

## A King's Word

By: Aharon Spetner  
Illustrations by: M. Weinreb

# Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Moishe Yossel Wertheimer, the Horki gabbai, crept with his son Shiya Duvid through the thick brush of the African jungle. They were on a top-secret mission from the Horki Rebbe to rescue a poor Yid who had been taken prisoner by the Kingdom of Zuzulamba.

"Halt! And put your hands up!"

Moishe Yossel and Shiya Duvid froze in fear as several large African men surrounded them and hauled them to a small village.

"Totty, I'm scared!" whispered Shiya Duvid.

"There is nothing to fear," replied Moishe Yossel calmly. "Let's say Tehillim and Hashem will rescue us."

However, things started to look worse for the Wertheimers, as the African tribesmen started boiling a huge pot of water and covering Moishe Yossel and Shiya Duvid with barbecue sauce.

"Totty, are they going to eat us?"

"Impossible," insisted Totty. "Shluchei mitzvah einam nizakim - we are on a mission of pidyon shvuyim - we just need to keep davening and Hashem will rescue us."

Suddenly, as the tribesmen were getting ready to put Moishe Yossel and Shiya Duvid into the massive pot, a large army jeep screeched into the clearing as several soldiers jumped out with guns drawn.

"Boruch Hashem, we're saved!" whispered Shiya Duvid as the soldiers untied them and loaded them into the truck.

"Wait, why are you handcuffing us?" asked Moishe Yossel.

"You are under arrest for cannibalism," answered Captain Mubutu.



“But we aren’t cannibals - we were the ones who were going to be eaten!” Moishe Yossel replied.

“In Zuzulamba it is illegal to be eaten by cannibals,” answered Captain Mubutu. “Your punishment will be decided by King Meshu Gena.”

The Wertheimers had no choice but to continue davening during the ride to the royal palace. Soon they arrived and walked past the goats and chickens and into King Meshu Gena’s royal chamber.

“Moko boto guga bula bo,” said Captain Mubutu, bowing.

“Your majesty,” bowed Moishe Yossel. “Please, we didn’t mean any harm. We are just here on a mission from the Horki Rebbe.”

“The Horki Rebbe???” exclaimed King Meshu Gena, standing up in respect. “Mubutu! Release these men at once!”

“What is it that the holy Horki Rebbe wants?” asked the king, as Captain Mubutu unhandcuffed Moishe Yossel and Shiya Duvid.

Moishe Yossel bowed. “There is a Jewish man named Yankel Bernsweig who has been sentenced to twelve years in prison in your majesty’s country for falling asleep on a Tuesday, not realizing that is a crime in this wonderful country. The Horki Rebbe has asked if he could please be released.”

“Guards!” ordered King Meshu Gena. “Release Yonkul at once!”

As two guards hurried off, a poor man dressed in rags entered the king’s chamber.

“Your majesty,” he said. “My family and I have no money and nothing to eat. Would it please be possible to perhaps give us an elephant’s toenail from which we can make soup so we don’t starve to death?”

King Meshu Gena looked at the man. “You know, what? I’m in a good mood. Guards! Bring this poor man twelve trays of gold!”

The Wertheimers looked in amazement as several guards hurried into the room, carrying gleaming trays of gold, making the poor man wealthy in front of their eyes.

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“Totty,” said Shiya Duvid, as a royal limousine carried them to the airport, along with a grateful Yankel Bernsweig. “Can you imagine being a king like that? Being able to change someone’s life with just a few words?”

“But Shiya Duvid, you already have that ability,” Totty said.

“I do?” Shiya Duvid asked in wonder.

“Absolutely. You know, in this week’s Parsha, we learn about *nedarim*. A *neder* means that with just a few words from your mouth, Hashem turns something that was *muttar* into a *dvar issur*.”

“But I thought we’re not supposed to make *nedarim*.”

“That’s correct, we generally shouldn’t do that. But it goes to show how powerful your words are. Your words can change the Halacha and make something forbidden.

“Now imagine what else you can do with your words. Wherever you are, whenever you want, you can say things like ‘I love Hashem’, ‘I love Klal Yisroel’, and ‘I love the Torah’. Don’t just think it - say it! And every time you do so, you are changing your life. Just like King Meshu you can change someone’s life forever by just a few words. Don’t underestimate the immense power your words have!”

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos!**

**Let’s Review:**

- What is the amazing power of a *neder*?
- How can we use this power to become great?



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