



Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Sefer Bereishis sponsored by:



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חיי טוֹרָה

Growing Day By Day

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Parshas Chayei Sarah

Growing Day By Day

"Oh boy," Shimmy said, as the Greenbaums left the dentist's office. "I was so scared that I was going to have a cavity. Boruch Hashem I didn't need to have my teeth drilled."

"I guess making sure to brush and floss every day was worth it," Basya agreed, rubbing her gums, which were still tingling from the cleaning.

"I think it's also because of the new toothpaste we started using," said Yitzy. "The packaging says it has robotic nano-scrubbers in it, which continue keeping our teeth clean even after we finish brushing."

"I think it's because my toothbrush has a picture of a rabbit on it!" little Yaeli said. "That makes the dirt bounce off just like a little bunny!"

"Kinderlach," said Totty. "I'm so proud of you for taking such good care of the teeth that Hashem gave you. As a reward we're going to stop at the Jolly Munz candy factory on the way home."

"But we already went on the Jolly Munz tour last year," Basya said. "And isn't it a little odd to go to a candy factory right after a trip to the dentist? The sugar is bad for our teeth."

"Sugar is terrible for your teeth," agreed Totty. "But Jolly Munz just introduced a brand new sugar-substitute. Their research team made a huge scientific breakthrough and discovered a substance that is sweeter than sugar, completely natural, and actually makes your teeth stronger! And they also invented a machine which produces twelve different types of healthy candy at the same time - I thought you guys would like to see it."

"Oh I heard about that discovery!" Yitzy said. "The new sweetener is called Hydrosaccaride - it's supposed to be so yummy - and I can't wait to see that new machine!"

A few minutes later, the Greenbaums walked out onto the production floor of the Jolly Munz candy factory.



“Here is the Candytron 950,” the floor manager told them. “This machine can create more than eighty different types of candy all at once!”

“Eighty??!?!?” Yitzy gasped. “Totty, I thought you said twelve!”

“Well currently we are still in the testing phase so the machine is only producing twelve types of candy,” explained the manager. “But once we are satisfied with its progress, all we have to do is turn this little knob here and it will produce eighty - at least!”

“Wow,” said Shimmy and Yitzy together, their mouths watering at the sight and smell of the many different types of candy coming out of the machine.

“Excuse me,” the manager said, walking over to two factory workers who seemed to be standing around and doing nothing.

“Mo Munchy! Sticky Stu!” he yelled. “Why aren’t you two working? How can you just stand around like that?”

“Aw boss, don’t worry,” said Sticky Stu. “We still have almost two months left in the year! Last year we made more candies than anyone else. I’m sure we’ll do the same this year too.”

“Yeah,” agreed Mo Munchy, taking a long puff on his smelly cigar. “It’s not healthy to work too hard.”

“There’s no smoking in here!” the manager retorted angrily, yanking the cigar from Mo’s mouth. “Listen to me. You can’t expect to do a good



job if you just stand around here doing nothing. The year will be over before you know it. You can only fill up your year with accomplishments by making each and every day count. Now get back to work!”

“Come kinderlach,” Totty said quietly. “It’s not nice to watch the workers getting yelled at by their boss.”

The Greenbaums left the factory floor with their free packages of sample candies. Shimmy made a brocha and popped a caramel-glazed cherry doozle into his mouth.

“Mmmm this is the most delicious treat I’ve ever tasted,” his siblings nodded in agreement as they each tasted a candy. “I can’t believe this is actually healthy!”

“Kinderlach,” Totty said as they got back in their car and headed home. “While it wasn’t pleasant watching those two workers getting reprimanded, I think there is a great lesson to learn from what the manager said.

“In this week’s Parsha, when the Torah tells us how old Sarah Imeinu was when she died, it repeats the word **שבע** three times. Instead of saying she was 127 years old, it says she lived seven years and twenty years and one hundred years.

“Rav Avigdor Miller says that the Torah is teaching us something important. Life isn’t just one big glob like that marshmallow-chocolate-fudge-drop you’re eating. Sarah didn’t just live for 127 years. She lived her life year by year, month by month, week by week, and day by day. If we want to make something of ourselves we need to focus on every single day to make sure we are making the most of our time.”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

We can’t rely on “later”. If we want to end up being accomplished, we have to start accomplishing right now.

Let’s Review:

- Why weren’t Mo Munchy and Sticky Stu working?
- Why were they making a mistake?