



Do you have a pan to give the Rebbe?

RABBI CHAIM HILLEL MALIK OF
BROOKLYN, NY RELATED THE
FOLLOWING STORY:

I grew up in a family of Kosover Chassidim in Boro Park. The Chassidus of Kosov was all but wiped out by the Nazis, and the remaining Kosover Chassidim joined the court of Vizhnitz, which Kosov was originally an offshoot of.

In the early 5740s*, I was studying in the main Vizhnitzer yeshiva in Bnei Brak. At one point I began learning *maamarim*, and started becoming involved with Chabad Chassidus.

My interest in the Rebbe's teachings grew, and I started to try and get my hands on the Kfar Chabad Magazine, which would include the Rebbe's farbrengens. If I happened across a Likkutei Sichos in a shul, I would quickly sit down and learn a *sicha*.

When I returned to Boro Park in 5746*, I started going to 770 often to daven Mincha with the Rebbe. I remember the first time I walked in and saw the Rebbe.

After this period of following the farbrengens and learning Chassidus, I felt pulled to the Rebbe. I started walking the hour and a half or so to 770 from Boro Park every Shabbos to join the Rebbe's farbrengens. And from then until 5752*, I rarely missed a farbrengen.

In the late 5740s*, I decided to go to the Frieddiker Rebbe's Ohel, together with a friend named Aharon Klein, who was also becoming closer to Chabad. We were completely unfamiliar with the finer points of etiquette surrounding when and how Chassidim did so.

One day when we were at the Ohel, two people suddenly came in and started setting up the booth in which the Rebbe would stand when visiting the Ohel. As they set up the booth, running a generator and turning on lights, they summarily told us that the Rebbe would soon be here, and we were expected to leave.

We were quite taken aback by the whole scene,

לזכות
 הרה"ת ר' שלום דובער וזוגתו מרת
 טויבא ובתם חי' מושקא שיחיו ווייס
 להצלחה רבה בנסיעתם בשליחות כ"ק
 אדמו"ר לבלגרביה, אנגליה
 נדפס ע"י הוריהם
 הרה"ת ר' יהודה בנימין וזוגתו מרת חנה
 ומשפחתם שיחיו
 ווייס
 הרה"ת ר' משה וזוגתו מרת חנה
 ומשפחתם שיחיו ווילאנסקי



and we stood outside the Ohel in the area between the resting places of Rebbetzin Chana and Rebbetzin Chaya Mushka. We hadn't even had a chance to put our *panim* in the Ohel, so there we stood with our *panim*.

The Rebbe's car stopped in the roadway adjacent to the Ohel. Rabbi Krinsky got out and opened the Rebbe's door, and the Rebbe stepped out of the car, holding a brown bag of *panim*, his holy lips moving — though we could not know what the Rebbe was saying.

The Rebbe glanced at us for a moment, and the Rebbe put out his hand, signaling us to bring our *panim*. The Rebbe took them and brought them into the Ohel.

Several months later, we were at the Ohel again, and again we didn't know that the Rebbe would be there — we had just visited on our own. My friend had already torn up his *pan*, and suddenly, once again the same two people came hustling in, began setting up, and told us that the Rebbe was coming and we should go out. They

apparently thought that these two *bochurim* knew that the Rebbe was coming and were waiting to give the Rebbe their *panim*, and so they were very clear with us.

We left the Ohel, and stood on the side to watch the Rebbe come again. This time we stood a bit farther back, and one of the individuals stood in front of us, making sure to block us.

Once again the Rebbe stepped out of the car, and lifted his holy eyes for a split second. Then the Rebbe went into the Ohel. The moment the Rebbe entered the Ohel, Rabbi Krinsky ran out of the room and made a beeline straight to me. "Do you have a *pan* to give the Rebbe," he asked." I gave him my *pan* and then he asked whether anyone else had a *pan* to give. "I already put mine in the Ohel," my friend replied.

The Rebbe knew what his Chossid needed, come what may. ❶