



Maladetz'n!

Because the Rebbetzin was not involved with the day to day goings-on in 770, she did not often witness the boundless love of the Chassidim for the Rebbe. On Rosh Chodesh Kislev 5738, six weeks after the heart attack that kept the Rebbe in bed in 770, rumors had been swirling that the Rebbe would leave 770 that night for the first time since Shemini Atzeres, when the heart attack took place.

The rumors turned out to be true. When the Rebbe was getting ready to leave 770 at about 9:00 at night, people were packed in front of 770, as the strong desire to see our king was then at fever pitch (since most of Anash had not seen the Rebbe

since the events of Shemini Atzeres). The Rebbetzin was watching the joyous spectacle from inside the Friediker Rebbe's Yechidus room, upstairs in 770, with the lights turned off in order not to be seen (and perhaps to see better).

Another fellow and I had the zchus to be there with the Rebbetzin, watching. Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, a happy niggun burst from the mouths of the assembled throngs, and people were jumping in the air to get just one glimpse of their beloved Rebbe. It was absolutely electrifying – you could feel their love for the Rebbe with your hands. I burst into tears, and out of the corner of my eye, I glanced at the Rebbetzin and it

For Chassidim in our generation, Rosh Chodesh Kislev is one of the most joyous days on the calendar. It was on this day in the year 5738 that the Rebbe recovered from a major heart attack he had suffered on Shemini Atzeres, sufficiently enough to return to his home on President Street, after remaining in his room in 770 for five weeks. When the Rebbe actually walked out the door and appeared on the front stairway of 770, the Rebbetzin was watching from the second floor of 770. The following is a description of the awesome scene as recounted by Reb Mendel Notik, one of the “Mashamshim Ba’kodesh” (Mashbakim), who served at the Rebbe and Rebbetzin’s home.

seemed to me that her eyes also became teary. Then she said in Yiddish/Russian, "Ah-zelche maladyetz'n!" (Roughly translated: Such great boys!) She repeated this a few times, glowing with love.

The Rebbetzin fondly compared the rejoicing that she was witnessed at the moment the Rebbe appeared in front of 770, to that of the Chassidim in the former Soviet Union at the time when her father, the Friediker Rebbe, was released from his imprisonment on Yud Beis Tamuz in the year 5687.

When the Rebbe had left and the Rebbetzin was getting ready to leave, I asked her whether she wanted me to come to the house afterwards, in case she'd need something. (She planned to leave 770 after the Rebbe had already left, and the crowds had dispersed.) She did not accept, saying, "You need to rest. Everything will be okay." (Apparently she had seen how I had been so affected moments before.) "I will call you afterwards from the house to tell you that everything is definitely okay, so you won't have to worry." At 11:00 that night the Rebbetzin called me to say, "Everything is fine with my husband. Now get some rest, and we'll speak tomorrow."

[With permission of author, Mrs. M. Hecht, daughter of Rabbi Notik.]

