



Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

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Connected to a Rebbe

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Parshas Lech Lecha

Connected to a Rebbe

Monday morning in the Donnenberg Home

“Good morning, Chesky!” said Totty. “You’re up early.”

Chesky rubbed his eyes. “I think the sun comes up earlier in ‘fat-man island,’” he said.

“Staten Island, Chesky,” Totty reminded him. “And the sun doesn’t come up any earlier here. I just think you need to get used to your new bed.”

“That’s why I wanted to get the bed with the steering wheel.”

“What?” Totty asked absentmindedly, pulling his tallis bag out of the front closet.

Totty’s phone rang. “Hello?” he answered.

“Oy really? Oh wow. Thank you so much - you really didn’t have to - thank you so much, Reb Anshel.”

“What’s going on?” Mommy asked, seeing Totty’s shocked face.

“That was Anshel Holtzbacher,” Totty said. “There was a bomb scare and they shut down the Verrazano Bridge. There is no way I could drive to Boro Park to daven Shacharis in the Horki Beis Midrash. But Reb Anshel said his private helicopter pilot has to fly in anyway from New Jersey so he’s sending him to pick me up.”

“Wow,” Mommy said, as the chopping sound of helicopter rotors could be heard in the distance.

“W-w-what’s going on?” asked Hindy groggily, walking out of her bedroom. “What’s that noise?”

“I thought there weren’t any loud trains in Staten Island!” yelled Nechy over the din as the whole house began shaking.

“A heckilopter is coming down!” screamed little Raizy, running out of her room. “I saw it in the window.”

“That’s my ride!” Totty said. “I gotta run! Have a good day, everyone!”

Totty hurried out of the house, holding his hat tightly as the helicopter touched down in the middle of the street, blowing gusts of wind everywhere. The helicopter pilot opened the door for him, and Totty climbed aboard, followed by their next-door neighbor, Reb Yehuda Litwen.



“Why are Totty and Rabbi Litwen flying in a helicopter?” asked Hindy nervously, as she watched the chopper lift off and fly away.

“They are going to daven Shacharis,” Mommy said, starting to pour bowls of cereal for everyone.

“In a helicopter?” asked Nechy, confused.

That evening

“Hi kinderlach!” Totty said, walking into the house and joining the family at the table for supper. “How was your day?”

“I heard the Vazzano Bridge exploded!” Chesky said.



“No, the Verrazano Bridge didn’t explode,” Totty smiled, after making a brocha and taking a bite of Mommy’s delicious lasagna. “They just closed it for a few hours because they thought there might be a bomb.”

“Did the bomb explode?” asked Chesky.

“No, there wasn’t actually a bomb,” Totty said. “They just thought there might be one.”

“Totty,” asked Nechy. “Why did you take a helicopter to go to shul in Boro Park? There is a shul on our street.”

“And why do you take your car every day to daven in Boro Park?” Hindy added. “That takes even longer than a helicopter ride.”

“I’ll tell you,” Totty said. “The first week after we moved, I davened near our house. But then one morning I noticed Rabbi Litwen from next door getting in his car to drive all the way to Flatbush to daven by his old yeshiva, just to be close to his rosh yeshiva. He said he didn’t want to be like Lot, who moved far away from his rebbe, Avraham Avinu. Lot thought he didn’t need to be near his rebbe anymore - and he ended up living with the reshaim in Sedom.

“And then I thought, ‘what about me?’ Yes, we moved all the way to Staten Island so I could take a job here as a rebbe in the cheder, but was I now going to abandon the Horki Rebbe? So that very day I decided that I too, would drive every morning to daven Shacharis in the Horki Beis Midrash so I can still be near my rebbe as much as possible.

“Then, this morning, I got a call from Anshel Holtzbacher, offering to pick Rabbi Litwen and me up with his helicopter because the Verrazano Bridge was closed. Anshel said that he had been so impressed to see how dedicated I was to coming all the way to Boro Park to daven by the rebbe, that he didn’t want to let me miss a single day.”

“Amazing!” said Hindy. “In the zechus of you schlepping to Boro Park to daven with the Horki Rebbe, you got to ride in a helicopter!”

“Actually, Hindy,” Totty said. “In the zechus of me going out of my way to daven in Boro Park every day, I am zocheh to maintain my connection with my rebbe and to keep learning and growing from him.”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

Let’s Review:

- What was Lot’s mistake?
- What do Totty and Rabbi Litwen gain by driving to Brooklyn every day?

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