

My Recovery from Cancer Using Nutritional Therapy

By Cr Jack Ogilvie, Board Member of the Cancer and Natural Therapy Foundation

I hadn't given much thought to the meaning of my life and the lifestyle that I had been living, until February 1986 when I was diagnosed with 'poorly differentiated squoma (from the skin) cell cancer' -a form of melanoma that had penetrated one of the glands. This was the beginning of a new chapter in my life and culmination of many changes that helped me conquer cancer with a new outlook to life. Sound nutrition, fitness and positive attitude were factors that I consider to have been fundamental to my remarkable recovery from cancer, as well as, establishing a 'purpose to live'.

Up till the time of my diagnosis, there were aspects of my life that were characterized by 'excessiveness'- too much smoking, drinking, pizzas and pies! It was obvious to me that I needed to make adjustments to various areas of my life, and I knew that this could only happen if I was willing to make the changes that were necessary to regain my health. When I look back, I know that my poor 'living habits' were not the only factors that had affected my health; the high level of stress associated with the fear of losing our daughter, Shelly' of 12 months of age, after a diagnosis of Q T Syndrome, was possibly a trigger to my cancer, which I later realized.

My diagnosis of cancer followed after finding a pea size nodule in my neck that had been rapidly growing over a period of a couple of months. It was this that prompted me to visit my family doctor, who then referred me to the 'throat and nose specialist'. After examination the specialist recommended surgery, and I was later admitted to hospital to have the lump removed. After surgery, I was reassured that they had removed the cancer and not to worry. However, this was not to be the case; a week later, my pathology results revealed I had an aggressive type of cancer, necessitating radical surgery- hence, the removal of my voice box. I was then scheduled to have surgery and taken to the pre-med room, where I was expected to wake up after surgery. But to my surprise, after waking up, I found that I had been spared my voice box, and I could still talk. I didn't know if that was good or bad at the time. The humane nature of the specialist, lead him to the conclusion that it was best not to proceed with surgery, since he believed I had possibly only 6 months to live. Looking back, I'm certainly pleased they didn't remove my 'voice box', since I love to talk, and being a local politician, I do believe my 'voice box' is an important asset.

Since my condition was so bad, doctors could not offer me anything else, other than a 6 week course of daily radiation treatment. By this time I had spotting in the liver, and I had secondaries throughout my body. It was at this point, that I realized the seriousness of my condition, which prompted me to explore alternative therapies and take a leading role in my health. . At the time, access to information and literature on alternative therapies was scarce and generally unavailable, apart from what people heard about, and the odd magazine that I subscribed to, called 'Grass Roots'. More so, doctors were very 'closed', and there was no 'support group' or anyone to speak to about alternative therapies. I knew that I had to get myself better, and no one else could do it for me. I began reading whatever books I could get my hands on in respect to cancer, and learn't how to best detoxify my body. But more importantly, it was the realization that I wanted to be here to see my young children grow up, that the strong 'will to live' emerged within me as a sudden revelation. One morning, I rose early and walked bare foot and I sat beneath our big tree in our back yard. I found myself talking to God and bargaining with Him; I promised that if he would help me get better, I would help others in the community. At the time, I was President of Apex, and running for position of District Govenor which I eventually attained. I was active in the community, and enjoying my involvement.

The type of healing modality that I applied combined 'detoxification and nutritional therapy' as well as, a positive outlook on my disease. The whole time I was on radiation treatment, I was on a juice diet. I drank dark grape juice, ate apricot kernels and took massive doses of anti oxidants 91,000 GMS0 I also grew my own wheat grass and ate bucket loads of organic broccoli per week- I loved broccoli and still do. I had regular hot baths, believing that sweating it out, would help me detoxify. I also walked regularly, and maintained a good fitness level. I knew that if this was what was needed to make my body better, then I knew that I could conquer cancer.

After the completion of radiation treatment, I was ecstatic to rediscover my taste buds, which I had lost with radiation- I could now taste a banana finally. After about three months on the Gerson therapy, I changed to the Pritikin diet, because at that stage I believed I was already cured. By this time the spots on my liver had disappeared

Despite the severe radiation treatment, I coped nevertheless, reasonably well with the help of a highly nutritious diet, effective detoxification and sustained 'sense of humor'. Apart from the burns, I felt well; my energy level was good, and I was making a point of enjoying my life, laughing and playing pranks on nursing staff. This somehow, helped me to cope, more effectively than others, who I noticed were struggling with the radiation treatment they were receiving from only one machine, let alone two, like myself.

When I reflect back, stress factors associated with my poor diet, and chronic anxiety over the ill health of my daughter, I suppose was not a good combination. Furthermore, my occupation as a painter had exposed me to various chemicals, which most probably had caused a 'build up' of toxins in my body.

Despite the unpleasant effects of radiation treatment, I was conscious of maintaining a positive approach to my life without getting too caught up with other cancer patient's demise. It had become important to me not to compare myself with other cancer patients and participate in their dramas. I guess, one could say, I was a little selfish, but as far as I was concerned, I wasn't going to let others get me down. Whilst the initial news had somewhat come to me as of a shock, at no given time, did it enter my mind that I would die. I made a point not to dwell on my disease and let it depress me; I focused on the different things I wanted to achieve, and had to look forward to.

With the love and support of my [wife Lesley was able to overcome my cancer.](#)

I was able to make the changes that were necessary for my full recovery and healing. Whilst I continued to have regular scans and blood tests for some time after treatment, all results showed I was clear of cancer. Doctors were baffled to find that the spotting had disappeared and there were no secondaries. I was told if I could pass 7 years, then I would be considered to be cured. After 10 years, I received a letter from one of the Universities, requesting permission to use my medical file case studying. It has been now, over 20 years since my diagnosis, and the disappearance of my cancer, still remains a mystery.