



Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Chukas / חֻקֵּת

The Jolly Yahrtzeit Seudah

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BEEP BEEP!

Anshel Holtzbacher, who was just walking into his mansion, looked up to see the Jolly Munz Candy Truck pulling up in front of his house.

"Joel!" Anshel said, rushing to greet Joel E. Munz, who had been driving the truck himself. "I thought you were out of town! And why are you driving a truck? You're the president of the largest candy company in the world!"

"I was out of town," said Mr. Munz, hurrying to open the back of the truck, which was quickly and automatically unloaded by the Holtzbachers' robot butlers. "But then I realized that today is the first anniversary of your father's tragic death. I didn't want to leave you alone on a day like today. That's why I decided to bring you a truckload of candy for you and your family."

"Why, I... um... well Joel, had I known you were going to be in town I would have invited you to the siyum my son Ari and I are making this evening for my father's yahrtzeit."

"A see-yum? Tonight? On the yahrtzeit?" Mr. Munz looked confused.

"Oh, I mean no pressure if you have plans. But we'd be honored to have you."

"Oh no, I mean yes, of course!" Mr. Munz stammered. "I'll go home to change my bowtie. I wouldn't miss your see-yum for anything!" Mr. Munz gave Anshel a comforting smile and, with a roar, drove off in his candy truck.

Two hours later, Mr. Munz returned to Holtzbacher manor, wearing a jet black bowtie and a shiny new yarmulke. The tables were set with pearl-white tablecloths and the robot butlers were serving plates of ribeye



steak cooked to perfection. Mr. Munz’s mouth began to water, but he looked around confused at all of the happy faces.

Presently, Ansel and Ari Holtzbacher stood up and made their siyum on *Shisha Sidrei Mishna*. Mr. Munz was even more perturbed as everyone began singing and wishing *mazel tov* to Anshel and Ari, who were wearing huge smiles.

As everyone enjoyed their delicious steaks, Anshel stood up and spoke about his father, Reb Berish Holtzbacher, *alav hashalom*. Everyone chuckled as Anshel told the story of the time that his father helped capture the escaped monkey from the zoo which had been swimming in the Horki mikveh, and how, as a reward, the city gave Horki the zoning permit they needed to build the new Horki Beis Midrash. Joel looked around. Why was everyone so happy on the first anniversary of Anshel’s father’s passing?

After the robot butlers cleared the plates and handed out servings of triple cream fudge caramel-infused soufflé injected with molten vanilla creme and topped with maple-spun sugar strands, Joel couldn’t take it any more.

“Anshel,” Joel said, a dab of molten vanilla dripping down his chin. “I don’t understand. We are here on the anniversary of your father’s death, and yet everyone is so happy! And of all days to make a see-yum, you decide to hold the celebration today? I mean, I remember when Yvon Shtünk of the New York champion duck-duck-goose team was killed by a fowl ball. I cried for weeks over him! And I still get sad when I think about him. And this is your father! Make it make sense, Anshel!”

“My dear Joel,” said Anshel, handing Mr. Munz a napkin to wipe his chin. “Did you enjoy your steak today?”

“Of course I did,” Mr. Munz replied.

“Now that steak used to be a large, magnificent cow. Yet, we only get to fully use and enjoy the cow after it is properly *shechted*, *kashered*, and prepared.”

“Are you comparing your father to a cow?” asked Mr. Munz, horrified.

Anshel chuckled. “Actually, in a way, I’m comparing all of us to cows. You see, the Torah gives us the *mitzvah* of a *parah aduma*. A big, magnificent, red cow. It was worth millions! And yet, when is it useful? After it is *shechted* and burned to ashes. That is what it was created for.

“The same goes for a Yid. A Yid is a wonderful, beautiful, magnificent creation. But a Yid only lives for *Olam Haba*. That is the whole purpose of our life. So yes, we were sad when my father was *nifter*. But our sadness was because we lost him. But for him, he is now in the *Olam HaEmes*, enjoying the reward for which he worked his entire life to earn. And now, as he looks down and sees how my son and I completed the entire *Shisha Sidrei Mishna* in his memory, we’re sure that his joy knows no bounds!

“You were sad when Yvon Shtünk died and could no longer play duck-duck-goose for the New York Pole Trees. Because Yvon was nothing more than a duck-duck-goose player, and when he died it was all over. But a Yid is so much more than that. A Yid lives forever!”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let's review:

- Why was Joel E. Munz sad that Yvon Shtünk died?
- What does this have to do with *parah adumah*?



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