

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Vayakhel-Pekudei 5784 ■ Issue 134

HEART TO HEART

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

A Special Segulah for a Jewish Baby

The deeply concerned parents brought their ill child to Reb Yechezkel of Shineva zy" a, the oldest son of the Divrei Chaim of Sanz zy" a. All the doctors had despaired of finding a cure for the child's illness, and they claimed his days were numbered, but Reb Yechezkel didn't agree. "Hashem can do anything," he assured them. "He can bring your child a cure even from the other end of the world!" As tzaddikim often bring about yeshuos through telling stories, the Rebbe proceeded to relate the following story: Pinch'e Ketzin was a tremendously wealthy man. He built himself a cellar and installed a trap in the iron door, so that if a thief entered, the door would lock behind him, trapping him within. The cellar was used as a large safe, and no one but Pinch'e ever entered it. One day, Pinch'e went into the cellar to get something, forgetting to bring the keys with him. The trapdoor locked him inside. He shouted and screamed, but no one answered. There was no one to hear him. All his money and all his gold could not help him out of his predicament. When he saw that his fate was sealed, he pricked himself and wrote with his own blood on the iron door: "The great gvir Pinch'e Ketzin died of hunger, with all his possessions before his eyes."

His family members worried about him and searched for him wherever they thought he might be, until they finally concluded that he had died. His three sons went down to the cellar to deal with their inheritance. When they broke open the door they found their father, lifeless. After giving him a proper Jewish burial, they had to deal with the challenge of dividing up the inheritance. Besides the money and many treasures, there was a very precious rare gem that was worth a tremendous amount. How could they possibly divide up the gem between them? After much deliberation, they decided that they would offer to sell the gem to the Turkish sultan. The brothers traveled for several weeks until they arrived in Istanbul, went in to the sultan and showed him the stone. He offered to pay a certain sum for it. The brothers thought, however, that the gem was worth at least a third more than what he wanted to pay them, but the sultan would not budge. The bargaining continued, but no compromise was reached. The brothers left the sultan's home to search for lodgings. They entered a Jewish motel, sat in their room, and attempted to make some calculations, but the incessant cries of a baby from the next room disturbed them. The baby would not stop crying, and one of the brothers went to the next room to find out what the problem was. He discovered that the baby was ill and was

suffering. His parents sat helpless at his side. "I have a beautiful, precious gem with me," he said. "Perhaps the baby will enjoy holding it and will calm down." He gave the baby the gem, and the baby relaxed. He went back to speak to his brothers, and several hours later he took the gem back from the baby, whose features were transformed. He looked lively and smiling, healthy and happy. The parents said they thought the gem was a miraculous cure, since for several weeks they hadn't seen their son smiling the way he was today.

Toward evening the brothers decided there was no point in waiting for the sultan to agree to their price. There was no one else who would be able to pay the price the sultan was offering. They went to the palace and agreed to the sultan's offer. When they handed him the gem, however, the sultan looked puzzled and then grew angry. "This is not the gem you showed me this morning. It was sparkling with a rainbow of color, and now it looks like a fake." The brothers examined the gem, and they were amazed to see that it had lost its sparkle and uniqueness, for indeed it had contained a potent power to cure the sick child, and all of its unique potency had been transferred to the baby.

The Rebbe concluded his story and then told the anxious parents, "Do you see that Hashem can bring someone a cure from the other end of the world?"

As Yidden who are believers, the sons of believers, we are commanded to strengthen ourselves in the emunah that He alone creates cures. That very same day, the parents heard that a famous doctor was arriving from another country. They brought their to him, and that doctor healed their son with an innovative cure. Let's consider this story: If someone had told the parents who were staying in the motel that there was one gem in the world that contained in it the segulah to heal their son, the parents might have despaired completely, chas v'shalom! But the parents didn't know about this. They just sat and davened innocently, from the depths of their hearts, to the Creator of all cures, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu in His mercy brought about all the circumstances so that the rare precious gem was brought to the baby without the parents even sensing the greatness of the miracle.

We can apply this to every matter in our daily lives. Hakadosh Baruch Hu is great, and everyone believes that He is kol yachol and that there is nothing that can prevent Him from saving us, and He answers his nation Yisrael when they cry out to him, wherever they might be.

FROM THE EDITOR

Believable or Not?

What was once considered unbelievable has recently been re-named believable.

It's a kindness of Hashem to this final generation that things that used to be in the realm of the unbelievable have become believable.

To date, the monthly Hashgachah Pratis Magazine for the entire family has been coming out for a full year. Today it is forty pages long and filled with true stories of Divine hashgachah that touches all of Am Yisrael.

When we started the magazine, people wondered: How will you fill an entire booklet with real content? You have material enough for a biweekly newsletter of four pages, but now you're jumping into the creation of a full-length magazine?!

And as always, the answer is that we cannot do anything; there is only One Who can, and there is only One Who does. And therefore, everything becomes possible.

If people used to think that remaining calm during wartime was in the realm of the unbelievable, today thousands of families who are subscribers can testify that it is possible, and it is believable.

There are statements that can inspire you even when you're hearing them for the hundred-thousandth time. When a Yid says, "My house has been transformed from one extreme to the other," that is exciting each time anew. People invest their entire neshamos, their money and their kocho into the chinuch of their children, into bringing peace and serenity into their homes. Every Yid would invest everything he has in order to create a good-quality home. If Hakadosh Baruch Hu has given us the zechus to bring light into their homes, then every inspired reaction to the magazine is worth at least a million dollars.

This is a gift that Hakadosh Baruch Hu has given our generation, the generation that so desperately needs this protection and this light.

When the State of Israel was established, and many Yidden fell in battle, R"l, the Chazon Ish told Hagaon Rav Meir Greineman that the only eitzah is to protect your home, and the only way to do so is by bringing emunah in hashgachah pratis into your home, by talking about and telling stories of hashgachah pratis. And today, Hakadosh Baruch Hu is sending the treasure of hashgachah pratis into every single home, through the Hashgachah Pratis initiative, and especially now, through the Magazine that is appropriate for all ages.

Let us turn to Hashem and tell Him: Your mercies have helped us until now, and Your loving-kindness hasn't left us. Do not abandon us, Hashem Elokeinu, ever! May we merit that emunah seeps into every Jewish home, and that every person declares Hashem as King of the entire world.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

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

HASHGACHA PRATIS HOTLINE
Yiddish, Hebrew, English

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

Surely You'll Have What to Do with It

I learn in kollel. For a supplementary income, I translate documents for clients from English to Hebrew. One day, a Yid from Yerushalayim called and asked me to do several important translations for him. "Please come to my office tomorrow at 9 a.m. and translate some documents for me. It's very urgent, and I'll pay you 400 shekels for the job.

Everything suited me – the work, the pay...but not the time. At 9 a.m. I am supposed to begin seder in kollel, not be sitting in some office. I told him, "It doesn't make sense for me to come to you at this hour. I only work between sedarim, not during kollel hours."

He was disappointed and looked for a different translator, and I too was disappointed that I had almost been able to make 400 shekels. But I strengthened myself, telling myself that Torah was worth more than anything else, and I had certainly made the right choice.

I stayed in my city – Beit Shemesh – and was zocheh to learn as I usually did. At the end of seder that day, the rosh kollel told me, "A benefactor gave me money to give out to avreichim. I imagine you'll certainly have what to do with it," and he placed 400 shekels in my hands.

This was he'aras panim from Shamayim!

With the Keys Inside

I finished davening at the Kosel and searched for a taxi to take me home. A taxi driver approached me, but I hesitated. The sign on the taxi said it belonged to a company that did not keep Shabbos. I waited a bit more, but it was late, and I felt I had no choice. I decided to ask the driver directly, "Do you keep Shabbos?"

To my surprise, he answered "Yes."

I got into the taxi, and the driver started telling me his story: One day a religious Jew got into my taxi, and in the course of our conversation I told him I was in debt. How much debt? Forty thousand shekels!! The passenger really felt for me and asked, "Do you work on Shabbos?" I thought he was trying to ask me if I worked enough to try to cover my debt, and I said, "Sure!"

"Don't work on Shabbos," the chareidi man told me. "You'll see that you'll be able to pay off your debts if you keep Shabbos."

At first I had no intention of listening to him, but I could not get rid of the debts. After a while I started keeping Shabbos, and then I saw that this is indeed a great blessing. Don't ask me how, but the fact is that within a few months I had managed to pay off the entire sum!

Some time later, on a Thursday afternoon, I

On the Day of the Final Installment

My name is Aharon Klein, from Bnei Brak. A relative of mine told me about an amazing process that took place over the past five years. This is what he described:

I was not born the way I am today. I was zocheh to discover the light of truth during my teenage years, and to learn in a yeshivah. The time came for me to establish a home, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu brought me my proper zivug. We both wanted to establish a Torah home, and I longed to learn in kollel as an avreich. This was especially important to me, more than for someone who was born in a religious home, for I felt I had to make up what I had missed.

Before my wedding I approached my grandfather, who is a wealthy man and is strongly opinionated. He claims that if someone needs money he should go to work. There are no free gifts. "Saba," I said, "what do you think of giving me a gift for my wedding?"

A wedding gift is different from plain old tzedakah, I thought.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"180,000 shekels," I responded.

"You're asking for a nice gift," my grandfather answered me, "and I'm willing to give it to you."

I was really happy that I would now have what I needed for the wedding expenses, but then my enthusiasm cooled off completely as he continued and said, "I'll give it to you in 60 payments of 3,000 shekels each!"

He did not ask if this seemed right to me, and like a good, appreciative grandson, I said "Thank you!" I did not understand at that moment how much good was hidden in this. I only felt bad that I was not getting all the money in one shot, and I would still have to find a solution for the immediate need to cover all the wedding expenses.

I went to my other grandfather, who is a traditional Jew. I did not ask him for a gift, only for a loan, which I would return in 60 monthly installments, using the checks from my other grandfather.

I got the loan and, baruch Hashem, I had everything I needed. The wedding was celebrated properly, and we were zocheh to establish our home in joy. After the wedding, the second grandfather told me, "You don't have to return the loan. Take it as a wedding gift from me, and use the checks to support yourself."

And that's how it was. The payments were spread over five years. Each month 3,000 shekels went into our account, and thus I was able to delve into Torah peacefully, without worrying about parnassah. My grandfather, who, unfortunately, did not keep Torah and mitzvos, gave me money each month in order to support a home based on the foundations of Torah and yiras Shamayim, and this merit stood by him.

Five years later, on the very day that I deposited the final check, my father called and said one word: "Saba...."

I understood everything.

Saba passed away on the day that the final check supporting his grandson the avreich was deposited in the bank. It was so obvious. Supporting Torah had kept Saba alive. The day he completed his support of Torah, he passed away.

May the chizuk received from this story give him an iluy neshamah.

Two a.m. or Two p.m.?

I deal with measurements. I don't measure people or clothing; I measure houses. One day a Yid called and asked me to come measure a certain part of his home.

"I am asking you to come at 2 a.m.," he said.

The hour, obviously, did not suit me. "That is not during my work hours," I told him. "I have a schedule for my day, and that hour doesn't fit my schedule at all."

"But it must be then," the Yid said. "You must understand. Seven years ago I extended my house and added a room, and since then my neighbor harasses me day and night. At this point he has succeeded in obtaining an order to demolish the extension. I called a lawyer, and he said I need to get an official permit for building the extension, which is the reason I'm calling you. But I don't want the neighbor to know about it."

I nodded and then proposed an idea that was feasible for me. "I'll come during my regular work hours, but I'll do the work quickly and quietly, and I'll finish up within a few minutes. Agreed?" We agreed.

I showed up at his home, did my work quietly, and on my way out I saw the owner of the house speaking with someone in the stairwell of the building. I wanted to say hello, but I knew that if I wanted to respect his wishes that no one would know I had come, it would be best for me to disappear ASAP.

Half an hour later I got a call from the owner of the house, and he told me excitedly, "Do you know who I was talking to? I was talking to that neighbor who got the order to demolish my addition! I didn't want him to know that I had called you, and just as you were coming in, he

On the giving end

I took my driver's test several times, and each time, I failed for a different reason. Last Tuesday I donated toward the dissemination of emunah as a zechus to pass the test successfully. Right afterward I took the test, and baruch Hashem, I passed. Thank you very much!

On the receiving end

I listen to the phone line, and I wanted to thank you for this wonderful line. I gain so much chizuk and bitachon from it, especially from Reb Dovid Kletzkin's amazing shiurim, given over in his clear, pleasant voice. These shiurim influence me and pierce my heart. Thank you.

entered the building too. I had to hold him up so he wouldn't see you going up to my apartment, so I started talking to him. We spoke for twenty minutes – until you finished. During the conversation, we straightened out all the mountains and hills that had formed between us over the past seven years. He explained his side to me, and I explained my side to him. We spoke pleasantly, and we finally made up with each other.

“Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged that the moment you came, he entered the building as well, and because I had to hold him up, we spoke about all the important things.”

I am delighted that in my zechus, two Yidden made up and compromised with each other.

The Truth Wins

Harav Avraham Moskowitz from Bnei Brak relates:

An askan who is involved in providing help for widows and orphans told me the following story: One day a wealthy man called me and said, “I’m marrying off a son, b’ezeras Hashem, and I want to give \$5,000 for the wedding of an orphan, which will take place the same night as my son’s wedding, on 10 Shevat.”

I gave him the name of a family, and then I told the widow that a certain gvir wanted to give her money for wedding expenses, since her son’s wedding was slated to take place on the same night as his son’s wedding. I told her the date, but she corrected me: “I am not making a wedding on the tenth of Shevat, but on the eleventh of Shevat.”

I got back to the gvir and told him what she’d said. “If so, then it’s not the segulah that I wanted,” he said. “I’m only interested in giving to someone who is making a wedding on the exact same day.”

I was at a loss. How would I inform the widow that she would not be getting the money after all? I thought of an idea, and I told her, “If the chuppah takes place before shekiah, then it will come out on the same day, and you’ll be able to receive the money.”

But the almanah answered calmly, and with conviction and emunah, “I learned from my husband that one does not play around with the truth. I cannot promise that the chuppah will indeed take place before shekiah, because there can always be setbacks. If my son’s wedding is not on the same day as the gvir’s son’s wedding, then this means the money does not belong to me. Don’t worry about it. Everything’s okay.”

That gvir found another wedding, and several days later, a different gvir called me and said, “I want to donate \$7,000 for a wedding that will take place during the month of Shevat.”

I immediately gave him the number of that almanah, and baruch Hashem, she received the money. I was so happy!

But the story doesn’t end there. Several days later the first gvir called me, all apologetic. “I haven’t slept in several nights. How could I tell a widow who thought I was giving her money that in the end I wasn’t giving it? Please give me her bank information, and I’ll transfer \$5,000 to her, as we originally discussed.”

Ultimately, she got \$12,000 for her wedding expenses, in the zechus of her honesty.

A New Contract

I am from the generation of people who bought apartments in a “project.” What is thought of today as a city like all other cities, such as Modiin Illit or Beitar, large cities filled with residents living lives of Torah and mitzvos – back then they were viewed as places on the periphery. And when they built a neighborhood in one of those far-flung places, they called it a “project.” I purchased an apartment in one of those projects.

I continued living in Yerushalayim, near my parents, in a rented apartment, and I rented out my apartment in the distant city. The years passed, and everyone forgot that this well-established city had once been called the “periphery.” Prices in the area soared, but my tenant continued paying the same price stipulated in his contract when he’d first entered the apartment. That was a one-year contract, but after a year passed, we did not renew it or deal with it, but we continued renting an apartment in Yerushalayim and renting out our apartment for the same prices as in previous years.

People who understood such matters were telling me repeatedly, “Why don’t you raise the price? People are paying 2,600 or even 2,800 shekels a month in that area, and yet you continue to rent it out for 1,800 shekels a month!”

They were right, but I did not have the heart to raise the rent. I knew my tenant was an avreich, and I kept pushing off raising the price.

Some time later, and with pressure coming from several different directions, I informed the tenant that I was raising the price. “I won’t take the higher price they’re paying in the area,” I told him. “But from today on you’ll pay 2,400 shekels per month. It’s less than what everyone else is paying.”

He agreed, and we signed a new contract.

What happened several days later? I got a call from my landlord in Yerushalayim and heard, almost like a recording, my own words: “You know that the prices in your area have gone up a lot, and for many years I’ve never raised the rent. From today on you’ll pay an additional thousand shekels a month.”

I tried arguing. We negotiated, and ultimately he compromised with me on an additional monthly sum of 600 shekels.

Six hundred shekels! The exact amount by which I had raised my tenant’s rent!

I compromised with my tenant, and my own landlord compromised with me. I saw tangibly that I had only gained from my consideration for my tenant. Money comes and goes, and no one can make more than what was set aside for him in Shamayim. The numbers testify.

picked up a chariedi Jew, and he asked me not to take another female passenger along the way, because of tznius. “You won’t lose anything,” he told me. “Parnassah is miShamayim.”

I rolled the words around on my tongue – “Parnassah is miShamayim.” I sat in the car and stopped near the crosswalk. I had time to think and to talk to Hashem, and I said to Him, “Abba, show me that parnassah is really miShamayim!” I asked for this with my whole heart. I wanted to feel that He was there.

Several days passed, and on Thursday I got a message from my company: “Who wants to go to the bakery to bring bourekas? You’ll get paid, and you’ll also get bourekas.” I took the job and set out. When I got to the bakery I opened the taxi door, left the keys inside, and went in for a moment to bring the bourekas back to the car. I got back to the sidewalk with the bourekas and...Help! No car in sight! They had stolen my car! And it’s not even my car! It’s worth 70,000 shekels! From where would I pay that? You must understand, I don’t have another source of income, just this car and the jobs I do in it. You know what it means when they say “the source of his bread fell apart”? That’s exactly what happened to me, except that I was left with the “bread” – the bourekas – in my hands...

So, to make a long story short, I called the owner of the taxi to tell him what happened, and he told me, “If the keys were inside, then no one will pay for it. It’s all your responsibility.”

The police came, took down details, and took me to the station. I sat there for three-quarters of an hour without knowing why I was there and what I was waiting for, and then the police chief came in and pointed his finger upward. “Someone in Heaven loves you,” the chief said. “I’ve been working here for twenty years, and it has never happened before that within three-quarters of an hour a stolen car comes back.”

He motioned to me to follow him outside, and I saw the taxi. Whole. In some corner of the car I had hidden 500 shekels, and that money was still there too. Everything came back safe and whole. Hashem had shown me that parnassah was from Shamayim!

The driver finished his story, and I was very excited about it. And one time, when I had an opportunity to inspire Yidden on Chanukah, I repeated the story of the taxi driver and his car, emphasizing that, “If Hakadosh Baruch Hu had brought him the money in some special way, the driver would have realized that parnassah comes both from work and from Shamayim, but when Hakadosh Baruch Hu took away his car and then gave it back to him, he saw tangibly that all of parnassah is only from Shamayim!”

Two years passed after I gave that talk, and one of the listeners told me he’d identified the driver from the story, and once he traveled with him and asked him, “If Hakadosh Baruch Hu had brought you money in some special way, would you not have understood that parnassah is miShamayim?”

“I think not,” the driver responded. “I would’ve thought that parnassah could come from all different places, but when Hashem took away my car and then gave it back to me, He showed me that only He gives everything. He can take, and He can return, and all of parnassah is only from Shamayim!”

Seize the Opportunity

At this time, this special newsletter is available in English in digital form only. If you would like the unique privilege

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Bitachon and a Fortress

Every person is being judged constantly, especially regarding his livelihood. The Zohar teaches (part 2, p. 170) that a person's livelihood is as difficult to provide as the splitting of the sea, since most people are not worthy of receiving it, but Hashem provides it anyway. Therefore, one should never stop saying the aforementioned pesukim, both of which mention the Name Tzevakos – which alludes to the greatness of Am Yisrael and their struggle against the heavenly prosecutors, and both of which speak of bitachon, describing Hashem as our eternal Fortress.

Be'er Moshe, Harav Hakadosh of Ozorov, Parshas (Va'eira)

Verbal Recitation

The holy Rav of Menaskiz zt"l would say that this passuk was constantly on the lips of his rebbi Rav Meir: Hashem Tzevakos ashrei adam boteiach Bach – "L-rd of Hosts, fortunate is the man who trusts in You." When he had to strengthen himself in bitachon, he would repeat this passuk several times, until his bitachon was strengthened.

(Bigdei Yeshua)

To Instill It in the Mouth and in the Heart

Chazal are arousing us in this gemara to constantly strengthen bitachon not only in our hearts but also through verbal expression, which arouses the heart, so that we cleave to this middah of bitachon.

This is what we daven for each time we say, "Give a good reward to those who truly trust in Your Name, and place our lot with them forever..." We can explain the words, "those who truly trust in Your Name" as referring to a bitachon that is not only lip service, as it is the custom in the world to say, "b'ezras Hashem," "iy"H," and so on, even when one's heart is not genuinely focused on the intention that everything will happen only with the help and desire of Hashem and not through our own actions. But we ask for siyata diShmaya to be counted among those who truthfully and wholeheartedly believe that everything is in Hashem's Hands.

(Birkas Avraham)

Speaking Strengthens Us

It is said in the name of the holy Reb Mordechai Of Lechovitz zt"l: "I believe, and so I will speak" (Tehillim 116). "I believe" – why? "For I will speak with my mouth." A person's emunah is strengthened by his verbally expressing it again and again, and then he will be privileged to the blessing of "he who makes the effort to purify himself is granted assistance from Above."

(Toras Avos)

Emunah and Speech

Emunah is dependent on a person's mouth. We need to speak words of emunah. Thus, if a person stumbles in emunah, chas v'shalom, he should express ideas of emunah aloud, for this

is an element of emunah, and through it he is zocheh to achieve complete emunah.

(Likutei Eitzos)

Bitachon and Speech

Part of cleaving to emunah is saying, about anything big or small that you want to do, that you will do it only if it is Hashem's will. If someone is about to close on a business deal, he should first say: I trust in Hashem, Who could have opened the gates of Heaven to give me a sack full of money to provide for me, but He is doing it now through the guise of nature.

As Chazal tell us, Hashem's blessing could come to a person even while he is sitting idle, but since the passuk says, "asher taaseh" – in all that you do – a person should do what he can and trust that this business deal is the circumstance that Hashem sent him to give him that which is set aside for him, as the Chovos Halevavos explains. If he made a profit, he should say, "I profited with the help of Hashem." He should know that it is Hashem Who has given him the strength to do mighty things. Likewise for the opposite: If something bad, or some loss, happened to him, then he should say, "This was coming to me from Hashem because of some sin that I did." He should think about it until he finds

a sin he has committed that matches the punishment he is enduring and should correct his behavior. He should not act like the fool, who, if he loses out in a deal, will then become stingy about giving tzedakah. Such a person is like one who is putting out a fire using straw. The fire dies down momentarily, but afterward it flares up even more. And he is like someone who is thirsty and quenches his thirst with salty water; it quenches his thirst for the moment, but afterward he becomes much more thirsty. Rather, he should check whether he sinned in some money matter and should return the money to its owner. Or perhaps he held back from giving tzedakah, and he should change to become someone who gives, and he should verbally confess his sin to Hashem so that he will be someone who has confessed his sin and resolved to correct his behavior from now on.

And likewise when he goes to do some type of business deal, he should say, "I am going to do this with the permission of Hashem yisbarach and for the sake of His Name." And he should say a short tefillah:

Ribbono shel Olam, in your Holy words it says, "He who trusts in Hashem, kindness will surround him" (Tehillim 32:10); and it says (Nechemiah 9:6), "And You give life to every living thing." Please give me the gift of Your kindness and bring blessings to my hands through this act.

(Shnei Luchos Habris, Shaar Ha'osios, 1)

Hashem Tzevakos Imanu – The L-rd of Hosts Is with Us

Rav Chizkiya said in the name of Rav Yaakov bar Acha, who said in the name of Rav Yasa, who said in the name of Rav Yochanan: This passuk should never leave a person's mouth. Don't stop saying this passuk: "The L-rd of Hosts is with us; the G-d of Yaakov is an eternal Fortress for us" (Tehillim 46:8).

Rav Yosi ben Rav Avos said in the name of Rav Avahu, who said in the name of Rav Yochanan: And don't stop saying the similar passuk: "L-rd of Hosts, fortunate is the man who trusts in You!" (Tehillim 84:13).

(Yerushalmi, Brachos 84a)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

Chazal tell us (Beitzah 15b), "If someone wants his land to retain its value, he should plant adar trees [sometimes translated as maple trees] on it."

There are those who explain that "adar" is not to be understood literally, but rather that it is referring to the month of Adar. According to this, we can explain that land refers to spiritual acquisitions, and he who wants to retain his spiritual possessions should "plant them Adar," meaning that he should invest a lot into the month of Adar.

It's important to understand the uniqueness of Adar. How does it have the power to safeguard our possessions?

The month of Adar comes at the end of all the winter months. Throughout the winter we worked on ourselves spiritually very hard, especially during the weeks of shovavim. Following a period of spiritual investment, we always get a "gift" from Shamayim. We can utilize the gift for ruchniyus and can thus attain a higher level

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

Adar – a Time for Spiritual Investment

of ruchniyus, or we can utilize it for gashmiyus and enjoy physical things.

It is preferable to utilize the gift for spiritual matters; that is more worthwhile. It's an eternal acquisition, and it's worthwhile safeguarding it for a long time. This is the meaning of the words, "Someone who wants it to retain its value should plant in Adar" – that now, in the month of Adar, according to our deeds we are determining whether Hashem's gift will be spiritual or physical.

When we finish working on a project, we receive payment for all the work. We can use the money we receive for only beneficial and necessary things, and we can also waste the money on nonsense.

We should take advantage of the days of the month of Adar – not waste the time or busy ourselves with nonsense.

May Hashem help us to be able to truly rejoice with the joy of a mitzvah, so that it will be good for us forever.



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