

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Beha'alotcha - Shelach 5784 ■ Issue 165

HEART TO HEART

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

Money – And Now?

What would happen, Ribbono shel Olam, if You would send me ten thousand dollars now?" a Yid cries out. What is he asking for, after all? A sum that is not even a crumb relative to the gold and silver that the Creator of all worlds has.

True, the person won't need the sum for another few days, but it's pressuring him already today. He's making extra efforts, such as borrowing and working a bit more. He's trying to do this sooner rather than later, but Hakadosh Baruch Hu, in His goodness and in His great mercy and His never-ending kindness, is holding back this sum from him. It will certainly come, for Hashem does not abandon His nation, but not now. Why?

Because there is a *cheshbon* that is hidden from us. It's a pity to feel pressured; there is no reason to worry. The Ribbono shel Olam has the treasure, and He will give it when the time for it comes. Rabbeinu Bachyai wrote (in chapter 4), "And when he trusts in Hashem, he will find rest in his heart and serenity in his soul." What a pity to make all the extra efforts and live with so much fear. Come sit and rest and eat calmly from the food that Hashem sent you today. It's a pity to eat yourself up over something that hasn't happened yet.

If it happens that a person receives what he needs before its time, he might waste the money on all sorts of extras, and then when he really needs the money, he'll find himself with nothing. By getting things sooner you gain nothing. It happens every day that a sum of money was providentially delayed in coming, only to appear at the exact moment when it was most needed.

Serenity and calmness for those who strengthen their *bitachon* applies especially when a person has: 1) the belief that whatever is set aside for him will not be transferred to another, and 2) the belief that it will not come earlier or later than the time when it was decreed for him.

The *mefarshim* lead us to *maseches Yoma* 38: Ben Azzai said: They will call you by the title that you have earned, and they will seat you in the place that befits you, and they will give you what belongs to you; no person can touch what has been decreed for someone else, and no king's reign takes even a hairsbreadth from another.

Rashi explains that a person should not worry that someone else will cause him to lose out on his *parnassah*, because even if the man himself doesn't want it, then against his will he will be called to take the work, the position,

the business that is set aside for him on High. Sometimes it seems that "someone took what is mine." We see the other person opening a store that sells the exact products as the first one sells, and it seems that he is taking the other's customers; or two people give in resumes to apply for a job, and the one that is hired thinks the other one took his opportunity. That's why it says, "and they will give you what belongs to you." This means his sustenance is determined for him on High, and no one in the world can take something from someone else, nor can anyone give something to someone else if it has not been decreed by the Creator. Fortunate is the one who merits to be among those who give *tzedakah*, but the person who receives the money — that has already been decreed, and the person receives only that which is his.

This applies to kingships as well. While we do not yearn to be kings in the literal sense, every position that has authority and influence is in essence an aspect of kingship. *Chazal* speak at length in *Sefer Daniel* of how the reign of Belshatzar fell exactly on the night when the Persian reign had to begin, in order to teach us to recognize that each thing comes exactly in its time.

Dovid Hamelech asked Hashem to let him know when his final day would come. Hashem revealed to him that it would be on Shabbos. Dovid wanted to push it off to Sunday, so that they would be able to bury him and say *hespedim* right away, but Hashem answered him that the reign of his son Shlomo had to begin already, and there was no way to delay this. Dovid then asked to move it up to Friday, and Hashem told him: One day of your occupying yourself in Torah is worth more to Me than a thousand *korbanos* that your son Shlomo will bring up in the future!

If one day in the life of Dovid Hamelech is so important, why shouldn't he live another day? It is because this matter of "no king's reign takes even a hairsbreadth from another" is very important!

Therefore, we should not try to hasten that which is meant to come later or delay that which is already meant to come. We should rely on the Creator of the world, Who constantly supervises us, knowing that He is arranging everything in the best possible way, and then we'll be *zocheh* to have peace in our hearts and serenity in our souls, and this peace and serenity are saved for those who strengthen themselves in *bitachon* in Hashem.

FROM THE EDITOR

The Power of a Yid

Anyone who reads the first story in this newsletter is bound to be moved. Everyone will find something in this story that speaks to him. Some will be moved by the magnitude of hurting another Yid, others will be awed by the tremendous value of a lonely Yid. I want to share with you the point that really hit me when I heard the story:

A person lives in this world and thinks, *Who am I? What am I worth? There are gedolei Torah whose Torah made a huge impact, their tefillos worked great wonders, their mitzvos caused exalted yichudim in the Upper Worlds; but I am nothing.*

This story shows us: Look what the recital of one *Yizkor* of a Yid in this world can do. The deceased man had merits of his own. He was a person who had undergone hellish suffering in this world, a Yid who gave all his money for Torah learning, suffered shame and *yissurim*, and served his Creator alone. He was a Yid who certainly has long since been sitting with the righteous in Gan Eden, but this Yid will not forgo the *Yizkor* that is said for him in this world.

A Yid living here in this world has tremendous, incredible power — every single Yid. No Yid is second-rate; every Yid is a child of Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and every Yid has power.

The Beis Aharon of Karlin once said, "The reason a Yid doesn't excel in his *avodas Hashem* is that he doesn't sufficiently value the things he does."

Many people do a self-reckoning and wonder: *If I am learning and davening, why am I not becoming elevated?* The Beis Aharon reveals the "secret." Do you want to be elevated? Believe in yourself! Believe in the tools that Hakadosh Baruch Hu gave you, and mostly, believe in every single mitzvah that you do. Every mitzvah and every good deed is tremendous, and when you value this, you will become elevated.

Reb Shlomo Karliner said, "The greatest *yetzer hara* is when a person forgets that he is the son of the King." On the positive side, it is certainly true that the greatest thing is for a person to recognize his status as the son of the King of all kings.

We have received tremendous powers to shake up all the worlds. The power of Torah, the power of *emunah*, the power of *tefillah*, the power of a mitzvah. When we know this, our lives as *Yidden* become full of significance.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

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

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• Kav Hashgacha Pratis for women
(Yiddish and Hebrew) - Menu 4

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

A Life Saved Just in Time

There are things that one cannot get through without believing in *hashgachah pratis* every step of the way. I am a *melamed*, and there is a boy in my class who has a severe allergy to milk products. It is impossible to keep watch all the time and to protect him from even a crumb of something *milchig*. Only Hashem can really guard him all the time.

Obviously, we do our *hishtadlus*. In the yeshivah where I teach, the *melamed* has the responsibility. The children in the class know that Moishy is allergic to milk, and so if the child who sits near him brings something *milchig* to eat, he is to tell me.

Usually the child who sits near Moishy is considerate and brings only *pareve* food with him, but sometimes his parents forget, and they put a cheese sandwich into his schoolbag.

That day, the child discovered he had a cheese sandwich, and he came over to me to tell me that he had *milchigs*. So I called Moishy over and told him to sit near me to eat.

Moishy took out a slice of American cheese and started eating.

"What are you eating?" I was shocked. "It's *milchig*!"

"It's not *milchig*," Moishy told me calmly, "it's *pareve*."

But I was not calm. The cheese looked too real. I told him not to eat it, and I called his father. "Are you sure the cheese he's eating is not *milchig*?" I asked the father.

"Oh, no!" his father answered fearfully. "That's real cheese! It was supposed to go into Moishy's brother's schoolbag. Please make sure he doesn't eat it."

Baruch Hashem, precisely on the day when Moishy was in danger because of the food he himself had brought, he had to come to sit near me, and thus a tragedy was averted.

The First and Last Time

"If in another ten years you have to switch this washing machine," the salesman in the appliance store had told me, "don't think you have to check your *mezuzos*. I'm telling you, a washing machine that lasts eight years is good, and if it holds up for ten, say *nishmas* in middle of the week."

He didn't need to say more. That's life. A washing machine comes and goes; say thank you that you live longer than it. *Baruch Hashem*.

But for me – listen well – the machine worked for seventeen years! I'm not saying "*b'li ayin hara*," because no harm can come to it anymore, but the day the machine died is an event worthy of publication.

Since our wedding, *baruch Hashem*, we were careful not to do laundry on Fridays – in all seasons, both winter and summer, both when we were a young couple and even as the family grew and grew, *b'chasdei Hashem*. I'm not saying that it's obligatory to do this, but for us it was a *hakpadah* that we had established in our home. On Friday the

יזכור אלוקים

They met at the main *hadlakah* on Lag Ba'Omer in Kiryas Yoel in New York. The bonfire burned *l'ilui nishmas* Rabi Shimon, and the whole crowd sang "...He revealed a hidden *midrash*..." At that time, there were two respected *Yidden* who encountered both the hidden and revealed at once, and they were completely blown away by the impact of what they heard.

The *Rav Av Beis Din* Selish from Yerushalayim, Hagaon Hatzaddik Rav Shalom Klein *shlit"a*, spoke with Reb Yechezkel and told him something painful:

I always knew that my father had an uncle named Reb Ozer ben Reb Shalom Klein *a"h*. He had a wife and children before the war. He lost his entire family in the Holocaust and was left alone, a poor, unfortunate, suffering man. He passed away in 5741 leaving behind no children, and my father *z"l* took it upon himself to say *Yizkor* for him at all the proper times, on *Yamim Tovim*, and to give *tzedakah l'ilui nishmaso*.

When my father *z"l* passed away, in 5752, I inherited this *Yizkor* from him. Every time I said *Yizkor*, I mentioned the names of my parents and the name of Uncle Ozer.

On *Shevi'i shel Pesach* I was in a state of *pikuach nefesh*, and on the night of Yom Tov I was taken in for surgery at Hadassah Ein Kerem hospital. Despite the difficulty and the pain, I was *zocheh* to daven the Yom Tov *tefillos* in the hospital. It wasn't simple. I was post-surgery, and so you can understand how it happened that when I said *Yizkor* I mentioned only the names of my parents and promised to donate money to *tzedakah l'ilui nishmasam*, but I completely forgot to say the name of my uncle, Reb Ozer Klein.

Only on the day after Yom Tov did it hit me: I hadn't said *Yizkor* for Uncle Ozer! I knew I was the only person in the world who remembered him for this *tefillah*, and it hurt me that I'd forgotten, but what could I do? *B'eizras Hashem*, on the Yom Tov of Shavuot that was coming up, I would mention him and donate money *l'ilui nishmaso*, as is customary.

"Really?" Reb Yechezkel was amazed by the story and had turned completely pale. "So that's the story," he said at last. "Now I understand why it happened *davka* on the last day of Pesach."

Reb Ozer had spent most of his years in Eretz Yisrael, in a small room that had been allocated to him in Yeshivas Hanegev Beis Hillel in Beer Sheva. This was not a free gift to him; it was something that he had fully earned and that was rightfully his. It was at a time when the Negev was not very well developed. There were two *chareidi* schools in Beer Sheva, but there did not yet exist a yeshivah that would learn in Yiddish, *al taharas hakodesh*. The grandfather of the *Ga'avad* Selish *shlit"a*, Hagaon Hatzaddik Reb Elazar Klein *zt"l*, who was the Rav of Beer Sheva at that time, was asked to establish this type of yeshivah, but he had a serious financial problem. Where would he get hold of a building for the yeshivah?

While searching for a building, or a sponsor for one, word of the matter reached Reb Aaron Sokovolsky *z"l*. He had a beautiful, spacious home of several stories, with a large courtyard. He spoke to the Rav of Beer Sheva and said, "I am willing to donate my house to the yeshivah without your having to pay anything. I am only asking that you arrange a small apartment for me to live in, and also promise me that this building will continue to serve this purpose and that the sound of Torah will always be heard in it."

It was easy to acquiesce to the second condition. The location of the building was excellent, and indeed, from then on the Beis Hillel yeshivah has been housed there. But the first condition created a severe financial issue. A small apartment would have to be purchased somehow, and they did not have the funds for that.

That is when Reb Ozer, the Rav's relative, entered the picture. "I am willing to donate my apartment for Reb Aharon to live in. It is enough for me to have a small room, a bed, a table, and a lamp."

On the giving end

About a month ago we were waiting for complex eye surgery, and we were enveloped by heavy fears. Along with our *tefillos*, we knew we had to do more — to spread the light of *emunah* and *bitachon* in Hashem. So we donated a sum toward the dissemination of this newsletter. The surgery was fully successful, and vision in the eye improved with wondrous *chasdei Shamayim*. We thank Hashem *yisbarach* for this from the depths of our hearts, and we send up an emotional *tefillah* that Hashem will never abandon us."

On the receiving end

About half a year ago, someone in our family was in a complex and difficult medical situation, which demanded a lengthy hospitalization. Those days were terribly difficult, and they stretched on and shook up the whole family. Specifically during those very challenging moments, we discovered your phone line with its fascinating content, which provided much *chizuk*. In retrospect, we do not know how we would have gotten through this difficult time if not for the encouragement and *chizuk* we received from the amazing content we heard on this line. Thank you from the depths of our hearts!

And that is what happened. Reb Ozer donated his apartment, and he was given a small room in the yeshivah, where he lived for the rest of his days.

He was part of the scenery in the yeshivah, and everyone knew this lonely, unfortunate Yid. He davened for long hours at a time. By the time he'd complete *Shacharis* it was time for *Minchah*, and he would get up to daven yet again. Often he would forget to eat because he was so preoccupied with his davening.

It was no secret that he'd been through the horrors of the Holocaust. The Nazis left him with a deep scar: his feet were charred. That is how Reb Yechezkel's friend, Reb Dovid, knew him. Reb Dovid's father was a friend of the Rav of Beer Sheva, and so he sent his son to learn in Yeshivas Beis Hillel.

It was the only year that Reb Dovid learned in that yeshivah. He was young and, sadly, he did not know to appreciate Reb Ozer's greatness as a Holocaust survivor who had donated all his possessions to uphold Torah, and so it happened that he caused Reb Ozer pain.

"Today," Reb Yechezkel said, "Sixty-seven years after Reb Dovid learned in the yeshivah, he is a knowledgeable *talmid chacham*, and he moved to Kiryas Yoel. He called me after Pesach and told me he'd had a frightening dream. At 3 a.m. on the last night of Pesach, just after the *Rav Av Beis Din* Selish, in Eretz Yisrael, did not mention Reb Ozer in *Yizkor*, he appeared to Reb Dovid in a dream, looking exactly as he had when he was alive, down to his charred feet.

"You hurt me, and I didn't forgive you," he said. "If you mention me in *Yizkor* and give *tzedakah l'ilui nishmasi*, that will be a *tikkun* for you."

Reb Dovid told me that never in his life had he said such a *Yizkor*. He wept with great *hisorerus*, and his friends wondered: *What happened? Your parents didn't pass away just yesterday....* He mentioned Reb Ozer and also asked for his forgiveness. May the publication of this story also be *l'ilui nishmaso*, to know and to let it be known how great is a Yid's *neshamah*, and how great is the value of our actions in this world.

The Number Is Already in My Phone

My grandmother was hospitalized. At first they thought she would be out within a few days, but the story stretched on, and so we arranged to take shifts to stay with her. My aunt asked each of the grandchildren to write themselves in on the schedule and give of their time for the tremendous mitzvah of honoring parents.

It wasn't so simple, but I understood that I should take my turn, which came on a Thursday night. I came to take my shift somewhat hesitantly. It wasn't just the time I was dedicating and the missed sleep, it was actually being in the hospital, fearing that perhaps something would happen specifically during my shift.

"Take our uncle's phone number," my cousin, who had taken the previous shift, told me. "He is medically savvy, and if something worries you, you should call him."

Baruch Hashem, the night passed without incident.

The next day, Friday, my daughter came home from *gan* and said something about her earring. We were worried; she seemed to have remnants of an earring in her, and we thought it could be dangerous. There was a chance she would need surgery. Our *kupat cholim* was already closed, and we assumed we had to go to the hospital.

"Wait – just a minute," I said suddenly. "Just yesterday I got our uncle's phone number, in case a problem with my grandmother would come up in the hospital. Maybe he could help us now?"

I called him, and he had several questions, asking for important details, and he concluded that we did not need to go to the hospital. "It's not urgent," he explained. "Either it will pass on its own, or, if she complains of pain, you can see a doctor at the *kupat cholim* on Sunday. There's no need to drop everything on Erev Shabbos and go to the hospital. No need at all!" So, yes, it was decreed that I spend several hours in the hospital with my daughter, but I had already covered those hours by spending them with my grandmother, *shetichyeh*.

The *heiligh* Reb Shlom'ke of Zhvill said: With every step that a person takes for the sake of another, he spares himself a thousand steps that were decreed upon him in *Shamayim*.

machine rested, no matter what. How did we manage?

We managed! My wife plans ahead and does all the laundry for the Shabbos clothing at the beginning of the week, and if on Friday she discovers something that hasn't been washed, we can always find an alternative.

There were times when the machine made noise; there were problems for which we had to call in a technician. They also warned us that it seemed the machine was no longer what it used to be. Some claimed it had gotten old, and some said it was actually dying, but several more years passed after that diagnosis, and the machine continued to launder our clothing five days of the week.

A few weeks ago on a Friday, an article of clothing got dirty. I suspected that if I'd wait until after Shabbos to wash it, the stain would set and we wouldn't be able to clean it. I told myself that on a long summer Friday it was not so terrible to do a load. To my sorrow, I violated the *kabbalah* we had taken on ourselves and washed the item on Erev Shabbos.

On Motzaei Shabbos the machine no longer worked. The first time I used the machine on Friday was the last time.

It had lasted for seventeen years, and the message it left us with echoes still...

A Deluge of Chessed

My name is Yonatan. I have a petting zoo, which is my source of income, with animals that attract visitors who enjoy watching them, petting them, and being calmed by the eternal boredom that only animals are capable of living with.

One day, a Yid called me with an interesting request: "I have hamsters at home. We bought them when they were small and cute, and the children enjoyed caring for them. The hamsters grew and started biting. Maybe you could do me a favor and exchange the grown hamsters for small ones?"

I agreed. I was happy to do the Yid a favor, and he quickly arrived with the cage in order to make the exchange. He looked around, saw my nice petting zoo, and asked, "What are you planning on doing about the rain that's supposed to fall tonight?"

"Rain? What rain?" This was in Iyar of this year, and it did not occur to me that it would rain.

"I heard on the weather forecast that it's going to rain," the Yid updated me.

He completed the exchange for which he had come, and in addition to the hamsters that he left me, he left me with some very important information. It was going to rain! On that day I received a huge delivery of hay – food for the goats. It was a large quantity, for which I had paid a thousand shekels, and it was meant to provide the goats with food for a full year.

The goats eat only dry, crispy hay. If the hay is damp or soft, they're not willing to eat it. The hay was exposed, and if not for the hamster exchanger's update, it would never have occurred to me to cover it.

I stretched nylon covers over the entire thing, and indeed, throughout the night it rained in torrents, but the hay remained completely dry and unharmed.

I wanted to do a *chessed* without any payment or financial gain, but in the merit of this *chessed* I was spared a huge loss.

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Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Tefillah Is Above Mazal

This means that having children, the length of one's life, and the amount of wealth one receives are dependent not on one's merits but on *mazal*. This comes to inform us how great is the power of *tefillah*, because since the power of Hashem is greater than all other powers, He can easily annul the great powers that He gave the *mazalos*. The expert astrologers look at the constellations, but they admit that Hashem is the ultimate Power, and the constellations are the secondary powers. Hashem can annul the powers of the stars and the constellations.

If *mazal* decreed that something should happen to someone, the person can annul it with his merits alone, even without *tefillah* and without crying out to Hashem, simply by worrying and being pained in his heart; as it says (*Tehillim* 145:19), "He does the desire of those who fear Him," meaning that He carries out the wishes of their heart without their even asking; but in regard to those three things [i.e., children, life, and sustenance], one needs to daven and to cry out to Hashem in order to improve one's measure of those things.

(Based on Rabbenu Bachyai al
Hatorah, Devarim 31:14)

It Is Possible to Change One's Mazal

When Hashem told him that there was no way to change his *mazal*, he accepted it. Because this is the natural or-

der: the *chayos hakodesh* are in charge of the nature of the world, and they are a barrier between the *Ofanim*, which are the *neshamah* of the world, and Hashem's *Kisei Hakavod*.

When Rabi Elazar said he wanted more in the World to Come, Hashem's answer to him – "Then what will I give

your friend?" – Implied that there is a limit to what can be given. Rabi Elazar in turn claimed that he nonetheless wanted more, because Am Yisrael stand above the *chayos*, closest to the *Kisei Hakavod*, and they are not limited by nature.... Regarding these words Hashem said, "I shot my arrows at you." Even though Hashem spoke with joy, He was hinting that He had a complaint against Rabi Elazar. The complaint was not about this statement, but it was like someone who shot an arrow off to the distance, meaning that Hashem complained about his previous statement. Why had he agreed when he was told that his *mazal* could not be changed? Is this world any different from the World to Come? Just as in the World to Come everything is in Hashem's Hands and there

are no limits, that is the case in this world as well.

(Based on Berei B'cheshbon, by Rav Shimshon Pincus zt"l, p. 81)

Mazal and Am Yisrael

Rabi Elazar ben Pedas was extremely poor. Once, after a blood-letting treatment, he had nothing to eat to regain his strength other than a head of garlic, which he consumed. Overwhelmed by the garlic's sharpness, he fainted. The rabbis who ran to care for him found him crying and laughing in his unconscious state, and then a spark of fire appeared from his forehead.

When Rabi Elazar was revived, the rabbis asked him: Why did you cry and laugh?

"Hakadosh Baruch Hu was sitting with me," Rabi Elazar answered them, "and I asked Him: Why do I have to suffer so much in this world? And He told me: Elazar, My son, do you want Me to destroy the whole world and create it anew, and then perhaps you will be born with a *mazal* of wealth so that you will not be so impoverished? I said to Hakadosh Baruch Hu: You'll do so much, and still there will be a doubt as to whether I will then be born into a *mazal* of wealth?

Then I asked Hakadosh Baruch Hu: Have I already lived the majority of my years in this world? Hakadosh Baruch Hu answered me: Yes, you have. I said to Him: If so, then I do not want You to recreate the world.

Rabi Elazar meant that he had cried when he heard that he was still destined to suffer poverty. But when Hakadosh Baruch Hu told him how much reward he was destined to receive in the World to Come, he laughed.

Hakadosh Baruch Hu told me: As reward for the fact that you said, "I do not want...." I will give you [in the World to Come] thirteen rivers of pure balsam oil, [each one] as large as the river Peraz and the river Chidekel, in which you will bathe and walk and take pleasure. I said before Him: Can you not give me anything more? So Hakadosh Baruch Hu said to me: What will I give your friend if you receive more than this? I said before Him: Am I asking of someone who doesn't have? I am asking of You, and You are capable of everything, and You can give to both me and my friend!

When I said this to Hakadosh Baruch Hu, He tapped me with His finger on my forehead, and this was the spark of fire that emerged from my forehead. And as He did that, He told me lovingly: Elazar, My son, I shot My arrows at you.

(Based on Maseches Taanis 25a)

Excerpts from the popular shiur by

Harav Yehuda Mandel shlit"a from Lakewood

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

The Way to Serenity and Romemus Hanefesh

Rabbenu Yonah wrote in *Shaarei Teshuvah* (1:31): "When a person breaks his desire regarding permitted things as well, then his *nefesh* will succeed, and this *middah* will be sweet for him, for it will uplift his mind and he will overcome [his physical urges] and be stronger...." One who succeeds in breaking his passions and desires is *zocheh* to be in control of his *nefesh*, and this is a very sweet, beloved thing. Our whole *avodah* in this world is to live in an uplifted way, and a person feels true satisfaction when his mind is able to overcome his physical desires.

I was *zocheh* to see Rav Gershon Libman zt"l eating in a unique way: He would mix cornflakes into every dish he ate in order to ruin the taste of it, and then he would eat happily!

The *nazir* is sanctified to Hashem because he distances himself from permitted things in order to uplift himself in *avodas Hashem*. And this is indeed our job – to

become accustomed to stopping ourselves by, among other things, limiting our indulgence in pleasures that are technically permissible.

I heard from Hagaon Hatzaddik Rav Mordechai Weinkrantz zt"l that the main focus of *avodas hamusar* is self-control.

The *nazir* wears a crown like a king, he refrains from impurity of a dead person just as the *kohen gadol* does. In the *Shulchan* in the *Mikdash* there was a frame and also a golden crown around it, and from here we learn that in the physical realm as well, when we set boundaries, we are *zocheh* to the crown.

One who lives with serenity and joy controls himself, and one who controls himself is *zocheh* to *menuchah* and serenity.



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