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 Vayeitzei , 5787 ✕ **217**

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

The Best Investment of All

Accepting the trials and circumstances Hashem sends our way is the conduit to all the good in the world.

This is what someone told me:

I'm a very calm, laid-back type of person, and I rarely get angry. But what happened with my upstairs neighbor really got me riled up.

About two years ago, my neighbor requested our signature to permit him to build an addition onto his house. I acquiesced and signed, not knowing where it would all lead. In the ensuing months, he had a heyday at my expense. He extended in three different directions, effectively blocking off all the air and light from my apartment. There was noise all day and dust flying through the air. He did many things he hadn't stipulated when asking for my agreement. Worst of all, the value of my apartment went down tremendously.

I was angry, and rightfully so. How dare he do this to me and my family? It got to a point where I felt ready to burst.

One night, I took a walk by myself and contemplated the matter, dissecting the situation as though it were a *sugya* in Gemara. I realized that Hashem was testing me. How much self-control did I have? How much *ahavas Yisrael*? Was I strong enough to give in?

Then and there, I decided to make every effort to accept the situation and live peacefully with my neighbor. I complimented him, offered him help and advice, and even helped him get the loans he needed in order to finish up the job. Our relationship became warm and close, and he was so grateful to me.

Two weeks later, an acquaintance who works as an investment broker offered me an excellent investment. I tried to explain to him that I simply didn't have the money to make the investment, but he refused to take no for an answer. He pushed me to go ahead, got me funding from the bank, and today – a year and a half later – the value of the investment went up by one million three hundred shekels. Moreover, I'm making several thousand shekels a month from the rental money on the investment.

Looking back, I thank Hashem for giving me the strength to realize that accepting His will is the best investment of all.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchos Shafer

They Show Us the Way

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

The Wallet Was Returned by Hashem

It was historic. The great *gaon* from Eretz Yisrael, Rav Ben Tzion Abba Shaul, made the lengthy and difficult journey to Iran for the singular purpose of strengthening the hearts and spirits of his Jewish brethren there.

He was accompanied by a distinguished delegation of *Yidden* from Eretz Yisrael, people who saw it as a tremendous *zechus* to join the great *gadol* on this vital trip.

The Jewish community in Iran was thrilled to have the privilege of hosting the *gadol* in their midst. They organized large gatherings, which they attended en masse. At each of these assemblies, in every city he visited, Rav Ben Tzion addressed his brethren lovingly, showering them with warmth and life-giving words of Torah and *emunah*. He encouraged them to give their children a proper *chinuch* and to resist the temptation of sending them to various institutions that promised secular knowledge, money, and prestige. He touched and ignited the pure burning flame, the *neshamah* within each of, and hundreds of *Yidden* promised to abide by his words. They would not break the glory of the *mesorah* bequeathed to them by their ancestors. Despite great odds, they would ensure that the chain would continue and that their children would remain true to the traditions of old.

Thus, the delegation traveled from city to city until, as their journey was coming to a close, they approached the capital city of Tehran. Their flight to Eretz Yisrael was slated to take off from the main airport in Tehran, but when they arrived at the airport, they were informed that the flight would be significantly delayed.

Rav Ben Tzion Abba Shaul utilized every moment. As soon as he realized there were several hours to

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Delayed Again and Again

It was the night of our son's wedding. Need I describe to you the buildup, the emotions, the excitement, and the myriad technical details that go into pulling off the wedding of one's son?!

After the *chuppah*, the night seemed to fly by as our *simchah* overflowed, and we danced and danced and graciously accepted the good wishes and the gifts presented by our friends and family. It was a night we'd never forget.

And then…it was over. The band began packing up their equipment. The hall emptied out. Only the *chassan* and *kallah*, her comma and our immediate family remained. We saw the young couple off with thanksgiving and *tefillah* in our hearts, and then we began packing up all the things we'd brought, changing the young children into comfortable clothing for the way home, looking through a huge pile of lost and found left in the coatroom, and on and on. For some reason, things kept coming up, and by the time we left the wedding hall in Modi'in Illit, it was very late. I joked that perhaps we should sleep for an hour or two before davening *vasikin* in Modi'in and then make our way home to Yerushalayim, but my wife vetoed the idea on the spot. Our home and our comfortable beds beckoned.

The children settled into our minivan for the ride back home, which, at this hour, promised to be quick and uneventful. I was careful not to exceed the speed limit as we drove along the almost-totally-empty highway.

A happy sort of lethargy settled over the whole family. The children dozed off or looked out the window, no doubt revisiting the beautiful high moments of the evening they had just experienced. It was hard to believe that Yossi wasn't with us. With great *siyata diShmaya*, he was now a married man, beginning the momentous task of building a new branch of our family tree. As I drove, I mulled over the great *chassadim* of Hashem that had brought us to this moment.

I slowed the car as we approached the military checkpoint near the *Ofer* jail. My wife was looking out the window and noticed a lone car parked at the edge of the highway near the barricade, with its emergency lights blinking.

"Something is off about that car," she told me. "I think someone there might need help."

We stopped, and my wife got out to check what was happening. It turned out that she was right. In the car was a couple with a little baby who wasn't breathing. The parents had no idea what to do.

"I know CPR," my wife said. She immediately picked up the baby, whose face was turning blue. She realized he'd swallowed some small object that was stuck in his windpipe. Without wasting a moment, my wife started doing the Heimlich maneuver on the baby. Within seconds she removed the blockage from his windpipe, and the baby began breathing once again. Several minutes passed, and his color slowly returned to normal. She'd saved his life.

It was tremendous *hashgachah pratis* that we were repeatedly delayed at the wedding hall and that we arrived at the checkpoint and slowed down enough to see the car parked there exactly at the critical moment when the baby could still be saved.

Just in Time

Being a Rav is always a tremendous responsibility and quite a daunting task, but being the Rav of Berditchev

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spare before takeoff, he asked to be taken back to the city of Tehran, where he could find a post office and mail an important letter.

The Rav arrived at the post office, wrote his letter, and waited in line to pay for postage. When his turn came, Rav Ben Zion took his heavy wallet out of his pocket, counted the coins he needed in Iranian currency, and paid to post his letter.

Time was short. As soon as he finished at the post office, Rav Ben Zion and his delegation hurried to the taxi that would take them back to the airport. The Rav, however, failed to notice one important detail: The wallet, with all the money and important documents it contained, remained lying on the counter in the post office in central Tehran.

The group arrived at the airport, went through customs, and walked to their assigned gate. As they were walking toward the boarding bridge leading to the plane, the Rav reached into his pocket and discovered that his wallet was not there.

The wallet was missing!

Not even a small sigh left the Rav's lips. He made no sign of disappointment, and his facial features remained completely calm.

"Ribbono shel Olam," Rav Ben Tzion said suddenly, "I trust in You fully, and I know You will continue to sustain me even without the wallet and all the money inside it! I am not worried about the loss at all, because I know that You will take care of me."

The Rav was about to continue up the steps toward the airplane, when suddenly, a local non-Jewish Persian came up behind them, panting heavily. The wallet was in his hand, and in heavy guttural Arabic he said, "His honor forgot the wallet!"

The Rav's face lit up. "I told you," he said to the people around him, "that Hashem would take care of us!"

Indeed, Rav Ben Tzion Abba Shaul's *bitachon* was so strong that he never felt fear in his life. Once, he heard his grandchildren describing the fear they felt when sirens went off in wartime. "You should know," he told them then, "that I never feared anything in my life, because I always knew that Hashem was leading me."

is something else entirely.

The Berditchev of today, as you can well imagine, is light-years away from the bustling center of *Yiddishkeit* it was about a hundred years ago. Communism, war, and the ravages of *galus* erased almost every sign of *Yiddishkeit* in that city and for miles around. The place is a spiritual wilderness; the hearts and souls of hundreds of the city's Jewish inhabitants lie frozen underneath layers of misinformation and ignorance. Who could possibly melt the barriers and walls erected around those tender hearts and *neshamos*, the lost children of Hashem?

When my family and I took on the task, I did not imagine how truly challenging it would be. We arrived from Eretz Yisrael and set up a shul there. Slowly, like the drip-drop of rain that falls almost unnoticed upon the earth, a trickle of steady *mispallelim* formed.

Being the Rav of a city like Berditchev means embracing every lost Yid as a family member, and acting as family would to one and all. Our singular tool is warmth. We make a huge *kiddush* every week, providing cakes and hot cholent and kugel. We celebrate milestones and family *simchos* as a community, and we try to be there for each other all the time.

That's how when Sara, a young Jewish woman with whom the *rebbetzin* forged a connection, had a baby boy one Friday morning, we all participated in her joy as if she were family. Several hours after the birth, I was at the hospital with my *rebbetzin*, who'd put together a huge care package with hot food and gifts for Sara. We *oohed* and *aahed* as though we were the grandparents, because sadly, there were none. The *rebbetzin* advised and soothed and helped as though she were Sara's mother, because Sara's mother was not present either. And then, as the visit wound down, gently, every so gently, I broached the topic that was foremost on my mind.

"You know," I said, "a Jewish baby needs to have a *bris*, when he is eight days old."

I could sense Sara freezing up. "No," she said firmly. "I know about all that, and I don't see a need for it."

Gently, slowly, I tried explaining. A *bris* would make her child a complete Jew, a true descendent of Avraham Avinu…

"I waited for this child for so many years," she said emotionally, "and he is healthy and whole. Why should I hurt him in order to do this custom?! Why should I cause him pain on the eighth day of his life?!"

The conversation was getting nowhere, and I could tell that Sara was not in a state to hear or accept the many beautiful explanations and *chizuk* I could offer. So, the *rebbetzin* blessed her warmly, hugged her and wished her a good Shabbos, and we left.

It was close to Shabbos, but I could not get the baby out of my mind. *Pure neshamaleh*! I thought to myself. *We will do whatever we can to ensure that you have a proper bris. For the sake of the grandparents you never knew, and for the sake of your ancestors who*

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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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kept Hashem's ways, and more than anything – for the sake of Hashem's will. I know I am on a mission here. Hashem sent me to this remote city to strengthen His children. What will I answer when I'm asked about a Jewish child born here who did not have a bris milah? What will I say in my own defense?

In the days that followed, I did whatever I could. I sent *askanim* and the *rebbetzin* to try to convince her, but Sara stubbornly refused to be persuaded. I was deeply pained by the matter, and I davened to Hashem. *Help me to help Your child*, I begged Him. *I've done whatever I could. Only You can give us the zechus to bring him into briso shel Avraham Avinu.*

Nothing seemed to be moving, though.

The following Friday morning, on the eighth day of the baby's life, I had visitors. A huge group of *chassidim* had arrived from Eretz Yisrael that morning. They'd come in order to daven at the *kever* of Rav Levi Yitzchak, the Kedushas Levi. There were over a hundred *yungeleit* there, and they wanted me to tell them about the Jewish community of Berditchev.

I spoke. I described the joys and accomplishments and great progress that we'd made, and also the tremendous challenges we continued to face. For example, I told them, we have a young woman here who had a baby a week ago, and we've been turning over the world to convince her to give him a *bris*, but at this moment, she is still refusing to do so.

One young man was visibly moved by my words. "How could this be?!" he said, understanding the great import of my story. "Let me speak to her!"

"Go ahead," I told him. I davened and hoped that this earnest young man would find the words to open Sara's heart.

He knocked on Sara's door and, in his unassuming way, asked for a few moments of her time. Then he spoke to Sara with the language of the heart – about Am Yisrael; about the difficulties and *nisyonos* and the great eternal *zechus* she could gain for herself and her child; about *mesirus nefesh*. He spoke directly to her *neshamah*. I really don't know what his exact words were, but whatever he said, he succeeded in convincing her.

"She agrees," he told me as soon as he'd emerged from her apartment. "We can go ahead with the *bris*." He was overjoyed.

What does a Yid do when he suddenly hears there's a *bris* in Bnei Brak, London, Monsey, or Boro Park? He hurries to put together a meal. But in Berditchev, there's something else to worry about. There is no *mohel* in my community. When we know there's an upcoming *bris*, we ask a *mohel* in advance to come on the anticipated date, often from afar. When a *mohel* arrives in the area, he often has other *brisos* scheduled in the neighboring towns and communities, making it worth his while to come.

Where in the world would I find a *mohel*, with Shabbos mere hours away?! Not only would it be a pity to miss out on making the *bris* on the eighth day, but also, it was imperative that we move quickly. What if the mother regretted her decision?

Once again, I lifted my eyes Heavenward, and then the phone rang.

It was my old friend Reb Dovid.

"Reb Hillel, how are you?" he asked. "I'm here on my way to the *tziyun* of the *heiligeh* Reb Yosef Meir of Machnovka. Could you possibly give me directions?"

I know the way well. For several minutes, I disconnected from everything around me as I tried to understand where Reb Dovid was located and help direct him properly.

"I'm here in the car with several friends," he told me. "Reb Aharon is sitting here with me, and he sends you regards."

"Reb Aharon!" I was amazed.

"Yes," he answered, without understanding why I was so excited. "He also came along to daven at the *tziyun*."

"Listen, I need to speak to him urgently," I said.

"What's going on?" Reb Aharon asked as soon as he took the phone.

"Listen," I told him, "I have a Jewish baby here. It's the eighth day today, and I'm looking desperately for a *mohel*. You can still make it here before *shekiah*. Can you come?"

"Of course, of course," Reb Aharon responded.

Reb Aharon is an expert *mohel* whom I've known for many years. Minutes earlier, I considered the whole thing lost. How would I possibly find a *mohel* in the area before Shabbos?! And now, Hashem arranged for an expert *mohel* to come to me. *Min haShamayim*, his friend called me and sent me his regards and brought him to our doorstep, all so that a Jewish child could have a proper *bris*.

Hashem answered our *tefillos* for this baby. Who would have believed that Sara's son would have a *bris* with over one hundred *chassidim* in attendance, all of whom *bentched* him with all their hearts: *K'shem shenichnas labris, kein yizkeh veyikaneis l'Torah, l'chuppah, ul'maasim tovim*. Then they burst into song and dance that seemed to shake the heavens. The *kedushah* of Shabbos merged with the holiness of the mitzvah and the eternal devotion of our nation. *Ashrei ha'am shekachah lo!*

We Didn't Think of Such a Solution

For the past forty years my in-laws have lived in a small apartment in one of the oldest and most sought-after neighborhoods in Yerushalayim. They paid for this apartment with "key money," which means that they lease the apartment for a set monthly sum, giving them the right to live in the apartment for the rest of their lives. After 120 years, the apartment returns to the original owner of the apartment or to his heirs.

My mother-in-law is a fortress of *emunah*; her *bitachon* in Hashem in every situation and circumstance is simply unshakable. It happened that one month she was late in making her payment, and the original owner, who is, incidentally, a lawyer, decided to find some loophole in the contract and put together a case against her and her husband that would enable him to take back the apartment and then sell it for an astronomical sum. Nevertheless, she remained completely calm.

The lawyer really knew his stuff, and his work was exceedingly thorough. The file he put together was so impressive and so well thought out that even the experienced lawyer my mother-in-law hired was pessimistic about their chances. "We will do our best," she told my mother-in-law, "but the truth is, we don't have much of a chance to win. This guy simply thought of everything here in order to get the apartment back into his own hands."

Remarkably, Ima wasn't too moved. She added a *perek* of *Tehillim* to her daily regimen and made a note of the day of the trial on her calendar. Other than that, she seemed to view the entire thing as a sort of technicality. Sure, the owner of the apartment seemed to have thought of everything, but he wasn't running the world. Hashem was in charge, and He could do anything. And besides, if she did lose the case and was forced to find another place to live, that too would be Hashem's will and for her best. Ima slept soundly, ate well, and went on with her daily routine.

On the morning of the trial she got dressed, davened, and went down to the courthouse, where she met her lawyer outside. They entered the judge's chamber and waited for the owner of her apartment to arrive, but the clock ticked on, and he simply didn't show.

Being that one side hadn't shown up at the appointed time, the judge asked my mother-in-law to explain what happened. She told him that she'd missed one monthly payment and then paid it in full a week later. On that flimsy basis, her landlord had put together an entire file with the sole purpose of getting the apartment back for himself.

The judge recognized the truth in her words, and he immediately gave his verdict. The apartment would remain in my in-laws' hands, as stipulated by the contract.

"I tried to think of ways to exonerate you from this sham that your landlord built against you, and I thought of several possibilities," Ima's lawyer said, "but one possibility I could never have thought up was that he simply wouldn't show up!"

The landlord had invested so much time, effort, and money in putting together his claim, but when it came down to it, on the date of the trial, he forgot to show up! The only thing he was left with was a fine of 5,000 shekels, which the judge imposed on him. One doesn't get away easily with trying to harm an innocent person.

Did you see Hashem's *hashgachah* clearly in your own life? Let us know!
Your story can spread *emunah* to thousands.
Email your story to: hashgachaprutis@gmail.com

Your Say

Mailbox

First of all, thank you for this forum, where I can praise and thank Hashem publicly for the miracle that happened to me.

The story I want to share took place in our shul in St. Moritz, Switzerland, on Motzaei Shabbos *parshas Eikev*.

I was immersed in davening *Maariv*, while outside, the *goyim* were celebrating their holiday with fireworks. While my lips were mouthing the words "*Ul'cha na'eh l'hodos*," a non-Jewish child threw a burning firecracker in the direction of the shul.

Sparks from the firecracker flew in through the open door of the shul and came all the way to the inner corner where I was standing and davening. My suit caught fire, followed by my shirt. Both started burning. I shudder to think what could have happened if the fire had reached my body. But Hashem was watching over me from on High.

At the exact moment that I said the words "*hatov Shimcha*," I was *zocheh* to witness Hashem's greatness before my eyes.

I emerged from this episode completely unharmed, without any burns whatsoever on my body. My gratitude to Hashem knows no bounds. May we always be *zocheh* to see His *hashgachah* tangibly.

Best regards,

Moshe ben Reb Yisrael Meir Kaplan shlit"a

Hashavas Aveidah on the Scenic Route

My name is Avrumy, and I live in Modi'in Illit.

Every morning I get up at 7:15. I get dressed and ready, and by 7:45 I usually leave the house. Then I walk down to the corner of my street, turn right and walk to the traffic light, where I make a sharp left, after which I continue walking straight – *yashar, yashar* – for about seven minutes, until I get to cheder at 8:10. This is the route I've taken for the past three years, and I never saw a reason to change it.

But one day last week, I did change the route. Don't ask me why. There's a certain detour you could take, and it probably makes the walk a bit longer, not shorter. But that morning, I just felt like a change of scenery.

Well, what do you know? As I was walking along this new route, I saw a light-blue official-looking pamphlet on the floor, just lying there. It had my classmate's name and identity number printed on the cover, and it contained all his immunization records from the time he was a tiny baby!



I knew how important those records were, and especially on that day. You see, we were supposed to get an important vaccine in *cheder*, and every boy had to bring his records; without them, the nurses were not allowed to vaccinate him.

I was able to take the pamphlet with my friend's records and return it to him in *cheder*, and I did it before he even realized it was missing! And it all came about because for "some reason" I decided to take a different route that day when I walked to *cheder*.

Spared a Smashed Phone

Hello, everyone! My name is Shimi, and I live in Haifa.

Every Thursday afternoon my older sisters, Ruchy and Gitty, go to the supermarket with my mother's shopping list to shop for Shabbos. They come home with a shopping wagon packed with goodies and everything we need for Shabbos.

Last week, it was the same as always. They left the house at about 5 p.m., and my mother expected them home no later than 6, as usual. But six o'clock came and went, and they weren't home. By 6:30 my mother was really worried, and she dialed Ruchy's number.

The phone rang once, twice, three times, and there was no response. Now I could tell Mommy was *really* concerned. What could be taking them so long?! And why weren't they answering the phone? Where could they possibly be?!

At 6:37, Mommy's phone rang. It was Ruchi calling back, and she was breathless.

"What happened?" Mommy asked, her voice a mixture of worry and relief. "What took you so long?"

"Don't ask," Ruchy responded. "There was a huge line at the supermarket today, and everything took much longer than usual. We finally left with everything in the wagon. We were in a rush to get home, and I didn't notice that as I was crossing the street my cell phone slipped out of my pocket. And then, you called!

"I stopped walking," Ruchy continued in her dramatic way, "and I said to Gitty, 'I hear my cell phone ringing!' We both thought I was going crazy. Was that distant sound my cell phone really ringing, or was I imagining things?! I started looking through all my pockets, and we pulled out all the bags from the wagon to check if the cell phone was inside one of them, or if it fell under them. We couldn't find the phone anywhere.



"And then," Ruchy continued, "for some reason I looked back to the street we'd just crossed, and I saw my phone lying there, smack in middle of the street, where the next car could so easily smash it completely.

"I ran back to the street to get it, and now I can call you back. Look how *bashert* it was that you called me exactly at the right time, before a passing car ran over my phone, and when I was still close enough to hear it ringing!

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 *Chessed* Boomerang

1 of 4



As heard from Reb Nosson Burstein shlit"a



They Make it Happen

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

Last week, a Yid from Boro Park described how much chizuk he got from the phone line and the newsletters, and how he decided, on his own, to print copies of the newsletter in Hebrew and distribute them in his shul.

Basically, you're saying that even before this project began, you were doing it of your own accord.

Well, I simply saw that the content was interesting. I didn't understand how it was possible. You see, for someone who grew up in Boro Park, it's very difficult to read stories in Hebrew. People in Eretz Yisrael don't understand this, but that's the fact. And yet, despite the language barrier, I saw even children taking the newsletters and reading them.

At that point, you had a project going on where you hoped to bring the newsletters to one thousand shuls in Eretz Yisrael, and I joined. I funded the distribution of the newsletters in a certain moshav I'd never even heard of. But I heard that the people liked it and were reading it, so I continued.

Later on, you told me about your expanded goals for distribution in America, so I joined the project in America. I feel this is a great *zechus*! I hear that in Eretz Yisrael many people connect to the phone line after seeing the newsletters, but in America, not so many people know about the phone line.

I thought this is a wonderful thing, not only because of the newsletter itself, but because when someone reads it, he discovers a whole network of *shiurim* and *chizuk* that lies behind it, and this knowledge itself gives a person *chizuk*.

Truly amazing.

Do you get feedback from people?

I don't follow up, so I don't know. I bring one or two newsletters to the shul where I daven – it's a small shul, and the newsletters get grabbed up. I see people from age 9 to 90 sitting and reading them.

What message can you give to people who are thinking of joining this project?

I think this is one of the greatest forms of *zikui harabbim* that exists – opening people's eyes and hearts to see Hashem's *hashgachah*. I'm sure everyone goes through difficult times, and when someone becomes a messenger in such a small way – literally, like my friend just gave me the number, and this made such a huge change for me in my life – they are doing something huge. We're talking now almost eight years after this happened, and I still listen in to the phone line every single day! With one small word you can open a person's heart and mind.

Today, the world is very into *segulos*: Do this, and you'll have eighteen children; do that, and you'll become a millionaire; and so on. But nothing in the world is as great or as powerful as spreading *emunah* to other *Yidden*!

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

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 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!

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