Bitachon Beats Bitcoin



In 2009, a precocious teenager — frum, but struggling — stumbled across something called "Bitcoin mining." Mining in the digital world means using computing power to create new Bitcoin, which, in those early days, could be done quickly and cheaply.

By the time a few weeks had gone by, he'd mined a thousand Bitcoin. Back then, that was worth next to nothing. It wasn't even enough to buy a slice of pizza (and this was before pizza got expensive).

At some point, he got bored, wiped the hard drive to install new games, and moved on.

The First Realization

A few years later, around 2012, he overheard people talking about Bitcoin as if it was real money. He did some quick math and almost fell off his chair.

He tried on his own to recover the Bitcoin from the hard drive — even though it had been reformatted and overwritten several times. He ran scans. Nothing.

Frustrated, he put the hard drive in a drawer. He'd deal with it some other time.

The Hishtadlus Escalates

With time, the value of Bitcoin surpassed $100,000 per coin. That means the thousand coins that boy had mined (for free) in 2009 were now worth over $100,000,000!

Yes, you read that right — one hundred million dollars!

His father was aware of the old hard drive, of course. His son had mentioned it years ago when Bitcoin first started gaining value. But at the time, he had assumed that his bright, tech-savvy son had already tried everything that could reasonably be done. Data recovery? Computer scans? It all sounded like something best left to the next generation.

But as Bitcoin kept rising — $10,000, $20,000, $50,000 per coin — the hard drive started tugging at the father's mind more and more. Maybe, just maybe, there was still something that could be done. After all, while his son was fairly sophisticated in technological matters, perhaps there were industrial-level experts specializing in high-level data recovery who could accomplish what his son could not.

Davening Intensifies

Quietly, carefully, the father began researching top-tier data recovery firms. These weren't guys in a basement tinkering with freeware between sips of soda. These were people who worked in clean rooms, with equipment that sounded like it belonged in a medical lab. In these firms, the engineers talked about magnetic residue, head assemblies, and microscopic sectors with the intensity of a *lamdan* delving into a *Tosafos*, *l'havdil*.

He got a recommendation from a trustworthy source and handed over the hard drive.

At the same time, the father noticed something shifting inside himself. His davening for success in recovering the Bitcoin began to occupy more and more of his mind. It wasn't an obsession — but it was there, in the background, and sometimes very much in the foreground.

As the process dragged on, he found himself imagining the possibilities: the *tzedakah* he could give, the *yeshivos* he could support, the *mitzvos* he could do with that windfall.

Of course, it was all *l'shem Shamayim*. Wasn't it?

When the Fantasy Cracks

And then came the moment — not in the lab, but in his *Shemoneh Esrei*. He found himself standing before Hashem, once again whispering the same request: *Please, help us recover the data.*

Let us use the money for mitzvos.

Suddenly, it struck him with startling clarity. Here he was, davening for Bitcoin... while standing in front of the Creator of Bitcoin — not Satoshi, the human creator, but the Creator of the entire universe, including Bitcoin.

He was pouring his heart out, pathetically appealing for a string of digital code, while speaking directly to the One who controls every coin, every dollar, every market, and every moment. Suddenly, he realized he had been asking for something small when he already had access to something infinitely greater.

It was like walking into the office of the richest man in the world and asking for a wristwatch — instead of asking for a relationship with him and everything he owns.

That's what *bitachon* really is. Yes, it can include asking Hashem to bless your plans with success. But it's much more than that. It's the deep awareness that Hashem is the plan. He is your Provider, your financial backer, your partner, your protector — your everything. It's not about chasing a result. It's about realizing the relationship.

The father had recited "*Ein od milvado*" for years. But this was the moment it stopped being a phrase — and became a lifeline.

The Alchemist's Lesson

Later that day, he reopened his well-worn *Shaar Habitachon*. He leafed to the familiar section about the alchemist. But now, it wasn't a story about someone else; it was personal.

In medieval times, people dreamed of transforming cheap metals into gold and silver. In reality, "so-called" alchemists simply figured out how to make tin look like gold and passed it off to buyers who didn't know better. The world was full of charlatans offering "get-rich-quick" schemes even back then.

But even if alchemy really worked, Rabbeinu Bachya says, it couldn't compare to *bitachon*. The alchemist lives in fear — afraid someone will discover his secret, afraid of those who may want to cause him harm. He's never truly at peace.

> *His only account is with Hashem — and that account never gets hacked, never forgets passwords, and never crashes.*

The *baal bitachon* doesn't live like that. He's not analyzing the markets every hour. He's not glued to price charts. He's not refreshing his crypto app at 2 a.m. His only account is with Hashem, and that account never gets hacked, never forgets passwords, and never crashes.

The *baal bitachon* sleeps calmly, whether the price is up, down, or sideways.

The Real Treasure

Eventually, the recovery process ended. Despite every effort, not a single Bitcoin was retrieved. The keys to the crypto were gone.

The father had failed in his search for crypto, but he and his son had discovered gold — a deeper, more lasting, more profound layer of *bitachon*. The lost fortune became a private reminder that *parnassah* doesn't come from hard drives, storage sectors, or hash rates — it only comes from Above.

Years later, the son reflected, "Tatty, if only I hadn't wiped that hard drive..." Then, after a pause: "But honestly — if I had cashed it in back then, it would have ruined me."

Bitcoin Crashes — Bitachon Doesn't

Bitcoin can disappear. Markets can freeze. Banks can fail. Hard drives can fry. But *bitachon*? That never crashes. It doesn't hinge on algorithms, passwords, or recovery software. It lives forever in the heart of every Jew who knows — really knows — that he is in the hands of the One Who owns every dollar and every Bitcoin.

As Rabbeinu Bachya said 1,000 years ago: Even if you could turn metal into gold — even if you held the magical secret formula — it wouldn't come close to what the *baal bitachon* has.

And that's better than a thousand Bitcoin.

A note from the story: this is not a promotion of Bitcoin. Many have made money in crypto — and many have lost their money just as quickly.

This is part of an ongoing series on parnassah. Feel free to pass it along.

Yaakov Astor is the author of the Rav Avigdor Miller *series published by Judaica Press and of* Awaken Your Emunah. *He has published extensively in numerous Jewish publications.*

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