

Note - The reason I mailed you these
Two Test, Neather one had any Med. Treatment

ImmunoCal 41100m

A natural source of the glutathione precursor, cysteine, for the maintenance of a STRONG IMMUNE SYSTEM

Today's Miracle:

Harold Jansma, from
Burstall, Saskatchewan,
Canada, shares his story.

A heart-wrenching
battle with the dreaded
disease we know as
CANCER...

An inoperable brain
tumor, 40 y/o, 1999.

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AND BECOME AN INFORMED CONSUMER

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT IMMUNOCAL AND HOW IT IS CLINICALLY PROVEN TO INCREASE YOUR BODIES SUPPLY OF GLUTATHIONE, as a natural source of the glutathione precursor cysteine, for the maintenance of a

STRONG IMMUNE SYSTEM

Please contact the person who sent this Miracle to YOU.

A story you will never EVER forget!

This is a special story written by Harold Jansma, based on his life and death experience with an inoperable brain tumor. He shares his feelings, as expressed by an individual at 40 years old, with 5 young children, a happy marriage, a flourishing wood working business and a future full of hopes and dreams that was suddenly shattered when he was told he only had a few weeks to live. Stories like Harold's are why we feel it is our duty to share with the world, the unprecedented discovery that will be sure to change the way we tackle the diseases of aging in the decades to come.

Thank You for sharing this incredible story with the world, Harold.

Lord, I Don't Want to Die

by Harold Jansma

Before I go on to tell you about how much I believe in the product called ImmunoCal and my GOD, I've got to tell you about the most amazing miracle I know and it's mine. I've been hiding this for 7+ years for fear of being ridiculed, rejected, laughed at and, I guess, of what people would think. While talking to a good friend she said, "Today I want to encourage you to live, speak and breathe your truth regardless of what others might think and say. Other people need the same hope and healing you have had."

It was time to open the door and reveal my story.



This is about having faith in a medical research scientist at Immunotec Research who has dedicated his life to an amazing discovery that allowed me to save mine.

It all started in June 1999. I was 40 years old and in good health (or so I thought other than the stress headaches that most businessmen get when they are over worked) I had a wife, 5 young children and a very busy woodworking business. Life was good and I was happy. I couldn't have asked for anything more BUT then it happened. I was home alone one evening, my wife was out at a school function with the kids. I would have gone but I had to work late. I was really tired and decided to lie down for a while so proceeded to go upstairs when I started to lose focus, then feeling and then consciousness. The next thing I remember is the kids and my wife being around me at the bottom of the stairs. A little sore from the fall, they helped me to the living room so I could regain my strength. In my mind, I knew this wasn't right. Something had to be wrong. It's been going on for about a month now and getting worse, the headaches and nausea, feelings of numbness in my hands, arms, and legs. I hoped that it would just go away; I was eating Tylenol 3's like candy. Being only 40, I denied the possibility of anything being wrong. I felt like I was still in my prime. I was strong enough to take some pain. It wasn't going to stop me. Besides, my life was great so what if I had a few headaches, big deal, I'll deal with it. Pop a few pills... good to go.

I guess my biggest mistake was to think I was invincible, that I didn't need a doctor. Besides, I thought most doctors were over-rated and all they did was push pills. But, after this event it was clear to me that I should go. So, I made the appointment.

I entered the doctor's office facing a child with the biggest smile I've ever seen and it made me think of my own. When I was called in, I told the doctor what was going on and about my episode the previous night. He did some routine tests and checks, more like a physical, then said, "Well, by what you're telling me and from what I can tell it seems as if you may have had a mild stroke. So we'll make some appointments for some tests at the hospital and go from there." "Okay," I said not really expecting anything out of the ordinary because I didn't feel too bad and he seemed so calm about the whole thing.

Over the course of the next few weeks I had some tests done at our local hospital, then a phone call for another test, then another and another and finally an MRI. It was 2 days after my MRI when the doctor called, "We need to talk Harold, about your results. I'll set it up for tomorrow at 10." "Okay," I said.

Let me tell you, the next day couldn't come fast enough.

I was curious to know. I thought about everything that might have something to do with a stroke. I knew that I had worked long and hard, maybe I didn't eat properly for a while and maybe I should slow down a bit but come on, I'm only 40.

The worst thing about not knowing is the way your imagination takes over. Throughout the whole night, my thoughts were running rampant. What if there was something wrong with my heart? Heart murmur? Heart disease? Did I miss a beat maybe? Is that the cause? I didn't know.

It brought me to think of things that a man of my age hopes he will never have to deal with. I prayed for some guidance, wisdom and healing because until now I guess I just took things for granted.

I got to the doctor's office at 10. The nurse said the doctor had an emergency call at the hospital and wouldn't be in for my appointment, however, she gave me a note for an appointment with a specialist in Oshawa, Ont. I looked down at it and started to read. I looked up and she was staring right at me. "What is this?" I asked. "Your appointment is set for this Friday at 11:00am at the King Street Medical Clinic" she said. I stared at her in silence. "Do you know where that is, sir?" she asked. "Sure but why do I need to see him?" "I'm sure he will explain everything to you at that time," she said.

I thought about it on the way back to work. As I was driving the memory of my dad came to mind. My dad died on Dec. 5, 1988 from lymph cancer, he was only 52. I tried to stay as calm as possible before I talked to my wife. That afternoon when I got home, I walked in the door and there she was. "So, how did it go," she asked. Just then, my youngest daughter came running over to me and I picked her up. "Good, I have to go for some more tests again but this time in Oshawa," I told her about what went on at the doctor's office and showed her the note. "I don't think there's much to worry about," I said. I didn't talk about it much. Trying not to raise any questions; however, it was on my mind.

Friday morning 10:45 and I was standing in front of the clinic. I could remember being there before. As I walked through the front door, turned left, down the hall to room 103, the 3rd office and looked at the sign on the door. Dr. C..., Oncologist. I've been here before with my dad and now I was little concerned! I hesitated for a second because I knew I had to go in but I didn't want to. Well, I went in. The receptionist asked my name and then told me to have a seat in the waiting room. The room was empty except for an older couple in the corner. I guess they were waiting too, because the door to his office was closed. About 10 minutes later, a young

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woman came out with a bandage wrapped around her head wearing a hat. She was smiling. Hey, a good sign right?

I took a deep breath and exhaled when he called me in. He shook my hand and said "Hello Mr. Jansma, have a seat I'll be right with you," then he stepped out. I guess he had to finish some paper work first. He came in and asked how I was doing as he sat to read the chart on his desk. He put his hand to his head and just kept reading. "How do you feel?" "Okay," I said. He got up from his desk, walked over to a bookcase, and grabbed a book asking more questions "Are your headaches worse in the morning and then ease off?" "Well ya," I said. "Have you been feeling nauseous or vomiting at all?" "Sometimes." "Do you lose feeling in your arms and legs?" "Well ya, but not all the time. Its like they just fall asleep but after a couple of minutes, I'm ok. What's going on?" I asked. All was silent as he read. Then he spoke. "No pain?" "Not really." The tone of his voice made me suspect that there was a problem. Clearing his throat many times, he proceeded to tell me about how the brain works and its primary functions. Why is he talking about my brain when I thought I was here to deal with a mild stroke? I continued to listen. He went on to talk about how the brain sometimes causes complications and why they occur and...hold it! Now I knew I was in trouble.

He carried on with some mumbo-jumbo medical terms and other jargon, when I interrupted him and said "Doc, I'm a simple man, just tell me what's wrong."

He stared at me and then looked at the chart again. The silence was killing me. "Well," I said. The next statement was one nobody wants to hear in a doctor's office and I don't care who you are. He said, "Harold we found a large tumor attached to your brain. It's around the pineal gland, a tiny organ near the center of the brain. It has grown into the brain tissue and at this point, it is 3.2cm wide and growing rapidly. This could change in a week and if its size grows bigger than 5cm it will become very uncomfortable and painful. Unfortunately, at this stage there is not a lot we can do." He continued, "It's in an area which it's extremely difficult to get to. Surgery is very risky because of how it has grown into the brain tissue and with surgery the possibility of permanent brain damage is extremely high."

He carried on with other procedures they have tried but I couldn't focus on what he was saying. I was furious! Anger had built up inside me and all I wanted to do was beat the crap out of this guy who had told me something I didn't want to hear. "So now what?" I said in a voice not really my own. I tried to keep my composure as he discussed chemo and radiation therapy but I couldn't concentrate on what he was saying. I had blocked it out. My mind was focused on WHY? What did

I do to deserve this? I tried to listen but I couldn't, I couldn't focus on our conversation. The memory of my dad going through the pain and suffering of chemo and the radiation torture of his disease was enough for me to say no thanks. I cut into the conversation. "Can I ask you one question?" I asked. He nodded. "If you say that you can't get at this tumor and surgery is high risk then am I going to survive this?" There was a silence, which seemed to last forever as he stared at me. He lowered his head and flipped a page, broke a cough and said, "Harold, I'm going to be straight with you. I will do everything in my power to make it as comfortable as possible for you. There are new experimental medications coming out all the time." "What if they don't work," I asked. "We'll just have to try and hopefully they do. Some people have had good results with cases similar to yours but there is still a risk." "You didn't answer my question doc," I said. He continued, "There have been cases where patients have survived 6 months even a year." "A YEAR?" I asked. "However," he said, "I don't want to get your hopes up because I'm thinking, by the rapid speed of its growth in such a short time, he shrugged his shoulders and suggested, maybe 3-6-12 weeks or less but I want you to see a really good friend of mine who's a neurosurgeon in the city (Toronto) and get his opinion." He said he would make the arrangements and call me. He tried to comfort me by saying he was sorry and at the same moment, my hands went to my face as I looked to the floor. All I could think about was.....I'M GOING TO DIE!!! Why me? I'm not ready. I'm only 40 and I'm going to die! Man, I wasn't ready for this. I wished my wife was there because I wasn't expecting anything like this. A couple more tests would have been fine for me.

Now I have to have the worst conversation of my life...with...my wife and my family.

The drive back was the blindest event I've ever experienced. I knew that my wife was working at the time and I knew I had to stop and tell her. I went inside the store and found her and I guess the look on my face was enough to stop her in her tracks. "What is it?" she asked. "I need to talk to you about something really important," I said, "but not here. Can you take your break or something now?" "Ok, just give me a minute," she said. "Ok, I'll wait in the car." When she came into the car, my heart felt like it ripped in half. I looked at her face and met her eyes. "I saw the doctor at 11, well; he told me something that I didn't want to hear." "What?" She asked. I paused to build up courage to speak. "He said that I have a brain tumor, and that it doesn't look good. He said it's about 3.2 cm and growing fast. He said surgery would be very risky because it's in a place that's hard to get at and there's a chance of permanent brain damage." I looked at her and my eyes filled with tears. "Honey, I'm going to die!" "No," she

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said. We both cried as we held each other. Neither one of us spoke because we couldn't. Finally, I said, "He said I could have as much as a year and as little as a week or less depending on how fast it grows and what it affects." I just looked at her and said "Babe, I'm not ready for this. I don't want to leave you and the kids. I don't want to die! I'm too young." Time had passed and she didn't want to go back to work but we agreed to talk when she got home. All I could think about was how she would go on without me. Some of the dumbest thoughts came to mind as I watched her walk back to the store. Maybe I shouldn't have told her about it until she got home but I needed to say something. She's all I had and I needed her. My life had come to a crossroad where I knew that I would only be able to live day to day. You know, when you think you're healthy and all of a sudden your life changes at the snap of a finger, because of something you have no control of. It sure makes you think that life's not fair. On my way home, I tried to think of every possible reason why this affliction was happening to me. There's a moment in everyone's life when they want to grow old with the one they love, see their kids get married and be able to love their grandchildren. My life's dream at this moment has been shattered and my hope of providing for my family had been crushed. I felt weak with disappointment and you have no idea of how unprepared I was for the news I had just received.



Harold Jansma and his wife, Yvonne

At home, I sat in my chair and waited for my wife and kids to come home. The thoughts that ran through my mind were plenty. Could you imagine having the one thing you would never expect being thrown on your plate and saying to yourself, how am I going to deal with this? It's mind-boggling. I watched my kids get off the bus and enter the house one by one. "Hi Dad," they said, "Why are you home so early?" I had to hold my

feelings back making sure I wasn't giving anything away just yet. As each one gave me a quick hug and then went on their way to do who knows what, I said, "Oh, I decided to take some time off today and spend it at home with you guys, ok." "Dad can you help me with my homework?" my oldest son asked. "Sure." As we sat at the table, I looked at him and realized that he was a beautiful piece of work. He was so young and with so much potential. My eyes were getting heavy and I couldn't handle it much longer. My youngest daughter came running over with a book, "read me a story daddy please". I looked at her face full of joy and her smile was enough to break the front I was trying to play. "Just a minute honey," I said, "I just have to run up stairs for a second to do something." In my room, I saw our family portrait and that was all it took.

I fell to my knees and asked, "God, please don't let me die." I'm sorry for all that I've done wrong and promise to change my life. How will my family survive without me? Why would you put such a burden on my wife with 5 young children? Why must this happen this fast? Why Lord why?" As I sat there on the edge of my bed and wept, I didn't realize 2 of my kids were watching me. "What's wrong Dad? Are you all right? Did we do something wrong?" I turned to them and hugged them for as long as I could without answering them. The hardest thing I could ever imagine is not being able to be there for my family. While I was holding my 2 girls, I looked up and there was my wife. The look of worry on her face was so readable, so there. "Girls," she said, "Dad and I need to talk. Can you give us a minute or two please?"

We went into our room and closed the door. She said, "Explain to me what he said again so I understand." So I told her exactly what happened start to finish. I could see the anxiety in her face as tears began to flow from her eyes. I held her for a long time in silence because neither one needed to speak. I can't imagine the pain I had just created for her and I felt so sorry.

I was putting my kids to bed that night and watching them lie there saying their prayers when I realized that one day in the near future I'd never see them do this again. That night I was so scared to fall asleep because I wasn't sure if I was going to wake up.

My doctor called the next morning and asked me to come in, he would fit me in. As I was sitting there in his office and leafing through a magazine, I found a brochure on IMMUNOCAL from Immunotec Research. It was slid between the pages. I read it, looked at it and stuck it in my pocket. I didn't pay much attention to it at first but something told me to take it. When I went in to talk with him, he was reading the results of my MRI and said that he wanted to start chemo right away and that

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the specialist had booked several appointments with a series of specialists in the city. He said that the doctors I was going to see wanted to monitor the growth and activity of the tumor because of its size. To see what can be done. At first, I agreed because in my mind I needed all the help I could get. I think he had my best interest in mind because, well, if you can't trust your doctor who can you trust?

My first appointment was with a Neurosurgeon in Toronto. 6 hours I was there. Doing test after test, monitor after monitor, x-ray after x-ray, wires attached here, there and everywhere. It was uncomfortable but I thought that if this would lead to making me better then I'll do what I had to do. Once it was over the doctor said that I should be admitted into the hospital so they could monitor me through the night and a couple of days after. I wanted to say yes but I needed to ask one question first. I told to him that I knew that the tumor was growing and that it was 3.2cm a week ago and that I was not sure what the size was now but what exactly were you going to be able to do for me? I just needed to know, right? In my mind, if it goes to 5cm I'm dead. "Good question," he said. "Well, to start off with the size has increased some, looking at the chart, 3.8 but we don't have any clinical studies over 3.5 for this type of tumor so that's why its important for you to be monitored." "Well Doc, I have one more question, what are you going to do to help me?" "At this point," he said, "we can't do a lot except observe and as a last resort possible, surgery if you're willing. Your doctor did tell you about the risk involved, didn't he?" "Oh ya," I said as I rubbed my forehead turning to look at my wife. I saw her just staring at the floor. I could tell that this conversation was playing with her emotions. I didn't know what to do. "What if I don't stay?" I asked. "Well, we would need you back in 2 days minimum to do the same tests again." With that, I peeked at my wife and I agreed to do that. "I'll have a room ready for you and I'll have my secretary let you know what time to be here." "Two days, right?" I said. "That's right," he said.

One of the things I thought about while I was sitting in the doctor's office was the fact that I carried a file to each one of the tests. Each time I looked at it, it made me think. All I saw were numbers on colored stickers. How was I to know that I wasn't just a number?

The ride home was quiet for both of us. We both knew that this was going to happen sooner than later and to be honest I had a hard time with it. I kept getting angrier because I felt helpless. I couldn't do anything. My life was going to end and I couldn't do a damn thing about it. How would you feel? I mean emotionally. Knowing you were going to die in a very short time and not being able to do anything.

That night when we got home, we made dinner and as we were sitting around the table with our kids discussing their day, my stomach were just tied in knots. There was a moment in my life and I'm sure in everyone's life that is classed second to none. When the quality family time that is spent around the table at dinner is priceless. It is an hour that I will remember forever because laughing, joking around and having some serious conversations are what grows and keeps a family together. We were doing the dishes and I looked at my wife and she smiled back at me, it was then when I asked her to help me. "What do you want to do," she said. "I want to beat this thing!" I told her. "I don't know how yet but I am not going to be a lab rat for some experimental medications and data observations. I don't want to die in a hospital. If I am going to die, I'm going to do it fighting. Honey, you know I'm not a quitter." She agreed. "But what are we going to do?" she asked. I thought for a moment and then said, "I think I need to find out all I can about brain tumors. What causes them, how they affect things, where they come from? I need to find out makes them grow and what feeds them? I have to dig deep and find the information on how to heal myself. I need to find out what slows them down, what makes them smaller and breaks them up. If I wait for the doctors to help me, I'm going to end up dead and I don't want to die." "Well, I don't want you to either," she said. "Okay, let's do it!"

It didn't take long before we had compiled a lot of information. We researched anything and everything that had to do with brain tumors. We looked through every medical site we could find. Some of the stuff I tried to read but didn't have a clue what it meant. Finally, it seemed that we had found enough. Now was the time to put this information together. We were so focused on this, that a major catastrophe could have happened around us and we wouldn't have noticed. I kept telling myself, "I can beat this! I can beat this!" We worked on it for almost 2 days. Day and night as much as we could, we worked because in our minds we were running out of time. If I went in the hospital there was a good chance I wasn't coming out. We started going through the information, we had to find similarities in all the documentation. Any data that looked like it fit with another was put in a pile and we looked at it again. It was hard, because to look for something that you know nothing about especially in technical terms is tough.

The one thing we found that was common to all was glutathione and now we just had to find out what that was. We searched the net for more information on this stuff. It came up as a small protein produced by the body. It said that without it you die and that your life depends on it. It also said that Glutathione plays a roll in eliminating many cancers. BINGO! Is this what I was

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looking for? It said that glutathione is made in the body by the cells and they need three amino-acids to make it.

- Glutamate
- Glycine
- Cysteine

Wait a minute, I've read that somewhere before. Then it came to me. I ran upstairs and grabbed the IMMUNOCAL brochure off the dresser. I started to read it and it said it was an ideal source of cysteine. Hey, is there a connection here? I needed to find out more about this stuff. I called the number on the back and talked to a man whose name was Roger Patola. He knew a lot more about this glutathione stuff and what it can do. He told me about some of the testimonies from people it's helped and was almost certain it would do the same for me. I was impressed by what he said. I needed more information. I told him about what was going on with me and he suggested getting on it right away. I did. He sent me as much info as he had and told me to read a book he would send me. I must have read that brochure 100 times and every time I had more questions. I kept reading the words McGill University and well everyone knows that is the #1 hot spot for science and medical research. I could hardly wait for it to come. The only thing that bothered me now was the rest of my medical appointments. What do I do? Do I take the chance and not go or what?

I struggled with the answer because I had a pretty good feeling I was going to be subjected to some nasty tests. That night I laid awake for sometime thinking about what to do. What if this stuff doesn't work like he said? What if I go to the city and get really sick? I had to be there for 9am. I wanted to put my trust in something but what? I looked at my wife as she lay sleeping and I had to think what was best for her as well. I had to make the most important decision of my life. I prayed for God to give me direction and guidance in what to do and that his healing hand would be upon me. I had to have some time to put this together in my mind and the last thing I wanted to do was focus on dying.

The next day at 5 am, I was awake with a massive headache. I took some prescribed pills this time and as I looked in the mirror my eyes were blood red. There was no white. I had to go to the city. I didn't want to but if I had any hope of staying alive for a little while longer I had to. In case something really bad happened at least I would have a last resort.

At 6:45am the phone rang, it was the specialist's office. My appointment had been changed to next week. However, I had an appointment with an eye, ear and nose specialist at St. Michael's hospital on Thursday and

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once she had the time, she would call. I found it rather odd that the timing had been when I really didn't want to go anyway. It was like God said be patient and have faith in what I'm doing.



**The Jansma Family (clockwise from top left)
Sara 18, Zack 15, Erin 19, Katie 14, Cam 12**

When I received the information from Roger, I couldn't put it down. I read the books, The Ultimate GSH Handbook by Dr. Jimmy Gutman MD, FACEP and Breakthrough in Cell-Defense by Dr. Gustavo Bounous Ph.D., FRCS (C) cover to cover and all the information on cancer. I couldn't figure out why other doctors didn't know about this stuff. This is medical science type stuff. Hey, these guys had done their homework and they were making people well. They tell it like it is. The testimonies were amazing. The results that people were having with all kinds of different diseases, not just my kind, were unbelievable. I knew that we had to give this stuff a try. I ordered the product IMMUNOCAL and with the help of Roger decided to start with 4 packets a day. Then after a week, if I felt okay then I would bump it to 6 packets. I made my first order a rush delivery and had it next day. I wanted to have at least a full week on the product before I had to see any more doctors. Just to

see if my hunch was right. I wanted to know that this stuff was real and not just some new fad on the market.

The first week went by and I noticed that my headaches weren't as intense and my eyes started to clear up. They weren't as red in the morning. I could actually see white. You know, I was starting to feel good about our decision in taking this stuff and my wife said that my color seemed to be coming back. The best thing was I hadn't spoken to the big white phone in 3 days. That was awesome! But the big test was yet to come.

I had scheduled appointments with a number of different doctors in the city to run tests and a bunch more scans. My first appointment was with an Eye Specialist - physician/surgeon. It was a concern that there may be a lot of pressure from the brain pushing on my eyes. After a series of tests, about 4 hours worth, the results came in as mild swelling behind the eye but no more than what a sinus cold would have. I couldn't believe what I just heard. It was like a huge weight was just lifted off my shoulders. It was hard to keep the joy I had inside from spilling out onto that guy's desk. Its working I thought, IT'S WORKING!!!! He said he'd send copies to my doctor and I could go. I entered the hallway with the loudest "YES," I'm sure they heard it across the street. The smile that my wife had as I entered the waiting room was a picture so perfect I can't explain. It's like winning the lottery. I ran to her and hugged her, its working I said it's working.

My visit with him was short. He said that when all the tests come back we'll discuss my options. However, he said that I should have been on chemo by now because he wanted me to start chemo right away. I said that I decided to wait and that I was in the process of trying something non-toxic. He wouldn't even listen to what I had to say. He didn't seem too impressed and would schedule chemo as soon as possible. I didn't say anything at the time but the memory of my dad was enough for me to shake my head... no way. I ain't doing it!

It had been 35 days and my appointment was with a Neurooncologist, a brain tumor specialist. This was different. I did a series of mental tests, visual and memory. I wasn't quite sure what he was looking for although he did explain how the tests work and it was something like when they test for sleeping disorders. All these wires were connected to my head and then I was scanned with a machine over and over again. It was interesting; however, I wasn't able to get any information from him. Other than he'll send his report to my doctor. That's great.

Through the whole time, I felt myself getting stronger. My headaches were getting less and less intense. I felt the aches and pains in my body going away. I had more energy. What was transpiring within my body I couldn't explain but I knew one thing and that was evident I AM STILL ALIVE! Thank you Lord, I knew you would be there when I needed you. Just like the poem, Footprints In The Sand. I had one thing left to do and that was having an MRI.

It was now mid July and I continued to take IMMUNOCAL, 6 packets a day and felt like I was getting better all the time. My next appointment with my doctor was to introduce him to IMMUNOCAL. He was insisting on putting me on chemo and said that it was the only possible way to slow down the tumor growth. I told him about what my dad went through and how I watched him cry with pain. How he wasted away lying in a bed not even knowing what day it was. I told him how at the age of 52 he looked like he was 90. Skin and bones was all he was when he was on the traditional medicine that is apparently "the only way". I said that I wasn't ready for that, nor did I want to go through it or put my family through it. You have to listen to me because I'm getting better I said, I just know it. I showed him the information on glutathione and told him about the results I was having. But to him the only way was traditional medicine for any cancer treatment. I'm not saying its not, but for me, I choose a different route. We discuss the pros and con's of traditional treatments and although there are some risks involved it was still my best option. How could I prove to him that there are alternatives? I showed him the pages in Dr. Gutman's

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book and Dr Bounous's book and asked him what he knew about glutathione. "Not much," he said. I asked if he would read these 2 books and then tell me what he thought. "NO! Not interested. I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he said. "How long have you been on this natural product?" "Just over 2 months," I said. "Okay," he continued, "How about if I schedule an MRI to see where we are and if your tumor has not reduced in size enough to change my mind then you take the chemo." I hesitated for a minute, was I really sure or was I taking a chance. I knew that I needed the MRI to prove to myself that it was working but to agree to take chemo if it wasn't? Have you heard of an arrow prayer? Now was the time. Lord, help me here? I need some wisdom in a hurry, Lord. He stared at me impatiently and then at that moment I stuck out my hand and made the deal. "Okay Harold, I'll set it up and in the mean time there is one more test I need done." "Okay, but what about the other test results. I'm still waiting for some of the important ones to come in." "It usually takes a couple of weeks to get results back from the city. If they thought there were serious issues it would be faster. I looked at him as if to say maybe I'm right.

I didn't hear from him for a long time and I was still taking 6 packets a day however it was months before I got the call for the test at St. Michael's. It wasn't a visual field test requested by the Eye Specialist. It wasn't till 3 weeks later the MRI was scheduled. I almost thought the doctor had forgotten about me. I had to meet with a doctor at St. Michael's in the city for a consultation before my test. He told me about what was going to happen and how it worked and what to expect. I had only one question for him. I said, "Sir before I leave today I need to know the results. Please?" He paused and said, "When you're done come back to my office and we'll go over it." "Okay," I said. The test took about an hour and then we hustled back to his office. While we waited the technician who we saw downstairs had brought in an envelope and gave it to the lady at the desk. We waited for about half an hour before he called me in. Have a seat he said. He was looking at my pictures in the light box and he pointed at something. He went back to his chart and then back to the picture. This must be it here, he said. It's not real big about the size of a pea. THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED TO HEAR! From that moment on I knew that I was going to be healed. I jumped up and had to high five him. The look of shock on his face was great. I had to explain to him what I was going through and that this was the one result I had to know. He smiled and said good luck.

My next appointment with my doctor was a pleasure to attend. We went over all the tests and especially the latest MRI report. He was quite surprised to see all the results and was more open to the natural way of healing for me. Although he was not a believer in natural products, this one did impress him. He agreed with me that chemo was not in the picture anymore but wanted to keep up with the testing to monitor my results. I thought this was a good idea and agreed to his request.

After almost 7 1/2 years, of hiding in the closet my time has come to tell others of my battle and victory against my brain tumor. I have nothing but the highest respect for Immunotec Research and their world famous doctors and scientist. Who do their job so well that others may have a second chance at life! It is an honor to be a part of this great company and now to be able to tell anyone who's willing to listen about a product that has life changing capabilities. I was introduced to Immunotec's first distributor in a meeting in Red Deer AB. This is what got the ball rolling. She said, "Harold It's your duty to tell people your story because there are hundreds and hundreds of people who need the same hope and healing of head. You know that you have a message that people need to hear. That they can relate to, share the same feelings and personal pain you felt but most of all, the hope that there is an answer." She's right. Everyone knows of a person through family, a friend or relative who is critically ill with a disease or sickness and they need the hope that there is a better way. Immunotec Research is a company that truly has people's wellness at heart.

Believe me, I AM walking proof that it works.
Thank you for reading my story

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