

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

Inspirational messages and contemporary stories of hashgacha
From the Hashgacha Pratis Hotline



Parshas Vayishlach-Vayeishev 5784 ■ Issue 153

HEART TO HEART

Based on shiurim in
Duties of the Heart, Shaar Bitachon, given on the Hotline

Katonti! – My Merits have Decreased

When we strengthen our *bitachon*, the question arises: How are we to view dangerous situations?

A person who needs to travel somewhere might have a choice of taking a longer route, which is safer, or a shorter route that involves some danger. The danger inherent in the second route might be enemies, or the road may not be paved and is full of rocks that could cause him to stumble. Which of the two ways should he choose? Does he have permission to say "I trust in Hashem that He will save me" and to take the short, albeit dangerous, route? *Chazal* teach: A person should never put himself in a dangerous situation and assume that Hashem will make miracles for him, for perhaps Hashem will not make a miracle for him, and if He does make a miracle for him, it will decrease his merits (*Shabbos* 32a).

In the beginning of the fourth chapter of *Shaar Habitachon*, Rabbenu Bachyai brings an example from the *parshah* regarding Yaakov Avinu, who said "Katonti – I have been made small by all of Hashem's kindnesses to me. This implies that his merits have decreased as a result of Hashem's goodness to him.

Why did Yaakov suspect this after Hashem had promised him, "...and I will safeguard you wherever you go?" Yaakov went on to speak of all of Hashem's *chesed*, and his large family ("and now I have become two camps"), and he recognized all the limitless good of Hashem. His conclusion is: *katonti*.... But doesn't Yaakov know that he is a loyal servant of Hashem? What he really meant to say was: I was *zocheh* to learn Torah and do *mitzvos*, but Hashem's kindness to me was so great that I have already eaten away all my *zechuyos*, and now I cannot depend on them, but only on the *chesed* of Hashem.

Nor should we depend on *nissim* or on our *zechuyos*, and where there is possible danger, we should do whatever we can to safeguard ourselves and steer clear of it.

In *maseches Taanis* (20b) the Gemara relates: Rav Huna had many jugs of wine in a storage room, but the room was part of a house that was in imminent danger of collapsing. If this were to happen, all the jugs would be smashed and he would incur a tremendous loss.

So he called workers, who started clearing the jugs of wine out of the house. Now, however, not only was the wine in danger, but so were the people who were moving it. This was a far greater problem. What could he do to ensure that people would not be hurt?

Rav Huna thought of a solution. He called the *Amora* Rav Adda bar Ahava and engaged him in a Torah discussion. Rav Huna spoke at length with Rav Adda about a *sugya*, while the family members and workers carried out the jugs. When they finished and the house was empty, with everything outside, Rav Huna and Rav Adda left it immediately.

At that exact moment the house collapsed. Rav Adda now understood Rav Huna's idea. Rav Huna knew that Rav Adda had tremendous *zechuyos*, and with his great *kedushah* he would safeguard the house. That was why he brought him there to speak in learning – in order to ensure that the house would not collapse. Rav Huna knew that Rav Adda's *kochos* were very great, so that even if the house was supposed to collapse, it would not have collapsed while he was inside, and the mere fact that he was there served to protect them.

But Rav Adda was upset, because he claimed, as it says in the Gemara, that one should not stay in a dangerous place. It is forbidden for a person to depend on his own merits to save him from danger, because if, *challah*, he is hurt, he will be liable for what occurred to him. And if he is saved – his merits will be decreased. Moreover, the reward for his *zechuyos* is his for the World to Come. Heaven forbid that he should give away even a bit of it in this world!

Let us learn from Yaakov Avinu, who was a *tzaddik elyon*, who served Hashem under trying conditions, who went through so many difficulties and *tzaros*, and who remained staunch in his *emunah*. He invested all his *kochos* in raising the twelve *Shevatim*, and despite everything, when he faced danger, he prepared himself with the *hishtadlus* of gifts, davening, and plans for war, and did not depend on a miracle.

May it be the will of our Father in *Shamayim* that we know how to safeguard ourselves. May we be spared from all sorts of dangers and evil things, and may our *zechuyos* increase and serve as a blessing for us; *amen*.

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Phone line for distribution of *pirkei Tehillim* and for taking on *kabbalos*: (077) 482-2963

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FROM THE EDITOR

Anyone Who's Tried It Knows That It Works

He had serious problems with his vision. From a distance he could see only blurry images, and from close up he could identify some objects, but not always accurately. People greeted him and he did not recognize them. He came from the village. It did not occur to him to seek out doctors, and he did not think there was a chance he would ever see better. One day a visitor from the big city arrived in the village. He met the poor man who could barely see and told him, "Your problem is much simpler than you think. There is a solution used everywhere in the world that will change everything for you. You'll see clearly; you'll recognize people from afar even before they recognize you. Everything will look clear and alive if you'll only agree to make this very small investment."

"I don't believe it!" cried the villager.

"And if I tell you that many thousands of people have improved their vision using this great solution, would you agree to try it? Believe me, I'm only telling you about it because I care."

It was difficult to convince the villager, who had grown accustomed to living in darkness, but ultimately, the visitor from the big city managed to convince the villager to come with him to an eye doctor, who would outfit him with proper glasses.

One can only imagine the cry of joy and wonder that emerged from the villager the first time he wore the glasses. What a pair of glasses could do!

Sometimes we are all like this villager. We find it hard to believe that the matter could be resolved with a simple pair of glasses. People ask, "How will it benefit me to listen to the phone line? How will it help me to strengthen myself in *emunah* and *bitachon*?"

Only someone who has never tried it would ask these questions. One who listened and strengthened himself knows the answer. *Emunah* is your perspective on life. It's the clarity, the light, the direction. It gives *ta'am* and meaning to life, fills you with hope, happiness, and connection.

Emunah is the glasses through which we see the world properly. How much would we be willing to pay to give this light to a friend who is struggling?

So what do you need to do? Simply tell your friend about the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line.

The line has currently been updated, and in honor of the month of Kislev and the days of *Hallel* and thanksgiving to Hashem, we launched a project called "One friend brings another."

Tell your friend about the phone line, and be the messenger who will transform his life. He will buy his place in *Olam Haba*, and you will buy yours as well.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

The shiur is aired on Mon. and Thurs. - menu 4 (Yiddish and Hebrew)

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• Kav Hashgacha Pratis for women
(Yiddish and Hebrew) - Menu 4

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

A Good Messenger

I live in *chutz la'aretz*. The call I received caught me completely by surprise. My brother from Monsey was on the line. "What's going on?" I asked him, detecting a note of urgency in his tone.

"Everything's okay," he said, calming me down. "It's just that Abba said he very much wants for us to meet today."

"What's the story?" I ask him.

He told me that there was an incident in our father's factory that caused him to understand that he needs to delegate more of the business's management. Although I do not live in Monsey and am not connected to the business, I do work in marketing in my own city, and thus it was important for me to be present as well.

I asked him if it was urgent, because it didn't sound like such an emergency to me, but my brother claimed it didn't matter. "If Abba asked us to come, we come," he reminded me.

Since he's my older brother, I decided to put everything else aside and to go to Monsey. I myself didn't really understand why I had been so easily persuaded to leave my home for a long two-hour drive each way, but that's what happened.

When I arrived, Abba was very happy to see me. I told him I'd understood he wanted us to meet, and he said he hadn't meant to make me go so far out of my way. He thought we could discuss such matters over the phone, but if I'd already come, that was wonderful. Ima served me cookies, my brother came over to speak about matters both important and trivial, and while we were schmoozing, the phone rang. It was my good friend on the line.

"What's doing?" I asked

"*Baruch Hashem*. I'm in Monsey now, in the hospital."

"In the hospital?! What happened?"

He related that he had been taken urgently into the ER, and he was alone, without family.

"I'm coming right over," I told him. "It's impossible for you to deal with this alone in the hospital. You need someone to be with you. Just imagine – I'm right here in Monsey too! I'll be with you in a few minutes, *im yirtzeh Hashem*."

My parents understood the situation and even urged me to go. "It truly seems that *min haShamayim* you were sent here so that you'd be able to help your friend," my father said.

And thus I was *zocheh* to be a good messenger to be with my friend in his difficult hour, to support him emotionally and to attend to everything he needed in the hospital.

Without Pain

For several months I've been suffering from a decidedly unpleasant symptom, which I do not wish on any Yid: back pain. Don't think that because many *Yidden* experience this, it's not so bad. I am trying to do what I have to – to daven for it, and to try to treat it one way

Payment for the Work, Too

Shabbos is coming. We want to start cooking and baking, preparing meat, fish and all the delicious foods, but there's not a penny to be found in the house.

My wife saw the situation was literally, as Dovid Hamelech says, "*Me'ayin yavo ezri?*" And so she decided to daven with all her heart to the Creator of the heavens and the earth. She sat down to say some *Tehillim* with *kavanah*, davening that Hashem send us all our needs so we will be able to bring in Shabbos honorably.

The minute she finished, a family member called and said, "Remember that cake you prepared for the bar mitzvah?"

"Yes," my wife said. This was a special cake that very few of her friends knew how to make. "Do you want the recipe?"

"No, I don't have time to bake. Perhaps you could prepare it for me? We're making a really special *siyum* for the *kollel*, and I want to serve that cake. How much would the ingredients cost?"

My wife agreed and said, "I think about 70 shekels."

"I'll send it right over."

A short while later her son knocked on the door holding 300 shekels. We thanked him, and my wife called to ask what happened. How had 70 shekels become 300?

"Did you think I would take advantage of you like that? It's payment for the work. You deserve it!"

Baruch Hashem! Joyfully, my wife bought the ingredients and set about preparing the cake. The change, however, was certainly not enough for our large family.

In the evening, a package arrived unexpectedly. Someone sends us a large delivery of basic food items twice a month. This package arrived exactly in time, and we were *zocheh* to bring in Shabbos with much *shefa*.

Waiting in the Parking Lot

My name is Yisrael, and I live in Yerushalayim. In the past, you wrote here in the newsletter that you could fill an entire book with stories about washing machines: how they broke down at the most complicated times, and how things worked out with amazing *hashgachah*. Now I'm suggesting an idea for the second book in the series – a book about refrigerators.

It happened on the Wednesday between Yom Kippur and Sukkos. Since our refrigerator was suddenly suspiciously quiet, and the food we had placed in it emerged at the same warm temperature as before, we understood that the fridge had died.

At that point we still hadn't made peace with the situation, and we tried to get hold of a technician to bring it back to life, even if only for a short while, for tomorrow was Shabbos, and Yom Tov was coming soon, and we had to find a place to store all the food we had prepared in honor of Yom Tov.

It seemed that this pressured time, between Yom Kippur and Sukkos, was good timing for all the technicians. Everyone was busy with a million details dictated by the calendar, and they could not give us even a few minutes of their time. All the technicians repeated the same line: "I'm on overload." They would not agree to grace my overloaded refrigerator with even a glance.

The truth is that our refrigerator is not exactly new and, relative to the lifespan of appliances nowadays, you could say it is definitely old. The idea of buying a new refrigerator was certainly a reasonable one, but before I checked how much money I had for this major purchase, I first checked to see who would be willing to sell me a refrigerator and bring it to my home immediately. I made some inquiries and discovered that most of the stores deliver within a *minimum* of three days. My friend, one of those whom I asked, urged me to go to a specific store. "I'm telling you, they have a refrigerator available in stock, but go right away!"

I went immediately. Down the steps, out of the building, and...right there before my eyes in the parking lot stood a refrigerator that made a really good impression on me. I inquired about its source, and I found out that one of the neighbors had had it in his storage room for a long time and now, before Sukkos, he decided to get rid of it. With his permission I took the refrigerator up to my home, examined it, and discovered that it works perfectly.

The refrigerator had sat in my neighbor's storage room waiting for the exact moment when I would need it to fulfill its task in the world and be filled with all the goodies in honor of Shabbos and Yom Tov!

A Teshuvah on the Bus

Asher from Yerushalayim relates:

One day I was in *kollel* learning Gemara, and suddenly I thought to myself, *How interesting it is that the Gemara is written in Aramaic. Our language is Lashon Hakodesh! While*

On the giving end

My dear son went through a difficult time after he was fired from work. Months passed, he did not find another job, and his financial situation deteriorated.

I was deeply pained by his situation and decided to do something in his merit: I called Machon Hashgachah Pratis and expressed my desire to make a monthly contribution toward the dissemination of *emunah*. The following day, he found work in a suitable place with good conditions and a respectable salary.

On the receiving end

I wanted to thank the people behind the Hashgachah Pratis phone system. This is the most wonderful gift to our generation, which knows so many *nisyonos*. I get so much *chizuk* from the talks and stories on the line, especially the daily *shiyur* in *bitachon*, which is delivered with such pleasantness and pathos by Rav Pinchas Shefer *shlit"a*. Listening to the *shiyur* gives me the strength to face all the challenges that come my way throughout the day. Thank you. *Chizku v'imtzu*.

this is understandable regarding the Talmud Bavli, because Aramaic was the language spoken in Bavel, why would the Talmud Yerushalmi, which was written in Eretz Yisrael, be written in this language?!

I asked my friends in kollel, and no one was able to answer my question. The question continued to percolate in my mind, but I went on with my learning, making a note to myself to look into the matter properly.

The next day I was riding the bus, and a Yid sitting nearby asked, "Do you want to hear a *devar Torah*?"

"Gladly," I responded.

And he began, "I was once thinking, why was the Gemara written in Aramaic?"

That's how I was *zocheh* to hear a proper, detailed answer to my question, and I saw this as a tremendous *he'aras Panim* from Hashem *yisbarach*, Who teaches Torah to His nation Yisrael.

How Could It Possibly Be?

This story is simply impossible. Anyone who heard it said, "Do you want to tell me that this stretched on for three years? It's not logical!" But when Hakadosh Baruch Hu wants something, He arranges for everything, so that we don't even sense how we are living on miracles.

This is what occurred: I have an apartment, which I purchased as an investment. I rent it out, usually over the course of several years, and *baruch Hashem*, the money from the rent that comes in helps me cover my mortgage. This is my opportunity to thank and praise Hashem for this. I did not know how much to appreciate it until it occurred that for a full two months I was seeking a tenant.

Two months passed, and finally we found someone who wanted to rent the apartment. He moved in, and a short while later we got an urgent call from him: "There are problems with the electricity here! The washing machine isn't working, the refrigerator doesn't cool off the food. What's going on here?" (As an aside, we have to decide which "volume" to put this story into – the one about washing machines, or the one about refrigerators...)

"We'll check it out!" I told him. I immediately sent an expert technician to go to the apartment, and his call was even more urgent than the tenant's call. "There is no grounding in this apartment!"

The grounding system is simply a wire that takes unstable electricity directly into the ground, thus enabling appliances in the apartment to work safely and efficiently. Living in an apartment without one is dangerous, because one can easily get an electric shock, which is truly a danger to one's life.

"It's simply a miracle that the electricity wasn't working and the problem was discovered," the technician gushed. He told me about a couple who lived in such an apartment, and one of them was electrocuted and died. The owner of the apartment was sentenced to jail for causing death by negligence.

"I'm amazed to hear this," I told him, "since up until two months ago, for three years, a woman lived in the apartment and nothing happened. She passed away, but not from electric shock!"

The technician was also amazed, and we all thanked Hashem for His great *chessed* and his revealed and concealed miracles, which are with us every day.

A Deposit in the Meter

I am *zocheh* to refrain from using electricity powered by the Israeli electric company on Shabbos. In the apartment where I lived until a short while ago I was hooked up to a generator, and the generator's cost was very high. It did not seem justified to me, so I called the management to find out why it was so expensive.

The person who spoke to me was not impressed by my query. "You must understand," he explained, "the meter marks down exactly how much electricity you use, and you pay accordingly. If you want to pay less, use less electricity."

Nu, what could I do? I told myself that this was a Shabbos expense. Hashem knows exactly how much I spend, and I trust in Him to send me these sums every month.

And thus, even though my income is not very high, we managed somehow and did not complain about it.

A few months ago I moved to another apartment, and a new tenant came to live in my previous apartment. My new apartment was not connected to a generator. I started looking into hooking up to the generator, and I found that it was a very expensive proposition. I was confused and did not know where I would find the money. Then the tenant who is now living in my previous apartment called me up and told me the following amazing story.

"Listen," he said, very excited, "I got the bill for payment for the generator, and I found that the sum was very strange – illogical. I checked the meter and saw that it was faulty. It reads double the amount of electricity that is actually used. I called the company that manages the generator, and they were shocked to hear about this – how they had been taking double the amount of money from you for several years."

The end of this story is incredible: I was refunded for all the extra sums I had paid over the years, all in one shot. The amount I received was very significant, and I used it to connect my new apartment to a generator.

Then I understood how Hakadosh Baruch Hu had arranged for the faulty meter to collect a sum that would enable me to continue using the Shabbos generator in my new apartment.

or another, but in the meantime, the pain comes; especially when I sit for more than ten minutes.

What happens after ten minutes? My back starts to "sing" and send me signs of pain. At this stage I am forced to switch positions in order to lessen the pain. One minute I put my legs forward, and the next minute they are pointed to the right or to the left. I also swing back and forth a bit and move my body from side to side. This is a strange sight. It looks like I suffer from ADHD. While there is something to that, it's not the reason behind my strange dance.

The best thing to do then is simply to get up. And I do this many times. Then my back calms down a bit, until the next attack.

On one of the days of Chol Hamoed Sukkos I went to visit my father. I sat joyfully in his sukkah, and we talked in Torah and about matters related to the Yom Tov. There was a pleasant atmosphere, and then it began... I had a sensation like ants starting to crawl up their route on my back, and I knew that in a minute the pain would increase, and then I would not be able to sit like a normal person.

At that moment I said to myself: *The Ribbono shel Olam knows that I am here, and He arranged these pains for me.*

"Ribbono shel Olam," I said, pouring out my *tefillah*, "please, not now! I'm sitting here near my father, and I want it to be pleasant for us together. Please, Hashem, help the pain stop immediately!"

The next moment, the ants seemed to go backward, and the pain disappeared. Yes, totally disappeared. I was sitting just like anyone else, and nothing hurt me at all!

I continued sitting there for another three-quarters of an hour, and there was no sign of pain the entire time. I felt tangibly how Hashem hears our *tefillos*.

While I Was in Kollel

This morning I went to *kollel*, and after I got there I discovered that I'd left my cell phone on the bus. I calculated that the bus must have already reached the end of its route, so I went to the central bus station to check whether my phone had arrived there, or if they'd received some kind of report about it.

I came up with nothing, and I thought I would continue my search by borrowing a phone to call the bus company. A minute later I told myself, *I traveled here in order to learn. My chavrusa is waiting for me, and the fact is that I don't need my cell phone this minute. I will do my part, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu will help me. Chazal teach that Hashem removes the burden of everyday affairs from anyone who takes upon himself the yoke of Torah.*

Baruch Hashem, we learned throughout that *seder*, and a few minutes after 1 p.m., I called my cellphone from my friend's phone. I thought that perhaps someone had found it and would answer the phone.

To my great surprise, I heard my wife's voice. "Your phone got here just a few minutes ago!" she related. While I was learning, Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged that someone would find my phone, look through the numbers, call my wife, and bring the phone to my house!

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

One Should Be at Peace with How He Is Being Treated from Above

This is difficult to understand. Wasn't this world created for *tzaddikim*, and don't they have a part in it? Isn't a person obligated to say, "The world was created for me"?! (*Sanhedrin* 37a). Who more than Yaakov Avinu deserved peace in this world?

The way the *midrash* can be understood is not as a question but as a statement. Indeed, it is not enough for the *tzaddikim* that their place in the World to Come is prepared for them; this world belongs to them as well. Thus, in truth, Yaakov should have dwelled in peace and serenity in this world as well.

It was only because he *asked* for peace that the problems with Yosef came upon him. If he had not asked for peace, then he would have received it from *Shamayim*. The complaint against him was that he asked for it.

(*Shemuos Yitzchak*)

One Should Not Make Peace with His Tzaros

Tzaddikim ask to dwell in peace in this world – the righteous adapt to the *galus* and the difficulties, but Hashem tells them: No! It is not enough for the righteous that your place in the World to Come is prepared for you. In truth, this is not enough. You should try to arouse mercy so that Hashem will save you from *tzaar* now!

(*Eish Kodesh*; related in the year 1940, in the midst of the Holocaust)

In This World, One Must Work and Toil

What is the complaint against Yaakov for asking to dwell in peace? He went through so many situations – with Lavan, with Eisav, with Dina, and more. He had such a full cup of suffering. How could there possibly have been any justification to give him more suffering?!

And the peace he sought was not like someone who had eaten a sumptuous meal and wanted to put his feet up on a luxurious couch and rest! He wanted to sit and learn Torah. This was what he considered to be peace, as Rav Dessler explains. So what was the complaint against him?

This is as the Alter of Kelm explained: A *tzaddik* is not someone who is perfect, whose heart is completely in his own control. A *tzaddik* is someone who toils on and on without stopping, and who always continues working on himself.

The *yetzer hara* is not impressed by any heights that a person attains. Yaakov Avinu thought he had reached a level of *bitachon* and pure *yiras Shamayim* so that he no longer had to worry about *nisyonos* or a loss of *yiras Shamayim*. But Hashem showed him otherwise.

We learn from here that peace is not the purpose of life. The true purpose of life is the *nisyonos* we experience, which give us the opportunity to forge a path toward the great banquet that will come after our years in this world are up. Every person must strive toward this, and he will achieve it only by standing up to *nisyonos* consistently, without seeking peace and serenity.

(*Degel Hamussar*)

Yaakov Asked to Dwell in Peace

Rabi Acha said: When the *tzaddikim* are at ease and ask for tranquility in this world, the *satan* comes and counters their request, saying: Is it not enough that they will receive their reward in *Olam Haba*, that they ask for peace in this world [as well]?!
Yaakov Avinu suffered much because of Eisav and Lavan and the events involving his daughter Dina.

Then, after all these *tzaros* were behind him and he finally experienced some peace – he asked for continued peace in this world, and the *satan* jumped in to bring more anguish upon him. Thus, immediately after it says "*Vayeishev Yaakov*," implying that Yaakov had a measure of peace, the Torah relates Yosef's dreams and his subsequent sale into slavery.

(Adapted from *Bereishis Rabbah* 84:1)

The Good Will Come on Its Own

It seems strange that Hashem was "angry" at a *tzaddik* for asking for peace in this world. Why shouldn't a *tzaddik* enjoy some fruits of his Torah and mitzvos in this world as well? I heard it said that it would not have been wrong for Yaakov to desire peace of mind and serenity, but the problem was that he *asked* for it. Hashem may give a person serenity and goodness in life, but he should not ask for it and pursue it.

(Harav Alschich)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

In *Parshas Vayishlach* we learn about the upcoming meeting between Yaakov and Eisav. Yaakov hears the *malachim* saying that Eisav is coming toward him with four hundred men, "and Yaakov feared greatly."

The Gemara (*Berachos* 4b, *Sanhedrin* 98b) asks why Yaakov was afraid. After all, Hakadosh Baruch Hu had promised him, "And I will safeguard you wherever you go"! The Gemara answers that he was afraid that perhaps Hashem's protection had been removed from him because of his sins.

But these words still demand explanation. After having received an explicit promise from Hakadosh Baruch Hu, what was there for him to fear? There are several answers. Let us focus on two of them:

One is that Yaakov felt afraid. He told himself that his fear signified a lack in *bitachon*. This made him even more frightened that perhaps this lack of *bitachon* would cause Hashem's protection to be removed from him.

And the message for us is: *Bitachon* is not voluntary, it is mandatory! A lack of *bitachon* is an *aveirah*!

A second approach is that in fact Yaakov was completely

Excerpts from the popular shiur by Harav Yehuda Mandel shlit"a from Lakewood

The Purpose of Fear

unafraid of Eisav. The fear he felt was a different sort of fear: Seeing that he was in a time of *tzarah*, this heightened his *yiras Shamayim*. Thus *Chazal* say that he was afraid of sin.

There is lesson for us here. Many times, a person finds himself in frightening situations, just like the imminent approach of Eisav with 400 men – such as a difficult illness, *chas v'shalom*, a very difficult financial situation, and so on.

Our job at such times is to strengthen our *yiras Shamayim* and to strengthen our *bitachon*. These situations come only in order to test a person and to see whether in times of *tzaar* he is able to focus on *yiras Shamayim* or whether he is afraid of the situation itself.

When we learn to control our natural feeling of fear, we will be able to channel it into *yiras Shamayim* and strengthen our *emunah* and *bitachon* in the fact that there is an Owner of the world – only One – and we are in His Hands, like clay in the hands of a potter. Then, certainly, Hashem will be filled with mercy toward us and we will be *zocheh* to experience bountiful *yeshuos* and miracles.



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