

Chapter 27

The Escape Clause

September 2005

If mankind had never taken a risk, we'd still be living in caves.

In mid-September, I was going through a crisis. Negative thoughts kept racing through my mind about what the pharmaceutical companies might do to stop me from telling my story. Here I was, a woman recovering from a disability and standing up against “giants” who had trillions of dollars backing them. I also didn’t want to become another Tessa in *The Constant Gardener*. She was killed for standing up against the powerful pharmaceutical companies, and I believed mild silver protein was going to turn the medical industry upside down.

Besides that, the media would have a picnic. They would dig into my past and try to prove my story was fake. Just like the author of *A Million Little Pieces*, I would be scrutinized and placed under a microscope. All of my “dirty laundry” would be “aired” for everyone to view, and no stone would be left unturned.

I began to question whether I should move forward. Dale didn’t help matters any by putting pressure on me, telling me it was impossible to do what I hoped to accomplish. He warned, “The odds are against you, Linda! You have no money!”

And he should know. He was an experienced businessman, and I believe he was only trying to save me from what he thought would be a costly mistake. He pleaded with me not to go through with what he thought was a crazy venture.

Dale knew I loved the ocean. Trying to get me to change my mind, he tempted me by offering to buy us a beautiful cabana home in Florida. When that didn’t work, he gave me another option. If I didn’t want to live in Florida, we could build our dream home on a beach in Panama. As each day passed by, this offer was sounding better and better. I told myself that it still wasn’t too late to change my mind and bail out.

Making the decision even tougher, at night I dreamed about sitting on a beautiful white sandy beach with the warm sun on my face and a

soft tropical breeze blowing through my hair. Thoughts kept coming to me that I could stay comfortably “hidden” for the rest of my life with very little problems, worries, or conflicts.

Then, without warning, a friend’s daughter who was suffering from severe bi-polar depression, committed suicide. When I learned of her death, I became very upset because what she had been going through was exactly what I had experienced. I then began to think about the millions of people who are suffering as she and I had suffered. The thought that people were sick from diseases, which could be treated successfully, was tearing me apart. One side of me wanted to “disappear” and the other side wanted to proclaim to the world that these horrible diseases could be stopped in their tracks.

Looking back I realize I was going through this because God was offering me an “escape clause” in my soul contract. I could still back out if I wanted to. It was my choice. But deep down inside I wanted to do it. To convince myself, I thought about whom I had been in past lives. My angels had told me that I volunteered to do things nobody else would do. They also said that I had been a messenger in many past lives. In some past lives I had even been tortured and crucified. I could hardly believe they were talking about Linda. Me....brave? Finally, I made a decision.

I always like to end with a joke, because God has a sense of humor, too. Ironically, I laughed as I told God, “Maybe this time, history won’t repeat itself and they won’t shoot me! I’m not a quitter! I’m gonna do it!”

*AUTHOR’S NOTE:
Looking back, I believe a pattern was forming here. Maybe it’s my imagination, but it seems like every time I make a big commitment to God.....BOOM!! A life-threatening event soon follows.*

