



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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Teaching the Baker

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Teaching the Baker

Rav Volender stepped into the small, but ornate building, with a large sign over the entrance, reading “Dudu’s Manor - The bakery where the bakers shop”. The store was completely empty. No bread on the shelves, no pastries behind the counter.

“Shalom harav!” came a voice from the back.

“Hello, Dudu,” Rav Volender said, as former Knesset member and Jerusalem mayoral candidate Dudu Manor rushed forward to greet him. “It is nice to see you again.”

“Ah yes, rabbi,” said Dudu. “I have decided to take a break from politics and go into my lifelong dream of owning a bakery. You know, my mother always said ‘if you teach a man to fish, he will fish all day - but if you sell a man bread, he will make a delicious sandwich’. Or something like that, I don’t remember exactly. But I do know that I make the best bread in the world.”

“So how can I help you, Dudu?” Rav Volender asked politely.

“Rabbi,” Dudu replied. “I want you to give hashgacha to my bakery. I want to sell the kosherest bread in the world. So tell me, what do I need to do? At what temperature do I need to bake bread in order for it to be kosher?”

“It doesn’t exactly work like that, Dudu,” said Rav Volender. “Why don’t you walk me through your breadmaking process so I can see what you do and what potential kashrus issues there are.”

“Okay sure, come with me.”

Rav Volender followed Dudu to the back room of the bakery.

“Here is our wheat,” said Dudu, showing Rav Volender a giant tub filled with small golden kernels. “We grow it ourselves on a moshav up north.” Dudu scooped up some grain with a large scoop. “And then we grind it over here...”

“Wait!” Rav Volender grabbed Dudu’s hand. “Did you take terumos and maasros?”

“What and what?” asked Dudu, confused.



“Here,” Rav Volender said, taking the scoop from Dudu. “Before we can eat something which grows from the ground we have to be *mafrish terumah* and *maaser*.”

Rav Volender scooped out a large amount of wheat from the tub into an empty bin and was *mafrish terumah* and *maaser*.

Grumbling slightly, Dudu showed Rav Volender how he ground his wheat into flour and sifted it until it was pearly white. Then Dudu poured it into his mixer, added water, yeast, salt, and sugar, and beat it into a dough. He also tried to add milk, but Rav Volender stopped him, explaining that there were special rules which must be followed when making *milchig* bread.

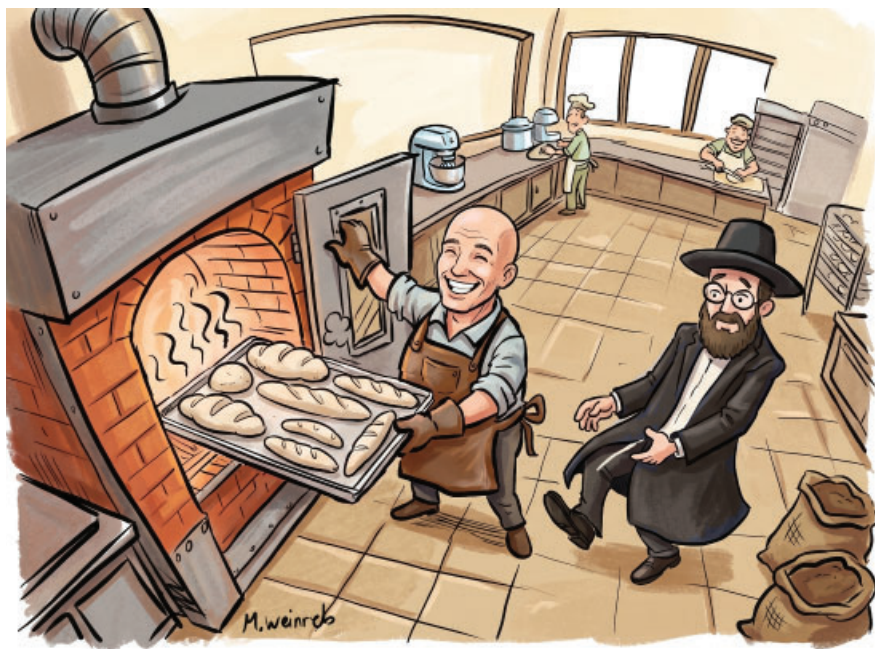
“Now we shape the loaves,” Dudu said, grumbling under his breath about the milk.

“Wait, we have to take *challah*,” said Rav Volender.

“We’re not making *challah* - we’re making French baguettes.”

“Yes, but we still have to be *mafrish challah*,” explained Rav Volender.

“First *terumos* and *maasros*, and now this?” Dudu exclaimed, as Rav Volender removed a chunk of dough and wrapped it to be burned.



Rav Volender continued to watch as Dudu shaped the dough, baked it, and finally removed a steaming hot tray of golden-brown baguettes from the oven.

“And now we eat,” Dudu said, placing a baguette and a plate of butter on a small table with a checkered tablecloth and sitting down to eat.

“Dudu, first we have to wash,” said Rav Volender, who then showed Dudu how to wash *netilas yadayim* and say *hamotzi*. After they ate, Rav Volender pulled out a *bencher*, and they said *birkas hamazon* together.

“Rabbi,” Dudu said. “I didn’t realize kosher bread was so complicated. We had to do like fifty *mitzvot* just to have lunch!”

“Dudu, Who made this delicious bread?”

“I did,” said Dudu proudly.

“Really?” asked Rav Volender. “You made the kernels from which this wheat grew? You put the minerals and enzymes into the soil and brought the wind and the rain which enabled the wheat to grow? You filled the wheat with all of the nutrients and carbohydrates which enable us to get energy from eating bread?”

“No, that’s just how wheat grows,” said Dudu. “But I did the hard work of making the wheat into bread.”

“Dudu!” said Rav Volender. “You did **nothing** compared to the endless *nissim* which Hashem did in order for this bread to exist! Bread is one of the most miraculous things in this world! And *davka* because of that, there are so many *mitzvos* to do when making and eating bread - to constantly remind us of Hashem, who does endless *nissim* to provide us with delicious, nutritious food.

“I’m going to give your bakery a *hechsher*, Dudu. But I will have a *mashgiach* here regularly, making sure that all of the *mitzvos* of making bread are kept so that you and your customers never forget about the amazing things Hashem does for us every day.”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- Who does all of the hard work in making bread?
- What are the many *mitzvos* of bread supposed to remind us of?