

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 Eikev, 5768 × 201

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

Fight It or Accept It?

There are two ways to react to a huge oncoming wave – either fight it, or bow your head and allow it to sweep you toward the shore. If a person chooses to fight, he will often be overcome and lose the battle. If he does win, he will be completely exhausted. If he chooses to bow his head, on the other hand, he can succeed in riding the wave without exhausting himself.

Rabban Gamliel once saw Rabi Akiva's ship capsize at sea. He was distraught, assuming that Rabi Akiva went down with the ship, but later, he saw Rabi Akiva alive and well.

"Who saved you?" Raban Gamliel asked him.

"I saw a board and grabbed hold of it," Rabi Akiva answered, "and whenever a high wave came, I simply lowered my head and rode along with it. That's how the sea itself carried me all the way to shore." (Yevamos 121a)

These words reveal Rabi Akiva's secret in life, and they are the key to a good life for every Jew: Sometimes, bowing one's head to circumstances is lifesaving. We are often faced with great challenges, and we may want to battle the situation at any price. Rabi Akiva taught us otherwise. Your candle was extinguished? Your donkey and rooster are both gone? Bow your head. Accept the situation. While sitting in total darkness, Rabi Akiva said, "Everything Hashem does is for the good."

When a person learns this secret of acceptance, he can live through very stormy seas. Rather than the sea swallowing him up, the waves themselves carry him back to shore, and his life is spared.

Shabbat Shalom, Pinchas Sheffer

They Show Us the Way

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

I Rely on You Alone

Bergen-Belsen. The heilige Reb Yoel of Satmar receives a treasure: a fresh loaf of bread. But he refuses to keep it...

It was Sunday, 24 Adar, 5704. German tanks swept into Hungary, filling the streets of its capital city of Budapest. The roar of their tanks tore through the air, instilling fear and terror in the hearts of Hungarian Jews everywhere, for they knew instinctively that the German invasion meant grave danger for them.

Within days their lives were overturned. While the buds and chirping sounds of Nissan and spring filled the air, their lives turned dark. The Jews of Hungary, along with their refugee brethren who had escaped from Nazi-occupied countries were crowded behind ghetto walls – thousands of *Yidden* in tiny, insufficient quarters. Food and water were scarce, and contagious diseases were spreading.

In the Satu-Mare ghetto, the beloved tzaddik and leader Reb Yoel of Satmar was a source of constant *chizuk* and encouragement to his suffering brethren, strengthening them with pure words of faith in Hashem, Who never leaves us, and assuring them of Hashem's Presence and love even during this time of great concealment and darkness.

At a certain point, the Rebbe escaped from the ghetto in a daring plan hatched by his close chassidim in the hope of his reaching safer shores. Hashem had other plans for him, however. On 18 Tammuz of that same year, he was caught by the Nazis and transported to Bergen-Belsen. The Rebbe spent months in the infamous concentration camp, never compromising on his tremendous levels of *avodas Hashem* despite the grave conditions and intense danger.

B'chasdei Hashem, the Rebbe was imprisoned under somewhat lighter conditions than the norm and was spared some of the hard labor of the other prisoners, but he was in constant danger, under the watchful eyes of the evil Nazis.

On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, the Rebbe davened with the same enthusiasm and joy as in previous years, and he gave fiery *shiurim* on *emunah* and *deveikus*. On Simchas Torah he danced with such joy that the prisoners forgot, during those holy moments, where they were. Even the nonreligious Jews imprisoned in the camp were moved to tears by the sight of a Yid who lived on a higher plane of closeness to and love for Hashem.



✕ Approval Pending, Hashem's Chessed Never-Ending ✕

Our daughter Chaya was born one sunny summer morning in Shaare Zedek hospital in Yerushalayim. With the initial cries of joy, we noticed the nurses gathered around her, and then they called in a doctor to see her as well. Chaya, it seemed, was healthy and fine except for one significant thing, as the doctor informed us an hour later. There was something wrong with her leg.

We were worried, of course. By the time the doctor's long-winded explanation was over, though, we were both somewhat calmer. True, she would have to undergo four surgeries in Los Angeles. The process would surely take time and effort and logistics. But once the series of surgeries was over she would have two healthy legs, running, jumping, and dancing like any normal child. The problem was temporary, and one day we would put it all behind us.

But please don't be fooled; our lives were transformed. Our *tefillos* were different, and our perspective was so much deeper. We were turning to Hashem constantly.

Baruch Hashem, Chaya had three successful surgeries in Los Angeles. Each surgery was followed by a period of intense physical therapy, and her deformed leg improved dramatically, exactly at the pace the doctors were hoping for. We made an appointment for the fourth and final surgery to take place in Cheshvan.

At this point I was quite experienced in filling out the forms and getting all the requisite documents from our health clinic prior to the surgery. But this time there was a sudden hitch. "Sorry," the receptionist told me, "this time the surgery is not covered by your health insurance."

I stared into space for a moment, dumbstruck by what she was saying.

"They covered the first three surgeries," I said, "how could they not cover this final surgery, which will actually complete the process and give Chaya a fully healthy and

functional leg?"

She clicked on the mouse several times, squinting her eyes as she looked at the computer in front of her.

"Your insurance is willing to cover the costs of surgery abroad up to the cost of a million shekels," she said slowly. "Your daughter has already reached that limit, and so we can't cover the cost of another surgery."

I was in a state of shock. This, it seemed, was more than I could handle.

We'd already put up with so much. Each of the surgeries had required intense organization. We'd left behind all our other children in Yerushalayim, missing work and family as we traveled across the ocean. We'd dealt with everything in our broken English, surrounded by non-Jews. With all the assistance and *cheded* that we'd received from Jews in Los Angeles, it had still been very difficult.

And now, just when it seemed that our journey was reaching its end, this huge financial difficulty loomed.

I dove into a frenzy of *hishtadlus*.

I called the Ministry of Health directly, but they claimed there was nothing they could do. I called *askanim* and asked them to help me. I got in contact with a savvy, experienced lawyer who assured me, "You'll see. I'm writing a sharp letter to the Ministry of Health. They'll be forced to pay you not only for the surgery but also for the *ogmas nefesh* they caused you." He spoke convincingly, and I was sure he was the answer to our problem. But when I called him back half an hour later, he didn't answer. Two hours later, his cell phone went straight to voicemail. I called him the next day and the day after that too, and there was no response.

Our efforts continued.

Two days before Rosh Hashanah, a secretary from the health clinic called and suggested that we meet with a certain specialist. "I think that if he officially confirms that you must have surgery abroad, the insurance company won't

>>> continued from page 1

When the Rebbe blew the shofar, the whole camp shook from the sounds. At the exact moment that he began, a group of Polish Jewish prisoners were marching past on their way to a day of forced labor. They stopped as one, their hearts and souls drawn to the familiar piercing sound of the shofar, determined to do the mitzvah of hearing shofar. The Germans began beating them with clubs and sticks, urging them to keep moving. Their backs bled from the force of the blows, but they all stood in place, unmoving, as long as the shofar blasts continued.

✕ ✕ ✕

Reb Lipa Blau, a close chassid of the Rebbe, was the Rebbe's right hand during those months in the camp. Devoted heart and soul to his Rebbe, he cared for all his needs. One day, Reb Lipa approached the Rebbe holding a package, with a look of satisfaction and joy on his face.

"Rebbe!" he said. "My wife managed to get hold of two

loaves of fresh bread, and we want to give one of them to the Rebbe as a gift."

This was a veritable treasure, worth more than a handful of diamonds in the dismal world of Bergen-Belsen, where starvation was the daily norm. The Rebbe washed his hands and took a small piece of the bread; then he repackaged the rest of the bread and, to Reb Lipa's surprise, returned it to him.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for providing for me," he said, "but I prefer to return it to you. I want to strengthen the belief in my heart that Hashem will provide for me tomorrow as well. If I keep the bread, how will I strengthen my *emunah*?! I want to live by the words of the Magen Avraham, who cites the *Zohar*, which teaches that one should never worry about tomorrow's sustenance but rather should always turn to Hashem with *emunah* and *bitachon*."

Emunah and *bitachon* – more valuable to a Yid than any treasure in the world.

be able to refuse you.”

In the midst of the hectic day of Erev Rosh Hashanah, I took Chaya to the specialist. We exchanged a few words as he sat there with his right leg crossed high over his left and a certain arrogance in his attitude. He looked at her foot, skimmed through her file on the computer, and then said, “You don’t need to travel abroad. You can easily have the surgery done right here in the clinic. Just schedule an appointment with my secretary.”

He wrote a short summary of his words, signed and sealed it with his signature, and handed it to me.

His summary seemed to be the final straw. *The insurance company will never approve coverage for the surgery after noting his opinion*, I thought glumly.

I felt total despair. I went home and relayed the events of the morning to my wife.

And then, *emunah* and *bitachon* truly kicked in, full force.

In the way of women in Am Yisrael throughout history, my wife gathered her strength from somewhere deep inside and said to me and the children: “*Baruch Hashem*, there is approval for the surgery. We don’t yet have it in writing, but it will come.” With those words, she spread the white tablecloth onto the table and calmly continued preparing for Yom Tov. We welcomed the New Year infused with *emunah* in Hashem.

My wife and I started learning *Shaar Habitachon* together every day. The entire family began saying *brachos* out loud and answering *amen* enthusiastically to each other’s *brachos*. We davened and davened, long, intimate and loving conversations with our Father on High. My wife would close the door to the room and speak to Hashem in her own simple words, thanking Him for the success of the previous surgeries and asking Him to enable us to go through the last surgery as well.

One day, one of my children said, “Abba, why do we keep asking for the insurance to cover the surgery? What does it matter who covers it? Hashem could send us the money to pay for surgery without the insurance too...”

After Sukkos, the hospital sent us a bill. The surgery was predicated on a certain percentage being paid up front, and their message was clear: No money – no treatment!

It occurred to me that I could ask the surgeon to give us a discount. Being that I had strengthened myself so much in *bitachon*, my *hishtadlus* was totally technical, and I did not expend unnecessary effort in making the request sound emotional or pitiful. I wrote a letter addressed to the surgeon: “The first three surgeries you did for our daughter were covered by our health insurance,” I explained, “but this one is not. Therefore, I would like to request a discount. Thank you.”

I sent the letter a week and a half before the scheduled

Shiur by Rav Berisch Schneebalg shlit"ta

Watch Out for the Animals!

Parshas Eikev speaks about how Am Yisrael conquered the Land in Eretz Yisrael. Hashem assures us that we have no reason to fear the Goyim and urges us to recall the miracles and victories we experienced in Mitzrayim. The Torah repeats three times that we have no reason to fear, because Hashem will “do the work” for us.

On the other hand, the *passuk* warns us not to conquer too much of their land at once, so that “the animals in the field will not proliferate.” Rashi explains that if we do Hashem’s will, the animals in the field will not be able to hurt us. Just reading the *passuk*, though, can be quite confusing. Why are we warned about the animals? If Hashem assures us that we will conquer all the strong nations and their lands, then protecting us from animals of the field is child’s play! Why would we even think we have reason to fear them?

The late Lakewood *mashgiach* Harav Nosson Wachtfogel zt”l explains this in his *sefer Kovetz Sichos al HaTorah* with a true story:

When Hagaon Rav Tzvi Hirsch Brody, son-in-law of the Saba of Kelm, came to Yerushalayim, the people there asked him to describe the greatness of his famous father-in-law. He explained that the Saba was like a rider on a horse, who is consistently aware of his precarious position as a rider and therefore holds on to the saddle with all his might, never letting go for a moment, lest he lose control of the horse.

The *neshamah* is a rider in this world, riding on its body, as if on its horse. The person’s bodily needs can pull down his *neshamah* at any given moment, just as the horse can throw its rider. Therefore, one must hold on tight, remaining constantly aware of the danger and battling fiercely to maintain the rightful stance of the *neshamah* as the leader on top, leading and navigating its “horse” rather than being controlled by it. The Saba, as his son-in-law Rav Tzvi Hirsch described it, didn’t lose that awareness for even a second. He was constantly in control of his physical self.

Hakadosh Baruch Hu asks a person only for *yirah*. With this *middah*, he will behave like the Saba of Kelm, always aware of the “animals of the field” and always holding on tightly to his saddle. If he falls, he’ll immediately do *teshuvah*. This is the “animal” we must constantly fear!

We have to remember that *parnassah* and everything other than our *yiras Shamayim* is in Hashem’s Hands. Therefore, our focus and worry should be about our *yirah*, and on constantly guarding ourselves from the “animals of the field.”

surgery. His office responded the following day. The surgeon approved a 50-percent discount on the cost of the surgery! This was so rare that his secretary asked whether we were somehow related to him. In the forty years that she had worked for him, she'd never seen him give a discount that large.

I saw this as a sign that things would work out and that Hashem would take care of the second 50 percent as well. We had some savings – a few thousand shekels – and we continued trying to get the rest of the money, fully aware that we were mere puppets in Hashem's Hands.

One day, a neighbor knocked on my door and asked if we wanted a suitcase in excellent condition, which he was no longer using. I saw this as another good sign that we would be traveling soon to do the surgery, and we would need a suitcase.

I called two wealthy Jews I had become acquainted with in Los Angeles, hoping they would offer to help, but their response was not forthcoming. I strengthened my *bitachon* in Hashem once again.

A week before surgery, on my way to a *gemach*, I met an old friend. When we spoke, he gave me the number of a wealthy Jew in New York who helps people out with medical expenses. He suggested that my wife leave him an emotional message in the hope that he'll be moved enough to help out. When I told her this, she responded, "Of course I'll leave a message. But I will not plead or beg. We plead and beg only to Hashem!" She called the number and left a simple message, stating that our daughter was scheduled for surgery the following week and that we still did not have the means to cover the cost.

We'd done whatever we could. I got approval for a huge loan from a *gemach*, with two guarantors to sign on the loan. The *gemach* would transfer the sum directly to the hospital. They also stipulated their approval of the loan on my signed consent that if we did not find someone to pay for the surgery, I would take out a bank loan in order to repay them. I signed on the dotted line, but even as I signed, I could sense Hashem's divine wink from on High, and I knew with certainty that it would all work out even better than we'd planned.

With our precious Chaya sitting between the two of us on the plane, *shiuirm* on *emunah* in our earbuds, and with constant *tefillos* on our lips, we took off.

We saw open miracles throughout our journey.

The plane encountered intense turbulence, and we emerged unscathed.

Chaya experienced sudden pain in her leg, and then it passed as suddenly as it had come.

I kept thinking that everything happening to us was for the best, and the miracles continued.

We arrived in New York and heard that our connecting flight to Los Angeles was cancelled, on account of a strike. As strange as it sounds, this was wonderful. Someone arranged an apartment for us right near the airport, and we rested there for a few hours, knowing that we were scheduled for a pre-op appointment in L.A. the following day.

While in the apartment, we got a call. It was the *gabbai* who assisted the wealthy philanthropist in New York. He said he was calling in response to the message my wife had left him, and they would transfer the entire sum to the hospital.

Just like that.

We stayed in the apartment until the following morning, when we had a flight to Los Angeles, and *baruch Hashem*, we arrived at the hospital exactly on time. Upon landing, I got a call from an Israeli number. This was beyond anything I could have expected. It was the receptionist from the health clinic. "The Ministry of Health decided to approve coverage of your surgery in the States!"

What next?! Who else would vie for the privilege of paying for Chaya's final surgery?! I thought in amazement.

We informed both the *gabbai* in New York and the *gemach* in Yerushalayim. May Hashem *bentch* all the good people who wanted to help us out.

The surgery was a success, and recuperation went exactly as planned.

What shall I tell you, my friends? How should I conclude this saga?

I have tremendous feelings of gratitude to Hashem *yisbarach*, Whose *chesed* is never-ending.

I have a daughter with two healthy legs, *ad me'ah v'esrim*.

Our children, who experienced all of this along with us, were so moved by the events. One of them said, "Abba, we have to tell everyone that the best thing to do is to trust in Hashem!"

So, I'm telling you.

✕ Hashem's Good Messenger ✕

I have a *gemach* in Bnei Brak for secondhand furniture. People give me furniture in good condition, and other people come and choose what they want, free of charge. I often see how Hashem ensures that every person gets what he needs.

One day, a young *avreich* walked into the *gemach*, looked around, and immediately set his eyes on a dining-room set in great condition. "I would like this table and chairs," he told me.

"Sure," I responded. "It's yours to take."

He left, looking satisfied, with plans to return soon with a truck to transport the table.

Less than thirty seconds later, a woman entered the *gemach*, looked around, and immediately focused on the very same dining-room set.

"Can I take it?" she asked me.

"I'm sorry," I told her, "the table was just given away a minute ago to someone else."

To my surprise, there was no sign of disappointment on her face. She looked at the table again calmly. "Well," she said, as though to herself, "if Hashem wants me to have this dining room set, it will come straight to me, all the way to my house on...." And here she mentioned her exact street address and apartment number.

A short while later, the first *avreich* returned with a pickup truck, piled in the table and chairs, and set off on his way.

Two hours later, the second woman was back. "Hashem is so good to me!" she said, "He really did send me the table and chairs I saw here before, all the way to my home."

Something here just didn't add up. How had the table and chairs reached her home? I was curious enough to

call the *avreich* who had taken them.

"Tell me," I asked as soon as he answered my call, "did the table and chairs make it to your home OK?"

He was quiet for a moment, as though hesitant to reveal himself. Finally, he spoke. "I heard what the woman said," he told me. "I was still outside the door, and I heard her saying, with such strong *emunah* and conviction, that she was sure Hashem could get the table and chairs to her house." He paused and swallowed hard. "So I decided I wanted to be *mevater*, and also to be Hashem's good messenger to give her what she wanted and obviously needed so badly. I asked the driver to take the set to the address she had mentioned, and by the time she got home, it was right there waiting for her."

This *avreich* had the *zechus* of being Hashem's messenger and doing a great *chessed*, and the woman had a tremendous *zechus* of *emunah peshutah*, which stood by her. And as we always say, one doesn't lose out from giving in. I am certain that the *avreich* gained tangibly somehow too, and that I can end off this moving episode with the words, "to be continued..."

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

I am amazed by your wonderful newsletters, which bring *chizuk* and *emunah* to all of Klal Yisrael.

I want to add my piece, by telling you about something that happened to me. I believe it can give everyone *chizuk* in situations we all experience from time to time.

As I was on my way home, my wife called and asked me to buy two things. I took a detour to the supermarket, found the two items, and went up to the cashier to pay. When I got there, my heart fell...there were dozens of wagons loaded high, and people were waiting on a long line.

First, I wanted to leave the items and go to a smaller store to buy them. Then I thought that if Hashem had decreed that I be delayed today, it would happen even if I went to another store. So I stood at the end of the line with the two items in hand.

I decided that instead of getting disappointed and annoyed, I would say *Mizmor l'sodah* to myself. It takes about a minute to say the *perek*, so when I finished, I recited it again and again.

After the fifth time, someone with a full wagon, who was ahead of me in line, turned around and said, "You only have two items! Why are you waiting on this line?!"

"I don't like to push ahead," I answered dryly. The man shrugged but then seemingly decided to do something. He went over to every person in line and asked if he minded if I went ahead of them with my two items. I think that specifically because I was not the one asking, everyone agreed willingly. Within a few minutes I was out of the store, feeling tremendous gratitude to Hashem.

May these words strengthen all of us to always accept things with patience and to constantly thank Hashem.

Best regards,

Binyamin Dayan, Beit Shemesh

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



Hashgachah Through the Hashgacha Pratis Hotline

My mother's cell phone broke. When she spoke on the phone, people would hear her speaking and would respond, but she couldn't hear them at all! The phone needed serious repair. Was it even worth the money to repair it, or was it better to buy a new one? she wondered aloud.

Several days passed, and the phone remained on its perch on a little shelf behind the door of the house, untouched. My mother used the landline when she needed a phone, which was quite often.

One day I came home from yeshivah, and I wanted to relax. One of my best ways to do that is by lying on my bed with a cup of cold lemonade that I made myself, and...with the phone near my ear, listening to stories of *hashgachah* on the *Hashgacha Pratis* phone line.

I prepared a cup of ice-cold lemonade, fluffed up my pillow, and then...took my mother's cell phone off the shelf, totally forgetting that it was broken. It was an automatic gesture. I dialed the familiar number and heard the familiar voice saying "*Hashgacha Pratis* phone line. For Hebrew, press 1. For Yiddish, 2. For English, 3."

I pressed 2 for Yiddish, and soon I was deeply engrossed in enthralling stories told by other children about Hashem's incredible *hashgachah*.

My mother walked into the room. "Yanky!" she exclaimed "Are you using my phone?!"

I looked up, my mind still on the story I'd just heard.

"Yes, Mommy," I said. "Is that OK with you?!"

"Does the phone work?" she asks.

"Yes, it works," I responded, and suddenly I remembered that it had been lying on the shelf, unused, because everyone was sure it was in need of a complicated repair. Now that I'd heard the stories on the line, we knew that the phone was totally fine.

In the *zechus* of the *Hashgacha Pratis* phone line, we saw our own *hashgachah pratis*!



Kefitzas Haderech in Our Times

Hi, everyone. My name is Yosef Chaim, and I live in Neve Yaakov in Yerushalayim. Neve Yaakov is a huge *frum* neighborhood on the northern edge of the city. *Baruch Hashem*, our neighborhood has grown tremendously since many *frum* Jews began moving in, several decades ago. Today we have so many amenities right nearby, such as super-markets, schools, and yeshivos.

Still, I take busses quite often – at least once a day if not more. I ride the bus to my yeshivah, which is in the Geulah area; I take the bus to visit my grandparents in Gush Shmonim, a neighborhood in central Yerushalayim; and I use the bus to run errands or pick up things for my mother. I know the routes quite by heart, and I even recognize some of the drivers.



The story I want to tell you is about Hashem's *hashgachah* and love for us, and about actual *kefitzas haderech* that I was *zocheh* to experience – for real, just as our *Avos* and *Imahos* and Eliezer, Avraham Avinu's servant, experienced. Yes – *kefitzas haderech* in our times, as I titled this story!

I assume you've heard of Rechov Bar Ilan, which is a main street that runs through the center of Yerushalayim. One day, I was standing at the bus stop on Bar Ilan feeling very pressured. The clock was ticking, as it always does, no matter what, and I had to meet with my tutor in Neve Yaakov in eight minutes, which was literally a logistical impossibility! The route from Rechov Bar Ilan to Neve Yaakov takes, on average, at least 20 minutes, and that's if there is no unusual traffic and no mishaps on the way. Plus, the GPS screen that tracks all the busses at busy bus stops was informing me that the bus I needed wasn't supposed to arrive for another four minutes, and more often than not, it takes longer than what the screen actually says. Add it all up, and I would be lucky to be at my tutor's house in 25 minutes. But, as I said, I was supposed to be there in eight minutes.

What was I to do? I davened. I said a *perek* of *Te-hillim*, and I asked Hashem to get me there on time. I davened with all my heart, turning to Hashem as the Ruler of the world and knowing that only He could do this for me.

And the unbelievable occurred. Don't ask me how, because I have no idea. Eight minutes later, I was ringing the bell at my tutor's door!

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



Saved from a Crash! Chapter 1

The Gambash family shares the miracle they experienced this year, in Chodesh Nissan.



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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