

# 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 Savo, 5786 × 205

## Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

### You Saved Me and My Friends

I was excited to hear the following message that a bachur from Boro Park left on the hotline:

At the end of the zeman, our yeshivah had to close down. At first, we thought the thirty bachurim in our shiur hoped that all of us could transfer to another yeshivah, staying together as a groupunit, but that didn't work out. Eventually, everyone bachur found himselfthemselves a new yeshivah, except besides for the six of us. We were six bachurim without a yeshivah to attend and with worry gnawing at ourtheir hearts. What would be?

We tried to giving each other chizuk, and we looking into various options together. All of us were doing more or less the same hishtadlus, but there was one significant difference between me and the other five bachurim. While they were nervous wrecks, I was completely calmchilled.

"How do you manage to stay so calm?" my friends wanted to know. "Are you for real?"

I told them my secret: "I listen to a certain phone hotline that gives me so much strength and serenity." I gave them the American number for the Hashgachah Pratis phone hotline and said, "Let's talk in a few days, and then you'll tell me how you feel."

Several days later, my friends were thanking me from the bottom of their hearts. "You saved us," they said. "tThe phone hotline changed our perspective about this entirely. We sSuddenly we realized we have a loving Father Who is in charge of everything and is taking caring forof us constantly."

I am telling this over on the phone hotline, so that Am Yisrael should know: There is life, and there is life! Much more than what a person is undergoing, it's his perspective that determines the true quality of his life.

Call in, start listening, and you'll understand exactly what I mean.

Shabbat Shalom, Pinchas Sheffer

## They Show Us the Way

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

### Bitachon Sustained Him

**Rav Chaim Vital speaks fiery words of emunah. One who trusts in Hashem, he says, needn't make any form of hishtadlus. What happens when Ezra, with simple faith, takes his words literally?**

It is a cold winter night in the holy city of Tzfas. The winds blow fiercely over the low-roofed homes and the olive trees dotting the landscaping. On the winding stone streets of the city, men pull scarves tighter around their necks as they hurry to shul.

In the shul, there is light and partial warmth from the elements. And there is Torah. Great scholars and holy men sit side by side, drinking in the words of Rav Chaim Vital, the closest disciple of the Ari Hakadosh.

Rav Chaim speaks fiery words of emunah and trust in Hashem. "The more a person places his trust in Hashem," he says, "the less physical hishtadlus he needs to make. Hashem will provide for him without his doing anything at all!"

Ezra, a simple Yid of great faith, sat in the back row of the crowd, and Rav Chaim's words lit a fire in his heart.

It was late when Ezra left the shul, deep in thought. He walked through the winding alleyways of the Old City, the Rav's words ringing in his ears like a thousand bells.

When Ezra got home, his righteous wife was waiting for him with a cup of hot tea and fresh cinnamon cake. He shared Rav Chaim's words with her with great enthusiasm. They sat in the darkened kitchen for a long time, strengthening each other with additional words of emunah and bitachon in Hashem, Who provides and sustains for all. That night they came to a decision: From now on, they would not waste time on physical hishtadlus toward making a livelihood. They would place their trust in Hashem alone!

The next morning Ezra went out to his store, where, until the He sat down in his usual spot behind the counter, but instead of pulling out his ledgers and accounts, he pulled out a large Gemara and started learning diligently.

Customers began entering the shop and were shocked to see Ezra totally engrossed in his learning.

"I am no longer doing any hishtadlus," Ezra informed them.



### ✕ What Are You Doing Here? ✕

**Y.H. from Modi'in Illit relates:**

One day, toward the end of the school year, we got sudden news of renewed war with Iran. Schools across the country cancelled classes, sirens sounded intermittently, and inside our homes we alternated between running to the safe room, saying Tehillim, and trying to maintain some semblance of order and functionality.

Funny as it may sound, we've sort of gotten used to the "war routine" here in Eretz Yisrael, and everything I described above did not really cause me excessive tension or worry. What did worry me tremendously was the fact that my father and several of my brothers were in Ukraine, where they'd gone to daven at kivrei tzaddikim. Their original plan was to fly back home that day, but of course, the flight was cancelled due to the war. On that particular "war day," we had no idea how long this latest chapter in the war with Iran would last. A week? A month? More than that? I worried for my brothers and their wives and children, who were anxiously awaiting their return. I worried for my mother, who is no youngster, and who was alone at home under such circumstances. What would be?

Like me, my older brother also hadn't joined the trip. He, however, was very practical about what we could do to help our father and brothers who were stuck abroad. As the news reports began predicting that this little "war day" would not last much longer, he called our family's travel agent and asked him to reschedule a flight for our family members abroad.

Somewhat calmer, I left my home that night to go to a nearby wedding hall to share in my neighbor's simchah. Dancing for the chassan and sampling some of the food,

I almost forgot about the difficult day I had just endured. It was close to midnight when I walked out the door of the hall, and bumped into...our family's longtime travel agent.

"Yanky!" he said in surprise. "Is that you?!"

"In the flesh," I responded. What was he so worked up about?

"If you are you, then I am me," I added jokingly.

He shook his head in confusion. "I was sure you were in Ukraine," he said. "I rescheduled the flight for your family and put in your name as one of the passengers. Who exactly from your family is there now?"

I listed the names of four of my brothers, who had traveled with my father. He slapped his forehead.

"I put in your name instead of one of your brothers," he repeated. He looked at his watch and then turned on his heels, yelling over his shoulder, "I have to run. We'll talk another time."

Why had I worried all day, thinking that little me was running the world and feeling the burden of it, when Hashem was doing a much better job than I ever could? Our travel agent "incidentally" met me just in time. He ran home and switched the name on the new ticket so that it was now in my brother's name instead of mine. The flight was scheduled to take off that hour, and ordinarily it should have been too late to change the reservation, but the One Above arranged for that to work out too. For no apparent reason, the flight was delayed by two hours. When boarding time came, the tickets were perfectly arranged for my father and my four brothers, and they got home safely without even knowing about the mix-up.

>>> continued from page 1

"I am no longer dealing with business at all. If Hashem wants, He will provide for me without my efforts. I trust in Him alone."

Some of the non-Jews who frequented Ezra's store mocked his decision, even laughing uproariously in his face. Ezra remained strong. He continued learning and reciting Tehillim earnestly, ignoring their reactions.

Days passed. One day, a non-Jew entered the shop holding a heavy bolt of fur in his hand. He wanted to sell Ezra the bolt of fur, but he was shocked to hear that Ezra no longer dealt in business at all.

"I don't care what you say!" the non-Jew said impatiently. "This fur is too heavy for me to carry. I'm leaving it here, and you'll pay me for it some other time." So saying, he threw the fur onto the table and stomped out of the store.

Ezra picked up the expensive fur, preparing to place it on a high shelf so it wouldn't get ruined. As he was lifting it up, gold coins began falling out of a small tear in the fabric. The fur was

lined with gold coins. In accordance with the halachos relating to lost items belonging to non-Jews, Ezra kept the fortune, which provided for him and his family amply for the rest of their lives.

Ezra's neighbor, aware of what happened, decided that he too would act as Reb Chaim Vital had spoken. He too would refrain from making any physical hishtadlus and would trust in Hashem to provide for him. "Surely, I will also get a fortune thrown into my lap," he assumed. However, he waited and waited, but he received nothing at all.

"Why am I different from Ezra?" he asked Reb Chaim Vital painfully.

"Ezra trusted in Hashem alone, without knowing exactly how his yeshuah would come," Reb Chaim responded. "You, however, anticipated that a bolt of fur with a fortune inside it would come your way. You were lacking that total dependence on Hashem. True bitachon means trusting only in Hashem and not in any other idea or plan."

## ✕ Ten Thousand Shekels ✕

This is my brother-in-law's story, as he just told it to me on the phone, a story that shows how Hashem helps those who learn Torah:

I was thinking that I had to find a way to bring in more money. As the tenth of the month was approaching the following Monday, I knew that all the monthly expenses would be going out of my account: the mortgage, the babysitter's salary, gas, water and electric bills... everything. And I knew there was no anticipated coverage for all these expenses, not even a shekel.

I began toying with various possibilities for business, and then I stopped and thought again. How could I close my Gemara and leave the shtender? My heart was heavy with the thought of it.

Then and there, I decided that instead of looking for work and an additional income, I would strengthen my kabbalas ol in learning Torah. Come what may, I would learn. I davened to Hashem and said: "Ribbono shel Olam, I am strengthening my Torah learning, and I ask You to help me out and to put at least ten thousand shekels into my account, so I can cover all the monthly expenses and also be left with some change."

I had no idea where the money might come from, but I took my end of the deal very seriously.

On Sunday, Hashem tested me. When I woke up in the morning my voice was completely hoarse. I couldn't talk, and I couldn't learn with a chavrusa. Having no other choice, I learned on my own. But, baruch Hashem, I learned. On Monday there was war and there were sirens; my regular kollel wasn't open, so once again I learned on my own, without a chavrusa. But, baruch Hashem, I learned.

That evening my brother called and asked how things were going for me. I answered, in all seriousness, that everything was wonderful, and also that I desperately needed money to cover the month's expenses.

"What's with that investment you once made?" he reminded me.

"That investment?" I asked. "I think it's locked for seven years."

"Check it out," he advised me. "As far as I know, you can take out that money whenever you want. It's worth a try."

I made the call. It turned out that, exactly as my brother thought, it was an investment that one could pull out anytime. And how large was the accumulated sum? Ten thousand shekels, of course. By Monday the entire sum was in my account and our monthly expenses were amply covered.

That's how Hashem responded to my pleas. When I took on the "burden" of Torah learning with renewed vigor, He "removed the burden of *parnassah*" from me for this month.

## I Trust in You

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

### *Shiur* by Rav Berish Schneebalg *shlit"a* Focusing on the Right Things

"People worry about all the wrong things," said the *heiligh* Rebbe of Zvhil in the name of his father, Reb Yechezkel of Kuzmir. "They don't worry about their *yiras Shamayim*, and they do worry about their *parnassah*. In truth, *parnassah* is in Hashem's Hands. He is the One Who provides for us, and so we have nothing to worry about in that regard. *Yiras Shamayim*, however, is in our hands, and so that is something that should be of constant concern to people!"

We focus on the wrong things.

Regarding the *passuk* in *Devarim* that speaks of *yiras Shamayim*, the Divrei Yisrael of Modzhitz related the following:

The Bnei Sheloshim of Koson was appointed Rav of the city of Tosh at a very young age. He was asked to partake in a meeting for *Rabbanim* and *Gedolim*. The purpose of the meeting was to raise awareness of *kavod haTorah*. Among the participants was the famed Shevet Sofer of Pressburg, along with dozens of other great Hungarian *Rabbanim*. During the meeting, one of the participants commented that the reason the honor of Torah was being disgraced was because of the *ba'alei batim* who felt no awe or fear of the *Rabbanim*.

The Bnei Sheloshim heard this and said, "It says that the word *es* in the *passuk* that tells us to fear Hashem is there in order to add that one should fear Torah scholars as well. If the *Rabbanim* have *yiras Shamayim*, the *ba'alei batim* will have it too. If you fear Hashem, then the people will fear you as well.

The Shevet Sofer heard these words and concurred. He too felt that the *Rabbanim* should focus on increasing their own *yiras Shamayim* rather than on the lack of respect they often saw in the masses.

When it comes to *parnassah*, we need to focus correctly as well.

Sometimes a person has financial difficulties because he doesn't feel the burden of *parnassah* enough. He doesn't take responsibility. He looks to make "easy money," and he could lose out, big-time. While there have been people who succeeded this way, there were many more who lost out. Our job is to do daily *hishtadlus* and to believe that Hashem will provide for our needs.

May we be *zocheh* to always focus on the right things!

## ✕ More Valuable than Anything ✕

I am *zocheh* to learn in *kollel*, and in general, I am extremely careful about arriving on time for *sefer*. There is nothing in the world as important as my learning.

Yesterday evening, I was driving on the street near my home, when I felt that something was off. The street, it seemed, was filled with small nails, screws and sharp items, probably left over from some sort of street fight. By the time I realized what was going on, several nails and heavy screws were imbedded in my tires. When I got out of the car back home, I examined the damage and was shocked to discover that three of the tires were ruined. I managed to change one of them on my own, but I knew I would need professional help for the others.

The following morning, I rushed to the auto repair shop garage I often use, where the mechanic asks the car's driver to help out with the repair, and as a result he charges less than other mechanics. The prices are cheaper. When I got there I saw that there were three other cars in line ahead of mine, and I figured it would take at least an hour and a half before my turn came.

Since my learning time is sacrosanct, I decided to go to another, more expensive auto repair shop nearby, where there were several mechanics. Hopefully, one of them would take care of the problem immediately, and that is exactly what happened. When I got there, the first worker who saw me understood what I needed and changed the tires in minutes.

"That's 650 shekels," he told me when he was done.

I went in to pay at the register and then, to my great surprise, the cashier told me, "You don't need to pay. Someone already paid for you."

"Are you sure?! 650 shekels?!"

"Yes, I'm sure," he responded.

"Who paid?"

"Who cares who paid? Take your car and go!" he told me.

He hurried me out, and I left with my car, filled with emotions and thanks to Hashem. I had given up a less expensive repair so as not to miss out on hours learning in *kollel*, and without my saying a word, Hashem sent me payment in full.

It's incredible how Hashem cares for those who sit and learn His Torah. *Ashreinul!*

## ✕ Why Did I Suddenly Think of Him? ✕

**Y.K. from Yerushalayim related:**

I went to Har Hamenuchos to daven at the grave site of a tzaddik. While I was there, someone walked over to me and asked, "Are you an avreich?"

"Yes," I responded, "baruch Hashem."

"Then you probably could use some money, right?"

"Baruch Hashem, I have everything I need," I told him. We have a nice income that suits our family's needs.

"But you must know some other avreich who needs money," the man insisted. "Can you do me a favor? I have 1,500 shekels here in ma'aser money. Can you give it to an avreich who needs it?"

He gave me the cash, and I took it upon myself to bring it to the right address. I thought of all the people I knew. Which of them truly needed this support? I thought of a certain friend who learned in another kollel. I hadn't met him for over half a year, but as I recalled, he could definitely use the help.

I phoned him.

"Do you need 1,500 shekels?" I asked.

"Yes!" he responded immediately. "How did you know?"

"I didn't know," I answered honestly. "You were simply the first person I thought of when someone gave me money to give to someone who needs it."

He was overjoyed.

"Listen to this," he explained. "My financial situation is not too great." When he said "not too great," he meant that he had no money to buy anything at all.

"Two weeks ago I borrowed 500 shekels in order to buy what I needed for Shabbos. A week passed; I didn't have the means to return the debt, and I needed money for the next Shabbos. So I borrowed 500 shekels again in order to make Shabbos. Now it's the third week. I can't keep on borrowing. I first need to return the money I already borrowed. But I can't come home with nothing. We need to eat on Shabbos. I davened to Hashem and said, 'Ribbono shel Olam, I'm not borrowing any money this week. I'm using my credit card, and You will cover the expense.'

"And – look what happened! Hashem heard my pleas, and you called with the exact sum I need – a thousand shekels to return the debts of the last two weeks, and another 500 for this week!"

I was amazed. For over half a year I hadn't met this friend, then suddenly I remembered him when Hashem wanted to send him his needs for Shabbos.

## ✕ Door-to-Door Service ✕

**Rav Gershon Goldberg from Yerushalayim relates:**

*Reb Rav Chaim Vital speaks fiery words of emunah. One who trusts in Hashem, he says, needn't make any form of hishtadlus. What happens when Ezra, with simple faith, takes his words literally?*

I went to a huge event in Yerushalayim that included speeches by Gedolei Yisrael, singing, and tremendous chizuk. The hall was packed, and there was standing-room only. I felt it was such a zechus to be a part of it, but my feet were burning. I must have been standing there, leaning forward, for at least four hours straight.

When the event ended, all I wanted was to get home and put my feet up, and the last thing I wanted was to wait at a packed bus stop in order to get on an equally packed bus back to my neighborhood.

My son helped out. He stopped a car and asked for a ride. The driver let us on, but he could take only us partway home. "I'm leaving the city," he informed us, "and I can bring you only as far as the Ramot junction. From there you can get a bus into your neighborhood."

It was certainly better than nothing. I breathed a sigh of relief and sank into the comfortable cushioned back seat of the car, but just a few minutes later the driver unceremoniously let us off at the bustling Ramot-junction bus stop. Here we go again, I thought, feeling the ache in my legs. Even getting myself from the edge of the sidewalk to the bus stop was an effort.

I sat down on the bench and thought to myself that I simply couldn't do it. My legs were literally rebelling against me, and I was totally exhausted. I looked around and felt in my pocket, which contained nothing other than a bus pass. What could I do? Mei'ayin yavo ezri? Spontaneously, I uttered a heartfelt tefillah to Hashem. "Please," I said, "I don't have strength to wait for the bus or to stand the whole way home. I don't even have the strength to stand at the edge of the sidewalk and try to

flag down a ride. Please send someone kind to stop and generously offer us a ride."

Minutes later, a car pulled up at the bus stop, and the driver called out to us, "Where do you need to go?"

I responded, telling him my exact address. He opened the door and invited us into his car happily.

"What made you stop for us?" I asked once we were both comfortably seated with seatbelts fastened.

"I live in Sanhedria," he replied unexpectedly. "Something got into the engine of my car, polluting it. Now I need to keep driving for at least forty minutes, until the foreign substance is burned away. I figured that instead of driving around aimlessly on my own, I should use these circumstances to help someone out, and you and your son were the first people I saw." He seemed thrilled with his find. "Imagine," he told me, "if I hadn't found you and I'd just driven around – what a waste of time that would have been. Hashem helped me!"

I literally had the feeling that we were doing him a favor by agreeing to take the ride. I was amazed by the "creativity" inherent in Hashem's hashgachah and by how Hashem had answered my tefillah immediately by sending the kindhearted Yid to bring me all the way home.

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](mailto:hashgachaprutis@gmail.com)**



## Your Say

Mailbox

In your Hebrew newsletter for Parshas Pinchas, you published a story of *emunah* and *bitachon* related by the Koidanover Rebbe shlit"a. It's an amazing story.

I wanted to tell you an incredible addendum to the story, as I heard it from Rav Yoel Zilberfarb shlit"a, who is a close disciple and *shamash* of the Rebbe:

There is a wonderful Yid who comes to the Rebbe shlit"a often for *chizuk* and to discuss all sorts of personal matters.

For a long while, he was unable to meet with the Rebbe because of the Rebbe's packed schedule and other reasons. Finally, he scheduled a day and time when it would be possible for him to come. When the big day came, however, he was sorely disappointed. For personal reasons, he couldn't make it. Regretfully, he called to cancel.

When this Yid later went to shul for Maariv, he noticed the Hashgachah Pratis newsletter from the previous week. He skimmed over it and began reading the incredible story that the Rebbe shlit"a had related several years earlier – the story that was published only now, several years later, so that this Yid, whose disappointment and sorrow were great, would be comforted by it!

"True," he told Rav Zilberfarb, "it wasn't *bashert* for me to meet with the Rebbe personally today, but *min haShamayim*, I received his words of *chizuk* through the Hashgachah Pratis newsletter."

Incredible!

May you be *zocheh* to continue spreading *emunah* and *bitachon* to all of Klal Yisrael.

**Respectfully yours,**

**Menachem Halevi, Bnei Brak.**

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



## Saving Sara'la

**My name is Amram Rothman, and I live in Beitar Illit.**

It was Shabbos day, and we had just finished the last licks of our homemade pareve ice cream dessert following a delicious seudah filled with divrei Torah, zemiros, schmoozing, and fun. I got up and stretched as my older sister brought the mayim acharonim to the table. I am a recent bar mitzvah bachur, and I'm proud of my newfound status. Between my father, my older brother, and I, we finally always have a zimun for bentching, and now it was time for me to put on my hat for bentching.

I walked down the hallway to my bedroom, where I always hung my hat carefully as soon as we'd come home from shul. As I walked into my room, I spied my two-year-old sister sitting on the floor surrounded by Magna-Tiles. I noticed that her mouth was full. Sara'la was chewing on something large.

I walked over and tried to pry her mouth open in order to get the item out, but she kept her mouth firmly shut. What could I do? I looked around and noticed her beloved pink pacifier on my bed. When I brought it up close to her, Sara'la immediately opened her mouth and spat out...a large chicken bone!

What hashgachah! First of all, I entered the room at exactly the right moment, before Sara'la could, chas ve'shalom, begin choking on the bone. Second, the pacifier was right there, just waiting to fill the role of helping me save Sara'la from the choking hazard. This was our "small" Shabbos miracle, among so many other daily miracles that we don't always notice!



## The Suit that Cleaned Itself

**My name is Shimon, and I live in Kiryat Sanz in Netanya.**

It was an hour before Shabbos and, pulling my Shabbos suit out of the closet, I hurried to shower and get dressed. Ten minutes later, I was dressed and ready to help out with the last-minute rush to Shabbos, then to hurry out the door with my father to shul.

Mincha, Kabbalas Shabbos, and Shir Hashirim. Snacks for us kids. Maariv. The beautiful Shabbos seudah with two of my married siblings and my yummy nephews in attendance. By the time I was making my way to bed, it was close to midnight. As I was putting on pajamas, I noticed that my Shabbos suit was really dirty. What will I wear tomorrow morning? was my last thought as I drifted off into sleep.

In the morning, I said Modeh Ani and then remembered about the suit. Right then and there, I asked Hashem to help me find another, clean suit to wear for Shabbos day. I opened my closet and saw the exact suit I had worn the night before, hanging there clean and ready to be worn. This is truly a miracle! I thought. How did the suit get cleaned and back into the closet when I clearly remembered it being dirty and stained after the previous night's seudah?

When we got home from shul, I realized how this "miracle" had occurred. The previous night, I had mistakenly worn the same suit in a smaller size. It was a suit I had worn last year and no longer wore today. This was Hashem's way of preparing a clean suit for me in advance, to wear all Shabbos day. Thank you, Hashem!



## Found Just in Time

We went on a family summer bein hazmanim trip to a huge local park. On the way home, my sister Gitty suddenly realized she was missing her bracelet. "Oh, no!" she cried. "Where did my bracelet disappear? Where could it be?"

My mother encouraged Gitty to retrace her steps, going back to the park to look for the bracelet. Seeing how distraught she was, I volunteered to come along. We walked breathlessly back, retracing the path our family had taken, until we were in the now-almost-empty park. To our surprise, the first person we met was the park cleaner. He was standing near the garbage can, and in his hand he was holding a silver bracelet with small pink stones – Gitty's bracelet!

He held it up and asked, "Are you kids looking for this?"

"Yes!" we answered in unison.

We noticed he'd been about to throw the bracelet out and that we'd come at exactly the right moment. Everything was orchestrated by Hashem so that Gitty would get back the bracelet she loved!



**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?**

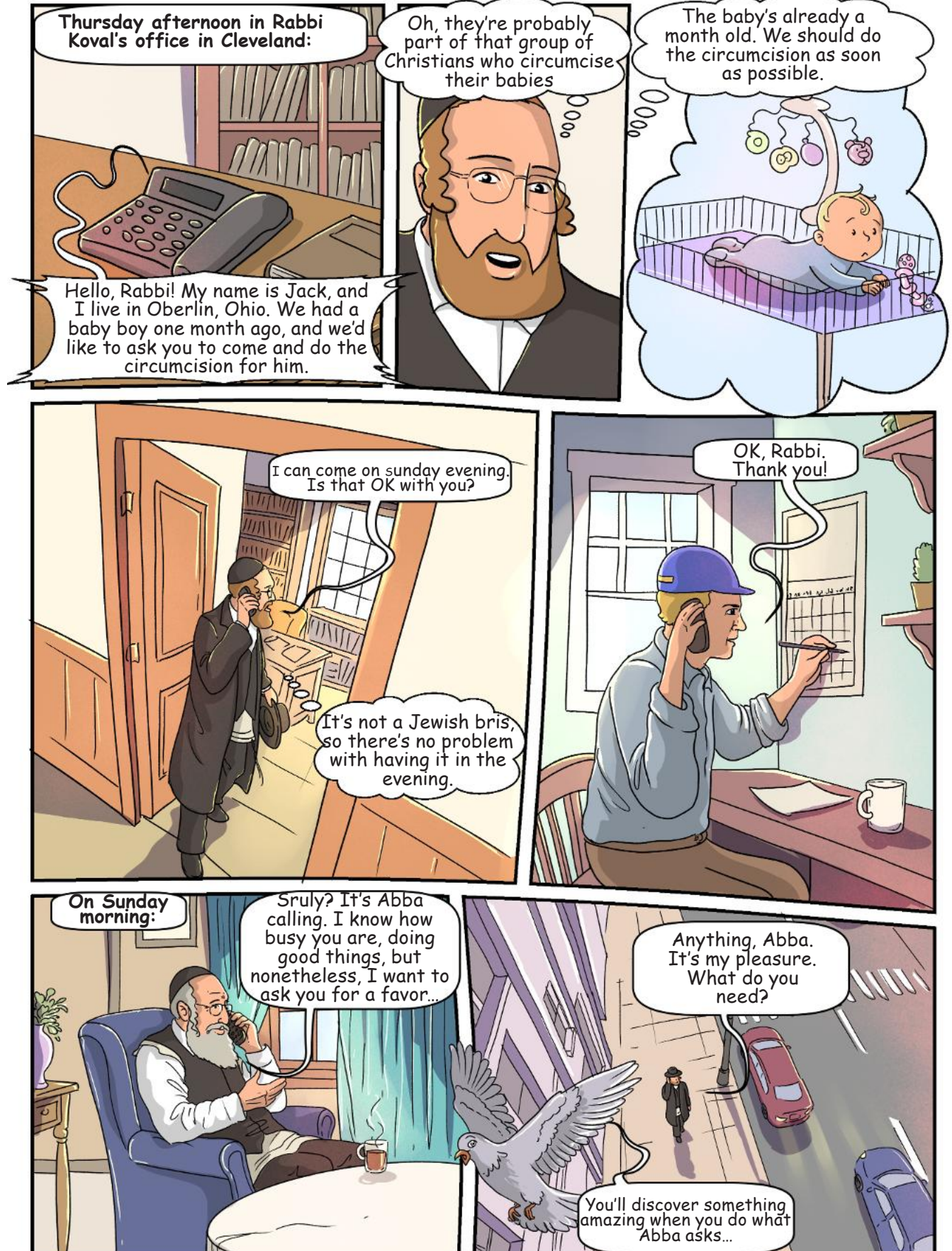
**Call the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/4**



Rabbi Sruly Koval shlit"a, the famous mohel from Cleveland, told us this amazing story.

## A Spark Reignited

Chapter 1 of 4



## They Make it Happen

An inside look at those who spread emunah and bitachon

### Where do you distribute the newsletters?

I live in Kiryas Yoel. I give it to several friends, and the rest I take to the beis midrash, where I give out some in the morning and some in the evenings.

### What inspired you to get involved?

I got the newsletter by email, and then I downloaded many of the older newsletters from the website. The content spoke to me.

### What reactions have you gotten from the people who receive the newsletter from you?

All the Yidden who read it, love it. In the beis midrash where I give it out, there are Yidden of all ages – children, bachurim, fathers. Anyone who takes it once takes it the next week too and becomes a regular.

### What special or interesting instance of hashgachah pratis have you experienced?

Hashgachah pratis accompanies me everywhere, all the time. How could I

even talk about it? As we say, “al nisecha sheb’chol yom” – every day and each moment is a miracle from Hashem!

### Is there anything you want to share with others who are thinking about distributing the newsletters?

If you’re not embarrassed to enter the beis midrash and put a few newsletters on the table, it’s worth your while to do it. Some people are afraid of doing anything that will make them stand out. If you have confidence, though, and you feel strongly about bitachon in Hashem, then you’ll tell yourself, “I’m doing this no matter what.” There’s really no reason not to do it. People of all ages read and enjoy it, and the zechus is all yours.

Also, many times the gabba'im complain about pamphlets that are left in shuls and that need to then be put into sheimos at their expense, but in this case, the newsletters do not have Hashem's Name in them at all, and anyway, it doesn't matter, because not one is ever left in shul!

**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!



You'll receive 10 copies of the Hashgacha Pratis Newsletter to distribute to others

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!

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

**Call: 585-308-3293**

Rabbanim endorse the use of ma'aser funds for these subscriptions

The newsletter does not contain any content that requires genizah. This newsletter should be treated respectfully and wrapped before disposal. Placing it in sheimos is recommended.

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

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