



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Vayikra sponsored by:



By: Aharon Spetner

Illustrations by: Miri Weinreb

אמור

Emergency at Camp Shaashuim

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1609 East 29th Street Brooklyn, NY 11229

Tel: 718-799-5602 Fax: 646-895-7646

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Emergency at Camp Shaashuim

“Good morning, boys,” Rabbi Schorr said, as Yanky, Shmuli, Dovi, Mordechai, and Bentzy walked into the Camp Shaashuim beis midrash. “We’ll head to the airport right after shacharis.”

The boys were excited. As the winners of the *Mishnayos baal peh* contest, they were going on a special trip to see the Grand Canyon! It was all they could think about during *davening*. Nobody remembered ever having said *vehu rachum* so quickly - it seemed to Rabbi Schorr that the boys might have finished saying it before they even started.

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The boys took their seats on the plane excitedly. As the plane taxied, they said *tefillas haderech* and settled in for the four-hour flight. A US Army soldier sitting in front of them snored loudly, as Rabbi Schorr shared exciting stories about the Horki Rebbe.

“Folks, this is your captain speaking,” the loudspeaker crackled. “It looks like we had a slight hydraulic pressure drop in our right engine. There’s nothing to worry about, but just to be safe, we’re going to divert to Alamogordo–White Sands Regional Airport in Alamogordo, New Mexico.”

The soldier, who had woken up by now, turned to the nervous boys and smiled. “I’ve worked on aircraft maintenance for the Army for many years. Trust me, there is nothing to worry about.”

The boys smiled in relief, but said a few *kappitlach Tehillim* just in case. A half-hour later, they were on the ground in New Mexico.

“Now what?” said Yanky, after the gate agent told Rabbi Schorr that the only flight available for them from White Sands was back to Pennsylvania in 8 hours. “Now we won’t get to see the Grand Canyon.”

“I’m so sorry to hear that,” said the soldier, turning to the group. “I’m Staff Sergeant Robert Reynolds. You seem like such nice boys and it’s a shame to see you miss your trip. But maybe I can offer an exciting alternative. I’m heading over to catch a military flight out of Holloman Air Force Base. That’s



right next to the White Sands Missile Range - how would you boys like to come and watch a Tomahawk missile test? I'm sure I can arrange clearance for you.

The boys' eyes lit up at this and soon they were all in a military van headed for the missile range.

"Wow," said Shmuli as they stood at the test site, overlooking the missile launch apparatus and the soldiers readied the launch sequence.

"These are precision-guided cruise missiles," Sergeant Reynolds said. They can hit a target the size of that van thousands of miles away.

"FWOOOOOM!" The missile shot out of the launch canister and soared off into the distance.

"It's turning around!" yelled Bentzy.

The soldiers turned frantically to their computer terminal.

"Oh no! I got the coordinates switched around!" a soldier said. "It's heading right towards us!"



Rabbi Schorr and the boys started davening with more *kavanah* than they ever had in their lives as the soldiers initiated an emergency Patriot missile launch to intercept the Tomahawk. The boys could barely hear the roar of the Patriot missile as they poured their hearts out to Hashem.

“**BLAAAAMMM!!!!**” An earth shattering explosion shook the air as the Patriot missile intercepted and obliterated the threat. All breathed a sigh of relief and thanked Hashem for saving them.

* * *

“Boys,” Rabbi Schorr said as they headed back to the airport. “When we bring a *korbon*, it needs to be perfect in every way. Think about the Tomahawk missile, how just by putting one number incorrectly into the computer it could have catastrophic results. So too, every aspect of bringing a *korbon* must be absolutely perfect, otherwise the Torah says it is a matter of *kiddush* vs *chillul Hashem* (וְלֹא תַחֲלִילוּ אֶת שֵׁם קְדוֹשִׁי וְנִקְדַּשְׁתִּי בְּתוֹךְ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל).

We all know that *kiddush Hashem* could include giving up one’s life - that same *mitzvah* applies to making sure a *korbon* is perfect. But not just *korbanos*. All *mitzvos* must be done properly, especially *tefillah* which is instead of *korbanos* nowadays.

“Now I was extremely impressed with how beautifully you boys davened when the plane had engine trouble and when the missile was headed our way. But *Shacharis* this morning? Not so much. It’s not just when we’re in trouble. Every single time we daven to Hashem - if our davening is good, then it’s a *kiddush Hashem*. But if *chas veshalom* we are zooming through it and possibly saying words wrong, then that could *nebech* be a terrible *chillul Hashem*.

“I don’t think you’ll forget this day for the rest of your lives. So why don’t we think about it every time we daven and make our *tefillos* every day as good as they were when we were the targets of an errant cruise missile?”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- How is our davening a *Kiddush Hashem*?
- How is our davening like a precision guided missile?

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