



# Toras Avigdor

## Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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יִשְׁלַח

## Keep Calm and Serve Hashem

לעילוי נשמת

ר' אלעזר ב"ר אהרן שלו' ז"ל בראדט

נפ' כ"א כסלו תשנ"ט לפ"ק

איש החסד הי' אהוב למעלה ונחמד למטה

ומקובל על הבריות

## Keep Calm and Serve Hashem

An excited buzz filled the classroom. Rav Dovid Feinberg, one of the biggest Roshei Yeshiva in the country, was coming to speak to the boys. Besides for giving a shiur about Chanukah to the entire yeshiva, he was also going to each class to *farher* the boys, testing them on the Gemara they were learning.

All the boys were speaking to each other about how exciting it was to be able to speak to the Rosh Yeshiva in learning. Dovid told Yaakov that even his father was jealous. "I wish I could have the opportunity to speak with Rav Dovid in learning," he had said. Meanwhile on the other side of the classroom Moishy and Pinchas were arguing about when would be the best time to try to take a picture with Rav Dovid, on his way in or out. Everyone was so excited!

Everyone, that is, except for Shmuli. While the rest of the class pulled out their Gemaros and began reviewing what they had learned with Rebbi, Shmuli was so nervous he forgot to even open his Gemara. All he could think about was how embarrassed he would be if the Rosh Yeshiva asked him a question he didn't know.

Shmuli was too nervous to concentrate. His eyelids drooped lower and lower as Rebbi continued to explain the Gemara.

*"The Rosh Yeshiva pointed at Shmuli. "Tell me, what does Ya'al Kegam mean?"*

*"Boruch Hashem," Shmuli thought to himself, 'A question I know!' "Yanky Kahn is my cousin who lives in Lakewood," said Shmuli with confidence.*

*The entire class burst out laughing, making fun of Shmuli's mistake.*

**RING, RING!!** Shmuli woke up from his nightmare with a start. The recess bell was ringing and he must have fallen asleep at his desk. All the boys ran out to the yard but Shmuli just sat at his desk in a daze.

"Shmuli, are you okay?" Rebbi Spetner asked gently as he walked over to Shmuli's desk. "Yesterday you were asking such great questions on the Gemara but today you seemed out of it. Did you sleep okay last night?"

Shmuli looked up. "I'm fine, Rebbi. Yesterday was before I found out that Rav Dovid was coming. But now I'm just so terrified of getting something wrong in front of the Rosh Yeshiva. I'm getting all confused and nervous. I think it's best if I just stay home tomorrow."

“But then you’ll be making the same mistake that Eisav made,” said Rebbi. “Eisav?” asked Shmuli, alarmed.

“Yes,” Rebbi answered. “Rav Avigdor Miller says that one of the biggest mistakes of Eisav’s life happened in this week’s parsha. When Yaakov Avinu finally came back from Lavan’s house, rich and successful, it was a big shock to Eisav, He had forgotten all about his little brother and he thought it was all over;



now **he** would be the bechor once again. He thought that when Yitzchok passed away **he** would become Eisav Avinu! And now Yaakov was back!

The Torah says “He left and went to a different land because of his brother Yaakov”. Eisav panicked and he ran away! If Eisav would have remained calm, he would have stayed in Eretz Yisroel and become a partner with Yaakov and the Am Yisroel; he would still be around today! But he got too nervous and that’s why he lost everything.

Rebbi walked over to his desk and pulled out what appeared to be a book about animals. He showed Shmuli a picture of a snake with his mouth wide open.

“You see this?” Rebbi said. “This is a snake in South America that eats birds. But the snake can’t climb trees. So what does he do? He waits until a bird is resting on the branch of a tree and then he slithers underneath, looks up at the bird and opens up its mouth. When the bird sees that big mouth it gets so frightened that it falls down – right into the mouth of the snake!”

“Oy vey!” said Shmuly. “I feel so bad for him. But he’s so silly for looking down. He could just ignore the snake and live happily ever after.”

“Exactly,” smiled Rebbi. “And that’s what happened to Eisav. The Yetzer Hora, that’s the snake, made him get all agitated so that he would run away and give up. Instead of remaining calm and being a success he panicked and fell right into the mouth of the yetzer hora.

“Now, Shmuli, Rav Avigdor Miller taught us that these stories in the Torah are not like bedtime stories, just something to entertain us. Torah means “teaching” because Hashem is trying to teach us something. And one of the lessons of this story is that we should always remain calm and that’s how we can serve Hashem best.”

“I know that you have a good head! Stay calm and you will do great at the farmer. Don’t let the Yetzer Hora with his scary open mouth confuse you!”

Shmuli suddenly felt much more relaxed. Thanking his Rebbi, he walked out of the classroom to join his friends at recess. He couldn’t wait to find out what ya’al kagam really meant.

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