

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

Parshas Korach (In Israel: Chukas) 5786 × 195

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

All in Preparation for Bigger and Better

Often what seems like a tragedy is the harbinger of, or the preparation for, something better that Hashem wants to give us, as the following story illustrates:

We were married twenty years ago. At the time, my uncle's apartment in Tzfas was empty, and he asked us to come live in it. We lived in that apartment for fifteen years.

Five years ago our uncle passed away, childless, and that's when things got complicated. Family members began hinting, then explicitly demanding, that we vacate the apartment. I will not go into the halachic question we posed to Rabbanim, because that has nothing to do with what I want to relay.

My wife and I rehashed the situation, trying to decide what to do. We could easily go to a *din Torah* and get into *machlokes*, but we knew this would cause tremendous pain, especially to my father.

Baruch Hashem, I constantly listen to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, where it is reiterated repeatedly that *parnassah*, our home, and all our needs come from Hashem alone. These words of *emunah* were ingrained in us to the point that we decided to simply leave the apartment without making an issue of it at all.

The end of this story is that today, five years later, we now have a giant apartment in Ashdod, four times the size of the apartment we left behind in Tzfas! We never dreamed of having such a comfortable setup.

I often think that if at one point I thought there was reason for me to be angry at the family members who ousted us from our home, today I recognize that I owe them a debt of gratitude. They were Hashem's messengers to take us out of there so that we could come to where we are today.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

Danger in Kifl Haris

A mob of Arab youths encircles the car. Huge rocks fly through the air. And he remains calm, suffused with the joy of closeness to Hashem

The old car made strange shrieking sounds as it wound its way through the roads leading into the Arab village of Kifl Haris, and its occupants swayed from side to side. Outside, olive groves dotted the breathtaking landscapes of the Shomron, but their minds were not on the scenery. A green-and-white sign with Arabic lettering announced their arrival at their destination – Kifl Haris, the Arab settlement where the *kever* of Yehoshua bin Nun is located.

As the car slowly made its way through dusty streets with Arab homes on all sides, the fear became palpable. The passengers, barely daring to breathe, prayed inwardly that the locals wouldn't pay attention to the strange car filled with Jews that had infiltrated their territory.

The only significant exception was the passenger who sat in the front seat. His features were clear and relaxed. He was smiling softly to himself. He might have been out on a routine drive through Yerushalayim's Me'ah Shearim neighborhood. He exuded serenity, even joy, reflecting his total disregard for matters of this world. What was there to fear, when a Creator greater and stronger than all was so palpably present for him?!

This passenger was the great tzaddik Rav Gershon Libman, one of the giants of Novardok who had single-handedly re-established the yeshivah after the Holocaust. While visiting Eretz Yisrael, he'd asked to go to the *kever* of Yehoshua bin Nun, resulting in this nerve-racking ride through a hostile Arab village.

The car had been driving through the streets of the village for mere moments when a bloodcurdling shout was heard in Arabic.

"Yahud! Imsikuhum! — Jews! Catch them!"

In seconds, dozens of Arab youths holding sticks and



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

✕ Whatever the Architect Says ✕

A Jew from Ashkelon left the following emotional message on the phone line:

I deal in building supplies. *B'siyata diShmaya*, I have a serious business and am the supplier for many large projects.

One day the manager of a project in Tel Aviv told me he was in the midst of building a huge hall and wanted me to supply him with decorative boards for the ceiling.

"It's not just a hall," he boasted. "I want you to understand that this is big-time stuff."

I understood.

He sent me his plans. As he'd assured me, he was using "the number one architect in the country," and the supplies had to suit his plans to a T. Would I be able to send him the exact boards he'd asked for?

"Don't worry," I assured him. "I've dealt with many large and elaborate projects before."

I carefully examined the sketches he'd made and wrote down his descriptions in detail. I researched where the product he wanted – which is quite rare and unique – could be found. Finally, I made a decision to order the boards from a factory in Sweden. It was a deal to the tune of millions of shekels!

The boards arrived by boat, and I immediately informed the manager of the project and showed him a sample.

"This?!" He wrinkled his nose. "This is not it!"

"What do you mean?"

"See here." He pointed to the edges of the board.

"This was supposed to curve upward, not to the side. It's not what I had in mind," he repeated.

I was flabbergasted. I hung up the phone and took several deep breaths. If the manager refused to take the boards, it would mean a loss of millions of shekels for me. Where in the world would I find another project in need of this quantity of such a rare product? *Where?*

I made a *cheshbon hanefesh*. What was Hashem telling me here? It dawned on me that perhaps I was not giving *tzedakah* properly. I called my son, who helps manage the store's accounts. We sat together and made an exact reckoning of income vs. *tzedakah* given. The picture that emerged was truly problematic. I was not fulfilling my obligations.

I resolved to make a change immediately, adding several hefty monthly donations to a number of important causes and organizations. I also gave several immediate donations personally to people who are truly needy. Although my own problems were far from resolved, I automatically felt lighter, knowing I was doing the right thing.

Only two days later, a prestigious-looking businessman purposefully strode into the display center of my store. He examined a number of products and then it emerged in conversation that he was the architect who had planned the up-and-coming hall in Tel Aviv.

"You?!" I asked. And then my mouth continued talking faster than my mind could think. "You know that we're working together."

"Aah," he responded. And we shook hands.

"I'm supplying the boards for that ceiling you

>>> continued from page 1

stones were running toward the car from all directions. The driver tried to pick up speed and get away, but it was too late. The mob had surrounded the car on all sides, their eyes spewing hatred. They wanted action; they wanted blood.

The blood drained completely from the faces of the passengers in the car – except for Reb Gershon. Remarkably, nothing about his expression displayed fear or worry. Even when one of the youths forcibly opened the front door of the car and grabbed the Rosh Yeshivah's hat off his head, Reb Gershon did not move.

Several long moments later, when the car reached the *kever* and its passengers quickly disembarked, they

were suddenly pelted by large stones, one after another. "Rebbi!" the other passengers cried. "Be careful – the rocks!"

Reb Gershon responded with the same sense of calm that hadn't deserted him years earlier, in the face of the evil Nazis, in the ghetto, and in the camps:

"Hashem will help! He will watch over us. If He decrees that the rocks hit us, they will; but if not, nothing will hurt us in the least."

Miraculously, Reb Gershon and all the other passengers in the car returned to Yerushalayim alive and well.

planned,” I told him. “I have the best quality material here for you, something extraordinary all the way from Sweden, but your manager had some sort of problem with it, something about the edges. Want to see? These boards are worth millions!”

The architect wanted to see, touched the sample board, and moved it this way and that.

“There’s no problem with these edges,” he said. “It’s true I drew it differently, but it really makes very little difference which way the edges curve. He’ll never find better than these. I assure you we’ll use them.”

After contacting the manager of the project, he left me a signed contract and a huge burden off my chest. Millions of shekels were saved!

Ever since then, I don’t play games. I give *tzedakah* promptly, generously, exactly as I should. I learned my lesson. Ribbono shel Olam, thank you for the reminder!

✕ Vad Hashem in Kiryat Shmona ✕

My name is Ariel Vaknin.

Our Northern city of Kiryat Shmona is very close to the Lebanese border, and it boasts 53 different shuls. *Baruch Hashem*, the city is teeming with life, Torah, and *tefillah*, and all of the shuls are packed, especially on Shabbos.

The Shabbos after Pesach was quite an eventful one, with constant bombing that left us with almost no time to catch our breath. These difficult hours resulted in much destruction, but incredibly enough, no human deaths or injuries. None at all. Of course, this is a total improbability and can only be explained as *hashgachah pratis*, and more precisely, obvious miracles. Any resident of our city could probably leave a long message here, but I will suffice with sharing my small part in it all.

On Friday morning, I left my tallis in shul, and since I needed it at home for Shabbos morning, I had to take it home with me after Maariv on Shabbos night. Because of various *she'eilos* regarding the *eiruv*, I had to wear the tallis as opposed to carrying it. I felt a bit strange walking the streets wrapped in a tallis, so in a break from my usual Shabbos night routine, I hurried home by myself immediately after Maariv.

I was a bit disappointed to be missing out on the



I Trust in You

Words of Chizuk shared on the Hashgacha-Pratis phone line

Shiur by Rav Yehuda Mandel shlit”a

Mission Accomplished

Every person has a unique mission in this world. One person’s mission may be to live with *bitachon*, trusting that his needs and his dreams will come to be, while another person’s task may be to accept that he must live in a situation that feels totally unnatural to him and is completely against his will. The *Chovos Halevavos* mentions this in his introduction to *Sha’ar Habitachon*.

It’s possible that in a previous *gilgul* a person proved his *bitachon*, and his current mission is to go beyond that and accept Hashem’s will completely, despite never receiving his heart’s desire.

Oftentimes, overcoming a *nisayon* demands grueling character refinement. A person needs to become humble and to submit his will to the will of Hashem in order to maintain his *bitachon*.

A young man shared with me that he’d been working on his *bitachon* for several months, hoping that by Rosh Chodesh Sivan he would receive a certain position he longed to have. He truly believes that Hashem can give him this position, but it still hasn’t become a reality. He has several offers, but none of them are the one he most desires. He is confused about how to feel, when his whole being is infused with the *emunah* that Hashem will give him the dream he so desires.

I told him that his mere acceptance of the situation can bring about his *yeshuah*. As it says in *Tehillim*, the “humble ones” – meaning those who are submissive to Hashem’s will – are those who “inherit the land.” (*Tehillim* 37). At the same time, he should continue working on his *bitachon* even if the *yeshuah* has not come – but without tension or pressure.

I added that he should also consider why the position is so important to him, and what he is lacking without it. Sometimes a person is pursuing honor, and he hasn’t really thought about whether the position suits him or not. In such situations, he should tell himself that honor is worthless, and he should review everything *Chazal* say regarding *kavod*, in order to mitigate his disappointment.

Beyond all this, I concluded, it’s possible that he has a different mission in life — to trust and believe even though he hasn’t received what he wanted, and to accept the situation as it is.



usual Shabbos night leisurely stroll back home in the company of our *rav* and a large group of men from the community. On most weeks, the *rav* discusses different points on the *parshah*, and the discussion is always lively and interesting. There is a small park some distance from my home where the group usually stops and continues talking until everyone slowly disperses with a friendly “Good Shabbos.” I thought I was losing out, but I felt too uncomfortable to join, being that I was wrapped in my tallis.

I stepped into my home, and then I heard two tremendous “booms.” The house literally shook. But we were fine, and our home was fine. We made Kiddush, ate our meal, and fervently thanked Hashem for safeguarding us.

On my way to shul in the morning, I passed by the small park near my home. There were two policemen standing guard, and the entire park was barricaded, allowing no entry. In answer to my queries, they explained that the booms that had shaken up my home were two missiles that had made a direct hit. One of them actually landed whole, straight into the little park, its deadly edge buried in the ground. The missile exploded underground and caused mud and dirt to fly through the air and dirty the houses nearby. And...that’s all. That was the extent of the damage!

All this happened moments after I passed by the area, and many moments before the *rav* and his entourage arrived there. In addition, the park, which is often filled with children, was empty at the time. Hashem was watching over all of us!

For dessert, let me share one more thing that happened on that same Shabbos:

There’s a small path in the neighborhood, which dozens of people use as a shortcut to get home from shul. That week, the owner of the house adjacent to the path decided to place a projector there with a sensor that turns the light on when people pass.

During the week, this was excellent, but on Shabbos, it would mean that walking on the path would cause *chillul Shabbos*. After the matter was brought up in shul, people asked the owner of the house to disable the sensor for Shabbos. He agreed to do so, but as it turned out, somehow the sensor stayed on that Shabbos. The *rav* instructed the members of his shul not to take the shortcut, and so they all took a significantly longer way home. As they were walking

home, a missile landed on this path.

Shemiras Shabbos protected them.

The missile made its way through the second floor of the house with the projector, the house adjacent to the path, and then landed directly on the path. The house, which was divided into several units, went up in flames.

“You know,” the owner of the house shared with me when I commiserated with him over his loss, “we discovered afterward that the mezuzah case on the central door of the house was empty. Simply empty! There was nothing protecting the house.”

His words only reiterated for me how nothing is by chance; everything is orchestrated from Above, down to the smallest detail.

This, as I said, is a tiny sampling of the open display of *Yad Hashem* in Kiryat Shmona. May Hashem continue protecting His nation.

✕ Milk and Honey from Hashem ✕

Rav Herzog from Yerushalayim related the following touching episode:

Last year someone related how he did his best to stop taking loans, but at one point, he broke his resolve. Nonetheless, his Purim expenses were miraculously covered that year. He concluded that even if a person’s *bitachon* is not complete, he can still merit a tremendous *yeshuah*. My wife read and was inspired by this story in your English newsletter one Shabbos.

On Motzaei Shabbos, she opened the fridge and discovered that the container of the special *pareve* milk we use was empty. This is the one and only type that our two children who have severe allergies to milk can drink. She knew that none of our neighbors had it, so borrowing was not an option. She also knew our baby’s morning routine very well.

Every morning, our baby wakes up at seven o’clock and cries for a bottle of milk. Only milk. *Her* milk. When she gets the bottle, she can relax back into bed and even fall asleep, but if she doesn’t get her milk...suffice it to say that after this happened once, we resolved to always make sure we had the *pareve* milk available at home.

My wife stared at the empty bottle and sifted through

options in her mind. There were no open stores nearby and no neighbors to fall back on. *Bitachon* in Hashem was a ready option, though. She didn't wonder whether she was worthy of even imagining herself to be on this level of *bitachon*. She simply remembered that story she'd read about the man who did *his* best, and she did her best as well. "Hashem," she thought. "There is no conceivable *hishtadlus* for me to do now, so I place my trust completely in You. I trust that You can and will provide milk for my baby for tomorrow morning. Thank you, Hashem."

These thoughts gave her such peace of mind that she simply forgot to even tell me that there was no more of that milk. She went to sleep, and so did I.

Uncharacteristically, although it was a freezing-cold morning and staying under the blanket should have been very tempting, I got up exceptionally early the following day, left for the earliest minyan, and even made a stop at the grocery, which had just opened, on my way home. I bought bread, regular milk, cheese,

and also the special *pareve* milk we give our children. Why did I pick it up? Just because we buy it from time to time. I had no idea it was so crucial for that morning.

I got home and placed everything in the fridge. Several minutes later, our baby woke up and started crying for her bottle. My wife came into the kitchen, opened the fridge, and was not surprised to find the milk she needed.

"I knew Hashem would help me," she said. "There was no way for me to get milk last night."

We were also amazed by our baby's behavior. For the first time in months, she slept well past 7 a.m. and only woke up once I'd returned with her milk.

Hashem helps those who trust in Him. I think that specifically because my wife made no calculations – about whether or not she was worthy of such *bitachon*, or whether or not her *bitachon* was strong enough – that her *bitachon* was just perfect.

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

Firstly, I want to thank you from the depths of my heart for the incredible chizuk you give me. I want to share a message that affected me tremendously when I was trying very hard to achieve something and did not see any results:

I am zocheh to be in constant contact with one of the tzaddikim of our times, to absorb his Torah and also to pass it on to others. Entering his home is often complicated. Since I don't have a key, I was stuck inside on several occasions, and other times I was forced to wait outside for long hours. This was very difficult. I felt it was only right that I receive a copy of the key.

I approached the tzaddik directly, and he immediately agreed with me. "Ask Reb Eliyahu (not his real name) to take care of it for you." I was pleased.

Several moments later, Reb Eliyahu arrived, having come to check something. He was about to leave, and I didn't have the courage to ask him for a key, but uncharacteristically, he came over and asked

how I was doing, and before I could even answer him, he added, "Do you need anything?"

I felt the Hand of Hashem arranging it all so easily for me, and I told him about the key. His immediate reaction was, "If the rav said so, then of course I'll take care of it for you."

And yet despite this, several months have now passed, and I still don't have my own key. The people who are responsible for the comings and goings in this busy abode blatantly refused the request.

I thought about this and realized that my true goal is not to get the key, but rather to strengthen emunah in my heart, and to accept Hashem's will with love even when that means I need to lower my head, close my eyes, and simply acknowledge: "You are Hashem!"

Best regards,
Yisrael Cohen, Yerushalayim

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



The Perfect Bottle of Water

My name is Shlomo Leib Adler. I live in Beit Shemesh.

Believe it or not, although I live in a climate where it is often quite hot, I can't stand eating cold things.

It hurts my teeth to eat cold things like ices or ice-cubes, and even to drink very cold water.

On the day of our class trip, though, knowing that I would be on the road for many hours, I agreed to take a bottle of freezing-cold water that my mother gave me. I did this as kibbud eim, not because I really thought it would be put to good use. During the first part of the trip I just held the bottle and didn't put it to my lips even once. It felt way too cold. But by the end of the day, I saw what hashgachah pratis it was that I'd taken it. The ice in the bottle melted and the water was no longer so cold. The heat outside was intense, and I had good refreshing water to drink at the perfect temperature!



quickly and correctly." And Hashem answered me, in a really unexpected way. You see, I hadn't noticed in the morning that the boy just before me on the list was absent. Since he wasn't there, I received the question that he was supposed to get, which had a straightforward and easy answer. Thank you, Hashem, for being at my side!

Just Hanging There, Waiting to Be Found

I live in Haifa.

One Thursday night I went out to the grocery to buy things for Shabbos for my mother. I took our old baby carriage, which we use to do the shopping, and loaded it with Shabbos drinks, snacks, and other basic food items my mother needed at home. Back in our apartment building, my older sister and I unloaded the bags of groceries from the baby carriage and carried them up to our apartment on the third floor, leaving the baby carriage down in the lobby as usual. My mother was busy unpacking, cooking for Shabbos, serving supper, and putting the little ones to bed, and she didn't think to ask us for her wallet.

Later that night, my mother needed her credit card to make a payment on the phone.

"Did anyone see my wallet?" she asked.

I was in the middle of reading a book, and my older sister was in the shower. None of us recalled anything about the wallet. My mother simply put off the payment until the next morning and went to sleep.

The following morning, my ten-year-old sister was the first to leave the house for her short walk to school. On her way out, her eyes caught sight of our baby carriage in the lobby. Hanging on the carriage was our mother's wallet, which contained credit cards, money, and her ID card. It was right there in a public area, safe and sound, just waiting for us to find it.



The Best Test for Me

My name is Chaim Luzer, and I live in Beitar Illit.

Yesterday we had our weekly Gemara test, an exciting and tension-filled event. In our cheder, we get tested orally by a talmid chacham who comes specifically for this purpose. We call him the boichein (tester).

The boichein tests us in alphabetical order, and I knew that this week my turn would come, because according to my place on the class list, I would be the third one to be asked. He also asks the questions on the Gemara in a logical, sequential order, so when the test began, my heart sank. I knew which question I would get, and the answer was long and complex. I wasn't sure I'd be able to answer it smoothly. My hands began to sweat and my heart began pounding.

My wordless tefillah to Hashem was, "Please help me succeed, and help me answer the question

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?

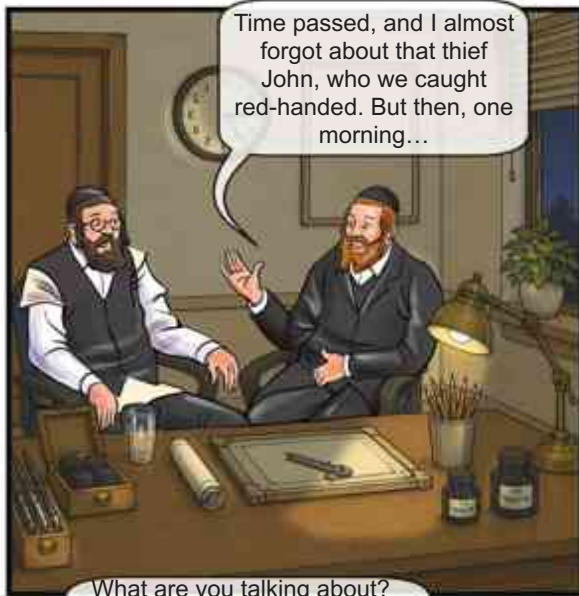
Call the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/4



It All Adds Up

Chapter 3

Last week: Yitzchak Davidowitz sends his tefillin to be checked because of what happened to him a year before - John, who was caught stealing in his office and imprisoned for a year, sought revenge.



Time passed, and I almost forgot about that thief John, who we caught red-handed. But then, one morning...



Good morning, boss. I'm here to demand my severance pay!

Severance pay? Whatever for?!



You fired me for no good reason, and I deserve severance pay!



What are you talking about? You had the nerve to steal things from our office, and you didn't even return the items you'd already sold!



Hello, police? Help! I'm being attacked!

He hit me...



You're under arrest for an alleged attack!

Hard to believe this Jew is really guilty, but what do I care if he suffers a bit until the matter is cleared up?



How embarrassing! I'm being arrested like a criminal...and I don't even have my tefillin! They're in my personal locker in shul.

Good! My plan succeeded!



In jail:

I need to remember that everything is for the best. Hashem certainly has a reason for doing this...



Oh, no! We have to let Yitzchak Davidowitz's family know that he was arrested!

Yes, they have to get him a good lawyer immediately, who can get him released.



Several hours later:

I don't have a watch, but time is surely passing...I must be released before sunset, so I can put on tefillin properly today!

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

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