

# LAMPLIGHTER

5 Adar  
Parshas  
Terumah  
**1285**  
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## LIVING WITH THE TIMES

This week's Torah portion, Teruma, opens with G-d's command to Moses: "Speak to the Children of Israel, that they may bring me a contribution, from everyone whose heart prompts him... gold, and silver and copper." As we find out further in the Torah reading, the Jews responded in droves, donating much of their wealth for the purpose of erecting the Tabernacle in the desert. Vast amounts of precious metal were amassed, necessary for making all of the Tabernacle's many implements.

Obviously, the person who donates gold is at a higher level than one who donates silver or copper - commodities that are worth far less. Our Sages interpreted the contribution of each metal as symbolic of the different levels that exist in the giving of tzedaka (charity).

On a deeper level, the differences between gold, silver and copper symbolize the differences between the First, Second and Third Holy Temples. Gold, the most precious metal, alludes to the First Holy Temple, the most perfect and complete of G-d's dwelling places. Silver, although valuable, is worth far less than gold. This alludes to the Second Holy Temple, which was missing five items present in the First, among them the Ark of the Covenant.

These deficiencies reflected the fearful state of the mind of the Jewish people at that time, who worried that the Holy Temple would once again be destroyed. Indeed, history proved that their fears were legitimate. Lastly, copper is symbolic of our present condition, while we yet suffer the pains of the exile. Like one who is stricken with any other illness, we must cry out to our Father in Heaven, begging Him to establish the Third and Final Holy Temple that will last forever.

## Gold! Gold! Gold!

*By Elisha Greenbaum*

I sound like a mad announcer at the Olympics, don't I? Truly to the gold medallist goes the glory. The book deal and the cereal endorsements are his by virtue of his virtue. Silver and bronze sure beat not placing at all, but given the choice between, say, coming home with a bunch of exclusively gold medals hanging round your neck or ending the games with samples of each, who wouldn't take the first option?

Answer: G-d.

In this week's Parshah we read how the Jews were commanded to donate the raw materials to help build the Mishkan--the portable Temple that accompanied them on their desert perambulations.

There was sufficient interest and excitement in the new building project (tax-deductible?) to permit them to design the most luxurious of buildings, replete with the most costly and deluxe fittings. They had looted sufficient quantities of gold on their exit from Egypt to allow them to proceed with the construction without having to debase G-d's home with any baser metal than glorious gold. However they were commanded to bring offering of variegated metals: "Gold and silver and copper..." (Exodus 25:3).

I don't get it. Logically, when building a dwelling place for G-d, why not use the best and only the best?

I would like to think that it was precisely because the Mishkan was to become the temporal home for G-d was it necessary to utilize all manner of materials in its construction. Just like metal, people too fall into different categories and sub-classes: There are the "silver" among us, those who were born to greatness, never having been tempted, never fallen. Quicksilver in inclination and sucking on their silver-spoon since birth. Others are "gold": By their exertions and efforts they manage to overcome all challenges and breast the tape secure in their achievements and accomplishments.

The lowly "copper" represents us poor sinners. Occasionally well-intentioned but dragged down by the weaknesses of the flesh. Sons of toil buried beneath tons of soil. How tempting to flee the field, to concede in despair and leave the building of G-d's sanctuary to the spiritually successful "gold" and "silver."

G-d goes the trifecta. The efforts of the righteous are not sufficient; G-d demands all his creatures join in His building campaign. The lowest denominator is an integral and indispensable cog in the construction effort of the Temple and, by extension, bringing G-d into the world and justifying all creation.

When recruiting for the Shule I sometimes encounter the same resistance. Many are worried that "I'm not religious enough to fit in," or that "I don't want to seem hypocritical and, since I'm not ready to go all-the-way, I shouldn't even start the trip."

Judaism doesn't see it that way. G-d doesn't agree. It took all metals to build the Temple and it takes all of us to build a Shule. All that is demanded from anyone is an open mind, the commitment to show up, and the resolve to contribute to the building of the community.

# Slice of LIFE

## A Broken Heart or Love?

by Rabbi Tuvia Bolton

The following was related to me by Rabbi Yosef Zaltzman about his grandfather Rabbi Avraham Zaltzman.

Once, at a gathering, Rabbi Avraham Zaltzman told a story about his wild childhood in his yeshiva-days in the town of Lubavitch almost 100 years ago. When Avraham was 12 years old, he had a very difficult time sitting for long hours and studying Torah. He and two other boys in the yeshiva with similar natures were given various odd jobs to keep them busy in positive ways.

One of these jobs was to milk a few goats in a nearby farm and supply milk to the pupils. But this too became boring and one terrible day, desperate for action, they somehow managed to get one of the goats to drink vodka. They then led the intoxicated animal to the entrance of the large study hall. While all the pupils were diligently immersed in Talmudic studies, Avraham and his friends pushed the goat in.

The goat, totally oblivious to the holiness of the place, jumped on tables, knocked over several rabbis and scattered books and papers in all directions. It was hours before the decorum could be restored and, of course, it was no secret as to who was to blame.

The three boys were summoned to the dean of the yeshiva, Rabbi Yosef Yitzchak Schneersohn, who was the son of the Lubavitcher Rebbe at that time and founder of the Yeshiva. They were told to pack their belongings and leave.

With no other choice they did as they were told and several hours later were waiting in the train station in the nearby city of Rodna, with their suitcases in hand to return to their homes.

Suddenly Avraham turned to his friends and said, "What are we doing?! We can't leave! We have to go back and plead for mercy!" But the others just shook their heads "no."

"It won't work. Did you see the look on the dean's face? He doesn't want to see us

again. We're finished!" One answered. The other boy agreed. "He's not going to take us back this time. We're out for sure!"

But Avraham didn't give up and before the train arrived he succeeded in convincing one of the boys to come back with him and give it a try.

They said good-bye to their friend and trudged back to Lubavitch with no real idea what their next step was but Avraham wouldn't go down without a battle.

They couldn't go back to the dean. And the Rebbe also wasn't the one to approach; he would not override his son's decision... especially here.

Their only chance was the dean's grandmother, the Rebbe's mother, Rebbetzin Rivka. She had a wonderful, warm heart. Maybe she could help.



They went to her house, knocked on the door and when she answered Avraham poured out his heart. When he was finished, her answer was to the point.

"I can't go against the decision of my grandson; he's the dean of the yeshiva. The only one that might be able to do that is my son, the Rebbe. But I can't talk to him about this either. I simply can't mix in.

"But, what I can do is this: every morning at 10 o'clock, my son, the Rebbe, sits in his room and drinks a cup of tea. Come tomorrow morning and I'll show you where the room is ... but you will have to do the talking."

The next morning, Avraham reported back to Rebbetzin Rivka while his friend, who was simply too afraid, waited outside.

She let him in and pointed out the

room where the Rebbe was sitting. The door was open and when the Rebbe saw Avraham standing there he looked at him for a moment and asked him what he wanted.

"I want to learn in Lubavitch." He was almost crying.

"Lubavitch?" smiled the Rebbe as he motioned him to come closer, "but there are so many other good yeshivas!" And the Rebbe listed all the other Torah academies, about 20 of them, in the area.

"But I want to learn here, in Lubavitch!" When the Rebbe heard this he began to smile and when Avraham saw the smile he began to cry. Suddenly the Rebbe became serious and said, "We will think about it... come back later today."

Avraham backed out of the office, but suddenly he stopped, and just stood there looking sheepishly at the ground.

"What do you want now?" the Rebbe asked.

"I have a friend," Avraham answered. "He's waiting outside."

"A friend? We will think about him also," the Rebbe replied. "Come back in a few hours."

"Well, the story has a happy ending," Rabbi Avraham concluded to his listeners. "We returned to the Rebbe a few hours later. The Rebbe took us into his son, said a few words and left.

"His son imposed a stiff fine on us: we had to learn by heart tens of pages of Talmud and Chasidut. But he accepted us back. And that is the story of how my broken heart got me back into yeshiva."

Rabbi Mendel Futeras, who was at the gathering and had been listening with interest was the first to comment. "Tell me, Reb Avraham, why do you think he did that? What made him accept you back into the yeshiva?"

"Like I said," he replied, "because I wanted so much to learn in Lubavitch that I actually wept! A person should want to study Chasidic teachings so much that his heart is breaking!!"

"No!" said Reb Mendel. "You are wrong. Your broken heart is not what got you back into Lubavitch. The reason the Rebbe took you back was because you worried for your friend! You thought of another Jew! That's why he took you back! Because of your brotherly love!"

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ISSUE 1285

## SOUL COFFEE

*The bravest heroes are also the most humble. G-d made the heart of David and his soldiers strong and brave, so they would win in battle against Israel's enemies.*

*He made the hearts of Rabbi Eliezer and Rabbi Akiva stubborn, so they could traverse the highway from ignorance to enlightenment in adulthood.*

*They were all sensitive, humble men, nothing in their own eyes. But G-d put a stubborn courage in their hearts—and that they would not surrender.*



# INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

## How to Beat Laziness

I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th of Teves, in which you write about the problem of laziness, etc., and you ask how you can overcome it.

One of the effective ways of overcoming this difficulty is by thinking deeply on the fact that G-d is present everywhere and always, as the Alter Rebbe explains in the beginning of Chapter 41 of the Tanya:

“And, behold, G-d stands over him,” and “the whole world is full of His glory,” and He looks upon him and “searches his reins and heart” (to see) if he is serving Him as is fitting. Therefore, he must serve in His presence with awe and fear like one standing before the king.

The point is to remember that inasmuch as G-d gives one the great gift of time and mental ability, etc., one must not waste these great gifts given by G-d. By way of illustration: Suppose a great and majestic king personally and graciously gave you a gift, and he stands by you, watching what you will do with it; what would it look like if you would drop it with complete disregard, and go out for a walk or engage in some other pastime, etc.? Surely it is unnecessary to emphasize to you this idea at greater length.

I will only add that the Yetzer Hora is never lazy, and is very busy and industrious in his efforts to distract a Jew from his service to G-d. Therefore, you must have a ready weapon with which to combat him. For this reason, I suggest that you should study well, and learn by heart, the beginning of Chapter 41 to which I referred above, until those sacred words are engraved upon your mind and memory, so that you will always be able to recall them and think about them whenever the need arises to overcome a temptation, etc. May G-d grant that you should have good news to report.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE RABBI

### Writing Hebrew right to left

**Question:** Why do we write Hebrew from right to left?

**Answer:** One popular theory is that Hebrew is written from right to left because, in ancient times, when chiseling out words on a stone tablet, the engraver would hold the hammer in his stronger hand (usually the right hand) and the chisel in the left hand, making it much easier to write from right to left.

As writing tools developed to include ink on parchment or a stylus on clay, scribes began to write from left to right so as not to smudge the letters. However, by the time this happened, Hebrew and other Semitic languages were already “set in stone,” so to speak, so they continued to be written from right to left.

Without getting into the accuracy of this answer, we know that way back when we were just a fledgling nation, Moses wrote the Torah with ink and parchment, and the Torah scroll is written from right to left. So it would seem that there are more than technical reasons for writing Hebrew from right to left.

The third Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem Mendel (the Tzemach Tzedek), explains that writing from right to left is in keeping with the general rule in Judaism that we give precedence to the right side, e.g., we put on our right shoe first and wash our right hand first. Once we have written the first letter on the extreme right of the parchment or page, we move on to the next available space on the right side, which is to the immediate left of the letter we just wrote. And so it happens that we are writing from right to left.

The Tzemach Tzedek adds that although there is another Talmudic rule, “All turns that you make should be only to the right”—which would seem to imply that we should write from left to right (so that we are move toward the right)—it only applies when one has to actually turn one’s body.

Why is the right side given precedence in Judaism? In kabbalistic teachings, the right represents the attribute of chesed (kindness) and the left, gevurah (severity). Just as there is a general rule that the right takes precedence in Jewish life, so too, whenever faced with a situation where you need to decide between kindness or severity, kindness comes first.

## A WORD

from the Director

*The seventh of Adar (Sunday, March 5th this year) is the birthday and yahrzeit (anniversary of the passing) of Moses.*

*The Lubavitcher Rebbe spoke numerous times about the significance of this date in our lives as Jews. In one of the Rebbe's last public addresses, the Rebbe delved further into the significance of this date.*

*On a person's birthday, "his mazal (source of influence) shines powerfully." If this concept applies to the birthday of any Jew, surely it applies with regard to the birthday of a leader of the Jewish people. Nor is this relevant merely as an event in the past. Instead, each year, the positive influence associated with the Seventh of Adar is increased, reaching a level immeasurably higher than in previous years.*

*The birthday of a Jewish leader affects every member of the Jewish people, for the leader is the source of influence through whom G-d's blessings are drawn down for the entire people. Seven is symbolic of a complete cycle.*

*Thus, the Seventh of Adar should inspire every Jew to carry out his service in a complete manner. The positive influence of the month of Adar will facilitate the performance of this service.*

*Similarly, these positive influences will hasten the coming of the Redemption. It is of utmost importance that the Redemption come sooner, even a moment sooner, for the Divine Presence and the Jewish people are in exile. Therefore, it is important to hasten the coming of the Redemption; every single moment its coming can be speeded is significant.*

*The potential for this certainly exists: the very next moment can be the last moment of the exile, and the moment that follows, the first moment of Redemption.*

J. I. Gutnick

IT HAPPENED



Many years ago, in a little Russian town, there lived a Jew named Mottel Goldgrebber. Now, this was quite a funny name, for a digger ("grebber") he was, but certainly not a digger of gold. He was, in fact, a digger of sand and lime, which he would sell to local builders who used it to manufacture mortar and cement. Unfortunately, there was not much building going on in the little town, and so, Mottel's sales were few and far between. As a result, he earned very little, and his family had barely enough to survive.

Years passed thus, and it was time for his oldest daughter to marry. But Mottel had a big problem. For without money, how could he make a match? To make matters worse, the match of Mottel's dreams was a Torah scholar, and with no dowry to speak of, that would surely remain what it was, just a dream.

Then, one day, Mottel became rich! He was digging as usual, when his shovel struck something hard. Mottel bent down and picked up a stone that looked like a piece of glass. He was about to throw it away, but something told him to put it into his pocket, which he did. There it remained for several days until he took it to the only diamond dealer in the little town. The man studied it through his glass. He scratched it and bit it, and then he spoke: "This is no piece of glass. It is a diamond of enormous value!"

Mottel nearly collapsed. "How much would you venture to say it is worth?" he managed to ask.

"I don't have enough to buy it, but I advise you to go to London to my cousin, who is a diamond dealer there. He will tell you how much it is really worth. You are a rich man, Mottel!"

Mottel was dumb-founded. "I can't go to London. I have no money!"

"Don't worry. I'll advance you the money for the trip," the diamond dealer offered. "When you go to London, sell the stone and buy a lot of smaller stones. When you come home, we'll go into partnership together."

Mottel made all of the necessary arrangements and soon arrived at the port. By the time he arrived, though, he had spent nearly all of the money the diamond dealer had advanced to him, for he was not accustomed to managing more than a few pennies at a time. He approached the captain of the ship and showed him the stone, explaining that he had no money to pay his passage now, but he would soon be wealthy. The captain agreed to take him and soon Mottel was comfortably ensconced in a first class cabin.

Mottel couldn't believe his luck. He would often take the diamond from his pocket and hold it up to the sun to marvel at its beautiful glittering colors. Even when he was eating he would take out the beautiful stone to admire. One day, as Mottel was reciting the blessing after the meal, the steward arrived to clear away the remnants of his repast. He gathered up the cloth and shook the diamond together with the crumbs out the porthole.

Mottel was horrified at what had happened, but what could he do? He calmly blessed G-d for having given and taken away, and then set about to think through the new development. Things looked as bad as possible, but Mottel was a man of faith and he was sure G-d would not forsake him.

One morning, as Mottel was strolling on the deck, the captain confided in him. "I want to ask you a favor, which will also be to your advantage."

The captain then explained that along with cargo which belonged to the king, he was carrying precious ore which was his own property. The problem was that the king's men would take that cargo as well as the king's. The captain proposed to put the ore in Mottel's name and Mottel would sell it when they reached London.

The documents were duly signed and sealed. The captain instructed Mottel that exactly two weeks after docking he would come to collect the money from the sale, less ten percent commission.

On the appointed day everything was completed. Mottel waited and waited, but the captain did not come. After several days, Mottel went to the docks to inquire about the captain. There he heard the shocking news that the captain had been involved in a drunken brawl and had been stabbed to death! Mottel investigated and found out that the captain had absolutely no living relatives. He had inherited the huge profits from the ore deal. He was richer now than he would have been had he sold the diamond.

Mottel couldn't understand his good fortune. When he returned to his little town in Russia, he discussed everything with his friend, the diamond dealer, who offered this explanation: "You had done nothing to merit the diamond. It was simply a gift of Divine grace. But when you lost it, your faith never wavered. You put your trust in G-d and for that reason, you merited the second fortune, which is not only larger than the first, but which will undoubtedly remain yours as long as you keep your faith in G-d."

PARSHAH IN A NUTSHELL

*The people of Israel are called upon to contribute thirteen materials—gold, silver and copper; blue-, purple- and red-dyed wool; flax, goat hair, animal skins, wood, olive oil, spices and gems—out of which, G-d says to Moses, "They shall make for Me a Sanctuary, and I shall dwell amidst them."*

*On the summit of Mount Sinai, Moses is given detailed instructions on how to construct this dwelling for G-d so that it could be readily dismantled, transported and reassembled as the people journeyed in the desert.*

*In the Sanctuary's inner chamber, behind an artistically woven curtain, was the ark containing the tablets of testimony engraved with the Ten Commandments; on the ark's cover stood two winged cherubim hammered out of pure gold. In the outer chamber stood the seven-branched menorah, and the table upon which the "showbread" was arranged.*

*The Sanctuary's three walls were fitted together from 48 upright wooden boards, each of which was overlaid with gold and held up by a pair of silver foundation sockets. The roof was formed of three layers of coverings: (a) tapestries of multicolored wool and linen; (b) a covering made of goat hair; (c) a covering of ram and tachash skins. Across the front of the Sanctuary was an embroidered screen held up by five posts.*

*Surrounding the Sanctuary and the copper-plated altar which fronted it was an enclosure of linen hangings, supported by 60 wooden posts with silver hooks and trimmings, and reinforced by copper stakes.*

CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, CAULFIELD

PARSHAS TERUMAH • 5 ADAR • 3 MARCH

<b>FRIDAY NIGHT:</b>	CANDLE LIGHTING:	7:39 PM
	MINCHA:	7:45 PM
	KABBOLAS SHABBOS:	8:10 PM
<b>SHABBOS DAY:</b>	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA:	10:17 AM
	SHACHARIS:	10:00 AM
	MINCHA:	7:35 PM
	SHABBOS ENDS:	8:35 PM
<b>THURSDAY FAST DAY:</b>	FAST BEGINS/DAWN:	5:48 AM
	MNCHAH:	2.05/7.25 PM
	FAST ENDS:	8:15 PM
<b>WEEKDAYS:</b>	SHACHARIS:	8.00/9.15/10.00 AM
	MINCHA:	7.40 PM
	MAARIV:	8.30 PM

CANDLE LIGHTING



	Shabbos 3-4 March	
	Begins	Ends
Melbourne	7:39	8:35
Adelaide	7:32	8:27
Brisbane	6:00	6:52
Darwin	6:50	7:39
Gold Coast	5:58	6:51
Perth	6:31	7:25
Sydney	7:11	8:05
Canberra	7:21	8:16
Launceston	7:34	8:32
Auckland	7:39	8:35
Wellington	7:43	8:41
Hobart	7:34	8:34
Byron Bay	6:58	7:50