

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 Chukas-Balak, 5786 × 196

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

All in Preparation for Bigger and Better

"How is that possible?" the *gaon* Rav Avraham Ginochovsky asked upon hearing the watchmaker's assertion that the battery was the source of the problem.

His wristwatch had fallen to the ground and stopped working.

"A second earlier it was working," said Rav Ginochovsky. "Is it possible that the battery died at the exact moment that the watch fell to the ground?"

"The battery was weak," the watchmaker explained. "So long as the watch didn't fall, it held up, but as soon as it got banged, it simply died."

Rav Avraham said that this phenomenon explains something fundamental. One can often see two people who go through the same difficulty, yet one of them endures it easily while the other becomes completely embittered about life. How is this possible?

"Listen to the watchmaker's theory," said Rav Ginochovsky, "and you'll know the answer. If the battery is strong, it remains unaffected by the fall."

A person's battery is his *emunah*. Someone with strong *emunah* doesn't lose himself, even with the inevitable falls and bangs of life. He knows there is a Creator Who is overseeing the world and Who is managing his personal life at any given moment, and that everything is for his good. He gets up, recovers, and goes on living.

If a person's *emunah*-battery is low, however, then any small mishap can cause his "watch" to cease working.

Fill your battery, and the watch will always keep moving.

Listening to stories of *hashgachah pratis* is a way of filling your *emunah*-battery. Join thousands of listeners, and call the *hashgachah pratis* hotline. You'll be glad you did!

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

They Show Us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with *emunah* and *bitachon*

Danger in Kifl Haris

Ezra stood before the tzaddik Rabi Meir Abuchatzzeira...and wept bitterly. He was hopelessly illiterate. How would he find a source of livelihood?!

The small, modest home in the Jewish neighborhood in a city in Morocco was always abuzz with people and activity. Jews from all over the country would come to see the holy *gaon* Rabi Meir Abuchatzzeirah, whose heart beat with boundless love for all of Klal Yisrael. His home was an address for anyone searching for comfort, a *brachah*, or a good word.

Ezra sat in the outer room among dozens of others, waiting to enter the tzaddik's room, worry clouding his face. He was preparing to move, to fulfill his lifelong dream of making aliyah from Morocco to the Holy Land. But his heart was not calm. He worried about his future there.

Ezra was not alone. Jews from Morocco were swarming to Eretz Yisrael at the time, and dozens of them stopped at the home of the holy Baba Meir to receive his blessings before their move.

Finally, Ezra's turn came. He bowed his head low in respect as he entered the tzaddik's room, looked into Baba Meir's holy face, and burst into tears.

"Why are you crying, my son?" the *tzaddik* asked softly.

"I am illiterate, and I have little knowledge and not many skills," said Ezra. "How will I make a living in the Holy Land, which is filled with scholars and where literacy is par for the course?!"

"Well," said Baba Meir, "you should know that Hashem is the One Who provides for all of His creations with mercy and kindness. If someone is literate Hashem sends him work that requires literacy, and if someone is illiterate, then Hashem sends him his sustenance in a way that works for him. Hashem will provide for you, Ezra!"

Upon hearing the *tzaddik's* firm words of *emunah*. Ezra's eyes lit up. He kissed Baba Meir's hand and took several steps backward, never turning his back to the *tzaddik*. Then he left the room, his face clear and his step light. Wherever he went in the following days, Ezra related



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

✕ Heavenly Delivery ✕

Rav Yehuda Segal from Beit Shemesh relates:

My mother *a"h* managed a clothing store in Yerushalayim. She was a widow for many years, and she lived her life with tremendous *emunah* and *bitachon*. She dealt with retailers, employees and customers, with pressures of upcoming payments and everything else that managing a bustling business entails, and she did it efficiently, with dignity and faith in Hashem.

In her later years she became very ill, until, recently, she returned her *neshamah* to Hashem with her good name intact and a legacy of *emunah* and *chesed* that she left behind for all her descendants.

We, her children, gathered together to decide what to do about the business, and what we could do for her *aliyas neshamah*. We decided to close the store and to donate all the clothing left in stock to families of ill patients. We made a rule allowing each family to take six items from the store, and the families began coming to choose the clothing they wanted during the allocated hours and days.

One day, a lovely young mother with tired eyes walked into the store, handed my sister the ticket stating that she was eligible to take clothing for herself and her family, and walked about the store, choosing the items she wanted.

When she finished choosing, she asked my sister if

she could possibly take a seventh item for her elderly mother. My sister agreed.

The young woman happily chose the last outfit with her elderly mother's taste and size in mind. She thanked my sister wholeheartedly, and, as she later reported, went directly to her mother's apartment to bring her the outfit.

Knowing that her mother would often frequent the store and that she was friendly with our mother, she said, half-jokingly, "Mommy, I have something for you from Mrs. Segal."

"From Mrs. Segal?!" her mother asked in surprise. For a moment, she seemed to have forgotten that Mrs. Segal was no longer in this world and thus was not really capable of sending her a gift. She looked at the outfit, and a long-buried memory jumped out in her mind.

Years earlier, this woman had purchased a quality Shabbos outfit in our mother's store, paying the fairly significant sum of 360 shekels for the outfit.

She wore it the following Shabbos, then put it through the washing machine. What emerged after that first washing machine cycle was, to her eyes, a totally destroyed piece of cloth. The outfit tore, and the thread pilled in several places. It was also wrinkled beyond repair. She was indignant.

The woman made her way back to the store, where she sternly addressed Mrs. Segal, our mother, demanding a complete refund or a new outfit.



>>> continued from page 1

Baba Meir's words of encouragement and faith. He repeated them again and again, and it was obvious that, with simple faith and *emunas chachamim*, he was sure of their truth.

Ezra and his family arrived in Eretz Yisrael and settled near Haifa. Ezra's son found work immediately in a factory that produced weapons and missiles, working as an assistant to one of the chief engineers in the factory.

One day, the engineer mentioned that they had a problem on their hands. Too many unnecessary papers filled with plans and documenting their missile production were piled up in the factory. For security reasons, they were not allowed to dispose of them in the regular way. The papers were filled with top-secret information, so bringing in a worker to shred them was not allowed either. The drawers and shelves were bursting with papers. What could they do?

"You need to find someone who doesn't know how to read or write," said Ezra's son. "He could shred the papers."

"Where could I possibly find someone like that who is also honest?!" asked the engineer.

"I know someone who would be perfect – my father," said his assistant.

After ascertaining that Ezra had no idea in which direction to hold a book or newspaper, and that he was also an honest man and an industrious worker, the owners of the plant hired him. Every day Ezra destroyed top-secret drafts and unnecessary documents in the factory, receiving a decent salary in exchange for his work.

Thirty years passed. Ezra reached retirement age, and the factory sent him a letter with orders to retire. Ezra was saddened at first, because he enjoyed his work, but he immediately recalled those long-ago words of Baba Meir, which were his foundations in *emunah* and *bitachon*.

Several days later Ezra received an urgent call from the factory. They could not find another worker who was truly illiterate, and so they were calling him back to work. The offices were bursting with piles of papers and documents...

Ezra returned to his job and continued receiving a respectable salary, all the while holding close to his heart the knowledge that Hashem provides for and sustains all His creations in the way that suits each of them.

Shiur by Rav Berel Schnebalg *shlit"á*

חוקת התורה

Our *parshah* speaks about the *parah adumah*, which is a mitzvah that is beyond our intellectual reasoning. *Rashi*, however, does seem to bring a logical reason for this mitzvah. He explains in the name of Rav Moshe Hadarshan that the *parah adumah* atones for *cheit ha'egel*, just as a mother cleans up the mess that her baby makes.

The Yismach Yisrael explains how the *parah adumah* is in fact a proper atonement for *cheit ha'egel*. He says that Am Yisrael had miscounted, and when it seemed that Moshe Rabbeinu didn't return at the anticipated time, they began asking questions, which ultimately led to the tragedy of *cheit ha'egel*. Had they believed fully in Hashem's Word they would not have had questions or doubts, and they would not have sinned with the *egel*.

Thus, the mitzvah of *parah adumah* atones for *cheit ha'egel* because it is a mitzvah that is done with simple faith, merely because this is what Hashem commanded us, and even if we don't understand why.

Am Yisrael were in the desert, on their way to Eretz Yisrael. In Eretz Yisrael there is special *hashgachah*, and also constant trial and difficulty. How does a person live with the difficulty? By trusting completely that only Hashem is able to help him.

This is the advantage of Eretz Yisrael. While on the one hand it is acquired through *yissurim*, on the other hand, when you accept Hashem's will without anger or complaint, you are *zocheh* to be in Hashem's Land and to see tremendous *yeshuos*. It all depends on how much you submit yourself to Hashem's will.

Someone told me that he had a tremendous *nisayon*. A person had hurt him terribly, and he could either respond in kind or keep quiet and believe that the person was merely Hashem's "stick," sent to hit him. With tremendous strength, he chose the latter option. Interestingly, he related that the moment he decided to keep quiet, he felt that Hashem imbued him with superhuman strength that enabled him to actually do so. Moreover, the *nisayon* bought a great *yeshuah* in its wake. When you submit to Hashem's will and accept it without trying to outsmart it or even to understand, you are endowed with strength, and you see *yeshuos*.

"Mrs. Segal," she told her daughter years later, "remained completely calm. She examined the outfit and the damage, and then she looked at the tag, which contained explicit washing instructions. Gently, she showed me the instructions and asked whether I had washed the outfit exactly as the tag instructed.

"Well, I actually hadn't even checked the tag, and so I remained silent. Mrs. Segal continued speaking matter-of-factly. 'If it wasn't washed as it says here,' she told me, pointing to a sign behind her, 'then we are not obligated to give any refund.' Before I could even protest, however, she continued. 'But if you feel the refund is coming to you, you can choose anything you want in the store for 360 shekels.'

"Now I had a real dilemma on my hands," she told her daughter. "I understood that she really wasn't obligated to do anything, and yet she was offering me the outfit. I told her I would think it over, and I left the shop. Time passed, and I felt uncomfortable taking her up on her kind offer. I decided to let it go. It should be a *kapparah*."

The elderly woman shook her head, suddenly returning to the "gift" and looking down at the outfit in her hand.

"And here," she told her daughter, "you're giving me a gift from Mrs. Segal in *Shamayim!*" She looked down at the price tag and gasped in surprise. It cost 360 shekels.

"So she really *did* send it to me," the elderly woman said with tears in her eyes. "Hashem orchestrated that I would receive what she wanted to give me back then, and it will certainly be an *aliyas neshamah* for her when I wear it and enjoy it."

✕ The Gates Opened Wide ✕

On Friday night, *Parshas Vayeitzei*, my wife gave birth to a healthy baby boy. No words can properly express my joy and thanks to Hashem as I held my newborn son in the wee hours of that Shabbos morning in Hadassah Har Hatzofim hospital in Yerushalayim. The *simchah* and excitement were palpable.

By the time my wife and baby were properly settled it was close to sunrise, and I dozed off in an armchair in the lobby until I was suddenly awakened by the chirping of the birds, the sun on my face, and the hustle and bustle of a hospital lobby, and I realized that (gasp!) it was close to 10 a.m.

In a flash, I was on my feet with thoughts racing through my mind. I wanted to get to the *mikveh*. It was something I rarely missed, especially on a





Shabbos morning, and on such a special Shabbos morning, when my heart was filled with thanks and praise to Hashem. I knew the nearest *mikveh* was at least a quarter-hour's walk away, and that it closed promptly at ten on Shabbos mornings. What would I do? It was almost ten! I didn't feel capable of running, but I so badly wanted to go to the *mikveh*.

I recalled something my Rebbe had said earlier that week. He spoke about cultivating our desire to do Hashem's will, how our earnest desire to do a mitzvah activates Hashem's desire for us, and then He enables us to do it. I spoke to Hashem simply, with innocent faith.

"Hashem, I really want to get to the *mikveh* in time, and not to have to look for the key. Please help me be able to get in and do Your will."

With this thought in mind, I set out for the *mikveh*, walking at a normal pace. By the time I arrived it was after ten, and I discovered that the gate was still open. Even after I was finished, the gate was still open, as though it had remained that way especially for me.

With gratitude in my heart, I returned to the hospital. Later on, I was talking to someone in the hospital and told him how *hashgachah* had kept the *mikveh* gate open for me after 10 a.m. I assumed that someone in charge had simply forgotten, for some reason, to lock the gate. But the person I was talking to knew better.

"Someone forgot?" he laughed. "No such thing. I know the place well. The *mikveh* gate is activated electronically and automatically locks at exactly 10 a.m. according to the preset clock every Shabbos. This Shabbos, there was a problem with the electricity and the gates didn't work."

So in fact, I realized, Hashem had opened the gates for me in advance, so that I would be able to make it to the *mikveh*.

✕ A Sentence Worth Thousands ✕

Rabbi A. T. from Yerushalayim related the following incredible episode excitedly:

The fact that Hashem helps us all marry off our children is not news. Anyone who's been there can tell you that this *parshah* is filled with obvious *hashgachah pratis* and boundless *siyata diShmaya*. But the way it happened to me was really unbelievable.

I am paid to learn with a *bachur* from Switzerland. He is learning in a yeshivah here in Yerushalayim, and we meet daily to learn *b'chavrusa*. One day, before we started learning, he told me that his father deals in real estate in Switzerland, and I innocently responded with, "Nice. I have a friend from Bnei Brak

who also deals in real estate in Switzerland."

The *bachur*, who has a better grasp than I of that world known as "real estate," asked me for my friend's contact information and then passed it on to his father later that evening. I had no idea, in those moments of casual conversation, that I had just provided a real service – a new contact with whom his father could do business.

During this time, my son became engaged to a wonderful girl, and I promised to give a somewhat larger sum toward the couple's apartment than I had given my other children. This was just the way the *shidduch* worked out, and I understand that it was Hashem's will for me to commit to \$40,000 more than I had previously committed.

After the *vort*, I began to ponder how I would get hold of the necessary sums, and I reminded myself that in the past, when I committed to smaller sums, Hashem's *hashgachah* provided it all, and that a larger sum was not more difficult for the *Kol Yachol* to give me.

Several weeks later, the *bachur* with whom I learn told me, "My father wants to express his thanks to you for that contact you gave him. They connected well and closed a few deals together. He said that even though you didn't mean to be a broker, he still feels you deserve something for your part."

Two days later, I realized his father had been talking in utmost seriousness. He had transferred money into my account for my part in the deal: \$39,500!

That's how I had almost the entire additional sum that I'd committed. I believe Hashem left over \$500 in order for me to continue practicing *emunah* and speaking to Him always.

All this happened because of one sentence I had said without any intention of making money. Hashem's ways are myriad and incredible!

✕ Someone Saved the Hall for Us ✕

Mordechai Rothman from Yerushalayim told over how Hashem arranged a wedding hall for his daughter.

When our daughter got engaged, we were ecstatic. We sat with our *chashuveh mechatunim* discussing projected dates for the wedding. It would have to be set, *b'shaah tovah*, on a date that all the sources show is filled with good *mazal* – in the middle of the month, when the moon is full, and in the middle of the week. We made plans, we told anyone who asked that the wedding would take place in the agreed-upon month on one of the projected dates we'd agreed on. We told everyone, except for the owner of the hall where we planned on making the wedding.

Sounds strange? I agree. I don't know how to explain why this little detail was simply pushed off during the first five months of the engagement. All I can tell you is that two months before the projected date, I remembered to call and reserve the hall for the date we wanted.

"Why didn't you call earlier?!" the manager who answered the call demanded to know. "Only two months in advance? Everything is booked!"

"Are you sure?" I asked, my hands suddenly sweating. I asked him to check other dates which we'd agreed with our *mechatunim* were suitable options. All of them were taken.

The manager, it seemed, could not hold back from having his say. "Tell me something," he said. "Do you think you're the only one who knows these are considered dates with good *mazal* for a wedding? What were you thinking by waiting so long?!"

I tried to make sense of what was happening, and then in desperation, I asked, "Can you give me the numbers of the people who booked these dates? Perhaps they'll be willing to switch with us?!"

"No," he responded unequivocally.

But I asked him a second time and then a third, and finally he agreed and gave me the number of one family that was booked to marry off their child on a night that I wanted.

I called the number and said, "I heard you're going to be marrying off your child on such and such date in Yerushalayim..."

"Yerushalayim?!" The man cut me off in mid-sentence. "No, we're making a wedding that night in Beit Shemesh."

Now it was my turn to be shocked.

"Are you sure you meant Beit Shemesh?" I asked again.

"Yes," he responded.

We spoke some more. We called the owner of the hall I wanted in Yerushalayim, who, incidentally, owned another hall in Beit Shemesh. It turned out that the person who wrote down bookings for the weddings did so for both halls and had mistakenly booked this person's wedding in the Yerushalayim hall rather than in Beit Shemesh, as he wanted. In the meantime, the date was still available in Beit Shemesh, and so they simply moved his booking to Beit Shemesh and put us in for Yerushalayim.

I realized how Hashem literally saved the hall for us for the date we wanted. The fact that this person was mistakenly booked in Yerushalayim all this time ensured that the date and hall we wanted would be available. Indeed, Hashem, more than anyone, is *me'sameiach chassan v'kallah!* Thank you, Hashem

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

It's hard to express in words how much I appreciate the *Hashgachah Pratis* initiative. The *shurim* I hear on the phone line and the things I read in the newsletter infuse me with joy, life, *emunah*, and *bitachon*.

I think it could be said that *Hashgachah Pratis* is doing today what Avraham Avinu did in his time. Just as he went from place to place instilling *emunah* in people's hearts and telling them that there is a Creator and Leader of the world, so too you go from city to city and light up the world with *emunah*.

The Torah speaks about the souls that Avraham and Sara made in *Charan*, and our Sages explain that these were converts whom Avraham and Sara brought under the wings of the *Shechinah*.

In a similar way, *Hashgachah Pratis* "makes souls" from people who were previously in "*charon*" – people who lived in a constant state of anger, bitterness, anxiety, or lethargy. Learning about *emunah* and *hashgachah pratis* removes them from that place of *charon* and brings them close to a world of *emunah*, *bitachon*, serenity, and peace of mind. It literally breathes new life into them.

May you be *zocheh* to continue your blessed work, and to bring *neshamos* closer to their Father in *Shamayim*. May we see the *geulah sheleimah* speedily; *amen*.

Best wishes,

Chaim Nachman Rosenfeld, Beit Shemesh

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



A Splash of Hashgachah

My name is Shloimy Appel. Last month we had an afternoon off on Rosh Chodesh, and we went to a water park. We had a great time!

After an hour of splashing and sliding we were all ready to eat. Without a second thought, we washed our hands at the sinks, sat down at the picnic tables, and took out the hot dogs and buns we'd brought along. We enjoyed the short meal, but then

suddenly we realized we had a problem. Our family had taken upon ourselves to always *bentch* properly from a *bencher*, and we hadn't brought one along! What would we do now? I went over to a few other families who were at the water park and asked if they had a bencher, but none of them had. Suddenly, my father said, "How about checking in the *sefarim* we brought along? Perhaps there is *Birkas Hamazon* in them too?!"

Luckily enough, my father had his pocket-sized *Tehillim* with him, which he basically takes everywhere, and in the back of it, after *Sefer Tehillim*, we discovered that *Birkas Hamazon* was printed there! We saw how when a Yid is insistent on a *kaballah* that he made, Hashem helps him make it happen.



Hamlameid Torah L'amo Yisrael

My name is Meir Friedman. One day in *cheder* we were learning *Navi*. In *Sefer Shmuel* there was a *passuk* I found very difficult to understand. My *chavrusa* and I tried reading *Rashi*, but we didn't understand it either. We were stumped.

The bell rang, and *Navi shiur* was over. Our *rebbe* started teaching us *Mishnayos*, *Maseches Berachos*.

Lo and behold, the minute we opened our *sefarim*, we saw that the topic was extremely familiar. My *chavrusa* and I looked at each other in disbelief. Our *rebbe* began explaining the *Mishnayos*, which dealt with the exact *pesukim* we'd been learning in *Navi*. We were awed by the *hashgachah pratis*, and by how Hashem ensured that we would understand His Torah.

Angels Guarding Us

My name is Chezky Solomon, and I live in Kiryat Sefer. One day, my mother asked me to take my three-year-old sister and wait at the bus stop to meet my older sister, who was coming back from the supermarket with many packages. My mother wanted us to help her *shlep* the bags back home. We happily went out

and started walking the short distance to the bus stop in front of our home.

Suddenly, I stopped in my tracks, and I can tell you now in retrospect that it felt like my heart stopped as well. I wanted to scream, but I was frozen in place. Right there before my eyes I saw a stroller with a sleeping baby inside, rolling from the sidewalk near the bus stop into the busy street and into the path of an oncoming car, which was driving at full speed. And then, in a split second, I saw the baby's mother grab hold of the stroller and pull it back onto the sidewalk. All this happened literally a second before the car drove past. I saw the mother clutching her heart in relief, and I felt like I wanted to do the same. I could see how every Jewish child really has special *malachim* watching over him all the time. Thank you, Hashem, for watching over us all!

Saved from Shattered Glass

My name is Yehoshua, and I live in Modi'in Illit. I want to tell you about the power of a mitzvah like *hachnassas orchim*, or like honoring your mother. Actually, I saw how these two mitzvos together saved me from terrible injury.

We were going away for Shabbos and leaving our apartment for a family that needed to be in the area. In the rush to get ready and leave in time, my mother was also busy organizing the apartment for our guests.

"Mommy, I want to show you something," I said.

"I'm very busy, Yehoshua," she said distractedly. "Show me on the bus."

We quickly finished cleaning the apartment, leaving it spic-and-span, with fresh linens on the beds and homemade cake set out on the table. Then we took our suitcases and hurried to make the catch we needed.

When we got onto the bus, we children sat in the back row and my parents sat together, further up. As the bus started moving, I remembered that I wanted to show my mother something, so I left my seat near the back window and went to where she was sitting. A minute later there was a loud boom, a screeching of brakes, and shattered glass all over the seat where I'd been sitting. A bus driving behind ours had crashed into our bus at the exact spot where I'd been sitting, shattering the window that had been above my head. I was saved in the *zechus* of *hachnassas orchim* and *kibbud eim*!



Dear kids!

There are amazing stories just for you on our kid's 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 4

Last week: When John is released, he deliberately incites Mr. Davidowitz and then accuses him of attacking him. Yitzchak Davidowitz is imprisoned and worries about how he will put on tefillin before sunset.



I know they're working on clearing up this mistake, but the hours are passing, and I'm still stuck here without tefillin...

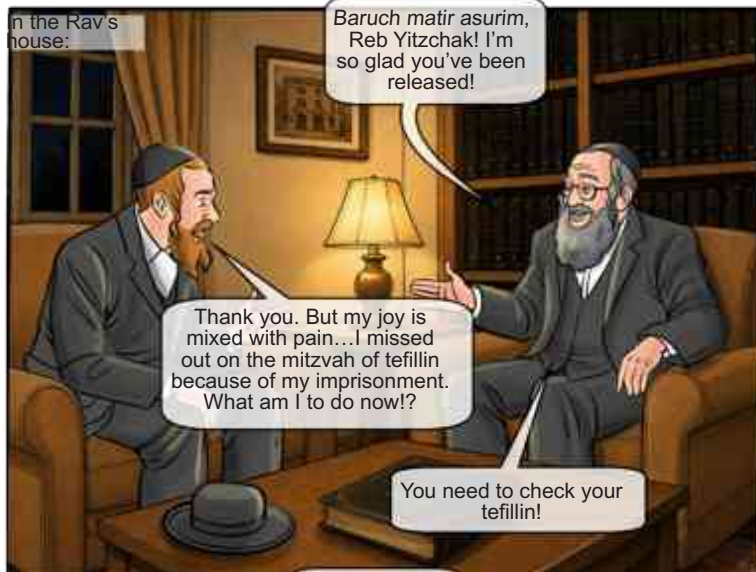


Attorney Silver here. Baruch Hashem, you've been released!

Thank you, Hashem! And thanks to you as well, Mr. Silver!



Oy, the sun's already set, and I haven't put on tefillin today! How awful!



In the Rav's house:

Baruch matir asurim, Reb Yitzchak! I'm so glad you've been released!

Thank you. But my joy is mixed with pain... I missed out on the mitzvah of tefillin because of my imprisonment. What am I to do now!?

You need to check your tefillin!



As per my Rav's instructions, I immediately brought you my tefillin to be checked...



I don't believe it. It comes out exactly...so amazing!

What do you mean?

This isn't just a mistake. The numerical value of this strange word is 459. The word is composed of 6 letters, so if we add 6, we get 465!

Amazing! The mistake in my tefillin hints to the day I was arrested, which is what led me to check my tefillin and to finally be zocheh to do the mitzvah properly!



Come and see for yourself.

Oy! Instead of the letter mem, there's a letter beis, forming a strange "word."

And what is special about this number?

The numerical value of the Hebrew words beis keleh – jail, is 463. The phrase is composed of 2 words, so if you add 2, you get 465!



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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