



# Toras Avigdor

## Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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יחי

## United Nations

לזכר נשמת

הרב ר' יצחק אהרן בן הרב ר' אליהו ז"ל

נתנדב ע"י בניו

ברוך, אליהו צבי הערש, נתן, יוסף, ישראל

# Parshas Vayechi

## United Nations

### Friday Afternoon 12:28 Yeshivah Bnei Avigdor

“Another wonderful week of learning,” said Rabbi as he closed his gemara. “We have two minutes left before the bell rings – just enough time for our weekly parsha riddle. Remember; if anyone comes back with the right answer on Sunday morning the whole class gets an extra half hour of recess so listen well.

“The medrash says that when Yaakov Avinu was about to pass away and all of his sons gathered around his bed to say goodbye, he got very nervous because he saw that every son was so different. He was worried that it would end up being the Am Reuveni, the Am Shimoni, and ten other nations instead of being one Am Yisroel. And he was so worried that he cried out to Hashem: “Oh Hashem, what’s going to keep my children together?”

And the medrash says that the shevatim answered their father by saying Shema. Shema?! Now boys, I would like for you to figure out how saying Shema was an answer. How did that calm down Yaakov Avinu?

### Shabbos Morning at the Friedman Home

Dan came home from shul and helped Mommy finish setting the table. He was looking forward to the Shabbos seudah because that’s when he would get to ask his whole family the parsha riddle. His older sister Dinah was very smart – she was in seminary already and she knew all the meforshim – and she was usually able to help out.

But today the seudah was going to be even more exciting than just figuring out the answer to the riddle because Dan’s best friend Asher was coming over for the seudah. And he was bringing along his cousin, Naftali, who was visiting from Eretz Yisroel!

Knock knock!

Yaakov carefully set down the last fish plate and ran to answer the door. Standing there was Asher and his cousin. Yaakov paused for a second as he looked at the other boy’s long, curly peyos. He didn’t remember Asher saying that his cousin was chassidish. But Asher was Sefardi - were there sefardi chassidim too?

“Good Shabbos guys,” Dan said with a smile as he shook Naftali’s hand. “How are you enjoying your visit to America?”

Naftali smiled as he shook Dan’s hand, but didn’t say anything.

“Oh, Naftali doesn’t speak English,” Asher said. “He only speaks Hebrew and Arabic.”

“Arabic!?” thought Dan to himself. “Like the Arabs?!”

“Do a lot of Sefardim speak Arabic in Israel?” Dan asked Asher.

“We’re actually not Sefardi,” Asher explained. “We’re Teimanim and Asher was actually born in Teiman. His family moved to Eretz Yisroel when he was still a baby but they still speak Arabic at home so he knows it very well.

That’s so interesting,” Dan thought. “I can’t wait till Dinah hears about this. She thinks all Arabs are terrorists; she’s going to be pretty shocked when she hears I have an Arab friend. And that he’s Jewish too!

But then Dan started to feel uncomfortable when he realized that he had no way to talk to Naftali. Here he was supposed to be the host and he couldn’t even talk to his guest!

At the seudah things became even more awkward when the whole family found out how different the Teimani Jews really are. Asher was talking to Naftali in Hebrew and then translating for the Friedman family and he was telling them about how different the Teimani Jews are. They have different foods and different clothing and minhagim and ways of pronouncing some of the letters in



the alef-beis. They don't even eat potato kugel in Teiman! "Except for the fact that we sing zemiros l'kavod Shabbos together," thought Dan to himself. "It's almost like we're from two different nations."

After bentching, Dan wanted to play a game with his friends, but Asher didn't know how to play any of their games and he had no way to explain the rules. The boys didn't know what to do, but then they saw a Mishnayos on the shelf. Maybe they could learn together?

It turned out that Naftali was learning the same mesichta that the boys were learning in Yeshivah. Finally something they could do together!

Then when they went to shul later for mincha, Dan watched out of the corner of his eye as Naftali davened. "Hey, not bad! He's davening just the same way I do," Dan thought. "So we learn the same, we daven the same and we sing zemiros in honor of Shabbos together. We're more similar than I thought."

By the time Asher and Naftoli had to leave, the three boys were smiling and laughing with each other. Even though they were so different one from the other, they all realized that they were not that different at all. We say the same brachos to Hashem - even if we pronounce them a bit differently. We both daven to the same Hashem even if our siddurim are a little different. And we keep the same Shabbos even though we eat different foods. We both have the same Torah! We're the same when it comes to what's important."

## Sunday Morning 10:00 Yeshiva Ohr Avigdor

"Ok boys," announced Rabbi, "does anyone have the answer to our riddle?"

Dan raised his hand and said, "Rebbi! I figured it out all by myself without my sister's help. The shevatim said, "Shema Yisroel Hashem Elokeinu Hashem Echad! Listen Father Yisroel! Hashem is our G-d. He's Dan's Hashem and Asher's Hashem and Naftali's Hashem — He's Hashem to all of us and no matter how different we may be, Hashem Echad is the glue that will keep us together forever."

## Have A Wonderful Shabbos



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