

# HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Korach - Chukat 5784 ■ Issue 142

## HEART TO HEART

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

### A Story to Learn From

My brother Reb Shmuel Kletzkin *shlit"a* told me the following:

Thirty-five years ago my father-in-law was in the U.S., and there he received an envelope with 500 dollars, on which was written, "For Rav Zeleznik *shlit"a*, Yerushalayim." When he came back to Eretz Yisrael, my father-in-law asked me to go over to Rav Zeleznik and give him the envelope.

Immediately after I finished davening *vasikin*, I went to the home of Rav Avraham Yaakov Zeleznik *zt"l*, Rav of the Kerem neighborhood and *rosh yeshivah* of Eitz Chaim, to give him the envelope. By that time the Rav was already sitting and learning.

I told the Rav that I'd come to fulfill my father-in-law's request, and I handed him the envelope. The Rav looked at the envelope and saw that his first name was not written on it, and neither was the name of sender. He did not know anything about an envelope that was supposed to arrive for him, and therefore he refused to take it. "It's not mine," he said, and he went back to his learning.

Seeing this, I went to give the money to his brother, Hagaon Rav Efraim Zeleznik *zt"l*, who was a *maggid shiur* in a *yeshivah* for excellent *bachurim*. He too was already sitting and learning. I must point out that his son was a *chas-san* who was soon to be married, so those 500 dollars could definitely go to good use for him. But Rav Efraim reacted exactly as his brother had: "I have no idea who sent this envelope, and therefore I am not prepared to take the money, for perhaps that would be stealing." Thus, the money was returned to the United States until the matters were resolved. Rabbenu Bachyai discusses (end of chapter 4) exalted people such as these. He wrote that there are great, exalted people, and one of the signs of such exalted people is their "choosing poverty over wealth."

Let us try to understand something very basic: We cannot know a person's level at a time when everything is comfortable, when his life is pleasant and everything is going well for him. How can we know if a certain person is truly good, so that we will be *zocheh* to learn from his *ma'alos* and go in his ways? When we see that he conquers his anger, forgoes his comfort, prefers the true *tachlis*, and helps others even when it's on his own *cheshbon*. In this merit he is rewarded with Hashem's additional *chesed* upon him in the World to Come, since he withstood his *nisayon*.

One of the *nisyonos* he may face is when circumstances arise in which he will need to choose poverty over wealth. The doesn't nec-

essarily mean he will go from being a rich man to a poverty-stricken man; rather, every time a person forgoes a monetary gain, he is considered "poor." A Yid comes to a situation of a *nisayon*: He sees that he has the chance to make money by doing something crooked or through some lack of honesty, and on the other side of the scale stand the instructions of the Torah: "Do not deny," "Do not steal," and "Do not cause pain"; and he forgoes the profit and proves his loyalty to the Giver of the Torah. It is worthwhile to learn from a Yid like this.

Sometimes we pass up the chance for monetary gain when it comes along with the *issur* of being led astray, such as when our surroundings at work are not suitable for a Yid who keeps Torah and mitzvos, and even though they promise him a high salary he withstands the *nisayon* and refuses the job; or when there is a question of *shemiras Shabbos*, or of lending with interest, and so on and on. At times this is not a simple *nisayon* at all; it may even be a very difficult *nisayon*, and then it is so good to hear stories like this one, about *Yidden* who chose poverty over wealth because of their devotion and loyalty to the Creator *yisbarach*. It has always been known that in order to be a tailor, one starts off as an apprentice to a tailor, and thus he learns to do things in the right way when the day comes for him to work independently.

In matters regarding *avodas Hashem* this applies tenfold. The Torah never stands on its own. Moshe received the Torah from Sinai and gave it over to Yehoshua, and Yehoshua to the *zekeinim*.... The *mesorah* was always passed down from Rav to *talmid*, from father to son, and from mother to daughter. It is human beings who truly ensure the continuity and eternity of the holy Torah.

When we want to learn proper behavior, one way is to learn from holy *mussar sefarim*, but that is not enough. We need living examples, to see on a practical level how we should build our own lives, and therefore Rabbenu Bachyai exhorts us to find the people who will serve as personal examples to us.

There are plenty of people to learn from! *Yidden* who strengthen themselves in *emunah* and *bitachon* and withstand the *nisyonos* of daily life are examples to us, and we can learn from them.

May we be *zocheh* to strengthen ourselves more and more in *emunah* and *bitachon*, and may we be *mekadesh Shem Shamayim* in the world, and through this may we see a great bounty of *brachah*, *hatzlachah*, and revealed kindness; *amen*.

## FROM THE EDITOR

### Tell Me, Does the Medication Work?

Someone related the following to me:

"Tell me the truth," I heard the person in front of me in line asking the pharmacist. "Does this medicine, which you so highly recommend, really work, or is it just a placebo? I heard of several people who tried taking this medication but it didn't help them."

"If you don't believe in the healing power of this medicine, then it certainly won't help you," the pharmacist responded. "If you believe in it, it will help."

This Yid told me that he got an important message from overhearing this conversation: There are so many amazing stories about people who saw tangibly Hashem's *hashgachah* and *chesed*, and I wonder why I don't see this type of *hashgachah* too, he said. Why don't such stories happen to me?

The pharmacist answered my question. If you don't believe, then it will not work. *Eemunah* unleashes and enables *hashpa'os*.

The Ohev Yisrael *zy"ta* brings, in *Parshas Noach*, in the name of the *heiligh* Reb Michel of Zlotchov: There are two definitions of *emunah*. One definition is the belief that this thing is correct or that it will happen. And the second definition is, as it says regarding Mordechai: "*Vayehi omein es Hadassah*," meaning that he raised Esther Hamalkah.

He elaborates, explaining that *emunah* as reflected in the first definition will bring about the second definition. That is to say, when we believe in something, we raise it and enable it to *become*. If a person believes, he brings the *hashpa'os* upon himself.

Hakadosh Baruch Hu bequeathed to our generation a gift: the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line. The facts show that people who are consistently connected to the phone line lead completely different lives.

It is exciting each time anew to hear statements that we've already heard thousands of times, such as, "It's eye-opening," and, "I feel I've been reborn."

This applies in all areas. People open their eyes both spiritually and physically, regarding, for example, *parnassah*, and interactions both with their fellow man and with Hashem. People simply become aware that Hakadosh Baruch Hu loves them, and things become clear to them, like one brick set atop another, in a most precise way.

Because anyone connected to the phone line is connected to *emunah*, and anyone who believes in Hashem brings Hashem's goodness upon himself.

Dear brothers, it doesn't matter how long you listen. The main thing is to listen consistently. Schedule the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line in your daily routine. This will be life-changing for you. Take the number, save it to your phone, and start seeing *emunah* with your own eyes.

Gut Shabbat

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# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

## Someone's Thinking of Me

When I see a *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletter lying around in shul I take it, even if it isn't the proper time to read it. If I see it in the morning I put it into my tefillin bag, and I know that during a quiet moment I'll have something good to read, something that will give me hope and joy.

One Thursday afternoon I returned from *kollel* holding my tefillin bag, which had remained with me after Shacharis. On the way home I went into the pharmacy to buy medication. The pharmacy had relatively limited hours, and on Thursday it closed its doors at noon and remained closed all afternoon. It would not be open again until Sunday.

I purchased the medication and went home. I stopped by the mailbox to see if someone had thought of me recently. Usually it's the electric company, the phone company and the bank; sometimes it's also friends and family sending invitations, and mostly it's business owners advertising their products or services. Was there someone who truly thought of me and really cares about me? Even if there was one such person, it was very rare to discover a letter from him.

Rare? The truth is, not so rare. Here, on my mailbox, there's a sticker indicating my subscription to the "*Hashgachah Pratis* Family Magazine." What nonsense, for me to think that no one was thinking of me. Hakadosh Baruch Hu thinks of me and watches over me every second. If I needed more proof, then right there in my tefillin bag there was a blue-and-white pamphlet filled with *emunah*. *Hey – where is my tefillin bag?!*

The second I realized that my tefillin bag was not with me, I recalled that I'd left it in the pharmacy – the pharmacy that was closing any minute and wouldn't reopen until Sunday morning! I went back immediately and managed to get there in time to get my tefillin before they locked the doors. This was truly *hashgachah pratis*, according to all its interpretations!

## He Has No Portions – Then He Has Two Hundred

A Yid from Bnei Brak relates: *B'sha'ah tovah*, on the 26<sup>th</sup> of Cheshvan we celebrated my son's bar mitzvah. I had a hall: My parents live in a house in *Chashmona'im* with a lovely large yard, and they were happy to host our bar mitzvah. For food, I called a caterer and ordered 200 portions for the 26<sup>th</sup> of Cheshvan.

The day of the bar mitzvah arrived. We were all happy and excited. At about 7 p.m. I called the caterer and reminded him that the event was about to

## The New One Arrived Even Before the Previous One Left

This is Yisrael Yehuda Rotenberg from Tzfas. In the old Kosov shul where I daven there was a *sefer Torah* that had served the people devotedly until the Yid who loaned it to the shul took it back for himself. I wondered: What would be now? Where would we get hold of a *sefer Torah*?

Several days after the *sefer Torah* was taken from the shul, I was invited to the *bris* of the son of the shul's *shamash*. At the *simchah* I met an *avreich* whom I knew from years gone by. He'd learned in the Kosov yeshivah twenty years earlier, and we spoke of memories from the good old days in the holy city of Tzfas. He told me that he was married to an American woman and had several children. I told him what had happened to our city, and about the *sefer Torah* that had been taken back by its owner.

"I have an idea for you," the *avreich* said. "My father-in-law, who lives abroad, recently made a *siyum haShas*, and he wrote a *Sefer Torah* in honor of the event. The *sefer Torah* is now in a Litvishe shul. They took it even though it is written in *ksav Ari*, since they didn't have anything else. I wonder whether they're still using it. It's likely that they've already found a *sefer Torah* written in *ksav Beis Yosef*, and if so, my father-in-law could loan you the *sefer*."

A few days later this *avreich* called me and told me that the *sefer Torah* had been returned to its owner. "The shul moved, and they received another *sefer Torah* at their new location," he explained. "My father-in-law says he can loan the *sefer Torah*, but it's important for you to know that he will need it back from time to time."

I wasn't happy about that comment, but I did not see any other possibility of getting a *sefer Torah*, so I waited for the flight that would bring in our temporary *sefer Torah*. Even a *sefer Torah* in the *heichal* depends on *mazal*, and even if it's one that you get for just a short period of time. When they opened the *sefer Torah* in order to turn it to the right week, I was surprised to discover that it opened to the *very parshah* of the week of the *bris*, when I'd spoken to the *avreich* about it, as though the *sefer Torah* itself was asking to be read in the place where it was needed...

Several months passed. Erev Pesach came, and with it a phone call: The young man's father-in-law wanted the *sefer Torah* back. He was going to spend Pesach with his extended family; they would be having their own minyan, and he needed the *sefer Torah* to be with them.

What could I possibly do? This was his *sefer Torah*. We arranged to send it back to him.

That day, several hours after I had heard the *sefer Torah* being read for the last time, a woman called and told me, "My father z"l was born in the city of Kosov. When he was *niftar*, he left in his will a request that we have a *sefer Torah* written and bring it to the Kosov shul in Tzfas. The *sefer* is now completed, and we want to donate it to the shul."

I was dumfounded by the *hashgachah pratis*. The phone call came with such amazing timing! The previous *sefer Torah* hadn't yet left the shul, and the new one was already on the way, this time a permanent *sefer Torah* that had been written especially for our shul!

## I Gained from Every Second of Tefillah

Rav Mordechai Malachi *shlit"א* told the following story in the name of his friend, Rav Elchanan Tauber *shlit"א* from Brooklyn:

We live in New York and our parents live in London, so flying is routine for our family. It is expensive, because the price of a flight is much higher than that of an intercity bus. In general, every visit to our parents becomes a break from routine: Every time we travel we prepare to stay a while and spend a lot of money on traveling and keeping our family busy and preparing clothing and things we need for the way.

We are simple people – a father, a mother and three children, making the trip once again to be with Saba and Savta, to be close to them and give them *nachas*.

We had a very busy day, and from early morning we were preparing to travel. We left early enough, but things moved slowly at the airport and we had to wait a long time at each stage. At the various checkpoints we stood on long, slow-moving lines. What could have taken a minute took five. What seemed like it would be taken care of within a second took three.

I strengthened myself in *emunah* that all the delays were only for the good, but one thing worried me: the sun. It was making its way westward, and I hadn't yet davened Minchah. I worriedly followed the clock and was happy when we made it onto the

## On the giving end

Ten years after our marriage, we were finally zocheh to hold a baby – a very emotional, joyous moment. The journey was a long one, filled with anticipation and disappointments. We tried everything, but the yeshuah was a long time in coming.

Nine months ago, we decided to donate a respectable sum of money toward the dissemination of these newsletters, in order to strengthen thousands of Yidden in *emunah* and *bitachon*. The yeshuah arrived in the blink of an eye!

## On the receiving end

Since you began to publish your newsletter I have been reading it, and this past year I have taken great pleasure in your monthly magazine as well. This brought about a huge change in my life, and I started to think and speak *emunah* and *bitachon*. The change influenced me and all the members of my home. Even when we come across unpleasant things, we have no complaints; only the knowledge that everything is from Hashem and that everything He does, He does for the good.

plane before sunset. The first thing I did once we were settled was to daven Minchah. I didn't have the time to gather a minyan. I tried to have *kavanah* and asked Hashem for the flight to pass peacefully. While I was still davening, I heard an announcement from the stewardesses:

"Dear travelers, the plane is filled to capacity, and there are passengers who reserved places on this flight who do not have seats. Any passenger willing to get off and take the next flight instead will receive a cash bonus of one thousand dollars."

The announcement reached my ears while I was davening, but I couldn't refrain from thinking about it. A thousand dollars! I wasn't traveling to an event that would take place at a specific time, and it wasn't urgent for me to be specifically on this flight. I could wait for the next one. It would really be okay with me, and a thousand dollars for each member of my family meant we would get \$5,000 – not a small sum at all, and one that could help me out a lot!

Nu, the *yetzer* pushed me: *Get up and tell them you're willing to get off along with your family.*

*Oh no*, I responded. *I'm davening to the King of all kings now, and I will absolutely not interrupt. Whatever will be, will be.*

I continued. The steward made his announcement again, and once again my *yetzer hara* told me this was a matter that could not be pushed off. With the speed of light, the *yetzer* was able to send through my mind thoughts that this was a matter of *pikuach nefesh* (!), *davar ha'aved* – a possibly irreplaceable loss (was it Chol Hamoed now?!) and even a type of rationalization that since I was not capable of focusing on *tefillah* anyway, perhaps it would be preferable to stop and inform the steward that we were prepared to get off the plane.

With *siyata diShmaya*, I overcame all this false reasoning and continued davening calmly, without skipping over or swallowing any words. Then, immediately after I finished, the steward's announcement was heard once again, this time with a slight difference: They were now offering a reward of \$2,500 per passenger!

I motioned to the steward, and they hurried over to me, concealing a huge sigh of relief. I gathered my whole family and told the children that our flight wasn't cancelled but only delayed, and this was really good for us. For each one of us who got off the plane we received \$2,500, amounting to a total of \$12,500!

We received \$5,000 for agreeing to wait for the next flight, and an additional \$7,500 in the merit of the fact that I refrained from interrupting in middle of davening.

## A Small Effort

For a long time it has been my custom to say *Tehillim* for the *refuah* of my mother, *she-tichyeh*. Recently, I decided to add a few more *pesukim* to my *Tehillim*, from *perek* 119, the *perek* in which every eight *pesukim* begin with a different letter. This is a *perek* that is *mesugal* for knowing Torah and for success in learning.

Every day I say, *bli neder*, eight *pesukim* from this *perek*. On Sunday I say the *pesukim* beginning with the letter *aleph*, on Monday, those starting with *beis*, and so on. When I reach the end of the *perek* I start it again. This is my small effort toward success in my Torah learning.

At the time when I started this simple *hishtadlus* I did not notice the changes that were taking place, but in retrospect one could literally point at them and say, "Here is Hashem!"

During the first days that I started saying these *pesukim*, someone asked me to learn the *Daf Yomi* with him as a *chavrusa*. *Baruch Hashem*, I am *zocheh* to be a *maggid shiur* in a *yeshiva ketanah*, and this requires that I prepare *shiurim*. However, I really wanted to know more, and therefore I davened for this, but I was confused regarding the amount of time I was to set aside for additional learning. I also didn't know in what specific way I should act on my desire, and then a *chavrusa* came along and asked me to learn with him.

Moreover, we set up a time and started to learn, and within a short time we were learning *Daf Yomi* with clarity and understanding.

How did I know that all this came in response to my heartfelt *tefillah*? One day, my *chavrusa* wasn't feeling well and our session was cancelled. The same thing happened on the following day as well. That evening I recalled that during those two days I had forgotten to say the additional *pesukim* from *perek* 119.

On the third day, my *chavrusa* still wasn't feeling well, but by then I had already gone back to saying the *Tehillim*. You surely won't be surprised to hear that on that day my *chavrusa* succeeded in coming to shul to learn with me even though he still wasn't fully recovered.

There is a power to saying *pesukim* of *Tehillim*, and I have learned to use it. Sometimes before davening, the *yetzer hara* shows up and tries to suggest that I catch up on yesterday's news. There are papers in which people write updates about all the ups and downs of the war. When glancing at this paper, I realized it was the *yetzer hara* threatening to turn my thoughts to things that are not proper preparation for *tefillah*. I push him away, say the *pesukim* of *Tehillim* in the letter I am up to, and ask Hashem for the *zechus* of knowing Torah.

It's amazing to see how strong the effect of this *tefillah* is.

begin. And the man had no idea what I was talking about:

"Bar mitzvah?! Today?! I have nothing written in my calendar."

"What?!" I was shocked. As we soon discovered, the caterer was confused; I had ordered the food for that night – the eve of the 26<sup>th</sup> of Cheshvan, and he'd understood that it was the night *after* the 26<sup>th</sup> of Cheshvan – the following night.

We had a hall, a bar mitzvah *bachur*, hundreds of invitees, and no *seudah*. I davened to Hashem to help me, and I started a round of phone calls. I went from one caterer to the next, and they all repeated the same refrain: No, they did not have 200 extra portions. This was not an extra two or three portions, which one could find on the spur of the moment.

I kept trying. Hashem would certainly help me and save me from huge embarrassment. Another caterer answered. This time I tried asking if they perhaps had fifty extra portions. They answered no, of course, but several moments later they called back and told me, "We have two hundred portions for you. We'll deliver them in a few minutes."

I did not ask questions. Time was short, and there was work to be done. The caterer arrived on time, and the food was excellent, truly like a *seudas Shlomo Hamelech*, and the guests who arrived had no idea that they were eating like *Am Yisrael in the midbar*, who received *mann* from *Shamayim*.

At the end of the evening I asked the caterer how he'd had 200 portions for me, and why at first he said he didn't have anything, and only afterward he informed me that he had. The caterer explained, "When someone invites us to cater, we take down all the details – name, family, home phone number, cell phone, and, obviously, the location of the venue. But today, all that was written in the calendar was, "Moshe – *sheva brachos*" – just an anonymous listing. Who was Moshe? Where were the *sheva brachos*? I asked anyone who seemed connected to these words, and no one knew what it was all about.

"So I decided to take a risk and prepare 200 portions, because I figured it was better for us to get stuck with extra food than for someone else to get stuck with people coming and nothing to give them. We worked and prepared, and at 7 p.m., the hour when customers usually call and ask us to come, no one called. We waited a bit more, and it seemed there was no Moshe and no *sheva brachos*, but there was you and your bar mitzvah.

"I waited a bit longer in order to be sure no one else needed these portions, and then I called you back."

This is the astonishing explanation behind the two hundred portions that were waiting for me. It's amazing how Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged our event for us in the best possible way. Here, there was a mistake with the date, so there, they prepared portions without knowing for whom, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu was saving us from a great loss and giving us everything we needed.

Our son, while becoming bar mitzvah, was *zocheh* to gain a living lesson in *emunah*.

## נעם דו אויך א חלק אין די באוועגונג אויסצושפרייטן אמונה איבער די וועלט

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## Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

### To Trust in Hashem That He Will Do What Is Best for Him

It seems from what it says in the *Chovos Halevavos* in the name of the *chassid* (and I found the same idea in *Sefer ha'ikarim* 3:24) that he would ask Hashem: If I ask for something that is not good for me, don't give it to me, and You do what is good in Your Eyes. This is comparable to a person who is riding in a chariot and carrying his baggage on his shoulders. This is a foolish act, for it would be so much simpler for him to allow the horses to bear his burden.

"Cast your burden on Hashem" implies that your "burden" is the fact that you continually consider various plans and plots that will not necessarily bring about the conclusion you want, and this is why it says, "Cast your burden on Hashem..."

(Divrei Shaul, Chiddushei Aggadot)

### One Who Truly Trusts Needs No Hishtadlus

The *Yehudi Hakadosh zy"á* said that it can be proven from *Megillah* 18 that one who has true *bitachon* does not need to do anything. The question that arises on this *gemara* is: How is it possible that the *rabbanim* did not know the meaning of *yehavcha*? And the explanation is that they were really asking about *bitachon* and were unsure whether a person needs to do *hishtadlus* toward his *parnassah* and other things, or whether he does not need to do anything. They were unsure of what *bitachon* should look like. Does the person need to try to create the circumstances that will get him what he needs, or not? So Raba bar bar Chana said: I once was on the way and saw an Arab (and *Tosafos* explain that this was Elyahu Hanavi), and although it would have been proper for me to ask him to place my baggage on his camel, I did not do so, for I had true *bitachon* in Hashem *yisbarach* that He would bring about my *yeshuah*. And then the merchant himself told me: Place your burden on the camel. Although I did nothing to make this happen, Hashem *yisbarach* helped me. And this proves that for true *bitachon*, there is no need to do *hishtadlus*.

(Kedushas Hayehudi)

### When It Is Prepared for Him on High, Others Will Do It for Him

"Do not rely upon your wisdom" (*Mishlei* 3:5). One should not say: I'll trust in Hashem, but I must act, and I must also rely upon my own intellect. Rather, Shlomo Hamelech said, your mind should not even be a means of support for you. Instead, trust in Hashem with all your heart, meaning that your heart should rely completely on Hashem, and then Hashem will bless you with everything.

(Darchei Chaim)

## A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

Bnei Yisrael wandered in the desert for forty years. Mann fell from Shamayim, and Miriam's well quenched their thirst. Toward the end of their wanderings, they started complaining about the mann.

Rashi explains that they called the mann "lechem hakelokei" because all of it was absorbed by their limbs, and they were afraid something would happen to them as a result, for they wondered – how is it possible for a human being to ingest food without eliminating anything?

Their complaint is quite puzzling. If they had voiced this complaint when they first started eating the mann, we could understand their fear. But now, after almost forty years of having eaten the mann without suffering any side-effects, why were they complaining?

The explanation is that through all the years they spent in the desert, Bnei Yisrael felt that each day was bringing them closer to their longed-for goal of entering Eretz Yisrael. And now that the waters of the well stopped flowing and they feared that

The disciple of the Gr"á, the great Reb Menachem Mendel of Chaslovich, commented: This is similar to what I heard in his name regarding what it says in *maseches Megillah*: It is not possible that the *rabbanim* did not know the meaning of the word *yehavcha*. In truth, they were in doubt regarding the *middah* of *bitachon* – does a person need to act according to his logical mind while trusting in Hashem that He will do what is good in His Eyes, or should one not rely on his own deeds and his own mind at all? Initially, they said that one certainly needs to act according to his logic and to pursue that which he needs, but he should also trust in Hashem. And therefore the word *yehavcha* was difficult to understand. It should have said *tzarchecha*. And then they heard

### Cast your Burden on Hashem

The disciples of Rabbenu Hakadosh did not understand the meaning of *yehavcha* in the verse, "Hashle'ich al Hashem *yehavcha*" (*Tehillim* 55:23) Raba bar bar Chana said: I was once walking together with an Arab merchant and I was carrying baggage. The Arab told me, "Take *yehavcha* – your burden, and load it onto the camel." From here we understand that *yehavcha* means "your burden."

(Megillah 18a)

that Raba bar bar Chana was carrying his baggage, and logically he should have offered the Arab remuneration in exchange for carrying it for him, but in fact he didn't – and then the Arab, on his own, told him to take what he needed and to put the burden onto the camel.

This taught them that even regarding something that a person should logically offer to pay for, if it is Heavenly ordained, then someone of his own accord will ask him to do it. Thus the use of the word *yehavcha* is now clear: Even regarding something for which one should logically give something (the root of *yehavcha*, *hav*, means to give) in exchange for it, if it is *min haShamayim*, then someone else will ask to do it for you.

(Gr"á's commentary on Mishlei)

### The Crux of Bitachon – to Trust That Hashem Himself Will Do What Is Good for Him

The *heilige* Reb Chaim of Sanz *ztk"l* said: The *chachamim* certainly knew the meaning of the word *yehavcha*. However, they were in doubt regarding the meaning of the *passuk* "Cast your burden upon Hashem."

How far does *bitachon* go? Does *bitachon* mean knowing that there is a Creator Who manages and supervises everything, and davening to Him to take away one's burden? Or does it mean to trust that Hashem will do with him what he needs for his good, and when the time comes for it to be good for him, Hashem will remove the burden from upon him? When they saw that the Arab himself told Raba bar bar Chana to load his burden onto the camel, they understood that the crux of *bitachon* is to trust that Hashem Himself will certainly do what is good for the person, and this is the meaning of the words, "Cast your burden upon Hashem," meaning that one should not want anything at all, but rather should know and believe that Hashem *yisbarach* Himself will do what is good for him, and anything that comes to him from Hashem is the best possible good for him.

(Darchei Chaim)

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

### Subjugating Our Hearts to Hashem Through Nature

they wouldn't survive without them, they claimed that everything they'd eaten until that point was for naught, because in the end it hadn't brought them closer to their goal. This is what they meant by "taking in (ingesting) without letting out (eliminating)" – that they had done something but didn't see the results.

This was their mistake. They should have understood that everything is from Hashem.

Therefore, the *tikkun* for their mistake in *emunah* was through the making of a snake that would be held up high, so that they would subjugate their hearts to their Father in Shamayim. But if the whole purpose was for them to subjugate their hearts, why were they not simply told explicitly, "subjugate your hearts to Hashem"? The message is that this subjugation needed to be connected to a natural thing – to a snake fashioned by a human being. It was necessary for them to subjugate their hearts to their Father in Shamayim specifically through a physical entity.



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