

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Beshalach -Yitro 5784 ■ Issue 157

HEART TO HEART

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

Those Who Seek Gratitude

There are all sorts of ways to gain . There are hired workers and independent business owners. In any case, whether it is a customer or a boss or a generous person — all are messengers of Hashem, Who provides for and sustains all of us. Therefore, we needn't get overly enthusiastic about any of them. While, yes, whoever it is was *zocheh* to be the pipeline for *shefa* for us, that person is simply carrying out his job. Let us imagine how the bank clerk hands over tens of thousands of dollars each day to anyone who comes to withdraw money from his account. Does he deserve any special type of praise for this? From now on, will we give the clerk *maftir* and *shishi* and *pesichah*? Will we honor him with *siddur kiddushin*, a *brachah* at the *chuppah*, *sandeka*'us, or some other *kibbud*? No, not at all. We'll thank him kindly for his efforts and his good service; nothing beyond that.

All those benefactors in our lives are nothing more than bank clerks. The Creator of the world gives them money so that they can pass it on to someone who needs it. When they do so, they are *zocheh* to be good messengers to do good for Hashem's creations. In the beginning of the fourth chapter, Rabbenu Bachyai writes about "one of the *chassidim*" who said: "I am stunned by one who gives his friend what the Creator decreed upon him, and afterward reminds him of his kindness and asks him to thank him."

"Reb Chatzkel," we can almost hear the benefactor ask, "did you get the check? You're sure?" He asks his question pretty loudly. He simply does not understand how the receiver didn't thank him for his generous donation. The esteemed benefactor donated a few tens of thousands, and now he is waiting for them to make some sort of party in recognition of his kindness. At the very least, when he comes for Shabbos, they should give him some sought-after honors, such as *shishi*, *maftir* and, if possible, also *pesichas haheichel* and, of course, *Mussaf*.

A Yid gave his friend an appropriate gift in honor of his wedding and now waits to be noticed. He simply does not understand how they skipped over him for *brachah acharisa*, how they went through all the *sheva brachos* and gave him nothing other than *mayim acharonim*... He sees that "If I am not for myself, who is for me?" and he verbally demands the thanks. At least they should dance together in the middle...

The *chassid*, being so conscious of the fact that money is only a *pikadon* — a deposit given to the benefactor by Hashem, questions this man's behavior. How could he ask for honor for doing something so obviously necessary?

The *chassid* continues, commenting that it is even

more of a wonder how someone who receives his sustenance from a boss or benefactor, who is obligated to give it to him, will then lower himself before him and appease him and praise him excessively.

Here he is speaking about a person who works for someone else who gives him a salary. The salary is obligatory; it is not a donation at all. The boss is obligated to pay for the work, and nonetheless the hired worker subjugates himself to him, appeases him and praises him. While the boss deserves appreciation for his honesty and loyalty, the extraneous submission to him is a wonder in the *chassid's* eyes, because the boss is not the true sustainer! Only Hashem *yisbarach* is the One Who gives sustenance to all human beings.

Immediately the question arises: What about *hakaras hatov*? In *Shaar Avodas Elokim*, Rabbenu Bachyai brings five types of people to whom one should show gratitude. In every area of Torah, in *midrashim* and in *Chazal*, we see the importance and the tremendous obligation of *hakaras hatov*. Should he not show gratitude to the benefactor, even if the benefactor was obligated to give what he gave?

The answer is that we must note the precise words of the *chassid*. First he speaks about the giver, the rich man whose *tafkid* is to give *tzedakah*. The one who receives the money should show thanks and appreciation and honor him. The giver himself, however, should remember that he is nothing other than a bank clerk who transfers the money found in his drawer. Hakadosh Baruch Hu gave the wealthy man money so that he would give it to *tzedakah*. This is his job, and on his end, he should refrain from asking for thanks and *hakaras hatov*. Then he will be *zocheh* that from *Shamayim* they will show him gratitude a million times more.

The second part of his words refer to a situation in which a person works for his *pamassah*. Here he should be careful that the need for *pamassah* doesn't cause him to lose his mind. He should not lower himself too much to the person who gives him work, and he should not change any of his decisions in life because of him. If he lowers himself too much before his boss and flatters him, he is liable to lose out on his *bitachon* in Hashem. But one who is *zocheh* to invest his *kochos* in learning *bitachon* recalls that his boss is only a messenger of Hashem's *hashgachah*. He respects him because meritorious things come about through someone who has merit, and he thanks Hashem each day for His great *chassadim* and for the fact that He sustains and provides for him through his good messengers, for His kindness is forever.

FROM THE EDITOR

Don't Worry, Hashem Is with Me

A Yid told me the following:

My seven-and-a-half-year-old son had to undergo a complex medical procedure. We, along with his *rebbe* in *cheder*, spoke to him about what he was going to go through, how to deal with the pain, and what he would do in the hospital. We did everything possible to make it pleasant for him and to prepare him for the treatment, but nothing succeeded in calming him — and to be honest, nothing succeeded in calming me. We got to the hospital, and they brought us into a room and showed us where to wait for our turn.

"Look what they sent you from *cheder*," I said to my anxious son, and I took out a bunch of letters from his classmates. It was so nice to see the drawings with wishes for a *refuah sheleimah* and a speedy recovery. Looking at the letters took his mind off what was coming for a short while, but soon I was looking for another distraction for him.

I told him, "It's not nice that no one wrote me letters. I'm also staying here to sleep in the hospital."

"Abba, they're not doing anything to you," my son explained, "only to me."

"It only seems that way," I explained to my son. "I am your father, and I care about what you're about to go through. What about writing me a letter to make me happy?"

The child accepted the suggestion, took a paper and markers, and wrote the following words in childish scrawl with various misspellings:

"Tatty, don't worry about what they're going to do to me, because Hashem is with me."

He gave me the letter with a smile that conquered all my worries, and those pure words melted away all the fears I had. What was I worrying about? Why was I so perturbed? Hashem was with him (and with me)! It was so simple and such a comfort, so exciting and encouraging.

My son's letter remains in my memory, so that whenever worry besets me, it reminds me of Who is with us and Who takes care of everything.

(The letter, and an interview with the boy, will be in the Nisan *Hashgachah Pratis* Magazine.)

Halachically, there is much import to the words of a child. If in middle of *krias haTorah* there is a question about a letter, we bring a child and ask him to read what it says. If he reads the *passuk* correctly, the *sefer Torah* is kosher; if not, it is *pasul*.

This is because a child says the truth according to the way he sees it.

And this is the letter my child wrote me, a genuine letter from a genuine child in real time: Abba, don't worry; Hashem is with me.

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

Your Sefer Is Accepted on High

My father *shlit"á* worked very hard on investigating a certain topic in Torah. He collected sources and cited them one after another, arranged clearly and skillfully. He included questions, halachic decisions, and everything else. *Baruch Hashem*, after much toil and hard work, he completed his work and the *sefer* was published.

A while passed. One day a Yid from Beitar phoned me, and he was very emotional. "Did your father write the *sefer*?" he asked, mentioning the title of the book.

I told him, "Yes, my father wrote that *sefer*; he totally invested himself in it."

"You can tell! You can truly see his investment. What a *sefer*! What work! What editing! Listen, it's a true find, this *sefer*, a feast for the eyes. Anyone who deals with this topic must learn the *sefer*. It brings all the different aspects together in an amazing, organized way. Please give him a tremendous *yasher koach* in my name. May he be *zocheh* to continue bringing merit to Am Yisrael and to increase the honor and glory of Torah!"

The name of this Yid rang a bell. I asked my friends if they'd heard of him, and then I realized that this Yid who had praised the *sefer* so highly was a great *talmid chacham* who had himself published several *sefarim*. I called my father, very excited, two hours before Shabbos, and told him about the warm praises for his *sefer* that I had heard from this *chashuveh talmid chacham*.

My father told me, "You called right on time. I was just feeling really down. I thought to myself, *Why isn't the sefer selling? Why don't more people buy it? Maybe the public doesn't like it?* And then Hakadosh Baruch Hu sent me 'regards,' specifically today, telling me how someone is enjoying the *sefer* so immensely. You truly revived my spirit."

I saw tangibly how Hakadosh Baruch Hu sends the right words at the right time. Even the most concealed emotions are revealed and known to Him, and He sends words that will heal and soothe.

He Shouldn't Walk Around There

I am a Yid from Yerushalayim. I have a son who's already had his bar mitzvah. He was a few months past his thirteenth birthday when we noticed one day that he was going bald. Round patches of bald spots appeared on his head, and the sight was certainly disturbing. We went to several doctors on our insurance plan, and they prescribed all sorts of creams. The creams did not help, and the bald spots grew larger. While it was good that he already had a bar mitzvah and wears a hat outside the house, nonetheless, even with his large *kippah* and his hat on, one could still see the patches where

Dozens of Doctors and One Heart

Both my parents left this world suddenly, *R"l*. They were both heart patients, and when their illness took their lives, it was with no prior warning. The heart stopped beating, each at the time determined for them in *Shamayim*, and they passed away. *Zichronam livrachah*.

I took this very hard. For many days I was walking around in a fog of pain. I felt fear as well. I had gotten a simple message: Heart disease is no joke. It is something that must be dealt with seriously, and if Hakadosh Baruch Hu sends good messengers in the form of doctors, then there is a need for the services they provide, even if it is unpleasant. I don't know what brought on the next stage. Was it the fact that I took my parents' passing to heart in a very personally painful way, or did genetics play a role here as well? Whatever it was, these were only the reasons sent by the One Who navigates all reasons and circumstances, Who in His great kindness gave me as well the *nisayon* of heart disease.

After experiencing certain feelings and symptoms, I went to the doctor, who determined that something was wrong with my heart. My story was somewhat different from most others. It seemed that a rare defect had formed in the heart muscle itself, and in order to fix it I would have to undergo complex surgery by a world-renowned specialist, the only expert in this type of problem. All the *askanim* I spoke with directed me to him and said, "If you value your life, make sure he does the surgery!"

This world-renowned doctor is in the United States, working in a hospital in Minnesota. From my perspective, that is at the end of the earth. The U.S. is a huge country full of non-Jews. I asked if there was a Jewish community Minnesota, and I was told that it was highly probable that while there I would not see even one Jewish face, unless there would be someone else in need of this hospital – something I do not wish on anyone.

Those in the know explained what would be: You get to the hospital and you are admitted. Of course you aren't there all the time. You need to rent an apartment nearby. Check in for the surgery, go back to the apartment, return for a check-up, leave again and return again, and the whole time you need to deal with the weakness and the pain of recovery. This difficult process would easily stretch into about half a year of *galus*.

What would be with the children at home? My wife would have to come along to be at my side and help with everything I would need. What about davening with a minyan? Since my bar mitzvah I had not missed davening with a minyan! What about *shiurim* in Torah? How would I get through a half a year in a place teeming with *goyim* and no shul? And how would the family in Eretz Yisrael cope? I have business in Eretz Yisrael. I manage a chain of stores and a successful factory, and with all this I have never left Eretz Yisrael. I have always managed my connections abroad through deliveries. I have importers who do the work for me, but I myself have never left Eretz Yisrael. I saw it as a *zechus* and an obligation to live in Eretz Yisrael, and now that this decree had landed on me – to leave and go to *chutz la'Aretz*?! It seemed impossible. What did I have to do with *chutz la'Aretz*? What did a Yid from the Holy Land have to do with the impurities of the lands of other nations? I felt sharp pain just from thinking about parting from the Holy Land, the Palace of the King. All this even before we started talking about money. Where would I get hold of the astronomical sums needed for the surgery and everything that came along with it?

These thoughts threatened to make me lose my mind. I felt unable to deal with the whole issue. I asked anyone and everyone who had some medical connection, and it was recommended that I consult with a senior advisor who knows many things; perhaps he could find an alternate solution.

I set up a meeting with this advisor on the night after *Zos Chanukah*. He sat and listened to me seriously, but he had nothing new to say. "There is nothing to do," he said. "The professor works only in Minnesota, and you must get there as quickly as possible! You must do this, and Minnesota is Minnesota. You'll have to cope. Don't waste time. Your life is on the line!"

I left the advisor, shell-shocked. My last hope had blown up in my face. If that advisor too was telling me there was no other option, then this was it; there simply was none. What would be here? It was impossible for me to travel and be among *goyim* for half a year. It was simple...no, it was not simple...wasn't it enough that I would have to undergo heart surgery? Did I also have to suffer such a bitter *galus*?

I was so confused, so afraid, and in such a state of panic. I entered a shul to daven Maariv, and the *chazzan* began, "Hashem *Tzevakos* is with us, a support for us!" At that moment I grabbed hold of "the skills of my forefathers" – to daven. To daven to Hashem, the Healer of

On the giving end

After waiting for many years, we were finally *zocheh* to give birth to a son! We feel that this tremendous *zechus* came our way in the merit of our decision to strengthen ourselves in *emunah* and *bitachon*. Therefore, with joy and gratitude, we would like to make a donation so that more people will be *zocheh* to strengthen themselves and to see *yeshuos* and miracles.

On the receiving end

I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the tremendous *chizuk* that I get from your newsletters and the *shiurim* on your phone line. I want to especially thank you for Rav Mandel's incredible *shiurim*. His words are full of *chizuk* and good advice. Several times I found myself in a bad mood, and after carrying out Rav Mandel's advice regarding the importance of positive thought, there was a noticeable improvement in my situation. Thank you!

all who are ill. "Hashem, save us! The King will answer us!" What words! Hashem is the King of the entire world and of all the doctors and all the *refuot*, and He is the One Who saves us and answers us, and here I was about to daven *Shemoneh Esrei*, to have a personal meeting with the Master of the world, Who can do everything and anything – "Who is like You, the Master of all power!"

That *Maariv* was for me like *Ne'ilah* of Yom Kippur, perhaps even more intense. I understood with all my senses and all my bones as one: I am dependent only on the kindness of *Shamayim*, only on Him, and He is the only Savior. *Ein od milvado*. I begged Hakadosh Baruch Hu with all my heart to heal me and grant me long life and spare me from that *galus* in Minnesota. In the meantime, we continued preparing for surgery. My wife started arranging the finances with my health insurance provider. While she was working on the bureaucracy, I was getting weaker and weaker. In Tel Hashomer hospital they started preparing the forms for the surgery, and my heart continued giving warning signs. They were working under pressure and devoted a full week to nonstop preparations, understanding that this was not a matter that could be postponed. It was literally *pikuach nefesh*.

They set up an appointment for me to have surgery in Minnesota three weeks later, and I continued to daven, with *emunah* and *bitachon* that Hakadosh Baruch Hu could do anything. Less than a week after Chanukah, in the beginning of Teves, I got a call. "Do you have a chair? Sit down." That's what they told me, probably afraid for my heart. Who knew what they were going to say? I was alive. What had they discovered there in the X-rays? Who knew what other problems they'd found!

I sat down on the chair and informed them that I was all ears and ready to hear whatever surprising news they had for me. "You're not going to believe it!" they said, but I believed it, and how. "There is a very wealthy Jew who suffers from something similar to you, and he paid a huge amount of money – ten times more than what you are paying – for the professor to come to Israel. The professor is coming to our hospital for 24 hours. We in the hospital want to learn his unique method, and therefore we will make every effort for the operating room to be available with the anesthesiologist and everything you need so that he'll be able to operate on you. If he agrees, perhaps you will not need to travel to Minnesota. In the meantime, stop all your arrangements and wait for next Sunday."

He said "if" and "maybe," but I held on to this news like a lifesaving rope. Several days of *chizuk* in *emunah* and *bitachon*, *tefillah* and *tzedakah*, passed for us. I saw the news as a *he'arah* from *Shamayim*, as though a message had been sent to me: Your *tefillot* have been answered; continue davening.

A day before the professor arrived, I was admitted to the hospital in the hope that the professor would also have time for me. Only once he came did they tell him that there was another patient waiting for him, and he said, "No problem. If there's time, I'll operate on him as well." The wealthy man's surgery began toward evening. Six hours passed, and his surgery was complete. There was enough time left for me as well, and the hospital went into high gear. They wanted to take advantage of my surgery in order to learn the method, and they called cardiologists and surgeons from all over the country to come and observe the surgery. Some were allowed into the operating room itself, and some were allowed to view it from another room set aside for this purpose.

A moment before I went in, the professor came over to me. He was a tall, imposing Gentile, truly huge, and he pressed my hand. I felt immediately that he would be a good messenger, because even when he pressed my hand, I could feel the special flexibility in his fingers. At those moments before the anesthesia, I davened to Hashem the whole time to heal me, and to stand at the side of the doctor He'd sent me.

They said the surgery was supposed to take eight hours, but *l'maaseh*, it took only six hours. The medical staff was thrilled with the whole situation. They left excited by the professor's exacting work and related that the surgery had been a true "experience."

It is not pleasant to be the subject of this sort of "experience," but the thought that the hospital's interest, along with the professor's surprising visit, were the reasons that Hashem navigated so that they would want to give me the best possible conditions in order to get through the surgery, brought me to a sense of deep gratitude to the Creator of all worlds, in Whose Hands are all living souls. He is the Healer of all flesh, Who does wonders.

After I woke up I met the professor again. He told me that the surgery had been "very good, very fine." He did not know how to state the simple truth – that we'd had special *siyatta diShmaya*.

I was hospitalized in Tel Hashomer for only one week. The family did not fall apart, and business continued as usual. And the main thing – I was *zocheh* to daven with a minyan, to hear *shiurei Torah* and *Daf Yomi*. I was *zocheh* to live the halachic way of life of a Jew in Eretz Yisrael. For a long while, I continued coming to the hospital regularly for checkups, until they confirmed that everything was fine.

Twenty-five years have passed since then, and my heart continues beating with tremendous thanks to the Creator of *refuot*, the Master of wonders, Who renews the creation in His goodness each day.

May Hashem continue to help us and send a *refuah sheleimah* to all the ill people of His nation Yisrael.

his hair had fallen out. We were also afraid. What would be next? Who knew whether the baldness would reach his *peyos* as well?

We tried smearing perfumed *besamim* water, we poured Havdalah wine on the problematic spots..., but all the *segulahs* were of no use. We davened to Hashem to help us, seeing no other solution.

One day I was at the *bris* of a family member, and I met a Yid who knew about my son's problem. "Listen," he told me, "the exact same thing happened to my daughter, and *baruch Hashem* she got better." He gave me his wife's phone number so that she could speak to my wife, and I thanked him sincerely.

The women spoke to each other, and the conclusion they reached from the conversation was: In Tel Hashomer Hospital there is a special clinic that takes care of sudden baldness, a condition known as alopecia. This baldness is not caused by a virus or germ, but rather is brought on by biological causes. The body attacks itself; it might have resulted from panic due to the war. The treatment uses a special method that they discovered which, *baruch Hashem*, helped that family's daughter and many other people as well.

I understood that I would have to go to this clinic, but my heart fell. How do I take such a young child who was recently *bar mitzvah* and bring him to a place where there are such difficult *nisyonos* in *shemiras einayim*? How could I expose him to such physical and spiritual dangers?!

But if the *hishtadlus* for his cure needed to take place in Tel Hashomer, then I had no choice. I made an appointment at the clinic and hoped that my *hishtadlus* would be complete with that. At the same time, I invested in *tefillah* from the depth of my heart. I knew that everything was in Hashem's Hands, and I davened that we would not need to go to Tel Hashomer so that my son, the *bachur* Hashem had gifted to me, would safeguard his holy eyes.

The appointment was set up for the beginning of Cheshvan. On the day of the appointment, I looked at my son's head. I already knew where all his bald spots were, and I knew exactly where to look; and then I saw that in the place where his hair had fallen out, new hair had started to grow! While it was not yet complete, there was definite improvement. To date we had only seen the bald spots getting larger, and now it seemed that they were getting smaller.

I immediately made an appointment with the doctor in our local clinic. This was also *hashgachah pratis* – how the appointment was immediately available on that morning; and I took my son to the doctor. The doctor checked him and said, "If it's growing in like this, you can probably wait with the Tel Hashomer appointment and see how things develop."

I immediately called to cancel the appointment and scheduled another one for three months later.

After three months, we no longer needed a doctor to tell us that we did not need a specialized clinic. The hair just grew back, and we witnessed with our own eyes how this mysterious disease simply disappeared. He was completely healed through the Healer of all flesh, without our needing to go to the hospital. *Baruch Hashem*, we were *zocheh*, and he safeguarded his eyes. May Hashem help us further, and may this story strengthen him and all the readers in *shemiras einayim*, which brings much blessing and healing.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

His Actions Are Perfect

A person should never question Hashem's ways. When he sees what appears to be injustice, especially when it seems that a righteous man suffers and a wicked man has it good, He should know that Hashem's ways are perfect. And although it is impossible to comprehend His ways, sometimes the "injustices" he perceives are in order to cleanse the tzaddik of his sins. This is like drinking a bitter medicine, which causes a little bit of discomfort in order to cleanse the body of disease. And sometimes a wicked person is granted success so that he will receive all his reward in this world. This is like fattening an ox or a goose, which is meant for its harm – preparing it to be slaughtered. And sometimes what a person experiences in life is not because he himself deserves that reward or punishment, but rather, it is part of Hashem's general managing of the world. And that is why it says both "Hashem is good to all" and "Hashem is good to those who place their hope in Him." When a person waters his field, he waters everything, but when he hoes, he is hoes only the good areas.

(Beis Habechirah LaMe'in)

Yissurim Are for One's Good

The Gaon Reb Aryeh Leib of Kovno *zt"l* asked: It would seem that Dovid Hamelech, in whose time it was good for Am Yisrael, should have said, "Hashem is good to those who place their hope in Him," while Yirmeyahu, in whose times the *goyim* were successful, should have said, "Hashem is good to all." He explains that "those who place their hope in Him" implies that while right now it is not good, they hope that the end will be good and that everything Hashem does is for the good. This is the explanation of "when He waters" – meaning when He is *mashpia* good, "He waters all of it," meaning that He gives everyone good, and this was during Dovid's times. "And when He hoes" – meaning when He gives *yissurim*, the end is good. He does it only to those who are good. That is why Yirmeyahu said,

"Hashem is good to those who place their hope in Him," meaning that while right now it seems bad, the end will be good."....

I heard from my son-in-law that a *rebbe* once punished one of his *talmidim* more than the other, and they asked him, "Why are you punishing him more?" He responded, "He is my son, and because of my love for him, I am punishing him more, so that he will know better." In the same way,

since we experience *yissurim* more than others, we are important to Hashem as sons are to their fathers.

(As explained in *Ein Elyahu*)

Good Reward Only to Those Who Place Their Hope in Him

Rabi Elazar asks about two *pesukim* that seem to contradict each other: The first *passuk* is "Hashem is good to all" (*Tehillim* 145:9), and the second *passuk* is "Hashem is good to those who place their hope in Him," (*Eichah* 3:25), which implies that He is only good to those who trust in Him.

This can be explained through a parable: If a person waters his field, he waters everything, including the weeds, because it is all included in that one act of watering, but when he hoes and digs, each bit of the field is dug individually, so he works on only the good plants.

Likewise, Hashem sustains both good and bad people, because with one Word he fills the earth with all the food that everyone needs; but when it comes to protecting them from harm or paying their reward, He does so only for those who trust in Him.

(Based on *Maseches Sanhedrin* 39b)

The Miraculous Hanhagah Applies Only to Am Yisrael

Hashem runs His world in two ways: One is the natural way, wherein all the creations are equal and there is no difference between the good and the bad. And the other is through *hashgachah pratis*, which is a miraculous way, and which applies only to Am Yisrael and is not controlled by the constellations. Hashem Himself supervises His nation, caring for each individual in accordance with his ways and as a result of his actions.

Each *passuk* refers to one of these levels. "Hashem is good

to all" refers to the natural *hanhagah*, which includes both good and evil people. The owner of a field gives water – something that is necessary – to all the plants in his field, for the trees cannot exist without it. Likewise, the natural *hanhagah* is necessary for the world, and therefore it benefits the evil people as well.

But the second aspect is additional *shefa*, which results from a miraculous *hanhagah* that applies only to Am Yisrael. Hashem is *mashgiach* personally over every Jew. As it says, "Hashem is good to those who place their hope in Him" – when He hoes.... This is the aspect of additional good extended to specific trees, good that is not absolutely necessary for living.

(Siach Yitzchak)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

After *Krias Yam Suf*, Miriam Haneviah stood up with a drum in her hand and said the *shirah*: "And Miriam Haneviah, the sister of Aharon, took the drum in her hand."

The fact that the Torah identifies Miriam's *yichus* as a sister of Aharon begs explanation. (See explanations about this in the *mefarshim*.) It can be explained that Aharon is mentioned here in order to praise him. Aharon sees the greatness of his brother Moshe and his sister Miriam, and he accepts this wholeheartedly, without jealousy, as the *passuk* praises him, "And he shall see you and be happy in his heart."

Having an *ayin tovah* is a noble and exalted *middah*. Its height is revealed specifically when good things come to those who are closest to us, to those people who might arouse our jealousy. It was specifically toward these people that Aharon had no jealousy at all. Rather, he was happy about their success, praising them and doing good to them.

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

The Power of an Ayin Tovah

A person with an *ayin tovah* understands that the greatness of his relatives does not take away from his own importance. He knows that he is in the best possible situation that can be for him and that he is armed with all the tools he requires in order to reach his own *shleimus*.

The opposite of an *ayin tovah* is *tzarus ayin*. The word *Mitzrayim* symbolizes *tzarus ayin*. A person who lives with *tzarus ayin* is always feels stressed ("*b'mitzar*"), since he cannot bear that other people are successful. Bnei Yisrael left *Mitzrayim* specifically in the *zechus* of the two brothers, Moshe and Aharon, who were blessed with an *ayin tovah* and who always respected each other. As it says in *Rashi* on the *passuk*, "Speak to the whole congregation of Yisrael" – "that they displayed respect for one another."

Adopt for yourself the *middah* of *ayin tovah*, and thus you'll be *zocheh* to leave all your *meitzarim* behind.



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