



Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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דברים

Mourning Our Loss

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Mourning Our Loss

“Just five more days until we can listen to music again!” Yitzy said, as he walked out of shul with Totty and his younger brother Yitzy.

“I know,” agreed Shimmy. “I can’t wait until Moshiach comes. Then we can listen to music all year long.”

“Yeah, and the Gemara says cakes will grow from the ground! Can you imagine?”

“Boys,” said Totty. “It’s great that you are eagerly awaiting Moshiach. But listening to music and eating cake all the time is not why we want Moshiach.”

“I know,” said Yitzy. “We want the goyim to stop bothering us. But music and cake would be nice too.”

“Actually,” Totty said. “We want Moshiach so we can return to a time when our entire nation is completely immersed in learning Torah.”

“So, like everyone will be in kollel?” asked Shimmy.

“Will we still get to have fun?” asked Yitzy.

“Of course we will! Without the distractions that the goyim put into our heads, nothing is more enjoyable than learning Torah.

“It’s so hard to imagine that,” said Shimmy as a car drove by with loud rap music blasting from inside, the passengers bouncing in their seats like hyperactive monkeys.

“I think I can help you boys with that,” came a voice from behind them.

“Hello Professor,” Totty said, as they looked up to see Professor Weiss, the retired scientist, walking towards them.

“I couldn’t help but overhear your conversation,” said Professor Weiss. “I think my latest invention can help you understand what things were like in the times of the Beis Hamikdash. Would you like to come and see?”

“Sure, I think that sounds interesting,” Totty replied. “Boys?”

“Of course we would!” said Shimmy excitedly as they started walking towards Professor Weiss’s house. “I heard you invented a time machine! Are we going back in time?”



“A time machine is impossible,” said Professor Weiss, as they entered the front door. “What I have invented is a Super-Sensory Fluctuating Quantum Temporal Entanglement Human Interface Device. It will allow you to experience any period in time.”

“You mean I can go back and see where I left my watch last week?” asked Yitzy.

“That would be nice, wouldn’t it?” said Professor Weiss, as he handed each of the Greenbaums a futuristic-looking helmet with two antennas sticking out. “Unfortunately, this technology’s accuracy decreases for more recent events. Anything in the past several hundred years would be too hazy to properly experience. Okay, everyone put on your helmets!”

Totty and the boys donned their helmets, as Professor Weiss did the same.

The helmet visors flashed a brilliant light and all they could see for a few moments was the flashing of colors. When it subsided, they looked around - and they were standing on a sunlit stone-paved street.

“Look, there’s the Beis Hamikdash!” said Yitzy pointing off in the distance.

“Shhh there are people coming!” whispered Shimmy.

“They can’t hear us,” Professor Weiss said. “This is just a simulation.”

“Look at those men over there!” Yitzy said, pointing at a group of men with long, flowing hair. They must be nezirim! They look so holy!” Everyone watched



as the group walked slowly down the street looking at the ground, making sure not to walk near anyone else.

“Those must be *bnei hanevi'im*,” Totty said, pointing at another group coming out of a building which had a sign reading “Yeshivas Bnei Hanevi'im”.

Suddenly one of the men froze. Yitzzy and Shimmy looked in shock as the man started to tremble and shake.

“He’s having a seizure!” Yitzzy said. “We have to help him!”

“There’s nothing we can do,” Professor Weiss reminded them. “But if you ask me, he’s probably in the middle of receiving a *nevuah*.”

The sound of children chatting and laughing caught their attention.

“This is a *karmelis*!” one of the boys said.

“No it’s not, Uziyahu!” laughed another boy. “That’s a *makom petur*! My Abba was in the Lishkas Hagazis when Shlomo Hamelech and the Sanhedrin made the *gezeira* that we can’t carry without an *eiruv*.”

“Who can guess the answer to this question?” said another boy. “What happens if someone throws something from one *reshus harabim* to another with a *reshus hayachid* in the middle?”

The boys’ voices trailed off as they skipped down the road happily.

“**LOW BATTERY!**” came a voice from inside of the helmets, before the scene suddenly flickered away and they found themselves back in Professor Weiss’s house.

“Wow,” said Yitzzy. “That was incredible. It makes me want to run back to *shul* and learn until dinner.”

“Me too,” agreed Shimmy.

“So boys,” Totty said. “That was just a glimpse of what it will be like when Moshiach comes. Everyone, even the children, will be immersed in *kedusha* and *tahara*. Learning Torah will be the most fun thing we could possibly imagine!

“It makes me sad that Moshiach isn’t here yet,” Shimmy said.

Have A Wonderful Shabbos and a Meaningful Tisha B’Av

Let’s Review:

- What do you think it would be like to see *nevi'im* and *nezirim*?
- Why were the boys chatting about the laws of *eruv*in?

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