

# LAMPLIGHTER

3 Cheshvan  
Parshas  
Noach  
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## LIVING WITH THE TIMES

In this week's Torah portion, Noach, we read the famous story of Noach and the flood. It was at the express command of G-d that Noach first entered the ark, as it states, "Come you and all your household into the ark." It was also at G-d's express command that he left it, as we are told, "Go forth from the ark, you and your wife and your sons, and your sons' wives with you."

Thus it is difficult to understand why Noach sent out the raven and the dove to determine if the Flood had ended. If Noach was supposed to wait until G-d told him it was time to leave, why did he send the birds out to see if the waters had abated? Why wasn't he content to wait for G-d's command?

In truth, by sending the birds from the ark, Noach was expressing his strong desire to leave it. Rather than waiting for G-d to come to him, he did all in his power to facilitate his exit. Noach sent the raven, and indeed sent the dove out twice, in the hope that the Flood had receded and it was already permissible for him to leave.

When G-d saw Noach's efforts and observed his intense longing to go out, He hastened to issue His command. In fact, the command "Go out of the ark" was given in the merit of Noach's exertions.

Exile, is likened to the mabul (Flood), for in exile our perceptions of reality are mevulbal (confused). The spiritual nature of the world is hidden, whereas physicality is easily perceived. In exile it is hard for the Jew to appreciate that his true function is the service of G-d, for the material world conspires to obscure the underlying reality. The confusion of exile is so great that the falsehood of the world is often mistaken for truth.

In such circumstances it is forbidden to sit back with our arms folded. We cannot wait until G-d will come and tell us to go out of exile.

Learning from the example of Noach, we must also do all in our power to determine if the misfortune has ended and hasten our departure from exile. Rather than wait placidly for the exile to be over, we must expend all necessary efforts to put an end to it immediately.

What can we do? First, we must believe that at any minute the exile can end and Moshiach will come. Second, we should disseminate the belief in Moshiach and the anticipation of his coming. We must also increase our performance of good deeds, and bombard G-d with petitions and prayers that He remove us at once from the exile and bring us to Redemption.

When G-d will see our strong desire and intense longing to leave exile, most assuredly He will hasten to send our Moshiach. In the merit of our efforts He will certainly fulfill our hearts' desire, and bring Moshiach to us at once.

*Adapted for Maayan Chai from Hitva'aduyot 5745, Volume 4*

## Population Explosion

By Elisha Greenbaum

It may be a truism that no person has ever declared on their deathbed, "I wish I'd spent more time at the office," but I guarantee neither has anyone ever said, "I wish I'd had fewer children."

In the late sixties and early seventies, a cabal of quasi-scientists spouting pessimistic forecasts of approaching doom managed to sow mindless panic with their scare-tactics about population explosion and mass starvation. The theory then went something along the lines of: *Mass-overpopulation is impending, whereupon the ability of the planet to sustain us all will become overstretched and if we are lucky we'll all perish and if not we'll really suffer and until then can you just stop having kids and send lots of grant money to my research foundation so I can live in luxury while researching this imminent disaster while appearing regularly on all the best talk shows to promote my latest book about the problem...*

They sucked us in. Empirically, every honest study shows that, year-by-year, food is becoming more available, healthier and cheaper to produce. Poverty is being alleviated, with standards of living zooming up worldwide. If anything, the single biggest problem looming on the economic horizon in the West is our graying population, with not enough young people coming on line to replace the baby boomer generation who believed all that pseudo-babble about population bombs and didn't have enough children to guarantee their retirement pensions.

I can see you shaking your heads and arguing that the reason the environment is improving and resources have increased is because we heeded those clarion calls in time. Reminds me of the guy walking down the street holding the huge magnet to scare away the pink elephants. When informed that there are no pink elephants he smugly observes, "See, works, doesn't it?"

The reason it works is because that's how G-d wanted it. Last week we read how the first commandment given to (the then childless) Adam was, *"Be fruitful and multiply, fill the world and take control of it"* (Genesis 1:28). In this week's Torah reading, Noah, after having survived the flood and already the proud father of three grown sons, is given the same instructions. Commentators on the Bible understand from the above that even one blessed with children in one's youth should continue to procreate. Large families are the greatest of blessings, with each additional child bringing his or her individual blessings to the family.

Nature and the environment were created to serve humankind, not the reverse. G-d forbid to gratuitously cause harm to our ecosystem, and truly we bear responsibility to protect this world for future generations, but our first responsibility is to humankind.

It is time to reject the insidious perversions of contemporary culture, to proudly acknowledge our intention to have as large a family as we can. We are positive that G-d, the creator of all, can provide for and sustain all His creations. The blessings and pleasure that each child brings far outweigh any economic apprehensions. Every extra spark of humanity brought to this world, every additional soul enhancing the Jewish nation, brings the world one step closer to its ultimate perfection and justifies G-d's plan for His universe.

# Slice of LIFE

Pesach Nussbaum relates: The ice storm of the century hit Montreal in January 1998. Our electricity went out early Tuesday morning and would not return until the following Tuesday evening. By Thursday of that week our house was getting very cold, so we decided to find a couple of hotel rooms where the family could keep warm. In view of the great demand for shelter (close to one million subscribers of Hydro Quebec had lost power), we considered ourselves fortunate to book two rooms at the hotel right next to the Chabad House in downtown Montreal, where we would be able to attend the minyan and share in the Seudos Shabbos.

Downtown was too essential to lose its power, or at least so we reckoned.

We checked into the hotel late Thursday. I spent Friday carefully negotiating the treacherously icy city streets in search of BBQ'd chickens, cakes etc. - our contribution to the Chabad House's hastily organized Shabbaton. I arrived back to the hotel in time for Shabbos, dropped off the supplies at the Chabad House and walked to the hotel where my family was in the midst of last minute Shabbos preparations.

Then it happened. The irony of it all. The power went out in the hotel, the Chabad House and the entire downtown sector. Oh well, we said - gum zu l'toivah (this is also for good). The food at the Chabad House was being kept warm on their gas range, there would be cholent for Shabbos, and the hotel's generator was already providing heat and emergency lighting. Extra Shabbos candles were employed for lighting in our individual rooms. Hot food and warm rooms, what more could a person ask for in these trying circumstances.

Kabolos Shabbos greeted a number of like-minded families - all refugees from the cold and darkness of their respective homes as well as the regular contingent of college students. No one really seemed to mind that davening was by candlelight. The meal that followed had a very spiritual quality about it, with singing, divrei Torah and storytelling until the candles were no more. Shabbos morning followed suit. We might

say that the entire Shabbos experience was illuminating in spite of the darkness.

On Motzei Shabbos, I found a table in the mezzanine of the hotel where my family could sit together and share in a Melave Malkeh. My dear wife prepared sandwiches from our ample supply of foodstuffs and I went in search of boiling water for instant soups.

I saw that the restaurant in the lobby of the hotel was, in fact, open. I ventured in. A young lady greeted me immediately at the door in a most pleasant manner.

"Can I help you?" she asks.

"Well, I'm not really here to eat," I explain very awkwardly. "I follow a special diet and was wondering if the restaurant could provide hot water for these soups."

"I quite understand and will be glad to provide you with the hot water," she says. "Am I permitted to unwrap the soups for you?"

I thanked her and she proceeded to remove the cellophane from the styrofoam soup cups. I explained exactly how the water was to be added to the cups, without being stirred and how the covers be replaced.

"I buy these soups, too" she says.

"There is a store on Victoria Street where I get them."

Hmm, happens to be the Jewish section of town where a number of kosher stores are located.

She headed off to the kitchen with the cups of soup mix and promptly returned with the steaming cups on a tray, accompanied by fancy napkins.

"Can I help you with something else?" she inquires ever so politely.

There are only six cups of soup with six spoons and eight family members.

"Yes," I say. "Would you have a couple of plastic cups and spoons?"

The cups were provided posthaste, but the spoons presented a problem. She headed back to the kitchen and this time several minutes passed before she reappeared with a narrow box in her hand.

She apologized for the delay and says, "I know that you cannot use cutlery which was used in the hotel or which was washed here, but can you use this brand new cutlery?" revealing individually wrapped cutlery in the box she is holding.

"Yes," I say, flabbergasted. "I don't believe that would present any problem."

I agreed to return the tray and the cutlery and trotted off to join my family now equipped with not only new spoons and hot soup, but with an interesting Melave Malkeh story to boot.

After our meal, I dutifully returned as agreed. Once again she met me immediately at the door. I thanked her for her kindness and told her how impressed I was by her perceptiveness and consideration.

"I'm partly Jewish," she says and interjects immediately, "really I'm a goy."

"You mean your father is Jewish," I propose questioningly.

"Yes. My father was Jewish but my mother was Catholic" She says.

She continues, "You know the Rabbi that lived in New York, who passed away a few years ago?" she inquires.

"You mean The Rebbe?" I ask incredulously.

"I met him!" She says.

"You got a dollar from The Rebbe?"

More amazement on my part.

"I waited in line for three hours. When I came in front of The Rabbi, I was shy to speak and he began to speak to me in my language. The Rabbi said to me in French, 'Whatever way you choose for yourself in life, G-d will be with you.' "

She explained further that she has a painting of The Rebbe. We spoke about the painting for a while and her great reverence for The Rebbe became quite evident.

"I have been looking to give this painting to the right people, to someone who would deserve and appreciate it. Would you accept this painting and keep it or find the right people to give it to?" she asks.

"I'm incredibly flattered," say I, "but why would you want to give away a painting that obviously means so much to you?"

She intimated that her lifestyle is beneath the dignity of the painting and the greatness of The Rebbe it means to represent. She insisted that the painting be given away and that the recipient has already been revealed.

I really didn't know what to make of this. Nonetheless I jotted down her name and phone number. The conversation was most fascinating and the offer extremely intriguing to say the least.

To be continued...

*(heard directly from Pesach Nussbaum)*

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

ISSUE 1213

## MOSHIACH MATTERS

"Noach opened the window of the ark..." Even while it is still the time of exile - a state of flooding prior to the redemption - a Jew might conclude that perhaps the end of the flood has come. At this point, he must leave the ark and head out into a "new world," a Redemption world. He must do all he can to clarify the matter, including sending out messengers. A Jew must not sit idly and wait until G-d commands him to leave exile and enter the Redemption. He must do everything he can to hasten the Redemption.  
*(The Lubavitcher Rebbe, 10 Tammuz 5745)*



# INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

B"H, 9 Elul, 5710

Greetings and blessings,

In response to your letter of *Rosh Chodesh* Elul and the enclosure: Enclosed is a receipt for the check for the printing of the *kuntreis* for the coming Rosh HaShanah. One *mitzvah* leads to another; may you proceed continually further and increase [your] acts of *tzedakah* according to the full extent of your present abilities and even beyond them.

G-d has two ways [of granting blessings]. One is that He grants money first and sees what proportion a person gives to *tzedakah*. Another way is for a person to give even more *tzedakah* than he can. G-d does not remain indebted and pays the person back, calculating how many portions [are due him] if he had given a tenth, or if he had given with abandon, how many portions [are due him] as a fifth. As a consequence, the result is that for every dollar that one gives beyond what appears to him as his present capacity, G-d gives him, in addition to that dollar, many times that amount, as is well known [and explained] in several texts.

Therefore when reading your letter - [where you state that] you do not want to delay the opportunity to give a little bit of *tzedakah*, particularly in the month of Elul - and then seeing the amount of your check, I was amazed to what degree you are being merciful to G-d. Why would it bother you if your check would be so [large] that G-d would have to give you an income and earnings immeasurably greater than you had reckoned was possible when giving the *tzedakah* with this check?

I hope that you will not be upset with me and that you remember that the Rebbe wanted to make you a wealthy man. One of the ways to achieve that is to "Tithe in order to become wealthy"; giving *tzedakah* as the Rebbe would have desired. And when a person does not concern himself with the particulars [of his gift], G-d does not show concern [with any limits either]. As explained in [*Tanya*,] *Iggeres HaKodesh*, Epistle 13, even giving a fifth stems from the attribute of constraint and limitation in Divine service. In contrast, one whose Divine service is characterized by the attribute of kindness and its expression in Divine service (a quality particularly related to *kohanim*, for a *kohen* is a man of kindness) has no constraints to his spirit of generosity, be it in *tzedakah* or in Torah study. And there the Alter Rebbe concludes that G-d also conducts Himself toward that person with His attribute of abundant kindness that is without limit or end.

We would be happy to hear good tidings of the goings on in your community in general and, also, what is happening with your brother. I hope to hear from you that there is a noticeable revival in your business. I am interested to know what is happening with regard to your legal issue and with the suggestion regarding a building.

With blessings for a *kesivah vachasimah tovah* and awaiting good tidings,  
Menachem Schneerson

## A WORD

*from the Director*

*"A tzadik in Peltz" i.e., a righteous person in a warm, fur coat. This is one way of describing Noah, whose story we read about in this week's Torah portion. There are various ways to warm oneself when in a cold room. One way is to build a fire (or turn up the heat). A second method is to bundle oneself up warmly.*

*If one builds a fire, the entire room becomes warm and all of the people in the room benefit. If, however, he just wraps himself up all cosy and snug, he is the only one who profits.*

*The Zohar explains that one of Noah's greatest faults was that, though his own behaviour was righteous, he did not try to influence others. In Noah's generation, everyone except his own family was totally immoral. G-d informed Noah that He would destroy the entire world with a flood, saving only Noah's family. Yet, Noah did not argue with G-d. Instead, he withdrew into his own little world, building the ark and continuing in his own personal righteous ways. Only when people approached and asked what he was doing, did he tell them about the impending disaster.*

*For these reasons, the flood is referred to in the Bible as the "Waters of Noah." Noah could have averted the disaster if he had reached out to his fellow man. But he clothed himself warmly in his righteous deeds, unconcerned with the bitter "cold" from which his generation suffered.*

*When we see another Jew in the cold, we must not just bundle ourselves up even more warmly. Rather, we must invite him in and build a fire helping fan the spark within every Jew into a burning flame.*

*J. I. Guttentag*

### CUSTOMS CORNER

#### Cognizance of the Creator

One should think constantly "Hashem is before me always" and it should remind one to act in the proper way (with fear of Heaven) at all times and places, even in private. There are 6 mitzvot which one is constantly obligated in to fulfil by thinking about them at all times:

- 1) Belief in Hashem
- 2) Believing there is no other God
- 3) Hashem is one
- 4) Love of Hashem
- 5) Fear of Hashem
- 6) Not straying after the sights of one's eyes (inappropriate sights) and the thoughts of one's heart (which contradict Torah values).

Some explain that this does not obligate us to actually think about fulfilling these mitzvot all the time, but rather that whenever one does think about these mitzvot one is fulfilling a mitzvah or alternatively, by acting in the proper way with a sense of fear of Heaven and faith (as above) one fulfils these constant mitzvot.

# IT HAPPENED *Once...*

Torrents of rain beat down on his face, but that didn't prevent chassidic master Rabbi Leib Sarah's from reaching the village. It was only several hours before Yom Kippur. He was some distance from his intended destination, but he was relieved to learn that in this village, too, there would be a minyan (quorum of ten) with which to pray-eight local villagers would be joined by two men who lived in the nearby forest.

Rabbi Leib immersed himself, in preparation for the holy day, in the river which ran by the village; ate the meal which precedes the fast; and hastened to be the first in the little synagogue. There he settled down to recite the various private devotions with which he was accustomed to inaugurate the Day of Atonement.

One by one, the eight local villagers arrived in time to hear the words of Kol Nidrei. Together with Rabbi Leib, there were now nine. But there was no minyan, for the two Jewish foresters had been imprisoned on some malicious libel.

"Perhaps we could find just one more Jew living around these parts?" asked Rabbi Leib.

"No," the villagers all assured him, "there's only us."

"Perhaps," he persisted, "there lives here some Jew who converted out of the Jewish people?"

The villagers were shocked to hear such an odd question from the stranger.

"The doors of repentance are not locked even in the face of an apostate," Rabbi Leib reminded them.

One of the villagers now spoke up.

"There is one apostate here," he ventured. "He is our paritz, the squire who owns this whole village. But he has been sunk in sin for forty years now. You see, the gentile daughter of the previous squire fell in love with him. So her father promised him that if he converted and married the girl, he would make him his sole heir. He didn't withstand the temptation, so he did exactly that. . . They had no children, and his wife died many years ago; he now lives alone in his great big house. He is a cruel master, and deals especially harshly with the Jews on his land."

"Show me his mansion," said Rabbi Leib.

He removed his tallit in a flash, and ran as fast as he could in the direction of the mansion. He knocked on the heavy door, opened it without waiting for a response, and found himself confronting the squire. For a few long, long moments they stood in silence face to face, the tzaddik and the apostate. The latter's first thought was to summon one of his henchmen to seize the uninvited intruder and hurl him into the dungeon in the backyard. But the luminous countenance and the penetrating eyes of the tzaddik softened his heart.

"My name is Leib Sarah's," began the visitor. "It was my privilege to know the Baal Shem Tov, who was admired also by the gentile noblemen. From his mouth I once heard that every Jew should utter the sort of prayer that was first said by King David: 'Save me, O L rd, from blood-guilt.' But the word used for 'blood' (damim) can also be translated as 'money.' So my teacher expounded the verse as follows: 'Save me, so that I should never regard money as my L rd . . .'

"Now my mother, whose name was Sarah, was a holy woman. One day the son of one of the local gentry took it into his head to marry her, and promised her wealth and status if she would agree, but she sanctified the name of Israel. In order to save herself from that villain, she quickly got married to an old Jewish pauper who was a schoolteacher. You did not have the good fortune to withstand the test, and for silver and gold you were willing to betray your faith. Realize, though, that there is nothing that can stand in the way of repentance. Moreover, there are those

who in one hour earn their portion in the World to Come. Now is that hour! Today is the eve of Yom Kippur. The sun will soon set. The Jews who live in your village are short one man to make up a minyan. Come along now with me, and be the tenth man. For the Torah tells us: 'The tenth shall be holy unto G-d.'"

The squire paled at the words spoken by this white-clothed man with the singular face. And meanwhile, down the road, the eight local villagers waited in shul, huddled together in frozen dread. Who could tell what calamity this odd stranger was about to bring down upon their heads?

The door burst open, and in rushed Rabbi Leib, followed closely by the paritz. The latter's gaze was downcast, and his eyelashes were heavy with tears. At a sign from Rabbi Leib, one of the villagers handed the apostate a tallit. He enveloped himself in it, covering his head and face entirely. Rabbi Leib now stepped forward to the Holy Ark, and took out two scrolls of the Torah. One he gave to the oldest villager present, and the other to the paritz. Between them at the bimah stood Rabbi Leib, and he began to solemnly chant the traditional tune for the opening lines of the Kol Nidrei prayer: "By the sanction of the Almighty, and by the sanction of the congregation, . . . we declare it permissible to pray together with those who have sinned . . ."

A deep sigh broke forth from the depths of the broken man's heart. No man there could stand unmoved, and they all wept with him. Throughout all the prayers of the evening, and from dawn of the next day right until nightfall, the paritz stood in prayer, humbled and contrite. And as his sobs shook his whole body as he recited the confession, the other nine shuddered with him.

At the climax of the Ne'ilah service, when the congregation was about to utter together the words "Shema Yisrael," the paritz leaned forward until his head was deep inside the Holy Ark, embraced the Torah scrolls that stood there, and in a mighty voice that petrified those present, cried out: "Hear, O Israel, the L-rd our G-d, the L-rd is One!" He then stood up straight, and began to declare with all his might: "The L-rd is G-d!" With each repetition his voice grew louder. Finally, as he cried it out for the seventh time, his soul flew from his body.

That same night they brought the remains of the paritz to burial in the nearby town. Rabbi Leib himself took part in the purification and preparation of the body for burial, and for the rest of his life observed the yahrzeit of this penitent every Yom Kippur by saying kaddish for the elevation of his soul.

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## CANDLE LIGHTING: 16 OCTOBER 2015



BEGINS		ENDS
7.19	MELBOURNE	8.19
7.12	ADELAIDE	8.10
5.38	BRISBANE	6.32
6.26	DARWIN	7.16
6.37	GOLD COAST	6.31
6.11	PERTH	7.07
6.51	SYDNEY	7.48
7.01	CANBERRA	7.58
7.15	LAUNCESTON	8.17
7.20	AUCKLAND	8.18
7.24	WELLINGTON	8.26
7.16	HOBART	8.19
6.36	BYRON BAY	7.31

## CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMAN STREET, CAULFIELD  
PARSHAS NOACH • 3 CHESHVAN • 16 OCTOBER

FRIDAY NIGHT	CANDLE LIGHTING: MINCHA: KABBOLAS SHABBOS:	7.19 PM 7.25 PM 7.55 PM
SHABBOS	SHACHARIS: LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA: MINCHA: SHABBOS ENDS:	10.00 AM 9.49 AM 7.15 PM 8.19 PM
WEEKDAYS	SHACHARIS: MINCHA: MAARIV:	8.00 AM / 9.15 AM 7.30 PM 8.15 PM