

WDDTY / Dealing With Terminal Cancer

A stage 4 cancer diagnosis used to be a death sentence. By then, the cancer had spread and there was little the oncologist could do.

Not anymore. An upbeat article in the UK's Daily Telegraph this week lists the cancer that can be treated even when they've reached the final phase. Now the cancer patient can be offered an array of options, some of which may arrest the cancer's spread.

Take, for instance, breast cancer. Around 14 percent of women will be diagnosed with the cancer at some stage in their lives, and a third of these will reach stage 4 when it has spread to other parts of the body, usually the brain, liver or bones.

Depending on the type of cancer, the oncologist has a range of options he can employ when even just 10 years ago, he had little to offer, the article says.

The greatest progress has been in targeted and 'smart' chemotherapy, although both terms seem oxymoronic. As a result, breast cancers such as HER2-positive—the most common type, caused by a gene mutation that allows the cancer to spread rapidly—are more treatable, thanks to new chemo drugs such as Enhertu, which can shrink the tumour.

To a man (and woman), the oncologists told reporters that they have finally something to offer the 'end stage' cancer patient.

This simply isn't true. More than 30 years ago, my mother's stage 4 breast cancer was reversed in six months with high doses of vitamin C, given intravenously, occasional infusion of hydrogen peroxide and a radical change of diet (writes Bryan).

She was a no-hoper as far as conventional medicine was concerned, and my family had been told to 'get her affairs in order' and prepare for her death within three months or so.

We took her to see Dr Patrick Kingsley, a WDDTY panellist, who was confident he could treat her cancer. He said that with some assurance because he had successfully treated around three thousand other no-hopers.

And he was as good as his word. The doctor who had made the gloomy prognosis was convinced he was looking at a ghost when he saw my mother walking past him nine months later. Unable to believe the evidence of his eyes, he insisted my mother have an x-ray (despite my objections) and lo and behold—nothing! No tumour, no sign of cancer and the breast that had been an open wound was looking healthy.

But one day, Patrick had a visit from the goon squad. Boot boys from the General Medical Council (GMC), which regulates doctors, told him he could close his practice and keep his licence or be disbarred from the profession.

A proud man, Patrick decided to close down, and the many patients he was treating had to be turned away.

Not once did the GMC ask him what his protocols were and how he was reversing stage 4 cancers. No, they would just wait for the 'smart' chemo drugs to turn up, some 30 years later. We wonder why?

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