

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*

Simchas Torah, 5786 × 210

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

Nothing Else Matters

Reb Moshe Dovid Paluch *zt"l* was a well-known Gerrer chassid. He would relate that as a young *bachur* back in Poland, he traveled to his Rebbe, the Imrei Emes, for Shavuot. After Yom Tov, the leader of his group sent the *bachurim* home on their own, choosing to remain with the Rebbe for several more days alone.

"After we left," Reb Moshe Dovid would relate, "the Rebbe's son, the future Beis Yisrael of Gur, told our group leader to ask the Rebbe whether it was okay to send the young *bachurim* back home on their own.

"Your job is to be with your *bachurim*," the Imrei Emes told him. 'I want to tell you a *passuk* that you should repeat to all the *bachurim* in your group.' And the Imrei Emes quoted the *passuk* we say each day in *Aleinu* – "V'yadata hayom, v'hashevosa..."

"The Imrei Emes explained this *passuk* as follows (and I myself heard the same explanation in the name of Reb Ahrele Karliner *zt"l*): If we know in our hearts that Hashem is the only Ruler of the world, then *ein od* – then we needn't know anything else. This knowledge is enough to sustain us.

"The head of the group left, armed with these words of *chizuk*, and caught up with the group of young *bachurim* he'd sent home ahead of him. They stopped together in a forest on the way, and he told them, 'I have a gift for you from the Rebbe.'

"And then, for over an hour, he shouted the words again and again. *Eini od!* There is nothing else you need to know – nothing, other than the fact that Hashem is running the world!

"That summer, World War II broke out, and the most sought-after thing during the war was 'news.' People were sure that information would save their lives and show them where to go to escape. But none of this interested me," Reb Moshe Dovid would say. "The Rebbe's words echoed in my ears all the time. And look," he'd conclude. "Many people who kept constantly up to date about the latest happenings were killed. But I, who knew nothing other than that Hashem is running the world, am alive and well, here in Eretz Yisrael!"

Tzaddikim would say that the entire month of Tishrei is meant to bring us to that point when we say *Atah hareisa* on Simchas Torah, affirming that nothing exists other than Hashem Himself.

If we live with the knowledge that Hashem is running the world, then, indeed, we need nothing else.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

They Show Us the Way

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

Hashem's Word, Reflected Through His World

Rav Ezra Atiya *zy"a* teaches a Gemara. "How is this possible?" his talmid asks. "How does this work with reality as we know it?" Undeniable proof – Hashem's Word, as reflected in His world

They set times for Torah learning. They were the craftsmen, the tailors and taxi drivers, store owners and common laborers of Yerushalayim of old. They were men who worked for a living but knew well where life really began. There, surrounded by the familiar sight of hundreds of *sefarim*, ensconced in the holy walls of Yeshivat Porat Yosef, they gathered each day, Gemaras open before them.

Rav Ezra Atiya was their teacher, leader, and guide, and the Torah's words were the glue that bound them together. His brow creased in concentration as his words emerged, clear and full of vitality, serving up the sweet words of the Gemara with brilliant clarity and insight. As the Chazon Ish *zt"l* described it, "Rav Atiya's *sevarah* is like that of the *Rishonim*."

A Western wind blew through the large windows overlooking the Kosel plaza. All eyes and ears were bent toward Rav Atiya, as the people waited for the *shiur* to begin.

They were learning the *gemara* in *Chulin* (139) about the mitzvah of *shiluach haken*.

"What is the *halachah* regarding a bird's nest that was made on a man's head?" Rav Atiya began.

A question burst from the participant sitting in the third row and rang through the quiet *beis midrash*, as if with a mind of its own.

"But, *kevod HaRav*, that's impossible!" the man cut in. "How would a bird possibly build a nest on a man's head when the mere sight of a moving human being is enough to send it flying?"

Somewhat sternly, Rav Atiya responded, "The words of Gemara are holy of holies, and we have no permission to question their validity!"

But the man wouldn't let up. He continued arguing that the picture painted by the Gemara was realistically impossible.



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

✕ The Only Prescription That Worked ✕

I live in Modi'in Illit, and my beloved daughter, Chana bas Nechama Devorah, has been dealing with a difficult illness for several years. (Please daven for her *refuah sheleimah*.)

Throughout these years, we've been *zocheh* to see many sparks of light, and I want to tell you about one of them.

One day, we came to the hospital for a check-up. The doctor looked through Chani's file, examined her, and something about her eyes didn't look right to him. He checked them carefully and then said, "You must start giving her drops in her eyes six times every day, in addition to putting cream in them before she goes to sleep. Start today," he warned us. "I don't want her vision to be harmed."

He quickly typed up the vital prescriptions and sent them to the printer, but for some reason his printer was unresponsive. He swiveled his chair around and opened the printer's drawer. There were paper and ink aplenty. "Strange," he muttered. "I just printed a whole stack of papers here a few minutes ago."

"Here," he continued, "I'll give you a handwritten prescription instead."

He pulled out a pad of papers bearing the hospital logo, wrote the prescription in his semi-legible doctor's handwriting, scribbled a signature, and handed it to me, saying, "If it's important for you to get a printed version, ask the secretary outside to print it on her printer."

It was important to me. I knew from experience that many pharmacists wouldn't accept a handwritten prescription, and the last thing I needed was the added hassle of trying to get a printed version in the clinic near my pharmacy. I got in line for the secretary, waited fifteen long minutes, and finally received a printed version of the prescription. Then I hurried back to the doctor's

room to get his signature on it, glad to see that there was no one else waiting for him.

I knocked on the door and put my ear to the crack between the door and the doorpost. It was quiet in his room, and dark. There was no one else waiting for the doctor because he'd already left. My heart sank, and despair seemed to creep up through my bloodstream and into every organ of my body. *Ribbono shel Olam, how much can a person endure?! And what of Your child, Chana bas Nechama Devorah?* I thought. *How much suffering can a young child handle?* And how would I get her the vital medication she needed right now?

I took a few deep breaths and told myself words of *emunah* and *bitachon*. We walked to the bus stop and traveled in silence back to our neighborhood. I took Chani up to our front door and, without even entering, I went right back out in the direction of the pharmacy, a *tefillah* to Hashem on my lips.

At the pharmacy, once again, there was a long line of people waiting. And the line wasn't moving. The pharmacist, flustered, announced, "Listen, people, there's a problem with our computer system and we can't scan in your prescriptions. We won't be able to help you today."

There were several sighs and grunts, and people started leaving the line and heading toward the door. I walked up to the pharmacist with my prescription in hand, the only one I had, which I'd highly doubted would procure the medication for me. I showed her the prescription.

"Can you take this?" I asked.

She looked at it briefly. "Yes," she said. "This prescription I can fill for you."

It was the only prescription she was able to accept that afternoon.

>>> continued from page 1

The room was silent. There was a certain tension in the air, perhaps engendered by intense waves of silent communion and *tefillah* emerging from the heart and *neshamah* of the *gadol baTorah* sitting at their helm.

And then, the silence was broken. Into the yeshivah entered an old-time participant on the *shiur* who hadn't been seen in many weeks. Sudden exclamations and *shalom aleichems* were thrown his way.

"We missed you," one of the participants said to the newcomer. "Where have you been?"

The man walked up to the *rosh yeshivah* and bent reverently in greeting, addressing the *rosh yeshivah* and the entire group as one.

"I had to be abroad in India for business," he explained. For most of the participants, India was as far away as the moon, and a new round of exclamations echoed through the room.

"Nu," prompted one talkative member of the group. "Tell us about India. What did you see there?"

"It is a strange country," the man responded, his eyes gazing into the

distance. "I saw the strangest things there in the marketplace."

"Like what?" the man asked curiously. "Well..." The newcomer cleared his throat, obviously enjoying the attention. "You'll never believe it, but I saw it with my own eyes, there in the marketplace in Bangladesh. I saw," and he paused dramatically, "I saw a strange man who'd been sitting like a statue – literally not moving, as if he were a stone, for several days. And the birds built a nest on his head!"

He looked around at all the amazed expressions.

"You all better believe this," he said, shaking his head. "I saw it with my own eyes." He turned to the *rosh yeshivah*. "What does the Rav say about this?" he asked respectfully.

"What do I say?" Rav Atiya responded with a twinkle in his eye. "I say – there is a Ruler of this world, and He runs His world with exact *hashgachah pratis*, down to the smallest of details. And today," he added, "you were His good messenger."

"And all His words are *emes*," he concluded emotionally.

I Trust in You

Words of *chizuk* shared on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line

Shiur by Harav Dovid Kletzkin shlit"a

Trust in One

Before the *Chovos Halevavos* tells us to trust Hashem, he first seeks to neutralize the tens of illusions that prevent us from trusting in Him fully.

A person may be in this world for twenty, fifty, or even seventy years, and still be living under the illusion that he can trust other human beings.

He has an uncle who's a millionaire and provides for him, so he knows he needn't worry much about finances. "When things get difficult," he tells himself, "I can always turn to Uncle Harry for help, and I can always expect the generous gifts he sends periodically. Hurray for Uncle Harry!"

His friend has a brother-in-law who's a renowned psychologist. Whenever he has to deal with something exceptionally frustrating or difficult, he can call the famed Dr. S. to talk it out and release all his tension. He knows that his emotions and experiences will never really overwhelm him, because he has his brother-in-law, Dr. S.

A third person has a cousin who's an excellent pediatrician. He trusts that his children will always be fine so long as he can get his cousin's diagnosis and treatment for all their ailments.

There's another man whose father is a renowned *askan*. He feels assured of his position in society and of people's respect for him. As the son of so-and-so, he thinks, *I will not be trampled or disrespected socially under any circumstances*.

This is how a person who has never learned *Shaar Habitachon* goes through life. He feels himself surrounded by all types of *nedivim* – patrons in whom he places his trust. For each of his needs and desires, he frantically thinks who's his appropriate and desired "patron" this time around.

Rabbenu Bachyai tells this unfortunate Yid: "You're working so hard for naught!" For years, you've been placing your trust in someone who is limited, someone who can give you no guarantees. He'll never be perfect, and in an instant, his power to provide for you can go up in smoke.

Any created being or thing is, by definition, limited. At some point his powers will be diminished. He'll grow old. He'll lose his millions, or his social standing. And even when his power to provide is at its height, can he possibly be available for every person at all hours of the day? There is no such possibility with a human being.

Place your trust in Hashem, the *Kol Yachol* Himself!

✕ The Doctor's Substitute ✕

Why had I feared? How had I fallen into despair, when Hashem, our beloved *Tatte in Himmel*, had been holding my hand with care and love throughout – my hand, Chani's hand, and the hands of all of us, His beloved children.

My father's doctor knew his place well. He diagnosed my father's problem but then explained that he was not the right person to recommend proper treatment. He named a professor who was tops in the particular field my father needed, and he gave us his secretary's number.

I innocently assumed we would call the secretary and book an appointment with the famed professor. But it wasn't all that simple.

"The professor doesn't see new patients at all," the secretary told me abruptly when I called.

"So what do you recommend I do?" I asked pleadingly. "My father needs help. He's really not well."

"I'll book you an appointment," the secretary said reassuringly, "with Doctor Stein." He said "Dr. Stein" as though everyone knew exactly who he meant, and so I was embarrassed to ask – but I asked anyway, "Who is Dr. Stein?!"

"Why, he's the professor's right hand."

"I want to see the professor himself," I insisted.

"Impossible," he rejoined. "The professor doesn't see new patients," he repeated like a broken record.

I realized there was no point in arguing the matter further. I made an appointment to see Dr. Stein, and I ended the call.

Several days later, it was time for my father's appointment. I davened to Hashem that Dr. Stein, the second-in-command to the famed professor, would be a good *shaliach* to help my father. In my heart, I had misgivings about the fact that we wouldn't receive advice from the professor himself. I wondered whether I was fulfilling my duty of *kibud av*, but what else could I do?

When we were on the way to the clinic, I got a call from the secretary.

"Unfortunately," he said, "Dr. Stein will not be able to make it today, and another doctor will take his place."

This was too much for me. Who would be the substitute for the doctor I already considered a substitute for another, better doctor?! How *bedieved* could this whole situation be?! I was too upset to even talk, and I ended the call, not even telling my father, so as not to upset him.

We arrived at the clinic, and I went up to the secretary to take care of the paperwork.

"You can go in now and see Dr. so-and-so," he said, mentioning a name that was all too familiar. It was not a typical last name, and it was the name of the famed professor we'd originally wanted to see.

Seeing the startled look on my face, the secretary explained, "The professor is filling in for Dr. Stein today because at the last minute, he couldn't make it."

I was thrilled. My father and I entered the room, and after carefully reading through my father's file, the professor recommended a precise course of treatment. *Chasdei Hashem*, the treatment was effective. I couldn't help but think that Dr. Stein's sudden disappearance

that day was a result of my *tefillah* to Hashem and my desire to give proper honor to my father by getting the best possible treatment for him.

✕ Spreading the Light ✕

When my good friend Yitzchak was diagnosed, I was determined to be at his side, encourage him, and help in whatever way I could. As time went on, however, I realized that practically, there was very little I could do aside from davening for his recovery. He was busy with all sorts of tests and doctors' examinations at first, then with deciding on the best course of treatment. Finally, he flew from his home in Beitar to the United States for an extended period of time in order to receive treatment. I wanted so badly to bring a bit of light into this dark period in his life. I continued davening for him each day and kept him in my thoughts all the time.

One day, I picked up a new *sefer* on *emunah* and *bitachon* that had just come out. It was very well written and extremely practical. I read it and enjoyed it and immediately thought of Yitzchak. It would mean the world to him, I knew, if I sent him the *sefer* with a heartfelt note and perhaps a box of chocolates. The knowledge that people in Eretz Yisrael were davening for him and anticipating his recovery would definitely give him a lift. I hurried back to the store and bought another copy of the *sefer*, asking the store owner to giftwrap it. Back at home, I penned a beautiful note, carefully ensuring that every word would uplift and inspire Yitzchak.

That day, I had a single goal in mind: to find someone in Beitar who was traveling to the United States as soon as possible. I felt this urge to know that the *sefer* was in Yitzchak's hands and that I had done something big in the realm of *bikur cholim* for a dear Yid and close friend. I asked in shul and in *kollel*, and I made calls to people whom I knew occasionally traveled abroad. Finally, I hit the jackpot. But the circumstances were not too happy. Someone knew someone else in Beitar who was dealing with a diagnosis very similar to Yitzchak's and who'd completed the same round of examinations and decision-making. The patient was traveling to the United States for treatment the following morning. If I would bring the package to his home, he'd be happy to be the *shaliach mitzvah* and help me out.

I delivered the package, wished my courier a speedy recovery, and went home, satisfied. At 4 a.m. the next morning, my phone rang. It was a long-distance number, and I sprang out of bed and picked it up. It was the man who'd taken the package, and he sounded both apologetic and completely confused.

"Listen," he told me. "I just landed in New York. There was supposed to be someone here to pick me up. That's what the *askan* who is helping me said. Now I'm here and trying to call him and I can't get through. You know who he is," he continued, "the same one who is helping your friend Yitzchak. Perhaps you have a way of reaching him?"

Now I was completely awake and alert. "I'll do what I can," I assured the man who needed a *refuah* and was all alone in a strange new country. Indeed, I had the *askan's* personal number, but knowing that he was no youngster, I decided to call one of his assistants. I dialed the number, and the man picked up on the first ring. I told him that the Yid from Beitar was waiting for the driver whom the *askan* had sent to pick him up.

"That driver is me!" the man responded. "I'm here in my car at the airport, and I can't find him and I don't have his number. It's a miracle you just called me."

I gave the driver the man's phone number, the two got in touch, and the man got his ride.

When I ended the call, the sun was rising over the mountains around Beitar. Hashem, Who is *kulo chessed*, and Whose miracles are with us every moment of our lives, was shining His magnificent Light upon His good world once again. I was overwhelmed with joy and emotion for the fact that I'd been able to bring my small bit of light into the world as well, to help this Yid in New York and spare him additional pain and worry. It is highly doubtful that he and the driver would have found each other otherwise.

And why did he have my number? Because he agreed to do me a favor and bring the *sefer* to Yitzchak! How wondrous are the ways of Hashem, and how true it is when we say that whenever a person does *cheded* for another, he's really doing it for himself.

✕ Because of the "Book" ✕

It was a big day in our lives. Our oldest son, Mendy, was getting engaged. Our hearts beat with excitement and deep thanks to Hashem for bringing us to this point. The *kallah* lived in Haifa, at least a two-hour drive from Yerushalayim, where we live, and we were supposed to be making a *l'chaim* that evening in her parents' home.

My wife carefully packed a bag with a suitable gift for the *kallah*, Shabbos clothing for us, and some other vital items. We left Yerushalayim several hours in advance, not wanting to take a chance of being delayed. My brother-in-law, who also lives in Haifa, arranged for an apartment where we could stay until it would be time to go to the *l'chaim*. We were on our way!

On the bus, it was hard to contain all our emotions. My wife and I both said *Tehillim* most of the way, in an outpouring of *tefillah* and *bakashah* to Hashem. We cried and laughed and recalled various milestones and challenges in the life of our son, Mendy, the almost-*chassan*.

Perhaps it was a result of that jumble of emotions and slight confusion, and certainly it was *hashgachas Hashem*, but the fact is that as soon as we got off the bus in Haifa and it pulled away, we realized that our bag was not with us. We'd left it in the suitcase compartment under the bus!

This was bad news. Help! What would we do, and how in the world could we show up at our own son's *l'chaim* without proper clothing and a gift for the *kallah*?! For a full sixty seconds, panic set in.

But then, for my wife, of course, *emunah* took over.

She took a deep breath. "Mendy is getting engaged," she said slowly. "Let's thank Hashem again. Let's thank Him for the missing bag, too, because if this is what happened, then this is His will." Right there on the sidewalk, we each said *Mizmor l'sodah*, slowly and with great *kavanah*. Then, not really knowing what else to do, we walked up to the apartment that had been arranged for us.

Several minutes later, my cell phone rang.

"Did you lose a bag on the bus from Yerushalayim to Haifa just now?" a voice with a strange accent asked.

"Yes!" I shouted in excitement.

"You had a book there in the bag," the voice continued, and in seconds, as I flipped through the contents of the bag in my mind's eyes, I realized he could only be referring to the *sefer Mesillas Ye-sharim*, which I learn constantly and take with me everywhere.

"I did," I answered, and, my mind working at top speed, I understood that *the only place in the entire bag and its contents where my name and number were listed was in that sefer.*

"I'm from the bus company's lost and found office," the man continued. "Your bag just arrived here, and you can come pick it up anytime this afternoon." He gave me an address in downtown Haifa.

Dazed, I hung up the phone.

Less than a minute later there was a knock on the door. It was my brother-in-law, bearing cakes and cold drinks.

"You're not going to believe what just happened," I told him, and I shared with him the events of the past twenty minutes.

"Perfect," he responded. "I'll go with my car and pick up the suitcase for you. I need to be in the area anyway," he added. (To this day, I have no idea whether he really had to be there or if he invented that story in order to make us think it was nothing for him.)

I couldn't get over what had happened, and the lightning speed of all the events. Anyone who's had experience with losing something on an Israeli bus system will tell you that what took place here was *not* normal. Never have I heard of someone getting a phone call from the bus company, and so soon after losing something on a bus. It often takes days or even weeks to locate a lost item. Moreover, it was openly manifested *hashgachah* that I had brought the *sefer* along, which had my name and number in it, and that I had left it in the suitcase. Normally, I would have had

it in a small bag with me on the bus. And what in the world motivated the worker in the office to go through the bag, item by item, until he found a name and number inside the *sefer*? I'll never know.

What I do know is that three quarters of an hour after my wife and I said *Mizmor l'sodah* on the sidewalk, we said it again in that apartment with additional joy and thanks to Hashem. Our suitcase was back, with everything intact.

We arrived at the *mechutan's* home just in time to rejoice with our Mendy, whose face was glowing like the sun, and his *kallah*, who exclaimed that the gift we'd brought was exactly what she'd always wanted.

Mazal tov, my friends! May we share *simchos* always, and may we be *zocheh* to thank Hashem every moment of our lives!

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

I want to share with your readers the *chizuk* I had. I know that what I'm writing about is something everyone knows, but it's different when you experience it personally. That's when the truth of it really clicks.

In recent years, I underwent a very difficult *nisayon*, and I was truly broken. The most difficult part of it was the feeling that I was abandoned and left to deal with this thing completely on my own. None of my extended family, friends, or acquaintances tried to help, or even expressed sympathy or encouragement. It was tough, to say the least.

During those dark days, the idea entered my mind that I really wasn't alone – Hakadosh Baruch Hu was right there with me. This thought was a tremendous comfort to me, and it gave me *chizuk* the whole way through.

I think this is the natural way of the world: When

a person feels afraid, depressed, and abandoned, these feelings stem from the illusion that he is alone in his battles. When he understands and feels that there is Someone running the show in this world, and that Someone is none other than our Father in *Shamayim*, Who loves us and is with us always, then that understanding brings him back to life and chases away all the terrible emotions. Then, even through very difficult times, his heart can feel the joy of closeness to Hashem.

It is my hope that these words will give *chizuk* to all the readers out there as well. I also want to thank you for the incredible things I've heard on your phone line and the words of *chizuk* in your newsletters.

**Best wishes,
Yaakov Yisrael S., Bnei Brak**

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



Your Order Has Arrived

My brother Yanky's bar mitzvah was a beautiful event. He came home with stacks and stacks of *sefarim* he'd received as gifts and carefully began unpacking each gift-wrapped package and placing it on the new shelves my parents bought him. The shelves were filled with all sorts of *sefarim*. When he finished his work, Yanky took three steps back to examine them. "Wow," he said, and I could tell he was bursting with joy. Suddenly, he turned to my father. "But something is missing, Ta," he said. "What is it, Yanky?" our father asked. "I didn't get a set of *Mishnah Berurah*," he responded.

Indeed, there was no set of *Mishnah Berurah* among the many gifts he'd received; and as we all know, a set of *Mishnah Berurah* is a staple for anyone, especially a budding *masmid* like Yanky. Tatty smiled fondly. "So tomorrow, we'll go out and buy you a set on our own," he said immediately.

The following morning, Yanky asked Tatty when they would go out together to buy the set, and Tatty assured him that he'd get to it in the afternoon. When we all got home for lunch, however, there was a surprise at the door. One of the neighbors who couldn't make it to the bar mitzvah had bought over a gift-wrapped set of *sefarim* inside a bag that they'd hung on the handle of our door. Yanky immediately brought the bag inside, placed it on the dining room table, and unwrapped it. Inside was a shining new, large, leather-bound set of *Mishnah Berurah*.



To "See" the Good

My name is Yaakov, and I live in Beit Shemesh.

It was a cool evening, and my mother and I went out to the supermarket together. We were walking along, almost at the store, when Ima suddenly began going through her purse and pockets.

"What happened, Ima?" I asked. "What are you missing?"

"I think I forgot my credit card on the kitchen table," she responded.

"Oh, no!" *What a pain, to walk all the way back home now*, I thought to myself.

But there was no choice. We turned around and retraced our steps, some of the fun definitely gone now from our little "outing." When we got home, there was a woman we didn't recognize waiting at the door.

"Do you live here?" she asked. "Yes, I do," Ima responded immediately.

"I came for your sale on baking items," she said. "I've been knocking for a few moments, and I was about to leave."

"Oh," said Ima, "then please come in." Ima led her to the little closed porch off the dining room, where we keep the whole stock of boutique baking products for our sale. The woman looked around, asked for a bag, and began filling it with a variety of products, taking five or six of almost every item on the shelves. She finished making her choices, which were worth a large sum of money, within a few minutes.

"Thank you," she told Ima, handing over her payment in cash. "I'm making a *pidyon haben* for my grandson, and I needed these right away."

"Sure," Ima responded, smiling. This was the type of purchase that kept our store going. What *hashgachah* that we came home in time!



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 2

Last week: While taking charge of his father's move to a new house, Rabbi Meir Slomowitz doesn't realize that the Arab workers stole expensive jewelry from among his father's things.

In ten minutes my *Daf Yomi shiur* is supposed to start. I don't want to have to cancel, but what could I do?

Hi, Meir! I just finished running an errand, and I'm nearby. Do you need help? I'd love to have a small part in your *kibbud av*!

Oh, my brother Yosef is calling...too bad that he's so busy at work that he could barely help out here...

Yes! It's truly *min haShamayim* that you just called. It would help me so much if you'd come over to Abba's new apartment now.

Chasdei Hashem! Thanks to you I'll be able to give my regular *shiur* on time.

Good. Now I can do two mitzvos at once!

An hour later...

That's it - we're done! Come and see what a good job we did... Yes, we're professionals!

We really did a perfect job this time. We don't want to be held up fixing things for them...

Yes, you did a really good job. Thank you!

Oy...seeing these candlesticks reminds me of Mommy - how she davened and cried as she lit candles each week...and here are the pictures of her parents and her grandparents...

Oh! I just remembered something really important!!

They Make it Happen

An inside look at those who spread emunah and bitachon

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

In the *beis midrash*. I had to decide whether to bring them in the middle of the week or for Shabbos. If you distribute them for Shabbos, they might be read during davening. So I prefer to distribute them in the middle of the week.

What made you decide to get involved?

I always listened to the phone line, and it gave me so much *chizuk* and did so much for me.

Is there a story of *hashgachah pratis* that you can share with us?

I was thinking about beginning to write down all the *hashgachah pratis* I experience constantly in my life, in order to become more conscious of it. One Thursday, I told my *chavrusa* about my idea, and on Sunday, he told me about the incredible *hashgachah pratis* he'd experienced that Shabbos.

Now, his *chavrusa* came on the line to tell the story.

My daughters' school gave out the book *Living Emunah* by Rabbi David Ashear, and I started reading a chapter every week at the Shabbos table.

One week, I realized that the chapter where we were holding was geared more for adults, because it discussed business and money matters, so I decided to go to the next chapter.

Among other things, Rabbi Ashear wrote in that chapter about the greatness of recording the *hashgachah pratis* we see in

our lives. He wrote about a Yid who would write down all the instances of *hashgachah* he saw in his life for over two decades. After he passed away, one of his children read through all his notebooks and realized that his father's writings came to exactly 613 pages. He understood that this was a sign that, as the Gra says, when one strengthens his *emunah* in Hashem, he is in fact strengthening himself in all 613 mitzvos of the Torah, because the foundation of everything is *emunah*!

It was tremendous *hashgachah pratis* that I skipped a chapter and ended up reading all that *chizuk* about the idea of writing down instances of *hashgachah*, exactly on the Shabbos after my friend shared his idea with me. On Sunday, I was able to give him *chizuk* to carry out his plan!

And back to the distributor:

It gave me so much *chizuk*. It made me realize that Hashem was pleased with my idea, and with this "wink from Above," I got right into it.

I started writing one story after another. I must tell you, it has changed my life and the life of my family, too. We live with *hashgachah pratis*, and it continues to this day.

What do you want to tell others about distributing the newsletters?

When you're involved in spreading *emunah*, it strengthens your own *emunah*, too. It's worth making the effort!

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 Shlomo
of Zhvillo 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

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in Yiddish and Hebrew

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