

דְּבָרִים - Devarim

# Hashem Always Loves Us

## Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

## Junior

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### Sunday Morning

The Greenbaum family piled excitedly into their van. They were going on the first family trip of the summer — and it was going to be a good one! They were driving to Lakewood for the Kosher Karnival! And Uncle Pinky, the Greenbaum family's favorite singer, was going to be performing there!

Shimmy and Yitzy were bouncing with excitement in the back as Totty zoomed down the highway, while Basya and Yaeli were singing along with Uncle Pinky. Yaeli kept shouting out her favorite lines from the songs trying her best to get the words right as Basya gently tried to correct her. "Yaeli; it's not 'V'avata l'reiacha korona,' she said. "It's komocha."

"Basya," said Mommy, "let her be. It's not like Uncle Pinky is in our car listening. Nothing is going to happen if she says the wrong word."

Just then traffic slowed to a crawl. "Uh oh," said Totty, "this doesn't look good. I hope we're going to make it on time." All the Greenbaums could see were red brake lights. After about a minute of very slow driving the traffic came to a complete stop. "Forget about being on time," whispered Mommy to Totty. "At this rate we'll be lucky if we make it at all."

"It looks like we're going to be stuck for a little bit," Totty said, after calling the traffic hotline. "A car broke down about a mile down the highway and they're saying

we should  
e x p e c t  
about a forty  
minute delay."

In the back, Shimmy began to cry. "Don't cry," Yitzy said, trying to cheer him up. "We're just going to be a little bit late. We're not going to miss the whole thing." But even Yitzy knew that it wasn't going to be fun coming so late and both boys sat gloomily in the back as the traffic slowly inched forward.

"Boys!" called Totty from the front of the van. "Don't be upset! You remember what the Rav said when he spoke on Shabbos. He said that everything is planned by Hashem — even traffic jams — so let's try to accept it b'simcha."

"That's easy for the Rav to say," said Shimmy. "He probably doesn't even like Uncle Pinky's music. But we're gonna be in this car for like forty years now and miss the concert! What a waste!"

"First of all," said Totty. "I said forty minutes, not forty years. And more important, we have to remember that it's easy to say 'Gam zu latovah' when tiny things happen but now we have a good opportunity to really practice our bitachon. We could gain in these forty

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minutes much more than we would have gained by getting to the carnival on time.

As the Greenbaums sat in traffic thinking about what Totty had said, the Uncle Pinky CD ended and Mommy switched it for a Rav Avigdor Miller CD. "Kinderlach," said Mommy as she turned around to give everyone water bottles. "Try to listen to Rav Miller while we wait. Maybe it'll be a zechus for us and the traffic will start moving again.

The boys tried to listen – they would do anything to get out of this traffic jam – but they were still sad about being stuck in traffic and being late to The Kosher Carnival. If only Rabbi Miller would talk about something that was appropriate for them — like about why being late to carnivals is not so bad.

Rabbi Miller was talking about how the 40 years in the Midbar which seems like a terrible punishment was actually good for the Am Yisroel. It was an opportunity to spend such a long time with Moshe Rabbeinu and Aharon Hakohen and Miriam Haneviah and that made them grow tremendously. If they had gone into Eretz Yisroel right away without any delays they wouldn't have had those special years. Everybody would have spread out all over Eretz Yisroel and they wouldn't have had that opportunity to live so close to so many tzadikim. It might have seemed like a punishment but really it was a present from Hashem who loves us forever no matter what.

Just then Basya shouted "Totty, look! There's a Yid on the side of the highway ahead. It looks like his car broke down and the tow truck is going to tow it away!"

As they approached the broken down car, Totty pulled over. "Reb Yid, do you need a ride?"

"Yasher Koach!" said the man in a voice that the children thought sounded familiar. "You aren't by any chance headed to The Kosher Carnival, are you?"

"That's exactly where we're heading once this traffic clears!" said Totty, as the man squeezed into the back seat with Yitzy and Shimmy.

"Wait a second," said Basya suddenly. "There's a big pei on your hat. You're Uncle Pinky!"

"No way!" said Yitzy and Shimmy together. "The real Uncle Pinky?! The famous Uncle Pinky who teaches

Jewish boys and girls all about chessed and midos?" said Yitzy.

"Boodle-bee - that's me!" Uncle Pinky said with a huge smile. How many other people do you see with letters on their hats? And what do you know, today it's you teaching me about what a real chessed is! I'm scheduled to perform a concert at The Kosher Carnival and soon as I heard the car making funny noises I felt terrible, 'How could I disappoint so many beautiful kinderlach?' But you saved the day because you cared about another yid!

Even though traffic was still moving slowly, the rest of the ride flew by for the Greenbaum family. Uncle Pinky was just as exciting in a car as when he was on stage. He spent the whole ride entertaining them with stories of different tzadikim he met as he traveled to all the different Jewish communities around the world to perform concerts.

### That evening, on the way home

"Yitzy," Shimmy said, once again in the back seat of the family van, exhausted from a day full of fun, "It was so silly of us to be sad in the morning when we got stuck in traffic.

"You know, I think what Rabbi Miller was saying about how Hashem gave Klal Yisroel a gift by keeping them in the Midbar for 40 years is similar to what happened to us today. When the Am Yisroel got stuck in the midbar for forty years, they thought it was a big mess. All of their plans to go into Eretz Yisroel right away were ruined. But really Hashem had great plans for them – the forty years in the midbar were the best time in the history of the Am Yisroel.

"And that's exactly what happened to us. Hashem made us get stuck in traffic and that was the best thing for us – it made our day so much more enjoyable. We got to have an amazing day with Uncle Pinky – it was so much fun – and most important we learned the very great lesson that the Am Yisroel learned in the midbar that Hashem really loves us more than anything and everything He does is for our good."

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos!**



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