**Shabbos Stories for**

**Parshas Vayeishev 5772**

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**Good Shabbos Everyone**

**Indian Chief**

**By Rabbi Paysach J. Krohn**

 In last week's portion Vayishlach, we read some of the most amazing verses in the entire Torah. The Torah tells us how Yakov fought with a malach - an angel until the break of dawn. On the simplest level, the verses are describing how Yakov had a knock down, drag out fight with an angel. After fighting, the angel gave Yakov a new name, Yisroel. The verse states: "And he [the malach - angel] said, Your name shall be called no more Yakov, but Yisrael; for as a prince you have power with G-d and with men, and have prevailed." (Bereishis 32:29)
        We can also understand these verses on a deeper spiritually rewarding level. Namely, all of our struggles in life are tests from Hashem.  Hashem gives us challenges so that we can grow from them.

**Hashem Sends Us Challenges Every Day**

 This is similar to a teacher who gives assignments to his students so that they can learn.  Just as Hashem sent the malach - the angel to fight with Yakov, so too does Hashem send us challenges every day. If we fight hard and rise to the challenges as Yakov did, then we will merit to be called Yisroel, meaning, as the verse says: "a prince [who has] power with G-d and with men."

 The following inspirational story illustrates one Jew's successful overcoming of struggles in life. In the 1960's Ben Richards (not his real name) grew up hating city live in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn. Ben was a voracious reader of nature books and he dreamed of living on a farm.

Judaism Had Little Meaning for Ben

 Ben's parents were Orthodox Jews, but Judaism had little meaning for Ben. He was a free spirit, with no desire to be encumbered by rules and regulations that controlled every aspect of his live. Still though, he sought the meaning of life.
        So, at age 17 he left home and traveled 2,000 miles westward to live on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in the northwestern mountains of America in the area bordering Glacier National Park. While on the reservation, he enrolled in the local university and majored in wildlife biology.

 However, Ben's primary studies were on the reservation. His primary teacher on the reservation was an old Indian man named Whitecalf. Ben stayed for a little while on that reservation, before leaving to join a different reservation in South Dakota. Ben spent several years on the reservation in South Dakota learning the ways of the Indians. Eventually, Ben was fluent in their language and customs. He even dressed in the traditional Indian garb.

 Ben always strived to understand the deeper meaning of life. He looked for answers among the Indians. One day, Ben heard about a woman who was said to possess higher spiritual powers. The woman was the matriarch of the Sioux Indian Society. Ben was convinced that this woman knew the meaning of life.
        Eventually, after traveling several days over hills and across prairies, Ben reached the camp where the famous woman lived. Elva Onefeather, as she was known, lived in wretched conditions.

**“You Don’t Belong Here!”**

 Ben approached her and began to ask about her Indian Heritage. She refused to answer him. "You are not one of us," she said. "You can never be like us, you don't belong here!"

 "But I have lived on reservations for years. I know your culture, I know your language, I practice your customs and I feel part of…" She interrupted him, "If you were a Christian, I could understand. But you are a student of the Holy White Rock Man." Ben assumed she was referring to Moshe Rabbeinu (Years later he thought that the 'holy rock" was perhaps a reference to Shemos 32:22 - "When My glory passes by, I shall place you in the cleft of the rock.")

**“Go Back to Your Roots”**

 "You are not one of us," she admonished him. "Go back to your roots. That is where you belong." Ben was shocked. He was being rejected. After all the time and effort he had invested in this lifestyle. A revered member of the Indian community had labeled him an outsider. Was he now to go back to city life? To Jewish life?

 The refection made him rethink his whole life. Within days, Ben packed his Chevy pick-up truck and together with his dog, began the long journey eastward.
        He made his way to Brooklyn and began asking old acquaintances for names of people or organizations who might give him guidance. He was given a list of names and he consulted each of them.

 Ben was disappointed once again. He went through name after name on the list, and he still did not feel that he could relate to anyone. He had one more name left on his list. If it did not work, he could go back west. The name was Rabbi Shlomo Friefeld (1926-1990), Rosh Yeshiva of the Yeshiva "Shor Yoshuv"  in Far Rockaway, New York.

 Ben with his long ponytail and his dog, drove out to Far Rockaway in his old pick-up truck. He parked his truck on Central Avenue in front of the Yeshiva and headed inside where he soon met Rabbi Freifeld. Ben was immediately touched by the Rosh Yeshiva's kindness.

 Rabbi Freifeld warmly welcomed Ben into his office. Ben told Rabbi Freifeld about his experiences on the Indian reservation. Ben was then taken aback by Rabbi Freifeld's queries. The Rabbi wanted to know how to hunt deer, how to determine the freshness of elk tracks. These were the last topics Ben ever thought he would be discussing with a Rabbi.

**Mesmerized by Rabbi Freifeld**

 Their first conversation lasted for about 20 minutes, and it covered a wide range of subjects. As Ben left, Rabbi Freifeld noticed Ben's ponytail and said, "Why are you hiding your hair in your shirt? Your hair is so beautiful!" Ben left the office mesmerized. He wanted to come back. He needed to get to know this man.

 Ben returned the next morning where he found the members of the yeshiva busy with a bris. Rabbi Freifeld managed to pick Ben out of the large crowd and motioned for him to come to the front. Ben was once again touched by the Rabbi's warmth.

**Speaking to the Rabbi for Hours on End**

 Over the following few weeks, Ben and Rabbi Freifeld spoke for hours on end. They would usually speak in his office, which was bejeweled with thousands of sefarim (Jewish books) on all aspects of Torah. Each of the bookshelves was filled to capacity. It was said that Rabbi Freifeld had 15,000 sefarim.

 One afternoon as they spoke in the office, someone came in and told Rabbi Freifeld that he was need in the Beis Medrash (the study hall). Rabbi Freifeld excused himself and told Ben that he would be back in a few moments.

**An Incredible Realization about His Mentor**

Being alone in the office, Ben got up from his chair and began walking around gazing at the overflowing bookcases of seforim that Rabbi Freifeld had. He walked near where Rabbi Freifeld had been sitting and noticed something unusual in the kneehole of the desk. There were a number of books lying on the floor! It did not make sense. These were all holy books - how could they possibly be on the floor? He bent down and picked them up.

 It was then, when he picked up those books, did Ben's life change forever. Because, the books on the floor were about American Indian culture and life on reservations!

 "It was then," says Ben, "that I realized how much [Rabbi Freifeld] really loved me." Rabbi Freifeld was studying those books so that he could understand where Ben was coming from. By taking time to understand and not merely to be understood, Rabbi Freifeld validated Ben's concerns and quest for meaning in life.

 Ben went on to study at the Yeshiva Shor Yoshuv for several years, where he developed into a remarkable talmid chacham (Torah scholar), a incredible mentsch, and (in his mind) Rabbi Freifeld's most beloved talmid. (From "Reflections of the Maggid" Rabbi Paysach J. Krohn, p.215)

 Just as Hashem sent the malach - the angel to fight with Yakov, so too does Hashem send us challenges, every day. If we prevail as Yakov did, then we will merit to be called Yisroel, meaning, as the verse says: "a prince [who has] power with G-d and with men."

Reprinted from last week’s email of Good Shabbos Everyone.

**The Definition of**

**A True Leader**

**By Rabbi Shmuel Choueka**

"*Yosef came to them in the morning and saw that they were distressed*." (Beresheet 40:6)

 When Yosef heard the dreams of Pharaoh's ministers and interpreted them correctly, he gained a name for himself as someone who had prophetic powers to understand dreams, and this led him to stand in front of Pharaoh to explain the monarch's dream. This ultimately got him elevated to power and he was able to save his father's family and Egypt from starvation.

 The Torah points out that all this began because Yosef saw that the ministers were upset. It's a remarkable trait in a person to be able to see someone else's problem even though he himself is suffering. Yosef was imprisoned for many years thus far, and had much cause to become withdrawn into himself and stop worrying about others.

 We see from here that Yosef was someone who noticed if others were suffering and was willing to get involved in order to help. This is the making of a leader and this is something we can learn from. Shabbat Shalom and Happy Hanukah.

*Reprinted from this week’s email of Jersey Shore Torah Bulletin.*

**Overnight Makeover for**

**A Kosher First Kitchen**

**By Jan Hoffman**



**Brendan Smialowski for The New York Times**

**Rabbi Levi Shemtov, in suit, oversees a team, including Tommy Kurpradit, second from left, the White House executive sous-chef, in koshering the kitchen for a party.**

WASHINGTON

 FIRST, spritz the kitchen’s stainless steel counters with disinfectant. Scrub vigorously.

 Next, wrap counters in tinfoil, tight, tight, tight.

 Now stretch plastic wrap over the foil and seal with masking tape.

 Then repeat for every surface that could possibly come into contact with food — yes, even the hanging pot rack.

 And so began the fastidious frenzy to make the White House’s kitchen kosher last week, a nearly four-hour drill that started at 10 p.m. Wednesday. A deadline approached: a truckload of kosher food was due Thursday at 10 a.m.

 The Obama administration’s holiday reception season was in full swing. Leftovers from a party earlier Wednesday evening had already been removed.

 The following night would bring the [Hanukkah](http://topics.nytimes.com/top/reference/timestopics/subjects/h/hanukkah/index.html?inline=nyt-classifier) party for 550 guests, politicians and Supreme Court justices among them. Rigorous koshering (sometimes called kashering) would ensure that the kitchen would be in compliance with Jewish dietary laws. Guests could eat without qualms, knowing their religious commitment had been respected.

 “We do the basic cleaning,” says the White House’s executive sous-chef, Tommy Kurpradit, as he directs five workers (he learned about koshering from Bush White House Hanukkah celebrations). “Then the rabbis do the super-cleaning.”

 Imagine the earnest anxiety of non-Jews eager to please the observant; the exacting scrutiny of the observant, dedicated to ancient laws; a ticking clock; and a soupçon of Marx Brothers.

 Into the kitchen rushes a Lubavitch SWAT team of three rabbis and an intern. Three men, wearing aprons and industrial-strength rubber gloves, take on the ovens and burners. The fourth, in a suit and a black hat, is Rabbi Levi Shemtov, director of the [American Friends of Lubavitch](http://www.afldc.org/home/) (Chabad). He is the supervisor-in-chief.

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| **spacerBrendan Smialowski for The New York Times****Gavriel Steinmetz, a rabbinical intern, with koshered flatware.** | . |

 He takes a long look around. He frowns.

 “Who opened the brazier?” he asks, referring to the lidded counter-high vat, like a giant stainless steel pot, used for searing, reducing stock and braising meats. “The rabbi?” he asks, pointing to a colleague.

 “No,” replies Chef Tommy, as his staff calls him.

 “You’re kidding me,” Rabbi Shemtov says.

**The Rabbi Issues Orders**

 They huddle by the brazier. Rabbi Shemtov issues orders. The rabbis spring into action.

 What happened, Chef Tommy?

 “I’m a Buddhist,” he says, acknowledging that some of the finer points elude him. “But whatever he wants me to do, I’ll do.”

 Rabbi Shemtov explains his concern. For a kitchen to be prepared for kosher cooking, any taste or aroma of nonkosher food has to be expunged. Utensils for cooking, serving and eating must be set aside for 24 hours before being cleansed by dipping them in boiling water. The day before, Rabbi Shemtov had overseen the sealing of flatware, utensils and the brazier, where they would be dipped tonight.

**Why is the Brazier Open?**

 So why, Rabbi Shemtov wants to know, is the brazier open and filled with cool water?

 Chef Tommy had merely poured water into it to be boiled for the dipping.

 Rabbi Shemtov probes: “I have to know whether the water came from the tap or a bucket.” (The latter could have been compromised by food.)

 It was tap water. But “just to make sure,” Rabbi Shemtov wants the brazier cleaned.

 The job falls to Rabbi Binyamin Steinmetz, a Caracas-born mashgiach, or supervisor, who has been joking in Spanish with a Coast Guard prep cook, among the military personnel who help during party season. Now Rabbi Steinmetz pours boiling water into the brazier, adding ammonia. After the soaking, he dumps out the solution and rinses the brazier with boiled water. A third time, he dumps, rinses and dumps.

 Rabbi Shemtov says his approach is so strict that no one can take issue. “We are very careful, we are meticulous but we are not O.C.D.,” he says. “Otherwise, no one would ever get to eat.”

 He peers at a countertop. “Why so loose, the Saran wrap?”

 Will this affect the first family’s meals? A White House aide explains that the Obamas rely primarily on a personal kitchen in the residence upstairs. Even so, a refrigerator has a sign on it that says “Family,” indicating it must remain shut.

 Rabbi Shemtov continues his inspection while talking to Chef Tommy and working his [iPhone](http://topics.nytimes.com/top/reference/timestopics/subjects/i/iphone/index.html?inline=nyt-classifier) and a BlackBerry. He glances up. Workers are even wrapping lights that dangle over counters. “You don’t have to do that!” he says. “We don’t use lights for cooking.”

**Starting the Cleansing by Fire**

 It’s 11 p.m. The rabbis start the cleansing by fire, for ovens, racks, stove tops. Rabbi Steinmetz cranks up the heat on the wall ovens to 500 degrees, to burn off impurities.

 How long should they remain heated?

 The rabbi, who says he turned down a similar job at the Waldorf-Astoria that week for the privilege of working in the White House kitchen, sighs gently. “An hour, minimum,” he says. “Minimum, minimum.”

 He covers the stove tops with foil, pokes holes above the burners and turns up the flames. The foil keeps the heat from escaping. Minutes pass. Finally, the metal turns red hot.

 “It’s kosher,” Rabbi Shemtov says.

**More White House Staff**

**Members are helping**

 Midnight looms. More White House staff members are helping, at least a dozen people in the kitchen. Daniel Shanks, a White House usher, peeks in, wearing a Christmas tie. He waves at Rabbi Steinmetz, a diminutive man with a silvery beard, standing on a crate next to the brazier.

 “You grew since last year!” Mr. Shanks shouts above the din. Laughing, the rabbi waves back.

 Mr. Shanks has been on staff for 17 years. He recalled Clinton White House events when kosher meals were brought in for guests, and a time when a separate kosher table was set up.

 “To see us evolve to do as much as we do now,” he says, “it’s a great honor.”

 Bulging black plastic bags, sealed with masking tape marked with Rabbi Shemtov’s Hebrew signature, are lugged in. Their contents include rented platters and flatware. In assembly-line rhythm, workers unwrap a platter, hand it to Rabbi Steinmetz, who dips it three times and then hands it to Rabbi Hillel Baron, who dips it into cold water and hands it to workers, who dry it off and stack.

 That’s at least 90 platters, some 1,000 pieces of flatware (placed in baskets for dipping), plus dozens of silver White House appetizer and pastry stands that had been stored away.

**Reviewing the Shulchan Aruch**

 During the tumult, Rabbi Baron reviews a Hebrew passage from Shulchan Aruch, the venerable code of Jewish law. He finds it on his [iPad](http://topics.nytimes.com/top/reference/timestopics/subjects/i/ipad/index.html?inline=nyt-classifier).

 The next day, the food would be prepared by a kosher caterer and White House chefs. The party would start at 5:30 p.m.

 By Friday morning, the White House staff would rip off the tin foil. They would cook for two parties that day, with an utterly unkosher menu that included oysters and ham.

 But at nearly 1 a.m. Thursday, Friday seems a long way off. Chef Tommy scrutinizes his crew, in a fervor to finish. “You do it right the first time, you don’t have to do it again,” he says wearily.

 Rabbi Shemtov beams. “Right 100 percent.”

*Reprinted from the New York Times edition of December 14, 2011.*

**A Holiday Story about the Meaning of Perseverance**

**And Its Role in Success**

**By Steven Kurlander**

 During the holiday season, we often read inspirational stories that raise our awareness of the plight of the needy and celebrate a spirit of helping the unfortunate who have suffered from hard luck, injury and hurt.

 I would like to share a different holiday story to you, one that shows how the foundations of religious teachings and celebrations of miracles can inspire an individual to reach inward, not outward, to help them struggle against debility and ill-fortune within an ethical, spiritual framework.

**The Story of an Incredible Young**

**Man Overcoming a Crippling Illness**

 This holiday story is one about the moving individualism of a young man whose strong religious beliefs have motivated him to overcome a devastating, crippling illness and to also build - and rebuild - a successful entrepreneurial business.

 Elchonon Hellinger, 26, of Miami Beach could easily be the Dickensian subject of a holiday story about someone living with a serious, debilitating illness. Since infancy, he has suffered from Neurofibroma Type 2, which causes the continuous growth of benign tumors - a malady that affects one in every 60,000 people.

 This young man grew up constantly undergoing serious operations (he has had 20 surgeries to date). He had to wear a brace to walk during his childhood and went deaf at 18 (he regained his hearing with an auditory brain implant at 21).

 Despite the constant debilitating effects of his illness during his childhood, Elchonon always fought back to try to live as normal a life as possible as he attended a Yeshiva in Miami:

**“I Never Saw Myself as Being Disabled or Limited”**

 “It was hard…very hard. Kids were mean. I just wanted to be like the rest of them, but going to doctors, the surgeries, wearing a brace, was very difficult. But I was the smartest kid in the class and I never saw myself as being disabled or limited. I always gave it my best,” recalled Elchonon.

 In addition to his religious education, as a teenager Elchonon began selling unlocked open box and refurbished cell phones and Bluetooth headsets and speakers on e-Bay in 2004. Despite the operations and continued deterioration of his health, he worked hard and successfully grew his sales operation, incorporating his Thriftycomputer.com business in 2009.

**Serious Problems from Expanding His Business**

 Soon after expanding his business, Elchonon ran into issues with payment processors and found the business short of capital - he could not pay vendors or meet customer orders. But instead of taking the easy way out and declaring bankruptcy, Elchonon chose to rebuild and make good on his debts to his suppliers and customers.

 “That was the right thing to do. People were owed money - I believed it would have been dishonest to walk off from the debts incurred from my own mistakes and faults. My father taught me that it’s not about how much money you make, it’s how you make your money. Our buyers are people like us, I see them as individuals that we are selling to, not in terms of profits or dollars,” said Elchonon.

 “I’m a G-d fearing Jew and G-d commands us to be honest,” he added.

 So Elchonon joined up with his brother Yosef, working with him 16 hours a day, six days a week, to rebuild Thriftycomputer.com. They worked out agreements with their payment processors and suppliers and paid them off, cut overhead, and reformed their business model.

 Today, Elchonon and Yosef are busy at Thirtycomputer.com filling holiday orders - and Elchonon continues to overcome his physical disabilities in the work environment:

**Overcoming Incredible Challenges to Succeed**

 “For one, it is hard to communicate with people in the office, but that has been getting better, I have tumors in my left hand and no use of my right hand, so typing is difficult. Sometimes the tumors are very painful and it requires great effort for me to stay calm. I cannot make any phone calls, so I need to delegate those calls or talk to everyone via chat or email. In addition, I am often at the doctor and have to take off for surgery,” he said.

 Elchonon has never given up or relied on any charitable agency to assist him. Instead, he has solely persevered from his strong belief in G-d and the boundless support and love of his parents and family:

**Doesn’t See Himself as Disabled, Just**

**Facing More Obstacles to Overcome**

 “All I want in life is a fair chance to prove myself. Being physically disabled does not hamper my ability to operate a successful business. I don’t see myself as disabled, but just facing more obstacles than others that I need to overcome.”

 Elchonon is truly a brave young man - and a real smart mensch - and his tale is a religious inspiration to all.

 So Charles Dickens, how’s that for a great holiday story?

*Reprinted from Matzav.com. The article was originally published in the December 8, 2011 edition of The South Florida Sun-Sentinal, published in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.*

**A Long Day for Morgenstern**

**By Mike Indgin**

 “Don’t even try it, old coot!” The woman in the convertible Cadillac stepped on the gas, thwarting Morgenstern’s latest attempt to merge into traffic.

 “That wasn’t very nice,” muttered Morgenstern. He had been trying to proceed for ten minutes, but no one wanted to let an 80-year-old man in an old [Dodge Dart](http://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/print/true/aid/2677/jewish/A-Long-Day-for-Morgenstern.htm) in front of them. Eventually, a red light stopped the parade of vehicles long enough for him to edge onto S. Vicente Boulevard. “Everyone is in such a hurry,” he said, as honking and cursing drivers passed him like he was standing still.

**Not Having a Very Good Morning**

 Morgenstern wasn’t having a very good morning. It was only 10 AM, but already he had been yelled at by a movie producer who didn’t like how long Morgenstern was taking to order his nonfat latte, and nearly run down by a fast-walking new mom with a jogger [stroller](http://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/print/true/aid/2677/jewish/A-Long-Day-for-Morgenstern.htm).

 Now he was carefully pulling into the library parking lot. A space loomed in front of him. In the moment it took to put on his turn signal, a car zoomed into the spot from the other direction. The young man got out of his BMW and rushed towards the door without a look back at the white-haired gent he had just cut off.

Inside, Morgenstern mustered up his courage to confront the man. “That was my parking space,” said Morgenstern. “Bite me,” said the man. Before Morgenstern could answer, he was gone. Morgenstern shook his head.

**An Important High-Ranking**

**Aklusian Planet Evaluator**

 Of course, Morgenstern wasn’t really 80 years old. He wasn’t even a man. He was an Aklusian. And not just any Aklusian. A high-ranking Aklusian Planet Evaluator, sent to Earth to determine if it was a threat to the Aklusian colony on Mars. So far all signs pointed to “yes.”

 Aklus was a small planet on the other side of the Milky Way. Over the centuries, the Aklusians had found it necessary to colonize uninhabited celestial bodies across the galaxy. One of the most spectacular colonies was Le Chateau du Glaxtinshpiel on Mars. The gardens alone would leave you breathless. Obviously, you could never see these gardens, because the colony is invisible to the human eye.

 Not even an invisible colony can stay hidden for long. Would-be attackers with the proper instruments could expose Le Chateau in all its glory. The Aklusians knew it was only a matter of time before Earth sent another rover to Mars and discovered one of their Olympic-sized swimming pools or prize-winning rosebushes. If Earthlings were generally a warring people, they would soon be pointing their missiles towards the sky.

**A Dangerous and Lethal Sneeze**

 The best defense is a good offense, so the Aklusian High Council called upon Morgenstern. If he found that Earthlings act primarily out of aggression, he would simply sneeze without covering his nose. The virus in his sneeze was so lethally concentrated that the entire world population would be dead in hours. The gardens of Le Chateau du Glaxtinshpiel would be safe for future generations to enjoy.

 Morgenstern shuffled up the stairs to the library’s second floor. He was the best at what he did. He knew all the warning signs of an angry planet. Yet he was never one to rush to judgment. The annihilation of a global population was nothing to sneeze at. He would wait until the end of the day to make his decision.

**Researching on a Computer**

 He sat down at a computer and punched the word “peace” into a search engine. The search results revealed 1587 sites for peace. He then typed the word “war” and hit the return key. 4221 sites were found. Not a good sign.

 A loud voice behind him made him jump. “Hey, Mister, you gonna be there all day?” He turned to face a teenage boy with pierced eyebrows. “Yeah, you, old guy.” Observing the actions of a child was one of Morgenstern’s favorite ways to predict a planet’s future. He suddenly felt his nose getting itchy.

**Driving Towards the Ocean**

 Morgenstern drummed his fingers on the steering wheel as he drove towards the ocean. The sky was alight with streaks of orange and yellow. “Sure is nice here,” he sighed. In his mind he saw a sprawling invisible Aklusian resort and tennis club atop the S. Monica mountains.

 Dusk was approaching. Morgenstern drove slowly, carefully surveying the suburban neighborhood. Night was when a creature’s true colors were revealed. If they were a predatory species, these humans would use the cover of darkness for their darkest deeds.

 Suddenly a flickering light caught his eye. Morgenstern turned his head. Someone had placed two lit candles in their front window. A few doors down, another pair of candles glowed from a mantel next to an open door. He pulled over to the curb. This hadn’t been in the scouting report.

 He walked gingerly towards the door, keeping an eye peeled for pit bulls, muggers, and mothers pushing jogger strollers. He reached the porch safely and pressed the doorbell.

**A Young Girl Answers the Doorbell**

 A young girl came to the entryway. “Can I help you?”

 “I saw the candles in the window. Are they for decoration?”

 “That’s our menorah. It’s the first night of Chanukah.”

 “Chanukah?”

 “The Festival of Lights. It celebrates the Maccabees’ victory over the Greeks.”

 “Victory, eh?”

 A voice came from inside the house. “Who’s that, Sarah?”

 “A nice man,” said Sarah, smiling. It was the first smile Morgenstern had received all day.

**Invited to Join the Party**

 Her mother came to the door. “Oh, hello. Would you care to join us?”

 Two hours, three helpings of brisket and a dozen *latkes* later, Morgenstern had heard the whole story of Judah and the Maccabees. But what interested him the most was the menorah. “So you place it near the doorway to publicize the Chanukah miracle?”

 Sarah’s father answered him. “And also to let everyone who passes by see the light that comes from freedom, and from truth.

 “What truth?”

**The Lesson that Good Always Triumphs**

 “That good will always triumph. That light will always conquer darkness.”

 Morgenstern’s voice grew quiet. “But there’s so much darkness here.”

Sarah’s dad smiled. “Yes, there is a lot of darkness in the world, but without darkness, there would be nothing to illuminate. I believe darkness exists only to be turned into light.”

 Morgenstern turned to little Sarah. “What do you think, Sarah?”

 She replied, “Candles are pretty. They’re little lights of love.”

 A sneeze rang out across the table. It was Sarah’s mom.

 “Bless you,” said Morgenstern. He stood up to leave, graciously thanking his hosts.

 Just before midnight, a barefoot Morgenstern stood at the ocean’s shore. The pellet of antimatter in his hand would find a wormhole in the sea foam and expand it long enough for him to make the time leap safely back to Aklus. He took one last look at the starry skies of planet Earth, and dove into the cold water.

**What’s the Verdict on the Earth People**

 Ten milliseconds later, he was standing at attention before the Aklusian High Council. Their fearless leader, Gloria, addressed her favorite Planet Evaluator.

 “So, what’s the verdict on these Earth people? Warmongers or peacemakers?”

 “They’re more than peacemakers. They’re lightmakers.” Morgenstern removed his human skinsuit, saluted and left. He had a date to take his kids to the invisible zoo.

*Reprinted from this week’s email of Chabad.Org Magazine.*

**What's In a Name?**

 NACHMAN means "comforter." Rav Nachman bar Yaacov was a noted 4th century Babylonian scholar. Rabbi Nachman bar Yitzchak, a later Babylonia scholar and dean of Pumbadita, owed his greatness to his mother:

 An astrologer told her that he would grow up to be a thief. So she made sure that he always wore a head-covering (which serves as a reminder that G-d is above) and reminded him, "Cover your head so that you will fear G-d; always pray for His mercy that you should not be overcome by your evil impulses."

 Rabbi Nachman heeded his mother's advice and became one of the greatest Sages of his generation.

 NAVA means beautiful or pleasant.

*Reprinted from last week’s edition of “L’Chaim,” a publication of the Lubavitch Youth Organization.*