

HASHGACHA PRATIS

Incredible stories of Hashgacha Pratis in our times. Words of chizuk heard on the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line.

השגחה
פרטית

A World of Emunah
A Life of Bitachon

Shabbos Chol Hamoed, Pesach 5786 ✦ 185

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

It's for Real!

It's hard to believe that this is finally happening! Our newly revised and expanded newsletter is actually going to print. Is it logical? Of course not. Only *emunah* in Hashem can explain it.

"You should know that I pray all the time for your biweekly newsletter to become a weekly," one Yid told me. I was afraid to take the leap, but his words kept echoing in my ears again and again.

Seeing my hesitation, this very dear Yid turned to the One Address that never fails us. He continued davening to Hashem that this incredible newsletter would go to print every week and that it would reach millions of Jews across the globe.

And now it's happening.

There's no better season to start! Pesach is the time of *emunah*, when our ancestors in every generation recounted the great miracles of *Yetzias Mitzrayim*. And the miracles and wonders reoccur again and again in every generation.

We are living in times of tremendous overt *nisim*. Volumes can be filled with descriptions of the miracles that happened in recent weeks alone. Think of the missile that made a direct hit in Arad. One could easily write a book to describe the hundreds of miracles and examples of obvious *hashgachah* that the residents of those buildings experienced. Hashem is giving us constant glimpses of His never-ending love for us.

Thank you, dear sponsors of this newsletter. Your generosity is enabling this great *kiddush Hashem*, and Hashem will surely reward you greatly.

Good Shabbos
Pinchas Shefer

They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

The Sudden Inheritance

Mere days before the huge event, the funding for it arrived

Finally, after years of prayer and longing to immigrate to Eretz Yisrael, the holy Baba Sali zy"ta experienced the realization of his dreams. From his hometown in Morocco, he set out on the long, difficult journey to the Land of our forefathers.

While the Baba Sali was passing through a city on his way, an esteemed Jew proposed a *shidduch* between his righteous daughter and the Baba Sali's only son, Meir, who was born to him after fourteen years of marriage. This was surely an emotional, joyous occasion for the Baba Sali, but so great was his longing to reach Eretz Yisrael that he did not want to delay his arrival there even in order to marry off his beloved only son! Instead, the Baba Sali instructed his brother, the Baba Chaki, to take care of all the necessary arrangements for his son Meir's engagement and subsequent wedding.

While his son was engaged, the Baba Sali arrived in the Holy Land, bending down to

kiss its parched earth with all the love and pathos of a son come home. From his new home he sent a letter to his brother, instructing him not to push off the date of the wedding in order to wait for him. He would forgo being at the wedding and just wanted to send some instructions before the big day.

Among other things, he told his brother "to gather all the poor people of the city and sew them festive garments, like those for the family members, so they would feel comfortable at the *simchah* along with all the other members of the community." The cost of this endeavor, along with the other expenses of the huge communal wedding, would amount to an astronomical sum, and no one in the Abuchatzzeira family had the foggiest notion of how to raise the money.

But the iron strength of the Baba Sali's *emunah* was unshakeable. He was absolutely certain, and he asserted repeatedly, that He Who had given him a son and



✦ For the Miracles and Wonders ✦

Rav Tzvi Gombo *shlit"á* of Bnei Brak related the following incredible story:

It was Shabbos afternoon, and I was sitting and learning tranquilly in my room on the Eastern side of our apartment on Donolo Street in Bnei Brak. All was peaceful – the unique quiet and peace of a Shabbos afternoon.

It was the Shabbos before Purim, and the war between Israel and Iran had broken out that morning, but at that moment, nothing about the atmosphere indicated that anything was amiss.

Then, suddenly, the peace was abruptly shattered. At 4:30 p.m. I heard a huge *boom*. Too loud to be dismissed as another successful missile interception, I knew this was a direct missile hit, and if the sound was any indication, it was close by, *very* close.

I opened the door of the room and met a cloud of smoke.

I was shocked. My house had taken a direct hit. I held my breath to prevent the smoke from entering my lungs and tried to find a way to the porch door. Stumbling through the darkness in confusion, I found myself instead in the hallway near the dining room. Suddenly, I saw my son Yaakov covered from head to toe in a white film of dust.

To put it very simply, our home was destroyed. Utter destruction. And in the midst of crumbling walls, overturned furniture, and total chaos, stood my son, my grandson, and I, alive and well. How had this obvious miracle occurred?! All of us were in an apartment that was totally destroyed, and none of us was hurt.

I stand before you now, whole and healthy, and I would like to give praise to the One Above, Who revealed Himself to us with overflowing compassion at a time of what seemed like severe tragedy. Thank

you Hashem! Shlomo Hamelech said that You dwell where there is fog and concealment, and I found You there in countless ways.

Several moments before the missile landed in our dining room, my son Yaakov and his son were sitting and learning at the table. One of the over twenty pieces of the Iranian missile that flew into our home was 20 cm. wide and half a meter long. It landed in the room *a half meter away from them!!*

My daughter and son-in-law live in the apartment above ours. Between our two dining rooms there are ten windows in all, and the adjacent porches are enclosed by glass as well. All of this glass shattered completely. The glass encasing where we keep our *leichter* shattered to the ground, along with shards from the windows and the heavy plastic divider between the kitchen and dining room.

The ceiling caved in. Heavy pieces of cement crashed to the ground. One of the pieces weighed 10 kilo, and it landed right near my grandson's arm, but it left him with only a slight graze, which formed a black-and-blue mark to commemorate the miracle! The fact that my son and grandson emerged from this destroyed room alive is miracle enough; the fact that they were completely unhurt is unfathomable.

There were only two windows in the whole apartment that did not shatter. One of them is the window directly above where I was sitting and learning in the inner room. I shudder to think of what could have happened had the window shattered and the shards hit my face.

We have two doors leading into our apartment – an inner door made of heavy metal, which was open, and an outer door made of wood, which was closed. When the siren sounded, our upstairs neighbors came down into the stairwell right near our home. Although the wooden door fell apart completely, and pieces of it flew in all directions, *not one of the twenty people standing there was hurt in the least. Not one.*

The fact that they all came down into the stairwell was a miracle in itself. In my daughter's home, if someone is sleeping when a siren goes off, they don't usually

>>> continued from page 1

provided for all his needs to this day would pay the bills. He wrote these words of *emunah* to his brother the Baba Chaki and to the entire family, strengthening their hearts with the force of his faith.

Several days before the wedding was to take place, one of the wealthiest members of the community in Tangier passed away. He left an explicit will in which he declared

unequivocally:

"My entire fortune, and all my possessions, I leave to the holy Abuchatzzeira family!"

Incredibly enough, the money from the inheritance was exactly enough to cover the costs of the massive event.

(In honor of the *yahrtzeit* of the holy Rav Meir Shalom ben Rabi Yisrael Baba Sali Abuchatzzeira, *zy"á*, who was *niftar* on 17 Nissan 5743)

Shiur by Harav Hagoon Rav Dovid Kletzkin shlit"ta

The Gift of *Emunah*

Imagine that someone has a *yahrtzeit* for his father and arranges to get *maftir* for the *aliyas neshamah* of his beloved father. Before *krias haTorah* begins, he reminds the *gabbai* about his request and receives a quick nod of confirmation in response. Relieved, he follows along with the reading in the *Chumash*. But then, to his shock, when it is time for *maftir*, someone else goes up instead of him. Someone else is getting his *maftir*!

He could become angry, blame the *gabbai* for forgetting, or blame himself for not standing close enough to the *gabbai*. He could be really upset about losing out on a great *zechus* for his father.

He could also...believe in Hashem. Accept that this, like everything else, is Divinely orchestrated; that it's good for him, even if he doesn't understand why. *Emunah* enables him to get over this mishap very quickly, to forgive the *gabbai*, and to grasp that he will elevate his father's soul today in a different way than he had planned. By responding with *emunah*, he is giving his father great *nachas* in *Shamayim*. This is just one example that demonstrates how sweet is the life of a Jew with *emunah*. He still has problems, but he has the right perspective on life, and it enables him to meet whatever comes his way with equilibrium.

Emunah is the foundation of a good life. A righteous man lives with *emunah*. Avraham Avinu was chosen to father our nation because of his *emunah*. There are many *pesukim* that demonstrate this, among them one that speaks especially to our generation. The Torah tells us that *Hashem believes in those who believe in Him*.

Hashem created this world because He believed that mankind would believe in Him. He believed in us, His children, who remember Him despite the storms and upheavals that surround us. He especially believed in *us* — believed that even in the darkness and concealment of this final generation, we would believe in Him. We have to justify His belief in us. We have to give our Creator the gift of our belief in Him.

wake them up. My son-in-law, having stayed up late learning the night before, should have been napping. For some reason, he awoke with the siren and decided to go out into the stairwell. Later, he discovered that the force of the hit had caused the movable metal ceiling above his bed to fall right on top of it, the heavy armoire near the bed turned over onto it as well, and the door of the room flew off its hinges. Had he remained in the room sleeping he would certainly have been crushed beneath the rubble.

Their toddler was sleeping in his stroller in the exact place where the missile fell, but they had moved him into a side room just several minutes earlier so the noise of the children playing in the main room would not wake him. He continued sleeping peacefully right through the ensuing chaos.

My son Yaakov's wife, who had just given birth, was resting with the newborn in a room in our home. When the siren sounded she remained lying in bed, since she didn't have the strength to get up. Her sweet little son Nosson had decided that his mother and the baby needed fresh air, and he opened the window. This is a small window, and the glass panels slide into the wall when opened. When all the glass in the house shattered, these panels were encased by the brick wall and remained whole, sparing both mother and baby.

Two granddaughters were sitting in a room on the Western side of the house, each on a bed that was under a window. At one point one of them left the house to visit a friend and the other remained in the room, reading a book on the bed. After the crash, we saw how the window above the bed that was empty shattered completely, and even its disjointed frame landed heavily on the bed, along with countless shards of glass, but the window above the other bed, where my granddaughter was sitting and reading, *remained completely whole*.

I've just recounted the open miracles of Hashem that we saw with our own eyes on Shabbos *Parshas Zachor*, 11 Adar 5786. At our Purim *seudah* this year, our entire family said *Nishmas* aloud, word for word, thanking our Father and King for His great mercies. May we and all of Am Yisrael always see them!

✦ I Got Two Chavrusas in One Day ✦

M. Goldstein, a *bachur* from Bnei Brak, told the following story:

This happened to me during corona, but I feel that it's so important to tell the story now, when there's a war and we need to strengthen ourselves in learning.

When the corona virus broke out, our yeshivah initially set up *sedarim* over the phone, and many *bachurim* arranged to learn with new *chavrusas*. Somehow, I was left out in the cold with no *chavrusas* at all! I knew that I had to be strong and to sit and learn regardless of the difficult circumstances, so I pushed myself to learn. Morning *seder*. Afternoon *seder*. It wasn't easy.



I plugged on for a full week, and it was hard – very hard! How long could a person sit alone in a room and focus properly? How much longer, I wondered, would I be able to struggle for understanding on my own?

By the end of that week, I felt I couldn't do it anymore. I opened a *sefer Tehillim* and began to read each *perek*, word for word. I didn't stop until I had recited the entire *sefer*.

The following morning I got two calls. The first was from a *bachur* who asked to learn with me over the phone for morning *sefer*, and the second was from another *bachur*, who wanted to learn with me in the afternoons!

✦ My Grandfather's Segulah ✦

Rabbi Y. K. from Givat Ze'ev related the following story:

My grandfather always says that when one is in need of extra Divine assistance, there is a tried and true *segulah* he can use, and it's called: Do a favor for another Yid.

So I use his *segulah* whenever I need extra protection or assistance from on High, and it never fails me. There are so many favors you can do for others. You can help a neighbor or family member financially. If you have a car, you can offer a ride home from the supermarket. On Erev Pesach, everyone here is busy running from one sale to another. You can help people out by telling them where and when the next sale is taking place. You can "adopt" a Yid – a young child, teenager, or older person, and simply give them extra attention.

Several years ago, an esteemed Yid, whom I knew personally, passed away, and during his *levayah* I decided to help his widow prepare for Pesach in whatever way I could. Since she lives in the same building as my in-laws, I knew exactly where to go. I asked around and managed to raise 1700 shekels, which I used to buy all sorts of basic products in the local supermarket. I then delivered the products directly to her doorstep, after which I went in to visit my in-laws and offered them some help with Pesach cleaning. While I was helping out, my father-in-law mentioned that he had regards for me from my brother-in-law in America.

"You know," he continued, "he decided to divide his *ma'aser* money among the family here in Eretz Yisrael, and he transferred a large sum for me to divide among all of you. I have one part of it in cash,

and I can give it to you right now."

My father-in-law handed me an envelope.

I opened it and counted the money inside.

There were exactly 1700 shekels in the envelope.

✦ Clear Vision ✦

Rabbi Pinchas Wosner from England told the following story:

There is an excellent eye doctor here in London, and people even travel from abroad to see him. My son had a vision issue that needed immediate intervention, and I made an urgent appointment to meet with this specialist.

I knew that the cost of this private appointment would be exorbitant, but the doctor's expertise made the price worthwhile.

I had no idea how I'd pay for it. The night before the appointment I still didn't have the money, but I assured my family that Hashem would take care of it for us. *Baruch Hashem*, I was able to sleep peacefully.

The next morning, I opened my front door to find that someone had pushed an envelope in between the door and the door frame, and inside it was the exact sum of money I needed to pay the doctor. This was a sum of money I was supposed to have receive well before Pesach, but somehow its delivery was detained until that day, when I needed it urgently.

If this obvious *hashgachah* of Hashem wasn't enough, there is more to the story: At the end of our visit, the doctor wrote out a prescription for new glasses for my son, which were quite costly as well. With no initiative on my part, the doctor waived the fee. "You don't need to pay for the new glasses," he told me. "Let it be."

When does a highly regarded specialist offer to waive a fee for glasses he prescribed? Only when Hashem wants to send us His love from Above. Hashem took care of my son's vision issue from beginning to end. My hope and prayer is that he will use his eyes to learn Torah joyfully.

✦ Who Decides? ✦

Rabb Chaim Yehuda B. from Yerushalayim related the following:

My brother-in-law in Antwerp is a *sofer sta"m*, and from time to time he asks me to buy him the *klaf* he needs and to send it to him in Antwerp. One day I had a small pack of mezuzah *klafim* he had requested, and I was looking for someone to bring it to him. I saw my neighbor from across the street standing outside with suitcases, presumably waiting for a taxi to take him to the airport.

"Great!" I thought. I knew it was highly probable that he was traveling to Antwerp, where his family lives, and I crossed the street with intention of asking him to bring the *klafim* to my brother-in-law.

We started chatting. It turned out that he was indeed heading to Antwerp for a short visit. We spoke about

various topics for several minutes, and then parted ways.

Later, when he was probably already on the plane, I suddenly smacked my forehead. I had completely forgotten to ask him about the *klafim*! They were still in my pocket! This caused me to reflect on Hashem's intricate supervision and involvement in every minute aspect of our lives. We may think that something will certainly happen. I had every intention, when crossing the street, of sending the *klafim* with my neighbor. If Hashem doesn't want something to happen, though, he will cause us to forget what we consciously meant to do. We are not running this world. Hashem is in charge.

Did you see Hashem's hashgacha clearly in your own life?
Let us know! Your story can spread emunah to thousands
Email your story to: hashgachaprutis@gmail.com



Your Say

Mailbox

First of all, I have no words to thank you for the great *zikui harabbim* you do by spreading the light of emunah all over the world. I always heard about your newsletter, but as the saying goes, seeing is believing. I want to tell my story of hashgacha pratis, and how your newsletter changed my life.

I was full of self-confidence and I thought I had the world at my fingertips. I thought I would buy a large beautiful house, and I would hack it all on my own. I had a good income and countless plans for how to cover payments on a huge mortgage. I spent hours configuring things down to the last detail, reveling in my business prowess and guts. But Hashem, the true Owner of all homes in the world, revealed Himself to me. He showed me what I should have known to begin with- that He alone can provide me with a home, and if I dreamed of a large and spacious house, all I had to do was turn to Him. On my own, I am powerless, while with Hashem in the picture, anything could happen.

So it happened that I went to contract and a week later, I lost my job. I started missing payments, the brokers were after me, and I was close to losing not only the house but my down payments too. Now I was like a deflated balloon. I walked around in shock, my thoughts circling again and again over the same point as I struggled to find a

solution. One day, I sensed that things were really bad. I could not continue putting off my payments. Distraught, I went into my study and locked the door, leafing through the documents on my desk in desperate search for a solution. Among the papers I found a Hashgacha Pratis newsletter from Parshas Va'eira of 5783. I began to read a story entitled- "Who is Truly Rich?" I read/learned it again and again, without exaggeration, for a full hour. It gave me perspective. It gave me chizuk. It brought me back to my senses.

That night, instead of tossing and turning in bed, I took a Chovos Halevavos with me to my room and read the words of bitachon again and again. I continued this practice each night, and despite my dismal financial state, I was sleeping better than ever.

Hashem was calling out to me, and when I heard His call, things almost immediately took a turn. Without any effort on my part, I was offered a new job with excellent pay. I was able to meet my payments easily. Ultimately, I moved into my - excuse me- Hashem's home.

Hashem should help you to continue spreading the light of emunah and hashgacha pratis.

Y.A., Monsey

We'd love to hear from you! Send us your comments on this letter by email.

Hashem Provides for Everyone

I go to a *shiur* on the *Ohr Hachaim Hakadosh* every Thursday, and I bring along cake and crackers for everyone who comes.

The *shiur* is held on the second floor of a yeshivah building. There is another *shiur* that takes place in the same room just before the one I attend, but I seldom go to it.

Last Thursday, I happened to have been at the earlier *shiur* too, and I had the food with me in a bag for the participants of the *shiur* on the *Ohr Hachaim*. In middle of that first *shiur*, I stepped out to go upstairs to the restroom, but since the janitor was washing the floor there, I went down to the ground floor instead.

On the ground floor, I met a Yid was also at that first *shiur*. “Do you have anything to eat?” he asked me.

“Of course,” I told him. “I have a whole bag of *mezonos* here. Please take whatever you want.”

The man made a *brachah* and ate. He thanked me for being a good *shaliach* to help him out. He was extremely hungry after a long day, and here he met up with the one person who had exactly what he needed.

It was *hashgachas Hashem* that I had to go down to the ground floor. Look how Hashem doesn't forget anyone!



he expertly bandaged the wound.

“It must hurt badly,” he said. “I can give you a pill – Valterin – which helps a lot in such cases, but I don't know if you could take it now. You're not allowed to take this pill after drinking alcohol, and I know you just made Kiddush.”

“Oh, but I made Kiddush on grape juice!” I said excitedly.

Look how everything is preplanned and arranged from on High. Hashem prepares the cure before the pain, and He embraces us with His mercy and love at all times.

Saved from Injury

It was a really hard morning.

The whole family was in a hurry, and the baby was crying hysterically. Mrs. Klein did something out of character: She asked her daughter Chani to stay home and help her out until things settled down. Chani held the baby so her mother could take care of the other children and then tidy up a bit. By the time she left for school, she was quite late

Chani!” her friends greeted her excitedly. “How did” “?you know to come late today

.What do you mean?” she asked”

Look what happened,” said one of her classmates,” .pointing to her desk

Chani looked at her desk and gasped. On the classroom wall above her seat there had been an old metal radiator, and that morning it had suddenly fallen off the wall, straight onto her seat and desk, right where she would have been sitting had she .come on time

Chani was saved from injury in the merit of her” .kibbud av va'eim,” her brother commented



Spoiled Wine – a Gift from Hashem

I always buy expensive wine for Kiddush, because I know that it's a mitzvah to make Kiddush in the best possible way. One week, I was surprised to discover that the wine had a bad odor. How had the newly-purchased closed bottle of expensive wine spoiled?! I had no choice but to make Kiddush on grape juice instead.



We washed and sat down to eat, but as I was cutting the challah, another mishap occurred. I missed the challah and cut into my finger instead. It was a deep cut, and there was a lot of blood. It looked scary. We called in our neighbor who works for Hatzalah, and

Dear kids!

There are amazing stories just for you on our kids' phone-line.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 2

Notices

Did you see Hashem's hashgacha clearly in your own life?

Call the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 4

Regards from Tatty

Chapter One

In the beis hachaim in Monsey, New York

Being here is so emotional for me – much more than usual
It's no wonder, being that I'm getting married next week

I'll start with some perakim of Tehillim

Tatty! I was only three years old when you left us, and I barely remember you, but I came to invite you to my wedding.
And I also want to request that

Tatty, dear Tatty! Please send me a sign that you'll be there with me at my chuppah. I need to know that you're with me

Meanwhile, in Reb Shlomo Appel's home in Eretz Yisrael

What a mess... I need that document urgently!
Where could it be

Hey, what's this old letter

Oh, no! I'm losing track of time. Better hurry. I have a flight to the States tomorrow, and I still have so much to do

Aah! This letter brings back such sweet memories

Wow, I'm really going to America! There's a special mission waiting for me there



You have the power

to strengthen the shemirah of all 613 mitzvos for Jews throughout the world!

השגחה פרטית

A World of Emunah
A Life of Bitachon

How?

By doing what Hagaon Rav Vaakov Kamentzky zt"l and Hagaon Rav Moshe Feinstein zt"l encouraged every Yid to do: Spreading the awareness of Hashem's hashgacha pratis, which is a foundation of emunah. As these gedolim wrote, when a Yid's emunah is stronger, his shemirah of all 613 mitzvos is strengthened.

כל לב מבין, יבין כמה גדולה הנחיצות להשריש בזמנינו אלה אמונת ההשגחה הפרטית בלב כל אחד ואחד, ובפרט בלבול צעירי הצאן, כי הוא יתד שהכל תלוי בה, ועל ידי התחזקות המצוה זו - יתחזקו בס"ד כל תרי"ג המצוות ויתקיים בנו 'וצדיק באמונתו יחיה' ודבר טוב לחזק האמונה הוא על ידי שירשמו בפנקס מה שרואים ומרגישים השגחה פרטית בענינים היום יומיים. ונקל להבין שענין זה יעקור ויבטל את ההרגל שהכל במקרה מכוחות הטבע, וכוחי ועוצם ידי עשו לי את החיים הזה.

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קח גם אתה שותפות בזיכוי הרבים העולמי, ותזכה לישועות בכל העניינים! התקשר עכשיו ל-6176* שלוחה 4 או ל-02-3011511

For comments on the content of this newsletter, please leave us a message.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 9/9, Or send an email to hashgachaprutis@gmail.com