

Vayeishev / וַיֵּשֶׁב

## Seeing the Yad Hashem

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# Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

"Hear ye, hear ye!" a loud voice proclaimed, causing the chassidim in the village of Horki to look up.

"It is with great sorrow that we inform you of the untimely death of King Kostadin," announced a royal messenger riding a horse into the village square. "All villagers are ordered to bow their heads in a moment of silence for the loss of our beloved ruler!"

"Attention!" the man commanded after about three seconds of silence. "Prepare to greet your new ruler, King Kresimir!"

Everyone looked on as a royal chariot rode into sight, flanked by a dozen knights riding on jet black horses. The chariot came to a stop and King Kresimir stepped out.

The Horki Rebbe humbly stepped forward and bowed to the king.

"Who are you?" demanded the king.

"I am the Horki Rebbe," the rebbe said modestly. "I am the rabbi of this village."

"Rabbi?" the king said rudely. "I don't want to speak to the rabbi. I want to speak with the poritz. Where is he? Why hasn't he come to greet me?"

"Your majesty," said the rebbe softly. "When the poritz died, your dear father put me in charge of the village. As your humble servant I am honored to continue to serve under your reign."

"A JEW???" the king spat. "We can't have a jewish poritz!"

The king looked around. "Nikolev!" he yelled at one of the knights. "You are the new poritz of Horki! This mansion is now yours! Take the rabbi and lock him up in your dungeon!"



The *chassidim* looked on in horror as Nikolev dismounted his horse with a sneer and slapped iron chains on the Horki Rebbe, before leading him off to the dungeon.

“Come, let’s go!” the king said to the other knights. “We must arrest my brother Miloslav! We’ll think of a reason on the way.”

\* \* \*

The next few days were some of the darkest days in the history of the village of Horki. The *poritz* had confiscated Aharon the fish man’s fishing nets and now poor Aharon had to catch fish with his hands. Anshel the carpenter was only allowed to build furniture out of small twigs and Berel the innkeeper had to serve his expensive whiskey to the *poritz* and his drunken friends for free. But the worst thing of all was that their beloved *rebbe* was locked away in the *poritz*’s dungeon, unable to give his *chassidim* the *chizzuk* they so desperately needed.

Meanwhile, in the capital city of Koleslav, King Kresimir was holding a lavish ceremony in front of his palace.

“Ladies and gentlemen!” the King cried from his royal balcony. “Two hundred and fifty years ago, a giant rock fell from the sky on the country of Grendelheim. But I want to protect our precious nation! So I have spent ten million rubles to build a giant shield over my palace so that your dear ruler will not be harmed if a giant rock shall fall from the sky!”

The people in the crowd looked at each other. Was their new king crazy? Just last week he spent five million rubles painting the leaves on all the trees so they would stay green in the winter, and now this?

The royal guards rolled out a giant iron shield in front of the palace.

“Okay, guards!” called the king. “On my command, you will raise the shield over my palace, to protect your dear ruler from falling sky rocks! Three! Two...”

The king’s voice trailed off as a large shadow appeared. A giant meteorite came barreling out of the sky and smashed into the king, leaving a giant crater in his place.

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“Guards!” said the newly crowned King Miloslav after he was released from prison. “Quick! We must go visit the village of Horki!”

King Miloslav arrived in Horki and went straight to the *poritz*’s house.

“Nikolev,” he said to the *poritz*. “You’re fired.”

King Miloslav then personally went to free the Horki Rebbe for the dungeon. He said he believed that it was in the *rebbe*’s *zechus* that Hashem got rid of his crazy brother Kresimir before he could waste the rest of the kingdom’s money.

“I’m terribly sorry for everything that happened,” said King Miloslav. “My father knew what he was doing when he put you in charge of your village. Here, take ten million rubles for your troubles.”

“Thank you Hashem for everything that has happened!” said the *rebbe* as King Miloslav rode off into the distance.

“Rebbe,” said Berel the innkeeper. “I understand thanking Hashem for being saved. But thanking Hashem for everything sounds like it even includes being thrown into the dungeon.”

“Ah, yes it does,” the *rebbe* said. “But think about something. Why did Yaakov Avinu love Yosef so much? Because it took so long for Rochel Imeinu to have a child. Sometimes Hashem makes a situation so bad, so desperate, that when the *yeshua* finally comes it is clear to all that it is *yad Hashem* and nothing else.

“I was thrown into a dungeon by the new king and a terrible *poritz* was ruling over us. None of us could have imagined how we would escape that situation. But Hashem did this to show us that only He is able to save us. And that alone is worth thanking him for.”

**Have A Wonderful Shabbos!**



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