

# תשפ"ד · Bnos 5784

## Parshas

Vayikra- Parshas Zachor

אחינו כל בית ישראל הנתונים בצרה ובשביה העומדים בין בים ובין ביבשה המקום ירחם עליהם ויזיאו מצרה לרוחה ומאפלה לאורה ומשעבוד לגאלה השתא בעגלא ובזמן קריב ונאמר אמן:



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# Story

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## THE SOUR HANANTASCHEN

Little Riva was going to be eight years old this Purim. Because Purim was her birthday, she always looked forward to it with special interest and excited expectation. But this year was different - oh, so very different. It was very nice to be living with a Rabbi in Lisbon, Portugal, but it wasn't the same as living with mother and father in a little village in Austria. Still, remembering what she had gone through, she knew she was very lucky. Riva remembered well how her family packed all their belongings and left in their car in the dead of night. She knew the Nazis were coming, and that they had to get out of the country - but she really didn't understand why. She remembered seeing many, many other families going fast - as fast as they could - out of Austria. She remembered watching her parents, pale and worried talking in whispers as they kept taking turns driving. They began to get hungry. It was so hard to get food, especially as they wouldn't eat any nonKosher food. At last they came to Spain. Here they set up sort of camp. Her parents always looked worried now, and left Riva to play by herself. One day Riva went for a walk to a nearby stream. She played in the sand all day. Other children came along and they played games. The sun was setting as she started back with the other children. They entered the camp and she went into the crude hut where they were staying. There was no one there. She called out: "Mother, Father..." No one answered. Everything was in its place: pots, pans and clothes. She went outside: no one else was in sight. At last, she saw a man with a beard coming; she ran over to him and asked, "Please sir, what happened here? Where is everyone?" For a moment the man looked at her, then he said: "They had to go to the next town for questioning. They'll be back in a week or two, don't you worry. In the meantime, round up all the youngsters. We have to find a place for them to stay until the grown-ups come back." All the children were taken away and given over to kind people who were willing to care for them. Only Riva was left; no one could be found to take her in. She stayed with the man with the beard, in the crowded city of Lisbon, Portugal. The week or two turned into months, and still her parents didn't come. Somehow she knew they weren't coming. She came to like the quiet man with the beard and his friendly wife. She found out that he was a Rabbi, an America citizen, who tried to get Jews out of Europe, into America or Israel. He was working for an organization with a funny name: VAAD HATZALA. It took her two weeks to learn the name. The first time she heard it, she burst out laughing. That was when the Rabbi's wife was telling her about the Rabbi's work. But when the kindly woman began to tell her about the organization, she listened quietly. She listened, enthralled, to tales about how the Vaad Hatzala had gotten Jews out of Germany and Austria right under the noses of the Nazis, sometimes by trickery, sometimes by bribing the right people. And once Riva had asked: "Maybe they can get my mother and dad out from where-ever they are?" And the Rabbi's wife said "maybe." The Rabbi's wife taught Riva many things. She taught her how to cook and sew, to read Hebrew, to pray from the Siddur. She taught her how to wash before eating and many other things. Every Friday, toward evening, she lit two candles on a small table. She would make the Brocho, with her hands over eyes, and then she would say a prayer for the speedy return of her mother and father. So she lived with the Rabbi and his wife, and the weeks sped by. One night, she lay on her bed and tried to go to sleep. She tossed restlessly, as memories filled her head. She remembered the months of suffering and starving when they kept going in the car. She wondered whether mother and father were again traveling or whether the dreaded Nazis had taken them prisoner. But there were no Nazis in Spain. Then why didn't they come here - why didn't they at least write to her? Would she ever see them again - dear mother and dad? As she lay on her bed so, she heard the front door slam. That would be the Rabbi; he often came home late at night. The sound of his voice penetrated her room. She could just make out the words. And at the first words she heard, she sat up. The Rabbi asked: "Is the child asleep?", and his tone was serious, anxious. The Rabbi's wife told him that she had gone up an hour ago. Riva got out of bed very quietly and moved to the stairs. She looked down. She could see the Rabbi and his wife standing by the table in the dining room. The Rabbi started to speak again. "Well, I found out everything." His voice sounded so downcast and dejected. "Her parents and the other Jews living in those huts were arrested by the French Fascists, for vagrancy and so on. They were "undesirable aliens." Those Fascists put them into Madrin concentration camp. The only difference between the Spanish and the German concentration camps is that the Spanish won't kill out the prisoners so soon. They let them suffer." It wasn't cold in the house, but Riva shuddered. She clutched the stair railing. The Rabbi's wife said: "But couldn't you get them Passports, Visas - surely the Spanish Fascists will release them." "Oh, yes," answered the Rabbi. "If anyone of them has a Visa or Passport, he goes free; but right now, none of them has one, and the Fascists won't let anyone see the prisoners to give them anything." "In other words," she said, "if we can get the visas, and somehow get them into the hands of the prisoners, they go free. Well, first get the Visas, and then we'll worry about getting them to the prisoners." "Oh, the Visas are no worry; I have them right

here." The Rabbi took a bunch of papers out of his briefcase. His wife took them and put them into the drawer of the table. "Let them stay here until we can think of something. Can we bribe any of the guards, perhaps?" "No chance," said the Rabbi; "they are all picked for meanness." The Rabbi began to go up the stairs, and Riva scampered back into her room. The conversation of that night stuck into her mind. When she got the chance she opened the drawer. The papers were there, all right! She told herself time and again that if the Rabbi and his wife couldn't think of a way to get those papers into San Madria, she surely couldn't. But she couldn't keep from thinking and thinking about it. But not one idea came to her. At least she stopped worrying about it. She did her share of the housework, and tried to keep her mind off the papers. One day, the Rabbi's wife said to Riva, "Do you know what we are going to celebrate next week?" Riva shook her head. "Purim, of course. Come into the kitchen, and I'll show you how to make Hamantaschen." Riva stood and watched her make the dough, knead it, cut it, and so on. She watched how the jelly and raisins were put in, and how the final cakes of three sides took shape. The Rabbi's wife was too interested in the Hamantaschen to notice the tears in Riva's eyes. For the mention of Purim brought memories to Riva. Purim was her birthday. Every Purim in the little village in Austria, she would go out into the orchards and pick fruits. These were brought into the house, and she would give them to her parents. This was her Mishloach Monos. And in return, her parents would present her with her present - a birthday cake. This year, there would be no fruit picking and no birthday cake. If only she would be able to give her parents a Purim gift, she knew what she would give them, all right. But she forced herself to watch how the Hamantaschen were being made. After the Rabbi's wife was finished, she tried to make them. Her first two efforts turned out bad. The third was a very tasty and well - done Hamantasch. The Rabbi's wife applauded. Riva never knew how the idea came to her. It seemed to grow within her, and fill her whole being. She had it. If only she could get a chance to carry it through. She couldn't tell the Rabbi's wife - that would spoil it. And besides, she was supposed to know nothing about it. She could only pray that it would be the Almighty's will that she carry through her plan. The Almighty must have heard her prayers, for next morning, when she came down, she found the Rabbi and his wife ready to leave. The Rabbi said: "We have to go away for a few days. You're going to be in charge of the house. Take care of everything." And the Rabbi's wife said: "I won't get a chance to make hamantaschen so you'll have to do that. Make a lot of them and make sure they're light and thin." The Rabbi grabbed up a briefcase and they were gone. Riva nearly wept for joy. Quickly she ran into the dining room. She pulled open the drawer - the papers were there! She took them out and brought them into the kitchen. She began folding them and rolling in a bit of wax paper. She put them aside and began making - of all things - hamantaschen. She mixed flour and water and eggs and sugar. Now, instead of kneading this into dough, she did a strange thing: She stood up on a chair and took down a bottle of vinegar. She poured out half the bottle into the flour and water mixture. She put the bottle of vinegar back and started kneading. She soon had a light fluffy dough. She cut it into pieces of the right size and in each one put one of the rolled up pieces of paper. The waxed paper wrapped around the cigarette-shaped wads kept them dry and safe. Around each one she put a little jam and closed up the dough all around, shaping it into a Hamantasch. She soon used up all the wads of paper, and she still had plenty of dough and jam. She kept on making Hamantaschen until no more dough was left. She put all of them into the oven to bake. Some time later she took them out. The special ones with the pieces of paper she put aside. From the others she took one and tasted it. She spit it out quickly. It was sour - more sour than she had expected it to be. Quickly, she took a basket, put the special Hamantaschen on the bottom and covered them over quickly with the others. She took down the box of small change that stood on the kitchen shelf, and emptied it. She put the money in a pocket, put on her coat and set out, shutting the door behind her. She knew enough Spanish to ask her way, and soon she was on a bus going to the town of San Madria, Spain. When the bus came to the border between Portugal and Spain, it stopped and all got out to be examined by the Spanish soldiers. They went through trunks and packages, and asked questions. But they didn't take much notice of a little girl who carried a basket of three-sided cakes. They just made sure that there were only cakes in the basket. After a while the passengers went back into the bus, and it rolled on. It was noon when she reached San Madria. She got off the bus and began walking. The first person she saw, she asked directions to the camp. The person she asked gave her a long hard stare. Little girls just don't ask the way to a concentration camp. But the man told her and shrugged his shoulders and Riva walked on. She had to stop twice to put down the basket and rest. Finally she came to the camp. She gasped. Stretching far away to the right and to the left were fence and barbed wire, taller than any fence she had ever seen before. In front of her were an iron gate and a heavy padlock on it. Just inside the gate was a little booth for the watchman. She was shaking with fear. Back home it looked like a good idea - here she felt alone and miserable. What if they found out? What would they do to her? She forced herself to walk up and ring the bell on the gate. Soon the guard came. He shouted: "What do you want? Go on home!" "Please sir," said Riva,

“Could you give these cakes to the Jewish prisoners. I baked it especially for them, please sir.” There were tears in Riva’s eyes, but they weren’t make-believe tears. “Go on home,” growled the guard. There were tears in Riva’s eyes, but they weren’t make believe tears. “Oh G-d, please help me,” she said in a whisper. “Do not let me fail.” Tears rolled down her cheeks. “Here, wait a minute,” shouted the soldier, “let’s see those cakes.” Eagerly, he put out a hand through the gate and took one. He bit into one. He spit it out and began cursing. “You could poison somebody with that stuff!” Then the soldier began to laugh and laugh. Finally he stopped and wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes and said, “Give me that stuff. You asked for it. This stuff is not fit for anyone but those blasted Jews. Go thank your mother for the ‘fine’ present. Tell her we’ll ram one of these down every prisoner’s throat. Tell her the prisoners enjoyed every bit of it.” And laughing, he called out: “Hey fellows, come here!” A few guards came over. “Listen to this,” he said. And he told them about Riva and the cakes. Then he took a Hamantasch, broke off pieces, and gave them to his friends to taste. They all began laughing. “Come on, let’s go find the Jews and feed it to them. We haven’t had so much fun in years.” Riva ran. Now she could only hope that everything would go well. She ran fast, until she came to the Town. A bus was just ready to leave. She jumped on. All the way back her heart beat fast. She was praying inwardly, praying that all would go well.

Once back in Lisbon, she walked fast to the house. She opened the door and walked in. She walked over to the telephone. Sure enough, the Rabbi had written down a telephone number where he could be reached. She asked the operator to connect her. At last she heard a voice. “Hello,” she said, please let me speak to the Rabbi - it’s important... Hello, Is that you Rabbi? This is Riva.” Quickly she told him what she had done. His voice sounded sharp and very clear. “All right Riva. Now, stay where you are and don’t do anything. You did well.” She heard the click of the phone... Now there was nothing to do but wait... She took a Bible and began reading. The minutes dragged by so slowly. All was so quiet except for the ticking of the clock. Along the road that the bus had taken, an automobile sped through the darkness. In it were strange companions - a man with a beard and an American consul. The car tore along the road. In ten minutes, it stood before the heavy iron gates, and its horn honked long and loud. The guard swung open the massive doors and the car rolled forward. It stopped by the watchman’s booth. A voice rang out, “American Consul of Lisbon” and the car moved forward. It stopped before the administration building. The two men got out and walked into the building. A door to the left said Chief Supervisor - Private. They entered without knocking. The Consul spoke. “Sir, this is a friend of mine, and you know who I am. Now, you have a group of prisoners taken into custody last June. Now I’m afraid there’s been a mistake. These people have visas from America. I think they themselves did not know they had the visas, and for that reason they did not protest the imprisonment.” The supervisor stared at them. Had the Consul gone crazy? Whoever heard of people who didn’t know they had visas? But he seemed perfectly serious. And so the Supervisor said politely, “Very well, let us call these people.” The prisoners were soon brought in, and strange, each one produced a visa, properly filled out and signed. There was nothing that the Supervisor could do but release them, with proper apologies for having kept them until now. Several taxis soon drove up and the ex-prisoners got in. The cars started off for Lisbon and the chief Supervisor stood looking after them. “Can it be,” he muttered, that I have gone crazy?”

The door of the Rabbi’s house opened slowly. The Rabbi walked in on tiptoe. In an easy chair sat Riva, fully clothed and fast asleep. The clock said 3:00 A.M. On the table lay an open Bible. Behind the Rabbi, a man and a woman came in. The Rabbi went over and tapped Riva on the shoulder. She awoke with a start. “Riva,” he said gently, “look, I’ve brought you a Purim present.” Riva looked up and saw her mother and father. In a moment they were embracing each other, and crying and laughing all at once. Riva couldn’t help noticing how thin and pale they looked. That Purim Riva never forgot.

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# Parsha Quiz

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**See how much  
you know!**

1. Did the Jews eat non-kosher food at the king's banquet?
2. Who was the leader of the Jews?
3. Why was Vashti killed?
4. On what day of the week was she killed?
5. Why?
6. Who suggested to the king that he be killed?
7. What was his name then?
8. Who was the cousin of Mordechai?
9. Did she want to be a queen?
10. Did Esther ask for perfumes?
11. Did she obey Hashem's commands when she was in the palace?
12. Did she announce her religion to the king at first?
13. Why not?
14. Who suggested that Mordechai become an advisor to the king?
15. Who plotted against the king?
16. Why?
17. What did they plan to do?
18. Who overheard the plot?
19. Whom did he tell about the plot?
20. Haman was a descendant of .....?
21. What was Haman's office?
22. What was Haman before he became prime minister?
23. Why did Mordechai refuse to bow before Haman?
24. What was written on the sole of Mordechai's shoe?
25. Was Haman afraid of Mordechai?

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# Recipe

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# Sushi Hamantashen

## Ingredients

1 pack mini pizza dough rounds

1 large salmon fillet (skinless)

2 tablespoons sushi sauce

2 tablespoons spicy mayo

6-7 mock kani sticks (shredded)

1 egg, beaten

## Directions

1. Slice your salmon fillet into thin, bite-size pieces. Mix with the spicy mayo and sushi sauce.

2. Lay out your pizza rounds on a baking sheet. In the center of each, fill with some shredded kani, and top with the salmon.

3. Close by bringing the three edges together (as you would for hamantashen) Smear the dough with the beaten eggs.

4. Bake on 350 degrees Fahrenheit for 15 to 18 minutes.

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# Middah of the Week

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Purim

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**We want to hear from you!!**

Questions, comments, or suggestions?  
Email us at [bnos@agudah.org](mailto:bnos@agudah.org).

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