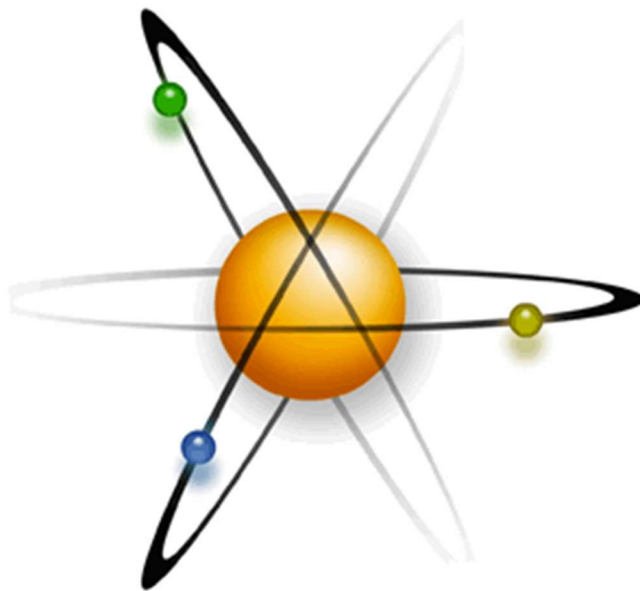


Reams Biological Theory of Ionization

The Life Story of Carey A. Reams



by Carey A. Reams
and
Betty Reams Hernandez

Reams Biological Theory of Ionization

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Carey A. Reams

Book I

In His Footsteps: My Life with Carey A. Reams

Written by Betty Reams Hernandez, 2017

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Book II

Carey A. Reams: The Man Behind R.B.T.I.

(Originally titled: Carey A. Reams – A Moses for Health)

Written by Carey A. Reams, 1979

Edited by Betty Reams Hernandez, 2016

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PREFACE

During the early 1930s Carey A. Reams, a biophysicist studying quantum mechanics, developed a scientific theory which became known as the *Reams Biological Theory of Ionization (RBTI)*. Originally designed to enhance agricultural practices, the theory took on new life when Reams was challenged to expand his knowledge and find a way to help a little boy overcome life-threatening seizures. Reams' research not only helped the little boy return to a normal life, it resulted in a redefinition of biological science as it is known today.

The story of RBTI's development is presented in two books: Book I is written by his daughter, Betty Reams Hernandez; who describes what happened to Reams and his family as they worked to bring this new knowledge to light. Book II is Carey Reams' autobiography, written in 1979.

Some names in this book are abbreviated for privacy protection.

All Biblical passages are presented from the *King James Version*, as it was the Bible Reams carried and quoted throughout his life.

I am grateful to Dr. Alexander Beddoe and his wife Jeanne for the love, inspiration, and guidance, which they have provided over the years; to Joanne Fontenot, for her unwavering friendship and encouragement; to Mary Spence, whose confidence in me inspired me to believe in myself; to Steve Day, Dr. Dwayne Haus, Dr. Marc Moonitz, and Susan Fink for calling me back into my father's work; to Rex Harrill, for collecting and preserving my father's original materials and teaching tapes; to Thomas Giannou, for obtaining the equipment to clean up the static and providing clear audio renditions as well as tape transcriptions; to Luke Bupe Powell, who inspired me to pick up the difficult task of writing when the burden seemed too heavy to bear; to Phillip Rankin and Ken Dark, for their inspiration, positive attitude, commitment, and drive; to Olga Golenkova-Dark, for her literary guidance and heartfelt critique; to Patty Earnest for her editing expertise; and to Dave and Martha Barley for contributing the office space and equipment to publish this book. Others who deserve thanks are too numerous to mention. To all of you, I say thank you from the bottom of my heart.

My prayer is that you will be blessed by the information in these pages, educated by the content they reveal, and inspired to learn more as we proceed into the 21st Century; armed with new knowledge and a greater conviction to preserve and protect truth.

Betty Reams Hernandez

BOOK I

IN HIS FOOTSTEPS

MY LIFE WITH CAREY A. REAMS



By Betty Reams Hernandez

DEDICATION

I am eternally grateful to my daughter, Katherine Marie Brown Nuñez, for loving me all of these years, despite all of the things that happened. No mother could have asked for a better daughter.

INTRODUCTION

Carey Reams often said that both he and the century were very young when he was born. Those were the early days of scientific discoveries that we now call *quantum theory*. Max Plank's discoveries of the discrete forms of energy found in light and electromagnetic waves were being called *quantum*, and Albert Einstein's *Theory of Relativity* was developing in ways that would lead to the evolutionary unfolding of *quantum mechanics*. New ideas concerning the composition of the atom, proposed by Hans Geiger and Ernest Marsden, contributed to the ways in which the Universe began to be understood. During Reams' childhood, Einstein proposed the structure of space and time, and Neils Bohr used quantum ideas to construct atomic theory. New worlds of infinite possibility were opening up to anyone who had an interest in the way things work, and this was the energy of scientific discovery into which Carey Reams was born. He had an insatiably inquisitive nature that led him to seek scientific answers to the problems he encountered in life.

As described in his life story, Carey learned early on the responsibilities of life. Lessons of honesty and integrity, combined with solid Christian principles, formed his character by the time he was 13. His father's debilitating strokes and declining health encouraged him to seek ways in which to contribute to the knowledge of human health. As the oldest of six children, he made it his business to ensure his family's health and well-being. He graduated from high school at the age of 20, and with the help of a scholarship began premedical college courses. It was his supreme desire to become a medical doctor, so he could help to alleviate human suffering. He would come to learn in his later years that the opening of one's heart to Divine guidance leads to avenues where few have dared to walk.

The Great Depression presented problems that helped Carey to carve out new paths as he sought solutions for citrus growers in Florida. Whereas he had been able to support his family with a medical laboratory while he attended college, his studies in agriculture helped him to see the need to convert it to agricultural research as he sought solutions for the problems brought on by the times. One quest led to another and his search for answers led him to seek out the leading scientists of his day. He traveled extensively as he sought out new educational opportunities that enhanced his research. Among the various theories he studied were the works of Albert Einstein.

Dr. Alexander Beddoe, one of Carey Reams' students, describes how Reams contemplated Einstein's theories while attempting to solve the problems he encountered.

As a young researcher, Carey Reams had a voracious appetite to understand how biological life worked, as well as a pronounced ability to think outside the box. Along with his unique inquisitiveness, he found he had a natural bent for math. This was one of the reasons he was attracted to the general and special "theories of relativity" of Dr. Albert Einstein.

*In 1905, Albert Einstein produced four scientific papers that forever revolutionized how scientists would understand the Universe and the matter within it. The first described how to measure the size of molecules in a liquid; a second put forward how to determine their movement, and a third demonstrated how light comes in packets called photons – the foundation of **quantum physics** and the idea that eventually won him the Nobel Prize. A fourth article introduced special relativity, leading physicists to reconsider notions of space and time that had sufficed since the dawn of civilization. Then, a few short months after the first four papers, appearing almost as an afterthought, Einstein published a fifth paper pointing out that matter and energy can be interchangeable at the atomic level – specifically that $E=MC^2$ – the scientific basis of nuclear energy and the most famous mathematical equation in history.*

*As a young scientist in the 1930s, Reams thought a lot about Einstein’s special mass-energy equation; however, he was pioneering on his own without a teacher. The more he contemplated its possible meanings and applications, the more he began to question how the equation might demonstrate that the **mass (M)** of biological life may be built out of **energy (E)**. In his first encounters with the now famous $E=MC^2$ equation, Reams did not understand what was happening to the energy as it moved from A to B. He felt that if he understood what was happening to energy moving from A to B he could begin to understand what was happening if energy was moved from B to A.*

In a personal and fortuitous encounter with Dr. Einstein at Princeton University, Reams got his chance to question Einstein about his thoughts on how his equation might apply to moving energy from B to A. “Dr. Einstein,” Reams asked, “Since you have shown science how energy moves from A to B, would you explain what it means to move energy back from B to A?”

Einstein’s response was brief and to the point. “I’m going to give you that assignment,” he stated.

Reams took Einstein’s challenge and realized that Einstein’s equation provided the first relativistic definition of what matter really is. Matter is made up of two types of energy: E_1 (heat) and E_2 (electrical); therefore, $E_1 = MC^2 - E_2$. In other words, Einstein’s formula says that E_2 (electrical) energy equals the difference between MC^2 (matter) – E_1 (heat) energy. That is, electricity is the energy that holds things together. Electricity is what makes chelation. Electricity is the substance between heat and matter, while matter is heat plus electrical energy. Up until this time, Reams realized that electricity had really never been defined or understood. Now Einstein’s equation demonstrated that electrical energy is the substance between heat and matter.

Few realize that Einstein's Theory of Relativity and his famous equation $E = MC^2$ helped solidify the mathematical thoughts of Carey Reams on how life is put together or taken apart by energy in ionic form. Einstein revealed how to take atomic structure apart and release the energy within it, whereas Reams revealed how to take the energy within atomic structure and build healthy, high-energy biological life out of it.

These things were what Reams was contemplating as he meditated in his laboratory in 1931. It was in the midst of all this that his love for science, mathematics, and one little boy caused him to open up his heart and his mind in such a way that he bridged the gap between *science* and *spirituality*. In so doing, he began a journey that would lead him around the world and straight into the jails of the United States of America.

By 1970, I had joined him in his effort to continue the work that he had started in his youth. My brother, Eugene, and my sister, LaVerne, also came to contribute their efforts to promote this work. For a while we believed we could prove the scientific validity of the RBTI formulas as they, again and again, restored health to the many who came to our door; however, our journey, like our father's, took us into uncharted territory and a battle with the American Medical Association (AMA). This is the story of RBTI as perceived through my eyes and my experience as Carey Reams' daughter.

CHAPTER 1

IN MY BEGINNING

For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Jeremiah 29:11

When I was little, my father called himself an “Agricultural Engineer.” He traveled a lot and was gone for weeks at a time. My brother, sisters, and I didn’t know what an engineer was, nor did we care. We were unaware of the significance of the events in our father’s life that had led him to become the person he was then. We heard about his personal healing from time to time, but I had heard that from my very first days. At that time, I did not understand his journey or mine. I just observed and participated according to my level of comprehension.

When I was born, my father was paralyzed from the waist down due to injuries sustained in World War II. In 1951 he was told by his doctors to wrap up his affairs, that he did not have long to live. His injuries had failed to heal, and life-sustaining energy was running out. Family and friends encouraged him to travel to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and attend the faith-healing meetings of Kathryn Kuhlman, and his healing in 1950 was the major factor that affected my father’s life. I was only two years old at the time, so I don’t remember much concerning these events. But I do remember a time when I stood in my playpen and watched my mother looking out of a window shouting, “Carey’s home! Carey’s home! And he’s driving a big red truck!” He came back from Pennsylvania a joyful man, praising God all the way. Already devoted to the preservation and enrichment of life, his faith and dedication now blended into one endeavor, as he combined both spirituality and science into his work as well as our lives.

In later years I listened to a sermon in which the pastor, who was preaching on a topic entitled, *Leaving a Legacy that Pleases God*, asked, “How many times have your children seen you on your knees, pouring out your heart to God for some need – in anguish?” He went on to say that one can sit in a chair and quietly pray, but that anguish on the knees leaves a greater impression on a child’s mind. This may be meaningful to some, but it was not relevant to my life. The legacy left me by my parents was a legacy of praise. I never once heard my parents pray in anguish – I only heard their praise! Anguish, if suffered, was never displayed. Problems were handed to our Heavenly Father with faith that He would guide our direction along the paths of His Will.

I was three years old when my parents became *Seventh-Day Adventists* (SDA). They were particularly impressed with this denomination because of its emphasis on quality education and a doctrine that Adventists refer to as the “health message.” The health message is based on the Biblical laws found in Leviticus and Deuteronomy in the instructions given by God to the Israelites concerning what they should and should not

eat. As well, there are many more passages in the Bible concerning foods, and my parents clearly related to this message as it is taught by the SDA church. Since my parents firmly believed in the value of a solid foundation in religion and education, they felt this church was the proper place in which to raise their children.

We went to church every Saturday and attended SDA schools. When we first became Seventh-Day Adventists, my parents stopped eating meat and adopted a vegetarian lifestyle; however, my father's hair soon turned gray. Upon adding meats back into their diets, my father's hair resumed its natural black color. He said that it had something to do with his injuries in the war and his body's ability to process amino acids, but I was too young to understand it. As children, we were not allowed to eat meats; however, soy meats and foods that my father said were easily digested by children were always substituted. In a way it made me feel special. In another way it made me feel like a child. I wanted to be just like my Daddy! I did not realize then who my father was. I did not understand that he was conducting the biggest experiment of his life – reconstructing the memory of the life-giving equation he had formulated in 1931 and applying new solutions to meet its need.

At that time, we lived on a ten-acre truck farm in Sanford, Florida. Dad raised baby chicks in the barn, much to my delight, and planted the rest of the acreage with vegetables, which he harvested and sold. We had a variety of cats and a stray dog would show up from time to time. My sister, LaVerne, bought me a baby duck for Easter when I was three. I was delighted with my new pet! Dad jovially suggested that I name him "Doctor Quack." I did this with little understanding of how, in later years, that name would become a stigma that I associated with the delight I had found in one little yellow duck.

When I was eight-years-old we moved to Forest City, Florida – an area that is now called Apopka. The large concrete-block house was brand new and sat on the shores of Lake Brantley. My father built a large room onto our house, which became his office, and he converted the double-car garage into his laboratory. I saw nothing abnormal about the laboratory being there because this was the first house we had lived in that had a garage; therefore, I thought garages were supposed to house laboratories.

I visited a friend one day who showed me around her house. Opening a door off the kitchen she said, "And this is our garage."

Imagine my surprise upon seeing two cars in it! "What's the matter?" she asked.

I blurted out in confusion, "Well, where did you put your laboratory?" She must have thought me rather strange because I wasn't invited over again!

Rather than taking time to play with us, my father taught my brother, sisters, and me to work with him. His office was large. Bookcases lining the walls held complete sets of encyclopedias, including Britannica, Americana, and the Books of Knowledge. The children's library held classical writings including the works of Mark Twain,

Rudyard Kipling, Louisa May Alcott, and Laura Ingalls Wilder, to name a few. Books on agriculture, human health, and disease comprised the scientific section. Volumes written by Ellen G. White, St. Augustine, the works of Martin Luther, various translations of the Holy Bible, and *Strong's Concordance* took up the remaining shelves, and a very large, colorful chart of the *Periodic Table of Elements* hung in a prominent place where it was easy to see from anywhere in the room. Last, but not least, a large, unabridged Webster's Dictionary stood on its own stand, and we children were referred to it often. The laboratory was attached to the office and we worked there with our father, helping him run soil samples. It was my job to empty the soil bags and wash the test tubes.

Both of my parents were ordained ministers and devoted their lives to helping others. We went to church in Orlando every Saturday. The pastor, Elder Stanley Dombrosky, had attended to my father in New Guinea after he had sustained life-threatening injuries in the war. Both Dad and Mom were asked to become Sabbath School teachers and were active participants in the church we attended, and the Dombroskys were frequent visitors in our home.

My siblings and I attended the *Forest Lake Academy* – a Seventh-Day Adventist school about three miles from our home. The attitude of victory over the cruelty and horrors of WW II was prevalent at that time. Our teachers exuded that pride and spread it out over most of the subjects we studied. Our history lessons richly described the foundation of freedom, which had been fought for so passionately in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, World War I, and World War II. The word “freedom” was spoken with pride, and ways to illustrate that freedom were portrayed throughout each lesson. Without the descriptive details, we were told only of the wrongs that we righted in the name of freedom. We were the sons and daughters of the liberators who fought and died to maintain our freedom.

We were taught how history is ripe with accounts of the persecution of scientists; how the age-old questions of which astronomical body was the center of the Universe clashed with the ideas of what sort of God reigned supreme over Earth. We learned about Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton; scientists who had once been persecuted because of their discoveries, and we were told that in this country that doesn't happen! It is interesting that we were not taught about Charles Darwin. If Darwin's name was accidentally mentioned, it was hushed in reproofing remarks that taught about false teachers who did not believe in God, and we were strictly informed that man did not come from the monkey. We were told that we live in a free country where we are free to worship as we choose and that scientists here are now free to make discoveries without fear of persecution. We were told that we lived in the greatest country in the world – the land of the free and the home of the brave; and we were proud to stand with our hands over our hearts and say the pledge of allegiance and sing our national anthem. After all,

our daddies had fought in that war and helped to liberate us further! We lived in the best of all times, in the best of all countries.

We were also taught about the advanced inventions of the day. Television was just coming into vogue. Our scientists were at work making discoveries that liberated the housewife from her drudgery. We viewed the advances portrayed in Walt Disney's *Tomorrowland* as evidence of the ways in which our scientists were hard at work creating a better future. Hospitals were using the latest equipment to eradicate disease and suffering. I remember in particular the Iron Lung and the Polio vaccine that were heralded as the advancement of modern medicine at its finest. We learned how the *Florida Sanitarium and Hospital*, a Seventh-Day Adventist hospital, was one of the largest and most progressive hospitals in Central Florida. I didn't know then who my Daddy was. I didn't know that he was on call at the Florida Sanitarium and Hospital as well as other hospitals in the Central Florida area; often working with doctors to help them identify their patients' problems and designing diets to help them get well.

My fifth-grade teacher's name was Mrs. Deerwester. One day when I was talking to her, I referred to something that had to do with my father's laboratory. She looked at me and said very firmly, "I'm sorry, but I don't approve of alchemy." I immediately understood that Mrs. Deerwester did not approve of my father, and I never brought up the subject with her again. I was much too young to understand that many good Christians do not understand the difference between *science* and *alchemy* – to them it is one and the same. I would later learn how religion has historically been the great destroyer of scientific advancement; how other institutions in our country would come to engage in the tactics of religion in an effort to control the public. It would be some years before I learned the difference between *religion* and *spirituality* – how religion can become a great enslaver, and the ways in which spirituality can set one free. This is not to say that some religions are not spiritual, but to be truly free, one must learn to understand the difference.

At home, our lives included every detail of the man Carey Reams was. Every spring he planted a large vegetable garden and we worked alongside him; hoeing, planting, weeding, and harvesting. Instead of contracting with the county refuse company, we buried our biodegradable garbage, made compost heaps, burned our paper trash, and buried the ashes. Dad often fished in the lake, and the fish he caught and vegetables from our garden made up many a meal. The neighbors thought we were the strangest people whom they had ever met but my folks didn't care. They considered it a compliment to be labeled *different*.

As I grew older, I became aware that Dad often traveled around the State of Florida and brought home soil and water samples, which he analyzed. After determining the elements which made up each sample, he prescribed whatever was needed to create the proper environment that would yield a healthy product. Product included fruit



Carey and Wilma Reams, 1958

and vegetable crops, and the production of feed for farm animals. Tropical fisheries hired him to analyze their water, and farmers and producers of plants, as well as animals, called him with their problems. Dad brought home large fish tanks which he set up in the office. We didn't know that he was experimenting to discover the best diets for them. We learned the names of many beautiful tropical fish, and it was our job to clean the fish tanks. Our house was filled with beautiful tropical plants; gifts from the many nurseries where Dad offered his services as an agricultural consultant. He was often sought out by owners of cattle ranches. He identified *liver fluke* in the drinking water on a cattle ranch when the rancher called to complain that his cattle were dying in the field. Dad also assisted in the landscape and design of such attractions as *Cypress Gardens* in Winter Haven and *Busch Gardens* in Tampa; serviced golf courses and rodeo grounds to make sure they had the desired turf; and wrote diets for racehorses. We were granted free admission to many of the rodeos held in Florida, as a courtesy extended on behalf of his work with their turf. This was the extent of my awareness of what my father did.

For many years I thought my father did not know how to play. In retrospect, I see that he did. I remember a time when he was not feeling well and laid in bed recovering. During that time, I was surprised to find him listening to an automobile race on the radio. This was so uncharacteristic of the father I knew, and I didn't quite know what to make of it. He rarely watched television. When not working, he sat in his overstuffed easy chair with a yellow legal tablet, pen in hand, thinking, calculating, and writing. I realize now that it wasn't that he didn't know how to play, but rather that he had long ago found his passion, which was science, research, and the exhilaration of discovery that kept him long entranced far beyond the thrill that any play might offer.

Throughout my life, it seemed to me that there was nothing my father could not do. He taught us to recognize the elements in rocks by their color. He could tell us the name of every tree, every plant, every flower, and every weed. I watched him build an entire house with his own two hands. I was amazed that he knew how to build a boat, how to live off the land, and how to mold the land into an environment which allowed the quality of life. Our property was a lush landscape of beautiful flowering trees, and although our garden grew the tastiest fruits and vegetables, I didn't know it because that was all I had ever eaten. His laughter resounded throughout the confines of our house and his wisdom remains in my heart, but that kind of wisdom does not come overnight, and I remember episodes as a child that were part of the formation of the man he became.

Walking through the house one day I overheard him speaking clearly in his room and peeked in to see what he was doing. He was sitting in front of a tape recorder – the big one with two reels on the top – the modern type back then. He held a microphone in his hand and spoke directly into it with clarity and resolve. A Bible was in his lap, but he did not even glance at it. He gazed straight up as he spoke these words with great conviction:

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”¹

I walked away from this scene wondering why he was speaking these verses; not understanding that the charity he spoke of is *unconditional love*. Was he seeking to become more humble? Or practicing public speaking, perhaps? I will never know because I did not ask him, but these verses have remained a part of the foundation which he laid for me, and I have never forgotten them.

During the late 1950s, my father encountered problems that led him to challenge agricultural practices in the State of Florida. Newspapers reported that a number of citrus groves had been infested with nematode – a major parasitic pest that can cause 10 to 30 percent losses on citrus trees. The Florida Department of Agriculture decided that the eradication of this insect required not only any citrus grove where this parasite was found to be dug up and burned but that all surrounding groves should be destroyed also. I did not know at the time that my father had once lost nearly everything he had because of the destruction of his crops. I was amazed to see Dad, while advocating that a healthy tree cannot become diseased or infested with parasites, stand his ground and defend his clients’ healthy trees. I was surprised one day to see his picture on the front page of the *Orlando Sentinel*. He was standing in front of citrus groves beside his clients, who held shotguns as they defied the orders of the state. In the end, Dad and his clients won this battle – their groves were not destroyed, nor were any nematode parasites ever found in any one of them.

¹ I Corinthians 13:1-13.

In 1960 Nathan Mayo, the Commissioner of Agriculture in the State of Florida, passed away. Various agencies in Florida rounded up candidates to support their particular interests; and Dad, who was asked by many of his clients to run for the position, became one of six candidates. The primary election found him in third place. John Hancock, whose candidacy was supported by the fertilizer companies, came in first. Doyle Conner, who was reportedly funded by the liquor industry, came in second. Dad, who had long been at odds with the practices of many of the fertilizer companies, offered his votes to Doyle Conner in exchange for reforms that he wanted to see take place within the agricultural arena. Conner must have agreed because Dad withdrew his candidacy, and Conner defeated Hancock in the final election. Dad and Doyle Conner remained friends for the rest of my father's life.

Dad was aware of the rift between the evidence of scientific discoveries and the dogma of religion, and his attempt to repair a portion of that rift resulted in our expulsion from the SDA church. It seems that Dad, while teaching his Sabbath School class, said something to the effect that Charles Darwin was grossly misunderstood – that Darwin had never said that man came from the monkey... and anything else he had to say to substantiate his claim was ignored. I was only twelve at the time, too young to understand why we suddenly stopped going to church, and Mother and Dad did not attempt to explain until I became an adult.

My father was very even-tempered and patient. He never once yelled at any of us. I only saw him get angry one time. He had gone on a business trip to South Florida, but he returned early, and he was angry. He walked into the house and told everyone not to talk to him. He said he had been invited to speak at an agricultural convention and when he got up to speak, another man interrupted him at the microphone and told him to leave - that they did not want to hear anything he had to say. We honored his request and left him alone. It was three or four days before we could converse with him and he apologized for allowing his temper to get the best of him. He never once took it out on us and he later told us that whenever one loses his or her temper, it means they have lost the battle. It was his desire to teach us to overcome that which we battle and to be winners in life. It was great training because we would need to help him fight a greater battle – one we would not win.

By 1960, LaVerne was married and I was an aunt. She lived in Georgia and I rarely saw her. Another sister was soon gone, forming a life of her own. When I was 13, my brother, Gene, joined the Air Force and was stationed in Lompoc, California. I found myself the only child left at home. I wasn't too happy about that! Being the youngest child had, for the most part, been a pleasant experience because my older sisters and brother had spoiled me rotten. Now there was no one to spoil me. In time, my Daddy stepped up to that plate.

The breach with the SDA church affected our lives in many ways. By the time I was in the ninth grade I was going to public school. I had done fairly well in parochial school, but public school was a different story altogether. I didn't like the attitudes of many of the teachers and students. It was very different from the Forest Lake Academy. The educational standards were different, and I found it difficult to attach what I was learning to what I already knew. Adolescence was not very kind. Added to that was the fact that my mother did not know how to relate to adolescents, and it was then that my father took over.

I spent a great deal of my free time with Dad. During the summers he took me along with him during his travels around the State of Florida. I sat in meetings where Dad told potential clients how he tested the soil, determined the nutrients it needed, and described how he could predict the number of bushels or crates that would make up the harvest of a given crop if the growers simply applied his recommendations to the soil. He taught me how to work in the laboratory, and said if I would learn how to type, he would let me be his secretary. College students who heard of his agricultural accomplishments came to study under him, and medical doctors consulted with him about their patients. A physician by the name of Dr. Thompson was a regular visitor and often stopped to talk with me. I liked him very much. After some time had passed and I noticed that he hadn't been around for a while, I asked Dad what had happened to him. Dad replied, "Well, the American Medical Association has decided that they don't approve of what I am doing, and they notified him that if he continues to consult with me that he will be disbarred. Since he is required to be a member of the American Medical Association to be on the staff at the hospital, he must protect his own interests. I'm afraid he won't be back." I learned many things during those summers, and my father's influence was a significant factor in the shaping of my life. However, I made no attempt to understand the policies that were being put into place that were designed to empower an allopathic medical system, nor did I have any idea of the way in which they would come to affect my future.

In 1967 I married Richard Brown, a young man whom I met in church. We had dated for four years and written extensively to one another after he was drafted and sent to Viet Nam. As a medic stationed on the demilitarized zone, Richard routinely saw his buddies blown up, and it was his job to put them back together prior to shipping their bodies back home to the United States. I was 19 years old and knew nothing about the symptoms that later became known as *post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD)*. We were married within two weeks of his return. Richard got a job as an orderly at a nursing home, and I continued to work for my father in his office and laboratory, which was now located in downtown Orlando.

Two months into our marriage I became pregnant, and the impending responsibility proved to have a negative impact on Richard. Not knowing how to handle the added stress, he took his negative feelings out on me. The tension in our household was a strain

on both of us, and I had one physical problem right after another. Kidney infections and severe back pains kept me in bed much of the time, and Richard furiously derided me and told me to stop playing sick. Mom and Dad kept telling me that he was feeling what they called “battle shock,” and said I should be patient with him. Despite all the problems, the birth of our daughter, Katherine, on September 29, 1968, was one of the most blessed days of my life.

I stayed home with Kathy for the first nine months of her life, but my not working took a toll on our income and I began seriously seeking employment. Dad, in an effort to retire, had closed his downtown office and laboratory, and I found a job as a delivery girl for a dental laboratory. It wasn't long until I was in training and became a dental technician. Richard was now training as a Respiratory Therapist at Florida Hospital. Even though we both had jobs, we barely made enough money to make ends meet, and that stress and strain took its toll on both of us. Richard criticized and I fought back. I decided that I might improve my income if I could get a better job and asked my father if he would pay for me to take a legal secretarial course that was being offered downtown. He declined saying, “If you want to continue your education, then go for a liberal arts degree. It will help you to understand the world in which you live.” So I stuck that advice on the back burner and continued to work as a dental technician.

One day when we went to visit my parents, I found Dad working in his laboratory with some people I didn't know. We visited with Mom for a while and when the people left, I went out to the laboratory to talk to Dad. He was cleaning out bottles and jars that contained yellow fluids.

“What's that?” I asked him.

“Urine,” he replied.

I was very surprised. “What are you doing with urine?” I asked.

For the first time in my 21 years, he explained that he could determine the state of a person's health from the results of a laboratory test on their urine and saliva. It was then I began to learn the story of the research that had enabled him to set up a mathematical formula based on the numbers he obtained from the test results; and how, with this formula, he calculated one's energy level. He said the results of the equation indicated areas in the body where an energy loss existed, and this enabled him to pinpoint the location of most maladies within the body.

I was amazed! I had not realized that his laboratory tests applied to humans and requested that he test me, which he did. Upon obtaining the results, he told me that I had a build-up of debris in my colon; the saline levels of my body chemistry indicated that I was a candidate for high blood pressure; and that my sugar levels were bordering on diabetic. He said that I needed to go through a three-day lemon and water fast to cleanse the toxicity from my system. I was very surprised and seriously doubted everything he

said. I explained to him that there was no way I could fast and go to work at the same time; if I didn't pay my rent on a weekly basis, I would be out on the street. He replied that he knew that, but that my body chemistry was so far out of "whack" (his term) that if I did not get it back into shape, I would become quite ill and find myself in a situation where I couldn't eat and would have to fast. I replied that fasting was out of the question, and if I got sick I would go to the doctor. I didn't believe that what Dad was saying was necessarily true. It was just too farfetched. I laughed it off and Dad laughed too, but my laugh was the laugh of the foolish, and Dad's was the laugh of the wise.

Several weeks later I came down with a very sore throat. The doctor I visited said that I had a severe case of tonsillitis and gave me a prescription. The sore throat was soon gone; however, as soon as the pills were all gone, the tonsillitis came back. I returned to the doctor, who gave me a stronger prescription and charged me for another office visit. Since I didn't have the money to pay him at the time, he said that I might mail him a check later. The sore throat got better; but again, as soon as the prescription was gone, the sore throat returned. With it came a fever of 102 degrees, chills, and nausea. When I called the doctor's office, the receptionist said that the doctor wouldn't see me until I had paid the last bill. I didn't have the money for the last visit and wouldn't be getting any more money until I went back to work. I was in a bad way. Weak from being unable to eat for several days and unable to get out of bed without blacking out, I called my Dad. When he answered the phone I said hoarsely, "Daddy, you know that lemon juice you wanted me to have?"`

"Yes," he replied.

"Well," I continued humbly, "I'm ready for it now."

Although my parents lived 30 miles away, each day my Dad brought me a gallon of distilled water and a pitcher of freshly-squeezed unsweetened lemonade. He had me drink four ounces of lemon water every hour on the hour and four ounces of distilled water every hour on the half hour. On the fourth day, he had me break the fast with broth and catered my meals, which he prepared himself for the next few days. When I was strong enough to get up, he told me what I needed to do and made sure that I had the supplies with which to do it.

It was three weeks before I was able to go back to work but when I did, I felt better than I had in a long time. I was so impressed with how good I was feeling that I asked Dad to tell me how he had become involved with helping people with their health problems. I didn't remember him doing things like this when we were children. He told me that he had always helped people, and he reminded me of the guests who had stayed in our home from time to time. He told me that although he had done this kind of thing all his life, it had been on a very small basis. He explained how he had helped a young woman who had been dying of Hodgkin's disease and how her mother-in-law had sent out a newsletter to her friends across the United States. He described how people were now beginning to call

him with their physical problems, and I was amazed at what I heard. Little did either one of us realize where all of this would lead.

Around this time, Dad and Mother met a young, struggling pastor, Reverend T., who was holding interdenominational services in a warehouse in downtown Orlando. Dad helped him to raise the money to build a church, and Mom and Dad, once again, started attending church. At the same time, news about Dad and his urine and saliva test continued to spread by word of mouth. People found out where he lived and came to see him without appointments. Whenever Mother and Dad left the house, they returned home to find people waiting in their cars in the driveway. It got so bad that Dad moved his office to Reverend T.'s church building, but people continued to come to the house. Mother was getting uncomfortable because when Dad was away from home, people came to the house and refused to leave until Dad got home. So she and Dad sold the house and took an apartment some fifteen miles away. It was then that Dad decided to rent two apartments – one for him and Mother, and one for people to stay in while he worked with them on their diets. Knowing that Richard and I were having difficulty making ends meet, Dad asked me if I would like to work with him on the weekends, helping to take care of his patients. We called them “patients” because Dad had been working for years with doctors in hospitals who called them patients, and we were unaware that this kind of terminology would soon be restricted. I quickly took advantage of this opportunity, which was the beginning of the education and activity that would direct my career for the next twenty years.

I cooked meals, changed beds, did laundry, vacuumed, and learned how to conduct the laboratory tests. Although I had worked in the laboratory before, this was the first time I actually performed the tests. Dad taught me how to determine, from the variations in the results of the body chemistry tests, the differences to make in each person's diet in order to meet each individual's need. One little girl with whom I worked was only eight-years-old. Her thigh was swollen three times its normal size with a rare kind of cancer. Her family was from Chicago and her father, a U.S. ambassador, had called Dad and told him that medical doctors had said nothing more could be done for her – she would die within a few weeks. He and his little girl flew to Orlando and visited Dad. After conducting the body chemistry tests, Dad said that if he could get her to respond to the diet, and if she lived for 30 days, she would recover. Dad explained how it is very hard work for the body to heal itself, and how sometimes the healing process is such a strain on a worn-out body that the heart simply gives out. In addition to cooking and cleaning, I sat with this little girl and put hot and cold compresses on her enlarged thigh. She had the patience of a saint and never complained. By the end of the third weekend, all our spirits were high. She was responding to diet and feeling remarkably well, and the size of the thigh was beginning to shrink.

On the fourth weekend, I arrived to find that Dad and the little girl were gone. Mother explained that Dad and the little girl's father had taken her to the Shands Children's Hospital in Daytona Beach. Because of its affiliation with the University of Florida, I'm sure Dad felt that if there were any innovative life-saving techniques, he would find them there. Dad returned on Sunday afternoon, and it was one of the few times in my life I ever saw him cry. The little girl had died quietly in her sleep.

Dad said that her father, rather than being upset with him for failing, had embraced him and said, *"Thank you."* When my father asked why he was being thanked, her father replied, "When we took her from the hospital in Chicago the doctors told us we were making a big mistake. They said we should leave her there where they could give her painkillers because the pain was going to be so bad that she would be screaming. But she never felt any pain. Whatever you did, you took her pain away and she has gone quietly with a smile on her face. *I thank you for giving her peace.*" Tears ran down my father's face as he related this story, and I was very moved and amazed, as well as sad.

A small article about Dad and the little girl's death appeared in the next day's newspaper. The police came to the apartments, asked questions, and looked around. Dad said there was nothing to worry about, that he had nothing to hide. A few days later Mom told me that a rumor was circulating about a warrant that had been issued for Dad's arrest.

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," she replied. "But I think it has something to do with that little girl's death."

The next day Dad went down to the police station in Orlando. "I hear you're looking for me," he said. They questioned and then released him.

I didn't hear anything else about this particular incident. The next weekend both Dad and Mom's cars were missing. Dad called the police, reported them stolen, and the cars were quickly found. They had been repossessed by the lending company because the payments were two days late. Dad said it was harassment and reminded me of the times that he had been in opposition to the state's agricultural policies when they had wanted to dig up and burn his clients' citrus groves. "I was harassed in similar ways then, too," he said. "This is only the beginning."

Dad discontinued his lease on the second apartment, explaining that the apartment manager had asked him not to have any more guests besides personal friends and family. The owners were not happy about what they considered to be unfavorable publicity. One afternoon Dad told me that he had turned over all his assets to Reverend T. "He's a good Christian man," Dad explained. "If anything ever happens to me, he will make sure that the family is taken care of."

I was shocked! I did not protest because Dad's business was Dad's business, and I had no intention of minding it. But taking everything he owned and putting it in somebody else's name was a drastic measure as far as I was concerned, and I did not see the necessity for it. Dad had owned and operated International Agricultural Laboratories in Orlando since the 1930s. He was well known in Orlando, as well as in the medical and agricultural arenas in Florida. His reputation preceded him, and I believe that he felt, as I did, that if there were any major battles to be fought, in the long run, we would win them. Since Dad never minded a fight and had always taught us by example, I firmly resolved to stick around to see what happened.