



Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

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פְּרֻשֶׁת בְּהַר-בְּחֻקֵי

Rocket Torah

Sponsored in honor
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May you grow up to be a true Bas Yisroel. We
are so proud to listen to you reading Toras
Avigdor at the Shabbos table each week.

Totty & Mommy Rosenthal

Rocket Torah

Rabbi Caplan's Classroom

Yitzy's eyes felt heavy in the slightly warm classroom. He generally enjoyed learning, but the past week they had been doing chazarah and he felt bored. He had already learned this perek and even got a 97% on the test. What was the point of learning it again?

His mind started to wander to the time his family went to the science center and they got to meet an actual NASA astronaut at the space exhibit! The astronaut's name was Steven and he told them an amazing story about how he had ridden a rocket to space. But not only that, he had actually gone **outside** in space while wearing a spacesuit to fix a broken pump on the outside of the space station.

Steven told them how he had spent years training in a massive swimming pool at NASA to practice fixing this pump while wearing a spacesuit. Yitzy couldn't believe how many times astronauts practiced the exact same thing over and over so that when they got to space they could do their job perfectly. It was incredible.

Just as Yitzy began imagining himself in the spacesuit, expertly repairing a broken space station pump, his daydream was interrupted by the exciting word "class trip." He quickly opened his eyes wide and paid close attention to Rabbi Caplan.

"So, boys," Rabbi Caplan was saying, "your parents must sign these permission slips by Monday in order for you to come on the trip to meet my Rosh Yeshiva next week."

"Rabbi Caplan's Rosh Yeshiva? Wow!" thought Yitzy. "We've heard so much about him. He is a famous posek, and I heard that he finishes Shas three times a year!"

Tuesday Morning at Yeshivas V'Haarev Na

The boys stood quietly with awe and amazement at the respect Rabbi Caplan gave to his Rosh Yeshiva as he introduced the class. Then,



with a big beautiful smile and a soft sweet voice, the Rosh Yeshiva began to speak to the boys.

Just then there was a loud knock on the door. “Come in!” called the Rosh Yeshiva, and a harried-looking man rushed in. The man looked like he must be the yeshiva cook. He

was wearing an apron that was splotted with food stains.

“I’m so sorry to interrupt,” the man said urgently to the Rosh Yeshiva, “but the bochurim are supposed to eat lunch in 15 minutes and something happened to the food!”

“What is it?” the Rosh Yeshiva asked.

“Well, we had a big huge pot of spaghetti and meatballs cooking on the stove,” the cook began, stretching his arms wide to indicate the size of the massive pot, “and I was carrying a fleishig fork that had accidentally been served with breakfast and had a bit of cheese on it.

“As I passed by the fleishig stove, I tripped and the fork flew into the air! I tried to catch it, but instead I knocked into the drying rack where the dishes were drying and sent all of them flying as well! About twenty fleishig forks landed right inside the bubbling pot and now we don’t know whether the food is treif and which fork was the one with the cheese!”

The Rosh Yeshiva smiled and said, “Don’t



worry, Reb Yankel, everything is kosher. The bochurim should enjoy their lunch.”

Yitzy was stunned. This sounded like the most complicated shaylah he had ever heard and the Rosh Yeshiva didn't even take a breath before answering!

At the end of the meeting, the boys all went to shake the Rosh Yeshiva's hand and thank him for his time.

As they walked out, Yitzy couldn't contain himself any longer. “Rebbi, how did the Rosh Yeshiva answer that shaylah so quickly? He didn't look like he even gave it a moment's thought even though it seemed like such a difficult question. I don't think I could answer any question that quickly, even one on the perek that we just learned, which I know so well!”

Rabbi Caplan smiled. “Yitzy,” he said, “it's not just about learning. My Rosh Yeshiva didn't just learn hilchos basar b'cholov once. He has spent his life on every sugya in Shas, reviewing every single halacha, considering each detail and possible scenario over and over again. Torah is the most precious thing to him and he lives and breathes every part of it.

“In this week's parsha it says, 'אִם בְּחֻקְתֵי תֵלְכוּ', you should “walk” in my laws’ and Rashi explains that to mean that one must ‘labor in Torah.’ A real ben Torah doesn't just learn a sugya once or twice. Torah is his life, and so he goes over each and every part of it until it is crystal clear and he knows it as well as he knows his own name.”

“Wow,” thought Yitzy as Rabbi Caplan walked away. “I'm not nearly as impressed by Steven the astronaut as I am by the Rosh Yeshiva. That astronaut is just a fix-it man. He may do it in space, but he's just a repair man. He spent years and years of his life practicing to fix a little pump!

“But the Rosh Yeshiva is living a life of purpose — he's spent his life perfecting his service of Hashem. What could be more important than that! How silly of me to want to be a fix-it man. What I really want is to be a true eved Hashem!”

Wishing Everyone a Happy and Healthy Shabbos!

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