



Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

By: Ari Ben-Ami

Illustrations by: Yocheved Nadell

פִּי תִצַּא

Doing Mitzvos by Accident

Sponsored in honor of
Rabbi and Mrs. Yosef Friedman
A Talmid Muvohok of the Rav ZT"l.
For the everlasting impression on our lives.



Doing Mitzvos by Accident

The Greenbaum boys were feeling especially proud of themselves. They had spent the day with a few of their friends helping to set up the new soup kitchen in their neighborhood. This was a place for poor Yidden to come and get delicious hot meals for free.

Along with their friends, Yitzy and Shimmy had helped clean up the big room, set up tables and chairs, and hang up beautiful pictures to make it a warm and welcoming place. “We want the people who come here for their meals to feel as comfortable as possible,” said Rabbi Halpert, who was in charge of the project.

“Wow, Yitzy!” Shimmy said as they walked out. “It feels so good to have done such a big mitzvah, but boy am I shvitzing. It was hard moving those heavy tables. Wanna stop and get ice cream on the way home?”

“That sounds great,” Yitzy said, “but I don’t have any money.”

“That’s okay,” Shimmy said as he reached into his pocket. “I have the ten dollars Bubby gave me for my birthday last week. I brought it with me just in case ...”

Shimmy’s voice trailed off as he fished around in his pockets, his heart sinking.

“Oh, no!” he said. “There’s a hole in my pocket! My money must have fallen out while we were working!”

The boys quickly turned back toward the soup kitchen, which was already filling up with poor people coming for a meal. One of them had probably already found the money, and being that there was no siman on it, it was rightfully theirs. Yitzy remembered learning that in Perek Elu Metzios.

Shimmy looked sadly at Yitzy. “I can’t believe I lost my birthday money,” he said. “Ten dollars! That could have bought us each a double-deluxe three-scoop cone with two toppings! What a waste!”

Yitzy put his arm around his younger brother. “I can’t believe it either.” he said softly. “I’m so sorry. But think about it this way. You just gave

tzedakah to the poor person who found the ten dollars. I bet you made his day!”

“Yeah, kind of. I guess,” said Shimmy, trying to make himself feel a little bit better. “But the truth is, it probably doesn’t count. I can’t really get the mitzvah because I didn’t mean for him to have it. I didn’t even realize until afterwards.”

“Actually, my rebbi said that’s not true,” Yitzy said as the boys started walking back home. “Remember the mitzvos of leket and shikcha?”

“Of course!” Shimmy said. “That’s when a farmer drops one or two pieces of wheat or forgets one or two bundles in the field. He’s not allowed to go back to get them — he has to leave it there for the poor people.”

“Right,” said Yitzy as they waited for a traffic light to turn green so they could cross. “But my rebbi pointed out that this farmer didn’t mean to do a mitzvah — he **forgot** the wheat in the field! And yet still he gets s’char for forgetting it and leaving it there! Why? Because he was happy that the wheat was going to a poor man, even though he didn’t have kavanah to do a mitzvah when he forgot the grain.”

“Whoa,” said Shimmy. “That reminds me of when we were little and planted an apple tree back in our old house. We moved before it got big enough, and we never got to eat the fruit. But now the Ben Natan family



lives in that house and they get to enjoy the delicious red apples that grow there. So all we have to do is be happy that they get to eat the apples from the tree that we worked so hard planting and taking care of, and we get s'char for doing a chessed for them?"

"Yes!" Yitzy said. "My rebbi said that Rav Avigdor Miller, zt"l, used to tell this to people all the time. We just need to think back about good things that may have happened because of something we did, and if we're happy about those good things, we get s'char for doing them even though we weren't thinking about it at the time.

"And not only that. Even if we **didn't** get to do a mitzvah, but we are disappointed about missing the chance to do it, then Hashem also rewards us for that — **even though we didn't do anything except wish that we did it!** Rav Miller said that it's a great example of using your mind to serve Hashem!"

"That is so geshmak," Shimmy said as they walked up the walk to their front door. "I am deciding right now to be happy if a poor person found my ten dollars. And not only that, I wish I had another five dollars to give him as well!"

"Shkoyach!" Yitzy said, sounding like the shul's gabbai during an appeal. "Shimmy Greenbaum, thank you for your generous donation to aniyei ircha!"

The boys laughed as they walked into their house. Shimmy was already happy about spending his day doing chessed, but now his heart was bursting with joy because he had done another great mitzvah just by using his mind!

Have a wonderful Shabbos !



To listen on the phone, Dial:

USA: 774-298-9024

UK: 0333-015-4190

Israel: 055-508-6130

For this booklet dial: 2052#

© Copyright 2020, Toras Avigdor