

# 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

Shelach (In Israel: Korach) 5786 × 194

## Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

### The Power You Have

Everyone knows and sings the beautiful tune for *Baruch Keil Elyon*, composed by the famed Reb Moshe Goldman. It is sung in practically every Jewish home every Shabbos, throughout the world.

I was surprised when Reb Moshe's son told me that his father – the composer himself – actually sang a long-winded, little-known tune of the *zemer* at his own Shabbos table. "He didn't really connect to the popular one that everyone sings," he said. "My father thought it was one of his less successful compositions."

I had to laugh at the irony, but then I had a deep insight:

What actually happens is not exactly what you think will happen. Sometimes you do something, and you have no clue that what you viewed as a small, insignificant action actually lit up the whole world.

Nowadays, a Yid in Bnei Brak could relate an incident of *hashgachah pratis* that occurred to him, and in this way he will give *chizuk* to someone in Canada. Someone in Boro Park could tell a short story, and a Yid in Belgium will gain the strength to overcome a challenge he is facing that day. In our times, the *Hashgachah Pratis* hotline gives every Jew tremendous power.

Perhaps you don't attribute much significance to your story, but it's possible – in fact it's very probable – that hundreds of your brothers around the world will gain strength from your story, and that it will light up their lives.

Sometimes our job is not to think so deeply into things, but simply to do them.

If you saw *hashgachah pratis* in your life, pick up the phone and tell what happened, or write it up. Share your story with Am Yisrael. You have the power to light up the entire world!

**Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer**

## They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

### Hashem's Chessed Has Come!

***The Baba Chaki and his family sit in a flimsy canvas tent in Hadera, and they are hungry. What do they do with the ten-lirah note found outside their door?***

It was in the year 5709, in the western part of Hadera, near the shoreline, in an improvised immigrant camp.

Strong winds blew and cold drops of rain fell on the thick canvas tents where the Jewish agency had placed hundreds of recent immigrants from Morocco. Sand dunes turned into sticky masses of mud, and the rain and cold seeped into their small living space and into their bones. In these subhuman conditions, the Moroccan Jews sat wrapped in heavy quilts, their only protection from the freezing cold. This was not what they'd dreamed about as they made the arduous journey to the Holy Land. Times were very difficult, and their spirits were low.

Hashem sent these immigrants from Morocco a source of light and comfort, in the tzaddik Rabbi Yitzchak Abuchatzzeira, better known as the Baba Chaki, who was the brother of the famed Baba Sali, zy"ta. Like the rest of them, the Baba Chaki had endured a long, tiring journey in order to immigrate to Eretz Yisrael from Morocco. He understood their pain, and he encouraged them with his unshakeable inner strength and *emunah*.

"My dear brothers, Hashem hasn't forgotten us," he told them repeatedly. "He is our loving and merciful Father, and He's with us now. Let's believe that the *yeshuah* will come very soon!"

The Baba Chaki himself was in extremely difficult straits, and at times his family hungered for bread.

One Friday, the *rabbanit* turned to her husband and asked him for money to buy food for Shabbos. The Baba Chaki responded with fiery words of *emunah* and *bitachon*...

"I understand that one who trusts in Hashem is surrounded by *cheded*," the *rabbanit* said bitterly. "I see the *bitachon* here, but where is the *cheded*?! When will I see it?!"

"You need to know that Hashem is testing us with poverty now," the Rav responded. "If we withstand this difficult



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**

### ✕ This Is How It's Meant to Be ✕

I live in Beitar. From the time my son with special needs was born, I have been zocheh to see constant and incredibly obvious instances of hashgachah pratis.

Our baby was born on a bright summer day with Down syndrome and a serious heart defect. While a healthy heart is composed of four separate chambers separated by strong, thick muscular partitions, and valves that open and close with incredible precision, our baby's heart was like one large open room.

Our baby stayed in the hospital for several months after he was born, and I could seriously write three separate books about those months: One filled with stories of Hashem's hashgachah, another about the awesome acts of chessed of Am Yisrael, and a third about the hashgachah that manifests through these acts of chessed.

The doctors decided it was critical that our baby undergo heart surgery to repair the chambers in his heart, and that the best place to do it was in Hadassah Ein Kerem Hospital. To arrange for the surgery, we had to transfer a disc with all the X-rays from Shaare Zedek Hospital to Hadassah Hospital. On the day he was released from Shaare Zedek, I got a call from Hadassah. The secretary urged us to get the disc to them quickly, so they could schedule his surgery as soon as possible. "Someone should bring the disc from Shaare Zedek directly to us right now," she said. There's a melamed who teaches in my cheder who is always happy to offer me a ride to Yerushalayim, where he lives. I phoned him, but he did not respond to my call. With no other option available, I went out to the bus stop to wait for the bus to Yerushalayim. I waited and waited, and the bus didn't show up.

I was feeling so pressured; it seemed that nothing was working out. But unbeknownst to me, in the meantime, things were happening. A woman who works in Shaare Zedek and lives in Beitar called my wife's cell-phone to offer her a ride back from the hospital, something she often did throughout the

months that our baby was hospitalized.

"I am home with the baby, who was released today" my wife informed her, "but there is something else you can do that would truly help us."

The woman was ready and willing to help with anything we needed.

"Could you get the disc of our baby's X-rays from the second floor and bring it to us in Beitar?" she asked.

"You got it," the woman replied.

My wife rushed to call and inform me that the disc was on the way to us in Beitar. How I then thanked Hashem in retrospect for the fact that my friend the *melamed* hadn't answered the call (he called a minute later and I told him I no longer needed the ride), and that the bus hadn't shown up! I would have wasted precious time and energy getting to Yerushalayim and back when Hashem had arranged for the disc to come to our doorstep in the most convenient way possible.

I want to share something else as well:

My son's heart defect affected his life from the day he was born, and it caused him much suffering. His breathing labored and his blood wasn't as clean and clear as it should be. Nonetheless, there were other babies who needed surgery more urgently than he, babies whose very lives were in danger. The doctors told me that if he was holding up, it would be wiser to wait until he'd grown a bit, when the chances of success were much higher and the results would last longer.

We waited. A date was set for his surgery in the month of Nissan, just before Pesach. The day before the scheduled surgery, we arrived at Hadassah Hospital early in the morning for a full day of testing and pre-op. We literally went from one test to the next, holding and calming the baby, waiting for results, and more. It was completely exhausting, and it felt endless.

Finally, the difficult day ended. While on our way home, our minds and adrenaline raced with the thought of countless details that had to be arranged

### >>> continued from page 1

*nisayon* with our *emunah* intact, the *chessed* will follow!" The *rabbanit* stepped outside and, to her joy, discovered a ten-lirah note on the ground. This was a large sum of money.

"We withstood the *nisayon*!" she told her husband joyfully, "and the *chessed* has come!"

"No," the Baba Chaki said quietly. "We are still in the midst of the *nisayon*. It is not forbidden for us to take this note for ourselves, but it behooves us to go beyond the letter of the law and try to return it. How could we enjoy

Shabbos food at the expense of someone else's loss?!"

While they were talking, the mailman arrived with registered mail. The envelope contained a check for a considerable sum of money. The check was made out to the Baba Chaki and his family.

Now the Baba Chaki's face lit up.

"Here," he told his wife. "Now the *chessed* has arrived! In the *zechus* of *emunah*, with the power of *bitachon*, and in the *zechus* of our passing the test!"

*Shiur* by Rav Dovid Kletzkin *shlit”a*

## **The Benefits of Bitachon**

*Bitachon* in Hashem is highly recommended. It benefits the person in seventy-five different ways!

Rabbenu Bachyai begins the fourth chapter of *Shaar Habitachon* by explaining what happens to the personality of someone who trusts in Hashem. First of all, he is filled with *menuchas hanefesh* – inner peace and serenity. Often described as a “doctor of the soul,” Rabbenu Bachyai focuses on *menuchas hanefesh*, that internal reality that has countless external results and manifestations.

A person with *menuchas hanefesh* really has it all.

He is not a nervous wreck. His logic is clear, and he knows how to find solutions to problems that arise. His daily schedule is his regular framework, and even when the inevitable mishaps and problems crop up, his thoughts remain orderly, and he knows what to do in order to mitigate the pressure. He doesn't fall apart. He knows how to act and what to do at every turn. He has *menuchas hanefesh* because he trusts in Hashem like a servant who trusts in his master for everything.

Before describing all the advantages of being a *baal bitachon*, Rabbenu Bachyai lists the severe deficits and disadvantages that result from placing one's trust in other human beings. In our own minds we often tend to lean on other people for solutions to our problems or for the fulfillment of our dreams. We find comfort in envisioning how they will take care of things for us, or how they will give us that which we lack. It is only once we let go of our trust and dependency on other human beings that we can find that elusive *menuchas hanefesh* that comes from total trust in Hashem alone.

before we'd check into the hospital early the following morning for the long-awaited surgery. Suddenly, my phone rang.

“I'm calling from the hospital,” said the secretary. “Tomorrow the doctors will not be doing surgery on your son.”

“What?!” I was shocked. How could they cancel on us after all this preparation and buildup?

“There is another baby whose condition is considered more urgent than yours. He was born today and needs surgery right away to save his life. That baby takes precedence,” she explained.

It was so anti-climactic, so frustrating. So there would not be surgery after all. What now? Our baby's heart was defective, it wasn't whole, but our own hearts had to be whole with Hashem and accepting of His will. “*Gam zu l'tovah.*” I forced the words out of my lips, knowing that saying them out loud would help me to feel them. Hashem knows what He's doing, and the delay was certainly for our good. We set a new date for after Pesach.

But when the new date came, the same scenario repeated itself: An exhausting day of pre-op and testing, and then a sudden cancellation on account of another baby whose situation was more urgent. This time, it was really difficult to maintain a positive attitude. I was terribly frustrated and upset. I went in to my Rebbe and related everything that had happened. He empathized with our challenge and our pain, and then he told me a story about Reb Shlom'ke of Zhvil zy”a. Reb Shlom'ke fasted very often, and once he asked his grandson to make him a cup of tea before his fast began at sunset. Somehow, though the grandson hurried to make the tea, everything seemed to go wrong. The pail of water tipped over and became all muddy. The water wouldn't boil. The cup fell to the floor. By the time the child had gotten the tea ready, the sun had already set and the Rebbe's fast had begun.

“Don't be upset, Mord'chaleh,” Reb Shlom'ke told his grandson. “*This is what was meant to be.*” This was not a mistake; it was meant to be.

My Rebbe repeated these words to me until I felt he had imbued the belief inside me as well. Everything that happened with the surgery *was meant to be*. It was not a mistake.

In the meantime, many of our friends and acquaintances knew what we'd endured, and somehow our story made its rounds, until a renowned medical *askan* heard about it. He called me up and explained that he'd heard what we'd been through and thought there might be a need for some pull or *protektzia* in order to get our baby into surgery. “We can put pressure on the doctors so this doesn't happen again,” he offered.

Buoyed with the strength the Rebbe had given me, I suddenly heard myself telling the *askan* the exact words that I'd heard from him. Remarkably, my voice reflected the inner



conviction that I felt, after having worked hard on my *bitachon*. “*This is how it was meant to be*,” I said to the *askan*. “Hashem is taking care of us and our baby so well; I don’t want to interfere more than necessary. The surgery will happen *when it is meant to happen*.” Several days later, my sister told me about her neighbor, who gave birth to a baby with a life-threatening heart defect. The baby was rushed into surgery in Hadassah Ein Kerem the day after he was born.

Curious, she asked me, “Did you meet them?”

“When was his surgery?” I asked.

She told me the date. It was on the same day when our baby was scheduled for surgery. This surgery was no child’s play. A delay could seriously have caused the loss of a life. Would I have wanted to be in a position of someone who used *protektzia* to get his child in for surgery ahead of someone who needed it more urgently?! Would I have wanted my child’s surgery to be – *chalilah* – at the expense of another child’s life?! I thanked Hashem for sending my sister to clarify all this for me. Indeed, once we have done our *hishtadlus*, we should always repeat and remember that everything happens *exactly as it is meant to happen*.

### × Two Lives Saved ×

Chaim Yaakov L. from Yerushalayim told his friend’s incredible story:

My father, who is all of fifty years old, had serious kidney failure and needed dialysis three times a week. The doctors warned us that he would not survive this way for long and that we urgently needed to get him a transplant.

And so the search began, firstly, of course, with the close family members. Would one of us be a good match and be *zocheh* to give our own father life? My brother and I both rushed to be checked. Lo and behold, when the doctors checked me, they discovered a small, malignant tumor in my kidney. This is the type of tumor that develops very slowly over time, but when it reaches a certain size, it is life-threatening.

So due to the fact that I wanted to donate a kidney to my father, my own life was saved!

Ultimately, my brother was a good match, and he was the one to donate his kidney. That is how Hashem, in His unending *chessed*, gave back life to two people in our family – my father and me.

### What Goes Around Comes Around

My name is Yochanan .I live in Yerushalayim ,and

something really interesting happened to me:

I was standing at the bus stop waiting for a bus ,when a man who looked to be at least eighty years old walked over to me ,his hand outstretched.

”Please “,he requested” ,give me 200 shekels“.

Though I truly felt bad for him ,and I happened to have a 200-shekel bill in my pocket ,I am not in a position to give large sums of money to every person who asks .I turned him down.

But the old man wouldn’t leave me alone .I have no idea why he didn’t try someone else” .I need it urgently “,he told me” .It’s something important that I must buy right now“.

*What a rachmanus*, I thought. In response to his repeated entreaties, I reached into my pocket and gave him the 200-shekel bill I had. I planned on deducting it from the *ma’aser* money I was required to give.

In the meantime, the bus was delayed, and a friendly driver pulled over in his car and offered me a ride. It turned out he was *really* friendly, and we spent the time in traffic getting acquainted. He wanted to know about the *kollel* where I learned, what exactly we learned, how much they paid, and more. We schmoozed like two old friends.

As I was about to leave his car, he pulled a 200-shekel bill out of his pocket and told me, “This is for you. I want a part in your learning.”

How do I say this? It was literally out one pocket and into another. Money comes and goes according to Hashem’s will!

### × Every Missile Has an Address ×

My name is Uriel, and I live in central Eretz Yisrael.

I was sure that my long search for an apartment had reached its happy ending. We found an apartment that we liked, for the right price. We signed on a preliminary contract and even paid an initial fee. But then there was a spike in prices, and our seller backed out. He was sure that selling it on the agreed-upon price meant a loss for him, and he canceled the contract.

I had two choices: I could fight him in *beis din*, or I could let it go. *Baruch Hashem*, I chose the second option.

Once again, I took up the search for an apartment, and Hashem must have been pleased with my actions, because in short order, I found a lovely apartment that suited our needs even better, and we signed a contract. That was the happy ending of our story.

Only the story continued. During the war, an Iranian missile made a direct hit on the building across the

street from the apartment I had almost purchased. The apartment was damaged severely, and unfortunately, people inside it were injured as well. Mere years after the sale that wasn't, I was able to tangibly see how Hashem had orchestrated all of it for my good.

### ✕ Forty Days ✕

I want to tell you a remarkable incident of clear *hashgachah* and the power of tzaddikim. My name is Unger, and I live in Square Town. My younger brother was in *shidduchim* for a long time. He was twenty years old, which, in our circles, where the majority of boys marry at the age of 18, is considered quite old to still be single.

One day my mother's friend from Monsey called and told my mother that she was planning to daven at the Ribnitzer Rebbe's *kever* for forty days and that she would mention my brother's name for a *zivug hagun*. My mother was so touched and also a bit surprised.

"What made you think of my son?" she asked.

"Well," her friend responded, "my own son needs a *shidduch* now as well, and the Rebbe told me to daven for your son."

My mother is involved in *chessed* on many different levels. This friend of hers had waited many years until her one and only son was born, and my mother was there for her to help her through those difficult years. "The Rebbe said I should think of someone who did

*chessed* with me and whose child needs a *zivug* too, and that I should daven for their child. He said that one who davens for his friend and needs the same thing will be answered."

My mother was moved to the core. "You know what," she told her friend, "I want to daven for your son as well. *B'li neder*, I will say *Shir Hashirim* for forty days as a *zechus* for your son. Give me his full name."

They exchanged names.

The following day, each of them began the planned forty days of *tefillah* for the other – one at the *kever* of the Ribnitzer Rebbe in Monsey, and the other by saying *Shir Hashirim* in her home.

On the fortieth day (!) – despite the fact that there was talk of waiting for the next day – my brother got engaged. Amid the tumult and excitement of his *l'chaim*, the phone rang. It was my mother's friend.

"*Mazal tov!*" she shouted.

My mother was sure she was wishing her *mazal tov* on my brother's engagement. "How did you know my son got engaged?" she asked.

"Your son?!" she said. "I'm calling to tell you that *my* son got engaged!"

On the same day – the exact same day. Incredible; simply incredible.

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

Mere words cannot capture the magnitude of what you are doing, the greatness of the *zikui harabbim*. You breathe life into our generation of *ikvesa d'Meshicha*, life that comes from closeness to Hashem, faith in Him, and recognition of His constant *hashgachah* over the world even in these times of concealment. You simply open our eyes to see the goodness and constant supervision of Hashem over every step in our lives.

Tzaddikim say that *hashgachah pratis* is always present, and it can be seen all the time, on condition that we don't close our eyes!

We can see how people who live with *bitachon* have happy, serene lives. Even in difficult times, and even if a person is dealing with ongoing *nisyonos*

for many years, life can be sweet as honey with *bitachon* in Hashem. We often meet people who seem so happy and relaxed that we would never know they were undergoing something difficult. The "wonder" of *bitachon* in Hashem is that it makes a person happy and calm.

How does this happen? When a person keeps telling himself that he's in the loving Hands of his Father, Who does everything for his good both in this world and in the Next, these words have an effect on him.

Warmest regards to all of you, *Yidden* who are strengthening themselves in *bitachon* in Hashem.

—S. Rothman, Beit Shemesh

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



### All Hashem's Deeds Are "Fair"

My name is Simcha Stern, and I live in London. I want to tell you about how I saw with my own eyes that everything Hashem does is for our good.



Our yeshivah had a school-wide contest, where we could get tickets for good behavior over a long period of time. The contest ended with a huge fair, where every boy could use his tickets to buy all sorts of prizes. I knew how many tickets I had, and I knew even before entering the fair exactly which three prizes I wanted to buy.

It was an exciting fair. The whole yeshivah was together in the assembly hall, and the oldest class was selling the prizes behind tables that were set up. I wanted to buy a ball, a flashlight, and a really good pen they were selling, so I was quite upset when, by the time my turn in line arrived, both the pens and the flashlights were all sold! I was thinking that it was a pity I had to settle for other prizes I hadn't thought of buying.

But the following day, Hashem showed me how everything that happens is for the best. My friends who had gotten the pens and flashlights reported that these prizes both broke and stopped working within a few hours!

### A Close Call

I'm Yisrael, and I live in Yerushalayim. My mother lost something really important: Her cellphone! It is very hard to manage these days without a cellphone. We searched the house from top to bottom, but it was nowhere to be found. We tried calling the phone repeatedly, but the ring was probably on silent. After several hours, the call automatically went to voicemail, which, we assumed, meant that

the battery had died.

"I know it's somewhere around the house, because I last used it at 7 this morning, when I called to listen to the weather report. I was standing right here by the dining room window at the time." My mother pointed out the exact spot.

We decided to search again, under the sofa, behind the closets; we even checked if it had fallen out the window, although my mother clearly remembered that the window was closed and locked at the time. Where could the cellphone have disappeared to?

By the end of the day we sort of gave up, and we all went to sleep. My mother was making a sheva brachos for our cousin the following week, so she was up late at night in the kitchen preparing her famous carrot muffins. It was 2 a.m. In the silence of night, she thought her ears were playing tricks on her. She was hearing the familiar sound of her cellphone ringing. How was that even possible?

It seemed the sound was coming from the garbage can. Quickly, my mother put on rubber gloves and sifted through the garbage until, at the very bottom of it, she found her cellphone.

Hashem wanted Mommy to find her cellphone and not to have the expense of buying a new one and the hassle of collecting all her contacts all over again. So Hashem arranged everything for her in advance. First of all, my younger brother had been playing with the phone earlier in the day, and he unknowingly set an alarm to go off at 2 a.m. Then it mistakenly fell into the garbage, but just that night, my mother was awake at this unusual hour and heard the ringing of the phone!



#### 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 2

**Last week:** In Montreal, Yitzchak Davidowitz gets news that his tefillin are not kosher. He rushes to find a set of tefillin to put on before sunset.



Can I send in Mr. Gold?

No. Umm...yes.



What's wrong, my friend? You look awful! Did you just hear bad news?



I just heard that my tefillin are not kosher! Maybe you have a set of tefillin here with you?

Wow! Just today, I left my tefillin in the car. I'll run and get them for you so you can put them on before sunset!

Thank you, Hashem!



In the sofer's house

Here, you see, the mistake.

How can it be that they didn't find that mistake when I had the tefillin checked twelve years ago, before my wedding?!



Now I understand how important it is to check tefillin regularly.

Why did you decide to have them checked now?

My Rav told me to check them because of what happened to me...



A year earlier, in Yitzchak Davidowitz's office:

Where is my wallet?! How did it disappear?!

Too many things have been disappearing lately...I don't think these valuable items grew wings. We need to check the security cameras to find out who the thief is!



That's John, the janitor!

The pictures are a bit blurred; we can't be certain. But starting tomorrow, I'll be keeping an eye on him!



The accused is found guilty of theft, and sentenced to a year in prison!

What a severe punishment! And all because of the boss. I'll get even with that Jew!!



The next day:

That's it! We've caught our thief. I'll call the police immediately!

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**

A World of Emunah | A Life of Bitachon

A special representative will bring your bakashos to Reb Shlom'ke's kever on Har Ha'zeisim.

Open a kollel for Reb Shlom'ke. Today.  
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