

# HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Vayeishev - Mikeitz 5786 ■ Issue 177

## HEART TO HEART

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

### A Tremendous Difference

They both had the same diagnosis and both suffered terribly, *lo aleinu*, but each of them had a completely different experience. The first sighed again and again, filled with complaints. "What did I need all of this for?" he moaned. "What wasn't good about staying at home and going on with life? Why do I need to be here?" When someone explained that he had to be treated for his illness, he repeated and shouted that this was exactly what he was talking about. And perhaps if he would have eaten better or slept better or gone to a more expert doctor, things would have been completely different.

He was beating himself up, and others too, calling the nurses and hospital staff again and again. Every second, something else bothered him, and somehow it was also more difficult to find his vein in order to do a simple blood test. His muscles were tight and his whole posture expressed pain and suffering. He did not have one moment of calm in his world. Life was hard; day and night the situation was hard, and he was the most unfortunate and pitiful creature in the world.

His friend, on the other hand, the patient in the next bed, was also in pain. He suffered physical pain, and it was difficult for him to be far from home, but he thought to himself, "Who did this to me? My Father in *Shamayim*, Who loves me more than anyone, Who is more merciful than anyone, Whose ways are just. He sent me here for my good, to clean away my sins, and He does only good to me! The best! It's not possible otherwise! He thinks such thoughts, and deeper thoughts than these, and he strengthens himself by looking into *sifrei mussar* and learning about *bitachon* as much as he can with his limited strength. He listens to *shiurim* and repeats *pesukim* of *bitachon* again and again. Sometimes it's not even possible for him to think or to look into *sefarim*, but he strengthens himself with songs of *deveikus* with healing words, songs of *chizuk* in *emunah* and *bitachon*. To anyone who asks how he is doing, he answers, "Baruch Hashem, all is well," because this is the truth. It's hard and it's painful, but it's good! He smiles, and he smiles to others. He submits himself to the will of Hashem, and he believes that his salvation is at hand. These feelings expand his lungs, they enable his blood to flow easily, and thus the treatment he undergoes is easier and more effective.

Dovid Hamelech expresses the difference be-

tween these two people. "Many are the pains of the wicked, but for he who trusts in Hashem, kindness will surround him" (*Tehillim* 32:10).

The *Metzudas Dovid* explains that the wicked man rebels because he is suffering and complains bitterly, so his pains increase and he ultimately suffers more than what was decreed upon him. The example we bought about the patient is only a *marshal* for all different types of pain and loss that people experience in life. Someone who sees anything that happens against his will as mere happenstance will blame himself or his surroundings. He will cause his own blood pressure to rise and his heartbeat to rush, and all this causes additional pain. In this way, he also loses out on the goal of his suffering, which is to bring him closer to the Creator *yisbarach*, and this too is cause for his salvation to be delayed. He has nothing to strengthen him because he does not have *emunah*.

But one who trusts in Hashem and is wise enough to know that his suffering is for his good, and that through his suffering his sins will be erased, does not rebel against his suffering. He remembers that everything comes from Hashem, everything is for the good, and on his lips constantly are words like, "There is a reason for this from Above"; "This too is for the best"; and "All His deeds are faithful." If a person submits himself to the decree of His Creator, then Hashem's kindness surrounds him. First of all, he gains in that the *yissurim* themselves aren't as painful. The loss or the pain itself is enough, and no added punishment is necessary, and secondly, his behavior and his mode of thought draw his *yeshuah* closer. The whole point of *yissurim* is for the person to stop and think about where they came from, so that he will submit himself to the Creator and his sins will be atoned. When a Yid agrees to Hashem's ways and thanks Him for everything, then the *yissurim* have fulfilled their purpose, and all that he is going through becomes kindness, because Hashem will remove the *yissurim* from him and he'll be cleansed of his sins. As is known from tzaddikim, the difficulty itself is transformed into kindness, because it is then removed from him, and he is cleansed of sin. As tzaddikim quip, "You [Hashem] said, Do good and then I will do good for you."

May we be *zocheh* to see tangibly Hashem's revealed *chesed* and mercy, in good health and joy; *amen*.

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

## FROM THE EDITOR

### A Little-Known Letter Reveals the Secret of "Hashgachah Pratis"

I often meet people who tell me: A "*hashgachah pratis*" story took place for me, but then the following day, everything went wrong. You tell so many stories about Yidden who saw tangibly Hashem's *yeshuah* in a wondrous way, and yet there are still many other Yidden awaiting *yeshuos*. What exactly do you want to achieve by publicizing all these stories?"

The answer to that is: Our Rabbanim taught us that telling stories of *hashgachah pratis* increases *emunah*. Telling the story of a revelation gives us the strength to believe while in the midst of experiencing Divine concealment as well.

This week I saw for the first time a letter published in the year 5744 by Rav Moshe Feinstein *zt"l* and Rav Yaakov Kamenetzky *zt"l*.

Anyone with a thinking heart will comprehend how necessary it is in our times to instill the *emunah* in *hashgachah pratis* in the heart of every single person, especially young children, for this is the central pillar upon which everything depends, and by strengthening ourselves in this mitzvah, all the other mitzvos will be strengthened as well, *bs"d*, and we will actualize the words, "And the righteous man shall live by his *emunah*." A good thing to do in order to strengthen *emunah* is to record in a notebook the times when one sees or feels *hashgachah pratis* in daily matters. And it is easy to understand that doing so will uproot and nullify the habitual thought that everything is happenstance, that it happens through natural powers, and that "my strength and the might of my hand have made this valor for me."

Reb Yaakov Meir Shechter *shlit"l* often repeats what he heard many times from Reb Elyah Roth *zt"l*, that his holy Rebbe Reb Shlomo of Zvnil *zy"l* asked him many times to open a "*hashgachah pratis kollel*" in Yerushalayim, a *kollel* where every day ten Yidden would gather together to tell each other stories of *hashgachah pratis*.

When such a *kollel* exists, "the world will look different," Reb Shlomo said. But they did not find someone to sponsor it.

For many years, Reb Yaakov Meir Shechter *shlit"l* was pained that this tzaddik's desire was not actualized. Today, dozens of years later, Reb Yaakov Meir *shlit"l* says: "I see that this tzaddik's desire is finally coming to be. There is now an international *kollel* called "*Hashgachah Pratis*," and tens of thousands of Yidden around the world are listening to and telling stories of *hashgachah*. It's tried and true: When one sees *hashgachah pratis* and tells others about it, it "will uproot and nullify the habitual thought that everything is happenstance, that it happens through natural powers, and that 'my strength and the might of my hand have made this valor for me.'"

It brings *emunah*; it brings peace and serenity. Call the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line and see how the peace envelops you: 02-301-1300, or, \*6176.

Guest Shabbat  
Pinchas Shefer

# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

## A Mezuzah and Sefarim Shelves Together

My bookcase became too small. It wasn't that we had so many *sefarim*, it was more that the bookcase was small. If I wanted more space for my *sefarim*, I would have to buy a small set of shelves that could be hung high up on a wall, close to the ceiling. In the meantime, until those shelves would hold the *sefarim*, I carried the dream in my heart. I hoped that very soon I would be able to buy the new shelves and put the *sifrei kodesh* on them with the respect they deserve. In the meantime, I somehow managed. I placed some of the *sefarim* in the back of the shelves, behind the outer row of *sefarim*, some of them I placed lying on top of the other *sefarim*, and some of them were in cartons.

Soon! I would think when looking at the *sefarim* that were all cramped together. Very soon they would have their proper places. I did not wish *menuchah* for them, because these are *sefarim* that are meant to be learned; their purpose is not to lie useless on shelves, even on hanging shelves high up on a wall. Elul came, and I fulfilled the custom of checking mezuzos. I found that the mezuzos in my home were kosher but not *mehudar*. This bothered me. I want to do mitzvos *be'hiddur*, and this mitzvah of mezuzah also safeguards us from harm, so I wanted to do it in the finest way possible. The solution for this was, of course, to buy new mezuzos, but this solution brought on a new problem. Where would I find the money to buy them? So now I had two large expenses that needed to be covered – the hanging *sefarim* shelves and the *mehudar* mezuzos. You can understand, therefore, how happy I was to receive an envelope from my mother, may she be well, in honor of my birthday – a nice amount of money to purchase something significant – one of my two dreams, either hanging shelves or new mezuzos. Which was preferable?

This was a difficult question. I talked it over with my wife, and together we thought about what to do. Should we use the money to buy the important shelves, or should we use it to be *mehader* in the mitzvah of mezuzah? Ultimately, we decided that with all the importance of buying the shelves, there was some space for the *sefarim* now, and it was preferable that we first purchase mezuzos with the money and put off buying the new shelves.

I asked my friend in *kollel*, who is also a *sofer sta"m*, if I could purchase *mehudar* mezuzos from him, but before I even paid him, he told me excitedly that near the *kollel* there was a set of hanging *sefarim* shelves that looked almost new.

## A Chain of Hatzalah

Rav Yitzchak Fishman *shlit"a* relates:

Hashem was *mezakeh* me to be able to learn how to be a *mohel*, and for many years I have been performing *brisos* for the children of Am Yisrael. In contrast to other *mohelim*, I see it as my unique mission to help out in more complex situations as well, *baruch Hashem*. I thank Hashem for standing at my side and supporting me all the time.

One day in the afternoon, a well-known *mohel* called me with an urgent request: "A few hours ago I did a *bris* for a baby, and now they called and told me that he's bleeding. I could probably take care of it, but the baby lives in your neighborhood, and it is a half-hour ride away from my house."

"I'll go right away!" I told the *mohel*. I took down the name and address of the family, took my bag with my tools from its regular place and went down to the parking lot near my home. Then it dawned on me that my car was at the mechanic.

In my head there were only two words: *Pikuach nefesh!* There was no time. I went out to the sidewalk and stopped a car that happened to be passing by. The driver – a precious Yid, stopped for me, and I asked him to quickly take me to the specific address for an urgent matter of *pikuach nefesh*.

He did not ask questions. He was totally focused on the road, to bring me to where I had to go as quickly as possible. Just before I left his car, I took out a booklet that deals with preparations for a *bris milah*. This is a booklet that was published and distributed throughout the country.

"Take it," I told him, "and in the *zechus* of the mitzvah you just did, you too will see *to'eles* from it."

*Baruch Hashem*, I arrived in time. The baby received treatment, his life was saved, and his situation improved rapidly. May his parents be *zocheh* to raise him to Torah, *chuppah*, and *maasim tovim*.

A month passed, and I was *zocheh* to perform many more *brisos*, and in the midst of my regular schedule a Yid called me. His baby was eight days old. He'd had his *bris* that morning, but something seemed wrong, and he was very concerned. The bandage had fallen off, and based on what he told me on the phone, I understood that I had better go to his house as quickly as possible.

I went, this time in my own car, which was long since returned from the mechanic, and *baruch Hashem*, I was *zocheh* to be the right person at the right time.

"Do you remember me?" the baby's father asked. "A month ago I drove you to an urgent matter of *pikuach nefesh*, and you left a booklet in my car."

I remembered. Yes, it was him, the tzaddik who drove me then without asking questions.

"When I saw the problem with my baby I called the *mohel*, but they told me he was in *kollel*, and there was no way to reach him before 7:15. I didn't know what to do; I was at a loss, but then I remembered the booklet you left me. I took it out of the car and found your number there."

During those moments, a month ago, when I hurried to that baby to save his life, it seemed to me that the fact that my car was at the mechanic was a problem and a hindrance to my holy work, but in truth, it was just the opposite. Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged the cure before the problem. My ride with this person brought this story to its happy conclusion.

## Age Before Beauty

We discovered that my son had a difficult medical problem – something serious that required urgent surgery. From the moment we discovered the problem, we were in an impossible whirlpool of examinations and consultations with *askanim*. They investigated and asked and examined which among all the hospitals in the world would give my son the most exact medical response, and they came to the conclusion that the best place to have my son's surgery done was Columbia hospital in Manhattan. There is a doctor there who is an expert in exactly my son's condition. He had already performed many such surgeries successfully, and he would certainly be a good *shaliach* to take care of my son.

## On the giving end

*Exciting testimonial: Two older singles were engaged within the year!*  
A year ago I set up a monthly donation toward the dissemination of *emunah* and *bitachon* newsletters in an entire community, and I did this as a merit for my two sisters, one 25 and the other 23 years old, to find their *zivug* quickly. Now, at the end of the year, I can testify that, *baruch Hashem*, both of them got engaged, the first sister immediately, the same month that I started the monthly donation; for the second sister it took longer, but now, a year later, both requests were fully accepted. I thank Hashem for the *yeshuah*. *Hodu laHashem ki tov, ki 'olam chasdo.*

## On the receiving end

I always listen to the phone line, and beyond the strength and tremendous *chizuk* I gain from its incredible content, the phone line has brought great light into my life, the light of *emunah* and *bitachon*, which changed my whole way of thinking. I wanted to share with you something that recently happened to me: I forgot a bag with an expensive camera, worth thousands of shekels, on the bus. The moment I realized I had forgotten it I tried running after the bus, but it was already quite a distance away. I gathered some close friends to help me search, and throughout this time, I was shocked and worried. Suddenly, in the midst of confusion, I got the daily call. I only had to see the words "*Kav Hashgachah Pratis*" on the screen and I immediately calmed down. Everything suddenly became serene, and I strengthened myself in the *emunah* that I would find the camera – which is indeed what happened in the end. Thank you!

Everything happened quickly – the appointment, the passport, the never-ending bureaucracy and the running here and there, and in the midst of it all, a frightened child to whom we had to explain it all from the beginning, so he would understand what was going on and would calm down. For this, of course, you first need parents who are calm themselves, so in the midst of all the confusion I tried to strengthen myself in *emunah* and *bitachon*. I tried, I really did, and I also did whatever I could in order to give my son the feeling that we are in Hashem's Hands. He is the true Healer, and He would send His good angels to accompany us wherever we would go.

We arrived at the hospital. The *askanim* had done wonderful work; everything was already arranged and all documents were signed. My son was taken in to the ward to prepare for surgery. The doctor entered to see him, and I got the shock of my life. Was this the famous doctor we had come here for? The man with golden hands, the expert surgeon? I saw an elderly, frail doctor, and there seemed to be good reason to doubt his abilities to do surgery. Even if at some point he had been an expert, whether he still possessed his skills was a big question. How did they keep such an elderly doctor here in the hospital?

I asked the translator who accompanied us to tell us the doctor's name, and it turned out that, indeed, this was not the doctor we had come for. I asked the translator to come with me to the receptionist to find out what was going on. "Dr. X??" the receptionist answered. "He's not here. He informed us that he will not be working here for the next several months." As I said, I had worked on my *emunah*, and I repeated again and again, to both myself and my child, "We are not in the hands of any doctor, only in the Hands of Hakadosh Baruch Hu." The medical situation was urgent, the surgery had to take place ASAP, and the elderly doctor was our surgeon.

*Baruch Hashem*, My son woke up, and the surgery was declared successful.

Some time later, there were problems once again. This time, I made sure to find out whether the young doctor was there, and we flew to Manhattan in a rush. We went into Doctor Y, who had come so highly recommended. He went over our son's medical file, examined him, and looked up at us. "I don't see what there is to do," he said. "If the problem came up again, I suspect there is nothing left to do."

As far as he was concerned, he was ready to accompany us to a funeral home...

While we were talking, the elderly doctor came in and asked, "What happened? What brings you back here?" We explained the situation, and the medical file was opened for him. The problem that had cropped up and grown worse was presented to him, and the young doctor expressed his sorrow over the fact that it seemed there was nothing to be done.

"What do you mean?" the old man exclaimed. "Of course we can help. Look, before long I'll be retiring, and it cannot be that a child I treated will not be healthy!" He turned to me. "I will make every effort to find a solution for your son so that he is healed!"

And indeed, he did not disappoint. He did everything in his power in order to retire with his good name intact, and my son got the most devoted, quality care. Today he is healthy and strong and even running around like all the other children.

Had we gotten the young doctor who was recommended in the beginning, it would indeed have been a pointless trip, but Hakadosh Baruch Hu sent us the old man, the one who, at first glance, seemed not to be the right one, and yet he was the messenger who brought about my son's successful recovery.

## Close to Home

I am an *avreich* from Kiryat Sefer. I was looking for a specific product that was very important. I asked around about where I could buy it, and people told me, "You'll never find it here. You need to go to a mall."

This did not make sense to me at all. I don't go to malls. It is not suitable at all for *shemiras einayim* to go to these places. I thought that if I can't get to the product, then the product will have to get to me. I would pay some delivery boy a big sum of money to get it for me. I had made up my mind to pay whatever the cost would be in order to refrain from going to such places, but just before I went ahead with that plan, I decided to at least check to see if I could get it in the nearby store.

I checked, and wonder of wonders, the product was there in a store a few mere steps away from my home, at a good price, without any extra effort or expense.

This was yet another time that I discovered that one does not lose out from *shemiras einayim*, one only gains. I gained, and the owner of the store gained as well...

Perhaps I wanted them?

Of course I did! The shelves were quickly hung in my home. I saw that when I decided to put the money aside for a mitzvah, Hakadosh Baruch Hu in His mercy gave me both things. Moreover, the *sefarim* shelves came my way specifically through this friend from whom I wanted to buy the mezuzos!

## Gemach Opened Just in Time

I am an *avreich* living in Beitar. One day I got a call from my dear son. "Abba, I don't have a kippah."

"What does that mean?"

"We were playing during recess, and suddenly my kippah fell off and got lost."

Did I know what they were playing there? They fall, get up, run, come back, pass near some gate, bend down a bit too much, and the kippah falls into some deep hole or bath of cement in a building zone. With my active son, anything could happen.

"I'm coming right away," I told him. I found another kippah in the house and hurried to his cheder. At the doorway, I met both the supervisor and the *menahel*, who were both there. "I brought a kippah for my son," I told them.

"That is really important," the supervisor said. "It happens often that a child loses his kippah."

"You know what?" the *menahel* said. "Perhaps you want to purchase a few kippot and bring them to the cheder?"

"That's a good idea," I said. "*Im yirtzeh Hashem*, I'll buy them."

For several months this good idea remained just an idea. Every time I returned from a shopping trip, I would remember the kippot – only after I got home. Each time I told myself that it was really a pity that I hadn't purchased the promised kippot. It would be a wonderful *gemach* that would be a *zechus* for me and would save children embarrassment; but still it didn't happen.

Then one day the time finally came. I purchased several kippot in a variety of sizes and asked my son in the morning to bring them to the *menahel*.

That day, the cheder's number showed up on my phone. My heart skipped a beat, as I wondered if my son had done something to warrant parental intervention. The next moment, I heard the *menahel's* voice speaking excitedly.

"I have to tell you something amazing," he told me. "I came from the *talmud torah* today and saw a child from one of the younger grades standing with his hood on his head and crying. His kippah had fallen off, and he didn't know what to do. I told the boy to go to the supervisor, and I went into my office.

And then, at the entrance to my office, I saw your son coming with the kippot you sent! You sent them specifically today, when a child needed this favor so badly. *Tizku l'mitzvos!*"

I was amazed. In the *zechus* of this child, I finally made it to the store to buy the kippot for the cheder. I was appointed as the messenger who would send him the kippah, and that's why I remembered to open the *gemach* exactly at the right time.

## Seize the Opportunity

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## Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

### A Charm for Relief From Suffering

The best charm for relief for someone who is suffering is to refrain from complaining and to daven.

(Based on the *Aruch*)

### Don't Brag About Them

A wise man should say, when suffering comes upon him: "Everything that Hashem decrees from *Shamayim* is good," and he should also keep quiet and not brag about how he bears the *yissurim*, for *Chazal* say, "the reward for *yissurim* is for remaining silent."

(Based on *Markevot Hamishneh* by Rav Y. Alashkar)

### Accept Them Happily

Anyone who knew my father, the Gaon z"l (Reb Chaim Volozhiner), can testify that...even in his later years, when he suffered tremendous *yissurim shel ahavah*...he accepted them with joy and happiness on his face, without ever groaning in pain. As *Chazal* say, "Accept suffering with silence." And he was in a good mood all the years that he was experiencing *yissurim*.

(Based on *Nefesh Hachaim*, Introduction)

### Silence Brings an End to Troubles

So long as a person is upset by his *yissurim* he remains trapped in his body, but when he connects to the wisdom that tells him that this situation is indeed the hidden good-

ness of Hashem, then he becomes uplifted and connected to Hashem's wisdom and truth. This the meaning of the words

"*gam zo l'tovah* – this too is for the good," and of accepting suffering with love.

(Based on *Pri Ha'aretz*)

### Silence and Tefillah

We have a tradition that the proper response to suffering is for a person to accept it in silence, and also to daven to Hashem to have mercy on him and remove the *yissurim* from him.

(*Brachos* 62a)

### It Takes the Place of Suffering in the World to Come

All that one suffers in this world, especially if the person accepts it lovingly, is deducted from the suffering that he would have endured in the next world. If a person understood this, he would dance with joy and thank Hashem for the suffering he experiences. But if a person complains that his *yissurim* are unfair, he is sent to Gehinnom – unless he is subjected to such intense pain that he says things he doesn't really mean. Regarding this, *Chazal* teach us, "From here we learn that a person is not held accountable for what he says in a moment of anguish." But if he accepts his suffering with love, then no matter what, his limbs become purified, and any harsh judgments become softened, and his sins are forgiven; as it says, "Accept suffering with silence, and ask for mercy." And fortunate is the lot of anyone who develops the strength to accept his *yissurim* lovingly.

(Based on *Shomer Emunim*, ch. 6)

### A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah

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

### Greatness of the Nefesh Is the Key to Bitachon

Even while in Mitzrayim, Yosef Hatzaddik worked on his *bitachon* to make his heart constantly feel that Hashem was with him.

It is brought in the *Midrash Tanchuma (Vayeishev 8)*: The Name of Hashem was always on his lips. When he came to serve his master he would whisper a prayer: "Ribbono shel Olam, You are my Savior, you are my Patron; grant me favor and kindness and mercy in Your Eyes and in the eyes of all those who see me, and in the eyes of Potiphar my master." His master Potiphar noticed and asked, "What are you whispering?" Yosef answered, "I am praying to find favor in your eyes."

Getting to the root of things, we find that Yosef's behavior stemmed from the greatness of his *nefesh* and from his awareness that he was not alone. He always knew that Hashem was with him and that he was important in Hashem's Eyes. Therefore, he did not hold back from davening to Him every step of the way.

When a person is in narrow straits and is surrounded by difficulties, whether in *parnassah*, or relating to health or nachas from his descendants, he needs to know that Hashem is with him and that he is important in Hashem's Eyes. Thus, he has already gained closeness to Hashem, and closeness to Hashem is the only thing that will accompany him to the World to Come – not matters related to *parnassah* and health. Doubts flood a person's heart: Who am I? What is my life all about? How is it possible that Hashem considers me important? These thoughts come from the *yeitzer hara*. It is Hashem's will that we recognize and know our greatness and that we understand that we are much more important in His Eyes than it seems to us.

When we work on this all the time, we'll be able to trust in Him and place our hopes in Him always, and to feel His closeness.



# Listen in to the line And you'll get it

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thousands the  
world over  
have transformed  
their lives into an  
oasis of peace and  
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