

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

Shavuot 5786 × 191

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

Unconditionally Beloved

A *segulah* is not something we can understand. There are medications and means of preventing illnesses that are classified as *segulos* rather than cures, and this is because they work in a way that cannot be understood intellectually.

A person might think, *How can it be that Hashem loves me, and that I'm a member of His chosen nation? Look what I look like; look who I am! I'm totally unworthy of being the beloved son of Hashem!*

Hashem's answer to him is the words He used prior to *Matan Torah*: You are my *Am Segulah*.

The use of the word '*segulah*' indicates that there is no rational explanation for Hashem's love for us, and for the fact that He chose us (*Sefer Ha'ikarim*, 3:37). In fact, He loves us to the point that, as Rashi explains, the rest of the nations are considered 'nothing' in His Eyes in comparison to *Am Yisrael*.

This belief can light up your entire life!

Reb Moshe of Kobrin said: "Anyone who is not capable of standing and davening after doing a severe transgression as he would after performing a great mitzvah hasn't even entered the portals of *Yiddishkeit* and *chassidus*."

To enter the portals of *Yiddishkeit* means to know that a Yid is Hashem's son in every situation, and that Hashem loves him unconditionally.

At this time of year, we thank Hashem for choosing us as His nation, for elevating us and for making us His '*Am Segulah*'.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

Apples with Love from Above

The holy Baba Sali sat with a group of his disciples. Stuck on the road in a storm for hours, they were very hungry.

A freezing-cold wind blew fiercely. The sky was white, and it seemed a snowstorm was on the horizon. The small beige Mercedes made its way up the winding roads; the man behind the wheel was intent on navigating the highway with care. The serious expression on his face reflected the general sense of awe and respect that filled the car and all its occupants; in the passenger seat on his side sat none other than the holy Baba Sali.

The Baba Sali would often make the trip from his hometown of Netivot to the holy city of Yerushalayim, or to cities further north, to daven in *Mekomos Hakedoshim* or to visit his many disciples and acquaintances. The car, filled with people, was silent as its occupants strained to hear every word of instruction from the holy mouth of their *rebbe*, the Baba Sali.

The air grew colder. Instead of the anticipated snow, rain combined with hail beat mercilessly down on the car. The heater in the car was not working properly, and the people were freezing, their teeth chattering from the cold.

"Let's stop at the next gas station to warm up," said the tzaddik. Minutes later, the car pulled into the closest gasoline station, which appeared to be closed and empty. Surprisingly, the door to the building was open, and the group accompanied their *rebbe* into the heated building and sat down together on a bench in the corner of the main room. Slowly, they began to feel warmer.

Everyone was hungry. The trip was taking much longer than expected, with the driver navigating the roads slowly and with utmost care. The gas station



× Worth More Than Two Million ×

I imagine to myself that I am the subject of much envy. My father is a multimillionaire, and my father-in-law no less. I started my married life with a huge dowry from both of them: Two million dollars in total.

Sounds like a dream, no?

It's been said that *yichus* is like a bunch of zeroes. If the zeroes have a "one" before them, then they have much worth. But if the first digit is a zero too, then you have nothing of worth, nothing at all.

When it comes to business sense, though I certainly have *yichus*, I am a total zero. That's how I floundered and made a fatal error by investing the two million dollars with someone who seemed to be totally trustworthy. He promised me a huge profit and spread the money over several promising projects. I have no idea what he actually did, and I would not have understood if the projects were worthwhile investments or not anyway, because, as I said, my business sense is quite nonexistent. Bottom line: Within months, the entire dowry I received was gone.

We all know that money is just money, but losing so much of it to my own ineptness and stupidity was a supremely painful and humiliating experience. I was in a worse situation than my "simple" friends in *kollel*, who at least had a few thousand dollars put away for a rainy day. I, on the other hand, was officially penniless.

I swallowed the bitter pill, and, *baruch Hashem*, life went on. Money comes and goes, our parents were still around to help us, and the experience caused me to strengthen my *emunah* in Hashem, Who is the true

Source of all our needs. Several years passed.

Unfortunately, I was not careful about reading the *parshah* each week with *Targum*, which is a very important *inyan*. The Gemara says that anyone who reads through the *pesukim* of the *parshah* twice and the *Targum* once will "have long life." There are varied explanations as to the meaning of "long life." While it could certainly be taken literally, it may also mean the ability to accomplish much and make use of one's days and times.

No matter the actual meaning of the words, when I learned this *gemara*, I made a firm decision to begin to do that very week.

The evening that I made this decision, I had the wedding of a close friend, where I got a real direct message from *Shamayim*. Instead of the usual benchers, at this wedding the family distributed sets of *Chumashim* specially made for learning the *parshah* with *mikrah* and *Targum* each week.

The *hashgachah* was all the more evident when I realized that there were no more sets of *Chumashim* around. I thought to myself that the mere idea that this is what they gave out was enough to strengthen my decision to be careful about this *inyan*, beginning immediately. But then one of the guests approached me and said, "I took two sets of *Chumashim*, but in truth I don't have what to do with the second set. Would you like one of them?"

This was beyond anything I would have imagined. It seemed to me that Hakadosh Baruch Hu had set aside one of the sets specifically for me!

That Shabbos, I learned through the entire *parshah*

>>> continued from page 1

was empty, the service store closed and locked.

"Why are you worrying about food?" the holy Baba Sali asked the group. "Hakadosh Baruch Hu provides and sustains all of us all the time, and He'll surely provide for us now as well. Let's trust Him with all our hearts and believe that He'll send us something to eat."

Hearing their *rebbe's* words, they all strengthened themselves in *bitachon* and *emunah* in Hashem.

Moments later, a man entered the station holding several luscious red apples in his hands. He immediately approached their group and, with a smile on his face, gave each of them an apple.

The Baba Sali took his arrival in stride. He made a loud *berachah* and bit into the fruit, and everyone else followed his lead. They ate the apples, which were exceptionally delicious. Soon afterward, they went to look for the man who'd provided them, in order to thank him, but the man was gone. He had been there just moments before, and now it seemed that the ground had swallowed him up.

Amazed, they returned to the Baba Sali and asked him to explain the meaning of what had happened.

He smiled as he responded, "Didn't I tell you to trust in Hakadosh Baruch Hu? This man was sent to us from *Shamayim*. He was Eliyahu Hanavi!"

twice, and then with *Targum* and *Rashi*. My pleasure and happiness knew no bounds. The next Shabbos, I was *zocheh* to do the same.

On Sunday, the phone rang.

“Do you remember me?” a familiar voice asked.

“Remember? Of course I do!” It was the investor whom I’d innocently entrusted with my two million dollars several years back, the one who’d lost the entire sum in one shot. Although several years had passed since then, and I didn’t dwell on the past, how could one forget something so huge?!

“Listen,” the man continued, “I decided that the right thing to do is to return the money to you.”

I was in such shock that I didn’t react. It was a miracle I was sitting when I heard the news.

“So I’m depositing the first million into your account now,” he continued, “and in another month I’ll deposit the second half.”

The phone call was short and to the point. Within three minutes, I once again had two million dollars. Hashem turns His wheel of fortune in the world at lightning speed, and I thanked Him from the depths of my heart for the unanticipated *chessed*.

I see a clear connection between my recent resolve to learn the *parshah* properly every week, twice *mikrah* and once with *Targum*, and the return of the two million dollars to me. The Gemara promised long life, which probably includes *parmassah*, which enables a person to be available to learn Torah and serve Hashem.

And I tangibly feel how even two million dollars cannot come close to the worth of the pleasure and closeness to Hashem that I get from learning His *parshah*.

✕ Vision Restored ✕

The following story was related by Rav Yechiel Yehoshua Rabinowitz *shlit“a*, who is a *rav* and a *ram* in Antwerp:

One morning Reb Binyamin, an esteemed *talmid chacham* in our community, awoke and opened his eyes only to discover a frightening phenomenon: His vision was blurred; his right eye seemed to have stopped working. He quickly put his hand over his left eye to be sure, and, yes, the world turned black. His vision in his right eye was lost!

It was frighteningly sudden, and he had no clue of what



I Trust in You

Words of Chizuk shared on the Hashgacha-Pratis phone line

Shiur by Rav Dovid Kletzkin *shlit“a*

The Benefits of *Bitachon*

Rabbenu Bachyai declares that someone who wants to serve Hashem properly needs to know what it says in *Sha’ar Habitachon*. This is the fourth “gate,” or chapter, in his *sefer Chovos Halevavos*. It is preceded by *Sha’ar Avodas Elokim*, which speaks about gratitude to Hashem, and by *Sha’ar Habechinah*, which instructs us to study and know the wonders of Hashem’s world and how He runs it.

The order of the *sefer* is certainly not coincidental. It is only after learning about Hashem’s goodness, and His exacting and loving supervision of every detail of His world, that a person can learn *bitachon* – trust in Hashem.

Trusting in Hashem is the most worthwhile thing a person can do, and its benefits are vast. Someone who lives a life of Torah and aims for spiritual accomplishments will have an easier time if he trusts in Hashem. And a simple person, whose vision is more limited in scope and whose concerns are about his physical needs, will likewise benefit tremendously from *bitachon*. In fact, every person needs basics like food, shelter, furniture, and thousands of details beyond those basics as well during his sojourn in this world. No one can really get by without all these things. When a person strengthens his *bitachon* in Hashem, it becomes much easier for him to have his physical needs met. The *Chovos Halevavos* promises this!

Rabbenu Bachyai explains in the beginning of *Sha’ar Habitachon* that this section contains instructions for every stage of a person’s life, from the day he is born until he returns his *neshamah*, after 120 years. If someone wants to transform his life and to actually live by these instructions, it is imperative that he first learn the preceding chapters. These chapters clear his inner vision and clarify for him what he will gain from living a life of trust in Hashem.



could have caused it to happen.

He went to the doctor, who examined him and then sent him for an X-ray, the results of which revealed that there was a blood clot behind his right eye. It was impossible to see, based on the X-ray, what was really happening behind the eye. The only thing to be done, as the doctor explained, was to schedule surgery, to clean out the blood in the area, and then to check what was causing the loss of vision and perhaps repair the damage.

Reb Binyamin sought a second opinion from a top specialist, who confirmed that surgery was the only option for possibly restoring the vision in his eye. They scheduled the surgery for two weeks later, and in the meantime, Reb Binyamin kept to his vigorous daily schedule of learning.

At some point during this period while he was waiting for his surgery, Reb Binyamin learned a *gemara* that relates the following story:

A Roman nobleman named Artivon sent Rav Yehuda Hanassi a precious jewel and requested that he send him back a gift of similar value. Rav Yehuda Hanassi sent him a mezuzah.

"I sent you a jewel worth a fortune, and you send me back a parchment worth a small sum?" Artivon asked.

"You sent me a gift that one needs to protect, to ensure that it isn't stolen or lost, while I sent you something that will serve as protection for you, even when you're asleep!" Rabbi replied.

Soon Artivon saw the truth of Rabbi's words, His daughter was inflicted with a sudden malady for which the doctors had no cure. In desperation, the Roman suddenly recalled the simple parchment that Rabbi had sent him. He placed the mezuzah in his daughter's room, and lo and behold, she was miraculously cured of her illness.

The *Ha'amek She'eilah* states that this *gemara* teaches us that if someone is stricken with a sudden illness, he should check the *mezuzos* in his home.

Even though only four years had passed since he'd last had his *mezuzos* checked, Reb Binyamin decided, after learning this *gemara*, that he would have his *mezuzos* checked.

He gave his *mezuzos* to Reb Yehoshua Lipshitz to check them, and Reb Yehoshua found that the letter *yud* in the word "*einecheim*" – your eyes – was missing!

That day was a Friday. Reb Binyamin hurried to put up a fully kosher *mezuzah* on the door of his room.

When he woke up on Shabbos morning, he was able to see normally in his right eye.

On Tuesday he returned to the specialist for a final examination before surgery. The professor re-examined and x-rayed his eye, and he was totally astounded by the results. The new X-rays were perfectly normal. He kept looking back and forth between the previous X-ray, which clearly showed a blood clot behind the eye, and the new X-ray, which showed nothing, unable to believe what he was seeing. "This is an obvious miracle, Rabbi," he said. "An obvious miracle."

✕ The Perfect Time, Place, and Circumstance ✕

A.M. From Bnei Brak related the following:

Saba *a"h*, my father-in-law's father, passed away at a ripe old age. When the week of *shivah* was over, my father-in-law said that he very much wanted to have *maftir* every Shabbos throughout the year, as a *zechus* and *aliyah* for his father's *neshamah*. While many people do this occasionally throughout the year after the loss of a parent, my father-in-law hoped to be able to do it every Shabbos in the coming eleven months.

This, as anyone who's been there knows, is not a simple endeavor. *Gabba'im* have to reckon with all sorts of requests and needs from those who daven in their shuls, and to make constant decisions about whose request will take precedence. Getting the rights to *maftir* for a full eleven months is, more often than not, impossible.

The first thing my father-in-law did was ask in his regular shul, but the *gabbai* said, "I'd love to help you, but you understand that there is no way I could commit to give you the *maftir* for eleven months." He went on to share the details of his calendar for the next few months, which was filled with all sorts of requests from other members of the shul, including many reservations for *maftir* on Shabbos.

"Perhaps you could go into the large shul near your home and ask if they have an early minyan where I could get *maftir* each week?" my father-in-law asked me.

In the *beis medrash* adjacent to my home there are dozens of small rooms and *minyanim* that take place each day at various hours. Hundreds of people come and go through these *shteiblach* each day. I did not have much hope of fulfilling his request, but I told him I would try.

On Motzaei Shabbos I entered the building, but I didn't see anyone around. In one room, there were fathers and sons learning for *Avos Uvanim*, and I preferred not to disturb them. Who would I ask?

Suddenly, I saw someone exiting the large *beis midrash*. I immediately approached and asked him, "Do you know any of the *gabba'im* here?"

"Which *gabbai* do you need?" he asked me.

"The one who's responsible for the early-morning *minyanim*," I replied.

"He's standing in front of you," the man said with a smile. "I am the *gabbai*. What do you need?"

I told him about my father-in-law.

"You met me at the first possible moment," the *gabbai*

said in amazement. "I myself am in the year of *aveilus* for my father, and this past Shabbos was the last Shabbos of eleven months following his passing. During these months, I had *maftir* every Shabbos, but as of next week the *maftir* in this early minyan is available! Your father-in-law can get the *aliyah* for *maftir* starting next Shabbos for the next eleven months!"

This series of events was totally uncanny. Here I enter the building, and the only man there is the exact person I need. The timing is exactly right. Hashem orchestrated it all down to the last detail so that my father-in-law could do this mitzvah. It seems that Saba had a special *zechus*, and from the first Shabbos after his *shivah*, his son was able to have *maftir* for his *aliyas neshamah*.

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

I want to send you my warm wishes and *brachos* on the expansion of this newsletter. As an expression of my gratitude for the *chizuk* that your phone line gives me, I want to share the following:

It had been about two years that your phone line was in existence, and although I'd heard about it, I did not think it had anything to do with me. You see, I was extremely busy, and it didn't enter my mind that I had to do something special to thank Hashem.

I work on the side as a handyman, doing general repairs in people's homes. One day, I did some repairs in the home of a *chashuveh* Yid, Reb Mordechai Erlanger. He is someone who sits and learns and is constantly involved in *avodas Hashem*.

I noticed that Reb Mordechai was listening intently to something on the phone, the expression on his face one of pure delight and excitement. I wondered what could possibly excite him to this extent. Sensing my interest, he explained that he was listening to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, and then he suggested that I listen myself to Rav Dovid Kletzkin's *shiur*.

More out of courtesy to him than real interest, I listened to the *shiur*. Rav Kletzkin was talking about Yanky Pearl. When the Rebbe of Toldos Aharon heard this *shiur*, he said, "everyone must hear this."

Among other things, Yanky Pearl's children used to cry a lot at night, but he never complained about it.

Those words were right on target, since it had been several nights that my two-year-old was crying a lot, and on the previous night he had actually cried and cried almost the whole night through. He had an earache, and his cries woke up the rest of the children as well. For me it was a helpless feeling, coupled with pure exhaustion. Incredibly enough, I was now listening to a *shiur* on exactly this topic. Rav Kletzkin was talking about children crying at night, about dozens of woman without children who would pay all the money in the world to endure such sleepless nights, and about how a person in such a situation should give praise and thanks to Hashem.

I sensed the *hashgachah pratis* that made this happen, and it helped me to not be angry, but rather to be grateful to the Creator.

May you be *zocheh* to continue making a *kiddush Hashem*.

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



Hashem Is Holding His Hand

My name is Lazar Moskowitz, and I live in Ashdod.

I want to tell you about my four-year-old nephew, who is very ill and in the hospital. When my father first told us about his diagnosis, I was so shocked, I didn't know what to even think. It was so scary to know that he was battling a life-threatening illness. I worried about him all the time and felt very sad.



After the shock wore off, everyone in our family began to think about what we could do for my nephew's *refuah*. Of course, we are all davening extra hard, adding on *perakim* of *Tehillim*, and giving his name out in all our classes. We're also working on believing that no matter what the doctors say, for Hashem it is easy as anything to make him all better.

One day, my father said he wanted to make a special family contest as a *zechus* for my nephew. The contest involves being ready for Shabbos early, with certain criteria. Anyone who manages to be ready on time is put into a family raffle that my father makes, and he raffles off a chocolate bar every week.

Of course, my sister told my nephew all about the special *zechus* we are gaining for him. Even though they are constantly in the hospital with him or taking care of him at home, because he is very weak in between treatments, they wanted to participate in the contest as well. My nephew also took part in it, and he was ready for Shabbos early. Amazingly enough, of everyone in the family – and there are many of us – who got to enter the raffle, it was my nephew, the sick patient, who won the raffle *for two weeks in a row!*

We saw this as a sign that Hashem is with him and us, now and always, and that our *kaballah* is making waves in *Shamayim!*

My Torah and My Rabbi's Check

We all think we're just small children doing small things, and we don't realize what a huge effect our Torah learning and our actions can have on the entire world. Today, Hashem showed me clearly how much He loves my Torah learning and how it can move things in the

world.

My name is Yossi. I live in Elad, and I'm in seventh grade in *cheder* here. One day when I got home, I was thinking about a question that my *rebbe* brought up in Gemara class that day. We'd spent most of his lesson discussing it and looking into all the back-and-forth in the *gemara* about it. I kept reviewing all the *mefarshim* *rebbe* had taught in his exuberant voice as we boys worked hard to keep up with his train of thought. I was a little bit in my own world – or rather in the beautiful world of Hashem's Torah – as I walked around the house.

Suddenly, I had a new thought. Something that really made sense in my mind in light of everything we'd learned. I didn't know if my *chiddush* was a good one, but I certainly didn't want to forget it. I quickly pulled a pen out of my pocket. Paper...paper...where was there some paper around here?

In my small schoolbag I found an envelope, which I used to quickly jot down all my thoughts. Then I absentmindedly tucked the envelope into my pants pocket and went into the kitchen for supper.

Several hours passed, and I completely forgot about the *chiddush* and the envelope in my pocket. It was time for bed. I got into pajamas and brushed my teeth, and I left the pants I'd worn that day in the laundry hamper.

The following morning, while I was at *cheder*, my mother was sorting laundry and wanted to wash

the pants. She always looks through the pockets before putting things into the machine, and she found the envelope in my pocket. She saw my



handwriting, and some thoughts in Gemara that I had scrawled across the envelope. With good sense, my mother thought of opening the envelope to see what was inside, and she found...no less than a check made out to my *rebbe*.

The envelope must have fallen off his desk and somehow gotten into my schoolbag. If not for the words of Torah I wrote on it and how I put it into my pocket, what would have happened to it? It could easily have been thrown into the garbage. In the *zechus* of Torah, we were able to return the check to *rebbe!*

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



Delayed, but Repaid

Chapter 3

Last week: The Levy children arrive in London and discover that their suitcases were left behind in Rome. They can't get hold of their father, who stayed behind in Rome when the airline manager refused to allow him to board the plane.

In the airport in Rome



Tatty, when are we going to the wedding?

Will we make it in time for the *chuppah*?



That's a tough question. There's only a very slight chance of getting an immediate flight to London, let alone one that has three places available...

I must strengthen myself in emunah and bitachon. I must not despair!

Tatty, look. There's an airport security guard coming here. What does he want from us?

Maybe he'll decide to do something bad to us!



Kinderlach, we're in Hashem's Hands. Only He decides what will happen to us!

I have to remind myself of this, too.



Excuse me. There are several suitcases here with Hebrew writing on them. Do they perhaps belong to you?

Hey, these are our suitcases! What are they doing here?

They were waiting patiently for us to take them...



I'll check the list of departing flights again...

Reb Shlom'ke of Zhville zy" a said it

80 years ago.

YOU are the one who can make it happen now!

The tzaddik Reb Shlom'ke asked his close disciple, Reb Eliyahu Roth zt"l: Find a sponsor to set up a "Hashgacha Pratis Kollel" for ten Yidden.

Reb Shlom'ke said:

A person who talks a lot about Hashem's hashgacha will constantly experience Hashem's hashgacha. Back then, it didn't happen ...

Reb Yaakov Meir Shechter shlit" a said:

I wondered how it was possible that the tzaddik's hopes didn't come to fruition. But when I heard about the Hashgacha Pratis Initiative, I saw that a tzaddik's word always comes to be.

It's in YOUR hands to continue making this great dream a reality.

You can be a Rosh Kollel for "Kollel Hashgacha Pratis", and strengthen tens of Yidden in emunah and bitachon.

השגחה פרטית

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