

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Emor - Behar 5784 ■ Issue 163

HEART TO HEART

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

The Reason Behind All Reasons and Circumstances

In the beginning of the era of flight, a Yid came to the Chazon Ish and told him earthshaking news that had been publicized in the papers. "Rebbe!" he called out worriedly. "Do you know what they wrote in the papers? A plane with seventy passengers crashed, and not one of the passengers survived. And all this happened because of one loose screw. The screw fell off in midair, and the entire plane lost its balance and plunged into the ocean." People wanted to know what the Chazon Ish would say about this episode, in order to hear *daas Torah* and to know what the proper outlook on this terrible tragedy, *l'a*, should be.

The Chazon Ish responded: That is not how you tell a story. What actually happened was that the Creator of the world decreed that the lives of seventy people were to end on this day, and He gathered them all together on one plane. There was one man who was not on this "black list," so he missed the flight at the last moment. On the other hand, there was another man who did not plan on traveling, but when he heard there was an available spot, he joined the flight, not because of bad luck, but because this is what was decreed for him. Any incident that happens or that does not happen depends on the decree of the One Above, and the deeds of mankind are only *sibos* — circumstances that bring about Hashem's decree in a seemingly natural manner. There are all types of ways, processes, plans and deeds that cause people to feel as though they are deciding and creating things, but in truth, the One Who orchestrates all circumstances and processes makes them come about in order to carry out His decree. This is exactly what was meant to be, *l'chatchilah*. And all the reasons and errors and "bad luck," or the opposite, all are *sibos* that will lead to the result that had been decreed ahead of time from Above.

In chapter 3 of *Shaar Habitachon*, Rabbenu Bachyai emphasizes that it is not only the final result that is the decree of the Creator, for even quantity, quality, time and place of every physical thing is decreed by Hashem *yisbarach*, and no creation is capable of adding or detracting from Hashem's precise decree, nor to cause it to come about earlier or later than when Hashem decreed.

Sometimes, we see witness tremendous upheavals. It seems that the amount of food in the world is too little, and then with the invention of all sorts of heavy machinery used in the field, and other discoveries that influence the amount of produce, it seems that man has control over the quantity of food in the

world. Likewise, in the past, one had to travel for many days, weeks and months to get from one place to another, and now, with the development of modern transportation — train, cars and planes — you can get anywhere much faster. We see so many transformations in the world, and one can think that it is possible to change Hashem's decree, but in fact the opposite is true. These transformations themselves are the original decrees of the Creator. Was there anything holding the Creator *yisbarach* back from allowing electricity to be discovered two thousand years ago? It would have been no problem whatsoever. But the Heavenly plan was that the power of electricity would be discovered only in recent centuries, and thus Hashem arranged for there to be people who would study the forces of nature until they would invent the electric light bulb. Thus, every technological advancement is the result of Hashem's decree. The King of the world determined that this is what would be in the world at this time. He Alone did all of this! It could not have happened before and not afterward, but rather at the exact time that had been set at the beginning of creation.

This is, obviously, only one example. Chana, the mother of Shmuel Hanavi, summed up this idea in three words: "*V'lo niskenu alilos*" — all deeds are arranged according to His will. All the people and the machinery and the thoughts and people's plans, all of these are *sibos* — circumstances that are meant to complete Hashem *yisbarach*'s plan. Even our *tefillos*, the prayers of every Jew, are counted and recorded in *Shamayim*, and no *tefillah* is lost. In Chana's *tefillah* there are 113 words. The *Shemoneh Esrei* we say on weekdays is composed of 19 *brachos*, and the number of words in the conclusions of each *brachah*, from "*Baruch Atah Hashem Magen Avraham*" until "*Hamevareich es amo Yisrael bashalom*," total exactly 113.

Even the *tefillos* that we say — for every *refuah* and every *yeshuah*, for the *geulah* and for the building of the *Beis Hamikdash*, for knowledge and for *nachas* — everything is calculated, in quality and in quantity. How much encouragement this concept gives every Yid, how much hope and joy! Hakadosh Baruch Hu Himself counts each *tefillah*, and my *tefillos* are part of the plan for creation to come closer to Hashem, and thus to fulfill the goal of crowning the Creator *yisbarach* as King of the world.

May Hashem enable us to serve him with *emunah* and *bitachon* and to see His *hashgachah pratis* with our own eyes, with joy and satisfaction.

FROM THE EDITOR

Seven Times Thank You

No one imagined that the news would create such an upheaval. No one thought that over the course of seven years, the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line would turn into a part of life, that Yidden would relate to the phone line as if it had always been there, that they would draw so much strength from it, so much hope, encouragement and comfort.

No one thought back then that this phone line would be the gift that keeps on giving, and that the ideas expressed would be expounded upon more and more. And now we see that this line was sent to us from *Shamayim* to infuse us with strength and to give us true *chizuk* in *emunah peshutah*, powerful *bitachon*, and a connection to the Creator of all worlds.

The phone line was launched on Thursday, 10 Iyar 5778. The story of Tova Shachor *a"h* had reached its happy ending, and we grabbed hold of the *hisorerus* that abounded, and subsequently we have been aroused with additional *hisorerus* each morning anew.

Those in the know said that if the phone line would last three months, it would be a miracle.

Logically, they were right. Phone lines that exist only for our Torah communities seldom function for very long, but as Torah leaders testify, this line does not belong to one person; it is the phone line of all of Klal Yisrael.

A Yid told me that when he was in the airport, waiting in a long line, another Yid came over to him and gave him the *Hashgachah Pratis* biweekly newsletter. "This is a custom I've adopted for myself," the man told him. "Whenever I travel abroad I take along a pack of these newsletters to strengthen Yidden in *emunah* and *bitachon* wherever they may be." Yidden feel a personal connection to the newsletter, because it belongs to all of Klal Yisrael. It is the phone line of Am Yisrael, the special light that Hakadosh Baruch Hu brought down into the world in order to illuminate this generation.

Now that it has been seven full years since the opening of the phone line, I am using these lines to thank Hashem *yisbarach* in the name of all of Am Yisrael, to thank Hakadosh Baruch Hu for giving me the *zechus* to be part of this great mission. As the Alishch declares in *Parshas Vayishlach*, one should not be ungrateful. The way of Hashem is that if someone is ungrateful for the good that Hashem granted him, then Hashem does not continue to give it. So it is a *zechus* and an obligation for me to thank Hakadosh Baruch Hu for the past seven years, whereby: Close to a million stories were heard on the phone line, from all corners of the world.

Over 20 million newsletters were printed in three languages.

A wellspring of faith and joy entered the homes of Am Yisrael, and it influences the entire family.

The monthly magazine was launched.

For seven years, people's lives have been transformed for the good in the *zechus* of the *Hashgachah Pratis* initiative.

For seven years, people received the gift of living with the feeling that they have a loving Father, Who provides total support.

Ribbono shel Olam, we thank You for all the good that You have showered on Am Yisrael, and we are asking You to enable us to be *zocheh* to continue strengthening Am Yisrael, to enliven their hearts with pure *emunah* and closeness to You, to implant hope and to bring the joy of being a *ma'amin*, and the serenity of being a *boteiach*, to every Yid.

עד הנה עזרתם רחמיק, ואל תטשנו ה' אלוקינו לנצח!

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

The Envelope

"You must hear what happened to Reb Shmuel *shlit"a*," a friend told me. After I heard his story, I decided to share it.

Reb Shmuel *shlit"a* is one of the *talmidei chachamim* in Yeshivas Mir. On this particular day, he was davening Maariv at 9 p.m. He was in middle of the section before *Krias Shema*, when he suddenly recalled something very important. Just that morning, he had come to *kollel* in the Mir with an envelope containing 3,000 shekels. He recalled having later placed the envelope on the bench in the *beis medrash*, but he could not remember taking it back from there.

Reb Shmuel hurried to push the thought out of his mind. He was davening, and there was no point in harping on it. After davening, he searched his pockets and discovered that his suspicions were well founded. Apparently, he had left the envelope on the bench at the end of *seider*, two hours earlier, at 7 p.m. It was quite likely that the non-Jewish cleaning man had already taken care of the room, and of the envelope as well. What could he do in order to at least attempt to salvage the money?

There are cameras that film everything in the Mir beis midrash, he thought to himself, *so if the non-Jewish cleaner took the money for himself, I still have hope*. He would go and see if the envelope was still there, even if it was empty, and with Hashem's help, through the cameras, they would discover where the money had gone as well.

Rav Shmuel went to the yeshivah, searched for the envelope in the *beis medrash*, and did not find it – not on the bench and not on the floor. He asked Hashem to help him think of an idea for what to do next.

It entered his mind that the envelope had certainly been thrown into the garbage.

He went over to the trash can, but it was empty.

He went to the large dumpster belonging to the yeshivah, hoping to recognize the bag that had recently been thrown into it. Here he really needed *rachamei Shamayim*, since the dumpster belonging to the Mir yeshivah has a unique electronic mechanism: Every couple of hours, there is an automatic lever that presses down all the garbage inside the dumpster in order to make room for the next bags.

The chances of his finding the right garbage bag were very slim, but he strengthened his *emunah* in Hakadosh Baruch Hu, Who would safeguard the envelope for him even under such conditions. He went over to the dumpster and discovered that it was still full. In the last two hours, the lever hadn't worked! He recognized the garbage bag from the room where his *kollel* learned, took it out, and found, to his surprise, not only the envelope but also the money. The envelope had been thrown out with all its contents, down to the last shekel!

"Do you understand?" my friend said. "Look how Reb Shmuel did not lose his *emunah* at any stage, and he anticipated a *yeshuah* the entire time. He went

What Is Supposed to Come, Will Come

I am a real estate broker. I gather information about sellers, locate buyers, and, *b'siyata diShmaya*, bring about deals that please everyone, including myself. I certainly earn my salary, with all the work I invest to bring two sides to sign a contract.

One of the people I dealt with was a friend of mine from way back. He received excellent service, closed on the deal, got his money, and then forgot about me.

I reminded him that he owed me money. At first he nodded and said the money would come, and later on he said he thought the price was too high. I told him this was the going rate, and we could go to a *din Torah*, and the *beis din* would certainly obligate him to pay me. At this point, he simply avoided me; he did everything he could so as not to meet me.

I was upset about the money I had lost, but I told myself that my heart was worth more than money, and the constant running after him was not doing any good for my health. I decided to stop running after him. I would not initiate any meetings with him anymore, nor attempt to reach him by phone, nor run after him in any way whatsoever. However, if I would happen to meet him, then I would not be lazy; I would ask for what was rightfully coming to me.

One day when it was time for *Minchah*, I went to a shul that I usually do not frequent, and I came face-to-face with the man who owed me money. I spoke to him like a friend and reminded him of his old debt. He reacted by raising his voice and displaying anger at a level I never even knew existed. We quickly became a subject of interest for anyone coming in to the shul. He claimed I was running after him and ruining his life, and what did I want from him! And he rained down upon me curses and bad words. I have no way of remembering exactly what else he said, since at that moment I lifted my feet and ran away from there.

I did not say one word to him. Not one word about all the work I had done for him and the efforts I had invested in him in a field that is my source of income. Not one word about the fact that he was at fault in this whole episode. He is the one who raised his voice and almost raised his hand, while I spoke peacefully and only reminded him of what he needed to know.

"Those who are insulted and do not insult..." I told myself. This time I was *zocheh* to be included in this supreme description, and to illuminate the world like the sun at its peak; but I did not feel any light in my heart. For me, it was dark and painful and hard and insulting. The sight of the people who had gathered and were looking intently at me as I was being humiliated and treated like dust returned to my mind's eye again and again. I came home and cried like a small child.

Several hours passed. Night fell upon the city and upon all the apartments I had brokered and upon others that I would mediate, with Hashem's help, in the future. I went out to breathe some fresh air and to feel the wind that Hashem sent to caress my face. Do I always do only good? Did I not ever make mistakes? Did I not ever stumble? How much had my deeds caused Hakadosh Baruch Hu pain? How much did I ask again and again, night and morning and afternoon, "Forgive me, my Father, for I sinned"? And Hakadosh Baruch Hu is a King Who forgives, Who answers my cries and forgives all my sins. I decided to attach myself to His *middos*, and I would forgive the man who owed me money! Clearly, his outburst didn't come from a place of pleasure and inner peace. It was quite likely that he was in pain, and therefore it was difficult for him to be reminded of his debt. Yes, yes. The good wind and the pleasant air, the beauty of Hakadosh Baruch Hu's world, strengthened me, and I felt that, indeed, this was what was appropriate for me to do: to emulate the *middos* of Hashem and to forgive.

How much thanks there is to be given for a moment of such inner *he'arah*! "I forgive the man who owes me money, for everything," I said with conviction to the dark horizon. "Not only for the shame of today, but also for the entire debt! I hereby forgive him with complete forgiveness, and from this point on he owes me nothing. His debt is as though it never was; it does not exist, and it is lost and nullified from the world."

In order to make this complete without a shadow of doubt, I sent a messenger to him to inform him that his debt was completely erased.

Several months passed. A spirit of purity hovered over everything. It was Erev Yom Kippur, and I got a phone call from this Yid who no longer owed me any money. He apologized for his behavior and asked me to accept a compromise and allow him to pay half the sum.

"You don't owe me anything," I reminded him. "I forgave you with complete forgiveness for the debt, and you can be calm. Really. Go into Yom Kippur happily, with a good feeling.

On the giving end

Something incredible happened in our office. A routine phone conversation became a moment of excitement and thanksgiving. A dear Yid made a significant contribution for the dissemination of *emunah* and *bitachon*. But the story did not end there.

A few hours later the phone rang once again. The man related that several hours after making that donation, he was miraculously saved from a terrible car accident. In tears, he explained that in retrospect, he saw his donation as a protection for him, as if it were a *kami'a*, and he immediately decided to express his thanks to Hashem with an additional donation of the same sum.

On the receiving end

Soon we are going to be celebrating my son's bar mitzvah, and along with the feelings of joy that flooded me, there was also a certain heaviness; I hadn't a notion of how to begin. As a constant listener to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, especially to Rav Mandel's *shiurim*, I drew encouragement. I decided to adopt his idea and to give thanks to Hashem. I must tell you that I subsequently saw a truly miraculous *yeshuah* — sums of money started flowing in, in unexpected ways, and with Hashem's help we will celebrate a perfect *simchah*, with great joy.

Everything is okay."

But he did not feel so good about my *mechilah* and the whole series of encounters that had taken place between us. After several more words were exchanged between us, once I understood that it would be a true *chesed* on my part, I agreed to accept the sum that he wanted to give me, as a gift.

A while later, I heard that this very same person was interested in selling his apartment. He advertised in several places, so I found out about it easily, but I kept my distance. The recent history had not done good things for our connection, and I understood that it would be better for me to allow other agents to deal with this apartment.

Others did not understand what I understood, however. For some reason, no agent succeeded in helping this Yid sell his apartment. He met me a year after he had put his apartment on the market and discussed his difficulty. He needed money desperately, but he could not sell the apartment. "Would you agree to use my real estate services?" I asked him. This time he knew exactly what I meant, and what this meant regarding the payment that would be coming to me at the end of the deal.

"Yes; *halevai* you should succeed in selling it."

I took down the details of the apartment, I analyzed the data, and I suggested it to the proper people, and with tremendous *siyata diShmaya*, within two weeks the apartment was sold.

From this deal, I got a cut worth forty times the amount he had owed me from the previous deal – the amount I had forgiven!

If I hadn't forgiven him, if I had persisted in trying to get the money he owed me, we would have continued fighting all our lives. He most certainly would not have gotten my help in selling his apartment. I saw how Hakadosh Baruch Hu manipulated events so that I would see with my own eyes how the complete *mechilah* I had given brought with it *shefa* and *brachah*. May Hashem continue to bestow peace and harmony upon all of *acheinu Beis Yisrael*!

An Apartment for Half the Price

I was living in one of the holes that had been turned into living units in Yerushalayim *shel maalah*, somewhere atop all the other floors. It was a type of attic, where one could fit a table, a bed, and a lamp. When someone asked about my future plans, I told them with conviction, "I want an apartment in Yerushalayim." Anyone who heard this looked at me like I had fallen from the moon. Taking into account the high floor where I lived and the high rent I paid, by all logic this was not tenable.

I knew that the price of a decent-size apartment was well over the 2 million shekel mark. I knew that even if I was willing to pay it, I would need *rachamei Shamayim* in order to find an apartment in the area where I would want to live, but all this did not stop me from wanting what I felt was right for me.

My wife said we had to be logical and to think of a plausible way of purchasing an apartment. I thought about it logically, and my conclusion was: Anywhere in the world, it is no easy feat to purchase a home. There is no such thing as a free apartment, and any sum you would need comes with hardship. Being that the money is coming from *Shamayim*, from Hakadosh Baruch Hu, Who is the Owner of all the gold and silver in the world, there is no difference for Him between sending me 800,000 shekels or 2,200,000 shekels. It is all the same to Him. Besides, money was not the only aspect. There were all sorts of ways that Hashem could send me an apartment. I would need to daven, and I invested all my *kochos* in this. I davened from the depths of my heart and asked Hashem to have pity on me and to give me an apartment in Yerushalayim. I believed He would listen to my *tefillah*, and I anticipated His *yeshuah*.

One day, I was walking on a street in Yerushalayim when a man came over to me and asked me, "Do you know anyone who needs an apartment in this area?"

I told him, "Yes, I do."

"Look," he said, pointing to a specific apartment. "This apartment belongs to someone who's been trying to sell for a number of years and hasn't succeeded. He met people several times who almost signed, but they all backed out at the last minute. He needs the money urgently, and he's willing to sell the apartment for half the price."

I asked to see the apartment, and I was very pleased with it. An apartment selling for "key money," and quite large – 90 square meters. The price? Less than a million shekels, rather than two million.

If someone were to tell me that they would run after me in order to sell me an apartment in Yerushalayim, I would say that it's impossible. But if Hashem wants, he sends you an apartment at a price you can manage.

Because for Hakadosh Baruch Hu there are no statistics. Each person is an only son. All you need to do is ask!

back to the *beis medrash* and saw that the envelope was not there, and therefore he continued searching in the trash can. It was not there, so he searched in the dumpster, and in the end he got to the money!"

When Hakadosh Baruch Hu does all this, with precise *hashgachah*, then even if it would have ended differently, the conclusion would have been the same: Hakadosh Baruch Hu does what is the best for us.

The Story of a Baguette

One evening I was sitting and learning in the *beis medrash* as usual, when suddenly a Yid came over to me and said, "Come quickly."

I went over to him. "What is so urgent?"

"Come with me to my car – it'll be worth your while," he told me. "We're going to the bakery now," the Yid explained. "Every Monday night, the owner of the bakery takes out all the leftovers. I have an arrangement with him that I distribute all the leftover baked goods, and this time, when I saw you sitting there and learning, I thought it was appropriate to give some of them to you. They're really worth it – all types of special breads and rolls."

This whole episode seemed strange to me. How was it that one fine evening someone decided that specifically I needed to get fresh loaves of bread from the bakery, and why was it suddenly so urgent? But these questions would not stop me from enjoying the tasty rolls and long dark baguettes.

I checked and saw that the bakery had an excellent *hechsher*, and I took the pack of rolls and baguettes. This Yid also brought me back to the shul, where I continued learning until the end of the *seider*, and only afterward did I go home with the bag of baked goods.

It will be nice to surprise the children, I thought. They would certainly ask me what I had in the bag and would enjoy discovering the rolls that they could take to school. But the minute I opened the door of my home, right after a heartfelt greeting, they asked me, "Abba, right you brought us baguettes?"

"How do you know?" I asked in amazement.

"Because we davened for it!"

They kept interrupting one another excitedly until I got the full, amazing story: My daughter is learning photography, and for one of her projects, she very much wanted to have a real baguette for the following day in order to take a picture of a baby holding a baguette.

It isn't clear to me why this specific baguette was *zocheh*, and to my good fortune, I was not asked to express an opinion on the matter. In our home, we usually don't buy things we don't really need, and it seemed like buying the baguette merely for a picture would not have justified the expense. My daughter had told her siblings, "Come, let's all daven that Hashem should send us a baguette without our having to buy it. He should simply send it to us."

She started to daven, and all her brothers and sisters davened for her as well.

And because this was a genuine *tefillah* from the depths of her heart, Hashem sent her the baguette, and everyone earned, on the way, delicious baguettes for their morning meal in school.

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Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Ongoing Hope

A person should trust in Hashem through all his travails and struggles.... The concept of hope is when a person anticipates the mercies of his Creator, knowing that there is no one other than Hashem who can help him and extricate him from his predicaments.... When he hopes and awaits salvation, he stands before Hashem with awe, and his eyes are turned heavenward, and he thinks of nothing other than Hashem. This is why it says in *Tehillim* (40:2), "I hoped and I hoped" (*kavo kivisi*), meaning that I hoped a lot. If someone does not hope properly, he could come to apostasy if he doesn't receive what he hope for. That is why we are specifically commanded to anticipate salvation and place our hope in Hashem again and again, no matter how long it takes. This is the proper way to hope, dream, and anticipate salvation.

(Based on Ba'alai Bris Avraham, Rav Avraham Azulai ztk"l, on *Tehillim* 40)

Hope Follows Hope

... "Place your hope in Hashem, strengthen and encourage your heart, and place your hope in Hashem" (*Tehillim* 27:1). It says "place your hope in Hashem" twice because one must keep on hoping. If you placed your hope in Hashem and did not see salvation, then keep on hoping. What if someone were to ask, "Until when shall I hope?" Then the answer is that it says, "Yisrael hopes for Hashem[']s help] from this point forth and forevermore" (*Tehillim* 131:3).... If you do this, then you will be saved, as it says "and those who placed their hopes in Me shall not be shamed" (*Yeshayahu* 46:23)....

(Based on *Midrash Tehillim* 40)

someone holding a *lulav* but not shaking it properly, who will certainly not bring down upon himself *chassadim* from their roots Above, and it will be as though he has never done the mitzvah of *lulav* in his life.

(Based on *Biur Chamesh Megillos*, Rav Moshe Dovid Valli ztk"l)

Hope and Tefillah

The crux of *tefillah* is the hope that the *tefillah* expresses, meaning that the person davens to Hashem only because it is Hashem's will that he daven to Him when things are painful for him. The person himself understands that everything Hashem does is good, and even if his *tefillah* is not answered, then he'll daven again without questioning or pondering, and this is what is referred to as *tikvah* – hope.

(Based on *Eish Das*, Harav Hakadosh of Ozorov)

The Hope and the Demand

Tikvah – hope, is related to the word *kav* – a line, for a person who hopes is always holding on to the "line" of *kedushah*, whether in thought, in word or in deed. Through this line, he is constantly drawing down for himself the good from Above, whether a little or a lot, according to the time and place, and in accordance with how tightly he holds on to *kedushah*. This is the secret behind the words (*Eichah* 3:25), "Hashem is good to those who place their hope in Him," and immediately afterward, "to those souls who seek Him out." This implies that a person who places his hope in Hashem will work on his own *kedushah* with all his heart and soul. Superficial hope without making demands on oneself is like a body without a soul, and this type of hope does not at all have the capacity to draw down *kedushah* from Above. The *mashal* is of a person who is holding a rope in his hand that is connected to a wallet full of money. If he doesn't pull on the rope with all his might, certainly he will not get hold of any of the money, and he'll remain empty-handed. Thus, one who hopes but does not make demands of himself will not gain anything. He is like

Hope Gives Strength

When someone hopes and longs for something, and he is unsure whether it will come, it disturbs him ceaselessly, but if he anticipates something and he is sure it will come, like the light of morning, then it doesn't disturb him at all. In fact, it gladdens him as he imagines its coming and is sure it will come. This is how a person should hope. He should trust fully that Hashem will certainly bring about his *yeshuah*, since He has the ability and there is no one who can hold Him back. This is not like someone who longs and dreams for something and is unsure of whether it will come. This is the type of hope that strengthens and gladdens the heart.... Not only does it not weaken the heart, it strengthens it. Being that he places his hopes in Hashem, Whose existence is absolute, this strengthens him more and more, until the two aspects constantly reinforce each other: His hope reinforces his confidence, and his confidence reinforces his hope.

(Based on *Sefer Ha'ikarim*, Rav Yosef Albo ztk"l)



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A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

In *Parshas Kedoshim* we learn about the transgression of taking revenge and bearing a grudge. The *Sefer Hachinuch* (mitzvah 241) explains that the transgression of taking revenge comes from the recognition that the true Source of the deed that our friend did to us is Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and our *aveiros* are what caused it. Instead of being angry at the other person, we need to be angry at ourselves and at our sins. It is told about Dovid Hamelech that when Shimi ben Geira cursed him, he said, "Hashem told him to curse David...leave him alone, let him curse, for Hashem told him to do so" (*Shmuel* II, 16:10-11). Although Dovid Hamelech's character was naturally quick to anger, he knew how to control his *yetzer hara*. He always davened for his enemies and stood at their side, and he did not get angry at them. This proves that every person has the choice of whether to overcome his nature or to surrender to it. Another lesson that comes from this story is that one who trusts in Hashem does not become angry at others, because he knows that everything is coming from Hashem.

Excerpts from the popular shiur by

Harav Yehuda Mandel shlit"a from Lakewood

Free Will and Bitachon

A person who trusts in Hashem and is happy with his lot will find it much easier to see the good in others. Throughout Pesach we said, dozens of times, *Atah bechartanu* – a *tefillah* filled with self-value, words such as "*V'romamtanu*" – and You uplifted us above all the other nations! And more. This teaches us how much Hashem *yisbarach* wants us to be happy with our lot and with the reality of our lives. A true *eved Hashem* will invest much time in fostering his own appreciation for his good attributes as an *eved Hashem*, for without this it will be very difficult for him to overcome his nature and to hold himself back from getting angry at his friends. When a person is satisfied with himself, he is happy. And when he is truly happy with himself, it is easier for him to love others. His joy spreads to those around him as well, and all the jealousy and anger disappear.