HASHGACHAH PRATIS

השגחה פרטית

Incredible stories of *Hashgachah Pratis* in our times. Words of *chizuk* heard on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line.

A World of *Emunah*
A Life of *Bitachon*

Parshas Vayishlach 5787 ✕ **218**

Only with Hashem's Hashgachah

A Son Is a Son

Sometimes we think, *Why should Hashem give me what I want? Who am I, after all?*

A Yid told me the following story, which shows how these questions should not even be asked:

I've owned a business for many years. I have an excellent worker who's been with me all along and is very devoted to the business. *Baruch Hashem*, I am getting on in years, and I decided to retire soon. I started the process of handing over the business to one of my sons, who seems most suitable to the task. Gradually, he's learning the ropes and beginning to manage the business.

One day, I saw my longtime worker looking very upset. I called him in to my office.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I'm brokenhearted over the fact that you brought in your son rather than allowing me to take over the business," he replied bluntly.

His confession hit me like a thunderbolt. What was he thinking?! That I would bring in a worker instead of a son of mine?!

I tried to explain this to him, but he simply couldn't hear me. He began telling me how loyal he'd been all the years, and he asked, "Why don't you just give it over to me?"

Finally, I told him, "Don't you understand that he's my son? He's my son and you're not, and that's all."

You might be more successful than him and better than him, but a son is a son. We don't question why a father gives to his son.

When we ask Hashem for something, we shouldn't think that he'll give it to us because we're good or because we deserve it. It's simply because we're his sons, and when a son asks for something, his father wants to give it to him.

Gut Shabbos, Pinchos Shafer

They Show Us the Way

Stories of tzaddikim who lived with *emunah* and *bitachon*

What Made Him Choose to Remain?

It was Sukkos, and one could easily overhear the neighbors talking. What secret did the flimsy walls of the sukkah reveal?

Everyone knew that Rav Avrohom Ber, better known as the *Bas Ayin* (the title of his *sefer*), had a dream. He longed to come to Eretz Yisrael. He spoke often in praise of the Land, describing it as the only place where one could attain perfection in *avodas Hashem*.

So intense was his yearning to be in the Holy Land that the following unbelievable episode happened to him:

Once, the Bas Ayin came to visit Reb Aharon of Zhitomir, who was dangerously ill. When Reb Aharon saw him, his face lit up.

"Welcome, Reb Avraham Ber!" he said. "How did you know to come now?"

In answer to the Bas Ayin's questioning look, Reb Aharon continued, "They told me the only possible cure for my illness is for me to drink water from Eretz Yisrael. I know how much you pine and pray to walk upon the holy soil of the Land; so I just thought of an idea. You will fill your mouth with water, then spit it out into a cup. I will then drink from the water – water imbibed by someone whose entire being is fused with the holiness of the Land – and perhaps Hashem will cure me in this way."

The Bas Ayin did as Reb Aharon suggested. Reb Aharon drank the water, and he was healed!

Finally, Reb Avraham Ber's lifelong dream was realized. Following a long, difficult journey, the Bas Ayin disembarked from the ship at the port city of Akko. Overwhelmed with emotion, he kneeled on the ground and kissed the holy soil of the Land.

The news spread like wildfire. In every city, people spoke about the tzaddik who was now in their midst, and they vied for the privilege of having the Bas Ayin settle in their city. From among the many proposals he received, the Bas Ayin most wanted to settle in the holy city of Yerushalayim.

At the time, the center of *Chassidus* in Eretz Yisrael was in the Galil. The first disciples of the Baal Shem Tov, led by Reb Menachem Mendel of Vitebsk and Reb Avraham of Kalisk, had settled in the holy city of Tzfas. Even after they moved to Teveria later on, Tzfas remained the "capital city" of the Galil; during the subsequent waves of immigration, most of the Chassidim settled in Tzfas.

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For Life After Death

My father, *zol zein gezunt*, went through a short series of treatments, which successfully removed the growth that was found in his throat area. Within a short time, he was completely back to himself.

Life went on. We thought we could put the difficult ordeal behind us. Then, on the first day of Chol Hamoed Pesach, my father said something that left me feeling panicked.

"I feel something here," he said simply, pointing at his throat.

I felt my heart rate quicken and my body break out in a cold sweat. *Oh, no!* A feeling of deep dread spread through me, leaving me almost paralyzed. Somehow, I sensed that this was not just a sore throat and that a simple prescription for antibiotics would not be enough to end this unfolding saga.

It was the week of Chol Hamoed – our time to see extended family, to meet up with cousins at Saba and Savta's house. My father, the head and crown of our family, made a valiant effort to look happy, but he wasn't able to talk past the real lump that he felt in his throat. He was barely able to swallow, and by the last day of Chol Hamoed, he was subsisting on one cup of water a day, which he swallowed in tiny sips and with tremendous difficulty.

We wasted no time. As soon as Yom Tov was over, we went to see a doctor, who ordered a series of costly tests and scans.

I was in turmoil. Abba was in remission! How could this be happening to us?! And so quickly, too. We all love to hear stories about doctors who foresaw terrible calamities and were shocked to discover that the growth had disappeared, or that their dire predictions never came true. But in our case, I felt we were in the opposite situation. After the doctors' optimistic prognosis following Abba's successful treatments, everything suddenly took a turn for the worse.

I had to strengthen myself. I davened to Hashem to show me where I needed to change or improve. I knew that there were so many areas, but I thought to myself that surely there was one specific thing that was causing this to happen. While my father underwent a full series of X-rays, I made an internal X-ray of my *neshamah*. Where had I gone wrong?

At the time, everyone was talking about Reb Dovid, who had found the *matzeivah* of the pharmacist who had no children, on the exact day of her *yahrtzeit*. I kept hearing the story, and I'll repeat it here briefly:

As a young bachur, Dovid hurt a certain pharmacist deeply. She gave him the wrong cream, and he threw it back in her face and said, "Give this cream to your children," little knowing that she had no children.

>>> continued from page 1

When the Bas Ayin arrived, Tzfas was sorely lacking a leader. It had been two decades since the passing of three giants of *Chassidus*, direct disciples of the Baal Shem Tov – the tzaddik of Kalisk, the Levushei Serad, and the Be'er Mayim Chayim. To the community in Tzfas, the Bas Ayin's arrival seemed like the perfect solution. They immediately sent a delegation of distinguished community members to welcome the Bas Ayin and ask him to come live in their city.

His acquiescence did not come easily. His heart was drawn to Yerushalayim, the holiest city in the world. In his dreams, he had a balcony overlooking the *makom haMikdash*, from where the *Shechinah* never departed. He'd hoped to spend the rest of his days breathing in the purity and holiness there. Nonetheless, he agreed to spend the fast-approaching *Yamim Tovim* – Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, and Sukkos – in Tzfas.

The people of Tzfas were overwhelmed with joy. They hoped their city would find favor in the Bas Ayin's eyes and that he'd agree to settle there permanently. Hundreds of Chassidim came to daven with him on Rosh Hashanah, and the women and children crowded into the *ezras nashim* in the hope of catching a glimpse of the holy man.

Before they blew the shofar, an awesome silence settled over the shul. The Bas Ayin stood up to speak. His words were short and pointed. "*Rabbosai*!" he said emotionally. "Today is Rosh Hashanah, and we must all do *teshuvah*!"

These short words, spoken from a pure heart to the early Chassidim of Tzfas, were enough. People throughout the shul burst into tears.

The exalted atmosphere continued during Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, and the joy-filled days of Sukkos.

Reb Avraham Ber sat in his sukkah in Tzfas, reveling in the beauty of the city, its inhabitants, and the holy days of Sukkos.

And then, it happened; it was a comment he overheard coming from the apartment next door – the everyday words of a regular woman in Tzfas, addressing her son:

"Yerachmiel, my son, Shemini Atzres is approaching, and Am Yisrael is going to ask for rain. Surely Hashem will answer their *tefillos* and it will rain right away. So go up to the roof now and take down the clothing I put there. I don't want the clothing to get wet from the rain."

The Bas Ayin was deeply moved by the pure, simple faith exhibited by this woman. The women of the community were so sure that Hashem heard their *tefillos*, so certain that as soon as they asked, He would bring them rain. Instantly, Reb Avrohom Ber decided to remain in Tzfas, among these people of faith.

In honor of the yahrtzeit of Rav Avraham Dov Ber ben Reb Dovid

For many years Dovid and his wife were childless. One morning, Dovid woke up with a twisted smile. Something had happened to his face. In addition, his beautiful voice was gone. He could no longer daven for the amud. He realized that Hashem was punishing him for having hurt the pharmacist so many years back, and he searched for her kever. When the kever was found, he brought together a minyan and went to ask for her forgiveness, when he discovered that it was the day of her yahrtzeit.

That Shabbos, his facial features straightened out and his beautiful voice returned to him. There was no baal korei in the shul, and they asked him to lein. He stood up to lein the parshah, which began with the words "Vayehi acharei mos…" As soon as he read those words, he burst into unrestrained tears. For several long moments, he cried. Finally, he was able to continue. His reading was so melodious, clear, and beautiful that people spoke about it for weeks afterward…

I heard this story again and again while my life was upside down, and I was filled with dread and worry about my father. I was also searching, trying to understand what Hashem wanted from me.

I work as a *sofer sta"m*. After hearing this story about Reb Dovid, I sat down to work, continuing on the *sefer Torah* I had already begun. And then I saw I was up to writing the words "*Vayehi acharei mos…*"

I couldn't continue, because the parallel was too clear. Could it be that Hashem was telling me that just like Reb Dovid, I too had to improve in the area of *bein adam lachavero*? Was it possible that I'd hurt someone? My father's illness was in his throat. Had I used my voice box and the gift of speech with which Hashem had blessed me to hurt another Jew? I decided then and there to work on guarding my tongue, and to begin learning the *sefer Chafetz Chaim* every day.

I continued working on the *sefer Torah*. Fifteen minutes passed, and then I got a call. It was someone in the family, who started telling me *lashon hara* about another family member. The person he was speaking about had grown up with all of us and attended the same institutions as us, but at one point, his path diverged quite drastically, and he found another *derech* in *avodas Hashem* for himself.

Everyone scorned him, in one way or another, and there was this unspoken agreement that he was simply a source of embarrassment to us all. People often spoke *lashon hara* about him, because

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I Trust in You

Words of *chizuk* shared on the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line

To Lack for Nothing

Shiur by* Reb Dovid Kletzkin *shlit"a

In previous *shiurim*, we discussed how the *Chovos Halevavos* clarifies the futility of placing one's trust in a human being.

What about relying on one's wealth?

When a person wants to rely on someone or something, it needs to be one hundred percent certain. While a wealthy person can fulfill his promises and buy whatever he wants, ultimately, money is not a certain commodity. He could lose it with a bad deal, a tragedy, or a robbery. He could become impoverished overnight.

Iyov speaks of people who go to sleep wealthy. They don't die in their sleep, but the fact is that the following morning, they could have nothing. This is something you hear on the news, There was a bank foreclosure, the value of a person's investments plummeted, someone declared bankruptcy and escaped the country. These things happen all the time.

The Chafetz Chaim was once talking to a *gvir*, who boasted that he was completely safe from the curse of losing his wealth during his lifetime.

"I have so many millions," he explained, "and I didn't put everything in one account. My money is spread across many different accounts and countries. If one bank declares bankruptcy, I have millions put aside elsewhere – in Switzerland, America, Poland, and more. There's not a chance that my wealth will be lost to me, is there?"

"My dear friend," the Chafetz Chaim said, looking at him with compassion, "who said the fulfillment of this curse would require that all twenty-five banks where you invested your money declare bankruptcy? Hakadosh Baruch Hu, King of the world, can fulfill this *passuk* in *Mishlei* in other ways. Instead of taking a person's money away from him, He could take the person away from his money. The money will remain in his accounts, but the person will no longer be around to enjoy it!"

Indeed, as the *Chovos Halevavos* proves, if a person is looking for something to rely on, it is certainly not his wealth.

they didn't view it as *lashon hara*. They saw it as "talking about our mutual pain," or "wanting to help." Some thought it was a mitzvah to point out the perceived problems with his life choices, and some wanted to unload the pain of their unrealized dreams for him. One way or another, when it came to him, we'd pretty much decided it was okay to say anything. Unfortunately, I had a big part in all this.

At first, like a good, compassionate listener, I listened intently to everything that was being said, but then I caught myself! Just minutes earlier I'd resolved not to speak *lashon hara*. The battle to refrain from *lashon hara*, I realized, was just as important as the battle for my father's life. I couldn't lose this battle! When a person declares war, the enemy immediately sets out to attack him. I realized this was what was happening to me.

The Gemara teaches that if you see a wise man sinning, don't think badly of him, because he surely did *teshuvah*. One explanation brought is that specifically because he did *teshuvah*, he sinned. In other words, because he resolved not to do something again, the *yetzer hara* came out to attack and cause him to stumble in that same area.

I decided to retaliate with my own full-blown attack against the *yetzer hara*. I would do something drastic. I would call this estranged relative and ask for his forgiveness. I knew this wouldn't hurt him, because he was completely aware of the way everyone viewed him and spoke about him. On the other hand, it would only do him good to hear that I respected his choices and held nothing against him. I called, and he answered pleasantly. I told him the whole story, explained how my father needed a *yeshuah*, and how I wanted to strengthen myself in *shemiras halashon*. Humbly, I asked him to forgive me.

He forgave me fully. He also took my father's name to daven for him, and he promised to ask his students in the *cheder* where he teaches to daven as well. At this point, I felt a certain calm settle over me. "Abba!" I said to myself, "I just made a huge effort on your behalf." Now I had nothing left to do but wait for *yeshuas Hashem*.

Several hours later we went to the doctor. The doctor looked at the X-rays, squinted his eyes and said, again and again, "We thought you were in remission…" It seemed he couldn't believe how the cancer had suddenly spread again. The picture was very bleak, and they decided to start treatment immediately after Shabbos. After Abba left the room, I stayed behind. I told the doctor I believed it wasn't as bad as it looked and that Abba would have a complete recovery.

Suddenly, the doctor recalled that there was a trial medication that had worked for people with a certain blood type. "It's possible that this medication could help your father," he said.

Abba was hospitalized, and we all worked hard on the various technicalities involved in getting approval for the trial medication. *Baruch Hashem*, Abba was approved, and a short while after he began taking it, he was able to eat on his own. Several days later, the cancer was gone. He was completely clean.

I thank Hashem for His miracles and wonders, and I want to publicly praise Him here on this forum. Don't ever give up! Don't lose hope if the *yetzer hara* won one battle. One failure doesn't mean you lost the war, and the bleakest prognosis could be replaced with a clean bill of health. The words *Vayehi acharei mos*, which seem to speak of a time after all hope is lost, were the very words that strengthened me and healed my father. May it be for many more long and healthy years.

Twenty-Five Years Later

My parents are far from wealthy in the simple sense of the word. They often struggle financially and are not always able to pay their bills by the end of each month. But when it came time for my bar mitzvah, my father decided to invest in the most *mehudar* set of tefillin for me. It wasn't easy, but the mitzvah was so precious to him that he paid a huge sum of money for the tefillin.

I began putting on tefillin just before Rosh Chodesh Elul, and I went to a *yeshivah ketanah* with a dormitory for Elul. One day, I put on tefillin in the morning, and after *Shacharis*, when I wanted to put the tefillin away, I couldn't find them. I looked everywhere – on the tables, under the benches, in the *sefarim* cabinet…but the tefillin, my new, expensive set of tefillin, were nowhere to be found. I asked the *mashgiach* to help me. My friends also joined the search, but no one found the tefillin. Throughout the week, I managed by borrowing tefillin from friends, but I didn't know what I would do for Shabbos. How could I come home to my father without the tefillin? How could I cause him pain?

I couldn't put it off. I had to come home, and when I walked through the door, my left hand wheeling the suitcase and my right hand empty, just hanging limply

at my side, Abba immediately realized something was wrong. There was no escaping. Weakly, with eyes downcast, I told him what had happened.

Abba left no stone unturned. He spoke with the staff of the yeshivah, and he left our name and contact information in several newspapers and *gemachim* for *hashavas aveidah*, but no one contacted us about the tefillin. Eventually, we accepted what had happened to us as a Heavenly decree. Abba began the process of getting me a new set of *mehudar* tefillin, and in the meantime I used tefillin from a *gemach*. Some time later, I had my own set of tefillin once again.

Twenty-five years passed. Today I am thirty-eight years old, and I recently received a call from abroad.

"We just found tefillin that have your name on them," the caller told me.

The expensive pair of tefillin, the first tefillin my father had given me for my bar mitzvah! I was so emotional.

"The truth is," I said to the man, "that I currently have no need for them. And anyway, how will you get them to me, when you live so far away? Donate the tefillin to a *gemach*, so that *Yidden* who need them will be able to use them."

The tefillin were twenty-five years old. It was imperative that they be checked before they could be put back into use. I asked the man to have the tefillin checked by an expert *sofer*. He did as I asked, and then he called me back, the excitement evident in his voice.

"Listen," he said, "the *sofer* said the tefillin are absolutely *pasul*, and not because of something wrought over time. They were *pasul* from the very first moment."

The greatness of Hashem's *chessed* hit me all at once. Had the tefillin never been lost, I would have used them for several years without knowing they were *pasul*. I would have lost out on the mitzvah of tefillin. I thank Hashem for the *chessed* He did for me when the tefillin got lost, and for the *chessed* He did for me now by showing me how it was all for my good. May it be His will that I merit to do the mitzvah properly *l'orech yamim v'shanim.*

Did you see Hashem's *hashgachah* clearly in your own life? Let us know!
Your story can spread *emunah* to thousands.
Email your story to: hashgachaprutis@gmail.com

Your Say

Mailbox

I have no words to thank you for the time, effort, and funding you invest in publicizing Hashem's *hashgachah pratis*. May you all be *gebentched*!

I want to add my own personal account – another small bit of coal in the fire of *emunah* you ignite in the hearts of Am Yisrael.

Last summer, I placed a large order for books from a catalog, for the library I run in my home. After I made the order, I was browsing through a bookstore and found a decently-priced book that I really enjoyed. I called home and asked my wife to check whether I'd ordered that book from the catalog. She didn't see the title on the order, so I bought the book on the spot.

When I got home, I discovered that in fact I *had* ordered the book already, and to my chagrin, I also discovered that the salesman in the bookstore had given me the wrong receipt. Would I be able to return the book?

I went back to the store, and the salesman said he had to ask the branch manager, who would not be in until later. I returned several days later, and at that point the manager told me he could no longer bring up the receipt in order to process the return. In short, I was stuck with the book.

To my surprise, though, when I received the order I'd made from the catalog, I discovered one last error that completed the entire puzzle: For some reason, the entire order arrived, except for that book! I was so glad to already have a copy of it at home!

May we always be zocheh to see Hashem's *hashgachah.*

Yitzchak Levine

"Just" Waiting to Depart

Hi! My name is Akiva Yosef Wiessfish, and I live in Beit Shemesh. This story happened to us in the summer, when my family traveled to Meron for Shabbos. We stayed in a vacation house with a huge yard filled with swings and hammocks. Throughout that Shabbos, we davened at the *tziyun* of Rabi Shimon bar Yochai. In the afternoon my brothers and I explored the moshav.

It was an amazing experience, and by the time we'd packed up on Motzaei Shabbos and headed for the bus stop, the entire family was exhausted. All we wanted was to get into a pleasant, air-conditioned bus and fall asleep until we'd reach our stop in Beit Shemesh. But that's not exactly what happened. We waited fifteen minutes for the bus, and when it finally arrived, it was packed. There was standing room only, and some of us kids just wanted to get on. *So what if we'd have to stand or sit on the floor the whole way?* we thought. The main thing was to get home quickly.

Ultimately, our parents decided to stay and wait for the next bus, which was supposed to come only half an hour later. I was sweaty and tired, and since the bench at the bus stop was full, I sat on one of our suitcases and gazed at the trees. *How annoying*, I thought, *to be stuck here, just waiting.* Then Tatty's phone rang, and I watched as the expression on his face became concerned. "Seriously?" he asked. He looked at his watch. "I have ten minutes," he said. He flipped his phone closed and looked at all of us. "That was the owner of the guest house," he said. "I left my tallis and tefillin on the sofa in the house where we stayed." In the ten minutes we had left before the second bus arrived, Tatty ran back to the house and retrieved his tallis and tefillin. We saw clearly how it was *bashert* that the first bus had been full and that we decided to wait for the next bus.



As an added bonus, Hashem fulfilled our wishes, too. The bus was air-conditioned, pleasant, and half-empty, and we got back home in record time!

In the Zechus of Kibbud Av

Hello, everyone! My name is Meir Orlowick, and I live in Rechovot. Three weeks ago, I woke up early in the morning to the sounds of the phone ringing.

"Good morning, Meir!" my father said in a jolly tone as soon as I answered. "Abba?" I croaked.

"*Mazal tov!* We have a new baby boy!" said Abba.

Now I was wide awake too, and so was the rest of our family. We whooped. We celebrated. We danced. Then we did as Abba instructed us on the phone; we all got dressed and left for yeshivah and school. Abba promised that later in the afternoon he would take us to visit Ima and the baby in the hospital.

The afternoon couldn't come quickly enough. We got organized and hurried to the bus that would take us to Bnei Brak, to Maynei Hayeshua hospital.

"Abba," I said as soon as we got on the bus, "I want to sit here." I pointed at the first seat on the bus.

"No, Meir," Abba said. "We're going to sit with everyone else, further back."

I was about to insist, but then I just kept quiet. I did exactly what Abba said and followed the whole family to the middle of the bus, where we all found seats.

The ride began. We rode along the highway until we were just minutes away from Bnei Brak. And then, with no prior warning, the window right above the first-row seat just burst. Shards of glass scattered all over the seat.



And unbelievably, no one was hurt, because the seat was empty. I was so glad that I had listened to my father, and I was so grateful to Hashem that I wasn't hurt.

Notices

Dear kids!

There are amazing stories just for you on our kids' phone line.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/2

Did you see Hashem's *hashgachah* clearly in your own life?

Call the *Hashgachah Pratis* phone line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 0/4

The *Chessed* Boomerang

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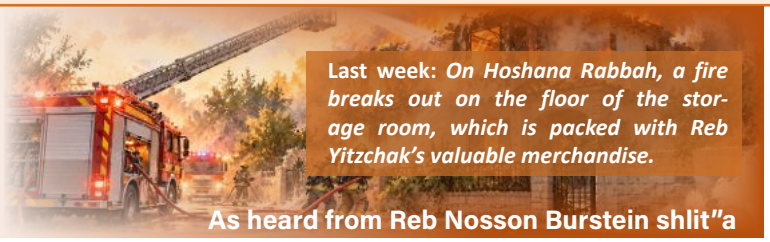
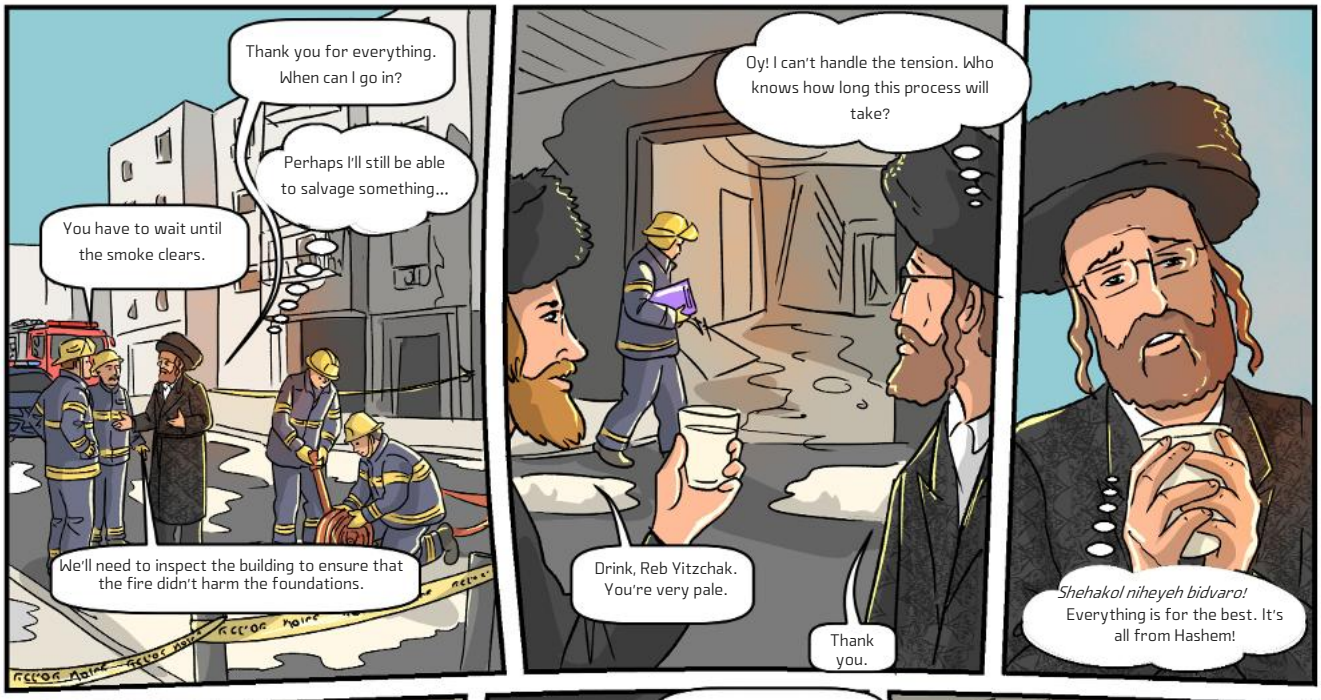


Last week: ***On Hoshana Rabbah, a fire breaks out on the floor of the storage room, which is packed with Reb Yitzchak's valuable merchandise.***

As heard from Reb Nosson Burstein shlit"a





They Make it Happen

An inside look at those who spread *emunah* and *bitachon*

Hello! First of all, please share with us where you live and where you distribute the newsletters.

I live in Boro Park, and I give out the newsletters in two of the Belzer *shtieblach* in our neighborhood. Needless to say, people enjoy the newsletters very much.

What do you mean when you say "enjoy"?

I can tell you one thing: In both *shtieblach*, when I put down a pile of the newsletters on a table, the entire pile is gone in minutes. People are thirsting for *chizuk* in *emunah*, and it's a *zechus* for me to take part in bringing it to them.

Wow! Perhaps you could share with us what inspired you to get involved in this mitzvah?

The whole idea of recognizing *hashgachah pratis* is so wonderful. The minute a person internalizes the fact that every little thing is led and controlled by Hashem, his entire life changes. He has peace of mind and serenity.

You want to know why I chose to distribute the newsletters? Just this past year, I experienced so much clear *hashgachah pratis*. Some time ago, I stopped working, but Hashem still sends me exactly what I need each week! People ask me, "How are you managing?" And I answer that Hashem sends me everything I need. "What do you mean?" they want to know. "How does it happen?" That part is not my issue, I tell them. All I know is that I have everything I need.

I saw this with my own eyes, time and again. It's such tremendous *hashgachah pratis* that it's truly unbelievable…and it's been going on for three years now!

I also had a problem with my foot that the doctors had no idea how to fix, but miraculously, it healed on its own. Truly unbelievable!

Because of all this, when I saw your newsletters, I knew this was it. Here is something that other *Yidden* have to hear about.

What do you want to tell others who are considering distributing the newsletters?

I want to say that *hashgachah pratis* applies to every single Yid, every step of the way. It makes a person so calm. We can see with our own eyes how Hashem enables us to prepare Shabbos, to make Pesach, and so on. None of these incredible feats could happen without His *hashgachah* over us. These newsletters are making a revolution, making everyone aware of the *hashgachah pratis* in their lives. When a person reads the newsletters regularly, that message is with him always, and so the *zechus* is tremendous.

Yasher Koach!* May Hashem *bentch* you to be able to continue in your *avodas hakodesh.

For comments on the content of this newsletter, please leave us a message.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 9/9, or send an email to hashgachaprutis@gmail.com



By making a monthly donation of $36 to the ***Hashgachah Pratis*** newsletter, which disseminates emunah to Yidden throughout the world!

↓

You'll receive 10 copies of the Hashgachah Pratis Newsletter to distribute to others

A special messenger will daven for you at the tziyun of the Chovos Halevavos in Tzfas.

Reb Shlomke of Zhvill said: "When a person is involved in spreading Hashem's *hashgachah* – he will see it!"

Call now and start spreading emunah and bitachon to Am Yisrael immediately!

Call: 585-308-3293

This newsletter is also published in Viddish and Hebrew

To receive the newsletter, send a request to B023011300@GMAIL.COM