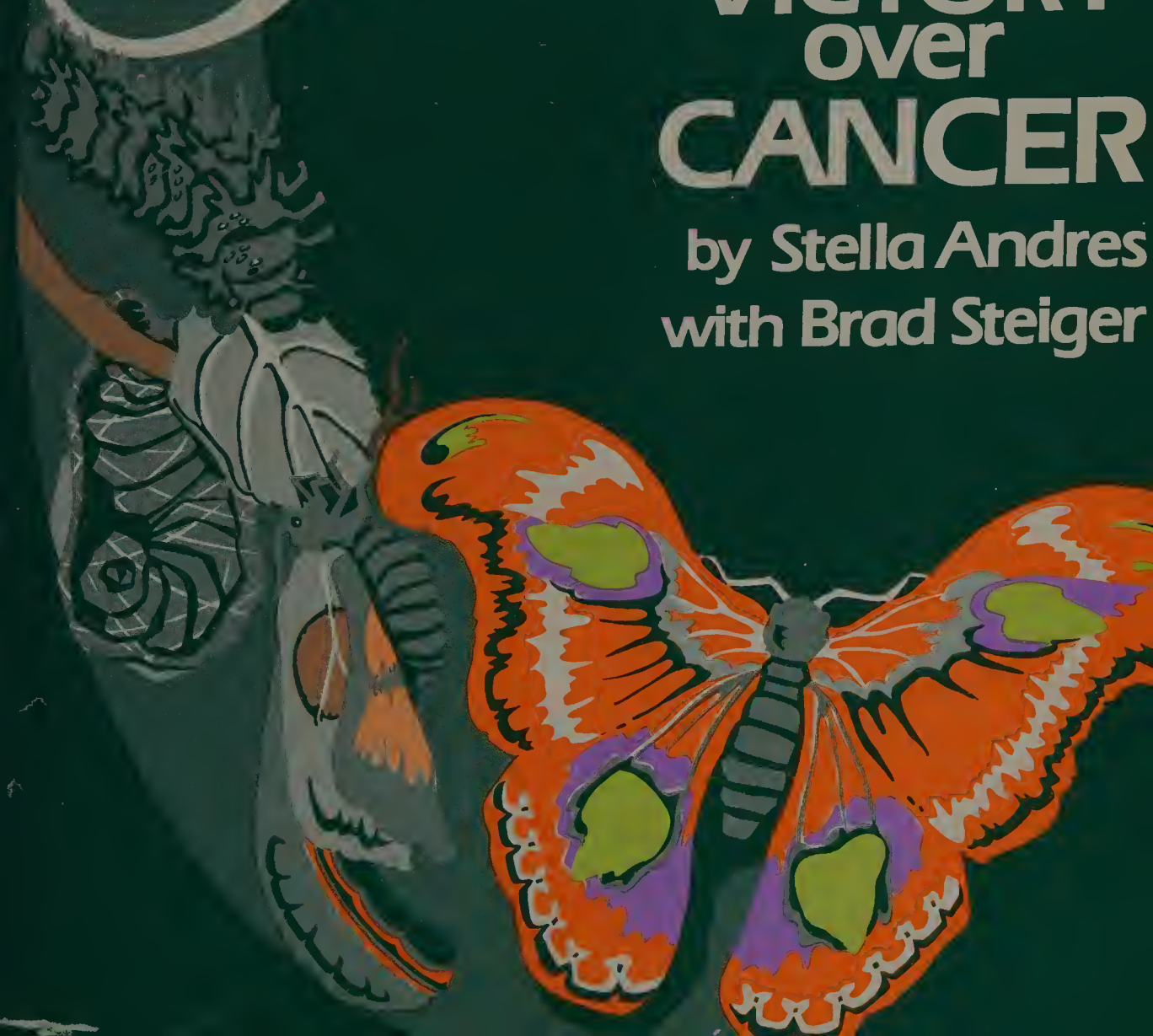


Stella

One
Woman's
VICTORY
over
CANCER

by Stella Andres
with Brad Steiger



Stella

ONE WOMAN'S VICTORY OVER CANCER

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Asthma. Gangrene. Amputation. The doctors pronounced these dreaded words, edicts of physical suffering and anguish. And then they delivered the most feared verdict of all — cancer!

Instead of accepting the piecemeal amputation of her legs or the death sentence of lymphosarcoma, Stella Andres chose to take control of her life and to release the natural healing energies within her own body. Rather than permitting herself to accept the reality of the life of an invalid or a painful death, Stella chose the reality of the victor, the life of a vigorous, productive woman.

Paramount to Stella's remarkable recovery was the work of the American mystic Edgar Cayce, the famed "sleeping prophet," whose nearly 15,000 psychic readings formed the basis for most of her healing experiences. Integral to the application of Cayce's vision of health and physical balance were the combined efforts of the brilliant husband and wife medical team of Dr. William and Dr. Gladys McGarey and their staff at the A.R.E. Clinic in Phoenix, Arizona.

Stella Andres declares this book to be a celebration of miracles that have taken place in her life. The ultimate joy of such a declaration is to be found in the revelation that such healing miracles can exist for everyone.


This dramatic account of one woman's struggle for wellness against what would seem to have been impossible medical odds may well be the most inspirational book you will ever read. And if you or a loved one should be suffering because of an illness that medical science has decreed impossible to heal, this book may become the catharsis that will begin your own dramatic healing process.



Dear Nancy,

This is the book my mother wrote in the early 80's, about healing herself from cancer with holistic/alternative medicine before it was popular... (as you know!)

Anyhow, I'd like you to have it - and if anyone else needs inspiration to heal from some problem - maybe you can share this with them.

With love and light, 

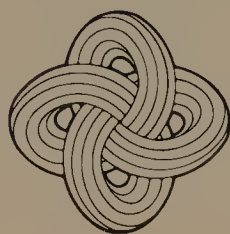
Athena
→

STELLA
One Woman's
VICTORY
over
CANCER

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SYNERGY BOOKS

Tempe, Arizona

As you read this book, it is important to keep in mind that the book shares one woman's approach to a life-threatening illness; and that the information in the book is not a guide to a high-level of wellness or a prescription for specific medical problems. This book may give you new knowledge, but remember that Stella is not a scientist, nor is she in a medically-related profession. Do not use any of the courses of action that Stella followed for your own self-treatment. The A.R.E. Clinic is available for consultation in Phoenix, Arizona and may be contacted for further information.

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The Authors

Stella Andres continues her inspirational work by lecturing, making media appearances, and by maintaining the Holistic Support Group to assist those in need of love and encouragement during their illness. She and her husband George now divide their time between New York and their new home in Phoenix, Arizona. Their daughter Athena is a dental hygienist who is also active in the field of holistic medicine.

Brad Steiger began researching the paranormal and lecturing and writing about his findings in the late 1950's. He has now authored over 100 books, most of them dealing with metaphysical, inspirational, and self-help subject matter. Among his titles are such well-known books as *Revelation*, *The Divine Fire*; *Indian Medicine Power*; *Mysteries of Time and Space*; and *The Love Force*. He lives in Scottsdale, Arizona, with his wife Francis Paschal Steiger, a respected author and spiritual counselor.

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Introduction

This story unfolds as an adventure in consciousness while Stella experiences not one, but three, amazing healings. And she comes out of it with a mission to share her story with those who may have lost hope — those who don't know that healing always comes from within the individual, and not really from someone else.

In this moving documentary, Stella Andres shares with the world a story of determination, faith, love, and persistence that sometimes brings tears, but always awakens within the reader the wonder of what life really is and the many dimensions of consciousness it encompasses.

Cancer is not a barrier to Stella. Neither is gangrene nor the loss of a leg due to gangrene. Nor is asthma. These problems only gave her opportunities to overcome, stumbling blocks that she turned into stepping stones, so she could see the beauty of life and the power of faith that can be shared.

The “Sleeping Prophet” mentioned in this book is the American mystic, Edgar Cayce, whose nearly fifteen thousand psychic readings formed the basis for most of the healing experiences that Stella lived through. Cayce died in 1945, but his work proved to be the inspiration for the formation of the Association for Research and Enlightenment in Virginia Beach, Virginia, and subsequently the A.R.E. Clinic in Phoenix, Arizona, where Stella spent much time.

You will find this book an inspiration not only for yourself, but also for those whom you may know or contact who have begun to lose hope because of an illness that medical science has called difficult or impossible to heal.

William A. McGarey, M.D.

Phoenix, Arizona

Author's Foreword

Whenever I try to tell anyone about my three miraculous healings, the account turns into an autobiography, rather than a catalog of treatments.

Miracles occur daily in everyone's life, but most people don't notice them. This book is a celebration of miracles that have taken place in mine.

The Divine Love that healed me was expressed through each of the people and the events that shaped each moment. Faith and joy are the authors of my rejuvenation.

This book is dedicated to my husband, George, to my daughter, Athena, and to Robert.

Stella Andres
Flushing, New York

Editor's Foreword

On June 6, 1985, my friend Patrick Walsh invited me to lunch so that I might meet some interesting people. The lady, I was told, had undergone some remarkable healing experiences, and Patrick was strongly considering publishing her story.

As we talked over lunch at the Safari Resort's Brown Derby restaurant, I readily conceded mentally that the man and woman before me were, indeed, most interesting. Both exuded confidence; both appeared vigorous and healthy; both expressed a mastery of their corner of the material world. They were man and wife — so very much alike, yet so very different.

George Andres is a burly Greek-American, whose practiced brusqueness does little to hide a good-natured manner and an obvious sensitivity. If he sought to come across as a hard-nosed businessman during our first meeting, he betrayed himself, when, after paying for the lunch and tipping generously, he stated that our next meeting should be in the lobby so that we did not occupy a waitress' station for so long a time. To demonstrate such consideration for strangers is to give evidence of a personal cosmology that emphasizes "we," rather than "I."

Stella Andres is an attractive example of how successfully people of the Mediterranean may be transplanted to American soil. It was she, I was told, who, in spite of her apparent good health, had suffered terrible times of disease and illness. And it occurred to me at that time that George, with his strength and kindness, may have served as a powerful battery from which Stella might have drawn good healing energies. With equal clarity, it occurred to me that George would steadfastly deny such an interaction.

Briefly, luncheon conversation revealed that Stella had first come to the A.R.E. Clinic in Phoenix in 1975, suffering from

acute attacks of asthma that had made her a regular habitu  of hospital emergency rooms back in New York. After undergoing the Edgar Cayce-inspired regimen of biofeedback, massage, dream therapy, and proper breath control, Stella kicked both the use of drugs and the blight of asthma in two years.

The breathing now under control, the unfortunate lady next faced an extremely severe case of peripheral arteriosclerosis, which resulted in the amputation of her right leg above the knee.

When the toes of her left foot began turning blue, the decree of additional amputation was horribly intensified by the discovery of lymphatic cancer.

It was at that point that Stella took control of her life, refused not only the amputation of her left leg but any further hospital care, and announced that she was leaving for the A.R.E. Clinic to regain mastery of her own reality. This, with the aid of meditation, visualization, diet, and increased self-awareness, she accomplished.

And had the orthodox medical communities agreed that these three miracles had truly occurred?

I was assured that irrefutable documentation did, indeed, exist.

And now the interrogative focus was turned upon me: Would I assist Stella in the preparation of a manuscript that would share her healing experiences for as wide an audience as possible?

I required very little time to reach my decision. After thirty years as a phenomenologist and a psychical researcher, one does not turn down the opportunity to work with healing evidence as well-documented as that presented by the case of Stella Andres.

A Search For The Healing Source

The "A.R.E." referred to earlier in this introduction is the Association for Research and Enlightenment, an organization in Vir-

ginia Beach, Virginia, that owns and disseminates information from the Edgar Cayce readings. The A.R.E. Clinic in Phoenix, Arizona, researches and applies the Cayce material at the clinical level and is under the direction of Drs. William and Gladys McGarey.

In her “President’s Message” in *Holistic Medicine*, Newsletter of the American Holistic Medical Association, Dr. Gladys McGarey shares a fascinating anecdote from her childhood in India. It seems that she observed a snake charmer cure himself of a cobra’s bite with a mysterious, small black stone.

Using that little story as a bridge, “Dr. Gladys,” as she is affectionately known, recalls a weekend lecture when she was on the platform with a Navajo Indian medicine man, a Yaqui *curandera*, a Viennese lady from a traditional healing background, and the Clinic’s own nurse-practitioner Edna Germain.

“Basically,” she noted, “all five of us were saying the same thing. That in any tradition, healing comes from within each individual and that as people involved in the healing arts, we have various tools which perform similar tasks.”

Dr. Gladys continued:

“It struck me that in the West, we have assumed an incredible arrogance which says that the only real cures that can happen come from our scientific model. This kind of arrogance closes doors, intimidates people, and may set us back in consciousness, instead of allowing us to move forward . . .

“. . . We as physicians are not God . . . but we certainly have the responsibility to teach our patients how to take care of themselves and take responsibility for their own decisions . . . If we as spiritual beings know that death is not the end of all and that it is more important to stimulate and to awaken the spirit within each patient so that they may contact the physician within themselves and then use whatever modality is most suited to their needs, then, perhaps, we will be involved in true healing.”

For thirty years now, I have studied Native American healers from several tribes, Kahuna practitioners from Hawaii, Afro-American Spirit Doctors, Evangelistic Faith Healers, Spiritual Channelers for ethereal physicians, and sincere men and women who claim to “bring down” healing energies from UFOs. I have observed such outstanding healers as Olga Worrall, Henry Rucker, and John Scudder in most impressive manifestations of the “laying on of hands.” Truly, it is as Edgar Cayce indicated, there is but one source for all healing.

Although the field is still solidly controversial in the perspective of most orthodox medical practitioners, a growing number of serious mainstream healers are becoming interested in the phenomenon of “therapeutic touch,” the clinical name for “laying on of hands.” Numerous laboratories in the United States and Canada have conducted scientific tests to determine the power and validity of such a touch, and serious exponents of such hands-on therapy have trained a large and growing network of nurses in the techniques.

As is well-known to students of such phenomena, those men and women who practice the therapeutic touch claim that by placing themselves in a meditative or altered-state-of-consciousness they are able to soothe frayed nerves, to reduce pain, to relieve anxiety, and even to cause bones to heal faster. Although the American Medical Association stands aloof from issuing an official pronouncement on therapeutic touch, there are a substantial number of traditional doctors and scientists who are willing to ascribe such claims of “healing” manifestations to the patient’s personal psychology, rather than to any kind of psychic energy.

Although the rigidly materialistic among the orthodox medical practitioners scoff at any suggestion of a “mind-body” connection, a new field of research, termed by some, “psychoneuro-immunology,” takes very seriously the position that belief can manifest profound effects on the physical structure. Large

numbers of physicians, psychologists, and biochemists have pooled their efforts to discover precise, quantifiable linkups between body and brain.

Jane Quinn, Ph.D., of the University of South Carolina, herself a healing practitioner, has recently been awarded a three-year federal grant to study the phenomenon of therapeutic touch. She does not hesitate to declare her considered opinion that there is more at work in the “laying on of hands” than her patients’ belief systems. Dr. Quinn firmly states her contention that there is a transfer of energy from the healer to the patient, and she has no problem accepting the possibility that this unspecified “energy” might well be some form of psychic power that has not yet been measured and elucidated by modern science.

Surely, Stella Andres would agree with Dr. Jane Quinn and all the other selfless practitioners who seek only to serve others of their kind by alleviating pain and suffering.

The Cayce Connection

“In the Edgar Cayce material,” writes Dr. William A. McGarey in *Pathways to Health*, September 1985, “the human is seen as a spiritual entity, a unique combination of body-mind-spirit that is manifested in this material world. The nature of the evolved human being — one who is moving closer to his spiritual destiny — is truly manifested by the manner in which he treats his fellow being. How much kindness, gentleness, love, understanding and forgiveness is he using day in and day out? In the case of the evolved entity, the answer is ‘Much, indeed.’ These qualities are loaded with constructive emotions, and the one whose life encompasses these regularly has discovered the way to a healthy body.”

The remarkable, and often incredible, achievements of Edgar Cayce have probably been documented as completely as any life’s work can be. Dozens of books, reviews, pamphlets, and articles have been written by people who have taken the time to

investigate thoroughly the massive quantities of Edgar Cayce readings and to question those witnesses who were a part of this amazing psychic saga.

Edgar Cayce died in 1945 at the age of sixty-seven. Twice a day for forty-three years, Cayce went into trance and revealed many things clairvoyantly (perceiving events and circumstances by means other than the five senses). Cayce revealed information that he couldn't have been aware of in a state of full consciousness, never mind in a self-induced trance.

Edgar Cayce gave almost 9,000 "physical" readings while in an altered-state-of-consciousness. These quasi-medical readings frequently dealt with the health problems which were brought to Edgar Cayce for clairvoyant diagnosis. Astonishingly, most of the people seeking Cayce's physical readings were not present when he went into clairvoyant trance. The only information Cayce, his secretary, and the conductor of the readings had to work with was the name and address of the patient, who might have been anywhere in the world.

In a large number of these readings, Cayce was able to determine the cause of the problem and to suggest treatment that could either cure or arrest the affliction. All of the readings were recorded by a stenographer, transcribed, and cross-indexed. They represent the largest collection of psychically obtained data and one of the most valuable records of psychic phenomena in the world.

Edgar Cayce also gave "life readings," dealing with the vocational, psychological, and human-relations problems of individuals. It was through the life readings that the concepts of reincarnation and the possibility of past lives were introduced.

Other Cayce readings reveal much about dreams and the dream state, as they were recorded in nearly 700 separate readings. The balance of the Cayce readings provide a wide miscellany of information on a variety of subjects.

All together, more than 14,000 Edgar Cayce readings have been recorded on over 200,000 permanent file cards and cross-referenced into 10,000 major subject categories.

This vast amount of psychic data is the Edgar Cayce legacy to his heirs. How have these heirs discharged that tremendous responsibility?

The Association of Research and Enlightenment (A.R.E.) was chartered in the state of Virginia as a nonprofit organization to conduct scientific and psychical research. The year was 1931 and Edgar Cayce was very much alive and active at the time. The A.R.E. was set up to preserve the Edgar Cayce readings and to make the data gleaned from them available to the medical profession and the public.

The Edgar Cayce Foundation was established in 1947, two years after Edgar Cayce's death. The original A.R.E. has become the membership arm of the Cayce programs. The Foundation is the custodian of the original Cayce Readings and the memorabilia of the great psychic's life and career. Both the A.R.E. and the Foundation are headquartered at Virginia Beach, Virginia.

If there is a "Cayce cult," it is not of Edgar Cayce's making, nor is it a result of the A.R.E.'s activity. Certainly, Edgar Cayce himself would not have approved of any attempts to deify him. The man's work is singularly valuable for both the knowledge and the mysteries it has handed down to science and medicine. It remains to those two pillars of human technology and erudition to explain the phenomena of Cayce's clairvoyance, medical diagnosis, and precognition. Fortunately, scores of doctors, psychologists, philosophers and other inquirers are actively researching and experimenting with the Cayce material.

Since the establishment of the A.R.E., thousands of people from every corner of the nation — as well as from around the world — have journeyed to Virginia Beach to attend lectures and conferences, and to investigate the information in the Cayce

readings. A good many of the skeptics who came to expose Cayce stayed on to support his work. Among these have been Jess Stearn, author of *Edgar Cayce, the Sleeping Prophet*, and Thomas Sugrue, author of *There is a River*, both of which are important books about the life and work of Edgar Cayce. And when one mentions scholarly and serious works dealing with Cayce, one should not overlook Gina Cerminara's fine *Many Mansions*.

The established churches have certainly not embraced Cayce; they often consider him an enigma at best, an agent of the devil at worst. The fact that a great deal of the Cayce material is concerned with spiritual laws and provides insight into many areas of religion does not seem to impress or pacify some elements of orthodoxy.

To the cautious and conservative member of the medical community, many of the Cayce remedies are bizarre, because they often require various herbs and chemical concoctions that are unknown to the average doctor. Now that the readings have been classified by subject, open-minded doctors are able to supervise Cayce treatments and remedies for those patients who request them. The work of the A.R.E. Clinic has been an integral part of the arduous task of confirming the effectiveness of the Cayce prescriptions.

Creating Our Own "Sleeping Healers"

In his youth, Edgar Cayce contracted a throat ailment and was told that he would never again be able to speak above a whisper. In 1901 a hypnotic practitioner helped Cayce into trance, and then stood by while the afflicted dry goods clerk began to describe his own medical condition in minute detail. By the time the trance had ended, Cayce had not only uttered a prescription for his inoperative throat muscles and nerves, but had also accomplished a self-healing that left his voice fully restored.

Cayce obligingly went to “sleep” for thousands of other people for the next forty-five years. In each trance, he visualized the patient’s body and prescribed remediation. In many instances his prescriptions involved drug products which, awaiting delivery in company warehouses, had not yet been made available to the public. In other cases, Cayce prescribed herbs with rich natural sources of drugs. Ironically, orthodox doctors would one day write prescriptions for their synthetic counterparts.

Beginning with the premise that Cayce’s much chronicled talents were the result of intuitive knowledge, extrasensory perception, and the ability to draw upon some great universal psychic reservoir of wisdom, I resolved in 1966 to test the hypothesis that we might be able to create other “sleeping healers” through the medium of hypnosis. Together with an accomplished hypnotist, Loring G. Williams, I devised a modality in which controlled out-of-body projection might be utilized to affect healing activity while an entranced subject, “the healer,” slumped before us in hypnotic sleep.

Our experiments began with the selection of a number of good subjects to serve as our Cayce-like “sleeping healers.” While they were in hypnotic trance, we presented them with the names of a number of “patients,” who, we told them, they were to visualize in x-ray form. Once the target had been connected with the entranced subject and the “x-ray” was in focus, we directed the subject to identify the patient’s malady.

Williams and I had pressured some friends, who were medical doctors, to submit the names of several of their actual patients so that we might test the accuracy of our entranced diagnosticians. In exchange for their cooperation, we offered them the information acquired for their use in whatever manner they chose to utilize it. Some of the doctors acknowledged that the diagnosis acquired through mind travel complemented their own evaluation of the patients’ problems; others did not

respond in any manner, negatively or positively.

After we had accumulated a number of “hits” far above chance, I asked a doctor friend to forego his regular golfing afternoon and to select, at random, a number of cases from his files and to bring them to my office that next day.

I explained briefly to Dr. B. what we were attempting to achieve, and although he was dubious of any remarkable results we might attain, he was not skeptical about hypnosis. One of his instructors in medical school had accomplished a difficult leg amputation while the patient rested peacefully in a state of hypnoanesthesia.

As Dr. B. soon observed, our *modus operandi* was quite simple. We would place a subject in trance, then ask him to travel mentally to a patient whose name and address had been supplied by Dr. B. When the subject felt that he was in the presence of the target entity, he would describe the patient’s physical appearance for verification by Dr. B. Once Dr. B. acknowledged that the mental travel was accurate, the subject would then “see” the patient in x-ray form and describe the particular physical malfunctions as he perceived them in the hypnotic state.

Dr. B. was favorably impressed by our subject’s ability to describe accurately the target patient’s physical appearance, but he was displeased by the vague manner in which the various ailments were described.

As he pointed out, such terms as “abdominal area” can mean something quite different to a layperson than they do to a trained anatomist and physician. Although Dr. B. conceded that our subject had “hit” on some of the ailments with a degree of accuracy, some of the other descriptions had been obscured by his lack of knowledge of basic anatomy and his meager medical vocabulary.

“But wouldn’t this sort of thing be interesting if you hypnotized a trained medical practitioner to do it?” Dr. B. speculated.

Williams and I readily conceded the point and offered to place Dr. B. in trance, but he declined the opportunity.

That phase of our experimentation was assessed by us as having provided us with the realization that we were able to “project” our subject to a patient — regardless of the distance — and permit him to “see” blighted areas within the patient’s body.

A Conversation with Hugh Lynn Cayce

During the summer of 1973, I had the opportunity to discuss several matters of mutual interest with Hugh Lynn Cayce, who, as the “Sleeping Prophet’s” son, had been actively involved with his father’s work for many years. Here are some excerpts from that conversation which seem especially relevant to this present work.

The “Difficulty” of Edgar Cayce’s Language

“I don’t believe that the language spoken by my father should deter anyone from the readings, because, while the language seems influenced by the King James version of the Bible, the content of the messages is universal and eclectic.”

Cayce on Dreams

“My father believed that dreams can give a great deal of information about our physical condition. He also believed that we could derive so much more psychic content from dreams if we would only keep a dream diary.

“We can often identify telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition in our dreams, which can then help us to wrestle with our psychological problems. The dream state is an altered-state-of-consciousness and the easiest of all to test. My father also suggested that dreams can provide some spiritual guidance and encourage creativity.

“On the basis of dream theory, we are launching a comprehensive study with our members that is designed to verify the

Edgar Cayce data on dreams. We want to find out if dreams do increase psychic ability.

“If people can train themselves to remember their dreams, will they be able to get data that will improve their health at every level?”

“Can people become more creative as a result of understanding their own dreams?”

“Edgar Cayce consistently said that there was ‘lost’ material in unremembered dreams that was very important. He said that if man ever does learn to examine himself in this altered-state-of-consciousness, he will, for the first time, actually see himself in the reality of another dimension.”

On Meditation

“My father encouraged the average person to spend some time every day in the meditative state. In our society, we particularly need this to combat the constant crises of fear, tension, noise, pressure, and so on. Cayce made specific recommendations on how individuals and groups can go about meditation.”

The Psychic Abilities of Children

“My son, Dr. Charles Thomas Cayce [current president of the A.R.E., Virginia Beach], who is an experienced child psychologist, is interested in his grandfather’s ideas concerning the development of psychic abilities in children. He is in touch with sensitive children all over the land, and he is able to give parents a great deal of help in guiding and developing their children’s psychic capacities without upsetting their fragile personalities.

“Edgar Cayce said that we are all psychic, but for many people the manifestation of this ability can be very disturbing, very upsetting — and in fact, can even destroy the personality if it runs rampant in the person’s life. This can be very damaging if the individual does not use these abilities constructively. If he takes ego trips with it, or begins to fake it, the result can be very

destructive to the personality, particularly to that of young children. Much of our research effort is being directed to this area of investigation and education.”

Memories of a Father

“Before he died, my father told me that we had better make certain that we in the A.R.E. were doing the research before we did too much *enlightening*.

“We have tried to follow this good advice by conducting a vast amount of research. Education has a high priority at the A.R.E., and the sharing of information is central to our purpose.”

Cayce and the Medical Profession

“My father was an embarrassment to the medical profession. He was not trained. He had no medical background and didn’t even know the terminology. Yet, in a trance state, he was able to give complete medical diagnoses and prescribe remedies.

“Somehow, his unconscious mind was able to tap the unconscious minds of other people and draw the information from them that suggested the correct treatment.

“Edgar Cayce insisted that there is a river of thought forms and intelligence at another level of consciousness, and that this was the source of his information.

“This procedure apparently had nothing to do with mediumship, as we understand it — nor with guides or anything like that. My father did his own legwork, so to speak.

“How could you describe such a thing to people in the early days of psychical research? Such theories just blew the minds of a lot of doctors, which was understandable.”

In some dimension of a Great Reality, I am certain that Edgar Cayce is very pleased that the A.R.E. Clinic remains dedicated to helping men and women in very practical ways. And even

though Stella Andres' healing miracles are somewhat more dramatic than others who have been transformed through the A.R.E. Clinic's program of holistic healing, she is hardly alone in her triumph. Hundreds of men and women have experienced the curative arts at the Clinic and have benefited from the extensive range of therapies.

Stella's Miracles

There is, quite obviously, a lesson for all of us to gain in an examination of Stella's quest for wellness. If she, an ordinary woman from New York, can rise above her disease, her pain, her ordeal of the flesh, her travail of the spirit, then, if need be, so can we.

Was Stella special in any special way? Yes and no. She was not special in that she was divinely endowed in any mystical way, but she did make a conscious choice to utilize fully the same gifts of the spirit to which we all have access if we but choose to recognize them.

In a letter to me dated September 17, 1985, Harvey Grady, Director of the A.R.E. Clinic, stated the following concerning Stella and her healing experiences:

I had the privilege of working with Stella as a therapist at the A.R.E. Clinic at the time when she came here seeking help in the treatment of cancer. During her stay in the Temple Beautiful program, I worked with her in depth and can say that she demonstrated a real will to live. This meant that she was willing to dig deep into her attitudes and emotions about herself and the purpose of her life. She was willing to explore old hurts, angers, resentments, and frustrations, and was willing to put out the effort to transform them into a positive approach to living.

In my opinion, she did the real work that is required of a person struggling for her life against cancer. Many patients

that I have worked with in treating cancer at the Clinic have not been willing to work at the depth that Stella did.

Stella was willing to *work* against the disease that sought to kill her.

It would appear that some truisms never change. We really must work to attain those things that are worthwhile to us. And no one can accomplish such kinds of work for us. We can be aided, guided, directed, coached, provoked; but the bottom line remains that we must make that ultimate commitment to achieve whatever it is in life that we believe to be meaningful — even our life itself.

Vincent Ragone, the nationally known psychic sensitive, told me that he had foreseen Stella's circulation problems with her legs four years before the difficulty manifested in the physical. He also diagnosed the lymphoma in advance of the official medical pronouncement.

As you will discover in the pages of this present volume, Ragone views himself as a catalyst for transcendent energy, a spiritual counselor who practices the laying on of hands. Why, I asked him, did he believe that it was necessary for Stella to undergo her torture and her triumph?

Ragone maintains that Stella has now experienced a transformation on the physical, mental, and spiritual levels. She has found a new sense of the quality of life.

"Stella is now to witness," Ragone said. "The true meaning of her life is to serve as a witness for the reality of her healing experiences."

It may well be, as Vincent Ragone suggests, that Stella's example serves as a kind of bridge between the material and the immaterial, the conventional and the unconventional, the orthodox and the holistic, the body and the soul.

In the dramatic and inspirational story that you are about to read, I, as the contributing editor, have chosen to permit Stella to speak in her own honest words and to supplement her testimony with the comments and the memories of certain of those men and women who were closest to her during the tribulations and the triumphs. It seems only proper to select such a format to share such a remarkable woman's story. After all, she has earned it.

Brad Steiger

Scottsdale, Arizona



Asthma and Anguish

In the winter of 1969, Stella Andres came down with pneumonia. The doctor ordered her to bed, then after a six-week check up, he pronounced that she was in perfect health.

Her cough, however, persisted. She was unable to lie down to sleep, and all day long, she was choking. Undisturbed by Stella's lack of improvement, the doctor said that the cold would go away in time.

Stella's husband, George, not at all reassured by the doctor's faith in "time," took their daughter Athena and Stella to Puerto Rico. He hoped the change of climate would improve her condition, but it didn't help.

In February, Stella visited her aunt in Vermont. Herself an asthma sufferer, she became alert and solicitous when she heard Stella's cough-racked sleep.

Her aunt made a bed for her on a recliner so she could sleep sitting up. She also gave Stella one of her prescribed pills. Stella slept through the night for the first time in months. Sadly, the aunt realized that Stella had asthma.

"When I returned to New York, I went to an allergist who corroborated my aunt's diagnosis," Stella recalled. "The doctor began a regimen of weekly injections, and I took a lot of medicine. I carried a cosmetic bag filled with breathalators and other medications with me at all times. I truly felt in conflict with my physical environment when I had asthma. I couldn't leave the house when it was windy or if it was raining, because I would get an attack.

"I was in the supermarket one day, and someone spilled Clorox. I had to take medication immediately and leave without check-

ing out my groceries — or I would have had an attack. It was a very hard time for me, because almost anything could start an attack and put me in the emergency room of the hospital.

“My asthma grew more severe when my eighty-three-year-old father became ill.” He was put into a nursing home, where Stella visited him daily.

Suddenly, at the age of forty-four, Stella found that for the first time in her life, she was open to her father’s philosophical outlook. When she was younger, she had been embarrassed by his “far-out” notions. She had insisted he not mention such matters in front of her friends.

“Papa had always been a student of Plato, the Greek philosopher, and Nostradamus, the French physician, astrologer, and prophet. For years, Papa had spoken of the stars and the impact they have on our lives.

“Papa became even more intuitive during this time. My former brother-in-law, Rusty, came to see my father in the home and brought his new wife with him. Nobody had told Papa that Despina’s ex-husband had remarried. Although the lady waited outside, the first thing my father said to Rusty was, ‘Why don’t you bring your new wife in? Don’t leave her outside.’ Rusty and I were stunned.”

Stella wanted to learn more about her father’s perspective of reality, so she bought a book on astrology. From one book (she laughs now) she fancied herself an expert.

“After eleven years of studying astrology, I still don’t feel as qualified as I did then after reading that one book. The nurses used to come to me with problems about their children.

“What sign is the child? I would ask. Upon hearing the answer, I would launch into a long character analysis with sweeping predictions. Amazingly, everyone believed me. I actually gave them advice — and it worked. God was with me, and I never seriously misled anyone.

“Mama would cry when she went to see Papa in the home. ‘Athenoula (little Athena),’ he would tell her, ‘The state that I’m in now is not the end of my journey.’ And she would bravely pull herself together.”

During this period, Stella became involved more closely with her parents than she had been in all her adult life.

Thus it seemed natural that the next friend that she was to make after her father’s death would be an astrologer.

Lillian Nicholas began studying metaphysics in 1953, and she used to listen faithfully to Long John Nebel’s New York based radio show. When *The Search for Bridey Murphy* came out, Lillian was ready to begin her own search for past lives.

Lillian was there with her knowledge of metaphysics when Stella needed her. At a time when Stella was searching for something to give greater depth and meaning to her life, Lillian was there to provide the answer through metaphysics. She introduced Stella to Edgar Cayce books, and she read *Edgar Cayce, the Sleeping Prophet* by Jess Stearn and *There is a River* by Thomas Sugrue.

On the very first page of *Edgar Cayce, the Sleeping Prophet*, Stella heard an echo of her father. Stearn had written, “From his [Cayce’s] own readings which had helped thousands, he had come to believe in an endless cycle of life; and though he could consciously grieve for those who knew sorrow or pain in this lifetime, he felt it was all part of God’s plan.”

At this point, the asthma attacks were so severe that Stella was regularly being taken to the emergency room. This terrible cycle of asthmatic seizures went on for two years.

“I instinctively knew that the type of healing described in *There is a River* was what was going to cure me of asthma,” Stella stated. “Edgar Cayce once had a clinic in Virginia Beach in the 1920s that closed during the Depression. Lillian had heard of a clinic in Phoenix, Arizona, that was currently in operation that

practiced the Edgar Cayce concepts of healing, which related the body to the mind and spirit.”

Stella and Lillian learned that the clinic supported Edgar Cayce’s view that:

For all healing comes from one source, and whether there is the application of foods, exercise, medicine, or even the knife — it is to bring (to) the consciousness of the forces within the body that aid in reproducing themselves, the awareness of Creative or God Forces.

“Acting on a deep intuition,” Stella admitted, “in February 1975, I approached George and told him I was going to the A.R.E. Clinic in Phoenix to get well.

“He said, ‘If that’s the way you feel, take Athena on her Easter school break and go. I will come when she returns.’

“George usually responds to my requests in this manner. He doesn’t expect me to share his feelings. I recall the words I once heard a minister say of a couple during a marriage ceremony: ‘They are two different individuals with different likes and dislikes and different thoughts. They come together in love and acceptance.’ Such a sentiment describes my marriage to George.”

2

A Touch of the Psychic

Looking back, Stella recalls the story of how her parents came to the United States from Greece, and how their lives developed:

When Stella's mother lived in Athens, a woman had "read" her coffee cup: "You're going to cross water and you'll want to jump overboard, but don't worry, everything will be all right."

A few months later, Athena and Vasili booked passage on a ship in order to come to the United States. They had tickets for themselves, his aunt, and his cousin.

Vasili let the women board first; but the attendant shut the gate, leaving him on shore. Vasili protested and showed the man his ticket.

The attendant explained that there was no more room, and there was nothing he could do. It was the last ship leaving for a very long time.

As Vasili's figure grew smaller and smaller on the shore, Athena really did feel like jumping overboard and swimming to him. But she remembered her psychic reading and was comforted.

As soon as Vasili could, he signed on a cargo ship as a chef. When he got to New York, he jumped ship in the pretext that he wanted to buy American cigarettes.

"It was mid-winter, and Papa had only a shirt, pants, apron, and a chef's hat on. In his pocket, he carried my mother's dowry — one hundred gold coins.

"The first man he encountered, he offered a gold coin in exchange for his coat. The man eagerly made the exchange.

"Coincidentally, this man turned out to be Greek, and he explained to my father how to get to Pennsylvania, where my mother was. They were reunited as the prophecy implied."

Metaphysics, therefore, was a part of Stella's heritage.

It had taken ten years of marriage to have their first child because of Athena's tipped womb. When they finally received their adored daughter, Despina, it was as if the sun rose in their hearts. Vasili took her to vaudeville shows when she was a mere one-and-a-half years old. Despina was so talented, that she was able to come home and perform the routines for them.

Then tragedy struck. Despina caught measles and died of complications the day after her second birthday. Athena was so distraught that she couldn't attend the funeral. Vasili tried, but he fainted and had to be brought home. They never even knew where Despina was buried. She stayed alive in their hearts, always.

When Stella was born, she was a sickly child. Within a short period of time, she had whooping cough, measles, chicken pox and mumps.

Her parents were frantic. Mama never left her side, and she hired a woman to sing when the baby napped. Whenever the lady stopped singing, Stella would begin to cry, and Mama would command, "Sing, Sing!"

When Stella caught diphtheria, she was put in the hospital in isolation. Her parents could only see her through a window.

The hospital called in the middle of the night to tell them she was dying. Vasili rushed to be at the bedside of his second daughter, who was about to leave the earth. When he arrived, the doctors told him that it was a mistake. They had called the wrong father.

"My first memory goes back to before the age of two when I had diphtheria and I was in the hospital in isolation," Stella said, "I can still see my mother and my father looking in at me through a glass wall.

"Another memory that comes to me — and one which I hold dear

— is of my father coming home to take me for a walk in my stroller. I felt very grown up.

“He sometimes took me to his restaurant where I would order yogurt and look at the birdcages hanging from the ceiling and listen to the birds sing. In fact, the only picture of that restaurant I hold in my memory is of the cages and the yellow birds.”

When Stella’s younger sister was born, she was named Despina, after the first daughter who had died.

“I wasn’t named Despina, because in the Greek tradition, a child born directly after the deceased must not bear the same name,” Stella explained. “My mother was more relaxed with my sister, and the new Despina had more resistance to disease.

“With the kind of perfection that my mother demanded of herself in caring for her children, she couldn’t manage to take us both out at the same time or to cook. Fortunately, my father owned a restaurant across the street from the apartment.

“After the lunch crowd had thinned, he would take me out for a walk. In my stroller, I carried a pocketbook that contained a compact to powder my nose.

“Mama refused to have a dish in the house. Three times a day, a waiter brought cooked meals to our apartment on a tray. When we had company, we all crossed the street and ate at my father’s restaurant. She used to say, ‘You can’t raise children and cook at the same time.’ ”

Vasili was always a good provider, and Stella remembers being comfortable, even during the Depression.

“There must have been extreme poverty among my classmates, but when I was young, I didn’t see the differences between myself and other people. It took me years of spiritual work to get back to that frame of mind. My father was a fine chef, and my mother was a part time furrier. Money was never discussed in my home (at least not in front of my sister and me). I always assumed there was enough for everyone.

“In fact, during the winter, I waddled to school in a full-length black seal coat. Mama wanted to keep me especially warm because she worried about my health. I was always catching cold.

“Actually, I suffered from allergies, which at the time the medical profession knew little about. One of the things to which I later tested as being allergic was fur. That ridiculous coat kept me sneezing and wheezing all winter long!”

Stella loved the times when they visited her cousins in the country.

“I felt a sense of freedom there. The family lived on a hill, and we would walk barefoot on the road where tar bubbled under the sun. I can still hear the noise we made when we stepped on the bubbles.

“At the end of the hill there was a wooded area. It was in these woods that I now understand I had my first visionary experience.

“My six cousins, Despina, and I were playing hide and seek. I was hiding behind a tree when I saw a man dressed in white riding a white horse. I know now that they were dressed in Medieval costumes. The horse had white blankets trimmed in gold under a white saddle, and the man was dressed in white armor. He smiled at me and rode away.

“When I later asked my sister and cousins if they had seen this man, they all said no. The image of the man remained with me; and when I was much older and more aware, I realized that I had experienced a kind of vision.”

When Stella learned to read, she found that a new world had opened up to her. She read every book in the childrens' library at least twice.

“When I was about six, my mother insisted that my sister and I take music lessons. I hated them, and I was very bored with

them. What I enjoyed was swimming.

“We went to the seashore for a few weeks each summer, and I loved swimming in the ocean and listening to the waves at night. I enjoyed the picnics we went on with family and friends, and I can still see the brook by which we picnicked and the watermelon cooling in the water.”

The first time Stella felt self-sufficient was the day that she locked her mother out of the bathroom and bathed herself without assistance.

“I think I was about seven,” Stella said. “I was a good student in school, and I didn’t depend on anybody. As a youngster I stood on my own two feet, and I never let anyone take advantage of me. I fought with anyone who tried to blame my sister or me. Although Despina was a tomboy, she couldn’t fight — so I did the fighting for both of us. I always accomplished what was important to me, and I didn’t allow anyone to stand in my way.”

Stella clearly remembers that when Despina and she were growing up they were taught to be honest and not to take advantage of people.

“I remember the cashier in the subway once giving me an extra nickel’s change. When I got home, I told my father; and he said I would have to take it back because it wasn’t mine. I had to walk five blocks in the rain to return it.

“We were taught to love, and we were told that hate was very destructive. My mother taught us to help those less fortunate than ourselves. My father tried to teach us patience. In this area, what I didn’t learn from him, life taught me.”

When Stella graduated from junior high school, she felt even more independent. She refused to go to the high school near their home, and she traveled by subway to attend school with her friend.

“I still loved to spend a lot of time reading. Even though at times

I bowed to their wishes, I no longer enjoyed going anywhere with my parents. I liked to spend my time after school hanging out in the ice cream parlor. When I was bored in class, I would mentally design an outfit for myself.

“I loved designing clothes, and at one time I designed all my clothes and had them made. I also enjoyed decorating. After I was married to George, I took some art lessons, and I enjoyed painting as a hobby.

“Because I had never been allowed to get a job during the school terms or in the summers, working to me became very glamorous. After attending college for a year to appease my parents, I went to work.

“My first job was at a bank, and I soon realized that working wasn’t so glamorous after all. I settled on reception work.

“My next job was modeling fur coats. That job lasted one day. One of the buyers made a pass and that was the end of modeling for me.

“I always liked meeting new people, so I went back to being a receptionist. Such a job also permitted me to read in my spare time.

“About twenty years ago, Despina and I decided to open a boutique. I felt that I would enjoy dressing people and making them look beautiful. My friends took my fashion advice, but most of the people who came into the boutique had their own ideas — and it would have been bad business to contradict them.

“So after three years and after being held up a few times, my sister and I decided to close the shop.”

During his stay in the nursing home, Stella’s father spoke to her of life after death and reincarnation.

“I’m sure that he had discussed such topics before, but I hadn’t been listening. During the two years he spent in the nursing

home, until the death of his physical body, he taught me that the soul lives on.

“He refused to touch money at this point. Papa explained, ‘I am no longer of this world.’

“When he crossed to the other side, in May of 1973, he left us a legacy that few families inherit.”

“There were only two other times that I could remember my father being seriously ill. Once when I was a very little girl his tonsils became so infected that he couldn’t breathe. Our physician came to our home and drained them. Mama said, ‘They sliced his throat.’ After his tonsils were removed, he put himself on a spinach and yogurt diet for a whole year so that he might, as he put it, ‘get rid of the poisons.’ ”

Stella remembers that her father was a frustrated doctor. He kept a large metal box filled with first aid equipment, and whenever a member of the family injured himself or herself, he rushed for it. Once, their cat had jumped out of the window and cut its lip. Papa stitched the lip, and he was in his glory when it healed without a trace.

The only time that her father had been ill enough to be hospitalized was when his sleepwalking had been interrupted by a fall down the steps in her sister Despina’s home. He had awakened at the bottom of the stairs with a crushed disk, and he had to wear a torso cast for months.

As he grew older, Papa only sleepwalked in the comfort of his own home, but Mama would reminisce about his younger days in Athens when he would take to the streets while asleep. Mama followed him to insure his safety, because folklore dictated that one should not awaken a sleepwalker.

Once while in such a state, he walked to the restaurant that he owned, opened it, and cleaned the entire place. Mama told him in the morning, “Vasili, you can sleep in a little later. Believe me,

your place is already spotless.”

On the fourth of July, 1970, Stella’s father was diagnosed as having a bleeding ulcer. Although he was extremely ill, he couldn’t be admitted into the hospital because it was a holiday weekend. Papa’s ulcer healed, but then he came down with a very high fever that depleted his strength. He also developed a large bed sore.

Stella’s mother insisted that she could tend to him alone, but the family hired a nurse, anyway. Mama had long prided herself on being able to take care of Papa, so when the nurse changed the dressing on the sore, Mama would do it over again.

Adamantly, Mama would protest, “I know how to do it. I can do it better. She doesn’t know what she is doing.”

Mama was half Papa’s height, but she walked right behind him with open arms to catch him in case he fell.

Everytime the nurse tried to help, Mama would dash in front of her and say, “No! No! No! Me!”

Whenever Stella would call to inquire about her father’s health, Mama would try to protect her.

“Don’t come, my *little* Stella.” (Stella is five-foot, seven and one quarter inches tall.) “Everything is all right.”

It was with such reassurance that Stella would really worry.

“Despite the solicitous double-duty care, it just didn’t work,” Stella said, “Papa was too weak to walk, and neither Mama nor the nurse, nor both together as a team, could lift him. My parents decided that it would be best if Papa went into a nursing home. I found an ideal place overlooking Long Island Sound. He had always loved the water. I visited him every day, because it was a pleasure. He never complained or asked for anything.

“When I got off the elevator, he would be sitting in his wheelchair, nicely groomed, and see that I was bringing food. He’d say, ‘I smell spinach pie.’

“We would smile together. We were, of course, breaking the dietary laws, but the nurses would pretend that they didn’t notice. My father was being showered with so much personal attention that the nurses whispered to me, ‘That’s why he’s still alive.’

“Every holiday, we decorated his floor in the nursing home as well as his room. I bought a Christmas tree and applied the trimmings, and Papa directed me from his wheelchair. In the spring, fresh flowers from our garden colored the rooms. Autumn brought red-gold leaves in glass bowls dotted with acorns. Summer was abloom with flowers again.”

After his death, Stella kept his eyeglass case — which contained eyeglasses, a pen, and a pocket flashlight — in the top drawer of her night table. A few weeks later, remembering her father, she took out the case.

The flashlight was missing, so she asked George if he had seen it. He said, no. Her daughter Athena searched for herself, but the flashlight wasn’t there.

Athena looked Stella in the eye, and simultaneously, they declared, “Papa!” A few weeks later, the flashlight was mysteriously back in the case.

A friend suggested that Stella go to a medium to make contact with her father.

The medium led them to a room at the top of her house, where large windows let in the nocturnal light.

“She told me to close my eyes and relax,” Stella said, “Then, she began to talk. The medium, who knew nothing of me, said that my father was on a higher dimension. He was studying and was very happy, and I was not to worry about him.

“ ‘When it is time for you to go,’ she said, ‘he’ll be there to help you.’ ”



A Spiritual Homecoming in Phoenix

“When I landed in Phoenix for the first time, I knew I had come home. I had traveled to many places, but I had never experienced such a feeling of an odyssey completed.

“The first time I went into the desert I cried and wept. What came to my mind was the hurt I could feel in the heart of an Indian.

“I don’t know why I felt this way. I’ve been to many places, but I had never felt that I would leave New York to live anywhere else. Despina, who lives in Florida, always wanted me to move there; but when I came to Arizona, I knew that I would leave New York to live in Phoenix.

“When I sat under the olive trees in the A.R.E. Clinic’s courtyard waiting for my first appointment, the healing atmosphere made me tranquil.

“The clinic was young then. The first staff member that I met was Edna Germain, the nurse practitioner, who gave me a physical. Edna was friendly, kind, and thorough. Our relationship became a lasting one.

“When Dr. Gladys McGarey, who founded the clinic with her husband, Dr. Bill McGarey, gave me the results of my physical, I was immediately struck with both her regal bearing and twinkling eyes.

“The program the clinic had designed for me included dream therapy, castor oil packs, biofeedback and visualization, hydrotherapy and therapeutic massage. The staff treated me like family.”

Dr. Gladys McGarey:

Because of her lifelong pattern with allergies, we worked with Stella trying to get her diet straightened out. She was low on thyroid, so I started her on some thyroid and then introduced her to biofeedback.

With the biofeedback she learned better breathing techniques and ways of controlling her breath. She learned to visualize opening her bronchial tubes instead of constricting them. She learned to realize that her fears were part of the problem in constricting the bronchial tubes.

As she released those fears, her breathing improved and became deeper. She learned exercises to help her breathing. All in all, she evolved a much healthier pattern for her lungs.

Her diet was very important. She cut out sweets and most of the red meats. She limited the starches.

During this time, Stella also began using the castor oil packs on a regular basis in order to improve her liver function and to help with the coordination between the lungs and the liver. On the chakra* basis, this enabled her to release energy which had been locked at the level of the adrenal up to the thymus or heart chakra or lung area.

Every winter when she was here in Phoenix she received therapeutic massages. This was really important for her whole circulatory system.

Stella noticed that everywhere in the clinic were posted messages of hope. She remembers a wall poster, that said:

Mighty currents of God's
healing love flow through
me now, making me whole
and free.

*In the Yogic philosophy, there are seven energy centers, chakras, in the human body.

Stella couldn't recall her dreams, so in dream workshops, she and the therapists focused on her fears. Stella was terrified of physical harm coming to others, never to herself. If someone were late, she would fantasize that something terrible had happened to him. She was continually worried about having left her mother in New York.

"Strangely enough while I was in Phoenix in 1982, I had an uncomfortable feeling about my mother and called George," Stella said. "When he got to her apartment, she was on the floor suffering from a mini-stroke. It is uncanny to me that after worrying so much about leaving my mother to go to Arizona, I knew exactly when she seriously needed help, despite the geographic distance."

Stella's relationship with her mother had always been one of struggle. She had always protected Stella and had been very possessive of her.

"She tried to instill her values in me. She tried to mold me into what she considered to be a perfect lady. I needed the freedom of mind and body to be myself. I fought for my freedoms; and at the same time, I tried to gain her approval.

"She would interrupt my conversation to correct my Greek. She would constantly criticize my hair and my dress.

"I could never talk to her about my inner feelings or my opinions. I threw tantrums constantly in her presence, because I felt frustrated.

"Our relationship didn't change even after my father died. Mama was crippled with arthritis, and she needed a lot of attention. She became dependent on me, yet her constant nagging continued. I would come in with her groceries, hot and tired, and she would tell me my hair was out of place.

"I finally gave up trying to get her to understand me. Instead, I accepted her, ignored her criticisms, and we were able to talk.

“I should have taken my father’s advice before he died. He told me not to pay serious attention to my mother’s complaints.

“My relationship with Papa was very different. I could discuss anything with him. He would suggest what he felt was best, then let me make up my own mind. We could be in the same room for hours, not exchange one word, and yet be in complete communion.”

Another healing modality that was introduced to Stella was hydrotherapy. Part of this therapy was in the form of eucalyptus steambaths to clear her chest.

“The next part of my regimen that I was very apprehensive about were colonics, high enemas. The colonic machine is filled with a solution that contains Glyco-Thymoline, an elixir Cayce recommended for a myriad of disorders. One can gargle with it, douche with it, or drink it as an alkalizer. The directions are available in the Cayce readings.

“For my first colonic, I showed up feeling horribly embarrassed. I carried a large book with me to cover my red face. The therapist who gave me the colonic made me feel so at ease that later we became good friends. My resistance to this therapy has long since been ‘flushed’ away.

“Because of my new found faith in the healing power of castor oil, Dr. Bill said that I had developed a ‘castor oil consciousness.’ Cayce, in his trance states, suggested that castor oil be applied to the body. Dr. Bill has put forward the theory that castor oil, used locally, would stimulate the lymphatic system where it is applied and would allow the cells of that area to function normally. It has been used at the clinic to treat a wide variety of disorders.

“I took six drops of castor oil on my tongue daily for allergies and also applied a castor oil pack three times a week to my right side, the location of the liver, and slept with it through the night. I was comforted by the warm pack and reassured by the name of

the plant, the *Palma Christi*, the Palm of Christ.

“John B. McGarey, nephew of Dr. Bill and Dr. Gladys, who was the biofeedback and Gestalt therapist at the clinic, helped me enormously to overcome the asthma. In biofeedback training, I learned to control my muscle tension, heartbeat, brain waves, skin temperature and blood pressure. Using sensitive electronic instruments, I was ‘fed back’ data on my biological processes.

“Biofeedback taught me how to breathe properly. Before, I had been a shallow breather. When my bronchioles went into spasm during an attack, I used to panic. As a result, the symptoms increased. John B. taught me how to relax and to breathe through it.

“The required amount of biofeedback is ten sessions, but I was so fascinated that I took it extensively. I went into a *theta state*, which is the condition before sleep. It seemed to me that I was capable of anything in that state. Observers told me that my eyes beamed in an ethereal way after a training session.

“When I was in the *alpha state*, John B. taught me to use visualization, which is a process of mentally entering the body and focusing on the part where disease or injury is stored and imagining a way of getting rid of it. I pictured a white healing light entering my head and filling up my body, especially my lungs. I saw them as functioning perfectly.

“At the end of the second week, when George came to Phoenix, he was shocked at the difference in me. After a month of the same routine, George was so pleased that he wanted me to stay longer. I didn’t want to stay in a motel by myself, so we decided to return to New York.”

Before Stella left, John McGarey suggested that she continue biofeedback at home; but once she was back in New York, she was unable to find a biofeedback practitioner. Later, when a neighbor called to find out how she was, she told her about not being able to find the right help.

“What you need sounds like something that Caryn, my daughter, is doing,” she told Stella.

“Caryn Sobel turned out to be a movement therapist,” Stella said. “The main focus of her training for me was the chest. I had an energy block in my chest, making my breathing shallow. We worked with postural realigning, focusing on the connection of the head to the shoulders and the rib cage to the pelvis.

“Caryn taught me how to use the breath to lighten the chest and to open the shoulders. The shoulders straightened and were no longer caved in. I felt the weight being lifted off my chest.

“By using the breath and focusing into my body, I was able to achieve a more relaxed state of mind. With movement therapy, I worked with my body as a whole, with mind and spirit. I entered into another state of consciousness as I did in biofeedback, meditation, and visualization; and I saw myself in a new way.

“I recognized that I had been smothered. My mother had over-protected me in childhood, and she was still doing it.

“Her phone calls were punctuated with, ‘Be *careful*, Stella.’

“In my presence, she would say, ‘Watch it, you *are* going to fall.’

“Consciously, I ignored her; but somewhere in my deepest being, she was having an impact that was surfacing in the therapy. I was learning to see my physical body as a manifestation of the inner me.”

Once, Stella recalled, George walked in on one of these sessions and said, “This looks crazy to me, but it sure is helping her, so continue.”



On Top of the World

The following year, 1976, George bought Stella a trailer, and they traveled across the country to Phoenix. His plan was for her to live in the trailer instead of a motel while she continued her therapy.

When they arrived in the Valley of the Sun, they were barred from trailer parks because theirs was a travel trailer and only stationary trailers were acceptable.

“Two of Athena’s friends, who were not living in Arizona but who had been frequent visitors at our home in New York, came to our rescue,” Stella remembered fondly. “They found a trailer park in Tempe, where they lived. The manager of this park, Billy, was so kind to me, that we adopted her as part of our family. I was so pleased that we had found a place for our trailer only twenty minutes from the Clinic. The whole universe seemed to be cooperating in my healing.”

As contributing editor, I later had an opportunity to talk at length with Athena, Stella’s daughter, about her mother’s many illnesses and her struggles.

It seems as though your Mom has always had a series of illnesses.

Athena Andres:

That is true. She always had something.

Did you begin to feel somewhere along the way that your mother might be a bit of a hypochondriac? Or did you always feel that there was an actual basis for her illnesses?

I felt there was an actual basis; but with the asthma, I felt that it was brought about by an emotional crisis.

How did your father respond to your mother's attraction to Edgar Cayce?

That was startling. He was astonished and thought that she was off her rocker. In the hospitals, he used to be ranting and raving, you know, when the doctor would say one thing, and my mother would say that she couldn't deal with it, and she didn't feel that was correct. He always said, "You know what the doctor says is right!"

So the orthodox medical practitioner to your father, as with so many Americans, has become the new priest. What he says must be obeyed. Do you think the fact that Mom was always ill and Dad wasn't, wore on their relationship?

I think it wore on the relationship. They are both very high dynamic. They are both strong-willed. You put those two together and you get complete opposites — and you get strong wills in their opposition. This is a heavy thing here. Two people who love each other with a lot of opposition.

What was your response as your mother was going through different techniques at the A.R.E. Clinic?

I thought it was wonderful, because I thought she was doing so great.

You never felt apprehension, or fear, or, wow, this is really getting off the wall?

No, not at all.

What made you so accepting of all of this?

Well, because I had read a lot; and I met Dr. Gladys — and you have but to meet her to know that she is wonderful! And then seeing all the people getting healed around the clinic, because we spent a lot of time there.

How did your friends respond to your mother's experiences?

Athena:

A lot of my friends, a good portion of them, were very close to my mother, because in growing up she was like the mother of *all* my friends. You see, my mother was always very understanding and very giving and very accepting.

I never saw Mom as a complainer, but she had a lot of illnesses. She always had asthma. She always had allergies.

So now she is completely healthy. I see her as a new person — in awareness and in her habits and in her thinking pattern. But I don't feel her as a different person.

But there have been a lot of spiritual changes. She has always been very spiritual.

Would you say that you are delighted with your mother's new "wholeness?"

Yes, that is a very nice way of putting it.

You feel that there is a better balance between spirit and body?

Yes. I feel as though she has overcome a lot of things.

During the second sojourn in Phoenix, Stella had a few asthma attacks. In the midst of one of them, she went to a neighboring trailer for help. The man took her to an emergency room where she was admitted overnight.

"They gave me cortisone and tranquilizers," Stella said. "The next morning I called Dr. Gladys, and she discharged me. One of the doctors wanted me to remain in the hospital, because he said that I was very ill."

Stella told the doctor, "I'm on my way to the A.R.E. Clinic, and I will be just fine. Thank you kindly, but I won't be needing the prescription."

“What is the A.R.E.?” he asked. “A Christian Science center?”

Stella remained silent.

The doctor called Dr. Gladys to tell her what medications Stella was on, and she weaned Stella off them. In Dr. McGarey’s opinion, Stella had been dangerously over-medicated.

When Stella returned to New York, she decided to begin an A.R.E. “Search for God” study group in her home.

“Cayce study groups are international and non-sectarian,” Stella remarked. “The development of Christ Consciousness is stressed, and this is the highest spiritual development we can attain, regardless of our religion.”

Stella is convinced that her spiritual development was enhanced by the Cayce readings, which are catalogued in Virginia Beach. A quote from the reading 792-2, for example, helped her to develop her inner faith and go where her intuition led her.

“The more and more each is impelled by that which is intuitive, or the relying upon the soul force within, the greater, the farther, the deeper, the broader, the more constructive may be the result.”

In Stella’s group, the participants meditate and pray for each other and for any who might need prayers. They meet weekly.

“Bernice Minotello, a dear friend, who is part of my study group, joined me in taking an A.R.E. course in New York called ‘Awakening the Dreamer.’ We both introduced it to our group. We learned to befriend our unconscious minds by turning to our dreams for guidance.

“I keep a dream journal in which I write the moment my eyes open in the morning.

“Dreams can identify problems or solutions in any area of your life: finances, health, romance, etc. All we need to do is ask.

“With the support of my family and friends, I was completely cured of asthma. George visited twice in the three months I was in Phoenix, and Athena was nearby.

“In 1978, I participated in the A.R.E. Clinic’s annual medical symposium in Phoenix. Edna, my nurse practitioner, presented my case to the audience; and when I told them about my experience, the audience applauded loudly. I was breathing easily and seemed to be at the top of the world.”



The World Bottoms Out

“On November 7, 1979, the top of my world bottomed out. I found myself in St. Vincent’s Hospital in Greenwich Village, New York, for a stay that would last three and one half months.

“Prior to admission, two specialists diagnosed me as having an aneurysm on my femoral artery, which feeds blood to the leg. The doctors explained that the wall of the artery had weakened and ballooned out. There was a danger of the artery bursting. I was terribly frightened because I had a dear friend who had died of an aneurysm.

“About a month before, I had hit my toe on the stall shower. I wasn’t healing, but I didn’t take it seriously — although George begged me to go to the doctor.

“George is not an easy person to ignore. He’s a persuasive salesman by profession, but he was unable to convince me to see a doctor in New York.

“My friends were also concerned, but I chose to ignore them because in January, only a couple of months away, I planned to return to the A.R.E. Clinic, where I had complete trust in their ability to heal my toe.

“It had always been hard for me to go to a doctor. My mind holds terrifying memories of the bout with diptheria that I had as an infant. I still shudder when I think of doctors putting tubes down my throat.

“The only doctor who had won my confidence was a family friend, Dr. Jeannopoulos. His father had been ‘the’ doctor in my parents’ hometown in Greece. When they immigrated, my father and my godfather had helped him set up a practice in New York.

“Dr. Jeannopoulos had a very intuitive sense of what was wrong with his patients, and he respected all those who came under his care. After his death, I had not found anyone to take his place until I discovered the A.R.E. Clinic.

“But now that I would be at the Clinic and away for three months, I wanted to take care of all my mother’s needs so that I could leave New York with an easier mind.

“After my father’s death, Mama had become crippled with arthritis and required a great deal of attention. Because of this, I insisted that she move near us.

“As time went on, her condition had become worse. Although my toe was not healing, I considered my mother’s situation far more urgent than mine.

“Mama was almost a foot shorter than I, and she had a very soft voice. She never yelled, yet she gently commanded all of my attention. Early in the morning, she would phone me and say in Greek, ‘I was leaving last night, my child.’

“When I was a child, I had been quite willful. If I did not get my own way, I would threaten to leave home. Mama would actually believe me and give in to me. Her ‘leaving’ was a euphemism for death. My ‘leaving’ had been a childish threat to get my own way.

“What had actually happened was that my mother and I had reversed roles. She had become the uncooperative child, and I had become the doting mother who catered to her.

“Time after time I knew I was being manipulated, but I felt that my mother had had so little pleasure in her life since my father’s death and her invalidism, that I tried to placate her.

“My mother was devastated when she learned that I was in the hospital. George assumed Mama’s care. He never complained about doing it. George knew how to help her without being manipulated.

“He would clearly say to Mama, ‘Make sure that you put everything that you need on the shopping list, or you’ll have to wait for next week when I go shopping again.’

“She would respond submissively, ‘Yes, my son.’ She was so grateful for his services that whenever he came to her home with a load of groceries, she insisted on treating him to pizza pie, one of her favorite foods. Whenever I spoke to her from the hospital, she would tell me how wonderful George was to her.

“What a lesson I learned about giving without being used up! I saw that the same amount of giving can be accomplished without draining oneself. The awful part is that I realized that if I had the chance to do it over again, I probably would do the same as before. She was my mother.

“You are born into a family, but the kind of relationships you develop with the individuals in the family depend on the individuals involved, just as in any other relationship.

“I sincerely believe that human beings have some freedom to shape themselves and their own future. This freedom may be limited because of political, social, or moral causes.”

After many tests at the hospital, the diagnosis of Stella’s malady changed from an aneurysm to lymphoma, cancer of the lymph nodes. The largest mass was discovered on the femoral artery.

The attending physicians decided to do a by-pass from one of the arteries on the right side to bring blood down to the legs. Stella knew, from a place deep inside herself, that this procedure was not going to work.

She voiced her objection and was politely ignored. The by-pass didn’t work, and her toes, one at a time, turned black.

The doctors worked frantically to improve her blood chemistries, and once they had done so, they decided to amputate her toes.

The night before surgery, Stella remembered the first time she had gone to the psychic-sensitive, Vincent Ragone, whom she grew to trust implicitly. He had warned her: "Stella, take care of your legs."

"I thought he was referring to my varicose veins, and I wondered how he could see through my stockings, knee boots, and slacks," Stella said. "Suddenly, the real meaning of what he had said hit me!"

Vincent came to the hospital from time to time to give Stella spiritual healing. One night, she remembers, George and Vincent left at the same time.

"George started to question him, and Vincent realized that he was seeking some kind of proof of his psychic ability. Vincent started telling George about a man in his company, whose foot had been severed that afternoon by a machine in the factory. George knew of the accident, but not the details.

"Vincent told him that the man's foot had been saved by microsurgery and that George would soon see him wiggling his toes.

"That night, when George got home, he turned on the television to watch the news. He was astonished to see his co-worker wiggling his toes on the television screen, spotlighted in the medical report."

Stella flipped through the pages of her dream journal and realized that she had had a dream that had prophesied her illness. Here is her entry from the year before, November 22, 1978:

"Last night I dreamt that I had burnt my toes black to a crisp. I went to the chiropractor. He cleaned them and put some salve on them. The nail on the second toe came off easily with no pain. I was worried about infection."

"During all the commotion, I did have one liaison to the medical profession," Stella stated. "My cousin, Elizabeth, is a nurse in

Westchester. Anytime I didn't understand the medical terminology, I called her. She patiently explained everything I asked.

"The details of the drab interior of St. Vincent's meant nothing to me, because every time I opened my eyes, the many people I loved were there.

"George was always present. Athena, now twenty-four years old, flew back and forth from Arizona to be with me.

"The room teemed with visitors. The overflow lined the hallways, awaiting their turn. Flowers flooded the room. The bags full of get-well cards functioned as a dam to stop up my tears.

"After my toes were amputated, George bought me a walker and a cane. I was sent home to learn to use them. At a later date, prosthetic toes were to be put in my shoe.

"My pain was excruciating. My black foot showed that I still had gangrene.

"My cousins Effie and Peter from Vermont came to see me. They relieved George by taking me to the doctor for removal of the stitches in my foot.

"Effie held my hand as the doctor worked. I squeezed her hand hard because of the pain I was in, and I must have hurt her. As we were leaving the hospital and I was sensing her discomfort, I said, 'I'm sorry I hurt you. Why did you let me do it?'

"Effie answered, 'I love you. You are in so much pain, I didn't mind sharing a tiny bit of it.'

"Athena flew in from Flagstaff, missing her classes to stay with me. Athena felt so helpless because I was in so much pain. She held me in her arms and spoke comfortingly to me.

"George took over at night. I spent long hours in his arms. He said, 'Nobody deserves to be in so much pain.'

"When I think of this time, I begin to cry. I no longer have the memory of the horrendous pain. Once pain goes, it leaves

nothing behind to remind us. I think we are made like that. The tears are for Athena and George, whom I love so deeply.”

A week later, Stella’s endless pain made George call the doctor, who admitted her back into the hospital. They now made the decision to amputate below the knee.

Stella began to hallucinate from being on drugs for so long. She saw a figure in black hovering over a long table in a darkened room. The figure lighted candles, revealing a corpse stretched out on a table.

Later, Greek music filled the room. The spicy smell of exotic dishes permeated the air. Stella told George and Athena that there was a Greek festival in the hospital.

George was startled, but Athena understood and poked him.

Athena and George went out to a Greek restaurant and carried back lamb, feta cheese, salad, and baklava so that they could be part of this festival. When they brought the food to Stella, she said, “See, I told you there was a Greek festival here.”

To this day, Stella can see a little girl that was born of one of her hallucinations. She wore white patent leather shoes, white socks, and a frilly organdy dress. Her head was down, cradled in her arms on a table, and she was crying. Every so often, she would knock at the door of a room where she believed her parents to be. They wouldn’t let her in, so she kept crying.

It was early morning, and the nurses were making their rounds. On her crutches, Stella hobbled to the nurses’ station to explain that she was hallucinating. Although she was involved in the vision, she was detached enough to distinguish it from reality.

When Stella told the nurse what was happening, the woman said, “That’s no girl. It’s just a pile of laundry.”

She pushed Stella into a chair that was nearby and strapped her in. Stella was furious.

“You’d better let me out of here,” she said. “I know *exactly* what is happening!”

The nurse told her to take it easy, then went off to perform her rounds, leaving Stella tied to the chair.

A man who was washing the floors seemed to understand Stella’s predicament a lot better than the nurse. He asked her if he could help Stella to her room. He untied her and saw her back safely.

Stella knew that there was no use reporting the incident. The hospital would have supported the nurse, and she was afraid of getting the humane floor washer into trouble.

“My friends continued coming, no matter what shape I was in,” Stella recalled with loving fondness. “In the middle of a conversation, I would fall asleep, then suddenly wake up and continue my sentence as if nothing had happened.

“The hospital food wasn’t appealing to me, so either George or one of my friends brought in foreign cuisine and ate with me. George made a party out of each meal.

“Everyday, I set my hair, put on make-up, donned a fresh peignoir, and began my day.

“My father was well-groomed up until the moment of his death. My mother taught me early in life the importance of looking well at all times. She practiced what she preached. Years later, when she was ninety-five and in a nursing home, she continued to get permanents and to be immaculately dressed each day. Like my parents, I never allowed myself to see illness in my mirror.

“I believe we choose our parents and other circumstances in our lives in order to learn and to grow. I know that God is always there guiding us when we need Him. I think that we are all part of God and one with the universe.

“I felt the transient quality of human life when a close friend

died at the age of thirty-seven. I had spoken to her that afternoon on the phone. She sounded well and happy. She was going into the city to see the man she loved. That night she died in his arms of an aneurysm. It was a shock I didn't get over very quickly.

"Prior to my healing experiences, I had never been comfortable about death; but I have come to believe that there is no death and that the soul lives on in a dream until it reaches the Christ Consciousness. Once it has reached that high spiritual plateau, the soul doesn't have to come back unless it chooses to do so."

On Christmas Eve, Athena and George brought Stella a tree in a pot and they decorated it. Many of her friends came, and they sang carols, ate Greek pastry, and drank champagne. Although Stella never got out shopping that year, she did mail Christmas cards from her hospital room.

"New Year's Eve brought another round of toasting with champagne. 'Yasou,' I said with raised glass. 'Good health.'

"I wish this toast could have been heard by one long-time friend that I hadn't seen since I came to the hospital — Sandy, my basset hound. Every morning for the past ten years, Sandy and I had shared a grapefruit together.

"While I was in the hospital, Sandy became so ill that she had to be put to sleep. George gave strict orders that I wasn't to be told.

"When I called my neighbor, Willie, who had been tending Sandy, to ask how she was, Willie would invent stories about Sandy's antics.

"Finally, my friend, Lillian Nicholas, who knew that I would really want to know, told me. I felt badly, but in my drugged state many things seemed easier to bear. I told Lillian, 'Maybe the angel of death passed over my house and took Sandy instead of me.' "

It was surprising to Stella that she accepted the loss of a leg as

well as she did, because unwittingly, her mother had instilled in her a great fear over the safety of her legs.

On Stella's second birthday, her father had bought her learning skates. He put them on her feet and pulled her around the living room. They were both enjoying the fun when her mother burst into the room.

"Take them off her feet," Mama cried hysterically. "She'll break a leg." An older girl who lived across the street had broken her leg skating, and Mama had taken that as warning.

From that time on Stella had never participated in any sports that jeopardized her legs, not even biking or skating.

At the age of five, their parents took Despina and Stella to a photographic studio for their annual picture. The sisters were dressed in their mother's ideal of perfection: Their hair was curled, their white shoes were spotless, and they wore rhinestone crowns on their heads.

While boarding the train that would take them to the studio, Stella's leg slipped between the platform and the train. Her father had to hold the door open so that the train wouldn't move and sever her limb. Mama tugged and pulled until Stella was dislodged.

Later when they posed for the picture, Mama positioned Stella with the bruised leg behind the other. It was the same leg that Stella later lost.

"Although I am vain," Stella admitted, "I never experienced losing my leg as a detraction to me. This was a vast departure from how my mother had trained me.

"To my mother, everything had to be perfect, especially her children. When she was pregnant, she prayed to have tall and beautiful children because she was so tiny.

"When I was in the fifth grade, I was as tall as my mother had wished for during her pregnancy. Now she was panicky that I

was getting *too* tall.

“Mama would look ‘way up at me and say to father, ‘Do you think she’ll ever find a man tall enough?’ Papa and I would laugh but Mama was dead serious.”

Despina Santanasto:

We are very close, my sister and I. Stella had a very special relationship with Father, which I didn’t have. I had a good relationship with Father, but it wasn’t as close as hers was. Mine was closer to our mother.

How do you remember Stella’s health when you were together?

She wasn’t very healthy, the way that I saw her, but she doesn’t think that is true. As a child, she always had colds and she had sinus problems. Then as she got older, she got pneumonia, she got asthma.

How was your health in contrast to hers?

I didn’t catch colds, and I didn’t have those problems. But, of course, the parents always thought I was the weaker one.

Why do you think that was?

Because Stella looked so healthy, and I didn’t; that’s the reason. It was really just the opposite.

Interesting. So even though she was the one, who in your estimation was always ill, you were the healthier one?

But I didn’t look it. Because I was always very thin. I had to be “taken care of” because I was thin and fragile. But I was very strong and healthy.

Were you living in Florida when she had her major illness?

Yes. She would come and visit every year and stay a couple of months, because the climate here helped her a little bit.

Before she found the clinic there in Arizona, she would come to Florida because it was better than New York for her health. And also because I couldn't afford to visit her, she would visit me more often, because we always wanted to see each other.

When Stella began to explore alternative medicine as a technique for her healing, what was your response?

I thought it was great. She read up on all this when she had asthma, you see. She was reading the Edgar Cayce books and all, and she would buy them for me, too. So I kept up with it with her.

So you didn't think it was weird or kooky?

Oh, no. It was wonderful. Isn't it amazing that she did all that?

Do you consider your childhood basically a happy one?

There weren't any particular collective family traumas, except that I can say I am not happy that we were brought up so very strict. I wanted more freedom. Stella was different, though. She would just demand freedom and do what she wanted. I felt too confined, so I left home.

From what I can tell from her friends, it seems as though Stella has always been a little bit unconventional. Would you agree with that?

She would start it, and I would follow. That is the way we were.

Actually, there were many times in our lives when I would act toward her as if she were my mother instead of my sister. We never had any conflicts at all.

I was devastated when I first learned of her illness; and, of course, her reaction was drastic. But I kept encouraging her that she was going to get well.

Were you able to be with her at any time during this period?

At the beginning of her illness, before they actually discovered what was causing this problem, I went up to visit her in the hospital in New York. And then after it was all done and they had removed her leg and all and she was in Arizona, my niece wanted to get away for a while. George didn't want to leave Stella alone, so he asked me to go, and I did. I stayed with her about ten days. It was beautiful to watch her progress.

How would you best characterize Stella?

She is aggressive. When she makes up her mind to do something, she does it.

She is very determined. As a child, she was determined to get her way. As she grew older, she was determined to make things go the way she felt they should. Then, of course, when she got ill, she was determined to get well.



Stella Takes Charge

“I accepted the loss of my leg with grace. Not too many days after my third amputation, two toes on my other foot had turned black. The doctor told George to buy a wheelchair for a double amputee.

“At this point I decided to take charge myself. I was not going to lose my left leg! I remembered Edgar Cayce, the *Sleeping Prophet*, and I awoke.

“Up until then, I continued to ask others, ‘Am I going to get well?’ Once I decided to take charge, I knew I was going to get well!”

Stella told George to bring her castor oil, gauze, and white socks. She packed her toes in castor oil, using gauze, then she put the white socks over the gauze. The pack came off only when she bathed.

Stella told the medical staff to stay away from her. She informed them that she was only staying there until her leg had healed sufficiently for her to go home.

Aside from the castor oil packs, she was meditating, doing biofeedback, and practicing visualization on her own. She prayed continuously.

“While in the hospital in New York, I had to fight for what I believed to be best for me. I had been hallucinating constantly from the medication; and after three amputations to my right leg, I woke up one morning with black toes on my left leg. It was then that I took responsibility for myself, refused all medications, and told the staff to stay away from me.

“This was a very fearful and painful time for me, even though

my family and friends were always there to give me support. I could feel that at times they had doubts, and at times my choice would be swayed by the doubts in me.

“There were occasions in the hospital when I felt misunderstood and afraid. Even though I don’t like the negative sensation of hate, at times I did feel such for the doctor.

“For example, one day I had a lot of visitors, and he came by on his rounds with his interns and we heard him remark, ‘She’s holding court there.’

“That was as close to a hate as I ever came. I knew he was getting back at me because I had taken charge of my own body. But he later admitted that I had done better with my left leg than they had done with my right.

“Because of my many unfortunate experiences during my various illnesses, it is very hard for me not to be negative toward orthodox doctors. I have to remind myself of the progress made by the medical profession and how many have been healed who would not have been healed years ago. I also have to remind myself that what was not for me may be great for others.

“I cannot perceive of anyone not wanting to participate in her own healing; but again, that is I. I do feel that being involved in your own healing leads to greater awareness and enlightenment and that illness is an opportunity for growth. That is why when others remark, ‘She must have gone through hell,’ I can honestly say, ‘It wasn’t that bad.’ I’m a different person now with different goals and more awareness.

“I remember as a teenager walking into a Christian Science meeting with a friend. I was baptized Greek Orthodox, but my curiosity led me to visit churches of many different faiths. I found that most church services were similar and thought that this, too, would be like the others.

“When we listened to the testimony given, as to how people healed themselves with their faith, we were astounded. We

talked about it for days. It was hard for us to believe what we had heard.

“We never went back, but I never forgot what I heard that Sunday afternoon. Years later, when I came to the A.R.E. Clinic and embraced holistic healing, I remembered my first contact with faith healing.”

George was in a quandary, because the doctors did not want Stella to leave for Arizona, and they tried to convince him that she must stay in New York and receive the treatment that they had prescribed for her.

“He went to my cousin Elizabeth, whom he knew I trusted, and asked her to speak to me,” Stella said. “George had already made the arrangements for us to go to Phoenix, but the pressure applied by the other doctors made him waver a bit.

“Elizabeth felt sorry for George. When she entered my room, I was smiling calmly, sitting in bed with my castor oil pack on my ailing toes. When she began to state her concern, I said, ‘Elly, I’m taking charge. I’ll cure my leg, like I cured my asthma. I’ve been in touch with Dr. Gladys and I’m going to Arizona as soon as I’m strong enough.’ ”

Elizabeth Gevas remembers:

I drove downtown as quickly as I could. Poor George was beside himself. He told me that Stella had been refusing medication and treatments and that she was making plans to sign herself out of the hospital and into the Clinic in Arizona. I calmed George down and braced myself, not knowing what to expect of Stella. Somehow I had to convince her how dangerous and irrational her decision was.

When I walked into the hospital room, I was not met by an hysterical, unreasoning or belligerent woman, but by a glowing, smiling Stella. She looked almost like her old self. Her hair was neatly combed, and she had on makeup. She

smiled her 'Stella smile' and excitedly told me that she was 'taking control of her own healing.'

She told me that she had talked to Dr. Gladys on the telephone and that they together would be praying and working to cure that left leg. All the time Stella spoke, she was calmly putting castor oil socks on her discolored toes. I sat beside her on the bed and listened as she told me how she had become overwhelmed and frightened. Now, she reassured me, everything would be fine.

She talked on about visualization, diet, prayer, love, and spiritual forces and about how healing would take place. Half-listening, I kept looking at her face, remembering another Stella of a few years before who had been an asthmatic cripple, unable to perform even simple household tasks without suffering severe attacks — several of which I had witnessed. I remembered that Stella had met a 'Dr. Gladys,' attended a 'clinic' somewhere in Arizona, and had learned to control her asthma.

I don't know how long we sat and talked and laughed and cried together, but when I left her to return to George, I could only say to him, 'Let her try it her way.'

Stella explained that the only doctor at St. Vincent's Hospital who showed respect for her 'holistic' beliefs was Dr. Sarg, the oncologist. Stella was certain that he didn't believe her when she told him that when she came back from Arizona she would be well, but he cooperated anyway by communicating with Dr. Gladys and the oncologist in Arizona.

Two weeks after Stella was discharged from the hospital, she went back to the doctor for removal of the stitches. He insisted on examining her two black toes, and she reluctantly removed her castor oil pack. The toes were now spotted with brown, which meant that some blood was coming through the dead tissue.

George had their tickets for Arizona, and they left the next day. Stella was wheeled to the door of the airplane and maneuvered to her seat on crutches.

“The stewardess looked forlornly at me,” Stella recalled. “I knew I still had gangrene and cancer, but as I sat in my seat next to George, I said, ‘I’m going to the A.R.E. Clinic to get well. When I come home, I shall be dancing.’”



The A.R.E. Clinic

An Interview with Dr. Gladys

When did you first become interested in the Cayce methods of healing?

Dr. Gladys McGarey:

Bill came to Phoenix in January of 1955. I stayed in Wellsville, Ohio, where I was practicing medicine and where the children were still in school. I waited until I was able to sell the practice and also get the children out of school. We came in June of 1955.

In that period of time, between January and June, Bill was here by himself and had time to do a lot of reading. We had always been interested in nutrition and in aspects of medicine other than the conventional. The time alone had given Bill a chance to look into some areas that he had not even thought about before — and this led him straight to the Cayce material.

By the time I got here in June, he had a lot of questions, which were unanswered, and a lot of books, which he had read and others which he had not read. Together we began looking into concepts which we found in many different areas.

It was about a year after this that we met Hugh Lynn Cayce, and Hugh Lynn would say to us, “Why don’t you two get to work with the physical readings?”

Bill and I would say, “Look, Hugh Lynn, your father was psychic. When he gave a reading, he knew when something needed to be changed. If patients were not responding, he knew what was wrong. We’re not psychic. We can’t do that.”

Hugh Lynn would go away, and the next time we would see him he'd say, "Why don't you two get into the physical readings?"

And we'd say, "Hugh Lynn, your dad was psychic. We're not psychic. We can't do that."

This went on for several years until, finally, we began to notice that the readings were given for specific people, but the therapies were frequently different — even if the diagnosis was the same. The more we got into it, the more we realized that what Cayce was working with was basic physiological principles and concepts. Once we understood this, it was not too difficult to begin to work with the material given for various illnesses and diagnoses.

Since we had first of all been interested in the philosophy and in the concepts dealing with the spiritual aspect of our being, it was the physical readings which were the last for us to investigate — which may seem a little strange since our training was primarily in the area of illnesses and physical problems. But in reality that's not so strange, since I grew up in India. My parents were medical missionaries, and I had planned to go back out to the mission field. Bill had planned to go into the ministry, and so our primary direction was of a spiritual bent.

The physical readings, as Cayce presented them, were fascinating, because they were not *just* physical. The statement that is repeated over and over again is, "The spirit is the life; the mind is the builder; and the physical is the result."

We realized then that we had to look at the whole person — body, mind, and spirit — or we were not really looking at true healing.

It was around 1956 that we began study-group work, which means working with dreams, also. It was probably 1958 or 1959, maybe even 1960, before we actually got to work on the

physical readings.

One of the first things that we worked with was castor oil and castor oil packs. After we had worked with this therapeutic modality for a period of about a year, it became evident to us that there were many applications for castor oil packs which Cayce had not even mentioned. This was due partly because he had not been asked and the condition had not presented itself, but also because there were things which, from our medical background, we felt would respond to the castor oil packs and so we began using them. Bill wrote his first book, *Edgar Cayce and the Palma Christi*, I think about 1966 or 1967.

What troubles and fears did you have at different stages of development at the Clinic?

I think our first trouble was trying to understand the Cayce material well enough to be able to apply it in our practice. We understood a fair amount about diet, because we had worked with nutrition before we ever got into the Cayce material.

We understood that Cayce's concept of basic physiology was quite different from what we had been taught. Cayce spoke about incoordinations between the liver and the kidney or between the spleen and the adrenal, and these were things that were never mentioned or even thought of in our medical training. He spoke of incoordinations between the sympathetic and the parasympathetic nervous system; incoordinations between the sensory and the central nervous system, and so on. There were many different ideas which have not even been looked at, let alone considered as reasonable.

Cayce made statements such as, each cell has consciousness, which, after we began working with the material for awhile, made a lot of sense, but early on was a little difficult to grasp.

The content of the Cayce material as it could be used in

medicine was difficult. In fact, this is something with which we are still constantly working. We have just begun to scratch the surface, and there are many, many areas that are like unopened books for us.

Patients' acceptance was difficult early on. People did not want to take responsibility for their own healing, and it became evident to us that this was essential. We needed to teach people to deal with their own lifestyles and to take responsibility for what had happened to them. Not in the way of laying a guilt trip on them, but to take responsibility for what they were doing with their lives.

In the late '50s, early '60s, this was a very radical shift of thought in the medical field, since physicians at that time were assuming that they were the only ones that knew anything about healing and, therefore, it was the sole responsibility of the physician to "get the person well."

We began saying things like, "We'll work with you. We'll help you. We'll be facilitators, but we don't get anybody well." This is an unpopular stance.

I remember a patient of Bill's who would come in with numerous complaints. She was overweight and would not stick to a diet.

She'd say, "Dr. Bill, I don't smoke; I don't drink. The only pleasure I have in life is eating. I want to eat what I want to eat; and when I get sick, I'm going to come in and you're going to fix me up."

It so happened that she did die of cancer about eight years later, but it was the attitude on the part of the patient that was difficult to work through.

Our colleagues didn't understand what we were working with. Mostly they didn't really care. They probably thought it was sort of an aberration and, hopefully, would go away.

We had no physician colleagues to talk to about what we were

doing. Fortunately, we did have people who were lay people and in the medical field who seemed to accept it.

In the late '50s, maybe early '60s, Bill was going to do a lecture in Dallas, Texas for the A.R.E. study group. The A.R.E. people decided that they would circulate the word to the medical community in Dallas and let them know that a physician was going to be talking about the unconscious mind.

We didn't know the sequence of events until much later, but the secretary of the Dallas County Medical Association got in touch by mail with Fred Mitten, who was secretary of the Maricopa County Medical Association, and said something like, "Who is this character? A GP who is talking about the unconscious mind and the Edgar Cayce material?"

Fred Mitten wrote back and said, "Dr. McGarey is an accepted and respected person in the medical community here and what his hobbies and what his interests are outside of the field of medicine is none of my business" or some such thing. We really didn't know about that correspondence until Fred Mitten left his position and was cleaning out his desk and came across these letters and sent them to us.

In spite of the fact that what we were doing was neither conventional nor accepted, there were guardian angels who took care of us and helped us when we had no idea what was happening.

As a woman physician, I had the age-old problem of being accepted as a woman in the field; but this was no different from what other women have had to face, so that did not worry us very much. It was more of a nuisance than anything else. We both knew that we were practicing good medicine; and, therefore, the fact that we were using some concepts that were a little bit unconventional was not a particular fear or problem.

The A.R.E. Clinic did not become an entity until 1970. The way this came about was that Bill and I were on a tour with a group of A.R.E. people going around the world in the fall of '69; and one night when we were in Israel in a Kibbutz on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, we got to thinking about the possibility of taking our practice the way it was and becoming the A.R.E. Clinic. We stayed up most of the night thinking about it and talking about it, and the next morning we presented the idea to Hugh Lynn Cayce and some of the other people on the tour who were A.R.E. Board members.

They liked the idea, so in June of that year the A.R.E. Board voted to let us start the A.R.E. Clinic, which has been from the beginning a separate organization from the A.R.E. in Virginia Beach. Chartered in Arizona, it is an organization in Arizona with a covenant relationship with the A.R.E. in Virginia Beach. We opened the doors as the A.R.E. Clinic in January 1970.

When we started, we were told by a lawyer that we could not be a non-profit organization, but we found out in 1973 that we could, so we became a non-profit organization with a Board of Trustees.

What persons did you admire most during various stages of your personal evolution?

As far as a person on this dimension is concerned, I'd have to say that my mother was very influential. She not only was a physician, but was a lady with a great deal of humor, which she lived with and instilled in everything that she did.

I was very awkward and gangly growing up and very hard on clothing. I had problems with dyslexia, had troubles in school, but my mother was always able to see the humorous part of things and help me through difficult times.

Another influential person in my life was my father, whose sense of perseverance and integrity and tremendous faith

were invaluable to me. One of the worst things that he could say to us was “Are you going to be a quitter?” That was almost as bad as being a liar. The idea of ‘hanging in there,’ keeping on doing things, was something that my father not only manifested in his own life, but preached. He was extremely fair and very zealous in his faith and in everything that he did.

Another important person was Sadhu Sundar Singh, a Christian mystic who disappeared into the Himalayas when I was about nine years old. My father and Tom Riddle (another missionary) went back into Tibet looking for him and never really found any trace of him.

I remember Sundar Singh in our home as a gentle spirit, a person who seemed to have all sorts of divine mystery surrounding him. There have been books written about him and things that he has had written himself which indicate that he was a person who had communication with animals similar to that of St. Francis. He had escaped from dungeons and prisons when he had gone on missionary ventures back into Tibet, and all these stories he would relate to us. His influence was probably greater on my life than Gandhi’s, although Gandhi was a moving force in India during my early life.

My Aunt Belle, who was my father’s sister and also a physician and missionary in India, was another important person in my life. She went to India and worked with the children of leper parents without any backing from any organization.

She went wholly on faith, and I can remember her getting down on her knees and saying to God, “Okay, God, these are your children. They’re in my care, but they’re your children. All I have left is two pisas (a pisa was one-fourth of a cent). They need food, and they need clothing so I turn it over to

you.” The next morning, she would find that someone had sent enough money to cover the expenses.

In 1969 when Bill and I were on a trip to India with the A.R.E., we stopped to see Aunt Belle. She, at that point, was in her late 70s; and I saw that something was being built on her property.

I asked, “Aunt Belle, what are you building?” She replied, “A cow shed.”

“Do you have a cow?”

“No, but if I build this shed, God will provide the cow,” which He did.

At that point Aunt Belle was taking care of around 130 children of leper parents. When she died in February of 1985 at the age of 94, she had over 200 children of leper parents in her care.

I had a rich and deep family heritage, both in the field of religion and mysticism and also in the field of medicine. When Bill and I got interested in the Cayce material, the readings had a turn-around effect on my life.

Hugh Lynn Cayce was a very important friend and an inspiration to us. The Cayce material gave another dimension to the work which both Bill and I were already doing. The Edgar Cayce philosophy added understanding and practical application to the basic fundamental structure and concepts to which we were already committed. A Christ-centered, physiological approach to the Cayce material was very acceptable to us.

Who can say how much our children have influenced my life? Each one of them adds dimensions and depths of love and commitment in his or her own particular way that I could never have received from anybody else. Each one of these children with whom we were blessed has a very special place

in God's kingdom and is actively working toward bringing about a brighter and clearer future for the world.

The blessing of working with souls as fine as all six of these children of ours is untold, and I feel richly blessed for being allowed to be the mother of these souls.

And then there is my husband, William A. McGarey, M.D. We have been married since 1943 and during this period of time have together been able to do many things which we never would have been able to accomplish as separate individual people. Bill has been not only a loving partner and support to me in all of the things in which I have been involved, but he's been a clear-minded person who has a way of seeing through problems and right into the heart of a situation. Many issues which came up during our life together which were confusing and difficult to sort through were made easier because of Bill's ability to focus on the central issue and deal with it from a deep and understanding spiritual point of view.

His support for me, while I was practicing medicine, is very much manifested in the early years of our marriage when we were practicing in Wellsville, Ohio. We had the four small children, and frequently I would have a home delivery back in the back country of the Ohio Valley. Often I would be gone for hours in a place that had no phone and he had no way of contacting me or even of following up on what was happening. I would get so caught up with the delivery, that I would lose track of time and it might be 12 hours before I was back in touch with him. He was able to handle this without criticism or even a question. I really feel it takes an exceptional man to let his wife have the freedom to do what she needed to do even when there were small children involved in their own home.

I know that I as an individual have grown in my understanding of love and commitment because of Bill McGarey. I

know that my understanding of healing and of the medical profession has a greater depth because of my husband.

His sense of humor has made our life lighter and more manageable, and his love has been a support to me without which I could not have begun to function adequately this lifetime.

When you face crises, upon what principles are you ready to act spontaneously?

One of the basic principles which has been guiding us through the years is that we try to work with the fruits of the spirit in gentleness, forgiveness, long-suffering, love, and caring. These things are what we strive for and work toward.

But there are other things, too. One of the things that Bill and I have learned through the years is that if we make a decision, and the reason for that decision was based on fear, we reassess the problem. We may come up with the same decision, but our reason for making the decision will not be based on fear.

What we have found invaluable, is to allow our decision to be made and then pray about it and see what we get in the way of dreams. If our dreams are negative dreams, we will change the decision. If they are positive dreams, we will go on with the decision. If we don't get any dreams at all, we figure that is a positive sign and we go ahead.

Have you ever had to deal with prejudice directed toward you and the Clinic?

You betcha! In many different ways, even to the extent that none of our three children who are physicians (well, David is still in medical school) were able to get in the University of Arizona because their name was McGarey. When our first son didn't get in, we thought it was just because he didn't get in. Lots of people don't get in. When our daughter didn't get in,

we thought it was the same thing. When our youngest son didn't get in, he talked to the admitting committee at the University of Arizona and asked them why he didn't get in. In essence, they told him the reason was because his name was McGarey. In other words, the work that we have been doing here has caused enough of a stir in the medical field that they didn't want our children in the medical school.

We have had physicians say all kinds of things about us to our face, which is all right. We knew when we started out on this path that it would be different. We spent two and a half years working through a very difficult county medical society situation here in Arizona, but it turned out in our favor.

Some people think that working with the Cayce material is like working with the Devil, but we just go plugging along doing our own thing, knowing that there are people who are prejudiced and that is all right. It has always been so.

Has your work with the Cayce material changed your attitude to death, to immortality, to your basic spiritual beliefs?

My attitude toward life and death, religion and immortality, my basic philosophical platform, probably has not changed in that it is still Christ-centered with a basic Christian foundation. The part that has changed is the addition of reincarnation and the concept that comes from the Cayce material which gives impact and reality to the importance of us as ongoing beings. We are as rays of light and love, that are involved in time in this three-dimensional world.

A lot of the Christian philosophy implies that when we die, we become immortal. I now believe that immortality doesn't start when we die. It goes both ways. We have been immortal and when we live we are immortal and when we die we continue to be immortal. We just happen to be living in a mortal body.

The concepts which involve reincarnation from a Christian point of view have become very real, and they have not taken me away from the church. As a matter of fact, they have given me a deeper understanding of Christian ritual and the beliefs that are a part of the Christian faith.

I think these concepts have helped me to be a better physician, because they have enabled me to share responsibility with my patients, rather than take responsibility from them.

I believe sincerely that when Jesus said that He came to fulfill the law and not destroy it, He was referring to the law of Karma, the law of cause and effect, which is superseded by the law of Grace.

If we are functioning under the law of Karma, it is as if we are walking away from the sun and walking into our own shadow, which means walking into darkness. But the thing that changes that is if we turn around and walk toward the sun, then we are walking toward the light, and that is great.

Here is another way I have of looking at Karma and Grace: I have placed the furniture in my living room so that I can walk through it day or night without the lights on and not run into anything, because I know where the furniture is. However, if I move the furniture — or if someone else moves the furniture and I walk through the living room with the lights out — I am apt to break a toe or bump my shins or fall over the furniture. That to me is Karma.

The thing that changes Karma and makes it so I will be functioning under the law of Grace is a very simple thing: I just need to flick on the light. In other words, I need to move in the light. When I do that, it doesn't make any difference whether I move the furniture or whether anybody else moves the furniture. I see where it is, and I don't have to fall over it.

So the light of the sun — whether you spell it son or sun — is to me a symbol of moving in the law of Grace. The law of

Grace does not take away the Karmic pattern, it just makes it so that I don't have to ruin myself as I move through the Karma that I have created.

Do you believe that human beings have freedom to shape themselves and their futures?

I believe that humans have the responsibility to shape their own future. I think that whether we accept that or not, we still do it. Our attitude toward what happens to us certainly has an effect on what does happen. Our choices in what we do, plus our choices in how we respond, shape our destiny and our future.

I think that one of the most important things that we as physicians can do is to work with people and help them to make the most reasonable and enlightened choices possible. We don't really do a lot of healing, but we sure do a lot of working with people and helping them to make their choices as to how they are going to bring about their own healings. The healing comes from within.

I think that individual responsibility is an actual motivating force in the evolution of each individual and in the world as a whole.

Cayce said that astrological forces had an effect on people's lives, but that the will of the person was supreme. There is nothing stronger than the human will.

I think the environment in which we are born and the emotional impact of the people around us have definite effects on us. I think that the families into which we are born and the love and caring that we experience have a lot to do with how we choose things. On the other hand, even that can be overcome by the human will.



Athena and Vasili Stefanou, Stella's mother and father, were photographed in Greek costumes prior to coming to the United States around 1918-1920.



Stella, left, with younger sister, Despina, on the day Stella's foot was injured in a subway mishap while en route to have this photo taken.

At left are the sisters as teenagers.



Family photo taken in 1948 shows Stella at left, Vasili, Athena, and Despina. Stella designed the dress she is wearing.

Wedding bells rang for George and Stella Andres on December 5, 1948.





Her gown, headpiece and veil were designed by Stella for her wedding to George.



George and Stella's daughter, Athena, at 3 months. She was named for her grandmother, Athena.



Stella and Athena a few years later.



Stella participates in
the Clinic's Tempe
Beautiful program.



A.R.E. Medical Clinic in Phoenix, Arizona.



Drs. Bill and Gladys McGarey, Directors of the A.R.E. Medical Clinic.



Oak House, venue of the Temple Beautiful residential program.



Stella shares her experiences by talking to groups, hoping to help and comfort others with similar problems.



At left, Athena and Robert.



George and Stella enjoy his birthday celebration in September, 1985.



A Familiar Battleground

Their daughter Athena picked George and Stella up at the Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport and took them directly to their trailer.

The very next day, George had perfected a way for Stella to get in and out of the trailer by herself. George added a metal bar outside the door, so that from her wheelchair, Stella was able to grab the bar, push herself up, and swing into a seat inside the doorway. It meant so much to Stella to have such freedom.

The next day when she entered the Clinic, Stella had a great rush of emotion. It was such a comfort for her to see the staff members. She hugged them all.

“Dr. Gladys and Edna Germain extended their arms to me. Tears fill my eyes as I reexperience the love that their embraces communicated to me,” Stella recalled. “When I was able to speak, I said, ‘I’m not going to lose my other leg, am I, Dr. Gladys?’ She assured me that I wouldn’t.”

When Stella was in New York, the doctor said that her left leg had no pulse. Edna and Dr. Gladys simultaneously felt for pulses and with great excitement, they said at the same time, “I found one.” If there were two pulses in Stella’s leg, that meant that there had to be circulation!

“You have already started healing this leg,” Dr. Gladys told her. “That black is turning brown.”

She asked Stella what she had done so far for her toes. Stella told her about the castor oil packs, the visualization, the bio-feedback, and the prayer. Dr. Gladys was pleased, then she told Stella to soak her toes twice daily for twenty minutes at a time in Biz.

“Biz,” Dr. Gladys confirmed, “the laundry detergent. It contains enzymes that will peel the black off your toes.”

As their visit drew to a close, Dr. Gladys told Stella that a healing group that met every Monday from five to six p.m. in a room at the Clinic was about to begin. The participants did laying on of hands, and everyone was invited: patients, staff, and the general public. Dr. Gladys suggested that Stella attend.

She looked up at George, not wanting to leave him alone. But with his customary supportive attitude he said, “Go. By all means go.”

Stella knew where he was going — his favorite place — the hardware store.

“George is very creative with his hands and combs hardware stores for new ideas and parts that he might need for his next endeavor. Our home in New York has a room that I refer to as the ‘hardware store.’ When I can’t find him, I know where to look.”

George wheeled Stella into the appointed room and left. When everyone had assembled, the participants introduced themselves. The group totaled about fifteen.

“Chairs were brought to the middle of the floor. Since this was my first time, they invited me to be one of the first to receive healing.

“They began with a prayer. Then one person sat in front of me and another stood behind me. We closed our eyes and the healing began.

“The leader concluded with a prayer, and then the roles were reversed. They did not expect me to give healing, because I was in a wheelchair. But I managed to do so, because I wanted to give as well as receive.

“The energy in the room was so strong that when I opened my eyes, I saw white zig-zags traversing the air.”

After the meeting, George picked her up. He was carrying a box of Biz and a small plastic receptacle for her first toe bath.

Stella shook her head and muttered, “Biz?” as she soaked. Shortly, she began to see little flakes of black in the water. The dead tissue was peeling off.

Later Stella found out that, medically, gangrene is irreversible. “It’s a good thing that nobody ever told me about that, or I probably wouldn’t have been able to do it!”

Dr. Sarg, her oncologist in New York, said that she should take some time before starting chemotherapy, because she was too weak after all the operations she had endured. What Dr. Sarg didn’t know was that Stella was determined to *avoid* chemotherapy.

When Dr. Gladys heard this, she said, “Since we have time, we’ll try alternative healing. If that isn’t successful, you will take chemotherapy — and we will work with you so that you do not get side effects.”

Dr. Gladys put her on a vegetarian diet. The regimen included lots of fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, and juices. Wheat grass juice was especially recommended.

Every morning Stella stopped at the health food co-op to which Athena and she belonged and bought some wheat grass. The green liquid is served in a tiny plastic cup about the size of a shot glass and is a powerful cleanser for the body.

In so many respects Stella’s father had pioneered the way for her to explore alternative medicine. “I was glad that my new diet wasn’t merely yogurt and spinach, like the one Papa had concocted for himself years ago,” Stella commented. “But the underlying goal was the same — to detoxify the body.”

Dr. Gladys told Stella to tailor some visualizations for her present needs. For gangrene, Stella pictured swordfish entering the capillaries of her toes and cleaning them out. Their swords

became a roto-rooter device, spinning in a furious spiral.

For the lymphoma, she saw white German shepherds with pink noses, which represented white corpuscles eating up the cancer in the lymph nodes. She performed these mental exercises six times a day. No matter where Stella was, she would excuse herself and repeat the visualization — even if she had to closet herself in a bathroom.

Dr. Gladys McGarey:

When Stella developed the lymphoma, she used a visualization technique and saw the lymphocytes destroying the cancer cells and acting as clean up cells to get rid of the cell debris as the cancer cells were being destroyed. She needed to visualize energy patterns and to allow the flow of energy to become stronger. The castor oil packs were very important to enhance the functioning of the liver, the great body detoxifier. They also helped the function of the lymphatic system throughout her whole body. Since the lymphoma is dealing primarily with cancer of the lymph cells, the healthier the master gland of the reticuloendothelial system — the thymus gland — the better will be the functioning of the whole system.

Massages were essential in keeping the lymphatic congestion from building up and to keep it flowing. Hydrotherapy in the form of colonics and moving in the water were also important aspects of reactivating and stimulating the lymphatic system.

The theory is that if you have a healthy lymphatic system, a lymphoma will not continue to live and grow. It is sort of like a fungus which can't grow on a healthy tree, but will grow if there are diseased areas on the bark.

How important do you feel the group support of the Clinic to be in the process of healing?

I think it is a really vital ingredient, partly because the major

portion of the medical community has such a negative outlook in relationship to disease of any type. A patient often finds himself pinned into a thought process which is very difficult to shake. Unless we can get into a community where the consciousness is a little different, it is very difficult to maintain a positive attitude and a healing environment. All of the therapists at the Clinic are geared toward helping people function at a therapeutic level in such a way that they are drawing on health and not on illness. In Stella's case this was very, very important.

The group work within the programs themselves — where a group of people live together for a 17-day period of time, dealing with their problems — was also an added help to her. There were many things that she needed to work out as far as her relationship with her mother and her husband were concerned, and this group interaction was very helpful.

Will you explain "visualization" as a tool against disease?

The old biblical statement, as a man thinketh, so is he, carries a lot of validity in the concept of visualization. As we visualize a well-functioning body or a well-functioning system, our own system begins to function better.

One of the biggest problems we face in medicine is that we put diagnoses on people. When patients hear a diagnosis, and they know that it is "an incurable disease" or some such, they buy into that. They say something to their body that goes like: "Well, here we are. We have developed a cancer. We know that there is no cure for cancer, so we are just heading for death."

There is a lot of difference between that sort of an attitude and an attitude where a positive visualization is used. In other words, when a person gets cancer, or any other serious illness, if we, as medical people, say to them, "You know, you have been diagnosed as having a lymphoma (or whatever),

but you have a lot of healing energies within your body that you can use in order to overcome this illness. You need to be aware of what these healing energies are and how you can use them, and then you can work with them in visualizing the healing process.”

At the A.R.E. Clinic, we try to teach people positive visualization. One way or another, if a person has an illness, he is going to be *thinking* about it. When the body gets the message, it says, “Oh, that’s the way things are,” and it proceeds to manifest what the mind has been working through.

Holistic medicine forms a bridge between the conscious and unconscious mind.

How effective can music be in the healing process?

Most rock music is very destructive to the nervous system. Healing music allows the vibratory effect of that music to penetrate into the tissues and work as a harmonic for the healing process.

There is a physician in England by the name of Peter Manners, who has done some very interesting things with sound. He has taken the *sound* of a healthy knee (Just how he does this I don’t know, but it has to do with computers and electronics and one thing and another.), and then played that *sound* back to people with arthritic knees or with unhealthy knees, and he has had healing start and continue. It is as if the vibration of healing music sets a pattern for a healthy functioning body.

George wanted Stella to begin the process of getting an artificial leg before he left for New York, so Edna Germain recommended a doctor whose specialty was amputees.

“When the specialist saw the entire condition I was in —

gangrene and cancer — he told me that he couldn't believe that I was anxious to walk," Stella recalled. "He really didn't think I was going to make it. However, despite his doubts, he recommended a prosthetist. I wondered if he was sincere when he told me the man's name — Dick Pickle.

"George and I went to see Mr. Pickle. His jet black hair was held down by a Greek sailor's hat with a green pickle pinned to its front. His hair surged forward like a powerful entity unto itself. I can't describe his features, because his hairline was met by an equally aggressive bushy, black beard.

"George was not fooled by Dick's odd appearance. He knew that Dick was the right person to whom to entrust this task, otherwise he could not have returned to New York with peace of mind.

"My next visit to Dick was for getting a cast of my leg, which was an initial step in creating the prosthesis. Alice Riddle, who worked at the Clinic, drove me for the appointment.

"I had to lean against a curved railing in order to steady myself in an upright position. Dick asked Alice to lean against the other side for balance. 'Pretend you are a ballast,' Dick told her, as she followed his directions. Peter, Alice's husband, also gave me a great deal of support."

Alice Riddle:

I was director of out-of-town patients' care. That was kind of like a PR job. I made the patients' appointments. I met them at the airport; I took them to their place of residence. The A.R.E. Clinic was much smaller then than it is now.

You came to the Clinic from a background that accepted this kind of activity and these kinds of experiences?

I would say so. I have been in A.R.E. since 1959 — and actively.

Do you have an orthodox medical background yourself?

I was in nurses' training until I met my husband.

My family is very orthodox; and as I grew up, they took me to conventional doctors. It never seemed right. But I smiled and went. I didn't know what else to do.

Dr. Gladys and my husband grew up together in India and went to the same boarding school. Peter and I met in the McGarey's home in 1948.

What was your first impression of Stella?

I think from the very beginning I recognized her as being the kindest, most sincere person I have ever known.

We just hit it off immediately. It was as if we had known each other forever. I have never really found out *where* we had known each other, but I know we have been very close.

What did you see in Stella that made her seem to be the kind of person who would be receptive and responsive to the Clinic's program?

I never heard her say anything except positive things. I never heard her be negative in any way, shape, or form — even when she was very ill. The summer Peter and I visited her in New York, she was having trouble with her leg, but she never, ever would let us know that she was worried. She always had a positive outlook, and it wasn't that she was hiding.

Peter Riddle:

Stella is genuine, a real person. Her integrity is beyond reproach. There is nothing hidden.

How did you interact with Stella?

I was just a friend. It was just that Alice and Stella were close. When George came to Arizona, we used to go out together. We sometimes went over to the trailer that Stella was living in before they bought the house.

What was your role at the Clinic, Peter?

I was on the board of trustees. I am not sure if it was at that time, but I was Chairman of the Board. So I was in and out of the Clinic quite often, and I was familiar with what was happening.

What is your work now?

I am a teacher. I was before, too. I teach fourth grade elementary school. And I have been connected with A.R.E. for a long time.

As Alice mentioned, we met in Gladys and Bill's home in Cincinnati. When they moved out here, we moved out here. Our kids kind of grew up together.

Is it fair to say that you really became interested in Cayce because of Gladys and Bill?

Yes, I got into Edgar Cayce work through Gladys and Bill.

Is there a particular little anecdote that you especially remember about your friendship with Stella and George?

Alice and Stella and George and I went out to a Greek restaurant in Phoenix — and this was just after Stella had got her prosthesis — and she and George got up and danced.

As smoothly as can be?

Oh, very gracious. She had to go up some stairs. The dance hall was on a little platform. Stella had to go up two or three steps, and she walked up. No crutches. She walked up as nicely as can be.

I remember another time when she had just got her prosthesis, and she had walked up to a podium to speak. She wanted me to help her, so I sat down in the front with her. She walked over to the steps, and she thought she was going to have to have help, but she walked up the stairs alone. I thought that was a courageous thing to do at a time when she was feeling terribly insecure.

Stella was so quiet; yet in her own way, she was very strong. It was times like that when her courage just came through.

How do you assess George?

George? Well, he is a big teddy bear. I like him. Down under, George is a very sensitive person. He is very understanding and very perceptive. I think that he understands Stella very well. They made a wonderful match!



A Peaceful Oasis and an Astral Traveler

After George returned to New York, Stella felt that she was in no condition to stay alone. Athena was still in school at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff and could only come down on weekends. They thought of hiring someone to help Stella until she was more completely self-sufficient.

Barbara Myrick, a close friend who was a biofeedback therapist at the Clinic, insisted that Stella stay with her. She felt so grateful because she really didn't want to be with a stranger at this time.

"Barbara had bought a lovely new home the year before. She had invited me to stay with her for a few weeks when I returned so that we could have some fun together. We never dreamt that I would come back in the condition that I had. Now the invitation was extended for as long as I needed it. My stay with Barbara was very comforting.

"I suggested that I go to the Clinic with her in the morning, but Barbara felt that I needed my rest. She assured me that someone from the Clinic would pick me up when I was ready, and they always did.

"Barbara totally supported me. She ate what I ate, and we meditated together. Whenever I doubted that I was going to get well, Barbara led me back to hope.

"Most of the time, I was positive in my thinking. Occasionally, I would ask nervously, 'Barbara, are my lymph nodes getting smaller?'

"Barbara would put her arms around me and say, 'You have to have a little patience, Stella. Everything is going to be all right.'

“For further reassurance, I would remember Vincent Ragone telling me, ‘Stella, you are going to live to grow old.’ ”

Stella slept in Barbara’s room; and one night, they went to bed early while her two sons stayed up to watch television.

In the middle of the night, Stella heard a knock at the bedroom door. When her bleary eyes focused, she saw the doorknob turning. The door opened, and her sleepy eyes did their best to recognize one of Barbara’s sons. When he walked over to his mother’s bed, Stella assumed that he had something private to tell her and she turned away.

When the young man did not leave after a reasonable period of time, she looked over to Barbara’s bed and beheld no one there except Barbara!

Stella knew that *nobody* had left the room, but she went to sleep with the thought, “Oh, well, anything can happen in this house!”

The next morning, as Barbara was getting ready for work, Stella told her what she had witnessed the night before: The knock at the door; the man she thought was Barbara’s son who had entered, but who had disappeared without leaving.

Barbara turned white.

“It’s my friend from California,” she replied. “He astral walks in his spiritual body, and he must have paid me a visit that I wasn’t aware of. When he comes through Phoenix, he stops in to see us. You will meet him in the flesh soon.”

A few weeks later he did drop in, and when Stella saw him, she knew that he was the same man she had seen that night.

When did you first begin working with Stella?

Barbara Myrick:

Stella and I have known each other for about ten years, so when she had the problem with the lymphoma, she was already a personal friend. I had met her through the Clinic.

We both had begun taking some biofeedback at about the same time. In fact, both of us for the same reasons: We both had asthma.

When did you begin interacting with her as a therapist?

Well, actually, I didn't interact with her a lot as a therapist. She went to another biofeedback therapist, because of our friendship. She lived with me during the time that she had come out from New York. We did some therapy at home when Stella would move into the fears and stuff that we all have.

And you specialize primarily in biofeedback?

Yes, and while I was at the Clinic, I also helped with the Creative Living Program. In that program, I often did a lot of the group therapy and the dream therapy.

How do you see the total picture of the Cayce technique? Is it a holistic effect? Is that why it works so well? Do you have any particular feelings or theory about that?

I think it works partly because it is more holistic and it takes in more of the total body function. But I also think that there is a special kind of caring that people get at the Clinic, which I think also has to be taken into account. We are finding out that when someone moves into a better state of mind, it activates those chemical processes in the body that really do induce a better state of healing. So I think that particular warmth that is there at the Clinic and the special caring has a great deal to do with the Clinic's success.

Why did it work so well with Stella? Is she a special person?

Well, obviously, since she is my friend, I think she is very special.

I think one of the things about Stella is that, Number One, she was very disciplined in using the techniques. She stuck to the diet to the "t," and she did not vary at all. And I know this because she lived with me.

She was very determined to do the biofeedback and to do the visualization; and no matter what was happening, she would take her time out to go ahead and go through that process.

Also, I think Stella has a lot of deep understandings and a philosophical approach to man's role in the scheme of things. She also had accomplished the process of understanding how to work with fear — and that was something that we would work on as friends. I think that all of these things together helped her.

So you would characterize Stella as a very disciplined person?

In this area she was extremely disciplined. I would imagine that in other aspects of her life, she probably would not be, because she is very carefree and she is very spontaneous. But with this particular thing, she was extremely disciplined, because she really wanted a healing. She had a lot of courage in the whole process.

Are there any techniques that you could share with someone so that he or she might be able to practice mental techniques that might encourage a proper attitude for healing?

Well, the first thing that I think is very important is for people to recognize that somehow their own body created this particular illness. Not that they consciously created it, but that because they hit certain psychological roadblocks, I guess you might say, they created the condition in which the cancer, and/or other illness could occur. They need to recognize that if their body could create disease, then it can help undo it. Generally, psychological processes were involved in the creation of illness, so, therefore, they have to be involved in the unraveling of the illness.

In addition to whatever other disciplines or medical therapies are involved, I think that the psychological is extremely important, because one of the things that I found with cancer

patients is that they hit a certain stage in their therapy at which you can take them through a process of imagery where they can *imagine* the cancer. You can allow them to go over to another chair and *become* the cancer cell. When they do that, they begin to recognize a state of depression that they have experienced before, but that they *never* connected with the cancer.

In a sense, by allowing them to move through these images, in what I suppose would be a very light state of hypnosis, they begin to recognize a *particular* emotional state connected to the illness. This recognition, then, gives them the ability to begin to shift out of that particular depression.

We did this to some degree with Stella. We also worked with Stella in helping her to overcome her fears. She would often come to me and say, 'Barbara, I'm going to get over this. I am going to heal myself, aren't I?'

She would often ask this; and for the first few times, I would encourage her, and I would say, 'Yes, of course you are!'

Then it occurred to me that she kept asking because she needed the reassurance for *herself*; and so, as hard as it was for me, I would turn the question back on her, and say, 'What do you think? Do you think you are going to heal yourself?' I forced her to have to make that decision herself.

What value do you place on reincarnation in the total scheme of healing?

In a sense, I think that many illnesses that we encounter may, indeed, be Karmic in origin. By that I mean that the way that I see Karma is, you might say, as old thought habits, habits that are involved with guilt or fear or whatever else; and they are habits that are ingrained deep in the subconscious.

The subconscious is very powerful as far as the body is concerned. If there is a fight between the conscious and subcon-

scious, the subconscious is going to win. It has the power.

So I think these old Karmic patterns are involved in illnesses, but not to the degree that the person has to remember exactly what happened in another lifetime. What they have to learn to unravel is, what is the destructive pattern? How can I change it into a constructive pattern of thought?

If, indeed, the old lifetime sheds some insight on that, then it is important. But what *really* is important is learning somehow to shift that deep inner-thought pattern.

Yes, I think sometimes the reincarnational memories or experiences shed some light on the pattern and allow the person to understand it.

From your perspective as someone who works in the healing arts — and is also practicing metaphysics, which, in the larger sense, is part of healing the patient — what general comments would you make in regard to healing ourselves, our society, and maybe even our world?

We need to remember the concept of Oneness. We can't really be angry at someone else or hold a resentment toward someone else without it affecting us. No matter how much we believe we are able to separate ourselves, such actions do affect our own inner-self.

Being transformed is partly what I believe is important in turning an illness around totally. With medicines and those kinds of things, we can really just sort of control an illness. I believe that unless a person changes his inner-thought pattern, he cannot really heal the illness.

I think the transformation of these thought patterns have to do with learning to deal with fear, learning to move into a kind of self-confidence, learning to remember that we are indeed beings that are trying to become more God-like. We must begin to feel a beauty within ourselves, and we must

also begin to let go of all resentments and all angers. Some of that has to do with learning to move with self-confidence and learning to forgive others and ourselves.

I know that sounds a little bit old-fashioned in some ways, but I believe some of these particular emotions are much more important than people realize. It sounds simple to say that those things need to be changed, but it is very difficult to do in practice.

Is there anything else that you would like to see in this book?

Well, I think the main thing is really Stella's personal integrity. Her truthfulness with herself in moving through some of the therapies really helped her. If someone isn't willing to be almost brutally truthful with herself (or himself), and then find a way to turn around those emotions, she would have a difficult time accomplishing a healing. Stella was very, very diligent in her pursuit of understanding the inner attitudes that she needed to change.

On weekends, Athena drove down from Flagstaff to be with her mother. She would pick Stella up at Barbara's and present her with a red rose. They would stay at their trailer, read to each other, listen to tapes, and meditate. Athena and Stella began knitting an even closer relationship.

From the patio of Barbara's house, Stella could see a tiny castle in a remote place. After seeing the astral walker, she was no longer sure of anything. Barbara laughed and explained that Stella saw a bonafide castle that wealthy people had built on a Phoenix mountainside.

At an earlier point in her life, Stella would have wished to be mistress of such a castle. Like most people of her generation, her vision of a happy life had been formed in the movie theaters. She now looked up at the ceiling of evening stars and thanked God that she was alive and that she had received so much love in her life.

“Some of my neighbors at the trailer park were Buddhists,” Stella said. “They chanted and prayed for me while I was in the hospital in New York. When I was back in Phoenix, they invited me to join them in their worship services. Once a week they picked me up at Barbara’s and took me to their meeting.

“A bell sounded, and everyone focused on an altar. In our hands, we held a string of beads which we rubbed together while chanting, *Name-myoho-range-kyo*.

“To me, all prayers are healing.”

It began to seem to Stella that everytime she reached out, someone wonderful took her hand. That was how she described her meeting with Hal, a Gestalt therapist to whom the Clinic referred patients. She had heard a lot about him from the staff, and she decided to see him.

“The first time I saw Hal, I thought he looked like a young movie star. Everyone at the Clinic knew when he was coming by the roar of his motorcycle. Later when I got my prosthesis, I was able to see him at his home where he worked with most of his patients.

“In my first session with Hal, I burst into tears. In order to survive all that I had been through, I had to keep myself up on the emotional ladder. In the safety of Hal’s presence, I could release my emotions. Until that moment, I didn’t realize the tears that I had been holding back.

“After I stopped crying, Hal told me that I needed to say ‘good-bye’ to my leg. Once I got my prosthesis, I realized what he meant. It wasn’t until then that I stopped mourning my leg. The replacement brought solace.

“The next time I saw gentle Hal, he greeted me with a stream of obscenities!

“I was shocked, and he looked at me as if to say, ‘I thought so!’ He insisted that I use these words whenever I needed to as a form of release.

“The procedure for getting a prosthesis takes a great deal of time, and although I consciously affirmed that I would one day not only walk, but dance again, here I was sitting in a wheelchair. Hal helped me through the times when I lost my nerve.

“Aside from individual therapy, Hal ran a support group to teach people the Gestalt technique. It is very unusual for a therapist to be so willing to give his patients the tools to continue independently of him. But again, Hal is anything but usual.

“He never turned anyone away from his door for lack of funds. Now, Hal lives in Texas where he works with children, giving himself to those who can’t afford it and supporting himself by being a gardener.”

Between appointments with Hal, the Clinic, and Dick Pickle, time flew. Before Stella knew it, six weeks had passed, and George was with her again.

“He took me for another C/T Scan. It showed that the cancer in my lymph nodes had shrunk by ten percent. We were overjoyed!

“George also noticed the great improvement in my toes. The black was practically gone.

“Athena joined us for a celebration — at which I felt God’s presence, and His joy. I was filled with a sense of love. This reunion with my family was a gift from God, and my trust in Him multiplied.”

The next day, George took Stella for a fitting, and Dick gave him a fine progress report.

Dick was so happy for Stella that he invited George and her to his houseboat on Saguaro Lake.

“How will I get onto a boat?” Stella asked Dick. George and she had been boating for years, and she knew what life on the water involved.

“You will,” he insisted. “I’ll bring the boat to the dock and all

that you will need to do is to step from the dock onto the boat.”

When Stella and George arrived at the marina, they saw Dick coming toward the dock in a large motor boat. He had been so determined to show Stella what she could do, that he had tricked her. The gangway was very wobbly, and Stella protested, “I can’t walk on this.”

While George walked behind her, Dick had Stella hold onto the back of his belt, and he guided her toward the boat.

“I made it that far, but I didn’t know how I was going to get into the motor boat! When I looked down, I realized that if I sat at the edge of it, I could swing my legs into it.

“We motored out to his houseboat, passing people fishing, water skiing, and cruising across the lake.

“When we arrived, I looked over my head at the railing of his houseboat and said, ‘There’s only one way I can get up there.’ I took off my leg and pulled myself up!

“The interior of his boat was cozy with fine furnishings and a fireplace. The bow of the boat was like a patio with plants, a table, and chairs.

“Hanging on the inside of a glass door that opened into the living room was a bearded doll wearing a hat with a pickle pinned on it. The rest of the doll’s clothing also had the unmistakable look of its owner. I still laugh when I think of it.”

Dick cruised the houseboat into a lush canyon that made the New Yorkers feel as though they had left the desert forever. Dick steered the houseboat while George and Stella chatted. He told them that Stella would one day be walking “regally.”

“Regally,” that word stood out in Stella’s consciousness because, except for her graceful dancing, she had always thought of herself as clumsy.

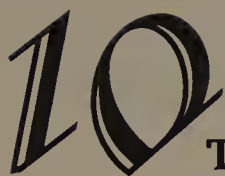
“With two legs, I bumped into everything and tripped over my

own feet. Sprained ankles were so common to me that I wielded an Ace bandage as easily as I did a toothbrush.

“After I got my prosthesis, even with crutches, I was no longer clumsy. Before, I had always been mottled with bruises whose origin I could never identify.

“When I was back on shore, I was very proud of myself. I realized that I could do most of the things that I had done before. All that I had to do was to really want to. Within a week, George returned to New York, reassured.”

It was at this time that Dr. Gladys suggested that Stella enter the Clinic’s “Temple Beautiful Program,” a seventeen-day, live-in session based on concepts of regeneration and spiritual growth to be found in the Edgar Cayce readings. The A.R.E. Clinic had developed the program into a beneficial therapy wherein each person’s needs could be met.



The Temple Beautiful

Stella left Barbara's home and moved into Oak House, the Clinic's lodging for people in the program.

"It's a beautiful residence managed by Eryca Bauer, a gifted person with many talents and a diverse background. She plans everything for Oak House and delivers a most gracious service.

"Each morning we woke up at six a.m. Dr. Bill, who runs the program, wheeled me out to the patio in the backyard where he led the patients in exercise. From my wheelchair, I did as much as I could.

"We next did a meditation and focused on one of Cayce's ideals like, 'Not my will, but Thine, Oh Lord, be done.' Then we prayed together.

"The meeting closed with hugs, which are, in themselves, great therapy!"

Stella found breakfast to be an exciting meal. The Temple Beautiful participants would gather together, hold hands, and say grace. The table was beautifully set, making the Cayce diet even more appealing.

Stella teased that Eryca often served "mummy food" for breakfast: A stew of black figs, chopped dates, corn meal, and water. People could eat it plain or with milk or cream.

"My breakfast was the same everyday: Fruit in season, raisins, and almonds, and herbal tea. I loved breakfast and looked forward to it each morning.

"Cayce's diet aims at a mostly alkaline composition. Certain foods are limited because of their high acidic content — like excessive animal fats. Combinations of certain foods are not digestible.

“For example, cream and sugar shouldn’t be added to coffee or tea. Melon ought to be eaten alone, and fruits and vegetables should not be eaten at the same time. Cereal and citrus fruit at the same meal is not recommended.”

Stella commented with an amused chuckle that George’s diet consisted of combinations of “not to be eaten” foods. Whenever she tried to alert him to better nutrition, he would grumble, “With all your vitamins and good eating habits, you’re the one who gets sick, not me.”

After breakfast, George always called Stella from New York. He never said, “I miss you,” unless she asked him.

“I knew it was because he realized that I had no choice. In order to get well, I needed to stay there; and he didn’t want to make me feel bad.”

The Temple Beautiful participants brought their dreams to the table each morning and shared them. This process was especially stimulating for Stella because of the course that she had taken earlier.

After years of keeping a dream journal, Stella suddenly couldn’t recall her dreams at Oak House, except for one.

In this dream, Stella saw herself walking out of Barbara’s house to behold a river flowing in front of her door. Men were fishing on the far bank. Stella decided to go to the other side and Stella walked across *on the surface* of the water. This miraculous feat seemed very natural to her in her dream.

When she got across, she asked the fishermen, “Did you catch many fish today?”

One of them reached into a bucket and gave her two fish. Stella thought, “One for me and the other for Barbara.”

When she awoke, Stella felt as if she had received a gift. In her opinion, the dream was filled with religious symbols. For Stella the river was life, and the fish were gifts of life.

Each member of the Temple Beautiful program was driven to the Clinic in a van for their individual therapies. Chuck, the driver-gardener-handyman, had such love and kindness in his heart, that he had become a part of the healing process.

“My participation in the Temple Beautiful program was rather sporadic, because I constantly had to go for fittings, to which Chuck often drove me.

“Once I had to return to my trailer for something. My leg was in the shop, so Chuck wondered how I was going to get in. When he saw how I swung myself into the trailer using the bar, he thought it was so wonderful that he told everyone at the Clinic. Chuck always encouraged me and made me feel achievement, however small.

“Before this program, I didn’t really know Dr. Bill. When I watched him interact with the other patients and myself, I grew to love him. If I missed a lecture because of a fitting, Dr. Bill taped it for me.

“When one of the men in the program began to cry at lunch because of the severe turmoil in which he found his life, Dr. Bill immediately put his arms around him. I was so touched. Such a loving response was very familiar to me. Greek men embrace each other, but it isn’t at all common in the American culture.”

Chuck picked up the participants after their morning therapies and brought them back to Oak House for lunch. It was at lunch and dinner that Stella’s meals stood out as being decidedly different from her normal fare of choice, but that didn’t bother her. All she could think of was the end result. She could remember George telling some friend in disbelief: “She does exactly what she is told to do! She eats whatever they say she should, and she doesn’t waver at all.”

“Of course! It’s my life,” Stella had added.

What was difficult for Stella to understand was a person without willpower in a life and death situation.

At lunchtime, they told one another the stories of their lives. Many memories surfaced for Stella once she began speaking.

“I told of my mother’s fears and how they affected me: The feeling of being smothered that expressed itself as asthma and the fear I had of hurting my legs.

“I told of my father’s illness and death, and how I was left alone to cope with my mother. My sister Despina lives in Florida, so she was not near enough to be of help to me. Before my father died, he warned me not to pay serious attention to my mother’s complaints, but I didn’t always follow his advice.

“I realized that this was easy to do when Papa was there to support me.”

Stella recalled the first “cutting of the cord” with her mother. At seventeen, Stella had wanted to go on vacation to a dude ranch with a girlfriend. Mama had been shocked. She had seen cowboys in the movies and didn’t like their manners.

“They carry guns,” Mama had exclaimed. “Stella could get shot!” Despite Mama’s arguments, Papa had laughed and had let her go. He had even intervened for Stella’s friend, whose mother felt as hopeless as Mama about the whole venture.

In a spirit of determined rebellion, Stella and her friend went off to the ranch. Their parents would have been stunned to know that they went to bed at nine o’clock every night. The following year they returned, this time much braver.

After high school, Stella had gone to college for a year, then dropped out. She hadn’t been very ambitious. What she had really wanted to study was dress design, but she didn’t have the patience to start at the bottom.

When Stella was twenty-one, she had met George.

“On our first date, he took me out to dinner and then we went dancing. Although I seldom had any alcohol, I wanted to impress him, so I had two drinks.

“On our way home, George got hungry again and stopped at a hamburger stand. The drinks I had made me sick, and when George came back to the car, I was throwing up. He continued eating his hamburger as if nothing was happening.

“George does everything fast. Before I knew it, we were getting married. My mother had been planning this wedding since I was born, so she really out-did herself.

“Before I had Athena, I worked as a receptionist. This job put me in touch with two of my dearest friends — Ruth Mendez and Margie Uhl.

“After five years of marriage, Athena was born. I couldn’t believe I was a mother.

“With only one child, I had a lot of time on my hands after she started school. I designed my own clothing, which was part of an old longing to be a designer. The outfits often had matching turbans, pocketbooks, or capes.

“In one of my readings, I remembered Vincent Ragone telling me that I had worn costumes because, in one of my lifetimes, I had been in show business. After he told me this, I no longer had the need to dress flamboyantly.

“All of us in the Temple Beautiful program became closer as the stories of our lives unfolded. It was a warm congenial group, and I will always remember their efforts to include me in all of the activities.”

Kay Ortman, a therapist from California, showed the group how to use color therapy. The participants whirled around the lawn, floating large colored scarves in the air while they pushed Stella along in her wheelchair. Even though her arm was still very painful from the ineffectual by-pass, Stella swirled the scarves as vigorously as the rest. The action provided a great outpouring of the tension that she had been under.

Another therapy introduced in the program by Kay Ortman was Alignment-through-Music.

“It’s really a special kind of massage performed by Eryca Bauer. The music isn’t merely background, but an integral part of the process. Classical music is used to help the body let go of old memories.

“As Eryca worked on me, I had a vivid flashback. I saw myself as a ballerina, floating across a stage.

“To this day, I can clearly see the pink and gray costumes. It was like a movie projecting on an inner screen.

“I never actually go to the ballet. George doesn’t like them, and I was never interested enough to go without him. I think I only went once in my life, and that was before I was married.

“I concluded that I had been given a glimpse of another lifetime as a ballerina. I spoke of this to no one.

“A few days later, a woman my age, who was also in the program, walked up to me and said, ‘We were ballerinas together in another life experience. I had a love-hate relationship with you. You were the head ballerina of a famous dance troupe of which I was a member. Although I loved what you stood for, I hated the type of person you were. You looked down on all of us and expected to be catered to. You were cold and overbearing.’

“It is true that, like the ballerina, I was catered to when I was young; but I grew to handle every responsibility that came my way. That’s why, when I lost my leg, it became very important to me to be able to completely take care of myself as quickly as possible.

“It was then that I realized how far I had come. If this had happened to me as a child when my leg went between the subway train and the platform, I would have sat back and said, ‘Do me.’ In fact, when I told Dr. Gladys about the subway incident she said, ‘You were given Grace.’”

Stella remained extremely disciplined in her healing quest. Occasionally, at mealtimes, when she was with George, he

would offer her something that she was to avoid in her diet. He didn't understand why she had to be so strict. George felt sorry for her, but Stella didn't share his feelings.

He would argue, "A little bit of meat will not hurt you."

However, Stella was so determined to get well, that she did not stray in any way from Dr. Gladys' admonitions.

"I feel that losing my leg in this lifetime was my Karma. Cayce said that Karma is the law of cause and effect regulating one's future life.

"Before he died, my father told me that Plato believed that the soul passes from one body to another until it is purified. It then returns to the dwelling place of its God.

"Rabbi Herbert Weiner of New Jersey, a long time friend of Dr. Bill and Dr. Gladys, is fond of telling the following Hassidic tale:

"A soul, waiting to be born, sees a preview of his new life flash before him. Then he is told that he must choose, for choice is a man's sacred gift from God. If the soul decides to be born, the Angel of forgetfulness touches him in the center of the upper lip to seal in the memories — and he comes into the world. This is why we have an indentation in the center of our lip."

As part of the Temple Beautiful program, Stella availed herself of Electromechanical Therapeutic Apparatus. A device that resembles a bed, the E.T.A. enhances the electromagnetic field in the body.

The Clinic's explanatory sheet states, "Scientists are discovering that each cell of the body is like a miniature battery which generates and exchanges electricity and magnetism with other cells. When balanced, these energies assist the cells to work better. Weak, pulsating electrical currents are being used to influence cells in ways which can result in speeded up healing and improved functioning of the mind."

Harvey Grady, a therapist who works with the patients while they are on the E.T.A. machine, remained in the room with Stella. When the session was over, she said to him, "Harvey, this is the first time that my artificial leg feels like it is *part of me*. My body feels completely balanced."

Peggy Grady, Harvey's wife, told Stella that electrical currents are being used to attempt to regenerate the leg of a frog. She told Stella, jokingly, that one day, she might be able to grow her leg again with the proper electrical stimulation.

Stella was aware that decades before scientists had ever thought of the electrochemical nature of the body, Cayce had spoken of it. He had even recommended the use of the "wet cell battery" to treat certain ailments.

Another activity of the Temple Beautiful program was a psychometry session led by Anne, a psychic, who also taught the participants to see auras. Anne had a collection of items for the psychometry workshop, mostly jewelry that belonged to others. She had a personal history for each owner of the item.

"We chose one and held it in our hand. Then we gave our impression of the owner. It was surprising how close most of us came to her information.

"In order to teach us to read auras, Anne had each person stand before a movie screen. We concentrated on a point in the center of the forehead (the third eye). When I saw my first aura, I was so delighted.

"The Temple Beautiful program gave us constant intellectual stimulation, moral support, and top-notch medical supervision. It provided each of us with the healing atmosphere that we all needed to work on our mental or physical problems. I came out of the program absolutely convinced that I would be well."

Dr. Gladys McGarey:

The Temple Beautiful program and the Creative Living

program were both created at the Clinic to pull together what we consider the very best of our therapeutic tools.

The patients come into the Oak House, which is a beautiful dwelling place. We do a complete physical on them and examine the previous records and charts which they have sent in. We may or may not try to work out a specific diagnosis, because we don't consider ourselves a diagnostic clinic, but a therapeutic clinic. The therapy program deals with whatever they need medically. Medical treatment is not eliminated, unless we see the healing process going on well enough that we feel it can be.

We work with Kay Ortman's program of movement and music and color. We play with colored sheets in the yard as we dance to music. We work with color in having the participants create life seals and make drawings with colored chalk on large sheets of white paper. These pictures very often reveal where the problem is, where the blocks are, and what the person is planning to do about it.

For instance, if they draw something that is mostly light, but in one area there is a black blob, we might ask them, "Where are you in the picture?" If they respond that they are standing in the light, but they are growing toward the black blob, it is a pretty good clue that what they are planning on is death. If, however, they say they are going in the other direction, then we are pretty sure that they plan to continue to live.

We work with the patients' diet. We work with their dreams. They get E.T.A. treatments; they get massages; they get colonics. They get lectures about healings, and they receive a (program of) laying on of hands.

They are presented with another program which we call, "Be Your Own Psychic," where the thrust of it is to have them evolve their own psychic abilities.

They have an experiential visualization with castor oil packs;

they have laboratory work done. They work with biofeedback and visualization. They have an appointment with our psychologist so that they can deal with psychological problems that might be —and probably are — underlying their illnesses.

At the completion of the program, they are sent home with a therapeutic regimen to follow. We feel that it is very important that the patients understand that the A.R.E. Clinic does not consider itself Lourdes. What we feel we are is a place where those who are ill can come to grips with *why* they have the problem and *what* they can do about it. Once these issues have been dealt with, we send them home with a regimen that is reasonable enough for them to follow.

How do dreams fit into the total picture of one's complete wellness program?

Dreams are one of the best ways to get in touch with the unconscious mind, which includes the subconscious and superconscious. Dreams often bring a message to the conscious mind. People often find out *why* they are sick, *when* the illness started, and *what* they can do about it. We work a great deal with dreams in helping the patient to identify the problem and the solution.

How effective do you consider color therapy?

Color, like music, is a way of contacting the healing force within. Each one of the seven spiritual chakras has its own color, and if you, for instance, dream of something in blue, we feel that the dream is probably dealing with the thyroid, or the fifth chakra.

Colors give us information about people. When we work out in the backyard of the Oak House with the colored sheets and with music and color, people will frequently slip into another lifetime. They are then able to have a whole experience which can help them to come to grips with the problems with which

they are dealing — or at least identify the reality of their spiritual nature.

The fact that one color is good for one person and another color is good for another is an interesting phenomenon.

Some people really feel good with black, and it seems to bring out the best in them. We had a man in one of our programs who was the conductor for Carol Channing in *Hello, Dolly*, and when he used the black colored sheets, he felt tremendous —because it was a symbol of the tools of his trade. He felt as if he were on stage, and he was really conducting. But for most people black is a color that they dislike, and it is very depressing to them.

Is Stella special in any way? Does she have any unique qualities that helped her to be so successful in her healing?

She had the ability to stick with the various programs and to be patient, persistent, and consistent in her therapies. She had courage and enough of a belief and faith in the whole healing process to withstand the thrust of negative thoughts that came from the world around her —including the field of conventional medicine.

She was blessed with a husband, who, although he could not understand *what* she was doing and did not particularly approve or disapprove, at least supported her through it, which is a very special trust.

She also had a sense of humor, without which the whole picture would have gotten so heavy that it would have been almost impossible to deal with.

These, I think, are special qualities.

Another thing, she had a reason for getting well, which is probably the heart of it. She knew that she had a job to do: this was sharing with other people the importance of allowing the Physician Within to function and to allow a real healing to take place. So Stella had many “plusses.”

How does one maintain the positive attitude that seems necessary for effective healing?

One of the most important attributes is a belief that it can happen and a willingness to stick with it in spite of the fact that there will be good times and bad times.

If the patients expect it all to be fun and games while the healing is going on, they will get discouraged very quickly. But if they can understand that there will be times when it will be very difficult — and that is not necessarily bad — that there will be times when it will be very easy to get discouraged, they have passed a most important hurdle. They need to be able to look past those times and be patient and persistent and consistent in application of the therapies, both physical, mental and spiritual. Without the perseverance and willingness to hang in there through good and bad times, it is very difficult to achieve a true healing.

Probably the first thing that the ill really need to do in order to get to the point where they are willing to “hang in there” is to take the time and the effort to identify and to clarify their ideal of wellness.

Cayce said, “What do you want to get well for? Just to keep on doing the same things that got you sick?”

And that is the kind of question that we ask people, hoping that they will be able to identify their ideal. Once they are able to do that, then it seems worth while to work through the difficult times.

How do you believe that reincarnation fits into the healing scheme of things?

I don't think that a belief in reincarnation either “saves” the person or “doesn't.” I think that reincarnation is a logical, rational, concept, which makes a lot of sense to me. Therefore, reincarnation is helpful to me in understanding people's problems, including their illnesses.

If people can accept this concept and look at life as an ongoing process, it seems to me that it is easier for them to accept healing. This is not totally true for everybody, and it is not a necessity.

Are there some simple exercises or techniques whereby one might implement the healing process in his or her life?

Very definitely. The taking of time to meditate is one of the first things that can be done.

I am not talking about a long, hour-meditation; but a simple fifteen minutes to half-an-hour attunement every day is very important in bringing about a healing. There isn't anybody who can't take that much time to work with this whole process.

In the case of cancer, we suggest that they take fifteen minutes at least three or four times a day in order to visualize whatever it is that they choose to visualize in the healing process.

The fifteen-minute meditation can be used with other illnesses besides cancer.

Another simple thing is what we call the "daily dozen exercises," which are physical exercises, stretching exercises, moving exercises, which are very helpful.

The dietary programs, depending on the illness, are all important. And diet is really a technique, because people who have been raised on meat and potatoes and gravy can find it very difficult to change their desires and their dietary habit patterns, so they need a lot of help.

The technique of learning to laugh is helpful, too.

Prayer is important; but if all we are doing is praying for healing for ourselves, that is a way of getting trapped. As a matter of fact, from what I understand, the documentation of the healings that have happened at Lourdes have all happened

with people who were praying and being concerned with someone else, rather than just themselves. I think that prayer in conjunction with meditation are two of the very, very important aspects of bringing about a healing.

How would you characterize Stella as a person?

Stella is a vigorous soul who came into this with a sense of purpose and dedication. It took her most of her life to find it. She went through all sorts of illnesses in order to get to the point where she could manifest it.

Her sense of humor has been an important factor. She is courageous and faithful. She has been a faithful friend to many people, as well as a faithful wife and mother. She has been faithful to the therapies. She has been faithful to her ideal and her beliefs. I think that faithfulness is a very important aspect of her personality profile.

Stella has a lot of adrenal energy, and she can get angry. Her ability to get angry may be part of her healing ability, also.

She does not have a lot of bottled-up hostility. If she is angry, she is angry — and the world around her knows it. This may be a characteristic of her Greek heritage, I don't know. But it is a healthy expression of her feelings.

She also is a very bright person. She is willing to study and to learn and to read, and although she doesn't have much in the way of an academic education, she has a great deal in the area of learning from life and learning from things that she has taught herself.

She is the kind of person who is not held in and restricted by convention or by other peoples' belief structures.

Her own beliefs are important to her, and her ability to think things through on her own is a very vital part of her personality.

She is also not afraid to stand up for what she believes and

for concepts that she has been able to evolve in her own life and thinking process.

What “promises” could you make to other men and women who might wish to come to the A.R.E. Clinic in order to be cured of ostensibly fatal diseases?

The only promise we can make is that we are there to help them work through their problem in whichever way they choose to do it.

We never promise that we will cure an illness, because we don't believe that is what we are there for. What we *do* promise is that we are *willing to work with people* and help them to bring about what is best for them — and sometimes that is a matter of helping them to die.

What general comments might you make in regard to our healing ourselves, our society, our world?

I think the first thing that comes to mind is a willingness to work with what Paul calls the “fruits of the spirit” in the fifth chapter of Galatians. We must accept our nature as being divine, and then manifest in the best way that we can these divine qualities — whether it is in relation to healing a body, a relationship, a job, or the whole world.

I think the key to healing is to manifest our spiritual nature, not just our physical nature.

We must understand that we have many habit patterns which we have created over eons of time which we consider to be us. They are not *really* us. They are what we have created, and these are often not very healthy. We must look past *that* part of our being to the true soul and the spiritual aspects of ourselves. We must learn to work with the techniques that are available in balancing our chakras, in balancing the places within our body where the soul makes contact with the flesh (which probably is the seven spiritual centers), then we must

begin to bring about a healing — and the same thing will happen in the levels of the world and the universe.

I think we are coming to a time where the positive and negative (the Yin and the Yang) energies of the world need to be balanced. I think that women are more and more assuming positions which are in harmony with their nature — not in trying to be like men, but in trying to be as productive as women as they possibly can be. And as women do this, I think there will be more balance in the world.

I think the time has come when the Yang energy, which is the kind that stands alone and fights, needs to be balanced by the Yin, the female energy, which is more group-oriented energy and the more communal intuitive type of energy. I think this is happening. I think it is part of the healing of the world.

We as individuals need to accept ourselves. Cayce said that we need to know ourselves, to be ourselves, yet be one with God. To me, that basic concept is one that will help to bring about a healing within each cell of our body and within each cell of the world, which is individual people.



A Close Call

After the Temple Beautiful program, Stella began driving again, which at first felt awkward to her. An adaptation was installed in the car to enable her to drive using her left leg. She was determined that her life was going to continue as before. Little by little, driving became automatic, and she could drive as casually as she had before her amputation. She was thrilled.

About this time, Despina came to visit for a week. Her presence enabled Stella to go back to her trailer.

“I had a very strong suspicion that Despina wanted to learn about the Clinic, and to give my mother a firsthand report,” Stella admitted. “After I showed her around the Clinic, Despina was very impressed.

“However, she was too nervous to let me drive to Scottsdale for my lesson in walking, so she insisted that she sit behind the wheel. While she was driving, Dick Pickle rollerskated past us, his black hair flying in all directions from under his sailor hat. He tipped his hat and waved to us.

“Who in the world is that?’ Despina asked.

“That’s him, my prosthetist,’ I answered.

“Despina looked so shocked, that I nearly had to take over the wheel.”

At the fitting, Dick told Stella that when she had a problem with her prosthesis, it was up to him to fit her properly. He kept his word, Stella stated, and he tirelessly made as many adjustments as she needed.

Stella took her first steps with a crutch under each arm and with Dick following open-armed behind her.

“Sometimes,” Stella remembers honestly, “I wanted to give up,

because I was terribly afraid of falling; but Dick always encouraged me to go on.”

After accompanying Stella to the prosthetist, Despina was very pleased with Dick. Stella explained to Despina just how sensitive Dick really was. He never called her shorter leg a “stump,” because he respected her feelings. And he never acted annoyed with her, no matter how many times she had to come back.

After a week, Despina left with a lighter heart, knowing that Stella was in good hands.

After Despina had returned to Florida, Stella had a few days on her own, and she was pleased with how well she could manage. The friendly people in the trailer park knocked at her door from time to time to see how she was doing. One lady, who grew her own vegetables, often left some outside her door. The handyman of the park insisted that Stella call on him whenever she needed help. Stella was well aware that this was not part of his job, but that he wished only to aid her in whatever way he could.

“George and Margie and Dick Uhl flew out to see me. They took me for another C/T Scan and to the doctor for blood tests. The C/T Scan showed twenty-five percent less cancer than the last one, which had shown a ten percent reduction. We were ecstatic!

“To celebrate, we took a trip to Sedona and proceeded to Flagstaff to visit Athena. I realized that I could travel anywhere—provided I had my prosthesis, a wheelchair, crutches, and a shower seat. At last I could see the rainbow beyond the dark clouds.

“A week after George, Margie, and Dick left, I went to Athena’s graduation. I was very proud of my daughter. In spite of all the time that she had taken from school to be with me, Athena still graduated near the top of her class. At that moment, I so wished that George could have been at my side to share my joy.”



After Athena's graduation, Brad Steiger had some additional questions for her:

Now that you are a dental hygienist with a bent toward holistic work, does your father feel that you made career choices of your own free will, or that you were influenced by your mother?

Athena Andres:

I would say that he probably thinks both! But he respects me now, because I have gone on to earn a Ph.D. He knows that I can get jobs with people who respect me.

Being around people like the McGareys, who have their orthodox M.D.s and who are into holistic medicine and Cayce medicine, had to light the road for your father.

Yes, but not tremendously.

I suppose, though, that at the beginning of their relationship he might have held the McGareys a little suspect because they were M.D.s with "bizarre" extra-curricular interests.

Yes, Brad, that would certainly be true!

Tell me, do you think there may have been any elements in your mother's early church environment that may have contributed to her healing?

I don't really know.

Were you reared Greek Orthodox?

Yes, I used to go to church, but I rebelled.

Does your father still go to church?

Well, he goes when we go. Sometimes we will go at Easter and other church holidays.

As you were a child growing up, then, church was not really that important to you? It wasn't an integral part of your life?

Well, I had to go every Sunday. I went to Sunday School, but I didn't like it.

What about your parents? Did they go?

My father always went with me. My mother would go sometimes, but she wouldn't come every Sunday.

After graduation, Athena took a job as a dental hygienist in Camp Verde, two hours' drive north of Phoenix, and moved in with Stella. With Athena working three days a week, the time Stella spent alone increased her confidence.

She saw Dick Pickle at least once a week. Because her leg was constantly changing, Stella needed frequent alterations. She was also making great progress walking.

One day Stella headed for the Clinic to show Dr. Gladys and Edna Germain her achievements. When she arrived, she noticed a crowd around Dr. Gladys' office, and she joined the people to observe little Luke, walking for the first time.

"Initially, I saw Luke McClary when he was one and a half years old. His father was carrying him, and Luke's little head was hanging to one side.

"Luke had severe Down's Syndrome, and my heart bled for both child and parent.

"Each year, when I came back to Phoenix, I saw enormous improvement in Luke, which I knew had been brought about through the Clinic and The Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential in Philadelphia. Most of all, of course, I knew the healing process had been accelerated by the love and the support of his family.

"I forgot all about myself in my excitement for Luke, but the next time I came to the Clinic, everybody noticed that I was no longer in a wheelchair."

Stella went to Dr. Gladys' office, and they talked for quite some time. When Dr. Gladys didn't remark about Stella's mobility, she said, "Dr. Gladys, you didn't notice I'm walking!"

Dr. Gladys answered, “Stella, I never think of you as *not* walking.”

Every time Dr. Gladys saw Stella in any part of the Clinic, she would stop and examine her neck. She never failed to say something encouraging to Stella, such as, “Oh, the lymph nodes are getting smaller!”

Without such positive reinforcement, Stella doubts if she could have worked as hard as she did toward her healing.

“My progress was exceptional. My toes were completely healed, and there was only a little lymphoma left.

“I had vowed not to go home before I was completely healed. But here it was mid-August, and I began to feel guilty about being away from George for so long.”

One night, as Stella slept in her trailer, she awoke with a tightness in her chest.

Recognizing the symptoms of asthma, she awakened Athena and asked her to take her to the hospital for a breathing treatment, which in the past, had always brought relief.

“This time it had no effect, and I got worse. While I fought for air, they wheeled me upstairs and admitted me. I was in intensive care on a life-support system. My vital signs were failing.”

Stella does not remember any of the terrible details of that attack.

“Later, Athena told me what had happened; how she had called Edna Germain, who came immediately, but who was not permitted to see me because she was a nurse practitioner and not a physician. Edna could only wait outside the room.

“Athena called Dean, a friend from New York to stay with her. They held hands and prayed.

“The only memory I have is of Dean calling my name and stroking my arm.

After all the intense stress that they had been under, George and Athena went back to the mobile home in exhaustion. Edna Germain, who had never given up her vigil, even though she hadn't been allowed near Stella, went home, greatly relieved.

The next thing Stella knew, Dr. Gladys' hands were on her. She examined Stella and announced, "The lymphoma is gone! You permitted this asthma attack in order to get the lymphocytes and your whole immune system working harder in order to get rid of the cancer."

Even though Dr. Gladys was not on the hospital staff, she had come to see Stella. The wonderful news that she had shared now had only to be confirmed.

The first meal that the hospital served Stella was pork cooked with apples, lemon meringue pie, and a cup of coffee. She couldn't even look at it, and she was so grateful when George and Athena brought her clear soup.

"Athena said later that when she would come into the room, I would begin fighting and pulling at the wires attached to me. She felt that I was desperately asking for her help. The doctors thought that her presence was damaging, and insisted that Athena stay out of the room.

"The doctors told Athena that my chances for survival were slim and that it was 'up to God now.'

"Athena called George. He took the first plane out of New York to Phoenix, and Athena met him at the airport. Together, they called the doctor at the hospital, fearing the worst.

"The doctor reported that *my condition had completely reversed itself!*

"Athena asked him, 'When did this happen?'

"The doctor said that it had happened at the exact time that George's plane had landed in Phoenix!"

A few days later Dean Wolk came to visit her and brought her some chicken soup that he had prepared in the “medical” tradition of the Jewish people.

Now that the emergency was over, the doctors at the hospital decided to take a C/T Scan. As Dr. Gladys had pronounced, *the lymphoma was gone!*

The staff could not accept such a new reality and went on a search that kept Stella in the hospital for three weeks and seriously weakened her. She had to fast continuously for the endless tests to which they subjected her. As a result, she lost a lot of weight.

“My weight loss caused a drastic change in my leg, and my prosthesis became too large. I phoned Dick Pickle and told him my problem.

“He came to the hospital, flung the artificial leg over his shoulder and left with the limb in that position, passing the astonished staff.”

Despite her dramatic healing, Stella was looking worse than ever. When Fred and Michiko, her Buddhist neighbors, heard the condition that she was in, they came to the hospital to see her. Stella, Fred, and Michiko chanted together, “*Name-myoho-range-kyo.*”

Everyone stared at them as if they were insane, but they went right on chanting.

“When I was alone in the hospital, I tried to watch television, but I found it very hard to concentrate,” Stella said. “One day, I decided to watch cartoons, but the television was a blur. On top of everything else, I thought I needed new glasses!

“I took my glasses off and was able to see Bugs Bunny *perfectly.*

“After wearing glasses since childhood for nearsightedness, suddenly I no longer needed them! Aside from everything else, *my vision had improved.*”

The doctors could find nothing wrong with Stella, so she was finally discharged.

After her release, George took her to the Clinic. Stella was so emaciated that some of the staff couldn't recognize her; but Dr. Gladys with her usual bright outlook said, "Doesn't Stella look great?"

Quietly, however, Dr. Gladys did tell George that she wanted Stella near the Clinic.

As Stella and George were leaving the Clinic, Eryca Bauer, the director of Oak House, was getting out of her car. Stella knew by her reaction that she was shocked by her appearance.

After George explained that they were looking for a nearby motel, Eryca said, "I'll take her to Oak House."

"God was with me again," Stella reflected, "because Eryca very seldom came to the Clinic."

"George felt that he could leave now and go back to his much neglected work in New York."

Suzanne, a good friend, came with Stella to Oak House to help Eryca with her care. Eryca made certain that Stella had something to eat every couple of hours.

Suzanne stayed with Stella while Athena worked, then Athena took over.

"With the excellent care I got from Eryca and the girls, I regained most of my strength within ten days, and I departed from Oak House, leaving Eryca time to prepare for the next program."

Stella's dear friend Lillian Nicholas called from New York and said that she was coming to take care of her until she was ready to go home. Dr. Gladys still wanted Stella near the Clinic, so Athena and she rented an efficiency apartment. The next day, they picked up Lillian at the airport.

"We stopped at the service station to pick up my car, and

because I was still insecure about driving at night, Athena gave Lillian the job,” Stella recalled. “We followed Athena to the motel, and when we arrived, Lillian was shaking.”

“What’s the matter?” Stella asked.

Lillian answered, “I lost my bifocals and the optometrist talked me into a new four lens model. *I can’t see a thing.*”

“Oh, Lillian, I’m sorry. Why did you drive?”

“Well, you couldn’t do it, and Athena couldn’t drive two cars. That left me. We got here safely and that’s all that matters.”

“I laughed so,” Stella said. “Lillian was also the friend who had driven across country with me years before with only a learner’s permit. When Lillian is needed, nothing stops her!”

When they were settled, Lillian told Athena and Stella that a few weeks before Stella had the asthma attack and landed in the hospital, Lillian’s mother said, “Stella is going to need you, Lillian. Get ready to go to Arizona.”

Lillian was surprised, because she knew that Stella was coming home shortly. But when George had told her that she was in the hospital again, Lillian remembered her mother’s premonition and came to Arizona.

Every morning, Lillian got up and juiced carrots for Stella and made them breakfast. When Stella thanked her for what she was doing for her, Lillian replied, “But Stella, this is wonderful. I feel like I’m on vacation.”

“Lillian stayed with me for three weeks, and by that time I was strong enough to go back to New York.

“Before we left, I went to see Hal, and he gave me a beautiful crystal which he had energized. Hal told me to hold it in my hand so that my energy would also be part of this crystal.”

Cayce reading 2285-1 says:

As to the elemental influences having to do with the entity’s

experience — we find that the crystal as a stone, or any white stone, has a helpful influence — if carried about the body; not as an omen, not merely as a “good luck piece” or “good luck charm” but these vibrations that are needed as helpful influences for the entity are well to be kept close about the body.

12 Triumph!

When Stella and Lillian arrived in New York, George met them at the airport. George and Stella were so happy to be together in their own home once again. The joyful homecoming was such a marked contrast to the terrible time before Stella had left, when her very survival had been at stake. Only six months before, George had been afraid to leave her alone in the house. Now, Stella was mistress of her own home once again.

They went to see Dr. Sarg, Stella's oncologist from St. Vincent's Hospital.

"I had sent him my C/T Scans from Phoenix, but he hadn't seen me personally for six months," Stella recalled. "He looked at my toes, then up at me, then down at my toes and back up at me. All of this took place in silence."

"Dr. Sarg," Stella said, "Say something!"

"I don't know what to say," he answered as he shook his head.

"I told you that I was going to come back well," Stella answered.

Dr. Sarg examined her and told her, "I'm not ordering any more tests. I see that you *are* well."

Dr. Michael Sarg:

I am licensed as a medical doctor in the State of New York, and practice medical oncology and hematology in New York City at St. Vincent's Hospital. I am board-certified in both of these disciplines. I met Stella Andres originally in November of 1979, and have been following her case with great interest through to the present time. [January, 1986]

It is a matter of record that in November, 1979 she was hospitalized (acutely) for care of a gangrenous right extremity

which was thought to be due to peripheral vascular disease. During that admission she was found to have histologic evidence, on careful study, of a widespread malignancy. Mrs. Andres was found to have malignant lymphoma, non-Hodgkins type, based on a biopsy of an inter-abdominal lymph node, a cervical lymph node, and a bone-marrow biopsy. The best characterization of this in 1979 was a malignant lymphoma, small, lymphocytic, diffuse, by architecture. At that time it was not possible, for technical reasons, to perform T and B cell studies, but this would be classified as a classical B cell lymphoma by current terminology. At the time she was acutely ill with her vascular process and it was elected to defer any specific therapy of the lymphoma.

During the interval since, I have seen Mrs. Andres on numerous occasions. There has been a complete clinical disappearance of any manifestation of this tumor. Initially in November of 1979, she had multiple peripheral lymph nodes, including a three centimeter cervical gland, multiple mid-abdominal masses, that were reproducible on physician's examination. These are no longer evident.

I know of no specific therapy that has been given to Mrs. Andres of a conventional type that could have accounted for this phenomenon. Under my care she never received any medication specifically thought of as an anti-neoplastic agent; she never received any cortico steroids. She is seen by me at intervals during her stays in New York, and remains an entirely functional person with no physical evidence of malignant lymphoma. At the last visit a complete chemistry profile was entirely normal, as was the complete blood count.

Dr. Louis J. Sanfilippo, Chairman of Therapeutic Radiology Associates, Livingston, New Jersey, also recalls Stella's case. *Could you tell me when you first began interacting with Stella?*

Dr. Louis J. Sanfilippo:

Stella is my second son's godmother, so we've known the Andrees for over thirty years.

I can tell what I know about her case; I was never involved professionally in her care, nor did I review any of her x-rays, pathology reports, surgical notes, or details of her physical examination. My information was primarily second hand, recalled from memory, and derived from discussions with Dr. Sarg, George and Stella. However, I did make some obvious visual observations of my own. What happened was, George called me in the fall of '79, I think it was November; and I was told that Stella had a blue toe, an ulcer on her toe, that wasn't healing, and that she also had an aneurysm of the aorta that needed vascular surgery, and they asked my advice. She had her work-up in some hospital out in Queens. I have forgotten which one, but I said, "Stella, that is major surgery, why don't you come into Manhattan?"

I suggested St. Vincent's, which is associated with New York University, so they did take her in there. She was admitted, and they worked her up, and they found that she did indeed have a blue toe and an ulcer on it, showing vascular changes. The question was, what else was going on?

They found out that the big masses in her abdomen turned out to be large lymph nodes.

They also found that she had large lymph nodes in the rest of her body. In fact, in the neck they were visible. She had had them for several months, and she hadn't paid much attention to them. She said that they were slowly enlarging.

They took a node out of her neck, and the biopsy diagnosed it as malignant lymphoma. Then they found that the disease had spread to her bone marrow.

In other words, Stella had what we call a stage four

lymphosarcoma, similar to a lymphatic leukemia, except that I do not believe that her white count was elevated. She had involvement of body as well as the bone marrow.

In the meantime, her foot got progressively worse, and they tried a couple of things to put more blood supply to her foot. They tried what we call an angioplasty, which is a radiological procedure in which they try to dilate the artery to the leg by putting a balloon in it and blowing it up. This was unsuccessful. Then they did a vascular by-pass where they brought some blood from under the armpit down to the groin and tried to get an improved blood supply to the leg. This also was unsuccessful.

So Stella wound up undergoing three amputations. They did two amputations below the knee; when these were unsuccessful and more gangrene set in, they had to resect more tissue, and she wound up with an above-the-knee amputation. She was in the hospital for over three months.

Now there was this hematologist, Dr. Sarg. I spoke to him, a nice man. He had made the case that actually Stella's leg problem, this vascular problem that she was having, should take precedence over treating the lymphosarcoma. From his viewpoint, that of the chemotherapist, and the hematologist, the lymphoma was a chronic problem, evolving slowly. We could keep an eye on that. It was his contention that we get the circulation to the leg improved first, so he stayed in the background.

At the same time, her left foot started to show vascular changes. I saw it with my own eyes. The left leg and the toes of the foot were getting bluish discoloration. The question was, perhaps she needed a double amputation.

At this point Stella said, "The heck with it! I am not going to do it! I'm going to cure myself."

Stella said to get her to the A.R.E. Clinic. And she did go there.

She had had asthma, as you know, which had been a pretty bad thing. When she got the attacks, she used to have to go to the emergency room, very short of breath. She would have a half a dozen a year, and the ambulance would have to come out.

Well, she had been taught this biofeedback technique at the A.R.E. Clinic, so she had got over the asthma herself.

When Stella lived in Arizona, she was seen by this Dr. Gladys McGarey. George sent me the report of a C/T Scan of her abdomen by a radiologist in Phoenix, who said that the lymph nodes in the abdomen were disappearing. I was surprised at that and pleased.

Then I was informed that the foot looked better. It was getting pink. Stella was on a special diet, and she would do these mental things wherein she would imagine she was a roto-rooter, opening up her vessels.

We know there is some basis for such techniques. We've learned that you can affect the blood supply of an extremity, apparently by mental processes, such as the yogis do. Stella was learning these things and doing them. Just as the yogis, apparently she was able to make temperature changes with her mind techniques, which controlled the autonomic nervous system, I guess.

At any rate, the nodes were disappearing. As I said, I'm an oncologist, and I know that spontaneous remission of lymphoma can occur. It is quite rare. It is usually incomplete, and usually the disease recurs.

But Stella continued to improve. When I saw her again, when she had come back from Arizona, she was far improved. Her color was better. She had lost some weight. She was walking

with her artificial leg, and she said, "You know I am determined to lick this thing."

Then she had another episode, a bizarre thing. I know the surgeon involved; I know the staff that used to work there.

Stella had abdominal obstructive symptoms, and she was admitted to St. Vincent's. Her surgeon thought that she probably had lymphoma involving the bowel, which is what happens. Lymphoma will not only stay in the lymph nodes, it will go into the bowel itself. He thought she should have emergency surgery.

Stella took over again, and said, "I know my body, and that is not what it is. I am just going to overcome it mentally."

She refused the operation; and to everyone's amazement, the whole process cleared up, and she was discharged a couple days later.

Now, these are first rate doctors. Her surgeon is very conservative and never recommends an operation unless it is absolutely necessary. In his highly considered opinion, Stella must have had a serious bowel obstruction. Whatever she did, whatever it was, it disappeared.

Dr. Sarg continues to be amazed, as far as I know. He is a good man, very open-minded and intelligent; really exceptional. He stands by as Stella does these things. In fact, I think he or his nurse has had her talk to a couple of groups.

Stella has gone for five and one half years without treatment. I am told Dr. Sarg is amazed. I certainly am amazed.

What is your assessment at this point? How do you feel about this?

My assessment is that the remission of the lymphoma is really amazing. Although let's postulate that the mind can produce such changes in the body by alterations in the body chemistry. I myself have seen a lymph node shrink and then

disappear. I have measured them and am ready to treat them, then the patient comes back and the nodes are gone.

But every single case of spontaneous nodal remission that I have seen in my career over the past thirty-five years doesn't last very long. Usually the nodes stay away for a few months, and then they reappear.

Stella's is the longest remission I have seen. I have never seen such a dramatic one.

She had not just one node. Her abdomen was full of nodes which were also present elsewhere in her body.

Now I see her socially and she looks terrific. The nodes, the lumps in her neck that you could see, have disappeared — at least to the naked eye and to the C/T Scan reports that I have received.

I find this very surprising, and very, very rare as far as my medical experience is concerned.

The second part, to tell you the truth, I find more amazing.

The left foot was blue. I saw it myself. The toes were blue, and just like the other foot, it was going to go. They would have to take it off. That foot changed completely. It is normal now.

She had studies that showed she had vascular blockage. I don't know how she accomplished that!

This woman was ready to undergo amputation at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York. She had had a complete workup, angiograms, C/T Scans, et cetera. They felt they *had* to take her leg off.

Facing a double amputation, Stella said, "I am finished. I will not have it. I would rather die!"

I find that truly remarkable. There may be an alternate explanation; but the explanation that I know of is that *what she is doing really works*.

Have you investigated the Edgar Cayce material, doctor?

I get some literature from the Clinic. In fact, I contribute to the Clinic. I have not investigated deeply. I have read some of what they have sent me.

I certainly would not say that the A.R.E. Clinic is a quack clinic. I think Dr. Gladys is an M.D., if I am not mistaken.

Oh, yes, both she and her husband are M.D.s.

The A.R.E. Clinic has a holistic approach. I believe they feel there are parts of the whole, functioning body that are missed by regular, orthodox therapy.

Their total management of Stella was very good. They held back on the chemotherapy when they saw the lymph nodes regressing. But they were prepared to use chemotherapy if necessary.

Stella said the therapy she got for her leg was fantastic. The fellow who gave her the instructions on how to walk with her prosthesis was with her and was practically a member of the family for a month, or whatever, and taught her how to use it.

She got constant encouragement and reassurance. She was seen regularly by physicians, competent physicians, who reversed these processes — or observed them — and guided her.

I really don't know any more about it than that. I never spoke to Dr. Gladys.

Every month the A.R.E. sends me something, and some of it does sound like religious testimonials of those who were cured.

I want to say that I am skeptical, since I haven't seen all these things; but I will tell you, Stella made a believer out of me! She is amazing. Five and one-half years with remission of far-advanced lymphoma, and also a reversal of an impending gangrene of the foot — without any specific medical therapy.

So, I must say that she has convinced me that there is something to holistic medicine.

There is validity to the approach.

Let me say that I think that there is validity to the approach. I don't know the reasons. In fact, I don't really know much about holistic medicine.

Seven or eight years ago, I heard a talk by a gynecologist from the University of Arizona who said that they had a biofeedback clinic at the University where they were measuring muscular tension and putting probes in the forehead and different muscles of the body. They were able to show that tension could be reduced by biofeedback training. People who know how can actually change their skin temperatures and increase blood flow. So there is scientific evidence. But I am speaking superficially, because I am not conversant with this field.

But to reverse a lymphoma and a vascular obstruction — which I am told was demonstrated by x-ray — are remarkable accomplishments. That is what I think is so unique. That makes the story right there.

It would seem to indicate, would it not, that, yes, stress and tension control are demonstrable, but here Stella has demonstrated yet another application.

Exactly, that is the way I would put it — another dimension of the holistic approach. She has shown that an organic disease can be reversed.

Stella is a very special lady to us; and I will tell you, she taught me a lot about guts.

If you could only have seen what she was going through. Everyday, doctors telling her, "Well, let's cut off the other one!" And she said, "The heck with all of you. I can heal myself."

She came out of that hospital, and she was determined. I have known Stella for thirty years, but I saw a side of her that I didn't even know she had.

The A.R.E. Clinic must be a wonderful place. I haven't been there, but they are apparently the kindest, nicest people there are.

Would you have any problems with my quoting you, doctor?

No, you may quote me. As I said, I am an orthodox physician. I told you what my normal reactions were, and her case is certainly a unique one. However, I would caution patients, especially with malignant disease, about the risk of courting disaster, if they bypass orthodox and effective therapy in lieu of holistic medicine. To my mind holistic medicine may play a supportive role in some cases but its place has yet to be clearly defined.

Dr. Sarg told Stella that the psychiatric nurse who had spoken to George and to her while she was in St. Vincent's had continually asked about Stella and wanted her to get in touch with her. When she called her, the nurse expressed enormous joy upon learning that Stella was cured. Then she asked Stella if she would give a class on Holistic Health. Stella consented.

At the next meeting, Stella got up in front of a roomful of people and told her personal story. She summed up her experiences by outlining the principles of Holistic Healing:

1. Mind, body, and spirit cannot be separated.
2. The patient is part of the healing, not the object of it.
3. The physician is a partner or guide for the patient, not a miracle worker.
4. Effort must be made to prevent disease, not just to treat it.
5. Stress plays a big part in illness.

6. It's more important to treat the underlying disease than to alleviate symptoms.
7. Illness is an adventure in consciousness and an opportunity for psychological and spiritual growth. It can be viewed as a true adventure that leads to greater awareness and enlightenment.

“More people know about the holistic point of view today than they did in 1980,” Stella commented. “At that time, the audience listened intently to understand this unconventional approach. Yet Cayce, decades before in his reading number 1196-7, with which I closed my talk, said:

Know that all healing forces must be within, not without! The applications from without are to create within a coordinating mental and spiritual force. Set the mind to believe in something, and let that be creative — as we have indicated, it must be of a spiritual nature.

“I have returned to St. Vincent’s hospital a victor, instead of a victim. The nurses and therapists were so interested in my healing that over the next couple of years, I came back to the hospital to teach two more classes.

“One of them was a class in relaxation. I taught the group the autogenics that I use while doing biofeedback.

“When I returned to give my next class, this time in color therapy, a ‘relaxation therapist,’ told me that she used the autogenics that I had taught in my previous class and had found them to be the most effective for her patients.”

Privately, Stella continued her weekly “Search for God” group, and her life moved back to normal.

She went to a wedding, and while dancing in George’s arms, she felt as though she were soaring to the heavens. What a triumph!

“I remembered telling myself before my plane took off from New York that when I came back from the Clinic, I would be dancing.

Like the mythological bird, the Phoenix, I arose from the ashes of despair.”

The following year, 1981, Stella returned to Phoenix in time for the A.R.E. Clinic’s annual symposium. Edna Germain presented Stella’s entire medical history, and Stella herself gave a short talk. George had come to listen.

At the end of Stella’s presentation, Dr. Gladys had George stand up. She recalled the sacrifices that he had made during Stella’s healing, and George had tears in his eyes.

Dr. Bill whispered to Stella, “I think we got to George this time.”

After the A.R.E. symposium, Stella decided to deal with the pain that she had retained in her arm from the useless by-pass. Every time she rolled over in bed, the pain awakened her. She had limited use of the arm.

“When I went for E.T.A., I saw an angry red inside my arm where the pain was. Then, I saw myself shrinking to a tiny size where I was able to enter my arm and ‘sweep’ the red away with a broom.

“In conjunction with E.T.A. and visualization, I asked Dr. Gladys to give me acupuncture treatments. The pain disappeared, but I still had little mobility in the arm, so I went to the Clinic’s osteopath. Also, I took Jin Shin Jyutsu which is a form of meridian massage.

“Finally, my arm is back to normal. It seems that there is an answer to nearly everything — if you look for it.”

During this stay, Stella needed a new socket for her prosthesis and found to her great disappointment that Dick Pickle had retired. A new prosthetist was recommended, and after much difficulty, they were able to work together.

“While my leg was shrinking, which it did initially, air got into the prosthesis when I walked and made embarrassing noises,” Stella recalled with a chuckle. “When I was out with George,

and this happened, I would say loudly, "Oh, George, how could you!"

In 1982, after Stella returned from Phoenix, she had become more critical of her walk. At first she had been so happy to walk at all that she had not been bothered by her limp. Now, it became important to her to correct it.

"I heard about the Alexander Technique, and just as I had known intuitively years ago that holistic medicine was my answer, so I knew that this technique would improve my walk.

"While visiting my friend Rochelle Natt, I mentioned the technique. Joan, a woman who was also visiting her, told me that she knew of an Alexander Technique instructor, a former dancer who had lost his leg fighting in the Israeli War of Independence. The connection to one of my past lives was obvious to me, so I called Oded Levy for an appointment.

"The Alexander Technique is another method of aligning the body. I did so well with it, that I was able to give up my crutch. Outdoors, I walk with a cane for extra security; indoors, I don't use anything.

"George made a cane for me by taking a brass mallard head and mounting it on a stick, which he painted a dull gold. When I use it, I think of "Sassy," the name Athena calls me, because it certainly is audacious.

"I always see a brighter future for myself. Recently, I heard of a bionic artificial leg and wrote to The Moss Rehabilitation Engineering Hospital in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to receive information. The pamphlet they sent me said:

An amputee still has the electrical messages from the brain. The only thing he doesn't have is the limb. Researchers are trying to transmit the body's own messages artificially to computer receptors in the leg. Electrodes are put in a plastic socket that covers the leg. The artificial leg will be able to move on com-

mand from the brain, just as a natural one does.

“Science fiction? No. The prediction is for about five years from now.

I expect to be running someday.”

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A Time Remembered

Stella's friend Bernice Minotello remembers her as being always upbeat, never beaten, regardless of what pain she was in. When Bernice would visit her in the hospital, Stella would always have on makeup. She would be looking in good shape, acting pleasant, happy, and cheery — even though she had to be in a great deal of pain.

Although Bernice was not greatly familiar with alternate healing methods, she began through Stella to explore these techniques. She went to Virginia Beach where the Cayce Foundation exists, and she also accompanied Stella to Phoenix and took a number of courses and instructional material so that she could better understand her friend's plight.

Bernice recalls how Stella kept saying that she wanted to go to Arizona. She knew that if she went to Arizona she would be cured of her illness.

George became frustrated about this, because Stella did not yet have a prosthesis for her leg; and all of her friends began to think this was very strange. But Stella insisted that she had to go to Phoenix.

Bernice said that it became like a pilgrimage for Stella. She just seemed to know that when she went out to the A.R.E. Clinic in Arizona that she would get well. And, as Bernice said, "That is the way it happened."

Bernice said that because of her friend's experiences, she has tried to adjust her own diet, take vitamins and supplements, adapt to a high fiber diet, and follow some of the same techniques that Stella does so that they will serve her in a preventive sense.

While preparing this book, Stella asked for memories from her friends.

Bernice, a friend of thirty-seven years, wrote to Stella:

There were parts of that time that were unknown to you. We were very down and fearful of your future. The doctors made everything sound hopeless. We never brought our despair back into your room. We only brought hope and good cheer, because that is what you gave to us.

Stella's sister-in-law **Ann** wrote:

You were a pleasure to visit. You were always well-groomed and looked pretty, even when you had lost a lot of weight. In spite of your serious illness, you behaved as if you were well. You never complained or asked, "why me?" You always had a positive attitude. Instead of asking, "How will I manage without my leg?" you always spoke of what you were going to do.

George bought you a pair of sandals. Both you and George always believed that one day, you would somehow walk in them.

When you and I went for a walk and I pushed your wheelchair, a tall doctor with glasses came up to us and said, "You know, you're still a very sick woman and you really must have chemotherapy to treat the lymphoma after you recuperate."

When we got back to your room, George was there. You asked him, "George, am I going to die?"

"No, Stella," he answered.

"Are you sure, George?"

"I'm sure. I won't let you die."

George was great throughout the whole ordeal. He always made you laugh. I think he would have done anything for you,

even change places with you if he could. He was always cheery.

I remember you sitting in bed and we were talking about your leg. You asked me, "Do you want to see it?" You really caught me off guard. I laughed and said, "Yes." You showed me what was left of your leg and how you could lift it. You said it fascinated you because it was so short.

We both sat there laughing while you lifted your leg up and down.

When the surgeon came in and asked to speak to you privately, you told him he could say anything while I was there. He broke the news that you required further surgery, an amputation above the knee.

I was stunned. You were, too. Well, that was the first time and only time I saw you cry, but not for long. You turned to me and said, "It's only a leg, right Ann? That's all it is." You pulled out a little box of vitamins and took some.

When the doctor left the room you asked me if I thought your illness was hopeless. I swore to you then that I never, at any time, felt that you were in any danger, even with the gangrene and the cancer. I knew deep inside that you would pull through. I always said, "Stella is gonna be all right. She's going to make it." When I swore to you about my optimism, you told me that you weren't allowing anyone near you who was depressing or discouraging you. I was glad I passed the test.



Lillian Nicholas, who introduced Stella to the works of Edgar Cayce, accompanied Stella on her second trip to Phoenix and underwent a complete program of study in preventive medicine.

Later, when Stella was very weak and unable to take care of herself the way she might like, George asked if Lillian would go

out to Phoenix to serve as a companion, a nurse, and an aide in order to help her get back on her feet. Lillian replied that she was considering doing that, anyway. George gratefully responded, "Well, let it be my treat!"

Because of her background, Lillian never had a moment of doubt that the techniques would be successful for Stella. Certainly Lillian's unfailing, positive attitude was very supportive to Stella.

Lillian wrote this memory:

It was January 19, 1980, when they did a third amputation. It was the day before your birthday, and I recall thinking, "My God, what a birthday present! They are slicing her a piece at a time."

A psychiatric nurse came into your room while George was there to speak to both of you about the psychological aspects of losing a leg. After speaking to you, she said, "You have it all together; you don't need me."

Ruth Mendez met Stella in 1949 when they worked in the same office and Stella came in as a switchboard operator. Ruth served as a secretary in that office, and she remembers Stella as being continually ill with allergies and sinus trouble. She finds it almost impossible to believe that the healthy, vigorous Stella of today is the same Stella that she knew then.

Ruth said, quite frankly, that she didn't think Stella had the backbone to follow the type of regimen that she had; and she is astonished and pleased that her friend of so many years is doing so well and is so healthy today.

Although she now recognizes that Stella has great inner strength, Ruth was not aware at all of that in 1949. She said Stella seemed to her like the kind of person who would fold up in any kind of crisis or challenge. Now, because of Stella's

example, Ruth is “into” all of the things that Stella is; and she is practicing the diet program and the various meditations and principles of the Cayce philosophy.

Although Ruth is a Roman Catholic, she does not feel that the Cayce techniques that have brought her friend so much health could conflict in any way at all with her religious principles.

Ruth remembered:

My visits to you were high spots. Away from you, I felt low and depressed. With you, I felt uplifted and willing to leave things in God’s hands. It seemed to be the energy passing through you which made me strong.

I realized that I had been trained by you through “The Search for God” group to be a “support system” around you and that you were a recipient of your own training method — although at the time none of us ever dreamed it would be used in the way it was.

I don’t remember any sad visits to you. The laughing and fun, the Greek food George brought in, made my time with you like a kind of “party.” We turned off the laughter and jumped right into our good-night prayers when the nurse was ready to throw us out.

As Athena’s fiance, Robert Sundberg was in a unique position to observe Stella’s final miracle.

Have you always been open to things like holistic healing, Robert?

Robert Sundberg:

No, not at all. As a matter of fact, since I am trained as a dentist, my feelings were pretty traditional. I had not been open to holistic medicine at all. My dad was a dentist, and it was hard for me to open up to alternative healing techniques

and to believe that was something that they really did, that it really worked. But now I am pretty much sold on the whole idea. In fact, I am kind of going in another direction. Stella's experience kind of changed my life, too, I guess.

So you were seeing this all in something of an objective observer capacity?

At first I wasn't sure.

Then a little bit of experimental interest grew?

Yes. I can't say that I was put off by it. When Athena told me that her mother had gone through the A.R.E. Clinic and had healed herself naturally, I said, well, yes. But I just didn't take it seriously — until I really started to see what had happened.

I suppose to make a generalization (which one never should, but sometimes they are valid), dentists probably don't see some of the dramatic healing stories and encounter those kinds of raw emotion and drama like an M.D. would.

I think that would be fair to say.

If someone said, "I will just meditate. I don't need the novacaine," you would probably look upon such an assertion as somebody's ability to think away pain.

Right.

But someone coming in saying she had just cured lymphatic cancer, and that she had done it through work done by a man who had been dead for thirty years, who went into trance and uttered certain remedies, might take you back a little bit.

Yes, it is a different ballgame. That is pretty close to what the story was.

When did your relationship with Athena begin? When did you come into the picture?

About four years ago this fall.

So you were there for some of the final, dramatic healing energies.

Some, but really, Stella had mostly already healed herself, gone through everything. She had already healed herself, and it was all over. I just retained a fear that it would come back, that the cancer really wasn't cured.

Did you think that she might be deluding herself?

I feared they all were! I have got over that feeling now, so the healing is getting pretty solid in my mind, too.

God forbid that a serious illness might happen in your life, but would you be favorably disposed to holistic treatment?

Yes. I would stay a little bit in-between, but I would know that holistic treatment would be a definite possibility if I could tell myself that is what I have to do and then do it.

Louis Lambris, an old and dear friend of Stella's, shared the following in August 1985:

My wife Frances and I visited Stella a few days ago. We had supper together at her home with George and a couple of friends.

I have known Stella in excess of fifty years. Actually, Stella and Tessie [Despina] were always considered in my eyes as my older sisters. I was literally "babysat" by Stella and Tessie many, many moons ago.

I must say that I find Stella today possesses certain qualities which I never dreamt she would ever achieve. I would say that if there is one overriding personality quality that she possesses today, that I have never seen before, it would be a tremendous sense of serenity, an inner peace, which I admire in many respects.

She has also taken on a much more youthful appearance. I can

honestly say that she has never looked more youthful than she has in the last three or four years. And she seems sure of herself, her youthfulness.

Stella is a very spontaneous individual, and she has an inner strength that I can only assume comes either from prayer or religion — or she has found some aspect of life that is making her very happy.

Having visited her in the hospital during the period of time when they were just about to amputate her toes (It was unknown to her at that time that they were about to go up and amputate her knee), I was amazed at her relative calmness and acceptance of the situation.

What has happened since then — with the trips to Arizona and her holistic healing and what have you — I can only say wonderful things.

Her husband George, you have to admire in his own way. I can only tell you this about George — his flippant way, his direct manner, is not something new. He has been like this for many years. He has shocked many people; he has antagonized many people; but as you get to know George, you realize that he is very consistent in his shocking ways. I find him to be humorous, very extemporaneous; and I always feel that his flippancy, his outward non-emotionalism, definitely helps Stella during her crises.

Stella is convinced that this cancer, this sickness that permeated her body, will not re-enter. She is very sure of herself.

Somehow, I view Stella as eternal life now. I look at her like the picture of Dorian Gray. There seems to be something about her that appears to be getting younger as the months go by.

LA **Toward Tomorrow**

In 1984, Stella decided to begin a Holistic Support Group at the A.R.E. Clinic. Dr. Gladys liked the idea and referred her to Harvey Grady, the director of the Clinic. Mazie Meade (who had also healed herself of cancer) joined them in their efforts. Stella explains:

“Through the Support Group, we’ve helped people deal with their illnesses by telling them our stories and by giving them information that they can use with whatever other treatment they have chosen. I work with people who are taking chemotherapy and never decry it. Healing comes from One Source — only the method varies.

“I feel very strongly in favor of holistic medicine, and I have clashed with others because of my feelings toward conventional doctors.

“After my many negative experiences with conventional medicine, I had come to hate doctors, hospitals, and clinics. After awhile, I realized that I was being prejudiced; and I tried to work it out by reviewing all the progress that had been made in medicine and how many people had been helped and cured through conventional medicine.

“The deepest feelings of insecurity that I’ve ever known were in the hospital. I’ve been in the hospital five times; and even though I was sick on each occasion, I felt as though I didn’t belong and I felt very insecure.

“After I got asthma and my father died, I became a seeker. After learning about Edgar Cayce and the A.R.E. Clinic, I discovered holistic medicine. What I learned at the Clinic saved my life. I feel I have grown the most after the age of forty-five.

“I am mostly amused by a person with a good sense of humor.

“I am antagonized by a person who always feels ‘right’ and believes everyone else to be ‘wrong’.

“Any kind of violence disgusts me.

“Children steal my sympathy in any situation that makes them unhappy.

“I admire a person who greets each day with enthusiasm and lives life to the fullest. I get along best with a person who is open, and with whom I can exchange ideas and opinions.

“To me, a friend is someone with whom I feel comfortable just being me, a person in whom I can confide, and she can confide in me. This is also the type of person with whom I am most at ease.

“My friend Lillian Nicholas influenced me greatly by giving me the Edgar Cayce books to read. After I read them, I went to the Clinic where I met Dr. Gladys and Dr. Bill. Because of their influence, I’ve had three great healings.

“I think I understand people whose ideas and tastes differ from mine.

“My physical environment, New York, influenced me greatly. I got to know many different ethnic groups and cultures; and by coming in close contact with them, I learned from them. I feel these early contacts freed me from a lot of prejudice. I live by my ethics, and this keeps me consciously comfortable.

“Psychologically, I can deal with most people on their level of consciousness and, therefore, very seldom have conflicts. What I have learned from psychology and astrology influences my understanding of others.

“My interest in nutrition helped me to heal my body. I am not an expert. I have learned enough to help myself — and hopefully a few others.

“I would like an environment of peace, love, and beauty in the future when we move into our new home in Arizona. I would

like my daughter and my family to live near us, and I would like my home to be a place where people can come and feel comfortable.

“I would like to continue to help others with my Holistic Support Group. I would also like to continue growing and learning.”

Judge Jack Clabby of the Supreme Court of the State of New York wrote the following report of Stella’s continuing expression of helping and caring for others:

At my request, Stella went to see Judge Joseph Calabretta’s wife on July 7, 1985. Mary Calabretta had had an amputation below the knee some ten years ago. She had continued to complain that her prosthesis did not fit; that there was soreness; that it was for her an ongoing problem.

When I asked Stella to visit Mary, she acted as though this were the single most important thing that she was doing. She gave a hundred percent effort.

While she talked to Mary, Joe and I were in another part of the house. I could overhear their conversation to the extent that I knew it was two-way and continuous. After an hour or so, we all got together and said our goodbyes.

What impressed me was:

1. Stella was happy to help.
2. Stella did help.
3. Stella showed interest.
4. Stella offered the woman the opportunity to talk.
5. Stella cared.

I later found out from Judge Calabretta that his wife had been comforted by the visit, and I felt good that I could be a little bit involved in caring the way that Stella cares.

“When I enter a deep meditation, I sometimes see myself on top of a mountain in a church made of stone,” Stella shared. “I go in, and I sit on a stone bench for awhile, and meditate. Then I walk up to the altar. The altar is empty, and there is an opening in the ceiling with light shining through.

“In May 1985, when I was on the E.T.A. bed at the Clinic, I experienced this again. Only this time I was dancing barefooted outside the building, wearing a sort of flimsy, short costume with a gold belt. I felt happy and free.

“For the first time, I knew that the altar inside the church was a sacrificial altar. I felt that there was a connection between the vision and my illnesses. I have a feeling that the new sense of freedom is telling me that all sickness is behind me now.”

Except for the one asthma attack that preceded her complete recovery from cancer, Stella has been symptom-free of asthma from 1977 to the present. As for her walking, Stella’s balance has become so sure that she is now able to dance the *Zembekiko*, a Hellenic dance, which is done independently of one’s partner, with arms freely flowing and fingers snapping. “Opah!” her friends cheer, as Stella moves in rhythm to the music.

Stella’s case is additionally documented by Dr. Sarg, whom she sees annually. When she saw him in July 1984, his diagnosis was, “Stella, you are in perfect health.”

In September 1985, he decreed her to be “cured.”

Stella told Dr. Sarg about her support group, and she has offered her services to his patients. He thanked her and offered his services to her “patients.”

As Stella was leaving, George asked Dr. Sarg, “How’s your patient?”

He answered, “She’s not a patient anymore. She’s a friend.”

“I have a sharply defined sense of integrity. I am most comfortable being honest and trustworthy,” Stella said.

“I believe in God, Jesus, the Virgin Mary, the power of prayer, and reincarnation. I believe that there are angels and souls on the other side who guide us. I also believe the physical body dies, but the soul does not.

“Love and friendship are most likely to develop when there is communication, acceptance, understanding, trust, forgiveness, patience, caring and sharing, and freedom.”

In her May 1983 “President’s Message” in *Holistic Medicine* the Newsletter of American Holistic Medical Association, **Dr. Gladys McGarey** addressed the issue of healing and individual responsibility:

. . . If you can understand that you are a channel through which healing moves, that your job is to contact the physician within each person to awaken the healing force in each patient, and if you do the very best job you know how to do, then you have nothing to fear.

The concept of holistic medicine brings back into focus the ancient traditions of medicine by stating that we are complete beings, body, mind, and spirit; that as a patient dies, we have not failed in our job, providing we gave the patient what he needed in the way of care. We need to meet the needs of the condition and treat the patients where they are We need to be sensitive to what that particular patient needs at that particular time.

In holistic medicine, we’re dealing with true healing, not just cures. True healing is quite different from curing a disease. A surgeon might cut out part of a stomach because of a perforated ulcer and bring about a cure; but if nothing is done about what caused the ulcer, little has been done to bring about a real healing. On the other hand, [some people] may have a disease which as the Apostle Paul said, remains a “thorn in the flesh” but because of their ability to work with

it and understand it, incorporate it into their lives in such a way that they are truly productive, then [they] may have achieved a true healing.

Holistic medicine, then, is a real awakening of the art of medicine, using science as an important tool in the practice of this ancient art . . . and as we use the modern scientific methods and instruments, we may also learn to use the traditional tools, such as acupuncture, therapeutic massage, manipulation, exercise, nutrition, imagery, meditation, and self-regulation.

As we do this, we recognize that we are humans with limited capabilities, but with potentials we have not even tapped. That we as physicians either grow and evolve as we practice our art or we get caught up in the deadly experience of fighting disease, which has no future in it but death. If, on the other hand, we work with people who live and breathe and have their being as well as some disease process, then even if death is the result of our efforts, we can know that we have not failed, for we have touched that spirit of the divine in the patient which recognizes that it is the quality of love and caring that is eternal. To truly practice our art, we must use our tools wisely and well; but it is only as we help to bring hope and forgiveness and love into the lives of those that we touch and into our own lives, that we become true physicians . . .



Years ago, in one of her first readings with Vincent Ragone, the sensitive told Stella that she would do counseling.

“Oh, would I go to school?” she wondered.

Vincent told her that additional formal education wouldn't be necessary.

“How will I do counseling then?” she persisted.

“In response,” Stella recalls, “Vincent reached up symbolically to the heavens and wordlessly pulled down the celestial answer.

“I have now written a book that I pray will comfort and inspire those men and women who suffer similar diseases. The work that I will continue to do in the support group is my way of sharing what God has so richly given me — healing in mind, body, and spirit.”

Healing . . .

The miracle of healing
 is a most beautiful feeling
 a divine gift from above . . .

The growth that occurs
 spiritually
 mentally
 physically

Is like nothing ever experienced before
This new awareness
 truly opens an exciting door
 a new dimension of life

A bright light
 shines
 everywhere

And the beauty of living
 unfolds

Stella and Athena Andres

Fighting Back! An Afterword

In a very real sense, this book could have been entitled *Fighting Back!* It seems quite likely that Stella Andres' healing actually began when, so angry with the verdict of conventional doctors that the "other leg would have to go," she resolved from that moment on to take full control of her life.

There is a general consensus slowly forming from those who research cancer survivors which indicates that those men and women who refuse to accept the "death sentence" of an official diagnosis and who become determined to fight back are those who beat the "Big C."

Interestingly, it appears that the modality which one chooses as one's personal battlefield has less to do with the healing than does one's attitude to assume control of one's personal reality. In other words, chemotherapy can work as well for one person as creative visualization can work for another.

In a very fine article in the November 1985 issue of *New Age*, Judith Glassman explores the pattern profiles of a number of cancer survivors who "beat the odds." Emphasizing the element of personal control, one of the principals in the article, Barbara Genest, advises: "People who put their lives in anybody's hands are looking for trouble. Patients must stand on their own, despite the terror."

In our contemporary, scientific society, we are, by-and-large, conditioned to place huge portions of our lives into other people's hands. Increasingly, we are asked to surrender massive chunks of personal responsibility into the detached "hands" of professional caretakers.

Since the medical practitioner has, in the eyes of so many, been elevated to the position of irrefutable high priest, a master whose pronouncements are never wrong and are never to be questioned, there are few who would do other than to walk passively into the hollow corridors of the cancer clinics to await

their fate. To the vast majority of patients who are locked into such a paradigm of medical treatment, it would be unthinkable to do anything other than to follow the doctor's prescription to the letter. Such blind obedience has cost too many men and women the last vestiges of their self-respect and dignity. At the same time, their compliance has brought them the pain and the horror of spending their last days in the unceasing nausea and deathly sickness of chemotherapy and radiation treatments.

Ms. Glassman isolates for her readers those aspects of self-will that appear to be crucial for success in cheating the finality of a cancer-diagnosed death sentence.

Positive Expectations: As we learn more about the complex chemical activity of the brain we are able to observe more clearly the rates at which the emotions can affect hormone production and how, in turn, the immune system is affected by those secretions. Positive emotions, insist many researchers, can lead to healing.

The very belief that one's actions can make a difference fosters a feeling that one can exert control over a situation which others have decreed is out of control.

Fighting Back: Such research as that conducted at John Hopkins Medical School by psychologist Leonard Derogatis and oncologist Martin Abeloff has determined that those patients who expressed their anger at having developed cancer survived longer, regardless of the fact that the "fighters" may have had the poorer prognoses. A study at London's Kings College School of Medicine and Dentistry found that, after ten years, 75 percent of mastectomy patients with a fighting spirit were still alive. Only 20 percent of those women who felt hopeless and helpless had survived.

Taking an Active Role in the Therapy: Those who survive against the odds are those who do not place themselves blindly into the hands of doctors. Those who insist on becoming

involved in their therapy — by conducting their own research, by selecting their own methods, by assisting in the treatment — have the greatest chance of living.

Assuming a Belief in the Chosen Therapy: Whether it be castor oil packs or chemotherapy, the cancer survivors must always believe passionately in the method of their choice being able to accomplish the task of healing.

Dr. Carl Simonton discovered early in his pioneering research that “. . . a positive attitude toward treatment was a better predictor of response to treatment than was the severity of the disease . . . patients who had very serious prognoses but positive attitudes did better than patients who had relatively less serious prognoses but negative attitudes. In addition, patients who began to view their treatments positively often reported reduced side effects.”

Maintaining Determination Throughout the Therapy: It is those, like Stella Andres, who stick to the accepted regimen with complete discipline, never erring, never doubting, never yielding to pain, exhaustion, nausea, or despair, who have the greatest chance of achieving the goal of full recovery.

One cannot overlook the almost archetypal significance of the pilgrimage in healing. For centuries, human beings have embarked upon ritual journeys to accomplish either spiritual or physical healings. Stella Andres was convinced that she had to travel to Phoenix to achieve her complete cure. New York was, in her mind, death; Phoenix, like the mythological bird, was resurrection rising from the ashes.

Dr. Bernard Siegel, Yale University surgeon, who incorporates emotional and psychological factors into his treatment, states that he used to discourage those patients who wished to travel long distances for his therapy. But now, he admits, he tells them, “The farther you come, the more likely you are to get better.”

Love and Support: Researchers indicate that many cancer survivors have testified that they have strong life companions who forcefully — not at all in a soft, coddling way — stated that they would not permit their mates to die.

In almost every case, the spouses or companions of the survivors were powerful individuals who expressed “tough love.”

Surely one cannot help thinking of George Andres as our specific case in point. Although most people are at first somewhat taken aback by his burly appearance and his ostensibly brusque manner, those who remain to observe the man more carefully are unanimous in their recognition of his great love for his wife and of his ceaseless support of her healing regimen.

Dr. Bernard Siegel is bold enough to maintain that “unconditional love is scientific.”

Although a recent report carried in the June 13, 1985, issue of *New England Journal of Medicine* expresses the consensus of naysayers in the orthodox medical community that social and psychological factors do not influence survival time or time to relapse, the common experience of countless men and women cries out against the assertion that the will to live is “largely folklore.” For centuries, human beings have tested the thesis that positive mental attitudes comprise the best tonic for minor ailments; and for just as long, the exceptional spiritual warriors have demonstrated that the will to live can enable them to survive the most destructive and fatal of diseases.

As Dr. Carl Simonton and Stephanie Simonton-Atchley have commented: “Since emotional states contribute to illness, they can also contribute to health.

“By acknowledging your own participation in the onset of disease, you acknowledge your power to participate in regaining your health, and you have also taken the first step toward getting well again.”

There is a tremendous power of healing that exists for each of us to utilize. And, as we have learned through Stella's example, it is a power that can be self-directed and truly effective.

Somehow, in a manner that we cannot yet understand, there is a process inherent in each of us that permits our minds to establish a linkup with the life force and then to focus it in ways that will most benefit the physical body in which our spirit-essence is housed. And as we have further learned through the interaction of Stella with the personnel at the A.R.E. Clinic, the sharing of love and compassion intensifies the process to accomplish true miracles of healing.

It is my fervent wish that this present book might in some way provoke orthodox medical researchers to seek out ways in which the source of such healing power might be better defined and made applicable for everyone. Truly, as we have seen, all methods of healing can have their individual validity, and it may be that only an attitude of well being that denies illness can be made universal.

Certainly one of the principal messages of Stella's example of triumph over disease is that we, as sovereign entities, must always retain the freedom to accept or to deny the diagnoses of others when it concerns our physical embodiment. I would like to think that, should the occasion arise, I will have the courage of spirit and mind to assume control of my healing and my reality just as did my friend Stella Andres.

Brad Steiger

Scottsdale, Arizona



Stella Andres continues her inspirational work by lecturing, making media appearances, and by maintaining the Holistic Support Group to assist those in need of love and encouragement during their illness. She and her husband George now divide their time between New York and their new home in Phoenix, Arizona. Their daughter Athena is a dental hygienist who is also active in the field of holistic medicine.



Brad Steiger began researching the paranormal and lecturing and writing about his findings in the late 1950's. He has now authored over 100 books, most of them dealing with metaphysical, inspirational, and self-help subject matter. Among his titles are such well-known books as *Revelation*, *The Divine Fire*; *Indian Medicine Power*; *Mysteries of Time and Space*; and *The Love Force*. He lives in Scottsdale, Arizona, with his wife Francis Paschal Steiger, a respected author and spiritual counselor.

“There is a tremendous power of healing that exists for each of us to utilize,” writes Brad Steiger. “And, as we have learned through Stella’s example, it is a power that can be self-directed and truly effective.

“Somehow, in a manner that we cannot yet understand, there is a process inherent in each of us that permits our minds to establish a linkup with the lifeforce and then to focus it in ways that will most benefit the physical body in which our spirit-essence is housed. And as we have further learned through Stella’s interaction with the personnel at the A.R.E. Clinic, the sharing of love and compassion intensifies the process to accomplish true miracles of healing.”

