

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Tishrei, 5786 ■ Issue 173

HEART TO HEART

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

Mine Is the Silver...

It will happen very soon: Moshiach will come, the *Beis Hamikdash* will be rebuilt, and Am Yisrael will be revealed in all its glory.

From that very moment, not only will we know, "You chose us from among all the nations...and raised us above all the languages," but all the nations of the world will see that Hashem's Name is called upon us. The esteem that Am Yisrael will possess in future times is indescribable.

This is something we are not capable of imagining. *Midrashei Chazal* are filled with descriptions of glory and magnificence. How majestic the sight will be when Hakadosh Baruch Hu will make a circle for tzaddikim, and each one will point with his finger and say, "This is Hashem, for Whom we waited and hoped!" We didn't despair, we didn't get confused, we weren't tempted, and we were not thrown off by all the persecutions and *nisyonos*! We waited, we hoped, we anticipated, we davened, we pushed ourselves, we insisted, we occupied ourselves in Torah, and we did Hashem's mitzvos with dedication and loyalty. How fortunate is the one who sees the fulfillment of his anticipation!

The nations of the world will stand on the side, and their eyes will show longing. Now that the truth in all its glory has emerged for all to see, they understand, but too late, that all those who caused Am Yisrael pain are going to receive punishment, and all those who helped Am Yisrael busy themselves with Torah will receive their reward.

The members of the nations will come forth with the same hypocrisy they displayed in the past: They will ask for their reward. The nations will come one after another — Rome, Persia, and so many more, and each nation will justify itself and claim that they did much good for Am Yisrael.

Hashem will ask the Roman Empire: What did you do? And they will say: Ribbono shel Olam! We built many marketplaces and bathhouses and made much gold and silver — and we did it all for Am Yisrael, so they could be busy with Torah! Hakadosh Baruch Hu will answer them: Fools! Everything you did, you did for you own needs! You built marketplaces in order to cause people to sin there, and bathhouses in order to pamper yourselves. Silver and gold — belong to Me, as it says (*Chagai* 2:8), "Mine is the silver and Mine is the gold."

When we think about the answer Hashem will

give the Romans, we see that regarding the actions that they did with their money, there is room for negotiation. The Romans chose to do certain acts, and for their choices they get what they deserved. They claimed that they did this for the Yidden, and Hashem proves to them that the opposite is true. They could try to present themselves as having done it for our good, but on the great day of judgment, the entire truth is revealed.

In contrast, when they say, "We made much gold and silver," there is no negotiation at all. The answer is: This has nothing to do with you! You thought you were making money? Nonsense! A severe error! Never did anything like this happen. You did not make gold and silver. Gold and silver belong to Hashem! "Mine is the silver and Mine is the gold." Rashi explains there that "It is in My power to give it to whomever I want."

Radak in his explanation adds an important point: "In the hands of whomever it is — it is Mine." Even when a person puts his money in the attic, hides it under the mattress, or deposits it in a secret bank account, the money belongs to Hashem.

How much *nachas* and serenity this knowledge gives us! How much wealth and joy it encompasses! How much pressure and stress it removes! Why spend days and nights in worry and terror? There are many people who worry about how they could make money, and there are others who are fearful of whether their money will be used up. Both of them can relax. We are the children of Hashem, Who owns all the gold and silver in the world.

Regarding the "tax" placed on humanity — "By the sweat of your brow you shall eat bread" — it is our obligation to do *hishtadlus*, and we have learned about the way in which a person should do *hishtadlus*: by working in a way that suits his nature and that is permitted according to the *Shulchan Aruch*.

But to be pressured? To worry? To get involved in difficult work that is beyond one's *kochos*? There is no reason for that. The amount of money coming our way is according to Hashem's decree. "Mine is the silver and Mine is the gold" is a principle that always applies, at all times and for all people.

May we be *zocheh* to an abundance of *shefa*, in order to bring honor and *nachas* to Hashem!

FROM THE EDITOR

Fourteen Years of Anticipation Fourteen Years of *Emunah* and Joy

I have a very close friend who had been waiting for children for fourteen years, but anyone who did not know that would never have realized it. This *avreich* always had a smile on his face.

Baruch Hashem, on Shabbos *Parshas Nitzavim* all his friends heard the good news that his first daughter was born. Everyone gave thanks to Hashem.

There was much meaning in reflecting on the fourteen years during which he was barren. On the one hand, he was hoping for a *yeshuah* all that time; on the other hand, he was always happy. It would seem that these two things contradict each other — if one is still hoping and praying, shouldn't this affect his serenity?

Let's take a peek at one part of an essay this *avreich* wrote, which will enable us to understand. The title of the essay is, "When we understand that Hashem is good, all worries disappear":

The basic level is to trust in Hashem's goodness and to be sure that He will do good to me.

A person says: Of course, He is good and He does good to me, but how am I to know what is good for me? Perhaps it is good for me that I be in this situation. Perhaps it is good for me to have a hard time making ends meet. Perhaps it is good for me to be in debt. Perhaps it is for my good to live in a small apartment, or to cope with a problematic child. Perhaps it is good for me not to have children. There are built-in explanations and rationalizations to clarify why these situations may be good for him.

Moreover, there is the inner voice that says, "Perhaps I am not deserving or worthy."

If this is how a person thinks, it means that he needs to strengthen himself in the knowledge that "Hashem is good to all" — to think about the endless goodness of Hashem, both on a personal level and on a community level, as well as to the whole world. In this way he will be able to feel Hashem's goodness thoroughly, in every aspect of his being.

This is like a small child who asks his parents for something — he does not ask whether he deserves it or not. This is how you need to approach Hakadosh Baruch Hu: Hope and anticipate and daven for what you want. Of course, you need to improve yourself, but not to feel that you are undeserving; because in truth, we are not deserving of anything at all. We trust in Hashem's goodness, and His goodness has no limits. So long as you haven't heard clearly that it is not good for you, as Moshe Rabbenu heard from Hakadosh Baruch Hu — "Do not speak to me about this anymore" — continue to daven and hope for revealed good.

This applies at all times, and especially in the month of Tishrei, when it is vital for us to know that Hashem is good, to ask and to anticipate that Hakadosh Baruch Hu will give us every single thing, and to daven for everything we desire. Hashem is good, and He wants the best for us.

Best wishes for a happy and sweet New Year,
Pinchas Shefer

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

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

A Matter of Time

At night, when I came home from yeshivah, the house was filled with the special smells of Erev Rosh Hashanah. My mother was frying latkes made of *karti* – leeks – for the *simanim*.

“Do you see this leek?” my mother asked. “There’s a story behind it.”

Now I no longer knew what was more tempting – the latkes or the story. My mother realized I wanted to taste the latkes and to hear the story too, so I gained on both ends.

This is the story:

Every day, my mother is at my grandfather’s home. *Baruch Hashem*, he is not so young, and he needs much help. My mother helps him with everything she can; she dedicates much of her time to this mitzvah. That day, she planned on taking care of several important things after helping Saba: First she would go to the office of a certain organization that assists those who are supporting the elderly, and she would hand in forms requesting assistance for Yom Tov. Afterward she would go to the shuk and purchase *luf* – leeks, because the fruit-and-vegetable store near our home does not sell it.

All of this should have taken at least an hour, and it could very possibly have taken two hours, taking into account the waiting time in each place.

This was the plan, but Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged for a much more efficient plan.

Right after Ima left Saba’s house, she met one of the clerks from the office of the organization where she was headed. “What’s new?” asked the secretary, who already knew Ima. “When are you bringing us the forms that will enable you to get support for Yom Tov?”

“I’m on the way to you right now,” Ima told her.

The clerk told her, “Don’t bother yourself. Give me the forms now, and I’ll take care of them. All the best.”

With this errand out of the way, Ima continued immediately in the direction of the shuk, and right there she saw a vegetable store. She thought that perhaps this store had the *luf* she needed, and indeed the store had it. Ima bought the vegetable and went straight home.

Within less than a quarter of an hour, all the important matters were arranged, and Ima told me, “When someone gives of his time to honor his parents, Hashem saves him that time from other things.”

The Price of Kishka

A Yid from Beit Shemesh relates: I want to tell you that the sentence, “If I take one step on behalf of someone else, I will be saved a thousand steps” is not just a cute ex-

One Hundred Percent Refund

Erev Sukkos – we all know the feeling and the pressure of this special day. A home filled with children, *baruch Hashem*, and no hot water – this complex reality doesn’t need explanation; we can all imagine the difficulty. And if you connect the two circumstances – it was both Erev Sukkos, and we also suddenly had no hot water – you’ll understand that we were looking for a *yeshuah* urgently.

I called the plumber and asked him to come and check what was going on. He answered the call, came and checked it out, and quickly gave his *psak*: the boiler was broken.

“Listen,” he told me seriously, “it’s dangerous to leave the situation as is. I’ll come after Yom Tov and fix it, *be’ezras Hashem*.”

“Why after Yom Tov?” I insisted. “Why not now? Do me a favor and fix my boiler now, on Erev Yom Tov, in honor of Yom Tov. Then the repair will be counted as Yom Tov and Shabbos expenses, which will come back to us.”

The truth is, it looked like he was enjoying my calculation – as though I had an agreement with an insurance company that if the repair were to happen now, I would get a refund.

But as we all know, Erev Sukkos is not a day that belongs exclusively to me. The plumber had to bring in Yom Tov too. He thought for a bit, then he said, “If you want me to repair it now it will cost you 400 pounds.”

A large sum; a huge sum, due to the timing. I agreed with him that it was his right to ask for such a sum on such a busy day, and I didn’t argue. As I had said, Shabbos and Yom Tov expenses come back to you.

He did his work, I paid the entire sum happily, and we were both satisfied.

Immediately after the plumber left our home, the mailman knocked. He had registered mail for me and asked me to sign that it had indeed reached its destination.

I was very curious, and when I opened the envelope I discovered the surprise I had expected: The “insurance company” had kept its side of the “deal,” and in the envelope was no less than 400 pounds!

I had once taken part in a raffle and had completely forgotten about it. I had never won any raffle before in my life, and here, for the first time ever, I won 400 pounds.

Shabbos and Yom Tov expenses come back to you!

Side by Side

On one of the pressure-filled days between Yom Kippur and Sukkos, I was sitting in shul and learning. On the calendar there are not so many days like these; there is a lot of work to be done, but my wife, who deserves to be “more blessed than the “women of the tent” (the *Imahos*), encouraged me to go out and learn, saying that certainly in the *zechus* of my *limud Torah* we would have *siyata diShmaya* to get to all the important preparations done for Yom Tov.

Suddenly, a respectable-looking man came over to me and gave me 200 dollars. I thanked him and put the bills in my pocket.

I wondered what he had seen in me. Why had he suddenly decided to give me such a generous sum?

The answer to that question soon became clear. Near me sat an *avreich* who is older than I am and is already marrying off children. The man who had given me the money was a wealthy Yid from abroad, and the *avreich* at my side met him a while back and asked him for support for Yom Tov. He had entered the *beis midrash* now and asked one of the heads of our community whether the *avreich* who had requested his support was truly in need of it. The man assured him that indeed his help was very necessary, and the benefactor immediately came over to me and gave me the money.

He had really wanted to give it to the *avreich* sitting at my side.

One of the heads of the *mosdos* saw what had happened and told him, “You made a mistake. You gave the money to the *avreich* sitting near the one who asked you for support.”

He did not want to take the money back from me, nor did he want to leave the other *avreich* with nothing. The solution was very simple. The *gvir* took another 200 dollars out of his pocket and gave them to the *avreich* for whom he had come.

All three of us knew that there was no mistake here. It was Hashem’s will that money come to me as well, and He arranged that we be sitting side by side; He supervised the entire exchange so that each of us would receive his part.

As my wife had said, “Surely, the *zechus* of Torah learning will bring us *siyata diShmaya*.”

With Chessed a Sukkah Is Built

My sukkah changes from year to year. One year it is square and one year it is rectangular, one year larger and the next year smaller; it always depends on the apartment where I am living. Almost every year I find myself in another apartment, moving from one rental to another.

In order to build my *sukkah* properly, I bought an average number of boards. On the years when I have extra boards I lend them to anyone who needs them, and on the years when my sukkah is larger, someone who does not need his boards lends them to me. You could

On the giving end

My dear son has a medical problem which made it difficult for him to find his *zivug*. The proposals that came, if at all, were insulting and not suitable to his high level. That’s how many difficult years of suffering passed by. Recently, I took it upon myself to donate money for a year towards the dissemination of emunah in an entire area. I did not do this as a segulah, but from a true desire to spread the light of emunah to the hearts of Am Yisrael. The incredible thing was that on the very day when the first payment went off of my account, we got a wonderful shidduch proposal for my son. To our great joy, within a short time he got engaged. Mazal tov!

On the receiving end

As a frequent listener of the Hashgach Pratis phone-line, I wanted to thank you for all the wonderful content that you put on the line. I especially want to thank you for the speeches delivered by the Rabbanim: Every word touches the heart and gives *chizuk*. Every time I am amazed anew, and get *kochos* to continue coping with all the challenges of life.

refer to this as, "with *chessed* a *sukkah* is built."

Last year my *sukkah* was smaller, and my brother-in-law asked me for my extra boards. I gave them to him happily, but my brother-in-law asked for something else: "I want to make a mark on the boards indicating where they belong. This will help me a lot. Can I do it?" I really didn't want marks of the boards. "You know what?" I finally said. "Make very small marks."

That was good enough for him. He thanked me for giving permission, and he made marks that were so small that only he could decipher them.

After Yom Tov he returned the boards, nice and clean as he had received them. Then something almost unbelievable happened: We moved into our own apartment. We moved our things in, and I stored the *sukkah* boards on the top floor, along with the rest of the neighbors, where each neighbor received a corner to store his boards.

Erev Sukkos arrived. I made a few calls to family members asking them to help me carry down the boards from the top floor of the building to our home, and the only one who was able to help me was my brother-in-law, the same one who had taken the boards from me the previous year. Together, we went upstairs and discovered that someone had tried to make order there and moved the boards around, mixing everything up.

And now the question was, how would I identify my own boards?

This is when my brother-in-law was able to help me out. He told me, "Remember the marks I made last year? According to those marks I will know which boards are yours."

And that's how he identified the boards, according to the tiny marks he had made, and so a beautiful *sukkah* was built.

The *chessed* from the previous year stood by me and my *sukkah*.

The Doctors Were Amazed

My brother, a sweet child who is full of life, wasn't feeling very well. His fever rose, and it was difficult for him to breathe. When he went to the doctor, the diagnosis was familiar and not too scary: pneumonia. While it was considered dangerous in the past, antibiotics makes pneumonia fully treatable today.

My brother received the standard treatment, but his infection persisted. Now the doctors were no longer calm. They gave him a referral to go to the emergency room, and there he was treated with utmost seriousness. After examining him, the doctors concluded that he needed to undergo surgery in order to clean out the infection from his lungs.

The problem was that my brother arrived at the emergency room in a weakened state. It hurt me to see him so pale, an expression of lethargy on his face. When the body is so weak, the surgery is liable to endanger him even more, and therefore we needed to wait for him to get stronger. It is very complicated to strengthen the body while an infection is raging inside, but the doctors tried all types of tricks to improve his situation. They gave him respiratory support along with a variety of other approaches, and so, two weeks later, and he was finally in a state where surgery was possible.

During those two weeks, someone was at his side twenty-four hours a day. The bulk of the time it was my parents, and there were other family members or volunteers who filled in. These were two difficult weeks for us, and all this happened in Elul – the beginning of the school year, during a time when routine normally sets in.

On Wednesday the doctor gave us the good news: The next day it would be possible to do surgery! He instructed us to have the patient fasting starting from the night before, and he explained that after surgery the boy would have to remain in the hospital to recover for about a week. He wouldn't be released until Erev Rosh Hashanah.

Thursday morning arrived. We all knew that on this day the surgery would take place. We davened with emotion and hoped that finally my brother would recover fully. My mother was with my brother, keeping him occupied in order to distract him from the fast. It was not simple. Every half hour he asked for something to eat, and my mother told him it was not possible. He was in tears, but still, we could not give him anything to eat. At 1 p.m. I called to ask what was happening, and my mother said, "*Baruch Hashem*, everything is okay."

"How was the surgery?"

"It hasn't happened yet. We're still waiting."

Another hour passed, then another, and at 3 p.m., after a nerve-racking wait, with my brother fasting, the doctor finally arrived. He apologized and said, "It turns out that the surgery cannot be done today. We will have to do it on Sunday."

Why? Because the operating room was taken up with several emergency situations, and for various other completely uninteresting reasons.

My mother said something like, "So we have to quickly give the boy something to eat." She did not get annoyed or angry, and the doctors were stunned by her calm reaction. They were accustomed to people getting angry when surgery was pushed off after they had done all the preparations.

When I heard that the surgery was pushed off I was very worried. "If the surgery is on Sunday, someone will have to be in the hospital with him on Rosh Hashanah!" I told my mother. "If this is what Hashem determined for us, that is a sign that it is the best thing," she said.

The next day, Friday, and on Shabbos, it was my turn to be with my brother. He was hooked up to oxygen the entire time, and on Shabbos his situation improved dramatically. When the doctor came and saw his numbers, he removed the oxygen pipe, and my brother breathed amazingly! He was also smiling and speaking normally, just as he had before this illness.

On Sunday morning the doctor arrived to check him before surgery, and he was amazed – the situation had improved in a totally unexpected way. At this point there was no need for surgery at all. It seemed the infection was getting better on its own and that he could continue intense treatment at home without any further intervention.

My brother was released from the hospital to go home that very Sunday, whereas if he'd had surgery on Thursday, they wouldn't have released him until the following Wednesday, Erev Rosh Hashanah. We saw tangibly how my mother's *emunah*, and the peace and serenity created by her *bitachon* in Hashem, brought the *yeshuah*.

pression. It is completely true.

Usually, when we do *chessed* we

can only imagine what we saved, but we will never know what is truly at stake.

I actually do know, and it is clear as day to me how much effort and how much money *kishka* is worth. Here are the facts:

Over the years I adopted the custom of bringing my neighbor a piece of *kishka* every Friday.

It started after several times that he tasted our cholent and very much enjoyed it. As a result of that, one Friday I brought a portion of *kishka* to his home, and I did the same the following week as well. In the beginning it was a nice idea, and afterward it became a regular custom. He does not need to prepare *kishka* – he receives it from me.

One time, on Erev Shabbos in the summer, my entire family and I headed out to spend Shabbos in Yerushalayim, in my parents' home. We left early, while the day was still young, so the phone call reached me when I was already in Yerushalayim. On the line was my neighbor with a question: "Can I come get the *kishka*?"

"The truth is, we're not home now," I said. "We're in Yerushalayim, but there is a piece of *kishka* from last week left in my freezer. If you take a key from the neighbors, you can go in and take the *kishka*."

I put down the phone and thought to myself that it had gotten a bit out of hand, that it was not so appropriate to bother the neighbors and ask them for the key, all for that lovely thing called *kishka*. It wasn't something so difficult for a person to prepare on his own. While we had made ourselves a pleasant, friendly custom, he could have managed without me if I was in Yerushalayim.

I called the neighbor back and apologized. "I think it's not a good idea to go into my house just for this. This week I cannot give you the *kishka*."

So that's the way it was.

Shabbos passed pleasantly. We got home on Motzaei Shabbos, tired and happy, but when we unlocked the door of the house and opened it, the stench of spoiled food greeted us. Apparently, the freezer had remained open the entire Shabbos. It was a hot Shabbos, and in our absence the air conditioners hadn't been working, so all the chickens in the freezer defrosted completely and spoiled.

I realized that minutes before leaving the house I had opened the freezer and taken out frozen ice-pops for my children to eat on the way. Probably in my rush, I had left the freezer door open.

When the neighbor called to ask for the *kishka*, and I'd remembered the *kishka* sitting in the freezer, I hadn't begun to imagine that Hashem was sending me someone to close the door of my freezer. I thought then that the exertion was not worth it, and with my own hands I pushed away the help sent to me from *Shamayim*.

The story that could have ended with "What *hashgachah!*" had the neighbor gone in, taken the *kishka*, and closed the freezer door – ended very differently.

And this too was *hashgachah pratis*, to teach us an important lesson.

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The Principal Idea of *Mitzvas Arbaah Minim*

Chazal showed us that the concept of *arbaah minim* is to strengthen our *emunah* and to show that we cleave to Hashem through all situations. Through trials and tribulations, we remain firm in the knowledge that we are under His consistent supervision. We sing praises to Hashem with the *arbaah minim* to show that even in a generation like ours, when we have no *kohen* or *navi*, and wickedness seems to be increasing, we remain close to Hashem and we desire to rejoice in His *yeshuah*.

(Based on *Darchei Chaim*)

He Understands That Everything Is from Hashem

When a person understands that everything is from Hashem, he will not be quick to sin. This is the meaning of the *passuk*, "When Hashem is pleased with a person's ways, even his enemy will make peace with him." The Mi-

drash explains that this enemy is the *yetzer hara*. When a person understands that everything that happens to him is according to Hashem's desire, then his *yetzer hara* will have no power over him.

(Based on *Ksav Sofer*)

A Testimony of Hashgachah

I heard that every blade of grass and every tree has an angel that controls it and tells it to grow, but that these four species are not controlled by any minister, but rather are under Hashem's direct supervision. By taking them in hand we show that we are the nation of Hashem and that we do not fear any creature in the world; even the *satan* has no power over us, for like these four species, we are labeled as proper-

(Based on *Seder Hayom*)

The *Tefillah* of the One Who Lacks Support

פנה אל תפילת הערער ולא בזה את תפילתם, תכתב זאת לדור אחרון ועם נבראיה
ה'הלל י-ה

He turned toward the *tefillah* of the one who cried out, and He did not despise their *tefillos*. This shall be written for the final generation; the nation that has been created will praise Hashem."

(*Tehillim* 102:18-19)

The wording of this *passuk* is difficult: It starts off in the singular: "The *tefillah* of the one who cried out," and it ends off in the plural: "their *tefillos*." It should have been consistent, either all in the plural – "The *tefillah* of those who cry out," or all in the singular, ending with "his *tefillah*." Rabi Yitzchak said: This *passuk* refers to the times when there are no *nevi'im* to tell them Hashem's message, no *kohanim gedolim* to reveal Hashem's Will through the *urim v'sumim*, and no *Beis Hamikdash* to atone for the people. They have only one thing – *tefillah*. This is the meaning of "arar" – that the *tefillah* is alone, without any support. When they daven on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, He will not despise "their *tefillos*" – those of all the people in those generations.

"This shall be written for the final generation, and the nation that has been created will praise Hashem!" This needs an explanation: Will a nation be created in the future? Our Sages explained that this *passuk* refers to those generations that are considered dead, since they have no Torah or good deeds, but they come and daven on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. When Hashem accepts their *tefillos* and their repentance, it is like they have been created anew. This is the meaning of the words, "This shall be written for the final generation": that they will be inscribed in the Book of good life, and thus they will be a "nation that has been created," as if they are a new creation.

And after Hashem accepted their *teshuvah* and they were inscribed for good life, and likened to a new creation, what is left for them to do? To take a *hadass*, *aravah*, *esrog*, and *lulav* and to praise You, as it says, "And the nation that has been created will praise Hashem!"

(Based on *Midrash Tehillim* 102)

ty of the King.

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah

When a Yid has done *teshuvah*, he is a completely new person. *Teshuvah* has the power to turn over entire worlds. But of course, the *yetzer hara* is not pleased with this situation. It tries to make each person surrender to his sins, and to minimize the power of his *teshuvah*. But the truth is exactly as Rabbeinu Yonah writes in the beginning of *Shaarei Teshuvah* (9): For every *teshuvah*, there is forgiveness. The difference between a person before the forgiveness and that same person after the forgiveness cannot be measured.

The more a person continues to feel that his sins have not been forgiven and erased and does not believe that he has effected a tremendous change in himself, he discounts the power of *teshuvah* and continues sinning. On the other hand, someone who accepts his own *teshuvah* with joy, who is happy and believes that his *teshuvah* was accepted, opens a new page and helps himself to improve more and more.

We have a principle that anything's value is deter-

mined by the *chashivus* people give it. This applies to *teshuvah* as well: The more a person values his own *teshuvah* as something genuine and believes that all his sins can be forgiven through it, the more value his *teshuvah* has.

The Rambam (*Hilchos Teshuvah* 7:4) wanted to prevent negative thoughts about the truth of *teshuvah*, and therefore he wrote, in his unique way, that a person should not think that he is distant from the levels of the *tzaddikim* because of his sins, for this is not so. Rather, he is beloved by the Creator. Moreover, even genuine *tzaddikim* cannot reach the level of a person who repented sincerely.

During *Aseres Yemei Teshuvah*, and especially on Shabbos Shuva, we need to trust in Hashem that He will accept our *teshuvah*, and to recognize and give thanks for the great gift of *teshuvah*.

Excerpts from the popular shiur by
Harav Yehuda Mandel shlit" a from Lakewood

Belief in the Power of *Teshuvah*