

HASHGACHA PRATIS

Incredible stories of Hashgacha Pratis in our times. Words of chizuk heard on the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line.

השגחה
פרטית

A World of Emunah
A Life of Bitachon

Parashas Behar Bechukosai 5786 × 189

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

The Five Most Important Minutes

Noach from Yerushalayim told me the following: I know someone who is self-employed. Naturally, it would seem that the more he worked, the more money he would earn. Surprisingly enough, though, he never seems to be in a rush to get to work. We often daven in the same minyan in the morning, and I watch him after *aleinu* and *kaddish*, when many people already seem to have one foot out the door, along with their minds. He takes his time, waits until the absolute end of davening, and then sits quietly in place, reciting several long *perakim* of *Tehillim* and then *Parshas Hamann*.

I noticed this happening again and again, and honestly, I was awed by his stamina and consistency. I waited for an opportunity to schmooze with him and perhaps discover the secret to his inner serenity and his ability to put the whole day on hold while he continues speaking to Hashem.

One day, the opportunity arrived. There was a *bris* in shul after davening, and we both stayed on to be there and to wish our friend, the young father, *mazal tov*. After the *bris* and started talking, and I felt comfortable enough to steer the conversation exactly where I wanted it to go.

"I noticed you stay on every day after davening," I said simply. "How do you manage to do it? Aren't you in a rush to get to work and earn as much as you can?"

He smiled. "I'll tell you what," he began. "Imagine working for a business where there's this routine with the boss every morning. He meets with the worker during the first five minutes of the day, and during those five minutes he decides what the worker will be doing for the many long hours ahead and how much money he's going to receive for his work. Obviously, you'll give those five minutes your all, making sure to be on your best behavior, to speak well, and certainly not to show the boss that you're in a rush to get going..."

"So that's the way I see things with davening," he concluded. "You get what I'm saying, don't you?" He smiled again, somewhat bashfully.

"The simple words of this Yid," concluded Noach, "somehow entered my *neshamah*. Of course we know that all the *shefa* in our lives depends on our *tefillos*, but when this *emunah* is alive and flowing in someone's else's veins, we can get our own infusion from him!"

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with *emunah* and *bitachon*

A Two-Thousand Lira Miracle

Moments before the huge payment was due, the tzaddik Rav Shmuel Hominer sat serenely in his home, filled with *bitachon* in Hashem.

Some 70 years ago, two thousand liros was a huge sum. With two thousand liros one could provide for a large family for a year! Rav Hominer owed two thousand liros. He did everything he could to get hold of the money, but none of his efforts seemed to be working. The day the payment was due was approaching speedily. What would he do?

Rav Hominer was not just anyone. The Jews of Yerushalayim viewed him as a pillar of *emunah* and *bitachon*, and for good reason. As a *talmid* of Rav Isser Zalman Meltzer, he published his well-known *sefer Mitzvas Habitachon* and lived with an amazing awareness and open relationship with the *Melech Malchei Hamelachim*.

People who attended his *shiurim* were aroused to *emunah* by the simple way in which he lived constantly in Hashem's Presence. He would often open with the words, "Hakadosh Baruch Hu told us in His Torah...", or, "Hashem *yisbarach* commands us..." It was so tangible to him that Hashem rules the world and is present in every moment, that people in his presence would feel it as well.

For things large and small, Rav Hominer turned to Hashem; he even said a *tefillah* before striking a match! And after he succeeded in lighting it, he would say thank You to the One Who made it happen.

His personal diary reveals the extent to which this was a way of life for him, "Today Hashem *yisbarach* sent me such-and-such *sefer*. Thank You," he wrote. "Today I bought a new pot. Thank You," he wrote on another occasion. "I know I'm always in Your Hands," he wrote on another page; and so on.



This newsletter is just a small taste of thousands of stories and words of chizuk heard on the phone-line.

To fill your life with *bitachon* and serenity, call the phone-line now: 1-518-613-0140

✕ The Ruby that Paid for My Son's Wedding ✕

Yoel Tzvi lives in New York. He told the following story on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line.

I am a broker for precious stones. My job is to bring buyers and sellers of precious stones together in order to close on a deal. That might sound like something with a constant, impressive income, but in truth, it's a line of work where you feel tangibly how Hashem is running your life and determining how much *parnassah* you will or will not have. As anyone in this business knows, there can be long dry spells, and then a sudden deal that changes everything. In short, it's definitely the perfect setup for developing genuine, strong *bitachon* in Hashem Above.

Joe, a non-Jewish diamond dealer, called me in September with the good news that he had a buyer searching for nothing other than a large red ruby stone. If I had a seller, I could make the deal of the year. You can bet I left no stone unturned in my search for that perfect ruby and the owner who wanted to sell it. Fortunately, I was able to find a potential seller who fit the bill.

"Joe!" I called him excitedly. "Set me up a meeting with your buyer, because I have a beauty of a stone to show him."

The meeting was arranged. We all met and sat around the table, and the would-be buyer held the stone up to the light, slowly turning it this way and that. It seemed the stone was giving him pleasure, and I was sure that with a bit more patience, we'd soon shake hands.

But no, nothing doing.

"Sorry, guys," the buyer finally said. "It's a nice stone,

but it's just not exactly what I had in mind."

There was no deal in September.

Time passed. Chanukah was around the corner, and in my home we were busy with hectic preparations for my son's wedding. During this time I did not succeed in making any deals at all. I basically didn't make a cent.

The day of the wedding arrived. Early that morning, I was able to get in for a meeting with a true tzaddik, and I asked him to bless my son and his *kallah*, and I also asked him to bless me with *parnassah*. This great person blessed me warmly, and he added that the day of my son's *chuppah* was certainly a time when pipelines of *shefa* from Above would open for me.

Several hours passed. We were dressed and preparing to leave for the hall within the hour. Then my phone rang; Joe was on the line.

"Do you remember that almost-deal with the red ruby?" he asked. Of course I remembered.

"Well," he continued, "he just called me again and said he's decided that stone we showed him then *is* the right stone for him after all. He's interested in buying, and he wants it to be ASAP, today."

I hurriedly hung up, got in touch with the seller, and, *b'chassdei* Hashem, he too was still looking to sell. We closed the deal that day, and I made a beautiful profit, which covered the lion's share of expenses for the wedding! Indeed, the pipelines of *shefa* had opened wide mere moments before the *chuppah*.

The story gets even better though, because the intricacies of Hashem's involvement only became known to me several months later. I met a business associate who is in the same line as me, and we started schmoozing about business, of course. He told

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How did a Yid like Rav Hominer deal with the approaching deadline? He did *hishtadlus*. He tried every conceivable means to get hold of the money. And when all these ways failed, he simply relaxed. An hour before the lender was supposed to come, he sat calmly and serenely in his home. As the members of his family later described it, nothing seemed to be amiss. He was in good Hands. Five minutes

before the expected visit, he had another visitor who asked him to safeguard a huge sum of money, and that visitor gave him permission to do whatever he wanted with it. The sum came to exactly two thousand liros. As this man was leaving the house, the borrower entered through the same door to request his money back. *Ashreichem tzaddikim!*

me that the strangest thing happened to him:

Joe – our mutual acquaintance who dealt in diamonds – called him back in December with an urgent request for a large ruby. He had a buyer who was quite obsessed with the idea of getting a red ruby. He was so anxious to buy that he skipped all the usual inquiries and just wanted to close on the purchase immediately. “I’ll pay for your plane ticket,” said Joe. “Fly down to Florida where he lives, today, and get that stone to him.”

My friend took the next flight out and met the buyer in the airport. The man paid well for the stone, and it seemed the deal was closed. But a few days later, he regretted his purchase. “Listen,” he told my friend directly over the phone, “I bought the stone and I thought I liked it, but I’ve been looking at it closely, and I really believe I could find something better. Do you have a nicer one to bring me?”

My friend had been in the business for years and basically knew everyone involved in buying and selling precious stones, but for “some reason,” he completely forgot about the seller I had met back in September, who had a large, precious ruby that he wanted to sell. He told the disappointed buyer that he’d given him the best possible service. If he wanted another stone, he could try and find it on his own...

I blinked several times as I listened to my friend’s casual rendition of this story. I didn’t tell him that he could end his narrative with “to be continued,” and I could fill in the next chapter for him. Because I know exactly what happened next. Joe called *me*, on the day of my son’s *chuppah*, after I had davened for *parnassah* and sought the *brachah* of a tzaddik, so I could cover the wedding expenses without falling into debt. He called me as the Heavenly pipelines of *shefa* opened for me, and he offered to buy that stone I’d offered back in September. Moreover, the buyer, so anxious to close on a deal, was in New York on that day, an hour before my son’s wedding, and we made the deal.

I hope and pray that my son builds a *bayis ne’eman b’Yisrael*, a home where he too will be *zocheh* to see Hashem’s constant, loving supervision of every aspect of our lives.



I Trust in You

Words of Chizuk shared on the Hashgacha-Pratis phone line

Shiur by Rabbi Berisch Schneebalg *shlit”a*

The Shabbos and Shemittah Within

In his famous *iggeres*, the Ramban writes that anger is the worst *middah* of all. He advises his son to always speak calmly as a means of protecting himself from this terrible *middah*. The *Chovos Halevavos* explains that a person who lives with *bitachon* will always be calm, and that calmness and serenity enable him to do all the mitzvos of the Torah. Refraining from anger and relating to others in a calm manner is also our main *avodah* during these days leading up to *Matan Torah*.

Sometimes you hear people arguing, when each of them is attempting only to make himself heard, and neither of them is hearing the other at all; neither of them has the patience to hear another person out. Or, someone suspects that another person caused him harm, and he lashes out in anger against him.

When we work on *bitachon*, we become calmer inside, and this automatically enables us to be calmer with others as well. We may pause in conversation and actually listen fully to what the other person is saying. We may wait a bit before accusing someone. Two days later, most events seem much less dramatic than they did in real time. Increased *bitachon* in Hashem gives us the patience to wait out those two days, and it gives us the priceless ability to weigh things logically and carefully. Everything about the way we live and serve Hashem is transformed when we work on *bitachon*.

What does it mean to “live *Shabbosdig*”? How can you tell that a person is truly experiencing Shabbos? If, for example, the fire goes out on Shabbos and the food is cold, he retains his equilibrium and continues honoring Shabbos properly. When a person doesn’t allow any circumstances to get in the way of his Shabbos, then he experiences Shabbos fully. This then spills over into the rest of his week, to the point that his very being becomes an island of serenity, patience, and love. His family and friends gain immeasurably from his inner work. We read this week about the mitzvah of *shemittah*, which demands total *emunah* in Hashem. When a person lets his field lie untended for a full year, he develops *emunah*, patience, and inner peace.

Shabbos and *shemittah* are both mitzvos that become imbedded in the psyche of a Yid, making his *bitachon* an inseparable part of him. With that sense of Shabbos and *shemittah* within him, a Jew becomes a model friend and *eved Hashem*.



✕ A Worthwhile Investment ✕

Z.F. from Yerushalayim told the following story that happened to him:

Our family owns two cars. One is a small blue Camry that I use on a daily basis, and the other is a minivan that we use when the whole family needs to get somewhere.

If there's anything that any owner of a car will tell you, it's that one should have a least two – or, preferably, three – copies of the keys to each of his cars. I could have told you the same, but I still had only one key to the Camry. That's just the way it was for a very long time. I would hang the key on a hook behind the door to our apartment and would automatically take it with me on my way out to the car each day.

Everything was fine, until the day my hand automatically reached for that key and came up with... nothing. I looked down at the floor, assuming it had fallen off the hook, but the key was not there. I asked every member of the family if they'd seen the key. We searched the house, and it was nowhere to be found. Resigned, I took the key to the minivan and used it instead.

In the hectic routine of life, I did not get to thinking much about the key to the Camry. I simply started using the minivan all the time, and I had this locked blue Camry sitting parked in front of my building, just waiting for some attention or salvation. After a long while, I finally got in touch with a car mechanic and asked him what I could do about the key.

"If you have the code to the key," he told me, "we could make you a new one, but it'll cost you."

"How much?" I asked

"A thousand shekels," he replied evenly.

"Oh," I said. A thousand shekels is a lot of money. I earn a fine income, and I even have two cars, which is more than the norm here in Yerushalayim, but still, I did not feel it justified to spend a thousand shekels on a little piece of metal — a key. So I hung up.

Time passed, and the Camry was still sitting there, locked, in front of my building. Then one evening at the dinner table, I suddenly had a thought.

"You know what?" I said to my wife and children. "A thousand shekels for a key seems a very steep price to pay. Why would I invest a thousand shekels in a key?! So, I was thinking that it would be a much more worthwhile investment to put a thousand shekels

down as a donation to the *kollel* on our street instead. Do you all believe that Hashem could take care of our key for us without our paying the mechanic a thousand shekels?"

My family was enthusiastic about the idea, and they all encouraged me to make the donation to the *kollel*, which I did immediately after *Maariv*.

The next day, while I was at work, I got an exuberant call from my children: "Abba, we found the key to the car!" they told me.

✕ The Discount Came Straight from Hashem ✕

Y. Schwartz from London related the following:

I deal in real estate, and I always work with the same broker, because I believe that loyalty and a business relationship built up over many years are so important. This broker appreciates me as a loyal client, and when he brokered a deal for me on a certain property, he unexpectedly gave me a sizeable discount of 2,500 pounds.

It was a great feeling to get that discount, and it felt even better when I realized this was not a one-time thing. When I asked him to mediate on the purchase of an additional two properties, he offered me the same significant discount again. This time was different, though, because I was buying the properties for an acquaintance, who relied on my know-how and on the fact that I knew a good broker.

"If the buyer of these properties would have approached my broker himself, he would not have received a discount at all," I thought to myself. "It's only fair, then, that I should gain from this discount, at least partially."

I asked the broker if he could arrange the discount so that I'd receive half the profit on it on the last property I had purchased from him, and the buyer of these new properties would receive the other half.

"Sure," he said. "I have no problem with how my discount is divided."

I was totally at peace with what I'd done. The rationalization I gave myself made perfect sense. There are plenty of people who would add that I had actually given my acquaintance a service as well by speaking to the broker for him, and that I deserved payment for it.

Everything was fine and dandy, until I heard a *shiur* on business halachos. I try to attend these *shiurim*

as much as I can, cognizant of the day when I will be asked on high, “Did you do business faithfully?” This particular *shiur* focused on *hona’ah*, various shades of which could appear in so many different ways. By the time the speaker had brought up several different examples for discussion, I was no longer comfortable with what I had done.

“Tomorrow morning,” I decided, “I will call and ask a *dayan* if what I did was okay halachically.”

But by the following morning, I no longer had a question. I decided that even if it meant I was going beyond the letter of the law, I wanted to return the money. I called the broker and said, “Thank you for agreeing to divide the discount. I thought about it again and I would like to return the money to you, so you can give the full discount to my acquaintance who purchased the two properties. I’m making you a bank transfer of 2,500 pounds now.”

I made the transfer, and I felt good about it. I didn’t know whether I was strictly obligated to make it, but I told myself that Hashem had many glatt kosher and totally unquestionable ways of arranging a profit of 2,500 pounds for me.

There was a property I had purchased which, for totally unknown reasons, had been empty, without a tenant, for many months. That day, the rental company called to tell me that they’d finally found a tenant! Moreover, he appreciated the living space and location he was getting, and he himself proposed to pay 2,500 pounds more than the going price, and he even paid six months in advance!

I’m not getting into a halachic discussion of whether what I did was right or wrong, as there are many sides to the argument, but I went beyond the letter of the law, and Hashem showed me immediately how happy He was with what I’d done.

Did you see Hashem’s hashgacha clearly in your own life?
Let us know! Your story can spread emunah to thousands
Email your story to: hashgachaprutis@gmail.com



Your Say

Mailbox

Dear Editors and Contributors to the Hashgachah Pratis phone line and newsletter!

A while ago, there was a terrible tragedy in our neighborhood with the sudden death of a young child. The entire community was shaken up, and there was much talk in the neighborhood about what Hashem was trying to tell us and what we needed to be *mesakein*.

Incredibly enough, the bereaved father of this child was the one who pointed us in the right direction with his simple words. “What is Hashem telling us?” he asked. “I think what Hashem wants most of all now is for us to strengthen our *emunah* in Him. He wants us to believe more and more that He runs the world and that He cares for and does good to all of His creations. He wants our *emunah*.”

Of course we need to examine ourselves and make real changes, but the essential response that Hashem expects from us is that we prove that our *emunah* in Him is steadfast and unshakeable,

that it isn’t around only when He doles out candies, but that it remains staunch even when He is concealed from us. This is what He wants to see not only from the bereaved family but also from all their friends and acquaintances.

We’re living in difficult times, both personally and communally. The tremendous *nisyonos* that confront us indicate that this is the mitzvah of the hour – *emunah*, *emunah*, and more *emunah*. We need to speak words of truth and *emunah* repeatedly. This brings great *nachas ruach* to Hashem.

Thank you for all that you do. You bring the light of *emunah* to Am Yisrael through *shiurim* and stories of *hashgachah*. You stoke the fires of *emunah* that exist in every Jewish heart and make them into a flame that will lead the way for all of us to the true *geulah*, may it come speedily; *amen*.

With heartfelt appreciation,
Chaim Stein, Modi’in Illit

We’d love to hear from you! Send us your comments on this letter by email.



Lost and Found

Hello, everyone! My name is Yiddele Weisz, and I live in Yerushalayim. I take the number 3 bus from my home to *cheder* every day. I'm used to the crowded bus, and I can practically tell you the whole route by heart.

Yesterday I was running late, and I ran from my house to the bus stop at the last possible minute before the bus was supposed to pass by. Thankfully, I had everything I needed in my schoolbag, but one precious item I grabbed at the last second was simply in my hand: It was a test I had gotten back the day before and that my father had proudly signed.

Once I got onto the crowded bus, there were many distractions. First of all, there were no seats, so I had to stand. Then my friend Chaim got on at the next stop as he often does, and of course, we started schmoozing as we swayed and almost tipped over with all the regular twists and turns of the bus. I completely forgot about the test I was holding in my hand.

A little while later a seat emptied out, and I got to sit for the last part of my ride to *cheder*. I'm sure you're already guessing what happened next. I soon found myself sitting in class, and I remembered the test, and it was nowhere to be found.

That test was important to me. I wanted to look it over again and again, because the good mark gave me so much pleasure and encouragement, and I also wanted to review the answers I got wrong. Our class started davening, and I davened really hard that Hashem would somehow help me find my test.

The day passed, and as usual, I got onto the number 3 bus, which was now headed in the direction of my home. I was thinking about my test, and I decided to check if maybe it was under the seat where I sat on the way to *cheder*. Maybe, I thought to myself, this was the same number 3 bus that I took in



the morning. (Just so you understand, with dozens of busses running this popular route, the chances of that happening were extremely low!) I made my way to the seat near the third door of the long bus, where I'd sat in the morning. I peeked under the seat, which was now occupied by an elderly man, and to my delight, there was my test, right there waiting for me! *Baruch Atah Hashem, Shomei'a tefillah!*

An Inch Away from a Collision

My name is Elisha Eisenbach and, I live in Bnei Brak. This happened to me several years ago, when I was only five years old but, now that I'm older I, can suddenly understand what a great miracle it was, so I want to tell you about it.



I was playing on the sidewalk right below my building with a few kids from the neighborhood, and we started a lively game of tag. I was a quick runner, and when I saw my friend coming close to catch me, I turned sharply in the direction of the street, hoping to confuse him and then to run back in the direction of our building. But, somehow with that sharp turn I tumbled into the busy street filled with cars.

If you've been in Bnei Brak you, know that the streets are not very wide and, cars often whiz by right near the sidewalks in order to bypass traffic in the main lane. The same second that I fell into the street, a van filled with little girls on their way home from school drove into the spot where I'd fallen and bumped me lightly on the side, missing me by an inch.

I never really thought this was a "story." I got a good scare, the driver said "Hey! and...that was all. No, one called an ambulance. I didn't go to the hospital. I got up quite, shaken. I brushed the dust off my pants and, I went inside and told my mother what had happened. That was the whole story but, only now do I realize how Hashem was watching over me ensuring that, the van would not be just a tiny bit closer to the sidewalk and *chas, v'shalom*, hurt me seriously. Thank you, Hashem!

Dear kids!

There are amazing stories just for you on our kids' phone-line.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/2

Notices

Did you see Hashem's hashgacha clearly in your own life?

Call the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/4

Delayed, but Repaid

Chapter 1

This story was told by Aharon Stall from Yerushalayim, who saw it firsthand.



You have the power

to strengthen the shemirah of all 613 mitzvos for Jews throughout the world!

השגחה פרטית

A World of Emunah
A Life of Bitachon

How?

By doing what Hagaon Rav Vaakov Kamentzky zt"l and Hagaon Rav Moshe Feinstein zt"l encouraged every Yid to do: Spreading the awareness of Hashem's hashgacha pratis, which is a foundation of emunah. As these gedolim wrote, when a Yid's emunah is stronger, his shemirah of all 613 mitzvos is strengthened.

כל לב מבין, יבין כמה גדולה הנחיצות להשריש בזמנינו אלה אמונת ההשגחה הפרטית בלב כל אחד ואחד, ובפרט לבלבול צעירי הצאן, כי הוא יתד שהכל תלוי בה, ועל ידי התחזקות המצוה זו - יתחזקו בס"ד כל תרי"ג המצוות ויתקיים בנו 'וצדיק באמונתו יחיה' ודבר טוב לחזק האמונה הוא על ידי שירשמו בפנקס מה שרואים ומרגישים השגחה פרטית בעינינו היום יומיים. ונקל להבין שענין זה יעקור ויבטל את ההרגל שהכל במקרה מכוחות הטבע, וכוחי ועוצם ידי עשו לי את החיים הזה.

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