

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Kedoshim - Emor 5784 ■ Issue 138

HEART TO HEART

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

Do Not Take Revenge

That's it. It's obvious. The reason he didn't come to my *simchah* is that he hates me. Now I also understand why he didn't respond to my greeting. But all that is nothing compared to the real problem, the fact that *he must be the one who spoke to the menahel of the cheder about me, and that's why they didn't accept my son into the cheder.*

That's how a person thinks, and his life is bitter. It's not enough that he has to deal with finding a place for his son to learn; he's also carrying feelings of guilt and anger that threaten to destroy everything good.

We're not dealing with the question of whether the other person is really an enemy. Can a person know what is in his friend's heart? Perhaps he didn't respond to his greeting because he was preoccupied with something, or because he doesn't speak before davening. Perhaps he didn't speak to the *menahel* at all? Or perhaps the *menahel* asked him pointedly about something specific, and he answered in a way that could be understood either positively or negatively. It doesn't matter. Sometimes, sadly, we meet up with people who truly want to cause us harm, and Rabbenu Bachyai instructs us regarding how to behave under such circumstances as well, how to cope with "enemies who hate him and seek his misfortune."

Firstly, what not to do: *Do not retaliate as they have done to you.* Don't take revenge.

We have already received this instruction in the Torah, in *Parshas Kedoshim*. "Do not take revenge and do not bear a grudge." This is a mitzvah that applies between man and his fellow, but one cannot do it without *emunah*. The need for revenge is a very strong human emotion. Someone who was hurt feels a great need to take revenge. He feels that revenge will bring serenity to his soul. Revenge itself is not a completely negative thing. Regarding the nations of the world, we anticipate that Hashem will "take revenge on the nations." There are circumstances in which revenge is demanded, but between man and his fellow, the Torah commands us not to take revenge, and not even to bear a grudge or to feel hatred in our heart because of the harm the other person caused us.

What is the logic in this? How can we do this mitzvah? What about a person who has the strength and the ability to act on his desire for revenge? Why should he stop himself?

The *Sefer Hachinuch* states: The root of this mitzvah is that a person should know and instill in his heart that everything that happens to him, whether good or bad, is a circumstance that came upon him from Hashem

yisbarach. Nothing can happen without Hashem's desiring it to happen. Therefore, when someone caused him pain, he should know in his heart that his sins caused it, and Hashem *yisbarach* decreed this upon him.

This is what will hold back revenge: The simple understanding that it was not really my friend or neighbor or doctor or the lawyer who did this to me. That person is only a messenger. This came upon me from Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and if I have complaints about anyone, it's only about myself, because the pain and the difficulty are coming to me because of my sins, in order to atone for them.

This is how Dovid Hamelech reacted when he was running away from his son Avshalom. He was a fugitive, lowly, despised, and abandoned, and with few people loyal to him, when Shimi ben Geira cursed him. Dovid's relative wanted to kill Shimi as a *mored b'malchus*, but Dovid Hamelech said, "Let him curse; Hashem told him to curse." Dovid immediately knew the right address, and because of his reaction, he was *zocheh* to be the one who would hold up the "fourth leg to the *Merkavah*" of Hashem's Divine Presence.

The Gemara relates that Rav Huna became sick and very weak, to the point that it seemed he was going to die. Rav Papa told his family to prepare for a *levayah*, but a few days later Rav Huna got stronger and recovered. Rav Papa was embarrassed, but Rav Huna told him that indeed, he had already been on his way "up" (possibly what is nowadays called clinical death), and he heard how people were being judged in the *Beis Din* on High, and every time a merit was found, a cry was heard: "I have found an atonement!"

When he reached the Upper Spheres, they started to deliberate regarding whether to allow him to live. Hakadosh Baruch Hu Himself said: Because he is not exacting in judging those who cause him pain, therefore, here as well, we will not be exacting in judging him. Let him be, for he is able to forgo things that people do to him.

Indeed, Rav Huna lived for several years thereafter.

There are many such stories in the Gemara. There are testimonials throughout the generations, and nowadays as well, of the great *segulah* of forgoing, being *ma'avir al midosav*.

Did someone do something to you? Hurt you? It hurts, but if you remember that everything is from Hashem, for your own eternal good, then you'll succeed in forgiving, and you'll acquire your own *Olam Haba*.

FROM THE EDITOR

The Answer to a Three-Thousand-Year-Old Question

A *talmid chacham* met me, and his face was glowing. "For many years," he told me, "I've been puzzled by a perplexing question, and this past month, I found an answer."

He went on to explain: We all get excited about the miracles of *Yetzias Mitzrayim*. Hakadosh Baruch Hu overturned the laws of nature, and everyone saw tangibly that everything testifies to the existence of Hashem and comes about through His *hashgachah*. If so, how is it possible that Pharaoh didn't see this as well?

Even more puzzling, how did most of the Jews not see this? Of the three million Jews, only six hundred thousand left Mitzrayim. Two million four hundred thousand Jews died during *makkas choshch* because they didn't want to leave Mitzrayim (and according to some, it was many more than that). How is such a thing possible?

This past month I understood how it could be.

We all saw the great miracles that took place in Eretz Yisrael on Motzaei Shabbos *Parshas Tazria*. Hundreds of deadly missiles, including some that had the power to destroy several buildings, flew over Eretz Yisrael, and not a fingernail on a Jew's hand was hurt. No one can understand how such a thing could occur naturally. Hakadosh Baruch Hu showed us tangibly His *hashgachah* over Eretz Yisrael.

And what happened on Erev Pesach on Rechov Techeiles Mordechai in Yerushalayim is no less wondrous.

A car drove into four *bachurim* who were standing there, throwing three of them into the air, and that night *all of them* sat comfortably in their homes at the Seder, singing *Hallel*. There is no logic to this. The terrorists got out of their car with a gun they had prepared well, and they tried to shoot but didn't succeed. They had an ax in the car, but they left everything behind and ran off to hide. (An incredible interview with the four *bachurim* will, *iy"H*, be published in the Chodesh Sivan Magazine.)

We see clearly how Hakadosh Baruch Hu watches over *Am Yisrael*. "I was sure," this *talmid chacham* told me, "that now we would hear words of *emunah* and rededication to Hakadosh Baruch Hu throughout the world. I anticipated seeing how all *Yidden* would come back to their source after such miracles and wonders.

"Ultimately, though, we talk about these stories nonchalantly and explain, 'Missiles flew in from Iran, and they succeeded in intercepting them.' 'Terrorists wanted to shoot at Jews and were prevented from doing so.'

"And this is the answer to the question.

"In Mitzrayim it was the same thing. After *makkas dam*, the headlines in the Egyptian newspapers were: 'A problem that occurred in the Nile River caused its waters to be awash with blood. We worked on fixing the problem, and after a week the problem was resolved.' After *makkas tzefardeia*, 'A giant frog gave birth to many frogs. After a week, we succeeded in getting rid of the frogs.'

"And the same type of headlines appeared after every single *makkah*.

"They took every incredible miracle and packaged it as simple nature, and the foolish Egyptians believed them."

After this conversation, I saw that the *sefer Ohr Hameir* says exactly these things.

Blessed is Hashem, Who has given us the Torah of truth and implanted within us eternal life. We thank and praise Him for the revealed miracles that He shows us each day. *HaTov ki lo chalu rachamecha, v'haMeracheim ki lo samu chasadecha!*

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

More a Yid than a Thief

One evening when I was at a chasunah, a friend came over and made a somewhat rare request: "Would you allow me to drive your car?"

"Do you have a license?" I asked him

"That's the thing. I want to get a license, and I need to practice. Do you agree to let me drive a few meters in your car?"

I thought for a moment and said, "It's a bit scary for me to give the wheel over to someone who doesn't know how to hold it, but if we drive on some side street where there is no danger to passersby, then I agree."

We went out of the chasunah and drove quite a distance until we reached a quiet, anonymous alleyway where I stopped the car. I switched places with my friend and allowed him to drive. He wanted to practice parallel parking. He tried parking between two cars, and...oops, he hit the car in front of us.

We went out of the car to ascertain the degree of damage; we checked my car as well as the car parked in front of it, and baruch Hashem, we saw nothing at all. Right near the car, on the street, we found the sefer Noam Elimelech, with several papers and Torah pamphlets near it. It seemed that someone had thrown the contents of a bag onto the street; someone who didn't know the value of sacred writings.

We picked up the pamphlets and found a name and phone number on one of the pages. I called the number, and the person who answered was very excited. "Where did you find my number? Was it together with the Noam Elimelech? Tell me exactly where."

I told him.

"All those things were in my car. My car was stolen, and the thief probably threw out my pamphlets. Can you describe the car that was parked near where you found these sheets?"

I described the color and shape, and I read him the license number, and indeed, it became obvious that the car we had hit belonged to this Yid. We were all very excited.

While I was speaking to him, my friend was feeling badly about hitting the car. He scanned the de-

I Didn't Buy a Lottery Ticket

Many years have passed since this happened, but I still believe this is a special story. To this very day I feel revitalized by the inspiration I received back then, and I think it will give everyone *chizuk*. Hashem doesn't abandon anyone.

One evening my wife told me an envelope had arrived in the mail. We're accustomed to getting envelopes from the municipality, the gas company, and the like. This time it was an envelope from the electric company. I had seen the envelope even before my wife pointed it out, but I played the ostrich, hiding my head in the sand and deliberately ignoring it.

This time I could not ignore it. I opened the envelope and saw that we owed a lot of money, and I had no idea how I'd pay it. Our financial state was very tight at the time.

"What should I do?" I asked my wife. "I have no money."

"Borrow," she answered.

The prospect of our electricity being cut off seemed worse than that of taking a loan, but I did not want to be considered a "wicked man, who borrows and does not return." I had no plan for how to return the loan, and therefore I did not want to take it. What could I do? I did what Dovid Hamelech did. I told my wife words of *chizuk* I'd heard from my Rebbe, the Toldos Aharon Rebbe *zt"l*. He said that when Dovid Hamelech was in Tziklag after his wife and daughters were taken from him, and Shimi ben Geira cursed him, he did not give up, but rather, "And Dovid strengthened himself in his L-rd." He held onto Hashem with all his might, and indeed, he returned to his position as king over all of *Am Yisrael*. From this a Jew should learn to strengthen himself and hold on to Hashem with all his might, and to believe from the depths of his heart that his *yeshuah* is at hand.

My words took effect, and my wife slept well, but I did not. *From where, Ribbono shel Olam? Where do I find the money to pay this bill, and more? I am a melamed; I do my work faithfully, and I have no other source of income. I am at a total loss. I have no idea.*

I tossed and turned. It was a long night, pitch black. *Ribbono shel Olam...*, I continued speaking and strengthening myself with words of *emunah*. On my street there are five different banks, and all of them are bursting with money. Hakadosh Baruch Hu is *kol yachol*; He has many ways and means of providing, hundreds of thousands of ways of sending me money. He knows, He is able, He wants to help me, and He has mercy. He will send me my needs.

With these thoughts of *chizuk* I finally fell asleep, and I awoke in the morning with the feeling that Hakadosh Baruch Hu would not ignore me and would not abandon me. Before leaving the house I gave a coin to *tzedakah* and said, with *kavanah*, "*Eloka d'Meir Aneiini.*"

Midday in cheder, the *menahel* called me to his office. I had a phone call.

I came into the office, curious. It was a bit scary to get a call like that, since I did not generally get calls in middle of the day.

My wife was on the line, and she sounded very excited. "We just won the lottery!"

"What?!" I asked, "I never bought a lottery ticket!"

"Right," she said. "It's not really a lottery ticket, just something like it. Listen. My mother came a few minutes ago and told me that her older, single brother who is an accountant decided to give us money. He gave her an envelope for us. Guess how much money there is inside it?"

I played along, afraid of being disappointed. "200 pounds? 500? More than a thousand?"

She exceeded all my expectations. "8,000 pounds!" she said triumphantly. "That's the amount in the envelope!"

We were amazed. We had never seen a shekel from this uncle, and here, suddenly, he was raining money down on us so generously. What happened to him?

But I knew. It wasn't the uncle; it was our merciful Father in Heaven. He saw our pain and gave him the *zechus* to be the emissary to give us what we needed. May we always strengthen ourselves and hold on to Hashem!

From Rav Shalom Sharabi to the Printing Press

I have a beloved small-coin collection in a bag at home. These are coins that I found

On the giving end

There was a leak in my home. We called a plumber, and I was very worried about the anticipated expense. Just then I happened to see the Hashgachah Pratis newsletter and read a story similar to mine. Unlike me, however, the person in the story did not call a plumber but instead donated toward the dissemination of the newsletter. I decided to do as he did; I cancelled the plumber and donated a sum of money toward the dissemination of the newsletter. Surprisingly, right afterward the problem with the leak resolved itself without any monetary expense.

On the receiving end

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, especially for the shiurim of Rav Yehuda Mandel *shlit"l*. His short shiurim give his listeners tremendous *toeles*, and I hear from many people who gain significant *chizuk* in *emunah* from it. The rav's words emphasize the importance of every Yid and the deep significance of *avodas Hashem*, while giving one strength to cope with every situation in life. Thank you for your important work!

on the sidewalk while walking, and I call them “*shemiras einayim* coins,” because I found them while keeping my eyes downcast in the streets. These are small messages that remind me of the hidden treasure safeguarded on High for those who close their eyes from seeing evil.

Since this is one of the things that need *chizuk*, I was collecting various sayings and quotes from *divrei Torah* and *mefarshim* that speak about *shemiras einayim*, and I arranged them nicely. From time to time I would add more content, until I had enough for a book. I moved on to editing the material, but I had no idea how I'd pay to print it. I took the material to a *gadol* and asked him for a *brachah*. The *rav bentched* me and instructed me to do everything that had to be done for the *sefer* before printing – everything, that is, until money would be necessary.

That's what I did. I gave the *sefer* in to be typeset, and I waited for a *yeshuah*.

It was Friday, the ninth of Shevat. That year the *yahrtzeit* of Rav Shalom Sharabi fell out on Shabbos, so people went up to his *kever* on Har Hazeisim on Friday. When I concluded *Shacharis*, a Yid came over to me and said, “Do you know whose *yahrtzeit* it is today?”

“Rav Shalom Sharabi,” I said.

“Do you want to come with me to Har Hazeisim, to his *kever*? I have a car; I'll take you.”

“I don't have plans to go today, Friday,” I told him. “I have to help out at home and also to rest up before Shabbos.”

While I was speaking to him, my wife called and said the children needed to leave the house, and could I please come and wait with them for their van. She needed my help. I apologized to the Yid with the car and told him, “I must go home.”

“No problem,” he answered. “I'll come pick you up after you finish what you have to do at home.”

I have no explanation for this Yid's behavior. I had nothing to do with him. I know him from the neighborhood, and I meet him from time to time and nod my head to him. Nothing more. Why did he suddenly need me? “You can ask so-and-so to come with you,” I told him, mentioning another person who might go instead of me.

“He already went last night,” the Yid answered me. “This time you'll come with me.”

And this, it became clear, was a firm decision on his part.

A short while after I got home, the “Reb Shalom Sharabi Yid” arrived at my house and called me to come with him. Because he was insisting, I joined him. At the *kever* on Har Hazeisim, in addition to my own personal requests, I added a special request that I be *zocheh* to publish my *sefer* on *shemiras einayim*.

A half hour later we left. When I got home I was feeling extremely tired. I had to rest. *Baruch Hashem*, Shabbos preparations were underway nicely at home. I went to bed and tried to fall asleep, but I couldn't. I turned from right to left, tried reading something, but nothing helped. I was very tired and could not sleep.

I got up and decided to go to the *beis medrash*. What would I do there? I was not focused enough to learn. I decided to take the typeset pages of the *sefer* I wanted to publish and to organize them, so they would be completely ready for printing. I sat down in my place and started to work, marking which pages were to come first, editing, correcting, arranging, and sorting.

I had been working for fifteen minutes when I felt a tap on my shoulder. “Hello, how are you? What are you doing here?” Someone was showing a lot of interest in me. It was my acquaintance from Rav Shalom Sharabi's *kever*. Yesterday I barely knew him, and today we were the best of friends...

I understood that he did not have much to do with his time, and being that I actually did have what to do, I tried to make it obvious to him that I wasn't interested in schmoozing. He seemed to get the thinly veiled hint and started to back off. At that moment, I caught myself and thought, *You're writing about guarding your eyes, and what about guarding your mouth? And what about loving your fellow? That is also part of Torah.* I immediately changed my tone and called him over. “What did you say?” I asked.

And he responded animatedly. I saw how truly happy he was that I was talking to him. He asked about the content of the *sefer*, its title, and the style of writing. Why was another *sefer* on this well-known topic necessary? And on and on. I answered every one of his questions, until he finally left. A moment or two later another Yid sitting nearby came over and said, “I saw how you acted so graciously to this Yid who spoke to you, and I saw how in the morning he drove you crazy too, and you continued speaking respectfully to him. I heard what you spoke about, and this *sefer* interests me a lot. Tell me, how much do you need in order to print it?”

At that point we spoke numbers. On Sunday that Yid brought me the entire sum in cash, and the *sefer* was printed!

When I retell the events, it seems there was *hashgachah pratis* that I be *zocheh* to daven at the *kever* of Rav Shalom Sharabi, and that I be *zocheh* to do the mitzvah of loving one's fellow Jew, and thus to have special *siyata diShmaya* to publish the *sefer*.

serted area where we were.

A wide tree blocked the street-lights, but a discerning eye could see the poles for the eiruv, and the string attached to them. Something did not look right.

He came closer and discovered that the string was torn. The eiruv was disqualified.

“One mitzvah leads to another,” my friend enthused. “First, you did chessed with me and allowed me to drive your car, afterward you did the mitzvah of hashavas aveidah, and now we're going to let the eiruv committee know that they need to fix the eiruv here.”

I heard the postscript to this story several days later.

The owner of the car called me to express his gratitude and told me about the series of events that occurred after he got his stolen car back.

“I decided to get the police involved in order to find the thief,” the owner of the car related, “and within a few days they located him. Now I was left with the decision of whether to take him to court and cause him to be arrested. I decided to make a kiddush Hashem. I contacted the thief and told him I wanted to meet him. He agreed.

I came to the prearranged place, and before me I saw a type of “Og Melech Habashan.” Tall, curly-haired, and wearing jeans, he looked like a total goy. I told him, “You stole my car, but I'm not going to sue you, because in your merit we discovered that the eiruv was torn and we need to fix it. In your merit Jews are keeping Shabbos.”

While I was talking, the “goy” started crying. He didn't just tear up, he was really crying, and I couldn't understand what I'd done to him. “What happened?” I asked, and he answered me in Yiddish: “I simply don't believe it. That's how good you all are?”

He told me that he was born into a chareidi home. He speaks Yiddish fluently. He knows everything. But the yetzer hara entrapped him. He was lured after bad friends and went from bad to worse. Now he looks the way he looks and hasn't had a single good day in his life.

“And now I see that I ran away for naught. What was I escaping?” he asked. “If there are good people by us, why should I stay in this horror?” He cried, and we exchanged phone numbers. I reminded him that it's never too late, and he could come back to his Father in Heaven even today.

Baruch Hashem, I merited to take part in the journey of a neshamah as it returned home, and to see tangibly how Hakadosh Baruch Hu navigates circumstances so as not to reject those who are far away from Him.

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Through Planting We See How Hashem Sustains Us

"*Emunas* refers to *Seder Zera'im*." This means that because Hashem provides a person's livelihood, it is fitting for him to believe in Hashem for all matters. This concept is expressed in the *Yerushalmi* as well – that a person "believes in Hashem Who is the Source of all life, and therefore he plants," meaning that the fact that he is sowing the seeds demonstrates that Hashem provides a person's livelihood, and when Hashem provides for him, he will place his trust in Him.

(Maharal, Agados HaShas, ibid.)

A Person's Emunah Is Expressed through What Seems to Be Natural

The *heiligh* Rebbe of Strikov *zt"l* said: In Poland, people were accustomed to saying that the words of the *Yerushalmi* (that a person "believes in Hashem Who is the Source of all life, and therefore he plants") need explanation, since they seem to imply that only someone who believes in Hashem will plant, and this seems strange, because all types of apostates and nonbelievers work the land and plant things, believing that sometimes they will succeed and sometimes they won't. So what does it mean that *emunah* refers to planting?

The explanation is that a Yid who believes in the Ribbano shel Olam knows that all his needs and provisions come from Him, and all his work is only *hishtadlus*, which is demanded of a person because it was decreed that he must work for his sustenance. However, the success of one's *parnassah* has nothing to do with how hard he works.

In all other types of work, such as in business, the person himself senses that he needs *siyata diShmaya* in order to succeed, and he feels the Hand of Hashem sending him his needs, but when a person plants in the ground it is harder to believe this, for it seems as though the more he invests in his field and exerts effort to fertilize and tend to his crops, the more he succeeds, and therefore it seems that in this case his *parnassah* comes through his own powers.

Therefore the Gemara talks about a person who "works his field and believes in Hashem." If even regarding something that looks so much like nature, he feels that everything depends on *siyata diShmaya*, then there is greater proof of the validity of his *emunah*, and there is a great *chiddush* in his believing that Hakadosh Ba-

ruch Hu sends him *parnassah*. Therefore, *emunah* is most clearly demonstrated through his planting.

(Daf al Daf)

When He Doesn't Think about How to Profit, His Yeshuah Will Come

"*Emunas* refers to *Seder Zera'im*" because the nature that Hashem embedded in the world is that when one plants a seed, it will not sprout and grow fruit until it rots below the surface of the earth. Likewise regarding *emunah*, so long as a person thinks that his plans are what will help him, he will not see a true *yeshuah*. This is the connection between planting and *emunah*, and this reality was clearly evident when *Bnei Yisrael* received the *mann* in the desert, without engaging in any business or making any effort. *Am Yisrael* did not understand in what merit they were receiving the *mann*, and Moshe Rabbenu told them, "This is the bread that Hashem has given you to eat." This is how *parnassah* works: When a person does not think of more ideas about how to profit, but rather strengthens his *emunah*, then he will see a *yeshuah*. This is how the King of the world established reality.

(Ginzei Yisrael, Beshalach)

With Every Business Dealing One Must Realize that He Will Succeed Only through Hashem's Chessed

Although there are people who need to engage in some form of business, their dealings need to be carried out faithfully. This is the first question that a person is asked about when he is judged on High (*Shabbos* 31a). "*Emunas*" means that he is not like those who deal in business and feel that it is their own abilities that bring them success. Rather, he throws out seeds, covers them with earth so that they do not get lost or die, and waits for Hashem to have mercy on him and bring dew and winds, until he joyfully reaps the results of his harvest and carries off his bundles. This is why *zera'im* is called *emunah*. And likewise every form of business should be carried out faithfully, with *emunah*, meaning that he should believe that when he is buying or selling or lending or borrowing, he is like the person who throws out seeds to the ground – only through Hashem's *chedsed* will his actions have the desired results.

(Sheiv Shemata, Introduction, 5)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

The world is filled with *nisyonos* that challenge a Yid who wants to grow closer to Hashem. Sometimes these difficulties seem too hard to surmount, causing us to feel helpless.

These difficult *nisyonos* demand coping skills that negate a person's nature. The classic example is *shemiras halashon*, the battle against *lashon hara*. A person wants to strengthen himself in this matter, and he is aware of the severity of the *issur*, but he finds himself lured again and again to speaking *lashon hara* as a result of a slip of his tongue.

Although a person's abilities are limited, help from on High is available to him the moment he makes a firm decision that he is determined to come close to the Creator of the world and to do His will. As the *Ohr Hachaim hakadosh* says (*Vayikra* 18:2): For the *tzurah* (form) will govern the *chomer* (material) when a Yid makes a firm decision to cleave to Hashem. He will govern his nature. The solution, then, lies in making a determined decision to cleave to Hashem. Heavenly assistance will accompany this decision.

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

The Power of a Decision and a Tefillah

The question arises: We know that "everything is in the Hands of Heaven, except for fear of Heaven." If so, how is it possible for a person to have assistance from on High to overcome his *nisyonos*? This question arises in regard to *tefillas* for spiritual matters as well, such as asking Hashem to help us refrain from doing forbidden acts.

The answer is simple: A person needs to take a small step – a determined decision, a *tefillah* to Hashem. These acts are a proper beginning, and in their wake, the gates of Heavenly assistance will open up to him. As Chazal teach, "If someone strives to improve himself, [Heaven] will assist him"; and, "Open up for Me an opening as wide as the point of a needle, and I will open it for you as wide as the entrance of the Beis Hamikdash." When a person makes a tiny opening, he is granted a wide opening from on High.

May it be Hashem's will that we overcome all our *nisyonos* and come close to Hashem and cleave to Him with a heart and soul that desires Him; amen.