

Sukkot 5772

To be understood on the background of the recession and the spreading demonstrations in the US against "Wall Street" which is a code word for Jews

A Sukkot Allegory – excerpt from the book "With All Your Might"

Reb Yisrael and his sons erected their *sukkah* adjacent to the kitchen door of their palatial home in one of the Five Towns, as they had done for many years, in the past.

But this year was different.

Reb Yisrael had just learned from his rabbi that one of the reasons for residing temporarily in a *sukkah* is in case one's destiny was decided on Rosh HaShana to be expulsion into *galut*, the departure from the comforts of home into the *sukkah* could be considered to be that *galut*.

So Reb Yisrael, his wife and children left the warm comforts of their beautiful house and entered the *sukkah*, with the knowledge that by taking up temporary residence therein, they would be absolved of any *galut*-related sins.

As the family continued to reside in the *sukkah*, they got quite used to the pleasant smell of the *sechach* (branches used to roof the *sukkah*) and the pretty pictures on the walls and the overhanging decorations, and were content to remain there even after the chag (holiday).

They were able to peer into their permanent home with its luxurious amenities, electrical gadgets, and state-of-the-art under-floor heating units, thick hanging drapes, lush carpets and much more, but entertained no interest in returning there.

As odd as it may seem, the family became accustomed to the crowded interior of the *sukkah*. Their relatives and neighbors

tried to point out the irrationality of what they were doing, but the very idea that this was *galut* did little to encourage the family to return home.

When their rabbi came to visit, he encouraged them to remain in the *sukkah* rather than to return home, because it was in the *sukkah* that the family felt comfortable and closely knit.

In the meantime, several strangers noticed that the previously brightly-lit home was vacant, and they decided to move in as if it were indeed their own!

Reb Yisrael and his wife and children saw the strangers living in the house; but in veneration for the *sukkah*, they stubbornly bonded with the thin walls and dried-out sechach and refused to leave.

The whole thing was so absurd. To leave such a beautiful home for the feeble, fallible construction of the *sukkah*, despite the fact that their beautiful home was beckoning them to return was beyond the understanding of any rational person.

Then came the stones thrown by the local anti-Semites who wanted to rid the neighborhood of this *sukkah* eye-sore, but Reb Yisrael and his family dodged them one by one and steadfastly remained in their fragile dwelling, rationalizing these acts as irrelevant nuisances.

Then came the terrible night when one-third of the *sukkah* was torched by the local bullies.

Reb Yisrael and his family were aware of what was happening, but their minds had become so warped that no amount of reasoning could move them.

To them the *sukkah* was home and their home was *galut*.

Eventually the *sukkah* came crashing down, killing Reb Yisrael and his entire family in their beloved *galut*!

The time has arrived for the Jews in the US, Europe and all the lands of the galut to return home.

Chag Samai'ach

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