

YOUR HEALTH, YOUR DESTINY, YOUR CHOICE

WELLNESS AT WARP SPEED

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to all men and women who willingly embrace discomfort and adversity and test the limits of their physical and spiritual powers in pursuit of the truth. To this growing multitude of noble souls, illness, disability, divorce, bankruptcy and prison are opportunities in disguise, chances to reconnect with higher selves as a part of the infinite source of healing that unifies and connects us all. With God's blessing and the support of loved ones, let's bring Warp Speed Peace, Happiness and Wellness to our families, our communities and our world.



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ARE YOU READY FOR WARP SPEED WELLNESS?

warp speed: ('wɔrp spēd) n. faster than light velocity achieved by bending space/time to reduce the distance between two points

wellness: ('wel-nəs) n. good health

जगत्पद्मः स्वयंपराचरन् सामविषह्यमजो तदानिलिल्युर्देशदिम्
ध्वज दाम्पयस्यमर्षेः के पकेः श्रमे धान्यात्तमाजहारसरस्वती प्रादरभा
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धान्यात्तमाजहारसरस्वती प्रादरभा

A revolution is under way, one that will soon touch every aspect of your life. It began quietly and without fanfare nearly a century ago in the minds of a few keen observers who looked at the world through the eyes of imagination and saw something more—something utterly impossible and yet unquestionably true. What these men discovered is about to change the way you think, the way you live, and perhaps most importantly, the way you heal.

It has touched my life already. The changes came as unexpectedly as an earthquake and unrelenting series of aftershocks: life-threatening illness, miraculous recovery, astonishing success in business and medicine, incarceration in a federal prison, open-heart surgery—and more miracles.

I am a physician, schooled in the world's finest medical traditions, but in the fall of 1989 all my years of medical training, practice and theory came crashing down around me when I was suddenly stricken by an incurable, incapacitating and near-universally fatal medical condition called viral cardiomyopathy. The

prognosis was grim. The disease is especially deadly in young people; at age thirty-three, my life expectancy dropped to just twenty-four months. I became an invalid overnight.

Confined to my bed and utterly dependent on oxygen, there was little to do but read—just as you are reading now. That's where the miracles began.

I am here today to tell you my story because what I learned from the work of an Irish physicist by the name of John Stewart Bell saved my life—and it can save yours too.

Bell's Theorem was my introduction to the strange new world of quantum physics, where the routine assumptions of everyday life no longer apply. The implications of Bell's work struck with the full force of an epiphany. In that instant, I suddenly understood many of medicine's most challenging puzzles in a new



light. I was granted passage to the realm of miracles. I found hope.

In 1964, John Stewart Bell offered mathematical proof validating the existence of non-local interactions. Bell's Theorem was experimentally verified by a team of French physicists led by Alain Aspect in 1982.

I found my path to warp speed wellness.

Are you ready to find yours?

Everything in the universe—including your body—is made of atoms. The atoms and sub-atomic particles that compose your body's ten trillion cells are constantly in motion, traveling at near the speed of light—186,000 miles (300,000 kilometers) per second!

If our bodies are operating at light speed on the inside, at our most fundamental level of existence, why don't we feel it on the outside, where we spend our days living at the painfully slow pace of ordinary mortal beings? Why is there a gap between these two worlds?



Plato (428? – 547 BC)

The invisible is greater than the visible.

– Plato

We don't feel the speed of cellular operations within our bodies for the same reason we don't feel the speed of the Earth moving through space. At this very moment, the planet beneath your feet is rocketing around the sun at an astonishing 66,780 miles per hour—and yet you don't feel it. Faster still is the speed of our solar system, racing through the galaxy at a staggering 487,353 miles per hour! You don't feel that either. Why?

Your brain and the neural network it controls compose the most sophisticated data management system in the world, one that is constantly working faster than all of the fastest supercomputers at the US Pentagon combined. Yet even this remarkable processing system would have a difficult time coping



Ferdinand Schmutzer

with the tremendous influx of data reaching you every second. Your body has been brilliantly designed to shelter you from the risk of sensory overload by the positioning of five sense organs between you and the outside world.

Our five primary senses—sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch—are often called the gateways of perception. It is a good description. We receive information through our senses, but like all effective gateways, they are narrow and don't allow everything to enter at once. The job of your eyes, ears, nose, tongue, and skin is to organize and translate the massive quantity of information you receive from the outside world into manageable bits of data.

Without a reliable way to control the barrage of incoming data, you would be constantly overwhelmed and exhausted. Your brain is already too busy processing its more than fifty thousand thoughts a day to be bothered with a continuous stream of information about the earth's rotational speed and trajectory and the movement of

subatomic particles inside your body.

While most of us limit our awareness to events taking place at the relatively slow pace of everyday life, it is important to remember that what we perceive through our primary senses represents less than one tenth of 1% of what is actually going on around us—or within us. It's the rest—that which lies just beyond the reach of ordinary perception—that makes the biggest difference in our lives.

The Greek philosopher Plato was right when he observed in 440 BC, "The invisible is greater than the visible." What history's most inspiring spiritual leaders have always understood is that our survival and evolution as individuals and as a species are dependent on how quickly we broaden our bandwidth of awareness and understanding—because it is in the realm of the invisible that we humans have the greatest impact on our own destiny and wellness.

But how can we ordinary humans reach beyond the limits of our own sensory pathways?

A thousand years ago, the answer to that

question would have been available only to a handful of initiates devoted to the full-time pursuit of the spiritual life. Not any more. If you are reading these words, congratulate yourself. You are living in the age of the greatest revolution in the history of mankind—the quantum revolution.

When marking the greatest achievements of the twentieth century, technological advances like space travel, the development of antibiotics and the invention of the computer often top the list. History will have a very different view of our times. Two hundred years from now, our great-grandchildren will honor the twentieth and twenty-first centuries for the remarkable unifying discoveries they fostered in the field of quantum physics.

By the early years of the twentieth century, physicists had developed two different systems to describe the universe. Astrophysicists exploring the vast reaches of the cosmos established one set of rules to explain events in the world of the very large—planets, stars, and galaxies—but an entirely different model to describe the bizarre world of the very



small: atoms and subatomic particles. Quantum physicists took up the challenge and began mapping the tiny world of the atom, where impossible events are the norm and rules of common sense no longer apply.

Pioneering physicists exploring in the field of quantum science were shocked by the implications of their own discoveries. Even Albert Einstein, renowned for his genius and “out of the box” thinking, found it difficult to reach beyond the confines of human logic and his background in Newtonian science to embrace the absurdly strange new field of quantum physics.

Einstein was particularly troubled by the notion that paired quantum particles could be linked in such a way that measurements made on one particle would simultaneously affect the other regardless of the distance between them—a concept known as **non-locality**. If communications were somehow passing between the separated particles, then that communication was occurring faster than the speed of light. Einstein believed this to be impossible.

Every known disease has a known cure!

Dismissing the notion of such intimate connections as “spooky action at a distance,” in 1935 he and colleagues Boris Podolsky and Nathan Rosen engaged in a well-publicized series of debates with Danish physicist Niels Bohr about what came to be known as the EPR Paradox.

Most physicists weighing in on the debate sided with Bohr, but nearly three decades passed before John Stewart Bell stepped forward with a mathematical proof proposing an experimental means of settling the question once and for all. In 1982, a team of French physicists led by Alain Aspect finally carried out

Bell’s proposed experiment.

The results were conclusive and irrefutable: Einstein had been wrong.

Light speed isn’t the end—it’s just the beginning.

Non-locality rules the quantum universe, proving physicist David Bohm’s assertion that we live in an undivided and indivisible universe, one that is unified and whole no matter how hard we try to partition or fragment it. It is the

same essential truth encapsulated in the core teachings of Krishna, Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammad and the Dalai Lama. Non-locality provides us with solid mathematical proof validating the spiritual teachings humanity has long struggled to put into practice. What you do today matters. Your actions and decisions affect everything and everyone around you regardless of where they are. We are all connected. There is only one nation, one family, one God to serve and behold. The rest is semantics.

Beyond its broad philosophical implications, the new science of quantum physics also provides a useful owner's manual for those of us living with the delights, mysteries and occasional malfunctions of our high-speed bodies.

Stunning advances in the field of high-speed medical diagnostics such as CT, PET and MRI scanners are all byproducts of the quantum revolution in health care—but these first generation devices offer only a glimpse of health care's amazing future. Quantum technologies exist today, often below the public radar, that allow for not only rapid diagnosis but quick, painless treatment of seemingly incurable diseases.

Which brings us to a little insider secret: every known disease has a known cure. Yes, you read that right—*Every Known Disease Has a Known Cure!* This is not something widely taught in Western medical schools, but it is true nonetheless. If you've been diagnosed with an "incurable" disease, get a second opinion—and a third and a fourth if necessary. Don't be afraid to broaden your search beyond the borders of your home country. Solutions exist, and you will find them in surprising places.

Caring for thousands of patients during my twenty-year career as a general practitioner taught me a great deal about healing. I have tremendous respect for the high-tech tools of my trade and advances made in the field of pharmacology—but the most remarkable discovery of my career had little to do with new pharmaceutical breakthroughs or technological advancements. It had everything to do with the remarkable natural healing abilities of each patient. Those patients who successfully unlocked their body's quantum healing energy recovered in record time, while others with the same prognosis died. You are in charge of

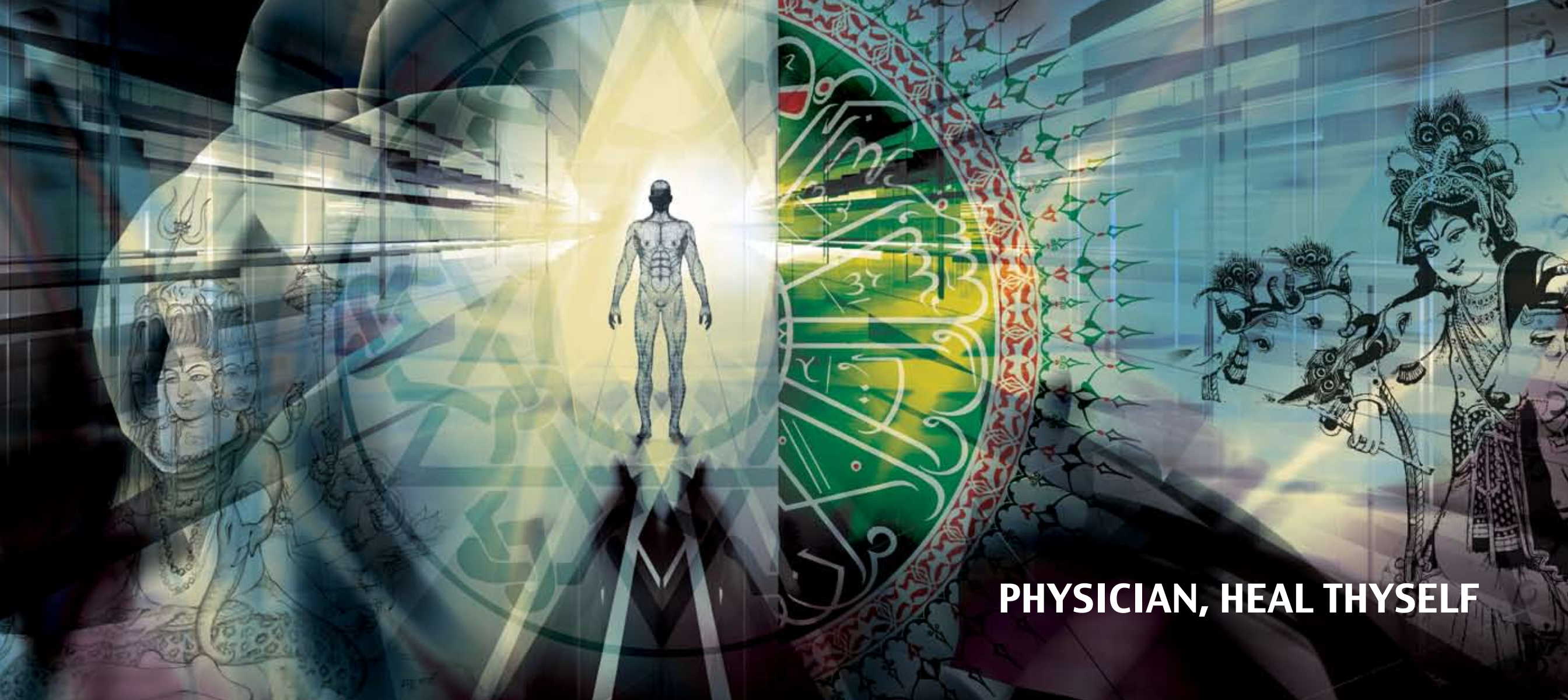
your own destiny. Miraculous recoveries occur in those who adopt an attitude of self-awareness and self-determination and the intrepid outlook of an explorer.

Join us as we embark on a voyage of discovery

to the mystical reaches of your inner universe.

Whatever your health care challenges, bring them along. You will find hope, courage and inspiration every step of the way.





PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

How would you define a perfect life: Radiant health? A rewarding career? Good friends and a loving family?

If you have all of them, congratulations. You have much to be grateful for. Happiness and optimism come easily when things are going well in our lives, and a positive outlook is a vital component of any wellness program.

However, if you are old enough to read this book, you've probably already noticed that life doesn't always run smoothly. Brakes fail, wars erupt, relationships crumble, pink slips unexpectedly turn up in the inbox. We dread hearing words like "biopsy" because a few simple letters have the power to transform our most terrifying nightmares into stark waking reality.

What then?

What happens when the crisis hits home?

SHATTERING ILLUSIONS

If your life is less than perfect, relax, take a deep breath—and let me be the first to welcome you aboard! However unlikely it may seem, you have just embarked on what you may one day recognize as the most rewarding adventure of your life. I know. I've been there.

I am a doctor. Medicine has been my passion and calling since childhood. Five years into my career—just as the decades of hard work and study required to become a doctor had begun to pay off—everything changed.

The morning of September 21, 1989 began much like any other, with the familiar tone of my Casio alarm clock signaling the start of another busy day. But this day, something was different. Very different. When I reached out to silence the noise, nothing happened. I couldn't move a muscle. The effort to move my arm left me gasping for breath, and the sound of the alarm was slowly drowned out by a deafeningly loud thumping sound coming from inside my chest.

I lay frozen in bed, utterly helpless, my mind racing in a thousand directions at once. Something was seriously wrong—but what?

The only thing clear to me about my situation was the fact that I was alone and in desperate need of help. With a herculean act of will, I reached for the phone and arranged an emergency visit with a cardiologist.

The usual gauntlet of testing began with my arrival at the hospital. A healthy, active thirty-three-year-old physician became an invalid overnight, and no one had any idea why.

THE WORLD AT DEATH'S DOOR

Iawoke in the wee hours of the morning in the throes of a second catastrophic collapse. I was rushed to the hospital and settled into a room with the usual intravenous treatment regimen for patients in heart failure. My oxygen flow meter was set at three liters per minute—about 50% higher than most cardiac patients receive—but I wasn't about to complain. I was grateful for every breath.

The abruptness of it all bothered me, the

fact that the collapse had come without warning. I replayed the events of the past fourteen days over and over again in a futile search for answers until my wife finally intervened with calm, methodical logic: "You're overthinking. You should conserve your energy and use it to focus on healing."

Kim's reassuring presence brought me great comfort. I secretly wanted her to stay and keep me company, but the tiny, barren room didn't even offer an armchair. The last thing I remember was urging her to go home as I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke ninety minutes later, alone, terrified and gasping for breath. I pressed the call button again and again for help, but the nurses didn't respond. Groggy, shaky and nearing a state of panic, I fumbled with the oxygen regulator valve myself and somehow managed to double the flow before collapsing back onto the bed.

When the nurse finally arrived, she immediately set into play a terrifying farce that would nearly kill me. Although I was in crisis and acutely short of breath, she walked

to the wrong side of the bed—away from the equipment—and stood there patiently awaiting orders I was in no shape to give. She was clearly intimidated by the fact that I was a doctor. “What do you want me to do?” she asked.

“PLEASE take my blood pressure,” I gasped, barely able to breathe.

My blood pressure had plummeted; it took her three tries to get a reading. When she finally realized how close I was to death, she took action. Before I could say another word, she’d raised the top of my bed and stuffed a second pillow beneath my head.

Her misguided efforts slammed me into another dimension. I suddenly found myself surrounded by hundreds, perhaps thousands of heart patients, each dying from hypoxia—lack of oxygen. I was right there with them—all of them—simultaneously, feeling their pain and hearing their muted screams. They had come to give me a message. They wanted me to understand their suffering—really understand it—and now I did. I knew exactly how and why they’d died.

The epiphany faded into the faint image of a nurse fiddling with an oxygen dial on the wall. In my final conscious effort, I grabbed her by the wrist, pointed to my feet and gasped, “Legs up. Legs up.”

And then I was gone.

Recognizing her mistake, the nurse rushed to undo it by raising my feet and lowering my head. As a life-sustaining flow of blood slowly resumed in my brain, desperately needed oxygen began seeping into my cells one by one, calling me back from the brink of death.

When the haze finally lifted, my first thought was one of escape. An incompetent nurse had nearly killed me just hours after my arrival at the hospital. The facility was clearly unprepared to care for someone in my condition, so I dismissed the cardiologist’s suggestion of open-heart surgery and arranged my own discharge in the morning.

The night’s strange events gave me a lot to think about. My encounter with the dead had demonstrated the presence of invisible and ephemeral connections that exist beyond the reach of logic, medical training or common

sense. I now understood that given the right conditions, the mind has the capacity to access nonpersonal history and information and play it back frame by frame for analysis.

The human heart is much more than a mechanical pumping device with four chambers, four valves and a handful of connecting vessels. Our bodies are intricately intertwined with the vast fabric of the universe. We access that connection through the heart.

I began my third day flat on my back staring at the bare white ceiling of the hospital’s catheterization lab, waiting to go another round with the cardiologist. It’s funny what runs through your mind at a time like that. My thoughts drifted idly from one grim possibility to the next until I suddenly noticed that the entire room had been tiled from floor to ceiling in white. It bothered me that nothing about the place suggested healing in progress. I’d been in hundreds of rooms like it before, but I’d never seen one from this distorted, upside-down angle. I wondered if the contractor had been paid extra for making the place look like a prison.

And then it was time. The squeal of a swinging door announcing the cardiologist’s arrival sent an involuntary shiver rippling across my body. Someone was about to send a large-bore catheter snaking its way from my groin into my heart. Memories of cardiac catheterization procedures I’d performed myself hovered in the room like ghosts, and I suddenly felt deeply embarrassed by my own lack of sensitivity to the fears of my patients. I swore that if I survived the ordeal intact, things would be very different.

My cardiologist was one of the most caring individuals I’ve encountered in my profession, but he had trained—as I had—in the Western tradition of medicine. We are taught to be competent technicians, but we are seldom reminded that we are working on human beings. Now that I was the patient, I understood things differently. I desperately needed someone to walk through the door, hold my hand and promise me that all would be well. No one came.

The verdict arrived the next day: my heart was under attack. This wasn’t a classic heart

attack triggered by blockages in the coronary arteries—it was a severe, life-threatening invasion of my heart by an unknown viral intruder. The infection had caused extensive damage to my heart muscles and rendered them too weak to function.

I was in acute heart failure. The cardiologist and I both knew that the chances of full recovery in a thirty-three-year old male diagnosed with acute viral cardiomyopathy are extremely low. There was little more to be said.

For the first time in my life, I felt totally helpless and vulnerable. Modern cardiology gave me the best cardiac drugs it had to offer, but none of them could change the fact that I was now a terminal patient. I would spend the rest of my life confined to bed by the disease that would soon kill me.

I wanted things to be different. I wanted someone to tell me that I would be fine, that it had all been a terrible mistake.

I felt pity for myself.

I felt profoundly disappointed with my profession.

INSTINCT AND SURVIVAL

The mysterious episode had changed none of the unrelenting facts of my situation. I was dying. Until I did so, I would remain confined to my bed, wholly

dependent on others for my care and on an oxygen tank for my day-to-day survival.

What had changed was my perspective. My strange experience convinced me that there are regions of awareness and knowledge that exist beyond the confines of textbook medicine.

Since traditional Western medicine didn't even know these realms existed, it was clear that I'd have to look elsewhere for a map of the terrain that would lead to my recovery.

My search began with two long-neglected stacks of books at my bedside: one reflected

my keen interest in quantum physics, string theory and the holographic universe; the other promised a better understanding of the many faces of mysticism. Christians, Jews, Muslims, Buddhists and Hindus each held a distinct mystic tradition. I had little interest in what divided them; what I really wanted to explore were the essential truths they held in common. What could I learn by looking at mankind's spiritual legacy as a whole?

Most importantly, what could science and spirituality teach us about healing?

Days melted into weeks and weeks into months with no visible sign of recovery. Oxygen and bed rest allowed me to survive that bleak and difficult time—but a third, more powerful healing force was also beginning to make its debut in my life: HOPE.

The long hours of the night were difficult and depressing. Cardiac patients succumb to low cardiac output in the early hours of the day, usually between 1:00 and 3:00 am, and become acutely agitated and short of breath. I spent most of my nights in a state of fear and trepidation, praying that I wouldn't go

into complete cardiac failure.

Every morning brought a new opportunity to experience hope for the very first time. I embraced each new day with open arms, knowing that I had survived another night and that I would one day be fine. I was alive, and for me, that was the promise of hope.

Hope is invisible and intangible, but like the forces of gravity and electromagnetism, it has a profound influence on events in the physical world. No matter how many options failed, hope remained the driving force sustaining me in the face of impossible odds. The discoveries I made in books on mysticism and quantum physics stood in stark contrast to the bleak pronouncements of the Merck manual and Harrison's textbook of internal medicine.

The bibles of medicine told me I was dying. Quantum science and mankind's great spiritual teachers told me Merck just might be wrong.

Who was I to believe?

Hope is invisible and intangible, but like the forces of gravity and electromagnetism, it has a profound influence on events in the physical world.



"Breath of Fire," Lake Washington, 1990

MIRACLE IN MAZATLÁN

My life was coming to an abrupt end at a most unfortunate and inopportune time. I was thirty-three, newly married, in the fifth year of a thriving medical practice and at the top of my game as a physician and aspiring businessman. This was not a good time to die! The thought of lying in bed helplessly sucking on oxygen while my hopes and dreams faded away was too much to bear. Above all, I didn't want to leave my beautiful young bride alone to cope with a heavy load of outstanding business debt.

After three months of bed-ridden disability, time was running out. Something had to be done, and done quickly.

"Let's go to Mexico," I announced late one evening when my wife arrived home from work.

"OK," she replied, as if this were the most ordinary thing in the world.

A series of miracles fell into place, and we were on a plane for Mazatlán within the week.

Family, friends and colleagues were horrified by my decision. By traveling to Mexico, I would be depriving myself of twenty-four-hour access to the life-saving 911 system and the safety net offered by modern cardiology. Worse, flying Air Mexicana would mean abandoning my oxygen tank. I might not even survive the flight.

Everyone thought I'd lost my mind, and frankly, I half agreed with them. It was a completely irrational decision, a choice made between scientific reason and pure animal instinct. In the end, instinct won. Above all, I craved warmth, sunlight and a final chance to live—or die—on a beautiful beach in paradise.

When our plane arrived in Mexico, I paused for a moment on the stairs to catch my breath before beginning the long, slow descent to the tarmac. A bright orange sunset wrapped itself around the modest silhouette of the two-story stucco terminal building to my right. I closed my eyes to savor the image and felt all my worries about oxygen tanks and health care services drifting away on my first delicious breath of warm salt air. My whole body tingled with the magical glow of late-afternoon sunlight. "I will be healed here," I said. I was sure of it.

Our first week passed uneventfully, much of it spent resting in the hotel room. My initial hunch about Mexico was correct: my body was definitely functioning better in my new location. At the end of seven days, my wife felt confident that I had improved enough to remain in Mexico on my own while she returned to her job in Seattle.

The following day I decided to venture out and do a little exploring. Curious about a flyer I'd seen advertising a yoga workshop, I slipped into a metaphysical bookstore and made my

way past aisles of incense, candles and crystals to a small yoga studio in the back.

I'd hoped to discuss my fragile condition with the instructor before class began, but it was not to be. The yogi—complete with long beard and turban—sat in full lotus position on a sheepskin rug at the far end of the room, deep in meditation. When he'd finished, he gently opened his eyes and peered out at me, bringing his hands together in the customary manner of greeting. He gestured for me to take a seat among the others, and then began to speak.

Guru Dev had exquisite timing. "You don't choose yoga—yoga chooses you," he began, pausing just long enough to let the point sink in before sharing his own remarkable story. He had contracted an incurable disease and had abandoned all hope of recovery until Yogi Bajan introduced him to the power of yogic breath. The physical and emotional transformation he experienced was so powerful that he abandoned everything to become a full-time yoga instructor.

The guru went on to explain that Kundalini

is the yoga of transformation. The Sanskrit word *yoga* means union; the meditation and exercises unify the practitioner's mind, body and spirit into a single cohesive whole. He could have talked for hours about yoga's origin in ancient India or discussed its many rich and varied traditions of practice but decided instead to let yoga speak for itself through a quick demonstration of the Breath of Fire.

He instructed us to raise our arms straight up over our heads. With elbows locked and palms pressed together as if in prayer, we closed our eyes and began inhaling and exhaling through our nostrils, filling the chest and abdomen to capacity with each breath. After ten slow, deep repetitions, we increased the pace and intensity of each breath until we sounded like an advancing army of steam engines.

In-out, in-out, in-out he pressed, pushing us to the limits of our bodies and beyond. My heart was pounding in my throat, but I stayed with it. By the time he signaled the final breath with an unusually loud, deep inhalation, I was ready to collapse.

He asked us to lie on our backs and continue with our long, deep breathing. I felt my flesh and bones melt into the carpet and into the floor and subfloor beneath. My body, soul and spirit were indeed united; I felt tingly and electric everywhere.

I was shocked and overjoyed at my body's amazing performance, but there was little time to revel in my success. It seemed like we barely hit the floor before the guru's commanding voice rang out, "OK, enough already. Rise and get ready for Breath of Fire, round two."

In the course of our two-hour Kundalini session, I worked every muscle, nerve and alveolar (air) sac in my chest. By the time the class ended, I felt more aroused and energized than I had in months. I joined Guru Dev for lunch that day, eager to learn what he would suggest for a man in my condition.

He listened patiently to my story, then shook his head and replied thoughtfully, "Doc, you are one of the dumbest doctors I've ever met."

He didn't wait for my response.

"You've based your entire future on the

opinion of just one man."

I didn't know where he was going with this, but I was too stunned to interrupt.

"You've told me what your doctor thinks you're suffering from, but I want to know what you think."

"Well," I began, "According to Harrison's and the Merck manual, the chances of survival for a thirty-three-year old male with viral cardiomyopathy are very slim."

He interrupted before I could go on, "Doc, don't tell me what the books say. They can say whatever they want to say."

In a final dramatic gesture, he sipped the last of his carrot juice and said—only half in jest—"It's clear *you're* going to need a lot of work."

Motivated by his words and by the stunning improvement I'd experienced in the first session, I practiced the yogic breath techniques for four hours the following day. My health continued to improve. I'd managed well on my own all week and could walk an entire block without becoming short of breath. By late afternoon I felt ready to test the limits of my

newfound body. I was ready for the ocean.

I made my way to the beach and walked gently into the surf, bouncing on tiptoes with each advancing wave. My whole body tingled with anticipation. When the water reached my chest, I touched the seabed one last time and then released my tentative hold on the earth. I was swimming—ten yards, twenty, thirty, sixty. When I'd finally had enough, I rolled over onto my back and lazed in the surf, basking in the simple delight of warm water and sunlight caressing my skin.

I left the water short of breath but exhilarated by my unexpected success. I rested on the glimmering sunbaked sands, reveling in the world of possibilities that now lay before me. I was certain that the Breath of Fire technique would have me seeing patients in no time. I wanted to scream with joy and excitement but saved my enthusiasm for a call to my wife later that evening.

"You won't believe what I did today."

"What?" Kim asked tentatively, never quite sure where a conversation with me might lead.

"I went for a swim. In the ocean. Alone



"Hope," a self-portrait painted in January 1990, the fourth month of my convalescence period

them to put me back on the schedule at work?" I urged.

"I think you should come home first, honey," she stalled. "We can discuss it when you get here."

Despite my wife's skepticism, I knew in my heart that I could be ready. A cure had materialized before my very eyes, and it had come in a most unexpected way. A guru on a sunny beach in Mexico had given me a personal tour of a world my profession didn't even know existed.

and without endangering myself or the lifeguard."

She broke out into a laugh. "I'm proud of you, sweetie, but don't push it."

"Why don't you call the office and tell

Nothing about my experience seemed either plausible or rational—but it was undeniably real. In two weeks I'd been transformed from a depressed, bed-ridden cardiac cripple making end-of-life plans into a vibrant new man racing through life with the electrifying excitement of a runner nearing the finish line!

As a physician, I could no longer dismiss accounts of spontaneous recovery in terminal patients as unscientific or anecdotal. The unbelievable physiologic transformation I experienced was all the proof I needed to know that miracles exist. Spontaneous healing happens, and it can be triggered even in skeptical physicians like me.

It was clear that my colleagues and I still had a long way to go before we would fully unravel the deeper mysteries of the human body. I couldn't explain the cellular mechanisms or science behind what I'd experienced, but I was determined to figure it out. I wanted the entire world to know how our darkest hours of disease and despair can be transformed in a single day!

TRANSFORMATION

I returned to my career six months after I fell ill, determined to leave no stone unturned in my exploration of promising non-traditional medical strategies. I visited acupuncturists, herbalists, homeopaths, massage therapists, chiropractic and naturopathic doctors—and even psychics and hypnotherapists. I switched to organic food, began juicing fruits and vegetables, practiced Kundalini yoga, prayed, meditated and took an intensive course with a visiting Qi-Gong master from mainland China. I took up portrait and landscape painting and filled my days with music.

I found my examination of the different traditions of health care intriguing and useful, but I wasn't ready to trade my Western medical education for any of them just yet. What I really wanted to know was why *all* these techniques stood the test of time. How could such radically different systems of care all enjoy the success they did?

I wanted to find the common thread that bound them together. I sensed a single hidden

As a medical student I was told it would be wrong to give my patients 'a false sense of hope.' Today I know better. Hope is the first step in the recovery process, and no one is better positioned to take advantage of its powerful healing potential than you. There is nothing 'false' about having the imagination and courage to begin manifesting a healthy future that is not yet visible to others. Don't be afraid to lose yourself in the ecstasy of the moment and envision your preferred future as one of peace, health and happiness.

principle at work behind practices as diverse as acupuncture and anesthesia, Reiki and radiation oncology, homeopathy and endocrinology, and I was determined to find it. The search for a single unifying principle of healing