

# HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Re'eh - Shoftim 5784 ■ Issue 146

## HEART TO HEART

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

### To Want His Decree (The Tosher Rebbe, ztvk"l)

When we hear historical stories about the Spanish Inquisition, the Crusades, and so on, we realize that we don't understand, and we are able to accept the Creator's decree, because it is so far removed from us. When the story is about a grandfather who went through the Holocaust, we still remember his words of emunah, and this helps us. And how do we react when we hear that the Saba lost a huge amount of money in an unsuccessful business deal, and because of this Abba lost out on a large inheritance that would have enabled him to marry us off easily and buy us an apartment?

This is already a nisayon, but nonetheless, the pain of the actual loss is my grandfather's, not mine. We can also accept Hashem's decree for our friend or neighbor. But a nisayon that actually affects us personally — that's where we need kochos. That's where we need preparation. That's why it's so important to constantly practice, through the small nisyonos of the spilled coffee, missed busses, and broken air conditioners, to think along the lines of, "It is for my good that my cow's leg broke. Everything is for the good!"

Naturally, we tend to run away from pain and difficulty. Even when we know that everything happens according to Hashem's will, we want to get out of "narrow straits." A person needs special wisdom, along with tefillah for a yeshuah, to be agreeable to the current situation as well, the situation that the all-merciful King brought upon him. In order for us to truly be able to think about this, we should thank Hashem for all His goodness, and through emunah in His goodness, we should also give thanks for this current situation. If this is for my good, it means that until now it was not shayach for anything to be better than this. There is some advantage, some hidden good, some type of tikun, inherent in this situation, and if so, then this is what I want. These are the words of Rabbenu Bachya at the end of the fourth perek of Shaar Habitachon: One who strengthens himself in bitachon "wants His decree," and this is the polar opposite of refusing to accept one's yissurim. Accept the hanhagah of Hashem with submission. I heard from Harav Hechassid Rav Moshe Rotman shlit"l, who was the attendant of the helige Tosher Rebbe for two decades, about the holy ways of the Rebbe, how the Rebbe reached the highest possible level of "wanting His decree."

It was on Friday, the 18th of Teves. Reb Mordechai, the Rebbe's son, along with his wife, had been making all the Shabbos preparations in the Rebbe's house over the course of many years. On that day, Reb Mordechai was wrapped in tallis and tefillin, and after reciting Krias Shema, his heart gave way. He rose in a storm to the Heavens, without any prior signs of what was to happen. He was only in his fifties at the time. One of the relatives had the job of informing

the Rebbe. At first he told him that his son, Reb Mordechai, wasn't feeling well. The Rebbe immediately opened a sefer Tehillim in order to daven for his refuah. The relative stood by, frightened and confused. How was he to now inform the Rebbe that the Tehillim he was saying were actually l'ilui nishmas his beloved son?!

When it came time for the levayah, there was no longer any alternative, and he told the Rebbe the truth. The Rebbe's face had a special radiance as he justified the din and said, "Hashem gave, Hashem took. May Hashem's Name be blessed!" His son was buried just before Shabbos was to begin.

Immediately after the levayah, when it was time to light Shabbos candles, the Rebbe saw that his newly widowed daughter-in-law was weeping uncontrollably. He reminded her calmly and serenely that Shabbos is a time when we stop crying, and it was the will of Hashem yisbarach that we bring in Shabbos with joy. There were many guests that Shabbos, and everyone saw how the Rebbe acted as happy and serene as on any other Shabbos of the year, except for one difference: At the conclusion of "Mizmor shir l'yom HaShabbos," which we say in Kabbalas Shabbos, the Rebbe lifted his voice like the roar of a lion in a special, heart-piercing tune when he said the words "For Hashem is completely fair; He is my Rock, and there is no injustice in Him." And all those who were present sensed the exalted acceptance of Hashem's decree by a father suddenly bereft of his son.

During the shivah thousands of people came comfort the Rebbe. One of them said, "Hashem metes out good in greater measure than He metes out bad. May Hashem help that you have only good from Him from now on..."

This upset the Rebbe, and he said, from the purity of his heart, "He meets out bad? Why bad? Everything is chassadim and mercy from our merciful Father!"

These were the words of a Rebbe who had endured the horrors of World War II, lost his parents, siblings, and entire family. He was engaged at the time, and his kallah also went up in flames along with the rest of the kedoshim. After the war, he reestablished his home and was zocheh to have two sons and three daughters, and now his righteous, holy son was suddenly taken from him in the prime of his life, yet the Rebbe still called everything mercy and chassadim.

This is what it means to "want His decree." May these words be l'ilui nishmas the pure neshamah of the Tosher Rebbe, Rav Meshulem Feish ben Rav Mordechai Halevi Segal of Tosh zt"l, who was taken from us on 27 Av, 5775. May his merit protect us; amen.

(In honor of the yahrzeit, which is on Shabbos Parshas Re'eh.)

## FROM THE EDITOR

### The Money Will Be Transferred to Your Account

I met a Yid who told me the following:

I was sure you were starting a new project! While walking in the street, I saw a huge sign that read: "Do You Want Financial Security (Bitachon Kalkali)?" I assumed this was another project of your organization. I thought you were arranging a series of shiurim or a course that would quickly raise one's level of bitachon. I walked over to the sign, curious to see what you were going to surprise us with this time. What did I discover? That this was some type of ad about tools for parnassah and work — I don't remember exactly what it was. It's possible that the ad alluded to proper avenues of hishtadlus, but is that "financial security"? The only way to attain true financial security is by trusting in Hashem!

I enjoyed his words so much. If someone sees the concept "financial security" and immediately associates it with Hashgachah Pratis, this means we have been zocheh, b'siyata d'Shmaya, to initiate a revolution in thought, that emunah in Hashem is the one and only pipeline for shefa.

How true, I thought to myself when I heard his words. I knew a Yid who worked very hard for his parnassah all the years. He collected one penny after another and put it aside so the money would serve him in his old age. When he was old, however, he discovered that the money had been lost. "Hashem showed me compassion," he said. "He did not want me to leave this world with the feeling of financial security because of the money I had set aside, but rather with the feeling of bitachon in Hashem, Who gives me life and sustains me every day anew."

Nowadays, a person can put money into the bank and indicate that a transfer should be made on a specific date. When the date comes, the transfer is automatically made. Imagine a father who wants to help his son, and he orders the bank to transfer a few thousand dollars into his son's account on the tenth of the month. On the eighth of the month, the son walks around feeling all pressured. In another two days he'll have to deposit money, and he has nothing! What will be? He doesn't know what to do, but in actuality the money is already there, and very soon it will be transferred into his account...

We are the children of our Father in Shamayim, and He cares about us more than we care about ourselves. He knows the right timing for everything, and He has all the good in the world, just for us. The transfer will be made, at the right time.

When we know that this is how it works, we can be calm, and inner calm is the basis of financial security.

May we hear besoros tovos, and may everyone be showered with bountiful brachah and hatzlachah!

Gut Shabbat  
Pinchas Shefer

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# THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

## Three Packs of Tissues

I went into a store that sold food products. It was Erev Shabbos, which meant long lines, full wagons, wallets emptying out – good Yidden preparing for Shabbos. One woman who did not exactly look typical was waiting in line holding three packs of tissues. “Can you pay for these tissues?” she asked someone. He shook his head no. This repeated itself several times. She kept asking people if they could pay for her, and they refused her, one after another.

Finally, one of the people in line felt sorry for her, and when his turn came he paid for the tissues. He had a big wagon with tons of products, and suddenly a man came into the store, looked around, went over to the counter and said to the cashier: “I’m paying for this man’s purchases!”

That’s right! The man who paid for the tissues found favor in the eyes of this benefactor, and he paid for his entire Shabbos. I saw the amazing hashgachah in this, how Hashem had sent him his benefactor exactly after the mitzvah that this man did.

This is the end of the story from my point of view. It would be interesting to know the story of the benefactor who paid for the whole wagon. But he, like many other good-hearted people, modestly snuck out of the store so that his good deed would be performed anonymously.

## Only Hishtadlus

My mother has been hospitalized for a long while, and we’re all trying to help her as much as possible. I took the job of arranging for shifts of family members to stay with her at her bedside. I’m in touch with all my siblings and get information about additional people who can help out, and I tell them when to come. This issue became very major for me. I felt a heavy responsibility to ensure that Ima would never be alone.

The hardest time to find someone to be with her is during Yamim Tovim. These are days when people are overloaded, children need their parents at home, and the head of a household has many things to do. On the other hand, in the hospital time seems to stand still. Ima lies there having no house to clean after a two-day Yom Tov, and no endless cooking. She does not need to be on hand to help with the building of the sukkah, and she needs company. Needs it desperately.

I, as her devoted son, am preoccupied with the

## I’m Unavailable

I started the day knowing that I was supposed to have cataract surgery at 4:30 p.m. This is a short procedure, and if all goes well one can be released within an hour. This would not effect on my learning in kollel that morning, and so I stuck to my regular schedule, keeping my phone off during morning hours. This is an iron-clad rule for me: No phone while learning, no connection whatsoever to the world outside the Gemara during kollel hours.

The seder started at 9 a.m., and at 9:30 I got the bitter news that the Rosh Yeshivah Rav Gershon Eidelstein zt”l had passed away. A pity I won’t be at the levayah, I thought. Being at the levayah of a gadol hador is a great zechus, and this was a chance to part from the one who had been a Rav and a source of guidance to me. But I understood it was Hashem’s will that I undergo surgery, and I hoped that perhaps I would succeed in participating in the levayah a bit late. When I got home, my wife said they had called from the hospital and asked that I move up the appointment to 3:30.

“Excellent. This way I’ll be able to participate in the levayah.”

“No so excellent,” my wife responded, “because when they called and said they wanted to talk to you, I told them I couldn’t reach you, so they left the 4:30 appointment as it was.”

I tried anyway. I called the hospital, and they said the 3:30 slot had already been taken. I said “Gam zu l’tovah. This is Hashem’s will, and whatever He does is the best.” We would go to the hospital for our 4:30 appointment.

One needs to arrive an hour before the appointment, so we showed up at 3:30. We started filling out forms, then sat down to wait, and they called me immediately. When I asked how it was possible that my turn had already come, they told me, “The anesthesia did not take effect for the previous patient; he needs to be given something else, so the appointment became available to you!”

Baruch Hashem, the anesthesia had an immediate effect on me, the surgery was done quickly and efficiently, and within a short while I was released.

But there is more to the hashgachah pratis. There was no regular transportation to Bnei Brak in the area, and then a driver came over to me and asked if I wanted to go to Bnei Brak. Thus I made it to the levayah I had so wanted to attend.

I saw tangibly how I did not lose anything by keeping my phone off while learning, and this strengthened me to continue this custom.

## When Hashem Wants, the Bachur Knows

I wanted to get in to a certain yeshivah.

“You have no chance,” people in the know told me. “It’s a yeshivah for metzuyanim.”

I wanted to be with the good boys in this yeshivah, I wanted that “matzav” in learning, which would obligate me as well, and there were several other things I wanted, which I would find in this yeshivah.

“It’s a yeshivah that accepts only a certain number of boys,” a friend explained. “And you need connections in order to get in there. Listen,” he said, preparing me for the disappointment that would surely come, “it’s not that you’re not successful; it’s simply the hanhalah there. Why insist on something that’s doomed to failure from the start?”

But I insisted. I asked them to allow me to take an entrance exam, even if they had no intention of accepting me. “This is a very difficult test,” I was warned. But I wanted the challenge.

I showed up, and the rebbi who interviewed mebochen asked involved questions about the masechta. Baruch Hashem, I knew how to answer all the questions. “How many times are Abaye and Rava mentioned in the masechta?” he asked as his final question.

I knew the answer to that question as well – and I was accepted into the yeshivah.

How did I know the material so well? How did I know to answer the question about how many times those Amora’im are mentioned in the masechta? The answer is that not long ago, I was tested in the framework of a certain organization.

## On the giving end

We own two adjacent apartments, which we put up for sale, but we had no potential buyers. We did not sell the apartments, not together and not separately, and it seemed the situation would remain that way forever. I decided to donate to Machon Shaar Habitachon to disseminate emunah. Surprisingly, exactly a month after I made the donation, both apartments were sold! This seems like a real miracle. Now, in gratitude to Hashem, I want to donate

## On the receiving end

How fortunate are those who manage the Hashgachah Pratis phone line! Every morning I start the day by listening the amazing shiur, “Daily Bitachon.” The content is given over in such a nice way, clearly and eloquently. Every morning I find renewed strength and encouragement to cope throughout the day.

During the test, the person who was testing us asked us, "How many times are Abaye and Rava mentioned in the masechta?" He did not expect us to know the answer, and so he told us.

That's how it came to be that during the yeshivah's test I knew the answer to that difficult question. That's how it is when Hakadosh Baruch Hu wants his child to learn specifically in a yeshivah that he so strongly desires.

## A Bag of Protection

My mother, shetichyeh, is an almanah and is one of the great women in whose merit we will be redeemed. She goes to daven in Kever Rachel every morning. She has a list of names of people who need yeshuos, and she davens that she be zocheh to continue davening for all of Klal Yisrael in good health. May Hashem give her long life and good years.

I have a secret agreement with Rachel Imeinu. Every morning I send Ima a delicious, healthy breakfast. I live in Beitar, and the trip to Kever Rachel is short and easy if you take the tunnel road. Sometimes I bring her the meal myself, and sometimes I find a messenger from among the avreichim who are going there. I wrap up the food nicely and attractively in a bag, with a quote from the Lelover Rebbe zt"l: "Ima likes when her children eat."

Ima gets to Kever Rachel at about 9 a.m., and I leave my home at ten to nine, so that a short while after she arrives, she receives her breakfast.

One day a few months ago, I was on the tunnel road on the way to Ima to bring her Rachel Imeinu's meal. Suddenly, I saw soldiers jump out of a car and start to shoot. What is this? I thought to myself. Do they empty their guns at the end of their shift? A moment later another group of soldiers showed up. At that second I realized I was in the midst of a genuine terror attack. The first group of soldiers were actually terrorists, yemach shemam.

I made an immediate U-turn and started driving in the opposing direction. It was strange and dangerous, but less dangerous than meeting up with the terrorists. Drivers honked at me, and I shouted, "Attack! Terror attack! Get away from here!" I drove and drove until I had distanced myself from the danger. Then I allowed myself to feel the intense beating of my heart. I was there! I had experienced a real terror attack! I had been saved from death! I wanted to go home to rest after the trauma. I could not go on this way.

A minute after I decided to go home, I saw the holy bag right near me, the kibbud av va'eim bag, which had protected me like a kamiya. I have no doubt that in this zechus I was saved, and therefore, despite everything, I would go and bring it to Ima.

Obviously, I couldn't take the tunnel road, so I took a long detour, through Hadasah Ein Kerem, and brought Ima the bag.

I was not prepared to forgo this zechus of kibbud eim.

## I Gathered All My Strength

For a long while I've had a set time to learn mishnayos every day after Maariv. It's not much, and it's not too hard, but it is set in stone. Even if I'm in a rush, I stay behind a bit in order to learn. If someone calls me soon after Maariv, my phone is still unavailable.

Last night after Maariv I was not able to sit down for my regular learning session. Someone started speaking to me, then another person, then a third person wanted to find out about some small matter. The time passed, and I had no choice but to hurry on home.

At home, everyone was waiting for a good word, a smile. It was growing late, and I felt the exhaustion spreading and overtaking me. I prepared to go to sleep and told myself, "That's how it goes. Sometimes it happens that a person has no strength. Sometimes you're really tired and you must go to sleep. So, I learn every day and today I didn't learn. It's not so terrible."

But a few minutes later I said to myself, "A kvius is a kvius! How can you give up your kvius for some passing lethargy? Is it such a big deal to keep to your kvius when everything is flowing along peacefully? Let's see you now!"

I gathered my strength – literally – and went to open a mishnayos and learn.

The house was completely quiet. Everyone was asleep, and I would soon go to sleep as well...and suddenly I smelled something burning. What was it? I went into the kitchen and discovered a pot of forgotten hard boiled eggs on the stove. All the water had evaporated from the pot, and the fire was burning under the pot.

I shut off the gas, and b'chasdei Shamayim, in the zechus of my learning the entire family was spared from a fire.

mitzvah of taking care of her now. I knew that a certain woman was supposed to stay with her on Tzom Gedalia. That day I called Ima to ask how she was doing, and I discovered that she was alone.

The woman hadn't shown up, and I did not know of anyone else who could be there. What to do? I couldn't go out to the hospital just then. Who would be able to go? I had no idea, and I had already taken care of arranging for someone to stay with her. It was hard for me to bear the thought that Ima was alone for so long, and it bothered me even more that after all my efforts, something like this had happened. My wife gave me chizuk and told me that the mitzvah of kibbud av va'eim was certainly mine, even without visible results. "Ribbono shel Olam," I davened from the depth of my heart, "I did my own hishtadlus, but You're showing me that I don't run the world. Please help my mother not to be alone for so long. If You want, You can send someone to visit her."

Several moments later my father called me. "Do you hear?" he said. "My sister came today from out of town to visit Ima, without anyone telling her to do so!"

I had done only a bit of hishtadlus, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu brought someone to sit near the ill patient. The results had been wondrously arranged by Hakadosh Baruch Hu, without consulting with me at all....

## He Who Paid Will Be Blessed

I am an avreich from Beit Shemesh and a melamed. One day, as I was nearing the Talmud Torah, I realized I had forgotten to bring my breakfast along with me. As a melamed, going hungry is not merely my personal problem; eating is part of my responsibility to the talmidim. In order to teach and be mechaneich properly, one must have yishuv hadaas. I went into the nearby grocery to buy a simple meal of a roll and chocolate milk.

I waited in line, and the Yid ahead of me took out all his purchases and told the cashier, "Add a roll and a bag of chocolate milk to my bill." Afterward he turned around and told me, "I paid for you too."

"Why?" I asked, surprised.

"What do you care? I pay, and you make the brachah!"

That's how he divided the jobs between us.

What could I do? I said, "Thank you; tizku l'mitzvos," and he went out with the products he had bought.

Only afterward did I realize that I truly did not have enough money with me to buy the roll and the chocolate milk, and Hakadosh Baruch Hu, Who prepares food for all of us, sent this man to pay for my breakfast, a true realization of the passuk, "Before they call out, I will answer them" (Yeshayahu 65:24).

I hold this anecdote in my memory for the times when worry creeps into my heart. Hakadosh Baruch Hu, Who helped me so much exactly when I needed it, even without my knowledge, will help me now as well!

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העברה לבנק לאומי

## Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh

Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

### Hashem Is Close to One Who Brings His Family and Acquaintances Close

When a person brings his family, neighbors and friends close [to Hashem], then Hashem is close to him as well. Just as he brings close those who “belong” to him, Hashem is also close to him... (as explained in *Chiddushei Aggados Maharal, Yevamos 62*)

### Like Family Members

The people of Am Yisrael are close to Hashem in essence, and they are connected to Hashem by nature, as family members are connected to each other.

And therefore, the worst of Am Yisrael, who have no da'as at all, have the strength to sacrifice themselves al kiddush Hashem, for this is ingrained in the essence of their souls, which are connected to Hashem with a love concealed within them.

(as explained in *Kol Simchah – Peshischa, Likutim*)

### The Pain of Am Yisrael Is Hard for Hashem

Hashem treats Am Yisrael as His Own Flesh, kivyachol.

#### All of Am Yisrael Are Close to Hashem

Rabi Tanchuma said: Once a ship of Gentiles set sail, and there was one young Jew on board. There was a storm in the ocean, and each of the passengers took his God in hand and called out to it, to no avail.

When they saw their cries did nothing, they said to the Jewish boy, “Get up and call out to your G-d, for we heard He answers you when you call out to Him, and He is strong.” The young boy immediately stood up and cried out with all his heart. Hashem accepted his tefillah, and the ocean quieted down. When they reached dry land, each of the passengers disembarked in order to purchase his needs, but the young Jew did not leave the boat. They asked him, “Don’t you want to buy something?”

“What do you expect from a poor passenger like me?” he replied. “I have no money to buy anything.”

“You’re a poor passenger?” they asked. “We are the poor passengers, for we are here and our idols are in Bavel, and we are here and our idols are in Rome, and we are here and our idols are with us, but they do not help us at all; but you – wherever you go, your G-d is with you.” As it says, “For who is so great a nation that has a L-rd [Who is] close to them, like Hashem our L-rd whenever we call out to Him.”

Rabi Shimon ben Lakish says: A human being who has a relative – if this relative were rich, he would know him; if he were poor, he would dissociate from him. But Hashem is not like this. Rather, even if [the people of] Am Yisrael are in the lowest of states, He calls them “My brothers and friends.” How do we know this? Because it says, *L'maan achai v'rei'ai* – “For the sake of my brothers and friends.”

Rabi Avun and Rabi Acha and Rabi Shimon ben Lakish say: When a human being has a relative, if he is smart, he says “So-and-so is my relative”; but Hakadosh Baruch Hu calls all of Am Yisrael his relatives, as it says, “...to Bnei Yisrael, His relatives, His close ones.”

(*Yerushalmi, Brachos 9:1*)

spelled with an aleph, to show that their pain reaches the peleh ha'elyon, the highest spheres above; and the word is read with a vav, meaning that it is difficult for Hashem to bear their pain and embarrassment, for they are His portion.

(as explained in *Tomer Devorah*, Chapter 1, the fourth middah)



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### A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

Excerpts from the popular shiur by

Harav **Beirish Shneebalg** shlit”a from Lakewood

#### The Key to Fixing One’s Middos

A person’s avodah in this world is to perfect his middos – to refine and improve his character. This is the purpose of our existence. Especially as we’re drawing closer to Rosh Hashanah, when we will declare “Hamelech” and beseech of Hashem that He rule over the entire world, we need to first make Him King over ourselves. Making Hashem King over ourselves begins when we purify and refine our middos.

The first step in working on middos is vatanus – not responding in kind when someone hurts or annoys us, keeping quiet even if someone insults us. There are many people who have already mastered control of themselves. They hold themselves back from reacting when someone embarrasses them or when people think they’ve done wrong. But inside it still bothers them. This is a great achievement. However, to achieve true purity of middos one must move beyond that.

Sometimes the self-control is only temporary, and then an outburst is liable to come later.

Keeping silent is a sign of wisdom, but wisdom itself is when one is not bothered at all, even internally. How do we reach this level?

The answer is simple: Anyone who lives with emunah and cleaves to Hashem, with the knowledge that everything comes from Him and He is the One managing the world, will not be bothered by anything. He will be one of those who are “insulted and do not insult.” The external circumstances will have less relevance to his internal state. For him it’s not a matter of having self-control; it just becomes his nature that things really don’t bother him.

Through emunah in Hashem we can achieve inner serenity and refinement of our middos in the best possible way.