



TESTICULAR CANCER

by Erich Potsch (Germany)

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"What does my cat have to do with my testicles?"

By the time my male cat was in its seventeenth year, he had begun to exhibit the usual old-age symptoms - kidney problems, total emaciation, and complete blindness. He also had frequent territorial problems with his co-habitant, Liza, a 6-year-old female cat, who had been living with us for a long time.

I had rescued the tomcat from an animal-shelter 3 years earlier. The sudden blindness was a big change for him. I had to take him for walks around the garden – acting as his seeing-eye dog, so-to-speak.

One fine morning, the front-door leading directly out onto the street was standing wide open. Always, when I got up, the cats were hungry and never strayed from my side till I fed them – that had been our daily ritual. But that particular morning it was different. The younger cat was still with me, but the blind one was gone.

The picture was clear – door open, cat gone! In the year he had been with me, he had never before ventured out onto the busy street. Now he had – and that while blind, toothless and utterly helpless!

As the German saying goes: "I was broad-sided!" Despite my understanding of the First Biological Law the event still caught me by surprise and I couldn't do anything about it. The unexpected "loss conflict" completely bypassed my rational thinking.

On my bicycle, I searched everywhere for the cat. I peeked under every car, and looked over every fence. One could have offered me a million dollars at that moment, I would not have taken it. Within two hours, I had cancelled all my appointments and had distributed leaflets with my cat's particulars around the neighborhood.

The letter-carrier became a God-sent, because shortly after my request for her assistance in checking with the neighbors regarding the cat's whereabouts, she came to me with the excellent news of my cat quietly sitting in a nearby garden.

When I finally had him back in my arms, the conflict dropped away from me. I suddenly realized that I had lost all sense of time. It was now 9:00 am. That meant that I had been conflict-active for 3 hours.

By around 6 pm, I began to feel a pulling sensation in my left testicle that grew steadily more intense, until I was in severe pain. By then, the testicle had grown to at least twice its normal size, and that had also caused a downward-pulling sensation.

I put a heated cherry-pit pillow between my legs and simply went to sleep, with the deliberate mindset of being well again in the morning, because my cat was back! And, lo and behold, by the next morning, my testicle had indeed shrunk back to normal, and all the pain had completely disappeared.

Had I not had any knowledge of German New Medicine, I would most certainly have gone to a hospital, mainly because of the severe pain. But then I would probably now be minus a testicle and impotent, into the bargain - my self-worth challenged. And, perhaps the medical verdict: "You have testicular cancer!", would even have given me a death-fright that would subsequently have lead to lung cancer.

Thank you, dear Geerd, for German New Medicine!

Erich Potsch

Translated from the German original
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