

My name is Lindsey, and I live in Cape Town, South Africa.

On the 12th August 2011 my life changed forever. I had been to the doctor three times before about experiencing pain in my lower abdomen. He did the usual urine and blood test and announced it was a bladder infection. Weeks of antibiotics later, I was sicker than ever.

That morning I woke with the most excruciating pain I had ever experienced, I could barely walk. Deep inside me, I knew it was something terrible.

My now husband, Brett, took me to another doctor who remarked " yes, I can definitely feel something in there, you need to go for an ultrasound", which confirmed a ovarian cyst, about 9cm in diameter which had twisted on itself and was "causing chaos in my abdomen" -quoting the radiologist.

The gynaecologist, a sweet young woman, assures me everything will be okay, and I have surgery an hour later to remove the rogue ovary. Waking up from that operation and hearing the news confirmed my biggest fear.

Apparently, while in the process of removing my ovary and cyst, they noticed something wrong with my colon, but closed me up anyway. I really don't understand what happened here. But after that operation, my colon and bladder had been punctured.

What follows is just too horrible to talk about, but slowly my body was becoming septic...and then, they sent me home. I'm sure it had nothing to do with the fact that I was a private patient. My gynaecologist, bless her, in her good conscience, used her contacts to get a surgeon to operate at another much cheaper hospital, and a day later, I am in the ward waiting.

On the 25th August 2011 I go into surgery for the repair of my bladder and colon, and the temporary fitting of a colostomy bag -I found out later that the doctors were pleasantly surprised to see me alive the next morning....the op was difficult, and they literally had to remove my insides and wash everything out with betadine! It's hard to describe how survival instinct kicks in...but it's there...and you can feel it...when you need it.

So I surprise everyone with my quick recovery and doctors happy with my progress, just one final ct scan to make sure that I don't have any remaining infection, and then I can go home. It was the 7th September 2011. Brett had come to fetch me - we were waiting for a doctor to discharge me. I was already dressed when I watched his face and body movements as he walked towards me - I knew then! I was crying, maybe from relief, because I just knew there was something else.

I felt so sorry for the young doctor, he was very cute, and in the days I was there looking awful and puking up green stuff, he would always have a flirty

chirp, like " you don't look old enough to be a mother with grown children" – that kind of makes your day.

He blurted it out, I could see his eyes turning off, like they must be trained to say this without emotion. He spoke a whole lot of words I didn't hear, and then it came, and he apologised before he said it too. Quote " Sorry, you have cancer. You can go home and be with your family for the weekend (it was Friday), but you have to be back Monday. I'm giving you a weekend pass."

That evening, my daughter Kerry, my son Warren, Brett and myself spend time together talking. Life takes on a new perspective; you're completely alert, aware of every moment, taking it in all in...taking in the value of the people in your life, and the precious memories you have. Then you realise that's actually all that counts. The support and love that came flooding in from family and friends was overwhelming. I have never in my life felt so loved and protected. What a blessing!

I go back to hospital on Monday, they monitor me (I had some "mass" in my abdomen) they were worried about, two days later, they discharge me with an appointment to the oncology ward in a few weeks. The diagnosis – I have stage 3 colon cancer. They had cut out a tumour in my colon, but it was in my nodes, and there was spot on my liver. Only course of action, 6 months of chemotherapy, once a week, for 30 weeks, and we see what happens from there.

Chemo started on 14th October 2011. Some people react okay to chemotherapy, but most feel the terrible side effects as it builds up in your body. I honestly can say that it sucked the life out of me...I could feel it slipping away. I found myself in limbo – trying to survive to the next week, to be strong enough for the chemo and the bouts of nausea and general yuckiness, sap your energy and leave you feeling morbidly depressed.

This time was a blur, I could barely work, I spent days and nights on the couch, in a daze, nausea was so bad; friends brought around weed, and I smoked some, it made things so much better , not only could I enjoy food again, I slept better, and generally felt a sense of well being. I told my doctor about it and he said to take in as much as I can. He said he had done some research outside of his work, and believes in its healing properties, but was not in a position to give it to patients, or even to recommend it, but he was taking a chance with me because he could see I would get to the truth sooner or later.

Half way through my chemo (3rd February 2012 -15 weeks in), I go for my half way ct scan. My spirits are soaring! I've been living on a virtually organic vegetarian diet, berry smoothies, brown rice, greens and salad are what I live for, I've been taking supplements every day for about 6 months now: Vitamin

C, green powder (<http://www.therealthing.co.za/the-real-thing-green-power.html>), hemp powder(<http://www.faithful-to-nature.co.za/Superfoods-Organic-Hemp-Seed-Protein-Powder-p-2235.html>), spirulina, milk thistle and bicarb. I have no red meat or caffeine in my diet! I had every reason to believe I am clear and healthy and then all I had to do was to convince them to reverse my op so that I can get rid of the colostomy bag.

It didn't work out that way. In the doctors words, "there are now 4 spots on your liver, one on your kidney and one on your gall bladder, but let's wait until we see the final report and I meet with the specialists to discuss." A week later I go back, well apparently, this is damage by the chemo....the spot in my gall bladder is actually a 2.8cm stone caused by the chemo....the "spots" on my liver turn out to be lesions caused by the chemo...and kidney, turned out to be a cyst....again, caused by the chemo. Nothing more to say. The chemo was causing more harm than good.

That day I made life a changing decision (either way), I told the oncologist I want the chemo to stop and the remainder of my "treatment" to be an opportunity for me to heal myself holistically. She wasn't happy but gave me an appointment for the 23rd May 2012. Saying they will still follow protocol and treat me even if I don't take the chemo. I wondered whether she didn't worry too much because she probably believed I wouldn't be alive on the 23rd May.

Around that time I met some interesting people on facebook who had a lot to say about cannabis oil curing cancer, I did all the research I could do and could only come up with positive things about the plant. The testimonials of people who have been cured were incredible. I can't mention names, but I wrote on the wall of one of the groups that are fighting to legalise cannabis, asking if anyone knew where I could get my hands on some cannabis oil. I already knew about the benefits while on chemo.

A few days later the universe hooked me up with just the right person – within days I was sorted. I needed to ingest 15g over a short a period as possible. Starting with a low dosage and building up. There are loads of sites about this, but the best is Phoenix Tears, if you are looking for more information on the subject.

I started my new treatment on the day I walked out the hospital declaring my "independence". It's been 21 days today (three whole weeks). It's been a journey. Mostly hilarious, but some not so funny experiences. I feel strong, brave, invincible...and I'm so loved...that's worth staying for, I would say!

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It's the day before my birthday, 19th March 2012...what a strange lap around the sun it's been...the past 12 months saw huge relationship lessons, health lessons

and perhaps even more important....spiritual lessons. I'm even more interested to see what this solar return will begin. It's day 39 on the treatment and all is good...even better than good. Last week I had a slight incident with some cayenne pepper and turmeric....good for cancer...but not good for my particular situation in large doses...the whole ordeal had a few implications which were unpleasant to say the least.

My eating (through research and experimentation) has become pretty much become standard:

Morning on waking:

1 glass of water at room temperature with lemon juice (preferable organic)

Breakfast:

Strawberries, blueberries, raspberries, black grapes

(boiled egg on toast on weekends or oats)

Lunch:

Salad: Avocado, rocket, spinach, celery, cucumber, kale (and variations thereof)

Supper:

Grilled fish or chicken with brown rice and/ or salad.

Every day:

8 glasses of water, rooibos or chai tea

(and the occasional glass of red or white wine in the evening and/ or dark chocolate)

Supplements:

Organic grass mix 7grms

Organic seaweed mix 2grms

Chlorella 500grms

Spirulina 500grms

Vitamin C – 5 grms

Milk Thistle 700grms

Dandelion 300 mg

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28th March 2012:

I'm at the hospital to see the oncologist and the surgeons who did my operation to ask for them to schedule my "reversal" Operation. I undergo a whole range of tests and scans and meet later in the afternoon with four doctors present. There is no sign of any cancer in my body!!

I'm not going to go into the politics around the medical profession and their macabre attitude towards anything related to natural healing and prefers to send patients to their "chemo" death. I'm sure it's all just ignorance down on the ground floor while the pharmaceutical companies cash in on the rising cancer industry.

What I have realised through this experience is only I am responsible for my health and it's up to me to heal my body...no doctor can do that. And no one knows what's best for me...but me!

If this story encourages someone in a similar situation to do the same, then my reason for writing this has been achieved! I've spent months researching every aspect of cancer and the holistic healing modalities to cure or at least put up a bigger fight, which is better than what chemo can do for you. If this story helps others to make the move, then none of my experience will be for nothing.

Lastly, I have to say that my cancer diagnosis what a true blessing ...it facilitated a change within me on every level – emotionally, physically, mentally and spiritually...it formed an unbreakable bond of love and support with my husband. I've become brave and confident in my own power to heal myself...and this is truly the biggest blessing...and I really want to help inspire others to do the same...

Ps: And the date of my reversal operation booked by the surgeon is 7th September 2012 (exactly a year to the day I was diagnosed – coincidence?)!

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