

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 Ki-Seitzei, 5786 × 204

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

From His Boundless Love

My beloved son Yossi had a terrible toothache. "We need to go to the dentist," I told him.

Yossi refused.

I tried to persuade him that it was worthwhile, that even if the treatment hurt, it would heal his tooth and would eliminate the pain, whereas the pain would only get worse if it was left untreated.

There was no one to talk to; Yossi was paralyzed by fear. He took Tylenol and went to sleep.

I felt terrible for my son. I felt bad about the pain he was feeling and also about his fear of going to the dentist.

Is this what you call rachmanus? I wondered suddenly. If I went along with his fear and allowed his tooth to remain untreated, that would more accurately be called cruelty. Regardless of how terrified he was feeling, how could I neglect his health?

He's only a child, and he doesn't understand, but I know that all he probably needs is a filling for his cavity. If we ignore the problem, however, it will only get worse. He might need a root canal or even to have his tooth pulled, which will be much more difficult for him.

I called the dentist and made an appointment for the following day.

I took Yossi without asking him whether or not he was willing to go. I knew I was doing so out of genuine *rachmanus* and love. True, right now he's still young and he doesn't understand why I'm forcing him to go, but when he gets older and I tell him what happened, he will surely thank me for not giving in to his fear.

And suddenly, I understood.

Sometimes I cry about things I have to go through. It's difficult, it's uncomfortable, and I don't understand why I need to go through such an experience.

But my Father in *Shamayim*, Who loves me more than anyone, is giving me the message, "My beloved child, it's true that right now you are young, and you don't understand why I forced you to go through something you didn't want, but a day will come when you'll understand, and you'll thank Me for everything."

Shabbat Shalom, Pinchas Sheffer

They Show Us the Way

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

Never Worry

The elderly glazier was walking energetically through the bustling streets of Warsaw, carrying a heavy load on his back. What was the secret behind his eternal youth and positivity?

The sounds of hawkers selling their wares; people rushing to and fro; the splintering of wood; the knocking of hammers; the cutting of glass...the marketplace in Warsaw was bustling with activity on this typical weekday morning, as the chassid Reb Yisrael Artin made his way through the throngs of customers and stalls.

Suddenly, an unusual sight caught his eyes. An elderly Yid sat behind a stall, totally focused on his work, as he expertly put the finishing touches on a large mirrored breakfront he'd obviously built himself. His back was stooped and his skin wrinkled, but his eyes twinkled with youthful vigor and his hands worked skillfully and with alacrity. He worked with the speed and strength of a young man.

After watching the man for several moments, Reb Yisrael was amazed to see him get up, grab that heavy piece of furniture with two hands and hoist it onto his back. Nimble, he began walking down the streets, on his way to personally deliver the custom creation to his customer.

"Excuse me," Reb Yisrael said, panting, as he ran up behind him. "Can I please help you carry this closet?"

The elderly glazier looked him up and down with eyes that bespoke the wisdom and experience of years. A wide smile spread across his face.

"You needn't worry," he assured Reb Yisrael. "I am over ninety years old and, *baruch Hashem*, strong as ever."

Seeing Reb Yisrael's amazement, he carefully placed the mirrored breakfront down on the ground, straightened his back and, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Let me explain. I'll tell you the story of my life, and then you'll understand."

Years ago, I made a living working as a wagon driver, transporting people from place to place and from city to city. Once, I had the honor of transporting the holy Reb Simcha Bunim of Peshischa and his disciples, who were setting out on a short trip to a health resort in order to rest



✕ Immovable Hours ✕

Heshy Stern from Bnei Brak related the following:

I have a good friend who works for a living, but he always begins his day with learning. Between 8 and 10:30 a.m. he is deeply engrossed in the *sugyah*, and there is almost nothing in the world that he allows to disturb him during that time.

Once I asked him how it was possible that he'd never been needed at work before 10:30. "You have dealings with all types of people. Did none of them ever try to reach you during your learning time?"

He laughed. "Of course they did," he said, "but my cellphone is turned off during that time, so I don't even know about it. But listen to this..."

And this is the story he told me:

My city's municipality advertised a number of lots for sale, and I submitted a bid to purchase a lot. Several days later I received a message: There would be a meeting with all those who expressed interest in the lots. Though there was no guarantee that I would get a lot for the price I wanted, what was certain was that if I *didn't* show up to the meeting, I wouldn't stand a chance of getting anything. There were dozens of potential buyers, and only those who showed up at the meeting would be considered serious. Showing up was the obvious *hishtadlus* to make if I wanted a chance at buying the lots.

A week later I received a detailed message with a time and place for the meeting. It would take place in a location that was an hour's drive from my home, in the morning, between 10 and 12:00.

Now I was in a bind. The meeting would, in all probability, begin on time, at 10 a.m., when I was still sitting and learning. If I learned as usual, I wouldn't get to the meeting

before 11:30. My *yetzer hara* went into overdrive. "This is a chance to make money that will enable you to learn even more," it reasoned. "Sometimes you need to forgo a bit in order to gain a lot," it argued persuasively. Then and there, I decided that just as I turn off my cellphone every morning in order to learn, I would shut down all these voices in my head. I would stick to my set learning schedule, come what may, and whatever would be, would be.

The morning of the meeting arrived. I sat and learned as usual, without any disturbances, and at 10:30 I set out for the meeting. I arrived at 11:30, sat down, and realized they were calling attendance. Almost immediately, I heard them calling my name.

"Right here," I responded.

Of thirty lots that had been up for sale, I got a choice of the last five lots that were left. I chose the one that seemed more advantageous than the rest. I did not have more knowledge or experience than anyone else there, nor did I have any way of knowing I had hit gold. The fact was that Hashem had put it into my head to choose this specific lot, which turned out to have the greatest potential of all the lots that were offered.

"So, of course, there are *nisyonos* all the time," my friend concluded. "But when this happened, Hashem showed me how I will never miss out on anything because of my learning. This gave me tremendous *chizuk* to continue sticking to my set learning time."

✕ It Happens When You Strengthen Your Bitachon ✕

A.S. related the following:

My wife works as a substitute preschool teacher for a group of preschools in another neighborhood. On an almost-

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and revitalize.

When we arrived at their destination, I informed the group that I was not able to wait to drive them back, and I advised them to find a different wagon driver for the way back.

The chassidim tried to persuade me to remain with them, knowing from experience that it would be difficult to find a different driver at that stage. They even offered me a significant bonus, but I refused it.

As we were talking, the Rebbe sat in the wagon, his eyes closed, seemingly in another world. Unexpectedly, he spoke up.

"What does he want, the red-faced *bachur*?" he asked.

I froze. Everyone knew the Rebbe's vision had deteriorated in recent years, but now we could tell that he really saw everything, with eyes that could "see" beyond the physical realm.

I got down from my perch at the front of the wagon and reverently walked up to the Rebbe.

"*Heilige* Rebbe," I said, "I want a *brachah*! If the Rebbe

will bless me, it will be an honor for me to continue driving your group to wherever you want to go.

"I want a *brachah* from the Rebbe to be able to marry off all my children easily, and to always have my needs met," I continued.

The Rebbe's response was spoken with such clarity that it pierced my heart. I carry his words with me to this day.

"Young man!" he told me. "Remember this principle always: Never worry! Always trust in Hashem and stay calm! Hashem does not give to those who worry, but rather to those who trust in Him, those who are calm and happy. Never worry!"

"Do you understand my secret now?" the old glazier concluded. "I took the Rebbe's advice to heart, and I've lived by his words throughout my life. I have never worried about the future; I only trusted in Hashem, day by day, to provide for all my needs. *Baruch Hashem*, I was able to marry off all my children and provide for them generously. I was always healthy, and I never lacked for anything!

"My dear friend," he continued, "remember this advice well. Never worry. Just be happy, and trust in Hashem!"

daily basis, the principal informs her in which preschool she is needed for the following day.

One great disadvantage of this arrangement is her travel time. Since the preschools are in another neighborhood, it takes at least twenty minutes for her to get to work each morning. She needs to leave early and misses out on the vital hour of sending our children off to their schools and preschools. The ripple effects of this are many, as we juggle with arranging for each of the children every morning anew.

For many years we simply accepted this as part and parcel of life. What was there to do? This was our personal *hishtadlus* and fulfillment of Adam Harishon's punishment, "By the sweat of your brow...."

As time went on and the family grew, the mornings became intolerable. My wife asked the principal if there was a possibility of her becoming the permanent substitute in the preschools in our neighborhood, but his immediate response was that there were no available positions in our area. We forged on, feeling we had no other choice.

Recently, I started learning *Shaar Habitachon* with a *chavrusa* on a daily basis. We were learning about the ten advantages that the *baal habitachon* has over the alchemist, and one day we learned the following advantage: Unlike the alchemist, who often needs to travel far away in order to find the material he needs to earn his *parnassah*, one who trusts in Hashem is assured that Hashem will send him his sustenance close by, and that he will not have to suffer the difficulties of constant travel.

That day, I came home buoyed by the words of the *Chovos Halevavos*. "That's it," I told my wife. "You can't travel to that other neighborhood anymore. Tell the principal that you're willing to work only in preschools nearby." It was a leap of faith. Who knew what the principal's response would be? But I was able to make that leap, because I'd strengthened my *bitachon* in Hashem.

She told the principal unequivocally that she could no longer travel for work.

Several hours later the secretary called her back and said, easily, "Okay, it's no problem. There is another substitute who works in our preschools in your neighborhood and lives where you used to work. She too asked to make a change so that she'll no longer have to travel, so we'll simply switch the two of you."

We were thrilled. This was a real *yeshuah* for us.

And the most incredible part: Who was that other substitute? She was my *chavrusa's* wife! Together, we'd learned and imbibed the words of the *Chovos Halevavos*. Unknowingly, we'd both reached the same conclusion regarding our wives' work schedule. We'd both made the same request, and this was the result.

I thought about how for so many years I had accepted these difficult conditions as part and parcel of life. Why couldn't we have made this simple exchange five years back? The more I thought about it, the more I realized that Hashem wanted us to strengthen our *bitachon*. As soon as we'd acquired new levels of *bitachon*, the *yeshuah* arrived.

Shiur by Rav Yehuda Mandel *shlit"a*

The Key to Veshuah

I am *zocheh* to know a Yid who married off all his children easily. Each *shidduch* came along with its own particular *brachah*, and all his children merited wonderful *zivugim*. Once he told me, "You should try learning *mussar*. Think deeply for four hours about Hashem's love and care for you, about how He is *Kol Yachol* and that there is no one but Him. If you do this, you'll truly become uplifted and will trust in Hashem alone. Then you'll be able to choose what you want in a *shidduch*: a special *bachur*, a *masmid* with good *middos* and *yiras Shamayim*...you'll get everything you want, as long as you learn *mussar* in a real way that impacts upon you and if you believe that Hashem will give you your heart's desire!" That's what this Yid told me.

On the other hand, there are times when we need to take an alternate stance, and accept a situation as it is.

Another Yid told me how he wanted a certain *shidduch* for his daughter. This was an excellent *bachur* whose spiritual stature seemed right for his daughter, but his daughter refused to even meet him. For some reason, the idea did not find favor in her eyes.

In the end, his daughter married someone who was on a much lower spiritual level than her. It wasn't easy, but her father told me he felt this was the *shidduch* that Hashem had decreed for her. He accepted Hashem's will happily and wholeheartedly and with true *emunah*.

Today, several years later, this son-in-law has become a true *masmid*, to the point that he is the pride and joy of the entire family!

Learning *mussar* and incorporating *bitachon* into your life, this Yid told me, is like learning music. Sometimes you need one note or chord, sometimes another. Sometimes you need to trust that you'll receive exactly what you want, and other times you need to accept the situation as it is.

Accepting the situation as it is evokes a tremendously powerful response in *Shamayim*! It can bring about a huge *yeshuah*!

✕ Reflections in Our World of a Trial on High ✕

Dovid from Beit Shemesh spoke of the clear yeshuas Hashem he'd experienced in court:

Several years ago I received a bulging envelope in the mail, signed and sealed by the municipal court of law. When I opened it, I almost fainted. A car-rental company was taking me to court for causing an accident while driving one of their cars.

In the letter they claimed that the damage was very great; they were suing me for hundreds of thousands of shekels.

I tried to recall exactly what had taken place on the night of the accident, when I was driving with several friends, all of us young *bachurim*. I knew that I was at least partially at fault for the accident, but the sums they were demanding were completely preposterous.

I hired a good lawyer, calculating that even if I had to pay him well, it wouldn't come close to the sums they wanted from me. Better to pay tens of thousands of shekels to a lawyer than hundreds of thousands to the company. I also understood something else from the moment this difficult episode began: It wasn't the car-rental company; it was a decree from Hashem. The real battle was not in court; the real battle was for me to arouse Hashem's mercy and to do *teshuvah* for my sins.

I recalled once reading about a Yid who needed a big *yeshuah* and accepted upon himself to refrain from talking during davening and *krias haTorah*. I too accepted this upon myself as, simultaneously, my lawyer, who was young and energetic, got to work trying to defend me.

Although the Torah forbids us to go to secular courts, I had no choice but to go, since I was being sued and I had to save myself. Throughout the ongoing procedures, I kept consulting with *da'as Torah* and acting in strict accordance with what I was told. There were several initial hearings that led nowhere, and the young lawyer I'd hired quit the case. Someone referred me to an older lawyer who was experienced and wise. He immediately advised me to bring proof from the insurance company that I hadn't done anything wrong.

I thought this was an excellent angle, because I recalled how the car rental company told me the car was insured when in fact that was a gross lie. The car had no insurance. The lawyer told me to get people who could testify that this was what the rental company told me, and I knew exactly who I could call upon. There were several people from the rental company whom I'd dealt with. I called them, but of course they refused to testify against the company where they worked.

I didn't know what to think. I thought I would have no choice but to pay the entire sum, and I envisioned myself

tied down by the payments for the remainder of my life, or at least for the next 25 years. It was a depressing thought. Glumly, I thought that I might choose several months' imprisonment and community service instead. The situation seemed completely hopeless. The only two things I could hold onto were my *kaballah* regarding davening and my *emunah* that Hashem was with me. It wasn't the judge who'd decide, but the Judge on High, Hashem Himself, Who wanted me to do *teshuvah* and wanted only the best for me.

Ultimately, one of the witnesses agreed to come to court for me.

Once I informed them that I had a witness for the defense, a trial was scheduled. Then it was delayed several times and set for a later date, each time costing me a hefty sum of money. My expenses around this case had come to 75,000 shekels after two years of constant deferments and delays. Finally, I arrived in court.

I came prepared with a speech including all the claims that would convince the judge that I was an upright, honest person, and that the rental company had misled me to think the car had insurance, while it did not; that was simply a lie. This was the natural course of *hishtadlus*, which I added to my spiritual *hishtadlus* of *teshuvah*, *tefillah*, and *tzedakah*.

The car rental company came with a team of lawyers. All four of them were savvy and exuded self-assurance. They pulled out a document proving I was ticketed for a traffic violation shortly before the accident, something I'd completely forgotten. Instinctively I cried out, "What?! That's not what happened!" But in truth, the document was correct. I'd gotten a ticket then and forgotten about it completely while preparing for the case.

They confused me completely. I forgot everything I had prepared, the whole organized speech with all my claims lined up. What could I do? I spoke to Hashem, strengthening my *bitachon* that everything that was happening was for my best. When my turn came to speak, I spoke straight from the heart, saying whatever entered my head spontaneously. I apologized for not acting in accordance with the law and explained that nonetheless, it was important to make note of the fact that the company hadn't treated me properly and had misinformed me regarding the car insurance.

The plaintiff was then allowed to speak, and two of their lawyers made an impressive display of accusations, piling one lie atop another. If it hadn't been so scary, it would have been funny. How creative could they be?! How far could they go in creating realities that had never existed?!

They claimed I had lied in court, because I'd said "What?! That's not what happened!" If it is confirmed that a person lied in court, that's the end for him. He cannot be trusted, and he will definitely be found guilty. On their end, the way to seal their success was by proving

beyond a shadow of doubt that I'd lied. They argued vociferously whether my exclamation was considered lying in court, and there was nothing for me to do but sit quietly and listen.

Suddenly it got quiet. They'd exhausted all their claims, and the judge spoke up. "I heard all the sides here," he said. "I think the accused regrets what he did and that he is telling the truth."

Now *that* was a surprise. Up until that moment it had seemed obvious that the judge sided with the rental company. And what did regret have to do with anything?!

When I heard his words, tears stung my eyes. I felt that Hakadosh Baruch Hu was with me, and my *kaballah* to refrain from talking during davening was doing good for me on High. It seemed like Hashem was arranging, in return, that I would sit quietly in court and watch my *yeshuah* unfold.

Following the hearing, the judge instructed all parties to sign on a compromise that would consider both sides. The disadvantage of ending a case in this way is that the judge does not have to back his decision with any claims, and so there is no way to appeal the verdict.

Nonetheless, I signed on the compromise, because I didn't see a better option. The final verdict, said the

judge, would arrive in several months.

A month later my lawyer called. "I have good news and bad news," he said. "The good news is that you've been declared innocent. The bad news is that the car rental company is appealing the case."

It sounded threatening, but I knew that Hashem was with me.

A new hearing was scheduled, and I arrived with my lawyer. Once again the lawyers began piling one lie atop another, but as they were talking, the judge was examining the previous verdict. Suddenly, he cut into their words. "You signed on a compromise!" he said. "Once you sign on a compromise you cannot make an appeal – this is contempt of court!"

On the spot he ruled that they had to cover all the expenses relating to the case and instructed them to pay me back for all the expenses I'd incurred. Not only was I declared innocent, but the 75,000 shekels and other expenses I'd paid were returned to me in full.

As you've seen, none of this happened because of my brilliance or prowess or the lawyer, who'd even forgotten about the important document related to my traffic violation and hadn't prepared any defense for it. It was only Hashem. I relied on Him Alone, and He showed me how good it is to trust in Him.

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: hashgachapratitis@gmail.com

Your Say

Mailbox

First, I would like to thank you from the depths of my heart. I listen to your "daily bitachon" every day, and it gives me so much *chizuk*!

I have been *zocheh* to sit and learn in *kollel* for over a decade, throughout my marriage. Recently, the increase in expenses began taking a toll on me – the mortgage, the rent, and so much more. My expenses were much higher than my income, and I wasn't making it to the end of the month. I talked this over with my *chavrusa*, and we decided together to switch to a *kollel* where the stipend was double the amount of the stipend we were receiving.

I thought that if we were accepted in the *kollel* we wanted, I would make a small *seudas hodayah* the following Tuesday evening (something like the renowned *segulah* attributed to Yehoshua ben Be'eri), but my plan came to naught; we weren't accepted.

One day, my *chavrusa* suggested that we strengthen our *bitachon*. Each of us would listen to the "daily *bitachon*"

and the new stories on the Hashgachah Pratis phone line every day, for forty days.

I thought it would be difficult to stick to this *kabbalah* on Fridays and Shabbos, so we calculated that forty days without Fridays and Shabbos would take about two months, until Tuesday of *Parshas Beshalach*.

I immediately saw the *hashgachah* in all this, both in the fact that we'd thought of the *kaballah* and that it ended on a day that is *mesugal* for *parnassah*. We reminded each other to listen in every day. We strengthened our *emunah* and *bitachon* tremendously.

On the final Thursday of the *kaballah*, we were informed that we were accepted to join the new *kollel*. I made my *seudas hodayah* the following week, the Tuesday of *Parshas Beshalach*. Incredible *hashgachah pratis*!

Shmuel Stern

Bnei Brak

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



My Older Sister Passed by Just in Time

My name is Yisrael Carlebach. One day, my mother asked me to take my two little sisters out and take them with me to pick up several items in the grocery store.

I put the baby, Suri, into the stroller and strapped her in, and two-year-old Chayalah held on to the side of the stroller. We began walking down the street, and something shiny lying on the side of the sidewalk caught my attention. I was looking down at it and didn't notice that Chayalah, her pigtails bobbing up and down, had let go of the stroller and was walking into the street, right into the path of an oncoming bus.

In the split second before the bus would have been, chas v'shalom, on top of her, my older sister Dina "happened" to pass by on the other side of the street. She saw what was happening, ran to Chayalah, picked her up, and brought her back to the sidewalk. At the same time, the bus driver noticed Dina and slowed down.

When he came to where Dina had scooped up Chayalah, he slowed down much more and looked out the window, apparently to check that both Dina and Chayalah were OK. I could barely breathe. What hashgachas Hashem! At the exact moment when I was distracted and Chayalah was in danger, Hashem orchestrated it that Dina would pass by on the other side of the street and catch her just in time.

I am definitely much more vigilant these days when I take my little sisters out.

And I am so grateful to Hashem for watching over all of us!



The Shtreimel Followed Us to Yerushalayim

My name is Mordechai Gottlieb, and I live in Beit Shemesh. For Shavuot, our family traveled to Yerushalayim to be near our Rebbe. We hired a van to carry all of us, our suitcases, and all the food we were bringing along for Yom Tov.

Of course, Erev Yom Tov was a really hectic day.

Everyone had to shower and prepare themselves, and my mother was preoccupied with preparing and packing all the food. Finally, we were all loaded onto the van along with everything we were bringing, and the driver set out.

Once on the main highway to Yerushalayim, my father suddenly looked around. "Anyone see my shtreimel?" he asked, a bit of tension in his voice. We all looked everywhere, under the seats, in the back of the van, on top of the suitcases...but it was clear: Tatty's shtreimel was not with us.

"Oh, no," my father said. "I remember placing it on the chair outside our house so I'd remember to take it down to the van. I probably left it there."

This was a double problem. The expensive shtreimel had been left outside the apartment, and my father could not possibly come to the Rebbe on Yom Tov without it. What would we do?

My father called a close neighbor and shared our dilemma. The neighbor was very quick to pitch in. He ran to our front door and located the shtreimel, which was indeed sitting on the chair outside the door. Then he walked out to the front of our building, where he noticed another neighbor getting into his packed car.

"Are you by any chance going to Yerushalayim?" he asked.

"Yes," the neighbor replied.

"Can you take this shtreimel with you?"

"Sure," he replied.

It was total hashgachah from Above that the neighbor answered his phone right away on this busy day, that he located the shtreimel in minutes without having to get inside our home, and that he came outside just as the other neighbor was leaving. What's more, the other neighbor was going to Har Nof, a neighborhood



Dear kids!

There are amazing stories just for you on our kid's phone-line.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/2

Notices

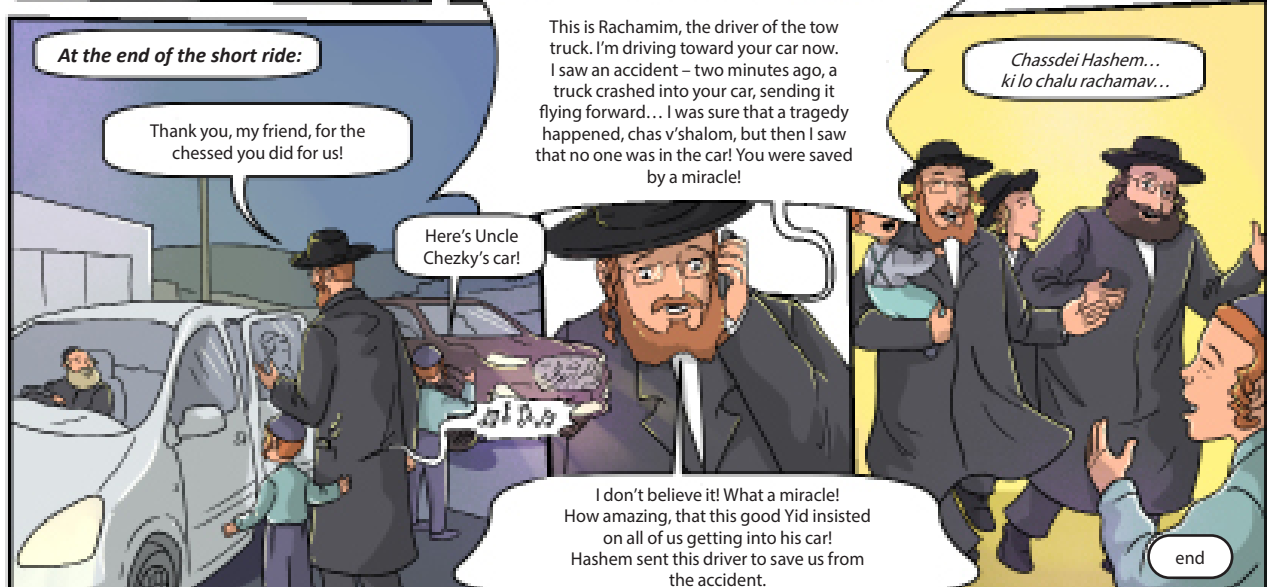
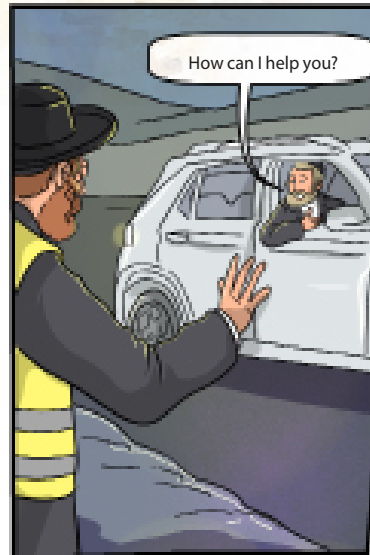
Did you see Hashem's *hashgacha* clearly in your own life?

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 4 of 4

Last week: A truck crashes into the Gambash family's car, which is stuck on the side of the highway. The driver of the tow truck sees the accident as it happens.



They Make it Happen

An inside look at those who spread emunah and bitachon

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

In Boro Park. Now, in the summer, I am distributing them in the country.

What made you decide to join in this effort?

I read one of the newsletters, and I was so moved by the content.

How did people react?

When they skimmed it, they said it was amazing. It has sections for children, and all types of columns for adults. The entire family can read it and gain chizuk from it.

Did something in your life change as a result of distributing the newsletter?

Last winter, I was in Eretz Yisrael. There was a lot of tension, because it was just before the war broke out, and the flights were crowded with people leaving the country.

I left Yerushalayim about three hours before my flight, thinking it was more than enough time to get to the airport. B'kitzur, I got stuck in a huge traffic jam, and just getting out of the city took over forty minutes. I actually left the city with only two hours and twenty minutes left until takeoff. I got to the airport with only an hour and a half to spare, and I discovered that there were two huge lines: one to check in, and the other to show my documents and go through security.

I asked a non-Jew who was in front of me where he was flying, hoping he'd say he was on my flight, but he was on a flight scheduled to take off at 3 p.m., while my flight to New York was at 1:30. I was so pressured when I realized he was already waiting in line, and ahead of me, too!

"Whatever will be, will be" I thought to myself. "Logically, I would have to wait at least an hour on each of the lines, so how could I possibly make the flight?!" But then, buoyed by the strength that comes from reading about bitachon and emunah all the time, I told myself, "There is a Ruler of the world, and if He wills it, I will make it to my flight in time!"

I waited for my turn. My flight was supposed to take off in an hour, and boarding had already begun. I should have been at the gate, and instead, I still had another security check to go through.

The minute I moved into the queue for security, an airport worker opened a new line in front of me. Almost all the people ahead of me in line were shown through in another way, and in an instant, instead of being almost last in line, I became one of the first!

The non-Jew to whom I'd spoken earlier now turned around and said, "Hey, Someone's looking out for you!"

"Yes," I told him, "G-d is watching over me!"

"It's nice to see it so clearly," he responded. It was a tremendous kiddush Hashem.

Is there a message you want to give over to people who are deliberating about distributing the newsletters?

It's a great zechus. You are partnering in something that causes people to realize that nothing is bad, that Hashem is watching over us all the time. It is something that transforms people's lives completely.

Yes!
You can have
an influence!

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