

Jamie's Story of Hope

My Mercury Story

This page contains the story of Jamie and her experiences with mercury from amalgam fillings.

Glossary

I wanted to post a glossary of sorts because some of the things I deal with aren't common to everyone who may be reading.

Endometriosis – The cells of the lining of the uterus are found on the outside of the uterus. They can be found anywhere inside of the body from the bladder or bowel to the lungs or brain. It is a painful disease that can render its victim infertile. Excess estrogen causes the growth of Endometriosis. Can only be positively diagnosed via laparoscopic surgery. Symptoms include severe menstrual pain, back pain, and heavy periods.

Polycystic Ovary Syndrome (PCOS) / Insulin Resistance – Also known as Stein-Leventhal Syndrome. The ovaries may appear to have small cysts all over their surface which are in fact eggs that have been unable to rupture through the ovary (due to excess androgens and insufficient stimulating hormones) the way they normally would. These polycystic ovaries may appear on ultrasound, but not always. Diagnosis is normally made after blood tests are run for hormone levels as well as fasting glucose tests to identify Insulin Resistance. Symptoms of this disease are unexplained weight gain (especially around the middle or waist), hirsutism (abnormal hair growth on the face and abdomen), long or absent periods, infertility, high cholesterol and triglycerides.

Hypothyroidism – Insufficient release of the thyroid hormones usually caused by Hashimoto's Thyroiditis but can also be caused by removal or damage to the thyroid. Symptoms include: unexplained weight gain, inability to lose weight, dry skin, fatigue, joint pain, irregular menstruation, and hair loss. Treatment includes supplementing thyroid hormone with either natural or synthetic hormone.

Hidradenitis Suppurativa – Painful cysts or boils filled with foul-smelling pus located in the armpits, breasts, inner thigh (groin), perianal, buttocks, and abdomen. Cellulitis (inflammation) often occurs. Treatment is insufficient though lancing, medication, plastic surgery, and skin grafts are sometimes implemented.

My Story

My name is Jamie. I'm a 30-year-old mother of one and wife for 10 years. I have spent the past 10 years as a homemaker and homeschooling mommy except for a brief period of home health care for the elderly and disabled that I enjoyed immensely.

I have not begun the process of mercury removal or chelating (detoxifying) yet. You will be invited to experience my journey with me thanks to Russ and his forum. I am going to do my best to create an all-inclusive story of my health and the bizarre ties that have been created between body and teeth where no other logical explanation existed. I have searched for years for answers to these problems and how they could possibly be connected, but everywhere I turned I was being led to believe that I had an array of illnesses that should never be able to exist in the same body but there they were living quite happily in mine and stripping me of any quality of life. Everything I have has no known cause and no known cure and that

never sat well with me. There has to be a reason for everything. I became old before my time and nobody and nothing can replace all that I lost. My drive now is to start anew because I am still young enough to be the person I intended to be. And if I can prevent or help someone else to save themselves from a horror similar to mine, that will be the best reward. I am not saying that everyone that develops the same diseases I have is suffering from mercury poisoning. There are a million reasons some people end up as sick as they do. Heredity is one of them. The difference in my story is that heredity proves nothing for me. Nothing I have "runs in the family". So I have struggled to make sense of it all and pray I have found an answer.

I began seeing the dentist at four years of age and within two years was given mercury amalgams to treat cavities. Aside from a severe sensitivity to the sun, I have no real recollection of other associated problems related to mercury toxicity. I later lost those teeth and did pretty well until I was fourteen and had to have eight brand new amalgams placed in my new adult teeth. I began experiencing SEVERE constipation and abdominal pain in my teens. When I say constipation, I don't mean a bowel movement every other day or every third day, I mean that I had two bowel movements per month. I never said anything to my parents about this because I was embarrassed and "poo" is sort of taboo. So I have lived with this uncomfortable problem for about 16 years. It never occurred to me that the two were related. And now that I know it's not normal to have such infrequent bowel movements, none of my doctors will say or do anything about it.

About two years later I had begun experiencing severe cramping and pain with menstruation and about 2 weeks before the onset. I was then diagnosed with PID by a physician's assistant and prescribed birth control pills. For those of you who are unfamiliar with PID, it is a sexually transmitted disease. I was a virgin at the time of diagnosis. She told me kindly that I would never be able to bear children thanks to this disease.

At eighteen I began developing embarrassing acne on my shoulders. I'd always had a pimple every month during my cycle like many girls did, but my shoulders were breaking out horribly and then scarring. I became very embarrassed by this and tried using a sun lamp to dry them up as I thought I was just greasy despite very clean personal habits. Now strapless tops or even tank tops are a thing of the past. I would never consider letting anyone see how badly I am scarred across my shoulders. I was also beginning to get gray hair. This was said to be a curse of the family, so I dealt with it gracefully (HA HA) and began coloring my hair immediately! I also decided at this time to stop taking the birth control pills I had been prescribed three years prior as I was not experiencing such bad symptoms anymore and I certainly wasn't sexually active. In a very short time the pains came back and were accompanied by heavy bleeding and clotting.

When I was nineteen I met the man who was to be my husband. About seven months after we began dating I became pregnant much to my delight! I had always seen myself as a mother and I am the type of person who refuses to be told I can't do anything and was thrilled to have proven the medical community wrong. In my second and third trimesters I began realizing that I was putting on a tremendous amount of weight despite being unable to eat much at all. In the end I had gained 55 pounds with my pregnancy and was pushed up to 195 pounds. I had also discovered to my horror that I was growing dark thick hair on my abdomen. I was willing to tolerate anything I had to in order to be pregnant, but I had never heard of actual HAIR on the abdomen. And for all of the hair I was gaining on my tummy, I was losing on my head! Each shower was distressing as I washed my hair and would pull my hands away from my head and they looked as though I was wearing hair gloves. At that time I had enough hair for 3 people, so I didn't let it get to me much. After nine months my daughter was born and was as perfect as I could have hoped for. She has been an endless source of joy ever since that time and I know just how blessed I am to have such an angel.

When my daughter was eight months old I became pregnant again. I was scared to have another child so soon but was ready to cope with it. I had been working on her bedroom painting and little artsy things. I'd bent over to pick up a drawer and threw my back out. I was in such excruciating pain. I seldom cry over pain, but this one was awful. To this day I have a fist-sized lump in the small of my back where the muscles have overcompensated for the twist I acquired to my spine. And I have not been able to lift my

daughter since she was two years old because of that injury, nobody can give that back to me. About a week later I lost my second baby. I was 10 weeks pregnant. While I was in the emergency room they took me down for an ultrasound and it was then that I was told that not only was I losing my baby, but also I had an "enormous" cyst on my right ovary. I was terrified. When I asked the physician's assistant what that meant she told me that it wasn't really a cyst but a sac of hormones to maintain the pregnancy. Apparently false diagnoses are notorious amongst physician's assistants and that is where I agree with Russ – if you don't know the answer, just say so! Don't make something up and cause patients further problems because of arrogance! Since then I have not been able to lose the weight I had gained from my pregnancy despite a weak appetite. My body has been distorted and I still look as though I am 7 months pregnant. It is very humiliating to be asked when your baby is due when you're not pregnant and are trying desperately to lose weight. Vanity became a thing of the past and dealing with acne, gray hair, excess weight, fatigue, and a bad back and all at the ripe old age of 22.

We recovered from the loss of our baby. Our daughter was growing rapidly and we decided to buy a home. Within a few months after buying our house I had developed extremely painful cysts on the insides of my legs. Trying to walk would send a throbbing, electrical, burning pain to these spots and would leave me trembling and in tears. I thought it was a fungus type of a problem so I used an anti-fungal cream on them. Let's just say this TICKED THEM OFF. They became so inflamed that I was left laying on a daybed in the living room for the next two days. These cysts began appearing on my breasts, abdomen, under my arms, and even more between my legs and up my buttocks. They would rupture and emit a foul smelling pus that would turn to blood (sorry for the graphic description, but some of this is less than pleasant to experience too). Now I had scarring on my shoulders and basically anywhere else covered by clothing. I guess I can be thankful that it can all be covered! Of course the bedding, furniture, and clothes I wore were often times ruined by these cysts or by the heavy bleeding I had during menstruation. At this time I still thought that my weight was my biggest concern. Ah the vanity of a woman! LOL

I had always had problems with sleeping for as long as I can remember. I would swing from extreme fatigue and needing 12 hours of sleep per day to being awake for 3 days with no sleep at all. It is a difficult way to raise a family.

We had tried repeatedly to get pregnant again, but all of our efforts failed and we decided that maybe being a single income family it would be best to have only one child so my husband underwent a vasectomy. I continued to battle with all of the above-mentioned issues, but now fatigue and brain "fog" came into play as well. I had been an exceptional student as a child performing division at the age of four and now I couldn't find simple words while speaking to someone. My vocabulary was failing, as was my memory. I would put my daughter in her bedroom for a time-out only to have her come out an hour and a half later asking if it was okay for her to come out. I couldn't remember why she had been sent there in the first place, I only knew that her punishment should have been no longer than 10-15 minutes and an hour and a half had passed. The guilt was horrible and I still regret it to this day. She, on the other hand, has learned to manipulate it all in her favor quite well. LOL I couldn't remember why she was being punished then, now I have problems remembering that she is being punished at all and she certainly doesn't remind me! All of my symptoms were compounding and I was growing more and more frustrated with it all as time went by but I never did go to a doctor for any of it. Nobody else in my family had any of the problems I was dealing with but they were quick to point fingers at me and imply that it was somehow my fault that it was all happening. Money was tight as a single income household and I have become very good at putting myself last despite repeated pleas from my doting husband to please take care of myself and get the medical attention he knew I needed but I denied. How could I need medical attention? Everyone I spoke to would just tell me that everything I was dealing with was all part of "post-pregnancy" life. Until his step aunt that is.

One year at a Christmas get together I was complaining about my weight and thank God it was overheard by my husband's step-aunt! She told me that the symptoms I was describing sounded like hypothyroidism. Hypo-what? I had never heard of it. She began explaining things to me and it sounded similar to what I was dealing with. "Just a simple blood test," she said "and then a pill for the rest of your life." UGH! I was not

thrilled about the idea of taking a pill every day for the rest of my life, but I would do what I had to do if it meant being slim again. My weight bothered me horribly; I had been slender in my teens courtesy of anorexia, weight lifting, and becoming a vegetarian for about a year. I had battled my weight in my early teens and when I finally got rid of it, I had no intentions of gaining it back. This all left me with no choice. No matter what I did I couldn't lose weight and I was becoming more irritable by the minute because of it. I thought that if I could just lose weight I would be able to pull everything else into line and get back on the right track. If I was happy with my weight, I would be more focused, have more energy, and would be happier in general. It was just this weight holding me back from being everything I wanted to be! I starved myself and became hypoglycemic. I had dealt with hypoglycemia in my teens, but this was becoming more and more frequent. I also began dealing with more frequent episodes of what are called "carpopedal spasms" or periods of time where my hands would cramp into a position where I could not move them. I had thought it was carpal tunnel, but I was wrong. My hand would freeze into a claw like position and would be limp, cold, and unmoveable for upwards of two hours. This was another thing I'd dealt with in my teens, but was worsening in adulthood. Yet, I still refused to go to the doctor. Maybe it was a premonition that kept me from trying to see these small town doctors in Nowhere, Nebraska knowing that I would get no help from any of them.

Enter the Internet!!!! And answers!!

About four years after my husband's vasectomy, I decided that I truly wanted another baby. Actually I wanted a house full of babies! We had paid off our home and decided that we would refinance the house to pay for a vasectomy reversal and to buy a few other things that we really wanted including new furniture and a computer! I figured the new furniture would inspire and motivate me to want to clean and take care of myself again and the computer would be a window to the rest of the world. Things were looking up!

When I was 26 I had a frightening experience. I had a swelling under my jaw that became so large I could scarcely open my mouth and eating was out of the question. There was also a lump in my tongue that had the appearance of erupting the larger it got. I went to the urgent care clinic and was given antibiotics and within about 3 days the swollen salivary gland disappeared. At this time I also began noticing that my back tooth had developed a hole at the gum line and that my teeth were suddenly a lot longer than they had been. My gums were receding. I scheduled an appointment with a dentist and was informed that I needed about \$800.00 worth of dental work done. He put me through a ton of pain checking the gaps between my teeth and gums calling them "pockets" and told me that they needed to peel back my gums and scrape my teeth in the hopes to get my gums to "crawl back up" my teeth. I'd never heard of such a thing, but considering the pain he'd put me through during just a simple exam, I was none too anxious to proceed with this "treatment". Anyway, he filled that tooth and I was on my merry way.

We scheduled my husband's surgery and I just knew I would be pregnant within 3 months. Hadn't I gotten pregnant twice already? This was the only thing holding us back and now all of my newest dreams could come true. Or not. Three months passed. Six months passed. A year passed and still no signs of pregnancy. I did, however, have the internet. I began researching infertility and causes. I would load a bunch of my symptoms into a search engine and wait for the wizard at the other end to spit out the answers (or at least some ideas) as to what the problem was.

I read words that I had only thought would affect others. Poor unfortunate souls that dealt with pain unknown to the rest of us. I didn't think it was possible that I was one of those people, but as I read on, I realized that what those words said fit me to a tee. Endometriosis. Polycystic Ovary Syndrome (PCOS). Insulin Resistance. Hypothyroidism. I found all of these words and began working on receiving the diagnoses that I knew were just waiting to be addressed and treated. So I made an appointment with our family doctor and marched into his office with a stack of papers I'd printed off from the computer to prove everything I suspected. He had no problem running the tests, but he also had difficulty concealing his contempt for my internet knowledge when he was the doctor. I was tested for all of these problems and nothing was found. I was embarrassed and ashamed of myself. I thought I was right, after all, who knew my body better than me? The only thing that was suspicious at all was the "enormous" cyst a.k.a. sac of

hormones was still lingering on my right ovary. He was smug and I was humbled. But something was telling me that the tests couldn't be right. I knew what I felt.

Thankfully we moved from Nebraska to a larger city in Missouri and this is where my vindication began. I gained knowledge, lost respect for medical "professionals", and was vindicated in all of my suspicions about my health. I was diagnosed with stage 3 Endometriosis, PCOS/Insulin Resistance, and Hypothyroidism. When the diagnosis of Hypothyroidism came I tried to argue with them saying that I'd been tested and it was negative, but their results proved what I had suspected and then further tests revealed that I was right about the rest as well. I had real life genuine problems so there had to be answers right? Well not from the doctors I was seeing. The strangest thing about all of this was that I barely had insulin resistance and hypothyroidism but I had symptoms like gangbusters. I was a textbook example of the symptoms but was considered by my endocrinologist to be "sub-clinical" in my blood work. This made no sense. We pursued infertility treatment for a very short time, but I came to the conclusion that I wasn't getting any healthier and I certainly didn't want to pass these horrible conditions on to any more children as I already fear for my daughter. The decision was made to have a hysterectomy. So in July of 2002 I had a complete hysterectomy MY WAY meaning via laparoscopically assisted vaginal hysterectomy or LAVH/BSO. This was researched by me and found to be the best way to prevent further adhesions (scar tissue) after surgery. Adhesions are very painful and if they can be avoided, they should be. My ovaries were both taken so I was a 29 year old in menopause, but much to the dismay of my gynecologist, I refused to take any hormone replacement therapy as this will encourage the regrowth of endometriosis if there was any left behind (even microscopic endometriosis) as Endometriosis is fed by estrogen. I deal with the hot flashes, bone loss, and heart concerns with all natural remedies. I use Evening Primrose Oil and calcium among other things. I do pretty well with this though it's not for everyone. I'm just stubborn enough to pull it off and my gynecologist has learned that it's best to leave me alone if I'm satisfied.

I thought with the hysterectomy I would be cured of most of my problems. I have had no more problems with Endometriosis of course, but I still deal with Insulin Resistance even though my Endocrinologist told me it would disappear with my ovaries, as they would no longer be there to make demands on my pancreas to create insulin. Absolute rubbish is what that is! My Hypothyroidism is also still in full swing and I take my Armour Thyroid religiously to help with that, but I am still losing hair at a rapid rate. I am down to about a ¼ of what I had before this all started and seeing my scalp through my hair is disheartening to say the least. But as I started researching these things I found that many doctors don't believe all of these issues can exist in one body and if they do, pity the body that they exist in. Most of these issues are hereditary but as I search through my family, nobody else has these problems. I am the only one. I knew I was an original, but this is a little ridiculous. No other cases of Endometriosis, Hypothyroidism, Insulin Resistance, Hidradenitis Suppurativa (I learned that this is what those painful cysts are called), and nobody else seemed to have the difficulty with their weight that I was having. I come from a long line of tall slender people on both sides (except my maternal grandmother) so my 5'6" medium boned frame carrying what was now 205 pounds of weight was something that did not sit well with me. Well, I do have to amend that. Following my hysterectomy I lost 30 pounds VERY quickly (within six weeks) which has resulted in gallstones that I need to have removed. Rapid weight loss causes gallstones --who knew? It certainly wasn't my diet. I can't stand greasy or fried foods. So another surgery – YAY! I can only hope that this surgery will help out some with the constipation as well. So at least I'm down to 175 pounds. Just 45-50 more to go. If you figure 30 pounds per surgery I will be 2/3 of the way there after the next one! LOL

I began a new problem during this time as well. I had developed a pain that would occur in the side of my face that was nothing less than psychotic. I swore to my husband that if the pain would only hit when I had a knife in my hand I would cut the side of my face off without hesitation. When the pain would hit I would become paralyzed and completely afraid to move, breath, or speak from the neck up but I would clench my fists and slam my hands onto the table just to distract myself even though it wasn't possible. I had never known a pain could be so severe. I went to my family doctor and described what I was experiencing and he said "Trigeminal Neuralgia". I'd never heard of it so I went home to my trusty computer and looked this one up as well. It's a disorder related to Multiple Sclerosis but tends to occur in older patients. In my search I found some message boards that talked about mercury and its relationship to

Multiple Sclerosis and read about people having their amalgams removed and some were finding improved health as a result. I put it on the back burner as I didn't actually have Multiple Sclerosis, but it never completely left my mind either.

I had another round of salivary gland infection in October. Conveniently it was right at Halloween so no mask was necessary. The side of my face would swell out past my ear and would get worse if I salivated. It was so uncomfortable and embarrassing. The night it started my husband looked at me in horror and could literally see my face swelling as he watched. I went to my new family doctor and he again prescribed antibiotic. This time it didn't work as quickly and I was forced to eat completely soft foods for about a week. Having this happen once is unusual enough, but the second time was cause for alarm so when I began looking for answers I found something called Sjogren's Syndrome. I thought this might be the answer to my hair loss, joint pain, tooth loss (they had begun breaking off at a rapid pace and I was waking up with bits of teeth floating in my mouth). I had also begun having periods of waxing and waning saliva. What I mean by this is that my mouth would be so full of "spit" at times that I would have to swallow constantly and other times it would be so dry I would have to drink something constantly to keep my mouth from feeling like the Sahara. I would take all of my supplements in order of texture hoping that the smoother ones would help push the drier ones down my throat. I would line up my 15 pills 3 times per day and my husband would watch and wince, as I would try to get them all down my throat. So my family doctor referred me to a rheumatologist to prove or disprove my concern. He disproved it. I was baffled.

I was diagnosed with gallstones and was in search of the surgeon who would perform my surgery. I went to the first appointment with the first surgeon with my family in tow as per usual. Never have I met a more arrogant condescending man than this. He was completely uneducated in regards to actual medicine and knew nothing more than how to perform a procedure. He was insulting and rude and lacked all form of a bedside manner. I am putting this in this story because although I consider myself to be a no nonsense woman and I have no form of worship for doctors, I was caught in a horrible situation and reacted in a way that I am still ashamed of to this day. The doctor came in and looked over my chart. He denied that I had gallstones despite the films I had brought with me showing them (those films were returned to me UNOPENED after my appointment). He had no idea what my medications were. And he proceeded to make snide comments about my diet because obviously someone heavy must be an absolute pig. Never mind the fact that my daughter has eaten 3 times more than I do since she was 3 years old. He then proceeded to have me lay down on the table and began pressing on my stomach. This I was prepared for, but when this JERK unbuttoned and unzipped my pants without prior warning and moved his hands into my panties I was APPALLED. My husband and daughter were sitting RIGHT THERE and he did this in front of them. Their being there really doesn't matter, he had NO right to do what he did, but I didn't say a thing to him. I didn't gather my things and march out of his office immediately or the hundred other things that went through my mind after the fact. I stayed there and took it and I am still so ashamed of myself. I did file a formal report with insurance, but that was all I did. My husband still torments himself because he didn't realize how inappropriate that all was and had he known then, he would have punched the doctor. This man treated me like a mechanic would treat a car. His next move was squeezing my neck to check my thyroid until I couldn't breathe. I wasn't there for thyroid problems that HE was going to deal with. Please don't allow anyone to steal your dignity from you in this manner. I will always kick myself for not kicking HIM.

I had attempted to have the gallbladder surgery with a different (much nicer) surgeon. My surgery was scheduled for late November. I arrived at the hospital and nothing felt right. It was just this gut feeling that I'm sure we've all experienced at one time or another. I was told that my white blood count (WBC) was elevated. It had always run high, but this was the first time it had thrown up serious flags for anyone other than myself. I was sent down for an x-ray because the surgeon was concerned about pneumonia even though I knew that wasn't the problem. I was then taken back up to my "bay" to await a visit from the surgeon. I was told he wouldn't be coming to see me before surgery and I came unglued. I was already uptight about that gut feeling, then being sent down for x-rays didn't help things, now the man who was going to be cutting me open didn't want to give me a chance to speak to him prior to surgery? Um, NO sir! This was NOT going to happen. I demanded that he come to see me prior to surgery and he was there within 10 minutes. I told him I was having serious misgivings about the whole "surgery thing" and he

listened to my concerns solemnly as though he was also terribly concerned (the same guy that was going to cut me open without speaking to me). He had run further tests on my blood without telling me and then began showing me results that terrified me. My WBC was elevated to 15.7 and in the differential it was showing that I had an elevated number of "abnormal lymphocytes". I lost all color in my face according to my husband and even the doctor's demeanor changed. I told him I needed to think about whether to go through with this or not and he said he'd give me time. He left me to talk to my husband. My husband's theory was that we were already here, may as well get 'er done. Mine was a little bit different. I had been seeing high WBC counts for the past 8 years and decided that enough was enough – I want answers! While we were discussing things, an aide came to take me down for a procedure. I told her that I was unsure as to whether or not I was going through with it and she told me "aw, honey, don't you worry. Angioplasty is a simple procedure and they're all down there waiting for you." Keep in mind I was there for gallbladder surgery. Well that was the straw that broke the camel's back and my husband capitulated! The surgeon's assistant came in and we told him we weren't going to proceed. He nodded at me and left to go find the surgeon. The surgeon returned and I informed him that I wasn't comfortable at all and I would reschedule. He had been on the phone while he'd been gone finding me a hematologist and gave me his name and number as well as instructions on preventing problems with my gallbladder until I could have surgery. Essentially he told me not to eat any of the stuff that I don't eat anyway. Funny how even doctors subscribe to the stereotypes when it comes to weight even though they should all know better! Pssst, not EVERYONE eats like a pig to be "fat"!

Anyway, I had more blood drawn before I left the hospital upon the hematologist's request and was then checked out. I went home to call the hematologist for an appointment and was scheduled for 2 days later. Normally it takes a month or more to get in, so this made me VERY nervous. I spent the next two days in tears and calling my family. I then started researching elevated WBC counts and found leukemia and lymphoma every time I turned around. Infection was also listed, but after 8 years I don't think infection is the problem. My husband and I were scared to death and we clung tightly to each other. I had always said before that I wasn't scared of cancer, it couldn't be worse than everything else I am dealing with. It's not the pain of cancer that scared me, it was thinking of having to leave my daughter that did me in. We went into the hematologist's office for my appointment. All three of us. Like the three musketeers we had been since the birth of our daughter. Inseparable and supporting whichever of us needed it at the time. This time we were facing our most frightening moment ever, but we were going to do it together just like everything else. We met the kindest doctor I think I have ever seen. He was already informed and bothered to remember minor details of my life (i.e. Homeschooling) that the surgeon had told him about but asked me to tell him anything and everything about myself. He listened, took notes, asked questions, and was smiling and warm the entire time. I don't know if this did much to comfort me, but it was a nice environment anyway. He then told me that he saw no immediate cause for concern regarding my blood work and that it was okay to proceed with the cholecystectomy (gallbladder surgery) as planned but that within a couple of years my WBC is going to pose a problem. If things don't improve he said I would be facing myeloproliferative disorder – cancer. So basically what I have now is "watch and see cancer". In other words, watch and see if it gets bad enough to treat. I feel as though I am sitting on a time bomb. I left his office with instructions to call him in mid January and see how I was doing and maybe run some new blood work. When I did call I was hollered at because apparently he wanted me to have some more blood work done and was supposed to have been to his office. He didn't tell me any of this so I tried not to get too worked up. When I told them what I will talk about in the next paragraph, his tune was changed. I was told to get my teeth handled first and THEN see what my blood work shows. Apparently he acknowledges the damage that dental problems can do to the rest of the body and if someone who can diagnose me with cancer is in support of what I am doing, that is enough for me! Onward and upward!

And yet another pesky symptom! Since moving to the hot and humid state of Missouri (I had no idea you could have 100% humidity with NO rain prior to this) I began having problems with what I learned later was yeast. I had been prone to yeast infections if I was on antibiotics, but I didn't know that it could occur on the OUTSIDE of the body. The under side of my breasts had pancake sized redness that would burn, itch, and bleed - to say nothing for the smell (sorry again). I also got this under my belly and the creases in my legs. When I asked my gynecologist about it he said, "yeast". Whodathunkit? Of course this was the only

time I would sweat too. Being a victim of some of my other illnesses I am known not to sweat much at all, but when the yeast kicks in I can't seem to keep those areas dry. Between summer humidity and hot flashes, this is a lost cause. I began researching and this is where I turned up "systemic yeast". Once again I marched off to the doctor with all of my evidence and proceeded to tell him why I thought I had THIS problem as well. Now I adore this doctor. He is our family doctor and if nothing else he listens to me and makes me feel respected which is more than I can say for several of the other 15 doctors I have been to in the past 2 ½ years. He is a D.O. (doctor of Osteopathy) which means that he is more receptive to natural remedies as well as holistic treatment (looking at the WHOLE picture rather than just treating the symptoms). So you can imagine my surprise when I sat before him and said that I thought I had systemic yeast and he replied, "we don't do yeast anymore, it's not 'en vogue' any longer." I looked at him as though he had 3 heads. He did offer to refer to me to an infectious disease specialist, but this was something I wasn't comfortable with so I passed on the offer. Just because they "don't do that anymore" doesn't stop it from existing, so I went on to search for myself. I bought books, checked out books from the library, and of course scoured the internet and everything I found pointed right at systemic yeast. Another phrase kept popping up too. Mercury Toxicity. The more I looked, the more I found EVERYTHING that I had been dealing with. Endometriosis, Hypothyroidism, resistant cells, skin disorders, constipation, yeast, insomnia, joint pain, headaches, trigeminal neuralgia, elevated WBC, dry mouth, tooth loss, acne, cancer, brain fog, memory loss, and the list goes on and on. My body had kicked my butt for long enough. Now it was time for me to start kicking back!

I found stories from other people who had made the decision to remove their amalgams and found hope in their words. I looked for stories criticizing Dr. Hal Huggins and calling him a "quack" just to see if I could see legitimate cause for concern in their arguments. Nothing they said swayed my opinion of what Dr. Huggins said because he is right. What he said makes all of the sense in the world and his facts are solid. Every detail in his book I can find in myself. The lab work, the false diagnoses, the disbelief. I even found a statement in his book that made NO sense anywhere else in my research of my own problems. I have elevated triglycerides which goes hand in hand with insulin resistance, but my cholesterol is VERY low (138) and that is completely abnormal for someone with insulin resistance and hypothyroidism (especially one who supposedly eats a lot of grease as I was accused of doing by several doctors). Dr. Huggins addressed this very thing in his book! I was astounded because I had just been told by my family doctor that I may never have all the answers to everything about my health. Well, here ya go!!

My "cancer" symptoms were becoming worse. I was bruising easily. Blood pressure cuffs would leave a bruise on me that lasted for days. Opening a bottle of Gatorade caused a bruised swelling in the palm of my hand that blew my family doctor's mind. Opening an interior door left a bruise on my finger. I was becoming scared. Then I had another attack of Trigeminal Neuralgia. It was on New Year's Day and we had a guest over for a real Italian spaghetti dinner made by my husband. I was looking forward to having a guest, but was nervous as it was because I hadn't been eating solid foods for quite awhile. It turned out that I had good reason to be nervous. After about 4 bites of dinner I was in so much pain that I had to run up to our bedroom and cry for nearly a half-hour. I stayed up in our room until I could get a handle on the pain and then came down feeling embarrassed and sorry but unable to speak for fear of another attack. I took 2 vicodin that I had left over from my hysterectomy 5 months prior and that helped a little bit. Our guest left and I spent the next couple of days being unable to eat, speak, or breathe comfortably. I had had enough and decided it was time to call a dentist. My appointment was for 2 days later but it felt like a year. When I arrived I realized I had been pawned off on their youngest and most inexperienced dentist. I was in the middle of cosmetic dentistry hell. The walls were all adorned with photos of before and after shots taken of "satisfied" patients. I was then introduced to a dentist who was at least 4 years younger than me. This is a hard reality to face when you're only 30 years old. He proceeded to go through my mouth and find fault with all but 10 of my teeth. He then ran off his plan of "treatment" that would run \$4,000.00 and told me that he would have their hygienist teach me how to brush my teeth properly. He was concerned about what to do with one of the teeth as it was in my "smile line" and was strongly recommending a root canal. His assistant jumped in and said that I had expressed interest in dentures as opposed to extensive dental work because 2/3 of my teeth were already in horrible shape. He flat out refused to do dentures. He was talking to me in this tone that was a combination of condescending and patronizing that really just made

me want to punch him. He then told me that nothing is as good as real teeth and that I would suffer much bone loss if I succumbed to dentures at such an early age. I told him that I was a 30 year old woman in menopause and that his threats don't scare me as I'm losing bone as we speak, but he is telling me that he is going to leave a mouth full of dead teeth and dying teeth in my head for no reason that made sense to me other than money. He looked at me confused and asked what menopause had to do with any of it, when I explained that women in menopause lose bone he said he wouldn't know, it was nothing he'd ever have to deal with I knew I was dealing with the wrong person. When I told him I want no more mercury in my mouth he got this knowing look on his face and said that all of the stories I read are fabricated and that the real proof of mercury toxicity is slim. It was like he was reading straight out of a pamphlet from the ADA. I knew this wasn't someone who understood the first thing about medicine or health or the relationship between teeth and body. I wasn't in the shape I was in from lack of brushing my teeth. Hypothyroidism has been proven to cause pockets between teeth and gums and where there are gaps that you can't get to with a toothbrush, cavities form. The cavities were there before my gums had receded to a point that I could reach those spots and there was nothing I could have done to prevent them. His \$4,000.00 plan for my teeth won't prevent them from falling out any further. The filling I had placed by the dentist 4 years before didn't stop that tooth from falling apart until nothing is left but a thin line that protrudes just out of the gum. My teeth will continue to fall apart because there is too much damage there and I refuse to throw away money on a process that is going to do nothing for my health. I'm fighting for my life and I will not allow anyone to stand in my way especially not someone who thinks that a smile line is the only thing I have to worry about.

And now I wait. This is where my story will hopefully change, as the next step will be the removal of my teeth/amalgams and the chelating process. If you have made it this far, you are truly a champ! The most important message I can leave you with is to trust yourself and your instincts regarding your body. Where most people say "why me?" my motto has always been "why not me?" This is a lot to deal with, and I have people tell me on a regular basis that they are thankful they aren't me, but it has all made me stronger and more determined to get myself well. Make no mistake about it, if I'm going to get well, it will be my doing. I may not be able to perform the procedures and I may have to use doctors as a formality in some cases, but I am the one who trusted myself and found the problems long before the doctors did. I will be the one who demands whatever it will take to get myself healthy again. I did not go from an intelligent, thin, attractive, active, healthy, confident person just to end up the way I have and take it "lying down".

I wanted to do a brief updating even though I still have not begun the removal process.

I was supposed to have had surgery for my gallbladder in the beginning of February so I could proceed with my dental work afterwards. A few days prior to the day of my surgery I developed an abscess on the top left side of my outer gums and my surgeon flat-out refused to perform surgery because of that. I laughed. My husband laughed. I could tell that this was disturbing to the surgeon as he is meticulous and takes my health and his job very seriously, but it is my body and honestly I have to laugh or I'll cry much of the time. Anyway, he insisted that I leave the hospital and immediately go to the dentist. I did. She drained my abscess and prescribed penicillin for me. I was supposed to start with two pills and then take one pill three times a day. While I was sitting in her chair I mentioned to her that I was also developing some pain in my lower jaw but was unsure what it was. She checked but could find nothing. She gave me a referral to an oral surgeon as I was going to need to have some teeth removed. We debated briefly about dentures and I told her that under normal circumstances I would agree 100% with her theory that it was a bad idea for a person as young as myself to have dentures, but my circumstances are anything but ordinary. She was compassionate, but not convinced because she didn't have a grasp on the entire medical perspective of my case. We left, filled the prescription, and went home for dinner. While eating dinner I could feel the side of my face aching in that familiar pain. I knew my salivary gland was infected or had a stone again and I couldn't stop myself from crying this time. It does become disheartening at times.

The swelling in my face lasted approximately 10 days this time and I was beginning to get frightened. I never did drop down to one penicillin during this time as I thought that double dosing would help alleviate the swelling in my parotid gland (salivary gland located in front of the ear) much faster, but it didn't work that way. And of course I ended up with yet another vaginal yeast infection! There are some things in life that you learn to count on whether you want to or not! I know that there is going to need to be more in depth looking done into my parotid gland, but I have to handle first things first at this point and at this point my teeth have become my number one priority. I won't even attempt to have my gallbladder surgery again until my mouth is rid of the mercury and at that time I hope that my "wbc" will lower a bit so as not to cause so much alarm to my surgeon so he can proceed with my surgery comfortably.

On Monday, March 3, I met with the oral surgeon finally. He took new x-rays as there have been many changes in my mouth in just the past 2 months. He started off saying that he wanted to take 6 teeth. I panicked because he would have been leaving 3 teeth in my mouth that still contained mercury fillings so I began contemplating how to manipulate the situation to achieve the goal - removal of amalgams. I started running my tongue around my teeth and pointing out the cracks that were already apparent in the teeth he was still planning on leaving. I told him truthfully that my teeth are crumbling so fast that the teeth he was planning on leaving would be twice as bad by the next time he saw me. The damage is fast and I have lost entire sides of my teeth in two weeks or less. (Please understand that I have had teeth filled and my teeth continue to break apart around the new fillings so I doubt that there is much that can be done to stop this). I have learned in my brief experience with dentists as of late that mentioning mercury toxicity as a reason for removing anything in your mouth is a lost cause, so I had to manipulate this in another way. I also told him that with the damage my teeth have already acquired, it was obvious that I would need dentures very soon anyway. When I told him about the confrontation I had with the other dentist about smiling, I told him I have my vanity just like anyone else, but in my situation, there are more important things. He agreed immediately. I was helped in this because he is also an M.D. and knows that the other issues I have to deal with are far more weighty than maintaining a "nice smile" and could be very easily connected to my teeth. He said that you have to know when to say enough is enough, but he said that you also have to be realistic about what is going on with your body and he believes I am doing that. He agreed to the removal of every tooth I asked him to remove. Hallelujah!!! FINALLY!! I got my quote for the extractions and made an agreement to contact them as soon as I had things squared away with my insurance and left. Then I went home and cried. Being 30 years old and knowing that I'm going to lose my teeth was NOT something I had in mind. It's not a pleasant idea and it's frightening. But if it means regaining my health, or at least making an effort at regaining my health, I will do it gladly!

I have now decided to contact my first dentist and inform her of what happened with the oral surgeon. I intend to have the casts made for dentures prior to having my teeth pulled and I will try to get them all done at once instead of trying to live with no back teeth at all. The back teeth I have now aren't very functional, but they are there and I have a feeling that certain things would be difficult without them there if I only had the 9 teeth removed that he wants to remove and left it at that. It would be enough to get the mercury out, but I would have problems with speech, eating, breathing, and swallowing.

I spoke with my step-father about his dentures and whether or not he is happy with them. He told me immediately that they are NOT like your teeth and that when he woke up after the extractions with his new dentures in his mouth he thought he'd made the biggest mistake of his life. I was terrified by this, but the longer he talked the more I was convinced I was doing the right thing. He has no more pain, he can eat what he wants now (excluding taffy and caramel) and you DO get used to them. He also told me that the pain he'd suffered with his teeth was gone immediately when they were pulled and that he has never once wished he had his "old" teeth back. After speaking to him I got the impression that the biggest obstacle is making sure you have a good fit and keeping on top of alignments. If you do that, the results seem to be satisfactory. Not your real teeth, but a reasonable substitute when your real teeth are of no use and are falling apart and causing pain.

I'm scared. I am praying daily that this will do the trick for my poor body. I have more hidradenitis suppurativa cysts flaring all over my body now and am in so much discomfort that I can't lift my arms to

undress or get a glass from the cupboard. I can't shave under my arms now because the flaring cysts are so large. I'm sad and scared, but I am so hopeful that this will be just one of the many things that will be resolved when I get the amalgams removed from my mouth.

The Big Day

My big day has arrived. For those of you who have read my story, you might remember that I am having several (9) teeth pulled at one time. All of which contain mercury fillings and will rid me of mercury amalgams completely.

I go in for surgery tomorrow (Monday) at 10:20 a.m. and will be under general anesthesia for approximately 1 hour. I will be having 9 teeth (yes 9!) removed all at the same time in the hopes that this will help resolve some of my unexplainable health issues.

I'm very nervous right now because I have a lot riding on mercury being the cause of my medical issues. I hope at the very least to regain some quality of life after the fillings/teeth are removed, but at the most I need my white blood cell counts to lower (as I've read can happen with the removal of mercury fillings). I pray that things will turn out well and that recovery pain will be kept to a minimum and that I can begin chelating in short order.

I thank you all for being here and allowing me a voice... The journey begins - thank you for joining me on it!

I just thought I would enter a quick update since having had my teeth pulled.

The pulling went VERY well. I had minimal swelling and bruising. The bruise is still light, but is on its way out. The swelling is gone (or mostly gone I think). I took only 3 pain pills following the procedure. One I took immediately after we got home because I was concerned I would have pain once the anesthesia wore off. I then realized 8 hours later that I'd not taken another pain pill. I really had NO pain. It was the first time in probably a year that NOTHING was hurting my face. As we went to bed that night I decided to take a pill just in case laying on my face would cause me pain. It didn't. I didn't take another pill until the 3rd day after surgery and that was only because my stitches were beginning to heal and they were annoyingly painful.

As far as marked improvement thus far. The Hidradenitis Suppurativa seems to be better, but after my hysterectomy it seemed better too. This is one that I will need to wait a couple of months on to see if it's too good to be true or not. Insomnia has improved. I am going to sleep at a reasonable time now and resting peacefully. I don't seem to collapse and fall into that comatose quality sleep and wake up groggy requiring about 2 hours of waking up time before I can get going in the morning. I wake up now feeling pretty rested and ready to start my day. This is a marked improvement for sure. I'm still not overly energetic and loaded with stamina, but I do think that it will improve. I think my mind has become clearer and I am able to retain thoughts and carry on a conversation a bit better than before. Constipation seems to be working itself out to a degree but that could also be from the improved appetite. I have also lost about 3 pounds. This isn't quite as much as I'd hoped for, but it's still early in the process.

All in all at this point in time I'm very pleased. I will need to make an appointment with the general surgeon for my gallbladder and at that time I will get my CBC taken and will find out if the WBC has lowered itself. I feel positive that it has, but the proof will be in the blood work. This is the most important result and the one that has caused me the greatest anxiety as it seems a lot to depend on the removal of mercury to cure ones self of impending cancer, but if it worked it will have all been worth it!

I'll post again when I am having a better week. Things unassociated with my health have been going on and

I have not really been in the frame of mind to think on much but I felt that it was important that I post and let everyone know that I'm well and healing.

The best news!!!

This has been such a tough road for me. I was hoping that the removal of the amalgams would be a sudden cure for so many of the things that have ailed me for so long. It may not have cured everything that I had hoped for and I still deal with many things that I dislike (hidradenitis for one thing). The most important thing for me in my situation though was my white blood cell count. Any of you who have read my story know about the doctors' concerns with leukemia.

Well today I got a phone call after having gone into the doctor last week for blood work. I was terrified because they don't call unless there is something abnormal. I sat here waiting for a call back as I'd missed the first call. The nurse told me that she could hear the fear in my voice and not to worry. Everything looked good! My white blood cell count was down to 10.7 which is the lowest it's been in 9 years!!!!!! I couldn't control myself and was crying as I got off of the phone. The absolute relief is unexplainable! I am so happy and if nothing else had gone right with the removal of those 9 teeth, THIS has made it all worth it.

WOOOOOOOOOOHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

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For more information, visit the following online resources:

MercuryTalk.com

AmalgamIllness.com

HerbAllure.com/mercuryforum

Join our Yahoo! group named: amalgamillness

at this address: health.groups.yahoo.com/group/amalgamillness