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 Toldos , 5787 ✕ **216**

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

All Because of That Paper

The power of *tefillah* is simply amazing!

Someone told me this story about a family he knows well:

This is a family that was very far from being Torah and mitzvah-observant, yet something strange happened to them. In short succession, three of their children were *chozer bit'shuvah*. The mother, who wasn't able to appreciate the gift of children who were devoted to serving Hashem, lamented her "bad luck" all day. In fact, she shed bitter tears over the "terrible calamity" that had befallen her. How was it possible that her children had abandoned the secular lifestyle she'd shown them?

One day a friend asked her, "Tell me, how did this happen to you? What *zechus* did you have that enabled three of your children to make this transformation in their lives?

She said that she hadn't done anything at all, and that, in fact, she was constantly bemoaning her terrible fate. Her friend gently explained that it was a great *zechus* for a mother to have children who were living the way a Jew should live. "What did you do in order to have such good children?" she asked again.

When she heard the words "good children," the mother suddenly remembered. She told her friend that years back, they'd attended a *kiruv* seminar, and one of the speakers told them that if one said the words written on a certain laminated paper she had, one would merit "good children."

"I took the paper," she said, "because of course I wanted good children…I didn't realize that 'good' meant religious," she continued wryly.

She showed her neighbor the paper, which was a printed copy of the *tefillas haShelah*.

"I have no clue what this all means," she said, laughing, "but I say it every day."

This is the power of a *tefillah*, even a *tefillah* uttered without true understanding.

When a Yid davens and asks for something with all his heart, it has an effect!

Gut Shabbos, Pinchos Shafer

They Show Us the Way

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

The Candle in the Alter's Pocket

It was just a bit of wax. A tiny candle that had burned almost all the way down. And it was in the Alter's pocket all the time.

The night was dark, and the sounds of the world outside were muted behind the walls of the small hut the Alter had built for himself in the thick of the forest. Rav Yosef Yozel Horowitz, better known as the Alter of Novardok, sat near the rickety table, an open Gemara before him and one of his closest *talmidim* sitting at his side. The two swayed over the holy tomes, their voices rising and falling in the sweet chant of learning. The hours passed, and the sweetness and joy intensified, as they raised questions and reached new understandings in Torah. They learned by the light of a lone candle, which cast its shadows, and their figures ricocheted across the wooden walls of the hut.

It was during that darkest predawn hour when the candle's light began to sputter and dance. And then it died.

"You could almost touch the darkness," the *talmid* related in later years. "It was a moonless night and pitch dark outside."

The sounds of his *rebbi's* chair being pushed back, his *rebbi's* steady steps toward the door, the creaking of the door opening, and the sudden gust of wind that blew through the room, all informed the disciple that his *rebbi* was preparing to leave the hut. The *rebbi* wanted to go find another candle.

"Rebbi!" the *talmid* gasped. "Now?! A candle? In middle of the night?!"

But the Rebbi, it seemed, hadn't even heard his words. In moments he was gone, out into the forest. And minutes later he returned with a candle in his hand, which he carefully placed in the candleholder and lit with a match. His face was expressionless. He said nothing, and the two resumed their learning as

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Hashem Is My Shield and Protection

On Sunday morning I started the job. It was the type of thing I'd done dozens of times, and the process was predictable: clean and prepare the porch on the first day, bring the wall panels up with the crane on the second. By Monday evening the panels were lying on the floor of the open porch where my workers and I had piled them with utmost care and precision.

The panels I use for my construction work are made of a certain type of Sheetrock, which is not waterproof. I always need to be aware of the weather forecast. If this sheetrock gets wet, it can crumble and become completely useless. That evening, I heard it was supposed to rain the following morning. I made a mental note to get to work super early in order to cover the panels properly before the rain started. I couldn't go in the evening, because when I heard the weather forecast, it was close to 9 p.m., the hour when I sit and learn each day.

I started to learn in the *beis midrash*, and that was when it happened: The rain made its early appearance, completely unannounced. My cell phone was turned off, my Gemara was open before me, and my *chavrusa* was sitting at my side. Outside, the rain was coming down, beating against the windows of the shul, totally disrupting my train of thought. I froze. What about the panels?! The thought raced through my mind in a panic, almost catapulting me out of my seat and out into my car. What was I supposed to do? Call the man who'd hired me to tell him to close his porch? Give up my learning and go there myself? If the panels got wet, I knew it would be a huge financial loss for me. So, what about the panels?!

A calm voice inside me spoke up, quieting the panic. *Now you're learning*, the voice told me. *Your phone is off. This is the hour that gives chiyus to your whole day and your whole life. You're not going to give it up.*

Hashem knows exactly where you are and what you're doing, my inner voice continued, *and He also knows exactly where the panels are lying on the porch. Leave it up to Him.*

Amazingly enough, I was able to listen to my inner voice, the voice of *emunah* and inner serenity. I put all thoughts of my workday and the panels out of my mind and focused on the *sugya*. We learned for a full hour, as usual.

After we finished, I put my phone back on, and

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though nothing had happened. Once again, they delved into the sea of Talmud, continuing until the sun rose in the morning.

When they'd concluded their *sugya*, the Alter stood up, extinguished the candle, and took the little bit of it that was left. He placed the piece reverently into his pocket. *Since when does Reb Yozel save wax in his pocket?* His *talmid* wondered. *And where had he found a candle in the dark forest night?* The questions burned inside him, but he didn't dare to express them aloud.

Some time later, Reb Yozel was in town, speaking to a group of the townspeople about *emunah* and *bitachon*. Suddenly, he began to relate what had happened to him that night.

"We were learning," the Alter began, "and the candle burned out. I knew we were in the forest and that if I walked to town, by the time I returned it would be morning. I knew there was almost no chance of finding a candle in the forest, certainly not at that hour. But I also knew one thing, more clearly than anything else: I was a Yid who wanted to learn Torah, and I needed a candle. Surely Hashem would provide one for me.

"I walked out of the hut," the Alter continued, "and I met a farmer who was passing by. I asked if he had a candle, and he offered to sell it to me for a few coins." The Alter pulled the little piece of wax out of his pocket. "Look," he said, his voice growing stronger, "look at the candle Hakadosh Baruch Hu sent me, so I could continue learning His Torah until morning."

All the *talmid's* questions were now answered. Most incredibly, his rebbi did not view this story as a miracle. If he'd have thought that Hashem had wrought a miracle for him, he certainly wouldn't have related it to anyone, for he was exceedingly humble. In Reb Yozel's perspective, this was a simple story of *emunah* and *bitachon*, and it showed that Hashem provides for those who trust in Him.

Years later, a fire burst out in Reb Yossel's home, destroying everything, including the little wax candle he would show Yidden in order to display the power of simple *emunah* in Hashem. Reb Yozel was heartbroken over the loss of the candle, but not for long. One morning, when, once again, he was being *mechazeik Yidden* in *bitachon*, he explained, "Hashem enlightened me as to why He took the candle away from me. When a person's *bitachon* is weaker, he needs a tangible reminder about *emunah* and *bitachon*. But when *bitachon* is strong, we don't even need to see the candle. We can believe, even without seeing."

several minutes later I got a call from the man who'd hired me.

"I saw it was raining," he told me simply, "so I covered the panels up with some hard-plastic tablecloths I have at home."

I discovered that the man had done excellent work. Although it rained on Tuesday right through the afternoon, all the panels remained perfectly dry. This was all in the *zechus* of *limud* Torah, and in the *zechus* of *bitachon*.

Ten Years, and Another Ten Years

At first she would come only from time to time. But as the months passed, she simply became a part of our household. Rain or shine, every Shabbos, Yom Tov, and for family *simchos* too, she was there. Sara was an elderly woman who lived in a run-down one-room apartment on the ground floor two buildings away from ours. Sara seemed to be all alone in the world, and completely impoverished. She became, as I said, a part of our home.

Sara soaked in the pure atmosphere of our home. My father was always a serious *avreich*, and over the years he developed, like fine wine, into a great *talmid chacham*. He acquired a vast amount of knowledge in Torah, and his sharp mind could dissect and explain a *sugya* with such clarity that we, his sons, along with his *chavrusos* and other acquaintances, relished any opportunity we had to talk with him in learning.

It would have been the most natural thing in the world for Abba to open a *kollel* of his own; to use his natural gift of leadership, along with the Torah he'd toiled to acquire over so many years, in order to enlighten others. The only thing preventing this *kollel* from becoming a reality was money – or the lack of it. Abba had tried his hand at fundraising once in his life, and the experience was enough to show him that his talents did not lie in that direction.

One day, Sara knocked on our door. My mother invited her in, thinking she wanted nothing more than a hot cup of tea and some of Ima's famous apple strudel. It soon became clear, however, that Sara was on a mission. She sat at our kitchen table, the tea and cake untouched, and asked if Abba was around.

"I need to tell your husband something important," she explained.

When Abba came into the kitchen, she began to speak, her eyes downcast. She explained that she had a huge inheritance from her parents, and she had nothing to do with the money.

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I Trust in You

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

Shiur by Rav Berisch Schneebalg shlit"a

Responsibility vs. Escapism

In this week's *parshah*, Avimelech sends Yitzchak away. Why? The reason is quite clear. It was difficult for Avimelech to see how Yitzchak rose in stature and became very wealthy. If Yitzchak would have remained in the area, Avimelech would have had to constantly deal with the jealousy, hatred and anger that this engendered in him. From Avimelech's perspective, it was preferrable that Yitzchak get out of his sight. Why should he remain in a situation that requires him to work on his *middos*?!

A Yid, on the other hand, has a vastly different perspective. He has a purpose in life – to work on himself constantly. He lives *with* the situation rather than trying to escape it.

While Yitzchak was living in Gerar, he named the wells that he dug to reflect the *nisyonos* he endured – *Esek*, *Sitnah*, and *Rechovos*. He didn't deny or try to escape the *nisyonos*; he faced them with acceptance and courage. This was the key to his salvation. When a Yid copes with the tests and trials of life, his *yeshuah* comes. As we see, the third well is called *Rechovos*, which is related to the word that means relief.

In *Parshas Vayeitzei*, we learn that Yaakov Avinu has *kefitzas ha'derech*. The commentators explain that a person is led along the path on which he desires to travel. The way is available, ready and waiting for each of us. The person has to be stubborn, taking responsibility for everything that is in his domain. When a Yid takes responsibility, Hashem helps him get to his destination quickly.

Before Yaakov and Eisav were born, their mother Rivka was afraid. Whenever she passed by a *beis midrash*, her unborn child seemed to be attempting to go there. But when she passed by a temple for idol worship, the same exact thing happened. She was concerned about the apparent inconsistency. Was the child inside her so fickle and undecided that he would never take responsibility for his own way in life? When she heard that she was expecting twins, this fear was allayed. These were two individual children, and each of them would travel his own path without trying to escape responsibility.

This *parshah* teaches us this principle. A person has to do all the *hishtadlus* that is required, and to fulfill his responsibilities seriously. Once he has done this, the rest is not in his hands. He can place it in the Hands of Hashem, Who controls everything that happens and that will happen.

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"I've always lived simply," she said, "and I have all my humble needs met. All I want is to invest in something eternal."

My father nodded in understanding, on the verge of suggesting various *chessed* organizations and causes where she could contribute.

"I've decided," she said, stopping his train of thought, "to give the entire inheritance to you. I want the Rav to open a *kollel* in the evenings and give *shiurim*, and I will support the members of the *kollel* each month."

This request suited Abba to a T! He was *zocheh* to begin giving *shiurim*, and the *kollel* was filled with *avreichim* of stature. Every month, Sara transferred money to the *kollel's* account, covering all the expenses, including a respectable stipend for all the participants. It was a great *zechus* for her, for Abba, and for all the *avreichim* who came to hear him.

Ten years passed, a decade of diligence and *harbatzas Torah.*

And then, without any prior warning, the phone call came.

It happened at what seemed to be a totally inopportune time. I was newly married and going to contract on an apartment in a city in the south. Abba came along to advise and help us take the plunge. We were standing in the empty apartment with the broker. The dining room window was wide open, and the rolling hills and sand dunes outside lent a certain serene backdrop to the drama about to take place.

Abba's phone vibrated. He smiled apologetically at the realtor, who was waxing poetic about life down South, and pressed "talk."

From Abba's reactions to the caller's words, it was obvious that the news affected him deeply. It was Sara on the line, and she was calling to inform him that her entire inheritance was used up. Starting from the next month, she would no longer be able to support the *kollel*.

Abba's side of the conversation made the picture pretty obvious. As soon as he'd hung up the phone, the realtor said, "So I take it you're a *rosh kollel*?" Abba nodded. "And now your *kollel* is in danger of closing due to lack of funds?" Abba nodded again, but the realtor wasn't finished.

"What a pity!" he said. "A pity for a *kollel* to have to close down because of a lack of money. I want to help you. How many *avreichim* do you have? How much do you need for expenses each month?"

The conversation shifted. For twenty minutes, they stood there in middle of the empty dining room and spoke about Abba's *kollel*. The realtor, it seemed, had the means to back his concern with real action. By the time the conversation was over, he'd committed to supporting the *kollel* fully.

Incredibly enough, this realtor from the south supported Abba's *kollel* for ten years. Another decade of diligence and *harbatzas Torah.*

Chazal tell us that one should care for the welfare of children from poor families, for Torah will emerge from them. They also tell us that one who wants to acquire wisdom should "go down south." Who would have dreamed that Sara, who seemed penniless, would serve as the pipeline of *shefa* to support Torah for ten full years?! And who would have imagined that we would find support for another ten years while on a "chance" trip to the south?!

May Hashem repay all those who support Torah, and give abundant goodness to His valiant soldiers, who sit and toil in Torah despite tremendous odds.

Times Three

My brother Avishai is a full-time *avreich* living in Los Angeles. He and his wife were living in a house that suited their needs quite well for many years. Hashem was good to them, and the house filled with beautiful children, who brought the joyful sounds of play and laughter into the house, and who also came along with the need for all sorts of objects – toys, clothing, furniture, and more.

The years passed, and soon the once-spacious abode became cluttered with blessed people and objects. Space was tight, and Avishai's wife made the obvious observation that it was time to find a larger house.

"I don't think it's necessary," Avishai said. "How in the world would we pay for a new, bigger house in this neighborhood?"

"Hashem can do anything," his wife countered, "and space for growing children is no luxury. The One Who has provided for us until now will provide for our growing expenses too."

Avishai and his wife asked their Rav what to do, and he advised them to begin looking for a new house. Upon his Rav's advice, Avishai explained to a local real-estate agent their preferences regarding location and their needs as a family. Other than that, he made no *hishtadlus* in the matter – unless you count increased Torah learning as *hishtadlus*. He resolved not to let the pressing need for a new house affect his *hasmadah*. He kept to his *sedarim* diligently.

At the time, the Persian community in his neighborhood was undergoing a transformation. There was an increasing number of *shiurim* available, *chessed* abounded, and in general, the members of the

community were banding together to be *mechazek* each other in *Yiddishkeit*. It was wonderful.

Mr. G., a leader of the community, was determined to realize his longtime dream of supporting a *kollel* for Jews of Persian descent. Hearing about Avishai, he approached him with an interesting offer. "This *kollel* needs to take off with a bang," he explained, "and I need serious learners like you as members."

"Thank you for your offer," Avishai replied, "but, *baruch Hashem*, I am learning very well where I am now, and I don't want to make a change."

"Oh, but we will be paying three times the amount you are receiving in your current *kollel*. It will be worth your while," Mr. G. said.

"Thank you," Avishai replied again, "but I feel that I am flourishing and developing in learning in my current *kollel*, so I don't want to make a change."

"Wow!" said Mr. G.

And because his intent was truly *l'Shem Shamayim*, he wasn't the least bit insulted; he was only supremely impressed and inspired by Avishai's devotion to his own growth in Torah.

Following this conversation, Mr. G. approached Avishai's *rosh kollel* with the intent of giving him "*nachas*."

"Avishai is a true *ben Torah*," he said. "Do you know that I offered him three times the amount you pay him, but he refused to move to another *kollel*, because he feels this is his place?!

"I think," Mr. G. continued, "that you should start paying him three times the amount you've paid him until now. It is a *zechut* for your *kollel* to support people like him and his family."

Mr. G.'s words fell on open ears. Avishai's *rosh kollel* took them to heart and arranged for Avishai to receive three times the amount he'd received until then. Of course, this bonus didn't cover a down payment on a new house, but it gave Avishai leeway. He was able to take a much larger mortgage. In short, it was the opening of a door, the beginning of a process that would ultimately bring the whole family the relief of living in a home that better suited their needs.

As I said, my brother Avishai's main *hishtadlus* was in keeping to his set daily *sedarim* and learning Torah with increased diligence and joy. Presumably, this *hishtadlus* was enough. *Ashreichem talmidei chachamim*.

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

Baruch Hashem, I am *zocheh* to distribute these newsletters in Kehal Chassidim – Rav Halperin's *shtieblach* in Beitar.

It all started several years ago, when I saw a bus driver who stopped his bus, got off, and went into a building to distribute the newsletters in the mailboxes…I was jealous of his *zechus*! On the spot, I decided to become a distributor too. I started out with a small number of newsletters, but today I distribute 250 newsletters every week, and the demand keeps growing!

Many readers here will recognize my name, because I am the editor of my own weekly newsletter – *Bitchoni B'Tzuri*. Some might be shocked to hear that I also distribute the *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletters, which might seem to be my "competition." I was recently in Haifa for a *simchah*. When I opened the trunk of my car, a passing acquaintance was amazed to see the piles of *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletters that I distribute. In fact, he was so amazed that he asked someone to take a picture for him!

But in my view, this is as natural as can be. *Baruch Hashem*, I have been *zocheh* to have a close friendship of many years with Rav Shefer. We both share a mutual goal of spreading *emunah* and bringing people to feel that often elusive serenity of a Yid who trusts and relies completely on his Creator. Some will connect to one style, some to another… and our ultimate goal is always to come closer to our One and Only Hashem. It's a tremendous *zechus* for me to distribute your newsletters.

Best regards,

Mordechai Hakohen Malachi

Beitar Illit

Hashgachas Hashem Glowing in the Dark

My name is Shmulik Friedman. One day, my friend Ari came to play in my house in the afternoon. There was a glow-in-the-dark scarf lying on our dining room table, something my grandparents from Monsey bought for us the last time they came to visit. We drew the shades and curtains in my room and shut off the light so it was pitch-dark, and we played with the scarf, making shows and pretending it was a deadly snake in a dark forest.

After a while, we'd had enough of playing indoors. I grabbed my ball, and we ran down to the yard to play.

There was a group of our classmates out there, too, and we began kicking the ball around. Soon we'd divided up into two teams and were totally engrossed in a game of soccer. It was a cool fall evening, but we were all sweating, running around and having a great time.

I saw the ball rolling toward me, and I ran forward and gave it a really strong kick. The ball went flying into the air, out of the yard, and out onto the street in front of our house. Ari, who was on the other team, began chasing the ball right into the street.



That was when my heart dropped. Ari was so focused on getting the ball that he didn't bother checking whether there were any cars coming. A blue minivan was several inches away from Ari when the driver, who was a father from our neighborhood, slammed on the brakes and stopped the car.

"Be more careful next time!" he told Ari, who was now safely on the sidewalk holding the ball. "If not for that scarf you're wearing, I never would have noticed you there!"

It hit me all at once. We'd been playing with the scarf, and Ari had wound it around his upper arm like a tourniquet. We'd both forgotten about it completely, but Hashem had placed it there specifically for Ari, to prevent what could have been a real accident. We know that Hashem watches over us all the time, but this time, His protection was so obvious – as though it was glowing in the dark!

Exactly Right

My name is Meilich Shlesinger, and I live in Yerushalayim.

A few days ago, as I was taking the Magna-Tiles down from the fourth shelf in the toy closet, the sagging shelf collapsed and fell onto the toys underneath it. This caused a huge mess. The toys from the broken shelf were lying on top of the pieces of the shelf that were strewn over the toys on the shelf below it.

What could we do? We needed to replace the broken shelf.

My father said he would go to a carpentry shop on his way home from kollel and see if they had the size, color and type of shelf we needed. He measured the area and even took a piece of the broken shelf with him, hoping to find something exactly right to replace it.

Later that afternoon, Tatty came home with a broad smile on his face and the shelf in his hands.

"Amazing hashgachah pratis!" he said exuberantly. (He always says that, and always in the same enthusiastic way.)

"I was at the shop," he shared with us, "and I was showing them the piece of the shelf, and who should I meet, but Yossi!"



Yossi is my mother's oldest brother and one of our favorite uncles.

"Yossi saw what I was holding, asked me what I was looking for, and immediately told me he had the exact shelf in the exact same size and color. He had bought a new closet that is exactly like ours, and it came with two extra shelves!

"And so," Tatty concluded, "here it is, exactly what we needed, free of charge!"

Notices

Dear kids!

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

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

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 4 of 4 IS REVEALED



It happened on the night of the accident...

Oh, boy, the driver ahead of me is driving wildly. So dangerous!

BOOMS!

And suddenly:

I'll try to see if there's anyone to save...

Help! Help!

Save me!

SOS!

The cries are coming from this direction...the car is literally hanging over the abyss. I'll try to save the people inside it.

Did you leave the car on your own?

No, someone pulled me out.

Do you know who pulled you out?

No. I was in a state of shock from the accident.

It was me!

Oh, no!

I was driving right behind you. You were driving wildly and dangerously, and you hit an innocent driver, and now you're accusing him of causing the accident?!

Thank you, Hashem, for bringing the truth to light in such an incredible way and saving me from harm!!

They Make it Happen

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

Where do you distribute the newsletters?

I distribute the newsletters in several shuls in Boro Park.

What inspired you to get involved?

This story goes back seven years, to when my young daughter had to have complex heart surgery, during Covid.

I was all alone with her in the hospital. The *chessed* organizations that usually help in such situations with transportation, food, and other things were not able to do anything. In normal times it's far from a pleasant experience to be hospitalized, but now it was ten times worse. I didn't have normal food, and even when, technically, I could have gone home to rest, because of Covid restrictions I wasn't allowed to leave the hospital. It was literally like being in jail. I wasn't even allowed to go from one department in the hospital to another.

In short, this was a bitter, difficult time for me. My primary concern, of course, was my daughter's health, but this worry was compounded by all sorts of additional physical and emotional challenges. I was disconnected from the world, with practically nothing to eat. I was hungry, and I had no bed to sleep in.

But then Hashem sent me a real *yeshuah*, something that freed my mind from the horrible feeling of being imprisoned by my circumstances: a friend told me about the *Hashgachah Pratis* hotline. This was the first time I listened to the line, and it saved me during those difficult days and had a lasting impact on me. When a person is depressed about his circumstances, and his nerves are stretched to the limit, he can barely function, let alone make rational decisions. Rav Kletzkin's *shiurim* became a lifeline for me.

Initially, I only listened to the hotline, but later on, when I heard about the newsletters, I began printing them myself and giving them out in shul. The pamphlets were only in Hebrew at the time, and even though the members of my shul don't speak Hebrew fluently, I saw that people enjoyed reading them.

I didn't think of looking for a Yiddish version. I got the Hebrew version in my inbox, and that was what I printed.

Next week, find out how this distributor discovered that the newsletters were available in Yiddish for distribution!



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

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

Call: 585-308-3293

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

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

This newsletter is also published in Yiddish and Hebrew

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