



Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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פְּרֻשֶׁת בְּמִדְבָּר

True Greatness

Sponsored in honor
of the Bar Mitzvah of Simcha Spolter.

May he continue to follow the ways of Hashem
for a long and successful life!

Parshas Bamidbar

True Greatness

Thursday afternoon at recess, in the schoolyard

“Look, Simcha!” Mordechai said excitedly, waving a big fancy envelope. “Ari Holtzbacher’s father is getting the Ahavas Chesed Award at this year’s Horki Mosdos Dinner! My neighbor told me that Ari’s father donated something like 400 million dollars to help them buy their new building!”

“Yeah!” Yossi chimed in. “And this dinner is not stam. I heard that they’re charging ten thousand dollars per plate to attend! And it’s worth it, too, Boruch Levy will be singing his new hit song “Oisher Vekavod” there! Everyone knows he’s the biggest singer today. The Horki Rebbe said that his neshamah is from the highest heichal of neginah!”

That evening at the Greenbaum dinner table

“Simcha”, said Totty, “is something wrong? You’ve been awfully quiet tonight.”

Simcha looked up from his plate. “I dunno,” he mumbled. “I just wish we could be a big famous family like the Holtzbachers. They give more tzedakah than is humanly possible and do so many wonderful things for Klal Yisroel. They’re always getting visited by the Horki Rebbe and the big roshei yeshiva from Eretz Yisroel stay in their house for Shabbos.

“And what do we do? We’re so plain. You and Mommy just go to work, come home, spend time with us, and then it’s the same thing again every day. Why can’t we be one of the big ‘doing’ families? Why can’t we be special like them?”

Just then the phone rang and Simcha went to answer it. “Mommy,” he said, “it’s the Chessed Warehouse. They want to know if you can bake fifty challahs for poor families’ meals this Shabbos.”

“Oy, I wish I could,” said Mommy with a smile. “But I work the night shift Thursday nights and I only have another half-hour before I have to leave for work.”

Simcha looked even sadder. Boruch Hashem, he had everything he needed, and he knew that. He never went hungry, his clothes all fit, and

his parents took good care of him. He was happy to be a frum Yid and do mitzvos, but it didn't feel like enough.

He explained how he felt to his father. "I just want us to be special," he said. "We're just regular; we're not even Kohanim or Leviim; so even when Moshiach comes we're not going to be special! I know, I know, every Yid is special, but that's not what I mean. I want us to be one of those families that's always doing things for Klal Yisroel."

"Simcha," said Totty as the two of them started clearing the table together. "You know, you make a really good point. We aren't Kohanim or Leviim, and Hashem hasn't given us opportunities to do big and glamorous things for Klal Yisroel."

"Kohanim have extra kedushah. And Hashem bentches certain families with extra money, time, and abilities so that they can serve Him in big ways. But that does not mean that we cannot serve Hashem and get just as close to Hashem as anyone else."



“All it takes,” said Totty as he pulled a peach pit out of his jacket pocket, “is this little pit”.

Simcha was confused. What did a peach pit have to do with anything?

Totty smiled. “Simcha, have you ever thought about how amazing a peach pit is? Hashem made it rock hard. Here, try to break it – you won’t be able to do it without a hammer. But Hashem also designed it in a way that when you plant it in the earth, it breaks open automatically! And then the little seed inside is revealed, and you know what happens afterward?

“A huge peach tree pops out of the ground that makes its own peaches and pits! This little pit is really a big factory! There’s a lot of fancy machinery in this little pit and it’s able to make trees with branches and leaves and fruit. Not only that – it makes another peach tree factory inside every peach! You can spend days, weeks, even years just looking at and admiring the greatness of Hashem that is revealed by this pit. And it’s not just peach pits. Every single thing in this world can be used to see the greatness of Hashem.”

“Wow, that’s amazing,” said Simcha. “But what does learning about a peach pit have to do with being great and special?”

“That’s exactly it, Simcha,” Totty said as they put away the last of the washed dishes and walked out of the kitchen together. “Spending time thinking about Hashem’s greatness in everything that He made brings us close to Him in a bigger way than donating a building or being makriv a korban.

“It’s true that nobody is going to speak about you at recess because you think about Hashem all the time, and you’re not going to get fancy awards at dinners either, but that’s the point. The most important thing that Hashem asks from us is to serve Him with our hearts, inside, where no one else can see. That’s true greatness! And that’s who Hashem loves best!”

“Wow, thanks, Totty!” said Simcha, as he walked away, knowing that if he wanted to, he could serve Hashem just as much as any Jew in the world. By thinking about Hashem as much as possible he knew that he could be just as proud, even prouder, than he imagined Ari Holtzbacher felt sitting at the dais at the Horki dinner.

Wishing Everyone a Happy and Healthy Shabbos!

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