



Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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רֵאָה

Yiras Shamayim from a Hamburger

נתנדב ע"י הב"ש
לזכות הצלחת ילדיו בתורה ויר"ש

Yiras Shamayim from a Hamburger

ואֲכַלְתָּ... מֵעֶשֶׂר הֶגְנָה תִּירָשׁ וְיִצְהַרְךָ וּבְכֹרֶת בְּקֹרֶךָ וְצִאֲנֶךָ לְמַעַן תִּלְמַד לִירְאָה אֶת
הַשָּׁמַיִם אֱלֹהֶיךָ... (דברים י"ד כ"ג)

Sunday afternoon in the Greenbaums' backyard

The sizzling meat on the grill was making everyone hungry. The Greenbaums were making a family barbecue in honor of Dovid's siyum on Mesichta Shabbos. "Totty, this burger is so good," said Dovid. "You really know how to make it just perfect."

"Thank you," said Totty as he brought the last plate of food from the grill to the table. "But please swallow before you talk. Chewing is not the time for talking — it's a time for thinking and becoming a tzaddik. Did I ever tell you that — that eating a burger is a great way to learn yiras Shamayim?"

Dovid looked at his burger and then back at his father. He knew that Totty found ways to turn everything into a d'var Torah, but he didn't see how Totty was going to succeed this time. "Yiras Shamayim from a burger?!" he asked.

"Totty probably means that we make a brachah to Hashem, so that's kind of like yiras Hashem," Menucha suggested.

"Well, Menucha, of course a brachah is important," said Totty. "But I was really thinking about something in this week's parshah. The passuk says, "You will eat the meat of the maaser sheini — which could include burgers and franks, too — in order to learn yiras Hashem."

"But what does eating meat have to do with being afraid of Hashem?" said Dovid. "You mean I have to be afraid not to talk with my mouth full because I might choke?"

"And because it's gross and makes everybody nauseous," added Shevy.

"Well, that too," said Totty, "but I'm talking about something else. Because eating is a great opportunity to gain yiras Hashem — to think about Hashem as much as possible. And chewing tasty food is one of the best times to practice that! Like right now — we should think about how we're actually eating buns filled with grass!"

Dovid picked up one side of his bun and looked inside his sandwich. “Totty,” he said, “I don’t have lettuce in my bun — you know I don’t like how it gets stuck in my teeth.”

Totty laughed. “I’m talking about the meat that you’re eating. Don’t you know where it comes from?”

“Yeah, sure. When you walk into Moishe’s Supermarket, if you walk past the cereal aisle and make a left right after the macaroni, you’ll see the meat section — that’s where it comes from. But what does that have to do with grass?”

Totty smiled. “I think I have a good idea for a short family trip. After we bentsh, let’s take a ride in the car.”

An hour later

The Greenbaums were enjoying the scenery whizzing by when Totty suddenly pulled over to the side of the road where there was a small farm with a few cows. “Everybody, let’s get out and take a look at the incredible machines.”

“What machines?” Shimmy asked as they approached the fence. “I only see cows.”



“That’s exactly it,” Totty said, pointing at the cows munching on the grass. “These cows are miracle machines! Like I told you on the way here, all of the meat in the supermarket comes from cows, but did you ever wonder where cows come from? When a cow is born, it weighs only eighty pounds. But when they shecht the cow a few years later, it’s more than a thousand pounds. How does it get so fat? Where does it get that extra 900 pounds of meat that ends up in the supermarket?”

Totty pointed at the cows lazily chewing on the grass. “By doing this! By eating grass all day long. The cows eat grass and Hashem miraculously turns that grass into cow meat. Can you imagine if you were able to invent a machine that took in grass and churned out cholent meat and steaks and burgers?! You’d be a millionaire!”

Totty pointed at the small barn in the distance. You know what’s doing in there? That’s where the farmer milks his cows every morning. So besides for turning the grass into meat, the cows also turn grass into milk. That means that our burgers and franks and mozzarella cheese and farmer cheese and American cheese and yogurt and ice cream all come from grass!”

“Now, imagine that your invention could also make milk. You put in grass on one side, flip on the switch, and from the other side one pipe pours out milk and another pipe gives you meat! You wouldn’t just be a millionaire; you’d be a billionaire!

“And that’s what we should be thinking about as we chew our burgers. While you’re enjoying the tasty food that came from grass, you should be thinking about the One Who made that miraculous food for you. And the more you think, the more you’ll become aware of Hashem. That’s what our passuk is talking about when it says that by eating we gain *yiras Hashem*.

“If we think while we eat, not only will we enjoy our food more, we’ll become bigger and bigger *tzaddikim* with every bite! So the next time we eat some meat or milk or cheese or ice cream, we can remember what we learned today — and eat the Torah way!”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!



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