

HASHGACHAH PRATIS

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



Parshas Toldo-Vayeitzei 5784 ■ Issue 152

HEART TO HEART

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

Small Act, Tremendous Effect

There are three stories related at the end of *Maseches Shabbos* (156b):

In the first story, Shmuel and Ablat, a wise non-Jewish astrologer, saw a group of people going to cut down stalks by the water. Ablat said about one of them, "This man is going, but he will not return [alive]." Shmuel responded, "If he's a Jew, he will come back."

Several hours passed, and indeed, the group returned from work, including the supposedly ill-fated man, who was alive and well. Shmuel and Ablat called him over and asked him to open the bundle of stalks on his shoulder. They were not surprised to find a dead snake inside the bundle. The worker himself had unknowingly cut the snake in two.

Shmuel asked him, "My son, what good deed have you done?" He related: "Our group has the practice of collecting everyone's food into one basket. Afterward, we eat it all together. Today, I realized that one of my friends had not brought along any food. So as not to embarrass him, I took it upon myself to collect the food from everyone, and when I came to him, I made believe I was taking food from him. Thus he wasn't embarrassed, and he ate along with everyone."

[They serve the constellations, while we, *Am Yisrael*, serve Hashem. We transcend the constellations!]

The second story is about the daughter of Rabi Akiva. An astrologer told him: She will live only until the day of her marriage! Rabi Akiva strengthened himself greatly in *bitachon*, even though he knew that astrologers do not speak nonsense. He heard various marriage proposals for his daughter, and she became engaged to a suitable young man.

Rabi Akiva davened that the decree be changed. The wedding took place with great fanfare and celebration, and the next morning, the bride met her father and, trembling, told him what had occurred. On the night of the wedding, after the big celebration, she removed the pin from her hair and stuck it into a crevice in the wall. In the morning, when she came to take the pin out, she felt that the pin was very heavy, and she discovered, to her astonishment, a dead snake was stabbed by it! It seemed that when she stuck the pin into the wall, she stuck it directly into the head of the

snake, unknowingly killing it.

Rabi Akiva asked her: What good deed did you do?

She related that during the wedding meal she had noticed a poor man standing at the door. She saw how everyone was preoccupied with their own meal, and no one paid him any attention. She, the bride herself, out of the goodness of her heart, hurried to give her own portion to the poor man. Rabi Akiva then explained that "Charity saves one from death" (*Mishlei* 10:2). See how an act of kindness saved her life.

The third story is about how during the birth of Rav Nachman bar Yitzchak, an astrologer told his mother that he was destined to become a thief. What did his mother do? She made sure that from the day he was born his head was always covered, so that he would have *yiras Shamayim* and would thus be saved from the evil inclination inciting him to steal.

These stories teach us the vital message: Small acts can save you from a harsh decree. Not everyone is capable of establishing large, famous organizations or doing rare acts of international import. However, every Yid with a good heart can do good for another each day, with his body, his soul, or his possessions. As it says in *Yeshayahu* (58:7, 10), "Shall you not slice your bread for the hungry?!" "And give to the hungry one your soul." Rashi explains that this refers to appeasing people with words of comfort, with good words.

Sometimes there's a Jew who has meat, fish, and sweet and savory foods aplenty, but inwardly he is broken and starving for a good word. When a good Yid encourages him with some positive words, sometimes that is truly saving a life.

Chazal reveal to us that even though the non-Jewish astrologers reveal what they see, *Am Yisrael* is above *mazalos*. We can overturn Hashem's *Middas Hadin* and transform it to mercy. When we give *tzedakah* and do *chessed* and good deeds, we can save our lives and can emerge from darkness to light and from slavery to redemption. May it be this very year, very soon; *amen*.

Ask for Mercy!

For the *avreich* Rav Yitzchak ben Basha, son of Rav Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"a*
Phone line for distribution of *pirkei Tehillim* and *kabbalos*:
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Tizku L'mitzvos

FROM THE EDITOR

Connect to Oxygen

Oxygen. Hundreds of thousands of listeners of the *Hashgachahh Pratis* phone line around the world hear this word again and again.

When a person is low on oxygen, his body cannot function well. This sometimes causes confusion and lack of stability, shortness of breath and a cold sweat. Yet the moment the body gets all the oxygen it needs, these problems are solved.

This is exactly what the *Hashgachahh Pratis* phone line does for people.

Hundreds of thousands of *Yidden* all over the globe are connected to the *Hashgachahh Pratis* phone line, and they report that it is simply their oxygen.

"Until this phone line came into existence, I was suffering from instability," one person relates. "Every little thing would throw me off-balance in life. When something unexpected happened I would feel helpless; but now, after connecting to this oxygen, I live with serenity despite everything I go through."

Another comment that is often heard is, "Until I connected to the phone line, anyone could make me angry and cause me to break out in a cold sweat. Sometimes I simply felt shortness of breath due to my anger; but ever since I connected to this oxygen, I can't believe that I'm the same person. Things that used to cause me to lose it completely – today don't even move me."

"You have no idea what you've done for me," said one listener, who connected only a few months ago. "In the past, even the smallest change of plans would upset me. I'm embarrassed to relate how I looked and sounded when something got ruined or lost. And now, this year, I hooked up to "oxygen" – the *Hashgachahh Pratis* phone line – and it's unbelievable. My son picked up my expensive *esrog* before *Sukkos* and broke the *pitum*. I don't want to elaborate on what would have happened if this had occurred before this year. You can imagine it all yourselves! But this year, I simply said, "Thank you, Hashem, for this *nisayon*, and for giving me the strength to overcome it."

These words are exciting to hear, each time anew.

With thanks to Hashem, recently, after tremendous efforts and financial investment, we have been able to update our phone-line system. *Baruch Hashem*, and with great *siyata diShmaya*, the phone numbers for the line throughout the world remain the same.

For listeners in Eretz Yisrael, our new number is 02-301-1300, or *6176.

Now is the time for all of *Am Yisrael* throughout the world to hook up to this oxygen and start living with stability, peace, and inner serenity.

Gut Shabbat
Pinchas Shefer

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

HASHGACHA PRATIS HOTLINE
Yiddish, Hebrew, English.

You can also join the many Jews who have changed their lives, by calling:
North America 151-86-130-140 • In England 0330-390-0489 • In Belgium 0-380-844-28 • In Israel 02-301-1300

In Australia 613-996-10005 • In South Africa 87-551-8521 • In Argentina 3988-4031 • In Ukraine 380-947-100-633

• Kav Hashgacha Pratis for women
(Yiddish and Hebrew) - Menu 4

THE HAND OF HASHEM

Amazing stories of hashgachah pratis, as told on the hotline

The Most Special Shabbosos of the Year

Many years ago, I was a messenger for a *devar mitzvah*. I want to tell you about this mission:

I had a relative, whom I will call Shmerel for the purposes of this story. He was a wealthy man, and his life's dream was to build a shul. Many people knew about his dream, and he definitely had the means to turn it into a reality, but two *kehillos* in Eretz Yisrael saw in his dream the opportunity of a lifetime for them. Both of these communities were lacking a building for their shul. The members of each community would gather to daven in a drafty trailer, and each of them wanted a permanent building.

When they found out that Reb Shmerel wanted to donate a shul building, they jumped at the opportunity. They sent him letters, involved *askanim*, made phone calls and arranged face-to-face meetings. They included him in every community organization and kept throwing open hints his way, letting him know that they were really, *really* awaiting his contribution, while promising to remember him forever and always and to engrave his name in gold letters at the building's entrance.

Reb Shmerel did not know how to decide. Both were beloved communities of the Holy Land. Who could tell him which community should take preference? He sought the advice of a *chashuveh* Rav, who gave him a great idea: Sent a trustworthy messenger to study both communities from up close and to describe each of them to you.

At that stage I entered the picture. Reb Shmerel told me his secret. He asked me to travel to Eretz Yisrael and visit both communities that were seeking his donation. The plan was that I would daven one Shabbos with community A and the second Shabbos with community B. Obviously, no one would know the purpose of my visit. In this way I'd be able to test and see the quantity and quality of each community, physically and spiritually.

I did as Reb Shmerel asked. I showed up to daven in the temporary shul of the first community, where I met dozens of elderly Jews and middle-aged *baalei batim*. There were barely any children there. The davening was quiet, no speeches were given, and at *shalosh seudos*, the people looked to and fro until they came over to me and asked if I could say a few words of Torah. That was the type of congregation this was: quiet, anonymous, small in both quantity and quality.

I spent the following Shabbos with the second community. The first thing that impressed me was the quantity. The small trailer was packed. There were people young and old, *avreichim* and small children, all of them davening enthusiastically. This was a community with a future. They were investing in *chinuch*. There was unity among all of them, and they looked like one family. Every *tefillah* was graced by a speech about the greatness of *achdus* and peace, and everyone listened, fascinated. The impression I got was: The second community is worthy of

"Getting Things Moving"

My son became engaged, *b'sha'ah tovah*. I waited for the *mechutan* to give me the sum he had committed to giving. I waited and waited.

Finally, in the month of Kislev, I called and politely inquired how he was doing and how were the preparations coming along. I spiced the conversation with a *vort* or two, and then asked in the most casual, roundabout way when he planned on paying up his part of the apartment.

"In Nissan I am supposed to be getting a large sum," he responded. "There is also a *gemach* I signed up for to get a loan with good conditions, but since there's a long wait, I won't receive the money for another three months. Don't worry. With Hashem's help, before Pesach I'll deposit the money as I committed to do."

He sounded truly responsible and serious, but I was not calm. I wanted to see the money. I thought to myself: *The mechutan named the gemach he was referring to. I'll use this information that I now have in order to get things moving.*

I went into the *gemach* office and asked to speak to the most senior person among all the secretaries. I told him: "I have money here to put into the *gemach*, and I am asking that in exchange, you give priority to Reb Moshe, who is my *mechutan*."

We discussed the matter. He claimed that the considerations of the *gemach* could not be put into the hands of private people. A person who wants to contribute money to the *gemach* is expressing, through his contribution, his full consent that the owners of the *gemach* do with the money as they see fit, until the time comes for them to return it to him.

I said, "I am depositing the money here only on condition that you give priority to Reb Moshe; but don't tell him that I put money here on this condition. Tell him whatever you want to say, but don't mention my name at all."

It seemed that the owners of the *gemach* did not think my request was so difficult to accommodate. Perhaps they had come across stranger requests in the past. The secretary agreed to the condition, thanked me, and reminded me that I was doing a great mitzvah. He *bentched* me that I be *zocheh* to do many mitzvos, and he wished me all the best.

I left the *gemach* pleased with my efforts, feeling like someone who had very good ideas. The *mechutan* would not dream that I was going to do something with the information he'd inadvertently given me. Today they'd call him from the *gemach* and tell him that his turn had come earlier than expected, and tomorrow I would receive money for the apartment.

The next day arrived, and I waited for the *mechutan* to contact me and inform me that he'd deposited the money, but dreams and ideas are nonsense. There was no call informing me of anything, and my money, apparently, could not resolve every situation. I truly did not understand what was going on here. I was sure that the money had been given to my *mechutan* but that he was keeping it for himself.

To my good fortune, I am connected to the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line, which certainly helped to decrease the feeling that I am in charge of the world. I understood that Hashem put this idea in my head, but the plans of the Creator of the world differed from mine, and I would have to bow my head in submission.

One day, I called the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line and started listening to stories, when suddenly I heard the voice of my *mechutan*, Reb Moshe! He related emotionally how he had been *zocheh* to tremendous *siyatta dishmaya* in the most wondrous of ways. These were his words:

"I desperately needed a large sum of money, and I knew that in a certain *gemach* I was supposed to get a loan closer to Pesach, but I needed the money now! That very day, I got a call from the *gemach* informing me that my turn had come earlier than expected and that I would get the loan immediately! All this happened without my making any *hishtadlus* at all. I did not call or ask – nothing. They simply called on their own. Before I called out to Hashem, He answered me!

I was amazed. I thought I knew what I was doing. I thought there was a connection between my *hishtadlus* and the result I wanted, but Hashem "sits in *Shamayim* and laughs." I merited to do a good deed, an act of *chessed*, but one that was completely different from what I'd intended.

I'm happy that I was *zocheh* to be the messenger to help my *mechutan*.

Regarding the money for the apartment – there was nothing to worry about. If I am relating the story here, it's a sign that this matter has been worked out to my satisfaction. *Baruch Hashem*.

On the giving end

An emotion-laden call came in from a mother. "I want to donate 557 shekels," she said in a slightly trembling voice. "It is a *zechus* for my dear son, a *bachur* who is dealing with many challenges, and this sum is equal to the numerical value of his name. I was very worried for several days, because he wasn't calling, and I didn't know where he was or if anything had happened to him. The moment I promised to donate, he called and told me that he'd decided to switch yeshivos and that he'd been accepted into a very good yeshivah. It was simply amazing. You are truly a pipeline for *yeshuos*."

On the receiving end

Our grandmother went through a difficult time. She was sick and hospitalized. We took turns sitting at her side. Throughout that time, what accompanied us and gave us the strength to cope was the *Hashgachah Pratis* newsletter. It was passed around from hand to hand. We read it eagerly, and it gave us the ability to deal with all the difficulties. Thank you!

He Who Borrows in Order to Repay

I want to tell an amazing story of completely revealed *hashgachahh pratis* – may Hashem's Name be blessed forever.

The property offered to me was a steal. An excellent location, a truly low price. The seller was under pressure, and he compromised regarding the price, but on one condition: that the property be sold in a hurry. I understood that this was an amazing opportunity, and I set up a meeting with a lawyer to sign a contract and purchase the apartment.

In the meantime, we began the process with the bank in order to get funding for the deal, and, as everyone knows, things take time in the bank. I wondered, along with my family, whether it was Hashem's will that we forge ahead, or whether doing so was in the category of "one does not depend on miracles."

I could barely have imagined the answer to this question.

Quite some time ago, I lent a large sum of money to the principal of a Torah institution. He said he would return the loan shortly, but when I reminded him, he said, "Look, I'm dealing with large sums of money all the time, but at the moment I don't have any cash on hand."

The next time I reminded him, he told me, "Come over right now. There's money here now." I didn't make it to him at that moment; I arrived at his office only several hours after the conversation.

"Too bad you didn't come when we spoke," the principal told me. "I had money then, but now the money has already moved on to someone else."

This happened time after time, until I stopped trying. The principal had borrowed the money, and I knew he would return the loan. It was a waste of time and energy to keep calling him.

Suddenly, without any prior warning, the principal called and told me, "I have the money to return the loan. I'm transferring the money to your account right now."

The next day came, and the lawyer's secretary called. Along with reminding me of the meeting that was to be held the next day, she informed me that I was to bring along enough money to cover the sum of 7 percent of the deal.

That was a huge amount of money. How had I not anticipated that I would need it? My head started spinning with possibilities, names of friends and acquaintances past and present. Then I quickly recalled the principal who just transferred money to my account. I called the bank, but there was no dramatic announcement; the money was not in the account.

I called the principal, and he told me, "Don't worry. I made the transfer yesterday; tomorrow you'll see the money in your account."

What happened the next day? What happens in all the nice stories? On the exact day that I needed it, the money became available, and I had the entire sum I needed to pay the lawyer for everything that was necessary in order to complete the deal.

This is not just a nice story, it is a *he'arah* from Above, that one does not lose out from doing mitzvos. I lent money, and thus it was saved for me for the exact time when I would need it. This proved to me that Hashem wanted me to make the deal even though the money to back it had not yet been approved by the bank.

A few hours later, the bank approval was in place. *Hodu laHashem!*

Who Is 219 Here?

I arrived at the pharmacy to purchase a vital medication. The pharmacy was filled with men and women waiting for their turns, and I, wanting to guard my eyes, preferred to wait outside. There was a stand there with *sifrei kodesh* for the people who were waiting. I took out a *sefer* about *emunah* and *bitachon*, began reading it, and strengthened myself. That's how I had the inner strength to decide: I am commanded not to stray after my eyes, and inside the pharmacy right now – that is something truly difficult. I'll wait outside. Although the system announcing my turn doesn't work out here, I have a number, and I can wait until they call me. And if they don't call me? It wouldn't be so terrible. I'll wait until the line gets shorter, even if I miss my turn, and then I'll be able to go in and get what I need.

While I was standing there, I heard someone ask aloud, "Who is number 216 here?" This was an encouraging question. I now knew that my turn was coming up soon, because my number was 219. I thought about whether I should enter the pharmacy, but I strengthened myself once again: *When my turn comes, I'll go in and buy the medication.*

Several moments passed, and someone called out, "Who is number 219 here?" I entered immediately and said, "That's my number." I went up to the counter without any further delay.

It turned out that the young man who had called me was number 218. When he saw that his turn was approaching, he realized he'd forgotten to bring his medical insurance card. There is a way to bypass this problem by making a phone call to the insurance company, but this would take some time, so he sought out the person who was next in line – meaning me – so that in the meantime he'd be able to call the company, and then go up to the counter immediately after me.

All of this really touched me. I saw how happy Hakadosh Baruch Hu was that I had overcome all the hurdles and made the effort to overcome the challenge and avoid seeing things that I shouldn't see.

getting the donation. This is what Reb Shmerel wanted – to build a shul that would be teeming with life and that would increase his merits through the Torah, *tefillah*, *chinuch*, and *chassidus* that it would house.

The decision was made. The representatives of the second community received the notice with pure joy. The money was transferred to them, and the work of construction began. After the building's completion, Reb Shmerel was invited to the community for Shabbos.

I received the call from him right after Shabbos, and he was indignant, full of complaints. He described a *beis medrash* with a scant number of people, most elderly, quiet, and pleasant. Where was all the enthusiasm? Where were all the young people making a "*matza*"? Where had all my exciting descriptions disappeared to?

I stood there speechless. I had no idea what to answer him.

A week later, Reb Shmerel was doubly enraged. "I visited community A, and there I saw exactly what you'd described to me in community B. This is the community that outdoes the other in every way – in quality and in quantity, physically and spiritually. Can you explain what is going on here?"

I could not explain what was going on. Very strange indeed. I looked into the matter, and then the secret was revealed: The Shabbos I had come to community A, there was a Shabbos *hisachdus* held for all the *bachurim* and *avreichim* who had been married up to ten years, so that there were only elderly or middle-aged people left in the shul. On the other hand, community B is made up primarily of elderly people and *baalei batim*, but on that Shabbos when I was there it was the *yahrtzeit* of the father of one of the *kehillah* members, and in honor of the event he'd invited all the members of the family for Shabbos. Everyone came – nephews, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren – and participated in the *tefillos*, thus resulting in the impression I got.

Reb Shmerel did not complain to me again; he simply asked the Rav of community B, "How were you *zocheh*? What happened here was completely unnatural. Hakadosh Baruch Hu arranged that my messenger would come and visit on the Shabbasos when things seemed to be the exact opposite of what they really are. I am certain there is a special *zechus* involved here."

The Rav answered: "Indeed. When we saw that there was no way for us to get a permanent building, the members of the community decided to take turns making a minyan to say *Tehillim*, to be *zocheh* to have our own shul. Aside from this, two members of the community were in a fight, which impacted everyone. I asked them to make up with each other as a *zechus* for our shul as well. On that special Shabbos, the speeches were about *achdus* and peace, as a sign of admiration to those members who had made the effort to close up accounts, to forgive and forego, and to make peace.

It seems these *zechuyos* stood by us, and Hashem orchestrated things so that you would donate a building to our community.

Reb Shmerel related all this to me, and I was amazed by the *hashgachahh pratis*. I also thought about how short-sighted we all are; how little a person can see and then be impressed. The shul belonging to community B, which stands to this day, reminds me of this.

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Hashgachah Pratis in Sifrei Kodesh Hashgachah Pratis in the Sefarim Hakedoshim

A Great Level of Bitachon

This seems to demand explanation. Why does Yaakov ask himself, "Will I now despair and lose faith in my Creator?" Could there even have been such a possibility in the mind of Yaakov Avinu – the chosen one of the Avos? Could he even have contemplated losing his *bitachon*? We can say that he was referring to a certain very high level of *bitachon*. He contemplated how Eliezer had brought along money and possessions in order to disguise Hashem's miracle through some sort of natural means. He wondered whether he was required to do the same. Then he realized that on his level of *bitachon*, it would have been wrong for him to make any sort of physical effort; rather, he should trust in Hashem completely, without any assistance from human beings. While for another person this sort of effort would not be considered a lack of *bitachon*, for Yaakov Avinu it would have been unwarranted.

(Ha'deah Ve'hadibbur)

Hashem's Help Comes After the Knowledge That There Is No One Else Who Can Help

The Chiddushei Harim *zt"l* would say: Yaakov Avinu wondered about himself how he had come to think this thought that was not appropriate for him.

Therefore, he said repeatedly, "Heaven forbid, I will not despair, nor will I lose faith in my Creator!" He meant that he was given this thought for his own benefit, for once he knew clearly that he himself was "nothing," then the help of Hashem would come immediately and with great power.

This was something Yaakov Avinu accomplished for all the future *doros*, so that when *Am Yisrael* would seem

to have no avenue of aid, that they would realize they were "nothing" and would know that there was no one who could help them, then comes the help of Hashem, Who created Heaven and earth.

(Siach Sarfei Kodesh, Parshas Vayeitzei)

Trust That He'll Receive the Help of

My Help Comes from Hashem

Rabi Shmuel bar Nachman opened his speech on the *parshah* of "Vayeitzei Yaakov" with the words of *Tehillim*, "I shall lift my eyes up to the mountains." He explained that these words refer to Yaakov Avinu upon leaving Charan in search of a wife, since this *perek* refers to Hashem as the "Protector of Yisrael," and Yisrael is Yaakov.

Yaakov Avinu said, "I shall lift my eyes up to the *harim* – mountains," which can also be read as *horim* – parents. This can be understood as, "I lift my eyes up and think of my parents. What did they do when they were in search of a mate?"...

Yaakov Avinu wondered, "From where will my help come?" *Ezri* – my help – refers to a wife, who is called one's *ezer*, or helpmate. He wondered from where he would have the money to help him find his *zivug*. He recalled how Eliezer took ten camels loaded with all the goods of his master when he set out in search of a wife for Yitzchak. Yaakov, on the other hand, did not bring even one piece of jewelry with him.

Why indeed did Yaakov not take any money along with him? Rabi Chanina explains that Yaakov was sent off penniless so that Eisav would not chase after him to get his money. Rabi Yehoshua ben Levi says that in fact he was sent off with money, but Eisav came and stole it from him.

Afterward, Yaakov repeated: Will I now despair and lose all faith in my Creator? Heaven forbid, I will not despair, nor will I lose faith in my Creator! Rather, "My help comes from Hashem."... "Behold, the Protector of Yisrael does not sleep or slumber."

"Hashem shall safeguard you from all evil" – from Eisav and Lavan. "He shall safeguard your soul" – from the angel of death.

"Hashem shall safeguard your goings and comings" – as it says, *Vayeitzei Yaakov* – he left in peace and with faith, without any fear.

(Bereishis Rabbah 68:2)

way? Therefore, he concluded, "Ezri me'im Hashem – My help comes from Hashem," and even without any external circumstances, He will assist me.

(Beis Halevi, Parshas Vayeitzei)

A Thought on Bitachon

From the shiurim on Kav Hashgachah Pratis

Tzaddikim say that the *parshiyos* that are read during the winter months are filled with messages we can learn from.

The story of how Yaakov Avinu left Charan in order to find a wife needs to be learned and understood as well.

Yaakov Avinu left Be'er Sheva, taking with him a sizable sum of money in order to establish his home. As he leaves, he is chased by Esav's son Elifaz, who wants to kill him. The encounter leaves Yaakov stripped of all his possessions, which he gives Elifaz in place of his life.

He arrives at Lavan's home in Charan, where, based on logic, it seems he should have taken care of some technical details, married, and settled down.

But no; once again, a painful journey begins. They agree that he'll work seven years for Rachel; and at the end of those seven years Lavan tricks him and gives him Leah. He wants to make a respectable living working for Lavan, and once again, Lavan does not keep his word.

The question begs to be asked:

Yaakov is the chosen one of the Avos, who was

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

The Way to Receive Shefa

intimately and totally connected to Hashem *yisbarach* with *bitachon* and *emunah*. Why must he undergo all of these difficulties? It seems that someone with such strong *bitachon* should have had a good, easy life, without any pain or difficulty.

But herein lies the great secret, the true recipe for a life of complete *bitachon*.

A person thinks that in order to marry he needs money. He thinks that in order to provide for his home he needs to have dealings with honest people. No, no! He can get there with nothing. Hakadosh Baruch Hu takes care of everything.

And moreover, in order to be *zocheh* to divine *shefa*, a person must reach a situation of "lacking everything," and rely only on Hakadosh Baruch Hu, and on no one and nothing else at all. So long as a person thinks he can manage things himself, Hashem leaves him to manage on his own. Only when he attains the awareness that he has nothing and he cannot manage on his own is he *zocheh* to *shefa*. He then has a peaceful, serene life, lacking nothing, and only good accompanies him always.



Listen in to the line And you'll get it

Hundreds of
thousands the
world over
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