

## Chapter 38

# He Just Doesn't Get It!

December 2006

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*“Sad, but it’s true! An old dog can’t learn new tricks.”*

For the past three years I had been studying and learning about mycoplasma and for the past year (2006) viruses and cancer. Throughout this entire time period, Dale and I argued over the subject of both disease and cancer. I believed mycoplasma was the cause of many of today’s diseases. He didn’t. I believed that *all* cancer was caused by micro-organisms. He didn’t.

Since 2004 I’d been telling people about the miraculous treatment for lupus and how I had been “cured.” Dale, in the meantime, got irritated when I rattled on and on about mycoplasma and my recovery. He finally confronted me one day by telling me I embarrassed him when I did this. So in 2005, I promised to keep my mouth shut about mycoplasma and mild silver protein, but the flame never burned out.

In June 2006, wanting to improve my public speaking skills and prepare myself to speak in front of large groups, I joined Grace Church Toastmasters in Maryland Heights, Missouri. When I joined, I kept my past a secret, but by the end of November, I was ready to “let the cat out of the bag.” I was going to speak about my favorite subject—why people are sick today. At the same time, I was “touching up” the chapter, *“Its No Acid-ent Why Some People Do Not Get Sick*, and that was also going to be the subject and the title of my speech.

When I stood in front of the group, my biggest fear was rejection. Nervous, I realized my only credibility was based on my own experience. Would they believe me? In the past, others hadn’t, especially Dale. This would be the test, though, and I only had five to seven minutes to convince them. Fortunately, Dale wasn’t there to hear my speech, but maybe that was a blessing. At the last minute, he had canceled, saying he was too sick to attend.

I began my speech by revealing that I once had lupus but I was now in remission. I briefly explained what my research had uncovered and why I believed people were sick today. Then I sprang it on them—the real cause of disease and cancer—micro-organisms! As I

was coming to a close, I could tell by the looks on their faces that they believed me! Finally, after three long years, people were listening to me, and at last I felt credible. Better yet, after the meeting, everyone came running up to me, asking how they could learn more!

However, my worries were far from over. I was still concerned about Dale. Ever since September when Dave had warned me about Dale's health, Dale had steadily gotten worse. Still, I never told Dale what Dave had said either, even though I wanted to.

Day by day, I could see Dale's health deteriorating right before my very eyes, but there was nothing I could do. His headaches and nausea had become more intense. He had hive-like boils on his face and chest, and his color was pale, too. I told him how important it was to eat a "balanced" diet, but he wouldn't listen. He would mock me by saying, "Medical students consider nutrition a 'catch-up-on-your-sleep' class."

He wouldn't give up fast food either, even after watching the movie *Supersize Me*, and he still ate very little fruit and no vegetables. There was no doubt in my mind that he was on a collision course with cancer. Topping it all off, right before Thanksgiving, we had a 9-1-1 episode. In the middle of the night while I was sound asleep, Dale woke me up. Thinking he was experiencing a heart attack, he was having an anxiety attack. His heart was racing, and he couldn't breathe. He was also nauseated. He told me to call 9-1-1. The paramedics took him to the hospital around five o'clock in the morning, and I soon followed with his personal belongings and his clothes.

At the hospital, the doctors decided he wasn't having a heart attack after all but ran a cat scan of his stomach instead. The cat scan revealed that his stomach was all inflamed, but the doctor couldn't pinpoint the exact cause. Dale was then advised to see a gastrointestinal doctor.

Dale then went to a specialist and the doctor scheduled a colonoscopy and an upper GI of his stomach. If these tests didn't reveal the problem, Dale was to get his gall bladder checked out. The tests were to take place in two weeks on December 12.

Even before the night of the emergency room visit, Dale had been complaining of pain in his stomach. I could tell he was worried, and deep down inside, I believe he was afraid it might be cancer. He also knew stomach cancer was one of the most painful ways to die. Again,

I didn't dare tell him what Dave had told me in September, that he was being attacked by the same viruses that had been attacking me.

On the evening before his tests, Dale stayed overnight at my house, because he needed a ride to and from the hospital. Wanting to offer him my support, I had volunteered to drive him.

Before we went to sleep that night, that's when our problems began. Dale wanted to get intimate, but I refused, telling him he had to wear protection. Of course, he frowned and asked, "Why?" I didn't want to tell him the *real* reason why (that I was afraid he was contagious), so I had to come up with an excuse. I responded with the only explanation I could quickly come up with at the moment, "Because you're toxic."

Of all the things to say! Dale prided himself in being very "clean" and always practiced good hygiene, even to the point of being a fanatic. Now, I was in trouble. By the look on his face I could tell he didn't like being called "toxic." In fact, he was angry.

I should have stopped while I was ahead, but I didn't. Instead, (referring to the ion cleanse machine) I threw more gasoline on the fire by joking, "If you saw all the toxic crud that came out of people, you'd be scared to death to even have sex with yourself!"

Well, my humor didn't get me out of this bad situation either. Now he was getting madder by the second and demanded an explanation, Bristled and ready to fight, he yelled, "Are you telling me I'm dirty?" Trying to stay calm, I answered, "No I'm not. I've been cleaning myself out and I just don't want to get sick again. That's all." Well, that's when the "\*\*\*\*\*" hit the fan and he lost it.

Furious, retaliation was now his intent. Launching a counterattack, Dale knew exactly where I was most vulnerable. What he said next would stab me like a knife and it would go deep—right where it would hurt me most—my "core" belief about myself. Looking me straight in the eye and seeming to be dead serious, he emphatically announced, "Linda, you are mentally ill!"

Even though I realized he was angry this assertion was the cruelest remark anyone could have said to me at this point in my life—especially Dale. "Was he serious?" By the look on his face, I believed he was, and I now knew that he meant every word he had said.

Instead of fighting back, I grew silent, as I asked myself, "Why would he say this to me? Is this what he *really* thinks—that I'm crazy?" Devastated, I was now having doubts about whether we should even be together any longer. Staring back at him in disbelief, I wondered

“How could he have stayed with me these past three years if all along he thought I was crazy?”

But Dale didn't stop there. No! That wasn't enough. He had to push and twist the knife even deeper and finish me off, “Linda, all your friends think you're crazy. Your family, your brother and sister even think you're crazy!”

There was no calling for a truce now. The damage was irreversible, and the battle was over. Dale had won. Defeated and without saying a single word, I retreated to the livingroom and sat down in front of my computer. At the same time, I glanced at the kitchen clock. It was ten o'clock and his tests were in twelve hours. “Maybe he'll cool off in a little while,” I told myself, “and the dust will settle.”

But that wasn't the way it was to be. Exactly ten minutes later, Dale marched out of the bedroom holding his overnight bag and informed me he was leaving. However, before opening the front door, he stopped and turned around and looked up at me from the landing. With bitterness in his voice he sneered, “Now I know how you really feel about me—just when I need you most and I'm sick!” Not waiting for an answer, he turned around, opened the door, walked out, and slammed the door behind him.

As he was pulling out of the driveway, I sat at my computer motionless and in a daze, trying to figure out what had (spiritually) just happened. Always trying to do that, I believed there was a purpose behind this. It was as if a tornado had swept through the house. It had happened that fast. “So, this is how it (our relationship) is supposed to end.” Trying to turn something bad into something good, I justified the breakup by saying, “We were never of ‘like’ mind anyway, and it was just never meant to be. He just doesn't get it. To think, after three years, just like that....POOF!! And it's over!”

Even though he was mad at me, I still would have taken him to the hospital the next morning. In my heart, I still cared about him and wanted to be with him during the tests. I also knew that he was frightened, and he needed my support now more than ever. But he had chosen his own fate, and it was now out of my hands. He would have to face tomorrow all by himself, without me.

The next morning Dale did just that. During the tests, instead of being put out, he chose to be awake but sedated. He wanted to watch the monitor and see the tests “live” as they were happening.

The first scheduled test was the colonoscopy, which Dale passed with flying colors. However, the next test, the endoscopy (upper GI), didn't. Right away, the doctor picked up on a problem in Dale's stomach. Again, Dale, wide awake and watching the monitor, could see exactly what the doctor was seeing, "inflamed" tissue. That's when Dale got scared. From his own medical background, Dale knew this could be an indication of cancer. Panicking, he asked the doctor if it was cancer, but the doctor wouldn't answer him. Instead, the doctor was too busy snipping off a piece of the "abnormal" tissue for a biopsy.

Now that the tests were over, all Dale could do was wait for the biopsy results which would be available in a few days.

Later that same day I called my brother and told him what had happened the night before. I asked him if he would check on Dale to find out how he was doing and how his tests had come out.

Later that evening my brother called me back, saying he had just talked to Dale, and Dale was hysterical. Dale started crying as he told my brother, "Dan, I might have cancer. I'm scared, Dan. I don't want to die!"

After my brother's report on Dale, I decided not to call Dale. If our relationship was supposed to be over, I didn't want to get it started back up. As far as I was concerned, Dale was history. He wouldn't listen to me in the past, why would he listen to me now? Like me, he would have to learn everything the hard way.

As the next couple of days passed by, Dale did not try to contact me either. Even my family and friends believed we had broken up for good. The only news I would hear about Dale was now through my brother.

Within a week of the biopsy, my brother talked to Dale again. Greatly relieved, Dale told my brother the biopsy had come back "negative" for cancer. Then Dale had a gall bladder test, and that test came back okay, too. But Dale told my brother he was still really sick. Complaining of terrible headaches and nausea, Dale's face and chest were still broken out with hives and his stomach still hurt, too. He couldn't eat, and he couldn't sleep. He was miserable.

I spent Christmas with my family and on New Year's Eve, I spent that evening alone for the first time in three years without Dale.

Through the grapevine, I heard that Dale was still sick. It was now January 8, and the doctors had told Dale they didn't know what was

wrong with him. So they told him there was nothing more they could do, and that's when the phone calls began.

Dale began calling around six o'clock that evening. I had caller ID and saw that it was him, so I didn't answer it. He wouldn't give up, though, because he kept calling and calling, until finally I picked up the phone and sarcastically said, "What do you want?" Dale's voice sounded desperate, as he cried, "Linda, help me! I'm sick! I'm dying!"

Holding back my emotions, I nonchalantly asked him what was wrong. He moaned, "I'm sick!" I told him he had "cried wolf" before, and then asked him to describe "sick." Dale complained that he felt nauseated and had terrible headaches. He also felt dizzy when he stood up and felt like he was going to pass out.

Trying to sound indifferent, I advised him to call his doctor. He then confessed that the doctors couldn't find anything wrong with him. Almost in tears, he sobbed, "Linda, I'm afraid to be alone. Please help me! I'll give you anything!" Pretending to be insulted, I snapped back, "I don't want your money! You never listened to me before, why would you listen to me now?"

Now, he became really desperate and began pleading, "Linda, please! I'm **BEGGING** you! I'll do anything you say. You're the only one who can help me!" All of a sudden, an eerie feeling came over me as if I were having a "deja vu." Then goose bumps appeared on my arms as I was having a flashback. It was September and I was talking on the phone with Dave and his chilling words were now coming back to haunt me, "Don't worry, by February he'll be **begging** you to help him!" "Oh my God! What Dave said has come true!"

Before I could give Dale an answer, a second call was coming through, and I told Dale I had to put him on hold to answer it. It was Donna. I told her I couldn't talk and that I would call her right back. After getting back with Dale, I told him that I would have to think about it, and I would call him back later that night with my answer.

When I hung up the phone, I asked myself, "What am I going to do now?" After three years of fighting, it was over, but now I felt guilty. He needed me, and he had always been there for me when I needed him. I wanted to help him, but I didn't want to get back together. At this time, I decided I needed advice, but who could I ask? Just then, I thought of Donna. She was smart. She would know what to do.

(Note: Donna and I had become good friends and I had already told her the story about Dave, including the prediction about Dale begging me to help him.) As soon as Donna answered the phone, I said, “Donna, you won’t believe what happened! What Dave told me about Dale has come true!”

As Donna and I talked it over, I told Donna that I would like to help him, but I didn’t want to get back together. I asked her what she would do. Making a good point, she said, “Linda, what if you refuse to help him, and someday you need help and someone refuses to help you?” I agreed that I could create “bad” karma over this and I definitely didn’t want that. As I thought it over, I told Donna that Dave never did say what the outcome would be. I then told her, “I guess God is leaving that up to me.”

When I hung up the phone, I immediately called Dale back and told him, “I’ve decided to help you.”

