

Introduction

Full of Pride

Whenever I think of my endless years of suffering I see the little boy who sat beside me, holding his hands on my stomach and praying aloud, begging God to heal me, hoping that my pain would disappear. I think of that little boy, now a few years older, who tried to understand books on natural healing and attempted to apply them as metaphysical or medical works. Then I remember the endless suffering I endured for many years. How often did I feel the need to end my own life? This boy gave me the courage and incentive to keep on fighting. How often did I reach the end of the rope, while a physician tried once more to relieve my colic cramps with medication so that I could stop screaming from pain? I think of our horror, when a doctor gave us the unbelievable, cruel news that I suffered from chronic inflammation of the liver and liver cancer, saying I only had two years to live, and that if I were a horse he would put me out of my misery.

Out of our fear and helplessness, and out of his love for me and his strong belief in God, this boy's strength and devotion emerged and he tried to do everything possible – absolutely everything - to cure me and to keep me alive.

Today, I remember the first successes we shared; how he lessened my pain and how happy we were that I had lived one day without hurting. I remember the intensity with which we repeatedly begged the doctors for causes and remedies. I think

how he researched all the possibilities available at the time to try and improve my condition.

I think of how this boy sat with our old family doctor and had the relationships and functions of the body explained to him how he wrote to authors who had published books on healing and talked on the telephone to people who had conquered so-called incurable illnesses.

This boy became the "in house" doctor of our whole family. He treated my sister Christel, who had developed a severe heart ailment resulting from an attack of polio in her youth. He treated my sister Martha, who had developed a kidney condition. I think of the helplessness this boy experienced and the intensity with which he fought to save the life of my mother, who had cancer in her lymph nodes. It became commonplace for all family members, friends and relatives to ask this boy to relieve them of their aches and illnesses.

The day we realized that three years had passed since the doctor had given me two years to live, I remember how I felt at the time when I was told there was no hope of healing, and now I had already lived a year longer than I was suppose to and found myself on the path toward improvement and healing. It still moves me now.

Even today I experience an immense feeling of gratitude, love and happiness when I think about the miracle which this boy worked in my life. I have no greater wish then as many ill people as possible come to know this feeling and recognize that there is always hope as long as you are willing to search for a way and fight for success.

By the time he was eighteen-years-old healing people with so-called miracle cures for asthma, rheumatism, gout, shingles, psoriasis, and more were normal every day occurrences in his life.

I became his secretary, scheduled his appointments for him and took care of his patients. I followed his path of development, which he pursued in the same unusual way as

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when he was a child. He lived with healers and miracle healers, with medicine specialists and other people who helped him to develop this unbelievable ability which he carried within himself. In those years as his secretary and adviser, I saw so many miracles that I lost count. He healed people with cancer, multiple sclerosis, asthma, rheumatism gout and even those with severe depression, anxiety and unbearable fears generally regarded as incurable. He cured them all and did not even think much about it.

Then one day, this now mature young man mentioned to me that there must be a way to help more people, faster and more effectively. He no longer believed that he cured those people; rather the infinite power of the human mind that exists in every one of us does the healing. With this recognition he went into the world, studied, learned, researched and developed, in my opinion, the most effective system in the world. He put together a manual to guide every individual on

self-training, so that every person can find his own personal path and gain and maintain perfect health and vitality.

He dedicated his life to the desire that there should only be independent, successful and happy people in every walk of life. He wanted to help all people in taking charge of their lives. He wanted to share his information and knowledge on help and self-help through his teachings. This man, whom I introduce to you now with such love and trust, is my son,

Please read this book with an open heart and open mind, for the revelations, the knowledge and my son's success were born of his concern for my life. His strength resulted from the fight for my health and from the pure spiritual freedom of a person who strove from his earliest childhood toward solutions. He refused to believe in the so-called incurable illnesses or unsolvable problems. He worked sixteen hours a day in order to perfect the system he developed. He worked to improve its effectiveness in hopes that every man and woman could

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understand and utilize it as quickly as possible. He had to fight not only for the cure but most of all against the medical establishment that constantly tries to destroy him with lies and defamation. I wish you God speed for the innate power which we all possess.

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