Simcha, joy, is one of the most essential elements of the Chassidic way of life. Indeed, in the early stages of the Chassidic movement, before the name Chassidim was coined, one of the temporary names used to refer to Chassidim was di freilicha, meaning "the happy ones." How could you define and identify a chassid? By seeing if he was b’simcha, happy and joyous.

The Baal Shem Tov would say that sometimes, when the yetzer hora tries to persuade a person to commit a sin, it does not care whether or not the person will actually sin. What it is looking for is that after sinning, the person will become depressed and overcome with sadness. In other words, the depression that follows the sin can cause more spiritual damage than the actual sin itself.

A person who is aware that everything happening to him is controlled by G-d will surely be happy. Indeed, when a person lacks such happiness, he is implying, heaven forbid, that what is happening is not connected to G-d, or that G-d is causing it to happen, but that, heaven forbid, G-d is not good.

Mind Control
A person can be capable of comprehending the pain of a situation, but can choose not to. If he does this, and is successful at controlling his mind, he will not experience any pain at all. Take the following example: a person comes home from work. Something happened on the train that made him furious, and he enters the door fuming. Suddenly, the telephone rings. It is a friend from out of town, with whom he has not spoken for months. The two friends begin talking and speak for half an hour. When the commuter hangs up, he realizes that for the past half hour he was not upset. Why? While he was speaking, he was not thinking of what took place.

Growing From Pain
In the Tanya, the Alter Rebbe differentiates between these two types of feeling bad. The depression that dulls a person’s sensitivity and which should be avoided, he terms azvus. The type of feeling bad that spurs a person towards positive activity, he refers to as merirus, bitterness. How can we make sure that our negative thoughts remain directed to a positive purpose? We should regulate the amount of time we spend thinking about these things. This enables us to exercise control over our thoughts, instead of allowing these thoughts to control us. Bitterness is a positive quality, but only in small doses, and only at an appropriate time.

We can learn an interesting concept from the Hebrew language. The Hebrew word for sadness is atzvus. And the Hebrew word for laziness is aztulis. They are spelled in a very similar way. The only difference is that one contains a beisl, and the other, a lamed. The connection works both ways. Depression leads to laziness. When a person is depressed, he is drained of energy. And this inactivity reinforces itself; the person becomes lazy. Laziness leads to depression. A person allows himself to get depressed because it is an easier alternative. Otherwise, he would have to come to terms with the problem, face himself and come up with a solution. One of the mashpi’im in the Lubavitcher yeshiva was R. Yechzekel Feigen. Once, at a farbrengen, he demanded a lot of his students. They were deeply moved by what he said, and many began to cry. Suddenly in the midst of the farbrengen, the person appointed as watchman came running with the news that the KGB was carrying out a search in the area. Immediately everyone began suggesting means of escape and alternatives. Thank G-d, the KGB never came to the room, and the rabbi and the students were able to sit down to resume the farbrengen. The rabbi turned to his students, and told them, “I just saw something very strange. I hope you can explain it to me. ‘Tell me, what affects you more, a difficulty in spiritual matters or a problem involving material things?’ The students were honest, and admitted that it was material things that affected them more.

“Why then, was it that when I spoke to you about your spiritual well-being, everybody was crying, but when you heard the KGB is in the area and your lives were in danger, nobody cried?”

One of the students replied, “What did you expect us to do? Sit down and cry? What good would that do?”

Reb Feigen had been waiting for such an answer. “Why then when it comes to spiritual things, is it acceptable to cry?”

Getting beyond the “I”
When we are busy living our lives and accomplishing things,
A Message from the Rebbe

Sholom u’Bracho:

Approaching the Feast of Matzos, the Season of Our Liberation, I send my prayerful blessing to my brethren everywhere that the festival instill into the daily life of every Jew and Jewess true and complete liberation from all anxiety and adversity, both material and spiritual, so as to rise to the inner meaning of Yetzias Mitzrayim, the prelude to Receiving the Torah, and to fulfill the Divine promise: “When you will bring out the people form Mitzrayim you will serve G-d on this Mount (Sinai).”

...One of the instructive messages of the Yom Tov of Pesach is that a Jew has the inner capacity and actual ability to transform himself, in a short time, from one extreme to the opposite. Our Holy Scriptures and Rabbinic sources describe in detail the bitterness of the enslavement in Egypt and the nadir of spiritual depravity to which the enslaved Jews had sunken in those days. Enslaved in a country from which even a single slave could not escape; completely in the power of a Pharaoh who bathed in the blood of Jewish children; in utmost destitution; broken in body and spirit by the meanest kind of forced labor – suddenly Pharaoh’s power is broken; the entire people is liberated; the erstwhile slaves emerge form bondage as free men, bold and dignified “with an outstretched arm” and “with great wealth.”

Likewise is their spiritual liberation in a manner that bespeaks a complete transformation. After having sunk to the 49th degree of unholliness, to the point of pagan idolatry – they suddenly behold G-d revealed in His full Glory, and only a few weeks later they all stand at the foot of mount Sinai on the highest level of holiness and prophecy, and G-d speaks to each one of them individually, without any intermediary, not even that of Moshe Rabbeinu, and declares: “I am G-d, thy G-d!”

The lesson is highly instructive:

No matter what the status of the Jew is, individually or collectively; no matter how gloomy the position appears to be in the light of human appraisal, the Jew must remind himself every day of Yetzias Mitzrayim – and strive effectively towards complete liberation and freedom, in a bold manner (“with an outstretched arm”) and in the fullest attainment (with great wealth”): freedom from all shackles and obstacles in escape from his “Mitzrayim,” in order to reach the height of “priestly kingdom and holy nationhood,” through the Torah in all respects “as in the days of your liberation from Mitzrayim.”

There must be no pause and no hesitation on this road; there must be no resting on one’s initial accomplishments; one must go on and on, higher and higher, until one apprehends and experiences the call: “I am G-d, thy G-d!”

This message of Pesach is especially urgent and timely in our present time and age, when Jews as individuals and in groups have bestowed themselves to seek for a way of liberation from their spiritual bondage, and to set foot on the road of true freedom of the spirit; above all to completely free themselves from the fear of “What will the goy say?”

The “goy” of every description, including the goyishe producing of misguided Jews, and the “goy” within one’s self, the Yetzer Hora. To these, especially, Pesach calls: Do not stop; go further rise higher, “with an outstretched arm!” Your liberation will then be complete and certain, “with the young and the old, the sons and the daughters,” and with great wealth.

With blessing for a kosher and happy Pesach, and may the Prophetic promise, “as in the days of thy liberation from Egypt will I show him wonders,” through our righteous Moshiach, be soon fulfilled in our own time.

From the Editors:

The break from school we’ve been anticipating all year is close to becoming a reality. For seniors, our Pesach vacation is a flashing neon sign that reads: You’re almost there.

The upcoming Yomim Tovim we will be celebrating are Purim and Pesach. Aside from food, these festivals are filled with lessons on self-sacrifice. As a nation, the concept of self-sacrifice is not foreign. People in concentration camps gave up their meager slice of bread, choosing to starve instead of eating chometz on Pesach. Chassidim in communist Russia gathered to farbreng on Purim, risking being caught by the K.G.B. Nowadays, the term ‘self-sacrifice’ has taken on a lofty, dramatic meaning. In reality, we can all sacrifice a little self in this modern, fast-paced society. Instead of catching up with who’s who and what’s new, help a neighbor. Put down your book, although you’re up to the best part, and wash the dishes before your mother comes home.

In the spirit of Purim and Pesach, let us all go beyond our limitations and experience the world outside our comfort zone, whether for G-d, a parent or a stranger. May the joy of Purim permeate all aspects of our life year round.

Moussie Krinsky & Mushka Friedman

Dear Editors,

I have a message for the school and I wanted to send it via letter to the editor: The thought that production is over is definitely an extremely sad one, but when you look toward the future you can be filled with optimism: School Shabbaton! Woohoo! And then Purim and a month off for Pesach!! Then finals. Okay, okay that does not sound like an exciting prospect to all of you I’m sure. But for ninth graders especially it’s an exciting and crazy time. Studying parties, ending school early, being ‘stressed’. So that’s 3 months of school!! Minus a week for Shabbaton a week for Purim and two weeks for finals and 4 weeks of Pesach vacation—that’s like six weeks!!! So everyone take advantage of the time you have left at Bais Rivkah, cuz summer is almost here!

Luv you all especially all my fellow freshmen,

- Chava Sneideman, 9th grade
Behind Every Great Man...

She could have been a princess, but because of her faith, Rochel chose to forfeit her legacy to marry an ignorant shepherd against her father’s will. The daughter of Kalba Savua, Rochel was the heiress to one of the greatest fortunes in the land. Wise, beautiful, and pious she could have married any of the greatest Talmidei Chachomim of the generation and yet seeing his potential, Rochel chose to marry Akiva and in her wisdom gave us one of the greatest Torah giants in the history of the Jewish people.

Akiva was a forty year old widower with one son when he came to work for Kalba Savua. Though he couldn’t even read the Aleph-Bais, Rochel noticed his fine and modest character and the kindness with which he treated everyone as well as the care and devotion he showed for the animals he cared for. She asked him if he would agree to study Torah if she married him and he agreed. When her father learned of her study Torah if she married him and he showed for the animals he cared for. When he finally made his way home and studied under the greatest Torah scholars, and his name was mentioned along with those of Rabban Shimon ben Gamliel, Rabbi Eliezer, and Rabbi Yehoshua who were the greatest Torah leaders of the time. Despite this no one seemed to realize that this was the same ignorant shepherd whom Rochel had married. After another twelve long years Rabbi Akiva finally returned, this time with his twenty four thousand talmidim. The people lined the streets to see this great leader. When Rochel heard that her husband had returned she pushed her way through the crowd and threw herself at her husband’s feet. Rabbi Akiva’s appealed students tried to drag her away however Rabbi Akiva said “Leave her alone! Sheli v’shelachem sheha hu.” My Torah and your Torah is hers. Kalba Savua had heard that a great leader had come to the town and came to see him in order to ask him how to go about annulling the vow he had made against

(Continued on page 4)
Today’s Purim Story

It’s that time of year again when we read the Purim story. In almost every story, there is a Haman and a Mordechai, the good guy vs. the bad guy. Let’s fast forward. Tracing our background as Jews, we can find the Haman and the Mordechai many times over.

One modern day Haman was the Russian leader, Stalin. This “Haman” had taken complete control, reducing the Jews to immense poverty, and threatening the future of traditional Judaism. Single handedly, the Friediker Rebbe fought to preserve Yiddishkeit. Against all odds, he established underground schools, mikvahs, and lifelines of material and spiritual support. Even as he was about to be taken into exile, our valiant “Mordechai” declared, “Only our bodies, not our souls, were sent into this exile.” This defiance not only led to his release, but also encouraged a great number of Soviet Jews to continue observing Torah and Mitzvos.

In the time of Purim there was no where to run, for every Jew was included in the G’zeirah. This was so in Russia as well. Stalin wanted a quick and sure end to Yiddishkeit. His Communist war was not against the world, but against the Jews. However, the Friediker Rebbe would not give in, and he did not succumb to Haman’s decrees.

I don’t know about you, but I always laugh when the ba’al koreh turns red while reading Haman’s sons’ names. I never could pronounce them, let alone read them all in one breath. However, if you look closely at the names of the sons of Haman, you would see that the first name, Parshandata, has a small tav. The seventh name, Parmashta, has a small shin, and the tenth name Yayzata, has a small zayin. Tof shin zayin compares to the year 5707, or in English, 1946. Rosh Hashana of 5707 was on September 25th. Less than one month later, eleven Nazis in Nuremberg were sentenced to death. Strangely, instead of being sentenced to the electric chair or a bullet, the judges ruled that these criminals would be hanged, as Esther had requested of Haman and his sons in her time. Two hours before the hanging, one of the eleven was found dead in his cell. Therefore, 2300 years after Purim, Haman’s ten sons were again led to the gallows. The irony did not escape the condemned, and with the noose around his neck, one of them shouted, ‘Purim Spiel 1946!’ If all of these “coincidences” are not enough, look at the date of the execution. October 16th, 1946, falls out on Hoshanah Raba, the day G-d’s verdicts are sealed. Hashem has a master plan, and although the reasons and intentions are blurry to us, sometimes a spark of clarity emerges.

Now fast forward to the time of another Haman, Saddam Hussein. The first Gulf War in 1991 ended erev Purim. The second Gulf War, in 2003, began motzei Shushan Purim. Get the picture? In between, “The Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honor.” (Megillas Esther 8:16). Fast forward to the year 2008. The majority of Jews are living peacefully and happily in the United States. We have a president who does not persecute us, and a democratic government that allows us to practice our religion freely. Life is good! For us high school girls, the biggest problem we may face in our daily lives is a halachic test or where to take a friend for her birthday. Do you ever stop to think, “Hey, isn’t this supposed to be galus?” Then there are those times when it hits you: when a tragedy strikes or when you get a small taste of anti-semitism. These things shake our core. But then we read the story of Purim and we see that Esther and Mordechai, before going to King Achashverosh, davened to Hashem. We learn from them that by turning to Hashem for guidance and strength when Haman appears victorious is the only source of comfort in these bleak times. With this attitude, our modern day Purim story will have as happy an ending as the original, 2300 years ago.

(Continued from page 1)

we do not think about all the things we are doing. When our minds are focused on what has to be done, we function happily and successfully. But when a person gets into himself, and start thinking about how everything affects him – that causes problems.

A rabbi was once walking down the street. A passerby stopped him and admired his long white beard, asking, "Rabbi, when you sleep at night, is your beard underneath your blanket or on top of your blanket?" The rabbi responded, admitting that he had absolutely no idea. The passerby did not understand. "You have this beard for over forty years – don’t you know what happens with it at night?"

For the next two weeks, the rabbi could not fall asleep. First, he put his beard under his blanket and he felt uncomfortable. Then he put it on top of the blanket and he felt uncomfortable. How did he sleep for forty years? When he did not think about the question, he never had a problem. When did the problems begin? When he started thinking consciously about something that should come naturally.

A Lightning Rod

When a person is genuinely happy and sees things in a positive way, he creates Simcha in the spiritual realms. For “Everything that happens above is dependent on you.” The joy that is activated in the spiritual realm is not self-contained, but flows outward, bringing joy to many others in our world.

When a person is happy, he stands above all his personal limitations and weaknesses. He can forgive his worst enemy. His joy generates an inner energy that breaks through and shatters any barrier that stands in his way.

(Continued from page 3)

his daughter years before. He explained the situation oblivious to the fact that the ignorant shepherd whom he had so vehemently opposed was the same Rabbi Akiva to whom he was talking. Rabbi Akiva asked him if he would have made such a vow had the shepherd tried to learn. Kalba Savua replied that if he had known one chapter of mishnayos or one halacha he would have never made the vow. Upon hearing this Rabbi Akiva revealed his true identity and reunited Rochel with her father. Kalba Savua proceeded to give half of his fortune to his daughter. Rochel soon gave birth to a third daughter, Nachama. However their happiness was short lived. Not long afterward, the destruction of the second Bais Hamidkash occurred. Rabbi Akiva and his family moved to Yavneh which had become the center of Torah study. There Rabbi Akiva fulfilled the promise he had made to his wife so many years before by giving her the gold hair ornament he had promised her. Rabbi Akiva was appointed in charge of collecting money for the Jews in Eretz Yisrael who’s financial plight had suffered as a result of the churban. After seeking permission from his wife he traveled abroad and collected vast sums of money which he distributed to the needy families in Eretz Yisrael. When the ye-shiva moved to Usha, Rabbi Akiva’s family moved with it and eventually to Bnai Brak where Rabbi Akiva opened up his own Yeshiva. These were some of the most horrific and trying times in Jewish history, right after the churban, under Roman rule, turmoil and strife ruled the country. Conflicting ideas as to how to deal with the current situation and the Romans caused discord amongst the Jews. Amidst all this chaos and confusion, Rochel passed away. The years following her death were those of hardship and suffering as the Jewish nation was plunged full force into what has been the harshest and longest golus of them all.

Rochel’s life stands as a tribute to the true meaning of an aishes chayil. She truly was a “woman of valor” and everything a woman could be. Yet she prided herself on only one thing: that she was Akiva’s wife.
Pesach in the home of shluchim is bound to be exciting. The first year my parents were in Rome (about 31 years ago) they had to kasher the chickens on their own. At that time they lived in a very old building where there wasn’t much running water. As a result, they couldn’t wash off the salt they had used for koshering properly. When my mother, who wasn’t yet an expert cook since she had just gotten married a few months before, made the soup for yom tov she added salt—forgetting that the chicken itself was already very salty! That year my father had organized a different seder in shul so he didn’t come home until 4:30 AM. Finally, the seder in my house started. By the time they got to the meal... the soup and chicken were so salty that no one was able to eat!

Towards the late 80s, many Russian Jews moved to the small cities around Rome while waiting for their visas into the United States. My parents rented big halls and brought down bochurim from the U.S. to help lead the sederim which were attended by more than 10,000 people. This went on for about seven years until the Russians left to America. Today, Pesach in Rome became much easier. ב’’יה we don’t have to kasher chickens or do anything of that sort. We still must bring many things from abroad like matzah and cheiren but some things we find locally. We organize a seder for tourists, one for American students, and one for Israeli students. There is also a seder in my brother and sister-in-law’s house who moved to Rome oh shlichus about four years ago. There is also a seder in my house. The seder in my house is attended by many different types of people. We have even had prisoners that my father managed to have released for one night. When my father explains the Haggadah he has to repeat everything in four languages: Italian, English, Hebrew, and Romanian. 

Not Your Typical Pesach Experience

Don’t Be Speechless at Your Seder

When we were in elementary school, a few weeks before our spring vacation would be dedicated to learning about Pesach. Throughout the years we’ve always had something to contribute to the seder, whether it be a hand-made Haggada or an interesting d’var Torah. However, when you reach high school, you suddenly find that, unlike your younger siblings or relatives, you’re speechless! To spare you from the last minute scrounge for something new to say, here are some points that are sure to enhance your seﬁd.

1. The four sons are a hand-made Haggada from the Gemara pshochim about a rabbi who learned of people. We have even had prisoners that my father managed to have released for one night. When my father explains the Haggadah he has to repeat everything in four languages: Italian, English, Hebrew, and sometimes even Russian! Roman Jews are very different than other types of Jews. A lot of them have been living in Rome since the times of the korban Pesach. Roman Jews however, eat roasted lamb at the seder because it’s written in gemarah poschim about a rabbi from Rome that ate roasted lamb at the seder. Although it can be difficult, I know Pesach in Rome is always guaranteed to be exciting. Every time I come home I see how lucky I am to be a shlucha of the Rebbe.

The answer is that each of the four sons has a unique way of understanding and seeing Hashem’s influence in the world. If you look closely, you will notice there are four “boruch”s in the Haggadah. Each of the four Baruchs relates to a different son and the way he relates to Hashem.

1) The same is true of a Jew. Although he may superficially appear to be insignificant, as one gets becomes closer and closer to Hashem he appreciates their size and beauty.

The paragraph of הַמּוֹטָמֵת, מִצְָּעָה speaks about how Hashem made us as numerous as the stars from a small amount, from seventy people. In what way are the Jews like stars? The Rebbe answers that when one stands on the ground and looks up at the sky, the stars appear as minute specks. In reality the stars are much larger than Earth. Only as one approaches the stars, can he appreciate their size and beauty.

The same is true of a Jew. Although he may superficially appear to be insignificant, as one gets becomes closer and closer to Hashem he appreciates their size and beauty. The paragraph of הַמּוֹטָמֵת, מִצְָּעָה speaks about how Hashem made us as numerous as the stars from a small amount, from seventy people. In what way are the Jews like stars? The Rebbe answers that when one stands on the ground and looks up at the sky, the stars appear as minute specks. In reality the stars are much larger than Earth. Only as one approaches the stars, can he appreciate their size and beauty.

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The Grapevine

Benvenuti A Roma

Not Your Typical Pesach Experience

Benvenuti A Roma

Not Your Typical Pesach Experience

By Mushky Hazan, Grade 11

By Chaya Batya Leiter, Grade 12

By Chaya Batya Leiter, Grade 12

The Shlichus Network

The Shlichus Network

The Shlichus Network

The Grapevine
Dear Readers,

Wow! Chodesh Adar Alef has been quite a month! After coming from Production and Convention it was a lot of settling down and getting back into routine, but not for long! The amazing school Shabbaton followed right after! Like they say "There's never a dull moment in the life of a Bais Rivkah girl!" And what a Shabbaton it was! The theme of the Shabbaton was "Programming My GPS: Geulah Personal System." The Rebbe said we are now living in the times of Moshiah! It's up to every single one of us to upgrade our mindset and start living Moshiahdik. The girls far-brenged with the Rabbi's, teachers and bnos leaders all day and night! A special thank you to Rabbi Kaplan from Eretz Yisroel, Rabbi Markowitz from Morristown, Rabbi Bleich from Massachusetts, and Rabbi & Mrs. Teldon from Long Island. And of course, this Shabbaton could not have happened without the help of the amazing girls from the Shabbaton and G.O. committee (see back page for names). And now for Chodesh Adar Beis, how lucky we are to have another month full of Simcha. This month G.O. will be concentrating on Simcha Poretz Geder through Niggunim, Hashgocha Protis, giving of oneself, and of course, Moshiahdik. Stay tuned—there's lots in store! Oh, and don't forget to put on those dancing shoes—we will be doing tons of dancing during lunch! Out of towners, start packing—your shabbaton is coming up and you don't want to miss it! Maybe the simcha that radiates through the halls of Bais Rivkah lead us to the ultimate simcha of the Geulah Shleima now!

Sincerely,
Fruma Wilschanski
Extra Curricular Programs Coordinator

One Trip, One People, One Experience to Remember

Last year I had the zchus of joining the Achos Hatmimim trip to Eretz Yisroel. It was an unforgettable experience, to say the least. Twenty-eight girls from high schools all over America joined together for eight days of touring, far-brengening, and learning. Although seeing the Makom Hamikdosh and davening at the Kotel Hamaaravi and kivrei tzaddikim was inspiring, it was the achdus that inspired me most. The warmth and friendship was present from the beginning and lasted until the very end. All of my classmates were excited that I had won a spot on the trip. Teachers and students alike congratulated me. A friend called from an out of town school to wish me a wonderful trip. Again, although they weren't coming, they were so happy for the girls who were. We arrived in Eretz Yisroel after a long plane ride; I was sure it was a week long. Mrs. Marinowski, the coordinator of the trip, greeted us at the airport with her famous smile. Her whole face lit up as she welcomed us and directed us to the bus. We drove straight to Kfar Chabad. Some of the girls had relatives or family friends who put them up for the night. The rest of us were assigned to random families who joyfully opened their homes to us. We came as total strangers but felt like family. It was foolish of me to worry about how the family would accept me, because their hachnosas orchim made me feel welcome. In Eretz Yisroel we traveled daily to the many historic and holy sites. Therefore, we constantly had to repack our luggage and move to various hotels. Since we had won the trip by gorel, we decided to use that method for our sleeping arrangements as well. It was amazing that from the first day, we had no preference for which girls we dormed with, whether they were from our school, whether we knew their names yet, or whether they were in our grade. In fact, midway into the trip we were asking each other "Oh, by the way, which grade are you in?" because it was pointless to be divided according to age differences. The same thing happened when we were divided into groups for a four hour jeeping tour. The atmosphere was total achdus. And it was specifically because we acted this way that we made so many friendships during our short trip. In addition to the achdus among ourselves, we witnessed the unity of all Klal Yisroel. We spent Shabbos in Yerushalayim. And was it a Shabbos to remember! We went to the Kotel forty minutes before sunset, since the Israelis take in Shabbos at that time. In the broad daylight I saw throngs of people walking to the Kotel. There were groups coming with the Hillel, others from Italy, and soldiers dressed in their green uniforms. Some wore streimels, some had hats, some had caps, and some had the yarmulkes that were given out at the Kotel. Every type of head covering could be found there. As I watched the area around me steadily fill up, I started to imagine what Kidutz Golus will be like. Just to hear the babbling of so many different languages made me chuckle. The men and women danced and sang tunes of Kabolas Shabbos on either side of the mechitza. I watched from behind the fence, which is a level higher than the floor by the Kotel. I wanted to get a full view of all that was transpiring. Indeed, the chayus and lebedik of all the mispallim gave me such a boost. The circles of dancers kept turning, while more people just kept joining. As I watched from the back I kept nudging myself to go in and join the tefillos, but I was so enthralled that it took me some time before I actually could move. When I finally made my way to the Wall I was so overwhelmed that I couldn't hold myself back from crying out, "Hashem, look at your children! Even though we are from different countries and back-grounds we all unite to server you. Don't you think it's time to complete the circle and bring ALL the Jews back our land, to celebrate in the third Beis Hamikdosh?!"

The atmosphere was even more exciting in Meron on Lag b'Omer. This was the climax of our trip. The street leading up to the kever of R’ Shimon bar Yochai was jammed. Men were dancing. Girls were reuniting with the friends from various seminaries. People were collecting tzedakah. Rebbe pictures and videos were proudly displayed. Tefilloh cards were given out. The singing and music was blaring. In the actual room of the kever I literally had to swim my way in, in order to keep myself from being trampled on. The room was filled to capacity with people davening fervently. I never knew so many people could fit so tightly packed together. And I thought that 770 was crowded during Tishrei! Let's hold on to the message of Lag b'Omer. Let's hold onto each other and do one more act of chesed, and find one more compliment to tell another. Maybe that is the final ahavos chinam that Hashem is waiting for that will force Him to finally reveal the third Beis Hamikdash. We've gotten so far, we have the power to push ourselves that last stretch to bring Moshiahdik right now, Amen! •

Tzorchei Tzibur—Helping Our Community

Hospital Mivtzoi
By Bassie Krasnianski, Grade 11

Hospital Mivtzoi is one of those things of doing good for others. Every Friday, we go to Methodist Hospital in Parkslope and hand out electric candles to the Jewish patients and provide company. The patients are very appreciative, even those who deny a candle. Many times, by staying for a small chat, we are the only ones who show concern for the patients during their despondent hospital stay. One Friday, my partner and I went to visit an elderly woman who had an unusual request: to take her on a walk down the hospital ward.

Achos Hatmimim
By Esty Newfield, Grade 12

Achos Hatmimim is an Extra Curricular Program, where we are helping the nurses of Methodist Hospital in Parkslope. It is a small but very important program. Each month we do a different activity. This month G.O. will be concentrating on the theme of dancing, in order to uplift the patients and help them get through the dark times. We also bring cards and visitation, which the patients love. Our activity this month is dancing. We have the opportunity to not only help them but also to entertain ourselves. This is a very special program that touched the hearts of the nurses and the patients alike.
My brother was bitten by a dog and ended up in the hospital (my parents are out of town).

I was walking to school as always but then my bag broke, and my oranges fell on the floor and I had to hold everything in my hands!

I came to school on time, but I left my glasses at home because I couldn't find them and I didn't want to be late. Can I go home now to get them?

I hurt my foot and had to wait for a ride to school.

I had a crazy morning, we found a mouse in the house. Everybody was really afraid. We had to wait for the problem to be resolved.

My brother missed the bus so I had to walk him to school.

I left for school earlier than usual, but when I got to the trains I realized it was Presidents Day and that the trains were irregular.

I had to wait for my school sweater to dry.

I couldn't find my uniform blouse.

I just got lenses and I don't know how to put them on myself. My friend came over to help me and now we're both late!

On my way to school—on time—I slipped and fell, so I had to go home to change.

**Determining Your Chassid IQ**

**Excuses, Excuses**

*Top Ten Results of a Two-Week Study*

1. **What exactly is "Lubavitch Time?"**
   a) 30-45 minutes late, depending on how mehudar you are
   b) Whatever time of day I get around to shacharis
   c) 4 a.m. – Farby time!
   d) GMT + 2, or Time Zone of small village on Longitude: 31º43’

2. **At 770, you are…**
   a) Wearing a black Junee’s skirt in attempt to sabotage the klippah of the fashion scene
   b) Ditching school to daven with the Rebbe’s minyan
   c) Hip-hopping to Yechi
   d) Finding out which train goes to Bloomingdales

3. **The lyrics to your favorite song go like this:**
   a) “Oy-ye-nanam, oy-ye-nanam, oy-ye-nanam, ahyayam…”
   b) “I’m goin’ Chassidish, ah started speakin’ Yidish…”
   c) “Numanumayei” – uh, Rabbi Nachman version
   d) *censored*

4. **What does making a Kiddush Hashem mean to you?**
   a) Sporting a nightgown and knee-socks at Mountain Creek with your Gan Izy campers
   b) Refusing the President’s handshake
   c) Wearing runway styles of the upcoming season to make a good impression
   d) Being burnt at the stake by Torquemada

5. **Which Chassidic personality do you relate to most?**
   a) R’ Hillel Paritcher
   b) R’ Shmuel Munkes—he’s the funny one, right?
   c) Your brother Mendel
   d) Lipa Shmeltzer

6. **What’s Crown Heights’ best hangout?**
   a) Hangout?
   b) Duh, the dorm
   c) East New York & Schenectady – spying on the hostage exchange*
   d) Crown Heights did NOT make it onto my hangout list

7. **How do you say Chitas?**
   a) At Cocoa Club, with Lessons in Tanya and The Gutnick Chumash
   b) On my birthday, every Chassidishe YomTov, for 3 days after a good farbrengen, and then every time I need Hashgacha Protis.
   c) Whenever there’s someone scary-looking on the train.
   d) Kh’tähs - I think

**Memory Box**

*By Musia K.*

- File.
- Save.
- Folder Full.
- How can that be?
- Open Folder.
- Music download
- Fashion update
- Oh dear—
- My computer
- My brain
- is filled….
- with meaningless frivolous things

**Key:**

Mostly A’s – You’re doing great! E-Z pass to sem.

Mostly B’s – You have your trials, but you’re generally headed in the right direction.

Mostly C’s – Umm, you might want to get a new maspiah.

Mostly D’s – Huh? Chassidish? That’s like, uh… a type of Amish?

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**School Sweater Statistics**

- Blue Pullover: 18%
- Gap/Target: 35%
- Little People: 18%

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**File.**

- But wait—
- I remember
- This is MY MIND
- File.
- Open.
- Delete.
- Delete.
- Delete.
- Processing Request……
- File deleted—but still saved on your hard-drive.
Following in their Yehsei Shmei Rabah. In London, after the Shabbos minyan in Lubavitch House finished musaf, he would go into the board room and daven there. He would come home for seudah shabos at 4 PM. There is a story that shows his deep concentration while he davened. One morning, a letter arrived for Reb Bentzion. Someone asked his granddaughter to put the letter in his room. Thinking her Zaidy wasn't home, she went up to his room singing loudly. When she opened the door to his room and saw he was in middle of davening, she was distraught. She quietly put the letter on his desk and tiptoed out, hoping not to disturb him again. When her Zaidy came down a while later he asked if anyone was in his room because he saw a letter on his desk but didn't see anyone come in! Once, Reb Bentzion saw a Yid being led away by a Russian officer. He felt at a loss when suddenly an idea came into his head. He ran over to the policeman and yelled, “Hello Ivan! How are you? I haven’t seen you in so long! How are you managing?” Reb Bentzion started hugging and kissing the officer and at the same time nudged the Yid to run away. “But who are you? I don’t recognize you!” the policeman answered. To which Reb Bentzion replied, “Don’t you remember we went to school together in the army...?” Reb Bentzion carried on until the young Chosid was well out of sight. When the officer realized he was with lashon hora: doctors are always people knocking at his door asking for tzedakah of a bracha. My grandfather would always give money to the poor and a bracha to the sick with a broad smile. He did his chessed with happiness in order to make sure the recipient wouldn’t be embarrassed. My grandfather was known to be the person who would help another Yid whenever possible. I look up to my grandfather greatly and hope I will continue to follow in his footsteps. My Zaidy showed me that chessed, caring for another yid, is very important and I try to follow his leading example. In the merit of all the good deeds my grandfather did, may we all see the redemption now!

Nechama Horowitz, Grade 12

I was Sukkos time in communist Russia. The Frierdiker Rebbe was residing in Leningrad. A man came into the Frierdiker Rebbe’s room shocked and frightened.

"Two Chassidim are walking around the streets asking people to shake lulov and esrog and to say Lechaim!" he informed the Frierdikter Rebbe. The Rebbe smiled and responded, "It must be Chaim the butcher and his son, Muel (Shmuel.)" Under Communism, religion of any form was prohibited. These two Chassidim, Chaim and Shmuel Berezin, (my great-great grandfather and great-grandfather,) were doing mivtzoim during a time when it was dangerous, and not as normal as it is today. They did so with great mesiras nefesh, and I like to think of this story when I go out on mivtzoim, today.

Gitty Pruss, Grade 11

My great-grandmother, Yuta Aidel Spielman, was born, raised, and also married in Germany. In 1939, seeing the dangers of remaining in Germany, she and her family escaped to England. My great-grandmother always tried very hard to drink only Cholov Yisroel milk. During World War Two, this was almost impossible. My grandfather remembers that as a young child, during the war, his mother would take him through bombed buildings in order to find a cow. She would then milk the cow, acquiring Cholov Yisroel milk. My great-grandfather would make butter with the remaining milk. Their mesiras nefesh for hidur mitzvah is something I greatly admire.

Deborah Leah Spielman, Grade 9

My grandfather, Rabbi Yaakov Friedman ob"m, was someone who touched the lives of many people. Reb Yaakov (as he was called) was born in Lithuania in the town of Koshadar. He and his family were always helping the poor and the sick. My grandfather went through the Holocaust and lost two of his children.

After the war my Zaidy came to America. He moved to Boro Park as a shliach of the Rebbe. In many shuls in Booro Park, he gave classes on Tanya and Chassidus. My grandfather would always give money to the poor and the sick. My grandfather, Reb Yaakov, would always help the poor and the sick. Reb Yaakov (as he touched the lives of many people. Reb Yaakov (as he was called) was born in Lithuania in the town of Koshadar. He and his family were always helping the poor and the sick. My grandfather went through the Holocaust and lost two of his children.

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Footsteps

Have you ever stopped and wondered: Who are we? Where do we come from? This special feature is a tribute to our ancestors who kept their faith strong during times of hardship. Our parents’ parents, barely 50 years ago, were towers of people and pillars of strength.

In 1952, when my grandmother and her twin brother were eighteen years old, their family sailed to America. While at sea, a huge storm broke out and the ship was swaying from side to side. The storm was so terrible that no one believed they would survive. My great-grandfather, Itzchok Feigenson, sent a telegram to the Previous Lubavitcher Rebbe requesting a blessing.

Meanwhile all the passengers were ill, rolling on the floor of the boat. The attendants were passing out oranges to all the passengers. My grandmother actually gave hers to a woman who was in a more desperate state than she. It was a great relief to everyone when the boat finally docked safely in the New York harbor, eight days after it had left France. It was evident to all that they were alive thanks to the Rebbe’s bracha.

Zeldy Nemenov & Chany Futerfas, Grade 9

My grandmother Mrs. Rivka Zeiger at her daughter Dobe Raices’ wedding

This brings so many memories... and he too started crying. My great-grandmother looked around the car and saw how nearly the entire car was in tears. Almost all of the passengers were Jewish and her two little lights reminded them of the homes they were torn from. She quietly thanked Hashem for this nes and for the gift of another day.

Chaya’le Strassberg, Grade 9

My great-grandmother Bubby Sara Klevman together with her daughter Dobe Raices’ Tevel

Chana D. Bogomilsky, Grade 12

My great-grandmother Bubby Sara

The Grapevine

N ot too long ago in Russia, the life of a Jew was difficult. By not being able to work on Shabbos, a steady income was rare. Somehow, each Shabbos my Bubby Sara managed to outwit her many supervisors in the glass factory where she worked.

Around Yom Kippur, my Bubby was put under the charge of stubborn supervisors. Every move my Bubby made, the supervisor’s watchful eye took notice.

My great-grandmother, Mrs. Rivka Zeiger, was running from Poland during the Holocaust. Since this was during a war, there was a shortage of everything, including passenger trains. After much effort, she managed to find a cattle train going in the direction that she was fleeing to.

She was sitting in the cattle car amongst the other Polish passengers, when she remembered that it was Friday afternoon and that night would be Shabbos! She had two lichtelach in her bag and she wanted to let them. Yet, she can’t! If she would light the candles, the other Poles would realize and report her to the Nazis. Not even her forged Polish passport would be able to save her. Yet, it will almost be Shabbos and she needs to light the candles. She never missed bentsch light and she does not want to do so now. Nevertheless, she knew that if she would light them, she might be sent to the camps, or an even worse fate, death! Finally, she decided that she was going to bentsch light, no matter what may happen. So she melted the bottom and stuck them on a ledge. She then lit the candles, said the brocha, and was at once at peace. She was gazing at the candles when she realized that the girl sitting next to her was crying. “What’s wrong?” she asked. The girl replied, “These candles remind me so much of my mother. I remember the last time I saw my mother bentsch light and how my entire family sat together around the Shabbos table. Oh, how I looked forward to those Saturdays! A few days later, the Nazis took my family away. Who knows where they are now?” and she sobbed uncontrollably.

Suddenly, another man sitting in the train started talking. “The lights also have the same effect on me. I got married barely a year ago. Every Friday night, my wife would bentsch light. It was so beautiful to see her light the candles and say the bracha, just as you did with these lichtelach here.

Bubby says that all the credit really belongs to the Rebbe who was one who told her to make the Bikur Cholim of Montreal. All that she was matzliach in was in his zechus.

After my grandmother had a serious operation, she was told by the doctor to take a vacation since her house was always busy with her four children. So she went to Sara-toga to a bungalow colony for a few weeks. When she asked for a room, the Rabbi, whose mother owned the bungalow, suggested that she share a room with another woman so it would be cheaper. So, my bubby roomed with another lady who was very kind to her and helped her get better. When my grandmother left, they hugged and kissed each other, never thinking they would see each other again.

Many years later when my grandmother was volunteer- ing at the Jewish General Hospital, going room to room, she suddenly saw this woman. She looked a bit older but my grandmother was still able to recognize her. Sadly, the woman didn’t remember my bubby for she was suffering from Alzheimer’s disease. Nevertheless, my grandmother always took special care of her, trying to repay her for the kindness she had done for her years before.

Chaya Benjaminson, Grade 10

My great-grandmother, Zlate Benjaminson

The Grapevine
The Colors of You

We are all affected by the colors that surround us. Knowing that orange stimulates appetite, many eateries decorate using the color orange. Hospital rooms are often painted green because it relieves pain. The Blackfriars Bridge in England had a very high suicide rate. They repainted the bridge and the suicide rate dropped by thirty percent. Classrooms are often painted blue to help students focus. Advertisers love to use yellow to catch the eye. Some California prisons have instituted pink rooms to put prisoners in when they act aggressive as the color pink weakens them and makes them feel docile.

A lot can be learned from a person’s favorite color:

**RED**
When you are exposed to a lot of red, adrenaline is released in your body. You are more active but have less control over your actions and are thus more impulsive. Your senses are heightened, particularly smell and taste, and your appetite improves. Body temperature increases, as well as blood pressure and pulse rate.

If Red Is Your Favorite Color You are most likely vigorous, steady workers. People who like red have the same energy as red lovers. They are introspective, sensitive, and closed about their feelings. They feel excited but keep it in check and enjoy calm, peaceful environments.

**YELLOW**
The third primary color, yellow, is the fastest color registered by the brain. It causes allergies to flare up and children to cry more. People have been found to react with emergency panic measures when they see yellow. Yellow sparks imagination and cheers people up, but too much yellow tends to be irritable.

If Yellow Is Your Favorite Color People who like yellow have a need to help the world, although this doesn’t always come to action. If you are looking for a safe, reliable friend, yellow lovers would be a great choice. They also long for respect and admiration.

**GREEN**
Green is a color most associated with nature and good health. Exsma, diarrhea, and stomach aches are just a few of the symptoms that can be soothed by the color green. Green also strengthens eyesight.

If Green Is Your Favorite Color You are the epitome of a good citizen. You are moral, clean, decent, and open. You enjoy nature and care for family, deeply.

**ORANGE**
Orange surroundings arouse a hearty appetite. This color also makes you feel sleepy. Next time you’re hungry and tired, check out the colors around you. There may be more to it than a long day.

If Orange Is Your Favorite Color Those who like the color orange are good natured and generous. They enjoy being with other people and are easily influenced. Any job assigned to them is sure to get done being that they are loyal and steady workers.

**BROWN**
Brown relieves depression and grumpiness and also stimulates you.

If Brown Is Your Favorite Color You are with good money, conscientious, and steady. You have a stubborn streak and will not let others step on you.

**BLACK**
There is nothing negative about liking black. Black lovers are proper, dignified, and worldly. However, constantly being surrounded by black can cause depression.

If Black Is Your Favorite Color You like to be in charge.

**GREY**
Creative people like grey.

**PURPLE**
Purple lovers are observant, good with detail, and vain. •

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Attention all readers:

**We want your feedback!**
Comments, questions, articles, and pictures are welcomed at brhsgrapevine@gmail.com
(or BRHS: place in the envelope near the office)

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Ask the Rebbetzin

**We all have questions. Now we have some answers.**
Mrs. Shaffer, who addresses all sorts of issues on AskMoses, has generously given her time to answer our own.

**Q**

Is there an inyan of getting new clothing for Yom Tov? If so, what’s the source? Shopping is blown out of proportion nowadays. Many girls won’t go to shul if they have nothing to wear—is that a legitimate excuse?

**A**

Girls won’t go to shul if they have nothing to wear? I most certainly support that! It would be highly inappropriate to go to shul wearing nothing.

Okay, so clearly you don’t mean that literally. What you’re saying, I believe, is that sometimes going to shul or not is determined by how good a girl feels about how she’s dressed or how she looks.

There most certainly is an inyan to get something new for Yom Tov, it’s in Shulchan Aruch. For simchas Yom Tov the Torah recognizes that different people have different joys - men enjoy some good wine; children enjoy toys and knickknacks and nuts, and women’s hearts are gladdened by some new item of clothing or jewelry. And therefore, our Torah tells us, let each have something that brings pleasure so that the spiritual pleasure of Yom Tov is enhanced by the physical pleasure of a new skirt or coat.

If indeed the quest for something new is based on a sincere desire to bring spiritual pleasure through the physical, that is something to be encouraged. One has to be careful, though, that the quest for that perfect skirt or shirt or jacket not become the focus of Yom Tov itself.

In any society, one is often caught up in the frenzy of the community—it’s a good time to recognize that each person has value as an individual, and the fact that ‘everyone else’ is in a frenzy of shopping doesn’t mean that this will determine the worthiness of any one person. To feel good about herself, to feel that when going to shul she is viewed in exactly the way she wants to be viewed...to recognize that it is her very persona that she wants to project, and with a new item of clothing that is accomplished...to be true to herself—this is the simcha.

A guten Yom Tov to all. •

Mrs. Shaffer serves as Mashpia (counselor and mentor) to both Orthodox and non-Orthodox women, and offers guidance to women, couples and adolescents. In addition to conducting regular classes, Mrs. Shaffer serves as facilitator for several women’s self-awareness and support groups and leads workshops on child-rearing and relationships.
Pesach brings along the cleaning of our homes, minds, and hearts. What about our souls? Jews like coffee. The practice of Jews drinking coffee dates back well over a thousand years, since its exportation from the Arab city of Kefa. Its appearance in the responsa oeuvres of the Rishonim and Acharonim attests to the fact that it is a drink of Jews. The practice of coffee consumption continues until today with many Jews drinking coffee at that "cool" and "hip" number one coffee chain in America—Starbucks. Enter the halachic component, however. Is every coffee in this store permitted? The stores are under no hashgacha. "But, it’s only coffee!" some protest. “What could be wrong with coffee?”

Starbucks has taken over the minds of people who would normally have never even entered a store lacking supervision. In fact, there are numerous halachic problems. Flavored coffees require kashrus supervision, plain and simple. Why? Because these flavors are added artificially to the bean after it is roasted. These flavors—hazelnut, vanilla bean, or chocolate—are not pure pieces of the same, but come from flavorings that need supervision. Non-kosher ingredients are often placed in these flavorings and are not halachically considered batel—annulled—because they are aida l’timah done for the purpose of flavoring. When this is done, even if there is less than 1/60th, the laws of bitul do not apply. Can one order just a Tazo latte, or a buttery caramel macchiato? The short answer is no. The reason is that these coffees are mixed while they are piping hot in containers and machinery that are washed in a hot dishwasher with tarfus, non-kosher. When something is used only cold, there are few halachic complications that can arise. When something is used hot, however, we have to look at when and with what the item has been used before. If the item was used for hot non-kosher within the past 24 hours, then there is a problem. (If it was used over 24 hours previously, then b’dieved—ex post facto—one can assume that the non-kosher taste infusion has become putrid.) One can also assume that in commercial stores, vessels are used hot and certainly have been washed in the dishwasher within the past 24 hours. A major problem arises with dishwashers. Notwithstanding the presence of soaps that may make pagum (make dis-tasteful) the taste of non-kosher food in a dishwasher, there are many times when non-kosher food is present when these dishes are there, without the soap. In other words, after the soap has been washed away, the non-kosher food is still there when these dishes are being cleaned. Some may argue that the dishwasher is not considered a kil rishon (literally, a first vessel, which receives heat directly from a heat source). They would further argue that non-kosher taste infusions can only occur in an item that receives its heat directly from a heat source. It should be noted, however, that both of these assumptions are highly questionable. So what can be ordered at Starbucks? While there are no guarantees here, it has been told to this author that the regular coffee and the espresso (even the triple one) are generally washed separately and therefore would not present a problem of kashrus. It seems that the mixing vessels used for even the pumpkin spice specialty coffees, however, are washed in the general dishwashers. Some people bring up the issue of maris ayin (the appearance of wrong-doing) in going into an establishment that serves non-kosher. Rav Heinemann is of the view that if the establishment is known to regularly serve items that are also kosher, there is no problem of maris ayin. Thus Rav Heinemann would forbid entering a regular McDonalds, but would permit entering a coffee house, based on this. So, the next time you’re tempted to enter a Starbucks, wake up and smell the coffee!
This Month in Jewish History

- **Rosh Chodesh Nissan**
  2449 / 1312 B.C.E.—3,319 years ago:
  Moshe Rabbeinu finished putting up the Matriarch, and the shechinah came to rest in it.
- **Beis Nissan**
  5680 / 1020—88 years ago:
  The Rebbe Rashab, Reb Sholom DovBer was nistalek at Motzei Shabbos at 3:30 a.m. He told the Friediker Rebbe, “I'm going to heaven; the manuscripts I leave with you.” He is buried in Rostov.
- **Tes Nissan**
  5699 / 1039—69 years ago:
  Reb Levi Yitzchak Schneerson, our Rebbe’s father, was imprisoned by the NKVD (KGB) in Dnipropetrovsk (Yekatrininlav).
- **Yud Nissan**
  2448 / 1273 B.C.E.—3,282 years ago:
  Miriam HaNeviah passed away at the age of 126.
- **Yud Alef Nissan**
  5030 / 1714 B.C.E.—2,047 years ago:
  King Achashverosh approved Haman’s plan to kill all the Jews.
- **Yud Nachas Nissan**
  2487 / 1214 B.C.E.—3,000 years ago:
  B’nei Yisrael crossed the Yarden and it split for them, just like the Yam Suf had.
- **Yud Gimmel Nissan**
  2488 / 1215 B.C.E.—3,001 years ago:
  The Jews left Egypt. This is the first day of Pesach. Have a happy and Kosher Pesach!
- **Yud Nissan**
  5390 / 1630—873 years ago:
  The Ramban, Reb Moshe ben Nachman, passed away at the age of 87.
- **Yud Gimmel Nissan**
  2447 / 1272 B.C.E.—3,281 years ago:
  The Sheloh Hakodosh, Reb Yeshayah Halevi Hurwitz, passed away at age 76.
- **Yud Alef Nissan**
  5626 / 1866—116 years ago:
  Reb Levi Yitzchak Schneerson, the father of Avnu, and a year later, Yitzchak Avnu was born.
- **Yud Nissan**
  2047 / 1714 B.C.E.—1,265 years ago:
  Avraham had a bris at the age of 99.
- **Yud Chodesh Nissan**
  5638 / 1878—130 years ago:
  Rabbi Levi Yitzchak Schneerson, the father of our Rebbe, was born to Reb Baruch Schneur and Rebbitzin Zelda Rothel in Podobranke.
- **Chof Chodesh Nissan**
  5699 / 1939—17 years ago:
  The Rebbe Rashab, Reb Sholom DovBer was nistalek on Motzei Shabbos at 3:30 a.m. He told the Frierdiker Rebbe, “I’m going to heaven; the manuscripts I leave with you.” He is buried in Dnipropetrovsk (Yekatrininlav).
- **Yud Nissan**
  5751 / 1991—17 years ago:
  The Rebbe Rashab, Reb Sholom DovBer was nistalek at the age of 87. He is buried in Lubavitch.

**Shabbaton 5768**

Last week, I was a ninth grader excited to go on her first school Shabbaton. I expected it to be full of fun. I left without a constant source of inspiration. The entertainment we had Motzei Shabbos was very impressive. An illusionist showed us some of his skills. He reassured us however, that he does not do magic – he leaves that to Hashem! (Perhaps this can explain the technical difficulties during the show?)

Over Shabbos I discussed different concepts that I was curious about, for example the times of Moshiach. Farbrengers were happening left and right, and were a constant source of inspiration. The Rebbe told us that he has done all he can to bring Moshiach and now the job is in our hands.

What can be more fun than spending a weekend with your friends in a “regal, heimishe” hotel room? This Shabbaton made me feel part of the Rebbe’s school. You see, on a regular day in school, we look the same and learn together, but this was different – it was real. The ochdus was tangible.

To sum it all up, Shabbaton 5768 was a great experience for a ninth grader like me. I met new people, got to know my future teachers, and had the opportunity to learn so much from the Rabbis. I honestly can’t wait for the next school Shabbaton!

**Special Thanks to the Shabbaton Committee:**

Rochie Nash
Chaya Karp
Aidel Ezagui

Laky Krinsky
Gitty Brafman
Nechama Itkin

Gittel Sandhaus
Devorah Leah Schneerson
Chaya Chein
Mushka Friedman
Leba Chanowitz

**March – April 2008**

My G.O. Calendar

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