

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 Va'eschanan, 5768 × 200

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

Gehinnom for Just a Few Thousand Dollars

One Motzaei Shabbos, Reb Itze'le of Pshevorsk was eating *melaveh malkah* with his chassidim, when he made an unexpected announcement. "I need several thousand dollars for a certain mitzvah," he said. "Whoever gives me the sum will receive my Gehinnom in exchange."

No one volunteered. No one was looking for more Gehinnom for themselves.

The only one to speak up was Reb Moshe Yosef Geldzhaler *zt"l*. "I'll do it," he said to the Rebbe.

The following morning, he presented Reb Itze'le with the full sum. The Rebbe then explained that he had meant to say he would sell his Gan Eden. He also explained why he'd referred to his portion in Gan Eden as Gehinnom.

All the chassidim who heard about the deal were filled with jealousy. Reb Yosef Geldzhaler had made the deal of a lifetime! Dozens of people offered him huge sums of money in exchange for the Rebbe's Gan Eden, which now belonged to him, but he refused to sell. He knew that what he had was worth more than all the money in the world.

I heard this story from his grandson, Reb Naftali Gross *shlit"a*.

"Once," he told me, "I asked Zeidy how he had understood that the Rebbe was actually referring to Gan Eden and not Gehinnom. Zeidy responded that he hadn't really understood the Rebbe's intent, but he knew one thing very clearly: Reb Itze'le loved every Yid, and he would never offer a Yid a deal that wasn't for his benefit. Zeidy was so sure of this that he went ahead with the deal even without fully understanding what was involved."

It all depends on how sure you are, how much you trust, in the inherent goodness of the other. When it comes to Hashem, we are absolutely sure that He is completely good; He is our Father Who loves us always. Anything He gives us, whether it looks like Gehinnom or like Gan Eden, is for our benefit.

Shabbat Shalom, Pinchas Sheffer

They Show Us the Way

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

I Rely on You Alone

Why did the Megaleh Amukos decide to remain in Cracow?

The sudden announcement that came from Rav Nosson Nota Shapiro, the *Ba'al Megaleh Amukos*, fell like a thunderbolt upon the Jewish community of Cracow.

"For personal reasons, I plan to leave my position as *rav* of this city and move to another city," the *rav* informed the community leaders with finality.

The heads of the community were shocked by his dramatic announcement.

Several days passed, during which the city was abuzz with rumors about the *rav's* decision to leave them. What could possibly have caused him to make this move, and what could they do to convince him to stay?

A week passed, and Reb Nosson Nota once again asked the community leaders to convene in his home. This time, there was an undercurrent of joy as he informed them emotionally, "My dear sons, I have decided to remain in Cracow after all, and I hope to be here with you for many years to come." The joy of the community knew no bounds. The *rav*, their devoted leader of so many years, would remain with them. Seeing how much thought and speculation there was regarding his reasons, the *rav* decided to share what had prompted him to remain in Cracow.

"I'll tell you the truth," he said. "At first I thought that, for certain personal reasons, I had no choice other than to leave, but then, because of a *din Torah* I was part of this week, I decided that, come what may, I would remain right here"

× × ×

Three months earlier:

Tuvia walked through the teeming marketplace, buying various items he needed, when suddenly he came upon a stall piled high with freshly baked loaves of bread. Coming closer, he was shocked to discern that Reb Meir, one of the greatest *masmidim* and *lamdanim* in the city, was sitting behind the stall, presumably waiting for buyers.

"Reb Meir," he greeted him in shock, "what in the world are you doing here? Your place is in the *beis mid'rash*!"

>>>

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

✕ Restoration in Chmielnik ✕

Rav Yisrael Meir Gabbai dedicates his life to the maintenance and refurbishment of *kivrei tzaddikim* in Europe. He related an unlikely chain of people and events that led to the refurbishment of the *kever* of a renowned tzaddik after it had lain in ruins for forty years. His words give us a bird's-eye view of how the wheels of *hashgachah* keep turning in order to ultimately restore the desecrated honor of a holy Yid.

Here's what he said:

The Jewish cemetery in Chmielnik is a sad story. The *goyim* destroyed it completely, tombstones have disappeared, and the whole place is in ruins. There is now a field at the edge of the town under which we know many *Yidden* are buried, including several great tzaddikim.

One of them was the *heiligh* tzaddik Reb Avraham Dov of Chmielnik *zy"ā*. He was a *talmid* of the Baal Shem Tov, and three of his children married descendants of the Baal Shem Tov. He also had a familial connection to the Toldos Yaakov Yosef – some say he was his son-in-law and others say he was his grandson. He was a great tzaddik. I knew the location of his *kever*, and I also knew that the right thing would be to build a respectable *tziyun* over it, as befits a Jew of his stature. This would enable *Yidden* to come and daven at his *kever*, and to bring about *yeshuos*. I knew all of this and wanted badly to restore the tzaddik's lost honor, but I had no idea how to get the requisite licenses from the local municipality, or how to get technical access to the area. I didn't give up, though. For over thirty years I've been hoping to find a way in to the *beis hachaim*.

Four years ago, on one of my many trips to Ukraine, I sat at the Shabbos table with a certain Yid. He was a quiet sort of fellow, fifty years old and single, and seemed to be wandering around the world. He'd made aliyah and lived in Eretz Yisrael for a short while but then returned to Europe and lived in Kiev. We sat and ate, side by side, and spoke little. Finally, I decided to break the silence.

"*Fun vemen kumst a Yid* – Where do you come from?" I asked him in a friendly tone.

"I live in Chmielnik," he muttered.

"Chmielnick!" I was excited. Who would have thought? Maybe this was the lead I'd been waiting for. I got straight to the point. "Perhaps you know how we could get a license from the head of the municipality there to build a *tziyun* for the tzaddik Reb Avraham Dov?" I asked, knowing I was taking a stab in the dark.

He looked at me, totally confused. Indeed, it seemed I was grasping at straws. This strange, quiet Yid did not have a clue what I wanted from him. I tried explaining clearly what I wanted to do, using hand motions, Yiddish, and making arches in the air, but I saw I was getting nowhere. I suggested that we'd meet in Chmielnik the following week, where I could show him the *kever* and explain what I wanted to do. He agreed.

After I showed him the location of the *kever*, and he seemed to understand my goal, he told me that he would see what he could do.

I didn't have very high expectations.

Lo and behold, a few months later I got a call from Chmielnik! It was the very same Yid, and he told me he thought he had a possible lead.

In general, the Jewish community in Chmielnik is dying out. There are several elderly *Yidden* who still live there, the younger generation having left long ago. My friend had discovered that one of the old women in the community had a connection to the head of the municipality, and he thought it would be worth my while to speak to her. He gave me her number, and I called immediately and arranged a day and time to meet her.

It turned out that this woman knew far more than I could have imagined. She showed me remnants of the destroyed structure that had once stood over the *kever* of Reb Avraham Dov *zy"ā*, and she showed me the nearby communal *kever*, where the people of the town were murdered *al Kiddush Hashem*. She also showed me a building that currently serves as a health resort and had in fact been built originally as the central shul of the town.

She had an opinion, too: In her gravelly voice, the octogenarian urged me to put up signs so people would know that this health resort used to be a shul, and to put up a sign over the communal *kever*.

"You're right. We'll do everything," I assured her, "but first I need you to get me a license to refurbish the *ohel* over the tzaddik's *kever*."

She got heavily involved. She knew exactly what was happening in the municipality. Plans for the refurbishment of the *beis hachaim* had been sitting there for years, approval pending. It turned out she was the exact person I needed, and today, four years later, *baruch Hashem*, there is a respectable *matzeivah* over the tzaddik's *kever*, may his merit protect us and all of Am Yisrael. This story gives me *chizuk*. One should never despair of a worthy goal. In this case, for forty years nothing was moving! Then, suddenly, Hashem sent this quiet Yid from Chmielnik, who became

Rebe Meir blushed crimson, lowered his eyes, and spoke in low tones.

"I had no choice but to come here, Tuvia," he explained. "My family is hungering for bread, and I had to find a source of livelihood. I began baking loaves of bread early each morning and coming to the market to sell them throughout the day." He raised his hands in a gesture that plainly said, "What else could I do?!"

"Well, Reb Meir," Tuvia said confidently, "I would like to suggest that those days are now over. It would be an honor and pleasure for me to provide for your family. All your needs will be amply met, and in return, you will sit in the *beis midrash* and do what you do best. Do we have a deal here?"

Reb Meir, surprised by the sudden turn of events, nodded dumbly.

"I would like this deal in writing," Tuvia continued. "Come to my home within the hour, and we'll put together a contract."

Reb Meir packed up his stall and brought dozens of fresh loaves of bread back home. Then he walked over to Tuvia's spacious home, where he was welcomed into the lavish study. There the two signed a contract, which stipulated that Reb Meir would sit and learn all day, and Tuvia would provide for his family financially. To seal the deal, Tuvia gave him two-weeks' earnings in advance. The two shook hands.

From Tuvia's home, Reb Meir went straight to the *beis midrash*, where he opened his beloved *sefarim* and began learning diligently.

Some time passed, and one morning Tuvia was once again walking through the marketplace, when he stopped suddenly. Were his eyes playing tricks on him? Several meters away from him he saw a stall, piled high with fresh loaves of bread. A familiar shock of grey hair topped by a tall velvet yarmulke peeked out from behind the pile. Was it possible? Why had Reb Meir reneged on a deal that was wholly to his benefit? Why?! In righteous indignation, Tuvia summoned Reb Meir to the *beis din* of the *rav* of their city, the *Baal Megaleh Amukos*. "Rebbi!" Tuvia began. "We made a deal. Reb Meir was supposed to learn, and I was supposed to take care of his financial needs. But then, to my shock, I saw him selling bread in the marketplace once again. How dare he renege on the deal?!"

Now it was Reb Meir's turn to defend himself.

"Honored *rav*," he said, "Tuvia is right. He provided for me amply, and I could have sat and learned without a worry in the world. But I decided to back out of the whole deal because I found that I was seriously lacking something that was vital to me. You see, when I was working to earn a living, I would rise in the wee hours of the morning to bake, and when I ground the wheat, I would beg Hashem for the flour to be clean and of high quality; when I kneaded the dough, I shed tears, asking Hashem for it to rise properly; when I searched for wood to light the fires, I davened from the bottom of my heart for Hashem to send me good, dry pieces of wood; and when I placed the loaves in the oven, I continued to daven and turn to Hashem.

At every turn, I felt that the only One I would rely on was Hashem. I spoke to Him and davened ceaselessly, always anticipating that He would help me. But now that Tuvia was providing for me so amply, I was missing this feeling, this knowledge that I am totally dependent on the Creator *yisbarach*. I had grown accustomed to living on this higher plane, and I could not live differently. That's why I decided to back out of the deal. "I do not want to leave a place where there was such a *din Torah*," The *Megaleh Amukos* concluded. "This is what prompted me to remain!"

I Trust in You

Words of *Chizuk* shared on the Hashgacha-Pratis phone line

Shiur by Rav Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"a*

Trust Only in Hashem!

Dovid Hamelech describes the *cheit ha'egel*. He explains that Am Yisrael exchanged their honored King of the whole world for a grass-eating ox (*Tehillim* 106:20). How could a person make such a ridiculous exchange?! This is how *Chovos Halevavos* describes people who choose to trust in a human being rather than in the Creator of the entire world, Who supervises every minute detail of the world every minute of the day and night.

Dovid also lauds those who trust in Hashem rather than placing their trust in the promises of human beings, who might be charlatans and who, in any case, cannot guarantee that they will be able to fulfill those promises (*Tehillim* 40:5). The *navi* Yirmeyahu describes people who place their trust in human strength as cursed and removed from Hashem (*Yirmeyahu* 17:5-8).

On the other hand, the *navi* praises the person who casts his burden on Hashem. "Blessed is the man," the *navi* says. The person who believes in the Creator is automatically and constantly blessed, and he does not need to be blessed each moment anew.

Moreover, not only is he blessed, but he is *zocheh* that Hashem becomes his Shield and Protection (*Mivtacho*). He has on Whom to rely; he is protected. The Gra explains that there are no grammatical errors in *Tanach*. If something seems grammatically wrong, there must be an explanation for it. In the *passuk* in *Yirmeyahu*, the word *mivtacho* should have a *kamatz* under the letter *tes*, since it is punctuated with an *esnachta*, but in this *passuk* there is a *patach* under the *tes*. This is to show us, says the Gra, that when a person trusts in Hashem and Hashem repays his trust and fulfills all his needs, it will not be *kamutz* – with a tight-fisted Hand, but rather, Hashem will give him in a bountiful way, from His wide-open Hand – *patuach*. The word *mivtacho* has a *patach* in order to show how much expansive blessing those who trust in Hashem will receive, in the most loving and bountiful way possible.

Trust only in Hashem, and reap boundless blessing and bounty in return!

the liaison to bring me to the right person, and elderly woman who'd been living in the community all along. Hashem's ways are mysterious to us and known to Him Alone. He runs His world with vast, infinite wisdom that is far, far beyond our comprehension and the scope of our knowledge.

✕ **Tzara'as on Our Walls
and Hidden Treasures** ✕

Walking past my bedroom closet in my furnished rental apartment, I sniffed the air. Something was off. What could it be? Coming closer, I sniffed again. The unmistakable smell of mold filled my nostrils. "Oh, no," I thought, "what a horrible smell." Later that same day my wife put a purple air freshener with flowers featured on it right near the closet. The smell of eucalyptus filled the air now, effectively mitigating the bad smell. Problem solved.

Or so I thought.

A few days later, opening the closet doors, I was dismayed to see black mold creeping up the back wall of the closet. I knew what was coming next. If the mold got to our clothing, it would be bad news. I had to do something real, and waiting for our landlord would not be wise. There was little time to waste, and there was a good chance we'd suffer a huge monetary loss if we'd have to get rid of all our clothing.

Move the heavy closet, an inner voice prompted me. *Get to the root of this*. I emptied most of the contents of the closet out onto the bed and heaved the bulky piece of furniture away from the wall.

Apparently, the closet hadn't been moved in years.

The wall behind the closet looked scary. Black with mold. But I didn't get on this line to describe that horrible picture of poisonous mold growing on the wall behind a closet. Rather, I want to tell you what I discovered underneath the closet, and how I understood that this episode with the mold was all for the good, just as everything Hashem does is good. Right there on the floor lay my wife's gold necklace, a unique 14-karat gold inheritance from her grandmother. It was the gift her grandmother had given her for her bas mitzvah, and it had great monetary and nostalgic value.

Being that we were renting the apartment, the chances of my ever moving that closet were close to zero. Hashem sent the mold to cause me to move the closet so that this valuable piece of jewelry wouldn't be lost.

✕ **A Twenty-Minute Wait** ✕

Our family is unique in Am Yisrael. You see, we come to places on time – exactly on time, no matter what. If someone in the family can't make an event at the time it was called for, he'll come a half hour earlier. I kid you not! This applies to family weddings, *brissim*, *sheva brachos*, and other parties. It is amazing how people who marry into the family quickly adapt themselves to this norm, realizing that everyone benefits. When you come to an event, you know when it will start and when it will end. I recommend that everyone make the effort to do as we do. Last year, before the date of Saba's *yahrtzeit*, we put a message onto the family phone line informing everyone that *Tehillim* would start promptly at 2 p.m. Saba is buried in the *beis hachaim* in Kiryat Shaul in Tel Aviv, in the section where many *chashuveh* tzaddikim, many of them Satmar or Gerrer chassidim, are buried. He was among the handful of Holocaust survivors who staunchly held on to *emunah* and *mesorah*, passing it on to the next generation with great *mesirus nefesh*.

As I said, in our family, a time is a time. An event called for 2 p.m. would start no later than 2:02, and no one thought that year would be different from the years that preceded it. I was there, of course, at 1:50, along with several others, but to our great surprise, the *Tehillim* did not begin at the expected hour. We did not yet have a *minyan*, and we had to wait for others to come. We waited and waited, but something happened that was really extraordinary for our family, something that is par for course in other families. We waited for twenty minutes until the *minyan* gathered, and we began reciting *Tehillim* at Saba's *kever* only at 2:20. Now everything was delayed by twenty minutes, and by the time we finished davening, it was later than expected. We began walking in the direction of the exit, when suddenly we discerned a strange procession of people coming toward us: There were

two men carrying an *aron*, and two women, one middle-aged and the other younger, walking behind them. It took a few seconds to realize that what we were watching was a tiny *levayah*, a deceased Yid accompanied only by two members of the *chevra kaddisha* and two women.

The members of the *chevra kaddisha* stopped immediately when they saw us, and they asked us to join them. The deceased, they explained, was a woman who was over 90 years old, had lived in an old age home, and passed away in her bed that morning. The two women were the only people in the world who had a connection to her. The older woman was her daughter, and the younger one was the lawyer who managed her finances. No one else had come because

no one else knew about her existence. Under these circumstances, the woman would have been buried without a *minyan* and without anyone saying *Kaddish* for her.

But Hashem, in His mercy, had prepared a *minyan* for her in advance, and our family, regularly punctual to a fault, was delayed by twenty minutes so that we'd be able to accompany a daughter of Hashem on her final journey, and she would be *zocheh* to receive her last respects in this world with a *minyan* and with *Kaddish* said for her.

This situation showed us clearly how great is Hashem's love and care for every one of His children.

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

Dear Readers,

I want to share with you the open *hashgachah pratis* I was *zocheh* to see:

A client shared with me a series of frustrating events that had happened to him. First, his refrigerator died, then there was a leak in his washing machine, and finally, his dryer fell apart. He didn't know how to react. Was he supposed to think why Hashem was doing all of this to him? Was it better, perhaps, to thank Hashem that all this harm happened only to machines and not to people? Or was his reaction meant to be a bit of both? "I certainly think you should thank Hashem," I told him, "but regarding whether you should make a *cheshbon hanefesh*, I can't answer you immediately. I need to think about it."

We finished the session, and the next client entered. He began with the words, "I had a really strange week. The washing machine broke down, and the dryer died, too. My wife and children didn't feel well. I wondered whether I should say *gam zu l'tovah* or whether I was supposed to make some sort of *cheshbon*?"

I was amazed. Almost the same exact words, almost the same question, twice in a row.

To my surprise, my client continued: "I met the *gaon* Rav Yochanan Vosner *shlit"a*, the *Av Beis Din* of Skvere, and I asked him this question. The *rav* answered that both modes of thought are correct, but one should certainly not become pressured about what it is he needs to fix. If he knows that there is room for improvement in a certain area, then this is the time to improve."

I saw the hand of *hashgachah* clearly in the fact that these clients came in one after another, and after that second session, I called the previous client to share with him this answer from a *gadol*.

When I met the *gaon* Rav Vosner *shlit"a*, I asked him whether his instructions apply to anyone who faces the same quandary. The *rav* assured me that this is what he would tell anyone who asked him the same question, and that at the same time he would add that the person should say an additional *perek* of *Tehillim* every day.

May Hashem help all of us stand up to our life's challenges and to thank and praise Him.

Best regards,

Aaron Yisrael Katz, Boro Park

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



A Sweet Reminder of Saba

My name is Eli Gutman, and I live in Yerushalayim. My teeth were hurting – like really, really, hurting badly. I knew, by the next-level pain I was feeling, exactly what was coming, because I'd been there before. My mother would make an appointment. We would go to the dentist, and he would take X-rays and poke around in my mouth. Then he would tell us that I had several large cavities that needed to be filled ASAP. And to make it even worse, perhaps he would say I needed a root canal, because the hole in one of my teeth is too deep for a regular cavity. Ughh!

Well, what do you know? What happened was exactly as I had thought:

We went to the dentist, and I had several cavities, and I needed a root canal too.

But even worse, after the treatments, which took three separate visits, the dentist looked at my father and said, "Eli has been here several times, and his teeth keep getting cavities. He must stop eating all the sugary snacks that are ruining his teeth!"

I swallowed hard. Difficult as it was to hear it, I knew the dentist was right. And hard as it was to give up a bad habit, I decided right then and there that I would do it. I had stashes of jellies, lollipops, chocolate bars and more put away from all sorts of occasions. I had a real sweet tooth, and I couldn't resist having some of those snacks at least once every day. With the pain of the cavities and treatments fresh in my mind, I resolved right then to sell the whole stack. From now on, I thought to myself, whenever I get a snack, I'll sell it right away. Then I'll have money to buy healthier and better things for myself.

Baruch Hashem, my plan really took off. Instead of stashing away snacks, I started putting away the small change I received by selling them. One Shabbos, we visited my great-grandfather. He



always gives us kids a jelly to take with us, and that Shabbos was no different. Saba was a bit weak, but he still asked his aid to take jellies out of the cabinet and distribute them to all of us. My brothers and some cousins who had come along all made a brachah immediately and popped the jellies into their mouths. I, however, stayed strong and kept to my kabbalah. I put the jelly in a little bag in order to sell it later on in the week.

When I got home, I put the bag with the jelly on a shelf where I keep the snacks I want to sell, and then...I forgot about it. The days passed – Sunday...Monday. On Tuesday morning, we heard the sad news that Saba was niftar. He passed away at a ripe old age and left behind so many descendants who loved him and follow in his ways. Because of my kabbalah, I was also left with a sweet keepsake from him – a jelly that symbolized all the love he'd had in his heart for me.

Sold Out of Jacks

My name is Yisrael Menachem, and I live in Beit Shemesh. You know how everyone is playing with jacks these days? Well, I lost my set of jacks and decided on the spot that I had to buy a new one. How could I remain without jacks? I took my hard-earned allowance money and went to the toy store near my house to buy a new set of jacks right away. To my disappointment, the owner of the store told me he was out of jacks. It's the most popular toy around these days, so of course he was sold out. I was really upset, and I was in no mood to try a store further away.

I went home and walked around for a little while, moping. Then, while rummaging through my desk drawer for a pen, I discovered my good old set of jacks lying right there in the drawer. It was hashgachah pratis that the store was sold out. Hashem was looking out for me!



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?

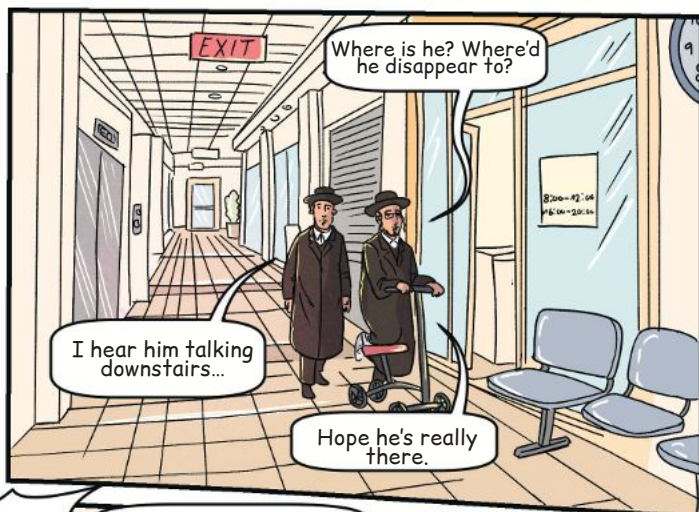
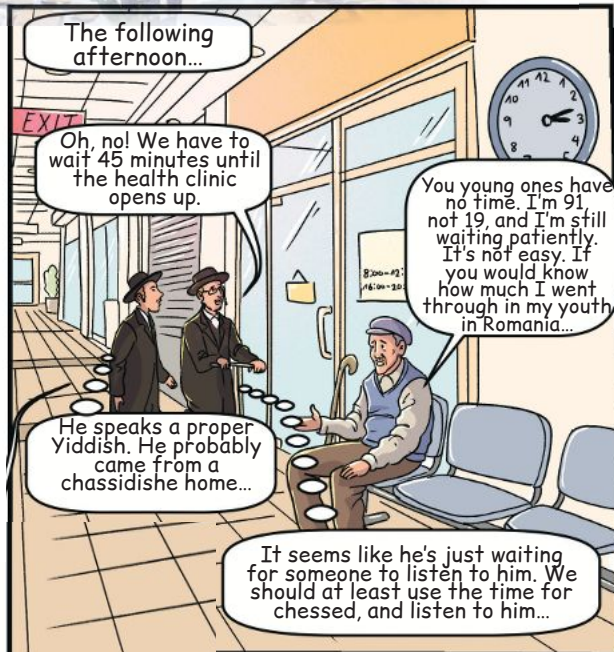
Call the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/4



It All Adds Up

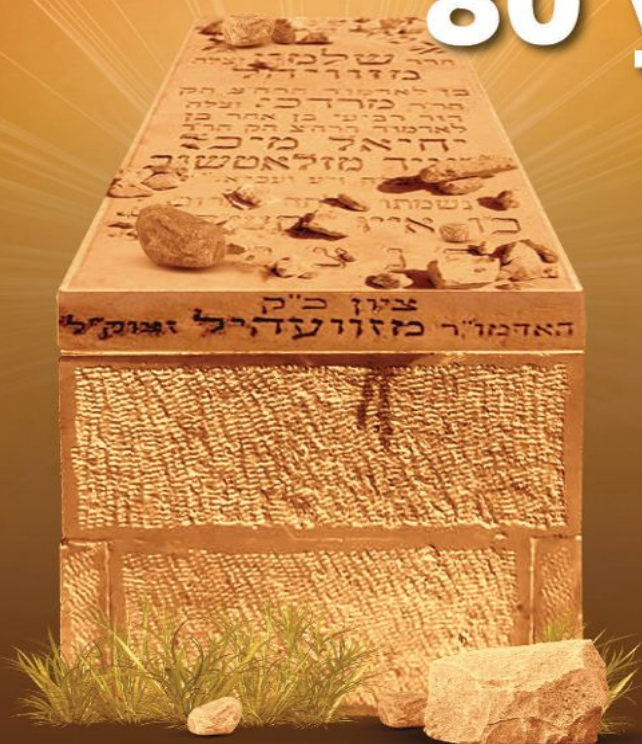
Chapter 4

Last week: Our story began in 1941. Recently, just a few years ago, Yitzchak broke his leg and needs to see an orthopedist the following week. He has plans to go to a yeshivah up North for chizuk.



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.

Sign up now to get ten copies of the Hashgacha Pratis newsletter to your home each week. Call:

585-308-3293

Rabbanim endorse the use of ma'aser funds for these subscriptions | The newsletter does not contain any content that requires genizah.

The newsletter is also published in Yiddish and Hebrew | To receive the newsletter send a request to B023011300@GMAIL.COM

For comments on the content of this newsletter, please leave us a message.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 9/9, Or send an email to hashgachaprutis@gmail.com