

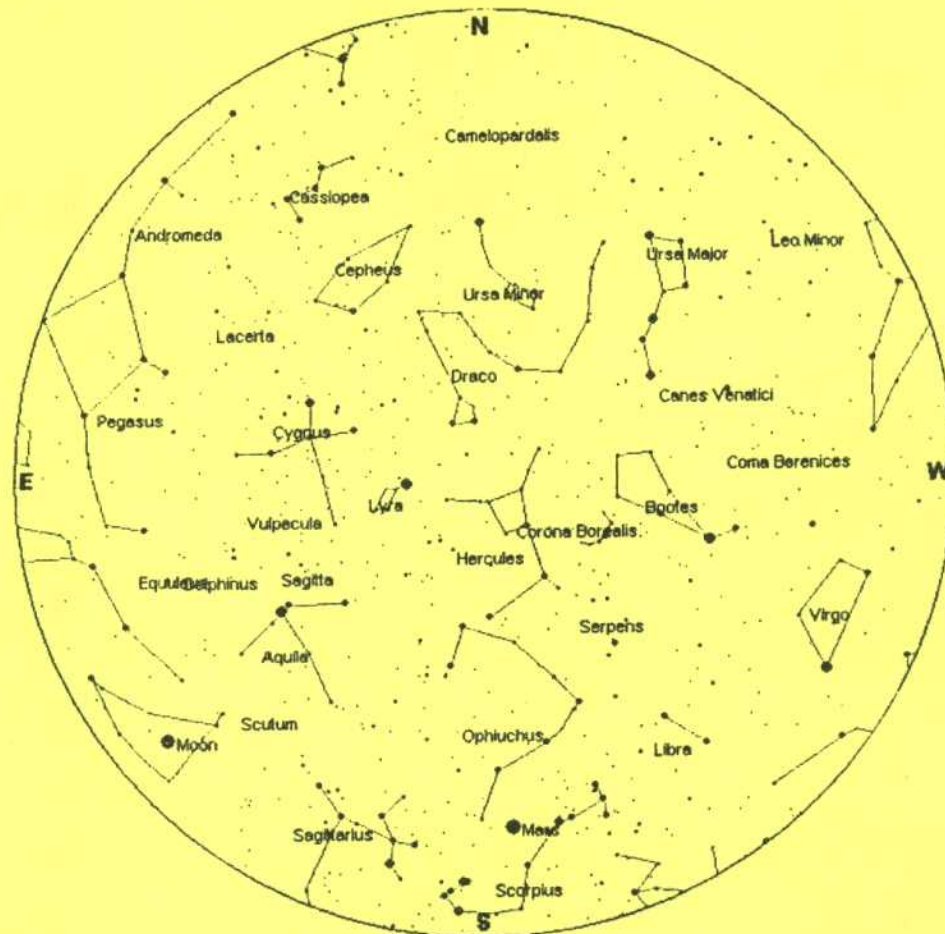
Shalhevet

Friday, August 3, 2001
14 Av 5761

Erev Shabbat Nachamu, Parshat Vaetchanan

Stargazing at Camp Morasha

Did you ever gaze at the heavens in camp and wonder about the stars? Here's your chance to learn about them. The sky chart below is how our sky will look on Friday night at 9:30 PM camp time. When you finish your Shabbat meal, pick a good spot for stargazing and see if you can spot the constellations. Ursa major, (the big dipper) is fairly easy to find. See if you can find Cassiopea, which looks like a "W", and Mars, which looks like a really bright star. Keep on going from there. Happy stargazing!



Inside: Behind the scenes at the canteen, Story of the week, Contest results, Ask A Rabbi, This week in the world, This week in sports, Weather forecast, Roving reporter, and much more!

This Week in Camp

The two big events this week were Tisha B'av on Sunday, and Trip Day on Tuesday. Every division had someplace exciting to go!

Nitzis went to Skate Estate, saw the movie *Shrek*, and shopped at Wal-Mart.

Older Shtilim, Younger Ilanot, and Yachad went to Dorney Park.

Alufim and Alufot went to Lancaster and Hershey Park.

Machon went to Niagara Falls and Toronto.

Here are some details of the **Younger Shtili and Older Ilanot** trips!

Younger Shtili Trip

By Eytan Austein and Burry Klein

The younger Shtilim had a great time at the mall, Fun and Games, and the movie *Cats and Dogs*.

At Fun and Games, everyone had a blast! We all got awesome prizes.

In the mall, there were so many stores, we didn't know what to do first. Kids went to Abercrombie and Fitch, KB Toys, The Wall, and lots more!

At the movie, everyone got popcorn. The movie was okay.

We thank all staff who put in their time and effort to make this trip possible.

Older Ilanot Trip

By: Anonymous Older Ilanot Girls

On Trip Day we went to the Homowack and Woodbourne. We ate lunch, got rooms, and went swimming in a *real* outdoor pool. We played tennis, basketball, bowling, arcade, watched soap operas on TV, and took normal showers.

After we davened mincha, we went to Woodbourne for pizza, and visited the bakery and candy store. It was fun. We hung out the whole day!

Name the Sailboats Contest!

As we all know, Camp Morasha has four new sailboats. All are in need of names. Can you help?

Write down your suggestions, along with your name and bunk number, and submit your entry in the Shalhevet box in the library by noon on Wednesday, August 8. If your entry is selected by our panel of esteemed judges, the sailboats will receive the names you chose, and you will receive \$2 worth of merchandise from the Morasha canteen. This contest is open to campers and staff. In case of duplicate entries, award will be given to entry received first.

Don't delay! Opportunities like this don't come up every day!

This Week's Parsha:

Vaetchanan, Shabbat Nachamu

Light Candles: 6:56

Shabbat Ends: 8:03

Weather Forecast: (As of Wed):

Friday: Partly cloudy with isolated thunderstorms ending late and becoming clear. Highs in the low 80s and lows in the upper 50s.

Saturday: Partly cloudy. Skies becoming clear late. Highs in the upper 70s and lows in the upper 50s.

Sunday: Sunny. Highs in the upper 70s and lows in the upper 50s.

This Week in the World

Pass the Purple Ketchup! This week, the Heinz Company made a monumental announcement: In September, we'll be able to buy purple ketchup.

The Heinz Company is building on the success of last year's "Blastin' Green" ketchup, which sold more than 10 million bottles in seven months.

Heinz promises the ketchup keeps the company's signature taste and recipe, with a little Blue No. 1 and Red No. 3 thrown in to shade the condiment. The company still makes its traditional red.

-The Associated Press

New no-smoking law in Israel

On August 1, a new law went into

effect in Israel that prohibits smoking in all public places around the country.

The law prohibits smoking in hospitals and medical clinics, elementary schools, and all public areas in shopping malls.

-The Jerusalem Post

For more of the latest news from Israel, see the bulletin boards in the Dining Room, HC's, or outside the Library

This Week in Sports

By Oscar Madison

The Yanks had another great week, winning eight in a row. The Yanks are gearing up for their fourth championship in a row with a typical hot July. They were active in the trade market by reacquiring southpaw Sterling Hitchcock.

The Mets threw in the towel on their pathetic season by saying good-bye to All-Star Rick Read. They did bolster their lineup by acquiring Matt Lawton.

In cycling, Lance Armstrong continued to defy the odds by winning his third straight Tour de France. Armstrong, a cancer survivor, continues to inspire all.

Correction: Last week's poem, "The Oyster," was submitted by Rabbi Neil Fleischmann, but its author is unknown.

Story of the Week

The Never-Ending Story

By Stewart Weiss, *The Jerusalem Post*, 4/20/96

You might walk past it a thousand times - even tread directly upon it - and yet you would probably never take note of it. Amid the silent hills and grassy quietude of Mt. Herzl, a gentle spring wind blows over the grave of one Baruch Shapiro. Barely an echo of his name remains. But the story of Baruch Shapiro, now itself buried by the years, begs to be retold.

For his story mirrors the struggle of a whole people, encapsulating what it means to live - and die - as a proud Jew in the modern State of Israel. Baruch was the last remaining son of Chaim Shapiro, native of Cracow and survivor of Auschwitz. By a combination of faith, strength, and luck, Chaim lived through the unspeakable hell of the death camp, emerging from it along with his son Baruch. Chaim's wife and five other sons were less fortunate. They perished together with the multitudes of Jews we now refer to as the Six Million.

In a pitiful state, confused and shattered, father and son came here, along with thousands of other remnants of the ovens, to build a new life and restore hope. But their dream of piecing together a new beginning would have to be delayed. Arriving on the shores of Palestine, young Baruch - now 18 years old - was handed a gun and a uniform, and drafted into what would become the Israel Defense Forces.

There were those who planned to finish what the Nazis had begun, and a new war was about to erupt. Chaim watched his son go off to war along with the other young men, and he tried to put his fears and foreboding out of his mind, busying himself with the difficult task of hewing out a place in the gritty new country now battling for its first breaths of air.

It was in the latter stages of the War of Independence that Baruch Shapiro fell, on the road to Jerusalem, defending the capital. He had distinguished himself throughout the war, and died guarding his post from enemy advance. When a young captain informed Chaim of the death of his son, the father uttered not a word. He simply nodded silently and folded the official notification over and over in his hand.

Many hundreds of friends and comrades came to Baruch's funeral. The Chief of Staff was also there, for he had heard of the young man's distinguished service in his unit. An overwhelming sense of loss had pervaded the day, for those assembled knew of the unique circumstances of the Shapiro family and wished to demonstrate their solidarity with the aging father whose family line had come to a sudden, tragic end.

Psalms and prayers were recited as Baruch's commanding officer eulogized him as an exemplary soldier. But when the flag-draped body was lowered into the grave, Chaim Shapiro suddenly began to sing, quietly at first, then more loudly. He sang "*Am Yisrael Chai*" over and over. Then he began to dance,

grabbing some of Baruch's friends, and pulling them into a Hora. The crowd looked on in horror, sure the father had lost his mind. Clearly the enormity of the loss of his last remaining child had finally pushed him over the brink. Those standing closest to Chaim tried to calm him down, to console him. The Chief of Staff put his arms around him and urged him to sit down. But Chaim pushed the general away, and carried on singing and dancing.

After several minutes, the elderly man turned to the crowd and began to speak. "I am sure you think I have gone quite mad," he began, "but I assure you that I am in complete control of my faculties. I know you think it outrageous that I should sing at my boy's burial, but I want to explain why nothing could be more appropriate."

The crowd stood mesmerized. "You see," the father went on, "when the rest of my family were murdered in Poland by the Germans, their lives ended in silence. They vanished, in the wink of an eye. They were snuffed out like candles, and no one saw or heard. No one took notice of who they were, what they had done, or what their lives had meant."

"To live and die in Poland was an empty and barren experience, containing only sadness and regret. It was a waste of precious life. But this son," Chaim continued, pointing at the grave, "this son is different. Baruch lived to walk upon the holy earth of *Eretz Yisrael*, and he died defending Jerusalem. Jerusalem! A place we never dreamed we would see in our lifetimes. Baruch gave his life for all the people of Israel, so they could be free, and safe, and independent."

"That is not the waste of a life. It is the celebration of a life. And that is why I sing today, as I say shalom to my son. And that is why all of you should sing with me."

With that, Chaim Shapiro began to sing "*Am Yisrael Chai*" once more, and the assembled throng began to join in, until every voice in the cemetery was raised in a surrealistic song of sadness and joy, the tears of each emotion mingled on every face. For a long time they sang thus together, until the hills of Jerusalem themselves seemed to be joining in the chorus.

You might walk past the grave of Baruch Shapiro a thousand times, even tread directly upon it, and probably take no notice. A gentle wind blows on the grave, and the story of Baruch Shapiro is no more than a fading memory, a distant echo. But the epic story of the Jewish people goes on, unabated. It is a story written in the blood of our young men and women, on pages of pain and heroism, engraved in stone with quills of iron will. That story describes a profound stoicism and suffering, one that cannot be contained. It must inevitably burst out into song and dance, until we all affirm: *Am Yisrael Chai*.

Ask A Rabbi

This Week's Questions: If you drip cherry Italian ices on your shirt on Shabbat, can you rub out or use water to remove the stain? And can you brush dust off your dark clothes on Shabbat?

Answer: No and no. One of the 39 categories of *melacha* is *melaben*, so one is not permitted to remove stains, and certainly not with water. Dust is more of a question, but according to the Rema, dust is considered something in the fabric itself, so it's also prohibited.

Now if ketchup spills on you, you can certainly remove the excess ketchup. That's okay, because it's removing the excess. The rule is that if the stain is internal, it's prohibited, and if it's external, it's permitted.

Question: So what *can* you do about those cherry ices stains on Shabbat?

Answer: Wear an apron. Or eat lemon ices. Or change your shirt.

- Rabbi Mordechai Willig

Campers and staff are invited to submit questions in the Shalhevet box, located in the library.

This Week in the Parsha

This week's parsha presents us with what is the most famous portion in the entire Torah, the *aseret hadibrot*, or *aseret hadevarim*.

Our *mefarshim* have debated for centuries why Hashem chose these *dibrot* to communicate to Moshe on Har Sinai. One of those explanations is that the *aseret hadibrot* represent the various ways in which we perform the mitzvot and relate to the world: by way of our intellect (mind), speech, and actions.

The first *dibrah*, *Anochi*, for example, must start from a cognitive commitment to Hashem. The third, *lo tisa*, addresses our ability to use the spoken word correctly. The fifth, honoring parents, informs us how we must act, namely, treat our parents with respect.

The same division is true of the second side of Moshe's *luchot*.

The *aseret hadibrot*, therefore, are "representative mitzvot," in that they present us with various mitzvot which start from the three different ways in which we relate to the world. The message is clear: Hashem wants us to bring an awareness of Him into all the ways in which we interact with this world: with our intellect, speech, and actions.

-Rabbi Raymond Harari