

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Mishpatim -Terumah 5784 ■ Issue 158

HEART TO HEART

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

Hishtadlus — Personalized

It is the will of Hashem *yisbarach* that we do *hishtadlus* for *parnassah*. Rabbenu Bachyai emphasizes, in the fourth chapter, that a person should work using the skill and opportunities that Hashem sends his way, and that he should not refrain from doing so, so long as the work is appropriate for "his *middos* and his body and his *emunah* and his world."

Hishtadlus that is suitable for one person is not appropriate for another. There may be a person for whom it is suitable to go up on the roofs of buildings and install solar heaters, and for his brother, even his twin brother, such work is not suitable. He does not have the physical nature necessary for such work. He also is not handy with tools as his brother is, and thus his *hishtadlus* would be completely different. He is a *sofer*, who engages in careful and precise writing of *STA"m*. Such work would absolutely not be suitable for a person for whom variety and social interaction are important. Such a person might need to hear and tell over news, to be aware of what's going on in the world... For such a person it is much more suitable to be a businessman *selling STA"m* rather than the person who writes them.

These examples show us how proper *hishtadlus* means doing what is suited to our own characteristics, both spiritually and physically. This is what Rabbenu Bachyai means when he says that the *hishtadlus* must be suited to one's "body."

What is meant by the fact that *hishtadlus* must also be suited to his *middos*? Each person has a weak point in his *avodas hamiddos*. Let us take, for example, the trait of anger: There are people who are patient, who deal well with all sorts of people and situations, and there are those who are less so.

When a small child is angry that his plans did not turn out the way he wished, that the trip was cancelled or that the candy fell out of his mouth, he might cry and stomp his feet, and at that time, because he is upset, one cannot educate him about not getting angry. But an adult — if he has read and reviewed and looked a bit into *sefarim hakedoshim*, and especially if he was *zocheh* to learn the *Zohar Hakadosh* in *Parshas Tetzaveh*, p. 181, and knows how bad anger is and how dangerous it is to the *neshamah* — understands that it is truly dangerous to be angry and that a person has to go to the opposite extreme in order to distance himself from anger.

On the subject of anger, there are many *sefarim* and there is much advice regarding how to overcome it and make it less intense. Among so much advice that is available, there is one *aitzah* that will definitely be of benefit, and that is to strengthen oneself in *emunah*. Let us think: Why does a person get angry? He gets angry because his

desire did not come about, or the opposite — that something was done against his will. If he delves into it and thinks thoughts of *emunah*, he'll understand that the reality in which he finds himself, or the incident that ruined his plans, did not come about on its own. It also did not happen because of various people who mixed in and made decisions that upset him. It came about because Hashem decreed for it to happen, and Hashem's every deed is only for the good of His creations! When we think such thoughts of *emunah*, we do not need to deal with anger at all. The anger dissipates on its own. What is there to be angry about at the deeds of the Creator of all the worlds, all of which are directed for a person's good and for his merit?!

There are situations in which it is difficult to deal with different things that disturb us, and we are liable to come to anger. Therefore, when we want to do *hishtadlus*, we need to weigh things carefully: If working in a certain place will consistently cause us to get angry, or will cause us to experience put-downs, bitterness, high pressure, or depression — that is a sign that this *hishtadlus* is not suitable for us.

The *hishtadlus* also has to be suitable to a person's "*emunah*" — to the level of his *emunah*. There are people whose level of *emunah* is very high, and they need only a bit of *hishtadlus*; and there are others whose level of *emunah* are such that they must do more *hishtadlus*. It is not wise to excuse laziness by labeling it as *emunah* when in truth the person is not on that level.

Regarding one's "world," this is the *Olam Haba* that a person prepares for himself here in this world — the world of Torah in which he lives: Is the work in line with the halachos of the Torah? Does he have to deal with *nisyonos* of "Do not stray..." in this workplace? Is everything kosher and fully honest, without deceit or stealing? Sometimes we go into what seems to be an excellent workplace, and only later on do we discover all sorts of problems. From time to time, we need to pay attention and see: Is the *hishtadlus* still suitable to "his world"?

This is what Rabbenu Bachyai is telling us: Occupy yourself with the circumstances that are sent to you from *Shamayim*; know that through this you are doing the will of Hashem *yisbarach* and that you will receive reward for it. *Hishtadlus* and *bitachon* must go hand in hand, because only the combination of the two will enable us to properly weigh what the correct course of action is for us. And we should trust in Hashem, Who will never leave us to fend for ourselves!

May it be Hashem's will that *brachah* and *hatzlachah* rest upon all the work of our hands; *amen*.

FROM THE EDITOR

What's the Secret to His Success?

I know a Yid who is constantly *zocheh* to supernatural success. Whatever he touches turns to gold. He has *nachas* from his children as well, and he succeeds in finding them the best *shidduchim*. It is something really special and rare.

This Yid did not always have it easy. He was not born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and not even a silver spoon. In fact, it was just the opposite. He was born to a father whom it was very difficult to respect, a father with various issues that influenced his behavior toward his children and toward other people. But this Yid, back when he was young, was *zocheh* to adopt a very clear and correct outlook, and to realize that he had received a *nisayon* in order to withstand it. Instead of the reality of his life destroying him, it built him up. He accepted upon himself to do the mitzvah of honoring his parents, and he honored his father with true *mesirus nefesh*.

While other children in the family distanced themselves from their father, he made the extra effort to give him respect and to try to fulfill his needs as much he was able. He even did things that, according to halachah, he was not obligated to do, but his heart was overflowing with gratitude toward the father who had brought him into the world, despite his personal challenges. He allowed himself to even be shamed when he was near his father, so as not to take away from his father's *kavod*.

Although we do not know the Heavenly accountings, and no one can really claim it is because of this, it is obvious that, of the entire family, it is specifically he who was *zocheh* to tremendous success in life in ways that cannot compare to that of his brothers.

The Komarna Rebbe said that one must believe in Hashem and love every other Jew even if that person does bad things to him and embarrasses him. There is no happenstance in the world, and everything is according to the Heavenly decree. This shame will heal your soul more effectively than a hundred thousand fasts and efforts of self-denial.

Accepting shame — that is a difficult thing. There are *nisyonos* that are meant to be difficult, even very difficult, and even very, very difficult, but we do not remain in the situation of the *nisayon* forever. "He put an end to the darkness." Ultimately, the *kavod* will come, and good days are on their way. Today may be difficult, but it's worthwhile for the good and wonderful tomorrow that will come. And there is a "tomorrow" that comes much later. Sometimes we see results after a week, sometimes after a year, and sometimes after forty years.

There is always goodness hidden within the difficulty, and anyone who utilizes his *nisayon* in order to uplift himself merits eternal life.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

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

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

This Month, Renew Our *Parnassah* and Sustenance

My workday begins in the early-morning hours, and this means that I need to daven early, in a *vasikin* minyan. Usually this works out with my job, even in the winter, when *vasikin* comes out later.

All is well until Rosh Chodesh comes along. We add *Hallel*, *krias haTorah* and *Mussaf*, and this interferes with my work hours. This time, since I realized I would be really late, I decided to change my normal routine, and on the first day of Rosh Chodesh I davened with a quicker minyan. I swallowed up *Pesukei D'zimrah*, and during *Yotzer Ohr* the davening was rushed as if it were in flight. *Chazaras Hashatz* was more of the same, and the pace of *Hallel* was even faster.

I found it really hard to keep up. I said to myself, *Never again! Tomorrow, on the second day of Rosh Chodesh, I will daven at my regular speed. I'll have time to thank Hashem for another month of life and to ask for another month of goodness and brachah and ahavas Torah and yiras Shamayim.*

What would be with work? Nothing would happen if I'd lose one hour from my salary. While the hourly rate is relatively high, it was worthwhile for me to daven to Hashem, even if it would cost me money. I called someone who works in the same field and asked him to fill in for me, and I would pay him.

While I was speaking to him, I saw that someone was trying to call me. I concluded the conversation with the substitute I'd found, and he told me that he would happily fill in for me. Then, a moment after I hung up, my phone rang again.

The person who'd been nudging me on the phone asked whether I worked in the specific field in which I indeed have much experience. I replied in the affirmative, and he immediately asked me, "Could you do a job for me?"

He explained what he needed, and we agreed that I would do the job privately for him and he would pay appropriately.

The amount of money I made on this job was eleven times the amount of money I had to pay the substitute to take over for me on the second day of Rosh Chodesh.

This comes to teach us that one only gains from davening slowly and carefully.

A Hundred Dollars Less, Thousands More

Throughout the years, my parents worked hard to provide for us and to give us everything we needed. My father was a freelancer. Whenever he had work he earned a nice salary, but sometimes a month could go by without any work at all. And on the other hand, sometimes there was a great deal of work and tremendous pressure within a short amount of time. Because of this he did not have a regular income, and my mother made every effort to provide for our needs during the months that my father had no work.

Ima worked as a secretary in the yeshivah where I learned, and her salary was not high. Every month that money was missing, she borrowed about a hundred dollars from the yeshivah *gemach*, and when my father

In the Span of Three Days...

Reb Yankel from England relates:

Sometimes I hear *Yidden* from Eretz Yisrael speaking about how good life is in England, as though conditions there are so much better than in Israel. You can get rent subsidy from the government, you don't pay for all sorts of things that you pay high prices for in Israel... And it seems like they have the impression that we don't have to deal with *parnassah* at all. I live in England. I'm a father of a large family, *kein yirbu*, and *baruch Hashem*, I've already married off several children. Hakadosh Baruch Hu is here with me, and it seems He wants me to daven to Him with all my heart, because indeed, here in England as well, I have *ni-syonos*. I am a *maggid shiur* in a yeshivah, and the salary comes very sporadically; I cannot rely on it at all. Sometimes we get a third of our salary at the end of the month, sometimes less. There are months when they don't pay at all, and there are months when suddenly we get a few thousand pounds. Being in a constant state of not knowing when my salary will come brings me to always daven from the depths of my heart to Hakadosh Baruch Hu, Who provides for and sustains everyone.

What keeps me going is learning *Shaar Habitachon* from the *shiurim* of Rav Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"a*. Each time something is stuck — and it happens often — I strengthen myself with the knowledge that everything is for the good and that Hashem is *Kol Yachol* and that He will send me exactly what I need, and at the right moment. And indeed, each time anew, I am *zocheh* to miraculously cover my expenses by the end of the month and to see tangibly the *hashgachah pratis* involved.

Lately, several more difficulties piled up regarding my income: The government started making problems and holding up monies they are meant to give me. Suddenly the stipend isn't coming in, and suddenly I need to fill out all sorts of difficult-to-acquire forms we'd never known about before. The government stipends are delayed, but at the same time, life moves forward. The children need food and clothing and other necessities, each day anew, without any consideration for the state of my bank account. Shabbos and Yom Tov come our way, and what am I to do?!

One day in the beginning of Adar, during the week of *Parshas Vayakhel*, my wife asked me to go shopping. There were several urgent matters that had to be taken care of, and things we simply had to buy. "There's no money in the account," I told her, "but I feel that the *yeshuah* is close by." It was clear to me that it had all become too much, and it had to be that Hashem would help me now.

That same day, when I walked out of shul after *Shacharis*, right there in front of me was an acquaintance who davens in the next minyan. "Oh, Reb Yankel," he said, greeting me amiably, "We haven't met in a very long time. I was just thinking about you. I have 5,000 pounds, and I thought you would surely be happy to borrow them from me."

I nodded my head, and he gave me the money as a loan on the spot. I saw this as a sign of salvation. First of all, I now had the means to prepare for Purim and for the coming Yom Tov of Pesach.

A short while passed, and a family member contacted me. Although I had not asked him for anything, he told me, "I want to help you for Pesach," and he deposited a nice sum in my account.

In the months that followed, instead of paying a third of my salary, the yeshivah deposited a large sum, larger than my regular monthly salary. Then suddenly, we also realized there was money in the house that I had not known about, and at the same time, the government was kind enough to transfer some of our stipends.

That's how it happened that within three days I had more than 100,000 pounds available! This was more money than the entire debt the yeshivah owed me.

Relief had come. It looked like a cloudburst: All at once, tremendous *shefa* came down upon me from *Shamayim*.

But this did not come easily. It was after a lot of *tefillos*, a lot of thoughts of *emunah*, a lot of *shiurim* in *Shaar Habitachon*, and a lot of *chizuk*, again and again and again.

When the *yeshuah* came, I knew I had received a gift from the Creator of the world. A gift is not given for no reason. A gift is given to one with whom we want to strengthen our bond, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu gave me such a gift so that I would be *zocheh* to recognize the One Who had given it to me, and to come closer to the Creator of all worlds.

On the giving end

Last winter, my family members suffered terribly from winter ailments. There was almost never a day that someone was not feeling well, whether it was the flu, a cold, pneumonia, or something else. I decided to donate toward the dissemination of *emunah* as a *zechus* for my children's health.

Since my donation, over a month ago, *baruch Hashem* we have all been healthy and well.

On the receiving end

I want to thank you for your wonderful newsletter. The content is excellent, and it is formatted in such a pleasant and easy way. Each time I receive the newsletter I read it from beginning to end and feel tremendous inspiration. It gives me so much *chizuk*. I especially like the quotes on *emunah* and *bitachon* from the *sefarim hakedoshim*. Thank you. May you continue with much strength!

A Quarter of a Percent to Tzedakah

After having owned an apartment in the North for a decade, we found an apartment that we wanted to live in. This was a decent apartment in the center of the country, in an appropriate neighborhood, with all the advantages, *baruch Hashem*. Now it was time to look for a buyer for our apartment in the North. I sought out realtors and let them know that I was open to proposals.

Our initial advertising did not seem to move anyone; not one person asked about the apartment.

At that point, I made an agreement to give exclusive rights on the sale of the apartment to one specific realtor for a certain amount of time. He obviously received payment for the work he would do for me, and on his end, he promised to bring clients. He probably did his best, but the time-period we had agreed on passed, and there was no buyer.

I approached another realtor who demanded payment for simply dealing with my apartment, and promised me clients, but his promises drifted into thin air. Time was running out; in another two months we would have to move, and we still hadn't found a buyer.

Providentially, the *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletter came my way, and inside it there was a story about a woman who had a hard time renting her apartment, and she promised to pay a mediation fee to the true Realtor – Hakadosh Baruch Hu – and to donate the income from the first month of rent to *tzedakah*.

I told myself, *That's an excellent idea! Who could be a better realtor than the Creator yisbarach Himself?! I promised to give a quarter of a percent of the apartment's worth to tzedakah, and at that moment I was filled with serenity. After that, a number of realtors contacted me and promised to bring me clients, but I told them that the apartment was now being handled exclusively by one Realtor, and I would not be utilizing their services, since there is no helper and savior other than Hakadosh Baruch Hu.*

I placed a small ad in a local circular in the center of the country, and the very next day a Yid called and asked about the apartment. He asked questions, took the address, and was already on his way up North. Who would show him the apartment? How would he know where to knock? Perhaps I would need a realtor in the area to be with him? These concerns troubled me for only a short time, because I immediately shook them off and said, *I made a decision to rely on Hashem, so I will do so to the end.*

The potential buyer found the apartment easily, and he was pleased with it. But two days later he told me he wasn't sure, because the apartment was not registered under our name, and also because of the roof – which the neighbor claimed belonged to him.

I had known that this hurdle would come. How many runarounds and headaches I'd endured because of this problem! Only five years ago, I was informed that there was a problem with apartment's registration on our name in the government's land registry. We had paid the price of the apartment in full, including the roof, but it was still listed as though we did not have title to it. Clearly, an injustice had been done to me, but before fighting it, I simply had to settle the whole thing so that we'd be able to sell the apartment when the day came.

At the time, I hired a lawyer for 12,000 shekels to deal with the paperwork and take care of formally registering the apartment on our name, but then Covid came. Many of the offices that deal with these things closed, and there was generally no one to speak to. When you finally succeeded in getting someone on the line, it was a tired voice that told you to send a certain form and to take certain information from the government and other nonsense, and signatures and paperwork – bureaucracy with no beginning and no end.

The lawyer, whose salary was already paid, said he was taking care of it, and five years later the matter was still in middle of "being taken care of."

Now my heart was pounding, because this time, the person who told the potential buyer about the whole issue with the registry and how it was being taken care of and hopefully it would all be put in order in the coming days – was none other than I myself. On his end, he continued his own processes. He went in to his Rebbi, told him about the apartment and the concerning issues, and received a *brachah* to go ahead with the purchase.

Yes!

Even though our name was still not formally listed as owners of the apartment, I had a buyer. It was a miracle.

Now when I saw Hashem's openly revealed *chassadim*, and the amazing brokerage services that Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged for me, I understood what needed to be done. I promised to give a thousand shekels to *tzedakah* so that Hakadosh Baruch Hu would arrange the registration of the apartment for me as well.

Only then, after the issue had schlepped on for five years, did it suddenly enter my mind who is essentially responsible for what happened. It was the first lawyer, with whom we signed the contract upon purchasing the apartment. I called him and explained, and he got heavily involved, and ultimately, despite the difficulties, he took care of it.

Amazing how only now did I realize that it was his responsibility, because the ideas that enter our minds are from Hashem as well – only from Him.

The whole matter was settled quickly, and two weeks ago, the long-awaited document certifying the registration of the apartment on our names arrived!

Now the buyer can be calm as well, and I thank Hashem for His kindnesses and for His wonders.

received his salary she immediately repaid the debt.

The person in charge of the *gemach* always wanted the money brought to his home so that he would tear up the promissory note immediately after receiving the money.

One time, very close to midday, my mother asked the man in charge of the *gemach* if she could return one hundred dollars. "You'll need to come to my house to return money to the *gemach*," he said. But my mother asked him to forgo his usual custom this time so that she would not miss greeting my young siblings when they came home from school.

He agreed to make an exception and took the money from her. Ima paid the debt and went home, confident that the matter was taken care of.

Several weeks passed, and then I saw a notice on the bulletin board in the yeshivah, which stated that there was a debt that had not been paid to the *gemach*, and whoever had taken the loan was obligated to come to the office quickly. In order to ensure that it was clear who the notice was intended for, the person who posted it had attached a copy of the form that was filled out when the loan was requested, and on the form was my mother's signature.

I was really surprised. I knew my mother made sure to pay her debts as soon as possible. But there was the notice, black on white.

"Ima," I told her, "do you know that on the bulletin board there is a notice asking you to pay your debt?"

My mother was very hurt. First of all, she had paid the sum in full, on time. And in any case, what kind of way was this to remind someone of their debt – by hanging a public notice that all the *bachurim* in the yeshiva would see?! She phoned the man in charge of the *gemach*, and when he answered he said, "Uh huh...finally the one who owes her debt is calling."

"Why 'owes her debt'?" My mother replied. "I paid everything. It was on a day when I was in a big hurry, and you took the money from me in the yeshivah and not at home."

She tried to remind him of what had happened, but he did not remember. "The promissory note was not torn up," he said. "You have no way of proving that you paid." At the end, he "compromised": "I suggest that you pay a hundred dollars," he said. "If you owed it – it's your payment, and if not – it's a donation to the *gemach*."

This conversation was very difficult for my mother. Now she understood how important this principle of the *gemach's* manager was – to bring the money specifically to his house. But at the time, she'd been in a real rush and he'd agreed to take the money. Even if he didn't remember what she had said, he should have trusted her honesty and believed her.

She had many justifications for arguing and getting insulted, but my mother gave in. She chose to pay the hundred dollars again. It did not come easily to her. My parents were under pressure financially, and it was with great difficulty that she repaid the "debt" that she didn't owe.

That month, a transformation occurred: My mother was offered a government job in her field, with a high salary and excellent conditions. From then on she never needed to take loans, and my parents had more than enough to send us to yeshivah in Eretz Yisrael and to marry us off with honor. Today, and for the past five years, since she retired, she's been continuing to receive her salary even though she hasn't been working.

My mother tells us: I thank the Creator of the world with all my heart for the great miracles I experienced, and I believe that everything happened in the *zechus* of that one difficult encounter. I hope that this story will serve as an inspiration to others, so that they will understand that sometimes, forgoing an argument and holding back from fighting brings special *shefa* from *Shamayim*.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachahh Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

One Who Follows the Torah Can Change What Has Been Decreed Upon Him

We need to believe that *tefillos* and *zechuyos* and *tzedakos* can change, to become good, what has been decreed upon a person according to the constellations, including from death to life, from pain to joy and from mourning to happiness, and much has been said about the virtue of this *emunah*...

(based on *Beis Habechirah LaMe'iri, Shabbos 156*)

They Lack Bitachon

Lo Senachashu – One should not make predictions based on superstitions, like those who predict things upon observing the behavior of rats or birds; or those who say, "Since his bread fell out of his mouth..." or, "A deer crossed his path," and they say, "This is a sign that I will not succeed," and then they cancel their plans due to these "signs." One may not use such superstitions to decide whether to do something or to refrain from doing something.

Lo Se'onenu – This refers to seasons and times, like someone who says, "This day of the week is a good day to start working"; "This hour is a bad time to go out..." Rather, your heart must trust in the G-d of the Heavens and the earth. That is why it says regarding this matter (Devarim 18:13): "You shall have perfect trust in Hashem your G-d." We learn from this that for-

tune tellers and magicians are lacking in bitachon, and their deeds are the deeds of Canaan.

(based on *Shaarei Teshuvah* by Rabbenu Yonah, 3:86)

Bitachon in the Creator

Rav Chuna told the following story: There was once a convert who had been a stargazer. He wanted to set out on his way, but he saw in the stars that it was a dangerous time to go out. He asked himself, *Should I go out now?* And then he told himself, *Have I not chosen to be a part of this holy nation in order to separate myself from these things? I'll go out, and I'll trust the Creator!*

He set out on his way, and a wild animal attacked him and almost ate him. He gave the animal his donkey. It ate the donkey, and in the meantime he escaped.

Rav Chuna concludes: What caused this convert to be endangered? Because initially he thought he would rely on what he saw in the stars and would not go out at that hour.

What caused him to be saved from the wild animal? It was his trust in his Creator.

(based on *Yerushalmi, Shabbos 5:9*)

He Who Trusts in Hashem Will Not Fear, and He Will Be Saved

One who trusts in Hashem is so strong in his spirit that even in a time of danger he does not fear of beasts of prey. He relies on the Creator and will be saved from all dangers. It follows, therefore, that when dealing with important life-decisions, a person should not worry even if in his situation it seems that he will not be able to get anything for his sustenance. He should not fear in his heart at all, but rather should rely on Hashem with bitachon that he will get

what he needs, for nothing is too difficult for Hashem to grant him. He should firmly believe that Hashem will provide his needs on the level that he has been accustomed to receiving, so much so, that it seems to him as though what he needs is already prepared and waiting in front of him, without forgoing anything of what he is accustomed to receiving.

(based on *Madreigas Ha'adam, Darchei Habitachon*)



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A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

The band's music fills the air. The musicians are creating beautiful tunes with their instruments. Waiters in glorious uniforms mingle among the guests, serving up tantalizing portions to the hundreds of people who fill the hall.

On the surface, it almost looks as though all the guests are the same: Everyone is happy, dancing, clapping their hands and singing. But if we'll look a bit closer, we will discover that not everyone is equal. Yes, everyone looks similar, but if we look into their hearts, we will see that not everyone came with the shared goal of participating in this great *simchah*.

There are guests who came in order to taste the delicious food, for this is an opportunity for them to eat a gourmet meal; there are those who love bands, who came to enjoy the wonderful music; and there are others who remember the main thing, and they came here in order to gladden the *chassan* and *kallah*, to rejoice together with them on their wedding day.

Chazal say (*Eiruvim* 54): This world is similar to a wedding. The *Degel Machaneh Efraim* in *Parshas Terumah* explains: Everything connected to a wed-

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

Our Mission: Living with *Emunah*

ding – the preparations and all the necessities – are designed to gladden the *chassan* and *kallah*. There are people who hold on to the less significant aspects – they come only in order to eat and drink, and they forget about the main point. And that is how it is in this world as well: It is all like a wedding, and everything Hashem created in His world is designed for the primary goal – for the *chassan* and *kallah*, Who are Hashem and the *Shechinah*. But there are people who want to eat and drink and pursue their own pleasures, and they forget about the main point.

We are in this physical world, and there are many things here that we need to do. We need to live and to make money, and indeed, these things are necessary. But even when we are involved in physical matters, we need to remember the main point: "And all your deeds shall be *I'Shem Shamayim*." When we are preoccupied with making a living, we need to remember that we came here with a specific mission – to live with *emunah*. In this way we will be able to open the gates for all the positive *hashpa'os*.