

THE POWER OF TEFILA

THE REBBE, THE BABY AND THE DREAM

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Times of Mashiach

The Spring Hill Times

ועלאה הארץ - דעה את ד'!

לע"פ ר' שלמה זלמן בן ר' ישעיה זצ"ל



THE BABY'S MIRACULOUS
RECOVERY - PAGE 34

The Kallah's Pearls
Page 6

ANTI-SEMITISM IS ON THE DE-
CLINE- PAGE 11

AHAVAS YISRAEL
PAGE 15

NJ GIRL LIVES WITH HASHEM
PAGE 59

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בדבר זה
כדי שיוכלו
להמשיך
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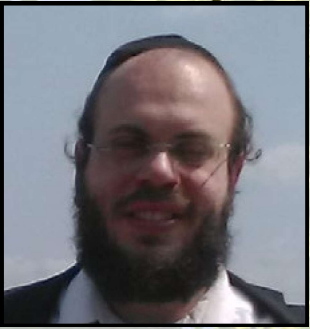
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FROM THE EDITOR

I was driving with my family to visit my sister who lives in Jackson, New Jersey. We decided to take a little detour and go on the New Jersey Turnpike instead of the Garden State Parkway. The children (and adults) wanted to watch planes take off and land by Newark Airport, which can be viewed from the Turnpike.



I noticed all the different cars and trucks passing by in both directions, the roads, overpasses and all the factories and buildings on the side of the highway, and it got me thinking. I realized that we are all part of this giant Chesed factory. We are all both doing for others and living off each other. From the food we eat to the airplanes we fly on. From our shoelaces to the hospitals, we are using things that other people designed and made.

Imagine if each of us would need to invent, design, manufacture and deliver everything in our lives. We would have NOTHING! Imagine if we would not have parents, teachers, Tanaim, Amoriam, Rishonim, Achronim and Roshei Yeshivos. We would have nothing! No Torah, no Mitzvos, no Minhagim and no basic knowledge... Everything we have, is built upon the chesed of billions of other people all over the universe, spanning generations and centuries. At the same time we are also giving to the world our part...

And of course the One Who is really running this enormous kindness factory is Hashem!

EVERYTHING in this world radiates pure kindness, warmth and love!

What a beautiful world we live in!

Have a wonderful Shabbos!



THE POWER OF TEFILLA



When my son, Avrohom Tzvi, was four months old he needed surgery. After the surgery, he was not eating properly because he was uncomfortable. My wife tried different methods to get him to eat, but he usually refused. He ate very little. He wasn't getting the nourishment he needed. Nothing we tried helped.

It became an urgent situation, and we were feeling frightened and desperate. One night, after witnessing him refuse to eat, I went to maariv, and "threw myself at Hashem's feet," so to speak, pleading for the welfare of my son, that he would eat normally again.

When I came back from Maariv, I found my wife totally elated, nursing Avrohom Tzvi, who once again, and ever since, has been eating hungrily as he always used to. Chasdei Hashem! (A Spring Hill Times Reader)

THE KALLAH'S PEARLS



When I was a chosson, I was busier than I had ever been. I

was writing and directing the Purim shpiel for yeshiva, and that took a lot out of me. In addition, I had to arrange everything that chassanim need to arrange before a chasuna! At the same time, I was a yeshiva bachur, with three full sedarim, and I was intent on not letting my learning slacken. Then, I found out that I had to buy my kallah pearls.

With everything already on my own shoulders, the news of the pearls was like a hammer in my chest. I had no money of my own to buy them, and I didn't want to ask my parents, because they were already paying for the chasuna, and had no experience with minhagim of chosson and kallah before the wedding. My mother would probably just tell me to give her something that she had made in her jewelry workshop, or some other nontraditional make-shift suggestion, and I wanted to do things "normal."

So one afternoon, during my chavrusa with Rabbi Wolpin, I asked him, "Why can't I just learn, and let Hashem take care of the pearls?"

He answered, "Who said you can't?" I was satisfied with that answer.

After the learning ended, I went to the back of the Bais Medrash, buried my head in my arms on the table and begged Hashem to take care of the pearls for me and let me learn.

Just as I picked up my head, I saw Reb Chaim Goldwasser a"h walk up the stairs into the bais medrash, and approach me. I stood up and greeted him, and he right away asked me if I had pearls for my kallah. I said, "No." He motioned to me to follow him into the empty ezras noshim. I followed him. Once we were in-

side and the door was closed, he took from inside his coat breast pocket a double strand pearl necklace and handed it to me! "These are for you," he said.

I didn't know what to say, and truthfully couldn't speak anyway. I took them, trying to hold back tears of gratitude to Hashem (and Reb Chaim).

Boruch Shomeah Tefillah!
(A Spring Hill Times Reader)

HEALING WITH HASHGACHA



It was Thursday afternoon. Shabbos preparations were well underway when suddenly my son came in crying bitterly. "What happened?" I asked him.

"My tooth hurts," he cried to me.

Everything stopped, and my wife started calling dental clinics, asking them for an emergency appointment for a first-aid treatment for my son.

In the first clinic they said there was no chance of fitting her in between appointments, in the second clinic they were not taking anyone, the third one had already closed, and the fourth would not open until later. In the fifth clinic, the dentist herself picked up the phone, but she said she'd already finished working and had gone home.

And in the background - cry-

ing. The boy was in pain, suffering, crying, crying...the tears alone could make a person go crazy.

After that last phone call, my wife suddenly received a call from a woman she didn't know. "Your sister sent me to you," the woman said. "She said you would know where I could get second-hand clothing."

"Secondhand clothing?" My wife could barely recall her own name with all the crying from my son, so she really had to strain to recall details. But she answered patiently. The woman on the other end asked a few more questions, and my wife answered those as well. It sounded like some sort of choir. A child crying, the mother stroking him and talking on the phone, the whimper dying down and then getting stronger again, and once again the mother saying something softly. Instead of telling the woman on the line that it was impossible for her to talk this way, my wife continued answering her detailed questions as best she could.

"Who's crying so much?" the woman finally asked my wife, and my wife told her about our son's terrible toothache and the relentless crying.

"Listen to me," the woman said. "Put salt into the cavity in the tooth, and you'll see that the pain will pass!"

The conversation concluded, the salt was put into the tooth, and indeed – it was amazing. The pain stopped! The child stopped crying, and peace returned to our home even before we found a dentist who agreed to meet our son.

We saw how, in the merit of my wife's patience and desire to help

a bas Yisrael, the yeshuah came. (Hashgacha Pratis Newsletter)

HASHEM SENDS MONEY AT THE PERFECT MOMENT



Shortly before Pesach I got a call from the bank. "If you don't deposit money right now," the teller said, "we'll have to place restrictions on your account." A restricted account is a problem I can't allow myself. I took all the cash I had and deposited it into the account. What next? I had no idea. How would we buy what we needed at the grocery store?

Good question. How would we prepare for Pesach? An even better question.

I was back in the midbar, knowing that all the mann was going to be used up and that I had nothing on hand to feed my children tomorrow. Tomorrow we would see, tomorrow there would be mann from Shamayim again.

Indeed, right after I made the big deposit that emptied my wallet down to the last penny, an avreich called and told me, "I transferred money to your account." I was very happy, but I did not see the money in my account – not that day and not the next day. I called the avreich and asked where exactly he had deposited the money. "Into the Bank Discount account," he said. I don't have an account in Bank Discount. I called my son.

"Do you have an account in Bank Discount?" I asked.

"Yes."



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“Someone told me he put money into a Bank Discount account for me. Perhaps the money was deposited in your account?”

Within moments, the hashgachah pratis was revealed in all its glory:

This avreich has been depositing money for me regularly for the past two years. He thought the Bank Discount account was mine, and he was sure I was receiving the money. In truth, the money was going into my son's account, and he, being impeccably honest, did not understand how he was receiving that money, so he did not use it.

Now, the source and the purpose of the money were revealed, and so my son transferred the entire accumulated sum into my account at once. It was amazing to see how Hakadosh Baruch Hu had saved this sum for me for when I would need it badly, so I could prepare for Pesach with all my needs amply met. (Hashgachah Pratis Newsletter)

cha Pratis Newsletter)

THREE PACKS OF TISSUES



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

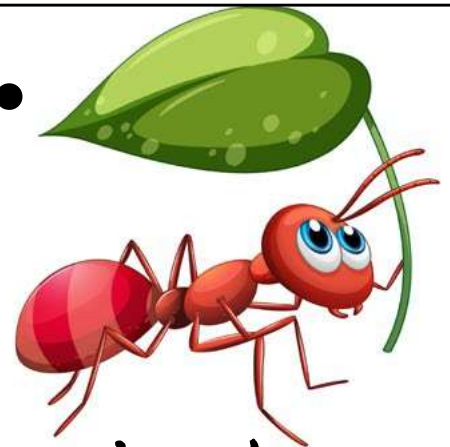
another.

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

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

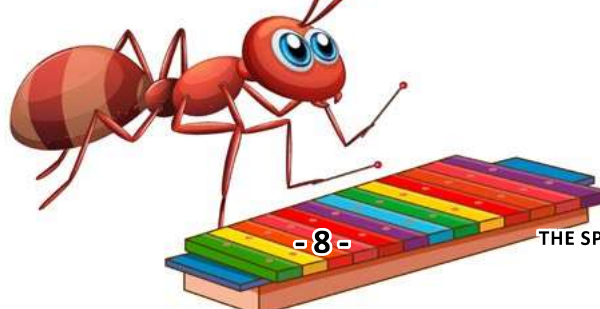
This is the end of the story from my point of view. It would be interesting to know the story of the benefactor who paid for the whole wagon. But he, like many other good-hearted people, modestly snuck out of the store so that his good deed would be performed anonymously. (Hashgachah Pratis Newsletter)

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5
Weekly



Thank You's

By: R' Simcha Elefant - Yerushalayim Ir Hakodesh
לזכות משה יהודה בן שושנה

Thank You, Hashem, for High-risers! We can have a few beds that can close up to give us more space!



Thank You, Hashem, for Speedometers! We can see our speed to make sure we're driving safely!



Thank You, Hashem, for Automatic toilet fillers! Our toilets fill up with water without us having to do anything!



There were almost no seforim in the town. Everyone in class needed to share the same sefer. Kids needed to take turns who would get the best view of the gemara/chumash.



&

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I'm prescribing 2 medications for you.

Patient

It's almost Rosh Hashana. I have so many things to do teshuva on. I feel so low about myself and I don't know where to start. Please help.

1. The first thing you need to do is realize all the good things that you have done this year. And feel good about it. The Yetzer Hara's number one tactic is to make you feel low about yourself! Stop focusing on the negative. Start focusing on the positive.

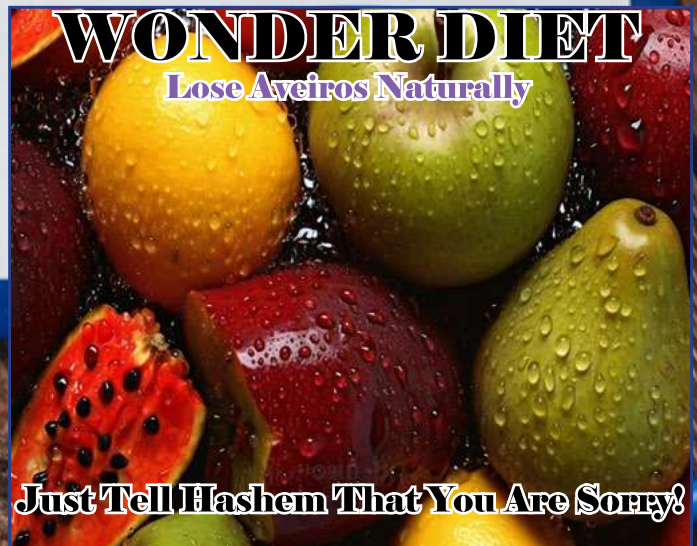
2. Realize that Hashem is full of love for you (regardless of your actions). Realize that He is, kvyachol, thinking all day, "What else can I do for my beloved child...." He never forgets you for a moment and you mean the world to Him. Realize that all the things that happen that you think are 'bad,' are really loaded with goodness and love.

Once you feel His infinite love, you will feel the same towards Him and you will be happy to serve Him loyally.

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Remind Yourself that Hashem Loves You to No End!



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They are Just Puppets in the
Hands of Hashem!

Life is Wonderful!

By: R' Moshe Hirschberg - Lakewood, New Jersey

DOWN THE DIRT ROAD

During the summer bein ha'zmanim of 5781, R' Simcha Ausch brought his family to the beach at Yam Hamelach, the Dead Sea. The sight was breathtaking — the desert mountains surrounding the pristine, serene waters. As is the case with bein ha'zmanim, R' Simcha started chatting with another Yid who'd also brought his family there. When R' Simcha mentioned that he lived in Komemius, his new friend became suddenly intrigued. "Could you please enlighten me with a story about you famed Rav, R' Binyamin Mendelsohn? The shemitah year is almost upon us, and I'd like to hear an episode about the Rav who founded Keren Hashmitah (a supportive organization helping farmers keep shmitah)."

R' Simcha was happy to do so, and told over a personal anecdote:

"About forty years ago, in 5740, my son Ahra'lah, who at the time was a young child, came down with severe dehydration,



coupled with a high-grade fever. He wasn't eating or drinking anything. It was a Friday morning when his situation had gotten serious enough for us to seek medical attention. At the time, there was no doctor in Komemius, so I took him to a local nurse, who examined him and instructed us to head immediately to the ER. 'If you don't have your son brought to the local hospital in Rechovot,' she scared us, 'by Motzaei Shabbos, you'll be bringing him to Har

Hamenuchos (the cemetery outside Yerushalayim)!' "

"Getting to Rechovot from Komemius wasn't so simple. I ran out to the street, hoping that maybe there'd be a taxi, while my wife headed home with my son to pack whatever we might need in case we would be detained over Shabbos. Who knows how long we'd be there?! But there were no cars in sight on the roads of Komemius, not even a tractor. —only a few horses moseying along the dirt roads.

"I ran out of the moshav to the main road, and Baruch Hashem, I spotted a taxi. I banged on the window and excitedly told the driver that I needed to take my child to the local hospital. 'I'll pay you anything,' I added, 'just get us there — and fast!'

"The driver, though, didn't feel any sense of urgency. 'I'm already taken,' he said. 'I was called by R' Binyamin to bring him to a meeting in Tel Aviv. Wait here, and we'll see what R' Binyamin says. If he needs to go to Tel Aviv, then sorry. If not, I'm all yours, and I'll rush your son to Kaplan Hospital.'

"Well, and as the saying goes: The Israeli car services don't fly too quick, they fly too low. The taxi zipped around the block to R' Binyamin, while I ran to the Rav's house to be there when the Rav heard the situation. He must have sensed something was amiss when he saw me running toward him. With his heart racing, I explained to the Rav how my dear Ahra'lah had been running a high-grade fever from Wednesday, how the nurse had told us to go to the ER, and how this taxi was the only one in sight. 'Could the Rav wait for another cab while I take this one to Rechovot?' I asked him.

"The Rav calmly replied: 'Es is gurnisht — It's nothing. There's nothing to be concerned about. Go home, l'chaim ul'shalom!'

"I figured that R' Binyamin didn't understand the severity. I tried explaining to the Rav again how it was potentially pikuach nefesh! How could he be so sure it was nothing and just send me home? But the Rav, in a calming voice, simply replied, 'I'm the Rav here, and I pasken that there's nothing to be concerned about.' R' Binyamin then instructed the driver to drive to Tel Aviv. I stood there in shock; the Rav had 'taken' the only cab I needed to take my Ahra'lah to the hospital.

"Bemused, I made my way back to the house to figure out what to do. As I crossed the threshold, my wife was waiting for me at the door with a big smile across her face. She was holding our Ahra'lah in her arms as he sipped from a bottle — something he hadn't done in three days.

"We were very thankful to Hashem for the miraculous salvation that we witnessed. Instead of preparing for Shabbos in the hospital, we were able to spend our Shabbos in Komemius as normal."

NOT SUCH A MOFEIS

Closer to Shabbos, R' Simcha put on his Yerushalmi kaftan, white socks, and shtreimel, and made his way to the shul. On the front steps standing before him was R' Binyamin, who immediately inquired about little Ahra'lah's condition. "I'm waiting all this time for you," R' Binyamin told him. "Any updates?"

"Nisei nissim," R' Simcha replied. "When I got back, my wife greeted me

Continued on next page

with the good news that my son had started drinking, and the threat was Baruch Hashem stabilized. What a mofeis! Completely unexpected.”

“In no way was this a mofeis,” exclaimed R’ Binyamin, and he explained what happened:

At five o’clock that morning, he’d gotten a call from R’ Shlomo Lawrence. All the potatoes being sold during shemita were those planted by non-shomrei shemita, which are forbidden, and R’ Shlomo was trying to obtain imported ones for the shomrei shemita. The chief of the agriculture department, however, has been impeding their attempts, saying that there’s no need to import as ‘there’s enough of a supply with what’s grown here.’ R’ Shlomo explained how the observant community is refraining from the potatoes due to its prohibition, but the chief held his own. Out of his inner hatred, he declared, “I’ll see to it that not one potato enters this country! If you want, you can put apples into your cholent!”

In the meantime, some askanim from the Agudah were informed about a boat in the sea, filled with potatoes. A dispute broke out between its importer and its exporter over the signed contract, and so, the exporter was selling the produce at a quarter of its retail price if they find a buyer by Friday morning at 10 AM. If they didn’t find anyone by then, they’d throw the whole stock overboard!

R’ Shlomo heard of the offer and sprung to action. He headed to the chief of the agriculture department, hoping that he’d grant them this golden opportunity, and he miraculously agreed! He signed off on the documents, stipulating that they not request this a second time.

The next step was to tell the exporter that they had approval to import. The exporter only agreed to defer from its course to England if the required documents would be signed in front of a certified lawyer in Tel Aviv. “And

all this must be done by 10 AM,” demanded the exporter.

R’ Shlomo was then faced with another problem. Who would undertake to finance such a project and have the money to make the payment by 10 AM? A ship full of potatoes is not a small sum to underwrite. R’ Shlomo knew that only one person could — and would — do it, and that was R’



Binyamin. He would do anything to help the shomrei shmitah. R’ Shlomo phoned R’ Binyamin, excusing himself for calling at such an unearthly hour, but R’ Binyamin agreed to pay for the potatoes and called the taxi to zip him to Tel Aviv without delay.

“Wow,” R’ Simcha said to R’ Binyamin. “But how does this story have to do with my Ahra’lah?”

“I have a mesorah from my rebbeim,” explained R’ Binyamin, “that when one is going to do a valuable mitzvah, the Satan goes out trying to stop him. He sets traps to prevent it. This morning, I knew that I was performing a superior mitzvah, and I was sure that he would place a stumble before me. As soon as I saw you wanting to take the cab that I needed to get to Tel Aviv right away, I knew that it was a maaseh Satan — a trick set by the yetzer hara. I didn’t know that he would be there so quickly — right when I’d leave the house — but because I knew that he was coming, I was confident enough to say that your son was and would be fine. I knew that his illness was only an illusion to prevent me from heading to Tel Aviv to do the mitzvah of sustaining shomrei shmitah, and so I sent you

home, calmly.”

With that R’ Simcha made his way into shul starting kabalos Shabbos with extreme joy over his baby’s wellbeing.

This incredible story is eye-opening. R’ Binyamin was so confident that the Satan would be there before he performed a big mitzvah that he was able to dismiss a case of pikuach nefesh!

There are many times that we try to do the right thing and suddenly experience unexpected challenges. “Why is this happening to me now? I’m on the way to learn, daven, help others...” But what we should remember is that the challenges are proof that the yetzer hara is being sent to prevent us from doing something very valuable! He doesn’t need to interfere with something meaningless — only that which has quality. So, when you find yourself set up with such a challenge, think for a moment about how it’s a haskamah from “a malach” that reflects how valuable your mitzvah is. Use that adrenaline to combat him and stand up to the challenge. Take that courage to overpower him — and succeed.

Editor’s note: Every situation is unique. Should a similar situation come up, please ask your Rav what to do.

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This Week

Stories Reported in The Spring Hill Times from Previous Years' Issues

PARSHAS KI SIETZEI 5781 ISSUE 19

hashem's SWEET POTATO

Many families all over the world had the opportunity, this week, to taste this delicious and most nutritious vegetable.



Besides being scrumptious, sweet potatoes also help: lower blood pressure, protect eye health, keep your skin looking great, guard against infections, fight heart disease, protect against complications from diabetes, boost cancer survival, reduce breast cancer risk, help lower sugar and cholesterol levels and much more!

Thank You, Hashem, for this sweet and healthy treat!

PARSHAS KI SIETZEI 5782 ISSUE 67

ANTI-SEMITISM ON THE WAY DOWN

A woman came back from her bungalow in the mountains. It was late at night and she had lots of heavy suitcases. She lived on the forth floor with no elevator. She didn't know how in the world she would manage to carry them up. So she turned



to Hashem for help.

Then, a non-Jew walked by and asked if if she needed help. He then carried up all her suitcases! He didn't even ask for any money!

Yes! Hashem is always there to help us!

And thank You, Hashem, for putting it in the hearts of people to be nice to us!

PARSHAS KI SEITZEI 5782 ISSUE 67

HASHEM IS RUNNING A PERFECT WORLD!

A couple of weeks ago, a bochur from Bnei Barak* was niftar. His father said over by the shiva this amazing story:

"My grandfather's name was R' Nachum.* It was a few years after marriage and he still didn't have children. So he went to the Viznitzer Rebbe zatzal (Imrei Chaim?) for a bracha.

The Rebbe told him, "I have a neshama for you. But the neshama will only be able to be on this world for forty one years. Do you still want it?" "Yes," answered R' Nachum.

Baruch Hashem, not long after that they had a baby boy. They named him 'Shalom'*. Forty one years later, R' Nachum had a dream. In the dream the Rebbe told him that it's time for him to return the pikadon."

The next day, his son Shalom was driving his car and crashed into a telephone pole and was niftar!

Just a small reminder of the greatness of our tzadikim. And a reminder that there are no such thing as 'accidents'. Everything in our life is per-



**Hashem is
Wonderful!**

**Life is
Wonderful!**

**Klal Yisrael is
Wonderful!**

Hashem Loves You!

Rav Ephraim Shapiro shared that many years ago a group of bachurim decided to make a prank call to HaGaon Maran Rav Moshe Feinstein ZT”L very late at night.

“Hello, can we please speak to the Rosh Yeshiva,” a bachur named Dovi* asked.

“I’m sorry, but the Rosh Yeshiva is sleeping,” the Rebbetzin answered.

“But it’s Pikuach Nefesh, a matter of life and death,” Dovi persisted.

The Rebbetzin woke up Reb Moshe and handed him the phone. Reb Moshe immediately realized that it was a prank call.

He asked Dovi, “What Mesechta are you learning?”

“I have no idea, but I think its Baba Metzia,” Dovi replied.

“What Daf?”

“I’m pretty sure that it’s Daf Kof Gimmel”

Reb Moshe proceeded to explain to him the entire Gemara very clearly.

He asked the bachur if it was clear, and the bachur said no, so Reb Moshe explained it again and again until Dovi had it crystal clear.

Reb Moshe did the same with the Rashi and the Tosfos, explaining everything again and again until Dovi had it all one hundred percent crystal clear.

Reb Moshe then shared a bomb Kashya on the Sugya, ex-

plaining it clearly until Dovi understood it well. Reb Moshe then gave a perfect answer.

The next day, Dovi walked into class. During learning, Dovi raised his hand. The Rebbe reluctantly called on him, asking him, “Did you want to go to the bathroom or get a drink?” Dovi replied, “No, I wanted to ask a question on the sugya.”

When the Rebbe heard the bomb Kashya, he was beyond stunned!

“How did you figure out such a genius Kashya?” the Rebbe asked.

“I got it from my Chavrusa!” replied Dovi.

“Who is your Chavrusa?” asked the Rebbe.

“Rav Moshe Feinstein!!!!” thundered Dovi, to an astonished Rebbe and classroom, “We are super close!”

Rav Shapiro concluded that “Dovi” is now a famous Maggid Shiur in the tri-state area, who teaches and transforms hundreds of Talmidim, and Rav Shapiro knows him personally.

Reb Moshe chose not to get angry with the prank caller who woke him up in the middle of the night, but instead looked deeply into his Neshama and saw a precious child of Hashem who needed love, warmth, and a taste of the Geshmak of Torah. And then everything turned around completely!

When we look deeply in OURSELVES and in those around us, we will see beyond all the superficial and external problems, and we will discover the super glowing bright light of our Neshamos, which radiates Hashem’s infinite love. This light of goodness can NEVER be extinguished, NO MATTER WHAT!”

The light of Hashem inside our Neshamos is overflowing with Hashem’s unconditional love for us!

And once we uncover this spark, it shines brighter and brighter and brighter!

Hashem loves us!



Taken from The Hashem Loves You Hotline 267-833-0596