



JLC NEWS

& Upcoming Events

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SHABBOS INFORMATION

Parshas Acharei
Shabbos Hagadol
11th-12th Nissan, 5771
April 15th-16th, 2011
Candle Lighting: 7:25pm



Shabbos Schedule

Bais Peretz Synagogue

Friday, April 15th, 2011

Mincha / Maariv: 7:30pm

Shabbos, April 16th, 2011

Mens' Shiur: 9:30am

Shacharit: 10:00am

Kiddush / Lunch: 12:15pm

Farbrengen in honor of
The Rebbe's Birthday: After Lunch

Torah Class for Men

with Rabbi Yossy Gordon: 6:25pm

Mesibos Shabbos: 6:25pm

Mincha / Kids Torah Time: 7:25pm

Shabbos Ends / Maariv: 8:19pm

Daily Davening Schedule

Shacharit (Sunday-Friday): 9:15am
in the Bais Peretz Synagogue

Next Shabbos:

Shabbat Chol Hamoed, 4/22/2011
Candle Lighting: 7:29pm, Mincha: 7:40pm

JLC Pesach Schedule

Monday, April 18th, 2011 - Erev Pesach

Shacharit & Siyum: 9:15am

Eat Chametz Until: 11:11am

Burn Chametz by: 12:15pm

Candle Lighting: 7:27pm

Mincha: 7:40pm - Maariv: 8:14pm

Tuesday, April 19th, 2011 - 1st Day Pesach

Shacharit: 10:00am

Mincha / Maariv: 7:40pm

Candle Lighting: After 8:21pm

Wednesday, April 20th, 2011 - 2nd Day Pesach

Shacharit: 10:00am

Mincha: 7:40pm

Yom Tov Ends: 8:21pm

Friday, April 22nd, 2011 - Shabbos Chol Hamoed

Candle Lighting: 7:29

Mincha / Maariv: 7:40pm

Shabbos, April 23rd, 2011

Shacharit: 10:00am

Mincha: 7:25pm

Shabbos Ends / Maariv: 8:23pm

Mazal Tov to The Crook & Nicci Family
on the occasion of Demi's Bat Mitzvah

The JLC Shabbos Kiddush / Lunch

is sponsored Anonymously

The JLC Shabbos Kids Program
is sponsored Anonymously

In Nikolaev... by Rabbi Yossy Gordon

Sholom Aleichem. Here is a bit of Talmudic logic for you: If we can learn so much from the conversations of generations past, there has got to be even more that can be learned from their actions. Please read on:

Friday, April 15, 2010 coincides with the Eleventh of Nissan, marking the 109th birthday of the Rebbe. He was born in Nikolaev, Russia, while his parents were yet living in the home of his maternal grandfather, Rabbi Meyer Shlomo Yanovsky, who was the chief rabbi of Nikolaev.

The Rebbes Bris (circumcision) was held eight days later, on the 18th of Nissan during the Intermediate Days of Pesach. Parenthetically, the Bris was on the 24th birthday of the Rebbes father, Rabbi Levi Yitzchok Schneersohn. The festive meal in honor of the Bris was held in the home of the baby's grandfather, Rabbi Meyer Shlomo.

Present was the shochet (ritual slaughterer) of Nikolaev, Rabbi Asher Grossman, himself an accomplished scholar and chossid. Rabbi Asher was no small player at all. In fact, he was the one chosen by the fifth Rebbe, Rabbi Sholom Ber Schneersohn, to edit the Tanya (most fundamental Chassidic text) for any errors. The print he prepared is still in use to this day.

Pesach is a halachically stringent and complex holiday due to the strict prohibition against owning or eating any Chomets (leaven). Some people have a custom to only eat in their own home on Pesach. Rabbi Asher was one such a person so he attended the Rebbe's Bris but did not partake in the festive meal. Rabbi Meyer Shlomo, as the chief rabbi of the city, felt that his home should be an exception as the standard was immaculate there. Nevertheless, Rabbi Asher demurred. Said Rabbi Meyer Shlomo "In truth, I should really take you to task for not eating here today. But what can I do to you after I owe you my life?" Here is what happened:

Years before, Rabbi Meyer Shlomo was stricken with the dreaded disease Typhus. In those times, there was little that could be done for a Typhus victim. The unfortunate was quarantined outside the city and essentially left to die. No one visited except for a doctor who would come to check on the patient on occasion. The government was exceedingly harsh on Typhus patients in order to stem what had become an

epidemic. Rabbi Meyer Shlomo was no exception and was quarantined.

When the shochet Rabbi Asher heard about Rabbi Meyer Shlomo's condition and what had been done to him, he hurried to him on the outskirts of the city. Unable to enter his room, he stationed himself outside his room and read the chapter from the book of Tanya which describes how one should view one's own human suffering as actual good that has been disguised in the form of not good. In fact, if one works on oneself enough, one can come to view the element of not good as actual good!

Rabbi Asher came every day, stood outside Rabbi Meyer Shlomo's room and recited the same chapter of the Tanya. This continued for thirty days until the quarantine period was over. Apparently, Rabbi Meyer Shlomo felt that Rabbi Asher had given him the inspiration and encouragement that allowed him to beat Typhus and survive. That is why Rabbi Meyer Shlomo could not scold Rabbi Asher for his seeming lack of trust.

This story teaches us many lessons. To name a few: One must respect Jewish leaders. A proper Jewish leader quickly finds a reason to relent in defense of his/her own honor. One must go to great length, even putting oneself at risk, to help another. Spiritual assistance is important, so important that one must put oneself at risk to provide it. Maybe I missed a few too.

In honor of the Rebbe's birthday, let us add in doing good, even if it seems risky or even senseless. As the Chassidic dictum says, "Senseless good combats senseless evil." May our efforts be crowned with success.

Pesach arrives on Monday night. Our Sages tell us that eating matzoh is a very potent spiritual aid to achieving good things. So enjoy and have a Chag Kosher Vesameach!

May G-d guard our brethren in Israel and the world over from harm and send us Moshiach speedily. May He protect the armed forces of Israel and the United States wherever they may be. Shabbat Shalom! Chag Kasher Vesameach!! L"Chaim!!! Chazak!!!!



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Parsha In A Nutshell



After the two sons of Aaron died (in Parshah Shemini), G-d warns against anybody going into the special chamber of the Miskan called the Holy of Holies. Only Aaron himself may enter, once a year, on Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the year. Another thing done on Yom Kippur is that two goats are taken and a lottery is made. One goat is offered to G-d and the second one, to "azazel", is sent to the wilderness to atone for the sins of the Jews.

Other important warnings in the Parshah of Acharie: It is forbidden to bring a korban (sacrifice), anywhere but in the Holy Temple. It is forbidden to eat blood in any way (this is why all kosher meat is salted--to take out the blood, and why we check eggs for blood before using); and a discussion of those who we are forbidden to marry.

The Haftorah This week's haftorah foretells the exiles and punishments that will befall the Jews because they strayed after the ways of the heathens -- behavior that this week's Torah reading proscribes.

The prophet Amos delivers G-d's message, reminding the people of G-d's kindness to them -- taking them out of Egypt and singling them out as His chosen nation. Nevertheless, because of their misdeeds, G-d will destroy the Northern Kingdom of Israel; but will not completely destroy the house of Jacob. The Jews will be scattered amongst the nations, but eventually

they will return to their land -- on the day of the redemption. G-d will then reinstall the House of David to its former glory and there shall be peace and abundance upon the land.

The haftorah ends with G-d's promise: "And I will return the captivity of My people Israel, and they shall rebuild desolate cities and inhabit [them], and they shall plant vineyards and drink their wine, and they shall make gardens and eat their produce. And I will plant them on their land, and they shall no longer be uprooted from upon their land, that I have given them, said the L-rd your G-d."

- On The Lighter Side -

As Moses and the children of Israel were crossing the Red Sea, the children of Israel began to complain to Moses of how thirsty they were after walking so far. Unfortunately, they were not able to drink from the walls of water on either side of them, as they were made up of salt-water.

Then, a fish from that wall of water told Moses that he and his family heard the complaints of the people, but that they through their own gills could remove the salt from the water and force it out of their mouths like a fresh water fountain for the Israelites to drink from as they walked by.

Moses accepted this kindly fish's offer. But before the

fish and his family began to help, they told Moses they had a demand. They and their descendants had to be always present at the seder meal that would be established to commemorate the Exodus, since they had a part in the story. When Moses agreed to this, he gave them their name which remains how they are known to this very day, for he said to them, "Go Filter Fish!"

Torahfied (n.) Inability to remember one's lines when called to read from the Torah at one's Bar Mitzvah.

Hebort (v.) To forget all the Hebrew one ever learned immediately after one's Bar or Bat Mitzvah.

Jewbilation (n.) Pride in finding out that one's favorite celebrity is Jewish.

Chutzpapa (n.) A father who wakes his wife at 4 a.m. so she can change the baby's diaper.

My Rebbe The Rebel

by Rabbi Tzvi freeman

No one rises above the earth by tugging at his own hairs. A prisoner cannot free himself from his prison. He needs first to bond with one who is already free.

And so, at an early age, I was looking for someone who could guide me -- a mentor, a guru. But who will be your guide when you beat your own path?

My path has always been like those of the deer in the forest -- skipping over, squeezing and breaking through, steering far from the clear highways that everyone else travels.

On my fifteenth birthday I dropped out of high school. The year before I had been on the honor roll, and this year I was the grade ten president -- but now I had no interest in following the established order.

When my parents made it clear that room and board were contingent upon my completing high school, I found a tutorial college that allowed me to take my exams that spring. And so, I found myself two years ahead of the game. Free -- in my father's words -- to associate with the fringe members of our society.

These were the early 70s in Vancouver -- Canada's San Francisco. I gave classical guitar lessons and organized the "Anarchist Discussion Group" of the Vancouver Free University. I learned Tai Chi, Yoga, became a strict vegetarian, and attended countless "Encounter Groups." I hitch-hiked around Canada, the U.S., Israel, Europe and the U.K. I found souls travelling and dabbling on every kind of path I never had imagined.

I returned with a broader mind, but still a craving, empty soul. None of what I found was for me. When you search, it doesn't matter where you look, the last thing you'll find is your own self.

I decided it was important to be able to do something well, and for me that would be music. I approached a well-known composer who lived in Vancouver for private lessons. She agreed, but after a few sessions, commanded one of her graduate students to take me by the hand and register me at the music college of the University of British Columbia. This was not the place I wanted to be, but I decided I would learn something. At the same time I began seriously practicing meditation, teaching Yoga, and became fascinated with Lao Tse.

Nevertheless, my soul's stomach was as empty as ever. Perhaps, I wondered, what I need is to go off and hide in a Zen monastery for a few years. The conflict of spirituality and sensuality, the metaphysical and the material career was ripping me apart. There was no real direction, only confusion. I remember praying with all my heart -- not for any answers, not for any revelation -- only that I should be able to talk heart to heart with my G-d, because life in such a complicated, convoluted world makes it very hard to talk sincerely with your G-d.

When a fish finds the ocean, it must dive in. When I first heard a talk of Chassidic mysticism, it didn't matter that I had no comprehension of most of what was being said. Rain comes as a stranger to a land parched for generations by drought, but the earth

remembers. What to my mind was foreign, to my guts was home.

That first splash of native waters came from a travelling student of the Rebbe. I recall how he explained to me that our purpose was to perceive the G-dliness within every created thing. From between his words I perceived there was much more. At least a few thousand years of collective wisdom and beauty.

I wanted to know who taught this stuff. I wanted it explained to me. They told me there was a Rebbe in New York. "The Lubavitcher Rebbe."

"Rebbe" means a teacher. It is a term also used to refer to a master of the mystical path of Chassidic Judaism, as taught by the Baal Shem Tov.

"Lubavitch" is a town in Belorussia, a neighborhood in Brooklyn and an international association.

Lubavitch, the town, was the seat of a line of Chassidic masters, rabbis who followed in the practical/mystical path of the Baal Shem Tov, as his teachings were elaborated by Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liadi. At the outset of World War II, Lubavitch moved to Brooklyn.

"The Rebbe" is the title by which Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson has come to be known by Jewry worldwide. He was the person most responsible for the miraculous revival of traditional Judaism after its near burial with the holocaust.

Menachem Mendel Schneerson was born in 1902 to Rebbetzin Chana Schneerson and the kabalistic and legalist, Rabbi Levi Yitzchak Schneerson, chief rabbi of Dnipropetrovsk in the Ukraine. He studied at home, because the teacher at the Jewish school complained he had nothing to teach him.

In his teen years, his father gave him permission to study science, mathematics and languages -- but with the warning, "G-d forbid any of this should take away from your sixteen hours a day of Torah study."

Young Menachem passed the government matriculation exams six months later. He also acquired a working knowledge of English, Italian, French, Gruzian and Latin at this time.

From the years 1932 to 1940, the Rebbe studied the sciences and humanities at the University of Berlin and at the Sorbonne in Paris. In 1941, he fled Nazi-occupied France for the U.S.A. For a short time he was employed as an engineer with the U.S. Navy. His work was labeled as "classified."

When the previous rebbe of Lubavitch passed away in 1950, the surviving remnants of Lubavitchers around the world turned immediately to his son-in-law, Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson. Although he hid himself by dressing in modern clothes and avoiding any sort of prestige, they knew him as a great scholar and leader.

The Chassidim begged that he take the leadership. He refused, repeatedly. He claimed he knew himself too well to imagine he might be fit for the job.

When a delegation of elder Chassidim came with a petition accepting Rabbi Schneerson as their Rebbe, he placed his head in

his hands and began to cry. "Please, leave me alone," he begged. "This has nothing to do with me."

It was only after one complete year of such episodes the Rebbe finally accepted the position. Even then it was with a condition: "I will help," the Rebbe announced, "But each of you must carry out your own mission. Don't expect to hang on to the fringes of my prayer shawl."

My first reaction was inspiration. I had to find out more about this man. After that, friends, relatives and acquaintances began to cool me off. They told me this was idol worship. They told me I was surrendering my power of thought and independence.

My intellect had to concur. Where was all my background in anarchist philosophy? After all, these were the reasons I had failed to follow any other guru or mentor more than a few steps. I did not want my mind taken away. I wanted my own path. I did not want to be swallowed alive by a larger ego.

That conflict continued for many years. There are some things you know inside, but the ego and all your rationalization refuses to allow that inner knowledge to take charge.

Nevertheless, today I find myself a chassid of the Rebbe and still my own self. The Rebbe just never matched the ego-consuming demagogue I had so much feared.

For one thing, the trappings were always conspicuously absent. No majestic, flowing robes. No magnificent estate. No private jet. A modest home in good taste and a bare-bones office. Nothing on the outside to distinguish him from any of his Chassidim.

He didn't need the big show. There was no ego involved. The Rebbe was a master of simplicity, at being nothing and just allowing the essential G-dliness of the soul to shine through. And so he was able to guide others without consuming them.

For many years, the Rebbe granted private audiences three nights a week. Aside from Lubavitcher Chassidim, there was just about every kind of person you could imagine -- Jewish activists, businessmen, scientists, politicians, journalists -- awaiting their turn at two o'clock in the morning. The Rebbe talked warmly with each one, providing guidance and advice when solicited, blessings whether solicited or not.

The audiences began at eight in the evening and generally finished in the early morning. There were exceptions. One night it wasn't until 10:30 the next morning that the Rebbe finally broke for morning prayers. The following night was booked for more audiences. The Rebbe's personal secretary asked the Rebbe if he could put off that night and get some rest. But the Rebbe replied that he couldn't put off people who had been waiting so long.

The Rebbe kept a full day as usual. That night, the audiences went until 11 the next morning.

As for my rebellious spirit, in the Rebbe I found the ultimate rebel. I could even say, you don't submit to the Rebbe -- you rebel with him. It's a long tradition of the rebbes of Lubavitch to defy the monster the world feigns to be, to follow an inner vision, rather than the superficial perception of the flesh eyes. It is no surprise that every one of the Rebbes predecessors spent time in czarist or communist prison. The Rebbe himself was forced into hiding before

leaving Russia.

The Rebbe was an orthodox rebel, a traditional radical. In the sixties, the rest of the Jewish Establishment looked on in disdain at what was happening to their youth and cried, "Student unrest! Hippies and Freaks! This is certainly a deranged and lost generation."

The Rebbe declared, "Finally the iceberg of America is beginning to melt! Finally, its young people realize they do not have to conform! They have smashed the idols of their parents -- they need now only be led back to the living waters of their great-grandparents."

The Rebbe told his Chassidim to go out and bring Jewish youth in touch with their roots. He was ridiculed for it for years. Only after the strategy began to work did those who had mocked him jump on the band wagon as well.

He was always a maverick, not consulting with others on his strategies and campaigns, often ridiculed for what they considered outrageous decisions.

"I am used to their tactics already," the Rebbe shot back. "When I was a young boy, being the oldest son of the rabbi of a city in Russia, I was often taken for questioning by the authorities. They ridiculed me and showered me with abuse. I did not respond to any of their tactics. So too I will not respond to these."

The Rebbe took this radical attitude into his way of running things as well. Lubavitch became an organization where action came from the bottom up. Rarely, very rarely, did the Rebbe demand something specific be done. There were always suggestions. Chassidim were expected to take the initiative and do what they thought would work. Several times the Rebbe thwarted plans to create a rigid hierarchy of decision making within Lubavitch. Each person must find his mentor, and each mentor his mentor.

There were never any followers of the Rebbe -- followers couldn't keep up. The Rebbe had only leaders. Those who rebelled with him. Simchat Torah is a festive Jewish holiday. Every year at this time, the Rebbes place of worship, 770 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, NY, packs in thousands of Chassidim and all sorts of Jews celebrating with the Torah scrolls throughout the night, singing and dancing.

On Simchat Torah, 1977, amidst the festivities, the Rebbe turned pale. Suddenly, he turned from his place, walked through the entire hall, up the stairs, into his office and locked the door behind him. Only his wife was able to persuade him to unlock the door.

It became apparent that the Rebbe had suffered a heart attack. Typically, he had not wanted to disturb the festive mood.

The best doctors were immediately called. They had to come to the Rebbe, because the Rebbe refused to leave his office.

When the Rebbe asked what the people were doing in the synagogue downstairs, he was told they were crying and praying. He made a request: "Tell them the more they sing and dance, the better I will feel."

The Chassidim danced and sang through the night like they never had before.

The Rebbe spent several weeks in his office under the doctors care. It was noted that the healthiest activity for the Rebbes heart was to study. The harshest activity was to read the letters that came to him. Many of the letters were from people in distress asking for blessing

and advice. The Rebbe's heart would pulsate erratically in empathy for their sorrows.

When the doctors attempted to stop the delivery of letters to the Rebbe, the Rebbe intervened.

"You are trying to take away my livelihood," he protested.

It is all futile, I tell you. As long as you stand on the outside, how can I describe to you the relationship of a chassid with his Rebbe? There is a profound inner bond, dense with emotions all beyond words.

Study his teachings. Yes, you'll say, the Rebbe's body is interred over five years now - but the bond is with his spirit and his spirit lives on

even here in our world stronger than ever. By living with his teachings perhaps you could taste of that bond.

And then we may discuss what I have failed to put into words.

A well-known author came for a private audience with the Rebbe.

After he left the Rebbe's office, he turned to the Chassidim, and accused them, "You are thieves! You are stealing from the entire world! You have taken the Rebbe and made him exclusively your own, as though he were a Rebbe just for you Lubavitch Chassidim --

"But the Rebbe is the Rebbe of the entire world!"

Let us liberate him, you and I.

A Divided Matzah; a Divided Nation

The Secret of the Afikoman by Rabbi Y.Y. Jacobson

Afikoman

For children, it is the highlight of the seder. Over the years they discovered that because the seder could not be concluded until this final piece of matzah is eaten, they could "steal" it in order to coerce their exhausted parents, desperate for sleep, into granting them whatever ridiculous demands they should choose to impose, hence the American idea of "Afikoman presents." For adults, it just seems like an ingenious trick to give kids an authorized "recess," a chance to run around and have fun while at the same time keeping them involved in what is happening at the table.

What is the Afikoman?

One of the first things we do at the Passover seder, following Kiddush and Karpas, is "Yachatz" which is the breaking of the matzah. Typically a matzah will break into two incongruent pieces. The larger piece, the Afikoman, which literally means "desert," is stowed away, to be saved for later, and the smaller piece is set in front of us. It is on this smaller piece, that we now recite the entire Haggadah. Many of the most crucial and integral parts of the seder experience are prefaced with the instruction: "Uncover the broken matzah" or "raise up the broken matzah." This matzah, precisely because it is small and broken, aptly represents our "bread of affliction," and "the food of poverty." It is the quintessential matzah, and it plays a leading role throughout the seder drama. If the seder were a play, this would be one of the main actors. Finally, after concluding the recitation of the entire Haggadah, it is the first thing eaten, and with it we fulfill our biblical obligation of eating matzah.

The larger piece, meanwhile, is hidden away, sidelined and absent; it must wait patiently until its return much later into the night. Only after reciting the Haggadah, after eating matzah, maror, korech, the egg, and after the entire holiday meal do we

remember it and retrieve it from its hiding place, and this becomes our "dessert." Preferably, it is the last thing to be eaten that night so that we sleep with the taste of matzah lingering in our mouths and in our memories.

Although seemingly relegated to a secondary part in the play, and cast into some sort of supporting role, the Afikoman is just as integral, crucial, and necessary to the seder experience as its "younger brother." Our Sages tell us, "ain maftirin ad acharei hapasach afikoman," meaning "The seder cannot be concluded without the Afikoman." It also replaces and represents what was the biblical highlight of the seder, the Pascal sacrifice.

A Tale of Two Matzos

The Passover story—enslavement followed by liberty—is the eternal story of the Jew. "For not only once did they stand up against us to destroy us, rather in every generation they attempt this again. And only G-d saves us from their hands," we state in the Haggadah.

It is fascinating to observe the prestigious place the seder held and continues to hold in the lives of so many Jews. More Jews conduct some form of Passover Seder than attend even High Holiday services. The seder strikes a chord deep within us. Many of our warmest and fondest childhood memories were created at our parent's seder table. Somehow the Jew feels that he or she cannot ignore the seder story; it is our personal story as individuals and as a people.

Now we can understand the deeper symbolism behind the breaking and separation of the matzah. Perhaps the matzah represents the Jewish people, the Congregation of Israel, who throughout history have continuously been crushed, flattened and humbled (like matzah), and have been given to eat the "bread of poverty," the "bread of affliction." Time and time again



we were not allowed to wait until our dough rose, we had to take the wandering stick and leave with nothing but “matzah,” literally and figuratively.

The Division

But for a long time now, our matzah has been divided; we are a divided people. One part of our people, the smaller part of our matzah to be sure, still stubbornly sits at the “seder table;” they sit around the table of their ancestors, following the traditions, continuing the rituals, studying the laws and telling the story. This is the smaller part of the matzah, the minority of our people, which refuses to get up of from the Passover table and find other alternatives for life and for happiness. Yes, they sometimes sit there with closed eyes, half asleep, but they are present. These are the Jews who wake up each morning remembering that we are part of a long narrative—beginning with Abraham, culminating with Moshiach—and we ought to live our lives inspired by this narrative. They don a tallis, wrap tefilin, go to the synagogue, pray to G-d, and send their children to Jewish schools to receive an intense Torah education. These are the Jews who celebrate Shabbos, eat kosher, would not eat a meal outside of a Sukkah, or wear a garment made of wool and linen.

The larger part of the matzah—the majority of our people—have wandered from the seder table, into foreign pastures. They have found alternatives to Torah. Indeed, most of our nation remains ignorant and in many ways apathetic to our heritage and its wisdom, millions of our brethren people feel alienated from our people and its story.

And we can identify the moment in history when the matzah was “split.”

Around 250 years ago, with the French Revolution, and what was known as the age of “Enlightenment,” or “The Age of Reason,” the shtetl walls crumbled and many, indeed the majority, of Jews have ultimately said goodbye to their ancient ideology in lieu of the leading ideologies of the day. Voltaire replaced Moses; Rousseau replaced Rashi. Kant and Nietzsche supplanted Abaye and Rava. In France and Germany, enlightenment led to alienation of hundreds of thousands of Jews from tradition. Some decades later, in Eastern Europe, millions of Jews bid farewell to the Torah for a host of new “isms” that seemed far more promising than ancient Juda-ism. Secular Zionist nationalism, for example, captured the imagination of countless young Jews, substituting a transcendent G-d with a concrete homeland. In Russia, Jews flocked to found and support Marxism, communism and socialism. In America, over one million Jews assimilated between 1840 and 1930 alone. In the last few decades in the USA, we lost another million of our children.

And the split of the matzah continues. We continue to be a divided people. The small part of the matzah often looks with disdain at the larger piece of the matzah: “I am at the seder

table; you are lost and estranged;” while the big part of the matzah often looks at the small piece of matzah with bewilderment and pity, wondering how it manages to remain so isolated and detached from modernity and the new world.

Here we will discover the secret of the Afikoman. Open your hearts...

The Rebbe’s Calling

This Friday marks the 109th birthday of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Menachem Mendel Schneerson (1902-1994), who was born on the 11th of Nissan in 1902, in the Ukraine, just days before Passover. Growing up at the height of the revolutions which swept the world and captured the hearts and souls of millions of Jews, the Lubavitcher Rebbe observed the “matzah” being split, fragmented, broken, and then almost completely consumed by the flames of Stalinism and Nazism.

Providence had the soul of the Lubavitcher Rebbe grace our world a few days before the seder, perhaps because his life’s message captured the great story of the afikoman.

What was the Lubavitcher Rebbe’s message for our generation?

That the larger part of the matzah may be absent from our seder table, but it is our Afikoman; that our matzah may be divided, but we are still one matzah. Millions of Jews may be absent from the seder table, but they may never be forgotten. Most importantly: we cannot conclude our seder if we do not bring back the larger piece of matzah which has been gone from the seder table.

The small piece of matzah will never be capable of reaching the culmination its seder if it will not reach out to its brother-matzah and bring it back to the seder table, recognizing the truth that we are one people and each of us has a place of dignity at the eternal table of Jewish history and consciousness.

This, the Lubavitcher Rebbe believed, was the mission of our time. The seder is almost complete, the story is almost finished. Moshiach is at our doorstep. The meal has been eaten, and we have had our share of maror, of bitter herbs and suffering. And now we must remember the Afikoman.

We must search for the afikoman, and with much love and sensitivity bring it back to the table, and let it reunite with its own essence, with its own story, with its own soul.

At times the Afikoman is hard to locate, the assimilated Jew is difficult to identify. Sometimes he struggles to even identify himself. But at the end of the night, at the end of this exile, he will return, to listen to the story of the Exodus, to take part in the mitzvah and pass it along to his own children. For no Jew will be left behind.

Only then will we be able to conclude our journey and truly be “Next year in Jerusalem.”

Join us after
lunch on
Shabbos Day
for a
Farbrengen

to honor

The birthday of
The Rebbe



**DON'T MISS
THE ANNUAL
MOSHIACH
SEUDA**

On Tuesday, April 25th

Achron Shel Pesach at 6:30pm

T'02