

Chapter Two: The Difficult Journey

I believe there is a place for pharmaceutical drugs if it means that there are no other good solutions or alternatives to pursue. Despite my beliefs, many medications that are accompanied by undesirable secondary effects that can shatter beliefs, cause other health ailments, and test the strongest person. I know because it happened to me even after Great Spirit prepared me for it. Had I not been told that I was going to get very close to death, I don't think I would have lived through the experience I am about to share. I believe that my trust and faith in God are the reason that I am here today to share this with you.

Having been diagnosed with endometriosis, my physicians removed my left ovary, a hemorrhaging cyst along with a part of my fallopian tube. Even after the pain persisted. A few weeks later my physician suggested that I take a specific medication which was supposed to lessen the pain associated with this disorder. Surprisingly, it only took two weeks for the side effects from the drug to start. At first it was just mild hot flashes, to which I remember thinking that they could be easily managed with little concern.

I will go back in time just to set the stage for what occurred next.

In 1999 I was awarded a patent on my designs and the method by which a race car simulator training system would allow race car drivers and teams to test, train, and race within a virtual environment in order to save themselves travel time, money for travel and race related expenses, as well as the potential risk of wrecking their cars or their lives. To the best of my recollection, it was around 2003 that I had determined that there were companies infringing. The founder of one particular company agreed to meet with me in North Carolina to discuss this potential infringement. When the first hot flash hit I was in this very meeting at the Chamber of Commerce sitting across from the company's owner, his engineer, my attorney and CPA.

Most women know what I mean when I say that it is difficult to let a hot flash pass without notifying everyone else in the room. Feeling like they can tell anyway by the look on your face, it's almost always necessary to explain that your body is about to spontaneously combust.

Just as the first hot wave subsided my thoughts fell to the side effects that I had read about in the medication disclaimer and I began to contemplate whether some other side effects would follow. I made it through the meeting and set for a day and time to negotiate how they would remedy the infringement. By the time we reached that date my life was being ripped to shreds. I was right to have given thought to whether more side effects were to come as there certainly were more to follow. Within a few weeks of that first meeting with the simulation company the blinding headaches started. Severe heart pulsations and chest pain followed. One month into the drug interactions I wasn't able to eat solid foods because I had cysts growing in my throat, which was raw beyond anything you can imagine. Baby food became my mainstay. My

brain felt as if it would explode through the back of my eyeballs. I could see no color. My world became black and white, and with each passing day the white got darker and darker until I could no longer see to drive or work. I couldn't think straight enough to relay even a simple thought. No one understood what was happening to me. I kept trying to find a doctor to help me but they were all saying that there was nothing wrong. I was living a total nightmare and to top it off, my husband thought I was losing my mind, and so did I.

While he enjoyed his evenings watching TV or playing on the computer, I found it hard to venture out of the bedroom. I couldn't watch TV, listen to the radio, or play on the computer. I had unplugged every piece of electronic gadgetry I could get my hands on. Every time I tried to get near anything electronic my body became highly sensitive and I was thrown into anxiety attacks. I was ultra-sensitive to energy sources to begin with but now the medication just pushed me over the edge. As I thought I was getting a handle on the energy sensitivities the bad dreams started. I hadn't had nightmares since I was four years old. The first dream to get my attention rocked me to my core!

I was driving to Charlotte North Carolina in my 1997 Jeep Sahara. It appeared that I was dressed for a business meeting. The sun was shining and the day was cool but bright. Even though it was a dream I took note that everything was crisp, well-defined and very colorful. Without warning, as I was traveling in the southbound lane of highway 85 a large tanker truck traveling in the northbound lane, painted to look like the fruity lifesaver wrapper caught my attention. The vibrant colors registered in my brain immediately and just as quickly it felt as though my spirit was being ripped from my body. That tanker shot across the concrete center barrier breaking its rear axle, and the front wheels headed for my jeep in my lane of travel.

You'd be amazed at what comes to mind when you think you're going to die. I am not sure if it was milliseconds or seconds that had passed, but I found myself wondering whether slowing the vehicle would keep the truck from hitting me. What if I turned? Then, I quickly realized that either way I was going to die, so I stopped fighting it. I called out, in my mind, to my parents. Mom, Dad, I have to go, but I love you very much. Then Wham! The tractor and its trailer landed smack dab on top of my jeep crushing my head.

I awoke with a jolt. I was afraid to open my eyes for fear of what I might see. I thought I was dead or worse, disfigured beyond recognition. I began breathing deeply just to be sure that my lungs were in working order. I chose not to feel around for my legs just in case one of both were missing. Then I slowly opened my eyes. The dream had been so devastatingly real. I thought for sure I would open my eyes to find doctors and nurses huddled around me hard at work. Thank God, it was just a dream. My brain kicked into survival mode. What did this all mean? Was it a vision of something to come? How could I possibly get behind the wheel of a vehicle after this experience? My evaluation of the dream went on for about a week and then the second dream came thundering in. I was again traveling southbound on 85 toward Charlotte. There was a tractor trailer; a flatbed trailer, painted red, driving a long in front of me. This was the second time I had seen vivid colors in my dreams. To my left was another big tractor trailer passing me. He

appeared to be in a hurry. As he passed and got ahead of the flat bed driver something happened ahead that made me swerve into the right lane. This made the flatbed rig slam on his brakes and cut his wheels to the right very hard which put his trailer sideways in front of my jeep. I heard myself call out to my parents again in my mind, letting them know that I had to go. The jeep was being ripped apart by the flatbed and I found myself being thrown around outside of its shell. I could barely stand to keep my eyes open as I became a not-so-willing participant within the scene that played itself out. I saw myself heading straight for the tractor trailers rear tires. I was so close I could smell the rubber. The tires felt hot and sticky as my head was being crushed by their weight.

I awoke dazed and exhausted. This time I knew it was a dream, so I lay there breathing deeply mulling over all the symbols within the dream to determine what was most like the first one I had a week earlier. Keeping myself calm, I established that my head had been crushed. I thought of the headaches I had been having and the feeling associated with my brain swelling made me think that this all must be related to the medication I had been given. How could one small shot have such intense side effects?

I quickly dismissed my mental investigation when I realized that something was standing next to the bed where my husband lay sleeping. Now mind you, I have seen spirits and ghosts since I was about four years old, this was nothing like that. He, or IT appeared to be in his mid-forties, about five foot nine inches tall. Since I was not seeing things in color, he appeared as a grayish mist-like figure. He leaned over Monty toward me and tried to hand me a knife. He said "Here, take this. You can stab him just like this." As he mimicked the motions he completed his statement. "He'll never know the difference." My heart leapt. I couldn't breathe. I threw the covers back and jumped out of bed and ran from the bedroom. I tried to calm myself down and breathe. I felt as though I was under water, and I was afraid to take a breath for fear of drowning. I paced the living room floor. My heart was fumbling around in my chest. My breathing was irregular, and the pain in my chest was excruciating. I knew of nothing else to do but get on the tread-mill and run. I would either run until I dropped dead or until that thing in the bedroom disappeared. I was not going to let that thing get me or make me hurt anyone-ever!

Now, I'm sure at this point you understand that there was no knife. I was hallucinating. The hallucinations went on for days. The next one came the very next morning. He, the shadow man, woke me up at six in the morning. This time he showed me cutting up my arms, shredding myself. Once again, I jumped out of bed and ran to the other room to get on the treadmill. Again, I ran until I felt like I was going to drop. My chest ached so badly. The pain was so bad it made me think and feel as if I was going to have a heart attack. As the hallucinations progressed I chose to keep them a secret. Each morning I'd repeat the process over and over again with the shadow man tormenting me like a spirit from purgatory luring me into his own excruciatingly brutal hell. The proverbial straw broke the camel's back when the same shadow man woke me-just as he had been each morning. He took me by the hand and pulled me from the bed. He explained that my life was over, that I would never succeed at anything, ever! No one loved me and as a matter

of fact, they have never cared for me and I might as well just end my life. He walked me out the back door and through the yard toward the garage. As we approached the backside of the garage he pulled me close and forced a gun in to my hands. He said, "This is it! Pull the trigger, your life is over." He gripped the gun with my hand wrapped around it tightly, my finger under his as he pulled the trigger. My head exploded. I leapt straight out of bed and headed for the treadmill. I spent an hour racing as hard and fast as I could, trying with all I had within me to fight the feelings of defeat. When I finally stepped off the treadmill, I was drenched with sweat and tears.

Monty wasn't home, and I had no one to talk to. I felt like I couldn't call my mother or any of my friends for fear that they would not understand. I began to pray and asked God to help me through. Every thought and action from this point on was done slowly and with deliberate accuracy. I lit some candles and began to fill the bathtub. As I stripped out of my clothes, I tried to calm my mind. No matter how hard I had tried to remain peaceful, it tried harder to gain power over me. I got into the tub and put a towel under my neck to try to relax. Everything seemed to run in slow motion. Even the water coming out of the faucet slowed and made no sound. Time seemed to stand still. The bath and candles were not helping me to feel better. In fact I was feeling worse. While sitting there, I had another hallucination that Monty came home and stood by the bathtub talking to me. Asking me what was wrong. All I could do to respond was sob and tell him goodbye. Then poof. He was gone and I knew he had not come home at all. I was going mad!

I guess I had been in the tub for about forty-five minutes when I decided I had to find help. I just knew I had to tell someone. This was not me at all. Someone had to understand. I emptied the tub, got dressed, and walked across the street to my neighbor's house. The husband was standing outside working on the car in the carport. It had just begun to rain. I asked him if his wife was at home. He said, "Yes, she's inside, on the computer." He disappeared into the house after I asked him if he could go inside and get her. I stood in the rain crying and pacing in their driveway waiting for her to come out. She didn't come. I felt as if hours had passed. I became frantic. Was the shadow right? Did no one care whether I lived or died? I couldn't stand there any longer. I ran back to our house. I picked up the phone and called my doctor. The secretary answered, so I asked for the doctor's nurse. I was pacing the floor screaming at myself to stop it when the nurse finally came to the phone. I was sobbing again. She tried to calm me and asked me to explain what was wrong. I chose my words carefully knowing that if I said the wrong thing someone would have me committed. I told her that something was wrong. I explained that I was having bad feelings like something was telling me to hurt myself and others. I could not see colors; my brain felt like it was going to explode, I had cysts in my throat and I really felt like it all started after I was given that shot of Lupron. Her response shocked me. She said, "If you feel like that you need to go to the emergency room, we close at noon."

"You're joking," I said.

"No, we cannot help you. We close at noon and if you're feeling that bad, you just need to go to the emergency room."

I couldn't believe my ears. I hung up the phone and went back to pacing. My poor dogs watched over me helplessly. Never seeing me in a state like this they, didn't know whether to hide or stay close to ease my suffering.

I picked up the phone again, this time calling my gynecologist. I told the secretary that it was an emergency. She put me on hold then the nurse finally picked up, and for a second time that day I tried to explain what was happening with me. I reminded her that they had given me the Lupron shot a couple of months ago, and that I was slowly but surely getting sicker. I told her of all the symptoms I was having and asked her if they could help me. "No," she answered emphatically. "It would be best for you to go straight to the hospital." She felt they'd be better equipped to look me over and manage what I had been experiencing.

"You're kidding right? Your office gave me that shot and you can't help me?" This was devastatingly disturbing. I couldn't believe they couldn't help.

"Call for an ambulance or get someone to drive you to the hospital!"

Perplexed and lost in my own thoughts I hung up. I had no choice, I could either stay inside the house and let it get me or fight it. I walked back out into the rain and crossed the street to the neighbor's house. I walked up the front steps and knocked. The husband came and apologized for his wife not coming to out. He noticed that I was crying and asked me what was wrong. I told him I wasn't sure but I needed a ride to the emergency room. I told him I was pretty sure that I was having a bad reaction to the medicine that I had been given by my doctor in December. He hesitated, seeming reluctant to help. I pleaded with him saying that Monty was on a trip and that his mother who lived next to us was in the hospital. I had no one to call and I would not have asked if I didn't think it was important.

To say that he was a slow cautious driver to begin with would be an understatement but I swear it felt like he was driving about ten miles per hour. Everything was moving in slow motion.

He parked and came in with me. The nurses checked me in and again, I was very careful about what I said. They told me to have a seat in the lobby and they would call me when they were ready for me. Sitting with me for almost ten minutes he then explained that he had to get back to get ready for work. I told him to go ahead, that no matter what happened I would call someone to come get me if the doctor couldn't figure out what was wrong.

I think I sat there for another fifteen minutes when they called me back. There were two male nurses attending to me. They asked me to explain what was bothering me. I told them about my chest pain, swollen brain, seeing only black and white, and about my extra sensitivity to sound, light, and electronics. They asked me if I was on any type of medication. I started by saying no but then retracted and said yes, revealing that my gynecologist prescribed and injected Lupron in December for endometriosis.

One of the nurses started to groan. "Haven't you heard about that shot?" he asked me.

"No, what should I have heard?"

"My wife was on that medicine and she had gotten a letter in the mail about how bad it was. Didn't you get one?" "No" I exclaimed.

"Well, we'll try to get you fixed. Come on, we'll take you in to see the doctor."

They put me in a room and tried to make me comfortable.

Why am I telling you all of this? This event tore my life apart and took every bit of four years to get my life back. But the amazing part of the entire mess is that Great Spirit told me before it happened, "Nicole, you will be fine after your near-death experience! You must submit to this experience in order to change who you are and where you're going in order to truly live and help others like you." I had no idea what Great Spirit meant at that time. All I remember is that I was shaken from my frame and I thought for sure I was going to die.

The emergency room doctor came, spent a few minutes looking me over. I told him about the medication I had been given and he didn't even flinch when he said, "That is not the issue." The male nurse had more to say to me than this guy! He ordered a CAT scan, a urinalysis and blood work, then left the room to attend to an accident victim that had just been brought in by ambulance.

During this 4-hour stint I lay curled in a fetal position praying someone would help me before it was too late. At hour marker 3 a mental health professional came in and introduced herself. We chatted for some time about my work and I relayed my concern about telling too many people about it because I figured I'd end up in the psych ward before I could say boo. Amazingly she agreed with me. She was still in the room when my results came back. They did not find anything in my urine, which they were checking, to see if I was on drugs. The blood work revealed nothing and the CAT scan of my brain came up clean. The nurse left the room after passing on that bit of good news and the mental health consultant turned to me to make a ghastly statement.

"Nicole, you should go home, take two Benadryl and go to bed."

I began to cry. "You're kidding?"

"No. If you tell the doctors what you told me, you will be locked up before the day is over. That is my suggestion. Go home and get some rest."

I put my own clothes back on, called my stepdaughter to see if she could pick me up and then waited for the hospital to check me out. After she dropped me off at home I tried all I could to relax. I began wondering what I could do to get some reasonable help. It was not five o'clock yet so I picked up the phone and dialed the gynecologists office again. This time I was sure to ask for the doctor. My regular practitioner was not in but the physician's assistant was there. When she answered the telephone I was quick to suggest she open my records to see that I was given the shot of leuprolide acetate. I gave her the high-speed version of my hospital jaunt and asked

her if that specific drug could cause all of the side effects I had mentioned. To my amazement she said yes! Did I hear her right? I couldn't breathe. I asked her to repeat her answer.

"Yes Nicole, that drug can cause all of those side effects and more but we are not supposed to tell you that."

"So, what am I supposed to do now? Can you get this garbage out of my body?"

"No, there is no way to do that," she stated emphatically.

My brain went into overdrive. "Can I get the name of the pharmaceutical company and their phone number from you?"

"Yes, I will put you on hold and the nurse will get back on the line with that information. Now that I have thought about it, we can try something. We can try to counteract the effects of the drug by putting you back on birth control which will put some hormones back in your body."

"Thank you, I may try that but first I think I would like to talk to the pharmaceutical company to see what they have to offer." The PA making that bold statement actually gave me a leg to stand on. I could now find a way to help myself even though I was not really sure how to do it, but I at least felt as if there was a glimmer of hope.

"Nicole?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The company is TA Pharmaceutical and here is their number. We are very sorry you are having such a bad reaction to the medicine. Please keep us apprised of the situation."

I thanked her, hung up, and immediately dialed the pharmaceutical company.

Their representative answered the phone cordially but I interrupted her, moving to gain an audience from a nurse or doctor that worked within the company. She told me that the nurse would be right with me and placed me on hold. I paced the floor impatiently like a cat in a room full of rocking chairs, talking to myself the entire time. When the nurse answered I shared my story for what seemed to be the umpteenth time and asked her if there was any way to get the drug out of my system.

"No Nicole, once you have received the injection it will stay in your system for up to three months, at which time you would go back to the doctor to get another injection."

"No way am I going back for another injection. If I were to take another I would surely kill myself or have a heart attack. This drug is awful and I need to get it out of me now! Your company made this drug and you're telling me that there is no way to get rid of it?" Without taking another breath I heard myself asking another question. "What is the longest amount of time this drug has stayed in one person's system after only one injection?"

"We are sorry but there is no way to get it out of your body. To answer your second question I would have to say a few years, so the only suggestion I can make at this juncture is for you to speak with our risk management office."

"Really? What do you believe that office will have to tell me that's any different than what you have already?"

"Well, they are company lawyers and I am sure they will want to know what has happened to you."

"Oh, sure they will! Okay, go ahead and forward me to that office. I can't wait to hear what they have to offer."

The phone went silent for a moment and then began to ring. "Good afternoon Nicole, my name is Mr. so and so. I am the pharmaceutical company's attorney. I hear you have had a problem with the drug your physician administered. What can I do to help you?"

"First you can help me get this garbage out of my body. Secondly you can tell me what you are going to do to get this drug off the market if it's causing more harm than good."

I can be a little dramatic when I feel as if people's lives are in danger. My experience was making me wonder how many people were taking this medication without fully understanding that it was a chemotherapy-like drug that could put a horse down in minute doses. [This tidbit of information was shared by a prominent neurosurgeon that said he couldn't believe I was still alive after that one dose.]

"I cannot do either and I want to take this time to tell you that if you were to choose a law suit against us, you will not win. You do not have pockets deep enough to fight us Nicole. There is nothing I can do to help you except to say we are sorry you are not responding well to the treatment."

I hung up. I couldn't take another minute of it and all I kept thinking was that I was doomed. My husband wasn't home to help me, I could not call on my parents for fear they wouldn't understand. After a brief encounter with my own attorney to discuss the 9-11 event and a pending war, he was thinking I was on drugs. Add insult to injury, this shadow thing was trying to get me to kill my husband and myself. There was only one thing left to do; I got down on my hands and knees to pray.

"God, if you mean for me to make it through this night, you are going to have to send help."

By this time I was feeling as if my body was collapsing in on itself. My shoulders and back were hunched, my head was drawn down toward my chest and when looking ahead I could only muster to lift my eyes slightly. Every move I made was excruciatingly painful. As I settled in for a long night I looked at the clock to see how long I would have to endure before dawn. It was only 9 o'clock. Just then the telephone rang. I winced in pain as I reached for it.

"Nicole, this is Roy. I met you in Charlotte a year ago while you were teaching a class about intuition. Do you remember me? I was the massage therapist that asked if you could take me on as a student."

"Hello Roy. I am sorry, but right now I cannot even fight my way out of a wet paper bag. My doctor gave me some medicine and I'm not sure I'll make it through this night."

I believe that what transpired next was only due to an act of God.

"Is there anyone at home with you?"

"No. My husband is out of town and I am alone." Call me crazy, I know, but I was not in the frame of mind to worry about whether he was a maniac killer.

"What is your address? I am coming up there!"

Yep, to my own dismay I heard myself give him the address.

He drove up from Charlotte in his beat up, oil spewing Honda to save me. I could not believe what was happening. It took him about an hour to get to the house. Upon entering he took one look at me and knew I was in trouble. He began to work on my muscles, trying to relax me and get my hands, arms, and legs to release and straighten. As I lay on my massage table God's little angel worked on me for two hours straight, and while he rubbed and stretched my limbs I taught him how to see inside my body using psychometry, a hands-on technique that allows you to harvest information and insight on whatever it is you touch.

"Nicole, I see your veins and they all look black, as if you were filled with cancer. I am afraid for you. What else can I do to help?"

"I am thinking that if I make it through the night I'll need to drive into Charlotte to purchase some natural products that have estrogen and other hormones in them. I am not familiar with Charlotte and I cannot drive, so will you take me? I'll pay you."

"Yes. I can come back in the morning but, I am afraid to leave you by yourself. Your heart is beating half out of your chest."

"Okay, let me call my husband and see how he feels about me letting you stay the night in our guest room. That is, if you want to do that."

"Yes, I will stay and yes I will take you to Charlotte. There are a couple of places I am thinking of that will have the products you need."

I got up from the table and called Monty. He answered on the first ring. "Honey, you know I have not been well since I took that shot, right?"

He hesitated. "Ye-yes. Why, what's up?"

"Well, the side effects got worse and I went to the hospital. They could not help me. I called the gynecologist and they could not help me, but they did offer some insight into how the drug depletes the body of hormones to squelch the endometrial cysts. The only way I can get what I need is to go to Charlotte tomorrow to get some things from a health store. Honey, I really thought I was a goner today but after praying God sent someone to help me. He is here now." I could hear his breathing change. I figured he would freak out but he managed to stay pretty calm.

"Nik, I cannot get home to help you and I wouldn't know what to do anyway, so I will have to let you handle this in any manner you deem necessary. I am sorry but there is nothing I can do."

"Well that's not the first time I have heard that today! I am going to let Roy Hatcher stay the night in our guest room. He does not have enough fuel in his car to get back to Charlotte tonight and he feels as if someone needs to be here with me. Are you okay with this?"

"I guess I have no other choice. Do what you need to and we will talk tomorrow."

I showed Roy to the guest room and said goodnight. I hoped he would be okay, after all, we did not know each other very well and he was in a strange home with two dogs that did not know him; one of which was a retired police dog that was extremely protective of me when Monty was not at home.

I spent the night rocking on the edge of my bed without sleeping. The pain in my chest was outrageous and my heart wouldn't relax for even a minute. I stared at the clock praying for daylight and as soon as I saw a glimmer of it coming through the bedroom curtains I changed my clothes, woke Roy, and together began our trek south into the city.

He took me to two places. Each had just what I needed to alkalize my body. My body was totally acidic which is what caused the cysts to form in my throat. To decrease the acid and boost alkalinity I needed liquid chlorophyll in order to work fast. Then, I needed products that would provide some natural hormones. I opted for the simplest and easiest thing I could get my hands on which, in this instance happened to be extra strength Estroven, Calms Forte homeopathic to help my body relax, Rescue Remedy to further soothe my nerves, organic chlorophyll to create a more alkaline environment within my body, potassium, calcium, magnesium for the electrolytes my brain and muscles needed to reduce contractions, and a few other things. The second store had a juice bar so I had them mix up a fruit and veggie smoothie to which I added all of my products. Fifteen minutes later, as Roy and I were heading back north toward Kannapolis I actually began to feel better. After returning home I surfed the internet and ordered an oral chelating agent to remove the medication from my bloodstream, which is what I believe quickened my healing processes. Now, please note that although I mention these products here I must also suggest that you not self-medicate if you are experiencing ill effects from medication you are presently taking. The day after I began taking these natural remedies I called my general practitioner and had a meeting with her to discuss exactly what I was doing and asked her to take this journey with me. I reiterate, this is not something you should do alone if you suffer from the ill

effects of any medication. Blood tests need to be run to be sure the body can handle what is being put in to combat the ill effects of any medications.

As for Roy, I can honestly say that he saved my life that night. I do not believe I would have been strong enough to fight off the shadow man, whether he was a hallucination or a spirit from purgatory trying to drag me into his own personal hell. For Roy to show up in my life a year after seeing him at that one class I had taught, I can only surmise that God knew I was in trouble and meant for me to make it through the ordeal.

So what happened after that? Well, I joined a Lupron victims support group on Yahoo and shared everything I did to get better. I shared my letters to the pharmaceutical company, the hospital and my doctors. I left no stone unturned when I found out that doctors were prescribing leuprolide acetate to children for precocious puberty. The parents of those poor children were beside themselves trying to figure out how to save their kids. I am certain they weren't told that their kids may never have children of their own after taking even a smidgen, just as I did. If what I did could do the same thing for their children this was the least I could do. It was almost one year from the date Spirit told me I would be fine after my near-death experience and that I was to share that experience with others so they too could heal and live through a similar ordeal.

It took every bit of four years for me to get my life back and get the medication out of my body. I received no help from the Abbott pharmaceutical company, of which merged with Takeda Pharmaceuticals to form one of the top fifteen pharmaceutical companies in the United States. The merger was the result of their thirty-year joint venture, but interestingly Takeda received rights to more specific products of which were non-Lupron related. Lupron is still being prescribed and I have no clue as to whether they ever paid for damage done to anyone, and effective May 1, 2008, TAP would no longer exist as a separate entity reporting to Takeda America Holdings Inc. When I found out about the merger I called them to see if they would do anything to help those other people that were adversely affected by the medication, and their attorney scoffed at me, nonchalantly stating that I could not pursue a lawsuit against them.

Now, after all these years of inner reflection and self-work I understand my chosen journey and why I am steadfast in my practices. I didn't dump all of this stuff on paper to get it all out of my mind. This book was meant for you. To provide some direction when times get tough, while showing you how precious life really is, and to tell you that this time that we are all living in is sacred. This is the time for all of us to start taking responsibility for our own thoughts and actions. To realize that we had given our power away to our politicians, doctors, and businessmen. Was it up to them to fix our lives, tell us what to do and when to do it, make us better by healing our bodies, make us wealthy, or just the opposite; ruin our lives, take away things we worked hard for? What I've come to learn by my experiences is that we have more power to do all these things than we have given ourselves credit for. We chose the fast food, fast fixes, and fast doctors that give us seven minutes of their time and a prescription for what ails us. We could sit back and blame them but we can't because we're willing participants and we chose it, thinking that they know best. Good, bad, or otherwise, we allowed others to provide us with the

tools to self-destruct and often don't bother to do our own research before submitting to their interventions.

So where do we go from here? What does our personal sacred time look like when we've got serious life issues? Yours may have a different story line, but in the thick of it, all of our stories will be similar in nature, merging or overlapping to some degree. Our true essence as a divine spirit in human form will have similar traits.

- We want a lifetime of perfect health and longevity.
- We want more wealth than we'll ever need or maybe just have enough to be comfortable, secure and safe.
- We want to have a purpose.
- We want to belong to something, to be wanted, loved, and remembered.
- We want a rewarding career and success.

I think we all aspire to be more than we are. Why wouldn't we? The human body, mind and spirit are extraordinary and should be shared with others.

I began this book by sharing some of my life experiences with you, which I will continue to do. In doing so I have the thought that you will begin to allow your life's experiences to resurface within you after years of stagnation and, you too will have some profound moments and rationalizations just as I had. I've now had years to research just how our bodies try to communicate with us. How aches and pains we try to suppress every day are merely our bodies way of trying to get us to pay attention.

In order to understand, we need to look at the child that we once were. As I write I will call on my inner child. Nikki shows herself to me as she had been at four years old. She loves animals and trusts everything and everyone. She believes that all creatures are inherently good. One day while taking a walk through her neighborhood to see a lady friend, she encounters a bumblebee. She steps up onto her friend's doorstep and a bumblebee begins to fly around her little hand. Instead of swatting at the bee she opens her hand and produces her pointer finger for the bee to land on. She admires its beauty with delight as it lands and begins to crawl around. And in an instant this beautiful, serene picture changes to terror and bewilderment. That beautiful creature, without any provocation, stung her! Just then her lady friend opened the door to find Nikki screaming, with tears pouring from her beautiful brown eyes. She dances around in place, shaking her hand trying to dislodge the stinger. Then as her lady friend tried to comfort her, Nikki took off in a gallop toward her home for comfort and security. She couldn't believe that something so wonderful could be so mean and hurtful. After all, she had done nothing to hurt the bee.

Innocence! As children we trust. We trust until something happens that makes us close our hearts and build walls around our emotions. If this would have happened to Nikki as an adult, she would have rationalized the entire episode. She would not have been so hurt by the little bee turning on her, as thoughts about the true nature of any creature are just a reasonable rationalization.

I still, to this day, find myself looking for bees in the garden so I can pet them. My husband, stepdaughter, and mother-in-law think I'm crazy. On many occasions, my husband's mother and I had sat outside talking near her rose and herb garden. While engaged in an idle chit chat with her I'd become fixated on the bees pollinating the flowers, and I couldn't help myself. I'd get up close and stick my finger out to let the big bumble bees land on me. I love to feel their soft pollen covered hair. I wouldn't push my weight down on them or make them feel that they were in danger, I merely touched them with love in my heart, appreciating them. Have I thought about whether they were capable of hurting me? Of course I have, but I am not scared anymore.

As you read on and begin to learn the techniques I'm sharing it's important to remember that your thoughts create what it is you want in life. Good, bad, or otherwise. Get real with yourself before forging forward. What do you want your sacred time, your sacred life to look like? Within my sacred time and space I consider that I am a part of everything that exists, therefore my true essence permeates the cells of anything within my environment. I'll say it another way; there is nothing in my body or being that has the desire to hurt anything around me. Therefore, as I interact with my environment, I also like to think that nothing within my environment wants to hurt me. That's not to say that I won't get hurt. I mean to suggest that if you walk around thinking that the world is against you, your experiences will mirror back what you're thinking about. In my next book *EVOLUTIO, Rasing Humanity* you will learn that there will be times when you cannot be totally prepared for how a human or animal reacts to your presence, control, or manipulation. For now, consider that you can learn how to interact with your environment in compassionate, loving ways even when things go wrong. Keep reading.