



## Spring Term update...

**Live like Blaine.** This message was echoed over and over again during the memorial service for Blaine Steinberg on Thursday night. From speeches by peers and faculty, to the bracelets that we all wear today, we are always reminded to try to live our lives a little bit more like Blaine. On Friday night,



Blaine's family was able to experience what it was like to live like Blaine at Dartmouth when they attended Shabbat dinner at Chabad. More than **50** students, including almost our entire birthright trip, gathered together on Friday night, to welcome the Steinberg family to be a part of something Blaine loved. As we welcomed in Shabbat by lighting the candles, you could feel Blaine's presence. At Blaine's memorial service Rabbi Gray read a verse from the Mishnah that discussed doing things with purpose, saying little and doing much, and greeting everyone with cheerful countenance. Blaine truly embodied all of these characteristics, and in her honor we are striving to do the same. After a very emotional memorial service, it was so meaningful to come together for Shabbat dinner in memory of Blaine. We laughed, we cried and we remembered an incredible person that we were all so lucky to call a friend. For the first time in its 11 years on campus, Dartmouth Chabad hosted College

**President Phil Hanlon '77** and his wife Gail Gentes for Shabbat dinner, giving Chabad an unprecedented level of recognition as an instrumental student group on campus. There was so much interest that the event had to be capped at **50** students, and the maximum was reached in just a few hours. This was done in order to give each student a chance to speak with the president, and despite only having one hour to spend at Chabad, the President stayed close to three hours. He spoke about community, in relation to Chabad, as well as to the greater



*Rochel Leah and her bff Dan*



*President Hanlon, Gail and the Chabad board*

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## Upcoming Events

### Rosh Hashanah Services

Thu . Sept 25 ,26 @ 10:00am Paganucci Lounge, `53 Commons

### Yom Kippur Services

Sept 3, 4 @ Paganucci Lounge, `53 Commons

### Fall term

Land and the Spirit Course on Israel  
6 week course on Israel and why it should matter to me

10th Annual Mayanot Israel **birthright** trip

Coming this year:

How Jewish ethics, morality and lessons have shaped my professional career

*These are just some of the things going on this term at Dartmouth. For more information or to be informed about other events please sign up to for our list by e-mailing [Chabad@Dartmouth.edu](mailto:Chabad@Dartmouth.edu)*

## Mazal Tov to ...

*To Rabbi, Chani and the kids on the birth of Alta Esther.*

*Alta is getting to know her siblings and loves being held by them constantly*

*She cant wait to meet all of the Dartmouth extended family*



## A Visit to the Mailbox

Dear Rabbi,

Just finished reading the book you gave me - it was truly extraordinary! Thank you again for this kind and generous gift and for all of the support you continue to show me in my pursuits.

I hope all is well!

Away until September but will be in touch soon. Very exciting year ahead!

Ben

## The Rebbe... Our Inspiration

After forty minutes he stopped. He said what he wanted to say.

He turned to the audience and with his hands, started to get the chassidim to sing and dance.

Then something happened that I will never forget to the end of my life. The Rebbe and his brother-in-law, I think they were both approaching eighty at the time, each took a Sefer Torah, a Torah scroll. They went to the center of the hall, surrounded by all the chassidim.

There was a light shining from the ceiling that bathed them in a pool of light.

I saw these two old bearded Jews dancing in a circle of light with a Torah. I felt the strength of generations, the power of our traditions, our faith and our people.

The Rabbi said many things to me that night. But he said one big thing.

He said, "You will go into a house of lies," that's how he referred to a particular institution.

He said, "Remember that in a hall of perfect darkness, if you light one small candle, its precious light will be seen from afar, by everyone. Your mission is to light a candle for truth and for the Jewish people."

That is what I have tried to do ever since.

This is what we are all asked to do.

From an address at the 92nd St. Y, on Sep. 24th, 2009

By Benjamin Netanyahu

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Dartmouth community, and emphasized the importance of our shared values in coming together for the greater good. Rabbi Gray then spoke about leadership, specifically about Moses and Aaron and their connection to the sin of the golden calf and the Jewish peoples gaining forgiveness via Yom Kippur. Moses was the leader who gains forgiveness and was the visionary, but we remember the forgiveness through Aaron, whose leadership is much more about remembrance and structure. He then brought it all together, commending President Hanlon's leadership on campus, which embodies the leadership style of Moses in procuring Dartmouth's largest gift ever under his vision and mandate, while taking the Aaron route in other situations, such as his patient in handling being held hostage in his own office #freePhil.

Once again, Dartmouth Chabad had a record number of attendees at the Pesach seder. Taking advantage of the beautiful spring weather, **120 students** came for the outdoor meal, enjoying each other's company in the spacious tent that Rabbi Gray set up for the occasion. Ma Nishtana was said in at least four different languages, and a lively Dayenu was included, as always. With such a large crowd, Rabbi Gray was bouncing around the tent, keeping things interesting and getting everyone involved. The food was delicious, with the highlights being Chani's famous chicken soup and the handmade shmura matzah. Once again, it was truly amazing to see so many members of the Dartmouth community come together to celebrate our shared Jewish heritage, and we can't wait to see the event grow even larger next year.

The 2014 Chabad Senior Class Gift was a huge success. Twenty graduating students collectively raised \$5986. In recognition of the gift, students were invited to a Wine and Cheese Reception at Chabad on May 7, featuring kosher cheese and baked goods prepared by Chani. Rabbi Gray and Senior Class Gift Coordinator **Marissa Wizig** spoke to the group about ways to stay involved with Chabad as alumni. The money raised through the gift will endow a yearly Shabbat dinner in honor of the class of 2014. The first class dinner will take place this fall, and '14s will be invited to return to campus to celebrate the occasion. The '14s are proud to make this gift to Chabad, and are excited to see what the '15s are able to raise next year!

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I grew up Jewish in a way that maybe 90% of American Jews are familiar with. We celebrated the major holidays—Passover, Hanukkah—and kept Shabbat off and on. More off than on. It was pretty spare, Jewish-wise. My mother is Jewish, of course, raised secular. Her father was a self-described self-hating Jew. Hated anything that had the slightest smell of devout belief, kashrut or Zionism.

So apart from my grandfather's strange insistence that I never visit Israel, and despite the fact that I strongly identified as a Jew, I didn't think critically about Judaism until I went to college. I tagged along with friends to Hillel and Chabad a handful of times, but always felt like an outsider at Shabbat dinner. All the other kids had gone to Hebrew school, they knew all of the songs and prayers, and they all seemed to know each other. I'd never felt more exposed of un-Jewish, as if I was without a community, or even an understanding of why I wished to be a part of a community. (This was probably less the fault of the organizations and more my own confusion. Still. The confusion was there.)

A couple of years passed. Then, my junior year, a chance conversation with one of my professors led to a research opportunity in Jerusalem. Of course, I accepted it. It ended up being my grandfather's anti-Zionism that was a deciding factor. I wondered how he could feel so strongly about a place he had never been to, and I wondered what it was about the legacy of Israel and Judaism that touched him so profoundly, even if it was in a negative way.

And so I went. When I landed in Tel Aviv I was terrified. I didn't speak Hebrew, I knew no one there, and, thanks to the fraudulent charges on my bank account, my credit card had been blocked on my layover in Heathrow. So I had no money. I stood on that sidewalk outside of the airport, and just thought, "Oh no." I was scared, so I let myself be scared for about 30 seconds. Then I heard a cab driver yelling in English, and I went to him and explained my situation, that I only had the equivalent of about \$15 on me, and I needed to go to the US Consulate in Tel Aviv city center, and that I knew that \$15 wouldn't even get me halfway there, but could he drive me as far as \$15 would take me?

During that taxi ride, he asked why I was in Israel, and if I considered myself a Jew, and how I felt about being a Jew in the US, and then he said that he had cousins living abroad, and that they were so different than him. "Almost like a different kind of Jew," he said. Not better or worse, but different. He told me about his childhood in Jerusalem, and how it was so unlike Tel Aviv, and all the sayings that the Jerusalemites have about the Tel Avivians, and vice versa. I'm sure it was the same thing he said to every tourist that ever got into his car, but meanwhile, I was sitting in the back seat, almost crying with relief. Because I had become convinced that no one had these conversations, and that no Jew ever wondered or questioned what it meant to be a Jew, or if I do this or that, does that make me more or less a Jew than if I do that or this?

And of course I was wrong, and it's silly that it took a flight halfway around the world to realize it, but that's how life is sometimes.

The cab driver pulled up to the curb and I'm assuming that my \$15 have run out, but I'm looking out the window at the American Consulate. He had taken me all the way, and refused my money entirely. He said to me: "look, you've just got to this country, and you had a bad time of it. It's easy for us to get angry or discouraged when bad things happen. But I don't want that to be your experience here. I want you to know that when you are in Israel, you aren't just a stranger who had some bad luck, you're coming as a family member who is coming home. And family takes care of family." And he wished me luck and told me to be safe, and I never saw him again.

I wish I could say that the rest of my time in Israel passed in such an enjoyable manner. But it is breathtakingly hot in Jerusalem during the summer, and I wore short sleeves, and I happen to be covered in tattoos. And I think the heat makes everyone a little crazy, because one day, I was approached by a stranger on the street. And this old Jewish man literally hissed at me, spit on my feet, grabbed my arm, and yelled in my face.

"Disgrace,"

"Shameless,"

"As a Jew, you should have more respect for your body."

It had never even occurred to me before this day that my tattoos were wrong. The encounter shook me. So much so that even after I returned to Dartmouth for my senior year, I carried the memory of this man's ugly hatred. My Jewish brother, this man.

# Chabad in Action



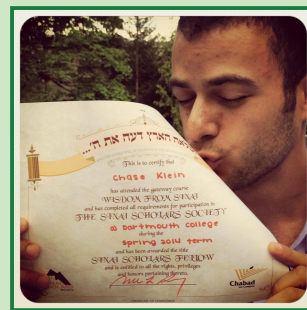
*Sinai Scholars Celebration Dinner*



*Chani and Julie Shabto '14*



*Part of the crowd for Seder in the tent*



*Sinai Scholars Love*



*Barbequing on Lag B'Omer, Jews and Canoes*



*Rabbi and Sid Steinberg after WOD "Blaine"*



*Baby Shower for Chani Gray*

But one bad experience shouldn't define life. I was encouraged to apply to Sinai Scholars, and I did. I began attending Shabbat dinners at Chabad. And I loved Sinai Scholars. As I spent more and more time around my fellow Jewish classmates, I understood that my previous feelings of alienation were, in a word, stupid. (They were maybe not unfounded, but that's a different topic, and beside the point.) I felt welcome in the class, and at Chabad, like I was part of a family. It was easier even than being Jewish with my own secular family. I learned about a part of myself that I'd always had to justify to other people why I identified as Jewish, and how Jewish I was. Sinai Scholars answered questions I never dreamed of, but now realize I'd always wanted to ask.

Near the end of the class, I reached out to Rabbi Gray for clarification on one of the lessons. Over coffee, we had a series of conversations that soon touched upon life in general. The truth came out, as the truth usually does. And the truth was that, like too many other people, especially women, I'd been attacked my sophomore year. The aftermath had been poisonous. That I'd felt trapped, and that the only thing that made sense, that gave me control, as to mark my arms, my legs, my foot, in meaningful ways.

I told Rabbi Gray about this, and I also told him about the man in Jerusalem, and about all of the other people in other parts of the world, Jewish or otherwise, that have judged my tattoos and my Judaism. I asked him the question I'd been afraid to ask for almost a year, since I'd returned from Jerusalem. Do I become an outsider again, now that I have tattoos and I know they're wrong? Do they make me less Jewish?

Rabbi Gray said:

Look, yes, the Torah forbids tattooing. But you know what else the Torah forbids? Shaming others. Only G-d has the right and the power to judge you. So forget about those people, because the important thing is that you're here today. I finished Sinai Scholars and graduated. I've since moved to a tiny town in northwestern Washington State, Jewish population: me. There are good and bad days. Sometimes I deeply regret my tattoos, but I sometimes I deeply appreciate them: they remind me that sometimes I and others make mistakes, but still life can be beautiful.

Sometimes I feel lost, that again I have no Jewish community, and no home for my soul, and then I remember what Sinai Scholars taught me that my and your Judaism is inherent, that it is a spark, a fire within you, and your fire will burn if it is surrounded by a thousand other sparks, or if it shines on by itself.

Thank you to Sinai Scholars and Rabbi Gray, for revealing what is possible with just a little work.