



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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That's So Neat!

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Parshas Bamidbar

That's So Neat!

"Oiiiiishh," said three-year-old Raizy, walking into the house and dumping her bag on the floor. "School was soooo hard today!"

"Hello Raizy," said Mommy. "How was school? Would you like to put your school bag away?"

"Oy no, I'm too tired from pwaying with bwocks aww day," sighed Raizy, taking out the container of colorful blocks, dumping them on the floor, and sitting down to play with them.

"Hi Mommy!" exclaimed Chezky, walking in the door and flinging his knapsack across the living room floor, causing it to split open and send stuff flying everywhere.

"Chezky!" exclaimed Mommy, dodging a funny-shaped rock from Chezky's bag. "What are you doing?"

"Mommy!" Chezky said, appearing not to hear her. "Look! I made a flag for Shevet Chezky, just like the Bnei Yisroel had in the Midbar!"

"Shevet Chezky?" asked Mommy, confused, as Chezky rifled through papers looking for his flag.

"Yeah, my rebbi said every shevet had a flag. Reuven had a flag, Shimon had a flag, Levy, Yehuda - almost everyone in my class had a flag except me so I made one for my shevet." Chezky turned his knapsack upside down, dumping the rest of its contents onto the floor, as he looked for his flag.

Before Mommy could reply, the front door swung open again and Hindy and Nechy walked in. Well, Hindy walked in. Nechy glided into the house wearing her roller blades, crashing through Chezky's mess, and knocking over a whole box of toys.

"Hindy, Nechy, what are you doing home so early?" asked Mommy, remaining calm with what seemed like supernatural strength.

"WOOK! SOCKS!" announced Raizy, running into the living room, dumping a bunch of socks from the clean laundry basket everywhere.



“There was a leak in the water pipes,” Hindy said, dumping a pile of books on the table and opening one to read. “The whole school started flooding. They really need to hire better plumbers.” Hindy buried her head in her book as Nechy crashed into the side of the table, sending a bag of potato chips into the air.

“Kinderlach!” Mommy shouted. “What’s going on here? What’s with this mess? I want everyone to stop what you’re doing and start cleaning right now!”

“Oooh wet’s cwean for Pesach!” said Raizy. “Mah nishtana hawaywa hazeh mikow haweiwos!”

“I can’t clean,” said Hindy. “I’m so nauseous from the bus ride home. The driver didn’t know how to keep the steering wheel straight. Seriously, they should check whether he even has a license.”

“I can’t clean until I find my flag for Shevet Chezky!” said Chezky.

“It’s more fun to roller blade in a messy room!” said Nechy, as she almost made it through the pile of blocks without crashing into Mommy. “Why should we clean it? Clean rooms are boring!”



“Paraoh in pajamas in the middle of the night!” sang Raizy.

“Enough!” said Mommy sternly, making everyone jump.

Nechy’s rollerblades screeched to a halt and she fell flat on her face. “Is everything okay?” she asked looking up from the floor.

“Kinderlach,” Mommy said. “In this week’s parsha, the Torah describes how Bnei Yisroel camped in the Midbar - everyone in their exact place, in an organized way. Why does the Torah need to tell us this?”

“So we would know where they put their flags?” Chezky asked, still looking everywhere for his Shevet Chezky flag.

“Because the Torah is teaching us that keeping everything neat and organized helps you have a calm mind. And a calm mind helps you think more clearly about Hashem.”

“Hashem?” Chezky said with wonder, an idea forming in his mind. He lifted his hands into the air. “Hashem!” he cried out. “Please help me find my flag!”

“Kinderlach,” Mommy said again. “I want each and every one of you to stop what you are doing and help me clean up this room. And while we are doing it, we will think about how cleaning the room, in a way, is also cleaning our minds.”

Several minutes later, the room was spotless.

“Where are the socks?” asked Raizy, looking around.

“My flag!” exclaimed Chezky, removing a piece of paper that was stuck to the side of his pants and holding it up high.

“Boruch Hashem, now I can relax peacefully,” Hindy said, sitting back down with her book.

The front door opened again, as Totty entered carrying grocery bags.

“Hello everyone!” he said warmly, just as he slipped and dropped a large bag, sending popcorn all over the newly cleaned floor. “Oy vey! Kinderlach, who wants to help me clean up this mess?”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- Why did the Torah tell us exactly where all of Klal Yisroel camped in the Midbar?
- Why is it important for a Yid to be neat and organized?

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