

A Conversation Between a Soul and Its Body

Greetings friend. This is your soul speaking through our mind. It has been a while since we had a conversation. Remember our first? That was when we were fighting the beast, the cancer that was killing you. Until that time, I thought that only I had cognitive power and that you were simply the biological machine assigned to carry me around. Then I had heard that direct mind soul body conversation could, under some circumstances, be useful in the fight and, by George, I think it was! During that period, we conversed a great deal. Of course, I did all of the talking but most certainly I am sure that you were listening. Of course, God was too and certainly it was only through Him that you were able to hear me and to do what needed to be done.

Remember how I tried to recruit and direct your energies while we lay on the table with the radiation beam being focused on and bombarding the beast within you? I visualized your white blood cells as being thousands of little pac men surrounding the beast, and I urged you to have them put up their shields to protect themselves just as the beam attacked the beast so that radiation damage to your good cells would be minimized. Each time, as soon as the bombing ceased, I urged you to mobilize the medics and ambulances to get at and treat the good cells that the shields had failed to protect and to then send in the dozers, loaders and garbage trucks to haul off, as soon as possible, the dead parts of the beast as well as the less fortunate good cells. With Gods help, you did a great job because the beast died, the damage to your good cells was minimal and the immune system survived, it would seem completely in tact, and, in fact, even stronger due to enhancements that we provided to it.

As we look back, it is evident that we didn't need the 36 radiation bombardments because the cancer vacated your entire system even before the 6th bombing. Had I been more perceptive, I would have noticed that the beast was already on its way down the drain even before this madness started. You probably knew this, but I wasn't sharp enough to figure that out until sometime later.

During, this period, and for years after, we have had many other conversations regarding our

common effort to get well and stay well. Remember how we conversed, almost always while we were lying on the floor forcing mind over matter to hold in a 2-quart coffee enema? There were the times I told you what a splendid job you did during the needless radiation war, and then about all of the good things that I was sending you and doing to you, the diet, the juices, the green powders, the supplements, the enzymes, the phytonutrients, the anoxidants, the microwater, the ozone, the trace minerals and on and on, as well as the photo luminescence, the full spectrum light, the laser therapy, the sauna, the A.T. P. inductor, the electrical acupults machine the magnetic mattress pad the acupuncture the hyperthermia machines, the rebounder and on and on and on. Sometimes you were less than happy and let me know it with stomach growls or some other minor rebellious acts. However, for the most part, you seem to benefit from some, and perhaps many, of these efforts because I felt that much of the time you were stronger, younger and healthier than you were 10 years ago, long before the beast invaded your loins.

How well I remember the day that the doctors told us that our case was hopeless, that nothing, could be done except to get ready to die in 6 to 12 months. Neither of us panicked nor became sad nor frightened nor resigned to this fate. We only saw the challenge and never even considered the odds against us. I immediately stopped feeding you junk food and instead filled you with only good stuff and subjected you to many dozens of protocols of which only a few have here been hinted at. Remember the Vitae Elixor that we put on your groin as a poultice and which burned so that it blistered your skin, or the Dr. Suns Soup that tasted so awful that dinner became a dreaded time? Silly to ask; how could you ever forget? How about the hypothermia machine with 6 inch thumb sized steel rod up the rectum and the steel plate on the groin with sparking, burning, excruciating microwaves flowing in between trying to burn the beast, or the gnawing 714x injections that had to be slowly pushed into the lymph nodes of the groin continuously over the longest 5 minutes imaginable. How about the acupulse where we put an electrode under each foot or in each hand and sat for an hour or more several times a week letting a variety of pulsating electrical currents surge through you from one extremity to the other.

We had quite a time of it, didn't we? It was a memorable experience. What do you mean "had" you say, when I'm still subjecting you to many of these things? Don't forget that as "astounded"

as the doctor was that the beast was gone, he pointed out that there is more than an 80% chance that it will be back within 5 years. Well, we went from no chance with 6 to 12 months of life to a possible 20% chance to have 5 years or more, of which we have already had over three here in 1998. So don't complain about all of the stuff I'm making you do. It's all geared toward ever further improving these odds.

Any time you get complacent, just remember the months of monumental pain and bleeding as the beast grew and spread, choking the urethra and invading the bladder until the ureters plugged causing the kidneys to fail. It wasn't much fun either pushing that catheter; the 16-inch plastic tube, up the urethra into the bladder those many hundreds of times when the beast wouldn't let you remove urine naturally. Need I remind you how we had to do this 15 to 18 times each night and for months how the only sleep we had were those ten to twenty minute intervals in between? It's diabolical how the beast commandeered so much of your blood and then used large clots to plug up the bladder even before it had grown big enough to do the plugging itself. As if that wasn't bad enough, the clots plugged the catheter, too, making it necessary to remove it, clean it and reinsert it as many as ten times in order to affect a single drainage of your bladder. In case I haven't mentioned it before, I was very proud of how well you handled all of this, especially the many months of sleep deprivation and the awful pain. You, nevertheless, got up every morning and never let me down by going to work as usual, as well as performing all of our many domestic duties. Without questions, it was only possible through Divine intervention and inspiration as manifest in our frame of mind and the many seemingly hokey protocols that I subjected on you.

Here is the bottom line of all of this that you should know about. One of these days you and I are going to part company. You're going back to the dust from which you came and I'm going to heaven without you for a while. Later will come that great day of rapture! You'll be instantly reconstituted to who you were in your prime but then you will be incorruptible and eternal. Then we will again be joined as one body, soul and spirit. On that blessed day we will stand before Jesus to receive our heavenly assignments as part of the Body of Christ. Had the beast separated us as predicted, I'm afraid that our fate on judgement day would have been one extreme tragedy. However, as you know, after 18 months of our combined effort, when we were congratulating

each other, our dear Lord made it clear exactly who really healed us. At that moment I became a saved soul and so you have been blessed to share with me all of the incredible future rewards which became ours as a result of His blessed grace through my faith in Jesus.

Looking back, it seems unfortunate that I couldn't have recognized much, much earlier in our life the profound truth, which now is so clear and so obvious once the evidence is examined with real and sincere objectivity. Why did we have to become an old man stricken with terminal cancer and then blessed with an "astounding," remission (as the doctor called it) before I could recognize the Truth? Think of what a more worthy life we might have had, how much more good we could have done, and the spiritual benefits that we might have imparted to our loved ones. But that borders on questioning God's perfect timing. What happened and when it happened was exactly when it should have happened.

What a shame! Throughout this ordeal, it never occurred to me to pray or to ask the Lord for help. I simply didn't believe. It was only after your bleeding, our pain (I feel pain too, you know) had stopped, and the cancer was long gone, did I feel the Lords touch, and His gentle knock. It was then that He opened our eyes and our ears so that we could grasp the Truth and the meaning of His Word. Whatever you do, dear body, and take this from someone who knows, don't ever regret or feel that you were victimized by what happened to us. That was the Lords wake up call! A call to change our life, to break the chains that held us in Satan's grip, and to begin to understand the Word in order that we would believe and find that saving faith. I regret nothing of that ordeal, and have only thankfulness and gratitude to the Lord for giving us this second chance, this extended life, and the opportunity to help others, both physically and spiritually, from our experience.

You and I each have a lot of work to do and a number of weaknesses to overcome. Our long life of unbelief and false belief had made our scorecard somewhat shameful. You have been far from the epitome of virtue and I haven't been the good leader that I thought I was. God be praised, He knocked and I heard Him! Since then, our life has been much more difficult, but at the same time quite wonderful because for the first time, I am able to see clearly why we are here and what we must do. Our future is secure through my faith in Jesus, and we are here to prepare for the day of

judgement; everything else is secondary. That sounds quite simple. However, after living a life full of the secondary and knowing not the primary, totally resetting priorities is no easy task. You may not see it this way, and just as dealing_with the beast was most difficult for you, this is much more difficult for me, and absolutely impossible without the loving patient guidance of the Holy Spirit. Many of your stimuli and responses have contributed to our poor scorecard. However, you couldn't have gotten into too much mischief without my concurrence. On the other hand, I also have all of the issues of chastity, honesty, love, faith, charity, etc. to strengthen and perfect, as well as those of lust, greed, hate, vengeance, avarice, etc. to defeat and purge from me. It isn't easy, but neither was it easy getting rid of the cancer. However, just as the Lord saved us from that beast, He will guide us to the end and make clear what His purpose is for us, because He surely didn't extend our life without a reason.

What all of this means is that we both have to work hard and dedicate ourselves to accomplish that for which He extended our lives. We each have two jobs to do. Mine is first and foremost to thoroughly examine my faith to be sure that it is genuine saving faith. To do so, I must study and know His Word, worship Him and pray for His strength and guidance in all things. Yours is to stay healthy and to live long enough for us to achieve all He had purposed for us. My second task is to help you with yours and your secondary task is to help me with mine. I will help you by maintaining a discipline in food, drink and environment I choose for you as well as assuring adherence to the various health giving protocols that seem to have helped us so far. I also will keep an eye out for new ones whenever possible. You, on the other hand, can help by trying to redirect some of your energies_and priorities away from the fleshly pleasure, comfort and satisfaction that lead to the sinful behavior that I must deal with. Praise the Lord that through His grace we are both saved to an eternal life in heaven, and not to the eternal lake of fire, where we would have gone had He not intervened to heal us and draw us to Him.