



Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

By: Pinchas Ben-Ami

פְּרִשְׁת וַיִּשְׁלַח

Do You Remember?

נתנדרב לע"נ

ר' אלעזר ב"ר אהרן שלו' ז"ל בראדט

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ומקובל על הבריות

Do You Remember?

Thursday Evening, Parshas Vayishlach, The Rosenberg Home

Binyomin was sitting at the dining room table skimming through the Chumash, trying to find a d'var Torah — and he wasn't having much luck. He called to his mother in the kitchen. "Mommy, this homework is impossible! Every week rebbi chooses one kid to say over a d'var Torah on the parsha to the class and I got picked for Vayishlach."

"Well, it might be a bit difficult," said Binyomin's mother, "but I wouldn't call it impossible. I think Totty already brought home the Toras Avigdor for this week. It's on the shelf over there — why don't you take a look at it and see if you find any ideas?"

"Great idea, Mommy!" said Binyomin as he walked over to the seforim shrank. Binyomin began to read through the pamphlet and it was pretty easy to understand. So he took out a sheet of paper and began to write.

My Vayishlach D'var Torah – By Binyomin Rosenberg

When Yaakov Avinu was coming home after spending twenty years in Lavan's house, he had to cross over a river in order to get back into Eretz Yisroel. And when he davened to Hashem for help in making it back safely, he first thanked Hashem like this: "With my walking stick I crossed over this river twenty years ago, and now I have two families, from Leah and from Rochel."

The question is: Why did Yaakov mention the river and the walking stick? He should have just said, "I left my father's house twenty years ago with almost nothing, and now I have two families."

Rabbi Avigdor Miller said an answer like this: "Twenty years ago, when I was leaving Eretz Yisroel to go to Padan

Aram, I had to cross this same river and all I had then was my walking stick. Esav made sure to steal every last penny of mine and he left me with just my walking stick. And now I'm passing over this same river with a big family — with everything I have now!"

We have to thank Hashem by recognizing his kindness to us. And the best way to recognize what Hashem does for us is to return to where we once were when we had less, and realize how much more we have now. That's the lesson of Yaakov Avinu's walking stick.

Friday Afternoon, The Rosenberg Home

"Binyomin, can you do me a favor, please, and go pick up Elazar from yeshiva? I want to finish baking these menorah cookies for Chanukah and it's almost pickup time.

"Okay," said Binyomin, putting on his coat. "I haven't been in my kindergarten classroom since I was Elazar's age. Maybe it'll be fun to



see the room again.” As Binyomin walked out the door, his mother called out to him, “And don’t forget to say hello to your Morah Shoshana. Believe it or not, she’s still the kindergarten teacher.”

When Binyomin walked into the classroom to find Elazar, he couldn’t believe his eyes. Almost nothing had changed. Even Morah Shoshana looked the same. “I remember sitting on those little chairs ten years ago and I thought they were so big. And all these toys! I used to love that fire truck!”

All of a sudden, Binyomin remembered his d’var Torah. This is exactly what Rav Miller was talking about! I can really live my d’var Torah now! These little wooden chairs and that big red fire truck remind me of where I was ten years ago. I remember sitting in that chair — I was only four years old and I knew nothing. Maybe I was cuter back then, but that’s about it. And now, I’m back here in the same place and my whole life has changed — I’m bar-mitzvah already! Back then, I was happy if I knew the *kamatz alef ah*, and now I’m already able to prepare a d’var Torah and say it in front of my class. And *im yirtzeh Hashem* by Chanukah I’ll be finishing my first masechta!

I was also an only child back then, and now I have two brothers and three sisters! We were living in a tiny apartment then, and now we have four bedrooms!

Maybe I didn’t have a walking stick like Yaakov Avinu and I’m not crossing any rivers, but I’m still able to take the lesson that Yaakov taught us and apply it to my own life. By using this classroom as a reminder, I’m able to better thank Hashem for everything He’s done for me over the years. Now, that’s what I call a **real** d’var Torah!

Have a Wonderful Shabbos

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