

EDTA CHELATION THERAPY

A true Story of a real Patient

Chelation Therapy—An Alternative to Bypass Surgery

Dean Baxter's Speech to the American Academy of Medical Preventics

It's a real pleasure for me to be here today to speak to you distinguished people. I say distinguished because I'm absolutely convinced that doctors in preventive medicine are, without doubt, the most distinguished doctors we have in America. Because it's people like you who actually were responsible for saving my life. I want to tell you my history today, which I think will be very interesting to all of you.

I feel that chelation therapy is one of the biggest medical breakthroughs in the past 20 years and I can definitely speak from authority and experience. In fact, in thousands of cases of people I know, it has completely controlled the heart disease that is the number one killer in America. Chelation therapy is giving hope to millions of Americans who thought there was no hope to ever recover from severe coronary artery heart disease. When we control this heart disease, as we are through chelation therapy, we are giving such a wonderful quality of life to the thousands of people who are aware of this new treatment.

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One Artery is 100% Blocked . . . Two Others are 90% Blocked

I went into a hospital one day. This was five years ago July. For several weeks my hands had been so numb, I couldn't tie my shoes. My feet were so numb below my ankles that I had no feeling in my feet (poor circulation). When I'd get up in the morning, I'd get dizzy and have to lie back down. So I had all the symptoms of a very good heart attack candidate. I thought, before I go on vacation I would just go in and have my annual physical. My family doctor said, "Come on down, we'll give you a treadmill test." After the treadmill test he said, "Dean, these examinations indicate that you might have a heart problem. We'd like you to come back tomorrow to have a catheterization test." I said, "Fine, that's good with me, because it's Friday, and I'm going on vacation at six o'clock Saturday morning."

I had my wife come down with me, because I had to check in the hospital. They gave me the catheterization test, and suddenly it became very, very quiet. They stopped the test. They brought me back. Then went to talk to my beautiful wife. She started to cry and I knew there was a problem. They came over and said, "Mr. Baxter, you have severe heart disease. You had a heart attack. One artery is 100% blocked, and the other two are 90% blocked. We will perform open heart surgery on you at 8:00 tomorrow morning."

I was just dumb enough to ask a stupid question. I said, "Will open heart surgery cure my heart disease?" And he was smart enough to answer it the right way, and said, "No." "Will it cure 10,

20, 30%?" He said, "0%, but it will relieve the symptoms." I said, "Doc, I'm too young for that. I have a wonderful wife, five children to raise. I don't want the symptoms relieved. I'm looking a cure." He said, "There's no cure for cancer; there's no cure for heart disease." He said, "Dean, you're in a state of shock. I'll see you when I come around tonight." But I'm a little smarter than that doctor, because fifteen minutes after he left, I checked out of that hospital and went home. You know when you're in for open-heart surgery at the Houston Memorial Hospital, it is very difficult to get out. They said the doctor is supposed to release you. I said, "Lady, this is America, not Russia. I told you, I am leaving right now before he gets back, because they're going to do open heart surgery on me. I know it won't do me any good." She said, "I'm sorry, we're liable for you, we're responsible, and you cannot leave." I said, "Lady, don't tell me what I can do and what I can't. Let me sign liability release forms. I'll leave you a few blank checks. I'm going." She knew I meant it and I got up with my wife and we went home.

Escaping From Houston's Bypass Surgery Team

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In the meantime, they found the doctor. All emergency signals went out. Find that Baxter and get him back in the hospital. So they called home and told me I had to come back immediately. They said, "Dean, you're too sick to drive. We'll have an ambulance come out and pick you up." I said, "Don't you dare have an ambulance come by my house. You've caused enough trouble now. I'm already mad at you, but I don't want an ambulance out here." He said, "Dean, we have to, you're too sick to drive. If you don't have open-heart surgery, we can pretty well assure you that you'll be dead in 3 days." One 100% blocked artery and two 90s. I knew I had bad circulation. I thought it was fatigue, too much work. He said, "No, you have severe heart disease. We're going to do surgery tomorrow. You must come back." I told him, "I'm not going to. You said it won't cure my disease, won't even control my disease. I want nothing to do with it. I'm going out in the world and find the cure." He said, "Dean, I told you there's no cure and you will die. Are you afraid of death?" I said, "Absolutely not! I still don't want the surgery and I'm not going to do it." He said, "Dean, you are committing suicide. You're an intelligent person. You must come in and let us do it. It's proven. It's very safe. Only one or two percent die, and you'll probably live through it." I said, "Doc, I will not do it," and I hung up.

I started packing to get out of Houston before the doctors killed me. I had to escape because I knew my life was in jeopardy. I told my wife, "Don't call me in again," but then they had a doctor, a good friend from Bay City, Texas. He gave me a call. He said, "Dean, I've gone through it. It's very simple. I talked to other doctors all over the area to convince you to come back." I told him I refused to do it. I told my wife, "I will not answer that phone again." It kept her crying all night long, afraid that she was going to be a widow, and that I was committing suicide. Finally, I took the phone off the hook.

We finally got out west and the minute I pulled into my mother-in-law's farmhouse in Paradise, Utah, there was a message to call Bob Franklin in Houston immediately collect. So I called Bob. He said "Dean, the whole town is concerned about you. Everybody knows you escaped from the hospital, where you should have had open-heart surgery. All the doctors said, without doubt, you're going to die without it. You need to be controlled." I said, "Going down there, I

heard that little spirit say, do not let them perform this surgery, and I refused to do it." He said, "Well, my daughter works for a doctor in Salt Lake City, who gives roto-rooter chelation therapy." I said, "Chelation roto-rooter? That makes good sense. That's probably what I need." In fact when he told me about it, I had that warm feeling come over me. I thought that's the answer. I said, "Who is it?" He said, "Dr. Bob Vance in Salt Lake City."

So then I went to meet Ol' Bob Vance. Bob examined me and said, "Dean, what did they say about you?"

I said, "Well they told me I was going to be dead in three days." He said, "How long ago was that?" I said, "Three days ago." He said, "You know, they were just about right. Your blood doesn't flow, it just trickles."

Chelation Treatment

After 3 or 4 chelation treatments the feeling came back into my hands and feet. After 5 or 6 the angina pain left my chest. I've never had any since. And the dizziness left. I had an accident 35 years ago, when a horse rolled over on me and I have a trick knee that would crack. You know that chelation took the calcium out of my knee joint! I asked Bob, "What's going on?" He said, "Oh, just getting rid of excess calcium." My wife said, "Will all his teeth fall out?" He said, "Oh no, his teeth won't fall out." He was giving me supplemental vitamins, 70, 80, 90 a day. I'd never had a pill in my life. I didn't even take aspirin. Bob said, "It's no good to take chelation unless you have a good nutrition program, a good diet, and daily exercise." So that's just what I did. I'm a good role model, a good example, of what chelation can do for severely ill heart patients.

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Results of Chelation Therapy

The first day I got home I had stacks of phone calls. The first was from Mayor Louie Welch of Houston. You all know Louie. Good ol' Louie, he said, "If Dean's got 15 cents, have him give me a call." So I called Louie. I said, "Louie, I'm back home. I understand you want me to call," "Yes," he said, "I sure do. All over this town, the rumors are out, that you've been to a quack out in Salt Lake City, to have some chemical rooter job done on you. How are you feeling?" I said, "Never felt so good in my life!" He said, "Would you dare to accept the challenge that I'm going to give you right now?" I said, "Absolutely, what is it?" "I want you to go to a Houston cardiologist at the Medical Center and have him examine you over again, to see what kind of damage they have done to you, or if they've done you any good." I said, "Louie, I insist on it. That's what I want to do for documentation."

In the meantime, I talked to this other doctor who had open-heart surgery, a great surgeon in Houston. He said, "Dean, catheterization shouldn't be done anymore. It is too dangerous. A thalium test is what you should take." So I insisted that this doctor give me a thalium test. It was very expensive. When it was over, I said, "I want my results." The technician said, "The doctor has to give them to you." I said, "If you're smart enough to give me the test, you ought to be smart enough to give me the results." He said, "I am, but the doctor—that's his job to tell you the results." So early the next morning, I called the cardiologist to get my results. The nurse said, "He's busy." I said, "Busy or not, I could care less. I'm a dying patient of his, and I had a

thallium test yesterday. I want to know if I'm alive or dead." She said, "Well, let me go talk to him."

So she went and talked to him. He came back and said, "Tell Mr. Baxter that he has no restrictions on his lifestyle whatsoever. He can do anything he wants to and set an appointment for him to see me next week." I said, "That sounds good! No restrictions on my lifestyle, good adequate flow of blood." So the next week, the two of us went in to see him. He asked, "What have you been doing? I cannot believe it. Your earlier results showed you as a critically ill, actually dying man, with severe heart disease. Now, just a few months later, you have adequate blood flow. There are no restrictions on your lifestyle whatsoever. You still have blockage, because you still had that from the heart attack. You have so many collaterals formed, that you have adequate blood flow without bypass surgery." I said, "Thank you, doctor." He said, "How did you do it?" I said, "Chelation therapy." He came unglued again. "There's nothing to it, nothing to it. What else have you been doing?" I said, "Oh, I have better nutrition." "That's helpful." "I have a regular exercise program every day." "That's very, very helpful. What else?" "I have a great positive mental attitude and a great faith in God." He kind of chuckled a little at that.

Epilogue

Now Mayor Louie Welch challenged me when he heard of my great success. He said, "Dean, I want you to do me a favor. Quit your job immediately, and become a medical missionary. Go all over the world and tell people about chelation. Think of the thousands of lives you can save and the quality of life that you can give to sick people." I said, "Louie, I've already been a missionary in Africa in 1949–52. I spent all my money and half my folks' money. I think I've served enough." I can't actually quit my job, but I will spend all the time I can, nights and weekends, for radio, TV, newspaper interviews or for speeches, such as today because we do need to get the word out for this great treatment, chelation, to slow down the 100 billion dollar industry called bypass surgery. My advice to heart disease patients is this. Take the recommended amount of chelation. Eat good, nutritious food. Exercise every day. Have faith in God with a positive mental attitude. You are going to find people who find fault with you.

So I'll tell you a final closing story. It's called the story of how to carve an elephant. A man said, "How do you do it? You get a block of wood or stone. You carve an elephant (from) anything and you carve beautiful elephants. How do you do it?" The artist said, "Very simple. I look at this stone and the front of it is supposed to be the nose. Anything that doesn't look like the nose of an elephant, I cut it away. I look at the ear. If it doesn't look like the ear, I cut it away. When I finish I have a perfect elephant." So I challenge you. If there is anything in your life that doesn't look like preventive medicine, carve it away, because the only thing that is going to slow down preventive medicine is unscrupulous habits. In closing, if there's anything in your life as a human being, or anything in your life as a professional doctor, that doesn't look like a real professional, do me a favor, and cut it out. Thank you.

Dean B., Director of Public Affairs • Arco Corporation • Houston, Texas