



Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

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Smile!

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Smile!

Rechov Malchei Yisroel, Yerushalayim

“Shalom! Why are you not smiling?”

A dejected-looking fellow walking down Rechov Malchei Yisroel looked up in confusion at the strange-looking man walking in his direction. Carrying a small shovel, one side of his beard shorter than the other, and a large white “צ” on his beaten hat, the man looked like nobody he had ever seen.

“Hi, I’m Tzadok Hatzadik!” the strange man said. “Don’t you know it’s a big segulah to be happy?”

“It is? How can I be happy when I just lost my job?”

“I’m going to help you get a new job!” Tzadok answered. “What’s your name?”

“My name is Tzachi. But how are you going to get me a job?”

“Oh, Tzachi, if you only knew half of the segulot that I know. Why, I can even make you your own custom segulah to get you the perfect job!”

Tzachi’s eyes lit up. “Really? My own segulah? You must be so holy! (Tzadok nodded) Harav Tzadok, will you be my rebbe?”

“Of course!” Tzadok kissed Tzachi on the forehead. “Come along, my talmid. Let me teach you the secrets of the Universe.”

As they walked, Tzadok regaled Tzachi with stories about the many mofsim he had almost performed. Suddenly, Tzadok stopped.

“What’s wrong?” asked Tzachi.

Tzadok didn’t answer. He just stood staring at some blonde strands which were sticking out from the stones between two buildings.

“What is it?” Tzachi asked.

Tzadok shook his head. “Rav Volender said no,” he muttered to himself.

“What is it?” Tzachi repeated.

“It’s just that I thought, maybe, it...” Tzadok’s voice trailed off momentarily. “It’s silly. I thought those might be the hairs of Bilaam’s donkey...”

“THE HAIRS OF BILAAM’S DONKEY????” exclaimed Tzachi. “Wouldn’t that be like the best segulah ever?”



Tzadok nodded. "It would be," he said quietly. "It would be a segulah to save people from ever having to go to jail. Do you know how much we could sell it for?"

"So what are we waiting for?" asked Tzachi, bending down to smell the blonde strands. "It does smell like a donkey."

"You think so???" Tzadok said, excitedly. "Really?"

Tzadok bent down and sniffed. "It does! This is really it! I finally found it! The hairs of Bilaam's donkey!"

Quickly, Tzadok and Tzachi got busy loosening the stones with the shovel in an attempt to free the "donkey hairs".

Several hours later

CLANG!

"Thanks, Yigal!" Tzadok said cheerfully, as the guard slammed shut the door of the jail cell.

"Oy, what have I done?" Tzachi said, his head in his hands.

"Hi Yuval! Hi Boris! Hi Kobi!" Tzadok called out as other prisoners walked past.

"Oy this is terrible! Why do bad things happen to me?" Tzachi sat there on the bed in the cell, looking more miserable than ever."



“What’s wrong, Tzachi?” Tzadok asked with a huge smile.

“I’ve never been to jail before,” Tzachi said, a tear trickling down his cheek.

“So what? I come here all the time. There’s nothing wrong with going to jail. Even Yosef Hatzadik went to jail. And you think he was sad in jail? No way! He was the happiest man there.”

“Good evening, Tzadok.”

Tzadok jumped to attention at the sound of Rav Volender, the prison rov.

“Kavod Harav!” Tzadok said.

“Tzadok, I just heard what you told your friend over here.”

“He’s my talmid, rebbe.”

“Uh yes, sure. But there is something wrong with going to jail! You are in jail once again for something that you should **NOT** have done. How many times do we have to talk about how there is nothing special about the hairs of Bilaam’s donkey?

“However, what you said about smiling is absolutely correct. Yosef Hatzadik was thrown into jail for something he did not do (unlike you, Tzadok).

“Yet, even though he was treated so unfairly, he smiled at everyone and kept a positive attitude. No matter how bad things seem, a Yid should always be happy and smiling. As Rav Yisroel Salanter said, ‘your face is a reshut harabim’. When you frown, it makes other people sad. And when you smile at others, it makes them happy. And that’s why it is so important for a Yid to always have a pleasant look on his face.”

As Rav Volender walked away, Tzadok turned to Tzachi.

“See? And why do you think the Sar Hamashkim felt comfortable sharing his dream with Yosef? Because Yosef was a nice, cheerful person. And that led to Yosef getting out of jail through the Sar Hamashkim. I told you smiling is a huge segulah!”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- Why is it important to smile?
- How does a person’s smile affect the people around them?

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