

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Va'eira -Bo 5784 ■ Issue 156

HEART TO HEART

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

You've Reached Your Destination

This is it. We've reached the bottom line. Several *nisyonos* are behind us, and with *siyata diShmaya*, we passed them successfully: We searched for a source of *parmassah* in accordance with the instructions of Rabbenu Bachyai, and we work only in a field that suits our physical and emotional strength and that is in harmony with the laws of the holy Torah. While doing *hishtadlus*, we remembered that we are only doing what is required of us and that in essence *hishtadlus* does not help at all but is only a decree. Everything is from Hashem *yisbarach*, and He alone gives us the strength to do powerful acts.

And then we see that the series of acts we have done brought about good results. The salary came in. The money arrived! What now? How are we to feel? What are Rabbenu Bachyai's instructions?

"Duties of the Heart" is an appropriate title for this *sefer*. Two people can act in identical ways, but in their hearts and minds they are worlds apart.

Rabbenu Bachyai tells us in the fourth chapter: A person should not place his trust in the specific actions that he did for the sake of *hishtadlus*. He should not be impressed by his choice of what *hishtadlus* to do and decide that he must continue relying on it, believing in it fully. There are people who, when they see their investment succeeded, are impressed with themselves. They start bragging about the dazzling scheme they thought up. A man comes home and describes how he "did this and investigated that and did not allow that to fall to the side. I learned from the mistakes of others, I wasn't taken in by charlatans, and I listened only to professionals, and not merely professionals but those who know how to think outside the box. I succeeded in determining the exact time when the market was at a low and to buy the merchandise at a low price, and afterward I had patience and waited the exact amount of time necessary, and at the right moment I offered the merchandise for sale, or the product to the marketplace..." For a full hour, he will talk and praise his own actions – how nice and how successful this process was, and of course, like every Yid who was given good *chinuch*, he doesn't forget to say: "Baruch Hashem, I made such and such profit..."

Indeed, 99 percent of his talk focuses on praising his own *hishtadlus*, and with one percent, he recalls the Creator *yisbarach*. This type of talk causes his *bitachon* in Hashem to weaken. Rabbenu Bachyai emphasizes another point: When a person praises his own practical ef-

forts excessively, there is a problem. He'll continue holding on to it and try to do the same things and continue in the same workplace even when it is no longer suitable for him. While there is nothing wrong with working in the same place for fifty years, even someone who receives a steady salary for routine work is liable to fall into the net woven for him by the *yetzer hara* and to think that it is the power of his diligence or the place where he works that brought him his *parmassah*. But this is not so; it is only Hashem Who sustains and provides for the whole world, and Who sustains him and his home; this is what he needs to emphasize! So what do we say when we come home with salary in hand and when we see the money deposited into the bank account? We thank our good Father in Heaven!! We are happy with this unearned gift. When a father comes home with the bounty he received from the full, open, and generous Hand of the Creator, he relates everything that happened: How Hashem *yisbarach* gave me an idea, and how I met up with the right people, and how with *hashgachah pratis* it came about that I was in that place and I heard the warning of someone who wanted my good.... He gives thanks and sings the praises of the Creator of all worlds, and he relates how Hashem dressed the *hashgachah pratis* in all sorts of circumstances in this world. He recalls all the time how Hashem alone makes everything happen and how everything is for the good.

Ninety-nine percent of his words focus on thanks and praise to Hashem, and only one percent describes his part in the matter, which also only came about through Hashem's mercy upon him. Words like these accomplish the right thing, and when the money actually comes into his hands, it strengthens his *emunah* even more. As Rabbenu Bachyai explains, he will then thank Hashem for providing for him now that he has worked, and for not allowing his hard work to be for naught.

Baruch Hashem, I did not work for naught, and my *hishtadlus* brought about the desired profit. What a good feeling this is! Thank you Hashem! Thank You for the feeling of satisfaction, for giving me the opportunity to do and to see the results of my work. All this is nothing if not the *chesed* of Hashem! This is the outlook of a person who adheres loyally to Rabbenu Bachyai's directives, and this is the way to strengthen *emunah* as we make our way toward the coming month. May the Merciful One sustain us generously and with dignity.

FROM THE EDITOR

A Successful Man in a U.S. Hospital

A Yid from Eretz Yisrael found himself at his daughter's bedside in a hospital in America. They had hoped she was in remission, but the illness had returned, accompanied by travels, travails, and a personal exile across the ocean. The hospital was located at a distance of an hour and a half's travel to Lakewood, the closest Jewish community.

The people of the community hosted him graciously, but still...he was far away from his home and his family, far away from an established Jewish community, far away from his normal routine, sitting near his suffering child and hoping for her recovery. I spoke to him on the phone; he sounded like the nicest person in the world. He told me a *vort*, then another, and made jokes like someone for whom life is going great.

"How do you cope?" I ask him. "What gives you the strength to be so happy?"

"Do you remember Yosef Hatzaddik?" he replies. "The Torah says he was an '*Ish matzliach*,' a 'successful man.' I ask you, what does *successful* mean? Someone is considered spiritually successful if he succeeds in his Torah learning, makes a *siyum haShas*, or establishes institutions for Torah learning and *tefillah*. He might also become a *rosh yeshivah* or a major *mashpiah*, or perhaps he was *zocheh* to delve deeply into a certain *sugya* and to publish a *sefer*."

"A person can also be materially successful. He might be a big businessman, own his own apartment, buy several apartments, or spearhead a company that brings in millions. A materially successful person can even be someone who covers his expenses each month and leaves some money over for savings. Isn't this someone we would call a successful man?"

"But when Yosef was at the height of spiritual success, learning with his father, he was not called an '*ish matzliach*.' Nor was he called this when he was at height of material success, second only to the king. When did he merit this description? After Potiphar bought him as a slave. Then, while in the lowest state, far away from his family and going through difficult *nisyonos*, cut off from contact with any form of *Yiddishkeit*, at that point the Torah tells us, 'And Yosef was a successful man.'"

"A slave has no independent mind. He is subservient to his master. This is the worst possible situation for a person to be in, but he is 'successful,' because Hashem is with him. He doesn't lose his *bitachon*, and he davens and places his hopes in Hashem all the time. This is called success. This is called a successful man."

"Right now I'm so far away from everything familiar to me, but Hashem is with me! So tell me, is it possible for me *not* to be happy?"

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

Something Good from Corona

A Yid who often travels by bus related the following: Throughout the years, I waited for the *mehadrin* revolution to take place – men in the front and women in the back. I waited for this to be an established fact that would save me from many *nisyonos* in my travels.

Baruch Hashem, in recent years there has been much advancement in this area, and I thought to myself that it's interesting how this happened. I met an *askan* who is very involved in this matter, and he pointed out an amazing fact. Many years ago, *gedolei Yisrael* urged travelers to be careful with safeguards for *tznius* while on the bus: Men should get on from the front door and women from the back door. Then the bus would automatically be divided into the men's section and the women's section, and everyone would travel in a kosher and secure way.

There was a lot of *hisorerus* about this after the terror attack on the number 2 bus returning from the *Kosel*, and since then there has been constant talk about the importance of this matter.

Then the judges of the courts got really angry. People with an agenda against any spiritual advancement put a stop to the revolution. They made all sorts of allegations and claims, until the high court ruled that it is forbidden to open the back doors of the bus. Thus, the buses continued traveling as usual.

Until corona.

That very frightening corona accomplished something very good. The drivers wanted to decrease the danger of their catching the virus, and the bus companies agreed to start opening all the doors so the passengers could get on while maintaining a distance.

With the invention of the mechanical bus pass (*rav-kav*), a machine to validate it was placed near the back door. As a result, women get on from this door and do not have to go to the front of the bus at all.

"You see," he told me, "corona was indeed a difficult *nisyanon*, but along with it, it's important for us to notice Hashem's *hashgachah*. Because of corona we got something very good, because since it came to the world, the drivers open the back doors on the buses."

May Hashem help, and may we be *zocheh* to travel in the way that is proper and pleasing to Him. May He bring us to our desired destinations, to life, to joy, and to peace.

What Do We Do With All the Food?

My friend was ill, *lo aleinu*, and needed complex surgery. The doctors told him, "Here in Israel we have no experience with this. Go to the hospital in Yugoslavia, where there is a doctor who does these types of surgeries." My friend was shocked. For him, considering going to Yugoslavia

An International Shidduch

A Yid from Har Nof relates: We traveled to England in order to participate in a family wedding. On the way back, we were supposed to fly to Holland, and from there on to Israel. In Holland, we rented a car and set out to the airport, but we missed our connecting flight. We discovered that Holland is very nice as a stopover, but not a place to stay in for more than a few hours. We did not know where to stay or what to do. It was Friday, and we were truly worried about what would be.

A Yid we met gave us good advice: Go to Belgium, to Phsevorsk; there's a big shul there that offers *hachnasas orchim*. They'll welcome you warmly and host you generously.

As we did not have any other idea, we continued traveling for a few hours and crossed the border into Belgium. I knew we would be compelled to accept the gifts of other people, so I thought that at least I would purchase some fruit for Shabbos. We arrived in Antwerp and searched for *Yidden*. Where is it most common to find Yidden? Near the *mikveh*. We stopped near the *mikveh*, and from the car window I called out to a Yid and asked him to show me where I could purchase some fruit.

"Fruit?" he asked. "Here you will not be able to find any, because the Jewish stores are all already closed. If you want, I can show you where there are general shops."

He joined us in the car and directed me to the marketplace. In the meantime, we got to talking and discovered that this pleasant Yid was a 33-year-old *bachur* and was looking for a *shidduch*.

"One day," he told me, "I went into shul and opened a Gemara at random to *maseches Sotah*, by the words, "The daughter of so-and-so to so-and-so; such and such apartment to so-and-so...." I decided to use this Gemara when I daven *Shemoneh Esrei*, and since that time, when I daven, I say: "Ribbono shel Olam, You taught us that the daughter of so-and-so is to so-and-so, and I believe with full belief that You are going to send me my *zivug!*"

My wife, who was listening to the entire conversation, decided that the moment she thought of someone suitable, she would propose the *shidduch* to this *bachur*, whose ways are pleasant and who learns diligently.

We got to the shul, and then we thought that the entire mess had been worth it in order for us to be *zocheh* to see such *ahavas Yisrael*, such generosity, such good feelings, such *kavod Shabbos*... It was an amazing feeling, after all our difficulties, to be among *Yidden*, and such *Yidden* who host others so wholeheartedly.

Over Shabbos we got to know some other families that had landed in the same shul. Among them was a family from France with a daughter in *shidduchim*. My wife put an eye on her and suggested her for the *bachur* who had accompanied us to buy fruit.

Baruch Hashem, we were *zocheh* to be the messengers to establish a home in Am Yisrael, and it all happened through this most incredible chain of occurrences. Now we understood why we'd missed the flight, and why we had to go through that long and exhausting car ride. Hakadosh Baruch Hu heard the *tefillos* of this *bachur* and certainly also the *tefillos* of his intended, and He chose us, a family from Eretz Yisrael, to make the *shidduch* between the *bachur* from Belgium and the girl from France.

Who Has a Pair of Tweezers?

An *avreich* from Beit Shemesh relates: I volunteer in Hatzalah, and I see tangibly how Hashem safeguards Am Yisrael and brings the right people at the right time in order to save the life of a Yid.

One day I got a call: Three buildings away from me, a boy swallowed a ten-agurot coin. I ran over. The paramedic who works in the adjacent clinic arrived at the site as well. We both lacked the necessary tool. A ten-agurot coin could be swallowed smoothly, but it could also cause terrible trouble. While the paramedic got to work on the child, we discovered to our chagrin that the child was turning blue. The coin was not swallowed but rather got stuck near the windpipe, and it was a matter of seconds before the situation would become critical. The paramedic continued working on the child using the well-known Heimlich maneuver, but the child continued struggling for every bit of air. Suddenly, a neighbor walked in holding a pair of tweezers! The paramedic took it immediately and gently guided it into the child's larynx. Within a second the coin was out and the child was breathing comfortably.

"How was it that you arrived at the critical moment with tweezers?!" we asked the neighbor. And she explained: Her child had swallowed a coin a week earlier, and they pulled it out using tweezers borrowed from these neighbors. Then too, an ambulance arrived, and there was a huge commotion all around. Afterward, in all the excitement, the pair of tweezers was forgotten in her home and not returned to the neighbors.

Now, when she saw the ambulance arriving at the building, it reminded her of the tweezers,

On the giving end

One Motzai Shabbos we drove a rental car in the streets of Bnei Brak, and unfortunately, we bumped into a parked car. *Baruch Hashem*, no one was hurt, but the rental car was lightly damaged and the parked car was dented. We left a note with our phone number on the car and headed for home with an uneasy feeling inside.

As a *segulah* for a *yeshuah*, and in the hope that we would not have to pay a high price for the damage, we decided to donate money toward the dissemination of *emunah* and *bitachon*.

The next day the owner of the damaged car contacted us, and he reacted with the words: "You are an honest man. *Kol hakavod* for leaving a note and not running off.

I forgive you, and you do not need to pay me anything."

We were amazed by the great *chesed* of Hashem, Who spared us having to pay for the damages. Thank you!

On the receiving end

Recently, my brother contracted a difficult illness, which causes him constant, merciless suffering. This past week I visited him. My heart broke when I saw how he looked, and I asked him, "How do you manage to remain calm? Where do you draw this incredible strength? How do you remain so strong in your *emunah*?" He answered in a weak but determined voice, and his words left me amazed: "I listen constantly to the *shurim* of Rav David Kletzkin on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line. I owe my life to him. In the *zechus* of his words I find comfort and the power to cope with any difficulty."

Thank you, Hashem, for the great light You brought to the world, specifically in our generation, which is full of *nisyonos* and difficulties. The *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, with all its content and *shurim*, is a ray of light for every broken heart.

and she hurried to return it! She arrived at exactly the right moment to save her neighbor's son!

A Quick Recovery

My son plays energetically with his friends during recess. I understood long ago that every day that he comes home healthy and whole is reason enough to thank Hashem, even in circumstances where his glasses got bent or his pants torn; and certainly when both he and his clothing came home in one piece.

This time, something happened that was logical even if rare: My son fell off a table in *cheder* and broke his hand. This time he did not come home; rather, I had to go pick him up from Talmud Torah and take him to the emergency room. In the hospital they put a cast on his hand and told me to make sure to follow up with an orthopedist. Two weeks later they did an X-ray and saw that the cast was not placed properly. The bone was not even close to coming together, and therefore he needed surgery.

I was very upset that my son needed surgery. He is, after all, only a boy; what did he need all these *yissurim* for? A fracture and a cast were more than enough.

B'chasdei Hashem, since the incident took place in his Talmud Torah, the insurance company covered the cost of treatment by a private doctor. *Askanim* hooked me up with the right doctor, and the appointment was made for surgery.

In the meantime, my heart was racing. I davened that he wouldn't need surgery and asked Hashem for the doctors to find a simpler way to help him heal. On the day of the scheduled surgery, we arrived for pre-op early in the morning; my son had been fasting since 6 a.m. The doctor arrived and prepared him, and I asked him to reexamine him and try to see if perhaps the fracture could be fixed without surgery.

Afterward, when my son went in for surgery, I went into the hospital's shul. It was empty. Just I and Hashem were there. "Ribbono shel Olam," I said, "I thank You so much for healing my son in the easiest possible way!" I said these words again and again until I felt in my bones that indeed, yes, Hakadosh Baruch Hu had already arranged everything in the easiest possible way. Once I had this feeling, I started to dance in gratitude. I clapped my hands and jumped up and down with joy for the great *yeshuah*.

For a full hour, I expressed gratitude for the present and for the future, and then my phone rang. They were calling me to the recovery room. "So quickly?" I asked.

I hurried to my son and asked the doctor what he had done. He told me, "In the end I thought of an alternate way. I did not do the accepted form of surgery, but rather microscopic surgery with a tiny cut, using laser technology, and I was able to insert the screw through that tiny incision."

Two weeks later we were called in again to remove the screw, and that was it. My son's hand is completely healed, in the quickest and easiest way, *baruch Hashem*.

We learned that when we thank Hashem with all our hearts, Hashem gives us many, many reasons to thank Him more and more.

In the Zechus of Bikur Cholim

On Motzai Shabbos *Parshas Noach*, I came to the conclusion that my *shtreimel* had to be taken care of. I made a *cheshbon* that it had been worn for many hours during the *Yamim Tovim* of Tishrei, on Shabbasos and Chol Hamoed. Most of the days of the month had passed with the *shtreimel* on my head, under the sun and the wind, and it was bumped and squashed here and there by my dear children.

Now it seemed proper to bring it to a *shtreimel-macher* to renew it and to bring it back to its original glory. I immediately acted upon this thought. In the beginning of the week I brought it over to the *shtreimel-macher*, and he promised to complete the work for Shabbos *Parshas Lech-Lecha*. We made up that he would leave the *shtreimel* for me in shul, and on erev Shabbos I would come and take it from there to wear it in honor of Shabbos.

That Friday, I completely forgot that the *shtreimel* was not in its usual place at home. My friend was hospitalized at the time in Hadassah Ein Kerem, and I decided to go visit him, and from there I would go to shul to daven *Minchah* before Shabbos.

That was the plan.

I went over to the closet to take out the *shtreimel* and discovered an empty shelf! It dawned on me that I had given it in to have it refurbished, and I called the *shtreimel-macher* right away.

"Did you put my *shtreimel* in shul?" I asked him.

"I forgot about that!" he replied. "The *shtreimel* is with me in my car in the parking lot of Hadassah Ein Kerem. I came here to visit a relative."

I was amazed. "I'm on the way there!" I exclaimed. We arranged to meet there so he could give me the *shtreimel* from his car.

What would have happened if I'd remembered and gone to shul to look for the *shtreimel*? If I had searched for it a minute before *Minchah*, I would have gone to shul and discovered that the *shtreimel-macher* had forgotten to leave it there, and it was in his car...

But Hakadosh Baruch Hu gifted me with the *zechus* of *bikur cholim*, and through this He also gave me the *zechus* to honor Shabbos properly, wearing my *shtreimel*.

was about the same as going to Antarctica. What would he do in this non-Jewish land?! I started helping him look into how he could get there, and I took it upon myself to accompany him through all the medical procedures in that anonymous hospital. As it turned out, Yugoslavia was not so far away after all. In the past it had been part of the United Kingdom, and today it is a sleepy European country. The hospital there sees patients with that specific illness from all over the world, among them *Yidden* – we should never know.

Since, *baruch Hashem*, this is a rare disease, there is no Jewish support system in place. Therefore, we brought along all our food from Israel. We brought food that does not require refrigeration and hoped that everything would work out until we'd be able to return to *Eretz Hakodesh*, as quickly as possible. When we arrived, we saw how *goyish* the place was. Everyone was speaking an unfamiliar language. But they treated us respectfully, and the doctor took care of my friend properly and responsibly. *B'siyata diShmaya*, the surgery took place very professionally and was successful.

While my friend was still under the effect of anesthesia, the doctor told me, "He needs to drink a lot of milk. Give him milk!" I was in shock. I hadn't known that after this surgery one had to drink milk. We hadn't brought any milk products at all, and there were only *goyim* in sight all around us. Where would I get *chalav Yisrael* milk?!

I tried asking around, and when I saw there was no chance of getting a Yid to watch while a cow was milked in the near future, I brought my friend *chalav akum* milk. I explained that it was *pikuach nefesh*, that the doctor said he must drink large quantities of milk, but the patient stubbornly kept his mouth closed. No way was he willing to drink *chalav akum*.

I was at a loss, and I davened to Hashem to help me.

I was standing near my friend's bed when I suddenly heard someone speaking in Hebrew! "*Kevod harav*," a Yid said, approaching me, "I don't understand what the doctor is saying. Can you perhaps help me?"

I happily complied. It is truly exciting to discover a Jew in such a place. I went with him to the doctor. The doctor looked at his paperwork and said, "I don't understand why they sent you here. There was a big mistake. You are not ill with the illness we take care of. You must immediately go to a certain hospital in Israel, where they'll operate on you in the best possible way." The doctor warned him that the matter was critical and that he was to hurry home.

The Yid was confused, but within a few moments he pulled himself together and told me, "I must go to Israel, and I want to ask a favor of you. I brought a lot of food with me, and it is not possible for me to carry it all back on the plane. Is there a Yid here who might enjoy it?"

I told him I was here with a Yid who just underwent surgery, and it would certainly be of benefit to him.

And what did I discover within the packs of kosher food?! Cartons of shelf-stable milk! From Israel! With the best possible *hechsher*!

A drink we needed desperately arrived at exactly the right time. *Chalav Yisrael* milk in Yugoslavia!

This *he'aras Panim* and the excitement over the amazing revelation of *hashgachah* made me so happy, even more than the milk itself!

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

More than What Is Demanded and More than His Level

The word "absolute" seems difficult to understand. This tells us that even if a person did not implant *emunah* firmly in his heart...he should speak words of truth and *emunah* with his mouth.... And this is what "absolute" means: more than that which is implanted in his heart, he should speak with his mouth.

Moreover, it can be said that regarding all other mitzvos, a person needs to make sure that his deeds are only in accordance with the feelings in his heart and not more than that, and he should not act on a level that is beyond him. But regarding *emunah*, his revealed acts need to be more than the feelings in his heart and his inner *madreigos*.

(Based on Harav Hakadosh Rav Moshe Kobrin, *Imros Moshe*)

To Be Infused by *Emunah*

These words bring to light a new concept regarding perfection in *emunah*. Not only should one believe that Hashem provides for and sustains all of creation, from the horns of an ox to the smallest of lice eggs, but rather, all of a person's deeds should be infused by the belief that "no person can touch that which is prepared for someone else," and even if he toils for a thousand years, he will not succeed in making even one penny more than that which Hashem *yisbarach* set aside for him on Rosh Hashanah. When he truly recognizes this, then he is worthy of being called one who holds on to "absolute *emunah*." Clearly, as a result of this perfect *emunah* he will distance himself from causing harm to other people.

In light of this, the words "hold on to absolute *emunah*" mean that he should be so infused with pure *emunah* that as a natural outcome, his dealings will be faithful and he will not cause harm to others. His refraining from harming others will be derived from the perfection and purity of his *emunah*.

(Based on *Be'er Moshe*, *Parshas Behar*)

To Expand His Mind and Cling to *Emunah*

Basic *emunah* is simple faith, which is an inheritance we received from Yaakov Avinu, and absolute *emunah* means for a person to expand his mind and heart with *emunah* in Hashem and to cling to it with all his might. And clinging to it is an enactment of all the major mitzvos that branch out

of *emunah*, for "all Your mitzvos are *emunah*," and *emunah* is the foundation of all *madreigos*....

The main mitzvos that branch out of it are *bitachon*, joy, purity, clinging to Hashem, feeling shame before Hashem, and distancing oneself from forbidden thoughts...and a great *emunah* in *hashgachah pratis* and belief in the *geulah*, belief in the words of our Sages, love for Hashem, and the desire for Hashem....

This is called "absolute *emunah*," more than that of average people. Of such a person it is said, "My Eyes are upon the faithful ones of the earth," for Hashem watches over such a person with extra care....

(Based on *Shomer Emunim*, Introduction)

Hold on Consistently to Absolute *Emunah*

Rebi says: *What is the proper way for a person to choose in order to save himself from bad incidences and obstacles in this world?*

He should love rebuke, because so long as there is rebuke in the world, nachas ruach comes to the world, good and blessings come to the world, and evil departs from the world. As it says (Mishlei 24:25), "But for those who rebuke it shall be pleasant, and a good blessing will come upon them."

And there are those who say: He should consistently hold on to absolute *emunah* in *Hakadosh Baruch Hu*, and some commentators explain this to mean that his business dealings should be honest, and he should not trick other people.

(Based on *Maseches Tamid*, 28, 71)

Bringing *Emunah* Down to the Lowest Things

The meaning of "absolute *emunah*" is that if a person causes himself tremendous pain over the fact that he sinned, he should work on believing that everything is *min haShamayim*.... For example, while the *Shevatim* sinned with Yosef, everything that happened had been decreed upon him during the *Bris Bein Habesarim*.... This is the homiletic explanation of the *passuk*, "His Eyes are upon the faithful ones of the earth" – that one brings *emunah* down to the lowest things that belong to the earth.

(Based on *Sifsei Tzaddik*, *Parshas Mishpatim*)

Excerpts from the popular shiur by

Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlit"ta

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From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

The Power of Tefillah in Difficult Times

During these weeks, we read in the *parshah* about the *galus* of Mitzrayim. These *parshiyos* discuss the slavery of Am Yisrael under the Egyptian yoke, and further on, we learn the story of their redemption.

The *sefer Ohr Haganuz* brings something amazing: Bnei Yisrael merited that the *Shechinah* came down to Mitzrayim along with them, and this was in the *zechus* of their saying *Tehillim*. (In the Midrash [*Bereishis Rabbah* 68:11] it is also related that Yaakov Avinu said *Tehillim*.) And indeed, saying *perakim* of *Tehillim* is what stood by our fathers throughout the generations, in every *galus* and in every difficulty, and became a *hatzalah* and a *yeshuah* for them.

The great power of *tefillah* is revealed specifically in times of difficulty. When a person turns to Hashem through his pain, his *tefillah* reaches up to the very Heavens. As is brought in the

holy *Ohr Hachaim* (*Shemos* 2:23), "One of the [types of] *tefillas* that are accepted is a *tefillah* said during times of *tzarah*." *Tefillah* in times of *tzarah* merits a response. The pain itself is like a call from *Shamayim*, inviting the person to daven and ask for assistance. When a person davens, Hashem hears and listens and saves him.

It is known that reading the *parshah* arouses the potency of the time that is spoken about in the *parshah*. During these days of *Shovavim*, which are exalted days, let us utilize the skill of our forefathers and turn to Hashem in *tefillah* by reciting *Tehillim* and asking for a *yeshuah* from all our *tzaros*. And Hashem will hear our *tefillas* and redeem us from every pain and difficulty.



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