



The Death Camp Matzah Squad

By Asharon Baltazar

In the days preceding Passover, the war was nearing its end. The relentless droning of American aircraft filled the German skies, followed by the whistling hail of bombs that pounded the Mühldorf railway complex into rubble.

Spared of destruction were the nearby forced labor camps where we toiled under the harshest conditions. We prisoners celebrated this mighty display of Allied destruction, but the anxiety of our German overseers ran high. The railway was vital to the war efforts, and orders were issued to immediately repair the damage. The Germans decided to send a group of 12 Jewish slaves to begin the cleanup.

I [Moshe Goldstein] volunteered to go. I knew the work would be excruciating but I hoped that perhaps I would find some food amidst the rubble.

We arrived at a scene of utter devastation. Freight cars lay on their sides, smoke rising from gaping holes. Stretches of railing were ripped off the ground and tossed aside in twisted heaps. Nearly every building suffered extensive damage. It was clear some of the cars were unrepairable.

I managed to disappear between the rows of trains that were still upright. It took a while, but I eventually found a boxcar from Hungary loaded with wheat in burlap sacks. Wheat! And so close to Pesach! G d had granted us a good start, but how could I possibly smuggle the wheat into the camp?

A faint groan from amid the wheat sacks caught my attention. There, in a dark corner of the boxcar, lay a man, crushed by the enormous weight of the grain. The man mumbled something more, which I recognized as Hungarian, my native tongue. I saw he wore the gray uniform of an SS officer.

"What happened?" I asked.

The SS officer moaned weakly about being pinned under the sacks.

"I understand. Let me help you."

As I approached, I noticed the officer's boots, deep black in color and luxurious in appearance. On my own were bits of tattered leather, barely held together.

"I'm going to take off your shoes," I said. "That way, you'll feel less restrained, and then we'll see what we can do."

Once I had undone the laces, I slipped the heavy boots off. Then, wielding whatever strength and hate I could muster, I swung at the man's head. I took the boots and continued my search.

I knew I did not have much time and I needed to think of a way to bring in as much wheat as possible without the guards knowing. Lugging

the sacks through the main gates didn't even occur to me; the wheat would be confiscated and I would be shot without a second thought.

I rummaged around some more, and discovered two pairs of pants. I put them on and cinched the bottoms around my ankles with some rope. I was then able to pour a small quantity of wheat into the space between the two pairs of pants. Once my legs were filled with as much wheat as I dared carry, I began the long walk back to the camp.

The bombings left the Germans rattled and fearful, and for the initial days following the air raid, the inspection of prisoners at camp gates was enforced almost half-heartedly. I was thus able to smuggle in a fairly large amount of wheat.

We had wheat, but now what?

Reb Sender Direnfeld, a fellow inmate and a Belzer Chassid, offered to hide the wheat, and amazingly, he managed to keep it away from prying German eyes.

Later, an old mill was procured from somewhere. The three of us - Reb Yekusiel Halberstam (the Klausenburger Rebbe), Yaakov Friedman and I (Moshe Goldstein) - ground the wheat in the dead of night, and using a clean piece of cloth, sifted the flour from grit.

Next we needed fuel for a fire.

During one stint in the field, I asked everyone to find a stick and carry it back to the camp. The branches were conspicuous and caught the attention of a German guard. He motioned me over.

"Why is everyone with a stick?"

"What difference does it make? People want to walk around with a stick," I answered.

We had flour and we had fuel. We were ready to bake matzah.

One night just before Passover, we set about baking matzah. Near the barrack door stood a prisoner, standing guard with fearful eyes.

We lit a fire under a metal can which functioned as our oven, and the matzah baking under Nazi noses - began. We three mixed the flour and kneaded the dough. We worked quickly, not only because of the strict 18 minute limit, but also because of the ever-present danger of being caught. We ended up with 20 small matzahs.

On Pesach eve, after returning from work, our small group sat down for the Seder. On wooden slats around us lay sleeping bodies, exhausted from the relentless work. For those celebrating, the hardships of the Holocaust and daily camp life melted away as we experienced the Biblical redemption from Egypt. Unable to sit for long, we each ate an olive - sized piece of matzah, the taste of tears mingling with the matzah crumbs in our mouths.

We could not sit leisurely and recite the Haggadah, but in those moments we each prayed - more fervently than ever before, or ever since - the words that still ring in my ears: "Next year in Jerusalem."

Reprinted from an email of Chabad.org.

It Once Happened...

The Last Clean Cup

By Rabbi Yerachmiel Tilles

Every year, members of the Baal Shem Tov's household purchased a large quantity of new cups to be used for the duration of the Passover holiday. The glasses that were to be used would first be immersed in a mikvah, following Jewish law.

The glasses came in a variety of shapes and sizes. And in classic Jewish legal sources, there is a system for measuring liquids, with specific names for the various amounts. In the Baal Shem Tov's home, the glasses were referred to by the Jewish name for the amount of liquid they were able to contain. Thus, a glass that contained 3-4 ounces was called a *revi't* glass, etc.

Before Passover, the Baal Shem Tov would look through the glasses and instruct which cups could be set upon the table and which should be set aside. He provided no reasons for his directives, but everyone understood that his reasoning was a product of his exalted spiritual level.

The first seven days of Passover, passed, and then came the special final meal on Passover, known as "Moshiach's Meal," was special. It was open to the public; everyone who passed through the sage's door was free to enter and partake of the festivities.

One year, before Moshiach's Meal began, the Baal Shem Tov instructed that a certain cup be removed from the table because it had not been immersed. Later, during the meal, a newcomer entered and asked for some wine. "Sorry," he was told, "but there are no more clean cups."

"What do you mean?" he asked with surprise, pointing to the cup that had been set aside. "I see a clean cup right over here that no one is using!"

"Oh," he was told, "that cup has not been immersed in the mikvah and must not be used."

"It doesn't matter," he replied dismissively, reaching for the cup.

At that point, the Baal Shem Tov, who had been silent until this point, interrupted. "He just testified about himself," he declared in a sad tone.

The words were mysterious to everyone aside from the man himself. Hearing the Rebbe's caring words of rebuke, he admitted his shortcoming. It was true. He and his wife were not particular about the laws of family purity, which require a previously menstruant woman to immerse in a mikvah before being intimate with her husband.

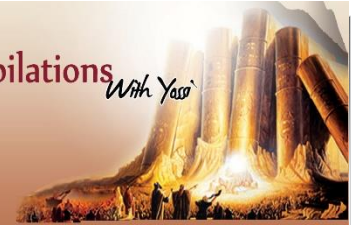
Inspired by this revelation of the Baal Shem Tov's extraordinary holiness, the couple resolved to mend their ways.

Reprinted from an email of KabbalaOnline.org.



Shabbat Times - Parshat Tzav

	Candle Lighting	Motzei Shabbat	Motzei Shabbat ר"ת
 Jerusalem	6:22	7:35	8:16
Tel Aviv	6:37	7:37	8:13
Haifa	6:29	7:37	8:15
Be'er Sheva	6:39	7:37	8:15



The Dubno Maggid and the Wealthy Torah Scholar
By Rabbi Yehuda Winzelberg

The Dubno Maggid once went on a fundraising mission, and he came to the home of a particular Talmid Chacham (Torah Scholar), who was also quite wealthy. The wealthy man was honored to have the Dubno Maggid visit him.

Prior to asking for a contribution, the Maggid began with a Halachic discussion on the Halachos of Tzedakah (charity). The man was very pleased to talk in learning, and he added his own thoughts to the conversation. This went on for a while.

Every time the Maggid presented a Torah thought about Tzedakah, the man added a thought of his own. The Maggid realized that while they were having a lively discussion, the purpose of his visit had not been fulfilled, and the man did not pick up on the fact that since they were talking about Tzedakah, he should consider offering a donation to the Dubno Maggid.

Finally, the Maggid looked at his wealthy host and said, "Let me share a story with you. In a distant country, there is a community where the people had never seen an onion. One day, a traveler came to this community and brought with him an onion. The people were very excited with this wonderful discovery and thanked him abundantly. They presented him with gifts and money to show their appreciation to him. They

took the onion and planted it, and soon, they were able to harvest many onions.

Word spread that this community had generously rewarded the traveler that had introduced them to onions. Someone recognized this, and thought to himself that this might be a good way for him to secure some funds, and he looked to see if there was anything else that these people had not seen yet. When he realized what they were lacking, he traveled to this country and presented them with his new discovery: poppy seeds!

The people were overjoyed with this new gift. They realized that they must offer a reward for this great new find. What would be the best gift to give this man for his wonderful present? They could only give their most valued commodity, and they presented the man with a large box of onions!

The man was disappointed with the gift and said, "I did not come here for onions. I came for money."

The Dubno Maggid told the man, "It is the same with me, my dear host. While I greatly appreciate the brilliant Torah thoughts that you have shared with me, I have come here, however, for something else. I am here to collect some funds. Can you please contribute generously?"

Indeed, the man gave a very generous donation!

Reprinted from an email from Torah U'Tefilah.

Many reasons are given for this Shabbat being called Shabbat Hagadol. The one that I identify with most strongly, is the fact that we find with a lot of our important Shabbatot of the year, they take their names from a key word in the Torah reading or the Haftorah of that day. For example, Shabbat Chazon, Shabbat Zachor, Shabbat Nachamu and Shabbat Shuvah.

And similarly, in our Haftorah for Shabbat HaGadol, we have the words of the Prophet Malachi, who declares: הנה אנוכי שולח לכם את אליהו הנביא, 'behold' says Hashem, 'I sent to you Elijah the Prophet', לפני בוא יום ה' הגדול והנורא, 'before that great and awesome day of Hashem'. Here we are referring to the great day of the coming of the Moshiach, and seeing as we read it on this Shabbat, this Shabbat takes its name from that term and becomes 'Shabbat HaGadol'.

And then the Prophet continues, והשיב לב אבות על בנים ולב בנים על אבותם, 'the hearts of parents will inspire their children and the hearts of children will inspire their parents'.

Here is a description of a remarkable phenomenon, one in which we don't only find children being influenced by their parents, but in addition to that, parents being influenced by their children. And I believe that this is exactly what is happening within the Jewish world, today.

Thanks to our outstanding educational systems, we are finding so many children now, moving ahead of their parents in terms of their Jewish knowledge and observance.

If that happens, parents should not take this as a rejection, but on the contrary, as a compliment to them because they want their children to grow and develop as individuals and as responsible Jews.

And they should always strive to be one step ahead, to know more than their children, to enable their children, to inspire and to be role models for them.

So, therefore, let us celebrate Shabbat HaGadol, this 'great Shabbat', which is within התקופה הגדולה, this 'great era' of which we are a part of and let us pray that the words of Malachi will come about speedily in our time – לפני בוא יום ה' הגדול והנורא, 'when we will experience the great day of the Ultimate Redemption' and let's pray for our medical personnel, soldiers and police who go out to protect us, and for those who need healing, shidduchim, children or parnassah, and may we be blessed to have the most awesome, gorgeous, beautiful, peaceful, happy, healthy, amazing, relaxed, spiritual, sweet Shabbat and Happy and Kosher Pesach.

Yossi

The Jewish Weekly's
PARSHA FACTS

NUMBER OF MITZVOT: 18
MITZVOT ASEH: 9
MITZVOT LO TAASEH: 9

NUMBER OF PESUKIM: 97 (Some sources say that TZAV has 96 pesukim.)
NUMBER OF WORDS: 1353
NUMBER OF LETTERS: 5096

This year, (5783 / 2023) Tzav is a special Shabbat. It is Shabbat HaGadol: (Lit. 'the Great Shabbat');

Some say the Shabbat preceding Pesach is called Shabbat HaGadol because it was the day when the Jews were to take the sheep to be used for the Korban Pesach four days later.

After nine plagues, the Egyptians were powerless to react to the slaughter of one of their gods. The Bnei Yisrael, of course, didn't know this, and therefore displayed tremendous faith in Hashem prior to Yetziat Mitzrayim. We remember this event with a special Haftorah, Malachi 3:4 - 24, where again great faith and trust in Hashem is emphasized. The Haftorah concludes with the call to remember the teachings of Moshe and informs us that Hashem will send Eliyahu Hanavi to herald the great and awesome day when Bnei Yisrael will again experience redemption. This is yet another possible reason for the name Shabbat HaGadol, - that "great day" mentioned in the Haftorah.

Whatever the reason for the name, it is customary to recite part of the Haggadah on Shabbat HaGadol, from " עבדים היינו - Avadim Hayinu" to " על עונותינו Lechaper Al Kol Avonoteinu."

HAFTORA: Malachi II 3:4-24 (repeating verse 23 at the end).

Pesach starts Wednesday, April 5, 2023.

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an awesome and amazing
Pesach
The Jewish Weekly
and Family Fraenkel