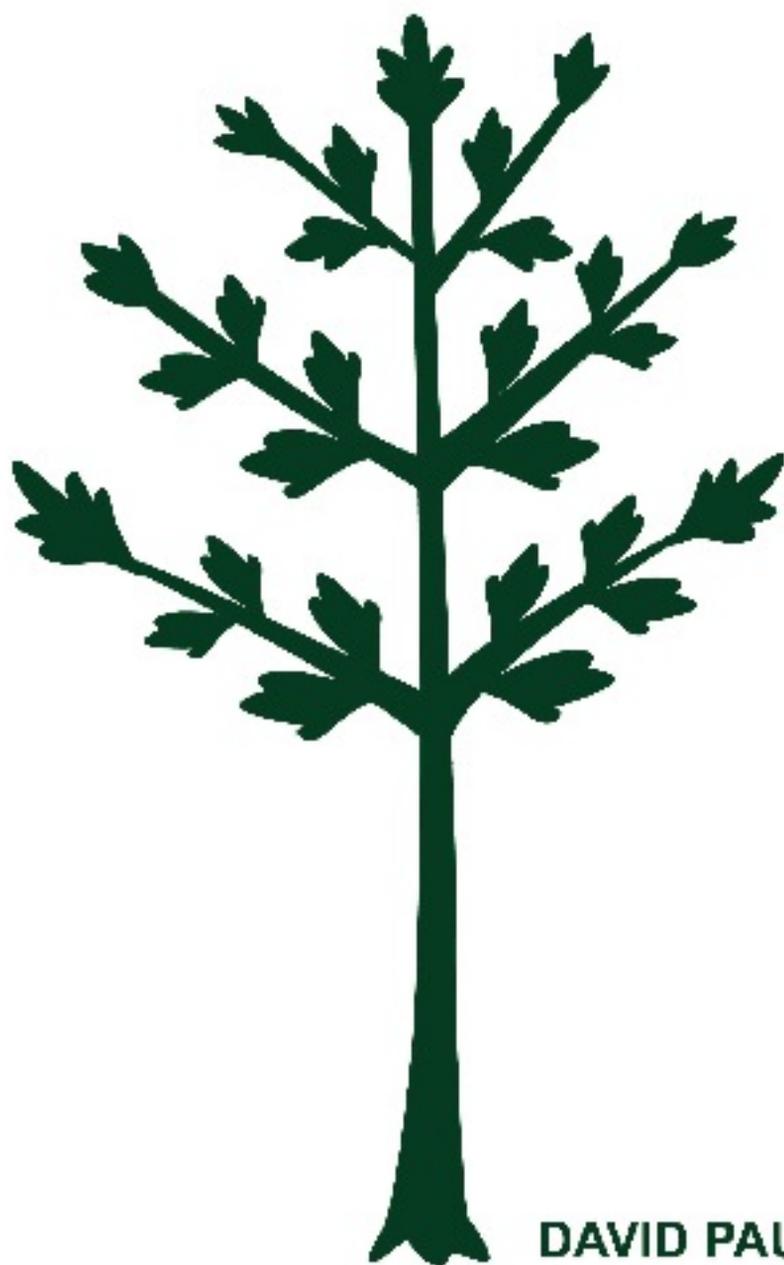
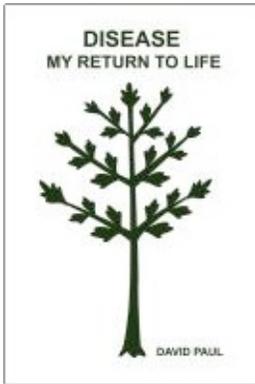


# **DISEASE**

## **MY RETURN TO LIFE**



**DAVID PAUL**



***DISEASE: My Return To Life** is the story of the author's journey from fatigue, disease, and approaching death, to energy and health. After cancer arrived, the author used what nature provides to return his body to life. His story is being told in the hope that others can benefit from his success.*

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**DISEASE**  
**MY RETURN TO**  
**LIFE**

**BY**  
**DAVID PAUL**

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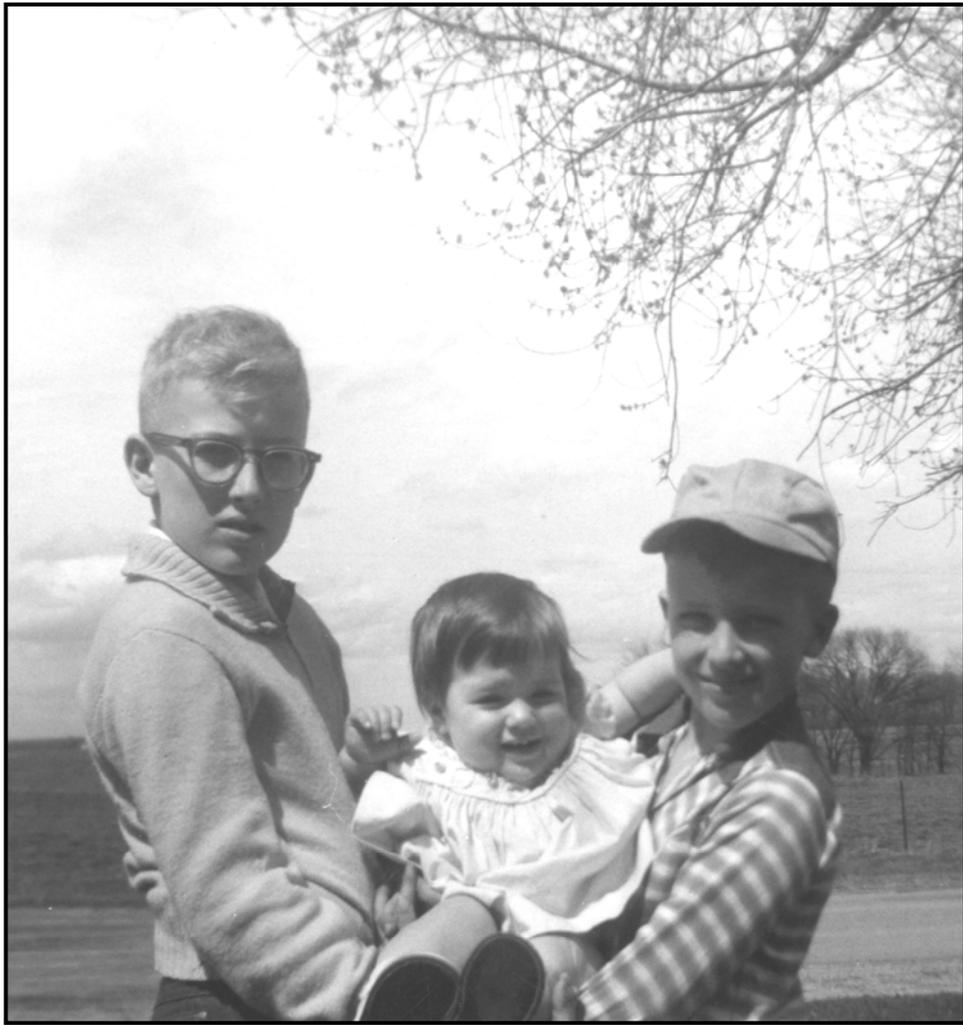
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**My Sister**



# Introduction

The first thirty-two years of my life was a continuation of my parent's and grandparent's way of life. But things had changed. With greater opportunity for riches, comes greater stress. With a life of ease, comes less exercise. With advanced technology, comes alteration and processing of food. For thirty-two years, I spent as little time and expense on food as I could. I put anything into my mouth that was put in front of me. I was pulled more and more to food that wouldn't sustain life. I didn't know any better. For thirty-two years, I was considered normal. But then one word entered my life and changed everything. Cancer.

After that, I researched health and healing and proved or disproved on my own body each new thing I learned. For ten years, I used what we were given in nature to bring my body back from degeneration and death to energy and life. Not long after I began that journey back to life, I was compelled to write an account of what I did and its effect on my body. After ten years of living a changed life, my health and appearance were still improving, but the changes were not so drastic and visible as before. My story was finished.

I had made a promise to help my fellow man if I was allowed to live. Some day I had to share my story with the world, but not then. It was too embarrassing. Too many people would get hurt. I didn't look good enough. The excuses went on and on. That story stayed hidden away and I went on with life. I built a house. I watched our children grow into adults. I traveled the world selling machinery.

As the years went by, more and more people in my life came down with the dreaded disease. Some knew that I had survived it. Time after

*David Paul*

time, their pleading eyes begged for help, and time after time, I looked away in silence. What would I say?

Fifteen years after I finished my story, a pair of pleading eyes entered my life that I could not look away from, and those eyes led me back to my story.

Eight years ago, my sister came down with the dreaded disease. She consulted with the best experts available. Small cancerous nodules were removed and chemotherapy was taken. My sister continued to take preventative chemotherapy and, five years later, she was declared free of the dreaded disease. She was cured. I gave my sister some information on foods, but I didn't say much. What would I say?

My sister continued to live a normal life. She had a challenging job and loved to travel. Her cheerfulness and happy smile were a joy.

But three years after she was declared cured, that dreaded disease returned, this time with a vengeance. My sister again consulted with the best experts available and took as much chemotherapy as her body could tolerate, but this time she wasn't given much hope. Six weeks after cancer was discovered, my sister died, much too young.

Years ago, I wrote a family story that ended shortly after my birth. My sister was disappointed that she was not in that book, and asked several times that she be in my next book.

When I was writing this book, my mother told my sister that I was writing something and my sister drew close to me several times and asked, "David, what are you writing?" My response was always that I hadn't said I was writing anything, and the subject was dropped.

In the last six weeks of my sister's life, her energy was gone. She returned to the family farms only once in that time. Her visit was unannounced. I was not home. As my sister was being driven around, she saw her brother in the distance harvesting crops. The car was stopped alongside the road and my sister waved to her brother for the longest time and asked, "Does he see me?"

My sister is gone now, and I'm left with that question asking what I was writing, and that last wave asking, "Does he see me?"

# 1.

## Return To Life

I'm about to celebrate my birthday, but there's nothing to celebrate. For several years, I've been increasingly run down and sick. I have swollen tonsils, swollen glands, head colds, nose colds, throat colds, diarrhea, aching eyeballs, headaches, fuzzy sight, fuzzy thinking. At night, I can't sleep. My knucklebones crackle. My skin has pimples and blackheads. My hair is falling out. My night blindness gets worse and worse. My feet smell. My breath smells. My urine smells. My whole body smells. My gums bleed from periodontal disease. My nose discharges junk. My hair is coarse. My scalp is oily. My fingernails are brittle and cracked. My stomach is upset most of the time. I'm excitable, temperamental, and irritable. I'm hot. I sweat a lot. I urinate more and more often, but less and less each time. I can't find a comfortable position in bed or in a chair. I'm always hungry, even after I've just eaten. I have no stamina. I can't run. I can't even walk fast. I'm tired and fatigued twenty-four hours a day. I wake up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed.

I'm thirty-two years old, but my body is like that of an old man. I've been forcing myself to go on leading a normal life. After all, I have no disease. I've never taken a pain reliever or drug of any kind.

My one testicle is a lot larger than the other testicle, but I've ignored it. I've also ignored the increased sweating on that side of my scrotum. Thanksgiving weekend Diane insists that I must see a doctor, and I half-heartedly agree. By Christmas time, I'm miserable twenty-four hours a

*David Paul*

day, every day. Lying in bed, unable to sleep, I thump my chest with my knuckles. It sounds hollow, like an empty barrel.

Over the Christmas holidays, my sub-conscious, my very soul, senses that my time on earth is drawing to a close. I feel loneliness, desperation, despair, and helplessness. It's my birthday. It's also the longest, darkest night of the year. That darkness has entered my very soul.

By New Year's Day, I can no longer ignore my problem. The next morning, I call our family doctor. He won't be in for two days. I lie flat on my back on the kitchen floor next to the wood burner stove awaiting the dreaded appointment. The outside of my body is bone-chilling cold. The inside is burning hot. Despair fills my very being.

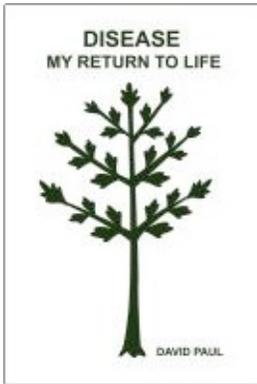
The minutes pass like hours, until finally, in the bitter cold of a dark winter's night, I depart for the doctor's office. I haven't been here in eight years.

I drop my trousers and the doctor grabs my oversized testicle and shines a flashlight on it. No light passes through. It's likely a tumor. I break out in a sweat. I'm sick to my stomach. Now the testicle feels as big as a baseball. The doctor gives me the phone number of a urinary doctor and wishes me good luck. I sense from his good-luck wish that it's not good. I may have cancer.

I don't even want to think that dreaded word. I quickly put it out of my mind, stumble to the car in the dark of the night, and head for home. Back home, lying on the kitchen floor aside of our wood burner stove, I feel the life force draining from my body. I don't want to die. I have two little children. I have so many things yet to do in life. A TV program shows a track star slowly dying of a brain tumor. His school is being named after him. There must be more to life than having a building named after you. I want to live.

The next morning, I call the urinary doctor's office. It's closed. I'll have to wait another day to make an appointment. One more day of this waiting and my mind will surely crack. No one seems to notice as I put my office clutter in order as if I'll never return.

The following morning, I call the urinary doctor's office again. He's booked up two weeks in advance, but he'll see me after lunch, sandwiched between other appointments.



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