

# SECRET

As told by the Rebbe's mazkir,  
RABBI BINYOMIN KLEIN ע"ה

# Aid

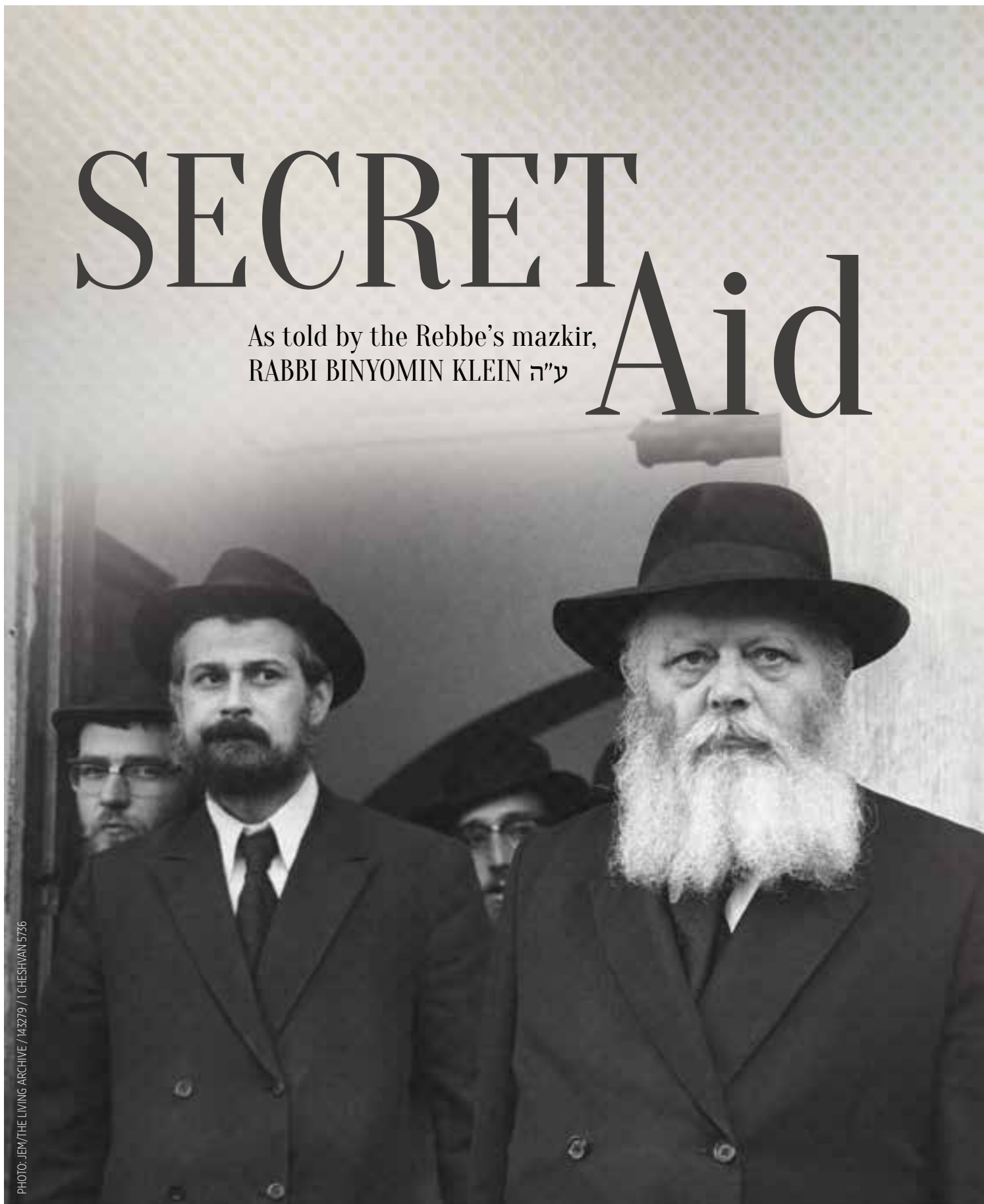


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The Rebbe's work was often so secretive that even those that the Rebbe helped never even knew about it.

I once received a phone call from a Yid asking me to arrange a *yechidus* with the Rebbe. He said there was an urgent, life-altering matter that he had to discuss with the Rebbe.

He added that he was not a Lubavitcher Chossid, but he was told that if he desperately needed a miraculous salvation, the address to turn to was that of the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

Indeed, the following Sunday he was in *yechidus*, and he shared his sorrowful story with the Rebbe: In a distant country he has a brother who was in deep financial strain, and had accumulated immense debt. His brother's business was in foreclosure and he would very likely be imprisoned as a result of his debts.

The Rebbe listened to his story attentively, but did not really respond to it at all.

When the *yechidus* was through, I asked this individual, "Nu? How do you feel now?"

"I feel even more hopeless now," he replied sadly. "I was hoping that the Rebbe would be able to help me, but he barely responded to my story. Instead, he changed the subject and spoke about other things."

I felt very sorry for this Yid, but there wasn't much I could do for him. I tried to lift his spirits to the best of my ability, and he continued on his way.

Every night before the Rebbe left for home, Rabbi Hodakov would go into the Rebbe's room for a while. Even when the Rebbe received people for *yechidus* until the early hours of the morning, Rabbi Hodakov always went in before the Rebbe left. This particular night was no different. When *yechidus* finished at around 3:00 a.m., Rabbi Hodakov entered the Rebbe's room as usual.

That night it was my turn to drive the Rebbe home after *yechidus*, so I waited until Rabbi Hodakov concluded. When he came out he told me, "Binyomin, when you're finished, please come see me again; I have instructions from the Rebbe for you."

After driving the Rebbe home, I returned to 770 where Rabbi Hodakov was waiting for me in the *mazkirus* office.

"I have an important mission for you," he began. "The Rebbe wants us to contact a certain Yid and ask him to assist another Yid who is in dire need of financial help, and is in danger of going to prison. The Rebbe added that, 'I don't know if he has ever seen me in the past.'"

After a bit of research, I located this Yid and passed on the Rebbe's message to him immediately. I was very moved to see how well he accepted the Rebbe's words, despite the fact that he was not a Lubavitcher Chossid and had never seen the Rebbe before.

"If the Rebbe is so concerned that he made sure to reach me in middle of the night," he explained, "I am happy to be of assistance and fulfill his request."

Later on, another message was conveyed to this Yid that the Rebbe would like to receive a report on the progress of this issue.

At 8:00 in the morning I received a phone call from him, asking me to convey to the Rebbe: "The entire issue has been settled to the very last penny."

Imagine the Rebbe's immense *ahavas Yisroel!* The Rebbe's love for every Jew is unconditional. The one who was in *yechidus* and complained to the Rebbe would never even know what the Rebbe had done to help him and his brother.