CHRISTMAS came early Wednesday night with the opening of the Delancey Street restaurant, staffed by Delancey Street residents. These are people, president Mimi Silbert said, “who have hit bottom: substance abusers, ex-felons, whatever.” Delancey Street gives them a chance to rebuild their lives by living and working together. To launch the restaurant, Mimi wanted to give a benefit. “I had no idea what would happen.” What happened was like Christmas.

Angela Coppola, Maria Manetti Farrow and Denise Hale were among the people who took charge a month ago, and the benefit was a huge ($75,000) success. There has never been a more exuberant hostess than Mimi, who greeted everyone. She was thrilled when Bank of America CEO Dick Rosenberg appeared, telling everyone around her, “He’s my savior. He’s my banker.” During the party, Skip Friend told Maria, “This is it.” Maria wasn’t sure what he meant but she thinks it was good.

Christmas didn’t end Wednesday night. Mimi said, “The phone has been constantly ringing with people giving us more money.” One woman insisted on paying for her table — again — because she was so impressed by the Delancey Street residents, including four women Denise had coached (Tiffany’s book on manners, dresses from I. Magnin, hair by Mr. Lee) who were seated at different tables just to show everyone that the Delancey people are just people. Mimi said with a laugh, “Denise was incredible. She loaned us the candles from her anniversary party, and she even took me to Lee for my hair. She worked so hard.”

Denise and husband Prentis gave a small dinner at Stars Tuesday for the fantastic shoe designer Claudio Merazzi of Milan, then she dashed to Delancey Street to work on the decor and other party arrangements with Angela and Maria until 3 a.m. Wednesday.

The restaurant is open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Mimi, who loves tea, said, “Lunch and dinner — and afternoon tea.” The Delancey Street triangle is a handsome addition to the Embarcadero. Mimi said, “We have lots of people who ring the bell and want to know if they can rent an apartment. I tell them only if they’re in serious trouble or a substance abuser. One young guy brightened up when he heard that and said, ‘I smoked dope in college. Does that count?’ “