

# Don't Be An Eisav!

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## Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings  
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

## Junior

"Yanky! Throw it here!" called Yitzy as he and his friend ran through the yard of the cheder during recess.

Yanky threw the frisbee to his friend, but it just sailed over Yitzy's head – he didn't even try to catch it!

"Yitzy, what's going on? That was a perfect throw!"

But Yitzy didn't even seem to be looking at Yanky – he was just kind of standing there with his mouth open. Yanky turned around to see what Yitzy was staring at, and his jaw dropped too as he saw a helicopter flying towards them, getting lower and lower, with flames billowing out of the tail of the aircraft!

"Oy vey!" cried Yitzy. "It's going to crash!"

Seconds later, Yitzy's prediction came true, as the helicopter slammed into some power lines over an empty parking lot in the nearby neighborhood and exploded in a fiery ball of flames.

The next few minutes were a bit of a haze, as dozens of police cars, fire engines, and ambulances all raced to the scene of the crash.

After things calmed down, Rebbe Caplan led the boys back to the classroom. "It seems that the helicopter crash took out all of the power in that neighborhood," he said.

"But it's such a cold day!" said Yanky. "People will be freezing!"



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“And hungry,” added Moishy. “If there’s no electricity, then they can’t use their ovens and the food in their fridges will spoil.”

“Maybe we should bring them hot food,” said Yitzy. “It will keep them from being hungry and help them stay warm!”

“That’s a great idea, Yitzy!” Rebbe Caplan said warmly. Turning to Moishy, whose father was the city’s Hatzalah coordinator, he added “Moishy, I would like you to run this project. Go down to the cheder kitchen and tell the cook that we need to make 5,000 hot dogs as quickly as possible. Yanky and Yitzy, I want you to help Moishy with whatever he needs to get this done. Okay boys? This is a huge chessed you’re doing!” he finished with a smile.

Immediately, Moishy began giving orders to Yanky and Yitzy, from buying the hot dogs at a nearby store to putting together a list of all the families in the neighborhood of the crash and how many hot dogs each house would need.

Meanwhile, Rebbe Caplan went to the Menahel’s office to let him know what was going on, but when he came back, he saw Yitzy standing outside of his classroom, looking a bit sad.

“Is everything okay, Yitzy?” Rebbe Caplan asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” replied Yitzy quietly. “I just don’t feel like helping with this project.”

“But it was your idea?” Rebbe Caplan said, surprised. “Why don’t you want to help?”

“Well,” Yitzy said, blushing sheepishly. “That’s just the thing. It was my idea – so why does Moishy get to be in charge?”

“Well, Moishy has a lot of experience helping his father with situations like these, so I think it makes the most sense for him to run the project.”

“Okay, that’s fine, I get that,” Yitzy said. “But if I’m not going to be in charge, I kinda don’t want to do it at all.”

“I understand how you feel,” Rebbe Caplan said, smiling sadly at Yitzy. “But I also know that you are going to end up assisting Moishy with this project.”

“How do you know that?” asked Yitzy.

“Because you’re not an Eisav,” Rebbe Caplan replied.

“Of course I’m not Eisav!” Yitzy said, hurt. “I don’t kill and rob people.”

“Well actually,” Rebbe Caplan said, “besides those things, there’s another thing that Eisav did wrong and that’s what I’m talking about now.”

Yitzy looked at Rebbe Caplan waiting to hear what it was that made Rebbe think about Eisav when it came to not wanting to help Moishy with the hot dog project.

“Eisav gave up his entire *Olam Habo* when he refused to be number two to Yaakov Avinu. You see, Yaakov Avinu was the one who was best suited to be the leader of Klal Yisroel. But Eisav could still have been a part of the Am Yisroel – he could have had Torah too. His job was to support Yaakov, to help him, to provide him with what he needed in order to be the Gadol Hador.

“Had Eisav done that, his children and Yaakov’s children would be part of one great nation, serving Hashem together. But instead, look what happened – he gave it all away, just because he didn’t want to be number two to Yaakov.”

“Rebbe,” Yitzy said suddenly. “I have to go.”

“Where?” asked Rebbe Caplan, concerned. “Is everything okay? Is it something I said?”

“Yes, everything is amazing!” Yitzy replied. “But I don’t want to be an Eisav. I want to help Moishy cook 5,000 hot dogs and not lose out on the opportunity to do chessed for all of those families without power!”

**Have A Wonderful Shabbos!**

### Takeaway:

**Everyone has a different role in serving Hashem. It’s not just the leader who is important, everyone has a job and is equally important in the Eyes of Hashem.**



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