



# Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

# Junior

Sefer Devarim sponsored by:



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## פִּי תוֹבָא

# Vanitzaak – And We Cried Out

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## Vanitzaak – And We Cried Out

Before heading home for the night, Rav Volender, the Rov of the Jerusalem Prison, made his way past the prison cells, wishing the inmates a good night. Most of the prisoners were already in their beds waiting for the lights to be turned off, but as he approached cell 27-D, he saw the man inside sitting on his floor with his back to the bars, rocking back and forth.

“Tzadok, is everything okay?” Rav Volender asked.

Tzadok “Hatzadik” turned around, a tuft of beard hairs in his hand, his cheeks stained with tears.

“Tzadok, why are you pulling out more of your beard hairs - just when it was starting to grow back?” Rav Volender exclaimed.

“Rebbe,” Tzadok said desperately. “My trial is coming up and Hashem has not been doing anything to help me!”

“Tzadok, how could you say such a thing? Hashem is always helping us! Why just this morning Hashem helped you by making the guard walk by as you were trying to catch that stray cat in the courtyard!”

“How was He helping me?” Tzadok asked, a pained look on his face. “That was going to be my new pet! I was going to name him Chaim Yankel and he was going to be my best friend!”

“First of all, Tzadok, you are not allowed to have pets in jail. Secondly, you would do better to have a human best friend instead of an animal. And finally, after the guards safely captured the cat, they discovered that it had rabies. Could you imagine if you had caught it with your bare hands, like you were trying to do? It could have bitten you, *chas veshalom*.”

“I didn’t know Chaim Yankel had rabies,” Tzadok said quietly.

“Hashem is always helping us,” Rav Volender said gently. “But you still haven’t explained why you are pulling out your beard hairs.”

Tzadok stood up to face his rebbe.

“Well, since you said I’m not allowed to bring a korban nowadays, I decided that I would instead pull out my beard hairs. Since it’s painful, it would be my own personal sacrifice to Hashem so that he’ll get me out of prison.”

“Tzadok, do you remember what I said we are supposed to do instead of korbanos? I’ll give you a hint - it’s not pulling out our beard hairs.”

“I know, I know, you said we are supposed to daven. But I daven three times a day, and that isn’t helping.”

“Tzadok, tefillah always helps, even if we don’t see it,” said Rav Volender. “But what about screaming to Hashem with all your might? Like it says in our Parshah ‘Vanitzaak! – The Yidden in Mitzrayim cried out to Hashem’. Have you tried that?”

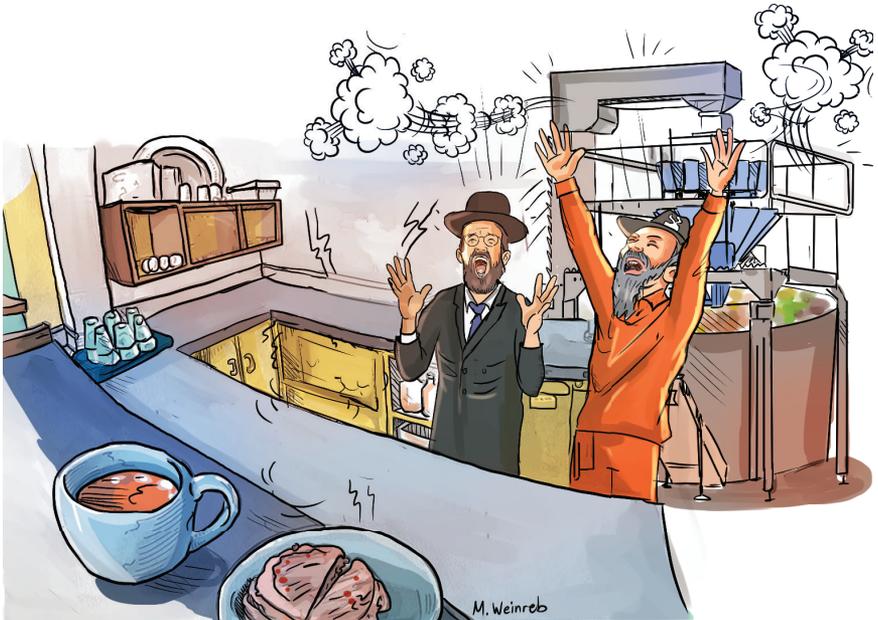
“Screaming?” Tzadok said, perplexed. “But wouldn’t people think I’m weird if I do that?”

Rav Volender looked for a second at Tzadok, his half-beard, and the clump of hairs clenched in his fist for a second before answering.

“Tzadok, I have to go home now and you need to sleep. Meet me outside the kitchen tomorrow after lunch and I’ll show you how to scream to Hashem. Good night, Tzadok.”

The next day after lunch, Tzadok went to the prison kitchen and found Rav Volender waiting for him.

“Ah Tzadok, you’re right on time,” Rav Volender said. “Come, follow me.”



Tzadok followed Rav Volender to the back of the kitchen, where a giant machine was standing.

“The trash compactor???” Tzadok asked, terrified. “Are you going to throw me inside?”

“No no, chas veshalom,” Rav Volender said. “I want to show you how you can scream to Hashem.”

Just then, two kitchen workers arrived and started dumping trash bags into the machine. Immediately, the trash compactor started making tremendous noise. Tzadok looked and saw Rav Volender’s eyes shut and his hands in the air.

“**Hashem!**” screamed Rav Volender. “**Please help Tzadok get out of prison! Please teach him how to be an eved Hashem and stay out of trouble!**”

The machine quieted down as it finished compacting the trash bags.

“See?” Rav Volender said. “It’s just as simple as that. When there’s a lot of loud noise, people won’t hear you screaming to Hashem and they won’t think you’re weird. Look, here comes some more trash. Let’s do it together this time.”

As the workers dumped the next load of trash into the trash compactor, both Tzadok and Rav Volender lifted their eyes and hands to Heaven.

“**Hashem!**” Tzadok screamed. “**Please magically transport me from this prison to a huge mansion with millions of pets! Please give me human friends too who will all help me take care of my animals! Please help me find the hairs to Bilaam’s donkey!**”

“**Hashem!**” Rav Volender screamed. “**Please help Tzadok desire the important things in life, serve you b’lev shaleim, and care about other Yidden as much as he cares about animals!**”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

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### Takeaway:

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***Our forefathers in Mitzrayim called out to Hashem with all their might. Crying out to Hashem is the most powerful tool we have for gaining a yeshuah.***

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