



## Chapter 36

# Good Vibrations

November 2006

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*There is nothing concealed that will not be discovered - Matthew 10:26*

Now I believed that my request had manifested. God had revealed to me the next (Note: actually the second) step—an alternative treatment to kill the viruses which were attacking me.

In November the Rife machine finally arrived. When I had ordered the machine, Dr. Smith had instructed me to carefully read the two Rife manuals before using it. As I was reading through the manuals, I was amazed by what the manufacturer claimed the machine could do—kill organisms through frequency (vibrations). I must also add that the manufacturer clearly stated that the machine was not approved by the FDA, and it was purely experimental and for personal use only.

To fully appreciate the Rife machine, I acquainted myself with its inventor, Dr. Royal Rife. In my opinion he is one of the most brilliant inventors in medical history, but his invention and contributions to the field of medicine have been kept buried and suppressed for over 70 years. Not until recently, has his technology resurfaced to be used for what it was originally intended to be used for—to kill micro-organisms.

Not only was Dr. Rife a genius, but he was also a gentle soul who was dedicated and determined to find the cure for disease and cancer. Unfortunately, even though he proved his invention worked, his methods were so far ahead of his time, that the medical establishment rejected them.

When I set out to learn more about Dr. Rife and his incredible invention, the Rife machine, his story fascinated me. The following information has been gathered from either my Rife manual or from the Internet:

In the 1920's, Dr. Rife's ideas proved to be far ahead of his time. He proved that every organism has its own individual frequency (vibration). Later, he would discover that an organism is sensitive to its own specific frequency and could be killed by intensifying its own particular frequency until the organism explodes. (Picture a human

voice shattering a glass.) To kill the micro-organisms using vibration, Rife invented what he referred to as a “frequency tube,” which is a primitive version of today’s Rife machine.

Dr. Rife encountered many obstacles, one of them being that none of the microscopes in the 1920's could view a virus. At that time, it was impossible. Using white-light microscopes, micro-organisms become invisible. Also, if an organism is stained with a chemical to be able to see it, the chemical kills it. This was not feasible for Dr. Rife. To prove that his invention worked, not only did he have to see the organism, but the organism had to be alive so he could try and kill it. So, before he could even prove his “frequency tube” worked, he had to invent a microscope powerful enough to see a “live” virus.

By the 1930's, Dr. Rife had accomplished the impossible! He built the first virus microscope, which was capable of magnifying objects 60,000 times their normal size. Amazingly, using his invention, Rife was the first human being to see a “live” virus.

How was this possible—to see a once invisible organism? Again, organisms are invisible under regular white-light microscopes, but the theory behind Rife’s microscope was that each type of micro-organism became visible in a unique color of its own when it was exposed to the color frequency that resonated with its own unique vibration.

Using a spectroscope, Dr. Rife then painstakingly identified each individual frequency of each known microbe. With this task finally completed, he was now ready to prove his “frequency tube” worked.

By slowly rotating the crystal prisms and focusing light on the organism under his virus microscope, amazingly, Dr. Rife was at last able to see “live” micro-organisms invading human cells!

Then, with the organisms now in his sights, they became “sitting ducks.” Using his frequency tube, he then “blasted” the organisms with their own intensified frequency, instantly exploding and killing them. His theory and invention worked! He had proved his machine killed organisms that cause disease and cancer.

Unfortunately, life was not too kind to Dr. Rife. Shortly thereafter, all of his equipment and documentation were destroyed. Then, sadly, after many years of persecution and abuse, Dr. Rife’s life was destroyed, too. Suffering from alcoholism, he died in 1971.

My machine came with thin metal “plates” which hooked up to the machine through cables. It took several days of reading the Rife manuals and experimenting with the machine before I felt comfortable

using it. I then used the plates to localize my treatment, concentrating on my liver and pancreas. I followed the same strategy that Dr. Rife did. He determined that a patient needed a three-day recovery period between treatments. He had found that it took three days for the body to heal and rid itself of the toxins.

By now, it was the end of November. Although I believed the machine was working (killing the viruses), the pain in my joints and muscles had not diminished. Making matters worse, my “sed” rate was still very high—68. Ultimately, the Rife machine hadn’t lowered my “sed” rate, and I knew I needed something else. But what? Time was running out—my next doctor’s appointment was in two weeks (December 11). I also realized that if my “sed” rate wasn’t down by then that my doctor would either force me to take drugs or tell me to “hit the road” and find another doctor.

Because of my high “sed” rate, it was obvious that my cells were still “unbalanced” and I realized I still had to get the “poisons” out. But how? I had tried everything. I had taken pills which supposedly would “detox” my body, but they didn’t work. I ate alkaline food and I drank plenty of water, but that didn’t work either. I was still in pain. Every book I read, every website I visited, even my Rife manual, they all had one common denominator—to achieve perfect balance—flush the tissues! But I had tried! I had followed everyone’s advice, but it now looked as if I were going to fail. There was nothing left for me to try or do.

It was now December 1. As I sat at my computer, I tried to force myself to write more of my story. I had just written the chapter about why people are sick, but I just couldn’t get motivated to continue. I should have been excited about finding the Rife machine, but instead, I was depressed.

Frustrated and almost in tears. I reminded myself that I had done everything “right” the past year, but my knees were still swollen, full of toxins, and my muscles still ached. With very little hope left and feeling as if I had failed, I asked myself, “Is this the end of the road? All that I’ve been through—has it been for nothing?”

Still sitting at my computer, without even thinking, I began to pray, crying out, “Father, help me! What’s left for me to do? I’ve tried everything! How can I lower my “sed” rate? How can I “detox” my body?”

*AUTHOR'S NOTE: As I sat there praying, little did I know that the answer had already been given to me. For the past three months, it had been sitting there right in front of my face.*

*Now it was about to be revealed to me—the third and final step—the ultimate solution to achieving perfect cell balance and the secret to longevity.*

*But after all, doesn't synchronicity and enlightenment go hand-in-hand? Maybe three months ago, I would not have appreciated or been able to grasp the full magnitude of "The Magic Bullet."*

