

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*

Parshas Ha'azinu, 5787 × 208

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

When the Ponevezher Rav Asked, People Gave

When the Ponevezher Rav would travel to collect money for his yeshivah, people opened their hearts and their pockets, and the money would flow.

Once, another rosh yeshivah came to collect in the same place where the Ponevezher Rav had seen great success. Unlike the Ponevezher, however, this rosh yeshivah left with very little. He asked an acquaintance, "Why the difference between us? We are both collecting money for Torah learning. Why did he succeed where I didn't?"

"I'll tell you the truth," the man answered him. "When the Ponevezher came here, he asked for huge sums and gave us all the feeling that he needed them urgently. People felt that if they didn't come through with at least half of what he requested, it would be a lack of *kavod haTorah*."

"When the rosh yeshivah came, however, he gave us the feeling that whatever people gave would be fine. That's why people gave accordingly. They didn't feel obligated."

It all depends how you ask.

We are in the midst of days when Hashem is deciding exactly how our year will look.

When we daven, we should never be satisfied with little.

Every Yid knows and believes in his heart that Hashem can bestow *shefa* upon all of us.

Every Yid knows that Hashem is a merciful Father Who wants to give us only good.

Our job is not to daven sparingly, but rather to ask and ask for everything in abundance! We can daven for great *nachas*, for an abundance of wealth, for health, and for *ruchniyus*, too.

Hakadosh Baruch Hu can give each of us the maximum. We only need to believe in Him and daven to Him.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

They Show Us the Way

Stories of tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

No Evil Descends from on High

What did Reb Feivush of Berzan zy"va speak about in his beis midrash, in a voice choked with tears, on the night of Yom Kippur?

Yom Kippur, 5627. Silence descended upon the congregation as hundreds of Jews clothed in white, their faces reflecting awe and seriousness, stood crowded in the main *beis midrash* in Berzan. The final strains of Kol Nidrei seemed to reverberate in the air as the setting sun colored the sky above the town in crimson shades of orange. The *mispallelim* kissed the *sifrei Torah* reverently as they were taken back to the *aron kodesh*.

The shul was silent as the holy Rebbe, Reb Meshulem Shraga Feivush, the Sfas Emes, walked up to the *bimah* to speak. To the surprise of the entire congregation, no words emerged from his mouth at first. The Sfas Emes began to cry, the sounds of his sobs filling the interior of the shul.

"There are two types of circumstances whereby a person needs to thank Hashem," he began. "One is when *brachah* comes his way, such as honor, wealth, or a *simchah* in his home."

Once again, the Rebbe was overcome with emotion, and he cried. Tears streamed from his pure eyes, eyes that could see beyond the present. "There are other times when we need to thank Hashem as well," he continued. "Sometimes Hashem brings a person to a situation in which he needs to thank Him for the bad! Hashem grants him the privilege of sitting in darkness and concealment, in pain. And then, too, the person blesses Hashem! The truth is that no evil descends from on High, and everything Hashem does is good."

"It is our obligation," he continued, his voice firmer now, "to strengthen our *emunah* in times of misfortune, to the point that we bless Hashem just as we would in times of *simchah*. Even when someone experiences the terrible misfortune of losing a child, he needs to remember that Hashem is full of mercy, that He is the Ruler and Creator of the world, and that everything He does is good."

Cryptically, the Rebbe concluded, "Please,

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This newsletter is just a small taste of thousands of stories and words of *chizuk* heard on the phone-line.

To fill your life with *bitachon* and serenity, call the phone-line now: 1-518-613-0140

✕ A Place for Everyone ✕

My name is Avraham, and I live in Bnei Brak. I have an old friend, Yanky, from my *cheder* days, with whom I keep in touch. Though we have few points of contact today, we make sure to speak several times a year to catch up on simchahs and events in our lives. This is the sweet “candy” I have as a reminder of the innocent days of youth amid the pressure and busyness of my life today. It really is true that old friends are the best of friends, and I look forward to every conversation we have together.

Of course, one of the key times when Yanky and I always talk is before Rosh Hashanah, when we wish each other a *shannah tovah*. This custom has been going on for years, but last year, our yearly *erev* Rosh Hashanah call had unique repercussions that could only be described as a case of openly manifest *hashgachah pratis*.

“Yanky, how’ve you been?” I greeted my old friend warmly when his number showed up on my screen. “It’s so good to hear from you...”

We caught up on each other’s lives – the children, the simchahs, the news from *kollel*. Yanky shared a *dvar Torah* he’d recently heard, and then, for some reason, I asked, “Where are you planning on davening this Rosh Hashanah?”

“Well,” he responded, “it’s interesting that you’re asking me that question, because I actually decided to make a change after so many years, and I will be davening at...,” and here he named a shul that was so familiar to me because it was literally around the corner from my home.

“Oh!” I said. “You’ll be right here in my neighborhood.”

The conversation slowly wound down. We wished each other well and all the wishes for a good year.

On Erev Rosh Hashanah in the afternoon, on my way back from the *mikveh*, I passed by the shul where Yanky had said he would be davening. On a sudden whim, I entered the shul and looked around. The *gabbai* was puttering around, obviously putting the finishing touches on preparing the beis midrash for Yom Tov. He straightened sholders and set Shabbos clocks and then just looked around, seemingly satisfied. Again, in a gesture that was totally out of character

for me – I am not the curious sort – I walked over to the wall where there was a seating chart for all the *mispallelim*, and I began to read through the names, looking for Yanky’s seat. A cursory glance did not show me his name, and I started going up and down the list carefully, searching for Yanky’s seat. It was nowhere to be found; Yanky was not listed on the chart.

Hurriedly, I dialed his number.

“Listen,” I said, “I just passed by the shul and wanted to see where you’ll be sitting, but your name is not on the seating chart. Call the *gabbai* quickly, and I hope you’ll catch him in time to fix the error.”

Yanky thanked me, hung up the phone, and called the *gabbai* in the nick of time. He was about to leave the shul, and when Yanky called, he turned around and went to check the list. Seeing that he’d indeed forgotten to put in Yanky’s name, he arranged a place for him and listed him on the chart immediately.

Being in a packed shul for two days, especially for the first time, without a seat, is something I wouldn’t wish on anyone. If I hadn’t heard that Yanky was planning on davening there, and if I hadn’t, for some odd reason, decided to check where he was sitting, Yanky would have had a lot of *ogmas nefesh* from the error. *Min haShamayim*, Yanky told me where he was planning to daven, and I was sent as Hashem’s messenger to ensure that he had a place to sit.

✕ The Value of the Stock Rose Exactly in Time ✕

As an innocent young boy, I was sure that weddings were blissful affairs, heralded by a time period when all the family members get outfitted like royalty, and caterers and halls are booked, countless purchases are made with the generous swiping of one’s credit card. As the youngest of a large, bustling family, I experienced the marvel of “wedding season” time and again. And I was sure it was par for course that when my turn came, the cloud of bliss would be the same.

Lo and behold, when the sister just above me was of age, my father hit upon hard times. Really hard times. He lost

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Hashem, we can take one blow, but for two, we haven’t the strength!”

Every heart trembled upon hearing the Rebbe’s words, words that seemed to foretell misfortune. That Yom Kippur, the tefillos were recited with a sense of palpable fear and urgency.

✕ ✕ ✕

Less than three months later, on the first day of Chanukah, the Rebbe’s two sons – Reb Leibush and the *bachur* Yeshaya Asher – were stricken with a dangerous illness. On the eighth of Teves, following two weeks of intense suffering, the young Yeshaya Asher returned his pure soul to Hashem. Throughout that time, the Sfas Emes continually strengthened himself in pure faith in Hashem. He repeated again and again that this decree came from Hashem and that we have no permission to question it. Everything Hashem does is for the good.

His fiery words, spoken in a tear-choked voice before the entire community on Yom Kippur, echoed in the hearts of his *chassidim*. Now it was clear what the Rebbe had foreseen on Yom Kippur night. The Rebbe’s staunch *emunah* never wavered as he buried his beloved son and sat *shivah* for him. He was a living model of the words he’d spoken, words that he ingrained in the hearts of all who were there that, indeed, no evil descends from on High. Everything comes from Hashem. Everything is for the best.

In the midst of this painful tragedy, the Rebbe also merited to see the openly miraculous and loving Hand of Hashem. His son Reb Leibush recovered fully and lived on for many years. The Rebbe’s tear-filled request of Hashem to spare him the “second blow,” made on that Yom Kippur night in Berzan, was fulfilled.

*Shiur by Rav Berish Schneebalg
shlit"a*

Real Change

We often wonder how to “solve” the many challenges in our lives, and how to make our circumstances, whether financial, familial, or emotional, more in line with our dreams.

What does Hashem want from us?

Hashem wants our *yiras Shamayim*, and He wants real change. When we make a real internal change and trust in Hashem, then He takes care of providing for us in every way.

I often speak to people who owe others large sums of money – sums that seem huge to us, but to Hashem they mean nothing. A million shekels and a hundred shekels are exactly the same to Him.

What part do we play in solving our problems and moving forward in life?

Our job in this world is to follow the path of the Saba of Kelm and other *tzaddikim* who were like him. They lived *yiras Shamayim* and constantly felt that Hashem was watching them. It's not easy to make such a change, but this is the real way to advance. We should dwell on and try to understand what Hashem wants from us, to grasp that He wants us to both fear Him and trust in Him consistently.

When a person examines how he fell and lost his way, and he makes a *cheshbon hanefesh*, then he can succeed in making a real change and attaining true joy as well. Every person has a path that was set for him in this world, and it's not so much about what he should or should not do. Much more accurately, life is all about living *al pi Hashem*, in accordance with Hashem's true will – by fearing Him, being conscious of Him, and placing our trust in Him.

Want to see a *yeshuah*? There is nothing holding Hashem back from caring for us in the same miraculous way He did in the *midbar*, when our clothing grew along with us and He provided for our every need. The only thing He asks of us, as He did back in the *midbar* as well, is that we live in accordance with His will, that we live with Him.

When Hashem is a part of our lives, when we daven to Him and ask Him for help with everything, we see *yeshuos*. Ask anyone who has married off his children, recovered from illness, or experienced any other *yeshuah*: They saw Hashem before them. They trusted and believed in Him and transformed themselves according to His will, and they received *what* they needed.

his job as a real-estate agent, which had provided for the family generously for so many years. Suddenly, there was barely an income, and there were expenses aplenty. I was a young man on the cusp of *shidduchim* myself, and the cloud of innocence that had enveloped me regarding finances was gone. I understood the reality well enough.

“Tatty,” I tentatively broached the subject one day, “what will be? How will you marry off Gitty in this situation?”

“Does it really matter what our situation is?” my father responded. “Is anything impossible for Hashem?! Hashem can arrange a beautiful wedding for your sister.” He looked up at me suddenly and then added, “and for you as well.”

Tatty's *emunah* was so strong; it is the only explanation I can provide for what happened next.

When he was still working, my father once closed on a big deal, and one of his clients paid him with bonds and stocks in a certain company, which were equal in value at the time to the sum the client owed my father. A short while later, however, the value of the stock plummeted to the point that it was worth less than the paper it was written on. Tatty immediately called the client and asked for payment in cash, but the client claimed that since on the day he'd given over the stocks they were worth what he owed, he did not have to exchange them now for cash.

“Listen,” he told my father, “the value of stocks can fall, and it can also rise again. Maybe one day this stock will cover the cost of your children's weddings...”

It sounded like a good joke, but since Tatty saw there was no chance of getting the money from him, he put the papers at the bottom of a drawer and basically forgot about them.

And suddenly, exactly at the time that an excellent *shidduch* was suggested for my sister Gitty, the value of those stocks rose again. Someone bought out the company and brought it back to life. The value of shares in the company soared. Tatty sold off some of his stocks and received a huge sum of money for it – enough to cover the entire cost of Gitty's wedding.

With the stocks he had left, Tatty married me off as well. We literally saw how a pipeline of *shefa* opened up in order to provide for the two weddings.

And then it closed.

A short while after my wedding, the value of those stocks plummeted again.

✕ Tales of a Tablecloth ✕

In Eretz Yisrael today, every modern amenity in the world is basically available. Who could even imagine how it used to be, fifty years ago, when peanut butter and tuna were sent across the ocean by loving relatives overseas; when housewives in Yerushalayim used manual hand mixers to beat egg whites for their cakes; when pre-cut tissues were an expensive luxury, and tablecloths sold in the country were made of material that had to be laboriously ironed after every washing. And, speaking of tablecloths, there were no disposable plastic tablecloths to cover them with, so women were constantly occupied with washing and ironing their tablecloths again and again.

Polyester tablecloths that didn't need to be ironed were a novelty. In England, where we lived, they existed in abundance, but in Eretz Yisrael they were a rarity. That was how, when planning a trip to Eretz Yisrael, I came up with the brilliant idea of bringing with me a few suitcases of the tablecloths and selling them in order to cover the high cost of our tickets. The product was relatively light and easy to transport. I surmised that it would be snatched up by the first store owner to whom I'd offer it. I would hand it over and get the money to pay for our tickets, easy as pie.

We arrived in Eretz Yisrael with the goods, and indeed, we soon found a store in Yerushalayim willing to purchase the entire stock from us in order to sell it. But our negotiations did not go smoothly.

"The price you're asking is way too high," the store owner said with a certain finality. "I will never pay that much." He made an offer that was far lower than what I'd had in mind.

I argued back, conceded a bit, and then we argued some more. This back-and-forth went on for a long while, and the atmosphere was not very pleasant. Finally, we settled on a price that was lower than what I'd wanted, but still left me with a profit. There was a bitter taste in my mouth about the whole thing, but I just wanted to close the deal and be done with it. It was easier to sell the whole lot to one person than to go from store to store.

I handed over the tablecloths, and the store owner paid me the price we'd agreed on. After all the concessions, I was still left with enough profit to cover the cost of our flight. I put the tiring ordeal behind me.

We spent several days in Yerushalayim, then packed up to continue our trip visit in Bnei Brak. Going through our suitcases in order to make the small move, I discovered that we'd clearly made an error when ordering the tablecloths. I had been sure that all the tablecloths were the same size, and that's what I'd told the store owner in Yerushalayim, when in fact half of them were significantly shorter than the rest, and thus worth less.

The conclusion: I owed the store owner money.

I must confess, as I retell this story so many years later, this was a real *nisayon* for me. My general feelings toward that man could be described, in short, as "goodbye and good riddance." I thought I was done with him, and now I had to return this money to him. I could easily have reasoned that the small sum I owed him was actually coming to me after all the bargaining and concessions I'd made. But my conscience whispered that the deal was closed on the premise that all the tablecloths were of the same length, which was not true. A shorter tablecloth is worth less!

I struggled with myself for a short while, then resolved to come clean and return the money. I put the money in an envelope and went out to mail it to the store in Yerushalayim.

When I returned to our rented apartment in Bnei Brak, there was a knock on the door. It was the neighbor from upstairs, who, incidentally, was the *sofer sta"m* from whom we'd

ordered new mezuzos to bring back to our home in England.

"Listen," he said, "when I set the price for the *mezuzos* you ordered, I did so on the premise that I would have to prepare your *mezuzos* from scratch. In actuality," he continued, "that wasn't the case."

I looked at him questioningly, and then I noticed that he was holding an envelope. This was strange. It dawned on me that just as I'd just listened to the voice of integrity and returned a sum of money that wasn't honestly mine, this man was now doing the same for me.

"As it turned out," he was saying, "I had all the *mezuzos* ready from another order that was made, partially paid for, and never actually taken."

My jaw dropped.

"So," he concluded, "I'm not charging you more than I would in such a case, and I'm returning the change to you from the original price I gave you, which is my price for *mezuzos* written from scratch."

He handed me the envelope, wished me a good night, and left.

I counted the money, which, as stories written only by the ultimate Author on High often end, was exactly equal to the sum I'd just mailed to the store owner in Yerushalayim. It felt like a warm smile from Hashem.

✕ It Took Me Two Years to Get the Message ✕

Watching the pigeons eating leftover crusts in the park, it's hard to imagine how much damage those innocent-looking creatures can cause. Since I rent out buildings to businesses and other offices, I have come to see how entire days, hours and hours of my time, can be taken up by those birds.

It began when pigeons infiltrated one of the buildings I rent out. They got into the building through all sorts of openings, bringing with them their mess, noise, and generally annoying presence. I kept getting complaints from the tenants and having to drop everything in order to run over and do what I could to get rid of them. A few such ordeals were enough to show me that I needed to bring in professionals.

I found a company that specialized in getting rid of pigeons and asked them to come down. Their workers arrived, fixed netting over the windows, the holes and the cracks, and then added pointy metal rods along with several other gimmicks meant to keep the creatures away. They charged me a huge sum of money, promising me that the ordeal was behind me. From that day onward, they said, there was no way a single pigeon could enter the premises.

For a while it seemed their work had indeed done the trick, but afterward, the telltale signs of pigeons on the premises were back. Apparently, the birds had been patrolling the structure, looking for some cracks the workers hadn't closed up, and they'd found them. Once again, there was noise and

mess and a barrage of complaints from my tenants.

Since I live and work on the other end of town, every time I got an SOS call to come over, I basically missed a full day's work. It was impossible.

I decided to bring in another professional. On the phone, he named his price, which was much higher than that of his predecessor. Once he'd seen the building, he mocked the work done by his competition. "I'll give you real work that will hold up," he gloated, and then doubled the price he'd given me on the phone.

Warning lights went off in my head. This man was obviously greedy for money, and lots of it. And who said his work would accomplish what the work of the previous company had failed to do? I given him I would think it over, and I left it at that.

And I really did think it over. For the first time in the two years that I'd been dealing with the pigeon saga, I thought about why it was happening to me. Why was Hashem sending this challenge my way? Once I put Hashem into the picture, I realized something significant. I hadn't davened about this at all! I hadn't turned to Hashem to ask for His help. He was the

One Who had sent the pigeons, and He was the only One Who could get rid of them for me.

The next morning during Shacharis, I asked Hashem to help me restore peace and quiet to the building and to my tenants. I asked him to give me a good idea that would also spare me the astronomical sums the pigeons were costing me.

When I finished davening, it entered my mind that I should really call back the original company that promised to get rid of the pigeons. The boss answered immediately, and when he heard what happened, he said, "We'll be right over."

He arrived with several workers, and they found a number of holes and cracks that weren't properly sealed. They closed them up and charged me nothing. They took responsibility for the job they'd done.

It's clear as day to me that the power of *tefillah* made this happen. Without *tefillah*, even the second company's work wouldn't have helped.

Baruch Hashem, the pigeons haven't returned since then, but the message remains with me: Hashem is waiting for me to talk to Him and ask Him for help.

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've been listening to your hotline for many years and getting tremendous *chizuk* in *emunah* and *bitachon*. I immensely enjoy listening to stories told over with such simplicity and purity by people who live with the consciousness that only Hashem is in charge of the world and of every occurrence in their lives.

I want to share something that happened to me at home and proved that all the years of listening to the hotline have had a real effect on our lives.

One afternoon, I left my home and headed out to daven Minchah. When I finished, I saw several missed calls on my phone from home. I called home and my daughter told me that when the kids were running around, they broke a dish worth thousands of shekels.

That second, the vort I heard on the hotline in the name of the Bas Ayin came to mind. The Bas Ayin says in Parshas Vayechi that if something unpleasant or difficult happens to you, you should thank Hashem for it. This is the way to

totally transform the seemingly bad event into good. He says that when we do this we are *zocheh* to tremendous *brachah*.

So what did I do?

I went home, and I gathered together all the children on a makeshift "stage" (the top bunk-bed). We read the vort of the Bas Ayin and I clarified and explained for the children to understand. When we finished, we thanked Hashem with all our hearts.

Instead of getting angry, we said thank you. I am certain the message affected my children and will remain with them all their lives.

This is all in the *zechus* of the Hashgachah *Pratis Initiative*.

Best wishes,

Chaim Yaakov Zuckerman, Yerushalayim

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



Vacation Mode for the Doctor, Too

Hey everyone! My name is Levi Yitzchak, and I live in Yerushalayim.

It was *bein hazmanim*, summer vacation, and we were partying late into the night. Why not, after all, when there was no need to wake up in time for the van or to make it to *cheder* at 8:30? We could stay up schmoozing and playing at night and sleep in a little in the morning. And that's what we did.

Actually, the entire family was in what we called *bein-hazmanim* mode, and on most mornings the house was blissfully quiet, with most of us asleep until at least nine.

That Monday morning, however, was different. It was because of my eight-year-old sister Chaya, who'd fallen and broken several teeth a few weeks earlier. She had a treatment scheduled, part of a series of treatments she was undergoing at Hadassah Ein Kerem Hospital to "put her mouth back in shape," as my mother called it. Her appointment was set for 8 a.m., which, in retrospect, was a really unearthly hour for a family in *bein-hazmanim* mode. But what could my mother do? Those appointments were scheduled weeks in advance and were very difficult to change.

At 7:50 a.m. I was blissfully asleep under my thin summer blanket, the fan blowing straight into my face, just as I liked it. As if in a dream, I heard my mother gasp.

"Chaya!" she said in a sleep-fogged voice. "We overslept. We have to rush."

"Chaya," she repeated, "get dressed quickly. I'll order a taxi. We can't miss your appointment."

I put the blanket back over my head and willed myself back to sleep, but in the background I could hear the rushing, the tension in my mother's voice, and finally, what seemed like hours later, the honking of the taxi downstairs, the slamming of the door, and...quiet.

I stole a glance at the alarm clock at my side. It was already 8:40, and I knew the ride to the hospital would take Mommy and Chaya at least twenty minutes. I couldn't help but think about them, and right then and there, I said *Modeh Ani* and immediately uttered my own private *tefillah* to Hashem.

"Please let it work out for them with the appointment!"

By the time I was back from davening and eating a leisurely vacation brunch it was 11:30, and Mommy and Chaya were back, looking tired but pleased.



"What happened with your appointment?" I asked. "You left the house really late."

Mommy chuckled. "Let me tell you about *hashgachah pratis*," she said. "You can tell it over on the *Hashgachah* phone line today."

"What happened?" I repeated curiously.

"We arrived at the hospital over an hour after our scheduled appointment," Mommy began. "I was embarrassed to come in. Knowing how tightly packed the schedule is at the hospital clinic, I was sure the secretary would tell us off or refuse to let us in. But what happened was something else entirely. We walked into the waiting room, and a few steps behind us was the professor we were coming to see. He was holding his attaché case and looked like he'd been running.

Seeing me and Chaya sitting in the waiting room, he immediately apologized for being late."

Mommy laughed. "Of course, I forgave him very easily," she said with a wink, "and several moments later, they told us to come in."

"When Hashem wills it," she concluded, "He can put the professor on vacation mode too!"

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?

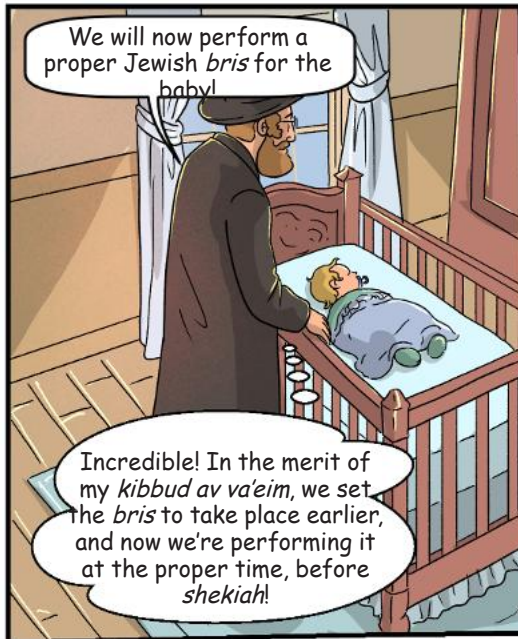
Call the Hashgachah Pratis phone line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/4



A Spark Reignited

Chapter 4 of 4

Last week: When the baby's mother recognizes Rabbi Koval's brachah of *Asher yatzar*, he discovers that she and her baby are, in fact, Jewish.



We will now perform a proper Jewish *bris* for the baby!

Incredible! In the merit of my *kibbud av va'eim*, we set the *bris* to take place earlier, and now we're performing it at the proper time, before *shekiah*!



Now we can give him whatever Jewish name you choose for him.

His mom wants a Jewish name for herself, too.

Wonderful!

Halevai the spark of Yiddishkeit will continue burning in the mother and her son...



I need kosher wine to use when we make the blessings for the *bris*.

Hard to imagine there would be kosher wine in this house, and in a sealed bottle, too, without reason to suspect *yayin nesech*,, but I'm trying...

Uh...you need kosher wine for the circumcision ceremony? So sorry,

Perhaps you have some other special drink?



We might have beer. Let me check the fridge...

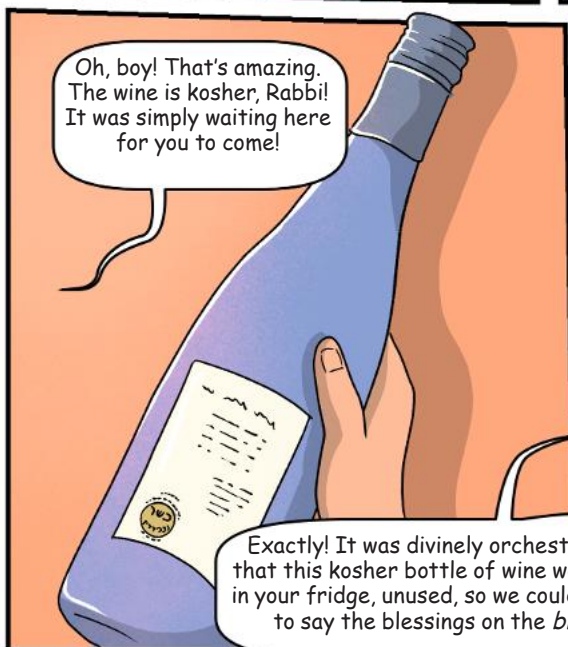


Is that a bottle of kosher wine?

I don't think so, Rabbi. It's just a bottle we bought for my Dad in Costco a long time ago. It's been in the fridge here for over a year.

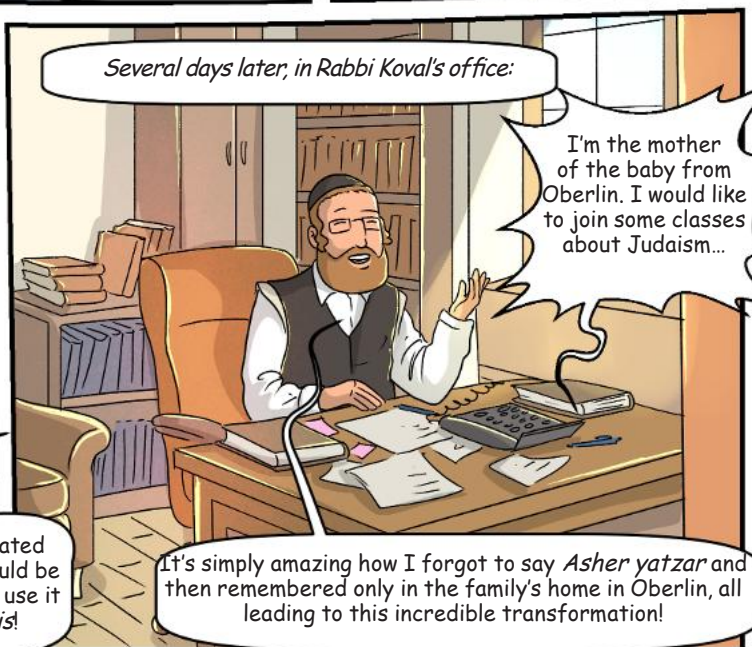


Let's see...



Oh, boy! That's amazing. The wine is kosher, Rabbi! It was simply waiting here for you to come!

Exactly! It was divinely orchestrated that this kosher bottle of wine would be in your fridge, unused, so we could use it to say the blessings on the *bris*!



Several days later, in Rabbi Koval's office:

I'm the mother of the baby from Oberlin. I would like to join some classes about Judaism...

It's simply amazing how I forgot to say *Asher yatzar* and then remembered only in the family's home in Oberlin, all leading to this incredible transformation!

They Make it Happen

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

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

In Monsey; I distribute it in two different shuls and I also bring it to *kollel*.

What made you decide to do it?

I got tons of *chizuk* from the phone line, and the idea of the *kvittel* spoke to me very much.

Do you have a story of *hashgachah pratis* to share with our readers?

Something amazing happened to me. I got a call from your office, and they told me they would put a *kvittel* for me at the *kever* of Reb Shlom'ke of Zhvile *zy"ta* every Erev Rosh Chodesh. I decided to take on the distribution of the newsletters. At the same time, our family made an initiative for *bentching*. We took upon ourselves to always *bentch* word for word from inside a siddur.

The following Erev Rosh Chodesh, someone came up to me and asked if I needed money. To make a long story short, I unexpectedly received 5,000 dollars that day. My first thought was that this was a result of our *kaballah* in *bentching*, but afterward, I realized that it was the day when you put the *kvittel* at the *kever* of Reb Shlom'ke!

There's another story I wanted to tell. I've been living in Monsey for three years already. When we originally came, we found an apartment to rent and hoped to settle there for as long as possible. But two years later, the landlord informed

us that they were demolishing the building in order to rebuild it, and that we would have to move.

We searched for an alternate apartment for a long time. It was difficult, but at the end of the day, it was all *hashgachah pratis*. The apartment we found was in a large building. One of our new neighbors was talking to my wife, and my wife mentioned that she had a brother in *shidduchim*. This neighbor laughed and said that the previous tenant who lived in our apartment had a sister in *shidduchim*. She decided to match them up, and that's how my brother-in-law's *shidduch* was made!

Is there a message you want to relay to people who are considering distributing the newsletters?

I want to tell you that it's a wonderful thing. It's a great *zechus* to give *chizuk* to so many *Yidden*. I also heard amazing things on the phone line, but I feel you can accomplish so much more when it comes along with the newsletter

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!



A special messenger will daven for you at the *tziyun* of the Chovos Halevavos in Tzfas.

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

Call now and start spreading *emunah* and 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

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

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