

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Bo - Beshalach 5786 ■ Issue 180

HEART TO HEART

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

A True Story

In introducing the topic of reward discussed near the end of Chapter 4 of *Shaar Habitachon*, it is appropriate to bring the words of the *heilige sefer Kav Hayashar*.

This *sefer* was accepted by *gedolei Yisrael* as a central *mussar sefer*. The holy Reb Elimelech of Lizhensk *zy"á* learned the entire *sefer* 102 times. The Saar Shalom of Belz did the same, and he said that he derived his *yiras Shamayim* from the words written there.

Now let us indulge in the pleasure of understanding what is written in this *sefer* in Chapter 61. It is brought there in the name of the *Zohar*: Rabi Chizkiyah and Rabi Yissa were walking along, and Rabi Chizkiyah said, "I am thinking about the *passuk* that Shlomo Hamelech wrote in *Koheles* (3:19-20), which describes how the same fate will meet both man and animal: 'Just as this one dies, so that one dies...there is no superiority of man over animal...all came from dust, and all return to dust.'"

Shlomo Hamelech fasted forty fasts before writing his *sefarim* – *Mishlei*, *Shir Hashirim*, and *Koheles*, in which are hidden deep words of wisdom. Rabi Chizkiyah asked: What did the wisest of men mean when he equated man with animal?! Isn't it one of the foundational principles of *emunah* that when a man is called to the *Yeshivah she Maa-lah*, he comes to the Next World and receives his reward?

A man met them and asked them for a drink. In answer to their queries, he told them that he was he Jew, and they gave him some of their water. After he drank, the three of them turned toward the nearby mountain, where there was a well-spring of water from which a thin stream of water emerged. They used it to refill Rabi Yissa's water pouch. Then they sat peacefully and asked the Jew whether he knew how to learn. In his humility, the man answered that he had sent his son to learn, and whatever his son learned, he knew as well. While the *chachamim* were not impressed, the Jew told them that it was possible for a pearl to be found in the rucksack of a poor man as well, and he suggested that they ask him about what was bothering them.

Rabi Chizkiyah asked him about the aforementioned *passuk*, and the Yid began explaining it to them: The words in this *passuk* do not come from the wisdom of Shlomo Hamelech; rather, Shlomo is quoting the words of the fools who are lacking *emunah*, who claim that there is the same fate for

all. These wicked men claim that life here is transitory and passes exactly as the life of an animal, and that all that is left for man to do here is to eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow he shall die, exactly like an animal.

But the truth, says Shlomo Hamelech, is completely different: The spirit of man goes up, and there in the Upper World a person receives his great reward for all his good deeds that he was *zocheh* to do in this world, and to enjoy the splendor of the *Shechinah*. But the spirit of an animal goes down to the earth.

Shlomo continues and says there: "I said in my heart" — I thought about "the words of human beings," which these wicked fools talk about, those who separate themselves from people of faith, and they themselves are like animals. These kinds of people think of themselves as animals, and indeed this is what will be their end: In the World to Come they will not merit the high levels of people who lived with *emunah*, and they will suffer punishments for their sins.

The Jew continued with his words of Torah, and it became clear that he was very righteous and wise. Afterward, when Rabi Chizkiyah and Rabi Yissa met the group to which this Jew belonged, they learned that this great *talmid chacham* was Rabi Chagai, who had been sent to learn wisdom from Rabi Shimon bar Yochai and to teach it to his friends in Bavel.

Once they knew his identity, they wanted him to continue accompanying them and speaking words of Torah to them, but Rabi Chagai said, "I came to you as a messenger from on High in order to explain the verses from *Koheles*, and now I must continue on my way."

How amazing is this story! We see how Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged for us to know the basic idea that there is a world of reward and punishment. How fortunate we are that we are *zocheh* to be *baalei emunah* who learn and delve into the *sugya* of *emunah*, and we know that the soul of a human being goes ever higher, in order to receive his reward.

This knowledge is a foundational basis in all matters of *bitachon*. In light of this, even when it seems in the here and now that we are gaining nothing, we gain the strength to act in accordance with *daas Torah*. As Shlomo Hamelech concluded *Sefer Koheles*: "Fear Hashem, and keep His mitzvos, for this is the totality of man!"

FROM THE EDITOR

Only One Piece of Advice

A Yid once came to Reb Moshe of Ludmir, who was the son of the *heilige* Reb Shlomo Karliner *zy"á*. The Yid cried to him, "My children are hungry and I do not have a cent to buy them bread.

"Rebbi, daven for me!" the Yid cried.

"Why did you come to ask *me* to daven for you?" Reb Moshe asked him. "Can't you daven on your own to your Father in *Shamayim*?"

"Rebbi," the man answered, "things are so bad and bitter for me that I am not even capable of davening."

Reb Moshe asked him, "If things are so bad for you that you can't even daven, how can you possibly worry about your children? Leave the whole matter alone."

The Yid was shaken up. "Do I have a choice?! If I don't care for my children, who will care for them? I *must* take care of them."

"You also 'must' daven," Reb Moshe told him.

When a Yid comes to a situation in which he has to do a certain *hishtadlus*, he knows that he "must" do it. If he doesn't go to the grocery store, the bread and milk will not grow wings and come to his home automatically.

When someone needs to bring home a salary, he knows that he "must" wake up in the morning and do something about it. If not, then the salary will simply not come in.

In the exact same way, Reb Moshe taught the Yid, if you don't daven, you won't receive what you need. You "must" daven, because if one does not daven for something, he simply doesn't receive it.

In the words of the Gemara (*Bava Basra* 116), he should go to a wise man who will ask for mercy for him. The Me'iri explains that the wise man will teach the Yid how *he* needs to daven.

Those who used to come and bemoan their difficulties to Reb Chaim Kanievsky *zt"l* were accustomed to hearing him say, "Daven." When they would tell him that they'd already davened, Reb Chaim would say, "Daven again." Reb Chaim would emphasize that each new *tefillah* needs to be an addition to the existing one. Add another word in your own language, from your own heart.

This is what the *tzaddikim* of all the generations taught us. There is a single *eitzah*, to daven again and again and again, and only in this way will the *yeshuah* come.

Gut Shabbat

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

Saved by a Delay

My friend's son would soon have his bar mitzvah, and his father wanted to order *batei tefillin* from me. He had bought the *parshiyos* from another merchant, and he wanted me to take care of the *batim*, the straps, and the sewing.

I was glad that he trusted me, and since I am a merchant of STa"m items, every order gladdens me, and not only because this is the pipeline for my *parnassah*. The thought that I have a part in a Yid's mitzvah of laying tefillin, and moreover, for a bar mitzvah *bachur* who is excitedly entering the glorious gates of *mitzvas tefillin*, moves me deeply.

I said to my friend, "You know that after we insert the *parshiyos* and sew the *batim* closed, we don't take them out again so quickly. It would be worth your while to have the *parshiyos* examined by an expert."

My friend claimed he had already done so. "The *parshiyos* were already checked by two people, and both declared them completely kosher. It's a pity to delay matters with another check." I accepted what he said. I told him to bring me the *parshiyos* so I could put them into the *batim*, and I arranged for the *batim* to arrive as soon as possible.

I made calls, and I found out about the best *batim* for my friend. I made an order, but somehow the matter was delayed, and the *batim* did not arrive.

The delay became decidedly unpleasant. My friend, the father of the bar mitzvah boy, asked several times what was happening with the tefillin. He wanted his son to start donning tefillin a month before his bar mitzvah, and I apologized a thousand times. It was a difficult feeling, knowing that he was depending on me, and I was not succeeding in getting the matter taken care of. It was also very strange. The producer of the *batim* was always on time. What had suddenly occurred that each day he seemed to find another excuse for holding on to the *batim*?

In the meantime, I told myself, *It's true that this man did not ask that we examine his parshiyos, but that is what I recommend for everyone to do. I can have it done for him on my own.* I called a professional *magiah* and told him, "Look, I have *parshiyos* here, and the *batim* still haven't arrived. Would you be able to examine the *parshiyos* while we're waiting for the *batim*?"

He agreed, and the following day he called me, agitated. "It's not that I found a single mistake," he told me, "but that the *parshiyos* are completely *pasul*! I spoke to the *sofer* who wrote them, and he is sending new *parshiyos* right away."

So this whole delay was nothing but *chessed* and revealed mercy, so that a Yid would be able to don kosher tefillin. May we always recall the miracles and wonders Hashem has done for us, and recognize that strength and dominion are His, in the Heavens above and here below.

When a Child Prays

A dentist made a routine examination on my child, and something unpleasant was revealed: We had to extract a baby tooth.

"It's not so terrible," the dentist explained. "One cannot do a root canal on this tooth, because underneath it is the permanent tooth that will grow in. But leaving the tooth as it is, with the plaque that spread and formed cavities in it, is truly problematic."

We understood. Moishe'le would have to have his tooth pulled. But what seemed to me unpleasant but normal was the end of the world for Moishe'le. "I don't want to have my tooth pulled," he insisted the moment we left the dentist's office. "It hurts!"

"And your tooth isn't hurting you now?" I asked.

He nodded. Obviously the tooth was hurting him. Several times in the darkness of night we had stuffed cotton with alcohol into the cavity. There was also the time that he ate lukshen kugel, and while eating he burst into tears because of the terrible pain it caused in the tooth. But all this did not convince him to undergo the treatment. He was terribly afraid of the pain, even though in his mind he understood that this pain was small in comparison to the ongoing and totally unhealthy pain of living with the tooth as it was.

"Look, we must pull the tooth," I told him, "so that's what we're going to do. But it's possible that something will happen in the meantime and the tooth will be healed. Yes, it can happen. Daven to Hashem to heal the tooth so it doesn't have to be pulled."

We made an appointment to have the tooth pulled, and Moishe'le started davening. He davened to Hashem in his own words, asking from the depths of his heart that Hashem should heal the tooth for him and that he would not need to have it pulled. The appointment was set for three weeks later, and Moishe'le utilized the time for davening.

During that time, one day Moishe'le was suffering strong pain in that tooth, and he was taken in to the dentist for first aid. They cleaned out the cavity and put in some medication to calm the pain. The treatment worked temporarily, and the pain subsided.

A week later, it was time for his appointment. Moishe'le went to the dentist with his mother in the morning. I was very concerned, and as soon as *seder* ended in *kollel*, I called to find out what had happened.

"Nu, how was it?" I asked.

"It wasn't!" came the surprising response. "The dentist checked the tooth again and again, and he said it was in good condition. The first aid treatment he received had a good effect, and now there's no need to pull the tooth. We can wait for it to fall out on its own!"

We saw tangibly what an effect the true *tefillos of tinokos shel beis rabban* have. Moishe'le davened, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu heard him. The tooth remained in place!

The Healer of All Flesh

My story begins with a visit to a family doctor. Unfamiliar pains brought me to him. The doctor sent me for testing and more testing, and the diagnosis was a very difficult one. In the next stage, *askanim* entered the picture, and they recommended the most expert doctor in the country. This doctor does not see patients through the health clinic, and in order to get in to him one needs a form from the health fund approving financial coverage of the visit.

I put in a request for the form, but the health fund refused to approve the request. "We have our own doctors who deal with this field," they claimed. They gave me the name of a doctor who worked in their clinic, claiming he was an expert in his field.

I talked this over with those in the know. All of them agreed that the greater expert was the one who worked privately, but paying for a visit was not in my budget. I tried to get some *protektzia* rolling, tried requesting a special inquiry commission, tried convincing the branch manager to convince the management, but everyone stood staunch and firm against my repeated requests.

I explained that it was a matter of *pikuach nefesh*, and the documents showed this black on white, but there was no one to talk to. They refused to give me the form. "Go and see our doctor," they said, "and a speedy recovery to you."

Did I have a choice?! I went to the doctor who was not recommended at all, and he took my case seriously. He instructed and gave what he gave, knowing himself that there was not much to all these treatments. For this specific illness, *I"za*, there is no medication.

On the giving end

A Father's Testimony: The Miracle Happened Within Two Weeks

Everything began two weeks ago. I was sitting at home, lost in my thoughts about my son who is in *shidduchim*. When the phone rang, my heart leaped – perhaps it was the *shadchan*? But on the line was a Yid from the Hashgachah Pratis organization. He spoke about the tremendous *zechus* of strengthening Yidden in *emunah* and *bitachon*, and I thought, "I want to help out, but I myself am in need of a *yeshuah*." I told him, "If within a month my son gets engaged, I will donate 1,000 shekels." And then, less than half a month passed – exactly two weeks after the conversation, we drank *l'chaim!* The joy was great. At the first possible moment, I sent the promised donation. Thank you for giving me the *zechus* of strengthening Yidden in *emunah* and *bitachon*, and thank you for being the good messengers who helped speed up our *yeshuah*.

On the receiving end

For over a year I've been dealing with a very difficult *nisayon*, a situation in which I see no way out, and everything around me has seemed dark and hopeless. Within this darkness I discovered the "Hashgachah Pratis" phone line. The lessons are filled with *emunah* and *bitachon*, and the stories give so much *chizuk*. These serve as a light at the end of the tunnel for me, and they give me the *kochos* to deal with all the difficulties. I thank you from the depths of my heart, and I am hopeful that soon we will see Hashem's *yeshuah* and I will be *zocheh* to see the revealed good. Thank you so much!

But he knew something else that other doctors did not know: that literally at the same time that I was dealing with the diagnosis, doctors were toiling over the development of a medication for when the illness appeared in this specific way. He himself was part of the development team, and when they reached the stage where they give the medication as trial to patients, he included me as a participant in the research.

This itself was a miracle, because the rules are that the trial medication is not given to someone with a history of disease, so that if the medication doesn't work, they will not be able to say it was ineffective due to the patient's other conditions. *B'siyata diShmaya*, I received the medication despite my heavy medical file, and this was indeed the means by which my life was saved!

Half a year later the medication was approved for public use. If I'd had to wait until then, who knows if there would have been who to treat...

I thank Hashem for the incredible processes He arranged for me. A person thinks that everyone is against him, that they are not merciful and don't care, at a time when Hashem put this harshness into the hearts of those who are appointed over him, and this harshness is nothing but the *chessed* and mercy of Hashem to bring about his *refuah*.

Buying Emunah

An *avreich* from Yerushalayim relates: I wish upon all of Am Yisrael problems like mine, with a family that is, *baruch Hashem*, growing and that includes a baby who grew up, threw away his pacifier and bottle, and still sleeps in a crib.

Actually, his younger brother was more flexible, and he joined an older sibling on a mattress on the floor. But we found ourselves wishing for a *yeshuah* in the form of a youth bed, which would allow everyone to sleep normally through the night.

I checked into it and found that a bed like the one we wanted cost 3,000 shekels. It was the month of Nissan, when business is booming in the furniture stores. There are no discounts at this time of year; at most they might agree to lower the price just a bit. And we could not wait any longer. The new bed was not in the realm of luxuries, but I did not have 3,000 shekels.

I didn't want to borrow, and the solution was to order the bed with an arrangement by which I could pay for it only once it was delivered to my home. We found a store willing to sell this way, and we ordered the bed in the beginning of the week.

When would it come? Before Shabbos.

I davened to Hashem, davened from the depths of my heart: "Ribbono shel Olam, You are *kol yachol*. You make people sleep and slumber, and You arouse them from their slumber. You know how much we need these beds for the children You gave us. Gold and silver and trees all belong to You; please send me 3,000 shekels."

On Wednesday the furniture store called to inform me that on the following day – Thursday – the bed would arrive. The next morning, I checked whether any money had somehow been deposited in my bank account, but the automated response did not have any news for me. At 2 p.m. I called a friend with whom I often discuss matters of *emunah*. I said to him, "Now is the time to strengthen ourselves. Let us speak about *emunah*."

He told me several good things, I said some things to him, and we were *mischazeik* together. At 2:45 the delivery man arrived. I had 1,000 shekels at home, which were meant to be used elsewhere, and I decided to use them now. I called a friend and asked him to lend me 2,000 shekels through a direct deposit into my account.

While speaking to him, I made my way to the ATM to withdraw the money. I put my card into the ATM, but the account was empty.

I called the friend who had promised to make the transfer, and he told me apologetically that he did not understand what was happening, why the instructions he was giving the automated phone system were not going through. A process meant to take several moments was not succeeding.

While we were talking, behind me waiting in line for the ATM was the *rosh kollel* of my evening *kollel*. I told him succinctly about the bed and the payment, and I asked if he could lend me 2000 shekels.

He answered that he could, and he wrote out a check not for 2,000 shekels but for 3,000 shekels, and he said, "I'm lending you 2,000, and take 1,000 as a gift!"

I was amazed. Hakadosh Baruch Hu sent the delay in my friend's transfer so that I would receive 1,000 shekels that I would not need to return. Afterward, my friend made the transfer, and that evening the money from the check came in, so I was able to return everything, *baruch Hashem*.

I am grateful and emotional, thanking Hashem with all my heart for the processes and delays He arranged for me, and for the great *chizuk* in *emunah* this experience left me with. May Hashem help us all from this point on, with expansiveness and much *shefa* for every household of Am Yisrael.

Money, Heaven-Sent

Mazal tov, a boy! We had a grandson!

We thanked Hashem with tremendous joy for His great *chessed* toward us and for the *zechus* of being able to see grandsons, and we began to prepare a *shalom zachor*, which would take place in our home, the home of the grandparents.

Once again, I saw that going up in rank would cost money. Every stage in life brings with it more expenses and more *bitachon*, more money and more *emunah*. I know it sounds strange – to take care of expenses for a *shalom zachor*? What's the bid deal? Chickpeas, crackers, candies and nuts. Not some sort of meal with three courses and a hall and waiters. All we needed was some *kibbud* for the crowd that would come to wish a heartfelt *mazal tov*.

I wasn't worried, but I was curious: Where would the money come from? We live with a very strict accounting of expenses, and we try as much as possible to refrain from taking loans. I also knew that He Who gives life would also give *parnassah*, and with the continuation of our generations, Hashem would send the necessary means for his father and mother, and also his grandfather and grandmother, to raise this child.

On Thursday night I went out of *beis midrash* after learning during the later hours. The street was empty. The way to Meah Shearim was quiet and winding. From the windows, lights shone from homes where preparations for Shabbos were underway, and from the calm street arose the sound of a car. The car stopped near me, and someone from within cried out, "Rabbi!" I turned around and saw an American Yid with kind eyes. *He probably wants a donation from me*, I thought to myself. But he surprised me: "Could you use a few dollars?" he asked. I nodded my head.

He took out a few bills and gave them to me. They added up to 1,000 shekels, more than enough to pay for the expenses of the *shalom zachor*.

That's how the money came to me, Heaven-sent.

It's the Person Who Wins, Not the Card

I have no explanation for the experience that repeated itself over the last three weeks, but this is what happened: My son is in *cheder*, and his name came up three times as a winner in an Avos U'banim raffle for the children.

This is what Hashem chose for him, and this is what repeated itself again and again, each Motzai Shabbos, and each time he came away with a coveted toy, which only one out of 150 children can win.

This past week, the fourth Motzai Shabbos, the matter had already become known: My son's card was probably worth more. After my dear son received his card, somehow it fell on the floor, and someone else hurried to pick it up. Who knew – perhaps along with the card, the *mazal* would be transferred to him as well?

I said to myself, what does it matter which card my son is holding? I asked for another card for him. When the time came, the raffle was held and, this time as well, almost as expected, my son won! He received the most expensive prize.

We saw with our own eyes that it is not the card that wins, but the person.

May Hashem help us with things of true value, and thank You also for these small wins!

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Dependent Only on Hashem's Chessed

A person should not think that he deserves to have Hashem fulfill his request because he davened well. If he thinks like this, his sins will be examined. Rather, he should think, "Who am I? I am impoverished and empty. I can depend only on the loving-kindness of the Creator."

(Tur, Orach Chaim, siman 98)

Hashem Has Mercy on Those Who Turn to Him

Bitachon means that we should truly rely on Hashem's mercy, since it is so powerful... Even if a person committed many sins, he should place his hopes in Hashem's mercy.... And if he is beset by hardship, he should be confident that

Hashem will have mercy on him because of that pain and because of his submission to and total reliance on Hashem.... And the hope that comes from this feeling of *bitachon* will become so strong that if trouble threatens him, the fear of his sins will be less intense than the feeling of hope that blossomed in his heart. Hashem's *chedsed* is greater than any sin, and He has compassion on all those who submit themselves to Him and ask for His mercy.

(Rabbenu Yonah, Mishlei 3:26)

He Relies on Hashem's Mercies

When someone davens, he must not think of his merits, but rather he should pay attention to his faults and sins. He

should rely on Hashem's mercy or on his *zechus avos* for his requests to be fulfilled.

(Beis Habechirah LaMeiri, Berachos

10:72)

You Are the Judge and the Defender

"*Mizmor L'David*; Hashem, I call to You, hurry to [help] me, listen to my voice when I call to You" (*Tehillim* 141).

Dovid said: Please, Hashem, allow me to be among those who see Your Face.... What is the meaning of "hurry to me?" Just as I hurried to do Your will, please hurry to answer me.

What was this like? It was like a person brought to judgment before the king. When he saw that everyone else had people to speak in their defense, he called to the ruler and said: I beg of you, all these people have someone to speak in their defense, but I have no one. There is no one to speak on my behalf. Since you are the judge, please be my defender as well.

Dovid said: Some people can rely on their good deeds and others can rely on their fathers' deeds. But I trust in You even though I have no good deeds. I rely on the fact that I call to You, so answer me....

(Midrash Shochar Tov, Tehillim 141)

(Shaar Hamitzvos by Reb Chaim Vital, Introduction)

In Order to Do the Mitzvah

When a person davens to Hashem for his livelihood, to have children, and other such things, he should ask for these things not for himself but in order to carry out the mitzvos of Hashem, like a servant who is asking his Master for the privilege to serve Him, knowing that he has no one to turn to but his Master Himself.

He Should Not Ask According to His Deeds

If a person davens that Hashem should grant him his requests on his own merits, his prayers will face much opposition. If he beseeches Hashem humbly and depends Hashem's mercy, then his opponents will be silenced. They will have nothing to say.

(Aderes Eliyahu, Mishlei 25:15)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah

Every Yid with *yiras Shamayim* learns and knows well the foundations of *emunah* and *bitachon*. These foundations are always on his lips and engraved on his heart, from the words of *Chazal* and from the *sifrei kodesh*.

However, the real test comes at the time of a *nisayon* – in moments of pain, or when faced with financial difficulties, or under heavy pressure. Then we see that *bitachon* can go up in smoke, and a person finds himself doing things that seem to contradict his beliefs.

A similar phenomenon is revealed regarding *middos*: A person who is calm and relaxed is liable to think that his *middos* are perfect, until something touches a sensitive nerve, and everything falls apart. A moment like this reveals that although his *middos* seemed to be perfect, in truth this was only an illusion.

We're not talking about hypocrisy, but about upright, honest people who want with all their hearts to be people of faith and good *middos*. Regarding them the question is asked: What will happen in the moment of *nisayon*?

We can learn the answer from the *parshiyos* of redemption for Am Yisrael, which speak to each and every generation. The pain, the sorrow, and the inner lack we feel – all encompass a personal exile within the "Egyptian exile" of our times. The process of redemption from *Mitzrayim* teaches us how to leave our own personal *galus*.

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

The Way to a Personal Redemption

When we learn the *parshiyos* of *geulah*, we see how Hakadosh Baruch Hu sent Moshe Rabbenu simultaneously to both Pharaoh and Am Yisrael. This is because the *geulah* requires a twofold submission: the submission of the external ruler – Pharaoh, and the submission of the spirit – in Bnei Yisrael themselves, who refused to listen to Moshe Rabbenu "from shortness of breath and hard work."

Beyond Am Yisrael's coming out from under the hand of Pharaoh, they had to come out from the internal *galus* that had become entrenched in their souls. Pharaoh hardened his heart and said, "Who is Hashem?" He considered himself omnipotent. Nowadays, this is manifest in the feeling that "I can do it on my own," which the *yetzer hara* ingrains in us. So long as this point of "an" does not disappear, we will not be able to go out of our personal *Mitzrayim*.

May we be wise enough to understand that we are in Hashem's Hands, that He alone will take us out of our pain, and may we each be *zocheh* to experience our personal *geulah* and the complete redemption of Klal Yisrael; *amen*.



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