

Thank G-d, I thought, now at least I have a chance! It's such a struggle trying to establish myself in the business without the proper connections. I have numerous ideas with great potential but without proper financial backing they can't get off the ground. It's already been months now that I've been running around with a plan that could easily propel my business to a whole new level, but to no avail. However, now I had finally gotten it. A few days ago, after herculean efforts, Mr. Gross finally agreed to grant me a fifteen-minute slot where I would have the opportunity to make my pitch. As the day approached my excitement grew. I spent most of my day preparing my pitch to him. Will he be interested? That I don't know. He really doesn't know me personally and certainly doesn't owe me anything, but at least I now have a chance. As I approach his office I hope for the best and mutter a prayer to Heaven for guidance. However, just as I lift my hand to knock on the office door I hear a scuffle inside. Frightened, I peer through a crack in the blinds and can't believe my eyes. A masked thug is pointing a gun towards Mr. Gross' head. I place my ear against the door and my blood runs cold, "You'll open that safe immediately," I hear the thug saying in an icy voice, "and then I'll finish you off." Without properly assessing the danger, I quietly slipped through the door. Using the meager karate I had learned in my youth, I jumped the thug from behind while simultaneously knocking his gun out of his hand. Mr. Gross looked on with disbelief as I knocked the thug to the ground and pinned his arms behind his back. Gathering his wits, Mr. Gross immediately dialed 911 on his cellphone. The cops arrived two minutes later, as all the while Mr. Gross could not stop thanking me for risking my life to save his. Mr. Gross, still shaken, said he's calling it a day, but I should come to his office first thing in the morning. As I drove home, my heart was filled with happiness. I had no doubt that Mr. Gross would back my endeavor. For not only did he have the ability to do so, now he also had a great desire to do anything to help the one who had risked his life to save his very own!

Many times, we worriedly run around for months, chasing leads, just trying to find someone with the ability to support a business plan or the like that we may have. We think, "If only we can get the ear of someone who at least has the capability to help us if he so desired." Meanwhile, the only One who can effortlessly take care of everything we need, wants to help much more than Mr. Gross wanted to help the one who risked his life to save his own. And as we run around day after day nervously trying to find someone who we may or may not be able to convince to help us, He already is convinced, and "craves", so to speak (see *Yevamos* 64a and *Rishonim*), for us to simply ask Him, our dear Father in Heaven, who feels our pain more than we ourselves do, as the *pasuk* says: *In all their hurting, He is hurt ... (Yeshayah 63:9)* and who is the One who our salvation is indeed His very own as the *pasuk* says: *I trusted in Your loving-kindness, my heart will rejoice in **Your salvation*** as the *Medrash* (Yalkut Shimoni here) explains that **Your salvation** refers to Hashem's own salvation, so to speak, since our troubles are His).

So next time we are going through a similar situation, as we take a pause for a few minutes from our troubled searching for a solution to our problems to "catch" a quick Mincha, let us take a moment to remember that in truth **this** is our only chance. When we truly internalize this, He will not let us down!

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