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 Chayei Sara 5787 ✕ **215**

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

In Every Joke There's a Bit of Truth

I was shmoozing with someone, and he told me about the following insight in *emunah* that he had:

My five-year-old son was hospitalized for two weeks to treat a dangerous infection.

I always took the night shift. I sat at his side throughout the long difficult hours when the world outside was asleep. Sleeping in the hospital ward, however, was very difficult.

Every night, my son would start crying, begging me to take him home to his mother, and every time, I would try to help him calm down in another way.

One time, I decided to inject some humor into the situation. I told him, "There's no way you can go home now, *tzaddik*. I need to sleep here in the hospital. If you leave, who will watch me?!"

My son smiled, and he finally fell asleep.

The following day I was thinking about the conversation, and it suddenly struck me: Those words weren't a mere joke! They were actually the truth.

My life had always been so good; I'd grown accustomed to all the blessings Hashem showered upon me. I was born into a good home with excellent parents; I married, and I built a wonderful family.

Hashem's goodness surrounds me on all sides, and I basically assume that life will continue flowing along smoothly. When a hurdle or challenge presents itself, or when things don't line up with my dreams and expectations, I feel I'm in a rut. I need to deal with a situation that somehow feels to me like a mistake, and try to cope nonetheless.

Like now. What an annoyance! My son had a complicated infection, and I need to spend nights with him in the hospital...

But the truth is actually very different from the way I see it:

The purpose of our lives in this world is to overcome challenges. Man was created to toil, to experience difficulties and thereby fulfill his mission. When a person faces his challenges with acceptance and courage, they bring him all the blessings he awaits in other are as of his life.

So, that joke I made had moe than a grain of truth in it. I am meant to spend nights in the hospital right now, and my son is there in order to "watch" me and make sure I do my job.

They Show Us the Way

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

Nature Is Merely a Smokescreen

Late one night, in a house deep in the alleyways of the Jewish neighborhood in Lodz, a secret meeting takes place...

The fear in the room was palpable. The shades were drawn tightly shut, and the groups spoke in whispers. The Polish police force had secret agents everywhere, and one could never be too careful.

The *heilige* Beis Avraham sat at the head of the table. His beloved son, who would take his place in later years, sat at his side. This was the *bachur* Reb Shlomo Dovid Yehoshua, already then renowned for his greatness in Torah and in piety. In later years, he was known by the acronym of his three names, the *Rashd"i*. The Rebbe had left his hometown of Slonim and was visiting his Chassidim in Lodz, accompanied by his son. Two Chassidim had asked the Rebbe to attend a meeting regarding an urgent matter. They hoped the Rebbe and his son would be able to guide and help them.

The people involved were longtime successful business partners – Reb Avraham Yitzchak Schwartzman and Reb Yechiel Kribus. They sat before the Rebbe, heads bent in humility and submission, fear and worry evident on their faces. The two had built up their business over the years into an enterprise that brought each of them ever-expanding profits, and though most of their transactions were legal, some of them were not.

They went about their lives, unaware that someone had maligned them to the government and was building a strong case against them to indict them for illegal transactions.

The danger was very real. If the two were taken to court, their sentence would almost certainly be imprisonment for many years. Who knew if they would even live to see the end of the sentence? They were also liable to lose all their possessions, leaving their families bereft and penniless.

The two now sat across from the Rebbe, tears streaming down their faces, while the Rebbe and his son looked on in deep compassion. What could they possibly do? At that moment, the door clicked open

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Rejoice, Zevulun!

My name is Tzvi Eisenberg, and I live in New Square. I want to tell you a miraculous story that happened not long ago, something I witnessed firsthand.

I am very close to two incredible businessmen. They're partners, both *chashuve baalei batim* who value and deeply respect Torah and *kollel yungeleit*. A while back, when several well-known philanthropists doubled the *kollel* stipend given in Beis Medrash Govoha, these two gentlemen decided to do the same for *chassidishe yungeleit* who are learning in Skver.

This was a huge undertaking, and the two of them clearly couldn't cover the whole cost alone; so they became the unofficial organizers of a massive Yissachar-Zevulun project! Their goal was to match every *yungerman* in the community with a "Zevulun" to support him. This would ensure that the support would continue for many years to come.

As I said, I have a close relationship with those businessmen, so I knew the inside story. Without saying much, the two refocused their energies from their huge business, which employs dozens of workers every day, to their new goal of supporting Torah in their community, and they worked on their project tirelessly.

Hashem responded to them in kind, and here's the truly miraculous part of the story:

During the week of *parshas Ki Savo*, 5786, the partners were making progress with a huge business deal. An unaffiliated Jew from Florida had loaned them money, and they were supposed to return 3.5 million dollars to him. Of course, the loan was halachically permitted, since they had a proper *heter iska.*

The huge sum they had to return included high interest rates, and they asked the lender to kindly forgo at least some of the interest. Could they compromise and give him 3.4 million? On Friday morning they received a message from him, informing them that he was definitely willing to compromise, due to the fact that he needed the money right away. If they deposited 3.1 million in his account immediately, he would consider the loan repaid in full. This was on condition that they paid him the entire sum at once; no installments.

The two were very pleased. They would be saving $400,000 – quite a significant sum!

While this was going on, something else of much greater import was also transpiring. One of the partners, we'll call him Reuven, was sitting with a group of businessmen and trying to persuade them to join the Yissachar-Zevulun initiative. The other, we'll call

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and a dark figure strode inside, joining them at the table. This was the Jewish *askan* they'd asked to help them. He was someone who knew his way around the government offices and had befriended several members of the Polish police force. He knew where money could talk, and he proposed simply making the files with all the evidence against the two partners disappear.

"There are people in the government who can help us with this," he said earnestly, "and they'll do it for the sum of five thousand zloty."

A heavy silence settled over the room once again. The sum was staggering.

"No," a definitive voice suddenly announced. "We're not going to pay that much." Who had spoken? It was none other than the Rebbe's young son, Reb Shlomo Dovid Yehoshua.

What was the *Rashd"i* thinking? Didn't he realize what was at stake? How did he have the courage to refuse to pay the amount the Polish officials were demanding? But although his stubbornness seemed illogical, the two businessmen were staunch Chassidim, and they did not question the Rebbe's son for a moment. Whatever the Rebbe and his son said, they would do.

The *askan* went to relay to the Polish official that the Jewish business partners refused to pay the exorbitant amount he was demanding. He returned some time later with an offer of four thousand zloty, which the *Rashd"i* refused once again, then two thousand zloty, which the *Rashd"i* put off with a wave of his hand.

Finally, the Polish official offered to make the file disappear for only one thousand zloty, and now the *Rashd"i* acquiesced. Within a short time, the case file no longer existed, and the two business-partners were saved from the danger of trial and imprisonment.

"How did you have the courage to have the *askan* negotiate with the Polish official," the Beis Avraham later asked his son, "when you knew the two Chassidim were in such grave danger?"

"Tatte," replied Reb Shlomo Dovid Yehosua respectfully, "it was your words that gave me the strength to refuse to pay the impossible sum they were demanding! Just yesterday, we were at the *bris* of the baby of my brother-in-law, Reb Tuvia Landau from Strikov, and you relayed the words of the Ramban. You explained that for a Yid, *emunah* means believing that 'nature' doesn't really exist, and that everything is actually a miracle, an act of Hashem."

"I heard these words of the Ramban, Tatte," he continued, "and I simply acted upon them. If Hashem is leading the world, minute by minute, and nature is only a smokescreen for His deeds, why would we have to pay so much money?! With this firm *emunah* in our hearts, a small bit of *hishtadlus* would certainly be enough to bring about the *yeshuah* they needed."

"I merely *spoke* the words of the Ramban," the Beis Avraham later told his Chassidim, "but my son took them to heart and lived by them!"

him Shimon, was sitting with their lawyer and trying to close the deal.

Shimon called Reuven to tell him the good news. They'd succeeded in lowering the price to 3.1 million, but the money had to be transferred immediately. He needed Reuven to come and sign on the transfer.

"Give me ten minutes," Reuven responded. "I must finish up here with the Yissachar-Zevulun meeting."

Now Shimon was under pressure. The lawyer was impatient to leave, and there was a lot of money at stake! If they didn't transfer the money right away, they could very possibly lose the offer of the reduced price. But Shimon took a deep breath and acted upon his dearest values and priorities.

"You're right," he told his partner, Reuven. "Torah is more important than any of this. Finish up your meeting, and finalize the repayment as soon as you're available."

In the minutes that followed, Shimon wrapped up all the details with his lawyer and prepared to make the bank transfer. Everything was ready, pending Reuven's signature.

"So long as I'm sitting here waiting," Shimon thought, "I may as well do something with my time." The wheels in his mind began to turn. "If the man who lent us the money is so desperate for money right now," he thought, like an experienced businessman, "then I probably could have bargained the price down even further."

He was uncomfortable, however, with involving the lawyer at this point, when the transaction was all ready. So he called Florida on his own to ask the man if he was willing to lower the price even more.

To Shimon's surprise, the man had no idea what he was talking about!

"Compromise?!" he sputtered. "When did I say anything of the sort?!"

To make a long story short, the whole thing was a sham. Crooks who hacked into the email account belonging to the millionaire from Florida, followed his correspondence and made the offer of a reduced price in his name. Had Shimon transferred the money, it would have disappeared in moments into some anonymous account in another country, never to be seen again. The two business partners were a hairsbreadth away from losing over three million dollars!

But Hashem spared them this loss – because Reuven was unavailable to sign. Why? Because he was busy with a personal campaign to support Torah learning.

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I Trust in You

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

To Lack for Nothing

Shiur by* Reb Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"a

We need to feel that whatever we have right now is the best possible thing for us. We have to trust that if it would be good for us to have something else, then Hashem would give it to us. If this is what Hashem gave us, that is the greatest sign that this isthe best thing for us right now. Perhaps in a minute from now, Hashem will send something else, and in two days from now, we'll receive another gift, because at that point in time it will be good for us to have it.

If we live with this perspective, we're always happy. We feel that at this moment we have whatever we need, and if we need something else, we will receive it. It's like someone whose house is empty, and yet he's calm. Why? Because he knows that everything he needs is available in the stores. The grocer has shelves sagging with every imaginable food item he might need, and the fruit and vegetable store is fully stocked. Every possible type of furniture he might need in his house is available in the stores. The pharmacy is filled with a plethora of medications to treat any type of ailment that might affect him.

The reason he doesn't have all this at home is that there is simply no room. If he needs anything, he'll go to the appropriate store and buy it. For this reason, no matter what he currently has or does not have in his house, he's happy. He feels he has whatever he needs, and with this perspective, he never feels lacking. He isn't like a hungry lion, who walks around wondering how he'll get his next meal. He walks around satiated, knowing that if he truly needs something and it's for his good, Hashem will give it to him.

May we be *zocheh* to strengthen our *emunah* and *bitachon*, to truly feel that we lack for nothing, and to see great blessing as a result. Hashem promises us that whoever trusts in Him will be blessed. May we see much physical and spiritual *brachah*, and may each of us see the *yeshuah* he needs, *amen*.

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We don't understand Hashem's ways and the workings of His world, but it is so clear that the *zechus* of Torah is what protected them.

Reuven told me something amazing: "For years, *meshulachim* have been knocking on my door and promising me all sorts of *yeshuos* in the merit of *tzedakah*. I've heard countless stories, but they don't really excite me. I always say, 'Today's miracle stories don't speak to me…'

"Of course, a Yid with *yiras Shamayim* believes in the power of Torah and *tzeddakah*, but I neverconnected that with all the contemporary miracle stories.

"But now, things have changed for me. Being involved in the Yissachar-Zevulun initiative for several weeks, I started hearing stories from 'Zevuluns' who saw powerful yeshuos after they began to support *kollel yungeleit* When the first one called to share this with me, I smiled to myself. 'Nu, nu,' I thought. 'Today's stories…' But when the second, third, fourth and fifth – no exaggeration – called too, sharing accounts of increased income, *yeshuos* at home, and more, I could no longer maintain my slightly cynical stance.

"Then came last Friday, when it happened to *me*! I was *zocheh* to see how, *min haShamayim*, I was spared a tremendous monetary loss in the merit of Torah. The Ohr Hachaim says that Zevulun should rejoice because he 'will certainly succeed' in business in the merit of Torah. This isn't always just something we believe; sometimes, it's something we actually get to see personally!"

The Big Day

It all started with gastric-bypass surgery. The surgery is considered quite safe, and for people who struggle with various health issues related to obesity, it can be transformative. Hundreds of patients have undergone this surgery and emerged healthier than before. But in Abba's case, things didn't go according to plan.

Abba went into surgery, and the doctors put him under anesthesia. When they completed the surgery, he simply didn't wake up! He stayed asleep. His vitals weren't good, and the situation was critical.

We davened for his complete recovery, but more than anyone else, it was our mother who believed he would wake up. "You'll see," she said again and again throughout those difficult weeks, "he'll wake up." She encouraged us to keep davening, and she kept herself and all of us in a positive frame of mind.

Six very difficult weeks passed, and then, on the sixth of Adar, the doctors gently told my mother to get a minyan together. It seemed like it was almost over.

"You don't tell me it's over," Ima told the doctors. "Tomorrow is the seventh of Adar, and it's a special day, the *yahrtzeit* of Moshe Rabbenu."

The seventh of Adar was always a big day for us. Abba would travel to Meron and recite the entire *sefer Tehillim* three times. Ima was sure that if the doctors' dire predictions were made on the sixth of Adar, it was a sign that the *zechus* of the seventh of Adar would save Abba's life, and our *tefillos* would bring about the *yeshuah* we were waiting for.

That evening, she called all of us, her sons, and asked us to join her in Meron. We divided up *sefer Tehillim* and said the *pesukim* word for word, storming the Heavens. Ima was certain this was the right *hishtadlus*, and she had no doubt that we would see a huge *yeshuah*.

The following day, when she entered the hospital, a nurse cornered her.

"The doctor wants to speak with you," she said.

"I'm not interested," Ima responded. She refused to hear bad news. She wanted her *emunah* to remain very strong.

"I have good news for you," the nurse told her, and only then did Ima agree to see the doctor.

The doctor said the words she'd been waiting to hear – the words she was so sure she would hear: "Your husband woke up!"

"Of course," she responded, unsuprised. "I told you, the seventh of Adar is a big day."

We all rejoiced. *Baruch Hashem*, my father was over the worst. From that day on, he continued to improve. *B'chasdei Hashem*, we now have a healthy, fully functioning father, *ad me'ah v'esrim*.

Footprints in the Snow

Hagaon Hatzaddik Rav Shlomo Zalman Friedman *shlit"a* related this story:

It happened in Williamsburg last winter during a major snowstorm. In the morning the world was pristine white, and everything was covered with mountains of snow. Later on, the freezing temperatures caused a layer of ice to form over the snow. Even a short walk outside became dangerous. You could easily slip and fall.

Many people, both young and elderly, preferred to remain indoors. Even the short walk from the house to the car was precarious, and driving posed its own

risks. People stayed home as much as possible. But sometimes it was necessary to venture outside, to the grocery or to take care of other urgent matters, and then you simply had to brave the elements.

That's what happened early one morning on the third day of the storm, when the *chashuve* Rebbetzin, wife of the *ga'avad* of Tzemach Tzaddik-Vishnitz in Williamsburg, was standing in her doorway preparing to leave the house. Knowing how slippery the ice could be, she looked around for some means of support for her short walk across the street.

Where would she find the help she needed? She looked up at the sky, at the snowflakes, swirling through the air. Each flake was unique, masterfully created by the great Designer on High. She looked down at her warm coat, felt the softness of her woolen gloves. *Every article of clothing we wear*, she thought, *comes into existence only through the One Who created His world and upholds it moment by moment*. Surely Hashem could also send someone to help her cross to the other side of the street.

The Rebbetzin asked Hashem to help her, and Hashem heard her *tefillos*. A woman from her community appeared suddenly, carefully pushing a stroller covered in plastic in which a baby lay, bundled in a snowsuit. She was making her way down the narrow path in the sidewalk, where the snow had been cleared away the previous day, and when she saw the Rebbetzin standing there, she stopped.

The Rebbetzin smiled apologetically after greeting the younger woman. "Would you possibly be able to help me cross the street?" she asked. "If I could hold onto you or your stroller, that would be a huge help."

"Gladly," the woman responded immediately, and she turned into the Rebbetzin's driveway.

Minutes later, a huge tree fell down onto the sidewalk, in the exact spot where the woman would have been standing had she continued walking!

"Rebbetzin," said the woman, completely shaken, "you saved my life! This small *chessed* saved my life and the life of my baby."

Indeed, the very One Who brought the snowstorm, and Who created the winds and ice and hail, is also the *Shomer Yisrael* Who safeguarded His beloved children from harm.

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 thank you for your incredible work and *zikui harabbim*. Your *shiurim* on the phone line and your newsletters are my spiritual oxygen, and they fill our home with peace and serenity. With your permission, I would like to share the *chizuk* I gained as a result of reading the newsletters from cover to cover each week.

When a person is tested, he is often liable to become angry, worried, or anxious. But someone who learns about *emunah* and *bitachon* grows accustomed to viewing everything that happens to him in a positive light. He automatically searches for Hashem's *chessed* hidden in every situation that comes his way.

When you truly internalize the fact that Hashem alone has done, does, and will do everything, then getting angry at people becomes irrelevant, because all human beings are merely messengers of Hashem. Your entire approach to life changes.

This transformation takes you from about *emunah* to actually feeling it tangibly. Your heart is calm, your anger disappears, and you accept your *nisyonos* knowing that everything is perfect and for your ultimate good..

Thank you for spreading the light of *emunah* and reminding us each day anew that we have a loving Father in *Shamayim*.

Best wishes for continued *hatzlachah*,

Shlomo Yitzchak Rabinowitz, Yerushalayim

The Accident That Wasn't

My name is Avreimy. One day we took a bus from Ashdod to Yerushalayim, where we planned to daven at the *Kosel* in honor of my younger brother's birthday. This is a *minhag* my father started when I, his oldest son, turned ten. Since then, we try to go to the *Kosel* whenever someone in our family has a birthday.

Yanky was now turning eleven, and it was an opportunity for us to go and daven with him. I got onto the bus with my father, Yanky, and Yitzy, who is two years younger than Yanky. We settled into the first two seats of the bus, Yanky and I in the seat directly behind the driver, my father and younger brother across the aisle from us.

Baruch Hashem, we have an amazing program in our *cheder*, where we learn Gemara by heart. There are boys who know dozens of pages of Gemara by heart, and we test each other all the time. This was the perfect time to practice and review our learning. So as soon as the bus left the city, we began taking turns. First I tested Yanky, then he tested me. The bus passed various landmarks; we were getting closer to Yerushalayim, and we kept practicing. And then, with no prior warning, there was a screech of the brakes, and the bus veered to the side of the road as the driver tried avoid crashing into a small car that suddenly merged into his lane of traffic. Everyone gasped – it was very scary. But, we were fine. The bus was fine. No one was hurt. And a minute later, the driver continued driving. I looked at Yanky, and we both said it at the same time: Perhaps it was in the *zechus* of our learning that the entire bus was saved from an accident!



Back Upstairs by "Mistake"

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



Last week, my grandparents planned an amazing Shabbos together for the whole extended family. They rented a house in Moshav Komemiyus. The house had a big yard with many swings and hammocks. All Friday morning in *cheder*, I was jumping with excitement. I just couldn't wait for the bell to ring so I could run home and help get everything ready for Shabbos. We had to pack things for the entire family and bring along a lot of the food, too, which everyone helped to prepare. When I got home, there were delicious smells wafting from the kitchen. Soup. Chicken. Potato kugel. Chocolate muffins. There were also two big suitcases open on the dining room floor, half-filled with everything we would need for Shabbos. I hurried to shower and get ready for Shabbos, and then went to help my mother pack the last few things into the suitcase. I watched as Mommy carefully wrapped the pot of hot soup in a towel, and the other food in plastic containers. I held my little brother's hand and wheeled one of the big suitcases out of our apartment. We waited for the elevator together and then stood outside near the van that my parents had booked to take us all to the *moshav*. The driver began loading the van as the rest of my family made their way downstairs and got settled inside. "Yossi," my mother said suddenly, "go back upstairs and bring down the garbage bag that's near the door." I ran back into the building, into the elevator and up three flights, opened the combination lock and saw – nothing. There was no garbage bag by the door. I went into the house and checked if the bag was anywhere else. It wasn't.

"Someone else must have taken it down," I thought, standing in the middle of the kitchen. And then I noticed something else – sitting on the counter wrapped in an orange towel. It was the pot of chicken soup Mommy had prepared for Shabbos. In the rush to leave the house, we'd left it behind. Carefully, I lifted it and placed it in the carton Mommy had prepared for it. I put the carton down outside, locked the door, and carefully took the soup down in the elevator. "I don't believe it, Yossi," Mommy said when she saw me. "I sent you to get the garbage, not realizing that Tatty already took it down. But I didn't dream that we forgot the soup!"

It was *hashgachah pratis* that I "mistakenly" went to get the garbage, so we would have Mommy's delicious chicken soup, and our Shabbos would be complete!

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 3 of 4 IS REVEALED

Last week: Reb Shloime is summoned to court on account of false charges made by non-Jews. There seems to be no hope that the judge will recognize his innocence.



They Make it Happen

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

Last week, we interviewed the esteemed rav of a shul in Brooklyn, who took it upon himself to distribute the newsletters in his shul. In the course of our interview, he shared an amazing thing that happened to him as soon as he joined the Hashgachah Pratis initiative:

When the *rav* called our office and asked to become a distributor of the newsletters on a weekly basis, he set up an automatic monthly Zelle transfer from his bank account to the *Hashgachah Pratis* account.

The next morning, the *rav* received a call from the electric company. "You haven't paid your electric bills in several months," they told him. "Unless you pay the entire sum you owe right now, we will shut off the electricity in your house immediately."

He tried to give them his credit card number on the spot, but they refused it. "Since you're so late with your payments," they told him, "we will only accept payment through a Zelle transfer." So he asked his secretary to make a Zelle transfer to the address they gave him, but the transfer didn't go through.

Why wasn't the Zelle transfer accepted? The *rav* contacted his bank, and they informed him that because he'd attempted to make a Zelle transfer to *Hashgachah Pratis* the previous day for a fixed monthly donation, his account was automatically frozen. They were suspicious of such transfers, and the account was frozen until the *rav* would personally come to the bank and confirm that he'd made the transfer.

Meanwhile, since the people from the electric company were pressuring him, and he was afraid his electricity would be turned off, the *rav* called a friend and asked him to make the Zelle transfer to the electric company for him.

His friend was shocked. "There's no such thing! The electric company will never ask anyone for a Zelle transfer. You're dealing with thieves. Hang up on them quickly, and if they call again, ignore the call!"

The *rav* hung up the phone and understood, thankfully before it was too late, that he'd almost fallen victim to a terrible scam. What actually saved him was the fact that he'd tried to make a transfer to *Hashgachah Pratis* the previous day, and the bank froze his account as a result!

The *rav* related that people shared with him that had he made even one Zelle transfer to the scammers on the phone, they could have used the information to continue stealing money from him for months. In the merit of joining the *Hashgachah Pratis* initiative, the *rav* was saved from all this!

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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