



# Toras Avigdor

## Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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כִּי תבֹּא

## Thousands of Happinesses

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## Thousands of Happinesses

The three friends quietly made their way down the hospital hallway looking for Room 624. “I hope Yitzy is feeling okay,” said Dovie. “His father said that he’s lying with his foot stuck in a tractor!”

“I think the word is traction,” said Yisroel Noach, smiling at his best friend Dovie. “My father said it means that they use weights to keep a foot up into the air so that it will heal properly.”

“Yikes!” said Dovie. “That sounds pretty bad — it means he can’t get off the bed even with crutches. And he’s been like that for a week already. He’s probably in a pretty yucky mood.”

“Well,” said Yechezkel as they stopped outside of Room 624, “that’s why we’re here — to make his yucky mood into a lucky mood!” Yechezkel knocked quietly on the door and then the three boys walked into Yitzy’s room.

Yitzy was lying in a hospital bed, his leg up in the air, hanging from a metal pole. “Hi, guys!” Yitzy greeted them with a big smile. “Thanks for coming by to visit.”

Yitzy seemed to be in a great mood, and he wanted to know what was doing in yeshiva. The three friends crowded around his bed and started telling him about all the stuff he had missed in the first week of seventh grade. The boys talked for a few minutes, until finally Yisroel Noach popped the question: “Yitzy, can I ask you something? Why are you in such a good mood? I mean, I don’t mind you being happy, but I’m just wondering how you do it. You’re stuck in bed with your leg hanging in the air in the most uncomfortable position, but you have a big smile on your face as if nothing is wrong.”

Yitzy looked up at his friends. He was still smiling, but his voice now had a more serious tone. “You know, Yisroel,” he began, “when I fell off that ledge during our camp hike and the Hatzalah guys took me away in the ambulance, I was pretty miserable. My ankle was killing me and I knew it was gonna be pretty bad. All I could think about was how I was for sure gonna miss the big camp trip and the end of summer banquet.”

“But that’s all true,” interrupted Yechezkel. “It really was a bad break and you did miss all of the end of summer fun stuff! So what’s the big smile about?”

“Well, it all changed when *rebbe* came to visit me.”

“Wow! Rabbi Caplan came?!” said Dovie. “That’s so nice of him. But what could he say already to cheer you up?”

“Actually, it wasn’t anything that *Rebbi* said,” Yitzzy laughed. “It was something *his rebbi* said. Because when the doctors came in to check on me, *Rebbi* was sitting next to me, listening to a Rav Avigdor Miller shiur about this week’s parshah. Something I heard then really cheered me up.”

“But this week’s parshah is Ki Savo,” said Yechezkel. “It’s about the Tochachah, the scary things that Hashem punishes us with if we don’t listen to Him. The *ba’al korei* reads it quickly and quietly, so we shouldn’t get too upset. How could that put you in a good mood?”

“Well, Rav Miller said something very interesting. After the Torah lists all the terrible punishments, it gives the reason why they come. And it doesn’t say it’s because of *lashon hara* or *sinas chinam*. It says that Hashem will take away our happiness **תַּחַת אֲשֶׁר לֹא עֲבַרְתָּ אֶת הַשֵּׁם אֶלְקִיךָ בְּשֵׁי מְחָה וּבְטוֹב לֵב לְבַב מְרִב כֹּל** — because we didn’t serve Hashem with joy and a happy heart while we still had everything.



“Hashem is saying, ‘The point of all the happiness in this world is to recognize that I, Hashem, am the Giver. But if you’re not going to recognize Me from all the gifts I’m giving you, the only way to help you is by taking those gifts away.’

“And it got me thinking: Did I ever really thank Hashem for having two healthy legs? Rav Miller said that we take more than 3,000 steps every day and most of us never think about it even once in our lives. It means we’re ignoring a very big happiness that Hashem is giving us. Actually we’re ignoring 3,000 happinesses every day! And sometimes it’s only when Hashem takes it away that we realize how big a gift it was.

“So I’ve been lying here for a week with a lot of time to think, and I realized that the *passuk* is talking to **me**. I used my feet all summer long and didn’t think about it even once. And maybe that’s why Hashem had to remind me.

“I started thinking about how I really am such a healthy person. Baruch Hashem, I can breathe properly! I can see! I can talk! And even my legs are so healthy that I’ll be able to run and jump just a few weeks after actually **breaking** one of my bones! And the more I think about everything I have, the more thankful I am to Hashem. I’m happy about hundreds and hundreds of things that I never even thought about before. And now I can serve Hashem *b’simchah* with all that I have and never have to learn the lesson the other way again.”

## Have a Wonderful Shabbos !



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