



# Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

# Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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פִּנְחֻס

## Getting Along

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## Parshas Pinchas

# Getting Along

“Welcome to Camp Hisnaari Meiafar Kumi,” Rochel Leah, the counselor of Bunk Shir Dabeiri, said with a smile. “Our bunkhouse is right here.”

“Thanks!” grinned Gitty as she dragged her heavy duffel bag into the wooden structure, where several girls were talking. “Hi, I’m Gitty,” she said.

“Hi Gitty,” said a read-headed girl. “I’m Shoshi. And this is my cousin Devoiry.”

“I’m Chani,” said another girl.

“My name is Fraidy,” a tall, serious-looking girl said. “Pleased to meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet all of you,” Gitty said cheerfully. “I’m looking forward to enjoying the summer with you.”

Gitty put her bag down on an empty bed and began unpacking, as the girls all chatted and got to know each other.

Later that evening, after supper, everyone headed back to their bunkhouses. “Good night!” everyone wished each other, eager to get to sleep before the first full day of camp activities.

“**URI URI! WAKE UP! LIVSHI BIGDEICH! GET DRESSED!**” came a voice over the loudspeaker as sunlight streamed through the bunkhouse windows.

Gitty yawned and sat up in her bed, as the girls around her did the same. They all hurried to make their beds and davened Shacharis.

After breakfast, the girls went back to their bunkhouse to straighten up. Gitty made her bed and then sat down with her copy of Makom Magazine. She was reading a fascinating article about Greenland’s glaciers when an annoying crinkling sound made her look up to see Chani taping a black garbage bag over one of the windows. “The sunlight was too bright this morning,” Chani explained.

“This bunkhouse stinks like deodorant,” said Shoshi, spraying air freshener everywhere to try to mask the smell.

Gitty wrinkled her nose.

“I need to do something about all of these mosquitos,” said Devoiry, who was hanging sticky fly paper everywhere.



“Whose shirts are these?” demanded Fraidy, inspecting one of the shelves. “This isn’t how you fold shirts.”

“What’s wrong with how I folded my shirts?” asked Gitty defensively.

“You need to fold the sleeves after you fold the rest of the shirt,” Fraidy said, unfolding Gitty’s shirt and refolding it. “Like this.”

“Hey! Don’t touch my shirts!” Gitty said, walking over and grabbing the shirt.

“Okay,” said Fraidy. “But you should know you’re doing it wrong.”

“Uch, my hair got caught in your fly paper!” Gitty said to Devoiry, annoyed. “And can you stop covering the window, Chani? I want to read and you’re blocking 6.5% of the light in the bunkhouse. And Shoshi, now the room stinks like deodorant AND air freshener - STOP SPRAYING!”

The other girls looked at Gitty in surprise, as their counselor Rochel Leah walked into the bunkhouse.

“Gitty,” said Rochel Leah. “Can I speak to you for a minute?”

Gitty followed Rochel Leah outside.

“I overheard what just happened,” said Rochel Leah as they walked down towards the lake.

“Why does everyone in our bunk have to be so weird?” asked Gitty. “Telling me I folded my shirts wrong? Spraying air freshener to mask the smell of



deodorant? Fly paper everywhere? Garbage bags on the window? Why can't everyone be normal?"

"Gitty," said Rochel Leah, handing her a booklet. "Here, take my copy of this week's Toras Avigdor. Why don't you read it? I think you'll find it helpful."

Gitty was confused, but took the booklet.

"Let's hurry, Gitty," Rochel Leah said. "We don't want to miss today's morning activity."

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"Rochel Leah," said Gitty after lunch. "I want to thank you for that Toras Avigdor booklet."

"You read it?" asked Rochel Leah.

"Yes," Gitty said. "And I liked what Rabbi Miller said about when Moshe davened to Hashem to pick a leader to take over after his death. That he asked Hashem to pick "אִישׁ אֲשֶׁר רוּחַ בּוֹ - a man who has a spirit in him", which Chazal explained as "שְׂיָכוּל לְהֵלֵךְ נֶגֶד רוּחַ כָּל אָחֵר וְאָחֵר", meaning someone who can get along with everyone.

"And Rabbi Miller talked about how no two people look the same and no two people act the same. Nobody is going to be exactly like us and people will do things differently than us and possibly in ways we don't particularly like. But the key to greatness is learning to get along with people even if they don't act in the exact way you want them to."

Gitty blushed sheepishly. "I guess I came to camp expecting everyone to be like me and act in ways that I consider to be 'normal'. But really, what's the big deal if Chani wants her window covered or if Fraidy doesn't like how my shirts are folded? They are all very nice girls. There's no reason I shouldn't be able to get along with them, even if they are different than my friends back home."

"I'm so happy to hear that," Rochel Leah said with a smile. "I'm sure you're going to have a very enjoyable summer here at Camp Hisnaari Meiafar Kumi."

**Have A Wonderful Shabbos!**

### **Let's Review:**

- What were some of the ways Gitty's bunkmates annoyed her?
- How should you react if you find yourself with people like Gitty's roommates?

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