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Cancer

“WITHIN 20 YEARS, EVERY PERSON ON THE EARTH WILL BE AFFECTED BY
SOME FORM OF CANCER”

“WITHIN 20 YEARS IF A CURE IS NOT FOUND, ONE HALF OF THE EARTH'S
POPULATION WILL
HAVE AIDS”

If you have cancer at this present moment and have merely one week to live, there will be millions of people around the world who will beat you into the cemetery even though they seem to be perfectly healthy at the moment. Our passing from this life is tenuous, unpredictable and often tragically sudden. This will be the case for those millions who will beat you to the grave. You are in fact much more fortunate than they, even with your terrible illness, because you will have had the opportunity to read this story. They won't. This is not just a story of cancer, it is a story of the current plight of our world and the catastrophe that confronts it. It is a story of how you can use your illness to great advantage and hope.

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I did not think it would happen to me, but who does? There was no trace of cancer in my family tree although there were a few 'nuts' hanging off it over the years. My father worried himself to death with the possibility that he had prostate cancer which he did not have when he died. But there is no doubt his worry gene came my way, why shouldn't it, I had already copped most of the rotten fruit that had fallen off that family tree of ours. Why not a bit more? Men are warned continually by the media and the medical profession to have regular yearly blood tests for prostate cancer. I developed this paranoia of having regular PSA tests about 5 years ago to keep an eye on my prostate. I did far better than what all the media propaganda rubbish suggested. I had no less than 16 blood tests for cancer in 3 years, plus all possible tests including 8 biopsies and many scans. I thought that would be the

proper and sensible thing to do. If I had any symptoms of Ca, the medical experts would find it with all those tests I had and all their modern sophisticated equipment wouldn't they? In a pig's ear they would.

All my tests, and there were many, all came back negative. In the middle of last year, my PSA, a blood test that is the first indicator of prostate cancer, started heading for the moon at the rate of 3 ng/ml per week. It is considered that if a man's PSA reading rises more than 2 per year, he has ten times more chance of dying of the disease than a man whose PSA remains normal when he has cancer. That simply meant that I had a million more chances of dying at the rate my PSA was rising. It had reached a reading of 41. Three months ago because of the sudden rise in my reading, I took a special test called the Free PSA test which supposed to be far more accurate than the ordinary PSA test. All the literature I had read told me this test was fool proof. Well, it only proved I was the fool. It was nothing of the sort. In my case, eating a packet of jelly beans would have proven a far more accurate test. The Free PSA result test came back at 22% which meant I was in the clear. Any reading over 15% was considered safe by all the experts whom we naturally take for granted, know what they are talking about. Nothing to worry about I thought, you beauty— Not much!!!

As my PSA continued to rise, I realized my Free PSA test result was nothing more than a bit of free false misinformation that was putting my life at risk. So I sought out a urologist who was so pleased to meet me, rather than shake me by the hand, he stuck a glove on one hand like a Pro golfer does, but instead of reaching for a 7 iron, he shoved his finger up an unmentionable part of my anatomy. I thought 'what a strange fellow, what a strange greeting, and what a strange custom.' He felt all around my prostate and declared, "That feels good to me." I replied saying, "It doesn't feel too good to me." Then he later put me out to it and shoved something like a coat hanger with a light on it up my toosh to have a look around, and he took numerous biopsy samples that left me bleeding like a stuck pig out of both holes from the front and the back. In fact I was so excited by the procedure, I went into a rigor [the shakes] for an hour or so that nearly shook the hospital off its foundations, so they kept me in for the night which was most unusual for a "simple 3-hour and off-home" procedure.

The biopsy samples revealed that I was 7 on the Gleason cancer scale which is borderline very serious, and rather aggressive. Then an MRI scan revealed that I had a small tumour at the back of the prostate that was contained within the capsule. Not much to worry about again I thought. Again—not much!!! A week later, a bone scan revealed that I was riddled with prostatic bone metastasis and that meant simply, all the negative tests I had been receiving were not worth a cold crumpet. It also simply meant that I had been given a death sentence. How did I get the spread of bone cancer in its advanced stage only three months after they told me that the Free PSA test I took revealed that I was cancer free? Such an occurrence totally lacked logical, medical, or rational explanation.

My first reaction to the news was, "You beaut, I am going to die, that's something I've never tried before"

Upon questioning about the things that really matter in life, mainly the dying bit, my urologist informed me that the statistics of men with my problem were very simple. At least 50% would be dead within two years. That did not upset me too much because I already had my bags packed for my trip into the unknown, with the exception that such a trip was certainly not unknown to people like me, and millions like me. I informed the doctor that I was ready to go and the sooner I went the better. I told him I was going to take the quick way out and would not be taking any forms of treatments that were going to make my life more miserable than it already was, nor prolong it.

It was no surprise to me really that I had a serious illness. I had spent the last two years going through what most cancer sufferers must experience. A slow ebbing of strength. Everything becoming an increasing effort. A loss of interest in life. A loss of appetite and a loss of weight. Severe pain day and night. I told my wife several times that I knew I was dying and if I wasn't, I wished I was.

Toward the end of my two years of mysterious suffering leading up to the diagnosis, I made an entry into a diary I had been keeping on what I thought God was saying throughout all my suffering. This is what I wrote. "I have just finished a 2 year ordeal of hellish pain, fatigue, and bewilderment as if the very life blood had been drained from my body. I have begged God many, many times to let me die because I was so ill. On October the 24th I received the news that I was riddled with bone cancer as could easily be depicted in the x-rays of the bone scan. At least now, I knew the suffering was not in my head.

I have had first hand experiences with death many times during my life as both a nurse and a minister of religion, but none so vivid as the day my wife and I packed our picnic bags to travel to Melbourne for the day to spend some precious hours with our daughter. When I burst into her flat and yelled out to her, I found her dead on the floor. Both my wife and I knew exactly at that moment where our daughter had gone. It was as if a soft voice whispered into our ears, "She is not here, she is risen." There were absolutely no doubts about it. Her death was in fact a relief to both of us, and although we miss her terribly, we would never want her back. To those who have a little trouble with this "soul sleep" business, let me remind you of a few scriptures. 1Thess 4:14 "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Can anyone explain to me **how Jesus is going to bring back the spirits of the dead saints with Him if they had not already gone into His presence at the moment of their death?** And who might be the cloud of witnesses be from Hebrews chapter 11 that are "compassing about us" in the following chapter if they had not already ascended into heaven on the occasion of their deaths? Paul said very clearly, "To be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord. He says nothing about taking a snore in a coffin. And Solomon tells us in Eccles 12:7 "Then shall the dust, [the human body] return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Soul sleep, a doctrine believed by many, is not a real issue here, it has nothing to do with salvation, but the progression of some of those proponents are now preaching a gospel where they claim that those who believe we go straight to be with the Lord are in fact practicing witchcraft. This is a damnable, false, and dangerous doctrine. **It is a priceless gift to know exactly where you are going the moment you die.**

That's why I thank God that I have cancer because I know that through it, many will receive the wonderful news through this little book, that there is hope for them in whatever situation they find themselves to be in.

King Solomon, reputedly the wisest man who ever lived, [though such a claim is sometimes doubtful when you see the way he ended up,] said these words in Eccles7:1-3, "The day one dies is better than the day he is born. It is better to spend your time at funerals than at festivals. For you are going to die and it is a good thing to think about it while there is still time. Sorrow is better than laughter, for sadness has a refining influence on us. Yes, a wise man thinks much of death, while the fool thinks only of having a good time."

The wonderful thing about cancer is that it gives us some time to think about our own death before others do, who will one day be standing around our grave telling a lot of senseless nonsense about how good we were after we are gone. If you are unlucky or stupid enough to have a Celebrant to officiate at your funeral, or worse, many a pretender to the cloth who wears a collar back to front, and who cannot tell the difference between a Church and a pub, a lot of twaddle will waft up into the air in the form of a eulogy that will have all the fools who are standing around your grave convinced that your immortal soul has gone up into heaven to meet Aunt Mary who is with the fairies.

Many funerals I have attended have made me sick. The fools who have officiated have treated with total contempt the fact that the ones who they have buried have departed to a place of eternal fire and torment, and who are themselves bound for the same place. They give not a single word of warning to those who are attending that there is a heaven to gain after death and a hell to shun at all costs. Solomon's words that a funeral is a better place to attend than a party is inapplicable to the masses who are bound for hell. Let them enjoy their parties while they have the time to do so.

In having a bit of time to think about dying, even during a time of extreme illness, or whatever our circumstances may happen to be at the time, gives us the edge on the millions who have dropped dead from heart attacks, taken their own lives, and who have died suddenly from accidents, who simply did not have the time to think about death. The Apostle Paul once said, "I have become all things to all men, that I might win some." It is not recorded that Paul had cancer, so he may not have fully understood what cancer sufferers go through, but he had suffered just about everything else a man could suffer from. And so have I. And seeing that I now have cancer to improve my sense of humour, perhaps I can speak in Paul's place and tell you what the Bible says about cancer and dying.

The first thing it says is, don't blame God for your cancer like most people do. The Bible says "It is appointed unto men once to die and after that, the judgment." We all have our names and the date of our death on a tombstone or a plaque somewhere in the not too distant future and there is nothing we can do to avoid meeting that date. From the moment we are born, we are destined to die, and if our number comes up earlier than we expect, it is not a wise time or opportunity to start getting mad at God.

No matter what I have been through, or what I am going through, my first reaction to the news of my cancer was to die as quickly as possible. I believed the quality of life I was going through, and my inability to contribute to, or enjoy the simple things of life, would make death like all my Christmases rolled up into one. But can one ever walk away with immunity from the call that God has put on their lives, that being the saving of souls at all costs? I tried deliberately to ignore the fact that a message of salvation to cancer sufferers would be a message to the biggest congregation of people in the world. It has been estimated by a medical expert on 3ABN TV that within 20 short years, every person on earth will be directly affected by some form of cancer. So in regards to my own plight with cancer, the words of the apostle Paul flashed into my mind as recorded in the second epistle to the Corinthian Church. "We would not have you ignorant of the trouble that came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, inso-much that we despaired even of life. **But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead. Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us.**"

The above scripture is I believe, very relevant to all who are seriously ill with cancer. Cancer is a sentence of death, and if we have that sentence upon us, it is a just reason and plain common sense to call out to God and to trust in Him, that He will yet deliver us. Countless thousands around the world have been, and are being, cured of cancer by the power of God. Many of course as we all well know, have not been.

I have lived for the greater part of my life in what can only be termed as border line-depression, anger, and unhappiness. This cuts right across the grain of what a Christian supposed to feel like, and I have often felt like jumping up and flattening the snouts of galoots who scream from the pulpit that we should be "full of the joy of the Lord." I could not find one single prophet in the Old Testament who could boast of such credentials. Most of them were happy little souls just like me, who spent their lives cursing the day of their birth and begging God to let them die. I will defend my condition by declaring that Jesus was made perfect by the things that he suffered, as I hope to be, and what helped my suffering along a little was the fact that I found out that my father wanted my mother to kill me when she was carrying me in the womb. I was unwanted and threatened as a defenseless foetus, and I don't think even Jesus had to put up with that. At least that helped me to understand why I always wanted to punch people's lights out and why I was such a terrible father. So for the past several years I had been hanging onto a promise that God had given me that "He was going to give me blessings in proportion to all the misery I had suffered."

His wonderful promise finally arrived wrapped up in terminal bone cancer. I was thrilled as you can imagine, but in God's purposes, there must be a reason for these things. On the bright side, it made me want to die more than ever. But in the back of my mind I heard a little whisper, "If you will only

believe, you will see the glory of God.” I wrote a lot of successful little booklets on the plight of prisoners because I had spent 20 years working in maximum security, so I knew what I was talking about when writing those booklets. But how was I to write a booklet that made sense to the biggest congregation of people on the earth, those with cancer, and those millions who are just about to come down with it?

I had reached the point in my life where I couldn’t care less, so I intended putting my feet up, opting out from my spiritual responsibilities, and shutting down the computer. I had had a gut full of suffering in this life and I wanted no more. But then it dawned upon me once again that within the next 20 years if Christ has not returned in the meantime, **every person on earth** will be affected by some form of cancer. The disease is spreading like wildfire, so in deciding to write this booklet, I am taking my feet back down again so to speak, coming out of my genre retirement, and addressing by means of this little booklet, those people who constitute the biggest congregation of people on the earth—cancer sufferers and potential candidates. If you are not a sufferer yet, that situation may change at any moment.

We all have cancer I have discovered. It is only when our immune system breaks down, when our cells become clogged with fat and are starved of oxygen that the cells begin to break down and cancer begins to manifest itself. Most people in Western countries eat a diet that is extremely high in acid content and this is another factor that makes a breeding ground for cancer cells. Our diets should be 50% acid and 50% alkaline, instead our diets are 90% acid.

Throughout the entire Bible, there is only one major theme that matters, and around which the entire gospel message revolves. It is simply this. Because the human race had fallen into sin, God sent His only Son to die at the hands of wicked men as a sacrifice for every sinner who ever lived. So what, you might ask. So what? Let me tell you something, and this might be the most important thing you ever read.

There is a place called heaven of which the Bible has much to say. It is not a fanciful delusion nor another fantasy that Hollywood would use to deceive and misguide us with, neither is it a place like Alice in Wonderland. It is described in John 14 as a **“Place of many mansions that Jesus has prepared for those who simply trust in Him, where everything is ready, so that when He comes to get us or when we die, whichever comes first, we will live forever in His glorious presence.”**

As mentioned before, the Bible tells exactly the same story, it explains in the simplest of terms that there is a heaven and a hell and that you and I are destined for one or the other. Every person is destined for hell unless they make their peace and form a relationship with Jesus Christ, God’s only Son who, as stated, came into the world for one reason only, that we might be saved through, and by His death, that we might receive this fact by faith, act upon it, then know in our hearts without a doubt that we are bound for heaven.

Paul puts it all as simply as it can be stated when he writes in his second letter to the Christians at Corinth, **“For we know when we die and leave our bodies, we will have wonderful new bodies in heaven, homes that will be ours forever more, made for us by God himself and not with human hands. How weary we grow of our present bodies. That is why we look forward eagerly to the day when we shall have heavenly bodies which we shall put on like new clothes. For we shall not be merely spirits without bodies. These earthly bodies make us groan and sigh, but we wouldn’t like to think of dying and having no bodies at all. We want to slip into our new bodies so that these dying bodies will, as it were, be swallowed up by everlasting life. This is what God has prepared for us, as a guarantee, He has given us His Holy Spirit.”**

“Now we look forward confidently to our heavenly bodies realizing that every moment we spend in these earthly bodies is time spent away from our eternal home in heaven with Jesus. We know these things are true by believing, not seeing. And we are not afraid, but are quite content to die, for then we will be at home with the Lord.”

I often wonder why God has kept a miserable insect like me alive for so long. I have had some amazing escapes from certain death. Near fatal car smashes that defy description have nearly taken me. I hit a post at full speed one night that left the motor of my bike embedded into the post I hit. It should have chopped my leg off, and I hurtled twenty meters through the air after I hit the post not wearing a helmet, and landed in the middle of the tarred road knocked unconscious. Two of my mates came along an hour later and found me snoring. I should have been skinned alive hitting the road, but the next day I was walking around the place without a scratch. Huge branches have fallen from trees that I was cutting down with a chainsaw and missed my head by centimeters. I have suffered for 55 years from a tormenting neurological condition that has taken me many times to the extremes of my endurance. My heart has been misfiring for 40 years and every day of my life I have died a hundred deaths. I was the only survivor in our town when it was stuck with an outbreak of meningitis. There was the day on our new farm just after my wife left to go back to the city that I hit the reverse pedal on my new ride on mower accidentally that shot the mower down over an embankment and it landed on top of me trapping me underneath. All I could do for half an hour was twiddle my toes to try to find out if my foot had been cut off.

I recently performed an amazing stunt on a tractor by flipping it over it over backwards onto me and how I got from under it before it crushed me to death, only God knows. A local farmer who came down with his tractor to pull my tractor back onto its feet, stood there shaking his head and declaring. “You don’t walk away from these.” Two weeks later, I was washing the same tractor down with petrol. I intended selling the old mongrel because it tried to kill me, but it wasn’t finished with me yet. I was washing all the old grease and oil off it in preparation for a quick sale. I was covered in petrol and held a bucketful in one hand whilst sloshing a paint brush with the other. The two alternator wires touched, and the tractor blew up in flames.

I stood there watching the old girl being cremated and shaking my head in disbelief that the flames had miraculously not touched me even though my body was the conductor that set off the explosion. How does a man saturated in petrol walk away from that?

I remember lying on a trolley outside the operating room at Monash Medical Centre early one morning waiting for my 6 by pass operation that I had hoped would put an end to the last 9 years of pain I had been suffering. Just before they gave me my lethal injection, I remember saying to God, "If I have to survive this operation to keep living the life I am enjoying, will you please let me die in there on the table." No such luck.

There are numerous other close encounters that I will not bore you with, but it remains to be said that if there is a God and He watches over us, He has kept me alive for a reason. I was beginning to find this concept a little difficult to accept 2 years ago when my present spate of health problems began to develop. We all know doctors these days have been systematised into computer-controlled robots who have a bad track record of not listening to what their patients are telling them, and most of the prescriptions they wrote out for me when I kept going looking for help, were ripped up before I walked out the door. They prescribed the most ridiculous medications when my symptoms were clearly those of cancer.

I am going to digress to tell a little story. About 6 years ago a friend gave me a print-out off a computer of a man in America called Clifford Beckwith who was opened up for prostate surgery and closed again immediately considered by the surgeon to be a hopeless case. He was given 3-6 months to live. Beckwith did some homework and tracked down the medical research work of Johanna Budwig, a German medical scientist who was curing many patients suffering from terminal cancer. Her magic formula was simply flaxseed oil and cottage cheese. Both people named in this paragraph can easily be googled up and researched.

Well the print-out the friend gave me was about 20 pages and told me not only of Beckwith's remarkable recovery [he died 17 years later] but listed the testimonies of dozens of other cancer sufferers that had been cured by the oil and cheese diet. Now it must be said that I print out and burn semi trailer loads of stuff off the computer and nothing lasts long in my office. Yet miraculously, Beckwith's article survived all those years and never ended up in ashes. When I found that I had cancer, I dug out the Beckwith article, studied it, and immediately went onto the oil and cheese in the prescribed doses.

Within a matter of weeks, all my pain was gone. No more hot water bottles 24 hours a day, and no more pain killers every 4 hours. My appetite quickly returned, I was putting weight back on, even my urologist commented twice on how well I was looking, and my cancer reading had dropped from 41 to 0.40 within weeks. I was out in the paddock within two weeks with the chainsaw which I hadn't touched for 2 years, and although I had long given up painting, out came the brushes again and I completed 6 paintings in 2 weeks. Life was beginning to be worth living again. But I make no claims whatsoever at this point in time that I have discovered a cure for cancer. I would not expect anyone to be stupid enough to believe that. I am simply reporting what happened to me at this particular stage.

As far as the physics of cottage cheese and flaxseed oil is concerned, it is simply this. Dr Budwig, the German medical scientist whose simple formula of the cheese and oil, healed thousands around the world of cancer, was nominated 7 times for a Nobel prize, but the medical profession prevented her receiving the prize on each occasion, because the medical crooks in the chemo industry wanted nothing to do with a cancer cure. It would deprive them of billions of dollars profit. This has always been common knowledge. Dr Budwig discovered it was the sulphur in the low-fat cottage cheese that converted the flaxseed oil [which is extremely high in Omega 3,6, and 9 which the human body is unable to produce.] into a water-soluble compound that entered directly into unhealthy cells, cleaned them out, re-oxygenated them, then sent them on their way to destroy the cancer cells. That is the principle in an extremely simplified manner.

Flaxseed oil is also extremely high in vitamins and nutrients, and is in fact a complete food within itself. It should be taken even by 'healthy' people, that is, if there is any of them left in the world. The oil is also an excellent aid in promoting cardio-vascular health, is good for the heart and arteries, and is guaranteed to get rid of most "itis" symptoms within 6 months, that is, every condition which is caused by inflammation. Since taking the oil for my cancer I have received added benefits. My triglycerides have never been below 4 though I have tried everything to bring them down. Since taking the oil they are now 1.6 which is normal. So also in my blood pressure for the first time, and my cholesterol is at an all time low of under 4.

For the people who do not have access to a computer to look up the two Google sites I gave on Beckwith and Budwig, let me make the following suggestions. People without health problems but who want to stay that way, are encouraged to take one tablespoon of pure organic cold pressed flaxseed oil once per day mixed with two tablespoons of low fat cottage cheese with a liberal dash of low fat yogurt thoroughly mixed for half a minute with a blender. It must be mixed into a smooth cream where there is no sign of the oil left around the edges. Now to this mixture, if required, can be added some honey for flavour, or as I use, chopped up pieces of pineapple, strawberries and walnuts. It is absolutely delicious. For people with advanced cancer and who are desperate, up to 6 table spoons of the oil may be mixed with half a cup of cottage cheese per day as per instructions above. I am personally taking 2 table spoons of oil with 4 table spoons of cheese and it seems to be turning the tide in my condition.

THE ANSWER TO CANCER.

Why innocent young kids and babies and teenagers for goodness sake? Why should they be struck down with this insidious killer? What have they done to deserve such a fate? The whole world stinks. It's all so unfair. Well the same thing applies to the half a million women and kids who were hacked to death in a demonic frenzy of madness in Rwanda, and what about that madmen Jew-hater called Hitler who got away with killing 60 million people, and who turned the earth into a living hell where a human life was only worth a bullet in the head? We learnt nothing from Hitler because he was soon followed by other madmen who the world, and the so-called United Nations ignored. There was Tojo, Pol Pot, Idi Amin, Castro, Stalin, Mao Tse Tung, all of the continuing slaughters in Africa, a hundred more trouble spots, and today we have yet another madmen waiting in the wings in Iran who wants to start it all over again.

I saw the news last night on TV. It was just another story of misery and human heart ache. You know, the usual garbage that is dished up every night to send us into a mild bi-polar episode. Nothing constructive, uplifting or optimistic—just the usual depressing bad news of death and crime. I saw a female Police officer attending the scene, and my eyes became glued to the gun she had in its holster on her left side. I thought very deeply about that gun, and the question filtered through into my senses, why does one human being have to wear a gun in a civilized society to protect that society from itself? That gun represented the state and the condition of the society in which we live. Guns are a deterrent against murder, robbery, stealing, corruption, pornography, pedophilia, drug dealing, house breaking, assault, and even sadly today, mental illness.

Is a society that demands of its law enforcement officers to carry arms any better than African countries who hack themselves to death or Muslim madmen who want to take over the world? No, we are all the same. We are all human and prone to acts of violence, greed, deception, lies and acts of every conceivable evil. Could you possibly believe that if we adhered stringently to God's simple Ten Commandments, there would be no police guns, no police force, no army, no customs department, no wild life protection officers, no tram and train inspectors and no law enforcement agencies? There would probably be no hospitals either because when revival broke out in Nagaland in the early 80's all the jails and hospitals were empty. There was no need for them. All the crims got saved and got let out of jail, and all the sick people were healed. That's what always happens when God moves in the spirit of revival.

Sickness, crime, and social collapse have one foundational cause and it is called SIN. And for the sins of many, other innocents must pay the price. Children and the vulnerable and frail must pay, as is in the case of war. Sin is a war against the will and purposes of a Holy God. If we sin, we pay the price. It's really all that simple.

We have repeatedly violated God's laws. And where does Australian rate in regards to its observance and respect of God's holy laws? About minus 95 out of 10 would be a generous estimate. We are drowning in porn, we are being desensitised and becoming brain dead by the tripe they dish up every night on TV, we are totally absorbed with our own self egos, of becoming wealthy at any price. We worship the great God sport with uncontrolled fervor and create gods out of the foul-mouthed hoons and brats that were once called sportsmen and women, and who extricate more millions out of suckers than they know what to do with. At the same time on the other side of the world, children are starving to death with bloated tummies, and are fly blown before they mercifully die.

We greedily borrow huge amounts of money to buy houses we can't afford. There seems to be more single mothers now than what there are stars in the sky. Our governments pay its population to commit fornication outside of marriage—a sin the Bible clearly warns will consign millions into hell. Our past and unforgettable "Christian" government under Howard paid young girls to procreate illegitimate children, and now we are consenting to bestiality which is the more appropriate and accurate meaning of homosexuality, [World Book] both within and without the Church. Rudd and his leftist cohorts will no doubt exacerbate this madness. We thief, we lie, and our youth indulge in drunken orgies that often see them carted off spewing in ambulances, wasting our precious resource facilities that could be better used saving the lives of people who deserved to be saved.

Our social fabric and the family unit has been undermined and destroyed by Political idiots who are euphemistically and comically labeled "Honourable sitting members." There is nothing honourable about the way these infidels have systematically destroyed the family structure of this nation by their gutless and godless behaviour, and by producing a conglomerate of single parents, destroyed homes, de facto circuses, broken families, and traumatized, and destroyed children. Any hopes that any government might have that its agencies will be able to cope with what's coming, is a self delusion of unbalanced minds. Is it any wonder that we are becoming sicker by the day?

Now, let me get back to the matter in hand one more time as I think I have digressed sufficiently, though of much necessity. Cancer as I see it, has three stages. Diagnosis, choice of treatment, and the fear of dying. Diagnosis takes care of itself, and sooner or later it will arrive automatically. Choice of treatment is a little more difficult especially in light of the fact that chemo therapy and radiation treatments kill more people than they cure. On a survey I conducted in health books and on the computer, I discovered almost 100% of oncologists interviewed said they would never accept chemo therapy as a treatment if they had cancer. The fear of death itself can aid in expediting the inevitable.

When I received the news that I had cancer I was in fact quite happy. I was elated for two reasons. The first is that I have had a difficult life and have suffered one way or another through most of it, and the thought of the big sleep caused me not the slightest concern. Also having been a Christian for more than 55 years and finding the Lord had not returned to the earth for me as expected, I readily consoled myself that I would go home to meet Him before He came. Several times I have attempted to instill into the reader of this article that the world in which we live has actually passed the midnight hour and Christ could return at any moment. This fact is known to all Christians around the world who love and serve the Lord. The mystery to them all is, why does God still hold up His coming when sin and the vileness of man is so rampant, and people have shut their eyes from the truth around them?

We are in fact headed for a blood bath when Israel is attacked by surrounding nations. Iran has already made its intentions painfully clear, and that evil country will be backed up by Muslim nations, and Russia and China, as clearly predicted in the Bible.

An outbreak of disease, plagues and woes, that man has never known will follow the great, brief, but totally destructive war in the Middle East. We are living on the very edge of the endurance of God's patience and the day is at hand when His merciful grace is about to turn into His violent wrath. When that begins to be poured out, nothing will be able to stop it. When it happens, people will soon forget about their cancers and their sore toes, and all the problems we have, will then become a non event. It is difficult to understand how people reject so easy a salvation as God has so generously provided through His Son who came into the world to taste the sufferings of mankind, to heal the sick and to cast out demons, only to be abused, falsely accused and then murdered on a cross.

All **you** have to do to be saved and to overcome the fear of death, is to say this prayer and to say it from the bottom of your heart: **“Lord God, I am a sinner and I know I am a sinner. I reach out to you now in my sin and in my sickness and I ask you to forgive me of all my sins. I now ask Jesus Christ to come into my life as my Lord and Saviour and I ask you to give me your peace that passes all understanding. I receive your peace, your forgiveness, and your healing now by faith. I ask you this in Jesus’ name, amen”**

If we fail to eat a daily ration of food, we eventually die. If we do not feed daily on the Word of God, the Bible, as a Christian, we will also die spiritually. We cannot possibly discern the will of God for our lives unless we feed continually on His word. During the 2 years of my impending illness, I lay there moaning and groaning and begging for death to come, staring at the sky, or the ceiling in the house, or the roof of the caravan, but all during that time, I feasted on the Word of God and He gave me no less than 25 pages of promises and encouragement. Three months before my diagnosis as I pleaded for death, I read something in the 38th Psalm that staggered me. **It listed all of the 7 problems I was suffering from and I will list them here.**

1. No soundness in my flesh. [exhaustion]
2. No rest in my bones. [busted ankles and bone cancer throughout my body]
3. Troubled and bowed down greatly. Mourning in pain all day long.
4. Loins filled with a loathsome disease. ‘Loathsome’ means, disgusting, sickening, abominable, detestable, repulsive, odious and nauseating. [In my case it was prostatitis and cancer, and believe me—that’s a loathsome disease.] If King David who was complaining of this terrible disease in Psalm 38 had been suffering from this loathsome disease within his loins before he lusted after and committed adultery with Bathsheba, it might have saved him a lot of heart ache, yet from that adulterous relationship came a son, King Solomon who was the first in the 14 generations from the seed of David’s loins, to the birth of the Saviour of mankind. Perhaps, just perhaps, from the miserable loathsome disease in my loins and of its causing me to write this story, the new birth of just one soul may be saved for eternity, or just perhaps also, one precious soul may be healed from a filthy disease and snatched from the power of Satan, who is the author of all disease and death.
5. Roaring by reason of the disquietness of my heart. [despair]
6. My heart panted and my strength failed. [heart arrhythmia and tachycardia]
7. My kinsmen stand afar off. [a desolate feeling of hopelessness.]

Then would you believe that God said the following to me in Job chapter 5. “Happy is the man whom God correcteth, therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty. For He maketh sore and He bindeth up. He woundeth and His hands make whole. **He shall deliver thee in six troubles. Yea in seven shall no evil touch thee.** Thou shall come to thy grave in full age. Lo this, we have searched it, so it is; hear it, and know that is for thy good.”

Now that’s what you call a promise from God, but whether I am up to the call of believing God, remains to be seen.

The entire world is cancerous—sick unto its inevitable death, and if global warming and green house gases don’t choke us to death, then we can worry about ratbag Muslim extremist who are hell bent on destroying us all. Then there is an escalating crime rate, family and social disintegration, unsolvable health care epidemics, breakdown of the health care system that will not be able to cope, and above all a universal and corporate denial of the Deity of Almighty God in both our private lives and within our governments.

It has been said many times, God moves in mysterious ways. He did it once when he came to the earth exchanging His deity into the form of a humble meek and compassionate human being who healed the sick and cast out devils but who was bashed for his troubles, insulted, falsely accused, then murdered on a cross for the sins of the world. He moved in a mysterious way when he knocked Paul off his horse and knocked some sense into him. Paul was amazingly converted but paid a dear price as he traded his floggings, lashings and inhuman torture for the Churches he established all throughout Asia, and for his troubles, he too was murdered. I was wondering why God knocked me off **my** nag with a massive dose of bone cancer that had eluded all investigative procedures that I had meticulously undertaken, and despite all of His wonderful promises to me that have never as yet, come to pass. Maybe I will have to cross the river from this life to the next like so many of the heroes of faith did in Hebrews 11, before His promises are made good. Who knows?

It must be noted and overly stressed that the Christian life was never meant nor indicated by God at any stage to be a bed of roses. In fact, the exact opposite is usually the case, and modern prophets who preach a gospel of prosperity and good times are, as we have already discovered, fools. Jesus' life was the perfect maxim, the paragon of Christian living and victory, and it was interwoven with continual suffering and deprivation. He continually taught us that the road of pain and suffering is the way to victory over the sin in our lives and you will hear little of this kind of chit chat from the sanctimonious pulpits of our present day. It is indeed difficult at times to understand why a God of compassion so often demands such a high price of suffering and death from his followers. But the avenues of Christian history are lined with the deaths of countless millions of martyrs and are being added to around the world on a daily basis.

Let us look at the deaths of few people and their attitude towards it

Jesus: He dreaded it and begged His heavenly Father to let the bitter cup of death pass from Him. He fell to the ground and said, "My soul is crushed by sorrow to the point of death," because He knew exactly what his awful torturous death was going to involve. He in fact sweated great drops of blood as he agonized over His death. Yet He died willingly, a lamb led to the slaughter, so that you and I may be made whole in His sight. That we might receive eternal life by a simple act of faith. What more could He do? More importantly, what are you going to do about it right now, because you may never get another chance?

Paul: He says in Phill. 1:21-24, "For me to live is Christ and to die is better. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour, yet what I shall choose about living and dying, I am not sure. For I am in a strait betwixt the two, having a desire to part and be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless, to live in the flesh is more helpful to those I was sent to serve."

Me: I, like Paul am a little betwixt the two in the matter of preferring living to dying. My oft wishes for death have been misconstrued by many that I am under some form of fatalistic resignation or depression, yet I truly long for the life that God has promised me in eternity where the things of this earth will be remembered no more. What a thrill to know we will meet up again with our loved ones who have gone before us. What a day that will be. Death? Big deal!! I find it a mystery how many struggling, dying Christians fight tenaciously to hang onto life to remain in this stinking world when a paradise awaits them the moment they close their eyes in death, And what after all is death? It is just a big earthly sleep from which we do not awaken. We close our eyes for the last time, and will be awakened only to the eternal destiny we have chosen, whilst we still had the chance to do so.

You: And where do you stand O precious sufferer, O precious lost soul, and precious reprobate without hope? You have in fact a greater advantage that I have because you have not been choked to death with 55 years of half truths, impatience, misinformation, false teachings, doubts, and let downs. If you have just recently accepted Jesus as your own personal Saviour or at least intend to, you will be as a little babe in Christ and will have the faith and trust of a baby and there are no limits as to what God may do for you if you ask him for something in simple faith.

My own brush with cancer has made me painfully cognisant of the fact that my responsibility lies not with my own useless mortality, but of telling the glorious news to a lost and needy world that Jesus saves whilst I still have the time, and that He can save you in your present circumstances. If you have asked Jesus into your heart to give you peace in your suffering and to give you the assurances that He has prepared for you a wonderful home for all eternity, you are now a child of the King and are entitled to all of His promises which are always yes and never no. "**They are always yea and amen.**" Here are a few promises that I will leave with you.

John 14:16. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that you should go forth and bring forth fruit. [that means getting your prayers answered] and that your fruit should remain" that whatsoever you ask of the Father in my name, He may give it to you."

Mark 11: 23, 24. "For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea: and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

1John 5:14, 15. "And this is the confidence that we have in God, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. And if we know that He hear us, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

1 Pet. 2:24. "Who his own self bare our sins on his body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins and alive unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed."

God has told me I am going to be healed from the impossible, but the fight yet remains as to whether or not I can take him at his word. It really makes no difference to me whether I go or stay, I am ready. He promises the same for you no matter how desperate your situation is and he will touch your life and

change you if you will but trust him. May the God of all grace and purity bless your life in these difficult and dangerous times, and if you want help, advice, or prayer, please contact anyone of the following persons on the back page.

Epilogue

One day recently a strange thing happened. I received a friendly call from a doctor who was the head of the MRI dept of the Latrobe hospital who was aware of my illness. He strongly advised me to have immediate surgical castration for my condition as such an operation had added 10 years of life to his dearest friend who had just died, and who had suffered the same condition that I had. I then visited a friend who has had the castration done a few years ago. I wanted his opinion. He spent about an hour giving me the same advice to have the castration as soon as possible. Castration, female hormones, or a coffin, are the only available treatments for prostatic bone cancer.

I was now totally confused. If this was God speaking to me through these two wonderful gentlemen, why was I feeling so uneasy about it all? The more the evening dragged on, the more I was convinced that if running the risks of castration with the possibility of it all back firing with side effects like hot flushes and depression and other problems as was very possible, I would be better off waiting on the front street for the first hearse to take me to boot hill. I had already made it painfully clear to my specialist that I much preferred death to taking any measures that would prolong the suffering of my life.

So I asked God one simple request that night before I went to sleep. “Lord, if this feeling I have that any treatment for my condition is wrong and that I am to trust you in all things, will you please give me one single word tomorrow when I visit the urologist that will place a little hope in my heart that will confirm I am doing the right thing in refusing treatment. All I am asking for is ONE word of encouragement.”

I turned up at the urologist’s office on time at 9.30 am and he must have hidden the scalpel and the strop he was using to sharpen it in the top drawer because I could not see them anywhere. I knew that he was most eager to use them on me and this was his big moment. It was the big moment of decision because I had already pulled out of the operation once already. For some peculiar reason, I was not wanting to have it. I asked the urologist had he received the report on my latest bone scan that was taken 9 days before, and he said no. So I pulled out the two different bone scans that were taken just 3 months apart and he stuck them up on the place on the wall where they stick X-rays. He said there appeared to be no spread of the cancer and in fact in a few places there actually seemed to be a regression. That is exactly what I had deduced after looking at the X-rays a thousand times over the past week. But nothing would mean a thing until we got the official bone scan report. The urologist simply said “We will take another PSA blood test in 6 weeks—good bye.” What, no scalpel? No pressure for an operation? That was miracle enough for me.

When I got home I rang my GP and asked him to fax me a copy of my bone scan results.

Remember two things if you will. The first is that I had asked God for just ONE word of encouragement and confirmation, and the second is that bone cancers simply DO NOT just disappear. This is a brief summary of the scan report.

“There remain foci of increased tracer activity within 7 of the original sites of cancer, but they remain unchanged from the previous study. There is less tracer activity within T5, right 5th rib, and right sacral ala. There are no new focal abnormalities.”

Conclusions of Report: There has been some regression of the abnormalities in T5, right sacral ala, and the right 5th rib. Other pre existing abnormalities are unchanged. There is no evidence of new metastasis.

I asked God for just one word of hope remember? Well. I just listed six that I got I got for the price of one.

These dramatic changes in 3 of the 11 sites of cancer have occurred in just 3 months. If one was to jump to the obvious conclusion, the cancer in my body is being destroyed. All of my recent blood tests which are many, have all returned well within normal limits.

My urologist has asked me for all my X-rays, bone scan pictures, MRI’s and other tests to take with him to Melbourne where he is to conduct a medical symposium in a couple of months, I am believing it will not be too long before he will have to return back to Melbourne with a miracle—a crystal clear X-ray of my bones, for am I not a member of Christ’s body, His flesh and His bones? [Eph 5:30] If this were to happen, you can take it to the bank that the warnings and information I have given in this booklet are from God Himself, and the whole purpose of my life was to write it, in this, the darkest and latest hour of man’s existence.

I have of course, like you, no idea how long it will be before I fall off the perch, but this is one thing I do know, the discovery of flaxseed oil and cottage cheese was a miracle in itself that I do not intend to go into. I have absolutely no doubts if I had not begun to ingest these substances, I would be probably dead by now, or else the blow flies would be circling in eager anticipation. The oil and cheese reversed a certain death sentence and gave me at least enough time to write this booklet. Within 3 short months as my recent bone scan has clearly revealed, my bone cancer is regressing. What happens from here on is up to the good Lord, and may He bless you abundantly and open your eyes to the truth of eternal salvation.

So in conclusion, my two answers for cancers are these.

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Answer 1. Flaxseed oil and low fat cottage cheese. The cheese can be purchased at any grocery store or Super market. The oil companies that I have used with success are:

Melrose Flaxseed Oil, whose product can be obtained only in health food shops, and they are contactable on 03 9874 7800, or

Stoney Creek Oil Products Pty Ltd. Phone 03 5463 2553. The advantage of the Stoney Creek Company is that they have a quick home delivery service and cheaper bulk rates.

Answer 2. God Almighty through His Son Jesus Christ. He has no listed phone number but can easily be found on your knees, or according to the simple prayer already suggested.

I thank Almighty God in a strange sort of a way for the rough road I have traveled along in the path of my life. You see, I was very prone to wander and to stray away from God as a young man. I stray and wander no more. If I do, I quickly return to His ever-ready forgiveness and mercy. Any pain and suffering that keeps me faithful and ready and prepared for my home call, is a cheap price to pay. I can laugh in the face of death. Can you?

Finally in the 11th Chapter of John we read the story of Lazarus who was walking around the place sick. He could have had cancer—who knows? But by the time Jesus had arrived at the scene, Lazarus had been dead for four days, and that's about as dead as you can get. The fact that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead and got rid of the terrible stink of death was pretty ordinary stuff for the Son of God. It was all in a day's work. But the words he said to Martha, the sister of the dead man, need to shake us to the core. He said, "**I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.**" That simply means that cancer sufferers who receive Jesus into their lives—**can never die!!** That's the best prescription that I can give you. It does not, and will not, apply to those who ignore the simple truth of this message.


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One Response

1. on [May 4, 2008 at 11:54 am](#)  *ken payne*

Glory to God the Most High!!!! This is so exciting and stimulating and refreshingly honest. We love it and have been praying for you both every day. I believe this could have such a huge impact on/in people's lives. We are planning to start using the cheese and oil ourselves to maintain a healthy body. No sense in waiting for something to happen.

M and M Mustchin, South Australia.

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