

# LAMPLIGHTER

17 Teves  
Parshas Shemos  
**118**  
20 December  
5774/2013

PUBLISHED BY THE CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD

## LIVING WITH THE TIMES

As we read in this week's Torah portion, Shemos, when G-d told Moses of his mission to redeem the Jewish people from Egypt, Moses replied, "Behold, I will come to the Children of Israel and say, 'The G-d of your fathers has sent me to you.' And they will say to me, 'What is His Name?' What shall I tell them?"

Why did Moses think that they would ask him this? Surely the Jews were familiar with the "G-d of Abraham"; certainly their forefathers had told them. And why wouldn't Moses know what to answer?

Our Sages explain that G-d has many Names. G-d is referred to according to His actions. Each of G-d's Names symbolizes a different way in which He interacts with creation. "Elokim" connotes G-d's attribute of justice; the Name "Havaya" connotes His attribute of mercy.

Thus the question "What is His Name?" really asks "How will the redemption from Egypt come about?" Will it be through G-d's attribute of justice or through His attribute of mercy?

But what difference would it make how the redemption happened? Isn't the main thing that their suffering would be coming to an end? Besides, isn't it self-evident that the redemption would be derived from G-d's attribute of mercy?

In truth, the question "What is His Name" is a very difficult one to answer. The Jewish people wanted to know how it was possible for G-d to have allowed them to suffer so terribly in Egypt. They wanted to know with which "Name" G-d had chosen to act, i.e., how it was possible for the redemption to come only after such a lengthy period of exile.

"What shall I tell them?" Moses asked. Even Moses was perplexed and did not know how to answer.

Replied G-d: "I Will Be What I Will Be...say to the people of Israel, 'I Will Be has sent me to you.' ...This is My Name forever, and this is My remembrance unto all generations."

What was G-d's answer to the question "What is His Name?" "I Will Be What I Will Be." Rashi explains that this means "I will be with them throughout their travail." G-d was telling Moses that He would accompany the Jews into exile and suffer together with them, as it were. The Jews would not be abandoned in Egypt, G-d forbid, nor would He ignore their pain. Not only would G-d be with them in Egypt, but He would share in their anguish and distress.

G-d said, "This is My Name forever - le'olam." In this verse, le'olam is spelled without the letter vav, alluding to the word helem - concealment. In exile, G-d's attribute of mercy is hidden. Surely G-d accompanies the Jewish people into exile, but His attribute of mercy is in a state of concealment, only to be revealed when the time for redemption has arrived.

*Adapted from Likutei Sichot, Volume 26*

## In Order To...

*By Baruch Epstein*

In a strange, almost uniquely Jewish way, Pharaoh seems like a pitiful figure. Yes, I know he immediately forgot the man who saved his country and instead went about enslaving his children, I still have an element of pity for Pharaoh (not forgiveness, simply pity).

Let's look at the circumstance. Egypt runs the world. They have the wealth, technology, architecture, science and the greatest resources.

Who wouldn't want to be Egyptian? Pharaoh assumes, logically, that the world is divided into two groups: Egyptians and those who want to be Egyptian (I know some people who feel that way about *their* hometown).

So, seeing the Jews living away from the limelight of the Nile and missing out on all the fun, he decides to include them in the bounty of Egypt. The first rational step in an attempt to acculturate foreigners is to wait until the original greenhorn émigrés die off. Certainly the new kids, born in the lap of the most advanced country in the world, will eagerly soak up all it has to offer.

When the next generation of Jews hesitated to acclimate themselves to Egyptian culture, Pharaoh reasoned that it is their isolation in the hinterlands of Goshen that prevented them from full integration.

Success is the objective of Egyptians. Work hard, earn lots of dough and taste all the good that Egypt has. Pharaoh figures that once the Jews get a taste of success they'll opt for more and more. To get them started he offers them the chance to show their loyalty to the country that sheltered them during the famine through a patriotic work program rebuilding Pison and Raamses. And the Jews show up in spades, eager to demonstrate their gratitude.

But it's a short ride from there to obsession with "achievement." Somehow, imperceptibly, they wound up committed to the Egyptian ideals at great sacrifice of their own, even of their freedom. Work, succeed, work some more and succeed even more!

So Moses demands that Pharaoh send them out. Pharaoh reasons that the people must have too much time on their hands; they are committing the cardinal sin of allowing their "philosophy" and "personal beliefs" to interfere with the bottom line. They need to work some more, they will see the product of their labour, and abandon their lazy idea of surrender.

So Pharaoh *must* refuse. What responsible leader would allow his subjects to forfeit their chance at wealth and success in order to venture out into the obscurity of a wilderness? Can he allow them to lose their option of Egyptian status to follow a banished prince in search of an intangible, unknown and *unprofitable* G-d?

Poor Pharaoh... What he doesn't get, what he can't get, is the peculiarly Jewish idea that our mission is to serve, not to be served. Things are valuable because they are tools for us to serve G-d. Sorry Pharaoh, a Lexus is valuable only because it gets me to visit a sick friend, it is not the objective.

How eerily familiar the story sounds. Western Culture speaks the same language. The old folks are gone, this is America, here we work; we prize production, never mind the futility of your profession-work. And if you are unsatisfied, work harder. We venerate those who are served, who have others do their bidding.

Moses rejects Pharaoh. He declares that the mission is to be of service.

The mineral serves the plant which serves the animal which serves the person who (and this is where Pharaoh gets off the bus) serves G-d. When the Jew demands to be released from the service of Pharaoh it is in order to serve G-d. And that makes Pharaoh mad, real mad; so mad that he forgets his old friend Joseph. And then he panics, so crazed that he'll murder anything that challenges his reality!

So next time you are tempted to stay late at the office focused on the profit it will turn, pause and ask: what is my "in order to?" Do I work "in order to" please or to be pleased?

# Slice of LIFE

## COMING HOME FROM RAMALLAH

After the concluding prayer, Dan quickly walked to the front of the *shul* in Jerusalem, said "Good Shabbos" to the rabbi and a few other people he knew, and at once made his way toward the back. Time to get home and make *Kiddush* for the family.

On his way out, a sudden impulse struck him and he turned around to watch the people filing out. His eyes slowly scanned the *shul*. Was there anyone who needed a place to eat? "Who's that sitting toward the side wall? I know almost everyone here, and I don't believe he's been here before."

Dan approached the young man, scanning him with an experienced eye. Dungarees, backpack, dark skin, curly black hair -- looks Sephardi, maybe Moroccan.

A moment more for consideration, and he was moving toward the boy with his hand extended in welcome. "Good Shabbos. My name is Dan Eisenblatt. Would you like to eat at my house tonight?"

The young man's face broke in an instant from a worried look to a toothy smile. "Yeah, thanks. My name is Machi." The young man picked up his backpack, and together they walked out of the *shul*.

A few minutes later they were all standing around Dan's Shabbos table. As soon as the family started singing *Shalom Aleichem*, Dan noticed that his guest wasn't singing along. "Maybe he's shy, or can't sing," he surmised. The guest gave another one of his toothy smiles and followed along, limping badly but obviously trying his best.

Even after the meal began and the guest had relaxed somewhat, he still seemed a bit fidgety and was mostly silent. Dan picked up the signal and kept the conversation general, and centred his remarks on the weekly Torah portion, mixed with small talk about current events.

After the fish, Dan noticed his guest leafing through his songbook, apparently looking for something. He asked with a smile, "Is there a song you want to sing? I can help if you're not sure about the tune."

The guest's face lit up, a startling change. "There is a song I'd like to sing, but I can't find it here. I really liked what we sang in the synagogue tonight. What was it called? Something '*dodi*'."

Dan paused for a moment, on the verge of saying, "It's not usually sung at the table," but then he caught himself. "If that's what the kid wants," he thought, "what's the harm?" Aloud he said, "You mean *Lecha Dodi*. Wait, let me get you a *siddur*."

Once they had sung *Lecha Dodi*, the young man resumed his silence until after the soup, when Dan asked him, "Which song now?"

The guest looked embarrassed, but after a bit

of encouragement said firmly, "I'd really like to sing *Lecha Dodi* again."

Dan was not really all that surprised when, after the chicken, he asked his guest what song now, and the young man said, "*Lecha Dodi*, please." Dan almost blurted out, "Let's sing it a little softer this time, the neighbors are going to think I'm nuts," but thought better of it.

Finally it got to be too much for Dan. "Don't you want to sing something else?" he suggested gently.

His guest blushed and looked down. "I just really like that one," he mumbled. "Just something about it -- I really like it." In all, they must have sung "The Song" eight or nine times. Dan wasn't sure -- he lost count.

Later, when they had a quiet time to talk, Dan said, "I was just wondering, we haven't had more than a few moments to chat. Where are you from?"

The boy looked pained, then stared down at the floor and said softly, "Ramallah."

Dan's heart skipped a beat. He was sure he'd heard the boy say "Ramallah," a large Arab city on the West Bank. Quickly he caught himself, and then realized that he must have said Ramleh, an Israeli city. Dan said, "Oh, I have a cousin there. Do you know Ephraim Warner? He lives on Herzl Street."

The young man shook his head sadly. "There are no Jews in Ramallah."

Dan gasped. He really had said "Ramallah"! His thoughts were racing. Did he just spend Shabbos with an Arab? Wait a minute! Take a deep breath and let's get this straightened out. Giving his head a quick shake he told the boy, "I'm sorry, I'm a bit confused. And now that I think of it, I haven't even asked your full name. What is it, please?"

The boy looked terrified for a moment, then squared his shoulders and said quietly, "Machmud Ibn-esh-Sharif."

Machmud was looking even more terrified now; obviously he could tell what Dan was thinking. Hurriedly he said, "Wait! I'm Jewish. I'm just trying to find out where I belong."

Dan stood there speechless. What could he say?

Machmud broke the silence hesitantly: "I was born and grew up in Ramallah. I was taught to hate my Jewish oppressors, and to think that killing them was heroism. But I always had my doubts. I mean, we were taught that the *Sunna*, the tradition, says, 'No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself.' I used to sit and wonder, weren't the *Yahud* (Jews) people, too? Didn't they have the right to live the same as us? If we're supposed to be good to everyone, how come nobody includes Jews in that?"

"I asked these questions to my father, and he threw me out of the house. Just like that, with nothing but the clothes on my back. By now my mind was made up: I was going to run away and live with the *Yahud*, until I could find out what they were really like."

Machmud continued:

"I snuck back into the house that night, to get

my things and my backpack. My mother caught me in the middle of packing. She looked pale and upset, but she was quiet and gentle to me, and after a while she got me to talk. I told her that I wanted to go live with the Jews for a while and find out what they're really like, and maybe I would even want to convert.

"She was turning more and more pale while I said all this, and I thought she was angry, but that wasn't it. Something else was hurting her, and she whispered, 'You don't have to convert. You already are a Jew.'

"I was shocked. My head started spinning, and for a moment I couldn't speak. Then I stammered, 'What do you mean?'

"In Judaism," she told me, 'the religion goes according to the mother. I'm Jewish, so that means you're Jewish.'

"I never had any idea my mother was Jewish. I guess she didn't want anyone to know. She sure didn't feel too good about her life, because she whispered suddenly, 'I made a mistake by marrying an Arab man. In you, my mistake will be redeemed.'

"My mother always talked that way, poetic-like. She went and dug out some old documents, and handed them to me: things like my birth certificate and her old Israeli ID card, so I could prove I was a Jew. I've got them here, but I don't know what to do with them.

"My mother hesitated about one piece of paper. Then she said, 'You may as well take this. It is an old photograph of my grandparents, which was taken when they went looking for the grave of some great ancestor of ours. They went up north and found the grave, and that's when this picture was taken.'"

Dan gently put his hand on Machmud's shoulder. Machmud looked up, scared and hopeful at the same time. Dan asked, "Do you have the photo here?"

The boy's face lit up. "'Sure! I always carry it with me.'" He reached in his backpack and pulled out an old, tattered envelope.

Dan gingerly took the photo from the envelope, picked up his glasses, and looked carefully at it. The first thing that stood out was the family group: an old-time Sephardi family from the turn of the century.

Then he focused on the grave they were standing around. When he read the gravestone inscription, he nearly dropped the photo. He rubbed his eyes to make sure. There was no doubt. This was a grave in the old cemetery in Tzfat, and the inscription identified it as the grave of the great Kabbalist and *tzaddik* Rabbi Shlomo Alkabetz -- the author of "*Lecha Dodi*."

Dan's voice quivered with excitement as he explained to Machmud who his ancestor was. "He was a friend of the *Arizal*, a great Torah scholar, a *tzaddik*, a mystic. And Machmud, your ancestor wrote that song we were singing all Shabbos: *Lecha Dodi!*"

This time it was Machmud's turn to be struck speechless. Dan slowly stood up from the bed, still in awe about what had happened. He extended his trembling hand and said, "Welcome home, Machmud. Now how about picking a new name for yourself."

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

Editor: Yisroel Leib Lester  
P.O. Box 67, Balaclava Vic. 3183 AUSTRALIA

Email: lamplighter@rabbinicalcollege.edu.au

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

ISSUE 1118

## MOSHIACH MATTERS

In this week's Parsha it says that Moshe was standing in front of a (thorn) bush that was "burning in fire, but not consumed." One of the commentaries explain that on a personal level, the evil inclination in a person is also referred to by the name "thornbush", and is constantly being "burned" by the fire of love that the G-dly soul has to Hashem. Yet, the evil inclination is "not consumed" and a person must fight it continuously. When Moshiach comes, the "spirit of impurity will be removed from the land" (Zacharyah 13) and the evil inclination will dissipate, allowing all to freely sense Hashem himself.



# INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

By the Grace of G-d  
Rosh Chodesh Tammuz, 5730 [July 5, 1970]  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
Greeting and Blessing:  
My dear Assaf:

I was pleased to receive your letter, but I was very much surprised at the question you asked.

You wrote: "I want to know if Hashem really exists." I will answer it this way: Suppose you were walking in the streets and saw a skyscraper. Would you ask, "Is there someone who made it?" And if this is so with a building of a number of floors, what will you say about the whole world, with the sun, moon and stars, oceans and mountains and woods, and all the creatures on land and in the seas, and so on?

Your other question was, if you *daven* the rest of the year, will you get a trumpet?

Since you are a thoughtful boy, I will again answer it with an illustration: Suppose you were invited to the White House, and the President of the United States received you with pleasure and asked you what kind of a present would you like. Would you ask him for a candy? Perhaps you know the story of King Solomon, who was only 12 years old when he became king of all the Jewish people, after his father, King David. G-d appeared to him in a dream and asked him, "What shall I give you?" And all he asked for was a wise and understanding heart! And G-d gave him that, as well as everything any person could wish for.

I trust you are learning Hashem's Torah with devotion and diligence, and conduct yourself the way Hashem wants you to as befitting for a Jewish boy, a son of Abraham, Yitzchak and Yaakov, the fathers of our people.

With blessing,

By the Grace of G-d  
Purim 5712 [March 11, 1952]  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
The study group  
Worcester, Mass.  
Sholom U'Brocho:

I was pleased to learn of the formation of a study group in your community, and I wish you much success.

Although the name "Study Group" implies that study and the acquisition of knowledge are the main objectives of your group, the first step to real understanding of G-d and the deeper aspects of life is the realization that we cannot and must not make our own understanding a prerequisite condition of our practicing the Divine precepts. In other words, we cannot say to G-d, Let us first understand your laws; then we will follow them.

When our people came into being, on receiving the Torah at Mount Sinai, they declared: "we will do (first), then we will (try to) understand." This proclamation has remained our guiding light for all times and at all places. The Jew must observe the Mitzvahs whether or not he understands their deeper significance; his experience of the Mitzvahs eventually will develop the faculties of his understanding, and in this he has Divine assistance.

Jews have, likewise, always realized that our history is not shaped by understandable natural laws or forces, but by Supreme Providence, which is above and beyond our understanding.

A case in point is the festival of Purim which we celebrate today. Ahasuerus, an absolute ruler, had signed, sealed and delivered the decree to annihilate the entire Jewish population in all the 127 provinces of his vast empire. There seemed not a glimmer of escape. The Jews could not logically understand why such a terrible decree was hanging over their heads. Haman had accused them of adhering to their own laws and way of life. But, if he was right, then precisely for this reason they should not have become exposed to such mortal danger, inasmuch as the Torah is a *Torat-Chaim*, a law of life and a way of life, not death.

Yet, during the entire year that the decree was pending, the Jews remained steadfast in their faith and loyalty to G-d, although there was but one avenue of escape from certain death as our Sages tell us, and that was precisely the opposite: abandonment of their way of life and merging with the non-Jewish population. But not a single Jew or Jewess chose this apparently "logical" solution.

Their salvation also came through a miraculous chain of events which completely turned the wheel of fortune from destruction to renewed life, physical and spiritual, and from mourning to gladness.

Now the words of the Megillah, "These days shall be remembered and practiced", can be better understood. Remembering our relationship with G-d must immediately lead to our practicing His precepts. Through practicing G-d's precepts, despite any inclination to the contrary stemming from one's inner enemy (*Yetzer-Hora*) or external hindrances or influences, the Jew remains rooted in G-d's Torah and His Mitzvahs which make our people indestructible.

I trust that you will follow this true approach and will extend your good influences throughout your community,

With Purim Greeting and Blessing,

## CUSTOMS CORNER

### The Laws of Jewish Names

The Midrash relates that the Jews were redeemed from Egypt in the merit of four virtues. The first merit mentioned is that they didn't change their names.

The Arizal teaches that every person's name is the channel through which the soul's energy reaches the body. It is said that parents receive a glimmer of divine inspiration when they give their child a Jewish name.

Here are some points about names, mentioned in Jewish Law:

- A baby boy is named at his *brit* (circumcision). A baby girl is named at a Torah reading following her birth.
- Two siblings should not share the same name.
- It is forbidden to give one's child the same name as a *rasha*, an evil person, because the verse states, "The name of the wicked should rot [and not be remembered]."
- When praying for someone who is ill or otherwise in need of divine assistance, we mention his or her name and mother's (Jewish) name. Since Jewish identity is established maternally, it's the mother that connects the soul to G-d.

## A WORD

*from the Director*

*In this week's Parsha we read about Moshe growing up. One of the incidents the Torah relates is that Moshe "went out on the second day and look - two Hebrew men were quarrelling." When he asked one of them "why would you strike your friend?" he replied "who made you a... judge over us... do you plan to slay me as you have slain the Egyptian?" Hearing this, Moshe became very frightened and said "...the matter has become known."*

*Rashi explains that this experience although frightening answered a question for Moshe. He couldn't fathom why the Jews were in exile - what crime could warrant such a punishment? But hearing that the people of Israel would speak of each other in such a disparaging a manner, he understood and said "the matter is known."*

*This seems astounding. How could Moshe justify the Jews horrific exile on the pretext that they were gossips? Could this be a sin which works away at the very fabric of our people?*

*We, the Jewish people, are a nation that is everlasting. No matter who or how hard anyone has tried, they could never stamp us out. This Divine nation was born with the exodus from Egypt. G-d taking us out of the land of our bondage infused us with His quality of eternity. Prior to the exodus however, the Jewish people had to be united. In order to become G-d's infinite nation we had to first be a unified nation.*

*Moshe wasn't justifying the exile as a punishment for the Jewish people's gossip - he was implying the medicine the Jewish people would have to take in order to leave their individual comfort zones and unite with each other.*

*It is through this unity that Jews were, and will forever be redeemed, for we are not only one with each other, but one with a G-dly fire that can never be extinguished.*

*J. I. Gutterman*

# IT HAPPENED *Once...*

## THE MAGNIFICENT SUNDIAL

A short time after the wedding of Rabbi Shneur Zalman to the daughter of a wealthy leader of the Jewish community in Vitebsk, Reb Yehuda Segal, his brilliance became known even to non-Jews.

The Governor of Vitebsk had a magnificent sundial in his garden in which he took great pride. All of a sudden, to his dismay, it stopped working every day for a few hours in the afternoon.

He immediately sent for the area's leading professors and wise men to solve the dilemma, but none were able to figure out why the sundial would stop every day at the same time and then resume a few hours later with the correct time as if there had been no problem. This became the talk of the town.

Hoping to change the attitude the nobility had toward the Jews, Segal asked his new son-in-law to come to the Governor's estate to try to solve the mystery.

After examining the sundial a few times during the hours it worked and during a few hours it stopped, Shneur Zalman stated his conclusion: "There is a hill about 10-15 kilometres west of here. On that hill is a cluster of trees that evidently have grown very tall over the years and are now blocking the direct rays of the sun. This is what is creating the problem."

A non-Jewish professor standing next to the Governor scoffed at the solution the fifteen-year-old Jew had given. The Governor didn't know if he should investigate Shneur Zalman's claims. If it was not correct, as the learned professor claimed, the Governor would become the laughing stock of the town.

A few days later, the sundial suddenly began functioning as if nothing happened, and the professor once again expressed his ridicule for the Jews. "You see," he snickered, "it is working properly without us searching for some phantom hill and trees."

The following day, however, a few workers came to the Governor and told him that since they believed the young genius, they searched for the trees on their own, and yesterday morning cut them down. With that, everyone's eyes turned towards the embarrassed professor.

Word quickly spread about the genius and clear-headedness of Reb Yehuda Segal's son-in-law. A short time later, the Governor of Vitebsk was honoured with a visit from the leading mathematician in the area. Greeting him warmly, he respectfully asked the elderly man why he troubled himself to make this arduous trip. "If you needed something," he said, "I would have been honoured to send it to you."

The mathematician replied, "I heard Segal's son-in-law is a genius and for years I have had a few troubling math problems that no one has ever been able to solve. I want to discuss them with him."

The same professor from the sundial story happened to be there on this occasion also. Unable to contain himself, he said mockingly,

"According to the Jews, everything is in their Talmud. Do you think the answers to your mathematical questions are also in the Talmud? And why do you have to go to him? Order him to come to you!"

The elderly mathematician curtly replied, "One who wishes to acquire wisdom, goes to it."

After presenting the problems to Reb Shneur Zalman, the young genius asked him to return in three days.

On the third day, to the mathematician's utter delight, all the problems were solved. When word of this got around, Reb Shneur Zalman's reputation (and the area's respect for the Jews) was enhanced considerably.

### Biographical note:

Rabbi Shneur Zalman [18 Elul 1745 - 24 Tevet 1812], one of the main disciples of the Maggid of Mezritch, is the founder of the Chabad-Chasidic movement. He is the author of *Shulchan Aruch HaRav* and *Tanya* as well as many other major works in both Jewish law and the mystical teachings.

## Thoughts THAT COUNT

And she laid it in the rushes by the River's brink (2:3)

Why did she put Moses in the River? So that Pharaoh's astrologers should think that he has already been cast into the Nile, and not search for him. (*Midrash Rabbah*)

[Pharaoh's daughter] saw the box among the rushes, and she sent her maid ("ammatah") to fetch it (2:5)

Another interpretation of this verse renders the Hebrew word ammatah as "her arm" rather than "her maid." Ammatah also means "arm lengths." This is to teach us that "her arm was extended for many arm-lengths" (to enable her to reach the basket). (*Talmud; Rashi*)

If Moses' basket lay beyond her reach, why did Pharaoh's daughter extend her arm? Could she possibly have anticipated the miracle that her hand would be "extended for many arm-lengths"?

There is a profound lesson here for each and every one of us. Often, we are confronted with a situation that is beyond our capacity to rectify. Someone or something is crying out for our help, but there is nothing we can do: by all natural criteria, the matter is simply beyond our reach. So we resign ourselves to inactivity, reasoning that the little we can do won't change matters anyway.

But Pharaoh's daughter heard a child's cry and extended her arm. An unbridgeable distance lay between her and the basket containing the weeping infant, making her action seem utterly pointless. But because she did the maximum of which she was capable, she achieved the impossible. Because she extended her arm, G-d extended its reach, enabling her to save a life and raise the greatest human being ever to walk the face of the earth. (*Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Kotzk*)

### CANDLE LIGHTING: 20 DECEMBER 2013

| BEGINS                     | ENDS |
|----------------------------|------|
| 8:23 .....MELBOURNE .....  | 9:30 |
| 8:10 .....ADELAIDE .....   | 9:13 |
| 6:23 .....BRISBANE .....   | 7:22 |
| 6:52 .....DARWIN .....     | 7:45 |
| 6:23 .....GOLD COAST ..... | 7:22 |
| 7:03 .....PERTH .....      | 8:04 |
| 7:46 .....SYDNEY .....     | 8:49 |
| 7:59 .....CANBERRA .....   | 9:02 |
| 8:26 .....LAUNCESTON ..... | 9:36 |
| 8:21 .....AUCKLAND .....   | 9:26 |
| 8:35 .....WELLINGTON ..... | 9:45 |
| 8:30 .....HOBART .....     | 9:42 |
| 7:24 .....BYRON BAY .....  | 8:23 |
| 6:45 .....SINGAPORE .....  | 7:37 |



### CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMAR STREET, CAULFIELD  
PARSHAS SHEMOS  
17 TEVES • 20 DECEMBER

|               |                          |          |
|---------------|--------------------------|----------|
| FRIDAY NIGHT: | CANDLE LIGHTING:         | 8:23 PM  |
|               | MINCHA:                  | 8:30 PM  |
|               | KABBOLAS SHABBOS:        | 9:05 PM  |
| SHABBOS:      | SHACHARIS:               | 10:00 AM |
|               | LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA | 9:35 AM  |
|               | MINCHA:                  | 8:20 PM  |
|               | SHABBOS ENDS:            | 9:30 PM  |
| WEEKDAYS:     | SHACHARIS: SUN-FRI:      | 9:15 AM  |
|               | MON-FRI:                 | 8:00 AM  |
|               | MINCHA:                  | 8:30 PM  |
|               | MAARIV: SUN-FRI:         | 9:20 PM  |