

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshiyos Vayechi - Shemot 5782 ■ Issue 79

HEART TO HEART

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

Glad is he Whose Sons are Male

Isn't it amazing -- every person enjoys doing different things, and together, the world becomes an inhabitable place. Imagine if everyone enjoyed doing the same thing – if everyone were salespeople. Who would work in production? And who would open new stores? And if everyone were drivers, who would work in construction? If everyone were writers, who would print their writings? If everyone were singers, who would be their audience? Hashem distributed talent in a very exact way, so that each person could make a living while contributing something unique to the world. The trick is to remember this when our emunah is put to test. Our talents and professions are merely a means to provide us with a livelihood, and the blessings in our lives should never be attributed to them, but rather to Hashem, the true Source of all.

A person with bitachon understands the correct approach to his profession. He understands that his profession is Hashem's Will, and works in it when it assists in his livelihood, even if it is difficult, as Rabbenu Bachaye tells us in the fifth chapter, the third difference: **"If the efforts he makes [for parnassah] are not advantageous, he knows that his livelihood will come when Hashem wants it to come, in whatever way He Wills it, and he will not give them up because of it, and he will not desist from them for service of the Creator."**

A person who hasn't learned enough about bitachon will find it difficult to carry out this dictate. He will pursue his profession so long as it earns him nice dividends. If things become difficult, he will leave his job to search for another profession.

I am not referring, of course, to inflexible people who continued developing film when the world went on to digital cameras. I am referring to people whose job is essentially necessary in the world, but are currently seeing less income from it. One who learns bitachon is not

quick to change his job. He continues doing his best with integrity, and hopes for Hashem's blessing. After all, his job is important and nobody else can do it!

The Gemara in Maseches Kiddushin tell us (82b): "It is impossible for the world to continue without a perfumer and without a tanner. Fortunate is he whose trade is as a perfumer, and woe is he whose trade is as a tanner." The Gemara here mentions two opposite professions. The perfumer produces perfume all day, crushing leaves and minerals to create the most exquisite and pleasurable scents for the world. All day long, he can recite the blessing of *Borei minei besomim*. On the other hand, there are tanners who work with foul smelling materials in order to make helpful items out of animal hide. While many things can be made with PUC, no plastic can exchange for a luxurious lambskin purse, and nothing else can be used for Sifrei Torah, Tefillin and mezuzos! While the perfumer can just walk out of his business and walk into shul for Mincha and Maariv, the tanner needs to scrub his hands and change his clothes before going anywhere public, because of the foul odor that follows him. And nevertheless, both are equally necessary for the world!

The Gemara continues: "Likewise, it is impossible for the world to exist without males and without females, yet fortunate is he whose sons are males, and woe is he whose sons are females." The Meiri reads here 'Whose sons are females' – males who behave like females. When males behave like females, they do not fulfill their own mission. Their mixed-up perception creates a mixed-up world. When every person fulfills his mission in the world – when a son behaves like a male, and a daughter like a good Jewish girl, it creates a Kiddush Hashem and helps perfect the world.

We should be zoche to attain bitachon and create a Kiddush Hashem in the world.

FROM THE EDITOR

How Did He Get here?

He walked into the Rabbi's office, all good intentions. "I want to keep Shabbos!" he announced.

"You cannot," said the Rabbi, "Only a Jew is allowed to keep Shabbos. You are not Jewish, and if you do, you will be punishable by death."

"That's not fair! Why can my Jewish neighbor keep Shabbos and not I?"

"Your neighbor belongs to the chosen nation. G-d chose him, that's it. It's a fact of life which is impossible to change."

"But my neighbor doesn't even keep the mitzvot!"

"How very sad! But that doesn't change the reality. You are not permitted to keep Shabbos, and only he has the right to do so."

The non-Jew continues arguing and the Rabbi explains: "Imagine a king who rules over half the world. He has wise and prestigious ministers helping him run his kingdom. When they wish to have an audience with the king, they have to apply for an appointment a half a year in advance. Entering without an appointment is a grave sin."

"When they come to the palace, they walk up and see this crazy looking fellow hopping around the gardens. All the ministers shake their heads in disbelief. Here they are, the wisest people on earth, waiting for an appointment for a half a year while that crazy fellow is inside without an appointment!"

"Why?" asks the non-Jew.

"Because the crazy fellow is the king's son. Do you understand? A Jew is Hashem's beloved child and that's why he gets inside without an appointment. While there are a great many pious Jews who do everything to justify their lofty position and serve their king, there are those who don't. But does that change the reality? No, not at all. Even a crazed prince remains a prince." A Jew walks around the world thinking – "Why me? Why do I deserve special Hashgacha Pratis? Why should Hashem hear my prayers, remember me, protect me?"

Think about it, and you'll understand. While statistics have it that one in 24 people will win some kind of lottery at least once in their lifetime, there are a great many people who live out their entire life without ever winning a lottery even once.

Now do the math. The chances of being Jewish, for every baby born in the world, are one in five hundred and thirty-three. Out of the 8 billion people that walk on the face of the earth, only 15 million are Jewish- less than 0.2% of humanity.

So, if you were born Jewish, you've won the lottery! You are a son of the chosen nation, the King's son! You are more important and interesting than the finest and wisest of ministers. Hashem, the King, waits just for you, longs to hear from you – *your* requests, *your* prayers, *your* love. He chose *you* because He wants that relationship just with *you*.

Good Shabbos
Pinchas Shafer

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

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

With Your Own Two Eyes

My name is Nadav Moseri. I want to tell you a story about my friend, Rabbi Chaim Gai Gad ben Mazal, may Hashem send him a speedy recovery. As I tell you this story, he is still unconscious, but I hope that by the time you print it in your newsletter, he'll be awake and healthy.

This story happened at the end of the year of 5779, but my friend didn't want to publicize it. Now, that we need every zechus for his recovery, I hope every mitzvah people are inspired to do should count to his merit. And please, if you read this, say a short prayer for Rabbi Chaim Gai Gad ben Mazal.

I met Gai Gad thirteen years ago in the Yeshivas Nezer Yisrael in Modiin Ilit. It is a Yeshiva for unaffiliated Jews, to teach them about Judaism, Torah and tefillah. As soon as Gai Gad learned the truth about the world, he did everything to make up for the lost time, and within a short time he was a regular avreich, learning as if that was all he had been doing his entire life. His whole life revolved around the Kollel. He learned in a midnight Kollel and in another two during the day. I also had the zechus to learn with him a chavrusa. One bright spring day in 5779 a short time after we finished learning together, he called me. "Listen, Nadav, I can't see!"

"What do you mean, you can't see? We just finished learning together a short while ago."

"I'm telling you, everything is dark. Black! My eyes went out."

"But you were learning together before, and I saw you taking your kids to kindergarten."

"Right, but it happened afterwards."

I learned that Gai's diabetes had attacked his eyes, and in one minute damaged the retina in both eyes. I felt so bad for him. The Gemara was his entire life, and now he couldn't learn from his beloved seforim. Gai Gad, the active avreich needed people to help him with even the most basic things. We continued learning together, but now I had to read everything from the Gemara for him.

Gai Gad would stand and pray long prayers begging Hashem to give him back his eyesight. He also started going to doctors. They suggested surgery, but the prognosis was 50-50. Because of the doubtful prognosis they decided to perform the surgery on one eye and see what would happen. Gai Gad had the operation, but his eye still didn't see anything.

With all physical options gone, Gai Gad, turned all his attention to Hashem, Doctor of all mankind. We went to graves of tzaddikim, and every time he would cry and beg Hashem to give him back his eyesight.

Right before Rosh Hashanah, we traveled together to kivrei tzaddikim. We spent a whole day praying. Gai Gad cried copious tears, and I cried along with him. That night, we went to sleep in a small rental in the area.

In the morning I woke up and found his bed empty. How could that be? For the past six months, he hadn't gone anywhere alone.

I called out, "Gai, Gad! Where are you?"

"I'm going to the mikvah," he called back from the yard. I was frightened. How could he go somewhere alone? And

River of Faith

Standing in the window of my apartment in Beit Shemesh on Motzaei Shabbos, a mere two days before Rosh Hashanah 5782, all the things that happened to us this year came to my mind. Rosh Hashana would be in a few short hours. Soon Hashem would determine our upcoming year. The past year had not been an easy one, and neither was the one before it. Along with many others around the world, I suffered from a financial downturn, struggling day by day to make ends meet. Perhaps now, with the new year, new opportunities would open up for us and our situation would make a turn for the better.

I looked up and noticed a shiny stream of water trickling through my yard. Although I'd have loved it, there had never been a brook in my backyard. Where was this water coming from? Something must be leaking somewhere, I realized. To my dismay, I discovered that the stream originated from my hot water tank on the roof. The tank would have to be fixed immediately so we could shower for Yom Tov. I dialed a friend who does renovations and asked him what he thought could be the matter. He thought it was the electric heating system that was broken, and told me to call a plumber who would change the heater for 450 NIS. Since, as I said before, my financial situation is not great, and with all the added Yom Tov expenses piling up, I asked him if I could cut the cost by buying the heater myself in a hardware store. My friend talked me out of it. "Installing the heater is most of the cost and you need to do it right, otherwise you'll just break everything." I decided to bring in a plumber.

My friend suggested a cheap plumber, who came in bright and early the next morning. He climbed up on the roof and came back with his verdict. It wasn't the heater that broke, it was the entire water tank. It had sprung a large leak, and had to be exchanged.

"How much does a new tank cost?" I asked him.

"Three thousand shekels."

I didn't know what to do. Here I was trying to save four hundred and fifty, and now I needed to shell out three thousand. 'But,' I told myself, 'Hashem knows our address. He knows we need hot water, and He will help us.'

"OK," I told the plumber. "How soon can you bring the tank?"

"I'll bring it tomorrow."

"You know tomorrow is erev Yom Tov. We have to take showers and travel out of the city to my Rebbe for Yom Tov, so please, make sure to bring it early in the morning." The plumber agreed. "Sure, no problem. First thing tomorrow morning we'll be here."

Just as he closed the door, the telephone rang.

Our plan for Yom Tov had been to travel to the city where my Rebbe lives and stay in a rented apartment. The rent was supposed to be covered by renting out our apartment here in Beit Shemesh to another couple who wanted to be near their Rebbe.

On the phone was my Rosh Hashana tenant. "My wife just tested positive for Covid," he said. "We won't be using your apartment for Rosh Hashana."

Within a few minutes I found out I had to pay 3000 shekels for the water tank, and the expected income from rent was cancelled. Hashem was obviously telling me something. Yes, He, who only does good things, arranged it so I should receive this distressing news at this stressful time on Erev Yom Tov.

I called my family together. "Listen," I said, "I feel like Hashem wants something from us. Let's cooperate in this conversation. We'll say Mizmor Le'sodah to thank Hashem for speaking to us so directly." I started reciting an inspired Mizmor Le'sodah, we sang and even broke out in a little dance. Although the plumber had closed the water tank to stop the leak, the small pond in our yard winked in the sunlight. And we danced because we are important enough for

Just for Kids!

From now on, you can also tell your stories on the Hashgacha Pratis hotline.

Hashem to speak to us, to give us private, personal care. Everything is for the best, I knew.

With the song on my lips I knew, I KNEW that Hashem would fix it all up. I didn't know how, I was willing to do all kinds of things, but whatever it would be, it would be for the best. I was sure Hashem would give me the energy to do what I needed to do.

The next morning, Erev Rosh Hashanah, I got up before dawn for selichos. By nine o'clock I was home after Shacharis, waiting for the promised water tank. The clock was ticking, and soon we would have to leave the house, but without hot water for showers, everyone would come into Yom Tov, well, dirty. I decided to give the old tank a try, and turned it back on.

Within fifteen minutes there was hot water in the pipes and the kids started tanking showers one after the next. Everyone was hurrying. At twelve o'clock noon, a truck with a crane parked near my building. The plumber had come to change out tank. He went up on the roof, but came back a minute later. "I think we made a mistake with the address," he called down to his assistant.

"You made no mistake," I called out to him, "You are supposed to change my water tank!" I didn't want him to disappear now.

"Well, I don't understand what's going on here," he said. "Your tank was cracked all the way down yesterday, but today it's whole. There's no leak. I can't understand it!" he stood there scratching his head in amazement. "Did you turn it on?"

"Yes," I told him. "We've been taking showers here for the past two hours."

"OK, well, I don't know how to explain it. It's from Heaven."

He signaled to the crane truck and both drove off with wishes for a sweet new year. I haven't had to call him back. Now, two months later, the water tank is working even better than it did before. And strangely, the loss of the rent didn't make a dent on our overall finances. I really can't explain it, but those are the facts. We were even saved the bother of tidying up our apartment for tenants.

Thank You, Hashem.

Give, and You'll be Given More

My name is Chaim Dovid and I live in Beit Shemesh. I have the zechus to sit and learn. I learn all day, even beyond the standard kollel *sedarim* and I thank Hashem for every minute I have the zechus to learn His holy Torah. At the beginning, after my wedding, keeping this schedule was not even noteworthy. But when the family grew, and we needed a larger income, it became harder. A larger family needs a larger income, but I didn't bring in much and we felt we needed another source of parnassah. My wife had already been working at two jobs, spending three quarters of an hour commuting from one job to the other. It was really hard for her. Since she couldn't stretch herself any thinner, I felt it was now my turn to do something. Someone suggested I spend a few hours every night proofreading sefarim. It seemed like a good idea. I knew that proofreading, despite being immersed in Torah, is nothing like learning. I was torn -- how could I leave the holy Torah for work, even for a short time? I did what every Jew does when he has a dilemma. I asked my Rav what to do. "Whoever learns Torah has a different system. His parnassah works differently. Go on learning as you have been doing all the time, and Hashem will help you."

"And what about parnassah? We need the extra income. Don't I have to engage in some kind of hishtadlus?"

"Yes," the Rav said, "You should certainly make some effort in the matter. From now on, every day, you should recite the prayer for parnassah in the bracha of 'Shome'ah Tefilla.'"

From that day on I did my hishtadlus with my prayers. I davened to Hashem for parnassah from the depth of my heart, knowing that only Hashem could change our financial situation.

I saw an immediate change. My wife received an offer to work closer to home, and she started working at an easier job, without the commute. She also began earning a third more than what she was making in her previous two jobs.

I still do my hishtadlus, and see Hashem's answer to me -- you continue learning, and I'll give you more.

here we were in a new place, unknown territory. He always needed instructions, be careful, here's a step, lift your foot up higher... what had happened to him?

I washed my hands and raced out after him.

"You don't understand! I can see! I see everything! Hashem opened my eyes!"

And this was what happened. A half a year of prayers, Tehilim and crying, and he didn't give up. Chaim Gai Gad had the zechus to have Hashem Himself cure his eyes, and he regained his eyesight.

This was what happened. Simple as that. He could see again.

Now, Gai Gad is suffering another medical crisis and was added the name Chaim. May Hashem cure him again and may he merit seeing with his own eyes how Hashem returns to Zion, with mercy.

[Daily *bitachon*, 'Daily bitachon in five minutes' Tuesday, Vayishlach]

The Sefer Torah was Repaired

Fifty-five years ago, a Sefer Torah was donated to the great synagogue in Haifa in memory of Yaakov Aryeh ben Eliyahu Halevi and Dina bas Eliezer. Since they had no children, this scroll was their only memorial. May the following story give them an *aliyah neshamah*.

Over the years, various problems were found in the Torah and all were fixed. Eventually, this Torah fell into disuse, only being used for the Rosh Chodesh reading. The only other time it was removed from the aron kodesh was on Simchas Torah for the dancing.

This year after the dancing on Simchas Torah, the crowd divided into two groups so everyone could have a chance to receive an *aliyah*. The second group took this Torah scroll for the reading. This scroll, which is always open only at the Rosh Chodesh reading, was now scrolled all the way to the end for the Simchas Torah reading. And so it remained. On one regular Monday two weeks later, someone was given the honor of removing the Torah for the regular weekday reading. The gabbai warned him to remove the regular Sefer Torah which was scrolled to the correct place in Bereishis, so the congregation would not be forced to stand there waiting while the Torah was scrolled, but the person made a mistake and took out that old Torah, dedicated so many years ago.

After a Sefer Torah is laid down on the table for reading, it cannot be returned. This mistake cost the congregation a long wait. The gabbai had to come up and scroll the Torah all the way back to the beginning for the regular weekly reading in Bereishis.

They scrolled Devarim, Bamidbar, Vayikra, Shemos. Suddenly, in the middle of parashas Vayeira they saw a large stain spread upon several lines. The Torah needed to be repaired, and any blessing recited for reading from it would have been in vain. The Torah was put away, and the right scroll, which was ready at parashas Noach, was removed from the ark.

Had he not made the mistake and taken it out then, the stain would never have been discovered, because the Torah would have been scrolled back to the Rosh Chodesh reading in Bamidbar, and none would have been the wiser. Now that the Torah was sent to be fixed, it can be read from and give an *aliyah* to the souls of those righteous donors, may they rest in peace.

Another interesting side note -- the stain included pesukim with Hashem's Name, but seemed to circumvent the Name so it wouldn't be erased. Hashem's Name remained whole!

All you have to do is dial to Hashgacha pratis hotline
choose the language you'd like to record, and then press 0 for the kids' extension.

Follow us! Coming up soon: an exciting suspense series... Stay tuned for details!

Q's & A's

Q's & A's about emunah and bitachon

In light of upcoming prices hikes, many have gone out and bought huge amounts of disposable goods etc. Is this in line with our obligation to do hishtadlus or should we leave it up to Hashem to send us what we need when we need it, without taking any drastic measures?

Q #31

B.C., Rechasim

Fortunate is the Man Who Trusts in You

A long lesson on this topic appeared in a previous newsletter (based on a lesson from the Hashgacha Pratis hotline), where we learn that storing goods for the distant future is not in line with bitachon. We learned that a ba'al bitachon doesn't fear new laws because he is sure Hashem will do everything for his benefit. Now Hashem is testing us, giving us the opportunity to stretch our bitachon muscles. We need to remember – the same way Hashem covered the cost of disposables until now, He will give us whatever we need in the future as well. Just trust Him.

We greatly appreciate all the readers who wrote in messages along these lines. Due to lack of space, we were unable to print them all, and only printed those opinions that seem to present another side.

And as usual, **all opinions mentioned here are presented for discussion only. For practical ruling, please consult with your Rav.**

Prepare Early

Rabbi Yishai Shlomo from Binyamina: The Zohar (Beshalach) tells us that one should not cook food for one day for the next, and not leave over food for the next day. The Mishnah Berurah (157:4) explains that one should pray to Hashem every day for his daily food. The Gemara (Sota 48b) writes that one who has food in his basket but asks what he will eat tomorrow demonstrates a lack of emunah. This can be relevant to your question, implying that one should not fill up storehouses of disposables and food. On the other hand, Rabbi Chaim Palagi (Lev Chaim II, 50) quotes these sources and adds that the injunction applies to cooked food only. Stocking up on other items, on the other hand, is a way of saving time and money. As the passuk tells us in Mishlei: "She prepares her bread in the summer; she gathers her food in the harvest." (6:8)

Rabbi Moshe Shafer from Beit Shemesh tells a story to illustrate this point: Once, when Rav Elchonon Wasserman was learning together with his Chavrusa, Rabbi Yosef Kahaneman, they needed to look up a certain point in a sefer which is mentioned several times in the Mishnah Berurah. Since they were in Radin, they were sure the sefer would be found in the Chafetz Chaim's house, author of the Mishnah Berurah. When they knocked on his door, he told them he didn't have the sefer. "When I was writing the Mishna Brura I borrowed the sefer because if I would have bought it I would have had to spend money and waste time I could have spent learning to earn that money," he explained. This story teaches us that people should think ahead and plan their spending. If waiting with the shopping will ultimately impede one's Torah learning, it is wiser to shop earlier.

Rabbi Moshe Goldberg from Beit Shemesh; Rabbi Asher Rabinowitz from Beitar Ilit: Whoever has the money should certainly go out and stock up for the future. This is normal hishtadlus and accepted business practice – a wise businessman who knows that prices are about to go up he goes out and buys as much as he can. Later, he can sell it again for more.

Rabbi Mordechai Hakohen Malachi from Beitar Ilit: People on a high level of bitachon know they need to do nothing for tomorrow's living. A regular person, on the other hand, must follow the normal ways of the world. When prices are going up, one must take stock of his capabilities – cash and free storage space – and stock up appropriately. The Gemara (Beitza 16a) tells us that one's livelihood is determined on Rosh Hashanah. Rashi there tells us that in light of that, one should be careful not to spend too much, because he may lose his portion. One should nevertheless do so calmly, remembering that it is only hishtadlus and everything is from Hashem.

Interestingly, **Rabbi Menachem Goldberg from Bnei Brak**, learns extrapolates the opposite message from the same Rashi: Stocking up on a particular item and spending a lot on it is considered a large expenditure which one should refrain from making lest he end up lacking in other necessities.

Trust in Hashem

Rabbi Shmuel Natan from Yerushalayim; Rabbi Avraham Shlomo Wiess from Beitar Ilit; Rabbi Dov Kaufman from Modiin Ilit: It depends on one's personal level of bitachon. A person whose bitachon is strong and developed doesn't have to work hard and buy the items now when they are cheap. However, one who knows his level is not so developed and later, when the prices go up, will feel bad for failing to buy when it was cheap, must make every effort to buy what he needs before the prices go up. This is his basic hishtadlus. This idea appears in Michtav M'Eliyahu (volume I, Bitachon V'Hishtadlus): "If Hashem tests him and doesn't provide his livelihood via the means he made the effort to make it, he may not withstand the test and regret not having made more of an effort, and his faith in Hashem will be lost."

Question for Issue #81

We know that matches are made in Heaven and matches are announced forty days before a child's conception. However, in halachah we find the concept of losing a match, to the extent that announcing an engagement may be done even on the saddest day of the year, Tisha B'Av, so nobody else comes and intercepts one of the parties. How do the two concepts coincide?

A.A., Beit Shemesh

To send in questions or answers: Leave a message on the Hotline at 02-301-1300 menu 3 ext. 5 (Yiddish or Hebrew)
Email: s023011300@gmail.com | Fax: 02-659-9189 - Until Sunday Parashat Va'eira

Replies must include your full name and city Names of questioners are printed with initials and city

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

Our purpose in learning about emunah and bitachon is to live our lives with emunah, to go about life full of emunah and bitachon. This refers, especially, to parnassah. While we know that the key to parnassah is in Hashem's hands, it requires learning and training to drive the message home. Everything we do, every effort we make in order to earn our daily bread must demonstrate this clearly and be completely aligned with halacha and *yashrus*.

When a couple decides to get engaged, they sign an agreement called *tena'im*. One of the clauses says: "And they shall not hide anything from one another." This means that we are obligated to be open with our wives regarding any financial transaction we make.

I once heard from a Rav who heads many institutions that his father told him before he got married: "Whatever you do, before any investment, make sure to always ask your wife." And that was what he did, all the time, but once. That time, he was investing all of his institutions' monies

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

Living Emunah

in a bad investment and it all went down the drain. Since it was not his own money, he thought he could invest it without asking his wife, but he saw that even here he had to ask for her opinion.

And it's true – before any business transaction one should always make sure to ask his wife. Without it, the deal is not honest, and it will not be blessed.

A contractor came to me a while ago for advice regarding debt. He was a contractor who built buildings and for the past few years his debt was growing steadily. I went over his books and saw that at the end of the day he was not earning anything at all. All he was doing was moving money back and forth.

I suggested that before signing on any deal he should ask his wife. That was a novel idea to him, and he started doing just that. She was able to pinpoint the many details he hadn't noticed before, and ever since then, he began seeing blessing in his work.

The shiurim of Harav Shneebeal are delivered weekly in Yiddish and Hebrew alternatively. Dial 2 then 3 (after language preference)

Effects on Two Ends

On the receiving end

My name is Chaim. I just wanted to say two words: Thank you. This phone line deepens my emunah in Hashem. In the past couple of years, I've been working in a profession and not really making a living. On the other hand, my friend who began at the same time as I did, in the same line of business, is seeing major success. Baruch Hashem I am glad for him. I don't know if I could have survived this test in emunah without the many inspiring messages I hear on your telephone line.

Ten months ago, I donated a standing order of NIS 180 to distribute the bitachon newsletter in 10 shuls. I did this as a zechus for my son who didn't yet have children. I sent their names for prayer every erev Rosh Chodesh to the kever of the Chovos Halevavos and for ongoing prayer by venerated Rabbanim. Baruch Hashem, my son and his wife recently had a baby boy. Gratefully, we can now pray instead that they see much nachas from their children IY"H.

On the giving end

You, too, can be a partner in spreading emunah throughout the world, and merit the Zohar's promise of "children and grandchildren who are G-d-fearing and upright!"

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