

Rav Mordechai Pogramansky (one of the great *geonim* of the yeshiva world of prewar Europe) was so engrossed in discussion with his fellow train passenger, a *shochet* and *mohel*, that they missed the stop that they were supposed to disembark at. It was Friday afternoon and they realized they would not be able to reach their destination before Shabbos. “What will we do for Shabbos? Where will we stay? What will we eat?” the *shochet* asked worriedly. “A Jew never ‘gets lost’! Wherever he ends up is due to Hashgacha Pratis. Only regarding a gentile does the Torah state (regarding *Hagar*): She went and got lost, and Rashi comments: She returned to the idolatry of her fathers. However, a Jew never ‘gets lost’.” At the next stop, a village of gentiles, the two disembarked. After some searching and inquiries, they were told that there indeed lived one Jew in the village. They knocked on the door and it was answered by a Jew who burst into tears upon seeing them.

“A week ago, my wife gave birth to a son and the entire day I cried out to Hashem that he should send me a *mohel* to give him a bris,” cried the Jew.

“I am a *mohel*!” said the *mohel*.

“You see,” said Rav Mordechai, “Indeed, a Jew never ‘gets lost’!”

“For I, the L-rd your G-d, grasp your right hand; Who says to you, ‘Fear not, I help you.’” (*Yeshaya 41:13*) **The last person in the world that could be considered lost is the one holding the hand of its Creator!**

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