



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Bereishis sponsored by:



By: Aharon Spetner

Illustrations by: Miri Weinreb



Speaking Like Tzadikim

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1609 East 29th Street Brooklyn, NY 11229
Tel: 718-799-5602 Fax: 646-895-7646
pinchus@chein-insurance.com



Speaking Like Tzadikim

“Can I tell a story?” asked little Yaeli as the Greenbaums sat together at the kitchen table eating supper.

“Sure!” said Mommy. “We’d love to hear your story!”

Little Yaeli beamed. “Once upon a time,” she began. “Today at school Hashem made everyone so happy. My *morah* gave everyone a yummy carrot that Hashem made and we made a *borei mini hadama* and Hashem made it taste so yummy in my mouth. And then the police came into my classroom and...”

“The police came to your school?” asked Yitzy, alarmed.

“Yes and they were looking for a bad Arab man who wanted to hurt Yidden. But then Hashem made it start raining outside and Hashem made a thunder so loud. The policeman looked inside the closet next to the cubbies and there was an Arab man inside eating cookies.”

“Yaeli, did this really happen?” asked Basya, trying not to laugh.

“Yes!” said little Yaeli adamantly. “Hashem made it happen. And then the policeman and the Arab started dancing and when they got to Moshe Emes, the policeman threw the Arab up and he fell in the jail. And then Hashem made everyone laugh and Hashem made a bird come in the window. But *boruch* Hashem the policeman didn’t shoot the bird with his gun because he forgot to bring bullets.

“Then the policeman climbed a long ladder to *shomayim* and Hashem made everyone so thirsty so my *morah* poured everyone water that Hashem made and we made a *shehechyanu* and drank it and then Hashem made us not thirsty any more. And then Hashem made it stop raining and Hashem made the sun shine through the window and Hashem made it make me feel warm. So thank you Hashem for making me have such a fun day.”

“Wow, Yaeli,” Shimmy said. “That story sounds *unbelievable!*”

“My *morah* told us that story,” little Yaeli said.

“Wait,” said Basya. “This story happened, or your *morah* told it to you?”

“It happened! I remember! It was nap time and Hashem made me tired and the *morah* was telling us the story and then Hashem made the story happen!”



“Yaeli,” Mommy said gently. “Could it be that this was a dream you had during naptime?”

“What’s a dream?” asked little Yaeli.

Yitzy patiently explained to little Yaeli how sleep cycles work and how dreams happen in the brain.

“But when I sleep, Hashem closes my eyes!” said little Yaeli. “And I saw the Arab and the policeman with my eyes.”



“Yaeli, that was a beautiful story,” said Totty. “And everyone, I think we can all learn something from it.”

Everyone at the table looked at Totty. Sure, three-year-old Yaeli’s story was interesting and entertaining, but what could there possibly be to learn from it?

Totty continued. “In this week’s Parsha, Yaakov Avinu says ‘וְכָל אֲשֶׁר תִּתֶּן לִי עֵשֶׂר - וְאֶעֱשֶׂרנָּךְ לָךְ - all that You give me, I will give You maaser from it’. This is different from how Eisav spoke, where he just said ‘יֵשׁ לִי רֶבֶב - I have a lot’. The ancient tzadikim all made sure, when they spoke, to always mention Hashem - because they were always thinking about Hashem.”

“Eisav was a bad rasha!” little Yaeli added.

“Yes, he was,” smiled Totty, before turning back to the rest of the family. “Did you notice how many times in Yaeli’s story she mentioned Hashem? ‘Hashem made it rain’, ‘Hashem made the carrots’, ‘Hashem made it taste yummy’.”

“Hashem makes so many things taste yummy!” said little Yaeli, as she fed herself another heaping spoonful of mashed potatoes.

“Indeed he does,” agreed Totty. “Kinderlach, how many times a day do we say things like ‘it’s raining’ or ‘it tasted good’? Now we’re not on the level of the Avos, but I think it’s a good idea for us to commit, at least once a day, to mention Hashem when we’re talking about a normal everyday subject.”

“What a wonderful idea!” said Mommy enthusiastically. “Why don’t we all try it now?”

“Hashem made my tummy full,” little Yaeli said, putting down her spoon and patting her belly sleepily. “And now He is making me tired.”

“Hashem made our supper very entertaining tonight,” said Shimmy with a smile.

“I hope Hashem makes it snow tomorrow,” said Yitzzy hopefully.

“Hashem is making me want to give Yaeli a big hug and kiss for being so cute!” Basya said, picking her younger sister up, holding her tightly, and kissing her cheek, before carrying her off to get her ready for bed.

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- What was special about the way Yaakov Avinu spoke?
- Have you mentioned Hashem yet today?