



ב"ה Flame

Edition 8 - Chanukah 5769



This edition of Flame is dedicated to the memory of our dear friend Tony Wynbourne a"h,
together with Rabbi and Mrs Holtzberg hy"d



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message

from the editor.

Welcome to Flame 8 - The Chanukah Edition

I am delighted that Cheryl, Jonathan and Ami have given their permission to dedicate this edition of Flame to our dear friend Tony Wynbourne a"h.

Tony was an inspiration and a pleasure to know and work with and I am honoured to be able to call him a true friend. I, along with everyone who ever came into contact with Tony, will sorely miss him and wish all of his family a Chaim Aruchim.

It is a personal pleasure to feature my Uncle Maurice and Aunty Helen as 'Flame Focus'. As you will read, this remarkable couple have collectively graced this planet for over 18 decades. They continue to earn the love and respect of everyone with whom they come into contact, from the youngest of children to the most eminent Rabbonim, and I am proud to be a part of their family.

Likewise Ronnie Vigar who is our 'Flame of the Future' and a charming young man is going from strength to strength together with our past two 'Flames of the Future' in his studies with Rabbi Yossie and Chanie.

I must say a massive personal thank you to Rabbi Yossie and Chanie who have bestowed upon me the honour of lighting this years giant menorah in Bournemouth Gardens. Please join us for this historic annual event on Monday 22nd December at 6pm for hot latkes, soup and donuts and a vision of me in a high visibility jacket, hard hat and a brave smile which is there to mask my fear of heights.

At the risk of sounding like a broken record, thanks to all our advertisers and page sponsors and to everyone for your very kind comments on Flame 7 which was unanimously hailed as the best one yet. I am confident that this edition will surpass it and hope you enjoy reading it.

Our next edition will be out in time for Purim and Pesach and we have a deadline for articles and adverts of 15th February 2009.

I wish you all a very happy Chanukah.

Duncan Kaye

The Obligation to Illuminate the World



The Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi M. Schneerson, of Righteous Memory.

In the following letter from 1980, the Rebbe addresses participants of public Menorah Lightings in the USA, but its message is applicable today as ever, the world over.

By the Grace of G-d, On the eve of Chanukah, 5741 [1980] Brooklyn, NY

To all Participants in the Public Lighting of the Chanukah Menorah in the USA,

Greeting and Blessing!

Chanukah, the Festival of Lights, recalls the victory - more than 2100 years ago - of a militarily weak but spiritually strong Jewish people over the mighty forces of a ruthless enemy that had overrun the Holy Land and threatened to engulf the land and its people in darkness.

“darkness is not chased away by brooms and sticks, but by illumination...”

The miraculous victory - culminating with the dedication of the Sanctuary in Jerusalem and the rekindling of the Menorah which had been desecrated and

extinguished by the enemy - has been celebrated annually ever since during these eight days of Chanukah, especially by lighting the Chanukah Menorah, also as a symbol and message of the triumph of freedom over oppression, of spirit over matter, of light over darkness.

It is a timely and reassuring message, for the forces of darkness are ever present. Moreover, the danger does not come exclusively from outside; it often lurks close to home, in the form of insidious erosion of time-honored values and principles that are at the foundation of any decent human society.

Needless to say, darkness is not chased away by brooms and sticks, but by illumination. Our sages said, “A little light expels a lot of darkness.”

Intensifying the light

The Chanukah Lights remind us in a most obvious way that illumination begins at home, within oneself and one's family, by increasing and intensifying the light of Torah and Mitzvos in the everyday experience, even as the Chanukah Lights are kindled in growing numbers from day to day. But though it begins at

home, it does not stop there. When one kindles the Chanukah Lights, they are expressly meant to illuminate the “outside,” symbolically alluding to the duty to bring light also to those who, for one reason or another, still walk in darkness.

What is true of the individual is true of a nation, especially this great United States, united under G-d, and generously blessed by G-d with material as well as spiritual riches. It is surely the duty and privilege of this Nation to promote all the forces of light both at home and abroad, and in a steadily growing measure.

Let us pray that the message of the Chanukah Lights will illuminate the everyday life of everyone personally, and of the society at large, for a brighter life in every respect, both materially and spiritually.

With esteem and blessing in the spirit of Chanukah. ■ **Chabad**

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report

from the chairman.

As you will see reported elsewhere in this edition of Flame, we experienced and enjoyed the most wonderful and uplifting tishrei. However, in the all too short a space of time since the celebrations ended, we have been hit by two crushing body blows, both locally and nationally.

The first of these being the untimely passing of our dear friend Tony Wynbourne a"h. Tony was a hard working, dedicated and loyal supporter of Bournemouth Chabad from our very beginning, twenty years ago. He will be sorely missed at our services, on our committee and at our events, and on a personal note, I will miss his humour, friendship and wise counsel.

Whilst still attempting to come to terms with the shock of losing such an integral member of our community, we heard the news of the brutal murder of a beautiful young couple, Rabbi Gavriel and Rivkah Holtzberg HY'D in the terrorist massacre that shook the very heart of Mumbai. This lovely couple, whose mission in life was to bring, joy, happiness, comfort and yiddishkeit to the many locals and visitors who benefited from their warm hospitality, were snatched from this world in the most terrifying of circumstances, by people whose hatred and contempt for human life knew no bounds. This atrocity has shaken the entire world, and in particular the Chabad organisation, our organisation. Despite not knowing this couple personally, each and every man, woman and child connected to the 'Chabad Family' feels a deep sense of loss, sadness and injustice.

Our heads are down, we have been kicked, beaten and brutalised, but we are not broken and never will be. We will undoubtedly climb off the floor, dry the tears, repair the broken hearts and then, we will come back bigger and stronger than ever before. Plans are already underway to raise funds to re-build and enlarge Nariman House, the home of Chabad in Mumbai, and here in Bournemouth, the plans are also well advanced for the building of our own Chabad House.

There is something very special about Chabad, that almost empowers us to create strength from adversity. We become more determined to double our efforts in performing mitzvot, increasing deeds of kindness, giving tzedakah and ensuring we create a light in the world capable of banishing the darkness of evil forever.

We won't be fooled into thinking it will be a simple task, because as Jews, we never seem to have it easy. It will require hard work and commitment from every individual to turn our dream into reality. It's not just our Shluchim that are members of the Rebbe's Army, every one of us that believe in Chabad can be counted along with the many thousands of our colleagues and supporters around the globe. We stand together, united in our challenge.

Believe me, it is a joy and a privilege to be a part of this 'Chabad Family', and if we provide it with strength, we in turn will surely be strengthened.

My thoughts and love are with Cheryl, Jonathan and Ami, together with Moishe'le Holtzberg, an orphan at just two years old, and to the bereaved across the world, I wish you all Chaim Aruchim, and the rest of your days should know only happiness and simchas.

Andrew Kaye

A thought for Chanukah

By Rabbi Yossie Alperowitz
Director, Chabad-Lubavitch of Bournemouth

Did Chanukah happen years ago, or is it happening now?

Looking at the events today you start to wonder. The story of a little candle pushing away the monster of frightening darkness, of human sensibility overcoming terror and brute force, of life and growth overcoming destruction – the battle is very much alive within each of us, and in the world outside us.

It reoccurs at every winter solstice, at every dawn of each day, with every photon of sunlight that breaks through the earth's atmosphere bringing it warmth and life-nurturing energy. With every breath of life, every cry of a newborn child, every blade of grass that breaks out from under the soil every decision to do good in the face of evil to be kind where there is cruelty, to build where others destroy, to move humanity forward when others pull us toward

chaos. And that is Chanukah. Chanukah is an eight-day spiritual journey. Many people know the story of Chanukah – but only as a historical pretext to give gifts and eat latkes. We can call that the body of Chanukah. The soul of Chanukah is its meditation, joy, warmth and light. Not only in our homes with our loved ones, but with the entire world. In this tradition, Chabad presents this historic Menorah Lighting. Our hope is that by igniting our souls, everybody will follow and light the world, one candle at a time

We look forward to having you join us for our 20th Annual Giant Menorah Lighting Ceremony on Monday 22nd December at 6:00 pm at the Bournemouth Pleasure Gardens near the pavilion and making this Chanukah very special. This year the Menorah will be kindled by our Editor, Mr. Duncan Kaye. The choice was simple: Duncan has



done a great job publishing eight editions of Flame, so clearly he is suited for the position of lighting the Menorah of eight flames! This Chanukah, let's light up the Jewish spark in our souls. Let us begin with lighting the Menorah and continue with increased Torah study and Mitzvah observance which are compared to light and FLAME!

May we this merit the day that G-d Almighty Himself will kindle the FLAME of the Jewish people, (Psalms 18:29) causing our light to shine forever, with the coming of Moshiach, speedily in our day! ■ Chabad

COME AND JOIN THE GIANT MENORAH CELEBRATION!

Monday 22nd December
from 6.00pm

Bournemouth Pleasure Gardens

The Chanukah flames will be kindled by
Mr Duncan Kaye, editor of Flame.

• **Hot latkes, soup and donuts**

• **Dreidels and Chanukah gelt!**

Hillary Lewin is a PhD candidate at the Ferkauf Graduate School of Psychology (Yeshiva University) and spent five memorable weeks in Mumbai with Yeshiva University on a Global Health Seminar.

To Rivky and Gabi: My Heroic Friends, Role Models and Family in Mumbai, I Will Miss You Very Much.

Many of you first heard of the Holtzberg family three days ago when news of the Mumbai hostage situation emerged. I feel compelled to write this letter, because I want the world to know who Rivky and Gabi Holtzberg were in life and to tell you what I witnessed of their accomplishments in their brief 28 years on earth. While I am devastated by their death, I am thankful that my life and so many others were touched by their purity, friendship and spirit.

Before I entered the Chabad house in Mumbai, I thought, "What kind of people would leave a comfortable and secure life in a religious community to live in the middle of Mumbai; a dirty, difficult, crowded city?" As I got to know Rivky and Gabi over the course of this past summer, I understood that G-d creates some truly special people willing to devote their lives to bettering the world. I was first welcomed by Rivky, who had a big smile on her face and her baby Moishie in her arms. She ushered me and my fellow travelers into the Chabad house and immediately offered us something to eat and a sofa to rest on. We quickly became good friends. We bonded with the Holtzberg family and the staff at Chabad, including Sandra, the heroine who saved baby Moishie's life. Like his parents, Moishie is a sweet, loving, happy baby. He was so attached to Rivky and Gabi. He got so excited to sing Shabbat Z'mirot (songs) every Friday night with his father, and I could tell by the light on Gabi's face when they were singing together, that he looked forward to it too. It breaks my heart that I can still hear Moishie's voice calling, "Ima, Ima, Ima", and she will no longer be able to hold him or rock him in her arms.

On my second Shabbat at Chabad, Rivky told me there were two Israeli men staying at the house who were just released from an Indian prison. When I saw these men sitting at the dinner table, I was startled. One man had only a front tooth and a raggedy pony tail, and the other looked like an Israeli version of Rambo. I observed the way that Gabi interacted with them and how they were welcomed at the Shabbat table the same way everyone else was, and my fears melted away. Over the course of the night, I learned that these men were not the only prisoners or ex-convicts the Holtzberg's helped. Gabi frequently

brought Kosher meals to Israelis in prison, spent time with them, listened to their life stories, and took them in after their release. I realized that Gabi and Rivky's job was not only to run a Chabad house and provide warm meals and beds for weary Jewish travelers, it was much greater.

The Holtzberg's were running a remarkable operation. They took their jobs as shlichim (emissaries) very seriously. Their lives never stopped. There was no such thing as "personal space" or "downtime". The phones rang constantly, people came in and out like a subway station, and all the while Rivky and Gabi were calm, smiling, warm, and welcomed everyone like family. Rivky spent each day cooking dinner with the chefs for 20-40 people, while Gabi made sure to provide meat for everyone by going to the local markets and shechting (koshering) chickens himself. They also provided travelers with computers for internet access, so that they wouldn't have to pay for internet cafes. They even took care of our laundry.



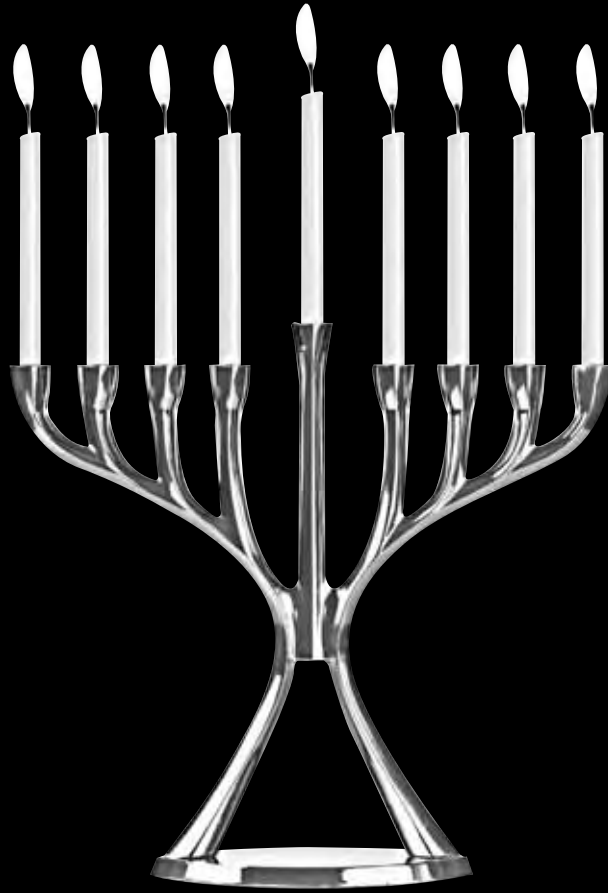
Having spent much time abroad, it was clear to me that Rivky and Gabi were unusual tzadikim (righteous people). On my last Shabbat in India, I slept in Rivky and Gabi's home, the 5th floor of the Chabad house. I noticed that their apartment was dilapidated and bare. They had only a sofa, a bookshelf, a bedroom for Moishie, and a bedroom to sleep in. The paint peeled from the walls, and there were hardly any decorations. Yet, the guest quarters on the two floors below were decorated exquisitely, with American-style beds, expansive bathrooms, air conditioning (a luxury in India) and marble floors. We called these rooms our "healing rooms" because life was so difficult in



Mumbai during the week. We knew that when we came to Chabad, Rivky and Gabi would take care of us just like our parents, and their openness and kindness would rejuvenate us for the week to come. The juxtaposition of their home to the guest rooms was just another example of what selfless, humble people Rivky and Gabi were. They were more concerned about the comfort of their guests than their own.

The Holtzberg's Shabbat table was a new experience each week. Backpackers, businessmen, diplomats and diamond dealers gathered together to connect with their heritage in an otherwise unfamiliar city. We always knew we were in for a surprise where an amazing story would be told, either by Gabi or a guest at the table. For each meal, Gabi prepared about seven different divrei torah (words of torah) to share. Though most of them were delivered in Hebrew (and I caught about 25%), his wisdom, knowledge and ability to inspire amazed me. Rivky and Gabi were accepting of everyone who walked through their doors, and they had no hidden agendas. Rivky once told me that there was one holiday where they had no guests. It was just herself, Gabi and Moishie. I expected her to say how relieved she was not to have guests, but she told me it was, in fact, the only lonely holiday they ever spent in India. I remember asking Gabi if he was afraid of potential terror threats. Although his demeanor was so sweet and gentle, Gabi was also very strong-minded and determined. He told me simply and sharply that if the terrorists were to come, "be my guest, because I'm not leaving this place." Both he and Rivky believed that their mission in Mumbai was far greater than any potential terror threats. Everything Rivky and Gabi did came from their dedication, love and commitment to the Jewish people and to G-d.

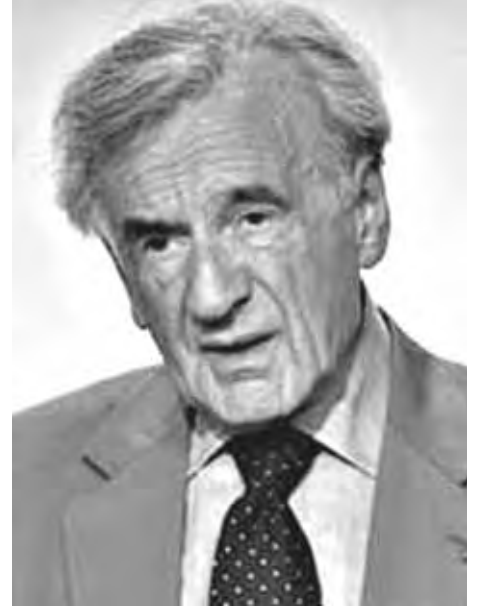
I cannot portray in words how remarkable this couple was. If there is anything practical that I can suggest in order to elevate their souls, please try to light candles this Friday night for Shabbat, improve relationships with family members and friends, try to connect to others the way that Rivky and Gabi did - with love, acceptance and open arms. There is so much to learn from them. May their names and influence live on, and inspire us in acts of kindness and love. ■ Chabad



***BARRY & BONNY COLE
WISH THEIR
FAMILY, FRIENDS
AND ALL CHABAD
A VERY HAPPY
CHANUKAH***

The Jewish People owe the Rebbe a Great Debt

The following is a beautiful Article that was written by Professor Elie Wiesel, the article was first published in a Special publication that was printed honor of Forty years of the Rebbe's Leadership titled "One Hour: Forty Years".



I will always remember my first visit to Lubavitch. It happened some thirty years ago. Though a Chasid of Wizhnitz, I had heard of Chabad and its renowned leader. A foreign correspondent for Israel's evening paper "Yediot Achronot," I had thought of doing a story about the way Lubavitcher chasidim celebrate the liberation of the first or the "Alter" Rebbe, Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Liadi from Czarist prison.

When I left in the early morning hours, I still belonged to Wizhnitz, but I was already caught by something or someone one finds only in Lubavitch.

I remember: in a "shul" that seems both huge and intimate, thousands and thousands of chasidim, young and old, from all over the world, are dancing vertically, as if not moving from their place, yet forcing their rhythm onto the entire universe.

Their eyes closed, they sing as only chasidim can. Ten times, fifty times, they repeat the same words, the same tune, and the song bursts their chests and lights a thousands flames in their eyes before rising higher and higher, up to the seventh heaven, if not higher, to the "Heichel hanegina," source and sanctuary of all songs.

The center is the Rebbe. The Chasid in me looks at him with wonder. There is something melancholy and profoundly moving about his personality. Disturbing and reassuring at the same time. He feels what everyone here feels, he helps all attain the unattainable. In his presence, one feels more Jewish, more authentically Jewish. Seen by him, one comes in closer contact with one's own inner Jewish center.

Am unable to take my eyes off him. His

gaze encompasses everyone and everything. I have rarely witnessed such control of and concern over such a large assembly. Thousands of eyes follow his most imperceptible movements. When he talks, everybody listens breathlessly, absorbing every word, every sigh. When he sighs, the whole world sighs with him and us.

I remember: hours long I stood there, at 770 Eastern Parkway, as in a dream, looking at the Rebbe who was looking at his followers. At times, he smiled and night vanished from their lives. There were moments when he seemed serious and somber. And, between songs, his fervent listeners trembled between fear and hope.

Suddenly I saw myself as a child again. Spending a Shabbat at the court of the Wizhnitzer Rebbe. There, too, the souls became strings and played ancient melodies.

"countless invisible cemeteries separate the past from the present..."

Yet here in Lubavitch it is different. The world is different. Countless invisible cemeteries separate the past from the present. In Lubavitch I think even about Wizhnitz in a different manner. What the Rebbe of Lubavitch is doing, what he is accomplishing here can be felt beyond Lubavitch.

This I came to understand much later. As I began traveling around the country,

I discovered the Rebbe's emissaries in the most forsaken places. Were it not for them and their devotion, were it not for the mission entrusted onto them by the Rebbe, in the forty-two years of his leadership, who knows how many Jewish souls would have been lost to our people.

It is part of the Rebbe's greatness that he knows whom to send where and when. Not all their accomplishments have been made public. Some must remain secret. When they will be revealed, soon, I hope, they will surely increase the existing admiration for the Rebbe's vision.

Thus the Jewish people owe the Rebbe a great debt of recognition and gratitude. I do, too. I have learned much from Lubavitch in Lubavitch.

Had I not participated in the "Chag HaGeula" of Chabad some thirty years ago, I wonder whether I would be who I am now ■ Chabad



Thank you...

Derrick and Anita Cohen presenting Rabbi Yossie with a magnificent Torah cover in memory of their dear parents.

Appreciation...a tribute to nine people

By Tony Wynbourne A”H

These are the thoughts of our dear friend Tony, conveyed to us shortly before his untimely passing.

At the first Bournemouth Chabad Dinner nearly twenty years ago I told a story, which I repeat here.

In a small town somewhere in America it rained so hard that the drains couldn't cope. It didn't just rain it poured and poured. So hard did it pour that it was hard to see through the torrent. The river banks couldn't cope and the water level rose until it started to flood the town. The emergency services worked hard to ensure they did everything they could to ensure the safety of the town's inhabitants.

In one of the houses a man lived alone. He was a religious man and believed totally in the Lord.

The flood waters rose until it reached four feet and the ground floor of his house was under water. A small boat passed by and one of the two men inside shouted "Jump in the boat and be saved." The man replied "No thanks. I believe in the Lord - He will save me."

The waters continued to rise until the man was forced to go to the first floor of the house. Again the boat came by and offered the man a ride to safety. "It's ok." he replied. "I believe in the Lord. He will save me."

The rain continued and the height of the flood water forced the man to the roof on the house. Hovering overhead was a helicopter. The experienced pilot dropped a rope ladder down towards the man and through a megaphone the pilot shouted "grab hold of the rope and we will fly you to safety." "It's ok." The man replied again. "I believe in the Lord - He will save me."

Well, unfortunately the waters continued to rise and the man was drowned. He went straight to heaven and on arrival he looked at the Lord and said. "Lord, I believed in you - why did you let me drown?" The Lord replied. "What do you mean let you drown? I sent you two boats and a helicopter didn't I?"

This story shows us clearly that we take so much for granted sometimes we don't recognize what wonders we have around us.

When I first told this story I likened Rabbi Yossie and Rebbetzin Chanie to the boats and Mendel to the helicopter. Now of course there is a whole fleet of helicopters - seven in all. Some people recognize the value and worth of these boats and helicopters and some, like the man with blind faith still do not.

For this reason I am writing this article to show some of the changes that have taken place in Bournemouth over the years and how large a contribution the Alperowitz family has made.

We hear all the time that Bournemouth Jewish community life is going downhill and there is nothing left in the town etc, etc. If one just looks at the outside picture - the kosher hotels and delis closing, then there might be some truth in the claims. However, if you look into the heart of the town you will surely see the strengthening of the core, and I would like to illustrate some examples of just how far Bournemouth has come and why it is no coincidence these successes have been established since the arrival of Yossie and Chanie.

Rosh Hashanah has traditionally been the period when Jews go to the Synagogue, but Tashlich meant very little to anyone. I used to see the odd straggler (most of whom have sadly since passed on) going down to the sea to cast his sins. But since Rabbi Yossie came along in 1989, he organized a Tashlich at the pier. Today we see so many people joining in this short but meaningful ceremony, on the piers, between the piers, on the cliff tops, in the flower gardens - so many sins in the water! But we shouldn't forget - and there are those who would like to forget - how it all began.

For many years, they have held a Shofar factory where young and old can make



their own shofar. Before them, it was just something to listen to and not really understand. Now everyone gets the opportunity to blow their own trumpet!

“thanks to the Alperowitz's we have Succahs all over Bournemouth”

Succot - When Cheryl and I arrived in Bournemouth there were just two or three Succahs in use that we knew of. Nothing communally except for a Simchat Torah dance (hardly ever held on Simchat Torah and held indoors). Today, thanks to the inspiration of the Alperowitz's we have Succahs all over Bournemouth. About hundred fifty people enjoyed the fun of the First Night of Succot, and many more people used the Chabad Succah throughout the week. So many more people now buy their own arba minim sets (lulav and etrog) than ever used to be the case.

This leads us on to Simchat Torah. In the good old days we took out the Sefrei Torah, walked around the shul following the brilliant and much loved Reverend Cohen zl singing a few songs. The children were there with their apples on top of their flags looking a little lost and the ladies were in the gallery watching as best they could. This was followed bya trip home. Then the Alperowitz family came to town and introduced the Kiddush and after party "farbrengen" which goes on until late into the night or should I say early morning - these parties have now become famous.

Chanukah was always a lovely time for the children. Many received Chanukah gelt (money) but apart from lighting the candles and singing a quick version of "Ma'oz tzoor Yeshuati" often followed by

“the cat’s in the cupboard and he can’t catch me!” What was there? Now the giant Menorah is erected in Bournemouth Gardens by the Pavilion for all to see. Jewish people showing their pride and hundreds of people joining in the lighting ceremonies and visiting the Menorah.

Purim used to be celebrated in Bournemouth by the reading of the Megillah. Children would come to Shul make a load of noise (usually in the wrong places) and not really understand what they were doing there. I can remember having a Purim Seudah in our house and our guests arriving in their fancy dress (one couple even came as a pantomime cow although I don’t remember who was the front end and who was the rear!). This was the exception but once Chanie and Yossie arrived their Purim parties have been recorded in the memory for posterity. From Gordon Road onwards, for those with good memories I mention Penguins and Rolly Pollys! When we came to Bournemouth the Purim Seudah could be held in a telephone box - now we can fill two halls to capacity. In Bournemouth Queen Esther lives and Mordecai rides the horse.

Pesach - many go away and many come to Bournemouth. The Jewish hotels were full. Communally very little ever happened apart from Synagogue services. Arrival of the Alperowiz family and all things are go – so along with them, of course, came Bournemouth’s first communal seder. Now there are sell outs for the communal sederim both at Chabad and Wootton Gardens. Prior to the festival, Chabad opens its Matzo Bakery to the children of the town and through practical fun Chabad ensures the education of our children is not ignored. On the last day of pesach, Moshiach’s seduah – that’s another Chabad tradition they introduced to Bournemouth.

Lag B’Omer bbq is now a fixture. Before Chabad it was a date in the calendar from which the more Orthodox could have their hair cut and little else. Now the most enjoyable party takes place and last year more than hundred people attended at Chabad. From no-one enjoying this date to hundreds enjoying it.

Shavuos – the giving of the Ten Commandments. Enjoyment Chabad style (through food). For twenty years now, the giving of the Ten Commandments has been celebrated by handing out ice cream to the children after the reading. For the last couple of years to the delight of the ice cream

makers, the Wootton Gardens Synagogue has joined Chabad in this tradition – as was the case with many of the aforementioned events. So through the festivals Chabad has taught this town the value of celebration, enjoyment and involvement.

We should not forget the enormous contribution that has been made by Yossie and Chanie to our children through Cocoa Club, Tzivos Hashem and the ever popular Camp Gan Israel, enriching so many lives that might not otherwise experience the joys of being Jewish.

The lunches, kiddushim, the catering, we always enjoy and benefit from the hard work that Chanie puts into everything. And the quality of her cooking, just how many diets has she ruined? Luckily she has fourteen hands, otherwise she just wouldn’t be able to manage.

Chabad looks after our souls. A service at Chabad is enriched with special meaning and feeling. The shiurim and classes they give – whether Talmud, Chassidus, the weekly portions, practical Judaism, Tanya or Pirkei Avot – the standard is always high and enjoyable. The latest learning adventure they’ve introduced to Bournemouth – the JLI weekly Torah Studies course, will no doubt, continue to open more minds to the gates of wisdom, understanding and knowledge.

Mentioned above are all the things that we can see but I haven’t mentioned the things no-one sees or hears about. The cooking of meals for those less fortunate, visiting of the sick and needy, the blowing of the shofar for those who couldn’t get to Shul, the listening and guidance for those in trouble whether health or other matters, the koshering of kitchens, the supply of mezuzot, tephillin, books, challah and so much more.

All this and still to find time to be great parents and bring up seven really lovely, respectful, gorgeous and knowledgeable children who have endeared themselves to us all.

Not only has Bournemouth got plenty happening, it has grown religiously so much since the arrival of this young Rabbi and his wife. How many people walk to shul now who didn’t before? How many keep kosher as a result of Chabad? How many more just do that little bit extra? How many more enjoy their Jewishness because of Chabad? How many lives have the Alperowiz family touched and enriched?

They are our boats and helicopters and we are happy to climb aboard.

And to those sad people who suggest Bournemouth would be a better place without Yossie and Chanie I say “Take a look around you. Stop being blind like the man on the roof who drowned. Appreciate what they really bring to the table (back on the food again! Did I really forget to mention the famous Cholent Kiddush?) and grab some of it for yourselves. Don’t be jealous of their success and attempt to re-write history. They are great people who teach that we are all equal and with love and joy we can all enjoy an enriched life.”

The Shabbat services held at the Queens are enjoyed by so many. We welcome and greet, we shake hands, we hug and kiss, we smile, we pray, we sing, we clap hands, we dance, we laugh - we even talk (probably when we’re not meant to!), we listen, we learn, we eat, we drink and most of all we have fun. Chabad of Bournemouth now stands at the beginning of a new era. In the not too distant future we will leave the Queens and launch our new Chabad House. It will be there for the use of everyone. No matter where we have come from and no matter where we hold today. Orthodox, Reform, Liberal and those not labelled at all. Those of us who keep everything, those of us who keep something and those of us who keep almost nothing. Everyone is welcome, everyone is invited to join in whatever they like - no judging, no comments just plenty of encouragement. This Chabad House will belong to everyone.

Chabad charges nothing to join (your membership is automatic even if you’ve never been) but Chabad of Bournemouth operates only on the donations it receives and we bless all those who are so generous. Without you, we would not be able to undertake much of the programme but now the challenge is even greater and we need more people to help us. The new Chabad House comes at a price, but it is surely a price worth paying. This is something else we would like to encourage! The more financial help we can receive, the more Yossie and Chanie can do. They have brought so much to us. Can we do more for them?

Do we hear “Yes!”? I think we do. Thank you from all of us to Yossie and Chanie. May you carry on your work to 120 and we look forward to the next twenty exciting years.

You encourage goodness and kindness, learning and love. May we all be worthy to support you. ■ Chabad



The Menorah in Union Square

Reprinted from the **San Francisco Chronicle**

When I was a child, the holiday season always saw our family gathered in the living room, standing quietly in front of the Chanuka menorah. We lit the special candles for eight days. We said the blessings each night to recall the miraculous story of the Maccabees, the Jewish “freedom fighters.”

We learned in Sunday School that lighting the menorah is a reminder and a celebration that right can overcome night, and light can dispel darkness. My brother and I took turns lighting the candles. A room and a family full of light and warmth. That was Chanuka for me.

All that was many years ago. As a lawyer and community worker, I had gone far afield from any connection to Jewish tradition, even modern-style. I had not lit a menorah in years, nor really even thought of it. Yet, for some reason, I had begun to feel a need to explore my Jewish “roots.” Maybe that was why I found myself walking toward Union Square in San Francisco one cold December night. My family was going to light a menorah, and not just any menorah. This one was 30 feet high.

We get there at about 4:00. The Square is empty and cold. The benches are staked out by the street people. The scene in front of me is a let-down. Then I see a flurry of movement. There’s the menorah! I point it out to my daughter, Sarah. As we approach it, it grows bigger in perspective until we’re in front of it, looking up at its simple, elegant form. Quite in proportion to the Square after all.

I am a welcome guest

The action is next to the menorah. Parked in the corner of the Square is a camper with a paint job that reads “Mitzva Mobile” and “Chabad House.” The Chabad House in Berkeley sponsors this menorah. These Lubavitchers believe in reaching out and sharing their celebration of Jewish life with all Jews, from the very religious to the totally nonreligious. Consequently, they’re here. Also consequently, I am a welcome guest, I who haven’t seen, much less lit, a menorah in over a decade.

In fact, I soon find myself swept up in a bear hug of a greeting by a tall young man in black hat, long coat and bright

red beard. “Shalom Aleichem,” he says. “Greetings, brother!” This is Yosef Langer, one of the organizers of the event.

There is still time until the lighting, so we just sit and wait. I look around and think to myself, this is an odd scene. Beyond the little circle of activity near the menorah, the Square still belongs to the night and the street people.

Some of the Square-dwellers come over to check out these strange newcomers. It’s not a totally comfortable interaction. One fellow is openly hostile. A tall man, long black leather coat draped over his shoulders, walks back and forth loudly proclaiming his opinions of this event as well as of Israel, Zionists, Jews. The opinions are not flattering and my urban paranoia takes hold and a wave of fear comes and goes. It doesn’t contribute much to a festive atmosphere. It’s disturbing. It upsets my fantasy picture. Reality always does.

I am caught up in these different strains of fantasy, reality, warmth, hostility, celebration, resentment. I begin to wonder, What are we doing here?

Celebrations like this are more of a private affair, aren't they? Like my childhood memories, home and hearth, everyone gathered in the living room. But in the middle of Union Square? My thoughts drift, and I give up trying to figure it out.

When I look up, there are many more people than I noticed just a few minutes before. The beginnings of a crowd, and quite an interesting crowd at that. Easily four generations here tonight. The little circle of 45 minutes ago has grown to fill over half the Square. Everyone is talking to his friends, or to new-found friends.

It's a full five minutes before the emcee on the platform can get everyone's attention. The man at the mike-black hat, black beard, and big smile, is Rabbi Chaim Drizin. When the crowd finally quiets down he speaks, giving a little introduction about the Chabad House and about Chanuka. After the introductions, Rabbi Drizin launches into a story that teaches a lesson.

The Rabbi finishes the story to a round of applause, and the nicest part of all this to me is that somehow this story has the effect of drawing the crowd closer, making the Square a more "homey" place. We all seem to be joined in a moment of shared intimacy. Almost like a family. Is it possible that this menorah lighting mirrors my childhood recollection? Only the family is much bigger.

Yosef, my red-bearded friend from earlier on, plunges into the crowd carrying high a lit torch so that each of us can touch it and join in the lighting of the candles. He is moving slowly, allowing each one to join, to make contact. Children are lifted to touch the torch. There is no pushing. All are confident of being included. I lift Sarah and she puts her hand next to Yosef's for a moment.

As the torch moves on, Rabbi Drizin starts singing and urges the crowd to join him. Shema Yisrael-Hear O Israel, the L-rd our G-d, the L-rd is One. The words echo the feeling given by the passing torch, the unity and commonalty of this body of Jewish people of different ages, types, cultures, languages, in affirming their connection to each other and to their faith.

Singing along and watching the progress of the torch, I am suddenly aware that a man is pushing through the crowd toward Yosef. It is the man who, much earlier, was angrily proclaiming his anti-Jewish feelings. He approaches Yosef. I feel myself tighten. Does he want to try to stop Yosef, grab the torch? It seems crazy, but who knows...?

He is closer now, almost at Yosef's side. From the man's face, it is impossible to read his intent. Now he is next to Yosef, and he reaches up. He puts his hand on the torch, not just touching but holding it tight. Yosef stops momentarily. Here is where fantasy meets reality, I am thinking.

"...light reigned and darkness was driven back, figuratively and literally..."

And, I see this very clearly, Yosef looks directly into the man's eyes, gently puts his other hand on the man's arm, and gives a kind of quiet nod. A gesture of recognition, a silent request for mutual respect. All this in just a few seconds. And then the man's hand relaxes its hold. Yosef moves on. The man recedes



to the crowd's edge. Looking at him after some moments, I see that he is singing.

From this moment until the end of the evening, the quality of that interaction stays with me and begins to pull together the different feelings I've experienced here. I begin to feel that this event has a lot to do with Chanuka. Chanuka, when the tiny Maccabean band vanquished the foreign armies, when a tiny supply of oil lasted eight days. When, in an apparently magical way, light reigned and darkness was driven back, figuratively and literally. But behind the magical moment when the light drives back the darkness, perhaps there is always a lifetime, a generation, an eon, of hard work and careful investment. That builds our knowledge and awareness and spiritual strength, until we are able to burst forth in the moment of need and make manifest the "magic," the light, the Divine spark, that is always latent within us and around us.

Completing his circuit with the torch Yosef hands it to Rabbi Drizin, who climbs into the cherrypicker and is lifted to the top of the menorah. The blessings are said and the first candle is lit on this first night of Chanuka.

For the first time in 15 years there was a menorah in my home after that night in Union Square. We lit it together and put it in Sarah's window. To shine light out into the darkness. We'll do it again this year, too. After all, like the Chasidic saying goes, you can't fight darkness with a stick. ■ Chabad

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Home at last

By Karen Redman

If Joshy is a Flame of the Future what does that make me? I think it makes me at least well cooked if not overdone and perhaps also rather vulnerable in being asked to write a “little something” for Flame myself!

You can only imagine how proud Jack and I are of Joshy ... to see our son as a Flame of the Future and we're SO grateful that his talents appear to be appreciated at Chabad ... but, we're also getting a great deal out of Chabad ourselves and it's hit us with something of a surprise.

How did this all start? Well, Joshua wasn't terribly keen on the idea of attending Camp Gan Israel in the Summer but, when he realised that some of his friends were going, he grudgingly said that he'd like to give it a try – which he did – for one day. One day's begrudged attendance became a whole week of unbridled enthusiasm. We have a son who now can't wait to attend Chabad each Shabbat and who – with a new Cheder term looming a while ago – stated unequivocally that he wanted to spend time with Rabbi Yossie each Sunday morning. It was a chutzpah of me to ask Rabbi Yossie but once he realised it was the desired option for not only Joshy, but also for Jack and me, he said it was possible and agreed to our request.

Joshy's insistence on attending Chabad took me back in time to a couple of years before my Bat Mitzvah at Singers Hill in Birmingham. (Apparently, I was also an opinionated and wilful child!) Reading Hebrew was something that “other people” could do ... it was beyond me. The requirement to attend Cheder each Sunday was something I had to do. I didn't have to attend additional Cheder classes each week but I wanted to ... I went to what seemed like the much more orthodox Talmud Torah at the Central Synagogue each Tuesday and Thursday after school where I felt that somebody actually cared whether I was learning or not.

Ultimately I started attending Talmud Torah on Sunday mornings, too. Birmingham Jewry recognised that what was of the utmost importance was that children were enjoying their studies and that ultimately, this could only be to the

benefit of the community and anglo-Jewry as a whole.

I went on to be Bat Mitzvah at Singers Hill and Jack and I followed in my parents' and grandparents' footsteps when we were married there. To this day I feel that no matter where I may be in the world, it's still “my Shul” but it's for the inspired teaching at Talmud Torah that I will forever be grateful – in allowing me to learn in such a brilliant atmosphere and enabling me to feel comfortable in following a service in almost any Shul wherever I go.

“going to Shul each Shabbat was something we knew was a must”

What were Jack and I meant to do? Going to Shul each Shabbat was something we knew was a “must” – particularly with Joshy being 11 years old and his Bar Mitzvah on the not too distant horizon. Yes, we occasionally actually got to Shul but by the time we got there we were all exhausted from the arguments that preceded.

We now have a child who can't wait to get to Chabad each Shabbat and who also looks forward all week long to his treasured hours with Rabbi Yossie and Chanie each Sunday. They appear to appreciate that, he, like all kids has an infinite capacity to learn and he certainly is learning. I've heard cynical comments to the tune of “well, of course, that's what Lubavitch do”... well, yes, they do and they do it extremely well and THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT.

And Jack and me? What do we get from Chabad? We're learning, too. We're learning after nearly 14 years in Bournemouth that we now feel at home.

We're keen to attend Chabad and it's good to be in such a friendly and welcoming “heimische” atmosphere. Jack, whose roots are in Progressive Judaism in Leicester, feels that he really



is involved each Shabbat. He puts this down to the sincerity, energy and dedication of Rabbi Yossie and Chanie who are so ably assisted by Roger and Larry.

Jack feels their warmth and enthusiasm are absolutely contagious. The Redman family feels included. I take away with me a feeling of great pleasure that my husband is appreciating being Jewish and a sense of calm that sees me through each week. Neither of us is afraid to ask about anything we don't understand, safe in the knowledge that our questions will be answered and that we won't be made to feel silly in having asked them. There's a lot to be said for that.

My Dad has always been a “shul-goer”. He was a regular at Singers Hill in Birmingham, but since my dearest Mum died he moved to Bournemouth. He's nearly 88 years old and is steeped in “minhag Anglia”. He enjoys “being in a Shul” but, yes; he's also been to Chabad, and I hope he will come on many more occasions. He loves to see the fun Joshua has and clearly sees the obvious pleasure I take in seeing Jack so involved and “at home”. He tells me how impressed he is that Rabbi Yossie gives such eloquent “droshe” and is amazed that he speaks so clearly and passionately without notes. I feel very safe in telling him that when one speaks from the heart – as Rabbi Yossie does, notes really aren't necessary. ■ Chabad

“Hi Chanie,

Just wanted to send a quick note to you to say how well I thought Yanke davened last Shabbos when Rabbi Yossie was in New York. And how brave of him to give a droshe in a roomful of people whom he didn't know! He's a very warm, friendly and confident young man!

Given the devastating events of the past week, it's reassuring to know that no matter what we have strength in each other and in young men such as Yanke to carry us forward through such adversity.

Love from us all to you and Rabbi Yossie ... and sh'kayach to Yanke”.

Jack, Karen & Joshy

Jewish Learning Institute

By Jean Lurie

The Rohr Jewish Learning Institute (JLI) has been created in the tradition of teachers establishing bonds with students pursuing intellectual and spiritual growth in their adult years. JLI courses are designed for students ranging from first-time learners to those with years of prior study. The Institute follows a powerful path of discovery and depth, touching the Jewish soul of its learners. Participants in JLI courses share an experience of such magnitude that many form lasting ties of close friendship and community.

The Rohr JLI is the largest institute of adult learning of its kind, teaching in over 250 cities around the world. Its professionally conceived courses are taught through interactive dialogue accompanied by dynamic textbooks and dramatic audio visual presentations.

A JLI teacher leads students toward fresh thinking about the world. He or she creates an environment that inspires feelings of hope, purpose, meaning, and value. JLI's teaching is authentic and real. And it is all conveyed in a safe environment that embraces every

student. I am grateful to Jean Lurie for the following report on the new JLI course bought to Bournemouth by Rabbi Yossie and Chanie:

When I heard that there was to be a new learning course in Bournemouth my first thought was 'What do I need this for at my age? I am a regular attendee at Shul, have read the weekly Torah portion year upon year and know all the stories!' Curiosity then got the better of me so I went along that first Wednesday evening to listen to Rabbi Yossie, and watch the lesson projected onto the screen, and became completely captivated.

I did not know it all, but speedily realised that the Torah only gives an outline, like a brief diary, and the background information as explained by Rabbi Yossie, was fascinating. There is so much more to learn that is relevant to today, as well as looking with depth into the lives of our ancestors and why they behaved the way that they did. Of course, genealogy is interesting, but that is personal to one's own family. What we are now studying is of interest to all Jewish people.



There are many questions raised during the lesson, to which Rabbi Yossie gives an explanation, and nobody needs to feel embarrassed if they are unaware of the reason why 'such & such' happened, as we are all there to listen and learn. We discuss how to become better people by emulating the example of Abraham, with his great kindness and hospitality, and there are so many other lessons to be learned.

I look forward to Wednesday evening and to coming together with the many others who have joined the Course, which has become the highlight of my week. It just proves that there is always something new to learn from the Torah, all the best stories are to be found there and now we can research the background of those narratives and the lives of the people we read about. It's an exciting project and I thank Rabbi Yossie and Chanie for bringing it to Bournemouth.

Come and join us on Wednesdays at 7.30 pm, and enjoy an interesting and stimulating couple of hours ■ **Chabad**



Flame FOCUS....

Maurice and Helen Kaye

Sadness and joy, tears and bliss, tiffs and agreements. 74 years of the Norm!

I was born in 1912 in a slum area off the Bethnal Green Road in East London. Helen was born in 1913 in a more salubrious area – the Greener Strasse Warsaw. However, I subsequently learned that when, at the age of 6, she landed in England her family boarded in Green Street, Bethnal Green and my family moved into the same street in 1916. But we didn't kindergarten together!

When I was 5 years old my family moved to Hoxton Market where I survived a Borstal type school, World War 1, air raids and the thieves, drunks and riff raff depicted by Dickens. In 1923 we moved again, this time south across the water to Camberwell – a Jewish co-ed school, Jewish Lads Brigade, Jewish friends of both genders – a different life completely.

I left school in 1926 at the age of 14 to join my father's firm (a wholesale clothing factory). After 12 months I got sacked by the Boss – my father – for disagreeing my personal pay valuation. I enjoyed my new job but was paid even less so I ended up back in the family firm! I was not academic but became a fitness fanatic and all round sportsman.

From 1926 to 1930 my teenage years were normal enough. In the latter period I was involved with Jewish communist groups who were baiting the new Mosely thugs. Meanwhile the kid who had landed from Warsaw to my street in Bethnal Green around 1919 turned up practically on my doorstep again in Walworth Road 10 years later in 1929. Her parents had a shop in the local market and I, travelling for the family firm, walked in and attempted to sell them some goods. Three hours later her mother said to the girl I was chatting up – who's going to throw him out, me or you? It took about a year to become the old lady's favourite and remained so until she died. The fact was that in the late 1920's early 30's being the only young man who owned a car helped a lot with romancing Helen!!

In 1934 we married, my parents moved to Bournemouth. I took over my father's factory, Helen took my mother's two retail outlets. From 1934 to 39 things were very difficult. The news from Germany was bad, the local fascists were becoming a threat and business generally was not good. Our social life was dancing, card playing and, for me, the A.R.P.

“after 8 weeks of army life, I had my first brush with an NCO...”

In 1939 war broke out, I closed the factory and enlisted. From the RAF to the army RFME, and then to the Army Physical Training Corps. After 8 weeks of army life I had my first brush with an NCO. He called me a ***** Jewboy, he was hospitalized and I was charged. 3 weeks later I was shipped out to Iceland where not only was my ability duly noticed and I was transferred to the Army Physical Training Corps, but also for 2 years I was kept away from the main arena of war and although the boredom was deathly it at least wasn't fatal!!



Meanwhile, back in London, Helen was running the retail business, traveling to St.Albans every night to escape the air raids.

In 1942 I was back in the UK and in June 1944, just before D-day, I was stationed in Brookward – a one-eyed village! At the last minute I was able to wangle a room in the local pub for Helen and she joined me for one night bringing



nothing other than a toothbrush and the clothes she was standing up in. That very night our business and home received a direct hit from a buzz bomb – destroying everything we possessed. I was given 12 days compassionate leave to help sort things out – and as a result missed being sent over to France with my unit which almost certainly saved my life.

Meanwhile Helen stayed with my parents in Bournemouth while trying to put our lives back together. A few months later, while I was in Bovington having been posted to the tank corp. gymnasium, Helen contacted me to inform me that she thought she had found the ideal new business and home – just a few miles away in Boscombe!

Demobbed in April 1945 I joined Helen in Bournemouth to start the next chapter in our 74 (and counting!) years together.

Thinking back over the years it strikes me that in 1920, not knowing each other, Helen was close by. In late 1929, having moved across London, Helen was there once again – although we still had not met. Then in 1944 she came to visit me in Brookward the very night that the bomb destroyed our home where she would otherwise have been sleeping. That bomb saved me from being sent to France on d-day as did the court martial save me from the fighting at the start of the war. Then Helen found our new home that was to be the start of a whole new life, just a few miles from where I happened to have been posted.

All part of Hashem's plan

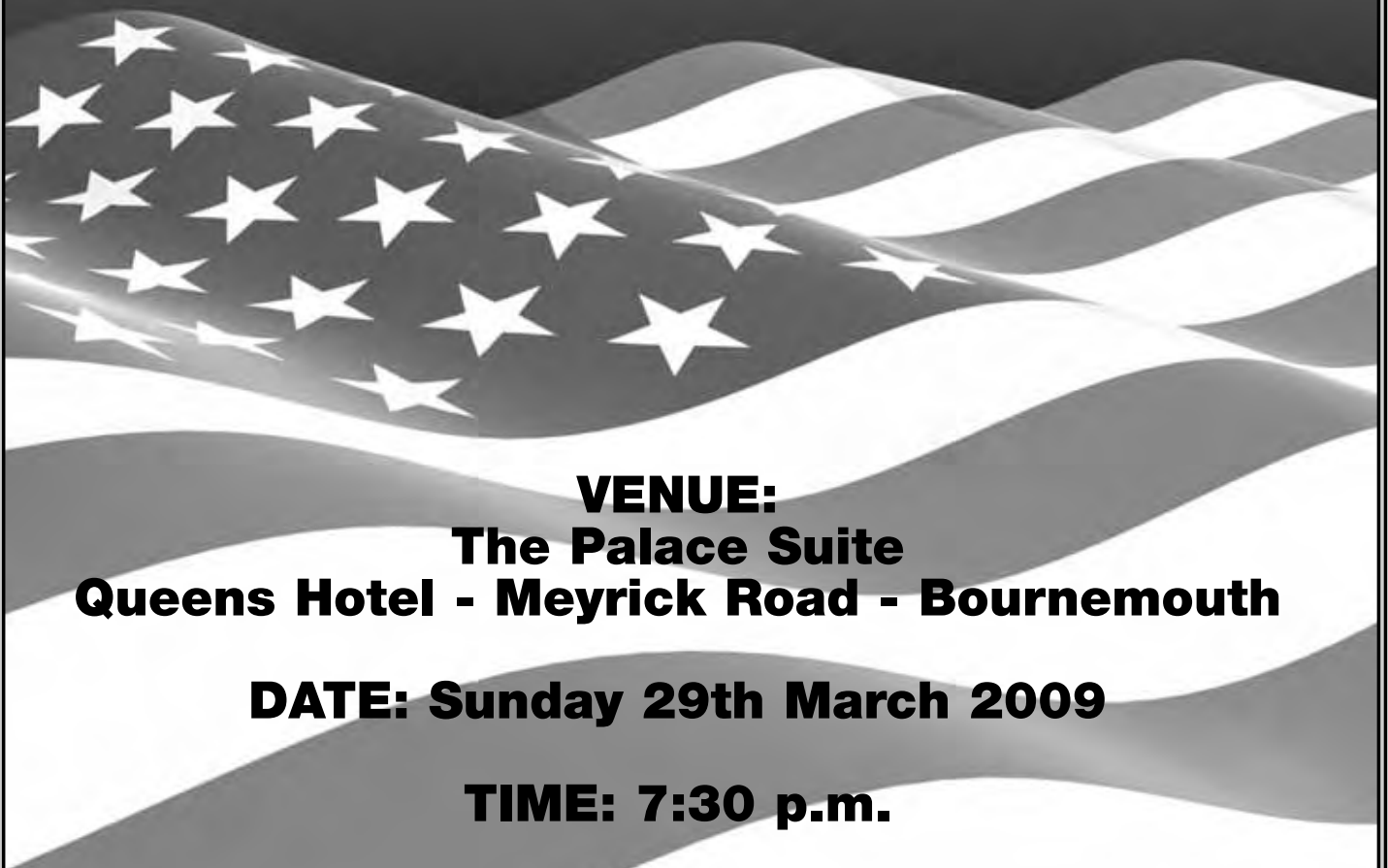
A series of coincidences? Some may think so, but I don't. To me all of this was part of Hashem's plan, His guiding hand making things happen according to His will. The sadness and joy, the tears and bliss, the tiffs and agreements – all part of His plan for us, our family and our friends.

At time of going to press this relationship possesses three sons, two daughters, nine grandchildren and the icing on the cake, three great grand children. ■ Chabad

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SUNDAY MORNING STAR PUPILS



Flame of the future...

Ronnie Vigar



Our Chanukah 'Flame of the Future' is Ronnie Vigar. You could say that Ronnie is a founder pupil of Bournemouth Chabad's Hebrew School which he explains a little about in the final question. Ronnie is a charming and polite young man who always has a smile on his face. He is a credit to his family and Chabad.

1. How old are you?
I am 10 years and 4 months old.
2. What school do you go to?
I am in year 6 at Mudeford Junior School.
3. What is your best subject?
My best subject is Maths.
4. What is your best sport?
My favourite sport is football and I enjoy playing as well as watching it on TV.
5. What is your favourite food?
My mums Lasagne, and whenever she makes it, I'm always first at the table!
6. What is your favourite possession?
My Xbox360 where I can play and meet friends online from all over the world.
7. Where is your favourite place to go in Bournemouth?
Bournemouth Gardens in the summer time. You get to see all sorts of people, and I also enjoy playing mini golf there. But Tiger Woods doesn't have to worry just yet.
8. What do you like doing in your free time?
I'm learning drums at school, so in my free time I enjoy playing my drum-set at home as well as playing on my Xbox360. I also enjoy playing pretty much any sports in my free time and you can see me and my Dad on Iford playing fields kicking around a football, playing cricket or throwing the Frisbee, or just riding our bikes along to Hengistbury Head.
9. What do you want to be when you grow up?
I'd like to be a film maker. A director like Stephen Spielberg would be fine!
10. How will you contribute to your Jewish community?
By regularly going to Chabad Shul and participating in the activities. This is easy to do as its so much fun.
11. What makes you proud to be Jewish?
It's fantastic being part of a great people.
12. Which person in Jewish history do you like most and why?
King David. He was a young man who became a great king, and he showed that size doesn't matter by defeating a giant with one slingshot between the eyes. Now that's skill!
13. What is your most Jewish day and why?
Shabbat. It starts on Friday evening, my mum lights the candles, the table has a white tablecloth and my father says kidush and hamotzi on the challa that my mum baked. I also enjoy going to Chabad shul and I especially like it when Rabbi Yossie calls me, Zach and Josh to sing with him.
14. What was the best part of the Shofar factory?
Actually getting to make my own Shofar and then learning how to blow it.
15. What is your best part of Chanukah
Lighting the candles every day and getting some money makes it even more fun.
16. List three words your friends would describe you with?
Fun, Energetic and Good friend.
17. What single word describes Chabad's programs?
FUNNNNNN!
18. What Chabad event are you looking forward to?
The lighting of the big Menorah in Bournemouth Gardens.
19. What is your earliest memory?
Going to the park next to our house in Israel with my mum, my brother and my sister. It was a large park with huge slides and all sorts of climbing equipment.
20. If you could make the world a better place what would you do?
I think every person (including me) should be able to help those less fortunate than themselves, and I think that giving Tzedakah is a good start. That's why I like to do it when I can.
21. If you were stranded on a desert island, what three things would you want with you?
A Torah, a fishing rod and a lighter.
22. If you could be anyone for a day, who would it be, and why?
Bill Gates, because I'd have loads of money (being the richest man in the world), and I could really help a lot of people with some serious Tzedakah!
23. What does being Jewish mean to you?
It means I belong to a religion that has a great history and tradition, and I hope to be able to live up to that tradition.
24. What is your favourite thing about Chabad?
I enjoy Chabad's fun activities and I can't wait until Sunday morning Hebrew School. It's great having teachers like Rabbi Yossie and Chanie. Learning Torah and Hebrew can be so much fun. I also enjoy being there with my friends Zach and Josh.
25. Can you explain a little about Aleph Champ?
Aleph Champ is a program that helps Jewish kids to read and write in Hebrew. It's a great program and I really enjoy it and it's helped me improve my reading. ■ Chabad

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Tishrei Highlights

Wow, what a month Tishrei turned out to be. It has always been an exciting time full of energy and anticipation but Tishrei 5769 topped them all.

It all started with the Tzivos Hashem Shofar factory when some 55 adults and children came to The Queens on 21st September. This was meant to appeal to the kids but it was soon apparent that it was equally exciting to all the adults. Watching them nudge their way to the front of the line was very amusing. You will find out more about the Shofar Factory in Josh's excellent report.

Rosh Hashanah

– was billed as 'uplifting and inspiring' but those two adjectives go nowhere in describing the atmosphere and electricity (yes even on Yom Tov) that was created over the two days. It was launched by 12 year old Tzvi following in his father's footsteps and davening the opening part of Shacharit. Clearly a Chazzan in the making. Rabbi Yossie's davening, chazzanus and droshers were second to none ably assisted by Mendel and Bentche they had a full Palace Suite spellbound for every minute of both days.

Chanie led a ladies session on both days which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended and the kids had activities throughout.

Both services were concluded with a Yom Tov Kiddush, including wine and delicious 'Chanie' (honey) cake.

The familiar warm and welcoming Chabad atmosphere created the perfect setting for everyone to exchange Shana Tovah greetings before making their way home.

We were joined by members of BHC for Tashlich on Bournemouth Pier. As we all braved the elements to the end of the pier, special prayers were recited as we symbolically scattered our sins into the sea. Somehow, Rabbi Yossie managed to find just a bit more puff to blow the shofar which I am sure could have been heard on Boscombe Pier, and maybe even beyond!

Yom Kippur

I found this to be one of the most moving and emotional Yom Kippurs I had ever experienced. I did not think

anything could top last year, but this certainly did.

Just before Neila as Rabbi Yossie had just completed his final excellent address I found myself looking around the shul. There were people having fasted for nearly 24 hours just preparing for the final push. There was a toddler making a desperate lunge to the door closely pursued by his mother. There were men, women, children and teenagers ranging from a few months to 97 years old and then it dawned on me. In so many shuls people attend Yom Kippur because their parents have insisted on it, or because they feel that it is expected of them or simply because that is what they have always done, but when I looked around I realised that every single person was there because they wanted to be and that simply was one of the many reasons why at the end of Neila we all collectively reached that incredible high that has now become Rabbi Yossie's trade mark.

And to celebrate the end of the Fast, Chanie, in her devoted duty, catered welcome refreshments to satisfy everybody's appetite after a long, thought provoking day.

Sukkot

We hardly had time to catch our breath when Sukkot was upon us. We are all very confident that Mendel and Bentche will make excellent Rabonim just like their father, but if they ever fancied a side line the new company would surely be called 'Sukkahs R Us'. This was the largest Sukkah Family Alperowitz had ever constructed. Tammy and Graham Wade kindly contributed the s'chach and Duncan Kaye provided the flooring. The Alperowitz children all gave a willing, helping hand, radiating fun and laughter as they happily prepared for the 64 people who attended the first night's 'Sukkot Under The Stars' dinner.

The evening itself was a resounding success, one of jubilation. The atmosphere was unbelievable with singing and laughter as everyone joined in the spirit of the evening, partaking in a fantastically prepared four course meal. Rabbi Yossie and a lively Israeli contingent sang familiar Hebrew songs. The Rabbi made a fitting tribute of praise and gratitude to Chanie and her band of helpers for catering for so many people; and by the same token young Joshua Redman added a delightful and

humorous vote of thanks. The Sukkot services merely followed on from the other Yomim Tovim with the same high octane atmosphere and an excellent Sukkah based Kiddush at Weston Drive every day following the services.

Tzvi, the youngest son of Rabbi Yossie and Chanie, displayed a remarkable sense of duty in Shul both mornings of Succot by assuming responsibility for helping men, women and children recite the blessing for the lulav and etrog.

The kids Sukkot party in the giant Sukkah was attended by 28 children of all ages. They all had an absolute ball. Please see Lillie's report to get an idea of what went on.

Simchat Torah

We were honoured to have Jack Bright and Jim Levin as our excellent Chatanim. They really did us proud and Simchat Torah evening was as usual an exciting occasion filled with eating, singing, laughter and dancing, all assisted by a Johnny Walker Black Label or two!

Well over 100 people attended the Farbrengen at Weston Drive, which was again filled with song and laughter, moving speeches, humorous anecdotes and an excellent meal. A table, resembling a banquet was splendidly displayed. This was followed just before midnight, by plates of hot rice, meat and vegetables for all those who were enjoying themselves far too much to leave! The evening was one of sheer joy – under the inspirational leadership of Rabbi Yossie. All enjoyed the overwhelming spiritual and hospitable atmosphere forever present on any occasion in Rabbi Yossie and Chanie's home. The last person left at around 3:00am! This theme continued on Simchat Torah morning at the Queens Hotel, which was decorated with the posters and pictures the children had made at the Sukkot party. As hakofot after hakofot took place with sweets raining down on all and Johnny Walker making more and more welcomed visits, Simchat Torah kept up the magical Tishrei theme.

What a way to bring in 5769. Everyone, without fail will have the most wonderful memories of this Tishrei. Each will have their favourite moments to linger in the memory for a long time.

We really didn't think we could top last Tishrei, but how wrong we were. I think in addition to our strapline of 'Reaching Every Jew With Love' we should add 'If Anyone Can, Chabad Can!' ■ **Chabad**



jottings from Josh

The Shofar Factory

Just before Rosh Hashanah I went to The Shofar Factory.

It was interesting to find out about which animals have horns that can be made into a shofar and which animals don't. Also I was very surprised to find out that even though an animal might be kosher, it doesn't necessarily mean that it has horns that can be used. There are very clear rules about which horns can be used. Very small horns can't be used because they can't be seen in your hand and, anyway, they make a very high-pitched, squeaky noise that wouldn't be good to hear at all.



We watched the Rabbi from London making several shofarim. He cut and he drilled and he still had enough energy to blow many different types of horn and didn't run out of puff at all! Then we had the chance to make our own shofarim – and blow them. Ronnie blew a shofar for 11 seconds – and he blew it really well. My Dad also blew a shofar ... he went very red in the face while he was doing it and then went rather pale afterwards! Ronnie and my Dad were very good but I don't think Rabbi Yossie needs to worry quite yet – he's still much better at it than anyone else (although Roger did some great shofar blowing at Rosh Hashanah)! ■ **Chabad**



Sukkot Childrens Party Report

By Lillie Kaye - age 5

We arrived at Rabbi Yossie and Chanies house and went straight into the sukkah.

We were given different coloured dough from which we all made different shaped biscuits. I made a yellow Etrog and a green Lulav and a very big Sukkah with all different colours. Chanie then took these away for baking.

There were 22 children. Some of us played a game where we had to find things that were on a piece of paper and others watched a video of Uncle Moishy.

Then we all made posters and flags and decorated them with glitter and stickers and left them to dry. These were used to decorate the Shul on Simchat Torah.

We had loads of sweets and popcorn and then it was time to go.

We collected our biscuits which were still warm and went home. I ate my biscuits as soon as I got home. As there were so many I shared them with my mummy, daddy and brother. **Chabad**



FROM THE
POSTBAG

• "Your congregation sounds brilliant, and judging from their magazine it's all go. It all looks great fun, and a wonderfully inclusive community for children and adults to get involved with."

• "It's interesting to note that we live near a very large Hassidic community in New York...the town of Kyras Joel. There are 20,000 Hassidics living there and it is one of the biggest communities in the States. Chabad in Bournemouth, I guess is somewhat smaller, but seems to be very welcoming and friendly. I was very impressed with Flame magazine...very interesting articles presented in a professional way and in a very good format."

• "Thank you so much for the calendar and magazine, which I have read from cover to cover! I have taken the calendar into immediate use. I enclose a donation to Chabad of Bournemouth and wish you all a very happy new year."

• "Words are never enough to demonstrate our sincere gratitude for the love, care and devotion you continually impart not only to ourselves but everyone you encounter under the Chabad umbrella."

• "We are truly blessed to have you as our spiritual leaders and pray you go from strength to strength in all your endless efforts to carry on the wonderful work you do."

• "Thank you for welcoming me to join you in the sukkah along with all your other 64 guests! It's been many years since I have spent such an enjoyable sukkot meal. It reminded me of the times in my parent's home. Todah."

• "I do appreciate all your kindness to me and my family. I wish more people would realize how fortunate we are to have you here in Bournemouth."

Chabad around the world.



Our Global Experiences

by **Bernard Pentol**

While in Israel I received a request to write about the encounters with Chabad Lubavitch my wife and I have experienced on our travels around the world. So where do I begin when, according to the Jewish Press, the organization is represented in over 70 countries by some 4000 emissaries in over 300 centres. Contrary to the assumptions it is not essentially synagogue based but primarily an outreach, educational and hospitality movement which, in some, but not all cases hosts services in an outstandingly welcoming and relaxed environment as part of their main purpose of reaching every Jew with love.

Well here is just a flavour of what my wife and I have sampled here and abroad

In the UK our experience is mainly centred in Bournemouth with which readers are no doubt familiar and I do not need to elaborate. However, the name Alperowitz and indeed Sudak reaches to the most unexpected corners of the globe from the Far East to The U.S.A. and South America. In Hendon

NW4, Chabad is relatively new and in a compact area which already boasted some 20 synagogues one might have thought it would not flourish. Wrong! It's already bursting at the seams and a complimentary additional Shabbat minyan is now taking place to relieve the pressure. As for travelling abroad when wishing to visit places of Jewish interest, one often enquires if it is Orthodox, Conservative or Reform. If the answer is Lubavitch, no further questions are necessary across the channel in Paris, if the restaurant is supervised by Chabad there is no need to ask if it is Kosher.

The only Kosher restaurants in Venice are Lubavitch and are situated in a very picturesque setting by one of the canals. We also spent a wonderful Pesach in the Grand at Riccione in Italy hosted and supervised by the newly married Lubavitch couple from Milan.

In Malta, Chabad periodically sends a Shaliach (emissary) to spend some time with the tiny community and at the same time to shect 500 chickens which lasts them about six months! In Hong Kong Lubavitch is very active being

based in one of the 5 star hotels on the harbour providing amongst their usual activities Shabbos meals of the highest standard to both residents and visitors as does the French shaliach in Singapore.

In Vancouver a young couple established a base downtown and their hospitality was outstanding. In Rio, Brazil the Chabad House is a misnomer. It is a several story high marble and granite building. It's also the headquarters of H.Stern International Jewellers. Spot the connection?

“Jewish life is alive and kicking in the middle of the Pacific Ocean...”

In Argentina their famous steaks can be sampled kosher style. Guess where? In Hawaii the Chabad Rabbi turned his garage into a Cheder and started a restaurant and Jewish life is alive and

kicking in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Alaska is also not bereft of a Lubo presence.

In Russia and indeed in Australia Chabad-Lubavitch are so high profile one might easily come to the conclusion that they effectively run the community. In one area of the last mentioned country namely the Gold Coast in Queensland not only do they run the community but ensure the provision of Kosher food and the weekly supply of Shabbos Challas from a dozen or more outlets. All this in an area of the country some thousand miles from the larger Jewish centres with a Jewish population no larger than that of Bournemouth.

In The U.S.A. Lubavitch are too numerous to list but they are very high profile and are in charge of many shuls and communities. And there is of course Israel. In Ben Gurion airport they run the shul. In Netanya where we reside there are three Chabad centres one of which is immediately above the finest Chinese restaurant in town. They can literally say they are under the Lubavitch.

Let me conclude on an amusing note:

In the Chabad centre in Prague the Rav showed us a box which he asked us to open. It was full of Blooms wurshts and



viennas. He did not want us to go hungry!!

These are just a few of the world wide networks in a movement which says that if Jews are reluctant to come to Yiddishkeit, then we will come to them, show them what is on offer and invite them to partake...with love! ■ **Chabad**

I am grateful to Bernard Pentol for giving us an insight on his wealth of experience of Chabad Centres all over the world.

We are fortunate that Bernard and Bella are so well travelled and it appears, never miss an opportunity of dropping in on Chabad.

If you are looking for one of the many thousand Chabad Centres all over the world please visit our website www.bournemouthchabad.org click on the 'Find a Centre' button in the menu and see the massive global network.

"As we reflect on the above, let us remember that Chabad emissaries sacrifice personal, financial and family comforts to bring light to far off places.

In Mumbai the young shaliach and his wife made the supreme and ultimate sacrifice"

Bernard

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Our response to Mumbai

My son Zalman, a shaliach in Roosevelt Island, gave this speech at a memorial last night.

On June 23 1941 the Lubavitcher Rebbe arrived in United States from war torn Europe, a place where Jewish communities and Jewish Institutions that had flourished for well over a 1000 years, had gone up in flames and dwindled down to ashes. These communities were broken, shattered and torn apart; families were broken, people were broken, hearts were broken, the greatest holocaust of all times.

The Rebbe saw and understood the plight of the Jewish people and lay down the plan to rebuild the Jewish world.

In his small office on Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn, despite limited financial resources, little infrastructure and being a stranger in a new land, he called in young just married couples and told them: Go to a distant land, find Jewish people there; if they are sad, make them happy; if they are down, lift them up; if they have questions, give them answers; if they are hungry, give them food; if they are tired, help them to relax; talk to them, encourage them and bring them a bit closer to G-d, teach them about Torah and Mitzvos.

Mercado, Tunisia, Australia, England, Italy, Detroit, Miami - small sparks of light around the world.

The sparks spread and during the sixties these sparks became known as Chabad House, not Chabad Center, not Chabad Institution, not Chabad Campus but CHABAD HOUSE, a place where everyone is welcome, a place where everyone should feel at home, a home to serve every need.

Over the years these Chabad Houses grew into over 3,500 INSTITUTIONS. Schools, Shuls, Mikvahs, Pre Schools, Social Centers, Youth Centers, Soup Kitchens, Medical Clinics, led by over 4,000 Shluchim and Shluchos in every

corner of the world. As grand as these institutions are, they all remain as a CHABAD HOUSE - a home where everyone is welcome, a place where everyone feels at home, a place to serve every need.

It became the dream and hope of hundreds of young men and women to join the Rebbe's Army of Shluchim and Shluchos, to move to a country, city, neighborhood or community to open a CHABAD HOUSE.

The goal is not necessarily to build big buildings, to open large institutions, or to build membership, but actually to bring each and every individual Jew closer to their Jewishness. No Jew should be left behind!

Tashkent, Katmandu, Odessa, Jackson, Salt Lake City, Oklahoma, Kosamoi, and Mumbai.

I can only imagine the joy in Gabi and Rivki's hearts when they moved to Mumbai, India in 2003. Nechama and I are almost the same age as Gabi and Rivki. We learned in the same schools, we went to the same camp, we were brought up in the same neighborhood just 5 blocks from each other; their son Moishe'le is one week older than my son Benteche.

“I know what Gabi and Rivki want us to do in their memory...”

I understand and feel why and for what they moved to Mumbai. They went there so that on a simple Wednesday evening at 10:30 pm, in their CHABAD HOUSE they could sit with four Jews, from totally different backgrounds, and bring them together, make them feel at home and bring them closer to G-d. I know what Gabi and Rivki want us to

Being a Jew is not easy.

Sometimes it's easy to hide in the shadows and hope we won't be noticed as being there or being different from our neighbours.

Sometimes our fellow Jews are harder on us than the rest of the world with their posturing and complaining about what we do or don't do.

But in times like these how can we not feel proud of the work done in our name.

do in their memory. They want us to create more small sparks of light around the world.

The message to each and every one of us: let's turn our homes and offices into a CHABAD HOUSE.

You do not need a website, nor four colored flyers, or a big building. All you need is a dining room table, a couch, an OPEN HEART and some food for the soul.

Call a friend, a neighbor, a relative; if they are sad, make them happy; if they are down, lift them up; if they have questions, give them answers; if they are hungry, give them food; if they are tired, help them relax. Talk to them, encourage them and bring them a bit closer to G-d.

Warmly,

Sholom Duchman
Colel Chabad
806 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn ■ Chabad

Question of the week

By Aron Moss - WHAT'S WITH THE CANDLES?

Notice that lighting candles is a big part of Judaism. We light candles every Friday for Shabbat, we light candles on every festival, and Chanukah is all about candles. What is the connection between candles and spirituality?

Answer:

There is something about a candle that makes it more spiritual than physical. A physical substance, when spread, becomes thin. Spirituality, when spread, expands and grows.

When you use something physical, it is diminished. The more money you spend, the less you have; the more gasoline you use, the more empty your tank becomes; the more food you eat, the more you

need to restock your pantry. But spiritual things increase with use. If I use my wisdom to teach, the student learns, and I come out wiser for it; if I share my love with another, I become more loving, not less. When you give a spiritual gift, the recipient gains, and you lose nothing.

This is the spiritual property that candles share. When you use one candle to light another, the original candle remains bright. Its light is not diminished by being shared; on the contrary, the two candles together enhance each others' brightness and increase light.

We sometimes worry that we may stretch ourselves too thin. In matters of spirit, this is never the case. The more goodness we spread the more goodness we have. By making a new friend you



become a better friend to your old friends. By having another child you open a new corridor of love in your heart that your other children benefit from, too. By teaching more students, you become wiser.

Keep lighting your candles. There is an endless supply of light in your soul. You will never run out of goodness. ■ **Chabad**

COMPETITION TIME!

Take a picture of you, your family or friends playing the dreidel game and the winner will receive Chanukah gelt and their pictures printed in the next edition of Flame! Happy snapping!!!

THE DREIDLE GAME





After lighting the Chanukah menorah, you can play this traditional Chanukah game with your family.

All members of the household, from toddlers to senior citizens, can play this simple and fun game together. Playing dreidel is the perfect fun way to celebrate the holiday.

Difficulty: Easy

Time Required: 20-40 minutes



-  Nun: Player gets nothing
-  Gimel: Player takes all of the tokens from the pot
-  Hay: Player takes half of the tokens from the pot
-  Shin: Player puts one token into the pot

Here's How to play:

1. All players get an equal amount of tokens (chocolate coins, gelt or raisins)
2. All players put one token in the pot in the centre.
3. The dreidel is a four sided spinning top with a different Hebrew letter on each side. Players take turns spinning the dreidel.
4. The player acts according to the letter which is facing up when the dreidel stops spinning.
5. The image with the Hebrew letters shown above is the game key; it shows which Hebrew letter symbolizes which move in the game. Nun means the player does nothing. Gimel means the player takes all the tokens from the pot. Hay means the player takes half of the tokens from the pot. Shin means the player puts one token into the pot.
6. The winner is the one with the most tokens.

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It's fashionable to be Jewish

by Bonny and Barry Cole

It was a very special birthday for Barry so we took a med cruise. For us one of our most interesting port of calls was always going to be Odessa. We always like to visit a synagogue or Jewish place of interest where ever we go. I had visions of our trip to India where we had to find somebody to open up the synagogue for us and I thought it would be a repeat performance.

When you think of Odessa you somehow think of a cold grey place with very little in the shops, however the blurb from the ship read, 'Principle seaport of Ukraine, on the Black Sea and capital of the Odessa region, industries, shipbuilding, fishing, steelmaking and food processing. Products manufactured, chemicals, pharmaceuticals, and machinery, main goods handled in the port, grain, sugar, timber and oil'.

However, there was only one thing that we wanted to see and that is what was left of the Jewish religion.

“it could turn out to be a big disappointment if we couldn't find anything...”

After years of oppression, the questions running through our minds were will we be able to see anything resembling the life and times of our ancestors which for me were my great grandparents. We had very little time to find out and it could turn out to be a big disappointment if we couldn't find anything.

The Ship came into port for just three hours. I had done some homework before we left and had written to an address which advertised a trip around Jewish Odessa. I thought it sounded hopeful, but to my disappointment I had no reply. I had a starting point which was an address of what was described as 'A JEWISH COMMUNITY BUILDING' which was by now on a very crumpled piece of paper at the bottom of my bag.



We were told that the main town could be walked to and from the ship all we had to do was to take the lift which ran up along the side of the Pataki steps. It sounded easy enough except that the lift was out of order and there was no way around it but to walk the 220 steps up to the town. Not for the faint hearted! As we looked up a statue of Alexander Pushkin looked down on us. Halfway up was an array of street sellers selling the now famous babushka dolls beautiful fur hats and cheap tins of caviar.

As we reached the top we were greeted by avenues of beautiful buildings built in French and Rococo style architecture. They had survived the Second World War largely due to the occupation of

Romanians rather than the more destructive Nazi troops.

There were no cabs to be seen but we were enjoying the walk past the café's and restaurants so much that it didn't seem to matter. We walked passed a huge food shop which we walked into. We couldn't believe our eyes. Any Jewish deli in Golders Green would have loved to have such a display, smoked salmon, pickled herrings done in every sauce imaginable, cream cheese, chopped and fried fish, pickled cucumbers and much more.

This was the everyday food of the Ukrainian in the street, the stuff we were

continued overleaf...

...continued

weaned on. If I saw nothing else Jewish I would go away with this picture. Time was going past fast and we only had a couple of hours to try to find more. The shops were full of the most beautiful glasswear, cutlery, crockery and clothes far better in my view than in Paris. We had tried to find the address I had but the street signs were all in Russian, writing with no similarity to our alphabet. We tried to ask for directions but it was impossible they either completely ignored you or just couldn't speak English. Just as we were about to give up we saw a very old looking car which Barry informed me was a Lada. With what we could only presume was the word taxi written on top. He spoke no English and was wearing the almost obligatory leather jacket. I showed him our crumbled address. He said nothing we got in and he drove off.

After about 10 minutes into the ride the streets seemed to be getting seedier and I whispered to Barry something like "I don't like this I've got bad vibes". Before I could say get out and make a run for it at the next lights he stopped. We looked out of the window and both suddenly felt warm inside.



There in front of us was a building with Hebrew writing above the door which spelt out 'Chabad' with what looked like a soldier on guard at the door. There were a few men outside with cupples on.

We said shalom and got one back. Barry put his cupple on and we walked inside. We were greeted by a very enthusiastic young blonde man in what can be described as a camouflage outfit. He beckoned us into the shul. There were men inside praying and studying. He went to get a young religious looking man. He introduced himself we were feeling very emotional. The Ark was beautiful the building completely refurbished. He explained how he had come from Israel sent by Chabad with his family to help to build the



community and assist the Rabbi. They had acquired an orphanage as well as the Shul. It was very fashionable to be a Jew again in Odessa. After all these years of covering their identities through the communist regime the community was coming to find their Jewish roots and were keen to learn about Judaism. He did mention the fact that they did clothe, feed and help them to get themselves together again. During the years of the communist regime the emissaries of the Lubavitcher Rebbe (shluchim) never ceased their activities. In secrecy they organised Torah classes bris-milahs, built mikvehs and distributed Jewish books some of them paid for this with their lives, others with prison sentences. A lot of women turned to prostitution and there was a lot of drug

abuse. They had been financially helped by the rich Jewish Russians wanting to start community life again but they always needed more. The shul was a hub of activity as we stood there. It had been built over 100 years ago thanks to the donation of "Malbish Arumim" (clothing of the naked) a charity society that provides clothes for poor Jews, the inhabitants of Odessa have jokingly called it "the tailors Synagogue". He explained that the shul was supposed to take 200 people but every Shabbat and high Holydays it is overflowing into the garden with as many as 1,000 people. He showed us that work had started to extend the Shul.

Since 1990 when the Soviet Union re-established the freedom of religion the

Rebbe's emissaries began carrying out their activities openly. They have spearheaded a wave of Jewish activities saving tens of thousands of Jewish peoples lives and souls. This was wonderful to hear and made such a pleasant change from the familiar story of Shuls downsizing. He told us there were 4 Shuls now, one Chabad, two orthodox and one other. There were two kosher restaurants, an orphanage for children from problem families, Jewish schools, university along with lots of different social groups. Also a Newspaper that goes out monthly to 10,000 families. Kosher food is easy to buy through the butcher and Deli. There are over 15,000 Jews in Odessa. Each day more are coming forward to find their Jewish roots.

We wanted to stay longer as there was such a warm atmosphere and one of great hope for the community, but we only had just over an hour to get back onto the ship. We made our farewells and were once again out on the streets of Odessa.

We couldn't believe our eyes

We were almost skipping along the street so happy to have seen the shul, we were not sure at all where we were going and time was running out. We looked out for a taxi but couldn't see one so we kept on walking. Suddenly we stopped in our tracks. We couldn't believe our eyes. There in this main street of Odessa was a huge modern building, with huge Hebrew letters, an ultra modern stone built Restaurant and in front of it a fast food kiosk with Kosher written in Hebrew. We looked at our watches which told us we really did not have time for this, before we could think about it we were inside this modern Kosher Restaurant that any caterer would have been proud to own. I had never seen anything like it, even a fine Dining area. We took a few quick photos and left.

The attached building which turned out to be an orthodox Synagogue dominated the whole corner of the street.

We found ourselves looking for the way which was around the corner where some Israeli looking young security guards were. We stood aside to let a beautiful young blonde Russian girl in who kissed the mezuzah on the door as she did so. We asked Security if we could come in and we were told in a very unmistakable Israeli accent that it would not be possible as I was wearing trousers. Just as we were about to leave a



lady came running unto us and said in a very friendly manner yes come follow me.

We were standing in a massive ultra modern looking luxurious stone entrance hall, We followed as she opened a pair of beautiful wooden double doors to expose a beautiful enormous shul. The ceiling was mosaics and you could easily get a couple of thousand people seated in the shul. Again it was a hub of activity with young people coming and going. She told us in perfect English to follow her into her Office. She told us she was the Secretary, not stopping for a breathe, that we were in the Central Synagogue of Odessa. She went on to tell us how she was not brought up as a Jew but had found like so many her Jewish roots. She told us how the Shul was full every Shabbat and holidays. How they were helping the young in the community.

She was so vibrant and enthusiastic she wanted us to meet the Rabbi and other people in the community but I had to jump in to try to stop her as we should have left to get back onto the ship. Reluctantly we made our apologies but not before she could give us a Jewish diary and a calendar.

Armed with instructions back to the ship we boarded just in time as always checked on board by Israeli security guards who sail at all times with the ship, with the one intention, we must go back and spend more time in Jewish Odessa, and with the feeling that this community will hopefully grow again to be how it once was.

If I have whet anyone's appetite to visit Odessa please get in touch. We have addresses of most of the Jewish places of interest there ■ **Chabad**

*Wishing Rabbi Yossie, Chanie
and Family and all at
Chabad a Happy Chanukah.*

*The
Molho Family*



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One Shabbat with a difference

Whilst every Shabbat and every Yom Tov is special – G-d given days for prayer and observance, attending Shul and joining our fellow Jew in community spirit – there will always be those one or two that fuel the memory as being different, extra special or outstanding, and deserving of praise.

So it was on Shabbat 22 Av corresponding to 23 August, when in place of our usual venue at the Queens Hotel, being unavailable because of the air show, the service was held at the home of Rabbi Yossie and Chanie in their beautiful secluded garden. They had thoughtfully arranged for a marquee to be installed specifically for this purpose to ensure that no participant of our regular congregation, or visitor, miss out attending Bournemouth Chabad. With the sun shining on one of our rare summer days and gentle warm breezes drifting through the open-sided structure acting as a temporary shul, those fortunate to be present were treated to an enlightened experience in a spiritual

atmosphere reminiscent of being in Eretz Yisrael. Following Rabbi Yossie's uplifting sermon at the conclusion of the service, everyone was invited to celebrate Shabbat and join him, Chanie and their family for Kiddush in this unique setting in their garden.

“suddenly, without warning, a loud roar of jet engines could be heard...”

However, just as he finished reciting the blessing over the wine, and we all drank a Lechayim and proceeded to indulge in the beautiful cuisine on the Kiddush table, suddenly, without warning, a loud roar of jet engines could be heard overhead. As we all gazed up in amazement there, out of the clear blue sky, appeared a magnificent low flying



formation of the famous Red Arrows who momentarily, and unwittingly, graced us with their brilliant display en route to the Bournemouth sea front.

Well, to say this was a Shabbat with a difference would be an understatement! And the sun shining just added the finishing touch. ■ Chabad

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Mandy, Mark, Leonie, Talia & Eliana
would like to thank Rabbi Yossie and Chanie for all their hard work
and wish them every success for the future.



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