



Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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תולדות

Yaakov and Eisav

In Honor of
The Spetner Family



Yaakov and Eisav

Duvy was looking out of the living room window instead of doing his homework. Nothing was happening outside but as far as Duvy was concerned even nothing was more fascinating than subtracting unlike fractions.

All of a sudden a large truck pulled up a few houses down and Duvy stood up to get a better look. It seemed like the McDougals were getting a big delivery. Duvy didn't know much about the goyim who lived on the block but he did know that they were always getting new stuff delivered to their house. Just last month the whole block was watching when they got a new refrigerator. It was sooo big! Duvy's neighbor Motty said it was even bigger than his bedroom!

Duvy watched as the two big delivery men began to unload a new couch. "Ooh wah!" he said. "They ordered the newest fanciest couch in the world - the Plotzmeister™ 2021!" Duvy knew what it was because he saw pictures of it in the Chinese Auction booklets that were always coming in the mail. And Duvy's sister said she saw a lot of advertisements for it in the Jewish magazine – all the kids were speaking about it in school.

Motty said that it's made out of six different kinds of leather, has cup holders, built-in speakers, and the armrests have little tiny refrigerators inside of them so instead of getting off the couch and going into the kitchen to get a drink, you just open the armrest and you have cold sodas right there waiting for you! "It's Olam Hazeh at its best," said Duvy's father whenever Duvy mentioned it."

Duvy sat down next to Mommy on their own couch to help her fold the laundry. He didn't really like folding laundry – it was too boring – but somehow when it was homework time matching socks always seemed like a good idea. "Mommy," said Duvy as he tried to find the match for Penina's pink socks with blue polka dots, "Can we also get a Plotzmeister 2021?"

"But Duvy," said Mommy, "we have a perfectly good and comfortable couch that we're sitting on right now - why should we get a new one?"

"Yeah I know we have a nice couch," answered Duvy, "and I try to remember to thank Hashem for it at least once a day like you and Totty tell us Rav Avigdor Miller taught you to do for all of the good things you have. But still, the Plotzmeister is so GESHMAK! Imagine never having to get up from the couch even to get a drink! I'd be able to thank Hashem even more!"

Just then they heard the sound of a closing car door outside. “Totty’s home!” shouted Duvy as he ran to open the door.

Duvy was shocked to see Totty walking up the front walk holding a big silver Menorah.

“Totty!” he exclaimed, “what’s this?”

“Well,” said Totty as he carefully put the menorah down on the dining room table. “Mommy and I have been saving a few dollars every week since



last year Chanukah in order to buy a new menorah. Mommy said that since Hashem did such a great neis for us we should honor it with the most beautiful Menorah possible. And Boruch Hashem, after lots of saving; here it is!"

"Wow! It's really beautiful – it's so shiny! But if you and Mommy really had extra money then we could have bought a new Plotzmeister. A menorah is nice and everything, but it's only for eight days. A couch is good for every minute of life!"

Oh no! said Totty, "Just the opposite! A couch is only for a short time but the menorah is forever!"

Duvy looked at his father with a blank face hoping that he would explain what he meant. Because Duvy knew that Chanuka was only eight days and he also knew that the Plotzmeister would last forever – at least that's what the Chinese Auction booklet promised.

"You remember," continued Totty, "how in this week's parsha, Eisav sold the bechora to Yaakov for a bowl of soup? He saw a tasty bowl of lentil soup and he got so excited about it, that he gave away his right to be the oldest brother – it means he gave away his right to be the father of the Jewish people for a bowl of soup!"

"That mistake that Eisav made is supposed to be a lesson for us. We always have to be on guard – "Are we selling away our Olam Haboh for a bowl of soup?" It doesn't mean we can't enjoy this world. We have a lot of good times in this world – more than the McDougals will ever have! And we have good soup too. Mommy makes the best chicken soup and we enjoy it every week!

"But whatever we do, we should always be thinking about the Next World because that's what we live for. That's why we don't need to run out and buy a new couch just because it is more fancy and has cool accessories. Instead of a couch that will eventually wear out and need to be replaced, we bought something will last us forever and ever - the extra schar from the hiddur mitzvah will never wear out! Why would we sell away our Olam Haboh for a Plotzmeister?!"

Have a Wonderful Shabbos



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