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The Korban Pesach

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Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Junior

Avrumy and his brothers were sitting at the table, finishing a delicious Rosh Chodesh lunch of fish, watermelon, and cucumber salad.

"Thank you Hashem for this yummy food," Avrumy said. "And thank you Mommy for making it!" he added loudly so Mommy could hear him from the other room.

"Hey look!" Nossan Tzvi said. "I see Mitzrim walking outside! I guess Makas Choshech is over!"

"It ended a week ago, didn't you know?" Shmuly said. "And it's too bad, because I forgot to look under the bed when we were looking through Joba the Mitzri's house when he couldn't see or move."

"I looked under the bed," said Michoel. "All he had there were the whips with which he used to hit Totty before all the Makkos started."

"Avrumy," came Totty's voice from the door. "Can you please give me a hand here?"

Avrumy jumped up to see Totty walking into the house with a small sheep. "Why do you have a sheep, Totty?"

"Because Hashem told Moshe Rabbeinu that we all need to bring a sheep into our houses for a special korban that we are bringing in two weeks - it's called a Korban Pesach - and then we're all going to leave Mitzrayim!"



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“Really? Wow!” The boys shouted with excitement as Avrumy helped Totty tie the sheep to a bed in the room.

Just then a grumpy Mitzri burst into the house.

“Joba?” Totty said. “We haven’t seen each other in a while. Well, I’ve seen you, but... anyway - what are you doing here? It’s impolite to walk into someone’s house without knocking, you know. You know I don’t work for you anymore, right?”

“Yes, yes, I know,” Joba replied grumpily. “I came here to daven.”

“Daven?” Totty asked incredulously. “You mean you gave up avodah zorah and want to join the Bnei Yisroel?”

“Give up avodah zorah? Are you nuts?” Joba replied.

“Um... so why would you come here to do avodah zorah?” Totty asked. “We only serve Hashem here.”

“Well,” Joba said sheepishly. “As I was passing your house I heard the bleating of a lamb. And I have a bit of a sheep shortage after makkos Dever and Barad, so I was hoping I could daven to yours.”

“Sorry,” Totty said. “I can’t let you daven to this sheep. It’s for a korban we’re bringing.”

“WHAT???” asked Joba, outraged. “You’re going to burn up my precious avodah zorah on a mizbeiach? How dare you do such a thing? Don’t you have any respect?”

“Actually,” Totty said. “We’re not burning it up at all. We’re going to eat it.”

“Eat it?” Joba asked, confused. “How can you call that a korban? A korban is burned. That’s how a korban works.”

“Until now,” Totty answered. “Remember what Moshe told Pharaoh last year? Hashem said ‘My firstborn son is Yisroel’. We are Hashem’s children. And therefore, while you and the people of all the other nations cannot eat a korban, we can because we are his children. We serve Hashem with our every action. Even when we eat and drink, we are serving Hashem. And therefore when Hashem commands us to eat a korban, we do so and it is as if we are sacrificing it on a mizbeiach.”

“I don’t get it,” Joba said. “How is the human body holy enough to be used as a mizbeiach?”

“I wouldn’t expect you to get it,” Totty replied. “We are a holy nation. We exist to do the will of Hashem, and all of our actions revolve around that. You do your avodah zorah so you can be done with it and get back to your eating and drinking. We eat and drink in order to give us the energy to serve Hashem. The entire purpose of our lives is to serve Hashem, and that makes us holy, so much so that our bodies can be used instead of a mizbeiach for certain types of korbanos.”

As Joba stomped out of the house, Totty turned to the boys. “Kinderlach,” he said. “This is an important lesson for us too. As Hashem’s people, we must never forget that the very purpose for our existence is Avodas Hashem and serving him with every single action that we take.”

Takeaway:

**As a Jew, my body is holy, a mizbeiach for Hashem.
I am not just ‘anyone’, I am a holy Yid, chosen by Hashem.**



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