

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 Bereishis, 5787 × 211

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

A Yid comes crying to his Rav, "Why do I have to suffer so much? My neighbor is loaded with money, my brother has amazing children, my friend makes *chashuve shidduchim*, and only for me, things are difficult.

"Why? Why?"

His Rav opens three *sefarim*, all of which address the same topic: *Toras Haminchah*, authored by Rav Yaakov Skoli, the disciple of the Rashba (*Matos-Masei* 64), *Rabbenu Bachyai al HaTorah* (*Devarim* 22:8), and *Chessed L'Avraham*, authored by Rav Avraham Azulai (*Ma'ayan* 4, *Nahar* 11).

He explains to the distraught Yid what it says in the *Toras Haminchah*:

Before your *neshamah* came down to the world, it was shown all the possible circumstances it might encounter in every aspect of life – the difficulties as well as the advantages of every circumstance – wealth vs. poverty, *shidduchim*, children...everything in the world, including spiritual struggles, talents, familial circumstances, even your body structure – tall vs. short, weak vs. strong, beautiful or not.

The *Toras Haminchah* states that a person then *chooses his own circumstances*, both those that seem positive in this world and those that we call challenges.

"But I didn't *know* at the time when I chose these circumstances how difficult it would be!" the Yid says, exasperated. "Had I known, I never would have agreed."

"My dear friend," the Rav answers kindly, "I think you're mistaken. It's not that you didn't know then, it's that *now* you don't know! When you made the choice, you knew what was truly for your best. Here, with the limited view you have in this world, what you *feel* is the difficulty. When you saw the entire picture, you chose how your life would look. For this reason, the *Chessed L'Avraham* teaches, a person can never complain to Hashem about why his friend's circumstances are better than his own, because all his circumstances are a result of his own choice."

Thank Hashem for your challenges, for every challenge in the world brings a person toward the true, eternal good. As the *Chessed L'Avraham* explains further, any physical or circumstantial limitation that a person has to deal with in this world will be transformed into its opposite after *techiyas hameisim*. The man who was poverty-stricken throughout his life here will be wealthy, the man who was weak will be strong, and so on.

When you internalize the fact that everything you have to deal with is *l'chat'chilah* for you and is for your ultimate good, your life becomes much more peaceful. It becomes a life of constant joy and growth.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchas Shefer

They Show Us the Way

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

True Bliss

Rav Chatzkel Levenstein's face shone like the sun at midday, radiating inner joy and contentment. What did he tell his friend Rav Shalom Schwadron? What was the source of the special simchah he was feeling?

"How is the mashgiach?!"

Rav Shalom Schwadron greeted Rav Chatzkel Levenstein. "I see that the mashgiach is very excited about something," he continued. "Perhaps the mashgiach can tell me what it's all about?"

Reb Chatzkel was quiet for a moment, but then he began to talk, and he shared with Rav Shalom the innermost feelings of his pure heart:

Before the war, I served as mashgiach in Kletzk, and then, for several years, Hashem gave me the zechus of running the yeshivah. After a while, however, I became a regular yungerman, sitting and learning in Yeshivas Mir.

This was a real adjustment for me. As mashgiach in Kletzk, I got a relatively nice salary, much more than a typical yungerman learning in kollel received. When I lost this position, my financial situation

wasn't simple. I actually did not have a cent...and the burden of providing parnassah for the family was completely mine. I needed to feed my children, and there were days that were so difficult that I literally had no idea what I would give them to eat the next day!

Throughout this time, I made a firm decision to simply cast my burden on Hashem and to rely on Him with total bitachon, like a baby in his mother's arms. And Hashem answered me in turn. Every day I experienced constant, open hashgachah. Sometimes I would get a certain sum of money a mere quarter of an hour before I had to return a debt. Hashem sent me food and other basic needs in a variety of ways, and always exactly at the right time.

It was the most amazing period in my life, and I look back on it with longing. Those were days when I experienced the true pleasure and bliss of bitachon in Hashem, that secure feeling of being completely in His Hands, the Hands of our loving, merciful Father. What could be better? There is no way to describe the deep sweetness and

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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

✕ Mission in Los Angeles ✕

Reb Meir from Zurich related the following:

I am *zocheh* to head a *kiruv* organization in Zurich for young adults, with Torah classes and outreach for those who never received a Jewish education. Like any organization, we need money. I don't usually fundraise, but this time I had no choice. I asked a tzaddik for a *brachah* for our organization, and he told me "Go fundraise in Los Angeles."

I listened, and set out on my way with much *tefillah* on my lips and in my heart. I felt that I would be doing my part, but only Hashem could open the hearts and the pockets of our brothers to donate to this very worthy cause. I often think about the idea that wherever a person travels or ends up in life, there is a specific reason why he needs to be in that location. I had never dreamed that I'd be fundraising, and certainly not in Los Angeles. While on the plane, I wondered whether Hashem was taking me there in order to fulfill some Divinely ordained mission. Only time would tell.

I arrived, began making my rounds, and people were receptive, and donating generously. At one point, I was in a car with the driver I'd hired when I got a call from a friend in Zurich. "I thought about you," he said. "There's someone in Beverly Hills, a Yid with a big heart, whom I think you should see. He was once in Zurich and donated generously to all sorts of causes."

My friend gave me the person contact information, and I arranged a time and place to meet with him.

"What brings you here?" the man asked me, after some preliminary greetings.

I answered him by sharing my thoughts from the plane. "Well," I said, "I'm not really sure why I'm here. You see, I need to ask for a donation for my organization, but I know that Hashem sent me specifically here. Perhaps you can tell me," I said half-jokingly. "What am I really doing in Los Angeles?"

"What's the name of your organization?" he asked.

"*Yad Lano'ar*, in Zurich," I responded.

"Oh!" he said. "I lived in Zurich for a while. It was 38 years ago. If you live there now, perhaps your mission is to help me!"

He told me he had a debt to repay from the time he lived in Zurich.

"My friend Mark and I went away to a resort in Austria for a week with our families," he explained. "We planned an itinerary together and split the cost of food, lodgings, and everything else. It worked out well for both of us. Afterward, when I'd already moved to Los Angeles, Mark called and told

me the Austrian municipality had charged us a fine of 300 Francs because we left our garbage out somewhere where it was forbidden by law.

"I was quite annoyed. I told Mark that the Austrian municipality was crazy. What were they thinking, sending a fine to vacationers?! 'I'm not going to send them anything,' I told him.

"Mark was a very law-abiding person, and he felt we should pay the fine, but since we disagreed, he simply paid the sum in full.

"Throughout the years, it's been on my conscience that Mark covered my end of the fine, and I wanted to repay him, even though he'd accepted to make the full payment on his own, and even though I don't believe the Austrians would have come looking for us if we had ignored their letter. Still, it just didn't feel right to me.

"Several years ago, I decided to look for Mark in order to repay him, and I heard he had passed away at young age from a heart attack. I called a mutual friend and asked him to look up Mark's family, but he made nothing of my concerns. 'You don't really owe him the money,' he said. 'Just donate it somewhere *l'ilui nishmaso*.'

"The thing is, though, that I do want to hear from the family. I want to know if they want the money or if they want me to donate it, and to which organization."

The man suddenly seemed to recall who he was talking to, and he interrupted his narrative. "Tell me again," he said, "which organization are you collecting for?"

"*Yad Lano'ar* in Zurich," I repeated.

"*Yad Lano'ar!*" he said. "It seems to ring a bell..."

He looked through his notepad and found where he'd written the name *Yad Lano'ar*. "Aah!" he said. "It was that mutual friend who suggested that I donate to a worthy cause in Zurich, *l'ilui nishmas* my friend Mark, and he named your organization."

Things moved quickly after that. I got hold of Mark's family and told them the story, and then the Yid gave our organization a hefty donation and asked me to also go to Mark's *kever* and ask for forgiveness in his name.

Back in Zurich, I went into the *beis hachaim*, which is a six-minute drive from my home, and did as he requested.

Now I understood. This was the mission that I'd come to fulfill in Los Angeles.

>>> continued from page 1

pleasure that come from this feeling.

Afterward, things changed again. I became the

mashgiach in Lomza, Mir, and then Ponevezh. The salary started coming in regularly again. Then too, of course, I knew that everything is a gift from Hashem, Who provides for us and sustains us. I remembered that the salary was coming merely from Hashem's messengers, but the feeling was not like that bliss of connection and security that came when I had no salary to rely on at all.

"But now," the mashgiach concluded, "the yeshivah is in

very difficult financial straits. For a long while, all of us on the staff haven't received any salary at all. An hour ago, I made a cheshbon that for eight months I haven't received any salary, and nonetheless, I feel that I lack for nothing!"

"Once again, I don't really know from where I will have food for the next day, and once again, I feel Hashem's Hand!"

"My dear Reb Shalom, that is the source of my joy. How could I not feel overwhelmed with simchah when I see and feel tangibly how Hashem is taking care of me?"

✕ In Order to Save His Life ✕

Rav Shaul Leib Tabak shlit"a from Bnei Brak related the following:

For several years, I've been *zocheh* to give a *Daf Yomi shiur* in Rav Tobias's shul in Kiryat Vizhnitz. *Baruch Hashem*, the participants of the *shiur* who come regularly have forged close ties with each other, to the point that we are real *yedidim*. If one of our regular participants is missing, we truly feel it, as each member contributes his comments and questions.

That's how, when Reb Lipa didn't show up to the *shiur* for several days in a row, I grew concerned, asked around, and heard that he had a severe infection (a "*roiz*") in his leg.

The next day, I decided to do *bikur cholim*. I went to Reb Lipa's house, and I found him laid up in bed with a high fever. He was in a lot of pain, and the doctors told him he needed to receive high dosages of antibiotics intravenously. His devoted wife and children arranged for him to get the intravenous antibiotics at home, so he wouldn't have to remain in the hospital. They surrounded his bed and were at his beck and call all the time. They asked their family doctor to pay their father a house call, and he arrived as I was sitting at Reb Lipa's bedside, visiting with him.

The doctor examined Reb Lipa, looked at the leg, and was none too pleased. "The infection is spreading," he said. "I think the treatment you're getting may not be enough. You need to go to the hospital." He gave them a referral to the emergency room and urged them to hurry.

I wished my friend a *refuah sheleimah* and hurriedly left the house. The next day I called to inquire how he was feeling, and his son told me something that gave me chills:

"Two minutes after my father arrived at the hospital," Reb Lipa's son said, "he collapsed. The doctors immediately took him in for X-rays and tests, and they discovered a hole in his intestine, with internal bleeding that was life-threatening. They admitted him immediately for emergency surgery, sewed up the hole, and gave him several blood transfusions. The doctors told us that if he hadn't come when he did, he would not have survived, *chas v'shalom*. Under such circumstances, the difference between life and death, or health and irreversible damage, is literally a few minutes," he concluded.

I thought about the incredible *hashgachah* and *rachmanus* of Hashem, Who orchestrated the infection in Reb Lipa's leg in order to get him to the hospital in time to save his life from the true danger he was facing.

✕ Night After Night ✕

Reb Avraham Moskowitz from Bnei Brak related the following:

One day someone came over to me and told me he was embarrassed to do something, but he knew it had to be done.

"What is it?" I asked. And he told me his story. It was a story about his nights, something that had been taking place night after night after night for 365 days in a row! A year earlier, his eldest son, a sweet, angelic baby boy, was born to him.



Shiur by Rav Berish Schneebalg shlit"a

The Key to Success in This World

As we've discussed previously, Hashem doesn't ask us to resolve all our own problems. His only request of us is that we live according to His will. As we've mentioned, in the *midbar* Hashem provided for all of Am Yisrael's needs without any effort at all on their part! For forty years, their clothing grew right along with them. They never had to buy a new pair of shoes. And Hashem can provide everything for us as well without our lifting a finger!

But why did their food come each day for only that day? Because Hashem wanted to hear from them! He wanted them to live with Him and to remember that everything comes from Him. If He wanted to, Hashem could give us all the food and money we'd need for the rest of our lives right now. But then we wouldn't talk to Him! He wants us to turn to Him in the belief that He alone holds the key to *parnassah*.

This holds true for the spiritual challenges we face in this world, too. Hashem is the "Master of Wars" – including internal wars that we have to battle against bad *middos* and against the *yetzer hara*. We are constantly at war with ourselves, and it takes a lifetime to refine and change ourselves. Every day a new *nisayon* presents itself.

The *eitzah*, here too, is to live with Hashem. When we daven all the time, and we don't think for a moment that we can handle it on our own, then we see *siyata diShmaya* and even open miracles in our lives. We don't expect easy solutions; rather, we understand that we have to do our *hishtadlus*, and then Hashem *gifts* us with victories and successes!

Hashem is the Master of Wars, and He wants us to keep trying, and to make the internal changes we need to make. When we live with this mindset and awareness, we see abundant blessings.

May we all fear Hashem and be connected to Him all the time. May we see the *Geulah* speedily, and may we lack for nothing. And may Hashem give all of us an abundance of health, *nachas*, and all our hearts' desires; *amen*.

When they brought him home, it turned out that the angel had a healthy pair of lungs and excellent vocal chords, as the grandmothers would say. During the day, he often slept or lay peacefully in his stroller looking up at his mobile, but when night fell, the choir began. He would scream and cry without letup, and they had no idea how to calm him down.

Of course, he told me, they tried everything. Doctors, natural remedies, reflexology, changes in the mother's diet, and more. Nothing seemed to help. Their baby seemed determined to keep them awake throughout the nights. The beleaguered parents were both falling apart from exhaustion, to the point that the young man feared for his wife's health.

I tried to refocus the conversation. "So what is it that you feel you can do, that you're embarrassed to do?"

He explained that at one point, he'd decided to try another form of *hishtadlus*, and he'd asked advice from a certain tzaddik.

"You should say ten *perakim* of *Tehillim* every day," the tzaddik told him, "and when you finish, ask Hashem to help the baby fall asleep easily and to sleep well."

He did exactly as the tzaddik instructed, and two weeks later he'd completed the entire *sefer Tehillim*; his son was still keeping them up all night. The next day, he passed by a *sefarim* store, stepped inside, opened a certain *sefer*, and "incidentally" opened to a page in which someone had written about the exact same problem as his. This was an *avreich* whose baby also kept him up all night for many nights, and who sought the advice of an *adam gadol*. The *gadol* told him to think about whether he had ever hurt anyone, and he immediately recalled that as a young *yeshivah bachur*, he'd often played music very loudly late at night, to the chagrin of the yeshivah's neighbors – families with small children.

Many of the neighbors knocked on the *yeshivah* dormitory door and asked the *bachurim* to lower the volume, but as a young *bachur*, he thought they were exaggerating. What could possibly be so bad? Were all these children so spoiled that they couldn't fall asleep if there was some music playing in the background?

He'd carelessly continued playing music at high volumes late into the night, despite the neighbors' complaints. Now he understood. Hashem was repaying *him* measure for measure, and his own baby was keeping him up at night.

He wrote in the *sefer* that with all the unpleasantness involved, he went back to the neighborhood where his *yeshivah* was, knocked on doors, and asked forgiveness from all the neighbors, and they forgave him. On the night after he made this concerted effort to gain forgiveness from all the people he had harmed, his baby slept through the night.

Now the young man, who "incidentally" read this story on the very day when he'd finished saying all of *sefer Tehillim* and asking Hashem to help *his* baby sleep, was in a quandary, because, as he told me, he knew he was guilty of something similar, maybe even worse.

"We are accountable for everything," he told me with tears in his eyes. "E-v-e-r-y-t-h-i-n-g."

He explained that he was very musically inclined and played

several instruments. He had a neighbor, an elderly Holocaust survivor, who lived in the apartment above his. He would come down at night when the young man was banging away on his drums and would plead with him, "Please, the banging takes me back to the Nazis marching through our town. Please stop making so much noise."

"I was just young and thoughtless," the man told me, tears in his eyes once again. "I didn't really *hear* what the man was telling me. I would always lower the volume and even stop when he asked, but I always started it up again. I never realized how much pain, how many nightmares, and how much lost sleep I was causing him."

"Do you understand?" he asked me. "My baby is still screeching through the nights. Hashem is repaying me measure for measure. And I have a debt hanging over my head. I need to ask the man for forgiveness. But as I told you, I know it has to be done, but I'm too embarrassed to do it."

I told him to try to overcome his shame. We discussed what he should say and how. I decided to ask him the next day whether he'd had the courage to do it.

The next day, he said he was thinking about it.

The following day, he was still thinking, and his baby, of course, was still crying through the nights. Only now, his cries seemed to be demanding of his father to do what had to be done.

Finally, after several more sleepless nights, he inquired about his previous neighbor and heard that he'd moved into a nursing home. He called the man's son, overcame his deep shame, and relayed the entire story.

"Can you possibly ask your father for forgiveness from me?"

The son was sympathetic. He explained that his father was not always lucid, and he had to find the right time and opportunity to speak to him. For several days, the young man davened intently to be *zocheh* to get the man's forgiveness. Finally, the son called him back and relayed that he'd indeed been able to give over the message to his father that his previous neighbor wanted his *mechilah*. The father had immediately responded with the words *machul lach, machul lach, machul lach*.

The young man thanked me from the bottom of his heart for pushing me to ask for forgiveness. "In your *zechus*, I was able to receive his forgiveness in his lifetime," he said emotionally.

And his baby has grown. He sleeps well through the nights, and is satisfied and refreshed during the daytime. *Hodu laHashem*.

✕ The Stone Speaks to Us ✕

We received this story from Rav Dovid Fierman z"l from Beit Shemesh several years ago. May the publication of this story be *l'ilui nishmaso*:

Last Shabbos, my brother-in-law Chaim told me the following story of unfathomable *hashgachas Hashem*:

On Friday an old friend of mine called and asked me for advice. Twenty years ago, his uncle Dov from Kfar Saba was walking in the street and saw an Arab riding on a donkey that was

pulling a cart with a nice slab of marble inside it. He looked a little closer and couldn't believe his eyes. The marble tile had the Hebrew words *Shivisi Hashem...* on them, exactly like the tiles hung above the *bimah*, where the *shaliach tzibbur* davens in shul.

"What are you planning on doing with that?" Dov asked the Arab. "I'm taking it to use for a tiling job I have," the Arab responded gutturally.

Then and there, Dov decided that he wouldn't allow it to happen. "I'll buy it from you," Dov told the Arab. "How much?!" the man asked immediately, eyeing the Jew greedily.

They bargained for a short while and then agreed on a price. Dov handed over the money and took the heavy marble tile with the *passuk* on it from the Arab's hands. He brought the tile straight to his shul, where he offered it to the *gabba'im*. They assured him that as soon as their plans for redoing the interior of the shul became a reality, they would mount the tile in a fitting place in the shul, above where the *chazzan* stands. In the meantime, they placed it in the storage room behind the shul.

Several weeks later, they were finally able to start construction on the central shul in Kfar Saba, but the marble didn't match the design of the new shul, so they didn't mount it. It remained in the storage room behind the shul, hidden behind other neglected *shtenders*, *sefarim* shelves, and *siddurim* no longer in use.

All this happened twenty years ago. On Friday, before I came here, my friend, Dov's nephew, called me up and told me that his uncle Dov had passed away several years ago. Today, he got a call from the *gabba'im* in Kfar Saba. They were asking him to do something with the marble tile.

"You know, it's been sitting here for many years, even before your Uncle Dov passed away," they told him. "Now we want

you or someone in the family to take it by 12 p.m. today, or we'll have to get rid of it some other way."

My friend was calling me to ask if I had an idea about what to do with the marble tile? His uncle had exerted so much effort for it, and he thought it was important to put it in a respectable place.

I thought about what he said, and I told him, "Ask the *gabba'im* to check if there's a name on the back of the tile. Perhaps someone donated it *l'ilui nishmas* his family members."

Several minutes later, my friend called me back with an answer. "Listen to this," he told me. "The name engraved on the back of the marble tile is *Tzemach*."

"Tzemach!" I shouted. "Tzemach who?"

"Tzemach Hirschler," he responded.

"Do you understand?" Chaim continued. "Tzemach Hirschler was my father! I told him to read me the other names on the tile, sure that my father had donated it *l'ilui nishmas* someone. He began reading a whole list of names to me – my father's sisters who were killed in the Holocaust, and other members of his family. I was in a state of shock. I hadn't known that my father had once donated such a stone. The most incredible part was that of all his friends and acquaintances, he decided to ask *me* for advice about what to do with it. What are the odds?"

"Of course, I did what I had to do. I paid a driver to pick it up and bring it to my house." Rav Dovid Fierman concluded:

And this is where my story ends. From what I understand, the marble tile is still in Chaim's house, and he's searching for a suitable shul where it can be donated, but as I started off, the *hashgachas Hashem* here is simply unfathomable, an open revelation of the *Eibishter* here in His world!

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

It was a true pleasure for me to read newsletter 204, on *Parshas Shoftim*. The *chizuk* I got from one specific story filled me with *emunah* and *bitachon*. It was the story told by a young man who was sued for hundreds of thousands of shekels and taken to court. He relayed how taking on the *kabbalah* not to speak during davening and *krias haTorah* brought about his *yeshuah*. It's so moving to see how so many people today are *mis'orer* about the importance of maintaining the proper *kavod* in shul.

Equally moving was the second message of the story – the recognition that the judge in the courtroom was nothing, and the real "case" was decided in the courtroom on High by Hashem Himself, in accordance with how much he

would do *teshuvah* and repair his mistakes. As the young man relayed with conviction, he is sure that this is what opened the gates of *Shamayim* for him! This is the meaning of *emunah* – knowing that everything that happens to us comes from Hashem, and that no human being can decide or influence what will be; only Hashem decides.

I think that this *chizuk* will remain with me always and will remind me that I need to strengthen myself in *avodas Hashem*, and the *yeshuah* will come.

Thank you for printing this story.

Best wishes,

Dovid Tzvi Segal, Elad

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



In the Quickest and Easiest Way

My name is Ahreleh, and I live in Beit Shemesh. It was very hectic on Erev Yom Tov, what with building the sukkah, buying *arba'ah minim*, organizing the house for the many guests we were expecting, shopping, cooking, and so much more. Everyone was happy and excited about the coming Yom Tov, and Mommy was running from one thing to the next with barely a moment to breathe in between.

"Mommy," I reminded my mother, "I really wanted a *bekesheh* for Yom Tov."

"I know, Ahreleh, I know I told you we'd buy it..." Her voice trailed off, and I could tell she was trying to figure out how we'd get to the store in the shopping center on the other side of town, and how long the whole trip would take with standstill traffic throughout the city and the stores bursting with people all intent on buying new clothing in honor of Yom Tov.

We'd already discussed buying the *bekesheh* in the summer, and Mommy had assured me that we'd get it in honor of Yom Tov. It was just a matter of fitting in this trip in the midst of these overloaded days. How would we do it?

Mommy looked at her watch. It was 2 p.m. "OK, Ahreleh," she said with a smile, "we'll go at 5, after I finish cooking the stuffed cabbage and the soups."



I walked away, satisfied. I made a mental note to daven, during *Minchah*, that the shopping trip would go smoothly and easily. My parents always tell us to daven for everything.

At 3:30 I went to shul for *Minchah* and made sure, during *Shema koleinu*, to ask Hashem to help me find a *bekesheh* for Yom Tov in the quickest and easiest way possible.

At 4:15, several minutes after I got home, someone knocked on our door. It was our downstairs neighbor, with whom we are very close. My friend Chaim was standing there alongside his mother, and she was holding a bag from the men's clothing store where we were planning on buying the *bekesheh*. She pulled out a *bekesheh* and then explained, "I just picked this up a few hours ago for Chaim, and it doesn't fit him properly. We thought you might want to buy it off of us."

Mommy came to the door, wiping her hands on a towel, took one look at the *bekesheh* with her trained eye and said, "Oh, the *bekesheh* came to us. It looks like it will be the perfect fit for Ahreleh."

Quickly, I tried it on and looked into the full-length mirror at the entrance to our home. It fit like a glove.

Incredible. I asked Hashem to help me find a *bekesheh* for Yom Tov "in the quickest and easiest way possible," and that is exactly what He did, in a way that was much quicker and much easier than I could even have imagined!

The Mystery of the Gemaras That Arrived on Their Own

I live in Yerushalayim. My older brother Moishy got involved in something many young yeshivah *bachurim* do in their spare time: binding *sefarim*. People bring Moishy *sefarim* that are in good shape on the inside but torn on the outside, and, for a small fee, he rebinds them expertly.

When the *zman* started, Moishy mentioned to his friend Aryeh that he'd started a small "binding business" during *bein hazmanim*.

"Perfect!" Aryeh said excitedly. "Totally *bashert* that you just told me about it. I have two Gemaras at home that I wanted to use in yeshivah now, but they're both torn and need to be rebound. Can I bring them to you?"

"Sure," Moishy said easily. He was happy to help his friend out.

The next day, Aryeh put the two Gemaras in a bag and went out to the bus. When he got to yeshivah, however, the bag was nowhere to be found. Where had he left it? At the bus stop? On the bus? Somewhere else on the way? He had no idea.

When Moishy got home, he found the bag with Aryeh's Gemaras hanging on the door handle of our apartment.

"Oh," he thought to himself, "so Aryeh *did* get the Gemaras to me after all." He brought the bag into the house and got busy binding the Gemaras for Aryeh to use.

The next morning, he presented his friend Aryeh with the neatly and expertly bound Gemaras, and Aryeh's eyes almost popped out. "I don't believe it!" he said. "I was sure the Gemaras were lost. How in the world did they get to you?!"

A mystery.

But then, Dovy, another boy in their class who lives in a building near ours, shouted from across the room, "I brought the bag over to his house!"

"How?!" Aryeh asked. "Where did you find it, and how did you know?!"

"Yesterday morning, we had a *bris* at your end of town," Dovy explained. "I went on the bus – you know, the 54 that you always take to yeshivah – and I wanted to sit down, but there was a bag on the seat with two Gemaras inside. So I checked if they had a name, and I realized they were yours, the Gemaras I heard you telling Moishy about yesterday. Since I was going home anyway, I took the Gemaras and hung them on Moishy's door."

The mystery was resolved in a way that could only be explained as *hashgachas Hashem*!



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 3

Last week: Yosef, Meir Slomowitz's older brother, takes Meir's place supervising their father's move to his new apartment, so Meir can go to give his Daf Yomi shiur. After the workers leave, Yosef recalls something important.

How many years ago was it that I discovered Mommy's secret? Forty? Maybe more than that?

Forty years earlier...

3...2...1...Ready or not, here I come!

Wow! There's an opening here! You can barely see it. Maybe I can hide inside? Let me try...

Wow...that's interesting - there's a big box here, and it's filled with jewelry!!

Yosse'le! What are you doing up there?! Be careful!

After I discovered the box, Mommy quietly told me that those were very valuable pieces of jewelry she'd received as an inheritance. They were worth a fortune. She asked me not to tell anyone about it.

Mommy passed away so suddenly, she never had the chance to tell any of the other children about it...and Abba - it's hard for him to think about it; his memory is so poor, it's no wonder he forgot about the treasure in his attic...

Oy!! The box is empty! Who knows if we'll ever get to see Mommy's jewelry again?!

Oh, no, what's going on here?! It looks like someone tampered with the opening to the attic...

Finally, the traffic cleared up! In another minute or two we'll get to your stop, and you'll be able to go...

Great! Soon we'll be out of here with the treasure in hand...

They Make it Happen

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

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

In my neighborhood, usually in the Beis Midrash.

In which area?

I live in Monsey. Every week, I put the newsletters in a different shul.

What made you decide to get involved?

In general, I think there are many *yungeleit* who did not hear enough about *hashgachah pratis* as young children. It's so crucial for a father to come home and sit at the Shabbos table and tell over stories that show *hashgachah pratis* and how people saw Hashem's hand in their lives. The children are young and innocent, and the words pierce their hearts and remain with them forever, changing their lives and their futures.

How true!

When did you first encounter the newsletters?

After I got married, my father-in-law told me about the hotline and I started calling in. When you started advertising the newsletters, I got a call asking whether I wanted to become a distributor.

Did you experience *hashgachah pratis* in connection with the newsletters?

I don't have a specific story in mind regarding the newsletters, but the truth is, that when you read a lot about *hashgachah hpratis* and you think about it all the time, you discover the "stories" that happen to you every day. There is *hashgachah pratis* on every Yid!

Today, something happened to me, not something sensational. But when you pay attention, you realize that tens of similar stories happen every day.

I am very careful about coming to kollel on time for *seider*; I don't want to keep my *chavrusa* waiting. Today, I had no choice but to come late. I knew in advance that it was bound to happen, and it did. But just yesterday, my *chavrusa* told me he also wouldn't be able to come as always. Hashem orchestrated that both things happened on the same day, so we'd lose out on only one day of learning rather than two.

What message do you want to relay to other people who are considering distributing the newsletters?

The first thing I had in mind when I became a distributor is that I would get the newsletter to read each week and it would give me *chizuk*. The second thing is that it would enable me to give *chizuk* to others, too.

You have no idea how far these things could go. You put it in a shul, someone reads something, he tells it over to his friend, and others tell it over at a *seudah* or *melaveh malkah*, and the children are influenced by it. Then they grow up and they see *hashgachah* everywhere--they live with Hashem, in your *zechus*! It's a completely different life when you live with *bitachon*. It's way more than the actual newsletter you gave out. It's the perspective you give people!

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

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

Call: 585-308-3293

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

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 9/9, or send an email to hashgachaprutis@gmail.com

This newsletter is also published in Yiddish and Hebrew

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