

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Bamidbar - Nasso 5784 ■ Issue 164

HEART TO HEART

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

Dancing with Modeh Ani

Thanking Hashem is one of the most basic characteristics of a Jew. We are called *Yehudim*, which shares a root with the word *hodayah* – thanks. Giving thanks to the One Who created us is the essence of a Yid.

Rabbenu Bachyai presents a type of “*aseres hadibros*” in chapter 7 of *Shaar Avodas Elokim*. The eighth point addresses giving thanks to Hashem. He explains there that the good that Hashem gives us should not cause us to do less or distract us from increasing our *kavanah* in our *avodas Hashem*.

A man begins life as a baby who cannot do anything. He grows and develops, learns and knows and becomes a boy, and afterward a *bachur*, and throughout these years he is continuously gaining more knowledge, and he reaches one milestone after another. As a *bachur*, he is truly a *ben aliyah*, each individual according to what he is capable of doing and in accordance with his personality. If he is *zocheh* to get married, he receives much good from Above.

All this good, however, comes with new tasks. He is running a household, and then he may also be a father of children, and Hashem sends him *parnassah*, and he needs to deal with all sorts of things. At every stage, the goodness increases more and more, and everything comes from the mercy of Hashem Above. Rabbenu Bachyai warns us not to decrease our *avodas Hashem* because of all the good that we've received! In the beginning, the young *avreich* used to daven calmly from beginning to end and even stay to learn a little after davening. From the standpoint of *hakaras hatov*, he should have increased this time even more, and praise and thank Hashem constantly, but realistically, this doesn't often happen. The distractions of the day take significant chunks of our time, and we need to be in touch with ourselves and make sure that if we are not increasing, then at least we should not decrease the thanks we give to Hashem!

The *Marpeh Lanefesh* gives a simple example that anyone can carry out, regarding *brachos*. A Yid received a wonderful gift – a fruit, a vegetable, or a drink. He is in a hurry to tend to his family and his business, but he invests in the *brachah* he is reciting right now. It takes another few seconds, and this is the true test of whether he recognizes the good that the Creator has given him, whether he is truly thankful for all the good and the *chesed* that Hashem does for him.

The holy Reb Tzvi Hirsch of Riminov zy"א relates that he went through many *nisyonos* in his life, and what held him up was something amazing that he had been *zocheh* to see a number of times with his Rebbe. The Rebbe would recite the *brachah* of *Elokai neshamah*

with intense concentration and sweetness, and when he came to the words “*Modeh ani lefanecha*,” he would break out in dance for several minutes!

While it does not suit every person to break out in dance, we can certainly think about it. When we say these sweet words, we should realize that there are people who were not *zocheh* to get up this morning, or people who are alive but do not have the ability to speak, *lo aleinu* (like the *avreich* Reb Yitzchak ben Basha, who, for close to a year, hasn't even been able to say “*Modeh Ani*”). This alone can bring us to a deep feeling of *hakaras hatov* to our Creator, Who returned our *neshamos* to us.

The ability to say thank you while in the midst of a *nisayon* is a special gift that Hashem gave us. We say in *Baruch she'amar*, “*Baruch gozer um'kayeim*” – because when a decree comes from Hashem, and a Yid goes through a challenge, Hashem gives him the strength to handle it.

The Pnei Yehoshua relates in his introduction to his *sefer* that a great tragedy happened in his time. While he was giving a *shiur* to his *talmidim*, there was a huge landslide. Thirty-six people were killed, including the Pnei Yehoshua's wife, children, and in-laws. He survived, but he was trapped under the rubble and could not find a way to extricate himself. While he lay in the rubble, he thanked Hashem for saving him and promised that when he'd be rescued, he would invest himself in learning Torah with great depth. Then, suddenly, a path opened before him and he was able to get out.

Instead of being angry during a difficult time, and crying and mourning and asking “Why did Hashem do this to me, and especially while I was teaching Torah publicly?” he thanked Hashem and praised Him and added as a sign of his thanks to the Ribbono shel Olam that he would commit to intense Torah learning. And to this very day, from the strength of his *hakaras hatov*, we have the *sefarim* that glorify the world of Torah – *Pnei Yehoshua on Shas*. From then until today, how many millions of times were the wondrous *chiddushei Torah* of the Pnei Yehoshua repeated in this world?! How was he *zocheh* to this? He simply overcame his difficult emotions and carried out the halachah stated in the Rambam (*Hilchos Brachos* ch. 1), that “even at a time when a person is in pain, he should give thanks and praise with joy.” And the words of *Tehillim* (4:2), “In a tight spot, You opened it wide for me,” came true for him.

May we merit to thank Hashem for all the good that He gives us, with joy and satisfaction, and to see tangibly His *yeshuah* speedily; *amen*.

FROM THE EDITOR

A Life-Changing Paragraph

A Yid from Yerushalayim relates:

It didn't suit me to travel to Meron on Lag Ba'omer. As I was afraid of the crowds and the traffic, I preferred to go at a more peaceful time, three days before Lag Ba'omer. I had planned on returning from Meron on the bus that set out at 8:30 p.m.

The bus stop grew crowded as more and more people showed up. The moment the bus arrived, it was filled with passengers. I didn't push to get on, and the bus drove off without me.

The next bus to Yerushalayim wouldn't be coming until 10:30. I realized that if I wanted to get home, I could not rely on that bus, so I looked for alternate ways.

Whatever could go wrong – went wrong. Wherever things could take longer – took longer. There was nerve-racking traffic, and with so many long waits, it wasn't until six hours later, at 3 a.m., that I arrived back in Yerushalayim.

At first, I blamed myself for everything that was happening. Where was my head? What was I thinking when I set out? Why hadn't I taken a bus to another city first? I was frustrated that none of my plans had worked as they should have, and I was exhausted from the difficult night.

On the way back, I got a phone call from a good friend, and I told him what had been happening to me over the previous few hours. He responded by sharing a paragraph he'd discovered in the *Chovos Halevavos*. “Listen, this is a paragraph that will change your life,” he told me. “It will change the way you view all your challenges in this world.”

Rabbenu Bachyai states in *Shaar Cheshbon Hanefesh*, ch. 3, that when faced with a challenging situation, a person has two choices: He can become bitter about his situation and take it hard, or he can accept it with *emunah* and joy, knowing that the Father Who loves him does everything only for his good.

This is like the contrast between Heaven and earth! Think for a moment about two people who worked a twelve-hour shift every day over the course of a year. The first person finished his job and received a check from his boss for a quarter-million shekels, but the boss gave the second person a sour face and chased him away in shame, without paying him anything.

The *nimshal* is the pain that we go through in this world. *Chovos Halevavos* tells us: For suffering that is “forced” (*muchrach*) on a person – meaning when a person accepts the suffering as though it has been forced upon him, without joy – he does not get reward, nor does this suffering cause his sins to be forgiven. But if a person accepts the suffering with joy, says the *Chovos Halevavos*, then “the end of his suffering will be good, and its reward is guaranteed.”

The Yid from Yerushalayim concludes:

I did not need anything more than these words. I felt that the words were speaking to me *min haShamayim*. Hakadosh Baruch Hu wanted to teach me a way of life – how to accept everything joyfully. If we do so, then “the end of your suffering will be good, and its reward is guaranteed.”

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

One of the Electric Wires

Along with the dishes we brought down from the high shelves for Pesach, the toaster oven came down as well. "We can start using it," I said. During the previous two days we'd worked hard cleaning, and we'd eaten cold food the entire time. Everyone was missing fresh hot food. "Let's get a move on," I said excitedly. "We'll cut up potatoes, and we'll have Pesach'dig french fries."

We cut up potatoes and put them into the toaster oven, but we were deeply disappointed. The heating element did not turn red, and the potatoes remained hard. Under such circumstances, so close to Pesach, we could not look for sale prices. I went to the nearest store and purchased a new toaster oven. It cost 500 shekels.

"I think I know why this happened to us," I told my wife. "It's because in the last two months we did not give *ma'aser* properly. Maybe you could take care of this?"

The next morning I went out to daven, and when I returned home my wife told me two things: The first thing was that she had taken care of the *ma'asros*, and the second thing was that she had an idea to check whether one of the electric wires in the toaster oven was disconnected.

I took apart the toaster oven and discovered that, indeed, one wire had become disconnected. I replaced it, we put on the oven, and it worked! But now there was smoke coming out it.

"I promised 50 shekels to *tzedakah* this morning, and I still haven't given it," I explained, and I hurried to pay the fifty shekels to *tzedakah*.

Then I came to check out the situation again, and I discovered that I had aligned the plastic on the wire too tightly. I separated the plastic so it would not get hot, and wondrously enough, the old toaster oven was working perfectly.

I hadn't yet opened the box of the new toaster oven, and the store agreed to take it back.

I think this story speaks for itself. There is no mishap that occurs for no reason. Everything is accounted for, so that we should make our own accounting.

A Loan Saved Me from a Loss

Baruch Hashem, I have many sources of *parnassah*. One of them is that I plan *simchahs* for people in the neighborhood and connect them with businesses such as caterers, bands, and more.

And They Didn't Even Speak English!

It was a snowy night, and snow covered all the runways. We waited in the airport terminal in New York until we were informed that there was no way that we could board the plane. They would have to clear away the snow first, and our flight would be delayed.

It's not easy to board a flight after a two-and-a-half-hour delay, but it's not so terrible. The problem was that we had to catch a connecting flight. We had a stopover in London, and we were supposed to fly to Israel from there. If we arrived two and a half hours late, the flight to Israel would already have taken off, and we would have missed it. What were we to do? After two and a half nerve-racking hours, we finally boarded the plane, tired and worn out. The most natural thing would have been for us to stretch out on the seat and go to sleep after the long wait. But the pressure of not knowing what would happen when we arrived in London and how we would get a flight from there to Eretz Yisrael did not allow us to relax in the skies above the Atlantic.

There were about thirty of us on that flight who were going to Eretz Yisrael. We naturally formed a group in our shared difficulty as, shocked, we heard about the alternate plans that had been made for us. In London, we were to board a flight to Dubai. In Dubai we would wait six hours, and only then would we fly to Israel.

When we heard these plans we were very upset, and we let them know it. We had no strength for an additional flight and such a long wait! It was really upsetting. Really, really annoying. Really not right.

Among our group, there were some people in the know, who had connections, and they promised to try to do whatever they could. The minute they had more to tell us, they would do so, and in the meantime, it was recommended that we rest, because we would be landing soon.

In the seat in front of us sat a *chareidi* family. They had not joined the conversation and the pressured talks at all. They were so calm that I was sure that England was their final destination.

I saw how the steward turned to them in English and spoke to them, but the father did not understand. He turned to me. "Can you please translate what he is saying?"

That's how I became the translator for a family that did not speak a word of English. I translated word for word, and I was amazed. The steward asked them what their destination was. They answered, "Israel." They showed him their tickets, and he arranged a seat for them on an alternate flight from London directly to Israel! I heard it with my own ears, and I was the one who passed on the message with my own mouth. It was all so straightforward and simple.

We were pressured and talking and turning over the world, high above the clouds, making connections between continents, while they were sitting calmly and trusting that Hashem would arrange everything for them, and He truly did!

The plane landed at the London airport. They allowed us to stay in a hotel, and each of the travelers to Israel tried to improve his route. Some of the passengers in our group switched to a flight to Paris, and from there to Israel, some stayed with the six-hour stopover in Dubai, and some of them, like us and a few others, had it even better. We heard that a flight had opened from London to Israel, and we managed to get onto the list of passengers, along with the calm family for whom I had translated the steward's words.

"What a miracle that we know English," my daughter said. "so we were able to understand what was happening and to get onto the flight to Israel at the end."

"No, my daughter," I told her. "It's not the English language that stood by us. People can speak not a word of English and get everything, and others can know English and French fluently and not get anything. If we hadn't known English, we would have succeeded just like that family that didn't know English and did nothing, and nonetheless things worked out for them easily, with a direct flight from England, directly from the Creator of the world. We relied on other things, and they relied only on Hashem. You don't need anything other than *siyata d'Shmaya*."

We're Going Home Right Now!

Baruch Hashem, we started renovating our home. We're not just talking about ceramics to replace old tiles. This was a significant addition to the house, which involved breaking down walls and lifting tiles, a stage at which the house is more or less demolished and definitely not livable.

We looked for an apartment to rent for a month and a half, but we didn't manage to find a suitable apartment in the city. As we had no other option, we settled on an apartment that was a ten-minute drive outside the city. This was quite unsettling and necessitated a total revamping of our daily routine. We were used to our schools being nearby, and we had no

On the giving end

I want to express my heartfelt thanks to those who encouraged and persuaded me to sponsor this newsletter by giving a monthly sum toward its dissemination in a shul. In the *zechus* of this donation, I got a good job with excellent pay, which I had been seeking for over half a year. Wondrously, a day after the first delivery of the newsletters, I started my new job. I clearly see the connection between the two things, and I thank Hashem from the bottom of my heart for His great *chassadim*.

On the receiving end

I feel a deep need to express my heartfelt thanks to Rav Pinchas Shefer *shlit"i* for his daily *shiur*. This is not just another *shiur* for me — it is truly like a meal that I must eat each day in order to survive. Without it, I feel I am lacking, exactly as though I am hungry for basic food. This *shiur* is my spiritual sustenance. It gives me and my whole family tremendous strength and *chizuk*, and I cannot imagine my day without it.

experience with travel on public transportation or school buses. Suddenly, the pressure of the morning hours multiplied fifty times over. Everyone had to be ready to make it to the bus on time, all while living under temporary conditions in a rental apartment.

A month and a half passed. Our original apartment was still in the midst of renovations. There were still no doors to the rooms, the walls were grey, and the floor was only partially tiled, but our patience had run out. Never mind the crowded conditions, never mind the mess, but what would be with Torah? Everything is temporary, but Torah is eternal. While we were traveling on packed buses in the mornings, with all our efforts, we did not always succeed in arriving on time. The days were passing, and the hours lost when we were late for learning would never return. We were going home!

Home!

The children knew that the nice house we were going to have was not yet so nice. But we were ready to suffer through the inconvenience of the rest of the building and renovation on-site. The main thing was for us to be home.

I'm not saying it was a wise decision. I think it would have been more logical to have some more patience and suffer a bit more. Living in a construction site is, after all, not the greatest pleasure either, but that was our choice. With an illogical urge and a determined decision, we packed up, left the rented apartment, and traveled home, moving in to the construction site.

Just a day later, we understood why Hashem had given us that powerful urge to leave the rental apartment. The day after we left, the ceiling collapsed in one of the rooms of that apartment. It happened at an hour when everyone is home and the house is crowded.

What would have happened if we had stayed there for just one more day? Hakadosh Baruch Hu, in His mercy, prevented a huge tragedy for us. We were saved from certain death.

The Guardian of Yisrael neither sleeps nor slumbers.

They've Already Paid

I arrived in Ukraine as part of a *kiruv* venture. One morning, I woke up with a terrible pain on the side of my head – something that cannot be described. I went to the local doctor in the sleepy Ukrainian town. He checked me and said, "The uppermost vertebra of your spine moved out of place."

His diagnosis was correct, but he couldn't do anything more. He said I would probably need surgery to correct the problem, but the surgery had a very high risk of damaging nerves that could render a person incapable of walking.

I called my father-in-law, who is well-versed in the field of medicine. I held the phone on the other side of my head while groaning in pain, and I asked him what or who he thought could help me.

"There is an excellent doctor in Ramat Gan who sees me. I'll talk to him and see what could be done."

A short while later my father-in-law called back and said, "The doctor is coming to you tomorrow, with Hashem's help."

I was in such pain that I did not even register what an amazing thing I had just heard. Why would the doctor travel all the way to Ukraine to see me the very next day? I waited impatiently, and he arrived like a redeeming angel. His treatment was simple and wondrously short. He touched the painful spot, gave a push with his finger, and said, "Good, the bone has returned to its place. Come see me when you get back to Israel, and I'll give you another two treatments."

Now that I had calmed down a bit, I realized that the doctor worked for a living, and I had to pay him. "I need to pay you" I told him, "but I have no Israeli money here."

"You should be well," the doctor said with total sincerity. "Don't you understand what's going on here? How is it that I got here on a direct flight from Israel. Don't you think someone needs to pay for the flight?"

This threw me for a loop. I am really not a man of means who can pay for two flights.

But the doctor did not allow my confusion to last. "I'll tell you what happened. There are two very wealthy people who live in this area, and they invited me to come treat them. They paid for my flights and for the treatments, according to their standards, so you don't have to pay anything at all."

"We both see the Hand of Hashem here," he continued, "how *hashgachah* has manipulated things so that I flew in just today, and that the two patients asked me to come see them later on, so that I was able to come to you early without rearranging anyone's schedule. So let's continue to rely on the Ribbono shel Olam. The amount that those wealthy people paid covers your treatment too, as well as the other treatments that you'll receive in Israel. All the best, and best of health!"

Now I knew clearly Who is the Doctor Who is truly taking care of me. He is the Doctor of all flesh, Who does wonders, Who sent His good messenger to heal me.

One morning after davening,

a friend informed me with much excitement that his beloved son had gotten engaged. I congratulated him excitedly, and afterward this new *mechutan* asked me for a loan of 5,000 shekels.

I did not have that sum with me that moment, and in general, I don't walk around with such sums in my pocket. Actually, I wasn't sure that I wanted to loan him the money, so I had a ready excuse. "I don't have the money on me right now."

But while I was talking, I thought to myself that this was a big mitzvah and, *baruch Hashem*, that there were good reasons for his needing the money. My friend, I hope, did not even sense how these thoughts were flitting through my mind, because I immediately said to him, "Tonight I have an event in the shul's *simchah* hall, and then, *im yirtzeh Hashem*, I'll have the money for you."

We arranged that he would meet me at the hall.

When he came to borrow the money, I took out the envelope with the money the *ba'al simchah* had given me. I counted the bills and discovered that 100 shekels was missing from the 5,000 shekels. I added a 100-shekel bill from my wallet and handed over the loan.

Now I had time to think about what had happened. How was it that 100 shekels were missing? We had agreed on a specific sum, and it should have been more than the amount of money that was in the envelope. I was missing a thousand shekels.

Later on, during a quieter moment, I asked the *ba'al simchah* whether he had found a thousand shekels. He did not understand the question. Why would he find a thousand shekels for me? He'd already given me the sum I'd asked for. There was a sum he still had to pay me, but we had already agreed to that.

That thousand shekels that had disappeared disturbed me greatly. I had no evidence to prove that I had not been paid the full amount. I had already signed that I'd received the entire sum. It could be that I had lost the money, or it could be that he had brought less than the agreed-upon sum, but whatever it was, there was nothing I could do about it.

A few days later, I was in the same hall once again for another event, and the Yid who had hired me for the previous event came to pay me the remainder of the sum he owed. I said to him, "I have an idea. Make a *cheshbon* of how much money you brought to the hall to pay all the people you hired, and how much was left for me."

Within half a minute his eyes lit up, and he said, "You're right! I gave you a thousand shekels less than we agreed on. I'll pay it to you now."

Baruch Hashem, the money came to me. I don't usually count the money I receive, and now, in the *zechus* of giving a loan to my friend, I discovered the missing money and was saved from a significant loss, while the *ba'al simchah* was saved from owing money he didn't know he had to repay.

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Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

The Rich Man Receives When a Poor Man Needs

Hashem does not provide wealth for the rich man to think that he is giving people something of his own; rather, He gives money to the rich man when a poor man needs it, so that the poor man will receive his needs through him, in order to give the rich man *zechuyos*. This proves that the poor man is not eating someone else's food, but rather he is eating the food that Hakadosh Baruch Hu gives him. That's why it says, "And You give to them" – to the rich people, "their food" – the poor people's food, "in his time" – for each individual during his time of need.

The Individual Influences the Public

Hashem provides "their food" – the food of many people who are sitting together. If there is one among them who is accustomed to eating an extra fine dish, then Hashem sends to the entire group the kind of foods that the individual is accustomed to eating.

(Based on Me'or Einayim on Maseches Kesuvos)

One Who Trusts in Hashem Brings Shefa to Others as Well

The power of *bitachon* in Hashem is so strong that its results have no limits. Therefore, one who trusts in Hashem is not obligated to live very simply. He can get whatever he is accustomed to having, even if it is a fattened hen and aged wine. Hashem's abilities are without limit, and

because he believes strongly that Hashem will provide his customary fare, he is guaranteed to get it, and this is even more certain than one who trusts in the money he has in his pocket. While money is not protected from thieves or from

other means of loss, his *bitachon* is an absolute safety net.

Moreover, one who trusts in Hashem does not need to feel that he is imposing on the public, since he is staunch in his *emunah* that he eats what Hashem gives him and that in reality, the community is not giving him anything, and everything he has is a gift from Hashem. As we see, Rava did not have a fattened hen and aged wine, yet specifically when the poor man needed it, his sister, whom he hadn't seen in thirteen years, suddenly arrived and brought a fattened hen and aged wine.

This shows not only that the community does not give the poor man anything, but that his needs are given to the community for his sake. And perhaps Rava also ate from the fattened hen so that the guest would not eat alone, so it turns out that not only did the poor man not take from others, he

also gave to them. Thus, one who truly trusts in Hashem is not an imposition or a burden on the community. Rather, he places himself in the Hands of the Creator, and the *tzibbur* benefits through him.

(Based on Madregas Ha'adam, Shaar Habitachon ch. 2)

I Receive My Sustenance from Hakadosh Baruch Hu

A poor man came to Rava and asked for food. Rava asked him, "What are you accustomed to eating?"

"A fattened hen and aged wine," the poor man responded.

"Are you not afraid that you're imposing on the public," Rava asked the poor man, "and that people don't have the ability to provide for you with such an extravagant meal each time?"

"Am I eating something that belongs to them?" the poor man responded. "I am eating from Hakadosh Baruch Hu. As it says in *Tehillim*, 'Everyone's eyes turn to You in hope, and You give them their food in his time.' Even though it seems that this should have been written in plural form – in *their* time – it is written in singular form to show us that for each individual, according to what he is supposed to receive, Hakadosh Baruch Hu gives him his sustenance in its time."

While they were talking, Rava's sister, whom he hadn't seen in thirteen years, came to visit, and she brought him a fattened hen and aged wine. "How did this happen to me suddenly," Rava thought to himself, "something that has never occurred before?" Then Rava said to the poor man, "I've spoken too much already. Go and eat the meal that was brought for you!"

(Based on Kesuvos 67b)



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A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

Every person comes to the world with his *parnassah* in hand. The Creator of the world prepared all his needs for him, and everything is prepared and waiting for him. If so, we should wonder, *Where did all the shefa go? Why doesn't all this goodness always reach us?*

The answer is very simple: The greater your *bitachon* in Hashem, the greater the *shefa* that will stream toward you. In contrast, when your *bitachon* in Hashem is in doubt, the gates of *parnassah* are closed off. As the *Noam Elimelech* (Parshas Behar) says: "When Hashem created the world, in His goodness he made channels that bring bounty down to human beings, and the nature of this bounty is that it will never stop flowing. Hashem supervises the world and sustains and provides for all His creations at every moment. However, if a person falters in his *emunah* and does not trust in Hashem, then those impure thoughts cause harm to the Upper Worlds."

Bitachon needs to be absolute, without a hint of doubt. One should have complete trust that all his needs will be provided for him. The ways of Hashem are hidden from us – sometimes the *shefa* comes through *hishtadlus* in a certain type of work and sometimes

through another way, but the foremost principle is to be completely trusting that Hakadosh Baruch Hu will send the *shefa* – and that is the only way it will come. The *Be'er Mayim Chayim* (Parshas Behar) teaches: "A person must never allow his *bitachon* in Hashem to slacken. He must always be aware that Hashem will certainly send him his needs, and he should believe it sincerely, for Hashem never ceases doing *chesed* for His creations, and He provides sustenance for all of humanity in incredibly wondrous ways, for He is the ultimate Cause of all that occurs, and He manipulates everything in the world in wondrous ways, so that each creation will have all that it needs. A person needs only to wait and watch to see in which way and through which channels Hashem will perform this wonder for him and send him what he needs. If he does this, then Hashem will certainly not hold back blessings from him, even in ways that transcend nature, and Hashem sometimes hides Himself in nature, for reasons known only to Him."

May we always be *zocheh* to strengthen our staunch *bitachon* in Hashem *yisbarach* and to see only good and bounty all our days; *amen*.

Excerpts from the popular shiur by
Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlita

They Key to Bounty