heard a special *niggun* there about asking Hashem for *parnassah*. It strengthened me so much. Thank you for the nice *niggunim*, for the *shiurim*, the stories – for everything on the phone line.

A minute before taking that fatal step, he related the phone conversation to Rav Weisblum, the neighbor who was hosting the meeting between the young couple. Rav Weisblum responded, "As you know, I've seen all the *bachurim* that were suggested to you, and I'm telling you – this *bachur* is the most suitable for your daughter. Totally hand to glove. As soon as I saw him, I felt that this was it!" His good words had an effect, and the *shidduch* was closed with *mazal tov*. The couple was married *b'shaah tovah*, and they have lived happily with great joy to this day. May Hashem give them much *nachas*, good health, and many good years. The Yid we met in the *hachnasas orchim* house in Lizhensk concluded the story and said, "The *bachur* I told you about is me, and the neighbor who helped close the *shidduch*, Rav Weisblum, is a direct descendant of Rav Elimelech of Lizhensk, *ben achar ben*. "The next time I traveled to Lizhensk, I came with a *shtreimel!*"

A Door and a Mezuzah

Twenty years ago I started selling steel doors for a company. In those days there were many break-ins in houses with wooden doors, and people understood that it was the proper *hishtadlus* to install steel doors. In my office, they easily convinced people that installing these doors was a correct decision, and it was worth doing, the quicker the better, before someone would come and break in.

One morning when I came to open the office, I heard the phone ringing. As soon as I got inside I picked up the phone. On the line was a woman from Kiryat Ono. She wanted to know about a steel door, about quality and price, and most importantly, how soon it could be installed. "When can you come with the door and install it?" she wanted to know. I looked at my lists and told her my installer would be available the next day. "Measure the space between the doorposts, and tomorrow we'll bring you a beautiful door," I said. Since she was very pressured, she said, "I want the door immediately. If it doesn't come by tomorrow, I'll go to someone else. I must have the door right away."

I reassured her that we would be there as promised, and indeed, the next day, I came to Kiryat Ono together with the installer – a pleasant *chareidi bachur*, and we started installing the door.

The woman of the house stared at us as if we'd landed from another planet. Something about the way we looked didn't suit her. She did not imagine that I would show up in *kippah*, beard, and long jacket, and that the installer would look like a *yeshivah bachur*.

Suddenly she said, "Don't you think we should check our mezuzos after everything that happened to us?"

"No problem," I said. "When you install a door, you fix it onto the existing wooden doorposts, and in order to do so, you need to remove the mezuzos. During the two hours the installer is working here, I could check your mezuzos. Although I'm not a professional checker, perhaps I'll be able to see something myself.

"By the way," I asked, "what is 'everything that happened' to you?"

"Two serious things," she said. "A year and a half ago my husband had a heart attack and he still hasn't recovered, and several months ago our car was stolen."

We took down the mezuzah, and I immediately saw that there was a problem. While it was written on genuine *klaf*, it was folded down in the middle. When I unfolded it, I found that some words were rubbed out: "*behemtecha*" – your animals, and "*yifteh levavchem*" – your hearts will be led astray.

I told the owner of the house, "See for yourself which words are missing. There are hints here to everything that happened to you. Your animals – hints to your car, which we use nowadays instead of animals; and your hearts – hints to the heart attack."

The woman was amazed. That same day her husband bought new *mehudar* mezuzos for the entrance to their home and for all the rooms.

I am excited about this story, not only because of the hints found in the mezuzos, but also because of the simple fact my appearance as a *shomer Torah umitzvos* brought this about. If not for the *kippah* and suit that I wore, she would not have dreamed of asking me about mezuzos. Every *shomer Torah umitzvos* can become a *shaliach* for very important matters.

Shaar Habitachon Opens Up Gates

Everything was going along splendidly. I was learning in *kollel*, and the stipend went into my bank account every month without any problems. Then one month, Rosh Chodesh came and the stipend did not appear in my account. In addition, the government's child allowance that I was accustomed to receiving was cut down as well, to about 300 shekels less than I had been receiving previously. I thought that I must strengthen myself in *emunah* and *bitachon*, and I decided to start learning the daily *limud* of *Shaar Habitachon* in *Chovos Halevavos*.

The next day an *avreich* approached me and asked me if the stipend for my children had been cut down. "Yes," I responded.

"Does your wife work?"

"No."

"Someone gave me a sum of money for you," the *avreich* responded.

He took out an envelope and handed it to me.

A moment later he began to walk away, and I tried to catch what was going on and asked him, "Since when do they give out money here?"

"Don't ask questions," he responded. "Take it. It's yours."

When I got home, I found a message was waiting for me from the *kollel*, that the stipend would go into my account in the coming days.

And what about the cut in the child allowance? Three hundred shekels each month is not a paltry sum. Hashem took care of this for me as well, with *chesed* and *rachamim*.

In my *kollel* we have an option to commit to a more stringent learning program, and I really wanted to be accepted into that program. Exactly then, I was accepted into the program, for which they pay 300 shekels more than for the standard *kollel* program.

I had opened the *Shaar Habitachon*, and the gates of bounty were opened up for me.

having to see forbidden sights.

And that's how I learned that when we do Hashem's will we don't lose out at all. I left *kollel* without knowing what would be and how I'd manage, but Hakadosh Baruch Hu knew, and He took care of everything for me.

A Visa Despite Everything

I deal with helping people get US visas. One day a *bachur* came over to me and asked me to arrange a visa for him immediately. That same day, this *bachur's* mother called me and said, "My son came and asked you to take care of a visa for him. I am begging you – do whatever you can to make sure he does *not* get approved for the visa. Unfortunately, he has left the proper path, and I am very worried about him. If he leaves Eretz Yisrael he's liable to lose the last shred of *Yiddishkeit* left in him. I just don't want him to intermarry there!"

Who could stand the tears of a *Yiddisheh* mother asking to save her son from falling into the pit of Gehinnom? I promised I would do everything I could.

I couldn't refuse to help the *bachur*, but I assisted him only in technical matters, without advising him what to do. On his application he wrote that he was unmarried, and in the American consulate they don't like allowing bachelors to enter the U.S. He also wrote that he was looking to make money, something that also makes it very improbable that he would get approved, because Americans don't like poor people. The *bachur* took the documents he'd prepared and, quite unexpectedly, the visa was approved.

The boy's mother left no stone unturned. She called me and told me she was sending a messenger to pick up the visa for her son, and he would make marks on it and ruin it, so it would be invalidated.

The messenger came to take the visa, but I told him, "That *bachur* was here before you. He came on his own and took the visa."

The family members were very hurt. The mother was totally crushed. She had been working so hard to protect her son as much as she could, and here she was not seeing any *siyata d'Shmaya*. Her son got the visa in a totally unnatural way. It seemed that the mother had davened from the depths of her heart, and all the tears she shed for the sake of her son were so effective that even when she tried to block the path leading toward his rescue, she did not succeed.

In the end, the *bachur* went to the U.S. and met up with some special *yungeleit*. They took an interest in him, spoke to his heart, and gave him *chizuk*. They would not give up on him, and with extreme dedication, *ahavas Yisrael* and a feeling of *achrayus*, they helped him to do *teshuvah* and get back on track.

Several months passed, and his mother called to tell me, "My son wants to come back to Israel, and I fear he will meet up with his old friends and will be drawn to them again, *challah*. Please, do everything you can so that he will not be able to get back to the country..."

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Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

He Who Trusts in Hashem Does Not Fear Anything

Hillel Hazaken was once walking and heard the sound of screaming in town. "I am certain that these screams are not coming from my home," he said. Regarding him it is written (*Tehillim* 112:7): "He will not fear bad news; his heart is confident and trusts in Hashem."

Rava explains that this *passuk* can be understood in the order in which it is written – from beginning to end, as well as in the opposite order – from end to beginning. If understood from beginning to end, it means: He does not fear bad news – why? Because he trusts in Hashem. On the other hand, it can also be understood in the opposite order: If his heart trusts in Hashem, then he will not fear bad news.

(*Maseches Brachos 60b*)

Bitachon Itself Leads to Success

Someone who trusts in Hashem fully is not afraid of bad news and is not suspicious of anything. This *bitachon* itself is reason for him to succeed. This is as our Sages say: The story is told of Hillel Hazaken, who once heard screams in the city, and said, "I am certain these screams are not coming from my home." Regarding him the *passuk* states, "He will not fear bad news; his heart is confident and trusts in Hashem."

We can understand that the *bitachon* demanded of us is to trust that Hashem watches over us from all sorts of bad things, and indeed, it is through the *bitachon* that is so strong in a person that Hashem protects him from anything bad. This is what happened with Hillel Hazaken; when he saw that he was not afraid at all, he understood that as a result of his *bitachon*, nothing bad would be going on in his home.

(*Peh Kadosh, Reb Itzele of Volozhin zt"l, Rus, 1:19*)

It Is the Custom of Ivrim to Ask for Mercy in a Low and Beseeching Voice

When Basya the daughter of Pharaoh opened the box that was floating on the river, she immediately said that this must be a Jewish child. How did she know this? We can also ask why it says, "And she saw him, and beheld the child was crying" – does one need to see a child in

order to know he is crying?! One can hear the cries even without seeing the child.

Perhaps we can say that he cried in the way that we are told about Chana, the mother of Shmuel. He cried soundlessly, and therefore she only "saw" he was crying once she opened the *teivah*. This is similar to what it says about Hillel Hazaken, who was certain the screams were not coming from his own home, since he had taught his children never to scream or complain about the *middos* of Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and even if sometimes, *chas v'shalom*, something bad might happen to them, they would not scream but would only plead for mercy in a low and beseeching tone. Therefore, when he heard screams, he was certain they were not coming from his home. Likewise, Basya thought that this was the reason Moshe was not crying aloud. He did not want to scream out loud, but only quietly, to the One Who answers even when we ask quietly. And then she said, "He is from the children of the *Ivrim*," as she deduced that from the time of his birth he was acting the way Jews act.

(*Be'er Mayim Chaim, Parshas Shemos*)

Anything That Happens to Him Is for His Good

"He will not fear bad news" does not necessarily mean that he thinks there will never be bad news. Rather, this can be understood to mean that he trusts that anything that will happen to him is from Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and therefore it is good for him. His heart is confident and trusts in Hashem, trusting that Hashem brings nothing bad upon him and that everything is only for his benefit. Even if he experiences difficulties or misfortunes in this world, this is only in order to do good to him in the Next World. As Nachum ish Gamzo would say, "This too is for the good." Therefore, the *passuk* is written in a way that could be understood both ways – from end to beginning, meaning that a person whose heart is fully with Hashem is promised that no bad news will come to him, and from beginning to end, that he will not fear bad news, since he will trust in Hashem that both the good and what seems to be bad comes from Him.

(*Tzofnas Paneach – Maharit, Parshas Lech Lecha*)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

"Rabbi, what should we do?" a respectable Yid asked me. "We married off our daughter to someone whom we understood was an excellent bachur, only to discover after the wedding that he is not at all what we thought. We thought he was immersed in Torah and yiras Shamayim, and that is not the case. We thought he had good middos, that he was a pleasant bachur with a positive disposition, but we discovered the opposite. What should I do? Will I remain in this pain forever?!"

I get many such calls, from parents of boys and girls, from men calling about their wives, and from wives calling about their husbands.

I have one excellent response, something I heard from mori v'rabi Rav Ozer Schwartz zt"l:

"In a shidduch, you receive exactly what you want; and if you don't, you can change it easily."

This means that you'll always have the perfect spouse. Whether your choice was indeed perfect, and your spouse is exactly as you imagined, or even if not – it is in your hands to turn everything around and to make him perfect in every respect.

How do we do this?

Get to know the most complex and incredible system that exists in the world – it is a type of remote control. A little bit of work with the remote control in your hands, and you can transform the person you wanted to change.

This really works, and most importantly, you don't need to talk, criticize, or argue. Without any of this effort, you'll get a new person.

This works not only with a spouse; parents who want to

change their children can use this system too.

I know hundreds of people who have done this and succeeded.

Here's one example: A woman married someone who seemed to be heartless. He had terrible middos and no yiras Shamayim. He did not learn, did not daven, and did not even don tefillin. He acted coarsely.

She decided that she would change him, not by use of comments and criticism, but by remote control.

And she succeeded, big-time. Today she is reaping the fruits. Her husband is blossoming – he is a tzaddik with good middos.

What did she do? Every day she would close herself in her room for twenty minutes to daven to Hashem. She would speak about her husband, saying things like, "My husband is a tzaddik, a yarei Shamayim, a lamdan, a good man, dignified, pleasant, and considerate."

She did this day after day. It was not easy. But the results were dramatic, and they made all her huge efforts worthwhile.

This is how we change people! By giving them the benefit of the doubt!

This is not my chiddush. It is written in sefer Peleh Yoetz (on the entry of Sanegoria):

"For everything that a person speaks makes an impression and arouses the Heavenly Courts. If he speaks accusingly, he arouses the prosecuting angels, and if he speaks [positive,] defending words, he arouses the defending angels, and his words bear fruit." Try it, and you'll see yeshuos.

רגובות המצטרפים

לכבוד המערכת האדירה 'השגחה פרטית', המחוללת נפלאות בעולם באמונה חושית בהש"ת!

אם הרב וואזנר צדק"ל טען, שמאז מתן תורה לא היה היקף צדק גדול כמו בדורנו - מסתבר שגם לא היה היקף אמונה חושית בכל העולם ובכל גווי הציבור, כפי שיש היום - בזכותכם.

אשריכם שאינכם נחים על זרי דפנה, ולא שבעים מהצלחות. אחרי פתיחת הקו התחדשתם בעלון, הנחטף כלחמניית במוצאי הפסח, ואחרי העלון הגיע המגזין המושקע והמהודר, שמענג את המשפחה כולה. שמחוק מגדול ועד קטן את האמונה החושית בה' יתברך.

תמשיכו להצליח בכל פעולותיכם, ובעזרת ה' תתפתחו עוד ועוד!

גם אתם מכניסים את האור הביתה

הצטרפו היום, ותראו איך שהדוגע והשלווה מגיעים לכל בני הבית

התקשרו עכשיו *61767 שלוחה 3

או בעמדות 'נודים פלוס' על-שם 'מגזין השגחה פרטית'



עדיין יש את אפשרות לקבל את כל המגזינים שיצאו עד עתה

במתנה

שאלו את המוקדן