

PAIN SPECIALIST CURES PAINFUL INJURY USING THE WATER CURE PROGRAM

**“The extra water you drink when you take a pill does more good than the pill”
Darrell J. Stoddard, Copyright 1998**

I couldn't walk across the floor for a hundred dollars a step when I first got up in the morning. My left ankle that I injured hurt so bad that I would nearly pass out if I put weight on it. Then after hopping around on one foot for a while I was able to hobble through the day. The thing that made my injury even more distressing is that I am a pain specialist who had stopped the pain in more than 9000 patients and I couldn't help myself.

My regular morning runs that I had been doing faithfully for 26 years came to an end. The goal of running like my acquaintance Larry Lewis (who is 103 years of age and ran six miles every morning before going to work) was now impossible.

I had my foot x-rayed. There were no fractures or broken bones. I tried my own treatments, Bioelectric and Auricular Therapy. It did nothing for the pain. I had orthotics made, had my ankle taped, did all the exercises given to me by a podiatrist, injected my foot with vitamin B-6 and B-12, injected all of the trigger points with procaine. I took vitamins and minerals of all kinds, tried glucosamine sulfate, glucosamine hydrochloride, phenylalanine, blue-green algae, cod-liver oil, flaxseed oil and non-fat yogurt, pyngoginal, etc.

When all of the natural stuff failed, I tried aspirin, Tylenol and a number of non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs. Some of these made the pain a little more bearable but when I stopped taking them the pain came back with a vengeance. I was obviously just masking the pain and making myself vulnerable for further injury. For nine months I tried everything ever heard of for pain, short of narcotics. By now I was getting desperate. My goal and dream of running till I was 100 years old was now just that, only a dream. People were coming to me from all over the world to stop their pain and I couldn't help myself.

I read the book, “Your Body's Many Cries for Water” by F. Batmanghelidj, M.D. that I highly recommend. (Available from amazon.com. Click on the link and type in book title to learn about purchase). I started to drink more water, or at least thought I was, but I wasn't consistent enough to help and my pain continued.

A patient of mine who was an engineer developed a water softener/purification system that used potassium chloride instead of sodium chloride. They came to our house to test the water and do a demonstration. The demonstration included filling a bowl full of water and showing how much chlorine was in it. I then was instructed to immerse my hand in the water and stir it for five minutes. After stirring the water, it was again tested and the chlorine was all gone. I was told that the chlorine was absorbed by my hand and this is the reason I needed a whole house water conditioning system, not just the drinking water-because the chlorine, which is a toxic poison, would be absorbed into the body while taking a shower or bath.

I told Dr. Remington, with whom I work, about the demonstration and he said. “Some of the chlorine may have been absorbed but most of it evaporated. That is why,” he said, “you have to keep putting chlorine in a swimming pool, because it evaporates”. He then added, “If you want to solve that problem, let your drinking water sit overnight without a lid on it and all of the chlorine will evaporate.

I started doing this and at the end of the day I could see how much water I did not drink. This routine reminded me to consistently drink more water. Lo and behold, the painful foot that stopped me from running and crippled me for nine months, got better.

Now each morning I can again go running like I did before the injury. Through the experience, I learned as much about stopping pain as I did in a lifetime of study. Dr. Batmanghelidj is right, when we are in pain our body “is crying for water.” Besides having the pain in my foot go away, another interesting change came into my life. Several times a day I have to run for the bathroom like a little child, something I haven't done for more that fifty years. One of these days I'm not going to make it, but it will be worth it.

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