

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Pekudei-Vayikra 5784 ■ Issue 160

HEART TO HEART

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

Seek the Counsel of a Wise Man

Just a few days ago, on Purim, we sang with joy and excitement, "To make it known that all those who place their hopes in You will not be shamed forever." Dovid Hamelech requests of Hashem (*Tehillim* 25:3), "All those who place their hopes in You shall not be shamed." Dovid is davening for all Jews throughout the generations, and for us as well, the Jews of 5785. He is asking that a person who strengthens himself in *emunah* and places his hopes in Hashem's salvation will not be shamed, that everyone would see that his *bitachon* indeed resulted in salvation.

And since Dovid asked for this, we also have permission to daven to Hashem in this way. We can ask: Ribbono shel Olam, help me strengthen my *bitachon* in You, to hope and anticipate your salvation with all my heart and soul. And please don't let me be shamed! People should not say, "What is the worth of this *bitachon* of yours?" Ribbono shel Olam, I know that I do not deserve anything, but in the *zechus* of the fact that I trusted that You would help me, let me not be shamed for the fact that I trusted in You! Let everyone see that "Fortunate is the man who trusts in Hashem!"

The *passuk* goes on to state who are the people who *should* be shamed – those who rebel; the wicked, the apostates, those who destroy *Yiddishkeit*. These people should be shamed; they should not succeed, and all should see their downfall; and through this, *emunah* will be strengthened in the hearts of Jews who seek Hashem.

The Midrash on *Tehillim* sheds additional light on Dovid Hamelech's request. The Midrash explains that Dovid was saying, "Hashem, when I stand before You in *tefillah*, let not my *tefillah* be rejected by You, for Am Yisrael depends on me, and I depend on You."

Dovid Hamelech is not asking for himself, he is not speaking here about his personal needs. Rather, he is asking for the needs of Klal Yisrael, and therefore his *tefillah* is a *tefillas rabbin*.

Here we come to an important point on the topic of *bitachon*: How are we to relate to the idea of asking a *tzaddik* to daven for us?

Throughout the generations, in all the different communities and circles within Am Yisrael, people knew about going to a *tzaddik* to ask for a *brachah* and to be *po'el yeshuos*. What is the place of the *tzaddik* in the context of our *bitachon* in Hashem? Is this simply *hishtadlus* that doesn't contradict *bitachon*, or is it part and parcel of desirable *bitachon*?

Rav Yerucham Levovitz, the *mashgiach* of Mir, in his *sefer Da'as Chochmah Umussar*, explains that in truth there are things on which it is appro-

priate to rely, and we are even commanded to do so, as it says in the *passuk* (*Devarim* 18:15), "A *navi* from among you...you shall obey." We are to rely on the *navi* and to trust him regarding whatever he instructs Am Yisrael, according to the Word of Hashem. Likewise, we can rely on him that he passes on our requests to Hashem *yisbarach*, as the *passuk* states (*Devarim* 5:24): "I heard what the nation has said to you; what they have said is good." Bnei Yisrael asked Moshe to pass on their request to Hashem, and Hashem listened and answered Moshe Rabbenu that indeed they had requested something appropriate. This is the proper way: to make requests of Hashem through a *navi*. In this way they will surely come closer to Hashem, and they can trust and rely on the *navi* with complete *bitachon*.

Nowadays, we do not have either a *navi* or an *urim v'tumim*, but we still can connect to a *tzaddik*, who is closer to Hakadosh Baruch Hu. The concept of "going to a *chacham* to plead for mercy for him" exists at all times, and it is a mitzvah for us to listen to the words of *chachamim*, because through them a person can come closest to Hashem.

There are many stories that have come from all the communities and sectors, of very simple or ignorant Jews who barely knew how to open a *sefer* and barely did any mitzvos, and when they came upon difficult times they asked a *tzaddik* to be *po'el a yeshuah* for them, and they merited a miracle, and things became easier for them. Through this they came closer to the *tzaddik* and to *Yiddishkeit* in general, and the Name of Hashem was sanctified in the world's eyes.

When a *Yid* comes closer to a *tzaddik*, he comes closer to Hashem, and these things go together: "And they believed in Hashem and in His servant Moshe." Each generation has its leaders and *tzaddikim*. The Creator doesn't leave any generation orphaned, and even in the final generations, there are genuine *tzaddikim*.

When a Jew comes upon hard times, and he davens to Hashem with all his heart, he sometimes knows that his burden is too heavy, that he has done too much nonsense in his life, and therefore he approaches a *tzaddik*, who is more pure, closer to Hashem, and his *tefillah* is accepted. This is how it was in all the generations, and this is how it is in our generation as well.

May we be *zocheh* to trust in Hashem and to believe in the *tzaddikim*, and may the *chachamim* of Am Yisrael remain among us for many healthy years. May we be *zocheh* to *Chazal's* promise: In Nissan our ancestors were redeemed, and in Nissan we will be redeemed; *amen*.

FROM THE EDITOR

It's Not a Slogan, It's a Fact

I am so excited about a phone conversation I had yesterday with a certain *Yid*.

"Is this a good time to talk?" he asked me. "I want to tell you something really special."

He sounded overjoyed, and I was sure he wanted to talk about some lottery he'd won, or some dramatic story he had to tell.

"Yes, I have time," I said.

"Three years ago," he said, "I lost my wife, and I want to tell you what openly revealed *hashgachah pratis* we had at the time."

Had I heard right? Perhaps I was confused. But there was no point in asking a person in the middle of a story whether I'd understood him correctly, so...I just kept quiet and listened.

And he went on to relate the incredible *hashgachah pratis* that he and his children had seen both throughout the time she was ill and after her passing, "a.

"We saw how Hakadosh Baruch Hu accompanies us every step of the way. He is with us, and He does everything for our good.

"Before Sukkos we were uncertain regarding her illness, and our family decided that on Sukkos we'd make the effort to be happy and to forget all about the concerns and all the heaviness of that time. We would add *simchah*, and as it says in the *heilige sefarim* – "He who is happy on Sukkos will be happy all year long."

In Chodesh Av of a subsequent year, his wife passed away. One of the relatives asked, "We were so happy on Sukkos – what happened to the *segulah* that one who is happy on Sukkos will be happy all year long?"

All the children responded together: "It's true, we were really happy all year. Hakadosh Baruch Hu gave us the strength to accept all of it with *simchah*."

Again and again, we see that a good life does not depend on money, or on riches, or on anything else. It depends only on *emunah*.

Stories keep flowing into our phone line about *Yidden* whose lives changed completely when they connected to *Hashgachah Pratis*, and especially when they subscribed to the "Magazine for the Entire Family." This is something that transforms one's life.

Under the headline of the magazine are the words: "To simply live well." This is not a slogan; it's a reality. People can transform their lives, making them so much better – to simply live well. How simple it is.

This is the place to thank Hashem for two full years that we have been *zocheh* to publish this (Hebrew) magazine, and for the thousands of families who have subscribed.

I warmly recommend it. Try it for yourselves. It brings light into a home; it brings a good 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

The Boss of All the Bosses

I am an employee who has been working for the same boss for several years. The conditions are more or less good, the work suits my abilities, and my coworkers are nice and pleasant; but the salary was really not enough. I have a large family, *baruch Hashem*, and expenses to match. My monthly salary was gone long before the month ended, and the financial strain gave me no peace. In the past, I approached my boss and asked for a raise. I thought that with my experience and years in the field, my request was justified, but the boss was unenthusiastic about the idea and sent me on my way without adding even one cent to my salary.

A year passed, and I tried my luck again. I asked the boss to pay me more, but he answered that it was preferable not to bother him again with requests of this sort. I started looking for different work, but no job appeared that seemed good enough. The following year as well, the story repeated itself, with one difference: The gap between the salary and the amount I needed had grown much larger, and this only added to my already pressured state.

But here is where the turning point came. I began strengthening myself in *emunah* and *bitachon*. I learned *shiurim* in *Shaar Habitachon*, and I told myself again and again that Hakadosh Baruch Hu can do anything. He sees my pain, and He is the only Savior who will help me. Before the new year I told my wife, "I am not going to the boss to ask for a raise. I am going to the Boss of all bosses. I will ask it of Him and no one else."

I did not approach the boss as in previous years. I spared myself the unpleasant encounter, in which I would have to show him how successful I am and then get a response that I was overestimating my own worth. Instead, I simply asked Hashem to open the gates of *shefa* and *brachah*, from His wide and open Hand and not from the hands of flesh and blood.

What happened next is not at all surprising: When I looked at my phone I discovered that my boss had called a number of times. I called him back, and he started singing praises. About whom? Me! Yes, this time he had internalized that I was truly an asset to the company and that it was worth investing in me.

I am considered an excellent worker, and thus it was appropriate to raise my salary – not to add a few

Months' Salary

Baruch Hashem, I am considered well-to-do, and I live in relative comfort, with a good *parnassah*. The products I market sell well and are especially successful in meeting the needs of those who use them. Thus I have constant orders and sales, and I am extremely busy, always in meetings and dealing with contracts with producers and buyers.

I don't know how it happened: Was it just the general drop in the market, or did the war add to it? Whatever it was, I paid a high price and lost a lot of money. Perhaps this whole *nisayon* was ordained *min haShamayim* because I was feeling a bit too good about myself. Perhaps it was too clear to me that I had a good *parnassah* because I have good connections with the right people and because I had the smarts to find the necessary products at good prices and to sell them at prices that would please everyone.

And thus, some time ago, orders started dwindling. People realized that they did not need specifically me in order to obtain the products they needed. In the beginning it was a dribble: smaller orders than usual, the phone ringing twice a week instead of twice a day. But there was still a flow of income.

The more time passed, however, the fewer orders came in, until during a period of three months there were no calls at all. No orders and no sales. Nothing! As though I had disappeared off the face of the earth.

I looked at my bank statements and knew that this could not go on. I was in the red, and the situation was simply impossible. I was not worried about merely losing out on luxuries; the situation was *very* bad. You wouldn't need much of an imagination to see me lacking food and knocking on the doors of the *gabba'im* of *tzedakah* funds.

That night, I experienced literally the description of the unfortunate man who said, "I slept like a baby," meaning that I woke up every two hours to ask for food. I could not sleep, thinking about my financial state. Even when morning finally came, I had no rest. I was overwhelmed and had not a shred of an idea for a solution to the problem.

B'rachamei Shamayim, I came to realize what I should have understood long ago: I am not the one bringing in this money! I was only doing *hishtadlus*. This was the case all along, and this is what would always be. Only Hashem provides for us and sustains me and my family. He and no one else. Only because of His great goodness had we been lacking for nothing, and He would save us so that we would not lack for anything ever again. My profits did not come from human beings of flesh and blood, even though it seemed that way. They came only from Hashem, and they would continue to come only from Him.

Even with all this *chizuk*, I felt like a pendulum. One moment I was relying completely on my Father in *Shamayim*, and another moment I was in over my head in worry. I worked on myself to raise the percentage of time when I was in a state of *emunah*. This took two weeks of learning *Shaar Habitachon* and seeking *chizuk* from every source I could find...until a day came when I was feeling really good. Yes, Abba was taking care of everything for me, and there was no reason to worry. Everything was okay. I trusted in Him one hundred percent! That day, when I was truly at peace, an old client called me up, someone who hadn't been in contact with me for a very long time, and asked to make an especially large order, larger than any order I had ever had. The profit from this order was the sum I would have earned had I worked as I always had, for three months!

I saw with my own eyes how He alone provides for us and answers us. Thank you, Abba in *Shamayim*! Thank you for the tangible lesson in *emunah*.

A Shot of Emunah

One day, I noticed that my ten-year-old son did not need new pants. Suddenly, that bothered me. It didn't make sense that he still fit into a size 8, with the cuffs folded up. He was too short for his age.

We took him to the doctor, and after various examinations and tests, the doctor concluded that there was help for him. "There is an excellent medication that can help him," the doctor said. "But it is not covered by medical insurance. We're talking about growth hormone injections, which cost about 30,000 shekels a month."

I was in shock. On the one hand, I was happy to know that there was a solution, but on the other hand, I was stunned by the price. Our financial situation is not easy, and I had no idea how to pay for such a thing. It's simply not in my league.

On the giving end

Throughout a long period during which I was trying to sell my apartment, there were many people who seemed interested, but we did not close with any of them. I made a promise: If the apartment is sold within two weeks, I will make a respectable donation toward the dissemination of *emunah*. To my surprise, a short while after I made the promise, potential buyers came to see the apartment, and it was sold within only a week. I am so happy to make good on my promise and make my donation. And I've decided to give more than the amount I originally promised, with the *tefillah* and request for *brachah* and *yeshuah* in the rest of the process of moving into our new apartment.

On the receiving end

Thank you to the editors of the *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletter, for your wonderful work! You give me inspiration and elevate my spirit. I live in a remote community abroad, and the newsletter comes consistently, every other week, and gives us true *oneg* Shabbos – a Shabbos of spiritual elevation, a Shabbos of *chizuk* in *emunah*. I warmly recommend reading this newsletter to everyone, as it is available in several languages – to gain enjoyment, inspiration, and *chizuk*. Thank you!

I went to my Rebbe and asked him whether to begin the medicine. The Rebbe asked for more information, and then he told us that we should get a second opinion from a specialist in the field. The Rebbe also referred us to a medical *askan*, who would help us make the appointment with the specialist. This would also be expensive – a visit to the specialist would cost 800 shekels.

I called the *askan*, said, "This is Klein," and related the whole story.

"I'll make an appointment for you right away," he said. "When you go into the doctor, please tell him that you spoke to me."

He made me an appointment for that same day. I went in to the doctor and told him I'd spoken to the *askan*. He examined my son, affirmed the need for the shots, and waived the fee for the appointment.

"You're Klein. You don't need to pay," he said, and I did not understand what was special about our family name.

A year later, I met the secretary of the medical *askan* and told him in wonder about the appointment with that doctor. Why had he decided I didn't have to pay? The secretary was wondering about this as well, until he remembered, "Listen, it's simply an amazing story of *hashgachah pratis*! There's a Yid here whose name is Klein, and that's why the *askan* decided to help you even more. He knew the doctor you visited gives discounts from time to time, and he asked him to see you, meaning the Klein you don't know, for free. The doctor agreed, and that's why it was so important for you to tell him that the *askan* sent you."

"In truth, that Klein did not call at all around the time that you called and asked for help. He did not make any appointment, and you gained from the whole thing."

I was amazed to discover how Hakadosh Baruch Hu orchestrated everything so that my son would get the medical advice without my having to pay money that I didn't have.

And what about the expensive injections? I told my friend, whose son is also short, about the treatment recommended for my son. He gave me the contact information of an organization that helps out in such matters, and I got funding from them for three months of treatments. After three months, the medication gained insurance coverage, and the treatment was given for a reasonable amount of money, which I could manage.

Baruch Hashem, my son grew to the proper height for his age, and along the way we merited to see Hakadosh Baruch Hu's merciful *hashgachah pratis*.

Challos as a Gift

Before I tell you about the wonders of Hashem, I am going to describe a very wonderful Yid. This is a Yid who opens his store on Fridays only until *chatzos* and not later, so if you want to purchase challos in his store, you need to come before noon.

What happens after this hour? Then you no longer buy challos, you only receive them. All the challos left over on Friday after he closes are left outside the store, and anyone who wants can come and take them for free.

On that Friday, I thought it was a really good idea to come to the store after *chatzos* and take challos for free. Unfortunately, though, that would be too late for me. I don't like it when the challos for Shabbos arrive at my house so late in the day, but when money talks, the clock remains silent.

To my good fortune, however, the money did not talk too loudly, and I was still able to heed my own inner desire to complete our preparations for Shabbos earlier.

I thought to myself that it would behoove me to take a lesson from the owner of the store, who had such strong *emunah* that he'd earn enough even if he closed the store at *chatzos* and gave out challos for free. Just as he doesn't sell after *chatzos*, neither would I wait for after *chatzos*. I would go to the store and buy challah, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu would repay me for my Shabbos expenses, as He's promised.

I went into the store, which was packed with buyers, and while I was waiting in line with my challah in hand, I saw a familiar Yid standing in front of me. He was making a *simchah*, and so I shook his hand heartily and wished him, "*Mazal tov, mazal tov! Much nachas!*"

He looked at me strangely, and at that moment we both realized that we did not know one another. He just looked like my friend; he was not making a *simchah* that week.

I apologized from the depth of my heart. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry; I simply mixed you up with my friend. I feel badly about saying *mazal tov* when you're not making a *simchah*."

"Why 'not making a *simchah*'?" my new friend said, smiling good-naturedly, "Of course I'm making a *simchah*. My *simchah* is that I am paying for your challah!"

He immediately acted on his words. I tried to object, but when my turn came, he paid the bill for my challah and went on his way.

I saw tangibly how Hakadosh Baruch Hu paid for my Shabbos expenses.

hundred shekels, but rather to multiply the entire salary a number of times, and that was aside from the bonus he was giving me.

I thanked him in order to be polite, but I knew Who had truly sent me all this bounty. It is Hakadosh Baruch Hu – only He. Only when I turned to the right address and asked Him did He open His treasure-house and give me generously.

Within a Few Moments

A Yid from Williamsburg relates: Since I took it upon myself to give a fifth of my earnings to *tzedakah*, I have experienced unbelievable *yeshuos*. This week, without any forewarning, a pipe burst in my home. My wife called asking me to come home immediately, and I arrived to a house flooded with water. I wanted to shut off the water pipe, but it was in a very difficult location, behind my bookcases.

I tried moving the bookcase, but I couldn't manage it on my own. I live in Williamsburg, and we have an organization that helps out under such circumstances. I called for help, and a nice volunteer came to my house, but he apologized, saying that he could not do anything.

A few moments passed in unsuccessful attempts to move the bookcase, and then I remembered that on the previous day, I'd gotten a nice sum as payment for some work I'd done, and I hadn't yet set aside a fifth for *tzedakah*. I immediately went over to the corner and set aside the appropriate sum, designating it for *tzedakah*.

From that moment, the whole story of the pipe switched gears. A few more volunteers showed up. They realized that the water that was flowing was hot, which meant that there was a problem with the boiler. They hurried to shut off the boiler, but the valve was located in the home of the neighbors, who were asleep at the time.

The volunteers didn't want to wake them, and with combined efforts we finally managed to move the bookcase and shut off the water main.

A few hours later, the neighbor woke up and discovered that he had no running water. He immediately called to ask me what was going on. I told him what had happened, and he called a plumber, since the problem affected both of us.

The plumber arrived within a few minutes and solved the problem very quickly, and he did not even charge me for it.

He did not take a cent from me, because for me, this had been only a reminder to give a fifth of my earnings to *tzedakah*.

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There Are Many Gates of Rescue for Hashem to Use

Rabbenu Bachyei ben Asher explains *bitachon* in Hashem as follows: When a person knows deep in his heart that everything is in Hashem's Hands, and that Hashem can change nature and transform his *mazal*, and that nothing at all, great or small, can stop Him from saving a person; and even when his troubles are closing in on him, Hashem's *yeshuah* is near, for He can do anything, and no plot or plan is impossible for Him; even when he sees a sword pressed on his neck, it is not appropriate for him to lose hope of being rescued, as the *pasuk* in *Iyov* (13:15) states, "Even when someone is in the process of killing me, I still hope for His [salvation]." And it says, "Trust in Him at all times," meaning, even when dangers abound and a person cannot imagine how he will be saved, he should trust in Hashem, because the Omnipresent has many ways and many paths.

(Based on *Kad Hakemach, Bitachon*)

We Are Obligated to Keep on Believing, No Matter What

Are we truly believers? When we cannot see any avenue of *yeshuah*, we immediately despair of being saved. If this is the case, we are very far from having perfect *emunah*, for if we did, we would believe that our fate is not in the hands of nature. Even when it seems hopeless, we must still believe that Hashem can change our circumstances and that He might do so. We must never entertain the thought that this level of *emunah* and *bitachon* is more than we are obligated to have. On the contrary, this is the fundamental meaning of *emunah*, and if we are found lacking thereof, we will have to answer for it. "And before Whom will you stand in judgment in the future? Before the King of all kings, Hakadosh Baruch Hu." We can explain this to mean that we will be judged regarding matters which, to the human eye, seem beyond hope. We will still be held accountable if we did not believe that Hashem could save us. This is because He is the King of all kings, Hakadosh Baruch Hu, to Whom there is no difference between a situation in which there is clearly reason to hope and a situation in which it seems that there is no hope. And truthfully, we might be in more spiritual danger when the situation is not hopeless, because then we think that the salvation can come naturally, and we do not attribute

it to Hashem. Therefore, even at a time when a sharpened sword is pressed against a person's neck, he should not despair of Hashem's mercy.

(Based on *Ohr Yechezkel Part 3, Emunah*)

Hashem Performs Miracles for Those Who Are Aware of His Mercy

Hashem *yisbarach* is called "complete, unadulterated *rachamim*," and He is everywhere; there is no place where He is not present. But when a person doesn't recognize this in his thoughts, that in itself is an obstacle to receiving His mercy. As long as he does believe and recognize this, he will be constantly connected to the greatness of Hashem's mercy, and Hashem will readily perform miracles for him. This is the meaning of *Chazal's* statement, "Even when a sharpened sword is pressed...he must not refrain from asking for mercy." Hashem's mercy is everywhere; it is boundless. It all depends on the degree to which a person is connected in his heart to Hashem's *rachamim*, for that is the key to bringing Hashem's mercy actively upon him.

(Based on *Divras Shlomo*)

Don't Lose Hope

My master and teacher (the Kehillos Yaakov) *ztk"l* told me that Rav Sorotzkin, *rosh yeshivas* Telz in America, was diagnosed with cancer over ten years ago *l'a*, and he had radiation treatment, and after a while it disappeared completely, and the doctors were amazed. My master and teacher told me: If Hakadosh Baruch Hu sends His *refuah*, then even cancer can be healed and disappear. He added that someone asked the Chazon Ish *ztk"l* whether it is permissible to daven for someone who is ill with cancer, if there is no humanly possible way of healing it, so his *refuah* is in the realm of a miracle. The Chazon Ish responded that it is proper to daven, and he brought proof from the Rebbe of Shinegrad, who had cancer in his throat, *l'a*, for thirty years, and he came to Eretz Yisrael at the end. He suffered much pain, but he lived with it for thirty years. His case demonstrates that one can live for many years even if the doctors were sure that he would not live for more than a year.

(Based on *Orchos Rabbenu, Hakehillos Yaakov*)

He Should Not Hold Back from Pleading for Mercy

Yeshayahu said to King Chizkiyahu: "Instruct your family of your last will, for you are about to die." Chizkiyahu answered him: "Stop your prophecy and leave, because I have a tradition from my ancestors, all the way back to Dovid Hamelech, saying: Even if a sharpened sword is being pressed on your neck, you must not give up, but rather pray for salvation." This corresponds to the *pasuk* (*Iyov* 13:15), "Even when someone is in the process of killing me; I still hope for His [salvation]." Rav Chanan says: Even if a master dream-interpreter tells someone that he will die that day, he must not stop praying for mercy, as it says (*Koheles* 5:6), "Despite a multitude of threats, and many words; fear only the Lord."

(Based on *Maseches Brachos* 10a)

Excerpts from the popular shiur by
Harav Hatzaddik R' Beirish Shneebalg shlit"n

True Light and Joy

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

Purim has just ended, and we are looking forward to Pesach, with holy Shabbosos to make our days pleasant in the meantime. *Baruch Hashem*, Who has bequeathed us Shabbosos and *Mo'adim*.

The Ohr Hachaim Hakadosh (*Shemos* 39:1) states that in every mitzvah are hidden many details, many lessons and understandings, and only a small part of them are revealed to us. Due to their value and gravity, we cannot know them all.

Every Shabbos and Yom Tov has the form that is known to us, a sort of set mold in our minds: This is how Shabbos looks, and this is how Yom Tov looks. There are those who think that honoring Shabbos and Yom Tov is done through buying special foods. Indeed, it is appropriate to honor Shabbos and Yom Tov with food and drink, with nice clothing and with a clean apartment, as is befitting.

But in every Shabbos and in every Yom Tov are hidden elevated matters, things of great value that we cannot

know. A great light is hidden within them; the light of the *Shechinah*, the beloved glory of Hashem, shines through.

When we think about Shabbos and Yom Tov in terms of the Divine light, matters of food and drink do not have to preoccupy us so much. We are not meant to enslave ourselves financially in order to feel the joy of Shabbos and Yom Tov.

Now, when we are at the height of preparing for the Yom Tov of Pesach, the Yom Tov of freedom, facing a marathon of shopping and other preparations, we should look into the hidden treasures of the *kedushah* of the Yom Tov, and act accordingly. We should try to keep in mind what will contribute to our feeling the holiness, and what will only enslave us and cause us to lose the true joy of the Yom Tov.