



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Shemos sponsored by:



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You Need Permission

“Look, Effy,” said Totty, as they drove towards the dentist’s office. “See that fence? On the other side is Mexico.”

“That’s so cool!” Effy said. “So we can just climb over that fence and be in another country?”

“Well,” said Totty. “You can’t just climb over the fence. You need to go to an official border crossing with a passport before they let you into another country.”

“But those people over there are climbing over the fence,” said Effy.

Totty looked out the window in surprise. “Oh my, you’re right!” he said.

Before Totty could say anything else, several army jeeps sped past and turned off the road onto the grass and started heading towards the border. As more and more military personnel flooded the area, Totty pulled over to the side to let them pass. Soldiers, wearing helmets and carrying rifles, ran towards the fence. Army helicopters began hovering overhead and local police also arrived.

Totty and Effy watched in amazement as commandos with painted faces crawled through the grass and started chasing the infiltrators. After a brief pursuit, the army and police caught up with the criminals and slapped handcuffs on their wrists, before loading them into the waiting vehicles.

After the excitement died down, a soldier approached the car.

“Sorry for the inconvenience,” he said. “We just apprehended a group of drug dealers trying to smuggle illegal substances into the country. You may continue on your way.”



Half an hour later, Totty and Effy arrived at the San Ysidro Health Center.

“I don’t usually like going to the dentist,” said Effy gingerly touching his cheek. “But I can’t wait for them to fill my cavity. It really hurts.”

“Wait, Effy,” said Totty as they walked into the clinic. “Let’s remember before we go in that we’re only going to the dentist because the Torah gives a doctor permission to heal us.”

“What?” asked Effy. “Where does it say that?”

“In this week’s Parsha. It says ‘וְרֹפֵא יִרְפָּא’ - Chazal say that we learn from this that a doctor has permission to heal his patient.”

“But why does he need permission?”

“Let me ask you a question, Effy. Imagine if before, at the border, we decided to jump out of the car and help the army arrest those drug dealers.”

Effy laughed. “We’d get into a lot of trouble. They had soldiers and police officers and helicopters there. It was a whole operation. They wouldn’t want us getting in the way.”



“Right,” said Totty. “Now let’s talk about your body. You have lungs which bring in fresh air, a heart which constantly pumps blood to all parts of your body, a digestive system which processes all of your food, and incredible teeth which chew your food and get it ready for your stomach to digest it.

“And that’s just a teeny-tiny bit of the amazing systems that are constantly running in your body. Not to mention your immune system which is always on alert, ready to catch any germs that might try to illegally enter your body or anything else that might chas veshalom go wrong. Now wouldn’t you say that’s a bit more complex of an operation than the drug bust at the border earlier?”

“A bit???” replied Effy. “It’s way more complicated!”

“Exactly,” Totty said. “So how dare a person say he wants to get involved in Hashem’s protection of the body?”

“Ah, I see,” Effy said thoughtfully. “So the doctor needs permission before getting involved in fixing the body that Hashem is taking care of. I never thought of it like that.”

“Very good,” Totty smiled. “And it’s important to remember this, because really it’s only Hashem who is healing us. So before we walk into the dentist’s office, let’s say a tefillah to the real Doctor, the One who is really going to fix your cavity.”

Effy repeated after Totty: “יהי רצון מלפניך ה' אלוקי שיהא עסק זה לי לרפואה - please, Hashem, make this activity [of going to the doctor] work to heal me.”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let's review:

- How is a person’s immune system like a border patrol agency?
- Why does a doctor need permission to make someone better.