

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

Parashas Emor 5786 × 188

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

Caught in the Nick of Time

Moshe was walking calmly along the sidewalk when a hand suddenly grabbed him from behind and pulled him roughly to the side. Shocked, he turned around, expecting to see a hooligan or thief. Who else would do such a thing to an innocent passerby? Instead, his eyes met those of a refined-looking middle-aged man who pointed silently a few feet ahead of them both, where an electric bike was speeding along. The man had saved Moshe from a direct collision with the bike. Moshe instantly relaxed, thanking the man earnestly for having prevented the accident. An act that one might view as barbaric can easily be seen as an act of kindness, if one only understands what is happening all around him. We can often realize that there is blessing to be found even in the most painful circumstances.

The Apter Rav, known as the Ohev Yisrael, said that even when a person is suffering or in trouble, if his mind is clear and relaxed, then this suffering is not actually experienced as such, because he knows and believes that everything is good and is coming to him from Hashem.

There are thousands of stories told by people who were sure that the worst thing possible had happened to them, but in fact that thing in itself turned out to be their personal miracle. The idea is to retain equilibrium no matter what happens. When one is faced with what seems like sudden catastrophe, whether in his business, in his personal life, or with his children, he should immediately remember that Hashem is the One Who is doing this to him and should believe that it must be for the good. This belief frees him from all his troubles.

As the Ohev Yisrael concludes: When a person has a clear, relaxed mind, and he understands that everything is from Hashem and for the good, then he is instantly redeemed from his troubles.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

Payback Time

Hashem sent the tzaddik Rav Yaakov Hadad all his Yom Tov needs, after a group of enraged Muslim youth surrounded his talmid. The *gaon* and great *mekubal* Rav Yaakov Hadad lived in the Tunisian city of Djerba. His brilliance and wide scope of knowledge in both the revealed and concealed areas of Torah were only enhanced by his exceedingly humble and pleasant personality.

Pesach was coming. You could smell it in the air, as the righteous and industrious housewives of the city aired out their carpets and blankets and washed down the walls and floors of their homes. You could feel it in the marketplace, where sellers hawked their wares, and if you passed by the places where matzah was being prepared, you could sense it in the crisp burnt smell of matzah and the repeated cries of the bakers, "*L'shem matzos mitvah.*" Like everyone around her, Rav Yaakov's righteous *rabbanit* was also thinking about the upcoming *chag*. How would they buy new clothes for the children? Matzah? Meat? The varied and expensive vegetables they needed to properly honor the Yom Tov? How would they cover all the expenses of Yom Tov?

"Don't worry," Rav Yaakov as-

sured her serenely. "Hashem is the One Who provides and sustains. Hashem will surely provide us with everything we need. When Pesach arrives, we will lack nothing!"

One morning, as Rav Yaakov was making his way to the *bet kenesset*, the ominous, unmistakable sounds of an enraged Muslim mob reached his ears. What were the Muslim youth screaming? A few steps more, a turn at the corner, and he was face-to-face with the group. To his chagrin, he recognized his beloved disciple, Naftali Cohen, a slight, pale-faced youth, standing right in the center of the vicious mob.

"Stop!" Rav Yaakov shouted, pulling himself up to his full height. "What do you want from him?!"

"What business is it of yours, old man?!" a burly Muslim answered scornfully. "This Jew stole an expensive bowl from our mosque, and we will make him regret it!" He laughed menacingly.

"Tell me," Rav Yaakov said, turning to his *talmid*, "did you do it?" "Oh, no, of course not. I was walking along in the street, when suddenly someone appeared and began shouting 'Thief! Thief!'" the young man replied tearfully.

"The boy is innocent," Rav Yaakov said, turning to the mob. "Let him be!"



This newsletter is just a small taste of thousands of stories and words of chizuk heard on the phone-line.

To fill your life with bitachon and serenity, call the phone-line now: 1-518-613-0140

✕ Precise to the Smallest Spot ✕

Malka was excited, and for good reason. It wasn't every day that one had a wedding to go to, and the wedding of her beloved younger sister was reason for great joy. She carefully prepared her gown and beautiful matching clothing for her older children. She arranged for a young woman to do her daughter's hair in their home. Things were slowly falling into place.

Two weeks before the wedding, Malka found a neighbor who would care for her baby in her home throughout the hours of the wedding. With this arrangement made, Malka breathed a sigh of relief. Her baby would be fed, diapered, and cared for lovingly while she would be free to fully revel in every moment of the magnificent once-in-a-lifetime occasion. She gave herself a mental pat on the back for taking care of things in a timely manner. It was never wise to wait for the last minute, she felt.

But as the saying goes, man plans and G-d laughs. With the wedding a mere three days away, Malka's heart pounded with barely contained joy and excitement as she prepared her children for school and kindergarten on that sunny morning. Pulling off the baby's pajamas, her heart froze when the unmistakable sight of dozens of little pink-red spots met her eyes. As though in slow motion, she placed her hand on her baby's stomach, which was hot to the touch. Little Shaindy whimpered in response. Chicken pox, her mind told her, even before an urgent visit to the doctor confirmed her diagnosis.

"Chicken pox," the doctor said confidently. He spoke

about Tylenol for the fever and prescribed cream for the itching and pain. And he mentioned, as par for course, the need for quarantine. "...extremely contagious..." Malka heard him say, as though from a distance. In her mind, she saw her beloved sister going to the *chuppah*, and her little Shaindy, so vulnerable in this state and in need of proper care and attention. *What would she do?!!*

The sense of urgency and the coming wedding made her adrenalin run, and her mind spun. She called her community hotline and left a message. Perhaps there was someone who knew someone who'd be willing to care for a little baby with chicken pox for about seven hours, two and a half days from now? She rattled off her cell-phone number and hung up.

No more than three minutes later, Malka had an incoming call from an unknown number.

"I just heard your message, and I regularly babysit in my home for people who have *simchahs*," the voice began, warm and steady.

"Really!?!?" Malka almost shouted in ecstasy. "The truth is," the woman continued, with a note of amazement in her voice, "that I wasn't planning on taking in anyone this week, because my own son has chicken pox." She paused. "But I assume that won't be a problem," she said with a laugh.

"No problem at all," said Malka, her heart suddenly so much lighter. "Where do you live?" she continued.

The woman responded with her address, which, incredibly enough, was one building away from the hall

>>> continued from page 1

true thief in shackles between them, the stolen bowl in hand, in plain view for all to see.

The qadi's eyes seemed to pierce through Abdul's in contempt, causing the Muslim to lower his own eyes in shame. "We will weigh the golden bowl," he said sternly, "and you," he said, turning to Abdul, "will pay this holy Jew and his disciple the worth of this vessel, in reimbursement for the aggravation you caused them. If you do not, I shall have you killed!"

The thief hurried away, accompanied by the two officers. He borrowed huge sums of money from various members of his family, and soon returned to the qadi with a sack full of coins.

The qadi handed the bulging sack to Rav Yaakov and his disciple, allowing them no option other than to accept it.

When Rav Yaakov entered his home carrying the sack of coins, he turned to his *rabbanit* and said, "Didn't I tell you?! Hashem is the One Who provides and sustains. Hashem will surely always provide us with everything we need!" Indeed, when Pesach arrived, these beloved righteous Jews lacked for nothing.

Suddenly, as though from nowhere, the qadi (Muslim judge) appeared astride his noble horse. He was a man who held the holy Rav Yaakov in high esteem. Turning respectfully to the Jewish sage, he asked for an explanation. What was going on here?

As Rav Yaakov was responding, the sound of feet pounding against the cobblestone street could be heard. A young Muslim, red-faced and short of breath from his run, bowed respectfully to the qadi and Rav Yaakov before announcing, "This Jew is not the thief. I know who stole the bowl!"

The crowd grew silent, every head strained forward to catch the latest development in this unfolding saga. The Muslim barely paused before continuing his breathless tale. "I watched from my window as Abdul Abu-Labda entered the mosque to steal it. When he emerged, he suddenly saw the Jewish boy and began shouting, 'Thief! Thief!' He must have suspected that the boy had seen what he did."

Hearing this, the qadi lost no time in sending two officers to Abu-Labda's home. A short while later, they returned with the

Rabbi Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"á*

Guaranteed Loyalty

The fall caught her by total surprise. One minute, she was walking calmly along the path, and the next minute she had tumbled headlong into the dark pit that lay camouflaged beneath the innocent looking shrubbery in her way. Her legs flailed and her mind whirled with fear of the probable outcome of her fall. Panic flooded her senses.

"Help!" she cried. "Somebody, please help me."

The young man's ears were accosted by the sudden sounds of a maiden's cry for help. In a dash, he was lying at the side of the pit, leaning over, and slowly, gently, pulling the young girl up-up-up until she had fully emerged from the abyss below.

She looked up at her savior.

"How can I ever repay you?" she asked the young man, and immediately proposed that when the time came, she would marry him. The lad nodded seriously in agreement.

The girl looked around. "Who will testify to our pact?" she asked.

"Why, the rat," he responded, pointing at the animal scurrying nearby, "and this pit. These will be our witnesses."

The two parted ways. Years passed by, and the young girl, now a grown woman, refused one offer of marriage after the next. She would not renege on her promise, and she was waiting for the young man to whom she had pledged her future.

There was no one to tell her the bitter truth, that the young man had long forgotten their pact, and married a woman who'd bore him a son a year after their marriage. Unfortunately, however, mere months later, a rat bit the baby and ended his life. When a second child was born to the couple, they hoped this spelled the end of their sorrows, but a short while later, this child fell into a pit and died too.

"Something is strange," the bereaved mother said. "Our children both died unnatural deaths. Perhaps there is someone who we hurt or some old debt that we owe someone?"

The father thought, and suddenly remembered how he once pledged to marry a young girl after saving her life. "If so," his wife said, "then we have no choice other than to separate. You must fulfill your promise. The witnesses took our children from us in order to compel you to act on your pledge."

The gemara tells this story and concludes: If the rat and the pit were steadfast and loyal witnesses, how much more so is the Creator of the world steadfast and loyal forever and always! It pays to believe in Him and to rely on him. Those who place their trust in him have the greatest guarantee for all the good in the world.

where Malka's sister would be getting married.

Anyone who's been there will tell you: Chicken pox is quite a miserable experience for both mother and child, but even when Hashem doles out misery, it is always in precise measure. The One Who plans and arranges and supervises every minute detail of our lives ensured that Shaindy would be well cared for, and that her chicken pox would not interfere with the family *simchah*.

✕ Emunah Lane ✕

When you walk through the Beis Yisrael neighborhood, the stones seem to whisper at you. The alleyways tell stories that span the centuries. Something seems to fill the air, trapped there between the hundreds of low buildings that almost trip over each other with the weight of ancient secrets stored within their Jerusalem stone. *Beis Yisrael*. I was walking along an unobtrusive alleyway in this historic neighborhood when a young man with a confused look in his eyes suddenly appeared before me. I sensed he was looking for something, and I stopped as he approached, giving him an encouraging look. Indeed, he spoke up immediately. "Excuse me, Reb Yid," he asked. "How do I get from here to the *kever* of Shimon Hatzaddik?" I paused, trying to formulate in my mind the quickest and easiest route for him to take to the nearby *kever*. Before I could respond, though, he spoke up again. "This alleyway has an interesting name," he said, looking up at the sign that hung a few feet away from us. I followed his gaze and my eyes rested on the words *Emunah Lane*.

"Do you have any idea who this street is named for?" he asked. "Like, is it for a person, or a concept, or perhaps for some *sefer*?"

My thoughts meandered as I sought to help my fellow Yid with this second question as well. Finally, I shrugged. Truthfully, I had no idea about the origin of this name *Emunah Lane*, but as I've mentioned, this neighborhood is filled with secrets, and this was just one more.

Just then my phone rang. I apologized to my new acquaintance and answered the call. An unknown voice identified itself as belonging to a Yid by the name of Leiby Cohen. Leiby was bubbling over with enthusiasm and gratitude regarding the *shiurim* and ideas he'd heard on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line. He was calling to thank me for the effort we invest in the line. He mentioned a particular *shiur* he'd heard about a chain of episodes that reflected openly revealed *hashgachah pratis* that someone experienced after lending \$5,000 to a Yid in need. Leiby was inspired by what he'd heard. As a matter of fact, he was so inspired that he was determined to do the exact same thing himself. Moreover, he had decided that, come what may, he would do this mitzvah through the person who had given the *shiur* on the phone line – none other than yours truly.

"Beautiful," I told him. "What a *zechus* for you! You really don't





need my involvement though,” I hurried to assure him. “Just step into any shul and ask around. I’m positive that within seconds you’ll find someone who is truly in need of such financial assistance and will *bentch* you with all his heart for saving him.”

But Leiby was persistent.

“You were the one who inspired me,” he said, “and I want you to be the *shaliach* for the mitzvah I now want to do.”

I looked around me, at a loss. I looked up at the street sign again, *Emunah Lane*. I looked at the young man who was standing nearby, waiting for directions to the *kever* of Shimon Hatzaddik. A little click went off in my mind. “Just a minute, Reb Leiby,” I said. “There’s someone here who may be the one you’re looking for.”

“Are you perhaps in need of a \$5,000 loan?” I asked the unknown Yid standing at my side.

“Are you serious?!” he suddenly exclaimed, all but jumping for joy right before me. He pulled a tattered booklet out of his pocket. “Do you see this?” he asked. It was a copy of the *Shaar Habitachon* section of *sefer Chovos Halevavos*. “I’ve been dealing with a lot of financial difficulties,” the young man related, almost in tears, “and I’ve been learning this again and again to give me *chizuk*. I am on my way to *kever* Shimon Hatzaddik right now in the hope of seeing a *yeshuah* financially. Of course such a loan would be helpful to me!”

I cleared my throat and turned back to the phone.

“Reb Leiby?” I asked. “There’s someone here who could use the loan you’re offering. Let me put him on the phone, and the two of you can arrange all the details together.” Silently, I handed over the phone, and I leaned back against the cold stones of the building behind us, my eyes flitting idly over the words *Emunah Lane* again and again. The saga unfolding before me joins thousands of instances before it, the deeds and the sights and the creations that seem to whisper their great secrets in kind, together as one. How great are Your wonders, Hashem!

✕ Tales of Hashgachah from the Tefillin Repairman ✕

Naftali lives in a neighborhood in central Yerushalayim, and each morning he takes a city bus to the outskirts of the city, where he works in a lab for religious items, repairing sets of tefillin.

One morning, he missed his regular bus and was forced to wait almost half an hour until the next bus arrived. When he finally got off at the stop near his workplace, a young boy sitting at the bus stop approached him and asked if he knew someone who could repair tefillin. “Well,” he answered, giving a theatrical bow, “you’re looking right at him.” The boy’s eyes grew wide. “Really?” he said disbelievingly. “That’s amazing! I don’t know why I thought to ask you. There were so many other people who passed by here.” He took his tefillin carefully out of their bag and showed them to Naftali, who examined them expertly, noting that the straps were in need of refurbishing.

“It was *bashert* that I missed that bus,” Reb Naftali related on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, so I was able to help the boy. He merely thought that he should really have his tefillin checked and repaired, and Hashem immediately set up a meeting between us. That’s how important a good thought is in Hashem’s Eyes!

*Another time, a yeshivah *bachur* asked Naftali to check his tefillin. Naftali opened the *battim* and instantly discovered that the *parshiyos* were not set in their correct places. He rearranged them and then dryly informed the *bachur*, “From tomorrow onward, you will actually be *zocheh* to don tefillin properly and perform the mitzvah.”

The *bachur*’s eyes filled with tears. He looked up at Naftali and whispered, “I should have listened. I should have known.”

Sensing that the boy wanted to unburden himself, Naftali gestured to the nearby chair and the boy sat down. Haltingly at first, he began to talk. “My *rosh yeshivah* told me a while back to check my tefillin,” he said slowly, “but I pushed it off. I didn’t think into it. I thought it was just a technicality. It didn’t sink in that every day that passes and my tefillin aren’t checked could mean I was missing out on this important mitzvah.” He shook his head. “I just didn’t get it.”

“And what changed now?” Naftali prompted gently.

“Now?” the boy asked. “Well, now I’m coming from the hospital!” Seeing the surprised look in Naftali’s eyes, he continued. “Yesterday I volunteered to help a *bikur cholim* organization at the hospital, and they called me to come in this morning. In one of the rooms I visited, an elderly patient asked me to put his tefillin on him. He had a beautiful set of *mehudar* tefillin, and I did exactly as he asked. He made the *brachah*, and then his face shone, and he couldn’t stop thanking me.”

“Wow,” said Naftali.

“Yes, but there’s more. After I finished helping him, I was thinking about the bareheaded Yid from Russia lying in a semicomatose state in the same room. I don’t know where I got the courage, but I decided that I wanted to put tefillin on him, too.”

“Did his family agree?”

“They did. Whatever they might have felt about religion previously, at that stage they were willing to allow it. And as soon as I placed the tefillin *shel yad* and *shel rosh* on him, there were tears flowing from his eyes. His *neshamah* must have been longing for something.”

“Amazing. And how does all this bring you to me?”

“There was no way, after such a moving morning involving tefillin, that I could continue using tefillin that hadn’t been checked in such a long time. I suddenly heard my *rosh yeshivah*’s words differently, and I felt

such an urgency that I came straight to you.”

“I’m glad you did,” Naftali said softly.

Several days later, Naftali “coincidentally” bumped into the same *yeshivah bachur* in Geula. “Remember the Russian Yid I told you about?” the *bachur* asked, getting straight to the point.

“Yes.”

“Well, the following day I went back to the hospital to help that old man again, and the bed next to his was empty.”

“Oh,” said Naftali.

“He was *niftar*,” the *bachur* said, with youthful innocence. “The Yid from Russia was *niftar* that night, after his *neshamah* was *zocheh* to wear tefillin properly.”

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

23rd Adar, 5786

Dear Readers,

With the encouragement of *gedolei Yisrael shlit”a*, I have spent several years editing and writing a commentary called *Lev Shalom* on *Shaar Habitachon*, which is part of Am Yisrael’s fundamental and most widely disseminated *sefer mussar*, *Chovos Halevavos*.

In the hope of formulating a commentary that would be precise and complete, I read through and attempted to understand all the previous commentaries on *Chovos Halevavos*. I wanted the *Lev Shalom* to somehow encompass, in the most precise way possible, the beauty and depth of the words of *Shaar Habitachon*.

Many hours of learning and deliberations infinitely enhanced my life and my own *bitachon*, but I was still unsure about how to organize and present the concepts so that all sorts of people, of all ages, would understand them.

Throughout the time I was involved in this work I saw countless instances of Hashem’s clear *hashgachah*. One of those instances was when Rav

Sheffer called and asked me to give a series of *shiurim* in Yiddish on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line.

I hesitated, afraid the responsibility would be too much for me, but Rav Sheffer insisted. Giving *shiurim* on the line for two months was transformative. As a direct result, I was able to complete the commentary I was working on in the clearest way possible and to publish the *Lev Shalom*, which includes summaries, charts, and indexes on *Shaar Habitachon*.

I have no doubt that giving the *shiurim* on *emunah* and *bitachon* (which compelled me to learn through the concepts) is what enabled the publication of the *sefer*. This is aside from dozens of miracles and instances of *hashgachah*, both concealed and revealed, that I and my family personally experienced while I was writing the *sefer*. Thank you, Hashem! May your initiative be *bentched* with continued success and *he’aras Panim* from Above.

Sincerely yours,
Shalom Klein
Yerushalayim

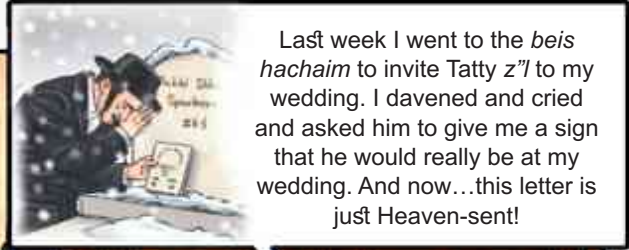
We’d love to hear from you! Send us your comments on this letter by email.

Regards from Tatty Chapter 4

The chassan burst into tears upon seeing his father's letter.



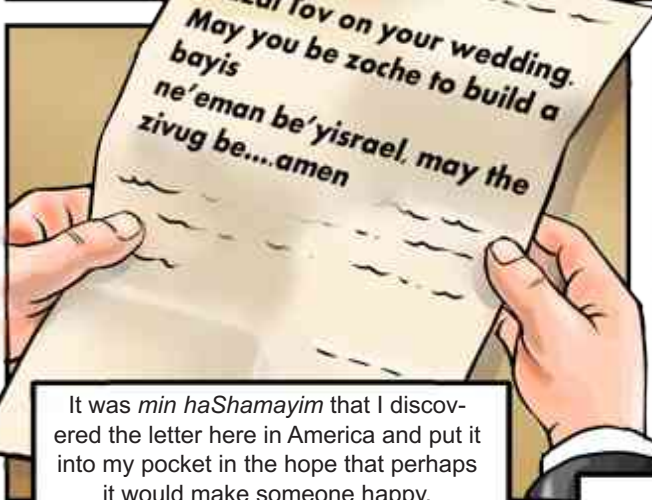
I'm fine. I'm really fine.



Last week I went to the *beis hachaim* to invite Tatty z"l to my wedding. I davened and cried and asked him to give me a sign that he would really be at my wedding. And now...this letter is just Heaven-sent!



Look what good wishes he's sending me! He's literally giving me all the *brachos* I would want to receive from him under the *chuppah*!!



Mazal Tov on your wedding.
May you be zoche to build a bayis ne'eman be'yisrael, may the zivug be...amen

It's unbelievable! This letter has remained intact for so many years, waiting for the exact moment when it would inadvertently slip into my suitcase and arrive here in the States!



It was *min haShamayim* that I discovered the letter here in America and put it into my pocket in the hope that perhaps it would make someone happy.

Only Hashem Himself could have arranged for all of this...



And you decided to come exactly here.

I'm going to my *chuppah* now with an incredible feeling that Tatty is with me!

And that's a feeling we should have all the time – our Tatte in *Shamayim* is with us through every experience we undergo in life!

And you two arrived precisely at the right time! In another minute or two, I would no longer have been here!



The end.



The Test That Wasn't

Hello! My name is Shloimy, and I live in Beit Shemesh.

I learn in an excellent *cheder* called *Ateres*. We learn a lot, and on a very high level. *Baruch Hashem*, I love learning and always study hard. It's important to me to succeed on my tests. I take *cheder* very seriously.

One day, my rebbi stopped his lesson ten minutes early and said he had something very important to tell us. I sat up straight, curious to hear what this was all about. A new contest? A class trip? A change in our schedule?—So, boys, baruch Hashem we've completed several parshiyos since the beginning of the year, and now, for the first time, you're going to have a cumulative test on all those parshiyos at once." Rebbi looked around at all of us. "The test is not an easy one, boys. It will take place in another three weeks, and the time to begin studying is tonight." We all exchanged glances, and I felt a sliver of excitement. I really loved learning and wanted so badly to do well on the test. Nothing would stop me from doing my best. That night, I closed the door to my room and began reviewing. I spent all the subsequent nights doing the same. On the final night before the test, I still had a portion of the final parshah to review, and although I was quite exhausted, I began to study, telling myself that this was the last section. It was a difficult parshah, and for some reason I did not understand it clearly enough. I fell asleep, somewhat tense about the coming test. In the morning I reread that final part and tried to understand it again, but before long I gave up.

To my surprise, before we began the test, my rebbi cleared his throat and said: *"Boys, that long final piece we learned will not be on the test at all." I felt this was the loving Hand of Hashem's* *h a s h - g a c h a h*, telling me that He was with me and would help me to succeed.



The Pants That Weren't Washed

Hi. I'm Chaim, and I live in Ashdod.

My story begins on a busy Friday afternoon, when the whole family was rushing to get ready for Shabbos. Each of us children have our own Shabbos jobs, and I am no

exception. Usually, when my mother needs someone to run out to the grocery for some last-minute purchases, I'm the one who does it. I simply get on my scooter and go as quickly as possible. I've become a really experienced Erev Shabbos grocery shopper.

So that Friday, I put the list of things Mommy needed into my pocket, along with the credit card, jumped onto my scooter, and scooted over to the grocery, which was teeming with people and noise. I found the items my mother needed, one after another, and waited on the long line until it was my turn to pay. Friday then proceeded as usual, as I came home, ate, showered, and got dressed for Shabbos.

It was only on Motzaei Shabbos that we realized something was amiss.

"Chaim," my mother called from the dining room, where she was ironing our shirts for the coming week, "did you give me back the credit card after you went to the grocery store on Friday? I need it now."

I paused for a long moment, trying to recall my steps before Shabbos. It all seemed so long ago, I could barely recall anything. "I don't remember, Mommy," I replied slowly. "I don't remember handing you the credit card." My heart froze as I imagined all the worst possibilities, like a thief pulling the card out of my pocket as I innocently scooted home, or the card falling onto the floor and an Arab worker finding it. I almost started to cry, knowing that my mother trusted me to be responsible. "Where could it be, Mommy?" I whispered tensely.

"Well," my mother said briskly. "We'll only know if we look for it. First we need to find the pants you wore on Friday.

My tension increased when I suddenly recalled that my mother had done three loads of laundry after Shabbos. If those pants were already washed, there was even less of a chance that we'd find the card intact. I rushed to look through the laundry hamper, and surprisingly, the only pair of pants that remained there, untouched and unwashed, was the pair I had

worn on Friday! Reaching into the pocket, I pulled out the credit card, fully intact.

Thank you Hashem!



Dear kids!

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

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/2

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. 0/4

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 לבלבול 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 בעינינו היום
ימיים. ונקל להבין שענין זה יעקור ויבטל את ההרגל שהכל במקרה
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