

# 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 Nitzavim-Vayeilech, 5786 × 206

## Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

### Rav Galinsky's Insight: Sometimes We Ask for Too Little

"Do you see me, standing here in Eretz Yisrael, with children and grandchildren who are all *yere'im ushleimim*?" Rav Yaakov Galinsky once exclaimed emotionally.

"Let me tell you what I davened for many years ago," he continued.

"Years ago, I was held captive in a Soviet prison, where you never knew how many minutes you had left to live. I saw my fellow prisoners being taken to their deaths, one after another, and some of the *Yidden* did not even merit *kever Yisrael, R"l*.

"I feared for my life, for my future. What if I too never got a proper halachic burial? I decided to daven for this with all my strength. I begged Hashem with tears: 'Please, help me come to *kever Yisrael!*'"

Rav Galinsky concluded:

"See how far I was from understanding the greatness of Hashem, how shortsighted I was at the time! Could I have imagined that the Ribono shel Olam would bring me to Eretz Yisrael, enable me to establish glorious generations and to give over Torah and *yiras Shamayim* to so many *talmidim*?"

Sometimes a person is experiencing a great difficulty, and his whole desire is merely to get out of the challenge in which he finds himself.

A person who is in debt just wants to get rid of the debt.

A person who has problems at home just wants them to end.

A person who is worried about his children just wants to see them walking in the proper path.

This applies to every aspect of life.

When we daven, we need to remember that we're talking to our Father in *Shamayim*, Who has more mercy than anyone else, Who *wants* to give us everything, bountifully, both spiritually and materially.

We need not limit our requests. We should daven for everything!

He can give us tremendous bounty.

He can turn over a child's heart and enable him to become a genuine *yarei Shamayim* who lights up the world with his Torah and good deeds.

Let's not be stingy with what we ask for. Let's believe in Hashem's limitless powers and ask Him for everything!

**Gut shabas,  
Panachas Shefer**

## They Show Us the Way

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

### It Was All Worth It

***Despite his advanced age and ailing health, the Chafetz Chaim embarked on the arduous journey from Radin to Warsaw. As he later commented, one thing made the whole effort worth it. What was it?***

The year was 1927. A terrible decree hung over all of Polish Jewry. With the encouragement of their so-called "enlightened" Jewish brethren, the Polish government was in the process of enacting a series of laws aimed at "advancing" education provided for Jewish children. The law would require all *melamdim* to earn a secular degree in education. Teaching children without the degree would be punishable by law. Rabbis and community leaders would be required to get a secular degree as well, and a special unit – composed wholly of secular Jews – would be established to govern and preside over the various Jewish communities in Poland.

The *heiligh* Chafetz Chaim, leader of world Jewry, sat in his small home in Radin and trembled in fear of the terrible threat to *Yiddishkeit* that the proposed laws posed. He was old and his heart was weak, yet it beat with the hearts of all of Klal Yisrael.

"Please," he begged his family members, when efforts from afar yielded nothing, "bring me to Warsaw. I cannot stay here when the danger in Poland is so great. Our response to these decrees requires *mesirus nefesh!*"

It was early morning and freezing cold when the Chafetz Chaim and his entourage boarded the wagon that would bring them to the train station and onto the train headed in the direction of Warsaw. The slight frame of the Chafetz Chaim, wrapped in a coat and leaning on his grandson Reb Eliezer Kaplan, was a sight to behold.

The trip was long and hard, the road bumpy. Upon their arrival in Warsaw, the Chafetz Chaim immediately arranged for an emergency gathering with over



### ✕ A Full Tank ✕

"I was out in my car running errands when I suddenly noticed the warning light on my dashboard told me that my gas tank was almost empty," Akiva Weissman from Beit Shemesh began his story.

"Oh, no!" I thought. "Hashem, please help me get to a gas station before I run out of gas!"

Hashem heard my *tefillah*. I made it to the gas station; and now came the next stage: searching the car for money to pay for gas. I searched all my pockets, the car, under the seats, everywhere. *Chassdei Hashem*, I found a fifty-dollar bill under the dashboard.

I apologized to the worker and asked him if it would be okay for me to pay for gas with dollars. He couldn't do it. It wasn't allowed, he said. I should change the bill into shekels and then buy ~~your~~ gas. Of course, that was not something I could do, since there was no place nearby where I could change money, and I couldn't drive to a money changer, because I had no gas! I could only turn to Hashem once again, this time relying totally on His *chesed* alone.

The *yeshuah* came quickly. A Yid from America drove into the station, and I went over to his car and asked, "Can you help me?"

"You help me and I'll help you," he answered.

"How can I help you?" I asked him.

He showed me how he was trying to fill up his car, and the hose had somehow gotten tangled. I untangled the mess and set up the hose properly. He thanked me wholeheartedly.

"And now, tell me," he said, "how can I help you?"

I took the fifty-dollar bill out of my pocket, showed it to him, and asked if he could possibly change it for shekels.

"Of course," he replied. "Gladly."

Then he got really excited.

"Listen," he said. "You were sent to me *min haShamayim*. I'm on my way to the airport now, where I'll return this rental car and then fly back to New York. I just needed to fill the car with enough gas to make it to the airport here, but I didn't think about how I'll get home from the airport in New York. I'll need dollars to pay for a cab, and I had none at all. We had to meet so that I could change your fifty dollars for shekels and end up with the exact amount of money I'll need to get from the airport to my house."

I filled up at that gas station too – with energy and *emunah* to continue my life's mission, the mission of every Yid, to spread *emunah* wherever we go.

### ✕ My Private Driver ✕

Rav Yisrael Leifer *shlit"a* from Bnei Brak related how Hashem prepared support for him even before the difficult car accident he endured:

On Erev Shabbos *Parshas Kedoshim*, I was in an accident. My friend was driving me to do a mitzvah, and our car was hit by a bus. The front of the car was totally smashed. *Baruch Hashem*, I was wearing a seatbelt, but I was rattled back and forth repeatedly by the force of the crash.

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four hundred *Rabbanim* and *Rebbes* present. Among the participants were the Imrei Emes of Gur, the Alexander Rebbe, the Belzer Rebbe, Reb Baruch Ber of Kaminitz, Reb Naftali Zilberberg and others. At the gathering it was decided that the Chafetz Chaim, along with several others, would meet with the Polish prime minister and the secular Jewish leader in the hope of arousing their mercy and getting the terrible decrees annulled.

When the Chafetz Chaim began to speak before the Polish leaders, he spoke from the depth of his heart, and hot tears coursed down his cheeks. He'd barely concluded his words when the prime minister rose and reverently said, "There's no need to translate. I understand the language of the heart. I will halt the enactment of all these new laws immediately!"

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What was it, though, that made the Chafetz Chaim say, "It was worth the entire effort of coming to Warsaw?"

During his subsequent stay in the city, the Chafetz Chaim had a visitor. It was a local Yid, who took advantage of the

*gadol hador's* presence in his city to come and pour out his heart and his woes. As soon as he was allowed into the room, the man burst into tears, telling the Chafetz Chaim all his *tzaros* and tribulations.

The Chafetz Chaim listened carefully.

"You should know, my dear friend," he said, once the well of tears and words had dried up, "that you're still young, and you have your life ahead of you. Trust in Hashem. Surely, things will get better for you."

"When a Yid is in pain," the Chafetz Chaim continued, "Hashem Himself is with him in his pain. Let's strengthen our *emunah* that Hashem will surely improve your circumstances very soon."

For half an hour the Chafetz Chaim soothed and encouraged the man with words of *emunah* and *bitachon*.

"It was worth all the effort," the Chafetz Chaim was later heard commenting. "It was worth enduring the whole trip to Warsaw and everything else in order to strengthen this Yid in *emunah* and *bitachon*!"

**Shiur by Reb Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"a***

### The Fruit of Bitachon in This World

There aren't many people who've heard of Reb Yaakov Krantz by name. Most people know him as the Dubno Maggid. One of his *sefarim*, published after his death, is the "*Sefer Hamiddos*," which defines and explains the various *middos* of a person. The fifth "gate" in the *sefer* is called the *Shaar Habitachon*, and it includes many smaller chapters.

In his *Shaar Habitachon* the Maggid describes what a person who lacks *bitachon* is missing in life. He explains that people without *emunah* lack *ahavas Hashem*. They might even come to committing terrible sins, such as stealing. Hashem removes His *hashgachah* from them and places them, *kivyachol*, in the hands of those in whom they place their trust.

He comments that there are people who need daily *chizuk*, and that the root of all *yeshuah* is complete *bitachon* in Hashem. The opposite of *bitachon*, he says, is fear. A person who doesn't trust in Hashem and rely on Him completely will often suffer from fear and anxiety.

He concludes his *Shaar Habitachon* with the following comment: "The principle that emerges is that the fruit of *bitachon* is *hashgachah*." What does a person get from strengthening his *bitachon*? While he is *mechazek* himself, he feels confident and calm and serene. But what happens afterward? What happens once he closes his *sefer* and continues his day? Of course we know that his reward awaits him on High, but the Dubno Maggid adds that he receives reward in this world as well. "The fruit of *bitachon* is *hashgachah*."

This concept is so important that we should repeat it to ourselves all the time. The natural outcome of increased *bitachon* is that one merits to see Hashem's *hashgachah*! The more a person believes and trusts in Hashem, the more *hashgachah* and *shefa* Hashem will shower upon him. Every minute we invest in increasing our *bitachon* comes back to us tenfold with *siyata diShmaya*.

As the Vilna Gaon says, whenever we learn or acquire something new in *bitachon*, we can daven and ask for what we need!

In the hospital they examined me thoroughly and, *baruch Hashem*, declared me perfectly healthy, other than some bumps and bruises. All my internal organs were fine. *Chessed Hashem!* When I got home, the house was ready for Shabbos and I was able to prepare myself and later even go out to the Rebbe's *tisch*. Everything seemed fine, though I was really in pain from all my bruises.

On Sunday I gave a *shiur* in Bnei Brak and then went out to give my *Daf Yomi shiur* in Elad. This is a *shiur* I've been *zocheh* to give for over three decades. Through all the vicissitudes of life, including weddings, important meetings, and some unfortunate events, I have never missed giving the *shiur*. I did not even contemplate forgoing the *zechus*, but I couldn't deny the pain I was feeling.

I exerted myself tremendously, giving the *shiur* for over two hours, and the pain I was feeling got worse and worse. When the *shiur* was over, I realized there was no way I could get on a bus back to Bnei Brak. The walk to the bus stop, followed by sitting in the cold air in the air-conditioned bus, would only increase my pain.

On the other hand, I didn't feel comfortable asking anyone for a ride home. I didn't feel like sharing how I was feeling. Wordlessly, I asked Hashem to find me a way back home.

I davened Maariv, and as soon as davening was over, as I was contemplating how to get out of the shul, a young *bachur* walked up to me and said, "I want to take the *Rav* home in my car. I didn't forget my promise."

He was referring to a "promise" he'd made over half a year earlier.

Back then, the *bachur* was trying to get his driver's license and had twice failed his driving test. He came over to me after the *shiur* and asked me to give him a *brachah* that he would succeed in getting his license.

I bentched him wholeheartedly. "May you pass the test and always drive safely, to good places," I told him warmly.

"And," he added, enthused by my words, "as soon as I pass, I promise to drive the *Rav* home after the *shiur*, at least ten times."

An older man who overheard our conversation commented immediately that, good intentions aside, it wouldn't be possible for him to fulfill that promise. "There's a law that for half a year after receiving your driver's license you're not allowed to drive at night," he informed the *bachur*.

The *bachur* heard, but still, as he now assured me, "I didn't forget my promise. I've been driving for half a year now, and it would be my honor to drive the *Rav* back home tonight."

*Baruch Hashem*, this wonderful *bachur* drove me home without my having to ask anyone for a ride or explain what I'd been through. Hakdosh Baruch Hu, Who decreed that I endure the accident, also prepared a private driver for me in advance, so I could continue being *marbitz Torah* despite my pain.

### ✕ My Advice Worked ✕

Shlomo Weiss from New Jersey related:

My friend had so many financial problems. He was struggling every day. He turned to me for advice on how to increase his income. We thought about it together, but I didn't really have any concrete ideas for him. I also knew that he was learning seriously, and I hesitated to suggest something that would take him away from his learning.

"You know what?" I told him. "Just learn more and more. Strengthen your *limud haTorah*." This was the advice I'd always gotten from my *Rabbanim*.

He accepted my suggestion, and later he told me that the advice really worked. Every time he invested himself more and more in his learning, the money somehow came in.

That day, he was supposed to pay his credit card bill, and he had no means of doing so. Nonetheless, he sat down to learn. It was true *mesirus nefesh*. He left behind all his calculations and fears of what would happen if by the end of the workday there was no money to cover his bills. He put himself completely into the *sugyah*.

Suddenly, he got a call. It was his friend from the neighborhood.

"How are you?" he asked buoyantly. "I must thank you for the good financial advice you gave me the other week."

My friend didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Apparently, he'd given good advice to others, but he himself was still penniless.

"Your advice was perfect," the man continued. "I did what you said and gained a nice sum. Now I have *ma'aser* to give. Do you know anyone who could use it?"

My friend was ashamed to volunteer his own name in response, but bravely, he forged on. "I don't know exactly what to tell you," he said, "but I myself am quite pressured for money, and I need to cover my credit card bill today. Perhaps you are the *shaliach* I was waiting for.

His neighbor immediately understood. "Yes, yes, I am the *shaliach*," he responded. "What about your mortgage? Have you already paid it this month?"

"Not yet," my friend responded quietly.

"So it's all taken care of," his neighbor responded. "It'll be in your account today."

He took my friend's bank account information and that very day he transferred the amount he needed

to pay the credit card and the mortgage.

My advice had worked. My friend took upon himself the burden of Torah, and Hashem removed from him the burden of *derech erez*.

### ✕ Grab that Moment! ✕

Someone I know from Williamsburg is quite a *chashuveh bachur* – wise, diligent, and blessed with good character traits and good looks. He is every future mother-in-law's dream, except for one tiny problem: he limps. As a small child, he was in a difficult car accident and was in rehabilitation for many months afterward. *Baruch Hashem*, he emerged from the experience in perfect health, except for the limp.

When this wonderful *bachur* started *shidduchim*, it became clear that the problem was not quite as "tiny" as he and his family had assumed. People placed a lot of emphasis on outward appearances, and when he walked, it didn't look too great. As his friends began getting engaged, his mother received almost no suggestions for him. Nonetheless her *emunah* was strong. She refused to compromise on all the important things and sought a girl with good *middos* and the potential to be a fitting *eishes chayil* for her wonderful son.

One day, the mother decided it would be proper *hishtadlus* for her to send a picture of her son to the community *shadchanim*. The picture would show them that his face was clear and good-looking, and his limp was a problem that showed up only when he walked. Perhaps it would convince the proposed families and girls to look away from his slight handicap.

That day, the *bachur* went out to shul for *Shacharis*, and he planned to sit and learn right afterward. After davening, he wanted to go to the kitchenette off the *beis midrash* to make himself a coffee before beginning to learn. As he was walking toward the kitchenette, an older man was walking toward him holding a hot drink in each hand – a cup of coffee and a cup of tea. The *bachur* respectfully moved aside so as not to bump into the man, but at that very moment another man brushed past the two of them in a rush, barely noticing them. He ran past the man with the cups, causing the coffee to spill over,

"What have you done?!" the man with the cups shouted, turning to see who was at fault for the spill. The man who pushed him was no longer there. He

might not even have been aware of what he'd done. But the *bachur*, the one who limps and whose face shines with *eidelkeit*, was standing there, and he got the brunt of the man's wrath.

"Hey, you!" he sputtered. "Don't you have eyes?! Can't you look where you're going? What do you think – that the whole world belongs to you?!" As he shouted, his arms moved along with his words, and the cup of tea went the way of the coffee. This time, the hot liquid spilled directly onto the *bachur's* face.

He got a real burn. The tea dripped over his glasses and onto his nose. He stood there, confused, but before he could gather his wits and react, a bystander rushed over to him and whispered in his ear, "Don't respond. This is your opportunity. Daven to Hashem right now for your *shidduch*!"

This wise and sensitive *bachur* accepted the good advice he'd received. He said nothing, though there was much that he could have said. Everyone who

saw it happen understood that the older man was dead wrong. Even if the *bachur* had been the one to cause the spill, shaming him publicly and throwing a cup of tea in his face was beyond all reason.

Hot tears joined the now-lukewarm drops of tea dripping down the *bachur's* face, and he used those moments to ask Hashem to send him his true *shidduch* and enable him to build his own home.

There was no way his mother could carry out her plan of taking a picture of him that day. His face was red from the burn he'd gotten, and it would take time for the redness to fade. Nonetheless, two weeks later, with no picture being sent to anyone, the *bachur* was engaged!

He found his *bashert*, and certainly, with the sterling *middos* he displayed, the *zivug* will be *oleh yafeh*, and a new home for the *Shechinah* will be established in this world.

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

As a subscriber to your wonderful magazine, I would like to share an idea that recently came to my mind, and it reiterated what we all know to be true: The more a person speaks about *emunah* and *hashgachah pratis*, the more he sees and experiences it. This applies to listening to your phone line, and to reading the newsletters and the magazine as well.

I was traveling on one of the main highways in the country and stopped at a gas station for a short break. I saw something there I'd never seen before: At the side of the station there were two different types of charging stations for electric cars.

Coming closer, I saw a *frum* man charging his car at one of the stations. Curious, I asked him about the difference between the two stations, and he explained: There are cars that need to be

charged for a longer time, with more electricity, and there are cars for which a quick charge suffices in order to get them to where they need to go.

I drove off, and suddenly the parallel hit me: Your weekly newsletter is a quick charge that gives us *chizuk* to get through the week, while your monthly magazine is a "charging station" in every sense of the word, providing a quantity of *emunah* and *bitachon* to get us through the whole month!

*Chizku v'imtzu!* Your *zikui harabbim* is very great. May Hashem help you continue spreading the light of *emunah* and *bitachon* to the whole world!

**Best wishes,**

**Shimon Eidelman, Yerushalayim**

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



## Why Me?

My name is Shmuel, and I live in Modi'in Illit.

It was early Friday afternoon.

"Shmuel," said my mother, "I need to go out to run a few errands. Chaim is playing in his crib. Please stay in the house with him until I come back, and also clear off the dining room table and the floor while I'm gone."

It was on the tip of my tongue to protest. *Why me? Why now? Where is everyone else?* I saw that my mother already had her purse in hand and that she had one foot out the door. I nodded noncommittally, and Mommy, distracted by a phone call, left the house. The door closed behind her.

I looked around at the messy dining room and took in the smells of Shabbos cooking wafting from the kitchen. The house was quiet. *Why me?* I thought again. I knew I could just pretend that I hadn't heard about clearing off the dining room table. I could just go lie down with a book and maybe even grab a nap.

It was tempting, but I decided to do the right thing. With a sudden burst of energy, I began taking things off the table and bringing them to where they belonged. Used cups in the garbage. Markers back in the bin. The half-done puzzle back in the box and into the toy closet...

Suddenly, I heard the unmistakable sound of coughing coming from the kids' room. "Chaim!" I remembered. He was playing in his crib, and I was the only one home. I ran to his room, opened the door, and saw that he was coughing and his face was slightly blue. In a second, I had my finger in his mouth, where all the way in the back, I could feel one of those small metal blocks we cheder boys play with all the time. It was blocking his airways. Gently, I pulled it up into my finger and out of his mouth.

Chaim gave one last cough, and then his whole body seemed to relax. He smiled slightly, as if to say, "Thanks, bro." I shuddered, thinking of what might have happened if I'd gone to sleep.

*Why me?* I thought for the third time. Apparently, Hashem had placed me in a very important position that Friday afternoon. After I made the choice to listen to my mother, Hashem appointed me the *shaliach* to save baby Chaim from choking. I'm so glad I fulfilled my mission properly!



## Silver Linings

We all know the expression, "Every cloud has a silver lining." In every difficult situation there is something good, too. (In truth, *everything* Hashem does is good, including the "clouds" – those things that *seem* dark and cloudy.)

Last week, although we were stuck in what seemed like a "cloud," my entire class was able to see the silver lining clearly.

My name is Moishy, and I live in Beit Shemesh, which, as the name describes, is a really sunny city. In the summer the sun beats down on the pavement and on parks and stores, and the temperatures are often quite high. We thank Hashem for our air-conditioned homes and stores and schools and busses; we drink a lot, and we try to stay inside during the hottest hours of the day.

Last Monday started off as a regular day in *cheder*. The whole class was in attendance, and we davened and learned diligently until the welcome sounds of the bell informed us that it was time for recess. Usually, at least half the class jumps up and runs out to the yard as soon as the bell rings. We play different forms of tag and come back inside, hot and sweaty, only when we hear the bell informing us (too soon) that recess is over. For some reason though, today was different. Instead of running out the door, we all stayed in our seats, schmoozing, eating, and walking around.

Minutes before the bell rang ending recess, there was a sudden short circuit in the building, and all the air conditioners stopped working. Unfortunately, we had to learn without air conditioning for the next hour and a half, until the problem was fixed. The silver lining? We hadn't run around in the sun all recess long. We weren't all hot and sweaty as we usually were, and so the whole situation was much more tolerable. Thank you, Hashem!



### 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



## A Spark Reignited

Chapter 2 of 4

*Last week: Jack, a guy who lives in Ohio, asks Rabbi Koval to circumcise his baby. They arrange to meet on Sunday evening. Then, on Sunday morning, Rabbi Koval's father calls with a request...*



Can you drive me and Mommy to the airport?



Gladly, Abba, gladly!

The airport is on the way to Oberlin. I could continue straight from the airport to there. I'll ask the baby's father if I can come a bit earlier.



Hello? Yes, Rabbi! Did you need something?



You want to come earlier... would 3 p.m. work for you?



We've arrived at the airport.

Thank you, Sruly!

Hashem should *bentch* you!

Amen! Thank you, Abba and Mommy. Have a good flight!



I still have over an hour before I have to drive to Oberlin. I'll use the time to get organized and buy equipment for the bris.



An hour later:

Oh! It's a bit late. I'd better hurry...



I have a feeling I've forgotten something really important. What could it be?

## They Make it Happen

An inside look at those who spread emunah and bitachon

### Where do you distribute the newsletters?

In camp.

### Did you distribute them before this?

No, I just started in recent weeks.

### Are you planning on distributing them after the summer too?

Right now I'm in the country, and after the summer I want to distribute them in *Beis Midrash Sanz-Zvihil* in Union City.

### What inspired you to start?

I read the newsletters many times and...they are simply amazing. There's nothing else to say – they simply open your eyes!

### Did you experience any hashgachah pratis personally in connection with the newsletter or the phone line?

I have many stories of hashgachah pratis, and there's no way to recount all of them. We live with *hashgachah pratis* every day, and there's an even deeper point here.

I always tell my children the stories from the newsletter, and all the stories printed there end well. I then tell my children that even if the story had ended differently, it would still have been determined from *Shamayim*, with Hashem's *hashgachah*. It's very nice to hear these stories in which we can see that it all ended well, but we need to know that *hashgachah* exists in the opposite cases as well. If we lose 5,000 dollars in a coat pocket and never find it, that is hashgachah pratis just as if we find it several days later, as in all the stories. It's important to remember this!

### Do you have a message you'd like to give people who are considering distributing the newsletters?

It's a great *zechus*. You eat the fruit of it in this world, and the main reward is in the World to Come!

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

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 9/9, Or send an email to [hashgachaprutis@wgmail.com](mailto:hashgachaprutis@wgmail.com)

**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!"

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

**Call: 585-308-3293**

The newsletter is also published in Yiddish and Hebrew

To receive the newsletter send a request to [B023011300@GMAIL.COM](mailto:B023011300@GMAIL.COM)