

# A New Yavneh Publication

23 Adar 5768 // 29 February 2008

## Obscure Halacha

### How Frum are You?

By Avraham Yale

Sometimes people ask me if I think kosher cheeseburgers are better with fake cheese or fake meat. This is a somewhat silly question for two reasons. The first is that fake cheese is absolutely disgusting, so the answer is obvious. But more importantly, the question is silly because we don't have to choose: we can simply use fleishig cheese! Fleishig cheese?! Yes, I said it - fleishig cheese. Here's how: When a suckling animal is killed, often "milk," in various stages of digestion, is found inside its stomach (in the abomasum compartment, to be precise). This milk is termed chalav keivah (milk of the abomasum) or sometimes simply keivah. This milk is subject to unique halakhot. The Beit Yosef (87 s.v. 9,10, et al.) rules, following the Rif and the Rambam and contra Rashi, that this milk is a waste product and is thus pareve, even when it is completely liquid, and states explicitly that one may cook it with meat. He brings this as the halakhah in his Shulchan Arukh and the Sefardim accept his ruling. The Rema is a bit more stringent and suggests that this milk only be treated as pareve once it has congealed somewhat (see Shulchan Arukh 87:9) and this is the accepted Ashkenazi position. Either way, it is entirely possible to use this somewhat congealed milk to make cheese (no, that's not gross; it is, in fact, how all cheese is made, more or less) either through addition of pareve rennet or through its own self-catalysis. This cheese would be pareve and thus completely usable with meat.

A few notes are in order. First of all, obviously the chalav keivah should be used by itself, not mixed with other milk. In fact, even if one does not intend to eat it with meat, it's still probably a good idea to keep this stuff away from milk since it might gain a status of meat from stewing in the stomach. Second, this is NOT the same as udder milk. Udder milk is highly problematic and should not be mixed with meat or dairy. Lastly, anyone who takes issue with this as a violation of "the spirit of the law" should see the gemara in Chullin (109) that says God did not want the Jews to be deprived of any tastes in this world.

## A Taste of History

The historical anecdote column will return next week.

## Minyan Times

Friday Mincha	5:30 PM
Kabbalat Shabbat	After Mincha
Saturday Shacharit	8:45 AM
Saturday Mincha	5:15 PM
Saturday Maariv	6:41 PM

## Announcements

- This Friday night, after dinner winds down, join us in the CJL lounge for a dessert-and-tea buffet as well as schmoozing and board games. Kinda like an oneg, but more space and no long walk!
- Kiddush this week is sponsored by Sheila Kurtzer. Thanks to all our sponsors!
- Rabbi Ross will be giving a shiur following davening and kiddush this Saturday morning.
- Wednesday March 5th, the next prospective JLIC couple - Rabbi Etan and Tammy Mintz - will be visiting Princeton. From 12 PM to 1 PM they will be giving a lunch-learn shiur (half-hour each) in the private dining hall, free for upperclassman and grad students. After Mincha, from 1:15 to 1:45, they will be back in the private dining hall for a Q&A session. This is a really important decision for Yavneh to have a part in - please show up!
- On Thursday this week, March 6th, at 5:45 PM, Rabbi Menachem Leibtag will be giving a shiur over dinner titled "Why Judaism is a 'Catholic Marriage' - Tracing the Biblical Concept of Covenant." Dinner is free for upperclassmen and grad students. Rav Leibtag is something of a big deal - come learn from him!

## Things to Anticipate

- Purim Party! On Sunday, March 23rd (right after spring break) there will be a Yavneh Purim costume party in 73 Spelman. Entertainment is currently being planned by Jeff Mensch, Mendy Fisch, and *Noam Tanner!*
- Yavneh on Ice and a Shabbaton with Penn: still working on it!

## A Quick Thought

By Rabbi Josh Ross

This parsha is always a difficult one. After all, didn't we just have it? And to be honest there wasn't that much to say about it the first time, right? And the tricky thing is – it's not a perfect repetition. There are a few subtle differences buried amongst the already familiar. Just an accident, or there for some other reason we just don't understand? Maybe. I'll tell you a story, a story I heard from my Rabbi.

Once there was a young couple who were very much in love with each other. They had all the same likes and dislikes. They were so close that they were the kind of couple other couples envied almost instantly. They were both incredibly happy. The time came when they could get married, and of course they did. There was a beautiful wedding with all their friends and families, and they set up a home together. The home was also beautiful, and because they both had similar tastes, they worked hard to set it up the way they liked it. It looked like the kind of home you would find in one of those "Better Home and Garden" magazines. And of course, because they were newlywed, every room, and every object in the room carried a special significance and memory. It happened to be that a few weeks after they were married and their house was set up the way they wanted it to be that they had the time to take a week off and go on their honeymoon together. They went to an island, somewhere warm, and they had a wonderful week together. At the end of the week the husband was feeling tired so he went to lie down for a little while. While he was napping his wife stayed out on the beach, enjoying her last day in the sun and relaxing. While she was sitting there a stranger came up to her. He was very good looking, and she had noticed him around while on her vacation. She had not really given him a second thought, but now he came up and said hello and made pleasant conversation. There was nothing else to do and he seemed nice, so she spoke with him. To her surprise she found she had a great deal in common with the stranger, and enjoyed talking with him very much. When the stranger invited her to join him for a drink, she saw her husband had not yet reappeared and agreed. They went to a local bar and enjoyed a drink together. Her husband had still not come looking for her, so she enjoyed another drink with the stranger. She found he was easy to talk to, and new drinks kept appearing. It seemed only reasonable and polite to go with the stranger when he invited her to see where he lived. Once

there, she found herself agreeing to one last drink. And then, without really knowing how it happened or why, she found herself kissing the stranger. Soon the kissing led to something more, and her husband who she truly loved faded from memory. Meanwhile her husband woke up from his nap, and went to find his wife. He looked down on the beach and she wasn't there. He asked around and was told she had gone to a certain bar, so he went to the bar, but she was not there. He asked the bartender and was told she had gone to visit the stranger's room. The bartender knew where the stranger was staying, and told the man. The man went to the room, and knocked. As he was knocking the door which had not been closed properly slowly opened and he saw his wife, his wife whom he loved so deeply, in the arms of someone else. With a terrible cry the husband ran from the room. His wife heard him, and came suddenly to her senses. She struggled with what she had done, and could not even comprehend how it happened. She could not even really understand why she had done what she had done. She ran after her husband, crying and apologizing and begging for forgiveness. The last night on the island was lonely for both of them. Sitting in the same room, where they had such a fantastic week, there was only a cold, sleepless silence with a vast space stretching between them. In the end, because the husband still loved the wife very much, they agreed to try to work things out. This would be a difficult and painful process that may not even work in the end, but they both felt they had to try. The wife went to stay with her family for a few days while they waited to start counseling and the husband returned home. But the husband found the house sad and lonely. Every room he went in seemed the same. Every picture and decoration was the same. And yet. And yet new memories intruded on the older joyful ones. He would pick up a picture frame and smile at the picture but then put it down, saddened by how much had changed between himself and his wife because of one single act. Perhaps they would be fine in the end. Perhaps they would reconcile. But whatever would happen in the future, their house, no matter how familiar it had been, would never quite be the same.

## Want to Write?

Have a good idea for a column? Email [gburnham@](mailto:gburnham@) if you're interested in writing. We'll publish most anything relating to Judaism or Judaism at Princeton.