



Parshas Va'eschanan, אב 5765
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PARSHAS VA'ESCHANAN



The boys from Bunk Twelve were hiking their way down a mountain trail. After a while, they came to a clearing with cliffs on either side.

"Sha-lom," shouted out Moshie.
 "Shalom, Shalom," came the answer as Moshie's voice bounced back and forth from cliff to cliff. Soon the entire bunk was doing it. The valley became filled with the echoing of the campers' voices as each one tried out his vocal chords.

"Why do some echoes last longer than others?" Yossi asked his counselor, Mendy.

"It depends on how loudly you shout," Mendy explained. "Creating an echo is like throwing a ball against the wall; the harder you throw, the harder the ball bounces back. So, the louder you call out, the more powerful are the sound waves and the more powerfully they will bounce back when they meet something hard which they cannot penetrate. When the sound waves bounce back, they create an echo.

"Calling out in the mountains is like throwing a ball in a ball court where you have one wall in front of you and one wall behind you. The ball will continue bouncing back and forth until its strength ebbs away. Here too, the voices continue to bounce from one cliff to another until they lose their strength. The stronger the voice, the longer it will continue to echo."

"Wait a minute," Yossi said. "In shiur, you said that when Hashem gave the Aseres Hadibros, He spoke and there was no echo. Hashem surely

spoke very loudly. According to what you just explained, His voice should still be echoing throughout the world."

"Now, that's a question a talmid chocham would ask," Mendy replied, smiling. "But you forgot one thing. I said that sound waves bounce back when they meet something they cannot penetrate. Our chachomim explain that there was a miracle and Hashem's voice did not have an echo. It did not bounce away from the world. Instead, it sounded from one end of the world to the other, and the world absorbed Hashem's voice.

"When Hashem gave the Aseres Hadibros, He intentionally changed the rules of nature. His voice changed the world, making it ready to receive holiness. Ever since then, doing a good deed blends in with the nature of the world; it helps the world follow the voice of Hashem which it accepted at the time of the giving of the Torah."

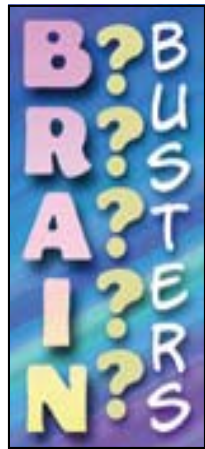
"The same is true when we study the Torah. We are not just learning laws and ideas. We want the Torah to go into us and be absorbed in our innermost selves, changing the way we think and feel. The Torah should not bounce back, away from us. It should become part of our nature."

'Please Tell Me What The Rebbe Said'
 (Adapted from Likkutei Sichos, Vol. IV)

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BEGINNING, MIDDLE AND END, BUT ALL THE SAME. MOSHE AND THE TORAH.

Please send your answers to connections@shluchim.org

Last weeks' brain buster: A long speech of many words

Answer: דברים

Congratulations to Levi; 7 and Menucha; 8 Weingarten, from Grand Rapids, Michigan for solving the brain buster.



FROM THE DESK OF DR. GETZEL...

I woke up the day after Tisha B'av with a jolt. What was that noise I was hearing? It was a most unusual noise. Could it be the mice squabbling in the basement? Could it be the spiders on the bedroom ceiling? I checked both options, but none seemed to be the correct answer. And I still heard the noise.

Could it be my neighbor's snoring? No, not that. Could it be the rumbling of the garbage truck? No, not that either. Could it be a tornado warning? No, it was much softer than that. In that case, what could the noise be?

It actually sounded a little bit like a song. It sounded like one of my favorite farbrengen songs. Could there be a farbrengen going on somewhere? I put a robe on top of my blue Fisher-Price airplane pajamas and ran to the Shul. The door was locked. I ran to the mashpia's apartment on Myrtle Street, but no, it looked quiet there too.

But it wasn't quiet, because I still heard the song singing somewhere. Where could it be?

I tried to go back to sleep. After all, it was only 5:30 AM, but the song disturbed me. It was somewhere close by, and I had to find it. I loved that song.

I opened the yellow pages, and looked for the phone number of a detective. The first one, a Dr McMilly had an answering machine. Dr McNosy also had an answering machine, and so did the other 27 detectives listed in the phone book. I was stuck. The whole town was asleep, even the garbage trucks, even the Shul, even the mashpia, even the detectives, and still there was a mysterious song *somewhere* and I just couldn't find it.

q11! Of-course, the emergency line was always open. I quickly dialed. Never mind, I ran to the nearby police station instead. A bored police officer greeted me. He was biting his nails and picking his nose very diligently. He asked me what the problem was. He wasn't fat and wasn't thin, he wasn't tall and he wasn't short. His hair was gray, his suit was blue, and his nose was red. He looked very plain, and very, very bored.

"What's the problem?" He asked.

"A Niggun is lost," I said.

"For how long?"

"I don't know. For a long time," I said.

"All right, I'll write a Missing Child Report," He said, reaching for his clipboard.

"It's not a child," I said, "it's a niggun." But the officer didn't seem to hear me. Near the *Child's Name* space on the form, the officer filled in: Niggun.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" He asked.

"I don't know."

"How old is he/she?" He asked some more.

"How old? I think about 200 years old, maybe more." I suggested.

The officer looked at me very suspiciously. "Are you sure you are not having a bad dream? Your story doesn't make very much sense. Who is Niggun? How could it be 200 years old? When did it get lost? And where and how do you want me to look for it?"

I didn't know how to answer. I started to despair. How would I ever find this stubborn Niggun?

Just then another policeman came striding into the police station with my good friend Rabbi Yudi trailing behind him. Rabbi Yudi, my favorite Shliach in Iowa, was looking his best. His face was beaming as he stood proudly in a neat black suit, with a light-blue tie, and he was holding his worn Rambam. I looked a little silly next to him.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. Rabbi Yudi told me that he had been speeding down the highway, excited to do Mivtzoim, and the police officer stopped him. The police officer saw in his files that Rabbi Yudi had received many other Mivtzoim-racing speeding tickets that he brought him to the police station to decide what to do.

"What are *you* doing here?" he asked me. I told him my saga about the lost Niggun, and his face lit up.

"I know where the Niggun is," he exclaimed to the very plain, very bored, nail biting, and nose-picking policeman. "I'll do the investigation for you."

The police officer was so pleased that he said, "Go ahead. If you actually find this mysterious 200-year-old child, called Niggun, I'll cancel all your speeding tickets."

With a joyful "whoopie!" Rabbi Yudi took me by the hand and led me to his beautiful beat-up jalopy that drove so smoothly and quickly. Rabbi Yudi asked me which Niggun was lost, and as I sang some of Reb Michal Zlochever's Niggun, he enthusiastically joined in.

And so we sang, Rabbi Yudi and I, then and there, at 6:00 AM, in a speeding jalopy, in blue pajamas, and we sang like never before. We sang for a long time, until I knew I found the Niggun. *Until I knew I found the Niggun.*

A Niggun can't really be found like lost marbles or lost socks. A Niggun sort of like floats in space, and the only way to find it is to jump inside of it and sing it again and again, and still again, until it takes *you* up, up to a very special place.

Just as I was getting very involved in the Niggun, I saw flashing lights sneak behind Rabbi Yudi's beat-up racing car. Would you believe he was getting another one of his famous speeding tickets...?

Dr. Getzel

KIDS SPEAK Where Young Shlichim talk about their Shlichus



Mushka muller, 8
Ilford, england

Hello, my name is Mushka Muller. I'm 8 years old and I'm on shlichus in Ilford, England. Our Chabad House is not very big, but we use it for all different things - on Shabbos and every morning it is a shul, during the week it is a nursery and there is also a Judaica shop, a library, offices and a kitchen. My parents do camp for children which is so much fun, a whisky trail for men, and a skiing trip for teenage boys. On Shabbos we sometimes make a public Friday night meal to bring people to yiddishkeit, and I love to help set up for it. We are friends with the Vorsts who are on shlichus in Rotterdam, Holland.

P.S The photo is of me and my brother Mendel and my sister Shoshi.

Hey kids!

Send us a report about your shlichus and we will IY"YH publish it in our future connections!

E-mail us at connections@shluchim.org

Please include your name, age and location of shlichus.



כ' אב

ט"ו אב

ר' Schneerson was born on ח"י ניסן in the town of Podrovnah (near Gomel) to his parents, ר' Schneerson; his alter-alter zeide was the 3rd Chabad Rebbe, ר' מנחם צמח צדק the מענדל.

Yanovski, רביצין חנה married ר' לוי יצחק in 1900, whose father, ר' מאיר שלמה, was the rabbi of the Russian city of Nikolaiyev. In 1902, their eldest son, ר' מנחם מענדל, who would later be the Rebbe, was born.

ר' lived in Nikolaiyev until 1909, when he was appointed to serve as the Rabbi of Yekatrinoslav (today, Dnepropetrovsk). In 1939 he was arrested by the communist government for spreading אידישקייט in the Soviet Union. After more than a year of torture and interrogations in terrible prisons, he was sentenced to deep גלות inside Russia, where he passed away in 1944.

ט"ו is a happy day.

Throughout the forty years in the מדבר, the אידן who were punished and not allowed to go into ארץ ישראל died every year on תשעה באב. Their last year in the מדבר, nobody died. On ט"ו אב, they realized that the punishment was over and whoever was left would enter ארץ ישראל. This became a day of re-joicing, because it was a sign that ה' had forgiven them for the עבירה of the מרגלים.

ט"ו was the last day that wood could be brought for the בית המקדש. After this day, the sun starts shining less strongly as summer comes to an end. The wood will no longer get dried out as well from the sun, and it could possibly become wormy from the moisture. By ט"ו אב, all the wood for the year was collected for the בית המקדש.

On this day, the Jewish girls used to dance in the fields wearing white dresses, hoping that ה' would send the right person for them to marry. This was a happy occasion, and many people have weddings on this day to remember it.



פרק שלישי

"רבי חנינא סגן הכהנים אומר: הוי מתפלל בשלמה של מלכות, שאלמלא מוראה, איש את רעהו חיים בלעו" (ג:ב:)

QUESTION: Why was רבי חנינא called "סגן הכהנים" - "the deputy to the Kohanim," in plural, and not in singular, "סגן כהן גדול"?

ANSWER: According to the גמרא the first המקדש, which lasted 410 years, had only 18 כהנים גדולים. The second המקדש, which lasted 420 years, had over 300 כהנים גדולים, including שמעון הצדיק, who was כהן גדול for 40 years, and יוחנן, who was כהן גדול for 80 years. There were so many כהנים גדולים during the second בית המקדש because the Roman Government decided to sell the position of כהן גדול to whoever would pay the very high price. Since they were not צדיקים, they would usually die on יום כיפור when they went into the קודש הקדשים.

רבי חנינא was a great צדיק and a deputy to the כהן גדול. Normally, after the כהן גדול passed away, he would have become the כהן גדול. However, the Roman Government always sold the position of כהן גדול, and רבי חנינא remained an assistant to the new כהן גדול. Thus, he was "סגן הכהנים" - a deputy to many כהנים גדולים.

His תלמידים complained to him that the system was not honest and that they should rebel against the government. To this, רבי חנינא replied, "If there is no government, there will be a breakdown of law and order and everyone will do what they want, and the situation will actually get worse. It is better to daven for the welfare of the government, that it will become honest."

(Adapted from 'Vedibarta Bam')

Remember to say פרקי אבות of פרק שלישי
מנחה אבות after שבת on



Stories of Olde

Many years ago in the village of Aziz in ארץ ישראל there lived a poor family with a daughter named רחל. רחל had a fine character and a sharp mind which she used to help her struggling family.

One day רחל and her siblings were outside when רחל reached up to get a pot down from the top of the roof. Suddenly she lost her balance and slipped from the shaky wooden ladder. She came toppling down onto the stone pavement and hit her mouth on a rock. Her little siblings fluttered around her, but she calmly brushed them away and went into the house. Her mother heard the commotion and approached her daughter in alarm. After wiping away the blood, they found to their horror, that one of רחל's front teeth had been knocked out.

This seemingly unimportant event caused her life to take an unhappy turn. Always a sensitive girl, רחל suffered terribly from the teasing of her friends who giggled at the wide gap in her mouth. She no longer wanted to join with the other girls in their activities. She got more upset as time went on, and her worried parents did not know what to do.

Although they had barely enough money for food, רחל's parents managed to gather enough money to make a false tooth. But the dentist they hired was not very skilled, and the tooth didn't fit properly and was a dark color. Instead of making her look better, it made her look much worse. In her attempt to hide the tooth, she kept her mouth closed most of the time. She soon looked like a bitter, dejected old woman.

Time went by. All of her old friends married one by one; only רחל was left without a חתן, for no one was interested in the sad, withdrawn, unsmiling girl. Her heartbroken parents knew that they must do something, but they didn't have money and besides, no one wanted her.

Finally they came up with an idea. The girl's mother had a younger brother who lived in a village outside of ירושלים. He was also poor and worked hard for a living, but he was a nice man and would make a good husband for his niece. Pleased with their idea, the parents sent a messenger to their relative, and he agreed to the suggestion. Although he hadn't seen his niece in many years he remembered her as a sunny, cheerful little girl.

He travelled to their home and stood excitedly at the door as he waited for someone to answer his knock. The door opened and a messy, worn-looking woman stood on the other side. He was shocked to learn that this was his בלהה, and he flatly refused to marry her and left the town at once.

Finally word of the sad story came to the ears of ר' אידן, and especially liked the מצוה of helping poor Jewish girls get married. And when they couldn't get married because they were poor, he made a big effort in helping them. His warm heart was touched by the tragic story and he sent a message to the girl's parents, offering to take רחל into his home. "Bring your daughter to us, and my wife will take good care of her. I promise you that before long that young man will regret having refused her."

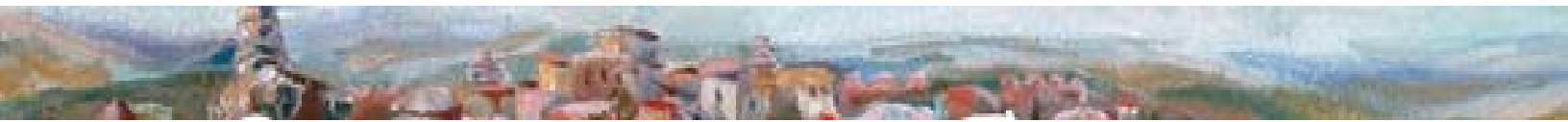
So, רחל went to live with this kind family who put a lot of effort to make her comfortable. For the first time in her life she ate nourishing meals each day, and was pampered with fine soaps and ointments. Her hair was taken care of and made with stylish ribbons. Soon, her cheeks glowed with health and her newfound happiness radiated outward. Still, there was the problem of the tooth. ר' ישמעאל ordered an expert dentist to make her a new tooth, this time of gold. רחל was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. In those days gold teeth were beautiful and showed that you were rich. רחל couldn't help but stare at her reflection in the mirror, but it was hard to recognize the beautiful young woman who stared back at her.

The following week ר' ישמעאל sent for the young man who recently had refused to marry her, saying, "There is a lovely young woman I would like you to meet. I think she would be a fine wife for you. Why don't you come and meet her and see what you think."

He was pleased to accept the proposal and lost no time in showing up at ר' ישמעאל's house. When he entered the room and saw the attractive woman who sat next to ר' ישמעאל's wife, a smile crept across his face, for he immediately recognized his niece, but she was completely changed. How could it be that the girl who had seemed so ugly had now become so beautiful? His thoughts were interrupted by ר' ישמעאל's voice saying, "Isn't this the same young woman you promised not to marry?"

The man was caught off guard and protested, "I...I...I made a mistake. I would really like very much to marry her."

ר' ישמעאל felt a sudden pang of sorrow, sorrow for all the other רחל's he was unable to help, and he responded softly, "I free you of the promise which you made by mistake. You may marry, and may ה' grant that your years be filled with happiness and peace." And so it was.



TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

ברשת ואתחנן

Kids! Fill out the answers to the puzzle below, and fax it to the Shluchim Office at (718) 221- 0985 or e-mail it to connections@shluchim.org by Wednesday

Level 1 & 2

Use the table below to work out what is written in the code and learn something about this weeks parsha.

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K | L | M |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | |

הצלחה רבה

Name: _____ Age: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Country: _____ E-mail: _____

Last Week's Winners:
 Dovber Groner, 9 from Melbourne, Australia &
 Yossi Lipskier, 9 from Sherman Oaks, California