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HOW I GOT INTO NATURAL HEALING by Andrew W. Saul, M.S., N.D.

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It was either the shots or the blood.

Since the earliest I can remember, going to the doctor meant getting a needle in the rear end. When I was a preschooler, our family doctor seemed genuinely old. He had been a general practitioner for thirty years or so before I got to him. As soon as I could read, I noticed that his ancient medical degree dated from the 1920's. His methods were not refined. He gave me what he thought was a smile, had my parents forcibly flip me upside down onto his worn, paper-covered black leather examination table, and jab me in the keester. I couldn't have been thinking too deeply at that age, but evidently the impression those hypodermic needles made on me were deep in more ways than one. Somewhere in the back of my mind it seemed that there must be more to medicine than silver-colored instruments and pain.

While in high school, I looked like and occasionally acted like the type of kid that would someday be a doctor. Combine skinniness, eyeglasses, honor society and graduating two or three years ahead of my class, and you might just expect that. I was the kid who could cut up anything in biology class and dissected toads, bullheads and fetal pigs at home on Saturdays. I turned my bedroom into a chemistry lab. I started a science club at school and attended future physicians' seminars. Once, at a meeting at the local medical society, we watched a movie showing some surgical operations. At the first foot-long incision, I knew I had a problem. During small group discussions, I lightly asked if anyone had ever become a doctor who could not stand the sight of (human) blood. The responding doctor said, politely smiling, that rather few had done so.

During my second and third years in college I arranged to observe surgery at various hospitals. This seemed like a good way to

overcome my aversion to slicing into a live person. It took over two hours by bus to get to see my first operation at the then small hospital in Dansville, New York. I was the first gowned-up non-nurse in the operating room when they wheeled in the patient. She was old enough to be my great-grandmother, and in for a breast biopsy. As she turned towards me she could not have missed seeing that I was as white as my mask. Perhaps she noticed the cold sweat on my forehead.

She quietly said, "You're not the doctor, are you?"

"No, ma'am," I answered.

"Oh, good!" she said, and closed her eyes, smiling.

I had brought comfort on my very first day.

When they gave her anesthetic, she was asked to count backwards from one hundred. She never made it to 99. I managed the opening incision, saw that fat was bright orange, and the lump proved benign. Afterwards, I was offered coffee by every single person in the doctors' lounge. Maybe that was out of courtesy, but I think word got around and they thought I needed the caffeine.

I knew now that I could handle an inch-long incision without passing out. From there, I watched more extensive operations at larger hospitals. One procedure is particularly memorable. Another elderly woman was in for an adrenalectomy. I was told that this was to help relieve her severe arthritis pain. Having by now seen enough abdomens opened up, I watched with well concealed surprise as the operating team turned her over and made really generous cuts at the level of the lowest rib. It then occurred to me that, of course, this was the shortest route to the kidneys on which the adrenal glands are perched. The kidneys are each protected by ribs. I waited for the rib-spreaders next. In a stainless-steel flash, the chief surgeon instead produced the largest pair of tin snips I have ever seen. By "tin snips" I mean those massive metal-cutting scissors that would cut through a Buick.

Oh, no, he's not really going to...

"CRUNCH!"

Yes, as a matter of fact he was.

"CRUNCH!" Those were the genuinely loud sounds of human ribs being cut. The lady's body shook with each cut. Oh well, I thought, they'll put them back when they're done. They didn't. The ribs were removed, casually placed in a pan, and that was the last of them. The adrenals were easily removed after that.

You might think that right then and there I'd immediately begin a passionate search for a painless, natural cure for arthritis. No, for I could now better stand the incisions and the blood, and I wanted to be a doctor.

It was Professor John Mosher at the State University College at Brockport who first asked me to reconsider what "being a doctor" actually meant. Was it about being the M.D. in the white coat, or was it about really helping people get well? It was a good point, and I largely ignored it. After all, I already assumed that it was essential to be a medical doctor in order to do healing. Weren't chiropractors, dentists, optometrists and other professionals just helpers? I wanted to be one of the guys at the TOP of the health heap!

Dr. Mosher got me to read a book, now out of print, by an English physician named Aubrey T. Westlake, M.D. It changed everything. Dr. Westlake wrote of his long experience as a practitioner. He said that during his professional life, he had mostly been engaged in "bailing out leaking boats." I followed Dr. Westlake's narrative with increasing fascination as he described his search for real healing. He ended up WAY outside of conventional medicine. Herbolgy, homeopathy, naturopathy . . . these approaches were utterly new to me. Yet Dr. Westlake, a fully qualified doctor of medicine, saw value in these unorthodox treatments. I could not simply disregard them. This man just did not seem to be a complete idiot.

I began to think that there was something to these natural heal-

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ing methods after all.

That, of course, was only the beginning. The really subversive thing about reading books is that each good one leads to many others. So it was with me. If there wasn't yet a medical blacklist or "Index" listing all health heresy in print, I think I came reasonably close to creating one during college and graduate school. I read *Medical Nemesis*, by Dr. Ivan Illich, *Who Is Your Doctor and Why*, by Alonzo J. Shadman, M.D., and dozens of research papers reprinted by the Lee Foundation for Nutritional Research. Works of Dr. Linus Pauling, Dr. Abram Hoffer, Drs. Wilfred and Evan Shute, Dr. Paavo Airola, Dr. Ewan Cameron, Dr. Richard Passwater, Dr. Robert Mendelsohn, Dr. Roger J. Williams, Dr. Edward Bach and many other respected scientists eventually persuaded me that natural healing was not only valid but was generally superior to conventional drug-and-surgery medicine.

As an undergraduate, I spent a year studying at the Australian National University. While there, a friend and I calculated that a person would have to eat something in the neighborhood of 7,000 oranges a day to get the amount of vitamin C recommended by Dr. Linus Pauling. Seemed like a lot to me, but I soon began to take a daily vitamin C supplement. While doing graduate work as a bachelor, I began vegetarianism. Truth to tell, I did this mostly to have fewer dishes to wash. It also seemed to me that vegetarian meals were cheaper and took less time to prepare. I avoided a lot of greasy pots and pans and, really as a side benefit, began to feel better as well.

Around this time I tried fasting. Not on myself, of course, but on my dog. It happened that the dog developed quite a fever and curled up in a corner of the dining room all day and night. I checked with the vet, and he said that it was not dangerous to leave the dog to itself, so I did. That dog stayed curled up in that corner for three days. It moved only for water and to go outside for bathroom purposes. The dog ate nothing at all during those three days. It slept, and I watched. On the fourth day, the dog got up and was its own doggy self again. The fever was gone, and it was generally as if nothing was ever wrong.

This got me thinking.

Not long afterwards I got sick. Real sick. Sick enough such that neighbors stopped by to check on me. I began to fast, basically duplicating what my dog had done with the exception that I did not sleep in the corner. (I also did not use the outdoors for excretory purposes). To my dull-headed surprise, I was comfortable eating nothing. All I wanted were liquids and sleep. The illness was over quickly, without any medicines. The result was good, but it was the PROCESS by which I'd gotten better that really intrigued me. This sounds odd, but while fasting I'd felt the best I had ever felt while feeling bad. Certainly I had been very ill, yet this simple cure was completely satisfactory. Hmm.

I continued postgraduate work now for a doctorate in naturopathy. This kept me reading more and more books on natural healing written by experienced doctors. These physicians treated extremely serious diseases with fasting, diet, herbs, homeopathy, minerals and vitamins. I finally began taking a natural multiple vitamin every day, and continued to live alone, work and complete my naturopathic degree.

Then, of course, I fell in love and got married.

From reading we can soak up many facts but it is having children that really tests our knowledge. Exams and theses on one hand, babies on the other. Raising a family provides plenty of opportunity to see whether an idea is any good or not. Marriage and kids showed me that nature-cure works. It is simple, safe, economical and effective. Of course, we've all been told that anything easy, cheap and harmless cannot possibly be any good.

That's what I had thought, too. Ever since those first injections

in the rump.

It turns out that the natural therapeutics are as good or better than allopathic (drug-based) medicine. During my bouts with pneumonia, experience showed me that Erythromycin will not cure it as fast as high-dose vitamin C therapy will. My father once had angina and an irregular heartbeat. He now has none of those symptoms, because he takes quite a lot of vitamin E each day. He found that the vitamin works better than the prescriptions he'd been taking, and doesn't have the side effects, either.

Outside my family, I have seen "hopeless" cases turn around with natural therapy: impending blindness reversed; multiple sclerosis improved; mental illness ended; hips rebuilt without surgery; malignancies shrunken; immune systems restored; severe arthritis eliminated. All these and many more, all cured without drugs.

After you see this happen again and again it begins to reach you: these truly ARE simple, safe, economical, and effective natural treatments. And, they work on the REAL diseases.

Does health have to hurt and cost a fortune? Are blood and drugs prerequisites for healing? Is a hospital really the best place for getting better? Have medical doctors cornered the market on healing knowledge? Is nature-cure a lot of hokey?

Don't you believe it. Instead, see for yourself. Read a few of those books at the health food store. Change your diet. Next time you are sick, try a natural alternative instead. Find out for yourself. That's what I did, and it has worked. I also think that's what works for my clients to this day.

And that is how I got into natural healing.

SOME PROPHETIC RANTING AND RAVING

by Andrew W. Saul, M.S., N.D.

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Nearly two-thirds of a million men died in the Civil War. All other U.S. wars put together add about another two-thirds of a million soldiers killed. That means that about 1,300,000 Americans have died, totally, in all the wars in U.S. history. That is a lot of deaths.

What if I were to tell you that today, right now, we lose MORE than that number of Americans EACH YEAR because of a war? I expect that you'd want to find out what that war was, and you'd demand an end to it.

The war we continue to lose every year is actually against cancer and heart disease. Heart disease kills nearly one million people a year, and cancer kills almost 400,000 more. Imagine that: these two diseases alone actually kill more Americans in ONE YEAR than all our wars combined.

We may be appalled at mankind's bloody past, but wars and gore do get our attention. In school, the only parts of a social studies textbook that really interested me were the battles. We pay little attention to the fact that more people died from an influenza epidemic FOLLOWING World War I than had been killed DURING that terrible war. Worldwide flu deaths exceeded 20 million.

If anyone tells you that war deaths are inevitable, you might

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well look at them with a strange expression. There is an old *Star Trek* episode about a culture that waged war by computer and then executed its own people that were declared casualties. This seems as crazy to us as it did to Captain Kirk. Have your own people line up for death because it was customary? Ridiculous! Yet heart disease and cancer are today accepted as commonplace. Cancer is expected to ultimately claim one life in four. Heart attacks alone kill hundreds of thousands annually. Unavoidable? So-called “primitive” societies do not even have WORDS for cancer and heart disease. Simple native diets and lifestyles have been repeatedly demonstrated to prevent these diseases of civilization.

We no longer have to wait in line for a terminal illness!

Do you remember a movie called *Network*? In it, a slightly mad prophet told everybody to open their windows and shout out, “I’m mad as hell and I’m not going to take it anymore!”

It is time to stop accepting sickness as our lot. Americans seem to love disease in the same way they are captivated by horror films and soap operas. It may be morbid, but it has often felt so good to hurt so bad. But no longer. Enough, already!

It is almost impossible to believe that we have waited generations for the government to come up with a medical cure for cancer while all the while that same government allows hundreds upon hundreds of chemical additives in our food. If you wait for the government to cure you, you might be in for a long wait indeed.

I have seen the foolishness of conventional disease-care wisdom. Yes, I have seen hospitals feed white bread to patients with bowel cancer. I have seen hospitals feed “Jell-O” to leukemia patients. I have seen schools feed bright red “Slush Puppies” to 7 year olds for lunch. I have seen children vomit up a desktop full of red crud afterwards. And, I have seen those same children line up at the school nurse for hyperactivity drugs. I have seen infants given Coca-cola in baby bottles. I have seen pregnant women smoke. I have met too many obese nurses, doctors, and school health teachers. I have seen bright red lollipops sold by cancer societies to raise funds.

I have seen hospital patients allowed to go two weeks without a bowel movement. I have seen patients told that they have six months to live when they might live sixty. I have seen people recover from serious illness, only to have their physician berate them for having used natural healing methods to do so. I have seen infants spit up formula while their mothers were advised not to breast feed. I’ve been inside institutional kitchens and I’ve read labels on cases of institutional foods. I have seen better ingredients in dog food than in the average school or hospital lunch.

And I have seen enough.

Don’t bother looking in the history books for what has slaughtered the most Americans. Look instead at your dinner table. There’s an old saying: “One fourth of what you eat keeps you alive. The other three-fourths keep your doctor alive.” We eat too much of the wrong things and not enough of the right things. Scientific research continually indicates nationwide vitamin and mineral deficiencies in our country. Is it any surprise that doctors consistently place among the very highest incomes?

Most moviegoers have seen either *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest* or, more recently, *Awakenings*. In the movies, did you happen to notice what mental patients were fed? While a student in Australia many years ago, I had frequent opportunities to observe inmates in a hospital psychiatric ward. I saw first hand what patients got to eat: overcooked meals high in meat, starch and sugar. Not a vitamin supplement in sight. Just like in the movies. Only even worse.

You have probably seen a prison movie or two. I visited a maximum security prison once (no, not as an inmate). A friend of mine was a staff psychologist there. He confirmed that prisoners

were fed high starch, high sugar diets. He felt that this did not help their behavior any. If an inmate wanted to take a vitamin supplement, he had to buy it. A prison salad bar is a novel thought, but it can’t be that expensive. Keeping people in jail is. Prison costs well over \$25,000 per inmate per year. Keeping people in a mental institution costs vastly more than that. Let’s feed these people right so they can be safely released sooner . . . and the taxpayers can save some money.

But we don’t. The same window bars that keep inmates in are keeping nutrition reforms out.

Heart disease, cancer and behavior. Like “Lions and tigers and bears” in *The Wizard of Oz*, our biggest health fears can be met and overcome. Not by some government or medical wizard, but by us.