



New Chassidim

These stories were related by Reb Shem Rokeach. His grandmother, Mrs. Devorah Leah Kleinberg, was a descendant of the Tzemach Tzedek and thus the family was related to the Rebbe and Rebbetzin. Mrs. Kleinberg would speak to the Rebbetzin frequently, and the family's unique connection with the Rebbe and Rebbetzin are the subject of these stories.

One summer, I was standing in front of my home—at that time my grandparents lived with my parents—and a car pulled up. A Lubavitcher got out of the car and asked, “Does Rebbetzin Kleinberg live here?” “Yes,” I replied. Upon hearing this, he gave me a big package and said “This is from the Rebbetzin.”

I brought the package into the house, and told my grandmother that this was from the Rebbetzin. My grandmother opened it, and there was a gorgeous picture of the Rebbe

*‘When are your
grandchildren going
to visit my husband
for a farbrengen?’*

in a gold-and-wooden frame. She called up the Rebbetzin—I was still in the room—and asked “What’s this all about?”

The Rebbetzin answered that she knew my grandmother was a bit depressed, and the Rebbetzin wanted to cheer her up. “Believe me,” the Rebbetzin said, “I went

through 200 photos until I found one that I knew you would enjoy.” And my grandmother did enjoy it. Each night, she would turn to the photo and say, “Good night Rebbe.”

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לזכות
הת' יהושע תנחום שיחי' גייסינסקי
לרגל יום הולדתו החמש עשרה
כ"ט מנחם אב ה'תשפ"ב

נדפס ע"י הוריו
הרה"ת ר' לוי יצחק וזוגתו מרת
יהודית חנה ומשפחתם שיחי'
גייסינסקי



THE PHOTO CHOSEN BY THE REBBETZIN

*'Look how many
people there are.
The Rebbe didn't
smile at you,
specifically; he
smiled at the olam.'*

Another time, when they were talking on the phone, the Rebbetzin asked my grandmother, "When are your grandchildren going to visit my husband for a farbrengen?" So my grandmother called my mother, "Nu, the children have to go to a farbrengen!" and my mother told my father, "Nu! You have to start taking the kids to farbrengens!" Finally, my father listened to my mother, and he took us to the Rebbe's farbrengen.

I was eight years old at the time. When we arrived at 770, they told us to sit right behind the Rebbe, on the left side. The Rebbe said a *maamar*, and then during the *niggun*, many people stood with their glasses of wine to say *l'chaim*. The Rebbe would nod and say *l'chaim velivracha* to each one.

There I was, an eight-year-old child, standing behind the Rebbe, holding up my cup, wanting the Rebbe to say *l'chaim* to me. Then, the Rebbe turned to me, and with a big smile and nod said, "*L'chaim!*"

"Tatty! The Rebbe saw me!" I exclaimed! "The Rebbe smiled at me!" My father replied: "Look how many people there are. The Rebbe didn't smile at you, specifically; he smiled at the *olam*." And of course, I believed my father.

But the next morning, at 8:05 a.m., my grandmother called my mother and said that the Rebbetzin had called, and said that the first thing that the Rebbe said last night upon arriving home from the farbrengen was, "We have two new Chassidim. Our relatives came." **T**