



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Bamidbar sponsored by:



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The Madman Does Teshuva

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The Madman Does Teshuva

The streets of Boro Park trembled as tens of thousands of Horki Chassidim made their way towards the Horki Beis Midrash. It seemed as if there was no end in sight! Zanzvil Chaimovitch held his father's hand tightly as they moved with the crowd. They had flown in all the way from Belgium for this event, along with thousands of other chassidim from around the globe.

The strange thing is, nobody even knew what this event was, exactly. A *kol korei* had gone out from the Holy Horki Rebbe that all chassidim were to come to the Horki Beis Midrash on this day for a "holy *asifa*". And no Horki chossid would dare miss such an event, even if they didn't know exactly what it was about.

Zanzvil and his father entered the Horki Beis Midrash and gasped. The massive room was lined with bleachers, which were quickly filling up with the endless crowd of chassidim pouring in. Finding a seat in the 27th row just behind the 27-piece orchestra, Zanzvil and his father sat down and enjoyed the sweet sound of ancient Horki tunes, played with absolute perfection.

"Would you like to make a *brocha*?"

Zanzvil turned to the waiter who was passing everyone plates with the most delectable-looking 27-layer chocolate-creme strawberry shortcake.

"Yes please!" Zanzvil gratefully took the plate, made a *brocha*, and enjoyed the most delicious dessert he had ever tasted in his entire life.

When every single seat was finally full, a loud trumpet sound blared. Zanzvil looked up, expecting to see the Rebbe entering, but it was just the Horki Gabo'im. The percussionist and violinists joined in, but still no



Rebbe - just the Rebbe's personal gabbai and Reb Anshel Holtzbacher, walking to their seats next to the stage.

Abruptly, the music died down and absolute silence fell over the crowd.

"The Rebbe is coming," an old blind man sitting next to the Chaimovitches whispered.

Sure enough, the Holy Horki Rebbe entered the Beis Midrash. The silence held for a brief second before the *chassidim* and the orchestra broke out in joyous song. The bleachers bounced along as everyone danced for the Rebbe.

When the Rebbe reached the stage, he stood behind the ornate oak shtender and raised his hands. Yet another hush fell over those assembled as the Rebbe began to speak.

"Rabboisay!" the Rebbe said. "We are here today to come together in celebration of the tremendous yeshua that Hashem delivered to Klal Yisroel today!"

Everyone looked at each other. Today? What yeshua happened today? And if it only happened today, how did the Rebbe know to send out the announcement of this event over a month ago? Was this public proof that the Holy Horki Rebbe did indeed possess *ruach hakodesh*?



“Three years ago,” the Rebbe went on. “An evil rasha named Zoruk Madmanny decided that he was going to set fire to the Horki Shteeble in Staten Island.”

An audible gasp was heard from everyone as the Rebbe continued.

“But that evening, on the way to do this terrible aveira, this man got stuck in traffic right outside the kever of my father, the previous Horki Rebbe zatzal. Just being in the presence of such a holy site inspired Zoruk Madmanny to do teshuva and to never try to hurt Yidden again.”

Everyone exchanged glances yet again. If this happened three years ago, why was the Rebbe only holding this event now?

The Rebbe wasn't done. “On that day, three years ago, Hashem saved Klal Yisroel without us even knowing we were in danger. Just like when we were in the *midbar*, Hashem saved us from the evil rasha Bilaam and we had no idea what was going on. There is an ENTIRE PARSHA in the Torah about the danger we were in without even knowing it!

“Do you think that only happened then? No, it happened with Zoruk Madmanny three years ago, and it happened last month, last week, and it happened TODAY! Every day, Hakadosh Boruch Hu is saving us from dangers we don't even know exist, and every single day we need to thank Hashem for being the Shomer Yisroel and protecting us, His Chosen People.”

With that, the orchestra broke into lively music and the throngs of chassidim danced their hearts out in celebration of the tremendous yeshuos that Hashem does for His beloved children on a daily basis.

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let's review:

- While Parshas Balak was happening, did Klal Yisroel know that they were in a tzarah?
- Why did the Holy Horki Rebbe call a “Holy Asifa”?