

LAMPLIGHTER

15 Adar 2
Parshas Tzav

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LIVING WITH THE TIMES

In this week's Torah portion, Tzav, we read about the eight-day consecration of the Sanctuary. All the instructions for building the Sanctuary had been followed. The utensils were ready for use, the fires on the altars were lit, and the Jews began to bring the various types of sacrifices. Yet, "the Divine Presence did not rest on the work of their hands." For the first seven days, the Sanctuary was erected. But each day it was taken down again. Only on the eighth day of the consecration, when the last trace of spiritual impurity caused by the sin of the Golden Calf was removed, did the Heavenly fire descend and the G-dly Presence rest on the Sanctuary.

We see here two components to the perpetual fire that burned on the altar. The priests were commanded to bring ordinary fire. The act of bringing the fire served as a preparation for the G-dly flame which came from Above. Only after human initiative had been taken could the G-dly fire descend. And only at that point did the Sanctuary attain permanence.

Why could the G-dly fire be drawn down only after the human component of the worship was perfected? What special nature of the G-dly fire brought permanence to the Sanctuary?

People are finite. No matter how high their aspirations, they can reach only a finite level of spirituality. Being finite, people cannot reach a level of permanence in their worship without the assistance of G-d, Who is unlimited. Permanence cannot be attained solely through human effort. The G-dly intervention added a permanence that could not be achieved by human endeavour. The Sanctuary no longer needed to be disassembled.

The fire teaches us that we must first complete our own tasks and achieve as much as our capabilities allow. Only then will G-d provide the spiritual boost to reach beyond our capacity.

The completion of the first seven days of the consecration also symbolized the limitations of the physical world. A week constitutes a full cycle symbolizing the spiritual limitations inherent in the corporeal world. The eighth day of the consecration symbolizes the infinite attribute of G-d which cannot be contained in the natural order of seven. This is the level of "perpetual fire" which burned on the altar, showing that finite beings could transcend even time itself, through the perfection of their worship of G-d.

The verse concerning the perpetual fire reads: "A perpetual fire shall burn on the altar - it shall not go out." This means that our enthusiasm and warmth towards Judaism must remain kindled and never be allowed to diminish. It is not enough to rely on our spiritual achievements of the day before, or even a minute ago. We must be ever vigilant to ensure that the innate spark of love of G-d in every Jewish soul never grows cold.

Every single Jew is a sanctuary to G-d, as it states, "And they shall build me a Sanctuary and I will dwell in their midst" - in the midst of each and every Jew. If we always keep the spark of love for G-d and Judaism glowing, we can ensure that the Divine Presence finds a dwelling place in this world below.

Adapted from the works of the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

Thank You Kindly

By Elisha Greenbaum

Seven years old, and yet to speak. His parents would have been more worried if the doctors hadn't reassured them that their child seemed neurologically sound, and that he fitted within all the expected parameters of normal development.

One day, at breakfast, he suddenly turned to his mother and complained, "Mom, this porridge is cold and the toast is burnt!"

Shocked, his mother responded, "If you can talk, why have you said nothing till now?"

"Till now, everything has been fine."

How many act like the little *chutzpanyak* in the above story; never a word of gratitude until everything goes pear-shaped, and then, don't we just *kvetch* and moan. It's almost as if we expect and demand that the good times keep rolling without any effort on our part, while we reserve the right to blame everyone else when the music stops.

Contrast this surly and unappreciative attitude with the other extreme. It's uncomfortable to receive an overly enthusiastic reaction for a minor favour. Imagine if you were to hand a poor man a ten-cent coin and he were to launch into a full-blown production, following you down the street on his hands and knees, tears of gratitude streaming down his cheeks. Even the most obtuse among us would begin to suspect that the beggar was putting on a show.

Good manners are a sign of breeding. And, if we wish our praise to be accepted, it is best to express gratitude in moderation. When invited to dinner, we might bring a bottle of wine or another token gift. It is considered polite to thank the hostess when she serves each course, and to express our appreciation when we've finished.

We read this week about the *korban todah*, the thanksgiving offering which was brought to the Temple by any Jew wishing to express gratitude to G-d for His munificence and kindness. One might have thought that every Jew would be expected to bring this donation constantly. Everyone benefits from G-d's magnificent creation, and it is only polite to thank Him.

In truth, however, while we express gratitude to G-d in our daily prayers and blessings, this sacrifice would be offered only on four special occasions: after 1) surviving a trip at sea, 2) traveling through a desert, 3) being released from jail or 4) recovering from serious illness.

Surviving these circumstances is considered miraculous intervention by G-d, and deserving of an extra measure of gratitude and appreciation.

If you think about it, these miraculous events mirror the miracles G-d performed as we left Egypt at the dawn of our formation as a nation. 1) G-d split the sea, 2) helped us across the desert, and 3) looked out for our spiritual and 4) physical welfare.

We have never forgotten, and we constantly invoke the Exodus in our national narrative. When we gather in homes and halls all over the world this Passover to retell the story of our liberation, don't just come bearing gifts of wine and Matzah. Allow yourself to dream, hope, pray and praise our G-d and Creator, who released us from the prison that was Egypt, and who continues to be there for us as we seek to break through the iron bars imprisoning our minds and hearts.

Slice of LIFE

By Rabbi Zushe Silberstein

I heard the following story from a cousin of mine, Aharon Dovid, a few years ago. My cousin is a Chossid, but not a Lubavitcher Chossid. He is a successful businessman and helped out the various institutions run by his Rebbe by raising money for the institutions during his various business trips.

One time, my cousin was in Los Angeles on business. Walking down the street, he saw someone who looked familiar to him, though he couldn't remember from where. Then he remembered that they had been study-partners in Yeshivah when they were much younger. They exchanged some small talk, and then the long-lost friend announced, "I am now a Chasid of the Lubavitcher Rebbe."

My cousin asked him, "How, why did this happen?"

"Listen to my story and then you will understand. After my wife and I married, we continued to live in the community in Brooklyn where we had both grown up. After about a half a year, I was offered a job in Los Angeles and we decided to move here even though we didn't know anyone.

"One day, my wife really wasn't feeling well. It seemed serious enough to go to the emergency room and that's what we did. After a few hours of examinations, tests, and waiting, the grim-faced doctor came out and spoke to me privately. 'From the tests that we did, your wife's condition seems complicated. According to what we see, your wife's disease is quite advanced. I recommend that you don't tell her anything; don't scare her. Go home. Get some sleep. Come back tomorrow and in the meantime we'll make sure that your wife is comfortable.'

"I didn't know what to do, to whom to turn. I went home and prayed and said Psalms from the depths of my heart. Suddenly I remembered, I am a Chossid! I began to cry out, 'Rebbe, help me! Save my wife! Help me!'

"A few minutes passed and the phone rang! Right then, in the middle of the night! I thought perhaps it was someone from the hospital telling me there was good news. But when I picked up the phone it was a man who was speaking in Yiddish. He said, 'I am Hadakov. I am calling you because the Rebbe told me to call you to say that in the morning you should take your wife out of the hospital and go to Dr. -. The Rebbe gave his blessing that everything will be fine.' Then this Hadakov person said, 'Did you hear what I said?' I must have answered 'yes' because the next thing I knew there was a dial tone at the other end.

"I sat there wondering, 'Did I really get that phone call? Where do I know Hadakov from? Maybe I'm dreaming and hearing voices? Maybe it was a fantasy? I know what I heard but who is Hadakov?'

"I did not know who Hadakov was but I had a feeling that he was somehow connected to the Lubavitcher Rebbe. I remembered that there is a Lubavitcher Chasid, an emissary of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, here in Los Angeles named Rabbi Shmuel Dovid Raichik. I had never met him personally but he was renowned as someone who was always helping out other people. Rumour had it that he would stay up the entire night saying the bed-time Shema.

"I looked up the number in the phone book. It was 3:30 a.m. but I called anyway. Rabbi Raichik answered the phone. I told him what had happened to my wife and the phone call from Rabbi Hadakov. Rabbi Raichik told me that Rabbi Hadakov was the Lubavitcher Rebbe's personal secretary. 'So do as he told you to do!' Rabbi Raichik said simply. I explained that I had been so surprised by the phone call that I was not actually sure what Rabbi Hadakov had told me to do. Rabbi Raichik gave me the phone number of the Rebbe's office. Even though it was now 6:30 a.m. in New York, he urged me to call the Rebbe's office to clarify what I was supposed to do. I immediately called and the phone was answered by Rabbi Hadakov.

"I asked Rabbi Hadakov to repeat what he had told me: 'The Rebbe told me to call you and to say that in the morning, take your wife out of the hospital and go

to Dr. - and the Rebbe gave his blessing that all would be well.' I then asked him, 'Why did you call me?' Rabbi Hadakov said, 'Because the Rebbe asked me to do so.' Bewildered, I asked, 'But I did not call the Rebbe so why did the Rebbe say to call me?' Rabbi Hadakov said, 'I can't answer that. That's between you and the Rebbe. I did what the Rebbe told me to do.'

"The next morning I went to the hospital and told the doctor I was taking my wife out. I had to sign all kinds of documents that said I take responsibility for her. I found the address of the doctor the Rebbe had referred me to. I called the office and the secretary said the next appointment would be in a year! I tried explaining that the matter was urgent but it did not help. I decided to take my wife straight to the doctor. We went to the doctor's office with no appointment. When I saw the doctor I told him desperately that he had to see my wife. The doctor was taken aback by my nerve but said that it was not possible without an appointment. I told him that the secretary had said the next available appointment is in a year. The doctor insisted that he could not see us. I told him, "The Lubavitcher Rebbe referred me to you."

"Upon hearing this, he said, 'I don't know who the Lubavitcher Rebbe is but your story is so unusual it interests me. Come into my office, I want to hear more.' My wife and I came into his office and we told him everything. In the end he agreed to treat my wife.'

My cousin Aharon Dovid had been standing on the street in Los Angeles talking to his old friend for quite a while. His friend concluded, "You are probably wondering what happened... Thank G-d, my wife recovered! We have been blessed with five children, and all is well!

But my cousin still did not understand. He asked his old friend, "But why did you become a Chossid of the Lubavitcher Rebbe?" His friend said, "In the middle of the night, when I cried out, 'Rebbe, help me!' the Lubavitcher Rebbe is the one who answered me!"

Rabbi Silberstein is director of Chabad Chabanel, in Montreal, Canada.

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Editors: Ovadya Rogalsky & Tzali Reicher
P.O. Box 67, Balaclava Vic. 3183 AUSTRALIA

Email: lamplighter@rabbinicalcollege.edu.au

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MOSHIACH MATTERS

Purim celebrates man's involvement with the physical reality of G-d's creation. The use of materiality in context of man's service of-and relationship with-G-d, imbues these substances with spirituality. It sublimes them to their Divinely intended purpose. Purim manifests the intrinsic oneness of the universe which is rooted in the Oneness of its Creator. This, indeed, is the ultimate purpose of creation: to manifest its Divine origin by converting the world into a fitting abode for G-d. This is the mission for which man was created. The achievement of this goal is the ultimate bliss of the Messianic era. (From *Living With Moshiach* by Rabbi J.I. Schochet)



INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

30 Tishrei, 5720 [1959]

I received your letter of the 17th of Tishrei in which you write about your background and activities. I was especially gratified to read about your activities to strengthen Yiddishkeit [Judaism] in your environment, in the field of kashrus [the kosher dietary laws], etc.

I was especially pleased to read you realize that there is a great deal more to do. For the realization that there is more to be done ought to bring forth additional forces to meet the challenge. All the more so, since every one of us is commanded to go from strength to strength in all matters of holiness, which should be on the ascendancy.

In this connection it is well to remember the saying of my father-in-law, of saintly memory, that at this time every Jew should consider himself in the position of a mountain climber climbing a steep mountain.

In this situation he must continue to climb or slide back, for he cannot remain stationary... It is also a well-known law of physics that the rate of a falling object accelerates. The lesson is obvious.

I read with interest about the books you read and study. I was surprised to note the absence of the Tanya [the basic book of Chabad Chassidic philosophy] and other works on Chassidus, which you no doubt could study in the original, though part of this literature is available in English.

The study of Chassidus would not only be greatly inspiring to yourself, but would have a great influence on your work and inspiration on behalf of others.

Young people not burdened by family responsibilities, and full of youthful energy, should make the fullest use of their opportunities.

I trust that you have friends among Anash [members of the Chassidic community] with whom you can discuss a method of learning Chassidus and what sources you should study, though I imagine you should have a fairly good idea. But nevertheless, many heads are better than one.

As for your question with regard to my attitude towards the Holy Land etc., I trust you saw my reply to the question "What is a Jew?" which has been published both in Eretz Yisroel [the Land of Israel] and here in America. Your particular question with regard to emigration and settling in Eretz Yisroel does not indicate whether it refers to yourself or is in a general way. But my answer would depend on the circumstances of each individual, for it is not possible to give blanket advice on such an important question.

As for your question with regard to my attitude towards the Holy Land...

I should like, however, to emphasize one general point. No matter how much is expected of a Jew in regard to Torah and Mitzvoth [commandments], wherever he may be, a great deal is expected of him if he is in Eretz Yisroel, of which the Torah says "It is the land on which the eyes of G-d are upon, from the beginning of the year to the end of the year." So much so, that it is regarded as a Holy Land even among non-Jews. Our Sages refer to it as "The Palace of the King." A person wishing to enter the Royal Palace must be prepared to answer such questions as on what business he is there, and he must be properly prepared in every way. It is demonstrated by his conduct and actions that he realizes he is in a Royal Palace. It is unnecessary to elaborate.

May G-d grant that you will succeed in what is your true and inner purpose in life, namely to spread Yiddishkeit, and in an ever-growing way, and May you have good news to report always,

CUSTOMS CORNER

Stealing is forbidden even if one has no intention of keeping the item. For example, it is forbidden to temporarily take an item simply to cause the owner aggravation or to teach him a lesson not to keep his money or objects in unsafe places. Likewise one is not permitted to steal in order to play a joke on a friend.

A WORD

from the Director

There is a cryptic Midrash on this week's parsha: "The student of Rabbi Yosi ben Kisma asked him, 'When is the Son of David coming?' His response to them was, 'This is the law of the burnt-offering.'"

The connection between the coming of Moshiach and the law of the burnt-offering can be found in a comment in the Talmud on this same verse: "Whoever studies the laws of the burnt offering is as if he had actually brought the burnt offering." When we study the section of the Torah that deals with the offerings in the Temple that we cannot bring in the current day and age, it is as if we have actually made that offering.

Inherent in that statement are two lessons:

First, the study of Torah takes the place of those commandments that we cannot physically perform in the present period of galut since the destruction of the Temple.

Second, the study of these laws is the very catalyst that will help bring about the Redemption and the rebuilding of the Beit Hamikdash. Studying Torah in general and, particularly, when we study the laws of Torah concerning Moshiach, Geulah (Redemption), the Beit Hamikdash and the offerings in the Temple, hastens the arrival of Moshiach and the final Redemption at which time we will see the rebuilding of the Temple in Jerusalem amidst world peace, universal harmony and G-dly light.

This notion echoes that which our Sages told us that Mordechai-the hero of Purim-gathered 22,000 children and studied the laws of the Omer (barley) offering in the Temple. When Haman saw the way Jews were so conscientious about their return to Jerusalem and the rebuilding of the Beit Hamikdash with its offerings, he realized that he would be defeated. The catalyst for the miracle of Purim was the hope and confidence in the imminent rebuilding of the Temple.

May our Torah study-particularly the study of the Torah's teaching about Geulah related subjects-hasten the fulfillment of the words of the Megillah: "The Jews had light, happiness, joy and honour." And as we say in the havdalah service: "so shall it be for us."

J. I. Gutnick

IT HAPPENED *Once...*

Rabbi Mordechi Dubin was a well-known Chassid of the Previous Lubavitcher Rebbe. He was extremely talented man and at one period of his life he held two high positions in the Lithuanian government. In fact he used his influence to help save the Rebbe's life, free him from communist prison and get him out of Russia.

But his talents made him a target of communist suspicion as well and he too had several close encounters with death. Here is one of them.

He had been imprisoned for several months already in one of the several thousand 'correctional' facilities in communist Russia in a dim, cold, concrete cell with eight or nine other 'criminals'. Death waited every second; the air smelled of it, it was a dull curse in everyone's dulled eyes.

Suddenly the iron door opened, "DUBIN!"

Two guards stood at the open door behind an official who took one step into the room and was reading from a paper. "Mordechai Dubin? On your feet! Come with us!"

Was this the end? Would he never see his family or friends again? He stood upright, walked to the door. It was pointless to argue or to plead. He had nothing to fear - death would be a macabre blessing to end the cold, bitter uncertainty.

Exactly the opposite, his only chance was to show them that he was not afraid. One indication of fear would only draw their contempt.

He said words of Tanya by heart as he walked down the corridor and with every step he became filled with a strange pride. He was far superior to his captors. They were animals, worse than animals, living a lie; they were really dead. But he was attached to life... to infinite, undying truth. He was a follower of a true servant of the Creator: the only man in the Russia to defy Stalin; the Lubavitcher Rebbe!

"DUBIN!" Another voice broke his thoughts. He looked up to see he was standing near the main entrance of the penitentiary. They would probably take him outside and shoot him. Just throw him in the snow somewhere for the wolves and dogs to drag him away.

"YOUR NAME IS MORDECHAI DUBIN?"

"Yes" he answered firmly.

A smile came across the face of the officer speaking to him. "Congratulations", he said as he handed him an envelope. "Your period of correction is over. Here are your papers of discharge and a few other things."

He nodded to the guards at the door and they began to open the massive iron structure.

"But, my clothes? My clothes? At least a coat?" As the words came out he knew it was a mistake.

"Ahhh! He wants to stay," laughed the officer. "Close the door..."

"No, no!" he whispered as he moved toward the door. They opened it a bit more and he slipped out into the bitter cold grabbing the envelope in his fist. It was ten below zero.

The iron door closed behind him muffling the laughter of the guards. It must have been one A.M. In the distance he could vaguely see the outline of a nearby town, lucky the moon was full.

He put the envelope in his shirt and began to run. He had to keep moving, it was his only chance to keep from freezing. In another stroke of good fortune, luckily for him the snow wasn't too deep. He hugged himself to keep warm and ran.

Rabbi Dubin wasn't used to running, but he ran. The night was spinning around him, he ran out of breath quickly, he couldn't breathe but he ran. He tripped rolled on the ground, his nose was bleeding, his knee hurt but he stood up and ran again.

Finally he was there. Who knows how many times he had fallen. He knew that his only chance was to find a Jew. No one else would open the door, especially not at two in the morning. He was shivering uncontrollably. A Jew. A Jew would open for a Jew. It was his only hope... Aha! A door with a Mezuzah!!!

He began knocking, pounding. His head was spinning. But he mustn't wake the neighbours, they could kill him. "Ratavet! Ratavet" (Save me! Save me). He pressed his mouth to the door and whispered as loud as possible "Ratavet!!!"

He was going numb. He didn't feel his feet at all. It must be twenty below zero, up to now he hadn't noticed wind. He gave thanks to G-d for that, no wind up to now. And with his last ounce of strength he knocked for the last time.

A small hole opened at the side of the door and closed. He heard the man say to his wife in Yiddish, "A Drunk meshuga! Prison clothes... no coat... saw our mezuzah... pretends to be a Jew."

Rabbi Dubin slid slowly down, he couldn't stand, face pressed to the door until he was huddled up in a ball on the ground near the door. His strength was gone. He would go to sleep. It wasn't so hard. He stopped shivering, closed his eyes and said his last "Shema Yisroel" thankful to G-d that at least he wouldn't die in jail. Maybe he'd get a Jewish burial. Maybe...

Suddenly he opened his eyes. Wait a minute!!!

A terrible thought occurred to him.

"When this Jew opens his door tomorrow morning and sees me dead at his doorstep and realizes that I'm Jewish... he will never forgive himself! Never!! I know how I would feel!!! I can't let that happen!"

He stood again and began pounding with all his might yelling in Yiddish "It's no trick!! I'm Mordechai Dubin. My mother's name is such and such and my father's is such and such... let me in! Let a Jew in!! Shema Yisroel HaShem Elokeinu..."

The door opened and he fell in the house, almost unconscious but alive and safe.

His concern about a fellow Jew's conscience kept him from giving up and saved his own life.

Thoughts THAT COUNT

He shall lift up the ashes remaining from the burnt offering. (Lev. 6:3)

The Kohen (priest) was commanded to remove the ashes left over from the previous day's sacrifices. This act was symbolic of the fact that after the sinner had brought his offering and truly repented of his sin, one was not allowed to remind him of his transgressions. They are forgotten and erased forever. (*Otzreinu Hayashan*)

He shall carry the ashes outside the camp, to a clean place (Lev. 6:4)

Even though the ashes that remained after the sacrifices were burnt were only a waste product of Israel, they too were worthy of being kept in a pure, clean place. (*Beit Yaakov*)

And every meal offering that is mixed with oil, or dry...to one as much as the other (Lev. 7:10)

The meal offering mixed with oil was voluntary, but the dry one was brought by a person who had committed a transgression. The Torah says, "to one as much as the other." One must treat both individuals with the same respect, love and spirit of brotherhood, regardless of the reason why the offering was brought. (*Rabbi Yitzchak of Vorka*)

CANDLE LIGHTING: 27 MARCH 2016

BEGINS	ENDS
7.06MELBOURNE	8.01
7.02ADELAIDE	7.56
5.35BRISBANE	6.27
6.36DARWIN	7.25
5.34GOLD COAST	6.25
6.03PERTH	6.56
6.42SYDNEY	7.35
6.50CANBERRA	7.44
6.57LAUNCESTON	7.54
7.07AUCKLAND	8.02
7.06WELLINGTON	8.03
6.56HOBART	7.54
6.33BYRON BAY	7.25



CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, CAULFIELD
PARSHAS TZAV • 15 ADAR 2 • 25 MARCH

FRIDAY NIGHT	CANDLE LIGHTING:	7.06 PM
	MINCHA:	7.15 PM
	KABBOLAS SHABBOS:	7.40 PM
SHABBOS:	SHACHARIS:	10.00 AM
	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA:	10.27 AM
	MINCHA:	7.00 PM
	SHABBOS ENDS:	8.01 PM
WEEKDAYS	SHACHARIS: SUN-FRI	8.00 AM / 9.15 AM
	MINCHA:	7.00 PM
	MAARIV:	7.55 PM