

# LAMPLIGHTER

9 Tamuz  
Chukat  
1041  
29 June  
5772/2012

PUBLISHED BY THE CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD

## LIVING WITH THE TIMES

In Miriam's merit, G-d provided the Children of Israel with water from a well which accompanied them in their travels for the entire 40-year period of their wanderings through the wilderness. The Jews were also protected by the "clouds of glory" which surrounded them wherever they went, in the merit of Aaron, Moses' brother. This week's Torah portion, Chukat, tells of the passing of Miriam and how the well which G-d had given the Jews in her merit ceased to flow when she died.

The Torah relates that the Children of Israel came to Moses and Aaron and complained about this. G-d then made the well flow once more, this time in the merit of Moses.

If we skip ahead a little bit to the passing of Aaron, we see that a similar hue and cry did not erupt when the clouds of glory were taken away. These clouds, it would seem, were no less necessary to the Jews in the wilderness than the well, for they protected them from the sun and from the harsh desert winds, paved the way before them, killed the poisonous snakes and scorpions, and showed them in which direction they were to travel. Why was this not protested as vociferously as the removal of Miriam's well?

Our Sages say there were, in actuality, two different kinds of clouds which accompanied the Jews. One kind protected them from the dangerous elements, and the other type, the "clouds of glory," were solely for the purpose of "glory" - to demonstrate the honour and esteem in which the Children of Israel were held by G-d. The latter type of clouds were the ones which ceased after Aaron's death, never to return. The clouds which were necessary for the Jews' well-being in the desert were never taken away and continued to protect them as before. The Jews did not protest after Aaron passed away because they did not need those clouds of glory for their physical survival in the desert.

The question remains: If G-d made Miriam's well flow again in the merit of Moses, why did He not restore the clouds of glory which were removed after Aaron passed away? Was Moses not great enough to merit this as well?

G-d provided the well and the clouds of glory because of Miriam's and Aaron's personal merits. When they passed away the miracles they had merited logically also ceased to be. This was not the case, however, with Moses, the shepherd of the Jewish People, who cared for the needs of his flock. When the Children of Israel required something, Moses was there to provide it, not because of his personal merit, which was obviously great, but because it was needed by them.

That is why the well was restored, while the clouds of glory were not. The people needed to drink, but did not actually need the clouds, which were only in their honour. Moses, in his role as leader of the Jewish people, made sure that the Jews would not suffer from lack of water.

We also see from this the greatness of a true leader of Israel, whose concern lies only in providing the spiritual and physical needs of the Jewish people. Moses' devotion was so great, our Sages say, that the Jews continued to eat the manna, which fell in his merit, for 14 years after he himself passed away.

*(Adapted from the works of the Lubavitcher Rebbe)*

## Who's Afraid of Big Bad Og?

By Yossy Goldman

Believe it or not, there was a time when Moses was afraid. Yes, the greatest leader of all time—the man who fought and vanquished Pharaoh, split the sea, challenged the angels—this spiritual colossus was afraid. Who and what could possibly frighten Moses?

The story is this. The Israelites were about to go into battle against Og, king of Bashan, a mighty warrior, a man who was literally a giant. And Moses was afraid to such an extent that the Almighty had to assuage his fears.

Why did Og inspire such dread in the great prophet? Surely Moses had dealt with more formidable threats in his career. According to Rashi, the story goes back many years. Og (or, according to some commentaries, the ancestor of the current king) escaped from battle during the days of Abraham. This refugee then came to Abraham and informed him of his nephew Lot's capture in battle. Abraham immediately went into action, fought the kings who had captured Lot, and successfully rescued him. Says Rashi: Moshe was afraid to do battle with Og, for the merit he had acquired when helping Abraham might stand him in good stead.

In other words, the fact that Og had done a kindness to Abraham all those years ago might be considered of such special significance that he would be spiritually protected from harm in the merit of Abraham, the beneficiary of his good deed.

But was it really such a good deed? The same Rashi (in his commentary on Genesis 14:13) informs us that Og's motives were not altogether altruistic. Apparently, by telling Abraham that his nephew Lot had been taken captive, Og was actually hoping that Abraham would attempt to rescue his nephew and be killed in battle, so that Og could then take Abraham's beautiful wife, Sarah, for himself. Hardly an act of magnanimous righteousness! Why would Moses be worried about the spiritual merit of conduct tainted by such ulterior motives?

The answer, it would seem, is that although Og's motives were far from unselfish, the fact is that he had done Abraham a kindness. Abraham was grateful for the information and was, in fact, successful in saving Lot from his captors. So, although Og's reasons were less than noble, the end result of his deed was good, and Abraham considered it a favour.

That's why Moses was afraid that Og's spiritual credits might protect him. And that is why the Almighty needed to put Moses' mind at ease: Do not fear him, for into your hand have I given him, his entire people and his land.

It is an incredible lesson in the power of chessed, acts of loving kindness. That one good turn, performed so many years back and out of sinister motivation, could cause Moses himself so much anxiety is surely proof positive of the awesome and long-term positive effects of a single act of kindness.

Clearly, from a spiritual point of view, deeds of goodness and kindness have the power to protect us from harm. Performing a single act of compassion, or helping someone in need, really does have the capacity to shield us. In the end, we are not only helping them, but helping ourselves.

Let this story inspire us to be a little more considerate to each other, and a little more helpful to those around us. And may our benevolence protect us and our families from any harm.

# Slice of LIFE

## The Stuntman

Boaz (not his real name) was an embodiment of the Israeli dream. He was young, handsome, intelligent, athletic, uninhibited and a successful small businessman in Hollywood. By 1990 he had 'made it' in L.A.! Money! Fun! Action! Excitement! The world was his for the taking, and he took as much as he could.

But most of all he loved riding his powerful motorcycle, a Yamaha-FZR. Speeding down a desert highway over 100 mph was what made him really happy. That's where he wanted to be forever - on the cutting edge of life.

As of religion, he kept as far from G-d, and certainly from Judaism, as possible. "If" he often quipped, "I thought that religion was like Marx said, the opiate of the masses, I might have tried some." But it was even more meaningless to him than that.

Until his accident.

One beautiful summer day on a lonely highway somewhere in Nevada he hit about 130 when, suddenly, from nowhere, a huge semi-trailer truck appeared in front of him. It took him a second to realize that it wasn't a mirage but then it was too late. He smashed into the front of it and flew into oblivion. When the police arrived they had to search for a while till they found his broken body several hundred feet from the scene of the accident. He was still alive, but they had seen a lot of accidents and they were sure he wasn't going to last.

"This one is for sure a goner" was the last thing he heard as they pushed him into the ambulance and closed the doors. He thought to himself, "I don't want to die; I'll do what You want. Please, G-d, Save me!" And everything went black.

When he woke up it was dark. He couldn't move. Was he dead? No, he was alive. Why couldn't he see or move? Then suddenly he realized what happened; "My G-d - I'm buried alive! They buried me!"

He was sweating; it was getting hard to breathe. He tried to get up but he couldn't, he couldn't move. He started to scream, "Please G-d, help me! I'm sorry! G-d, help me!"

Suddenly he was blinded; it was so bright! The florescent light flickered on. He was in a hospital.

"Doctor! Doctor! Come fast! He's conscious!"

He had been in a coma for over a month. He couldn't move because he was in a body

cast from head to toe; almost all his bones had been broken. Even the policemen that were at the accident had never seen anything like it, it was clearly a miracle that he was still alive. But the miracles didn't stop.

It took a lot of physical therapy and a lot of prayer but in one year he was actually back on his feet, completely recovered! He went back to work, to a new business, and bought a new bike. And completely forgot his vow! In less than a year, he was back on his feet and back to his old lifestyle as if nothing had happened.

As his new business became more successful, he was finally able to buy a house. The day he moved in he went out to his new backyard and discovered, to his surprise, a trampoline on the adjoining property.

Boaz loved trampolines. He couldn't resist. He dropped what he was doing, hopped over a bush, climbed on the trampoline and began to bounce. He jumped and jumped and then tried a few flips.

"Pretty good!" a voice called out from his rear, startling him.

He turned around. A tall well-built man, apparently his next-door neighbour and the owner of the trampoline, was smiling at him. "Do you have the nerve to try it on a trapeze?" he asked, a tight smile playing across his face.

Of course, no young brash Israeli ever backed away from a challenge. He tried it, succeeded, and went on to the next stage. It turned out his new neighbour was a former leading stuntman and was still influential in the business as the manager of the union. He secured a position for Boaz as a stuntman on the famous television series, "American Gladiator."

Time passed. With the manager's help, Boaz landed many stuntman gigs in commercial television. He told Boaz that he had the potential to be promoted to some really big-time jobs with opportunities to do serious acting. If it worked out he could be earning more than a million dollars a year! Things were looking up.

There was only one drawback; the manager was a missionary.

In truth, Boaz couldn't care less. Religion meant nothing to him. When his new patron asked him if he was Jewish, his answer was, "No, I'm Israeli."

He read the books the manager kept giving him because he wanted to keep on good terms. He even went to a couple of meetings with him. Everyone there was friendly, the lectures were nice, but he was interested in having a good time.

And it would have remained that way if his manager would have left him alone, but he didn't. He kept shaking up Boaz's indifference with strange interpretations of biblical verses

and ideas about sin and salvation that he had never thought about.

He didn't know what to do. On one hand he wanted the big bucks and really couldn't find anything wrong with the manager's line of thought. But on the other hand - maybe it was just his Israeli egotism or innate Jewish stiffneckedness - for the first time in his life Boaz felt that he was a Jew and someone was trying to take it away from him.

The problem was that he didn't know enough about the Torah to argue back.

This continued for several months. As his twenty-fifth birthday approached, a friend asked what he could buy for him as a present. Perhaps a gaudy new motorcycle helmet, or a fancy set of tools?

Boaz told him that the only present he desired was a Tanach.

His friend, also a secular Israeli, thought he was crazy and tried to dissuade him. But when he finally accepted that Boaz was serious and understood the reason why he needed to know more about the Torah, he provided him with the name of a "primitive" Sephardic Rabbi with whom he was acquainted. He begrudgingly admitted that the man was pleasant to talk to.

It wasn't long before Boaz was sitting in the Rabbi's house pouring his heart out about his missionary friend. It was the first of many long discussions.

Now he was ready. The next time the manager brought up the subject, Boaz wrote down all the quotations, thinking he would defeat them. But the more he read from the Torah and the Prophets in order to prepare his rebuttals, the more he realized that he himself knew nothing about Judaism.

He started thinking about buying a pair of tefilin and putting them on regularly instead of just whenever he ran into an outgoing Chabadnik, but somehow he never followed through.

One of Boaz's new acquaintances advised him to write to the Lubavitcher Rebbe for advice and a blessing.

"A blessing?" asked Boaz incredulously, but he wrote anyway. In two weeks he received a reply. The Rebbe told him to concentrate only on strengthening his own Judaism through learning the Torah and doing the commandments, and to forget the debates.

Boaz decided to return to Israel, and was able to accomplish this in 1991. Finding no spiritual balm in the suburbs of Haifa where his parents lived, he was influenced by the local Chabad rabbi to visit the yeshiva in Safed "for a few days." He did so, and stayed for a few years.

Today Boaz lives in Safed with his wife and seven children, where he is a valued member of the chassidic community.

Published by **The Chabad House of Caulfield** in conjunction with the **Rabbinical College of Australia and N.Z.**

Editor: Shimon Dubinsky

P.O. Box 67, Balaclava Vic. 3183 AUSTRALIA  
Phone 0468 379 128  
Email: shimon.dubinsky@gmail.com

*The Lamplighter contains words from sacred writings. Please do not deface or discard.*

ISSUE 1041

## MOSHIACH MATTERS

In the era of Moshiach, the fundamental connection between G-d and the world will surface. Rather than relate to G-d as a separate entity with Whom we seek to bond, the essential G-dly spark that permeates all existence will be revealed and we will appreciate that this is our true identity.



# INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

The following is a freely translated letter of the Previous Lubavitcher Rebbe describing his seven terms of imprisonment in Russia. The letter is dated 17 Iyar 5694 (1934)

In reply to your question about my imprisonment and my subsequent exile in Kostrama: Though everything is recorded in my notes, for various reasons the only things that may be revealed are a number of excerpts and general impressions that will be offensive to no one.

The imprisonment in 5687 [1927] was the seventh, because I was imprisoned five times under the old [czarist] regime, and twice under the new [communist] regime.

The first imprisonment took place in Lubavitch when I was eleven years old. At that time, following the advice and directive of my teacher, R. Nissan, I began (in 5652 [1892]) to record my recollections in a book. This incident, too, was recorded there, in 5653 [1893].

The second imprisonment took place in Lubavitch in Iyar, 5662 [1902]. The informers to the authorities were the teachers of the school that had been founded in Lubavitch by the Society for the Dissemination of the Haskalah (the "Enlightenment").

The third imprisonment, also in Lubavitch, in Teves, 5666 [1906], resulted from the participation of members of the [secular] Poalei Zion Party in an uprising against the local police.

The fourth imprisonment took place in Petrograd in Teves, 5670 [1910]; the informer in this case was an educated Jew called K.

The fifth imprisonment, also in Petrograd, in Shvat, 5676 [1916], resulted from my efforts to obtain legal information concerning military exemptions for people serving in rabbinical positions.

The sixth imprisonment, in Rostov on the River Don, in Tammuz, 5680 [1920], followed my denunciation to the authorities by D., the head of the local Yevseksia.

Each of the above arrests, however, resulted in imprisonment for a number of hours. The seventh was somewhat weightier.

Normally, an analogy is less earnest than its analog. Consider, then: If imprisoning a body in a jail of wood and stone is called suffering, then how intense must be the suffering of the Divine soul when it is imprisoned in the body and the animal soul. This is something worth thinking about deeply.

I will not deny that from time to time the seventh imprisonment brings me particular pleasure. As witness: Even now, some seven years after the event, I occasionally set aside time to spend alone - to picture in my mind's eye the sounds and words, the sights and the dreams, that I heard, saw and dreamed in those days.

A lifetime spans a certain number of changing stages - childhood, boyhood, youth, young adulthood, adulthood, advancing years, and old age. People also vary in their gifts - whether common and mediocre or wonderfully luminous; likewise in their natures - for example, whether bashful and morose, or jolly and exuberant. But apart from all these variables, in the course of a lifetime Divine Providence engineers particular periods which sometimes change a man's very nature. They develop his gifts and set him up at a particular height, so that he can gaze upon the ultimate purpose for which a man lives his life on the face of the earth.

Above all, a man's personality and gifts are most intensely escalated by a period rich in suffering which is inflicted on account of his vigorous endeavours for an ideal. This is particularly so if he struggles and battles with his pursuers and persecutors for the sake of preserving and advancing his religious faith.

Such a period, though fraught with affliction of the body and suffering of the spirit, is rich in powerful impressions. Such days are the luminous days in a man's life.

Every single incident in such a period is significant. In particular, if imprisonment is involved, the resultant spiritual benefit is so great that it warrants the recording not only of days and nights but even of hours and minutes. For every hour and minute of torment gives rise to inestimable benefits: it makes a man so resolute that even a weakling is transformed into the most courageous of men.

My arrest began at 2:15 a.m. on Wednesday, 15 Sivan, 5687 [1927], and continued until 1:30 p.m. on Sunday, 3 Tammuz, 5687, in Leningrad (Petersburg).

After these eighteen days, eleven hours and fifteen minutes, I spent approximately six hours in my home, and at 7:30 p.m. took the train to Kostrama. I arrived there on Monday, 4 Tammuz, and remained in exile until 12:30 p.m. on Wednesday, 13 Tammuz, for a total of nine days and seventeen hours...

## CUSTOMS CORNER

### Jewish Prayer

Prayer is the service of the heart, and is one of the many ways that love of G-d is expressed.

Although one may pray in private, praying with a congregation has always traditionally been preferable. Every effort should be made to join a congregation in prayer.

Many pray while swaying back and forth. This is a traditional aspect of Jewish prayer, which has mystical origins and significance. One interpretation is that during prayer the soul is considered to be attempting to connect with its divine source, and is compared to the flame of a candle, which flickers back and forth as it reaches upward. Another interpretation is that we should involve our entire being in the prayer experience.

## A WORD

*from the Director*

*A Rebbe is a comprehensive soul, a soul which is connected to and understands every other soul. In the book Hayom Yom, compiled by the Rebbe from the teachings of the previous Rebbes, it says that when the Rebbe - the comprehensive soul - prays and there is an ascent of his soul on high, at that very moment he connects with every single Jew in the generation.*

*In Jewish law the needs of the community, supersede the needs of the individual. Thus, an individual must be willing to sacrifice for the community. How much more so does this apply to the Rebbe, a comprehensive soul. And even though the "private life" of the Rebbe is minimal, even though his needs are minimal, the needs of the community, of the world community, supersede the Rebbe's minimal needs.*

*On the third of Tammuz, 1958, the Rebbe stated about the Previous Rebbe:*

*"In the case of a spiritual leader and shepherd of Israel, his entire raison d'être is to promote the welfare of his contemporaries and to guide them. (His 'private' affairs are incomparably less important to him.) ...*

*"We don't understand why the Rebbe's physical life had to end, but it is the needs of the community that dictated it. In the case of a comprehensive soul, his private affairs are also relevant to all Israel."*

*What are the needs of the Rebbe? "I need my children [disciples]." These were the words with which Rabbi Yehuda the Prince left his children and disciples. These are the words which the Rebbe expounded upon after the passing of the Previous Rebbe. These are the Rebbe's needs.*

*What does the Rebbe "need his children" for?*

*"I have done all I can. Now I am giving it over to you. Do everything you can to bring Moshiach in actuality," the Rebbe stated 21 years ago.*

*The Rebbe has one need, which is the need of our entire generation and of all the generations, the commencement of the Redemption.*

*We can accomplish this through fulfilling the Rebbe's directives: studying about Moshiach and the Redemption; increasing in acts of goodness and kindness; living with the daily reality of Moshiach; sharing this information with others.*

*And soon, as the Rebbe said, we will "merit to see and be together with the Rebbe..."*

*J. I. Guterlich*

# IT HAPPENED *Once...*

## THE FOREST AND THE ROSE

Once the followers of Reb Leib Sarah's noticed their Rebbe pacing back and forth in an agitated manner, muttering "Oy, Oy" over and over again. Suddenly he stood still and stated with finality: "Whatever happens, I must do something."

Stepping outside, he summoned his driver. In a short time they were off. The tzaddik whispered something in the driver's ear, and then switched places with him, taking over the reins while the driver went to sleep inside the carriage. When he woke, the sun had already risen on Sunday morning, and he was amazed to hear from the tzaddik in the outside driver's seat how far they had come. Even though, being the regular driver for the tzaddik, he had experience in these miraculous-seeming journeys, this time they had actually crossed the border and were deep into Hungary. He could barely believe the evidence of his eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

Little Isaac was only ten years old, but was already the man of the house. His father had recently passed away, and his mother Reizel desperately needed him to help support the family. She took whatever meagre work was available to her, while little Isaac took care of their tiny gaggle of geese.

Actually, Isaac liked his job. He loved the quiet and peacefulness of the fields outside of town. After carefully counting his meagre charges, he would sit against the trunk of a tree and enjoy the cool shade under its big, leafy branches.

Many thoughts would race through his little head-some joyous, some sad. In those moments when his young soul was bursting with a variety of different feelings, he would open his knapsack and seek the soothing comfort provided by his beloved flute. Quickly he would extract from it a medley of folk tunes, passed down from generation to generation in the Hungarian countryside, all learned from the other shepherds that he knew. But there was one particular tune that he loved. When he would play that tune, he would get lost in his thoughts and wonder off in to a distant and harmless place with no worries or pain.

Now was one of those times, little Isaac was in the midst of a song and was withdrawn from his present state when he was momentarily startled by the regal appearance of the bearded Jew who appeared suddenly from behind him. "What are you doing here, little boy?" the man asked gently. "Helping my mother by tending to our geese," Isaac answered. "But what about learning Torah in school like the other boys?" the man continued.

Isaac looked away. "Not so long ago, I was still a student. And I was doing pretty well too. But ever since my father died, I've had to help my poor mother support our family."

The tzaddik, Leib Sarah's, immediately went to visit the poor widow, Reizel. After introducing himself, he asked her for permission to take her Isaac away with him. "Know that your son has a very lofty soul," he explained, "and he can become very great. But for that he must be brought up in the right way, and that means he has to study Torah intensively." He promised her a monthly stipend to more than make up for any loss of income that the boy's departure would entail.

Finally his mother agreed. Leib Sarah's took little Isaac to Nicholsberg, to the Yeshiva of the great Rebbe, Reb Shmelke. He said to him: "I have brought you a special soul from the Chamber of Melody. I hope you will help it to realize its full potential in this world."

\*\*\*\*\*

Years later, when throngs of Chassidim would crowd into the shul of the holy rebbe, Rabbi Yitzchak Isaac of Kaliv, he would sometimes relate to them the long path of his development from a goose-tending childhood to the present and of the great debt to the tzaddik Leib Sarah's, who went to such trouble to "discover" him and to redeem the holy melody which had been "held captive" for centuries. He would also tell them about his favourite tune when he played the shepherd's flute: the Ballad of the Forest and the Rose.

"Now, however," he would always conclude, "the words are different."

Exile, exile, how long you are.

Divine Presence, how far you are.

If only the exile were shorter,

Then Your Presence could be closer.

If You would take us out of exile,

Then we could be, the two of us, together.

This song is still sung by Kaliver chassidim, in Hungarian, till this very day.

# Thoughts THAT COUNT

Any love that is conditional will cease when the condition upon which it depends vanishes. But if it is unconditional, it will never cease... (Ethics 5:16)

These two types of love represent two stages in a person's Divine service. Initially, a person serves (G-d) with expectation of a reward - this is conditional love. Later, he may reach the stage of unconditional love - where he serves G-d without expectation of reward. The ruling in Jewish law is that a person should always occupy himself with Torah and mitzvot, even if this is not entirely for its own sake, for eventually this will lead to service without any ulterior motives - "for its own sake." (*Biurim I'Pirkei Avot*)

## CANDLE LIGHTING: 29 JUNE 2012



BEGINS		ENDS
4:53	MELBOURNE	5:54
4:56	ADELAIDE	5:56
4:46	BRISBANE	5:42
6:14	DARWIN	7:06
4:43	GOLD COAST	5:40
5:04	PERTH	6:03
4:38	SYDNEY	5:37
4:43	CANBERRA	5:43
4:33	LAUNCESTON	5:38
4:56	AUCKLAND	5:57
4:43	WELLINGTON	5:47
4:28	HOBART	5:33
4:41	BYRON BAY	5:38

## CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, CAULFIELD

PARSHAS CHUKAS

10 TAMUZ • 30 JUNE

FRIDAY NIGHT:	CANDLE LIGHTING:	4:53 PM
	MINCHA:	5:00 PM
	KABBOLAS SHABBOS:	5:35 PM
SHABBOS MORNING:	SHACHARIS:	10:00 AM
	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA:	9:59 AM
	MINCHA:	4:50 PM
	SHABBOS ENDS:	5:54 PM
WEEKDAYS:	SHACHARIS SUN-FRI:	9:15 AM
	MINCHA:	5:00 PM
	MAARIV:	5:50 PM