



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Junior

Sefer Bereishis sponsored by:



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תולדות

Opportunity of Responsibility

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Opportunity of Responsibility

"Yitzy!" called Totty. "Hurry up, Zaidy and Bubby are waiting for us!"

Yitzy hurried to the front door, where the rest of the family was waiting.

"What is that?" asked Basya, noticing the box in Yitzy's hands.

"It's a chocolate chip injector," Yitzy replied. "It makes it easier to bake chocolate chip cookies by injecting the chocolate chips into the dough, instead of having to do it by hand. I'm bringing it as a present for Bubby."

"But Bubby always makes the chocolate chip cookies before we arrive," said Shimmy.

"Yes, but she can use it next time," Yitzy answered.

"Come on, *kinderlach*, let's go," Totty said, as everyone walked outside towards the car.

"Can I drive?" asked little Yaeli.

"What?" laughed Mommy.

"I want to drive," little Yaeli said, standing next to the driver's door. "I will zoom zoom zoom so we can eat Bubby's cookies so fast!"

"Yaeli," Mommy said, lifting her up and placing her into the car seat. "You're too young to drive."

"Why did Hashem make me so young?" asked little Yaeli, as everyone buckled in and Totty started driving.

"Hashem makes everyone young," said Shimmy.

"But what about Totty and Mommy?" little Yaeli asked.

"Totty and Mommy were once little *kinderlach* too," said Basya.

Little Yaeli laughed. "Totty can't be a kid - he has a beard!"

While the Greenbaums drove along the highway, Basya patiently explained to little Yaeli how people are born as babies and then grow older into adults.

"I still want to drive," little Yaeli said.



“Yaeli,” said Totty. “There is a reason why little *kinderlach* can’t drive. Look how fast we are going. *Chas veshalom*, if a driver looks away from the road for even half a second, he could get into a terrible car accident.

“My friend Yoni’s aunt got into a terrible accident because another driver wasn’t looking where they were going,” said Shimmy. “And she had to stay in the hospital for six weeks!”

“Yes,” Totty said. “A driver needs to be constantly paying attention, not only to what he is doing, but to what all of the other drivers on the street are doing. That’s why we have these mirrors. We need to be constantly taking quick glances at all three mirrors, while still keeping our eyes on the road.”

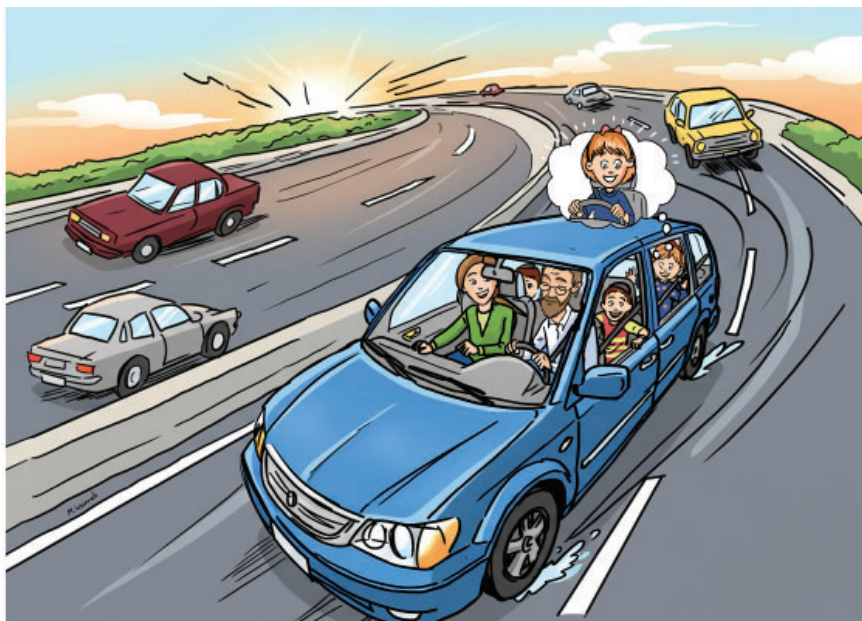
“I like looking in mirrors,” said little Yaeli. “They make me look so pretty!”

“Oy, I don’t ever want to drive,” Basya said. “It’s too much responsibility! It would be easier just to walk to places nearby. Who needs it?”

“You sound like Eisav,” said Shimmy.

“Shimmy!” admonished Mommy. “How can you say something like that to your sister???”

“Sorry Basya,” Shimmy apologized. “I didn’t mean to compare you to Eisav, *chas veshalom*. But you reminded me of something my rebbe said.



“He said Eisav didn’t want the bechora because then it would mean he would have to do more mitzvos and be more careful about the things he did. He didn’t want all of that responsibility. So he said, ‘Feh! Who wants the bechora?’. He made fun of it. But we know that even though it comes with so much more responsibility, it is worth it because we get to be the Am Hashem, Hashem’s bechor.”

“That’s beautiful, Shimmy!” Totty said. “And driving a car is really a good moshol for that. Because yes, driving involves a tremendous amount of responsibility. But think about what a car enables you to do: you can use it to shop for Shabbos, to do chessed for other people, to bring food to poor people, the list goes on and on. So yes, there’s more responsibility involved, but with it comes tremendous opportunity!

“And being a Yid involves even more responsibility than driving a car - but it gives us endless opportunities to become greater people and to grow closer to Hashem!”

“Bubby’s house!” exclaimed little Yaeli, as they pulled up in front of Zaidy and Bubby’s home.

Everyone got out as Zaidy and Bubby came outside to greet them.

“What’s this?” asked Bubby, unwrapping the box Yitzzy handed him. “Ooh! It’s a chocolate chip injector! This is going to be so useful - thank you, Yitzzy!”

“My pleasure,” Yitzzy beamed. “You just need to be careful not to overfill it with chocolate chips, or it will shoot them all over the kitchen. And make sure to fuel it only with high-octane gasoline, so it won’t give off fumes. And keep it out of direct sunlight...”

“Wow, that’s a lot of responsibility,” Bubby said, looking at Yitzzy’s invention.

“Yes, Bubby,” grinned Yitzzy. “But with it comes the opportunity to make chocolate chip cookies faster than ever!”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- Why didn’t Eisav want the bechora?
- Why was he wrong?