



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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Remembering Shavuos

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Remembering Shavuos

Shabbos Morning in the Greenbaum home

“Mommy, the food was delicious!” said Basya as the Greenbaums finished their Shabbos Seudah.

“Yeah, it was the best cholent we’ve ever had!” added Shimmy.

“And the challah tasted like jelly beans!” chimed in little Yaeli.

Everyone looked at little Yaeli. “What?” they all said.

“Mommy’s challah is like the mann!” little Yaeli explained. “It tastes like whatever you want it to taste!”

“Um, Yaeli,” said Yitzy. “It just tastes like challah to me.”

“Because you want it to taste like challah,” said little Yaeli. “Did you ever ask Hashem to make it taste like jelly beans?”

“Um no,” Yitzy said.

“Well that’s why your challah doesn’t taste like jelly beans.”

Shimmy looked at little Yaeli skeptically.

“Mommy,” he said slowly after a second. “Do we have any challah left? I think I want another piece.”

“I’m sorry,” Mommy said. “Yaeli just had the last piece. But it’s time for dessert! I think you’ll like it even more than jelly beans.” Mommy winked as she got up and headed to the kitchen.

“WOW,” said Yitzy as Mommy returned a minute later. “That is the most gorgeous cake I have ever seen!”

“It looks like Har Sinai!” said Shimmy. “The sprinkles look like flowers - and you even have two luchos on top!”

“Did Har Sinai taste as good as the mann?” asked little Yaeli.

“I don’t think anyone ever tried tasting Har Sinai,” answered Yitzy.

“How do you know?” Shimmy asked. “There were like two million Yidden in the Midbar - how do you know someone didn’t try taking a bite?”

“Who would take a bite out of a mountain?” counted Yitzy.

“I don’t know, maybe someone thought it was a segulah, since it was so holy,” Shimmy replied.

“Boys, that’s enough silliness,” Totty said. “And Yaeli, I’m sure you’ll enjoy this cake at least as much as you enjoyed Mommy’s challah.”

“My friend Shaindy’s mother makes a cake like this every Shavuos,” said Basya. “But Mommy, why are you serving it today on Shabbos Parshas Naso? Why didn’t you serve it on Shavuos?”

“That’s a great question, Basya,” Mommy smiled, as she started slicing the cake and passing pieces to everyone. “Who wants to guess why I’m serving this cake today?”

“You forgot to serve it on Yom Tov?” asked Yitzy.

“No, no,” answered Mommy. “I actually made this cake specially for Shabbos. You see, we just finished the Yom Tov of Shavuos where we celebrate Matan Torah. But Shavuos is not the only day where we celebrate the greatest gift that we ever received. Who can tell me when else we celebrate it?”

“Parshas Yisro?” asked Shimmy.

“It’s obviously Parshas Naso, if Mommy is serving a Har Sinai cake today,” Yitzy argued.



“Monday!” shouted little Yaeli. “Because that’s when we got the mann!”

“Well actually, you’re all right,” Mommy said. “You see, we are supposed to remember and think about Matan Torah **every single** day! Shavuos is the anniversary of the giving of the Torah, but not a single day should go by where we don’t think about the greatest day in our national history. The day that we were transformed into the Am Segulah - the day that we were singled out from all of the other nations and were given the gift of True Life!

“And that’s why I decided to make this cake for Shabbos. To remind us that even though Shavuos is over, we must never stop thinking and celebrating Matan Torah for the rest of our lives!”

“Mommy,” said Shimmy with a grin. “Thank you for teaching us this important lesson in such a delicious way. Can we have Har Sinai cake every day?”

“I don’t think that would be such a good idea,” Mommy said. “But perhaps once in a while on Shabbos we could have it for dessert throughout the year. This is a lesson we definitely don’t want to ever forget!”

Shabbos afternoon, outside the Jerusalem Prison

Rav Volender, the Rov of the Jerusalem Prison had just finished giving his Pirkei Avos shiur to the prisoner and was heading home for Shalosh Seudos, when a man with half-a-beard rushed over to him.

“Good Shabbos, Tzadok, how are you?” Rav Volender asked pleasantly.

“Boruch Hashem, Yishtabach Shemo!” Tzadok “Hatzadik” replied breathlessly. “Rebbe, Can I ask you a really important shaylah?”

“Of course, Tzadok, what is it?”

Tzadok pulled a copy of this week’s Toras Avigdor Junior from his pocket and showed it to his rebbe. Rav Volender quickly read the story. “This sounds like a wonderful lesson, Tzadok.”

“Yes, but I’ve been reading it over and over all Shabbos,” lamented Tzadok. “And I still don’t understand what it has to do with Parshas Naso!”

“Tzadok, Tzadok,” Rav Volender said softly. “That’s the whole point of the story. It’s not about the Parsha. It’s about Matan Torah, which is an appropriate topic every day of the year!”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

Although Shavuos has passed we still think about that great day - all year round!



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