



# Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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פרשת חיי שרה

## Doing Chesed Happily

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## Doing Chesed Happily

Rivka Alpert was mopping the kitchen floor again. “I’m way too busy for an eleven year old girl,” she thought to herself. “I’m not even bas-mitzvah yet and I’m scrubbing the floor and doing laundry and washing dishes and setting the table and making the beds for the guests! What am I already, a chesed machine?!”

Rivka's parents lived in a small out of town community in the middle of America. There was a big hospital in her city, and a lot of people from all over the United States would travel there when they needed special surgery or to see special doctors. Rivka's father was the rav of this town, so whenever Jews had to come to the hospital, Rivka's parents would host the patient's family members in their home – sometimes for weeks.

That meant the house was always busy and always messy. And guess who got the honor of helping out? Rivka of course! Her parents were often in the hospital helping the patients settle in and deal with the doctors and that left Rivka with her hands full.

Besides for helping out in the home taking care of strangers from New York and Lakewood and Los Angeles and sometimes even from Yerushalayim, she also had schoolwork. Her English teacher didn't care if she was up late doing dishes. “Your science speech on Arabian camels is due Monday,” Ms. Bergman told Rivka. “And I won't accept any excuses!”

So now it was 10:30 Sunday night and Rivka had just finished making the beds for a father, mother and their little baby who were arriving for an early morning doctor's appointment at the hospital tomorrow. And even though she was very tired, Rivka was lying in her bed reading all about camels, underlining anything that sounded interesting. Even-toed herbivorous ungulate?! "Sounds boring,"

thought Rivka, "and I wouldn't be able to pronounce it properly for my speech; Ms. Bergman won't be happy with that."

"Oh, here's something interesting. It says here that a thirsty Arabian camel may drink up to 32 gallons of water in about ten minutes. Wow! That's a lot of water! The milk we buy in the store is a half gallon bottle. One camel drinks more than sixty of those bottles when it's thirsty. I can't wait to tell my class about this – they'll never believe such a thing!" thought Sarah as she fell asleep and she began to dream.

### Rivka's Dream: The Well of Charan

Rivka, a young girl from the house of Besuel, is standing by the city well, drawing water for her father's flock. It's a big job to draw enough water for a flock of sheep, but Rivka is a hard-working girl who loves to help and she knows that helping is not always supposed to be easy.

But now the kind and helpful Rivka is about to face the biggest test of her life. She doesn't know it yet, but the next half hour is



going to change her life forever – she’s going to have her chance to change from the sweet little helpful girl Rivka, into Rivka Imeinu.

Eliezer eved Avraham is arriving in Charan after a camel trip of more than five hundred miles. And he’s here to find a kallah for Yitzchok. Of course, he’s very thirsty after such a long desert journey and when he sees little Rivka at the well, he asks her for a sip of the water she just drew. And what Rivka did next made her great in the eyes of Hashem. She said to Eliezer, “Of course; please take some water from my pitcher to drink. And I see that your camels are thirsty too; I’m going to draw water for them to drink as well.”

With that, Rivka ran back to the well and began to draw water. As she brought up buckets of water she did the math in her head: “Every camel will need about 30 gallons, and there are ten camels, so that means they’ll need 300 gallons. My father just bought these new 2 gallon buckets, so that means I’ll have to draw 150 times.” And Rivka got busy running back and forth giving all the camels to drink.

## **SHABBOS SEUDAH, THE ALPERT HOME, SHABBOS CHAYEI SARAH**

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With more than fifteen guests at the Shabbos seudah, Rivka was busy again. She had just filled up the water pitcher a few minutes ago and her mother was smiling at her again – Rivka knew what that secret code smile meant. It meant she was supposed to refill the water pitcher for the thirsty guests.

And so Rivka happily walked over to the sink to fill up the one-gallon pitcher again knowing that every step she took, she was walking in the footsteps of Rivka Imeinu. And as she passed her mother she whispered to her, “Mommy, so far I brought only two gallons for the guests. Another 298 and I’ll be like Rivka Imeinu!”

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos**

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