

Bamidbar 1-2 Skit

Dramatis personae: Avram, Shlomi, Yaakov, Moshe, narrator

Setting: Late Morning Meal, Israelite Camp of the Tribe of Yissachar

Year: 2449, Month of Iyar

Enter brothers Avram (20 years old), Shlomi (24 years old), Yaakov (12 years old)

Avram (exclaims): Hey, I'm being counted this time! *Tribal leader passes by, collecting half-shekel coins from tribe members.*

Shlomi: Me too. For the third time. (Sighs) First, we left Egypt. God loves me so. (Twirls lock of hair that escaped turban.) Then..why did He count us again after that?

Avram: God loves all of us, Shlomi. The point of being counted after leaving Egypt was to see how much the tribes had multiplied. Then, He wanted to see how many were left after the *egel ha-zahav*. Not because you're so incredibly, uh, handsome. Which you're not.

Yaakov (sadly): I'm not being counted at all. Avram: Hey, don't be sad. That doesn't mean Moshe and Aharon don't love you. Nor God. It just means you need to wait another few years. Then you'll kick some Jebusite tent.

Yaakov: Speaking of which, aren't we supposed to be helping with our....? Shlomi: Holy donkey! We're late, Aba is going to skin our hides instead of the deer he slaughtered yesterday! Let's go!

Narrator: Avram, Shlomi and Yaakov bound off to meet their father, Netanel ben Zuar, who was leading their tribe to finish forming the Eastern camps of the Tribes. Yehuda, led by Nachshon ben Aminadav was the Tribal Leader, followed by their father for the Tribe of Yissachar, and then Eliav ben Chelon for the Tribe of Zevulun (see *Bamidbar 1:7-9*). Today, all the Tribes had finished forming their flags, insignias for each family, and lastly, their traveling tents. The boys were supposed to help their father station the families in the right places around the Eastern side of the *Mishkan*, indicate where to put the family flags and insignias, and lastly, prepare for the trumpet call to march.

There had been celebrations late into the night to mark the day of the departure. Shlomi, the oldest, was supposed to wake everyone on time, but as usual, slept through the rooster call. Now, Aba was sure to be angry.

The boys ran, rounded the corner of the tent of the last family in the Yissachar encampment and bumped into... MOSHE RABBEINU!

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All fall to the floor, prostrating. Avram: My Lord, forgive my foolishness! I did not mean...

Shlomi (sputtering and readjusting turban): My Lord, forgive my brothers. They are late in assisting Father prepare to leave. Our deepest regrets. I hope my Lord has not been hurt?

Avram (fuming as blame put on him)

Moshe Rabbeinu: Rise, my sons. Your father awaits. There is no time for delay. The holy Shechinah will rest upon our encampment when we prove that we are one, when all is in place. And that IS the goal, is it not, Shlomi? Help your brothers rise and go to meet your father. (*Exits*)