

# 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

Beha'aloscha (In Israel: Shlach) 5786 × 193

## Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

### What Reb Zalman Did

Walking down the streets of Meah Shearim, the aroma of freshly baked rolls and shiny rugelach dripping with chocolate or cinnamon wafts through the air. Brizel's Bakery is an icon in this historic neighborhood.

Early one morning, a longtime worker at Brizel's was walking to work when he came upon a sign several meters away from his workplace announcing the upcoming opening of a brand-new bakery. Peeking into the storefront, he was shocked to discover his former coworker giving orders to his own workers in the new bakery.

Heart pounding, the worker sprinted the rest of the way to Brizel's, where his boss, the renowned chassid Reb Zalman Brizel, was sitting in his regular place behind the counter. Breathlessly, he relayed what his disbelieving eyes had seen. A former worker at Brizel's, having learned the tricks of the trade from Reb Zalman himself, was now going to compete with him on his own territory. Reb Zalman heard, and said nothing.

A little while later, the news-bearer saw his boss walking in the direction of the new bakery. Curiosity prompted him to follow. And so it was that he heard Reb Zalman giving his newfound competitor heartfelt wishes for success in his new venture.

"You know my bakery is right here too," Reb Zalman said. "So if you ever run out of something, don't hesitate to come over and ask for help."

When I confirmed this story with one of Reb Zalman's grandchildren, he told me, "Everyone knows this part of the story, but few people understand what was behind it all. You see, when my Zeidy heard the news, he was initially shocked. How could someone who had learned everything from him do this to him? But then he told himself, 'Why is this happening to me? Hashem runs the world, and He is the only One who provides for us and sustains us. I've learned *Shaar Habitachon* hundreds of times. How is it possible that this still bothers me?'

"On the spot, Zeidy decided to react honorably, knowing that doing so would catapult his *bitachon* to the levels described by Rabbenu Bachyai."

Hashem tests us because He wants to see us passing our *nisyonos* and attaining new heights. When we overcome our *nisyonos*, we bring Him tremendous *nachas*.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

## They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

### To Implant Emunah in the Heart of a Vid

***The Divrei Chaim of Sanz reveals why he was willing to place himself and all his family members in danger.***

Herschel had attempted several times to get a *brachah* from his Rebbe, the Divrei Chaim of Sanz. In his dreams, the Rebbe blessed him with ample *parnassah* and promised him he would never again have to work so hard for his basic sustenance. But in reality, each time he asked, the Rebbe refused to grant him this explicit promise.

Once again, Herschel stood in the Rebbe's waiting room, his heart beating with hopes for salvation from all his financial woes. His glance fell on an envelope that was sitting on the tzaddik's table, and he noticed the sender's address.

"Switzerland?" Reb Herschel wondered aloud. "How did a letter from Switzerland get here?"

"Actually," the *gabbai* responded, "this is the second letter sent to the Rebbe from the same address."

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A few weeks earlier, the letter with the foreign address had arrived in Sanz. What would someone from faraway Switzerland want from the Divrei Chaim?

The letter contained a plea for help, for a blessing for salvation from the Rebbe. The man who wrote it with his blood and his tears was a wealthy Swiss Jew whose Torah knowledge and observance were obviously lukewarm, though he viewed himself as fully religious. "I heard that you are a saint and a wonder-worker", he wrote, "and I suffer terribly from epilepsy, often enduring



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**

### ✕ The Full Price of a Ticket ✕

**Rav Meir Levi from Yerushalayim related the following story:**

When we heard about the two upcoming weddings, our hearts soared. With most of my wife's close family living in the United States, we often miss out on family gatherings and events. This is part of the challenges that come with living across the ocean, and it doesn't get easier over the years. Now there was both a *chassan* and a *kallah* in the family, and the two weddings were scheduled to take place a week apart, in the summer.

The children were, of course, enthused by the idea of flying to America for the two weddings. The younger ones jumped up and down, and the older ones, swept along with the excitement, started making plans as though it were a given that our entire large family would fly in for the two weddings. *Where would we stay?* they asked. *What day would be best to schedule the flight?* And on and on.

My wife and I looked at each other. It was easy for each of us to read the other's mind, as we were both thinking the exact same thing. None of the children had even thought of asking, *but would we even be able to fly?* Tickets in the summer were at peak price, and undertaking the trip meant an expense of tens of

thousands of dollars that we didn't have.

For several reasons, I knew that flying in with all the children was important, and it was not to be considered a luxury. But still, how would we pay?

My seventeen-year-old daughter is quite astute. At that moment, she looked around her and said, "Who here knows and believes that Hashem can arrange this trip for us, and that it could all work out?"

"Me!" all the children responded as one, their enthusiasm unfazed.

"Then let's dance to thank Hashem for the amazing trip and that we'll get to see Babby and Zeidy and also to be at both *chasunahs!*" she continued.

They made a circle, our lively bunch, and sang and danced, thanking Hashem for the upcoming trip.

That was how it all started. Buoyed with *simchah* and with trust in Hashem, I made reservations for a flight with a two-hour stopover in London, which came out slightly less expensive than the direct flights, and when the big day came, we were on our way.

While the first leg of our journey was uneventful, when we landed in London, the problems began. "Your connecting flight has been cancelled," we were told. "You need to wait several hours until there is an alternate flight with room for you."

I called our travel agent in Israel. He called me back several minutes later, amusement in his voice.

### >>> continued from page 1

repeated seizures throughout the day. Being that I am a Torah-observant Jew, I am sure you will want to help me and bless me with a complete recovery".

The tzaddik immediately sat down to pen a response to the Swiss Jew.

"You should know, my dear friend", he wrote", that the term 'Torah-observant Jew' carries much weight. The Torah contains 248 *mitzvos aseh* and 365 *mitzvos lo sa'aseh*, each of which parallels a part of our bodies. If a person is lacking in his performance of even one of these mitzvos, he is liable to suffer physically.

"I suggest," the Rebbe continued in his letter, "that you take upon yourself three things that will certainly bring about your full recovery from your difficult illness. First, full Shabbos observance; second, buy a new set of fully kosher dishes; and third, commit to learn Torah every day with a Jew who qualifies as a *talmid chacham*."

Time passed, and a second letter arrived with the same return address:

Now I know for certain that the Rebbe is a wonder-worker and a saint," the man wrote. "Today I am truly a fully observant Jew. I strengthened myself in all three areas the Rebbe dictated, and I am fully healthy. There is no trace of the seizures I used to suffer!"

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When he heard the story from the *gabbai*, Herschel felt a sharp twinge of jealousy in his heart.

"Why does the Rebbe use his power and grant his blessing to a Jew in Switzerland, while continually putting off my requests for a *yeshuah*? Why him and not me?!" he asked aloud.

Suddenly, the door to the room opened, and the Rebbe himself stood there. He turned to his *chassid* and softly explained:

"You should know, my dear son, that it is not easy or simple to bring about a *yeshuah*, to tear up the Heavenly decree for another Yid. One has to concentrate on the exact combination of Hashem's holy Names that applies for the exact moment of the day. If the person's intentions are not precise, he places himself and those who are close to him in grave danger!"

"Now you know why I have put off granting your request. On the other hand, when we are talking about a Jew in Switzerland who is far from true *emunah* and observance, it is certainly worthwhile to endanger myself and my family in order to implant *emunah* in his heart."

No risk is too great when it comes to ensuring that the fire of *emunah* will be lit in the heart of a Yid!

*Shiur by Rav Berisch Schneebalg shlit"á*

## ***Light in the Darkness***

The Ateres Tzvi of Ziditchov was poverty-stricken to the point that his children often hungered for bread. One night, his young daughter was crying. Hunger gnawed at her insides, keeping her awake. She wanted to eat. Right now. She wanted a bagel.

Her mother and siblings tried to calm her down, without success. Left with no choice, they turned to her father, the *heilige* Ziditchover, asking him to do something for her.

The Ateres Tzvi promised his daughter that soon there would be food for her to eat. "Now it is nighttime," he told her, "but soon the sun will rise. The stores will open. We'll find a few coins, and we'll buy you a bagel to eat."

His words and his promise didn't help her in the least. "Tomorrow," she said tearfully, "the sun will rise. There will be light and it'll be no big deal to buy bagels when all the stores are open. I want to eat *now*, when it's dark and all the stores are closed. I want to see that I can get a bagel now, too!"

The Ateres Tzvi spread his hands out to the Heavens and cried, "Ribbono shel Olam! We too are sure that when the *geulah* comes, everything will be good and calm and serene. When the light of *geulah* shines throughout the world, it will be a given that Am Yisrael will have it good. But we want to see that we can get a bagel now, too! We want to experience that expansiveness of knowing that You're nearby, so that we will be able to serve You in the darkness as well. We want your bountiful blessings and *siyata diShmaya* now."

Similarly, someone once told the Tiferes Tzvi that we must arouse ourselves to *teshuvah*, to which he replied that it says, "*barecheim, tahareim*" – bless them and purify them. In other words, we ask first that Hashem should shower blessings upon us, and this in turn will lead to our purity.

May we be *zocheh* to the complete *geulah*, speedily in our days; *amen!*

"There's a flight leaving in two hours, and I got you seats on it," he said.

As it turned out, this was our original flight, which had been cancelled and then reinstated. Because of the back-and-forth, the plane was almost empty, and we each stretched out on three seats and slept peacefully through most of the flight. What a *chessed* of Hashem that we not only got on at the originally planned time, but we also enjoyed an almost-private jet the entire way! The trip was everything we'd envisioned and more. It was family time centered around two beautiful *simchahs*. What more could we and our children ask for?

The time flew by, and soon we were on our way to JFK for the return flight home. It was Wednesday night, and we planned to be home in ample time to prepare properly for Shabbos. We flew to London, and in the airport, we walked to the gate where our connecting flight to Israel was scheduled to take off...and then it was *deja vu* all over again. The unusual hustle and bustle of the airport staff rang alarm bells in our heads. Something was off. Our flight to Israel was cancelled.

How would we get home?

We knew that this was for the good, because everything is for the good. The airline would fund our stay in a local hotel until the next available flight to Israel. "Amazing," I said. "We'll go and enjoy ourselves in the hotel. Everything is for the best!" We tried not to look at the clock. I knew it would keep moving even if we didn't check it every moment. And so the night passed, morning arrived, and we were once again on our way to the airport.

I went over to the desk and asked the airline representative when they had booked a flight for us, and she told me they hadn't booked a flight for us at all. I guess they assumed that if a flight was cancelled, the passengers would find their own way home, or something like that. So we just stood around, waiting.

Yes, we stood. There were no chairs in that part of the airport, and my phone was not working either, as the battery had died. I couldn't call the travel agent, and I had to run back and forth between various airline representatives to find a flight — any flight — to get us home. They told me there was a flight at 1 p.m., but with all the paperwork we had to fill out, we missed it. So they pushed us off to a flight at 6 p.m.

At that point, we were really worn out. It was getting difficult for me to smile and say that everything was for the best. Our food was almost gone, and we could barely stand on our feet. As luck would have it, the airline representative who was supposed to help us was quite irritable. She kept asking why we hadn't gotten on the afternoon flight, but then it took her only seconds to arrange places on the evening flight.

Finally, we were on the plane. The contrast between





our luxurious flight to New York and this flight was vast. The flight was packed. We were exhausted to the bone and nervous about making it home in time for Shabbos. It was a nightmare.

Ultimately, we landed in time and went straight to my parents' home, where we were graciously hosted for Shabbos.

With the whole story behind us, we decided to ask the airline for some sort of refund for the hours we had lost and the *agmas nefesh* we'd endured because of our cancelled connection flights. And then came the great surprise; the airline approved a full refund on each of our tickets!

That's how the journey that began with an enthusiastic dance of *bitachon* in Hashem ended. As my daughter said, we all knew and believed that Hashem could arrange the entire trip for us, and indeed that is what happened. While we endured quite a bit, Hashem arranged that we paid nothing for our tickets. Everything we went through was indeed for the best.

### × The Flashing Red Wake-Up Call ×

#### **My name is Chaim ,and I live in Yerushalayim.**

Like hundreds of Jews in Eretz Yisrael, I refrain from using electricity from Israel's general electric company on Shabbos, since it is operated, at least in part, by Jews. Several years ago I installed a battery in the electric box outside my apartment for my personal use on Shabbos.

This battery is composed of two parts. One part stores electricity in it, and the other part transfers the electricity – from the apartment's electric box into the battery when it's charging, and from the battery into the apartment's electric box on Shabbos. In the fuse box at the entrance to our apartment ,we have one switch for charging the battery and another switch that sets the battery on Shabbos mode.

On Motzaei Shabbos *Parshas Vayigash*, I pressed the switch that is meant to charge the battery, and several moments later the battery started beeping, and a flashing red light went on. I turned it off, thinking I would try again later.

The following day, Sunday, I tried again, and once again I got the flashing red warning signal and the beeping sound. The instruction booklet informed me that this was error number 105, which meant that the part that transfers the electricity was heating up too quickly.

I've been using the battery for four years, and this sort of thing has never happened to me before. On Monday I called a technician and asked him what to do. He suggested that the vent might have gotten

ruined, but when I examined it, I saw it was working fine. "So what we'll need to do," he told me, "is remove the whole part that transfers electricity and take it to the lab to have it checked. If it needs a repair, the cost will be 300 shekels, but if you need to replace it, the cost is 2,500 shekels."

Either way, this would be a significant expense for me.

"I'll think it over," I said.

Then I laughed to myself. What would I think about? About the money? About the battery? Where would thinking get me when I needed this battery to work by next Shabbos? Perhaps, I thought to myself, what I need to do is to think a bit deeper, to think about Shabbos. Perhaps there is something about Shabbos that I need to improve?!

This thought lingered in my mind. The next day, Tuesday, was *Asarah B'Teves*. I learned in the *Mishnah Berurah* (261) that only one who brings in Shabbos a half hour, or at the very least twenty minutes, before sunset is in line with the opinion of all the *Rishonim*.

A flashing red light went off in my own mind.

The past Shabbos was Shabbos Chanukah. When I went to light candles, I discovered that one of the children had played around with the wicks, and I had to redo them, which took time. Then my wife lit candles, and suddenly I realized I hadn't switched the battery to Shabbos mode. Since I don't take on Shabbos when my wife lights, I was able to press the switch ten short minutes before sunset.

Reading the words of the *Mishnah Berurah* led me to do *teshuvah* for what I'd done. I took upon myself on the spot to bring in Shabbos at least twenty minutes before sunset.

After the fast, I pressed the switch to charge the battery again and walked away. It's such a simple thing to do that I simply forgot that I'd done it. Later in the evening, the technician called to ask what I'd decided, and then I remembered that I'd pressed the switch again.

"Did anyone hear any beeping or see a flashing red light in the fuse box?" I asked the children.

"No," they responded. "We didn't hear or see anything."

I checked the battery, and I saw that everything was working properly. This was the flashing red wake-up call that Hashem sent me, and when I heard it, there was simply no reason to send it anymore.

### × To See Hashem's Chessed ×

**Rav Eliyahu Bijou from Beit Shemesh related:**

I have been in need of a new pair of glasses for several years, but I kept delaying buying them. I have a high number, along with several other issues, which together make the cost of a pair of glasses for me 1,500 shekels – not a sum I have to spare. So I simply put it off.

When I was working, it wasn't too bad, but *baruch Hashem*, in the last two years I have been *zocheh* to start learning in *kollel* full time. To learn Gemara you need to see properly!

One day I was walking to the grocery when a man approached me. "I need to buy glasses for my son," he said, "and I have no money. Could you please help me out?"

"Yes," I responded right away, knowing I had *ma'aser money* that I needed to give. "I don't have any cash on me, though," I explained, "so if you want I can come along with you to the store and give the seller what I can by credit card."

He gratefully accepted my offer.

On the way to the store, I thought about how difficult and demeaning it must be to collect money from people in order to buy glasses. Who knew how long his son would have to wait for the glasses at this rate? I decided to take care of the whole thing. I told the seller I was paying for the glasses in full and asked

him to take the money in monthly installments from my credit card.

*Baruch Hashem*, the boy got his glasses.

I was moved and grateful for the *zechus* that had come my way. Now I davened to Hashem and asked Him, "Just as I was *zocheh* to purchase glasses for a Jewish child, please enable me to purchase glasses for myself as well!"

A while later, my brother-in-law, who works in an optical store, called me out of the blue. "Come over and choose a pair of glasses for yourself," he said.

I was about to enter a *shiur* when he called. When the *shiur* was over, I went to the store where he works. The store was empty. "Choose a pair, and I'll place the order," he told me. "I'm paying for the glasses with money I have put aside for *ma'aser*."

I saw how Hashem's world is built upon *chessed*, how we give and we receive, and it is all Hashem's will for *Yidden* to help each other out. I also saw how Hashem rewarded me measure for measure for helping out a Jewish child. And what's more, I purchased a pair for the child that cost a few hundred shekels, and Hashem rewarded me with the glasses I needed that cost in the thousands.

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](mailto:hashgachaprutis@gmail.com)



## Your Say

Mailbox

First of all, I want to thank you for your wonderful publication, a treasure trove of *emunah* and *chizuk*. Keep up the excellent work!

In the Hebrew edition (185) there was an article about Reb Nachum Yasser, who once told someone that Hashem had spoken to him clearly that morning, telling him to walk around his house for twenty minutes. How did He know that Hashem told him so? Because his second shoe was missing, and he was forced to look for it. In other words, he heard Hashem's Voice in every circumstance that arose in his life.

I wanted to add that several years ago there was a terrible car accident, where three high-school girls lost their lives *R"l*. The *levayos* took place late at night, and the *menahel* of the school came out especially in order to speak to the multitudes that had gathered. His message was short and to the

point. He said that he'd made a tremendous effort to be there in order to relay that "the girls did not pass away because of the accident. Rather, the accident occurred because it was decreed on High that these girls' lives were to end." He repeated this sentence three times – simple words of *emunah* implanted into the hearts of all those who heard him.

This occurred several years ago, and since then, I too endured a great personal *nisayon*. Instead of trying to explain why the tragedy occurred, I reminded myself that it happened because this is what was decreed on High. *Chizku v'imtzu!* And thank you again for the weekly newsletter.

**Moshe Tessler, Williamsburg, New York.**

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



### Elevating Our Perspective

My name is Yosi, and I live in Elad.

You know how it is when you're in a rush in the morning, knowing the bell will ring in *cheder* at 8:25, and the walk takes 20 minutes, and it's already 8:07, and you're still standing outside your apartment on the fourth floor waiting for the elevator? Well, you should never know that feeling of tension. There I was, actually already *in* the elevator with my neighbor and classmate, but he was holding the door open, and he wouldn't let it close. He was simply waiting for all three of his brothers to pack into the elevator too, and they... well, they were taking their time. I could hear one of them yelling something about his other shoe from inside their house, and the other still rummaging in the cabinets for a snack.

"Hellooo!" I wanted to yell at my friend. "We're going to be late!!" Luckily, though, I said nothing.

The next thing I knew, the building was plunged into darkness. There was a power outage. I looked at my friend, who still had his foot on the elevator door to prevent it from closing, and at that same second, we both hurried out of there and into the stairwell. Had we allowed the elevator door to close a minute earlier and started our descent, we would have been stuck inside! The nerve-wracking delay was completely for my good!

### The Real Party Planner

Hello, my name is Yishai, and I live in Yerushalayim.

We planned a Chanukah party for my whole class. Everyone was excited to contribute a dish, a snack, or a drink for the party. We all arrived in *cheder* that day with the food we had brought, dressed in white shirts and prepared to enjoy the planned program and all the food.

But when we set up the tables, we realized we'd forgotten something critical: cutlery! How could our party go on without it?! What would we do?

My *rebbe* then came in, and he was really impressed by our



hard work and the way we'd set all the tables. Of course, we told him about the missing cutlery, but he immediately smiled and said, "That's not a problem. There was another party here yesterday, and they had tons of extra cutlery left over, which they left in the office for the yeshivah to use." He sent one of the boys to get it. That's how we realized that though we could take pride in our efforts, it was Hashem Who ensured that our party was complete, with food to eat and cutlery to eat it with!

### We Didn't Even Ask for a Ride

My name is Avrumy Deitsch, and I live in Beit Shemesh.

My grandfather was *niftar* several weeks ago, and his *sheloshim* fell out on a hot, dry day. Of course, we all wanted to bring honor to Zeidy *a"h* by saying *kaddish* and davening at his *kever*. We decided that since most of our cousins live in Bnei Brak, where Zeidy is buried, they would rent a van together to bring them to the *kever*. Those of us coming from other cities would take public transportation.



We left our home in Beit Shemesh in the early afternoon on a bus to Bnei Brak. En route, we realized that the bus did not stop near the *beis hachaim* – it would be at least a twenty-minute walk in the heat from the bus stop to the *beis hachaim*. What could we do?

We resolved to make the best of it. We got off at the nearest stop and started to walk. We had to make our way through an unpaved path with rocks and pebbles, and as I've already mentioned, it was r-e-a-l-l-y hot.

We'd been walking for no more than a minute when we heard a honk. Turning around, we saw the van with all our cousins inside. Our cousins had spotted us and asked the driver to stop, and he quickly told us to board. The blast of air conditioning hit us as we got onto the van, and the feeling that Hashem was accompanying us and caring for us everywhere was so strong! 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

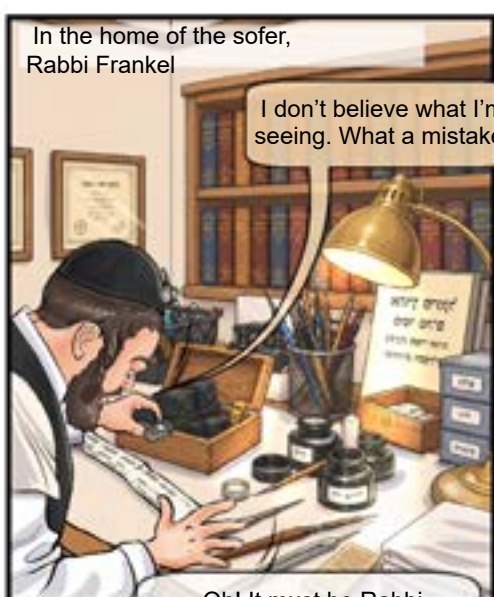
**Notices**

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

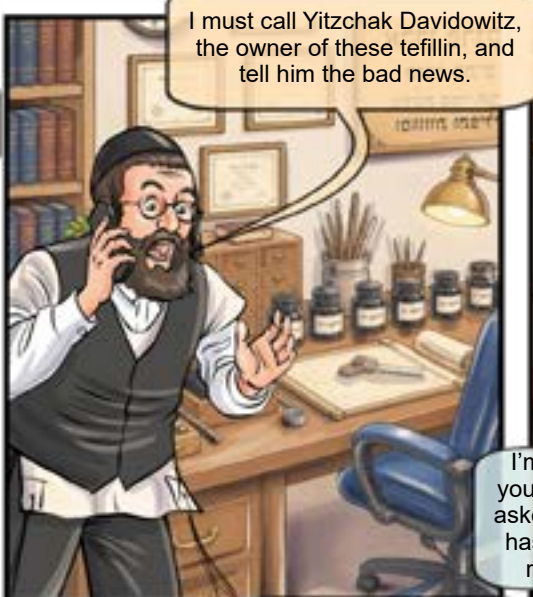


# It All Adds Up Chapter 1



In the home of the sofer, Rabbi Frankel

I don't believe what I'm seeing. What a mistake!



I must call Yitzchak Davidowitz, the owner of these tefillin, and tell him the bad news.



In Yitzchak Davidowitz's office

I asked not to transfer any calls to me now. I'm busy with several urgent matters...

I'm sorry. I told the caller you're not available, but he asked me to tell you that he has important information regarding your tefillin!



Oh! It must be Rabbi Frankel, the sofer I asked to check my tefillin urgently.



What?! I can't believe it. My set of mehudar tefillin is not kosher?! Now I understand what the Rav meant...



All these years, I lost out on the mitzvah of tefillin!! I can't even think about it! Oy! Oy!

That's why I hurried to call you immediately, so at least you'll be able to get hold of kosher tefillin today, before the sun sets!



I must find a set of kosher tefillin before sunset! Here in my office, which is in a non-Jewish area, I have no chance of finding tefillin, and by the time I get home, it'll be dark!



Please, Hashem! Help me to at least be zocheh to put on tefillin properly today!

Reb Shlom'ke of Zhville zy"ra 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**

A World of Emunah... A Life of Brachon.

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Open a kollel for Reb Shlom'ke. Today.  
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