



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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חֻקַּת - בְּלֶכָה

The Writing Contest

Hey Junior!

Write for Toras Avigdor!

Get YOUR story featured in the Toras Avigdor Junior for TENS of THOUSANDS of kids to read! Your name will be featured as the AUTHOR on a publication spread across the globe!

Contest Rules:

1. Ask a parent or teacher to teach you a lesson from Rav Miller on Parshas Re'eh.
2. Think of a story that brings the lesson across.
3. Write up the story using approximately 400 words.
4. Mail it in to our office! 1273a 46th Street Brooklyn NY 11219 [or ask a parent to email it to junior@torasavigdor.org]

Hurry! we can only consider submissions sent before July 14th.

Parshas Chukas-Balak

The Writing Contest

“So Bnei Yisroel saw that Aharon Hakohen had died,” Rabbi Cohen was saying. “And they all cried for him for thirty days. **ALL** of Bnei Yisroel wept for thirty whole days when Aharon was niftar. Can you imagine that?”

The boys in the class all listened intently as Rabbi Cohen discussed the passing of Aharon and what it meant for Klal Yisroel. He walked around the room as he spoke, describing what it must have been like in the Midbar, with everyone so sad for a whole month.

“Wow, Shimmy, you seem especially interested in this,” Rabbi Cohen said. “I’ve never seen you write so many notes before!”

But as Rabbi Cohen approached Shimmy he realized that Shimmy did not seem to be writing down what he was saying. In fact, Shimmy didn’t even seem to hear his rebbi mention his name.

“Shimmy, what is this?” Rabbi Cohen said, picking up one of the papers. “This has nothing to do with what we’re learning. And what are all these pictures?”

Shimmy blushed furiously. “Um... I’m sorry, Rabbi,” he said. But Toras Avigdor is having a contest where kids can try to write their own story for Toras Avigdor Junior Parshas Re’eh, and the winner will have his story published!”

“I see...” Rabbi Cohen said, looking at the story Shimmy was writing. “And I see you’ve drawn illustrations as well.”

Shimmy blushed again. “Well yeah I thought because I’m good at drawing they’d accept my illustration too.”

“Well, Shimmy, you are definitely a talented artist and this story sounds entertaining, but do you think in the middle of class is the right time to work on this?”

Shimmy looked at his feet. He didn’t mean to do anything wrong, but he knew he shouldn’t have been working on this project while his Rabbi was talking.

“I’m sorry, Rabbi,” he said softly.

“I’m glad to hear that,” Rabbi Cohen said, gathering up his papers. “But I’m going to have to confiscate your work. I don’t think you should benefit from something you shouldn’t have been doing.”

“But Rabbi!” Shimmy said, close to tears.

“We are not discussing this any further in middle of class,” Rabbi Cohen said firmly, and he went back to talking about Aharon Hakohen.

Shimmy sat glumly through the rest of class. After the bell rang, he gathered up his stuff and slowly walked home.

“Hi Shimmy! How was cheder?” Mommy asked brightly.

“Terrible,” Shimmy said, hanging up his backpack on the hook.

“Oy I’m so sorry to hear that,” Mommy said, giving Shimmy a tight hug. “Do you want to tell me what happened?”

Shimmy started crying. He explained what had happened in class and how Rabbi Cohen confiscated the Toras Avigdor Junior story that he had worked so hard to write.

“I know it was wrong for me to do it in the middle of class, but why did the rebbi have to be so mean? Why does he hate me so much?”

“Oh Shimmy,” Mommy said kindly. “Your rebbi doesn’t hate you.”

“Then why wouldn’t he even let me explain why I thought he should give it back to me?” asked Shimmy.



“Shimmeleh,” Mommy said. “Do you know how in this week’s Parsha it talks about Aharon Hakohen passing away?”

“Yeah that’s what Rebbi Cohen was talking about when I was writing the story,” Shimmy said with a sheepish smile.

“Well if you notice, it says ‘וַיִּרְאוּ כָּל הָעֵדָה כִּי גָעַ אַהֲרֹן’ - the **whole** nation saw that Aharon was *niftar*’. Everyone was sad and cried at the terrible news. However, when Moshe Rabbeinu was *niftar*, the Torah says ‘וַיִּבְכוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶת מֹשֶׁה בְּעֶרְבֹת’ - **מוֹאָב שָׁלְשִׁים יוֹם** - it doesn’t say ‘kol’, that **all** of the Yidden cried. Not everyone cried for Moshe like they cried for Aharon.

“Now, why is that? Wasn’t Moshe Rabbeinu the greatest leader we ever had? But Chazal tell us that Moshe Rabbeinu was the *dayan* - he was the judge. It was assur for him to compromise, and there were people who weren’t so happy with the way he *paskened* when their *din Torah* didn’t go their way. But Aharon Hakohen, Chazal say, was soft and nice to everyone. He was *Oheiv shalom v’rodeif shalom* - he went out of his way to make peace and make everyone happy.”

This seemed confusing to Shimmy.

“So who was right?” he asked.

“They were both right!” Mommy said with a smile. “They both loved Klal Yisroel so, so much. But they had different jobs. Just like your rebbi. Do you know how I know that he loves you? He called me before you came home from school to make sure that you weren’t too sad about what happened. He cares about you. But he is your rebbi and his job is to teach you to do the right thing.”

Shimmy smiled. It was still hard that he lost the story he had worked so hard on, but it felt really good to know how much his rebbi loved and cared for him.

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

Hashem created the world so that children have both, strictness and love. It is our job to recognize that strictness from our parents or teachers is really love.



To listen on the phone, Dial:

USA: 718-289-0899 UK: 0333-015-0752
Israel: 079-704-0089 Canada: 438-771-0452

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