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### Who Would Have Believed It?

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Originally printed in *The Fairview Observer*, January 12, 1999,

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*Perry and Lucelyn Chapdelaine*

If I had the pleasure of shaking your hand, would you believe that you just shook the hand of a man who touched the hand of a man who watched Lincoln pass by in a horse and carriage, while holding his mother's hand?

Could you believe that my beloved grandfather Albert Odell Perry was one of the original sod-house settlers of North Dakota, and was given a land grant signed by Teddy Roosevelt? (I have Teddy's grant signature to prove it.)

Who would believe that back in the late seventies and early eighties I suffered from "galloping" rheumatoid arthritis, a disease so painful and so depressing that I literally didn't want to live?

Having faced death full-on several times in my life, and also having faced crippling, painful rheumatoid arthritis, I finally came to a universal truth -- we are not so fearful of dying as we are of living without compassion, hope, or freedom from pain.

I fully understand and sympathize with those who desire euthanasia, although that doesn't necessarily make me their champion.

Who would have believed back then -- in the seventies and early eighties -- that, contrary to all the advice and wisdom of some of the very best doctors, that I could or would get well?

Somewhere in the Bible is a metaphor very real to me now, saying that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of the needle (a narrow gateway to an ancient city) than it is for a rich man to pass through the gates of heaven. I've noted many a rich man who can afford the most up-to-date prestigious rheumatologist, who nonetheless cannot get well. This is also true for heart problems, cancer, diabetes, and so on.

Yet, here I am!

Healthy now for more than thirty years -- though once financially impoverished, sick -- prepared to face the final end.

Who could believe this?

Who could believe that a little ol' country, doctor, Jack M. Blount, Jr, M.D., not only found a way to get himself well, but also me and 17,000 other rheumatoid arthritics?

Or that the sequence of events leading to these wonderful, unlikely cures was brought about by the curiosity of one California doctor, Robert Bingham, M.D., who learned the method from a world-renowned English nerve specialist, Roger Wyburn-Mason, M.D. Ph.D., and who brought the wonderful news to America, where Dr. Blount learned of it?

Who could believe that, while all the world's leading physicians were propagating their "truth," that rheumatoid diseases are incurable, Roger Wyburn-Mason -- ostracized for his outrageous teachings -- was quietly going about the business of curing folks from Australia, to England, Japan to the United States?

Or that some folks all over the world were now free of this dreadful disease?

For that matter, who could believe that each of these doctors in the chain of wellness would be sufficiently, open-minded so as to try something new, different, and unusual?

But back to me!

Who could believe that, once again, I'd stay free of this horrible affliction for a whole generation?

Or, who could believe that at age 72 I'd be jumping out of an airplane just because I'd always wanted to? And because one of my former board members, Nancy Huggins, asked me to go along with her?

Who'd believe that I, the old man wouldn't get hurt while she, years younger, would hurt her knee.

Or that at the age of 79 (2004) I'd still be dancing jitterbug (East and West coast swing) and country and western two-step dance?

Who could believe that the good Lord would use me to bring a powerful message of hope and wellness to hundreds of thousands of arthritics by means of postal mailings, telephone, lectures, and the modern website to millions throughout the world?

Finally -- and most astounding of all -- who would believe that during the age of my second childhood, I'd fall in love, and marry a beautiful young lady who said that she loves me completely, wrinkles and all?

Certainly I, who have lived through these many quarter-of-a-centuries, find it very difficult to believe any of these tall tales!

So, how can I expect you to believe such yarns?

Well -- whether the other stories are true or not, I met my most beautiful and lovely and intelligent young lady in the Philippine Islands, married her before six sponsors and her friends and family on August 20, 1998.

Please wish us both a long healthy life and happiness, as we wish for you and your family and friends!!