

Take Care!

Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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“Moishy!” Dovid exclaimed running up to his older brother as he walked in the door. “Did you hear about Mayor McGillicuddy’s new contest?”

“Save a Life with McGillicuddy?” asked Moishy. “I saw signs about it today. What is it about?”

“Oh, it’s amazing!” gushed Dovid. “McGillicuddy wants to use recycled plastic to create medical equipment for sick people. He is asking all of the kids in St. Louis to donate anything made of plastic for this project. And the prize for the family that donates the most plastic is incredible! He is going to waive the driving age limit and give any kids eight years old or older in the winning family driver’s licenses! Can you imagine? You and me, being able to drive???”

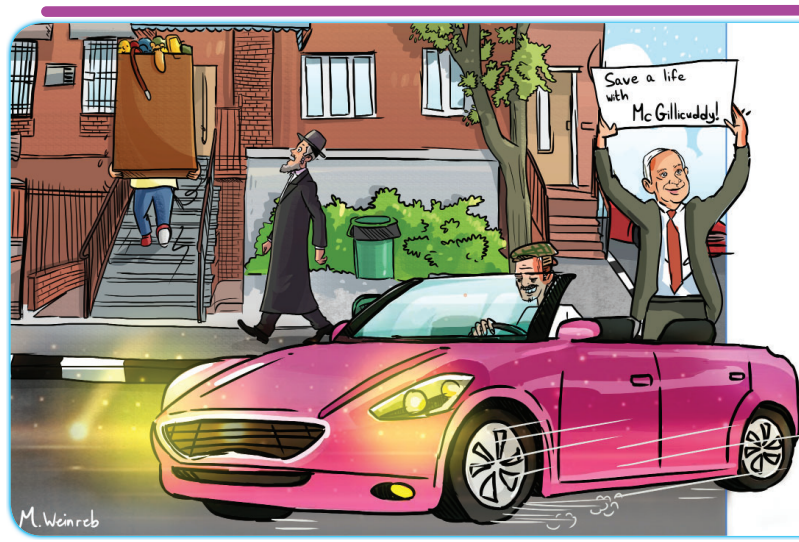
“Are you serious?” said Moishy. “What are we waiting for? Let’s go!”

So Moishy and Dovid Freedman quickly ran around their house looking for anything made of plastic that they could get rid of. Dovid’s old toy soldiers, some broken water guns, used plastic plates from the garbage - it all went into a giant refrigerator box.

“Phew, that was a lot of work,” said Moishy, leaning against the stuffed box a little while later. “Look at how much stuff we found! So how do we turn it in? I think we might win!”

“The signs said that Mayor McGillicuddy himself would be driving around the neighborhood today at 6:30pm to pick up the donations,” said Dovid.

“6:30???” said Moishy, looking at his watch in a panic. “It’s 6:25 right now!”



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Moishy quickly hoisted the oversized box in his arms and dashed towards the front door, barreling down the steps to the sidewalk.

“Moishy!” exclaimed Totty, who was just arriving at the house. “It is so dangerous to run down the stairs with a huge box like that. You can’t see where you’re going and you could have *chas veshalom* knocked someone down!”

Totty and Moishy jumped at the sound of tires screeching, as a flashy sports car skidded around the corner. Mayor McGillicuddy, standing up inside the car, was proclaiming at the top of his lungs “Hurry and Save a Life with McGillicuddy, children! The truck will be picking up your plastic in five minutes!”, before speeding off down the block.

“But Totty,” explained Moishy. “We are helping Mayor McGillicuddy save lives! We are donating all of this plastic to make medical equipment. And you heard what he just said - we only have five minutes!”

“Saving lives?” said Totty. “Didn’t you just see him? He’s a murderer!”

Moishy dropped the box in surprise. “A murderer? How can you say that?”

“Moishy,” Totty said. “Did you see how he is driving recklessly around town, speeding and skidding all over the place? Someone could get killed from that, *rachmana litzlan*. And giving driver’s licenses to children? Don’t you realize how dangerous that is?”

Moishy mulled this over for a minute. He hadn’t thought about it that way. He was just too excited at the thought of getting his own driver’s license at the age of 11 to realize that it was probably a very dangerous thing to do.

“Okay I see that now, Totty,” Moishy said after a minute. “But isn’t it a bit strong to call him a ‘murderer’? Even if he’s doing dangerous things, he’s not trying to kill people and he definitely hasn’t killed anyone yet.”

“Ah,” said Totty. “But you know in the Parsha of Arei Miklat, we talk about someone who didn’t try to kill someone, but was involved in a shogeg-accident and the Torah still calls him a *rotzeiach*, a murderer. And not only that, but Rav Avigdor Miller says that any time one does something dangerous where someone could *chas veshalom* get killed, that person is still considered a *rotzeiach*, even if nobody dies.”

“Oh my,” said Moishy, looking down sadly at the toys in his box. “I didn’t realize that. Now I feel terrible about running down the stairs with this box too. I’m a murderer just like Mayor McGillicuddy.”

“Moishy,” Totty said kindly, putting his arm around his son’s shoulder. “You’re not just like McGillicuddy. For one, you already feel bad about what you did and I’m sure you’ll be careful to never do it again. The important thing is to be careful going forward and always make sure when you do something that there is no chance of anyone getting hurt.”

Just then a loud crash was heard down the street. Totty and Moishy looked up to see what looked like a sports car which had just hit a school bus several blocks away. A minute later the sound of sirens filled the air as several ambulances headed towards the crash...

To be continued...

Takeaway:

Safety is a number one Torah-priority.

We must always be extra careful to guard our lives and the lives of others.



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