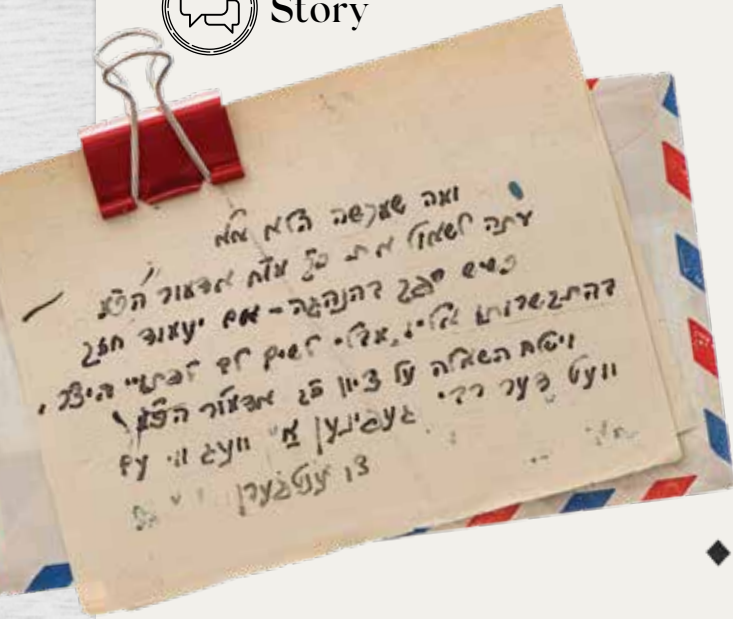




Story



מוקדש לחיזוק ההתקשרות  
 לכ"ק אדמו"ר

נדפס ע"י ולזכות  
 הרה"ת ר' אלחנן משה  
 וזוגתו מרת חנה זלאטא  
 ומשפחתם שיחיו  
 טענענבוים

להצלחה רבה ומופלגה בשליחותם הק'  
 בנאפה וואלי, קאליפורניא

# דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

WRITTEN BY: RABBI LEVI GREENBERG

# I Am A Living Miracle



AS TOLD BY  
**GREG DAVIS**  
 (Scottsdale, AZ)

One evening in May of 2021, while driving home from work at my law firm, I stopped to buy gas. While standing at the gas pump, I suddenly felt an extreme and unfamiliar pain shoot down the right side of my body. It was so disturbing that I immediately drove to the nearest hospital. The ER doctor ordered a CT scan and, after my wife joined me, delivered the terrifying results to us: I had stage 4 multiple organ metastatic cancer. There were tumors in my liver, lungs, abdominal wall, rib cage, and hip.

Thus began a harrowing medical journey for myself and

my family. The first oncologist I consulted confirmed it was a very aggressive cancer and referred me to the Mayo Clinic where the top oncologist told me I had two options: Chemotherapy was a possibility, but 85% of such patients do not even respond to the chemo. My other alternative was to enjoy whatever time I had left - approximately four to six months.

Another expert we consulted agreed with the first doctor's prognosis but suggested we should treat it aggressively for as many years as it took. My wife liked his attitude and

encouraged me to try the treatment, which made me feel so horrible I needed to take pills to deal with the side effects. Eventually, the tests revealed the tumors were shrinking, so at least we knew I was in the 15% of patients who responded to the chemo, but the future was still very uncertain.

Immediately after being diagnosed, I stopped working and transferred all my clients to the other attorneys in my firm. My wife handled the firm's closure. We put our home up for sale and sold my valuable pinball machine collection, so my wife would not need to deal with it. I was getting ready for what the doctors said was inevitable.

One day in July, Larry, a friend and client, called me and said his daughter had stage 4 cancer and he wanted to fly together with me and Rabbi Mendy Lipskier (from Chabad of Fountain Hills, AZ) to pray at the graveside of a rabbi in New York. I was flabbergasted at the idea and categorically rejected his offer. I was not raised Orthodox and had no context to understand what he was even suggesting.

"Just come have lunch with us," Larry insisted, and I agreed.

Over lunch, Rabbi Lipskier introduced me to the idea of the Rebbe and the concept of praying at the graveside of such a holy person to ask G-d for a miracle. Despite myself, I laughed and told him I thought it was a ridiculous idea. Firstly, I was in the middle of chemotherapy and did not feel up to making the trip. My main resistance to the idea was the fact that I considered myself an atheist and do not believe in miracles, let alone the idea that someone who had already passed away could somehow help me. "I would be committing fraud," I protested.

"I don't think we believe differently," Rabbi Lipskier replied. "We just use different words to describe our beliefs." We continued speaking about it for a while, and he simply insisted I would not be committing fraud by joining him and Larry on the trip. "At the very least, how could it possibly hurt?" he said.

I had to admit that praying at the Ohel could not hurt, and when I mentioned the meeting to my wife she emphatically said, "Go! It certainly can't hurt!"

In preparation for the trip I was advised to write a letter to be placed at the Ohel and my wife, two children and a non-Jewish friend named Pierre wrote letters, as

well. In my letter, I asked for a miracle but included the fact that I already felt like I had experienced a miracle. I saw the world and life differently and was in a place of acceptance and gratitude for every day. I had let go of my attachment to material things, and all I asked for was time.

The three of us took a red-eye flight from Phoenix to JFK and drove straight to the Ohel early in the morning. Rabbi Lipskier explained that when asking the Rebbe to intercede on your behalf it is appropriate to commit to adding in Mitzvot and I committed to mounting a Mezuzah on the door of my home. He helped me wrap Tefillin and after watching him pray the morning services, we were ready.

As we entered the antechamber of the Ohel, Rabbi Lipskier handed me a prayerbook, showed me the paragraphs I should read while standing in front of the Rebbe, and then told me to tear up all the letters I had with me and place them there. We spent a few more minutes there and, although I still felt a certain strangeness, it was a spiritually uplifting experience.

We drove to Crown Heights where Rabbi Lipskier's mother hosted us for a delicious lunch, took a tour of 770 and other neighborhood attractions, including the Mitzvah Tank, and purchased a Mezuzah for my home. After resting up a bit and grabbing dinner, it was time to head to the airport to catch our return flight home.

For a while after I returned home, I felt physically terrible. By then I had finished chemotherapy and started a new treatment called immunotherapy which made me feel even worse. The next six weeks were a real rollercoaster of ups and downs, culminating in waking up one morning unable to turn over or lift my hands above my head. We rushed to MD Anderson and took a bunch of tests. That night I lost my ability to breathe, and when the ambulance brought me to the hospital, I begged them to intubate me because I was suffering so badly from air hunger.

I was in the ICU for over two weeks, was diagnosed with Myasthenia Gravis, which was a result of the immunotherapy, not cancer, and was eventually released to a rehab center. My wife insisted I could be brought back to baseline, but the doctors would just say "We'll get you to as close as possible." I was miserable and did not want to continue living.

Thankfully I have many friends and acquaintances



who worried for me and, after receiving non-stop phone calls, my wife started posting my condition on a website called caringbridge.com so that anyone interested in my situation could read it there. One day a friend who is a judge called my wife and shared that she suffered from the same illness and recommended we consult with her doctor, a neuromuscular specialist “who is a genius.”

By now it was close to the end of November, and the doctor recommended I continue with the treatments I was doing and explained that if the drug was wreaking such havoc on my body, it must be doing the same to the cancer. I kept at it and felt terrible, but by now I decided I wanted to be better and live my best life.

After some time I was back to baseline and was feeling much better; we started traveling to all the destinations on my bucket list which included a trip to Israel. Rabbi Lipskier requested that when I went to the Kotel I should send regards to his friend Shmuly standing at the Tefillin booth there. I did, and Shmuly helped me wrap Tefillin at the Kotel.

In February my oncologist recommended I take two PET scans, the most sensitive tests available, to determine what was going on with the cancer and to tailor the treatment accordingly.

The first scan was to determine whether there were any slow-growing tumors in my body. On the way back from the hospital after taking the first test, we stopped for

lunch and while we were eating my phone buzzed. It was a text message with the results of the test. NO EVIDENCE.

While I was grateful for this, I already knew this was not my problem, since the tumors discovered in May were fast-growing ones and the next day’s test was meant to determine whether there were any fast-growing tumors still in my body.

After taking the second test the next day, we went to the same place for lunch and at almost the same time as the day before my phone buzzed and I froze. This was it.

I opened the message and was shocked and elated to read the words NO EVIDENCE!

Three different oncologists had told me remission was not possible with this type of cancer, and now I was given a clean bill of health! Multiple doctors confirmed to me that I was cured of the cancer. The only plausible explanation for this is a miracle from G-d as a result of my trip to the Ohel with Rabbi Lipskier.

## YOUR STORY

Share your story with A Chassidisher Derher by emailing [stories@derher.org](mailto:stories@derher.org).

