

Learning To Dance In The Rain



**This Real Life Story Relates How I Overcame
Blindness and Two Fatal Diseases**

By Ross Craft

**LIFE ISN'T ABOUT WAITING FOR THE
STORM TO PASS
IT'S ABOUT LEARNING TO DANCE IN
THE RAIN (ANONOMOUS)**

Dedication

This book is dedicated to my wife. Without her loving care, always positive support and don't take no for an answer attitude, I would not be here to tell the story.

I also want to express my gratitude for the medical knowledge skill, and smiles of the medical professionals I was privileged to come in contact with. Especially, Dr. Katz my lead doctor, Dr. Bansal, my primary care physician and the very special eye specialists, Dr. Tauber.

When it came time for the day to day grind of getting well, I give special thanks to my mother in law who stopped her life and came and lived with us to help in my care. And my children, brothers, sisters and friends who were indispensable in my recovery.

May God Bless You All

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Introduction

Looking back on my illnesses, I think the one thing I and others missed most about my old self was laughter. I didn't laugh very much when I was ill and in my mental cocoon. I'm usually a real clown, someone who likes good jokes and who enjoys telling them. I so much liked to make people laugh and I liked to laugh. For example, when I was in high school, I remember that I won a talent contest by getting up in front of a gym full of parents and telling tall tales.

That part of my life was sucked out of me by the illnesses. I just wasn't myself, although I did use laughter as a defensive mechanism on a couple of occasions as explained later. Now once again, I laugh. I tell jokes. I am an even better version of my old self. My bout with severe illness has made me stronger. Much like the story of Job in the bible, the lord has restored what was taken away and multiplied it more than I could have ever imagined.

This is a story that needs to be told. It is my intention that you will be filled with hope as

you walk with me through moments of great despair and learn how I overcame blindness and two fatal diseases. I was told I had Wegener's Granulomatoses Vasculitis (WGV), severe Cardiomyopathy and at one point I was blind.

I was too old and too weak, to get on the list for a new heart, which seemed to be only solution to the heart problem. I was also told your heart doesn't heal itself. I admittedly say, it has always been difficult for me to say, "I have" Wegener's Granulomatoses Vasculitis. I much preferred to say, "I have been diagnosed with it." It seemed as if I said it that way, I didn't own it or it didn't have me.

WGV is an auto immune disease that is very often fatal. It is also difficult to diagnose. It may attack any organ. In a way, I guess I was lucky because when I got really sick and required emergency hospitalization, it was affecting everything, I had sore joints, little purple sores indicating a blood infection, I was coughing up blood and my kidneys were also involved. While it is said this disease can be controlled, I think when you read my story

you will realize ones life expectancy is short. You may not die from the disease immediately, but it or the treatment will get you.

My ordeal took five years. In the course of the five years, I became good friends with my lead doctor. He is one of the finest men and the best Doctor I have ever met. His name is Doctor Katz and one day, after the lab reports said I was in good health, he said "did you know how sick you were? If I was a betting man I would have lost big money on you. When I met you I didn't think you would be here now."

Before we get into the details let me tell you something I learned about me and you. I am sure I don't have to tell you that your mind is your most powerful tool for achieving anything you want in life. However, most people don't use it to create the life they desire. In fact, many people use it against themselves instead of for themselves. With the knowledge I have gained from this experience I can predict your future with 100% accuracy. No, I

am not a psychic. It is very simple to do and here it is: If you keep thinking what you are thinking, you will keep doing what you are doing and you will keep getting what you are getting. In other words, what you are experiencing now and what you will experience in the future is the result of previous thoughts. Your future is predetermined by your thoughts in this moment. If you want to change your future you must change what you are thinking now.

Read my story with an open mind and if you need health do what I did and I totally believe it will be yours.

Chapter One - My Background

I was born in southern Illinois hill country and was one of twelve children. I guess we were "dirt poor" but we didn't know it because everyone else was also. Looking back it seems everyone in our circle of friends and family had strong beliefs about right and wrong, nature, god, hell and heaven. I saw some miraculous things happen thru prayer. At one point, my father was gravely ill. They got a portable bed, wheeled him into church, prayed for him and he was healed.

On the other hand, my mother developed heart disease (cardiomyopathy) and passed away after about three years of being bedfast. The same people prayed for her but, it didn't seem to work. I now know how that happened. When we ask God or Infinite Intelligence for something the words we speak are not as important as what we are thinking and the emotions we are feeling. If we say positive words but have fear in our hearts guess what? The fear wins or at best cancels the positive vibrations out. She apparently was not able to feel the

"belief" and others looked at her in pity and doubt and a return to health didn't happen.

With that background in mind, I believe it is important to say that I had a very loving and supportive wife, in addition to the large mostly "god fearing" family. My mother-in-law stopped what she was doing and came to take care of me when it was necessary. This staying and caring usually lasted months or maybe a year at a time.

My wife and her family are Catholic. I had Pentecostal, Baptist, Catholic and probably some other churches praying for me. If you knew my wife you would know there were a lot of them. I am sure they had a lot to do with me pulling thru the critical times.

When I first went into the hospital my lifelong friend from Texas, Bob Harris, and his wife, Barb, came to see me. When they went back home he called and said that on the way home he had called his Priest and told him he had been visiting a sick friend and may not be able to participate in the next Sunday services as planned. He said his priest replied "what is

your friend's name, you know we have a prayer group and I will give them his name so they can pray for him." My friend, Bob, says "how many are in the prayer group?" The priest said about 150 people. Bob replied, "I have known this guy for a long time and 150 may not be enough, you better kick that number up to 300 or 350. When Bob told me that story we both had a good laugh.

I not only have good friends I have good friends with a sense of humor.

Chapter two - Influences Remembered

As you read this chapter it may not seem to have anything to do with health. On the other hand, when I examined what made me do the mental work I did, I found this important. That is why I am passing it on to you.

When I was in my early thirties, I read the book "Think and Grow Rich" and it had a profound effect on me. The author of this book, Napoleon Hill, had interviewed a lot of men who had started from scratch and made a fortune. Some of the most famous people he studied were Henry Ford, Andrew Carnegie, Kaiser of Kaiser Aluminum, J.C. Penny, Woolworth, etc. He wrote about the conscious and subconscious mind and how Thomas Edison, Alexander Graham Bell and others working on a problem went to bed and when they woke up they had the answer. He explained where the answer came from and how the mind works.

He said that if you decide on a definite goal and then repeat an affirmation of that goal several times a day it would come to pass. Since then I have read several books by

different authors that say the same thing. I have to say that although I have been a student of mind principles and the natural laws that govern how the universe works, affirmations "about money" have not worked for me. I now realize why that was true. Just saying affirmations didn't do much good. Affirming something with feeling makes a big difference. When I was affirming wealth my real goal was raising my family. Guess what? I had a great family but mediocre wealth. I did find an affirmation that worked for me. It always lifts my spirits. I would like you to try it. Just close your eyes and say these words three times slowly.

***I am whole, perfect, strong, powerful,
loving, harmonious, and happy.***

Go ahead try it. Just lay the book down right now close your eyes and say the words slowly and see if it doesn't change your feeling. I do this affirmation often and it always makes me feel good.

Many of the things Napoleon Hill said made more sense than anything else I had read. For

example, he said you become what you think about. If you think about health you will get health. If you concentrate on disease you will do things that will allow disease to happen. If you work to be rich and concentrate on being rich, think like rich people think, you will be rich. He also said thoughts are energy and they attract like thoughts or things.

Chapter Three - Experience With Visualization

In the late 90's I had a small contracting company with 2-4 employees. Being the lead worker, I came to realize that my bad back was forcing me to change directions in my business. I wanted to do work I enjoyed and make more money than I was then making. I started studying with success coaches, people like Tony Robins and others and learned more about the power of the mind and having definite goals.

By that time in my life, I had 4 or 5 income properties and was able to spend time every day studying and thinking about what I wanted to do to change my business. This was when I first started using visualization. Tony Robins had very good advice. I liked him because when researching a subject he would go to the people in the top of that field and ask them how they did it. For example, when he wanted to learn about nutrition, he went to a guy who ran a marathon twice a week. You would have to be pretty good at knowing how your body works to do that. When he studied about recovery from accidents, he went to athletes who had been injured many times and had recovered in record

time. By the way, they did it the same way I did. One day at a time using small improvement goals for each day. You will see more on this in later chapters.

I also found another book on visualization that had several different exercises. One exercise was for projecting energy. It really didn't seem possible to me but I tried it.

Here is situation and how I used it. At the time my wife was working a lot of overtime six days a week. Needless to say, she would return home everyday completely exhausted. I wanted to help so I tried this suggested exercise. This exercise required you to relax lie quietly and do a visualization of creating energy then sending it out and watching it go to where you wanted it. I sent energy to my wife several days in a row. I didn't think it would be effective to come out and ask if she got energy. She didn't know what I was doing. After about a week she mentioned she must be getting used to long hours because she gets her second wind or a burst of energy about 5:30 or 6:00pm every day. That was precisely when I was sending energy. Wow! I couldn't comprehend

that. I just decided we must have a connection.

During that time I also tried another exercise in visualization. The instructions said, relax, lie quietly, think of a sum of money, see the amount on a check then visualize an air balloon, attach the check and let it float away. I did this several times, always with the same amount of \$17,428.00.

The exercise said to do this then forget about it and it will come to you. I told my wife what I did and about three months later I had a check for \$17,247.00 come to me. I showed my wife and we were both flabbergasted. Although it was not the exact amount it was close enough.

As I am writing this I am amazed that I didn't keep visualizing on a regular basis. I did continue to some extent. When I changed my business to buying and selling real estate, I guess I got so busy I forgot to set time aside.

These things I have never shared with anyone before. I didn't want people to think I was

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"out there" or something. I am telling it here so you would know I have had some experience with the power of visualization before I used it to regain my health.

Chapter Four - My New Business

When I was struck with WGV, here is what I was doing. As a result of studying what I wanted to do I decided to buy and sell real estate. Without having any idea of how it would happen, I had visualized that I wanted a cash flow of \$100,000.00 a month. Then it seemed out of nowhere came a plan to make that happen. I had never considered myself a salesman and I knew I certainly didn't like cold calling although I tried to contact people in foreclosure by knocking on their doors. I also didn't have a lot of liquid capital.

I looked at the foreclosure problem from the homeowners' point of view. Then I was able to see a way to get people in foreclosure to call me before the foreclosure auction and sell me their house. I wrote them a letter showing them how I could solve their problem. I would buy their house, make up their back payments, take over their mortgage then fix up the house and resell it.

This system would save their credit and give them money to start over and give me property

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to fix up and sell. This meant a very low investment for me, a big help to them and guess what? Buying and selling houses makes the \$100,000. a month cash flow pretty easy to do.

In other words, I was making money hand over fist. One week I bought five houses for about fifty cents on the dollar and my potential seemed unlimited. If you are interested in real estate check out my real estate web site at <http://www.win-winforeclosures.com>

That's what I was doing when it struck. In the next chapters, I will discuss the disease.

Chapter Five - The Disease Struck

WGV is a rare disease with only 500 cases being diagnosed each year. It is an auto immune disease. It is like an immune system on steroids. An analogy might be if you had an allergy. With an allergy the body identifies a foreign object such as pollen as a threat to your health and attacks it, even though it is not a threat. With WGV the immune system gets out of whack and starts attacking your organs, any organs. My understanding is it might be like this. The immune system is continuously called upon to fix this problem or attack that virus or bacteria. With this disease it forgets how to stop and the body starts attacking itself. Historically this was a recipe for death. Once a guy named Wagener discovered it as a disease treatments but not cures followed. The major treatment is to suppress the immune system so the body won't attack itself.

Now that I have explained a little about the disease from a layman perspective, I guess I need to tell you how it hit me. I had finally figured out how to be successful with money.

With people calling me with deals, it seemed I could make money at will.

I then started getting a head cold (I thought) and a cough. Assuming it would get better, I planned a trip to Mexico to visit my brother. Before I started the trip, I went to my doctor and she gave me antibiotics for that "head cold" and congestion. In addition, she gave me Vioxx for my aching joints, particularly my shoulders. We observed some tiny purple head bumps on my hands that later turned out to be an indication of a blood infection.

Well, I went to Mexico with my brother, he had a business there and we spent 3 or 4 days looking it over. I thought my cold was getting worse and moving into my chest. I kept coughing all the time. The last night I was there I was up all night coughing and started coughing up blood. I assumed I had coughed so much I had made my throat raw, thus the blood. When I started to fly home I was afraid the airline attendants might see me coughing blood and put me off at a stop over. Luckily that didn't happen.

Of course, I had called my wife ahead of time and she picked me up at the airport. She took one look at me then we went straight to the emergency room. The emergency room was interesting because first I talked to a nurse, and after a few questions she knew it was serious, she got the physician's assistant, she also recognized the seriousness and immediately summoned the ER Doctor. The ER Doctor came in and decided a pulmonary specialists was needed. He summoned Dr. Williams. When Dr. Wade Williams walked into the room I knew a doctor was in the house. I was very lucky he was already in the hospital visiting patients. Although WGV doesn't usually first manifest with a blood and lung involvement he told me he suspected WGV. He told me he would look into my lungs the next day, do a biopsy then he could make sure of a diagnosis. He also said he could stop the bleeding with steroids, but he didn't want to do it until after he did the biopsy. He wouldn't know for sure what the problem was if the bleeding was stopped before that procedure. After that they put me in a room and sent my family home.

Chapter Six - The Real Ordeal Begins

That night was one of times when "I walked the lonesome valley." I couldn't lie down because I couldn't breath. I guess I would have drowned in blood. I sat on the side of the bed all night coughing up blood. The nurse seemed scared and sat with me much of the time. During that time, although there was a real possibility, it never occurred to me that I might die, drowned in my own blood or anything like that. I was always amazed at everyone else's reaction though. The next morning was Sunday and I was still setting on the side of the bed coughing when my family came in. There they were my children and grandchildren. They were all standing there watching me coughing up blood and then saw the waste basket full of bloody Kleenex. They all had a stunned look on their face. After all, I was the dad, the strong one, the one always in control, and I must have looked pathetic. Realizing I must look really bad, I decided my sense of humor might come in handy.

The tension in the room was so strong you could feel it on you skin or to put it another way, you could have cut it with a knife. No one seemed to know what to say. I could never stand that kind of tension, so I decided to play a practical joke. Here is what happened next. Of course, they all knew my joints were sore. I decided to see if I could lie back on the raised bed to be more comfortable. A plan was formulating in my mind because I realized I needed to pass gas. I held out my hand to my daughter to help me move. When she touched it I winched. Then I stuck out my finger and she pulled. I let loose with a big loud "passage of gas." Just like when she was a little girl. Everyone laughed when she jerked her hand back saying "oh I can't believe I fell for that." The tension in the room was broken and after that everyone could talk.

Even though it was Sunday, Dr. Williams came in and did the biopsy later that morning. Then he gave me large interveineous doses of steroids. I felt great and stopped coughing. Later, they also gave me big doses of the cancer drug cytoxin to suppress my immune system. The Cytoxin was a big dose injected by a

specialists and was the maximum that could be taken for thirty days. One of the risks, of large doses of immune depressant drugs is you bone marrow could stop working all together. (By the way, both steroids and cytoxin suppress the immune system.) If your bone marrow stops working you stop making new white and/or red blood cells. Should that happen your body won't fight off disease and healing is impaired.

Every morning about 4:00a.m., technicians came to the room and took x-rays of my chest. After about three days, Dr. Williams came in and said I had free air in my abdomen and that can't be. This development was a big surprise to the team of doctors that had been assembled. They said I must have a hole in my colon, not WGV related. Now I had a surgeon in addition to the other doctors.

The surgeon, Dr Drahoda, at first said he would probably have to give me a colostomy bag. I told him I didn't want to consider that. After all, my image of myself was a construction guy, rough and tough. A colostomy bag just didn't fit that image. Dr. Drahoda

said he was willing to try doing the surgery without the bag. He cut me open and took about eight inches of my colon then tied the ends back together. This was pretty traumatic because I was taking large doses of the steroids which suppress healing. Other organs, like my kidneys were not responding to the steroids. In other words, the WGV was not being controlled with the steroids alone.

The seven specialists then decided to give me the large dose of cytoxin to try to arrest the WGV. All seven specialists were meeting every morning to see how I had made out the day before and devise a plan for the day.

The plan for the day seemed to be all kinds of drugs in various sizes of bags. The bags were changed quite often. I had three of those towers used to hold bags of medicine. I have no idea what was in them, but the big bags said steak and eggs so I knew that was food. I had an IV in each arm, an NG tube in my nose leading to my stomach and a catheter. I also had a morphine drip through the IV and a little button I could push to get more. As you might

guess, details of this are a bit fuzzy in my memory.

After about four days after the colon surgery, there was no digestive activity and Dr Drahoda declared an emergency, went back in and took out another four inches of colon and gave me a colostomy bag. He found that the sewed up ends of my colon had started to liquefy. I had to have the colostomy bag (no choice) but they said I could get it removed later.

They said that when you are near death, your body starts to shut down and the bacteria that turn you back to dust kicks in and that's what happened to a weak spot in my colon. This seemed like a sure recipe for meeting your maker. It was prayer and intense focus by all seven specialists that kept me going. One nurse told me she had never seen that many doctors visiting a patient every day for that many days in her 14 years.

During that time my medical file kept getting bigger and bigger. We got a glimpse of it one day and most doctors said "Ross is a jovial patient and his wife is very attentive. My wife

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asked her sister, a nurse, what that meant and she said that is code for a "pain in the ass." She was with me day and night and on two occasions saved my life by spotting oversights of the medical people. Thank God for my attentive wife.

Chapter Seven - Going Home

As soon as my digestive system started working the doctors sent me home. They said home would be safer because a hospital staph infection with a depressed immune system would be fatal.

When I left the hospital I was still taking interveineous doses of antibiotics and I continued to take large doses of prednisone to suppress my immune system. I went back to the hospital three different times for overnight transfusions because my bone marrow wasn't recovering. I also gained about 80 pounds very quickly from the prednisone which raised my blood pressure.

It apparently is not a good idea to stay on high doses of prednisone. We started lowering the dosage. In nine months the dosage level was low enough that removal of the colostomy bag was possible. I had to go to each specialist to get clearance for the operation. The kidney doctor told me I was okay for the operation. In passing, I said the only thing I dread is I have a persistent cough. I hate to think of coughing after I am sewed up. He said "oh I think help you with that. The blood pressure medicine I prescribed for you causes some people to cough. I will change your

prescription." I also found out that when you gain 80 pounds in eight weeks mostly around the waist then cough every 20 minutes you get great big hernias.

I got the colostomy bag taken off with success. However, the new blood pressure medicine was a beta blocker. It overachieved in lowering my blood pressure and it also made me depressed. I had never experienced depression and all I knew was I felt really bad. I also didn't know how bad low blood pressure could make you feel. I sat around for about three months feeling like hell. I went to the primary care physician for a checkup and a vitamin B12 shot. When I explained how I was feeling she said "you know that beta blocker could be doing that." I said you mean to tell me I get up every morning and take a pill that makes me feel this way? I will never take another one of those! She said you can't just quit you have to taper off. With her help that is what I did.

I started feeling better immediately not realizing the beta blocker had messed with the electrical system in my heart.

Chapter Eight - The Pace Maker

Feeling better, my wife and I decided to go to Florida for a week to relax and have a good time. When we landed, my wife had to go to the restroom. She deplaned first in a rush. When I got off I found I couldn't walk up the jet way to the terminal. I would just get out of breath and have to stop about every 20 feet. My wife eventually found me half way up the ramp, then got a wheel chair and pushed me to the rental car. I thought my blood pressure was low (from the feeling) so I convinced her to go by a drug store so we could take my blood pressure. We could then call the doctor back home with the information. We found a drug store. I walked in very slowly and found my blood pressure was normal, but my pulse was only 30. Your pulse is hard to find when your heart is only beating once every other second.

By the way, I had no pain associated with this and I assumed my heartbeats would pick up at any time. We called the primary care physician and she said go straight to the closest emergency room. When we found one, they wheeled me back and put me on a bed right away.

It was a big ER but all the beds were full. There was a guy on a bed stuck out in the walkway and he had a heart monitoring machine hooked up. There were three nurses around me hooking up machines and poking me with needles. Then they went over and took the guys monitoring machine off him and put it on me. The guy said "what are you doing?" The nurse said "sir, this is an emergency room and this guy's emergency is greater than yours, you will get another machine as soon as one is available."

So there I was again, lying up in a bed, no pain, and medical people all around me looking concerned. The alarms on the monitors kept going off because they detected the slow heart rate. The nurses kept asking me all kinds of questions. Then I noticed they brought in one of those things with paddles that shock you. You know in the movies when they say "clear" then the guy on the bed jumps up about 4 inches off the bed. It was that machine. I'm sitting there thinking "I don't know why all the fuss, my heart will pick up any minute. Of course, they were expecting it would stop."

There was a male nurse who kept standing right beside my bed and talking to me. Finally after about 45 minutes I realized he was staying with me. I guess it was more serious than I realized because they wouldn't take me up to intensive care or move me at all without those paddles.

Now I am going to try to explain what this experience was like to me. First I should explain that I believe we all have a feeling that we will survive. With me that seems to be a basic belief. I also have another belief and that is that professionals in the ER who deal with life and death trauma every day can recognize a life and death emergency. When it became obvious they thought my life expectancy was in minutes, I guess you could say that started interfering with my survival belief. People started talking in hushed tones and their faces reflected their concern. Looking back I realize I just had to do something to preserve my belief and not accept theirs. Here is what I did. I got the attention of the male nurse who wouldn't move from my side. Then I said "hey you will probably hear several stories about how I got in this fix, but I am going to tell you the truth." His ears perked

up immediately and he said "OK what happened". Then I said "you know I have been pretty sick for about a year but, I started feeling better near the end of April. My wife and I decided we should take a little vacation to celebrate. Well I got all the Viagra I could find and we headed to Florida for a week. Then before the plane landed my wife went to the rest room. When she returned she said you will never believe what happened. Then she said "I just started my period". Then I told him, this news would probably have killed a lesser man, but my heart just started beating 30 times a minute." This guy looked at me and his mouth flew open as he realized I was lying then bent over in laughter. He left my side and found another nurse and said laughing "hey that guy over there is about to croak and he is telling jokes" then he told her what I said and they both laughed. Everyone in the ER eventually heard about it.

For me this is what happened. When the nurses approached me after that, they had a smile on their face. The tension was broken and I maintained my belief that I would survive and I did.

When I got to intensive care they hooked me to all kinds of monitors, glued some of those paddles on my chest, hooked them to a machine that was automatic and left them on all night. Lucky for me I never got shocked with those paddles.

After I was in the intensive care and had consulted with the doctors, my wife called Dr. Katz back in Kansas City for advice. He said, "where are you in Florida." She replied Boca Ratan. He said "go ahead and let the doctors there put the pace maker in, because they probably put in more pace makers in a month than we do here in a year. I think they will be experts." The next day I got a pacemaker.

And the saga continues

Chapter Nine - Chronic Bronchitis

After I had the colostomy bag removed and got the pacemaker, we started lowering the prednisone again. Then I had a WGV flair-up. It was controlled by increasing the prednisone dosage without going to the hospital. The large doses of prednisone seemed to bring it under control. Of course, this reduced my immune system. I got bronchitis and it got real bad real quick. By the time I got to the emergency room I was gasping for breath just sitting on the side of the bed and my heart rate was 185. Three ER nurses started hooking me up to machines and poking me with needles. The doctor's assistant came in and started asking a lot of questions and the ER doctor also came in right away. He said we needed to get my heart rate down so he ordered a shot to make that happen. The nurse gave me the shot and they all stood there looking at the monitor as my heart rate went 185,175,165,160, 155,155, 155,160 170.175,180,185 all within a couple of minutes. They watched for a few minutes, then the doctor said give him another shot. We were all glued to the monitor while the same thing happened to my heart rate. Of course, oxygen

was helping and my breathing was coming easier. They waited a few minutes and the doctor said we can only give him one more shot so give it to him and hope it works. I got the shot and my heart rate did the same thing again. There we were three nurses, the doctor, my wife and me all looking at the monitor and the tension in the room was awful. As I mentioned earlier my breathing was normalized and I was sitting on the side of the bed watching this scene. For the second time a whole trauma team in the ER was acting as though I should be preparing to meet my maker. It seemed, I could either laugh or cry. If I cried I would be accepting their prognosis of my longevity and my belief in survival would be gone. I just decided to laugh. I realized I had had good luck with the Viagra story in Florida so I used that. I said "I guess I am living proof that you can't take six Viagra's at a time." The nurse's mouths fell open and they said, in unison, are you taking Viagra? My wife said, "no he don't even own any". They all laughed and then sent me up to intensive care. This defensive mechanism allowed me to maintain my belief in survival. That time, I was in intensive care five days.

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They kept giving me all kinds of tests because they thought I must have a blood clot. I don't believe anyone had seen a case of bronchitis that bad. I got better, went home and waited for the storm to pass.

Chapter Ten - The Start Of Blindness

We started lowering the prednisone dosage again and I did fine except I had a terrible headache. I went to all kinds of doctors including a neurologist and ended up on some strong anti-seizure medicine. I was diagnosed as having cluster migraines. My eyes were bloodshot and an eye doctor said the inflammation "might be" WGV related. As it turned out, once I found Dr. Tauber, an eye disease specialist, it was WGV related and the cause of the headache. This diagnosis is very important. If you have ordinary eye inflammation, it can be treated with eye drops, as the first fifteen eye doctors I went to prescribed. If it is WGV related the eye drops will do very little good and it has to be treated systemically. If nothing is done your eyes will melt and look like a couple of dried prunes. We saw pictures of this happening to other people. When we got to the real specialist I saw pictures that showed the whites of my eyes had already started to melt.

Chapter Eleven - Hernia Repair

Even with lower doses of prednisone it seemed the WGV was pretty much under control except for my eyes. Then my intestines started getting caught in the hernias. When your intestines are blocked you experience the most intense pain imaginable. I had to have them repaired. It turned out there were 5 big hernias. Dr. Drahoda, did the work. I had to be cut down my stomach about 16 inches. The hernias were so big the mesh usually used to keep them from coming back could not be used. Of course, it wasn't six months before they came back as Dr. Drahoda predicted.

Chapter Twelve - Cardiomyopathy

About four months after the hernia surgery, I found I would cough a lot and breathing was difficult laying flat. When it got bad enough that I had to set up all night, we went back to the emergency room. This time they said I had cardiomyopathy. Before they made that diagnosis they gave me every test imaginable. While doing a heart cath they found a blocked artery and put in a stint. By the way, during the heart cath the kidney specialist limited the amount of dye they could use because my kidneys were impaired at the time from the WGV.

After all of the tests, they said I had a 15 percent ejection fraction. I think that meant my heart was hardly pumping at all. It seemed none of the things wrong with my heart were fixable. At first the cardiologist said there was no use going to heart rehabilitation because my heart was too weak and it wouldn't do any good. I thought, what do you mean, do you want me to just go home, sit down and die. I assured him I was going to exercise and doing it where I would be monitored would be best. He agreed.

(My younger brother had had the same heart condition a few years earlier and he was told pretty much the same thing. A few weeks after he was told his heart couldn't be repaired he passed away.)

Of course, it didn't seem like the rehabilitation exercise did much good. My heart beat so fast I had to stop every three or four minutes.

Heart ejection fraction refers to the amount of blood that is pumped out at each heart beat. The normal heart has an ejection fraction of 50 to 75 percent. Mine was 15 percent. When your heart doesn't pump out much blood with each beat it beats faster to make the necessary flow. My resting heart rate was about 95 and if I walked from my house to the street the heart rate would go up to 140 to 145. (I had one of those heart monitors people wear to exercise.)

Another risk of a low ejection fraction is blood can pool in the heart. When this happens a blood clot can form resulting in instant death.

In addition, I was told some small arteries in my heart had narrowed which caused chest pains every time I walked across the room.

Chapter Thirteen - Dealing With The Heart

Of course, heart disease requires a different set of specialists. When I went to the emergency room and found I had heart problems, I called in the cardiologists I had used to check my pacemaker. I also learned a valuable lesson I will pass on to you. Just because a guy has a sign on the door and letters behind his name and/or plaques on the wall, it doesn't mean he knows what he is doing.

I got out of the hospital in May and was scheduled to see the cardiologists the first week of July. I could hardly walk into his office. He examined me and hooked me up to a couple of machines, then told me not to worry about my heart rate. He wanted me to come back in three months. He didn't actually say it but it seemed he was saying come back if you are still here.

Here is some more information on prednisone. One of the side effects of taking large doses of this drug is the acceleration of cataracts. I had a cataract on my right eye that was getting worse everyday and I wanted to get it

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removed. When I asked about getting this done, He told me my heart was too weak to get the cataract removed, even though they only use light anesthesia.

I had a harder time getting home that day than I had going to his office.

Chapter Fourteen - Not Taking **NO** For An Answer

When I got home I started thinking I would not take no for an answer. I talked to my wife and we decided to go to a world renowned heart treatment center and see if I couldn't get help. We ended up going to Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. This hospital is in the top five nationally for heart disease. The difference between the care I got at Barnes and what I had been getting was astounding. They changed my medication around and I immediately began to gain strength.

With some renewed strength they gave me the okay to get the cataracts taken off. Things were looking up.

Chapter Fifteen - My Eye's Were Getting Worse

I went to several eye doctors and they said I couldn't get the cataracts removed until I got the inflammation in my eye cleared up. Then they would prescribe eye drops. That didn't help even though I put prednisone drops in my eye every hour. I finally found a really great eye specialist, Dr. Tauber, and he said my inflammation was WGV related and if I didn't treat it soon my eyes would melt.

One reason the doctor who had been helping me control the WGV didn't make the connection with the eye inflammation was WGV was not showing up on any of my tests. In any case, the eye specialists, Dr. Tauber, said the only way I could keep from going blind was to take immune-suppressant cancer drugs.

My eyesight was fading fast. Dr. Tauber's drug of choice was cytoxin, but our research revealed that drug had caused heart problems when people with healthy hearts had taken it for cancer treatment. We decided on an alternative drug Imuran, that has been used

less often to treat WGV. My eyesight had deteriorated to the point that I was legally blind and my vision could not be corrected with glasses.

I started taking the second choice drug Imuran in October. The inflammation didn't get much better and in December my blood crashed. We were doing weekly blood monitoring and Dr. Katz called and said my white cell count was less than 2 and my red cells were in bad shape also. I had to quit taking the drug get a transfusion and see if my blood would recover or see if my bone marrow would start working again.

By the way, my heart seemed to be a little better and in November I got a new pacemaker with a defibrillator. In preparation for the pacemaker a nurse called to get all the pre-op information. She was a chatty person and at one point said you know we have to take care of you short timers. I said what do you mean short timer. She said, "oh I'm sorry" its just that statistically speaking people with your problem usually die in their sleep within a couple of years and if we give you a defiberalator we can usually extend that time.

In December when my blood crashed, that remark
weighed heavy on my mind

Chapter Sixteen - The Depths Of Despair

When I think back, it seems, from the beginning of being sick, my mind created a mental barrier around me. I was inside a cocoon and nothing could get to me. When I would learn something serious had happened, like chronic bronchitis or the pace maker episode, an emotional reaction did not happen. It was almost as though it was happening to someone else. I just knew I would get better as most people do and my biggest concern would be how long would it take to get over the problem. My way of keeping the serious situations from getting to me was with humor. At very serious times, when tension in the room was high, I would find myself cracking a joke. I just wanted people to lighten up and the joke would usually change the subject and the atmosphere.

I didn't know I had created the shell until I came out of it. I think it helped keep me in the mental frame of mind that I didn't own the disease or it didn't have me. I always said I have been diagnosed with these diseases and I am going to get rid of them.

There were two times when I had to stare reality in the face. The first was when I was diagnosed with cardiomyopathy. I had just had a stint put in a

clogged artery in my heart and completed several tests. The big problem not related to the clogged artery was my heart was enlarged causing the heart valves to distort and not function properly. This resulted in my heart being very weak and my ejection fraction was at 15%. When you are in that condition, no one has to tell you something is terribly wrong. That day I had also been told it was not recommended for me to go to heart rehab because I was too weak and the heart doesn't heal itself. In other words the doctors thought it would be a waste of time and effort on everyone's part.

That night I woke up in the early morning hours. I don't remember exactly how it started, but I certainly remember the cold deep down fear creeping thru me. I started realizing I might not be here much longer. Laying there in the middle of the night breathing oxygen, I started thinking about leaving my wife, children and friends. I was overwhelmed with a sense of sorrow and grief. I don't remember how long this went on, but I certainly remember the intensity of the emotions.

Then it seemed something lifted that crushing emotion from me. Then I thought, Ross Craft, you are acting like you believe you are a physical being having a

spiritual experience in this life on earth. What you actually know is you are an eternal spirit having a human experience. You came from someplace and you will return there and be there for eternity.

Wow! That thought felt a lot better. I started thinking that I had been worrying about leaving my wife, children and friends, but we will all be on the other side in a very short time regardless of what I do. When compared to eternity the amount of time any of us have left is a blip on the longevity scale.

I also remembered reading a book of interviews with people who had had a near death experience. They had all been dead for varying amounts of time then revived. Amazingly they all had a very similar experience. With one or two exceptions it was a wonderful experience and many didn't want to come back. I believed these people because they had been there.

Then I realized that when I go it is not that big of a deal. I told myself that sooner or later just doesn't make that much difference so quit worrying about it and just see if you can't get well. It came to me that if I died I would see my mother, father, brother and a lot of good friends. I also realized that in a

relatively short time I would be with everyone I know and everyone alive today for that matter.

I felt like a big weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I went home and started doing my best to get well. I can't be sure, but I felt my mother helped me that night. Somehow I knew and still know that when it is my time she will come and take my hand and lead me.

The second time of soul searching was not so traumatic. When my vision started to fade my world kept getting smaller and smaller. I couldn't drive, I couldn't read and I could barely make out what was happening on TV. Without the sound I would have been lost. It is very frustrating to try to heat up a cup of coffee in the microwave and find you cannot see the numbers or the start button. You know they are there but you can't see them. I had to look forward to a stronger immune-depressant drug that had damaged healthy hearts. In addition another side effect of this drug is bladder cancer if you don't drink large amounts of water. With cardiomyopathy I was on restricted fluid intake. If my blood crashed again there is nothing that says it has to come back. If that happened I would be looking for a bone marrow transplant to stay alive with melted eyes.

With things like this seemingly happening everyday I could hardly wait until tomorrow.

This prompted me to do some real soul searching. It went something like this. During my four years of illness, (while in my cocoon) I pushed all decisions about day to day living off on my wife. With the heart problems and approaching blindness I would be completely dependant and eventually a great burden for my wife and family. I just couldn't see myself ending up that way. It occurred to me that everyone, including me, might be better off if I ended it now rather than be miserable along with everyone around me for a while longer then go with tubes down my throat and machines beeping.

I imagine for most people, ending their life or the thought of ending it would be very traumatic. After my experience with facing death my thought of ending it at that time was not a terribly traumatic choice. I thought it would be relatively easy to do. All I would have to do is get out of my chair, go to the street and start jogging. In a very short time I would have a heart attack and it would all be over. Then my mother would come and take me to where I was before I came here. I did remember that I had a new

pacemaker and a defibrillator with a new battery. It would probably zap me pretty hard several times before it quit.

These were self confrontation moments to say the least. Just after I remembered the defiberator, I thought, "why not just get well". I gave that idea some thought then I realized I didn't know how. Medical science didn't have the answers. I had been kept going so far but they seemed to be running out of options. My solution would include the best medical advice I could get but it would have to be more.

Chapter Seventeen - The Rest Of The Story

In the rest of this book I will tell you how I got in touch with the Infinite Power of the Universe and was made whole again. I had some problems to overcome in order to make it happen. Here are some of them.

I knew that when people I had known were healed their faith or belief did it. I obviously didn't have the same belief they had and I couldn't find anyone who could tell me how to get it. It seemed they were able to make a leap of faith and their healing was instantaneous. I started thinking about lots of things other people didn't seem to think about. For example, when the blind was made to see, Christ said "thy faith has made thee whole." He did not say "my" faith has made thee whole. This explains why all the lepers, cripples and blind people outside the gate were not healed at the same time. It appeared to me that He didn't heal anyone. According to Him, their faith or belief did the trick. It was up to me to get the belief. I had understood this from my childhood, but when I tried to get the belief that worked miracles it didn't happen for me.

This idea of the Power of belief was reinforced when I talked to a friend from Iran. He said he was not a

Muslim although his family was. In our discussion about his homeland he told me about how old that country was and how Mohamed came there. I didn't realize it before, but he said Mohamed had twelve apostles and there were golden statues of them still in place today. Then he said that people, particularly the sick and lame will walk hundreds of miles to come to the statues and some are healed. This reminded me that Christ said "thy faith has made thee whole." He did not say " thy faith in Me."

I also thought about the placebo effect found in drug studies. As you probably know, when researchers test drugs for effectiveness they give half of the subjects the drug and the other half a sugar pill. They tell all participants the same thing about the test. The placebo effect is this: some people who get the sugar pill get the same or better results than the people getting the drug. This happens because they "believe" they are getting the drug. I had to believe the mind is very powerful.

Then I thought about hypnosis. I once saw a demonstration where a subject was told his arm was being burned by a match. He not only felt the pain but a spot on his arm turned red. It seemed they had

bypassed his logical mind (or conscious mind) and talked directly to the subconscious mind.

I also knew that today there are several success coaches, like Tony Robins, who teach people to walk across a bed of burning hot coals without getting burned.

These are things I pondered when I was at the lowest point of my ordeal. I felt I was getting the best of medical care and medical advice. I also knew that if I continued to rely solely on medical service I was doomed.

Chapter Eighteen - The Plan To Heal

When I look back, here is the picture I remember. In the depth of my despair I decided to get well. With that decision I started feeling better. When I looked at my options, I didn't see any one option that I felt would do the trick. I decided on a shotgun approach. I would get the best medical advice I could find. I would research and find natural cures and I would reprogram my subconscious mind to help my body heal itself. I also decided to try anything else I could find to get my health back. I had also read some quotes from some very wise men that had impressed me. Here are some of them:

"To live through an impossible situation, you don't need the reflexes of a Grand Prix Driver, the muscles of Hercules, the mind of Einstein. You simply need to know what to do."

Anthony Greenbank

"If we don't know what port we are steering for, no wind is favorable." *Seneca*

"Our life is what our thoughts
make it." *Marcus Aelius Aurelius*
Antoninus , Roman Emperior and philosopher.

I knew if I could find a way to get that feeling of
"belief" that Christ talked about, I would be made
whole. I also had a hard time believing that someone
or something was going to come down and do it for me.
I knew I had to get the feeling myself.

On the medical front it was a game of wait to see if
and/or when my bone marrow would start working again,
and cause my blood count to recover. I decided to go
to Boston to visit a world renowned eye specialist for
a second opinion on my eyes. My present treatment was
confirmed.

On the nutrition front I was already taking a handful
of supplements everyday. Most of them were
recommended by a man who had Crone's disease (also an
autoimmune disease) and he had recovered. Here is my
view on the importance of nutrition. Your body is
replacing cells all day and night every day and night.
It has to do the rebuilding whether it has everything
it needs or not. If you are not giving it everything
it needs to do it right, it has to do it anyway. I

look at it like this. If a person is building a brick wall and the person has plenty of bricks the wall will be thick, sturdy and functional. If you don't have enough bricks and the wall has to build anyway, it will be narrow and flimsy with some bricks missing. This wall may not function at all. In my mind, this is exactly what happens with many diseases.

Don't worry when you start visualizing perfect health, perfect health ideas will start jumping out at you.

One last point about nutrition, many drugs deplete or wash out certain nutrients in the body. Your medical team will probably catch most of these and tell you which vitamins to take. On the other hand, don't rely on them completely. Do your own research and take control of the care you give yourself.

On the mental front, I have known people who were healed miraculously. My sister had cardiomyopathy as bad as mine. She went to a church gathering and during a sermon she felt something and immediately started feeling better and had much more energy. Later tests showed her heart had been healed and she had a normal ejection fraction.

My sister-in-law, an RN, had cervical cancer, was operated on and after some ups and downs she was dieing. Medical people know the signs when your body starts shutting down preparing to die. They called in the family to be with her and my mother-in-law brought a priest. He went to her bedside they prayed and made a connection of faith. She was healed. She immediately started getting her color back, sat up and started visiting with the family. The doctor, who had been on hand for her final moments also witnessed the recovery and didn't have a medical answer.

I could see what had happened to them, but they couldn't tell me how to do it. I am not sure they could repeat what they did.

I needed some real work to get my mind around a plan or program to get healed. Regardless of what you would like to think, when people in white coats armed with pictures or lab report printouts, tell you something, it is hard to not accept it as fact. I also couldn't make the leap of faith to believe I could close my eyes, pray, open my eyes and I would be well. Just like that. I had to find something I could believe and get that feeling of "belief".

In the process of changing the direction of my business to buying and selling real estate I learned about the power of visualization. I also had heard about cancer patients learning to visualize their cancer away.

I had read about some technology developed by NASA and used by American Olympic athletes. As you know, NASA's employees are engineers and/or rocket scientists. These people like to measure and monitor everything then use the information to get to the next step. They developed some very sophisticated equipment that was used to measure brain activity and muscle activity. It was their intention to keep track and monitor the physical condition and activity of astronauts while they are in space.

A researcher named Dr. Dennis Waitly took the NASA technology and used it to train Olympic athletes. Here is what resulted. It was found that the exact same brain waves were fired when athletes visualized their workout as when they actually worked out. With visualization and physical practice, America won a record number of gold medals. You see? Their mind couldn't tell the difference between doing the workout mentally or doing it physically. Our athletes were able to go to a higher level of performance, because

when they visualized the action they did it perfectly. Now visualization is very common in competitive sports.

Here is a test that has now been performed around the world. It usually involved about 50 physical education students. First they would all shoot 50 free throws and each person's performance would be recorded. Then every day for thirty days half the class would physically shoot free throws and half would sit down and visualize shooting free throws. At the end of the test, all students shot the required number of free throws again. In every case the students who visualized improved as much or more than the students who physically practiced.

I started laying quietly, relaxing and visualizing good health. I would see my self as healthy, having fun, running and playing with my grandkids etc. This started having a profound effect on my feeling and thinking outside of visualization. At one time in my history I had used subliminal tapes and assumed that technology had made some progress with time. I decided to reprogram my subconscious mind. I went on the internet and bought five or six health and healing CD's with subliminal messages on them. I also found

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one that was guided imagery. I bought it thinking, if someone talks you through the visualization session it will be easier to stay on track. I also got some enthusiasm working because it dawned on me if I can use visualization to physically change my body, I can use it to get anything I want.

All of this happened in mid-December right after my blood crashed. When I received the CD's around Christmas I started listening to them all day. The guided imagery CD had two tracts, one for awake and the second was to be played just before you went to sleep.

Some CD's had audio affirmation as well as subliminal affirmation; others were the sound of the ocean or nature with subliminal messages imbedded. I thought, if a little bit of this works a little bit in reprogramming my mind, a lot, should work a lot.

Chapter Nineteen - Getting That "Belief"

When I started listening to the CD's all day and half of the night my conscious and subconscious minds were both being bombarded with affirmations. I was hearing things like you can be healthy, you are healthy, and your body is repairing itself 24-hours a day and seven days a week. The visualizations I did when I got the CD's started changing my thinking and I began to feel better.

I had learned to meditate during the 60's and had meditated off and on for years. I also knew that scientists have learned to use binaural beats to help people get into the same mental state as meditation. It has been shown that a person using binaural beats can remain in the meditative state while thinking. With help, I got on the internet and found a downloadable binaural beat file from Bob Doyle's site. I made my own script and recorded it putting the binaural beats in the background music. When I visualized while in the meditative state the process seemed to accelerate. At first, when I listened to my guided visualization CD, the images were not very clear. I just kept at it. I knew any one time of visualization was probably not significant so I kept on visualizing. It wasn't long before I was thinking more and more about getting well. It was like putting

visualization on steroids. After a couple of weeks I knew in my heart I would get well. ***Here is what I came to "believe".***

***My body is rebuilding itself 24 hours a day,
7 days a week. It had gotten off track,
but still has the blueprint to do it right.
I now have it back on track and it is only
a matter of time until the tests show the
results of the repair now being done.***

Chapter Twenty - Killing The Dragon

As I kept going through the guided visualization it became clearer and the images more vivid. At one point in my script I included a part that said visualize what the problem looks like, then see yourself overcoming the problem. (I got this idea from reading about cancer patients visualizing pac man characters eating their tumor.) When I first started listening I couldn't see, in my mind, what the problem looked like, so I would just go on past that part and enjoy the rest. Then one day it came to me that it seemed like a flying dragon had been chasing me. I would fight it off then it would come from another direction. Once I imagined what it looked like, I

figured out a way to kill it. I visualized a light saber from Star Wars and when I visualized the dragon I would jump on its back and start hacking on its neck. I eventually chopped its head off. The feeling of victory was enormous.

Fighting the health battle is a solitary endeavor. No one can make you sick and no one can make you well. In my case no one was paying attention to the CD's and no one but me had listened to them. That is, no one was paying attention until I decided to have a visual outside of my visualization meditation.

Here Is My Vision Of The Dragon



You Too Can Kill Your Dragon

With improved vision I could drive. I went to Wal-Mart and bought about six plastic dragons of various sizes. I took them home and proceeded to cut their heads off. That was an amazing process because plastic dragons from Wal-Mart are nearly indestructible. There I was, in the living room of

course, trying to cut the heads off these toy dragons with a knife. I finally put the knife down and got an electric saber saw (Saws all) to finish the job. Now use your imagination to recreate the reaction I got. My mother-in-law said to my wife, "you will never believe this, he must have fell out of his tree, because he is cutting up the grandkids toys with a saw." This was more fun than I had had in a long time. I mean, I had them all going. That was their first look at what the disease looked like to me. Once they realized what I was doing, they agreed it was a good idea. I sat headless dragons all around the house. You could see a dragon with its head chopped off on top of the TV, on the mantel or by the computer. Now, I was not the only one to see it was dead. We all saw it. The only thing left to do was smooth out the ground that had been kicked up during the fight. In my mind that would be fixing the cataract, etc.

Chapter Twenty One - Recovery

We were checking my blood every week and it recovered quickly. By the middle of January I was able to start taking the cytoxin to get rid of the inflammation in my eyes. My confidence was up and I didn't give the heart risk a second thought. Instead of thinking there is a 10 percent chance of problems, I started thinking there is a 90 percent chance of success and it became a no-brainer.

Visiting the doctors took on a new meaning. In my mind their job was to verify what I already knew. I was getting better. I found I didn't need the daily oxygen, my eyesight started returning and I kept visualizing killing the dragon.

As mentioned earlier, I went to Boston and visited the world renowned eye specialists in early February. One would think that getting an appointment with a famous doctor would be difficult at best. I felt like the law of attraction must be working, because we called and got an appointment in two weeks. When I went there my sight had already improved a lot and he verified we were doing all the right things. He stressed that I should drink at least four liters of

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fluids a day to keep from getting bladder cancer from the cytoxin. I said the heart specialist told me not to exceed two liters a day. He said that could be a problem, so just drink as much as you can. I went home, started drinking at least 4 liters of water each day with no swelling or apparent effect on my heart. All the tests verified what I knew. I was getting well!

Chapter Twenty Two - Being Productive Again

When my energy and my eyesight started returning I started wanting to do something productive. I realized I couldn't do the real estate business as I had before so I decided to write a book. The way I did the real estate business was unique, very profitable and could help everyone it touched.

I had never written a book, but once I decided to write it the words just seemed to flow onto the paper. I was coming out of my cocoon and learning to dance in the rain.

Doing something productive after being knocked down for so long reinforced my good feelings. This went on thru the end of April and I had finished the book titled "A Cookie Cutter's Approach To A Pre-foreclosure Fortune."

Then Dr. Katz called me and said, "Ross don't take any more of the cytoxin." I asked why, what's the problem? He replied that my blood had crashed and my white cell count was 1.0 and the red count was about as bad. He said you might need another blood

transfusion. It was Friday. I stopped taking the cytoxin and we decided to wait until Monday to see if the transfusion was still needed. On Monday, my blood had recovered to the point where a transfusion was not necessary.

By the end of March, trips to the eye doctor indicated the eye inflammation was gone. I was really happy to hear that at the time and was even happier later. When my blood crashed Dr. Katz told me he didn't want me to take any more cytoxin because there is no safe dose and there is nothing that says my blood will recover. If it didn't recover we would be looking for a bone marrow transplant to stay alive or even death.

Well, at that time I didn't have any eye inflammation from March to the end of April and I didn't "believe" it would return. It later occurred to me that if my blood had not crashed I would likely have been taking that cytoxin for a long time. While drugs like cytoxin may correct a deadly problem, they are very hard on your health when you survive. When a problem is caused by an over active immune system and the cytoxin controls it, stopping the treatment is a risk of recurrence. In my case with the blood crash, we had to stop the cytoxin immediately and the WVG didn't

recur. How about that? I had learned to dance in the rain.

Chapter Twenty Three - My Heart Has Healed

The next week or the first week of May, I went to the new heart specialist to see if I could get into a national study for people with cardiomyopathy. They ran several tests to obtain baseline information. At the end of the tests they sat me down and said "I'm sorry but you can't get into the study." I asked what happened did I say something to make someone mad. Laughing they said, "you haven't heard the good news. You don't qualify because your heart is normal." It can become stronger when you exercise but it is normal." The normal ejection fraction is 50-75 percent and yours is 50 percent or on the low end of normal.

Think about that, after I started my visualizations in December, I started taking cytoxin which can damage your heart, drank large amounts of liquids to keep from getting bladder cancer which is a big no-no for cardiomyopathy and during that four months my heart healed itself and the eye inflammation and Wegener's Granulomatosis Vasculitis went away. I got the

cataract removed in July and my eye took its time healing. Now, a year later, my corrected vision is 20/20 and 20/20.

This was the time when the doctors couldn't believe what I had accomplished. As I mentioned in the front of this book, one day Dr. Katz said, "Did you realize how bad off you were?" I told him I think so. Then he said, "If I was a betting man I would have lost big money on you. When I first saw you I didn't think you would be here now." Now here is the rest of the story. He then said "what do you think happened." I started to explain how I had changed my mind and he said "You know what I think it was." Surprised I asked what? He said "I think there is someone up there, pointing up, that doesn't want to mess with Sue Craft". I said you are probably right.

In the course of getting well I realized that in my hour of greatest need I remembered the power of my mind and its connection with infinite intelligence or God or what ever you call it. It was strong enough to physically change my body and overcome blindness and two incurable diseases.

Chapter Twenty Four - Now I Know

After I started the visualization process and found the results were astounding I kept on researching. I am going to try to tell you what I found and how the healing happened. Read these last chapters and it will give you hope.

First let us look at some of the science.

In the history of science there have been some discoveries so big that they are called paradigm shifts. When it was discovered the earth revolved around the sun instead of the sun revolving around the earth that was a big paradigm shift. It changed the way we view the universe.

Another discovery was made by Newton, who said the earth is made up of solid objects attracted to each other by gravity. Newton's physics were held to be true into the nineteenth century. When the atom was discovered it was believed to be the fundamental building block of nature.

Einstein came along and turned the world on its ear by proving that atoms and subatomic particles are not solid at all, but rather vibrating frequencies of pure energy that gave them the appearance of being solid. In other words, nothing is really as it appears. Everything is energy in vibration.

Scientists have found that everything is energy including your thoughts and feelings. They have also found that these energies are interconnected and can actually influence each other. For example, we all know that people who experience lots of stress grow old before their time. Their thoughts and emotions affect their physical body.

This means that your thoughts and feelings can and do shape the world around you including your health. I learned that it is not wishful thinking, but scientific law that puts you in the drivers seat of you own life.

When I look back on my experiences, I remember being amazed at the amount of electricity that is put out by my brain to cause my heart to beat. When they tested the pacemaker I could feel the electrical shock. This is not something you feel when your brain is doing it

naturally or when your pacemaker is not in the test mode. The point is, I realized there is a lot of electrical energy in our bodies. I mean the same stuff that makes your car run or cooks your food. When I remembered we are all energy I could now believe it.

After I got acquainted with the electrical energy your brain sends thru your nerves to make your heart beat, other things made sense. For example, I saw a TV show where a man was using a bionic hand. They attached this mechanical hand on to the stub of his cut off arm and he made it move by thinking about it. The electrical energy released thru the nerves by thinking caused the mechanical hand to move.

All of this information points out just how powerful your mind is. It is said that your body has enough electricity in it to light a major city for a week if it was properly converted.

Here is another thing I learned. When my colon perforated and they took part of it out, my digestive system quit working. I mean everything stops and before it starts working again it has to reestablish the electrical communication. The digestive process

is apparently pretty complicated. I lay there for five days waiting for it to start. During that time I had a stomach pump and a catheter. I could neither eat nor drink. I got water and food intravenously. They would come in periodically and listen to my stomach to see if they could hear gurgling or wind. After five days of lying there and hearing nothing, an emergency was declared. Then they went back in and took out another four inches of colon and gave me the colostomy bag. My digestive system couldn't establish communication if my colon wasn't working. When it couldn't reestablish communication it just stopped. They did the second operation then after four days they heard the gurgling and my digestive system had reestablished the communication or electrical connection and started working again. I marveled at the fact that my stomach would not process food, if it couldn't send the waste on thru. Just think of this, if I could not fix my colon in a way my brain would accept it would let me die. Luckily the surgeon knew

that a colostomy bag would be acceptable to my brain. They knew (or hoped) it would start the digestive process again after it had a few days to examine the fix. I still am amazed at how much communication goes on in everything from your mind to your DNA

Think about this, I was cut open, they removed part of my body, washed out my intestines then closed me up and my body healed itself. It not only healed itself, it did it while I was taking drugs that prevent healing. Of course, I expected and "believed" I would heal from the operation. Everyone also "believed" this would happen. Your body can heal itself too.

Chapter Twenty Five- My Discovery

I already had some idea of the power of the mind. I think we all know, it is our connection with God or an Infinite Intelligence and that connection goes on 24/7. My discovery was that I could direct that power to heal my body. I learned how to develop that "feeling of belief".

Remember the experiments with the athletes. When I visualized health and actually saw it in my mind, my mind started accepting that vision as reality. That is when the natural repair got back on track and started following the healthy blueprint contained in my subconscious mind.

The idea of directing your healing may be new to you. You might be thinking, it would be nice but it is not possible. Just keep an open mind and read on. I was where you are at one time. I thought it was a great idea to be well, but for about five years I had many things happen that told me I wasn't well. I had lab reports and all kinds of print outs as well as doctors opinions. In addition, my own physical feelings agreed with them.

After I remembered to use visualizations and was recovering, I learned that reprogramming of "your mind" is done all the time by others. I had not thought of doing it to myself, even though the idea of getting well was very desirable.

It has been established in advertising science, that when a new idea is presented, the first response is usually negative. This is true because our mind compares the new idea with what it already knows and finds it doesn't match. Our response might be, that doesn't sound right.

The second time we hear the new idea, we might say, yes I have heard that but I don't believe it.

The third time we hear it we might say, a lot of people believe that.

The fourth exposure happens and we begin to accept it as common knowledge. We might say, everyone is saying that.

The Fifth time we hear the new idea it is not new anymore and we feel we have always known that. When our mind compares the idea with our memory data banks it finds a match and says ok that is acceptable.

When we hear it the sixth time we not only accept it as our own we start telling our friends what we know. Advertisers learned this a long time ago. This is why you see those horrible commercials over and over.

There are seventeen little words I read once and I believe them now more than ever. Here they are:

For things to change
You have to get a picture
Of what you want them
To change to.

When I started visualizing health it was a new idea to me. I had been listening to others tell me how unhealthy I was. I developed the "belief" of good health by repetition of the guided visualization. "Belief" is powerful stuff. As the good book says "when ye pray, believe ye shall have it and ye shall have it". This doesn't sound limited to health to me, but that is what I asked for and what I got. I am now convinced you can have, be or do anything you want through this process.

Chapter Twenty Six - The Whole Enchilada

For me, it is not enough to just describe what I did. I also feel compelled to give you the whole enchilada. In my trying and achieving I have examined several visualization CD's on health and healing. The one's I liked best were by Dick Sutphin you can find his site on the net. Just Google his name.

I have a website where you can get my recording for Health and Healing and I also have an mp3 recording that guides you to visualize the life of your dreams Titled Visualization The Secret Key. Please check my website at

<http://www.learningtodanceintherain.com> for the availability of the guided visualizations. From experience, I believe it will help you the most in your health, wellness and happiness. Visualization is not something you can do right or wrong. The guided visualization helps you stay on track during your session. The effectiveness will be accelerated the more you can be in the Present and the images you create feel good. Don't worry, it is all good.

Listen to the recordings with headphones in a quiet place without interruption. In my experience, each

time you listen to the recording it is enjoyable and relaxing. The really great thing is you don't have to try to do anything. It is best if you just relax and let your mind go along with the guide. On the other hand, it is not a one time thing. Don't expect to get the feeling of "belief" the first time you listen. I came to think of my visualization time as "my time." The results are cumulative. Your subconscious mind is not easily reprogrammed. This is good otherwise we would change with the wind.

As I mentioned in earlier chapters of this book, I had toyed around with visualization before I had to get real serious about it. Now that I have used it to physically change my body, I know you can use visualization to get anything you want or need. I intend to devote the rest of my life to helping people understand that. I know I found a visualization guide very helpful, so I intend to make additional recordings to help you get anything in life you desire. I am already getting my desire, as you can see, because you are reading this book. I visualized it and here it is.

The more you visualize the better. When you "believe" it will be done it will be done.

Assuming that you are reading this and you have bad health; get the visualization recording and try it. If you don't the only thing you have to lose is your life-----

Thanks for reading my story

Ross Craft

Update

Since this is an ebook it is easy to update. Let me tell you what has happened lately.

I have had a couple of occasions to share my recording with family members when the need has arisen. First, my sister in Florida was diagnosed with a cancer in her eye. Of course she was devastated. They told her they could probably save her life, but she would very likely lose her sight in that eye. After a phone conversation, I sent her a Heal and Healing guided visualization recording. I could really tell a difference in her attitude very quickly. She became a fighter. She went thru the operation with a better

mental attitude than one would expect and after a time she has now started recovering her sight in that eye, to the surprise of her doctors.

The second thing that happened in our family is my mother in law was diagnosed with a cancer in her left breast. She too was devastated at first. She started listening to my recording and you could just see her attitude change. Although she is past 80 years old, she went through the operation to remove about 1/3 of her left breast in very good spirits. That part was great, but then the magic started. Almost immediately after the surgery, she told me she was glad everything had turned out good and they told her they had removed all the cancer. Then she said, "but I just hate to be deformed. When I get out of the shower, I just hate to see myself". I suggested she keep using the Health and Healing recording and visualize her breast being whole. That is what she did.

After the surgery they gave her radiation treatments for 30 days to assure they had all the problem solved.

At the end of that time she went back to her surgeon and the oncologists for a checkup. The surgeon appointment was first, he examined her and said "I have never seen anything like this, You are not deformed, you have only a little line for a scar except for a small spot on your nipple, I wouldn't know I had operated and removed about 1/3 of your breast." He then checked his record to make sure he had the right patient. This story gets even better when she went to see the oncologists. Two doctors examined her and said "I have never seen anything like this, you do not have radiation burn and you are not deformed." Radiation burn is a big thing with radiation treatment.

Grandma, told me the story then said "I didn't tell them how I did it. I didn't think they would believe me."