

Chapter 31

Gentlemen! Start Your *Search* Engines

May 2006

“Ask and it shall be given to you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.” — Jesus, Matthew 7:7

It was now May, and I had to assume that my body’s tissues were poisoned from toxins. I also had to assume my diagnosis was “pre-cancer.” This was based on the results of the QX machine and Dave. I was now pretty scared. Even Dave had indirectly told me I was in danger. All I knew was that I had to get busy and find an alternative treatment to kill the viruses before they killed me. In the meantime, I also had to find a way to “detox” my tissues. I now believed toxins were the cause of the excruciating pain in my joints and muscles.

By now, I realized that the mild silver protein treatments were not effective against viruses. During the visit in Birmingham, Dr. Smith’s wife had mentioned that they had not been successful in treating Hepatitis with mild silver protein. To me, this was a confirmation that mild silver protein was not the answer I was looking for to kill viruses.

Could this be because viruses have a tough protein cell wall, whereas mycoplasma is encased in only a double membrane? According to researchers, silver kills a microorganism by binding to the organism, thus disrupting its metabolic mechanism and structure. Is mycoplasma more vulnerable to MSP because of its flimsy permeable membrane? I believe the answer is yes. Mycoplasma is more vulnerable to mild silver protein because it has no “true” cell wall to protect it.

Believing that the mild silver protein treatments were no longer working for me, I had to come up with an alternative treatment to fight the viruses. Off and on, I had meditated trying to get an answer to what to do next. I finally came to the conclusion that the answer had already been given to me.

For the past five years, I had been haunted by the December 2001 trip to Sedona. That was the trip where I had asked God, “Why did I get sick?” I remember Marla channeling to me that I got sick because

I wanted to heal myself. These words made no sense then, but now they took on a whole new meaning.

So, do I trust God to lead me to the “cure” so I can heal myself? Or do I choose to continue with what I was doing—getting MSP treatments? I knew I had to make a decision soon before there would be no more choices left to take. And in my mind, there was really only one option to take—to go ahead and trust God and heal myself. However, there was just one obstacle in my way—Dale.

When I told Dale that I planned to heal myself, he told me I was crazy. Of course, he didn’t believe in the QX machine or in Dave. He still believed that I had the Parvo B19 virus and that I would die without some kind of conventional medical treatment.

We argued for days about a treatment, but I firmly stood my ground. I told him my mind was made up. I also told him I was not going to take chemotherapy or prescription drugs ever again. “God is going to show me the way,” I defiantly declared, “and I’m going to heal myself!”

At that moment, Dale just gave up. He realized he could never talk me out of something once my mind was made up. Besides, he knew I was as stubborn as a mule.

On the other hand, I was just as frustrated. I could not understand why Dale did not believe and trust in God the way I did. For the past three years, he had witnessed all of the miracles in my life. Why couldn’t he trust and believe in miracles now? Why was he still a “Doubting Thomas?”

I admit I do go out of bounds with my sense of humor sometimes, and I didn’t help the situation any by throwing more gasoline on the fire. But after telling Dale of my decision, I had to get the last word in by saying, “Well, when all is said and done, you’ll either become a believer or my pallbearer!”



Then I put a “hold” on my life and began searching the “Net” for an alternative “cure” for cancer.