

To whom I am sure is a wonderful woman reading this right now.

This is my story...

I believe I've lived with Endo since I was quite young. It's hard to say exactly when, because back in the 80s and early 90s – I was always told by doctors and others that very heavy bleeding and severe pain was normal. But I would say that from the get go, my periods were very painful, and the bleeding very heavy like you wouldn't believe.

My mum always thought I was being lazy because there were lots mornings I felt like a train wreck and couldn't bring myself to get out of bed. I was constantly lethargic and achey. I found I didn't have the drive or the energy to do the fun things everyone else was doing. I was at my happiest when I was curled up on the couch, rather than out with my friends doing teenagery stuff. On occasions, my mum would trot me off to the doctors for a check up, but they found nothing wrong. Blood and urine tests came back negative, internal examinations were invasive and of course very painful, but again that was said to be completely normal. So of course I felt like a hypochondriac. Doctors didn't believe with my symptoms that I was a virgin at that time, but I was – and of course the internal examinations were quite traumatic.

At age 17, I tried several types of small dosage contraceptive pills, however I found that the extra hormones made me extremely mood swingy. I was on edge all the time, anxious, paranoid, overly intense about anything and everything, and full of this unknown rage. Within a couple of weeks of stopping the pill I returned to normal, however the constant pain and lethargy was still there.

I gave birth to my daughter at 19 years old, which was followed by a severely harrowing surgical incident due to severe haemorrhaging and multiple lacerations. It was from this point that the usual pain and exhaustion I'd experienced during my teens, took a turn for the worst and continued to decline throughout the ensuing years. The multiple stitches of course resulted in a lot of scarring inside. I couldn't sit properly or painfree for a very long time. My mother had to help me look after my baby for the first few months because I couldn't lift her or do any of the basic things such as bathing her. Aside from the usual time it takes to get used to raising a young baby, the heavily painful periods I'd encountered pre baby, suddenly became a hugely traumatic experience leading up to, during and post. I bled huge blood clots, the size of livers that you buy from the supermarket. The lethargy I felt became pure exhaustion for years afterwards. I could barely stand up straight during periods. My body felt like something was dragging down and pulling constantly.

I was put on the mini pill again, and my moods began to swing drastically and violently. I couldn't control my temper at all, and soon I was only taking the pill periodically. My periods consisted of big heavy blood clots and this would continue throughout the years.

I was experiencing a lot of excruciating period pain, but I never saw a doctor about it as I had always been told throughout high school that heavy pain and heavy periods were normal, I also had the same GP who was the person who stitched me up after childbirth – so I wasn't in any hurry to go back and see her.

Then I remember watching an Oprah Winfrey show one day where they spoke about endometriosis. I'd never heard of it before then, but I sat there nodding my head and crying because I could identify with the exact same symptoms that these women were talking about. I knew in my heart that I had this condition. Unfortunately at that time, it wasn't commonly known in New Zealand – but I was relieved to know that I wasn't a crazy hypochondriac. But, life continued on as normal – and even though I'd raised the subject with various GPs, enough wasn't known then about it to warrant any warning signals with them.

In 1996, during an ultrasound they discovered a cyst, and I underwent some minor surgery as a day patient where I developed an infection post op and was rushed to hospital and kept there for a few days. I went back to work and saw my doctor (a new GP) in the following weeks. The cyst during this time had grown so rapidly, my GP became frightened and sent me off to hospital again for surgery. I had the surgery to remove the cyst and they found some spots of endometriosis which they removed. An hour after I came out of surgery they had to rush me back in again due to haemorrhaging. I was given 6 weeks off work, but I went back in 4 weeks. I lived on cataflam and every other over the counter painkiller I could get my hands on, plus a good supply of no doz pills just to keep going. The pain was still there, but again I still had it in my head that everything was fine. I started bleeding for a long time consecutively. By the middle of the third week I went to see my doctor and she prescribed a type of oestrogen to help stop the bleeding, except she'd prescribed it incorrectly and it made me bleed even more. During that time I threw pots, chef knives and everything else under the sun at my then partner, I was out of control and I didn't recognise myself. I stopped taking the pills. I've been wary of them ever since.

Anyway, when I got better I started going out dancing again which I loved, I could dance all night. Unfortunately it got to a point where I had to drink alcohol and painkillers to get me through a night of dancing. This pattern of alcohol and painkillers continued until February 2010.

I continued to have a lot of pain but learned to ignore it with alcohol and pills. Life was really busy, so that helped me to ignore the pain also. In 2003 I had a new partner, and things were great but sex was unbearable. I had to get drunk to enjoy sex. And true to pattern, my new partner also became fed up with me because we'd make plans to go out, and then I'd have to pull out at the last minute, or we'd go out and I would be very quiet because I was in a lot of pain. I fell pregnant again in 2004 and miscarried. That was a big shock, as I knew I was very fertile and couldn't work out why I'd miscarried.

After this point, the pain increased. After sex, I would have to lie in bed like all day and nobody could touch me, my nerves were on edge and my body was in a very weird painful way. I also continued to have heavy blood loss during my periods with lots of blood clots.

I was seeing a different doctor by this stage as I'd moved, and I kept going in but they kept telling me I had something wrong with my liver because my liver readings were through the roof – although I was adamant that it was endometriosis or a cyst thing again because I knew the pain well and I knew the pattern. They sent me off to a liver specialist who couldn't find anything wrong with my liver although he was adamant that I must have had fatty liver however a scan showed I had nothing of the sort. In fact during the specialists examination of my stomach and abdomen area, there was certainly no pain whatsoever in the liver region, but most definitely a lot of pain around my ovaries and uterus. Frustrated, I gave up at that point and stopped going in. Needless to say, another very fed up and bewildered partner and I parted ways – because he couldn't understand my reluctance to make plans, or constant pulling out commitments.

The pain continued to get worse and worse until 2006 when I collapsed from it. On this particular day, my body went into a state that felt like it did on the day before I gave birth to my daughter. It felt like my body was preparing itself for something by going numb. I knew something was up. The next day was when I collapsed – I couldn't breathe or stand up properly. However it was my daughter's birthday and I was determined to make it a happy day for her. I hadn't even brought her gift yet due to not feeling well the day before (and in the days leading up to).

What I didn't know was that my ovary was twisting and twisting on itself. I went to see the doctor the day after my daughter's birthday and I was sent to hospital. They put me on a drip and wanted to operate immediately. I stopped them from doing it because I had so much work to do and asked them to schedule it for me so that I could sort out my workload first. They consented and they scheduled it to be done within the next 3 to 4 weeks on the condition I come back in immediately if the pain worsened. I had the surgery and they found I had Grade 4 Endometriosis. I had to have further surgery a few weeks later to get it all. I refused the IUD they wanted me to have put in. The surgeon wasn't very happy about that at all.

About 4 – 6 weeks after that last surgery, I started having the same pains again. I just ignored it for ages but found that I was having to take time off work all the time. I'd come home from work and just crash on the sofa until I could drag myself into the shower and into bed. Alcohol continued to feature predominantly and increasingly. I found I would have to drink a couple of bottles of wine and some spirits with the pills in order to feel no pain. I could barely pull myself out of bed. Friends were getting really annoyed with me because they didn't understand why I kept pulling out of commitments. I hated feeling sorry for myself and was frustrated that I had to keep giving

excuses. And even more I hated trying to explain to people who really have no clue that it was the endometriosis that kept me in bed or at home.

My body was constantly feverish – a low grade fever mostly, but sometimes it ramped up to a full blown fever overnight and then I'd be ok in the morning. It was the inflammation. My nerves were like live wires and any little bump hurt twenty times more than they should have.

I got to a point where I drank with my pills before I went to work, in order to just be able to leave the house. Ponstan and other like pills were only effective in helping to take the edge off the pain but of course, that was combined with alcohol and whatever other painkillers I could get my hands on. I had a big stash of over the counter and prescription drugs, both mine and leftovers given to me by friends who were going to throw them out, and had no idea that I was addicted to painkillers.

December 2009 saw me back in hospital for further surgery where there was some endo but I was also diagnosed with adenomyosis. I still didn't feel right. In fact I felt worse. There were days where I struggled to walk from my bed to the bathroom let alone out of the house. I woke everyday feeling like I'd been hit by a bus on a good day. On bad days, I felt like 8 buses had hit me. And when this disease was at its ravaging worst, I felt like all the buses and trains in the world had smashed into me. I had piercing and mind numbing pain in my thighs, in my lower back, and in my left and right lower abdomen. I felt my ovaries twisting all the time. I felt pain inside my abdomen when I urinated, it felt like it was dragging down and very heavy. Often when I walked I thought everything inside me was going to fall out. I had to lie down to feel relief. I hunched over my desk at work all the time with a hot water bottle. Whenever I stood up to move from my desk, I'd nearly faint.

The surgeon and some people from the medical team had finally convinced me to allow a mirena to be inserted during the surgery. When I had initially refused several times, they were not happy and in the end I only agreed to it because I thought perhaps if I didn't, that it would compromise the surgery – I thought they wouldn't do a good job if they were mad at me. Worst mistake I ever made in my life. The mirena caused major bleeding problems. I bled for months with just a couple of days grace in between – losing an even more astronomical amount of blood clots. Obviously I became anaemic rather quickly, and was getting iron injections every two weeks plus a large dose of iron pills each day. Didn't make a difference at all, because the blood loss was continuous. I went through a mountain of pads a day, I had to use big wads of paper towels in conjunction with at least 3 or 4 super pads every 15 – 30 minutes at its worst. And this was at work! I was constantly running to the bathroom to change my pads.

And of course the mood swings came back. I was uncontrollable, inconsolable and quite frankly a nightmare to be around. I'd put on an enormous amount of weight in a short period of time, I was suicidal and full of rage at the whole

world. I kept asking my GP at the time to take the mirena out, but she didn't want to, instead pleading with me to give it a few more months and then it should settle - despite my giving her the full details of my nightmarish ordeal. She did promise to take it out after a few months, but not straight away. And the icing on the cake was that my GP prescribed me with more hormonal pills to stop the bleeding. I didn't get that prescription filled.

I'd also asked the surgeon at my post op check up to remove it – citing everything to her – she too just prescribed me with more hormonal pills which of course I never got filled either.

I was so very unhappy, and exhausted from all the blood loss, and mood swings etc – I then moved my enrolment to a clinic in the cbd where I'd just moved to – and I remember making an appointment to come back to see a doctor that same day. The nurse took me through first and did the routine questions etc, and when I told her I wanted the mirena removed she asked me why and again I got the same spiel that I'd had from my surgeon and previous GP – although she was really lovely. Then I walked into Doctor Simon Garlick's room, and explained to him what I wanted done and a brief bit about the endo, the pain, the bleeding, the everything – and a miracle happened. Without any hesitation whatsoever he said he would do it. Whilst he was typing in some notes prior to the procedure – Doctor Garlic printed out something for me to read through as he was typing away. It was references from some of the ladies who had been to see Chris Toal and Danny Orani. I wasn't quite sure what I was reading. To be honest I was a bit sceptical when Doctor Garlick first handed me the references, as my dad had taken me to see a mad scientist who does light therapy earlier in the year in an effort to heal me and I can tell you it was quite an unnerving experience for me personally, but I am told that it works wonders on others. Anyway, as soon as I started to read through the references, I knew instinctively that this was something special and different. Although I didn't know anything about deep tissue massage, I knew from what was described that it sounded right.

You may skip the next three paragraphs if you wish to, but this will give you some background into why I knew this method of treatment was the right one.

My Nana was a massage and herbal medicine healer and midwife for many years in the Cook Islands, something she'd learned from her Tahitian mother. When I was a child and throughout my teenage years, I suffered from very bad bronchitis and bronchial asthma, which would lay me low for 3 weeks at a time and I would be weak for another month afterwards. If my Nana was staying with us during one of these bouts, she would massage me. It was painful, but it helped an awful lot – much more than the medicines.

I remember a time when my Nana had one of her attacks, and we thought she was going to die. My Aunty was called for and she started massaging

Nana's neck and back, and eventually Nana's attack stopped and she was fine albeit exhausted. I knew then that massage was something very important.

Then a few years ago, I went to Rarotonga and stayed with my Nana who wasn't all that well at the time. It had been years since she was able to walk around without pain, she hadn't left the house for months because she could barely move from her room to the bathroom let alone outside. I started to massage my Nana like she did for me when I was little. Neck, back, arms, legs. She was a big lady, and it took a very long time, but it worked. Within a week, my Nana was able to walk outside and around the house several times. She felt so much better, and happier – younger even.

So you see, that's why I knew when I read the references that this was the right method – it made so much sense to me. Doctor Garlick wrote me a referral letter. I was so very grateful that finally somebody had actually listened to me, and not treated me like a time waster or an idiot because I didn't want to do the conventional medicines because I knew they made me worse, it was evident. And I just couldn't understand why my previous GP and the surgeon ignored my pleas and concerns that I'd been suicidal and full of rage. This is no disrespect to them, they are really lovely ladies and were trying to be very helpful of course and are highly skilled in their fields but they just didn't listen to me. I mean, I knew my own body – I knew what it was sensitive to, and what made it worse. But I felt rather silly when I tried to explain this to them.

It was about a month before I got around to emailing Chris Toal. Being a typical mum and workaholic, I'd put everything else first before my needs – just happy in the fact that the mirena was OUT! Anyway, I received a response fairly quickly and an appointment was made to go in. I then got a phone call from Chris to have a general chat with me, explaining in further detail what they would do etc, so that I knew what to expect. And when the big day came, I went in and Chris took me up to watch some footage first of a man with lots of scarring, explaining about the body tool – which, if you're reading this, you'll also be introduced to the body tool also. It's the oddest thing, it looks like a wooden handle of a golf club or something, with a piece of precious stone in it. But don't let the simplicity of it fool you. It bloody works. They use it as part of the deep tissue massage, and it hurts like nothing you've ever experienced in your life.

Danny Orani was the one to do my treatment. After talking me through my history, the treatment commenced and I thought I was going to die. I'm not going to paint a pretty picture for you, it was excruciating and I couldn't speak during it. There is no mercy when this body tool is used, and there is this searing pain, a terrible long burning feeling. When you get that burning feeling during the treatment, it's actually a really good thing. It means it's working. What they do is use the tool to pull apart everything that is stuck to your ovaries, uterus whatever. And they use it to get rid of the scar tissue.

The others say that they cried afterwards because it releases all the pent up everything. I didn't, but then that is the way I am. I got headaches for a wee while, but they went away. What it did do was to relax me, back to the way I used to be.

This is what happened to me:

Before the treatment, I could barely walk to work from my apartment which is about 4 or 5 big blocks away. It should take a good 10 minutes to get to work, depending on the traffic lights. It took me over 30 minutes to get to work. I was in so much pain. My job entails a lot of running around. I couldn't do much of that of course. And I walked sort of crouched over because the dragging of my uterus and the rest of my organs was too much for me.

After the first treatment, my body felt light. I could walk straight for the first time.

For the first time in over 20 years, I woke up the next morning, train wreck free.

I made it to work within 20 minutes.

Within a week, I was able to take a good brisk walk for 40 minutes without feeling pain.

After the second treatment of painful burning (everyone else says it gets easier after the first one, but it was a still fairly painful treatment for me – I think I just had too much pent up), I could walk up stairs without wanting to die. My period pains decreased by a million times.

The third treatment, Danny was able to push the body tool right through my body. Apparently he wasn't able to do that the first time hence as it met with a lot of resistance. And the reason why it still felt burning to me, is because he was able to push it further each time. I was astounded. I had no idea that was what had happened.

I stopped taking the painkillers.

They pop the endo bits by using the body tool. It's actually a logical methodology behind it, and again I have to say it – it bloody works. If my nana had this tool when she was doing her healings, it would have revolutionised the whole island!

I went to have another check up with my surgeon, and they were very reluctant to believe that I was feeling so much better because of the treatment but not because of their surgery. I told them that my new GP had removed the mirena, and that he had referred me to Chris and Danny – this news was not very welcome I can tell you. They did their routine vaginal checks, and what was an ordeal in the past, was actually bearable. Case in point, I wasn't crying inside. I didn't have to go home and recover. It really is quite odd to me the scepticism that I encounter whenever I relay my

experience with people. But I am so very glad that these two came into my life and made it so much better.

Before I end here, I should emphasise is that Danny and Chris teach you stretching exercises that you should do every morning when you wake up. It is absolutely essential that you do these every single day. This is crucial to keeping the dragging and heaviness of your organs away. It's also imperative to stopping everything sticking to each other. How do I know this? Because of course, I was absolutely faithful for the first few months, then of course work became really busy – I stopped making it a priority to take good care of myself, and I forgot to do the stretches.

Stupid mistake, because I forgot to do them for a whole 4 to 6 weeks. The dragging started to kick in again, but not to the extent of pre treatment. I knew I had to go back to Danny and Chris, but old habits die hard and I kept putting it off. Chris was able to fix most of it within the hour. It was amazing. I felt like my new self again.

I am a hardworking mum with many varied interests. My daughter is currently studying at AUT. I work in the events industry, and my job is very busy. I love socialising with my friends – cooking dinner parties, nights out at restaurants, enjoying life as much as possible. Hasn't always been the case of course, but with Chris and Danny I'm like a different person. I still have to take good care of myself of course, I can't get too stressed (a bit hard working with events!) as this can aggravate the inflammation, I need to watch what types of food I eat and ensure I put good food into my body. That's a bit of a mission, but it's what I have to do.

So please, if you're reading this, then I know that you've either been referred to Chris and Danny by an amazing caring doctor, or you've picked up one of their brochures – and that you will know too well what I have been through and many others like us. This treatment hurts like hell when it is being applied, but I promise you – you will feel like a million dollars afterwards. Please do ring me to talk to me about my story, and about yours – Chris and Danny have my contact details and even though I am quite a private person when it comes to having people I don't know ring me I am happy for them to pass them on to you because I don't want anyone to feel the way I did when you really don't need to. I lived with it for over 27 years. It's all I knew – but now I know differently.

All my love to you my friend as you embark on this amazing journey.  
Adèle  
xox

PS – Chris will show you how the jade stone works, and seriously it does work. He used it the other day to take away some thick scar tissue I had for years which was under a surgical incision. You can obviously still see the surface scar – but the hard tissue scarring is seriously GONE.