

Manhattan dad reunites with Good Samaritan doctor who saved his life more than 20 years ago

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Julia Karthaus/News
Dr. Barry Weintraub (l.) reunites with Danny Lang years after the doctor saved Lang's life in 1988.

Throwing a ball around with his kids, **Danny Lang** feels like the luckiest dad in the world.

As **Father's Day** approaches, the 42-year-old electrical foreman has a special reason to treasure every moment with his sons.

Without the actions of a stranger, he would not have lived to get married and start a family.

"I thank God every day that I am here," says Lang, fighting back tears as he recalls the day he nearly died. "I came so close to missing out on all the love which surrounds me."

This realization motivated him to reconnect with plastic surgeon **Dr. Barry Weintraub**, 59, the Good Samaritan who saved his life as he lay bleeding in a **Manhattan** street.

Weintraub, who was passing by, rushed to Lang's aid after a section of glass he was carrying shattered and severed one of the main arteries in his arm.

The men shared their reunion - remarkably, the first time they've seen each other since the December 1988 accident - with the Daily News.

"I'd rehearsed what I wanted to say, but now I can't find the words," says Lang, who bear-hugged Weintraub after they shook hands.

"All I can say is thank you. You are responsible for everything I have today."

It was a crisp winter afternoon 23 years ago when Weintraub was strolling along Madison Ave. near his former practice on E. 69th St.

Lang, then 19 and a college student, had been helping his uncle, a glazier, replace a picture window and was about to load the unwanted one into a truck.

He wasn't holding it correctly. The glass flexed and broke.

Seconds later, Weintraub was on the scene.



Richard Harbus for News
Danny Lang with his children, Daniel, 6, and Dylan, 4, and his wife, Jennifer, at their Tuckahoe home.

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He explains how the pane of glass shattered, almost in slow motion, as he transported it out of an apartment block and on to the sidewalk.

"I looked down at my legs and thought: 'Wow, it missed me!' but then I saw my right forearm. Blood was gushing out with every beat of my heart."

He recalls every moment that Weintraub was crouched down next to him, reassuring him that help was on its way.

"It was the '80s, at the height of the AIDS scare, and most people would have run in the opposite direction because of all that blood," he says. "But he didn't hesitate."

Playing down his heroism, Weintraub, who completed general medical training before specializing in plastic surgery, says any doctor would have done the same.

"It's not like you think about it, you just do it," he insists. "It's like flies going to fly paper."

"You spring into another mental place."

Soon after he arrived in the ER, Lang was rushed to the operating theater for emergency surgery. He later had a series of skin grafts, taken from his thigh, to camouflage the deep cuts on his arm.

"I still have scars and nerve damage, but I don't mind them at all," he shrugs. "I've got my life so they don't matter."

An otherwise strong and healthy young man, Lang made a swift recovery. He finished college and pursued a career as an electrician.

He often thought of Weintraub, particularly during milestones like his 2002 wedding to wife, Jennifer, and the births of their sons, Daniel, 6, and 4-year-old Dylan.

This year, however, following the premature deaths of his beloved uncle Maurice, 65, and mom, Elizabeth, 62, Lang became consumed with the desire to track him down.

"It's been a rough time for me and I guess it got me thinking more about the past and the future," says the [Tuckahoe](#) resident.

After tracing Weintraub to his midtown plastic surgery clinic, Lang is relieved that he finally got to express his gratitude.

"I owe you everything that I have in my life," he tells Weintraub, his voice cracking with emotion.

And, as he anticipates Fathers' Day - a celebration he might never have experienced - Lang says he feels blessed.

"I look at my beautiful boys and thank God," he says. "God ... and Dr. Weintraub."