



# Toras Avigdor

## Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

By: Ari Ben-Ami

Illustrations by: Yocheved Nadell

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## Tzedakah for the Rich Poor

**We are so pleased to sponsor Toras Avigdor Junior.**

Before all of us, we have had wonderful and great people who have loved us, and taught us so much. For all those who have passed on we wish their Neshamas an Aliyah.

With blessings and gratitude to TorasAvigdor, for the wonderful daily and weekly lessons.

**Ivan and Melanie Sacks**  
Dallas Texas

# Tzedakah for the Rich Poor

## Thursday evening

The Greenbaum children were really fired up. Shimmy and Basya had ransacked their pantry for spare candies and nosh, while Yitzy went up and down the block, knocking on doors and asking people if they had any extra Shabbos food.

It all started when Basya came home from school and told her brothers all about Tomchei Shabbos and how they deliver food to poor families for Shabbos. They decided right then to make their own Tomchei Shabbos! A few blocks away, in an old house with peeling paint, lived the Bergstein family. The father was an accountant who had not had a job for many years and the kids always wore old and patched clothes. They probably never had enough food for Shabbos – but this week the Greenbaum children were going to give them the Shabbos of their life!

## Friday, after school

Yitzy, Basya, and Shimmy were bouncing with excitement as they pushed a stroller loaded down with challah, gefilte fish, kugels, chicken, chocolate cake, cookies, potato chips and even some laffy-taffys. They were so proud of the mitzvah they were about to do.

But then, as they turned onto the Bergstein's block, they stopped. Something was wrong. What was once a shabby, rundown house was now perfectly painted; it even had a beautiful garden in front and it looked like they were adding a second floor! This wasn't a family that needed help for Shabbos!

"What do we do now?" asked Shimmy. "I could eat the laffy taffys and the other nosh, but a whole loaf of gefilte fish?!"

"Did they move?" Yitzy wondered, looking disappointed.

They pushed the stroller up the walk and knocked softly. Yitzy noticed that it still said "Bergstein" on the door. As the door swung open, the kids were greeted by the smells of delicious Shabbos food and there stood Mr. Bergstein, already dressed for Shabbos in a fancy suit.

"A gutten Erev Shabbos," said Mr. Bergstein with a smile. "How can I help you?"

“Um...” Yitzzy stammered, his eyes looking past Mr. Bergstein into the fancy dining room. “We wanted to bring you food for Shabbos, but uh... are you still poor?”

“Yitzzy!” whispered Basya. “That’s not a nice thing to say!”

Mr. Bergstein chuckled. “No, Yitzzy,” he began. “Bechasdei Hashem, things have changed. It’s true that for a few years I was out of work, but a few months ago I was hired as the CFO of Ginsburg Bank. Boruch Hashem in just a few short months our lives have turned around!”

The Greenbaum children were stunned. Shimmy looked like he was about to cry. He had spent a full hour in the pantry trying to find as much extra nosh as possible. Yitzzy was even angry – it wasn’t easy convincing his neighbor to make an extra potato kugel at the last minute. They worked so hard to try to do a big chessed and now it turned out that it was all for nothing.

Mr. Bergstein noticed their disappointed faces. “Kids. Why don’t you come inside for a minute?”

They walked inside and sat down with Mr. Bergstein at the table, while Mrs. Bergstein brought out steaming plates of hot potato kugel for everyone.

“Do you children realize the tremendous schar you get for what you did today?” he asked.



“But we did nothing!” blurted out Yitzy. “We didn’t get to do chessed in the end. The stroller filled with food was just a big waste!”

“Ah, but that’s where you’re mistaken,” Mr. Bergstein said. “You know, when the Am Yisroel were in the midbar there were some people who were tamei and they weren’t allowed to join in bringing the Korban Pesach. So they went to Moshe Rabbeinu and said, ‘Why should we miss out?’ They were sad that they missed the mitzvah.

So Hashem said ‘Oh, you’re sad that you didn’t get to do the mitzvah?! To Me, that’s the same as doing the mitzvah! And so, to teach you that lesson, I’ll give you another mitzvah – Pesach Sheini!’

And Hashem told Moshe Rabeinu to write that story in the Torah so that we should read about it every year and learn a very important lesson. You see, if we really want to do a mitzvah, even if we can’t do it, Hashem rewards us as if we had done it. So you didn’t ‘do nothing’. You tried to do a mitzvah and Hashem considers it as if you did!”

Just then Shimmy noticed what looked like an old napkin in an envelope on the table. “Um, Mr. Bergstein?” Shimmy asked, “Why are you mailing napkins?”

Basya hissed her disapproval again, “Shimmy! Mind your own business!” But Mr. Bergstein kept smiling. “Shimmy,” he said, “That’s not a napkin; it’s an old check! I wrote this check years ago when I heard a shiur from Rav Avigdor Miller about the importance of really wanting to do a mitzvah.

“For years I wanted to have the tremendous zechus of being able to support talmidei chachomim, but I had no money. I so badly wanted that mitzvah, but I couldn’t afford to write a big check. But when I heard that shiur, I wrote this check out to a Yeshiva. I knew I couldn’t mail it because I had no money in the bank but I kept it in my wallet waiting for the day I could afford to mail it out. And now that Hashem gave me money, I took out the check to mail it. I was just about to put it in this envelope when you children knocked.”

The Greenbaum children said thank you for the kugel, wished the Bergsteins a good Shabbos and left, smiling. “Yitzy, Shimmy,” said Basya. “I don’t feel bad anymore. We came to help the Bergsteins but really Mr. Bergstein helped us by teaching us such an important lesson. Hashem is still going to reward us for what we tried to do and we learned a really important lesson for life. We have to try to do whatever mitzvos we can, but even wanting to do mitzvos is an important part of serving Hashem.

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos !**

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