



Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Sefer Shemos sponsored by:



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Chap Arein!

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Chap Arein!

“Good evening, Ari,” said Anshel Holtzbacher, walking into the house after work.

Ari stood up out of respect for his father. “Good evening, Totty,” he replied.

“How was cheider today?” Anshel asked.

“It was okay,” said Ari.

“Wait, wasn’t today the day that you and your friends were supposed to go after school to help Horki Tomchei Shabbos pack the food packages for poor people?”

“Yeah, I went. It was kind of boring,” said Ari unenthusiastically.

“You found that boring?” Anshel asked incredulously. “It’s the largest tomchei Shabbos operation in the world - I thought you would have found it fascinating.”

“Yeah it was kind of cool,” Ari said. “But there was nothing for me to do. I got there late. Dovy was putting jars of gefilte fish into the packages, Chezky was taking care of the challos, Shimmy was doing the bottles of grape juice, and Sruli was putting in the salt and pepper packets.”

“And they couldn’t find anything that you could help with?”

Ari shrugged. “Sruli offered to let me put the pepper packets while he did the salt, but what was the point? It doesn’t take two people to do the salt and the pepper.”

“Ari,” Anshel said. “I think you’re missing something here.”

Ding dong!

“Hold on, there’s someone at the door,” said Anshel. “Let’s continue this conversation later.”



Ari hurried to the front door to see who rang the bell. An older gentleman with a long beard was standing there.

“Hello, my name is Yitzchok Gutstein from Yeshivas Yomam Valayla in Yerushalayim,” the man said. “Is your father home?”

Ari showed Rabbi Gutstein to the living room and went to bring him a drink of water. As he returned, he saw him pleading with his father.

“Reb Anshel,” Rabbi Gutstein begged, a tear rolling down his cheek. “Our yeshiva desperately needs your money. Our bank account is empty and we will lose our building and all of our bochurim if we can’t raise the money we need. Please, please help us.”

“Rabbi Gutstein,” Anshel said. “You’ve got this all wrong. You don’t need me. I need you.”

Rabbi Gutstein looked confused. “What do you mean? I don’t have a penny to my name. The yeshiva hasn’t paid me in months. What could I possibly do for you?”

“You think you need my money?” explained Anshel. “Do you really think Hashem has given me control over whether a yeshiva shuts down or not?”

Rabbi Gutstein frowned. Did this mean he wouldn’t be receiving a check?



“You didn’t come here to ask me for money,” Anshel continued. “Because it is not you who needs my money. Hashem will take care of your yeshiva. You came to give me the opportunity to be a part of your amazing work. It is a tremendous zechus to donate money to tzedakah.”

Anshel handed Rabbi Gutstein a check. “Thank you so much for giving me the ability to have a cheilek in the Torah learning in your yeshiva,” he said.

“Ari,” Anshel said, after Rabbi Gutstein had left. “I want to finish talking to you about what happened at Tomchei Shabbos today.

“Wait,” said Ari. “I think I know the answer.”

“You do?” asked Anshel.

“Yes,” smiled Ari. “What you said to Rabbi Gutstein made me realize that we weren’t going to Tomchei Shabbos because they need our help. We were going because it was an opportunity to take part in a great mitzvah. So I should have ‘helped’ Sruli with the salt and pepper even though he was doing just fine on his own - not because he needed help, but because it was a chance for me to be involved in the mitzvah of giving poor families food for Shabbos.”

“Exactly,” Anshel said. “Just like in this week’s parsha when Klal Yisroel brought their donations for the Mishkan. Hashem could have simply provided the materials needed to build the Mishkan. But He wanted to give all of Klal Yisroel the opportunity to be a part of the holy house of Hashem. And by bringing gold, silver, and copper to build the Mishkan, every single Yid got to be a part of creating a place for Hashem to rest His Shechinah in this world.

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- Why did Anshel Holtzbacher need Rabbi Gutstein and not the other way around?
- What are some opportunities that you have to take part in a mitzvah even though your help isn’t needed?