



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Vayikra sponsored by:



By: Aharon Spetner

Illustrations by: Miri Weinreb

תּוֹרַת-קְצוֹרֶת

Speechless in Washington

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Parshas Tazria-Metzora

Speechless in Washington

The Farah family landed at Reagan National Airport in Washington D.C. and got into their rental car.

“Abba,” said Yosef Avraham. “How long is the drive to Uncle Rahamim’s house?”

“Just under an hour,” Abba replied, as they pulled onto the highway.

“An hour?” said Eliana. “We’re going to miss the bar mitzvah!”

“No, no,” Ima said. “Cousin Nissim’s bar mitzvah isn’t until this evening. We have plenty of time.”

“And it’s a good thing too,” said Abba, as traffic slowed to a crawl.

“Why are we stopping?” asked Lielle Devorah.

“Everyone’s stopping,” Yosef Avraham said. “There must have been an accident up ahead.”

“Maybe we should take surface streets,” said Abba, pulling out his trusty road atlas. “It might be faster.”

Abba pulled off onto the exit ramp and they got off the highway. Just as they arrived at the next intersection, the light turned red.

“Oof, I don’t know if this will be any faster,” said Abba. “Why don’t we talk about this week’s parsha?”

“My morah said the parsha is about *lashanara*,” Eliana said.

“Very good!” said Abba. “The parsha talks about a *metzora* who gets *tzoraas*. And why does he get *tzoraas*? For talking *lashon hara*!”

“In school, Tziporah said *lashanara*,” said Eliana.

“But Eliana,” Ima said. “Saying that someone said *lashon hara* itself is *lashon hara*!”

“Really?” asked Eliana. “But I’m just a little girl. It’s so hard for me to think before I say things.”

“It’s hard for me too,” admitted Yosef Avraham.

“It’s hard for everyone,” Abba said. “The *yetzer hara* works very hard to get us to say *lashon hara* because it is such a terrible *aveirah*. And that’s why the *metzora* gets kicked out and has to go live by himself where he won’t talk to anyone.”



“Ooh look at that big white house!” said Lielle Devorah.

“That’s the White House!” exclaimed Yosef Avraham.

“That’s what *I* said,” Lielle Devorah answered.

“No, you said it’s a white house. I said it’s THE White House.”

“Lielle Devorah,” Ima said. “The White House is where the President lives.”

“Can we go closer?” asked Yosef Avraham.

“I’m afraid not,” said Abba. “We can’t get any closer in the car, and there doesn’t look like there is any available parking near here.”

“Michael,” Ima said. “You take the kids to see the White House. Leave the engine running and I’ll stay here in case we have to move it.”

Abba, Yosef Avraham, Eliana, and Lielle Devorah got out of the car and walked towards the White House. There weren’t too many people around, just a couple of men talking nearby.

“Excuse me! Coming through! Out of the way!”

The Farah family quickly jumped back in surprise to see none other than the President of the United States himself, flanked by Secret Service agents, walking



briskly by them. They stood respectfully, nervously, their hearts pounding, as the impressive entourage passed by, crossed the street, and entered a building.

“Help! Call 911!” yelled one of the two elderly men who had been talking moments before. The other man seemed to be clenching his face in pain.

Abba quickly pulled out his phone and called for an ambulance, which quickly arrived. The paramedics did their best to treat the man at the scene, before taking him away.

“I can’t believe it,” the other man said, walking over to the Farah family. “We were just standing there talking normally. And then the President appeared and Frank got so shocked by the presence of the leader of the free world, that his whole face seized up. The paramedics said the muscles in his tongue contracted from fright and they don’t know if he’ll ever be able to speak again!”

* * *

“Abba,” Yosef Avraham said once they were back on the road. “I never felt like that before, the way I felt when the President was right in front of us. I couldn’t have opened my mouth to speak even if I wanted to. And that man! That man had to go to the hospital and may never be able to talk again because of how scared he was when the President walked by!”

“Yosef Avraham”, said Abba. “You never felt that way before?”

“No, never. I mean sometimes when the *rav* walks into the classroom when we’re all acting a bit wild I might feel like that a little bit. But not like this. I’ve never stood in front of someone so famous, so powerful before.”

“You haven’t? Think, Yosef Avraham.”

Yosef Avraham thought, but he couldn’t remember anything as impressive as the President walking right in front of him.

“Yosef Avraham,” Abba said. “You are **always** standing in front of Hashem! You should always be scared when you open your mouth to say something because Hashem is listening. And that’s the reason for the *metzora*’s punishment. Because he forgot this important lesson of remembering that Hashem is **always** in front of us.”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- Who is more powerful than the President of the United States?
- What should you think about before you open your mouth to speak?

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