

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 Pinchas 5786 × 197

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

The Secret Mission

"Yitzchak," said the rabbi of the moshav in the northern Galil in Eretz Yisrael, "I have an important mission for you."

Yitzchak stood humbly before the rabbi, ready to do whatever he needed.

"Take this letter," he said, handing him a thick sealed envelope. "Whatever you do, don't open it, but deliver it as quickly as possible to the rabbi of the moshav near Netivot, in the south."

The rabbi leaned in a little closer and explained quietly, "This mission is in the realm of hatzalas nefashos. You have no idea what a tremendous mitzvah you are doing now."

Without tarrying for another moment, Yitzchak got into his car, started it up, and headed down south. He made no stops on the way, intent only on fulfilling his important mission.

Imagine if someone were to stop Yitzchak on his way and ask, "What are you so excited about? You have no idea what your mission is really all about."

Most likely, Yitzchak would say, "What do I need to understand that for? I know that I'm carrying out a huge mission here. I don't need to understand exactly what it is!"

Chazal tell us that if a person davened and did not receive his request, it's a sign that Hashem wants to hear more of his tefillah.

Reb Asher Freund wrote in a letter that tefillah is necessary for the world's existence, and Hashem stores every tefillah in His Treasure Trove. He takes pleasure in it and uses it to shower bounty upon the whole world. If a person would only see how great is the power of his tefillah, Reb Asher explained, he would never stop davening. Therefore, a person should never hold back from davening more and more.

This is an answer to the question that often arises: How is it possible that I davened so much and did not see tangible results from all my tefillos?

We can never understand intellectually what our tefillah accomplished, but we can know that it did great things.

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

They Show Us the Way

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

Who Opens the Eyes of the Blind

He unfailingly celebrated Reb Shlomo Karlin's yahrtzeit with lavish refreshments, song and dance, year after year. Why?

The great chassid Reb Shneur Zalman Pardkin from Lublin, a close disciple of the Tzemach Tzedek, arrived in Eretz Yisrael in the year 5652/1892. He settled in Batei Rand and did much on behalf of the Jews of Eretz Yisrael at the time, refusing to serve as a rav until repeated entreaties persuaded him to take it on. He became known as a Yid of great stature and ruach hakodesh, and hundreds sought out his aid, blessings, and advice.

Reb Shneur Zalman told the Yidden of Yerushalayim the following:

"I'll tell you a rare and incredible tale about the tzaddik Reb Shlomo Karliner zy" a, who passed away on 22 Tammuz, a hundred years ago.

I knew a Yid who would bring liquor and pastries to shul every year on 22 Tammuz, in honor of the yahrtzeit of Reb Shlomo Karliner. Poverty was rampant in those days, and it was rare for someone to so generously provide for an entire shul. Moreover, as the yahrtzeit meal took place, he would sing and dance on the table with tremendous enthusiasm, until he was completely exhausted.

People never failed to ask him, "Why do you invest so much in this yahrtzeit? Why are you so happy today?"

The crowds would gather each year as the elderly Yid told his story. Each time, it was as though he were telling it for the first time, so great was his joy, gratitude, and wonder as he related it:

I was blind, and for a very long time I was depressed. People suggested that I should go to see Reb Shlomo Karliner, because he was known as a wonder-worker whose blessings had great power. I traveled to the Rebbe's home, but when I got there they told me he'd gone out for a walk in the nearby forest. Kind people led me to where the Rebbe was walking. Tremulously, I approached the Rebbe and humbly told him my full name, asking him to bentsh me with a recovery and restore my eyesight.



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 Greatest Sponsor ✕

Rav Betzalel Blau from Bnei Brak related the following:

I had spent many hours writing up and then typing the Torah of my beloved rebbi. These were shiurim he had given over decades, about Pesach, the Yom Tov of emunah, and they included so many fundamentals of Yiddishkeit. I printed out the booklet on my home printer and reviewed the material several times until I was confident that all was written clearly and that his words were presented properly.

Now what? I thought. How would I go from this homemade booklet to seeing a real book in print? The answer, of course was money. With the simple sum of 10,000 shekels I could print the book properly and distribute it before Pesach, bringing much honor and an aliyas neshamah to my rebbi, and much benefit to anyone who would read it. But how? Where would I get the money?

Somehow I scraped together 3,500 shekels. It was a nice sum, but nowhere near enough. I needed another 7,000.

“Go to so-and-so who lives on such and such street,” a friend advised me. “He is a person of means and always gives generously if he’s convinced that your cause is a worthy one. Go talk to him.”

I gathered my courage and self-confidence,

feeling my rebbi’s presence prodding me on and giving me the strength I needed to do something completely out of character for me. I set up a meeting with this person and presented the material to him along with my request.

“Look,” he told me after he’d seen it all, “I’m not sure it’s for me to take this on right now, but I think you should really approach so-and-so who lives on such and such street. He is a wealthy man and he loves to help out.” Seeing my deflated face, he added, “and if he gives something, I’ll add another half of the amount that he gives.”

I thanked him half-heartedly for his time and left his home in deep disappointment.

On the way home, I pondered going to the second potential philanthropist. It had been difficult to gather up the courage and try the first one. Would I have to keep knocking on doors? I felt that asking for financial help was truly difficult for me. Was this the hishtadlus Hashem wanted of me?

I called my father to ask his advice. He listened quietly and then said, “Doing this type of work is really against your nature, and you take it very much to heart. I don’t think you should ask anyone else for help, as this could truly be too much for you. Just talk to Hashem. Ask Him.”

Heartened by my father’s advice, I proceeded to do just that. In my pocket I had the contact information for the second philanthropist, but instead of using it, I davened.



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“Do you believe that Hashem can heal you fully and restore your eyesight?” the Rebbe asked me.

“I believe!” I responded.

“Not strong enough,” said the Rebbe. “Do you truly believe?”

“Yes!” I responded.

Again and again, the Rebbe stubbornly insisted that I express my total trust and belief in Hashem’s power to heal me.

“Do you believe with your whole heart that Hashem, Who is the Creator and Ruler of the world, can heal you?” he asked again.

“Yes, Rebbe,” I yelled with all my might. “I truly believe!”

As soon as I said those words, the miracle occurred.

I opened my eyes, and I could see, just like anyone else. Blessed is Hashem, Who opens the eyes of the blind!

Do you understand why I feel so close to the heilige Reb Shlomo Karliner? The Rebbe infused me with true, wholesome, living emunah, and in the merit of this emunah, I began to see!

This was Reb Shlomo, who often said, “The greatest miracle is if we are able to put Hashem into a Yid’s heart!”

—In honor of the yahrtzeit, on 22 Tammuz, of the heiligeh Reb Shlomo Karliner zy”a, who is buried in the city of Ludmir.



Shiur by Rav Dovid Kletzkin shlit" a

Living Water or Dirty, Still Waters?

Imagine a person who is walking through a desert on a burning-hot day. His throat is on fire. He feels he's about to pass out from thirst. Suddenly, he looks down and sees a pit with brown-colored water, water that's gone through some rusty pipes and settled there at the bottom of the pit.

He lets out a sigh of relief. Without a second thought, he bends down and fills his hands with water. He wants to drink and to wash his face. Of course, he would never use such water on a regular day, but here in the desert, he has no other choice.

Then his friend stops him. "Wait, Yaakov," he cries. "Don't drink!"

Yaakov looks up questioningly.

"Several meters from here," he says, "there is supposed to be an oasis with a wellspring of fresh running water. Clean, clear water. In a few minutes we'll get there and you'll be able to refresh yourself. There's even a chair for you to sit on and free plastic cups to use there. Hold on a bit more, and you'll get everything you need."

But Yaakov shakes his head decisively. "This is the first bit of water I found, so this is what I'll take," he says.

We all agree that he's a bit crazed. Has the heat gone to his head?

And yet there are times when we all act exactly like Yaakov.

Chovos Halevavos explains Yirmeyahu's reference to people who leave behind a wellspring of running, living waters and exchange it for broken pits. He explains that there are two problems involved here: First, they're leaving behind living waters, and second, they choose to depend on broken pits. In the beginning of the fourth chapter, Rabbenu Bachyai cites this passuk (Yirmeyahu 2:13) to teach that if someone trusts in something or someone other than Hashem, then Hashem removes His hashgachah pratis from him and places him in the hands of the one in whom he trusts.

At first these words seem unnecessarily harsh. Why does Rabbenu Bachyai open the topic with this threatening message?

The simple answer is: Hashem does not fully remove His hashgachah from the person, because if He did, the person would cease to exist! Rather, in the specific area in which the person is placing his trust in some creation, rather than in Hashem, that is where Hashem removes His hashgachah. Do you rely on so-and-so? So let's see how successful he is in helping you. Are you choosing to drink sullied waters instead of waiting for the clean, clear waters of Hashem? The loss is yours!

The following day I got a call from a familiar-looking number. I pulled the little memo with the contact information out of my pocket and discovered that, yes, the man was actually calling me.

"You met my friend two days ago," he began. "He told me about your sefer, and I want to help you publish it. We decided that I'll pay two thirds and he'll cover the remaining third of the price."

Very soon after this incredible conversation, the money was in my account. They were very practical about the whole thing.

Filled with joy and thanks to Hashem, I thought to myself that had I continued doing work that felt demeaning to me, trusting in myself and in other mortals, then under the best of circumstances I would have collected a bit here and a bit there. Never would I have had the courage to ask for the entire sum, or even for a third of it. Being that I left the whole thing in Hashem's Hands, He answered me with the speed and generosity that only He is capable of providing. The sefer was sponsored by Hakadosh Baruch Hu Himself.

✕ No Treatment Necessary ✕

My name is Yehuda, and I live in Ashdod.

One of my sons was born with a condition affecting his kidneys. At a young age he received treatment to reverse the problem, and with much chessed Hashem, the treatment was successful. In the ensuing years we were tasked with the pleasure of making a biannual follow-up visit to the doctor to ensure that his kidney was continuing to function properly. Baruch Hashem, things were fine for many years. Each visit ended with our heartfelt thanks to Hashem for all the chessed that He'd given us and for our son's normal, healthy childhood and good health.

But then one year we got bad news. It seemed there was a blockage in our son's kidneys. The doctors spoke of surgery, a two-tiered typed of procedure that would presumably fix two different problems that were developing in his kidney.

I was shocked, and also afraid. "Look," I thought to myself, "how grateful we have to be for our own and our other children's proper functioning





and good health. A little tiny problem, one little thing 'off,' and see how complicated things can become."

I decided to focus on gratitude, thanking Hashem for everything day by day in a systematic way. The doctors noticed an improvement, and from one checkup to the next, it seemed his problems were fading. On the other hand, they still maintained that he needed surgery and that we should schedule it ASAP.

I struggled with acceptance.

Then I "happened" to read the Hashgachah Pratis newsletter. There was a story about a boy who had a high fever and whose father ran to the rav, seeking a yeshuah. The rav told him it wasn't necessary to rush to get medical advice or treatment, but rather that he should first open a sefer and see what he needed to strengthen spiritually, and that he should also daven to Hashem.

That story gave me so much chizuk. I thought about a certain area in which I could really improve myself, and I resolved to do so. Then I davened from the depths of my heart for my son to have a complete recovery without the need for any surgeries or difficult procedures.

We were in two simultaneous processes, as only a Yid could be. On the one hand, we were going the natural medical route, doing follow-up, and scheduling a day for surgery. At the same time, however, we were undergoing a far more important spiritual process, strengthening our emunah and our avodas Hashem, and hoping to see a miraculous recovery.

Still, the tests kept showing that surgery was advisable. The scheduled date arrived. We went in to the operating theater, and the anesthesiologist did his job. I held my son's hand and spoke to him until the anesthesia took its effect and he fell asleep. Then the nurse told me to leave the room.

I sat outside and continued davening for a complete recovery from the true Doctor on High. I truly yearned for a complete yeshuah, knowing that Hashem's salvation could come at any time.

Half an hour later, a nurse told us that the doctor wanted to speak to us. We were surprised,

because the surgery was meant to take much longer. Was it possible that he'd already finished the whole procedure?!

Lo and behold, the doctor spoke the very words I longed to hear. "Well, there will not be surgery today," he said.

"Why not?" I shot back.

He shook his head in bafflement. "I have over twenty-five years of experience with these surgeries," he said, "and I have never seen anything like this before. We did a final scan before beginning surgery and found results that contradicted all his previous tests. He has no problems! Not the first problem, and not the second one. Everything is fine. No blockage to release and no connection to make. Nothing at all."

"So what do we do now?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said with a smile. "Wait for the anesthesia to wear off, and take your son home."

The news was so good not only because my son was, baruch Hashem, in perfect health, but because I felt that Hashem had orchestrated the entire series of events in order to help me come closer to Him and to show me how He is truly Shomei'a tefillah. Even when surgery has already begun, one should never despair of Hashem's miraculous yeshuah!

× I Was Out the Door in Minutes ×

Chanoch Lashinski from Chatzor related the following:

I am the type of person who writes little memo notes and reminders for myself about all sorts of things. The thing is that in order to be reminded about something by a reminder you wrote, you have to remember where you put it! And the note has to be visible. You have to see it. For me, though, it doesn't really work this way. I usually write little memos in real time to remember what I need to do, but in truth, I store the information in my head and almost always do it even without seeing the note. That's just the way I work.

Well, almost always. To my chagrin and embarrassment, one day this year I opened a drawer and discovered a little note I had written to myself a full year and a half earlier. On that note it said, "I owe 350 shekels to so-and-so." I couldn't

even recall what the whole thing was about. Then I saw the date on the note and remembered that it took place on Chanukah, and I blushed with even greater embarrassment. I remembered asking this person for a loan of 350 shekels and assuring him that I'd return it within the week. At the time, I had no doubt that this was what I'd do, but instead I had completely forgotten all about it.

Then and there, I decided that I wouldn't put it off for another minute. I would take the cash, which I had in my pocket, go to his house immediately, and return the loan. I hurried to his home and knocked quickly. He opened the door right away. The house was dark, and there was a worker there putting around. It was obvious that he was repairing some sort of problem with the electricity.

"I'm so sorry," I told my acquaintance. "I forgot to return this loan to you a year and half ago. I just remembered about it now, so I came right over." I took the 350 shekels out of my pocket. "This is for you," I said.

His eyes opened wide in amazement, and it was several seconds before he could respond. When he spoke, his voice was choked. "How is this possible?" he asked. "Who sent you here?"

I didn't understand his question. "It's a debt that I owe you," I explained again. "I just remembered it, so I came over right away to take care of it."

"But you came now," he said. "Specifically now," he repeated incredulously. He shook his head in astonishment. "Let me tell you what just now happened here," he continued. He pointed to the interior of his home. "I had a problem with my electricity," he said, "and I realized it could only be fixed by a professional, but I didn't call anyone because I had no money to pay for the job. After several days I decided it was simply impossible to go on this way. I davened to Hashem and I told Him, 'Ribbono shel Olam, I'm calling a technician, and You send me the money to pay for it.'"

"After this tefillah, I felt confident to go ahead and call him. Soon he'll finish the job, and I need to pay him exactly 350 shekels!"

Amazing! Hakadosh Baruch Hu indeed took care of the payment. The sense of urgency that overtook me, leading me to literally run from my home to his, was orchestrated by Hashem Above so that the man would be able to pay his worker. How great is Hashem's chessed and His mercies!

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

First of all, I want to thank you and to bentsh everyone involved in this incredible newsletter. Every week I get a huge dose of chizuk in emunah and bitachon. The newsletter truly feeds the neshamah and opens my eyes to see only good.

A while ago I was suffering from a series of medical problems, one after another. One morning, I met Reb Meilich Biderman shlit"a and told him what was going on with me.

In reaction, he opened a siddur and showed me what it says before the Parshas Ha'akeidah, how saying this parshah protects a person from all sorts of illnesses.

This was like a healing balm for the soul. That

day, I started saying the Parshas Ha'akeidah, and I've continued doing so every day since. Baruch Hashem, everything is fine. It's been several years, and in all that time I have not had any medical problems.

I thought it would be a good idea to share this here in your newsletter. I am sure that people will find comfort and healing through this segulah, just as I did.

May you be zocheh to create more and more soldiers for Hashem, and may all your efforts be met with success.

Best wishes,

—Eliyahu Ostreicher, Bnei Brak

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



Here I Come, Clear the Way

You know how it is when you're rushing to get to cheder on time and there's something blocking your way, like, chalilah, a car accident, or a light that doesn't change for the longest time, or crowds of people filling the sidewalks and getting in your way? Or how about a construction site that blocks off an entire section of the sidewalk?



Well, that is exactly what (almost) happened to me one bright sunny day when I was on my way from my home in Givat Shmuel to my cheder in central Bnei Brak.

There is a bridge that I need to cross every day on my way to cheder, and if that bridge is blocked, there is really no option of taking another route. So there I was, with barely five minutes to spare before the bell would ring, getting up to the middle of the bridge, when I realized there was serious construction going on there. My heart sank as I envisioned myself waiting minutes or possibly hours in order to pass, then facing my rebbi, late for class. But lo and behold, when I got to the site, the workers were busy with the bars and lattices and hadn't begun on the floors yet. I was able to walk right past them, right through the noise and the mess, and get to cheder exactly on time.

After dismissal, I spent some time with my friend in the yard and then hurried home. When I got to the bridge, the workers had already completed the work that blocked passage for pedestrians for many hours, and once again, I was able to walk right through.

The Gemara Waited for Him

My name is Shloimy Kohn, and I live in Yerushalayim.

One day our rebbi made an announcement: "Boys, tomorrow we will be starting to learn Perek Ha'sho'el in Gemara, and everyone must have a new Gemara of their own to use in class." Some boys had the Gemara at home, and all they had to do was remember to bring it to class the next day, but other boys realized they would

have to buy a new Gemara.

Chaim is my classmate and neighbor. He knew he needed to buy the Gemara that day, but by the time we got home in the evening, his mind was occupied with dozens of other things. He ate supper with his family, and pretty soon, when it was after 9:30 at night and he was already in pajamas, he suddenly remembered and smacked his forehead. "The Gemara!!" What would he do?! Chaim's father had left the house a half hour earlier to go to a wedding. Chaim called him immediately and said, "Tatty, I need a Gemara for tomorrow. We're starting Perek Ha'sho'el."

Surprisingly, his father responded enthusiastically. "Perfect timing! I'm just passing by a sefarim store that's still open."

Chaim listened on the phone as his father asked the seller for the booklet on Perek Ha'sho'el and the seller responded, "Here it is, the last one we have in stock!"

Minutes before closing time. The last one in stock. Hashgachah orchestrated that Chaim would have his Gemara in order to learn properly the following day!

Perfect Timing

My name is Hershy Roth. Baruch Hashem, last week my older brother got married. After the long, leibidig chasunah, while we were getting organized to leave the hall, I saw an expensive waterproof watch on the floor. My father said I should take it, and perhaps we'd be able to find the owner. I wondered how that could possibly work out when there had been hundreds of people at the wedding, but I trusted my father, and I trusted Hashem.



The following night, at the first sheva brachos, I noticed the kallah's brother wearing a watch that was almost exactly like the one I found.

"Is there anyone else in your family who has such a watch?" I asked.

"Yes!" he responded. "My younger brother Yanky. But he lost it last night."

I asked Yanky to describe the watch, and he described it precisely. That's how Hashem enabled me to do the mitzvah of hashavas aveidah.

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 1

Last week: Reb Simcha Bunim Kesirer from Yerushalyim shared a story that began in 1941 and came to its amazing end just a few short years ago.

Our story begins in 1941, and it ends in recent years...



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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