

## Anyone Can be a Kohein

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# Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

### The Jerusalem Prison

The door to the prison cell opened with a creak and Tzadok "Hatzadik" looked up from the notebook he was writing in. The prison guard opened the door and escorted a bald gentleman into the cell, before slamming it shut again with a clang.

"Hi, my name is Tzadok Hatzadik," Tzadok said with a smile. "You look familiar."

"Pleased to meet you," the man said. "My name is Dudu Manor."

"Dudu Manor? The famous politician who ran for mayor both in Yerushalayim and also University City, Missouri? Why are you in jail?"

"Oh, the usual," answered Dudu, sitting down on the flimsy bed across from Tzadok. "You know, just taking bribes and money laundering. By the way, when is lunch? I'm starving."

As if to answer the question, a bell rang and the door to all of the cells on the floor swung open automatically.

"That's it! Lunch time!" said Tzadok, standing up. But before they could leave the cell, a loud alarm sounded and the door slammed back shut again.

Dudu looked startled. "What's happening?" he asked.

"We must be on lockdown," Tzadok said, sitting back down on his bed. "Last time this happened because I tried to teach some of the other prisoners how to fly by jumping out of the second floor window. But it couldn't have been me this time - I didn't do anything wrong yet today"

"Wait, you can fly?" asked Dudu, surprised.



“Sure I can! I mean, I’ve never done it, but I’ve seen hundreds of birds do it, so how hard can it be? I’d be happy to give you lessons once we get out of jail.”

A guard appeared at the cell and slipped two trays of food under the door.

“Thank you, Yehoram,” Tzadok said to the guard, as he and Dudu picked up the trays and brought them to their beds.

“Dudu, what are you doing?” asked Tzadok, in shock. “You need to make a bracha before you eat!”

Dudu looked confused. “Really? You make brachos even when you’re alone? I’ve only done that when there are cameras on.”

“Of course,” Tzadok said indignantly. “Here, I’ll teach you. This piece of broccoli looks like a tree, so it’s probably *ha’eitz*.”

“Wait, that doesn’t sound right,” Dudu said.

“Well, maybe not,” Tzadok said. “But I forgot to tell you, you also need to give me some of your french fries.”

Dudu looked down at the few french fries on his tray. “No way! Why would I give you my fries?” he said.

“Because I’m a *kohein* and you have to give me *terumah*,” Tzadok replied.

“I don’t care what you are, I’m not giving away anything when it’s not election season.”

“But you have to give me something, I’m a *kohein*!” Tzadok repeated.

“Oh I’ll give you something, alright,” Dudu replied, taking Tzadok’s *netillas yadayim* cup and pouring it over Tzadok’s head.

“What is going on over here?” came a voice from outside the cell door.

Tzadok turned, dripping wet, to see Rav Volender, the Rov of the Jerusalem Prison standing there.

“Kavod Harav,” Tzadok said. “Dudu won’t give me *terumah*.”

“*Terumah*?” asked Rav Volender. “But you’re not a *kohein*.”

“Oh, but I am!” Tzadok said, pulling out an old copy of *Toras Avigdor* and handing it through the bars to Rav Volender. “Rabbi Miller said that just like Aharon and his sons washed their hands before going into the *Mishkan*, so too, when we wash our hands in the morning, that makes us a *kohein*. And I washed *negel vasser* this morning - so I’m a *kohein* now!”

Rav Volender looked briefly at the booklet. “That’s not what it means, Tzadok,” he said.

“I read it with my own eyes,” insisted Tzadok.

“Tzadok, what it says here is that the same way the *kohanim* washed their hands before going into the *mishkan* to do the *avodah*, we also should think, when we wash our hands in the morning, ‘I’m part of the *mamleches kohanim* - the kingdom of *kohanim*. Not actual *kohanim* who can eat *terumah*, but *kohanim* in that we are a nation of people who exist to serve Hashem. When we wash our hands in the morning, we need to think ‘I’m just like a *kohein* in the *mishkan* or *Beis Hamikdash* and I’m preparing myself to serve Hakadosh Baruch Hu.’”

Rav Volender handed the booklet back through the bars to Tzadok, who looked at it with a frown.

“And besides, Tzadok,” Rav Volender added. “Even real *kohanim* can’t eat *terumah* any more. We’ll have to wait for *moshiach* for that.”

Tzadok’s face brightened. “Well, if I can’t be a *kohein*, then I’m going to be *moshiach*! You just wait and see!”

**Have a Wonderful Shabbos!**

### Let’s Review:

- In what ways are we all like *kohanim*?
- Why wasn’t Tzadok allowed to demand *terumah* from Dudu?



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