

Saved by The Dog

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Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Thursday afternoon

Shimmy headed out on his bike to deliver a stack of Toras Avigdor booklets to Congregation Anshei Maaseh. Suddenly, out of nowhere, an ugly man jumped out and yelled "give me your bike!" Panicking, Shimmy pedaled as fast as he could, but the man grabbed the bike and shoved Shimmy aside before riding off.

"Help! Help!" cried Shimmy. "That man stole my bike and my stack of Toras Avigdor booklets!"

Just then a huge dog bolted out of the house of the Risnik family, Shimmy's next-door neighbors.

"Stop, Timothy Steve!" Mr. Risnik called, running out of his house after his dog. "Come back!"

But the dog instead leaped through the air and clamped his jaws down on the ganev's leg, causing him to fall to the ground, howling in pain.

"Get off of him!" yelled Mr. Risnik and his son Stevey. "Bad dog!"

Moments later a police car pulled up and stopped next to the scene.

"Officer," said Shimmy to one of the policemen, his face streaked with tears. "That man stole my bike and my Toras Avigdor booklets!"

"Why, if it isn't Terrible Terrell Jackson," said the policeman, lifting the ganev to his feet and slapping handcuffs on him. "They should never have let you out of jail."

"Is this your dog?" the other officer asked Mr. Risnik. "He just helped us catch a dangerous criminal."

"He did?" Mr. Risnik said. "Good dog, Timothy Steve. Good dog!"

"And young man," the officer said to Shimmy with a smile, picking the bike up off the ground. "I believe this is yours."

"Thank you so much, officer," Shimmy said. "I really appreciate it."

"It is our pleasure. Now hurry off and deliver those Toras Avigdor booklets."



“You know about Toras Avigdor?” Shimmy asked in wonder.

“Of course I do. Rabbi Miller was a big supporter of the police going after criminals. When I was a new police officer he used to always say good morning to me when I would pass him on his way to the synagogue.”

“Thanks again officer,” Shimmy said gratefully. “Have a great day!”

Friday morning

Shimmy knocked on the door of the Risnik home. Immediately he heard a loud barking inside.

A moment later, Stevey opened the door. “Down, Timothy Steve!” he said, as the dog tried to jump up on Shimmy and lick his face.

“Hi Shimmy. How are you?”

“Boruch Hashem, I’m doing great,” Shimmy replied.

“Who is that present for?” asked Stevey, noticing that Shimmy was holding a box wrapped in a bow.

“It’s actually for your dog,” Shimmy said.

“You got a present for Timothy Steve?”

“Yes. He saved my bike and the Toras Avigdor booklets from the ganev yesterday. I wanted to say thank you.”

“But Timothy Steve didn’t know he was a thief,” Stevey said, taking the box and unwrapping it to find a package of doggy treats inside. “The police told us that they discovered that Terrible Terrel had a package of beef jerky in his pocket. It seems that Timothy Steve was just trying to eat the meat. It wasn’t like he was actually trying to help you.”

“Stevy,” Shimmy said, as the dog started sniffing the treats. “Do you know about the dogs in Mitzrayim?”

“There was a plague of dogs?” asked Stevey.

“No, but Mitzrayim had vicious dogs guarding the land, making sure no slaves escaped. And when Hashem took us out of Mitzrayim, he made a miracle and not a single dog even barked when we left.”

“Cool, I never knew that,” Stevey said.

“What’s more, in Parshas Mishpatim the Torah tells us that if we come across treif meat, we are not allowed to eat it and instead it should be given to the dogs. And the reason for that is it’s a reward for the dogs not barking when we left Mitzrayim.”

“But the dogs didn’t decide to do that - Hashem made them keep their mouths shut.”

“Exactly. Yet we see we have to be thankful to something which helps us, even if they didn’t try to.”

“Hmmm,” Stevey said thoughtfully. “That means when my mother serves me supper I should definitely thank her for it, because she is knowingly doing something for me.”

“Of course you should thank her!” said Shimmy. “And can you think of who you need to thank even more than your parents?”

“You, because you brought treats for my dog?”

“Well sure, but I was talking about Hashem.”

“Hashem?” Stevey asked, confused.

“Of course! You’re breathing the air that He provides. You eat the food that He makes grow, and you drink the water which He created! Every second of your life Hashem is doing countless things for you, Stevey.”

“Incredible!” Stevey said. “I never thought about that before. Thank you, Shimmy!”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

We learn from our Parshah to be grateful even to dogs who do not intend to do us favors, how much more to people who do intend to do good for us!

Let’s Review:

- Why did the dog bite Terrible Terrell Jackson?
- How does the dog teach us to be grateful to Hakadosh Baruch Hu?



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