

מטוס-מסעי / Motos-Masei

Chessed Delivery Goes Wrong

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Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

Officer Yisrael "Izzy" Sirota drove his NYPD patrol car over the Verrazano Bridge.

"Good," he thought, looking at the clock. "I should have more than enough time to make it to the Horki Shteeble in Boro Park for Shacharis."

"Attention all units, attention all units" cackled his radio. *"Blue vehicle carrying multiple dead bodies in Brooklyn. All available units respond."*

Officer Sirota's eyes popped wide open as he flipped on his lights and sirens. "Car 77 responding," he radioed back, weaving in and around the bridge traffic, speeding towards Brooklyn.

"Driver is a white, bearded male. Assumed to be armed and extremely dangerous."

Officer Sirota stepped even harder on the gas pedal and instinctively felt for his Glock 17 service weapon holstered at his hip. He gripped the wheel tightly and continued from the bridge onto the Gowanus Expressway towards Boro Park.

"Pedestrians report a live bear in the front seat of the vehicle."

"WHAT?" This was sounding stranger by the minute. Officer Sirota thought about his Remington 870 pump-action shotgun securely located in the trunk of his patrol vehicle. It might be necessary to use it if a live bear was involved.

"Subject vehicle has just turned onto 13th Avenue at 50th Street."

Officer Sirota whipped his patrol vehicle onto 13th Avenue, adrenaline pumping through his veins. There it was! The blue vehicle - headed his way! He swerved to intercept the oncoming vehicle as two additional units boxed the blue car in so it could not escape.



Almost simultaneously, the police officers jumped out of their vehicles, drawing their guns.

“HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM!” Officer Sirota shouted, the blood pounding in his head sounding like thunder as he focused on the trembling hands being slowly raised from inside the car.

“DON’T MAKE A MOVE!” Officer Sirota closed in, his hands sweating but steady, firmly gripping his gun, pointed directly at - wait, what???

“Izzy, it’s me!”

“What?” Officer Sirota barely registered the fact that his own name was spoken.

“Izzy, it’s me, Lazer!”

Officer Sirota blinked. “Lazer?” His eyes slowly relaxed and he saw the face of the man in the driver’s seat of the blue car filled not with dead bodies, but children’s dolls and a giant teddy bear sat on his lap!

“Lazer?” Officer Sirota repeated, slowly lowering his gun. The officers behind the vehicle looked on, concerned, their guns still trained on the vehicle.

“Izzy, what’s going on? I didn’t do anything wrong. I wasn’t even speeding.”

“What are you doing with a car stuffed with dolls?” asked Officer Sirota, putting his gun into his holster and motioning to the other officers to stand down.

“I, uh, I was delivering them to the hospital. I got a great deal on these dolls and I thought what can be better than to give them to Jewish girls who are sick in the hospital?”

Officer Sirota looked sternly at Lazer. “Do you realize you almost got yourself shot?”

“For delivering dolls?” asked Lazer.

“Why aren’t the dolls in their boxes?” Officer Sirota asked.

“Because this way I could fit more of them into my car,” explained Lazer.

“Do you know what a car full of dolls can look like? We got a call about a car full of dead bodies.”

“Dead bodies?” Lazer looked at the dolls filling his car and laughed.

Officer Sirota didn’t laugh. “And a live bear as well - although that one does seem a bit far-fetched,” he added, looking at the cute teddy bear on Lazer’s lap.

“But the point is like Rabbi Donnenberg said in his *Chumash shiur* last night: The Torah says **וְהָיִיתֶם נְקִיִּים וּמִיִּשְׂרָאֵל** - *מה' ומישראל* - Your [actions] should be clean in front of Hashem and Klal Yisroel!. Obviously in front of Hashem we should do the right thing, but why does the Torah mention Yisroel?

“And Rabbi Donnenberg said because sometimes we’re doing what might actually be the right thing - but the way we’re doing it might make other people think we’re actually doing something wrong.”

“But anyone who thought I was a murderer carrying dead bodies would be *chosheid b’ksheirim*,” Lazer countered.

“Maybe,” said Izzy. “But who caused them to be *chosheid b’ksheirim*? We need to be careful to not only do the right thing but also to make sure that it doesn’t look like we’re doing the wrong thing.”

Lazer thought this over. “I didn’t think about it that way,” he said.

Officer Sirota smiled. “Well Lazer, I think we can let you go now.” Looking at his watch, he added. “And *boruch Hashem!* I still have time to make it to the *Horki Shteeble* for *Shacharis!*”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let’s review:

- Why did the police think Lazer was a murderer?
- What should Lazer have done differently and why?



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