

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Re'eh - Shoftim 5785 ■ Issue 170

HEART TO HEART

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

The Best That Could Be

When we hear of an earthquake in some corner of the world, it is so easy to say that "everything is for the best," but when our own plans are disrupted, then we have a lot of work to do in order to agree to the *hanhagos* of the Creator. To think this way in our hearts and minds, to bend our thoughts and submit our desires — this is our life's work!

The ninth and highest level of *bitachon* is described in the seventh and final chapter of *Shaar Habitachon*. It is the pinnacle of a Yid's accomplishment through *hisbonenus*, practice and repetition again and again of the principles we learned throughout this incredible chapter. Describing the ninth level, Rabbenu Bachyai gives an example of someone whom he defines as "one of those who trust," who said, "I have never faced one set of circumstances and desired something else," meaning: It never happened that I found myself in a certain situation and wanted to be in another situation. I was so sure that everything is for my good, from my merciful Father in *Shamayim*. And if He determined that it would be so, then I too want it to be exactly so, and not anything else!

This paragraph obligates us to think deeply. If total *bitachon* means to agree to the Heavenly ordained situations in which a person finds himself, what place is there at all to ask Hashem to change them?

Anshei Knesses Hagedolah established the words of *tefillah*. The whole content of the *Shemoneh Esrei* involves asking for our needs and for our situation to change: for us to have more wisdom, for the ill to recover, for redemption from our exile, for bountiful *parnassah*. How could the *ma'amin*, for whom everything is good — even if he lives with pain and sorrow, illness and difficulty — daven to Hashem to change his situation? Likewise, we would think that based on this level of *bitachon* there would be no need to do any *hishtadlus*?

The father of the Shelah Hakadosh *zy"a*, Rav Avraham Halevi Horowitz, wrote in his *sefer Yeish Nochalin*, that anyone who objects to the *yissurim* that come upon him suffers double pain. As if it is not enough that he suffers from the difficulty itself and from the pain that is meant as an atonement for his sins; he adds to himself a heavy burden for which he has no need. That burden is thinking that if only he had done this or that he could have avoided this situation, and it is his worries about the future in light of what is happening now.

The first of the Thirteen Principles of Faith is that the Creator *yisbarach* makes everything happen according to His Will at all times. Whatever has already happened — Hashem caused. What is happening in the present — Hashem is controlling.

And let us notice the exact words of the *boteiach* who said: When I found myself in certain circumstances — I accepted that it had to be this way, that it is exactly what Hashem wanted to happen to me. It is possible that he found himself in jail or with some sort of illness, or perhaps he heard the bad news that he had lost his possessions, or that he experienced any other type of pain. At that second, he knew to accept those circumstances, not to fight it, not to ask, "Why did it happen to me?" He did not regret the physical suffering he endured, but rather he accepted Hashem's decree as it was. And through this strong *emunah* he understood that this is how it was meant to be. He knows how to say to himself: "Hashem did this — and this is the best thing!"

Regarding the future, we have the obligation of *hishtadlus* — to daven! This does not contradict *bitachon* at all. In the Gemara (*Beitzah* 32b) it says that there are three whose lives are not life, and one of them is the person whose *yissurim* rule over his body. It does not say "the person who has *yissurim*," but rather, one whose *yissurim* rule over him and fill his mind and eat away at all his strength. "Why did this happen to me?" "Why wasn't I more careful?" "Why did he do that to me?" "I would have wanted it to be different." The moment a person lives at peace with his situation and accepts the dealings of Hashem with submission — he is alive! He is able to be happy, and he opens for himself the pipeline of blessing and good *hashpa'os*, *brachos* and *hatzlachos*.

This is also the key to understanding the need for *hishtadlus*: A Yid gets up one morning and sees that his bank account is in bad shape, and he knows that Yom Tov is coming. The Creator created him to be the head of the family, and he needs to buy clothing, food and snacks in honor of Yom Tov. He is concerned about his financial situation and he realizes that a change is necessary; perhaps he will even need to borrow money to settle his older debts. Now comes the test: If he does this happily, because he understands that this task has been assigned to him — that is sign that he is acting on the basis of *emunah*. *Emunah* always goes hand in hand with *simchah*.

However, we must point out that this discussion is only about how a person should feel about himself; the actions he needs to take in order to obtain the needs of the members of his household are discussed thoroughly by Rabbenu Bachyai in Chapter 4.

May we be *zocheh* to good, peaceful lives, with *simchah*, satisfaction and peace of mind; *amen*. Please ask for mercy

FROM THE EDITOR

My Head Made a 180-Degree Turn

An esteemed *talmid chacham* from Yerushalayim told me: Sometimes Hashem sends you one sentence to make a switch in your mind, and not just a switch, but He actually takes your head and simply turns it around 180 degrees. Everything you thought until now is completely transformed.

In my case — this *talmid chacham* said — it happened through the words of the Vilna Gaon *zy"a*.

The Yid unfolded a paper with a copy of chapter 3:2 of *sefer Even Sheleimah*. These are the words of the Gaon: "All sins and iniquities stem from jealousy, as I wrote. The mitzvah of 'Do not envy' encompasses all ten *dibros* and all of Torah. But *histapkus*, which is the opposite of envy, is the foundation of the entire Torah, and it encompasses total *emunah*, including not worrying about the future.

"And one whose heart is filled with *bitachon*, even though he may transgress serious sins, is still better off than someone who is lacking in *bitachon*, and thus comes to jealousy and hatred — even if [that person] occupies himself in Torah and *gemilus chassadim*, for all this is only in order to give himself a good name."

This *talmid chacham* told me emotionally: I'll give you an example of how it influenced me. Whenever the month of Elul came around, the first thing I dealt with was to strengthen myself in refraining from *bitul Torah*. The story of the Chafetz Chaim, who made an accounting at the end of the year of how many moments he had neglected to learn Torah throughout the year, spoke to my heart, and I am continuing with it this year as well. But since I saw the words of the Gaon, I internalized that there are things that are much more basic, and I still have much room for improvement in those things.

I listened to him silently. This is a very *chashuveh* Yid, and I am amazed by how he opened up and spoke to me like a friend.

But I thank Hashem for arousing me as well.

Emunah is the foundation of the entire Torah. When a Yid has *emunah* in Hashem, he internalizes within his heart that there is a one-and-only Creator, Who rules the world with precise *hashgachah pratis*, and there is no need to worry, and certainly not to be jealous of another person. This is what the Gaon is saying: *Bitachon* is the foundation of the entire Torah.

And this is exactly in line with the words of Chavukuk, who posited that all of Torah stands upon one principle: "And the righteous man shall live by his faith!"

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

Why Did You Hang It Up, and Why Did You Take It Down?

I sat together with my *chashuveh* brothers-in-law at an emergency meeting. We all knew that my father-in-law's financial situation was not great. He had been *zocheh* to marry off sons and daughters, and each *chasunah* added tens of thousands of shekels to his debts. Now, before the next wedding, we had decided to save the situation. One of my brothers-in-law, who was an expert in facts and figures, presented the situation as it was, and at the end of the conversation it was decided that each of the sons and sons-in-laws, myself among them, would collect the sum of 36,000 shekels.

How? Whoever had money of his own – would bring it. Whoever knew people who could give – would speak to them. Whoever was capable of going door to door – would do so. There is a mitzvah here of *kibbud horim*, *hachnassas kallah*, and the most *mehudar* form of *tzedakah*.

I agreed to the plan; but I won't say that I didn't feel fear and shaking legs. Where would I get hold of such sums? I learn all day in *kollel*, my wife works, and her salary barely meets the needs of our home, *baruch Hashem*. Moreover, we really don't know the rules of this game.

Several weeks passed, and during this time one brother-in-law got his father, who is a person of means, to help out; the second succeeded in collecting money from several friends whose financial situation is good; the third brought it all, with Hashem's blessings, from his own; and the fourth, whose financial situation is closest to my own, worked hard to collect money.

So was this what I had to do as well? To collect money? To go from shul to shul and to speak to the hearts of the *Yidden* who had just folded up their *talleisim* and *tefillin*? The more I tried to imagine this, the less I could see myself doing it. What?! I would be a *shnorre*?!

I talked it over with my wife, and we came to the conclusion that being a "respectable *shnorre*" suited me much better. I would travel abroad with a driver, and *be'ezras Hashem*, would collect all the money. I booked a ticket and prepared for the trip, but the night before the flight, the war with Iran broke out. The flight was cancelled.

I stayed in the Holy Land, and this holy task still loomed before me. *Hachnassas kallah! Hachnassas kallah!*

I thought that if I was capable of going abroad for a few days, I could certainly take a public bus to Beitar. I left my hometown of Har Yonah and, following a long trip, I arrived in Beitar Illit, at the *shtieblach*. I entered and asked them to allow me to speak for a few minutes and collect money.

"No way," said an *avreich* who overheard the exchange between me and the *gabba'im*. He had already reserved

The Best Business Deal

My business demands a lot from me, and I have a great deal of work. I get calls all day, and I need to talk to people, to travel here and there, and to go to all sorts of distant locations as well as centers filled with people, places where you can barely find a quiet spot for yourself – and who's even talking about finding a shul for a minyan when I need one there?

To my sorrow, up until a while ago it would often happen that I would daven *Minchah*, *Maariv*, or *Shacharis* on my own...it would happen. In the beginning it was painful, but afterward, I am sorry to say, it was no longer so painful. I had all types of excuses and explanations for why it was okay.

One day I closed on a huge business deal: I purchased an office rental building and paid for it using a mortgage-like loan. My plan was to rent out the offices, using the rent money to pay the monthly mortgage payments, and to remain with some profit as well.

The first part worked out perfectly: The mortgage payments started going off my bank account each month. But the second part was truly lagging. Only a few offices were rented out, while most of the building remained vacant. The mortgage took a frighteningly large bite out of my bank account, and I lost a lot of money each month. I waited for a *yeshuah*. Slowly, it dawned on me that I was in serious trouble. How was I to survive until the offices were rented out? And where would I find tenants?

I davened to Hashem to help me, but I did not see a *yeshuah*. No one was responding to the advertising I had done about the offices.

Around that time, I met a friend, who could see that I was under pressure. In answer to his question, I told him all about the complications I had encountered: I had purchased a building and was not managing to rent it out.

"I have an idea for you," he told me. "In the *sefer Ma'or Vashamesh* there is a promise: that one who davens three times a day with a minyan will have bountiful *parnassah*. Strengthen yourself in this, and you will see *yeshuos*!"

He knew exactly on which toes to step. This was really not a simple matter for me. The habitual lack of a daily schedule was already entrenched in me, and I had to break this bad habit and start a new Jewish daily routine, without compromise. It was very difficult, and with all my good will and the knowledge that this would bring so much *brachah*, I did not succeed. Several months passed, and one summer day in the month of Tammuz my friend met me and said, "Soon the *yahrtzeit* of the Maor Vashamesh is coming up. How about if you join me on a trip to Cracow to go to his *kever*?"

He probably thought it would be refreshing for me to get away from it all for a few days. I was confused by so much pressure. I had nothing to lose, for whatever I could have lost, I had already lost. He did not have to work hard to convince me to join him, and indeed, I decided to join. I knew he would speak to me again about davening with a minyan, and this flight would probably be filled with *mussar* and *chizuk*, but the past months had softened me. He indeed utilized the opportunity to speak to me about it. He explained that *shefa* and *parnassah* are only a side bonus, and the true profit is that I would gain *tefillah* with serenity and connection to Hashem, and I would have three breaks each day to remind me of my purpose in the world.

I was completely convinced, and at the *kever* of the tzaddik Reb Kalman Klonymos Halevi Epstein *zy"a*, I accepted upon myself to daven with a minyan three times a day, no matter what. I asked that in the merit of this *kaballah* I should be blessed with bountiful *parnassah*. I know this sounds exaggerated, but this is exactly how it went: Even before I left the *beis hachaim*, I got a phone call from the representative of a large company in the country. They were looking into my building and wanted to rent out all the available offices there for a span of ten years!

The contract was written and signed. I made an investment of three *tefillas* a day, and the result was ample *parnassah*, and this was only the bonus. It was the best deal I had ever made.

The Rescuers Were Amazed

It was the morning of my son Moishy's trip. Initially he hurried, wanting to come on time and not to be late. But as he was finishing davening, he thought: *Why are we going on a trip? In order to see the wonders of Hashem and to be wowed by the beauty of creation. So why,*

On the giving end

I was out of work for a long time, and our financial distress was growing. A while back, I wanted to be part of your work of disseminating *emunah* and *bitachon*, but somehow I never got around to it. One day I got a solicitation call from your office, and I decided to commit to a set monthly donation toward your cause. What happened the next day was unbelievable: I got a call inviting me to a job interview. At the end of the day I was hired for this excellent position, and I started receiving a decent salary. *Baruch Hashem*, today I have a respectable source of *parnassah*.

On the receiving end

Last week we were going through something very difficult, which reached its climax on Shabbos. I cannot provide more details, other than to say that I'm talking about a sad and painful story in our family, something having to do with one of our children. I felt that nothing in the world could help ease the pain I was going through. Then I decided to listen to your wonderful phone line. I tuned in to a *shiur* by Rav Kletzkin, and every second that passed improved my situation. It was like a calming medication. I have no words to thank you – thank you so much!

specifically on the day of this trip, do we need to daven quickly, under pressure? Specifically on the day of the trip, it is much more appropriate that we daven slowly and patiently!

Moishy had heard a few stories about the greatness of davening *Aleinu L'shabeiach* and about the *segulah* and the protection that this *tefillah* offers. That morning he made a determined decision to say *Aleinu L'shabeiach* patiently and with *kavanah*. He chose specifically this *tefillah* because it is a paragraph said at the end of davening, and when we say it there is a tendency to swallow the words and to hurry out of the shul. This, even after we've been warned: *Rabbosai*, don't get confused – *Aleinu L'shabeiach* is not *Tefillas Haderech*!

But this time in particular, it actually was a sort of *Tefillas Haderech*...

Moishy was climbing on Har Hagilboa with his friends, on a track that takes three hours. They walked on high rocks, where one must struggle to maintain balance every second. While they were walking, Moishy suddenly lost his footing and slipped. He rolled down the slope, unable to stop, like a ball rolling down a long slide. He went flying in that way for at least 38 meters!

His friends and the staff stood up at the top, terrified, unable to do a thing. They followed him with their eyes until he disappeared from sight. During those terrifying moments they had no idea what was happening with Moishy.

It was Moishy himself who revealed his whereabouts to them. He got stuck in a tree, which broke his fall, and called for help. The wild growth around him was flourishing, so his friends did not see him from where they were standing, but as they strained to hear the source of the sound, they understood that it was Moishy calling them, and they summoned help.

The staff that came to save Moishy found him fully conscious and even smiling. For two hours he had sat there in tremendous heat, and he had everything he needed. His bag had rolled down with him, so he was able to eat and drink. Even his glasses got caught in his *peyos* and rolled along with him and remained completely whole.

The rescuers were amazed to see him alive and well. The first aid equipment they had brought with them turned out to be unnecessary. After a thorough examination they announced, "You can continue your trip!"

The trip, of course, did not continue as planned. The friends burst into dance and happy song over Hashem's *chassadim*, which are never-ending, and over His miracles and wonders that are with us at all times.

When Moishy came home following the eventful, emotionally- and physically draining day, he told us what had happened to him, and our hearts skipped a beat upon hearing the entire story.

"Abba," he told me, "I feel that the *kaballah* that I took upon myself, to say *Aleinu L'shabeiach* from inside the siddur, with *kavanah*, is what saved me.

Nine People Were Waiting for Him

From the apartment we rented in Ashdod for *bein hazmanim*, we went out, young and old, to an Ashdod Park. We organized two large bags, which included food and drink, games and dishes for the way, and we set out for the nearby bus stop. Our original idea turned out to be something that many other families had thought of; when the bus arrived at the stop, it was filled to bursting. Nonetheless, we all got on. I was in charge of the two large bags, and so I got on the bus and stood where my legs found a spot. It was difficult for me to carry the bags while standing, so I placed them on the floor of the bus.

In good time, we arrived at the park and got off one by one. I breathed a sigh of relief after the ride on the crowded bus. I stretched my arms excitedly and then realized that my relief was premature. Where were the big bags I was supposed to be carrying?

"Oh, no! The bags stayed on the bus!" I called out. Someone tried to stop the bus, but it was already driving away. Good people gave my father the bus company's number, and when he called he was told that the bus had continued on to the Central Bus Station and that we should go and wait there so we could get our bags back.

My brother was quickly sent in a taxi to the Central Bus Station, where he went into the office and told them the whole story.

"The bus still hasn't gotten here," they told him. "When the bags arrive we'll call you. Wait here in the area."

He left the office and was walking around, and then another Yid came over to him and asked, "Would you be able to complete a minyan for us for *Minchah*?"

"Sure," my brother agreed.

He joined their minyan, and immediately after davening he got a message that the bags had arrived.

He returned with the bags and also the story: "Did you hear what happened? I'm sure that the whole story with the bags only happened so that I could complete the minyan for those nine Jews who were waiting for me."

this day for himself, and he would be the one to speak and collect money.

"Listen," an *avreich* who heard our brief conversation told me, "there are other *shtieblach* in the city; go there." He showed me the way, and when I was there, I had the exact same experience. I asked the *gabba'im* for permission to speak, and immediately someone jumped in and said this day already belonged to him.

I thought, *At least I'll post a notice, and they'll come over to me without my speaking*. I hung a large notice regarding *hachnassas kallah*, but this too bothered the collector of the day very much, and he harshly demanded that I take down the notice.

I almost started to argue with him. What did it matter to him if I would also collect today? In any case, it would be the sum decided on High that would be collected today.

While in my mind I was giving *mussar* to the one who had no *emunah*, and he was forcing me to take down the notice, I repeated the same things to myself: In truth, only Hakadosh Baruch Hu decides how much money will be collected here, and if I argue, it is likely to come to hurting a Yid.

I took down the notice, frustrated.

At that moment, an *avreich* came over to me and told me, "If you want, you can eat breakfast here."

This was the right thing at the right time. I ate my fill, and after *Birkas Hamazon* this sensitive *avreich* came over to me again and asked, "What's the story? Why did you put up a notice and right afterward take it down?"

I told him my story. He nodded his head in empathy and asked for my phone number.

Afterward, I continued quietly and gathered small sums in the *minyanim* that continued there until *chatzos*. That was all I did. The *hishtadlus* for the day was already far beyond my strength. I went home and made a rule for myself: Every day I would call one of my friends and ask him to donate toward this important goal.

I knew that I was truly incapable. I knew that 36,000 shekels are not in my league at all. I did not dream that I would succeed, but I understood that my *tafkid* was to do *hishtadlus* and to daven to Hashem. How exactly would I reach the full amount? I had no idea, but Hakadosh Baruch Hu saw how His son was exerting himself, and He helped him.

Ten days passed, and I already had 12,200 shekels. I was still missing 23,800 shekels. Then I got a call from the *avreich* from Beitar Illit, the same one who had asked me why I had put up the notices and then taken them down.

"I have two envelopes for you," he told me, "Where exactly do you live? I'm coming tonight to Har Yonah to bring them to you." And he brought them. One envelope had 7,000 dollars in it for my father-in-law, and the second one had 7,000 dollars in it for me personally. I exchanged the dollars, and thus I received the exact amount that was missing. I had done what I promised, and even received a bonus as well.

I thank Hashem for His *chassadim*, for the *zechus* of being able to overcome and to give in, for the *zechus* of helping out with *hachnassas kallah*, and for the fact that I got to know firsthand the amazing *chesed* of Am Yisrael.

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Hashgochah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Teshuvah – the Best Medicine

When someone becomes ill, he must first seek ways to heal his soul before seeking physical means of healing. This is as Dovid Hamelech said (*Tehillim* 41:5): "I said, Hashem, have pity on me, heal my soul for I have sinned to You." This means: When I became ill, I davened for the healing of my

soul; my efforts were directed toward that goal rather than toward healing my body.... The danger to the soul is greater than the danger to the body, for the soul lives on forever, while the body is discarded. Moreover, I have no doubt that illness of the soul is the primary reason for the body's illness, and a healthy soul will protect the body from any mortal illness. If anyone thinks that this applies only to those special individuals like Rabi Chanina ben Dosa, he is mistaken, because spiritual health actually controls everyone's physical health.

People who are physically weak are more prone to illness, for they lack immunity. People who are spiritually weak lack immunity against all sorts of harm. To the degree that a person is physically healthy, that is how much he is immune to health

hazards. It is the same on the spiritual level. Just as an individual who took medication and other life-saving treatments will be protected from many dangerous illnesses, so too the completely healthy soul of someone who is dedicated to serving Hashem and fulfilling His mitzvos, and who takes the medication of *teshuvah*, will be protected from all sorts of harm, and this is the advantage of Rabi Chanina ben Dosa and those like him.

(based on *Drashos Haran*, #6)

Sin Gives Power to the Snake

What is the *chiddush* in *Chazal's* words, "woe to the man..."? And what is the meaning of their words, "woe to the snake..."? Are we giving a eulogy for the snake?

This can be understood according to what Rambam writes,

It's Not the Snake That Kills; It Is Sin

There was once a snake that had bitten and killed people, terrorizing everyone in the area. They came and told Rabi Chanina ben Dosa about it, and he told them, "Show me its den," and they showed him where it was. Rabi Chanina went over and stuck his foot into the opening of the den. The snake emerged and bit him, and then the snake immediately died. (This snake's nature was that if it bit a person and then ran to water before its victim reached it, the person would die. If the person reached the water first, the snake would die instead. A miracle happened to Rabi Chanina ben Dosa and a wellspring of water opened up under his feet and the water touched his feet first, and so the snake died.) Rabi Chanina lifted the snake onto his shoulders and brought it into the *beis midrash*, where he told them, "Look, my sons! It is not the snake that kills; it is sin that kills." At that time they said, "Woe to the man who meets such a snake, and woe to the snake who meets Rabi Chanina ben Dosa."

(*Brachos* 33a)

that beasts of prey cannot make independent choices; rather, their ability to cause harm comes from man, who is the source of all the powers in all of creation. When man ruins his *middos*, he gives power to beasts of prey to cause him harm. That is why in the future, "the wolf will dwell with the lamb," as the *navi* promises. For through the *tikkun* of man, the beasts of prey will find their *tikkun* as well. Therefore, when Rabi Chanina told them "Look... it is not the snake that kills; it is sin that kills," their appropriate response was, "Woe to the man who meets such a snake." So long as the snake is still killing, we need to bemoan man, who has not yet repaired his *middos*, and "woe to the snake," who has become a harmful creature through man. And the proof of this is that Rabi Chanina ben Dosa met up with him, and the snake could not harm him, for in truth the snake is not a harmful creature, as it says, "woe to the snake" that became a harmful creature only because of man, so it is fitting to bemoan him.

(based on *Likutei Basar Likutei*, citing *Imrei*

Hasechel)

Everything Is with Hashgachas Hashem

Why specifically did they conclude with, "at that time"? In that generation there were people who thought that everything was incidental and that there is no *hashgachah* of Hashem, and that the fact that the snake kills was part of nature. But when they saw how Rabi Chanina put his foot over the hole and the snake died, which is unnatural, then they understood that it is not the snake that kills because of its nature, but rather that everything happens with *hashgachas Hashem*. This is the meaning of the words "at that time."

(Based on *Pe'er Yisrael*, *Parshas Behar*)

Excerpts from the popular shiur by

Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlita

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah

Life presents us with many challenges. At times we find ourselves in a maze of difficulties that seems to have no end. Is there a real way to get out of this maze?

When cleaning a stubborn stain, the person who cleans it gets dirty himself, depending on how hard he needed to work to clean it. Likewise, with pain: Focusing on it will only strengthen its hold on us and leave us trapped by it.

Instead of focusing on our pain, we need to bring Hakadosh Baruch Hu into our lives. The Alsich explains the *passuk*, "And if the traveling is too far from you to be able to carry it, for the place will be far from you" (*Devarim* 14:24): When a person is in a situation in which "he is not able to carry it," meaning that he feels that he cannot bear the difficulties facing him, it is because "the place is far from you." The word *place* refers to Hashem, Who is Omnipresent, and this suffering person is far from Hashem.

We learn from here that when a person is in pain, the reason for it is that he has distanced himself from

Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and when he brings Hakadosh Baruch Hu into all his ways, then the way will be less burdensome for him and he will go through everything easily.

Regarding this, the Maggid of Dubno gives a succinct *masha*: There was once a businessman who hired a porter to carry his packages. When he saw the porter straining himself and sweating, he immediately knew that it was not his package that the porter was carrying, for his package contained only a small number of expensive diamonds, which were easy to carry.

We are on a mission in this world. When things are difficult, it is sign that we have forgotten Hashem. When we bring Hakadosh Baruch Hu into our lives, when we bring *bitachon* and *emunah* back into our lives, when we feel closeness to Hashem — all the difficulties and the pain will disappear, and everything will go easily.



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