



BAIS MENACHEM  
CHABAD LUBAVITCH

Tishrei 9, 5780 - Tuesday, October 8, 2019 ת"ת

# MOSAIC

YOM KIPPUR 5780 / 2019

Candle Lighting: 6:03 pm  
Fast Ends: 7:04 pm

EXPRESS

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### YOM KIPPUR SCHEDULE

#### Tuesday evening, October 8

Mincha.....	3:15 pm
Candle Lighting*/Fast Begins.....	6:03 pm
Kol Nidre.....	6:00 pm
Children's Program .....	6:00-8:00 pm

#### Wednesday, October 9

Shacharit.....	9:00 am
Children's Program.....	10:45 am-2:30 pm
Rabbi's Sermon/Yizkor.....	11:15 am
Mincha.....	4:50 pm
Children's Program.....	5:20-6:45 pm
Neila.....	5:35 pm
Fast ends.....	7:04 pm

\* Do not light after sunset.

### YASHER KOACH TO OUR KIDDUSH CO-SPONSORS!

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#### KOLEL MENACHEM OF HAMPSTEAD



Monday-Thursday, weekly, 7:30-9:00 pm  
Contact: Rabbi Levi New, levi@themtc.com



### SPECIAL BALLOT VOTING KIOSK at MTC

Thursday October 10, from 10 am—8 pm

### THANK YOU TO

Elza Hirsch for hosting the Pre-Rosh Hashana women's event



### UPCOMING EVENTS

#### MONDAY OCT 14

Sukkot Carnival for children, 11:00 am

#### MONDAY OCT 21

Simchat Torah Celebration, 6:30 pm

#### TUESDAY OCT 29

BMC Lesson 2

#### WEDNESDAY OCT 30

Mini Chefs Fall Session begins

#### WEDNESDAY NOV 13

New JLI Course—Warrior to Warrior  
7:30-9:00 pm RSVP at themtc.com/jli

#### SUNDAY DEC 1

YAM Awards Night

### WEEKDAY PRAYER SCHEDULE

#### SHACHARIT

Thurs-Fri.....Chassidus.....6:15 am  
Shacharis.....7:00 am  
Followed by breakfast

#### MINCHA

Thursday.....6:10 pm

#### MAARIV

Thursday.....6:55 pm

In cherished memory of  
R' Yeshaya Aryeh ben Menashe Treitel obm

### DOSE OF INSPIRATION

#### LIFTED BY THE PAST

by Tzvi Freeman

When do you know that you have truly returned and changed your past?

As long as that past keeps pulling you down, it remains what it always was.

When the memory of that past drives you higher and yet higher each day, then you know that the past has been transformed. 🟡

## PRAYER SUMMARY

### YOM KIPPUR

**Shacharit** The morning service consists of the following: the morning prayers, the Shema, the Amidah, the reading of the Torah, the Yizkor service, the Musaf service, the priestly blessing.

**Torah Reading** The reading of the Torah is about the solemn service in the Holy Temple on the Day of Atonement, conducted by the High Priest himself. This was the only day of the year on which the High Priest was allowed to enter the Holy of Holies to offer incense and pray on behalf of the Jewish people.

**Yizkor Service** The Yizkor service is recited by those who have lost either one or both of their parents. Others leave the synagogue until the completion of the Yizkor service; the reason for this is to advocate long life for the living parents.

The Yizkor is more than a service of remembrance, but rather it is a time for the relatives of the departed to connect with the souls of their loved ones on a deeper level; tradition has it that during the Yizkor service, the souls of the departed descend from heaven and are joined with those who are close to them.

**Musaf Service** The Musaf service- which is held immediately following the Morning Service) consists of the Musaf Amidah, the cantor's repetition of the Amidah, the avodah -- a recounting of the Yom Kippur service in the Holy Temple -- and the priestly blessing.

**Priestly Blessing** The priests, or kohanim, direct descendants of Aaron, the High Priest, are commanded to bless the Jewish people with a three-fold blessing. It is customary to perform this duty during the Musaf service on festival days. In preparation for the blessing, the priests remove their shoes and the Levites ritually wash their hands, they then gather at the front or by the eastern wall of the synagogue.

During the blessing, one must not gaze at the Priests directly as the Divine Presence rests upon them. It is customary for men to cover their eyes with their prayer shawls, and for women to gaze into their prayer books. After the blessing, it is customary to thank the Priests with the words, Yishar Koach.

**Afternoon Service** The afternoon service consists of the Torah reading, the Amidah prayer, and the cantor's repetition of the Amidah.

**Torah Reading** The Torah reading speaks of the purity of Jewish life. The Torah warns us not to follow in the immoral ways of Egyptians and native Canaanites, "that the land spew you not out also, when you defile it, as it spewed out the nations that were before you."

**The Haftorah** We read the entire Book of Jonah. It contains a timely message on the importance of repentance and prayer. If sinfulness can cause the land to vomit its inhabitants, repentance can cause the fish to deposit Jonah back on dry land and return him to life. One should never despair, prayer and repentance lead from darkness to light, from the shadow of death to a new life.

**Neilah The Closing Services** The concluding service consists of the Opening prayers, the Amidah prayer, the cantor's repetition of the Amidah, Avinu Malkenu (Our Father, Our King), Declaration of our faith and the sounding of the Shofar and

the closing prayers.

Neilah means "closing the gate". As the awesome day of Yom Kippur comes to a close, and our future is being sealed, we turn to G-d to accept our sincere repentance and new resolutions, and that He seal us in the Book of Life, granting us a new year replete with goodness and happiness. The Ark remains open for the entire Neilah service, signifying that the Gates of Heaven are wide open to our prayers and entreaties.

**Closing Prayers** The apex of the service, the emotional peak, is when we pronounce the verses proclaiming G-d as our G-d, all together. It is written that when we recite the first of the three verses, the Shema, every Jew should have the intention of giving up their soul for the sanctification of G-d's name, this intention will be considered as if we had indeed withstood the test to sanctify the Divine Name.

This is followed by the declaration of G-d's unity, "G-d - He is the Only G-d" -- First recited at Mt. Carmel by the prophet Elijah. This last verse is repeated seven times in the most ardent way.

The shofar is then sounded one long sound and the Neilah service ends with the prayer: "Next Year may we be in Jerusalem!" ●

### AND FINALLY...

What do you call a fish without eyes? Fsh. ●

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## ARE YOU SUCCESSFUL?

By Mendel Kalmenson

The place was the Holy of Holies in the Temple; the person was the high priest; the time was Yom Kippur.

The epitome of holiness in Jewish tradition, where the holiest time, space and soul met, touched and merged.

The moment was awesome; it glowed and radiated, then burst and blazed. It would sustain the world an entire year.

Where and when did it pass? How was the moment seen off?

**A HOLY PARTY** The Mishnaic description of Yom Kippur's final moments:

... The high priest sanctified [washed] his hands and feet, undressed, immersed in the ritual bath, and got dressed in the "golden clothing." He sanctified his hands

and feet again, and entered the sanctuary to burn the holy incense and to light the menorah. After sanctifying his hands and feet again, he undressed and was given his own clothing. He was escorted home, where a festival was prepared for those he held dear, celebrating his peaceful departure from the Temple.

Maimonides, in relating the same account in his halachic code, adjusts two details:

[After] he got dressed in his own clothing, he headed to his home, and was escorted by the entire nation until he reached his home, where a festival was prepared to celebrate his peaceful departure.

According to Maimonides, a few escorts somehow evolved into a nation of escorts.

Additionally, Maimonides opens up the festival to everyone, not limiting it only to "those he held dear."

These tweaks are significant:

Firstly, they transform an act of Temple protocol carried out by a few into a religious ceremony performed by all. Secondly, they turn the high priest's personal celebration into a national one.

Moreover, as Maimonides was not a historian but a codifier, choosing to note these changes must somehow relate to the law.

It has thus been suggested that, in the view of Maimonides, accompanying the high priest to his quarters after dark wasn't merely a safety precaution or an act of Temple etiquette; it was part of the Yom Kippur service. It was a sacred duty, which is why every Jew joined the convoy.

But why extend a day of prayer and fasting to the night? (Indeed, due to the huge throngs of people that surrounded him, the high priest would often get home well after midnight!) What could possibly be so important about the priest's homebound walk?

And why, according to Maimonides, was the high priest's private party opened to the public?

Beyond the halachic reasoning, the symbolism here is absolutely profound.

**HOME RUN** Various religious doctrines see marriage as a concession to human weakness. It also serves as the outlet for certain bodily needs perceived as inherently mundane. Celibacy is thus worshipped as an ideal.

Nothing could be further from Jewish thought, which maintains that family is at the center of religion. Far from being a sin, procreation in Judaism is a "great mitzvah," a sacred act.

This revolutionary idea comes to full expression in a puzzling Yom Kippur law.

"Aaron [and all future high priests] shall bring near his sin-offering bull, and atone for himself



(Continued from page 4)

and his household.”

Our sages interpret “his household” to mean “his wife.” This verse teaches that in order to perform the Yom Kippur service in the Temple, the high priest had to be married.

A priest whose worldview and lifestyle excluded family was unfit to be high priest.

He could be holy, but not the holiest. He could do holy acts, but not the holiest.

For true holiness cannot be fully realized in the Sanctuary, but at home.

As such, the holiest service of the year did not end at the gates of the Holy Temple, but began at the gates to the high priest’s home!

Indeed, according to some,<sup>8</sup> before donning his weekday clothes after concluding his Temple duties, the high priest would immerse in the mikvah one last time, in preparation for the culminating Yom Kippur act, and indeed the

climax and finale of the three holiest—his homecoming.

Crossing his doorstep was like crossing home plate. It was then that he scored.

What followed then, according to Maimonides, was not a family celebration, but a celebration of family.

Is it any wonder then that the festival was open to all?

**WHAT’S IN IT FOR ME?** *At the end of your life, you will never regret not having passed one more test, not winning one more verdict, or not closing one more deal. You will regret time not spent with a husband, a friend, a child or a parent.* —Barbara Bush

We live in an age when success is largely measured by one’s accomplishments at the office, not at home.

A beautiful home, not a stable one, garners respect.

With family, people once sought fulfillment and satisfaction, while the workplace was associated with responsibility and duty. Today, in growing numbers, the opposite is true.

Is it any wonder, then, that failed relationships and dysfunctional homes have become the norm?

A societal paradigm shift is in order: the home must be repositioned to the center of our lives.

Successful people caught singing their own praises should be saying: “You should see how good a mom I am!” “My wife and children are so happy.” “You should have seen the time we had together last night.”

The Fortune 500 should list the greatest marriages!

As we stand on the threshold of our homes each night after a long day of work, like the high priest of old, we should view entering not as the day’s end, but as its beginning. ●

YAM volunteers at The Family Store helping thousands of people prepare for the holidays.



## AVRAHAM

By Shterna Karp for Ami Magazine

One of the first things Rabbi Chaim and Chayale Slavaticki did after moving to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, in 2011 was to order hundreds of pounds of matzos. With Pesach weeks away, delivering matzos for the Seder night was a perfect way to meet the local Jews.

Two days before Pesach, Rabbi Slavaticki pulled up to the office of a doctor he and Chayale had recently met.

The doctor was in the middle of a procedure when Rabbi Slavaticki signed in at the reception desk. "If you want to wait a minute, he said he'll be right out," the receptionist said. The doctor entered the waiting room a minute later. He was still in his green scrubs, his surgical mask pulled down beneath his mouth. "Ah, my friend the rabbi!" he said in welcome. Rabbi Slavaticki handed over the *matzos*. "Look, I can't chat right now," the doctor continued, "but that woman in the corner of the waiting room is Jewish. Maybe she'll want some matzah too."

The lady was sitting with a magazine, her forehead tight and her frown bordering on a scowl. When Rabbi Slavaticki walked over to her and cleared his throat, she didn't look up. Clearly, she had no interest in speaking to the rabbi.

Rabbi Slavaticki tried again. "Hi. Can I offer you some matzah for Passover?"

The woman stood up so fast that her purse spilled off her lap. "Leave me alone. I'm not religious."

In warm and friendly Florida, where people greeted the dogs they passed, this cold reaction startled Rabbi Slavaticki. "I just want to give you some matzos for the holiday," he said.

"I don't want anything from you."

"It's free," Rabbi Slavaticki offered, thinking that she had misunderstood.

The woman did not reach out to take the box Rabbi Slavaticki held out for her. "I don't believe in organized religion!" Her voice fell at the end of her pronouncement.

Rabbi Slavaticki retracted the box and instead reached for one of the shiny new business cards in his jacket pocket. He left it on the chair near the woman, knowing that she wouldn't take it if he handed it to her. "You can always reach out to me if you need something," he said before heading to the door.

The Slavatickis' first Pesach in Florida passed in a blur of matzah deliveries, silver foil and Sedarim. The hot sun got hotter, the snowbirds went back to the North and summer came. The encounter in the doctor's office fell behind new stories, and the woman became just another one of the many faces the Slavatickis met each week.

Rabbi Slavaticki was at the local car dealership just days before Rosh Hashanah trying to convince the owner, a friend of his, to do just one mitzvah before Yom Tov and put on tefillin. Their exchange was interrupted when he received a call from an unfamiliar number.

The lady on the line introduced herself right away. "It's Maya.\* I am the rude lady from the doctor's office a few months ago." Rabbi Slavaticki pulled up an image of the woman with squared shoulders who had spoken to him curtly in the waiting room before Pesach.

"My father—he's 78—he's in the hospital and the doctors gave him 48 hours." She paused. "He asked to see a rabbi, and you're the only one I know whose number I have."

Rabbi Slavaticki asked for the name of the hospital, said goodbye to his friend at the dealership and drove the 15 minutes to meet

Maya in the hospital lobby. "My sister, Samantha,\* is here from Atlanta," Maya said, "but she didn't want to come down and meet a rabbi."

She filled Rabbi Slavaticki in as they took the elevator up to the hospice. "My father is in stage four now. The doctors said he's going to go soon. We're Jewish, but we never did anything Jewish, so I'm confused about why he wants to see a rabbi. My sister and I never had a bat mitzvah. We never went to a temple or synagogue, even on the High Holidays. We spent our Sundays having fun, not at Hebrew school. We are completely unaffiliated," she reiterated.

Samantha was in the hospital room at her father's bedside when Maya and Rabbi Slavaticki opened the door. When she saw the rabbi, she got up and walked to the corner of the room, where she stayed for 20 minutes, her arms crossed and her eyes narrowed, as Rabbi Slavaticki and her father, Ronnie,\* spoke. With a weak voice that cracked after every few words and was so low that Rabbi Slavaticki had to bend down to make it out, Ronnie told the rabbi about the last 78 years. He spoke about his good position at a newspaper company, his wonderful daughters, and his life as "a bad Jew."

"There's no such thing as a bad Jew," Rabbi Slavaticki countered.

"But I never did anything Jewish," Ronnie said. His voice broke again, and Maya offered him water from the cup on the nightstand. He

*(Continued on page 8)*

For boys & girls ages 3-5 • Fall Session begins Wednesday October 30 • 4:00-5:00 pm  
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# SUKKOT CARNIVAL FOR CHILDREN

**First day Yom Tov, Monday October 14**

**11:00 am**

  
**Make and  
enjoy edible  
Sukkah crafts**

  
**Stories,  
Songs & Games**

  
**Shake the  
Lulav & Etrog**

  
**Kiddush/luncheon in the Sukkah,  
following services, for the whole family.**



## **SIMCHAT TORAH CELEBRATION** **6:30 pm** **Monday evening, October 21**

- The first 'Hakafo' – dancing with the Torah – will be especially for children.
- Every child will receive a plush Torah.
- Followed by a grand 'Kiddush' supper for all to enjoy.
- Hakafot celebrations continue into the night.



(Continued from page 6)

waved her away.

"Maya and Samantha, can you give us a few minutes?" he asked his daughters. Maya turned, beckoning a reluctant Samantha to follow.

Rabbi Slavaticki moved closer and sat in the chair Samantha had vacated earlier. Now alone, Ronnie began speaking again. He stretched out a hand, withered and soft, and Rabbi Slavaticki held it with both of his.

"I was born a Jew," Ronnie said. "I want to die a Jew too."

Rabbi Slavaticki nodded. "Don't worry, Ronnie. When the time comes, I will do everything to make sure you have a traditional kosher burial."

Ronnie shook his head. "No, I want to die a Jew." Rabbi Slavaticki tilted his head in confusion and waited for Ronnie to explain. "Rabbi, I was born a Jew, but I never had a

bris. I want to die a Jew. The door is closed. Do whatever you need to do."

Through his tears, Rabbi Slavaticki smiled. "I didn't expect that last line from you," he said. "And I am not a *mohel*, but I can make it happen."

Ronnie put his other hand on top of Rabbi Slavaticki's, their hands forming a solid pillar of human connection. "Time is not on my side anymore. Promise me, please, that I will die a Jew."

When Rabbi Slavaticki left the hospital room, Maya and Samantha were waiting right outside. He pulled out his phone and scrolled through his contacts. When he glanced up, he could see the two sisters through the doorway, hovering over their father's bed, fussing with his blankets, trying to protect him from whatever was to come.

After calling several *mohalim*, Rabbi Slavaticki located one in southern Florida who could make

the trip that afternoon. He poked his head into Ronnie's room to share the good news—and the nurse there raised her eyebrows. "You want to arrange a circumcision here?" she asked. "There's no way the hospital will approve."

"What are you afraid of?" Ronnie said. "That the bris will kill me?" He took a deep breath and spoke an octave lower. "I'm dying anyway. Bring me whichever waivers you have and I'll sign them."

At that, Samantha took a step closer. "You can't," she said to the nurse, with a glare that brooked no argument. "My father is not in his right mind right now."

As she began to vent about the crazy hospital personnel who were allowing a strange rabbi to manipulate her father, Rabbi Slavaticki slipped out of the room and asked the receptionist at the nursing station to page his good friend, a Jewish doctor who practiced in the hospital. Over the phone, Rabbi Slavaticki explained the



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situation.

"We need to make this happen," the doctor said. He hung up with a promise to call back as soon as he worked something out—and less than five minutes later the nurse waved Rabbi Slavaticki back over from the waiting room. The doctor was on the line again.

"I spoke to a friend up in legal," he said, "and she said that if you find a mohel who is a doctor and who is insured under the same umbrella policy as the hospital, they will let you do the bris."

The information from the legal department was a great start, but Rabbi Slavaticki wondered where he would find a mohel who fit the qualifications. Hours went by as he passed Ronnie's dying request along and asked everyone he knew for leads about a doctor who was also a G-d-fearing mohel insured with the hospital's policy.

When he exhausted all options in Florida, Rabbi Slavaticki spread his search and called *mohalim*

in Georgia and Alabama, then in the Carolinas and Virginia. Further and further he expanded his search—until he touched base with a frum doctor in Brooklyn, New York, who just happened to be a qualified *mohel*. "Get me a ticket and I'm coming down," the Yid said when Rabbi Slavaticki explained why he was calling. Rabbi Slavaticki booked a flight on his phone and went to update Ronnie.

Ronnie chose his Hebrew name, Avraham, after the man who had had a bris at the age of 99. And the next day at three p.m., on Erev Rosh Hashanah, an elderly Jew was welcomed into the bris of Avraham Avinu.

Rabbi Slavaticki sat with Ronnie afterward, squeezing his hand every time the pain spiked. With his eyes closed from exhaustion and a voice so weak it disappeared after every few words, Ronnie spoke. "People always talk about Jewish guilt," he said, "but it never reached me. I had a good life, a good business, two beautiful daughters, a house, even a boat. I lived almost eight decades that way and I

was happy. I never looked for more and I never wanted to.

"When that doctor came in and told me that I had 48 hours to live, it triggered so many thoughts. I had built a life filled with people and things—my family, coworkers, even cigars and wine. I realized that the one thing I didn't have a relationship with was the one thing I'm taking with me—my soul, the only thing that will be left of me when everything else is gone.

"I can't tell you where it came from, but as soon as the doctor mentioned the little time I had left, everything I had surrounded myself with evaporated and I felt empty. I had nothing. I thought about the bris I never cared to have before and asked my daughters to call a rabbi. At least now I have something to take up there with me." Ronnie paused for close to a minute, struggling to get out his last thought.

"I'm ready to meet G-d now."

It had taken Ronnie almost ten minutes to get these few sentences out. By the time he finished, both he and Rabbi Slavaticki were crying. Rabbi Slavaticki thought about this man who had grown up with nothing in the way of Yiddishkeit—no education, Jewish community

*(Continued on page 10)*

Randi Cola and Michelle Cola Hasen, co-authors of the Like Mother Like Daughter cookbook, hosted a pre Rosh Hashana Honey Cake Bake fundraiser benefiting The Family Store's Pantry Philanthropy campaign. Visit [www.thefamilystore.org](http://www.thefamilystore.org) to learn more and get involved.



(Continued from page 9)

or understanding of Torah and mitzvos. Although he may be covered by layers of secular life, a Jew is a Jew. After 78 years, Ronnie's soul fought its way out of the rubble and pulled him home.

Although the doctors had given him only 48 hours, Hashem gave Ronnie a few more weeks to revel in the new life he had just begun. He had his first Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur as a full member of Avraham's tribe, and on Sukkos, Rabbi Slavaticki walked two hours to the hospital with a lulav and esrog. Ronnie's hands shook as he held the four species and said the brachah for the first time in his life.

Days later, as Jews around the world prepared to receive the Torah again before Simchas Torah, an elderly man in a Florida hospital passed away, his hands filled with the holy things he could take with him.

### EPILOGUE

After their father passed away, Maya and Samantha made arrangements for his cremation. Echoing his promise to Ronnie, Rabbi Slavaticki tried reasoning with them. "Your father is a holy man," he told the sisters. A funeral according to halachah was the only fitting arrangement for a Jew who, at close to 80, had made the choice to turn his life around. Eventually, both daughters agreed. Maya paid \$2,000 toward the expenses and Samantha gave \$695, not a penny more than she would have chipped in for the cremation. Rabbi Slavaticki's Las Olas Chabad Jewish Center absorbed the remaining \$9,000 in expenses. At the time, this was the Slavatickis' most astronomical expense, and they struggled to pay it off.

Three years later, the Slavatickis hosted a siyum sefer Torah at their shul. The woman who donated the Torah invited her friends to

come for the live music, dancing and seudah. When Chayale Slavaticki went through the mail a few days later, she found a check from a woman in Atlanta.

The enclosed letter read: *I was at the siyum sefer Torah you hosted last week. Watching the parade accompany the scroll down the streets of Fort Lauderdale and hearing people speak about their connection to the Torah's timeless values woke up a part of me that I didn't know existed. I never planned to give my son a bar mitzvah, but after the siyum sefer Torah, I made arrangements for him to learn with our local rabbi.*

*This check is to cover some of the costs of my father's Jewish funeral. Thank you for taking care of him when I wouldn't.*

*With a grateful heart,*

Samantha

*\*Names have been changed.*

### BAT MITZVAH CLUB



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my  
STORY**

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# UNPACKING ON THE BATTLEFIELD

**RABBI SHIMON BEKERMAN**



Having come from a family with *chasidic* roots, I gravitated to Lubavitch at a young age and studied in a Chabad *yeshivah*. But it was not until I was an adult and already married that I met the Rebbe. This was in 1965 when I traveled to New York to spend the Hebrew month of Tishrei — the month of the High Holidays and Sukkot — in his presence. At the end of my visit, I had a private audience and I confided in the Rebbe that, although I've been near him for several weeks already, I still didn't feel that a change has occurred in me, as I expected would happen.

In response, the Rebbe quoted a saying of his father-in-law, the Previous Rebbe, that "when you travel to the fair, you buy a lot of merchandise, pack it up and take it home, and you unpack the parcels all year." I understood what he meant — the one who travels to a fair is like the *chasid* who travels to his Rebbe for the month of Tishrei, "buying a lot of merchandise" — that is, acquiring spiritual inspiration. But he doesn't see what he has truly received until he gets home, processes it, and puts it into practice. And then he begins to feel that the Rebbe is with him all year long.

This proved very true for me, especially in later years, when the Yom Kippur War broke out.

The Yom Kippur War caught me, like all Israelis, in the midst of prayers on the holiest day of the year. I was praying at the *yeshivah* in Kfar Chabad, when I suddenly heard planes and saw cars out on the main street. I understood something terrible was happening, although I did not know exactly what until I returned home when Yom Kippur was over, and my wife told me that I had been ordered to report for duty. I immediately put on my uniform and wrote to the Rebbe that I was going off to war, asking for his blessing to return safely.

As I later learned, he immediately gave his blessing. And, in fact, my life was saved many times during the war. For example, as part of the IDF advance, I found myself on the Bir Gifgafa Airfield in the Sinai Desert. No sooner had my unit vacated the place than the Egyptians bombed it. But we managed to leave in time and were spared.

I tried my best to act as the Rebbe's emissary and, although it was virtually impossible, I tried to observe Sukkot in the Sinai and help others to do so as well. Together with a friend, I constructed a *sukkah* out of ammunition boxes, but we had to advance and we never managed to sit in it. I did not give up. Using some rope which I connected to a half-track jeep, I created a makeshift shelter and placed a few thorn-bush branches on top. In this *sukkah*, I made *Kiddush*, the blessing over wine, and there were about a hundred soldiers who heard that *Kiddush*.

On the night of Hoshana Rabbah we received an order to advance towards the Suez Canal. We participated in building a raft bridge that was used to cross the Canal and to conquer areas on the other side. A few hours after building the bridge and many Israeli vehicles passed to the Egyptian side, the Egyptians caught on to what was happening and started bombing us heavily, with missiles and rockets falling like rain. I jumped out of the car and took shelter under it, all the while reciting psalms that I

*continued on reverse*

MY ENCOUNTER  
with the **REBBE**

An oral history project dedicated to documenting the life of the Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, of righteous memory. The story is one of thousands recorded in over 1,500 videotaped interviews conducted to date. While we have done our utmost to authenticate these stories, they reflect the listener's recollection and interpretation of the Rebbe's words.



continued from reverse

remembered by heart.

Only in the morning, when I went to get my prayer shawl, did I see that a piece of shrapnel had penetrated my *tallit* and *tefillin* bag, but it had been stopped by a book of *Selichot*.

On the night of Simchat Torah, the bombings continued incessantly. My anti-craft unit had to go out the minute enemy planes were identified, and of course, this was very scary. Thank G-d we succeeded in bringing down quite a few planes, and we got a commendation medal for our efforts.

As soon as the bombings calmed down a bit, I went out to help soldiers put on *tefillin*. I did so for the entire time I was stationed in the Sinai — that is for about six months — until the Hebrew month of Adar. The soldiers had constructed an improvised synagogue out of sand sacks and tenting material, and when I would pass by on my way there, they would announce “Bekerman, *tefillin*!” and everyone would come out to put on *tefillin*.

One day during this time, Rabbi Israel Meir Lau, then the rabbi of North Tel Aviv, came to visit us, together with my brother-in-law, Rabbi Berke Wolf, who was the Chabad spokesman in Israel. It was a very emotional encounter — we hugged and kissed, and then he suddenly pulled out a letter from the Rebbe that was a response to the letter that I had written on the way to the war.

The Rebbe quoted the Torah: “Do not be faint-hearted, do not be afraid. Do not panic and do not be terrified of them.” He went on to emphasize the importance of every soldier putting *tefillin* on his arm and head, binding his emotions and intellect to G-d. “This brings the blessing of G-d into the actions of his hands and his mind,” he wrote.

He also expressed the hope that I should be able to report good news very soon, and that “the great merit of



The Rebbe's letter of encouragement to the author

anyone who protects our Holy Land and our Holy Nation will hasten the fulfillment of the blessing that ‘the Lord, your God is accompanying your camp to deliver you and to grant you victory over your enemy.’”

This was the same message the Rebbe gave my father-in-law, Rabbi Boruch Pariz, who was in New York when the war broke out. My father-in-law had burst out crying and wailing, “Rebbe, Rebbe, the children are under fire!” referring to me and my other brother-in-law, Rabbi Meir Freiman, who had also been called into service. The Rebbe calmed him down with, “The war is nearly over. And G-d willing, when you return home, you will find everyone healthy and whole.”

On Chanukah, I was standing at my guard station next to the Canal and I suddenly heard Chabad tunes being sung. I was thrilled to see a Chabad group arrive — on a mission to print the *Tanya* at the front. I merited to receive a copy, and I tried to learn from that particular *Tanya* as much as I could. Then a couple of years after the war, when I came to see the Rebbe again, I put this *Tanya* in an envelope, along with a note that this copy was very precious to me, and therefore I would like to give it to the Rebbe as a gift. A half-hour later the Rebbe's secretary, Rabbi Binyamin Klein, returned the *Tanya* to me, with a message from the Rebbe. On my note, the Rebbe had circled the words “very precious to me” and wrote, “And therefore, it is right that it should stay with you, especially since you live in our Holy Land. But your thought is very much appreciated.”

*Rabbi Shimon Bekerman is a veteran activist and served as a member of Tzeirei Agudas Chabad in Israel. He was interviewed in his home in Kfar Chabad in June of 2014.*

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ע"י בניהם ר' נחמן ור' אברהם ומשפחתם שיחי

## This week in...

> **5750 — 1989**, during the annual distribution of *lekach*, honey cake, preceding Yom Kippur, the Rebbe also handed out a dollar for charity and a copy of a discourse of the Tzemach Tzedek to each individual.  
<sup>1</sup> 6 *Tishrei*

1. Sefer Hasichot 5750 page 24



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# LA SIDRA DE LA SEMAINE

## VIVRE AVEC YOM KIPPOUR

### POURQUOI DISONS-NOUS : « BAROUKH CHÈM KEVOD MALKHOUTO LEOLAM VAÈD » ?

Dans la liturgie de Yom Kippour, l'une des prières se démarque, résonnant à nos oreilles : celle où l'on prononce : « Baroukh Chèm Kevod Malkhouto Leolam Vaèd », ce qui signifie : « que soit béni le nom de Son glorieux royaume, à tout jamais. »

Tout au long de l'année, ces mots sont prononcés pour le moins trois ou quatre fois par jour : à la suite de la récitation du verset « Chema Israël... » Néanmoins, cela se fait à voix basse, contrairement à Yom Kippour, où on les dit à voix haute.

De plus, à la fin de Yom Kippour, on les répète à trois reprises consécutives, juste avant que l'on ne souffle dans le Chofar.

Plusieurs questions viennent à l'esprit.

Pourquoi récitons-nous « Baroukh Chèm... » juste après Chema Israël et à voix basse (tout au long de l'année) ?

Pourquoi le disons-nous à voix haute à Yom Kippour

Et pourquoi trois fois de suite, à la conclusion de ce jour ?

### YAAKOV

Trois raisons historiques sont à l'origine de cette récitation.

Tout d'abord, comme cela est mentionné dans le Choul'hane Aroukh, « le code des lois juives », notre patriarche Yaakov rassembla devant lui tous ses enfants, juste avant de quitter ce monde. Il désirait leur révéler la date de la

venue du Machia'h. Cependant, quelque chose d'étrange se produisit. La Che'hina, « la présence Divine » le quitta. Cela suffit à Yaakov pour demander : « Peut-être l'un d'entre vous est-il un non croyant ? » Ils répondirent tous, à l'unisson : Chema Israël, « écoute Israël », c'est-à-dire : « écoute, notre père, Israël (Yaakov était également appelé Israël), « l'Éternel est notre D.ieu, l'Éternel est un ».

En d'autres termes, ils signifiaient ainsi que tout comme il n'y avait qu'un D.ieu unique dans le cœur de Yaakov, ainsi en allait-il pour eux. Et Yaakov confirma cette unité par les mots « Baroukh Chèm... »

Mais étant donné que l'expression « Baroukh Chèm... » ne figure pas dans la Torah Écrite, nous ne la prononçons pas à haute voix mais à voix basse.

Pourquoi alors, à Yom Kippour, devons-nous dire fort ces mots ?

### LES ANGES

La seconde raison avancée est que, lorsque Moché monta au ciel, il entendit les anges louer D.ieu par les mots « Baroukh Chèm... » Il rapporta cette prière aux Juifs et leur ordonna de la réciter doucement. Cela peut se comprendre à travers la parabole suivante : un homme vola un précieux joyau dans le palais royal. Il dit à son épouse qu'elle pourrait le porter quand elle voudrait mais à une seule condition : qu'elle ne le porte qu'à la maison, en secret.

C'est ainsi que toute l'année, nous récitons « Baroukh Chèm... » à voix basse, sauf à Yom Kippour. En effet, en ce jour, nous sommes tous comparés à des anges, en ne mangeant ni ne

buvant et en portant des vêtements blancs. Nous avons donc le droit de le proclamer haut et fort.

Mais cela paraît un peu facile. Le seul fait de jeûner et de porter des habits blancs nous donne-t-il le droit de chanter les louanges qui appartiennent aux anges ?

Cela ne requiert-il pas plus d'efforts et de préparation ?

### MOCHÉ

Il y a également une troisième raison. Lorsque Moché se tenait au mont Sinai, D.ieu appela les Juifs : « Chema Israël... » (« Écoutez, enfants d'Israël ! ) En entendant cet appel, les Juifs répondirent : « L'Éternel est notre D.ieu, l'Éternel est Un. »

Moché, à la vue de ses disciples, le peuple tout entier, répondant de façon unanime, fut ému au point de s'écrier : « Baroukh Chèm... »

Un principe général de la Torah indique que toutes les interprétations d'un même verset non seulement ne peuvent se contredire mais, de surcroît, se complètent. Nous allons dès lors observer comment toutes ces significations se tissent en un fil unique, en développant la question soulevée ci-dessus.

A Yom Kippour, il nous est donc enjoint de dire fort « Baroukh Chèm... » puisque nous sommes comparés à des anges. Pourtant, nous savons que nous ne sommes pas des anges mais des êtres faits de chair et de sang. Pourquoi avons-nous donc ce droit ?

Pour y accéder, il faut remplir deux conditions

*(suite à la page 15)*

## LE YOM KIPPOUR DE REB MENDEL

La dictature de Staline avait atteint les degrés ultimes de l'horreur. Adoré et craint par toute la population russe, il avait fait jeter dans les prisons du Goulag des millions d'innocents qui, de plus, étaient supposés lui être reconnaissants de bien vouloir les « rééduquer »...

Quand Rav Mendel Futerfass fut arrêté, ce fut peu après Roch Hachana.

C'était un 'Hassid de Loubavitch, dévoué corps et âme à son Rabbi. Et Rabbi Yossef Its'hak Schneersohn avait affirmé que chacun devait être prêt à sacrifier jusqu'à sa vie pour que chaque Juif reçoive une éducation juive.

Rav Mendel avait été accusé d'activités « contre-révolutionnaires ». Il était évident qu'il serait condamné à passer le reste de sa vie en Sibérie, ce qui signifiait qu'il ne lui restait probablement plus beaucoup de temps à vivre.

Alors qu'il partageait une cellule humide avec des centaines d'autres détenus - tous des criminels endurcis - il réalisa soudain que plusieurs jours étaient passés et que ce soir, c'était Yom Kippour !

D'une part, il était triste : il devait passer le jour le plus saint du calendrier juif dans cet environnement terrifiant. Mais d'autre part... il était vivant ! Et il était un 'Hassid du Rabbi de Loubavitch ! Que lui apporterait la tristesse ? Il devait se hisser au-delà de cette situation !

Cette nuit-là, il se prépara une petite synagogue : son lit ou plutôt la planche qui lui servait de lit. Assis sur son lit, il réciterait autant de prières de Yom Kippour dont il se souviendrait et D.ieu écouterait.

Ce n'était pas facile : on ne récite ces prières qu'une fois par an et il y en avait tellement... Mais une prière lui vint spontanément à l'esprit, arrangée comme tant d'autres selon l'ordre alphabétique : « Ve'hol Maaminim », « Et tous ont foi en Toi... »

Dans le calme de la nuit, Rav Mendel se balançait, d'avant en arrière, reproduisant inconsciemment la gestuelle du Juif en prière. Soudain il réfléchit : « Tous ont foi en Toi ? Ah bon, vraiment ? Mais ceux qui m'ont espionné puis capturé et enfin jeté dans cette terrible prison, sont des Juifs qui rêvent de créer l'homme nouveau... »

En soupirant, Rav Mendel classa cette question au fond de son esprit, avec tant d'autres semblables et continua de penser au Temple de Jérusalem, aux dix martyrs, à Jonas dans le ventre du poisson...

Quelques jours plus tard, alors que tous ses « compagnons » d'infortune ronflaient, Rav Mendel récitait le « Chema » du soir quand Ivan s'approcha de lui, oui celui qu'on avait surnommé « Ivan le terrible », cette masse humaine qui terrorisait les plus endurcis des criminels, qui avait sans doute décidé ce soir de se moquer du Juif et de le faire souffrir.

Mais Ivan se glissa près de lui et murmura :

- Tu es Juif n'est-ce pas ?

Rav Mendel ne s'en était jamais caché : mieux valait mourir comme un Juif plutôt que vivre dans le mensonge. Il regarda Ivan droit dans les yeux et répondit : « Oui ! »

- Moi aussi ! rétorqua Ivan devant un Rav Mendel interloqué. D'ailleurs j'ai même jeûné ce Yom Kippour. Oui, moi, Ivan le terrible, le meurtrier, j'ai jeûné Yom Kippour.

Il y a quelques jours, j'ai entendu un détenu juif annoncer à un autre : « Demain c'est Yom Kippour ! » Et soudain j'ai décidé que moi aussi j'allais jeûner, je ne sais pas pourquoi !

Le lendemain, j'ai déclaré aux gardiens que j'étais malade et on m'a envoyé à « l'hôpital », une cabane avec une planche en bois en guise de lit. Assis là, tout seul, je commençai à regretter ma décision. Puis je réalisai qu'il ne suffisait pas de jeûner, il fallait aussi prier. Je

me souvins de mon grand-père qui m'emmenait à la synagogue et il priait, soupirait, pleurait avec tous les autres Juifs. Tandis que moi, j'ai passé ma vie à voler, à tuer même, à nuire aux autres par tous les moyens possibles. Et je ne savais même pas prier...

Puis je me suis soudain souvenu d'une prière, quelque chose que ma grand-mère me chantait chaque matin quand je me réveillais. Je me suis souvenu de son visage doux et de ses yeux tristes. Et j'ai éclaté en sanglots. Tu entends ? Moi j'ai pleuré ce Yom Kippour exactement comme mon grand-père ! Comme tous les autres Juifs du monde ! Et quand j'ai fini de pleurer, je n'ai même pas essuyé mes yeux, j'ai répété des dizaines, des centaines de fois : « Modé Ani Lefane'ha Mélè'h Haï Vekayam Chéhé-'hézarta Bi Nichmati Bé'hemla Rabba Emounate'ha ».

(Je reconnais devant Toi, Roi vivant éternellement, que Tu m'as rendu mon âme avec miséricorde, grande est Ta confiance !)

Je ne sais même pas ce que ces mots signifient. Mais depuis le matin jusqu'à la nuit tombée, je les ai répétés encore et encore.

Mais attention ! (Il était redevenu Ivan le Terrible). Il pointa Rav Mendel du doigt et le menaça : ne t'avise pas de répéter cela à quiconque ! Compris ?

Et il se leva et s'éloigna au plus vite.

Rav Mendel était stupéfait. Il suivit des yeux Ivan qui était retourné sur sa planche et s'était endormi instantanément.

Soudain, il réalisa ! Le bon D.ieu lui avait envoyé la réponse à sa question : « Oui, tous ont foi en Toi ! Si même ce meurtrier est capable de jeûner Yom Kippour en répétant inlassablement 'Modé Ani', c'est bien la preuve que tous les Juifs, d'une manière ou d'une autre, ont confiance en D.ieu ! » ●

*Rav Tuvia Bolton  
traduit par Feiga Lubecki*

(Continuer de la page 13)

préalables.

Tout d'abord, nous devons imiter Yaakov. Nous devons enseigner à nos enfants l'unité de D.ieu, comment D.ieu existe et comment Il se trouve partout, comment Il fait sortir chacun de nous de son Égypte et de son exil personnel et qu'Il nous fera sortir également, en tant que peuple, de l'Égypte et de l'exil présents. Nos enfants doivent pouvoir prononcer, à n'importe quel moment : « Chema Israël... »

Par ailleurs, nous devons imiter Moché et ne pas nous contenter d'enseigner à nos propres enfants (comme le fit Yaakov). Nous devons également nous adresser à nos amis et à nos voisins. Eux-aussi doivent connaître le « Chema Israël » et savoir que D.ieu aime chacun d'entre nous, qu'Il ressent nos peines et nos joies et qu'Il peut apporter la Délivrance en un clin d'œil.

### TROIS FOIS

Quand nos enfants et nos voisins connaissent le « Chema Israël », alors, et seulement alors, pouvons-nous nous écrier comme les anges : « Baroukh Chèm Kevod Malkhouth Leolam Vaèd ».

C'est peut-être la raison pour laquelle l'on récite trois fois ces mots, à la fin de Yom Kippour. C'est une confirmation que l'on va adhérer aux trois sens de ces paroles : nous aspirons à être des anges (en ne mangeant ni ne buvant et en portant du blanc), nous enseignons à nos enfants le sens du « Chema Israël » et enfin nous le faisons également avec ceux qui nous entourent.

A Yom Kippour, les enfants de D.ieu, des Juifs de tous horizons, avec des opinions politiques, des préférences culturelles différentes, s'unissent en harmonie, prient, chantent ensemble, en écoutant les enseignements de la Torah de leur Père Céleste. Il ne fait aucun doute que D.ieu verse des larmes de joie devant cette union et nous envoie des torrents de bénédictions pour une année douce et bénie. ●

## LE COIN DE LA HALACHA

### QUE FAIT-ON À YOM KIPPOUR (CETTE ANNÉE MERCREDI 9 OCTOBRE 2019) ?

Dans la semaine qui précède Yom Kippour, on procède aux « Kapparot » : on fait tourner autour de sa tête trois fois un poulet vivant (ou un poisson, ou une somme d'argent multiple de 18) en récitant les versets traditionnels ; puis on donne le poulet (ou le poisson ou la valeur monétaire) à une institution charitable.

La veille de Yom Kippour (cette année mardi 8 octobre 2019), on a coutume de demander au responsable de la synagogue du gâteau au miel, symbole d'une bonne et douce année. Jusqu'à la fin du mois de Tichri, on ne récite plus de Ta'hanoun (supplications).

Il est d'usage que les hommes se trempent au Mikvé (bain rituel), si possible avant la prière de Min'ha. On met les vêtements de Chabbat. Après la prière de Min'ha, on prend un repas de fête, sans poisson ni viande, mais avec du poulet. Après le repas, les parents bénissent les enfants et leur souhaitent d'aller toujours dans le droit chemin. Le jeûne de Yom Kippour commence à 18h 03 (en Montreal).

Après avoir mis des pièces à la Tsedaka, les femmes mariées allument au moins deux bougies avant 18h 03 (en Montreal) - les jeunes filles et petites filles allument une bougie - et récitent les bénédictions.

1) « Barou'h Ata Ado-naï Elo-hénou Mélé'h Haolam Achère Kidéchanou Bémitvotav Vetsivanou Lehadlik Nèr Chel Yom Hakipourim » - « Béni sois-Tu, Eternel, notre D.ieu, Roi du monde, qui nous a sanctifié par Ses Commandements et nous a ordonné d'allumer la lumière de Yom Kippour ».

2) « Barou'h Ata Ado-naï Elo-hénou Mélé'h Haolam Chéhé'héyanou Vekiyemanou Vehigianou Lizmane Hazé » - « Béni sois-Tu, Eternel, notre D.ieu, Roi du monde, qui nous a fait vivre, qui nous a maintenus et nous a fait parvenir à cet instant ».

Il est d'usage d'allumer également une bougie qui dure au moins vingt-cinq heures et sur laquelle on récitera la bénédiction de la « Havdala » à la fin de la fête. On allume aussi des bougies de vingt-cinq heures à la mémoire des parents disparus.

On enlève les chaussures en cuir et on met des chaussures en toile ou en plastique. Les hommes mariés mettent le grand Talit et le « Kittel » (vêtement rituel blanc).

Pendant tout Yom Kippour, on récite la deuxième phrase du Chema Israël (« Barou'h Chem Kevod Malkhouth Leolam Vaèd ») à voix haute. Il est interdit de manger, de boire, de s'enduire de crèmes ou de pomades, de mettre des chaussures en cuir, d'avoir des relations conjugales et de se laver (sauf si on s'est sali ; de même, on se lavera les mains uniquement pour des raisons d'hygiène). On passe la journée à la synagogue. Toutes les interdictions de Chabbat s'appliquent à Yom Kippour.

Ce mercredi matin, on ne récite pas la bénédiction : « Cheassa Li Kol Tsorki » (« Qui veille pour moi à tous mes besoins ») car on ne porte pas de vraies chaussures.

Les malades demanderont au médecin et au Rabbin s'ils doivent jeûner ou non.

A la fin du jeûne (19h 04 en Montreal), on écoute la sonnerie du Chofar.

Après Yom Kippour, on se souhaite mutuellement « Hag Saméa'h ». Si possible, on prononce la bénédiction de la lune. On récite la prière de la Havdala, on se lave les mains rituellement et on se rince la bouche. Durant le repas qui suit le jeûne, il est d'usage de parler de la construction de la Souccah et, si possible, on construit effectivement la Souccah tout de suite après le repas. ●

### UNE SIMPLE AFFAIRE DE CONSCIENCE

Le temps en est venu : arrivons à l'essentiel. C'est, à l'évidence de Yom Kippour qu'il s'agit. De fait, voici le jour où l'essence des choses apparaît et où, en particulier, celle de l'homme devient presque tangible tant elle affleure à la surface des dissimulations de la matière, si coutumières. C'est là un cadeau précieux : une journée différente, autre, consacrée à ce qui, d'habitude, constitue une sorte d'au-delà de la conscience. C'est alors comme un dialogue d'essence à essence qui se construit, de celle de l'homme à celle de D.ieu.

Tout cela n'est pas que la description de ce qu'on pourrait appeler « la mystique de Yom Kippour ». C'est une réalité que chacun peut vivre concrètement. Dans la synagogue quelle qu'elle soit, officielle ou improvisée, où nous nous trouvons en ce jour, regardons un instant autour de nous. Bien sûr, elle est pleine mais, en allant plus loin que cette constatation élémentaire, nous portons le regard sur tous ceux qui nous entourent. Nous les connaissons parfois mais, bien souvent, ce sont des visages nouveaux, que l'on n'avait pas l'habitude de voir dans un tel cadre. Nous sommes pourtant là, assis

tous ensemble, tendus dans un même effort spirituel, ressentant la puissance du jour avec la même intensité. Comment dire davantage que Yom Kippour nous unit ?

Certes, chacun des présents garde ses différences, ce qui en fait, comme de tout homme, un être exceptionnel, mais l'union est palpable. Ce jour fait disparaître les limites apparentes. Physiquement séparés, nous ne sommes qu'un par l'âme. Forts de cette conscience, les visages qui nous entourent ne paraissent plus véritablement étrangers. Les autres, tous les autres, ne sont pas plus loin de nous qu'une autre partie de nous-mêmes. Un tel jour laisse des marques ineffaçables. Nous ne voyons plus le monde de la même manière. Avoir entrevu l'essence des choses et des hommes ne peut laisser inchangé. Avec le pardon et la réparation des fautes commises pendant l'année écoulée, c'est cette force que nous emportons avec nous quand le jour s'achève. Celle-ci s'attache à nous et nous entraîne dans un au-delà de nous-mêmes, là où la vérité est le seul guide. Puisse le soleil qui se couche à la fin du jour être le signe avant-coureur de celui qui, puissant, se lève dans nos consciences. ●

### KOL NIDRÉ

Tous les vœux que nous pourrions faire, toute interdiction ou sentence d'anathème que nous prononcerions contre nous-mêmes,(...) qu'ils soient tous déclarés non valides, annulés, dissous, nuls et nonavenus ; qu'ils n'aient ni force ni valeur ...

Kol Nidré commence très doucement. Il est chanté à trois reprises, de plus en plus fort, comme si nous pénétrions dans un Palais spirituel et nous rapprochions du Roi Eternel.

Les mots que nous prononçons lors du Kol Nidré évoquent l'annulation des vœux. Dans l'Espagne médiévale, les Juifs étaient forcés, sous la menace de l'épée, de jurer qu'ils abonnaient le Judaïsme. L'on rapporte qu'à Yom Kippour, ils se rassemblaient et annulaient officiellement de tels serments, passés ou futurs. Ils pouvaient alors prier, en ce jour sacré, avec la conscience tranquille.

Aujourd'hui, personne ne nous force à renier notre Judaïsme. Mais notre faiblesse spirituelle nous incite souvent à ressentir que nous sommes limités, assujettis ou piégés de différentes manières et en conséquence, empêchés de nous accomplir pleinement en tant que Juifs. Nous pouvons ainsi exprimer : «Je voudrais bien observer la Cacherout mais je suis obligé de manger au restaurant avec mes clients» ou bien encore : «Je n'ai tout simplement pas le temps de mettre les Tefilines»...

Ces limites constituent une forme de «vœu», un engagement à ne pas évoluer dans notre Judaïsme. A Yom Kippour, en réponse à notre sincérité, D.ieu fait disparaître toutes ces restrictions. Quels que soient nos engagements apparemment «normaux» à l'égard des valeurs matérielles et profanes, à Yom Kippour nous est donnée la liberté et nous pouvons ouvertement exprimer un amour total et une dévotion entière pour D.ieu.

Et puis, alors que le jour sacré touche à sa fin, tout dépend de nous... ●

### ETINCELLES DE MACHIAH

#### CONNAÎTRE D.IEU

Bien qu'il y ait des différences entre le grand et le petit, cependant quand il s'agira, après la venue de Machia'h, de « Me connaître » - c'est -à-dire de percevoir l'Essence de D.ieu – tous seront égaux. Le texte de la prière le proclame en ces termes : « Il est immuable et met au même niveau le petit et le grand ». ●

