

How I cured myself of Cancer

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Introduction

The story I have to tell all the people who may be suffering from this terrible disease, and even those who do not have it, is the story of what happened to me back in 1966. It's a sad story with a very happy ending, and a very true one. Who could ever lie about cancer if they ever had the disease and survived it like I did? The trauma, the pain, and the terrible depression a person goes through, is nothing short of "pure hell!" You feel as though the door of the world has closed with a jolting force, and left you on the outside all alone to suffer. I remember the high spirits I was in, just before those dark days I was to encounter a very short distance down the road. It made me think later of how fast things can change in just a short span of one year.

In March of 1965, my wife and I made our first trip to Hawaii. We visited all the major islands in the Hawaiian chain—Oahu, Kuwai, Maui and the "big island," Hawaii. We had such a wonderful time; it was like a different world to us and we talked about it for a long time. Who would have ever given it a thought that a year from that wonderful holiday I would be fighting desperately for my life from the deadly disease of cancer.

Chapter 1

I believe that surviving a disease like cancer can teach and tell you many things; one in particular is that life itself is uncertain. A person has to live every day at a time, each week and each month, never looking ahead too far and counting on good things happening. Life might not turn out the way you think it will. Though life has its very happy times, it has very sad and devastating ones as well. I still pray now to think how I found out, and with very little warning whatsoever. Probably the worst episode of all for me started in the first week of February 1966, over 22 years from the time of this writing.

In those days, I worked for a large Canadian Oil Company as a field production operator in the Leduc, Alberta area. I only recently retired after 38 years of service as of October 1986. I remember that the first symptoms I got of this severe pain, in my left side, and also a swelling in my groin. Soon I could barely walk. I was beginning to worry and I inquired about seeing one of our staff doctors since the Company had its own Medical Department. Five different doctors

examined me that day and the all agreed; it was definitely an emergency case. They were definitely concerned about the swelling in the groin and wanted to do surgery. Perhaps at this time they were suspecting cancer, but nothing was said to me until later, when it was confirmed that cancer had been found.

I was admitted to the University Hospital in Edmonton, Alberta that same day, and the following morning went into surgery. It was discovered I had cancer of the lymph glands and there was a good possibility it could have spread to the kidneys. It was decided that I should have further surgery in about three weeks after I had recuperated from the first surgery. This, of course, was to determine if the cancer had spread further. Dr. Metcalfe of the University Hospital in Edmonton performed the first surgery on me, and suggested a second look was a good idea. I cannot tell you in words how depressed I was after hearing this news. Here I was a man of just 36 years of age: my health had been no problem up until now, but it looked like it was fading away fast.

I entered the hospital again three weeks later for “exploratory surgery.” This time I had another doctor. Dr. McCarten who also worked out of the university hospital with Dr. Metcalfe, was to perform this different type of surgery. Dr. McCarten explained some of the details of the surgery I would be going through, as well, other members of the medical team explained their roles. They made the event sound so much milder than what it turned out to be. Many surgeons and doctors are famous for making major surgery sound so simple to the patient, “down-playing” the terrible pain that goes with it. I can see their point of not wanting to put fear into you, but can also understand the patient’s viewpoint. I for one, like to be told the truth, no matter how harsh it may be, then at least I can be a little prepared for what is to come. There was one doctor who told me he would never have submitted to my having this surgery done. He also told me I was in for a “tough ride” before all this was over. It turned out that his was the most honest and truthful opinion of them all!

There were many thoughts going through my mind after the scheduled surgery. I consulted with my wife, sister and brother-in-law, and they all thought I would go through with it, mainly to determine if the cancer had spread. The surgeon who was performing the surgery told me that he would be making one large incision from the breast bone right down, and would be removing each organ they could without detaching it from the body. This was done for visual examination and also enabling the doctor to feel for any lumps or swellings that may go unnoticed on just a visual check. It was not until I was out of surgery for perhaps a couple of hours later that I quickly remembered what that one older doctor had told me, that I was going to be in for a “tough ride,” and was he right! The surgeon told me later on that this type of surgery I had, actually encompassed *seven different operations* with only one large incision! Now things were starting to add up; I knew why that doctor had said “on myself, I’d never agreed to it!”

I remember that after regaining total consciousness, I almost had a heart attack. I guess it was the shock of the surgery to my system. I could feel sharp pains in my chest and shooting down my left arm. The room started to go round and round. My sister was beside me at the time, and I called to her to get the nurse, which she did very quickly. There was a lot of fast moving around for a while and I was given a shot of adrenaline once, then another a little while after and then I came right out of it. It certainly had me scared for a while, to say nothing of sister’s fears.

Later that evening the horrible pain started again. Honestly, this pain never stopped; it continued for seven days and nights! I’d had hernia surgery before all this on three different occasions, and had pain for a couple of days, but usually I slept fairly well at night with a pain killer. That was far from the case with this exploratory surgery! I would be given a needle for

pain at regular intervals and it would perhaps knock me out for an hour. Once awake I would be awake with pain as bad as ever. At the end of seven days I was completely exhausted. I honestly didn't care if I lived or died! It seemed as if I was having no end of my fair share of a "living hell." Finally though, the pain let up after the seventh day. During those seven days my brother-in-law, my wife and my sister used to drop in to see me, and there were times I didn't remember them being there, probably because I was blinded with pain.

Chapter 2

After the pain passed, I checked with my doctor and was advised more cancer had been found near my left kidney. My wife, sister and brother-in-law were told that I had only six months to a year, at the most, to live. I guess no one had the heart to tell me this, but I found out from my wife about 3 months later, as she couldn't keep it from me any longer. I had lost a lot of weight. I am 6'2", and I went from approximately 215 lbs. down to barely 150 lbs. after my hospital ordeal and I was so very weak, even walking was difficult. Somehow, it was decided I should have Cobalt Radiation treatments, which I took for almost 2 months. But I was getting worse all the time. I knew, if something didn't change, very soon I'd never live to see the following year! It was at this point that I did something on my own. It saved my life, I am positive of it. I was so desperate, I was searching for any means of survival from this deadly disease that was killing me!

One day I found a book in a Health Food Store with an article that really interested me. It was about a woman in California many years ago, who had apparently cured herself of cancer when the doctors had given her up, by drinking raw carrot juice and some other herbs that she took, among them Red Clover Extract, which is sold in Health Food Stores. When I read this, I was determined I was going to give it a try and I would go all out, no matter what the cost was. A Health Food Store within 30 miles of where I lived made and sold raw carrot juice daily, and it was here where I got started drinking it every day in large quantities. I started off drinking one to two quarts a day and with it I would always take Red Clover Extract and Vitamin C in large doses of at least 4,000 mg per day. I would also make sure that my bowels moved two to three times a day. If they didn't, I would take an herbal laxative, which is an absolute must. In about a week's time I was drinking *four* quarts of carrot juice *every* day, plus the Red Clover Extract and the Vitamin C.

There is one thing I must mention, and I stuck to this very rigidly. I did not *eat* or *drink* anything else for *36 days*, except the carrot juice, the Red Clover Extract and the large doses of Vitamin C. You perhaps wonder why I took the carrot juice along with the Red Clover Extract. The reason of that was, because the lady in California who had beaten cancer had recommended it as a terrific blood purifier. I truly believe it was, and at the time I needed all the help I could get. The large doses of Vitamin C, of course, were to fight infections, when I was so badly run down from all the surgery and the Cobalt treatments. After 36 days of being on this diet, believe it or not, I was beginning to feel stronger, although my skin had taken on a very yellow tone!

Chapter 3

In 1896, I decided to share my story and sent it to *alive Magazine*. They published it in their Cancer Issue, #77. For a year after I wrote the story for **alive**, I was getting a lot of inquiries concerning the Red Clover Extract I took along with the carrot juice, when I was fighting the disease in 1966. Back then it came in a much different container than it does today. When I was taking it, it came in a glass jar, similar to a small fruit jar and was very thick like molasses. At that time I used to take three tablespoons per day, but today it comes in a small “iodine type” dropper bottle and you take three drops a day which is now supposed to be equivalent to the three tablespoons I used to take, as it is now much more concentrated. It is not always easy to find in Health Food Stores, you may have to order it through the store, but it *is* available. No doubt, one could substitute the Red Clover Extract for another type of herbal blood purifier. This just happened to be the one I took, because at the time it was plentiful and easy to get. It was also the type used by the lady in California, whose story I read, before I tried all this therapy she recommended. I have found from experience that the people in Health Food Stores are very cooperative in ordering in some certain product you may need or assisting you in finding it elsewhere, especially when you are fighting a disease like cancer.

The doctors and the cancer clinic couldn’t figure me out – they were sure I had either yellow jaundice, or that the cancer had spread to my liver. The other thing that was so strange to them is that I didn’t have any fever, and I was continually increasing in strength all the time.

I wouldn’t tell them what I was doing, as I knew I would be ridiculed, so I kept it to myself all these years. But now I am going to tell it all, as it may save some people from dying of this terrible disease. It once saved me, almost 23 years ago. There were many times over the years that I felt like discussing all this with the doctors in our medical department of the company I worked for, but I didn’t want the hassle with them I knew I’d get. I enjoyed working for the company, and they had also been good to me when I was sick, and going through all this.

When I gradually started eating solid food again I was very careful about what I ate, which included a lot of fish and vegetable salads. I still drank a little carrot juice, but not like before. I still had the vegetable juicer I’d purchased through the Health Food Store, and on occasion would buy some carrots and juice them.

I believe I should mention at this time where I purchased the carrot juice I used, and the enormous volume it takes. In the beginning of the 36 day diet I was on, I used to purchase all the carrot juice I consumed at the Health Food Store, but only a short time later, after I had purchased the Juicer, I made my own carrot juice and bought carrots through the Health Food Store. It takes between 5 and 6 lbs. of carrots to make one quart of juice, so when I was drinking 4 quarts a day you can see the amount it took.

I can truthfully tell you this diet I was on cost a fair amount of money, but to me was worth every bit of it. A vegetable juicer alone today can cost around \$300.00 and carrots are quite expensive now, compared to what they were then, especially when you must purchase them in such large quantities. I am not trying to discourage anyone, but it is also a lot of work making the juice, if you make it yourself. There are very few Health Food Stores around today that make fresh juices daily, so therefore I guess it would be up to the individual to make it.

When you first start drinking large amounts of carrot juice, it seems to have such a cleansing effect on your entire system, that you very often feel a little dizzy and sick for a very

short time, but all this passes very quickly, and you start feeling much better, for that is the way it worked on me. When I think of how sick I was when I was taking Cobalt treatments, right after the surgery, this little discomfort I had when I first started on this diet was nothing at all. When I was taking the Cobalt treatments after surgery my head used to be going in one direction and my stomach in another. The terrible weakness that went with it is one thing I'll never forget!

I also remember other terrible reactions from the Cobalt. The company I worked for let me return to work after 3 months, but I had to continue with the Cobalt treatments, and they allowed me to leave the place I worked each day, whenever I needed to, in order to receive these treatments. The next day at work, I would suffer. I appreciated everything the company had done; they were very good to me. I generally always had someone working with me on the job, as I didn't trust myself due to these violent reactions from the Cobalt I would get at any time. I would pass out or get violently sick to my stomach or so weak I could hardly walk.

The doctors called it radiation sickness, and this agony, they say, is just a *small sample* of what it would be like to be near an atomic explosion. I am really sympathetic with those poor people during the 2nd world war in Hiroshima and Nagasaki before they died from the atomic bomb. The people a good distance away from the point of impact would suffer the most, the ones closer to the explosion wouldn't know what hit them.

Chapter 4

The reactions I suffered from the Cobalt treatment may be slightly different in comparison to the chemotherapy a lot of people are given to-day, I think they are both bad, as far as reactions go. In 1966 Cobalt was the most commonly used in those years for my type of cancer. Many people used to faint right after leaving the Cobalt room, after a treatment. It usually would affect me about an hour and a half later and by that time I usually was home. The next day was usually a much worse reaction for me. I should mention now the treatment the medics were giving me before I tried what I did on my own. I found it so very depressing taking the Cobalt Radiation treatment, let alone the misery of the whole atmosphere. All of those getting treatment were put in a waiting room, some cases much worse than others. I remember different times sitting beside someone who had lung cancer, gasping for breath and other times of someone with skin cancer that was literally rotting away a side of their face and you could smell the odor the minute you stepped inside the door. Then there were the little children, who were often crying, with a tumor on the side of their head nearly as big as their head and in the real young ones, who had no idea what was hurting them and this was very sad. It hurt me badly to see this.

A lot of these things changed when a new cancer hospital and clinic were built approximately a year later in Edmonton. People were segregated much better, the children and severe cases were kept by themselves much more and this came as a great relief to those who were not quite as sick as others. I believe when one goes through cancer and is involved in the same or similar surgery and cobalt treatment that I was it changes you in many ways. It is as if you have gone through a war and become "shell-shocked," but survived. For many years you live with the fear that the cancer might come back and hurt you again someday or perhaps kill you. This is on your mind very often. The medical view is that after five years with no re-occurrence, the patient is free of cancer.

I remember a couple of my sisters writing to me after my five year period had gone by and expressing happiness that I'd made it but none could have been more happy than me, for I had survived something that I never ever would want to go through again! I believe the positive side to all this, if there is one, was the fact that I seemed to appreciate life much more now than I did before. From here on I wanted to enjoy life to the fullest, for it seemed like a new start, a new beginning, and I was ready for it, for now, and from now on, I hope I am free from that disease forever!

Over the span of years there were other situations that came up before me, that used to also bother me badly at times. I knew people who were dying of the disease, who became set in their minds that if the medical doctors could not help them, nothing or nobody else ever could. There were different treatments people had tried, some with success and some not. The people who finally turned away from the medical doctors, after they had done all they could for them were like myself, they were desperate and they still wanted to live like I wanted to, but in many sad cases they were too far gone to ever come back.

Chapter 5

Today I receive many letters and phone-calls from all over Canada and parts of the U.S., from people who have read my story (printed in #77, **alive Magazine**, May 1987) and as of May 1988 I've even started receiving mail from overseas. I am so pleased with the response from that short story I wrote for **alive**, I can't help but think this small book will do as well.

The one major thing that I have found out since I wrote the story for **alive** is perhaps the curiosity and concern many people have about me until they phone me and talk to me in person. Many of them quite frankly can hardly believe I'm still alive. They hardly believe it is me until I start quoting that story practically word for word, that it is indeed I who wrote the story that today I am quite alive and well. Not everyone is skeptical, but some definitely are, although it doesn't bother me in any way. In fact, it fascinates and pleases me because I know they are interested. Once they are convinced, everyone is so happy for me. I realize and understand many people's feelings toward cancer, God knows, I had enough experience of my own. I realize also why some people find it hard to believe that I am still alive today.

Back in 1966 and even today, 22 years later, ask yourself, how many people get internal cancer of the stomach, liver, kidneys, colon, lymph glands or lungs and survive, then ask yourself, the same question with regard to how many die from a cancer of this type. I think the answer explains the reason some people wonder that I'm still alive today, even though I did try something on my own.

Cancer has been a very fearful disease for many years and a deadly killer as well, no doubt it will continue to be that for many more. I cannot and I will not run down the medical profession because of not having a cure for all cancer. I have no doubt whatever that they are trying their best to find a cure for all cancer—it's just that it has given them such a terrible problem, one they haven't solved yet.

We must not forget, over the past 100 years medical science has come a long way in combatting many diseases that once killed many thousands of people in the world—diseases like smallpox, polio and scarlet fever. Today there is the protection provided by vaccination. Great strides have also been made in the field of necessary surgery. They have performed wonders on

the human heart. I personally know people who have had heart surgery and are doing wonderfully now, and living productive lives where before they were practically crippled. I don't knock the medical profession for not finding a cure for cancer but I do ask the Lord to please give us the knowledge and power to find a cure for this terrible and fearful disease which is devastating the human race. Help make this world a better place to live; without cancer, and the fear and sorrow it brings.

Chapter 6

Some people wondered why I ever got cancer since I never smoked and seldom drank, taking a little alcohol on occasions. It has been said that since my grandfather and my sister died of cancer many years ago, there is a possibility heredity may play a part. My personal view is that cancer has a great deal to do with the food we eat, and the air we breathe; it doesn't just happen all by itself. I used to be a great one for sweets and greasy foods. I ate very little fresh fruit and fresh vegetables, everything was canned or processed, but I certainly don't eat that way to-day. I don't eat fried foods or canned vegetables, or pies or pastries, except on rare occasions. I also rarely eat pork or beef, mostly all fish, chicken or cottage cheese, and I always have a fresh vegetable salad for the evening meal. I eat plenty of fresh fruit the year round, such as apples, oranges, grapefruit, cantaloupe and peaches and pears in season. I take Vitamin supplements from the Health Food Store, which I like very much. I have the world of respect for Health Food Stores, for it was there I gained information, and purchased their products, most important for me, the carrot juice, which in its turn helped save my life.

I have no doubt in my mind whatever, if it were not for the Health Food Industry, I wouldn't be alive to-day. I find that the books and magazines on health in Health Food Stores are very simplified and easy to read and understand for everyone. They explain and tell a lot of things of herbs and natural vitamins and of the healing effects they have had on many people. Some people will say that Health Food Stores charge too much for their products, and my answer to that is, "At what price do you value your health?" During the time I was fighting cancer I could have quite easily spent a few thousand dollars, and I will truthfully say I never regretted one dollar of it! I am alive and free from cancer to-day after many, many years. When one thinks of the price you pay for an automobile, a house, or go on a long trip somewhere, it's easy to see it didn't cost me near as much to regain my health and conquer a deadly disease, as it would to buy a new car or a house. These material things are nice to have, but without our health they are not much good, as we may never live to enjoy them unless we get our health back. I've heard an old saying "Your health is your wealth," and I say to that "Never was a truer word spoken!" As I mentioned before about books and magazines in Health Food Stores being good sources of information on herbs and natural health methods, I believe the **alive Magazine** to be one of the best on this subject, and from the business dealings I've had with these people I consider them first-class all the way.

Chapter 7

Now that things were looking a little better for me health-wise, I had to go back to the Cancer Clinic for a check-up once every month, then once every 3 months. It wasn't long before it was once every 6 months, then once a year. The doctors continued to be amazed at what they saw in me, and how I was improving. It wasn't long before the check-ups were once every 2 years and they stayed like that for a long time. Then just about a year ago they told me I didn't have to come back for 4 years. This brought tears to my eyes, when I thought back to those days of 1966, of how hard I fought for my life and won! I realize I have come a long way back, from those dark days, but along with everything else I did for myself, I had a determined, fighting desire to live, and I never ever lost it! I have often heard another saying, "God helps those who have a desire to help themselves," and God did help me too, and I certainly had the desire to help myself all I could, no doubt that's a good part of the reason that I'm alive and well today.

There is no doubt whatever, any person who survives cancer will be left with a fair number of scars, both physically and mentally. It weighs very heavily on your entire system, and, let's face it, you have been through a lot and survived. I believe this is the one major thing that adds happiness to the rest of your life—to have won a fight against a "dark angel;" won every step of the way! I shall never forget losing so much weight in so short a period of time. It wasn't so much the weight loss that bothered me, even though I did lose over 60 lbs, but the terrible weakness and depression that came with it. I remember after coming off the diet of carrot juice and red clover extract, and I started eating solid food again, I would work out a little bit with weights to try and build myself up again. I'd gained a lot of strength, comparatively, even on the liquid diet, but I was not gaining *enough* weight. I wanted to get back to my normal weight of approximately 200 lbs. if I could, as I felt I looked pretty awful this way. My clothes literally hung on me; nothing fit at all. I continued to work out with the weights and watched carefully what I ate. Approximately a year from the time I dropped to 150 lbs., I was back to 200 lbs. and feeling very good. I remember different people telling me that they'd never thought I'd ever make it through. I knew by the way I was feeling, that there was something very good taking place, that I really was winning this terrible battle for my life! I could finally see the light at the end of that long tunnel, to use an old expression.

It seems nothing could have been more right! I had many doctors tell me in later years that they were utterly amazed that I had recovered from that type of cancer. I look at all of this to-day and say to myself, if only this method I used to cure myself of this horrible thing, could just cure even a few more people it would be worthwhile to spread the news. When you think of the thousands who die from this disease every year, any solution will do. Now that I have told my story, I want to say to each and every one of you that it was only my story, of what happened to me and how I survived. I cannot guarantee it will help everyone like it helped me—you remain the judge there. All I can say, in the most positive and truthful way, is that it *did* work for me, and worked very, very well! No matter what disease a person may fall victim to, there is always a possible point of return, just as there is a point of no return; when the affliction has spread to most of the vital organs in the body, as with cancer. If you are going to survive you must get control of this thing as soon as possible, for time is the vital element, especially with *this* disease.

One of the troubles with cancer is disbelief. Very often a victim thinks it is always going to be the other person who gets the disease, not him or herself. When they do come down with

the disease they can hardly believe it. I remember, many years before I got this terrible thing back in 1966, seeing people dying of cancer. It used to scare me and I could never have imagined that years later I'd be fighting for my very life from this disease! It's all very hard to accept. I shall never forget phoning my sister the morning after it was confirmed I had cancer. It was very hard for me to do, but I knew enough to face the facts. It had only been five short years since another of our older sisters had died of cancer, herself. I remember, I tried first to phone wife, but she was working and I couldn't get through.

I can't think of a more agonizing day than that day in February, 1966. I think it was a lot the uncertainty; the "gloom and doom" of the whole thing, having to sit beside someone in a doctor's waiting room, who looked like his next breath would be his last! It upset me a lot to see my wife, sister and brother-in-law, all crying. Believe me, I cried too, for I think at this time I was in more a state of shock than one of pain!

It is not until good health is gone, that you really learn to appreciate it, when and *if*; you get it back. I remember the times when I was in the hospital and the cancer patients would go down to what they called the "Sun Room." We'd look out the windows at the stars and moon at night and the surrounding city, always wondering how much longer a lot of us would be able to see these things that most of us took for granted. There were many times I saw tears streaming down the faces of different people, even though the room was quite dark. It didn't take much knowledge to know what they were thinking about, even though many of them put on a good front most of the time. I also remember tears when I was told I could return to my job after being off more than three months with the disease. It is not often that someone will cry for sheer joy when they are told they could return to work, but I'll admit it, I *did* cry.

Chapter 8

The medical profession continues to try to find a cure for cancer, and they have been trying for a long, long time, I really wish them luck. I heard recently from a medical report that doctors claim they are making cancer patients live longer to-day than they did 20 years ago, with various medicines and therapy, but it also said that they were not curing any more patients, so it would appear that a cure for cancer through the medical field is a little ways off yet. This is not good enough! Prolonged suffering is not a cure.

I have explained in the early part of this book, why I waited 22 years before I spoke out on what I'd done to save my life, and why I kept it and this book to myself all these years. I had no desire to bring ridicule or criticism upon myself, or cause any kind of trouble whatever, within the Medical Department of the company I worked for, because of their efforts, thought misguided, on my behalf. I enjoyed working for this large oil company. At the time, I had worked for them nearly 16 years. I wanted to continue and I did; for another 22 years and seven months! I knew someday I was going to speak out, and now I have. The reason I'm writing all this is I hope it might help someone out there to live today; give someone a little hope. Here, at least, is something to try on one's own, and I am living proof in everything I say or have said of the success of the cure. This is enough.

I know too well the suffering and agony that is involved even for those who do survive cancer. I can imagine how much worse it becomes, while you die from it. If I can contribute just this one positive thing to the human race, to let them know what I did to save my life, a long time

ago, then all the effort I have put in to writing the story for **alive** Magazine and writing this book, will all be worth it, even if just a few people try my therapy and survive. I know that if any of you readers had seen me in 1966, and seen how much I deteriorated in just a few short months, and how far I came back inside a year, you would certainly all know why I think and feel about all this the way I do today.

Perhaps some of you people out there might be interested to know a little bit about my life before cancer struck me a cruel blow in 1966. I came from a fairly large family of eight children, myself the oldest. I grew up in Ontario and was educated there. I left home at a young age, and worked at various jobs in Ontario, then I came to Alberta at 18. I hired on with a large Canadian oil company in April 1948 in Edmonton and in 1986 retired after 38 years of service. In 1952 I was on a military leave of absence from the company and I served in the Canadian Air Force for three years and then returned to my original job with the oil company in 1955, as a field operator. That year I also got married, and in 1988 my wife and I celebrated our 33rd wedding anniversary.

Before I end this story, I want to give a final work of praise and a very sincere thank you to two organizations who were directly involved with me, one the medical profession, the other the Health Food Industry. The medical profession may not have saved my life but they did discover I had the disease and they tried to help me with surgery and cobalt treatment, although for me it was of no use. As I said near the beginning of my story, they told my wife that I had six months to a year at the most to live. Twenty two years later, my greatest praise and thank you has to go to the Health Food Industry, for they showed me the way and I followed it every step of the way or I wouldn't be here today writing this story. The terrible desperation one acquires when really fighting for life is hard to put into words; you are reaching out to anything you feel might help and praying to God it does.

Farewell to all who have read my story. I hope it has given you good information and helped you in some way. For those of you who might get this dreadful disease someday, may God be with you and I hope you survive it, like I did. Good luck.

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