

### DEAR PARENTS & CAMPERS,

The Torah relates in this week's Parsha a conversation that takes place between Hashem and משה רבינו. In פרק לא" נקם נקמת בני ישראל" Hashem instructs Moshe מאת המדינים, take vengeance for the Jewish people against the nation of Midyan." As Rashi explains, they entered into a war that was not their own, purely out of hate, and caused devastating losses to our people. Such evil was not allowed to go unpunished. Obviously, Moshe responds promptly, and as the next פסוקים relate, he gathers one thousand soldiers from each Shevet, and appoints פינחס to lead the troops into battle.

The מדרש תנחומא makes an interesting observation. In Hashem's directive to Moshe to act against Midyan, there was no mention that it should be done through an emissary. And yet, despite no mention of this, Moshe "passes the buck," and hires פינחס to carry out what seems to be his own personal mission. Why?

The Medrash answers that Moshe just knew that he could not be the one to go forward with this. Yes, Hashem did not expressly state someone else should do it, but this was obviously Hashem's intent. Why? Because Midyan harbored Moshe. When he was on the run from פרעה way back when, he escaped to Midyan, married there, and spent some years by his father in law, Yisro. And as the Medrash says, "It is inappropriate to throw stones into a well that one drank water from." Midyan was the embodiment of evil, and had to be punished. But for Moshe to carry out this task would be a lack of הכרת הטוב.

It's amazing how far the Middah of gratitude goes! It's not like the country of Midyan did some great service to משה רבינו, he simply lived there! And let's consider this awful act that they did against Moshe's beloved people! Should this not trump any debt of gratitude for a small indirect favor that occurred four decades earlier?!

The answer is... no. הכרת הטוב is a Jewish trait, it is how we live our lives. There is no statute of limitations on it, and it never gets swept under the rug. It is basic human decency. Do not harm a person who at some point assisted you, no matter how trivial that act was. This is our mandate. With this in mind, I just want to say thank you to our incredible staff for all the hard work they put into our program! From greeting your children in the morning, to cleaning up after a long day, and everything in between, it is hot, it is tiring, and yet they are constantly working with a smile. We are so blessed to have the team that we do!

Have a great Shabbos!

*Rabbi Glatt*





## THIS WEEK IN CAMP!

"HELLO! Alleh Eeshay parents and Yidden the world over!" This is your new(s) anchor, Rabbi Friedler writing, as I attempt to step into the rather gargantuan, metaphorical shoes of Rabbi Kaye this week, a "feet" made all the more challenging by our considerable height differential. Rest assured, I shall endeavor to fill them adequately, though perhaps with a touch more aerial perspective.

Personal qualifications notwithstanding, we've launched into Session 2 with an exuberance that frankly borders on the prodigious! And while Session 1 was, by all accounts, a veritable triumph of summer merriment, prepare yourselves, for this next installment which promises to be not just way better, but waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay better! As in 15 'A's between the 'W' and the 'Y' better!!!

We kicked off the week with the typical start to the Eeshay Day. Unparalleled learning and Davening that if it were to be transmuted into raw electrical energy, I daresay we'd witness a transcontinental power surge of such magnitude, it would render every national grid from here to Azerbaijan (which according to Chanina Rosen is in fact a real country) totally incandescent! Moving on in the day, we come to our athletic endeavors which includes great sportational competitions such as kickball tournaments of such unparalleled ferocity, it could only be described as a gladiatorial ballet. Dodgeball, skirmishes, a veritable maelstrom of projectile foam, where strategic brilliance and lightning reflexes coalesce into a chaotic masterpiece. Not to be outdone, the basketball courts become arenas of unparalleled agility, where nascent hoop dreams collide with the inexorable laws of physics, resulting in a symphony of dribbles, passes, and gravity-defying leaps. To cool off from these heroic acts of physical exertion, our intrepid campers plunge right into the aquatic realm, transforming a mere swimming session into an epic odyssey through liquid vastness, each stroke a testament to their hydro-dynamic prowess.

In crafts this week, the Senior Division, those venerable artisans, finally—and I mean finally—brought their Shtenders to their glorious, albeit delayed, culmination. Meanwhile, a different kind of architectural marvel unfolded with popsicle sticks and glue. What began as an unmitigated cascade of adhesive and splintered wood miraculously transmogrified into structures vaguely resembling something recognizable. A testament, perhaps, to the triumph of hope over structural integrity.

But, dear readers, all pales in comparison to the apogee of our creative week: the utterly transcendent, utterly epic, make-your-own ice cream extravaganza! This was not merely a culinary exercise; it was an alchemical symphony! Children, with the fervor of mad scientists, meticulously combining milk, sugar, ice, and rock salt in humble bags, initiating a molecular transformation of profound import. Yes, the ensuing deluge of melted ice did, regrettably, lay claim to approximately half the building, creating a temporary, albeit significant, indoor aquatic feature. Yet, from this chaotic crucible emerged a goopy, glorious treat, consumed directly from the bag with spoons, bringing much pride and joy to the master mind behind this experiment Rabbi Glatt. Rabbi Glatt has reportedly declared this craft to have achieved an 100% success rate. (With the notable exception of Aviel and Shraga Feivel, whose particular concoction appeared to inadvertently trigger a localized, dairy-based apocalypse. But hey...nobody's perfect.)

The pièce de résistance of our week, however, was the highly anticipated trip to the Big Event, for some bowling and arcades! The lanes became a stage for legendary feats, most notably when Shmuel Max, in a display of unprecedented athleticism, spun a full 360 degrees before immediately unleashing a strike that will surely be etched into the annals of bowling history. It would not be an exaggeration to say that everyone walked away from the trip with a smile...and an oversized stuffy.

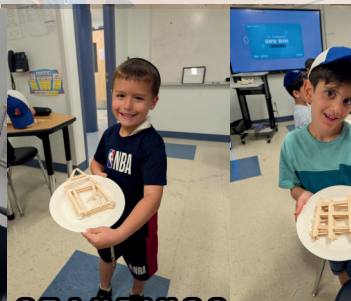
This weeks late activities were punctuated by a series of high-octane spectacles. "Categories" tested the linguistic prowess and quick thinking of our campers, while "Pictionary" devolved, as it always does, into a chaotic symphony of frustrated artistic interpretation. And then there was "4-Way Dodgeball," a truly audacious experiment in controlled chaos. With balls hurtling from every conceivable direction, it was a high-stakes ensemble of evasion, a beautiful disaster just waiting to happen. Thankfully, sanity (mostly) prevailed.

In a stroke of what can only be described as strategic brilliance, our Junior Division, (JUNIOR SHEEP!) perhaps sensing the impending pandemonium of "4-Way Dodgeball," opted for a more refined, and undeniably safer, event of their own. Their activity, "Shiur Madness," was a song-writing competition of epic proportions, a melodic battle of the bunks that showcased their lyrical genius in a remarkably less concussion-prone environment. Hit songs such as "The Friendship Song" and "Ask Shmulik" emerged from this glorious late afternoon serenade.

This, dear readers, was but a mere overture, a tantalizing glimpse into the magnificent spectacle that awaits us. As in the words of my long time friend and spiritual coach, Shloime Shakespearestien, "Hark, and give ear, for what doth follow shall indeed be unveiled in time's own unfolding!"

Good Shabbos!

*Rabbi Friedler*



## LEAGUE STANDINGS

### INTERMEDIATE

TEAM 1 3-5  
TEAM 2 6-2  
TEAM 3 3-5  
TEAM 4 4-4

### SENIOR

CHUNSTERS 5-0-1  
STOP SIGNS 2.0 2-3-1  
BODY BUILDERS 0-5-1  
CREAM CHEESERS 2.0 3-2-1