

כי תצא / Ki Seitzei

## Treat Everyone with Respect

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# Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

"Hi Shevi!" called Racheli and Liba as they caught up with their friend on the way to school. "How are you?"

"Boruch Hashem, wonderful!" beamed Shevi. "Did you hear, my sister Shira is a kallah?"

"Mazel tov!!!" shrieked Racheli and Liba, as they jumped up and down and hugged Shevi. "This is soooo amazing! Wow! Who's the choson? When's the chasuna? We're so so so happy for you!"

"Wait, isn't that Morah Freundlich over there?" said Shevi, gesturing towards their teacher who indeed was walking a block ahead of them.

"Yes it is!" said Racheli. "Let's run ahead and walk with her to school."

Morah Freundlich was hands-down the girls' favorite teacher. She was always so friendly and told the most amazing stories.

"Hi Morah," the three girls said in unison as they approached their teacher.

"Oh hi girls! Shevi! Mazel tov on your sister's engagement! She's such a special girl and I'm so happy for you and your family."

Shevi beamed back at Morah Freundlich, who continued talking.

"Do you know that Shira's choson is my nephew? He's a tremendous boy and they will make a wonderful couple. I heard that they both love to listen to Rav Avigdor Miller's shiurim."



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“Yes,” said Shevi. “They both love Rav Miller’s lectures so much. That’s why the shadchan thought the shidduch was such a good idea.”

“You know,” said Morah Freundlich. “When I was engaged, my father bought me a *shiur* from Rav Miller all about marriage and said that my husband and I both had to listen to it before getting married. I thought it was a pretty strange idea at the time. I was more interested in getting a pretty wedding dress and making sure that my father didn’t serve bagels and lox at my *chasuna*.”

The girls giggled. Morah Freundlich had such a funny way of telling stories.

“But now I can tell you that more than a pretty wedding dress or making sure yummy food was served, listening to that *shiur* was the best thing I did before getting married.”

As the girls and their teacher crossed the street, they noticed two policewomen standing next to their patrol car which was parked outside the Beis Yaakov, its lights flashing. Apparently a water main pipe had burst and the cops were making sure that people didn’t get splashed with the water spraying everywhere.

“Good morning officers,” said Morah Freundlich with a smile. “How are you doing this fine morning?”

“Very well, thank you,” responded one of the policewomen, somewhat surprised. “Thanks for asking. We want to make sure you girls don’t get splashed on the way to your studies.”

“Well, on behalf of the staff and students of the school, I would like to express our appreciation for you taking your time to stand here and ensure our safety. I know it’s not easy to stand here waiting for the municipal water maintenance people to arrive

and I want you to know that we are thankful for your service to the community.”

The three girls looked at their teacher curiously as she went on, praising and thanking the policewomen. After entering the school building, Liba turned to Mrs. Freundlich.

“Morah, why did you say all of that to the policewomen? They’re just doing the job they get paid to do. I get that we should have *hakoras hatov*, but wouldn’t a simple ‘thank you’ be enough?”

Mrs. Freundlich smiled. “Do you know the *halacha* of someone who gets *misas bes din* - who gets killed for doing a terrible *aveira*? In our *parsha* the Torah says that although he is a *rasha* who did a terrible thing, that person is still a *tzelem Elokim* - he was created in the image of Hakadosh Baruch Hu, *kivyachol*, and he should be treated with a certain respect.

“That means that anytime you see a human being - any human being - a certain amount of respect is owed to that person, simply because the human form is a representation of Hakadosh Boruch Hu.

“So, whether it’s the Polish cleaning lady in the school, or the Hungarian lady who works at Pinchas’s Perfect Pizza down the block, any person you meet deserves to be treated and spoken to with respect.”

“Wow, I never thought about it like that,” said Racheli. “I mean, I knew not to be rude, but I never thought about going out of my way to give people respect, even when it’s not expected.”

“Morah, can I ask you a question?” said Shevi. “Did you hear this lesson from one of Rav Avigdor Miller’s tapes?”

“I absolutely did!” said Morah Freundlich with her trademark ear-to-ear grin. “How did you guess?”

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos!**

### Takeaway:

**When we see a fellow person we should always greet them with honor. They are a statue of Hashem!**



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