



OVARIAN CANCER

By Marlies Ehninger

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"Dream of a Blue Bucket"

It stood in moist sand, slightly tilted and filled with damp newspaper; a square, plain, utilitarian bucket of utilitarian blue. The newspaper had a web of fine white threads on it, fungal growth or mycelia. I lifted the top layer, but the mycelia seemed to have permeated through the newspaper. I pulled out more to see how far it had gone, but it had in fact invaded the plastic already, anchoring the newspaper to the bucket itself. I couldn't separate the two and woke up panting.

I knew very well what the dream meant. Did I have cancer?

It had all started harmlessly enough. A routine check-up at my family doctor where I was told I was in great shape, but she did feel something around my uterus.

"Probably fibroids, they're harmless. Let's just order an ultrasound to make sure."

Sounded reasonable, but as usual I was busy with a gazillion other things and didn't bother with the ultrasound until weeks later. The report came back showing a poly-globulated, complex, something-or-other mass and I was back in my doctor's office (who by the way is a wonderful woman and an absolutely fantastic doctor).

The ultrasound, as it turned out, raised more questions than it answered. It could be dermoids, cysts or – well, ovarian cancer. So far I wasn't too worried. Dermoids are strange growths that pop up in unexpected places and often contain an unsavoury mix of different tissues, like fat, hair and even teeth. That or cysts seemed like a good diagnosis to me, one I could accept and live with. I got referred to a gynecologist who wanted yet another, higher-quality ultrasound and blood tests. By the time I got all that, I could actually feel whatever was growing. I could lie on my back, push it around and had started wearing baggy pants with an elastic waistband. It seemed to be one heck of a cyst, or dermoid, or whatever.

I felt betrayed by my body. I exercised, I ate pretty healthy, I spent lots of money at Rainbow Foods on supplements and organics. How did my body dare do this to me? Did I perhaps have radon gas in the basement? Was the tiny, white gravel in the yard actually from lead tailings?

My follow-up appointment with the gynecologist rolled around and I sat in the office, very much in suspense. What was the verdict going to be? I gathered I would need surgery to remove the “cyst”, which is what I had come to call it.

“Well” said the good doctor and laughed nervously, “we really can’t be sure what this thing is.”

WHAT? I thought. They still don’t know?

He continued: “Also, one of the blood tests that could be a cancer indicator showed slight elevation.”

I looked at him. “So, what are you going to do? A biopsy?”

“Oh, no. That’s too risky, in case it’s malignant. And I won’t be doing anything personally, with something like this, I’ll have to send you to the General for proper staging.”

“Ahm, what’s staging?”

“Well, if they suspect cancer, they follow a very strict procedure on how they operate and they’ll send the growth to be checked while they still have you on the table.”

“Aha. So what exactly are they going to do?”

Another nervous laugh followed by “Well, they’ll take everything out.”

It felt like someone had dropped a block of ice into my stomach from somewhere high up.

“Define Everything” I said quietly.

“Well, total hysterectomy – uterus, ovaries; they’ll also check the perineum. You’d go into instant menopause.”

I honestly can’t remember what else happened until I sat back in my car in the parking lot. I was gasping for air and I started crying. They wanted to neuter me. I took a deep breath, dug out my cell phone, and called my naturopath.

“I’ve just learned something that I think can really help you. It’s called the ‘New Medicine’” Katherine’s voice said. “It’s too hard to explain over the phone, but it’s so amazing, it’s incredible.”

We set an appointment and I hung up. I felt about 100 pounds lighter, that’s how relieved I was at being offered an alternative.

I started thinking about my lump. I had a theory which I had voiced half-heartedly to my family doctor earlier. Could this be my body’s answer to the baby I had so desperately wanted for years and wasn’t going to have, since my husband had decided on a vasectomy after our first child? I had agreed – no, let me rephrase that - my head had agreed to that decision, my belly never did. “I firmly believe in body/mind connections like that; anything is possible” she had told me.

After my first visit with Katherine I was already fascinated with this “New Medicine”: here was an approach to medicine which actually explained WHY we get sick; a theory by Dr. Hamer, a

brilliant, if controversial, physician. His theory, based firmly on the science of evolution and backed up by over 40,000 case studies, contains explanations which are so logical that my computer scientist heart leapt with joy.

The German New Medicine (GNM), as it is now called, has proven a definite brain/organ connection for any condition we experience. This means that someone properly trained can look at a brain scan of a patient and determine what symptoms they are experiencing at present, and in fact read them their whole medical history!

Ovarian tumors, according to the GNM, are caused by a “profound loss conflict”. I analyzed my earlier feelings. It was true. I had not just had a mild-mannered wish for another child, I had been totally and utterly obsessed with the thought. If you think you can imagine how bad it was, think again. I doubt you have any idea.

I had dreams of finding babies abandoned in dumpsters or at my door step. I had fantasies of going to disaster stricken areas and coming home with orphaned youngsters. I went about my job in a male-dominated field and sat in meetings, often the only woman there, and evaluated my co-workers as potential father-material. I even thought about tricking my husband into attending some sex orgy, so I could use the opportunity to accidentally get pregnant. I stood under the shower and could almost feel my milk come in, even though my daughter had been weaned years earlier. I was biologically out of control. And through it all my brain kept saying: “Once you’re 45, it’s game over. Forget getting pregnant after that.”

I had turned 45 just four months before my doctor had felt the presumed fibroids. I had in fact lost a child that had never been conceived anywhere other than in my mind.

The next few months are a blur. The dream of the blue bucket happened somewhere in the thick fog of experiences, shocks, surprises and emotions that followed.

I attended seminars on GNM, got a no-contrast cat scan of the brain done and even spoke to Dr. Hamer in person. I saw the tell-tale mark of an ovarian conflict right there on my own cat scan, exactly where Dr. Hamer’s documentation said it would be.

And how would my cyst be treated according to GNM? That was going to be the tough part as it turned out: Leave it alone for nine months, that’s how long it takes to mature. If you try and remove it earlier, it’ll just try to grow back, as long as any ovarian tissue remains. After that, if it’s too large, by all means have it removed.

Stall and make light of it, I told myself. I talked to people about my “cyst”, particularly the people closest to me. It would have been very difficult to withstand nine months of pressure from loved ones telling me to “do what the doctor says, because we don’t want to lose you!” In hindsight, I can’t thank my sister, who was closest to the truth, enough for just accepting what I was doing without trying to dissuade me. It must have been incredibly difficult to do.

I went to the cancer unit of the hospital, where I refused to sign the pink form that would have given the doctors free hand to do “what’s best for me”. Result? I was told that since their hands were tied, they couldn’t operate on me at all. I felt like asking the doctor if he would so nonchalantly suggest to a man having himself castrated. I should have, but I didn’t. “Fine”, I said, “find me someone who will”.

They did. A very talented and considerate man, who, even though it is tough sometimes, respects the fact that the ultimate decision lies with the patient and not the doctor. Not that he didn't try to change my mind, but I told him that I had come to this Earth with two ovaries and a uterus and intended to leave with at least two of these still intact, thank you very much.

I got used to doctors telling me I was going to die if I persisted in this insanity. But still - it gets to you. Don't make any mistake: If you stop to think that you are going completely against the status quo, ignoring all the conventional opinions on cancer that we are brainwashed with, it gets very scary at times. You question your sanity, you have doubts, you dream of blue buckets compromised by sickly, white growth.

If I had not learned about GNM, had not had the support from my naturopath and from an outstanding family doctor, if I had not had that sure feeling that I'd grown this lump in lieu of a baby and had not seen proof on my own brain scan with my own eyes, and finally if I had not had the foresight to shut up and never say the "C" word to my family - I don't know what would have happened. Very likely I would have fallen victim to a medical system that just doesn't get it. A system that has gotten better and better at early detection, but has made no statistically significant progress in cancer treatment.

As it was, I was delivered of my four pound left ovary, which to the end defied exact analysis. The final medical report called it a borderline tumor. German New Medicine called it a healed ovarian cancer and my ten-year old daughter called it "my little brother, the purple lump". That one made me laugh and cry at the same time - and very grateful for all I have.

That was over three years ago now and I feel great. People ask me if I go for check-ups and are taken aback when I tell them I don't bother. Why should I? According to German New Medicine there is no reason. The biological program my body was executing ran to completion, so there won't be any recurrence. You only get *that* problem if the natural process is interrupted and tampered with. This is almost incomprehensible to anyone who has not seriously looked at the logic of medicine based on human evolution. Once you do, once you understand the way our bodies developed through the eons and why they react as they do, you'll be looking at your health with a whole new set of eyes.

If I could share anything with you out of all this, it would be to learn about your body through the biological discoveries of GNM. **Most importantly – learn German New Medicine before you get sick!** It is very, very difficult to do so once you develop any serious condition and get sucked into the jet engines of conventional medicine. Please don't get me wrong: we still need conventional medicine, but we need it with us, you and I, in the driver's seat, not vanquished to the back bench with someone else assuming control. You wouldn't allow someone to do that with your car - don't allow them to do it with your life either.

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