

LAMPLIGHTER

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Final Days
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LIVING WITH THE TIMES

On the verse "He tells His words to Jacob, His laws and ordinances to Israel", our Sages comment: "That which G-d does, He tells Israel to do." Conversely, G-d himself fulfills the same precepts He commands the Jewish people to fulfill. It follows, then, that on the night of the Passover seder G-d "reads" the Hagada along with us, albeit in a higher, more spiritual sense.

The Hagada begins with the words "This is the bread of affliction." This opening section makes three points:

This is the bread of affliction (matza) that our forefathers ate in Egypt.

Whoever is hungry, let him come and eat; whoever is in need, let him come and conduct the Passover seder.

This year we are here; next year in the land of Israel. This year we are slaves, next year we will be free people.

The Jewish people are not alone in their exile; G-d is in exile with them. The inner meaning of exile and "affliction" is a lack of understanding and perception of G-dliness; indeed, the entire concept of exile is none other than the concealment of the true G-dliness that sustains the world.

G-d fills the entire universe; the reason we cannot see this openly is because the Divine Presence is in exile. Thus, "This is the bread of affliction" refers to the phenomenon of exile, "which our forefathers (avot -- symbolic, in Chasidic philosophy, of human understanding and intellect) ate in the land of Egypt". (Mitzrayim -- from the Hebrew meaning limitation, i.e., within the limitations imposed by the physical world.)

Next, G-d gives us His "recipe" for redemption: "Whoever is hungry, let him come and eat." I promise, G-d declares, that whoever is hungry for the truth, for the light of My holy Torah, will have his spiritual hunger sated.

"Whoever is in need, let him come." Even a person who is already knowledgeable and well-versed in Jewish teachings will be blessed with a richness of understanding, just as the Paschal sacrifice was eaten only after the meal, on a full stomach.

This "richness" leads to the third point: Even though we are now "here," in exile, "next year in the land of Israel" -- we will be in a state of redemption. Not that we will have to wait an entire year for Moshiach to come, G-d forbid, but the Redemption will occur "in the blink of an eye," and by this time next year we will have long since been "in the land of Israel."

"This year we are slaves, next year we will be free people." In the Messianic Era we will experience the ultimate liberation, for Moshiach will uncover the true and inner essence of every Jew, and the entire world will attain its ultimate freedom.

Grain, Growth and Goodness

By Shlomo Yaffe

We are commanded by the Torah to bring, on the second day of Passover, a measure—an omer—of the first cutting of our barley harvest to the Holy Temple in Jerusalem as an offering to G-d, and not to partake of that year's grain crop until that offering is made. We then count 49 days, and on the 50th day, which is Shavuot, we bring the first of our wheat harvest as an offering to G-d, and we do not use the year's wheat crop for Temple offerings until this is done.

Hence, the 49-day count leading from Passover to Shavuot is called "the Counting of the Omer"—a reference to the omer of barley that was brought on the first day of the count.

As always in the Torah, there are eternal personal and societal insights to be gleaned from this particular public ritual.

In biblical tradition, barley is primarily animal food. Wheat is the key and ideal human food.

The Hebrew word for offering, korban, means "to draw near." This 49-day period of the Sefirat HaOmer (the Omer count), the arc between these two offerings of barley and wheat, is an opportune time for spiritual and ethical self-development. It represents the opportunity to draw close to G-dliness the entire universe of the human personality, from the most basic drives for self-preservation to the most subtle intellectual and artistic insight.

Each one of us contains a broad range of emotional and intellectual characteristics. Regarding the emotional aspects, most of us would agree that a "barley offering" is in order. The animalistic appetites for physical pleasure and expression of ego must be controlled and tamed by connecting them to the Divine. We must offer up our physical drives and desires to control by G-d, lest they get the better of us. We see every day the harm caused to individuals and those around them, as well as to whole societies, by the untrammelled expression of the animal drives.

When it comes to our intellectual and creative side, however, we are inclined to believe that all intellectual and artistic endeavors are inherently positive, inasmuch as they are uniquely human and intrinsically refined. There are those who would argue that untrammelled intellectual and artistic expression is itself a fundamental good.

Torah rejects this premise. We must also bring an offering of our "wheat"—our human endeavors, the uniquely human aspects of our soul—to G-d. If we do not bind our intellect and creativity to the unchanging and transcendent G-dly values articulated by Torah and fed into our consciousness by the G-dly soul, then—no matter how profound our musings or how refined our aesthetic—we risk creating and inspiring falsehood, evil and destruction. Not all art inspires positive behavior or attitudes, not every music uplifts the soul, nor is every philosophy helpful or even benign.

Indeed, there is nothing more destructive than negative concepts, beliefs and societal paradigms. All the worst evils of a terribly violent and inhumane 20th century stemmed not from misused "barley," greed and base animal passions, but from misused "wheat," malignant ideologies.

Archimedes of Syracuse famously said, "Give me a place to stand upon, and with a lever I will move the whole world." That place exists; it is the human mind. The only question is—"to where the movement?" The ideas in those minds can lift the world up to the heights of virtue and peace, or cast it down to the depths of depravity and destruction. Only by shining the light of G-dliness into our souls can we distinguish between the ideas and creations that refine humanity and those that pollute it.

The process of counting and living the Omer arc gives us the ability and clarity to begin each step of our intellectual, creative, societal or political endeavor by asking: "Does this essay, or poem, or work of art, or piece of music, or speech, or campaign to mold public opinion move us closer to unity by expressing a G-dly vision of a harmonious, uplifted, and refined world?"

If we do, it will.

Slice of LIFE

Graduation Day

By Chasida Mortner

The sun was beating down hard on this warm spring morning as I stood wearing my cap and gown. Graduation day was really happening. I had walked through campus, looking at the modest Barnard library, and remembering how I tried to get comfortable studying there as a lowly freshman. I never did. I had gone to Barnard early admissions. Maybe I was too young when I started and that is why I could not feel at home. Maybe the unleashing of the cold, competitive academic world was too much for my innocent soul. I grew up sheltered from the world, but not sheltered from the realities of anti-Semitism.

On graduation day, the white chairs were set up in the center of the Barnard campus. The library stood in front of us, the dorms to our left. It looked like a garden wedding was about to unfold. I bumped into my close friends who were juniors. They hugged me and smiled at my graduation "getup," thrilled that I had made it. I had handed in my final thesis. I had completed my last economics exam. I managed to get through one last art history paper on modern art.

I am a child of Holocaust survivors. I am a living miracle and testament to the great hand of G-d that protected my father and mother from the Nazis during World War II.

My father grew up in the town of Salistea, Romania, my mother in a neighboring town. My father's childhood abruptly ended in 1944 when the Hungarian Nazis marched into his peaceful town after the holiday of Passover. All the Jews were ordered to show up for deportation and wait by the main synagogue. Cattle cars were sent, and the men, women and children were forced onto an inhumane transport. The final goodbye witnessed the brutal shooting of anyone who did not follow orders, alongside the Nazis burning down the most beautiful edifice in their city, the main synagogue. The beautiful library of Judaica located in the main synagogue

was burnt to ashes.

And yet, with G-d's tremendous kindness, here I was, graduating in front of the Barnard library where I was nurtured to study humanities and to continue to quench my thirst for learning, with my father and mother sitting by my side.

The ceremony began. I wondered what my father thought about while our college president warned us not to get caught up in the need to be superwoman and do it all. Forty years earlier, when he was just about the same age as me, my father "graduated" from the Nazi death camp of Bergen Belsen. His major was "Inhumanity." At the age of 17 my father had gone on "early admissions" to Auschwitz, and was then transferred to Dachau, Buchenwald and Bergen Belsen. It was there, with divine providence, that American soldiers came to liberate the starving and dying Jewish prisoners, ending the Nazi regime and World War II.

Maybe he was thinking about his mother, and how proud she would have been to stand with all the other grandparents on her granddaughter's graduation day. Maybe he could not help but remember his last hours with her. My father had traveled in a cattle car with her and his younger brother, Sruli. All three of them survived the suffocating train ride to the death camp of Auschwitz. Somehow they overcame the painful thirst and hunger. He was blessed to survive the selection process at Auschwitz. He and his kid brother were chosen to go to the right, while he horrifically watched the Nazi guard order his mother to go to the left. That was their final moment together.

His mother did not live to see him graduate. My grandmother, Sara, was brutally and savagely taken to the gas chamber, disguised as a shower, where she was forced to uncover her sacred hair and body. The Nazis gassed her and millions of holy Jewish men, women and children to death. Innocent people slaughtered because they were Jews. I know my grandmother was watching over me on that special day from nearby.

What was my mother thinking during my graduation ceremony? My mother had never been to Barnard during my four years of attendance. She had graciously met me in midtown to shop and to go out for lunch, but she had never ventured all the way up to Morningside Heights. Her

war-torn years had made her fearful of the world. She preferred safer places with which she was familiar. She was always so happy when I came home to visit. As a New Yorker, I had the best of both worlds. I could live on campus and go home to Forest Hills whenever I wanted. I especially loved to spend Shabbat with my parents. I went home for Shabbat and the Jewish holidays. I was always greeted with love, peacefulness and delicious home-cooked meals.

At the age of 11, my mother had run away from a Nazi day labor camp and traveled on a youth refugee boat to Cyprus. Her flight from the Nazis took her from Romania to Cyprus to Jerusalem. She later recovered, with the help of G-d, and became a kindergarten teacher. Years later, my parents met and were married in Tel Aviv.

Later on my graduation day, my parents and I attended the Columbia University graduation. People from all walks of life, wearing every imaginable colored robe and hood, were part of the university procession. Suddenly, a group of student activists climbed on top of the Columbia Low Library, which the crowd was facing, and threw down a banner which read "Stop Columbia from Supporting Xenophobia." Concern for people's freedom was supreme even at this moment of celebration. Did my parents find it comforting that the world was changing? I did not ask. I did not want to take them back to the horrors, the lack of activism and care by the American nation, which sat back inexcusably while the slaughter of millions continued. Instead, I just smiled at them. It was then that I realized that the most honorable members of the audience and the most educated were sitting next to me: my parents, who held the highest of honorary degrees from the most infamous "universities."

It was then that I finally understood that my mother was the true superwoman I could never be. From fire to ice to Israel's War of Independence, she came through, an activist, an incredibly supportive and loving mother, wife and daughter. My father, an activist father, husband and businessman, no longer wearing his striped concentration camp uniform, but shining as though he was hooded with beautiful robes and stripes and medals, out of the death march to the march of the Columbia University graduation, a new height of celebration of life.

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INSIGHTS

LETTERS BY THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE

A promise that a person who gives tzedakah, despite being under financial strain, will be rewarded from Above

This letter was sent to Mr. Yosef Robinson, a donor and member of the Chabad community from Chicago.

27 Tammuz, 5711,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Greetings and blessings,

I received your letter from Parshas Balak. I am very happy that you accepted the proposal that I made while at the gravesite of my revered father-in-law, the Rebbe, [for you] to pledge \$1,000 for the work [inspired by] my revered father-in-law, the Rebbe, in [North] Africa. It is self-understood that this will be deducted from the sum of \$50,000 [that you pledged] as participation [in our work].

Your [willingness to] exert yourself and send the \$1,000 on time, even though your cash flow is strained, increases your merit. This is also reflected in the interpretation of the verse: "Fortunate is he who thinks about the needy. G-d will rescue him on a day of misfortune." This [promise] can be interpreted as referring to a person who is himself financially constrained and can be considered as "needy." Nevertheless, without concern for his own situation, he gives tzedakah, beyond his capacity at that time. As a result, he can be certain that he will merit the fulfillment of the promise (made later in the kapitul): "As for me, because of my simple faith, You supported me; You have enabled me to stand upright before You forever."

I hope that the promise stated in the words of the prophet Malachi will be fulfilled for you, i.e., that G-d asks: "Please, test Me in this," in the mitzvah of tzedakah. May you see [the fulfillment of the promise]: "...If I do not open the windows of heaven for you and pour out blessing for you without any limit." May G-d grant that you actually see [the fulfillment of] this [blessing] in tangible results, with outstanding success, that you be able to overcome all of your obstacles and, indeed, that they make you greater.

With blessings for success and tranquility,

A WORD

from the Director

We are now in the period of "sefirat ha'omer" (the counting of the omer), the seven weeks between Passover and Shavuot. In the same way the Jewish people could hardly wait until the Torah was given at Mount Sinai after they left Egypt, so too do we count each of these 49 days in eager anticipation of the festival.

The Hebrew word "sefira," which is usually translated as "counting," is also related to the word "safir," "sapphire," connoting illumination and the diffusion of light. The days of sefira are dedicated to purifying and refining our character traits, each day representing a different aspect of our soul-powers to be illuminated. Regardless of our "success rate" in the past we must never give up, for there is nothing in the world that cannot be improved by an infusion of spiritual light.

This is also one of the reasons it is customary to study Ethics of the Fathers on Shabbat afternoons between Passover and Shavuot. A compendium of the moral advice and counsel of our Sages, it is especially appropriate during this seven-week period of self-improvement.

Individual character refinement is the preparation for the giving of the Torah on Shavuot. The Torah was given to make peace in the world. Its purpose is to sanctify the material plane of reality, and unify all of the world's disparate elements. Before we receive the Torah on Shavuot, it is therefore appropriate to prepare ourselves in microcosm, by working on our character traits and increasing our sense of Jewish unity.

In general, the counting of the omer is intended to refine our souls as well as the world at large, ultimately leading to the Final Redemption. At that time, we will proceed together with the entire Jewish people "on the clouds of heaven" to the Land of Israel, to Jerusalem, and to the Holy Temple.

May it happen immediately.

J. I. Gutterman

QUESTIONS FOR THE RABBI

What do Agnostics Believe?

By Tzvi Freeman

Question: I started questioning G-d around the time of my Bar Mitzvah. I identified as an agnostic shortly after, an ideology that I still hold today. But I still feel Jewish. And this leads me to my question: Would you consider a self-proclaimed agnostic Jewish?

Answer: Let's start with this idea that you are an agnostic. This is a term coined by Thomas Huxley in the middle of the 19th century. It is the "doctrine that humans cannot know of the existence of anything beyond the phenomena of their experience." Bertrand Russell wrote a sort of manifesto of the agnostic in these words:

That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspirations, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of the universe in ruins—all these things, if not beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

Is that really what you believe? I guarantee that Russell himself never believed it — because he was a champion for human rights and ethics to his last day. Neither could any human being truly believe it and continue to breath for even a moment. We are, all of us, creatures of hope. We live, we work, we marry and have children because we all believe there is purpose — also those of us who overtly deny holding to such a belief.

As the sixth Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Yosef Yitzchak Schneersohn (1880-1950), told one self-proclaimed atheist, "We are all believers in G-d. It is just a matter of definition."

You need to come to a deeper understanding of what exactly it is that you don't believe. And more importantly, what it is that you do believe. Not through philosophy or introspection, but by simply examining the way of life towards which you are naturally moving and determining the implications of such a life. Why do you love your spouse? Why are you so concerned about your children's identity? Why do you hold this conviction that there is more meaning to life than making another buck and buying a bigger house? More than any course of study or spiritual searching, this will tell you who you are and in what you truly believe.

And I believe you will discover that you believe in your heart all that every Jew inherently knows and believes.

May G-d be with you as you return your father's heritage to its rightful place.

IT HAPPENED *Once...*

Shmerl's Seder

By Tuvia Bolton

It was well past midnight on the first night of Passover, and the great Chassidic master Rabbi Levi Yitzchak of Berdichev had just concluded enacting the Passover Seder in the presence of his disciples. They had recited the Haggadah, recounting the story of the Exodus and discussing the deeper meanings implicit in each of its passages; they drank the four cups of wine, dipped the karpas in the salt water and the bitter herbs in charoset, ate the matzah, the korech and the afikoman, sang the psalms of praise and gratitude — all in accordance with the letter of the Shulchan Aruch (Code of Jewish Law) and the esoteric principles found in the awesome mystical works of the saintly "Ari".

Rabbi Levi Yitzchak's disciples had participated in many of their Rebbe's seders in the past, but this one surpassed them all. The Rebbe and all those present felt transported into a different world, as though they had risen above their bodily limitations and into a world of pure G-dliness.

Suddenly the room filled with the sound of a deep rumbling, and from within the loud noise, an awesome voice announced: "Levi Yitzchak's seder was pleasing to G-d, but there is a Jew in Berdichev called Shmerl the Tailor whose seder reached even higher!"

The Rebbe looked around him. It was obvious that only he had heard the heavenly announcement.

"Has anyone heard of a tzaddik (righteous person) called Shmerl the Tailor?" he asked his Chassidim. No one had.

After several minutes of silence one of the elderly Chassidim offered: "There is one Shmerl here in Berdichev that I know of, and he used to be a tailor about thirty years ago, but he's certainly no tzaddik. In fact he's pretty far from that. They call him now 'Shmerl the Shikker' (drunkard), and he lives with his wife in an old cottage at the edge of town."

But Rabbi Levi Yitzchak was thinking to himself, "Ahah! this must be one of the hidden tzaddikim. And he lives right here, in Berdichev, while I knew nothing about him!"

It was two o'clock in the morning when the Rebbe reached the door of old Shmerl's cottage.

An old Jewish woman answered his soft knock. "Good Yom Tov!" said Rabbi Levi Yitzchak quietly. "Please excuse me for the late hour. Is your husband Shmerl at home?" "Good Yom Tov," She answered. "Just wait one minute please, Rebbe, wait right here."

She disappeared into the house, and the unmistakable sound of a bucket being filled with water was heard from inside. Then a minute or two of silence and suddenly... SPLASH! She threw the bucket of water on her sleeping husband.

"Aaahh! Oyyy! Where am I? Ooiy vai!" he screamed, and then his wife was heard shouting, "Get up you drunk! The Rebbe has come to punish you! Wake up, you good-for-nothing!"

Poor Shmerl staggered, sopping wet, to the door. When he saw that it really was the Rebbe standing there at his door in the middle of the night, he fell at Rabbi Levi Yitzchak's feet and began weeping, "Please, Rebbe don't punish me. It's not my fault... I didn't know any better... Please, have mercy..."

The Rebbe of Berdichev was completely astounded at this bizarre scene. Could it be that this man's seder was loftier than his own?

He bent down, lifted poor Shmerl to his feet and said, "Listen, Shmerl, I didn't come to punish you. In fact I don't even know what you are talking about. Please let me in, let's sit down and talk. I only want to ask you something. Go put on a dry shirt and we'll talk."

Minutes later, they sat facing each other over Shmerl's small table. The Rebbe looked at him kindly and said: "Shmerl, listen. I want you to tell me how you conducted your seder last night. Don't worry, I promise that I'm not going to punish you, I promise."

"Oy!" moaned Shmerl, and began weeping again. "My seder! But Rebbe, I really didn't know any better... Ooooy!"

Gradually he calmed down and began speaking. "Early this morning, that is... yesterday morning, I'm walking in the street and suddenly I notice that people are

rushing about. This one has a broom over his shoulder, that one is carrying a box, the other one something else, everyone is scurrying about — except me.

"So I stopped someone I recognized and asked him, 'What is everyone rushing for? Where are they all going?'

"So he answers me, 'Oy Shmerl, are you so drunk that you forgot that tonight is Pesach? Tonight is Pesach! Do you remember what Pesach is?'

"I tried thinking, but my mind wouldn't work. Pesach, Pesach, I... I can't remember. It sounds very important though; I remember something about Matzos... and Egypt. 'Please,' I begged the man, 'do me a favor and tell me what it is again.'

"The man looked at me in a strange way, and answered 'Listen, Shmerl, tonight you have to make a seder. You know, recite the Haggadah, eat three matzos, bitter herbs, four cups of wine. You'll enjoy the wine Shmerl,' he said with a sad smile, 'though I guess you won't enjoy abstaining from your foul vodka for eight days...'

"'Eight days!' I cried. 'Why? Why can't I drink for eight days?' I was trembling and beginning to remember a little.

"'Because that's the law!' he answered. 'For eight days, if you're a Jew, no chametz (leaven) passes your lips. Vodka is chametz. If you can't hold out for eight days, maybe go to Israel,' he laughed, 'there chametz is only forbidden seven days...'

"I was stunned. No vodka for eight days! I rushed home, took all the money I had, bought a big bottle of vodka, poured myself eight large cups one after the other, and drank them down... hoping that it would help me make it through the holiday.

"The next thing I remember is that I'm sleeping soundly in my bed when suddenly my wife throws a bucket of water on me — you saw how she does it — and starts screaming, 'Shmerl, you bum! You drunk! You good-for-nothing! All Jews all over the world are making the seder tonight, and you are lying there like a drunken ox. Wake up and make a seder!'

"So I staggered to my feet, put on some dry clothes and sat down at the beautifully set table.

"The candles were shining brightly, making the plates and silverware sparkle so nicely. Everything was new, clean. I felt so different, almost holy. The wine and the matzos were on the table, the Haggadah was open in front of me. My wife had even set up the seder plate with all its things like she remembered from her father. She herself was sitting in her place opposite me like a queen, and was even smiling. Everything was so beautiful.

"But then — I looked around me and didn't know what to do. The vodka was still swirling in my head, but, to be honest, Rebbe, even sober I don't know how to make a seder.

"So I took a large bowl, and put everything in there. The three matzos, the bitter herbs, the dish of charoset, all those little items my wife had set up on the seder plate, I poured in the four cups of wine, and swirled it all together.

"Then I lifted up my seder bowl and started talking to G-d. Just like I'm talking to you now. I started talking to G-d and I said, 'G-d, listen... I don't know You, but You know me. You know that after my father got killed, I had to work all the time and I never had a chance to learn, right? So I don't know how to read this book, in fact I can't read anything! And I don't know what I'm supposed to do with all this stuff either. But one thing I do know... I know that a long time ago You sent Moses to take us out of Egypt, and I'm sure that you will send Moshiach to take us out of all our troubles now!'

"And then I gulped down the whole thing."

PARSHAH IN A NUTSHELL

On the SEVENTH DAY OF PASSOVER we read how on this day the sea split for the Children of Israel and drowned the pursuing Egyptians, and the "Song at the Sea" sung by the people upon their deliverance (Exodus 13:17-15:26; full summary with commentary here).

On the EIGHTH DAY OF PASSOVER we read Deuteronomy 15:19-16:17. Like the reading for the second day, it catalogs the annual cycle of festivals, their special observances, and the offerings brought on these occasions to the Holy Temple in Jerusalem. The Eighth Day's special connection with the Future Redemption is reflected in the Haftorah (reading from the Prophets) for this day (Isaiah 10:32-12:6).

CHABAD HOUSE OF CAULFIELD LUBAVITCH

439 INKERMANN STREET, ST KILDA EAST

FINAL DAYS OF PESACH • 20 NISSAN • 25 APRIL

7TH (THURSDAY) NIGHT:	MINCHA MARIV	5:30 PM 6:15 PM
7TH (FRIDAY) DAY:	LATEST TIME TO SAY SHEMA SHACHARIS	9:36 AM 10:00 AM
8TH (FRIDAY) NIGHT:	MINCHA KABOLAS SHABBOS	5:30 PM 6:00 PM
8TH (SHABBOS) DAY:	SHACHARIS MINCHA (followed by Seudas Moshiach) MARIV - YOM TOV ENDS	10:00 AM 4:30 PM 6:19 PM
WEEKDAYS:	SHACHARIS MINCHA MAARIV	8.00/9.15/10.00 AM 5.20 PM 6.15 PM

CANDLE LIGHTING

	Pesach 25 - 26 April		
	1st Night	2nd Night	Ends
Melbourne	5:22	5:22*	6:19
Adelaide	5:22	5:21*	6:17
Brisbane	5:04	5:03*	5:56
Darwin	6:18	6:18*	7:08
Gold Coast	5:02	5:01*	5:54
Perth	5:27	5:26*	6:20
Sydney	5:03	5:02*	5:57
Canberra	5:10	5:09*	6:04
Launceston	5:09	5:07*	6:06
Auckland	5:25	5:24*	6:20
Wellington	5:18	5:17*	6:16
Hobart	5:06	5:04*	6:04
Byron Bay	5:00	4:59*	5:52

*Light from a pre-existing flame at:

