

Vayechi / וַיַּעֲחִי

## So Many Types of Yidden

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# Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Beep-beeeeeep!

The plexiglass security gate swung open as Anshel Holtzbacher scanned his brightly-colored guest pass and entered the Jolly Munz Candy Factory.

"Enjoy your visit, Mr. Holtzbacher!" called the guard from the security desk. "Feel free to eat your strawberry-flavored guest pass after your visit!"

"Thank you," Anshel said, grabbing a tissue from the security desk and wrapping it around his guest pass, which was starting to get a bit sticky in his hand.

As Anshel took the stairs (the escalator was temporarily out-of-service due to a large chunk of taffy stuck in the motor) to the second floor, he inhaled deeply, enjoying the scent of melting chocolate and caramelizing sugar which enveloped the building. "Thank you Hashem for such wonderful smells," he said, walking towards the office of Joel E. Munz.

"Good morning, Joel," Anshel said, entering Mr. Munz's ornate office. A huge window overlooking the factory floor provided a view of the entire candy-making operation. Everywhere he looked were samples of the newest and latest Jolly Munz candy creations.

"Ah, Anshel!" Mr. Munz looked up from his desk, which was piled high with an assortment of siddurim, as he held a pair of scissors in one hand and a glue stick in the other. "Did you hear? We are now under the kosher certification of the Holy Horki Beis Din! Jolly Munz Candy is officially the kosherest candy in the entire world!"

"Wow, that's incredible, Joel," Anshel replied. "But can I ask what you are doing with all of these siddurim?"

"Ah, Anshel, this is my greatest invention yet!"



Anshel looked confused. “You’re making candy out of *siddurim*?”

“No, no, no! This has nothing to do with candy! You know, of course, my father, *alavashalam*, passed away last month. Well, at the *shiva*, the Holy Horki Rebbe came to visit. And he promised me that if I would say *kaddish* for my pops for eleven months, my father would get into Olabama!”

“Do you mean Olam Haba?” asked Anshel.

“Oh yes, that’s it,” said Mr. Munz. “Some of these Hebrew words are so hard. And that’s what my new invention is about! You see, every *shul* I go to *davens* differently. For example, near my house they say ‘*Yisgadeil v’yiskadeish*’. But down the block they say ‘*Yisgadal v’yiskadash*’. Then, at the Sephardic Center they say ‘*Yitgadal v’yitkadash*’. And it gets worse - every *shul* has their own *siddur* and they all *daven* so differently!”

Anshel nodded, still not seeing where this was going. “Yes, it can be hard to get used to at first,” he said. “So what’s your invention?”

Mr. Munz beamed, holding up a *siddur* which had pages cut out and other pages pasted in it. A drop of glue dripped from it onto the cluttered desk.

“Behold!” he said. “The first edition of the Jolly Munz Siddur for Jews! I have taken all of the *siddurs* I could find and combined them to make one *siddur* for everyone! This way all Jews can be exactly the same and we will have complete unity like we did when we all lived in Israel!”

Anshel took a seat in front of Mr. Munz’s desk. “Joel,” he said. “I want to explain something to you. When our forefather, Yaakov Avinu, was lying on his deathbed, he was concerned about something similar. He saw his twelve sons, each one different from the next, with very strong personalities. He wondered, ‘what will happen with them after I leave this world?’. And his twelve sons calmed his worry by reciting the Shema.

“Now *THAT* is Jewish unity, or as we say, ‘*achdus*’. *Achdus* does not mean that we all have to be the same, because we are not the same - we were all created different from each other. However, when it comes to what is important - that we are together in our belief of Hashem, his Torah, and the words of our Chachomim - in *THAT* we are united.”

“OH!” Mr. Munz said, suddenly understanding. “It’s like our famous Chortles™ jelly candies! They come with an assortment of colors and flavors, but they are all delicious jelly candies - and that’s what’s important about them!”

“Uh... yes,” Anshel said. “That would be a similar idea, *lehavdil elef alfei havdalos*. When Yidden serve Hakadosh Boruch Hu properly, their slight differences only add to the beauty of the Jewish Nation. We all follow the holy traditions handed down from our rabbis and forefathers, and in doing so - even though they might be different from each other - we are actually more together in our service of Hashem.”

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos!**

### let’s review:

- Why did Mr. Munz want to create the “Jolly Munz Siddur for Jews”?
- How do the differences between Jews who serve Hashem properly actually bring us closer together?



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