

Testimonial



HIV, THROMBOCYTOPENIA AND THE START OF MY GNM JOURNEY

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“My journey into GNM had begun and I have never looked back”

I was 39 years old when I tested HIV positive. It was November 2009 and I was with my partner, celebrating my mothers 78th birthday. I received a phone call from my local clinic, asking me to come in to receive a test result. I was a little anxious but told myself that it would all be just fine. When I arrived, the doctor sat me down and informed me that I had reacted to the p24 antigen test, supposedly a lead indicator of HIV infection and that I should take another test and expect the other proteins on the test to show up too, confirming that I had HIV. On the next test results, these other proteins were reactive and now I was without hope, believing that I had a “killer” in my blood (my first Blood Conflict). After receiving the second test, I began using my science education to examine the latest research available on HIV. Meanwhile, I spent every morning looking in the mirror and saying to myself, “you have a killer in your blood” (Hanging Conflict). I spoke with the states “top specialist”, who told me that I had the worst numbers he’d ever seen and I would be dead in two years, if I didn’t start taking the medications immediately. I picked up a two month supply that day and began taking them every day, feeling nauseous, looking pale, and suffering with diarrhea every day.

It was around a month later, that I had done enough research to realise that there was no evidence to support the assertions of the medical industry regarding HIV. I also connected with members of a dissident community, with extensive and logical resources for me to explore and confirm what I had already discovered. I found myself still doubting and bouncing back and forth between the two views and it took many months for me to feel secure in this new understanding. It was seven months later, one day in June when I noticed that I was bruising quite easily while I was carrying some trays of strawberries around on my hips. This didn’t last long and I didn’t pay much attention to it. Four months later, in October, I travelled to China and I began bruising easily again and could not remember hitting myself on anything. I decided to have my blood checked upon my return home a few weeks later. I went again to my local clinic to have my doctor tell me in a panicked manner, “You only have a thrombocytes (platelet) count of 59 (normal range is 150 - 350) and you need to get to the hospital immediately, and don’t have an accident on the way, or you will bleed out and die on the road.” (my next Blood DHS). I arrived at the hospital and the doctor there told me, “Come back when your count is below 20.” (thanks for helping me set the goal). They called me every week to ask me to come back and test again and every time I tested, my count came back lower, until it reached 20, then they started infusing me with blood platelets, which was pointless, as they were always gone again with 24 hours. Eventually they started infusing me with Immune Gamma Globulin, which allowed my platelets to come back for around 28 days each time. The only other treatments offered to me were:

- Take toxic anti-retroviral drugs (for my mythical virus)
- Take cortisone (because “sometimes” that works)
- Have my spleen removed (because “sometimes” that works)

I had been to an alternative health practitioner several months prior and I had told her my issues and that I didn't believe in HIV. She handed me a name on a piece of paper as I was leaving, it read, "Dr. Hamer". By the time I had received my third dose of Immune Gamma Globulin, I (amazingly) remembered the name "Dr. Hamer" and went online to find out more about him. I read his personal story about losing his son Dirk and his subsequent onset of testicular cancer, thinking "Oh yes, another useless alternative medicine". Two weeks later, I attended an Easter celebration at a friend's home and as I was chatting with a 21yo homosexual man named Mitch, I told him about my thrombocytopenia, and the conversation went like this:

Mitch: "Oh, I've had that."

Me (surprised): "Why?"

Mitch: "I had to take chemotherapy."

Me (again surprised): "What for?" (he was a fit healthy looking young man).

Mitch: "I had testicular cancer."

Me: "Did you happen to lose someone close to you just before?"

Mitch (his eyes welling with tears): "I was the guardian for my 5 year old cousin. She died of leukemia and 3 months later I was diagnosed with testicular cancer."

I was completely dumbfounded. The one example of GNM that I knew had just been verified by the only person I had ever met who'd had testicular cancer. I was immediately filled with hope and wanted to drive the 300kms home and start reading all I could find regarding GNM. I did stay the rest of the weekend at my friends place and ordered the GNM book and chart set as soon as I could. When it arrived a few weeks later, I was shocked once more to find that it included the details of thrombocytopenia (Conflict-Active Phase of a Blood Conflict). Although I didn't understand GNM back then, I knew that my distress was coming from the blood testing, from being told I would probably bleed to death, and the weekly phone calls from the doctors, so much so, that every time the phone rang, I felt nervous and didn't want to answer it. I made plans to travel to the USA for 6 weeks and then to Europe for another 6 weeks, where the specialists couldn't reach me. I took my last blood test and it showed that I had just 1 platelet/mL of blood. I took my last dose of Immune Gamma Globulin and left the medical system and my worries behind. When I returned 3 months later, my next test showed a count of 89 platelets/mL. I don't recall any major healing symptoms, but my blood count last year was around 115 and to this day, I haven't experienced any more symptoms related to low blood platelets.

My journey into GNM had begun and I have never looked back.

Source: www.LearningGNM.com