

"This morning I asked him again, and he just said that he had faith in G-d and that he was sure that everything would work out.

"This afternoon, I broke down crying. 'Even if we miraculously get ingredients, there's not even enough time to cook them,' I sobbed in the safety of our room, where the children would not see me. 'If G-d wants to send us Passover food—and I am sure He will—he can make sure it is cooked and warm,' was his response. On one hand, I was touched by his faith, but it was also maddening. Was he making fun of me, or was he just naive?"

"Now just minutes before candle-lighting, G-d sent you with a car full of delicious Passover food, enough for us to celebrate just like we had in years past."

Postscript: This story—which was told by Rabbi Yochanan Butman of Chabad of Hadera—did not end there. Mrs. G. made it her personal business to discreetly help the D. family, and they've made substantial progress on the road to financial stability.

Live & Laugh

Yankel tells his boss, "We're doing some heavy Pesach cleaning at home tomorrow and my wife needs me to help haul stuff up and down to the attic, and the garage."

"Sorry, Abe," the boss replies, "We're short-handed and I just can't give you the day off."

"Thanks, Boss," says Yankel, "I knew I could count on you!"

I couldn't find my luggage at the airport baggage area, so I went to the lost luggage office and told the woman there that my bags never showed up. She smiled and told me not to worry because she was a trained professional and I was in good hands.

"Now," she asked me, "has your plane arrived yet?"

Thank You! Thanks to your generous contributions to our **Pesach Appeal** we were able to help dozens of families have a more enjoyable Yom Tov. I am so proud of all of you.
Rabbi Yossy Goldman

Calendar

TUESDAY 11th April (1st day Pesach)

- ◆ Shacharit: 8.30 a.m.; Shtibl 9.00 a.m.
- ◆ Full Hallel: 9.15 a.m.
- ◆ Tal (Prayer for Dew & Duchening in Musaf)
- ◆ Mincha (stop *Mashiv Haruach*): 5.40 p.m.
- ◆ Full Yom Tov Service: 6.00 p.m.
- ◆ **Welcome Guest Speaker Chief Rabbi Goldstein.**
- ◆ Counting the Omer begins tonight
- ◆ Candle-lighting from a pre-lit flame after 6.28 pm (Blessing for Yom Tov & Shehecheyanu)
- ◆ **SECOND SEDER TONIGHT**

WED 12th April (2nd day Pesach)

- ◆ Shacharit: 8.30 a.m.; Shtibl 9.00 a.m.
- ◆ Full Hallel: 9.15 a.m.
- ◆ Duchening
- ◆ Mincha: 5:40 p.m.
- ◆ First part of Yom Tov ends (begin *v'Tein Bracha*): 6.27 p.m.

THURSDAY 13th - SUNDAY 16th
Chol Hamoed - The Intermediate Days

FRIDAY - 14 April

- ◆ Candle-lighting: 5:35 pm (Blessing for Shabbat only)

KoolKidzClub Pesach Outing

with Tali Levin & the Maddies

Xtreme Bowling

Friday 14 April 10:30am

R30 per child

Refreshments included

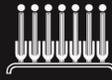
RSVP Tali 076 680 8739

- ◆ **Nathan Fine** of I.deal Furnishers at Midway Mall, Bramley Gardens wishes all congregants a Good Shabbos. Call 011 887 5456/082 854 5706. **Furniture, Bedding & Appliances.**
- ◆ **Vehicles wanted. Any make, any condition. Best prices. Phone ARNOLD ORKIN 082 823 7826**
- ◆ Acknowledgements: Chabad.org,
- ◆ Please take Good Shabbos Sydenham home if you will only carry it within the Eiruv.



Good Yom Tov

SYDENHAM!



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A Ray of Light
By: Rabbi Yossy Goldman

Recently, there have been quite a few power outages in our local neighbourhoods. Today they are not referred to as 'load shedding' but rather 'unscheduled maintenance.' In recent times, South Africans will be comforted to know, there have also been some major blackouts of electrical power across vast stretches of the United States. I still remember the essay I wrote in high school on the great blackout back in the 60's.

All these blackouts are but minor inconveniences, though, when compared to the Great Blackout in Egypt before the Exodus. Plague #9 was Darkness, and from the Biblical account, it would seem to make today's power failures pale into insignificance.

There was thick darkness over the entire land of Egypt for three days. No man could see his brother, nor could any person even rise from his place for three days. And to the Children of Israel there was light in all their dwellings (Exodus 10:22-23).

According to the commentaries, it was not merely an absence of light but a tangible fog that got worse with time. The first three days they could not see. The next three days they could not even move. But, miraculously, just down the road in the Jewish neighbourhood of Goshen there was light!

This verse, *To the Children of Israel there was light in their dwellings*, prompted the saintly Rabbi Israel of Ruzhin to offer the following beautiful homiletic interpretation. *Every Jew is a ray of light. It only depends on his or her "dwellings."* The environment in which Jew

finds himself may sometimes cast a shadow over the spirituality and light he innately possesses. In no way, however, does this detract from the G-dly light inside every single Jew. Not every environment is conducive to the light. Sometimes a Jew may be negatively affected by his surroundings. But intrinsically, every Jew is a ray of light.

Do you believe in G-d? That's not enough. You have to believe in Jews too. Don't even be cynical about cynical Jews. I know it isn't always easy, even for those of us who, philosophically, identify with this concept. Often I have to argue with members of my Shul's daily *minyán* on this point. A fellow comes in to say Kaddish after losing a loved one, and the Shul regulars sometimes have their little private wagers: will he stay the course and recite Kaddish for the year or will he disappear after the initial mourning period? Some of the guys are cynical, admittedly from past experience. They quote the old Yiddish adage, "the *malach hamoves* (angel of death) feeds the synagogues." I often have to play the role not only of defender of the faith but of defender of the flock. Never give up on any Jew, I always tell them. Indeed, many a time we are pleasantly surprised when a Jew for whom the Shul experience was completely foreign goes on to become one of our committed regulars.

I admit there are also times when I have to remind myself never to become cynical and to stand by my own ideological beliefs. One particular incident some years ago stands out in my mind. We were invited by friends to join them at home to watch a new drama-documentary on the

Holocaust. It was a long production and we were quite a few people. We decided to have an interval. The break also gave us a chance to pray *minchah* (the afternoon prayers). Among the invitees was an uncle of our hostess, a well-known, successful diamond merchant also known to be an avowed atheist. I wasn't sure what to do about him. Should I offer him a *siddur* (prayer book) or not? Would he consider it a provocation and get upset? In my uncertainty, I decided to do nothing.

Later, when I looked around he was nowhere to be seen. Sure enough, the next day his niece confirmed my suspicions. He was upset that he was not invited to join the prayers. "Am I not a Jew, too?" he asked her. He was justifiably hurt and I made special efforts in the weeks ahead to pacify him, assuring him that I truly believed he was as Jewish as I am. I learned an important lesson from that episode. Never write off a single Jew. Never be cynical of the cynics. Every Jew is a ray of light. All we need do is make the environment a little more conducive, and the inherent light will shine forth.

Why Three Matzot at the Seder?

By Chani Benjaminson

The matzot are symbolic of the three castes of Jews: Priests, Levites and Israelites; all of whom were liberated from Egyptian bondage.

They also commemorate the three measures of fine flour that Abraham told Sarah to bake into matzah when they were visited by the three angels. According to tradition, the angels' visit was on Passover.

They also represent our Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in whose merit we were redeemed from Egypt.

On a practical level, three matzot are needed so that when we break the middle matzah, we are still left with two whole ones to pronounce the *Hamotzi* blessing as required on Shabbat and Holidays.

Why is Hallel Divided Into Two Parts at the Seder?

By Rabbi Baruch S Davidson

In his commentary *Zevach Pesach* on the *bagdad*, the great Spanish scholar Don Isaac Abarbanel (1437-1508) answers this question.

But first, another question: Why is the Hallel recited on occasions when we celebrate the salvation and redemption of the Jews? Why were these particular chapters of Psalms (113–118) chosen to express praise and our gratitude to G-d? The Talmud explains that the Hallel mentions five topics of redemption: the exodus from Egypt, the crossing of the Red Sea, the giving of the Torah, the resurrection of the dead, and the birth pangs of the final redemption. The Talmud proceeds to explain where in the Hallel each of these topics is mentioned—explicitly or via allusion.

The exodus from Egypt, the crossing of the sea, and the giving of the Torah are all mentioned in the first two chapters of the Hallel. At the Seder, after reciting these two chapters, we say the *Asher Ge'alanu* ("who has redeemed us") blessing, and we eat the matzah—both of which commemorate the miracles and redemptions of the past.

The following chapters of the Hallel mention the miracles which will happen in the future, with the coming of Moshiach—a topic of their own, worthy of being discussed separately. They are appropriately recited towards the end of the Seder, when we have just greeted Elijah the prophet, who will herald the coming of Moshiach, and when we focus on our anticipation of, yearning for and belief in the messianic redemption.

They Never Made it to the Seder

By Rabbi Yochanan Butman

It was the morning before Passover, 2016, and preparations were in high gear. The G. family, residents of a small town in Israel's north, planned to spend the holiday with relatives in Modiin, a city located between Jerusalem and

Tel Aviv.

Helped by her oldest son, Mrs. G. bustled around the kitchen, cooking up a storm for the extended family who would be joining them in Modiin. They would be 35 people in total.

Meanwhile, Mr. G. piled the rest of the children into the car and set out to Modiin with the family's luggage in the trunk, under the children's feet, and anywhere else it would fit.

It was already late in the afternoon when the cooking was finished, and mother and son finally left for Modiin in the family's second vehicle.

To their consternation, there had been an accident on the road, and traffic crawled along at a snail's pace. The sun was about to set, and they were still almost 100 kilometers away from their destination. With no choice, they pulled off the road and entered the nearest city, which happened to be Hadera, a city that hugs Israel's Mediterranean coast.

At first they considered spending the holiday camped out in their car. Even if they were alone, they had plenty to eat. But they soon realized that such a plan would be impractical.

Instead they decided to see if they could find a family who would be able to host them for the holiday.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. G to a boy sitting in the courtyard of a nearby building. "Is there a family in this building that is celebrating this Passover in the traditional way?"

Sure enough, the boy indicated that there was such a family who lived on the first floor of the complex, the D. family.

Mrs. G. knocked on the door with her heart in her throat, hoping that she and her son would at least have a place to sleep for the holiday.

"Hi," she said nervously to the woman who opened the door with a surprised look on her face. "My son and I got stuck in traffic and it's almost Passover. Would you perhaps be able to put us up for the holiday?"

"Um ... sure ... I guess so ... I mean, let me ask my husband," replied Mrs. D., and then disappeared down the hall.

Moments later she returned to say, "You're wel-

come to come stay with us. It will be a bit tight, but we'll be happy to have you. I just need to warn you that our family is on a very strict vegetarian diet, so you may find our food somewhat different from what you are used to."

"Food?" exclaimed Mrs. G. "I have enough food in the car to feed 35 people. Come, let me bring the pans inside, so we can at least get them into the refrigerator before everything spoils in the car."

The D. Family watched in amazement as a seemingly endless parade of fish, meat, salad and chicken soup made its way into their humble home.

After the soup had been placed on the stove, the pans stacked on the hot plate, and the holiday candles lit, the women began chatting.

"I want you to know," revealed Mrs. D., "that a miracle just took place in our home.

"I wasn't exactly truthful before. We aren't really vegetarians. We're just very poor. My husband and I have both been out of work for some time, and we are under tremendous financial pressure. In order to explain to the kids why pita and hummus has become our meal for breakfast, lunch and supper, we decided to tell them that we were experimenting with a new vegetarian diet.

"We have nothing at all for Passover, and we're not the kind to stick our hands out and beg. We decided to have our Seder over at Chabad, where we knew we would not be expected to give a donation, but we had no idea what we would do for the rest of the holiday.

"As the days passed, and the pantry remained stubbornly bare, I asked my husband, 'What will we do for Passover?' He looked at me calmly and just said, 'Don't worry, G-d can help us within the blink of an eye.' I cannot say that I was comforted, but what choice did I have?"

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