

HASHGACHA PRATIS

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



Parshs Vayeira -Chayei Sarah 5784 ■ Issue 151

HEART TO HEART

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

Sweet Dreams

Imagine a person who lives with total peace and serenity. In summertime he isn't hot, in the winter he doesn't suffer from dryness. The key in his pocket is always the right one for any door, and he never forgets it. His clothing has never torn, and never did he lose a document. He has a private driver who is constantly at his beck and call, and he never gets stuck in traffic. Everyone always smiles to him, and the *chazzan* never sang off-key in his presence. The seat he sits on is always comfortable and pleasant. His *shalom bayis* is amazing, his children's *shidduchim* are all grade-A perfect, and he has no idea what debt feels like. He always has cash on hand and never needs the aid of *gemachim*. No neighbor ever bothers him and no one ever makes him angry. He has never experienced shame and embarrassment. He is healthy and fresh day and night, and he has *nachas* from all his offspring, without any exceptions. He is the owner of luxury furnished apartments, and he sleeps deeply for a third of every day. He never tires and never sweats. The doctor doesn't limit his eating habits or instruct him to refrain from drinking diet soft drinks. He dreams only sweet and pleasant dreams and doesn't support any pharmacy. In short: He lives Gan Eden in the physical world.

Of course, we don't know anyone who matches the above description. Our good Father sends us all some sort of pain or difficulty from time to time, some sort of problem, insult or loss, and all of this is a result of His great mercies, so that we are *zocheh* to *kapparah* for our sins! As Rabi Yishmael says in *Maseches Arachin* (16b), "Anyone for whom forty days passed without *yissurim* has received his [share in the] World [to Come]." That is how we were raised, and this is what Rabbenu Bachyai teaches us in Chapter 4. If a Yid meets up with "those who seek to harm him" – and this could be the traffic cop who writes him a ticket or a neighbor who constantly harasses him – either way, a Yid who strengthens himself in *bitachon* knows that the person who causes him harm is only a messenger. He is not the true cause of all the difficulty. Therefore, he will attempt to solve the problem properly: He will remember in his heart that all things, both good and seemingly bad, come from the Hands of the Creator, and he will beg and plead with Him to atone for his sins.

In general, difficulties and *yissurim* have one goal: to purify the *nefesh* and to bring a person closer to his Creator. Let's take the example of someone who is sick, *R"l*. He must do *hishtadlus* to get better, but at the

same time, he should do things in the spiritual realm. The *Sefer Hachareidim* states that if a person succeeds in rebuking someone who is ill and bringing him closer to the correct way, his reward is very great. Regarding such a person it says, "Fortunate is he who knows how to act wisely toward the poor person," and, "when bad things occur, Hashem will save him." This *passuk* applies to both of them – to the ill person, who in the merit of the rebuke will be saved and will live and will have it good in this world and in the Next, and also to the person who rebuked him – for this great mitzvah will stand by him eternally.

However, not every person can do this mitzvah. This is one of the most difficult things to do properly – to approach an ill person who is suffering and in pain and to arouse him to good deeds. Only an expert can do this, and all the rest should continue their crucial job of encouraging, supporting, and trying in any way they can to make it easier for the ill person.

When the ill person is healed, it is a tremendous *simchah*. *Chazal* say: An ill person does not recover from his illness unless all his sins have been forgiven (*Nedarim* 41a).

Why are we mentioning this here? It is to help us internalize what we know: that every difficulty or pain we experience in this world has its source in a spiritual blemish. Perhaps this seems difficult to absorb, but the good news is that *yissurim* indeed "scrub away the dirt," and clean and repair one's *neshamah*. Although we discussed a person who rebukes specifically an ill person, this principle applies to every type of difficulty and to all *yissurim*, even the smallest kind. As *Chazal* taught (*Arachin* 16b), there are many instances that can be considered forms of *yissurim*. For example, it could happen that someone had a garment sewn, and it does not fit him properly, or that someone wanted to pour hot water and got cold water instead, and even if his garment turned inside out as he was trying to put it on, or if he placed his hand in his pocket to take out three coins and two came out, and he had the added exertion of returning his hand to his pocket once again in order to get another coin... If we utilize these opportunities and think to ourselves: *Our all-merciful Father did this, and He sent this inconvenience my way as an atonement for my sins*, then these small *yissurim* will be enough to arouse us, and to sweeten the *din*, and through this we will come close to Him. We daven and hope to be *zocheh* to see Hashem's revealed *chassadim*, with physical and spiritual health, in great joy; *amen*.

FROM THE EDITOR

Thoughts in the Operating Room

A dear Yid who went through a complex *tzarah* spoke with such sincerity and sweetness: What strengthens me so much, he said, is what I recently heard from a relative. It was a deep and life-transforming insight. This is what he told me:

Recently, I underwent surgery with local anesthesia. This was a decidedly unpleasant experience. I was lying in the operating room, tied to the bed, with all the paraphernalia surrounding me. Various people stood around my body, each holding some sort of instrument. Each one in turn came over, poked around and prodded and moved things. I couldn't exactly see what they were doing, but I could hear the sounds and see their eyes peering over the masks covering their noses and mouths.

They were very focused. It looked like they dealing with some sort of instrument or machine and repairing it. I felt like getting up and showing them that I too am a person, with an opinion of my own. In fact, I wanted to shout at them to leave me alone; but I didn't do any of this. Why? Because I myself had checked everything out and investigated about which hospital and which doctor it would be best to use. I was the one who had requested the surgery and asked to be healed in this way.

I knew that the surgeon and his assistants were people who were here for my good. They wanted me to come out of there healthy and whole. Imagine – I had even paid them to do this to me! So what should I do? Would I get up now and run away?

During those moments, I suddenly understood the significance of that key statement, "Everything the All-Merciful One does is good for us." Hakadosh Baruch Hu is the greatest Doctor, and everything He does is what is best for us, both materially and spiritually. Sometimes we see all kinds of events and complex challenges that hurt so much – literally like cutting into living flesh. And despite this, we meet people whose *emunah* is firm and unwavering. Again and again they say, "Everything is for the best!" This stems from the simple faith that indeed, yes, without doubt, this entire life is a process of healing and repair for them.

Although we do not understand the processes, we do not know exactly how all the pain and difficulties are for our benefit, our *emunah* fills in where the intellect ends, and then, indeed, we can say wholeheartedly: Everything is for the best!

May we be *zocheh* to see revealed *chassadim*, *refuos* and *yeshuos*!

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

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THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgacha pratis, as told on the hotline

Once in a Decade

I am an *avreich* from Kiryat Sefer. Ever since I established my home, *b'shaah tovah*, and opened a bank account, as any other young couple would do, I was careful that the account would never be overdrawn, so as not to have problems with *ribbis*, *chas v'shalom*. I knew that there is a *heter iska*, and there are all kinds of opinions that are more lenient about this matter, but I wanted to be *machmir*. I wanted it to be *glatt*, without any compromise. Hashem helped, and indeed, on my bank statement there was never a line printed in red.

Part of the way I manage is that I don't use checks at all. Who could guarantee me that the person who received the check would cash it only at a time when there was money in the account? I didn't want to reach a state where someone trying to cash a check would put my account in the red, so I refrained from paying for anything at all using checks.

That's all well and good when dealing with my own matters, but my stubbornness about this doesn't always help when dealing with others. One day I discovered there was no choice. I had to write checks. I have a wonderful son, who needs to take a course that is crucial for him, and payment for this course is only by checks. In the beginning of the year they asked for twelve post-dated checks, promising that they would cash them only on the exact date written on the check.

I didn't like it, but I had no choice. I hoped they would live up to their word, and this indeed proved itself. Month after month, each check was cashed on the exact date I had written on it.

The day after Sukkos, I called my bank to check on my account. This was not an average call to the bank. This was a phone call marking my farewell to the amazing experience of the Yom Tov, because throughout the days of Chol Hamoed I hadn't called the bank at all. And now, with my return to routine, there was no choice, and I would have to do this as well.

According to my calculations, I thought I would hear that the amount of money in the account was close to zero, but to my surprise, I heard that there were 200 shekels in the account.

Two hundred shekels? How was that possible? How had it happened?

Then I discovered, amazingly enough, that the date on one of the checks I had written was on Chol Hamoed, when it hadn't occurred to me to

All the Way to the Room

Baruch Hashem, I haven't really ever seen a hospital. Even now, after sitting near my daughter who was hospitalized, I have no idea what a hospital looks like. How is that possible? That, exactly, is my story.

When my daughter was hospitalized for a few days, the time came for me to do my part and take a turn at her side. I thought to myself, *What will be? How will I manage? The girl is hospitalized in some anonymous room on the seventh floor, and in order to get there I'll need to pass through several hallways, passages, bridges and tunnels. In every one of these passages one could meet up with forbidden sights, and I so want to guard my eyes!*

I asked Hashem to help me. I called out to Him sincerely. "It is known and revealed to You," I said, "that for my part, I would have continued my regular day in *kollel*. You, Hashem, are the One Who planned this itinerary for me, and You are the One Who will help me to guard my eyes."

After I davened, I called my mother, who was so concerned about her granddaughter in the hospital, and I told her that on the following day I was going to take my turn and go to the hospital to be with her. "Oh, that's perfect," she said. "Tomorrow I'm also going to the hospital with one of the girls for a certain examination. You could join us in the taxi."

I was so happy to be able to save the travel expenses, but the greater help was that when my sister heard in which department and room my daughter was staying, she said, "I know exactly where it is. That's the very room where I was once hospitalized. I'll show you the way."

My sister brought me to my daughter's room, and I did not have to lift up my eyes even once.

Furthermore, when I arrived, to my daughter's joy, and in order to give my tired wife a rest from sitting at our daughter's side, I discovered that we had a private room. There was no other patient in the room, and throughout my stay there, I was able to learn and daven undisturbed.

I really felt how Hashem heard my *tefillos*, and *Chazal's* words – "One who strives to improve spiritually receives assistance from Above" – were fulfilled for me.

Rely on Him

I finished davening *Minchah*, and after the final Kaddish, someone came over to me and said, "It's you I'm looking for!"

"You're no longer looking," I told him. "You found me."

"Yes!" he said with pleasure, and he proceeded to tell me why he was so excited to have found me. He felt that I was the perfect person to fill a certain position.

At the time, I was not looking for this sort of work, or for any other, but when I heard the work conditions and the salary, I said, *Why not? I see Hakadosh Baruch Hu sent me this additional, respectable income, and it would come about through carrying out an important mission*; so, I decided, I would take the job.

I was quickly accepted, and when I started to work, I got along very well with the boss. Regarding just about everything connected to the job we were pleased, but regarding the salary – there were difficulties. One month passed, then another and a third, and my bank account received no regards at all from my new employer. Before Rosh Hashanah I spoke to the boss about my salary. I reminded him that I had not come to work as a volunteer, and he said, "Of course, of course! I'll deposit the money right away." But the money was not deposited.

This started to bother me. Did he really think I was such a find, to be taken on as a free worker? To begin with, I hadn't really wanted this job, and the whole reason I had gotten involved was because he'd asked me to come help him. Now I was planning to quit.

Nu, how do you do that, in practical terms? Would I actually walk out, or not? Again and again I weighed in my mind the question of whether I should leave or not. I thought about the gain versus the loss, the *shlichus* involved versus the lack of salary, and I suddenly understood that I was too focused on the boss's paying me. What did I want from him? He was only the manager. *Parnassah* was not in my boss's hands, and his good will alone was not going to pay my bills. Hakadosh Baruch Hu brought me to this job, and He would certainly take care of me so that I would also gain *parnassah* through it.

I decided to place my trust in Hashem. I would do my part, and He would do His part.

This decision itself brought me serenity, and to my surprise, within a number of days after I made my decision to rely only on Hashem, the salary was deposited in my

On the giving end

My husband contracted a serious illness, and as a *segulah* for his recovery we decided to give a monthly donation toward the dissemination of *emunah*. A year after we started contributing, my husband was completely healed. Seeing that this helped, we increased our monthly donation to 110 shekels, which equals twice the gematria of "kallah," as a *zechus* for our daughter to find her *zivug*. Less than a month later our daughter was engaged.

On the receiving end

I would like to thank you for your amazing newsletter. It simply saves the generation! But before I speak for the entire generation, I would like to speak for myself: This newsletter inspires me and gives me *chizuk*. The stories are fascinating, and the words of *chizuk* in all the columns – each word is like cold water for a thirsty soul. The sweet aftertaste of the newsletter remains with me for a long time and gives me strength to cope with all difficulties.

account, and everything was in order. If a person relies solely on Him, then Hashem truly arranges everything for him.

There Is Someone Who Hears

On one night of Chanukah, we held a wonderful family Chanukah party. Everyone in the family who was living in the area showed up, and while there, we decided to make a family phone book for the entire extended family. I am *zocheh* to be part of a large family – aunts and uncles, married cousins, and their sons who are also married, and even their grandchildren. Making such a phone book would mean putting together a list of several generations of the family – truly a complex project. When we started discussing the details of the phone book, we reached the conclusion that the work was not as complex as I'd initially thought. I needed to simply call each person and wait for him to pick up, to ask him if he had another number and if the address we had was correct. Although this is time-consuming, we didn't have to call everyone in one day. We could do it calmly, speaking to the older adults at their own pace and the younger ones at a different pace. The task was not running away, and the lists would wait patiently for me from one day to the next, from one evening to the next.

I started to call, and everyone answered me happily that they wanted to be part of the family phone book.

Thus I moved down the list, from one name to the next – uncles and cousins and brothers and sisters, and...Mendy. Mendy is my brother. He hadn't come to the party – not to this last party and not to the previous one. We never see him, and we have no idea exactly where he is and what he's doing. If there is anyone who knows what Mendy's been up to, apparently he feels it's better that we not know at all.

Now, I was sitting with the phone numbers of the entire family and thinking to myself, should I call Mendy or not? How would he react to seeing my phone number on his screen? Would he pick up, or would he slam down the phone? Would he be happy, or would he grit his teeth? My experience from previous attempts was not very positive, but perhaps, nevertheless, he deserved to feel a part of the family...

I decided to call the number I had for him, in the slight hope that it had not changed over the years. I finished dialing, and then, after a few rings, Mendy answered! "Hello, how are you?" I said with brotherly love and affection. He answered appropriately, in a calm, friendly voice. He told me a few nice things, and I also shared some things with him. If someone were listening in, he could have thought that we speak to each other every Monday and Thursday.

In the end, I told him about the family phone book and asked him if he wanted us to put his phone number in it. "I'm not interested," he told me. "Don't put my number in. I don't want it."

No problem. Not terrible. At least we'd spoken, and that was a lot. It seemed it was worth it to do this more often, so he'd remember his family and his roots, so he would know that he had a place to return to.

The day after that conversation, I went to visit my mother, and then, with a smile, I told her, "Best regards from Mendy!"

My mother heard this, and her faced turned colors. She became pale and almost fell over and fainted. I had not expected such an intense reaction; I had not even planned in advance to tell her about this totally natural, almost casual conversation. It came out spontaneously, without a lot of thought.

I went on to tell my mother the background of our conversation and about the phone book we wanted to put together, but the storm did not abate. Ima succeeded in saying only one sentence, "Are you serious? Is it true what you're saying?"

I could not understand what was happening here. What was so exciting about this dry news I had brought her? What happened?

And this is what my dear mother told me:

"For so many years I've been davening for him and investing so many *kochos* in him. Not a day passes that I don't shed tears for him. I go to *mekomos kedoshim*; I plead for him; whatever could possibly be done, I do.

My mother wasn't telling me news. We knew about the countless *tefillos* and all the tears she shed. She had called us all to the task as well. From time to time she would organize all sorts of good *kabbalos* that everyone would take upon themselves, and she'd divide *sefer Tehillim* among the family members.

She went on to tell me that recently she'd started going to the *kever* of one of the *tzaddikim*, with the goal of completing forty consecutive days at his *kever*. She did this with *mesirus nefesh*, in heat and in cold.

Today she felt she was falling apart. She'd been davening so much. A mother's heart only wanted to see her son coming home, at least just to see him. Her heart was broken and shattered. Today she was sitting at home with her *Sefer Tehillim*, and she cried, "Ribbono shel Olam, I am davening so much and crying so much. Please send me a sign that You hear, that You are listening, that all the *tefillos* are not getting lost, that the tears are not being spilled for nothing, but that they are coming to You and that You are gathering them."

This is what my mother told me, revealing her broken-heartedness and the *tefillos* that were pouring forth from the depths of her *neshamah*.

In the end she said, "I had just finished davening, and then you came in and gave me regards from *Shamayim*!"

check what was going on in my account. The administrators had decided to wait until after Yom Tov to cash the check. Naturally, there shouldn't have been any money in the account. However, just this year, the *hanhalah* of the Talmud Torah where I teach decided to put 350 shekels into my account before Yom Tov – a small portion of my salary.

I have been teaching in this *cheder* for ten years, and never before have they given an advance on my salary or divided it into several installments. Suddenly this year, just before my check was cashed, they deposited a few hundred shekels into my account!

I saw how Hakadosh Baruch Hu was pleased with my efforts to safeguard myself from any possibility of *ribbis*, and now, even though I was not in control of the situation and didn't know when the check would be cashed, Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged everything.

Another amazing *chizuk* I received was that one does not need to worry. If we don't know how we'll manage, or where we'll get the money, or how the account will fill up, we should trust in Hashem and He will send what we need at the exact time when we need it.

Just After They Entered the House

This year I started my preparations for Sukkos early. During Aseres Yemei Teshuvah I started building our small sukkah, in order to perform the mitzvah of *sukkah* calmly and with joy.

I went with the children to the porch one afternoon and put up the boards with their help, as I told them to hold here and there, strengthen one side and staple down the other... We worked energetically, happily, pleasantly, and we were deeply immersed in the task when the clock showed that it was 3:20.

At 3:30 my afternoon *kollel* starts, and in order not to be late, I would have to stop immediately.

I was really heavily engaged in the work, and some voice in my heart told me it was not so terrible for me to come a bit late. We would just finish banging in a few more nails, and the entire sukkah would be standing beautifully.

My inner battle didn't last long, and I told my children that we had to stop. We'd continue in the evening or the next day. "Go into the house!" I told them.

They went into the house, and two minutes later we heard a loud, frightening noise. A large, heavy board rolled from the porch above ours onto our porch, and it fell straight onto the floor of our sukkah, in the exact place where all of us had been standing a mere two minutes earlier!

Baruch Hashem, no one was harmed, in the merit of my *hakpadah* on the times set aside for Torah learning.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

Everything a Person Needs Is Prepared for Him

Everything exists and is prepared; it's just that the person doesn't see. When it truly becomes clear to him that he has nothing, and what he has is only from Hashem *yisbarach*, and the work of his hands and his own ideas do not increase or decrease his possessions, that the actions he takes for *parnassah* are only in order to make a place for the blessing to rest, then Hashem shows him that everything is prepared for him.

This is why *tefillah* is called *avodah sheb'tev* – “the labor of the heart” (*Taanis* 2a). The root of the word *Avodah* is *eved* – a slave, for a slave can own nothing; he must depend on his master for everything. Whatever a slave acquires automatically becomes his master's property (*Pesachim* 88b). [Our task is to realize that we are Hashem's *avadim* and are dependent on Him for everything; therefore,] it is forbidden to worry about the morrow.

Therefore, the *midrash* concludes that Hagar was “one of those who are lacking *emunah*.” *Chazal* consider the fact that she was afraid that the well would disappear and that she did something extraneous to be a lack of *emunah*. This is because if it is desirable on High, then everything is prepared for her. Therefore, she should not have filled the jug on her own, because when she would need the water she would definitely get it. Even though Yishmael was sick and endangered, she should have known that one who trusts in Hashem lacks for nothing. As it is written (*Yirmeyahu* 17:7), “Blessed is the man...and Hashem shall be his fortress.” But when a person does not trust, he truly needs to work hard and find means of *parnassah* and the like, unlike one who trusts in Hashem.

(*Chiddushei HaRim, Parshas Vayeira*)

We Are in the Chariot of the King

How could *Chazal* call this a lack of *emunah*? A woman and her critically ill son are wandering in the desolate desert and are in great danger, and a miracle is wrought for them and they find a well of water. Why shouldn't she make sure to fill her jug?

The explanation is: Imagine if a person was traveling in a chariot alongside the good, kind and powerful king. Is it possible that this person would prepare a bag with bread and a flask of water, in case becomes hungry or thirsty? If he does so, he shows that he does not at all recognize the kindness of the King whom he is with, and who would surely not allow him to go hungry or to be thirsty. Obviously, the king will provide for him from his own bread give him royal goods to eat. Clearly, it would be foolishness to go up onto the king's chariot with

his old bags on his shoulders! We would be amazed by the king's patience with him.

That is the view from on High of a person who worries and says, “What will I eat tomorrow?” displaying how he is one of those people who are lacking in faith (*miketanei emunah*), for he is sitting in the chariot of the King of all kings, Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and what does he have to worry about?

(*Ohr Yahel, Parshas Vayeira*)

To Fully Believe

Avraham Avinu sent Hagar away, putting Yishmael, some bread, and a jug of water on her shoulder. As Hagar wandered in the desert, Yishmael, ill and thirsty, drank all the water in her jug. After the jug was empty, she sent her son away so as not to witness his imminent death, and she started crying. A *malach* informed her that Hashem had heard the sounds of her cries, and he commanded her to “get up and carry the youngster”; but she did not believe and therefore did not do what he said until “Hashem opened her eyes and she saw a well of water.”

Rabi Binyamin said: All are in the realm of the blind. Their eyes cannot see anything other than whatever they have permission from on High to see – even something that is right in front of them. We learn this from here: “Hashem opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water.” The well had not been created just at that moment; rather, it was always there, but she had no permission to see it until Hashem opened her eyes.

Even once she saw the well, she still would not carry out the *malach's* command to “get up and carry the youngster.” Instead, she went to the well and filled her jug, then went over to her son to start giving him water to drink, because she did not trust in Hashem; she was afraid that by the time she'd come to the well with her son, the well would disappear and he would die of thirst. That is why it says that Hagar was one of those who are lacking in *emunah*.

(*Bereishis Rabbah* 53:15)

ignore the truth and to live in a way that disregards this knowledge and awareness?!... How happy is the person who trusts in Hashem, who casts his burden on Hashem, for He will provide for him! How much peace of mind and body will this person achieve! As the Alter *zt"l* wrote in his *sefer Madreigas Ha'adam*: He who trusts in Hashem is always strong.... He will not fear bad things happening. He eats to the satisfaction of his soul, and he does not worry about the morrow, since... his *bitachon* is in Hashem, so he considers all situations to be equally good. Just as Hashem prepared his needs for him today, so too will He prepare them for tomorrow, and there is no room for worry about the future.

(*Hagaon Hatzaddik Rav Gershon Libman zt"l, printed in Kovetz el (Hamevakeish A, p. 33*)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgacha Pratis

There was a weekly custom in the class. A student who had excelled throughout the week was rewarded with a small prize – a chocolate bar. Seven girls, each in her turn, were responsible for giving out the chocolate. One girl complained to the teacher that she had never received her prize. The teacher called the girls together to investigate. Everyone agreed that, yes, she deserved her share, but they'd forgotten to give it to her, again and again.

How did this happen? It seemed the girl had a tendency to worry, and she was constantly anxious about this, fearing she would not receiving the prize she deserved. These worries, as we know, are prone to be self-fulfilling. As it says in *Mishlei* (29:25), “A person's fears will trip him up.” The *Beis Haevi* explains: The anxiety itself produces the very hindrance that the person is anxious about.

In the haftarah of *Parshas Vayeira*, we learn about the Shunamite woman. Elisha Hanavi promised her a child, and she reacted by saying, “Don't disappoint

Excerpts from the popular shiur by
Harav Yehuda Mandel shlita from Lakewood

Don't Worry; It Will Be Okay

your maidservant.” Something that doesn't have real *kiyum* – that doesn't have staying power, is called *kozev* – disappointment. In other words, she was telling Elisha: Don't give me a blessing that does not essentially have the power to exist.

In fact, Elisha's *brachah* came true, and she had a son, but the end of the story was not very happy. The child died. It seemed the Shunamite woman had known what she was talking about. The *brachah* was disappointing; it was *kozev* – it did not, essentially, have the power to exist.

But the truth is exactly the opposite! The blessing could have had the power to exist. What actually caused the child to die was her fear and her negative talk. This teaches us that the fear of negative things for no apparent reason can cause them to happen.

Someone who has a tendency to worry should learn *sefarim* of *bitachon*. This will calm him down, and even if he calms down only a little bit, that is already a great *zechus*, and in its merit the *yeshuah* will come!



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