

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*

Sukkos, 5786 × 209

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

Hashem Is in Charge of the Lulav, Too

It's difficult to forget a smile so wide. The *avreich* came over to me on Sukkos and said, "Boy, do I have a *hashgachah pratis* story for you!"

Of course I was eager to hear it.

"Today," he related enthusiastically, "while I was saying *Hallel* and shaking the *arba minim*, my *lulav* bumped into my neighbor's *lulav* and became *pasul*."

"And...?" I prompted.

"And that's all!" he said triumphantly. "What *hashgachah pratis* from Hashem! I was destined to shake this *lulav* for the first two days of Yom Tov, and now I am supposed to buy a new one to use for this holy mitzvah. So Hashem arranged for my *lulav* to become *pasul* so that I would go out and buy a new one now!"

How true.

We conclude the *hoshanos* with the words "*Hashem Hu ha'Elokim, ein od*". The reason we shake the *lulav* and point it in all directions is to show that Hashem supervises everything that takes place in all the four corners of the world. There is nothing else that has any power besides Him, and everything comes from Him.

This Yid lives constantly with that feeling, and that is why his smile and his inner joy can light up a room.

This is the whole purpose of Sukkos. Our greatest achievement on Sukkos is internalizing that Hashem is the Ruler of His world. *Ein od milvado!*

May your Yom Tov be filled with true joy.

Gut shabas, Pinchas Shefer

They Show Us the Way

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

A Lulav, Heaven-Sent

In mere hours it would be Sukkos in Yerushalayim, and the tzaddik Rav Asher Friend still hadn't found a lulav. He was remarkably calm under the circumstances, certain that his Father in Shamayim would provide for him.

The atmosphere was joyous, and the city was bustling in preparation for the holy Yom Tov of Sukkos. Tables laden with *arba'ah minim* filled the streets, the marketplaces, and the courtyards of the Holy City. Dozens of men, old and young, streamed through Kikar Zupnik, stopping at tables to carefully examine the wares. Magnifying glasses in hand, they studied the crevices and *bletlach* on *esrogim* and the points of *lulavim*, and argued the halachic validity of *hadassim* and *aravos*.

On that day, the fourteenth of Tishrei, there was frenetic energy in the air. The banging of hammers mixed with the sounds of the market, and the aroma of Yom Tov food boiling on stoves wafted out into the packed courtyard.

Noon arrived, and the sun beat down upon the masses of Jews, bustling in final preparation for the holy days to come.

In his home on Don Yosef street, the renowned Yerushalmi tzaddik Rav Asher Friend sat at his table, an open Gemara before him. His face, as always, reflected joy and serenity, and it radiated goodness. No one could guess from looking at him that he still hadn't found a *lulav* for Yom Tov.

As always, Reb Asher's approach to life and its needs was one of pure *bitachon* in Hashem. It happened more often than not that he acquired something he needed urgently at the last possible moment and in the most improbable way. So strong was his faith that it often precluded the need for conventional forms of *hishtadlus*, which he replaced with continual *tefillah*, fervor and *deveikus*. Thus, it wasn't surprising that Reb Asher hadn't yet found his *lulav*, and it was even to be expected that his *emunah* and serenity were unwavering.

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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

✕ Afternoon Plans ✕

"How's it going?" I asked my *chavrusa*, Chaim, who was a father of young children. "Did you build your sukkah yet?"

"Not yet," he responded. "I need to build a sukkah this year, but my children are still too young to help out."

"You can't do it all alone," I said. "I know that from experience. Let me help you. I'll come over *bein hasedarim*, at 3:15 in the afternoon."

I could tell that Reb Chaim was extremely grateful. I didn't realize, though, that he needed the help so badly that he cancelled other plans in order to be available at the hour I wanted to come.

After morning *seder*, I came home and foraged in the freezer for something to eat. I found a piece of frozen chocolate cake, pulled it out quickly and tried to take a bite. Not the best idea. The cake was frozen rock-solid, and instead of my taking a bite out of it, it broke off my front tooth. Ouch!

Not only did it hurt, it just wasn't *shayach* to go out in public that way. I needed a dentist that minute! I called to make an appointment, and as dental clinics go, my regular clinic's next available appointment was not for another three months.

"I can't wait so long," I said, in pain. "Don't you have anything sooner?"

"Actually," said the secretary, "if you come within ten minutes, we have a slot that suddenly became available. Someone just cancelled."

I immediately confirmed and thanked Hashem for the miracle. On my way to the clinic, I called my *chavrusa* and explained that I urgently needed to go to the dentist, but that as soon as I could, I would come help him with his sukkah.

The dentist was a good *shaliach*, and he glued the tooth back in place, ascertaining that it would hold up until I could have something more permanent done. That evening, when I came to build the sukkah, I told my *chavrusa* what had happened to me.

"Do you know who cancelled that 3:20 appointment?" he asked in amusement. "It was me! I cancelled so that we could build my sukkah together at 3:15. In that *zechus*, they were able to see you right away."

Amazing, simply amazing! Hashem prepared the *refuah* before the *makkah*, and my intentions of doing *chessed* were Divinely orchestrated to be used as a *chessed* for me. It's not for naught that we say, "When you do for others, you're doing for yourself!"

✕ The Aravos Tree Was Calling Him ✕

It was late afternoon on Erev Sukkos, and everything was ready for the coming Yom Tov. I looked out of the kitchen window of our ground-floor apartment in Beit Shemesh. In the yard, our *aravos* tree was getting its big moment of the year. Even now, there were several people from the neighborhood who had come by to pick *aravos*, a sight that gave me immense pleasure.

Turning my attention back to the kitchen, I was surprised to see a puddle of water on the floor near the fridge.

"Did someone forget to clear out the water from the *sponja*?" I asked my wife.

"I don't think so," she responded. "It was actually completely dry here before."

I noticed the water was coming from under the fridge. I moved the fridge out and discovered the source of the problem – a

>>> continued from page 1

It was afternoon, and slowly the sun began dipping westward, the hub of the marketplace died down, and the streets began to empty out. At that hour it was highly doubtful that one would still be able to purchase a *lulav*, and to find one that was sufficiently *mehudar*.

Reb Asher put on his outer coat and headed outside, accompanied by his son-in-law Reb Shmuel Klairs.

"We'll go to Har Zion, to Kever Dovid Hamelech," he told his son-in-law.

Now?! Reb Shmuel thought to himself. *On Erev Yom Tov, when Reb Asher still needs three lulavim and as yet he hasn't found even one?! Is this the time to go daven?!*

But as Reb Shmuel knew well enough, one did not ask questions about his father-in-law, whose ways were not standard and whose power of *emunah* and *bitachon* radiated to all his surroundings.

Reb Asher was a regular at the *kever* of Dovid Hamelech. Even on the night of his eldest daughter's wedding, he left the position of host to his father Reb Aryeh Mordche, while he himself disappeared after the *chuppah* and spent a long hour crying in *tefillah* over the *kever* of Dovid Hamelech. He would go there every Friday as well, recite the entire *Sefer Tehillim*, and then light a candle to burn there throughout Shabbos.

When the two arrived at the *kever*, late in the afternoon of Erev Sukkos, Reb Asher immediately began saying *Tehillim*, from the beginning of the *sefer* until its end, tears streaming down his face. When he'd concluded his davening, he left the *tziyun* and walked out onto the mountain, searching. Suddenly, he walked over to a palm tree that Reb Shmuel had never before noticed in the area. Reb Asher searched among the branches, and moments later he found three kosher, *mehudar lulavim*. It seemed as though the tree had been waiting there for Reb Asher since the six days of Creation. Without any outward signs of particular wonder or excitement, Reb Asher picked the *lulavim* off the tree and went home. It was simply clear to him the whole time that Hashem would send him *lulavim* for Sukkos.

leaking water pipe.

It was very late, almost Yom Tov. Where would I find a plumber willing to make the repair at this hour? Who would even pick up the phone now? I stood there, wondering what to do, and my eyes wandered to the window, where I'd just been looking out into the yard. People were still there, picking *aravos* for themselves.

I went out to the yard and asked someone whose name I didn't even know, "Do you know of any plumber who could do an emergency job for me?"

"I'm a plumber!" he responded. "What happened?"

I told him about the leaking pipe, and he answered immediately, "One moment; I'll go out to my car and get my tools and come to fix it for you."

He came into my kitchen and did a quick, clean job. *Thank you, Hashem*, I thought to myself. *You brought him to my home at the right time, in the zechus of mitzvas arba'ah minim that I helped him to do.*

✕ A Sukkah of Peace ✕

Yom Kippur was behind us, Sukkos was coming, and excitement filled our home. As I do every year, I got out my toolbox and went down two flights of steps to build the sukkah down in the yard. The tiny sliver of exposed porch off our Bnei Brak apartment barely allows seating room for more than one adult. For many years we'd been building our sukkah down in the yard between our building and the one next to us. We had a patch of ground that was "ours" by *chazakah*, and I knew every bump in the pavement and how to work around it.

I got to work, along with my two older sons. We hammered and banged and sweated in the heat of late summer in Bnei Brak. And our hearts were filled with the joy of the beautiful mitzvah to come. Soon, my wife and the girls would come down to spread white sheets over the inner walls of our sukkah, our sanctuary for the coming eight days. They would decorate the walls and the ceiling with beautiful crafts, and with some new additions made by the younger children. And in two days we'd be sitting down to eat in the sukkah! My heart filled with thanks to Hashem.

Hot, exhausted, and exhilarated, we banged in the final nail and stepped back to look at our handiwork. *Thank you, Hashem*, I thought.

"Excuse me." I felt a light tap on my back, and I turned around.

The man who was standing there, just looking at me, was vaguely familiar to me. I live in a bustling, overpopulated neighborhood in central Bnei Brak. I don't know every one of my neighbors personally.

"Hey," the man said without further introduction, "what were you thinking, building your sukkah here?!"

Huh? I didn't really understand what he was getting at by asking me that question. I had no idea why he looked so upset. I simply looked back at him dumbly.

"Don't you see," he said, pointing, "that you built your sukkah on property belonging to our building?!" He pointed to the building next door, where, apparently, he lived.

Shiur by Rav Yehuda Mandel *shlit"a* Dancing for the King

When we dance at a *simchas beis hasho'evah*, we need to recall what the Rambam says in *Hilchos Lulav* (8:15). He wrote that we should rejoice with the mitzvah and with the love that Hashem is showering upon us. This is the *avodah* of these days. When we dance and we rejoice in Hashem's honor – that is true *kavod*.

Our model for this is Dovid Hamelech.

Most of the *Pesukei D'zimrah* we say every day were written by Dovid Hamelech. Dovid taught us how to sing for Hashem, and he taught us how to dance, too:

When Dovid danced before the *Aron*, he paid no heed to his personal honor as king. His wife Michal, Shaul's daughter, was unaccustomed to such behavior, and she chastised him. While Dovid respected his father-in-law Shaul tremendously, even referring to him as "the anointed one" of Hashem, when it came to Hashem's honor, his response was stinging. "Shaul cared about his own honor," he pointed out, "but I pay no heed to my own honor, in order to bring honor to Hashem. This is the reason Hashem chose me over your father as king!"

According to the Malbim, the king, in particular, needs to disregard his own honor and put it aside in order to honor Hashem. His submissiveness needs to be total. One who is not Dovid's "*talmid*" in this respect and doesn't dance to honor Hashem is a *ba'al ga'avah*, a fool and a sinner, and is liable to be punished. We need to dance with all our strength, never seeing this as a belittling of our own *kavod*.

May we be *zocheh* to utilize these great days to dance with joy in honor of Hashem, the King of kings, and to increase *kevod Shamayim*.

Actually, I didn't see what he meant. I'd been building my sukkah on this little patch of land for several years, and no one had ever complained before. The sukkah jutted out from the yard of my building into what I would consider neutral territory between the two buildings. What in the world did he want from me?

The man grew angrier as he spoke. "You know," he told me, "you're not *yotzei* the mitzvah of *sukkah*, because your sukkah is a *succah gezulah*, being that you stole the property on which you built it."

Whoa. I felt as though I'd been whammed in the chest, all the air knocked right out of me. I am a mild-mannered person, and I didn't feel up to arguing with him.

"You leave this sukkah where it is, and I'll take you to a *din Torah* today. Today!" he repeated for emphasis.

Actually, I thought to myself that going to *din Torah* would, in high probability, resolve the issue. There was more than one halachic basis to prove I was right. I figured this was the best way to deal with the issue.

"I'll come," I told him. An hour later we were standing in the Rav's home, where each of us explained our position, he in his style and I in mine.

The Rav, apparently, got a full grasp of the situation and the personalities involved immediately. He asked to speak to me privately. "Look," he told me, "you and I know that you're right, but you see who you're dealing with. It might not be *kedai* for you to fight with him. It might actually be wiser and much more to your benefit to give in." His voice grew surer as he spoke. "No one ever lost out from giving in," he said.

I stood there for a long moment, digesting the Rav's words. I thought about what it would entail to carry out his advice. Taking apart all our hard work. Moving the sukkah to the other side of the building, where I knew there was a spot I could use. Redoing the whole thing. Inside my heart, a feeling of resolve strengthened itself. This was a test from Hashem. I would be *mevater*, and I'd do it with joy, and, as the Rav had said, only good would come from my taking the high road. I nodded to the Rav. "*B'seder*," I said. "I'll do it."

Rebuilding the sukkah took time and effort, but even as we sweated again, I felt a sense of serenity and joy filling my heart. What a *zechus*, to be able to avoid *machlokes* and bring our little bit of light and *shalom* to the world! What an appropriate preparation, I thought, for the mitzvah of sitting in Hashem's sukkah, which is called a *Sukkas Shalom*!

The strange part of the story was that after we took apart our sukkah, it wasn't even the neighbor who had taken me to a *din Torah* who built a *sukkah* on that spot. It was actually someone else who benefited from my giving in. Imagine the irony! But that part no longer had anything to do with me.

The incredible, clear *hashgachah* that manifested for us took place on the third day of Chol Hamoed. There was a sewage pipe that burst in the building next door. It happened unexpectedly in middle of the night, and somehow, the sewage water landed

exactly on the sukkah that was built in our original spot. The walls of the sukkah were dirtied, the smell was terrible, and although the people there tried to clean it up, the sukkah was no longer usable for the rest of Yom Tov. Unfortunately, they had tremendous *agmas nefesh*.

B'chasdei Hashem, we continued basking in the *Shechinah* in our beautiful sukkah, built on the other side of the building. It remained clean and pleasant throughout Yom Tov, without a trace of sewage mess or smells. How privileged we felt to have had the *zechus* of being *mevater*, and of seeing Hashem's open love in return!

✕ Olam Chessed Vibaneh ✕

Where I daven in Beit Shemesh, there was a young boy who consistently came to shul on his own. He was never accompanied by his father, and he often had one or two younger brothers in tow. I understood from my wife that his parents' marriage was, unfortunately, falling apart, and his mother was bravely making the effort to raise her children on her own and provide for them.

I asked the boy where he was learning, and he named a certain yeshivah. "But," he continued with a gravity that belied his young age, "I don't know whether my brother will learn there too, because we're not sure they'll accept him."

I felt for this young boy, whom life had thrust into the role of an adult father figure to his younger siblings.

"I'll try to help you," I assured him. And I did. I spoke up for the family and for the younger brother, and I assured the yeshivah's *hanhalah* that I would be there in case of any problems. *Baruch Hashem*, the boy was accepted into this excellent yeshivah, the mother's yeshivah of choice.

When the mother was looking for a *yeshivah ketanah* for him, she mentioned it to my wife, and I stepped in again. I put in a good word, and once again, he was accepted. Somehow, this woman understood that if she shared a problem with my wife it would not remain just talk, but that we would try to help out. I was grateful to Hashem for enabling me to do this great *cheded* for a woman who was struggling in life.

At a certain point, the family moved abroad and we lost touch. I heard that the mother had remarried, and the family had settled in to a new community.

At least a decade passed. My married daughter became ill and required immediate surgery and treatment in a hospital in Washington. We traveled, my wife and I, along with our young son-in-law and their three-year-old daughter, our granddaughter, to the United States. Wonderful *Yidden* did *cheded* for us, hosting us in the basement of their spacious Monsey home. Knowing that we would be in the States for a minimum of two months, we registered our granddaughter in a local preschool.

Several days after our daughter's complex surgery in Washington, as she was recuperating in our host's home, she was suddenly beset by intensely sharp, unexpected stomach pains. This signified real danger, we knew, and we had to get her to a hospital ASAP. I called an ambulance; my son-in-law and I jumped in, and

within seconds we were rushing to the hospital recommended by the *askan* who was helping us.

This was a real setback. My wife stayed behind in order to be with my granddaughter, a little girl whose mother was seriously ill and who spoke only Hebrew. Our gracious hosts were an older couple whose children were all married, and their home was a quiet place, without much to keep a child busy. My wife wondered what she could do to keep our granddaughter occupied.

"I just remembered," our hostess said, "our next-door neighbors are a family that moved from Eretz Yisrael several years ago. They are wonderful people, and they have a big yard with tons of toys and children of all ages. They speak Hebrew, too," she added.

She immediately called her neighbor and described the situation. "Did you say a family from Beit Shemesh?" the neighbor asked. "What's their name?"

When our hostess told her our name, her neighbor whooped in amazement. "I'll do anything for them!" she said. This was the woman, previously divorced, who had lived in our neighborhood in Beit Shemesh, the woman I'd helped occasionally with getting her children accepted in schools. From that day on, she went out of her way to give our granddaughter a warm, happy, caring place to be while her mother underwent treatment. She was always available, and her children doted on our granddaughter, giving her much-needed love and attention during this difficult time.

Years back, I had thanked Hashem for enabling me to do a *chessed* for a woman who needed it, little realizing that the *chessed* would come back full circle when we ourselves would be in need. Indeed, Hashem's world is built on *chessed*.

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Hashem prepares the way for us all, sending us to where we need to be in order to give us what we need.

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: hashgachahprutis@gmail.com



Your Say

Mailbox

Shalom Aleichem! I want to share with you a story that left a very deep impression on me.

I was taking a ride along with one of the *Rabbanim* who speaks on the phone line. Of course, throughout the ride he shared words of *chizuk* and personal stories of *hashgachah*. He told the following anecdote about himself:

One year before Sukkos he received a gorgeous *esrog* with a *pitom*, an *esrog* worth thousands of shekels. Of course he was thrilled, and he treated the *esrog* with extreme caution and care.

But what could he do? One day on Chol Hamoed, his son dropped the *esrog*.

This *mashpia* related what happened next: As soon as I recovered from the shock, I asked him, "Is the *pitom* there?" I saw that he was terrified, because

he was old enough to understand the implications of what had just happened to the expensive *esrog*. He pointed at the floor, where the *pitom* was lying near the *esrog*. "Aah," I told him, "so the *pitom* is there, and the *esrog* is there too. The only problem is that they're no longer connected. Nu, nu." He noticeably relaxed.

This was the *mashpia's* story, and it touched me deeply. It showed me how someone who constantly lives with *emunah* in Hashem's *hashgachah prat* reacts to every challenge in life. Even when real mess-ups occur, he maintains his equilibrium and serenity. May we all be *zocheh* to do the same.

**Best wishes,
Shimon Rapaport**

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



An Egg-cellent Solution

We were out of eggs, and my mother sent me to buy a tray. Knowing that she was waiting to prepare omelets, I rushed over to the grocery on my scooter, the hot wind blowing into my face.



When I arrived at the grocery, all breathless, I was in for a surprise. It was 6 p.m., and they were already out of eggs. What could I possibly do? I made an about-face and headed home.

When I got to the door of our house there was a little boy standing there, our upstairs neighbor, and he was knocking on the door with one hand, balancing...a tray of twelve eggs in his other hand! I pushed the door open for him, and he held out the tray of eggs.

"My mother said to return this to you," he whispered.

I took the tray from his hands. Apparently, our neighbors were returning the eggs they'd borrowed last week – a truly "egg"cellent solution to my problem!

A Close Call

My name is Moishy, and I'm 11 years old.

Our family has a special custom. Every Shabbos at *shalosh seudos* time, we go visit my great-grandmother, who lives several blocks away.

Going to Bubby is one of the nicest experiences of our week. Bubby is over ninety years old, *ad me'ah v'esrim*, and, as my mother says she is "the queen of our family." She really does look like a queen to me each week, as she is always dressed up for Shabbos when we come, sitting on her brown wicker chair at the head of her dining-room table with her very-large-print *Tehillim* before, her reading glasses perched on her nose, and a smile on her lips.

Bubby always lights up when we come. She carefully closes her *Tehillim* and greets each of us with a warm Gut Shabbos and a handshake. There is always a plate of candies on her table, and she gives out candies as soon as we come.

Last week, we entered Bubby's house, and something was unusual. Bubby was not sitting in her usual place in that brown wicker chair at the head of the table. Instead, she was sitting on the couch near her daughter, our great-aunt, who was visiting too. Of course, Bubby immediately greeted us warmly and asked her daughter to give us all candies. My mother joined the adults in conversation, and we wandered around the dining room, as always.



When I caught sight of the brown wicker chair at the head of the table. I was curious to try it out, and this was my chance. Instead of sitting on one of the regular chairs around the table, I sat down on Bubby's chair.

"Boom!" the chair folded over and crashed to the floor. *Baruch Hashem*, I wasn't hurt. I landed on the soft carpet, and for some reason, I just started laughing. My mother ran over, and seeing that I was fine, she focused on the chair.

"Look!" she told our great-aunt, pointing. One of the legs of the chair, which had seen better days, had simply folded in two. The chair was completely broken. My mother looked at our great-aunt in relief. I knew exactly why.

Imagine if I hadn't sat on that chair, and my elderly great-grandmother had. It's scary to think what could have happened to her had she been on the chair when it collapsed. Hashem arranged for me to sit on the chair exactly when it was about to break in order to spare Bubby a potentially dangerous fall!

Dear kids!

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

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

Notices

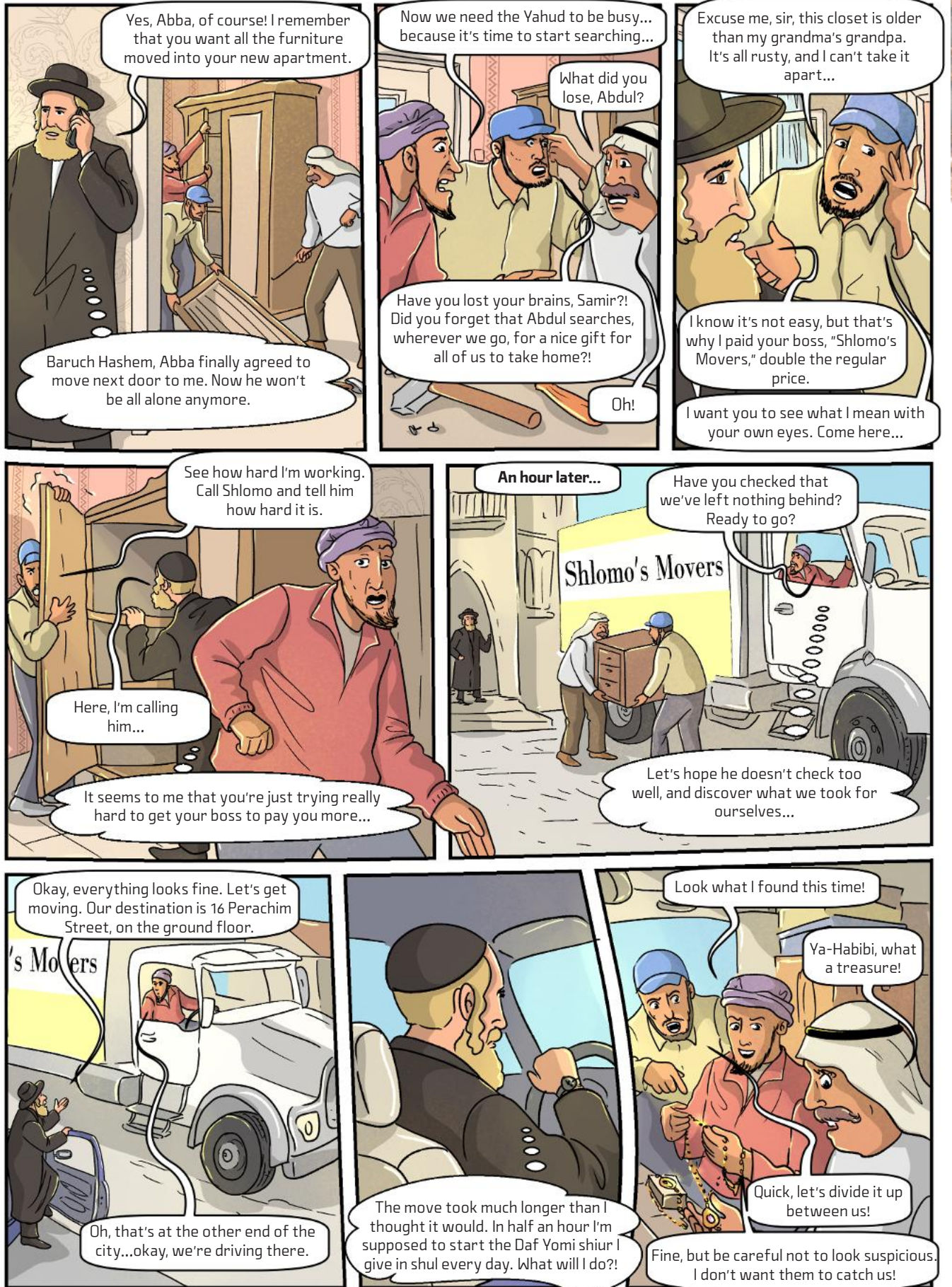
Did you see Hashem's *hashgachah* clearly in your own life?

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



IN THE NICK OF TIME

Chapter 1



They Make it Happen

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

Where do you live?

I live in Boro Park.

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

At first, I gave them out in shul and to two of my neighbors. Then someone from my shul said his children loved it, so I convinced him to become a distributor himself, and he took it on, putting it in our shul every week. So I started distributing to my neighbors. I have fifteen neighbors in my building complex, and I usually distribute at least eight or nine of the ten newsletters I get. I'm working on another neighbor now...

What encourages you to continue?

I'll tell you the simple truth. One week we went away for Shabbos, and I didn't distribute the newsletters. One of our neighbors was really upset that he hadn't gotten it that week. But I mean *really* upset, like on the verge of tears! That's when I realized what an impact this newsletter has on people, sometimes literally holding them up through challenging times.

Of course, the following week I gave out the one from the previous week too, but all the neighbors, and especially the young children, told me they'd missed it the week before.

And what made you begin initially?

I've been listening to your phone line for many years. Then Rav Shefer came to America. We met, and I asked him why he didn't distribute the newsletters in America on a mass scale. He explained that he'd already begun the process, and he told me how I could become a *mezakeh harabbim* each week by giving out the newsletters, and how I would be *zocheh* to connect to the power of Reb Shlom'ke of Zhvile at the same time. What could be better? I immediately resolved to take it on. *Halevai* I could do more!

How does your connection to our phone line and newsletters affect your life?

We traveled to *mekomos hakedoshim* in Europe before my brother's wedding.

In order to save money, we didn't join a particular group but planned our itinerary on our own. Once the flights and, car rides and, food arrangements and myriad details were somewhat in place, I told the whole family: "We have to know, and repeat again and again, that we've done our *hishtadlus*, and from this point on, we travel and we make stops *al pi Hashem*. Everything that happens throughout our trip is in accordance with Hashem's will."

We repeated this mantra time and again – when things worked out well and when they didn't. This is how we lived throughout our travels through in Poland, and it is the result of our connection to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line and newsletters! We were completely relaxed through many unexpected delays, mishaps, and changes to our plans.

What positive feedback have you received?

Well, the man in my shul I told you about, who became a distributor himself – how did it happen? It was because when he'd bring the newsletter home for Shabbos, his children were so excited to hear the stories! It transformed their Shabbos table and infused the whole family with strength. That feedback gave me so much *chizuk*.

Amazing! What message would you like to give our readers?

Anyone with a bit of *seichel* will grasp the greatness of this mitzvah. Your own life is transformed by it. One who is *mezakeh* the *rabbim* is protected from sinning. If you are disseminating *emunah* to others, you become a *ba'al emunah* yourself. The more you talk about *emunah*, the more it is instilled in you.

You become someone who knows that all sorts of things happen, but nothing happens the way you thought it would. Every occurrence in the world and in our lives comes from Hashem, and our reaction to it is in our hands. If you view the world from a perspective of *teva*, you will often be annoyed or upset, but if you live in a world of *emunah*, you know that you have done or are doing your *hishtadlus* and that the results have nothing to do with you!

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

**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 hashgachahprutis@gmail.com

This newsletter is also published
in Yiddish and Hebrew

To receive the newsletter, send a
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