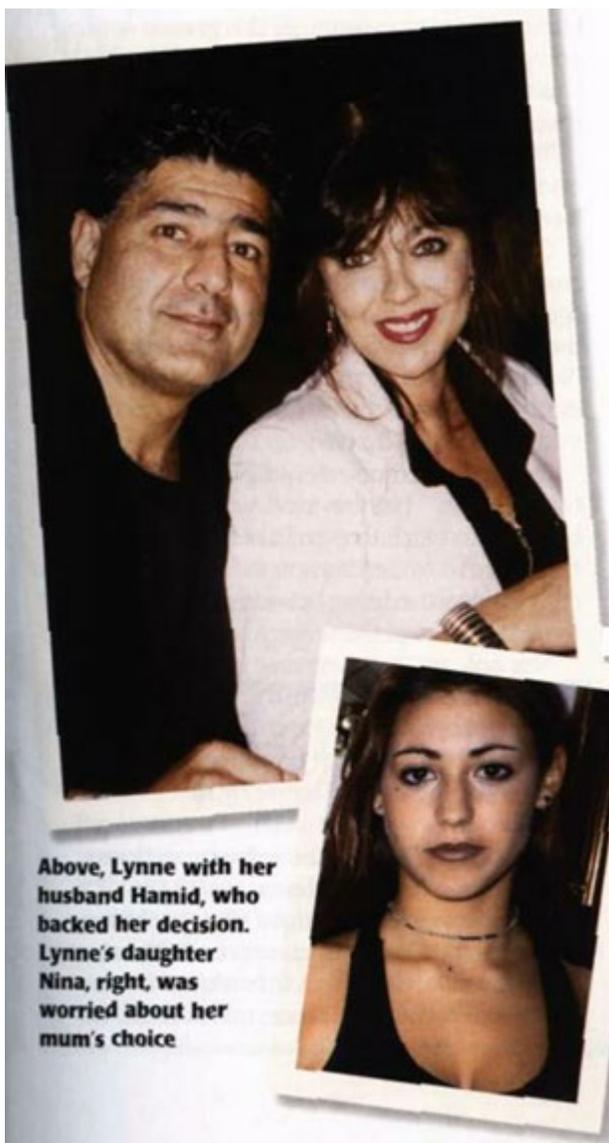




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Cancer gave me a new life



Above, Lynne with her husband Hamid, who backed her decision. Lynne's daughter Nina, right, was worried about her mum's choice

When Lynne Dabiralai was diagnosed with breast cancer, it was to be the start of an extraordinary journey...

Anyone looking at me a year ago would have thought, 'success'. I was 46 and working as a drama teacher and a bathroom designer. My husband of 25 years, Hamid 47, was busy running his chain of video rental stores. My daughter, Nina, 21, was studying for her university finals. But on closer inspection the cracks caused by a hectic and unhealthy lifestyle were starting to show. I'd always juggled different parts of my life, but by July 2001 things were intense. When I wasn't organising end of term shows at the school in Camberley, Surrey, where I worked I would be driving around to measure up clients' bathrooms. Often I wouldn't get home until 11pm, by which time Hamid would be asleep in bed. I no longer had time to meet up with girlfriends and play badminton, or even catch a proper lunch. My cigarette habit climbed from 20 to 60

a day and I would wake in the middle of the night with panic attacks, gasping for breath. Something had to give. And it did. One morning I'd been hurriedly dressing when I found a lump, about the size of a marble, sticking out just under my right breast.

Most women would've been panic-stricken but I was completely calm. I'd found lumps on my body before and they'd all been diagnosed as benign cysts. So, with my hectic lifestyle, it was a week before I got round to

seeing my doctor. And sure enough, my GP said it was nothing to worry about. The lump's too mobile to be anything serious. I think it's a cyst,' he said, and referred me to hospital to have it drained.

My life went on normally for two weeks and, still sure that nothing would be wrong, I turned up for my hospital appointment alone. I didn't wince when a nurse plunged a giant syringe into my lump. My eyes stared at the empty cartridge, expecting to see fluid come out. But nothing did.

After a couple of tries, the nurse frowned. 'I'm sorry,' she said. 'We can't drain your lump, so it's not a cyst. I'm afraid you'll need a mammogram.'

Yet still the alarm bells didn't ring.

It was happening to me

Altogether, I had seven mammograms. It sounds ridiculous, but I still wasn't scared. When I was told to return the next morning, I simply prepared myself for more tests.

When the time came, I was surprised to be greeted by a breast care nurse and a consultant. Out of nowhere, the consultant said 'You have breast cancer.' I watched his mouth move and knew that words were coming out, but I was too shocked to take anything in. 'You'll need to go to X-ray now and have blood samples taken,' he said. I froze. It was as if all my emotions had drained away. I couldn't stay in the room any longer. 'I need to go home and see my husband,' I told them. All I could think about was that word - cancer. My father had died from it nine years earlier and now it was happening to me.

Nina was standing at the top of the stairs as I walked into the house. She started asking me how my appointment went, then saw the strain on my face and stopped. I tried to tell her gently. 'I'm afraid the doctor says it's cancer.' I couldn't bear to see the fear in her eyes as she rushed to comfort me. Then I walked into our bedroom where Hamid was and blurted out, 'I've got breast cancer. I have to go straight back to the hospital for tests.' That was when the tears finally came.

Concern was etched on Hamid's face, but he isn't the sort of person to deal with illness full on. He urged me not to worry. Immersed silently in our thoughts, we drove to hospital.

The consultant offered only one solution: 'We need you in next week for an operation to cut out the lump and some of your lymph nodes. Then you might need some radiotherapy and chemotherapy.' Nobody actually said that I could die. But their urgency spoke volumes to me.

My will to live

Over the next few days the shock eased and my will to live took over. I remembered information I'd seen years ago about different ways of treating cancer, and began to feel calm and more hopeful. Then one day I was lying on my bed when an amazing sensation crept over me. It sounds odd but what felt like a pair of warm

arms wrapped | themselves around me. For the first time since my diagnosis, I knew what I wanted to do. I didn't want to be cut open or to take loads of drugs. I wanted to have a go at building up my immune system and healing myself.

I had to explain to Nina that I wouldn't have surgery. Her face paled. 'No, Mum!', she said. Like so many of us, she'd been told that conventional medicine was the only safe, and sane, option. Then a week or so later I saw a newspaper article about Dr Harry Oldfield - a physicist who, more than 20 years ago, had carried out pioneering work photographing healthy cells and comparing their 'energy fields' to cancerous ones. Later he had transferred his skills into healing with crystals and I decided it could be the key to my fight against cancer. I telephoned the number at the bottom of the article and left a message.

Of course, I had no proof that Dr Oldfield could help me, but I never had any doubts about the path I was taking. The next morning I tried to stall my consultant so I could investigate more.

'I don't want surgery yet,' I announced 'I smoke 60 cigarettes a day and drink moderately. I want to detox before I go through this.' Eventually, he gave me three months before any possible surgery.

Later that day, my phone rang. It was Dr Oldfield's wife. 'Harry can see you tomorrow,' she said.

The alternative route

When I met Harry I kept my condition secret to test him out. He took pictures of me with his electrotherapy crystal machine and examined the results. 'You have congestion of energy in your breast,' he said, analysing the images of me. It was then that I told him it was cancer.

Harry nodded. 'Cancer is not just a lump - it's a degeneration of the whole system. We are made up of electrical circuits and doctors identify this in ECG scans. So to treat congestion we need to unblock and rebalance your energies.'

How the electro crystal scans looked



What is Electro Crystal Therapy?

Dr Oldfield explains the principle behind the course of treatment Lynne followed. 'Lynne's energy fields were extremely low when she first came to see me and I was very worried about her. The energy fields of a healthy person show up as bright, vibrant colours of yellow and white, but her colours were very dull. Hers was an acute case. At this point I stressed to Lynne that I was not making a clinical or medical diagnosis.

'I started treating Lynne once a week with electro crystal therapy. This works by passing a small electrical pulse through high grade crystals (imported from Brazil). The high frequency multiple vibrations from the crystals match those which are taking place naturally in the body's cells. They tune up, and heal, any dulled energy.

'The crystals, which are contained in flexible plastic tubes filled with saline solution, are then wrapped around the body.

'Although people come to me with ailments ranging from stress and ingrowing toenails to chronic arthritis, I am not treating the symptoms as such. Instead, I work

on balancing the body's energy fields, and this should have a positive effect on any physical problems. There are some people who are terrified of surgery and chemotherapy, but if this process works for them, it is a gentler technique.'

A huge weight had been lifted off my shoulders and I started to visit Harry for weekly treatments. I would lie still while he placed crystals on my body and ran a gentle electrical pulse through them to harmonise with my own natural energy fields. With Dr Oldfield's help, I also dramatically changed my lifestyle. Within a week I quit smoking, handed in my notice at the bathroom company and went on sick leave from my job at the school. I gave myself coffee enemas to detox and drank lots of organic vegetable and fruit juice every day. I exercised on a Chi machine, which allows your body to take up more oxygen. For a while I turned vegetarian. It had taken the jolt of being diagnosed with cancer to make me see how unhealthy I had been.

At home Hamid coped the best way he could by convincing himself that I would be fine. It may seem cold but a more panicky husband would have marched me to the nearest hospital. In this way I was free to focus on my chosen course of action. Mentally I threw myself into my healthy regime and attending Dr Oldfield's sessions. But some days it felt like the cancer was trying to bring me down, and it was a battle to get out of bed. The worst day was on Nina's graduation. I hadn't told my mother about the cancer as I knew she would freak out after what had happened to my dad. So when she had to practically hold me up during the ceremony she was worried but I didn't let on.

I went through bouts of sickness and suffered terrible migraines for the first time in my life. But gradually I started to look and feel better. When October came it was time to revisit the hospital for my appointment with the cancer nurse, 'You look good,' she said. My eyes were brighter and my hair had returned to being dark brown, instead of a faded mousy colour.

'I didn't want to be cut open or to take loads of drugs. I wanted to help heal myself'

I knew she was about to urge me to get on with the surgical procedure, so I interrupted her. 'I am committed to using the crystals and to healing myself,' I insisted. Thankfully she was supportive and assured me I could change my mind at any time. The consultant was more alarmed and wrote a letter urging me to reconsider.

Before I was diagnosed I weighed 16 stone, as I was always eating snacks on the go and not exercising. By Christmas I was just nine stone. It was scary, but I knew it was part of the detox program.

Each month Harry would do a scan to see how I was doing. Gradually the patch of red in the images of my breast began to recede. Although I knew deep inside that it would work, it was amazing to see the evidence in the scans.

In the new year I moved from weekly to monthly electro crystal treatments and before long I started to put on weight again.

GP Dr Julian Eden says

The prognosis for a breast cancer sufferer is governed by several factors. Foremost is what is known as the stage of the cancer; a method of describing the cancer's size and whether it has spread to other areas. There are four stages in all.

Stage one, the type that Lynne has, is when the tumour is below 2cm in diameter

with no spread elsewhere. Stages two and three are similar, dictated by increasing size.

Stage four is when the cancer has spread elsewhere in the body, for example lymph nodes in the armpit.

'For all stage one sufferers who receive treatment or not, 90 per cent of them can expect to live for a further five years. Stage four is linked with only a 10 per cent chance. So in early treatment of breast cancer doctors try to reduce the chance of the cancer spreading by removing it entirely 'Chemotherapy and radiotherapy also make the cancer reduce in size and stop it spreading. The strength of the mind is well documented in fighting many terrible illnesses, but I always feel medicine is not an 'either or" situation. 'Lynne should combine treatments - keep on with the crystals, but have the lump removed and take a tablet that has been proven to work.'

My new life

The turning point came at the beginning of June. For the first time in years my skin glowed and my energy levels soared. More importantly, I could wake up in the morning and the first thing I thought about wasn't always the lump. 'I feel more like myself again,' I said to Nina one day. My sense of humour had returned and I felt whole again.

One year on from being told I had cancer, I still have my lump - but it's a lot smaller. A few weeks ago I plucked up the courage to tell my mum about the diagnosis. She looked me over and then said, 'Well, you're not ill now.' And that's confirmation enough from a mother who would usually fly into a panic if I had a cold.

I realise that complementary treatments aren't for everyone - but they have worked for me. My blood tests match those of a healthy person, but feeling well is evidence enough for me. If I'd left it conventional medicine, I could easily be suffering the side effects of the surgery and the drugs. Not only am I teaching drama and dance again, I'm now assisting Harry with his treatments so others can benefit, too. He still monitors my progress. But for the first time in my life my mind, body and spirit are all in harmony.