



# Toras Avigdor

## Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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ויקרא

## Start With the Kinderlach

לעילוי נשמת

מרת תרצה בת ר' מאיר ע"ה

## Start With the Kinderlach

“Hey, look at all those cool airplanes!” exclaimed Dovid from the back seat.

“Yeah, it looks like there’s some kind of air show going on!” Moishy added. “Totty can we please stop and watch?”

Totty glanced at the clock in the car. “Sure, we have some time,” he said.

The Friedmans pulled into the parking lot of Spirit of St. Louis Airport and followed the crowd towards the area where the event was being held. There were all types of aircraft there, small planes, big planes, helicopters, and even a blimp!

At the center was a large stage with a helicopter on it.

“Hey, isn’t that Tzadok Hatzadik from Toras Avigdor Junior?” said Dovid.

“But I thought he lives in Eretz Yisroel,” wondered Moishy.

“Boys,” Totty began. “I don’t think Tzadok Hatzadik is a real person...” Totty’s voice trailed off as he saw Tzadok. “Wow, that does look like him!” he said. “And it looks like he’s missing half his beard again!” he added.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” came the announcer’s voice over the loudspeaker. “We have a guest from Israel who has come to present what he says is the greatest invention in aviation history! Please welcome - um - Zaddoke Hazadeek!”

Tzadok stepped up to the podium. “Tenk you,” he said in a heavy Israeli accent. “My invention may look like a plain old helicopter, but it actually can fly all by eetself - look, I vill show you!” Tzadok held up a remote control in his hand.

“Uh, Zaddoke,” interrupted the announcer. “Are you sure this is safe to demonstrate in front of this large crowd?”

“Oh yes,” Tzadok answered with a wave of his hand. “I have put many segulot into the helicopter so dat it cannot crash. I even put hairs from Bilaam’s donkey inside ze engine!”

“Wait,” said the announcer as Tzadok started pushing buttons on the remote. “What happened to the tail rotor on the back of the helicopter?”

“Oh. Dat.” Tzadok said abruptly. “Ven I vas testing the helicopter I didn’t to realize dat ze tail rotor vas spinning and I valked into it and it took off heff my beard, so I remove it! Who need it ven ve hev ze big rotor on top of ze helicopter?”

“No, don’t!” cried the announcer, but it was too late - Tzadok hit the big red button on the remote, the helicopter’s rotor spun up and the aircraft started spinning out of control. People screamed and ran for cover as the wild machine

flipped on its side and crashed into the stage, sending helicopter parts flying everywhere.

Tzadok stood alone next to the stage in shock as his new “invention” lay there in pieces. But then he noticed the Friedmans and ran over excitedly. “אתם מדברים עברית?” (do you speak Hebrew?)” he asked.

Totty smiled and nodded.



“I’m so excited to see frum Jews here!” Tzadok gushed in rapid Hebrew. “I really need money to repair my helicopter. Can I sell you some segulot? I have a bone from one of the cows in Paraoth’s dream - it will make you rich!”

“No thank you,” said Totty politely.

Just then Dovid opened his water bottle to take a drink. As he lifted the bottle to his mouth, Totty said “don’t forget to make a brocha, Dovid! And when you do, remember to think about how thankful we are to Hashem for providing us with fresh water to quench our thirst!”

As Dovid slowly made a brocha with kavanah and took a drink, Tzadok turned to Totty again.

“I don’t understand,” he said. “He is a young boy. He’s not Bar Mitzvah yet. Why is it so important that he make a brocha with kavanah?”

“Tzadok,” Totty said. “You know in this week’s Parsha the Torah specifies that small pieces of wood should be put on the Mizbeiach and then the larger pieces. Lighting the smaller pieces first is necessary for the larger pieces to catch fire. And we also learn from this that we need to start working on serving Hashem from the youngest possible age, to light the fire in our Neshama when we are young so it can light even larger fires in our minds as we get older. That is why we teach our children to serve Hashem in the highest possible way even before they are Bar Mitzvah.

“But Tzadok, I think there’s a lesson for you too here. You may have thought that only the large rotor on the helicopter was important. But as you see, the helicopter needed the smaller rotor as well, and without it, the whole thing spun out of control. So too, just like the small wood on the Mizbeiach, even the younger members of Klal Yisroel are crucial to our Nation’s success, as Chazal said “ומתלמידי יותר מכולם” - I learned more from my students than even my Rebbeim and friends.”

Just then a loud explosion was heard as pieces of the helicopter struck a large barrel of jet fuel, resulting in a huge explosion. Everyone was in shock.

To be continued...

**Have A Wonderful Shabbos!**



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