



# life & Health

## *A Parent's Difficult Decision*

**A**s a parent, making the decision as to what type of treatment to choose for a child with a serious condition can be agonizing. Carol, the mother of a young son, shares the struggle that she and her husband went through to make the decisions they felt would be best for their son. This story does not involve any of the SOTA units. We present Carol's journey with her son as it may help other parents who have to make tough decisions about their own child's health.

In today's political climate, it is becoming more difficult for parents to make the type of choices Carol did. If a parent wants to choose a more natural therapy, the physician reports it to the government. The government then steps in to take custody of the child, or to threaten to do so, to force sanctioned medical treatments.

Here is the story about her son in Carol's own words:

*We thought our three and a half year old son, Jonathan, was a very normal, happy and healthy child. This illusion was shattered on May 6, 1991, when Jonathan crawled out of bed and stood before us as a crippled child with the right side of his body paralyzed. We were aghast with horror—stunned to see him attempt to walk. It took great effort since his right arm and hand now suddenly dangled straight down by his side, and his leg dragged behind in a similar fashion as if both appendages were heavy log-like stumps of wood. Throughout this first day, his condition worsened. Our fears grew as 5 doctors could not determine the cause of his condition. We had no medical insurance and because of this, we had trouble getting our son scheduled for an MRI. Will, my husband, was forced to the impossible by pretending to be a doctor himself. He phoned in the order to schedule the MRI appointment that allowed us the time needed to find a doctor who would allow us to let our little boy become a patient within the local Community Hospital. It took three agonizing days for the doctors to do the blood work and make their many possible medical theories as to why my son was becoming paralyzed on half of his body. Finally the doctor decided to carry on with doing the MRI brain scan. It was then on the third day, that it was quite clear that Jonathan had a brain tumor, the size of a golf ball, located at his brain stem.*

Upon this sudden realization that our son had a cancerous brain tumor, we were summoned to go to a much larger hospital in San Francisco. It was here in this hospital that Jonathan was admitted as a pediatric patient being placed on the 6th floor, the cancer ward. A biopsy had been immediately scheduled, plans made between the doctors, without allowing us any thought of being able to see another doctor for a second opinion. We had been told to go straight to UCSF hospital. We made the hour drive, without going home to even gather our thoughts, our toiletry items, clothes, etc. Things we would need as we found out later, it would be a week or two stay at the hospital. We were in shock, frightened beyond belief and were so utterly exhausted. We felt like zombies in some kind of twilight zone, totally being at the mercy of the traditional medical care system. It wasn't long before we realized that our little boy, our dearly loved son, at the tender age of three, was to become one more number in a huge conglomeration of befuddled statistics.

After the biopsy was completed, Jonathan was put on a program of steroids— Decradron, anti seizure medication, and anti nausea medication and then last but not least chemotherapy... a pill popping protocol made up of six different poisons. Within a three-month time, we could clearly see that all of these medicines proved to be destructive forces on the way to a downward spiral leading to death. In fact, we had been told that if we were to do radiation, his IQ would be permanently affected, since the radiation would interfere with the development of his brain, which was still developing at this young age. The oncology nurse, being pregnant herself, as I was at that time, also warned me to wear gloves when administering the chemotherapy pills to my son, since there could be a negative affect on the growing fetus inside my womb. One can only imagine how hysterical I became upon realizing how dangerous the chemicals were to my son with the cancer, if on contact they could potentially harm my baby inside me.

The doctors ruled against radiation as well as surgery since our son's tumor was growing in a dangerously vital place of the brain—controlling all vital forces, such as his breathing, his heart beat, digestion, ability to walk, talk, etc. The

### *Healing Words of Advice*

*Have trust in yourself  
Be still ... remember to  
Breathe deeply ... seek peace  
God is and loves you unconditionally.*

*Carol Sloan, Mother of Jonathan*

*chemotherapy protocol was selected as the method of treatment for our son's tumor. It wasn't long, within a few short months, before we saw the effects of the chemotherapy and steroids. A once happy little bouncing boy, always running with a gleeful chatter and laughter coming from within, was a changed being. He was now struggling to maintain the life force within his medically induced deformed body while we, his parents, looked on in utter shock, disbelief and with some denial. How could this be happening to our little boy ... who now, did not seem like our little boy in appearance or demeanor.*

*We had to endure the many medical mistakes, which further weakened his body: the third degree Vincristine chemotherapy burn on his little foot where they injected the lethal chemical into his foot, the over dose of Decradron—a much larger amount than even given to an adult, a much larger amount than our three year old could handle—causing him to suffer detrimental side effects. Jonathan was increasing sensitivity to the general anesthesia, which was given each and every time he went for an MRI. This caused him to writhe, scream, eyes roll back and have increasingly worse seizures each and every time he went to have this procedure every 6 weeks. His veins were collapsing throughout his body due to the steroids and chemotherapy, causing increasing difficulty in the process of collection blood samples. The terrible pain in the gastrointestinal area, the passing of blood and mucus in the stool, the extreme bloating in his stomach, the extreme constipation which went along with the pain and bloating in the colon, stomach area and blood in the stool. Bizarre behavior changes as he went from being a Dr. Jekyll to a young Mr. Hyde, he would scream and act out terribly (we discovered that doing a colema, an irrigation of his colon, was the only thing that would bring relief of such horrible behavior. Tiny blood vessels were surfacing close to his skin which appeared paper thin and tiny hairs as if soft fur grew on his back and arms adding to his monster like distorted appearance. The frequent fevers throughout the day and night sweats and the wetting of his bed as well as his abnormal appetite. Decradron induced strong thirst and unusual eating binges. When weaning our son off the steroids, the opposite was true, with Jonathan experiencing a total absence of any appetite, causing a worry on our part when we diligently tried and most often failed to get our son to eat. Adrenal failure from being weaned too quickly from the Decradron as this caused the tumor to grow quickly by over 30% on two different occasions—each time we tried to wean him from the drug. The scarring inside the brain along with the development of a cystic mass of concentrated dead tumor tissue put pressure on his optic nerve and weakened his eyesight in the left eye.*

*At no time did the doctors tell us there might be a relationship with what was happening to Jonathan and the drugs. It was suggested that we should ask for the medical reports to discern for ourselves what the truth was concerning our son's health. When we got the medical report, we positively, absolutely knew that we had to be the ones who maintained a position of utmost importance in control of this medical process. It had been so filled with ambiguity. The doctors were not communicating the truth to us. The system deems there is only one way to treat a cancer patient.*

*There were several times when the MRI's were read wrong by the oncologists (young interns) which had thrown us into a state of panic. In spite of this fact, I somehow managed to maintain a loving disposition towards the doctors, the nurses and the care team. It was our son who was placed within the hands of this system. I felt that my love and the process of opening my heart to God, the universal life giving source, and to the loving of all living beings within God's spiritual eco system, would bring a positive benefit for all. There were no clearly designated, so-called "bad guys" to place our resentment on. I did not want to get hung up on feeling any anger in my heart, but I couldn't really deny it was there. I acknowledged the anger but did not get hung up on feeling it. If I had allowed myself to wallow in any negative emotion such as anger then I knew that my son's healing process would be hindered. We endured a terrible Twilight Zone ever so close to death. There was a time when our boy could not sit up or turn over ... yet we never surrendered! Nor did we care about anything else but wanting our son to survive and to enjoy each and every precious moment of life that God could give us with him.*

*We gave ourselves over to this Universal God, this loving Source, and believed that God would heal our son using safe and natural methods of healing. We chose to use alternatives for each and every health challenge brought on by the drugs. We continued to use the doctors' diagnosis methods. With the third degree burn from a steroid overdose, the surgeons wanted to do a skin graft on his foot just over one week after being hospitalized. After listening to the surgeon's suggestion, we chose to soak his foot in Aloe Vera and chlorophyll. By doing this we avoided placing Jonathan's burned foot under running water as prescribed by the surgeon. Only when the skin had grown back did we venture to put pressure on the burned area with an herbal-based ointment rather than the white petro-based salve the surgeons recommended. We also gave our son energy "purification" treatments as taught to us by the Japanese healers in our town...a kind of laying on of hands approach which I will mention more about.*

*We soon began to look at the medical setbacks as being God-given signs that the standard approach to medicine was not the correct path to take if we wanted our son to remain alive. I had prayed often for any and all additional ways of healing. When walking to a neighborhood store, I spotted a bulletin on the board showing a Japanese man giving healing energy to a Japanese woman. I knew that I wanted to look into using energy in healing my son, but didn't really want to pursue the local psychics. I wanted a method of healing using man's more high ideals while pursuing God.*

*When seeing this flyer on the bulletin board, I had the impulse to call. I was introduced to the philosophy of purification. Because I wanted my son well, I began to look at the spiritual side of healing. I ended up taking the course work that furthered my education in this laying on of hands philosophy and techniques. It was this small Japanese group of people which provided for my family and me a sort of spiritual family throughout those intense distorted times. These people were at my side during episodes of hospitalization, which brought on overwhelming periods of hysteria and doubt. It was always amazing to see how these purification energy sessions, when given to my son and myself, would cause positive benefits. My son would often break out in a feverous sweat becoming wet with perspiration when being given energy in the brain tumor area of his head. I would become calm and would go into a deep, wonderful time of complete rest—often the only rest I could get while staying at the hospital, with its surreal environment and being interrupted by the medical machines with their constant beeping noises and the medical tasks performed on Jonathan and the many other very ill children all through out the days and nights.*

*With constant continual sessions of purification, my family would benefit by becoming more calm, clear in thought and filled with the warmth of love and happiness. I believe that this calmness helped lead us in making the right choices we needed to heal our son. We developed an amazing amount of courage fueled by what we were learning along the way. Thus, finally we decided (what could be considered medical heresy) to discontinue the use of chemotherapy and the use of any and all drugs. We now know that if we had remained on the original AMA/FDA path, our son would not be here today. Nor would he have met his two brothers—Ian was born while his recovery of health was on its way and Devon born five and a half years later. We cannot bear to even think about the possibilities of what could have been.*

*Strange events happened during this time. I even heard voices, during my*

*most stressful times at night. I was told later by the Japanese that the voices were my ancestors or angels whispering to me giving me insight, comfort and explanations as to why and what was going on with Jonathan's healing. This was a very difficult time for us making decisions to rely on a totally natural way of healing. I had to try to see things as they appeared before us. Jonathan was indeed being tortured to death by the use of AMA so called healing procedures. I was forced to see in the image of our deformed little son's body, that if Jonathan was meant to die, he would do so, without the tortuous effects of the chemicals, the radiation and scapula. It was not sorrow or sadness I felt when finally making the decision to get off the drug protocol. It was instead as if a huge mountain of rage was lifted from my shoulders. I could breathe again, think even more clearly and was given a magnificent amount of energy to carry on with this path of choice. What a relief it was!*

*We came in contact with many alternative doctors, chiropractors, (one special chiropractor who used a form of radionics energy and one herbalist who is known for writing a most complete herbal encyclopedia) nutritionists, spiritual healers with their unique styles and all with similar minded loving spiritual beliefs during this time. They encouraged our continued healing using natural remedies, such as change in diet using organic and even concentrated herbal foods, both tinctures and powdered form and homeopathy. It wasn't long at all, within just a few weeks, that Jonathan had another MRI. To our uncontainable joy, the result proved that the tumor had shrunk by 30%. I then breathed such a great sigh of relief and felt utter happiness realizing we had taken the right path! I knew for sure that we could halt all other research into having to go out of state or country for further healing processes. I saw that our son was getting well using safe, natural, God given methods within the confines of our home!*

*All throughout my son's healing process I was experiencing another major miracle. I had been pregnant with my second son, Casey Ian, and had endured 6 months of being pregnant while going through this healing ordeal with its intense fear and negative thought waves and not having an appetite, thus having to force myself to eat. I felt I had been at the front of major worldwide war and had experienced "D-Day"! Upon seeing the first 30% reduction of my son's brain tumor, I felt I could finally relax and begin to focus on the joy of the birth to come. With the continual stress of the ordeal, the baby inside me was threatening to come out early. He was being carried too low in my uterus. The joy of seeing Jonathan become well, helped to allow the baby growing inside me to go to full term before being born. On November 9, 1991, with the help of*

*two midwives and my husband Will, I gave birth to Casey Ian Samuel Sloan, a beautiful healthy baby boy!*

*At the time of our second son's birth, Jonathan's tumor had dissolved leaving only less than 4% of the tumor. This for me was like experiencing all the holidays combined in celebration of life! It was to be my mother's day gift and Christmas that particular season was a spectacular time for us!*

*Presently, my son Jonathan is doing well. He is cancer free and continues to thrive six and a half years later. Needless to say, we are blessed and so grateful for the healing miracle in our family and for the abundance of love and support we find all around us. We continue to experience miracles!*

*Thank you God!*

*Carol Sloan, California*