



# על צוים

*Every Chossid* has his “moment” with the Rebbe. For one, it may have been a surprise farbrengen, for another it may have been a brocha he received by dollars, while for yet another it may have been an ordinary mincha with the Rebbe. True, each one may have spent years in the Rebbe’s presence, but that special moment captured them most, awakening the depth of their neshoma. And it’s that (at times very brief) moment that they’ll draw upon when in need of inspiration.

With that in mind, we approached five Chassidim requesting that they share with us such “moments”. Since each of them was a bochur in a different period of the Rebbe’s nesius, their moments span across many, many years, but the gist of things is always the same: reflecting on the time they were bochurim in the Rebbe’s presence, a time and place in their lives where the Rebbe and the Rebbe’s inyonim were the very heart of life itself.

**Shared especially for the bochurim today, with the hope that very soon we will each be zoiche to have our own moments as well, when we’ll be reunited with the Rebbe.**

# זמנים

## CHASSIDIM SHARE UNIQUE MOMENTS WITH THE REBBE THAT THEY WITNESSED AS BOCHURIM IN 770.

*Rabbi Moshe Lazar*

*Rabbi Yitzchok Meir Gurary*

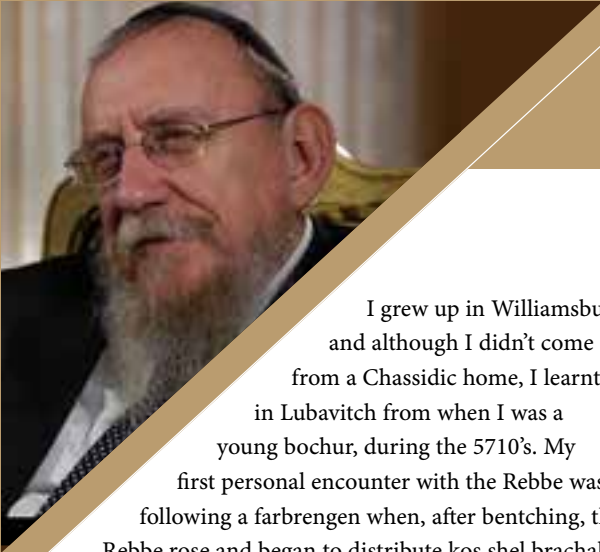
*Rabbi Yisroel Glitzenstein*

*Rabbi Hershel Spalter*

*Rabbi Mendel Kaplan*



מוקדש לזכות  
החתן הרה"ת ר' אליעזר שמחה שיחי' סולומן  
והכלה המהוללה מרת חנה מזל שתחי' פלברמן  
לרגל חתונתם ביום כ"ד סיון תשע"ד



## FULL APPRECIATION

I grew up in Williamsburg and although I didn't come from a Chassidic home, I learnt in Lubavitch from when I was a young bochur, during the 5710's. My first personal encounter with the Rebbe was following a farbrengen when, after bentching, the Rebbe rose and began to distribute kos shel brachah, something which was quite unusual even in those days.

To each person that passed, the Rebbe said a few short words directed to that particular individual. When it came my turn the Rebbe poured some wine into my cup and said a few pointed words that were very personal.

These few words led me to a remarkable realization. From the way the Rebbe had spoken to me and from what he had said, it became clear that he really knew me and truly cared for me, like a father. I don't only mean in the spiritual sense of the word, but also in a simple down-to-earth way. As time went on I came to realize this relationship more and more. It wasn't just with me but with all the bochurim; if we had the smallest of problems or any doubts we immediately wrote it down and sent it in, and the Rebbe answered each of our little questions. It was precisely the Rebbe, and the attention he showed us, that cultivated this kind of bond.

There is one particular episode that stands out in my mind that encapsulates this relationship. In those days the benches of 770 consisted more or less of what the bochurim had managed to build and were therefore not very sturdy. At times during a farbrengen, which in those years took place in the shalash (courtyard) of 770, a couple of benches would collapse. Being a bit of a handyman, I was often approached after the farbrengen by Rabbi Mentlik with a request to repair them.

One time I went down to the shalash with my saw, hammer and nails, removed my hat and jacket and began working.

All of a sudden, as I was standing immersed in my work, the curtain hanging by the entrance of the shalash was pulled aside and the Rebbe was standing there! Needless to say I was terrified. It was freezing outside and as I looked up at the Rebbe, he asked me with a big smile "Why are you not wearing your jacket?"

### Gan Yisroel

In the beginning of 5716 my friend, Reb Yosef Weinbaum, and I decided that we wanted to establish a Jewish summer camp. The reason for this was because there were many public school children who were attending various Jewish camps during the summer and nobody was making sure that they continued their Jewish education in a yeshiva environment. I wrote in to the Rebbe about our idea and the Rebbe answered that until Pesach I shouldn't give it any thought and instead immerse myself in learning.

After Pesach I again wrote in to the Rebbe who answered that we should arrange for someone older to assume the main responsibilities. We recruited Reb Kehos Weiss and after informing the Rebbe, we were called into yechidus. Upon entering, the Rebbe turned to me with a serious expression and asked "Why do we need a camp?" Hearing the question, I felt like I was about to faint. For six months I had envisioned this project and here it seemed as if the Rebbe was saying "what do we even need it for..."

Noticing that I had paled, the Rebbe suggested that we leave the room and reenter when I was feeling better. Outside, in gan eden hatachton, I asked Reb Kehos what I should tell the Rebbe. He wisely suggested that it could be that the Rebbe simply wanted to hear my point of view and my motivation in establishing the camp. We went back in and the Rebbe repeated his previous question to which I replied that the objective was to educate Jewish children in an atmosphere that was twenty four hours Yiddishkeit and that the ultimate goal was to convince them to attend a yeshiva after the summer. The Rebbe agreed to the proposal and on the second day of Shavuos he dedicated a part of the farbrengen to speak about the new camp.

A while before camp was to begin the Rebbe visited the grounds in Ellenville, NY.



THE REBBE ENCOURAGES THE SINGING OF THE CHILDREN DURING A FARBRENGEN IN GAN YISROEL, ON 15 TAMMUZ 5717.



A year later, in 5717, the Rebbe visited the new campsite located in Swan Lake. This time the Rebbe's visit took place while camp was in session and held a farbrengen in the camp shul. Following the farbrengen, the Rebbe turned to me and requested to be shown around the grounds, similar to the year before.

After the Rebbe finished inspecting the campsite, he turned to me and said, "*Ich hob nit forgeshtelt aza min reichum* – I did not imagine such luxury."

I realized something amazing: Here was the Rebbe, leader

of klal yisrael, bearing the responsibilities and worries of the entire Jewish nation, and yet he felt it was important to show appreciation for what we had done.

The Rebbe said of the Frierdiker Rebbe that he never remained a 'baal chov'. The same is true with the Rebbe, even in the sense of showing chassidim, and making them feel his appreciation and pleasure for the peulos they do. As chassidim, it is our duty to do all we can for the Rebbe and the Rebbe does not remain a 'baal chov', as he continues to shower us with the strength to continue in our avodas hakodesh. **D**

PHOTO: JEMMY ENCOUNTER



## Rabbi Yitzchok Meir Gurary 5723-4

### TWO ASTONISHING MAAMORIM

Having the good fortune to grow up in Crown Heights, some of my earliest memories are from 770. As a young child, in the 5700's before the Rebbe's nesius, I had the z'chus of davening at the same table as the Rebbe. After graduating from Bedford and Dean in 5715, my class moved to 770 for a year. It was quite out of the ordinary for such young bochurim to spend a year in 770 but we were compelled to do so because Reb Mordechai Mentlik had moved from Bedford and Dean to the yeshiva in 770, so we followed him there. I subsequently learned in Montreal, and very often I came in for yomim tovim and yoma d'pagra such as Yud Shvat and Yud Tes Kislev.

After five years in Montreal I returned to learn in 770 in the years 5723-24. In my years it was clear to us that the Rebbe was personally involved in every aspect of our life—physical and spiritual. We were always writing to the Rebbe and we received answers to our issues and questions. There is no question that the Rebbe knew each and every bochur on a personal level. Every morning the Rebbe would come into 770 and on the way to his room, he would glance through the door of the zal and scan the faces of the bochurim. The Rebbe knew exactly who was present and who wasn't.

I was certainly very aware of this. On two separate occasions the Rebbe called out my name by farbrengen and told me to say lechaim. On one occasion I had been standing next to a man who had noticed that during the nigunim, between

the sichos, the Rebbe was frequently calling over various chassidim by name, giving them l'chaim and some mezonos. The man turned to me and exclaimed "What must I do to merit such a thing?!" Before I could utter a word, I was stunned to hear the Rebbe call upon me by name and told me to say l'chaim!

The second time was shortly after I had written to the Rebbe on the day after Yom Kippur regarding a certain question I had. The Rebbe answered "I spoke about this upstairs by the seudah last night and I saw you there [in those years on motzaei Yom Kippur the Rebbe would have a special seudah upstairs in the Frierdiker Rebbe's apartment, which chassidim and bochurim attended]."

One of the things that made my time in 770 so special was the fact that Chof Daled Teves, 5723-24, marked 150 years since the histalkus of the Alter Rebbe, famously known as שנת הקיץ. Beginning on Chai Elul 5722, the Rebbe urged the chassidim to make the necessary preparations, which included a chaluka of the entire Tanya, the Alter Rebbe's Shulchan Aruch and an increase in Tzedakah—the latter applying to both men and women.

In 5723 Chof Daled Teves fell out on a Sunday and most chassidim figured that the Rebbe would farbreng on Shabbos (which was anyways Shabbos Mevorchim), as it was highly unusual for a farbrengen to occur on Motzaei Shabbos, besides for Yud Tes Kislev or Yud Shvat. The entire Shabbos farbrengen lasted only two hours and everyone wondered if

this was really all that would transpire in connection with the upcoming auspicious day. Indeed, the Rebbe farbrenged on Motzei Shabbos and Sunday.

A few minutes after Havdalah the news spread that a farbrengen would be taking place at 10:25 that night. Shabbos had ended quite early and there was ample time to call Chassidim from outside the neighborhood.

Upon entering the farbrengen at precisely 10:25, the Rebbe appeared different than usual. The Rebbe remained very serious throughout the farbrengen and seemed very pale, hardly encouraging any of the niggunim. The Rebbe's expression certainly lent the farbrengen an otherworldly atmosphere.

The Rebbe opened with a sicha that lasted only 35 seconds. Then the Rebbe instructed to sing "Avinu Malkeinu" followed by the "Daled Bavos". At 10:30—the exact time of the histalkus of the Alter Rebbe, recorded by the Tzemach Tzedek—the Rebbe began a maamor to the utter surprise of everyone present, lasting only three minutes. The Rebbe basically repeated word for word a maamor of the Alter Rebbe, a practice that continued throughout the following year, as we shall soon see.

The entire farbrengen lasted for about two hours and left its participants in an otherworldly trance.

On Sunday night, the Rebbe held another farbrengen at 11:45. A more detailed description of these farbrengens can be found in *A Chassidisher Derher Expanded Edition, Issue 7 (Shvat 5773)*.

It is interesting to note that in addition to the Rebbe's instructions by the next day's farbrengen to sing all ten niggunim of the Alter Rebbe, the Rebbe also instructed, between both farbrengens, to sing all of the Rebbe's niggunim (the first eight that had been introduced so far).

The events of Shnas Haka'n continued to unfold over the course of the following year. If there is one episode from this special year that stands out in my mind, it would be the following:

It was Motzaei Yom Kippur, 5724. We were privileged to attend the Seudah that was held in the Frierdiker Rebbe's apartment, which the Rebbe took part in. Afterwards we would come downstairs and a small chassidische farbrengen would ensue at which we would make a chazarah on all that the Rebbe had said upstairs during the seudah. That year was no exception: after the seudah ended, we came down and prepared a small farbrengen.

At about 11:00 p.m., the Rebbe suddenly appeared from his room. I was standing near the elevator talking with Reb Osher Zeilingold when the Rebbe brushed by. The Rebbe turned left into the narrow hallway and made a right into the door leading to the "Cheder Sheini." From there, the Rebbe entered into the small Shul.

Present in the shul were close to two minyanim of people, most of who had come from the seudah upstairs.

The Rebbe had a handkerchief ("Tichel") on his left hand—something the Rebbe applied only when saying a Maamor.

The Rebbe sat down on the bench, and drew the tablecloth closer, even though there was leftover herring, mashke and cups strewn across the table cloth.

Then the Rebbe began to say a Maamor Chassidus!

Berke Volf soon peeked inside and when he saw what was happening, he ran into the Mazkirus office to alert Rabbi Chodakov, who, while waiting for the Rebbe to go home, was then talking with Reb Shlomo Madanchik. Madanchik told Rabbi Chodakov that it's "Berke's Maasos," and they shouldn't pay any attention. At some point, Rabbi Chodakov said that one could never know, and they caught the second half of the Maamor.

In the meantime, Reb Sholom Yisroel Chodakov ran to his locker to get his small tape recorder, and so about half of that Maamor is recorded.

The Maamor was a Maamor from the Alter Rebbe, and it certainly had something to do with "Shnas Hakan" and the heavenly happenings of that year. **D**





## MIRACULOUS STEPS

Growing up in Eretz Yisrael, it was every child's fervent wish to be zoche to come to New York and see the Rebbe. As bochurim in yeshiva ketana and later in yeshiva gedolah, we learned the Rebbe's sichos intensively, went on mitvzoim with a shturem and made sure the Rebbe's *michtovim kloliyim* were publicized. Although we were geographically far from 770, our hearts and minds were constantly there.

Nevertheless, nothing could ever replace being in the Rebbe's physical presence. The live audio hookups of the Rebbe's farbrengens, beginning on Yud Shvat, 5730, only intensified our longing to be there ourselves.

It was in 5732 (Shnas Hashivim) that I finally came to 770. I arrived right before Yud Aleph Nissan. The next two and half years were years spent in Gan Eden. The life of a bochur in 770 revolved completely around the Rebbe. Nothing else in the world existed.

As long as the Rebbe was in 770, we never left, even if it meant staying up full nights when the Rebbe would receive people for yechidus. On one occasion the Rebbe had finished receiving people for yechidus in the early hours of the morning and as usual I was standing under the magnet together with a friend, waiting for the Rebbe to go home. The Rebbe emerged from Gan Eden Hatachton and walked out the front door of 770. The door had already closed when the Rebbe suddenly turned, pulled open the door, and favored us with a piercing glance. A moment later the Rebbe was gone. You could well imagine we made every effort to be by seder chassidus the next morning...

On Shabbos, both Friday night and Shabbos day, a couple of us bochurim would accompany the Rebbe home, following behind at a distance. On a Shabbos when there was no farbrengen, the Rebbe would go home at three-thirty. Once, it was pouring heavily outside and when the Rebbe came to the doorway of 770 he looked around and, noticing the rain, he lifted his coat collar and began walking home. On Shabbos the Rebbe customarily walked slower than usual and this time was no different. I followed behind, together with another bochur, and when we came near the Rebbe's house we watched the Rebbe climb the steps from afar. We

saw the Rebbetzin open both of the front doors for the Rebbe. The Rebbe entered and through the glass doors we noticed the Rebbe shaking off the rain in the front hallway. Suddenly the Rebbe and the Rebbetzin both turned and looked at us for a few seconds that seemed to last an eternity. I will never forget that moment...

There's a Simchas Torah evening that remains vivid in my mind until this very day. I had been part of a group of ten bochurim that had gone on Tahalucha. We returned to 770 in middle of the Rebbe's Farbrengen and hastily parted ways, each grabbing their own "place" in 770. We spread out throughout 770 and immediately concentrated our focus on the Rebbe's Sicha. When the sicha ended, 770 resounded with a niggun, and the

Rebbe began saying lechaim. To our surprise the Rebbe motioned to all ten of us consecutively, scanning the entire room until each one of us had said lechaim to the Rebbe!

After Tishrei 5736, I was sent back to Eretz Yisrael to open a Beis Chabad in Eilat. A few months later I became engaged and naturally I decided to spend my last few months as a bochur by the Rebbe. By the Yud Aleph Nissan farbrengen that year I was zoche to present the Rebbe with the key to the city of Eilat.

That year, although Lag B'omer did not fall out on a Sunday, a large parade nonetheless took place in honor of Shnas Hachinuch (see A Chassidisher Derher - expanded edition, Nissan 5773).

Following the parade, us bochurim quickly dismantled the large bima that had been built for the Rebbe, so that when

PHOTO: JEM/THE LIVING ARCHIVE



THE REBBE EXITS 770 WHILE CARRYING A NEWLY PUBLISHED VOLUME OF LIKKUTEI SICHOS.

the Rebbe would leave 770 for the Ohel there would be a proper pathway to walk through. In the process, I received a blow that left a large wound in my right foot. I was temporarily taken care of and soon forgot about it.

A few weeks later on Shavuos, which fell out on Friday and Shabbos, my foot turned red and began to swell. By the time I had returned from Tahalucha I was walking with great difficulty and the next morning I was practically unable to walk at all. The pain was unbearable.

On Motzaei Shavuos, after receiving kos shel bracha, I was sped straight to the hospital and after a cursory check-up I was told that I had a very serious infection which could easily spread to the rest of my body and that I was to remain in the hospital for a week with my foot in an elevated position.

The “slight” problem was that the second day of Shavuos had been my oifruf. I was meant to receive the Rebbe’s siddur from his holy hand the next day and the wedding was to take place in Eretz Yisrael on Thursday...

I told the doctors that I was leaving the hospital. They were furious but, after I signed a form declaring that I was taking full responsibility for my own welfare, I returned to 770.

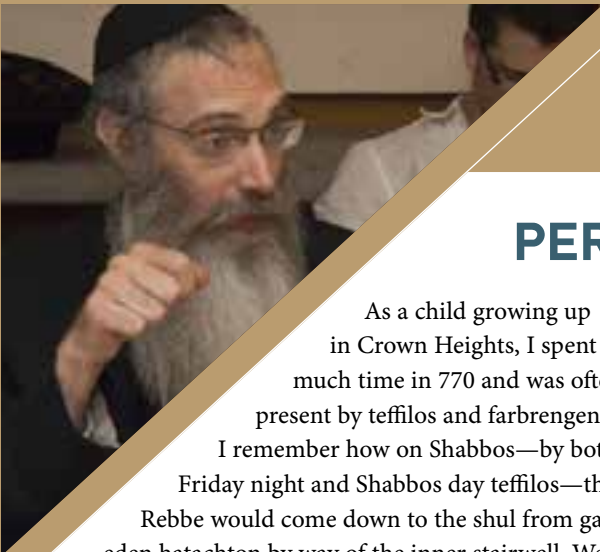
The following night I went into yechidus, barely managing to enter the room on my own two feet. Before even looking at

my tzetel the Rebbe looked at me and asked: “Before leaving the hospital, the doctors had told you to lie with your foot elevated or lowered? Maybe you should not be walking on it altogether...”

I replied that the doctors had advised me to lie with my foot elevated and that I had seen Dr. Seligson who gave me an injection. The Rebbe replied: “Being that we are people who don’t conduct themselves miraculously, everything therefore must be done according to the laws of nature. Go again tomorrow to Dr. Seligson and he will tell you what you must do until your trip and afterwards. It will pass,” the Rebbe concluded with a smile.

The next morning I approached Dr. Seligson and said that the Rebbe had sent me. “The Rebbe sent you” he said, “then your cure is to drink freshly squeezed orange juice and everything will go away.” (It should be noted that medically, there is no connection between a cup of orange juice and a serious foot infection.) He gave me another injection and a letter to show to a doctor in Eretz Yisrael.

That day, when I boarded the plane I was unable to walk but coming off the plane I was able to walk perfectly and all the pain had completely subsided! I hadn’t lain down at all; the infection had simply disappeared by itself. **D**



Rabbi Hershel Spalter  
**5744**

## PERSONAL AND POWERFUL

As a child growing up in Crown Heights, I spent much time in 770 and was often present by tefilos and farbrengens.

I remember how on Shabbos—by both Friday night and Shabbos day tefilos—the Rebbe would come down to the shul from gan eden hatachton by way of the inner stairwell. We would wait on the bottom step and when we noticed the door handle at the top of the staircase turning, we would run into the shul, whereby letting everyone know that the Rebbe would be entering shortly.

During my mesivta years in Oholei Torah, the time my friends and I spent in 770 increased and we really began

to live with the goings-on there. Even our conversations revolved around the Rebbe and the latest news and happenings in 770. Every mincha and maariv in 770 was precious to us. Above all, we longed for the day when we would begin to learn in 770, allowing us to be constantly near the Rebbe.

During my second year of zal in 5739, the hanhala of Oholei Torah decided that it would be worthwhile for me to go learn in Eretz Yisrael. For me, leaving crown heights and the atmosphere of 770 was unthinkable, but the hanhala was adamant and in the end they had the last word.

I left after Pesach and, as Tishrei approached, I became consumed with an urge to be by the Rebbe for the Yomim Noiroim. Before I had left for Eretz Yisrael, my father had





made a condition that I was to stay there for a full year and a half but here I was stuck thousands of miles from 770 with Tishrei a little over a month away and I couldn't imagine not hearing tekios from the Rebbe. After weeks of persistent nagging, my father finally gave in and I had my way.

I spent the years 5741-5742 on shlichus in the yeshiva in Montreal and would often come in for the Rebbe's farbrengen on Shabbos Mevorchim. In addition, for special occasions and yomei d'pagra we would arrange for Ana'sh and baalebatim to travel to New York, often bringing in three or four busloads at a time.

Finally, in 5743, I was zoche to become part of the yeshiva in 770, something that I had been looking forward to my entire life. Being so near the Rebbe on a constant basis had a tremendous effect on me. The lives of the bochurim learning in 770 literally revolved around the Rebbe at all times. Although many of us were not necessarily present by every single yom kriah in the Rebbe's presence and the like, our hearts and minds were nevertheless thinking of the Rebbe.

A most uplifting experience for any bochur in 770 was the Rebbe's farbrengen. The Rebbe's presence entranced our senses. The farbrengens transported us to another place

in time and filled us with a real sense of hiskashrus. Each farbrengen carried us on its wings to the next one, and we looked forward to them with eager anticipation.

There is one moment that stands out in my mind. It was Simchas Torah by night and my brother-in-law, Reb Yitzchok Wolf, told me that if I wanted to see the most beautiful moment of the entire Simchas Torah I should be in shul at ten o'clock the next morning, when the Rebbe enters for shacharis. Of course, the next morning, I waited downstairs for the Rebbe to enter the shul. I noticed that there were less than a hundred chassidim present. This was obviously due to the late start of hakafof the night before, which was always followed by seudas yom tov and a full night of dancing.

When the Rebbe came into the shul, it was completely silent. I was standing in the front row of the shvil, as there was nobody to compete with for place. The Rebbe made his way to the front of the shul and ascended the bima. The Rebbe adjusted his tallis, all the while accompanied by the silence of those gathered. Each of us felt as though he were alone with the Rebbe. Suddenly, the Rebbe then turned around to the handful of chassidim assembled and began to sing his father's Simchas Torah niggun. We all joined in as the Rebbe clapped his hands to the rhythm of the singing. The joy that we felt is indescribable. **D**





## PENETRATING GAZE

I was occasionally present by farbrengens and other goings-on in 770 as a child, however I really began to spend substantial time around there starting from the age of thirteen. At the time my family was living in the Ocean Parkway area and after my Bar Mitzva, I came to Crown Heights to learn in Oholei Torah. I was staying by my grandparents but I regularly spent my evenings in 770.

I vividly recall how, following one of the chuppahs which often took place outside 770, the chosson and kallah entered 770 just as the Rebbe was leaving his room for mincha. Upon seeing them, the Rebbe smiled broadly and wished them mazal tov. I will never forget that smile.

There are another two images that never leave my mind which I would like to share.

The first occurred on Shvi'i shel Pesach 5751 following tahalucha. The general seder in those years was that after most of the olam had returned from tahalucha, they would gather in front of 770. The Rebbe would then come out to receive them and encourage their joyous singing.

I remember that this particular time I had walked very far and therefore returned later than most of the crowd. Somehow I managed to push myself through the dense crowd, climbed over a few heads and found myself practically on the front steps of 770.

The Rebbe appeared, and started to encourage the singing which burst forth from the thousands gathered. After a short while the Rebbe suddenly raised his right hand, bringing the singing to a halt, and began to say a sicha! The sicha lasted for approximately seven minutes. I have no words to describe the scene; the only light in the area was positioned over the door of 770, directly above the Rebbe, who was standing and speaking without a shtender or anything else in front of him.

Those standing more than a few feet away were probably not able to hear the Rebbe's words but to my great fortune I was close enough to make out most of the sicha and afterwards I helped with the chazarah. The Rebbe spoke

about that time being the most appropriate time for the coming of Moshiach, as it was already a full week into Sefiras Haomer, and used various adjectives and terms which still reverberate in my mind: "די גרעסטע צייט", "די חשוב'סטע צייט", "העכסטע צייט", and so on. Being able to see and hear the Rebbe so vividly as he spoke the sicha, I was gripped with an indescribable feeling of certainty that Moshiach was truly coming that very moment.

After the sicha, the Rebbe announced in a loud voice "Gut Yom Tov!" and the chassidim responded in turn with a resounding "Gut Yom Tov!", after which the niggun "V'samachta" was taken up by the crowd, as the Rebbe, with a swing of his holy hand, re-entered 770 and went back to his room. The joy that took hold of everyone present skyrocketed and the dancing outside 770 continued for a long time.

The second scene that passes through my mind time and again took place on the morning of the first day of Sukkos 5752. I had danced an entire night by Simchas Beis Hashoeiva and I decided to wait up to be present at 8:00 when the Rebbe would go out to the Sukkah and bentsh lulav, a scene which I had never witnessed before.

Usually, the Rebbe would come out of 770 bearing the lulav and esrog and enter the small sukka to do na'anuim. After a few minutes, Reb Meir Harlig would bring the lulav and esrog to the back of the large sukka, whereupon the long lines of people waiting anxiously to make a brachah on the Rebbe's daled minim would begin to pass by.

On this morning, the first day of Sukkos 5752, an unprecedented turn of events took place.

There were a total of about fifteen people in front of 770 that morning and I was standing with a few other bochorim on the path leading to the big sukka in the courtyard, watching the Rebbe descend the front steps holding the daled minim, and enter the small sukka.

About ten minutes later, the door to the sukka opened and to our surprise the Rebbe came out holding the lulav and esrog. Something extraordinary was obviously about to happen and a moment later Rabbi Groner appeared. We weren't able to hear what the Rebbe said but we soon found

out that the Rebbe had wanted to know where the olam bentched lulav, saying that he would like to watch the chassidim bentch lulav on the first day of Sukkos. Rabbi Groner pointed towards the back of the courtyard and before we had a chance to digest what was taking place, the Rebbe had stepped onto the pathway on which we were standing, and instead of turning left and re-entering 770, the Rebbe turned right and began walking directly towards us. Gripped with an indescribable fear we turned and fled.

The Rebbe walked through the courtyard towards the designated place in the rear of the large sukka and, after confirming that the table there was where people would be passing through, the Rebbe laid the lulav and esrog down on the table.

The lines started to flow. The word soon spread and crowds of people began streaming towards 770. Every person who passed by found himself standing directly opposite the Rebbe, who was looking at him intently and answering “boruch hu uboruch shmoi” and “Amen”, to the brachos. Some who, out of fear and nervousness confused the brachos or held the esrog up-side down were corrected by the Rebbe.

The Rebbe stood watching each person, one by one, for more than six hours! At 2:30, when the last person had finally gone by, the Rebbe took the daled minim and went back to his room. The Rebbe came into shacharis at 3 PM!

It is impossible for anyone who stood that day in the Rebbe's gaze to forget those few short moments... **D**

PHOTO: JEM/THE LIVING ARCHIVE

