

LAMPLIGHTER

5 Av
Parshas Devarim

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LIVING WITH THE TIMES

The Book of Deuteronomy (Devarim), which we begin reading this Shabbat, presents a fundamental question. It begins: "These are the words that Moses spoke," i.e., it collects Moses' farewell addresses to the Jewish people, statements which he made on his own initiative. On the other hand, one of the fundamental principles of Jewish faith is that every word in the Torah, including Deuteronomy is "the word of G-d," endowed to us by Divine revelation.

One of the resolutions offered points to the utter identification of Moses with G-d. For this reason, in these addresses Moses occasionally uses the pronoun "I" when speaking of G-d. For example, in the second portion of the Shema, it says: "I will grant your rains in their season." The "I" refers to G-d, but was spoken by Moses. As our Sages commented: "The Divine presence spoke from Moses' throat."

This motif is not only limited to Moses. Our Sages comment: "Every new Torah insight developed by an experienced scholar was given to Moses on Mount Sinai." Although the person laboured to bring out these new ideas, they are not his own, but G-d's. Every person has the ability to transcend the human realm and reveal Divine truth.

What is the key to discovering such insights? Identifying one's "I" with G-d and not with one's own self. When a person is preoccupied with self-concern - what I want, and what I think is right - that is what he will think and speak about. When, by contrast, he is able to step beyond his individual concerns, he is able to appreciate - and share with others - G-d's wisdom.

The Torah portion of Devarim is always read before the fast of Tisha B'Av, the day on which we commemorate the destruction of both Holy Temples. More importantly, it is a day when we focus on building from those ruins, seeing that exile is not in itself an end, but rather a phase in the progress of mankind to its ultimate goal - the Future Redemption. Our Sages describe exile with the analogy of sowing seeds. Before a seed can grow into a flowering plant, its exterior husk must utterly decompose. Similarly, for the G-dly core of the Jewish people to flourish, all the external dimensions of their personality must be stripped away.

In the analogue, the descent that characterizes the exile wears away at our connection with G-d. Without gentleness or mercy, exile tears apart the husky shells of our personalities. Layer after layer of who we think we are, and what we've been trained to be, what we would like to be, is peeled away.

Ultimately, what is left? The very essence of the soul, the point within our being that is an actual part of G-d. And when that essence is tapped, true growth begins. When this pattern spreads, the Jewish people blossom. In doing so, they spread the awareness of G-dliness throughout the world, precipitating the dawning of the era of the Redemption.

From Keeping In Touch by Rabbi E. Touger, published by Sichos in English

The Gentle Rebuke

By Yitschak Meir Kagan

These are the words which Moses spoke to all Israel on the other side of the Jordan, in the wilderness, in the Plains [of Moab], opposite [the Sea of] Suf, between Paran, and Tofel, and Lavan, and Chatzerot, and Di-Zahav. (Deuteronomy 1:1)

The book of Deuteronomy opens the Torah's account of how Moses reviewed with his people the forty years they had spent in the desert. In the first verse Moses rebukes Israel by alluding to a number of their rebellious sins against the Almighty during the years in the wilderness. Moses, although primarily rebuking the people, managed nonetheless to suggest an excuse within the words of the rebuke itself, to drop a subtle suggestion of extenuating circumstances for each sin, in an at least partial defence of Israel's backsliding.

"Wilderness"

Moses says "in the wilderness," rebuking Israel for her lack of faith when the Jews had exclaimed bitterly, "If only we could die in the wilderness," when they had no water. But Moses selects the general term "wilderness" (rather than naming the actual place where the incident occurred-the Sin Desert between Elim and Sinai) to suggest that it was a severe test of their faith: they could not be held so guilty for complaining of thirst, for they were in "the great and fearful desert of snakes, serpents and scorpions, and aridity, with no water."

"Plains of Moab"

Moses says "in the plains," referring to the place where the Israelites had allowed themselves to be seduced into idol worship by the Moabite women. Again Moses does not mention the placename (Shittim), but emphasizes "the plains"-i.e. the well-known Plains of Moab, which had the environmental effect of bringing out the worst Moabite-like immorality in all who travelled there-a point of defence for the people's conduct.

"Facing the Sea"

Moses says "facing [the Sea of] Suf," rebuking Israel for their lack of faith at the Red Sea. The Egyptian army had trapped them at the seashore, and they had exclaimed, "Was it for lack of graves in Egypt that you brought us to die in the wilderness?!" After all the miracles they had witnessed in Egypt, they failed to show faith in G-d's power to rescue them now. But Moses at the same time hints at the extenuating circumstances, by underscoring that they had faced the sea. With the sea in front and the pursuing Egyptians behind, there was no natural possibility whatever of being saved. Though superficially rebuking his people, Moses at the same time gently suggested that they could not be harshly indicted for failing such a severe and trying test of faith.

"Abundant Gold"

After mentioning several other occasions when the Jews sinned in the desert, Moses concluded with "and at Di-Zahav." The word *zahav* means "gold," and Moses' reproachful reference was to the Golden Calf which they had made-and worshipped. Yet Moses gently suggests that the abundance (*di*) of gold and silver the Israelites possessed had turned their heads and led them to sin.

Slice of LIFE

It's a Dark World. Unless we open the shutters.

By Rochel Spangenthal

I don't know what I expected from an around-the-world flight . . . but it wasn't this. On my flight from California to Australia, it has been dark for more than 16 hours. I remember the sun setting. It was around 5 PM. Since that moment, it has remained the darkest of nights.

Well, fine, I'll be honest. I know that the plane is not surrounded by a coal-black sky. But here inside the plane, it is dark. All window shades are sealed shut, and the stewardesses are desperate to convince us that it's time to sleep. For all intents and purposes, it is night-time.

At this very moment the sun is shining, but we don't see even a hint of its glow.

And why would we want to? We, the people of the plane, are content. Our eyes have adjusted; we have acclimated to the darkness. Some of us are dozing, and the alert among us are happily entertained by their self-powered devices.

"Sit down," the stewardesses smile, as they lure us with boxed meals and orange juice. "Relax, and you won't even miss the sun."

And we almost don't. It is peaceful up here, 50,000 feet above the earth. We could almost forget that this is not the way that things are meant to be.

We are trapped in a cage of blackness, while the sun begs to warm our skin and light our lives. If only we would look outside.

It happens on the ground, too, you know? Just in a different way. We go about our lives. We get used to the rush. The darkness. The deceit that we so often encounter. We grow accustomed to the necessity of stretching truth and limiting kindness for our own protection.

We don't even realize that this is not the way things are meant to be. That we must fight the darkness, not get used to it. That we must strive to pry open the shutters and reveal the light. And that every tiny bit of light chases away an abundance of blackness.

It is akin to an allegory of old, in which a few families are thrown into a pit due to their inability to pay rent. They construct beds and chairs from mud and straw, and pray for freedom. They make do, but pine to see their homes once more. They whisper memories of a better life into the ears of their sons and daughters.

Their children grow up having never seen trees. Having never felt grass beneath their

feet. They grow older thinking that *this* is life. That the colour scheme of the world is brown, black and grey. That the most comfortable bed in the world is one of straw. As these kids grow, they smile pityingly at the delusions of their parents.

And that? That is true exile. When the prisoner does not even know that he is incarcerated.

But there is life beyond the pit, and there is a sun shining outside this plane, and there is a utopian world waiting for us to reveal it.

There awaits a light and a life that is more vibrant than anything we can imagine. We need not get used to the dark realities of the world. We must fight them with light. One action at a time. One more dollar for charity. One more smile for the downhearted. One more visit to a sick friend.

I just peeked outside my window.

It's brilliant.

Me vs. We: What I learned about the Jewish community

By Penina Taylor

When my family first moved into the Orthodox Jewish community of Baltimore, I had a serious case of culture shock. Who were these people who had no compunctions about asking a complete stranger where she was from, who she was related to, where her children went to school-or about sizing her up without the slightest attempt at hiding it? I was more than a little put off by what I interpreted as nosiness.

Then my mother's mother and my father's mother passed away on the same day-both in the same hospital, both unexpectedly. Since my family was newly observant, none of us had any idea what to do.

Our community, which didn't really know any of us, and which we clearly had never truly perceived, sprang into action. My parents observed the traditional Jewish seven-day period of mourning, called *shivah* in Hebrew, together at my home. All of my friends, and even people I didn't know, came into the house, helped us arrange things appropriately, and began cooking, calling and . . . well, you name it. They arranged three *minyomin* (prayer services) a day for my father, and even arranged for a Torah reading on Monday and Thursday. All of our needs were catered to, even the ones we didn't know we had. It was an incredible introduction to the Jewish community.

Recently, I was reminded again how deeply connected the global Jewish community is. This past fall, I was on a speaking tour in the U.S. (I now live in Israel.) While at *Aish HaTorah's* Conference in Connecticut, the unimaginable happened-my father, who lived

with us in our home, suddenly passed away.

After giving a talk on *motzaei Shabbat* (Saturday night), I went up to my room and checked my messages. There was a message from my mom. "Penina, it's Mom. When you get this, please give us a call." I looked at the time. She had called me at 1:30 AM in Israel. That couldn't be good.

So I called my husband. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but this morning your father passed away." "What?!" I exclaimed. It just couldn't be! It turned out that my father had had a heart attack on Shabbat morning.

And then it began . . . the outpouring of love and help from every angle. The conference organizers consoling me and dedicating the morning session to my father; the sage advice guiding me through the complicated customs of being a mourner in the first couple of days of mourning. But what really floored me was the community getting together to assist me in acquiring an airline ticket back to Israel, so that I could mourn with my mother in our home! No one would have batted an eyelash had I cancelled the rest of my speaking tour. That is the real Jewish community-the Jewish community I know, the one full of compassion and understanding and giving.

As it turns out, I decided to continue the tour after *shivah*. I made this decision because I knew how important the work I do was to my father, of blessed memory. He was proud of my efforts to inspire Jewish people to learn about their Judaism, to cultivate intimacy with G-d and, above all, to stay Jewish.

So, I sat *shivah* part of the time in Israel and part of the time in America, where complete strangers came to visit and offer support and comfort.

Reading this account, one might believe that these experiences taught me that the Jewish community is supportive and compassionate. And while that is true, it is not the lesson I learned. What I learned is so much greater and more transcendent than that.

I learned that the reason the Jewish community is so supportive and compassionate and giving is the same reason that the Jewish community at times may seem nosy and intrusive. It's because Judaism is about something much bigger than you and I-it's about "us." Judaism teaches that we are here on earth for a much greater purpose than to just suffer through 120 years and then cease to exist. The Torah teaches us that we are part of a unit, an eternally existing spiritual entity that has a mission to fulfil on earth and an eternal destiny. We are all linked together on a level that cannot be entirely understood by the human intellect, but seems to be innately understood by the soul. We are family, and we are one-this is what it means to be a Jew.

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writings. Please do not deface or discard.

ISSUE 1150

MOSHIACH MATTERS

The destruction of evil in the Messianic Era will transform human life beyond recognition.

The battle against evil is so woven into our lives that its removal will create a different world -- a world without locks and policemen, without guns and punishment, without disgrace and hate, without jealousy and money-lust.

Children will not fight with their parents and teachers. People will not fight with themselves. There will be no one to resent and nothing to get upset about. There will only be goodness -- and it will all be natural.



INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

By the Grace of G-d
18th of Sivan, 5719 [June 24, 1959]
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Greeting and Blessing:

I received your letter, in which you write about your anxiety in regard to the question of *Parnosso*.

Needless to say, I am much surprised at you, that you should allow yourself to be so affected by this. For you surely know how often our sages have impressed on us the importance of trust and confidence in G-d, in order that we realize that all difficulties encountered in life are only trials and tests of a passing nature. To be sure, the question of *Parnosso* is one of the most difficult tests - nevertheless, G-d does not subject one to a greater test than he can withstand, as our Rabbis expressed it, "According to the camel, so is its load." The very trust in G-d is a vessel and channel to receive G-d's blessings, apart from the fact that such confidence is good for one's health, disposition, and therefore is also a natural means to the desired end. All the more so, since, as you write, you have noticed an improvement in recent weeks. This should serve as an encouraging sign and greatly strengthen your trust in G-d. No doubt you also remember the commentary of my father-in-law of saintly memory, in regard to the saying of our Sages that "Life is like a turning wheel," at which my father-in-law remarked that "When a print on the wheel reaches the lowest degree, it is bound to turn upwards again."

As for your request for advice, in my opinion you ought to set a period of time for the study of *Pninius* of the Torah, namely, *Chassidus*, concerning which it is written in the *Zohar* (part 3, page 124b) "In the area of *Pninius ha-Torah* there is no place for negative things and evil," and as further explained in *Iggeres ha-Kodesh*, chapter 26.

In addition, I suggest that you should set aside a couple of pennies for *Tzedoko* every weekday morning before prayer, and also before *Minchah*. Also to recite at least one *Kapitel Tehillim* after the morning prayers every day, including *Shabbos* and *Yom Tov*.

All the above should be *Bli Neder*, and at least until *Rosh Hashanah*. It would also be very good for you to know by heart several *Prokim Mishinayos*, and at least one *Perek Tanya*.

I am confident that the above, together with an increased measure of *Bitochon* will soon bring an improvement in your *Parnosso*.

In accordance with the teaching of our Sages (*Bava Basra* 15b) that money from a good and saintly source brings G-d's blessings, you will find enclosed a check from one of the treasuries for my father-in-law of saintly memory, to deposit to your business account, and may G-d grant that the predictions of our sages will be realized in your case also.

Hoping to hear good news from you,

With blessing,

Enclosed you will find a copy of a message, which I trust you will find useful.

CUSTOMS CORNER

Laws of Bishul Yisrael

There is a prohibition called *bishul akum*, which literally means: "cooking of a pagan." The prohibition applies to all non-Jews, even if they are not pagans. Food that was cooked by a Jewish person is called *bishul yisrael* ("cooking of a Jew").

The prohibition applies even if all of the ingredients used and the manner of preparation are kosher.

The prohibition of *bishul akum* does not apply to all foods:

- Any food that is regularly eaten while raw is not included in the prohibition.
- A food that is considered locally to be low-status (not "food that would be served at a king's table") is not included in the prohibition. For example, sardines.
- If some ingredients in a dish are fit for a king and some are not, or some are edible raw and some are not, the food is designated according to the main ingredient.

Food that is *bishul akum* is forbidden to eat and is considered not kosher. Therefore, if food is cooked by a non-Jew in such way that it is *bishul akum*, the pot in which it was cooked must be koshered in order for it to be considered kosher and fit for use again.

- If the only thing the Jew did was light the fire, and the food was then put on the fire by a non-Jew, there are differing opinions as to the status of the food. Ashkenazim follow the opinion that it is permissible, while Sephardim act in accordance with the opinion that says that it is forbidden.

A WORD

from the Director

When is the "season" of the Beit HaMikdash (the Holy Temple in Jerusalem)?

Eating Matzah has a season, blessing the Etrog has a season, hearing the Megila, lighting the Menora. All of these Mitzvot have a "season." When is the season of the Beit HaMikdash?

The answer is that there is no specific season - every day is the season. Yet, if we have to pick one day of the year that would be the closest to the "season" of the Beit HaMikdash it would be Tisha B'Av.

Tisha B'Av, the ninth of the Hebrew month of Av, is when we pay our fullest attention to the Holy Temple. That's when we are free from any other occupation; we dedicate our time solely to remembering the Beit HaMikdash.

And as we sit on the floor with the kinot - elegies - in our hands it is perhaps the proper moment to reflect, not only about the destruction of the Temple, but about the rebuilding of the Temple, as well.

The rebuilding of the Beit HaMikdash is up to every person. Suppose for a moment that every mitzvah is a brick in the Beit HaMikdash and that by doing another mitzvah we are adding another brick. How much would that entice us to do more! And perhaps, indeed, this is more than a parable, it is a reality.

Over the years, we have laid millions of bricks. We are now, the Rebbe tells us, laying the very, very last few bricks needed to build the most beautiful edifice in the heavenly skies. Let us seize the moment before Moshiach comes, and make sure that we are part of the building of the Beit HaMikdash. When it is built, we will be able to point at this great Edifice with pride and deserved joy, and say, "I had a hand in building it."

J. I. Guttentag

IT HAPPENED

Once...

A meaningful Tisha B'Av

In general, the study hall of Rabbi Boruch of Mezhibuzh was a joyous place. During the Nine Days before Tisha B'Av, however, the atmosphere was rather sombre, as if a dark cloud hovered above.

The tzadik himself had disappeared; no one knew where he was. Rumour had it that Rabbi Boruch had disguised himself as a beggar and was wandering from town to town, the better to experience the exile of the Divine Presence.

In the village square stood a wagon driver next to his horses. To all outward appearances he looked like any other wagon driver, but it was really Rabbi Boruch in a new disguise. It didn't take long until a Polish nobleman asked to engage his services.

The tzadik made a quick calculation: If everything went well, he would make it back to town on the day before Tisha B'Av. He agreed to take the nobleman to his destination, and the two set off.

Now, the horses that Rabbi Boruch had procured were not exactly in their prime; the poor specimens could barely pull the wagon and stopped every few feet to rest. The most tranquil of passengers would have found it irritating; how much more so did the Polish nobleman, who was in a hurry to reach his destination. The tzadik was subjected to a steady stream of curses and insults. But he remained silent, feeling acutely the pain and affront to the Divine Presence in exile.

The journey would take several days, and each evening the two travellers sought refuge in an inn. The nobleman obtained the finest accommodations, while Rabbi Boruch slept in the barn with his horses. The tzadik made sure to don his tefilin and pray several hours before the nobleman woke up. Only afterwards would he rouse him to resume their travels.

One morning, however, when Rabbi Boruch knocked on the nobleman's door he received no answer. The nobleman, he soon realized, was in a drunken stupor, having spent the night before carousing with some local peasants. With great difficulty the tzadik managed to haul him over to the wagon and dump him in. Throughout it all, the nobleman remained unconscious.

The next stage of the journey took them through a dense forest. The horses plodded along at their usual sluggish pace, keeping time with the nobleman's loud snores. Rabbi Boruch was lost in thought.

Suddenly, a terrible pain ripped through the tzadik's head. When he woke up he found himself tied to a tree, with the Polish nobleman in similar circumstances. The horses and wagon were gone, but Rabbi Boruch noticed that his prayer book, talit and tefilin had been tossed aside. Immediately he thanked G-d for having saved his life.

Moving his arms and legs the tzadik was able to gradually loosen his bonds. The first thing he did was to pick up his prayer book, talit and tefilin and kiss them. Next he turned his attention to the Polish nobleman, who was still unconscious but appeared to be breathing.

Rabbi Boruch found a stream and splashed some water on the man's face. Nonetheless, it took a few hours until his eyelids fluttered. "What happened?" the nobleman stammered. "Why am I lying on the ground?"

The tzadik told him what had happened, but as soon as he heard the word "robbers" he began to scream. "My money! My money!" Rabbi Boruch tried to

calm him down and told him that he should be grateful for being alive, but the nobleman remained extremely agitated and kept looking at the tzadik with barely concealed suspicion.

With no other choice the two set out on foot. After wandering for several days they came upon an encampment of hunters, some of whom were the nobleman's friends. Out of earshot of the wagon driver, the nobleman told them that he suspected his companion of having stolen his money. His suspicion was based on the simple fact that the driver was the only person who had known of its existence.

One hunter suggested that they shoot him immediately, but the oldest member of the party demurred. "Let's tie him to a tree," he proposed. "If he's guilty, he will die. If not, then G-d help him." The tzadik was immediately seized and bound.

Night fell, and Rabbi Boruch's tears flowed freely as he prayed the evening service. From the depths of his heart he implored G-d to save him, his voice echoing back in the eerie silence.

The sound of approaching footsteps suddenly cut off his words. It was the old hunter who had returned, the very one who had objected to killing him. "I wanted to see how you were," he said. "I never thought you were guilty in the first place. The real robbers have just been apprehended and have admitted to everything. It seems that when our foolish friend got drunk the other night, he boasted to everyone about all the money he was carrying."

It was the night of Tisha B'Av when Rabbi Boruch arrived back at the study hall, where his disciples were waiting for him expectantly. And everyone noticed that the tzadik's reading of the Book of Lamentations was especially emotional that year.

Thoughts THAT COUNT

These are the words which Moses spoke to all Israel (1:1)

It was only to the people of Israel that Moses spoke of their iniquities and failings. To G-d, Moses spoke only of the virtues of Israel, and justified them no matter what they did. (Chassidic saying)

Beyond the Jordan, in the land of Moab, Moses began to explain this Torah (1:5)

He translated it for them into seventy languages. (Rashi)

And they chased you, as bees do, and beat you down in Se'ir (1:44)

Just as a bee, as soon as it stings a person, it dies, so, too, these [Emorites] -- no sooner did they touch you, then they died. (Rashi)

And G-d said to me: "Fear him not..." (3:2)

In the case of Sichon, it was not necessary for G-d to reassure Moses in this way. Why did Moses have more cause to fear Og than Sichon? Because he was afraid lest it stand by Og the merit that he served Abraham, as it is written (Genesis 14:13), "And the refugee came and informed Abraham [of the capture of Lot]" -- and this was Og. (Rashi)

CANDLE LIGHTING: 1 AUGUST 2014

BEGINS		ENDS
5:14	MELBOURNE	6:14
5:15	ADELAIDE	6:13
5:01	BRISBANE	5:56
6:22	DARWIN	7:13
4:58	GOLD COAST	5:53
5:22	PERTH	6:19
4:57	SYDNEY	5:54
5:02	CANBERRA	6:01
4:57	LAUNCESTON	6:00
5:17	AUCKLAND	6:16
5:07	WELLINGTON	6:09
4:53	HOBART	5:57
4:57	BYRON BAY	5:52
6:58	SINGAPORE	7:48



CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, CAULFIELD

PARSHAS DEVARIM
5 AV • 1 AUGUST

FRIDAY NIGHT:	CANDLE LIGHTING:	5:14 PM
	MINCHA:	5:20 PM
	KABBOLAS SHABBOS:	5:55 PM
SHABBOS:	SHACHARIS:	10:00 AM
	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA:	9:53 AM
	MINCHA:	5:10 PM
	SHABBOS ENDS:	6:14 PM
WEEKDAYS:	SHACHARIS:	SUN-FRI: 9:15 AM
	MON-FRI:	8:00 AM
	MINCHA:	SUN, WED-THURS 5:25 PM
	MON:	4:30 PM
	FAST BEGINS:	5:34 PM
	TUE:	4:40 SHIR SHEL YOM
	MAARIV:	SUN-MON, WED-THURS: 6:10 PM
	MON:	6:10 PM FOLLOWED BY EICHAH
	TUE:	6:04 PM
	FAST ENDS:	6:04 PM