

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Mikeitz -Vayigash 5784 ■ Issue 154

HEART TO HEART

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

He Who Plants Will Harvest

A person sits comfortably in his home and trusts that Hashem will do everything for him and will send him all his needs.

If this is how things were meant to be, we wouldn't need to invest so much in learning *emunah* and *bitachon*. Indeed, the reality is different. We have the obligation to do *hishtadlus* – this is a must. We do not have the right to exempt ourselves from it. On the other hand, our *bitachon* in Hashem needs to be *only* in Him, as though we ourselves haven't done anything.

The melding of *bitachon* and *hishtadlus* is the work of our lives. We need to learn to recognize the fine line between necessary *hishtadlus* and extraneous *hishtadlus*, and we need to differentiate between true *bitachon* and what might be laziness or apathy. There is much work to be done!

In the beginning of the fourth chapter of *Chovos Halevavos*, Rabbenu Bachyai explains that a person is obligated to try to do things that will lead toward his goal and to choose the way that seems to bring him there, but at the same time, he must recall that Hashem will do what He has already decreed.

Let us take, for example, a farmer: He heard about *bitachon*, and he decided: Why should I work the fields? I'll sit at home, and my good Father on High will send His blessings, and the fruits will grow. He sat and waited a day, then two, a month, then two months, but nothing grew in his neglected field. He did not plant, and so he did not harvest. We learn that this is not the proper way. Whoever received a plot of land for his *parnassah* from Hashem is obligated to work the field or to send workers to do the work. He cannot expect anything if he does nothing. The field is, obviously, just an example. It can be a store, a business, a certain skill that can be used to earn *parnassah*, and more.

A person is obligated to do *hishtadlus* as his logic indicates, when it is clear to him that Hashem *yisbarach* is pleased with his work. How do we know this? When the *hishtadlus* is in sync with Hashem's laws, as stated in the *Shulchan Aruch*, then it is correct to invest his thought and deeds in order to attain the results he wants, with Hashem's help.

At the same time, one must remember at every stage that what happens ultimately is what the

Creator Alone determined!

When does a person know if he is doing the right thing? When he is tested, he can find out. Sometimes Hashem sends obstructions to block a person's efforts: Merchandise that came in late, a competing business, a *nisayon* with a mitzvah while working, a problem with one of the workers or with an acquaintance. Then the person can see how he reacts: If he forgets that *parnassah* is *min haShamyim* and shows how he believes in his own *hishtadlus*, if he gets angry, if he blames various circumstances, if he worries about what he doesn't have, if he worries about what will be in the future, if he eats himself up over the past... He is filled with blame and regret – why did I allow this, why did I think that, why did I do this or that, or take that, or sign that... His whole life is filled with pain and worry.

But the person who remembers that his *hishtadlus* is simply an obligation and a decree of the Creator, and in truth there is no connection between his *hishtadlus* and his success – his reaction to the problem will be completely different. He takes every difficulty in stride. If *parnassah* comes at the price of *halachah*, he refrains from doing anything, for he believes that the desirable *hishtadlus* is the one that is in sync with the *Shulchan Aruch*.

He isn't lazy; he does what needs to be done, acts logically, and awaits Hashem's *yeshuah*. If, for example, he's dealing with a medical issue, he won't say, "Whatever will be will be; I'm not going to a doctor, or I won't do what he tells me. Hashem will save me." Rabbenu Bachyai teaches that Hashem wants us to do what we need to do. But if an appointment with a certain doctor is canceled, we remain calm, for we know that everything comes from Hashem *yisbarach* for our good. *Chazal* have always taught us that the acts we do as *hishtadlus* are meant to hide Hashem's miraculous *hashgachah* with our actions. Nowadays as well, when the Creator does miracles and wonders for us, we need to take action in order to be blessed in everything we do. It is good advice to repeat, while doing *hishtadlus*, "Cast your burden on Hashem, and He will provide for you." When we do this we will merit to see the enactment of the *passuk* in *Parshas Re'eh*: "Hashem will bless you in all your deeds and in all the work of your hands"; *amen*.

FROM THE EDITOR

A Memorial Museum, or Days of Light?

In the ancient village on the border between France and Germany stood a rare, old synagogue from two hundred years ago. It served as a station for Torah giants en route to the Holy Land. In the shul one could find the very table upon which the Rambam learned, the oven on which the Ibn Ezra slept, and the pillar where Rabbenu Bachyai poured out his heart in prayer. All this aside from the inner purity and earnest desires of the community members and the *rabbanim* of the village, which produced tremendously pure and holy tzaddikim.

The bitter day came when enemies of Yisrael burst into the shul, destroyed and pillaged and burned. In their arrogance, they then placed a despicable idol upon the ruins of the holy site.

The shul stood desolate for a time, until the *gabba'im* dared to go in to check the premises. Their eyes saw black. What to do? How do you start all over again?

If I were there at the time, I would have suggested transforming the place into a memorial museum. What a pity that we lost out on the auspiciousness of the site and the giants who stood and prayed there; but one has to accept the painful reality. It would also be appropriate to examine one's deeds and to establish a day of prayer for all generations in memory of the pogrom.

But our Sages felt otherwise, and under much more painful circumstances – when the *Mizbeichos* were destroyed, the golden Menorah was stolen, and everything in the *Beis Hamikdash* was defiled. *Yidden* returned from the war on the 25th of Kislev, and their eyes saw black. It would seem that the most appropriate thing to do under the circumstances would be to establish a fast day, a day of crying and eulogy.

But our Sages taught us: *No!* This is not how we view the situation. If something so sad happened, then certainly something good must be hidden there, something that had not been there before.

Everyone started searching. They believed that they would find something good. They saw the debris, the broken pieces, and they stubbornly insisted on looking until they found the jug of pure oil. Everything in the *Beis Hamikdash* had been made impure, so they lit a copper Menorah *b'chatzros kodshecha*.

Once again, they might have become depressed. *What have you found? Oil for only one day!* Anyone could have been broken by this and despaired, but again, they didn't break down. *We do what Hashem wants, with joy; we light with what there is.* Hakadosh Baruch Hu then showed Am Yisrael: Were you searching for light? You found it! The oil in the Menorah will burn for eight days, and from these days, the days of Chanukah will be established for all time – days that are all light, days of praise and thanksgiving, miracles and wonders.

This light teaches us how a Jew is meant to look at everything, at every challenge, every obstacle. We know that there is hidden light here, and we search for it.

And when we search – we find.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

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

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

From an Unexpected Source

My mother always tells me, “I am davening for you that you should be able to learn the holy Torah with peace and serenity.” She pours out her heart during *Shemoneh Esrei* and while saying *Tehillim*, and I am certain that her *zechus* is what stood by me in the story I am about to relate to you.

I was *zocheh* to be *marbitz Torah* in one of the cities in Eretz Yisrael, a place where not all the residents are *shomer Torah umitzvos*. *Baruch Hashem*, there is an atmosphere of *chizuk*, and people’s hearts are open to hearing. The shuls are full, and one could meet up with Yidden setting aside time to learn Torah. I have a set *chavrusa* in this city during the early morning hours, and I set out to there each morning in my car.

My car was an old one – it jumped, growled and grunted. Traveling in it was not very comfortable, and as time passed, using the car was getting to be more and more of a pain. One day I started looking into purchasing a new car, and ultimately I signed a contract to purchase a pleasant, comfortable hybrid car.

With the new car in my possession, my feeling on the very first drive was that the purchase had been worth it. The car drove easily, without any problems – no noises, no jumping or skipping. It did wonderful work getting me to where I had to be. The problem was that, in contrast to the comfort of the car, there was acute *discomfort* in my pocket after making the purchase. I lost a significant source of income during that time, and the payments for the car and the insurance were very high. I saw that I couldn’t keep them up, and I decided to sell the car. I advertised and searched for an alternate car, because how would I get to the city each morning without a car?! I also advertised that I was seeking a car ride in the mornings to that city, and I found an *avreich* who travels there, but at different hours than when I was used to going.

The last time I learned with my *chavrusa*, I told him that from then on we would have to learn together at different times.

“What?!” my *chavrusa* practically shouted. “Why shouldn’t we learn in the early morning, as we have until now? A change in time really doesn’t work for me!”

“It’s not too great for me either,” I explained, “but what can I do? The car I bought is costing me too much money – money I don’t have, and as the *Zohar* says, the lack of money is the worst thing. That’s why I’m about to sell it and then to come here with a ride, with someone who comes during different hours of the day.”

“That’s the reason?” My *chavrusa* was amazed. “For that you want to miss out on that great morning hour of learning? Tell me, how much does the car cost?”

I told him the huge sum of hundreds of thousands of shekel.

“It’s on me!” he informed me.

“But the insurance is also expensive,” I said. “Even if you pay for the car, with the insurance being so high, I can’t keep it.”

“No problem,” this *chavrusa* answered like a seasoned businessman. “I’ll pay your insurance too.”

“But...” I was shocked.

“But, what? You know that I’m a businessman, and I have plenty of money; besides which, don’t think I’m simply throwing money around. I’m investing so that you’ll be able to learn with me. It’s worthwhile for me!”

Good News Came the Following Day

My name is Eliezer, and I’m a *yeshivah bachur*. In the beginning of the year, I came to the dorm excited and full of expectations. I had many *she’ifos* to succeed, and I hoped the physical conditions would be good as well. A seat near the window is not like one near the door; one right across from the AC is not like one distant from any source of air; and a place near the *maggid shiur* could not compare to a place far away from him.

If this is true regarding the *heichal halimud*, how much more true is it in the dorm rooms. During the hours when you gather strength for the next day, you need to sleep calmly and without disturbance. That influences the whole day, and the following night as well. I worried about the room, and that’s why we organized ourselves ahead of time, putting together a group of serious *bachurim* who wanted to utilize their time, more or less.

During the first days of the *zeman* I discovered that I had all types of roommates. There was the good, pleasant one, the one who was always late or always early, the one who always had snacks to give out, and the one who always took snacks from others. And there was someone who...I don’t want to talk about him, but his behavior was such that it made it impossible for me to be together with him. I suffered from him; I simply suffered.

I decided to move to another room. But the *bachur* got wind of my plan, and it did not find favor in his eyes. For each room I tried switching to, he got there before me and said what he said, so that no one would want to allow me to join. I don’t know why I brought out the worst in his personality, don’t know why he saw me as an enemy. The more time passed, the more impossible the situation became. He simply abused me; he left all kinds of dirty objects on my bed, and I had to deal with them on my own when it was time to go to sleep. I kept quiet. I did not want to take revenge. I felt how ugly that would be, and I knew that I would not be the one who spoke badly about the other. During those moments when I went over to my bed to find it filled with unidentifiable objects, I asked Hashem that my keeping quiet should be a *zechus* for a 47-year-old *bachur* I knew, so that he would find his *shidduch*, and for the *refuah* of the mother of one of the *bachurim* in our yeshivah who’d had a stroke.

I did this simple *hishtadlus* in order to make things easier for me, and I went to the staff and asked, without providing any reason why, to switch rooms.

The next day I got exciting news: My friend’s mother was out of the ICU.

Less than a week later, there was news shaking the walls of the yeshivah: The 47-year-old *bachur* was engaged!!

And what about my room? A few days later the *mashgiach* told me to switch rooms, and I had barely dared to dream about a wonderful room like the one I ended up in, filled with serious, pleasant *bachurim*, *baruch Hashem!*

Just Five Minutes

For a year and a half, we were challenged by *parnassah* problems. These were really serious problems, real hardship. The tiny stipend I received was like starvation rations, and my wife did not have work at all. For lack of a better alternative I borrowed money, thinking I would return the debts by taking additional loans. Thus, as a father of a really young family, I amassed debt amounting to 20,000 shekels.

One day, I got hold of the *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletter. (Here I want to thank anyone who donated or helped out with the dissemination of this incredible pamphlet.) In the editor’s column, I read about the greatness of reciting *Birkas Hamazon* from a siddur, and about how this is a *segulah* for *parnassah*.

I, who was personally experiencing the pressure, resolved to strengthen myself in *Birkas Hamazon* immediately after reading the essay – but *really*. I took upon myself to spend at least five minutes saying *Birkas Hamazon*, and if I would finish before those five minutes were up, I would continue thinking about the meaning of the blessing, to thank Hashem for all His good and kindness, and to strengthen my *bitachon* in Hashem that He sends and prepare sustenance for all his creations, including me and the members of my household.

The first *yeshuah* I experienced after making that resolution came on the day that one of my large loans was due to be repaid. I had to return a large sum of money, and precisely on that day someone transferred enough money into my account to cover the entire sum and return the loan.

That was only the beginning. Suddenly, job proposals started pouring in for my wife. The mere fact that people remembered her was encouraging. However, each of the proposals

On the giving end

Recently I was in difficult financial straits: My mortgage payments grew, and I had to pay the full amount for two children in daycare, and in addition, I had a loan from a *gemach* to repay in large monthly installments. I decided to donate a set monthly sum to “*Hashgachah Pratis*” and asked the *rabbanim* to daven for me each day for ample *parnassah* and the ability to repay all my debts. At the same time, I asked the *gemach* to freeze my payments for two months. Today, two months later, the owner of the *gemach* informed me he was forgoing the rest of the debt! In addition, I got a discount from the daycare center, and my wife got a raise in salary. I feel that my donation to “*Hashgachah Pratis*” opened the doorway to *siyata d’Shmaya* for me.

On the receiving end

I listen to the amazing content of your phone line frequently, to the *shiurim* and the discussions. It gives me strength and *chizuk* – especially recently, since I’ve started working independently, and my eyes are constantly turned toward Hashem to believe and trust in Him. In the merit of the words of *chizuk* I hear on your phone line, I strengthen my *emunah* and *bitachon*. I highly recommend that everyone join the line and listen in.

posed some sort of spiritual problem that we could not ignore, so she did not accept any of the offers.

When the time to repay another loan, someone approached me completely unexpectedly and said that I looked like a suitable candidate to work in some sort of Torah position – very important work with a good salary. After I accepted the proposal, he asked me to get started right away, and he paid me part of my salary in advance.

I continued paying off the debts easily. *Baruch Hashem*, I had ample *parnassah* through this work that I enjoyed, along with learning Torah for many hours throughout the day.

On the day that I was supposed to pay off the last of my debts, a Yid approached me offering me additional work. He saw that I was hesitating, so in order to convince me, he paid me 8,000 shekels in advance.

Baruch Hashem, my wife is continuing her holy task of being an *akeres bayis*, reigning over her realm calmly, without the *ruchniyus'dig* problems that could come up in all sorts of work places that were suggested for her. We have a comfortable *parnassah*, with *siyata d'Shmaya*, and our account has forgotten what it's like to be in the red.

Look at the power of five minutes set aside for *Birkas Hamazon*!!

What Does the Elevator Say?

For several years I have been confined to a wheelchair. Since I became handicapped, we live on a low floor and we've learned how to cope. My house runs smoothly, thanks to my *eishes chayil*. People come in and out and fill the house with talk and discussion. There are those who love to come to pour out their hearts and also to get a portion of hot food. One of our regular guests was a Yid who had a difficult life, who would often come for his portion. He would sit down and talk about what was on his heart, eat to satisfaction, sit around a little more, and at the end of the long visit, he would leave and we would breathe a sigh of relief.

His visits became more and more frequent, and they definitely bothered us. My wife treated him forgivingly and always welcomed him respectfully, but she also grew tired of the whole thing.

The man became like a member of our household, and I no longer even remembered when we had first met him.

One day, we moved. I was fearful of the move, because I knew we would now be living on the fifth floor. Anyone who understood my situation told me it was worth it, because the apartment itself was spacious and suitable for someone in a wheelchair, and there was no reason for me to worry, because there was a proper elevator in the building, and I would be able to use it and feel almost like someone who was healthy and walking on his own two feet.

We arrived at the apartment, and from the first day we realized we had a problem. The elevator would go up to the fourth floor, and it would stop there. To get to the fifth floor one had to go up one flight of steps, and this was no simple matter at all. I wouldn't wish anyone reading this to ever know how much effort is required to get a wheelchair up one flight of stairs. It's not like one flight; it's like a mountain!

And we had to climb this Everest every single day!

"I think there is some message here from on High," my wife said. "It reminds me of the story with the scorpion."

And this is the story: A lonely man would come to a family in Yerushalayim every Friday and receive a portion of kugel and a bit of attention. Then the family moved and did not inform their Friday guest about the move.

In the morning, the woman of the house woke up and saw a scorpion right in the middle of her kitchen. She was frightened and asked someone to kill it on the spot. The next morning another scorpion appeared. The family understood that something was strange, and they asked their *rav* to help them understand what message Hashem was sending them. The *rav* opened *Perek Shirah* and showed them, "The scorpion sings: And His mercies are upon all His creations."

"Perhaps there is someone to whom you should have shown mercy, and you did not?" the *rav* asked them.

The couple thought about it, and then they remembered the lonely man who would visit them every Friday. He probably did not understand how they'd disappeared and forgotten about him. They searched for him, told him about their move, and the scorpions disappeared.

"I think our story is very similar to that one," my wife said. "We want Hashem to have pity on us and enable you to get up to the house without problems, but we did not have pity on the guest who was used to coming to our home, and we did not tell him we were moving."

On that very day we looked up the man and sent him a message that we'd moved and that he was invited to come whenever he wanted, as in the past.

The next day, all the problems with the elevator disappeared. It started working perfectly, going up to the fifth floor, and ever since then it has been operating without any problems at all.

Indeed, he took upon himself all the expenses of the car, and *b'siyata d'Shmaya*, I am continuing to travel comfortably during the hours that suit me, and without having to be dependent on the kindness of others. I am certain that my mother's *tefillos* stood by me so that I would be able to learn with peace and serenity.

Everything Is Through His Word

One of my family members needed an important examination by a specialist. The cost of the examination was 1,500 shekels, and my health insurance did not cover it. The *askan* who had sent me for the examination told me that they would have to speak with the person in charge of the health insurance's budgeting, and to send a special request to the committee that approves nonstandard needs. "You'll need to go through the whole process," he told me, "but even then, it's not certain that they'll reimburse you for the cost of the exam."

Since the matter was very important and could not be pushed off, I couldn't wait for the answer; I couldn't have the examination be dependent on whether they would cover it or not. We set out with a checkbook and with *tefillos* to Hashem that everything would work out.

Since the doctor's clinic is located on a street where the residents are, unfortunately, not *shomer Shabbos*, I took a taxi in order to guard my eyes. Although I do not have money in abundance, I placed my burden on Hashem, for traveling by taxi would enable me to carry out the mitzvah of "do not stray after your eyes."

Indeed – wonder of wonders – the examination took place on a Friday, and on Sunday I was called to give a speech in a certain *beis medrash*, and the sum the *gabba'im* there paid me covered the cost of the taxi.

All this is only a prelude to the real story. The most meaningful part of the story is what happened at the clinic. Before I entered the doctor's office with my relative, I went over to the water cooler there and poured myself a cup of water, reciting the *brachah* of *Shehakol nihyah bidvaro* with great *kavanah*. At that moment I had an amazing idea. The letters of the word *shehakol* could stand for *Shalem, hechzer – ken? Lo? –* Will the insurance pay back the money? Yes? Or no? and the answer: *Nihya bidvaro* – Hakadosh Baruch Hu would decide. The entire matter was according to His Word and in His Hands alone.

After the examination I went over to the secretary, and after looking over our documents and checking the computer, she said, "You don't have to pay."

I have no idea what she saw there, but that was the fact: We did not have to pay for the examination. Why? I knew the answer in advance – because everything is done according to His Word!

This story really excited me. I felt that it is truly a *zikui harab-bim* to publicize it, and I discussed it with a certain Yid, whom I asked to write it up properly and to send it in to one of the newspapers, so that the readers would get a bit of *chizuk* in *emunah*.

The Yid wrote it up, and I waited for the story to be publicized. However, after some time had elapsed, the story was still not published. I asked this Yid about it, and he told me, "I wrote it up and sent it in, and I have no idea why they didn't put it in the paper." The word "*shehakol*" actually stands for: *Shelach, hachneis – ken? Lo? –* Send it in, put it in – yes? Or no? Meaning, if you sent in a story, it doesn't mean they'll put it into the paper, because everything is in His Hands.

We were *zocheh* to hear this story and to print it here for you. At the exact time that was set from on High for it to be publicized.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

There Is No Need for Any *Hishtadlus*

The Baal Shem Tov explains that there is a *boteiach* – the one who trusts, a *mavtiach* – the one who makes the promise, and a *mutvach* – the means through which the person trusts that he will reach his goal.

In this *maschal*, Hashem is the *mavtiach*, Who promises to provide the person with all his needs; the person is the *boteiach*, the one who trusts that this will happen, and the *mutvach* refers to the means by which he is sure Hashem will send him his *parnassah*. A *mutvach*, be it a job or career or some other source of *parnassah*, is necessary only when the *boteiach* has not yet reached the level of true *emunah*. True *emunah* is to believe that it is Hashem alone, and there is none other than Him, and that even if a person would do nothing in the way of business or any other form of *hishtadlus*, Hashem in His great *chesed* could provide for him.

This is the meaning of, "Blessed is the man who trusts in Hashem, and for whom Hashem is his Source of trust – *mitvacho*." This means that his *mutvach* will be Hashem Himself, without any need for an intermediary, for that will not be necessary. And even when he does achieve something through some intermediary, he believes with complete faith that it came directly from Hashem, Who wanted to provide for him using these means. He does not feel it necessary for his *parnassah* to come about specifically in that way. He trusts only in Hashem. And this is a great *madreigah*.

(Degel Machaneh Ephrayim, Parshas Beshalach)

Blessed Is the Man Who Trusts in Hashem

This refers to Yosef, who always trusted in Hashem and only once spoke incorrectly, when he asked the *sar hamshkim* to remember him – and not only did the *sar hamshkim* not help Yosef; Yosef was actually punished for this and had to remain imprisoned for two additional years!

Rav Yudan says that this *passuk* is referring to every man, not just Yosef. Woe to the person who trusts in people of high rank, for they will often betray his trust.

(Bereishis Rabbah 89:3)

Sometimes a person trusts in Hashem initially, but he sees that even though he trusted in Hashem, no *yeshuah* came his way, and then he turns to people and seeks other ways to solve his problems. That's why it says, "Blessed is the man who trusts in Hashem and for whom Hashem is his Source of trust" – forever. Meaning, he does not trust Hashem any less even if he was not saved, but he remains strong in his *bitachon*. This man is blessed...

(Kesav Sofer, Parshas Mikeitz)

Excerpts from the popular shiur by
Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlit"א

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

In Those Days:

The evil Greeks make decrees against Am Yisrael and force the Jews to obey them. Anyone who defies their decrees is punished. The Greeks have powerful armies with many soldiers, and there are also *Misyavnim* – Jews who have defected and joined the Greeks, adding to the difficulties.

On the surface, it seems there is nothing to be done. The situation is hopeless. The decrees have been passed and, *chas v'shalom*, Torah and mitzvos will be forgotten.

Only Matisyahu the *kohen gadol* is not afraid and does not despair. He wages a war that seems hopeless: Few against many, weak against strong.

Matisyahu knows that Hashem is with him and that it is His will that they go out to war. There is no room for fear, no place for despair. When we remain close to Hashem, we succeed. Indeed, the Jews merited a great *yeshuah*.

And in these times:

We place the mezuzah on the right side of the doorway and the Chanukah lights on the left, so that we are surrounded by mitzvos. What does this say to us?

The Power of the Days of Chanukah

That Hashem is to be found everywhere, and we are surrounded on all sides by his *hashgachah*.

A Jew tries to cope with his difficulties. One has difficulty with *parnassah*, another with raising his children, and a third with health problems.

The days of Chanukah are exalted, filled with light and salvation. Before the burning candles we can pour out our hearts, daven and plead and be *zocheh* to a *yeshuah*.

As in the days when the spirit of Matisyahu showed us the way, we will not despair and will not give in. The days of Chanukah shine with this strength – the ability not to fall, not to despair.

Night after night, when we kindle the lights, we can recall this strength, this ability to overcome, and not despair. We can light up our hearts with the light of *emunah* and *bitachon*.

Hashem will help us! May we be *zocheh* in our times as well, each person individually and Am Yisrael as a whole, to great *yeshuos*; *amen*.



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