

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Shemot - Va'eira 5786 ■ Issue 179

HEART TO HEART

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

As of Now...

Every person has three friends:

One is a well-known friend whom he remembers well. The mere fact that he knows him is a great advantage. This friend from the past has become a part of him and has an influence on every aspect of his life today.

The second friend is someone whom he hasn't yet met. He is foreign to him, unknown and concealed.

And the third friend – That one is the best friend of all, the closest, the most available. The person is meeting him at this very moment after waiting and anticipating for so long to see him. And then, within a second...he is gone.

One of the elders of Spain brought this parable about friends to clarify the meaning of time. The first familiar friend is the past; the second, unknown friend is the future; the third – the closest and most available – is the present. The present is the only point in time when we have the choice to utilize and build. What was is over; what will be has not yet come to pass; only what is happening now is the moment that creates the tapestry of our lives.

There is good advice that will enable us to utilize the precious present in the best possible way: Being happy. Be truly happy for the *zechus* of being alive and doing the will of Hashem, for the *zechus* of being here in this world. Feel the essence of the *brachah* "Shehecheyanu v'kiyemanu...lazman hazeh." The word "zeh" indicates something we can point to with our finger and say, "This is the day Hashem made!" This is the day that I am living today, the present day, in which I can utilize life and turn it into eternity.

Utilizing the present and experiencing it is work that demands investment. Only someone who has invested in the *middah* of *bitachon* can go through each moment serenely. At the end of the fifth chapter, Rabbenu Bachyai brings the words of Shlomo Hamelech, which we discussed in the previous newsletter: "Do not take pride in what will happen in the future, for you do not know what the coming day will bring" (*Mishlei* 27:1). Don't assume that tomorrow it's going to be better, such as that money will be coming to you, and don't rejoice about something that hasn't yet come to be. Think about the joy you already have right now; find the good that is in your life right now. Experience this passing moment that will never be again.

Rabbenu Bachyai interprets this *passuk* in the opposite way as well: "Don't worry about pain that might happen tomorrow, for you do not know what the coming day will bring." Right now, you have everything you need. It's just that a day is coming

up when a certain sum of money will have to go out of your bank account. Or you may be facing even less pleasant circumstances: You may have been summoned to court, and you are worried and afraid of what will happen.

There is no end to the fears one can have. The factory of news and thoughts creates threats and possibilities of calamity in all areas of our life: *par-nassah*, health, matters of war and peace, and everything under the sun. But what is the purpose of succumbing to all these fears? What good does this do? Worry destroys one's psyche. What benefit can it have?! What a pity it is to waste the present with worries about the future. Do we really have any idea about what is going to be? "Don't be pained by the pain of the morrow, for you do not know what the coming day will bring." The words *mah yeiled yom* can be punctuated differently, to be read as past tense: *mah yalad yom*. A Yid is sitting and bemoaning his difficult financial situation: Yes, he has food to eat, but how will he marry off his children? And he doesn't know that what is coming has already been born – *yalad!* His *yeshuah* already exists in the world, and it is on the way to him. Hakadosh Baruch Hu has already arranged the future in such a way that he will have enough money to marry off his children and to provide their needs. While another person is crying about health matters, his medication is in the advanced stages of development. The *shidduch* proposal as well is already being formed. We do not need to give advice to the Ribbono shel Olam. He knows much better than we do how to run His world and how to send His *yeshuah*.

What is left for us to do is only to be happy and to trust. Time is the most valuable asset we have in this world. Time is life, and life is the thing for which a person would give everything. It is not recommended that one exchange the present for the future; it would be a pity to lose out on the present. This is what Shlomo Hamelech *a'h* taught (*Koheles* 8:15): "And I praised happiness." Rashi explains "that he should be happy with his lot and occupied with the statutes of Hashem, which are straight and gladden the heart."

This is the proper way to live in the present – to be happy with the gifts from *Shamayim* and to give thanks for the good, and even when we are awaiting a *yeshuah*, we need to remember that the current moment that the Creator has arranged for me is the best and most proper thing for me right now. May Hashem help us all, and may we be *zocheh* to recognize His goodness and kindness and to be happy with our lot always; *amen*.

Please ask for mercy
for the *avreich* Rav Yitzchak ben Basha (Kletzkin)

FROM THE EDITOR

What Was the Secret of His Constant Smile?

A Yid shared with me: The greatest *chizuk* I've ever received came to me from a story I heard about Reb Mendel Futerfas.

Reb Mendel sat in a Siberian prison for ten years for the "crime" of disseminating *Yiddishkeit*.

He was imprisoned together with all types of Gentiles, each of whom was depressed and confined by sadness. Only one singular individual sat there with a constant smile on his face: Reb Mendel.

Once when the Gentiles were whiling away their time, one of them suddenly turned to Reb Mendel and said: "Hey, Jew, I think before you came here you were homeless."

"Why do you think so?" Reb Mendel asked him.

"The only one who seems happy with his situation here is you," the Gentile responded. "That's why I came to the conclusion that it's surely better for you now than it was before you came here. So you used to be homeless, and now you have a bed and food, and that's why you're pleased."

"You are gravely mistaken," Reb Mendel told him. "*Baruch Hashem*, I have a wife and children, I had a respectable position in the community, and I was also not lacking financially."

The *goy* would not let up. "If so, please explain to me, how do you walk around all the time with a smile on your face?"

Reb Mendel turned to each of the people in the group and asked what had been his source of livelihood. Each of them answered in turn. One was a contractor, another a real estate agent, the third was a bank manager, and the man sitting near him was an architect.

Then Reb Mendel began a second round and asked each of the prisoners what their plans for the future had been. The contractor wanted to build the main street in Moscow, the real estate agent had been in touch with some of the wealthiest men in Russia and planned on a million-ruble deal, the bank manager was planning on opening another twenty branches throughout the country, and the architect was dreaming of getting work in the planning of a huge governmental building.

"Here lies the secret," Reb Mendel told them. Everyone had plans, and when the black coach arrived to take them to prison, all their dreams blew up in their faces.

"I am a Jew, and I believe in the Divine plan that Hakadosh Baruch Hu designs for every Jew. A person's life runs exactly according to these plans. I did not have any dreams or plans that blew up. The place where I am right now is an exact part of the design of my life. When this exact plan comes to be, I am immeasurably happy and pleased."

This was the secret of Reb Mendel's constant smile, and this is the secret of the smile of every Yid. It is the smile of one who knows that he's living exactly according to the Divine plan.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

A Pipeline of Shefa

With thanks to Hashem, I was living in the same apartment for fifteen years. This was a rented apartment; I did not have an apartment of my own, but I preferred to see the cup as half full and to thank Hashem for the fact that ever since I had come to live in the apartment I did not have to move to another street or even to another floor.

One day, one of my neighbors complained that someone had attached a pipe to his water main. No one knew who did this, but once my neighbor found out that this had happened, a volcano erupted. On me.

The neighbor was sure that I was at fault. It was so clear to him that he did not even bother finding out or asking whether I had actually done it. He came over to me and immediately began screaming about my lack of consideration and my selfishness. He screamed that I had no idea what I had done, what I had caused, how many mishaps, problems and losses were liable to happen because of this connection to his water main.

I did not have to listen to his explanation in order to understand how severe the problem was. It was enough for me to hear the tone in which he spoke. This type of outburst is a severe problem on its own, and it was liable to undermine all the peace in the building.

I did not want to play along with this volcano, and I did not manage to get in a word edgewise about the simple fact that I was not the one who had connected the pipe. So I kept quiet and did not say one word – and I had what to say. Whoever knows me knows that when I have what to say, I say it. But this time, I understood that it was not possible to get in even one syllable without its causing yet another outburst.

So I kept quiet. The neighbors were witness to the jumble of screams that landed on me. They saw me standing there helplessly and probably thought that the neighbor was right. Here I had nothing to answer. But I knew the truth, the deeper truth, that now it was a time to keep quiet and allow the embarrassment to be a *kapparah* for me.

Several days later, the neighbor who had actually connected the pipe came over to me and apologized. The truth is that while my neighbor was yelling at me, I had no thoughts about getting any apology for the embarrassment that I suffered at the hands of my angry neighbor. In the end the neighbor who was angry at me would also apologize for his outburst, although he continued to accuse me of connecting

Getting Fired Is Only the Beginning

When one of my family members decided to look for a source of *parnassah*, he did not have any qualifications. He is an *avreich* who is a *talmid chacham*, and just before he came to this decision, they were learning *hilchos shechitah* in the *kollel*. This relative, who learned with great diligence, came to the conclusion that working in *shechitah* might be suitable for him. He didn't learn in order to become a *shochet*. He learned in order to learn, but he learned very seriously, and from there he went on to practical learning. Those in the know told him that *shechitah* of chickens was easier than *shechitah* of cattle, so he focused on chickens, and within a short time he was accepted for work in a poultry plant.

After he had been working there for a while, the plant came upon financial hardship. The amount of work decreased steadily, and a large number of workers were fired. My relative remained working, but everyone there knew that nothing was very secure and that the plant was standing on very shaky legs.

During one of those days of uncertainty, one of the long-time workers came over to him and told him, "You are young and skilled, and I'm sure you'll be successful elsewhere, while I am already older. Here people know me, but the minute they fire me I'll have nowhere to go. I don't have the strength to start all over again. Therefore, I want to ask something of you." He already understood what the request was going to be. "How about when they fire me, you come along and say that you're willing to go instead of me?"

It was an audacious request that put my relative in a difficult position. It isn't easy for anyone to find work. Here he was in a plant where people already knew him and needed him, and he was even getting special compliments that while others were being fired, his superiors would not forgo his work. But now he was being asked to leave for the good of another worker...

He deliberated a lot, and ultimately he decided to give in. Indeed, in real time, when they wanted to fire the long-time worker, he went over to the managers and asked to be fired instead of him. Then he left the plant for the last time.

Now that he had no work, he thought it was a good opportunity to use the time until he'd find another job to learn *shechitah* for cattle. He learned it well, and he found work in a meat plant.

Here he had special *siyata diShmaya* and quickly became very sought-after as one who examines the *shechitah* knives and separates the meat from the forbidden *cheilev*. Today he is the head *shochet* in one of the world's leading kosher meat corporations.

Once, when someone asked him how he got there, he said that he feels that there is great *siyata diShmaya* accompanying him because of his having given in to the older worker back in the poultry plant.

The Price of an Aliyah

I advertised everywhere possible to sell my car, and I waited for calls. It was truly urgent, and every few hours I checked my incoming calls to see if perhaps at some moment when I couldn't answer, it had occurred to someone to call.

On Monday after davening *Shacharis* with the first minyan, I saw that in the second minyan they were preparing for *krias haTorah*. I thought to myself that it was probably a good idea to buy an *aliyah*, and I went over to the *gabbai* to ask for one.

He agreed, and I went out in the direction of the sinks to wash my hands in preparation for the great *zechus* of going up to the Torah.

At that moment, my phone vibrated. I picked up, and on the line was someone who wanted to buy the car, finally! He was willing to pay 32,000 shekels, and even to give 6,000 in cash immediately!

But at that moment I could not continue talking even for a very short time, because in another moment the *gabbai* would be calling me, and I had to get back to the *beis midrash*. "Sorry," I said. "I must hang up, because I have an *aliyah* now. We'll talk."

He continued to say something, and it sounded like he was angry or insulted, but I had already entered the shul and went up to the *bimah*.

After I left shul I turned my phone back on, and it rang immediately. I hoped it was the same person who had spoken to me before, but no, it was another number, and on the line was a different voice...and a different price. The caller offered to buy the car for 38,000 shekels – 6,000 shekels more than the previous offer.

On the giving end

Seven Months Turned Into Three Hours

For a long time, we had to wait for an appointment with an expert doctor that we needed for our son. The average waiting time for this doctor was about seven months. Despite the great efforts that we made to move up the appointment, we kept coming up against a brick wall as our son continued suffering and waiting for medical help. We decided to donate to your important initiative. Several hours later we got a surprise phone call from the clinic: An appointment had just become available, and they wanted to know if we could come within three hours. Of course, we jumped at the opportunity and arrived at the clinic. It was amazing to see how the donation brought about the *yeshuah* so quickly.

On the receiving end

I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your incredible work. Since I started listening to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, my outlook has been transformed and my life has become much more calm and serene, filled with *emunah* and *bitachon*. Thank you for how much you invest in the content and the concepts, which are displayed in such a pleasant, fascinating, and high-quality way, on the phone line, in the newsletters, and in the magazine. *Yasher koach!*

We spoke a bit, exchanged important information, and hung up. And then the phone rang again. It was a good day today. "That's it, you're done?" the man asked. "Torah is more important than money, right?" "Right," I answered. "So do you want to sell me the car?" "I already sold it," I answered him. He didn't believe me, and he asked again. He also knew that selling a car was not like selling milk, and it was truly strange that I got two calls one after the other. I know nothing of Heavenly accountings, but my thought was that there is a connection between my safeguarding the *kavod* of the Torah and the successful sale.

In the Zechus of a Good Kaballah

A Yid from Haifa relates:

It was just after Yom Kippur, and my new *kaballah* was being diligently fulfilled with a sense of freshness and renewal: reciting *Krias Shema al hamittah* with a head covering and an outer jacket, and reading it from a siddur.

While I was used to the first part of the *kaballah*, the second part about using a siddur was new to me. Here I needed a great deal of strength. The wording for *Krias Shema* before sleep is not printed in every siddur. Many Shabbos *siddurim* do not print it, and *machzorim* surely do not. When we're talking about seasons of *Yamim Tovim*, when there is more Shabbos and Yom Tov than weekdays, it turns out that saying *Krias Shema* from a siddur will often require a few moments' of searching and leafing through pages.

On Chol Hamoed Sukkos I headed to bed in the sukkah, which is downstairs in our courtyard. I wore a caftan and *shtreimel*, as is our *minhag*, and I wanted to say *Krias Shema* in the sukkah. Only when I came downstairs did I recall that I did not have a siddur from which to read the words, and I had taken a *kaballah* on myself!

I was not so wide awake anymore, and the steps up to my house seemed like a mountain to me. But despite the heaviness and tiredness I was feeling, I went up the stairs, got a siddur from the bookcase, and said *Krias Shema*.

Since I was already home, I put the *shtreimel* in its special box and went back to the sukkah to sleep.

In the morning, big drops of rain woke me up. The rain was so strong that the whole sukkah was filled with water.

The expensive *shtreimel*, which had almost rested at my side in the sukkah that night, was not there. And if it had filled with water – I prefer not to imagine how it would look, and how I would have dealt with such damage to it.

But *b'chasdei Hashem*, it was safe at home, in the *zechus* of my *kaballah*.

Overnight

A Yid from Bnei Brak relates:

I am one of a family of several sons. We are brothers, and we are very close and help each other out however we can. Whoever it was who said there is nothing as successful as a united family was surely referring to us. We participate in each other's *simchos* and in the less happy parts of life as well.

The fact that I have a support system gives me a lot of strength. I know that if I share something with my brothers, they'll give me a shoulder to lean on and lend a helping hand, and this transforms my whole way of dealing with daily life even when I choose not to share something with them.

Recently, we realized that someone in our family needed a large sum of money urgently. No, it was not for luxuries, it was for a genuine need. We discussed how to help him. All our hearts were with him, but our financial abilities were not so great.

We made a conference call and each of us brought up an idea. All the ideas had an element of devotion and caring, and each brother was willing to go beyond his comfort zone and do more than the norm. Ultimately, we decided that each of us would bring 4000 shekels. In the past they would call it a thousand dollars, but today it's worth more to talk about shekels...

Where would we get the money? No one had any idea. In my mind's eye I saw myself calling several people I know, going from one person to another in shul, and getting involved in a few other situations such as these for which one needs much courage, effort and *emunah*. But none of the brothers thought about his own comfort. We took upon ourselves to help, and we davened to Hashem to help us.

The next day I got a call from my father, and he told me that my great-grandmother received an especially large sum of money, and she wanted to give a portion of it to the grandchildren. How much would each of us get? Four thousand shekels!

Overnight, we each had the whole sum.

It was so amazing to see how Hashem rewarded us for sincerely wanting to do good. We expressed a true desire to help, and Hakadsh Baruch Hu sent us the *yeshuah*.

the pipe.

No, I had nothing in mind other than the words of *Chazal* about the great *zechus* of being someone who is insulted but who does insult in return.

The episode ended. A quarter of an hour later I got a call from a lawyer's office: "The sum of 3 million 600 thousand shekels is waiting for you. You need to come sign and get authorization to withdraw the money from its account."

"What?! Do you mean me? For real?! It's probably a mistake..." "It's not a mistake," the caller responded. "It's the fact. We rejoice with you. Your grandmother took care of you; say thank you..."

My grandmother! I hadn't known that she'd had so much money. During the last several years of her life, I would travel to visit her every week and see to her welfare. My uncles live far away, and throughout long periods of time I was the only family member whom she saw face to face.

In all those years, I never thought for a second about an inheritance. I had a simple goal: to do the mitzvah of *kibbud horim*. Seeing how much light and joy I was bringing her with my visits gave me the strength to continue with the mitzvah. And now, what a surprise!

When I recovered from the shock, I understood that it was not so simple. Who said I was supposed to take the money? Maybe it should go to uncles who had rights to the *yerushah*? Perhaps it was too large a portion in relation to what my brothers were getting; they were also my grandmother's grandchildren. I called my father and asked him all the questions.

"Yes!" Abba affirmed happily. "Savta had tremendous *hakaras hatov* to you. She loved you very much and was so happy about your visits. You remembered her at a time when others forgot, and that's why she wanted to remember you when the time would come."

"And what about everyone else?" I asked. "Is this money not on the *cheshbon* of other *yorshim*?"

"It's not on the *cheshbon* of anyone else," my father emphasized. "Each one got their part, and this is your part."

After fifteen years of renting, in one shot I got a sum of money that enabled me to buy a nice, spacious apartment, and we even had some left over for the rest of our needs.

I relate both stories here. It seems these are two separate stories, but — the timing! The amazing timing, when fifteen minutes after I absorbed such insults that I do not wish on anyone, and I kept quiet — I got the apartment; this is something that one cannot ignore. Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged it this way so that I would see tangibly how the *zechus* of silence is great beyond our imagination.

And between us, that silence was worth much more than 3 million 600 thousand shekels.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Generosity Is a Blessing in Itself

Anyone who understands the ways of Torah and has even a limited knowledge of its value recognizes that when someone gives away some of his money, his funds will be increased. Hashem judges a person according to his deeds and blesses him to the degree that he attaches himself to Him. Stinginess, on the other hand, creates an iron barrier between the person and blessing.

(Sefer Hachinuch #480)

The Torah Way – *Hafoch bah v'hafoch bah*

The Torah's ways seem to work in direct opposition to nature. Chazal taught, "What should someone do to live? He should 'kill' himself for Torah." They said (Eiruvin 54a), "If someone is suffering from a headache, he should concentrate on Torah study." According to nature, this activity ought to aggra-

vate his headache.

This is the meaning of (Avos 5:22): Turn it over and over, and

you will see well. According to nature, constant reading harms one's vision. Likewise, Chazal taught that giving *tzedakah* is a means of increasing financial blessing in a person's life.

(Chasam Sofer)

Generosity Is an Indication of *Bitachon*

When someone falls into financial difficulties, the Torah's advice is to give *tzedakah*. When he gives generously, he is showing tangibly how he places his trust in Hashem rather than in his money. The strength of this *bitachon* will bring him *brachah*, and he will

see success in everything.

(Kedushas Levi, Peirushei Aggados)

Tzedakah Brings Relief

Rav Avira repeated this *derashah*, sometimes in the name of Rav Ami and sometimes in the name of Rav Assi, based on the *passuk* (Nachum 1:12): וְעָבַר וְעָנָה לֹא אֶעְנֶה עוֹד כִּי אִם שְׁלֵמִים וְכֵן רַבִּים וְכֵן גָּזַז – "Thus Hashem has said: Whether severely limited or plentiful, the load is lightened and it passes through. I have caused you pain but I will not cause you pain anymore." The word "*sheleimim*" means limited or scarce. If a person sees that he has very little sustenance, he should use what he has to give *tzedakah*. And certainly when there is plenty he should give *tzedakah*. In this way he is relieved of his suffering.

This can be explained with a parable of two sheep crossing a river. One sheep had been shorn of its wool while the other was not. The one whose wool was shorn is able to walk through the river, while the one that was not shorn is weighed down by the water soaked up in its wool and it cannot go through the river. In the same way, a person who gives away some of his money for *tzedakah* will find that his funds are increased.

In the yeshivah of Rabi Yishmael they taught: Anyone who cuts off some of his possessions to give to *tzedakah* is saved from the judgments of Gehinnom.

Regarding the continuation of the *passuk*, "I have caused you pain..." – Rav Zutra says, "Even a poor man who is supported through *tzedakah* must give *tzedakah*. If he does this, Hashem will "not cause you pain anymore." Rav Yosef explains: He is no longer shown any sign of poverty.

(Gittin 7a)

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

Bitachon Brings Yeshuah

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah

In *Parshas Shemos* we learn about how Moshe was saved from Pharaoh's decree to throw all newborn Jewish male babies into the Nile. Moshe was placed in a box, and the box was placed among the reeds by the banks of the Nile. His sister Miriam stood and watched from afar: "And his sister stood from afar to know what would happen to him." In *Maseches Sotah* (9b) it says: As a reward for this, Miriam merited that Klal Yisrael waited for her when she was stricken with leprosy.

Rav Gershon Libman *zt"l* asked: What greatness is there in the fact that she waited to see what would happen to her younger brother who was in a box on the Nile river? Anyone would have done the same! (see *Degel Mussar*, Yerushalayim 5764)

He answered that even Amram, who was the *gadol hador*, had despaired of the situation, as it says in *Maseches Sotah* (13a): Once they put him into the

Nile, her father rapped her on the head and said, "My daughter, what of your prophecy?" For Miriam had prophesied, "My mother will bear a son who will save Am Yisrael." What happened to your prophesy?!

But Miriam's faith was strong and she did not despair. She went only to see "what would happen to him," meaning that she wanted to see *how* he would be saved. This *bitachon* is what brought about the *yeshuah*, and Pharaoh's daughter herself came to guard him. In the merit of Miriam's strong *bitachon*, Am Yisrael was redeemed through Moshe.

This story is a lesson for all of us: Hashem tries us with difficult trials, very difficult tests. If we pass these tests and do not despair in any situation, but rather the opposite – we strengthen ourselves in *bitachon*, then through this *bitachon* we will see a *yeshuah*.



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