

Shemos / שמות

You're An Only Child!

By: A. Ben-Ami

Illustrations by: Yocheved Nadell

Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

"Supper time!" called Mommy from the kitchen, as she wrestled the four quadruplets into their high chairs. She made extra certain that Moshe's strap was tight around his waist so he wouldn't be able to climb out of his high chair this time. She brought the serving bowls to the kitchen table, and then served each of the four toddlers their spaghetti, meatballs, and mashed potatoes. Rivka promptly turned her bowl over on her head and started eating the spaghetti that was now hanging out of it around her face.

From the other side of the house Mommy heard a bang and a scream. Leah, always wanting to be a part of things, started bawling, while continuing to shove handfuls of spaghetti into her mouth.

"Ezra, are you okay?" called Mommy, just as Shmuel began loading clumps of mashed potatoes onto his spoon and flinging them across the room.

Just then Aidel walked into the kitchen with her homework. "Mommy," she said, being careful not to step in any of the large number of tomato sauce puddles on the floor, but otherwise completely oblivious to the commotion. "I **NEED** to finish my homework before supper, but I don't understand this Rashi. Can you please help me?"



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Mommy chanced a daring glance at Aidel's homework, but just then Ezra limped into the kitchen with a large rip in his pants. "Mommy!" He cried. "I tripped and cut my knee and it's bleeding and it hurts so much! Call Hatzalah! I need an ambulance! We have to go to the hospital right now! I'm going to need stitches and a cast, and probably surgery too!"

Startled, Mommy looked over at the small scratch on Ezra's knee, but not before quickly turning back to grab Moshe, who had managed to escape from his strap and was attempting to climb over the back of his highchair.

"Mommy," kvetched Aidel. "Why aren't you paying attention to me? Can you please tell me how to understand the Rashi?"

Leah was now slathering tomato sauce on her knee so it would be red just like Ezra's. Shmuel, now standing up in his high chair, managed to launch a ball of mashed potato right into Mommy's tichel. Rivka watched the scene curiously as she pulled a meatball out of her hair and popped it into her mouth.

Boruch Hashem, just then Totty walked in to save the day and give Mommy a hand. He took Shmuel's mashed potato ammunition away, gave Leah a sippy cup so she'd stop crying, and tied Moshe securely to his highchair with the five point harness. Then, as Mommy put a bandaid on Ezra's knee, Totty mopped up the tomato sauce from the floor, while calmly explaining the Rashi to Aidel.

Fifteen minutes later, with the little ones safely in bed and the house much calmer, the rest of the family sat down to eat.

"Ezra, how's your knee?" Mommy asked.

"Much better," Ezra answered. "I'm sorry for overreacting. But you know, it's hard sometimes to

be part of such a big family. Sometimes I wish that I was an only child so I would get more attention."

"But you **are** an only child," Totty said.

Ezra looked up, shocked. "You mean Aidel, Rivka, Leah, Shmuel, and Moshe are all adopted?"

"No, no," smiled Totty. "Boruch Hashem, you are all our children. But you are also the only son of Hashem."

"Hashem has gazillions of children!" Ezra said, confused.

"Ah, but let's look at what Moshe said to Paraoth in this week's Parsha," said Totty. "He said in the name of Hashem, 'Bnei Bechori Yisroel' - My only son, my first born, is the Bnei Yisroel. This means that each and every Yid is considered the bechor and only child of Hashem! A parent can really love each child as if they were the only one.

While it may sometimes feel that you might not be getting enough attention from Mommy or me, we do love you as if you were our only son, Ezra. And actually, you don't need us to take care of you every second of the day because Hashem has unlimited attention and takes care of every single one of us, at all times, with endless love and patience.

"There's more! Klal Yisroel as a whole are also considered Hashem's only child. That means that, as Yidden, we are the most special people in the world. The same way Mommy and I spend way more time with our children and give so much to them, Hashem cares about us as Yidden more than any other people in the world!"

Ezra and Aidel both smiled. "Thank you Totty and Mommy," they both said, "for bringing us up as Torah Yidden with an appreciation for being Hashem's only children."

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!



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