

THE BREAST STAYS PUT ©

No Chemo—No Radiation—No Lumpectomy—
No Thank You

(Put your scalpel back in your pocket and nobody gets hurt!)

*How One Woman Overcame Breast Cancer with
Alternative Medicine Alone*



By

Pamela Hoepfner

THE BREAST STAYS PUT©

by Pamela Hoepfner

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Contents



Introduction	xiii
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THE LUMP

Chapter 1 Disbelief – Denial – Desperation	19
Chapter 2 God Had My Back	31
Chapter 3 Taking Care of Business	39
Chapter 4 Doctor Is Not Spelled G – O – D	51
Chapter 5 The Verdict	61

WELCOME TO MY WORLD

Chapter 6 Blessed Are the Adaptable	77
Chapter 7 Circling the Wagons	89
Chapter 8 My Family – My Fortress	105

MAKING SENSE OF INSANITY

Chapter 9 Refusing to Take Ownership	115
Chapter 10 My Yellow Brick Road	123
Chapter 11 The Ultrasound Shop	133

THERE WILL BE NO WHITE FLAG

Chapter 12	Whatever Happened to My So-Called Life	145
Chapter 13	Everything to Live For	157
Chapter 14	Dethroning the Beast	167
Chapter 15	The 7th Inning Stretch	181
Chapter 16	Summer of 2004	191

THEN CAME THE MORNING

Chapter 17	What a Difference a Day Makes	209
Chapter 18	Putting It in Perspective	223
Chapter 19	A Man with a Dream	239
Chapter 20	A Window to Look Through	249
Scripture Reference		266

THE LUMP

CHAPTER 1

Disbelief—Denial—Desperation



At the Mammogram Boutique

What could be taking so long? I asked myself, glancing up once again at the clock hanging directly across from me, as it ticked away on the cold, drab, antiseptic-yellow, cement-block hospital wall.

I don't recall it ever taking this long for a radiologist to read a mammogram on any of my prior appointments, I reasoned.

Decked out in what I presumed was the latest fashion design in hospital gowns, I was a little cold sitting there. I'm sure it was thought to be very "user friendly" by the staff though. It had *three* armholes. (I'll let you figure that one out.)

I'd been flipping through a book of mammogram jokes and cartoons I'd found sitting on the desk next to me, to pass the time.

Someone obviously went to a lot of trouble to put these together. (A little "boob-smashing" humor to lighten the mood, I supposed.)

They were actually pretty funny—I even laughed right out loud at a few of them. But I was starting to get bored and I wanted to go home.

My thoughts drifted toward my husband, who was out in the waiting room . . .

Willie normally didn't come with me on appointments like this, but this time there was a little cause for concern. If he was worried he didn't let on, and I was just glad he was there. Knowing he was out there waiting was the least of my concerns. He's such a sweetheart; so patient and easygoing. Waiting for me at anytime, for any reason, is never a problem—just one of so many things I love about him.

He was probably getting hungry by now though. This was taking much longer than either of us had anticipated. More than likely he'd been sitting there thinking about where we'd go for lunch as soon as we got out of this place today. (I, for one, wished we were already there.)

The technician had said she'd be right back. She just needed the radiologist to take a look at the films—to be sure she didn't need to “do any over.”

“*Do any over?*” I mused. *That's just what I need—a few more “radiation vibes” shot into my system.* She'd already taken two extra images as it was when I told her about the lump, or swollen gland, I wanted checked. Well, I had news for them. They'd better have gotten what they needed the first time, because there would be no “do-overs.” Not today. I didn't plan to be nuked again—especially considering how I didn't even want to be there in the first place!

It was probably only a few minutes that she'd been gone, but it seemed like an eternity. The longer I sat there, the more I realized just how edgy I was about this whole ordeal.

I had told the technician how I'd found a lump while showering. She showed no reaction, alarm or concern. But my guess is that technicians are instructed not to, which was fine with me—I just wanted to get dressed and get out of there. The place was giving me the creeps. I could read the report later. At least that's how I thought this would go down. Now, I wasn't so sure. *What could she be doing that was taking so long?*

I found myself thinking back to the day, about a month ago, that had brought me here today.

[Chapter 2 – page 37]

Sometimes It's Okay to Color Outside the Lines

It was a warm winter day. The sun was shining. But as we drove, I was in my own personal private vacuum. I began assessing the day, going over things in my mind, and I started feeling duped!

You've had that mammogram script for six months. If this ends up being a malignancy—you've got major problems! All you've ever read about to look for is this "small pea-sized mass." Well—since yours is the size of a small grape—that means this thing is big! And if you had just gone ahead and made the appointment at the time you got the script, it might have been detected long before this. Now you can't go back!

The devil, of course, was right there telling me what a fool I was. "You and your not wanting to have mammograms! Well, just look at you and the mess you're in. How smart is this now?"

And I, who am rarely at a loss for words—had nothing. I could only sit there in the same shell-shocked stupor I had continued to fade in and out of ever since the radiologist dropped her bomb.

Then another thought occurred to me: I'd probably let God down in all this, too! Had I really been so irresponsible that I had set myself up for this . . . out of sheer stupidity?

I could feel myself on the brink of slipping into a very deep hole. And right about the time my mind was poised to click on "save"—buying into that hell-generated spam of propaganda—my cell phone rang. It was Kerri. She was calling to tell me the email with all the websites, names and phone numbers had already been sent. And then she proceeded to say, "Ya' know, Mom, I was sitting here thinking, Why couldn't Mom have just had that mammogram months ago when she first got the prescription?"

My heart sank. "I know. I've been going over all of it, too. And I have to admit . . . I've been sitting here thinking the very same thing."

"Well," she said, "the longer I thought about it, Mom, I realized if you had—you were given the script for it back in July—we didn't even find out about Protocel[®] until October! What if you had been given a diagnosis like they are talking about months ago? You would have been in such a mess. How would you have known

what to do? Mom! That would have been horrible!” She was so right! And I was so relieved! “Out of the mouths of babes . . .”

That little revelation from my daughter, who has been wise beyond her years her entire life, had just put this in a whole new perspective. Here, in a moment clouded with uncertainty, I had begun to entertain the thought of having really messed up with my personal stance on mammograms, when in reality—it may very well have saved my life!

Thank You, Lord! For Kerri—and her perception. And for all these answers You’re sending (and so quickly) in the midst of all this craziness! Now I can go home, make a couple of phone calls, print information off the Internet, order my first bottle of Protocel[®] and go to bed.

(Little did I know at the time—but that’s where I’d be spending much of the next several months!)

[Chapter 3 – page 44]

“My “Get Out of Jail Free” Card

Thinking back, even in the hospital mammogram department when they were doing something as simple as setting up the appointment with the surgeon, they were tiptoeing around me. They didn't say anything comforting, or reassuring, or even encouraging. Encouraging would have been good. (*Anything* would have been good!) They didn't even ask me any questions, let alone smile at me. What they did do—was act like I was facing a death sentence! It was morbid. I could tell by the looks on their faces that they were in pain for me. And I couldn't help but think that *they* were the ones needing comforting more than I did. It was obvious they were all thinking the same thing—in unison: You could almost hear it!

The poor thing. Look at her. She's about to be handed a death sentence!

I remember sitting there thinking just how much I wanted to stop the whole mess and shut them *all* up by shouting, “*But you don't understand! I have a ‘Get Out of Jail Free Card.’ It's called Protocol[®]!*”

What a barn-burner that would have been! Couldn't you just see someone like *me* trying to explain to all those “skilled professionals” that I actually had this “dietary supplement” I could take—that would cause cancer cells to literally *fall apart*? Not only would they have thought I had breast cancer . . . and was probably going to die. But they'd also be thinking I was a *mental case* with breast cancer . . . *that was probably going to die!*

When I was a kid, if someone had cancer you didn't talk about it. And the people who had it were few and far between. Then as I got older we started to hear things like, “If you think about it, everyone knows someone with cancer.” Then it escalated to where one in a hundred would get cancer, and then they were saying one in ten would have it by the year 2005. (And now they're saying it's *two* in ten?)

It infuriated me to hear those statistics. It still does. Especially the one about “It's almost getting to the point where it's not *if* a woman gets breast cancer, but *when*.” And now it had hit home! What happened that day dug up a lot of issues I've had “issues” with for years!

[Chapter 3 – page 47]

ElonnaMcKibben.com

While I was waiting for Renewal & Wellness to return my call I decided to check out the www.ElonnaMcKibben.com website. And what a touching, impressive, miraculous story!

In October of 1989, Elonna was diagnosed with Stage IV Glioblastoma Multiforme, just five weeks after she had given birth to quintuplets—four of which survived. GBM usually involves the brain and is rare—and always fatal. The survival time for people diagnosed with GBM is: GBM in the brain; people can live twelve to twenty-four months. Most don't make it past twelve. GBM of the spine; three to six months. Elonna's diagnosis involved her spinal cord, which is the rarest form, and it meant she may not have had even *that* long. She wouldn't live to see her children's first birthday.

After being introduced to Cancell[®] (which was the name for Protocol[®] at the time) and a considerable amount of prayer, Elonna cancelled the radiation treatments and began taking Cancell[®] (now Protocol[®] 23) in November of 1989.

In February of 1990, just three months later, she showed so much improvement that a CT scan was ordered. The report came back saying there was no evidence of any cancer. Elonna had literally survived a form of cancer that no one else had—*ever!* And she did this at a time when there was no one to talk to about their recovery—and no Internet to surf. What an incredibly brave lady with an incredibly encouraging story! (For Elonna's complete story, visit www.ElonnaMcKibben.com.)

[Chapter 3 – page 37]

The Attack and the Plan

So many things were lining up, reassuring me that I was making the right choice. I was still hoping for a good report of a benign tumor, or possibly a lymph node that was, shall we say, “*having a moment*”—but at this point I knew—whatever was coming, I’d face it and I’d conquer it! Because I had God in my corner—and Protocol[®] for the *straightaway!*

Throughout the years I’ve known of many people who survived cancer using alternative methods, but, probably because the whole thing is so scary and unpleasant, like many others, I’d never given much thought to what I’d use if I found I ever had a need. (Why do any research on the subject, in any kind of depth, when, to begin with, you are convinced you’re never going to be in a position to have to make this kind of choice?)

However, when I heard about Protocol[®] in October, I felt it could be an answer for those who were searching, and I had already begun telling people. And, now, since something may have slipped through the preventative measures I’d taken, it looked as if it was time to go into “Plan B.” God always has a “Plan B.” And God had literally given me an answer before I ever knew I had a problem. *How humbling is that?*

My confession to God for years has been, “You order my steps,⁹ You direct my paths,¹⁰ and You establish my thoughts.”¹¹ Because in the Bible He said He would, if I just trusted Him for it. And I *do*. So He *does*. And that’s how it goes for us. *We’re buds!*

I immediately started strategizing and *living in the future*. I had too many sunrises to paint (I’m partial to them—just ask my kids), too many grandchildren who hadn’t even been born yet to love and help raise—and there was still that “book” I always knew I’d write. I simply didn’t have time to die with all my gifts still inside me—especially of something as *pathetic* as cancer!

It was time to set my face like a flint. No wimping out on this one! This could be the battle of my life. And if it was—I intended to win! Take no prisoners—*this was all-out war!*

First of all, there are specific do’s and don’ts with regard to taking Protocol[®]. With the way Protocol[®] works, taking products along with it that cause an increase in “voltage” or “ATP”

(adenosine triphosphate) activity at the cellular level will negate Protocol[®]'s effectiveness. I'll go into this in greater detail later, but suffice it to say that if someone is not prepared to diligently follow the few simple rules that apply to the use of Protocol[®], they're better off not using it at all!

Many supplements cannot be taken with Protocol[®]. Lists of supplements and treatments that are considered “compatible” and “incompatible” have been compiled by Tanya Harter Pierce and are presented in her book, *Outsmart Your Cancer*, and a list also comes with every bottle of Protocol[®] ordered. The lists can also be found on my website www.TheBreastStaysPut.com, where they will be updated from time to time. However, below is a list of the supplements known to interfere with Protocol[®] the most adversely.

- **Vitamin C**
- **Vitamin E**
- **CoQ10**
- **Selenium**
- **Essiac Tea**
- **Ozone Treatments**
- **Burdock Root**
- **Alpha Lipoic Acid**
- **Cat's Claw**
- **IP-6**
- **DHEA**

I myself have taken a number of health-enhancing, wellness-promoting products for years, but when I decided to use Protocol[®] I knew, for the time being, I had to give the majority of them up. Anything that directly promotes the production of ATP at the cellular level and everything that is on the “incompatible list” I immediately dropped! And if I wasn't certain it was compatible with Protocol[®], *it was out!* Because the non-negotiable rule to follow *when using Protocol[®]* is, **“When in doubt—*don't!*”**

[Chapter 5 – page 72]

I was also still back at square one in my own thinking, wondering why they'd want to cut on (*or cut off*) my breast in the first place, *when cancer is systemic! If it's in my breast—duh! Aren't the chances pretty good that it's in other places, too? All it takes is one cell! And the surgeon can't even tell me for certain what stage I'm in, how can he be so sure that it hasn't already spread?*

Well, Girl Wonder, first of all—I don't think you want to go there with him on this. Hello? If he isn't "sure," he knows he doesn't have to be! He knows he's got chemotherapy!

So on that note I just let it go. (He already knows he's not invited to this party anyway.)

So That's How the Other Side Operates

I was very taken aback by how women are expected to make such life-altering decisions while being given virtually no time to think about it. And—the only good I could find in any of this was in knowing I had already made all the decisions I was ever going to have to make about it, before I ever set foot in his office. The whole thing was giving me the *heebie-jeebies*. All I wanted now was to just leave—so I could go home and continue to count my blessings that I knew I had options—*ahead of time!*

Before we left his office, the surgeon told me the booklets were mine to take, and he would see about setting me up with an oncologist, because, as a surgeon, he wouldn't be in a position to monitor me; but the oncologist he was referring me to “may agree to it.” (*May?*) Adding, “You'll have to speak with him about it.”

His demeanor seemed guarded. Almost as though he was carefully picking and choosing his words. And I remember thinking, *That's odd. Isn't it just “a given” that doctors are expected to help people? Something about a “Hippocratic Oath?” Or are they being selective about their patients these days, based on whether or not they plan to do anything conventional?*

My intuition was talking—but I missed it. It was at the end of the appointment, and I was probably just too tired to go there.

[Chapter 11 – page 135]

Not a Pretty Picture

The MD who just *burst* into my life had barely introduced himself when he went on to say, “After reading your ultrasound films I had to talk to you about what you are *doing!*” (*Not even first about what he was “seeing,” but right for the jugular about what I was “doing!”*) (I felt like I was in the principal’s office, only worse—the principal had come looking for me!)

First he went into how serious my situation was (as if I needed to be briefed on that), and then he came down on me with, “I have to inform you: There is *nothing* out there in the way of ‘homeopathic or alternative treatments’ that could possibly kill cancer” (“... you poor gullible naïve little thing”).

He proceeded to hang my ultrasound images up on the light, pointing out the original tumor, and then asked me, “Do you see all these other black areas? That’s where it has already spread to!”

He then *whipped* out my mammogram films and hung *them* up there, too—to further prove his point! “See? *Those* weren’t there before! *Look at that! That is all cancer! This is one of the fastest growing, most aggressive cancers I have ever seen. And if you don’t do something soon—you are facing a horrid death!*”

I tried to tell myself I wasn’t, but the longer I stood there looking at those images and listening to this man (who obviously had never heard of “sugarcoating”) I had to admit—I was in a world of hurt! I didn’t know *what* to believe!

I knew what he was saying, and why he was saying it, but he just didn’t understand how Protocol[®] worked. And since he already told me that whatever I was using didn’t work, he’d already “cut me off at the knees” before I ever got started.

I had told the technician I had chosen not to have a lumpectomy or mastectomy, and I was using an alternative treatment. *That was my choice!* I didn’t come there to ask their permission. And I didn’t need someone to tell me that this thing in my breast was capable of causing death. *I already knew that!* And, now, by this doctor coming in and telling me nothing I could possibly be doing would work, it left me with nowhere to go.

It was easy to see that this kind compassionate man was scared to no end for me. I knew he was sincere, but he was also *sincerely*

wrong! I just didn't have it in me to try to explain why. And it didn't really matter what he thought anyway.

I remember looking at the pitch-black spots shown on the images hanging on the light, wanting so much to see what was going on. Wanting to understand it, and yet wishing I didn't have to have that stuff *seared* into my memory!

Then I got this bright idea to point out to him how none of the "black" stuff he had pointed out to me seemed to have any "defined edges." (Which is what they say happens when Protocel[®] starts to work and the cells begin to fall apart)—but that swift little move on my part only fired him up *even more!*

"That's what makes this so *much worse!*" he said. "Because if it were still at a point where it had defined edges ("like it was a month ago when I first had the mammogram"—was what he was *really* getting at!) and all still one mass, it would be so much easier to remove."

Well, that train left the station *weeks ago!* (*Probably the same day that boat left the dock!*)

What he was saying was: at one time I could have had a lumpectomy (which I would have never done anyway); but now I knew it would be a mastectomy they'd be insisting on—and probably "a double"! And all I could think while I was standing there was, *I've done some really stupid things in life that I wished I'd never done, Doc, but you can bet what you're talkin' about here won't be added to the list!* All I could think of was, *I have to get out of this room! I have to get out of here and get away from this man!* Well, I might have been through, but he wasn't.

CHAPTER 19

A Man with a Dream



The “God Given” Answer to Cancer

Considering the perplexing dilemma we find ourselves in, with no real answer to the cancer nightmare based on what we are seeing in our society today, don't you have to wonder how a teenager in the *1930s* could have had the foresight to know he had within himself a gift so extraordinary he knew he couldn't waste it? And wanting so much for his life to count for something he actually prayed and asked God for the cure for cancer? A cure that would work for all types of cancers, that everyone could use and everyone could afford? Where did the “heartbeat” it would take, to get a “bead” on how desperately mankind would be searching in the decades to come for the answer God would give him, even come from—in the 1930s—for Jim Sheridan to be compelled to pursue it his entire life?

A chemical formula that he didn't understand came to him one night in a dream. This chemical formula kept appearing in a recurrent dream, over and over, and he never knew what it meant until he saw it in a book. It was related to cancer, or a carcinogen. It wasn't until a while later that the actual idea for how to make the Protocol[®] formula also came to him in a dream. But this time it came during a daytime nap, in 1936. And it was the beginning of what became a “personal” dream he would pursue throughout his entire life. (For a more detailed history of how Protocol[®] was developed, tested and suppressed by the FDA, see *Outsmart Your Cancer*, by Tanya Harter Pierce.)

Recommended Websites:

www.thebreaststaysput.com
www.outsmartyourcancer.com
www.webnd.com
www.protocolforum.com
www.elonnamckibben.com
www.protocolglobal.com
www.breastcancerchoices.org
www.drbrownstein.com
www.breastcancercoach.com/support
www.cancerfightingstrategies.com
www.caprofile.net
www.salivatest.com
www.willardswater.com
www.hummingbirdhealth.com

Recommended Reading and Listening:

Outsmart Your Cancer, by Tanya Harter Pierce
Questioning Chemotherapy, By Ralph Moss
What Your Doctor May Not Tell You About Breast Cancer,
by John Lee, MD, David Zava, PhD, and Virginia Hopkins
Iodine—Why You Need It—Why You Can't Live Without It,
by David Brownstein, MD
Cancer—Step Outside the Box, by Ty Bollinger
Dressed to Kill: The Link Between Breast Cancer and Bras,
by Sydney Ross Singer and Soma Grismaijer
What Your Doctor May Not Tell You About Menopause,
by John Lee, MD and Virginia Hopkins
Christ the Healer, by F. F. Bosworth
Healed of Cancer, by Dodie Osteen
Healing School Series, by Gloria Copeland
I Peter 2:24 CD Set, by Dr. Frederick K.C. Price
Your Best Life Now, by Joel Osteen
Become a Better You, by Joel Osteen
The Battlefield of the Mind, by Joyce Meyer