



Chapter 17

Finally Something to Get Excited About

Up until now, my life had been a puzzle. Each piece by itself offered no clue, but when all the pieces were put together, my life's purpose was finally revealed.

Right away, Dave sent me vitamins to build my immune system, so I could fight off what he called the “Stealth” virus. From the moment I received the vitamins in the mail, I followed his directions explicitly. For the next three months, I faithfully took the vitamins and ate a healthy diet. I was determined to destroy this “monster” before it destroyed me.

In December 2002, the blood test results from the appointment with the neurologist came back. Their office called and gave me the results over the phone. The radiologist's report came back “probable arthritis.” Even more amazing, the blood test results revealed that there was absolutely nothing wrong with me!

Now my pain doctor was in a “sticky” situation. He had to inform me that I could no longer be under his care. He was not a specialist for what I was being diagnosed with—rheumatoid arthritis. I was devastated by this news, because I liked this doctor very much. Now I had to start all over again and find a new one. Old fears resurfaced. I was afraid I would be forced to take immune-suppressing drugs again.

By this time, I was diagnosed as being permanently and 100 percent disabled. I couldn't work with my hands, and I could only stand for short periods of time. I couldn't walk without assistance either, and I was still in chronic pain.

Again, I was not looking forward to starting all over again with a new doctor. So I made the decision to go back to the female doctor who was first referred to me by the emergency room doctor in October 2001. Since my private disability insurance company was forcing me to apply for Social Security disability benefits, I thought this doctor knew my case and could speed up the process. So with my tail between my legs, I decided to go back to her and called her office to make an appointment.

Now I was back to where I started and had to deal with all the red tape again to be approved for Social Security disability. This also meant getting a lawyer and having a doctor fill out more paperwork. In the meantime, an important piece of the puzzle was revealed to me—why I got sick! (Note: I believe there is a purpose for everything.)

I didn't know it at the time that (for the last several months) Bob had been on a mission to find out what was *really* causing my illness. He had spent hours at home searching the Internet for an answer. Then on February 28, 2003, Bob called me at one o'clock in the morning to give me the news. I could tell by the sound of his voice that he was really excited as he explained he had made a fantastic discovery. Bob said, "Linda, I found it! I've found what has been attacking you!" He then explained to me that it was a parasitic-type organism, which was as small as a virus but was not considered a virus. Neither was this organism considered a true bacteria with a cell wall. This organism was in a class of its own. It was called mycoplasma. He explained that what I had was a mycoplasma infection.

Suddenly, it became clear to me that my symptoms *were* like an infection—just like having the flu but worse. This explained the chills and fever in the middle of the night, the boils under my armpit (from infection), and the terrible pain in my joints and muscles. Just as Dave had said, I was being attacked by an organism!

Bob said researchers had proven that many of today's diseases are caused by this organism. Excited, I butted in, "Bob, now I know why I got sick. Remember? The prophecy! Dave said I would go out and tell people where to go to be safe! What he said was true. We've got to get out there and tell people about this organism! There are millions of people who are sick and need to know."

Bob, however, didn't share my enthusiasm, but we spent the rest of the night on the phone as he read to me article after article from many websites, all confirming this organism was the cause of many of today's diseases. (See Symptoms and Diseases Caused by Mycoplasma.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This also explains what happened to my son Jeff. Mycoplasma infections are triggered by trauma, and our car accident was definitely a trauma. Within two years of the accident, Jeff went from a healthy normal baby to an uncoordinated "brain fogged" child who was diagnosed with ADD/ADHD by the time he was three.

I now call ADD/ADHD a young person's "soft" version of Alzheimer's—hyperactivity (fidgeting and in constant motion), unable to concentrate, poor motor skills, "brain fog," confusion, and poor cognitive skills. Diagnosed ADD/ADHD, my son has experienced all of the same symptoms as Alzheimer's patients.

Jeff says he has no memory of his life before the age of nine, but today, Jeff is happy, working and in good health. Between the age of 12 and 15, we took him off of drugs for ADD/ADHD. Somehow during that time period, his immune system must have "kicked in," because he no longer suffers from the symptoms of a mycoplasma infection. He is a very intelligent, kind and wonderful human being. Unfortunately, he will always be affected by the damage caused by the mycoplasma, but I could not have asked for a better son!

