



# Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

# Junior

Sefer Shemos sponsored by:



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פי תנח"ך

## Excited for the Right Thing

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## Excited for the Right Thing

The Horki Hachnosas Sefer Torah was a sight to see. It was as if every Yid in Boro Park had come to dance and sing as the brand new Sefer Torah was carried from Holtzbacher Manor to the Grand Holy Horki Beis Midrash. Jet black stallions, decorated royally, marched in front, followed by pure-white flower-draped oxen pulling ornate wagons, upon which sat the members of the 50-piece Horki Orchestra.

Hundreds of dancing Chassidim followed, leading the purple and gold *chuppah*, under which stood none other than the Horki Rebbe himself, his eyes closed and his face shining as he danced with the Torah alongside Anshel Holtzbacher.

Next was what seemed like thousands of men and boys dancing exuberantly. Shimmy and Yitzy Greenbaum were there as well, dancing with Totty at the tremendous *simcha* of bringing the Sefer Torah to its new home.

“*Boruch Hu Elokeinu!*” Shimmy and Yitzy sang along with everyone else, glancing at each other as they danced wildly, their smiles almost touching their ears.

“Hey this is our street!” Shimmy said, as the procession made a left turn. “Make sure to wave to Mommy, Basya, and Yaeli as we pass!”

“*Vehivdilanu min hato'im!*” they sang as they passed the house of their next-door neighbors, the Risniks. Just then, the Risnik family burst out their front door, singing and dancing as well.

Shimmy and Yitzy rushed over to Stevey Risnik. “It’s so nice of you to celebrate with us!” they said.

“Wow...” said Stevey, taking in the whole spectacle of celebration. “How did they organize this so quickly?”

“Quickly?” Shimmy and Yitzy looked puzzled. “They have been planning this for three months.”

“Three months?” asked Stevey. “But how did they know three months ago?”

“Know what?” Shimmy asked, confused.

Stevy looked back at him, equally perplexed.



“Stevey,” Yitzzy said. “You’re not out here dancing in celebration of the Hachnosas Sefer Torah, are you?”

“The what?” asked Stevey.

“What are you celebrating?” Yitzzy asked.

“Why the championship, of course,” Stevey said, pointing at the logo on his shirt and the large poster his father, dancing wildly, was holding. “The New York Scatterbrains won the world championship of pickup sticks!”

“The **what?**” asked Shimmy this time.

“You never heard of pickup sticks?” asked Stevey.

“Like the little game that we have at home. There’s a world championship?”

“Oh, you don’t know? The New York Scatterbrains are the best pickup sticks team in the world! And today was the world championship at Frizzle Frazzle Stadium. There were ninety thousand people there! And it was such a close game! The Detroit Nightsticks were up in the end of the seventeenth scatter. Their lifter, Shtooky Johnson picked up the yellow stick, and his brother, Asoofy, was about to grab the blue stick underneath, but Yvon Schtünk won the game



for us by sneakily sliding out the green stick. It was incredible!” Stevey was out of breath as he finished describing the game.

“Won the game for us?” asked Shimmy.

“Like you own it?” Yitzy asked.

“No, but it’s the New York team. We go for them.”

“Go for them? Where do you go?”

“You’re not getting it,” Stevey said, giving up. “So why are you guys celebrating? You said it was a *simchat beit hashoeiva*?”

“Hachnosas Sefer Torah,” Yitzy corrected him and began to explain to Stevey what the celebration was about.

\* \* \*

“What happened with Stevey reminds me of something we learned today in cheider,” said Shimmy as they helped clear the supper table later that evening.

“When Moshe Rabbeinu and Yehoshua were coming down from Har Sinai, the Torah tells us there were loud sounds of excitement coming from the camp. And so Moshe said to Yehoshua, ‘What is this kol, this noise of excitement? אֵין קוֹל עֲנוֹת גְּבוּרָה – It’s not the outcry of victory, וְאֵין קוֹל עֲנוֹת הַלְוִשָׁה – and neither is it the outcry of defeat; קוֹל עֲנוֹת אֲנָכִי שְׂמֵעַ – It’s an outcry that I hear’

“So my rebbe said, shouting in victory could be a good thing - if they were shouting in thanks to Hashem because of some success. Crying out to Hashem for help in a time of weakness could also be good.

“But here, Moshe Rabbeinu was saying, ‘it’s not kol anos gevurah and it’s not kol anos chalusha. It’s just קוֹל עֲנוֹת אֲנָכִי שְׂמֵעַ – All I hear is the sound of noise; empty excitement.’”

“Like the New York Scatterbrains,” said Yitzy in agreement. “Can you imagine? Getting so excited because a bunch of silly men picked up sticks?”

Shimmy nodded. “I hope Stevey will be zoche to learn what a real celebration is and to shout in joy over the Torah.”

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos!**

**let’s review:**

- When is it good to be excited?
- How do we show our excitement for Torah and Mitzvos?

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