



דער רבי וועט געפינען א וועג...

זכות
דוד בן שיינא לרגל יום
הולדתו, לשנת הצלחה בכל
מכל מכל כל, אמן, והצלחה
מרובה בעבודת השליחות

Same Scan, Opposite Conclusions

AS TOLD BY ASAF EREZ (WASILLA, AK)

In 5740*, when I was 15 years old, my father was appointed to be the security manager for El Al cargo at JFK airport. Our family moved from Israel to Long Island for my father's new job and that's how I came to spend my teenage years in America.

We were an Orthodox family but had no meaningful connection with Chabad at the time. Rabbi Kuti Rapp, the shliach to JFK airport, was very active with all the El Al employees. He invited my father to come to the Rebbe's farbrengen and naturally I tagged along. We were seated together with other dignitaries and had the opportunity to see the Rebbe, say *l'chaim* to him, and hear the simultaneous Hebrew translations of the *sichos* through the devices available at the weekday farbrengens.

After that first farbrengen we participated in many more,

which gave us many opportunities to see the Rebbe. By the end of my father's three year appointment we had grown very close to Chabad and my father even started growing a beard. We returned to Israel in 5743*.

Five years later, after concluding my military service I returned to New York and Rabbi Rapp arranged for me to stay at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva dormitory at 1414 President Street until I found other lodgings. It was around Chanukah time of 5749* and every morning Rabbi Rapp took me with him to the Rebbe's home for Shacharis. For several weeks I had the merit to see and hear the Rebbe lead the *tefillos* and those memories are seared in my soul forever.

Since then Chabad has been an important part of my life and I have maintained strong connections and relationships with many shlichim over the years. When the Ohel app was

*☎ 5740-1980, 5743-1983, 5749-1988

developed, I downloaded it and started writing letters to the Rebbe that way on behalf of myself and others.

During the month of Iyar 5782* I was driving in Wasilla, Alaska, where I now live, and another driver ran a red light and smashed into my car. I was taken to the hospital with six broken ribs and a lacerated spleen, and after four painful days was discharged home.

A few days later, on Monday 29 Iyar, I started experiencing unbearable pain in my lower back and immediately returned to the hospital. While I was still in the emergency room, one of the surgeons approached me with some grim news. “Unfortunately, it appears from the CT scan that your spleen is still bleeding.”

“Are you sure?” I asked him. “When they discharged me last week I was told it was not bleeding any more.” He explained that the spleen is very sensitive and any sudden movement could have caused it to reopen. This would explain the nature of my back pain which he assured me had nothing to do with my broken ribs. As a result it was imperative for me to undergo an emergency procedure to cauterize it in order to stop the bleeding. If the bleeding was not stopped properly they would need to remove my spleen and some serious complications could follow. The other surgeon and the night shift radiologist both agreed with the first surgeon’s diagnosis and I was scheduled to have the operation the next morning.

Although my situation was not life threatening at the moment I was not too happy with the news I had just received. Suddenly I received a call from a good friend of mine, Rabbi Avrohom Moshe Dyce, shliach in Gresham, Oregon. He had heard about my injuries and called to see how I was doing. I shared with him the latest unfortunate developments and he suggested I write a letter to the Rebbe right away. In all the chaos surrounding my accident and my injuries I had completely forgotten about the app on my phone and decided to do so right away.

In the meantime issues came up throughout the night and it was very early in the morning when I finally composed a letter to the Rebbe from my hospital bed describing the accident, my injuries, and the fact that I was scheduled to undergo an urgent procedure to save my spleen. I concluded with a request for a *bracha* that Hashem grant me a complete and speedy recovery.

A few hours later the morning shift surgeon who had handled my care two weeks earlier right after the accident came into my room and said he was puzzled



RABBI YEKUSIEL RAPP DELIVERING MISHLOACH MANOS TO THE EL AL OFFICES AT JFK AIRPORT IN 5743*.

with the diagnosis the night shift doctors had given me.

“Your spleen is not bleeding,” the surgeon told me. “The scan only showed some signs of the bleeding due to the laceration you experienced during the car accident two weeks ago, but there is nothing wrong with it now.”

“Are you sure?!” I asked in disbelief. “Two surgeons and a radiologist said I needed this procedure immediately. All three of them were wrong?!”

“I don’t know what to tell you,” he responded. “I just reviewed this scan together with the other surgeon as well as with the radiologist in the morning shift and all three of us see no reason to operate. Your spleen is fine.”

Nonetheless he scheduled me to have a procedure done in Anchorage a week later just to be absolutely sure, but he was emphatic that there was nothing wrong with it. Regarding the back pain he explained at great length that it was due to the broken ribs for which he prescribed some pain killers and promptly discharged me from the hospital.

While it seems so mysterious that two teams of doctors reviewing the same CT scan would arrive at completely opposite conclusions, I know what caused the changed diagnosis. 📌

YOUR STORY

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