

# 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 Lech Lecha, 5787 × 213

## Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

### A Priceless Gift

Once, the *heilige* Reb Avraham Elimelech of Karlin was traveling by boat to Eretz Yisrael. There was a famous irreligious Jewish doctor abroad who wanted badly to speak to the Rebbe. The Rebbe, however, was completely absorbed in his learning.

How could the doctor get the Rebbe's attention? Perhaps a fascinating lecture on biology would do the trick, he thought. The doctor announced that at 5 p.m. he would give a lecture about the human body. The lecture would take place right near where the Rebbe sat, learning.

The doctor began his lecture by describing the elements that make up a person's body – oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, calcium, phosphorous, potassium, sulfur, sodium, chloride, magnesium, and iron. In essence, if we break down the body into its elementary components, he explained, we can see that all of them together aren't worth more than a dollar!

The doctor glanced surreptitiously toward the Rebbe to ascertain his reaction, but none was forthcoming. The Rebbe continued learning as though he hadn't heard a word.

After the lecture, the doctor approached the Rebbe personally and repeated his conclusion – the components of the human body are worth, in total, less than a dollar.

"Well," said the Rebbe, "that is something any child can tell you. It says in the *machzor* that 'man is formed from dust, and he is destined to return to dust.' But did you also speak about the value of the *neshamah* that dwells within the human body?" he asked. "No words in the world can properly describe the value of a Jewish soul, and the love and delight Hashem takes in every Jewish *neshamah*."

The Rebbe and the doctor went into a private room, where they continued conversing for several hours.

No one knew what was said in that room, but when the doctor emerged, it was clear that the conversation had transformed him completely.

He had discovered that within the body, whose components are indeed worth less than a dollar, lies a *neshamah* that is priceless.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchos Shafer

## They Show Us the Way

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

### Father in Heaven

**"Tatte!" she called, pulling on his tallis. An unknown face peered back at her, and she gasped, embarrassed by her error.**

Crowds of men streamed out of the central shul in the Polish city of Piotrkow. It was Shabbos morning, and they'd just concluded Mussaf. The men, wrapped in *talleisim*, headed in various directions, strolling leisurely toward their homes.

Sarale stood at the edge of the street, twirling her right pigtail around her forefinger again and again as she watched the men coming her way. Where was Tatte? She'd been waiting a long time to see the familiar broad-shouldered man who would greet her with a warm smile before taking her small hand in his strong, sturdy one for the short walk home. Where was Tatte?

Suddenly, her eyes lit up. There he was!

She hurried toward him with light steps, pulled on his *tallis*, and said, "Tatte, I want to walk home with you!"

To her surprise, the eyes that peered down at her were not her father's. They belonged to none other than the famed Rav of the city, Hagaon Reb Meir Shapiro. What a confusing scenario!

In the meantime, Sarale's father, who was several steps behind the Rav, had caught up with him. "I'm sorry," Sarale whispered, "I thought the Rav was my father..."

Reb Meir Shapiro smiled and responded, "Please don't be sorry. Nothing happened. But you should know, that we all have a great *Tatte in Himmel*, and our Tatte, too, loves when we come running to



### ✕ In the Zechus of Rav Shalom Shachna ✕

I live in Beitar, and I travel to Yerushalayim every day to learn. While walking in the street in Yerushalayim, I saw posters informing the public that Rav Moshe Dovid Klein had passed away. One of his sons had been my friend from a very young age, and I made mental note to be *menachem avel* at some point during the week. Then I went on with my day and completely forgot about it.

On Thursday nights, I always come to Yerushalayim for Kollel Chatzos, where the learning takes place throughout the night, beginning after midnight. That Thursday night, I fell asleep on the bus and missed my stop on Rechov Yirmiyahu, awakening with a start only three stops later, in Belz. I had no choice! I would have to walk back up the hill to get to my kollel, I thought. But as soon as I got off the bus, the poster about Rav Moshe Dovid Klein caught my eye again.

How *bashert*, I thought. Here, I completely forgot about it, and now I'm right here, several buildings away from where the *aveilim* are sitting. I knew they would get up from *shivah* the following morning. If I didn't go now, I probably would not have the chance to do this mitzvah. I glanced at my watch. It was 1:30 a.m. Were the *aveilim* already sleeping and would I disturb them? I decided to go up to their apartment and see if people were still coming and going.

When I got there, the door was closed. I stood there, wondering what to do, when suddenly it opened. A young boy was on his way out to

take down the garbage, and I asked him if it was possible to come in. He replied that the *aveilim* had just eaten supper, and I could go in.

I entered the dining room. The *aveilim* were sitting there, and I scanned the room, looking for my friend. He wasn't there.

"Who are you looking for?" one of the sons asked me.

"I'm looking for so-and-so," I responded.

"We don't have a brother by that name," they said.

"So-and-so is our first cousin," one of them explained. "His father is, *baruch Hashem*, alive and well."

How embarrassing! I mumbled the words *HaMakom yenachem...*, and then I added, as chassidim often do, "In the *zechus* of Rav Shalom Shachna of Prohobitz, may you have a *lichtigeh* Shabbos."

That second, the *almanah* entered the room.

"Who just said that?!" she asked incredulously.

If the situation had been embarrassing before, now it was mortifying.

The brothers explained to their mother that someone who'd entered their home by mistake had just bentedched them with a good Shabbos using those words.

"You said he made a mistake?!" I heard her responding. "You have no idea what amazing *hashgachah pratis* this is!

"These are the exact words Tatty would use to

>>> continued from page 1

Him and tell Him, 'Tatte, I want to walk with You!'"

The Rav continued: "This is a very important principle in life. We have a great Father in Shamayim Who can do anything. He created the world and rules it and supervises every detail within it. And He wants us to walk with Him, to rely on Him, and to place our trust only in Him!"

Rav Meir Shapiro finished talking, wished Sarale and her father a good Shabbos, and went home. The exchange took just moments, but the words, spoken from the depths of the Rav's soul, engraved themselves deeply into the little girl's heart.

Six years passed. On the seventh of Cheshvan, 5684, Rav Meir Shapiro of Lublin passed away suddenly. Several years later, World War II broke out. Nazi troops invaded Poland, and the fate of Polish Jewry

was sealed.

Sarale, now a teenager, experienced tremendous *nisyonos* – moments of danger, persecution, misery, and loss. And throughout those excruciatingly difficult times, Rav Meir Shapiro's words echoed in her mind. "We have a great Father in Shamayim, Who can do anything.... He wants us to walk with Him, to rely on Him...." These words were her source of *chizuk* and comfort throughout the war.

Miraculously, Sarale's life was spared, and after the war she made aliyah to Eretz Yisrael, settled in Tel Aviv, and built a new generation. Throughout the rest of her life, she would often tell her children and grandchildren these pure words of *emunah*, as she heard them from Reb Meir Shapiro zt"l on a Shabbos morning in Piotrkow.

## I Trust in You

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

bentch me every single Thursday night – from the week of our *sheva brachos*, and up until last Thursday, before he collapsed!”

“Even when he was abroad,” she continued, “he would make sure to call me and say those words... And now he’s not here, and I’m hearing those words again! It seems like Tatty *a”h* sent this Yid especially for me!”

Gently, I closed the door behind me, feeling like I’d just been privy to something sacred, to a glimpse of the length and breadth of Hashem’s exacting supervision of every detail of our lives and what takes place in His world. I was sent as a messenger from *Shamayim* to bring comfort to an *almanah* by saying the right words at the right time. Unbeknownst to me, this was a mission from Hashem, the true Healer of broken hearts.

### ✕ Back in Place ✕

My daughter Suri was playing at the Eighteenth Avenue Park when she tumbled off the top of the slide, and rammed her arm into the metal rod as she fell down. Her arm looked terrible. It was red and swollen, and hung at her side at a strange angle. She was in excruciating pain, crying without letup.

We called Hatzalah immediately, afraid she would faint and certain that she had at least one fracture. The Hatzalah volunteer took a look at her and shook his head from side to side. “You need to get to a hospital ASAP,” he told me. “By the look of things, she will need complex surgery.”

We rushed to the hospital, Suri whimpering weakly now as the Hatzalah volunteers wheeled her straight into the emergency room. After what felt like a very long wait, the doctors examined her and then went off to the side to converse in low tones. Finally, the senior doctor in attendance approached us.

“Suri’s arm doesn’t look good,” he began, stating the obvious. I nodded. “She probably has misplaced bones at her elbow and possibly her wrist too, and the doctor who specializes in treating these types of injuries won’t be here until tomorrow morning.”

“Right now,” he continued, “we want to give Suri anesthesia and then we’ll try to set her misplaced bones back in place.” He explained that they would place an X-ray camera over her elbow and try externally to maneuver the bones back into place.

“When the doctor comes tomorrow morning,” he concluded, “he’ll decide whether she needs

*Shiur by Harav Dovid Kletzkin shlita*

## Beyond the Sun

Shlomo Hamelech describes phenomena that he sees “underneath the sun,” meaning, in this physical world. What does he see? Strange things! Strong people don’t always win, those who are light on their feet don’t necessarily find it easier to run, and wiser people aren’t always the ones who have plenty to eat.

Someone who has a profession or, owns a factory, or works from morning to night begins to feel that he accomplished everything on his own. He was even able to put money aside for savings! And all of it is a result of his own wisdom and efforts.

And then, at some point, things begin to go awry. He lost a million here, a deal fell through there, and he lost money on a project that seemed to have so much potential. He begins to wonder: Why did I invest so much all these years? Why did I work so hard when today I’m left with barely anything?! What was the point?

This situation proves to him that he can’t do it on his own; he can’t rely only on his own strength or wisdom or knowledge. What can he rely on?

Dovid Hamelech answers this question in Tehillim (34:11), where he contrasts the lion cub, who is starving for food, with those who trust in Hashem and never lack for anything.

The lion cub is the symbol of strength, and he has too! He was born to the king and queen of the jungle. But what happens when he grows up? An adult lion often walks around famished. While animals that are nowhere near as strong and mighty can satiate their hunger by eating grass and other vegetables from the ground, the lion needs to find and consume a whole sheep or goat in order to feel full for three days. What constitutes a good meal for many animals is nothing more than a snack for the lion! He needs kilos and kilos of meat, and until he finds them – he’s starving.

In contrast to the mighty lion, one who seeks Hashem and places his trust in Him lacks for nothing. That doesn’t mean that he lives in a palace and revels in endless luxuries. Dovid Hamelech is referring to a feeling. This person feels satiated. He is calm, and he isn’t poor. He can rely on Hashem!

surgery too.”

What could I possibly say or do? They were the ones who were supposed to know how to treat her. They took her into a room, and I remained outside. I wasn’t planning on waiting for the expert doctor to show up tomorrow morning, though. There and then, I turned to the expert Doctor of all doctors, Who is with us all the time. I reassured myself that He was right there in the room at that very moment.

I strengthened myself by repeatedly singing *in od milvado* in my mind. I truly felt the meaning of the words, and put myself completely into Hashem’s Hands.

A short while later, the doctors came out. “We’ve never seen anything like this,” they told me. “We were able to put all the bones, large and small, and all the joints, back in place. Everything is fine. She needs a little bit of time to recover, and you can go home.”

I thanked Hashem’s good messengers, but I knew they weren’t the ones who had helped me. Bones don’t fit back into place on their own. Hashem rearranged them exactly as they should be, as they were before the injury. *Ein od milvado!*

### ✕ The Power of a Heartfelt Minchah ✕

My name is Eliezer Weissfish, and I live in Modi’in Illit.

On the day of my grandmother’s *yahrtzeit*, I received a call.

“I heard that your family is going to the *beis hachaim* in Kiryat Bialik this afternoon,” the voice said.

“Yes,” I responded.

“Well, I learn with your father, and I need to get to a *nichum aveilim* call in that area today. He thought there might be an extra seat in the van you rented. Could I get a ride with your family?”

“Sure,” I answered readily. I knew we had at least one extra seat in the van, and I was glad to use it to do a *chessed*. He thanked me wholeheartedly, and we arranged where and when he’d meet our van.

On the way to Kiryat Bialik, we got into conversation.

“How did you hear about this ride?” I asked.

The young *avreich* told me he learned in the same kollel as my father, who is an older, respected Rav

and *posek*. That morning he had a dilemma. He knew he had to make the *shivah* call in Kiryat Bialik and he also knew that he had two options for how to get there. He could either take three buses – one from Modi’in to Bnei Brak, another from Bnei Brak to Haifa, and a third from Haifa to Kiryat Bialik – a process that would take considerable time and effort, or he could take the train from Modi’in directly to his destination. He was hesitant to take the train, because there was so much *pritzus*, and he was concerned about *shemiras einayim*, but time and effort were considerations too. Of the many respected and older men in the kollel, he decided to present his dilemma to my father.

My father heard the question, smiled, and said, “Oh, but I may have a third option for you, which is much better than either of the two options you mentioned.” And he told him to call me about a ride to Kiryat Bialik.

“This is incredible *hashgachah*,” I said enthusiastically. “Of all the people there, you specifically spoke to my father, who specifically today was traveling to where you needed to go! How did you merit such *siyata diShmaya*?”

“Simple,” the young *avreich* answered. “During Minchah, I asked Hashem to lead me the right way, the way He wanted me to go. I asked him to enable me to make the *shivah* call in the purest and quickest way possible. And Hashem heard my *tefillah*.”

His words were so simple, so sweet and pure. How true and wonderful that we can simply daven to Hashem and receive His response. Who is like our nation, Am Yisrael?!

### ✕ A Cool Case of Hashgachah ✕

Bnei Brak. A late Friday night on one of the hottest Shabbasos of the year. And the air conditioner hadn’t turned on.

Picture the scene: Three little boys emerging from their room after midnight, their hair plastered to their heads from sweat, their mouths parched.

“Tatty, it’s too hot,” ten-year-old Shloimy complained. “We can’t sleep like this.”

I wondered why the air conditioner hadn’t turned on. I knew I had set the Shabbos clock for it to go on at 11:30, and the air conditioners in the other rooms were humming away. I checked the timer and saw nothing amiss, and I knew there was

only one thing I could do.

“Take your blankets and pillows,” I told the boys, “and go sleep on the floor in the big boys’ room.”

The three of them hurried to do exactly as I’d said. They took their blankets and spread them on the floor in the other room, which was cool and comfortable. Twenty minutes later, the house was quiet. Everyone was asleep, and the air conditioners in the other rooms were working just fine. The aroma of cholent bubbling on the hot plate filled the house. I finished reweaving the *parshah* and went to sleep.

Aside from the small mishap with the air conditioner, we enjoyed a regular, relaxing Shabbos in our home.

On Motzaei Shabbos, I wanted to see why the air conditioner hadn’t gone on. I unplugged it from the Shabbos clock and turned it on. The red light on the air conditioner went on, and then – Boom!

All the electricity in the house went out. Strange, I thought. I hurried to the fuse box and flicked the switch back on. But when I tried again, the same thing happened. Since I know a thing or two about electricity, I took apart the air conditioner’s electric socket and saw that the positive and negative wires had been switched. A guest had stayed in that room the previous week, and he must have played around with the wires and mistakenly made the switch.

Now I realized what tremendous *hashgachah* it was that the air conditioner didn’t work on Shabbos. If it had gone on, as I wanted, at 11:30 at night, it would have caused all the electricity in the house to shut down at that moment! That would have meant a Shabbos with no air conditioners, a hot fridge and a cold hotplate, and no lights at all! Hashem spared us all of this, though, and the air conditioner just didn’t go on!

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](mailto:hashgachaprutis@gmail.com)**



## Your Say

Mailbox

I wanted to share something experienced that showed me so clearly how important it is to constantly strengthen our *emunah* and *bitachon*, and how one can really live and breathe *emunah* as a result of listening to the phone line and reading the newsletters and magazines.

I very badly wanted to daven in Meron, at the *kever* of Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai, and I heard there was a bus leaving from my neighborhood at 1:30 in the afternoon. I was busy with several important matters, however, and I missed it. Fortunately, I received a message from the private bus company that saying they were sending out another bus at 2:30 p.m.

I was so happy that I hadn’t missed the opportunity, and I hurried to make that bus in time, but by the time I reached the bus stop it was empty. I’d missed the bus by several seconds. I was disappointed, but I still didn’t give up.

I called a friend who had gotten onto the bus, and he told me that the bus was now at the next stop, just around the corner from where I was standing. I ran all the way to that stop, and made it! I felt as though the bus was delayed at that stop especially

for me.

Half an hour later, the engine stalled! It was extremely hot out side, and people began losing patience.... Not a simple scenario.

What I want to share with you is that especially because I almost missed the bus, I knew with certainty that it was *bashert* for me to be there. I was the one who remained completely calm, and bought cold drinks for everyone else. We’ll get to Rabi Shimon, I said, regardless of all the *nisyonos* on the way...

I felt that my reaction was a clear demonstration of the power of the *Hashgachah Pratis* initiative. I had this clarity of vision only because of your phone line. I was able to see everything in a positive light all day because I have words and stories of *emunah* entering my mind constantly. May we all be *zocheh* to live with *emunah* and to remember that everything is for the best.

**Best regards,**

**Chaim Dov Halevi Goldstein**

**Yerushalayim**



## All for Chavy's Sake

**My name is Yaakov, and I live in Beitar**

My sister Chavy is in first grade, and she's quite enthusiastic about school and learning. One day, she came home from school all excited about her day: "Today we learned about tulips," she informed us all. "They're these gorgeous flowers...and Morah said we should look out for them, and if we see them, we should tell her where we saw them!"

We all smiled. Chavy is really cute, and, as I've said, really enthusiastic about learning.

"Mommy," she continued, "do you think I'll find them somewhere, so I could tell the whole class where they are?!"

"You never know, Chavy," Mommy responded.



Several days later, we were on the bus. It was crowded, and Mommy was trying to care for the baby and supervise all of us at the same time. She noticed that there were inappropriate sights on the bus near Chavy, so she told Chavy to look out of the window. Moments later, Chavy became so excited. "Look, Mommy," she said. "I see tulips!! Where are we, Mommy? Now I can tell my Morah where I saw them!"

My mother immediately told Chavy the name of the street.

If she hadn't told her to look out the window, Chavy never would have noticed the tulips. It was true *hashgachas Hashem!*

## I Found the Screw Just in Time

**My name is Tzvi Klein, and I live in Ashdod.**

Believe it or not, I really like keeping my room neat and clean. Usually, I don't have time to straighten up in the morning, but as soon as I get home from *cheder*, I clear off the desk, put away all the toys, make my bed, and organize everything else. Maybe it's because I'm the oldest and very responsible, or maybe it's because both my parents are very orderly people. Whatever the reason, my mother knows she can depend on me to keep my room spic and span.

On Thursdays we wash all the floors, and I always do my room on my own. My mother says I do it even better than she would!

So, here's the *hashgachah pratis* part: This past Thursday afternoon, as soon as I got home, I cleared off the floor in my room so I could get started. Part of "clearing off the floor" meant picking up my Shabbos shoes from their place in the corner by the wall and putting them on the desk so I could wash the floor properly.

I washed and dried the floor, and then, when I took the shoes off the desk, I saw a screw wedged in the corner of my right shoe! Of course, I immediately removed it, and then I thought to myself: Look how much Hashem loves me! Instead of allowing me to put my foot into the shoe for Shabbos, feeling something hurting me inside, and then pulling out the screw, Hashem spared me that little bit of pain. He arranged for me to see the screw now rather than to feel its effects on my toe. Thank You, Hashem!



## The Filling Simply Did the Trick

**My name is Avreim Weiss.** My tooth was hurting me a lot. I went to the dentist, and he said I would need a root canal.

"Please," I begged, shaking, "please don't do a root canal!"

"Perhaps a filling will suffice without the root canal," my mother suggested.

The dentist looked from my mother to my terrified face and shrugged his shoulders.

"You know what?" he said. "I can start by doing a filling. If it looks okay, then perhaps there's a chance we won't need to do a root canal."

I davened to Hashem. "Please," I said, "please let the filling be enough! I don't want to go through a root canal." And Hashem heard my *tefillah*, and the filling was successful!



**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**



# THE TRUTH 1 of 4 IS REVEALED



## They Make it Happen

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

### Where do you distribute the newsletter?

In my shul in Spring Valley.

### What made you decide to get involved?

I decided that it's very important to provide people with constant reminders of *emunah* and of Hashem's *hashgachah*. I truly believe this. I also contributed financially toward this vital cause.

### Did you get any reactions from people who read the newsletters?

No one knows that I'm the one who distributes them, so no one came to tell me his reaction... but I believe that it inspires many people and transforms their lives. I know the newsletters get snatched up, and when I come back the following week I never find any of them where I left them.

I could actually distribute many more, because there are several shuls in my area, but I simply don't have the time. I myself receive so much inspiration from the newsletters, and I read them from cover to cover almost every week. I can tell you dozens of personal stories of when I witnessed Hashem's *hashgachah*. I think the more a person strengthens his *emunah*, the more clear *hashgachah* and *yeshuos* he sees.

### I take it you're a busy man. How do you find the time to give out the newsletters?

I usually try to do it on Friday morning, when I go to shul. I often bring some of the newsletters when I come to shul on Thursday night, *leil shishi*.

### What would you tell someone who is considering distributing the newsletters in his neighborhood?

This is a huge *zechus*. These newsletters are filled with *kedushah*, and the *zechus* is immeasurable!

**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](mailto:hashgachaprutis@gmail.com)

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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  
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**Call: 585-308-3293**

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in Yiddish and Hebrew

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