



## COLON TUMOR

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### **"Thank God that I was able to disentangle myself just in time from the clutches of conventional medicine"**

On December 22nd, 1989 I was taken to hospital with a severe stomach-ache and high fever (39.5°C / 103.1 F). Peritonitis was suspected after an examination in the ambulance.

As my stomach was heavily bloated and very painful - especially on the right side - it was decided to take me to the surgical ward. I immediately began to get a bad feeling about that, because I would have much preferred to end up on the Internal Medicine ward.

I was put on a drip - alternating between antibiotics and a saline solution – that added up to 30 big bottles in 8 days. For two days, I had terrible headaches and demanded ice bags to be put on my head and abdomen. That's when my fever finally came down to 36°C / 96.8 F. As a "desperately-ill" person – and that's exactly how I felt - I was once again transferred to another room. The usual multitude of tests and even an ultrasound were already behind me. I was now given astronaut food.

It was in the evening of December 24th – German Christmas – that my real nightmare started, however. The doctor in charge of the ward came in and told me that I had diverticuli in my colon. Since these are supposed to be life-threatening, I would have to be operated on immediately, and a portion of my colon might have to be removed.

This diagnosis gave me a big shock. I became terribly agitated, had ice-cold hands, and extreme anxiety about losing my life. I told the doctor, that I wouldn't allow myself to be operated on so suddenly, and she replied that this decision could cost me my life; the colon could burst and my whole abdomen could go septic. Despite my panicky state, I told her that this would be **my** risk to take and was not her problem.

Later, the Head Surgeon came to me and said, *"Why don't you trust an old doctor like me - do you really want to go down the drain?"* When I replied in the negative, he said, *"It sure looks like that to me. But I will decide to do the right thing for you; your brother will probably be more reasonable about this than you."* I replied that it would be I alone who would decide what's best for my body, and nobody else".

On Christmas Day, a medical assistant visited me and informed me that some additional X-rays and blood tests would be required. After that I would surely be able to go home soon. I was astounded by this abrupt turn-around of events.

After the holidays, they did another ultrasound of my colon with the results that the swelling had receded. During all this time, I had meditated and visualized my colon walls to be healthy and whole, and that the intestinal tract would be working perfectly again. This, in fact, came to pass.

The doctors were at a loss for explanations, however, and continued searching – this time for a virus. Where in the world was that evil thing, they asked themselves? Yet, the diverticuli were now gone, and my colon had full function again, but that was not enough for them. Before year's end, I was to have another X-ray of my colon, this time with a contrast substance. When I arrived at the X-ray department, however, they wanted to X-ray my kidneys! When I tried to clarify this misconception of theirs, they told me that everything was as it should be, because they always did that before a big operation.

What operation?! I had just received another big shock. White as a sheet, my hands ice-cold, I ran to my room. After an hour, I nevertheless allowed them to check out my colon again.

The X-ray doctor was very calm and friendly. He said that he wouldn't let just anyone operate on him, either, and that he saw no reason to operate on me, anyway. He showed me the X-rays and assured me that my colon was just fine. Although, I felt very much reassured by this, I just couldn't take it all in anymore.

On New Year's Day, the female ward doctor-in-charge informed me, that they had discovered a polyp on my appendix scar, and that they now had to do a biopsy. Once again, I suffered from shock and panic, but this time I refused any further tests or examinations.

On January 3rd, at least ten doctors attended me on the daily rounds. The Head Surgeon entered the room, pointed at me and said, *"I am not speaking to you! I will consult only with your brother who, I hope, sees this situation in a more reasonable light."*

Nevertheless, he later sat on my bed, took my hand, wagged his finger at me, and said imploringly: *"Look, I want to help you. You have a malignant tumor here, and it is continuing to grow. It can grow much larger still within the next three months; in three years you might come to me, full of metastases, but by then I will no longer be able to do anything for you!"*

I replied that I saw all this in quite another light; that I had a different point of view and a different way of thinking. I talked of "conflicts", and that I knew I had to come to grips with my problems and had to change my life completely. He wanted to know nothing of this sort of thing and gruffly answered, *"Nonsense! That has nothing to do with your condition. So, think it over carefully – after all, you are still so young!"*

When he stood up, he added in an outraged tone of voice, *"In all of my 40 years as a practicing physician, I have never encountered a patient as irrational as you!"*

When I defiantly replied that I have no fear of cancer because cancer is a disease of the soul, and that one needs to solve one's problems to heal again – he seemed shaken and yet somehow resigned.

I thanked him just the same for having made me “well” again, but he reacted rather forcefully with the words, “*You are **not** healthy again! You are destroying yourself!*”

To which I countered with, “*Quite the contrary, Doctor - I want to live!*”

When I asked him please to give me the X-rays and the test results, he refused my request by saying that the X-rays were the property of the clinic. Only my personal physician could request them.

As a consequence, I decided to go on my own to the X-ray doctor who had been so kind to me before. I held an excerpt of a legal paper under his nose and hinted at getting my lawyer to get the X-rays for me, if I couldn't get them from him. He surrendered them without opposition.

On the 8th of January 1990, I was released on my own recognizance, but not before they had me sign the following prepared document:

“I have been informed about the results of the colon X-ray examinations. The relative malignancy or benignancy of the tumor on the right side of the colon can only be established through a biopsy. I hereby decline the removal of this tumor in the course of a colonoscopy. The consequences, i.e. possibility of malignancy, have been explained to me.”

In this same document I then established just why I had decided to act in the manner I did, and in no other.

Even though I must admit that I did not have a good grasp of German New Medicine at the time -- this being the reason why the doctors were able to instill such panic in me - I already trusted the concept of German New Medicine much more than standard medicine.

After I was released from the hospital, I decided to have another CT-scan done in a private radiology clinic – without disclosing to them my case history.

The summary of their evaluation stated: “*...no tumorous or inflammatory process.*”

I shudder, when I think what could have happened to me if I had not already known of German New Medicine at that time; or, if I had not had the courage to leave the hospital on my own recognizance. I am deeply saddened by what was and still is happening to other patients in my position and how many patients are made **really** sick or even die - because of a diagnosis shock!

Thank God that I was able to disentangle myself just in time from the clutches of conventional medicine. I must admit that it had not been easy to escape out from under the surgeon's knife. How lucky I am to have already known better!

**Judging by my horrible experience, I can only advise everybody else to get to know more about German New Medicine – thoroughly, and in time! Because, it is not sufficient to know just a little about it, or to have heard something or other about it, or to have read only the odd article about GNM.**

**For, as long as German New Medicine continues to be suppressed, patients have no other choice but to learn and comprehend GNM thoroughly for themselves!**

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Translated from the German original  
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