

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 Shoftim, 5786 × 203

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

Is It Better in Manhattan or in Brooklyn?

Imagine that a newcomer to the United States lands in New York, and several days later he finds himself traveling by car from Brooklyn to Manhattan. Stuck in standstill traffic, he thinks to himself, "If so many people are traveling there, Manhattan is probably the best place to be. That's where I'll find everlasting happiness."

Then he sees the opposite side of the highway, where people are traveling from Manhattan to Brooklyn. There too, there is bumper-to-bumper traffic. It seems "everyone" is heading to Brooklyn, too. Now he's stumped. Where is the best place of all? Is it Brooklyn or Manhattan?

Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l would bring this example to show how a person's location does not determine how much joy he will feel. A person's frame of mind is not dependent on where he is, but rather on how much he believes he is where he's meant to be.

The Gemara teaches that a person's heart should not be "divided" regarding his place. Rav Ahare'le Karliner explains that this refers to his physical location, his emotional state, his marital status, his place in the community, and essentially all his life's circumstances. He should be wholly at peace with all of these things, which are planned for him by Hashem and which are the very best possible "place" for him in this world.

True joy depends on a person's *emunah* – how much do we believe that Hashem does everything and that everything that happens to us is for our best? The more we believe these two things, the more happiness we feel, and the calmer and more serene our lives become.

Shabbat Shalom, Pinchas Sheffer

They Show Us the Way

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

Red Cloth

Reb Yehuda Leib Mirkish purchases a huge quantity of expensive red cloth, which no one will likely want...

Reb Yehuda Leib Mirkish, father of the "Shulchan Shlomo," was a paragon of *emunah* in Hashem. He lived in Mir and owned a large store that sold material. The store was managed by his very able wife, who strove to remove the entire burden of *parnassah* from her husband so that he could sit and learn undisturbed.

Her usual custom was to purchase materials from businessmen who went to buy them at the annual fair in Leipzig. One year, however, she surmised that going to the fair themselves would save them the middleman's fee she always had to pay to the businessmen, and it would increase her profits.

The industrious woman made a list of all the varied materials she needed for her store for the coming year, put together a pouch with a huge sum of money, and sewed it into her husband's caftan. With her prayers and blessings, she sent Reb Yehuda Leib off to the fair to make the purchases.

When the Mirrer *masmid* arrived in Leipzig along with the other businessmen, he was surprised to hear that the fair would go on for a full month. Typically, he decided to find a *beis midrash* where he could sit and learn. Why rush to make his purchases, he thought, if there was a full month for him to do so?

Reb Yehuda Leib sat and learned for many hours. The following day he did the same, figuring he still had plenty of time. Every day he learned diligently in the shul in Leipzig, until one day the other businessmen came looking for him.

"Reb Yehuda Leib!" one of them cried. "The fair will be closing on the day after tomorrow. Hurry and make your purchases before our group sets out to return to Mir."

It was the final day of the fair. Reb Yehuda Leib closed



✕ Locksmith on Call ✕

Meir from Modi'in Illit related the following:

It was past midnight, and I was sitting and learning in the small shul located in a trailer right under my building. Our thriving neighborhood is actually filled with many shuls that are much larger and more impressive-looking than this little trailer, but this is the place that's become my beloved *makom tefillah*. The "trailer shul" is unique in that the minyanim run at a slower pace. Each word of *tefillah* is enunciated carefully. The atmosphere is very special.

On off-hours, the shul is generally locked, but a few *yungeleit* in the neighborhood, myself included, asked for permission to use the shul as a quiet corner in which to learn. The *gabbai* actually gave each of us a copy of the key to the back door of the shul and allowed us use of the lighting and air conditioning as necessary.

It was close to 1 a.m. when I completed my set late-night learning requirements. I turned off the lights, walked out the back door and put the key into the lock. As I turned it, locking the door, the key got stuck inside. I applied a bit more force, and suddenly the key broke in two – the round handle remained in my hand while the other broken half was inside the lock.

"Oh, no," I thought. "This needs to be fixed before the early *mispallemim* arrive for *vasikin*." I hurried home and got a pliers to try and pull out the other half of the key, but my efforts only made things worse. The small part of the key that still stuck out of the lock now broke off too.

What could I do? The lock was damaged because of

me, and I thought the only way to get it fixed would be to have a professional locksmith change the lock. Obviously, the expense would have to be mine.

I felt awful about the whole thing. Here the *gabbai* had done a favor and allowed me use of the shul, and I went and caused serious damage. I also knew that the cost of switching the lock would be far more than anything I could afford. What could I do? I davened. I asked Hashem to help things work out easily, and I went up to my apartment to sleep.

In the morning I went straight down to shul for *Shacharis*, entering through the front door. To my utter surprise, the back door was wide open, as if the events of the previous night had been a figment of my imagination. I asked a neighbor who always davened *vasikin* about the back door, and his answer took me by total surprise.

"This morning before the *vasikin* minyan, an American Yid I never saw before walked into the shul. He saw several of us were trying to figure out what to do about the back door. He walked over and introduced himself as a professional locksmith. 'Bring me a screwdriver,' he said, 'and I'll fix it for you.' Someone brought him a screwdriver, and within minutes he got the broken key out of the lock and opened the door."

It was incredible how this Yid showed up at exactly the right time. Of all the big shuls on our street, he chose to daven specifically in the trailer. He could have found a *vasikin* minyan in the main shul, but Hashem sent him to fix the door, free of charge.

>>> continued from page 1

his Gemara, found the list his wife had given him, and took the pouch filled with money. When he arrived, he found that the entire list of varied materials his wife wanted was nowhere to be found. All the stock had been sold out. Most of the vendors were in the midst of packing up their empty stalls and counting their profits.

One vendor, though, was still standing behind a stall piled high with bolts of expensive shiny red material, the type worn by kings and ministers. Seeing that this was the only material left at the fair, Reb Yehuda Leib took out the huge sum of money he had and used it to purchase all the bolts left at the stall.

Back in his home, he put down his many packages and was soon making his way back to the *beis midrash* in Mir, prepared to dive back into the *gemara* he'd been learning all month and the entire way back home.

His wife began unpacking the packages and almost fainted in shock. Where were all the types of material she'd requested? All her money was gone, used up on the purchase of expensive red material for which there was no demand.

She ran to the *beis midrash* and called out to her husband in tears. "What have you done?! I'll never be able to sell this material in a million years!"

Reb Yehuda Leib spoke words of *emunah*, calming his wife, assuring her that Hashem provides *parnassah*, and if these were the materials that came to his hand, surely something good would come of them.

The materials are nothing, he said. Hashem is the only One who provides for us.

The great woman listened intently to her husband, accepted his words, and strengthened her own *emunah* in Hashem. She went home and back to her store, where, almost unsurprisingly, a customer was waiting for her. It was a non-Jewish man, representing the minister of the province.

"My master wants to dress his entire household – the family, including all the children – in clothing made of high-quality red material."

The woman immediately brought out a sample of the cloth her husband had bought, and upon examining it, the man asked to purchase the entire stock. Her children came out and helped her load all of the newly arrived materials onto the minister's wagon. Then his servant handed her a sack of gold coins, payment for his purchase. Inside it was money enough to support the entire family for a full year.

✕ You Belong Behind the Shtender ✕

My neighbor gave me a ride in his car.

"How are your preparations for your daughter's wedding going?" I asked him. I wasn't just being polite. Being that my daughter was also engaged, I was interested in hearing how someone else was managing to juggle the huge expenses.

"Going well, *baruch Hashem*," he said, and there was a smile in his voice.

"Your *mechutan* is originally from abroad, no?" I asked.

"He is," he responded.

"So that makes things easier for you financially?"

"My *mechutan*," he began, and now his smile broadened, "my *mechutan* is very wealthy spiritually and absolutely penniless materially." He turned suddenly and looked straight at me. "Do you want to hear a story of remarkable *hashgachah*?" he asked. "Do you want to hear about the obvious miracles that Hashem makes in our times?"

Of course I wanted to hear. He began to speak, and I swallowed up every word. His story infused me with *emunah*.

"My *mechutan* committed to traveling abroad to collect some vital funding for our children's wedding and apartment. He knows the language and has family connections. His son, the *chassan*, who would accompany him, traveled several days ahead of him, stopping in Europe to daven at *kivrei tzaddikim* before his *chasunah*, and then continuing on to Canada, where he was supposed to meet up with his father.

"What would our *chassan*, an earnest yeshivah *bachur*, do in a foreign country all alone for two days? He found the shul in the neighborhood, sat down, and learned for many hours, as he is used to doing back in yeshivah.

"Two days later his father arrived, armed with a list of potential benefactors, and they met with the first person on the list. This was a Yid who loves Torah and *chesed* and gives of his money generously to those in need. When they walked into his study, he looked at our *chassan* and said, 'I know who you are. I saw you in shul yesterday, and the day before, too. Are you the *chassan*?' When he received an affirmative response, this wealthy Jew jumped up and said, 'A *bachur* like you shouldn't be making rounds to collect money for your wedding. You belong behind the *shtender*!'

"He turned to my *mechutan* and asked, 'How much money do you need for the wedding expenses?'

"'Twenty thousand dollars,' my *mechutan* responded.

"'So you have it,' he answered him. 'Take your *chassan* back to Yerushalayim. I'll pay for your return ticket, and I'll transfer the twenty thousand to your account.'

"And that's what happened," my neighbor concluded. "That night my *mechutan* and his son took a flight back home. When he got to Yerushalayim, the money was already in his account."

"And now," he continued, the smile never leaving his voice, "let's see how Hashem provides for me, to cover my part in the expenses, and" he added, looking at me, "for you, too."



Shiur by Harav Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"a* You Are Blessed

Chovos Halevavos quotes *Yirmeyahu* (17:5), who curses people who place their trust in human beings. This curse sounds unnecessarily harsh, considering that most people on some level do trust other human beings. A child trusts his parents to provide for him, a woman trusts her husband, and so on. How can we say that anyone who trusts in another human being is cursed?

Rav Avraham, the son of the Rambam, in his *sefer Hamaspik L'ovdei Hashem*, explains that this curse applies only to someone who trusts human beings to the point that he completely lets go of trust in Hashem. It does not apply to those who get help or support from other human beings but who simultaneously maintain their belief and trust in Hashem.

Don't let yourself get down because there are times when you need to trust other human beings. You are not cursed! The *navi* is referring to someone who has reached a level where he simply doesn't believe there is a chance that Hashem could help him and that Hashem is *kol yachol*. He trusts *only* human beings and has removed his *emunah* from his heart, and therefore he is cursed.

But someone like you, who are reading this, is not cursed. You may have been born into a good family, you may have received a proper *chinuch*, and still you use regular means of *hishtadlus* to be helped by other people. Yet you believe in your heart that all the people you have come to rely on are only messengers of Hashem. Throughout the day, you mention Hashem's Name – "*Baruch Hashem!*" "*Chassdei Hashem!*" You are included among those who are blessed. You are intrinsically blessed to the point that no one needs to give you an additional *brachah*! You are blessed because the One you truly rely on is Hashem.

The more *bitachon* you have, the more bounty and blessing comes to you from Above.

We know that Hashem's goodness is many times greater than His harshness. If we are told that Hashem removes His from those who fail to rely on Him, then the opposite holds true as well, and even more so. The more you rely on Hashem, instilling in yourself more and more the belief that He could do anything for you, the more He will indeed come through for you!

✕ Five Minutes Instead of Twenty-Four Hours ✕

I am a father of ten children, *ka"n*, and children, as we all know, need to eat. Every day after morning *seder*, I make my rounds to pick the children up from their various preschools and babysitters, bring them home, and warm up the meal that my wife prepared the previous night, on the stovetop. In the evenings my wife often prepares bread with salad and omelets, fried on the stovetop. In short, a working gas range is a must in our busy household.

One ordinary Tuesday afternoon, I entered the house along with the younger children and immediately took out the pot my wife had prepared. I placed it on the stovetop and turned the knob to get a fire going, but there was no response. No smell of gas. Nothing at all.

I called the gas company, and several moments of inquiry revealed that the gas technician who'd been in the building that morning was at fault. He'd come to do a periodic inspection of the gas tank under the building and mistakenly disconnected it. Now they would have to send another technician to reconnect it.

"I don't have a technician in your area right now," the representative told me. "We'll probably be able to send you someone only tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?!" I sputtered. "What is that supposed to mean? I need a fire going right now!"

"I don't think today is a possibility," the representative responded. "We don't send a technician somewhere for one person. We can only send him out when we have several jobs in an area."

The heat rose to my face.

"That makes no sense!" I told him. "You need to take responsibility for what happened here. Your technician made the mistake, and it's your responsibility to fix it right away."

My logic didn't seem to penetrate at all. "I put your request into our system," he said, and ended the call.

I was left with my phone in hand, shocked by the lack of response. How would I heat up the food for my children? What would they eat? And how would my wife prepare them omelets in the evening? What had I asked for? Just a hot meal! How horrible that people who made mistakes had no sense of responsibility! What type of service was this?!

I was really angry. In my mind, I was writing letters and suing the gas company. If one could light a fire using anger, I would have had a huge bonfire going.

But my anger was of no help to me. Several moments passed, and slowly, I remembered Who is running the world. Why had I put all the blame on the gas company? Would the technician have made the mistake if it wasn't Hashem's will? Obviously, he was only a messenger of Hashem, Who certainly had a *cheshebon* for why it was

for our good not to have a working gas range right now. In truth, this wasn't the end of the world. We would manage with cold food and would have something else instead of omelets for supper. We could thank Hashem for this little challenge and trust that at the exact moment when He wants the gas to be connected, it will be connected.

These positive thoughts now flooded my mind. My heartbeat relaxed and my anger abated.

Five minutes later I got a call from the gas company.

"We apologize for the error," the representative told me this time. "A technician will be in your area in five minutes."

How did 24 hours turn into five minutes? I have no clue. It must be that Hashem sent me this problem in order to test me. As soon as I began thinking the right thoughts, the problem was resolved.

✕ A Delicious Lunch, Free of Charge ✕

One afternoon I walked out of yeshivah with a friend. As we were passing by a restaurant with a reliable *hechsher* we suddenly heard, "Hey, are you boys from the yeshivah down the road?"

"Yes," we said, turning to see the owner of the restaurant walking toward us.

"Can you come in here a minute?" he asked.

We followed him into the restaurant, where on the counter were two fresh hot shawarma plates with lafa, beef, and all the trimmings. The smell was mouth-watering.

"Someone ordered these portions and can't come get them," he explained. "I have nothing to do with them here. Can you do me a favor and bring them down to your yeshivah? I'm sure someone there will enjoy them."

"These plates cost 65 shekels, each," he informed us.

We thanked the restaurant owner, took the plates, and walked back to yeshivah. As soon as we walked in, we met two *bachurim* walking toward the door, stopped them, and asked if they wanted a free shawarma plate from the restaurant up the road. They both happily agreed to take the plates.

Something made me stop and ask one of them, "Why do you think you were *zocheh* to get this gift today?"

"Simple," he said. "When I got to the yeshivah dining room for lunch, there was no food left. I decided on the spot not to get angry, but to thank Hashem and ask Him to give me lunch in another way. And He did."

✕ For the Sake of Hashem's Honor ✕

I live in Ashdod. From time to time I need to travel to a distant city, and I wait at the bus stop near a certain intersection on the highway. More often than not, the bus stop is empty.

But last week, I had company at the bus stop; a foreign worker from Thailand, and...a huge garbage bag lying on

the ground filled with papers. Curiously, I looked into the bag and discovered that it was filled with booklets, *sefarim*, and scraps of paper that required *genizah*. How in the world had that bag gotten here? I looked from the bag to the foreign worker and realized there was no connection between the two of them. I also realized that someone who cared enough had to take the bag from there before someone who knew or cared little put all those holy items in the garbage. I looked around the deserted area. Yup. That someone would have to be me.

I tried lifting the bag, but it was very heavy. I didn't have the strength to carry it onto the bus. "Hashem," I asked, "please help me, for the sake of Your honor, to bring these items to where they belong."

What happened next was totally uncanny.

The dark-skinned worker communicated through hand motions that he'd gotten off the bus by mistake, and had no idea how to get to his destination. I tried to understand what he needed and realized that he needed to get on the same intercity bus that I was waiting for.

When the bus arrived, I motioned to him that he should get on. That's when the most amazing (mis)communication possible took place. The worker, who did not speak or

understand a word of Hebrew or English, got on the bus behind me, and one of the passengers, an elderly man, said, pointing, "You forgot your bag at the bus stop."

The worker did not understand a word. If he'd understood, he would have said, "that's not my bag." He understood that the old man was asking him to bring the bag onto the bus, so he went and got it. I watched from the window as he heaved and pulled the entire weight of the bag onto the bus.

Then, with hand motions, he "asked," "Where should I put down the bag?"

The old man pointed at the empty seat behind him. "You can sit right there," he told him.

The worker thought the old man wanted the bag on the seat behind him, so he placed it there. Now that we were on a bus filled with *frum* Jews and on its way to a large *frum* city, I knew the bag would reach its proper destination, and the items inside it would be treated with respect.

It was amazing to see how *Yad Hashem* protected the *kisvei kodesh*.

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

Thank you for the wonderful chizuk we always receive from the newsletter. The shiurim are wonderful. You are truly involved in the greatest thing in the world, which is to encourage and helping others through *emunah*, the only balm for all the broken hearts of Am Yisrael in galus.

I noticed something that I believe was printed in error in your Hebrew newsletter, and I would like, respectfully, to point it out. It was in the newsletter printed for Parshas Korach, where on the last page there was a story about a maggid shiur in a yeshivah who was described as "going to make a living" through his "work" for "parnassah" each day. Equating the tremendous mitzvah of teaching Torah to the bachurim of our nation to other means of "parnassah" is a terrible thing, no different than saying the same about a yungerman learning in kollel all day. Would we even

think of describing the heroes who are sitting and learning full time as "making a living by learning"?! (As we know, the strict halachah is that one is not even allowed to accept money for teaching Torah. See Shulchan Aruch, Yoreh De'ah 245:5.)

It would be far more appropriate and fitting to describe this maggid shiur as one who is "zocheh to do the mitzvah of teaching Torah" each day. This is what we ask Hashem: that we merit to learn and to teach His Torah!

May Hashem protect us all from errors. May you be zocheh to continue spreading truth and *emunah*, in good health and strength.

**Respectfully yours,
Yisrael Eisenblatt, Yerushalayim**



It Just So “Happened”

My name is Efraim, and I live on a long street in Modi'in Illit called Meromei Sadeh.

“Efraim,” one of the *rebbeim* in cheder asked me one morning during recess, “can you please take this envelope and deliver it to the Globerman family? They live on your street, probably a building or two away from you.”

I was glad to help out. I took the envelope, put it in my bag and, at the end of the day, brought it home. Later, when I took out my homework sheet, I saw the envelope and remembered how I'd assured the *rebbei* that I would deliver it today.

I bounded down the steps of my building two at a time, holding the envelope with the name “Globerman” written on it in bold letters. I knew from the *rebbei* that the family lived either in building 7 or in building 9. I stopped a passerby and asked if he knew them, but he said he didn't. I continued walking and saw a man standing near building 9.

“Is there a Globerman family in this building?” I asked him.

“No,” he responded, “but there is a family by that name in building 11.”

I walked a few more steps, into building 11, and I thought to myself that it would be hard to climb the stairs and check the names on all the doors until I found the right family. However, Hashem spared me the effort. Rabbi Globerman was standing in the lobby. He caught sight of the envelope, which he must have been expecting, and he said, “Oh, that's for me. Thank you for delivering it!”

So there was a lot of *hashgachah* surrounding this envelope. First of all, I “happened” to walk past someone near building 9 who knew that the family lived in building 11, and second, *Rabbi* Globerman just “happened” to be in the lobby.



Lights Out

It was during the mad rush of those last few minutes before Shabbos, when the siren is going off and everyone is running to and fro, putting away *muktzeh* items and finishing up last-minute tasks, like arranging the blech and covering the light switches.

“Hey,” my sister Dina said suddenly, “I almost slipped on that.” On the kitchen floor, right where she was standing, there was a closed can of unprepared baby food.

“That's muktzeh,” my father said, looking up from the Shabbos clock he was setting to the right time. “It's inedible unless it's cooked, so it's mukzeh machmas gufo, like a raw potato.”

“Where should I put it?” asked Dina.

“Put in the back of the fridge,” Abba responded distractedly.

Dina opened the fridge just as my mother was beginning to light candles, and when she opened it...the light bulb inside went on. Our refrigerator has a light that goes on automatically whenever you open the door, and before Shabbos we always put tape on the light switch so that opening the fridge will not cause the light to turn on. It was *hashgachah* that Dina opened the fridge just at the right moment, so we could quickly tape up the light switch. Hashem protected us from inadvertently being *mechallel* Shabbos.



Rebbi Just Taught and Taught

At 9:45 a.m. we get a longer recess, when most of the kids in my class wash and eat a sandwich for breakfast. That's the way it goes in Eretz Yisrael, where I live.

It was 10:10, and our morning recess was over. The bell rang. *Rebbi* walked in, and class began. I looked down at my desk and saw the bencher I'd taken out a moment earlier. I hadn't *bentched* after recess. What would I do now? I couldn't *bentch* as *Rebbi* was teaching. I looked down at the bencher and then up at *Rebbi*, waiting for him to pause, as he often does, so I could quickly *bentch*. *Rebbi* went right on talking, diving into the *gemara* enthusiastically. There was no stopping him at all. I kept looking down at the bencher, and then I started thinking about why I wasn't managing to *bentch*.

Suddenly, I realized that, unlike most days, today I hadn't washed for bread during recess! I was so accustomed to benching at the end of recess that I'd forgotten. The



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 3

Last week: The Gambash family is stuck in a car at the side of the highway. The insurance company informs them they are sending a tow truck

Another hour passes.

Yes, I'm already on the highway. I'll be there in a minute or two.

They want me to "fly." They should've given me wings...

Good that you're almost there. There are young children who've been stuck in the car for over two hours...

I don't know what you'll do, Rachamim. But I'm relying on

Suddenly:

Oy, that truck is driving so wildly. The driver must be one of our Arab "cousins..."

What?! Do you seriously want me to tow a car with an entire family inside it?!

OK. What a rachmanus! Leave it to me. It's not for nothing that my name is

And then:

BOOM!

I can't go out to help them. At least I'll call for help...

Oy, they're calling from the insurance company. How do I inform them of this tragedy?!

Oh no! Oh no! Shema Yisrael! What a tragedy! Oy!

Even when it seems that all is dark and sad, Hashem is with us.



Where do you disseminate the newsletters?

In Boro Park

Whom do you give them to?

I live in a building with eight tenants and I give the newsletter to almost everyone who lives here. I put the rest in the nearby shul.

Have you gotten feedback from any of the readers?

Not specifically connected to the newsletters, but here's an incredible story:

My grandfather promised to help us with a down payment on the house we wanted to buy. He even wrote out a check for \$200,000, but the check bounced. One day, he and my grandmother called and regretfully informed us that although they'd really wanted to help us, they couldn't do it.

This placed me in a real quandary. Aside for my own savings, I had taken my father-in-law's savings- \$90,000, and invested them in the house I was planning to buy with my grandfather's help. If I backed out of the deal now, I'd lose the money I'd invested.

It would be awful if I lost my father-in-law's investment and lost out on the deal. I thought that if my grandfather at least gave me \$50,000, perhaps I could still do it, but he couldn't even do that much.

Later I understood that my grandfather was going through something difficult and he and my grandmother were afraid they'd need the money.

At the time, I had other problems too. My landlord was a criminal. I will skip the details, but suffice it to say that my da'as Torah told me to stop paying

rent. This untenable situation stretched on for ten months, until my landlord took me to court.

People in the know told me the best thing I could do was to get a state-funded lawyer for low-income families. Though we weren't eligible, it turned out I was eligible for section eight, which meant the state would cover most of my rent. I got approved for six years, which covered almost my entire mortgage.

A half-a-year later, my grandfather had already passed away and my grandmother sold the house. She felt bad about what happened so she gave us the sum they promised plus an additional \$100,000. That's how we got rid of all our debt and it turned out everything was for the best.

When I was living in that house with the terrible landlord, I thought it was the worst possible thing that could happen to me. Then there were all the problems with buying the house. It seemed catastrophic! But truthfully it was all leading up to my yeshua.

When I put up the mezuzos in my new home, I spoke about the great chessed of Hashem, and how everything He does is for the good!

Do you have anything to tell Is there a message you want to give others who are deliberating about disseminating the newsletters?

It's really not so hard. At first, I felt a bit uncomfortable giving it out to the neighbors. I didn't know how they'd react. Would they like it or not? But ultimately, people enjoy it and want it. It's not as hard as you think.

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

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