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לרגל האפשרעניש' שלו
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טייכטל

דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

The Special Treatment

AS TOLD BY RABBI CHAIM MENTZ (BEL-AIR, CA)

In the summer of 5779* my elderly mother was diagnosed with *yeneh machlah* in her kidneys. Her condition was further complicated by the fact that she had very weak kidneys for quite some time which made any type of treatment fraught with even more danger and less chance for success. As could be expected, the doctors prescribed chemotherapy treatments for her new illness but she rejected it outright. At her advanced age she refused to consider undergoing treatments that would drain her of all her remaining strength when the chances for recovery were so small.

“Ma, you can’t just give up like that,” I said to her and immediately wrote a letter to the Rebbe asking for a *bracha veitza* for my mother.

Determined to find an alternative treatment, my mother started researching online and after a few days discovered that one of the most prestigious specialists in the specific field of her illness had an office in her town in Florida! This was our first sign of the Rebbe’s *brachos* coming to fruition.

The receptionist notified her that the doctor was semi-retired, mostly focused on research, and was not accepting

any new patients. My mother asked for the doctor’s email address and sent him the details of her diagnosis and her x-rays. To our amazement, the doctor’s office reached out to her less than a day later to arrange an appointment with the doctor the following week. I flew to Florida from California to accompany my mother to this appointment.

The doctor reviewed all of her scans, ran some of his own tests and spent considerable time speaking with us about her condition. Finally he made his recommendations.

“You have three options. The first and most standard option is chemotherapy, which you already ruled out. There is another ‘star wars’ type of treatment that will be less straining but will destroy your weak kidneys, so that’s not a great idea. The final option I can offer is an experimental treatment I am working on in the lab with a team of researchers. It’s a new pill that has not yet been approved by the FDA.”

“What are the chances for success?” I asked.

“We experimented on 17 patients thus far. For nine of them the pill only stopped the tumor from growing and for eight of them it caused the tumor to shrink slightly.”

“Ma, you’re number *Chai!*” I said. “You got to give this a chance!”

After some thought she agreed and the doctor indicated that treatments could begin immediately, but there was one complication. Since the pill was still an experiment, no health insurance would cover the treatment and the out-of-pocket cost was \$250,000 per year! Needless to say, we walked out of the office after politely turning down the offer of being the eighteenth patient to experiment with the pill.

I could not accept the fact that we had succeeded in coming so far along, to find a specialist so close by who accepted my mother’s case despite all odds, only to be deterred by financial concerns. So I wrote another letter to the Rebbe reporting on this situation and asking for a sign of how to proceed with my mother’s health.

Two weeks later the specialist reached out to my mother and offered to give her the pills free of charge for life, provided that she would follow his instructions precisely! Since her case was so unique, she was the perfect candidate for their trial. Once again we were overwhelmed with gratitude to Hashem in seeing the fruition of the Rebbe’s *brachos* lead us in the right direction.

My mother started taking the pill in accordance with the doctor’s instructions and every three months would take another x-ray and meet with the doctor to gauge her progress. I accompanied her to all these appointments and for many months the scans indicated that the tumor had stopped growing but was not shrinking. We were cautiously satisfied with this result for the meantime.

In order to appreciate the next part of the story I need to introduce you to Mr. Jerry Weiner. He and his wife were from the earliest supporters of Chabad in Bel-Air and we have been very close for nearly 40 years. In 5750* Jerry experienced a terrible health incident due to tremendous stress he had from his business. He recovered from it through a *bracha* from the Rebbe, and in the summer of 5751* we came together to the Rebbe one Sunday for dollars.

Throughout Jerry’s illness I wrote to the Rebbe using his Hebrew name and mother’s name and never wrote his last name in the letters. When we approached the Rebbe I introduced him as Jerry Weiner who started wearing tefillin five years earlier, and he requested a *bracha* for an important business deal he was currently working on.

The Rebbe gave him an extra dollar and said “You should do so with a happy mind.” With clear *ruach*

hakodesh the Rebbe had referenced his recent health issues due to stress, and instructed him to stop getting stressed from his business.

Fast forward to the summer of 5780*, I was searching through JEM’s online archive of videos from dollars and I discovered the video of the Weiners’ visit to the Rebbe on 3 Av 5751*. After seeing Jerry and his son receive dollars from the Rebbe I was reminded of the fact that my mother had joined us that specific day for dollars. She notified the Rebbe that my brother Yossi just had a baby and then asked for a *bracha* that her upcoming major surgery should be successful.

The Rebbe handed her a second dollar and said: “May G-d A-lmighty bless you that the surgery should be in a good way and in a healthy way. And have a long and healthy life with your husband and all the children.”

Then the Rebbe handed her another dollar and said: “This is for the special treatment... special success in the treatment. May G-d A-lmighty bless you.”

As soon as I saw this I called my mother and asked her if she had to undergo special treatments following her surgery in the summer of 5751*.

“Nothing at all,” she said. “I just needed bed rest.”

Flabbergasted I sent her the clip and when she saw it she too was stunned. “Wow! Apparently the Rebbe was referring to the special treatment I am undergoing now 30 years later!”

We found the video in the summer of 5780*. Fast forward to Shevat of 5782* and as my mother and I were seated in the doctor’s office to hear the results of the latest scan - to our tremendous joy and gratitude to Hashem - the doctor notified us that the *yeneh machla* had shrunk over 25 percent!

The Rebbe’s *bracha* we forgot about over 30 years earlier had materialized in front of our eyes!

Three months later, on Rosh Chodesh Iyar my mother passed away painlessly and peacefully. According to the doctors her passing was natural, unconnected with the *yeneh machla* or any other illnesses. We are so grateful to Hashem for the gift of having her with us for those two years. ①

YOUR STORY

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