

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 Vayeira, 5787 × 214

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

All a Matter of Perspective

Sometimes we can say: If the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line had been created for this story alone – *dayeinu*.

Here's one such story:

My beloved brother was marrying off his son in Ashdod, and of course, I planned on being at the wedding from beginning to end. That was my plan, but, as we say, "man plans and Hashem laughs."

We got into the car in Yerushalayim with plenty of time to make it to the kabbalas panim and chuppah in Ashdod easily. But we didn't factor in the huge traffic jam that would have us sitting on the highway, barely moving, for hours.

Other than I getting out of the car, leaving it stranded on the highway, and finding an eagle or a helicopter to fly us to Ashdod there was nothing to do?! We were simply stuck.

I shudder to think what the trip would have felt like had this happened a year earlier, before I started listening to the phone line every day. I'll leave the tension, pressure, anger and other reactions to your imagination.

B'chasdei Hashem, this story happened after I'd become a regular listener to the phone line. Under the influence of countless shiurim and constant chizuk, I reacted calmly. Hashem was in charge, not any of us. We would get to the wedding whenever Hashem wanted us to be there.

We crawled along for many hours, until we finally arrived at my nephew's wedding at 10 p.m.! Who would have believed it?

We entered the hall, joined the dancing, and I danced with tremendous joy, so grateful to Hashem that I was able to accept His will and His decree with equanimity.

People tell us again and again: There is life before the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, and there is life after it. The events don't change. The traffic jam remains a traffic jam and the resulting delay is the same. The reality is the same, but the perspective changes completely.

And the way we perceive things, as we know, is the true story of our lives.

If someone feels a slap on his back, and he turns around and sees his beloved father, the feeling is completely different from The slap is the same slap.

But the story is completely different. It becomes an expression of the love and care of his beloved Father.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchos Shafer

They Show Us the Way

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

Shabbos with Emunah

It is Erev Shabbos in the home of Rav Shalom Hadaya, the renowned tzaddik, and there is not a coin in the house. How will his wife buy food for Shabbos?

It was one of the pleasures and privileges of living in the Old City of Yerushalayim: One could make one's way through the alleyways of the city to the small, modest home of the holy *mekubal* Rav Shalom Hadaya, and catch a glimpse of the *tzaddik*, sitting on his mat, back bent over, totally immersed in the *sefer* in his hand.

Rav Shalom's vision was weak. Years earlier, while he was still living in Aram Soba, he was very ill and became almost completely blind. He was forced to learn from memory until, at one point, he underwent complex surgery in Egypt, which restored some of his vision, though it was still very limited.

Rav Shalom made aliyah in 5658. In Eretz Yisrael he was appointed as *dayan* of the Sephardic *beis din* in Yerushalayim, ultimately becoming the *Av Beis Din* and head of the renowned Beit Knesset "Beit El" in the Old City. Rav Shalom was a *masmid* who learned nonstop, and he was a rousing speaker who inspired people to *teshuvah* and *avodas Hashem*. Though he lived in dire poverty he still supported poor *talmidei chachamim*, especially by providing for their Shabbos and Yom Tov expenses.

And so, it was an uplifting experience in itself to catch a glimpse of this holy Jew sitting and learning *halachah* or *Kabbalah* in his home. Many of the *Yidden* who passed by his home and stopped to look at him would leave a few coins under the mat to support the *tzaddik*. Because he was totally immersed in his learning, weak vision, he did not notice his visitors. He also did not know the of the various coins placed under his mat. Every evening, he would take the coins and bring them to his wife.

It happened one Friday that Rav Shalom was sitting in his usual spot, and the *rabbanit* came and asked if anyone had placed any money under the mat. She needed to buy food for Shabbos. Rav Shalom checked and informed her that the floor in front of the house was empty; there were no



✕ A Candle and a Pacifier ✕

It was late at night, and my baby was crying – crying and crying without letup. He needed his pacifier, and it was nowhere to be found. If you came into my home, you might have assumed I was in the midst of a very intense *bedikas chametz*. I moved furniture, checked inside and under closets, scanned windowsills all the forgotten corners of the house, with the baby's wails grew stronger in the background as time went on.

Where could the pacifier have disappeared? And where in the world would I find another one now? The stores were all closed, and which neighbor would want to lend something like a pacifier?

For lack of a better alternative, I sat near the crib, shaking it back and forth and trying to calm the baby without the pacifier he always used. Eventually, his crying slowed, his whimpers grew softer, and he fell asleep.

On my way out to Ma'ariv, I noticed there was some activity going on in the bomb shelter under our building, which seemed to be serving

as temporary headquarters for the organization called Ezer Nisu'in, whose goal is to enable families in Eretz Yisrael to marry off their children without spiraling into debt.

Volunteers were putting together packages that described the organization's work. Because they prepared everything in our building, we were the first to receive the packages. By the time I returned from shul, there was a clear plastic bag with a colored brochure inside hanging on our doorknob. I took it off, entered the house, and opened it to see what it was all about.

Lo and behold, the clear plastic bag included a brochure, a candle, and...can you imagine? A brand-new pacifier! *What in the world is going on here?* I thought. Had my baby's wails disturbed them down there? How could they possibly have known that I needed a pacifier? And where did they get hold of one?!

I opened the pamphlet to the first page, where it read: "From the moments you calm your baby with a pacifier until the day you take him to the *chuppah* holding a candle is less time than you think...." To bring home the message, the organization had placed a pacifier and a candle

>>> continued from page 1

coins under the mat at all.

An hour later the *rabbanit* repeated her request, but this time too there was no money to be had.

"What will be?" she asked, worried. "It will soon be Shabbos."

"Don't worry," Rav Shalom answered. "Hashem will provide for us."

Rav Shalom took out a piece of paper and asked his wife to list for him all the things she needed to buy for Shabbos.

She spoke, and Rav Shalom compiled a list: *challah*, vegetables, fish, fresh chicken, spices, fruit, wine, flour, oil, sugar, eggs, candies....

When the list was prepared, Rav Shalom rose, brushed himself off, and said, "I'm going to the *Kosel*."

and Rav Shalom walked in slow, measured steps. Finally, the *tzaddik* was standing before the *Kosel*. He approached the Wall reverently and placed the list into the cracks between the stones. With a heart overflowing with faith and love for Hashem, he began to speak, like a son approaching his beloved father:

"*Borei Olam*, our Father in Heaven, we need to buy things for Shabbos. Please send us the money to buy what we need!"

Rav Shalom finished making his request and took several steps back, still facing the *Kosel*, his eyes squinting up toward the sun.

Then, as he was walking through the narrow alleyways back to his home, Rav Yosef Eliyahu Shema, an active contributing member of the community, who headed Yeshivat Porat Yosef, saw him from afar. As *hashgachah* had it, a thought entered his mind: *Perhaps Rav Shalom doesn't have the means to buy food for Shabbos yet*, he thought.

And Rav Shema acted immediately. He ran ahead, reaching Rav Shalom's home before the *tzaddik* himself, lifted the mat where Rav Shalom often sat learning, and placed a sizable sum of money under it.

Minutes later Rav Shalom returned, and the *rabbanit*, who'd come out to greet him, lifted the mat to see if perhaps someone had left them money underneath it. Although she'd checked only moments earlier and there was nothing there, and although the hour was late and people were certainly busy preparing for Shabbos, she discovered enough money to buy everything she needed.

Rav Shalom smiled. "I told you not to worry," he said. "Hashem provides for and sustains everyone."

into each pack.

That's how it happened! That's how a brand-new pacifier made its way to my home exactly when I needed it, so we would be able to calm our baby the next time he awoke in middle of the night. I'm sure Ezer Nisu'in does amazing things, and that night, for me personally, the most amazing thing they did was to send me a pacifier!

And they also sent me a clear message from *Shamayim*: The One Who sent me the pacifier for my baby will send me all his future needs, all the way to his *chuppah* and his future home.

✕ The Book Disturbed Her ✕

Reb Shmuel Zanzvil Davidowitz from Beit Shemesh related this story:

My mother-in-law *a"h* passed away last year in Shevat. She had a neighbor who was her dear and devoted friend, many years younger than her. They had been neighbors for over two decades and had developed a unique relationship. The younger woman would ask my mother-in-law for advice and help, and she would help my mother-in-law in her own way, too.

Last Elul, my mother-in-law's, this young woman had a dream in which my mother-in-law appeared to her. She explained that although she couldn't see very clearly, she was completely sure it was my mother-in-law.

"There is a book that belongs to you," my mother-in-law told her, "and it's in my daughter's house. Please make sure she returns it to you." The next morning, this young woman called the daughter, told her about the dream, and the daughter sent the book back to her.

How did the book end up in another house? My mother-in-law's neighbor had given it to this daughter and said, "Here, take it and enjoy it." It wasn't clear whether she was lending it to her or giving it to her as a gift. The two neighbors were so close, it could very well have meant that she didn't mind if the book was taken as a gift. But the truth was that she had intended only to lend it, and this book disturbed my mother-in-law in the *Olam Ha'emes*.



I Trust in You

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

Shiur by Rav Berisch Schneelbalg shlita

It Makes No Difference to Hashem

We often see people becoming entangled in debt. What causes this to happen to someone? The real root of the problem is the fact that he's pressured, that he has no serenity.

Imagine a Yid with financial problems who remains totally calm, believing that Hashem, Who sent him the *nisayon*, will certainly help him to emerge from it too. This person goes on with his life, understanding that it's not his job to give Hashem ideas for how to solve his problems. The fact that he needs to deal with it is *min haShamayim*, and the only One Who can and will solve it is Hashem Himself.

If a person is pressured, however, the *nisayon* becomes like a balloon full of air, and he cannot see it in proportion, for what it is.

What is the truest way to describe this predicament?

It's as if someone asked him for ten dollars, and he doesn't have the money. Would he feel that is the end of the world? He'll find a way to get it! He'll daven a bit more, ask Hashem to show him His *hashgachah*, and get hold of ten dollars. What is ten dollars in the big scheme of things?! He knows he needs to get the money, but he doesn't feel pressured by the need to obtain it.

The point is: *For Hashem, there is no difference between ten dollars and ten thousand dollars – no difference whatsoever!* It's simply that when the person knows he needs ten thousand, the problem gets blown out of proportion in his mind, like a huge balloon full of air.

If we internalize that nothing at all is "difficult" for Hashem, that Hashem can do anything at will, then we will be much calmer. This person will not feel anxious because of the fact that he owes ten thousand dollars. He'll view it as a technical matter that he needs to take care of, just like getting hold of ten dollars.

Another point: When a person is pressured about money, he isn't dealing with his problem properly. Instead of closing his eyes and connecting to Hashem, which is what Hashem truly wants from him, he's busy running from one *gemach* to another.

A simple idea that can help us achieve this level of *emunah* and serenity is to hang a note, somewhere where we'll see it constantly, that says: "For every *nisayon* Hashem sends my way, there is a ready solution."

This reminder can help us attain true serenity and can enable us to pass all kinds of tests, even tests involving large sums of money.

✕ **Four Volunteers on Call** ✕

I live in New York. My relative volunteers for Hatzalah, and something absolutely incredible happened to him. Here's his story:

I received a call in Monsey, to an area that has both a Jewish *beis hachaim* and a non-Jewish cemetery. It wasn't clear from the call where exactly the people were standing, but I automatically assumed it to be in the Jewish *beis hachaim*, where I might be of help to one of the people attending a *levayah*.

I was there within minutes, but the *beis hachaim* was silent, with no one in sight. Confused, I decided to check to see if the people had called from the non-Jewish cemetery. Sadly, there is a row of *kevarim* there used to bury reform Jews. When I got there, I spotted them right away – a small group of people near that row of *kevarim*.

The new widow had fainted and collapsed. That's why they called us. I saw that three other Hatzalah volunteers had already arrived. We were four altogether. For a moment, I just looked at the group of people accompanying the *niftar*, and something unbelievable dawned on me. The four sons of the deceased were wearing small white *kipot* for the occasion. There was a Jewish man who worked in the cemetery. Finally, there was one more Jew who worked as a funeral. Together with the four of us Hatzalah volunteers, there was now a minyan! We could say *Kaddish* for the deceased man.

One of the sons was very excited. "We called an ambulance, too, twenty minutes ago," he said. "They haven't shown up yet, but you guys arrived immediately!"

As he spoke, the ambulance finally showed up. The ambulance crew took care of the widow, who had already regained consciousness and was lying weakly on the ground, and we attended to the deceased, doing *chessed shel emes* by saying *Kaddish* for him. He must have had some *zechus*, and Hashem sent us there to help his *neshamah* by saying *Kaddish* for him with a minyan after he was buried. Why had all four of us answered the call? Because Hashem was looking out for this

neshamah. Even a *neshamah* that strayed so far received the honor it deserves.

✕ **Thirty-Nine Years Later** ✕

Y.G. told the following story on the phone line:

Years ago, my mother was in the airport, and she saw a modestly dressed young girl who looked completely lost. My mother went over to her, introduced herself, and asked if she could help her in any way.

"Yes!" the girl answered immediately. "I need help. I have no idea what to do." In short, succinct words she told my mother that her name was Ba'adia, she'd escaped from Syria on her own, had no relatives at all and no idea how to get settled in Eretz Yisrael. Moreover, she revealed that she was suffering from a rare form of cancer.

My mother saw this "chance" encounter as a *chessed* knocking on her door, and she took it on fully. She brought the girl to our home and arranged everything she needed. She took her to doctors, sat with her through treatments, and more. Another Yid who became extremely devoted to her was Reb Shmulik Jungreis, a Hatzalah volunteer who drove her to the hospital and back countless times. Unfortunately, the girl's situation deteriorated until, despite the doctors' best efforts to heal her, she passed away on 26 Tammuz, 5747.

The only physical object she left behind was a gold necklace she used to wear all the time, and my mother gave that necklace to the Hatzalah driver as an expression of thanks for his devotion to her care. Reb Shmulik decided to sell the necklace and donate the money to his shul *l'ilui nishmasah*. He made the donation and had a plaque put up in the shul in her memory.

We knew she had no relatives, certainly none who knew the day of her *petirah*. So, from that day onward, we by her *yahrtzeit* every year. My mother made sure someone would light a candle for her and learn *mishnayos*, and my father would say *Kaddish* or would ask someone else to do so.

This year, on the eve of her *yahrtzeit*, the 26th

of Tammuz, Ba'adia appeared in a dream to Reb Shmulik Jungreis. "Don't forget me!" she told him. "I'm sure you won't forget me," she repeated.

He awoke in a cold sweat, completely shaken up by the dream. After *Shacharis*, he told his friends about it. It had been 39 years since her passing, and she'd never appeared to him before! What was this all about? His friends suggested that he say *Kaddish l'ilui nishmasah*, and he did so that very day, *l'ilui nishmas Ba'adia bas Eliyahu*. Later on, he checked the date of her *yahrtzeit* on the plaque at the shul where he used to daven, and he was almost unsurprised to discover that it was on that very day.

He recalled that our family made sure to learn and say *Kaddish* for her, so he looked us up and

called to share what had happened.

When my father heard the story, he held his head in his hands. "Oy vey!" he cried. "Every year I make sure *Kaddish* is said for her, but this year, there was so much going on and it just slipped my mind!"

It's incredible to note how important it is to say *Kaddish*, and how much it means to the *neshamah*. This young girl was a *tzaddekes* who suffered so much in this world that she certainly has a high place in *Shamayim*. Nonetheless, 39 years after her passing, she still needed this *Kaddish* so much that she came and asked for it.

May the *chizuk* generated by this story be *l'ilui nishmas Ba'adia bas Eliyahu*.

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

I want to share a personal story that happened to me.

I live in Beit Shemesh, and several years ago on Lag Ba'omer I went to Meron to daven. While I was walking down the hill from Rabi Shimon Bar Yochai's *tziyun* afterward, I suddenly remembered that my son was going to turn eighteen in Adar of the coming year, and that I should have davened for his *shidduch* already. How could I have forgotten?! I couldn't return to the *tziyun*, because there are *Poskim* who say it isn't permitted. I figured it was *min haShamayim* that I hadn't remembered to daven for his *shidduch*, and I hoped to be able to go back again before listening to suggestions for him.

I didn't get back to Meron for a long while, however. The summer passed by, winter arrived, and then finally, during *Shovavim*, I decided to just get up and go. Late on a Thursday night, I davened in Meron for many things, among them a *shidduch* for my son. I arrived back in Beit Shemesh early on Friday morning, feeling much calmer. Now I could go ahead and listen to suggestions for *shidduchim*

for him.

Chasdei Hashem, my son became engaged shortly thereafter – in Shevat, a month before his eighteenth birthday, and the wedding was set for the following Teves, 11 months later.

When we were setting a date for the wedding, I was too preoccupied to notice it, but afterward I realized that his final *sheva brachos* came out on the exact date when I had stood and davened in Meron for his *shidduch*. I saw the beauty of Hashem's plan for us, and how He arranged for the *tefillah* in Meron to accompany us throughout that year of my son's engagement, right up to the end of his *sheva brachos*!

May we all be *zocheh* to *nachas* and joy, to good *shidduchim*, and to children who walk in the ways of Hashem.

Aharon Nachman

Beit Shemesh



For Hashem's Sweet Children

Dini, my eighteen-year-old sister, makes the yummiest desserts for Shabbos. Mousse, chocolate, whipped toppings, fancy cakes, ice creams – you name it, she can make it. Every Shabbos night we wait to see what surprise she'll take out of the freezer at the end of the meal. My mother tells the younger children that if they eat the fish, soup, and chicken nicely, they'll get Dini's dessert, and that is the best incentive of all!

One Shabbos last winter, we had finished the main course, and Dini served her surprise dessert – chocolate-chip muffins with hot chocolate fudge on top and a scoop of homemade vanilla ice cream on the side. Yum! We all complimented her on the delicious dessert.



"You know, everyone," Dini suddenly announced, "it's a clear example of *Hashgachah Pratis* that you can eat this dessert!"

We sat there, enjoying every bite, and just waited for her to continue.

"I'll tell you what happened," she said. "On Thursday afternoon I bought all the ingredients for the muffins and the ice cream in the supermarket, including three bars of chocolate for the hot chocolate fudge.

"After midnight I finally had the kitchen to myself, and I went in to prepare everything. I looked at the recipe and realized two bars of chocolate were enough for the amount of fudge I needed, so I took just two of the bars, and without looking at them, peeled off the wrappers, and used them.

"Afterward, when I was cleaning up," she continued, "I realized that one of the bars of chocolate I bought was *milichig*. Amazingly enough, the two bars I used in the recipe were the *pareve* ones, and the *milichig* one was the one I left on the table!

Never Complain

My name is Yehuda Donat and I live in Beitar Illit. Every morning, I go down to the bus stop across the street from my house, where I get on the bus for the short ride to yeshivah, and I make sure to be there on time.

But yesterday I was running late. I flew down the steps and across the street, and I missed the bus by literally a second. I watched as it drove away, filled with passengers, and I was left at the bus stop with at least a fifteen minute wait for the next bus.

"Oh, nuts," was my first thought. "I hate coming late," was my second. "Why did I have to miss it by a second?! So annoying," was my third thought.

And then I almost kicked myself and finally remembered to think, and even muttered to myself out loud, "*Gam zu l'tovah*. Everything Hashem does is for the best."

The next bus came rather quickly. I got on and began traveling the route that's as familiar to me as my right hand. One stop, another, and then another. At the fourth stop, I couldn't believe my eyes.

There at the bus stop was the previous bus, the one I'd missed. It was just standing there, and all the passengers had gotten out. There was some sort of problem with the bus, it got stuck, and everyone was waiting to get onto the next bus – the bus I was on.



Remember that song about *gam zu l'tovah*? "If you miss a bus or a train,

Don't you ever, ever complain...."

Dear kids!

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

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

Notices

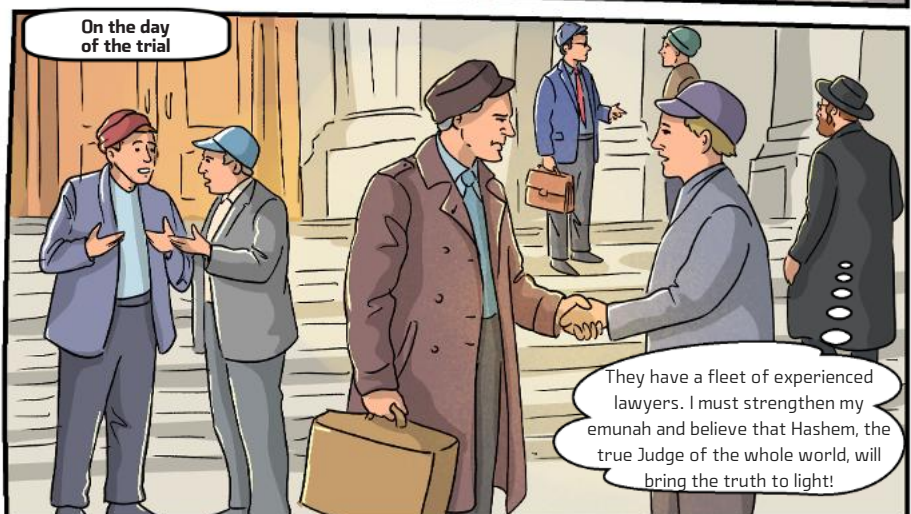
Did you see Hashem's *hashgachah* clearly in your own life?

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



THE TRUTH 2 of 4 IS REVEALED

Last week: It is a dark, rainy night in Chicago. A wild driver hits Reb Shloime's car. The non-Jewish driver and passengers blame Reb Shloime for the accident.



They Make it Happen

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

This week we interviewed the esteemed rav of a shul in Brooklyn, who personally distributes the newsletters in his shul.

What inspired you to get involved in distributing the newsletters?

It was very simple; I saw the newsletters and realized that this was a very vital and important thing. It is a *davar she'bikdushah* to increase *emunah* and *bitachon* in Am Yisrael, and I wanted to be a part of it, and to be *mezakeh* the *rabbim*.

This is something that has always been very close to my heart. When I saw that *Yidden* have initiated this massive dissemination of the greatest truth in the world, in such a beautiful format, I simply had to join.

I put the newsletters on a table in the corner of my shul so that *Yidden* would take them, read them, and gain *chizuk*. I feel this is another way to fulfill my obligation as a *rav* – to help my *mispallelim* strengthen their *emunah* and *bitachon* and the purity of their *hashkafah*.

Have you experienced any *hashgachah pratis* in connection with the newsletters?

Just recently, before Sukkos, I simply didn't have the means to buy everything we needed for Yom Tov. I didn't know what to do!

Then Hakadosh Baruch Hu orchestrated that I would read the story about Reb Asher Friend, and how he got his *lulavim* for Sukkos through the power of *tefillah* and *emunah* alone. This was a wonderful sign for me from *Shamayim*, because my father was very close with him. I saw how, Hashem sent me a story about someone who was so dear and close to our family. This encouraged me and enabled me to remain calm and believe that with Hashem's help, everything would turn out for the best.

I experienced another story with the *mikveh* in shul. There was a problem, and I had to go in and repair it. Just when I entered the *mikveh*, someone else came in at exactly the same time, and we started talking. He told me he wanted to come and daven in our shul for Yom Tov. There was an issue I had to take care of in the shul before Yom Tov, and this Yid offered to take care of it properly, which he did.

Also, I'm not sure if your readers realize this, but *rabbanim* are under a lot of pressure at Yom Tov time. Everything has to work out and function properly in shul – there are so many details....

I read Rav Shafer's story about the Gerrer Rebbe and the words *ein od* – how a Yid should know and believe that there is nothing in the world other than Hashem. Once he knows this, he doesn't need to hear the news or anything else! This gave me so much *chizuk* throughout the *Yamim Tovim*. Who came and who didn't, and how things worked out – it all wasn't my issue; I just lived with Hashem.

What do you want to share with others who are considering distributing the newsletters?

You can't argue with the fact that when you are involved in things like this, you are *zocheh* to great *siyata diShmaya*. It's simply true that when you do for Hashem, He does for you, too. And when you live with *hashgachah pratis*, your life is so much calmer!

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 *Hashgachah 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

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

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