

LAMPLIGHTER

15 Sivan
Parshas
Beha'aloscha
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LIVING WITH THE TIMES

In this week's Torah portion, Beha'aloscha, Aaron, the kohen gadol (high priest), is commanded to light the menorah: "Speak to Aaron...When you light the lamps."

According to Jewish law, any Jew, even someone who is not a kohen, is permitted to light the menorah and the kindling will be valid. Furthermore, the trimming of the menorah's wicks need not necessarily be done by the high priest; any kohen is allowed to perform the task. Why then is the commandment to light the menorah directed specifically at Aaron?

To explain:

The fact that the Torah addresses Aaron indicates that although others are permitted to kindle the lamps, Aaron, the high priest, is the one who should do so. For lighting the menorah is an activity best done only by someone with the spiritual standing of a kohen gadol.

The commandment to kindle the menorah is symbolic of every Jew's obligation to involve himself with others and exert a positive influence on everyone with whom he comes in contact. All of us are commanded to ignite the Divine spark in our fellow Jews and light up our surroundings.

How are we to exert this influence? By emulating the example of Aaron, the high priest, the embodiment of the highest level of holiness. We too must not content ourselves with presenting a watered-down version of Torah and mitzvot to our fellow Jews; only the highest levels of sanctity and holiness will suffice!

What was so special about the kohen gadol? One day each year, on Yom Kippur, the high priest entered the holy of holies, the most sanctified place on earth. The chamber itself was bare except for the tablets of the law, the Ten Commandments. Indeed, this is the essence of the high priest: the Torah in its purest form.

The Ten Commandments were engraved in stone, its letters part and parcel of the tablets themselves, inseparable from the substance in which it was etched. Again, this expresses the nature of the high priest: someone to whom the Torah is his very essence.

The commandment to light the menorah is both the duty and the merit of every single Jew. All of us are required to kindle our own "lamp," our G-dly soul, and ignite the spark of G-d that dwells in others. And while any Jew can and must light the "menorah," his own G-dly soul and his environment, it must be done in a manner consistent with the high priest, whose whole being was synonymous with the highest levels of sanctity.

When Manna Wasn't Good Enough

By Naftali Silberberg

The Children of Israel began to cry, and they said, "Who will feed us meat? We remember the fish that we ate in Egypt free of charge, the cucumbers, the watermelons, the leeks, the onions, and the garlic... But now, our bodies are dried out, for there is nothing at all; we have nothing but manna to look at!" (Numbers 11:4-6)

Besides its abundance, accessibility, and the absence of a price tag, the manna was the perfect food. Nutritionally, it contained zero waste or excess. It was 100% absorbed by the body, and those who subsisted on a strict manna diet actually had no need to relieve themselves! Spiritually, the manna was "matterized" divine light, the same diet which the supernal angels consume. According to the Talmud, the manna's spiritual qualities had a profound effect on its eaters, and the Torah "could only be given to 'manna eaters'!" To top it all off, according to tradition, the manna miraculously assumed any taste which its eater fancied. Imagine how simple it was to prepare a meal for a family. "Mommy, what's for dinner tonight?" "Anything you wish, dear," would be the convenient reply...

Yet, incredibly, the Israelites found reason to grumble: 1) They wanted free real meat (...without depleting their own herds in order to satisfy their craving). 2) The "cost" of the manna was prohibitive. (FYI, the cost = observance of the mitzvot.) 3) The manna "refused" to assume the taste of several vegetables (...whose taste was harmful for nursing infants).

Their lack of gratitude and the extent of their greed are unfathomable. Or are they?

It is human nature never to be satisfied with one's current possessions and achievements. The Mishna declares that "one who has 100 desires 200." Upon attaining 200, the person will crave 400—and this continues ad infinitum (or, perhaps, ad nauseam?...). G-d imbued us with this nature for good reason: its purpose is to constantly impel a person forward in his spiritual quest, not allowing him to be content with spiritual heights scaled yesterday. This nature is also the spark which continuously drives scientists to unearth new discoveries and inventors to originate new inventions—which greatly improve our quality of life—leaving us with added time and energy to devote to serving G-d.

This inborn nature must find an outlet in a person's life. If this quality is not used in pursuit of positive and productive objectives, then it deteriorates into an insatiable and pointless desire for more and more luxury and wealth. Man is blessed with a creative imagination; always capable of conjuring yet another "necessity" without which he absolutely cannot rest.

Resurrect a person who lived one century ago and drop him in any Western nation, and he will be absolutely convinced that the Messiah has arrived. It is unnecessary to belabor this point—suffice with a little thought about the differences between daily life today and the way our ancestors lived a few short generations ago. This revived person will rightfully thank G-d for His tremendous kindness, for affording His creatures the means of living lives of tremendous prosperity, ease, and comfort.

...It will probably take no more than three weeks for this person to stop marveling about the miracle of air conditioning—and start complaining about the high energy bills it produces...

Torah only speaks of historical events which have a lesson relevant to all generations. The story of the "Manna Mutiny" has a powerful moral: Strive for more and better in the areas of character, good deeds, and our relationship with G-d and our fellows. But always be happy with the material bounty G-d has granted.

Slice of LIFE

Grandma Rachel's Challah

by Shirley Coles

Fridays were always a very special day in the home of my grandparents. Not only did sundown mark the beginning of Shabbat, but there was much cooking and baking going on and the house smelled heavenly. My mother and I occupied a small room across the hall from the kitchen and, when I would sit doing my homework after school, I knew what we would be having for dinner that night without ever leaving my desk. Grandma Rachel was considered to be one of the best challah makers in our community

Mingled with the aroma of roasting chicken, apple stuffing, potatoes and her special carrot dish called tsimmus (which was definitely not a favorite of mine), was the unmistakable perfume of baking bread...challah. My mother and my aunts used to ask Grandma to teach them how to make the beautiful, braided and shiny loaves, but she stubbornly kept the secrets to herself. If they stepped up quietly behind her while she worked the sweet dough, I would hear her stamp her foot and say what sounded like "gay, gay, gay aveck".

One afternoon, homework done, I walked into the kitchen to inhale to my heart's delight. Grandma looked up. "Vas vilst du, Tsureleh? I was all of twelve at that time, the eldest granddaughter.

She and I had been friends and gin rummy buddies for a long time and she knew I was not seeking to become a baker of challah. Thus, I was allowed to stand close and watch as her busy hands kneaded and punched, shaped, and then braided the fragrant dough. Not only did she make one large bread, but there would be a smaller version which she placed on top of the first. It was a veritable work of art.

"Kally" is hard to say, Grandma," She looked at me and giggled, her round tummy shaking under the flowered apron. "Nisht kally," she said, patting my face with a floured hand, which made her laugh all the more. "It's chhhhhhalahhhh...with a chhh. Make like you have something caught in your throat and need to spit it out." It took a couple of hard coughs but I got it right. Then it was time to put the loaf into its pan and into the oven. I knew that the next time I saw it, there would be a golden brown masterpiece ready for Friday night dinner.

But one mystery remained. Grandma had removed one small piece of dough from the rest before she baked it. This little nugget was baked and then burnt...yes, burnt! After all of that, she would say a tiny prayer and throw it away. She watched me. My mouth must have been open in amazement. "Better close your mouth, Tsureleh, or a fly might go in. I think you are old enough to hear why this is done." It was a long time ago, and I may not be remembering correctly, but I believe the little piece of burnt challah dough was supposed to commemorate the destruction of the Temple.*

The Temple, she said, was the center, the heart, of Judaism, the source of blessings, and it was where the High Court or Sanhedrin sat. It was where sacrifices were offered, and the source of all prayer. It was the meeting place of all Jewish people when they gathered to celebrate the Three

Festivals. "Tsurreleh, when the people came together to daven (pray) and dance and be with one another in friendship and love, it made us strong. When the Temple was destroyed by fire, we lost those things. We have to remember and mourn and cry for this and then rebuild...always rebuild."

I cannot eat challah without smelling that wonderful aroma of baking bread, without seeing my Grandmother's hands creating it, without hearing her voice, without feeling her soft, floured hands on my cheek. The lesson of the burnt offering has come back to me many times in my life. Whenever dreams are shattered or faith weakened...whenever we lose heart, we have to remember first to mourn the loss of the strength we can find in each other, in our roots, and then we must find our way back to them and rebuild anew.

Challah is not merely a beautiful and delicious bread to me...it is Grandma Rachel, it's part of all she taught me about who I am and that I am a part of a rich and precious heritage. She is gone from me now, but never lost. With every one of my senses, she is immortal.

[Ed.'s note: The separation of challah, one of the 613 commandments in the Torah, is in fulfillment of the verse (Num. 15:20-21), "The first portion of your kneading, you shall separate as a dough offering (challah)... In all your generations, give the first of your kneading as an elevated gift to G-d"]

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INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

Yeshivah or College

I received your letter of January 19th, in which you write that, inasmuch as about two years ago I expressed my opinion that your son . . . should devote at least a period of two years exclusively to the study of the Torah, which I considered especially essential for his happiness, and inasmuch as this coming summer this period will be fulfilled, you bring it to my attention. I assume that you are referring to my letter of the 28th of Sivan, 5717.

No doubt you will note that I wrote there that in my opinion this period of study is considered absolutely essential, and that I said "At least two years." This, of course, did not mean that at the end of the two years your son must necessarily go to college. Nor did I, of course, imply that college is the only solution to your son's future.

I also need hardly say that I do not go back on my word, and although you state in your letter that you expect me to honor my promise, I do not see what promise I made in my said letter, except that after the two years of exclusive study of the Torah, your son would be much better prepared to cope with any contingencies which his future life may present to him, as to anyone who goes out in the world, especially a Jew.

As for the question itself regarding your son's registering in college, needless to say that the decision whether or not to enter college will have to be made by your son. I can only suggest that it may be advisable that your son, as well as you, should consult with the administration of the Yeshiva in Montreal where your son is learning at present, and who know your son intimately and the progress he has made, and what are his future prospects, etc. I may add that from the general information which has reached me, I understand that your son has become successful in his studies and, what is not less and even more important, that being in the Yeshiva atmosphere, his general character and self-assurance have been strengthened. After consultation with the Yeshiva administration, it will be easier for you to make a decision as to what your son should do in the future.

Let me conclude again in the same vein as I wrote to you in my above-mentioned letter, and with even greater conviction at this time, that your son's Torah study will certainly bring him true happiness, and that you will have much Nachas from him, and may G-d grant that you enjoy this in good health and happy frame of mind.

QUESTIONS FOR THE RABBI

What Does It Mean When You Dream Your Teeth Are Falling Out?

Question: Do you interpret dreams? As a kid, I was told that dreaming about losing your teeth is a bad sign. I have had such dreams a few times, and when I wake up, I feel worried. Is it true, and do we have to take dreams seriously?

Answer: It is true that dreams have meanings, but interestingly, those meanings are fluid. Let me explain . . .

The Talmud relates that the sage Rava once dreamed that his teeth were falling out. He went to Bar Hedyā, a professional dream interpreter, to find out its meaning. The interpreter told him that his sons and daughters would die (and he would lose his appetite in his sorrow, and therefore not use his teeth).

The interesting thing is that this anecdote is presented in the context of a longer saga in which Rava and his colleague Abaye would consistently dream similar dreams and go to Bar Hedyā for interpretations. Bar Hedyā gave Abaye favorable interpretations each time, while Rava consistently received gloomy predictions.

Why the discrepancy? The rabbi who received the positive interpretation was paying Bar Hedyā, while the other was not. The weird thing was, the interpretations came true.

The way you interpret a dream can actually have an effect on its realization. The dream itself could go either way: If you say it's bad, it will be. If you label it as a good dream, then that's what will come about.

In fact, the great mystic Rabbi Yoel Baal Shem taught that teeth falling out can be seen as a wonderful dream: Teeth are what we use to grind our food, so we can digest it. They represent the daily grind, the toil and effort we spend on making a living. Teeth falling out in your dream means that you will escape the grind, your income will come easily to you, you will not need to grind hard to eat.

So ultimately, even a dream with a negative connotation can be positive if you interpret it as such.

A WORD

from the Director

Over 100 years ago, on the 20th of Sivan (this coming Wednesday), Yeshiva Tomchei Temimim was closed by special order of the Russian government. The yeshiva, which had been established to counter the new and foreign ideologies that threatened the Jewish people from within, was a favorite target of proponents of the Enlightenment. Indeed, on this occasion their slander succeeded, but only for a very short while, as we see in this excerpt from the Previous Rebbe's diary dated 21 Sivan, 5662 (1902):

"Yesterday, a messenger arrived around six o'clock with a letter stating that at twelve noon a police captain, his lieutenant, and three officers had burst into the great study hall of the yeshiva and ordered everyone to stop learning. They wrote down all the students' names, then ordered that the place be evacuated. The captain then instructed that the windows be closed from the inside, and when everyone had exited, the front door was locked. A wax seal was affixed to the official order, with strict instructions not to open it.

"The action had been initiated by the Regional Minister of the Enlightenment, who had issued an order to immediately close all yeshivot founded by Rebbe Schneersohn."

What was the reaction of the Previous Rebbe, the administrator of Tomchei Temimim? He simply made a new entrance.

"After arriving [in Lubavitch] and evaluating the situation, I instructed Yankel the builder to construct a small platform with a flight of stairs leading into the front window . . . I put a metal can on top of the wax seal so that it wouldn't break. By seven in the morning the yeshiva was open as usual."

Decades have passed. Neither the Russian government of the Czar, nor the Communist government of the USSR, could force the students of the Lubavitcher yeshiva to stop studying Torah. Today Chabad-Lubavitch yeshivas and day schools in the former Soviet Union flourish; there are nearly 700 schools under the auspices of Chabad-Lubavitch world-wide. New entrances are made, and the doors are open "as usual."

J. I. Gutnick

IT HAPPENED *Once...*

Rabbi Nachum of Chernobyl felt the suffering of his fellow Jews deeply. Whenever he was not engaged in Torah study or prayer, he would devote himself to helping his fellow Jews in any way he could. Although he was a poor man himself, he would collect large amounts of charity to distribute to the needy. He spent much time traveling through towns and villages to discover what spiritual or physical needs he might be able to fill for his beloved brethren.

Rabbi Nachum was concerned not only with the lack of material possessions, but also the spiritual poverty which endangered his Jewish brethren's holy souls. In every place he visited, Rabbi Nachum would ask, "Do you have a shul? Do your children have a teacher? Is there a mikva here?" After he identified the needs of the community Rabbi Nachum set about raising funds.

On one of his travels, Rabbi Nachum visited a small village which had no mikva. The villagers had to travel a distance to a larger neighboring town. In the winter, when the roads were often muddy, these trips were nearly impossible. Of course, Rabbi Nachum resolved to have a mikva built for the village.

When he returned home, Rabbi Nachum approached a wealthy member of his congregation with a startling proposition: "If you will pay for a mikva in the village I have just visited, I will sell you my portion in the World to Come." The rich man was stunned by Rabbi Nachum's offer but accepted it immediately.

When his Chasidim heard about the unusual arrangement, they were shocked. How could the Rebbe have done such a thing? Seeing the questions in their eyes, Rabbi Nachum explained to them: "According to the teachings of the Torah, every Jew must love G-d with 'all your heart, with all your soul and with all your might.' It has been explained that the phrase 'with all your might' means with all your money. Like every other Jew, I recite this verse every evening and every morning, and I wonder, 'How can I, a Jew who owns nothing and has no money fulfill this command? When I profess to love G-d with all my material means, what can I possibly be saying? Am I lying to myself?'"

"This is what I have concluded regarding my situation. Although I may not have money, I do have one very valuable possession, and that is my portion in the World to Come. I have found that people are willing to put a price on anything. There are even such people who will put a price on the after-life. Since that is the case, and I cannot fulfill my duty to love G-d with 'all my might' in any other way, then I am obligated to sell this property to meet my obligation."

Menachem Mendel of Kosov (1768-1825) was a figure of great stature, who founded a number of Chasidic dynasties. As is the case of many outstanding personalities, he had many followers and he also had opponents.

There was one Jew in Kosov who was bitterly antagonistic to the Rebbe. This man took great pleasure in interfering with any of the Rebbe's projects.

Thus, it was a great shock when one day the Rebbe's "ememy" showed up at his door. "I must speak with Reb Menachem Mendel," the man demanded. The attendant showed him to the Rebbe's room

and closed the door behind him.

No sooner were they alone than the man opened up his heart and poured out his problem: "I have a daughter of marriageable age, and I have no money for a dowry. Rebbe, please advise me how I can solve this problem."

"How much money do you need for a proper dowry," asked the Rebbe.

The man mentioned a very large sum. At once, the Rebbe opened his drawer and withdrew all the money he had. He put on his desk what amounted to several hundred gold coins, a huge amount of money, which he had amassed over some time. The man accepted the money and left, freed from his terrible burden.

It wasn't long before people found out about the amazing act of kindness on the Rebbe's part. The Rebbe's own brother, Reb Yitzchak, was infuriated when he heard about the incident, and he decided to go and reproach his brother face to face.

"I can't believe what you have done!" he railed at his brother. "You, who watch every penny when it comes to the needs of your own family have just given away a fortune to a man who has been your greatest opponent for years! I just cannot understand you!"

Rabbi Menachem Mendel was not surprised at his brother's reaction. "My brother, you should know that you are not the first one to condemn my action. But just as I ignored my first critic, I will ignore you, too! You must believe me when I tell you that I had good reasons for what I did."

His brother was a bit taken aback that someone else had the temerity to question the rebbe, and asked, "You mean to say that someone else was here before I came, someone with the same criticism? Tell me, who was it?"

"There was someone else," the Rebbe assured him. "It was my evil inclination. He came and tried all of his cunning arguments to convince me not to give this money. It seems he was very displeased about this unbelievable opportunity which came to me out of the blue, and he used all of his wiles to dissuade me from this mitzva. However, just as I have told you, I told him that his arguments were of no use. I did what I had to do."

PARSHAH IN A NUTSHELL

Aaron is commanded to raise light in the lamps of the menorah, and the tribe of Levi is initiated into the service in the Sanctuary.

A "Second Passover" is instituted in response to the petition "Why should we be deprived?" by a group of Jews who were unable to bring the Passover offering in its appointed time because they were ritually impure. G-d instructs Moses on the procedures for Israel's journeys and encampments in the desert, and the people journey in formation from Mount Sinai, where they had been camped for nearly a year.

The people are dissatisfied with their "bread from heaven" (the manna), and demand that Moses supply them with meat. Moses appoints 70 elders, to whom he imparts of his spirit, to assist him in the burden of governing the people. Miriam speaks negatively of Moses, and is punished with leprosy; Moses prays for her healing, and the entire community waits seven days for her recovery.

CANDLE LIGHTING



	Shabbos 9 - 10 June	
	Begins	Ends
Melbourne	4:49	5:51
Adelaide	4:53	5:52
Brisbane	4:42	5:38
Darwin	6:10	7:02
Gold Coast	4:40	5:36
Perth	5:01	5:59
Sydney	4:35	5:34
Canberra	4:40	5:39
Launceston	4:30	5:34
Auckland	4:53	5:53
Wellington	4:40	5:44
Hobart	4:25	5:30
Byron Bay	4:38	5:34

CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, CAULFIELD

PARSHAS BEHA'ALOSCHA • 15 SIVAN • 9 JUNE

FRIDAY NIGHT:	CANDLE LIGHTING:	4.49 PM
	MINCHA:	4.55 PM
	KABBOLAS SHABBOS:	5.25 PM
SHABBOS DAY:	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA:	9.53 AM
	SHACHARIS:	10.00 AM
	MINCHA:	4.45 PM
	SHABBOS ENDS:	5.51 PM
WEEKDAYS:	SHACHARIS:	8.00/9.15/10.00 AM
	MINCHA:	4.55 PM
	MAARIV:	5.40 PM