



Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

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אמור

Counting

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Parshas Emor

Counting

"I see an airplane!" Shmuli said excitedly, as the Goldsteins approached the airport. "Maybe Zaidy's on that plane!"

Chavi peered out the window. "Zaidy can't be on that plane. He's flying a different airline."

"What's an airline?" asked Shmuli.

"It's a company," explained Boruch. "You know how in Yerushalayim we see Egged buses, Kavim buses, and Superbus buses? Each of those is a different bus company. So airlines are like bus companies but for airplanes. You can tell what airline a plane is by looking at the colors and the words on the plane."

"How do you know what color Zaidy's plane is?" asked Shmuli, not fully understanding.

Totty parked the car in the parking garage and they entered the airport. The arrivals hall was full of people waiting for their family members to arrive. Some were holding balloons, others were holding flowers. Chavi unfurled the large "welcome Zaidy" sign she had made and held it up so Zaidy would see it as soon as he entered the arrivals hall.

"Oy, his flight is delayed," Totty said, looking at the arrivals board. "His plane is only going to land in another forty-nine minutes."

"Zaidy! Zaidy!" shouted Shmuli, running towards an elderly man with a white beard pushing a luggage cart in their direction.

"Shmuli, that's not Zaidy!" Chavi called, running after him. "Sorry," she added sheepishly to the man, who gave Shmuli a warm smile.

"Forty-eight minutes," Boruch said, staring at the flight board, as Totty pulled out his pocket Mishnayos and started to learn.

Chavi and Shmuli rejoined Totty and Boruch.

"I almost saw Zaidy," Shmuli said proudly.

"Forty-seven minutes," Boruch said, boredom in his voice.



“Totty, I’m going to take Shmuli to ride the escalators while we wait,” said Chavi.

“Good idea,” Totty smiled, turning back to his Mishnayos.

“Forty-six minutes,” intoned Boruch.

“Boruch, are you counting sefirah?” Totty asked, his eyes twinkling.

“What? No, how could I be counting sefirah?” Boruch said, confused. “I’m counting the minutes until Zaidy’s plane lands.”

“And why are you doing that?”

“Because I’m bored.”

“Do you count sefirah for the same reason? Because you’re bored?”

Boruch stared at Totty. “It’s a mitzvah to count sefirah.”

“Right, but did you ever think about why we have a mitzvah of sefiras haomer?” Totty asked.

“To count the days to Shavuos,” Boruch said. “Because Shavuos is fifty days after the second day of Pesach.”

“Very good, but there is a deeper meaning. Hashem is teaching us the importance of counting every day. Why does the sun set at night and rise in the morning? Do you know what a brocha it is that Hashem splits time into



days? He could have made it daytime all the time. But every twenty-four hours we get a new day so that we can look back and say 'what did I accomplish today? Did I do what Hashem wanted me to do in the past twenty-four hours?'

"And not just during sefiras haomer. Hashem wants us to count every day of our lives. And not just days. Minutes, hours, weeks, months, years, we need to be constantly looking and seeing 'how did I spend this last period of time? Did I utilize it in the way Hashem intended?'"

Totty glanced at the flight board. "Zaidy's plane lands in forty-five minutes. How are you going to use this time? Chavi is using it to keep Shmuli entertained - that's chessed. I'm learning Mishnayos. I'm sure you can find something more useful to do than just stare at the flight board."

Boruch looked around. Totty was right. But what could he do while he waited?

"I know," he finally said with a smile. "I will use the next forty-four minutes to think of forty-four things I am thankful to Hashem for."

"What an amazing idea!" Totty said warmly, looking back into his Mishnayos once more.

* * *

Zaidy finally emerged from customs into the arrivals hall. "That's a beautiful sign, Chavi," he said as he gave everyone a hug. "Thank you so much for making it. I hope you guys weren't too troubled by my delay."

"Not at all," smiled Boruch, taking Zaidy's suitcase from him. "I spent the time counting sefirah."

"Sefirah?" asked Zaidy, alarmed. "But it's hours before shkiah."

Boruch laughed. As they walked to the car, he explained everything Totty said about sefiras haomer and all about the new things he thought of for which he was thankful to Hashem.

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let's review:

- Why do we have a mitzvah of sefiras haomer?
- How did you make use of your day today?

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