

**Good Shabbos Everyone.** This week's parsha begins with the word Tzav. Rashi explains that "Tzav" indicates "zerizus" - alacrity. Alacrity - moving quickly and with enthusiasm- is an important aspect of serving Hashem. Because, one who does mitzvahs with an eagerness, will be able to do more mitzvahs and do the mitzvahs more completely. The following story illustrates the power of doing Mitzvahs with enthusiasm.

Every Friday evening, just before sunset, Monica stared longingly at the parade that passed by the window of her home in Bat Yam. Everyone was going the same way – to shul. She saw fathers, in their best suits, along with sons, neat and clean, with shirttails firmly tucked in. Some were accompanied by freshly-scrubbed little girls wearing party dresses, and teenage daughters conscious of their new dignity as young women. The stores were closed, and traffic had dwindled. During this peaceful, weekly hush, Monica would step out outside and greet the people in the parade. "Shabbat Shalom! Shabbat Shalom!" she said to each one, beaming because she always received an answer.

Soon after she was done wishing everyone "Shabbat Shalom" She herself also joined the festive march to shul. As the sun sank, Monica drank in the singing that poured out from the brightly-lit synagogue as the congregation welcomed the Sabbath. Then she would go home where she encountered a completely different atmosphere. Her parents were totally secular, so when she asked for a white tablecloth and Shabbos candles, her request was met with great surprise.

Her mother had been raised by parents who severed their connection with the past. No trace of Judaism "sullied" their home. They had even opted to send their daughter to a convent school in Jaffa. As a result, even if Monica's mother had wanted to guide her daughter towards Judaism, she was completely ignorant of her heritage. Monica's father, too, was surprised by his daughter's request. To him, Shabbos was just another day of the week.

One Friday night, surprised by her own daring, she knocked on the door of Yemenite family which she had regularly wished "Shabbat Shalom." "May I see the Shabbos?" she asked. The cordial Yemenites welcomed her into their dining room, where her eyes lit up at the sight of the beautifully set table. The Shabbos candles glowed peacefully as she listened to kiddush, and then enjoyed a sip of the sweet wine. She thanked her hosts and left, but did not go home.

Instead she took a walk, for she felt as if she were in a different world. Not heeding to where she was going, Monica wound up in Bat Yam's Kiryat Bobov, a religious neighborhood comprised exclusively of Bobover Chassidim. The streets were empty and silent, but joyous singing resounded from each house she passed. From one dwelling came a particularly beautiful melody sung with enchanting harmonies.

Like metal drawn to a magnet, Monica was pulled to the door. She knocked timidly, but with a great thirst in her soul. "May I please join you for your Shabbos meal?" A smiling Chassid led her to the table, where she was seated among several other young girls.

Needless to say, Monica soon added to her weekly routine. She bought a small set of candlesticks with money she had saved from her allowance. Every Friday afternoon, before she went out to greet the families on their way to evening services, she would light her Shabbos candles. Once out on the street, she would remain there waiting for her Yemenite neighbors, to hear kiddush as she had that first, daring evening. Then she would set off for her Chassidic friends in Kiryat Bobov to join them for the Sabbath meal.

Monica's parents weren't disturbed by the Shabbos routine. "It's just the fleeting fancy of a little girl," they thought. "When she reaches her teens, she'll forget it." The years went by. When Monica asked to attend a religious high school, her parents refused. She begged, pleaded and wept, but without success. She even arranged for rabbis to visit her parents, to outline the curriculum of the school she wished to attend. Her parents remained adamant. No school with even the slightest hint of religion was acceptable to them. They enrolled her in the nearby secular high school, but Monica refused to give up. She continued to attend lectures on Torah. She joined a group that studied Pirkei Avos, and continued as usual with her Shabbos routine. Clearly, her school environment was the antithesis of her real interests in life.

Little by little, Monica became more and more observant, despite her parents' opposition. She met a young man Dani, who was not so observant himself. After Dani attended an [Arachim Seminar](#), he became closer to Torah and Mitzvahs. Monica and Dani were married and Dani served in the Israeli Navy in Haifa. Soon, Dani and Monica were living a fully Torah observant lifestyle together.

When Dani's tour of duty in Haifa ended, he was offered a position with a navy project in central Israel, enabling the couple to move to Kiryat Sefer. "Everyone is religious here," says Monica. Dani replies, "Isn't this what you wanted?" She looks at him and answers, "When I was very young, I would dream that one day I would hear the knock of a timid, little girl at my door, asking, 'May I come in and see the Shabbos?'" **Good Shabbos Everyone.**