

The Feast of **MOSHIACH**

The Festival of the Future

סעודת משיח

A mystical Moshiach experience with suggested readings in which we explore how each of us contains infinite potential to change the world for good

 **Chabad.ORG**



As the final hours of Passover slip away, Jews in every part of the world celebrate the Feast of Moshiach (Moshiach's Seudah in Yiddish), a custom of the Baal Shem Tov and his students. Just as we enter Passover with a celebration of the liberation from Egypt, so we sign off with a celebration of a much greater liberation yet to come.

This rich and multifaceted custom was vigorously encouraged by the Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, of righteous memory, who would personally expound each year at great length about the messianic spark inside each of us and how tapping into our unlimited potential to do but one more act of goodness holds the potential of global transformation.

This year's readings focus on the theme of the soul and how each and every one of us can activate our spiritual power to transform the entire world

Here's a suggested program, comprising four readings related to our theme, each of which may be followed by a cup of wine or grape juice.

WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO PREPARE IN ADVANCE



- Enough wine or grape juice for each participant to drink four cups.
- Wine glasses.
- Matzah (ideally shmurah matzah).
- Kosher for Passover refreshments.
- Reading material (such as this booklet), printed before the onset of the holiday.
- (Since it is customary to sing the Hopp Cossack melody at this meal, you may want to practice in advance as well.)

THE PROGRAM



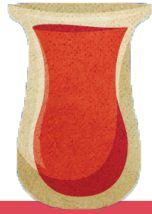
Pray the afternoon service on the final day of Passover earlier than usual, so you have enough time to set the table and wash for matzah well before sunset. The program is flexible, but we suggest you sing your favorite niggunim (Chassidic melodies) and read the following four articles, each one followed by a l'chaim over another (small) glass of wine or grape juice.

As you sip your l'chaims, bless all with whatever they need, accept mitzvah resolutions upon yourself, and pray for the arrival of the era Moshiach.

After night has fallen, don't forget to include the Passover inserts in Grace After Meals (and give the rabbi some time to repurchase your chametz before defrosting those bagels in the freezer).

Next Year In Jerusalem!

Cup 1:



I AM A SOUL

An excerpt from the new book by Mendel Kalmenson, On Purpose (Ezra Press/Chabad.org 2024)

Born into a world that so often denies any inherent significance or meaning to our existence, we clamor to craft a satisfying sense of self as we struggle through life, building our personal worth from a host of external validations—accomplishments, accolades, success, and status.

But even if we succeed in these gratifying pursuits, many of us still struggle with a lingering doubt about our personal value and purpose.

This conundrum was highlighted by the Rebbe shortly after he assumed the mantle of Chabad leadership, when he observed: “The great challenge of today’s youth is the

sense of inadequacy they carry: ‘Mi ani u’mah ani—Who am I, and what am I?’”

So often this crucial existential question is accompanied by a despondent, whispered insistence: “I am small. I am nobody.”

This endemic sense of smallness is no accident. Indeed, the notion that we are born void of intrinsic value results primarily from a fundamental shift in the way we understand the source of our selfhood, and what lies beneath the vast complexities forming our identities.

Today, due to the entrenchment of dominant theories regarding human

origin and development, our identity is perceived as something we must struggle to construct during the course of our lives.

This vacuous approach to identity formation was championed by framers of our depersonalized sense of self, including Aristotle, Charles Darwin, and Sigmund Freud.

Tracing back as far as ancient Alexandria and built through centuries of theoretical inquiry, these men ultimately



crystallized a narrative that says we are merely the product of accidental intersections between biological, evolutionary, and psychological imperatives. This view has manifested more recently in the popular notions that we are a random dance of particles, probabilities, and genetic expressions.

Together, these men birthed a paradigm that ceaselessly hammers home the notion that we come into this world bereft of any true value or intrinsic nobility. Even as scientific theories behind this dour sentiment have evolved and shifted over the years, the resulting view that we are fundamentally insignificant continues to be reinforced.

Steven Hawking, one of the great scientific celebrities of our time, summarized it thusly,

“The human race is just a chemical scum on a moderate-sized planet, orbiting around a very average star in the outer suburb of one among a hundred billion galaxies. We are so insignificant that I cannot believe the whole universe exists for our benefit.”

Based on this cynical worldview, we are told that if we want to be somebody, that somebody must be crafted, curated, and cobbled together. All of this intrapersonal effort amounts to an impossible attempt to become through our own efforts what the Rebbe insists we already are at birth—inherently, infinitely, and irrevocably valuable, worthy of love, and Divine by design.

In the Rebbe’s own words:

Our Sages said that “Each and every soul was in the presence of His Divine Majesty before coming down to this earth,” and that “The souls are hewn from under the seat of glory.” These sayings emphasize the essential nature of the soul, its holiness and purity...

In but a few concise words, the Rebbe deconstructs the prevailing materialist mindset and reveals our spiritual foundation and fundamental composition.

For each of us, this G-dly essence—eternal and pure—represents a sacred inheritance, which includes our unique purpose, as well as all the tools required to live up to it.

Moreover, though each of us is made, like Adam, in the image of our creator, each inherited spark of the Divine and the purpose it imparts is entirely unique—a distinct, holographic reflection of G-d’s perfect wholeness.

As the Mishnah teaches:

Adam was created singly [rather than in pairs like the other living creations]... to proclaim the greatness of the Holy One, Blessed Be He, for a human being casts many coins with one die and they are all alike, each one the same as the other, but the King of kings, the Holy One, Blessed Be He, has cast all of humanity with the die of the first man, and yet not one of them is like his fellow.

This Divine spark at the root of our being imprints each of us as utterly unique, endows us with our own distinct purpose, imparts more significance to our lives than could ever be accumulated or earned, and is, in the Rebbe’s view, who we truly are and always will remain in essence.

Put simply: You don’t have a soul; you are a soul.

Rather than seeing ourselves as small and insignificant, the Rebbe urges us to internalize the fact that our intrinsic identity and essence is an embodied piece of the Divine.

Cup 2:



AM I RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD?

An excerpt from the book by Tzvi Freeman, Wisdom to Heal the Earth (Ezra Press/Chabad.org 2018)

If you've saved one person's life, the Mishnah teaches, you've saved an entire world.

Now does that make sense? A person is just a person, a very small part of a very, very big world, right?

But the Mishnah says otherwise. Each of us is the world. Not just like an entire world. Not just worth an entire world. You are the world.

How is that possible?

Think of yourself. As far as you are concerned, if you are gone, everything is gone. And the same applies for every other person on this planet.

What is your world made of? Take the sum total of everything that has ever influenced or affected you. That's your world. Take the sum total of everything that affects the other guy. That's the other guy's world. Take everything that affects a cow, and that is the world of the cow. Or a tree. Or even a hammer. When you pick up a hammer, it has entered your world,

and you have also entered its world. The same thing with anything and everything.

It goes further than that:

Who sits at the center of your world? You do. Who sits at the center of the other guy's world? He does (or she does). And the cow, too, sits at the center of its world.

Which means that you must be aware that, when you walk into someone else's life, someone



else sits at the center, and you are but a satellite.

And yet we are all in the same world.

WHO'S AT CENTER?

That's a very different view of reality than we're used to. Certainly, if you or I would design a world, we wouldn't do it that way. We would have one center and spread things out from there.

But this world was created by a consciousness that's beyond finite and infinite. The Creator of this world has no problem creating a finite world with infinite centers—one for every existence within it.

It's not possible for a created being to see its world from the perspective of its Creator. But we can get an idea of what it is like by trying to see our world from a different dimension:

Think of the surface of a sphere—like the globe of the earth. Before people understood that the earth was a sphere, they were all looking for the center of the map, the point equidistant from all extremes

But now that we know we are sitting on a big ball in space, ask: Which point is the center of the surface of the globe?

Well, any point you want. And every point.

Now imagine our reality—not just all three dimensions and the continuum of time, but also ideas, emotions, experiences, pain and pleasure—everything that makes up every conscious being—stretched over another dimension of consciousness. Just like the points on the surface of the sphere, each one of us is the center of all reality.

WHERE'S THE TIPPING POINT?

So you are the world. Your consciousness sits at the center of this world, and everything you know of, everything that affects your consciousness in some way or other, comprises your world.

In the Creator's mind, a world is a place of purpose. If so, nothing in your world could possibly be without meaning. If you see it, hear about it or even just know about it, it's telling you something. And you need to do something with that.

Which explains something Maimonides wrote 800 years ago. "See yourself as though the entire world is held in balance," he taught "and any one deed you do could tip the scales for you and the entire world to the good."

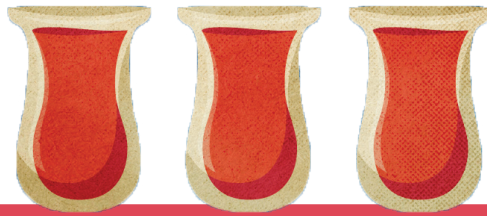
Now that makes a lot of sense. When you're faced with an opportunity to do something that could benefit the world—or do the opposite—everything in your world is pulling or pushing in some direction. A decision of this sort means you're now in the driver's seat. It's your turn to turn to be the active party in your universe and do something with everything else.

So that when you say, "I'm not taking the easy way out. I'm not following the flock. I'm going to do what's right!"—you are carrying an entire world along with you.

As the Mishnah continues, "Therefore, every person must say, 'The whole world was created for me.'" Meaning, "for me to tip the scales. For me to make the entire world the way it was meant to be."

Because you are the world.

Cup 3:



WHO AM I TO BRING MOSHIACH?

By Chaya Sarah Silberberg

QUESTION:

If all the great sages, mystics, and holy people of the past generations were unable to bring Moshiach in their lifetimes, how can we imagine we will be able to make it happen?

RESPONSE:

The thing to realize about redemption is that it is not an all-or-nothing proposition. Bringing Moshiach is not the sole responsibility of any one generation; it is the culmination of a collective effort, goodness accumulated throughout the ages. And goodness doesn't disappear.

Also, there is a specific benefit to being in this generation. The Chassidic masters teach that the purpose of creation is to make this world into a dwelling place for G-d. Not the worlds of the angels, not some heavenly realm of souls and spiritual beings—but this earthy, palpable, mundane physical world. In order to bring Moshiach, this is what we need to work on—we've got to bring G-d down to earth.

Let me ask you: Is there any generation that better qualifies as being "down on earth" than ours? For Moshiach to come, the G-dly needs to be revealed in us. In what the

Kabbalists call "the lower realms." In fact, the generation before the coming of Moshiach is called the "heel of Moshiach" because the world is at its lowest point since Sinai.

When I was younger, I used to sew needlepoint tapestries. One of the first ones I ever sewed was a picture of a quaint cottage, surrounded with trees and colorful flowers, with a bright blue sky and puffy white, gray, and dark gray clouds. While sewing it, I decided that the grays of the clouds were too dreary. So I replaced them with bright blue and white. When I finished the picture it didn't look quite right. Those darker, "drearier" colors were necessary to make the picture perfect. Sure, the vital reds and pinks and yellows and bright greens "made" the picture—but without the simple grays, the somber browns, and the unobtrusive blacks, the picture was not complete.

Each and every one of us has a crucial role in drawing the divine picture and bringing Moshiach; if you didn't, you would not have been created. Telling ourselves that we have no power, are insignificant, unimportant, and don't matter is simply a product of laziness. On the contrary, the very fact that we are such ordinary people, struggling with the most earthly, mundane matters—that's exactly what qualifies us more than any other generation to bring G-d down to earth. You can't invite Him in unless you live there yourself!

Remember, G-d put us in this position because He believes in us. And if He does, so should we.



Cup 4:



FOUR BOXES OF MATZAH

By Stan
Lapon

Once upon a time in a small city in Midwestern America, there lived a very kindly and generous rabbi named Rabbi Shmotkin. Every year it was his practice, at Passover time, to mail out boxes of shmurah matzah in order to bring a feeling of celebration to the Passover Festival. This is the story of four boxes of this shmurah matzah.

The first box arrived at the home of a friendless, middle-aged accountant, who lived alone and whose sole companions were his tank of tropical fish. Since tropical fish were not known as big talkers, our accountant often sat at home at night listening to the radio and wondering.

He remembers going to the door that afternoon to pick up his mail. When he opened the door, a cardboard box fell at his feet. At first, he thought it was a medium-sized pizza that had been wrongly delivered to his home, but when he opened it and saw the letter inside, a smile came to his face, a rare one for that time in his life, and he said a special thanks to Rabbi Shmotkin just for remembering him.

The next afternoon, the friendless little accountant again went to the door to collect his daily portion of "occupant mail." Again when he opened the door, another cardboard box fell at his feet. He examined it

closely and again found that it was shmurah matzah from Lubavitch House. "Strange," he thought, "one box was nice, but two seems a bit extravagant on the rabbi's part."

The afternoon after that, our sad accountant again went to the door for his mail.. You guessed it, in fell another box of matzah.

Now you must understand that this accountant knew a thing or two about computers, so that his initial thought was that maybe he was in some sort of Chassidic computer loop, like when the government forgets that it has sent you



your tax refund and decides to send you the same tax refund every week for the rest of your life. "Why," he pondered, "couldn't I get into a government refund loop, instead of a shmurah matzah loop? Just my mazel," he said to himself, "everyone else gets money when there is a mistake, I get matzah."

The afternoon after that, he went as usual to get his mail, opened the door and... you guessed it, in fell a fourth box of matzah.

"Four boxes of matzah has to be a sign, like the four questions, only more expensive," our little friend pondered. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Finally, after an excess of soul searching, he decided to do exactly as Rabbi Shmotkin had done—to give the shmurah matzah away. Since he didn't know many people, he gave away two of the boxes to people at work, one to a Jewish woman who had married a Christian and one to a Jewish man who was married to a non-Jewish woman. The third box he took with him to his Seder dinner and the fourth he kept for himself.

The little accountant's Seder dinner was most depressing. His father's wife was quite ill and could barely sit at the table. Her days were not to be long, it seemed to all assembled, who nodded among themselves with little knowing looks. When it came time to display and taste the first matzah, the accountant's stepmother brightened up. "Who brought the shmurah matzah to the Seder?" she asked, rather strongly, everyone thought.

"Why I did," responded the little accountant.

"I really want to thank you," she said. "Every day to me is now very precious, and with this unexpected gift, you have done the impossible, for you have made this day somehow even more precious to me than usual."

Everyone was beaming at the table, and somehow, a very sad and distant night had turned into a very close-knit one. "Rabbi Shmotkin is doing something right when he gives this Matzah away," the accountant thought to himself.

Three days later when he returned to the office, the man he had given the matzah to approached the accountant almost before he had had a chance to have his morning coffee. "You know," he said, "that special matzah you gave me for Passover, it had a rather profound effect on my wife, who not only isn't Jewish, but she's not even very religious. We don't have a Seder at my house on Passover anymore, but I passed out your matzah and she was fascinated by it. She could not believe how ancient it looked, and she said it gave her a feeling of connection with a past she barely knew existed.

"And you know what's really surprising? She made me take down our dusty unused bible and that very night (it happened to have been Passover eve), and she had me read the entire story of Exodus out loud to her and the kids. You know women never cease to amaze me."

He walked slowly toward his office, when the Jewish woman virtually accosted him in the hall. "I really want to thank you for that matzah you gave us for Passover. You know every year my daughter, husband and I go to my parents' house for a semi-Seder. It's really just a meal, because my husband isn't much interested. When our daughter opened the matzah box at the house and gave everyone a piece and then she read the rabbi's letter that came with the matzah out loud, you know, my husband said to me, 'She really likes this service stuff,' and he agreed to let me send her to Hebrew Sunday school. Before that night he was against the whole idea, I don't know what changed his mind, but I think the matzah had something to do with it."



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