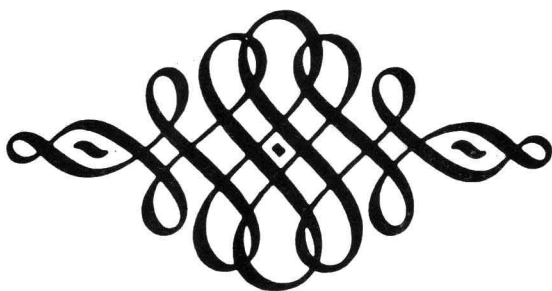

**I FOUGHT
- LEUKEMIA -
AND WON!**



Rex B. Eyre

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by
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"I see in him [Max Gerson] one of the most eminent medical geniuses in the history of medicine. Many of his basic ideas have been adopted without having his name connected with them. Yet he has achieved more than seemed possible under adverse conditions. . . . Those whom he cured will now attest to the truth of his ideas.

— Dr. Albert Schweitzer

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INTRODUCTION

At the age of fifty-two I was diagnosed as having the dread disease leukemia. Yet I fought it and won.

Leukemia is regarded as incurable and, until recent years, invariably fatal. Modern therapy can result in remissions, some long term; but most are only temporary. Some patients never achieve a remission, and the side effects of approved treatments can be damaging or even life-threatening.

Instead of submitting to the hazards of radiation and chemotherapy, I chose the Gerson Therapy, a treatment based on diet and other methods for purifying the body and building its defenses. For two and a half years I had fought the long, hard, time-consuming battle to health, losing the fight each day, before I heard of the Gerson Therapy.

At the time of my last physical examination, I showed no signs of ever having had leukemia; my blood was free of any infection or sign of leukemia. In fact, doctors who examined me claimed I had been misdiagnosed, including the doctor whose records showed at least three such diagnoses.

The causes of leukemia are still not known for certain, but it is believed that the interaction of some known factors with genetic and environmental conditions can help trigger the disease in susceptible people. For this reason my story will

include some experiences which may show a susceptibility or which may have contributed to my developing the disease, although there is no certainty, of course, that there is such a connection.

My health was restored as a result of the Gerson Therapy, which has been healing "incurables" since the late 1920s. Because cancer will strike one out of three people in America, I feel that each one of us should familiarize ourselves with all methods of combating this and other degenerative and painful diseases—not just those methods approved by the medical establishment. Since my experience was with the Gerson Therapy, that is what I tell about in this book. My only regret is that I didn't learn of this therapy sooner.

The Author

Chapter I

Early Years

I was born in the little town of Cowley, Wyoming, January 25, 1923, and spent my early years there.

At the age of fourteen I suffered from a nosebleed that would not stop. It bled for three hours, and I finally went to a doctor in Lovell, Wyoming. To stop the bleeding, he packed my nose with cotton, which he said I must leave in for at least two or three days. After that time, I returned to the doctor. He removed the cotton, examined me further, and pronounced me OK. I was weak from the loss of so much blood; however, I recovered and all went well for the next few years.

In 1942, at the age of 19, I was married. My

wife never knew me to be in good health—just tired and worn out. That fall I had a bad spell; while working in the field, I would faint and had to rest for a while before I could go back to work. The doctor said I had a heart condition and put me to bed for two weeks. At the end of that time I got out of bed and went outside, only to faint and fall upon the ground.

About this time I visited a new practitioner in Powell, Wyoming, and he found that I was suffering from anemia. He prescribed some iron tablets, which helped at first, but after a few days my body refused to use that type of iron, and I had to change to a natural form which my body could tolerate. After that I got along fine.

In 1944 I was still on the farm. In the winter we had to feed the livestock—chickens, pigs, and cows—do the milking and all the things that go along with a farm. As usual, it was a very cold winter. One morning I was on the haystack trying to get feed for the cows. My whole face was covered except for my nose and eyes. In spite of this precaution, the wind froze my nose and sinuses. I immediately got down from the stack and went into the house, but the damage was done. By afternoon, I was in so much pain that I went to my doctor. He took one look at me and said he could do nothing for me, that I needed to see a specialist. He made an appointment for me with the closest one—

an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist in Billings, Montana.

By night I was in the office of the specialist. The pain was almost unbearable. It was four days before he could clear up the infection and let me go back home.

In 1956 I went to work on a big, irrigated ranch of 1,200 acres. Most of it was row crop—sugar beets and corn—and barley, alfalfa hay, and some pasture land. Each year we had an insect problem, and a crop duster would spray for worms, weevils, grasshoppers, etc. It was my job to direct the plane so the pilot would know where to make the next swipe. Each time he came to the end of his run, I would get a dose of the pesticide. This went on for four seasons. In those days we were not aware of the potential harm that might result from exposure to pesticides and other harmful chemicals. Still, I don't know if this was a factor in my future suffering.

Chapter II

Moving to California

In the fall of 1959 I moved my family to California, hoping the warmer climate would benefit my wife, Norma, who was suffering from ill health.

In 1961 I went to work for the Wynn Oil Company, manufacturers of Wynn's Friction Proofing. There we canned oil additives for use in motors, radiators, and transmissions in all types of equipment. My job was to operate the can lines, fillers, seamers, casers, gluing machines, and to move the filled cases into the warehouse. I stayed with this job for about seven years. Here, again, I was exposed to the fumes of chemicals for eight hours each day. It was not unusual to can 10,000 gallons each day. Often my hands and clothes

were covered with the chemicals we put into the cans. When I quit there in 1967, my hands and arms were covered with warts. Again, we don't know if this exposure had anything to do with my developing leukemia.

At this time I was again being treated for anemia. In 1968 the doctor told me that I was no longer anemic. I went to give blood to the Red Cross. They told me that I needed blood worse than they did, and they wouldn't take any from me. So, apparently, the doctor was mistaken.

I next went to work at Besteel Company in The City of Industry as a brake operator. No longer was I involved in handling chemicals. It was a good job, but it wasn't to last long, because in the spring of 1971 I became ill again. I went to several doctors, but they could find nothing wrong. I became tired and listless and needed lots of sleep. The infection in my head had remained dormant since 1944, but it was now beginning to affect my health.

In December 1971 I made a quick trip to Manti, Utah, during very cold weather, and the cold reactivated the head infection. My head ached, and the pain was intense. Upon my return to California, I tried to see a specialist, but the earliest available appointment was not for three weeks, and I couldn't wait. I went to see my regular doctor and, as usual, had to wait in his office. While there I took a chill and went to pieces. I called the nurse for help, and she got the doctor

immediately. He put me in the hospital right away, and since he didn't know what my trouble was, had me put in isolation for five days. Still they couldn't find my trouble. They fed me through the veins and kept me full of antibiotics; I was getting a shot each hour on the hour. With all the medication, they still could not relieve my headache. By this time I was so full of drugs that I was out of my head at times.

An eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist had been called in to take over my case. As he was unable to find my problem, he decided to do exploratory surgery and after two hours found what he was looking for. He said my only chance was to have my head operated on and see just what the trouble was. Consequently, I spent five hours on the operating table, where they removed the sinuses from my forehead.

Five weeks after this operation, I went back to the hospital, and they removed and cleaned the sinus cavities under my nose. In doing this, they had to cut the nerves that controlled my sense of smell, the feeling in my eight top front teeth, and all feeling in my upper lip. How sad! I had to learn to eat all over again because I could not tell if I was actually biting into my food.

Also, they told me that I could no longer tolerate cold. How right they were! Not only were my front teeth numb, I also had a numb forehead,

a numb forefinger, a numb spot on my right knee, and a big scar on my stomach, all the results of previous operations.

They told me my physical working days were over; I could no longer work in the steel plant. Since I could no longer do physical labor, I went to school to get a real estate license in order to support my family as a real estate salesman.

All went well until 1974, when I again developed leg and feet problems. The pain was almost unbearable. I lost my sense of balance. I consulted many doctors, including leg doctors. They gave me all kinds of tests—blood tests, tests for diabetes, urine tests—all to no avail. They were unable to find the source of my problem or to give me any relief. They would give me a shot and tell me if that didn't work to come back and they would try something else.

This went on until May 1975. By then I was so sick and exhausted that I would just sit at my desk, put my feet on top of the desk, lean back, and go to sleep. My broker told me to put my deals on his desk; he would put them together for me. He sent me home to get some rest and told me to come back to work when I felt able. On June 1, 1975, I went home, went to bed, and slept twenty hours a day for three weeks, waking up only when Norma came to feed me. During these three weeks Norma was advised to take me to see Dr. James Privitera, who was a dietitian as well as a medical doctor.

Dr. Privitera was the first doctor who seemed to be concerned about finding out why I hurt and who tried persistently to get to the root of my problem. He put me on a strict diet, with lots of vitamins, and sent me to see several different specialists. For three weeks they took blood tests, hair tests, diabetes tests, and urine tests, but all to no avail. They could not find the cause of my illness, and I continued to get weaker and to suffer even more.

Finally Dr. Privitera sent me to get a dark field blood test from a reputable blood analyst. The analyst examined me, took a blood sample, and sent me back to his waiting room to wait for his report for about thirty-five to forty minutes. In just about ten minutes he came in the waiting room and said, "Rex, please come in here. I want you to see what I have found. I just can't believe what it shows."

I went into his lab, where he put a slide under his big microscope. He had isolated each blood cell.

"Look at this. I know what it is. It's a cancer cell in the red blood." It looked like the moon in the first quarter. He said he had seen many like them.

He then put another slide under the microscope. "Look at this one," he said. "It is also a cancer cell in the red blood, but I have never seen this type in the same blood stream as the other." It

looked like a full moon in eclipse. I could see just the outside ring.

He then put in another slide. It looked just like the Milky Way on a clear, calm night. He said, "I don't know what this one is; I have never seen it before. I'll have to research it. Your doctor will get my report in ten days."

In ten days his report came. All it said was cancer of the blood. Was I ever discouraged! I figured I would end up like all other blood cancer victims.

When Dr. Privitera saw the report, he said, "Rex, I can do no more for you. I just don't know how to fight it."

By this time I was not only sicker, but completely discouraged. I suggested he send me to The City of Hope, a big, famous cancer hospital in Duarte, California. He did not think it appropriate for my case and said, "I would like you to go see Dr. J. P. Hutchins instead in Wilmington, California. He is a well-known dietitian, and he works with a lot of cancer patients. You can use my phone and call him right now." This I did, and soon I was on my way with the results of all my tests and examinations. Norma went with me.

Chapter III

My Experiences with Dr. Hutchins

It was about sixty miles to Wilmington, and at three o'clock we were in the office of Dr. Hutchins. It was packed with people waiting to see him. He was the kind of doctor who didn't leave a patient until he had done everything he could for his welfare, then he would see the next patient. We sat there for three hours, so discouraged that we almost gave up and decided to go home. However, we had no choice except to wait and give him a chance to try to help me.

When the doctor finally came in to see me, he immediately gave me all his attention; nothing else mattered. He gave me a complete examination.

He then took my records from the envelope and discussed each one with me very thoroughly. This took about two hours. When he had finished, he said, "Rex, Dr. Privitera has really done a thorough job for you. There is only one thing I can do that he hasn't done. I'm going to take blood tests, send one to Germany to have it analyzed, send one to Switzerland, and one to a laboratory in San Diego, California. I should have the results in about twelve days."

He changed my diet, prescribed lots of vitamins, and gave me a treatment on his Nanoray-X machine. Its purpose was to charge the electrodes in my body to give more vitality. All this helped me to feel much better.

Dr. Hutchins gave us permission to make a trip home to Wyoming while we were waiting for the results of the blood test to come from Germany. It was a rough two weeks, because I was so sick.

After we returned from our trip, I went back to Dr. Hutchins. He again tried changing my diet and medication and used acupuncture and electrical treatments. Nothing gave me very much relief.

We waited and waited for the reports. At last the ones from Germany and Switzerland arrived at just about the same time. They were almost identical, word for word. They diagnosed me as having chronic leukemia in the red blood cells or the blood-making mechanism. They specified the exact places of infection—in my head, in my abdomen, and in the calves of both legs.

Dr. Hutchins said, "Now we may be able to help you." He again changed my diet, taking me off all salt, sugar, red meat, chicken, and fish. He changed my vitamins and prescribed a quart of fresh carrot juice each day. I responded favorably for about a month, then I took a turn for the worse. I developed the worst case of "piles" that you can imagine. My body just refused to respond to anything we tried. Dr. Hutchins told me the piles were caused by the leukemia; the minerals in my food were not being used by my body but were lying idle in my intestines and had ulcerated. The hemorrhoids were so sore I couldn't sit, I couldn't lie down, I hurt to even stand up. To correct this problem, I took two coffee enemas each day, one in the morning and one at night. They worked! In two weeks the hemorrhoids were healed.

For two years I visited Dr. Hutchins three times a week, traveling 120 miles each trip. Each time I had a treatment on the Nanoray-X machine. The first year I would respond to one thing for a while, then the doctor would have to change to something else. Each time I would respond for a little while, then take a turn for the worse. It seemed that nothing we did would help for more than a few days. I tried everything; you name it, and I've tried it—myrtle leaves, wheat grass, Serenity Cocktail, cod-liver oil, vitamins of all kinds, painkillers—nothing seemed to help.

In September 1976 I was really sick. I could do

nothing but lie on the bed, unable to read or watch television, just wait and hope for a better day. Then my body became too alkaline.

Dr. Hutchins treated me for the alkalinity, but I failed to respond. The normal pH of urine is 5.4-5.6 percent. When it reaches 7.5 percent, the body is subject to heart attacks, seizures, strokes, etc. My pH went as high as 9.5 percent and did not go under 7.0 percent for six months. Dr. Hutchings told me to eat a big plate of sauerkraut and a dill pickle and drink a glass of water with one tablespoon of pure apple cider vinegar, and the alkaline balance would come down. It did, down to 7.0 percent. But it went right up again.

Dr. Hutchins told Norma that, if possible, she should get me on the Gerson Therapy, but he didn't know where to tell her to find it. This treatment, pioneered by Dr. Max Gerson in the early 1930s and based on his theory that cancer results from faulty metabolism, is designed to rid the system of accumulated poisons and restore proper body chemistry. This is achieved through a specialized diet and other cleansing procedures. (More information about Dr. Gerson and his work is given at the end of this book.)

At this time my wife was working as a receptionist and office manager for a doctor of chiropractic. On July 16, 1977, late on a Saturday afternoon, they were attending a convention in Los Angeles. In the same hotel was Charlotte Straus, giving a lecture on diet. Norma, seeing Charlotte's name on

the display board, left her assigned class and went to listen to Charlotte. It turned out that Charlotte is the daughter of Dr. Max Gerson, and Norma soon realized that the lecture described the Gerson Therapy that Dr. Hutchins had told her I should try. How happy Norma was! Now she had found another way that might help me.

Charlotte gave Norma some literature and a telephone number where she could be reached. Monday morning, July 18, our son talked to Charlotte on the phone. She told him that she was opening a new clinic in Mexico on July 20, and if I could be there then, she could put me on the diet immediately, and there would be no waiting in line to get in. Needless to say, on Wednesday morning I went to Mexico. The clinic was located seven miles south of the border, just south of Tijuana.

The morning we left my body was so alkaline that it was dehydrated and weak. My kidneys had stopped working, so you can understand that my condition was terrible. Then, when we arrived in Mexico, we took a wrong road and came to a dead end. We had to back up for quite a long way before we could get onto another road. We were lost; everything was foreign to us. In my desperate condition it was almost more than I could stand. A passing car stopped and offered to help us get to our destination, and, of course, we really welcomed the help. We followed the car for two miles to the right road. We were due at the clinic at 11:00 a.m. and got there with only five minutes to spare. I was the second patient after the clinic was opened.

Chapter IV

The Gerson Therapy

The Gerson Therapy was a completely new way of life, completely different from anything that I had ever done before. It is based on complete detoxification, or cleansing of the body, and the use of proper foods procured from the best sources possible. Tools for the therapy include a soup known as Hippocrates soup, coffee enemas, a total absence of salt and fats from the diet, and the use of enzymes, vitamins, and minerals in the food.

The Hippocrates soup is made according to a recipe used by Hippocrates himself and is a combination of parsley, leeks, celery and celery root, tomatoes, and potatoes and is simmered for two hours.

Restoration of the function of the liver by normalizing the sodium-potassium balance is one

of the first steps in Dr. Gerson's treatment. The saltless diet and potassium medication do this. Then juices from raw calf liver and fruit and vegetables are given. Calf liver is valued highly because of its oxidizing enzymes. But it has a high cholesterol content, so only the juice is used, and this is combined with carrot juice. The patients are given from two to three glassfuls a day.

Coffee enemas are extremely beneficial in healing the digestive tract and to eliminate all waste and poisonous matter from the system. In addition to the cleansing properties, the coffee enema also acts as a sedative.

When tumors are present, the high point of the treatment comes when the protective covering of the tumor is penetrated and the potassium and oxidizing enzymes go into the cancer mass and kill the cancer cells. Then the mass of dead cells must be eliminated through detoxification.

Another facet of the treatment is liver injections. Some patients need a great deal of additional liver to increase their red blood cells. Vitamin B₁₂ is also added

Because of my condition, I told my wife that I would do anything they asked; I had nothing to lose. The Gerson Therapy calls for a fresh glass of juice each hour for a limit of thirteen glasses each day and three cooked meals each day, along with some various medications such as niacin, thyroid, potassium, hydrochloric acid, pancreatin, etc., in tablet form.

My first glass of juice was waiting when I arrived. At noon we were fed dinner and another glass of juice. On the table were a dish of honey and all kinds of fresh fruits—oranges, apricots, grapes, plums, peaches, bananas, and pears. They expected us to eat and enjoy everything set before us and to take some of it to our rooms to piece on between meals and to eat with our drinks of juice.

I looked at Charlotte and told her that I hadn't had a piece of fruit or a drop of honey for six months because of my condition. She said, "Don't worry about it. Get on this diet, and your pH will take care of itself."

I was so hungry for fruit that I made a real pig of myself. The first day they gave me ten glasses of juice to drink, along with two meals. Before leaving home, I had also had food and something to drink.

After dinner the doctor took me into his office, where he examined and weighed me. I weighed 119 pounds with all my clothes on, my dinner, three glasses of juice, and all the fruit that I had had time to eat.

That night my kidneys had not yet worked, and I was in a lot of pain. How I did hurt! Norma checked with the doctor about it. He said if the kidneys didn't work in thirty minutes, they would have to catheterize me. I didn't want that to happen, so I worked hard to make my kidneys function. Finally I was able to get less than one-

half cup of urine. The doctor was unimpressed—said it wasn't near enough; so I continued to work. Finally I did get a bit more, so they let me go until morning. No more came.

They started me out with breakfast and more juice. That day I drank all thirteen glasses of juice but was unable to eat my dinner. Still my kidneys refused to work. This made twenty-three glasses of juice I had consumed without passing any urine. Was I ever in a lot of pain! I was so full of liquid I looked like a barrel. If I could have died, I would have felt justified. I knew the only chance I had to stay alive was to try to do what they asked as nearly as possible. Still I was so sick I was unable to go to supper or even to care about going. I was bloated and sick to my stomach. My legs and feet were so cold and hurt so bad it was almost unbearable.

About seven-thirty that evening my kidneys began to function. I kept the toilet to the bathroom busy all night. How grateful I was for the relief! The next day was the third day of the program. I was terribly sick—too sick to eat or even to drink the juices. All I could do was to lie in bed and groan. In fact, my wife asked me not to groan so loudly, as I could be heard all over the clinic; but I didn't care.

I was given several coffee enemas to try to counteract the pain. Nothing would help. At 10:15 a.m. I had a big dose of castor oil washed down with a big cup of black coffee, then half an orange

to take the taste out of my mouth. The coffee is supposed to diffuse the castor oil so it will coat the whole stomach and clean it out to remove anything from the stomach and intestines that should not be there. I was sick before this happened, but now I was worse than before. However, my kidneys continued to function.

Five hours after the castor oil and black coffee, I was given a coffee-castor oil enema: five tablespoons of castor oil, a cup of black coffee, some soap, and ox bile. This was at three-fifteen. At six o'clock I was able to get out of bed, get dressed, wash up, lean on my wife's shoulder, and go down to the dining room for supper. The crisis was over. I was weak, but so happy!

For the first time in three years, I was without pain. My legs and feet didn't hurt. My equilibrium was better—not good, but better. That night I slept all night. When I awoke the next morning, I felt as if I had actually been to sleep and got some rest; for years I had awakened in the morning as tired as when I went to bed. I no longer took aspirin or other painkillers. With each new day I had wondered why I was still here. Now things had changed. I was happy to be alive and with my good wife. How wonderful it was to feel the way I did on the fourth morning!

I was to remain at the clinic for three weeks. My room was on the upper floor and, to get to the dining room, I had to walk down two flights of stairs. What a challenge it had been! Climbing

those stairs three times a day was a lot of work; it was almost too much for me. Each time we would climb the stairs, Norma would go ahead to the landing, then stop and wait for me. Each time we got back to my room, my strength was gone. I was happy to lie on the bed and rest until it was time to go again.

Now, how happy I was to be able to walk from my bedroom down to the dining room and back. My strength was coming back, and my desire to live had returned. I wanted to get well. I enjoyed visiting with and talking to the other patients.

The morning of the tenth day we arose and went downstairs to breakfast. Following breakfast, we went back to our room, hand in hand, happy to be together. We climbed the first flight of twenty-four stairs together. When we reached the top, I stopped, took Norma in my arms, and asked, "Do you know what we just did?" It was the first time we had climbed stairs together in many years. Again we had reached another milestone.

The first ten days at the clinic were busy ones for Norma. Not only did she have to wait on me and take care of all my needs, she was learning how to prepare the foods and juices and do all the other things that would be necessary to take care of me at home. I had to remain on the diet, just as they had prescribed it, for at least two years, to stay mighty close for a third year, and to stay fairly close for a fourth year. I had to stay close for

so long because it takes the body that long to repair the damage leukemia has done to it.

Norma was given new recipes, taught how to give me liver shots, how to prepare and administer coffee enemas, how to prepare and administer the castor oil, and how to make each glass of juice. It was to be a complete new way of life for both of us. No matter what was required or what the cost, we were willing to do what we could to keep the pain that I had endured from returning.

When we went to Mexico, I had planned to stay only two weeks. At the end of two weeks, my brother came to see me. He was so impressed with the way I had responded that he offered to pay for one more week. This I readily accepted, because every day I was able to remain, the better I felt. For best results, I should have stayed for a month or, preferably, six weeks. This third week gave Norma a chance to go home, find a place to buy organically-grown fruits and vegetables, order medicine, arrange to get fresh calf liver, and have everything ready for me to come home.

While in the clinic I became very good friends with nine other patients who were fighting for their lives the same as I. What fun it was to watch them respond and regain their health!

Chapter V

Going Home

Finally the great day arrived when I was to go home. However, they wouldn't release me until I had received all my juices and meals for the day, so it was about 7:00 p.m. before we were able to leave all the close friends we had made and return to our home in Covina, California. We arrived there about 10:00 p.m. Was it ever good to be home once more!

The next morning Norma started making juices and preparing food for me. Little did we realize the amount of work and time required to take care of me. In addition, Norma was trying to make a living and had her hands full. She was busy eighteen to twenty hours a day, seven days a week. The responsibility was just too much. She lost eighteen pounds in the first two weeks, and I

became concerned for her welfare. She, too, began drinking the juices, including the liver juice. What a difference it made! Although she now had the strength to carry on, we realized that we needed help.

Our three daughters each helped for two weeks. At the end of the six weeks we still needed help, so we called on the men and women of the Covina Stake of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and they came to our rescue. How we did appreciate their help! Each day for fifty days one would come and spend an afternoon waiting on me and helping to prepare my food and drinks. Some of them returned three or four times.

After the first three months, I was strong enough to make a lot of my own juices, wait on myself, run errands, go to the store, and go after fresh calf liver. This had to be purchased fresh three times each week. At this time a cancer patient from Glendora was working with me. She would make the 100-mile round trip one week, and I would go the next. During the next two years we became fast friends. We spent many hours helping each other and cheering and encouraging each other to remain true to the diet.

Chapter VI

The Body Healing Process

When I started this diet, Charlotte told me that my body would correct itself if there was anything amiss. There were a lot of things in my body that needed correcting. For instance, a finger had been cut off in 1963. A doctor had sewed it back on and put it in a cast. When the cast was removed, the finger had grown sideways—why, I don't know. The doctor rebroke it and put it another cast for three months more. When it was healed and the cast removed, my finger was stiff and had no feeling.

After being on the Gerson diet for four months, feeling came back into my finger. The finger is still stiff, but now I can feel to pick things up and to use it quite a bit.

Since my sinus operation, my head had been numb from the scar down to my eyebrows. Six

months after beginning the Gerson Therapy, my head began to itch. It about drove me wild, and I had to rub it continually. After about ten days of rubbing, scratching, using hot packs, doing anything that might help, my head began to feel quite normal. The feeling returned.

My eight front teeth were also dead since my operation in 1972, and I had had to learn to eat again. I couldn't bite even an apple without looking to see if I had taken a bite because of no feeling. I couldn't tell what I was chewing except with my molars. The end of my nose was also numb, and my taste and smell were weak. After about a year my teeth and nose started to itch and bother me just like my finger and forehead had done. However, the feeling didn't come back as completely as it had in the other places.

I had been without feeling for seven years. I figured that I wouldn't enjoy a sense of feeling in my teeth and upper lip or my sense of smell ever again. How good it is to be able to bite and chew without having to look to see what I am doing! Yes, my body was correcting itself.

In February 1978, after seven months on the diet, I went back to see Dr. Privitera for a blood test, as he had installed equipment in his office to take a dark field blood test. When the blood analyst gave him the results, Dr. Privitera shook his head. The report showed no signs of cancer cells.

He said, "Who told you that you had cancer of the blood?" I told him to look up his records and he would see. He never said any more. This was another milestone in my life.

I was still very weak and tired easily, but I was certainly happy. This was truly a landmark for a victim of leukemia.

I must relate a few more experiences. After I had been on the diet for twenty months, I awoke one morning thinking that I was having a heart attack; I had all the symptoms. By now all our money was gone, so I didn't go to a doctor and put up with the pain for a few days. Finally I went to see Dr. Privitera. He examined me and said, "Yes, you surely do have all the symptoms. You need an EKG."

I told him "Doctor, I just can't afford one." So he sent me home.

I suffered four more days, then we called Charlotte. I told her all my symptoms. She said, "Yes, you surely have them all, but this diet cures heart attacks and heart troubles." She asked if my pain was constant or if it came and then would ease up. I told her it was constant. She said that a heart attack would hit and then ease up. Then she asked if I had ever had rheumatic fever. I told her, "Yes, some eighteen years ago."

That," she said, "is the answer. It has taken your body this long to start to repair the damage that was done to your heart at that time."

She told me to get back on the original diet — castor oil and all — and to stop eating dry curd cottage cheese and yogurt, because these things were too hard to digest

“When the pain stops, which should be in about ten days, then get back on the diet as you are now,” she said.

Needless to say, in about ten days the pain did stop. To this day I have had no more trouble from that source.

As our finances had run out, I decided to try to get some Social Security for disability, so I applied. The examiner at the Social Security office told me I would have to submit to a complete physical examination by one of their doctors, and this I agreed to do. I explained that I felt good but that my strength had not yet returned, and I had to spend my time preparing my diet instead of trying to make a living. He agreed that was what I should do, but still I must have an examination. So I set up an appointment.

They took a blood test and a urine test, and when the results were in, I was to report to the doctor. He spent two hours with me, checked everything from the hair of my head down to my toenails. He made an account of all my past illnesses, operations, broken bones, blood pressure, heart problems, rheumatic fever, and my troubles with leukemia. As he asked each question, he would examine me some more. At last he said, “Rex, I am unable to put one red check on your chart.”

I was unable to get any financial help, but how happy I was to have a clean bill of health!

In February, 1979, I was happy to be asked to participate at the National Health Convention to be held in Long Beach, California. Six cured “incurables” appeared on the program, all patients who had received Gerson Therapy. No two of us had had the same problem. One had had bone cancer; one, cancer of the stomach (eighty percent of her stomach had been removed), one, cancer of the eye (one eye had been removed and she was sent home to die), one had recovered from multiple sclerosis, one from rheumatoid arthritis, and myself with leukemia, or cancer of the blood cells. What a thrill to know of the success of each of these people! Since then some of the patients who appeared on later programs were those to whom I had recommended the Gerson Therapy.

I was told that if I wanted to stay healthy, I must leave smoggy Los Angeles. In July 1979 we sold our home in Covina, California, and moved to LaVerkin, Utah. Even though it took a lot of hard work and energy to move, I was able to do much of the work and driving. In LaVerkin we labored for two months to try to rebuild a home to live in. It was the first real, physical work I had done in a long time.

In southern Utah I could no longer get the proper amounts of organic fruits and vegetables or the fresh calf liver. What an adjustment my body

had to make! I lost eighteen pounds, but my body finally responded, and I began to regain weight. I started to feel better, my strength was coming back, and I thought I was going to be all right.

The family suffered from flu and colds that year, but I didn't seem to be susceptible. I kept on with the carrot-apple juice and the green vegetable juice; however, they were not prepared from organically-grown foods. Then my resistance to colds began to fail. On January 24, 1980, I contracted a virus infection and by January 28 I was in the hospital in Mexico in isolation. The infection had settled in my stomach, prostate, kidneys, hips, and sex organs. In four days I lost fourteen pounds. The pain was intense. They put me on the original Gerson diet along with medication and lots of Vitamin C. I was there two days and was allowed to return home. What a mistake! We got home at 1:00 a.m. Tuesday. That afternoon about four o'clock Charlotte was on the phone. My blood test had come back and showed a recurrence of cancer. I went right back to Mexico on Wednesday morning. Cancer patients, at the stage they are in when they get to the hospital, are so run down that they can't fight infection; consequently, I was kept in isolation for two weeks. I had no visitors except for the doctors and nurses who would come to check me every day. Again the pain settled in my prostate and my sex organs. How it burned—just as though I were on fire.

At the end of two weeks the disease was controlled, the pain left, and I was able to return home.

Needless to say, this time we put forth the extra effort necessary to get the right food. Since that time, February 13, 1980, I have continued to improve. I feel good, have gained 28 pounds, and have taken a job for the first time in seven years. I take care of the yards around our home, raise a big garden, and have built a porch and washroom on the side of our home.

In June, 1980, I went to the cancer center in Salt Lake City for a complete physical check-up. I was examined by several doctors. They took three blood tests and checked for leukemia and pernicious anemia. They were unable to find any sign of my ever having had leukemia or anything else, and their final analysis was that I had been misdiagnosed. One doctor called my illness cancer of the blood instead of leukemia, because he said my cancer was in the red blood cells. Leukemia is ordinarily considered a disease of the white blood cells.

The doctors had no idea why I had been bedfast for two years and unable to work for six long years, even though I had spent thousands of dollars on doctors and medication in addition to the suffering that I had endured.

I am grateful to the Gerson Therapy, which has restored me to life and to a complete, clean bill of

health. Thanks to Charlotte Gerson Straus, her associate, Norman Fritz, and all those who worked so hard to help me—especially my good wife, Norma, and my three daughters, who gave of their time and energy to help me regain my health.

Chapter VII

The Gerson Diet

I would like to explain at this time what my diet consists of. You may think I live only on juice, but I do enjoy three cooked meals each day.

I start the day with a big glass of freshly squeezed orange juice and a big bowl of old-fashioned rolled oats cereal made with raisins. For the first six weeks, instead of milk, I used only cooked fruit juice, sweetened with raw sugar or honey. After the first six weeks I was able to have some raw skim-milk on my cereal, and a fresh banana. For lunch or dinner, a glass of freshly squeezed apple-carrot juice for a beverage; a big bowl of vegetable soup; a large green salad topped with linseed oil and a squeeze of fresh lemon juice; a large baked potato with two freshly-cooked green or yellow vegetables baked or cooked without water or salt and pepper (corn, peas, string beans,

squash, Swiss-chard, cauliflower, spinach, etc.). For seasoning we used garlic, onions, or herbs. After we became used to them, they were very tasty. For dessert we could have all the fresh fruit we could eat. These included cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, melons (water and musk) bananas, or grapes—both red and green. For supper we had almost the same things except that nothing was warmed over. Everything was freshly cooked.

I stayed on this diet for over three years, and fairly close for over four. At this time I still stay fairly close to this kind of food. After the first eighteen months I was allowed to have one helping of broiled chicken breast with no skin, or one helping of fresh fish each week. In the first three years on this diet I never got hungry. It took this long because my leukemia was so far advanced my body could not heal itself any faster. The motto of the Gerson Therapy is: "Give your body what it needs, and it will take care of itself." To stay on the diet this long was difficult, but it was surely worth it. On pages 235 and 236 of the book *A Cancer Therapy*, by Doctor Max Gerson (*Gerson Institute*, P. O. Box 430, Bonita, CA 92002) can be found a daily chart of the schedule for a person on the therapy. The chart shows the time for each glass of juice and the medication that is used with it. The following page shows the schedule for a full year. For three years I never varied from this schedule. If the alternative were to suffer the pain that I had gone through before I went on this diet, I would stay on this program for the rest of my life. The first thirty-one months on this program I never had to take even one aspirin.

Chapter VIII

Thoughts on Freedom in Healing

Often I think about cancer patients whose parents or guardians have "kidnapped" them from the hospital because they wanted to try an alternative treatment to combat the illness and alleviate the pain the patient was enduring. They felt that the orthodox treatment approved by the American Medical Association was not helping, and the suffering of their loved one was more than they could bear.

YES, we in America live in the land of the FREE. We enjoy freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, freedom to travel, to study, to work, to live where we want, go to the hospital of our choice, be operated on when necessary and by whom we choose—yet when we have a terminal

illness or one that cannot be controlled through orthodox medicine, we are not legally free to receive medical help that is not based on drugs, chemotherapy, surgery, or radiation.

Many of us would prefer to go the route of diet to give our bodies the chance to correct and heal themselves in the way God intended for us to do. Yet qualified doctors who are willing to try methods not approved by the medical establishment are labeled as “quacks” and suffer the legal consequences, even though they may have been successful in relieving the pain and torture that a sick patient is enduring.

I think of Dr. James Privitera. Not only was he a doctor of medicine, but he was also a doctor of diet, and a very good one. When I first went to see him, he was concerned about me personally and anxious to help me and find out what was causing my pain. Not only did he use the drugs that were available to him, he changed my diet and gave me lots of vitamins and organic foods. He also tried laetrile, which was against the law, but he used it with my consent. At this time he still didn't know that I had leukemia; he was only trying to remove the pain enveloping my body. When he found that I had leukemia, he said, “Rex, I can't help you,” and he sent me to Dr. J. P. Hutchins.

Dr. Hutchins was also a very good medical doctor and a well-trained dietitian as well as a Doctor of Acupuncture. He tried everything in his power to help me, from drugs to diet, including

shots, electrical treatments, and acupuncture; you name it, and he tried it. When one thing didn't work, he would try another. He was the one who suggested I try the Gerson Therapy, although he didn't know where the Gerson Institute was located or whom I should contact. He was unable to correct my illness, but he did all he could. How I learned to love him and appreciate all that he did to help me!

Because Dr. Privitera was willing to help his patients in any way that might offer relief, he was arrested, given a six-month sentence, and thrown into jail. He was released after fifty-five days and was recently pardoned, but his license to practice as a medical doctor was suspended for a period of ten years. DO WE LIVE IN THE LAND OF THE FREE?

After I left the care of Dr. Hutchins, he came from Mexico to take over Dr. Privitera's practice. He, too, was arrested and sent to prison. At this writing he is still there even though some of the treatments for which he was arrested have now been legalized. DO WE LIVE IN THE LAND OF THE FREE?

I finally learned where to obtain the Gerson Therapy and went to Mexico for treatment. I had good medical insurance, but because the institute was not yet a licensed hospital, the insurance company was not liable. My treatment cost me nearly three thousand dollars. I hadn't worked for nearly two years, so my finances were really limited. Not only would the insurance company not help me, but the premium on my policy was raised to \$208 per month. I feel that they knew I could not pay that unreasonable premium and

would have to let the insurance lapse the first month afterward for nonpayment. Then they would be free of responsibility for me. DO WE LIVE IN THE LAND OF THE FREE?

The Gerson Therapy originated in Germany and was perfected and practiced in New York during the early 1930s. Dr. Max Gerson had great success in treating terminal patients with a variety of diseases. Many of his patients recovered and were enjoying good health, but he was alternately ignored or harassed by the medical establishment. Eventually the Gerson Institute had to be established in Mexico in order to continue using Dr. Gerson's methods without interference. They had to leave the land of the FREE.

Today I can boast a clean bill of health. After seven long, hard years, I am back at work. The pain I suffered for so long has vanished, thanks to the doctors and nurses who would rather suffer legal consequences than not to use methods they had found to be successful in healing.

We talk about the patriots and the founders of this great land, how they were willing to give their very lives so that we could be free and enjoy all that we now have. I believe that these great doctors will also go down in history, because they were willing to do what they thought would help their patients, even though their treatment was not lawful.

How grateful I am that I could make a choice! YES, I LOVE AMERICA, but I also feel that we should

not be deprived of our right to fight such diseases as cancer, leukemia, multiple sclerosis, heart disease, diabetes, tuberculosis, rheumatoid arthritis, migraine headaches, or any other type of degenerative disease by any method that we feel would help us the most in regaining our health.

We should insist that our lawmakers give us the freedom to make that choice by licensing qualified doctors so that they can legally practice herb and diet therapy or use other natural means that have been proved time and again to be safe and effective. We should not have to wait until we are on our deathbeds before we can legally receive alternative treatment.

ABOUT DR. MAX GERSON

“I can get the highest prices for my furs,” the fox farmer said. “But would you believe I can buy my foxes for next to nothing?”

“Surely such valuable animals would not go cheaply!” exclaimed his companion.

“When I get them, they are sick with tuberculosis. But there is a doctor in Berlin who cures people of tuberculosis through a special diet. I just feed my sick animals the same diet. Soon they are well and producing luxurious fur. Those sick foxes are making me wealthy. What do you think of that?”

“I’m very pleased to hear that the diet is so successful with foxes,” said the other, “since I am the doctor who is treating those tuberculous patients.”

The conversation is imaginary, but the incident did occur. Dr. Max Gerson was taking a walk in the woods—his favorite recreation—when he was joined by the fox farmer who had copied his healing method.

It was a few years after World War I. Dr. Gerson had established a medical practice as a specialist in internal and nervous diseases. In order to relieve himself of frequent migraine headaches which had plagued him throughout his life, he developed a diet based on fresh or freshly cooked vegetables and fruits. Occasionally patients came to him who were also suffering from migraine. Since there was no officially-recognized cure, Dr. Gerson told them what he had done to relieve his own headaches. Not only did his migraine “cure” work for others, but many patients reported that on his “migraine” diet they had recovered from other afflictions as well, such as tuberculosis of the skin (lupus), meningitis, arteriosclerosis, and arthritis. This encouraged him to attempt to treat all types of tuberculosis by the same method.

Helen Schweitzer, wife of the famous Dr. Albert Schweitzer, was one of those who recovered from a hopeless case of lung tuberculosis on the Gerson Therapy. Their daughter was healed, also, of a rare, serious, “incurable” erupting skin condition.

Because of these earlier successes, Dr. Gerson was prevailed upon, in 1928, to treat his first three cases of inoperable, “incurable” cancer. The treatment was successful, the patients recovered, and this led to further refinements of his diet therapy.

In 1933 Dr. Gerson had been invited to present documentation of several test cases of tuberculosis before the Berlin Medical Association. He hoped that the demonstration, to be held in May, would result in general acceptance of his diet treatment for various degenerative diseases. However, in March he narrowly escaped being a victim of the first large-scale Nazi action against Jews which eventually resulted in the extermination of millions. He left Germany immediately, never to return.

A few years later he emigrated to the United States and in 1938 opened his first office in New York. His previous worldwide fame and word of mouth recommendations brought a steady flow of patients with all types of “incurable” diseases to his office. In fact, ninety percent of his practice consisted of incurables. Naturally, there were some failures, but he had an uncommonly high rate of healings. He was careful to document his successful cases, hoping to find acceptance for his methods among members of the medical establishment in America. However, Dr. Gerson was never to receive any cooperation from the American Medical Society.

In July 1946 he demonstrated before a United States Senate subcommittee with five restored cancer patients who had been given up by leading clinics. It was the first time a physician had demonstrated with patients in the Senate of the United States.

His treatment reduced a brain tumor in Johnny Gunther, as documented in the book *Death Be Not Proud*. Dr. Gerson wrote:

The book by John Gunther . . . states that my treatment was effective where all other conservative methods failed . . . I also treated Prof. Albert Schweitzer, his wife and daughter. He required that his physicians in Lambarene, Africa, study my tuberculosis book before they started to treat the patients in his hospital.

Unfortunately, after the Gerson Therapy, young Gunther was returned to his former treatment, which also seemed to hold promise. This was unsuccessful, however, and the tumor resumed growth. The death of the young man was a great blow to Dr. Gerson.

Dr. Schweitzer had come to Dr. Gerson at age 75, depressed and weary with advanced diabetes. In a few weeks Dr. Schweitzer was completely off his heavy insulin dosage, had new energy and optimism, and returned to Africa, where he worked past age ninety. An excerpt from his eulogy to Dr. Gerson is printed in the front of this book.

Max Gerson died in 1959. Two months after his death the New York Academy of Sciences invited Dr. Gerson to become a member.

In treating thousands of people with virtually every known chronic disease, Dr. Gerson gave little thought to specific treatment. He gave much thought to the intensity of the regime and the patient's ability to detoxify.

“Had it not been for that patient years ago,” Dr. Gerson told his students, “I might still be practicing the treatment of diseases instead of the restoration of health, which is the natural process; it is Nature who teaches us TOTALITY — who teaches us not to lose our way in classifying man's diseases and treating isolated parts of the integrated whole.”

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Gives a background for understanding illness and disease and teaches the art of healing naturally. Names herbs, combinations, and approximate amounts needed to help solve health conditions.

NOTE: Prices subject to change without notice.

ABOUT THE BOOK

In recent years new medical techniques have brought hope of a longer, healthier life to thousands who, in former times, would have been considered incurable. At the same time recognized, natural methods of healing based on treating the whole body, not just a disease, have quietly continued to heal thousands of others.

This is the story of one chronically ill man who claims a complete healing from a deadly disease through one of these alternate therapies. He describes in detail his daily regime for three weeks of intensive treatment, then many months of follow-up treatment at home.

Today, healthy and working again, the author is happy to share his experience with all who may find it helpful and of interest.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rex B. Eyre spent the first half of his life on a farm near Cowley, Wyoming, his birthplace. He later lived for several years in California and now calls LaVerkin, Utah, home.

In many ways his life was not so different from that of many others who have farmed, raised cattle, or driven trucks. Like others, he also acquired skill in carpentry, electrical wiring, and plumbing. He is trained in real estate management and is certified as a convalescent hospital administrator.

His life differs in that he is one of those who have survived a deadly, often fatal, disease. Not only has he survived, but today he enjoys good health and looks forward to many years of productive work and of bringing hope to others who suffer debilitating illness.

