



PROSTATE CANCER

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"Possible Side Effects of an Operation"

It happened on Wednesday, the 21st of March, 2001. I drove to work, just as I do every workday. By early afternoon, I had trouble passing water. As soon as the stream of urine started, my prostate constricted the urethra, and from then on I had to urinate nearly every half hour.

When I came home that evening, I said to my wife: "I have problems passing water, and I think it might be due to prostate problems". She couldn't believe her ears and answered, "at so early an age?" At the time, I was 51 years old.

For two nights in a row - the 21st and 22nd of March 2001 - I had a fever of 39.5° C (103.1° F). It was clear to me that the microbes and bacteria were doing their job. I procrastinated going to a doctor because I thought that this problem would fix itself. It continued getting worse, however, and on Monday the 26th of March, I came home from work and went straight to a doctor. By then, only drops of urine were coming out. The urethra was completely constricted, and that only seems to happen to about 5% of men.

The doctor examined me and discovered that the cause of my problems was a severely enlarged prostate. He did a blood-test to determine the PSA level. This was found to be at 92.6 ng/ml -- the norm being anywhere between 0 and 4. From Dr. Hamer's seminars I had learned that there is only one thing to do in such a case, which is to insert a catheter. My wife was in such a panic, however, that she immediately made an appointment with an urologist for the next day, Tuesday, the 27th of March.

The urologist was horrified to find so much urine in my bladder. He inserted the catheter, which relieved me greatly. Afterwards, he very carefully tried to prepare me for the necessity of an operation. He had already been warned by my G.P. that I did not want to be operated on. He even tried to scare me by saying that he had once had a patient who had refused an operation and was dead six months later -- his brain full of metastases.

I burst out laughing, because I knew all about the metastasis fairy-tale from Dr. Hamer! The urologist summarily dismissed me, catheter and all, and prescribed a sick-leave for two weeks. That was the first sick-leave of my whole professional career.

On Friday, the 30th of March, a biopsy was done at around 10 p.m. At 11:30 pm, I had an appointment for a CT brain-scan.

That weekend, I forgot to open the catheter while urinating and noticed that the urine had run alongside the catheter. I realized then that the tumor must already be getting smaller; otherwise the urine couldn't possibly have bypassed the catheter.

On Monday, the 9th of April, my family-physician did another blood test. This one showed a PSA level of 16.4 ng/ml. I proudly said to him, "see, we don't have to operate – the PSA levels are already sinking." To which he replied that I had no chance whatsoever of getting by without an operation.

On Monday, the 17th of April, yet another blood test, as well as a urine-sample, was taken; this time the PSA level had risen to 18.5. That dealt my family physician a better set of cards, and he said, "I told you – the PSA levels are rising again."

When I called Dr. Hamer about that, he assured me that it was a perfectly normal phenomenon, and that I needn't get excited about it. The PSA would vary for as long as they continued to examine me in that area.

Thursday morning, the 19th of April, the catheter was removed by my family-physician. In the afternoon, I had an appointment with the urologist. He asked me whether I had been able to urinate and I replied, "twice!" He then did another ultrasound and saw that the bladder had completely emptied itself.

Infuriated, he declared in the report he was dictating into a tape-recorder that the biopsy results had gotten lost, and that the highest PSA value had been 16.4. When he was finished dictating, I took him to task about that and asked him to correct this number to the real one which was 92.6! He apologized and started the dictation anew, now recording my correct PSA level values.

Afterwards, I called Dr. Hamer once more, and he advised me to leave everything as it was until September/October.

Another blood test was then done on the 3rd of September, 2001 and, voilà, it revealed a PSA value of 2.8 ng/ml! On the 19th of February 2002, yet another blood test showed a PSA level of 2.17 ng/ml. Two additional blood tests, dated 10.05.2002 and 05.03.2003, have since shown PSA values of 1.89 and 2.01, respectively.

With that splendid result, the whole situation is now finished for me. To this day, I feel just fine. Even sexually, everything is back to normal, and I have no problems with passing water or holding it back.

Medication

My family-physician had found "harmful bacteria" in my bladder during a urine-analysis on 17.04.01 and prescribed antibiotics for me – but I never did take them. Aside from that, my urologist had prescribed a medication called "OMIC", which I was supposed to be taking for the rest of my life. That, too, I never took.

Possible Side-effects of an Operation

The following side-effects can be the result of scraping or completely removing the prostate:

1. Incontinence; only a few percent of affected men are lucky enough to be able to hold their urine after a scraping -- a severe handicap in later life.
2. Impotence: same as in 1.
3. Continued dependence on hormone-supplementation
4. Other potential unpleasanties that cannot be determined beforehand.

Biological Conflict: half-genital conflict (procreation or gender-related and not exclusively sexually).

Biological purpose: The prostate becomes active with the purpose of producing more secretions to be able to carry more seminal fluid to the 'right place'.

When does a prostate activity occur?

In the following representative cases:

1. A man thinks he will never have grandchildren (my case)
2. A man has a girlfriend and someone else takes her away from him, or the girlfriend leaves him.
3. A father has a son who got off on the wrong foot (drugs), or is homosexual.
4. A father has a daughter who also has destructive habits, or has become a lesbian.

How did I end up with Prostate Problems?

In October 1999, my son had to have brain surgery. Afterwards, he was paralyzed on the left side. At the time, he was living with his girlfriend – a pretty Brazilian woman. In January 2001, my future daughter-in-law said to my wife and me, “Are you sitting down? I have a big surprise for you. I think I’m pregnant, but I can only be sure when I’ve had further tests”.

My wife and I both had the same immediate thought, “For heaven’s sake, not now, of all times!” In any case, they weren’t married yet. (My wife and I have had a very catholic upbringing.)

When the girlfriend went to have an ultrasound on Tuesday, the 20th of March, it was confirmed that she was indeed pregnant. We sat down in front of the TV and looked at the ultrasound images and could see right away that there was something there. For me, that was 100% proof of her pregnancy.

The very next day, a Wednesday, I drove to work and it was then that I began to have difficulties urinating by 2 p.m. My prostate gland was already severely swollen.

Had I gone on to treat the whole issue of a too-early pregnancy with repugnance, I am sure that my prostate would surely have remained active. The resolution of my conflict was the total acceptance of the situation. As Dr. Hamer had said to me, when I called him the evening the catheter was inserted and we were discussing the subject of my prostate,

“Start to enjoy the prospect of your little grandchild”. When I objected by saying that the two weren’t even married yet, he replied: “It doesn’t matter – they can always do it later”. And so they did in September 2002.

Finally, I should like to thank Dr. Hamer for having discovered German New Medicine, and for having helped me and my family cope with his excellent advice.

We can heal cancer – but we cannot fight it!

With warm wishes,

Joseph Henkes

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