

Terumah / תְּרוּמָה

The Guards at Shul

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Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

"You'll never catch me!" cried Moishy as he zipped past his friends.

"Oh yes we will!" shouted Eli and Avi.

"No, I'm gonna get you!" squealed Dovy as he ran after them through the Shul lobby.

"Ha ha, I got you!" exclaimed Avi.

"No you didn't!" answered Moishy. "You just touched my shirt. That doesn't count!"

Moishy ran even faster. But Eli was right behind him and Dovy in front. Without thinking, Moishy darted sideways into the Shul door. His friends chased after him, squealing and giggling, not even noticing that the Ba'al Korei was in the middle of reading the Torah.

"Haha!" Moishy screeched, running through the Shul. As they charged through the Beis Midrash towards the side exit, the boys didn't seem to realize that they were bumping into people and knocking over shtenders and seforim.

Moishy disappeared through the side door, followed by his friends. The Ba'al Korei kept reading, raising his voice above the commotion.

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Exhausted, the boys collapsed, catching their breath just outside the door.

A few minutes later, Moishy's Totty walked outside. "Boys, come inside. The Rov is about to give the drasha."

"But why, Totty?" asked Moishy. "You never make me come in for the drasha."



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“Yeah,” chimed in Eli. “My father doesn’t make me come to the *drasha* either. He lets me play outside until *Mussaf*.”

“Actually,” replied Totty. “The Rov is giving a special *drasha* for the children in the *simcha* hall downstairs.” Turning to Moishy’s friends, he added “and your fathers asked me to tell all of you to please come as well.”

Confused, the boys followed Moishy’s Totty inside and headed downstairs. The Rov was sitting at a table waiting for them, along with the other children from the Shul.

“Good Shabbos, *kinderlach*,” the Rov began with a wide smile. “Does everyone know what this week’s *Parsha* is?”

Eli raised his hand. “*Parshas Terumah!*” he said happily. “It’s all about the *Mushka!*”

“That’s *Mishkan*, Eli,” smiled the Rov, handing him a candy. “And you are correct. Do you know what the *Mishkan* was?”

This time Avi raised his hand. “It was Hashem’s House, just like the *Beis Hamikdash!* And there was a *mizbeiach* and a *menorah* and the *aron*, which had two *keruvim* on it!”

“Beautifully said, Avi!” the Rov responded, handing him a candy as well. “Do you know what *Keruvim* are?”

“Didn’t they look like children made out of gold?” asked Dovy uncertainly.

“Well yes, the *keruvim* that were on the *aron* were made of gold, and they had faces of children,” said the Rov, sliding a candy in Dovy’s direction. “But *Keruvim* are actually a type of *malach* in *Shomayim*. And Hashem sent real *Malach-Keruvim* down to guard the *Mishkan*.”

“I don’t know if you heard, but just as you boys were running through the Shul earlier, the *Baal Korei* was reading how there were also pictures of *keruvim* woven into the *paroches*, as well as on the *yerios* which covered the *Mishkan*.”

Moishy raised his hand. “Why did we need pictures of *keruvim* if Hashem sent real *keruvim* to guard the *Mishkan*?”

“A *gevaldige* question, Moishy!” beamed the Rov. “Here, take a candy,” he said, holding out his bag of *taffies*.

“You see, people can’t see real *keruvim*,” the Rov continued. “So Hashem had us make pictures of *keruvim* to remind us that the *Mishkan* was the holy House of Hashem that was guarded by real *Malochim*. It was a reminder of “*Mora Mikdash*” - that when we came to the *Mishkan* we couldn’t just act like we normally do. It’s Hashem’s House and we need to act with respect when we visit.”

“Wow,” said a boy named *Elchonon*. “Imagine visiting Hashem’s House!”

“But *Elchonon*,” said the Rov. “You were in Hashem’s House today!”

“I was?” *Elchonon* said, perplexed.

“Yes!” the Rov answered. “A Shul is a *Mikdash Me’at* - it’s like a miniature *Mishkan* or *Beis Hamikdash*. It also has *kedusha*, and it is also the House of Hashem!

“So when you approach a Shul, you need to remember that you are right outside of Hashem’s House. And when walking inside, one must remember that he is walking into a place of *kedusha*. You may not see the *Keruvim* outside but I’m pretty sure that there are *malachim* in our *shul* too. And that means walking calmly, keeping our voices down, and acting with respect – not shouting or even *stam schmoozing*.”

The boys looked at each other a bit uncomfortably. They felt bad about how they had behaved in the Shul earlier and decided to make sure to act properly when they went back upstairs for *Mussaf*.

And with that, the Rov handed candies to the rest of the children and wished everyone a Wonderful Shabbos.

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!



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