



# Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

# Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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## בְּקִדְבָר

# [D]ANGER!

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## Parshas Bamidbar

# [D]ANGER!

It was a bright sunny day in University City when Rabbi Greenblatt walked into the Post Office. He observed the long line of people waiting, and took a number, then sat down and opened his small Gemara while he waited for his turn.

“Hi Rabbi!”

Rabbi Greenblatt looked up.

“Good morning, Mr. Herschenstein,” Rabbi Greenblatt said. “How are you?”

“Oh I’m doing just great,” answered Mr. Herschenstein. “You know, I’ve been pondering what you told me last week and I think I might be able to find some time to start coming to your morning *Chumash shiur*. It sounds really interesting.”

“That’s great!” Rabbi Greenblatt said. “I’ll be looking forward to seeing you there!”

“Three thousand, seven hundred forty six!” called a voice from the front of the room.

Rabbi Greenblatt walked to the counter, noticing the name “Big Moose” on the postal worker’s name tag.

“Good morning, Mr. Moose,” Rabbi Greenblatt said with a smile, handing the man a slip of paper. “I received this in my mailbox this morning. Something about a package that I need to pick up?”

“Wait right here, sir,” Big Moose said, as he disappeared into the back, returning with his supervisor, who was carrying a box which appeared to have smoke coming out of it.

“Rabbi,” the supervisor said. “Your package has been flagged as suspicious. Do you know why it is smoking?”

“Oh that’s not smoke - it’s vapor from the dry ice,” Rabbi Greenblatt answered.

“Dry ice?” Alarmed, the supervisor quickly picked up his radio. “We have a code three situation here,” he said into the transmitter.

“Yes, my son-in-law in Lakewood sent me *schmaltz herring* for Shabbos. He packed it with dry ice so it would stay cold.”

“*Schmaltz herring*?” Big Moose said. “Where have I heard that word before? It sounds dangerous.”



The supervisor picked up his radio again. “Escalate that to a code seven!” he ordered. “We have an unknown volatile substance! Initiate containment procedures!”

“No, no,” Rabbi Greenblatt said, opening the package. “Here, let me show you.”

Nervously, Big Moose and the supervisor peered into the box to see many layers of plastic wrapping.

“Sir, why would you need so many layers of protection if we are not dealing with radioactive material? I need you to stand back for your own safety.”

Rabbi Greenblatt ignored the command and quickly unwrapped the container of herring.

“See?” he said. “It’s just fish. Now, if you don’t mind, I must be going.”

But before Rabbi Greenblatt could leave with his herring, Mr. Herschenstein angrily approached the counter.

“What is going on here?” he demanded, his face growing red. “Don’t you know who this is? This is Rabbi Greenblatt, the greatest rabbi in the entire state of Missouri! How dare you give him such a hard time over a package of fish?”



Mr. Herschenstein pounded his fist on the counter, frightening everyone waiting in the post office.

A few minutes later, Mr. Herschenstein left the post office to see Rabbi Greenblatt standing outside waiting for him.

“Hi Rabbi, what are you still doing here?” he asked.

“My dear friend,” Rabbi Greenblatt said. “I must talk to you about your anger. You know, it is a terrible thing to get angry like that. It’s not good for your health or your soul.”

“I know, I know, my wife always tells me the same thing. But how do I destroy my anger?”

“Destroy it? You don’t want to destroy it,” Rabbi Greenblatt said. “You know, the holiest of all of the Tribes of Israel is Shevet Levi. Why is that? Well Levi got angry after a man named Shchem kidnapped his sister and, along with his brother Shimon, wiped out the entire city.

“Now, Yaakov Avinu didn’t approve of this. He strongly rebuked Shimon and Levi and even cursed their anger. But did Levi get rid of his anger? Oh no, he learned to use it. Years later, when the Jews created the golden calf, it was the Tribe of Levi who made a stand to defend Hashem’s honor.

“Only this time, they used their anger to take action in the way that Hashem approved.”

Mr. Herschenstein’s eyes widened. “So you mean I don’t have to get rid of my anger, I only need to channel it correctly?”

“Exactly,” Rabbi Greenblatt answered. “Anger used in the wrong way is extremely dangerous. But like anything else, if done properly you can use it to serve Hashem and become great.”

“Would your *Chumash shiur* help me learn how to properly use my anger for good?”

“It would be a great start,” Rabbi Greenblatt said with a smile. “I’ll see you tomorrow morning bright and early!”

### Have a Wonderful Shabbos

#### let’s Review:

- Why did the postal workers think Rabbi Greenblatt’s package was so dangerous?
- When is anger not a bad thing?