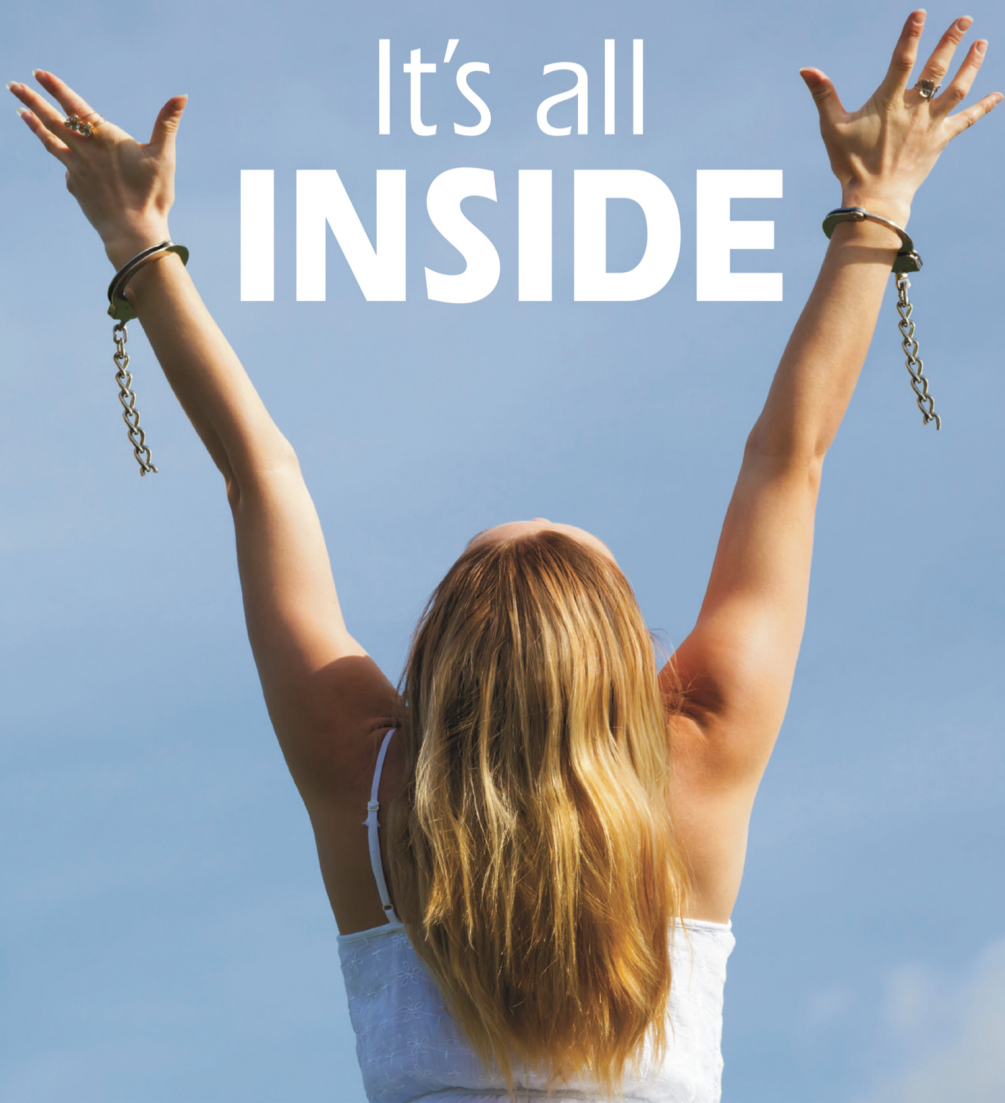


CANCER FREE

It's all
INSIDE



KATH ROCHFORD

Universal Conspiracies.

CANCER FREE

It's all INSIDE.

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The information given in this book is presented for interests sake and each reader needs to take responsibility for their own health care regime independently of any information in this book.

This book was written to share how I built my health, not how I cured anything.

Some peoples names have been changed or omitted to protect their privacy.

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Cancer Free

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‘A wise person once told me, ‘If you really listen to someone else’s story, you’ll never be the same again’

I share in this book, the methodology I used to regain my health, along with an explanation of my guiding principle in this life:

“Learning and growing is our true purpose; sharing our experiences with others so that they may learn and grow also, is our true value”.

Six months, from medical diagnosis to medical confirmation of major positive change, have been condensed into this short, easy to read book. I have included blocks of research that convinced me that improving my health and immune system, as opposed to “fighting” the disease, would be the better road to take.

It is not designed to be a diary of my life and recovery, but an understanding of the circumstances that can lead to cancer and other illness, and the changes I made to all aspects of my life (mind, body, spirit) in order to return to health.

'The true constant in life is change'.

My heart was still racing at 500 miles an hour as I sat 4 metres off the ground, balanced on a branch, and peering toward the house through a the leafy crown of the tree I had sought refuge in. I rang the police and told them the situation and they had asked

'How intoxicated is your husband, ma'am?'

'Very.' I answered. They asked if there were children in the house.

'Yes, three girls,' I told them. They asked if there were firearms in the house.

'Yes, several.' I answered.

'Well, we have to inform you that if we were to attend this situation, we will send the armed TRG squad. You need to understand that.'

I asked if the girls would be safe if they did that and their reply was:

'We really can't tell in this situation, Ma'am. Is it possible that you could wait until your husband falls asleep then just leave with the children?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I can't risk the girls being hurt.'

It was about 4am now and all the house lights were on and I could see him clearly moving around inside the house. Won't be too much longer, I thought, he was pretty drunk and he'll go and crash out soon. I prayed quietly that the girls wouldn't wake up wanting something. I had my mobile in my pocket and a

scrambled plan in my mind. I dialled my brothers number. He lived about a 7 hour flight away at the other end of the country. I wasn't quite sure what I was going to do yet, but I really needed to hear a reassuring voice right now.

It seemed to take forever for him to answer and when he did, I burst into tears. 'He's done it again, really bad this time. I've got to get out of here!' My brother had told me many times to just pack up and go. 'If I get you booked on a flight, will you get on it?' He asked. 'Yes, yes I will. I need to get the girls out of here.' 'Good, I'll see what I can do and I'll call you back shortly. Stay calm, I won't be long.'

My senses still focused on movement up at the house, the phone sounded like a siren when he called back a few minutes later to tell me he had booked a flight for myself and the girls for 1am tomorrow, the 24th October 2001. This was good. I needed to work out what to do next. From my perch in the tree I watched my husband stumble across the lounge room toward the stairs, then a couple minutes later the bedroom light came on and then after a short time, blinked off again.

This was the dawning of my last day here. The last day of a violent marriage. The end of our little family.

My husband and I along with two other businessmen, opened our own business in August 1986. An exciting time when everything was possible if you just set your mind to it. After 15 years of triumphs and terror, joy and sadness, love and hate, it was all over.

We stepped off the plane at the airport at 7.30am on October 24, 2001. My brother collected us and it was a very emotional ride as we headed towards my old home town to start our lives over. The girls were 10, 8 and 7 and I was 36.

The next few weeks were spent staying at my brothers house, organising the girls - school, clothes, (we had left with nothing), and our house that we would soon move into; most of our essentials were found at garage sales, second hand shops and unused stuff from my loving parents. It seemed just a blink and we were having our first Christmas in our new home. In our new life. We threw ourselves into it with a vengeance.

Our house was on an acreage and we began filling it with animals. There was plenty of good feed on the place, so we purchased young store sheep at about \$2.00 a head to fatten for meat, chickens, geese, and ducklings for the same and uncovered the veggie garden where the past tenants had been growing broad beans, onions and potatoes. A bonanza for us and helped immensely at the beginning. The lawns had been left so long we had to ask our neighbour to bring his tractor and slasher over to clean it up.

Blackberry vines were in abundance forming a prickly barrier around the house yard fence. With Dads help, (as well as his chainsaw, whipper snipper, steel cable and many dedicated hours work), we made it look like a habitable yard again.

My middle daughter had been having horse riding lessons in Darwin for some months, so at the first

opportunity, I went and saw Rex Gardam at Coomalie Stud and picked out a pretty unbroken paint shetland mare for her 9th birthday. Many equines of all shapes, colours and sizes came and went over the next couple of years as all three girls discovered the joy of horses. The girls found themselves challenged, exhilarated, angry, forgiven, injured and loved; What wonderful therapy those amazing animals were.

One of the biggest challenges in the early days was employment. I had been self employed for 15 years, had no references and had a limited choice of employment options in the industry in our area. What to do. If I had a choice, I desperately wanted my new career to involve working with animals.

Several times in the past while I was waiting for lessons to finish, I had watched a lady in Darwin who used to come to the riding school and work on the horses using Bowen Therapy; what she did was amazing. It was nothing like the basic massage skills I had learned, but the results were obvious. I decided, if I was going to retrain and do something different, it was going to be something I really liked. I made countless phone calls to riding schools and then to therapists who treat humans to find out how you learn this modality on horses but nobody could tell me. On the verge of giving the whole idea up, the last person I called, a lady named Jennifer Lowry in Hobart. Jennifer said she didn't know either but she was holding an introductory level 1 course for human practitioners the very next weekend.

'Why don't you come and join us?' She asked. I explained that I had no desire to work on people, just

horses, but she was insistent it would give me the basic feel of the technique and I could go on from there.

The next Friday night saw me dropping the girls off at my sister's, packing my bags and I drove off at 3.30am, into the future and to the human Bowen Therapy course in Hobart.

What an enlightening weekend. Many times on the trip down I had actually stopped to turn around and go home. I believed I would never be able to do this sort of work on people. I still wasn't really convinced I could do it on horses. After two days of Jenny's patient and encouraging instruction, even I could see and feel changes happening in the bodies of my classmates. Coming from a 'gas and hammer' workshop background, I was stunned that something so gentle and subtle could bring about such remarkable changes.

I had a month before the next level to think about whether or not I wanted to continue. The arrival of a computer and the internet gave me more opportunities to research equine bodywork but most of the courses were way out of my price range. Even the local certified massage courses. I found a website for Equine Bowen Therapy (EMRT) which was just what I was looking for but they didn't return my calls or emails. I practised what I had learned in the human course on anyone who would let me, and on our ponies as well....To my surprise the ponies responded as well as the people! I had to go back and learn some more.

The course would be one module a month finishing in November. After that we were to do an assessment

module with a senior Bowen Therapy instructor after which, if we passed, we would be qualified therapists.

Arriving at the second module, I was surprised to find there were quite a few students missing from the original group. Not a big problem in itself....a smaller group was fine. The uncomfortable bit was nearly all the others were male. I wondered how I was going to handle that. Men weren't my favourite creatures and to be able to work on each other....

Turns out I had not much to stress about. They were pretty decent blokes; well spoken, caring types, dedicated to learning the therapy and much softer than those I had worked with for much of my life. No issue or suggestion was ever made about the male/female ratio, and that in itself made everything flow easily throughout the weekend. As an instructor, Jenny kept a balance of teaching and fun, a positive and confidence-building way to learn.

By the third weekend, I felt 'good enough' to be able to open up a bit to my classmates. The course was still challenging but was also becoming great fun. There were no mistakes... just learning, and Jenny's ever present mad cap humour spurred us on. Between the modules I practiced like crazy on anyone and anything I could get my hands on. Hungry for more knowledge, I also studied some more basic massage, Paul Blakey's muscle work, Chris Olsen's equine pressure points, applied kinesiology, Rolfing, acupuncture and more, but became hooked on osteopathy and trigger point. With an open mind that was nurtured by my ever patient instructor, I was seeing how a blend of these techniques

could produce some really stunning results on both horses and humans.

September arrived and the cool crisp mornings of spring and sunny days brought with them the promise of new life. Trees in bud, bulbs popping up out of the ground, baby birds, new lambs; what a wonderful time of the year in Tasmania. The early morning drive to Hobart down the Midland Highway was a showcase of nature. Glistening white frosts, clear pale blue skies and a fresh, icy stillness in the air I can still feel now.

We arrived to the smell of coffee and the warmth of a wood fire. There were now only 5 of us continuing on so the remainder of the course would be held at Jenny's residence. Much more comfortable here than a large, cold room at the training centre in the city.

Throughout the course, as moves need to be demonstrated on a person, we found ourselves taking turns at being 'the body'. It was just such a time when I found myself on the table while Jenny demonstrated the TMJ procedure. As she worked down my neck, she stopped and asked in surprise, "how long have you had that lump for?'. I answered 'Just a few seconds' and started laughing.

'No really, it's like a small golf ball and has just popped out from behind the muscle.' I told her I hadn't even been aware of it and she insisted I should get it checked out. 'Yeah, sure I will' I told her and we continued on.

Well the lump disappeared back behind the muscle and out of my thoughts. There were so many other things going on. My ex-husband had been in contact and was

wanting me to take the girls up north so he could see them for Christmas. The long drive up wasn't so much of a worry, but every time I thought about being back there, seeing him again, I was filled with a sickly dread. He was happy to pay all the expenses he said, he just wanted to have Christmas with the girls. It was a very difficult time. Half of me was saying, 'He is their father, he has a right to see them, I can handle this' but the other half was saying 'You must not do this. Stay here where you are safe. Don't go back. Not for anything.' Friends were saying the same thing. 'You would have to be insane to even consider going after everything you all went through'. I decided if I wasn't meant to go, then something major would crop up to stop it happening anyway.

October arrived and I was Hobart bound again for our second last Bowen module. It was great to be back with this small group of people who had become my friends over the past months. We all arrived once again to a warm fire, mugs of strong coffee and much laughter. We shared our case studies and learned heaps from each others work. We all felt a seriousness creeping in now as the end of our training and our practical assessment loomed closer. Jenny advised us she had organised a Senior Instructor to assess us in December

'He's a really nice man', she told us, 'I know you'll all be fine, so no stressing!'

I guess that was easy to say. I was still battling with thoughts of 'Are you really doing what you think you are doing? What if it not real? What if you make a fool of yourself? What if you fail?' The thought of a failing,

another huge failure just like my marriage, and a whole year wasted, was almost enough to make me not want to try; almost enough to convince me I could never be good enough to achieve something like this. Who was I trying to kid?

The weekend was good, lots of fun, learning and encouragement. The new work was really interesting and the revision was so important. As we were revising the TMJ, Jenny asked what the doctor had said about the lump in my neck. It hadn't even entered my mind again and when I told her that, she had a closer look. Again it jumped out from behind the muscle, much easier this time and the look on Jenny's face said it all.

'That's nearly twice the size', she said. 'You must promise me you will go and get this checked out, just to be on the safe side. It may be nothing, but it really is much bigger'.

I reassured her I would do that. Feeling it myself, it did feel bigger than last time. Also, it didn't want to disappear back behind the muscle again like before.

Driving home, that damn lump kept annoying me. I found myself playing with it constantly. It's probably nothing, just a cyst, I thought. Maybe I should go and get it looked at, just to be sure. About a week later, I made the appointment.

'Yes, well, it may be nothing, but I will write you a referral to see Dr Rich. He is a surgeon and an oncologist. He will be a better judge.' The doctor sat back at his desk and started scribbling away on a letterhead. He rose as he stuffed the letter in an

envelope and smiled his goodbye.

Once out of his office, I called and made an appointment. 'The doctor can see you on Friday', a rather disapproving, unhappy voice said. I instantly felt I was some kind of inconvenience in her busy day.

The next phone call was from my ex.....'What's going on for Christmas? I need to know, I need to make plans.' It was all too hard to think about at the moment. Every phone call from him was becoming a guilt trip and I was too weak to say, I don't trust you and I don't want to see you. Leave me alone.'

'If you're going through hell, keep going'. Winston Churchill

'I am going to send you for an ultrasound of this area and an FNA', the Doctor announced after examining my neck.

'What's an FNA?' I asked.

'A Fine Needle Aspiration. We will put a little local anaesthetic on this area and using the ultrasound to guide us, we will insert a needle through the muscle and into the lump and draw out a fluid sample. It's pretty straight forward, just a little uncomfortable and then we will send the fluid off to the lab and have it analysed so that we know exactly what's going on.' He rang and set the appointment for Friday at 10.00am.

The procedure was straight forward. They did an ultrasound of the whole neck area and then the FNA and it was all over in about 45 minutes. I was scheduled to see the doctor again on Monday for the results.

The weekend was long. The kids seemed to be at each other constantly and their father was on the phone constantly. Every phone call started with happy 'How are things? Have you made plans for the trip? I'm sorry I lost my temper before.' and ended with, 'You're a stupid, selfish bitch that doesn't care about anyone but yourself. You stole my children!' When I couldn't stand it anymore, I just pulled the cord out of the wall and turned off my mobile. I couldn't even stand to hear it ring. It is amazing how much anger and dread a simple

sound can create. How much control he still had. How much fear he could make me feel just by speaking.

I would spend hours wondering how or if I could ever get past this. If I can't manage myself, how am I going to manage with all the stuff the girls had to grow through? Am I all those things he has accused me of being for years? Perhaps it's only me who can't see that. Perhaps I really am ugly. Maybe I really am useless. Perhaps I really am 'dumb as dog shit'. Perhaps everyone really would be better off I weren't around. Maybe people really do 'only put up with me' because I'm his wife. The thought of the lump being cancer was playing on my mind. I thought that maybe it would not be such a bad thing. Perhaps this is how its meant to be. Maybe an end like this would be better than the constant doubt, fear, misery and dreadful overwhelming tiredness I was living with. Around and around my brain it went, taunting me every time I had a quiet moment.

'Well, the results of the FNA were inconclusive', Dr Rich told me on Monday morning. 'However, there are several enlarged nodules on your thyroid gland that are a concern. The ultrasound has shown us the lump in your neck also appears to be sitting very close to, and may be causing restriction, to your jugular vein. This is a worrisome situation and I feel the next step we need to take is to open your neck up here and remove the lump so that we can do some more extensive testing.'

'So that's all you will do, just take the lump out', I asked and he assured me that was all that was required so we can understand what we are dealing with. While I was still sitting in the office, he booked me in for surgery on

the 10th of January 2003.

The final weekend of Bowen arrived but I had run out of energy. I hadn't practised much through the month and it showed. The whole weekend was a struggle and I was struck with a tiredness I had never felt before. If I could have just gone to sleep and never woken up I would have been happy.

I filled Jenny in about the surgery and she was very understanding. In fact instead of admonishing my laziness and lack of commitment, she gave me a hug and said, 'It will all be fine. It will all work out OK. You remember you told us if you weren't meant to go to Darwin, something major would crop up to stop you. I think this is pretty major. Surely you aren't still thinking about going with all this on your plate?'

'No, I won't take the chance now. I just need to summon up the courage to tell him'. That I did the very next day. He was surprised, angry and had a rather curious thoughtful tone to his voice. I cut the call short pleading tiredness and he accepted that. I hung up feeling very, very relieved; calm for the first time in weeks.

My relief was short lived though. He rang the next day and announced that if I couldn't bring the girls up north, then he would come south for Christmas. That sick feeling of dread was back again. I said because I was not well that maybe that would not be a good idea. This was met with, 'You're just trying to keep me from seeing the girls. What sort of person are you? I'm their father and I have a right to see them! Don't you care about anyone but yourself?' I didn't have the energy or the

inclination to fight anymore. He booked his airfares to arrive on the 23rd December, to leave again on the 2nd January and a hotel room about 15 minutes from home.

I had a surprise call from Jenny that evening. The news was the Bowen senior instructor who was to take us for our assessment had to cancel. More bad news was there was no-one else available to take his place and she wasn't sure when someone would be able to come down and do it. The good news was that she had spoken to Ossie, (Oswald Wrench the man who developed the Bowtech version of Tom Bowens work), and on Jenny's word, he would allow us to practice as if we were qualified and be assessed as soon as he had someone available. I told her maybe it was a blessing in disguise as I was very low energy at the moment and I relayed the whole story to her. Her encouraging words cheered me no end and she said she would call as soon as she had something in place.

Time flew past and my ex husband arrived on the 23rd of December. With him came money and toys for the girls and a carefully controlled attitude towards me. He came across as caring, sympathetic and concerned and kept asking when the surgery would be. I hadn't told him any dates and he kept insisting it would be best for the girls if he was there while I was in hospital. Alarm bells were ringing in my head and I knew from that moment it was important the operation didn't happen while he was here.

We all managed to make it through Christmas alright. I had made a promise to myself that I would keep things as calm as possible for the girl's sake. By the end of

Boxing day, it was really starting to take its toll. He had come up to have tea with us and he started on about all the things that are wrong about me. 'Why do you do this? Why can't you just do what I want? You know everything's alright when you just do as you're told? Why are such a stupid, selfish bitch? Can't you see, I am always right and you are always wrong?' He stormed out the door and took our car and drove away.

This was just like being back in the past. The girls were scared and crying and didn't want to go to bed. Who knew what would happen next. Two of the girls finally settled down for a sleep and the third crawled into bed with me. Not for the first time, I was thinking that if this lump in my neck really is cancer, this could all be over. Everyone will step in and take care of the girls, he will have all the sympathy and attention he needs, and I won't be in anyones way to make their life miserable anymore. Eventually we drifted off to sleep.

We were woken by a loud bang and a crash. He stormed into my bedroom and let fly with another tirade of abuse. I hugged my girl close and didn't say anything. I prayed in my mind that if God would make him go away I would never let us get into this situation again. Please God, make him go away. Please God, don't let him hurt us. Please God, make him go away. Over and over in my mind. So loud that it drowned out his voice.

I have no idea how long he was there or even what he said. Suddenly something light landed on the bed, the door slammed and he was gone.

The next morning I found the car keys on the bed.

About 11am he turned up. All Mr nice guy, apologised for his carrying on and doing his block. 'I really am sorry,' he said 'It's just that sometimes you make me so angry, I just can't control it.' While the girls went down to see to their horses, he took me aside and said with barely controlled anger, 'You know, I could easily have put some tranquillisers in your food last night, taken the girls, and you wouldn't even have known where to look for us. How does that idea grab you?'

The girls returned from the horse paddock and I told him we were going to my parents place for the day. I knew he wouldn't go there as he and dad had had a couple of big disagreements in the past. Thankfully he had organised to spend some time with my brother over the next couple of days. It was a good day at mum and dads and I felt safe again for a while.

When he came back, he said he wanted to spend his last couple of days having a look around the area and doing some things with the girls. Needless to say, after his comments about taking them away, we all went together. Not your fun family holiday but at least everyone was calm.

Although he asked constantly if I had heard from the doctor, and offered to stay longer, we put him on the plane on the 2nd of January. We took him to the airport ourselves, watched him board the plane, stood there until it took off and I almost cried with relief. It had been the longest week imaginable but it was over and we were all OK.

'What doesn't kill you makes you stronger'

My sister dropped me at the hospital for surgery on the morning of the 10th January 2003. I had organised mum and dad to take the girls to school, pick them up in the afternoon and drop them off to me at home. I was prepped and made ready for theatre and Dr Rich came in to see me at 9.00am. 'This will be very straight forward.' he said. 'You will be in and out within the hour.'

I can recall joking with the anaesthetist and counting backwards. I remember waking up and looking at the catheter in my arm. A nurse was putting something into it with a syringe. 'Tell me when to stop,' she said. My vision started to blur and everything sounded a long way away. I felt myself mutter something and she answered with 'OK, just rest now. Doctor had a couple of problems during surgery but you're OK now.' I drifted off wondering vaguely what problems there could have been.

The next time I woke it was dark, I had no idea where I was and I was busting to go to the toilet. I tried to sit up but was struck by an excruciating pain on the front of my neck. I lay there for a minute and tried to piece together what could have happened. Slowly my memory returned and so did my need to find a toilet. Any movement that caused me to use my neck muscles in any way was extremely painful. I finally worked out, if I hooked my left hand around and supported my head from behind, with some pain I could sit up. I stood up, took two steps on legs that wouldn't work and landed

on the floor with a crash. This attracted the attention of a flashlight wielding nurse who was very angry to find me on the floor. We had a lively discussion about whether I was going to the toilet or getting back into bed. She was insistent that if I moved around I would feel nauseous and would quite likely vomit but eventually, and with great consternation, she agreed to assist me to the bathroom. It wasn't until I was halfway back that I said 'Oh, I think I'm going to be sick.....'

When I opened my eyes again, it was daylight and there was a young doctor sitting beside my bed. He introduced himself as Dr Rich's assistant and proceeded to tell me that I had been in surgery for 5 hours, not one, as they found the lump had adhered itself to the wall of the jugular vein. It had become a very tricky operation to remove it completely without damaging the vein. I asked him what the lump was and he said they still didn't have the results back from the lab and that I was to go and see the doctor on Monday (13th Jan 2003) and he would have all the information back for me then.

My brother came and picked me up a couple of hours later and dropped me home. It felt really good to be home and the girls spoiled me rotten all day. The next morning I was feeling a bit more capable and, as it happened, we were required to pick up my eldest daughters new horse. We drove up, loaded the horse up and by the time we were back I was ready for bed.

I sat at Dr Rich's rooms for 1 1/2 hours the next day waiting to see him. When it was my turn, he said, 'I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. It seems that the lump we removed from your neck was in actual fact a

lymph node. The biopsy shows that this lymph node contains many cancerous thyroid cells. This means that the cancer has already spread from your thyroid and is now in your lymph system. This is of very great concern. What we need to do, as a matter of urgency, is to get you back into theatre. We will remove your entire thyroid gland, we will remove all of the major lymph nodes that we can and then we will give you an injection of radioactive iodine. The thyroid attracts iodine so if there are any thyroid cells left in your body, the radioactive iodine will destroy them. I have an opening in theatre for Thursday and we can do all this then.'

'No, I need to think about this, this all sounds a bit radical' I replied.

'You have no time to think about this. This is a very serious matter.' He insisted.

'So what if I don't do this?' I asked

'Without surgery, you have about 6 months. With surgery, you have up to 75% chance of seeing 45 years of age.'

'What are the risks, what can go wrong?' I asked

'It's a fairly straightforward operation that we have performed many times.' he replied. 'The only common problem we face in this situation is possible damage to the vocal cords.'

'What happens then?' I asked.

'Well, if the vocal cords become damaged, people suffer various impairment to their speech. Some people are

unable to speak at all and although not really common, it does happen. To address this, we can send you to a speech therapist who can instruct you in the use of an electrolarynx (electronic larynx) which will help you learn to speak in a different way. It is a small hand held machine about the size of an electric razor. When you hold the machine against your neck and press the button on the machine, it makes sound. If you move your tongue and mouth you can form the sounds into words.'

'I don't want to take the chance of that happening to me!' I was starting to feel really afraid. A bit like a trapped animal. Like I had no choice in what happened.

'This is the worst possibility.' He said. 'At least you will have six or eight years of your life.' He was beginning to sound really agitated.

'No,' I repeated, 'I won't make a decision on this today. I need time to think about it.'

With that, he leapt to his feet, his chair flew back and hit the wall and he slammed his hand down on his desk and said angrily, 'If you don't have this surgery, you will die within six months. You need me, I don't need you. I have plenty of people who want my help.'

I walked out of his office and never did go back.

Interestingly, over a year later, this doctors staff were still regularly contacting my parents, insisting I must go back and have the surgery, or I would die.

I did get a second opinion a couple of weeks later

though, from an oncologist up in Launceston. I sat in his office while he read Dr Rich's report and when he was done reading he said, 'I have to agree with his proposed treatment.'

I told him I had done a fair bit of research on it over the past two weeks and I wasn't prepared to go that way. I asked him about experimental treatments but he was horrified. He told me I was young and had the chance to have a few more good years yet and not to even think about becoming a guinea pig for them. I asked him what he knew about alternative cancer cures. He just sat and stared at me for a long time and then said gently, 'You know, even meditation can cure cancer, but I can't tell you that.'

Then he was back to business again saying he had to agree with Dr. Rich and this was the best course to follow. I thanked him and left his office with a whole new outlook. I believe that doctor saved my life.

“Nature and life thrived for millenia before the the arrival of doctors and still thrives even under the destruction created by man to satisfy his greed and hunger for money and power.

Will you trust your life to man or to nature?”

The internet became my new best friend.

There were five main points that were common throughout the alternative cancer treatment research I had looked at over the past two weeks.

- 1) Diet (including cleaning the system, fresh air and sunshine)
- 2) Vitamin C
- 3) Vitamin B17
- 5) Hypnosis

Diet was a big one for me and in recent years good food had not been high on my list of priorities. The long hours in the business meant that the evening meal was my main meal. I guess this stuck because even when the children were babies, I insisted upon them eating real food so at night after work, they ate what we ate; If we had meat and veggies then they had meat and veggies (In the blender when they were very young). The girls always had a good breakfast and took salad sandwiches, fruit and bottles of water to school. Contrarily, I would have a cup of black coffee for

breakfast, often had no time for lunch, and usually pushed through the day on Diet Coke or Red Bull and Mars Bars. I was also a heavy smoker and had been since I was about 13 years old, only stopping while I was pregnant and even then making sure I had a packet tucked away in my hospital bag for after the birth.

The 'cancer diets' I was reading now not only insisted upon balanced meals, but on RAW food. In fact, the most common recommendations began with NO FOOD, just freshly made vegetable juice. No meat, No dairy, No sugar, no flour, nothing cooked. Just juice a wide range of in-season vegetables and drink as much as you need throughout the day along with plenty of fresh, clean, pure water.

This all seemed a bit radical considering my normal way of life, so I thought I maybe better have a talk to a dietician or somebody and just make sure that you are really supposed to do this sort of thing. I asked around and was given the name of a man over in Latrobe, a naturopath called Lionel Shephard, who had a very good reputation, particularly with cancer patients. I tracked down his phone number, rang and told him my story, and made an appointment to see him the following week.

I was also told of a doctor over in Latrobe who was reputed to be very good, but I wasn't convinced that any doctor would look at anything else beside surgery and radiation. At this stage I had no idea what the outcome would be if I chose to follow the 'natural' ideas, but I did know what would happen if I followed the 'medical' ideas. I very strongly believed that I was on

the right track with this and I wasn't prepared to let anything threaten my success.

Lionel was an interesting man, almost arrogantly passionate about his work. He and wife Jillian ran a business in Latrobe called Shepherd's Whole Health. We found we shared a common interest in Bowen Therapy, though he had taken his training further than I, and was an advocate of NST (Neural Structural Technique). Lionel was an open man full of positivity and agreed with what my research had uncovered. He was a wealth of information and pointed me very strongly in the direction of not just raw food, but *organic* food. The fact that my system does not need chemicals while it is trying to heal, was brought home quite strongly.

A word on organic food: A few years back, I was stunned and amazed to hear on the news our then Qld Premier Mrs Anna Bligh stating there really 'wasn't much difference between organic food and ordinary foods and organic food wasn't that much better for you'. I find it a disgrace one of our country's leaders could make such a statement.

So, if a little of one thing is good, then a lot is better, right?

Wrong!!

Although I can advocate a diet where each meal should contain 80% raw food, if you have a piece of fish and half a lettuce each meal, you will not be healthy.

To maintain optimum health or recover from illness, we need to consume a wide variety of raw foods and

preferably ones which are in season.

Why is this important?

Whenever have any inflammation in the body, we need our immune system to fight for us. It turns out most (80%) of our immune system is in our gut.

It also turns out most illness stem from bacterial imbalances in our gut.

As Hippocrates said: “**All Disease** Begins in The Gut.”

When our diet is less than ideal, as mine was, we lose the good bacteria we require to break down the parts of food we can't digest. These good bacteria synthesise important vitamins etc but when our diet no longer nourishes them, they die down and become over run with bad bacteria.

This weakens the protective lining of the gut and creates gaps between the cells . These gaps allow partly digested molecules (proteins) to pass through into the blood stream. This is what is known as Intestinal Permeability or Leaky Gut Syndrome.

Because these particles should never be there, the immune system sends out the army to attack them.

We continue to eat inappropriate food, more foreign molecules pass through the gut wall, the immune system is constantly active.

We know from the study of molecular mimicry, to our immune system, these proteins can look a lot like cells that make up our thyroid or our joint tissue and our

immune system starts to see our own tissue as the enemy and begins to attack our body.

This leads to a diagnoses of Autoimmune Disease. (Yes, they are starting to call cancer an autoimmune disease now too).

Of course this is a simplistic explanation, but it is no less truthful. So much of our pain, disease, illness, inflammation comes back to gut dysbiosis.

The importance of fasting to start the journey back to health cannot be overstated. Starting off by eating heaps of pre and pro biotics, and loads of veggies isn't going to work so well.

Why?

Look at you gut biome as you would a garden.

Once upon a time, you had a great little plot that you spent an hour weeding every day, fertilised with manure and organic matter, and enjoyed the fresh, healthy produce.

But then you got busy and forgot to weed it.

Ran out of fish emulsion so you started giving them some commercial fertiliser. Wow, did that make the weeds grow!

You bought some poison and found the spray drift wiped out your veggies but it was the weeds that were very quick to recover.

Before you know what's going on, there are only a few weak veggie plants and a plot full of strong weeds.

If you go out and buy a heap of punnets of veggie seedlings and just plant them without clearing out all the weeds and preparing the soil, they will have very little chance of surviving.

That's how it is with the bad bacteria in your gut.

If you fast on water (preferably) for 48-72 hours, you will starve out most of the bacteria in your gut - good and bad. Now you have a level playing field. Now you can start repopulating with good bacteria. Fermented foods - sauerkraut, kimchi, lactofermented veggies (it's easy and cost effective to make your own). Bone broth based soups with a rainbow of veggies. Juices that support cleansing like celery and carrot. Raw salads (a rainbow again). There are some basic recipes to start you off in the resources section.

When you consider we are a 'snacking' culture, be mindful of eating only when you are hungry. Not because it's 10 o'clock smoko or 12 o'clock lunch time. Start your day with water or water and lemon juice. Have your first meal at 9am, your next at 2pm and your tea at 6pm. This way you are giving your gut a 15 hour break every night to completely digest your food. Drink plenty of pure (not chemically treated) water every day to keep your digestive tract hydrated. Drink teas made with herbs that support your system.

It can be hard to get organic foods in some areas but at least go for spray free, local produce.

Many of our supermarket foods are imported from overseas these days and although they might look big, bright and healthy, they may have been irradiated to

prevent the import of pests and disease from the originating country and are therefore nutritionally bereft.

They have also been picked before maturity and treated to ripen them, ready to look perfect for the market. Importantly, because they come from another region, they are out of season here and naturally, we wouldn't normally eat them. We would replace these foods with something that is in season now, locally grown, picked at maturity.

Organic food is the best you can get. It is always fresh because it is in season, it hasn't been grown using any chemical sprays or fertilisers and you are forced to eat a wide variety because your 'favourite' foods aren't always available.

It has become so easy to grow your own. There are many natural fertilisers and even a container garden on an apartment balcony can grow an amazing amount of fresh food.

Lionel also talked about the importance of eradicating parasites. Jillian made up some herbal mixtures to support the program that, despite tasting less than pleasant, were easy to add into the new routine.

In Lionel's opinion, there were two other sticking points: Diet Coke, which I still drank a lot of, and smoking. He suggested if I research what is in diet coke and what it does to our bodies, that I would never touch it again, so I promised faithfully to do so.

'When are you going to give up smoking?' He asked.

‘Do I really have to?’ I countered.

‘Do you really want to get better?’

I really had to think about this again. In the back of my mind, I still had a bit of that belief that said ‘maybe giving up would make me better but maybe this is what I deserve, maybe I’m not good enough, maybe it’s meant to be this way.’ Then I thought about the girls. My girls. Growing up living with a violent, alcoholic father. I might not be worth it , but they are.

‘Yes, I do.’

‘So when are you going to quit?’

‘Right now.’

Lionel laughed and said ‘That’s good!’ Not at all convinced.

When I left, I took my packet of tobacco and my lighter from the car and walked over to a rubbish bin and dropped them in. No last cigarette. No regrets. I had given up and I didn’t have another.

It’s supposed to be hard to to quit. God knows I had tried before with patches, plastic cigarette shaped nicotine inhalers, gum, willpower and chocolate. The only thing that had ever worked was being pregnant. If I had a smoke while I was pregnant, the baby inside me would start to wriggle and squirm and I decided that smoking must be affecting the baby in some way and I simply didn’t smoke while I was pregnant. It was never hard to stop then. Of course we believe the TV, radio and newspaper advertising that constantly screams at

us 'Smoking is an Addiction'. Well, it turns out that smoking was just a con; a filthy habit that was chipping away at my wallet, my body and my life.

Diet Coke wasn't much better.

Years of clever advertising, wording, visually positive TV adds, catchy tunes on radio adds and our sub-conscious believes that Coke is Life.

Hmmmm....I did my research on Diet Coke.

The big problem it seems (besides not knowing what else is in Diet Coke), is the artificial sweetener known as Aspartame.

Not what I expected. Didn't 'no sugar' make it healthier?

No, it doesn't.

Aspartame is made up of phenylalanine, aspartic acid, and methanol. It was approved for use in dry goods in 1981 and for carbonated beverages in 1983. Research figures say it accounts for over 75 percent of the adverse reactions to food additives reported to the FDA.

Why is it so bad? This is best explained in the words of Dr Mercola:

How Aspartate (and Glutamate) Cause Damage

Aspartate and glutamate act as neurotransmitters in the brain by facilitating the transmission of information from neuron to neuron. Too much aspartate or glutamate in the brain kills certain neurons by allowing the influx of too much calcium into the cells. This influx triggers excessive amounts of free radicals, which kill the cells.

The neural cell damage that can be caused by excessive aspartate and glutamate is why they are referred to as "excitotoxins." They "excite" or stimulate the neural cells to death.

Aspartic acid is an amino acid. Taken in its free form (unbound to proteins), it significantly raises the blood plasma level of aspartate and glutamate. The excess aspartate and glutamate in the blood plasma shortly after ingesting aspartame or products with free glutamic acid (glutamate precursor) leads to a high level of those neurotransmitters in certain areas of the brain.

The blood brain barrier (BBB), which normally protects the brain from excess glutamate and aspartate as well as toxins:

- 1) is not fully developed during childhood,
- 2) does not fully protect all areas of the brain,
- 3) is damaged by numerous chronic and acute conditions, and
- 4) allows seepage of excess glutamate and aspartate into the brain even when intact.

The excess glutamate and aspartate slowly begin to destroy neurons. The large majority (75 percent or more) of neural cells in a particular area of the brain are killed before any clinical symptoms of a chronic illness are noticed. A few of the many chronic illnesses that have been shown to be contributed to by long-term exposure to excitatory amino acid damage include:

Multiple sclerosis (MS)	Parkinson's disease
ALS	Hypoglycemia
Memory loss	AIDS
Hormonal problems	Dementia
Epilepsy	Brain lesions
Alzheimer's disease	Neuroendocrine disorders

While cancer is not in the list, I certainly had enough to worry about without contributing to my already worrying state.

Back at Lionel's a week later, he was more than a little surprised and very happy to hear that I had not had a cigarette. I had cut down dramatically on the Diet Coke also but it had proven to be the most difficult. The violent headaches I suffered if I didn't have any were almost unbearable. I had thrown myself firstly into the fast, then into the raw organic juicing diet and also continued with my research which was pointing me more and more toward the benefits of Vitamin C. I had begun taking mega amounts of the strongest Vitamin C

tablets I could get my hands on. This also met with Lionel's approval.

'There's a doctor just around the corner here I want you to go and see.' He announced.

'No more doctors.' I answered.

'This one is a good one. His name is Dr Alan Lane and this is his field of expertise.' He wrote down a phone number and told me to make an appointment.

That phone number floated around the house for a few days. Even though the Diet Coke had finally gone and I was doing all the right things, living on fresh juice and water, I was still very tired all the time. I had lost a fair bit of weight since the diagnoses, but I had never recovered any energy. An hour of activity needed a couple of hours sleep to recover. I still had those nagging doubts surface now and again and going to see another doctor almost felt like, 'So, I can't get this right either.'

Oh, damn it! Lionel thinks he's OK and I really don't have to do anything I don't want to, no matter what the doctor says, so what have I got to lose? I dialled the number.

“Let food be thy medicine and medicine be thy food.” Hippocrates

Mrs Lane answered and I introduced myself, gave her a brief outline, told her Dr Lane was recommended by Lionel, and asked if I could make an appointment.

‘Well, he doesn’t really take on a lot of new patients anymore.’ She said.

‘Oh, OK then.’ That’s the end of that, I thought.

‘But we might make an exception here. Let’s see...Can you come next Tuesday?’

‘Yes. Can you tell me what he does?’ I asked.

Mrs Lane laughed out loud and said ‘He makes people better. We’ll see you on Tuesday at 1.00pm.’

Meanwhile, I threw myself into a juicing routine.

Carrot based to start with, and then I did a ton of research on the nutritional values in various fruits and vegetables.

I have shared the basic recipes I began with and you can find them in the resources section in the back of this book.

Some basic information around juicing:

Raw fruit and vegetable juices contain powerful healing properties and are easily absorbed by the body. The concentrated vitamins, minerals, anti-oxidants and enzymes support the immune system and calm inflammation.

Raw juices are particularly good carriers of herbs, herbal tinctures and nutritional powders, increasing their solubility, digestibility and absorption.

There are an amazing variety of fruits and vegetables so the flavours can be ever changing, supplying a wide range of nutrients.

Too strong? Dilute with a little pure water or herbal tea.

Aren't We Throwing The Goodness Away in the Pulp?

Yes, and No.

It is true that the gut biota feed on the cellulose in the pulp. But, when the biota are repopulating and the body has been starved of goodness, juices are the fastest way to get good nutrition back into the system.

Is Juicing Safe for Everyone?

Yes, it is.

The only word of caution is ***juice fasting*** is not safe for everyone. People suffering some illnesses will need a constant supply of protein in their diet, so fasting on juice is contraindicated. If you are not sure, consult a professional before you begin.

What Type of Juicer?

I began with a cheap, **centrifugal** juicer.

The drawback with this type of juicer is they generally have a shorter life span and they don't extract all of the juice.

After experiencing the benefits and saving my pennies, I upgraded to a **masticating** type juicer. It has a worm drive that squashes the food through a stainless steel cone. It is very effective and the leftover pulp is quite dry. It is also suitable for juicing finer material like barley grass.

Citrus fruits (Lemons, limes, oranges and grapefruit) are best juiced with a **citrus juicer**. They are inexpensive and do a better job.

So What's Really in Juice?

Anti-oxidants - Fight cancer and inflammation

Enzymes - Often referred to as the 'Sparks of Life,' enzymes are made from amino acids.

Antibiotic Substances - To fight infection naturally

Natural Anti-inflammatories - for pain relief and cell health

Phyto-chemicals - There are many types of these substances including chlorophyll, terpenes, flavonoids. To break these all down is way beyond the scope of this book. For example, there are over 4000 different types of flavonoids alone and they have many actions. The best way to obtain these vital substances is from living juice.

Sulphur - A valuable detoxifier

Minerals - Particularly from organic produce grown on healthy soil

Vitamins - Essential for all body functions

Liquid - Juices are very hydrating

Before You Juice

Follow the basic rules of food preparation:

Choose fresh, preferably organic food. Wash well, cut out any parts that look mouldy or badly bruised. Juice seeds, skin, stems, leaves but remove hard stones from fruit.

Avoid leaves known to be problematic e.g. rhubarb leaves.

Store juice in an airtight jar to prevent oxidation if keeping overnight or to drink throughout the day. Adding a little lemon juice will help to preserve the nutrients.

There are also a number of other juices that have been proven very beneficial but they need a particular process before they can be used.

PawPaw Leaves are one such juice and I could see no harm with trying it out, (it apparently doesn't matter if the leaves are fresh or have been dried) and I feel it should be shared here. Once again, I share the research as I found it. This time it was from Hilda Clarke (<http://drclark.co>):

Papaya Leaf, The anti-cancer treatment

Papaya/Pawpaw papaya (Carica papaya) originates from tropical American countries. Today Papaya is cultivated

in most tropical countries around the world. The Papaya with the Latin name carica papaya is called Paw Paw in Australia and New Zealand. This is in no way related to the Paw Paw in North America that has the Latin name asimina tribola, though both are medicinal plants.

Papaya leaf juice is claimed to have reversed cancer in many people living on the Gold Coast in Australia. Harold W. Tietze in his book Papaya The Medicine Tree, describes how to make the juice and tells the stories of many cancer survivors who reportedly used the juice to get rid of their cancer.

The book contains the the following report that was published in the Gold Coast Bulletin. "PawPaw Cancer Plea Bears Fruit". Gold coast gardeners have responded to an appeal by cancer victims desperate to find supplies of pawpaw leaves. And the Gold Coast man who, 14 years ago, first exposed the leaves as a possible cure for cancer has been tracked down to a Labrador (Gold Coast) nursing home. The story of how Stan Sheldon cured himself of cancer by drinking the boiled extract of pawpaw leaves was first told in the Gold Coast Bulletin in 1978.

New research in the United States has given scientific support to the claim that papaya leaves are indeed a cancer cure, isolating a chemical compound in the pawpaw tree which is reported to be a million times stronger than the strongest anti-cancer drug. Mr Sheldon, says the discovery does not surprise him. "I

was dying from cancer in both lungs when it was suggested to me as an old Aboriginal remedy” he said. “I tried it for two months and then I was required to have a chest x-ray during those compulsory TB checks they used to have. They told me both lungs were clear.” “I told my specialists and they didn’t believe me until they had carried out their own tests.” “Then they scratched their heads and recommended I carry on drinking the extract I boiled out of the papaw leaves.”

“One man has been growing papaws and giving away the leaves to cancer victims ever since he read the Bulletin’s original 1978 story about Mr Sheldon. “I have no doubt that it works,” he said. “I know people walking around now who should have been dead according to their original cancer diagnosis. But the pawpaw treatment helped them to beat the cancer.”

The recipe is as follows:

Wash and partly dry several medium-size papaya leaves. Cut them up like cabbage and place them in a saucepan with 2 quarts/ litres of water. Bring the water and leaves to the boil and simmer without a lid until the water is reduced by half.

Strain the liquid and bottle in glass containers.

The concentrate will keep in the refrigerator for three to four days. If it becomes cloudy, it should be discarded.

The recommended dosage in the original recipe is 3 Tablespoons/ 50ml three times a day. It is recommended

to read Papaya The Medicine Tree for the interesting stories of "incurable" people who have used this extract to beat their cancer, and for other medicinal uses of papaya.

A letter from R.J.W.:

"... I was inspired to send some leaves to a few people dying from cancer. The first, a banana grower aged 40, had two operations on his bladder for cancer which did not prevent metastasis. I placed him on a very simple diet consisting of zero junk food, fresh living food with no preservatives, white flour, sugar, colourings or additives and told him to "stuff a handful of pawpaw leaves into a saucepan and fill with water. Boil, simmer for one hour and drink it till it comes out of your ears." He did so and five weeks had no trace of cancer whatsoever."

The leaves have also been reported successful used when dried and ground. The astonishing effects of the pawpaw have also been proved in tests on mice. The results were very impressive; tumors found in humans were being injected in mice and during treatment with papaw were disappearing.

Pawpaw twigs contain acetogenins - active compounds that modulate the production of ATP in mitochondria of specific cells - which affects the viability of specific cells and the growth of blood vessels that nourish them. A recent clinical study with over 100 participants showed that the pawpaw extract, containing a mixture of

acetogenins, supports the body's normal cells during times of cellular stress.

Acetogenins found in pawpaw have been shown to have dramatic biological activity, being active against worms, some viruses, fungi, and many cancer cell lines. When compared with conventional chemotherapy agents, they have worked comparably in cell culture and animal studies, but at far lower concentrations and with almost no toxicity to host animals.

“Pawpaw is very effective on its own. It typically doesn't need any supporting supplements. There are however, products that may be used in increasing the pawpaw's effectiveness. The products are Noni, Immune Stimulator, Colostrums, and Protease Plus (especially when fighting a digestive tract or intestinal tumor).

However, pawpaw should not be used with any kind of thyroid stimulators (e.g.: KC-X) or with CoQ10 (coenzyme Q10). For cancer patients taking Laetrile, it is important to consume paw paw and pineapple each day, as the natural enzyme strips the coating on the cancer cells, so that the B17 in the kernels can work.”

I have often been asked why I put such faith in Vitamin C.

Many people tried hard to convince me that simple vitamins can't change anything. Hell, if vitamins could cure cancer, there would be no cancer!! They almost

laughed, pityingly, at my naivety.

Thing is, I had done a lot of research into alternative treatments, and I have found some mind-blowing stuff. Research that had been done and published by real doctors and published in official medical journals.

One particularly compelling piece of research was written by Dr Abram Hoffer.

I am not into 'spin doctoring' and I have no wish to mislead anyone. To that end, I will include the original article written by Dr Hoffer, that convinced me absolutely that I was far better off following a harmless vitamin protocol as a first effort, before destroying my body with surgery and radiation that it may never recover from. Each piece of research I have shared is unedited and exactly as I found it.

I believed strongly that if I weakened my body with medical intervention, it wouldn't be strong enough to then go with natural therapies if the treatments failed.

So the complete article by Dr Abram Hoffer (November 11, 1917 - May 27, 2009) is included below and I believe this amazing doctor played a huge part in my full return to health, even though I never had the good fortune to meet him myself.

"We have increased the longevity from 5.7 months to approximately 100 months, which is very substantial. There has been a tremendous decrease in pain and anxiety. Vitamin C must be a vital component of every cancer treatment program."

*Clinical Procedures in Treating Terminally Ill Cancer
Patients with Vitamin C*

by Abram Hoffer, M.D., Ph.D

Let me tell you what I am not. I am not an oncologist, I'm not a pathologist, I'm not a GP, I am a psychiatrist. Therefore you may want to know what a psychiatrist is doing messing about with cancer. I think that's a legitimate question so I'd like to tell you briefly how I got into this very interesting field.

In 1951, I was made director of psychiatric research for the Department of Health for the province of Saskatchewan. I didn't really know what to do. I had one major advantage, I think, over my colleagues. I didn't know any psychiatry. You may laugh but that's very important because I didn't have anyone who could tell me what we could not do. The most important problem at that time was the schizophrenias. (They still take up half the hospital beds, and we still don't have an effective treatment. Dr. Humphry Osmond and I began to research schizophrenia. We developed the hypothesis that those with schizophrenia were producing a toxic chemical made from adrenalin, adrenochrome. Adrenochrome is an hallucinogen which we felt was producing toxemia, in the sense that the adrenochrome worked on the brain in the same way as LSD. That was our hypothesis.

We knew that most hypotheses turn out to be wrong. We didn't think we were going to be correct but we felt

that since we didn't have much choice we ought to work with it and we also wanted to develop a treatment for our schizophrenic patients. Those were the days before tranquilizers. We didn't have any effective treatment. We had shock treatment which was only temporarily helpful and insulin coma was going out of style,

Adrenochrome is made from adrenalin, so we thought if we could do something to cut down the production of adrenalin, and if we could also prevent the oxidation of adrenalin to adrenochrome, then we might have a therapy for our patients. And that immediately led us to look at two chemicals. One is called nicotinic acid or vitamin B-3. Vitamin B-3 is known to be a methyl acceptor, which, by depleting the body of its methyl groups could cut down the conversion of noradrenaline to adrenalin and that would be helpful, we thought. Secondly, we wanted to use vitamin C as an antioxidant. Looking back now it seems that we were 30 or 40 years ahead of antioxidant theories, We wanted to decrease the oxidation of adrenaline to adrenochrome. Vitamin C will do it but not very effectively. And that drew our attention to these two vitamins, vitamin C and vitamin B-3. I had an advantage because I had taken my Ph.D, at the University of Minnesota on vitamins, so I knew their background. That's why we started working with these two compounds.

Why did we start working with cancer? We were very curious about what these compounds would do. I recall that in 1952 when I was working as a resident in

psychiatry at the Munroe Wing which was a part of the General Hospital in Regina, a woman who had her breast removed for cancer was admitted to our ward. She was psychotic. This poor lady had developed a huge ulcerated lesion, she wasn't healing, and she was in a toxic delirium. Her psychiatrist decided that he would give her shock treatment, which was the only treatment available at that time. I decided I would like to give her vitamin C instead. As director of research, I had the option of going to the physicians and asking them if I could do this with their patients, A friend of mine was her doctor and he said, "Yes, you can have her." He said, "I'll withhold shock treatment for three days."

I had thought that I would give her three grams per day, which was our usual dose at that time, for a period of weeks, but when he told me I could have three days only, I decided that this would not do. Therefore, I decided to give her one gram every hour. I instructed the nurses that she was to be given a gram per hour except when she was sleeping. When she awakened, she would get the vitamin C that she had missed. We started her on a Saturday morning and when her doctor came back on Monday morning to start shock treatment she was mentally normal. I wanted to know, if vitamin C would have any therapeutic effect. To our amazement her lesion on her breast began to heal. She was discharged, mentally well, still having cancer and she died six months later from her cancer. This was an interesting observation which I had made at that time and which I

had never forgotten.

There was another root to this interest. In 1959, we found that the majority of schizophrenic patients excreted in their urine a factor that we call the mauve factor, which we have since identified as kryptopyrrole. I was looking for a good source of this urinary factor. We had thought that the majority of schizophrenics had it. We thought that normal people did not have it but I was interested in determining how many people who were stressed also had the factor. Therefore, I ran a study of patients from the University Hospital who were on the physical wards. They had all sorts of physical conditions including cancer, I found to my amazement that half the people with lung cancer also excreted the same factor. By 1960, a very famous gentleman of Saskatchewan, one of the professors retired and was admitted to the psychiatric department at our hospital. He was psychotic. He had been diagnosed as having a bronchiogenic carcinoma. It had been biopsied and was visualized in the x-ray and it had also been seen in the bronchoscope. While they were deciding what to do, he became psychotic so they concluded that he had secondaries in his brain. Because he became psychotic, he was no longer operable and instead they gave him cobalt radiation. It didn't help the psychosis any. He was admitted to our ward where he stayed for about two months, completely psychotic. He was placed on the terminal list, I discovered that he was on our ward, so I thought he may have some mauve factor in his urine. On

analysis he revealed huge quantities.

I had discovered by then that if we gave large amounts of B3 along with vitamin C to these patients, regardless of their diagnosis, they tended to do very well. He was started on three grams per day each of nicotinic acid and ascorbic acid on a Friday. On Monday he was found to be normal. A few days later I said to him, "You understand that you have cancer?" He said, "Yes, I know that." He was friendly with me because I had treated his wife for alcoholism some time before. I said to him, "If you will agree to take these two vitamins as long as you live, I will provide them for you at no charge. In 1960, I was the only doctor in Canada that had access to large quantities of vitamin C and niacin. They were distributed through our hospital dispensary. He agreed. That meant he had to come to my office every month in order to pick up two bottles of vitamins. I didn't know that it might help his cancer. I was interested only in his psychological state.

However, to my amazement he didn't die. After 12 months, I was having lunch with the director of the cancer clinic, a friend of mine, and I said to him, "What do you think about this man?" And he said, "We can't understand it, we can't see the tumor any more." I thought he'd say, "Well, isn't that great." So I asked, "Well, what's your reaction?" He responded, "We are beginning to think we made the wrong diagnosis." The patient died, 30 months after I first saw him, of a coronary.

Here's another case that is very interesting. A couple of years later, a mother I had treated for depression came back to see me. Once more she was depressed. She said she had a daughter 16, who had just been diagnosed as having an osteogenic sarcoma of the arm. Her surgeon had recommended that the arm be amputated. She was very depressed over this and so I asked her, "Do you think you can persuade your surgeon not to amputate the arm right away? " And I told her the story about the man with the lung cancer. She brought her daughter in and I started her on niacinamide, 3 grams per day, plus vitamin C, three grams per day. She made a complete recovery and is still well, not having had to have surgery. But this time I concluded that maybe B-3 was the therapeutic factor. The reason for that, of course, is very simple. I liked B3 and I didn't have much interest in vitamin C.

When I moved to Victoria, another strange event happened, In 1979, a woman developed jaundice and during surgery a six centimeter in diameter lump in the head of the pancreas was found. They were too frightened to do a biopsy, which apparently is quite standard. They thought that the biopsy might disseminate the tumor. The surgeon closed and told her to write her will. They said she might have three to six months at the most. She was a very tough lady and she had read Norman Cousins' book Anatomy of an Illness. So she said to her doctor, "To hell with that, I'm not going to die." And she began to take vitamin C on her

own, 12 grams per day. When her doctor discovered what she was doing, he asked her to come and see me, because by that time I was identified as a doctor who liked to work with vitamins.

Back to the research.

The next most prominent element reported to help with cancer was Vitamin B17. Also known as amygdalin or Laetril. It is present in a number of common foods with good amounts in broad beans, wild blackberry, apple seeds and apricot kernels.

Amazingly we had moved into a house with blackberry growing wild around the house fences and the remains of the previous tenants veggie garden was bursting with broad beans. I never could stomach those beans as a kid, but I found that I absolutely loved them raw now. Of course blackberries have never been hard to swallow and if they were medicine, I would happily take it by the bucketful. When we ran out of these delicious berries at home, we found they were inexpensive to buy from roadside stalls, (from kids picking and selling them to make some pocket money), and that freezing them didn't affect the vitamin B17. At times we had our little freezer full of them.

The local veggie shed had spray free apricots available by the tray - not organic, but as close as I could get - and I cooked or bottled or made jam from the flesh and smashed open the stones and collected the kernels.

They weren't so easy to eat and their bitterness made them hard to disguise but I was determined and managed to get them in by blending them into my juice.

Vitamin B17 and it's molecules of cyanide has always been publicly given a bad wrap as being a deadly poison. If you understand how this works in the body, then there is no fear of doing any damage to any cells, other than those affected by cancer. Once again, I wish to stick to the facts, as they came to me, and I have included the complete article below:

Actions of Vitamin B17 from the research of Joe Vials:

The vitamin is harmless to healthy tissue for a very simple reason: Each molecule of B17 contains one unit of cyanide, one unit of benzaldehyde and two of glucose (sugar) tightly locked together. In order for the cyanide to become dangerous it is first necessary to 'unlock' the molecule to release it, a trick that can only be performed by an enzyme called beta-glucosidase. This enzyme is present all over the body in minute quantities, but in huge quantities (up to 100 times as high) at cancerous tumour sites.

Thus the cyanide is released only at the cancer site with drastic results, which become utterly devastating to the cancer cells because the benzaldehyde unit also unlocks at the same time. Benzaldehyde is a deadly poison in its own right, which then acts synergistically with the cyanide to produce a poison 100 times more deadly than either in isolation.

For the small amount of cost and work involved, it sounded like B17 was something I should keep in my diet.

Note: Somewhere in my research, I was cautioned:

While taking apricot kernels as part of cancer treatment, it is important to remove animal protein from your diet. Cancer cells have a protective layer of protein around the cell and the B17 works, in part, by breaking down that protein layer. If your diet contains animal protein, then the B17 will be used to break that down first.

Sadly, I have no reference for this information, just a paragraph in my notes. I did personally follow this caution and only ever juiced the broad beans and blackberries or blended apricot kernels into my juice.

Sunshine, fresh air and nature are also three very important elements for healing.

Much has been written about Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD), low sun exposure through winter, and deficiency of the fat soluble 'sunshine vitamin', vitamin D. This vitamin is also well reknowned for prompting the immune system to fight infection, the absorption of calcium and phosphorus, and the regulation of blood calcium levels by the parathyroid glands.

Deficiency can produce symptoms such as nervousness, diarrhoea, muscle weakness and cramps.

Our body makes vitamin D through a chemical reaction on our skin, which over 2 or 3 days, forms vital D3 (cholecalciferol).

Vitamin D is also obtained from wild caught fish, dairy, meat, seed sprouts and even some types of mushroom (shiitake).

You can also purchase vitamin D supplements, but I must admit, any excuse to get to the beach, lay on the warm sand, breathe in the salty sea air, are always going to be my choice....simply because all these elements totally lift you spirits while serving a does of a very health giving vitamin.

There are many studies available that examine the use of high dose vitamin D and its' relationship to cancer and how it it generates hydrogen peroxide (another very beneficial supplement) as it breaks down.

More information here: [https://
www.pharmacytimes.com/view/high-dose-vitamin-d-
can-successfully-attack-cancer-cells](https://www.pharmacytimes.com/view/high-dose-vitamin-d-can-successfully-attack-cancer-cells)

Be sure to do your own due diligence.

'Take action, not reaction.'Unknown.

Bowen Therapy had taken a back seat in the past weeks but a call from Jen Lowry brought it back into reality.

'I have organised another senior instructor to come and do the final assessment,' she said. 'It's going to be on the 15th and 16th of March.' (2003).

'Jen, I don't think I'll make it.' I proceeded to bring her up to date and emphasised that I had not done any Bowen Therapy over the past weeks at all.

'You'll be perfectly fine. You know the work. You have good hands.' She added gently, 'I really believe you need to meet this man.'

'The last thing I need to meet is a man of any kind!' I laughed.

'Please think about it, Kath. I feel this is important. I'll give you a call next week and see how you are going.'

The inclination to revise, work on people or study just wasn't there. Nor was the energy for the 4 hour drive to Hobart to attend the assessment, or spend another night away from home. Just getting through the two days felt like an impossibility. What the hell does she mean 'You have to meet this man' anyway? All I will do is turn up, struggle through the weekend and probably fail anyway. Why bother.

Tuesday rolled around and I ventured back to Latrobe for my appointment with Dr Alan Lane. His wife, Maryann, was a ball of energy with much patience and a

great sense of humour. When I entered the consulting room, I was greeted by a man who must have been close to 70 years with a kindly smile and lively blue eyes that missed nothing.

He was unlike any doctor I had every come across. He took an exhaustive history, carried out an examination, discussed the causes and effects of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome and enlightened me a great deal more on the benefits of Vitamin C , particularly IV, and also of Kunzea Oil.

He was a great advocate of Linus Pauling's work and I found out later that Dr Lane, along with Linus Pauling, had actually written forewords to Drs. Ian and Glen Dettmen and Dr. Archie Kalokerinos book: Vitamin C, Natures Miraculous Healing Missile.

He explained quietly that I had arrived at this condition not just through physical and dietary causes, but through emotional and mental traumas as well.

Most doctors I have seen, talk a bit, scribble notes, talk some more and when your 15 minutes is up, say thank you, see you next week.

As Dr Lane talked, he drew a picture of a stick person standing on the the ground which was up and down for a bit and then tapered off sharply into a steep drop. As he relayed back to me my own life history over the past few years, he placed another off balance stick man right where the first part of the taper was. 'You were here.' He said. 'Chronic Fatigue is the doorway to cancer.' A little further down over the edge of the cliff, he drew the stick man falling. 'This is the past. We need to catch this

now.'

We made an appointment for next week to start a course of IV Vitamin C injections. He handed me lots of information on both Vitamin C and Kunzea Oil.

'Those Vitamin C tablets you are taking are a good help but they have too many fillers in them. This is much better.' He said, passing over a packet of Sodium Ascorbate. 'You can buy more from the chemist or health food store. Mix a teaspoon at a time with water and keep taking it until you reach bowel tolerance. That is, when it upsets your stomach, just drop back one dose per day and stay at that level.' He also gave me a small bottle. 'Make some time every night to have a bath and add several drops of this Kunzea Oil to it.' He advised me to stay on the raw organic juice, as much as I needed every day but that I should make sure I juice a wide range of vegetables. 'Stick to the vegetables. Fruit has too much sugar. Especially do not include cane sugar in your diet.' Once again I went home from Latrobe with a lot to think about.

Curiously, his Vitamin C protocol seemed to match that of the research I had read from Dr Hoffer...

A note about Kunzea Oil: Du Cane Kunzea Oil is grown and produced, from the shrub *Kunzea ambigua*, near Bridport North East Tasmania.

It's many benefits include:

- relief of the pain of arthritis, rheumatism and muscular aches and pains

- helps relieve nervous tension, stress and mild anxiety
- relief of the symptoms of influenza
- eases pain from insect bites, minor burns, recurring shingles, and migraine headache

The oil components data sheet lists ALPHA PINENE 37.4% and it's particular benefits of being relaxant, cancer preventative and anti inflammatory, along with LIMONENE 1.2% as being anti cancer and cancer preventive, anti-septic, bactericide, expectorant, fungistatic, sedative, viricide.

It can be used topically diluted in carrier oil, as a bath oil (4-5 drops in the bath) or in a vaporiser (1-2 drops)

Full details can be found on the Du Cane Kunzea Oil website:

<https://ducanekunzeaoil.com.au>

My sister was waiting for me at home. She had dropped in to check up on me. She had been fairly supportive of my program but wasn't yet convinced that I was doing the right thing. We went out for a walk around the farm and I brought her up to date over a cup of tea. Jen Lowry happened to ring while she was there to ask if I have thought anymore about coming down for the assessment as it was now only a couple of weeks away. I told her I hadn't yet but I would let her know. My sister was totally disbelieving that I wasn't going to attend.

'Of course you will!' she said. 'You can't just let go of a years work. You'll do it easy and the girls can stay up with me. Give her a ring back and tell her that you'll be

there.' She was adamant and it seemed that lots of decisions were being taken out of my hands these days. I called Jen and told her I'd be there.

Back in Dr Allan Lane's rooms a week later, he did some pulse testing to see if we needed to rule out anything that I carried or wore constantly that may be causing problems in my system. This was fascinating stuff and I found after a few tests, with my eyes closed, if he brought something close to me that my body didn't like, I could actually feel it enter and leave my space. He could feel it also as it was reflected in my pulse.

Next he prepared a massive syringe that looked like a horse needle, filled with injectable Vitamin C. As he injected it into my vein, the weirdest sensation began to travel up my arm, into my shoulder and then filled my whole neck area and up into my head. I can only describe it as a soft, warm fizziness that lasted about 30 seconds. A really pleasant feeling that I will never forget. 'Good.' He said. 'Stick with what you are doing and I'll see you again in two weeks.' I left with a great feeling of confidence.

Things were coming together and I was starting to feel much better; not just stronger and healthier, but much more positive. Happy within myself.

True to her word, my sister had organised to have the girls for the weekend. I dropped them up to her place and went home to get some sleep.

Up at 3.30am and heading once again for Hobart. I was glad I always allowed a little extra time for the trip. The council were in the middle of doing some major

roadwork on the highway between Ulverstone and Devonport. I found myself stuck behind a massive road sweeper that was travelling about 40km/h and there was nowhere to overtake. It had 2 flashing orange lights on top of it and after following it, watching that constant blinking, I caught myself starting to doze at the wheel. We came to the end of the roadworks, the window rolled down, music on full bore; I just couldn't stay awake. I'll just stop for five minutes I thought, pulling off the road. I'll have a rest and a walk, and I'll be fine again. Forty five minutes later I woke up horrified. It was 5.35am. I had less than 3 hours to get there and I wasn't even at Devonport yet. I knew the venue was just on the north side of Hobart but I was thinking that I may as well quit now because I just wasn't going to make it.

Pacing up and down beside the car, I berated myself for being so stupid. My sister is organised, the girls are organised, the whole weekend is organised; Why the hell can't you get yourself organised? You shouldn't have gone to sleep!! Why do you always let everyone down?

After that was out of the system, I decided to go anyway. What the hell.

Mobile again, hardly a car on the road, I made pretty good time to the turn off at Launceston. Pushing on at a similar pace I was nearing Hobart by 8.30. Following Jen's directions, I turned off and then drove around the block 3 times but couldn't find the place. In desperation, I saw a man walking up the road. I stopped and asked him if he knew where the place was. As a matter of fact he did and the place he was headed for was right

across the road. Thank goodness for that. I told him to hop in and that I would give him a lift if he gave me directions. Five minutes later we were there.

I was welcomed warmly by my group and noticed there were a few others there that I didn't know. Apparently they were from other courses and also had been waiting to complete their final assessment. I managed to grab a few minutes to catch up with Jen and fill her in on the mornings events. It turned out the 8.30am start time was for registration and we weren't actually starting until 9.00am. After all that, I wasn't even late.

'It wouldn't have been a problem anyway.' She said. 'I had spoken to the Instructor and told him briefly that you were dealing with a fair bit of stuff. It wouldn't have been a problem if you were running a bit late.'

It was good to see Jen again. I'd missed her cheerful smile and reassuring 'she'll be right' attitude. In fact I'd missed the whole group.

At 9.00am sharp our Senior Instructor took the floor and introduced himself.

Well, what an interesting morning. He came across as extremely confident, so much so that most of the discussion around the lunch table had him down as plain arrogant. The afternoon showed us a slightly different take on the therapy. This bloke had his own way of doing things - similar but not quite the same. Nevertheless he worked and taught with a passion for Tom Bowen's therapy and *his* understanding of Tom's technique. What he shared with us over the two days

gave us an slightly altered perspective on the work that we had learned with Jen; some new tools to add to the tool box.

During a break in the course while I was talking to Jen, he came up to us and asked how I was handling stuff. 'I might be able to help you.' He offered. He went on to ask if I had heard of a book called 'The Journey' by Brandon Bays. When I told him I hadn't, he said I should read it and that there was a therapy included in the book.

'I'm staying in Tassie for a few days.' He said. 'If you can get hold of the book, it's only a short read, and if you are interested I could take you through it while I'm here. You live up north, don't you?' He asked.

"Yes", I agreed. 'Up in Burnie.'

'Well as it happens, I'll be up your way over the next couple of days, so if you want to do it just let me know.' He wandered off leaving me feeling puzzled and more than a little curious.

'That's fantastic!' Jen said enthusiastically. 'The Journey is a great book and this is a perfect opportunity for you.'

'Yeah, maybe....' Just what I need, another step into the unknown.

The end of the assessment weekend arrived. Assembled in the training room, one at a time our instructor called us into the office to hand us our fate and discuss the reasons for his decision. Some people came back calm, some angry, some in tears. It started

to weigh on me just how much passing this weekend meant. My turn came around and I found my self so nervous that I was having trouble breathing. I'm still not sure exactly what he said but I did hear the words '....'I'm going to recommend that you have passed the assessment.....'. I was so happy, I hugged him, thanked him, then thought 'this poor man is going to think I've lost the plot" and I darted out of the room to celebrate.

I still couldn't keep the smile off my face as we walked out to the car. The instructors parting words along with his business card were, 'Remember if you would like to do The Journey, give me a ring.'

Jen followed that with, I'm so pleased for you, I knew you would do it.'

I wonder if she could ever imagine how important this day was.

'To get where you want to go, you can't only do what you like'. Peter Abrahams

I enjoyed the drive home, replaying the weekend in my mind. All the new learning had been great and it really felt good to achieve something in my own right. I had really done it. By myself. Maybe, just maybe, I wasn't completely useless after all.

A few questions had now arisen. Now that I'm fully qualified, could I still practise from home? When we had first moved in, I gave the girls a bedroom each and took the old rumpus room for myself. When Jen had given us the news that we could take clients in to work on, I had moved my two youngest girls in together, taken over one of their bedrooms for myself and now the rumpus room had become my treatment room. This worked really well as it had its own external entrance and was right up the far end of the house. If I was going to keep on this way, I would have to give it a coat of paint and maybe divide the room with a curtain to create a small waiting area.

Monday morning found me heading off down to Mitre 10, armed with measurements to buy some paint and a curtain track. I knew there was a curtain shop in the arcade who did ready-to-hang curtains so I headed off there next to check out some prices. On the way there, I had to walk right past Angus and Robertson bookstore. I wonder if they'd have that book in stock, I thought to myself. Standing outside their window I thought, no, it would probably be something they'd have to order in.

The lady at the curtain shop was very helpful and it

turned out that she had some that were ordered ages ago and were never picked up. They would do the job just fine and she offered me a good discount just to move them on. Things were falling into place.

Heading back to the car, I stopped again outside the bookshop window. I might just have a quick look.....

'I think we are sold out of that,' the lady behind the counter said. 'I'll just go and have a look.'

I thought so, I was saying to myself. Feeling strangely disappointed, I decided you can't expect everything to go right.

'Look, we have one copy left.' She announced from behind the rack.

'Good, I'll take it!'

By the time the girls arrived home from school, I had everything laid out to wash the walls in the morning, tea well and truly underway and I was feeling better than I had done for a long time. The horses checked, homework done, everyone fed and showered and off to bed, I settled down to read the book. And I kept reading it until I fell asleep.

The next morning as soon as the girls were out the gate, I was back into the book. In fact, I didn't put it down again until I finished it.

What an amazing story. Sometimes as I was reading it I found myself thinking, 'I could have written this.'

I thought about our instructors offer to do the Journey

Therapy in the book and then wondered if I dared.

'I hardly know him', I thought, 'He's a professional man and probably has more than this to do with his time.' All the reasons for not doing it swam around in my head. 'Could this really make any difference anyway?'

'Trust'

The word kept whispering through my head, 'Trust.'

I gave in and rang him and asked if he was still coming up my way and if he would have time to take me through it.

'Yes, I'm in Launceston and can be there in the morning. Is 9.00am OK?'

I told him that of course it will be, thanked him, hung up and wondered what the hell I'd done. I had asked a man I had only just met to come and help me do something I wasn't even sure was possible. I must be losing my marbles.....

'Trust.'

It had to be OK.

When he arrived next morning, I was like a cat on a hot tin roof. Half of me wanted to do it and the other half wanted to run away. I'm so glad I stayed.

'The Journey' was a straight forward process that quickly and powerfully neutralised a lot of pain and emotion, allowed for open and complete forgiveness and gave me a glimpse of who I really was. The long held beliefs and opinions I had about myself - useless,

undeserving ,weak, inadequate etc - were transformed into powerful, worthy, capable and complete. For the first time in many years there was this feeling that I was part of something huge and the connection to the real me had been buried and forgotten under many layers of negative emotion.

It didn't stop there either. The next morning I stirred the paint, sat up on the trestle, dipped my brush in the paint ready to start and can remember nothing until the phone rang in the afternoon. I had not even painted a brush stroke, in fact the paint had dried on my brush.

The phone call was from the instructor, checking to see how things were going. When I told him what had happened he didn't seem surprised, saying it was just part of the processing, that all would be fine. I took him at his word and went and had a sleep; the painting could wait until another day.

'Learn as if you were to live forever'. Mahatma Gandhi

The next visit to Dr Lane came around quickly. More testing and Vitamin C. He was very happy with my progress and very interested in 'The Journey'. He believed we had reached a turning point. I asked if we need to redo the bloods, scans and thyroid tests to find out for sure but he was adamant that I wait out the 6 months. 'Just keep doing what you are doing, you will be fine.'

Although my thoughts were transitioning from 'I know this can work, It's worked for others; it has to work for me' to 'My goodness, I think this is really working!', I kept on with the research. I couldn't risk a backward step now.

MSM (Methyl Sulphonyl Methane) was another 'health must have' that was popping up in my research.

The interesting part about MSM, besides raising sulphur levels, is its ability to carry nutrients to the cells and even across the blood/brain barrier.

Once again, I have included a complete research article, this time by Walter Last:

MSM and DMSO

Organic Sulphur as a Versatile Healer

by Walter Last

MSM, dimethylsulfone or methylsulfonylmethane with

the formula (CH₃)₂SO₂ occurs naturally in many fresh foods but is lost during processing. Its main use in the body is for collagen synthesis, forming skin, blood vessels, hair and nails. Its main benefit is to keep cells, skin and blood vessels elastic, which is the attribute of youth. That is why organic sulphur is often regarded as the beauty mineral. It keeps cell walls permeable so that nutrients can freely flow into the cells and wastes and toxins can easily be removed.

Amino acid chains are usually linked with each other through flexible sulphur bridges. Also the oxidative energy production of cells requires reactive sulphur compounds. Without sufficient organic sulphur as in the form of MSM cells and body structures lose their elasticity and flexibility. The result are the well-known signs of aging: inelastic skin with increasing wrinkles, scar tissue, hardening arteries, varicose veins and also hardened lungs causing emphysema. Sufficient MSM is able to reverse these conditions to a significant degree, including emphysema. It is believed that the MSM in Aloe Vera is the active ingredient for repairing damaged skin.

MSM is used by athletes to increase stamina and minimise sore muscles. Its use for this purpose is even more widespread with racehorses and greyhounds. This effect may be mainly due to the ability of MSM to greatly increase the body's ability to eliminate metabolic residues, wastes and toxins from the cells. In a similar way it appears to help those with chronic fatigue. With

this it also helps us to recuperate from severe physical and mental exhaustion. MSM reduces the effects of stress and the incidence of stress related deaths in animals.

MSM tends to reduce or eliminate allergic reactions to foods, chemicals and inhaled allergens. It also reduces reactions to the bites of mosquitoes, bees, poisonous spiders and snakes. It lessens inflammation, pain, stiffness and swellings due to arthritis or from other musculoskeletal system disorders and helps to normalise the blood chemistry in these conditions. It also reduces inflammations of the skin and mucous membranes. MSM relieves leg and back cramps and muscle spasms, be it after periods of inactivity (night cramps) or during athletic activities. Other conditions that often benefit from MSM supplementation are hot flashes (or hot flushes) as well as discomfort due to the monthly cycle, also acne, asthma, back pain, Candida, constipation, diabetes, diarrhoea, diverticulitis, gastro-intestinal ulcers, hypertension, inflammations of all kinds, itching skin, migraines, nausea, pain, stress, sunburn and wound healing. It should also be helpful with other chronic degenerative or inflammatory conditions, especially Alzheimer's disease, cancer, Crohn's disease, myasthenia gravis and Parkinson's disease. Melanoma cells of a particularly aggressive strain were treated with a 2% MSM solution. After one day of exposure the cells had become completely normal and remained so indefinitely.

Fingernails and hair have a high sulphur content and generally improve with MSM. It also reduces parasite infections in the intestinal and urogenital tracts. MSM appears to normalise our mental condition. Individuals on MSM tend to report increased alertness, reduced mood swings and less depression. It seems to improve the immune system and the senses of taste and smell. In addition, it neutralises the toxicity of anticholinesterase, thereby providing protection against insecticide exposure or ingestion. It also aids the liver in the detoxification of chemicals and, with this, is useful to ease drug withdrawal symptoms.

The Oregon Health Service University demonstrated in many years of clinical use that MSM:

- 1. inhibits pain impulses along nerve fibres (analgesia),*
- 2. lessens inflammation,*
- 3. increases blood supply,*
- 4. reduces muscle spasm,*
- 5. softens scar tissue.*

How to Use MSM

MSM is a natural food ingredient and is free of unpleasant taste and odour. It is reported to be completely safe even in very high amounts. Because of its inert composition, it does not normally cause allergies

or undesirable pharmacological effects. It can even safely be used to dilute blood. The body will use what it needs and remove any excess through the kidneys. The water-soluble MSM is easily absorbed and provides a therapeutically important source of organically bound sulphur.

The daily maintenance intake commonly ranges from 5 to 20 g in several divided doses. Try to adjust the dose according to your wellbeing or observed effects. You may use more or less of these commonly used amounts. Initially I suggest starting with about 1 g and increase the dosage gradually to the full amount.

The reason for a slow increase is that MSM often causes some beneficial but uncomfortable cleansing reactions. This may result in headaches, nausea, diarrhoea or weakness for a few days. If you are already on a high dose when this happens, just reduce or stop the intake until it is over. Cleansing reactions are a common and necessary part of effective natural healing methods.

If you want to overcome a specific health problem faster you may experiment with taking more than your usual maintenance dose. To spread the intake more evenly during the day you may dissolve the daily amount in a glass of fruit juice or herb tea and taking a sip now and then. The exact amount used each day is not critical. You may equate a rounded teaspoonful of the fine, white crystals as being approximately 5 g. The benefit of MSM will be enhanced by a diet high in vitamin C or with

additional vitamin C supplements.

You may also use MSM externally to carry other nutrients or remedies into the skin. With arthritis or connective tissue problems or generally for skin rejuvenation, you may dissolve glucosamine, copper salicylate, sodium ascorbate, magnesium chloride and MSM in a small amount of (warm) water and aloe vera gel and rub it into the affected area, although DMSO is more effective for skin absorption. MSM in amounts of 10 to 20 grams in addition to several teaspoons of DMSO can be used as an alternative oxygen supply system to greatly increase energy. For details see Increase Your Energy.

Caution: Individuals who are sensitive to sulphites (often used as preservative) also may react to MSM and DMSO. This is usually due to a deficiency of molybdenum and can be overcome with supplementation (try 500 mcg).

DMSO or DIMETHYL SULFOXIDE

DMSO (CH₃)₂SO is a natural substance derived from wood pulp. It is generated during the normal decomposition of plants and therefore is in low concentrations present in many foods. DMSO is an antioxidant, by taking up oxygen it is converted into MSM. Unlike MSM which is sold as a powder or fine crystals, DMSO is an odourless, clear liquid which is completely water miscible. It has a high boiling point of

189°C and solidifies at about 18°C. It has all of the beneficial properties of MSM but often at a higher degree, and it has some additional healing properties. These are based on the combination of its antioxidant nature with its excellent solvent properties for a wide range of nutrients and remedies. There is no other biological solvent that can so easily penetrate the skin and carry such nutrients and remedies into the body.

There is a very long list of health benefits from using DMSO, the main ones are:

- It is an all-round microbicide effective against bacteria, fungi, mycoplasmas and viruses*
- It improves the immune system and reduces allergies*
- It is strongly anti-inflammatory with good antioxidant properties*
- It blocks pain when rubbed onto affected muscles or joints*
- It improves blood circulation by inhibiting formation of blood clots and hypercoagulation*
- It even dissolves newly formed blood clots*
- It dilates blood vessels and improves the function of the heart*
- It efficiently transports molecules across cell membranes and moves through the blood-brain barrier*

- *It improves connective tissue, softens collagen and stimulates wound healing*
- *It is a potent diuretic and very effective with chronic bladder inflammation/cystitis*

Equally impressive is the long list of diseases that have benefited from its use, including some that may not respond to other remedies, such as brain and spinal cord damage, Down's Syndrome, schizophrenia, and ALS (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis). It is able to dissolve blood clots and prevent damage after a stroke, improves skin conditions such as psoriasis and scleroderma, and is effective with autoimmune diseases, arthritis, ulcers, cystitis and other inflammatory conditions. With diabetes it can improve insulin control and blood circulation. Also eye problems have been successfully treated with DMSO, including macular degeneration, retinitis pigmentosa, glaucoma and cataracts, sometimes just with oral use but sometimes also with added remedies as eye drops.

DMSO is frequently used as a carrier in conventional chemotherapy or in antiviral therapy because of its ability to easily enter affected cells. With cancer it specifically zooms in on cancer cells and can be used to carry remedies along, good for treating brain tumours which are otherwise difficult to reach. There are also reports of an anti-cancer effect of DMSO on its own. It is apparently beneficial with many cancers such as breast, lung and prostate cancers, leukaemia and lymphomas.

Relatively weak (2%) solutions of DMSO were eliminating leukaemia cells and, with the addition of suitable remedies, induced a variety of cancer cells to become normal cells. DMSO also caused cancer cells to die naturally (apoptosis), and it has been shown to protect against radiation damage, especially in regard to cancer treatment.

DMSO kills the pleomorphic microbes that are the basic cause of cancer and autoimmune diseases. One of its most impressive functions is its ability to easily enter cells and kill viruses and mycoplasma that may hide there. There are patents combining DMSO with antiviral remedies, anti-tumour agents, and amino acids and other nutraceuticals to enhance memory and other brain functions. DMSO is also excellent for healing deep tissue, muscle injuries, burns, and other wounds. It has extensively been used in sports medicine and horse racing.

Because it is so rapidly absorbed - it can be tasted in the mouth only minutes after applying it to the skin - and combined with its ability to block pain signals to the brain, DMSO also acts very fast to stop or greatly reduce pain from arthritis, muscle injuries, insect bites, and other sites of pain or inflammation. While the pain may come back after several hours, it tends to lessen with each re-application of DMSO. Unlike other pain relievers, especially of the medical kind which may cause long-term damage, DMSO greatly speeds up healing of damaged areas. This is due to its antioxidant, anti-

inflammatory and antimicrobial properties, and its ability to improve blood circulation, nutrient supply, dissolve obstructions, and remove stress.

After oral use or skin application DMSO not only penetrates all soft tissues but also the bones. This is not only good for treating tumours and cancer of the bone, but also jawbone infections and cavitations. Molecular or elemental iodine easily dissolves in DMSO. Therefore I would dissolve a small amount of iodine or Lugol's solution in DMSO and frequently dab that from both sides on the affected gum. Dilute sufficiently so that it does not irritate. DMSO with iodine is also effective for fungal problems of nails, skin or scalp, e.g. manifesting as hair loss.

DMSO seems to inhibit Helicobacter pylori and help heal peptic ulcers in relatively low doses but higher doses are required with Candida. I found the research on DMSO and Candida somewhat amusing. Different researches got inconsistent and varying results for investigated fungicides until one recently had the bright idea to test DMSO which is commonly used as a solvent for antifungal drugs. It was found that the more DMSO was used as a solvent the stronger was the effectiveness of the investigated fungicides. DMSO protects body cells against oxidative stress but increases stress on fungi.

If given soon after a stroke, DMSO has been shown to dissolve the stroke-causing clot, restore circulation and prevent paralysis. It is best to start DMSO therapy within

a few hours. In one reported case a male with a stroke refused to go to hospital and waited for 11 hours until his wife had talked to Dr Jacob. Then she gave him one ounce of 50% DMSO in orange juice every 15 minutes for two hours and afterwards every half hour for two hours. The next day, he was better and soon returned to normal.

In another case a 16-year-old girl broke her neck while diving into a pool. and became a complete quadriplegic. She was on DMSO for an entire year and gradually her organs began to function again until finally she could also walk. Another quadriplegic did not start DMSO therapy until two years after his accident. Six months later he could lift both arms over his head, and sensation began to return to his lower chest and right hip. Later he also learned to move both of his legs. Dr Jacob helped two other quadriplegics recover completely when DMSO was started within one hour after the accident.

How and what to use

DMSO has been described as a clear colourless, very hygroscopic liquid, with practically no odour or slight garlic odour, slightly bitter taste with sweet after-taste. Because cheap industrial grade DMSO can contain dangerous impurities, only good quality products with at least 99% and preferably higher purity should be used. Because DMSO is hygroscopic (it attracts water) the main impurity at the higher grades is water. Commonly

used are Laboratory reagent and medical/ pharmaceutical grades with about 99.5 to 99.9% purity. While glass bottles are best for retail sales, even highest grades of DMSO are commercially stored and shipped in HDPE (Type 2) containers which do not seem to cause any leaching problem.

Pure DMSO is not toxic and generally very safe but some precaution needs to be taken. For instance when applying DMSO for transdermal treatment the skin should be clean and free of undesirable chemicals, such as from commercial lotions or sunscreens. DMSO can be used on its own and applied over inflamed, stiff or painful muscles or joints, or over troublesome organs, or it can be used to carry remedies or nutrients through the skin into the body. However, it does not carry microbes, large molecules or chemicals into the body that normally cannot penetrate the skin; it only enhances the absorption rate of those that are able to penetrate on their own but at a much lower rate. One needs to be very careful not to apply DMSO to the skin with any cloth other than white or uncoloured cotton – synthetic fabric would carry potentially toxic chemicals into the skin.

To avoid skin irritation apply DMSO only in diluted form at 70% or less. However, for sprained ankles higher concentrations, up to 90%, may work faster. Some products on the market are already diluted. For common use you may make a treatment solution, e.g. in another glass bottle, by diluting full strength DMSO. To make it about 70% mix 2 parts of 100% DMSO with 1 part of

water, and for a weaker solution (50%) mix equal parts of DMSO and water. If you also add other dissolved remedies, such as Magnesium Oil, Glycerine, MSM or Lugol's, then you can count this as part of the water. It is probably alright to mix DMSO with non-acidified MMS/ sodium chlorite for transdermal application, but the acidified MMS will become inactive by oxidising DMSO to MSM.

Be careful, the solution gets warm when mixing DMSO with water, and while it does not harm the skin, spills may damage painted or plastic surfaces. Strength for topical use may vary according to the sensitivity of the skin. DMSO has been applied to fresh cuts and other wounds and greatly speeded up healing without causing pain or other discomfort. Depending on the degree of pain or inflammation DMSO may be applied several times during the day over the area of pain, but the need for multiple applications may reduce on following days. The effect may be felt within minutes. Also swellings such as from sprained ankles can quickly disappear if kept covered with DMSO.

While DMSO mixes freely with water and glycerine, it does not mix with oils or kerosene. It does not dissolve magnesium chloride but it can improve absorption by carrying along water in which the magnesium is dissolved. The same seems to apply to vitamin B12 which also does not dissolve directly in DMSO but can be better absorbed with its addition. For general applications it may be good for the skin to add a small

amount of glycerine.

Alpha lipoic acid dissolves very well in DMSO, and Glutathione and Coenzyme Q10 to some degree. Transdermal application of these may give a better absorption rate than oral use. Generally strong oxidants oxidize DMSO to MSM while microbes reduce it to Dimethylsulfide or DMS which creates a strong sulphur smell. It has been noticed that during periods of infection individuals emit a much stronger garlicky smell when using DMSO than when they are well.

This is actually the main drawback of DMSO, and why some individuals do not like to use it - it can lead to social problems, especially at the workplace. Not everyone has this problem, and one may be able to minimize it by using only a relatively small amount in the evening or experiment with spraying or rinsing mouth and exposed skin with diluted non-acidified MMS (sodium chlorite) solution (e.g. 1 teaspoon of MMS in 500 ml of water) which can oxidize and so deodorize smelly sulphur compounds.

Oral intake is the other major form of DMSO use. As to its safety: Dr Stanley Jacob who pioneered the medical use of DMSO has taken an ounce of it orally every day for more than 40 years. The only side-effect seems to be that he has not been sick in years. Others have taken even higher doses for weeks or months.

DMSO is effective in heart attacks and angina; prompt use of it in heart attacks has been credited with

preventing damage to heart muscle but rather high doses should be used. Dr Morton Walker suggested 2 grams per kilogram of body weight in the treatment of heart attacks.

Except for emergencies, it is always best to start with low doses, such as half a teaspoon in a drink, and increase gradually to the intended maximum or until there is some unexplained reaction. Generally effective healing methods tend to induce some kind of reaction, be it microbial die-off effects or skin eruptions or gastro-intestinal effects, such as diarrhoea. In such case temporarily cut back and when the reaction subsides gradually increase again.

A suitable daily maximum intake with chronic diseases may be 20 to 30 ml in divided doses, good to take it in a drink together with specific supplements to enhance their absorption. As with all supplements, It is also good not to remain at the same dose for a long time but rather slowly cycle up and down between a maximum and a minimum level. Finally, as long as there are problems in specific parts of the body it is preferable to use topical applications in addition to oral use.

While DMSO is widely used in most countries as a medical drug, in the USA it is only approved for the treatment of interstitial cystitis. In Australia DMSO is a prescription poison and cannot be used for treating humans but it can be sold and used for veterinary purposes and as a solvent. For a good account of the

DMSO saga see <http://www.thehealingjournal.com/node/1347>.

With DMSO having so many superb features you may wonder if there is still a place for MSM. I believe there is. MSM provides the many benefits of a high sulphur intake for detoxifying and regenerating connective tissue without any apparent side-effect, while DMSO can cause an odour problem in social and work-related settings. DMSO can also cause excess intestinal gas and loose bowels. It has the ability to carry not only desirable but also undesirable chemicals through the skin and into the brain, therefore one needs to be much more careful, and it can induce microbial die-off reactions which are ultimately beneficial but need to be understood and managed.

As MSM and also DMSO are effective in cancer treatment but in a somewhat different way, it may be preferable to use them both combined. MSM may be dissolved in DMSO at a rate of 34 grams per 100 ml. For breast cancer, melanomas and other tumours close to the skin this solution may be diluted 2 : 1 or 1:1 with water and kept as a pack over the tumour until it appears to normalize. For accessible internal tumours, such as in stomach, uterus etc it may be best to expose them frequently to this solution by assuming a position which tends to pool the ingested or instilled solution around the tumour. However, DMSO should not be used rectally as it may carry toxins into the blood. For inaccessible tumours a combination of high-dose topical

and oral intake could be tried.

I do not believe that there is a genuine allergy to DMSO. Instead some individuals react because they are deficient in the trace mineral molybdenum which is required by enzymes to oxidise sulphur compounds such as sulphites to sulphates.

MSM and DMSO have proven to be very beneficial and I personally still use both today.

'Everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it'. Andy Rooney

With energy and enthusiasm growing every day, I finished painting the new room and managed to get the curtain hung. A couple of comfortable chairs and a coffee table from the 2nd hand shop made for a cosy waiting room. The massage table set up, towels, some rugs for the floor and a heater completed my workroom. I was ready for my first client.

Word spread quickly through my curious neighbourhood. Many of them had heard of Bowen Therapy before but not many had tried it. I was so, so nervous before each client but their positive comments about their results quickly helped build my confidence. To be able to relieve people of their long standing and painful issues was just awesome.

I received a surprise call from the Bowen Senior Instructor, asking how things were going and if I would be interested in coming to Melbourne to do a module 1 and 2 training weekend with him to learn his own technique. Well, I didn't know where this was taking me except further into the unknown. There was only one answer: 'Yes, I would love to!'

I received all the details by email. My sister stepped in to organise the girls and I worked out I could fly out Friday night and back on Sunday night. A budget hotel fell into place right by the venue. I posted off my

payment for the course. There was no turning back now!

Another interesting training weekend that turned out to be.

The points that this man used weren't new at all. Many of the diagrams in his manuals appeared to be straight out of the Paul Blakey text book that I had been adapting to horses. The big difference in his work was his use of NLP with his treatments.

By combining NLP skills with his bodywork techniques (Osteopathy, Trigger Point and Massage), he was able to 'reset' the body's perception of the situation, producing some fast and very effective results.

NLP is a modality invented by Richard Bandler and John Grinder. It assumes there is a link between our Neurological Process (Neuro), Language (Linguistic) and their effects on Behaviour (Programming). Not only to support bodywork, it can also be useful when working with pain, phobias, illness, addiction and mental health issues.

More tools for my toolbox.

From a wellness side of things, as far as healing goes, there were some massive changes happening already.

My energy was up, I was feeling more confident and much more capable.

I had started horse riding again and the sunny days out with the kids and the ponies helped to build my strength and enthusiasm.

Someone once said, ‘ The outside of a horse, is good for the inside of a man,’ and boy, did he know what he was talking about.

For the first time in a long time, some joy was creeping back in. It felt good to be able laugh again.

Clientele for body work was increasing and I was enjoying it more and more. Not only did I *think* I was able to help people, they were returning and showing me how much they had gained in movement, in happiness, in their lives.

An associate of Dr Lane, who ran a medical centre over in Shearwater, offered me a treatment room in the centre, which I accepted readily.

An ABC radio reporter, who incidentally was also a Medical Herablist, came to interview me about the bodywork I was doing on horses. A lovely lady, we became instant friends and she offered me share time in her clinic rooms in Burnie for two days per week.

Instead of everything being too hard and exhausting, I felt exhilarated by the work. The results spoke for themselves and I was so grateful to those people who came to me for help; they helped me so much in the process.

Research had become an addiction of its own and the energy and vitality I was feeling from the juice and the supplements was amazing.

I found myself drawn to training courses that I wouldn’t normally consider and I was learning so much that I

never expected or even thought possible.

One such course was brought about by another chance meeting with Val Anderson.

While I had learned much about body energy systems during my Bowen training with Jen, and also through the Pulse Testing with Dr Lane, Val was on a whole new level.

I was fortunate enough to attend a four day training with Val Anderson and Heather Davidson in April and it was an eye opening weekend.

Learning how to work with the body energy, and include it in my work, added a new dimension to my treatments. If I had any doubts at all as to whether this was really making a difference to people, incorporating these methods into equine and canine treatments voided them completely.

People may be swayed by words, and I'm not disputing the value of word-work (NLP) during treatments, but horses and dogs aren't so easily led. However, this new work improved my treatment results with animals significantly.

My confidence and enthusiasm reached a whole new high.

It had become very clear to me that there are three distinct parts to healing and you must address each of those parts.

The Body. The Spirit. The Mind.

And not necessarily in that order.

I was confident at this stage that I have nutrition covered and my **body** was at least improving. A long way to go, yes, but I didn't get here overnight either, and I could understand that now. The pieces were starting to make sense.

The **spirit** was starting to lift too. The understanding of energy and how it drives the physical system, for better or worse, was a huge awakening. There were many times that I thought to myself, 'this is a bit left of centre, even for the new me.' There was no escaping though and my teachers seemed to be sent to me. Gentle, strong souls that taught me so much and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. Learning how to release the energetic monkey on my shoulder was spirit altering, to say the least. Not just to ignore it and to deny it's existence, but to release it with love; it was like a weight had been lifted. Then to bring home the lost fragments that had been chipped away... I was literally getting it together.

Then there is the **mind**. Just when I believed I had conquered everything, I found I still had some hidden demons. Turns out those demons were the automatic programs, running in the background, still controlling a lot of my decisions with fear, doubt and pain.

‘Change your mind; Change your life.’

The mental and emotional parts to healing are as crucial to the repair of the body as any other treatment. The will and desire to change is as important as the repair and healing that the change brings. A new found passion and fresh value of our body, our vehicle in this life stage, is crucial to clearing both the mind and the spirit. Cleaning and clearing the mind - learning to let go of stress, negativity and anger - are the ways to make room for all the changes required.

Through training with Jen, I could see possibilities that had been hidden under layers of emotional mud.

‘You’re stupid. Can’t you do anything right? Why don’t you just do as I say, then everything will be OK’.

Hearing this language repeatedly translates to negative self-talk - ‘I can’t do anything because I’m too stupid. Why try, I can never get anything right. If I don’t do it his way, everything will go bad/wrong’.

These are all part of the mud that is the persistent self talk that never lets you rise up and live. Or take a chance. Or make a mistake. Or let go. Or believe in yourself.

Most of the time we are running on a hidden program. A program that runs on our dreams, aspirations, fears, desires, needs and is controlled by our ingrained beliefs. We sub-consciously prioritise our lives around these beliefs. The programming was installed a long time ago

and has been constantly reinforced by our social conditioning all our lives.

The three basic things we don't realise we are doing:

- Living life with a closed mind.
- Believing that everyone experiences life the same way as we do.
- Believing that our beliefs are reality.

For the most part, when we watch people walking down the street, we tend to believe that their experience of life is the same or similar to ours. In reality, nothing could be further from the truth. In reality, many peoples experience of life is very dissimilar, even grotesquely different way from ourselves.

In the same way, most people never come to the realisation that things can be better than their current understanding of life. Our beliefs and priorities are the walls and white lines we walk between. We rarely question them. When we see someone else doing things radically different, we can see it as 'wrong' because it corrupts our ingrained beliefs.

Desperation brings change.

So what causes our life to go wrong?

Most of us journey on blindly through our days, not seeing much, not doing much, just ploughing along the highway of life heading toward some distant goal, believing that once we reach it, everything will be OK.

How do we know that everything will be OK? We have spent years being indoctrinated with the belief that this is what life is about. The measure of our success is a nice house, nice car, nice family and a respectable job with a good income to support it. Retire with a nice nest egg and a pension and enjoy the freedom of our autumn years. All we need to do is follow the right path and we will be fine. But what happens when something goes wrong?

Stress - Anxiety - Depression happen.

Is it easy to change our thinking? Of course not. Some of us have been guided by the same beliefs all our lives. Often decisions we make through our incorrect thinking have brought us to situations that have reinforced our false beliefs. Our view of what we need to do to increase our value in life, becomes even more distorted.

John is a typical example:

John has spent years working his way up the ladder of the promotional company he works for. Things are looking good and he knows there is an opening coming up and he is next in line for the promotion. All those extra hours, all the favours for his boss, going out of his way for clients on his personal time, well, it's all about to pay off.

John's wife Mary has been juggling their 2 kids and her job at the local K-Mart store. Her wages cover the childcare, the groceries and the 'buy now, pay later' bill for the household furniture. They scored a great deal there, a whole house package - beds, fridge, dining and lounge - all brand new. Beautiful furniture for their new

house. Well you can't have second hand stuff in a new house. What would John's clients think when they have to meet at home on the weekend? Can't take any chances there. John's whole wage goes on paying the mortgage. If only she could get some more time with the kids though and it would be good if they could have two cars. They had traded their two cars in on John's 2nd hand BMW and used up all their savings as well to buy it. It was important that John have a nice car for work. The commodore just didn't fit the executive profile. It's OK. Once John gets to the next level, everything will be so much better. They'll have more money, Mary will be able to quit her job and have all her time with the kids, they'll finally be a real family and be able to afford to do stuff together on the weekends.

Life is looking rosy and they are on their way to having the life of their dreams. All they need to do is keep focussing straight up the road toward their goals and when they finally get there, they will be the admired, respected and successful people with the life they have dreamed of.

It's a big morning. The meeting has been set for 10.00am and if the new client signs on the dotted line, that promotion is in the bag. John is driving into work in the BMW and notices it is making that knocking noise again. It's been happening for weeks. As he sits idling at the lights, he thinks to himself, 'It's been doing that for a while now, I should really get it looked at. There just never seems to be any money left for anything these days.' As he accelerates away from the lights, he becomes aware of a thick cloud of white smoke behind

him. To his horror, he realises it's coming from his car.
Oh God, not now!

John is still pacing up and down the pavement as he waits impatiently for the tow truck. It's 8.30am. He's still an hour from work and the meeting is set for 10.00am. 'This shouldn't be happening' he thinks to himself, 'Today of all days, my big chance to get ahead, why is this happening today!'

The tow truck arrives, takes all John's details, he hails a taxi and he's mobile again. It's 8.45am. Won't be much time to go over the deal but it'll be OK. Heading over the Gateway bridge, the traffic is really starting to flow now, things are looking up.

John never really saw what happened next. About 4 cars ahead there was a road train and two lanes across from it there was a concrete truck. In front of the concrete truck, a guy in a delivery van tried to duck into a gap that was too small. The concrete truck driver hit his brakes hard and swerved across the highway right into the side of the first trailer of the road train which was carrying live cattle. The last thing John was aware of was a loud bang and then blackness overwhelmed him.

When John was released from hospital, he caught a taxi home with a heavy heart. While he was recovering he had learned that his strongest rival in the company had managed to step in, handle his client and close the deal. He had also scored the coveted promotion that John had worked so hard for. His car was a write off - it was going to cost about \$5000 to repair - the engine was

buggered due to lack of maintenance. Mary had to take the kids to the childcare centre by bus and had been late to work every day. She had been given her notice as she had become too unreliable. Without Mary's wage, they'd never be able to afford the furniture, the food and the house repayments.

'How can this be happening' John thought. Just a few short weeks ago, I was in line for an excellent promotion that would have made me a valuable part of my company and allowed us to live the life we dreamed. Now I've wrecked everything. I should have had the car checked when it first started making a noise. Because I didn't do that, I've missed out on the promotion that I worked so hard for and Mary lost her job. Now we will also lose all our furniture because we won't be able to pay for it and maybe even our house. How can things get so off track? What can I do now? We have lost everything.

Johns story illustrates the power of our belief and priorities. They are the silent program running in the background that form the structure of all our decisions and actions.

From birth, we take on information from our environment - our parents, school, friends, media, church, TV, newspapers, etc

We use all these pieces of information to formulate our beliefs and our priorities. In turn, we use these beliefs and priorities to draw a picture of how we want our life to look and feel. This is our Life Mission.

In order to complete the mission, we plan the steps we need to take, a checklist of achievements we need to reach, to ensure our mission stays on track. We believe that if our life goes the way we want and we can tick off all the steps on our checklist and complete our mission, we will find true happiness. Once we have 'made it', we can show others that our life is going 'right', and feel we can justify or increase our value in society.

It's like our self worth is off in the future somewhere, invested in successfully ticking off the steps on our check list. When we finally accomplish our mission, we are somehow complete and we can finally feel 'worthy'.

As we begin ticking off the steps on our Check List, we feel **good**, we are getting closer to achieving our mission; when we are not, we feel **worse**; our self worth and being able to eventually achieve our mission seem along way away.

We also believe that our life path into the future should be a straight line from where we are now, to ticking off the steps on our checklist, and achieving our mission.

As we travel along the life path, we start to tick off some of our steps. We see our lives coming together as we had planned. As we start to tick things off our List, we feel we are 'making it' and therefore showing people we can do it. Proving ourselves to be worthwhile, successful members of society.

In my personal case, the steps I needed to take in order to 'make it' and show the world I was a success, went like this :-

Meet the perfect man;

Get a business off the ground;

Buy the dream home;

Start the family;

Sell the business, retire comfortably, live happily ever after.

Pretty simple really.

I met the man. We got along really well. He also had a desire to start a business. Everything was coming together. The relationship blossomed, the business grew. We found our dream home. One, two and then three kids arrived. Perfect little people to match our perfect lives. We were cruising along that nice straight line.

Then the Treasurer, along with the Prime Minister, decided they had a plan that would fix the Australian economy. We were hit with the 'recession we had to have'.

Then we hit a couple of curves.

Money gets tight at work.

We had been blessed with plenty of work, but when the public purse strings are tightened, the public stop spending their hard earned dollars on anything that isn't absolutely necessary.

All our debtors are feeling the pinch too. Suddenly their turnover drops and they're bills are no longer getting

paid. They're not able to pay us. We're having trouble paying our bills.

This introduces a great deal of money stress and creates a whole new set of worries. My husband's way of dealing with it is to extend that afterwork beer, to several, then drinking heavily. With one thing and another, he's avoiding work altogether. He's angry all the time.

OK, I can understand that, I just need to work harder, things will get better, it'll be OK.

Things get worse. Then the kids have to go into childcare so I can work longer hours in the business.

Works getting more scarce, money's really tight and it's hard to meet the payments on the mortgage.

We went to the bank to extend our credit, but now the bank's demanding payment on the overdraft. Our debtors are in the same boat; no-one's spending money and no-ones paying their bills.

It seems like resolution is blocked at every turn. Everyone is sucked down into the same spiral and every day is filled with worrying about how to change things around.

How did we get here? Things were going along so well....this isn't how we planned things. How has it all gone so wrong??

We can live with our constant worry and doubt for some

time, but then we start to show the signs of psychological stress.

When we are suffering from stress, the whole way we see life is affected and it's no longer one event that we see as stressful but a whole series of events that start to make our life look 'wrong'.

This kind of chronic stress can affect many areas of our life; our relationships, family, work/business, with some of the symptoms being constant worry, lack of sleep and tension.

What we don't realise is that there is only one cause of stress and that is - we have come to an incorrect conclusion about an event(s) and therefore our life.

It's also important to realise that psychological stress does not have to be about your own life but can be about someone else's, like your partner or children.

Whatever it is due to, we come to the conclusion or belief that:

My life (or someone else's), is not going to plan.

Stress is never easy to deal with, but it's important to understand two main points:

1. That no matter what we do, things will happen that are out of our control, and
2. That we can learn from every event that we face.

To shine a positive light on it:

- No matter what event takes place in life, our life

is never going wrong.

- Our value or our self-worth is not measured by how many goals we can attain.
- Every experience we encounter, positive or negative, we can learn from.
- If we look at our lives in this way, we become aware that 'stuff happens' and it is this stuff that teaches us some of our greatest life lessons.
- Does this understanding mean that we become emotionless automatons and nothing matters anymore? Of course not. We all get disappointed, angry, sad, lonely, upset and afraid. What it does mean is that we are able to look at our emotional reactions and ask ourselves, 'is this a fact or is this just a belief?' Then we are able to take action, instead of reaction.

Following on from psychological stress, sometimes we look back at a particular event in the past and we start to feel that it was the cause of our current situation and that it could have been prevented. In order to prevent this situation happening again in the future, we believe we must take control of every decision so as to ensure the 'right' outcome. As a result, we start to feel the effects of anxiety (GAD - General Anxiety Disorder).

Events in our life are no longer looked upon as experiences, but as threats. We believe that if we can just keep everything under control, things will work out.

If the stress/anxiety is related to someone else's life, not our own, we may also believe that if we can't prevent bad things from happening to the ones that we love, then we are not good enough or a bad person.

We slip into surveillance mode - looking for things that might stop us achieving our mission and therefore our value in society, and we use every effort to control and prevent anything that might get in the way.

Back to the example of my life path:

I feel it's all up to me. Money is tight and the banks are chasing us for payments. I need to setup some more steps on my checklist. I make it my new daily practice to talk to our creditors, chase up the debtors, organise meetings with the bank, push the staff to keep them on track, and try to handle every customer and phone call myself. If I do as much as possible myself, I could keep everything under control, as well as prevent any threats that may crop up.

Of course, I'm not checking off the big steps.....and I haven't fixed everything. But now I have lots of little goals, and I'm ticking them off everyday, so I can still feel I am achieving something towards my main mission and reclaiming my value in society.

But in reality, I'm fire-fighting.

We really can't control life. We can't control everything. Due to many factors, our desired outcome can not always be attained. Keeping all the balls in the air is hard work and it can only be done for so long.

In order to overcome the effects of Anxiety, we need to understand that it is our beliefs that are driving it, and that these beliefs are causing us to view our life incorrectly. We also need to understand that even though we can't control and prevent every event, this does not lessen our self-worth. We can then begin to understand that what we learn from our life experiences are lessons which help us to understand life and ourselves.

We also need to consider and understand why we want the outcomes we are trying to achieve and what beliefs are involved. Are we viewing our life through the window of reality? Do we have a correct understanding of life?

We learn to overcome anxiety, not by controlling life better, but by accepting that life doesn't always go to plan.

So:

The marriage is on the rocks. The way I see it, it's because the husband doesn't seem to care about anything. He only cares if there's enough Bundy in the fridge and is often drunk and/or cranky. We do little else but fight.

The business is in serious trouble because there is no work and the bankers are at the door. I have no support from my husband and I full on blame him for everything that's going wrong.

My kids are at the creche being raised by someone else.

If the business goes, the house goes.

Every day becomes a little bit harder....

How could things possibly get so far from the dream life I thought I had?

How did my life suddenly go so wrong?

The dream of being the perfect Mum? Now I'm missing out on being a Mum at all. The kids go to creche, raised by strangers.

How did I end up with all the load anyway? If he hadn't started drinking, that wouldn't have happened. Maybe I should have supported him more. Why is he always so angry? If he wasn't, maybe I wouldn't always feel so bad. He shouldn't blame me for everything. Didn't I work hard enough? If only I was smarter, or maybe somehow put in more effort, none of this would have happened.

I can't do this anymore. Everything that was..... everything that could have been. Maybe I just don't deserve it. I'm never going to get there now. Why bother even trying....

This thinking begins to lead us into Depression.

It's not something major going wrong that causes depression, but our beliefs that are activated by the event. Due to our way of thinking, a chemical change takes place in the brain and we begin showing the signs and symptoms of depression.

Depression is clinically recognised by the absence of a mission, or one major one. We can no longer see any point in having a mission to strive for. Because we feel we can never achieve it.

One effective way to turn depression around is by developing a correct understanding of how to handle stress, learning the true understanding of our mission and the coming to the realisation that we actually do set and achieve minor steps everyday.

The big misconception about our mission and our checklist of steps to achieve it, is that we believe each tick proves that our life is going right; that we are worthy of recognition, acceptance and approval. But when things go wrong and we can't tick things off, we feel we have failed and are unworthy in the eyes of society.

The true purpose of our Mission is to give our life direction. It is the life experiences from the people we meet and the places we go while heading toward it, that gives us the opportunity to learn and grow.

Learning and growing is our true purpose for being here. The experiences we can then share with others, so that they may learn and grow also, is our true value.

Our life experiences give us the incredible benefit of hind-sight. It enables us to examine past events and understand:

- Why we want the outcomes we strive for
- What beliefs we hold around these experiences
- Whether the windows we view life through have the clarity of reality or the distortion of our beliefs

- Do we have a correct understanding of our value in life

Working on the depression mindset comes through understanding that life doesn't always go to plan. We don't need to achieve all the steps on our carefully planned checklist because sometimes, no matter how well we organise our lives, things happen that are out of our control. It's then we understand that, no matter what happens, our life is never going wrong.

Clinically, anxiety may be diagnosed as depression and vice versa, but even though the symptoms are similar, they are two completely different issues and need to be treated that way.

Anxiety - There are always goals but the focus is on control and prevention to ensure the achievements are met.

Depression - There is no mission or only one mission and the belief around unworthiness to complete any mission and of being a failure.

It is possible to bounce from one state to another, but of course, not both at the same time.

In the case of depression, a mission may be set, and the journey towards it begun. Because self-worth is attached to the outcome, the effects of anxiety may set in. This is because the belief is that if everything is not prevented from getting in the way, all the efforts will result in failure. If/when that occurs, the symptoms of

depression appear once again.

But hang on....

Don't they say a bit of stress good for us?

What does all this have to do with cancer?

Firstly, yes, a bit of stress is good for us. It causes us to put a bit more effort into that presentation. It keeps us on track - we've experienced a restricted life with no income. It gets us out of bed in the morning to get to work on time (we've learned the consequences of being late). Checking every detail when we move house. Fighting the crowds at Boxing Day sales.

This type of stress - short term stress - is over and done with quickly and they are events that you really already know you can handle.

The other type of stress - Chronic Stress - is caused by situations that go on and on and have no discernable end.

Taking care of a loved one who is ill (particularly if you take on responsibility for the situation), on-going physical or emotional abuse, long term unemployment, even being trapped in a job you despise due to the physical or mental drain it puts on you, but feeling there are no other options.

Social Media and the 6 o'clock news are also contributors to chronic stress. On top of everything else, becoming caught up in the projected fear of world affairs, government wrongs, threats to life, threats to your savings, threats of invasions; they can all come

together and form an invisible enemy that you feel helpless to escape because there seems to be nowhere to run and you can't even work out who you are running from.

Chronic stress eats away at your health, causing digestive issues and affecting the way you absorb nutrients. It leads to depression and anxiety. It weakens your immune system.

Stress hormones can also inhibit the process that destroys diseased cells and prevents them from spreading.

When the body is in a chronically stressed state, neurotransmitters like Norepinephrin are released, which stimulate cancer cells. This stimulation helps the diseased cells to escape death, allowing them to expand and adjust to thriving in new areas of the body (metastasis).

The correct way to deal with stress, is to understand where our thoughts come from and how to change our beliefs to factual, correct thinking.

If it's not **100%** true (fact), **100%** of the time, then it's only a belief.

'There is no wrong event, only wrong information.'
Unknown.

When our life is focussed on the events that keep us from achieving our mission, we are looking at these events through at least one of four distorted windows.

1) Wrong Road - Creating feelings of Stress/Anxiety

Life is not going to plan. This shouldn't be happening.
This is not how I wanted my life to go.

2) Lost Out - Feelings of Sadness

My life has gone by the wayside. I've lost my time with the kids.

3) Should Have - Anger, Blame

I could've been more supportive. He shouldn't be drinking.

4) Unworthy - Depression

Because these things have happened, I have lost my value, I have failed. I am un-worthy in the eyes of society.

When we understand what's driving our emotions, our decisions and therefore our outcomes, we begin seeing things accurately through the window of reality.

We are still the same person, we still have the same emotions. But we can view the events with new information and a new understanding.

We still have our Check list and we still have our Mission, we all need a plan, something to strive for; but our happiness is not dependant on achieving our each item on our checklist.

We recognise that the path to our mission is not straight, but that our life is a journey filled with ups and downs. We are only ever on one path and there may be many events along the way, good and bad. It is these experiences that gifts us with the benefit of hindsight, allowing us to learn and grow.

So when we look at our life events through the window of reality, we can begin to see the real meaning behind our lives events:

1) Wrong Road - My Life is a Journey

We understand that in reality there is only one road in life. That road is a journey made up of a combination of ups and downs and no matter what happens, we can never be on the wrong or right road. Stress is overcome by understanding and accepting that every situation we find ourselves in, good or bad, holds value for us in the form of learning. Happiness is not about making life go to your plan but knowing how to handle your life when it doesn't.

2) Lost Out - I am always receiving.

We may not always get what we want but we will always get what we need to grow and to learn. We are always having an experience, so we are always getting something, and therefore always learning.

We still set our steps so as to guide us in the direction of our ideal life, but when things don't happen this way and we don't reach them, we need to understand the lesson from the experience and know and understand that our life still has meaning. When we look past our 'failures' we can see what we have gained and learned.

3) Should Have - We Only Know What We Know

Sometimes when we look back at a past event, we may think that we (or someone else) should have or could have handled things better. However, in reality, we can only know this because we have gained new information from the very situation we find ourselves in.

The decisions we make at the time are always based on our beliefs and our priorities in that moment and the knowledge we have at the time. We can never have made a different decision unless the information was different and that is impossible or we would have done it.

Once we fully understand this and integrate it into our life, we are no longer undermined by emotions such as guilt, blame and anger. We are constantly learning and while the goal is not to know everything, we can come to know and understand that life is a journey of gaining a better understanding of life itself.

4) Unworthy - No matter how my life unfolds, I am always 100% worthy.

If we believe that we can only feel worthy because of our achievements in life, life is a constant struggle to succeed. Looking through the window of reality, we see

that our true value can't be compromised because our value comes from our very existence. We are constantly being affected by information and we are constantly passing this information on to others and affecting how they view life.

We are always 100% worthy because we are each completely unique, we are alive, we are learning and we are contributing. We are constantly sharing information with others and life is one huge system of learning.

Our true value is what we give to others.

When we accept this truth around our lives, we understand our true value. We know our value is no longer attached to achieving our Mission, or to making our life 'look right' to other people.

Our true value is in who we are. It is intrinsic to us. It is every cell of our being, as it's always been.

So how do we begin to integrate this learning into our lives? There are many techniques that are used. I will share with you the simplest way to start.

Develop a curious mind.

Whenever you find yourself reacting to a person (arguing) or event (emotional reaction), ask yourself, 'Is this a fact or just a belief?' Explore whether the point you make, or the decision you take, is based in *fact* or if you are reacting to a *belief* that is part of your silent programming.

Remember a fact is 100%, true 100% of the time.

When you are feeling strong emotions (anger, sadness, guilt) around a situation, ask yourself, 'What am I *thinking* that causes this emotion? What do I *believe* that's making me feel this way?' Is this a *fact*? Or is it just a *belief*?

Where are your thoughts? Why are you even caught up in an argument? To make your point? To prove someone else is wrong and you right? To make you look, stronger, smarter, innocent? Your way or the highway? After all, arguing with someone is simply forcing *your beliefs* onto them....

When you truly understand how our beliefs and priorities control every decision we make, and that we can only operate on the information we have at the time, then you can truly understand that everyone else operates with the same system. Now when a 'wrong' event occurs, you can understand there is no rhyme nor reason to direct or feel anger, defensiveness, guilt, control or victimisation. They/we did not yet know.

We all make the best decisions, based on our beliefs and priorities, using the information we have at the time. We only know what we know. We are all still learning. We will all make mistakes. When someone makes a mistake, is this an opportunity to punish or be-little them? Or is it a 'mis-take' of the situation and an opportunity to help them learn?

Of course some mistakes can be tragic, but mentally and emotionally destroying another life, doesn't bring the first one back.

Put it into practise. Be kind to yourself. Be kind to others. We're all in this together.

***'No matter what they teach us, what we believe is true.'* Unknown**

Another strategy for healing that kept appearing in my research, is hypnosis. Through hypnosis and the body/mind connection, there is a great deal that can be achieved.

Hypnosis was one of those things that never really sat right with me.

Watching those TV shows as kids, the 'Master' on stage commanding his 'subjects' to behave like children, chickens and total fools. So realistic, it appeared they couldn't refuselike he had total control over them.

Yeah.....nah.

I wasn't ready to give control of me to anyone...ever.

How did this work anyway? How could this possibly benefit me? Or clear an illness? Especially a serious one like cancer?

All seemed a bit too hard, and a bit too hard to believe.

By chance I came across a book titled 'Master Secrets of Hypnosis and Self-Hypnosis.'

That might be worth a read, I thought. Maybe finding the secret would help me understand how letting someone have total control over you could possibly help your health.

Not only did that book give me the beginning knowledge on how hypnosis works, but gave me a simple example healing session to record and listen to as often as

possible.

I invested in a cassette recorder, followed the instructions to record it and played it sometimes six times per day. I became exhausted very easily, just doing everyday things and so I developed the habit of doing my session every time I lay down for a rest.

I found the more I did it, the more I could make it come to life in my mind and see changes happening.

Therein lies the biggest secret of Hypnosis.

Years later, I learned that people already have that total control over you. They are the people who peddle medication, chemotherapy, radiation, radical surgery and the like, to cure cancer and many other diseases. They control you absolutely...by convincing you that if you don't do as they say, you will die. In some cases, they may be right. In most, they are wrong, but still they have the control. Total control by fear.

In fact, this all begins sub-consciously when the diagnoses is delivered. The very word 'Cancer' has such fear around it, it almost means certain death.

When coupled with the Authority of your Doctor, (exactly as mine did),speaking the words 'Without surgery, you have about 6 months. With surgery, you have up to 75% chance of seeing 45 years of age.'

It is a terrifying prospect at 36 years old. In those moments of deep emotion, your sub-conscious mind takes on the belief that you have no choice. You have no control. You will die in six months or at 45 years of age.

For many people, it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Having unsupportive people around you is also a dangerous situation. Someone I love and trusted said to me one day, 'Why don't you just go ahead and have the treatment so we can all stop worrying about you??' It was lucky at the time I was feeling positive changes begin to happen and I was able to let it go. Had it been said on top of everything else, in an earlier weak and emotional stage, it would have had a completely different impact.

In 2008, I began my course in Brisbane to become a Clinical Hypnotherapist and later went on to specialise in particular areas that would allow me to help many people change their lives. Some wanted to kick the cigarettes, some the extra kilos and many others wanted to rebuild their whole lives.

I feel blessed that each of these amazingly strong people, all chose me to walk with them through their journey.

I have to stress that one method is never a complete cure. One thing didn't corrupt the system to get to where it is today and one thing will never return it to normal stasis. Every correct, clearing step is a step closer health.

If you would like to make use of the very same healing session yourself, from the book 'Master Secrets of Hypnosis and Self-Hypnosis', I have included it in the resource section at the back of this book.

‘Those who say it cannot be done shouldn’t interrupt the people doing it.’ Unknown

The May appointment with Dr Lane came around in no time. ‘I think now is a good time to redo the tests,’ He said

He wrote out the referral for the same clinic to re-do the ultrasound. I called and made the appointment. They would do it in two days.

I arrived a bit early for the appointment. I had done a lot of thinking over the last two days. I had no doubt that my health had improved dramatically. Although not perfectly normal by any means, I had much more energy and confidence. But what if.....? No, I’m not going there, I thought. I know I’m going to be OK.

As luck would have it, the same technician who carried out the first scan, was also my technician today.

Prepped and laying on the table, the tech started moving the head of the ultrasound over my neck. She stopped a couple of times, fiddled with the hand-piece and then went back to imaging.

After about 15 minutes, she said ‘I don’t understand this. I did the original scans. I have written on my reports “confirmed cancer”. I don’t do this lightly.’

So, what’s the problem?’ I asked

‘I have just scanned the whole neck area, and the thyroid gland. Where there were large cancerous

tumours, there are now only some small, degenerative cysts! I can't explain this.'

I left the clinic feeling 10 feet tall. We had done it. We had turned everything around. It was going to be OK.

I made a special trip to Latrobe to see Dr Lane, Marion, Lionel and Jillian to give them the news personally. What an amazing team they were and I will be always grateful for their support, their warmth and their belief in me and their straight talking when I needed it most. This was not the end, not by a long shot. But there was no doubt now that it would be OK. Keeping up with the protocol was easy.

Sixteen years later, juicing is still a major part of my diet. I still have at least one smoothie per day. 80% of the food I eat is still raw and where possible, organic. I eat very little red meat or dairy, even less processed food or grain. I have included some of my basic recipes in the resources chapter for your use and I hope you find them to be as full of flavour as they are of nutrients.

Over the years, whenever I was able, I made the time to drop in and see my amazing Dr Lane. Sadly, Dr Allan Lane passed away in 2008. To say his passing is a huge loss to the world, is a massive understatement. A champion of people. I feel so privileged to have been under his care and I know, without doubt, I would not be writing this today if it were not for him.

The specialists in the field of oncology gave me 6 months to live.

Dr Allan Lane gave me a lifetime.

Resources

Healing Juices

Some basic juice and smoothie recipes to get you started.

Total yield from each recipe can vary greatly, depending on type and quality. Adjust the recipes to suit your needs.

Add Vitamin C (Sodium Ascorbate) to your juices along with B3 and Vital All-in-One.

If the juices are too strong for your taste initially, dilute with water. To add greater nutrient value as well as varied taste, dilute with cooled herb teas.

Carrot, Apple, Celery, Ginger

A great starter juice and the base of many

1 Apple

5 Carrots

4 Celery Sticks

1/4 inch piece Ginger

Valuable extras:

2 Kale leaves

1/2 Beetroot

Wash and chop all to size and juice.

Nutrients:

Vitamins A, B, B6, C,D,E,K, Beta Carotene
Potassium, Calcium, Phosphorus, Chromium,
Magnesium, Copper, Potassium, Iron, Silicon, Sodium,
Iodine, Silica, Chlorine, Sulphur, Zinc and Soluble Fibre
(Pectin)

Energy Juice

1 Apple

5 Carrots

4 Celery Sticks

1 Cucumber

1 Red Capsicum

2 Spinach leaves

1 Cup Parsley leaves

Wash and chop all to size and juice.

Nutrients:

Vitamins A, B, B6, B8 (Inositol), B9(Folate),C, D, E, K,
Beta-carotene, Calcium, Chromium, Iron, Magnesium,
Phosphorus, Silica, Sodium, Iodine, Silica, Chlorine,
Potassium, Magnesium, Manganese, Sulphur.

Immune Boost

1/2 Beetroot (with leaves if possible)

1 Apple

1 Carrot

1 Cup **fresh** Parsley

2 Spinach leaves

2 Turnip leaves

1/4 cup Barley Grass

Garlic or Ginger (1/2 clove or 1/2 inch piece) Depending on your taste or alternate.

Wash and chop all to size and juice.

You can vary this recipe by sweetening with a little fruit, flavouring with your favourite herb tea and substituting or adding fresh herbs e.g. mint, dandelion leaves, or any sprouts.

Nutrients:

B, C, D, E, K, Bets-carotene, Chlorophyll, Folic acid, Calcium, Manganese, Iron, Phosphorus, Chromium, Magnesium, Potassium, Sodium, Chromium, Iodine, Silica, Clorine, Sulphur, Copper, Pectin.

Detox

Juice from 2 Lemons

1 Apple

1 Pear

1/4" piece Ginger

1 clove Garlic

1/2" slice Horseradish

1 cup warm water (not hot or some of the honey's properties will be destroyed)

1 Tablespoon **raw** honey

Stir honey into warm water to dissolve, juice everything else and stir into honey mixture.

Nutrients:

Vitamin A,B, B6, B2, C, D, E, K P (Flavanoids),
Potassium, Magnesium, Calcium, Phosphorous, Iron,
Sodium, Silicon, Chlorine, Pectin, Copper, Zinc,
Selenium, Chromium, Sulphur, Flouride, Allicin, Niacin.

Lift

1/4 head Broccoli

2 Carrots

6 Green Beans

1/2 Cucumber

6 Strawberries

Nutrients:

B, C, D, E, K, Beta-carotene, Folic acid, Calcium, Manganese, Iron, Phosphorus, Chromium, Magnesium, Potassium, Sodium, Chromium, Iodine, Silica, Chlorine, Sulphur.

Body Ease

3 Pineapple slices

3 Celery sticks

2 Lebanese cucumbers

1 Carrot

1/4" piece Ginger

Nutrients:

B, C, D, E, K, Beta-carotene, Calcium, Manganese, Iron, Phosphorus, Chromium, Magnesium, Potassium, Sodium, Iodine, Silica, Chlorine, Sulphur, Copper, Zinc.

Heal

1 Pear

1 Apple

1 Carrot

1 Tomato

1/2 Sapote

1/2 Beetroot

1/2 Red onion

2 Dandelion leaves

1/4" piece Ginger

1 Garlic clove

Nutrients:

A,B, C, D, E, K, Beta-carotene, Lycopene, Flavonoids (Quercetin), Folic acid, Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus, Chromium, Magnesium, Potassium, Sodium, Iodine, Silica, Manganese, Chlorine, Sulphur.

Rest

2 Carrots

1 Apple

1 Sweet potato

1 Grapefruit

1/2 Fennel bulb

3 Lettuce leaves

Nutrients:

A,B, C, D, E, K, Beta-carotene, Lycopene, Flavonoids (Quercetin), Folic acid, Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus, Chromium, Magnesium, Potassium, Sodium, Iodine, Silica, Manganese, Chlorine, Sulphur.

Pain Erase

1 Grapefruit (Whole)

1/2 Broccoli head

3-4 Strawberries

1/4" Ginger piece

Chili to your taste

1 teaspoon each of Flaxseed oil, Wheat germ oil,
Lecithin

Juice grapefruit, broccoli and ginger. Blend juice with strawberries, chilli, oils and lecithen.

Nutrients:

B, C, E, K, Beta-carotene, Biotin, Inositol, Omega 3,
Folic acid, Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus, Magnesium,
Potassium, Sodium, Choline, Sulphur, Selenium,
Copper, Zinc.

Fermented Foods

Yoghurt

Yoghurt makers are available in every supermarket these days and in all shapes and sizes.

YoGo have been around for years and so have Hansells and they both do great yoghurt mixes. Especially the unsweetened Greek type yoghurt.

While these are a great way to get your pre- and probiotics, I like to up level mine by adding in some extra probiotics when I mix it up.

Most good yoghurt mixes will give you about 4 active live cultures (usually *L. Bulgaricus*, *S. thermophilus*, *L. Acidophilus* and *Bifido. Lactis*), which is great, and a prebiotic fibre, like Oligofructose.

The probiotic superfood I use, (Immunity Fuel), adds in another 10 strains of live probiotics and adds a thick creaminess to the finished product.

Fermented Chutney

Ingredients

3 cups cored and finely chopped apples
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup pure water
2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons whey* (Best from homemade yoghurt)
1 tablespoon Organic Apple Cider Vinegar
2 tsp. Celtic Salt
1 teaspoon ground cumin
1 teaspoon slightly crushed coriander seeds
1/2 teaspoon red pepper flakes (or more, to taste)
1/2 teaspoon dried thyme
1/2 teaspoon caraway seeds

Method

1. Dissolve honey and salt in the water, add vinegar and whey.
2. Mix all other ingredients and pack into a clean 1 litre glass jar.
3. Pour liquid mix into jar. Liquid should cover top of fruit. Add pure water if required
4. Cover with muslin and a rubber band and leave for two days. Bubbles signify that fermentation has begun.

5. Screw on the lid and place in the door of your fridge for one week.
6. Blend, screw on the lid. Will keep in fridge for up to 2 months. Add a little to every meal. Great with veggies, meat, cheeses and rice.

*Whey from your homemade yoghurt is bursting, probiotic bacteria. This kickstarts the fermentation process. To separate the whey from your yoghurt, drain yogurt through a strainer lined with muslin or cheese cloth and set over a bowl over night. The whey will have drained into the bowl and the lovey stuff left in the strainer is a delicious yoghurt cheese. It pairs beautifully with your new chutney.

Fermented Vegetables

It is very easy to make your own fermented veggies and it doesn't have to be cabbage. You can ferment almost any vegetable but the best ones to start with are:

- Carrots
- Green Beans
- Gherkin Cucumbers
- Beets
- Broccoli
- Cauliflower

You can ferment them separately or chose three of four to mix for variety.

Simple rules to start off:

1. Cut ingredients into evenly sized pieces
2. Use clean jars and pure water (not chlorinated tap water)
3. Pack you jars tightly with vegetables
4. Make sure the salt brine covers you vegetables and place a cabbage leaf or weight on top to keep them submerged.

The following recipe will make 1 litre so have a lidded and clean one litre jar prepared.

Ingredients

- 4 cups of evenly chopped veggies
- 4 cups pure water
- 2 tablespoons of Celtic salt
- Seasonings - garlic, ginger, basil, dill, pepper, curry powder

Method

1. Pack the clean jar with the chopped vegetables, leaving 3.5cm head space
2. Add seasonings of choice
3. Dissolve Celtic salt in pure water
4. Pour the brine over vegetables leaving 2.5cm head space
5. Add cabbage leaf or weight to keep the vegetables submerged and cover with muslin or cheesecloth
6. Allow to ferment on the kitchen bench for 3 days and make sure the vegetables remain submerged. Tiny bubbles will become visible at the top of the brine
7. Taste the vegetables each day after three days. When you are happy with the taste, remove the cabbage leaf/ weight, lid tightly and keep in the fridge

They are ready to enjoy with dips, hummus (recipe below) or just to snack on straight from the jar.

Hummus

There are many variations to hummus recipes but this is my long time favourite.

Ingredients

- 2 400g cans of chick peas
- 1/3 cup tahini
- 3 garlic cloves (crushed)
- 1/4 cup fresh lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
- 1 teaspoon cumin
- 1/2 teaspoon Celtic salt
- Pinch cayenne pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika (plus a sprinkle to garnish)

Method

1. Drain and rinse chick peas
2. Add all the ingredients to the food processor and blend until smooth and creamy.
3. Test and adjust salt, garlic or lemon juice to your taste.
4. Pour into serving bowl and top with a little extra olive oil and a sprinkle of paprika.,

Hypnosis Healing Session

HYPNOTISE DISEASE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BODY

Record the following suggestions on tape, and play it to yourself once a day, or more, when needed.

I am resting, calm, relaxed, my eyes closed.

My arms and legs are flexible....

I feel free, relaxed....

Nothing distracts me....

I let myself be drawn along....

I am breathing slowly, regularly....

I am quite relaxed....

A wonderful peacefulness envelops my body.

In this state peace, I have an opening to my subconscious....

This opening grows wider....

Moore and more....

My words are settling into my subconscious....

Are taking root there....

I will carry out these commands.

My body is now suffering (Say name of disease)....

But this disease exists as much in my mind as in my body....

And my mind can heal it as quickly as any wonder drug ever invented.

My mind can heal....

The great power of my subconscious mind can heal....

For my unconscious mind reaches down to every cell in my body....

It speaks to every cell in my body....

It can see every cell in my body....

It can tell which of those cells have been invaded....

Which of those cells are ailing....

Which of those cells need to be healed.

I am now commanding my mind to seek out those cells that are ailing....

Two find those cell that have been invaded by this disease....

The germs in these cells look to my mind like little fires in

my cells....

Trying to burn up the cells and injure me....

*I see those little fires inside my body, but they are
nothing but fires....*

*And, like all fires, they can be put by the water of my
mind.*

*Now I tell my mind to create clouds in the cells above
those fires....*

These are dark clouds....

These are rain clouds....

I can see these clouds clearly....

*They turn the sky dark over the fires, and then they begin
to rain....*

The rain pours down out of them....

Torrents of rain com down out of them....

Each cell is filled with pure, soft, healing rain.

Now the rain pours downs on the fires in those cells....

*Great floods of rain come down on the fires in those
cells....*

The fires turn to wet smoke in the rain....

The flames of the fires are out out, one by one, by the rain....

They are washed away, one by one, by the healing rain....

Now I can see no more flames....

No more fires....No more smoke....

There is nothing left of the flames or the fires....

The gentle, healing rain has washed them all away.

The disease is gone....

All that is left is the pure, healed cell....

Now that the disease has been put out, I can see the cells healing themselves....

I can see them growing stronger and healthier....

Washed clean and young again....

Free from the disease....

Free from pain....

Free from sickness....

Free from weakness....

Free from any chance for the fires to ever start again.

Reproduced from 'Master Secrets of Hypnosis and Self Hypnosis' by Professor Kurt Tepperwein

Afterword

I believe we all are born with a plan we need to fulfil; a mission to bring our piece of new information, our essence, to the world. However before we can pass on that message, we first need to uncover it through the lessons that life itself teaches us. When we are really ready to learn, the Universe conspires to bring us the appropriate lessons. Although we may pass through many highs and lows while we uncover our message, every event in our lives passes on a lesson; a learning that can help not only ourselves but everyone we meet.

This book was written to share my message and my lessons with the world. We are born with everything we need to grow, learn and thrive with a healthy body and a healthy mind. We spend the majority of our lives trying to be successful, respected, rich, comfortable and contented; we expect to find all these things when we have enough money, belongings, influential friends but then we spend all our time keeping an eye on it, just in case somebody tries to take it from us.

The greying hair, the stress lines on our faces and our failing health, can all be taken care of by the skilled beautician, hairdresser and the wonders of modern medicine and the skill of the surgeons knife.

We wonder why our children have no enthusiasm, no morals and no respect for others and see this reflected in their lack of self worth. They hide behind the facade of arrogance, violence and consumerism - feed on it to fill the hollow inside that should be filled with our love

and support; self love and self worth; this is the way to ensure they grow into mature balanced adults who understand their place in the world.

Everything about our society today teaches our children that unless you can make your life a 'success' you will always be a 'nobody', 'you'll never come to anything'. Unless you earn \$xxxxxx.xx per annum, live in a 4 bedroom house, drive an expensive European car and have a beautiful wife to bear your progeny, you just aren't successful. We say that the value of your place in society is equal to the value of the material possessions you amass and the balance of your bank account.

It is this thinking that leads to the stress, depression, anxiety and the physical illness that is rife in our lives today. It is this thinking that smothers originality, individuality and real health care. The truth, sharing and understanding so desperately needed, does not make people rich. Lies, fear and control are the money spinners and people will pay anything if they feel it is the only way to preserve their life.

There are other ways that are well known and understood, I am not the only one who has trodden the other path, it is there for all to use if they wish to take the journey home to their real selves.

I spent much of my life wondering why the Universe seemed to be conspiring against me, robbing me of the life that I had planned so carefully and worked so hard for; then one day I realised the Universe was actually conspiring to bring me the life that I deserve.

Reader Reviews

An absolute 'must read' for those of us aware of our mortality and the need to own it to the best of our ability. Kath has energised these pages with her stunning and unquestionable drive, her insight, her vulnerability and her humour. When I finished reading my copy I found myself rubbing the back cover like I was rubbing the back of a good friend whose company I had very much enjoyed.

Peter McCarthy

This book goes some way towards describing the transformation of the scared, damaged and empty shell of a woman who walked into my classroom looking for all the world like the most unlikely future therapist, into the strong, healthy, whole and gifted healer she is today. I am so honoured to have been a witness in her transformation. She promised herself that if she ever got through this, she would write a book. She did and she has. What a story!

Jennifer Lowry

Kaths' journey is inspirational and her modesty and strength in its telling, shows her truly giving nature. Kath travels from her lowest point through the intricate web of significant crossed paths and her amazing resilience and determination empowers the belief in self.

Janine Calvert

What you have provided has given hope for the reader.

*Many many folk will find inspiration as well as education
- Your passion is addictive*

Karen Taylor



In 2002, Kath received a diagnosis of cancer with a very grim outcome. Faced with two clear, but opposite paths; one of radical surgery and radiation to treat the disease, the other to opt for a naturally healthier way to assist her body in beating the cancer, Kath chose to fight by nurturing her own body.

Taking a leap of faith, against the best advice of specialists, she followed her gut feelings. With her own indepth research, and advice and support from an amazing holistic GP, a Naturopath and a Medical Herbalist, Kath began her journey.

Following her new health-giving regime (during the initial medical estimate of the *six months to live without treatment*), Kath's trio confidently oversaw her progress, then continued to do so for the next twelve months.

Eighteen years on, Kath is healthier than ever and still follows this same regime.

The regime was not about taking proprietary supplements daily or eating salads, but was specific to foods that targeted her return to health.

In this book, Kath delves into the key areas she addressed that were instrumental in rebuilding a strong healthy body. Included are the unedited blocks of research she followed.

At the beginning of this journey, Kath made a promise to the Universe. If she survived and recovered she would share how she succeeded, so others could do the same.

This book is that promise - the story of her journey.

CANCER FREE - It's all INSIDE

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