



Ohr Yerushalayim News

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F NEWS ... LATEST NEWS ... LATEST

מזל טוב

Mazel Tov to the Rov and Rebbetzin on the wedding of their granddaughter in Gateshead.

Mazel Tov to Mr & Mrs Malcolm Fagelman on the Aufruf this Shabbos in Vine Street of their son, Nechemia. The Kehilla is invited to a Kiddush after Davenning in Vine Street hall from 11.45.

Mazel Tov to Mr & Mrs Meir Possenheimer on the engagement of their daughter, Gila, to Avrumi Sandler (of Gateshead).

Mazel Tov to Mr & Mrs Simcha Shadmi on the birth of a granddaughter, born to Mr & Mrs Chaim Gruzman.

Mazel Tov to Mr & Mrs Bobby Graham on the birth of a grandson, born to Mr & Mrs Yanky Graham. The Sholom Zochor takes place at 91 Cavendish Road.

Kiddush This Shabbos

There will be a Kiddush this Shabbos after davenning which is sponsored by Dr & Mrs Leon Bernstein in honour of the recent wedding of their daughter, and birth of a granddaughter.

Melava Malka

The 15th Anniversary Ohr Yerushalayim Melava Malka was celebrated in style last Motzei Shabbos, chaired by Josh Shields in his inimitable style.

The overall theme of the evening addressed the importance of achdus, which The Rov stressed, drawing on a simple yet powerful philosophy of "one for all and all for one".

A few brave souls argued for their pet hates to be consigned to "room 101".

Yitzchok Douek was then called upon for his thoughtful words regarding the Ovos and the evening was closed by Rabbi Dovid Eisenberg who encouraged greater participation.

Thanks go to the organisers for yet another successful event.

F NEWS ... LATEST NEWS ... LATEST

The Familiarity of Deja Vu

Dani Epstein

Many superlatives have been applied to the Airbus A380, largely due to its astounding size (there you go, that was a superlative). For starters, it's wingspan is roughly the distance from Shefa to Kings road. It's tailfin height is a full five metres greater than a Boeing 747-8, the biggest "Jumbo jet" to date, and six metres more than the Anotonov 225, the worlds biggest cargo aircraft and is equalled only by the Hughes H-4, nicknamed the "Spruce Goose", the largest aircraft ever built. With a maximum seating capacity of 853, it is one of the most complex aircraft constructed.

One can imagine that the blueprints for the design weighed in at several phone-book thick publications, with tens of thousand of pages devoted every aspect of the aircraft, even down to the material and performance specification of the individual nuts and bolts and to which part of the seats they would apply chewing gum.

Now, gentle reader, please imagine this imaginary scenario that I have imagined with my imagination. An engineer – let us refer to him as George – has been tasked with designing the wing box (this is the structure that the wings are bolted on to). In order to accomplish his designated job, George has to read the design specification and design that section accordingly. Bearing in mind the mind-boggling size of the wings, their weight and the stress placed upon them in flight, this is a rather tricky job, and as wings play a reasonably important role in the operation of the aircraft this is equally quite a responsible undertaking. The first test run took place with bated breath, and our protagonist's breath was as bated as anyone else in the airfield.

The silence was shattered and tensioned heightened as the scream of four Trent 970/B turbofan engines at full thrust heralded the first trip down the runway. With a combined thrust of 1496kn – 336000lbf in old money – the vast aircraft lumbered down the runway steadily picking up speed. Finally, just before the point of no return, the engines were throttled back and the brakes were applied.

Time and time again, the pilots rolled the A380 down the full length of the runway with the engines on full takeoff thrust in order to test the flight worthiness of the airframe by stressing it under actual operating condition.

Finally the point everyone was waiting for arrived: the pilots radioed the engineers who were watching in the tower that they were willing to risk taking off for a brief moment and actually fly the huge aircraft for a few meters.

"V1," squawked the tame Dalek that is embedded inside every modern Flight Management System. "V2, rotate." And for a few seconds it looked like physics was having the day off as almost six hundred metric tons of duralumin, advanced composites, plastic as well as carefully selected and applied pre-chewed chewing gum took to the air.

Well, that ended in a rather unexpected fashion in what is known in the

The Week Ahead

פרשת תצוה	
Candle Lighting	4.48pm
Mincha & Kabbolas Shabbos	4.53pm
Seder HaLimud	8.40am
Shacharis	9.00am
סוף זמן ק"ש	10.02am
Mincha 1st Minyan	1.30pm
Mincha 2nd Minyan	4.37pm
Motzei Shabbos	5.57pm
Ovos uBonim	7.12pm
Sunday	7.15am / 8.20am
Monday / Thursday	6.45am / 7.10am
Tuesday / Wednesday / Friday	6.45am / 7.20am
Mincha & Maariv all week	5.00pm
Late Maariv	8.00pm
Mincha & Maariv Next Shabbos	5.07pm (Shabbos 5.02pm)

aerospace trade as a “technical failure”. The wings first wobbled like crazy and then fell off. Fortunately, no-one was injured in the process, but as one can imagine this was not going to be a stellar career move for our now rather horrified engineer, George.

His supervisor charges in, and in the finest traditions of Marlinspike Hall starts to yell at our hapless engineer in fluent Haddock.

“Billions of Blue Blistering Barnacles! You addle-pated lump of anthracite! Bashi-bazouk! Duck-billed platypus! What were you thinking of?! What were you reading?!”

Poor George cowers in the presence of the flaming countenance of his manager, and struck dumb with terror simply points with a shaking hand to the relevant page of the specification.

“You gibbering anthropoid,” yells the supervisor. “Pestilential Pachyderm! Visigoth! Shipwrecker! That’s not the specification you read, that’s the PREAMBLE! That just explains the THINKING behind the design specification, not WHAT to design!”

Let us draw the curtains on this awful, antagonistic, acerbic and acrimonious scene and move on to sunnier pastures.

Actually, let’s pause briefly for a short anecdote that has absolutely nothing to do with the subject of this article, but I thought to include it on the grounds that I like it and we were just discussing aircraft.

Several years ago the Israelis decided to build their own modern fighter jet, which they dubbed the Lavi. Absolutely ages were spent developing the aircraft, and finally the first prototype was ready for flight testing despite the incredible shortage of chewing gum.

The jet streaked down the runway and try as he might, the pilot was unable get the aircraft off the runway. Up and down the metallised strip went the fighter, and it stayed resolutely in direct contact with terra firma. After an exhaustive investigation it was discovered that the jet was unable to takeoff due to the weight...of all the donor’s plaques.

Please do not adjust your sets, as we will now return to the main programme.

In a few weeks time you might be nodding off slowly during Krias Hatorah of parshas Emor when all of a sudden you might get that feeling of deja-vu all over again. As you jerk your head up and narrowly miss hammering into the shtender behind you, the phrases swimming in front of your eyes describing the Menorah seem eerily familiar. There is a good reason for that, since they are almost a word-for-word replica of the very first verses of this week’s parsha. Quelle surprise.

Funnily enough, you won’t be the first person to notice this. Well, first of all, I am writing about it of course, so there is someone ahead of you already. As it happens, the Ramban, the Abravanel and the Malbim have also notice this, and Rashi hints to this as well, however it’s safe to assume that they were not having a brief kip during leining.

So, why the repetition? The clue to the answer lies in the difference between the way the instruction to Moshe is delivered.

This week’s sedrah starts off with **וְאֵתָהּ תְצַוֶּה אֶת בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל** which is conventionally translated as “and you shall command the Sons of Israel”, whereas in Emor we read **צַו אֶת בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל** which seems to mean much the same, quite frankly, if we are to believe Artscroll.

This does not really help clear up our little mystery until we discover the subtle differences between the two modes of instruction: **תְצַוֶּה** versus **צַו**, which the Abravanel notes is the key to understanding this week’s opening paragraph.

The word **צַו** is an immediately applicable imperative. “Clean up your room now!” (I threw that in for a laugh – have you ever seen that happen? Didn’t think so). **תְצַוֶּה** on the other hand is more of a prediction of what will have to be carried out in the future. And now for an equally implausible and amusing yet thoroughly illustrative example: “You WILL clear up your room this evening.”

Our sad protagonist George was far too hasty in reading the specifications for the wing box. Had he invested the time such a pivotal project requires instead of merely skimming the design guide, he would have realised that there was a preamble and then an actual specification, and that the purpose of the preamble was to illustrate the design philosophy as opposed to providing any actual guidance regarding the design.

Here too, there was a preamble. Prior to the crafting of – **בגדי כהונה** – the clothes of the Kohen Godol – Moshe and all the craftsman required a design philosophy, something that explained the purpose of all their efforts and what the items they were crafting were expected to achieve. At this point, it consisted of explaining what the purpose of all the complex clothing would be, as opposed to instructing Moshe regarding the **מצוה** of lighting the menorah. Rather than simply being a uniform, this clothing was going to perform an essential role in the daily life of the **כהן גדול**, since the **משכן** itself was to serve as a portal for the frailty of mankind to somehow connect to the infinite perfection of Hashem. Every aspect of the structure, every element in every design had to serve towards this purpose.

The Malbim quotes the **מליץ הברשי** (who writes rather poetically that “the fusion of Torah and man is the light of Hashem here on earth, in that the Torah is a blade of fire derived from the Flame that resides in Heaven. Man’s two components – his body and soul – are a torch lit from this celestial fire, the body representing a twisted wick, and the soul pure olive oil. When these two elements are balanced and fused, the light will fill the house”.

This the Malbim parlays into an explanation of the first two verses of this week’s sedrah.

Let’s face it, not everyone would be able to stake a claim to having a body they could honestly argue was a wick ready to receive a flame directly from Hashem. For starters, some of us could do with losing a stone or five. Then there is the olive oil representing the soul. How hard it is to get beyond salad dressing and move on to being **שמן למאור** oil of sufficient purity to be fit for the menorah.

The same struggle we have today played out then. Of all the people available to serve as a **כהן גדול** only one would reach a purity of soul fit to occupy that position. It was therefore critical that his clothing would be a reflection of his inner character.

In order to convey this idea, the craftsman were given the “design philosophy” prior to undertaking any actual work; the oil representing the purity of of soul the wearer was expected to have achieved.

Therefore, the first paragraph of this week’s sedrah is not an instruction regarding the **מצוה** of lighting the Menorah, it is explaining the necessity of the **בגדי כהונה**, the philosophical backdrop to the task at hand. These special clothes were required in order to allow Aharon to perform his service in the **משכן**.

This is why, says the Abravanel, the word **תְצַוֶּה** is used in this week’s sedrah. It is a future imperative. Effectively it is saying:

“Since in the future you will have to instruct your brother Aharon to light the Menorah, make clothes for him that are suitable for the task.”

I have just decided that the Lavi anecdote is actually relevant to the subject matter at hand after all.

You see, the reason there were so many plaques was because each donor wanted to be able to boast about their contribution. “If it had not been for me, the plane would never have had vectored thrust.” “If it had not been for me, the plane would never have had steerable canards.” “If it had not been for me, the plane would never have had a heated coffee cup holder with integral chewing gum tray.”

Had they donated towards the project for purely altruistic reasons, then the plaques would not have been necessary and the plane would have flown the first time round. Maybe a simple painted-on acknowledgement would have been sufficient.

Contrast this to the donors of the **משכן** who the Torah describes as being – **נדבי לב** – donors from the heart. Their personal honour was not the issue, but ensuring the construction of the **משכן** was. Therefore, no plaques were necessary. Even the donations to the **משכן** had to be motivated by the correct reasons, and consequently there was no room for anyone offering gold, silver or other materials for their personal glory.

Now there is the distinct possibility someone might – just by sheer chance – enquire as to whether or not the story with the Lavi jet fighter and the plaques might possibly be genuine. Well, the truth is (ed. you’ve run out of space. Sorry.)