

Nervous Breakdown Time – The Foot Infection that Would Not Heal

Fifteen years ago I was in South India at Tiruvannamalai. A lady friend of mine had accompanied me, and we had spent about three months together in different parts of India. During that time my friend's foot had become infected, and it had been infected for about two months. She had been to different doctors and received both antibiotics and topical salves for the infection, but it would not heal. It had gotten worse and now there were red lines going up her leg. The doctors told her this was a very serious condition: septicaemia, or blood poisoning, and if not somehow corrected it could lead to gangrene. My friend was frantic; she was literally on the verge of a nervous breakdown about what was happening.

Luckily I remembered that a friend of mine had some of Cano's Clay, or at least I sure hoped he did! I phoned him and explained the situation. He said that he did have some of the clay, and it sounded like he better give what he had to my friend, which – bless his heart – he did. He explained that we should make a paste of the clay (gelled clay) and cover the foot with it, and then wrap the foot with a gauze bandage and cover that too with the clay. Then leave it to dry and don't take it off no matter what. If my friend needed to take a shower or bath, she should wrap the foot with a plastic bag so as to leave the clay intact. He said that she would know when to remove the clay, that she would feel when the problem was over.

The next day we did as instructed and then, of all things, hopped in a taxi for a ten-hour drive to Puttaparthi and the ashram of Satya Sai Baba. I don't think either of us gave a second thought to the clay at that point. But I will never forget how, six hours into the drive, my friend turned to me and said, "The problem is over. You cannot believe what is happening to my foot. The feeling is just amazing." I can't remember how many days she left the clay cast on her foot – I think about a week. But when she washed it off, the foot was like new with no sign of infection.

I phoned my friend in Tiruvannamalai the day after we had arrived at Baba's ashram to tell him the good news and thank him. I said that my lady friend "wanted to touch his feet." Yes, I actually used those words. I didn't know a thing about "Clay Disciples" at the time, but my lady friend had definitely become one even if she didn't realize it!

Monique H.