

LAMPLIGHTER

22 Adar
Parshas Vayak'hel-
Pikudei/Parah
1338
9 March
5778/2018

PUBLISHED BY THE CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD

LIVING WITH THE TIMES

This week we read two Torah portions, Vayakhel and Pekudei. Vayakhel describes the construction of the Tabernacle in the desert and its furnishings. Among the detailed instructions of how to make the Tabernacle is the following verse (Ex. 25:18):

"They shall make the stakes of the Tabernacle and the pins of the courtyards and their tying ropes."

Rashi explains that the stakes were inserted into the ground to fasten the edges of the curtains, so that they would not flap because of the wind, and the ropes were used for binding them.

There is a lesson to be derived from this:

The generations that preceded us can be compared to the builders of the Tabernacle itself. Our own generation, the last one before the coming of Moshiach, can be compared to those who tie the edges of the curtains to the stakes in the ground so they will not flap loosely in the wind.

In the overall stature of Israel's history, our generation is the very "heel" - the lowest part of the body - while our predecessors are like the brains, heart and other "higher" parts of the body. Our task and mission is likewise the "last" or "heel" - labor to complete and finish all that is still required to bring about the Messianic redemption. Ours may be the "lowest" task, merely tying down the very edges of the curtains, some rather incidental and external details. Nonetheless, it is just this work that completes the whole job, and it is specifically what we do that will fasten the Tabernacle so that it may stand firm.

We are indeed the "heel"-generation, time-wise and quality-wise, compared to all those before us. This may raise the question: Is the generation worthy? Why should we merit the coming of Moshiach when our ancestors, who were greater saints and scholars than we are, did not? Nonetheless, the fact is that we are the ones who compete the work. The credit and merit, therefore, is attributed to our generation. Our sages thus said that a meritorious deed is attributed to him who does the last part of it and completes it (Sotah 13b).

Moreover, the edges of the curtains were to be tied to the pegs that were fixed in the ground, the earth. This alludes to the very purpose of the Sanctuary, namely, to bring about an indwelling of the Divine Presence in the Tabernacle which was to be a physical abode established specifically here on earth. This, indeed, is the very task and purpose of our generation. We are to draw the Divine Presence all the way down to the very earthiness of this material world, and this will happen with the coming of Moshiach and the ultimate Redemption.

My Grandma's Selective Memory

By Shimon Posner

My grandmother came to America from Russia—with a four-year stopover in Israel—around 1930. She, her husband and two infant boys settled in a Jewish neighborhood in New Jersey. The older boys in the neighborhood welcomed her sons by snatching their yarmulkes off their heads.

Rabbi Yosef Yitzchak, the sixth Lubavitcher Rebbe, visited America around that time. His Soviet-imposed death sentence had only recently been commuted to life in internal exile, and shortly thereafter he was deported from Workers' Paradise. In America, Jews lined up to seek his counsel, his blessing.

My grandmother visited the Rebbe for a blessing, her two-year-old on her arm, her three-year-old holding her other hand. She saw the Rebbe's face and burst into tears, crying, "How will I raise children in such a hard land?"

The Rebbe smiled so widely that he was almost laughing; she thought at her, and was insulted. "It is a hard land," he conceded, growing serious, "but in this land you will raise gutte yiddisher chassidische kinder (good Jewish chassidic children)."

In her later years, my grandmother was no longer encumbered by recent memory. She told this story with its full emotion, and ten minutes later she told it again, not missing the slightest detail, the slightest emotion.

She would always end the story by saying, "But I did not let that blessing sit, I put it to work!"

I don't think she ever lost her initial enthusiasm. I think if she had, she would never have been the person she was. (When she joined her Americanized family for picnics, she brought along sandwiches to adhere to the kosher laws. They nicknamed her Mrs. Sandviches. She told them that she worked hard to understand them, so why didn't they work to understand her? The teasing stopped.)

For two Parshiot, the Torah told us the details of the Tabernacle, the portable sanctuary: the sockets of the walls, the decorative cups of the menorah, the seams of the clothing. Now, for two Parshiot, the Torah tells us that it was all fulfilled. The exhaustive repetition begs explanation, until we notice two words, "nediv libo," describing one who gave for the Tabernacle—that "his heart was full of giving."

The future is by definition daunting—your personal future and your people's. How do you get from divine concept to empirical reality? For that you need passion, a heart full of giving. A passion that never wavers and burns as bright as the first time it was lit—by a Rebbe whose smile was so wide, it looked like he was laughing.

Maybe, just maybe, he was. Maybe he saw something beyond the daunting future. Maybe it filled him with a satisfaction and vindication that he could not, would not, did not want to, contain.

This I know. My grandmother lived with whatever it was that he gave her. Without meaning to sound coarse, but realizing I do, I am grateful that her perhaps "selective" memory gave me a glimpse of something burning that was never extinguished, consuming but never consumed.

She built in America what architects of the land said could not be supported. But then, looking at blueprints, it can be hard to see passion.

We will read these portions. We will think they are redundant. We will remember that bringing heaven to earth demands a passion of the heart that allows for no redundancy. We will repeat it with a passion that has not abated.

Slice of LIFE

My Older Brother, Ari Halberstam

By Sara Gutnick

You may have heard the popular adage made famous by the late author and lecturer Richard Carlson, "Don't sweat the small stuff." Well, I'd like to challenge that notion and offer a different perspective on it.

I am the second child in our family of five siblings. I had an older brother by two years, named Ari Halberstam. In general, we lived our life filled with the average 'small stuff' that make up day-to-day living. Parts of our life was 'big stuff', like the fact that my father was the Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka's caretaker and so we often spent time playing in the Lubavitcher Rebbe's house - that was not ordinary and certainly special. But most of it was all 'small stuff'.

One regular March day, in the middle of a freezing, blizzard winter in 1994, I was in the ninth grade, sitting in my Tanya class. One of the girls who had been outside the classroom came in and started whispering, "Bochurim have been shot on the Brooklyn Bridge... one may be a Halberstam boy..." I heard it, but I didn't imagine for a second that it was my own brother. I sat there confused, a bit shaken, waiting to hear more. I continued to listen to my teacher teach the lesson.

A few minutes later, my aunt, who is the assistant Principal in my former High School, came to the classroom door and called me out. I knew then. I just cried and cried and went to my locker to get my things while she waited. We both didn't know exactly what had happened but I knew we were going home, going to a hospital and something really scary had just

occurred.

The next few days were a blur of hospital visits, people coming and going in our home, me seeing my super-strong and handsome, 6-foot-tall brother wired up to machines in the trauma unit of St Vincent's Hospital. They said he was brain dead. He didn't look it to me. He was the same person. My mind couldn't comprehend such big stuff. Just last night we had been bickering over small stuff. He reminded me that I was being bossy as usual. I remember admiring that he was heading out into the cold to a study session late at night while I was staying put in our warm home.

There is so much of the big stuff. Like how Ari's heart didn't stop beating until all of us siblings had had a chance to come to the hospital to see him one last time...like how thousands of people came to his funeral and people stopped their cars on the highway to pay their respects. Big, big stuff. Like how then President Bill Clinton called our home to give his condolences and how we now know that Ari was killed in a premeditated terrorist attack that was meant to target the Rebbe in a revenge attack for the Chevron massacre that had occurred only days earlier in Israel. Big, big stuff. Federal-level stuff. International terrorism stuff.

But for little fourteen-year-old me, all I wanted was for Ari to come home and go back to doing normal small stuff. All I wanted was for life to go back to the way it was before all this big stuff had happened.

But, as things go, we were about to start a new normal. With new big stuff and new small stuff. Big stuff like criminal court cases, new State terrorism laws being drafted, and the building of a multi-million dollar Jewish Children's museum dedicated to Ari's memory (all to my amazing mother's credit) and small stuff like how to relate to my classmates who had no idea about such big stuff. And all the many

small stuff that go into the grieving process of putting one foot in front of the other. Day by singular day. Moment by singular moment.

Many years have passed. A lot of water has gone under the bridge. I graduated, got married, had children, lived in three countries and grew to be a mother of teenagers myself and all I have learned is that it's all about the small stuff. Those are the moments we remember. Those are the things that count. Those are what memories are made of.

Sure, don't sweat the small stuff, but just know - it's really all about the small stuff. Make the small stuff count. Make them memory-worthy. The littlest things make the biggest impact. Every single day is made up of so many such moments. So many opportunities to make the small stuff matter. Look for them. Do the small stuff.

I can regale you with so many memories and stories about Ari. Small stuff that are really big, big stuff – life lessons. But I won't be prescriptive and tell you exactly how to notice the small stuff. Be a noticer. Grab those opportunities that present themselves to you to make a small moment, a great moment, a memorable moment.

On that fateful morning when Ari was going to Manhattan to pray for the Rebbe's health, Ari got up very, very early. Like, still-dark-outside early. As he was preparing to leave the house, my mother woke up to prepare a baby bottle for my little brother. She looked at Ari wordlessly as he left the house. They exchanged glances but said nothing to each other. She had her last, brief glimpse of her healthy, beautiful, teenage boy.

You never know when will be that last hello, good morning or good night. Make them count because all we want now is to say a simple hello to Ari.

This Shabbos, 23 Adar is Ari's Yahrzeit. Please do an extra mitzvah in his memory.

Published by The Chabad House of Caulfield in conjunction with the

Rabbinical College of Australia and N.Z.

Editor: Shlomie Naparstek

P.O. Box 67, Balaclava Vic. 3183 AUSTRALIA

Email: lamplighter@rabbinicalcollege.edu.au

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

ISSUE 1338

WEEKLY VIDEO



Please do not scan or access this QR code on Shabbat or Yom Tov.

Content printed with permission from

Chabad.ORG

The Official homepage for worldwide Chabad-Lubavitch movement that promotes Judaism and provides daily Torah lectures and Jewish insights



INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

Prayer: The Path to Peace of Mind

By the Grace of G-d
10th of Iyar 5725
[May 12, 1965]
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Greeting and Blessing:

I was pleased to receive your respective letters written towards the end of the month of Nissan.

Needless to say, every additional effort in matters of Torah and Mitzvos and in the dissemination of Yiddishkeit in general, will bring additional Divine blessings.

With regard to the question of Davening, you surely know that there are various customs insofar as women are concerned. However, this is only as far as the women themselves are concerned. But if, as you write, this also has a bearing on the Chinuch of the children, this gives added reason to adopt the custom which would be most valuable for the children, even though the religious community where you lived previously did not demand it.

Besides, there is nothing more conducive to attune the mind and heart towards the consciousness of G-d's Presence than regular prayer, where the first condition is "Know before Whom thou are standing." Fostering this consciousness is very helpful for the attainment of peace of mind and general contentment. For through prayer and direct personal contact with the Al-mighty, one is reminded every day that G-d is not far away, in the Seventh Heaven, but is present and here, and His benevolent Providence extends to each and every one individually. This point has also been greatly emphasized by the Alter Rebbe in his book of Tanya, where he urges everyone to remember that "Behold, G-d is standing near him." With this in mind, there is no room left for any anxiety or worry, as King David, the Sweet Singer of Israel, said, "G-d is my shepherd, I shall not want," "G-d is with me, I shall not fear," etc. Thus, this is no longer a theoretical idea, but becomes a personal experience in the everyday life.

As requested, I will remember in prayer those mentioned in your letter.

A WORD

from the Director

This week we read the third of the four special Torah portions, Parshat Para. Parshat Para describes the offering of the red heifer (the para aduma) and begins, "This is the decree of the Torah." These words indicate that the significance of the red heifer relates to the Torah and its mitzvot in its entirety.

The mitzva of the red heifer reveals two tendencies in a person's G-dly service: a yearning to cling to G-d, known as "ratzo" and the willingness to carry out G-d's will in this world, known as "shov." These two qualities are fundamental thrusts of Judaism.

The burning of the red heifer with fire represents the an upward thrust - ratzo. Fire is characterized by activity and a constant upward movement. The use of "living water in a vessel" which was combined with the ashes of the red heifer refers to the service of shov, for water naturally flows from above to below. Furthermore, when found on a flat surface, water remains in its place, symbolizing tranquility.

Ratzo and shov are fundamental thrusts in Torah, not merely because of the unity they can bring about within the world, but because these two tendencies reflect positive qualities which must be emulated in our service of G-d. A Jew must possess the quality of ratzo. He must not be content with remaining at his present level, but must always seek to advance further. He must always be "running to fulfill a mitzva." Even though he has reached a high level, he must always seek to attain higher heights.

In contrast, ratzo alone is insufficient and it is necessary to internalize all the new levels one reaches, making sure that they become a part of one's nature. This is reflected in an approach of settledness (shov). It does not, however imply complacency. Rather, the internalization of one level produces the desire to reach higher peaks. After reaching those new peaks, one must work to internalize them, which, in turn produces a desire to reach even higher peaks.

May we all grow in both areas of growth and tranquility, ratzo and shov until we reach the highest height of all and actually greet Moshiach.

J. I. Gutterman

QUESTIONS FOR THE RABBI

With Rabbi Aron Moss

Is It Immoral to Be Overweight?

Question: *As a fitness trainer, I wonder: do health and fitness have a place in Judaism? It seems that the secular world encourages a healthy life far more than the Jewish world does. I hear rabbis talk about spiritual matters, but find it hard to listen to them if they themselves are overweight. Is physical well being not important?*

Answer: In our modern world, we are seeing health as the new morality. Good and bad are now measured in calories. My cereal box invites me to "taste the goodness"—not a moral value, but rather a nutritional one. The scales of merit are not found in heaven anymore, but are right there on the bathroom floor, and the daily judgment is pronounced in kilos and pounds.

This all makes sense if you see the human being as just a body without a soul. If the flesh is all there is, health becomes the highest ideal. But from the Jewish perspective, the soul is our true self, and the body its vehicle. The body and its health are important only because through them we express our higher self. More so, while our body houses our soul, it is a gift from our Creator to use while we are in this world. As it is on loan to us and therefore does not truly belong to us, we must always treat it with respect.

The great Jewish thinker, Maimonides, wrote in the 12th century:

"Caring for the health and wellbeing of the body is one of the ways of serving G-d."

And he immediately explains why:

"One is unable to think clearly and comprehend truth if he is unwell."

If your mind is cloudy, you may lack moral clarity to know what's right. While battling with illness, we may not find the stamina to battle the ills of the world. That's why we need to look after our bodies. A healthy body is not in itself our life's purpose; it helps us fulfill our purpose. It is a vehicle that transports us towards goodness, but it is not the destination.

Jewish tradition provides no excuse for being unhealthy. On the contrary, it gives the best reason possible to live healthy: life has meaning and purpose, and each day is precious. Only if life has meaning is it worth taking care of. The risks of high cholesterol, heavy smoking and drug use are a concern only to one who values life. The threat of a shorter lifespan means nothing to someone who sees life as pointless.

We are the healthiest generation in recent history, and our life expectancy is reaching biblical proportions. This means we have more time and energy to fulfill our purpose—to elevate our corner of the world, and tip the scales towards true goodness.

IT HAPPENED



The Hasty Chupah

By Yerachmiel Tilles

In a village not far from Kovno in Lithuania, there lived a G-d-fearing Jewish innkeeper. He had a daughter, Sarah, who was a strikingly beautiful girl. Sarah did not let her beauty turn her head, and she remained a modest, G-d-fearing young girl, obedient to her father and a right hand to her mother.

One day, the young son of the country squire chanced to stop at the inn. The moment his eyes fell on Sarah, he was attracted to the beautiful young woman. He called on her to serve him one drink after another, and the more he drank, the more he liked her. When he was pretty well drunk, he asked her, "Will you marry me?"

Sarah ignored his marriage proposal, but when he kept on telling her that he was serious, she told him, politely but firmly, that she was Jewish and would never marry a non-Jew. For his part, the young squire said that he would return, and insisted that he would definitely marry her.

When the young squire returned home and told his father that he intended to marry the Jewish innkeeper's daughter, the old nobleman could not believe his ears. The father tried to dissuade his son, but the young man remained adamant. The elderly nobleman, who had pampered his spoiled son all his life and catered to his every whim, once more gave in. But on one condition: the girl had to convert to Christianity.

Happily, the young squire raced back to the inn to tell Sarah the "good news" that his father had consented to the marriage. There was, of course, the small matter of conversion, but once done, she would live a life of luxury.

Sarah was horrified. She told the young squire that she would never marry him under any circumstances, and ran from the room. She decided not to say anything to her father, in the hope that this was a passing whim.

The young squire, however, was used to getting what he wanted. And his father, although he was originally opposed to his son's infatuation, was deeply insulted that a poor Jewish girl was turning down the marriage proposal of a wealthy and handsome nobleman! The old squire sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to the innkeeper, expressing his outrage at the fact that after his son had graciously consented to marry his daughter and lift her up from her lowly station, the Jew had the audacity to refuse, and insisting that he agree to the "match."

The young squire rushed with a few of his friends to deliver the letter. En route, a tremendous rainstorm broke out, and they stopped at the closest inn. At the inn, the boisterous company began drinking and offered a round of toasts to the young squire. "Drink," they said. "Once you marry that pretty Jewish girl, you will have to behave . . ." Laughter followed.

All this time, an old man bent sat quietly in a corner, bent over a book. He was Reb Yosef, the melamed (tutor) of the innkeeper's two sons. His ears caught the boisterous conversation of the company and the mention of Sarah, the daughter of the neighboring innkeeper. He listened intently as the young squire read out loud the letter from his father to Sarah's father.

When the young squires fell into a drunken sleep, Reb Yosef closed his book and traveled quickly to the next village, where he immediately alerted Sarah's family to the situation at hand.

"Rabbi Yosef," Sarah's father cried, "what shall we do? They are perfectly capable of carrying her off by force."

"Sarah must get married immediately. There is no time to wait," said Rabbi Yosef.

"But with whom will she go to the chupah? There is not one Jewish man of marriageable age in this village," the innkeeper lamented.

"In that case, there is myself," the teacher said. "I am not young man, I

am a widower, and Sarah deserves someone worthier. But I am prepared to be the groom. Of course, once the danger has passed, we will go to the rabbinical court in Kovno and arrange for a proper divorce."

The innkeeper hesitated, but Sarah herself immediately accepted the plan. "Rabbi Yosef is risking his very life for our sake," she said. "But there is no other way. We have no time to lose."

That very night, a quorum of Jews was hastily assembled, and a chupah set up for the strangest marriage in the memory of the village: the white-bearded melamed with the innkeeper's beautiful young daughter. When the young squire and his companions rode into the inn, they were amazed to find that they had arrived right in the middle of the wedding feast.

"What welcome guests!" the innkeeper called to the new arrivals. The young squire was flabbergasted. He had come too late; Sarah was already married. He and his friends quickly made their exit.

Rabbi Yosef stood up. "My friends," he said, "we must be truly grateful to the One Above for this wonderful salvation. We celebrated this wedding to save Sarah from a calamity. Now that the danger has passed, I am ready to arrange for a divorce, so that Sarah is free to marry the man of her choice."

The innkeeper once again thanked Rabbi Yosef for his selflessness, and thanked the guests for their cooperation. "Well, my daughter, remove your bridal veil, for we are going to the rabbinical court," he said to Sarah.

"I am prepared to venture into town with my new husband, but not for a divorce," Sarah replied. "G-d has brought us together, and made us husband and wife. I am certain that this marriage was made in heaven. I could not have chosen a more devoted and loyal partner, who risked his life to save me from a fate worse than death . . ."

The following year, Rabbi Yosef and Sarah were blessed with a son whom they named Aryeh Leib. Leib's father did not live long to enjoy his young treasure and it was Sarah who brought up and educated the child. In adulthood he became famous as a great tzaddik and wonderworker, and was known as Rabbi Leib Sarah's, so called in honor of his pious mother Sarah. Rabbi Leib would often tell the story of his parents' marriage, citing his mother as an example of a Jew's ability to withstand the most difficult of tests and to make great sacrifices for his faith.

PARSHAH IN A NUTSHELL

Moses assembles the people of Israel and reiterates to them the commandment to observe the Shabbat. He then conveys G-d's instructions regarding the making of the Mishkan (Tabernacle). The people donate the required materials in abundance, bringing gold, silver and copper; blue-, purple- and red-dyed wool; goat hair, spun linen, animal skins, wood, olive oil, herbs and precious stones. Moses has to tell them to stop giving.

A team of wise-hearted artisans make the Mishkan and its furnishings (as detailed in the previous Torah readings of Terumah, Tetzaveh and Ki Tisa): three layers of roof coverings; 48 gold-plated wall panels, and 100 silver foundation sockets; the parochet (veil) that separates between the Sanctuary's two chambers, and the masach (screen) that fronts it; the ark, and its cover with the cherubim; the table and its showbread; the seven-branched menorah with its specially prepared oil; the golden altar and the incense burned on it; the anointing oil; the outdoor altar for burnt offerings and all its implements; the hangings, posts and foundation sockets for the courtyard; and the basin and its pedestal, made out of copper mirrors.

An accounting is made of the gold, silver and copper donated by the people for the making of the Mishkan. Betzalel, Aholiav and their assistants make the eight priestly garments—the apron, breastplate, cloak, crown, hat, tunic, sash and breeches—according to the specifications communicated to Moses in the Parshah of Tetzaveh.

The Mishkan is completed and all its components are brought to Moses, who erects it and anoints it with the holy anointing oil, and initiates Aaron and his four sons into the priesthood. A cloud appears over the Mishkan, signifying the Divine Presence that has come to dwell within it.

CANDLE LIGHTING



	Shabbos 9 - 10 March	
	Begins	Ends
Melbourne	7:31	8:27
Adelaide	7:25	8:19
Brisbane	5:54	6:45
Darwin	6:47	7:36
Gold Coast	5:52	6:44
Perth	6:24	7:17
Sydney	7:04	7:58
Canberra	7:13	8:07
Launceston	7:24	8:22
Auckland	7:31	8:27
Wellington	7:34	8:31
Hobart	7:24	8:23
Byron Bay	6:52	7:44

CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, CAULFIELD

PARSHAS VAYAK'HEL - PIKUDEI / PARAH • 22 ADAR • 9 MARCH

FRIDAY NIGHT:	MINCHA	7.40 PM
	KABBOLAS SHABBOS	8.05 PM
SHABBOS DAY:	TEHILIM	8.00 AM
	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA	10.19 AM
	SHACHARIS	10.00 AM
	MOLAD WILL BE	SHABBOS 3.53 (4 chalakim) AM
	FARBRENGEN AFTER DAVENING	
	MINCHA	7.25 PM
WEEKDAYS:	SHACHARIS	8.00/9.15/10.00 AM
	MINCHA	7.30 PM
	MAARIV	8.20 PM