

Vayigash / וַיִּגַּשׁ

Holy Gatherings

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Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

“Ari!” cried Shimmy as Ari Holtzbacher walked into the schoolyard on Tuesday morning. “Welcome back! How was the Horki Chasuna?”

Dozens of boys crowded around Ari. Mosdos Horki had run full-page ads in all the magazines about the Grand Horki Chasuna, calling it the “Kiddush Hashem Event of a Lifetime!”, but nobody was sure what that meant. Some boys thought that goyim would be invited to see how beautifully a yiddishe chasuna was held. Others thought that maybe just the Horki Rebbe’s presence itself was a massive Kiddush Hashem.

Everyone quietly listened as Ari spoke. “It was incredible! First, my father had his private jet freshly painted with the word ‘Horki’ across the side of the plane. And the Rebbe said we needed to hire frum pilots – he wanted only frum Jews to be involved in preparing for the Kiddush Hashem Event! Even the ground and maintenance crews for the airplane were all Horki Chasidim!”

The boys listened in amazement as they imagined a chosid holding orange wands, leading the plane to the parking place, as Ari continued.

“The chasuna was so big that it had to be held in an airplane hangar – that’s what they call the huge airplane garages – at the airport. They hired a heimishe team to convert the massive building into the most beautiful chasuna hall you could ever imagine! There were gold finishes on the walls and diamond



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chandeliers on the ceilings. And one hundred and sixty **THOUSAND** chasidim filled the bleachers!

“My father and I flew on the plane with the Rebbe and his family. When we landed, the air traffic controller was talking to the pilots in YIDDISH! And then the plane pulled up in front of the hangar and the Rebbe walked straight down the airstairs to the chuppah! It was so incredible!

“The food was amazing too, and all of the waiters were frum and wearing shtreimels! The music was incredible – they had a 42-piece orchestra of ultra-frum players, and the singing and dancing was so powerful!”

Everyone listened with bated breath as Ari went on.

“And then in the middle of the dancing the Rebbe held up his hands in the middle of the dance floor. The music fell silent and he began to speak. He said that a lot of people were wondering what the big Kiddush Hashem was and he explained with a vort on the Parsha: Why did Yosef tell all of the Mitzrim to leave the room when he told his brothers who he was? Why couldn’t they be there? And he said something amazing. He said that when Yidden get together, there is more hashro’as hashechina, more kedusha.

“And now, for the first time, Yosef and his brothers were fully reuniting – they couldn’t have **any goyim around** because it was a time of kedusha, of the Shechina resting among the Bnei Yisroel. Just like goyim weren’t allowed in the Beis Hamikdash years later.

“The Rebbe said that this was the largest Horki gathering ever and the largest amount of Yidden getting together in our city at one time. So the hashro’as hashechina, the huge Kiddush Hashem

from such an event was so great, that he didn’t want any goyim around, just like when Yosef reunited with his brothers.”

The crowd of boys smiled in amazement as Ari finished relating the events of the Horki chasuna.

“Wow, that is truly an incredible story!” said a voice behind the crowd.

Everyone turned in surprise to see Rebbi Cohen standing behind them.

Rebbi Cohen smiled. “You know,” he said, “we have a similar situation right here in our cheider.”

The boys looked around, puzzled. The walls were nice and clean and cheerfully colored. But there were no fancy gold finishings on the walls and chandeliers on the ceilings of the school. And there certainly was no jumbo jet parked outside.

Seeing the boys’ confused looks, Rebbi Cohen continued. “Look around! Everywhere you look here you see Yidden. The children, the teachers, even our janitor is a frum Yid. Our cheider is filled with Kedusha! The Shechina **delights** in our school!

“But not just the Cheder. Today, when you walk home and you pass by a frum family’s home or the Kosher butcher where all of the Shomrei Shabbos buy their meat for Shabbos, you need to think ‘wow! That house or store is filled with the Shechina – it’s a place of kedusha!’”

As the bell rang and the boys hurried off to their classrooms, they all thought about this new appreciation they now had for being among frum Yidden and being constantly surrounded by the Shechina Hakedosha.

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!



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