

Beshalach / בְּשַׁלַּח

Buried Treasure

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Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Junior

"Look, Shimmy!" exclaimed Yitzy, as the two boys arrived at shul to learn after cheder. "It's Farmer Richard!"

Shimmy looked up to see a giant red tractor making its way down the street towards the shul. Farmer Richard Bazoigenstein was a farmer who recently became a *baal teshuvah*, and often came to shul for Rabbi Friedman's weekly *halachah shiur*.

"Hi Mr. Bazoigenstein," said Yitzy, as the tractor pulled up.

"Is everything okay?" asked Shimmy, noticing that Farmer Richard's face and clothes were covered in a black gloop. "It looks like someone dumped a barrel of dark chocolate pudding all over you!"

"Baruch Hu uvaruch shemo, everything is amazing!" answered Farmer Richard with a smile, climbing down from his tractor. "I came to shul to thank Hashem for the most incredible thing that happened to me. Would you like to hear the story?"

"Of course we would!" both boys said, as they walked inside to where Totty was already sitting and learning.

"Well, I was driving my tractor back to the farm, when I passed an old farm that has been empty for as long as I can remember. And there was a sign outside saying it was for sale for a hundred dollars! Well, a hundred dollars is quite a bargain for a property that size, so I stopped my tractor and knocked on the door of the farmhouse.

"The lady who answered the door told me that the farm had been her father's, but the soil was no good and there were rocks everywhere. They had tried to grow wheat for years and never managed to succeed. She said



the farm was costing her a lot of money and she just wanted to get rid of it.”

“Wow,” said Shimmy. “So what did you do?”

“Well, I figured even if the soil wasn’t good for growing wheat, I could grow plenty of carrots and potatoes there, so I gave her a hundred dollar bill, bought the farm, took my shovel out into one of the fields, and started digging a small carrot patch.

“Now I’ve dug plenty of carrot patches before, but something just felt different here. Even though there were quite a few rocks, the soil felt somewhat spongy. It was weird. But I kept digging and soon the dry soil started getting all muddy.”

“Maybe there was a well under the ground,” suggested Yitzy.

“Oh there was a well, all right, but not what you’re thinking. As I dug, I heard a rumbling sound. I stepped back in surprise just as a black fountain erupted out of the ground, shooting high into the sky!”

“You discovered oil!” Yitzy exclaimed.

“Exactly,” replied Farmer Richard. “Now you can imagine, the lady who sold the farm to me started to wonder whether she should have sold the farm, but a deal was a deal. Within minutes news reporters showed up to ask me about it, and two hours later Anshel Holtzbacher came and bought the farm from me for ten million dollars! This is the second-most exciting day in my life!”

“Pshhhhh” whistled Shimmy, in awe.

“Let’s start digging in our backyard tonight!” Yitzy said excitedly. “Maybe we can find oil too!”

“Yeah - or buried treasure!” agreed Shimmy.

“Oil is buried treasure,” Yitzy said. “Didn’t you hear? Ten million dollars!”

“That is some story,” came Totty’s voice from behind them. “But you already have a treasure.”

“We do?” both boys said together.

“Well, let’s ask Mr. Bazoigenstein. You said this was the second-most exciting day in your life. What was the most exciting day?”

“Oh that’s easy,” said Farmer Richard. “The most exciting day in my life was when I found out I was Jewish and Rabbi Freedman invited me for Shabbos.”

“Shabbos?” both boys asked.

“Oh yes, Shabbos is worth way more than even a **billion** dollars! It is the most special thing ever! And not just the cholent and the kugel. It’s a day just for us and the Ribon Baruch Hu - a special treat that we get because we are the children of Hakadosh Shel Olam!”

Totty smiled. “In this week’s Parsha Hashem says ‘רָאוּ כִּי ה' נָתַן לָכֶם הַשַּׁבָּת’ – **See** that Hashem is giving you Shabbos’. Why did Hashem say ‘רָאוּ - see’? It doesn’t say that by any other *mitzvah*. And that’s because Hashem is telling us that this is not *stam* a present - it is an extra-special present. We don’t want to be like the lady who sold Mr. Bazoigenstein the farm, without ever realizing what a great treasure was lying right there under her property. If we don’t appreciate how great Shabbos is, we are ignoring an incredible gift that we have had all along. Shabbos is an amazing treasure that we must value even more than millions of dollars, just like Mr. Bazoigenstein does.”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

Hashem wants us to **know** what a great gift Shabbos is for us. It’s not enough to have a gift, we must know about it!

Let’s Review:

- Did the woman who sold the farm to Farmer Richard have a treasure?
- Did Farmer Richard enjoy the gift of Shabbos before he met Rabbi Friedman?



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