

LAMPLIGHTER

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Parshas Ki Savo
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LIVING WITH THE TIMES

The Torah portion, Ki Tavo, begins with a detailed account of the Mitzva of Bikurim, "first fruits." The Jewish farmer was required to bring the select fruits of his crops to the Holy Temple to show his gratitude to G-d for the blessing of the land.

The precept of Bikurim had various restrictions. It applied only in the Holy Land and only when the Temple was in existence. It was limited to one who owned a parcel of particularly fertile land. It was also restricted in its time of application, for the declaration of Bikurim could only be made from Shavuot (late Spring) to Sukkot (Fall).

Yet the precept of the "first fruits," despite its seemingly narrow application, contains a broadly applicable lesson: We are to take from the "first of the fruits of the earth" and bring them to the Kohain - priest. We are to dedicate the best of our material matters to sanctity. As Maimonides writes: "When one gives food to the needy, he should give the best and most delectable of his table; with the best of his wardrobe should he clothe the naked, and when he builds a house of worship he should render it more beautiful than his own dwelling, as it is written "all the best...is to the Almighty."

The first-fruits were not burned on the altar where the physical nature would be annulled, where their materiality would be consumed and transformed into the spirituality of G-dliness. Rather the fruits were given to the Kohanim to eat. In this fashion they were elevated and dedicated to a higher purpose. Similarly, our approach in life is not to "nullify" the material but to imbue it with sanctity while still remaining in its lowly material state.

One further point: the farmer is obligated to bring "...from the first of all the fruits of the earth, etc.," not all the fruits. The idea is not that the person should give away all the fruits of his labour to the sanctuary. Most of the fruits were to remain in his possession, including also some exceedingly good fruits, and only a small portion of them - the best - given to the Kohain. The underlying idea was for the first-fruits to be a representative portion of the whole harvest; the sanctity of the Bikurim donation was to affect, to permeate and elevate all the fruits remaining, just as a donation of tzedaka - charity, brings an element of consecration or sanctity into all one's wealth.

The Jewish Defence

It was May 1967. Egyptian President Gamal Abdul Nasser had mobilized his troops and was threatening to "drive the Jews into the sea." The United Nations Peace-Keeping Force was dismissed and sheepishly left the region, prompting Abba Eban, Israel's eloquent Foreign Minister, to question the purpose of an umbrella if as soon as it started raining one closed the umbrella. Syria and Jordan, too, were preparing to join the war and Israel was once again threatened with annihilation by its neighbours.

I was in New York. Lag B'Omer that year fell on a Sunday, the 28th of May. Thousands of Jewish school children assembled on Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn for the Lag B'Omer Parade. The highlight of the event was the address to be delivered by the Lubavitcher Rebbe. The Rebbe spoke passionately about the mortal threat to Israel and her people. But his talk was filled with a fiery faith and unambiguous optimism about the outcome. He assured us that Israel would prevail. Previously, he had instructed American Yeshiva students in Israel to remain there and not return home although their parents were extremely--and understandably--anxious. At the same time, he urged Jews the world over to do something practical to help Israel overcome this dire threat to her very existence.

What could we do? Besides material support for the war effort, and in addition to tanks and fighter jets, Israel also needed spiritual support. There is a spiritual defence system, too, said the Rebbe. It was then that he launched the International Tefillin Campaign. By as many Jews as possible observing this hallowed Mitzvah, it would contribute in a tangible way to Israel's security. He called upon Jews around the world to encourage their brethren to begin putting on Tefillin, even if they were not religious or hadn't done it since their Bar Mitzvah, or ever in their lives. People responded instantly and Jews, in unprecedented numbers, embraced the campaign.

Nine days later, the battles began. Israel made military history when it decimated the Egyptian Air Force and defeated the armed forces of Egypt, Syria and Jordan in lightning speed. Jerusalem was reunited under Jewish sovereignty and the Six Day War would be recorded for posterity as Israel's finest hour.

Without in any way minimizing the heroic efforts of our brave soldiers or the brilliant military strategies of our High Command, this amazing, miraculous victory surely pointed to a higher force. I firmly believe that the protective cover of G-d was inspired by the many thousands of new mitzvahs performed by our people.

But why Tefillin? Of all mitzvahs, why should the Rebbe have chosen Tefillin specifically to ensure Israel's security?

The answer is in the Parshah (weekly Torah reading) of Ki Tavo: And all the nations of the world will see that the Name of G-d is upon you and they will fear you (Deuteronomy 28:10). What does it mean that "the Name of G-d is upon you"? The Talmud (Brachot 6a) quotes Rabbi Eliezer the Great who explained that the verse refers to the Tefillin worn on the head, which bear the letter Shin symbolizing G-d's name. These are visible to the eye and have the spiritual power to inspire fear in the hearts of our enemies. Indeed, one of the most powerful images of the Six Day War, still vivid in my mind, is of the Egyptian soldiers fleeing the Sinai in total disarray.

They may not be massing armies on our borders today. But no one can deny that Israel's security is still at very high risk. Thank G-d, since its launch the Tefillin Campaign has touched the lives of hundreds of thousands of our brothers. If Tefillin are not yet part of your daily routine, may this story inspire you to begin observing it now. If you are already a regular, then share the mitzvah with a friend. Besides all the wonderful traditional reasons for wearing Tefillin, contributing to the spiritual security of Israel adds one more important motivation. In its merit, may Israel be safe and secure until the ultimate era of peace on earth.

Slice of LIFE

ESTHER'S STORY: Providence, a Prisoner, and a Princess

As told to: Yrachmiel Tilles

Esther was raised in the former Soviet Union. She was six years old when her parents began fighting bitterly about her education. Her mother insisted that Esther had to know that she was Jewish and what that meant. And so, every night, Esther's mother said the 'Shema' with her and lovingly told her these words, "Esther, you are a Jewish girl. Esther, remember this - you are a Bas Yisroel (Daughter of Israel). Never forget, Esther, you are a Jewish girl."

Esther's father considered all this dangerous. He knew that Esther's teacher, a loyal communist of the USSR, would interrogate any student showing the least bit of religious sentiment and report it promptly to the authorities. Esther's father did not want to risk his own life, and certainly not that of his daughter's. Each night, as he stood in the doorway of little Esther's room, he listened with alarm to his wife's bedtime ritual. And each night, as his wife exited the room, he repeated how she was putting them all in danger.

Then, not long after this, Esther's mother passed away. Esther and her father were left alone. And now that there was no interference, Esther's father took his daughter's education into his own hands. No longer did Esther recite the Shema at bedtime, no longer did Esther hear those loving words telling her that she was a Bas Yisroel.

One night, Esther was awakened by the sounds of voices from another room in the house. Curious, she got out of bed and went to see what this midnight conversation was all about. When she got to the doorway, she saw her father deeply engrossed in conversation with a man she had never seen before. He was dressed strangely, with a long beard, a long black coat and white fringes on the ends of his garments. Unnoticed, Esther watched the scene for a while and then returned to her bed.

The following morning, Esther's teacher greeted the students as usual and then made an astonishing announcement:

"Children, last night a dangerous enemy of our Mother Russia visited someone's home. This man has a long beard, white fringes on his clothes and a long black coat. Anyone in our class who saw this person should immediately inform me. He is a very dangerous man and wants to harm you. You will be doing Mother Russia a great noble deed to let us know if you saw him."

Trusting her teacher completely, Esther raised her hand. "He was in my house last night. I saw him. He was talking to my father."

"What a good, loyal citizen you are, Esther," her teacher said with a broad smile. The teacher lost no time in sending a message to the principal who hurried in and also praised Esther in front of the other students.

When the lessons were over for the day, Esther went home. To her surprise, her father did not come home at his usual hour, nor did he come home later. In fact, though she waited, he never came home again. From then on, the Communist State took complete responsibility for Esther's upbringing.

Unbeknownst to Esther, her father had been sent to Siberia after interrogation and torture. All too late, he realized how right his wife had been. Had he continued his wife's lessons to Esther this would not have happened, for she would have understood what the man in the black coat represented. He himself should have taught her that despite the cruel pressure and dangers of the government, Judaism is not to be forfeited at any expense. Despite their despicable lies, Judaism is viable, good and eternal. Had he educated his daughter so, she would not have revealed what she did. Her loyalties would have been to Torah, not to the State. Only now did he realize his mistake.

And worse than his own miserable plight were his anxieties for Esther's future. He knew only too well that his daughter was now in a government institution for orphans being indoctrinated with communist dogma.

Years passed and Esther grew into a fine young woman. A seemingly ardent member of the Communist Youth Movement, she was elected to be part of a group privileged to visit Mexico. What the Communist Youth Movement did not know was that Esther had secretly decided to defect once she arrived in Mexico. She managed to hide herself until she was certain that her group had returned to Russia and had ceased searching for her.

In time, Esther married. Her husband was a traditional Jew and tried very hard to explain to her the importance of Jewish practices. Although she had no patience for this herself, she consented to his wishes for a kosher home.

One day, her husband was riding a city bus, when an elderly Jewish man in Chassidic garb approached him and spoke in Yiddish.

"Do you have a place for me to stay in your home?"

Esther's husband was a kind and hospitable man and quickly agreed to accommodate the stranger. When they arrived home, her husband had served him a good meal and showed him to a fine guest room. As the old man lay down to rest, he was disturbed by an intense argument in the next room.

"Why did you bring that man here? Who needs him? We have enough going on here!"

When the argument finally subsided, the old man emerged from his room with his suitcase packed and the excuse that he had forgotten something and would not be able to stay with them. Esther and her husband realized that their words had been overheard.

Regretting her harsh words that had caused the old man pain and embarrassment, she insisted that he stay. The guest explained that he needed to travel extensively and would be gone for long periods of time, but if their home could be his base to which he could return after those excursions he would be most appreciative. Esther and her husband readily agreed.

And as the weeks and months passed, their guest became a beloved part of their home. In return, the old man noticed that Esther and her husband disagreed on Jewish observance and gradually he was able to influence his hostess to a greater appreciation and observance of mitzvahs.

One day, shortly before Purim, the old man requested a favour of his host and hostess.

"Every year, on Purim, it is my custom to don the clothing I wore as a prisoner in Russia in remembrance of the great miracles G-d did in enabling me to survive the cruel ordeals there. Would you accommodate the wishes of an old man? Would you be so kind as to invite your neighbours and friends for a Purim party and let me put on a Purim play?"

Esther and her husband acquiesced.

Purim arrived and their home was packed with friends and acquaintances. The tables were laden with Esther's delicious treats. When the Purim celebrations were at their peak, the old man took the floor and began to relate the ancient story of Purim. Everyone listened with rapt attention.

As the old man came to the part where the king's officers chose Mordechai's niece and he sees there is no alternative than she go to the palace, he recited these words:

"Esther, you are a Jewish girl. Esther, remember this - you are a Bas Yisroel. Never forget, Esther, you are a Jewish daughter."

Everyone in the house suddenly turned their attention to the hostess of the party who suddenly cried out and fainted. Her husband carried her away from the crowd, into their room and the old man rushed into the bedroom to inquire about the condition of his hostess.

"Don't worry," said her husband, "She worked very hard today preparing the party and is probably exhausted. I am sure she'll be okay."

As the old man stood over the bed looking with concern at Esther, his gaze was drawn to an old photograph at her bedside. And at the same moment, Esther regained consciousness.

"Where did you get that photograph?" he demanded in a choked voice.

Esther turned white. In all the years since her defection, her fear of being found never left her. "Why do you want to know?" she asked warily.

"That" he cried softly, "is my wife."

Esther's eyes filled with tears as she suddenly realized exactly who was this old man standing there in his tattered prison clothing.

"That," Esther whispered "is my mother."

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ISSUE 1262

MOSHIACH MATTERS

"It will be, when you come into the land...you will take of all the fruit of the earth...and you will go to the priest" (Deut. 26:1-3) Fourteen years elapsed after the Jewish people entered the land of Israel until they were able to bring their first fruits to Jerusalem. Seven years were spent conquering the land; seven more years were spent dividing the land among the 12 tribes. Our generation, which will very soon enter the Promised Land with the coming of Moshiach, will not need to wait before bringing our first fruits to the Holy Temple. Not only will there be no need to conquer and distribute the land, but the fruits themselves will grow with such rapidity that their harvesting will take place simultaneously with their planting.

(The Rebbe, *Shabbat Parshat Ve'etchanan*, 5751)



INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

25 Elul, 5718 (1968)

The month of Elul, especially the Days of Selichot and the Ten Days of Repentance, is the time dedicated to sincere introspection and a careful and honest examination of the record of the outgoing year, with a view to the proper deductions and resolutions which are to regulate one's personal daily life, as well as that of his home, and all his affairs in the year to come.

Moreover, these are exceptionally propitious days, days permeated with the core of the Psalm recited twice daily: "Search my inwardness: Thy inner essence, O G-d, do I seek" (Ps. 27:8).

They call and demand:

Search for the innermost and the profound within you; seek out also the inwardness of everything around you, the soul of the universe; search for and bring to light the G-dliness that animates and pervades the world!

Both aspects - the honest self-appraisal and the search for the inner essence of things - are interrelated and interdependent.

In evaluating the results of the outgoing year, one is very prone to err by taking into account only the external, both in himself and in the environment. In doing so, one is on equally treacherous grounds in regard to setting the pattern of daily living in the year to come.

To forestall this misleading approach, these auspicious days sound their message and challenge: Do not sell yourself short! Do not underestimate your capacities and abilities!

For, no matter what your spiritual "stock-in-trade" is, your "visible assets" - the existing possibilities that you have to conduct your life in accord with the teachings of our Torah, no matter how formidable is your strength of character and your ability to cope with a frustrating environment, and with undaunted perseverance to follow the path of the Torah and its mitzvot [commandments], much greater and richer are your "hidden reserves" of powers to create new possibilities, and of inner qualities giving you the ability to overcome obstacles and to shape your life and the lives around you to be in harmony with truth and goodness.

In order to reveal and apply these powers, however, it is necessary that you search for and release your potential forces. But you are promised: "You will discover - because you will search with all your heart and soul" (Deut. 4:29)

What has been said above is more especially and more fully applicable to those who occupy positions of spiritual leadership and influence, from the rabbi of the community down to the individual parent who sets the pace of the spiritual life of the household and family.

All too often do we see them stymied by doubt and fear, afraid to use, what seems to them, a strong word or excessive demand lest they might alienate, instead of attract.

To them these days address themselves with this message and challenge: Search inwardly; seek deeply and you will unravel the innermost treasures of those whom you would lead and inspire; evaluate them not externally, but according to their inner resources, according to the capacity of their soul, the veritable spark of G-dliness from Above.

For with the right approach and by indefatigable effort you will be able to uncover and activate in everyone his inner spiritual resources, so that he begins to animate his daily life.

Have confidence in your fellow-Jew and give him what he, as a Jew, truly expects from you: the whole Torah with all its precepts, unvarnished and untarnished, as it was given from Sinai, in its true eternity, for the Torah is eternal for all times and places.

Only through this approach can one attain a true estimation of oneself and of those who look up to you for guidance and leadership, a true estimation that will make the year a full year - full in content and achievement commensurate with your fullest resources, and also full of G-d's blessings, materially and spiritually.

A WORD

from the Director

The Bikurim (gifts to G-d of the first fruit produce) were a unique expression of thanks to G-d, showing an awareness that the blessings which we receive emanate from Him. To emphasize our gratitude for these blessings, we are enjoined to give the first and the best produce as an offering to G-d. Furthermore, we make a public statement of thanks before G-d in the Holy Temple.

The concept of expressing thanks to G-d is one of the fundamental principles of Jewish life. We begin each day with an expression of thanks when we say the prayer, Modeh Ani, in which we gratefully acknowledge G-d's return of our souls. This first act upon awakening is the foundation for all of our subsequent conduct which includes many blessings and expressions of thanks.

The importance of thanking G-d is further emphasized by the Baal Shem Tov's teaching that the creation of the world is renewed every moment. This reflects the unbounded nature of G-d's kindness. The comprehension of this idea should arouse our unbounded and deep-felt gratitude, for we realize how everything is dependent on G-d's kindness at every moment.

All facets of our lives are Bikurim to be offered to G-d. Thus, we should not think that our commitment to G-d involves only "Jewish things." Instead, every aspect of our conduct should be permeated with holiness and should be carried out as befits a person who is in the presence of G-d.

All of our thoughts, words, or acts are Bikurim, a first fruit offering to G-d. They should therefore be the best we have to offer.

By living our lives in a manner of Bikurim, not only do we thankfully acknowledge G-d's kindness, we also cause everything in our lives to be sanctified and holy.

J. I. Gutnick

CUSTOMS CORNER

RAMS HORN

The central observance of Rosh Hashanah is the sounding of the shofar, the ram's horn. The shofar is sounded on both days of Rosh Hashanah (unless the first day of the holiday falls on Shabbat, in which case we only sound the shofar on the second day). The sounding of the shofar represents, among other things, the trumpet blast of a people's coronation of their king. The cry of the shofar is also a call to repentance; for Rosh Hashanah is also the anniversary of man's first sin and his repentance thereof, and serves as the first of the "Ten Days of Repentance" which will culminate in Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. Altogether, we listen to 100 shofar blasts over the course of the Rosh Hashanah service.

IT HAPPENED *Once...*

Once, a very distraught woman showed up in the town of Lubavitch. Religious women usually did not wander about all alone one hundred years ago, but this poor woman decided to make the arduous one-week journey because someone told her that the Lubavitcher Rebbe could help her. Sympathetic neighbours had even offered to watch her children and lend her money for the trip.

"Is this where Rebbe Shalom Dovber [Schneersohn] is? I must see him." She pleaded to one of the Rebbe's secretaries. "I've come from so far away, and your Rebbe is my only hope. Please, I must see him! Only he can help me."

But her cries were to no avail; the Rebbe wasn't receiving anyone at that time. "If you write your request on a paper I promise that I will give it to the Rebbe and the Rebbe will see it, but I can't promise more than that. I'm sorry." He said apologetically.

With no other choice the poor woman found a quiet place to sit and wrote her request. She was an 'aguna'; a "maybe" widow. Her husband strayed from Judaism about two years ago and then upped and left her. She had no source of income, three hungry children to feed and she could not remarry without receiving an official document of divorce (called 'Get') from her husband. But it was impossible to track him down, and no one even knew where to begin.

The woman was at wits' end; she had no money, no husband, no experience and now... her last hope; the Rebbe, was vanishing before her eyes. She felt so discouraged, but nevertheless she handed in her letter and hoped for the best.

To her surprise, the answer was fast in coming. That same day the Rebbe's secretary summoned her and presented her with good news.

"The Rebbe has answered your letter. He says that you should travel to Warsaw." She was overjoyed! But her smile faded as she realized that there was no more to the message. "But where in Warsaw? What should I do there?"

"That is all the Rebbe answered," shrugged the secretary. "I'm sorry, there was no more."

She wrote in another letter asking for some details, but...no answer.

When the Chassidim heard the story they took up a collection and bought her a round-trip train ticket with enough money to live for a month. A few days later after a two-day journey, there she was; standing bewildered in the Warsaw train station with her old suitcase and no idea where to go or what to do next.

People were rushing by her, occasionally someone would almost knock her over, but she just stood there. She had the address of a hotel on a crumpled piece of paper in her hand. She took it out of her pocket but she didn't want to walk anymore. She was tired and alone and confused and she wanted to cry. "Maybe I'll just go back home"--the thought was still in the corner of her mind when she heard someone say, "Excuse me" in Yiddish.

She snapped out of her reverie and saw standing before her a neatly dressed Chasidic Jew with a reddish beard. "Excuse me," he said in Yiddish, "I notice that you are standing for a long time. What do you need? Perhaps I can be of some help?"

"I'm here because the Lubavitcher Rebbe said ..." and, emotionally drained, she mechanically repeated her entire story.

"Tell me," said the man when she had finished, "what was your husband's name and how did he look?"

"Ehh, well..." she mumbled, still in a semi-daze; "his name was Feivel but I'm sure he changed it. And he was heavyset. He walked with a sort of a limp, and he had a thick black beard, but I'm sure he's shaved the beard off, and I think he has a sort of mark on his forehead. It's been two years, who knows how he looks now." She almost began to weep again when he interrupted.

"I think I know where he is. Please follow me. It's not far from here." He escorted her out of the station down the street to a large busy intersection and gave her directions how to go from there to a certain tavern. "I think that your husband is sitting in the back of that bar playing cards and gambling."

After everything she'd been through she asked no questions. She just nodded to the stranger and began walking according to his directions. And after an hour she found it! She took a deep breath and entered the dimly lit tavern, dragging her suitcase and feeling terribly out of place. She made her way through the smoke and noise to the back of the room and stared blankly at the figures sitting there, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the dark.

Suddenly one of the gamblers turned, looked at her and let out a cry of horror. "What! Sarah! How did you know I was here? And how did you get here?"

She could see clearly now, and the man who was speaking looked something like her husband. He was thinner with no beard, but, but, it was him! When she explained how the Rebbe had sent her and how some Jew gave her directions from the station he began pacing back and forth like a madman, running his fingers through his hair, waving his arms and repeating to himself, "I don't know any Jews, I don't know any

Rebbe! How could anyone know? How? How!"

He was so affected by the miracle that he began weeping, and then fell to his knees begging her forgiveness. One thing led to another and one month later, he shamefacedly returned home with her and repented completely of his evil ways.

The next year she travelled again to Lubavitch, but this time to thank the Rebbe. The Rebbe's secretary arranged that she would stand outside the Rebbe's door and when the Rebbe would come out, she could thank him personally and give him a letter of gratitude.

She took her place and stood there; holding her letter and waiting nervously, as this was the first time she would actually see the Rebbe. Then the big moment arrived, the door opened and the Rebbe emerged. She took one look at him...went into a swoon, and fainted unconscious to the floor!

When she came to, the doctor was kneeling over her. "You were so excited that you passed out." He explained, as she began to sit up.

"Was that the Rebbe?" she asked, "Was that him?"

"Why certainly," the doctor answered, "Why do you ask? Didn't you know that that was the Rebbe?"

"Because" she looked the doctor in the eyes, "That was the man whom I saw. He was the one who helped me in the Warsaw train station!"

Later the Rebbe's secretary made some calculations. It had been a on a day when the Rebbe had not prayed publicly with the minyan. The Chassidim had been concerned about his welfare, and one young student had gotten up the nerve to climb up a tree and peer into the Rebbe's room. There stood the Rebbe, looking like nothing he had ever seen. The Rebbe's face was aflame and his eyes were peering into the distance, totally unseeing. The boy was so overcome by the sight that he lost his balance and fell to the ground.

This story was related by the one who had been that young student during World War I and had himself witnessed the events described here.

Thoughts THAT COUNT

You will be mad from the sight of your eyes which you will see (Deut. 28:34)

Coveting everything one sees is indeed a terrible curse, for it is the root cause of all the other punishments that are mentioned in this Torah portion, eventually leading to "you will be only oppressed and crushed always."

(Ohr HaTorah)

Because you would not serve the L-rd your G-d with joy and with gladness of heart... therefore, you will serve your enemies (Deut. 29:47)

We see from this that joy is such an important part of the Jew's service of G-d that the harshest punishment of "you will serve your enemies" is not meted out for a deficiency in the service itself, but for worshipping G-d without joy and vitality. When the Jew is happy, G-d is happy, as it were, and even the harshest decrees are annulled - analogous to an earthly king granting amnesty to his prisoners when he is in a cheerful mood.

(The Rebbe)

And all people of the earth shall see that you are called by the name of the L-rd, and they will be afraid of you (Deut. 28:10)

It is through the Jewish people that the nations come to fear G-d. Because "You are called by the name of the L-rd," your influence extends over all the peoples who observe you.

(Butzina Din' hora)

CANDLE LIGHTING



BEGINS:	September 23, 2016	ENDS:
6:00	MELBOURNE	6:57
5:55	ADELAIDE	6:51
5:27	BRISBANE	6:20
6:25	DARWIN	7:14
5:25	GOLD COAST	6:18
5:56	PERTH	6:51
5:34	SYDNEY	6:30
5:43	CANBERRA	6:39
5:51	LAUNCESTON	6:51
6:00	AUCKLAND	6:58
6:01	WELLINGTON	7:01
5:51	HOBART	6:52
5:24	BYRON BAY	6:18

CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, CAULFIELD

PARSHAS KI SAVO • 20 ELUL • 23 SEPTEMBER

FRIDAY NIGHT	CANDLE LIGHTING:	6.00 PM
	MINCHA:	6.05 PM
	KABBOLAS SHABBOS:	6.30 PM
	SHACHARIS:	10.00 AM
	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA:	9.07 AM
	MINCHA:	5.55 PM
	SHABBOS ENDS:	6.57 PM
	SLICHOS:	12.20 AM
WEEKDAYS	SLICHOS: MON-FRI:	7.35 AM/8.50 AM
	SHACHARIS:	8.00 AM/9.15 AM
	MINCHA:	6.10 PM
	MAARIV:	6.55 PM