

## The Road Home

In September of 1991, my wife and I were blessed with a baby boy. The following month, I was in the hospital getting a total thyroidectomy. I had thyroid cancer.

I was in excellent physical condition prior to surgery, so I recovered rapidly and I immediately went back to work as a self-employed contractor. As the days and weeks passed, the thought of having cancer would occasionally surface. Being a new father, however, I quickly forgot any of those concerns. I healed completely and continued to work as if nothing had ever happened.

In January of 1992, as we were coming home from a wedding, my wife and I found ourselves in an evening snowstorm. As we sat at a red light, we were suddenly struck from behind by a drunk driver. We both sustained neck and back injuries which required that we have MRI tests taken (sort of an advanced form of x-ray). One evening my doctor called and informed us that my MRI had revealed more than just herniated discs. I had a tumor in my head, located in my pituitary gland. My wife and I were devastated. We didn't know what it all meant.

I was sent to a specialist in New York city who examined me and explained that 99% of the time these tumors are benign. He further stated that since this type of tumor often tends to shrink on its own, he would not operate right away. The plan was to get a MRI of my head done every six months, just to keep an eye on it. We were relieved and satisfied with his opinion, so every six months I went for my MRI and life went on.

In the late winter of 1994, I began experiencing head pain different from anything I had ever known before. This was no ordinary headache. I went to a neurologist for an examination and was told that I was experiencing "cluster headaches". Due to their severity, cluster headaches are commonly known to drive people to suicide. They would come and go in flashes. I also had a steady pain up the back of my head that would literally pull the life force right out of me. The pain got so bad that I was bedridden. Eventually the pain became so severe that I returned to the neurologist. This time the neurologist himself brought me to the hospital for an emergency MRI fearing that the tumor had hemorrhaged. Fortunately, it hadn't. It had, however, grown significantly and surgery was required immediately.

In May of 1994, I was scheduled for brain surgery. You can't imagine the anxiety that comes with the anticipation of having someone operate on your head. My surgery lasted three hours and the tumor was successfully extracted. Recovery was long and tiresome. Unfortunately, when you tamper with the pituitary gland, it stops functioning. Since this is the master gland that controls much of your body chemistry, I was now chemically dependent. Every day I had to take four doses of hormones and 30mg of hydrocortisone. In addition, I had to get a testosterone shot every three weeks. My doctors told me that if my pituitary gland did not regain function within a month after surgery, I could expect that it never would. It didn't. Again, my wife and I adjusted to the new routine and life went on.

One day I was watching a television program about "healers". I was not familiar with alternative forms of healing and the idea interested me greatly. Since the medical world had already given up on me, I decided to pursue a healer in an effort to get my pituitary gland working again. I've never been one to go down without a fight so, even though the gland had been non-functional for several months, I was determined to find a healer and make myself whole. The search went on for over a year.

In June of 1995, I was at my periodic cancer examination when my surgeon found a tumor in the right side of my neck. A CAT scan and MRI confirmed that the thyroid cancer had spread to my lymph nodes. Surgery was scheduled for July. I kept my wife and myself on a positive track by thinking that I would come through this operation successfully and all would be well again. My search for a healer had to be put on hold temporarily.

Surgery lasted for five hours. It was a radical dissection of my right neck. Eighty-eight lymph nodes were removed and of them, 22 were cancerous. The surgery was very painful and I took almost three months to heal. Once I recovered from this operation, my search for a healer was on again. I was determined that after three major operations in less than four years, I was going to get back to normal.

My search finally climaxed when NBC in California responded to a letter I had sent them regarding a show I had seen on healers. Several names and addresses were mailed to me. I reached those that I could, but the one that really made an impression was Dr. Eric Scott Pearl in Los Angeles. I was excited! My search was over. I was finally going to have a session with a bona fide healer!

In November of 1995, my wife and I met Dr. Pearl. My pituitary gland hadn't been functioning for over a year and a half. Medically speaking, all hope was lost. After explaining my condition, I had a private session. It was a genuine experience. He held his hands over my head. After several minutes, I felt a tremendous heat. I finally passed out. Upon awakening, I was rather disoriented. He explained that some results tend to be immediate while others may only become apparent with time. He asked that I write or phone to let him know of my progress, as this is the only way he can keep track of things.

In December of 1995, about three weeks after my session with Dr. Pearl, I started to experience new and unusual feelings in my body. My doctor confirmed my instincts that I no longer needed my medications, and, under supervision, I began to wean myself off of the drugs. After three months, I am now 95% drug free with a well-functioning pituitary. My doctor and I are hopeful that I will soon be 100% drug free. My test results are now normal. I'm feeling great. My stamina is better now than it ever was before my surgeries. My spirits are high. My wife and I are once again leading a healthy, normal life.

After receiving my most recent set of normal laboratory results, I smiled and asked my physician what he now thought of healers. Following a moment's contemplation, he replied, "The only thing I can tell you is there are a lot of strange phenomena out there that I really don't understand."

As time passed, medical tests continued to confirm my miraculous recovery. I contacted Dr. Pearl to inform him of my results. He was truly happy to hear of my healing.

As a father and self-employed contractor, it's a luxury if I can find time to make it through the morning newspaper, let alone ponder the mysteries of the universe. Yet on the rare occasion that I do have a free moment, I often try to make sense of all the wonderful things that have happened since my session with Dr. Pearl. I've come to realize that there are a lot of strange phenomena out there that I, too, don't understand. One thing both my medical doctor and I do understand, however, is that I was healed that day through Dr. Pearl. I don't like to brag about it, I don't need to justify it, and I guess I don't even have to understand it. All I know is I've got my health back—and it's been a long road home.