

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Korach - Chukat 5785 ■ Issue 166

HEART TO HEART

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

Yeshuos Beyond Nature

In the third chapter of *Shaar Habitachon*, Rebenu Bachyai writes that one must take care to fulfill Hashem's requests, and then Hashem will agree to fulfill one's desires.

We know of rare mitzvos that come around every couple of years. But there is a daily mitzvah that exists, which we do thousands of times each year. And we will focus on it, and try to do it as Hashem asks of us.

Harav Hatzaddik Rav Eliyahu Rot zt"l was *zocheh* to serve several of the Rebbes of Zhvli. When he would recite the *brachah* of *Asher Yatzar*, once could sense his seriousness and *kavanah*. He would relate the following:

Reb Shlomo of Zhvli zy"a would always make sure to wear his hat and *kapoteh* to recite this *brachah*, reciting each word slowly and deliberately. Once he saw me watching him while he was reciting the *brachah*, and afterward he told me, "You're surprised that I'm wearing a *kapoteh*?! It would be fitting to put on Shabbos clothing, for the sheer joy and amazement at the wonders of Hashem!"

And Reb Shlomo of Zhvli would always say: The gratitude I feel when I recite this *brachah* is for a tremendously huge favor that Hashem performed for me just a moment ago. I underwent a complex surgical procedure to cleanse my body of waste, and this was without anesthesia! I avoided all the complications caused by anesthesia, and without the haziness and inability to function that it causes, and without the whole tiring procedure it usually entails. Aside from this, I was treated by a private Doctor, the greatest One in the world, Who is the Healer of all flesh, and all this for free, without paying a cent!

Anyone who has, unfortunately, experienced intestinal ailments knows how this *brachah* should be recited. Anyone who needs dialysis needs no commentaries on this *brachah*. But why wait to come to the hospital, *challilah*?! Let us recite the *brachah* from inside the siddur, with patience and *kavanah*, right now, while all is well and we are healthy, with Hashem's mercy. Let us think deeply about His goodness, and thank His great Name joyfully and willingly!

Harav Hechassid Reb Shmuel Brichta zt"l once related that when he was hosted by a Yid in Germany, his host told him: When I was a young boy, I wanted to travel to Galicia in order to see the Rebbe of Sanz, the Divrei Chaim zy"a. It was a long journey, very tiring, under difficult conditions, and my father z"l agreed for me to go on condition that I would stay there for only one day and then return home immediately.

I agreed to his condition. When I arrived in Sanz, I went in to see the Rebbe. His *gabbaim* stopped me and told me that the line to get in to see him

was very long, and if I wanted to get in to him, I was invited to the adjacent *beis medrash* to wait there for a week.

I could not accept this advice, because I had promised my father I would return immediately. Therefore, I stood close to the door of the Rebbe's room in the hope that maybe when the door opened I would be lucky and I'd get a chance to at least see the face of the tzaddik. And then I heard a loud voice from inside the room, speaking with great enthusiasm and at length. I strained my ears in order to understand what the Rebbe was saying there, and that's how I discovered that he was saying the *brachah* of *Asher Yatzar* for long moments, for as long as it could take someone else to finish saying the entire *Shemoneh Esrei*.

At the conclusion of the *brachah*, while I was still moved to the depth of my soul, the Rebbe opened the door of the room and told me: "Shalom Aleichem to a Yid from Germany! It was worthwhile for you to come only in order to hear how a Yid needs to make the *brachah* of *Asher Yatzar*. Pass these things on and tell others that a Yid needs to have *kavanah* when making this *brachah* more than for the *piyut* we say on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, 'Unesaneh Tokef kedushas Hayom.' *Unesaneh Tokef* is a *minhag*, while in contrast, this *brachah* was instituted by Chazal."

If we were to say *Unesaneh Tokef* three times a day, and the *brachah* of *Asher Yatzar* only in the middle of *Mussaf* on the *Yamim Nora'im*, when the *Aron Kodesh* is open, then everyone would tremble with awe at each and every word.

Similarly, the *gaon* and tzaddik Reb Avraham Chaim Brim zt"l related that he heard from a reliable witness that the Divrei Chaim of Sanz would say the *brachah* of *Asher Yatzar* with great energy and *dveikus*. Once the author of the *sefer Kol Aryeh*, the *Av Beis Din* of Bershagz, traveled a long way to get to the Divrei Chaim. When he heard the Rebbe reciting *Asher Yatzar*, he announced, "The expenses and the effort of traveling have already paid off for me, just from hearing the Rebbe recite this *brachah*."

It is known from great tzaddikim throughout the generations, and they said it explicitly as well, that with this *brachah* one can bring about *yeshuos* beyond nature: health, healing, *yeshuah*, and long life.

May it be Hashem's will that the *chizuk* in this matter be a *zechus* for the *avreich* Reb Yitzchak ben Basha, and may he be *zocheh* to also bless and thank Hashem, in good health and *simchah* and in good spirits; *amen*.

Please daven and plead for mercy for the *avreich* Reb Yitzchak ben Basha (Kletzkyn).

Tehillim line: 077-482-2963

FROM THE EDITOR

It's a Sign You Don't Need It

Reb Aharon Hagadol of Karlin (composer of the *niggun* "*Kah Echsof*") once had no food at all in his home. He felt his strength waning, and he sensed he was going to faint.

The tzaddik strengthened himself, saying: It cannot be that I am truly hungry, because if I were hungry, Hashem would give me food to eat. The *passuk* states, "Everyone's eyes look hopefully to You, and You give them their food in its time." If so, the minute I need to eat, Hakadosh Baruch Hu will give me food. The fact that Hashem hasn't provided me with food is a sign that I don't need to eat.

This was how the tzaddik served his Creator for another three days without food.

Three days later, Hashem sent him food. When the food arrived, the Rebbe said, "Now I am truly hungry..."

We do not expect this behavior of any Yid in our times, but the message applies to all of us: The biggest proof that I don't need something is the fact that I don't have it. A person walks around thinking: If I only had so-and-so's abilities, I would be one of the more successful members of my *kollelyeshivah*/workplace.

If I had the power of *hasmadah* of so-and-so, I would already be one of the *talmidei chachamim* of the generation.

If I had a large apartment, I would have much more inner serenity.

A person might focus on what he's lacking, thinking his remedy is to get what he doesn't have right now, but *Chovos Halevavos* teaches us that the true remedy is *emunah*.

In *Parshas Beha'alos'cha*, Rashi explains that the people who desired and lusted for meat were the *eirev rav*. Rav Naftali Tzvi of Ropshitz (*Zera Kodesh*, *Parshas Beha'alos'cha*) explains that only the *eirev rav* could desire something they don't have, since lust cannot really coexist with *emunah*. The *emunah* perspective tells us that if we don't have something, we probably don't need it. We make a *brachah* each day, thanking Hashem for "providing all my needs for me." Hashem gave us everything we need, and if we don't have it, it's a sign we don't need it. When I truly need it Hashem will give it to me, in the right time.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

The shiur is aired on Mon. and Thurs. - menu 4 (Yiddish and Hebrew)

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• Kav Hashgacha Pratis for women
(Yiddish and Hebrew) - Menu 4

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

The Inaugural Trip

For a long time I've wanted to get a car that could fit my whole sound system, without my having to squeeze things in. I work with sound, and evening after evening, and sometimes during the morning, I travel the city with microphones and speakers, poles and electrical wires, the mixer and recording machine, and all sorts of other expensive equipment. And so, as I said, long ago I came to the conclusion that I needed to switch my car and buy a van, which is suitable for the transport of this expensive heavy equipment. And finally, after many tiring investigations and after spending a significant sum of money, I bought the long-awaited van.

During those exciting moments, when the purchase was finally completed, I accepted upon myself that this van would not begin working for my *parnassah* before first doing something for Hashem *yisbarach*. I decided to inaugurate the van with an act of *chessed*. The first time it drove down the streets, it would be in order to help another Yid!

I saw this as a *segulah* for success, and I invested a lot of effort to make it happen. I advertised, and I was sure people would come running. I thought that some *chessed* organization would take up my offer and make use of my van to distribute food. I am constantly hearing about people who need items taken from one place to another, and they would certainly be glad to save the cost of transport. But one day passed and then another, the car stood in the parking lot near my house, and no one called to take me up on my offer...

I was in a quandary. On my end, the van was not inaugurated, and I could not travel in it. I had an event scheduled for the beginning of the following week, and I had planned on using the new van to transport the sound system, but I still hadn't found a Yid for whom I could do a *chessed*.

It was already Thursday, and I was truly feeling pressured. What would be? I needed a *chessed* trip! I sat in the driver's seat of the van, and I davened to Hashem to send me a good Yid whom I would be able to help. It was seven o'clock in the evening. Suddenly, knocking on the window was a Yid who had left the nearby *kollel*, and here he was, asking me, "I see that this is a good van to transport things. Are you willing to be our moving truck, for 300 shekels?"

If not for the low roof of the van, and if not for the fact that I am not so young, I would have jumped up in joy. "Yes, yes, for sure," I said to that *avreich*. "Where do you need to go?"

He gave me his address and told me that he needed to move to another apartment, and for the past week he'd been searching for someone to move his things. "I can't pay more than 300 shekels," he apologized; but I was already up to the next stage.

"I'll go right over to your address. Do me a favor and call a few people to shlepp everything down and tie it onto the roof well."

In Ten Hours and Another Ten Minutes

One evening, I accompanied a blind Yid named Reb Chaim to his home. We were on our way back from *Maariv*, and his cellphone rang. "It's a reminder," Reb Chaim told me. "From now, for an hour, I must guard my mouth from speaking *lashon hara*. I took it upon myself in order to strengthen my *shemiras halashon*."

The idea seemed strange to me, and although he could not see the expression on my face, he sensed how I felt. "You think it's a strange idea," he said, expressing my thoughts, "because the fact is that you need to guard your mouth all the time. What's the idea of deciding that you don't speak *lashon harah* for just one hour? Do we ignore this prohibition the rest of the time?!"

"And what's the answer?" I asked.

"So I too understand that we must guard our tongues always, and I hope that this hour will bring many more hours in its wake, until I am *zocheh* to guard my tongue to perfection. Even though I haven't yet been *zocheh* to this, I'm positive that this hour does great things for me."

"You seem very sure of it," I told him when I heard the certainty and confidence in his words.

"Indeed," he confirmed, and told me the following hair-raising story:

As you know, my parents live in Rishon Letzion. They have a neighbor named Nitzan. Nitzan was a "Jew at heart" – traditional, loves the connection to the Creator of the world and to Am Yisrael. He was not *shomer Torah umitzvos*. About a year ago he called me up, choking with sobs. I was barely able to hear his voice, until finally he told me, "I want to keep Torah and mitzvos. I am accepting upon myself to be a *chareidi* Jew with *yiras Shamayim*, down to the last detail!" He asked me to help him find the right people to guide him on his path. He was not interested in taking it slow, not looking for leniencies; he wanted to be a true Yid as the Torah says.

To my question of what brought him to make this determined decision, Nitzan told me what happened to him on the previous Shabbos.

As I told you, all in all, he appreciates *Yiddishkeit*. And while he was not *shomer Shabbos*, one day he decided to take on *shemiras Shabbos* from midnight on Shabbos until 10 a.m. Anyone who heard about this *kaballah* told him it doesn't work this way: He can't say he's a *shomer Shabbos*, because he is *mechallel Shabbos, R'l*. People teased him – "What is this about doing all the *melachos* from the start of Shabbos until midnight, and from ten in the morning until Motzaei Shabbos?! Hashem decides when Shabbos starts and when Shabbos ends – not you!"

No one respected his *kaballah*. G-d-fearing Jews claimed the truth – that according to halachah this was not called keeping Shabbos, and that even one *melachah* done for one second of an entire Shabbos is called *chillul Shabbos*. And his secular friends told him that it was no big deal to be a saint while asleep. But Nitzan felt that he was doing something in honor of Hashem. That was his level; that's where he was holding. He was a *Yiddisheh neshamah*, longing.

The Shabbos night before this conversation he had with me, he was with his friends in a car, *R'l*. It was 11:30 at night, and he told his friends, "Soon, at ten to twelve, I'm getting out of the car, because at 12 I must start keeping Shabbos."

They tried to convince him to stay with them. "By 12:15 you'll be home!" they said.

"But I have to keep Shabbos, starting at 12."

Someone suggested that he make up the missing fifteen minutes and sleep until 10:15 the following morning, but Nitzan did not agree. "I'm not going to kid myself. I took upon myself to keep Shabbos from midnight, and I'm not budging. I'm going to get out of the car at ten to twelve, so as not to do any *chillul Shabbos*."

On the giving end

Some time ago we experienced a difficult accident, and this caused many huge monetary expenses. Since the insurance money was delayed, our financial situation was very difficult, and we were in truly difficult financial straits. As a *segulah* for a *yeshuah*, we donated a respectable sum of money toward the dissemination of *emunah* and *bitachon*. In a completely unexpected and exciting way, a few days later we got the happy news that the insurance monies were approved and were on the way to us!

On the receiving end

Your newsletters give me tremendous *chizuk*, and they give me energy like nothing else can, to go forward with a mindset of *bitachon* towards the present and the future, and to always remain calm and serene, regardless of the circumstances. Recently I started having severe headaches, and I didn't know whether or not to see a doctor. Before doing anything else, I decided to implement the main things I learned from the *shiurim* and the newsletters: to strengthen myself in *emunah* and *bitachon* and to remain calm. Within a short time my headaches disappeared completely. This was a huge reminder of the power of *emunah* and *bitachon*.

This was such a strange conversation for someone who was publicly desecrating Shabbos by traveling in a car on *Shabbos kodesh* at night, and speaking about how he doesn't want to desecrate the Shabbos, and that he would even make his commitment a bit longer by starting to keep Shabbos ten minutes earlier.

This just comes to show us the value of effort of every Yid, on his level, to come closer to Hashem. Riding in a car on Shabbos was a terrible *aveirah*. It was a tragedy, but he did not know anything, and for him this was truly a way of coming closer to Hashem.

Nitzan got out of the car at ten to twelve. He looked around and found a bench. He disconnected his cellphone and sat down. People asked if he needed help, but the help they offered did not suit him. They were willing to take him in their cars or to let him call, but he was being *shomer Shabbos*! So he said, "Thanks, I'm managing," and he lay down to sleep on the bench.

That's how he slept, in the street, as he had no other option. In the morning, at ten o'clock, he turned on his phone, ordered a taxi, and traveled home, *R"l*.

In the house he was greeted by a strange sight. The family was screaming and crying. At first they simply could not believe they were seeing him. Then they fell upon him as though they hadn't seen him in years. He stood there, shocked, and asked, "I don't understand. What's going on here?"

And then it became clear that he was the sole survivor of a terrible accident, which had taken place the previous night at five to twelve. Five minutes after he got out of the car, the car he had been traveling in was involved in a fatal accident, and all its passengers were killed. In his house they were mourning his death, and here he was, standing right before them, alive and well.

"It shook me up completely," Nitzan told me on the phone. "I felt how important my *shemiras Shabbos* is to our Father in Heaven. And between us, I know that what I did is not really called keeping Shabbos. From today on I want to keep Shabbos properly, and in general to keep all the mitzvos. Are you willing to help me?"

Reb Chaim completed the moving story and told me, "Do you see? Even a short time of keeping a mitzvah brings *nachas* to Hashem, and I believe that even one hour of *shemiras halashon* is worth a ton."

Nothing Happened to Me

I ordered a *milichig* meal for my friends and myself. Then an *avreich* came over to me with his entire family, seven children in all, and asked me, "Can I ask you an atypical question?" I was curious. "What's the question?"

He was a bit embarrassed, I could tell, and then he said, "We promised the children that we'd buy them something yummy, but I did not imagine it would cost this much. I ordered portions for everyone, and I'm missing two portions for two children." He didn't continue. I saw it was difficult for him, and I understood exactly what he wanted. I thought to myself, *Why should I cover the cost of two portions?! What does this story have to do with me?! I'm not some wealthy man who easily throws out dozens of shekels for a portion for someone else.* But, I told myself, this was *tzedakah*. I took out a respectable sum and handed it to him. The *avreich* was very happy and thanked me with all his heart, and I was happy that I had done a mitzvah.

Twenty minutes later, as my friend and I were leaving, we passed a low barricade that we had to bend in order to get through. Something about my movement was a bit clumsy, and I lost my balance and fell.

It was the type of fall that could land one up in the hospital needing surgery. I was really scared. I'm not young, and at my age such a fall could be really dangerous. I called my friend to help me, and he stretched out his hand and used all his strength to assist me in getting up. And there I was – standing, then walking, and I discovered that nothing had happened to me! A serious fall resulted in no harm at all!

I am certain that the *zechus* of the *tzedakah* I gave, which was beyond my comfort zone, is what stood by me and saved me.

He got together some people who took down his things, and when I arrived, this *avreich* and his friends loaded up the furniture, cartons, and everything necessary. From there, I made several more stops to collect various vital items he needed in his new apartment, and the whole time I noticed that he was watching me and waiting for me to say something. At the end he asked, "Are you sure that 300 shekels is enough? On Motzaei Shabbos I checked out how much a transport costs, and I was told that 300 shekels might be enough to transport one item. If you want to move an entire apartment, it costs several thousand shekels, and I also asked you to make several other stops on the way."

"Everything's fine," I answered him. "Where to now?"

We went to the apartment building, and I asked him to show me exactly where his new apartment was. I waited calmly for them to take everything out, and I helped with whatever I could. When the *avreich* took out money to pay me, I told him to keep the money. I explained that I was totally not a moving truck, but that I dealt with sound systems. I had simply purchased a van and searched for a Yid with whom I could do an act of *chesed*. Our whole meeting was *min haShamayim* and very emotional: He had been davening to Hashem for several days already to send him an affordable moving truck, and I had been davening to find someone who needed me.

"If you still want to pay me," I told him, "take me to your *kollel* and give me three minutes to speak to the *avreichim* there."

And why did I so badly want to speak to these *avreichim*? Because I saw this *avreich*, and how he worked so hard and put in so much effort in order to give me 300 shekels, and who knows what vital food item he had given up on in order to do so. I saw that also after a week of searching and also after he understood that there was no chance he would find a moving truck for this price, there was no way he could add more money. And as for me, I just wanted to help, to simply help him and his friends who were struggling like him, and to teach them something from my experience, something that perhaps they did not yet know.

I told the *avreichim* that several years earlier, I was entangled in debts with huge interest rates and with no idea of how I might get out of that pit. One day, *b'rachamei Shamayim*, I came across a *sefer* on the subject of *Birkas Hamazon*. What can I tell you? It opened my eyes! Until then I hadn't known that reciting *Birkas Hamazon* with *kavanah* is a *segulah* for wealth. I read the book in depth, and it gave me a totally different outlook on the mitzvah of *Birkas Hamazon*. I started to say the *brachah* with *kavanah*, word for word, and within a short time I paid off all my debts and truly began to succeed financially.

In conclusion, I said that I wanted the *tzibbur* to strengthen themselves in *Birkas Hamazon*, and there would be *yeshuos* and bountiful *parnassah*.

I think that beyond *Birkas Hamazon*, it is important to understand one thing: It isn't work that brings money. I could have worked from morning to night and remained in debt. In order to gain *parnassah*, you need *siyata diShmaya*! That alone. And therefore, it was worth my while to search for a Yid in order to do *chesed* with him. It is worth more than all the sound systems put together...

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Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Miracles and Nature

Our Sages teach that if a miracle is wrought for someone, it uses up his merits, and the greater the miracle, the more merits are used up.

It is known that Hashem's *Shem Havayah* functions over and above nature; and as far as the *Shem Havayah* is concerned, there is no difference between something natural and something supernatural. This is how *Binah La'ittim* explains the *passuk* (*Tehillim* 118:23), "This was from Hashem," meaning that it was something commonplace, even though it opposed the laws of nature. To people, however, "it is wondrous in our eyes" – since we dwell in the natural world. On the other hand, the Name *Elokim* functions within nature, and therefore the numerical value of *Elokim* is the same as that of the word *hateva*, as many *mefarshim* point out.

Rabi Chanina's daughter was depressed because she realized that a miracle was taking place and the vinegar was burning [as if it was oil]. She thought, "Who knows how many of my merits are being used up because of this wondrous miracle?" So her father told her, "What do you care? In our family, no merits are used up, for we function within the level of *Shem Havayah*, where there is no difference between nature and miracle. As far as we are concerned, He Who told oil to burn will tell the vinegar to burn. The burning of the vinegar is no more miraculous than the burning of oil, but what do you care if a miracle takes place? Everything is the same."

(Based on Ben Yehoyada on Taanis)

A Wondrous Segulah

The truth is that this important concept is a wondrous *segulah* to protect a person from all judgments and from the desires of others [to harm him]. They will not be able to control him or do anything to him. When someone firmly establishes his belief in his heart that Hashem is the true Master, and no power but He exists in the world or in any of the worlds, that the entire universe is filled with the absolute oneness of Hashem, blessed be His Name, and in his heart he completely negates the existence of any other power and anyone else's desires, so that he subjugates his thoughts purely to the One Master, blessed is He, alone – then Hashem *yisbarach* will make it that all powers and others' desires will be automatically nullified so that they will not be able to affect him at all.

Not only that, but whatever he decrees will take place. He will

cause many miracles and supernatural wonders to take place, since he has established this pure faith firmly in his heart so that it will never falter. [He relies] only on Hashem *yisbarach* Alone, and to Him everything is the same. He can act at all times as He wishes, either following the laws of nature that He established, or disregarding the laws of nature.

This was the case with Rabi Chanina ben Dosa, who could decree things at will and supernatural things would occur. As he said: "He Who told oil to burn can tell vinegar to burn," meaning that for Hashem it is all the same, and that is why Hashem indeed enabled the vinegar to burn, and such things occurred many times with him, as is recorded in *Shas*.

(Based on Nefesh Hachaim 3:12)

The Vinegar Miracle

Rabi Chanina ben Dosa noticed one Erev Shabbos that his daughter was depressed. He said to her, "My daughter! What has made you sad?"

She said, "I mistook the jug of vinegar for one of oil, and so I filled the Shabbos candelabra with vinegar and lit it [and the lights will go out momentarily, leaving us in the dark]."

Rabi Chanina said, "My daughter, why do you care which fuel you used? He Who told oil to burn will tell this vinegar to burn."

The *braisa* teaches that this candelabra burned through the entire next day, until they used it to kindle another candle for Havdalah.

(Taanis 25a)

The Power of Deveikus

If someone develops his love and longing for Hashem enough, he himself becomes a seat for the *Shechinah*, and with every breath he takes, he brings down the sweet light of Hashem and unifies all the worlds. To the extent that he develops his *deveikus* with the One Above and disregards all thoughts of physical things, the *Shechinah* rests

upon him. He then has the power to nullify all Heavenly decrees, and he can see from one end of the world to the other and can hear the announcements made in *Shamayim*. This was the level of the *heiligh* Baal Shem Tov....

A tzaddik who was a disciple of the Baal Shem related to my father-in-law, the tzaddik Reb Avraham Mordeche of Pintshev, that he once accompanied the Baal Shem Tov to the *mikveh* on a freezing winter day, when icicles hung down from the rooftops, but the *mikveh* room quickly became warm through [the Baal Shem Tov's] *yichudim*. And this was something that the Baal Shem Tov could do at any time. He remained in the *mikveh* for several hours, until the candle wax started dripping and the fire was about to go out. The Baal Shem Tov told his companion, "Simpleton! Bring an icicle from the roof and kindle it, for He Who told oil to burn will tell this to burn as well." The icicle continued to burn until they left an hour or two later, and when they got home there was a bit of water left in his hand.

Likewise, he performed numerous wonders that had not been seen or heard of since the days of the *Tanna'im* Rabi Shimon bar Yochai and Rabi Chanina ben Dosa and their colleagues. And all this he did though his *deveikus* each moment with Hashem.

(Based on Notzer Chesed, ch. 6)

Excerpts from the popular shiur by

Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlit"a

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

Tefillah is the key to *parnassah*, always, every day. We need to daven regularly, again and again, in order to bring down the bounty of *parnassah* and to become receptacles for it. There is good reason that the *Shulchan Aruch* (1:5) states that it's commendable to say *Parshas Hamann* every day.

Tefillah is not only asking for there to be good *parnassah* decreed upon us. Even if good *parnassah* has already been decreed, a lack of regularity in davening can hold up the arrival of the bounty. As we learn in the *sefer Me'or Einayim* (*Parshas Va'es'chanan*), a person's *parnassah* stems from the Upper Worlds and comes down to this world through several other worlds, in each of which it is liable to be held up because of the prosecutors, as he is re-judged to determine whether he deserves *shefa*. Specifically through *tefillah*, we bring down upon us the bounty that is meant for this world.

In *Parshas Beha'aloscha* we learn about the sin of Am Yisrael asking for meat to eat. The *passuk* emphasizes their crying: "For you cried in Hashem's Ears, saying, 'Who will feed us meat?'" We need to understand: What is so bad about crying? This is an outpouring before Hashem, and if a person cries when he davens

and asks for his needs, what is his sin?

The Ohr Hachaim Hakadosh teaches us that crying in this way shows a lack of *bitachon*. Bnei Yisrael should have approached Hashem like a son who asks his father for whatever his heart desires. He explains that their crying was a demonstration of their absolute certainty that they could not get what they wanted. The fact that they cried shows that it was certain in their eyes that Hashem did not have the power, *chas v'shalom*, to provide their needs.

These words show us the way in *tefillah*: *Tefillah* needs to be from a place of *bitachon*, and one should ask Hashem like a son asks his father, trusting that his father will fulfill all his desires.

May Hashem help us, and may the gates of *parnassah* open with much breadth and great *shefa*; *amen*.



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