Recovery 12: 25 Years of Empowerment
Fourteen Accounts of Triumph Over Disorder

Also: “My Wildest Dreams” Nature Pictorial, Truth About Multivitamins, Be Fit While You Sit, Can Raw Foods Reverse MS?, and more!
Fifty-six years ago, in 1956, Ann Wigmore opened the doors of Hippocrates under the name of the Red School House. The institute's original location was in Stoughton, Massachusetts, on a humble 2.5-acre organic garden. A rustic New England home on the property housed what would become Hippocrates Health Institute.

One of the original guests in those early days was Mr. Hoppi, who eventually reversed spinal cancer with Ann’s guidance. Mr. Hoppi was a direct descendant from those who came over on the Mayflower. He resided in Plymouth, Massachusetts, until the day he passed away in his late 90s.

In 1986, when Hippocrates Health Institute moved from Boston, Massachusetts, to West Palm Beach, Florida, we received a call from Mr. Hoppi’s attorney. Mr. Hoppi’s estate was being settled and it turns out he had left Hippocrates his entire fortune of $750. This generous donation from one of the institute’s first guests purchased our first piano, adding to the holiday spirit at the institute.

Hippocrates Health Institute has now helped hundreds of thousands of guests help themselves, and we are pleased to have seen Ann Wigmore’s committed and focused passion for serving humanity come to fruition. Millions of people worldwide are now inspired to live on a raw living food diet, thanks in large part to Ann’s pioneering spirit.

Over the next 56 years, we hope to make this life-building program the mainstay for an emerging humanity.

In 2007 and January 31, 2011. Offer is valid only on three-week stays beginning in 2012 calendar year. Curriculum portion of Health Educator Program is not included in six week accrual.

Call (561) 471-8876 ext. 177 for details.

Hippocrates Health Institute has grown by leaps and bounds over the years. The campus now spans 50 acres of lush tropical grounds in West Palm Beach, Florida.
Let the Light Shine On Me: Chron’s Disease / Ulcerative Colitis
Christopher Anthony D’Andrea shares the moving story of his triumph over Chron’s disease/ulcerative colitis.

A New Lease On Life: Chronic Pain
Barry Hochstein has turned a streak of bad luck and chronic pain into a resurgence of health and a new direction in his life of service.

Rebuilding Broken Dreams: Breast Cancer
Maria Silva describes her journey to mend a broken heart and rebuild suffering health as she overcame breast cancer.

Prognosis: Hope: Parkinson’s Disease
Alex Bernstein shares his story of reversing Parkinson’s Disease symptoms at Hippocrates.

True Transformation: Body and Mind: Epstein-Barr / Chronic Fatigue, Lyme Disease, Emotional Trauma
Deb Eaton takes a trip down memory lane, recounting her experiences with Dr. Brian Clement and HHI founder Ann Wigmore. She also tells how she conquered breast cancer.

Breaking Old Habits is Achievable: High Blood Pressure, Blood Sugar & Cholesterol; Mental Fog; Weight Loss
James Ferlisi, MD, shares the story of his family’s health journey at Hippocrates, and his personal quest for wellness.

Cancer Reawakened My Soul to Vibrant Health: Colorectal Cancer
Simon Lyon’s battle with cancer brought him to new levels of health.

Who says miracles don’t occur?: Type II Diabetes, Asthma, High Cholesterol, Severe Hypertension
Steve Kleinman’s road to wellness began at Hippocrates.

Finding the “Awe” in Awful: Ulcerative Colitis / IBD
Safara Fisher offers an account of her experience at HHI.

A Cancer Death Sentence? I Don’t Think so!: Non-Hodgkin’s Leukemic Lymphoma
Jim Miller shares what he learned at Hippocrates.

A Loving Wife’s Voyage to Acceptance: Congestive Heart Failure, Diabetes, Weight Loss
Julieanna Renner describes the process of coming to terms with her husband’s new lifestyle.

Hippocrates Gave Me Hope: Hepatitis C / Cancer
Victoria Thomassett credits her lifestyle changes with her reversal of serious disorder.

The Truth About Multivitamins
Lilli Link, MD, MS, explains how the dangers of synthetic multivitamins outweigh the questionable benefits.

Healing is a Personal Journey
Dr. Brian Clement offers firsthand advice on forging a path of healing in an environment that more often than not encourages disorder.

Living a Healthy, Integrated Life with Emotional Balance
Katherine C. Powell, EdD, offers part two in her three part series on self-realization. This installment examines emotional balance.

Be Fit While You Sit
Wellness coach and fitness expert Wayne “The Mango Man” Pickering, ND, ScM, shares an exercise routine that can be performed while seated.

My Wildest Dreams
Mark Matthew Braunstein shares a stunning nature pictorial, along with the story of how he captured it.

Can Raw Foods Help Reverse Multiple Sclerosis?
The Matt Goodman Interview by Tom Fisher, RN, BA

Letter from the Directors

Letter from the Publisher

Contributors

What’s the News?
• Link Between Birth Control Pills and Prostate Cancer?
• Monsanto Declared Worst Company of 2011
• NZ Food Bill to Make Growing Food a Government Privilege Rather Than a Human Right
• Cranial Electrotherapy Stimulation
• Healing Touch Buddies
• Health Educators in the News
• Congratulations from Hippocrates: Healing Touch Buddies, Health Educators in the News, Hippocrates “Guest of the Year,” Hippocrates “Employee of the Year”

Reviews

Vermont Fiddle Heads
Restaurant review by Lauren Walker.

Deer photos by Mark Mathew Braunstein. See the full pictorial beginning on page 40.
We Remember Your Service

In 2012, Hippocrates is proud to offer 10 full scholarships to 9/11 First Responders who need their health restored.

To apply for the Hippocrates Life Transformation Program, please email a written request describing your condition to: HDirector@HippocratesInst.org

Requests may also be mailed to:
Drs. Anna Maria and Brian Clement
1443 Palmdale Court • W Palm Beach, FL 33411

Attention: WTC First Responders

1443 Palmdale Court • W Palm Beach, FL 33411

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To apply for the Hippocrates Life Transformation Program, who need their health restored.

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In 2012, Hippocrates is proud to offer

We Remember

www.HippocratesInstitute.org

Our World magazine. While HHI appreciates

167 or WBurson@HippocratesInst.org.

Contact: Will Burson at (561) 471-0136, ext.

any manner is prohibited. For reprint inquiries,

estimated readership: 300,000 per issue.

If your company offers products or services

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any information contained herein are for

Hippocrates Health Institute of Florida, Inc.,

as opinions. The information herein is not

Hippocrates Health Institute and

Hippocrates have observed the central origin of success to be the acceptance

Delving into healing reveals a multitude of cause and
effect. It represents the classic struggle between self-
worth and pity. All recovery begins with acceptance

From the Directors

Delving into healing reveals a multitude of cause and effect. It represents the classic struggle between self-worth and pity. All recovery begins with acceptance of self, which taps into the fountain of power internally possessed by all. Accessing this inherent strength requires the visualization of a healthy you, presently and in the near and distant future. This essential act requires a true commitment to the belief that you are whole and well. When doubting yourself, it drains from your resources, waylaying, if not stopping, your recovery.

Over the years, it has become evident to us that self-generating, positive people who remain loyal to the process of self-acceptance inevitably heal. Those who dwell on their disorder or over-analyze it squander precious energy and eventually fail. If one lacks a foundational sense of wholeness, they become susceptible to negative influence. This is why the words of a less than conscious healthcare professional may be a dagger in one’s heart.

No matter what you have experienced or however dreadful the news you have received, you can dissolve this poison and create a sweet future. We at Hippocrates have observed the central origin of success to be the acceptance of self. As you know, a centerpiece of our world-renowned Life Transformation Program is the psychotherapy offered to each of our guests. With an open mind, one can clear the decks, fulfilling their potential to survive. When the mind is cluttered with the nonsense of life, which most often is a façade, it is difficult—if not impossible—to think beyond this untenable constraint. Move forward, even if at first it seems disingenuous. By using the tools of a pure diet, movement, exercise, laughter, joy and spiritual expansion, you will eventually build the platform to launch into the sphere of endless possibilities.

These words are not philosophically-based, but are the definitive roadmap to complete health. In every case, we have seen people bring about total recovery.

They have begun and finished with a positive mind. This is the common thread of the hundreds of success stories reported to us this past year. We have gathered a selection of these stories in our latest edition. Remember that each of these contributions is from a person who has had the courage to find their whole, well self and fall in love with life.

With respect,

Drs. Anna Maria and Brian Clement

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這些話語並不是哲學上的，而是決勝道路的路標，到達完全健康的途徑。在每一例中，我們都看到人們實現了完全的康復。

他們以積極的心態開始和結束。這是百篇成功故事中報導給我們的過去一年。我們收集了這些故事的選編。請記住這些貢獻是來自一個已下定決心找到完整的、整全的自己的人。

With respect,

Drs. Anna Maria and Brian Clement

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With respect,

Drs. Anna Maria and Brian Clement
Mayacamas Ranch in Napa, California


Mayacamas Ranch is set on a quiet hilltop ridge line above the town of Calistoga in Napa, California. The resort offers beautiful 360-degree views, creating the perfect backdrop for rejuvenation.

As many Healing Our World readers know, I am an avid cyclist. I often commute to work and my journey is on a busy eight-lane boulevard with a bike lane. A person approached me the other day asserting that my route is more dangerous. Cycling is actually far safer than most people think, and some statistics suggest the health benefits of riding a bicycle outweigh the risk that commuters and other cyclists who ride near automobile traffic face. In my view, eating poorly and choosing not to exercise is far more dangerous than any bike lane.

Evel Knievel, the legendary motorcycle daredevil, wasn’t killed by the 75+ ramp-to-ramp motorcycle jumps he attempted. He wasn’t even killed by his failed attempt to jump across Snake River Canyon in a steam-powered rocket with wheels. Ultimately, he succumbed to pulmonary disease, and also suffered from Hepatitis C and diabetes. While it’s true that Evel’s stunts earned him an entry in the Guinness Book of World Records as the survivor of “most bones broken in a lifetime,” he died of the very same conditions many other Westerners do.

I can’t attest to how healthful Mr. Knievel’s lifestyle was, but I do know some of the health challenges he faced can sometimes be reversed through lifestyle changes. In fact, there are recovery stories within the pages of this very magazine and other volumes of Healing Our World that describe reversals of Hepatitis C, diabetes and pulmonary disorders.

Sitting on the couch surfing television waves may appear safer than speeding down the highway on a motorcycle, but statistics don’t lie. The fact is, heart disease killed well over 600,000 Americans in 2009. Fewer than 6% of that number of Americans died in traffic accidents, including not only automobile deaths but also motorcycle, bicycle and pedestrian fatalities. Sources: Center for Disease Control, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

In a logical world, maintaining one’s health would be at the top of people’s to-do lists. However, in reality, the heavy reliance on Western medicine means most people do not practice preventive care, and as many as one out of three adults is overweight or obese, as are roughly 20% of American adults. Sources: Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

Crash helmets off to the exceptional individuals who shared their stories with Healing Our World readers for our latest edition.

From the Publisher

A note regarding blood donation:

It has come to my attention that the Red Cross has no upper age limit on blood donation. In my publisher’s letter in the last edition of HWW (Volume 31, Issue 4 Blood: The Conductor), I mentioned an upper age limit of 60 years. Please check with your local blood bank for details regarding eligibility requirements and other information. — WB

Will Baron

Call (561) 471-8876 ext. 177 for more information.
Contributors


Will Burson is Art Director of Hippocrates Health Institute (HHI). After 15 years in the advertising business, the casual HHI lifestyle is a welcome change for Will. A recent transplant from Texas, he lives near the beach, enjoying the Florida sun.

Dr. Brian Clement is Director of the renowned Hippocrates Health Institute (HHI), the world’s foremost complementary residential health center. He and his team at HHI have developed a state-of-the-art program for health maintenance and recovery. His Florida institute has pioneered a life-changing program and established training in active aging and disease prevention that has proven to raise health and happiness levels.

Dr. Wayne Pickering faced the prognosis of death at age 30. Now, at 63 years young, he is an award-winning triathlete, double nominee for the Healthy American Fitness Leader Award, nutritional performance coach and disease prevention specialist. He’s authored 21 books; 22 audio learning programs; two DVD series; 10 health systems and over 400 articles on fitness, stress and nutrition. Learn more at [HealthAtLast.com](http://HealthAtLast.com).

Dr. Steve Lemberg received his M.D. from the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1978, with honors in neurology and pediatrics. He is a raw, living foods vegan and expert in meditation who has lived a wellness lifestyle for decades. He directs the Oxygen Therapy Center at HHI, and his goal is to bridge the gap between conventional medicine and natural healing.

Lilli Link, MD, MS is a board certified internist with a Masters of Science degree in Epidemiology and Health Services Research. She now provides integrative nutritional counseling in her private practice in Manhattan. Visit her website to learn more about her practice: [LLinkMD.com](http://LLinkMD.com).

Tom Fisher, RN, BA is a registered nurse, Hippocrates Health Educator and Stage IV cancer survivor. He is passionate about empowering people with the living foods lifestyle, and enjoys his work, including providing HHI guests with live blood cell consultations.

Diane Lahoski has been with Hippocrates Health Institute for the last twelve years in many different positions. She is currently the librarian for the institute. Diane is an accomplished musician and as such has played in many venues in the southeast United States and in the Caribbean.

Katherine C. Powell, EdD has written many articles and books investigating how people develop confidence, a strong sense of self, and openness to discovering their true self or potential. Since 2004, Dr. Powell has taught graduate and undergraduate courses at FAU as a fulltime instructor. Her classes prepare teachers in the psychology of teaching, learning theories, classroom management and self-assessment.

Lauren Walker teaches yoga and Energy Medicine to cadets and veterans at Norwich University. She is an assistant to EM founder Donna Eden. You can find her writing about a wide variety of subjects at [LKWalker.com](http://LKWalker.com).

Would you like to be a contributor to Healing Our World? **Tell us your story.**

Email Will Burson with the subject line “HOW Contribution” at WBurson@HippocratesInst.org.
**Dr. Brian Clement’s Speaking Schedule**

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<td>Grand Maritine</td>
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<td>February</td>
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*Subject to change. Please check www.HippocratesInstitute.org for current schedule.

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**Monsanto Declared Worst Company of 2011 by Anthony Gucciardi & Mike Barrett**

**CRANIAL ELECTROTHERAPY STIMULATION**

by Steve Lemberg, MD

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**NZ FOOD BILL TO MAKE GROWING FOOD A GOVERNMENT PRIVILEGE RATHER THAN A HUMAN RIGHT**

by Ethan A. Huff

Reprinted courtesy of NaturalNews.com

The God-given human right to freely cultivate food is under attack in New Zealand (NZ) as special interest groups and others are currently attempting to push a “food security” bill through the nation’s parliament that will strip individuals of their right to grow food, save seeds, and even share the fruits of their labor with friends and family members. In accordance with the World Trade Organization’s (WTO) Codex Alimentarius scheme for global food control, the NZ Food Bill, if passed, will essentially transfer primary control of food from individuals to corporations under the guise of food safety. And unless massive public outcry and awakened consciences within the NZ government are able to put a stop to it, the bill could become law very soon.

According to NZ Food Security, a group working to protect the food freedom of New Zealanders, the bill will turn growing and sharing food into a government-granted privilege rather than a human right. It will also make it illegal to distribute any type of food based on the bill’s language. This includes seeds, nutrients, natural medi- cines, minerals, and even water — with- out expressed government permission. You see, agribusiness giants like Monsanto want full control of the food supply, which means putting an end to small-scale agriculture sys- tems that operate “off the grid,” so to speak. This is why they have worked so hard in places like the U.S. to convert conventional, staple crop systems to genetically-modified (GM) ones that are continually reliant upon new seeds and chemical interventions.

As far as enforcement, the NZ bill also authorizes private companies to deploy “Food Safety Officers” that can raid private property without warrant. Not only will these “Food Safety Officers” be permitted to draw weapons against those they are pursuing, but they will also be immune from criminal and civil prosecution for their illegal acts.

What all this means, of course, is that the NZ government may soon be able to arbitrarily decide at any time to re- strict individual freedom to plant veg- etables and share the produce with their neighbors, for instance. Even “cottage industries,” which include at-home food artisans, could be restricted under the new law.

You can read a full summary of what the NZ Food Bill entails by searching the internet for, “Food, illegal? Not in my back yard.”

To learn more and to help defeat the NZ Food Bill, visit: http://nzfoodsecurity.org/

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**CRANIAL ELECTROTHERAPY STIMULATION**

by Steve Lemberg, MD

Just the name of this therapy conjures up images of science fiction and futuristic technology. Well, the future is now and this is not science fiction.

The Fisher-Wallace Cranial Electrother- apy Stimulator, CES for short, is a device that helps people with depression, anxiety, and insomnia. There are nu- merous scholarly articles and research studies out of Ivy League medical insti- tutions that support its effectiveness and safety (it is even safe for use in the pediatric age group). I was introduced to the device by Dr. Brian Clement, the director of Hippocrates Health Institute, who is excited about its potential. As Hippocrates’ medical con- sultant, I looked into the literature with a cautious eye; I needed to be convinced.

I didn’t take long for me to become equally enthusiastic about CES. The device uses mild electrical pulses delivered to the temples by a hand-held unit. Just twenty minutes a day can improve sleep and re- duce anxiety and depression. Results can be seen in as few as 7-10 days. I tried the device myself, and I experi- enced an improved mood just after a few treatments. Being scientifically skeptical, I thought it might be a placebo effect. Perhaps I was expecting to feel better. I noticed that a painful injury I had recently sustained was not hurting anymore, and had improved unusually quickly. It was then that I had an “aha” moment, realizing that the CES therapy releases endorphins which are natural pain-killers, in addition to the neurotrans-mitters that help with mood and sleep. The endorphins had helped my pain and I wasn’t even thinking about that when I tried it.

Since then, many Hippocrates Health Institute guests have utilized CES. We are hearing similarly positive reports from them regarding improvement in anxiety, depression and insomnia. I have written prescriptions for CES for several people and they are now using the devices at home. This is a very exciting technology, and it may serve as an alternative pharmacological therapy as more people try it and experience its myriad of benefits.

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**Monsanto Declared Worst Company of 2011 by Anthony Gucciardi & Mike Barrett**

**Health Educator Certification Program**

Your Career as a Complementary Health Educator

- Nine week program includes three week HHI Life Transformation Program and six weeks of curriculum and lectures
- Classes are Monday – Friday
- Hippocrates Health Educator Program includes:
  - Meals, tubs, sauna and juices each day on HHI campus
  - Use of HHI pools, sauna and gym
  - 10% discount on treatments and campus bookstore
  - CfM campus lodging is available for an additional fee

In honor of the Hippocrates Health Educator Programs 30th Anniversary, Health Educators are eligible for a 30% discount on our expanded 12 week program.

Call today to register or learn more. (800) 842.2125 www.HippocratesInstitute.org

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**Link Between Birth Control Pills and Prostate Cancer?**

According to a study published in the British Medical Journal, the use of the contraceptive pill is linked with an increased risk of prostate cancer worldwide.

The study found that countries with the highest number of women on the pill were more likely to have a higher number of men who are diagnosed with prostate cancer. The finding suggests for the first time a potential link between the pill and prostate cancer, the researchers said.

Canadian researchers suspect the birth control pills could be polluting the water supply, as women who take the pills excrete estrogen from the medication in their urine.

“The last two decades have witnessed growing scientific con- cerns and public debate over the potential adverse effects that may result from exposure to a group of chemicals [found in the contraceptive pill] that have the potential to alter the normal functioning of the endocrine system in wildlife and humans,” say researchers.  

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**March**

- March 16
  - 18 – 20 – Turkey
  - 24-25 – New York City
- April
  - 6 – 8 – Florida (west, central)
  - 21 – 22 – Toronto, Canada
- May
  - California
  - Mexico
- June
  - Portugal
  - Spain
  - Ireland
  - London, England
  - Jersey, Island
- July
  - Arizona

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**Health Educator Program Schedule**

- 6-week Start Dates
- 9-week Start Dates

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**What’s the News?**

**MONSANTO CONTINUES TO EXPAND THEIR GENETIC MANIPULATION**

Monsanto continues to expand their genetic manipulation. Monsanto is currently in the process of securing one of the largest pesticide patents in the world under the new Food Security Bill. This will allow them to declare that all crops grown in their presence are genetically-modified (GM) ones that are continually reliant upon new seeds and chemical interventions.

This is a very exciting technology, and it may serve as an alternative pharmacological therapy as more people try it and experience its myriad of benefits.

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Congratulations from Hippocrates

Healing Touch Buddies: Congratulations from Hippocrates

Hippocrates Health Institute is proud to announce the awarding of the Golden Care Award to Healing Touch Buddies, Inc. for their work with massage therapy for cancer patients. Healing Touch Buddies, Inc. massage therapists work with the patients for a minimum commitment of one year of free care for the victims of cancer and catastrophic diseases. Their Executive Director, Betty Ann Baker, accepted the plaque along with a generous donation from HHI.

We are very happy to be honoring this wonderful, caring organization.

This past year was an amazing time at Hippocrates. We encountered many guests who are shining examples of humanity. After much deliberation, Hippocrates named Bart Daniel “Guest of the Year.” Bart fully embraced the program and took it home with him to Gordonsville, Virginia. Now he wants to share it with everyone. Since his graduation from the institute, Bart has brought his family and friends to Hippocrates to enrich their lives. Bart enjoys yoga and is living his new lifestyle to the fullest.

Second place went to Patrick Kelly and third place to Peter Villarreal. All of the Guests of the Year will enjoy gift vouchers toward future stays at Hippocrates Health Institute.

Beth Marikos joined Hippocrates Health Institute in December 2009. She is native of Champaign, Illinois, and moved to South Florida in 1985. Beth is happily married and has a 17 year old son. Beth is the Accounts Payable Supervisor at Hippocrates. She is an extremely hard worker and is very respected by her peers and supervisors. Beth has a deep respect for what Hippocrates stands for and is very committed to the mission.

The Derrick Brockie Memorial Award of Excellence is a one-time grant of $500 that is awarded to a student graduating from the Hippocrates Health Educator Program who demonstrates excellent overall course performance and a business plan that best illustrates how he or she will educate and support others in the raw and living foods lifestyle.

The Fall 2011 Health Educator Program is proud to announce that two recipients were selected for this year’s award. They are Dr. Julio Calonje Daly and Louise Ann Muhammad.

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Hippocrates “Guest of the Year”
by Will Burson

This past year was an amazing time at Hippocrates. We encountered many guests who are shining examples of humanity.

After much deliberation, Hippocrates named Bart Daniel “Guest of the Year.” Bart fully embraced the program and took it home with him to Gordonsville, Virginia. Now he wants to share it with everyone. Since his graduation from the institute, Bart has brought his family and friends to Hippocrates to enrich their lives. Bart enjoys yoga and is living his new lifestyle to the fullest.

Second place went to Patrick Kelly and third place to Peter Villarreal. All of the Guests of the Year will enjoy gift vouchers toward future stays at Hippocrates Health Institute.

Hippocrates “Employee of the Year”
by Will Burson

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Health Educators in the News

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Enjoy an intimate yacht voyage with two world leaders in health and longevity. Drs. Brian and Anna Maria Clement, directors of Hippocrates Health Institute, and their support staff will help you navigate your way to a healthier you as you relax in luxurious accommodations. Voyage features Hippocrates 100% living, bio food and green juices.

Bookings on this exclusive voyage are limited. Call (561) 471-8876 ext. 177 today to reserve your space.

**Hippocrates 2012 Yacht Voyage**

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Let the Light Shine On Me

Chron’s Disease / Ulcerative Colitis

by Christopher Anthony D’Andrea : Merritt Island, Florida

I’m guessing that most grown ups don’t remember much about elementary school—maybe their favorite teacher or their best friend. But, for me, I’ll always remember elementary school because it was a time that changed the course of my life forever. A time when happiness turned to hurt; loyalty turned to betrayal; courage turned to fear and vibrant health turned to “incurable” disease.

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My childhood was filled with laughter, fertilinity and happiness. Coming from a huge Italian family, I was surrounded with amazing love, incredible memories and grandma’s home cooked meals. What more could a kid ask for? I loved my life. The light was always shining on me!

Oh, did I mention my mom? We’ve always been super-close. We have a lot of fun. When life gets tough, she inspires me and reminds me to “kick out the doubt” and conquer the next challenge. Her “champion” and tells me that any giant in our way is another opportunity to conquer. Well, that’s how my life was before—before the light in my heart began to burn out.

It all began when I was only ten years old. I had just started the fifth grade when a new kid transferred to my school. He was kind of dumb and flunked out twice at his other school. So, even though he was also in fifth grade, he was two years older, two years bigger and two years stronger. His popularity exploded and I felt proud to be in his inner circle. But, soon that school year, his closest friends suddenly became his victims. One minute he was our buddy, and the next minute he was a bully.

The verbal blows and the physical blows increased from a few times a week to multiple times per day. The mocking, belittling, pushing, shoving, kicking, hitting and humiliation became even worse when he recruited other bullies into his power trip.

I internalized the fear and stress day after day, month after month, for two years. There were many other boys who got bullied in one way or another, but none of us spoke of it because we feared their retaliation. Then, something else happened. Each school day, an agonizing pain in my stomach afflicted me. It felt like sharp knives stabbing me. My mom sensed something was wrong countless times. She tried so hard to reach into my heart, but I blocked everyone out. It was too awful to try to fix and even more awful to try to explain. I was locked down into a dark pit and nobody could find their way in. And, even worse, I couldn’t find my way out.

I gave up on the hope of escaping, and gave in to the acceptance that I would be trapped in the walls of the cellar for a very long time. Especially after one day at recess, when five of the bullies surrounded me and assaulted me in the worst way. Every time I tried to get up, they’d knock me back down. I couldn’t get air. I couldn’t make it stop. I was bruised, beaten and humiliated. I felt so betrayed as all my friends stood there watching and did nothing to help me.

I was in agony. The emotional scars were as painful as the physical ones. My self-worth was destroyed. The sharp, stabbing pains in my stomach worsened and became as unbearable as the abuse. I didn’t have the strength to “kick out the doubt” and conquer this giant. I gave up. I was defeated, wondering if the light would ever shine on me again. The wounds from bullying were deeper than I realized. It felt like they ripped out my soul. I finally shared the haunting memories with my mom, until the whole truth was finally revealed. I felt so relieved. She immediately took me to the pediatrician when I told her about my sharp stomach pains. The doctor told us it was the result of embedded stress and fear from the long-term bullying. I thought it would go away, but, instead my body crashed and burned. I started losing blood—a lot of blood.

Hunched over in crippling pain, I felt weaker and weaker with each new day. I could feel my body as days of bleeding turned into weeks of bleeding. Biopsies brought a brand new word into our lives. A word that really scared me—“disease.” I was diagnosed with Chron’s Disease / ulcerative colitis. Whaaaaa? I couldn’t believe it! I had so many unanswered questions. How did this happen? Why did this happen to me? Was it really incurable? I was devastated, shocked, angry, scared and numb all at the same time. After all, I was only twelve years old.

While my mom searched day and night for answers to this condition that was attacking my body, I was still so numb; I couldn’t process the awful prognosis. The pediatric GI specialists said this disease is incurable and very dangerous for children. It stunts growth and can lead to rheumatoid arthritis, blindness, cancer and even death. They explained that I would be on medication for the rest of my life. One of the medicines used for this condition is a form of chemotherapy and another causes leukemia. The last resort is surgical removal of the colon and use of a colostomy bag. After hearing all of this, I felt dead inside.

My mom and I were on our knees, laying down our broken hearts. We asked God for a miracle, night after night. My body was wasting away. I didn’t have the will or strength to fight. Even though we had a holistic, organic lifestyle and our house was filled with signs that reminded me to “believe,” somehow doubt still made its way in. After all, no doctor and none of our research could promise hope. My mom said those are the times when God does His greatest handiwork—when all hope is gone. She said that we would never, ever use the word “disease” again. She went on to explain that the word is just a label to describe symptoms; reminding me that the word did not own me, define me or dictate my destiny. Instead, we replaced that word with “health journey.”

CONT’D ON P. 55
I present to you the top three responses my patients give me when I ask them why they are taking a multivitamin:

1) “Just to be on the safe side.”
2) “It can’t hurt.”
3) “I don’t know.”

You are one of those people taking a multivitamin for these or other reasons, you have lots of company. About one-third of Americans take a multivitamin (which often includes a multimineral, too). When you read the vitamin manufacturers’ promises to “help support your immune system” or “help support your body’s energy,” who wouldn’t want to take one? After all, we all know we need a certain amount of vitamins and minerals from our diet to be healthy, and often our diets are not what they should be. But is a multivitamin actually a way to make up for a less than optimal diet?

Multivitamins have only been around since the 1940s. Before then, the term vitamin was rarely used. The first vitamin was identified in 1912, and to date 13 vitamins and 15 essential minerals have been identified. Vitamins are nutrients that our own bodies cannot produce, but we need from our diet and their health (e.g., getting cancer). The more definitive way to understand the effect of vitamins on health is with a randomized controlled trial. This determines causation. In these types of studies, half the people are given a placebo, and none of the participants knows which he or she is getting. Once these trials were done with vitamins, it became clear that most had nothing beneficial to offer us, and some were even harmful.

Why the discrepancy between the randomized trials and the observational studies? It turns out that the people who take multivitamins, or specific vitamins, often take better care of themselves. They are less likely to drink heavily and more likely to exercise. The vitamin-takers probably fared better because of their other good health habits, not because they were taking a multivitamin.

One of the first studies that showed that a vitamin could actually be harmful is that of beta carotene. This trial showed that beta carotene did not decrease risk of cancer. Even worse, participants who were smokers or exposed to asbestos actually had an increased risk of lung cancer if they were taking the beta carotene.

Another randomized controlled study in 2009 looked at the effect of the antioxidant vitamins C and E on healthy young men who exercised. All the participants exercised, but only half received the vitamins. The researchers found that those who exercised but did not take the vitamins had improved insulin sensitivity. That is, their bodies were better able to keep their blood sugar at a normal level. The men who took the supplements and exercised showed none of that improvement in insulin sensitivity.

While studies of people in developing countries have shown some clear benefits (particularly among children, pregnant women and those with HIV/AIDS), clinical trials in countries like the U.S., where severe nutritional deficiency is uncommon, have not. Among randomized controlled trials that have looked at vitamins as a means to reduce cancer risk, only one has shown benefit: taking high doses of calcium reduced the risk for colorectal polyps, which may be precancerous lesions. (But even this is not currently recommended by the medical establishment, perhaps because high dose calcium can cause kidney stones and might even be connected to cardiovascular disease.)

The first, an offshore oil well rig blowout resulted in me having a concussion. Three years later, someone ran a red light and hit me while I was on a bicycle. Four years after that, someone else ran a light and totaled my car, leaving me alone in the intersection with whiplash. Finally, six years ago, we had winter rain (a very unusual event in northern Canada during January), and my vehicle lost control while turning a corner. I rolled my truck 4½ times into a ditch, landing upside down. My seatbelt saved my life, but I had a nasty seatbelt compression injury to my left shoulder.

The sum of all these accidents has been an ongoing challenge with chronic pain. Earlier this year, my headaches and pains were so intense that pain medications were offering me no relief. They were, however, leaving me so drugged I wasn’t useful to diminish, both in intensity and severity. Being off the narcotic drugs that had clouded my mind, I began to see life with an incredible new level of clarity.

I watched new friends turn around Type 2 diabetes and walk away freed from a life of insulin. My personal pains and headaches quickly began to diminish, both in intensity and severity. The medicine I gained at HHI was life-changing! I watched new friends turn around Type 2 diabetes and walk away freed from a life of insulin. My personal pains and headaches quickly began to diminish, both in intensity and severity. Being off the narcotic drugs that had clouded my mind, I began to see life with an incredible new level of clarity.

A bout with osteoarthritis required surgery in my right knee, and the need for ongoing weight loss brought me to Hippocrates a second time in October 2011. I am now feeling great and I am over 70 lbs. lighter and moving great!
A young man, I wanted to find what differentiated happy healthy and successful people from the masses. It took many years for me to discover the unifying thread that all of these positive people pos- sesssed. It was as blatant as the August sun and as comforting as a December snow — PASSION. As you know, last year, we lost one of the twenty-first century’s great sages, Steve Jobs. Dur- ing the media memorials to him, they ran his commencement talk to the graduates of Stanford University. He, as all other movers and shakers, articu- lated so well to the young men and women that success comes from one single epicenter: “Find what you love and you will surely be successful.” He personally prolonged his life in his fight against pancreatic cancer eight times longer than the average sufferer.

One of the closest relationships I made in my adult life was with Coretta Scott King. She was not only a friend and confidant, but a mentor to me in purpose and mission. One poignant mo- ment, I asked her if she ever doubted her life’s direction. She smiled as her eyes sparkled and she said, “Direction is the only thing that makes life worth living.” From that moment on, I recognized that everything about living was much easier than we had been taught. The idea that struggle is necessary and that pain is required and that suffering is good is all misguided rhetoric. Somehow along the way, when each of us lowered our expectations, our cultures and humanity as a whole also followed suit.

Today, most people live in the con- finement of survival: shelter, food and clothing. Most of the energy they expel is to sustain these basic needs. Where is the joy? Where is the contribution? This per-plexing profile is not easy to change, yet it is necessary to do so more than ever.

As I look at this problem through the lens of my profession, it is apparent how lost and broken most of us are. Every time a new disease or a remedy for a disease is promoted, we instantly begin to see weakened people accept the disorder as their own. In the more extreme cases, it is evident that previously healthy people have now literally manifested the disor- der via their beliefs. When enduring an unhappy life without reward, people subconsciously sabotage their very health. In a way, it is like incremental suicide rather than a full blast attempt. Of course, our culture harbors the co-conspirator healthcare professionals and their corporate backers to support the belief of the weakened.

This is not to say that there is no authentic microbial and mutagenic disease. Our dilemma is the manifesta- tion of these disorders, which is greatly enhanced by the disease machine we call current day healthcare.

This pervasive phenomenon is not iso- lated to mainstream medicine — a great part of so-called “complementary health- care” utilizes the same methods of intimi- dation and control, which disempowers the person who needs the strength to believe they can heal themselves. I published a booklet 20 years ago called Belief. All there is, it contains a statement that applies here: “Belief is not a problem, can begin to resolve the per- sistent remission, yet there is such a thing as spontane- ous remission, yet there is such a thing as instantaneous acceptance of self. In this year, when the negative folk are waiting for everything to come to an end, I strongly urge you to take back your life and to forge a bright road back to the center of your humanity. When reaching this destination, relish the natural ability you have to live life with ease.

When understanding the true matrix of life, you realize that all is important and nothing is important, that health and disease are really generated in the same place and, ultimately, that your future is completely deter- mined based upon your manufactured view of yourself. Enjoy, recover, heal and represent normality.
I in 1995, after a few years of working in the human resources department of a very well-known company, I realized it was important to learn human resources software. I also realized I needed to improve my English since it is not my native language. As a nature and animal lover/protector, it was important for me to get my certification in scuba diving. I also love to travel and explore the world, which I learned from my mother and father.

In March 1995, I was hired by an international software company to work as a human resources consultant and trainer. This job fit perfectly with all my goals: software, English, and traveling all over the world. To this time, my heart was really pure to build my family and I left everything I had at the time. I even forgot God. I stopped exercising and eating healthfully and gave up everything that was important to me.

In August 2000, we married even though our relationship had worsened. In October of the same year, I had a miscarriage—I was my first baby. I was devastated. My life was drastically going in the wrong direction but I was unable to realize it.

In 2001, my first daughter was born. In 2002, my second daughter was born. I still dreamed that one day I would have a happy family, but my dreams were far from reality.

At this time my heart and soul were completely damaged. I was sad, disappointed, angry, frustrated and full of resentment. Despite all that, in February 2005 I discovered I was pregnant with my third child.

During my pregnancy, I noticed something was different in my left breast. My nipple was getting hard and harder. I talked with my gynecologist about it on three different occasions during my monthly visits, but he just told me it was part of the pregnancy. On my fifth month of pregnancy, I got the news: “It’s a boy!” I was completely happy but I realized my marriage was over. I cried and cried and for the very first time in my life I felt a deep pain in my soul.

At the same time, my breast was as hard as a stone. I had found an over-sized lymph node above my collarbone. Sadlly, the oncologist confirmed breast cancer—Stage III plus since it had already invaded the lymph node above my collarbone.

I could not accept I had cancer, so I started looking for a solution to get rid of any cancer cells. At that time I found God. I prayed to him with all my heart for a solution. I felt in my heart something was wrong with our everyday food. While reading the Bible (Daniel 1:12), I noticed Daniel had already invaded the lymph node above my collarbone. I专业化 my diet even when the doctors opposed what I ate (eating healthfully).

I started my “official” program just after I finished chemotherapy. I worked hard to recover my cell’s protein levels (diminished protein levels are a side effect of chemotheraphy). Finally I heard, “We are out of the woods.” My blood tests were amazingly perfect!

I also concentrated on detoxifying my body with infrared dry sauna therapy. I started my “official” program just after I finished chemotherapy. I worked hard to recover my cell’s protein levels (diminished protein levels are a side effect of chemotheraphy). Finally I heard, “We are out of the woods.” My blood tests were amazingly perfect!

I arrived at the institute with no energy at all. I thought it was going to be really hard, especially because I was driving from Miami to Hippocrates every day after dropping off my three kids at school and returning to pick them up again on the way home.

Hippocrates offers a day program for people who live near the institute, and their staff made it easy for me. I enjoyed all the same therapies, lectures and great food and juices that all Hippocrates guests do, and was able to go home every day to take care of my kids. Hippocrates was amazing. My biggest surprise was when I noticed my energy was back. My mind was clear and I even lost a few pounds.

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I had some challenges around the time of my divorce and had trouble maintaining my healthy lifestyle. Fortunately, my oldest brother offered me a stay at Hippocrates Health Institute.

I took pride in my health. My mom taught us healthy eating habits from an early age. At that time, I didn’t realize the invaluable treasure my mom was imparting. We even had an edible garden in the backyard of my house!
Prognosis: Hope

Parkinson's Disease
by Alex Bernstein: White Plains, New York

In 1981, we came to the United States from Russia, where I was a medical doctor. I started a new career in America, founding a company that was involved in different trade shows. My new profession required intensive traveling, mostly to Europe. I practically spent half the year on planes and in hotels.

During a business trip in 2005, one of my hands started to shake. It was the beginning of what I soon learned to be Parkinson's disease. My wife and I went to a few neurologists and they all had the same diagnosis: Parkinson's. One very notorious professor gave me a dire prognosis: "In five years you will be in a wheelchair."

My dear wife did copious research. She was determined to take charge of my situation. Dr. Brian Clement learned this from the same doctor because he and I met in Geneva when more than 35 healers, philosophers and teachers of healthy lifestyles all convened together and worked at Dr. Schaller’s Foundation de Soleil (The Sun Foundation).

In 1980, I learned from a remarkable doctor in Geneva, Switzerland, Christian Schaller, MD, that sugar is an emotional comfort food. To get off sugar, we need to have a healthy balance in our emotions. Dr. Schaller’s patients came to see him, he would recommend any or all of the following: attend a class on live food preparation, come and have a healthy meal at his small garden live food restaurant, receive a massage from Deborah, have a colonics from Brian, jump up and down on the large trampoline to stimulate circulation of the lymph, join with others and dance to rhythmic music; listen to a variety of health lectures from international speakers; learn relaxation techniques that open the gateway into one’s wisdom of the soul; have on-going sessions with a therapist for talking over one’s inner conflicts, and find inner harmony so that one’s natural authentic self can blossom and be expressed.

It was a great time in our lives, a time of absorbing and learning and finding inner harmony. I spent much time with my family for a few years and was offering bodywork to the 33 people on staff plus teaching a series of bodywork therapies to the public.

The Foundation de Soleil sponsored many international teachers and when Dr. Schaller’s patients came to see him, he would recommend any or all of the following: attend a class on live food preparation, come and have a healthy meal at his small garden live food restaurant, receive a massage from Deborah, have a colonics from Brian, jump up and down on the large trampoline to stimulate circulation of the lymph, join with others and dance to rhythmic music; listen to a variety of health lectures from international speakers; learn relaxation techniques that open the gateway into one’s wisdom of the soul; have on-going sessions with a therapist for talking over one’s inner conflicts, and find inner harmony so that one’s natural authentic self can blossom and be expressed.

Healing Our World » 25 Years of Empowerment
You walk into the café and the walls are a bright and yummy salad leaf green. Painted in large loopy letters are words that say: “Never get so busy making a living that you forget to make a life.”

You can see that the café is an oasis in Vermont, a cornucopia of alternative delights. Linda came to her devotion to raw food in an honest and balanced way, a trait you will see in her the more you spend time in her cafe. She isn’t about to proselytize about the horrors of factory-produced meat, or the environmental degradation of pigs, or the health issues surrounding dairy and sugar. But if you ask her, she’ll share a wealth of knowledge and helpful ideas with you.

Sixteen years ago, her mother, a non-smoker, was diagnosed with lung cancer. At the same time, a neighbor turned up and someone told her about raw foods in hand. Her daughter was born, Linda found herself overweight and ill with cancer. At the same time, she turned to various natural healers for help. Linda tried every kind of diet and modality, but nothing worked. Until finally, complaining on an internet group, again, synchronicity worked. Until finally, complaining on an internet group, again, synchronicity worked. Then, as synchronicities happen, she heard a show on Pacifica radio about a connection between her mother’s type of cancer and long-term vitamin deficiency. Being allergic to many foods, her mother did not eat a diet that would give her these vitamins. Linda began to see connections, both with her mother’s diet and her mother’s devotion to the Western medical model.

Linda’s books are filled with huge jars of herbs and boxes and tins of oils, creams and tinctures. There are cards and candles, and one whole wall is lined with huge jars of herbs. She has a recipe binder that carries at least a dozen of Linda’s recipes. Raw food gurus and Angela Stokes all use her bags. David Wolfe, Paul Nison, Matt Monarch and Angela Stokes all use her bags. Linda is open to the flow of the universe. Where she is most needed, that is Maine too far for salt? Is Maine too far for salt? You have people try out the diet for a period of time, she turns to various natural healers for help. Linda tried every kind of diet and modality, but nothing worked. Until finally, complaining on an internet group, again, synchronicity worked. True to Linda’s balanced nature, she adds, “I don’t want to become so localvore that I don’t have an olive or cinnamon, how much do you want to stretch that? Is Maine too far for salt? You have to take it all with a grain of salt,” she says, laughing at her own pun.

And like the majority of her Vermont neighbors, it takes more than one income stream to be able to make life work here. One of the biggest successes to come out of her cafe and her devotion to making raw food easy and accessible are her nut milk filtering bags. Although many companies make them, hers are one of the few that are handmade and custom made. Made from hemp and nylon, the bags are strong and durable. They are available in many custom sizes and can be used for juicing, sprouting, apple pressing and kombucha making. Carpenters even use the bags for their superior filtering capabilities. Linda is the exclusive provider of nut milk bags to Vita Mix blenders, the gold standard for raw foods. With every blender purchase you get one of Linda’s bags.

Vermont Fiddle Heads
18 Worcester Village Road
Worcester, VT
(802) 222-2111
www.vt-fiddle.com
little did I know that this chance encounter would transform my life forever, leading me to juice-fasting on celery, cucumber, lemon, garlic and ginger for 150 days. The reason for my transformation was that I was vastly overweight and needed to give myself the best chance to fight cancer.

The guest who opened my eyes was Rian Torres, the owner of a retreat centre in Kings Worthy, some 20 miles away. She informed me that I would not be able to fight the cancer properly unless I drastically changed my diet. I had been told a few months previously that the prostate cancer I had been fighting for 15 years was now in my spine and ribs. The doctors said unless I accepted chemotherapy now, it would only be a matter of months before the cancer did me in.

I had been disillusioned with conventional treatment for some time and was suffering various side effects from the medication I was taking. My weight had ballooned to 23 stone (322 lbs.) and I was riddled with stomach ulcers. My blood pressure and cholesterol levels had soared. As Rian arrived at teatime, I was about to tuck in a homemade chicken burger, chips and vegetables. Rian questioned my choice of food and said I wasn’t doing myself any favors if I was going to fight cancer. She said I would have to “go raw,” and the sooner, the better.

Rian told me about Hippocrates Health Institute and how their Life Transformation Program could help me fight cancer. She went on to say I should not be eating meat or cooked food. I should be eating good wholesome food, not rubbish. First I would have to remove some of the harmful substances which had built up in my body over the years and that’s where the juicing would help.

Dr. Brian Clement, the director of Hippocrates Health Institute, was speaking in London soon and Rian said I should not miss this. I was determined to get there. I have to say I was not disappointed, the talk was inspiring. I decided I must travel to the United States and visit Hippocrates.

It was nine months before I could get to Hippocrates in Florida. In the beginning all did not go well. Hippocrates was everything I had expected and more, but in the first two days by the time I had finished my green lunch, I was too tired to attend the afternoon lecture. By Friday, things had improved so much that I was able to stay awake all day and attend all the lectures and treatments. The treatments I was receiving on a daily basis were helping my movement and relieving my pain.

The Hippocrates approach is no easy solution or quick fix. You have to stick to the basics. Hippocrates gives you the knowledge and the tools. The rest is up to you. When I left three weeks later, I was like a new man. My diet is something I am continuing to work on.

In my case it has given me much needed extra time with my lovely wife, Sarah, and my quality of life has dramatically improved.
High Blood Pressure, Blood Sugar & Cholesterol; Mental Fog; Weight Loss

by Jim Ferlisi, MD: Toronto, Canada

My name is Dr. Jim Ferlisi. I am a family doctor from Toronto, Canada, and I was “that person” — overweight, tired, sluggish and in a mental fog. The good news is I became a new person this past summer. I will describe how simple it is, so you, like me, can get your life back.

Let me first tell you a bit about myself. I was born in Toronto, Canada. My parents, Frank and Maria, immigrated from Italy in the early 1950s. My dad and his two brothers opened a small grocery store in the Little Italy district of Toronto. I grew up in the food store, which meant I could eat all the candy, chocolate and ice cream I wanted.

My mom, like all good Italian mothers, would say to me, “Jimmy, mangia, mangia,” which means “eat, eat.” By age 12, I was a real big Italian boy. My mom would tell her friends, “That son of mine is big-boned — big frame, you know.” But the truth was that I was a fat Italian boy.

When I went on to university and then to medical school, I was one of the few Italians in my program and I was still “big-boned.” I graduated with a medical degree in 1986 and eventually set up a clinic in Toronto along with five other physicians. So there I was — six feet tall and over 260 lbs. — giving my patients advice on healthy living and losing weight. There was something wrong with this picture.

In May 2011, I started to become afraid. My dad had suffered a heart attack, my mom had a stroke and most of my patients were sick. I felt like a ticking time bomb waiting for a heart attack.

A friend of mine told me about a place called Hippocrates Health Institute (HHI) in West Palm Beach, Florida, where I could go to get my life back. I told my wife, Cathy, and my son, Josef, of my problems and we soon arrived at HHI.

On the first day, the nurse examined me. My blood pressure was high at 140/90. My blood sugar and my cholesterol were high as well. I learned that I am sensitive to gluten and that I had metal toxins in my blood from the fish I ate. My weight was 268 lbs. A healthy weight for my height is 190 lbs. at the most.

Then the staff doctor asked me a question that shook me to the core. He looked me straight in the eye and asked, “Dr. Jim, do you want to live or do you want to die?” Basically, he was telling me that if I kept eating the Italian staples I was raised on — pasta, pizza, lasagna and sausage — that I would have a heart attack and possibly die. As I had suspected, I was a ticking time bomb, and, boy, was I afraid.

I walked out of the Hippocrates medical building and looked up at the clear blue Floridian sky. I heard my father’s words, “You are a champion; just do it.” So I rolled up my sleeves and I did it. I became an honor student of the Hippocrates program, completely adhering to its principles.

I started to meditate, exercise and practice yoga. I began to consume corn, vegetables, beans, sprouts, veggie burgers, wheatgrass juice and green juices. I fell in love with my new lifestyle and at the end of the three-week program I had lost 23 pounds, my blood sugar and cholesterol levels had normalized and, most importantly, I was energized. I had no more “mental fog” and I felt truly happy.

I left Florida as a new person — mind, body and soul.

The fact that these changes took only 21 days is simply amazing. In only three weeks, I went from being an Italian who ate heavy, traditional Italian dishes to an Italian who consumes raw vegan fare. I committed to being a raw vegan for the rest of my time on this planet.

Don’t get me wrong; the Ferlisi family still enjoys Italian food. We simply transform our favorite authentic “Italiano” recipes into healthy, vegan variations. This is fun and really easy to do. (cont’d on p. 63)

The Ferlisi Family Post-Hippocrates

Dr. Jim: For me — my ritual is to weigh myself every Friday morning just as a fighter before a match — I actually call this weigh-in “Dr. Jim’s Weight War.” So far, I have lost 50 lbs. in 108 days.

Every morning I go through my “15-15-15” routine: 15 minutes of meditation, 15 minutes of infrared sauna and 15 minutes of qigong. As a result, I am in total harmony with my mind, body and soul. I no longer feel sluggish or have mental fatigue, and my mind is laser focused.

Cathy: After her battle with psoriasis for the past 25 years and trying countless creams and visiting numerous dermatologists, Dr. Brian Clement simply told Cathy to stop eating white potatoes, use neem cream and neem leaf capsules, use an infrared sauna dually and embrace the raw vegan lifestyle. She followed his advice and, as a result, her psoriasis is almost gone. In addition, thus far Cathy lost a total of 44 pounds.

Josef: At 16 years of age, he has had eczema for many years. His eczema completely vanished in three weeks at Hippocrates. He also lost 25 lbs in 21 days! On July 18, 2011, Josef’s cholesterol had dropped to 115 (normal being less than 190). Initially, I was concerned that as a teenager Josef would struggle with this vegan lifestyle. Instead he loves it, and he loves the way he looks and feels.

Melyssa: A lovely 13 year old young lady, she had other commitments and stayed home during her family’s stay at Hippocrates. Upon their return, Melyssa embraced the Hippocrates lifestyle and has since lost 15 pounds. She’s not only enjoying the vegan lifestyle but is sharing it with her friends.

If you would like to contact Dr. Jim, feel free to email: drjim@drjimsmarket.com
Self-esteem is dependent on your feelings which have to be identified and managed to prevent your core sense of self from becoming off balance. Self-esteem includes self-regard and how you feel about yourself when accomplishing goals. We experience various emotions such as joy, anger, sadness or fear which are expressed through our behavior. When feeling overcome with emotions, stopping and thinking about the opposite feeling can help neutralize them. For example, when angry, try calming yourself by thinking of something pleasant. This can help your emotions balanced and manageable. Our emotions can be volatile and confusing. Developing integrity is a process where you put together the pieces of self into a complete, honest and whole person which mirrors who you really are. To become honest and integrated you must: (1) Breathe in deeply to change your negative thoughts and identify true feelings; (2) Accept honest feedback from others to validate or affirm your true feelings; (3) Evaluate yourself by knowing your strengths and weaknesses after accomplishing tasks; (4) Exercise or do extensive physical movement to help keep yourself in the present moment; and, (5) Meditate or conduct calming activities to get in touch with your intuitive self buried under protective feelings. Finding your true feelings is paramount. If you keep validating false feelings, they might eventually feel true and real; therefore, you could be living a fantasy life that is not really who you are. Becoming integrated alleviates living in pain or delusions and validates true feelings.

Balancing our emotions is essential! When you are unhappy, your emotions could keep you off balance. A weak sense of self allows feelings of self-sabotage to invade your core sense of self.

Living a Healthy, Integrated Life with Emotional Balance
by Katherine C. Powell, EdD

The process of building a healthy, strong sense of self incorporates living an integrated and honest life. When living a life of self-delusion (unreal feeling) or in a fantasy world to cover pain, we become unbalanced and do not live in the present moment. To overcome delusion we must: (1) Build high self-esteem and identify our real feelings and emotions; (2) Develop integrity by being honest to avoid self-sabotage; and, (3) Maintain emotional balance by being intuitive, realistic and in the present moment. An integrated life helps maintain self-esteem and balance our emotions with honesty. When we feel valid and whole, we make moral choices that govern our behavior and contribute to our integrity. Our life energy is precarious and we can be thrown off center if we are not aware of our true feelings or emotions, which need to be harmonious. An honest life with high-self-esteem and self-regard contributes to an integrated and confident life.

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Cancer Reawakened
My Soul to Vibrant Health

Colorectal Cancer

by Simon Lyon : Essex, England

I was diagnosed in early 2010 with a rare form of colorectal cancer, “mucous adenocarcinoma.” The cancer was discovered after an emergency appendectomy in December 2009, and when I heard the news my whole world seemed to fall apart. I was stunned and momentarily incapable of asking the oncologist any sensible questions when he asked me if I had any.

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The doctor replied, “We don’t know.” Mmm… okay. Then asked, “Should I eat?” He replied with a smile, “Eat what you like.”

I then asked, “What did you tell me about bowel removal!” If you were angry as she protested, “They need to do the test to see if the cancer has spread.”

The oncologist’s smile didn’t last long, as he must have seen the alarm in my eyes. He turned to the next page of the report, “The test revealed that I had two tumors.”

It turns out the age-old adage, “What you put into your body profoundly affects all disorder in the body.” It turns out the age-old adage, “You are what you eat,” is as true today as it has ever been.

After only 30 minutes with the less
than-helpful oncologist, my support
ive wife and I excused ourselves and left his office.

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dictis in December 2009, and when I heard the news my whole world seemed to fall apart. I was stunned and momentarily incapable of asking the oncologist any sensible questions when he asked me if I had any.

I went back to the hospital to have an endoscopy when a strange thing happened. During my pre-procedure meeting the words “no biopsies” and “no surgery” came out of my mouth, but it was as if I hadn’t said it. My lips were moving but I wasn’t thinking about what I was saying, it was as though somebody else was talk

I later discovered that biopsies and surgery can spread cancer. The doctor performing the examination was quite frustrated and angry as she protested, “They need to know which part of the bowel to remove!” This was the first time I had been told about bowel removal! If you were an alien visiting another planet for the first time, you would investigate before making contact, wouldn’t you?

Hippocrates said in 400BC, “First do no harm.” The test revealed that I had two large polyps in my large intestine.

My “Eureka” moment began when I eventually learned about Hippocrates Health Institute (HHI) with its wheatgrass and how to juice it. I began watching all the videos on the internet about sprouting and HHI. I

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People often find themselves sitting for long periods of time. Some have desk jobs that require them to sit for most of the day. Sometimes there are long road trips or flights that involve sitting for hours on end. Then there’s people who like to sit in their favorite chair watching TV. Finding yourself in any of these situations, you have probably wondered what can you do that makes it simple and easy to be fit while you sit. Well, today you’re in luck because there is such a thing as sitting exercises.

There are many exercises that can be performed while seated. I have chosen eight quick ones for you (see opposite page).

Take pleasure in this very effective sitting fitness routine. Remember the cardinal rule when it comes to sitting for long periods of time: for every hour we sit, we owe 10 minutes to fitness.

The results of a study made by the National Health Interview Survey were published in a December 1999 issue of The New York Times. They kept tabs on about 7,000 people over a period of nine years and came up with some conclusions about what contributed to health and disease. They discovered that people who never exercise are more than twice as likely to die prematurely than active people.

Regardless of your age and disposition there is a message in this: “Either make yourself fit or prepare for an early death!” I have observed that fit people are generally happier than unfit people are. So there’s quite a bonus for being fit. My encouragement here is, “Commit to get fit!”

The past may be blemished but our future is spotless! In our next article on fitness, I will be sharing with you “The Health Benefits of Great Abs.” Beyond aesthetics, what are the major benefits of good abs? What do these benefits mean to our staying well for life? Don’t Miss It!

Between each exercise, enjoy the 1:4:2 Ratio of Deep Breathing: breathe in for 3 seconds, hold the breath for 12 seconds, breathe out for 6 seconds. Then go on to the next exercise. Here are some simple exercises to Be Fit While You Sit:

1. Just Stand Up. It’s known that we use 102 movements just to go from the sitting position to the standing position, and the same movements are used when you sit back down. This is called the Alexander Technique. It’s incredible, and there is no expensive gym equipment to buy or gyms to join. Can you imagine the fitness you’ll create in your life if you just stand up 10 times? When I’m conducting my fitness seminars and get people to stand up, it’s amazing to see the different ways people try to get out of a chair. Never push yourself out of a chair when you stand up, as that is what your legs and buttocks are for. Use them and the 102 moves will be a reality when you do this exercise. Try 10 sets.

2. Neck Stretch. While you are sitting in a chair, look forward and then turn your head to the left 90 degrees and hold for one second. Turn your head back to the front and then to the right 90 degrees. Hold for one second, then turn back to the front again. This exercise stimulates every trigger point in the body. All of our trigger points are connected in the neck. This has an incredible rejuvenating effect on the whole body. Do this for 10 sets. Don’t forget the deep breathing technique between each different exercise.

3. Side Bends. While seated, bend to the left and then to the right as far as it’s comfortable for you. Let your hands hang by your side as you perform this exercise. Repeat for a total of 10 sets.

4. Squeeze Buttocks. The name of this exercise sums it up. Do this 50 times.

5. Make a Fist With Each Hand. Clench and release your fists. Repeat this for a count of one minute.

6. Reach for the Sky. While seated, reach as high as you can. Hold the stretch for a count of one minute.

7. Stretch Face. Hold for a count of one minute. Did you know that when lifting your head up you actually allow up to 10% more oxygen to the brain as it opens your air passages? This elevates your mood, making you feel and look younger.

Finish your session with the final 1:4:2 Ratio of Deep Breathing. Breathe in for 3 seconds, hold for 12 seconds and breathe out for 6 seconds.
Who says miracles don’t occur?

Type II Diabetes, Asthma, High Cholesterol, Severe Hypertension

by Steve Kleinman : Arlington, Virginia

Six months ago this week, I was laying flat on my back on a hospital emergency room cot with severe chest pains, shortness of breath, dizziness, partial paralysis in my facial muscles and extreme tingling in my arms and legs. I didn’t want to be there. I had been experiencing intermittent chest pains for one week, and had studiously avoided getting it checked out.

I made the mistake of mentioning my predicament to my wife. This was only after I doubled over during a walk on M street in Washington, DC, on a beautiful spring day. It was a mistake because I was absolutely determined not to know what was wrong. I was sure nothing good could come of a diagnosis, because there was nothing more that could be done—at least nothing I was willing to do.

My wife gave me a tongue-lashing and rushed me to the hospital. I just knew that this was it. The doctors would insist I begin injecting myself with insulin, something I had avoided for years. I knew they would tell me that I had suffered diabetic neuropathy through my negligence, and that my body would quickly begin to deteriorate as I had seen happen with my aunt 30 years before. My life, as I knew it, was over.

My first encounter with HHI came when I visited the institute in hopes of entering the Health Educator Program and expanding my knowledge in the field of nutrition. Little did I know that the education I would receive at Hippocrates would come when I enrolled in the three-week Life Transformation Program almost a year later.

I describe my experience at HHI as a journey. It is as if I stepped into a tropical rainforest and was welcomed into a village full of philosophers, caretakers, herbalists and crafty cooks with special brews, herbs and spices. These empowering women and men are dedicated to creating a place for healing.

Finding the “Awe” in Awful

Ulcerative Colitis / IBD

by Safara Fisher: Mesa, Arizona

I’ve been having an affair for 10 years. This is how my relationship with ulcerative colitis (UC) was described to me during a recent visit to Hippocrates Health Institute. A woman I met there said of my condition, “You’re always ending up in bed together!” I burst out laughing at the irony and truth of that analogy of having a flare (a sudden onset of UC symptoms). I have since been using the “affair” phrase to describe my relationship with ulcerative colitis, a form of inflammatory bowel disease (IBD).

In December 2010, I once again found myself “in bed” with UC. I was suffering from cramps, bloating, diarrhea and all the wonderful symptoms that accompany a flare. I was too weak to walk down the street without catching my breath and I had lost over 30 pounds in only two months. By the time I reached Hippocrates Health Institute (HHI), I was barely over 100 pounds at 5’5.”

My sister, Beth, who was a nurse, began working at Hippocrates Health Institute the previous year and had been telling me about all the miraculous transformations and disease reversals she saw of people she helped. I finally told my sister, but this sounded very suspicious. I had heard so many. My doctor had already told me that more drugs were the only answer. Wouldn’t he know?

I had been diagnosed with type II diabetes and extremely high cholesterol 12 years before that point, and severe hypertension two years after that. This was in addition to my extremely high cholesterol and the severe asthma that I had suffered since my early twenties. Not to mention the weight—I was 195 lbs on a 5’7” frame. And, at the time, this weight was actually pretty good for me. I had spent much of my adult life at 200+ lbs. I thought all this was to be expected. After all, my career as a software developer was extremely stressful. What programmer isn’t either extremely fat or extremely skinny? This was not my fault. It was unavoidable—just an occupational hazard.

By the time I arrived at the hospital, I was taking Victoza and Metformin for my diabetes, Vytorin for my cholesterol, Lisinopril for my blood pressure, ADVAIR for my asthma, Lunesta for my insomnia and a nightly red wine and aspirin cocktail as a general “health tonic.” In addition, I was on a strict Atkins ultra-low-carb diet to help with my weight and my blood sugar. I was doing all the right things, right?

While laying in bed with pain shooting through my body, I finally asked my wife, “I guess it’s time, isn’t it?” My wife looked at me sternly and said, “Yes!” And so my new life began.

My sister, Beth, began working at Hippocrates Health Institute almost a year earlier. I had asked her the Hippocrates medical team about my issues with type II diabetes and hypertension, and they felt confident I could improve my health if I simply followed their program. I trusted my sister, but this sounded very suspicious and all too familiar. It sounded like just another diet, and I had tried so many. My doctor had already told me that my problems were genetic and that more drugs were the only answer. Wouldn’t he know?

I had been playing with the idea of going to Hippocrates for about four months before my excursion to the emergency room, but always pulled back because of the cost and the apparent purvey of the diet, not to mention the fear of feeling foolish if the program failed.
Born into the baby boom and raised during the housing boom, I grew up in a fresh new tract of suburbia which bordered an undeveloped state park. While boys my age played baseball and imagined batting themselves into major league stardom, I played in the woods and fantasized seeing deer. Deer embodied for me the wild in the flowery phrase wild animal, an adjective which barely befit the squirrels chewing up the attic, or the rabbits snacking in the garden, or the coons rustling through the garbage. Among local fauna, deer inhabited my wildest dreams.

As an early teenager bird watching in that nearby woodland park, I kept ever vigilant for deer. I envisioned that they lurked just around the bend, just across the field, just inside the next clearing, just beyond the forest edge. Same as a child on Christmas Eve anticipating the arrival of Santa and his reindeer, I hoped to see deer. Despite my vigil, I never saw any reindeer parked atop my roof, nor any deer reside inside my park. Instead, deer inhabited my wildest dreams. Due to political climate change, deer hunters no longer do so, but when I was a child many homeward bound hunters bed their naked quarry to the roofs of their cars. The sight of road kill made me sad, but those brazen hearse made me cry, in fact cry twice, that second time when I was nearly nine.

Thirty years later, the pivotal day of my life was my 39th birthday. For most of us, our primary rite of passage is marked by our first wedding or our recent divorce, by the birth of our first child or the death of our last remaining parent, by that first sip of wine which began our descent into alcoholism or that final puff of smoke which emanated from the embers of our last cigarette or joint. My turning point was less familial and more singular, less sanguinary and more solitary. Sober but celebratory, I dived off a footbridge into a river and emerged awaiting a wheelchair. I shattered a vertebrae, of which a fragment injured the fragile bundle of nerves of my spinal cord. Diagnosis: paralysis, but not everywhere, just below the waist. Prognosis: paralysis, but not forever, just the rest of my life.

During rehab, I took a stand against spinal cord injury. A year later, I ambulated with crutches. I still wheel at home, and do nearly everything I used to do, just slower. A born-again pedestrian, I eventually resumed most of my previous activities, including nature photography. But the world I now photograph has narrowed in focus. I photograph mostly my backyard. And sometimes, in an effort to explore new terrain, I photograph my front yard. As a suburban teen who read Thoreau, my life’s ambition was not to earn wealth or to father a family or to gain fame, but to live alone in a house in the woods. And that I now do. I live in a nature preserve, not quite wilderness, but nature nonetheless, and far removed from the suburbs of my childhood. Every night, wildlife plunder my compost heap for its kitchen scraps. Little ever gets composted, but instead is eaten by many nocturnal visitors, among them deer. Yet for many years I rarely saw any deer, just their tracks in the mud or snow. One day in March an already frigid and snowy winter culminated in a blizzard that bestowed a foot of dense wet snow.
Snowstorm or not, winter’s critical final month tests the survival of all wild animals. Feeding wild animals is a thorny issue, but ultimately we do so for our own entertainment. Birdwatchers feed birds to behold them at their windows, and I decided to feed deer to commune with them at my door. Though informed of reasons why not to feed any wild animal, I seized upon the blizzard as an excuse to go ahead and dole out their rations anyway. Even though deer are better left unfeasted, I rationalized that I deserved to feed them. Thus with the aid of a cornucopia of cracked corn, I initiated my Year of the Deer.

Being typically human, I harbored selfish motives. I plotted to lure the deer with bait, and then to shoot them. I mean with a camera. Initially, if I merely appeared at a window, the deer would spook and head for the hills. Smart deer. But slowly, slowly, they allayed their well founded fears of humans, and they began to accept the sight of me from behind my window. The sweet temptation of my judicious allocation of cracked corn provided them with a powerful incentive. My offerings continued for two months. Then one day early in May, one very pregnant and very hungry doe lingering long enough for me to shoot from my opened window the first of her family photos.

One day in June, while puttering around outside in my wheelchair, I happened upon two fawns. Or rather they happened upon me. The two fawns stood transfixed, I sat spellbound, and time’s clock stopped. They were the first fawns I had ever beheld so newly born, and though old and decrepit I surely was their first human. Then I blinked, and poof, they disappeared. They left me bewildered in the wilderness. When I had cried at age nine, I was awed by the mystery of death. Now I again cried, awed by the miracle of birth.

Between accidental birth and inevitable death, lurks life. We humans observe relatively little of deer’s waking hours, as deer are primarily nocturnal. When we do see them during daylight, they are merely grabbing quick snacks between long naps. So picture this. The time is early evening just after sunset, when deer begin their workday in earnest. The place is a meadow which abuts woodland, except where it borders my home, a decaying old house with a view of a fecund young meadow.

Now picture one doe and her two fawns every early evening making their rounds to this meadow, expectant of their daily allowance of cracked corn, assured of easy egress into the adjoining woods. And last and least, picture one lone crippled human, crouched in a wheelchair, hunkered over a camera mounted on a tripod, day after day wheeling his tripod closer to the ever wary deer. Rather than arm myself with a cannon-like 300mm telephoto lens, instead I practiced patience and fortitude, took up arms with merely 180mm, and instead of a single burst of buckshot I daily purveyed small portions of cracked corn.

Thus I began to document the doe’s family for three seasons, spring through fall. I started in May from indoors, peering through a window from 150 feet away. Testing their tolerance, day by day I inched forward until they backed away. By July, I wheeled into the field, sitting and shooting from 100 feet away. Twice in late July and once in early August, I witnessed the doe suckling her young, a very vulnerable position for both generations, so seldom seen by humans and less seldom documented by photographers. Like a jealous lover, I was envious of her fawns, as I wished that I, too, could crouch under the doe and suckle upon her. Adherents to a conventional American diet might respond to my confession with either revulsion or regurgitation. But as a radical vegan since my teens, it is I who is appalled by humans who daily commit the same hungry act upon a diseased Cow Mother. Oh, poor abused cow, tethered to the ignominy of a milk-sucking machine. Oh, poor exploited calf, condemned to the incarceration of a veal crate. As veal floats invisibly inside every quart of cow milk, I choose my Earth Mother more wisely, and seek mine among the wild and the free. Hence my now not-so-secret desire to suckle upon a Deer Mother, but just once, as not to deprive the fauns of their birthright.

During this entire summer, rain was abundant and frequent, vegetation was plump and lush, and with plenty to eat the deer had a field day, indeed many field days. Yet no matter how well nurtured or well fed, deer retain an appetite for cracked corn, a dish for which my human presence was worth tolerating. Deer find corn so irresistible that they raid cornfields despite the threat of being gunned down by farmers and hunters, compared to which being shot by my camera was far more benign.

In the ongoing human war against animals, I was a turncoat who long ago had sided with the underdog, the scapegoat, and the sitting duck. One September day, in a long delayed response, nature reciprocated and embraced my truce. On this day, sensing that my unwieldy tripod intimidated them more than did I, I left behind my camera and tripod. I wheeled forward, a bucket of cracked corn on my lap. I discerned no divine calling, felt no deep premonitions, harbored no ulterior motives, instead I simply sat and watched and waited. I dispensed a line of corn onto the ground, wheeled back barely twenty feet, and in a few minutes my familiar family of deer appeared, ventured forward, and began to eat. As though tables were turned, perhaps they had invited me to join them at their dinner table. So there I sat, bucket on lap, my arms outstretched, and to assure them I held no projectiles. I turned my palms upward. I did not realize until later that Renaissance painters, for instance Giovanni Bellini, posed St. Francis as such for receiving the stigmata.
I remembered more dreams about deer than about anything or anyone else, than even about human women. My heart already was taken. My dear deer.

With spring, the fawns grew into yearlings. By March I could sit within 15 feet of the yearlings, thereby both bridging a generation gap and surmounting a species barrier. In April, one of the yearlings developed two protuberances atop its head, so I could deduce that the other yearling displaying no imminent sign of antlers was a doe. A year for a deer often is half a lifetime. Were the yearling doe to survive another year and give birth to fawns, my photos potentially could chronicle one full life cycle. But I declared my photo project completed, thankful for the photos I had gotten. And people who are not happy with what they’ve got, are never happy.

In May, in preparation for her next cycle of newborn fawns, the again pregnant doe drove off her yearlings. Growing up in my presence, the yearlings were far more tolerant of me than was the doe, so I too sent them away simply by my no longer dispensing corn. Thereafter, they did not flee me, but neither did they invite me into their family or into their world.

The peaceful evenings I had shared seated among the deer remain in my memory as more spiritually enriching than any other experience of my life. I shed being merely human, and while seated among them I entered into their world as deer. The endeavor needed much planning and patience. It also required several bushels of cracked corn and exactly one wheelchair. The wheelchair is crucial. Deer recognize it and me from a mile away. Seated, I’m their height, and so less intimidating. Indeed, I could not have entered into this communion afoot. I could attain it only in a wheelchair.

A buck antlered in full regalia, whom I saw only twice before, briefly before dawn, emerged with an entourage of four yearlings, none whom I recognized. I dispensed a third and longer line of cracked corn, and then again I sat still, while in my head I took a head count. Three plus three plus one plus four. That’s eleven locals and one closely watched intruder, a solitary member of the human horde in the middle of a deer herd. I was surrounded. No exit, nor did I seek one.

I was close enough for my dulled olfactory nerves to discern for my first time their deer scent, whereas all these months the deer much more deftly had smelled my human scent. But more than mere deer odor abounded here. The air was buzz with energy, mostly deer energy, maybe some human energy, and a morsel of corn energy, because plants, too, are living beings. Soon the corn energy vanished, and too soon did the deer. “Wait! Take me with you!” I wanted to implore. But I just sat in silence and in contemplation of what I knew thereafter would rank as my life’s most enriching moment, and exciting moment too, exceeding my excitement the first time a chickadee, winter hungry for my sunflower seeds, perched upon my hand.

In early October, from 40 feet away, I attained my goal of idealized family photos amid classic fall foliage. So I discontinued regular feedings, and during winter doled out corn only when our paths crossed, maybe twice a month. Though they continued to plunder my compost heap, Jane Doe and her two fawns survived the ensuing winter mostly without my intervention, as is meant to be.

While I may have forsaken the deer, they did not take leave of me. They took up residence in my dreams. Throughout fall and winter, at least once a week I recalled dreams about deer, and surely dreamed more than I recalled. Indeed, I conceived of sitting among them as my life’s most enriching moment.
A Cancer Death Sentence?
I Don’t Think so!

Non-Hodgkin’s Leukemic Lymphoma

by Jim Miller : Leesburg, Florida

In September 2006, Mandy, my massage therapist, told me that my spleen was like a rock and I’d better get it checked out. In November, when I finally went to Dr. Taylor, he informed me that my hemoglobin was at six and it should be 12 – 16. He ordered two units of blood for me at Waterman Hospital. He was pretty sure I had cancer in my bone marrow, which was inhibiting my production of red blood cells. He said they could stave it off with chemo, but it would keep coming back faster and faster until they couldn’t do anymore chemo, and then I would die in, maybe, five to ten years.

He referred me to Dr. Tumala, who is a wonderful oncologist, to get a full diagnosis. Dr. Tumala did a bone marrow biopsy and ordered a PET scan. He told me that I had Non-Hodgkin’s Leukemic Lymphoma (NHLL), confirming Dr. Taylor’s suspicion. I started chemo in January 2007. I underwent six cycles, four weeks apart. Eight hours on Monday followed by two hours on Tuesday and Wednesday. I finished in June 2007 and Dr. Tumala did a bone marrow biopsy and ordered another PET scan. The chemo had worked. My spleen got soft and my biopsy results showed that I was in full remission, but a new, less aggressive strain of cancer showed up that was at 6 – 7%.

Because NHLL always comes back, Dr. Tumala suggested that I consider a bone marrow transplant and referred me to the Moffitt Center in Tampa, Florida, where I met with the acknowledged expert in the field. He was upbeat because they were now 60 – 70% successful. Success is defined as living five more years; it is not a cure. So they were going to almost poison me to death to kill my bone marrow and my immune system (so I wouldn’t reject the donor marrow), while damaging many of my organs. All in hopes that I might survive five more years. That is when I chose to look at my sister-in-law’s suggestion that I attend Hippocrates Health Institute in West Palm Beach, Florida. The way I saw it, it couldn’t hurt and it just might work. If it didn’t work, I could always take my chances with the bone marrow transplant later. Just before I left for Hippocrates, Mandy told me that my spleen was getting lumpy again. Dr. Tumala was right; the NHLL was coming back. I didn’t tell my wife.

I arrived at Hippocrates the Sunday before Thanksgiving 2007 and stayed for three weeks. It is a wonderful place and it worked! When I got back Mandy couldn’t feel my spleen, it was completely soft. My blood counts were also improving. In June 2008, Dr. Tumala did a bone marrow biopsy and ordered another PET scan. Once again, I was in full remission. The strain that was 6 – 7% was now 0.1%. Since then my blood counts have continued to be low but stable. Dr. Tumala now checks me every 60 days instead of every 30 days. More importantly, I feel great! I have boundless energy and people keep telling me how good I look.

In some ways cancer may have been a blessing. I never would have gone to Hippocrates if not for the threat of a bone marrow transplant. They have an expression at Hippocrates, “You are here because you are enlightened or you are frightened.” I was frightened, but because of my new lifestyle, I feel my next 60 years will be better than the first 60 years.

Hippocrates Health Institute (HHI) is an oasis where people reverse all types of diseases: diabetes, cancer, etc. The three-week Life Transformation Program helps you focus on your body, mind and spirit. Besides their wonderful cuisine, Hippocrates offers lectures and exercise classes all day long. We were taught that exercise and sleep are essential to health and healing, as is peace of mind and joy. They even brought in a doctor who taught us laughter therapy. Laughter (even if you don’t feel like it) is very therapeutic.

Cont’d on p. 64
A Loving Wife’s Voyage to Acceptance

Congestive Heart Failure, Diabetes, Weight Loss

by Julieanna Renner, wife of Paul Renner : Big Fork, Montana

When I set out to write this article, I envisioned a very scholarly piece utilizing the stages of grief as defined by Kubler-Ross to describe a partner’s epic journey in accepting the Hippocrates raw food lifestyle. The stages of grief Kubler-Ross defined are:

• Denial and Isolation  
• Bargaining  
• Acceptance  
• Depression

This is an examination of the acceptance of a whole new lifestyle by a traditional wife and mother who worked hard using time-honored methods to raise a healthy American family.

As it turned out, the only way for this to have any real power was for me to write in the first person about my journey. As I began to write, I was overwhelmed by an explosion of my own unexamined emotions and the grief process I experienced.

Denial and isolation

In 1986, my husband Paul, who is six feet five inches tall, weighed in at a strapping 400 pounds. He ate at least six times a day. His insulin requirements were upward of 120 units a day. He now weighed over 400 pounds, he could hardly walk, his eyesight was failing and neuropathy made it impossible for him to feel his legs and feet. He drove him everywhere and became his eyes. He was dependent on fourteen different medications and monitored his blood sugars several times a day. His insulin requirements were upward of 120 units a day.

Paul began to feel better and got his weight down to 265 pounds. He no longer needed insulin and was down to only one medication! I should have been jumping for joy, right? Not so fast...

Anger

For me, building a raw food kitchen was a matter of high emotion. How difficult can that be, you ask? It turns out it was very poignant. I watched beloved pots and pans being tossed out.

I had to apply for medical aid and was told it would take three months to be approved. Being so frightened at the thought of cancer growing in my body I started eating a macrobiotic diet—as that was the best information available to me at the time. My new diet was extraordinarily expensive, so to offset the cost I got a job at the Grainery Cafe, a macrobiotic restaurant in Deerfield Beach, Florida. I had my employee meal and would buy another to take home. I started getting colonics, too. Believe it or not, another technique I employed had to do with a popular 1980s video game. Every morning, I would visualize Pac-Man eating the white cancer cells in my body and pink, healthy cells growing in their place.

Three months after my diagnosis, I was sent to Broward General Hospital and this is where I gained much of my strength.

It was a young intern just out of college. He took pictures inside me of my cancer. When I woke up, I expected to have been cut open and everything removed. To my surprise, the doctor said he had done a D&C (dilation and curettage) and removed my cervix, which would grow back. He felt he had gotten all the cancer, as it was not as bad as originally diagnosed.

Was it Pac-Man? Was it the plant-based diet? I think it may have been both, because I have had a pap smear every six months since and I am cancer free. In 2000, I discovered Hippocrates Health Institute and started incorporating raw foods into my diet, along with sprouts and wheatgrass. In 2001, I donated blood and was shocked to receive a registered letter from the state of Florida ordering me to report to the Hippocrates C clinic. What? How can this be? I was terrified. I met a wonderful woman, Audrey, who said she would retest me to make sure but it would take three weeks to get results back.

Well, things have come a long way since 1986. I was able to research this diagnosis on the internet, and it only frightened me more. Interferon shots cost $2000 apiece; I couldn’t afford that. I broke out in shingles from fear. I came to a Save Your Life event at Hippocrates Health Institute. These free events, held the last Wednesday of each month, give guests the opportunity to ask questions during a Q&A session. I raised my hand only to have Dr. Brian Clement, director of Hippocrates, tell me I should manage my expectations regarding Hepatitis C relief from pharmaceutical drugs. I am convinced the Hippocrates Life Transformation Program and the cutting edge therapies offered at HHI can help people reverse Hepatitis C. During my time at Hippocrates, my fear left me and I knew I would be okay. I also started visualizing Paul eating the Hepatitis C in my blood. Of course, I rigidly followed the Hippocrates lifestyle. I now know that liver issues are caused by anger. I spent time in therapy to let go of my childhood pain and I began meditating and doing yoga.

Fast forward to three weeks later and my Hepatitis C test results. I walked into the clinic as if I was going to the gallows, but Audrey was smiling. “What’s up with that,” I wondered. She said, “I have good news for you. Your body has produced a natural antibody and kicked out the Hep C.”

I am convinced the Hippocrates Health Institute is a graduate of the Hippocrates Health Educator Program. Through her, Paul and I were introduced to Hippocrates Health Institute’s concept and lifestyle. At this time, my husband had been told he had only months to live. He now weighed over 400 pounds, he could hardly walk, his eyesight was failing and neuropathy made it impossible for him to feel his legs and feet. I drove him everywhere and became his eyes. He was dependent on fourteen different medications and monitored his blood sugars several times a day. His insulin requirements were upward of 120 units a day. Jeannette Cheney and the Hippocrates lifestyle changed our lives.

Paul began to feel better and got his weight down to 265 pounds. He no longer needed insulin and was down to only one medication! I should have been jumping for joy, right? Not so fast...

An

For me, building a raw food kitchen was an emotional voyage. How difficult can that be, you ask? It turns out it was very poignant. I watched beloved pots and pans being tossed out and given away. My pantry cleared down to the bare shelves and lovingly collected spices were hurled into the trash.

I pretended to be okay, but inside I fumed and hurt bloomed. Not just hurt but real bona fide anger. I’d go so far as to say I was totally pissed off! But, like most wives of my generation, I said nothing as I stuffed my emotions.

I felt I was being displaced by another technique I employed had to do with a popular 1980s video game. Every morning, I would visualize Pac-Man eating the white cancer cells in my body and pink, healthy cells growing in their place.

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I began my health journey in 1989 when I was diagnosed with uterine cancer during a routine pap smear. I was told I must have a complete hysterectomy. At that time there was no Barnes & Noble and no internet, so my ability to get information was minute. But somehow I knew there was a better way.
Growing up in Southern Jersey, Matt Goodman always enjoyed the outdoors, especially activities like camping and hiking. He was even an Eagle Scout. As for his eating habits at the time, he ate the standard American diet, but not with a lot of junk food. Then he was diagnosed with appendicitis and subsequently had his appendix removed. By the ninth grade, he developed leaky gut from the operation. He also began to acquire many allergies, which weakened his immune system. Although Matt had these setbacks in his health, he remained very active in sports and weightlifting.

In 1993, Matt developed optic neuritis, an inflammation of the optic nerve. It can cause sudden, reduced vision in the affected eye. This condition, however, did not deter Matt from becoming a personal trainer in 1995. During a hiking trip in 1997 at Mount Washington, Matt began to notice some changes in his body. While backpacking he became weak and physically exhausted. This was unusual because Matt was a personal trainer who remained in great shape. He also felt a tingling in his spine and had muscle twitches. Matt’s mother, Elaine, volunteered her son for a medical study at the University of Pennsylvania. They had Matt undergo psychological testing and MRIs of his brain. The tests revealed lesions, and he was told they could not continue the study. Matt subsequently did a lot of his own research and diagnosed himself with Multiple Sclerosis (MS). In November 1997, Matt was officially diagnosed with MS by neurologists at the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson Hospitals. The tests revealed lesions, and he was told they could not continue the study. Matt subsequently did a lot of his own research and diagnosed himself with Multiple Sclerosis (MS). In November 1997, Matt was officially diagnosed with MS by neurologists at the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson Hospitals. Matt continued to intensely research MS; he so wanted to help himself. His body was starting to deteriorate, so he decided to try a medication called interferon. He used it for about a year and it did help slow the progression of the disease. After going off the interferon, Matt had a particularly busy time in his life where he spread himself too thin. He consequently had a bad flare-up with his MS. This flare-up caused vertigo, blurred vision, numb legs and his feet felt like they had spikes in them. It felt as though every nerve was attached to a battery, causing an electric shock-like feeling. Matt could still walk, but could not exercise and run as he could before. It was all a real nightmare for him.

When that time, Matt was still a personal trainer and a client gave him a video which had been collecting dust. This video introduced Matt to the power of raw foods. It was by George Malkmus of Hallelujah Acres. Matt took action, and that night made the transition to 100 percent raw foods. He learned about the power of enzymes and their many benefits.

Can Raw Foods Help Reverse Multiple Sclerosis?

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You tend to sabotage or hurt yourself when you are not feeling well and have low self-esteem. For example, you can become depressed by not meeting your goal weight, which can frustrate you and keep you from being strong and present. Only you can give yourself true self-respect and feelings of worthiness that triumph over feelings of failure. It is hard to sabotage yourself if you love and appreciate yourself. Depression can set in when you are feeling like a failure or a victim.

Only action and feeling strong can combat depression. It is important not to be overwhelmed by new feelings so that self-sabotage or feelings of giving up do not enter the picture. Manage your feelings by keeping yourself in balance and in the present moment to help avoid feelings of sabotage or self-delusion. For example, when dancing, the physical, emotional and mental selves are working together and balanced in the present moment.

Emotional intelligence or awareness contributes to living a healthy honest life and aids in balancing our physical, emotional and mental selves. For example, if unhappy feelings come about, stop and analyze what is happening. Why do these feelings have power over me? What is creating my imbalance and fear of being my true, strong self? When you are honest and integrated, it is unlikely you would think of delusion or fantasy since living in fulfillment and contentment support your real and satisfied self. Altering reality only comes into play when you are not sure of yourself or not where you want to be and not taking action or steps to better your predicament. Therefore, you have to be truthful and real to keep physical, emotional and mental selves in balance. Your goal for a fulfilling life is to ask yourself: Am I happy with what I have and what I need? Am I living in the present moment? Do I love what I am doing? Am I surrounded with those whom I love and who love me? If you answered yes to the above questions, you are in balance!
Day

10am – 5pm

Monday:

10am – 5pm

To better assist you, we now have new store and mail order hours:

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Dr. Anna Maria Clement. Why? She gave me real hope. She told me exactly what to do to get better and it didn’t involve medicines that cause cancer. She spoke with certainty and belief about a program that has changed countless lives. We have continued the program faithfully every day since we’ve returned home. Sunshine. Pure water. Exercise. Organic, living foods. Positive thoughts. And holding on to faith, hope and love with everything we have.

Hippocrates is a new chapter in my story. My experience there will remain unforgettable. I fought my tears as I said goodbye to the people who left such a powerful imprint on my life and that He allows everything for a reason. Who knows? Maybe the reason for this journey was to give God the chance to do His greatest handwork and cure the incurable.

So God, please listen: just a little meat, a few eggs a month, milk only in my coffee. Some steamed vegetables are healthy right? How can a fruit smoothie be a bad thing if the fruits are all organic? I mean, give me a break! Are not cows, pigs and chickens part of the natural world? Bargaining—as it turns out—is not so different from out and out rationalization.

Depression

Crap, now I am depressed! Stage four. I worked on my computer. I saw patients. I played with my grandkids. But I was depressed every time I thought about my favorite foods, dinners out, good wine and the fact that I had not really taught my children anything about proper nutrition. What kind of a wife and mother had I been? I am a smart cookie. How could I have been so fooled by the government and how could they have been so complicit with the food industry?

Trust me, I mean, come on. Would you believe in or trust? Grandma really lie? Not

More Anger

I then entered a new era of the second stage of grief, real anger, not anger fed by denial. I was going to have to unlearn all that I had learned, everything I thought I knew about food, cooking and nutrition. I had been lied to. Most of what I believed was false and I was livid. I knew I was still not believed was false and I was being lied to. Most of what I had not really taught my children

In April 2011 my husband dragged me to Hippocrates Health Institute—something I believed he needed but I did not. I was well. Maybe a little fat but not “sick, sick.” In three weeks, I found not only real and genuine acceptance, but I found joy.

I left with a renewal of spirit, personal purpose and passions. I discovered a love for eating raw living foods, rediscovered exercise and, most importantly, I was revitalized and regenerated in my approach to my work and in my love for my family and my marriage.

What you need to know is that all this is normal and you, too, may experience some version of my story… but it’s okay. Breathe in…breathe out.

For the result was more subconscious, passive resistance. Did I mean any harm? No, not at all. I love my husband and all my heart.

Sixty years of government indoctrination and the alarmingly food pyramid, paired with training from well-meaning teachers and biology classes at the undergraduate and graduate level from some of America’s best universities had left me unable to process what I was being told. My brain had slammed shut. However, as the life-building information at Hippocrates began to permeate, changes in my body and soul occurred and I began to open up.

Acceptance

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The Truth About Multivitamins, cont’d from p. 18

The other studies which evaluated multivitamins, beta carotene, vitamin B6, B12, C or E.

There are many possible explanations for why the studies of vitamins and minerals have come up empty. Maybe the dose was not right, the combination of vitamins was wrong or the vitamin was synthetic rather than "whole food." A more likely reason is that each vitamin, or even all vitamins, represents only a fraction of the nutrients in food. Did you know that thousands of phytochemicals have been isolated from plants? These nutrients are not critical for life, but they have been shown to have a myriad of health benefits. If you are curious about the phytochemicals in various foods, go to phytochemicals.info.

Although multivitamins haven't been shown to improve health, certain vitamins are clearly beneficial in specific situations. Women who are pregnant need adequate folic acid and iron. Vitamin B12 supplementation is important for people on any diet because most have no dietary source of B12. But it is not even clear that vitamin D and calcium supplementsplementation is important for people on any diet because most have no dietary source of B12. And that may be it. It is not even clear that vitamin D and calcium supplements have been shown to have a myriad of health benefits. If you are curious about the phytochemicals in various foods, go to phytochemicals.info.

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Today, I’m 159 lbs and holding. I am not a social person, which is pretty typical for someone in my field of work. Yet within days, I found myself circulating from group to group, from lunch table to lunch table, feeling more free and social than ever to be myself. Extraordinary! My time at Hippocrates was two of the most enjoyable weeks I have ever had. I could never have imagined that a “vacation” with such very sick people could be so much fun!

The leadership at Hippocrates Health Institute has accomplished something very peculiar and very special. Somehow, within 24 hours of their arrival, all the guests who arrive become very warm, very caring and very open human beings. They share their life stories without drama and appear to have an honest desire and curiosity to hear the life stories and circumstances of others.

My first comment to my sister Beth was, “Wow, I am really lucky; this crowd who arrived with me is a very special group of people.” Beth replied, “No, it’s always like this.” I am not a social person. “OMG, who is that?” And then I laugh, because it’s me, and I’m healthy, and I still have several more decades to go. Life is very, very good!

The big difference is, I’m no longer trudging through my days just hoping I have the energy and will to get through them. Every day, I wake up, look in the mirror, and ask myself, “OMG, who is that?” And then I laugh, because it’s me, and I’m healthy, and I still have several more decades to enjoy it. Life is too short to live it sick and tired. There is no substitute for living life healthy and with abundant energy. Don’t let the fear of losing your coffee or your sugar or your meat or your cheese keep you from doing what you need to do. Once you are healthy, so many of those cravings go away, and food that is good for you actually tastes good! I advise people, just give the Hippocrates program a try. Your illness and lethargy will still be waiting for you if you don’t like it!

The education during my time at Hippocrates was sobering. Almost everything I had ever learned about nutrition and health was wrong. What they teach sounded absolutely crazy. But within one week, my diabetic symptoms were gone. Within 10 days, my blood sugar was normal and my blood pressure was extremely close to normal. And by the end of my second week, I had lost 12 lbs. and my body was amazingly transformed with almost no exercise. Hippocrates does strongly recommend daily exercise, but I was too busy spending free time in the pool and socializing to follow their recommended exercise routine. My bad!

I still keep my “before” and “after” pictures on my iPhone for when I want a laugh. Not to laugh at myself, but to laugh when I get the reaction from people who see the photos. “That happened over just two weeks,” they ask, confused. Yep, it sure did.

My great fear upon returning home was that I wouldn’t be able to follow the program. My wife and I live in Arlington, Virginia, right across the river from Washington, DC, and we are both very busy. We eat out almost every day, and rarely eat more than one meal at home. That one meal at home is almost always “convenience food.” I simply couldn’t imagine that I would suddenly begin to make green juices twice a day, sprout seeds and beans, dehydrate crackers, and worst of all, clean all that mess up on a daily basis! Also, how does one go from living on rib steak and pork chops to subsisting on sunflower sprouts and mung beans? I have always been a compulsive, emotional eater. How was that suddenly going to change?

Well, six months later, I’m still doing it, with minimal issues. I continue to go out to eat with my wife and socialize with co-workers. A good steak still smells great and fresh bread out of the oven smells heavenly. However, something clicked at Hippocrates. That stuff isn’t food—at least, not for me. When I see steak now, I think, “There is a plate of pain.” When I see a basket of bread I think, “Insulin, anyone?” And I’m just not tempted. I don’t know how long this will last. But finally seeing what the other side of addiction looks like and feels like has been an indescribable joy!! Today, I’m 159 lbs and holding. I am off of all prescription medication. I’m even off of coffee, which may be the greatest miracle of all! My waking blood sugar is 95 – 115 mg and my blood pressure is normally about 116/65. I run 2 – 3 miles several times a week without effort. Before my trip to the hospital, I literally couldn’t run more than 20 or 30 steps before wanting to keel over. Life is very, very good!

The biggest challenge I’ve had with taking the program home is growing my own food. Currently, I buy almost all my produce (micro-greens, sprouted vegetables, sprouted beans, organic vegetables), and this is extremely expensive. I have started to grow some of my own micro-greens, which helps. I also remind myself of my wife’s comment, “What good is the money to us if you’re dead?” Someday (hopefully soon), we’ll move away from Washington where we can have a real house again and I can dedicate some serious space to growing my own healthy food.

Since coming home, my day-to-day life hasn’t changed very much. I still go to work every day. My wife and I still walk the streets of Washington, DC, and enjoy theater and concerts on the weekends. I travel on business and visit friends and family.

Go to website for special offer!
With my newfound clarity, I really dug into the knowledge provided, taking extensive notes and participating in learning how to live a truly healthy lifestyle.

The amazing part is that our grown, married children are learning from my wife how to optimize their health as we share what we have learned, and we have seen this transition happen to three generations of our family in only six months! It is so amazing to see our 18-month old granddaughter, Soleil, think that a pea pod is a treat, instead of a cupcake or cookie!

The net results for me have been a new lease on life! I have incredibly more energy and have lost over 70 pounds. I have also watched my blood pressure and bad cholesterol drop to better-than-normal levels! I seldom have headaches these days. If they do occur, the intensity is so minor that I can easily control them with the techniques I learned at Hippocrates. My knee surgery healed in half the time projected, and I went from being rolled off the airplane in a wheelchair to riding a bicycle around the Hippocrates campus in less than two weeks!

My goal is to bring the knowledge I gathered at Hippocrates to northern Canada and my friends, the Métis and Indian Elders, who are struggling with diabetes, heart disease and chronic pain. We are scheduling a two-day conference in northern Alberta for both Drs. Anna Maria and Brian Clement to speak about the health gains Hippocrates Health Institute offers. Good health can be obtained by making good choices. Poor health doesn’t have to be a life sentence.

The good medical doctors who have helped me have their special talents, and the knowledge I have gained at Hippocrates has raised the bar in terms of how wellness needs to be pre-eminent in our lifestyle. My family doctor recently passed away in a single plane accident with her husband. Her last words to me I remember well, “Barry, we didn’t get you through all these accidents to lose you to affluence [referring to my former, indulgent diet and my increasing weight and related health issues].”

My wife and I are doing our utmost to live the Hippocrates lifestyle here in Alberta, Canada. We are growing our own sprouts and wheatgrass, exercising, and adjusting our lifestyle to minimize stress and enjoy the second half of our lives!
A deep breath of release, finally. Brian has returned to Maine and I have organized his lectures. I have had a real lymph test and yes, I have four bands of the lymph in my cells. With the Hippocrates living foods way of eating, I am now totally free of lymph symptoms; and I am free inside. I am not over-reaction as I used to. I am at ease inside and am more the real me than ever.

The love I feel for all the Hippocrates staff is fulfilling for me. There are over one hundred people working there and they are very devoted to their work.

When I saw Brian recently, I was flooded with the good memories of those earlier days working together at Foundation de Soleil. Brian introduced me as his friend and I was filled with gratitude that all those people, including cousin Sandy and the yellow jacket, came into my life so that I could heal from the karma with my father.

I look forward to the next time Brian comes here to Maine and the next time I return to Hippocrates Health Institute.

I am blessed and so I let it be.

Breaking Old Habits is Achievable, cont’d from p. 30

Let us take lasagna for instance. The vegan version (from Renate—a chef at Hippocrates); sliced zucchini, celery sticks, onions, macadamia nuts, chopped peppers, sundried tomatoes, oregano, portobello mushrooms. Our family loves this lasagna dish—simply magnifico!

Instead of veal cutlets, how about eggplant cutlets with tomato sauce and black olives? Simply delicious! Growing up, my favorite food prepared by my mom, Maria, was Italian meatballs. Now my family enjoys falafel—patties of chickpeas or fava beans. Simply mouthwatering! The average North American man dies at 78 years of age.

The average North American woman dies at age 85. Researchers have discovered that a vegan lifestyle potentially extends one’s life expectancy by at least 10 years. I plan to play ball and hockey with my grandchildren when I am 110 years of age. I also plan to be a web personality and a radio personality with Dr. Jim’s Optimal Health Show at age 120.

In the meantime, I know one thing for sure: the reason God led me to Hippocrates was to climb out of that cellar, say goodbye to old ghosts and believe there really can be a happily ever after! I have reclaimed my strength. I have reclaimed my health. Nobody will ever be able to take that from me again. Hippocrates is the place where I discovered the magic of love without limits, and hope when it all feels hopeless.

For two years, darkness was all I could see, but now, I’m free because the light is shinin’ on me!

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Hey, baby… Got Sprouts?

I took one book with me when I came to HHI, entitled Mutant Message Down Under, by Marlo Morgan. I would like to leave you with a quote from that book: “Humans cannot exist if everything that is unpleasant is eliminated instead of understood. When the flies come, we surrender. Perhaps you are ready to do the same (pg 66).”

Currently, I reside in Arizona and I am working on my Master’s degree in Nutrition. I have a blog about health and managing ulcerative colitis: www.safaraf.com. I welcome your posts. I am also writing a book on being a woman with ulcerative colitis.

True Transformation: Body and Mind, cont’d from p. 56

Now, how does he look? Look at his face. Make sure the two-year-old looks at you. Does he look like... Exactly! He doesn’t look like it at all! Now, what do you want to do?

I knew exactly what I wanted to do! The inner two-year-old and I poked him full of holes and we both liked it! A magical snap and the two year-old and I were one. I felt powerful and finally done with the whole thing. Now you, Dad, knows what it’s like! Now I was ready to let loose again.

I recently turned 65 and went on Medicare. They told me my insurance would be canceled if I did not go. The Cancer Center at Broward General. They told me my insurance is the Cancer Center at Broward General. They told me my insurance was going to just routinely chop off my breasts. I was impossible to heal Hepatitis C without treatment. Brian comes here to Maine and the next time I return to Hippocrates Health Institute.

I am blessed and so I let it be.

Finding the “Awe” in Awful, cont’d from p. 39

Hippocrates taught me techniques to address my illness and take a look at myself. Today, when I experience flares, they are more manageable because I have the gift of this knowledge. I can go into my toolkit, as I call it, and utilize what I learned at HHI to help myself. I don’t fear my body and I have more control over situations when they arise. I have returned to my healing path. I have the comfort of knowing there is a place and a community of people who are always available to me, who are there for life to assist and guide me in any way they can.

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Cancer Death Sentence, cont’d from p. 46

When I arrived at Hippocrates Health Institute, I weighed 216 lbs. and was frightened, but determined. I have weighed as much as 256 lbs. Today I weigh 156 lbs. While there, I lost 21 lbs. during the three week program and was never hungry, nor did I crave anything.

The main thing they do (and I still do) is every morning and afternoon give you 16 oz. of fresh green juice made from sprouts (sunflower is the most nutritious and powerful), cucumber and celery, plus 2–3 oz. of wheatgrass juice separately. Wheatgrass is very cleansing and as strong an anti-cancer agent as is raw garlic. I add a clove of garlic to my juice every time.

Except for Wednesdays, we had lunch and dinner buffets of raw vegetables and vegetable dishes. Raw food is alive. When you heat it over 115 degrees you scrambling the enzymes. If you microwave it you totally wreck it. The food was good but I could barely eat a plateful in 30 minutes as they taught us to chew our food until it was puree before swallowing—I used to clean my plate in five minutes—tops. On Wednesdays we ate lunch then fasted the rest of the day, consuming only the juices. Even during the short weekly juice fasts I was never hungry.

The reason I wasn’t hungry is my body was getting all the nutrients it needed. It was getting whole, live food, not the processed cooked diet that I had grown to love. I am now totally vegan. That means I eat no meats, cheese or eggs. People ask, “What do you do for protein?” Have you ever seen a horse or a bull? What do they do for protein? Protein is overrated (especially by the dairy and meat industries); mother’s milk is 90% carbohydrates, 5% protein, and 5% fatty acids and we double our size in the first year.

I was taught that cancer thrives in low oxygen, acidic environ-ment. Therefore, I can’t have fruit or starches like corn, etc. because they have sugar which takes the oxygen out of my blood. I can’t have carrots or even beets as they both have a high sugar content. The “Standard American Diet” with meat, dairy, fried and processed foods is very acidic.

I learned to focus on what I can eat—lots of delicious raw food dishes—not on what I can’t eat. TV commercials can be a little disconcerting. In my old life I ate to feel good, now I feel good because of what I eat. Hippocrates taught us “It’s not the food in your life, but the life in your food!”

Hill also stressed a clean colon. We carry lots of old and toxic waste in our colon. John Wayne had over 50 lbs. in his colon when he died. We gave ourselves enemas daily and we received a colonic every week we were there. That explains some of my weight loss.

I go back quarterly for the pools and a colonic. When I graduated, I stated, “It was an honor to graduate with honors from Enema University.” I received some understanding laughs.

Feel free to email me questions at miller@lake-real-estate.com or check out Hippocrates at www.HippocratesInstitute.org.

One could “do Hippocrates” on a budget by purchasing their DVDs, but if you have a serious health issue, it is best to do the three-week program. If you don’t do email, I can be reached at (352) 504-0070.

Today I have no symptoms of cancer whatsoever. My blood counts are normal and everyone tells me how “good” I look at 183 lbs. I now eat a little cooked food and fruit, but still am 100% vegan (no meat, dairy or eggs), avoiding flour, sugar, potatoes, soda, alcohol and coffee.
Have you been dreaming of attending Hippocrates Health Institute (HHI) but thought you couldn’t afford it?

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For Information about HHI, Call (561) 471-8876 ext. 177

www.HippocratesInstitute.org