
How I Purged myself
of Melanoma

\$6.95

CANCER



WINNER

BY JAQUIE DAVISON

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I dedicate this book to the mountain of a man who lives at my house, my husband Ron. Only my immediate family knows what a hellish, tacky existence we have suffered since the tragedy of cancer struck our home. But Ron has been like a “Rock of Gibraltar . . . on my side at all times. He has protected me from all worry, conflict and responsibility. As he gently tended me, I was made to remember a Biblical phrase, “Administering angels.” God sent me an “administering angel.” Thank you, my darling Ron, for loving me tenderly “all the way.”

—*Jaquie Davison*

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About Jaquie Davison

Jaquie Davison first discovered cancer lumps throughout her body in August, 1974. She refused the standard medical treatment of chemotherapy, Xray and cobalt since they did not offer hope of survival. She did try a few recommended health cures but her cancer grew persistently until August 1975. At this time she had accepted death and was preparing to die. She had made herself a burial dress and given her things to her children. She was 38 years old, but looked as if she were in old age. She was wrinkled and degenerated. Her hair was thin and streaked with grey. She had an estimated three weeks to live.

It was then that she first discovered The Gerson Cancer Therapy, developed by Max Gerson, M.D. It consists of: 1) Thirteen glasses of fresh juice a day prepared on a special juicer that grinds and presses and drunk immediately after each preparation. The juices are carrot and apple, green leaf and raw liver juice. 2) Various supplements to enrich the diet and stimulate normal body functions. 3) A wholesome diet of fresh fruits, vegetables and whole grains. No meat, dairy products, salt, fats or oils. 4) Coffee enemas every four hours and castor oil enemas every other day.

The Gerson Therapy does not claim to destroy the cancer, but rather to build the body by nourishing it in such a way as to bring into function all the glands and organs to full capacity so that the body itself rejects the cancer. Dr. Gerson feels that the body in its state of excellence has the

power to reject disease. The Gerson Therapy has cured hundreds of patients of cancer and also other illnesses such as arthritis, diabetes, heart disease, muscular dystrophy, kidney disease, multiple sclerosis, mental disease and many others. It could well be one of the greatest discoveries in all the history of medicine and healing.

Jaquie gives full credit to Dr. Gerson for saving her life, but she added several other things on her own — wheat grass, mung bean sprouts and alfalfa sprouts to the green leaf juice. She also added steam baths and when she was strong enough daily jogging. Perhaps this is why Jacquie's cure was so incredible, perhaps the most remarkable cancer cure in history. Because of this the medical profession and everyone interested in healing and abundant health will be interested in her remarkable experience. It is a penetrating story of her victory over cancer, and a tender story of her marriage and family life during this time.

Jaquie was born Jacquie May Kirk in Lexington, Kentucky in 1938. Her favorite childhood home was Burning Springs, Kentucky, population 200. Supported solely by her angel mother, Etta Mae, the family lived in a two room shack up "Goose Hollow." In Jacquie's own words, "Until I was an adult I thought the word was 'hollar.' We drew our water from an open well. The water was so heavy with sulphur that it would discolor the clothes, so we did the laundry in tubs with washboards by the creek. I was fascinated by the bluing Mama used in the rinse water to whiten the linens.

"I love the four seasons but my favorite time is Autumn. Even as a young child I loved walking barefoot through the dry fallen leaves. I was enchanted by the brilliant colors of fall. Those were carefree days. There was so much love in our home. Every evening by the flickering light of the kerosene lamp my mother read to us from her old worn Bible and we all prayed together. In the woods out past our shack there was a huge boulder where many times we would find Mama talking to God. Even now as I remember

returning home from school I can smell the pot of pinto beans with salt pork and onion cooking and hear Mama singing "Amazing Grace."

"One day when I came home the neighborhood 'rich lady' was visiting Mama. I sat on the porch, my presence unknown to them and listened. The fancy woman wanted to adopt me. 'I can send her to the best schools. She'll have dancing and music and all the advantages you can never give her, Mrs. Kirk.' 'I'm sorry,' I heard Mama say, 'but God gave me these children and He does not want me to shirk my responsibility by passing them on to someone else. And what's more, Jaquie is my baby. I love her. I can't imagine her being gone and growing up in your home instead of mine. I would grieve for her all the time.'

"I ran to hide in the outhouse, knowing the fancy lady's visit was almost over. I was so proud that my mother cared so much for me. But the very fact that the rich lady (she was my teacher in church) wanted me, planted a seed of self-worth into my heart.

"As I was turning into womanhood we moved back to Lexington where I attended Henry Clay High School. My favorite teacher was Mrs. Dodd. She taught Spanish and could draw such beautiful word pictures that Europe came to full color life for me. I attended a bull fight. I saw the Coca Cola boats in the canals of Venice, Italy and could smell the perfume and feel the black lace of Spanish ladies and hear the twange of Spanish guitars. An ocean cruise to Europe would have a hard time surpassing the thrill of her teachings for me.

"In January, 1962 I took the most important step of my life. I married Ronald Ray Davison, a Doctor of Chiropractic. He brought with him two boys, Ronald Ray II and James Ralph. He also had a married daughter, Terry Ann. I had four children by a former marriage, Benji, Mary, Buddy and Regina. In December 1962, while we were living in St. Joseph, Missouri, Ralph Corbett Davison was

born to us. As you can see, Ron and I have a large stake in the future of America."

Jaquie has been an active Fascinating Womanhood teacher, speaking before hundreds of people over a period of several years. She is a shining example of what she teaches as evidenced by her tender marriage relationship with her devoted husband.

In 1970 she organized a political movement known as H.O.W. or "Happiness of Womanhood." Its objectives were to preserve womanhood and oppose the Feminist Movement. She has traveled widely, speaking at universities, high schools, on T.V. and radio. The organization H.O.W. has concentrated its efforts on the defeat of the Equal Rights Movement. Perhaps no other single person has done so much to defeat the E.R.A. as Jacquie. Her original efforts in 1970 were responsible for many other activists joining the forces of opposition.

And Jacquie says, "If I had joined the feminists movement I would be dead now. First of all, my husband would have left me. He loves a soft, feminine cook and homemaker. When I got cancer I would have had no one to support me and the children so would have been at the mercy of Welfare and Medicare. They do not give funds for the Gerson Therapy. There would have been no one to buy me equipment, supplies and organic food that I needed. My heart cries everytime someone calls me about going on the therapy and they have no one to help. Perhaps a body less ill than mine could do it alone, but I never could have. Also, the loving relationship with my husband gave me the willpower to want to live. If I had been alone it would have been much easier to go on and die. God divinely ordained the family. He knew the importance of belonging somewhere and of loving, caring and sharing."

Jaquie has great respect from her family. For example, one day Jacquie and her daughter Mary were watching a T.V. show. A contestant was asked, "What living American woman do you admire the most?" For fun Jacquie turned to

daughter Mary and asked, "What American woman do you admire the most?" Mary hesitated and then said, "Well, I hate to admit this, but it's you, Mama." Stunned, Jaquie asked "Why?"

Was it because she had started a national organization that has been written up in *The World Book Encyclopedia*? Was it because her picture dominated the front page of a special edition of *The Los Angeles Times*? Was it because she testified before many state governmental bodies against Women's Lib? Was it because her press books from news conferences fill two feet of scrap books? Was it because she has taught *Fascinating Womanhood* to thousands of women from all over America? No! "I admire you most," said Mary, "because you are slow to anger." Husband Ron said of her, "She is my link with God."

And why did Jaquie write this book? Because people are beating a path to her door. They want to know about her amazing cure. "I find myself telling my story over and over again, many times a day," says Jaquie. "People sit in my living room or call me on the phone long distance and I feel inadequate trying to tell them in a few words how I got well. I felt a need to tell my complete story and the details of the program. This book tells it all. I could not add a thing to it if I were to tell it personally. And I recommend that everyone read "A Cancer Therapy," by Max Gerson, M.D. and also "Has Dr. Max Gerson a True Cancer Cure?" by S.J. Haught. These books are available in most health stores or you can order them from: PACIFIC PRESS, P.O. Box 219, Pierce City, MO 65723.

THE PUBLISHER

IMPORTANT NOTICE: The cancer treatment outlined in this book is not intended to be used as a cancer therapy in a specific case. If anyone wishes to follow this method in the treatment of cancer or any other illness, Mrs. Davison and the publisher disclaim any responsibility for the outcome. They also recommend that you first read "A Cancer

Therapy," by Max Gerson, M.D. and that you be under the supervision of a medical doctor who will 1) give you a preliminary physical examination, 2) prescribe dosages of the items in the treatment, 3) give regular check-ups and 4) recommend reduction of dosages according to the patients condition. For information about where to order "A Cancer Therapy," please refer to the last page of this book.

Face to Face With Death

August 1974

I was taking a bath when I discovered a lump in my right groin. It was about the size of a tennis ball and was right in the crease of my thigh and torso. What a shock! Could this have been there when I bathed yesterday? It seemed to have come on overnight. I'd had swollen glands before, but there was usually redness and inflammation in the area. I felt nothing with this. It was just like touching my leg or arm. There was no discomfort whatever. In my mind I knew this was no simple swollen gland.

I sat in the bathtub trying not to think, but I kept seeing a television demonstration on how to check yourself for lumps. I lathered soap on my hands. No, I don't want to know. If there are more I don't want to know. I rinsed my hands. But I must know. It may not be as bad as I think. But an unexplained lump is bad. I must know. I lathered my hands again and started checking my body. The soap makes the skin slick and it is easy to detect any unusual lumps. I found another lump about walnut size in my diaphragm area that seemed as if it could interfere with food going to my stomach, but I didn't have any stomach food problem. There was a pea-sized one on my left forearm on the inside and a jelly-bean sized one inside the calf of my left leg.

I somehow sensed that it was cancer. And it had spread already. After it has spread there is no hope. "Jaquie, this

has happened to other people." But it cannot happen to me! I don't drink, I don't smoke. I take hundreds of vitamins. Adele Davis' book 'Let's Get Well' is our second Bible. I love my family. I'm happy. I'm patriotic. I love God. No, I'm just dreaming. This cannot be happening to me. But it is happening. There is no way to put down on paper the fright, the agony, the franticness, the numbness and the silent hysteria that ravaged my soul as I found myself face to face with death.

A DREAM OF DEATH

As I was preoccupied with thoughts of death I remembered a dream I had only a month before. As I went to sleep I dreamed I went into the foyer to turn off the light. As the light went out I saw someone standing there. Quickly I switched the light back on and saw my Mama standing there. Mama had died only a short time before. I was so excited to see her that I rushed over and hugged her. She held me close and I could feel the softness of her maternal body and almost smell the familiar dusting powder and hand lotion fragrances that I have associated with her all my life.

I was so happy to see her that I didn't realize that while we were embracing our feet were not touching the floor. But I realized it when our bodies started turning slowly together. Spinning slowly around we began moving through the house. I thought, "We're going to run into the sofa." But we moved right through the sofa. We spun up and right through the roof of the house. We moved faster and faster and further and further out into the universe. The feeling inside me was exquisite. There is no earthly feeling to compare. I know now the joyful release from all worldly care and responsibility. I waited until evening to tell Ron of the dream. He was not skeptical, but his face crumbled as I said, "Honey, either Mama is showing me that death is a beautiful thing so I will stop grieving for her, or else she is preparing me to die."

I sat in the bathtub thinking of the dream. "But, Mama, it's not fair. I don't care how beautiful death is, it isn't fair. My Benji is in love and will be getting married soon. I don't even know Fran yet. And my Mary will be falling in love too, and I want to help plan her wedding. She will be such a beautiful bride. She needs a mother there. Buddy is self-reliant and I know he can take care of himself, but God has blessed him so abundantly, I know he will go far. I want to be here when he does. Regina is just entering womanhood. Oh, Mama, she needs me like I needed you when I was thirteen. I don't care how beautiful death is, I don't want to go. Ralphie always feels so secure knowing that his Mommy and Daddy will always be here. No, Mama, No, God, It's not fair. I don't want to die.

"Ronnie needs me too. We are a part of each other — much closer than most of the people I know. We have something so special between us that I don't care how beautiful death is, I want to stay with him. Oh, God, it's not fair. It's not fair. I don't want to die."

We live in beautiful California. Ramona is so special with its farms and clean air. The entire state is so beautiful that I feel like I live in a garden. Something is in bloom all the time. Fruit hangs on the trees abundantly. The weeds are even beautiful. All the trees bloom and, oh, how I love the magnolias. In Ramona we can grow three gardens a year. I don't want to die. Do you hear me, God?

We are drawing up plans for our home. I want to live in that home built by my husband's own hands. Do you hear me, God? I want to see our garden grow. I want to see our cows and pigs grow and to gather eggs from our chickens. Life, God, I'm talking about life. I'm only thirty-six years old. I feel like I just got here.

Oh, dear God, I know that Heaven is maybe more beautiful than California, but I'm not tired of this place yet. I don't want to die. Hear me? Hear me? Please hear me. I don't want to die.

I can't bear this problem alone. I want to scream from the top of my lungs. World, world, hear me? Hear me, world? God's being unfair to me. All these years I've held Him close to my heart, and now He is taking me away from all the people and the things I love. Oh, God, how can you turn on me?

Jaquie, Jacquie, calm yourself. Mama would quietly say "Honey, God's purpose is not always understood by our earthly minds, but rest assured, he loves you." Rest assured. Rest assured, Rest assured, he loves you. Of course, God, I will rest assured. Forgive me, even as you forgave Doubting Thomas and Peter. Please forgive me. I rest assured, I rest assured, almost. . . .

How can I tell Ron? I'm sure he is asleep by now. Perhaps I should be like the ladies on television shows who are brave enough to carry their burdens alone and keep this to myself. No, Ron and I are too close to keep a problem of this magnitude to myself. He might misinterpret my nervousness and edginess. If I become ill, he will not be able to understand my need for extra rest. If I get so I don't feel like going places with him, he might think I don't enjoy being with him anymore. No, I cannot keep this to myself. When we wed we became as one. If I am seriously ill, he is seriously ill also. He has to help me carry this burden.

Anyway, I've never had to be brave. He has always been my Rock of Gibraltar. He carried me through safely when my sister Maxcella died suddenly of a heart attack at age thirty-five. He was by my side, his hand holding mine, when my niece Janice Rose died. He was my strength when Mama died. He calmly brought me through my daughter Mary's serious illness, Huntington's Chorea, when she was twelve. He refused to agree with a consulting doctor's diagnosis of Muscular Dystrophy; "He's wrong, Jacquie, I know he's wrong," he had said to me lovingly. "I know Mary too well. I know a lot about the body. Mary does not have a breakdown of her muscles." With his tender care and some medical help, Mary recovered at a record speed.

Oh Dear God, Ron is a magnanimous man, but will he be able to bear the burden of a chronically ill wife? How can I do this to him? Is it fair? If Ron had been seriously ill, I'd have felt cheated if he had not allowed me to know so I could have given him the tenderest of care and understanding. If he did not tell me, it would have destroyed our community of thought and understanding. I must tell him, I thought. Even if he is asleep, I must tell him now.

Finally, I dragged my body out of the cold water and dried myself off. Watching my face in the mirror, I couldn't help but wonder, how can I look the same as before, when so much has changed inside me in the past few minutes? What does death look like?

Ron was asleep, so I didn't turn the light on. As I crawled into the bed beside him, even though he was asleep, he reached for me. We always sleep double-spoon fashion. Half awake, he murmured, "Did you lock the doors?"

"Yes."

And, "Is the cat out?" he added.

"Yes, but Honey," I started, "There's something I want to show you." He was slow to respond in his drowsiness, so I thought, Jaquie, can't this wait until morning? No, it couldn't wait. I needed him to share this with me right now. Just as he had shared all my other heavy burdens.

"Honey," I continued, prodding him some, "see what I found while I was taking a bath?" I placed his large hand on the deadly menace in my groin. I felt his fingers palpating the area. Then, he stopped, and was completely still and silent. Suddenly, he leaped out of bed shouting, "Damn! Damn! . . . Damn! Damn!" He also knew that this was no simple swollen gland. As he was pacing the floor, I lay very quietly, trying to sort things out in my mind. Perhaps I should not have told him yet.

Finally, he sat down on the end of the bed with his head cradled in his hands. I got up, went to the foot of the bed, and knelt down at his feet. He held me close to his heart, just as he had done so many times before, but this time there was a strong feeling of desperation enveloping us. I thought, This is not happening to us. This is not supposed to happen to us. I must be watching this on television. This is only supposed to happen to others. This is a bad dream.

As Ron began stroking my hair, I knew that the shock he had suffered was almost over. After what seemed to have been hours, he said, "Tomorrow I'll check on a doctor. I know some people who can guide us to the finest care available."

"Honey"; I hesitated. Could I tell him the rest? I must. "There are more." Shocked again, he shouted almost angrily, "More what?!" Oh Dear God, maybe all this is too much for him. Perhaps I should wait? No, I must tell him everything now. "Honey," I continued cautiously, "there are more lumps."

"Oh, no!" he cried, "perhaps you are mistaken. It may be something else."

"Here, I'll show you." Once again I placed his large hand on the lump in my diaphragm area, the one in my arm, and the larger one in my leg. He walked the floor again, then sat down on the foot of the bed. Once more I knelt at his feet and he held me close to his heart. I finally got the courage to voice the horrible truth that we were both very much aware of. "Papa, you know and I know that after something like this has spread throughout the body, it's too late for even the finest doctors to be of any help."

"Sweetheart, don't say that. The doctors are learning new things all the time. Perhaps yours is different."

"Papa, I've had time to think," I said pleadingly, "I know that all the doctors can do is experiment on me. I don't want a doctor."

Firmly, he responded, "You must have a doctor. We'll call the first thing in the morning."

"Papa, no, I'm begging you. I don't want a doctor."

"Jaquie May," my Rock of Gibraltar was very firm now, "this is something much bigger than the two of us. We must have professional guidance. We cannot face this alone."

"Papa, remember my dream about dying? Remember that I told you, she was preparing me to die? Remember?" I almost couldn't hear him as he whispered, "I remember." "When Mama came to get me, I was at home. I was not in a clinic or hospital. I was not in pain. It was a beautiful, peaceful experience in our home."

"Honey, we just can't sit here. We must do something for you."

"Oh, Papa, remember with me please some of the people who did do something. When Uncle Richard died, Daddy said, 'The cancer was nothing compared to the horrors of the treatment. After the cobalt, he lost his appetite; my brother starved to death. Death came mercifully after such horrible suffering with pain.' Remember what he said, Honey? 'I hope that none of my children will ever subject themselves to the hell of cobalt treatment.' Remember Honey? Remember the young husband and father we knew, who in his early thirties was diagnosed as melanoma? He lived only three painful months after treatment was started. He died with a tumor the size of a bowling ball on his shoulder."

I could tell that Ron was very pained by the things I was saying, but I couldn't stop yet. "Remember the young man who collapsed on a construction site job, and they rushed him to the hospital? The diagnosis was melanoma, and he lived only ten days. And most of all, Sweetheart, remember with me the little boy in the hospital, dying with cancer. The town of Kingman set up a trust fund to help pay his doctor and hospital bill. My friend was a volunteer Pink Lady at

the hospital. She called me one day to tell me that precious boy had requested a Bible in his room.

“‘I’m sure, Jaquie,’ she said, ‘that his family has a Bible, but I think yours would really be nice for him.’ She thought he would like our Bible because it was large, white, and had a full-color picture of Jesus on the front as well as many color pictures inside. Remember that day, Honey, when we left five, healthy, rowdy, robust children at home and took our Bible to that little boy in that grey room in the old hospital? I could hardly keep from fainting at the sight of him.”

He was such a tiny, little boy, eight or nine years old. His head was bald. His eyes looked like saucers in a hollow face. There was no flesh on his body. He looked like a little sack of bones, with a cloudy plastic film stretched over them. He had I.V.s in his arm and tubes in his nose. Oh Dear God, I remembered. I praised God in thanks for the fine healthy rebel-rousers in our home. “Sweetheart, you’ll never see me like that.”

“But, Jaquie.”

“Ronnie, do I have to go on? My cousin Clydie died of cancer at age twenty-one. Remember Bonnie’s mother? They cut her legs off, tiny pieces at a time; oh God, Ronnie, don’t you understand? I’m scared of doctors. I’m more afraid of the treatment than I am the cancer. Honey, I know how you must feel. You’re afraid we’ll make an error in judgment, and we just might. It’s my life we’re talking about. God gave me freedom of choice. Papa, I choose to stay home. Please, let’s do it my way. You must be on my side this time especially.”

“Alright, Honey, but you may change your mind, and if you do, we’ll get the best available help for you.”

After a sleepless night, we tried to resume our life together normally. It wasn’t easy. I’ve heard that when a person learns that he is dying, he tries to crowd a lot of living into a short period of time. Maybe some people do. I

had already lived a really full and satisfying life, but I was through now. I'd fix three meals a day. I'd do laundry. I'd play solitaire. I'd work crosswords. Anything would do, as long as I didn't have to think about the present. Anything would do so long as it pushed thoughts of death out of my mind.

Every night when I went to bed, and the family was asleep, I would suffer my death all over again. Will I have a lot of pain? I've heard that cancer death is the most painful of all. Maybe if I'm lucky, I'll go peacefully in my sleep. Maybe I'll have a cardiac arrest. Maybe, maybe, maybe. I rest assured, God that you love me, almost.

Ron can't live alone. He needs someone to rub his feet, someone to cook for him and serve him snacks during the ball games. He needs someone to sleep double-spoon with. "Oh, God, he needs me. I don't want someone else in my place. She may not treat him right. It has taken me years to understand all his needs. And besides that, I want to be the one to go to dinner and a movie with him. I want to walk through the zoo with him. I want to go on those spontaneous 'MacDonald's' hamburger picnics in the old mission park with him. We go to Disneyland often, because he loves it."

I want to be there when he raises the first wall of our new home. The first time he held my hand in his oversized one he said, "It's always going to be this way." Now, God, you're taking me away. God, can't you see, he needs me. I don't want someone else taking my place. She may mistreat my kids. I'm sorry, God. I'm sorry, God. But I don't want to die.

November 1974

I felt sick all the time. I hardly felt like getting dressed anymore. I was hungry all the time, and I ate like a horse, but there was no solace for the hungry ache inside of me. The obstruction that came into the jugular area of my neck at the same time I discovered the tumors, was becoming

more unbearable. As I thought about it I decided it must be another tumor.

Thanksgiving Day (usually a big deal in our home) was a real dud.

My friends kept calling. They could not understand my dropping out of political involvement. When I told Ramona Smith that I had cancer and hadn't seen a doctor, she was shocked and angry. "Jaquie, you're killing yourself. I'm going to call the American Cancer Society and see if they can do anything about you." She did call. They told her that they could not force me to have their help, that I would have to request it. "Jaquie," she said, "when I realized they couldn't do anything, I called my minister's wife and requested a prayer chain for you. When I told her what you were doing she said you were right, and that she knew several people who had gone to Mexico to get Natural Therapy help. Jaquie, if you want to go to Mexico, I'll drive you back and forth every day if I have to." (Ramona lived fifty miles away from me!)

"Oh, God, why waste a friend like Ramona on a lost cause like me?" I thought. I didn't know why I was not interested in going to Mexico. Perhaps the statement, "She is preparing me to die," was constantly in my mind. I asked Ron about Mexico, but all we knew was that whatever was going on there was illegal in America, and so we were extremely skeptical.

Patt Barbour in Michigan said, "But Jaquie, the doctors are discovering new things all the time. Please give them a chance."

Nancy Cousins in Tucson, Arizona said, "Jaquie, you've worked so hard in politics the past four years, perhaps you need a rest, and God is making you take one."

Rosemary Blomquist came to see me all the time. She has such a beautiful spirit. I love her. "Jaquie, it's not right

for your mother to seek you from among the living. Let us pray together." Rosemary's fourteen-year-old daughter paid her the supreme compliment when she said, "I love my mother because she introduced me to Jesus."

My strength was slowly ebbing away. My color was ashen grey. My skin tone was dying in front of my eyes. My hands looked like they were very old because of the atrophic skin. I had temporary losses of vision. It was as if lightning were flashing in front of my eyes. Everything was jagged, and it didn't even go away when I closed my eyes. My face and neck were bloated with edema. Even my shoulders felt like a drum. My lips were purple all the time from an apparent lack of oxygen. I had unbearable migraine-type headaches. Maybe I had a brain tumor. Maybe . . . Maybe . . . Maybe.

A Year of Floundering

August, 1974:

I looked at my healthy young children, and my healthy friends and neighbors talking, laughing and making light of life and I thought, I used to be like you. I was young, healthy, laughing and life was one big ball until cancer, like a thief in the night, crept into my life. But, *I used to be like you.*

I remembered thirteen years before, a lady crippled with arthritis saying those exact words. I was twenty-three years old, slender, healthy and full of life and energy. I was a happy wife and mother. Ann said to me, "*I used to be like you.*" Ann's remark sobered me. She went on, "I was young, pretty, healthy and had abundant energy. My husband and I used to dance and dance and dance . . . all night long, then work hard all the next day and I never looked or felt tired. Then one day, crippling arthritis, like a thief in the night, crept into my life. But, Jaquie, I used to be like you."

Sadly I looked at this woman in her early fifties. Her hair was pure white. She was sickly thin and boney. Her hands, feet, elbows and knees were gnarled unsightly by the crippling killer. Her skin was parched like cracked brown leather from sitting in the hot sun of Arizona for hours praying for some relief from unbearable pain. She had fallen and broken her hip. It would not heal, but she said, "I used to be like you."

Friends kept putting the pressure on me to have surgery. "Maybe it isn't cancer, Jaquie. Get a tissue test. Put a name on it." I didn't care what kind it was, or what it looked like. Anyway, I was afraid of the knife. I did know that my body was deteriorating fast, and I knew of no way to stop it.

Once in a while a friend was quite convincing, but even when I was almost persuaded to go on and have surgery, I would have a dream. It was the same dream every time. I would be looking at a woman who was an exact duplicate of me. She had a tumor the size of a bowling ball on her right groin. I would ask, "Was that always that huge?" She would reply, "No, it grew very rapidly after I had surgery." That dream kept me out of the surgeon's hands.

December 1974:

People kept suggesting that I go to Mexico. The thought was in my mind much of the time, but I could not get too enthused. I was convinced that nothing was really worth the effort, because "She was preparing me to die."

Christmas? Christmas is for joyful gatherings of happy families to share the blessings of life eternal. How could I celebrate life eternal when my very existence was consumed with death? The family would understand. I didn't feel like shopping or addressing cards.

I was reading one of my favorite magazines, *Today's Chiropractic Magazine*. It is an especially vibrant and well-done professional magazine. Much of the credit goes to the editor, my dear friend, Miriam Butler of Georgia.

I was fascinated with an article on cancer and how, in Sweden, doctors are curing the dreaded disease with water fasting. I was fascinated. In my church, we fast one day a month, and the money we save by not eating goes to our church welfare program. Also, we often fast and pray in cases of extreme emergency concerning ourselves or brothers or sisters in Christ. And, I have heard the late Paul

Bragg say many times, "Every day you fast will help to lengthen your life span." So fasting was no new idea to me, but the idea that cancer could be cured in this manner certainly was fascinating.

I had read of many different natural diets for cancer patients, but there was so much conflict and confusion that it was hard for me to choose a route. But, a total fast would be simple and easy. Did I say easy? To fast in my home would be like a poor wino working in the winery and trying to go "on the wagon." No, it would not be easy to do here, but I was fortunate. I had an apartment downtown, where I had carried out my political activities. I could stay there, with only jugs of distilled water and no food, then perhaps I could make it.

On the program, you start slowly. You fast two days, drinking only distilled water, but lots of it, and taking enemas morning and night to keep the poisons moving out of the body so they won't be reabsorbed from the colon. The idea is to starve the cancer to death. The theory is, that when the body is devoid of food, it lives off itself, and it will through innate intelligence, use up the bad tissue first. After the two-day total fast, you can eat raw fruits and vegetables for two days. Then you fast five days and eat raw fruit and vegetables for five days. Then you fast ten days and eat raw food for ten days. You work up to a thirty-day fast.

I moved out and began my starvation program. I was happy when Ron insisted that on my eating days, I come home. "You see, God, he wants me with him. I don't want to die."

Just before Christmas, I worked up to my ten-day fast. The article did not say what kind of enemas to use, so I decided to use apple cider vinegar. I put two tablespoons in about a quart and a half of warm water. I remembered my mother using soap, but since the body absorbs its food value through the colon, I could not convince myself that soap was all right.

An amazing thing happened while I was fasting. My body became very alert. I bounced out of bed in the morning. I had a whole new spirit of energy surging through me. My mind was so clear! I really felt good. I walked to town to buy Christmas presents, and got daily Chiropractic adjustments. The air was so clean and fresh, I loved the walking. Once in a while, if I went very far, I would feel a slight weakness from not eating, but I was really getting a lot done. I wrapped Christmas presents, addressed Christmas cards, and sent packages out through the mail. Wow. Wow. Maybe there was hope after all.

There was no progression of my disease at this time. In fact, it seemed as if the tumor in my groin just might be a tiny bit smaller. I was much encouraged.

On the eighth day of my ten-day fast, I passed what I refer to, as two tumors. There was no pain or straining, but with my vinegar enema in the morning, I passed two strange-looking things. They were about the size of my middle finger. They looked like thin grey sacks full of black and brown sand. I didn't even consider saving them for science. Medical science never entered my mind. I had a very narrow scope of mind; life or death, what was it going to be?

After the ten-day fast was over, I went back home to begin my raw vegetable and fruit regime once more. I was taking a nap, when suddenly I awakened. I was almost frightened, because my neck and throat were frozen numb. I felt as if my head were cut off from my body. As soon as I was able to maneuver myself, I jumped out of bed to check and see if I was still alive. Soon the numbness was gone, but in the meantime, due to my misunderstanding the functions of my body, my heart had crawled out on my sleeve; and for days and days I cried all the time, because I really had hoped that I just might make it. I decided that my body was dying in degrees, and my neck and throat were the first to go.

After that experience, and listening to friends preach to me of the horrors of a starvation diet, I dropped the whole idea. The faith I had was now gone. I guess I'll never know for myself if the thirty-day fast really works, because I didn't carry through.

Ron talked to Dr. Hugh Carruthers, a dear friend of his in Phoenix, Arizona, about me. Hugh invited me to come over so he could run some extensive muscle tests on me. Ron put me on a plane right away, and I was in Phoenix for the New Year's holidays.

Hugh was constantly doing tests. He sent me out for blood and urine tests, and on New Year's, while every man in America was watching ball games, Hugh was running muscle tests and doing acupuncture on me. I admire his dedication to his work and he is super excellent in his field. For many years now, Ron and I have believed that Hugh is wasting his time in an office tending to people on a person-to-person basis. We believe that he should be in the laboratory; he should be the brain behind the doctor in the office.

His extensive muscle tests showed my body had greatly deteriorated. He came to the conclusion that I was positively malignant. He said, "Jaquie, my findings show that your body pathology is speeding toward death, and it has to be completely reversed. I don't know if that is possible." Then, I told him of the dream of dying, "She is preparing me to die."

Hugh had a visitor, Paul. Paul is also a long-time friend of ours. When Ron and I met him, he came into our office in Kingman, Arizona, selling vitamins. Paul is extremely knowledgeable of the body and at that time, about 1966, I was having severe female trouble. I had been told by five doctors that I needed a hysterectomy. I held out, but after six months of pain, I was ready to give in, when Paul came into our lives. He told me to get off "The Pill." He said, "You're flirting with cancer by taking that artificial hormone."

He put me on a program of liquid animal protein and vitamins. I've never felt that pain again. Because of that experience, I was really anxious to talk to Paul about my present condition. When I told him about the tumors I passed, he said they were probably polyps. He used to help with biopsies in Illinois, and he said that anyone over thirty has polyps in their intestinal area. So I changed that name of my strange little creatures from tumors to polyps. Paul sent me to a doctor for a machine test that showed my body extremely alkaline, another sign of approaching death.

Hugh gave me a little book to read; it was called, *What's Missing In Your Body*, with a subtitle *Raw Vegetable Juices*, by N. W. Walker, D. Sci. Wow, what an exciting book!

January 1975:

I caught the plane home. It was so good to be home with my double-spoon snuggler. I told Ron that I must have the juices. I began drinking a half gallon of carrot juice a day. I also got hooked on black walnuts, eating them by the pound (bad, bad). I was deriving energy from the carrot sugar, but my body started to bloat. It hadn't been long since my fasting, but I was getting new growths. I would feel an itching or discomfort in an area, then, pow! a new nodule tumor would appear. I felt new ones in my arms, my feet, and especially in my hips.

Ron talked to Hugh about me again; Hugh recommended that I go to a well-known naturopath in this area, and see what he could do for me. As the doctor examined me, I asked, "Doctor, do you know what kind of cancer I have?" "Shh! Honey, we can't put a name on this." (If he called it "cancer," it would be illegal for him to treat me, because in California, the only legal treatment for cancer is surgery, radiation or chemotherapy.) He added, "I'm putting you on a crash program."

I came home with dozens of vitamins, syrups, teas, and a natural bristle body dry brush to stimulate skin circula-

tion. I used them faithfully, along with a diet he supplied, and I continued my carrot juice. Still, my disease was progressing rapidly. The little killers were coming on with no warning again, just as in the beginning. There was no itching or discomfort like I had right after the fast.

When I retired in the evening in a silk nightgown, I would run my hands over my body and the silk made it easy to feel all the new growth of the deadly disease. I cried a lot. I knew that nothing was going to help. After going through a period of time when there was hope, reliving my death each night seemed even harder to bear.

February, 1975:

I went back to see the doctor. He had told me to give the program a month and then he would check me for changes. As I showed him the new progression of the disease, he said, "Honey, I can't help you. When something like this hits a body as clean as yours (no smoking, no drinking, health-minded), it's almost impossible to make a change." I remembered, "She's preparing me to die." Also, "Your body pathology is speeding toward death and I really don't know if it can be reversed." "I rest assured, God, that you love me. Almost."

I received a call about the urgent need for help in defeating the Equal Rights Amendment. I used to be active in fighting this movement, as director of the national organization H.O.W. But I had shut myself off from all political involvement, while concentrating on death and living. Death, mostly, so I felt that it would be good for me to be involved right then and get my mind on something else.

I was on the phone constantly, and wearing out my mailing list. I had some good financial help from an ultra-patriotic, God-loving source, with key people in key states passing out very vital information on the impending disaster of living under a Constitutional amendment that would make a mockery of our Christian morality.

Mrs. Ford, who could not be considered an ideal "First Lady" but rather a "First Person," voiced her support of the Equal Rights Amendment. She wore an "ERA" button to bed to influence the President.

Along with several state leaders of women, the decision was made for us to go march on the White House, wearing black mourning attire to mourn the loss of representation of femininity in our Nation's Capitol.

I was packing my bags to leave, when Ron finally told our children in Arizona about my serious illness. They insisted on coming over. Oh, Lord, how would I explain to them that, even though I was dying, I was on the way to Washington to march in the cold, rainy weather? They understood. After all, my life had been one constant crusade. I loaded the refrigerator up with junk, put Regina in charge of making hungry tummies happy and caught a plane. Several really special friends and patriots from around the country joined me there. We marched in the cold rain. I caught a deadly cold.

Two days after I got home, I had an appointment to debate feminism at a Navy chaplains' meeting with their wives in attendance. I was really sick, but I went to do my duty. I had debated all over America. I love a good debate, but at this meeting, I was not really me.

When I heard Navy chaplains say, "Don't bring God and Bible rules into this discussion," and, "Women can carry guns on the front line as well as men," I became unhinged. I jumped out of my seat shouting, "How dare you representatives of God say He does not belong in this discussion. How dare you sit in back of your pulpit and say it's okay for my daughter to go to war. How dare my country put the spiritual life of my sons in the military in your hands."

I left weeping and sobbing. Several true ministers of God followed me out to the car to apologize and to tell me that all of them did not believe in the things that had been

so freely spoken. One said, "I am sorry that I, a man, sat back and did not defend your righteous position."

I crawled into the car where Ron was waiting for me. He held me close and berated those "stupid old men." I knew in my heart that political life was over for me. I was too ill to control my emotions. One more part of me was now dead. "She is preparing me to die."

Bloodless Surgery

While the boys were visiting their father and I was in Washington, they told Ron of a little girl in Kingman (the daughter of friends of ours), five years old, who had cancer. While she was in the hospital, the doctors wanted to amputate her leg. The family could not bring themselves to let the doctors do that to her because even then, they were told she would only last a matter of months.

One of the concerned doctors took the family aside and said, "You know, if that were my little girl, I would take her to the Philippines. They have bloodless surgery there. Surgeons who claim to have a gift of God and to be able to remove malignancies from the body bloodlessly with their hands. I've heard some good things from there, and really, you have nothing to lose."

The father was able to raise the money to make the trip to the islands. He said that before daylight, there were miles of people waiting in line. The father said the doctor removed the malignancy from the baby's leg, then proceeded to check him also and removed one from his chest and one from his back. Our sons were so impressed with the story that they begged Dad to take me to see one also.

After the boys left to go back to Arizona, Ron called the family. He learned that even now there is a bloodless surgeon from the Philippines in Mexico, just a few miles south of where we were living. The family was taking the little girl back again, and they invited us to go along.

The drive was splendid. The sun was hot and the white sand of the coastline was so beautiful. The air smelled and felt so good, and while we were waiting, we had some real authentic Mexican food for lunch. I didn't worry about my diet anymore.

It was a backdoor operation. We were told, "We bought off the police, etc." We were even more skeptical. (Please forgive me, those of you who know the natural cancer cure as a backdoor operation. The therapy that saved my life is illegal in California, but at that stage of my illness, I was not yet aware of cancer politics.)

I wanted the bloodless surgeon to remove a tumor I could feel. Maybe the one in my groin. Maybe he would remove them all. No, he did not remove the one in my groin. He said he removed one of the many in my stomach. He asked, "Do you know a surgeon? You need a surgeon to remove that one from the groin. I cannot, as it is attached to the artery in your leg." I lay on the table weeping, disillusioned again. Everyone insisted that I see a surgeon, but my dream stopped me.

He told me to come back three times a week for about three months. Ron was irate. I wanted to believe, but even in my desperation I could not. I was almost mad at Ron, because he wouldn't let me believe. He was always on my side. I felt I must trust him this time. I didn't go back. A short time later, the little girl died.

Different parts of my body were ceasing to function properly. My monthly female cycle was highly irregular, and I had noticed for several months that the blood was watery and really thin. Also, I had no normal female lubricants.

My lips had been purple for two or three years. I always wore white lipstick under any shade, because it didn't matter what color I put on, it turned purple on me. Ron said the purple lips indicated a lack of sufficient oxygen to the area. My migraines were unbearable. The obstruction on the left side of my neck area never eased up.

Now I could remember many little signs and warnings that I was not well. A couple of years earlier I had migraine and was lying on my back on the bed when Mary came in to check on me. She exclaimed, "Mama, you're going to die."

"Mary, what are you talking about?"

"Look, look, there's a bubble on your neck." I couldn't see the area, but Mary placed my hand so I could feel the bubble pulsating from my jugular area. "Mama," she exclaimed, your artery is going to break."

"Hush, Mary, Honey, it's alright; it will go away." Perhaps that was when this obstruction really set in.

Now my mind was set to remembering other things. I was going to be interviewed on television news in Los Angeles along with the star of the X-rated movie *Deep Throat*, and the editor of *Playgirl* magazine. I was speaking out in defense of sexual morality. As the make-up man prepared me to go on, he asked my age. When I replied, "Thirty-four," he said, "Honey, you're too young to have all that crinkling around your eyes. You'd better get yourself some good sunglasses, now."

His statement reminded me of me showing Ramona Smith some black and white pictures a news photographer had taken. "Look, Ramona, how my face crumbles when I laugh. Something must be wrong with me. My skin tone is dying right in front of my eyes."

As my disease progressed, the signs of my body dying became more and more obvious. I had a large brown splotch on my face and also on my left shoulder. I was still drinking the carrot juice and also apple. But I wasn't on any particular diet.

Dr. Jim Parker of Texas called often to see how I was doing. He offered many suggestions. I was so glad I could talk to him about my condition. I could not talk to Ron. He could not be objective, and I soon realized that it was very painful for him to discuss my illness.

Once when Jim called and I was so discouraged, he said, "Jaquie, you live right there next to Mexico. Why not go down to the clinic and have the laetrile therapy? I've heard some really good things about their results and maybe the therapy would arrest your condition, and extend your life."

"Jim," I said, "an arrest of my condition is not enough. My body is almost dead now. Nothing works anymore. The skin on my hands has atrophied to the point that my hands look like an old woman's."

March, 1975:

Others were telling me of Mexico, with glowing reports. Finally, Ron and I decided to go down and look the clinic over. We were still skeptical. It was a very presentable professional operation. There were many people waiting to get in. Since we didn't have an appointment, I picked up some information on taking a urinalysis test through the mail for the detection of malignancies. It seemed that so much time kept flying by and we didn't have the results back yet. Finally, we called and were told that the results would be in the mail soon.

The test results came back negative. I should have been jubilant, but I wasn't. I knew I had cancer. I knew my whole body was invaded. I also knew that if the clinic could not detect my malignancy, neither could they help me. Disillusioned again. "She is preparing me to die."

As word of my condition spread among my friends, I was deluged with tons of material on natural cancer cures. I read it all. I would have liked to incorporate some of the things into whatever life I had left, but oh, it was so confusing. Eat meat. Don't eat meat. Eat fish. Don't eat fish. Eat chicken. Don't eat chicken. Eat citrus. Don't eat citrus. Eat bananas. Don't eat bananas. Eat grapes. Don't eat grapes. Eat cooked food. Don't eat cooked food. Take vitamins. Don't take vitamins. Take steam baths. Don't take steam baths. Exercise. Don't exercise. Take enemas. Don't take enemas. Use colonics. Don't use colonics. Eat bread. Don't

eat bread. Eat salt. Don't eat salt. "Oh precious God, what does a person like me, whose life is at stake and every minute counts, do?"

April 1975:

The closer I got to death, the harder it was for me to accept it. Faith healing. Of course! I wanted a faith healing! Then my body would be whole again. "God, you know I believe in miracles." I remembered the young woman that had her first baby Caesarean section and the doctors told her she could never have babies normally. The patriarch told her she would have her babies normally. He was right. She had seven more babies, all naturally and normally.

As a child, I remember two sisters in our town with unsightly goiters. One had surgery that left her with a scar from ear to ear. The other went to an Oral Robert's meeting and had a faith healing. The goiter was completely gone with no signs left that she ever had one.

I've studied the teachings of Christ. I've had prayers answered very specifically. My mother used to say, "God always answers prayers. Sometimes the answer is NO."

I was remembering, "Where two or more are gathered together in my name, there I will be also." I had been talking to God about my condition for a long time. What I needed is more voices to intercede for me. I remembered asking women nationwide to fast and pray for the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment! The request was printed by United Press International. I have no doubt that hundreds of thousands of women were raising their voices in union to God; and the Equal Rights Amendment was defeated again that year.

All right, I knew now what I was going to do. Out came my mailing list, the typewriter and correction tape. I told my friends, "I have terminal cancer. I need your prayers." As soon as the letters were mailed, I felt guilty. Perhaps I did not have the right to lay my burden on all those people, but as the return mail flowed in, I knew I did the right

thing. I was flooded by Get Well cards and letters. Everyone was praying for me. Entire churches were devoting days of prayers to me. Oh how I wish every cancer victim had a mailing list like mine.

As I went through the mail, my eleven-year-old son, Ralph, said, "Mama, you have to get well. God can't disappoint all those people."

Mary was to be married next month. My precious Mary Elizabeth was marrying Carl Russell Brooks. I was so glad that they had set an early date. I knew I could be there. I read my Bible, my heart was full of faith, my body grew weaker and weaker.

Mary insisted that I help her choose a wedding gown. I was able to laugh with her and we enjoyed lunch together and ordered the flowers for the church. We talked girl-talk, so important before the wedding. "Oh God, I want to see her babies. I want to know what kind of wife and mother my Mary will be." We found the perfect gown. It was antique white satin with Spanish lace. It was perfect for her olive skin and black hair.

May 1975:

The wedding was in the church yard on a beautiful San Diego day. I could not wear the new long turquoise dress I bought because my body was so grotesque by the bloating. I had to wear something to cover my shape as much as possible. I felt awful and looked worse than that. But this was Mary's day. I did so much want her to be proud of her mother.

Mary was the most beautiful bride I have ever seen. She had her hair up in a bun, Spanish-style on her neck, and the crown veil made her appear elegantly queenly. Oh, how I loved my little girl. She was so happy. Bishop E. Floyd Ross performed the ceremony. He made it so special and personalized, with vital messages to both of them. I knew Russ would take good care of Mary, but, "Oh, God, I want to see

her babies. Please God. I rest assured that you love me. Almost.”

June 1975:

I had such an invasion of killers all over my body that I didn't even attempt to count them anymore. They were also in my neck and head now. I decided that Mary could have my clothes and Regina could have my jewelry.

Poor Ron had been so distraught that he forgot to pay the premium on my life insurance policy (something I always took care of). I had written a will, and was making a white dress to be buried in. I was so bloated (thirty pounds in two months), nothing I had would fit. I was making the dress out of white double-knit cotton and was sewing on rows of tiny yellow flowers with green leaves.

I was waiting. I knew it was just a matter of days or a month at the most. I was ashen grey in color and looked at least sixty-five years old. My body was so invaded that I didn't understand why I was not dead. I looked like I was nine months pregnant. The tumors were especially concentrated in my torso, but I had rows of them down my arms and legs, and even on the soles of my feet. I was still on the juices. I had no saliva in my mouth. All my digestive procedure must have stopped because food went through me just like I ate it, without any acid change whatsoever. Something vital must cut off soon. How could I be surviving such an invasion. I didn't want the kids to be here alone with me when it happened. So we farmed them out to families in Arizona and Texas.

Ron called me from the office, “Honey, I'm reading the most interesting book. It is written by Ann Wigmore, *Why Suffer? Remember?* It was your mother's book.”

“Of course, I remember Mama reading that book; then she began growing wheat all over the house, grinding it and drinking the juice. While she was on the juice, she had a blood test and the doctor said she had the cleanest blood he'd ever seen.”

Ron interrupted, "Honey, I'm going to set this thing up for you. I'll order the hand grinder. I'll buy a dozen baking trays, then build a rack for them to sit on so we can grow all the wheat you'll need. I'm bringing this book home. I want you to read it too, so you'll know why I'm doing this."

"Oh God," I prayed, "why give me a Saint like Ron and then take me away?"

Ron's excitement as the first tray of wheat began to grow, was catching. I even wanted to work the juice extractor. As we ground the green grass, it smelled so good that we decided to fix two large glasses full and drink it straight. We laughed, we drank, and we became instantly tipsy-drunk and sick. What a boom! Ron never touched it again; I took it regularly. I felt strengthened, but it was not enough to change my body pathology. Disillusioned again, I cried, I wept. "She's preparing me to die."

July, 1975:

There was so much disorder in my home that I was ashamed to die in the mess. I didn't want to be "caught dead in it." The nights became more horrible all the time. "God, be merciful," I prayed, "how many more nights can I experience my death without becoming a raving maniac. Please be merciful." I slowed down on my juices, hoping that would help to hurry things along. I wanted to get this thing over with and done. My dress was ready now.

"I rest assured God. I rest assured that you love me. Almost. You need me for something there. I'm willing. My family has made it this past year without me. It will be even better for them, when death is no longer waiting close by. Maybe you'll let me watch from there. You know we have two grandbabies due in September. Benji is my first son. His baby is my first real grandbaby, but I guess I won't get to see it. Huh, God? You sure did let me get close. Just two months away. Ron and Belita's baby is due then too. God, you know I love babies. Oh well, I can't reason with you because my earthly mind does not understand your purpose. I rest assured God. I rest assured that you love me. Almost."

The Gerson Cancer Therapy Saved My Life

July, 1975:

Waiting. Just waiting. Nothing was functioning in my body anymore. I had no saliva. My ears were scaly and itched on the inside. I had no ear wax. My body continued to bloat. My skin was atrophied like a very old woman's. The skin on my legs was shiny — almost metallic in appearance. My hair was so unsightly, I simply covered it with scarves all the time. My dying was just like the aging process, only I don't get seventy years' time. Death for me was advancing at an accelerated rate. I was waiting.

While I was lying in bed — I was lying in bed twenty-four hours a day now, at least — Ron called from the office. "Honey, a lady, Jane Storm, just came into the office and brought a little book and a tape for you. She says you will find them most interesting. I'll hurry home at noontime so you will have them." It was hard for me to get excited about anything now. I was such a morbid person, consumed by thoughts of death.

Ron brought the book, *Has Dr. Max Gerson a True Cancer Cure?*, by Haught, and the tape, a speech by Charlotte Gerson Straus, daughter of the late Dr. Max Gerson, made at an International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends Convention. Ron, realizing that I was listless and might not get around to examining these new prizes of information, got out the tape player, laid it on the bed

beside me, and plugged it in. He inserted the tape of the speech, then left me alone to listen.

Charlotte Gerson Straus was talking about a cancer cure. Oh, it sounded wonderful! When her speech was over, I rewound it and played it again. When it was over, I rewound it and played it again. "OH, Dear God, can these things she is saying be true?"

I picked up the little book, *Has Dr. Max Gerson A True Cancer Cure?*, by Haught, a journalist who was out to expose Dr. Max Gerson as a fraud. Every page was exciting, as the writer found that Dr. Gerson was not a fraud, but rather a man who loved people and cared about the suffering of cancer victims — enough to dedicate his life to finding the cure for the deadliest disease of all.

"Oh, precious God, don't let this be another disappointment. Oh God, this is my last chance. I only hope it's not too late for me to be helped by this therapy. How do I start?" "Ronnie," I called out, "Ronnie," as he came through the door, "how do I start?"

"Honey, are the instructions in the book?"

"No, Sweetheart. This is a book about the therapy. Dr. Max Gerson wrote a book, *A Cancer Therapy*, that has the total program with the instructions in it."

"Then we must find that book," he said.

"Honey, I know," I said as I finally got my mind to working. "I have an International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends booklist. I'll just bet it's on there." He began plowing through the tons of cancer material that I had and finally came up with the list. He ordered the book, along with another copy of Haught's *Has Dr. Max Gerson a True Cancer Cure?*, so I could return Jane Storm's copy.

"Oh, Honey, there is something else. This little book says that I must have a special juice extractor. One that grinds and presses." Ron exclaimed, "You mean that after buying two other juicers, we still need another?!" "I'm

afraid so, Honey. The ones we have are not the right kind." Grinds and presses. Grinds and presses. Now where had I heard that before? Grinds and presses. Of course, now I knew. I read about such a machine in *What's Missing In Your Body? Raw Vegetable Juices*, by N. W. Walker, D. Sci. Dr. Walker goes into great detail, explaining the need and function of the proper machine.

Saturday:

Ron asked me to ride up to Riverside with him. I did. I had a new spirit of energy brought on by a new ray of hope. I took my little book, *Raw Vegetable Juices*, with me. I read aloud to Ron while he was driving. The first chapters of the book dwelt a lot on the mechanics of proper juice extraction. As I read a page, Ron requested that I read it over again. We did this through several chapters. I was quite bored with the mechanics of the machine. He was fascinated. He kept asking me to read the same passages over and over again. The details were getting on my nerves.

Monday:

Ron called me from the office to tell me that he had finally located the type of machine I needed to start the Gerson Therapy. The company is right here in California, so instead of waiting for them to send us one, he was going up there tomorrow, on his day off, to pick it up for me, so I wouldn't have to wait to get started on the "live juices."

Tuesday:

Ron left early to go get the machine. He came home with a surprisingly small, but expensive contraption, and several twenty-five pound bags of organic carrots. He was bubbling over with excitement because of the fascinating demonstration of the machine the company had given him. "Honey, you can make pure, real, peanut butter, and it's so delicious with a banana in it." He set up the machine and started running the carrots through. "See that white foam, Honey? They say that's the calcium." Everybody tried some

of the carrot juice Ron made, and we all agreed that it was delicious.

I had wheatgrass, mung bean, and alfalfa sprouts, beets and apples, so we tried various kinds of juices according to the instructions with the machine. What a lark! Although learning to make various juices on the machine is not child's play, everyone got a big laugh or two as apple and beet pulp sprayed me, the ceiling, the floor and the curtains. The way I felt, it might never be cleaned up, but I didn't worry; I just rinsed the machine, started all over, and blissfully drank my "live oxygen and enzymes." This was going to save my life. The carrot was delicious. The apple and beet was delicious. The green leaf was awful. But this was going to save my life.

The little book, *Has Dr. Max Gerson a True Cancer Cure?*, also told me that one man said the worst part of the therapy was coffee enemas every two hours. Well now, I didn't have the total program, but I could take the juices and the coffee enemas. That's simple enough. I made my coffee enema from instant freeze-dried coffee. (It should have been the boiled kind.) I sat on the bathroom stool to take the enema and let it go at the first urging. (I should have been lying down and retaining it fifteen minutes.) Every two hours an enema and every hour a fresh juice.

I still didn't have the book, *A Cancer Therapy*. I still didn't know the whole program. I knew that I must have iodine in lugols and thyroid form. I must have potassium in a liquid form. Also I must have caffeine drops, B12 and crude liver injections. All three things are food and probably were drugstore counter items in Dr. Gerson's experimenting days, but now they are prescription items.

I had to get an appointment with a doctor to get the prescriptions. We didn't even have a family doctor in California. Ron had always handled family illness, and in case of severe infection I referred to Adele Davis' *Let's Get Well* vitamin formulas. So I began calling doctors at ran-

dom, from the phone book. Finally, I had an appointment with a doctor in Escondido for Thursday. I was still taking the juices and coffee enemas.

Thursday:

I hadn't felt any significant change in my body. The doctor gave me a physical exam and declared that I was quite sound. That was the first surprise. Then he began examining my "lumps." He encouraged me to have surgery and to get a biopsy made. "Mrs. Davison, you don't know for sure that you have cancer until you have a tissue test."

"But Doctor," I said, "my body is so depleted now that I don't think that I can live through surgery, and I've read many times that surgery can make something like this much worse."

"That's not true, and you are not being fair to yourself to call this cancer. You have no proof. The only way you can know is by way of a tissue test. You could just have an infection, you know."

"But Doctor," I objected, "these lumps and nodules have been coming on now for over a year, and none of them ever go away. I just keep getting more, and look at all the new moles I have. See this mole pattern up my throat and neck? That has just come on this year."

The mention of moles stimulated a new interest in him. He said, "Mrs. Davison, let me see the bottoms of your feet." As he carefully examined the soles of my feet, he asked, "Have you been jumping around or doing anything that might bruise your feet?" That question was really hilarious to a person who had been living in the bed as long as I had been — too weak to move my body — but I calmly replied, "No, Doctor, why do you ask?"

His voice seemed to have changed. It was somehow more mellow. I could feel a change in his attitude toward me. I no longer felt that I was on the defensive, but rather, I knew he was on my side. I knew that he no longer consid-

ered me peculiar or silly, as he answered my questions, and I could understand his sudden concern for me.

"There are red and blue marks on the bottom of your feet." I interrupted, "Maybe they are from my new moccasins." "No," he said. "These are not ink spots. If you have not bruised your feet, then you must watch these carefully to see if they go away. If they don't go away, as bruises, then they indicate a positive sign of malignant melanoma, and your lymph glands are trying to carry it out through the bottoms of your feet. With melanoma, the mortality rate is extremely high and after it has gone so far as your feet indicate, death is quick and certain!"

Strange, how calmly I sat there. But then, he was not telling me anything I did not already know. He interrupted, "Mrs. Davison, please let me set you up for surgery, so we can find out for sure. Cobalt has been used for melanoma to extend life sometimes. You cannot be helped until you know for sure."

Cobalt, there's that horrible word my dad speaks of with disgust. "Doctor, I just began the Gerson Therapy for cancer. After you have detoxified the liver, Dr. Gerson says a general anesthetic can be almost deadly, and from what I've read in the book, I will be well soon. I want to give it a chance."

"How soon do you think you will know if it is going to work?"

"I'm sure I'll know within a month."

"Alright, you give it a try for a month. Then if it isn't doing what you expect, give me a call and let me set you up for surgery."

When Ron and I got back to the car, I told him about the doctor's attitude and how it changed when he examined my feet. "Ron," I asked, "what is melanoma?"

"Oma indicates tumor and mela means black, he said. I'll get you my medical dictionary from the office and you

can look it up when we get home." We went by the health food store and loaded up on carrots, apples, oats and other things that the family could enjoy."

We stopped by the office on the way home to pick up the medical dictionary. I found: melanoma (mel" ah- no' mah) melan + oma a tumor made up of melanin-pigmented cells, malignant melanoma, a malignant tumor, usually developing from a nevus and consisting of black masses of cells with a marked tendency to metastasis.

Of course, Black Cancer, Spider Cancer, black cancer, black death. Oh yes, now I know the killer, melanoma is a deadly cancer. Sure, I've known a couple of cases — one lived three months after diagnosis, another lived ten days after the deadly killer was discovered, and just recently I met a woman who had just lost her sister to black cancer. She had lived only three months after the treatment was begun.

Well, God, you gave me a mountain. No sir, Jaquie can't have a simple lump; she must have the deadliest masses of all. Well, God, you must have had a lot of faith in me. You, I, and Dr. Gerson together are going to climb that mountain. I'm going to get out of this darkness of death on this side and live in the light over there. "I'll get my climbing boots on; I'm already on my way." Time now for a green juice and a coffee enema.

Friday:

My book, *A Cancer Therapy*, arrived in the mail. "Thank you, International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends for being so prompt. Oh, Dear Lord, can I ever read this book?" It had a world of information between the two blue covers. It was so detailed. I just hoped that I could understand what I was reading. Now I had to change from climbing boots to wading shoes. By the time I wade through all of this I should be able to climb that mountain, two steps at a time, I thought.

In the book I learned how to take the proper enema and retain it. Now I know that I must use boiled coffee. I learned more about the medications I should be taking. I read the case histories. I felt I must find one similar to mine. I did find two successful cases of malignant melanoma. "All right, Dr. Gerson, it is encouraging to know that you have been to the top of that mountain before. Now please come and go with me. I know that I am on the right track." The more I read, the stronger my faith in the Gerson Cancer Therapy became.

Saturday:

Ron asked me to go with him to San Diego. Sure, why not, I thought. I didn't have the medication for the total therapy yet. I was just pussy-footing around. It wouldn't matter if I interrupted my schedule at that time.

We live out in the country, in Ramona. The air had never been noticeable to me before, but as soon as we got on the freeway, my body began to react very strangely. First, there was a tingling in my head and shoulders. Then, I began smothering; I couldn't breathe. I was almost gagging and the smell of motor oil was overwhelming me. Good grief, I was behaving like my late Aunt Bertha in an asthma attack. I began to feel very dopey as if I were going to pass out.

"Ron," I said, barely able to get the words out, "drive down by the ocean, I need some oxygen." Was I really saying this? I have never had a breathing problem in my life. Maybe my time is here. I should be at home on therapy. I am so scared. "Oh God, please don't take me now, not just as I find the answer. Oh God, why would you send Jane Storm to me, then take me away?"

As we began to move in closer and closer to the ocean, my body began to relax and I could breathe naturally. I could take deep breaths now. Perhaps I could store up enough clean air in my lungs to tide me over until I got home.

Back on the freeway, the tingling in my head started again, but Ron moved on quickly out of town and as we got back to Ramona, everything was normal again! Wow! I was going to be all right. Why did I have that reaction? Was motor oil and gasoline that deadly to a clean liver? Was my liver clean yet? Time would tell.

When we got back to town, we went to see our dear friends, Hi and Millie. They had just eaten a spaghetti dinner and invited us to have some. Ron ate heartily. I knew I should not eat spaghetti, but then, I was not really on the therapy yet, and it really did smell good. I took out a small amount on a dish. I ate two spoonfuls, and to my extremely clean system it tasted excessively salty. Instantly my mouth turned wrong side out and my lips began to swell. Wow! What had I done now? I drank some water and it calmed the reaction down some.

Hi and Millie invited us to play pitch. It is a fun card game that requires a lot of skill and we always welcomed the challenge. I realized early in the game that I had no concentration. The guys were going to wipe Millie and me out. My mind kept blanking out. I didn't see what I should have seen. I did what I should not have done. My head was bobbing as if I were going to faint, then I heard a hissing noise. "What was that?" No one heard anything. Someone dealt again. I was getting dopier by the minute. I was very embarrassed and couldn't bring myself to say, "I must go home." Then I heard it again — "HISSsss."

"What was that?" Millie heard it this time. "It was the automatic bug spray."

"The what!" I shouted.

"The automatic bug spray," she replied. "It's battery-run and spits periodically to keep down flies and bugs."

I blurted out, "It's killing me. I can't breathe."

"I'll take you home," Ron said.

As we were leaving, I was apologetic, but firm about one thing. "Millie, I just can't come back as long as you have that thing. You've almost killed your pitch partner."

When we got outside, I could breathe, but by the time we got home, my entire body was disturbed. It's very hard to put a name on the way I felt, but it was as if my body were made up of solid rubber bands, and each one was being pulled, then let go. I started the juices and the enemas. Usually, the enema relaxed me, but nothing would change the way I felt now. While everyone was getting ready for bed, I was making juices. I knew there would be no sleep for me that night. Regina saw that I was not going to bed, so she offered to stay up with me. She made juices. I took enemas, and in our spare time we watched television or played cards and Yahtzee.

Sunday:

The family was moving around as usual, but I was drinking juices and taking enemas. I was so tired. I didn't know what was going on inside me but I did know my body was busy. I had lots of time to read while I was taking enemas. I was sure all of this trouble I was having fell under inflammation and reactions. Dr. Gerson says that in the original reaction, the most severe one, a patient can go into a coma from the toxins in the body and you must constantly "detoxify." I was scared because I didn't have the medication that I was supposed to be using. In the back of my mind I was thinking, "Oh God, will I die because I don't have the total program?" I did have caffeine drops and so I decided to take my first castor oil that day. At 7:00 a.m. I took three tablespoons (my tablespoons were not full size or the dosage would have been two tablespoons) by mouth followed with a cup of coffee sweetened with brown sugar, according to the instructions in the book. I never drank coffee. I'll never ever drink coffee and anyone who wants to quit drinking coffee should try some with castor oil. Dr. Gerson says not to interrupt the coffee enema schedule but five hours later take a castor oil enema with caffeine drops. I

was due for a coffee enema at 11:00 a.m. I lay on the bed to take it. After retaining the coffee for about ten minutes, I felt a sharp tearing pain in my left side, just about where my transcending colon begins. I was afraid to move, but finally I expelled the coffee enema. I had a dull ache in that side but not a sharp hurt like before. My heart began to race and I felt quaky inside.

It was almost time now for my castor oil enema. I was scared at the increase in severity of distress in my body, and Dr. Gerson says, "At any sign of discomfort, take an enema." Regina helped me prepare the castor oil enema. She stirred it as it went down the tube. She said, "This is the end of your enema bag, Mama, we'll never get this cleaned up."

I couldn't hold the castor oil enema very long, and as I expelled it there was blood and some black junk that looked like caviar. The discharge scalded me all the way down. I was passing out. I called out to Ron. He came running. I asked, "Honey, am I bleeding?" My head was falling to the floor and I could tell by his voice that he was frightened, "Yes, you are. I'm calling an ambulance."

"No, no, Ron. Please don't." My voice was so weak he could hardly hear me, "I'll check again." I took two more clear water enemas. I passed blood and more black junk that lay in the bottom of the stool. There was also some thin grey tissue. Ron was pleading with me, "Honey, I've got to get you to the hospital. You have internal bleeding."

"No, no Papa, please wait. Bring me the buttermilk." I was on my hands and knees but I remembered reading in the little book *Folk Medicine* that an alkaline body is sick, and an acid body is well. I must make my body acid. I ran the tub full of water. I added a half a bottle of apple cider vinegar; I got in. The heat was so comforting. I was falling asleep. Ron poured the buttermilk. I drank the whole quart. Always when I would get fainty in early pregnancy I would drink buttermilk and it would relieve me amazingly quick. Soon I felt much better.

Ron was still scared. "Honey, I don't know what happened to you, but we need to get you to a hospital." "No, Sweetheart," I protested, "I don't believe that food is going to kill me. That's all I've had, you know. Juices and coffee enemas."

I still didn't feel brave. In fact, I was scared to death. As soon as I felt like it, I took another clear water enema; it came out bloody with just tiny bits of black junk. I was still bleeding. I knew that was serious and I still didn't know what to do. I was still weak, but I could function somewhat. I was still in the bathroom. I called Ron again, "Honey, I don't know what to do about this bleeding." He said, "Jaquie, please let me take you to a hospital."

"No, Honey, I'm afraid of what they will do to me there. My body is different now and I cannot take all those chemicals they load sick people up with. Papa, call Dr. Parker, maybe he can help. But then, he knows nothing of this therapy; perhaps he could get in touch with Dr. Kelly there in Texas, maybe he could help me." I was rattling on but then I relaxed. Soon I realized that I was improving. I felt much better. "Honey, you can leave now. I'm going to take another clear water enema to see if I'm all right yet." My fourth clear water enema came out clear! "Oh thank you again, God."

I felt much better now. Back to the juices. *I needed to have a liver juice.* I hadn't read far enough in the book to know how to prepare liver juice, so I simply tried to press the liver. I got nothing. I was too weak to practice so I had Regina make an apple-with-beet juice. I read in *Raw Vegetable Juices* that beet is a good blood builder, and it seemed that I had lost a lot of blood.

Juices every hour, coffee enemas every two hours because of my body's distress, and I was starting to relax inside. In fact, within four hours, I felt really good. My head was clear. There was no more quakiness and I was able to think about what happened and I knew that I had passed a tumor.

On my side, where I had felt the sharp tearing pain, it seemed as if I had a large, silver dollar-sized black bruise under the skin. *Was it possible that I had passed a tumor in just five days of pussy-footing on the therapy?* I read Dr. Gerson's chapter on reactions and inflammations over and over. *I knew that by some miracle I was in my original reaction.* How long would it last? Could I live through it without my medication? "Oh God, I'm so scared." Detoxify. Dr. Gerson says, "detoxify." So I took juices and enemas constantly.

At 6:00 p.m. I was so excited over all that had happened that I wanted to go tell Hi and Millie that I wasn't going to die! *The life had been turned on inside me again. I was going to be all right! In just five days I knew that I was going to live.* "Oh thank you, Dr. Max Gerson. Jesus lived to save my soul for eternity; you lived to work out a plan for me to have a long physical life. Dear God, I rest assured that you love me. I rest assured."

"Dr. Carruthers, I want you to know that my body pathology has reversed. It is no longer racing towards death. When I passed that tumor the life turned on inside me. I lost ten pounds today and my abdomen is soft and pliable, and no longer bloated and tight as a tick."

I still had not slept since Friday night. My body was very active. I had to detoxify. Dr. Gerson says I can go into a coma from the toxins the dead cancer cells throw off.

I was afraid to go to sleep. Regina sat up with me making juices. I read on the sofa. I read in the chair. I read on the bathroom floor. I was trying to digest *A Cancer Therapy*. I seemed to cling to the chapter on reactions and inflammation. Dr. Gerson says I will go through all this discomfort. He also says I can get well.

Monday:

My eyes wanted to close, but my body was so alert. Every nerve in me was on edge. I was so scared. I was so mad. I should be in a hospital. I should have twenty-four hour-a-

day care. If I could depend on someone knowing the therapy and anticipating my needs, perhaps I could relax and go to sleep. Instead I must learn more and more of Dr. Gerson's cure while I am practicing the therapy.

I could not read fast enough to stay ahead of my body's reactions. I could not be in a hospital because in California the only legal therapies for cancer are surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy. My life-saving Gerson therapy is illegal. California has sentenced me to die. I was too tired to make my juices for myself, so Regina made them. I dragged my body into the bathroom for my enemas. *The discharge was so rank now from the body cleansing that I became nauseated from the odors.*

In the afternoon, I dozed about an hour. I felt like I had rested for eight hours. With a spirit of new energy, I called Rosemary Blomquist. "You must come over, I have something real important to tell you." She brought her daughter with her and came right away. She was really excited as I gave her the news, then she said, "Let us pray."

"Oh, my dearest daughter Regina, I love you." She had been up with me since Saturday. She catnapped while I took enemas, then was ready to make juices for me and play silly games with cards.

When I started to fall asleep, I felt waves of unconsciousness flowing over me and the fright jolted me awake. Dr. Gerson explains these feelings in his book. The poison from the dead tumors was deadly. Detoxify. Detoxify.

Tuesday:

Still no sleep. "Oh, Ronnie, I'm so scared. I need my medication. Maybe my body could rest if I had my medication. Dr. Gerson lost patients early in his experimenting because of not enough detoxifying. Honey, did you call the doctor?"

"I called him, but he says that he cannot prescribe any medication for you because he does not have a diagnosis on

you. He urged me to get you some medical attention, because of the obvious signs of melanoma in your feet. When I told him what happened Sunday, he said he believes you have a mental problem."

I was lying on the bed. I began rolling, tossing, crying, and yelling, "Mental problem? He says I have a mental problem? Oh, Ronnie," I sobbed, "the world thinks I am mad because I want to live. He's right! He's right! I do have a mental problem. I have a mental problem because my body is invaded with deadly cancer. I have a mental problem because I cannot get the simple, uncomplicated help I need. I have a mental problem because I have no doctor to share my illness with. Oh, Ronnie, I hate California for sentencing me to die. I'm being deprived of my rights as a human being. Because I have cancer, I've lost my constitutional rights to life and liberty. Oh, Ron, Honey, you're the last person in the world that deserves to be yelled at. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I love you, but oh, I'm so scared."

"SSSh, Honey," he said soothingly, "you have me. Just because he makes a stupid statement, doesn't make it so. I know and you know what is going on here. We understand. I'll find a way to get your supplements."

In the evening, Hi and Millie came over to play pitch. I still hadn't slept since Friday night. I played fine for a few minutes, then suddenly I became dopey. It was no insecticide spitter this time. I was worn out. Finally, they realized they were playing three-handed and the odds were loaded against my partner, Millie, so they called the game off. I headed towards the bathroom for an enema and asked Regina to make me a large carrot juice. She made a quart! I could not let it go to waste so I drank it all.

I layed down on my bed and passed out. I slept three hours. I awakened at eleven o'clock with an extremely high fever. The sweat was falling off me in huge drops. I was scared. I trudged into the bathroom to look in the mirror at my strange-feeling body.

Unbelievable! My face was swollen. My whole body was swollen and pink with fever. My mouth was huge and my nose was huge. My eyes were red. OH. OH. OH. The healing inflammation that Dr. Gerson says is necessary for the killing of the cancer is here! OH! OH! OH! I've made it. I've made it to the ultimate of body healing.

I managed to take an enema. The house was so quiet and Regina was sleeping soundly for the first time since last Friday night so I didn't dare run the juicer and awaken everyone. I crawled back in bed and slept, blissfully slept, for four more hours.

I awakened with the feeling of waves of unconsciousness flowing over me. I had to run the juicer at the risk of awakening the family. I had to have a coffee enema. I must not go into a coma. My fever was greatly reduced, but I knew that if it had done its job, I had poisons in my bloodstream. Regina awakened at the noise, but I sent her back to bed. She needed the rest, and I went back to bed. also.

Wednesday:

I was still passing some bloody mucus from my colon; even so, I awakened early with a buoyant feeling of well-being, but when I got out of bed, I was quite startled to find that I could not stand on my feet. I looked at the bottoms and they were red and hot with fever. I also found that I had a high fever in the area where the tumor tore loose. I didn't have a fever all over me, but I felt as if I were breathing fire. I had the helpless feeling of wanting to do things but was not able to walk. I guess it's just as well that I was being waited upon, because even though I felt good, I was weaker than I realized. Regina brought me juices and I crawled into the bathroom for my enemas.

Also, I looked up the chapter on food in *A Cancer Therapy*. *Food – I hadn't thought of food since last Saturday.* Regina cooked me some oats. I ate almost a quart of them with some honey. I told her how to make the special soup

for later. I ate salad for lunch and was beginning to feel like a member of the human race again.

My body awakened me again at night for tending. Dr. Gerson says to set an alarm because I must not go past four hours without an enema. I didn't need an alarm. My body was my alarm.

August, 1975:

The fever was gone out of my feet and left side. There were large spots on my feet that were black and blue and looked like bruises. I was able to walk on them a little. *I still felt very good.* Now my mind was able to reach out some, past merely staying alive. Some of my friends had asked me why I did not save some of the black tissue from the passing of that colon tumor, so I could have it analyzed. At that time, I was so ill, and so near death, that I could not even if my mind had wanted me to, fish in the toilet for the sake of medical science. My main objective was simply to stay alive.

I wanted a doctor to record my progress. *This therapy was working.* I wanted to be a documented witness. I called a cancer clinic in San Diego that does research with natural therapy, vitamins, etc. I believed that they should be interested in what was happening to me and perhaps they would give me blood tests and record my progress.

The story was the same. I was treated strangely because I proclaimed that I had cancer and had not had a tissue test. The doctor almost smirked when I told him I had passed a colon tumor. He said, "We had a man whose body tried to slough off a colon tumor and the toxin killed him."

"I almost died, too," I told him, "but I knew that I had to detoxify constantly." He was obviously not convinced. I told him about my feet and the doctor in Escondido who had told me I had melanoma. He was not even interested enough to look at them. He quickly ran me through extensive tests.

After palpating the large tumor in the groin which had, by this time (prior to starting the Gerson therapy), had a small nodule tumor on top of it, he began to urge me to have surgery. He told me that he had a friend who could do the surgery at a reasonable price and that would mean only two or three days in the hospital.

Wow! And I expected sympathy here. I was no further along than before I had come here. I knew that my liver was detoxified and that a general anesthetic could be deadly to me.

After the injections of poisons to check my body's immunities, blood test, Pap smear, urinalysis, instructions on diet (contrary to my Gerson diet), and paying a large sum for those tests and the production of a serum, I felt very low. I did not find the medical friends I was looking for.

I went on through the first two weeks having inflammations about every three days. I had a healing inflammation, fever, chills, muscle spasms, etc., for about forty-eight hours, then my body rested for three days. I felt wonderful on my rest days. Also, on my rest days, I noticed tiny chunks of black working out the soles of my feet after the fever was gone. I saved them and put them in a medicine vial. When the black cut through, I felt it was not all the way out. I could not force it. My body seemed to want to hang on to it until it was completely finished with it. I didn't know what it was, but maybe I could find out someday.

After two weeks, my reactions were starting to come *every five days instead of three.* I was feeling stronger all the time and was able to take care of myself. I still woke up at night. The area where my colon tumor pulled loose was hot all the time. I could feel the heat through my clothes. Clothes, did I say clothes? My body was so sensitive that I wore a bare minimum. Black lesions on my rib cage area had flared up and I could not stand a bra or anything snug on my body. I had an old orange nightgown that was cotton knit, and it was about the only thing I felt comfortable in. I also wore my white "burial" dress. It was long, and made of

cotton knit, so when I had to go someplace, I wore it. I was still too sick to bother with my hair, so I tied it up whenever anyone was around with cotton triangular scarves, then removed them when I was alone and looked a fright.

With each new inflammation my body improved. How sad that medical science was being robbed of my experience, because no one believed the curing of cancer can be such a simple, natural physical law. My right underarm turned solid black. I was frightened, but it was slowly diminishing. I passed lots of black with mucus on castor oil days.

September, 1975:

My inflammations were coming *every seven days* now, and lasted only *twenty-four hours*. I felt wonderful, but during an inflammation I was down. Ron came home on one of those days and asked me to go into town with him. He had to make two trips a week for my produce. I begged off. "Honey, I feel awful (and looked worse than that). I can't go." He insisted, "Honey, you can feel bad in the car as well as you can here."

"But I don't feel like getting ready to go." He was persistent, "Just tie your head up and come on. You can stay in the car." He parked in the parking lot of the shopping center. I settled down to wait for him. He said, "Come on, you're going with me."

"No, Papa, you promised I could wait in the car."

"I know Honey, but I realize now there is something else we need to do, and I need you." Reluctantly, and very much ashamed of my sick, ragged appearance, I dragged myself out of the car. We were walking towards the mall and I was tagging along behind. "Honey, come on," he said sternly.

"Ron, are you sure you want to be seen with me looking like this?" He could tell I was really depressed. He picked me up, one hundred and sixty pounds of sick body, into his

arms like a baby. In front of all those shoppers, he kissed this horrible looking hag and said, "Honey, you're my sweetie pie. I love you, Honey. I don't care how you look."

"Oh God, make me worthy of this mountain of a man."

At the health food store he bought me some ripe papayas. "The peels are good for soothing your inflamed feet." Then he took me to the Indian store for new moccasins. My feet sure did like the softness of moccasin leather. Ron, unknown to me, had been walking the streets, searching for a source of medication for me. He found one. I married a mountain mover and he's very handsome, too.

After I began to take the medication, *a very strange thing happened to me*. I had red spots all over my body that seemed like holes right under the skin that I could see through. I was scared. What was I doing wrong? I was afraid to change anything. I worried. I fretted. Then I dreamed of Patsy Bragg, daughter of the late naturapath, Paul Bragg.

She and I were at a meeting. We were making fresh fruit juice for refreshments. I said to her, "Patsy, when I first realized I was seriously ill, I tried to contact you. I knew that you would probably know what I could do to help myself naturally and even what my chances were to live. I could never reach you; I even received messages that you were trying to contact me, but I could never make the right connections with you. Then one night I dreamed that all through my illness, I would come so close to contacting you, but never quite make it.

"Well, now I am getting well, but there is something that frightens me. Perhaps you know what it is. When my body is in a healing inflammation, I get bright red spots and blotches all over me. They flare up like red flags and it seems as if I can see through the skin into holes in my flesh underneath. The next day they will turn black and blue, and then fade away, but with the next inflammation, they are back again."

Patsy never responded to me. She went right on making juice and chattering about an entirely different subject. I

chattered with her and did not seem in the least frustrated because she did not respond to my problem.

The next morning I awakened with the revelation that the “red flags” were in actuality, scars, childhood scars — burns, cuts, and bruises. I felt I must read more in my book, *A Cancer Therapy*, to reaffirm my belief that these were old scars flaring up. I read; I searched. I read; I searched. I had to go all the way to the back of the book to the Appendix by Charlotte Gerson Straus, Dr. Max Gerson’s daughter, to find my answer. She explains the reaction of the scars by stressing that even though the therapy is called “A Cancer Therapy,” it is a total body therapy, and when the body defenses are alert, they attack everything that is wrong in the body, including scars from accidental injuries, surgeries, and lesions. Dr. Gerson says that it takes longer for the body to digest scar tissue than it does malignant tissue. In fact, he says that the more malignant the cells are, the quicker the reactions and results are.

As I studied more and more I became fascinated with the fact that my body must have an intelligence all its own. Even from the ovulation stage, the human life shows such power of direction and purpose that our conscious minds are not aware of. It was exciting to me to know that my body would correct the areas of my disease that were most critical to my life stream, first. Dr. Gerson says you may have two tumors side by side and when the body immunity is activated, it may work on just one, and the other at another time. We do not understand, but the body knows what it is doing. I just had to give it the fuel to work with.

Regina was back in school, but that was all right, because I had such long periods of feeling good that I prepared for my reaction times and made it through just fine. I grew my wheat in the kitchen on the rack that Ron had built for me. I sprouted mung beans and alfalfa. I cooked my Hippocrates soup. I made three liver juices a day. I had a fresh-made juice each hour; I took a coffee enema every four hours. I had crude liver and B12 injections daily. I sat in the sun. I went for walks. I took steam baths.

My whole life was consumed with the therapy, but I knew that if I would dedicate myself to getting well, and devote the next year and a half to the therapy, I would be able to face life with a whole new liver. Dr. Gerson says that in a year and a half all the soft tissue of the body is replaced, and I would have a new liver made up of live oxygen and enzymes. To me, a person who was ready to have the dirt thrown over her, that was really exciting. "Oh, thank you, Dr. Max Gerson."

I tried to get my juices over early in the evening; then Ron and I could go to the movies or a play and have a great time together. It felt so good to dress up and go out. I did find the smog in town most offensive, so it was always a great relief to get back to Ramona, where I could relax and breathe easier.

Our home and lifestyle was quite tacky because of the domination of my time by the therapy, but Ron and I were working on our house plans again. We had just shut all other things out of our minds and concentrated on a way for me to get well for so long that it was such a relief to stop worrying about life and death and concentrate on future. I promised him that in March 1977 (after my year and a half), our life together was going to be super good. Ron deserves more than I can ever give him in a long lifetime.

If you put all the food that I ate in juices and for meals into bushel baskets, it would have filled up two a day, at least. I didn't understand why I was constantly ravenous. I took all kinds of stomach acid and digestive enzymes. My food came through me exactly like I ate it with no acid change whatsoever. I must have been surviving on the juices, but was surviving quite well. I would eat six bananas in one sitting. I ate a gallon of oats in a day. I ate baked potatoes. I ate whole grain, saltless bread. I would eat a whole watermelon. Dr. Gerson says to eat all the time. I literally did that. He said that if the patient is up at night with a body disturbance, to eat. I did that too.

Even with all the tons of food that were going through me, I never gained an ounce. I had lost ten pounds in the

beginning of the therapy during the cleansing but no more. I was excessively overweight, but that was no major problem right then. Even though I was not losing weight, as the edema left my body, I had natural contours returning. I had a normal-looking neck. My legs were getting back some shape. My bloated abdomen was gone. It was so exciting to check the changes each day, even though I weighed one hundred and sixty-four pounds. My face had natural contours. The melanoma blotches on my neck and face became inflamed when I was in a reaction and became lighter each time.

I had never gone back to the clinic for the results of the extensive tests they ran on me. Ron believed that I should go, now that I felt good, and after all, they had been quite expensive. I made an appointment.

Clinical Diagnosis: Melanoma

September 1975:

I kept my appointment with the clinic. I saw a different doctor this time. He was about as impressed with what I was doing as the first one was. He said my blood, urine, and Pap smear tests were fine. The blood test did show signs of a low grade infection. He said my natural immunity to poison was extremely low. He also pressured me to get a tissue test to prove that I had cancer, because they needed a definite diagnosis on their books. I began to tell him about the doctor from Escondido being able to tell that I had melanoma by looking at my feet. He interrupted me, "No one in the medical sciences will accept that! We must have tissue proof. Don't you want to know what kind of cancer it is? Girl, we have to put a name on your case. We need to know what your cancer looks like. If you have cancer, that is. You just could be wrong."

"Doctor," I was shouting (Oh, God, why must I always be on the defensive? Why is it that no one in the medical profession is on my side?), "I don't care what kind it is. I don't care what it looks like. I don't care what name the laboratory would put on it. I'm getting well. That's what is important to me. I just want to find someone who will be interested in recording my progress."

"Mrs. Davison," he said sternly, in response to my yelling, "we can no longer treat you without a tissue diagnosis. The medical profession will not allow us, here in a cancer

clinic, to treat you for lumps. What if you don't have cancer and you go through a long, drawn-out expensive therapy, then learn that it is only a low-grade infection?"

There it was again. I knew that my body was invaded from head to toe with cancer and the doctors kept saying, "Maybe it is just a low-grade infection." I snapped back at him, "Doctor, I don't want surgery. I have detoxified my liver and a general anesthetic can be deadly to me. I cannot lie around in a hospital for two or three days, eating dead, salty food, when I need to be home on my therapy. I know that surgery makes things like this worse."

He yelled (Aha! Now he was on the defensive), "Surgery! Mrs. Davison, what on earth are you talking about? You don't need surgery. A doctor can take a piece of that lump right in his office with a light local anesthetic and diagnose it, then you'll know what you have."

I must admit, that did sound simple. "Doctor, another doctor in this clinic referred me to a surgeon-friend of his and told me I'd probably be in the hospital for two or three days. In light of the therapy I am on, what you say does sound reasonable. It would be as simple as tooth repair and Dr. Gerson does explain the use of a local anesthetic for that. Quickly now, give me the name of a doctor who will do an office biopsy, and I'll seriously consider having that done."

He wrote out the name, address, and phone number of a surgeon in La Jolla. As I left, I was given my own personal serum (that I had no intention of using; because I was winning the race and the timing was very bad for changing horses). I was told I needed about eighty dollars' worth of vitamins, but I had all of them at home, so I paid my office bill and left.

I was very tense and emotional as I rejoined my daughters, Mary and Regina, in the waiting room. "Well, you sweethearts, no one believes that I have cancer, so we are going to a Mexican food restaurant and eat everything

on the menu." We did, and I relished every bite. I love beans more than anything else in the world. I tasted the pork fat. The salt in the food seemed extremely excessive, and I felt my mouth turning wrong side out. That was O.K., since I didn't have cancer. Maybe. I poured the chili on. Oh, oh, oh, everything tasted heavenly.

I went back home and didn't even take a juice. My body did demand an enema before bedtime. My family was eyeing me curiously. I was sure they were wondering about the wisdom of my ways. They knew the hell I had been through, a kind of hell that a mere infection could never produce. I'm sure they considered me very foolish that day.

In the evening after the house was quiet and I was sleeping calmly, God stepped in to warn me. I dreamed that I was very frightened for my life. A tiny black crab was stalking me. If it bit me, I would die. I was alert to its presence at all times. I felt I must never relax; I must be careful in my home, in my car, at Hi and Millie's, even out in the motorhome I must be constantly aware of the danger of stalking death. I awakened in a cold sweat. I knew then, more than ever before, that I had to be careful. I could not go on Mexican food binges. I had to be on guard so that melanoma did not get another chance to invade my body. I might not get another chance at life. I took a double-dose of castor oil.

I called the doctor in La Jolla and made an appointment. Ron said, "Honey, what if the doctor decides that he cannot take that large tumor from your groin under local anesthetic, or even a piece of it?" "Sweetheart," I answered, "if he decides not to disturb that one, I will ask, where would you like one, Doctor? In my leg? In my arm? On my back? On my torso? On my neck? Just take your pick, Doctor. Wherever it will be the easiest to take a tumor with only a local anesthetic, I can supply you with one." We both laughed, because we knew that my body had already killed them all and now the tough part of eliminating the debris was going on.

I went into the doctor's office early and nervous. I was tired of hassles with doctors. I knew that it was not their fault that they didn't understand what I was doing, but oh, how comforting it would have been to find someone open-minded enough to care a little.

When my name was called, I went into the doctor's consultation room, carrying my big blue book, *A Cancer Therapy*. The doctor was friendly enough. I was sure that he had had several years of experience in his profession, and he was a good listener, as I began to pour my story out to him. I was nervous, as I felt defensive and uncomfortable. Here was the man, a surgeon, that I had avoided with a passion. Why was I sitting here? I told him about Dr. Gerson's therapy, my cancer and my results. I felt complete understanding on his part. This was an entirely new experience for me in a doctor's office, because usually the contempt shows through, regardless of how hard they are covering up for it.

During a pause, he asked "Have you read *Folk Medicine*?"

"Yes, yes," I eagerly replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I've read it and was so impressed. I just felt that perhaps that little book inspired you to take the route you have in your illness."

"Dear God, did I hear what I think I just heard?" The man I had feared the most, understood me more than any other doctor I had talked to. For the first time, on a medical plane, I had found familiar ground. I felt I just might cry with relief! He questioned me extensively about my reactions to the therapy. Finally, he said, "Mrs. Davison, you are doing so wonderfully well, you should not let anyone talk you into surgery. I certainly do not want to suggest it under your circumstances." I could not believe my ears.

"Doctor, I am getting well on a therapy that needs a witness, but if there is no proof that I had cancer, then my story is worthless. If you can do this surgery under local

anesthetic, and Dr. Gerson does explain that it takes very little for a person with a detoxified liver, then I want to get it done." I read to him from the book, the part about tooth repair.

He said, "I'm sure we can arrange that. Perhaps we will find that it is not so bad as you think and save you some worry. By the way, you are quite overweight at one hundred and sixty-five pounds."

"Yes, I know. I gained thirty pounds in two months, but that's the least of my worries. When I know that I have this disease conquered, then I will concentrate on losing weight." He responded, "You're right. I'll have the nurse put you in an examining room."

After he examined me, he said, "That tumor in your groin is no simple matter. It is very large and probably attached to the artery in your leg. I believe that it should be totally removed, rather than just taking a piece. I'd like to do it at the Scripps Memorial Hospital. You would be an out-patient; just come in for the surgery, and then go home. But, we would be in a much better position there, if we should run into trouble, then we would be in here. Also, in case I decide that tumor is too big a problem for a local anesthetic, we'll take that one on your leg instead."

He set me up an appointment at the hospital and sent me home with a bottle of Phisohex lotion to bathe in twice before the surgery. I used the Phisohex once and turned into one solid hive. It took several juices and enemas before my body relaxed. Before I left the house for the hospital, I bathed again, but in water with apple cider vinegar.

Tuesday:

Ron and I arrived at the Scripps Memorial Hospital early. The medicinal smells drifting into the waiting room almost anesthetized me before my turn. My name was called and a very attractive nurse tended me. She assisted me in donning a hospital gown, then took me into the

surgery room. As I was getting on the table, I kicked a metal bucket underneath, creating a lot of noise. She prepped me, then called the doctor. He checked all the equipment, then said he needed a bucket. The nurse said, "Oh, Mrs. Davison kicked the bucket." "Oh, she did," I laughed, "let me out of here!"

As the doctor prepared the Novocaine, I reminded him once more of the smaller dosage for me. He was most considerate and gentle. Perhaps it was because I had had five children, but I was not really too concerned about the actual surgery; but being a caring person, he wanted to reassure me just in case. I couldn't help remembering when my husband had toenail surgery and he had been a complete nervous wreck. I guess that having babies makes women "tough."

The doctor told me to imagine that I was in the most beautiful place in the world, far removed from this hospital surgery table, and that I was completely relaxed, resting peacefully and oblivious to the present circumstances. I tried to go away, but I had become so excited over all the changes in my body that I felt, really, I must stay there. I heard him turn on the electric knife and knew that he was cutting. So what. I felt nothing. I did realize that he was tugging away at something. It must be the tumor. Suddenly he blurted out, "It broke!" He went right on exclaiming, "It's solid black! I've never seen anything like this before." Apparently it was gushy, because he said, "This looks like an open pit coal mine in here!"

Calmly, I interrupted, "Aha! Black. I knew it was black because the tumor I passed from my colon was black." He began the cleaning up. He was putting all the debris he could into a laboratory jar as he said, "I'm sure glad that my colleagues cannot see me doing this under a local anesthetic. We should be in the big room upstairs." He let Ron come in to see the opening and he could see where he had taken the tumor off my artery. Ron was quite impressed with the throbbing of my artery and was fascinated by the removal of the debris.

The debris looked like black and brown sand and caviar. The covering of the tumor was grey and real thick, like a piece of rubber. The doctor sent the jar and the vial I had brought from home with the pieces of black from my feet to the laboratory. He said, "Whatever this is, it's obviously dead. Wow, this is going to blow their minds in the lab." The clean-up was quite lengthy. He said, "We have to use clear water to cleanse the area, so we can find any possible malignant cells. If we use saline, they can hide, but in clear water, they swell up and we can find them."

Amazing! That's exactly what Dr. Gerson says, "By removing the sodium from the body, you remove the edema that protects and is the life support of the malignant cells, then the way is open for live oxygen and enzymes from the raw fresh juices to get next to the malignant cells and they swell up and die."

He used some internal stitches on the incision, but decided that external ones were not necessary as the cut was right in the crease of my leg and groin. The nurse put about fifty yards (it seemed) of surgical tape on me and I was on the way home. I still felt fine, just a faint weakness. The doctor set me up an appointment in his office for a report of the findings, then told Ron, "She's the best patient I've ever had." I was sure he told all the girls that, but nonetheless I was proud.

We stopped by the drugstore on the way home to pick up gauze bandages, went for some liver, then hurried home. I took a coffee enema the first thing. Regina started the juices; beet juice, liver juice, carrot juice, apple juice, green juice, one right after the other.

As the anesthetic wore off, the pain was very minor. I didn't feel any need for aspirin (I'm allowed some on the therapy), but I was so uncomfortable. It didn't take me long to realize that my discomfort came from all the tape the nurse had put on me. As soon as I was brave enough to pull it all off, I began to feel better.

I took another coffee enema after three hours. That was too long a wait. I had excessive amounts of gas and disturbance in my colon. The enema expelled horribly putrid odors and discharge. It smelled like something dead. Of course, that's it, my dead flesh from the surgery. I used a lot of green leaf juice.

Soon I realized that the horrible odor was also being expelled from my body through all my pores. I was tired after the trauma of the day, but I could not rest. I must cleanse constantly. I was taking vinegar-water sponge baths, constantly, and coffee enemas every two hours. By evening I was in an extremely high fever and my body was still putrid. I didn't even go to bed with Ron. I smelled so bad that he might never have let me come to his bed again, if I went in there that night. As much cleansing as I did, I couldn't seem to keep ahead of the odorous discharge.

Regina tended me through the night. I was so tired, but I was afraid to rest. When going back to bed after an enema, I noticed a particular disturbance in my left arm and left leg. I could feel two new nodules, I had never felt before. Being in such a state of weakness and desperation, I became so frightened and angry that I cried and cried. "Oh God, what have I done?" I was almost well. Now due to foolishness, I had had the surgery and reactivated my melanoma. That tiny black crab that had been stalking me had finally attacked, and I was helpless.

Once again I remembered the statement that had not been in my mind since I started the therapy, "She's preparing me to die." "All right God, I've got the message now. I'll never see the top of that mountain you gave me to climb. I got sidetracked. I made a mistake. Anyway, I'm tired and my climbing shoes are worn out. I'm not taking any more juices, I'm not taking any more enemas. I'm tired of fighting. Death must be more peaceful than my struggle to live. I gave it a fair chance. I just didn't make it. You hear me God? I'm conditioned to go with you now. I'm so tired. I'm so tired."

I didn't make any more juices through the night. My body was so rank and smelly I had to take the enemas to bear with myself. I lay in bed or on the bathroom floor and shed globe-sized tears of defeat. Disillusioned again. I hadn't believed I could live through another disappointment, but here I was three months later in better physical condition than before, beginning another death watch.

Wednesday:

With the daylight, my mental depression lifted somewhat. I was hungry so I had some Hippocrates soup. My body was much more relaxed and, with a new surge of energy, I began the therapy again. "Forget what I said last night God, just give me another chance. I'll do more than my share. Please. I rest assured that you love me. I really do. May I have another chance? Whether your answer is yes or no, I rest assured that you love me. In the meantime, just in case, I just bought another pair of climbing shoes."

My entire body was not in high fever like the day before, but my right and left groin were greatly inflamed, and also the area where I passed the colon tumor was bright red and hot. I could feel the heat from both areas through my clothes. I cleansed the area of my surgery with apple cider vinegar and found it soothing to just leave the warm cloth on there. Regina was making juices; I was taking enemas and apple cider sponge baths very often.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, just twenty-four hours after the surgery, my body smelled clean and the putridness was gone. I had had no discharge from the surgery area or any swelling. I could find no sign of the two nodules I had felt in my arm and leg the night before. I had that bouyant feeling of well-being again, even though I was weak. Even though I no longer had to take the apple cider vinegar sponge baths, I still cleansed the incision area often with warm vinegar water. I could get by on enemas every four hours.

During the night I awakened with waves of unconsciousness flowing over me. Comatic, Comatic. I must detoxify or I could go into a coma and die. I crawled into the bathroom and fixed my enema. I had a disturbed colon and could not hold my enema so I expelled it and then took another one immediately. I felt better. I lay back down, but soon had the same feeling as if the life were leaving my body. The fright sent me out of bed again to the enema bucket. Regina heard me, got up and started pressing apple juice. Instead of going back to bed, we went out to the living room and let the sofa bed out. There was no sheet on the mattress, but I was so sick and Regina was so busy, we didn't care. I noticed now that my fever was extremely high. "Remember, Jaquie, Dr. Gerson says you must have the fever to kill off the disease," my mind was telling me. But after what I had done, I didn't know if that fit me anymore.

"Oh God, why can't I have a doctor who understands. Why can't I be in a healthy hospital where I can get my juices and enemas? Why is my only option, a sick hospital where the chemical smells smother me to death?" Regina suggested a silly game of cards. My body was not functioning enough for normal activity. I couldn't hold the cards. I wanted to tell her but the words didn't come out right. I wanted to cry; even that didn't work.

Regina was scared. She made me a juice, then guided me to the bathroom. She also had to keep that coffeepot going. I took the enema and was temporarily revived. I lay on the sofa bed and dozed. I jumped out of bed because of the feelings of unconsciousness flowing over me. "If you're going to take me now, God, at least I'll be on my feet and not flat on my back." Off to the bathroom. I never dreamed I could welcome an enema so much. Regina tried again to get my mind off the present. I don't remember much more. I knew she was making juices about every fifteen minutes and I crawled off to the bathroom. The smell of cooking coffee was making me deathly ill.

Thursday:

Regina told me that I had been talking to Dad the night before and he hadn't even been in the room. I did remember seeing two people who would have been impossible to be there. I must have been in an extreme fever, and I was still not doing too well. I had felt so good the day before.

I told Ron, "Honey, I wonder what went wrong. I may not be able to keep that appointment with the doctor tomorrow. You may have to go for me." I forced my food and juices down. My eyes were red. In the afternoon my body relaxed and I had the most uncomfortable breaking out on both sides of my neck, right below the ears. The only relief that I got from the discomfort there was to hold hot apple cider vinegar compresses on the areas. I still had the hot spots in my groin and colon area. By evening I felt very restful and settled down for a good night's sleep. In the middle of the night I had the same trauma again, the feeling of unconsciousness, the fever, the hallucinating, etc., but it was over sooner than before and I did finally get some rest.

Friday:

It was amazing! After about four hours of sleep, I felt great. I could keep my appointment with the doctor. Ron had to work in his office, so Mary drove me. The drive from Ramona to La Jolla was a time for much contemplation on my part. I could not imagine any other explanation other than melanoma. but just maybe —. But then, the doctor had been puzzled. He was no young man, but my case was strange to him.

Mary interrupted my thoughts, "Mom, I believe that when you are in there today, the doctor is going to say that you had something freaky in the way of an infection and that all you need is some antibiotics and you won't have to ever waste another thought on cancer."

"Oh, darling," I said, "I wish that could be true, but that's too simple an explanation for all that has happened to me. I know my body was dying with cancer — I know that an infection is not the case with me. But then, we'll wait and see."

When my name was called, I asked Mary to wait for me, knowing it would be easier for me and the doctor if she were not in the consultation room.

Very slowly, the doctor began, "I'm not going to tell you anything you don't already know." There it was, the proof that everyone demanded. But I hardly felt like saying, "I told you so." He continued, "The laboratory reports malignant melanoma. It seems to have started in a toenail."

I interrupted, "Doctor, were the cells dead as you suspected?"

"Yes," he replied, "the laboratory reports that somehow the blood supply was cut off to the tumor, causing the cells to hemorrhage and die." "Hear that God? Hear that, Dr. Gerson? Are you grinning? You do understand that I must keep a straight face, but we know that the death of those malignant cells was no accident, don't we? We know the price was high."

The doctor went on to say, "This probably started as a tiny black spot under one of your toenails." "Oh Doctor," I said sadly, "I would never have noticed. My nails are never unpolished, and on my toenails, I never removed old polish, but kept piling on new coats. Oh, how foolish I have been." The debris from my feet was diagnosed as melanin pigment containing keratin.

The doctor told me of another case, the one melanoma he was able to arrest. "She was a young girl and came to me with a black spot under the nail of the forefinger of her hand. I did a biopsy that proved malignant melanoma. I removed the finger, and she has never manifested any further signs of the disease. Cases of melanoma being arrested are very rare.

“Jaquie, don’t let anyone talk you into any kind of treatment for this; they can’t help you. I can’t help you. I would have to carve you to pieces and even then we could not stop this. But, I will say this, Whatever you are doing, it is right. Don’t stop!”

He sent me to the examining room to prepare for him to check my incision. He was quite amazed that there was no drainage on the bandage. I explained, “Doctor, there has been no drainage there. It has all drained out my liver. I have had no pain and only minor discomfort. I’ve had quite a lot of fever but I know that is necessary for good healing. My body has handled this surgery very well.” I was as cool as a cucumber. This man had just told me that I had the deadliest tumor of all. So what! I already had known that. I didn’t tell him of my drastic therapy reactions because he did not know enough about what I was doing, to understand. As I went out the door, he said, somewhat sadly, “Good luck, Jacquie.”

Mary and I drove quietly home. Uneventfully, I reported the findings to Ron. Nothing whatever had changed in our lives due to my surgical experience. Medical science would be happy now, with the diagnosis, and also people like the man in the health food store where I had asked about saltless bread. He had asked, “What kind of a diet are you on?” I replied, “The Gerson Cancer Therapy.” He responded, “Has your diagnosis been confirmed?” “Oh yes, I had surgery.” “You didn’t have to do that, you know,” he added. “I know,” I thought, “but then how could I have answered ‘Has the diagnosis been confirmed?’”

No, my life hadn’t changed. I went on getting better. I still had unexplained inflammation in the night. The longest I went between inflammations was two days. They were quite severe. I still had some comatic feelings. I still hallucinated and talked to people who were not there. There were times when I tried so hard to tell Ron something and the words wouldn’t come out, then I would weep,

not for me, but because I knew how helpless he must have felt.

Regina quit school to tend to me all the time. Our life was so tacky and hellish. I saw physical evidence of improvement, but why did I feel so awful?

Sometimes I got up feeling really good and planned to fix a nice home-cooked meal for Ron, like he enjoys so much. But I was so weak. I dropped everything. I got mad after dropping an egg and threw the lid of my electric wok on the floor and bent it terribly out of shape. I got mad at the oven and broke the door off.

I heard Ralphie fussing with Regina and I yelled at him, "Shut up!" (Was this that same mother that Mary had said is slow to anger?) He continued fussing; I yelled for him to come to my room. I said, "Ralph, I am sick. I cannot stand your fussing. If I die it's going to be your fault!"

The tears started flowing down his face. Something mental crumpled inside me. "Oh God, I don't want to live if my family can't bear being around me." I held Ralphie close to me, "Honey, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. Mommy is so sick that everything seems so much worse than it is. Please forgive me."

"I'm sorry too, Mom. I'm going to be better," he said.

Perhaps my mind was affected; I had to stop and think about how to pronounce simple words. Sometimes when someone asked me something, I didn't even hear the question for five minutes. "Oh God, am I dying? I'm taking double doses of juices and doing like I promised — more than my share."

On a bad day, I was fussing and yelling at Ron, the last person in the world who deserved to be yelled at. He ran to the closet, pulled out his old white golf hat, set it on his head and said, "See, Honey, I wear a white hat. That makes me the good guy. You're not supposed to yell at the good guy." Oh God, how can I ever count my blessings in that man? I would wish a Ron for every woman victim of cancer.

November:

Still yukky sick. Thanksgiving was a dud again because I didn't feel like doing my part.

December:

Inflammations were about five days apart now, but they were still so severe that I didn't feel like Christmas. We had no tree. I did no shopping. Ron gave the kids money and they put their gifts under a puny poinsettia. Wow! Was this the same home that spent hundreds of dollars in outdoor decorations that won all the first prizes in Arizona at Christmas-time for several years in a row?

I had come to the conclusion that for two months my life had been laid in the balance with death. But why? Could that simple surgery have set me back like this? I began praying for another dream, "Oh Mama, show me what's wrong. Will I be all right? Should I be doing something different?"

Finally, I dreamed that I was searching for Mama. I could not find her. I even went into Mexico. She was nowhere to be found. Then someone told me, "Oh, she's in Los Angeles at a Henry Mancini concert." For some reason, my desperate feeling to search was over. I did not feel the need to go to Los Angeles to see her. My conclusion was, "If Mama is at a concert, she knows that I am all right now." It was a strange feeling inside me. I knew that I was not going to die, but how long was it going to be before I would feel like I was living?

January, 1976:

The heat in my groin and colon had eased up some and I had discovered an exciting thing. All the tiny tumors in my left groin had cleared out while the fever of the incision had persisted.

Right after my surgery, I had noticed that the black debris did not come out of my body in chunks anymore; but

rather like a coal dust in a cloud of lymph. My feet became all slimy and the bottoms of my moccasins looked like they had been oiled.

I had a severe reaction in my tooth. It had a cavity, but I had delayed having it fixed because I worried about the anesthetic in my detoxified body. A strange thing was happening. It looked like a new tooth coming in front of the old one. I showed it to Regina and she said, "Wow, Mom, you're growing an elephant tooth." During the reaction I rubbed around the tooth with a paper towel. The supposedly new tooth, a large chunk of enamel, fell off in my hand. I was frightened. A chunk like this, off my tooth, must have left a huge hole.

It was Friday evening, and I knew that I wouldn't be able to get to a dentist until Monday. It was an hour before I got the nerve to check the damage. I found I had a perfectly normal tooth with new enamel where the old was pushed off. It was more yellow than the old tooth enamel, but I found the entire situation most exciting. I got out my book, *A Cancer Therapy*, and began to read. I found nothing about teeth rebuilding themselves (I had read from other sources that mung bean sprouts, of which I used many, many, help your teeth to rebuild themselves), but I did find where one Gerson patient had cobalt in the female reproduction area, and after being on the Gerson Therapy, she had had two healthy babies. Another woman with bone cancer had pins in her legs to support her body. After being on the Gerson Therapy, the bone started growing back and bent the pins. What was a little tooth enamel?

I cut my knuckle off while washing a glass that broke. It left a large hole. I tried to find the piece, hoping I could have it sewn back on. I didn't find it and was quite upset. Here I was getting well and had to go through life with a hole in my finger. It bled excessively. I held a wet paper towel on it, and saw the fancy flower color on the towel begin to run. Oh dear, I had been stupid. I used those

towels with my green leaf and liver juice. I'd been drinking dye! No more. I'd buy solid white ones from then on.

The bleeding finally stopped. I watched my knuckle, wrinkles and all, grow back in just ten days. There is practically no scar. The only area that was scarred was the very last part to close up, and it scarred because a tiny piece of black debris from my body tried to work itself out there and did not quite make it before it closed up. A new knuckle in ten days, wow! "Ron, have you ever seen such healing ability?"

My body hates metal. I can seldom wear my wedding ring, as my finger swells around it. My mouth was full of metal fillings and a partial plate, so when I had a reaction, my lips puckered and drew and my teeth all hurt. I had a molar that turned black after the last dentist drilling in Arizona. It seemed to be hurting me excessively, so I went to the dentist. "Pull it out now," I said.

He checked the tooth. "Mrs. Davison, this is a solid tooth, I can't pull it." I went home, looked in the mirror, and found that the tooth was no longer black, but white. Wow. Wow.

"Whatever you are doing, it's right. Don't stop."

My Surgeon

My Condition As Time Goes By

January 1976:

Finally, I was beginning to feel good like I did before the surgery. It seemed to have taken longer to get over the shock of surgery (to my body) than it did to recover from my traumatic first healing reaction.

The foundation was poured for our new home this month. Ron could hardly wait to start putting walls up.

We planned a trip to Arizona to see the kids and then back to Las Vegas for The Parker Chiropractic Seminar. At first, I thought I would take my juicer, but then decided to do without it, using fresh orange juice, lemon and honey tea, salads and tons of fruit. I was still thirty pounds overweight, but I was so anxious to see the family and our friends that I didn't have time to worry about that.

My complexion was beautiful. My hair was still suffering growing pains, so I bought a full-head, frosted blonde wig. My family and friends remembered me as a blonde, anyway. My eyes seemed so bright, and I felt really good about myself. I had to have some new clothes. It was very hard to go two years without buying anything, and then to try to catch up all at once, but it was fun.

I did marvelously well on the trip. I had one severe reaction in Las Vegas, and I am convinced now that it was because of the coated pancreatin I took and could not digest.

February, 1976:

I spoke to a group of chiropractors and their wives in San Diego, about the therapy. Some of the doctors bought the juice machine for the health of their families and their own well-being. One doctor called me to say, "Jaquie, I'm on a light form of the therapy and I can't believe how good I feel. I never knew the world was so beautiful and everything is so effortless for me that I feel like I'm floating!". Aha, the response of a healthy, well body to being well-fed.

Another doctor called, "Jaquie, I went on the therapy. I developed terrible head and throat drainage. I broke out in pimples all over and my hands got scaly. I called my medical doctor and he said I had carotene poisoning, and gave me penicillin."

"Oh, you crazy doctor," I said. "Your body was doing a job for you like you wanted it to, and instead of helping with more juices and coffee enemas, you gave your liver the extra burden of a chemical drug."

This young doctor stayed on the juices and enemas, and as a side benefit, he was able to stop smoking. He hadn't planned to stop smoking, but he got to the point where he was smothering on his own cigarette smoke.

My Dad wrote to me about my cousin Shelby. Shelby and I were the same age, we lived on adjoining farms in Kentucky, but we had lost touch. He lived right here in California, close to me. My Dad said Shelby was in the hospital being treated for lung cancer that had metastasized to his brain. Dad gave me Shelby's phone number at home. I called Joyce, Shelby's wife. She is such a little trouser and reminds me of Ron. I told her of my cure. "Oh, Jacquie, it's so exciting. We've had no hope. He's had cobalt. His hair is all gone. He's lost his appetite and is on narcotics constantly for the horrible pain. What do we have to do to get started?"

I told her where to get the books and machine, and she was going to see if she could get him home from the

hospital. She took the book, "A Cancer Therapy", and the brochure on my story to the doctor. He made fun of her. He told Shelby, "You have the best doctors in the country working with you. If we can't help you, then for sure, some woman with a book cannot help you." When Joyce faced him with my story, he said, "She just made that up to sell a book."

Dear God, forgive him for being so closed-minded as to accuse me of selling a book for \$7.00 to my dying cousin; a book that I do not make a dime from, but a book that saved my life.

While Joyce was waiting to get the book, she had found a nurse in her neighborhood who was willing to get the medication for her and to give Shelby his injections. She had also found a man who would loan her the correct juice extractor to use until she could afford her own. I had offered to go stay with her and help them get started on the therapy. She was crying on the phone, "Oh, Jaquie, Shelby's too sick to argue with the doctors, and he doesn't want the kids to see him the way he is. Anyway, the doctors told him that the chemotherapy they are using is the best thing for him."

"Joyce, did you say chemotherapy?"

"Yes, they started those treatments recently."

"Then, Honey, we couldn't have helped him, anyway. After chemotherapy, it is too late for this therapy." She was so distraught. My heart was so sad for her. The doctors told her he was dying. I gave her a ray of hope, and then I took it away.

Shelby lived three months after the doctors started treating him for cancer. The last six weeks he refused to eat, hoping death would come sooner; and he died, begging to die. His doctor bills, mostly paid by government taxes (the average person's assets are wiped out the first month when cancer strikes) came to \$36,000.00. It has cost me only ten percent of that, at the most, to live.

March:

The walls went up on the house. Ron was in heaven, working on our new home.

April:

Dr. Parker had been so impressed with my recovery on the therapy that he decided, like some of the San Diego doctors did, to go on it for his well-being. His secretary, Marge, called me. "Jaquie, Jim is having horrible reactions. He's mad at you for talking him into this. He says, 'Why do I have to go through this hell? I don't have cancer.'"

I could laugh on my end of the line to Texas. "Marge, you tell Jim he'd better be glad he got into shape when he did. If he had that much reaction, he was probably on the verge of being seriously ill."

My Garden:

I had a space on our acre-and-a-half tilled, and then began one of the most fulfilling projects of my life, an organic garden.

I grew up on a farm, but I never learned to garden. Once, when Mama took me out to help her hoe and weed, she caught me cutting down the potato vines instead of the weeds, and send me right back into the house to cook and clean. I was never allowed in the garden again, except to harvest. I began my cancer therapy in 1975. I officially became a gardener in 1976. My body felt so good, and even better out in the air and sunshine, and I felt a need for more of a variety of organic produce than I could buy at the health food store.

I was encouraged a lot, and almost pushed into gardening by a dear friend, Jeanine Johnson, who worked in my husband's Chiropractic office in Ramona, California. Jeanine was always bringing me things from her garden, and I appreciated them so much that she began bringing me plants and sets. I could not let them die, so I had an area

plowed up on our one-and-a-half-acre plot, added some topsoil, and began planting.

In the beginning, I was a “top of the hoe” gardener, wearing fancy protective gloves. As tiny sprouts began pushing through the black soil, I found myself down on my knees, running my hands through the soil, and then I began to love gardening. I must confess that everytime I put on those gloves I could almost hear Mama laughing at me. She could grow anything, and up until she died her yard was such a showcase of beautiful flowers that the townspeople would drive by especially to look.

When we moved to Ramona in 1974, my daughter Mary bought us two excellent gardening books. I made good use of them during coffee enema time. As my garden began to grow, each morning Ron and I would walk down the rows to check on all the new changes. What a thrill to watch “Life” in progress. I watched tiny sprouts become full blossoms, mature plants. I felt very close to God and His divine plan of life.

When God bestowed a special gift on me, such as sixty pounds of organic beans in one day, or a perfect yellow Tea Rose, I felt rewarded for my toiling in the soil and hot sun. I pushed the wheelbarrow, I dug the watering trenches and hoed weeds, never seeming to tire. Because I never tired, I had to be extra careful not to become overheated.

Mary’s baby was born April 30th. Oh yes, God, I do remember my pleadings, “I want to see her babies. Thank you, precious God. Little Russ is so precious. Grandpa Ron says he is like a little rubber doll — you wind him up in the morning and he never stops laughing.

By the way, Dear God, while I’m at it, thank you again for letting me know Benji and Fran’s Little John, too. He is such a little cherub.

May, 1976:

My birthday. I always remember Mama on my birthday. I’m thirty-eight years old now, but I feel like I did as a

teenager. I remember when I was a young wife and mother. I used to work, work, work. I mopped and waxed linoleum floors. I washed on a wringer washer. I had to iron everything. I cleaned and cleaned the house, the car, the garage. I moved all the time. I would never have dreamed of taking a nap. I haven't felt like that for years, but I feel that way now. Because I feel so good, my heavy, monthly inflammations are very inconvenient and aggravating. But then, every woman I know has some discomfort once a month.

I've had so many calls, visitors and requests for my story that I wrote it up on a leaflet. Dr. Parker called when he got his. He was quite impressed with it, and said that one man in his office read it and said, "It wasn't a therapy that saved Jaquie Davison, it was prayer." Jim told him, "Knowing Jaquie Davison, if prayer would have made her well, she never would have been sick."

I explained to Jim that I believed that prayer led Jane Storm to my doorstep with the correct formula for me to get well. I prayed for a faith-healing and I knew God could have given me one, but I would have gone right on ignorantly abusing my body, the temple of God. He gave me something even better than a faith-healing. He gave me a way of life, not only for me, but that I could pass it on to my family to help them to avoid a tragedy like mine in their own homes.

August, 1976:

I hadn't written in my journal all summer. I was too busy "living". I spent long, long hours in the garden. I felt wonderful. Mary and Russ came up from Yuma to see us about once a month. They said I looked younger everytime they came. I felt younger all the time. My beautiful little neighbor, little seven-year-old Pandy, had helped me in the garden all summer. Everything was producing, and Wow, what a crop! Ron bought me a used refrigerator to handle my excess produce. We already had two.

There is nothing like eating from your own clean harvest. I wish I could have planted an acre of potatoes. New potatoes are so delicious.

Near Fatal Accident

When we made our plans to go to Disneyland, I learned that Pandy had never been there. She said, "Oh, Aunt Jaquie, I dream all the time that I live in Disneyland." I asked her, "What do you do there?" "Just look. Just look." she replied. There was no question but that we would invite her to go.

We took off early in the motor home. We got there when Disneyland opened and stayed for ten hours. I have always loved Disneyland, but this time, with my new liver, I kept smothering on the burnt motor oil smells. There was not enough grass, trees and water to compensate for all the motors that were constantly chugging. I felt very dopey all day, and I had to sit down a lot. Pandy was so happy, I wished I felt more like sharing her excitement. Finally, we were ready to leave. Pandy and I went to the motor home before the others, and were sitting inside waiting for them.

We were just there about seven to ten minutes when Ron stepped in. Frantically, he shoved the two of us outside, shouting, "Good Lord, Jaquie, there's gas in here!"

I must have been numb from the motor oil smells, not to have noticed the gas. Somehow, the propane oven had been turned on and not lit, and was on all the time we were in Disneyland. Ron spent at least an hour trying to air the vehicle out by running the air conditioner with the windows and doors open. The air seemed fine, and I guess it was, for everyone except me. With what I had breathed initially and whatever was left in the motor home when we finally started home, I became deathly ill.

At first, I couldn't breathe. I would stick my head out the window, trying to catch a breath of air, and all I could get was a whiff of diesel oil from the L.A. freeway. Soon, my

head was pounding, violently. I had never felt anything like this before. I felt as if a volcano was in my skull and wanted to break out through the top of my head. I began to feel sick at my stomach. I had one of the kids hand me a plastic trash can liner. I still couldn't breathe, my head was exploding, and I went into dry heaves. I knew that I was dying.

I wanted to say to Ron, "Well, Honey, this is it. But my life has been good. It is alright for me to go now." All the words stuck in my mind. I could not say a word. I just heaved and hurt, heaved and hurt. I began to see oceanside signs. I wanted to say, "Honey, drive down by the ocean, then maybe I can breathe." I couldn't get the words out so I cried, I hurt and I heaved.

Ron's only concern was to get me home to my juices and enemas. Finally, about nine-thirty, we reached home in Ramona. Ron helped me to drag my body into the mobile home and to the bathroom floor. Regina started the juices, I took the enemas, one right after the other. I drank my juices in the bathroom, I hurt so bad. Finally, at three o'clock in the morning, after gallons of juices and enemas, my body relaxed. I went to bed. Ron gave me an aspirin, a niacin and a vitamin C (The Gerson Cancer Therapy pain-killer). I could not have held it in my stomach previously. I slept — peaceful, restful sleep. I awoke at seven with feelings I had not known all summer long. The waves of unconsciousness were flowing over me again.

August & September, 1976:

I had another two months of strong, constant reactions like in my original reactions, and like after I had the surgery. I had comatic symptoms often. I hallucinated. I talked to people who were not with me, and my eyes were showing signs (lightening flashes) of toxin in my body again. I did seem to recover more easily than before, and was able to function quite well during the second month.

I began to put two and two together. The waves of unconsciousness as a result of this gassing were exactly the same feelings that awakened me every night throughout the winter — now I know! We heat the mobile home with propane gas. It was the same as the gas that almost killed me. Of course! Every night, when the gas furnace would kick on, I would awaken gasping for breath and begging for my heart to beat during waves of unconsciousness. Gassed. Wow, with my new detoxified liver, I was being gassed nightly. That explained my severe reactions and why they lasted so long. I even remembered, years ago, associating my migraine headaches with gas heat.

The sad thing about the Disneyland accident is that, if I had died, I would have become a melanoma cancer death statistic, whereas I had been gassed. I was so glad we were getting moved into the house soon. It was all-electric and I wouldn't have to worry about gas anymore.

My garden was a disaster. My pumpkins were growing wild everywhere. I had wanted to pinch off blooms, so I would have just a few large ones for Halloween, but instead I have enough small ones for each of the neighbors' kids and still have plenty left over to eat.

September, 1976:

During a healing reaction, I went back into the bedroom to lie down. In just a short time I came out, gasping for breath. "Ron," I said, "There is gas back there. I can smell it." Ron investigated and found that the boys were cleaning motorcycle parts in gasoline, right outside my bedroom window. They were ordered to move their project down by the creek, so I would not be able to smell the gas. They just didn't know of the danger to their mother.

IACVF Convention

I went to the International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends Convention in Los Angeles. I had been

asked to give my testimony. All the circumstances were bad for me. I was still having almost constant reactions because of being gassed. The convention was at a hotel at the Los Angeles International Airport (undoubtedly the dirtiest, smoggiest place in the world!). I still did not know the hazard of the facial makeup I was using. In my small hotel room, I polished a pair of black shoes with stinky, smelly black wax polish. Before I went down to the meeting, I turned off my air conditioner because it was cool.

I began to feel dopey before my testimony, but I made it through and received a rousing standing ovation from the overflowing crowd. After talking with some of the people who wanted to ask me questions, I made my way back to the room. The air was very stale, but it was too cool to turn on the air conditioner. I took a coffee enema (with instant coffee and dirty city water) and went to bed. I awakened at three o'clock in an alarming fever. I drank orange juice made fresh and took constant coffee enemas. About four o'clock my body relaxed and I fell asleep.

At five o'clock I awakened. My fever was broken, and I was sopping wet. My gown, sheet and hair were drenched. I was so weak I could barely move a hand. Well, Jaquie, I was thinking, Charlotte Gerson Straus is here in this hotel. Call her to come up and see you die. I couldn't bring myself to bother Charlotte. I should call Ron to come and get me, but by the time he gets here, I might already be dead.

Stop being silly, Jaquie. You've been through this enough to know that the crisis is over. Of course, and now my mind is working. I know now it's the dirty air in here. I dragged my body out of bed, put a robe over my wet gown, and turned on the air conditioner. Oh, why didn't I do this sooner? I went to take an enema. I passed a stool full of mucus that looked like the lining of my entire digestive system. My body relaxed. Good old body. You put up a marvelous fight against overwhelming odds. I was okay now. I took a hot bath. It felt so good. I drank more orange juice. I put some rollers in my hair. I went to sleep. I woke

up at nine o'clock feeling as if nothing had happened. I dressed and went downstairs to inform my convention host that I was going home to clean air in Ramona. I went home a day early.

I have been to Los Angeles since, when my body was in better condition, and fared just fine, but I stay there no longer than is absolutely necessary.

October, 1976:

We moved into the new house! I was allergic to everything. The carpet man rolled out the rug, I got sick. We hung a new drape, the smell drove me crazy. After some good airing and a little dirt, I finally adjusted. It's so wonderful to move into a house your husband built with his own hands.

My bathroom is so pretty, with white carpet, that I could not bring myself to take my enemas in there. I took them in the other one, which has a vinyl floor. Ron caught me one day. He asked, "Jaquie, what are you doing in there? You should be in your bathroom." "Oh, Papa," I replied from the floor, "I can't bring myself to do this in there. I might have an accident." He said firmly, "Honey, I fixed up that bathroom especially for you. You get in there where you belong. So what, if you do have an accident — we'll just get new carpet."

I use a large, thick rug under me. I was far enough along in the therapy that enema accidents were extremely rare for me. Oh, precious God, my story is not a cancer sick story, but rather a beautiful *love story*. I went to my bathroom, and it was really cozy and nice. Oh, Ronnie, I love you so.

Kidney Reaction:

During my monthly flare-up for October, I had a severe kidney reaction. I had a lot of pain and two days later I passed bloody mucus in my urine, then it was over. It was

the first reaction I had had in the kidneys, and I'm sure I needed some help in that area.

I really felt wonderful and was so anxious for the holidays to come in our new home. I had already made my Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's plans on a calendar. My mind was so lazy that I had to program each and everything I did. It was kind of like learning to walk again.

Oxygen Tank and Head Reactions:

Hi suggested that I buy a small oxygen tank for times that I cannot avoid dirty air situations. It sounded like a good idea. Ron took me to get a portable oxygen tank. I could see no advantage in using it. In fact, when I have had my migraine headaches (I was told oxygen is great for that), I found that the oxygen increased the severity of the headache. Then I realized that the pounding in my head was probably an influx of oxygen circulation rather than a restriction.

As I began to realize that my headaches are a healing reaction, I remembered that when my son "Benji" was born in 1955 I was put under a general anesthetic, at one o'clock in the morning. He was born at nine forty-five. When I came out from under the general anesthetic, the left side of my head was numb. The doctor kept saying, "It will go away." For six weeks I could not feel the comb on the left side of my head. I knew now, with the marvelous clear head and acute vision that comes to me right after a head reaction, that my body was repairing the damage done during that six weeks.

October 16 – Head Drainage:

My nose started running — the first running nose that I have had in three years. I have had no action at all in the sinuses of my head. It was so exciting to see another part of me awaken.

My nose kept running — at night it did not even slow down. For thirty hours my nose never stopped! I became

very tired, long before the thirty hours were up, and wondered if this truly was a blessing. When it stopped, I felt as if my head and throat were raw, but after a good night's sleep I felt wonderful, and oh, what a clear head! Ron was so loving all through my thirty-hour turmoil. Oh, God, please make me worthy of him.

October 9 – Peaceful Sleep:

I had my first full night of uninterrupted sleep since the accident at Disneyland. My head must have done a marvelous clean-up job for me.

October 15 – Digestion Revived:

I had my first normally digested bowel movement! I have been on the therapy fourteen months and this was my first normal digestion. Everything just has to get easier now.

Weight Control

My digestion has brought some wonderful, fascinating things along with it. *I am not starved any longer.* Ever since I started this therapy, until this month, my food has come through my digestive tract just like I ate it. Even while taking fifteen pancreatin a day and six acidol pepsin, I never digested anything. My food had no acid change whatever. I starved all the time. I weighed one hundred and seventy pounds when I started this therapy. I lost ten in the original reaction, that I did not gain back. Since that time, I had carried twenty-five excess pounds, knowing that the time was not right to reduce. During reactions, sometimes I would lose five pounds in a matter of three or four hours, but as soon as I could eat normally again, I would gain that loss back.

Even while eating a half a loaf of bread a day, a gallon of oats a day and several potatoes, I never gained a pound over that one hundred and sixty. I never lost, but I could see the natural contours of my body returning. My face was

taking shape again, and I had a natural-looking neck. Last summer I told Charlotte Gerson Straus that I wanted to water-fast to lose weight. She became very disturbed with me (I know I give her nightmares. Please bear with me Charlotte, while I learn. I love your father so much, and am so glad to have this link with him through you). "Jaquie," she said, "When you are losing weight, you have a great excess of dying cells in your body. You cannot afford to be in that position yet." I heeded her words. It was hard. I felt so good, I wanted to look good, too.

With my new digestion, I could go on just my juices all day and lose five or six pounds. Good Lord, I used to do that as a girl with a healthy liver. I would go on Jello (Don't scold, please! I know I was extremely ignorant.) and oranges for a day and drop five pounds. I was so proud of my new digestion. And now I could see myself becoming the girl Ron married, again. I wanted to do that for him.

November, 1976:

I had the easiest monthly female cycle of my total therapy time. I breezed right through it.

I ordered an organic turkey for Thanksgiving and we had our own ham in the freezer from a pig that was fed five gallons of potassium cuttings and pulp from my juices daily. By Thanksgiving, about six weeks after my digestion renewed, I lost twenty pounds. I was now one hundred and forty. I had carried one hundred thirty-five for years, so I really felt good about myself. I bought some really great new clothes. In my new home, I had a sit-down dinner for nineteen people. Millie and I prepared all the food. It was really wonderful. I love it. I love it. Ron said he was so proud of me and that I looked so pretty.

December, 1976:

During my monthly cycle reaction, scar tissue broke loose at the base of my skull. The pain was most severe. The

inflammation fluid came out through the skin in the form of pimples.

Condition of Hair:

My hair was growing in abundantly. It was thicker than it had ever been before in my life, and grew about one inch a month. Ron asked me once if I were wearing a wig — when I said no, he told me how much he liked my natural black hair. With my new hair, my baby-soft skin, and weight loss, Ron acted like he had just discovered me. How thrilling, after being reborn, to be able to recover some of the assets of my youth!

December 9:

According to my calendar schedule, we had the kids' Christmas party, so they could make tree and house decorations. They strung cranberries and marshmallows, decorated cookies for the tree, and covered foam Christmas tree forms with colorful paper-wrapped Christmas candies, stuck on with straight pins.

December 12:

We trimmed the tree with all our old decorations that go back to the older children's early Christmases. Benji, Fran and Little John helped us. Little John was all eyes. Benji was a little embarrassed when I showed Fran the Christmas card he made Mama in the second grade. Bringing out all those homemade cards of the past is a real joy for me. Fran and Regina made popcorn and Benji built a fire in the fireplace. We had picked up a seven-foot flocked tree — the most beautiful tree in the world. I knew there was no one in the world who enjoyed the holidays like I did that year. We hadn't had a tree for two years.

December 15:

Shopping. Shopping. Shopping, finished Christmas cards and, in my spare time, I made our family a white

sugar winter village. All my children were so happy to see that reminder of our traditional Christmases together.

December 17:

We had a Japanese mesitaki dinner for our friends. Ten people were invited. Regina and her friend, Sue, dressed in Japanese kimonos and served. Oh, it was heavenly. One dear friend, Cuca, said, "Oh, Jaquie, it was just dreamy. I feel like I have been to the Orient."

I was ready for our Christmas party. The decorations were all finished and the baking was done. Hi and Millie came over early. Hi asked, "Jaquie, are you wearing a wig?" "No," I answered, "It's my hair. Isn't it wonderful?" He shrugged, "It's awfully bushy." Glory be. I never dreamed I'd ever be told I had a bushy head. Dearest God, I thought you created me hairless! I was wrong. You made me perfect, but I just didn't function too well on cheap, dirty fuel.

When the party was over, I cut four inches off my hair, deciding that I really didn't have to boast if I look "bushy." I was sorry, I won't do that again. It took me four months to catch up again.

December 19 – Female Discharge:

I had severe abdominal pain and the next morning I had a vaginal discharge that was heavy mucus with some blood. I was so thrilled. I had not had that natural female lubricant and cleansing for so long that I had no hope it would return. Oh, God, it seemed that I was right on Dr. Gerson's schedule for a year and a half of repair. It seemed that everything was mending all at once now.

December 20:

Shopping was finally all completed. Oh, how I loved having Little John around right then. He was so precious and just couldn't understand all the commotion, but he knew it was fun.

December 23:

Baking, baking, baking. Ronnie Ray and Belita called. They were bringing Brite (same age as Little John) and coming over for Christmas. Precious God, our cup runneth over. Ron hadn't seen his son for ten months. Ron and Belita got in late in the evening. Belita and I fixed corn shucks for tamales.

December 24:

Belita and I finished up the tamales. I tasted them and took three extra pancreatin. They were delicious. Everyone raved about them.

When Russ, Mary and Little Carl Russell arrived in the evening we had a ham dinner ready, and Hi and Millie joined us for dinner and gift-unwrapping. What a clutter, what a mess. Thirteen of us unwrapping gifts of love. What a houseful of joy! Oh, God, is it any wonder I didn't want to leave here yet? Life is so wonderful to me.

December 25:

We had a Mexican food dinner. Never in my life have I shoveled out so much food. Everyone was having so much fun being together. I felt marvelous. Ron and I couldn't get enough of the precious babies. They loved my wheat rack. We have a picture of all three of them in my new kitchen at the wheat rack. Someone had set my Japanese wok out on the floor, Little Rus had climbed into it. Little Brite had crawled up on the second shelf (her whole body in the oranges), and Little John was throwing apples. Oh my, OH My, OH MY, I love those precious angels so much.

December 27:

Russ and Mary stayed over a day. It was so quiet. Everyone was gone. Russ built a fire, Little Angel Carl Russell was eating the cranberries and marshmallows off the tree, and I collapsed.

Saturday:

I had some cheddar cheese. I overestimated the ability of my new digestion. The next day I knew I had trouble and took castor oil. With my castor oil enemas I still did not pass the cheese or anything above it. I seemed to have had a plug where the small intestine joins the large. I did have a large mass of melanoma scar tissue in that area. I had some pain but mostly sick discomfort from not passing my food on the way I should.

Monday:

The castor oil was still stuck above the cheese. I was sick, gluck-sick from retaining that poison in my digestive tract for so long. Mary carried me juices and I took constant castor oil enemas.

Tuesday:

I got no relief whatsoever yesterday. Finally, at noon today, three days after I ate that cheese, I passed it. I have had no rest or sleep. The cheese looked like a piece of rubber. The cleansing became so much easier and soon my body began to relax.

I had intended to send some baked Christmas goodies home with Mary, but the family wiped them all out. OH JOY, WHAT FUN!

My head was draining for the second time. Thirty hours, it drained again. That was all right, I knew that when it was over I would have an extremely clear head.

Ron and I discussed the holidays. He loved it as much as I did. When we talked about the three grandbabies, he said, "Honey, do you realize that next year those babies will be bigger and there will be more?" "Yes," I said, "I can hardly wait."

I told Ron that I wanted to start a book telling the story of my victory over cancer. I was getting five or six calls a day

from people who were desperately seeking help. I had people dropping in on me all the time. My time was so limited, but I couldn't say no. I remembered when I was so desperately needing help. I could help so much more with a book than I could in a visit or a phone call. Ron agreed with me that I should start at once. And he was so enthusiastic, he drew up plans for adding a library-den onto our house adjoining our bedroom. "You'll have a nice place to work," he said.

December 29 – Ear Reaction:

Since the numbness in the left side of my head at the age of seventeen, I have always favored my right ear. On this day, I went into an ear reaction. It didn't seem too bad. There was an itching, a tingling, once in a while a keen, sharp pain and it sounded like a storm in my head. I did fine until night. Then the storm seemed so much greater. I tossed and turned for a little while and then I stormed out of bed, went out to the living room, and began crying noisily.

Ron rushed out to find me in a frenzied condition. He was so helpless. He knew I didn't want to go to the hospital, because the people there don't understand my detoxified liver. I asked him to flush my ear with his professional syringe. He did it, and it seemed to aggravate the condition. I was crying almost hysterically (I know that if I ever saw Ron in such a condition, I would become completely unglued, and call the fire department's emergency squad).

Finally, I remembered that sometimes a hot bath would slow down the aggravation of a Gerson reaction. I got in a tub of hot water, I relaxed soon and could think. I used a dry Q-tip to dry out my ear, and when I did, I had a drainage down in my throat. Relief was instant. I told Ron and then went back to bed. I still did not sleep. Not because of the discomfort, but because my hearing was so acute that the noises were driving me crazy! Wow! Wow! Another victory, another awakening.

About two weeks ago, I called Charlotte Gerson Straus and told her I believed I had fluid in my left inner ear and asked her opinion on going to ear specialists. She said, "I'm not against your going, but he will want to puncture it and you should not have that done. If you will just be patient, your body will take care of it." I waited. Two weeks later, my body took care of it.

Had I stopped my therapy at one year I would not have known these wonderful mendings of my greatly damaged body. I could hear my hair move on my satin pillow case. I swear I could hear the neighbor's refrigerator running. When my refrigerator kicked on, I jumped up hollering, "What's that?" I heard the traffic on the highway. It was driving me crazy. All this time I thought we lived in a quiet area.

I was amazed at my hearing. When Ralph and his friends were moving around outside, I could hear their jeans' legs swishing together. When the dishwasher started, I thought we were having an earthquake. Wow. Wow. Wow.

I finally felt like getting ready for our New Year's celebration. The kids were going to have a party here, with Regina supervising, while Ron and I went out to the San Diego Country Club Estates party. I was so excited. I had not dressed formally for at least three years. I bought a beautiful white jersey outfit with maribou trim. Ron loved it. I was concerned about whether to wear false eyelashes or not. How about that? A girl who, for two years was concerned about dying, was now wasting her concern on false eyelashes. I dreamed that I put mascara on my eyelashes and I was really surprised at how pretty they were.

New Year's Eve – Eye Area Circulation:

Fran helped me put makeup on my back, throat and shoulders, and then I got out the water-base mascara and did my eyelashes. I was startled at how pretty they were. It

was just like I had dreamed, and I didn't have to tolerate the poisonous glue of false eyelashes. I felt so glamorous. After I was ready to go, I noticed my right eye makeup had smeared. I mended it and immediately it was smeared again. I licked my forefinger tip, ran it over my right eyelid. Aha, just as I thought, the lymph was pouring. Oh, how exciting. I had had puffiness around my eyes since my illness began. This was the first real evidence of circulation into that area. It was a little inconvenient tonight, but then, who cares? I will have the rest of my long Gerson life to be perfect at New Year's parties.

When we got home and kissed the kids Happy New Year, Ralphie turned beet-red. "Mom, please, my friends are here."

Before I went to bed, I made an entry into my daily journal — Thank you, God, for the best year of my whole life. I planned my holidays day by day. I carried out my plans successfully, and I enjoyed the joyful season in celebration of the birth of My Saviour more than any other Holy Season of my life.

I think it is because I recognize the magnitude of the love My Father in Heaven has for me, to send his Son, Jesus, to die on the Cross that I may have eternal life; and also to send Dr. Max Gerson, that I might have a long, physical life. Thank you, God, for the year 1976. A year of rebirth for me, a year in celebration of the birth of my nation, 200 years ago.

I had intended to end my story here, but my victory over death is not complete yet. My year and a half is not over. It will be in February. Charlotte Gerson Straus told me that because I still had a lot of scar tissue in my body to discard, that I could not count months, and I'm sure she is right. I felt it would be very foolish of me to put a stop to this renewing that was taking place in my body — until I could be perfectly clean (no scar tissue) again.

1977: January 8 – Reaction in Neck and Throat:

I had a freeze in my neck and throat. This time it did not frighten me because I knew it was the beginning of a healing process. Then, when the fever set in, I got a tremendous jolt in the area (like an electric shock). Later, I had a really heavy drainage from my throat into my stomach. I speeded up the juices and enemas to help the body cleansing of this new area that was opening up.

January 10 – Dusting Powder Accident:

Ron bought me some cologne and dusting powder of a new fragrance at Christmastime. I guess I had not told him I could not use them any more, so I set the really pretty box of dusting powder in my bathroom so that he could see I was very pleased with my gift. It got spilled today. I had two enemas in my bathroom before I realized I was in danger. Soon I was trying to pass out while standing on my feet. I had severe head reactions that indicate poison in my body. I knew I needed enemas. I went back to my bathroom, but my body would not tolerate another subjection to that poison in there. I began smothering to death, and finally realized that it was the dusting powder. I went to take my enemas in the other bathroom, where I could relax, and before long I felt better. We vacuumed, and vacuumed, and vacuumed, but the smell was very persistent.

January 13 – Las Vegas:

Still reacting to the dusting powder, but managed to pack for a trip to Las Vegas to The Parker Chiropractic Seminar. Ron bought us a new Lincoln Continental Town Car for Christmas, and we hadn't had it out of town yet, so we were driving.

The circulation into my head was so acute that my eyes were black and blue. I was glad and excited, but why now?

The trip was marvelous. The car seemed to float, and we were so happy, but when we got there, I was too tired to go out.

We ordered dinner sent to the room, and watched television. The next morning, I felt wonderful. Because of my reactions, I had lost about five more pounds. My clothes looked great. We renewed old acquaintances, and they were surprised at the brand-new me. One young doctor from California said, "Jaquie, I just couldn't believe that you were that gorgeous brunette I was looking at." Then, with concern, he asked, "Jaquie, are you dyeing your hair?"

"Oh, no, Doctor," I replied. "I've worked too hard to live to resort to anything so foolish. This is my natural color." He added, "You sure make a lovely brunette." (All my friends knew me as a blonde.) I responded, "God must have thought so."

He went on, "The reason I asked you if you dye your hair is because my wife put some black on my hair one time, and in just a few short hours, I began passing black through my kidneys. I learned of the power of the body to absorb through the skin, and I knew that dye can be very deadly to cancer victims." His words came back to me in just a short time.

We went to hear the Royal Show Band of Ireland. We have gone to their show for over ten years. Several of the members were killed in a plane crash. The new performers were excellent, but as I sat there I could see the other young people in their positions with the band, and then I could see them buried in the cold dirt of Ireland, and I was so aware of my being alive. Oh, God, thank you again!

I wore my New Year's Eve outfit, and when I went to the ladies' lounge at the Alladin Hotel, the girl working there said, "Honey, you are the prettiest thing that ever came in here." I told Ron about how thrilled I was to get such a compliment in Las Vegas. Surely, that girl would have been very shocked to know that I was a victim of deadly-deadly cancer.

January 19, 1977 – Our Wedding Anniversary:

Dr. Parker called about a friend of his, a young girl, twenty-five years old. He told me, "Jaquie, she's a brilliant young girl with a scholarship to Harvard. She just married a young minister. She and her husband came to our home to stay with our boys while we went to Las Vegas for the seminar. While she was here, she fell on the back step and hurt her back. The pain was so terrible that her doctor x-rayed her and found what looks like a seven-inch tumor in her kidney area. They say it is movable, so they don't believe that it is malignant, but they want to do surgery. I'd like you to talk to her about your case. She is not at all familiar with natural cancer therapy."

We set a time for me to call back in the evening, and Jim would have her there to talk to me. Ron and I went out to dinner, and when we returned home, I called. Jim answered, "Jaquie, she wasn't at all interested. She has lots of faith in her doctor, and so she's having surgery Wednesday." I called Jim Wednesday. He said, "The tumor was removed today. It was malignant. They assure her that they got it all."

To you, my family, my children, I say that you must study and learn all you can now. When a tragedy strikes, you are in a turmoil and grasp at familiar things. It is very difficult to see anything other than the orthodox. My belief is that that girl's problems did not start in her kidney, and does not end with its removal. Sometimes such a surgery does remove a great stress from the body, and does stimulate the body's immunity system, but if the body goes on being so starved for live oxygen and enzymes and filled with high-sodium foods (the security blanket for cancer) the relief from malignancy can be very short-lived.

A friend of mine died with breast cancer in January of 1976. She had had a radical mastectomy and was assured that the doctors removed all the malignancy. Five years and six months later, cancer flared up in her other breast. She

had another radical mastectomy and chemotherapy was begun immediately. She lived one more year.

I met another woman, at the Arizona National Association of Cancer Victims and Friends Convention, who went fifteen years after a radical mastectomy before cancer flared up in the other breast. She was fortunate, the second time around, because she had studied natural cancer therapy and is now practicing what she has learned, and she is doing fine and looks wonderful. Dr. Gerson said that the total body must be treated to correct malignancy. I am living proof that he is right.

January 23 – Saliva Gland Awakens:

Ron and I went to a movie. I sat there squirming because I was so uncomfortable in the right side of my face. After the movie, I told him I needed to get home because I was in a healing reaction. When I was on the floor, taking an enema, I had a really hard, painful jolt in my jaw right under my right ear. My saliva gland started working overtime. In fact, it hadn't been working at all. While I was lying on the floor, the saliva started pouring, and pouring faster than I could swallow. I finally had to catch it in a towel. It kept right on pouring all evening. Ron said, "Honey, when someone is foaming at the mouth, it usually means they are mad."

I was in that gland reaction for three days. I began to think I had an abscessed tooth, because the pain was so severe. It went on and on, no sleep, no rest whatever. I was begging God to take it away. I took all the aspirin, niacin and vitamin C that is allowed on the therapy, and couldn't seem to touch the pain. On the third day I told Ron, "If this does not stop, I'm going to shoot myself." He made fun of me, "Aha, so that therapy is killing you." It stopped that night. I rested ten hours peacefully, ten hours of beautiful sleep.

The next day I felt good, but there was still that throbbing in my right temple. I began to pass strange, black

mucus between my enemas. There were masses and masses of the black stuff. I knew it was not melanoma tissue. I could never stand that much moving through my body at one time.

January 27, 1977:

I felt like a new person. There was no pain whatever in my face, and I could wear my partial plate. I was still passing ropes of solid black mucus. The circulation was good in my eye area. My eyes were black and blue. While holding my arms over my head to fix my hair, I noticed that the nodule melanoma scar tissue (in my upper arms) that has been there all this time, in rows down to my elbows, was inflamed. Hallelujah! An area where there has been no circulation was now having its own Gerson reaction and inflammation.

Scaly Hands:

My hands became extremely dry and scaly. That seemed impossible to me while I was on so many juices and my lymph flowed so beautifully. I was really worried. I knew I had not had the circulation into them that I needed, because of the lymph glands down my arms being so clogged with scar tissue. The skin on my hands was extremely atrophic (aged). While I was worrying about my hands and wondering if I should violate my program and use vitamin E cream (I never had my hands in water, I always wore rubber gloves), I dreamed that if I would be patient, the dead skin would peel off and my hands would be soft again.

In just one week, the process was complete. Then I recognized the same healing process that my scars went through. The top layer of skin dried up and came off. Now I knew that the skin on my hands was going through a renewal. If the price for my success had not been so high in pain and suffering, I would not be able to believe my own story. It is too incredible not to be true — I stand in awe of my very existence.

Since my saliva gland opened up, I could taste food. I didn't know my taste was even gone. I had been giving my family and friends uncoated pancreatin for over a year now, and they said they couldn't stand it. I told them it was their imagination, because it has no taste. Now I realized that it was I that had no taste. I had put lugols solution in Ron's orange juice a few times, and he wouldn't drink it. I insisted that it was tasteless. Now I tasted the lugols in my juice, and I was using it much less than in the beginning of my therapy. I used to get by with eating a carrot or potato from the family roast once in a while. Since my saliva glands opened, I tried it once and the salt turned my mouth inside out. One more awakening. My sense of taste is returning.

Cancer Alters Taste Senses

Cancer patients tend to lose their sense of taste. This was pointed out in a newspaper article in the Times-Advocate of Escondido, Ca., Sunday, March 4, 1977:

A Northwestern University researcher, Dr. William DeWys, Chief of Medical Oncology at the university's medical school, found that as the disease of cancer progresses the taste of food to the patient becomes blah, or has no taste. He said that after much research he found that, as the tumor is reduced in size or is regressing, the taste improves.

Marylee Rock called and invited me to a Gerson potluck party at her house. One patient brings the carrots, another the apples, and another the greens. We all bring our enema pots. What fun to share your unique style of life with friends in common.

January 31:

Ron and I went to the theatre. When we entered I noticed that the air was really stuffy and stale from the heavy weekend business. I got dopey immediately, and fell asleep on Ron's shoulder. When I get this way, I don't recover until I have had an enema or two. I awoke ten

minutes later, astonished at my clear and alert mind. I could not believe this — my liver must have been helping me some on its own. Later in the evening, the same thing happened at home. This was so exciting. I was black and blue around the eyes again so I was lying on the slant-board about an hour a day and I believe it was stimulating the circulation I need into my head.

February – Head Reaction:

My healing reaction was in my head, this time. The head reactions are so severe that I hate to feel them coming on, but I knew the mending must continue. I had hot spots first, then a headache. Usually the headache lasted twenty-four hours. This time it lasted three! Wow, that was wonderful. The circulation in my head was so good that a tiny scar between my eyes (where I was bitten by a rat as a baby) flared up and pushed off the top layer of skin.

My book will have to wait this week. My little daughter-in-law, Fran, had an early miscarriage. She has a very rare blood type and so her body rejected another pregnancy. Fran couldn't see the doctor for five days, so I put her on black-strap molasses to keep her blood built up.

Mary is Ill:

About nine o'clock in the evening Russ, Mary and the baby came in from Arizona. I was shocked that my Mary looked so ill. She had deep black circles under her eyes. She had been seriously ill twice in her youth and so I was extra concerned for her. She told me that she had a kidney infection that wouldn't go away. I asked Russ to let her and the baby stay so I could detoxify her and send her home with a healing program. It was hard for her to watch Russ go home alone, since they have never been separated before.

Mary went on juices and enemas. I sent her to the local clinic here to have an internal birth control device re-

moved. I explained to her that as she detoxifies, her body would really reject that foreign object. And I was not so sure but what it was the fault behind her illness. Mary did not realize that the IUD does not stop you from getting pregnant, but rather causes a very early spontaneous abortion. As soon as the IUD was removed, Mary began to feel relief in her bladder.

Oh, dear God, women have so many strikes against them for being healthy. They do so many abnormal things to be beautiful. They destroy their bodies to avoid unwanted pregnancy because they have gotten so far away from natural living that there is no natural balance in their reproduction cycles.

Of Special Interest to Women:

Dr. Gerson says that many women who have gone through the menopause go on this therapy for cancer, and start having a regular monthly cycle again. After only three months on this therapy, my cycle came into complete tune with God's universe. My period comes on the full moon each month. I can schedule myself a year ahead and know when my uncomfortable days will be. Two weeks later I will ovulate. I am right on schedule, within twelve hours every month. I know exactly when I can get pregnant, and so natural childbirth control is a cinch. This is so thrilling to me. God does not make mistakes. He did not intend for us to be pregnant every nine months. He gave us an easy, identifiable cycle, but the farther away from his divine plan for natural health we wander, the less identifiable our cycle is.

After seeing how my body hates the dead tissue that it is discarding, I could never again bring myself to wear tampons that hold dead, toxic tissue in a very sensitive area of my body until I choose to remove it. The whole idea is contrary to what I feel my body demands.

Our Angel

Early each morning, when I am up with Ron, we hear the most precious little cooing noises coming down the hall. Little Carl Russell crawls down off of Mommy's bed and comes out to play with Grandpa. Oh, what an angel he is.

February 8, 1977:

I began pouring black soot out of the corner of my eye. Wow. Wow. Wow. Now I could look forward to the puffiness leaving my eyes.

Wheat Grass

I believe that now I know the tremendous power of the wheat grass. Through the holidays I was so busy having fun that I neglected to grow my wheat. For two months, I had no wheat grass. I felt fine, but the lymph pouring out the dead melanoma cells from my body had stopped. I knew that I was still loaded with scar tissue, but I just decided that my feet area had cleansed and that the pouring out was no longer necessary. I was just back on my wheat one week — get that, now — just one week, when my feet started pouring out the lymph and black soot again! I'm never going to run out again until all this scar tissue is gone.

Mary's Healing Reaction

Mary went into a gluck emotional reaction. She couldn't put a name to it, but she felt awful. She had chills, fever, and crying jags. She cried for her husband, Russ, and I had to force the enemas and juices on her.

When I gave Mary her juices, she gave the baby some, diluted with distilled water, in his bottle. He loved them. He also chewed on alfalfa and mung bean sprouts or an organic apple all the time.

Thursday, The Baby Reacts:

Fran went to see the doctor, and he was amazed that her blood was in such good condition. Black-strap molasses is an excellent source of iron.

This evening Hi and Millie came over. She held the baby. Mary and I could smell her cologne — she hadn't sprayed since 5:00 A.M. when she went to work in the paint shop at Convair — but while she was holding little Carl Russell, apparently he could smell the cologne, too, and all of a sudden his movements were all in slow motion.

I was alarmed, and took him away from Millie. Mary took him to the back room, where he began screaming and crying. Our precious, happy, angel-baby cried all night while his Mommy was in her reaction, too. At four in the morning, after no sleep, Grandpa called our little angel "A Crying Turkey."

I was scared about the baby. Dr. Gerson says that we are a sodium body until we are six months old. By then we are getting teeth and become potassium users instead of sodium. Milk is sodium and the baby nurses at least six to nine months. Carl Russell is just nine months old. I didn't know whether to cut off the juices or cut off the milk and start coffee enemas. I called Charlotte's assistant, Norman Fritz. He said, "The baby must have a problem to go into such a reaction. Sometimes their livers are good and they can handle it fine, but you can help him to do it easier with the coffee enemas."

Friday:

Mary woke up with the brightest, clearest eyes. No black circles, and she told me that her vision was so acute — she felt like she had her glasses on! She helped me to treat the baby. We gave him about one-half cup of coffee in the enema. He was terrific. He didn't give it right back, so we diapered him and let him go. We gave him another in the evening, and again Saturday morning.

Saturday Evening:

Little Carl Russell passed a diaper full of bloody mucus. Mary was alarmed. I assured her that the crisis was long past, once the body rid itself of the debris. "After all, Mary, look at him. He's his old laughing self again." The only thing that I could see that would cause him to have a liver reaction is that, even though Mary started out nursing him, he had been on cow's milk for a while. She is really careful about his food. She grinds whole grains and adds sprouts to his cereal, and never gives him sweets. He sure loves Grandma's peppermint tea with honey, and it helps induce sleep in a restless baby.

Also, his Daddy smokes. When Russ came back to pick up his family, we all reacted readily to his smoking. I suggested that he smoke outside, and that Mary give him live juices so he would smother on his own smoke and not want cigarettes any more. I don't condemn Russ. He's a wonderful husband and father. He takes excellent care of my daughter and their baby, and we love him. I know, after having to give up the foods I've enjoyed all my life, how difficult it is to break old habits and I'm sure that tobacco is much more difficult to give up than junk food.

Crib Death

Benji's dear friends lost their tiny baby to crib death. The young family lives in the industrial area of San Diego. Their doctor told them that one out of ten babies that he delivers dies a crib death, and he also lost one of his own. Oh, dear God, I had no idea! After detoxifying my liver, I can see how a little baby might just quit breathing. When I get into a high smog area, my body almost rebels at breathing. I get very dopey and have felt sometimes as if I might just go to sleep and not wake up.

A little baby is born into a hospital room that smells of chemicals. He is washed in a chemical soap. He is put into a chemical diaper. He is given cow's milk that has been heated so hot there is nothing live left in it. The young

parents take him home to a tiny apartment where both of them smoke, and when they open the windows there is only smog to freshen the air. They spray his-and-her colognes. They use spray deodorants. They use spray to kill bugs, clean the stove and freshen the air, and to no-stick the skillets. Hair spray is used in abundance. The baby is rubbed down with mineral oil and he is powdered to smell good. The only water he gets is loaded with chemicals to make it appear clean. I know this is extreme in some cases, but it is not extreme in others. I really don't know what chance such a little baby has.

February 14 – Saturday:

Ron and Ralph went to a meeting in Los Angeles and spent the night. During the night, I awakened, my liver and diaphragm area feeling on fire. The sweat was pouring out of that area. My room was about sixty degrees, and my head was cold. Usually, at signs of such distress, I would jump out of bed for an enema. For some reason, I didn't feel that was necessary this time. I went back to sleep and woke up a little later, still hot. I went back to sleep.

Sunday:

I awoke feeling really good. Usually, after such a reaction in the night, I would be really exhausted in the morning. A strange thing happened today. Every time I put something in my mouth, food or juice, my liver dumped bile. I had to go to the bathroom and I was passing pure, dark green bile. Wow, wow, wow. Just like my saliva gland, it flowed all the time.

February 1977 – The Ultimate Of My Healing:

Dr. Gerson, I'm right on schedule with a new liver! It has been a year and a half. It is my opinion that the black mucus that I passed might have been dye accumulated in my liver from dyeing my hair black for twelve years, and then for six years I bleached for two hours and dyed blonde

for thirty minutes, once a month. I keep remembering the doctor saying that he had passed the black dye through his kidneys. I believe my dye got stalled in a poorly functioning liver.

A Normal Gerson Reaction

Now that I had a great liver, I had a bile overflow into my stomach, like Dr. Gerson warns of for the original reaction. I was glucky sick at my stomach (the first time for me, except for the deadly gassing in August). I was vomiting up bile, pure bile, like an early pregnancy. And I drank gallons of peppermint tea. It took me a year and a half to have the ordinary sick stomach reaction, but I had had many others things to take its place. The greatest threat to my comfortable health was breathing metal from the smog in the air. When I removed myself from the offending circumstances, I relaxed, was fine, and passed tons of mucus the body must have produced for carrying the menace out of my body.

Even though I now had a new liver, I did not believe that all my soft tissue had been replaced. So many areas of me had just opened up to good circulation, and I believed these areas needed another year and a half to be replaced with live, healthy tissue. At this time, I had a reaction in my thyroid similar to the ones in my saliva gland and liver.

My dear friend, Ramona Smith, came to see me recently. Ramona also came to see me in June of 1975, before I started the therapy in August. She reported back to our mutual friends, "Jaquie looks like death walking around. She looks like she is seventy years old. I know she will not be alive in two months."

Ramona is fascinated with the new, young me. She asks, "Jaquie, I'm not sure if this will come out right, but because you do seem to be getting younger all the time, do you suppose that you will ever die?" I laughed with her and replied, "No, not unless my plane goes down."

Recently Ron asked me, "Honey, you keep getting younger and younger. What's going to happen to us when I am seventy-two and you are only twenty-one?" I replied, "If you will get on carrot juice and wheat grass right now, you will never be seventy-two."

I Score High on a Health Check

An interesting thing happened that I feel should be included in my story. In March, 1977, Ron and I attended a seminar by an inventor, Dr. Tom Wing, who has invented "The Acupoint Machine." This amazing machine stimulates the acupuncture points without puncturing the skin. Dr. Wing restored hearing to a man who had been deaf for many years. The machine is now being tested by the University of California, Los Angeles Medical Center.

This machine also has the ability to detect illness or pain in the body by checking the meridians of the ears, fingers and toes. When Dr. Wing heard of my victory over cancer, he asked if I would consent to let him demonstrate on me. I consented, but I really did not know what to expect, because the meeting was held in an airport hotel, a very dirty smog area, and my body was reacting to the smog constantly.

When Dr. Wing tested me he was astonished. I registered no areas of illness in my body! He jokingly wondered if the machine was plugged in. He said that the machine does not detect malignancy, but it will show if there is trouble in the spleen, liver, colon, stomach or other areas that might be involved in a cancer patient. He said he had at least expected my spleen to squeak a bit. There was nothing!

He said that I am more normal than the average person who does not feel ill in any way. He did a quick check on about twenty other people in the room. Everyone he checked had something wrong except me. One woman in the audience said, "I'd like to have Jaquie's diet!"

My Life Saving Program

Because so many people want to know just what I did to get well, I am writing down my life saving program. It is based on Dr. Gerson's Cancer Therapy and I give full credit to it for saving my life. However, I included some other things which I felt prompted to do, and which may be the reason for my most remarkable cure. These other things are indicated by an *.

MY PROGRAM

1. *Thirteen glasses of juice a day*, prepared on a special juicer that grinds and presses. I used the Norwalk juicer. The juices consist of *four carrot, *two apple and beet, four green leaf juice and three raw calves liver juice. The Gerson Therapy recommends eight ounces of juice, but because of my near death condition I used *twelve ounces. I also added *wheat grass, *mung bean sprouts and *alfalfa sprouts to my green leaf juice. I also drank freshly squeezed orange juice, four ounces after each liver juice and after the linseed oil.
2. *Supplements*: These included liquid potassium, lugol solution (iodine), linseed oil, thyroid, niacin, pancreatin (uncoated) plus bile and acidol pepsin. I had to have prescriptions for some of these.
3. *An injection of crude liver and B12 daily.*

4. *Enemas*: These consisted of coffee enemas every four hours and castor oil enemas every other day.
5. A good nourishing diet of fresh fruits and vegetables and whole grains. No salt, fats, oils, meat or dairy products. No canned or frozen foods. No packaged or refined foods. Some dried foods were allowed. After the first month, cottage cheese, yogurt and buttermilk were added in limited quantities. I made a special hipocrates soup which consisted of onions, potatoes, leeks, celery root, parsley root and tomatoes cooked slowly for three hours and then run through a food mill. Eaten daily.
6. *No toxic products*: No hair dye, skin makeup, deodorants, aerosols, tobacco, alcohol, coffee, tea, etc.
7. **Jogging, daily for 10 minutes.*
8. **Steam bath, 30 minutes daily.*
9. **Slantboard, 20 minutes daily.*

EXPLANATION OF MY SCHEDULE

Every morning I sorted out the day's supply of thyroid, niacin, Pan Plus Bile and *Normacid into a divided box. (Divided pill box or deviled egg dish). This was to be sure I had taken the full supply by the end of the day. The liquid potassium and lugol were added to the juices when indicated. The linseed oil was followed by four ounces of fresh orange juice, as was the liver juice. About 9:00 a.m. I made the day's supply of coffee and put the Hippocrates soup on to cook. This was my schedule for two weeks. After that, there were the following changes:

THE THIRD, FOURTH AND FIFTH WEEKS

During these three weeks the potassium was cut to *two* teaspoons ten times a day. The lugol was cut to *one* drop six times a day, and the thyroid was cut to *one-half* grain *three* times a day. The castor oil enemas were cut to twice a week during the third and fourth weeks and once a week during the fifth week, and from then on.

THE SIXTH WEEK

The lugol was cut to *one* drop *three* times a day, and the Pan Plus Bile was cut to *two* tablets *four* times a day.

AFTER SIX WEEKS

There were still further variations in my schedule. For these changes I refer you to Dr. Gerson's book, "A Cancer Therapy," page 235. You will note that my schedule varies somewhat from that of Dr. Gerson, especially in that I took twelve ounces of juices instead of eight ounces, and I took pancreatin six times a day instead of four. I felt it important to state my schedule exactly as I took it. It would be better to work under the supervision of a medical doctor who could prescribe amounts, make regular check ups and alter

amounts according to the patient's condition. *Dr. Gerson recommended Acidol Pepsin with meals, but since it is no longer available I used Normacid, which is pretty much the same.

THINGS NEEDED FOR THE THERAPY

JUICER: Must be the kind that grinds and presses. For information about juicers, you may write the publisher. Address is in the back of this book.

FROM A HEALTH STORE:

Books: A Cancer Therapy, by Max Gerson, M.D.

Has Dr. Max Gerson a True Cancer Cure, S. J. Haught

If these books are not available in health store, order from Pacific Press, P.O. Box 219, Pierce City, MO 65723

Slantboard

D. D. Beauty Pillow

Toothpaste (Non-fluoridated kind)

Kelp Shampoo

Supplements: Cold pressed linseed oil (refrigerate)

Pan Plus Bile (by Nu Life)

Niacin (50 mg.)

Carrots (25# bags, organically grown)

Apples (Organic, unsprayed)

Greens (Organic, unsprayed). Refer to green leaf list.

Seeds for sprouting. Mung bean, alfalfa

Sprouting jars and lids

Wheat (grain)

Peppermint tea and favorite herb teas

Brown sugar

Honey

Unsulphured molasses

Maple syrup (The real thing)

Oats (steel cut)

Saltless rye bread (sprouted if possible)

Saltless seven-grain sprouted bread

Apple cider vinegar

Wine vinegar

Sprinkle (Paul Bragg's vegetable seasoning)

Ingredients for Hippocrates soup

Dried fruit (raisins, prunes, peaches, pears, apricots, un-sulphured)

After a month: Yogurt, cottage cheese (unsalted, non-fat), buttermilk

FROM A MEAT MARKET: (Health Store Market if possible)

Fresh calves' liver: I bought it fresh (not frozen) the day it came in. I bought one and one-half pounds for each day, not more than a three-day supply. I checked with the butcher to be sure that I was getting the liver that just came in, and not leftovers.

FROM A PHARMACY:

Enema bucket, hose and end.

Syringes for injections

Crude liver extract, Lilly #370 (for inter-muscular injection)

Vitamin B12, 1000 mgr.

10% solution of Potassium: Potassium gluconate, acetate, phosphate aa (monobasic)

Lugol solution (half-strength)

Thyroid (Armour) 1 grain

Normacid (Stuart) (260 mgr. betaine hydrochloride, 230 mg Pepsin)

10% solution of Caffeine Potassium Citrate: (for castor oil enema)

Caffeine benzoate	5.0
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Potassium citrate	5.0
-------------------	-----

Aq. Dest ad	100.0
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Powdered ox bile (for castor oil enema)

Castor Oil

KY Jelly (Lubrication for enemas)

Enema soap or castile soap (No liquids or flakes)

Two dropper bottles

MISC. SHOPPING:

A paperback edition of a medical dictionary (For understanding Dr. Gerson's book.)

Cheese cloth (10 to 20 yards.)

Iron dutch oven (Excellent for vegetables because the lid is heavy and seals tight.)

Four glass baking trays (For growing wheat grass.)

Peatmoss (For growing wheat grass.)

Two one-hour timers. (One for juices, one for enemas.)

Coffee (Drip grind.)

Pill box divided six ways, or small deviled egg dish. (For sorting out daily supply of supplements.)

RULES OF THE PROGRAM

FORBIDDEN FOODS:

meats	All berries	cucumbers	salt
poultry	pineapple	leaves of:	fats
fish	nuts	carrots	oils
eggs	mushrooms	radishes	pickles
dairy products	avocados	mustard greens	

Refined sugar, flour, or other processed foods. Canned, bottled and frozen foods. Tea, coffee, alcohol.

FORBIDDEN ITEMS IN MY HOME:

No smoking

No Aerosols — no cleansers, hair sprays, deodorants, room deodorants, non-sticking pan sprays, insecticides, colognes, antiseptics, spray starch, spray spot cleaners, spray furniture polish.

No hair sprays

No permanents

No nail polish or remover

No talcum or bath powders

No aluminum utensils

No long-burning oil logs in fireplace

No doggie or cat flea collars

No fly strips

No fluoridated tooth paste

CARROT JUICE

I buy organically grown carrots and use only a stainless steel juicer that grinds and presses. I wash the carrots but do not scrape or peel. To make the juice I follow the directions that come with the juicer. I add potassium and lugols solution to the juice, in amounts indicated, and drink immediately. Dr. Gerson instructs patients to grind carrots and apples together (about half carrots and half apples) but I got started on the straight carrot juice before his book arrived. I used my apples with the beet juice. I had such excellent results doing it this way that I continued throughout the therapy.

APPLE AND BEET JUICE

I buy organically grown, unsprayed apples and beets. I wash but do not peel. I quarter them. I do not core the apples, but do cut off stem ends as they are usually dirty. I make the juice according to directions, add potassium and lugols and drink immediately.

GREEN LEAF JUICE

I buy organic, unsprayed greens. I grow wheat grass as directed in this chapter and sprout mung beans and alfalfa seeds. For each green leaf juice I use a handful of wheat grass, a small handful of mung bean sprouts and alfalfa sprouts, a medium apple and as many of the following as available: Lettuce, romaine, red cabbage leaves (two or three), beet tops (young inner leaves) swiss chard, escarole, endive, water cress (one-fourth bunch) green pepper (one-fourth of a small one.) I grind into a bowl and then run through again into the juice bag, according to directions with the juicer. I press it slowly so the juice does not squirt. I add potassium (no lugol) and then drink immediately.

ORANGE OR CITRUS JUICE

I squeeze orange or citrus juice by hand on a glass juicer or on an electric juicer that does not press the orange rind. The rind has harmful fatty acids and aromatic substances which should not be pressed into the juice. I drink the orange or citrus after the liver juice or linseed oil.

LIVER JUICE

I use only fresh calves' liver, not frozen. I buy it fresh from the butcher, the day it comes in. I do not buy more than a three-day supply (Weight of entire calves' liver is two and one-half to four pounds).

I cut one-half pound fresh, unwashed calves' liver into one-inch strips, then grind alternately with three-quarters pound of carrots and one small apple. I grind it into a bowl, then I grind it again into a bowl. I spread out a square nylon juicing cloth. On top of this I add a square of cheese cloth, then place about one-third of the ground liver in the center of the cheese cloth. I fold in both directions. I fold the nylon cloth in both directions, then I squeeze it in the juicer, very slowly to avoid squirting. I fold the liver again in half and press again. I unfold and throw away the pulp in the cheesecloth and repeat with the remaining ground liver. I drink the juice immediately, then follow with orange juice. I do not add any supplements to the liver juice or take tablets with it. I was told in a dream that the liver juice was the most important thing I was doing.

GROWING THE WHEAT GRASS

I soak one-half cup of wheat overnight. Rinse and soak again overnight. I prepare glass baking dish by spreading one-fourth inch of peat moss on the bottom, then one-fourth inch of soil. I sprinkle with water until the soil is all damp. I spread the wheat evenly on top and cover with a wet cloth. I sprinkle with water daily and keep the cloth

damp until wheat grows above top of the baking dish. Then I keep it sprinkled to keep it damp. When seven inches high, I begin cutting the grass for juice. When eight inches high, I cut it all and store in the frig for use. When one tray of wheat is two inches high, I soak more wheat for another tray, to keep the wheat supply going.

SPROUTS

I soak sprout seeds overnight covered in water, in sprouting jars. I drain and keep in a dark place until they are several inches long. For best results with sprouts, I read books about sprouting. I got sprouting booklets from a health store.

COFFEE ENEMAS

For equipment I bought an enema bucket, hose and timer. Enema bags are o.k. but since they will not hold up with the castor oil enema it is best to buy a durable enema bucket. Each morning I made a days supply of coffee. Into each quart of boiling water I put three heaping tablespoons of coffee, drip grind. I boiled it for five minutes, turned the heat down and simmered for another fifteen minutes. I strained it into quart jars.

To take the enema I put one quart of warm coffee into the enema bucket. I lie on the floor on a washable rug or blanket, on my right side with knees bent toward my chest and my head resting on my contoured beauty pillow with washable satin pillow case. It fits under my neck and is quite comfortable. The pillow is a D. D. Beauty Pillow found in health stores. After I am into position I insert the enema nozzle but never more than 4 to 6 inches. High enemas are not recommended. I open the enema hose.

I relax and breathe in deeply to the count of ten, and then out to the count of ten until I feel comfortable with all of the coffee in me. It seems that with the deep breathing the coffee is carried high into the colon, thus relieving the

pressure on the rectum. After the enema bucket is empty, I set the timer for fifteen minutes so I won't be clock-watching. I leave the clamp on the enema hose open and the nozzle in me so that I can release any gas that might form through the hose, without losing my enema. During the enema I read for pleasure. It is no time for deep study for me. I have to get involved in a story that takes me out of my present situation, then I can hold the enema better. When I am reading Taylor Caldwell the time goes almost too fast.

Sometimes I had many poisons and gasses moving through me, especially in the beginning of the therapy and during the healing inflammations. It made it almost impossible to hold my enema. To solve the problem I would stand up and let the coffee go back into the bucket and when the gas pressure was released, lie back down and let the coffee flow in again. It saves coffee at a time when coffee is costly. In this way I never had any trouble holding a quart of coffee, but some people I know can hold only a pint at a time, but take one right after another, holding them fifteen minutes for each pint and then gradually working up to holding a quart.

After the enema has been retained for fifteen minutes I clamp the enema hose off. Then I release the enema. I have never resented my coffee enema time, not only because I know the importance of the job it is doing for me, but also because I have learned to be quite comfortable and have once again discovered the joy of reading for pleasure.

The purpose of the coffee enema is not for the function of the intestines, but for the stimulation of the liver. It works in this way: As the enema is retained in the colon, within ten to twelve minutes almost all of the caffeine is absorbed from the fluid and goes through the hemorrhoidal veins directly into the portal veins and into the liver. The caffeine opens the bile ducts and causes an increased production of bile. The flow of bile causes a detoxification of the liver by dumping of accumulated poisons. Not only

does this cleanse the liver of toxins, but it causes it to function more fully. Cancer victims have a common problem of stored up poisons which have been trapped in the liver due to malfunctioning.

In the beginning of my therapy, as my liver began dumping stored up poisons I became deathly ill and I knew I must detoxify constantly by taking a fresh juice every hour and a coffee enema as often as necessary. Sometimes I took one enema right after another. Many times I felt myself slipping into a comatic state and literally crawled into the bathroom for my coffee enema and found that it revived me. Many are turned off by the thought of enemas, but once I felt physically the tremendous benefit of coffee enemas, I was most anxious to carry on with them, and took a coffee enema at any sign of discomfort in the body.

CASTOR OIL ENEMAS

At 10:00 a.m. I take two large tablespoons of castor oil, then drink a cup of black coffee with brown sugar. Although coffee is forbidden in the diet, this one cup taken with the castor oil has an important purpose in hurrying the castor oil down the digestive tract, whereas coffee with the diet is injurious to the system. Five hours after taking the castor oil by mouth, at about 3:00 p.m., I take a castor oil enema as follows: I put one quart of warm water into the enema bucket. I add toilet soap, not flakes, to make a soapy solution. I add three or four tablespoons of castor oil and one-half teaspoon of powdered ox bile until it becomes an emulsion. Then I add thirty caffeine drops. The castor oil enema must be stirred while it is taken, to keep the emulsion. I retain it twelve to fifteen minutes.

I do not let the castor oil enema interfere with the coffee enemas. I keep the coffee enemas on schedule and fit the castor oil enema in between, about five hours after taking the castor oil by mouth. The purpose of the castor oil enema is to stimulate the digestive system to clean up. It

works this way: Castor oil is a poison, as are almost all laxatives. As it enters the system, every function of the body becomes alert and active in defending the body against the poisonous intruder. This causes the immunity system to become hypersensitive. My body glows with health from being so stimulated.

My husband, Ron, has used castor oil packs in his Chiropractic practice for years, with much success. He uses wool flannel packs submerged in castor oil, then placed over painful areas such as the stomach, back, knees, etc. He covers this with a heating pad for as long as an hour or more. I knew that something was happening to make the patient feel better, but I never fully understood until I felt the physical reaction of my own body in the introduction of castor oil. Now I know that he is stimulating the action of the body, even making it hyperactive in the area of the distress, to correct the problem.

JOGGING

I jog in place for ten minutes, and sometimes fifteen. I set a timer, and as soon as it goes off I climb into the bath tub for a steambath while my temperature is high and it doesn't take too long to work up a good sweat.

STEAMBATH

I run about three inches of hot water into the bottom of the tub. I close shower curtains or doors and keep adding hot water to keep the water temperature high. I relax, and while I am waiting for a good sweat, I do yoga facial exercises. It isn't long (especially after jogging) before the sweat is pouring out of my face and head and my hair is drenched. Then I cleanse my body with Ivory soap, scrub my face, shampoo my hair, and shower well. My body is still warm as I slip into my towel cover-up robe. I bind my wet head with a towel, then set the timer for twenty minutes, and lie on the slantboard with my contoured beauty pillow

and wait for the timer to go off. My body is warm and my heart is pounding, and the circulation into my neck and head is greatly accelerated. When I first started the therapy, I would not have dreamed of steambathing because I feared chilling. But as my blood built up and I became physically stronger, I began to really look forward to my invigorating steambath.

MEAL PREPARATION

FRUITS

I ate a lot of fruits, fresh or steamed and sweetened with honey, maple syrup or brown sugar. I ate bananas, melons, apples in all forms, peaches, oranges, lemons, plums, apricots, papayas, raisins, grapes, grapefruit, cherries, prunes. Dried fruit must be unsulphured, soaked and stewed.

VEGETABLES

All my vegetables were prepared fresh, as salads or cooked without salt or oils. For cooking I used stainless steel, glass (such as Corning), enamel, earthenware, slow cooking crockpot or cast iron. Vegetables must cook slowly, with a tight lid so the steam does not escape. Common vegetables I used in my diet were: carrots, potatoes, beets, zucchini, squash, cauliflower, sweet potatoes, onions, tomatoes, pumpkin, red cabbage, green pepper, swiss chard, beet tops, celery, lettuce, chicory, chives, radishes, watercress, endive, leeks, romaine, scallions, knob celery, parsley root.

Seasonings used sparingly: allspice, anise, bay leaves, coriander, dill, fennel, mace, marjoram, rosemary, sage, saffron, taragon, thyme, sorrel, summer savory.

COOKING INSTRUCTIONS:

For the ultimate of nutrition and flavor, the vegetables must be cooked without water, except for the Hippocrates

soup. Instruction are on page 242 of "A Cancer Therapy". I find the iron Dutch oven perfect for my vegetables. I put tomatoes, unpeeled potatoes, onions, unpeeled carrots, bell pepper, etc., in the pot, put the tight-fitting, heavy lid on, and bake my vegetables in a 350° oven for an hour and a half, depending on preference for tenderness. The flavors are so well-preserved that the vegetables taste delicious without seasoning. My family loves the vegetables prepared this way, too.

HIPPOCRATES SOUP

Into a two-quart pot I put:
1 medium celery root (or 3 or 4 stalks)
1 medium parsley root
2 small leeks (or 2 small onions)
2 medium onions
1 lb potatoes
½ lb tomatoes or more
a little parsley

I do not peel any of the vegetables. I scrub well and cut coarsely and cover with water, then cook slowly for three hours. I put it through a food mill in small portions. I vary the amount of water according to the desired consistency. I keep it well covered in the refrigerator for no longer than two days, warming it up as needed.

SALT IS POISON

Dr. Gerson gives us quite an education on salt in "A Cancer Therapy", pages 155-156. I first heard the statement "Salt is Poison" several years ago as I was listening to a presentation by Patsy Bragg, daughter of the late Paul Bragg, famous for longevity. Patsy said, "Salt is poison. Don't eat salt," along with another startling statement, "Don't eat meat."

I sat in the audience and thought, "She's crazy. People aren't going to give up salt on the things they love to eat just because she says 'salt is poison'." Just two years later, when I learned I had cancer, her words began haunting me as I studied "salt is poison, don't eat meat".

Dr. Gerson explains that cancer cells thrive in a sodium condition and die in a condition of live oxygen enzymes and potassium, lavish in the Gerson Therapy. Every patient that Dr. Gerson attended had high amounts of sodium in his body.

That cancer cells like a saline condition was re-confirmed by my surgeon. He was cleaning up an area where the tumor was removed from my groin when he said, "We have to clean you with clean water rather than a salt solution. Cancer cells can hide in a saline solution, but in clean water they swell up and we can find them."

It was interesting to me that after getting the salt out of my body, many things tasted salty, naturally. I can taste the natural salt in potatoes, tomatoes, beans, etc. The following are some suggestions that Charlotte Gerson Straus has shared for the Gerson diet:

Potato Puffs:

Wash a potato, unpeeled, sliced into about one-fourth-inch slices. Place, like biscuits, in a glass baking dish and bake at 350° until puffy and tender. They are crisp, yet tender inside.

Tasty Oats:

Charlotte tells us to cook our oats and fruit together, starting with cold water.

Oats, sliced fresh apple, and raisins cooked together, then sweetened with honey, are delicious.

A heavenly combination is oats, banana, and fresh peach, served with honey.

During the first year of my therapy, I felt starved all the time. If you had put everything I was eating and drinking into bushel baskets, it would have filled at least two a day, but I was not digesting anything. For a year of therapy and taking hundreds of digestive enzymes, I never felt the hunger inside me subside. My food came through me just like I ate it, with no acid change, but I lived very well on the juices. I ate day and night. When I had my first normal digestion, it was a time of great celebration for me, because I knew another part of my almost dead (at the beginning of the therapy) body, and a very vital part, had awakened.

During my hungry year, I craved my grain in bread and pinto beans. The beans are not on the diet, so I kept my indulgence in them down to once a week. I ate at least half a loaf of bread a day. Charlotte Gerson Straus (Dr. Gerson's daughter), shudders when I tell her that, but I guess I needed the comfort of grain to ease my hunger.

Sandwiches:

2 pieces of rye or 7-grain bread (saltless and without oil)
half a tomato, sliced thin
a handful of alfalfa sprouts
a thin slice of white onion

After a month, I could add some cottage cheese (unsalted) or yogurt to my diet. I made myself a sandwich spread with yogurt, some red wine vinegar and real maple syrup. To use this for salad dressing, I add fresh garlic. I love it on the bread for my sandwich.

Bean Sandwich:

2 slices bread
warm beans in heavy, thick soup
a large, thin, slice of white onion

Once a week, on my bean day, I would sometimes eat three such sandwiches. After each one, due to a guilty

conscience, I would take three extra pancreatin tablets and eat two apples.

My Beans:

I soak one cup of pinto beans in three cups of water for about thirty-two hours, rinsing twice. I soak them that long because I believe they are much easier to digest. Then I rinse them and put them in the slow cooking Crockpot. I add lots of fresh onion and some oregano leaves to a pot full of water. I cook them at a high temperature for about six or seven hours. Then I add bell pepper and tomato, then cook for an additional two hours. Then season with Paul Bragg's "Sprinkle" (vegetable seasoning) from the health food store. Since beans were a once-a-week treat for me, and also sweet potatoes, I usually planned them both for the same day.

Sweet Potato:

I simply bake it as baking a regular white potato (never wrap in foil). I am allowed only one a week, but I usually bake several. My husband, Ron, loves them with butter. If I get hold of some that are not real sweet, I may pour a little real maple syrup on it to enhance the flavor.

Potato with sour cream? and chives:

I bake my potatoes in the iron Dutch oven. Since I use a lot of potatoes, my family is using more potatoes and less meat. I never realized how good and filling they are. In the beginning of my therapy, before dairy products, I used to cut my potatoes up in my salad with salad dressing. I couldn't get used to eating them without seasoning and butter. After a month, when I could have yogurt and cottage cheese, I began using plain yogurt or my yogurt sandwich spread with chives on my potato. I found it most enjoyable. As time goes by, I am allowed a tiny bit of butter with my yogurt and cottage cheese and fish. I have no desire for the butter or fish, so I save up my protein allow-

ance, dairy products and all, and once a week, when Ron and I go out to dinner and a movie, I have two salads (I take my dressing) and one baked potato with *sour cream* and chives. I love it. I love it. I love it. To top my dinner off, I order a pot of hot water, and have peppermint tea sweetened with my own maple syrup from my purse, since I cannot have the cheesecake. I really enjoy my dinner. I do not drool over Ron's steak and sauteed mushrooms.

After a year and with my digestion returned, I found that I could have a much saner view of food. I enjoy the therapy diet. I no longer am starved all the time, and I no longer have a desire for the junk foods of my old life. This proves to me that good digestion is vital to being able to choose good, nutritious foods over tantalizing junk foods.

After being on the therapy for a year, I thought I would try some blackberry jam made with honey. The berries turned my digestion upside down and hurt my tummy. My body talks very loudly to me now about things I should not eat. I tried a little roquefort dressing (after a year on the therapy, mind you!).

Roquefort Dressing:

small amount of roquefort cheese
buttermilk
yogurt to taste
garlic

I love it. I love it. I love it.

My body says, "Okay." I use it on salads, on potato puffs, and on vegetables about twice a week. Alfalfa sprouts and tomatoes with just roquefort dressing makes an elegant salad for me. Dr. Gerson's recipe for salad dressing is on page 242 of "A Cancer Therapy." I use minced garlic in my dressing and use it on everything — salads, vegetables, potato salad, etc. Also I *prefer* the wine vinegar to lemon juice.

Tomato Juice:

I had tons of tomatoes in my organic garden last summer. I made real tomato juice, but I did not press the pulp. It is like a thick soup, and is delicious. I consider my raw tomato juice one of my really great discoveries on this therapy.

Granola:

Sometimes, before I started digesting my food, I would eat a gallon of oats in a day. After my proud digestion returned, after a year, I tried granola. *I digest it beautifully!* I buy it at my health food store, where the grains are grown organically. My favorite is fruit-honey granola, made largely of oats and with very little oil. Fruit-honey granola, thin sliced banana, with lots of fresh orange juice squeezed over it all. It was worth waiting a year for.

Apple (peach) Sauce:

Outside of oats, my most important comfort food from the beginning of the therapy has been applesauce. I love the applesauce or peach butter (in season) on dry toast. I use unpeeled apples, washed, cored and sliced (or peaches) with a tiny bit of water. Put in Corning dish with tight-fitting cover, steam until tender. Brown sugar to taste. A little allspice is allowed. Run through the food mill (a part of the juicer), using all the liquid — it is quickly absorbed by the pulp. I also make cherry and plum sauces (in season). I prefer sweetening the plums and cherries with honey or real maple syrup.

Pumpkin:

I grew dozens of pumpkins. I loved pumpkin steamed, run through the food mill (part of the juicer), then sweetened with brown sugar. A little allspice is allowed.

On my maintenance diet, I used granola and fruit to make yummy cobblers just by spreading the granola thickly over the hot, prepared fruit, then topping that with yogurt sweetened with honey (after a year on the therapy).

As you can see, this is not a starvation diet. One of the major plusses of the Gerson therapy is that the patient does not lose weight and waste away. Although I drop weight, about five pounds, during a healing inflammation, I regain it immediately after the reaction is over and I'm back to eating normally.

Another topping for cobbler that I used from the beginning of the therapy is grated, saltless grain bread with a little allspice and brown sugar. I add a bit of maple syrup to hold it together, then bake. A marvelous topping for pumpkin or cobbler is yogurt with vanilla, sweetened with real maple syrup.

Eating pinto beans (not on the Gerson therapy diet) has made an apple eater out of me. Somehow it salves my conscience if, after eating the beans, I eat about three apples. After awhile, I found myself eating apples after every meal. Nearly every time I eat something, I want an apple, so I carry them in the car. A recent article in "The National Enquirer" just might explain my need for apples. I have never been an apple-eater before.

The story is about a professor, Dr. Loren D. Tukey, of Pennsylvania State University. Dr. Tukey says that an apple cleans the teeth and gums better than any toothbrush. Also, he says that the apple contains malic acid that dissolves deposits of lime in the human body. (How about that? Dr. Gerson knew we needed apples to rid our bodies of sodium.) Dr. Tukey says the process of dissolving the deposits of lime guards the body against various maladies.

He says the juice from an apple leaves behind an alkaline residue in the body which aids in recovering from colds, influenza, virus infections and even hangovers. Who was it that said, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

GROOMING

In the beginning of the therapy I was so sick that I couldn't have cared less about grooming, but as I began to feel stronger physically, I wanted to start looking better and to take better care of my appearance.

Hair:

For awhile I did not have the strength to raise my arms above my head to work on my hair, so I just tied scarfs on my head. When I felt stronger, I wanted to look better. I had to avoid all hair dyes, as they are deadly to cancer victims. Dr. Gerson said that many women on the therapy, when they start to feel better, run out and have their hair dyed and the dye causes their cancer to grow.

I had to avoid all hair sprays. With my detoxified liver, I could not stand even to walk outside a beauty parlor because of all the chemicals and sprays. The reaction I have to hair spray is the same reaction I have to smog in heavy traffic or at airports. First, I begin to have a metal taste in my mouth. Then I get a tingling feeling in my head and neck. My heart acts strangely, and sometimes I have chest contractions if I am in the polluted air very long. By chest contractions I mean that I feel as if a broad metal band is being tightened around my chest, let go and then tightened again. My breathing gets very difficult. At first my heart pounds and then it chugs. I must remove myself from these polluted circumstances and have coffee enemas soon.

Hair spray is out of the question, but I did find an herbal finishing spray in my grocery store that has no aerosols, but it has an alcohol base. When necessary, I spray outside in the fresh air. I use a setting gel that gives a full-bodied set. I found most shampoos to be very harsh, with detergents, so I located a bright green, conditioning "Kelp" shampoo at my health store. It smells like mint and works wonderfully like a shampoo and conditioner. It smells so good, and I know it has all natural ingredients, so

I even cleanse my body with it, too. My family loves Kelp shampoo, too.

Face:

I have always kept the makeup companies in business. In the beginning of the therapy, when I was getting ready to go to town or out with Ron I would put on my popular liquid base makeup, blush-on cheek color, liquid eye makeup, brush-on lip gloss, and go. By the time I got to town, I felt like I was smothering to death. It took me quite awhile to realize that what I was putting on my face was smothering me. One day I sat down at my makeup drawer and began sniffing. Wow, what a mess. I tossed the makeup base, cheek blush and lip gloss into the trash. The black liquid eyeliners and mascara smells were stifling. They went into the trash, too.

Well, well, what do I do now? A woman thirty-eight years old can hardly get by without any help for her face. I went to my health store. Their liquid makeup base smelled as offensive as the other. I went to the drugstore. I found the water-base makeup like they use in Hollywood does not smell. Now I remember that years ago, when I had a part in the Hollywood movie, "The Greatest Story Ever Told," I came to the production one morning with my face already made up with liquid makeup. The makeup man asked me, "Jaquie, why do you use that horrible stuff on your face?" He explained that a water-base Hollywood-type makeup would be so much better. I used it for awhile, but soon went back to the convenience of a liquid. I bought two colors of the water-base makeup, and a sponge. I looked for eye makeup. I found that the cheapest brand that is used dry or with water does not smell. That is all I need. I get out in the sunshine for my own natural blush.

To take care of my complexion, I cleanse my face with Ivory soap and rinse it at least fifteen splashes with hot water. My complexion glistens and glows.

Bathing:

I bathe in Ivory soap or my shampoo, as I mentioned before, but before I leave the tub I rinse my body with apple cider vinegar in a wash cloth to protect me from odors. As long as my body is getting rid of scar tissue, I know I will have to contend with body odors. There are some natural deodorants in the health food stores, but I find that apple cider vinegar works just as well. It keeps me fresh through the night, but I must use it often. To keep myself smelling fresh, I cut a wash cloth in four tiny squares and moisten with apple cider vinegar. I keep one in a plastic bag in my purse, to tend myself whenever necessary. As my digestion improves I have less and less body odors.

Bath powders are deadly to me. I cannot use them. Colognes smother me to death, and as I become more and more detoxified, they smell more like bug sprays. I remember Marilyn Monroe saying that to be romantic means head to toe perfume. I took that very literally. I bought up the whole market in my favorite fragrances. I cannot stand the smells now. One thing I do is put sachets in my lingerie drawers which have a subtle fragrance. Nowadays, with both men and women spraying perfume and cologne, the world probably won't even notice that I smell natural, instead.

Nails and Hands:

My nails grow fast and healthy. No nail polish for me. My nails need to breathe and the smell of polish and polish remover smothers me now. I use no cream or lotions on my hands. I don't need them. My skin is softer than I can ever remember. It seems to prove to me that what goes in the mouth is much more important than anything I could rub on. I feel that the tremendous amounts of fluids I use plump the cells and make my skin soft. My husband says my skin is like a baby's.

Clothes:

Because of the heavy inflammation in my liver and the large amount of scar tissue in my diaphragm area, my body hates for me to wear bras. Around home I have found large, heavy cotton blouses that I can wear without bras are comfortable. Also, my body hates polyester. I can wear it for dress up, but when I am at home I wear cotton and cotton denim. Nylon hose are very uncomfortable for me. There was a time when I wouldn't be caught dead without my nylons, even under slacks. I love cotton terry. I wear miracle fabrics only for special occasions.

I remember reading about young people today who are demanding real cotton, real wool, real silk, etc. I can understand them now. Since I have started this therapy, I am allergic to petroleum products. I remember the petroleum advertisement in the news magazine where the family is sitting around the fireplace watching TV. On the next page is shown what is left after you take away all the things that are derived from petroleum. All that is left is a naked family and a wooden rocking chair.

I do not consider my allergy to petroleum products an illness, but rather a warning. I hear my body sending me a message that says, "This situation is not natural or comfortable for your body. It is up to you to make a change for the better."

ADAPTING MY LIFE TO THE PROGRAM

People suffering the trauma of cancer in their lives come to see me often. They are usually patients that the doctors have sent home to die because there is no hope for them. When I begin to talk about the juices, I hear, "But I have such a tiny kitchen, there is no room for that juice extractor and all that juicing." When I begin to tell about coffee enemas, I hear, "But we have just one tiny bathroom. I can't tie it up for long periods of time. I explain,

"When your life is at stake, you make do with whatever facilities are available."

It is true that I live in a large home with two and a half bathrooms. I have lovely new carpet in my bathroom (white). I have a telephone in my bathroom. But I haven't been here long. For fourteen months on the therapy, I lived with my husband and two teenagers, a boy and a girl, in a ten by sixty-foot mobile home with one tiny bathroom and a small kitchen. My juicer monopolized the kitchen. Bags of carrots sat on the floor. My wheat grass stand even cut way down on our area for dining. Lots of time, while I was on the bathroom floor, the knocks on the door would start. "Oh, Mom, not again", or "How long will you be, Mom?"

My life was at stake. I know by experience that the therapy can be done anywhere. Facilities are not important to the healing circumstances for me. The important thing is that the family understands that living a normal existence has to be delayed for a little while, and that Mama's getting well must be the primary purpose of all the people close to her.

For about two months in the beginning of the therapy I was completely dependent on my family. When Regina was asked to leave school to tend me, there was no question of should she or shouldn't she. My life was at stake and she lovingly understood.

After what I have been through, and knowing other cancer patients who have gone on the therapy, I am convinced that the patient needs constant care (someone making the juices and preparing the food) for at least two months. Norman Fritz, Charlotte Gerson Straus's assistant, tells me that when Dr. Gerson had his clinic in New York, he kept the patients there for two months to give them a good start on the therapy.

Some patients do not have any family to help. If they are fortunate, they can afford to hire someone to make

their juices and prepare their food. I talk to many sad cases where the person does not have any family, and because of the trauma of cancer, has been reduced to a welfare existence. These people cannot afford the juice extractor or other necessities for beginning the therapy. Even if they could afford to start, they have no one to assist them. This same person, on welfare, can get all the medicine, surgery, radiation or chemotherapy that the doctors will prescribe.

When my husband caught me crying because the phone had rung at least seven times one day during an inflammation, and I was way off schedule, he called and had the phone taken out. Just that one thoughtful gesture took such a load off me. Regina tended me, tended the house (if she had time), cooked the meals and did the laundry. Ron and Regina did all the shopping. Ron went into town twice a week to pick up produce for me.

I learned later that Ron protected me from many, many things. One son had a motorcycle accident in Arizona, and broke his arm. Ron counseled the family not to tell me. If the children were having problems, they were warned not to take them to Mama. Ron treated me like he always has. I appreciated that. I didn't realize that he was doing all that protecting in the background. I just thought that things were going very smoothly for a family with seven children.

If Ron became angry with me, he would tell me, or call me silly, in a loving way. All the way up to one hundred and seventy pounds of ugliness, he would pull me down in his lap and call me his "pretty little wife." When he did that one day, I rushed into the bathroom to look at myself in the mirror. There I was, with no makeup, my ugly hair tied up in a scarf, and wearing as near nothing on my sick, ugly body as possible. I dropped down on my knees and said, "God, I must send up a special prayer for Ron right now. Either he's crazy, or he's going blind."

The important thing was that I knew he loved me, every day. I felt so unlovable, and an enema hose does very little for romance, but I knew he loved me. I had absolutely no

responsibilities for anything. I simply took my juices, ate my meals, and took my enemas. I became addicted to soap operas, I sat in the sun, I walked if I felt like it. My entire life was keyed to getting well. Life certainly got tacky at times, but I would say to Ron, "Now Honey, just you wait! When my year and a half is up, and I have a brand new liver, I am going to make all this up to you."

Love without recourse is loving without demanding anything in return. To me, love without recourse was always God's love, Christ's love, and mother love. Now I find that my husband loves me that way, too. When I had nothing to give, he loved me every day. I always felt that he had the toughest part of the trauma of cancer in our life together. He moved mountains, where I don't know if I could have made a dent. He carried his responsibilities and mine. He made the healing circumstances "right" for me.

I know the burden he has carried, silently and lovingly. I promised to make it up to him, but I know in my heart that one lifetime (even if it is a Gerson Therapy-long lifetime) is too short for me to ever love him enough for what he has done for me. I tell him, "Honey, if you want to leave me tomorrow, it's all right. You've already done much, much more than your share".

"Shucks, Honey," he says, "It was no more than any other husband would have done."

If I could wish just one thing for every cancer victim in the world, it would be a partner like Ron.

Spiritual Meditation for the Day:

Between eight and nine o'clock, when the family has gone to work and school, I have a few minutes to talk with God. I have an Elvis Presley album, "He Touched Me," that I play. The music no sooner starts than I am down on my

knees. God must love Elvis very much to endow him with such a beautiful voice. The songs he sings on the album are links to the spiritual training afforded me by my mother. I feel so close to God as I kneel and pray.

I know that God weeps, too, when he sees the pain and suffering my body goes through in trying to correct the careless, earthly damage that has been done. No matter what condition my body gets into while it is healing, whether it be pain, coma, hysteria, etc., I tell my husband just to have Regina make my juices, and for him never to panic and rush me to the hospital. I do not understand what is going on inside me, but I also tell Ron, "I know that God is not going to give me more than I can bear." It seems that when I have reached my limit, my body rests awhile.

I'm so glad that my mother instilled faith in God into my heart at an early age. I'm glad I did not have to try and muster up enough faith in God to get me through the trauma of a "walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death." Were it not for my mother God could have been a stranger to me. I fear no evil. I didn't want to die because I wanted to be with my family, but I feared no evil and I rest assured that God loves me.

At times I have talked with cancer victims who are very bitter because they are seriously ill and they do not have faith in God to carry them through. One woman, in particular, would swear every other word. The last time I talked to her, she was flitting around the world looking for an answer to her cancer, but not really believing in God or any form of help. I felt sad for her as I hung up the phone. With such a negative attitude, I seriously doubt that any therapy will help her. I am eternally grateful for all the American prayers sent upward on my behalf. After reading the following article sent to me by my dear friend, Pat Grayson in New York, I realized that I can never, in one lifetime, render enough thanks for the power of prayer that was manifested in my behalf.

“Science Measures Prayer”

From: The Canadian Salvation Army Nurses Fellowship
Newsletter

Date: October-November 1972

Dr. N. Jerome Stowell, a leading nuclear scientist in the U.S.A., said in a radio broadcast, “With a delicate instrument which we have devised, we can measure the wave lengths of the brain. Recently we checked the emanations from the brain of a woman near death. She was praying at the time, and we could tell that something about her was reaching towards God. The meter registered 500 positive. That was 55 times the power registered by a 50-kilowatt broadcast station sending messages around the world. In the same hospital, we trained the meter on the brain of a man cursing God. The meter pegged 500 minus. These are the two extremes, so far, indicated on the instrument.

“We are on the threshold of spiritual discoveries. No one can fathom the literal pull a Christian exerts when he is in personal contact with God. It is tangible, far beyond the comprehension of mortality. It is similar, in one sense, to that which we know as radar. These experiences have caused me to turn to God. I have been a Christian only a short time, and I know little of the way. This I do know, the things of God are positive! I will endeavor to keep my life far above the zero of believing prayer. It is a moving of the resources of the infinite.”

Because Mama had such a close relationship with God, our home of poverty in the hills of Kentucky overflowed with love. Every evening my mother read to us from the Bible, and we all prayed together. In the woods out past our old shack, we would find Mama talking to God. Even now, I can remember coming home from school and hearing Mama sing “Amazing Grace.”

The most stabilizing influences in my life have been my faith in God and my church, “The Church of Jesus Christ

of Latter-day Saints." My church answers all my questions, physical and spiritual. I'm sure my victory over cancer had a lot to do with my church's teachings against tobacco, alcohol, drug abuse, coffee, tea, cola, and eating anything in excess. Through the teachings of my church, I know who I am, why I am here, and where I am going — if I am worthy.

Thank you, God, for helping me to climb that mountain that separated me from the light of life on the other side. Any may I, please, always bask in the sunshine of Thy love!

Healing Reactions and Inflammations

When the body's protective mechanism becomes armed with the proper ammunition (potassium, iodine, live oxygen and enzymes), and the protective barrier (sodium, the life support and security) of the enemy (cancer or disease) is done away with, a Battle Royal emerges. The price of that war is high, and paid in pain, sleepless nights, much discomfort, fear of failure, and emotional distress. But, through perseverance, the Crown of Victory is won.

The Crown of Victory in the Total Body Therapy battle against cancer is not just a life of mere survival, but rather a life of abundant health and well-being.

I am told by people who have been involved with "The Gerson Therapy" for many years that my therapy reactions were the most severe that they know of. I believe that my reactions were extremely severe because my body was about ninety-nine percent dead. I was invaded from the top of my head to the tips of my toes with malignant melanoma nodules, masses, and lesions. Practically all my body functions had ceased.

I am especially grateful that I had the type cancer that is visual. That may sound strange, especially to someone who is familiar with melanoma and knows that it is a rare and most deadly cancer. I am grateful because, during my extreme Gerson reactions, had I not been able to see the dead melanin pigment leaving my body and the melanoma

lesions on my face, right underarm and shoulder flaring up and fading away, I could easily have become discouraged and believed that I was suffering a horrible cancer death.

After living a Gerson life for a year and a half, and talking to other Gerson patients, I am convinced that the degree of the Gerson reaction depends on the physical condition of the body at the time the therapy is begun. I honestly believe that if I could have started the therapy a year before, when I could feel only four tumors and I was still digesting my food, that my reactions would have been much lighter, and I could have healed much more quickly.

It seems that every patient has his own individual reactions. I'm sure this is true, but I think I suffered every kind imaginable (almost), since I had tumors everywhere. I had head reactions, lung reactions, liver reactions, thyroid reactions, ear reactions, eye reactions, kidney reactions, female organ reactions, intestinal reactions, leg reactions and arm reactions.

I don't want to scare anyone away from the therapy by telling about my healing reactions, but rather, I hope my story can be a comfort to someone who is experiencing similar ones and does not have the immediate visual manifestations of results like I had. I compare my healing reactions to having a baby. The price is great, but the reward is magnificent. The original cleansing and healing is the most severe, and they get lighter and lighter as time goes by.

I had my original healing reaction within five days. I have heard of some who do not reach a healing crisis for weeks. The crisis is when the body reaches the ultimate healing ability and changes its pathology from a race toward death to life. If the body is not malignant or greatly deteriorated, there may not be a crisis.

In January, 1976, I received a phone call from a friend in Sun City, Arizona. She said, "Jaquie, during my yearly physical examination, the doctor found what he believes to

be a pre-cancerous condition in my breast. He put me on his schedule for surgery and reserved a bed at the hospital. When I called my son to tell him, he gave me your number and told me to talk to you first."

I began objecting. "I cannot tell you what to do." She said, "Jaquie, I am not asking you to prescribe a treatment for me, but I'm really impressed with your victory over cancer. Now, just tell me this: what would you do if you were me?"

"That's easy," I responded. "In the light of what I know now, there is no question of what I would do if I were you. I would tell the doctor, 'Since this is apparently a pre-cancerous condition, I would like to wait two months to have the surgery. There are some things I would like to do first, and I promise I will be very careful.' Then I would go on the Gerson Therapy, full speed ahead. After two months, I would go back and insist on a new examination before surgery." As I paused, she said, "I'm going to do just that. How do I start?"

After she began the therapy, she would call, worried. I had warned her of the reactions. She would say, "Jaquie, I don't believe that this therapy is doing anything for me, because I'm not having any reactions." I wondered myself, and then I would say, "Perhaps it is because you are not malignant."

After two months, she went back to the doctor, insisted on a new examination, and the results came back. All signs of the pre-cancerous condition were completely gone! WOW. She called me right away. January, 1977, she had another yearly examination. There is still no sign of her pre-cancerous condition. This woman has lived a clean, healthy life. She looks twenty years younger than she is, and her experience proves to me that the closer I live to Nature, the healthier I am going to be.

I asked her, "What does your doctor say?" She laughed, "He refuses to discuss it." When the doctors remove malig-

nant tumors, they are removing the symptoms of a disease. The cause, according to Dr. Gerson, is still there. Dr. Gerson believes that cancer is a symptom of a total breakdown of the liver.

In Adele Davis' book, "Let's Get Well," she explains what a marvelous organ our liver is. She tells how parts of it may be breaking down, but we live just fine (we think) on the part that is left. She tells how you can remove a huge portion of a rat's liver and it will grow back! But, she says that while we are constantly damaging our liver with sugar, refined flour, chemicals, etc., that portion of the organ that is left undamaged, that we are living comfortably with, is getting smaller and smaller, until one day it is gone. Where did it go? When the liver is gone the body has a choice, she says, of cancer or death, and in most cases both these alternatives have the same meaning — death.

This therapy duplicates the action of the liver, doing all the things for the body that the body's protective mechanism, the diseased liver, has not been able to do. While the therapy takes the place of the liver and stimulates the liver to discard, through the bile, old stored-up poisons, the liver can rest, cleanse itself and rebuild.

During reactions, at any sign of discomfort in the body, take a coffee enema. At any sign of discomfort in the body, take a coffee enema. At any sign of discomfort in the body, take a coffee enema. Detoxify, detoxify, detoxify. Flush with juices from the top. Flush with coffee enemas from the bottom. Flush with juices from the top. Flush with coffee enemas from the bottom. The person who goes into a healing reaction, gets sick and then stops the juices and enemas, is robbing himself of the only things that are going to bring him relief.

The normal healing reactions are described in "A Cancer Therapy" on pages 201-203. It seems that I did nothing normally, perhaps because of the type and severity of my case, and I had no professional guidance. There are many natural cancer therapies. Most of them promise only

an arrest of the malignancy. Dr. Gerson's book, "A Cancer Therapy — Results of Fifty Cases", teaches a cancer cure.

I put tons of food into my starved, depleted, cancerous body in the usable form of juices. I used twenty-five pounds of carrots in two days. I could not eat that many in a month, and if I could have eaten them in two days, my body, without any digestive acids, could not have used any of the food value of them. The coffee enemas are easily understood. I know that they are for cleansing. The least understood part of the therapy is the raging battle inside, when the body is able to attack the live, malignant tumors and cause them to die.

When I went into my original healing reaction, I had no idea what to expect. Dr. Gerson explains in "A Cancer Therapy — Results of Fifty Cases," the reactions to some extent, and then says that each patient has his own individual reaction. I was not in touch with anyone familiar with the reaction, and so I was very frightened. Even though we each have our own reactions, I find now that many of the most frightening ones are familiar to most Gerson therapy patients. Dr. Gerson tells us that for the body to kill the cancer, the body itself must produce a healing inflammation fluid. In my case, I learned that there are stages to the healing of my body:

1. Chills
2. Fever (healing inflammation)
3. Pain or muscle spasms

When I fasted for ten days and I had the freeze in my neck, my body began the healing process, but it did not have the necessary tools (vital enzymes, iodine and potassium) to carry on by producing a healing fever. By fasting and removing all the sodium from my body, I did allow it to bring forth a slight allergic reaction. Even after I went off the fast and onto a no-special-food diet, for awhile my body responded slightly to the new growths of the killer cancer with a slight itching or discomfort.

For me, pain has been an encouraging sign that my body no longer tolerates the killer cancer that had invaded me from head to toe. I felt nothing as I was being invaded; my body couldn't have cared less. My body was "anergic." Anergic is the opposite of allergic. A well body with a good defensive liver will bring about an allergic reaction against poison and disease. The depleted, or anergic, body does not respond to invasion.

The three steps I mention seem necessary to each healing I go through, as another mass of scar tissue is thrown off from my body, but the three processes are not always necessarily in that order. The passing of the tumor from the top of my descending colon happened before the freeze and the fever. I did suffer great discomfort and a loss of sleep the night before. I passed the tumor on Sunday. The tearing-away of the tumor from my colon wall was horribly painful, the cells were plump like caviar, and the poison acid burned me all the way down. Afterwards, I had a bloody discharge (not mucus — like in a normal cleansing) that was so strong it burned holes in my undies.

Chills or The Freeze:

The freeze came on the next day, on Monday. It was summer (August), but my teeth were chattering. I thought it was because of the blood I lost and was still losing, so I was making a lot of beet and apple juice.

After the surgery, I went into such an extreme freeze that I turned the heating blanket up to ten (I never use a heating blanket, because Charlotte Gerson Straus says the positive electricity is not good for me). I put three blankets on top of the heating blanket and I still froze from the mattress up. I went into our tiny bathroom, turned the furnace on high, plugged in an electric heater, wrapped up in the electric heating blanket and sat, with my teeth chattering, on the closed lid of the toilet for two hours. This extreme, total body freeze has happened to me only three times during the past year and a half. Usually, the work

being done in my body to remove scar tissue is done in spots. A spot will freeze. Then it becomes a hot spot. Then follows the pain or involuntary muscle spasms.

The Fever:

Then Tuesday evening, the extreme high fever came on. Tuesday night, just seven days after I had started the therapy and three days since I had slept, I asked Regina to make me a large carrot juice. She made a quart. I drank it all, went to bed and slept for four peaceful hours. I awakened in an extremely high fever. I sat up in bed, and I could feel the huge drops of perspiration dripping off me. I was elated. I was so excited. Dr. Gerson said that some bodies get so depleted they are not able to bring on a healing inflammation, with all the help in the world. I had been afraid that my body might not be able to respond. I was so happy, I got out of bed and went to the bathroom to look at myself. I was swollen all over. My nose looked funny, my lips were huge, and I was rosy pink. Even my eyes were red! Detoxify. Detoxify. My body is doing the job for me, now I must detoxify.

Hot Spots:

After the fever, I began to get more rest, but strange things were happening inside of me. I had fever spots even when I registered no fever on the thermometer. The place where I had passed the colon tumor had a silver-dollar-sized area that looked like a big black bruise, and it was red-hot all the time. My feet were inflamed on the bottoms. I could not walk on them. They had big, red areas that looked like red flags.

Pain and Muscle Spasms:

Then came the pain and the tearing-away of dead tissue. My feet hurt so bad. My body quaked constantly inside. I began to have pains in the area of the large tumor, in my groin, that felt like birth pangs. In the area of smaller

nodules, I had what I referred to as ping-pong pains. They were, and still are, just tiny spurts of pain.

Melanoma Lesions:

The melanoma lesions on my face, my shoulder and under my right arm got red and inflamed. They felt almost like burned areas. As the heat would leave the lesions, and itch would develop. Those lesions were completely gone after about five or six healing inflammations. Once in awhile, now, I may have a slight pink flare-up in those areas, but it is gone almost instantly.

Dead Melanoma Cells Leaving the Body:

Soon I began to notice pieces of black junk working out the bottoms of my feet. I got so excited because I knew that my body was throwing off dead cells (melanoma). The doctor had said that my body was trying to throw the live cells out of the bottoms of my feet through the lymph system. Now, after just a short time on the therapy, my body was throwing off dead, dead, dead cells. When this process began, my feet no longer hurt and I could walk on them.

I have had three total body healing inflammations. The original Gerson one, another right after the surgery, and one much later, when my liver was reactivated. In between those times, the action going on inside me seemed confined to spots. I'd have a spot freeze, a spot fever, and spot pain or muscle spasm. I would have heat flushes that seemed to be a signal that I was going into a Gerson reaction. By a heat flush, I mean that, all of a sudden, I would break out in a cold sweat. I've done this hundreds of times.

Also, there are times when I know there is an action going on inside of me, as my nose gets extremely dry. My lips become parched and I realize that my breath is very, very hot. Sometimes I feel like a dragon breathing fire. Many times, when I have these reactions, I cannot feel hot

spots, so I decide that my body must be working on an internal organ.

After a year and a half, my body still throws out black soot from the bottoms of my feet. My son, Ralph, asked, "Mommy is that bad to have that coming out your feet?" I reply, "No, honey, it's very good. It would be bad to have this black junk in me and for it to stop coming out." After being on the therapy for a few months, the black coming out my feet was much finer and had a lot of lymph with it. In fact, I slip and slide from all the lymph on our nylon carpet. My old moccasins look as if they have been oiled on the bottoms because of the lymph pouring out of my feet. I have had the lymph and coal soot pour out the top of my feet, the sides of my legs, out of my hands and even some from my face.

In some areas, where the tumor is close to the skin, the area becomes like a big bruise; then the soot gradually works through the skin. On my left leg, below the knee (where the circulation has been very poor), a large area about five inches in diameter, on the outside of my calf, turned solid black. I knew it was a pool of melanoma debris wanting out. Within a week it was completely gone. The reason I knew it was not a malignant melanoma lesion was because it seems the malignant lesions are brown. After the cells are dead, they turn black or a very dark brown.

I have had constant visual confirmation of my healing. Some people have gone on the therapy after talking to me, and they are disappointed that they don't have the same visual evidence. I feel compelled to explain here why there is a difference. Most malignant tumors are simply a piece of growing flesh. The lung tumor is of lung tissue. The breast tumor is of breast tissue. According to my understanding, most tumors are just a piece of flesh that can be digested by the body on their primary site, on the total body therapy; the patient has the same kind of reactions I do from the dead tumor and the toxins, but he does not have the visual evidence.

Why do I have visual evidence? The doctor said that my malignancy, apparently, started in a toenail. Get that, now. My tumors are toenail tissue, containing keratin. Keratin is the hard substance of teeth, hair, and nails. Keratin is insoluble. So my body cannot digest these tumors at the primary site. Instead, the dead, insoluble tissue has to be carried out of my body.

“Charlies”:

Not only does the dead tissue leave my body through the skin, but also through my digestive tract, the colon. I had a medical doctor in my home, recently. He had read a brochure on my victory and couldn't believe the story. He asked if he could come and visit. I explained to him about “charlies.” I passed from my colon black debris, usually about the size of a nickle or a penny, encapsulated in hard mucus. I tagged them with the name “Charley,” when I started showing them at meetings and to doctors. They resemble eels.

I explained the passing of a “charlie” to the doctor. I began, “I have a freeze in a spot on the top of my head. Then a spot fever sets in. My body is in great distress and every nerve is on edge. Suddenly, there is a tearing pain, so great that I cry out, loudly. Ron is alarmed. I tell him to get Regina from school. By the time she gets home the acute pain is passed, but I am still very ill. I am quaky inside and she makes juices and I take enemas. This particular mass of melanoma tissue from my head took seven hours to pass from my colon. I pass it all by itself, between enemas. It is heavy with black debris and lies on the bottom of the stool. I fish it out with a wooden spoon. The mucus is so firm that I couldn't break it if I'd wanted to. After it is gone from my body, I relax and start to feel much better. I tell Ron, ‘I'll be okay now’ and he knows what has happened. I have a fever spot there for about two or three days.”

“Now, Doctor, I want to tell you what I believe happens. When the dead melanoma cells tear loose, they are tem-

porarily in my bloodstream. My heart pounds, my heart chugs. I feel as if my heart might stop any minute. I cleanse the liver with constant coffee enemas. The liver and my lymph cleanse the debris from my bloodstream. Then the debris is passed from my liver into my colon, encapsulated, or otherwise the blood would simply reabsorb the poisonous junk. Then it is thrown from my body, and my body can relax and proudly say, 'One more job well done'. I'm sure, Doctor, that the keratin is the reason my reactions are much more severe and are hanging on longer than most patients'. But then, Doctor, you probably know more about what is happening inside me than I do."

He looked at me a little strangely and said, "Oh, no, Mrs. Davison, you know more about the body than I do." As he was leaving, he looked me in the eye and said, "I came here expecting to find that your story was a hoax, because one of the first things I learned in medical school was that melanoma is the deadliest tumor you can get, and that there are no survivors. Once in a lifetime you may hear of a rare melanoma arrest, but they are so rare that they don't even count, statistically. I must say, Mrs. Davison, that I am convinced you have conquered melanoma."

Since my body was invaded from head to toe with melanoma, even after a year and a half of passing dead cells, I still have a lot of scar tissue left. So I know that I cannot go off the therapy yet, but as other functions of my body are being reactivated, the cleanup seems to be progressing at a greater speed. It is my opinion that even though the typical cancer patient will not have the dramatic physical evidence that I have, he can, under the same circumstances as I (no radiation, no cobalt, no chemotherapy), expect a much faster and more complete recovery over a shorter period of time.

Heart Reactions:

My heart has behaved so strangely during this entire therapy that many times I've felt as if I were going to have a

heart attack or a high-blood pressure stroke. I've felt quakiness inside when I appeared perfectly well to others. My heart would start pounding like I had just been frightened by a horrible monster (many times at night), and I soon learned that my body was doing a job for me when I have these reactions, and that I should help with extra juices and enemas.

Then there are times when my heartbeat is so radical that I just know it is going to stop any time. There are times when I feel comatic, and everything I do is slow motion, and I can't find a heartbeat. Then I crawl to the bathroom, take an enema, and beg my heart to beat. Also, at those times I have Regina make juices every fifteen minutes instead of once an hour.

Some patients have become so frightened during such heart reactions that they call their medical doctors and are told that they are over-stimulated by the caffeine in the coffee. In my opinion, that cannot be true, and if the patient read and studied "A Cancer Therapy" enough, he would have known that the caffeine does not have the same effect in enemas as it does to drink the coffee. In fact, after being on the coffee enemas for five days, after never drinking coffee before in my life, the first changes in the way I felt were not stimulated reactions, but rather comatic (dopey) ones. I have been on the coffee enemas for a year and seven months now. I take them every four hours of my waking hours. I sleep like a baby unless I am in a healing inflammation, then I may be up one night a month, but I am not over-stimulated by the coffee.

After living with these heart reactions as long as I have, I'll tell you what I believe is happening. When the body gets ready to perform or do a job in ridding itself of disease, the heart pumps faster to speed up the metabolism. After the job is done, cancer cells killed or scar tissue pushed loose from its security, there are poisons in the bloodstream that stress the heart and slow down the functions of the body. Then the liver must be cleansed with coffee enemas, some-

times two in an hour, so the liver can then cleanse the blood, then the heart can function normally.

Mind Reactions:

When toxins from dead malignant cells are in the bloodstream and the heart seems to have stopped, everything I do is performed in slow-motion. I cannot think. I forget how to say simple words. I forget what I was going to say. If I am asked a question, it takes five minutes for me to hear it. I feel so frustrated as I see the alarm on my family's faces. I cry because I know they do not understand. I feel as if I must look like someone from the movie, "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Some families, when seeing the cancer patient like this, want to rush him to the hospital. My family has been told not to do that to me. I know what is happening. The poisons (toxins) from dead cells are in my bloodstream. I must cleanse the liver with coffee enemas, then my liver can cleanse the blood, then my head will clear up. With my detoxified liver, I find that I have similar symptoms if I am around someone smoking, where someone has used aerosol sprays, or in heavy traffic on the freeway or in a high smog area. Sometimes my words begin coming out funny and backwards, and I find no relief until I get a coffee enema.

After my liver is working and I am digesting my food, and the body is working so hard on spots in my head, an amazing thing happens to me. Areas of my memory that have been closed for years are easily triggered by simple, everyday objects or happenings. Oh, dear God, this is much more than I ever longed for. Thank you, God. Thank you, Dr. Gerson. Thank you, Ron.

As time went by for me, I began to feel as if I could get by on less enemas, but because my body was still getting rid of old scar tissue, I could not get by on less. Some days it was just not convenient (as I have returned to normal living to a

great extent) to have more than two coffee enemas. I found that I was asking for trouble, because suddenly I didn't feel very well, or I might get a pounding headache. I knew that I was bound to this therapy until my body was completely cleansed, even though I believed that I had not been malignant since the first two months on therapy. My body was in a constant state of repair, and I knew that would not be possible if I were dying with malignant melanoma.

My faith in God was greatly enriched with each new development in my body. I was also grateful that my body had an intelligence of its own. If my mind had been in charge, I would have had all those deadly tumors turn loose in my body at one time, so they could have been gone quickly. I would have been dead instantly! I felt that my worst cancer problem was the obvious, large tumor in my groin, and that it should have been the first to go. My body knew there was a much deadlier menace in my colon and removed it first. Oh, God, you've blessed me with such a wonderful body. I just have to use common sense in seeing to it that this wonderful body has the correct nutrition for functioning well.

Inflamed Scars:

After being on the therapy for a few months, I noticed something very strange and even frightening. I had red spots all over my body. Some were small and some were larger. They were real bright red, and seemed to be holes in the flesh that I could see through the skin. I was alarmed and worried. I prayed, and finally, in a dream, I worked out the answer. That dream is described in another place in this book, but I realized it was my scars that were inflamed. My body was attacking scar tissue from cuts, burns, bruises and childhood accidents. I knew that my body worked on critical areas first and now, while my immunity was hypersensitive, it was working on harmless scars.

As time went by, my scars got new skins over them. The old skin dried up and peeled off. The newer skin was more

transparent and even the shapes changed as my body digested the scar tissue. The inflamed scars also reminded me that this therapy is not just a cancer therapy, it is a total body therapy, and anything that is wrong in the body will respond to the newly enactivated body immunity.

Pain:

There is pain with the killing of cancer. There is also pain from existing body damage that is not related to the malignancy. If there has been extensive surgery, because of scar tissue there is pain related to surgery or other medical treatment that the cancer patient has had. That can be frightening. I had just had minor surgery in my groin, but sometimes I have had very sharp pain in that area. The first thought to come to mind was that my cancer was coming back, then I reminded myself that I had no pain when the malignancy grew there, and I was comforted in knowing that, for me, the pain was the opposite of malignant growth.

I have also learned that, as a cancer victim, sometimes it is very difficult for me to remember that I am still human and subject to a headache, a backache or a tummy ache. I tend to identify every action of my body with cancer.

I have had some very specific incidences that prove to me that this therapy is a total body therapy. For instance, one night I awakened to really sharp, deep pains in my right knee. I lay there and wept. Oh, dear God, I thought I was getting well and now, here I am going lame because of cancer in my knee. The next morning the pain was gone and I noticed that my black widow spider bite scar was black and blue. Of course, I had forgotten.

When I was twelve years old, I was bitten by a black widow spider on the inside of my right knee. I had no medical attention. My leg swelled to twice its size. My mother drew out the poison with a cornmeal and kerosene poultice. I remember when she got the core out. It looked

like a rope from down in my knee. I must have had extensive scar tissue that my new, detoxified body decided to clean up. I've never felt that pain again, but with each healing reaction, the scar becomes inflamed and is slowly diminishing in size.

There is a place on my hand where the car door was slammed on it. There is an excess bony structure in the area. One month my body decided to work on that, too. I had really sharp pains down through my hand, and it would collapse if I tried to carry something.

In my opinion, to most cancer victims pain seems worse than perhaps it is in reality, because it is so frightening. We read so much about horrible, painful cancer deaths. I have learned that when I have pain, my body is doing a job for me, so I give it all the help I can with extra juices and extra enemas. Coffee enemas give a wonderful, welcome relief from the pain for me, and I've heard many other Gerson patients say the same thing.

A woman came to see me recently. Her daughter is a friend of mine. Her daughter had told her that she thought I was a little crazy in the head, because she had seen me in a Gerson reaction and even though my body was in a turmoil, I was grinning. The average person cannot understand my excitement over the renewing of my body. I learned early in my therapy that a lot of my pain was caused by areas of my body that had been like dead, and were suddenly awakening.

I can remember times when people would come into my husband's chiropractic office with a numb arm or a numb leg. After my husband made the adjustment that released the suppressed nerve energy flow, the patient would call him and say, "My arm (or leg) is killing me." Ron would explain that it is a healing reaction like when you sit on your foot through a movie and suddenly it starts to wake up when you stand and the pain is really bad. That is what my pain is like sometimes, and I guess it depends on how long

that part of the body has been asleep that determines what degree of pain I have, and how long it lasts.

Teeth Reactions:

Early in the therapy, my mouth began to react violently to my metal partial plate and fillings in my teeth. Perhaps the heat from the breathing fever aggravated the situation, but my body does hate metal now. If I wear my wedding ring for more than an hour, my finger swells around it. When I am in a fever or Gerson reaction, I have to remove my partial plate. I have a molar on the right side of my mouth (that my partial plate fits on) that started acting strangely. I felt a great discomfort in the area, and looked at it with a mirror. There was a large chunk of enamel in front of the tooth that looked like another tooth coming in. I showed it to Regina, and she remarked brilliantly, "Oh, Mama, you're growing an elephant tooth."

During a severe inflammation, the discomfort was so great in that area that I was rubbing that tooth with a paper towel when a large chunk (the large chunk) fell off in my hand. It was such a big piece that I was greatly alarmed (during the early parts of this therapy, I lived in a constant state of alarm). I knew that it must have left a big hole. It was Friday evening, and I knew I would not be able to see a dentist until Monday. It took me a whole hour to get up the nerve to go check the damage. When I looked, I was shocked to find that there was no damage. The old piece had a brown cavity on it and that was apparently pushed off with new enamel. The new enamel was yellow and rough to the touch, but within a week's time it felt just like the rest of the tooth.

I have a tooth below on the same side that began hurting me so badly that I went to the dentist. That tooth had turned black the last time I had it drilled, about five years before. I knew it was just a matter of time until it would have to be pulled. The dentist checked it out and said, "Mrs. Davison, that is a very sound tooth. I cannot pull it."

I went home, looked in the mirror, and saw that the tooth was white again, but the body's repair of it had been very painful. After that reaction was over, it never hurt again.

After a trip out of town one day, Ron picked me up at the airport. I began eating organic apples in the car. It was dark and were on the way to Ramona. As I bit into one, I felt something that was like a tooth crumbling. I held the apple in my mouth, afraid to move, and could feel many pieces of enamel. When I finally got into the house where I could see what was going on, I took enough hard chunks out of my mouth to form a whole tooth. I looked in the mirror and found that the chunks came from inside my lower front teeth. They were beautifully clean and perfect. It seemed that the plaque and tartar had built up around them and, with the apple, they had cleaned themselves.

After a year and seven months, I can see where my teeth have rebuilt from the gum, out about halfway. The teeth that my partial plate fits on are in trouble, because they are almost transparent below the metal. I take my partial out during all healing reactions to allow circulation in those areas.

Ron says he expects me to pop my fillings. I would not be surprized at what happens when my teeth have rebuilt all the way out. That's a story for my next report.

My gums are healthy and pink, healthy tongue with no cracks and it is never coated since I have stopped eating meat and animal fat.

My Hair:

For several years I had been bleaching my dirty-brown hair blonde, but when I got cancer I knew I had to stop, as hair dye is very toxic. It is absorbed into the scalp, and is deadly to a cancer victim. When my natural hair began growing out I found that I had grey hair, even though I was only thirty seven. My hair was also thin and straggly, so I covered it with a full wig in public.

After I had been on the Gerson therapy for about a year an amazing thing happened. My grey hair went away. My hair also started growing in abundantly, and very fast, about an inch a month. My hair is a rich chestnut now, and looks polished. Everyone thinks I've had a dye job.

Kelp Shampoo does wonders for hair. For hair that is fine it gives body. For hair that is unruly, it relaxes, and it gives bounce to hair that is heavy and lies flat. I sound like a commercial, but this is one other really great thing I have discovered this year. Isn't it wonderful!

The hair on my body also started growing in full. Before, it had diminished to nothing. My eyebrows were bushy and required much tending. I found myself shaving my legs and underarms every day, when before I had to shave only once a month. It seemed like a great convenience before, not to have to tend to this, but I didn't realize that it meant I was seriously ill.

Eye Reactions:

I have never had vision problems. I have never needed glasses, but my daughter Mary, the artist, used to become very frustrated with me when she wanted me to see the tree like she could see the tree. "Mama, the tree is not just green. The house is not just white. The car is not just black." I did not have her perception. I do now. I see the highlights and shadows in colors. Trees and plants glisten with brilliance. Everything is so intensely beautiful to me. The colors in big screen movies overwhelm me. It is because I am feeding my body live oxygen and enzymes, and every part of me is hypersensitive. Probably not hypersensitive, but rather normal as God intended, but it seems hyper to what I have always known to be normal. My sensitivity to pain is hyper. My healing ability is hyper.

If I find I am having trouble seeing, or having lightening flashes in my eyes, I know I have gone too long without a liver cleansing and that my body is toxic. Then I do double housecleaning with double juices and double

enemas. I've heard others who have gone on this therapy become exuberant over their acute vision.

Ears:

Since the awakening of my hearing, it is so acute that it is almost a nuisance. I can hear trucks on the freeway, the neighbor sewing. When the dishwasher starts, it sounds like an earthquake. When the boys are outside I can hear the legs of their jeans swishing together; when in a restaurant I can hear all the surrounding conversations. Actually, even these obnoxious sounds are thrilling, but I cannot describe the thrill when I began to hear the many exquisite sounds of music that I had not heard before.

Putrid Body Odors:

During the original killing of the cancer and ridding the body of the toxins, the enema expulsions were so horrible and putrid. There is nothing that smells as terrible as a cancerous body. These times were difficult in a tiny bathroom that everyone had to use, and I could not use air fresheners unless I wanted to die, smelling sweet.

The odors not only left the body with the enemas, but also through the pores. Some days I would take four showers and rinse with vinegar water, but still couldn't stay ahead of the odors. This was when the juices and enemas needed to be doubled until the crisis was over. Castor oil and castor oil enemas are good for rushing this cleansing. Sometimes I took them every day because I couldn't live with myself. I'm surprized I still have a family.

Emotional Reactions:

Sometimes the healing reaction is so evasive when trying to put a title on it. All I can say is that there are many definite emotional reactions. That is when I feel gluck. I cannot say my head hurts or my tummy hurts. I just feel gluck. Because nothing hurts and I am suffering no

specific trauma, I try to function normally. Then I find my gluckness is very real. I cannot function. I become frustrated. I cry. Ron says, "Jaquie, go to bed," firmly. These emotional realities need the same treatment as any others — lots of juices and enemas. Sometimes I've found that the trauma of castor oil day (I hate it. I hate it. I hate it.) gives me the glucks.

Skin Turns Yellow:

My skin was yellow for three months after I started the therapy. Although it cleared up and was soft, the color was sick, sick. Before I started the therapy, my skin was ashen gray. When I turned yellow, everyone said it was the carrots. But I cannot believe that is true. Dr. N. W. Walker in "Raw Vegetable Juices," says it is a cleansing that the liver is going through with the raw juices. I agree with him because after three months, using the same amount of carrots, I was no longer yellow.

Reaction Time Periods:

My initial healing reaction lasted about two weeks with only a couple, sometimes only four hours in a day every other day, rest periods. Soon I was having whole days rest periods. Then my reaction was coming about every three days and lasting two days. Then they were five days apart — and then ten days. When my reactions did not come for ten days, I got frightened, and wondered if my body had stopped working. I learned soon that the body works all the time, but it does not have to be in a crisis all the time. I also learned early to blow with the wind when an inflammation strikes. They can surprise me right in the middle of the night (when everything seems worse than it is) or any time during the day.

I have warnings that I'm going into an inflammation. Sometimes it is a tingling in my head. When my liver shot swells, I know "to be on guard today." I have some scars that turn black and blue always just before an inflamma-

tion, and my heart starts beating fast. Then I call on my little juice maker, Regina (it wasn't too long before I could take very good care of myself and make my own juices), wrap up in a blanket, get out a good book, or turn on television and wait it out. Ron always pats me on the head and says, "Now you know, you'll be just fine tomorrow."

It took two months on the therapy for me to feel really good. My reactions were down to twenty-four hours every ten days. As time went by, my reactions finally settled down to two a month — a heavy one on my female, monthly period each month, and another lighter one two weeks later at ovulation time. That's when I began to feel marvelous all the time.

I Stand On The Shoulders Of Giants

The first and greatest influence on my life was a giant to me — my mother. She was a gentle soul, with a mighty challenge, to raise seven children by herself. I've watched her out in the fields all day long, doing the work of a man, never complaining. Instead, she thanked God many times a day for her blessings. She taught me faith, love, and patience. Hundreds of times I heard her say, "Honey, patience is the essence of the soul".

Everybody loved Mama. She practiced Love without recourse. Many times, as her children, we disappointed or hurt her, and caused her much worry and sorrow, but she loved us always. She never blurted out heated words of anger, in spite of what was going on around her. All the children who lived in Mama's neighborhood loved her, and she was "Granny" to them all. I've seen her patch a ripped shirt, bandage a scraped knee, put a rag blanket around a dolly, sooth a broken heart with a good dose of listening, and fill hungry tummies with "real" Kentucky fried chicken that she had killed and plucked herself.

Thank you, Mama, for giving me the greatest gift of all, an "everlasting faith in God."

Helen Andelin

The next giant who has greatly influenced my life is Helen Andelin, the author of *Fascinating Womanhood*. In

my opinion, she is the most important woman in the world today. Her teachings have saved marriages throughout America and in countries where her book has been translated.

Our needs in the world are great — the need for peace at home and peace in the world. To find peace at home we must have families where the father is honored as the guide, protector and provider for the family. And we need to have families where the children have the security of knowing that Mommy and Daddy love each other deeply and would not think of leaving the home and shattering the family security. When we achieve peace at home, perhaps we can achieve peace in the world.

If we are to save ourselves from the ravages of disease and endless ailments, we must have a devoted woman in the home who lovingly cares about the health of the family, and will personally see to it that they have proper nourishment and avoid the toxins and poisons that are ever present. This means getting back to nature. This takes dedication on the part of someone at home. Through the teachings of *Fascinating Womanhood* we will have devoted wives and mothers who put marriage and the family first and consider it their most important work.

I learned about *Fascinating Womanhood* in 1968. At that time I had an average marriage by national standards. When I began to study Helen's book, I learned that I could have a celestial love in my marriage. This means the highest type of tender love in marriage. I applied it and began to see my marriage change into something special.

After about a year of *Fascinating Womanhood*, I caught our son watching TV soap operas. I said, "Ronnie Ray, surely you don't watch those depressing shows. Life is not like that." But Ronnie Ray said, "From what I've seen of life, it *is* like that. What you and Dad have here is a fairytale." My heart sang with joy. I knew that Ron and I had something very special, and I was glad our children realized it, too.

Throughout my illness, I wrote in my journal, "There is a love song in my heart today called Ron." The principles of Fascinating Womanhood have brought me through the toughest tests in my life. For so long I could give Ron nothing, but he cared for me and loved me all the way back to health.

God must have loved Helen very much to endow her with such an abundance of wisdom. Thank you, God, for allowing Helen to cross my pathway of life.

Dr. R. R. Davison

The next giant whose shoulders I stand on is my husband, Ron. I placed Helen Andelin before Ron, because before her teachings, my relationship with Ron was rather average, and would never have grown into the special love story that it is.

Ron is a wonderful Doctor of Chiropractic. I admire him for going into a field of service which, at that time in our American history, was not popular. I consider him a pioneer of natural health methods as Chiropractic is coming into its own in America and the world, and I am very proud that he is a part of it.

Ron is an inventor. He invented a Cervical Support pillow that fits under the natural curve of the neck. It is sold in doctor's offices around the world, and in health food stores. There are several copies on the market. When we see them, we grin, remembering his first drawings, years ago.

Ron loves to build. He built the house we live in with his own hands. He loves to create with wood. He also makes custom picture frames.

He is a loving, authoritative father. His children respect him as a highly moral person. Little Ralph feels very secure when Daddy says to him, "I sure do love your Mommy."

Were it not for Ron, I would not be alive today. When I tell him how much I appreciate him for all he's done for me during this crisis, he shrugs, "Any husband would do the same." But I know that's not true. Already I know women with cancer who have not had the total sustaining support of their husbands.

Dr. Gerson says that many marriages do not make it through the tragedy of cancer in the home, and there are failures on the therapy because of it. If a person feels unloved, then there is nothing to live for. Many, many times I have been up at night, tending to myself, when the house is very cold. The most beautiful gesture of love I know is, when I crawl back into bed, shivering, and Ron cuddles my cold body to him to help me get warm, and he cradles my feet, one at a time, in his big, warm hands to take the chill away. Ron has made my life so wonderful, and we have so much fun together, that I would walk through fire to stay here with him. I'm really not convinced that heaven can be better. Thank you, my darling.

Regina Rose

The next giant is my precious daughter, Regina Rose. She was named Regina after a Regina in a television "Bonanza" show, and Rose after my late niece, Janice Rose. Fourteen-year-old Regina lost a year of high school to stay home and tend to me on the Gerson Therapy. She has nursed me through many nights when neither of us knew if I'd live to see daylight. Every evening, as the family retired, she would say, Now, Mom, if you're up, call me. I don't want you sitting alone." I'd call her, and she'd be out of bed immediately.

She had a great responsibility. She did the cooking, the laundry, took care of the house and me. Many times I would demand her full attention, and life would get pretty tacky, but somehow she would manage to catch up. Fortunately for Ron and Ralph, Regina is an excellent cook.

She is catching up her schooling by attending night adult school. Her teachers tell me that she is almost an office machines genius, and she does excellent work in math. She is a Donny Osmond faithful fan. She has all his records and many news clippings that she has collected through the years. She learned a lot about life by watching the soap operas with me last year, between juices.

After a really bad Gerson reaction for me, with Ron and Regina tending me, things finally settled down and Regina and I were carrying on a relaxed conversation when she said, "When a guy asks me to marry him, I'm going to find out first if he can be as good to me, if I am real sick, as Dad has been to you."

Death was never a dark subject in our home after I got ill. In fact, we kept all discussions light. Regina became intrigued with writing a will. She signed it, sealed it in an enclosed envelope to be opened in case of her death, then gave it to me for safe-keeping.

One day, she was in the bathroom coughing horribly, and sick with the flu. She came out looking very pale and sighed, "Mama, I'm really in trouble if I die now."

"Why, Honey?"

"Because I left everything to my kids!"

Thank you, my darling Regina. No one has ever known a more loving "Angel of Mercy."

Dr. James W. Parker

The next giant is Dr. James W. Parker. He also is a Doctor of Chiropractic. Dr. Parker is one of the world leaders in the Chiropractic field. He holds seminars for Chiropractors that attract three to four thousand doctors around the world, every other month. It was in one of these meetings, years ago, that Dr. Parker made me aware of my self-importance. He inspired me to have the courage to

stand up and express my own personal opinions. I became a teacher of the doctors' wives at the seminars.

As I listened to Dr. Parker teach Natural Health and the ability of the body to heal itself, I gained a great respect for God's creation of Life. When I became ill, Jim kept in constant touch with me and my condition. He knew when I was failing, he knew when I was victorious. He encouraged me to talk about my condition, thus giving me a vital doctor-patient relationship that I had not been afforded. I could not discuss my condition with Ron. It was painful for him.

Jim, I know the value of your precious time, and I feel greatly honored that you pause from world-important events to care about me.

Jane Storm

Dear God, please bless all the little Jane Storms in America. They go about quietly dispensing invaluable information on all aspects of our way of life. Jane, a member of the International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends, is loaded with national cancer therapy material. She heard about me, and came down the coast of California to Ramona, and brought me the little book "Has Dr. Max Gerson a True Cancer Cure?," by Haught, and a tape of a speech given by Charlotte Gerson Straus (Dr. Max Gerson's daughter), at an International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends Convention. It was the information I had been searching for. It was the information that saved my life.

Because of you, Jane Storm, I have held three new grandbabies in my arms, with joy unspeakable, because I did not think that I would ever see them.

God graced my life for some purpose. Perhaps it was to pass a ray of hope along to the "one out of four" of his children who will suffer with cancer. By doing so, I am saying, "Thank you, Jane Storm."

Dr. Max Gerson

The last giant but by no means the least, is the late Dr. Max Gerson. Thank you, Dr. Gerson, for caring enough about God's most divine creation, human life, to weather the storm of opposing influences to discover for us God's divine plan of health and happiness.

Sometimes it seems that America's medical scientists discovered chemicals, then awakened the next morning to say, "Okay world, today is the day. I know it all now. There is no longer any need for me to open the doors of my mind. There are no new truths to discover." How sad. But Dr. Gerson, you dared to keep the doors to your mind open. You dared to pause in the calmness of natural truths and, by groping, to discover them.

God blessed you with the divine wisdom to work out every tiny detail of your total body therapy to make it as easy, simple and comfortable as possible for us to live with. You dedicated your life to caring for others. Christ devoted his life to caring for others. You are the savior of my earthly life. Christ, my Savior, showed me the plan of life eternal.

I stand in awe of the very thought of such a man as you. I stand in awe of my very existence. I am here because you paused from worldly events to care about me. Oh, America, where are the monuments to this great genius who graced our land? Please don't let another year go by without recognizing this great hero. I salute you, Dr. Gerson.

The Foxes

Charlotte Gerson Straus, my link to, and daughter of the genius, the late Dr. Max Gerson, relates a story about her father that is most dear to me:

"In the late 1920's my father had developed the therapy in its beginning stages to combat his own migraine headaches and tuberculosis.

“My father loved to hike in the Hartz Mountains of Germany. One day, while he was out hiking, he came upon a fox farm. He was intrigued with the beautiful appearance of the foxes, and began to discuss them with the owner, without introducing himself.

“The owner told him that foxes in captivity get tuberculosis and they get shaggy and lose their hair. He had read about Dr. Max Gerson’s successful therapy for tuberculosis. He went around the country to fox farms buying up all the sick animals, dirt cheap, and put them on the therapy, coffee enemas and all. They made remarkable recoveries, remained in good health, and sported magnificent furs.

“My father was so proud. He introduced himself, then gave the man some new ideas on adapting the therapy to animals. The man was so pleased to meet my father that he presented him with a beautiful fox fur wrap for my mother.”

I am nothing in this vast universe, but by standing on the shoulders of these giants I am taller than trees. Sometimes I just sit out in the garden, running the dirt through my fingers, and pray, “God, why me? Why has Thou graced my life so? Whatever Thy purpose, make me an instrument of Thy will.”

A Special Message to My Children

My dear children:

I wish I could live my life over again. With what I have learned about God's divine plan of health and happiness, I could give you, my dearest children, a greater advantage in life. Instead, I shackled your health and well-being in the chains of my ignorance, but it is not too late for you to take advantage of what I have learned. By living right, you can avoid the tragedy of cancer in your lives and the lives of your children, and attain abundant health as well.

I have been very worried that you feel secure in knowing that, if you get cancer, Mama (with her knowledge) can bring you through. I cannot promise you a victory like mine, and if I could, I would not want to see any of you going through the living hell that the road back has been for me. I detailed my strenuous program and the pain and suffering of my recovery for you, my precious ones, because I want to inspire you to change your way of life so you will not have to suffer as I did; even more, so that you can attain abundant health.

Remember, I had advantages in my youth that you did not have. My mother nursed me at her breast, and we lived on a farm. In my early youth, we lived in poverty and could not afford junk foods. I never smoked. I never drank. It was high school days before I ever tasted soda pop or a milk shake. I spent most of my life in clean country air.

You have had disadvantages that may have weakened your bodies. You were bottle fed dead milk at the insistence of doctors and nurses, and as a foolish young girl, I welcomed the freedom from breast-feeding. You cut your teeth on "Oreo" cookies and loved the taste of Pepsi Cola and Kool Aid as a baby sucking on a bottle. God gave me a brain, but it must have been on vacation when you were small.

Your father smoked, and when you were tiny babies I would catch you eating cigarette butts out of ash trays. You liked the taste of tobacco. Some of you smoke as young adults. A recent poll showed that the average person on the street does not know that the mortality rate for lung cancer is 90 percent. If you have damaged your lungs by cigarette smoking as well as by breathing smoggy air, then I don't know what your chances of recovery from cancer would be. I know that all of you drink carloads of soda pop.

Good food is so expensive today that we need to conserve our money for that purpose. If we spend our money on junk foods, we may run short of money we need for wholesome, nutritious food, and will be one step closer to doctors and the bills that follow. I want to give you some suggestions on living. You have adult minds and must make your own decisions, but as your mother, I have the right to guide you to better health. You may choose whether or not to follow my advice.

My dear children, we are taught scripturally that our bodies are the temples of God. We are also taught that "cleanliness is next to Godliness." Cleanliness means more than just soap and water. We must have clean minds, also. We must fill our minds and our hearts with the beauty of God and nature. If we are constantly preoccupied with worldly things, such as man's exploitation of sex, then there is no time for us to dwell on finer things. Sex is a beautiful, natural part of God's divine plan of life, and should be used only as an expression of deep love. It was not discovered by

Hugh Hefner or Planned Parenthood. It need not dominate our every waking thought.

If your thoughts are constantly consumed with sex, you will have a very narrow scope of mind and will not be able to reach out to greatness and create an artistic masterpiece, write an eternal musical composition, raise a man worthy to be a leader of our country, or make your home a loving refuge of peace and contentment. I am often reminded that God said, "Vengeance is Mine." For those who buy and sell sex and are free with their bodies, He has now sent an incurable venereal disease.

God asked us to "pray without ceasing." If we do that, sin cannot enter our minds and bodies. Also, we will be able to reach the pinnacle of achievement that God, our Father, wishes for his children.

NATURAL BEGINNINGS

Many of you are right now forming your families for time and eternity. I love the way you young mothers feel such a strong responsibility for the safety of the babies you carry under your hearts. You know that cigarette smoking could cause you to lose the baby, or cause a premature birth. You know that drinking alcohol could even cause birth defects. I read recently that a doctor said that there is enough evidence that drinking alcohol causes birth defects to justify locking a woman up until after the baby is born, if she cannot abstain from drinking. There have been many scandalous incidents of evidence that some drugs cause birth defects.

If you use a mind-distorting drug and feel its effect on you, just imagine what it is doing to that tiny baby inside you. Any dosage of a drug that is adequate for an adult woman is like twenty-five times the safe dosage for that tiny baby inside you. In fact, most doctors are now asking women to abstain from all drugs, even aspirin, while carrying a baby.

I am thrilled that many of you are choosing natural childbirth. Many fathers are now able to participate in the wonderful soul experience of sharing the birth of their children. And I am so thrilled that you young mothers are nursing your babies. There are avenues of assistance available to you in feeding your babies naturally. Many hospitals now have classes available to you on natural childbirth and nursing your baby. Bottle feeding is a part of the messy instant pudding syndrome. You prop a bottle, then run to do other things. What is more important, a shiny floor, a telephone conversation, or a well-nourished baby that feels loved, cherished, and secure at his mother's breast?

I read a news article last year that said a mother's milk has brain food that a baby cannot get from cow's milk. There is no dispute over the delicate, intricate makeup of a human being as compared to a cow. That cow does not need brain food, and so it stands to reason that mother's milk would have a more delicate mineral balance to fill the need of a baby. Now that babies are a part of your lives, you must concentrate on your external metabolism, or those things that make up your environment and effect your well-being, such as the air, water and soil. Stay away from high smog areas.

Some of the things I will tell you may not have any scientific supporting evidence, but remember that there is no scientific evidence of a cure for melanoma. As your mother, the person who loves you more than any other human being ever will, I bear witness to you that as my body continues to detoxify (to be purified, the total process takes seven years; then even your bones have been replaced) I become more and more sensitive to the things that are not natural to my body. Dirty air is my worst enemy. Once in awhile I may eat something that is not good for me and I will get a stomach cramp, but a stomachache is not as frightening as the feeling of having had an anesthetic when you have not had one, a feeling brought on for me by breathing dirty air. There is much lead in auto exhaust, and I find my worst discomfort is riding on the freeways of California.

Also, airports make me deathly ill. One morning Ron and I left San Diego at seven a.m. to go to San Jose. At the airport I insisted on a physical security check rather than x-ray, and carried a sack of fresh bananas with me. We touched down in Los Angeles and arrived in San Jose by ten o'clock. After being in three airports, my bananas turned black before we got to the hotel. Then, again on a flight from San Diego to Los Angeles, I carried some fresh grapes right off the vine in my purse. I accidentally allowed them to be x-rayed in the security check, and they had turned brown by the time I reached the hotel. I am glad to notice that most of the people who handle the purses and bags being checked in that manner are now wearing safety gloves.

One evening, on the way home from Phoenix, I had a layover in the Los Angeles International Airport. As I sat there waiting, my head tingled and my heart pounded. I saw two little children nervously playing and an elderly couple were watching and appeared to be thinking, "I wonder why those children are not better controlled by the parents." I knew that in their clean little bodies their hearts must be pounding just like mine, giving them an artificial spurt of energy that they could not control. I beseech you, my children, to avoid these kinds of situations as much as possible.

Some people have said to me, "If you are healthy, it seems that you should have an even better tolerance of smog than the person who is not healthy." That does not seem to be the case. If your body is anergic (opposite of allergic) to the invasion of danger, then you are ill, rather than when it is allergic and says, "Hey, I don't like this unnatural situation."

I compare the tolerance to dirty air to a tolerance to drugs. I have seen young people who were hooked on speed, taking larger and larger doses all the time, and seeming to function quite well. In the meantime, the damage to the body progresses even though they seem to be

functioning well. I knew one young body, sixteen, who was on thirty speed tablets (diet pills) a day. He went to school. He dated. He seemed fine until, one day, he took a long look in the mirror and saw an old man losing his hair and his teeth were falling out. He was a sixteen-year-old old man. Then he made the decision to kick the habit.

Smog is not the only offender in the air you breathe. Aerosols are also deadly. Years ago, when we first started using hairspray, we were told to spray in one room and breathe in another. There is much concern over the earth's ozone layer in the atmosphere being effected by the millions of aerosol cans being used daily. My children, the danger is also in your home around you, if you cling to the convenience of spray cans. In Kingman, Arizona, we knew three young high school boys who died from spraying a no-sticking agent for pots and pans into paper bags and then breathing it to get high. The spray coated their lungs and they died shocking instant deaths.

Some of you smoke. It is a dirty, unhealthy habit. It discolors your teeth and your fingers and it makes your breath smell bad. It fouls up the air around you and is very offensive to many people. Even more important than all of these things is the fact that smoking damages your lungs and causes lung, mouth and throat cancer. There is much evidence today that shows that second-hand cigarette smoke is almost as deadly to the non-smoker as actually smoking yourself. Because of these findings, many laws are being passed against smoking in public places. My children, if some of you should elect to continue to damage your own throats and lungs with cigarette smoking, please do not infringe on the rights of your mates and precious children to clean healthy lungs by smoking in your homes. Do not allow guests to smoke in your homes.

Studies have shown that children of non-smokers are less likely to smoke than children of smokers. Give your children the advantage of smoke-free air to breathe in your home, and also the strength and courage to stand up to

peer pressure when they are being enticed to join the teenage social set. Set a good example for them. I urge you to kick the habit and cleanse your lungs of the tar and nicotine so you may "run and not be weary."

Room fresheners are a dime a dozen on the market. The strong chemical smells from them are especially offensive and irritating to me. Don't use them. Use fresh flowers or nothing. Once you have cleansed your lungs of filth you will be amazed at how inoffensive natural smells can be. I had a load of manure hauled in to fertilize my garden. The neighbors all complained of the smell, but I worked with it, carrying it in buckets to rows of vegetables, and never minded the smell. But when I am in a nursery, the chemical fertilizers smother me to death.

Most detergents and cleansing agents (including especially pool chemicals) have strong chemical smells. If I tarry in that area of the supermarket, I usually get very light-headed and feel smothered. Spare your body and stay away from those areas as much as possible.

Fill your gasoline tanks when your children are not in the car, and avoid prolonged breathing of the fumes yourself. Make sure, when you are traveling, that there is plenty of air circulating in the car. I shudder when I remember that, as a child, I loved the smell of gasoline. Now it almost sends me out of this world. Paint (even if it is water-based) and glue smells are also injurious to your health.

Please get plenty of fresh air and sunshine. It seems that our bodies begin to age when we become adults and don't get outside as often as we used to. After the children have played out in the sunshine, they should not be bathed for at least three hours. I have read that if you do bathe them immediately you wash away the vitamin D. I have been told that the sun stimulates a chemical reaction in our skin that is vital to our well-being. I learned years ago that sunshine is vital to good skin tone.

Most water supplies today are loaded with chemical cleansers. Avoid drinking treated city water. Use distilled water for drinking and cooking. Do not use water softeners in your homes. The water is softened with salt. Helen Andelin began growing sprouts in her home. She had soft water. When she rinsed the seeds in her soft water, they would not grow, and they became moldy and smelly, until she recognized the problem. Seeds are the very heart of life. If soft water will kill seeds, then you should never drink it or use it in your food. I even worry about bathing in chemically treated water, so I always sponge my body with apple cider vinegar on a washcloth before I leave the tub.

“Cleanliness is next to Godliness.” We must keep our bodies clean by feeding them correctly. If we load our bodies up with trash and garbage, we will be dirty and sick. The digestive system is your life stream as much as your blood is. In fact, your blood stream quality depends on the condition of your digestive tract. If you want a healthy body, you must keep your pipes (intestines) clean by eating right.

STEPS TO EATING RIGHT AND A CLEAN BODY

1. Eliminate the trash in your homes.
2. Detoxify.
3. Shop in Health Food Stores.
4. Eat 75% raw food and 25% cooked.
5. Mothers, ask yourselves, “Am I nourishing or destroying my family’s health?”
6. Fathers, give loving support and encouragement to healthy living in your homes.

Eliminate the trash from your homes: What is trash? Such things as catsup, jellies made with sugar, dairy products preserved with chemicals, pasteurized milk, prepared mayonnaise and salad dressings, processed cheeses, variety meats (ham, sausage, bologna, hot dogs), frozen juices, and fruit drinks,

artificial food flavorings and colorings, frozen fruit with sugar, frozen prepared foods (TV dinners, pies, etc.), pickles (they are loaded with salt or sugar), prepared mustard, ice cream, ice cream toppings, artificial dairy products, dessert toppings, sugar, white flour, powdered sugar, macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, all canned foods, white bread, soda crackers (terrible for babies), prepared cereals, salt, cookies, cupcakes, candy bars, chocolate, soda pop, kool aid, pudding, pie and cake mixes, frosting mixes, coffee, tea, cocoa mix, marshmallows and white rice. There are many others. Remember this rule for safety's sake, "When in doubt, do without."

Detoxify: Your bodies are pretty dirty and sometimes sick from the abuse they have known, even in your young lives. You need to detoxify to reap the benefits of eating live foods. Your children do not need to detoxify as they are generally still very healthy, but in case of illness, remember that detoxifying is the first step toward health.

The ideal way for you to detoxify is to use fresh, live juices made on a grind-and-press type of juice extractor, and coffee enemas. For those of you who have the machine, complete details are given under "My Life-Saving Program" chapter. For those who do not have the machine, I recommend a three, five or ten-day fast while drinking a gallon of lemonade made daily, made of four medium lemons, eight tablespoons of real maple syrup, and a gallon of distilled water. It will be fresher if you make only a quart at a time. If you drink it all before five o'clock in the evening, you may not have to get up at night. A three-day fast is a good cleanser, but for a person who is overweight the five or ten-day fast is marvelous.

Take a coffee enema in the morning and another at night. When you are fasting, your body is living off itself and will rid itself of many poisons. You need the enema to carry the poisons out of the body so you will not reabsorb them, and also to stimulate the action of your liver. Full

instructions for the coffee enemas are under "My Life-Saving Program" chapter. After three days of fasting and enemas, your digestive tract should be cleansed; then you should begin eating live, healthy foods.

Shop in Health Food Stores: You can find nearly everything you need to restock your pantry (after eliminating the trash) at your health food store. I do want to warn you to read the labels there, too, because sometimes they do carry things that have sugar, and nearly always salt. I believe that you will be surprised at the number of wholesome, nutritious goodies you can find in health food stores. My lists under "My Life-Saving Program" will help you.

Some time ago I read that Britain considers refined sugar one of the worst drugs on the market. True sugar is a food, but it has been so extensively refined that there is no food value left in it. Also, sugar is addictive. When you go off sugar, the symptoms of illness, headache and nausea are similar to those of drug, tobacco or alcohol withdrawal. There are many good, safe substitutes for sugar in your health food stores, such as honey, brown sugar, raw sugar and real maple syrup. There are new cookbooks on the market, showing you how to substitute these products for refined sugar.

We have always been taught that wheat is the staff of life, but there is no life left in refined white flour. The wheat has gone through such a tremendous process of refining that the starch is left intact as the white flour, and the protein, vitamin E and other nutrition has been discarded. When depleted foods, such as white flour and white sugar, are introduced into the body, it does not know what to do with them, so they are stored and turn to fat. There are many wonderful breads on the market now that are made of sprouted whole grains. Adele Davis, in "Let's Get Well," said that white flour and refined sugar scarred the livers of rats in laboratory tests.

You should use eggs and dairy products sparingly, as they are high protein and, like meat, require a lot of work from your digestive system. Dr. Gerson says the body needs high carbohydrate (natural) and low protein. Remember that you are a sodium user (milk) for six months, and then your body becomes a potassium user. You will find that all fruits and vegetables are rich in potassium. If something should happen that you must substitute for the mother's milk for the baby, try your best to find goat's milk. Even the Bible speaks of goat's milk as being clean.

In some states (California is one) you can buy certified raw milk, but in most states you cannot. When you cannot find raw milk, you should limit your dairy products to unsalted churned buttermilk, unsalted cottage cheese, sour cream, yogurt and unsalted butter. I say this because these products must be treated differently than the pasteurized milk for the natural processing. After milk has been heated to a high degree, the natural processing agents for buttermilk, sour cream and yogurt are gone. Please read labels.

I believe that meat eating should be reserved for occasional Sundays and special holidays. In fact, as time goes by and I am allowed some meat or fish on my diet, I find I have no desire for it. At some health food stores you can now order organic turkeys and organically grown beef. Be very cautious about what you put into your "Temple of God."

When you do eat meat, I would like to recommend that you take two or three Pan Plus Bile tablets to aid the body in digestion. Fresh fish is a very good source of protein. It was comforting for me to learn that after Christ was resurrected, he told the apostles that he was hungry and they fed him fish and honey. How comforting to know that in the hereafter many of our needs and desires will be the same as they are now.

Eat seventy-five percent raw food and twenty-five percent cooked: I believe that this is an excellent formula for health. I do not

mean twenty-five per cent meat; in fact, that twenty-five percent figure includes your meat, potatoes, beans, corn and whatever cooked vegetables you may desire.

Mothers, when babies and children want snacks, give them fruit, sprouts, carrot or celery sticks. Do not pervert their taste buds with trash. I also heard at a health convention that a child under twelve years of age cannot digest peanut butter, and that it is a difficult job, even for an adult.

At the Arizona State Convention of IACVF (International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends), a cancer research speaker listed the number one cause of cancer as soda pop, and frozen juice concentrates were high on the list. I can see why the liver would be completely stymied by the gas-propelled bubbles in soda pop, as well as by the artificial coloring and flavorings. I read in the news that children's need for glasses (one out of three) is being associated with carbonation.

Cancer is not a disease of age now. I just read that a baby in our area, only eight months old, had a brain tumor removed. At a recent Chiropractic convention I heard that cancer is now the leading cause of death among children under eighteen years of age.

At the same Arizona IACVF Convention I heard a doctor of research say that chocolate delays the digestion for twelve hours. My children, do you realize the significance of a twelve-hour delay in digestion? For instance, if you should eat a regular American dinner of soup, salad with oily dressing, meat, potatoes with butter or sour cream and a buttered vegetable, then top it with a piece of chocolate pie or cake, the food sets in the stomach for twelve hours, waiting for your digestion to resume. If you let those same foods set in a ninety-seven degree temperature for twelve hours, they would spoil and become putrid. Then that putrid food travels through the body and the toxins (poisons) are absorbed into the blood stream.

When I think of all the chocolate I have consumed, I don't know how I have lived to tell about it. Many chocolates on the market today are artificial or made up of chemicals. Your body does not know what to do with chemicals. Hyperkinetic (overactive) children are being cured by removing artificial colors and flavors from their diets.

At a cancer research convention in Los Angeles, I heard a woman chemist say that it takes eighty different chemicals to make strawberry flavoring in a lab. Many vitamins for children are produced in a lab, and have artificial coloring and flavoring. Ask for assistance from your health food clerk to find natural vitamins.

My body becomes very angry at the introduction of chemicals. I bought some cottage cheese at the supermarket recently, and served it at dinner. When I ate some of it, I almost got sick. When I checked the label, I found that it had three chemicals added to it. After I began reading labels, I began to wonder if we are involved in a chemical warfare. I see no reason to put preservatives in cottage cheese, a dairy product that is dated for sale.

Remember the rule, eat seventy-five percent raw food and twenty-five percent cooked. If you live by that rule steadfastly, and eat only healthy, organically grown food, then splurging on holidays won't hurt you. When you go to the movies or ball games, carry your own apples, fruit, or whole grain treats.

SURVIVAL

You are all in the time of your life when disaster is not uncommon. By disaster, I mean the loss of your job due to unemployment or illness. I know that most young people live from hand-to-mouth, and it is very hard to keep extra stocks of food on hand for survival in case of trouble. I'll start with the basics of survival because there is great comfort in knowing that you can eat in case of a disaster, you simply store:

Pinto beans	oregano leaves
hard winter wheat	dehydrated onion
honey	garlic powder
mung beans	Lugol solution
alfalfa seed	apple cider vinegar

You can survive very well on this. I'm sure you notice some obvious things missing. Where is the salt? Salt is poison. Where do I get my iodine? From the Lugol solution. A quart will provide enough to last an army for a year. It is inexpensive, but needs a prescription. After you have gotten the basics on my list, you add the things you particularly want, but you can get natural sodium in most foods, and don't need salt.

Where is the milk? You are no longer a sodium body, after the age of nine months. You no longer need high-sodium milk. You have heard that milk makes mucus. Milk is mucus. The breasts are lymph glands and the milk is lymph. Your body produces its own lymph very independently of cow's milk.

What is the menu? Breakfast cereal — you have cooked cracked wheat, sweetened with honey for breakfast. You have beans and bread for lunch and dinner, and you have salad.

Beans: When you have been off salt for awhile, you will enjoy the taste of all things things without it. You can season your beans with oregano, dehydrated onion, and garlic if you like. They are delicious, even without animal fat, which you don't need, anyway.

Bread: You make the bread by sprouting the wheat grain, rinsing often in warm water until the sprout is about half an inch long. Then you grind up the wet, sprouted wheat in a meat grinder, pour it into the bottom of a baking pan, then bake it for about five hours at 250°. It is surprisingly good and filling.

Salad: You sprout mung beans, alfalfa, and grow wheat grass, and in five or six days you have a really healthy salad. For dressing, you mix apple cider vinegar with water and honey, and use a little onion or garlic powder, if you like.

I gave you this survival diet for a special purpose. I want to show you that on such a meager diet you would be feeding your body so much better than you are now by spending fifty dollars or more a week on chemical-laden goodies.

Wheat is the staff of life. Meat was provided only for seasons of low-garden produce. With modern technology, freezing and year-round climates in our area, there is no reason for shortages of garden produce.

If you are breast-feeding your babies, you don't have to keep milk on hand, and they are receiving the best start in life that you can give them.

I implore you, my children, to live as closely to Nature as possible. If you seek truths in the laws of Nature, you cannot stray too far from God's divine plan of life for you.

You must use lots of fluids in your body. If you use water, use distilled water, so you are not drinking chemical purifiers. If you, an adult, will drink one-half a gallon a day of juices (fresh-made) or distilled water, most diseases that invade your body will be so greatly diluted that the damage will be minute. Also, you will be so pleased with the way you feel when you are supplying your body an abundance of fluid that it will be easy to get into the habit of drinking all the time. Once your body knows how it feels to have an abundance of fluids, it almost demands them.

Leviticus 11: Any uncloved hoofed animal is unclean to eat.

The Lord told Moses and Aaron to tell the children of Israel that they might eat any animal that "parteth the hoof, is cloven-footed, and cheweth the cud."

The hare is unclean. He cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof.

The swine is unclean. He divideth the hoof, but cheweth not the cud.

We are told not to eat fish that does not have fins and scales. I got bogged down on shellfish. They are scavengers and the Lord says they are unclean. In Leviticus, we are told which fowl not to eat and these rules seem to be practiced in general.

I want you, my children, to study Leviticus 11, concerning meat and fish. Beef is allowed, and fresh water fish and all fish that have scales and fins. The problem with meat today is that it contains so many chemicals that are used for quick-bloated weight, for more money, that the body wears itself out trying to digest it. We have our own calves, chickens and pigs that we feed "the cud" from my juices, but we use the pork meat sparingly and usually on special occasions. Dr. Gerson says that if we will eat right all year long, we can splurge on holidays and get by with it, provided we go right back on a healthy diet. I find that the better my digestion is, the more I enjoy natural foods and have no desire to splurge on junk.

You don't eat enough greens. Grasses, have every nutrient necessary for your body's survival. Wheat and alfalfa are excellent grasses. You should use lots of fruit, especially apples. You think this is expensive, but when you are not buying meat, cake mixes and fun cereals, you'll be surprised at how much further your food dollar will go and also at how much you will save on doctor bills.

I would like each of you to have a proper juicer. I know, you can't afford it. But it is more important than a stove in your home or a color television. You will be amazed at what happens in your body when you start supplying it with live oxygen and enzymes. When your body is sick, it uses up much more nutrition than when it is well. That is why you lose weight in an illness, but if you supply the extra nu-

trients in live juices, your recovery will be much quicker and easier.

With my new body, I can smell chemicals in soda pop. I tasted deviled ham (always a favorite of mine) and spat it out — the taste was offensive to me. If you put forth the effort, in the beginning, to change your diet, soon your body will help by telling you what is good or bad.

Fran tells me that little dogs eat grass when they are sick. Isn't that amazing? I believe there is something very healing in greens and grass.

God gave you a liver and a pancreas designed to serve you for at least a hundred years. Please don't wear it out in thirty years like your nutritionally ignorant mother did.

These are just some ideas to help you to a healthier life. There are three books that are essential for your libraries. They are:

1. *A Cancer Therapy — Results of Fifty Case Histories*, by Dr. Max Gerson
2. *Why Suffer? Wheat Grass*, by Ann Wigmore
3. *Raw Vegetable Juices*, by N. W. Walker

Then you should add cookbooks on wheat, honey, natural salads, flavorful vegetables and natural, healthy desserts (comfort foods). For beverages, herb teas are so bountiful that you can suit almost any taste. You should shop in health food stores and get organic produce, as much as possible. Adelle Davis said that one organic apple is worth one hundred that are not organic. My sensitive body verifies what Adelle Davis said.

If you will incorporate as many of the things in my life-saving program as you can into your lives, you will find that life will be so much better in every way. The healthy body is much less likely to create emotional dissension in the home. Excess temper is usually caused by illness or body deficiency. The well-fed mind is so alert, and much

more likely to make correct decisions in areas of great importance.

Mothers, ask yourselves, "Am I nourishing or destroying my family's health?" You, Mother, have a great responsibility to see that your family is well-fed. Many times you may meet with resistance from your children or husband. You must persevere and remind the members of your family that you love them, and are chiefly concerned with their comfort and health.

Father, you are the leader of your family. You must support and encourage healthy living habits in your home. Your wife needs all the loving support you can give her in making drastic changes in your home for the betterment of health in your family. Many times throughout your lives you have heard, "Man is, that he might have joy." When you get into tune with God's great universe through nature, then you will truly know the meaning of those words, God gave you, my children, a special legacy by sparing my life, that you may know the joy of healthy living.

My dear children, are you aware that you live in an American, instant pudding syndrome? In two minutes, with only two ingredients, pudding mix and milk, you can have chocolate pudding, butterscotch pudding, banana pudding or many other kinds. We are in such a hurry all the time that we tolerate the instant pudding, knowing that if we would take fresh, wholesome ingredients, milk, eggs and butter, and cook them slowly and carefully, we would have a much better-tasting, richer, smoother and healthier pudding.

We want to lose thirty pounds. We want to lose it this month! We don't want to lose it slowly, at Nature's pace with no unnecessary trauma to the body, and have a permanent loss of excess pounds in six months or a year. Instead, we treat ourselves to an instant yoyo loss and gain.

We want lovely fingernails, but rather than eat the live food for the nutrition that our body needs to grow long,

lovely nails in about three months, we pay to have plastic nails painted on so they are lovely tonight, thus robbing our natural nails of breathing and growing as they should.

We cook an egg in two minutes and have a dishful of unhealthful cholesterol. When Nature cooks an egg very slowly, she produces bone, teeth, feathers, blood vessels, gizzard, liver, eyes, ears, and so, a new chicken.

When we add chemical fertilizers to gardens, the food grows fast and abundantly. We can have more crops each year, so we can make more money on our produce. Nature's crop grows more slowly, and sometimes less abundantly, but the produce is superior.

The Firman E. Baer Report from Rutgers University gives an analysis of two lots of vegetables almost identical in appearance, one lot grown organically (on soil rich in all needed plant requirements) and another lot bought on the open market, grown with commercial fertilizers. The difference demonstrated chemically in mineral content is very great in all minerals and trace minerals, but especially so in cobalt, an ingredient of B12, and in both copper and iron necessary for blood hemoglobin.

(See Firman E. Baer Chart on next page.)

Americans pop pills to speed them up. They pop pills to slow them down. They want an instant cure for the way they feel. Nature's way is slower, but with less damage to the body from loading a liver up with foreign material that it does not know how to handle. We need to learn the patience of Nature's way. Watching a garden grow is probably the very best way to learn the miracle of nature. With a little time and loving care, we can see a tiny seed turn into a bush full of tomatoes with thousands of seeds, or a plant full of beans and even a mighty tree. It takes a little time, but the results are nothing less than magnificent.

In mending a body that has been damaged through ignorance of natural health, we must allow sufficient time

VARIATIONS in MINERAL CONTENT in VEGETABLES. (Firman E. Baer report, Rutgers Uni.)

		Percentage of dry weight		Millequivalents per 100 grams dry weight				Trace Elements parts per million dry matter				
		Total Ash or Mineral Matter	Phosphorous	Calcium	Magnesium	Potassium	Sodium	Boron	Manganese	Iron	Copper	Cobalt
SNAP BEANS												
Organic		10.45	0.36	40.5	60.0	99.7	8.6	73	60	227	69	0.26
Inorganic		4.04	0.22	15.5	14.8	29.1	0.0	10	2	10	3	0.00
CABBAGE												
Organic		10.38	0.38	60.0	43.6	148.3	20.4	42	13	94	48	0.15
Inorganic		6.12	0.18	17.5	15.6	53.7	0.8	7	2	20	0.4	0.00
LETTUCE												
Organic		24.48	0.43	71.0	49.3	176.5	12.2	37	169	516	60	0.19
Inorganic		7.01	0.22	16.0	13.1	53.7	0.0	6	1	9	3	0.00
TOMATOES												
Organic		14.20	0.35	23.0	59.2	148.3	6.5	36	68	1938	53	0.63
Inorganic		6.07	0.16	4.5	4.5	58.8	0.0	5	1	1	0	0.00
SPINACH												
Organic		28.56	0.52	96.0	203.9	257.0	69.5	88	117	1584	32	0.25
Inorganic		12.38	0.27	47.5	46.9	84.6	0.8	12	1	19	0.5	0.20

and give the body the right material for rebuilding. We cannot become discouraged. If we do our part, the body will do the rest.

When I began my cancer therapy, a year and a half seemed like such a long time for me to get well, but the constant changes and mending of my body have been so dramatic that it has been a constantly intriguing experience. I am enchanted with the healing power of this wonderful body God has given me. The time passed very quickly and, more important than that, my life has been spared.

I beg you to please remove yourselves from the tacky, ugly, tasteless instant pudding syndrome and have a superior, gourmet life, Nature's way.

Jaquie Davison is also the author of a previous book, "I Am A Housewife." You may order this book from Guild Books, 86 Riverside, Dr., N. Y., N. Y. 10024.

You may order the book "A Cancer Therapy," by Max Gerson, M.D. from the address below. Price is \$8.50 which includes postage. For information about juicers, slantboards, D. D. Beauty Pillows you may also write to the address below.

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"Don't let anyone talk you into any kind of treatment for this. They can't help you. I can't help you. It's gone too far. I'd have to carve you to pieces and I still could not stop this."

my surgeon

"After being invaded by melanoma (black killer) from head to toe, and a loss of most of my body functions; while waiting to die, I learned about "The Gerson Therapy."

Jaquie Davison

"I had been on the therapy only five days when I passed a large tumor from my colon. I felt my body pathology change from a race towards death to a race towards life. It was then that I knew I would live."

Jaquie Davison

"I didn't die. The cancer cells died and were purged from my system through my colon and my skin. My perspiration was black sooty looking stuff."

Jaquie Davison

"Remarkable improvements took place in my body: My wrinkles disappeared; my grey hair turned black and grew thick and glossy. My hearing was much more pronounced; I could see tones of colors I could not see before; I grew new enamel on a tooth. I began to feel like a teenager."

Jaquie Davison

"Do come by and see me often, Jaquie. I've never been this close to a miracle before."

my surgeon

"A most incredible story! And these healing principles perhaps the most important discovery of our time."

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"I see in Dr. Max Gerson one of the most eminent geniuses in medical history."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer
