

Chapter 28

Once is Not Enough!

December 2005

“Never count your chickens before they hatch!” — a favorite cliché of farmers

By the end of November, everything was again moving along smoothly. I had another doctor’s appointment and it had been six months since my last mild silver protein treatment. My doctor ordered blood tests and all I had to do was go home and wait for his letter with the lab results. When the letter finally arrived, I was ecstatic when I read that the lupus and RA were still in complete remission. This was also my one-year anniversary since my first mild silver protein treatment.

Now, I could take it easy. The prophecy was coming true! Here I was writing a book about my illness and my recovery. Better yet, I had the world’s best PR person, Steve Harrison, on my team. Everything was finally falling into place perfectly. (Note: Well, I take it back—*not so* perfectly.)

One week before Dale and I were to fly to Philadelphia for the first Quantum Leap seminar, I received a telephone call. It was Steve. He was calling with bad news. He informed me that he didn’t think I was ready for the Quantum Leap Program yet. He felt I wasn’t at the same level the other participants were. He then apologized for the inconvenience and told me he was refunding all of my money.

I was devastated. I told him I had already paid for my airline tickets, and they were not refundable. I guess if I would have insisted on attending, he would have let us come, but after talking to him about it, he finally convinced me that indeed I wasn’t ready yet.

When I hung up the phone, I asked God, “Why is this happening to me? I’m ready!”

I just didn’t get it. For the rest of the day I wondered what was *really* going on. I kept asking God what was the reason why this had to happen, but I was given no answer.

Usually, when I need an answer from above, I go to bed that night with it on my mind, believing that I will receive the answer by the next

morning. Sure enough, when I woke up the next morning, I got the feeling that the time just wasn't right yet, that there was something more to come. But I still didn't understand why I had to wait. I was ready, and the book was almost done.

I hadn't mentioned this before, but Dale and I had a psychic reading in late October. The psychic had told us that we were *definitely* soul mates and had many past lives together. She also told me in private, that a man by the name of "Steve" would be influential in my career. This message was given to me long before I started listening to Steve. Now, I was doubly confused. What had happened?

Actually, something good did happen out of something bad. We were able to use the airline tickets after all. Originally, we were flying in to Boston and driving down to Philadelphia for the seminar. Now, instead, we flew in to Boston and drove the fifty miles to Providence, Rhode Island, to visit my grandchildren.

My granddaughter Madison had just turned four, and I had only seen her three times. My grandson Austin was 12, and I had not seen him very much either. So I was happy and looking forward to our reunion. Actually we had planned an early Christmas, and the kids were excited. We were bringing lots of presents for them to open.

It was a great reunion. Of course, grandmas are allowed to spoil grandchildren and I was no exception. Almost everywhere we went, I indulged them, but a trip to the grocery store proved to be an experience I will never forget.

We were in the checkout line, and Austin asked if I would buy him a package of beef jerky. Austin said that it was only a dollar, and I said okay. So I bought three bags—one for Madison, one for Austin, and one for Dale. I remembered eating beef jerky when I was a kid, and I loved it. Madison and Austin were very generous and each offered me several pieces out of their bags. I ended up eating four or five large pieces, but before taking that first bite, I had no inkling of what was about to happen.

Within a couple of hours, I had an allergic reaction, and that's when the nightmare started. My knees swelled up so badly, that I couldn't bend them. It felt as if bubble wrap had been wound tightly around each of them. My hands and wrists swelled up, too. Now I started experiencing pain in my muscles and joints and this became almost unbearable. No one else who ate the beef jerky had a reaction, just me.

When I realized what I had done, I got mad at myself. I told myself that I should have known better, that my immune system was fragile. I also knew that I was very sensitive to preservatives, but I had no idea I would have a reaction like this one. All I could do now was hope the swelling and pain would go away. But it didn't. It only got worse.

I didn't tell anyone what had happened, because I wanted to leave my grandchildren with positive memories of me. I also didn't want to spoil our last evening together, because we were catching a flight at six o'clock the next morning to go back to St. Louis. But I'm sorry to say that I was glad to be going home, because I was miserable.

From Boston, Dale and I flew in to Chicago, where we transferred planes at O'Hare Airport. It was a very unpleasant and painful experience. O'Hare is huge and spread out, and I had to walk over a mile to another concourse. I barely made it. Of course, Dale didn't know what was going on and grew impatient. It was obvious that I was in pain, so he finally offered to carry my bag. Greatly relieved, I thanked him and handed it to him.

By the time we made it home to Ballwin, I was beyond exhaustion. My knees were still horribly swollen and the pain was excruciating. I didn't even bother to unpack my bags, and I didn't even get undressed. Instead, I headed straight for my bed and collapsed into it.

