

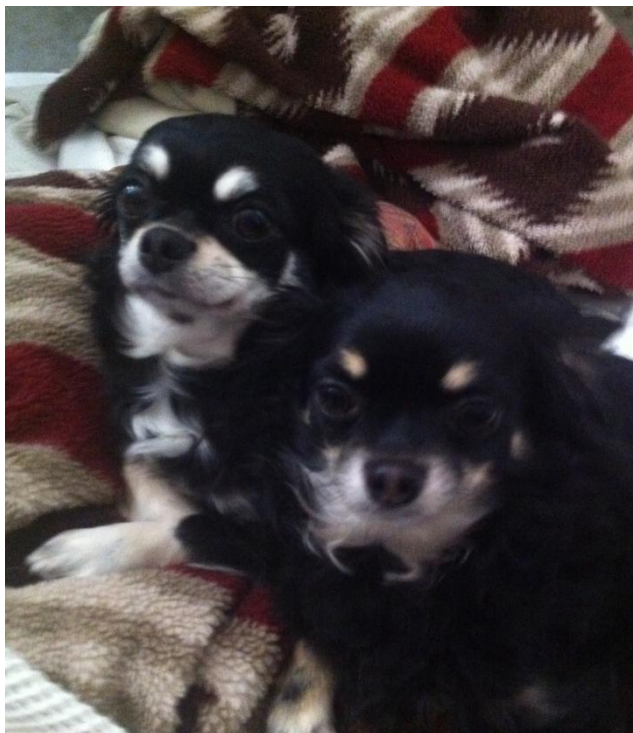
A Small Dog with a Big Problem

Johnny, my Chihuahua, has a personality inversely proportional to his size: as small as he is, he's tough as nails. And protective? I'm sure he would take on a tiger if he thought I was threatened (but only after making such an insufferable racket, the tiger would leave just to give his ears a rest). I too am a tough guy, but when it comes to Johnny I am mush. Simply said, I love him like the universe.

About a year and a half ago, Johnny changed. He gradually lost his feisty nature, and then his appetite and energy. I took him to the vet and a tumor was found in his throat. The vet told me to be prepared for the worst, that almost for certain it was Johnny's time. But I knew about Cano's clay and had been using it myself for several years, so I put out a bowl of clay water for Johnny. He drank it quickly, and he would drink it whenever I brought a fresh bowl. When it came to nourishment, it was the only thing he was interested in.

Gradually over the next month Johnny's appetite returned along with his personality. He was my Johnny again, the little Samurai. I took him to the vet and the tumor had disappeared completely. I live in Japan, and it's my experience that Japanese doctors and vets are very traditional. If something is outside of their formal training they are flummoxed. Sure enough, when I told the vet that the change in Johnny was due to the clay, he went into an almost comical display of frustrated disbelief. I am pretty sure I ruined his day! But what to say? If you are a Clay Disciple like I am, you don't care a bit. The clay works and that is all that matters.

-- Paul M.



Johnny on the lower right