

*The day the Nazis entered the ghetto he was separated from his father and mother never to see them again. As a penniless survivor he had done well for himself, establishing a successful business and a fine family. However, his business was now at a critical junction. If he would succeed in procuring a loan of a million dollars within the next two days he would be able to propel his business to a whole new level of success, however, if he could not, his business would have to file for bankruptcy. He knew of only one person who had access to this kind of money, an old friend who lived in Australia, and he hoped he'd be able to help him. Knowing that his only chance was by meeting him in person he booked the next flight out to Australia. He received the phone call that would change his life as he was packing his bags. It was his uncle, and he slowly broke to him the unbelievable news: His father, whom he thought had perished years ago, was alive and well living in LA, CA! He had survived the holocaust and after years of looking for his son and brother without success, he had assumed he had perished. His heart was broken by his loss and he could never get his mind off his dear son who had been the light of his life. Through a series of miraculous events he had just found his brother who broke the news to him that his son was still alive. Filled with indescribable joy he asked his brother to break the news to his son and tell him that he was anxiously waiting his arrival in LA to reunite with him, which he just did. As euphoria seared through his being, he immediately realized that he was facing a grave dilemma. If he were to leave immediately to LA he would lose his chance at meeting his Australian friend and perhaps saving his business, however, this worry disappeared as his uncle revealed to him one last point: His father had succeeded fabulously in business and was now a billionaire. He immediately hung up the phone and booked a flight to LA to meet his dear father. Not only would he finally be reuniting with his dear father but instead of asking his Australian friend to help him out with a loan he would simply ask his father. He had had big doubts about whether his friend had the ability or desire to help him, but regarding his father he had no such doubts. As a child he had been the light of his father's life and his father had never gotten over losing him. He thought about him constantly all these years, overflowing with love and yearning for him. It would be his greatest pleasure to grant him the money and thereby save him financially.*

Many times, when facing critical situations, we make an appointment with someone who may be able to help us, hoping against hope that he will indeed come through. At such times we must stop and remember: We have a Father who definitely can help us. This father loves us more than any father ever loved his son. Though at times we may forget about this for days, weeks, and even months, He doesn't forget anything. He burns with the love of a father searching for his only son, 24/7/365. He craves, so to speak, for us to speak to him (see *Yevamos* 64a and *Rishonim* there), and He has already informed us: "I have no greater pleasure in the entire universe than when you turn your eyes towards Me and My eyes look into Yours, at such times I grab hold to My holy throne, to the image of Yakov engraved in it, and hug it and kiss it and mention your redemption and hasten your redemption." (Sefer Heichalos) Other's may or may not be able to help us or even have the ability to, but He definitely can and wants to. Others, we run after just to get an appointment with them, while He is waiting for us to turn to him 24/7, wherever and whenever we want. True, we must do *hishtadlus*, but as we fulfill that obligation, how sad it would be if we forget what it is really going on! Who, alone, can really help us! How close we are to Him! How much He loves us and waits for us to turn to Him!

Like the case in our story, we don't have the option of turning to both. As the Chovos HaLevavos (beginning of Sha'ar HaBitachon) writes: *One who places his trust in something other than Hashem, Hashem places him under the natural abilities of that which he placed his trust in.* Instead, we need merely turn to the One we know for sure has the ability and desire to help, who feels our every pain just like we do, as the *Pasuk* (Yeshayah 63:9) states: *In all their pain He is pained*, and who's waiting and yearning for us to leave our fate in His hands, so He can indeed help us, instead of forcing Him to leave it in the hands of the friend in Australia. Then, we need merely fulfill our obligation of *hishtadlus*, but without forgetting that it is merely an obligation and not the true cause of our success.

Next time we speak to Him let us remember and visualize Who we're speaking to: our Father, Who's yearning for us at this very moment just as the father in our story!

*Established By:*