

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 Noach, 5787 × 212

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

The Five-Million-Dollar Deal

A friend recently shared the following thought he'd had about emunah:

Last night, I dreamed that my brother called and told me, "I have an incredible deal for you. If you're interested, you need to decide within five hours. This deal can potentially earn you five million dollars!"

I thanked him for the update and proceeded to call several friends to ask their advice. Was it worthwhile investing in the deal? Every one of them told me to do it.

Five hours later I called him back. There was no response.

I called again and again, but he answered the phone only half an hour later.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "The deal is no longer relevant. I was sure you weren't interested, and it was sold to someone else."

I was so upset that I didn't know what to do with myself. I walked around deeply hurt and disappointed for several hours.

Then I woke up. Suddenly, I realized there was no deal. I hadn't really asked advice of anyone, and I hadn't lost out on anything. It was all just a dream...

This dream actually changed my whole perspective on life. Sometimes we really want something to happen – a deal, a shidduch, or anything else. When it doesn't work out, we eat our hearts out. Why? Why didn't we succeed? we ask ourselves.

But if we know clearly that Hashem is running the world, the picture changes.

All our plans and desires were just a dream, an illusion. If they failed, this doesn't mean we lost out. It's simply a sign that Hashem didn't want it to happen. And if Hashem didn't want it to happen, it was probably not for our good.

So, what's left for us to do? We need to simply wake up from our dream and be happy!

Gut Shabbos, Pinchos Shafer

They Show Us the Way

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

Kol Yachol

"Four days to live – only four, no more." The Yid cried bitterly as he related the doctors' terrible prognosis. But the gadol hador, the Chazon Ish, responded by pulling a Chumash Bereishis off the shelf...

The humble home of the Chazon Ish *zt"l* was a magnet for Jews from all over the world. They came for advice, for a *brachah*, and for guidance. In addition to the heartfelt *brachos* he extended from the depths of his warm heart, a heart that pulsed with the hearts of all of Klal Yisrael, the Chazon Ish excelled at giving *chizuk* to the downtrodden and depressed, infusing hearts with hope and lighting a fire of *emunah* where previously there had been only despair. With the fire of his own faith, he was able to infuse others with the knowledge and feeling that Hashem is running the world, that Hashem is *Kol Yachol*.

It happened one evening that a Yid walked into the Chazon Ish's room, his face a picture of pain and misery. He related that he had been feeling unwell for several days and had gone to see a doctor. The doctor ordered him to undergo a series of tests and examinations in the hospital, and the findings were catastrophic. He had a complicated infection in his blood, an infection for which there was no cure. "You have four days left in this world," the doctors told him conclusively.

When the man finished speaking, he burst into bitter tears and would not be consoled. Covering his face with his hands, he cried, "Rebbe, I have a wife and children! How can I leave the world now? How can I leave them alone?!"

The Chazon Ish sat in his characteristic pose, bent over at the table, his face weak and pale, gazing



✕ The Matzeivah in Section Six ✕

I live in Beit Shemesh and teach in a yeshivah in Modi'in Illit. There was a technical matter regarding some legal documents that I needed to take care of, and I finally got an appointment in – of all places – a branch of the Ministry of Interior Affairs in Be'er Sheva. On the day of the appointment, the seventeenth of Elul, 5786, after concluding my shiur in yeshivah, I went straight to the bus stop and took no less than three (!) connecting buses to get to Be'er Sheva. Baruch Hashem, once I got there, everything went quickly and smoothly, and it was relatively early when I finished taking care of the matter.

"If I'm already in Be'er Sheva," I thought, "I may as well go to the beis hachaim and daven at the kevarim of my wife's grandparents." I thought I knew exactly where they were buried – in section three, row one of the beis hachaim, and I went straight there. To my surprise, the kevarim were not in the spot I recalled. I walked up and down the first row of section three at least three times, and I did not see the names of my wife's grandparents. Was my memory playing tricks on me? Or had something changed in the general layout and look of the beis hachaim? Instead of wasting time with a search that could take hours, I decided to go directly to the office and ask the chevra kaddisha for their help.

"What is the savta's name?" they asked me imme-

diately.

"Farcha Salam bat Masuda," I responded.

"You're mistaken," I was told. "She is not buried in section three but in section six."

I made my way to section six where, indeed, I immediately spotted a matzeivah that read "Farcha Salam bat Masuda," but it did not belong to my wife's grandmother! While my wife's grandmother had passed away six years ago, this woman with an identical named passed on in 5753. While I was standing there wondering what to do, I suddenly opened my eyes in amazement. Right there on the matzeivah was written the date of her yahrtzeit, and it was none other than the seventeenth of Elul.

"The seventeenth of Elul!" I thought. "Today! Hashem brought me here so I would come to this Jewish woman's kever on the day of her yahrtzeit, and say some Tehillim l'ilui nishmasah."

The timing was uncanny. When I finally got an appointment at the office, for "some reason" they gave me one at the Be'er Sheva branch. Then I finished quickly and decided to go to the beis hachaim and had this little mix-up – all so that I could daven for the elevation of this woman's neshamah on her yahrtzeit. No one but Hashem could have arranged all this so precisely.

Moreover, after I finished my heartfelt davening, I went back to section three, row one, where I recalled my wife's grandparents were buried. As

>>> continued from page 1

at the man with compassion and love. Then he rose and went over to the bookcase, pulled out a *Chumash Bereishis*, and began to read.

"Let's see. What did Hashem create on the first day?" he asked. In a sweet melodious voice, the Chazon Ish read through the *pesukim* of Creation, explaining what Hashem created on the first day, the second, the third, and the fourth.

"See how much Hashem accomplished in four days!" he said, a twinkle in his eye. "He created most of the world in four days!"

Gently, the Chazon Ish closed the *Chumash* and turned to the suffering man: "If the Creator was able to create so many things within four days, don't you believe He could create a cure for you as well, a cure that will heal your body completely?!" he asked.

"Hashem is the Creator of the World. Don't despair! Daven to Him throughout the coming four days that He heal your infection. The gates of tears are never

locked, and the *tefillah* of a *choleh* for himself is so important. You will yet see a *yeshuah* and will live for many years to come!"

Slowly, the man's face relaxed and his breathing grew slower. Suddenly there was hope in his eyes again, and faith reignited in his heart. He went home and poured out his heart in hope-filled prayer to Hashem, the *Kol Yachol*.

Days later, the man was summoned urgently to the hospital. The doctors relayed that they'd just received a new trial drug from the United States, meant to heal severe infections. They suggested that the man try the drug.

The patient agreed to be one of the first people to take the experimental drug, which turned out to be an exact cure for the type of infection he had. Within hours his condition improved remarkably.

Because Hashem, Who created this entire world, can certainly create a cure and a *yeshuah* in the blink of an eye!

I Trust in You

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

Shiur by Rav Vehuda Mandel shlit"o

The *Yamim Tovim* have passed. Throughout Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, and Sukkos, we have the custom to eat especially sweet foods. The Chochmas Shlomo explains that by so doing, we transform Hashem's strict judgment into mercy and merit a sweet year (see *Shulchan Aruch*, 583).

The translation of Rosh Hashanah is "head of the year." That is when all that happens during the year is determined. If on Rosh Hashanah we refrain from eating sharp or sour foods, how can we allow ourselves to walk around with a sour face or to allow worry to overtake us throughout the year?! A Yid needs to be sweet as honey all year long. The ways of the Torah are pleasant!

What are we meant to do when faced with difficult situations? The answer can be found in *Az Yashir*, where the word Am Yisrael uses in praising Hashem is *ve'anveihu*, literally meaning "I will beautify Him." How can a Yid make Hashem, King of the whole world, beautiful?!

If you are in a difficult circumstance, and nonetheless you are able to see all that is good and beautiful in it, then you are beautifying Hashem!

Rashi explains that this word means "telling all the people in the world the beauty and praise of Hashem!" This applies to every Jew in every situation. We should always see the good we received from Hashem and should be aware of how wonderfully He treats us!

Winter is coming. We can make a new start now, one filled with renewal, purpose, and joy. The Sfas Emes says in the name of the Rebbe of Peshischa that we must never say that our difficulties indicate that Hashem is not with us. If we begin to imagine that Hashem has abandoned us, this in itself can lead to *tzaros*. We need to do exactly the opposite: Every Yid has to believe that Hashem is inside him and with him always. When we strengthen our *bitachon* in Hashem, then we'll be *zocheh* to blessings from on High, and the sweet honey of Rosh Hashanah will continue throughout the year!

soon as I got there, I spotted the two kevarim, exactly where I remembered them. How in the world had I passed by the spot several times and failed to see them? This could only have happened because Hashem closed my eyes, so that I would ask about the location, go over to section six, and daven for the neshamah of this bas Yisrael. Hashem obviously wanted me to do this chessed shel emes.

I have no idea who this woman actually was. If anyone reading this recognizes her name and could fill in the missing piece of the puzzle, I would love to hear from them.

✕ To Build His Own Home ✕

When someone is looking for a shidduch, people often have plenty to say. "He/she is too picky...too smart...not smart enough...he has unrealistic expectations...she's too tall...too short...actually, too average in every way," and so on.

Well, I never thought it would happen to me, but it did. My son turned 24, and he was still single, still learning in yeshivah, and then another year passed, then two and three, and he was still single.

Yaakov was an all-around excellent bachur, and even the "experts" who always had what to say about young people in shidduchim could not figure it out. He was the type of bachur who should have been snatched up with the first round of engagements in his shiur. He was smart, kind, a good learner, and an excellent conversationalist. He was, in short, everything a good girl could want in a shidduch.

At a certain point, I felt it was time to let go. We had done so much hishtadlus in the physical realm that now I simply wanted to leave it completely in Hashem's Hands. Instead of calling another shadchan, I decided, I would do some spiritual house-keeping. What area did we need to improve? I thought about this and toyed with various ideas. It was difficult to decide.

One day, I decided to check all the mezuzos in the house, something we hadn't done in a number of years. I gently removed the mezuzos from all the doors and placed a mark on the back of each one to remind me to which room it belonged. Then I sent them over to an experienced sofer sta"m to be checked.

An hour later, he phoned me.

"Moshe!" he said. "Come over here quickly. You're

not going to believe what I found!”

I ran over to his workroom, and he showed me how the word beisecha was missing the letter yud. The mezuzah was pasul! And this was the mezuzah that hung on the room where Yaakov, my wonderful single son, sleeps.

If the word beisecha wasn’t printed properly on his mezuzah, how did I expect him to be zocheh to build his own home?!

That day, I ordered a new mezuzah from a qualified sofer sta”m who is a yarei Shamayim. He examined the mezuzah scrupulously, and we hung it on the doorpost of my son’s room.

The shidduch was proposed the following morning, and two weeks later we celebrated Yaakov’s engagement. It moved me to think how, several months from now, he too will hang mezuzos on the doorposts of his own home, a new bayis ne’eman b’Yisrael.

✕ One Hundred, and Two Hundred More ✕

I live in Monsey. A friend of mine recently asked me for help with something that is related to my field of work. It isn’t exactly a product I sell, but something that requires experience and that also takes time and effort. I was happy to help him out, and at the same time, he approached someone else who is in the same field. Nonchalantly, he told me that when it all worked out, he would give each of us a hundred dollars.

“Nice,” I thought, and I immediately phoned the other man he’d spoken to, in order to hear where he was holding with the work and to collaborate and perhaps divide it up. When we spoke, though, I immediately realized he hadn’t really taken our mutual friend’s request seriously. He was hemming and hawing, saying he’d possibly get around to it next week, and I realized there was no one to talk to. I concluded the conversation pleasantly, hung up the phone, and got to work helping my friend. It took quite some time, but baruch Hashem, I was able to do the entire job myself, without any assistance from the other man.

I wondered, after completing the job, what would happen with the payment. I hoped my friend would understand that I’d done the whole thing myself and would give me the entire sum he’d promised

for the job – 200 dollars. It was only fair, I thought.

Somehow, though, my friend didn’t seem to think so. He gave me 100 dollars, and I thought to myself that if he’d given the other 100 to the man who had done nothing, perhaps it was my job to inform him to whom he really owed the money.

But then I thought again. I knew that if I made an issue of it, at the very least it would cause unpleasantness, and at worst real machlokes. I decided to keep quiet. “One doesn’t lose out from giving in,” I thought, and that sentence played over and over in my mind throughout the day, strengthening my resolve.

In the afternoon, I was heading toward my car, which was parked further down the street. As I walked, my eyes met a white envelope lying there on the sidewalk. I picked it up and saw there was a cell-phone number written on it. Inside the envelope there were 200 dollars.

“Hashavas aveidah,” I thought to myself. “What an opportunity to do a mitzvah!”

I called the number on the envelope, someone answered, and I could almost see him slapping his forehead in consternation.

“A white envelope, you said?” he asked. “Near such and such beis midrash?”

“Yes,” I confirmed.

“And there are two hundred-dollar bills inside it?” he continued before I could say another word.

“Exactly,” I confirmed.

“Wow,” he said, as though speaking to himself. “That’s an area in Monsey I rarely visit. I only happened to be there this morning. It’ll take a long time and a lot of effort to get there again...” He was quiet for a minute.

“What do you do?” he asked suddenly.

“I learn in kollel,” I responded.

“Perfect,” he responded immediately. “You’re exactly the right address. You can keep the money. Use it in good health!”

He gave me the 200 dollars as a gift. I was amazed to see how Hashem worked it out so that not only didn’t I lose out from giving in for the sake of peace, but I got more than double what I would have gotten otherwise. I saw clearly that nothing gives Hashem more joy than shalom!

✕ Who Needs a Real-Estate Agent? ✕

We live in Eretz Yisrael, and we had to be abroad for six months. We wanted to rent out our apartment during that time, but we thought it would be complicated. Who needs an apartment for just six months?! Only a young couple; but we have a large apartment that is more suitable for a family.

I didn't want to pay an agent. I needed the money for every month we'd be abroad, and I didn't want to give the first month's rent to the agent. So instead of calling one, I davened to Hashem to help me find a tenant, and I placed my trust in Him.

A week before our trip, the driver of a passing car flagged me down while I was walking home. "Do you know anyone who has an apartment for rent around here?" he asked.

"Yes!" I responded. "Right here in this building."

"Really?!" he exclaimed. He was quite shocked by my quick response.

I invited him to come see my apartment. He walked through the rooms, and I could tell he was excited. "Would it be alright for us to rent the apartment for only six months?" he asked.

"More than alright," I responded, wondering whether I was dreaming. "We actually are only looking to rent for six months, because we are planning to return," I explained.

"What hashgachah!" my soon-to be tenant said enthusiastically. "We sold our home and bought a new apartment, which will be ready only in half a year. I davened to Hashem to help me find a suitably large apartment to rent in the meantime, and here we are! Of all people, I met you!"

We ended his visit by signing a mutually satisfying contract. The agent was Hakadosh Baruch Hu Himself, Who answers the tefillos of all of Am Yisrael.

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

First of all, I want to thank you for the incredible words of chizuk you share with your readers. The world with the Hashgacha Pratis initiative is a different world. My entire day feels different in the zechus of the words of emunah you share. May you be gebentched in this world and the Next!

As an avid reader of your newsletters, I noticed a mistake in newsletter #207 on Parshas Nit-zavim-Vayeilech. There was a story related by someone from Beitar in which he spoke about Reb Bunim of Peshischa zy"a, whom he referred

to as "the Holy Jew." I wanted to point out that there are two different tzaddikim, a Rav and his disciple. The Rav, Reb Yaakov Yitzchak Rabinowitz, a talmid of the Chozeh of Lublin and a rebbi of Reb Menachem Mendel of Kotzk, is the one who was called "the holy Jew."

After he passed away, on 19 Tishrei 5574, his disciple, Reb Simcha Bunim of Peshischa, took his place. He led most of the disciples of "the holy Jew" for thirteen years, until he passed away on 12 Elul 5587.

Best regards,

Yitzchak Meir Guttman, Ashdod

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



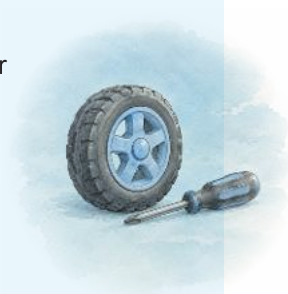
Right Underneath the Wheel

My name is Ari Kahanowitz. I'm nine years old, and I live in Bnei Brak.

My grandmother bought me a little electric car to drive around in, and I was so happy. I drove it around the area under our building, where many children from the neighboring buildings often play with their bikes and little cars.

As I was driving around, I suddenly felt a bump, and the car lurched forward, almost turning over completely. I got out and turned the car, upside down, to check what happened. I saw that one of the wheels had broken off, along with the screw that held it in place. I was really upset. This car was almost brand new!

I bent down, then just sat on the floor and picked up the wheel and the screw. Lo and behold, underneath the wheel, Hashem had sent me a special surprise. There was a screwdriver there too, and it was the exact size I needed in order to screw the wheel right back into place. It was hashgachah pratis that I found the screwdriver. It came with the car, taped on underneath, and it flew off along with the wheel and the screw. If I hadn't found it, it would have been very difficult to find one the same size and to screw the wheel back in.



The Rain Starts and Stops for Him

My name is Chaim Elazar Ullman. I live in Ofakim, and I'm almost twelve years old.

My father is a big *talmid chacham* who learns in *kollel* most hours of the day, and so it didn't surprise me that Hashem actually made sure the rain started and stopped at the times that worked for him. After all, my father is holding up the world with his Torah learning!

Here's what happened: Abba noticed that when the men in his *kollel* had to go down to the nearby grocery, it disrupted their learning. Also, the people around the grocery were not always appropriately dressed. So, Abba decided to help out.

Abba goes to a large sale for all sorts of basic food items every week, and he buys enough to stock up the refrigerator and cabinet in the kitchenette of the shul that houses his *kollel*. There's milk and basic dairy items, bread and rolls, snacks, fruit, and more. It's basically like a mini-grocery on premises, and anyone who needs to buy something can do so throughout the day without leaving the shul at all. People are so grateful to Abba for his idea!

One week, I went to the big sale with Abba to help stock his mini-grocery. It was pouring all day, so they made the sale in a covered lot under a building. We gathered everything Abba wanted to buy, all the while wondering how we'd bring the packages over to his *kollel* in the downpour. But as I've told you, we didn't need to worry. The minute we finished buying what we needed, the rain stopped. We walked the full wagons down the street, right into the shul, and then the rain started again. I really felt how it was all *min haShamayim*!



Milk Warning

My name is Srulik Sirota, and I live in Beit Shemesh.

My brother went down to the grocery and chose a *milchig* chocolate bar for himself. He was about to open it and eat it, when he suddenly heard a worker in the back of the store yelling, "Wait, the milk!" It seemed someone paid for a carton of milk and had forgotten to take it. For my brother, however, the worker's cry was a reminder. When he heard "Wait, the milk," he remembered that he had eaten *fleishig* and that he wasn't allowed to eat the *milchig* chocolate bar!



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



IN THE NICK OF TIME

Chapter 4 of 4

Last week: Yosef discovers that his mother's jewelry was stolen. The Arab workers are about to leave Shomo's car and get away with the treasure.



They Make it Happen

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

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

In several buildings.

What made you decide to get involved?

I saw the newsletters in my shul and in several other places, and I simply thought about what a huge *zechus* it would be to be a part of something so far-reaching. I don't have the time or the means to spread *emunah* in the world on my own, so at least I can do my small part by becoming a partner with those who devote their lives to this cause, going in the way of Avraham Avinu, who spread Hashem's Name.

Do you get to hear readers' reactions to the newsletters?

There's a Yid in my shul who brings about a hundred different pamphlets for distribution each week, and the *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletters all get snatched up. Yidden are thirsting for *chizuk*. I don't need to hear feedback, because the facts speak for themselves. In the buildings where I place the newsletters near the mailboxes, they are gone within a few hours. Whoever passes by on his way up to his apartment takes one. This is the best feedback I could get!

What message do you want to relay to someone who is considering becoming a distributor?

It's a very simple message: Don't think about it so much! Just do it. You'll see the results, and it'll give you a great feeling. The rest will be history. Not every Yid merits to be *mezakeh es harabbim* in this way. Just realize what an incredible opportunity it is for you and how great it is to bring words of *emunah* and *chizuk* to other Jews.

When we see how *Yidden* everywhere are more conscious of *emunah* than ever before, how aware people are of *hashgachah pratis*, and how they're able to accept Hashem's will with love, and we understand that all this is in the *zechus* of several individuals who dedicate their time and money to spreading *emunah* – then we're left with no doubts. Who *wouldn't* want to take part in this amazing transformation for all of Klal Yisrael?!

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

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

Yes!
You can have
an influence!

By making a monthly donation of \$36 to the *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletter, which disseminates *emunah* to Yidden throughout the world!



You'll receive 10 copies of the *Hashgacha Pratis Newsletter* to distribute to others

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

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

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

Call: 585-308-3293

This newsletter is also published in Yiddish and Hebrew

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