

# HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Terumah - Titzaveh 5786 ■ Issue 182

## HEART TO HEART

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

### There Is No One to Blame; There Is One Hashem

A Yid learned, invested time and effort, and made great progress in the *middah* of *bitachon*. He walked hand in hand with Rabbenu Bachyai's instructions, and he is approaching the end of *Shaar Habitachon*. And then Rabbenu Bachyai tells him: You learned well! You've made progress! Make sure you don't lose this holy acquisition. Make sure you safeguard it well and wrap the valuable packages well, to prevent large holes from forming and the expensive acquisitions for which you toiled from leaking away.

When you sit in front of the *sefer* or listen to the phone line, everything seems clear. It's clear that Hashem does everything, that He rules all of creation at all times. It's clear that He is the Reason behind all reasons, and that there is no other power in the world that could do anything on its own. Words of *emunah* are very nice, but what happens when you are tested? What happens in real time when the traffic jam seems to be endless and the *chuppah* is starting in another two minutes? What happens when a medical matter turns life upside down, or when the neighbor who has been fine until now did what he did and your whole option for extending our apartment is decreased significantly?

How do we react to an appointment that is delayed, a doctor who was late, the official who made a mistake, or the job that was taken from us? How do we deal with a sudden blackout and the loss of a day's work, an employee's mistake, or even damage that was done intentionally? What do we do when the *rosh kollel* informs us that there is no budget to pay the *kollel* for the next two months, that there are no donations and no loans?

Rabbenu Bachyai warns us in chapter 7 that there are factors that might influence one to lose his *bitachon*. One of these is being short-sighted, and attributing one's successes and failures to the physical circumstances that are visible to one's eyes. A child in kindergarten sees his friend sitting nearby tearing his artwork. He gets angry and kicks him. One cannot explain to him that the child who tore his artwork is only a messenger of the higher *hashgachah*. A small child does not understand how electrical appliances work. He cannot grasp that it is not the electric wire that gets his machine to work, but the electric power station located far away. He is not capable of understanding that a building stands on deep foundations hidden from the eye.

The child needs to grow before one can explain

these basic truths to him. But with adults, it is expected that we understand this. In real time, we need to remember that there is a Higher Power. How painful it is to see people who have been in this world for decades and are filled with complaints and anger and are always casting blame on others: This one took my job; he stole my *shidduch*; my "friend" maligned us and that's why my son didn't get into yeshivah; the driver did it to him on purpose when he took a wrong turn and caused him to miss an important meeting.

It's true that there are people who have the authority to decide and to act, and this gives a person the feeling that he is in their hands. When a bird flies into a home and dirties it, we are forgiving, understanding that the bird was heaven-sent, and we merely go about the task of cleaning up. On the other hand, when a child does the same, or an older person causes an unpleasant encounter, we blame, we get angry. The fact that the offender was a person who is supposed to control his actions makes the *nisayon* greater.

However, the fact that it was done by a person with *bechirah* does not change the reality: Only the Creator runs the world. No power in the world can harm or help us without His permission. We need to internalize and strengthen this truth all the time, throughout our life. We should work on this specifically during calm times, when the heart is free to understand things and to strengthen itself, so that in times of *nisayon* we don't lose our *bitachon* to a mistaken way of relating to only the physical circumstances that are visible to our eyes.

How many times do you hear people complaining: *Why did you do that? Why didn't you think? Why did you ruin it?* We could get angry at the immediate cause of the loss, when in truth, the person who seems responsible for it is no more than a messenger of *hashgachah*. Let us prepare for ourselves the proper thoughts of *emunah*, and this will melt away all the negative false claims that we have against the people around us. In this way we will gain the ability to judge favorably and to continue on in our life's work, without investing excess energy in seeking blame.

May Hashem *yisbarach*, in His mercy, show us kindness that is visible to the eye and grant us opportunities to give thanks to His trustworthy messengers, when even at times like these we'll remember that they are nothing other than messengers of Hashem.

## FROM THE EDITOR

### What Is a Truly Good Deal?

A precious Yid relates:

My father *shlit"z*, who lives in Williamsburg, just retired after forty years of teaching Torah to young children.

Throughout those years he kept the same daily schedule: In the morning he would teach, and in the afternoon he worked in the diamond exchange.

When people asked him, "What do you do?" He would answer simply: "In the morning I deal with diamonds, and in the afternoon I deal with stones."

I am inspired to know that there is a Yid who understands what is truly a diamond and what is just a stone, what is truly an expensive pearl in contrast to a simple stone with a borrowed name of prestige.

Everything in the world has its true name. Its true name is its essence, its internal point.

*B'siyata diShmaya*, we have very big, exciting news: The *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletter is going to start coming out weekly, in double format of eight pages.

*Newsletter* is a borrowed name. The real name is *Projector Lamp* – a great light that shines into all the corners.

The essence of this newsletter is that it gives *chizuk* and mindfulness, bequeathing true peace and serenity, and shedding light in the depth of the *neshamah* of every Yid. The "distribution" of this newsletter is also a borrowed term. The real name should be "*mashpia* – positive influence," for this newsletter showers hundreds of Yidden with the life-giving dew of *emunah*.

"Business," as used to describe, for example, a real estate business, is likewise a borrowed term. A true *business* is the newsletter you hold in your hand: a small investment in this world, with tremendous benefits in the World to Come.

The greatest investment is distribution of this pamphlet. With one small act, one can bring *emunah* to fifty additional homes!

Fifty families means hundreds of people. There are hundreds of people who come closer to Hashem in your merit!

If to date we have reached hundreds of thousands of readers, we now hope to reach over a million. And that depends on you.

Take part in this initiative with us. Call our center of distribution at \*6716, extension 4, and become an influencer for our generation!

Gut Shabbat  
Pinchas Shefer

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

You can also join the many Jews who have changed their lives, by calling:

HASHGACHA PRATIS HOTLINE  
Yiddish, Hebrew, English.

North America 151-86-130-140 • In England 0330-390-0489 • In Belgium 0-380-844-28 • In Israel 02-301-1300

In Australia 613-996-10005 • In South Africa 87-551-8521 • In Argentina 3988-4031 • In Ukraine 380-947-100-633

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

# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

## Tzedakah Given During Shacharis

I was *zocheh* to help a Yid from Eretz Yisrael who came to Boro Park to collect money, and I accompanied him and tried to speak on his behalf. One morning, I planned on going with him from one minyan to the next, and with Hashem's help, we would collect a nice sum.

The Yid from Eretz Yisrael heard my plan and said, "Nu, for sure. That's why I'm here. But first I must daven *Shacharis*."

"Sure," I answered him. "Daven *Shacharis*, and afterward we'll collect the money."

At that moment I did not know what he meant by "daven *Shacharis*." I thought he meant a *Shacharis* like mine. I did not know how long davening *Shacharis* took him. He davened with *deveikus*; he literally entered into the *tefillah*, said "*Shema*" with his whole self aflame, said each word as though he were counting coins. He did not feel the time passing and did not realize that people who could have contributed to his cause had already left the premises. We lost out on several minyanim before the guest finally folded up his tallis and, with utmost care, packed his tefillin into his bag and joined me.

At first, the pickings were sparse: We received a dollar, two, or five, but nothing more. Seeing this, I asked the Ribbono shel Olam: "Show me that a lengthy *tefillah* does not come at a loss of donations, please!"

And then, literally a second after my silent *tefillah*, we went over to a Yid and asked him for a donation for a Yid from Eretz Yisrael. "How much do you want?" he asked.

I told him.

"That's all?! For a Yid from Eretz Yisrael you ask for so little?! I'll give you way more!" And he gave a significant sum that was worth all the minyanim we had missed.

## A Simple Yid's Secret

A Yid from America relates: I want to tell you about a Yid I know. This is a simple Yid. He davens three times a day, goes to a *shiur*, lives by halachah, but has no special *hasagos*. He works for his living in Manhattan, and most of the day he is there. The big surprise is that all his sons are great *talmidei chachamim*, *marbitzei Torah*, precious Yidden who established glorious families and are *mezakeh the rabbim*.

One day I asked him, "How were you *zocheh*? Tell me, what is your secret? You are a businessman, and your sons...each one is so special!"

"I'll tell you about a small *mesirus nefesh* I had," the businessman answered me. "Despite the many years that I have been working in Manhattan, I have no idea what Manhattan looks like. When I travel by car to work, I focus only on the road, looking neither right or left. I never look out the side window, not even once. I guard my eyes so as not to see any *peritzus*, *chas v'shalom*.

I stand in my store, and I have no idea what the street looks like. It is possible that this is my *zechus*."

I think it is a mitzvah to publicize this type of testimony. May we all be *zocheh* to see *nachas* and *doros yesharim*!

## The Bentcher Arrived Exactly on Time

A *melamed* from Beit Shemesh relates: At the end of the winter *zman*, with the beautiful blossoming of spring and the gorgeous weather that Hashem in His mercies provided, we took our *talmidim* to a park in Ashdod. This was a large park with a lot of grass and wonderful swings and slides, and the children were playing with great enthusiasm.

We, the *melamid*, sat off to the side and ate a meal. When we finished eating I wanted to *bentch*, but then I recalled that the *bentcher* I always take everywhere with me had remained behind on the bus, some distance away from where we were sitting. I wondered what I could do, being that a short while ago I had taken upon myself to always say *Birkas Hamazon* from a *bentcher*, and I was always careful to do so!

While I was thinking, a maintenance man in the park walked over to us. "I see you are religious Jews," he said, holding his hand out toward us. "I found this. Perhaps you want it?" "Yes!" I said immediately. "This" was none other than a *bentcher*! Thus I was able to keep to my *kaballah* and read the *bentching* word for word, and the other *melamid* were able to do so as well, aside from the *zechus* we had in saving this *bentcher* from likely being defiled and thrown into the garbage.

I felt tangibly that I was being helped from Above to maintain my *kaballah* and to *bentch* properly before Hashem.

## The Golden Dove

A Yid from Elad relates: I travel to yeshivah in Bnei Brak each day, where I serve as a *maggid shiur* in the afternoons. Usually, I leave home at about 2 p.m., after lunch.

That day, I got on the bus and was already at the final stop in Elad when I suddenly remembered: I forgot to say *Al hamichyah*! How could this be?! *Baruch Hashem*, I had eaten a healthy lunch, which included farfel, and I had left the house without a *berachah achronah*! At the last minute, I got off the bus and turned back in the direction of home. I was in a big rush, and I ran all the way. To my family's surprise, I explained that, no, nothing was wrong, but I had forgotten to say a *berachah achronah* properly, in the place where I'd eaten.

I said the *berachah*, word for word, and left for the bus stop again. On the way, I was thinking that what happened to me was truly like what happened to Rabba bar bar Chana from the Gemara. He was walking with a group in the desert, and after they stopped to eat, he remembered that he hadn't said a *berachah achronah* in place. In order to get the head of the group to agree to go back, he told him that he had left behind a golden dove. So they went back, and a miracle occurred: In the grains of sand in the desert he found a golden dove glittering!

I told myself that the first part of the story was very similar. I left behind a group — on the bus — in order to go back and say a *berachah achronah* where I had eaten. Now, what was left was to pick up the golden dove...

Wonder of wonders: That day after *shiur* a *bachur* came over to me and gave me an envelope from his father with 250 dollars inside, as a token of gratitude.

I was amazed. It's rare to receive an envelope from a *talmid* mid-year, not for Purim or Chanuka, and not even for Tu B'Shvat.

This was nothing other than Hakadosh Baruch Hu completing the story and giving me my "golden dove."

## A Few Thousand More

My brother and I live in different places. One day the Rav of my brother's *kehillah* approached me and said, "I wanted to ask if you could help out with a matter in which your brother is involved."

I listened to what he had to say, and I heard for the first time that my brother was involved in

## On the giving end

For years I walked around with deep pain in my heart. I would walk in the street, enter a shul or an event, and feel as though I were made of air. When I spoke I would feel that no one heard me, and this hurt me deeply. I felt deflated and pitiable, as though there was no place for me in this world. A year ago, I decided to act: I joined the *Hashgachah Pratis* initiative as a partner, making a significant monthly donation to take part in the dissemination of *emunah* and *bitachon*. After I signed on this donation, a miracle happened! I do not know how to explain it, but my reality looks completely different. Suddenly everyone sees me; suddenly I have self-confidence. The feeling that I am invisible has disappeared completely from my life. My life has simply taken a turn.

## On the receiving end

We wanted to stop for a moment to thank you from the depths of our heart. While this wasn't the first time we are marrying off a child, *baruch Hashem*, something in the preparation time was completely different. Throughout the last few weeks, the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line has become an inseparable part of our home. We simply did not stop listening. In the *zechus* of the words of *chizuk*, the stories, and the *shiurim* on the line, something wonderful happened: We came to our son's wedding with inner peace and true serenity, without all the stress and pressure that usually accompany these events. Thank you for giving us the *zechus* of attending our own son's wedding with serenity, joy, and happiness in our hearts!

some sort of dispute involving money. After making halachic inquiries, I realized my brother was obligated to pay a few thousand shekels, but he was not doing so.

"This whole story is causing tension and *machlokes*," the Rav told me, "and I feel that for the sake of peace we must put a stop to it. It's possible that I will have no choice but to pay at least part of the sum from my own pocket."

I told the Rav, "The Rav can relax; it's my responsibility now. I'll pay the sum in small installments, and regarding my brother — I'll work it out with him."

I was thinking that a few thousand shekels was not the end of the world, and I would deal with it. I would put my credit card through for several payments, and that would be it. A few hours later, the Yid to whom my brother owed the money phoned me, and I took care of it. Ten minutes later I left my house to go to Maariv. My upstairs neighbor called me and asked, "Do you want to help me?"

Did I want? Of course I wanted. I always wanted to help. "What is this about?"

"Do you remember how you helped me twenty years ago?" the neighbor asked.

The truth was that I did not remember. But the neighbor removed all the dust covering over my memory and reminded me that at the time it had been difficult for him to meet certain payments, and I had helped him. "And now I want to return the money to you," he concluded. "Can you sit with me tonight to make an accounting?"

I agreed happily. That evening we sat and talked it over, and we came to the conclusion that the neighbor owed me a large sum of money, much more than the few thousand shekels I had paid for my brother after my conversation with the Rav.

I saw this as *hashgachah pratis*, encouragement from *Shamayim* for the fact that I was *zocheh* to do a good deed.

## It's Not Only a Name That Has Initials

A Yid from Monsey relates: I have a business selling tallis and tefillin bags. We offer different styles of embroidery, and of course a customer can have his name embroidered on the bag that he buys.

One day a Yid came and asked to buy a bag for Rashi tefillin — not a large tallis bag, and not a tefillin bag for a bar mitzvah *bachur* either, but something smaller. I ordered the style he wanted, with his initials embroidered on the outside: *ק.פ.א.*

Several days later the order arrived, but the customer was dissatisfied. The bag was too large, and it did not suit him to put it into his tallis bag. I felt bad for him because he would have to wait another few days until we arranged for a bag in the size he wanted and had it embroidered for him. I also felt bad for myself, because I lost money. The bag we prepared for him and had embroidered would not be able to be sold. What are the chances that another Yid with the same initials would show up and want a bag of this size and style? What were the odds?!

*Gam zo l'tovah.* I placed the bag in a corner of the store and almost forgot about the whole thing.

Several years passed. One day, an elderly Yid entered the store holding an especially large pair of tefillin, larger than what we normally see. "These tefillin belonged to my father," the Yid told me. "My father took these tefillin, sewed into his clothes, and with all his travels through concentration camps, the tefillin came along with him. He used them every day!" The elderly man was excited. "My father always said that he felt he survived the war in the *zechus* of these tefillin. Now, in honor of his *yahrzeit*, I had them refurbished, and now the *battim* are larger than they were before. Do have a bag that would fit them?"

I measured the tefillin. They were too small to be placed in a tallis bag but too large for a tefillin bag, whether for Rashi or Rabbenu Tam tefillin. "I could order you a bag in this size," I suggested, "but it will take a few days."

"That will not help me," the elderly man said. "I need to travel soon. Don't you have anything in stock now?"

"You know what?" I said as I jumped up from my place. "I have something I had special-made, but it did not suit my customer. It's a bag that is the perfect size for your father's tefillin. But it already has initials on it: *ק.פ.א.* Would that be okay for you?"

"Excellent, perfect!" he answered enthusiastically. "These initials suit me perfectly. — *ק.פ.א.* קריג אריבער פון קריג — Survived the war!

Tears glistened in the man's eyes, and in mine as well. I was so moved that I decided to give him the bag as a gift in memory of his righteous father, with my wishes for the long life of the son and the life of Klal Yisrael, the eternal nation.

## A Hat Isn't a Game

I am a young *avreich* living in London.

Over a year ago, when I reached the age of *shidduchim*, my parents bought me a new hat.

*Baruch Hashem*, I was married within the year, and in honor of the wedding I got a new hat, and the older one remained in my parents' home.

The older hat was in excellent condition, since I had worn it for only about a year, and when I came to my parents' home for Pesach, my parents asked me to take it with me. "Do whatever you want with it," my mother said. It was just taking up space in their house.

I took the hat, knowing that it was totally extra for me as well. I have only one head, *baruch Hashem*. I left my parents' home and met the neighbor, who works as a *melamed* in the neighborhood *cheder*. I asked him, "Do you have any use for this hat?"

"Yes," the melamed answered simply. "The children will be very happy with it."

He was happy, I was happy, his children would be happy, and of course my mother was happy too.

A while later, when I came to visit my parents again, I met that neighbor, and he told me about the *gilgulim* the hat had gone through after I gave it to him:

After Pesach, before the third of Iyar, my friend from America landed here in London. He called me from the airport with a problem. "My hat disappeared," he said. "Would you be able to get me a spare in the meantime?"

"I have an excellent hat at home," I answered him. "I got it from a neighbor who was thinking of throwing it out, but it is in excellent condition. Come over to see if it fits you."

He came, and I was thrilled with the surprise visit. He tried on the hat and discovered that it fit him even better than the one that had gotten lost. He's continuing with this hat to Kerestir, and from there he'll be flying home."

Instead of the hat being squashed in the garbage somewhere, *hashgachah* brought it to grace the head of a Yid who was going to daven at *kivrei tzaddikim*. Who knows, perhaps to this day he is walking around wearing my hat, may it be for many long, healthy years.

## Without Waiting

A *bachur* from Modi'in Illit relates: On Thursday evening I returned from yeshivah in Bnei Brak, and before going home I went into the Heichal Yitzchak shul to daven Maariv. Only when I was in the middle of davening did I remember something very important: I had left my suitcase behind, in the luggage compartment of the bus.

In the suitcase were things I needed for Shabbos, laundry to be washed, important *sefarim*, and other possessions. I had to find it, meaning — I had to catch up with that bus.

If I hadn't been in middle of davening, I would have gone immediately to the bus terminal to try to catch the bus before it began its next run. But I had already begun davening, and I strengthened myself to continue to the end without forgoing anything, and to deal with the missing suitcase only afterward. That's what I did. Only once I had finished davening did I go to the terminal, and there I asked one of the drivers what I could do. The driver sent me to the man in charge, who in turn checked the bus's location and informed me that the bus would arrive any minute.

Two minutes later the bus showed up, and I took the suitcase, which had waited for me faithfully in the luggage compartment under the bus.

Now I realized that if I had gone to the terminal in the middle of davening I would not have gained anything. I would only have missed out davening with a minyan, and I would have had to wait a long time.

*Baruch Hashem*, I got my suitcase back without losing out on davening with a minyan.

## Seize the Opportunity

At this time, this special newsletter is available in English in digital form only. If you would like the unique privilege

of having it printed and made more available to the general public, please contact us at

972-2-631-3742

## נעם דו אויך א חלק אין די באוועגונג אויסצושפרייטן אמונה איבער די וועלט

You, too, can be a partner in spreading emunah throughout the world, and merit the *Zohar's* promise of "children and grandchildren who are G-d-fearing and upright!"

Call now to the sponsorship hotline (972) 631-3742 or donate by:

בעמדות נדרים פליס  
נ"ע'ש הגחמה פרטיית

משלוח בדואר  
ת.ד. 5475 ירושלים

העברה לבנק לאומי

בנק 10 | טנין 902 | חשבון 57390056

## Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim



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

**Hundreds of  
thousands the  
world over  
have transformed  
their lives into an  
oasis of peace and  
serenity.**

**Call the  
hashgacha  
pratis phone-  
line and feel  
enveloped  
by peace and  
serenity.**

**Called from Israel  
,+972-30-11-300  
U.S  
,151-86-130-140  
England  
,0-330-3900-489  
Belgium  
,0-380-844-28  
Regina  
,31-840-398  
South Africa  
,8755-18-521  
Ukraine  
380-947-100-633**

### The Purpose of *Tefillah* Is to Show Our Dependence on Hashem and then it will be accepted.”

(Zera Kodesh, Vayigash)

The real purpose of *tefillah* is not so much for it to be answered, but rather to demonstrate that the only One to Whom it makes sense to daven is Hashem. We daven because we recognize that we are absolutely helpless and that only He can provide our needs, and Hashem rewards us accordingly.

Based on this, we can answer a major question regarding the concept of prayer. It would be improper to request something repeatedly from a human king, especially if that request has

already been refused; it would only anger the king. But we make the same eighteen requests of Hashem three times each day – morning, afternoon, and evening. Even though most of these things have not been granted to us, we continue to ask for them each day. This is because the purpose of *tefillah* is to demonstrate that only Hashem can grant us our needs, and Hashem knows when and whether to grant them.

(Beis Elokim, Shaar Tefillah, ch. 2)

### Daven Constantly, and Your Prayer Will Be Accepted

The root of the word *tefillah* connotes *connection*, because through *tefillah* a person connects himself to Hashem, and once that is accomplished, his *tefillah* will certainly make a difference. Hashem desires that His people daven to Him, and therefore one must never say, “I have tried many times and I was not answered at all.” Instead, one should say, “I’d better keep on davening, for eventually His mercy will be aroused. He wants my *tefillah* to be constantly on my lips,

#### He Should Daven Repeatedly

Rabi Chama b'Rabi Chanina said: If a person sees that his davening has gone unanswered, he should not despair but should rather daven again, as Dovid Hamelech taught (*Tehillim* 27:14), “Place your hope in Hashem” in prayer, and if your *tefillah* was not answered, then “strengthen and encourage your heart” – strengthen yourself and don’t stop davening, but rather continue to “place your hope in Hashem.”

(Berachos 32b)

#### In the Merit of *Bitachon*

The Ramban wrote that if a person lacks the merit to deserve having his *tefillah* accepted, the mere fact that he affirms his trust in Hashem repeatedly and believes that Hashem wants him to daven again and again makes him worthy of having his *tefillah*

answered.

(Harav Yosef Shaul Nathanson, cited in *Likutei Basar Likutei*)

#### You Never Know

Even if someone has davened for the same thing for many years and it seems that he has not accomplished anything, he should not stop davening for it. In the end he will see that his *tefillah* helped him tremendously. The *Midrash Shmuel* (ch. 4) teaches that some *tefillas* help immediately, some after three days, and some after thirty years! The important thing is to realize that when it seems that one’s *tefillah* has had no effect, this is not true. It could be that if he had not been davening all along, the situation would be much worse than it is, and his *tefillah* had a partial effect, as Rabi Yehoshua ben Levi said (in *Vayikra Rabbah*).

(Chayei Olam by the Steipler Rav zy”a, ch. 28)

### A Thought on *Bitachon*

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah

In *Parshas Yisro* we learn about how Yisro arrived in the desert. “And Yisro heard” – Rashi asks: What did Yisro hear? He heard about *Krias Yam Suf* and the war with Amalek.

Many commentators question Rashi’s words here, because the Torah testifies that Yisro heard *all* that Hashem had done for Moshe and Am Yisrael. He heard about the ten *makkos*, about how they left Mitzrayim, how they received the *mann*, and Miriam’s well. If so, why does Rashi choose to focus only on *Krias Yam Suf* and the war with Amalek?

The answer is that there is a great principle hidden here: When the Torah tells us that Yisro “heard,” it is not referring to merely receiving information, but to a deep understanding. Yisro, who thought about what he heard, discovered an interesting spiritual secret: that whenever there is a great revelation of Hashem, such as *Krias Yam Suf*, when even a maidservant saw tremendous revelations, Amalek immediately appears and tries to “cool them off,” confuse them, and create a war. Yisro understood that these two things always come together.

This principle accompanies us during the most exalted spiritual moments.

For example, when a person marries off his children, it

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

#### Invest in What Is Truly Important

is a great *eis ratzon*, a time when a new *bayis ne'eman* is being established. This is a great time to daven for the young couple: for a *binyan adei ad*, for a house established on the precepts of the holy Torah, for the couple to have righteous children. At this critical moment, the Heavens are open and all the *tefillas* are accepted.

And specifically at such a time, the “war with Amalek” begins. The *yetzer* come with a gamut of silly distractions, with claims that one should invest a lot in the hall, the band, the food, the flowers and other props, with the claim that “a wedding comes once in a lifetime.”

This is the time to stop and remember: Yes, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity; and a true opportunity demands spiritual investment, so that we will be able to come to this great day with a focus on the main thing, and so that we will be able to daven with a clear mind from the depths of our heart for the success of this home, with all the silly distractions put to the side. May Hashem help us all to marry off our children with inner joy and much bounty, and may we be *zocheh* to much *nachas* and *doros yesharim*.