



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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בהעלתך

Remembering Him

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Remembering Him

“Good morning Joel,” Anshel Holtzbacher said, as Joel E. Munz, President of the Jolly Munz Candy Company came into the living room of the massive presidential suite at the West Baden Springs Hotel. “We should daven Shacharis and then get on the road. We’ve got quite a busy day.”

Anshel Holtzbacher helped Mr. Munz put on his tefillin and together they slowly davened.

“So do you pray like this every morning before leaving your home?” Mr. Munz asked.

“Actually, when I’m at home in Boro Park I daven at the Horki Beis Midrash. But we’re out here in the middle of Indiana without any shuls nearby, so we have no choice but to daven here in the hotel.”

After a quick breakfast, the two men checked out of the hotel and got into their rental car.

“I can’t wait until we get to Cincinnati,” Joel said. “I heard Marx Bagels has the best kosher bagels in the entire Midwest. I wonder if I can get them to purchase Jolly Munz fine chocolate so they can sell chocolate-covered bagels and lox.”

“That sounds, um... interesting,” Anshel said. “I’m not sure how well that would sell, though.”

“Who doesn’t like chocolate?” Mr. Munz shrugged, his mouth watering.

“Well, let’s stop there for lunch and you can give them your sales pitch. But we have our meeting with the mayor first. If we can sell the city of Cincinnati on our pipeless plumbing invention, just imagine how much money we’ll be able to donate to Mosdos Horki!”

“Of course they’ll buy it,” Mr. Munz said. “The biggest problem with plumbing is pipes leaking and bursting. With no pipes, there are no problems! As long as he is easier to talk to than that McGillicuddy fellow



we met yesterday in University City, Missouri, I don't think we'll have any issue at all."

A few hours later, they arrived in Cincinnati.

"We have 45 minutes until our meeting," Anshel said. "Turn here, I want to make a small detour."

Mr. Munz turned off the main road and followed Anshel's instructions until they found themselves in a mostly empty parking lot.

"Why are we going into the synagogue?" he asked, following Anshel into the building of Congregation Zichron Eliezer. "We already said our morning prayers hours ago."

"Yes," Anshel said. "But I need to remind myself that Hashem is real."

"You??? Anshel Holtzbacher? You forgot that Hashem is real?" Joel seemed stunned.

"No, I always know Hashem is real," answered Anshel. "But sometimes I don't feel it as much as I should. Do you know what the Mishkan was, Joel?"



“Was that the Tabernacle that the Israelites had in the desert?”

“Exactly. The Mishkan was Hashem’s home, so to speak. Hashem’s presence dwelt there and when the Am Yisroel would look towards the center of the camp and see it, they would point at it and say ‘that’s Hashem’s tent’, just like they could point at Moshe or Aharon’s tent. It became more real to them that Hashem was among them.”

“But they would take the Mish-cone apart, wouldn’t they?” Mr. Munz asked.

“Yes, every time they traveled. And during those times, while they of course **never** forgot that Hashem existed, His existence was somewhat less ‘real’ to them because the Mishkan, Hashem’s home, was no longer there to look at. And therefore, when they would camp and reassemble the Mishkan, Moshe would say a special prayer, asking Hashem to rest his presence once more on the Jewish People so that we would once more be able to ‘feel’ His presence among us.”

“Ohhhhh, so that’s why you wanted to come to the synagogue. Because that’s Hashem’s home. Why we’ve been on the road, staying at hotels for so many days, I would have started to forget I was Jewish if not for you, with your big black yarmulke and beard, Anshel. So you wanted to come and stop at a synagogue, even if it isn’t prayer time, just so Hashem’s presence would feel more real to you.”

“Exactly, Joel. Every time I pass by a *shul*, I say to myself ‘that’s Hashem’s house’. By saying it, I feel it more, and that itself causes Hashem to rest his presence inside of me, in my mind.”

“I like you, Anshel,” Mr. Munz said. “Every time I’m with you I feel like Hashem is with us. I hope he helps us sell some pipeless plumbing!”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- How can we make Hashem more “real” to us?
- What should we think every time we see a *shul*?

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