

# A Real Baalas Chessed

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# Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

"Malky, come! We're going to be late!"

Malky hurried into the living room, schlepping a giant box. Her sister Esty was standing there frantically double-checking a list in her hands.

"Oh, there you are," said Esty, relieved. "We don't have a second to waste!"

"But the carnival doesn't start for two hours," said Malky.

"Yes, but we have to get there, and then we have to set up, and then we need to get in the right mood."

"The right mood?" asked Malky, quizzically.

"Yes, the chessed mood," Esty explained.

Malky had no idea what Esty was talking about. She didn't think you had to be in a special mood to do chessed. But instead of arguing, she lifted her big box into the bubby cart and the girls headed out the door.

A few minutes later the girls arrived at their school.

"Wow," breathed Malky. "It looks gorgeous!"

The Beis Yaakov auditorium had been completely transformed. Balloons and streamers hung everywhere. The walls were plastered with colorful signs, and there was one enormous sparkling sign in the middle of the room, which read:

Beis Yaakov of Hill Valley Presents:  
**The First Annual Asiris Ha'eifah Chessed Carnival**  
Helping needy families be mekayeim Mitzvas Challah k'din

A few weeks earlier, the eighth grade girls had discovered that some families could not afford to make a large enough batch of *challah* each week to make a *brocha* when being *mafrish* *challah*. So they decided to hold a *chessed* carnival to



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raise money so that every family in town could afford to do this mitzvah properly.

“Oh look, here’s our booth!” exclaimed Esty.

Malky looked and saw a sign which read “Esty and Malky’s Ice Cream Shoppe”.

“Cute,” she said, as she brought over the box and started unloading the equipment.

“Okay, we have an hour and fifty minutes until the carnival starts,” Esty said, consulting her list. “The ice cream is going to be delivered in forty-five minutes. That should be just enough time for the equipment to get cold enough if we plug it in now.”

The girls hurriedly set up their stand and prepared everything they needed to sell their ice cream.

“Esty, Malky! Hi!”

Esty and Malky looked up to see a group of their friends approaching.

“Hi Channie, hi Rochel!” Malky said. “Where is your booth?”

“It’s all the way on the other side,” said Channie.

“Oh. My. Kneidlach.” Rochel breathed. “Your booth looks a-MAZING! Did you design it yourself?”

“Actually, Esty came up with the idea. But I helped.” Malky answered.

The girls looked over at Esty, who was standing next to the soft-serve ice cream machine, her eyes closed and her hands slowly moving up and down in front of her face.

“Esty!” gushed Channie. “You are SO talented! How did you learn to do this???”

Esty’s eyes remained closed, and appeared not to hear her friend.

“Is everything okay with Esty?” asked Rochel.

“Yeah, I think so,” said Malky. “She’s just getting into the ‘chessed mood’, whatever that means.”

Just then, a little girl approached with her mother.

“Hi!” she said. “My name is Tzila Rut and I want to make a donation.”

Tzila Rut slapped a bill on the counter.

“Can I have an ice cream cone, please?” she asked.

Esty’s eyes popped open and she and Malky gaped at the hundred dollar bill that Tzila Rut had just donated.

“Of course!” exclaimed Malky, who quickly began loading scoop after scoop into a humongous ice cream cone.

“Can I also have almonds on top?” Tzila Rut asked.

“Sure!” smiled Malky who sprinkled a few almonds on top of the cone.

“Malky,” Esty said. “You know there are almonds in this week’s Parshah.”

“Oh that’s right - after the story with Korach! Almonds grew on Aharon Hakohein’s staff.”

“Yes, but you know what the Torah says? It says **וַיְגַמְלוּ שְׂקָרִים** - the word ‘vayigmol’ has the same shoresh as ‘gomeil’, like ‘gemilas chassodim’. And I read that Rav Avigdor Miller says that it is also related to the word **גִּמְרוּ** - to complete. And that’s because when Hashem does chessed, Hashem doesn’t just do a little bit - he goes ALL the way and does HUGE amounts of chessed!”

“Well, in that case,” said Malky, looking at Tzila Rut. “Why don’t I give you some extra almonds?” as she sprinkled even more almonds on top.

“Malky, wait.” said Esty before Malky could hand Tzila Rut her ice cream.

Esty picked up the container of almond flakes and dumped the entire thing on top of the ice cream cone.

“There you go, Tzila Rut!” Esty smiled. “You did a big chessed with your donation, and we would like to do the same for you.”

Malky handed Tzila Rut her ice cream and started walking away.

“Malky, where are you going?” asked Esty.

“I’m running to the store for a minute. I think we’re going to need a LOT more almonds!”

**Have A Wonderful Shabbos!**

## Takeaway:

**Hashem doesn’t just do Chessed, He Completes Chessed, ensuring that we have WHATEVER we might possibly need.**



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