



תּוֹרֵעַ - מְצוֹרָה / Tazria-Metzora

It's Not
Too Late!



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Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Manny Chopp walked into the Horki Simcha Hall for his Bar Mitzvah. Wow, he had never seen such a beautiful place in his entire life! The golden chandeliers dazzled his eyes and the lush velvet drapery gave the room a luxurious royal atmosphere.

"Check one two, check check," came the voice of the singer, Hillel Meir, over the PA system as the band set up their equipment.

"Mazel tov, Menachem Mendel."

Manny turned around in surprise to see none other than the Horki Rebbe himself approaching him.

"Thank you," Manny said, feeling shy in the presence of the famous tzadik. "But why is the rebbe here so early? We're just taking pictures now."

"And you don't want me in your pictures?" the rebbe asked, his eyes twinkling.

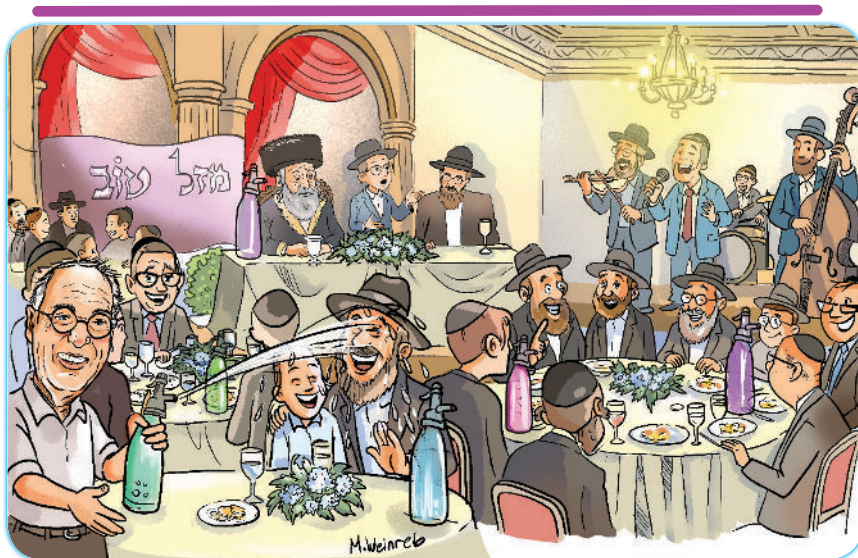
"Um... no... I mean..." Manny stammered. "I just thought only family members come for pictures."

"Menachem Mendel," the rebbe said warmly, putting his arm around Manny. "With the amount of tzedaka and chessed your father and Reb Anshel Holtzbacher do for Klal Yisroel, both of your families are mishpacha to me."

"Totty," said Manny after they finished taking pictures and the guests started to arrive. "What are those funny bottles on the tables?"

"Oh those," said Mordy Chopp, laughing. "Those are seltzer bottles."

"Seltzer?" said Manny. "I've never seen seltzer bottles that look like that before."



“These are vintage seltzer bottles,” said a man, coming over with his hand outstretched. “Mazel tov! I’m Moshe Manies, the owner of the world’s largest seltzer bottle collection. Some of my bottles are over 200 years old! When your father said your bar mitzvah was coming up, I offered to bring my collection so you could have old-fashioned seltzer on all of the tables. Manies’ Seltzer at Manny’s Bar Mitzvah has quite the ring to it!”

The bar mitzvah seudah was quite the festive affair, as the guests enjoyed the scrumptious food. Everyone, especially the children, had a particularly fun time squirting seltzer into their glasses from the fancy dispenser at the top of the seltzer bottles.

As the evening came to an end, Mr. Manies approached Manny.

“Mazel tov again,” he said. “This was the most beautiful bar mitzvah I’ve ever attended.”

“Thank you for coming,” said Manny. “And thanks for bringing the seltzer!”

“You said a beautiful pshetel,” Mr. Manies said. “But why did you talk about bris milah? Usually the bar mitzvah bochur talks about something more relevant, like tefillin or something.”

“Well today I also celebrated my bris,” Manny said.

“What???” asked Mr. Manies, shocked. “Your bris was thirteen years ago! I was there!”

“Yes, it was,” said Manny. “But I didn’t have much choice in the matter back then, did I? I was a little baby. But today, I became a bar mitzvah. I am now chayev in mitzvos.”

“So you had another bris?” Mr. Manies asked, thoroughly confused.

“No, no,” laughed Manny. “But today is when I chose to be happy about the fact that my father entered me into the bris of Avraham Avinu. I couldn’t choose whether or not to have a bris thirteen years ago. But today, as a bar mitzvah, I got to make the choice that I’m glad I had a bris.”

“It works like that?” asked Mr. Manies.

“Absolutely it does,” said the Horki Rebbe, turning to join the conversation. “And it’s something we can do every day. Sometimes we unfortunately might do a mitzvah without proper kavana. But it’s not too late! We can look back and say ‘ah - I’m so glad I did that mitzvah!’ and get schar as if we did the mitzvah with the proper intentions!”

Mr. Manies thought this over.

“You know,” he said. “Last week I only had a ten dollar bill and I needed change for the bus. There was a poor Yid collecting money by the bus stop, but he only had a few coins. So I traded my ten dollar bill for his coins and told him to keep the change. I didn’t really have a choice - I needed to catch the bus or I would miss the New York Seltzer Convention. But what the rebbe is saying means that I can still decide now that I’m glad I gave the man tzedakah and I’ll get schar for doing the mitzvah with the proper intentions?”

“Of course!” said the rebbe. “Ah, yet another choshuve baal tzedakah is here tonight! Mr. Manies, I am proud to consider you part of my family as well!”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

Let’s Review:

- Why is Manny celebrating his bris at his bar mitzvah?
- If you did a mitzvah without thinking, how can you fix it?



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