

Chapter 23

Cindy

*There's nothing so real in life as the things you've done ... inexorably,
unalterably done.*

Sam Tesdale

The broken down, rattling vehicle spewed choking dust, tore into the parking lot and caused rocks to fly like shrapnel. Skidding to a stop, Michael jumped out and slammed the door shut. It sounded like a crowbar smashing into a tub full of bottles. One thing for sure, he was in too much of a hurry.

Michael and his girlfriend Cindy took care of the place sometimes when we were gone, and he enjoyed certain liberties. This evening he burst into the front room and yelled, "Cano, I need to use your truck!"

It wasn't like Michael to ask for the use of my truck. "I'm thinking she may be in serious trouble."

I waved him down and pleaded, "Slow down, Mike. What are you talking about? Who's in trouble? Will you settle down?"

Mike was bright enough, but scared big time.

Hearing all the racket, Joyce threw on a robe then joined us in the front room. I asked Michael to please start at the beginning.

He drew an impatient breath, brushed back his long hair and tried hard to be cool. He lit a cigarette and took a deep drag. "Okay, here it is. You know Cindy has been sick?"

I glanced at Joyce and said, "Yes, we thought it was the flu or something."

He shouted, "No Cano, she's got Toxic Shock Syndrome!"

"Say what? Toxic Shock? What's he talking about?" I turned to Mike, "Slow down and talk to me like you're sane, or you're outta'

here!”

Mike buried his face in his hands. “Okay, I’m sorry. A few days ago she was real sick, and I took her to Valley Hospital in Las Vegas. She was diagnosed with Toxic Shock Syndrome. Cano, she was real sick.

“They put her on antibiotics, and then yesterday she started to get worse. I took her to the Death Valley Clinic because it’s close, and my truck wasn’t running too good. Anyway, the doctor there confirmed that she had Toxic Shock Syndrome. He checked her out real good and scared the hell out of both of us! What an ass! After he examined her, he told us that she had lesions and all the other symptoms of Toxic Shock, and that she’d be lucky to be alive in twenty-four hours! He really told her that. I heard him! Can you imagine?”

“Mike, take it easy! What happened next?”

“He wanted to see her again tomorrow morning, but she’s getting worse tonight and they ain’t open. She’s sweating hard and has chills. Her color is bad, and she’s throwing up the antibiotics as fast as they hit her stomach. I need to take her to Las Vegas now! She’s bad! She can’t wait ‘til tomorrow! The pills ain’t working, and she’s getting worse. That’s why I need your truck.”

Joyce and I realized we needed to see for ourselves just what was going on. We dressed quickly. Joyce found my glasses, and we followed Mike out the door to his place.

“Just what the hell is Toxic Shock Syndrome and how bad is it?”

Joyce said, “I haven’t heard much about it for the past few years, but it’s a dangerous infection that some women get from using tampons. I don’t remember much more than that. Anyway, I haven’t heard about it lately.”

“Didn’t I read some time back that it could be fatal?”

She nodded. “Oh yes, it’s bad, very dangerous.”

In a few minutes, we arrived onto a very spooky set. The room was almost dark. Only one small table lamp was on, and it cast

weird shadows around the room. I saw a mattress on the floor. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I found Cindy sitting on an old, overstuffed chair. She looked like an entirely different person. Bloated and sweating profusely, she had the look of someone fighting a severe bout of nausea. But the look of her eyes upset me the most. They seemed to bulge from her head in utter terror.

I felt like an animal trapped in a corner. I knew a lot about Clay Therapy, but never found myself in such a dangerous situation, with only the clay to depend on. In this case, we could see her getting worse by the minute.

Mike was out of his head.

I pulled Joyce aside. "Okay, what do I do? If I see this situation correctly, the decision has already been made for us. I mean, first off, do you feel that she's as sick as she appears?"

"Cano, I'm frightened. I know Cindy, she's in bad shape and getting worse fast. If she's in Toxic Shock, I mean I've read how deadly it is, and that stupid doctor told her that she'd be lucky to be alive in twenty-four hours? Well, he's a cold ass alright, but I also remember an article saying that Toxic Shock Syndrome kills rapidly."

"I had planned on getting gas in Shoshone tomorrow. I know my truck probably doesn't have more than two gallons left. I bet I wouldn't get all the way to Pahrump. That alone stops me. We've got to do something, and quick!

"What if we made a run for it and ran out of gas at this time of night? The other thing, those antibiotics, she's throwing them up. Nothing about this makes it worth gambling her life on trying something that by all odds won't work. We've got to get fluids in her and at least try to counter the problem."

"We've got to try the clay. I mean it's our only shot. For sure it won't hurt her, and it might even neutralize the poisoning and stabilize her long enough to get to the doctor tomorrow.

"Okay, Babe, let's roll. We've got to get our clay in her and on her. Let's do it."

I had a small bucketful of gelled clay and a sack of the dry powder in the truck. I was excited, like being in combat. I told Mike to get the clay from the truck, and bless his heart, he stopped to ask if we should try and get more antibiotics in her.

“No, no more. Get a pitcher of water and put a half-dozen tablespoons of our clay in it. Stir it with a wooden spoon.”

Mike looked at me. “I know not to put a metal spoon in it. Damn!”

Mike knew about clay. He knew a lot about it, but this was his Cindy and he was worried sick.

I got Cindy to drink the first cup of clay water without a problem. Great! She didn’t throw up. I then covered her upper body with the gelled clay, thankful that I had it with me and ready to use!

She began to cool down quickly. She drank more clay water and began to perceptibly relax. All this happened in a short period of time, something like fifteen or twenty minutes. Cindy was still in serious trouble, but she definitely looked better, not worse.

I visualized the clay absorbing all the antibiotics and poisons from her system. The topical application worked from the outside cooling her down and also drawing out toxins. But the core toxic problem remained and that thought made me catch my breath.

I suggested that Mike make four large poultices to cover her abdominal area, and he was to then place them on her every two hours or so during the night. But something was missing. We needed to directly attack the area where the poison was coming from.

I didn’t think that just flushing the area with a clay solution would be strong enough. I directed Michael to apply a series of poultices on her abdomen, while I thought about how to get the powdered clay directly to the source of the problem to soak up all the toxins.

I asked Mike to find a nylon stocking and put a wooden spoon in it. I then poured approximately half a cup of the dry, powdered

clay into the stocking. I asked Mike and Cindy to use the spoon handle to work the stocking deep into her vagina, and then remove the spoon. I asked that the clay stocking rig stay inserted until the following morning. When it was done, and Cindy was resting, Joyce and I left.

The next day, Mike and Cindy reported that the first poultice had a putrid odor to it, the second wasn't as bad, and the last ones were even better. She had started responding in a positive manner from the very start just by drinking the clay water, and the restorative effects didn't stop throughout the night. Cindy had fallen asleep, but Mike hadn't closed his eyes yet.

In the morning, Mike woke her at 8 a.m. so she could get cleaned up and get to Shoshone for her 9:00 a.m. doctor's appointment. No human ever looked so ghostly as Mike did after being up all night.

Cindy, on the other hand, was elated! "I was alive and felt good! I drank more clay water on rising this morning, and after removing the clay rig I cleaned up and felt really great. I must say though, the stocking was gross."

The clay had absorbed a remarkable amount of toxic substances.

The Doc, a PA (Physician's Assistant), was a decent man, but was rather odd at times. People all over the area were talking about the incredible effects of Clay Therapy, and he went absolutely ballistic at the merest mention of our clay.

He told people, "That stuff will turn to rock in your system."

None of his clients dared tell him that they were using my clay. God forbid!

Cindy's appearance at the clinic that morning stunned the doc and his nurses. They couldn't believe that she looked and acted so well. This same man had made the asinine remark that "You'll be lucky to be alive in twenty-four hours." Here she was twenty-four hours later, enjoying herself.

"Come in, please," said the Doc, motioning her inside to the

examination room, and said in a very analytical fashion, "Let's re-examine this situation." After a few minutes he said, "We know that Valley Hospital confirmed that she had Toxic Shock Syndrome, right? She had all the symptoms, right?"

The nurse interjected, "Doctor, you thought she might not live twenty-four hours."

He stared at his nurse in disbelief.

"You said that yesterday."

"I know what I said yesterday, thank you!" He began to read from his case history. "Did she have these symptoms, or not?" He read on, "Did she have lesions, or not?"

"She did have lesions," the nurse said.

"Then where are they now? Do you see any lesions now?"

"No, Doctor. There are no lesions present now."

"Then where did they go?"

"I don't know, Doctor!" the nurse replied.

This was becoming a comedy routine, and Cindy was enjoying every second of it. This physician had made a heartless although possibly accurate remark twenty-four hours earlier, and now had been made to look like a fool! On the other hand, this was a good man, doing his best to be an effective physician. Who wouldn't have responded the same way? Her recovery didn't make sense.

As she and Mike made ready to leave, he asked, "Cindy, did you take all the antibiotics real quick?"

"No, I kept throwing them up."

"Can you account for anything that made you recover so quickly and completely?"

"You should have asked me earlier. Sure, I know why, but you never asked me that. It was Cano's stuff, inside and out all night!"

With that they were out the door, jumped into that old rattletrap truck and waved goodbye.

Mike created more rigs for Cindy's healing process, and she took full-body clay baths daily, drank clay water and completed her recovery.

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Some people in the past viewed my affection for the clay as eccentric behavior. Those same good people, when exposed to her benefits in their own family's lives, changed their point of view and became a simple dyed-in-the-wool Clay Disciple. Of course you can see why.