

Yisro / יתרו!

A Mess For A Mess

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Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Monday morning in the Greenbaum home

The Greenbaum children sat at the breakfast table as Mommy placed the box of cornflakes in front of them.

"Is there any more of the Sugarinies™ cereal left that Zaidy and Bubby gave us?" asked Yitzy. "It was so good!"

"I'm sorry," Mommy said. "You kids finished it already."

"Can we buy some more?" asked Shimmy. "It's so much better than the cereal we usually have."

"I don't think so," Mommy replied. "Sugar frosted sugar? That doesn't sound like something you should be eating every day. That cereal was literally just sugar. It's not healthy for you."

"Ah well, it was worth a try," Shimmy whispered to Yitzy. "Oh my, look at the clock - we'd better run if we don't want to miss the bus!"

Shimmy and Yitzy made a brochah achronah and quickly rushed out the door. As Yitzy hurried past little Yaeli, his backpack knocked her cup of orange juice onto the floor, spilling it everywhere.

Later, in the cheider courtyard

"Hey Yitzy!" called Chezky. "Come check this out!"

Yitzy hurried over to his friends who were looking at something on the ground.



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“Look, it’s a chameleon!” said Ari Holtzbacher. “And it’s eating that piece of paper!”

“That’s not a chameleon,” said Yitzy, bending over to get a closer look. “It’s a bearded dragon.”

“Dragon?!” said Chezky. “It breathes fire?”

“No, no,” laughed Yitzy. “It’s a type of lizard from Australia. I wonder how it got here, though. Must be an escaped pet from the neighborhood. Kinda neat how it eats paper, though.”

“Well it’s a good thing all the third graders dropped all these papers here by recess.” said Ari. “Now the dragon has plenty to eat.”

Yitzy began feeding another piece of paper to the lizard, when a loud and angry voice behind him made the boys jump. They turned around to see the school janitor, who looked furious.

“Who made this mess?” the janitor demanded. “Do you know how long it will take me to clean up all of these papers?”

The boys looked at each other uncomfortably.

“YOU!!!” screamed the janitor, pointing at Yitzy. “I see you holding that paper! Why did you make this mess?”

“B-b-but I didn’t!” said Yitzy, close to tears.

Just then, the boys’ rebbe, Rebbe Caplan, showed up.

“What’s going on here?” Rebbe Caplan asked gently.

“This boy is making a mess of the schoolyard!” the janitor said, pointing at Yitzy.

“Stuart, I’ll take care of this,” said Rebbe Caplan, dismissing the janitor.

“Rebbe, I promise, it wasn’t me!” Yitzy said, a tear trickling down his cheek.

“I believe you Yitzy,” Rebbe Caplan said softly. “I know you’re a boy who would never make a mess on purpose and if you did, you would clean it up right away. I’ll talk to the janitor about what happened.”

Yitzy paused and immediately felt guilty. “Actually, Rebbe,” he said. “I do try to always clean up after myself, but sometimes I forget. This morning I knocked over my sister’s orange juice and rushed out the door without cleaning it up because I didn’t want to be late.”

Rebbe Caplan stroked his beard. “Interesting,” he said. “So maybe that’s why the janitor was yelling at you.”

“Wait, what?” asked Yitzy. “How could the janitor have known about little Yaeli’s orange juice?”

“Well, he didn’t know, but Hashem does,” Rebbe Caplan smiled. “In this week’s Parsha, Yisro said *עָתָה יֵדַעְתִּי כִּי גָדוֹל ה' מְכֹל הַמַּלְאָהִים כִּי בִדְבַר אֲשֶׁר זָדוּ עֲלֵיהֶם* - that he knows how great Hashem is because of how Mitzrayim were punished in the same way they treated Klal Yisroel. They killed Yidden with water, and therefore they were punished with water in the Yam Suf.”

“What does that have to do with me?” asked Yitzy.

“Well, think about it. Today you spilled your sister’s juice and didn’t clean it up. And now you got yelled at for a mess that wasn’t cleaned up. Do you think that maybe the janitor yelling at you was a message from Hashem about what happened this morning?”

“How do you know that’s why the janitor yelled at me?”

“Well, I can’t say with absolute certainty, but Hashem generally sends us messages in ways that are similar to the lesson He wants to teach us. And if you didn’t clean up the juice that you spilled and then got yelled at for not cleaning up a mess, well, I’d say that this is exactly what Hashem is teaching you.”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

Hashem controls every little thing that happens to us. And He is always reacting to how we behave, trying to help us become better people. If you’ll open your eyes you’ll see that He makes things happen to you all the time in order to teach you lessons.



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