

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 Re'ah, 5768 × 202

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

A Small Shaft of Light

Three prisoners sat in a dark prison cell. One of the prisoners, not blessed with much intellect, was stumped by one particular problem: The food. How was he supposed to eat it in the dark?

Every day he made a different mess. His soup sloshed onto the floor, and the rice flew in all directions; and when he tried to eat chicken he almost choked on a bone.

How does a person eat in darkness?

One of the other inmates took pity on him and lectured him each day anew.

"Feel this spoon," he'd explain. "It has two sides, and only the round side can go into the soup. The other side stays in your hand. Slow and steady, fill it with soup and bring it to your mouth."

The third prisoner said nothing. He never added his share to the daily lecture about how to eat in darkness.

"Don't you feel sorry for him?" the other inmate asked. "Why don't you try to teach him too?"

"Well," he responded, "I can see that every day you need to help him out and instruct him again. Every day a new type of food arrives, and you need to teach him how to eat it properly in the dark.

"I, on the other hand, am sitting here thinking of ways to bore a hole into the wall, a hole to the great outdoors, that will allow a shaft of light into this dark cell. With that bit of light we'll no longer have to teach him anything. He'll simply be able to see his food."

There are so many problems in life, and each problem has a different solution. But there is really one solution to all problems: Light!

When a person has the light of emunah, he knows that Hashem runs the world. He no longer needs to seek solutions to all his problems; he has the ultimate solution.

Shabbat Shalom, Pinchas Sheffer

They Show Us the Way

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

The Arrow Hits Its Mark

In a secluded desert region outside the city of Sefrou, the tzaddik Rabi Refael Moshe Elbaz meets up with a huge deadly snake.

Rabi Refael Moshe Elbaz was the devoted, loving leader of his small Moroccan city of Sefrou. He opened his home and his heart to the Jews of his town, guiding and helping them in every aspect of their lives. The holiness around him was palpable, and open miracles were par for course. Even the non-Jews in the region knew of the miracles he had brought about and accorded him great respect, bowing and kissing the hems of his robes when they encountered "the holy Jew" in the streets.

Of course, the Rav did not perform miracles. He simply had such pure unswerving and wholesome *emunah* in Hashem, and he davened with such *deveikus*, that the miracles came from Above in his *zechus*.

One year there was a drought that lasted several months. The earth was parched, and the danger of remaining without water, and the possible outbreak of deadly diseases, was very real. The Rav walked to the outskirts of the city, where he poured his heart out in *tefillah*. As he walked back into town, grey clouds suddenly filled the sky and the winds began to blow. Rain fell upon the earth, a downpour of blessing. That year, the regional leader issued a law requiring every landowner to give a percentage of his produce to "the holy Jew" in whose merit the produce grew.

Rabi Refael Moshe wrote dozens of *sefarim* on various areas of Torah wisdom, including Kaballah. Once, he met with the famous tzaddik Rabi Yaakov Abuhatzaira, known as the *Avir Yaakov*, *zy"ta*, and asked him for a *brachah* for children. Rabi Yaakov replied, "I see that you are not destined to have children, but your *sefarim* will be like your children, bringing you eternal merit through all the coming generations.

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During the hot summer months, the tzaddik went out for a walk in the secluded outskirts of the city, together with a close disciple.

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✕ Everything We Needed to Know, Up Front ✕

My wife and I set aside a Friday morning to go to the bank and open an account. At 9:30 a.m. we were waiting at the bus stop for the bus that would take us into town, where the main branch of the bank is located. I hesitated.

"The last time I had to go to that area," I shared with my wife of three months, "there were many challenges with *shemiras einayim* on the bus. I would prefer that we take a taxi."

We decided that we'd simply get into whatever vehicle passed by the stop first – either the city bus or a taxi. Providentially, both vehicles arrived at the bus stop at the exact same time. On the spot, we decided to get into the taxi.

"We need to get to the bank on such and such street," I told the driver.

"No, no," he responded immediately. "The branch on that street moved to another location."

"Then please take me to the new location," I responded. "I need the bank."

"Wait a second," the driver said. "Today is Friday, and the bank is closed. I know that for a fact, because I have an account there."

"Then please let us off," I told the driver. I had no need to go there if the bank was closed. The driver was very understanding. He let us off and didn't ask for any payment. In the merit of *shemiras einayim* we were spared

much time and *ogmas nefesh*.

Later, I found out that the only way to open an account is by setting up an appointment in advance. If we hadn't gotten into conversation with this cab driver we would have gone to the bank, even when it was open, and they wouldn't have let us in. Hashem spared us all of this. Thank you, Hashem!

✕ Close Call at Midnight ✕

Menachem Sussman from Beit Shemesh shared the following:

I used to teach in a yeshivah where there was a *bachur* by the name of Yonasan. One day I needed money, and Yonasan lent me 200 dollars. Months passed, and the debt remained unpaid. I no longer taught in that yeshivah and never met up with Yonasan. I had the money in hand and wanted to return it, but it was quite difficult to track him down. I had no idea how to find him or where he lived. The yeshivah secretary knew only that he lived in a remote city up north.

When I finally had his home address, I tried to get his phone number through relatives who live in the same city, but none of them knew him or were able to help me. Finally, after many attempts, I had his number. It was actually quite late at night, but I didn't think too much. Once I had the number, I called him immediately, anxious to pay my debt to him.

"Hello," a sleepy voice answered after several rings.

>>> continued from page 1

Rabi Refael Moshe and his disciple were accompanied by a local Arab who knew the outlying regions of the city and led the way, honored to be serving "the holy Jew." They walked slowly, the Rav breathing in the clear evening air. Suddenly, the Arab froze in his tracks. His face paled, and his entire body began trembling.

"Stop!" he said to the two behind him. "I see the *asad*."

The "*asad*" was a huge deadly snake found in the area, and the mere mention of it was enough to invoke terror. The snake's body was so thick and long that it often looked like a fallen tree stump lying on the ground.

The Arab carefully pointed at the deadly snake that lay just a few steps away from them. The snake had pulled most of its body upright near some trees and steadied itself, apparently preparing to strike. A flock of birds sat on the nearby trees, unaware of the danger. Suddenly, the snake opened its monstrous mouth and swallowed all the birds at once.

The Rav's Arab guide, shaking with terror, explained quietly, "The snake is looking in the other direction, occupied with the birds. In a few seconds it is liable to turn its head, spot us, and attack. Tell me, should I try to shoot this arrow at it? If I miss, it will almost certainly be incited to attack us immediately and will kill us all on the spot!"

Rabi Refael Moshe's face turned serious.

"We trust in Hashem," he said. "We have nothing to fear. Allow me a few moments to speak to Him."

The Rav closed his eyes in *deveikus* and davened, asking Hashem to save them from danger. When he finished, he turned to the Arab and said, "You can shoot the arrow at the snake. Hashem will certainly protect us!"

The Muslim aimed his weapon and shot the arrow, which hit exactly in the center of the snake's head. The snake fell to the ground, the crash of its heavy weight upon the sand echoing through the deserted area.

For a full minute there was silence, as the greatness of the miracle sank in. The Arab exclaimed in his mother tongue, his face red with excitement. Then he ran over to the huge body of the infamous *asad*, which was still jerking with tremors. Seeing it close up, he whistled in a mixture of awe and shock, then set to work skinning the huge creature in order to show it to the masses in town. He even released the still-living birds from the snake's mouth.

The story became a legend, both among the non-Jews of the town, who continued to laud and respect "the holy Jew," and among the G-d-fearing Jews of the town, who aspired to the *emunah temimah* and great power of *tefillah* of their devoted leader.

"Yonasan," I said, "do you remember me?" I was pretty sure his response would be negative. His voice sounded like I'd pulled him out of some dream. He did remember, though, and I reminded him about my debt and arranged a way to get the money to him in his city.

As we were speaking, he sounded somewhat distracted, and suddenly he said, "Hey, Rabbi Sussman, you just saved me, you know."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Before you called I was sitting on my bed, and I had put my feet into a pail of water with an electric massager inside. While the machine was massaging my legs, I fell asleep. Your call woke me up, and I noticed that there was smoke coming out of the machine! Legs in water and an electronic device with smoke coming out of it...hey!" he said suddenly, his voice sounding shaky. " 'Guy electrocuted while getting a leg massage in bed!' That's what you might have seen in the papers tomorrow if you hadn't called me just now! When you woke me up, I turned off the machine immediately. Your call saved me," he repeated.

Suddenly, I understood why it had been so difficult for me to get Yonasan's number. Hashem was preparing me, His messenger for the exact moment when He'd need me to protect his beloved child in a remote city in northern Eretz Yisrael!

✕ Uninterrupted Learning ✕

My name is Yidel Neiman, and I live in Bnei Brak.

One Motzaei Shabbos I was sitting and learning the *daf* in shul, something I do religiously. I make every effort to ensure that this hour of learning is uninterrupted.

While I was sitting and learning, an *avreich* came over to me and said, "Someone is waiting for you outside. He wants to buy several yarmulkas from your shop."

I own a Judaica store, which I often open for people at off-hours. People know they can rely on me to get Judaica needs even at times other than regular business hours. This is my *parnassah*, and I didn't think it wise to put off the customer. But moments later, another thought crossed my mind. I was in the middle of the *daf*, this time was sacred, and I wouldn't stop, come what may.

"You know what?" I told the *avreich*. "I'm in middle of learning now, but if you want to help me out, you can take the keys, open the shop for him, and let him buy what he wants."

The *avreich* was indeed happy to help me out, and he did as I told him. The customer purchased two yarmulkas.

I continued learning, uninterrupted. When I'd completed the *daf*, this same *avreich* walked over to me and handed me a 200-shekel bill.

"The customer decided he wanted to give you this bill and refused to take the change," he informed me. Apparently, the man was so impressed and appreciative of my devotion to learning that instead of paying the required thirty shekels, he gave me 200. One never loses out because of *limud haTorah*, but in this particular case I saw the gains immediately.

Shiur by Rav Yehuda Mandel *shlit"a*

The Greatest Blessing of All

We've all been there, asking an *adam gadol* for a *brachah*. Who hasn't, at some point, asked for *nachas*, for a *shidduch* for his child, for health, or for success? It is less common, though, to ask for a *brachah* for closeness to Hashem, even though, in truth, the greatest joy possible in this world – and the *only* possible joy in the Next – is closeness to Hashem.

The Torah commands us to write the *parshiyos* of *Shema* in the mezuzos on the doorposts of our home. The purpose of this mitzvah is to remind us of Hashem's existence throughout life – when we come and when we go, when we wake up and when we go to sleep, when we eat and when we work (*Rambam, Hilchos Mezuza* 6:13). This constant reminder transforms our actions and our ways of life, enabling us to rise above the transient considerations of this world.

Most of our lives are filled with worries about this world – *parnassah*, our children's education, our *nachas*, and our honor. How much do the words written inside the mezuzah preoccupy our minds? How much time and effort do we spend thinking about what is, in truth, the only thing of substance and importance?

If we think about our lives and circumstances in a deeper way, we'll understand that the purpose of all our pain and challenges is to cause us to cry out to Hashem and to come closer to him. Our *yissurim* force us to daven with *kavanah* and connect to the King and Creator of the world.

A person who is close to Hashem is *zocheh* to great things. Think of Yosef Hatzaddik and Dovid Hamelech, both of whom suffered tremendously in life. Someone else in their situations might have given up, believing there was no way for him to serve Hashem under such degrading and difficult circumstances. But they understood that their challenges were Hashem's way of bringing them to the high levels they were capable of reaching, as they continued to connect and to serve Hashem. A person destined for greatness must go through challenges in order to get there!

✕ Envelopes from Above ✕

Baruch Hashem, I am *zocheh* to sit and learn full time, and my wife is a busy stay-at-home mother of our hectic household, without a moment to spare. Throughout the years we've seen tremendous obvious *chesed* from Hashem, Who sends us our needs every day.

When it came time to marrying off our children, the miracles and wonders increased exponentially. I can literally write a book, but what I want to tell you about now is how I married off my last two sons, who were both engaged at the same time and married two months apart.

Though we had two *chassanim* in the house, we hadn't begun any shopping or preparations, because I hadn't a clue how to get the required funding. My main *hishtadlus* was in increasing my *bitachon*. I thought a lot about how no one and nothing would be the source of my salvation – only Hashem. Even as a certain earthly inertia kept trying to pull my thoughts in the direction of various possibilities of human assistance and sources of money, I turned my eyes heavenward again and again. I worked on being in a totally serene frame of mind, like a baby secure in its mother's arms. I davened *Shemoneh Esrei* with extra *kavanah*, particularly when I asked Hashem to allow my *cheilek* to be among those who truly trust in His Name. And that's all I did.

One day after *Minchah*, someone whom I knew only vaguely stopped me outside of my shul.

"*Shalom aleichem*," he said, extending his hand. "I heard you got a *mazal tov*; your son is engaged."

"Make that two," I responded. "I have another son who got engaged three weeks ago!"

"Wonderful," the man said, and he warmly *bentched* me with all the appropriate words. Then he made his point. "There is someone who wants to help out," he said simply. "Make a list of all the expenses you have in preparation for the wedding, and include everything – travel expenses to and from the hall, *sheva brachos*...in short, everything you need for the first wedding. Don't leave anything out. Add it all up and bring me the list."

I nodded. What was there to say? When I got home, I told my wife to make the list. She sat and thought and put together a very long list of purchases and needs, which came to a very huge sum of money. I took the list, brought it to the man, and several days later he informed me that "the sponsor approved the sum." He handed me a envelope bulging with cash, containing the entire sum of money, and wished me well.

When I got home with the envelope, I called the family together, and we all recited *Nishmas*. We thanked Hashem for sending us our needs, and in such a respectable way. It was a unique experience for my wife to pay for her many purchases in cash, instead of making a *cheshbon* of how many installments to make to pay for each purchase.

At the same time, she realized that there were several

vital items she had forgotten to put on the list, and we were short quite a bit of money. Together, we thought about how what she'd forgotten was also *min haShamayim* – probably because Hashem wanted us to continue strengthening our *bitachon* in Him. We strengthened our *bitachon* even more, and we davened to Hashem to send us the remainder of the money.

One day, another *avreich* in the neighborhood knocked on our door and handed me an envelope. "This is for you, a gift for the upcoming wedding," he said simply. Inside the envelope I found 15,000 shekels in cash – the very amount we needed to make the rest of the purchases.

We hadn't even finished thanking Hashem for this series of overt miracles, when the man who'd provided for our first wedding from an anonymous source arrived at our door with an envelope to cover the cost of our second wedding as well.

I'm sure this sounds like fantasy to you, but this was the reality of my life: *bitachon* in Hashem; three thick envelopes; two weddings provided for directly by the One Above, in whom I placed my trust. I am telling this over here on the hotline to thank Hashem for the past and to continue begging him for the future. May He never abandon us. I'm telling it over here, because *bitachon* in Hashem applies to every one of us, not only to huge tzaddikim. May this story give *chizuk* to all the *mechutanim* in Am Yisrael, and in general, to all Jews in whatever situation they find themselves. May our eternal *cheilek* be among those who truly place their trust only in Hashem.

✕ To Pay Off a Debt ✕

I am the owner of several suites, which I rent out to vacationing couples throughout the year. Over time I have managed to increase the number of suites I own and to make a respectable monthly income on the rent money I receive.

A while back, I purchased another suite and decided to invest more than the norm in making the accommodations luxurious. I spared no expense, putting in the best in electronics, interior design, and high-end finishes in order to pamper our guests with a luxurious experience.

I was certain that this suite, even more than the others, would be in constant demand. But, lo and behold, I was sorely disappointed. There were no tenants and no one asking to rent the suite, although we advertised it even more than the rest. While the demand for the other suites continued on a fairly consistent basis, we did not receive even one call from someone looking into this suite. It was just so strange, and when I tried to think about what could be causing it, I realized it was certainly *not* any lack of *hishtadlus* on my part.

I thought it over and reviewed the many steps we had taken in order to buy the apartment and prepare it to be rented out. Was there someone along the way who I'd possibly wronged in some way? Suddenly, I recalled that

I'd simply forgotten the real estate agent. I'd given him a small percentage of his fee and never paid him the rest.

I hurried to pay him, and I saw an immediate change! As soon as I made the payment, people started calling about the suite. Today it is in constant demand, rented out to one person after another, and often booked months in advance.

✕ The Greater Proof of His Boundless Love for Us ✕

Many years ago, when we were living in the States, my father donated money to an organization through a Chinese auction they were making. To our amusement, his ticket won us a free pie of pizza from a certain neighborhood pizza store. As small kids, we waited anxiously for Tatty to exchange the winning ticket for the pizza.

Several days later, my father walked into the pizza store with the winning ticket in hand, showed it to the man behind the register, and received a piping hot pizza pie, free of charge.

But the free pie never made it to our home, and we nev-

er got to enjoy eating it.

Tatty walked out of the pizza shop and was met by a sudden gust of wind, which actually blew the cover off the pizza pie, and before he could do anything about it, the entire pie flipped over onto the sidewalk. Small stones and grains of sand stuck to the hot cheese and sauce. It was a big mess, and Tatty had to take the whole pie and put it straight into the garbage.

My father is a man of simple *emunah*. He thanked Hashem for the winning ticket, and he thanked Hashem for having lost the pizza pie, which was deemed inedible. *Gam zo l'tovah*.

A while later, we heard that the kashrus *hashgachah* was removed from this pizza shop. It seemed the owner ran out of *chalav Yisrael* cheese and was caught buying *chalav akum* cheese to use on his pizzas. The wind that pulled the cover off the pie and caused it to fall was sent by Hashem to protect my father and our family from eating *chalav akum*.

Tatty said the fact that Hashem protected us from eating something below the standard we'd set for ourselves was much greater proof to him of Hashem's love than the fact that he'd won the free pie.

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

As an avid reader of your newsletter, I would like to share the *hashgachah* that I myself was *zocheh* to experience.

My son, who is learning in Eretz Yisrael, called to remind me that he had a dentist appointment the following day. He'd been to the dentist a few weeks earlier and received a detailed plan for treatment along with a bill for over two thousand shekels that had to be paid by the twenty-second of the month, which was just a few days away. Though I knew about the bill, I'd put off making the payment because I simply did not know how to get hold of the money, our financial situation being tight as it was. Nonetheless, I assured my son that we'd take care of it and instructed him to continue the treatment as planned.

As soon as I hung up the phone, my wife and I started discussing various options for *hishtad-*

lus to get the necessary funds. None of these options were very appealing. Then the phone rang again. It was my travel agent, calling to inform me that Lufthansa airlines had given me the refund for my cancelled flight from two months earlier. The sum was just slightly higher than the price of my son's dental treatment, perhaps exactly enough to pay his travel expenses to and from the dentist...

The only thing left for us to do was to recognize the *hashgachas Hashem* and thank Him for it. We daven that Hashem will continue showing us and all of Klal Yisrael His revealed love and care, with a wide-open Hand.

Best,

**Yosef Knoblowitz, Manchester,
England**



Recycling and Rewards

My name is Meir, and I live in Beit Shemesh.

Baruch Hashem, I overcame a challenge in the all-important mitzvah of kibbud av va'eim, and in my case, I saw immediately how listening to my mother was to my benefit. Total hashgachah! Here's my story:

Yissachar, or Suchy as we call him, is, hands down, my favorite first cousin. He lives five buildings away from my family. We are both 11 years old, and we both have dark hair and deep-blue eyes. Though we learn in different yeshivos, we are really close. Several times, people just assumed we were brothers, and twice people asked us if we were twins!

I was on my way home from the grocery store early one evening when I saw Suchy walking in my direction, carrying a huge blue garbage bag filled with empty bottles.

He ran breathlessly in my direction as soon as he saw me. "Hey, Meir," he said. "Wanna come with me to give in these bottles to recycle and get the money?"

I stopped in my tracks and looked straight at Suchy, voices crowding my mind.

"Yes!" voice number one shouted excitedly.

"No," cautioned a second voice. "Think, Meir. Ima needs these groceries you bought her, right now, and she needs your help for Shabbos, too."

"I wanna go!" voice three chimed in, pouting fiercely. "I wanna go with Suchy!"

"Well," said voice number four, the voice of maturity I just know is the one I want to live by, "you need to do the right thing. Tell him you can't now, and go on home."



Recently, I'd been working hard on improving myself in several areas. Though it wasn't easy at all, Baruch Hashem I listened to the voice of maturity this time, too.

"Sorry, Suchy," I said. "I need to go help my mother. Maybe another time." I waved and then ran all the way home, feeling great.

"Hi, Ma!" I shouted as I walked into the kitchen, groceries in hand, and then — I stopped in my tracks.

My mother was holding a huge blue garbage bag filled with...you guessed it — empty bottles.

"Oh, Meir!" she said. "You're being such a help! Do you want to take these down to the supermarket to recycle? You can keep the money you get for them."

I grabbed the bag and was out the door in a flash. I caught up with Suchy, and we schmoozed as we made our way to the supermarket. I got what I wanted, and even more importantly, I got to honor my mother. It was just a win-win situation!

A Win-Win Situation

My name is Shmily Teichman. Every evening I take the bus home from yeshivah. One evening I waited and waited for the bus, and it just wasn't coming.

I wanted to ask a frum passerby for a phone, call my father, and ask him to come in his car and pick me up. But on second thought, I decided it wasn't even worth a call. Abba tutors boys at this hour, and he's rarely available. There was standing room only at this busy bus stop, where many people were waiting for the same bus as I was, and it wasn't showing up. My feet hurt, and I just wanted to get home. Finally, in desperation, I decided to try Abba's cell phone.

Surprisingly, Abba picked up on the first ring.

"Shmily?" he asked. "Where are you?"

"Oh," he said, after I'd told him where I was waiting for the bus. "I'm passing right by. I'll be there in a minute."



Thirty seconds later, my father pulled up in his car and I got in, breathing a sigh of relief. The entire back seat was full of bags from the supermarket.

"Baruch Hashem you called, just in the nick of time," Abba said, gesturing to the bags in the back seat. "There are more of those in the trunk, too," he said, and my arm is hurting from all this schlepping..."

Abba had fractured his arm, and he recently had a cast removed. It still hurt him to use his arm. I was so grateful to Hashem that I called him at exactly the right time. I got a ride home, and I was able to help my father with the packages, too.

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 2

Last week: While traveling on the highway, the Gambash family's car suddenly stalls.





Where do you disseminate the newsletters?

In Boro Park. I give it out to my neighbors.

Why did you decide to get involved?

No special reason; simply because I like to connect *Yidden to emunah and bitachon!*

Did you experience any special hashgachah with this undertaking?

Notwithdisseminating the newsletter, but I did experience something with the *Hashgachah Pratis* hotline.

The year I started listening to the hotline, my son needed a passport, and I called to make an appointment. It was during Covid, and it was very hard to get appointments. He first needed to make a Social Security card, and then a passport.

On the way to our appointment there was a lot of traffic. The first thing I told my son was, "We're traveling with Hashem. We have nothing to feel pressured about. Whether there is traffic or not, we'll get there exactly when we're supposed to get there."

The driver announced that we'd be arriving at our destination 45 minutes late.

I told my son – totally due to the influence of the shiurim I heard on the hotline – that he wasn't talking about us. He was merely saying what he thought would happen, but it has nothing to do with us. We arrived, and I was completely calm. The security guard at the entrance asked to see the printout of the confirmation for our appointment. I showed it to him, and he said, "Your appointment is tomorrow!"

I thought to myself that Hashem is in charge, and He puts thoughts and ideas into people's minds. "I traveled a great distance to get here," I told him quietly. "Perhaps you could allow me in?"

He asked the people in charge and got permission for us to

come in, and less than an hour later, we were done!

The serenity I felt, the fact that we came and they let us in without a problem — all of it was in the *zechus* of my strengthening my *emunah* and *bitachon* by listening to the hotline all the time.

I also constantly sing the tune for *Mizmor L'sodah*, and I even added my own personalized words. I fall asleep by singing the song to myself again and again.

I often go through challenging times, and then I sing to myself the words that I wrote: "Everything that happens comes from You, everything according to plan. Everything is Yours." And, I added the words, "and I don't need to understand." One of my close relatives passed away this year, and these words gave me tremendous *chizuk*. I reiterated to myself again and again, even before it happened, that I don't need to understand anything. The way the tragedy occurred, I felt like Hashem was arranging things so I would understand that I really don't need to understand. It was terrible, and...I don't need to understand...

The tunes for "*Ani Ma'amin*" and the seven conditions for *bitachon* are both amazing as well, and I often sing them to myself too.

Do you have anything to tell people who are deliberating about disseminating the newsletters?

When a person spreads *emunah*, it can only influence him and his life for the good. It's the type of reading that transforms a person's thought process and his view of life. Someone who takes this on is doing something good for himself and for *Klal Yisrael*.

I've given the hotline number to many people. As for me personally, the hotline is my main source of *chizuk* these days. I don't know how I would hold up without it. It's something tremendous!

Yes!
You can have **an influence!**

By making a monthly donation of \$36 to the **Hashgacha Pratis** newsletter, which disseminates *emunah* to *Yidden* throughout the world!

A special messenger will daven for you at the tzion of the Chovos Halevavos in Tzfas.

Reb Shlom'ke of Zhvile said:
"When a person is involved in spreading Hashem's hashgacha- he will see it!"

Call now and start spreading emunah and bitachon to Am Yisrael immediately!

Call: 585-308-3293

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