

# HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshas Mattot Masei - Devarim 5785 ■ Issue 168

## HEART TO HEART

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

### Hatzalah in Wartime

Every *pasuk* in *Tanach* concerning *bitachon* speaks volumes about *bitachon*. The *passuk* in *Yirmeyahu* 39:18 enlightens us about how one should act in times of fear and terror, confusion and war. It says, "I shall rescue you; you shall not fall by sword...because you trusted in Me, says Hashem."

In order to understand this *passuk*, we first need to be aware of some of the events in the life of the *navi* Yirmeyahu.

Yirmeyahu's name was given to him by Hakadosh baruch Hu. Yirmeyahu is a combination of the words *yarei miHashem* – he fears Hashem; for indeed, Yirmeyahu was very much afraid to tell others the messages Hashem gave him, but he was even more afraid of Hashem, and he did whatever Hashem commanded him.

While Tzefania was saying *nevuos* in the shuls, and Chuldah was giving *mussar* to the women, Yirmeyahu was simultaneously commanded to say *nevuah* in the public arena, and he was but a young boy. Yirmeyahu complained and said, "I do not know how to speak, for I am but a youngster" – how could I rebuke Am Yisrael? Moshe Rabbenu rebuked them only after he had led them and had been the conduit for miracles and wonders for them for forty years. But I am a young lad. I do not have a rich history that will cause them to listen to me, and how can I start out speaking harsh words to them?

But Hashem answered him that it was specifically his youth that set him at a great advantage – he had never experienced the taste of sin.

Yirmeyahu started to say his harsh prophecies, and he spoke in a soft tone. The gist of his message was that "for you, the sons of Avraham, Yitzchak and Yaakov, it is not appropriate to act in this way." But the content of his words was very harsh. At that time the nation was enjoying great bounty and success, and then a young boy came along and rebuked them for their evil deeds. Meanwhile, in contrast, there were older speakers who prophesied a rosy future. These false *nevi'im* were respectable people who made a much better impression. Their words were very pleasant, while the annoying voice of Yirmeyahu simply irked the masses and disrupted their lives!

Everyone belittled him, even the people who were closest to him, to the point that he was nicknamed "Buzi" – the despised one. He became so widely known by this name that to this very day his son's name is mentioned as "Yechezkel ben Buzi the *kohen*," instead of "Yechezkel ben Yirmeyahu the *kohen*." Nonetheless, with pure *yiras Shamayim*

he continued his difficult task. As per Hashem's command, he wrote his words down in a *megillas sefer*, and he sent his disciple Baruch ben Neriya to bring the *megillah* to the king Yehoyakim. When the king read the scroll with its harsh prophecies of rebuke, he ordered that it be burned.

Yirmeyahu then rewrote the scroll, adding another even harsher chapter, and had it sent to the king and his officers. This aroused their wrath, and they threw him into a pit in the jail. This was a horrible pit flooded with water and mud. Hashem made a miracle and raised the mud so that Yirmeyahu would not drown. Yonasan the scribe stood atop the pit and mocked Yirmeyahu: "Lay your head down on the mud so that you'll sleep well..."

The only one who remained loyal to Yirmeyahu was Baruch ben Neriya. This was when the siege had already begun. When Baruch ben Neriya saw the situation he mustered courage, and with *bitachon* in the Creator of all worlds, he stood before the king and his officers and said that if Yirmeyahu were to die in the pit, the entire city would subsequently be destroyed and would fall to the enemy. By so saying, he greatly endangered himself, as the wicked officers could have killed him on the spot, but he trusted in Hashem, and Tzidkiyahu the king listened to his request and allowed him to take Yirmeyahu out of the pit, with the assistance of thirty other people.

After Yirmeyahu was taken out of the pit, while he was still in the jail, he received a *nevuah* that he was commanded to say to Baruch ben Neriya. Here is where we see the *passuk* mentioned above. Hashem promised Baruch ben Neriya that nothing bad would happen to him. The decree of the *churban* and *galus* would happen, but, "I will save you on that day." Why? "Because you trusted in Me, says Hashem!"

Baruch ben Neriya trusted in Hashem and did the right thing when he saved Yirmeyahu, and in the *zechus* of this *bitachon* he was saved from all harm. *Chazal* added that his reward was so great that he was taken into Gan Eden alive.

From this we too, in 5785, can learn not to be afraid of anything that comes up against us, to continue to do mitzvos and learn Torah and to strengthen ourselves in rock-strong *bitachon* in Hashem *yisbarach*, for He is our Father, He is our Savior, He will save us and redeem us. May we be *zocheh* to hear, speedily in our days, the words of Hashem: "My children, do not fear, the time of your redemption has come"; *amen*.

## FROM THE EDITOR

### Profoundly Deep and Hidden

In this world we tend to cling to the notion that intellectual understanding is the key to truth. We assume that if something is clear to us, then it exists and it is true. Moreover, the more our understanding of something deepens, the more convinced we become that we are getting closer to the core of truth. When reality eludes us and does not allow for an immediate grasp, we become confused and feel a lack of stability.

But we Yidden know exactly the opposite: When less of a subject can be understood, it means that the subject is on a higher and deeper spiritual level and more real, and that is precisely the reason we cannot understand it. The classic example of this is the *parah adumah*. Shlomo Hamelech said (*Koheles* 7:23) "I said that I will be wise, but it [proved to be] distant from me." Shlomo Hamelech did not grasp this mitzvah.

The Maharal (*sefer Ner Mitzvah*, unit 1) cites a *midrash* that compares the exiles to the *parah adumah*, and he explains there that the mitzvah of *parah adumah* is from such a high place that a person cannot understand it. This applies to the depth of the length of the *galus* as well.

If a person would come and ask, *Why?* Why so many *tzaros*? Why can't we serve Hashem from serenity, as we desire? This *midrash* would answer him that it is because the purpose of *galus*, like the *parah adumah*, is a *chok* that we cannot understand. As the Maharal explains, "Once you understand why it is impossible to grasp these things [i.e., the *parah adumah*], you will understand why it is impossible to grasp why the *galus* is lasting so long.... Because its purpose is so deep that it cannot be understood, the length of the *galus* could not be revealed to the *nevi'im*, and these matters are profoundly deep."

Profoundly deep and hidden. This is the foundation of the *galus* of Am Yisrael in general, and the *galus* of every Jew in particular.

Sometimes a person tells himself, *If only I understood, I would see everything differently.*

*If I would know why I need to move from one apartment to another; if I understood why I need to wait so many years for children; if I had some sort of direction about why I need to deal with debt and financial problems for so many years – I would accept it happily.*

People like to understand, but if a believing Yid understands and believes that the fact that he is lacking in understanding is because there is something here much higher than him, this has the best, most calming effect.

The Rebbe Reb Shlomo of Karlin (his *yahrtzeit* is on 22 Tammuz) related that the first thing he does for a chassid who comes to him is to take away his intellect, so that he will not rely on his intellect but rather on *emunah*.

Reb Shlomo Karliner wanted every Yid to serve Hashem on the highest possible level. When a person serves Hashem with *emunah*, then everything is higher, and everything is also closer.

It is specifically the lack of understanding that uplifts a person.

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# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

## A Small Dance

I had an appointment with a doctor in a city close to Bnei Brak, but very distant in terms of everything related to lifestyle. Then, a month before the appointment, I received a call telling me that an available slot had opened up and I could come that day. And specifically on that day, in the yeshivah where I work, the *bachurim* had gone out on a trip, and so I would be able to make the appointment, but there was one severe problem. What would be with *shemiras einayim*? How would I manage in a place where there are so many forbidden sights?

How? Very Simple! I davened to Hashem to help me. And He helped. As soon as I got to the bus stop an almost-empty bus arrived. I sat down on the first seat and arrived at the clinic without any delays. After the appointment I wanted to head home, but I realized the bus was not scheduled to come for another hour.

I could not wait there for an hour, especially on this type of street. I looked around, searching for a place where I could wait in the meantime. I saw a kosher restaurant with the seal of kashrus by *rabbanim* from Bnei Brak. I entered, and a *chasidische* Yid was walking toward me. He was the *mashgiach* of the restaurant, and he was on his way out.

"Are you going to Bnei Brak?" I asked him.

"Not to Bnei Brak," he said, "but in that direction. I'll take you part of the way."

I joined him, and once we were in the car he said, "You know what? There are a few documents that I need to take from the *Vaad Hakashrus* offices in Bnei Brak, so I'll drive you into Bnei Brak."

*Baruch Hashem*, I got home. With tremendous *siyata diShmaya*, I did not stumble in seeing any forbidden sights. The Beis Aharon of Karlin would say that for something like this one needs to sing "*Aromimcha*," and if possible, to break out in a small dance.

I was *zocheh* to see with my own eyes Hashem's *hashgachah* and His mercy on us, and also to guard my eyes. I think it is certainly fitting to include you in my small dance.

## The Path of Milk

My daily routine includes learning in *kollel* before noon and running my small grocery store in the afternoon. In general, this works excellently, and *b'siyata diShmaya*, I succeed in learning well in the mornings and keeping up with my job in the grocery in the afternoons.

On the days when there was a lack of milk in the entire country, my grocery too was lacking milk. People came and asked if there was milk. They worried about what would be and asked when it could come. I inquired what I should do in such a situation, and one grocer told me, "I go to a supermarket in the nearby neighborhood, buy a large number of milk bags, and sell them at no profit. The main thing is that I have milk to give my customers."

Several other owners of groceries gave me the same advice: If you want to hold on to your customers, get them milk. Bring milk, and they'll continue coming, and

## Open a Gate for Us

We are five *bachurim* from abroad, learning in yeshivah in Eretz Yisrael. When the time came for us to return home, we had to go through a long, exhausting trip to the airport and then the flight. We ordered a driver to pick us up and take us to the airport, and at that moment our journey of *emunah* began.

The truth is that my journey started long before that, for I have been strengthening myself in *emunah* for several years. The story that I want to tell you emphasizes just how much *chizuk* in *emunah* can change you and all that happens to you.

In the first stage, the driver, whom we'd ordered to pick us up at a quarter to eight, was late by three-quarters of an hour. He arrived at 8:30 and apologized a thousand times, but all his excuses combined together could not turn back the hands of the clock.

In the second stage, when we left the city, we hit traffic. There was a serious traffic jam resulting from an accident between two cars. We five *bachurim* sat in a never-ending snake of vehicles, knowing that every passing moment took us farther away from the chance of making our flight. I strengthened myself in *emunah* and told myself that Hakadosh Baruch Hu is running the world, including the highways and the planes. I repeated to myself that whatever happened would be Hashem's will. If He willed it I would make the flight, and if He willed it, I would not make the flight. Whatever would be, I was in His Hands and I could be calm. My friends, on the other hand, started arguing and getting annoyed. They blamed the driver and whoever had ordered him, and they were angry about the fact that we had decided to leave at such a late hour, and they made all kinds of "if" and "if only" statements, and questions and calculations that don't get a person anywhere.

I was the only one who said, "No one is to blame. It's all *min haShamayim*. Hashem does everything." The truth is that I was not completely calm, I was feeling just a bit pressured, and that's why I called the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line from the car. I suggested to my friends that they listen in as well, but they did not listen to me.

Finally, the traffic jam cleared. We arrived at the airport literally at the last moment, just before takeoff.

Then we were stopped for security questions. Every *bachur* faced a security guard who had all the time in the world. But for some reason, they let me go quickly.

I ran to the check-in counter. The official checked my ticket and became angry: "What is this?! There are five places on the same name!" I explained that we were five *bachurim* traveling together. "And where are the other four?"

"They're with the security people."

Finally, my friends passed security, and they approached check-in, but the official was angry, and for some reason he only allowed me to advance. "If you're not on the boarding bridge to the aircraft within twenty minutes, you'll remain in Israel," he warned me.

What was I to do now? My friends were stuck with the annoyed official at check-in, and I was here, free to go, but without them. Once again, I told myself that Hashem was in charge of everything. And then Hashem gave me the thought to run and try to catch the flight. I ran, and when I reached a checkpoint I saw there was a very long line. The twenty minutes might very possibly have ended right here.

While I was standing in line, a steward came over to me, and when he understood how pressed I was for time, he instructed them to allow me to the front of the line. Thus, I passed the checkpoint within two minutes.

I ran to border control, where you scan your passport and then go through the automatic gate. I placed my passport on the scanner, but the gate would not open. I placed it there again, and no response. This happened perhaps seven times. I went over to the official who was sitting there, and he pointed to another gate, but this one too did not respond. I knew that if it didn't open I would need to wait in a long line, and then I would certainly miss my flight. I turned to Hashem. "Ribbono shel Olam," I said, "Help me so that the gate will open for me!" This was an earnest *tefillah* from the depths of my heart, and the metal rod turned to let me through!

## On the giving end

While on a family trip, my wife lost a number of very valuable pieces of jewelry. We searched, unsuccessfully, in every possible place. We decided to donate toward the dissemination of *emunah* as a *segulah* to find the missing jewelry. To our amazement, immediately after we donated, we found the jewelry! It seemed that one of our small children had put it deep into one of the bags and had forgotten all about it. We were very excited when, just after making the donation, we found the jewelry in a totally random place.

## On the receiving end

I live in the United States. Several hours before Yom Tov I received a phone call from the electric company; they told me that I had a debt and that if I would not pay it immediately, my electricity would be shut off within half an hour. They demanded that I come to Manhattan to pay in cash, but this was impossible before Yom Tov. The solution they offered was to buy a prepaid credit card, and that's what I did. I purchased a credit card for \$280, and I paid the bill. Only afterward did I realize that something was off. I called the electric company immediately and found out that I had fallen prey to a phone scam. The interesting point of the story is that all that time, from when I received the threatening phone call and even after I realized it was a scam, I was completely calm. I did not feel pressured from the threat to disconnect my electricity, and not when I discovered that it was a scam, either. This serenity comes from my consistently listening to the *hashgachah pratis* phone line, which strengthens me in *emunah* and *bitachon* that everything is from Hashem, and this stood by me throughout the *nisayon*.



I ran very quickly. I have no idea what the people who saw me running thought, but what difference does it make? *B'chessed Hashem*, I made the flight. I was the only *bachur* in the whole group who made the flight.

I am sure this is in the *zechus* of my *chizuk* in *emunah*. When we strengthen ourselves in the knowledge that Hashem is in charge of everything, and that even when it seems all ways are sealed off and it's impossible, we strengthen ourselves again, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu helps.

Hashem helped my friends as well, but in different ways, each with his own route, each one according to the stage in which he had been *zocheh* to strengthen his *emunah*.

## A Dirah with a Discount

I live in Eretz Hakodesh, while some of my family lives abroad. We keep in touch by phone, blessing each other on the proper occasions and sharing the small pains of life as well. The big moments are when we actually meet. It always happens for a reason, usually a wedding. The meeting itself is a great *simchah*, and so even when times are hectic, I am happy to make room for quality time with family. My family truly rejoices with me from the depths of their hearts, in the way that only blood brothers can.

The day of my son's wedding was drawing near, and invitations were sent overseas. My younger brother told me that he was excitedly planning his flight to Israel. "Get me an apartment from Wednesday to the following Sunday, so that I can be there for the Shabbos *sheva brachos*," my brother requested, and I very much wanted to fulfill his wish, which was my wish as well.

That's when the frantic search for an apartment for my brother began. What had I asked for after all? A place where I could put a very young family for just five days, for them to feel comfortable and to have a pleasant stay. That's all! But my search came up with nothing. My son's wedding was one of many weddings taking place in our area that same week. Everyone was happy, and everyone needed apartments, and every available *daled amos* was filled up immediately. If at first I wanted to find some sort of *baal chessed* or someone willing to give in order to get back, it turned out I was wrong. There was not one homeowner willing to fulfill my request. I paid an apartment broker to help me, but this too was not easy. This went on until I got two proposals that could possibly have worked with each other: One apartment that would be available on Wednesday, and another apartment that would be available from Thursday through Sunday.

I did not want my brother and his family to have to move around like that. I felt that this was just "*nisht*." They would be coming from a long flight, and it was just not appropriate to host them this way. But I made a *cheshbon*: I've done all the possible *hishtadlus* I could do – searched and spoken, asked and investigated; I've done everything. Who could help me? Only Hakadosh Baruch Hu! "Ribono shel Olam," I said, "I am not in the picture; please arrange an apartment for my brother so that when he comes from abroad he will be hosted here pleasantly and comfortably."

I left the matter to Hashem, literally "cast my burden" on Him. I simply felt that this burden of finding an apartment had rolled off of me completely and that I no longer had to deal with it at all. Hakadosh Baruch Hu would take care of it and arrange it, and it would certainly be in the best way possible.

Several days later I was at a *chasunah*. Suddenly, one of the guests at the wedding approached me and warmly said, "You're also making *chasunah* soon, right?"

"Uh huh."

"And you're surely inviting guests from abroad."

"Yes, yes." I could not say more than a few short words along with enthusiastic nods, because the band ruined any chance of my hearing him or of being heard.

The man called me aside and told me, "There's an apartment in my building that the tenants recently left, and the new tenants haven't yet arrived. I would imagine you could get this apartment for a very low price." He gave me the details, and indeed this was the apartment my brother stayed in – a clean, furnished apartment that was available exactly on the dates of the wedding and the Shabbos that followed.

It was all so clear: From the moment I put the matter completely in the Ribono shel Olam's hands, everything worked out amazingly.

they'll buy honey as well. If you don't bring milk, they'll find another way to get milk, and on the way they'll switch to a different grocery.

I was leaning toward the idea of buying in a large supermarket, but on the other end of the scale stood my precious hours of learning in *kollel*.

How could I go out in the morning at a time when I am supposed to be learning? I must decide between learning Torah, which is compared to milk and honey, or buying milk, a process that is totally not sweet as honey.

I chose the first possibility, but I also did *hishtadlus*: I called the milk company in an attempt to order milk. They did not answer the phone in their office, but incredibly enough, several hours later, at an hour when their office was closed, they called me back. "Listen," the agent told me, "I have a small amount of milk – fifty bags – and I called the last number I saw on the screen. Do you want me to bring them over to you?"

What was the question?! He brought me the fifty bags, and my customers had their milk.

The next day an even more amazing thing occurred: The milk agent decided of his own accord to bring me 150 bags of milk! That's how I dealt with the lack of milk without making any major extra effort, and the main thing – without missing out on learning in *kollel*. I saw *Chazal's* teachings come to life: that anyone who accepts upon himself the yoke of Torah, the yoke of *derech eretz* is removed from him. Instead of my running after milk, the milk came straight to the grocery, to provide for so many of my customers.

## A Water Urn for the Following Week

Rav Noach Weinberg *zt"l* was one of the first people who tried to be *mekarev* Yidden and bring them to *teshuvah*. Once he said: Imagine a large crane from which emerges a strong chain, and inside it we put a very heavy load of bricks. A worker stands near the crane and moves it a bit from here a bit from there. It seems as though he is lifting the heavy burden, when in fact it is the crane that is actually lifting everything. It's the same when it comes to *teshuvah*: Hakadosh Baruch Hu returns His nation Yisrael in *teshuvah*! But to be like this worker, who stands near the crane and seems to be doing something – this is a *zechus*.

*Baruch Hashem*, I also have this type of *zechus*. I give *shiurim* to people who are drawing close to Hashem, and I was *zocheh* that one of the *talmidim* started keeping Shabbos. I was very excited along with him, and before Shabbos I prepared a package for him, including all of his Shabbos needs, such as a hot-water urn and a hot plate, and several nice dishes that are not strictly necessary but that also beautify the Shabbos.

I sent everything with a messenger, and only afterward did I realize that the urn had not been *toveled*. What would be? I had sent the dishes in order to help him and not in order to cause him to stumble. I wanted everything to be done in utmost comfort, and now I had to teach him a halachah he did not know, and I had no idea how he would react. The first steps are so sensitive, and I so much wanted to do everything good for him. I really didn't know what to do. I davened to Hashem and asked, "Ribono shel Olam, my *talmid* is Your son. Please arrange everything for him."

And He did. Close to Shabbos, the *talmid* called to thank me for the package. "Regarding the urn," he told me, "I'm not going to use it this week because I didn't have time to wash it with soap and water."

"*Baruch Hashem*," I reacted. "I forgot to let you know that you also need to *tovel* it, and before that, it is forbidden to use it." I explained all the details of the halachah, and the *talmid* listened with understanding and joy.

Abba in *Shamayim* arranged everything.

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## Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

### Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

#### To Delve Into and Internalize That Everything Is from Hashem

One of the fundamental principles of the Torah is that a person must think and internalize the fact that all that happens to him is just, in accordance with Hashem's perfect judgment. This is as it says, "No one hurts his finger in this world unless it has been decreed for him from on High." He should then examine his deeds and do *teshuvah* for his evil ways.

(Based on Hame'iri – *Beis Hachechirah*)

#### Nothing Minor in the World Happens Without Hashgachah Pratis

The smart man uses his eyes to recognize the advantage of light over darkness, so that when he suffers, he turns his eyes and heart Heavenward, knowing that not even a minor thing happens in this world, especially to Am Yisrael, without Hashem's *hashgachah pratis*...and that perfect *hashgachah* controls the natural events of every individual.... There is nothing, no matter how minor, that happens by chance. As *Chazal* say, "No one hurts his finger in this world unless it has been decreed for him from on High." And being that this is so, why would Hashem, Who is good to all and Who is merciful to all His creations and Who wants only what is best for them do this? What is this great fury, that brings these *yissurim* upon me? It must be only because He wishes to heal me completely – to heal both my *guf* and my *nefesh*. Through these *yissurim* I will return to Him fully and completely, with all my power, and from this moment on I will never again repeat this foolishness, and I will commit to

serving Him fully, with love and fear.

(Based on *Sidduro shel Shabbos* part 2 *drush* 3)

#### No One Hurts His Finger

Rabi Chanina said: No one hurts his finger in this world unless it has been decreed for him from on High, as it says: "The footsteps of man are decreed by Hashem; What can man understand of His ways?" (*Mishlei* 20:24).

(*Chullin* 7b)

#### Nothing Is by Chance

The most basic principle of our *avodah* is that "You shall not have a foreign god" – we must not attribute any power to anything foreign. This is the basis of *emunah* in *hashgachah*.... It is demanded of Am Yisrael, when they see punishment coming upon non-Jews, that they learn from this and see the Heavenly judgment behind it. Since nothing happens by chance and everything is determined by Hashem's *hashgachah*, we have to learn *mussar* from it. And when we see Hashem's judgment bringing misfortune upon those who are closer to us, we certainly need to see Hashem behind it. Attributing these occurrences to any other causes is equivalent to bowing down to a foreign god. The *passuk* states, "I am Hashem your G-d Who took you out of Mitzrayim." If you contemplate *Yetzias Mitzrayim*, you will see that everything was done only by the Hand of Hashem. Without Him, none of it could have happened.

(Based on *Ohr Yechezkel* part 2 p. 279)

#### A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

Excerpts from the popular shiur by Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebeal shlit"a

#### Rising from Within the Darkness

The days of *Bein Hametzarim* are not regular days. On the one hand, we are mourning the destruction of the *Beis Hamikdash*. This loss is felt in every fiber of our being, for along with the *churban* of the *Beis Hamikdash*, our *kavod* was buried and the *Shechinah* left out midst. This distance is felt very strongly during these days.

On the other hand, the holy *sefarim* reveal that these days have great spiritual significance. The 21 days of *Bein Hametzarim* correspond to the first 21 days of Chodesh Tishrei, and they are an auspicious time to come close to Hashem.

We often encounter difficult challenges in life. Sometimes a person gets caught in a sort of whirlpool: *Parnassah* is difficult, and many *tzaros* land one on top of another, leaving the person feeling helpless, as though he was, *chalilah*, forgotten by Hashem.

But the truth is that the greatness of the *hastarah* is as great as the inner hidden light. Just like the days of *Bein Hametzarim*, which seem so dark but contain within them a great light, so too are the moments of darkness in a person's life. The darkness is merely an external cover that hides a great, tremendous light.

Whoever knows this understands that, specifically during the most dreary moments, we must not give up. Specifically in those moments it is expected of us that we reveal the hidden light within the darkness. If we do so, then not only will we get through the difficult times but we'll also emerge from them strengthened in *emunah* after having been *zocheh* to see our *yeshuah* so near.

May Hashem help us and transform these days of mourning to *simchah*, and may we be *zocheh* soon to see the building of the *Beis Hamikdash*; amen.



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