

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

Incredible stories of *Hashgachah Pratis* in our times. Words of *chizuk* heard on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line.

השגחה פרטית

A World of *Emunah*
A Life of *Bitachon*

Rosh Hashanah, 5787 × 207

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

The Words That Brought Him Home

I met a Yid who looked like a respectable *ben Torah* in every way. When we got into conversation, however, he revealed things I could never have imagined:

"I'm afraid to even describe to you what I looked like two years ago," he began. "I come from a very *frum* home, but at a young age, I started going downhill, until I reached rock-bottom. I had almost no connection at all with my parents.

"One evening," he continued, "my father called me up and said, 'Mommy and I would like to speak to you.' I agreed to come over.

"When I walked into my parents' home, they were sitting at the table, and as soon as we began talking, as if on cue, they both started crying. Their tears were just flowing without a stop. Each of them tried to speak, but they couldn't. They were simply overcome with emotion.

"They must have cried that way for half an hour.

"Afterward, my father was finally able to say the following: *My dear son, we called you here in order to tell you one thing: Wherever you may be, in any situation and time, we are with you. You have a father and mother who love you always. Come and ask us for whatever you want.*

"This unconditional, limitless love that they showered upon me brought me back."

Maharal explains (*Rosh Hashanah* 11) the secret of the shofar. We blow shofar on Rosh Hashanah, and when Moshiach comes, the shofar will be blown as well. The shofar blast is a simple, unbroken call, so that all of Am Yisrael, wherever they might be, will hear the sound and will be drawn by it.

The sound of the shofar is Hashem's way of telling His nation: *Wherever you may be, in any situation and time, I am with you and I love you.* This is the sound of true redemption.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchos Shafer

They Show Us the Way

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

Good Signs

It's Rosh Hashanah night in the home of the righteous mekubal Rav Yehuda Fetaya. One mishap follows another. What is the meaning behind the huge mess?

Light shone from the high-ceilinged windows of the small Yerushalmi home, spilling into the ancient stone alleyways. Outside, *Yidden* streamed home from the various shuls that were tucked into the streets of their crowded neighborhood, dressed in white, their hearts, souls and minds aglow with the potency of the day. Men stopped to bless each other with a *shanah tovah*, then hurried toward their homes, where tables were laden with glowing candles, fresh hot challahs, luscious red pomegranates, and various *simanim* for the New Year.

The elderly *mekubal* Rav Yehuda Fetaya, bedecked in white, was among dozens of Yerushalmi *Yidden* headed for home on this Rosh Hashanah night. He had begun his ascent to greatness in his native Iraq, where he learned from great and righteous men, among them the Ben Ish Chai and Rabbi Abdallah Somech zy"a. He became renowned in his younger years as a *rav*, *mekubal*, and miracle worker, especially through *kameios* (amulets). In the year 5694, he realized his lifelong dream of moving to Eretz Yisrael, where, after a short stint in Ramat Gan, he settled in Yerushalayim.

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Entering his home, the tzaddik was greeted by the welcome sight of dozens of poor and lonely Jews of Yerushalayim, who sat around the festive table awaiting their host. The low murmur of voices died down as all rose respectfully to greet the holy man. The table was beautifully set, bedecked with dozens of oil candles lit by the righteous *rebbeztin*. Rav Yehuda poured wine into his goblet, closed his eyes, and focused intently in preparation for Kiddush. These were holy moments. And then, it happened...

An elderly beggar sitting at the far end of the table rose slowly to his feet, unaware that his leg had become entangled with the long silk tablecloth. In an instant, his leg pulled the tablecloth off the table. The glass

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✕ An Invaluable Opportunity ✕

Forty years ago, I was a child learning in yeshivah in Boro Park, a lively youngster with a lively group of friends. I was a good *talmid* and was drawn to learning, but when it came to secular studies in the afternoon, we all viewed it as one big joke. There was a *rebbe* who taught us math – Rabbi Gifter, and my friends and I took him for a ride each afternoon anew. Personally, I felt the class was a waste of time and totally unnecessary. I did whatever I wanted during that time, and I know my behavior caused the teacher much pain. I have reason to think that Rabbi Gifter suffered personally as a result.

Eventually, we all moved on in life. I went to *mesivta* and *yeshivah gedolah*, where I was *zocheh* to become a serious *ben Torah* and to gain an awareness of the severity of hurting another Yid. From time to time I thought back to my younger days and felt the acute discomfort of knowing that I was carrying a burden. I needed to ask for forgiveness for my past misdeeds.

I married and moved to Lakewood, where, *baruch Hashem*, I continued learning in *kollel*. Over time, I heard that Rabbi Gifter was *niftar*, and I tried – unsuccessfully – to find out where he was buried. Life was hectic, filled with Torah and *ma'asim tovim*; the unresolved errors of my past didn't haunt me constantly, but they were there.

At one point, a young man joined our *kollel* and asked if he could learn with me. It was a bit strange because of the age- and stage gap between us, but we were both interested in learning the same thing, so we became *chavrusas*.

"My mother came to visit from Eretz Yisrael, where she

lives," my young *chavrusa* mentioned one day.

"Is she staying with you?" I asked.

"No," he responded, "she's staying at her brother's house – Gifter."

"Gifter?!" I was startled. "Are you related to Rabbi Gifter who used to teach math in a *yeshivah* in Boro Park?"

"He was my grandfather," my *chavrusa* responded innocently, totally unaware of the storm of emotions he was eliciting.

"I've been looking for him for many years," I shared. "I was a mischievous child, and I regret having caused him pain. I wanted to ask him for forgiveness."

"Today is his *yahrzeit*," my *chavrusa* informed me. "My mother already went to his *kever*, and I was planning to go after *sefer*."

I was amazed. For forty years I had been searching, and now, I discovered that the *chavrusa* I've been learning with every day is actually his grandson. Our shared learning is certainly giving him *nachas* on High. I had the *zechus* to ask his forgiveness at his *kever* and to learn *mishnayos l'ilui nishmaso* on the day of his *yahrzeit*. I thank Hashem with all my heart for the invaluable opportunity He sent my way.

✕ Timed to the Exact Moment ✕

Rabbi Moshe Grandash is the renowned *gabbai* of the famed *shtieblach*, *Zichron Moshe*, frequented by hundreds

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candelabra and goblets crashed to the floor, the candles were extinguished, and the olive oil inside them spilled all over the floor. The house, full of festivity and light, became dark and chaotic.

To the guests' surprise, Rav Yehuda did not become frightened or upset. A smile lit up his face, and they could hear the happiness in his voice as he said, "My dear friends and honored guests – we know and believe that nothing in the world happens by chance. Everything is from Hashem, and everything is for our best. We need to be happy, and with Hashem's help, we will all merit a *shanah tova umesukah! Chalilah* for anyone to be sad or angry on this great day when we re-anoint Hashem as King of His world. We'll clean up the mess, and everything will be fine."

Everyone pitched in, and a short while later the candles were relit and the table rearranged. The spills were cleaned up as much as possible, and Rav Yehuda made Kiddush, his voice laden with emotion.

The crowd of family members and guests washed for the meal, and the *rav*, his eyes once again closed in deep concentration, made the *brachah* over the fragrant challah, and the *rabbanit* went into the kitchen to take the fish off the stovetop. She filled a large metal tray to the brim with spicy hot fish in a fragrant gravy and slowly and carefully began making her way to the table. As she was walking, the remnants of oil on the floor caused her to slip suddenly. She

fell to the ground with a thud, and the tray and all its contents spilled everywhere.

For a moment the house was silent. Everyone looked in shock at the sight of the *rebbeztin* lying on the floor with the fish spread all over and around her. Rav Yehuda, who'd hurried toward his wife with the intention of helping her, slipped as well, right into the muddle of oil and fish, his sparkling white robe now splotted with red and yellow stains.

But even this mess could not hamper Rav Yehuda's rocklike faith and joy on this holiest of days.

Once Rav Yehuda and his wife had gotten up, Rav Yehuda rose and announced emotionally: "My dear friends, all this is from Hashem! Everything that happens is from Hashem, and it is all for the good. I have no doubt that Hashem has decreed upon us a New Year filled with *shefa brachah*!"

"Some of you must be thinking that all the mishaps that happened here tonight are a sign of difficulties that are to come upon us this year," he continued. "But – no! There is no reason to suspect anything of the kind. We trust and believe in Hashem. Positive thoughts create a reality, and in the *zechus* of our *emunah*, we will merit a *shanah tova umesukah*!"

In later years, Rav Yehuda related that the year that followed this Rosh Hashanah was one of the best years of his life, when he was *zocheh* to discover tremendous *chiddushim* in learning.

Shiur by Rav Yehuda Mandel shlita

A Person's Best Friend

Dovid Hamelech endured a very difficult life, even after he became king over Am Yisrael, and certainly before that. He was pursued, degraded, and hated, yet always his circumstances propelled him to greater *emunah* and *bitachon* in Hashem. Dovid Hamelech teaches us that it doesn't matter whether or not you have a *shteller*, connections, honor, or success. The main thing is to what extent you were *zocheh* to come close to Hashem.

Rav Shalom Schawdron *zt"l* took upon himself a *taanis dibbur* for forty days each year, from Rosh Chodesh Elul until Yom Kippur. Rav Shalom, the famous Yerushalmi *maggid*, was a very sociable person, but during the days of Elul, he felt the significance of the words "*ani l'Dod*" – I have a close Friend – Hakadosh Baruch Hu. When one has such a close Friend, he doesn't need anything else.

I recall two other *Rabbanim* who preferred being with Hakadosh Baruch Hu rather than being with people, although they were both friendly and lively, spirited people: Rav Avigdor Miller *zt"l* and Rav Gershon Libman *zt"l*. Rav Gershon wasn't a big talker himself, but he always lent a listening ear to others. When he taught a *seder mussar*, however, he spoke ceaselessly about his desire to be close to Hashem. Rav Miller could speak to people at length, but he always preferred being "with Hashem."

There are many people who feel lonely. They go through life feeling they have no one with whom to share their feelings. Perhaps this is an invitation from Hashem, Who wants to hear from them. Many people saw their *yeshuah* in the *zechus* of their forming a close connection with Hashem and speaking to Him.

Dovid Hamelech, who was distanced from his family for 28 years, and whose brother Eliav degraded him terribly (*Shmuel I* 17:28), escaped to Hashem's embrace, as he describes in *Tehillim* (27), in the *perek* we say during this time.

When things get difficult for you, invest in your connection with the Creator. Thank Him for what is good in your life, tell Him about your difficulties, and trust Him to do what is best for you.

of Jews each day. In the old stone structure, located in the unobtrusive alleyways behind Malchei Yisrael street in Geula, there are constant, round-the-clock minyanim, and people are always coming and going. One could find dozens of American *yeshivah bachurim*, old-time Yerushalmi *Yidden*, and everything in between in this haven of Torah and *tefillah*.

Rabbi Grandash related the following incident on the phone line:

On Friday afternoons, I clean up the *stieblach* for Shabbos. While the building is never empty, it is quieter during those hours when most people are busy preparing for Shabbos. There I was, straightening the benches and sweeping the floors, when I caught sight of a treasure: a lone *tefillin shel rosh* – just that black cube alone, without its case and without its erstwhile partner, the *tefillin shel yad*. I put it down on the table and looked around for some forgotten tefillin case, but I found nothing.

Strange. I felt badly for the Yid who'd lost his *tefillin shel rosh*, and I wanted to help him. I decided to look through the security cameras to see if I could identify him. The pictures zoomed before my eyes, and suddenly, I saw him. He finished taking off his tefillin, placed the *shel yad* back into the case, and then, leaving the *shel rosh* on the table, he walked out of the shul. It was him, for sure.

I took the *tefillin shel rosh* and put them away in a closet, and I davened to Hashem to enable me to do the important mitzvah of *hashavas aveidah*.

That Sunday I identified him at the entrance to one of the rooms, near a *shtender*, in the midst of putting on his *tefillin*. I immediately went over to him and asked, "Do you need your *tefillin*?"

He looked at me as if I'd fallen off the wall. Why in the world was I asking him this question as he was about to put on *tefillin*?!

When a Yid is in the midst of putting on *tefillin*, I don't expect him to respond. I didn't wait, but hurried over to the closet, pulled out the *tefillin shel rosh*, and gave it to him.

Later, he looked for me and said, "Do you understand what happened here?! Usually, I put on my *tefillin* outside the rooms, by the tables in the hallway. Today, for some reason, I decided to do so inside. You caught sight of me the moment I put my hand into the *tefillin* case to take out the *tefillin shel rosh* and discovered it wasn't there. I was about to look into my tallis bag to check whether I'd mistakenly put the *tefillin shel rosh* there."

"At those *exact seconds*," he said, marveling, "you came over and gave me my tefillin! I had no idea I had even lost them!"

"I too have no idea how this all happened," I told him. "I don't know why I was in this particular room now, when I might have been in any of tens of other rooms, collecting *tzedakah* as I do each morning. It's incredible how Hashem directed me specifically here, to identify you as the Yid from the security camera, and give you the tefillin exactly on time!"

See to what extent Hashem takes care of us all, down to the smallest of details!



✕ Hashgachah at the Border ✕

Initially, the war in Ukraine didn't interest me much. I live in Canada, and I followed the news from Ukraine from a distance, in the hope that this war was another step toward Moshiach's coming, which we are all anxiously awaiting.

But then I realized that the war in Ukraine actually affected me personally. The twenty-second of Tammuz was approaching – the *yahrtzeit* of the *heilige* Reb Aharon Karliner *zy"ā*, who is buried in Ludmir, Ukraine. I so wanted to be at his *tziyun* for the *yahrtzeit*! How could I travel while this war was raging?

Nonetheless, I bought tickets for myself and my son. Because of the war, I couldn't get a direct flight to Ukraine, and my travel agent suggested that I travel to Warsaw and then take a car from there to Ukraine. Feeling that it was worth any effort to daven at the *tziyun*, I did as he suggested. We landed in Warsaw and hired a local cab driver to take us to Ludmir. We drove for six hours until we reached the border.

At the border, we had a surprise.

"I don't have documents allowing me to enter Ukraine," said our driver. "Pay me now and cross the border by foot. On the other side, you can take a Ukrainian driver."

It sounded simple enough. We paid and got out of the car. Then we walked up to the border with our suitcases...and we were unceremoniously dismissed. There was no way to cross the border by foot, we were told. The only way to do so was to take another car on the Polish side to another area of the border, a three-hour ride away, where it was legal to walk across.

I really didn't have patience to wait any longer. I didn't feel like enduring another long ride, and I hadn't counted on the high cost of all these cabs in Europe. But the biggest problem was that if the trip took any longer, I was liable to miss davening at the *tziyun* on the *yahrtzeit*.

I stood there, wondering what to do, when suddenly I saw a Yid who looked like a respectable *rav*, a man whose face shone – a rare sight indeed at the border between Poland and Ukraine. I approached his car and asked if I could join him crossing the border.

"Of course," he responded, and he invited us inside. Minutes later, we were on the Ukrainian side.

The remainder of our ride to the *tziyun* was an amazing prelude to the holy moments to come. Our "host" turned out to be none other than the Rebbe of Koidenov *shlit"ā*. The Rebbe filled us in on the special *hashgachah pratis* that had enabled us to meet.

"Our car arrived at the border some time ago," the Rebbe explained, "but one of the passengers had to go out for several moments, and by the time he returned, there were ten cars ahead of us. Being that the security check at the border takes time, we were waiting there for over forty minutes. And all this," the Rebbe concluded, "so that we could meet you and bring you to the *tziyun* in time for the *yahrtzeit*!"

✕ The "Jewish Book" ✕

We made aliyah from Mexico several years ago, leaving family and good memories behind. Both my parents and my in-laws still live in Mexico, and so we knew, coming to Eretz Yisrael, that we'd be back to visit.

Last Sukkos we made the journey back "home" with the entire family, so that our children would get a chance to see their grandparents, and our parents would get some well-deserved *nachas* from all of us. It was a long trip, and in preparation, I packed the Gemara – *Maseches Shabbos* – that I was in the midst of learning, both in *kollel* and in the *amud hayomi*. This small Gemara was filled with annotations and comments in the margins that I'd made while learning, and it was very precious to me. It accompanied me throughout the plane ride and while in Mexico as well.

One day before Yom Tov, I had to take my two-year-old son, who'd been coughing and running a fever, to the doctor's office. I took along my Gemara, and indeed, I was able to learn for almost an hour while we were waiting to see the doctor.

With a prescription for antibiotics in hand, we drove out of the parking lot near the doctor's office to the nearest pharmacy, and then back home. It was only some hours later that I looked for my Gemara and couldn't find it. Where had I seen it last? Had I left at the doctor's office? My wife immediately called and described the "book" to the non-Jewish secretary, who made a thorough check of the lobby and reported that there was nothing in sight.

I was very disturbed by the loss of my Gemara. The doctor's office we'd visited was staffed completely by non-Jews, who would not be aware of the significance of the Gemara and would possibly even dispose of it. I was deeply pained by the thought. The following morning, I made my way back to the office, hoping against hope to find the Gemara somewhere, but a thorough search yielded nothing. The Gemara seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Losing the Gemara meant losing the many insights and thoughts I'd penned into it – the work of several months of *ameilus baTorah*. What could I do? I

davened to Hashem to help me find it, even as we went about our myriad preparations for the *chag*. I could not be consoled, as this was not the type of loss one could just “forget.” I was still hoping it would somehow turn up.

On the second day of Chol Hamoed, my mother called me excitedly as I was making my way home from shul.

“Dr. G. found your Gemara!” she announced excitedly as soon as I picked up the phone.

“Dr. G.?” I echoed in disbelief. Dr. G. was my parents’ neighbor, a wonderful Yid. I couldn’t imagine what he had to do with my Gemara. I hadn’t been at his office with my son. Where could he have found it?

“He said his non-Jewish secretary brought it into the office, explaining that her husband had found it on the sidewalk near the doctor’s office you’d visited. When her husband showed it to her, she realized it

was a ‘Jewish book’ and decided to give it to Dr. G., who would know what to do with it. Dr. G. saw your name inside and brought it right over!” my mother concluded breathlessly.

Suddenly, it all came back to me. When I left the doctor’s office that day, I’d put my son into the car seat and then placed the Gemara on the roof of the car as I folded his stroller to put into the trunk. I must have forgotten the Gemara on the roof as I drove off, and it flew off onto the sidewalk.

I trembled at what could have been the alternate end of this story. How great are Hashem’s ways and how exacting is His supervision of every detail of our lives! If Hashem wills it, a non-Jew in Mexico could become the *shaliach* to return a Yid’s precious *chiddushei Torah*.

This story gave me tremendous awareness of how precious my Torah learning is to Hashem!

Did you see Hashem’s *hashgachah* clearly in your own life? Let us know!
Your story can spread *emunah* to thousands.
Email your story to: hashgachaprutis@gmail.com



Your Say

Mailbox

I want to thank you for your wonderful newsletter. I also want to share with your readers an insight I had while I was hospitalized.

I was admitted into the hospital due to a sudden urgent medical problem. While there, I was *zocheh* to feel myself basking in the Presence of the *Shechinah* Itself and to witness Hashem’s *chesed* up close.

The hospital I was in is considered one of the best in Israel and in the world, with some world-renowned doctors on staff. I met people who truly cared and wanted to help heal their patients, with professional skills and real dedication. But at the same time, I was amazed to see how helpless they were!

Several times, I bore witness to human errors that literally endangered people’s lives – such as conveying the wrong information about a patient’s illness or the treatment he was supposed to receive. Senior doctors didn’t think of the idea of sending their patient for more extensive testing, and when they did,

they didn’t always analyze the tests correctly.

I want to emphasize that I’m not speaking here of medical neglect! I’m talking about caring people who wanted to help, but healing a person is not really in their hands! They want to help, but they’re limited.

I literally felt how a person should not place his trust in any human benefactor. This knowledge actually gives you serenity. You stop being afraid of what they’ll do to you, but rather trust in the One Who is truly responsible for your health.

I saw people leaving the hospital whole and well only because the Healer Above caused them to get better, and I realized, quite simply, that He is the only One worth relying on.

Best regards,

**Chananyah Levi,
Yerushalayim**

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



Of Strollers and Rings

My name is Shloimy, and I live in Yerushalayim. My cousin's bar mitzvah was coming up, and we were all excited to pitch in. My aunt asked my mother if our family could prepare a few trays of fruit, and we were happy to do so.

On the afternoon before the bar mitzvah, my mother asked me to take all the beautiful platters of fruit to the hall. I piled them carefully atop our baby stroller and walked the short distance to the hall, which was just around the corner from our house. After I put the platters down on the table, I hid our stroller on the side of the building, figuring we'd take it back later that evening after the bar mitzvah. But of course, by the time the beautiful event was over, I completely forgot about the stroller and hurried home. My father, who lingered a bit longer at the hall, was looking for the stroller but couldn't find it; he came home without it.

But it seemed not only the stroller had gone missing.

"Tatty," my sister said in consternation as soon as our father walked in, "my ring! My gold bas mitzvah ring is missing! I think when I washed to eat at the bar mitzvah, I left it on the sink in the hall."

There was no time to waste. Tatty put his hat right back on and hurried back to the hall to search for the ring. When he got to the hall and started looking around, another one of my uncles was there.

"You must be looking for your stroller," he assumed. "It was *bashert* that you left it here, because the bar mitzvah boy got so many *sefarim*, there was no way they could bring them all back on one stroller. So they packed several boxes of *sefarim* onto your stroller and used it to transport them back home."

"Actually," my father explained, "I'm looking for Gila's ring..." Sure enough, her ring was lying right there on the side of the sink where she'd left it. It was only because Tatty went back to look for it that he found the stroller too. And it was only because I forgot about the stroller that my cousin conveniently had a way to get his *sefarim* back home. *Hashgachah pratis* at its finest!



"Plane" Hashgachas Hashem

I was so excited to be traveling by plane for the first time that I could barely breathe! We live in Yerushalayim, and because my uncle was getting married, our whole family was traveling to America.

Once we all had our seatbelts fastened and the plane started rising, I felt my heart beating quickly in a mixture of fear and excitement. As my mother instructed me, I held my ears closed with my fingers so they wouldn't hurt from the change in altitude. Because I was a little afraid, I also kept my eyes closed, waiting for the plane to straighten out up in the sky and for the long flight to actually begin.

Suddenly, there was a bit of chaos on board. People were talking about a problem with one of the plane's wings, and those sitting on the back-left side of the plane kept craning their necks to look out the window. Sure enough, we could suddenly hear the pilot talking, his voice smooth enough, though he couldn't hide the slight tremor in his words.

"Ladies and gentlemen, due to a problem with one of our wings, we will land the plane immediately back at Ben Gurion Airport. We hope to circle the airport once and then make a safe landing in order to repair the problem and then fly safely to New York."

The plane was buzzing. All the passengers were talking about the problem and how the airline had neglected to catch it in advance and how long it would take to repair. But we and all the other frum Jews on board focused on one thing alone: *Tehillim*, and asking Hashem to get us safely to the ground and then safely to where we needed to go. My father said *Shir Hama'alos* slowly, and I repeated the *pesukim* after him as the plane circled the airport and then landed back on the ground, only twenty minutes after we'd begun our ascent.

It took two hours to fix the problem, after which we finally took off and eventually, after a longer-than-usual trip, arrived in New York.

As my parents kept saying, Hashem's *hashgachah* was so clear throughout this story. What a *neis* that they discovered the problem right away and that they were able to land and to fix it. We thanked Hashem with all our hearts!



Dear kids!

There are amazing stories just for you on our kids' phone line.

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

Notices

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

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



A Spark Reignited

Chapter 3 of 4

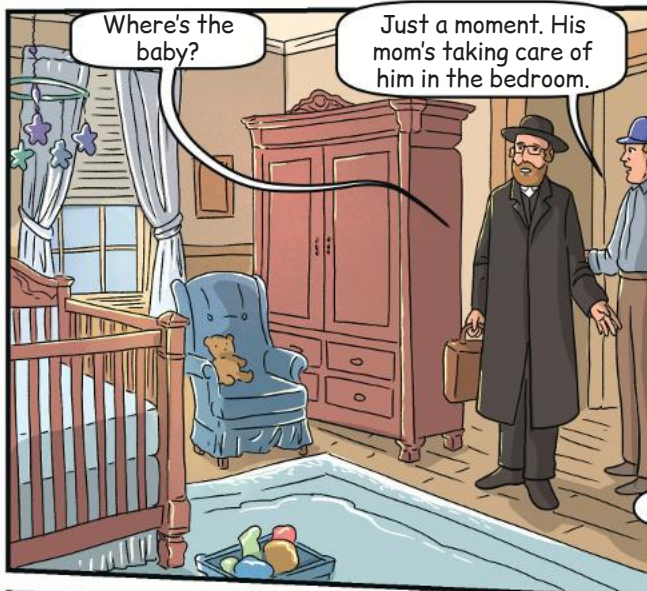
Last week: The mohel, Rabbi Sruly Koval, asks Jack if he could move up his baby's circumcision to the afternoon, since he's driving his parents to the airport. On his way, Rabbi Koval has a feeling he forgot something important...



This is the right address. Baruch Hashem, I made it to the right place, though I'm running a bit late...

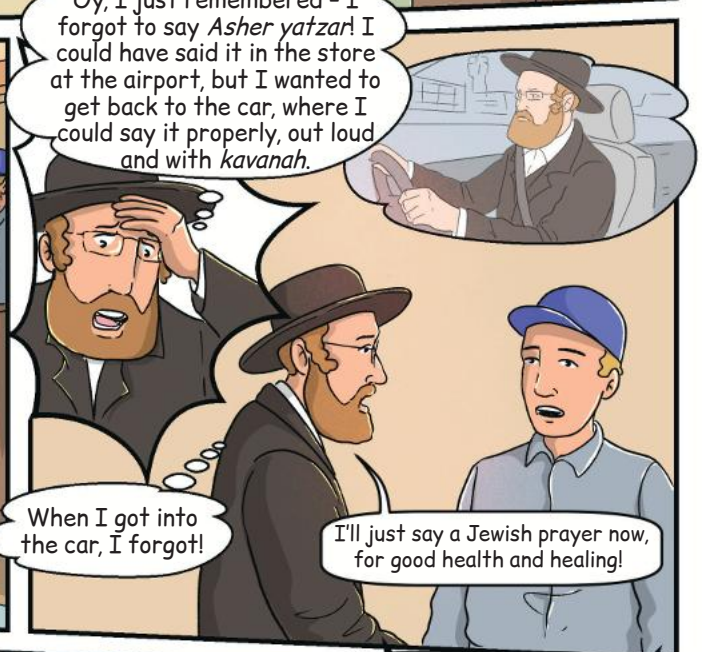


Welcome!



Where's the baby?

Just a moment. His mom's taking care of him in the bedroom.



Oy, I just remembered - I forgot to say *Asher yatzar*! I could have said it in the store at the airport, but I wanted to get back to the car, where I could say it properly, out loud and with *kavanah*.

When I got into the car, I forgot!

I'll just say a Jewish prayer now, for good health and healing!



Asher yatzar...

Hey, I know part of that prayer...



What?

Is the baby's mother Jewish?

Oh, yeah, she told me once that her mom was Jewish. As a young girl she even went to synagogue with her...



Oh! That is critical information...it changes everything!

How terrible! The assimilation... may Hashem have mercy on us!

They Make it Happen

An inside look at those who spread *emunah* and *bitachon*

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

Now, in the summer, I've been distributing them to children in camp.

What are you planning to do after the summer?

I'm not sure yet.

What inspired you to start?

They called me from the *Hashgachah Pratis* office to ask for a donation. I wanted to give one, and I also took on a month of distribution.

Amazing. Did you get any feedback from readers?

The kids said it was very interesting, and they asked for more.

For the past three weeks, due to technical issues, I didn't place the newsletters outside. (As I'll soon explain, this was tremendous *hashgachah pratis*, too). The kids came to ask me if I had any more, and that's when I gave them the newsletters from the past three weeks.

Was there any instance of *hashgachah pratis* you experienced in connection to the newsletters?

Yes! Every Friday, I print several types of pamphlets to give the children to read before and after *davening*.

This past week, there was a *yahrtzeit* on Friday, and the entire camp went on a trip. By the time we returned, it was late Friday afternoon. As I was preparing for Shabbos, I suddenly realized I'd forgotten to print out all my usual pamphlets. But then I realized what *hashgachah pratis* it was that for the past three weeks I hadn't given out the newsletters. One week I forgot; the second week I didn't download it properly; and this week was the third!

I placed the prepared newsletters outside for the children to take, and they all thanked me, telling me how interesting it was to read. I told them it was tremendous *hashgachah pratis*, on this week when I couldn't print the other pamphlets, that I had three weeks worth of these newsletters to give out!

Is there any message you'd like to convey to people who are considering distributing the newsletters?

When you read them, and you put it into your head that everything happens with Hashem's *hashgachah*, it has a huge influence on you!

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@vzgmail.com

Yes!
You can have
an influence!

By making a monthly donation of \$36 to the *Hashgachah 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 tziyun of the Chovos Halevavos in Tzfas.

Reb Shlomo of Zhvile said: "When a person is involved in spreading Hashem's *hashgachah*— he will see it!"

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

Call: 585-308-3293

This newsletter is also published in Yiddish and Hebrew

To receive the newsletter, send a request to B023011300@GMAIL.COM