

## **Cano Graham, the Crystal Cross and the Clay Disciples**

### **The Crystal Cross**



**The Crystal Cross Therapeutic Clay Center as it is today  
(now known as Poo-Ha-Bah)**

Cano Graham holds a very unique place in my heart. I didn't know it at the time, but his old stomping grounds (the desert just outside of Death Valley National Park) became my new stomping grounds shortly after he was forced to depart in the late 1980's.

I never knew what a friend I had in Cano Graham; not until meeting him years after I had first started studying therapeutic clays.

I had met some of the people in Cano Graham's book, *The Clay Disciples*, and I knew Cano by his small town reputation. In fact, it was Mouri, one of the people mentioned in Cano's book, who first pointed me in the right direction concerning my own research efforts. Mouri was one of the very "loveable old-timers" that Cano spoke so highly of during his stay in the desert. He was one of the most experienced clay users in the area at the time, and was never shy about sharing his knowledge.

Cano Graham purchased an old, rundown property once known as the "Ali Baba" hot springs resort. He had an idea to build a holistic healing center, but he didn't really have any clue as to what this center would look like, or what it eventually would offer. He spent some time visiting resorts all over California. He basically learned what he didn't want to build. He didn't want to build a fancy, high-priced spa that was designed to pamper people, he wanted to build something that would soothe the hearts, souls, and bodies of those who needed it most.

Cano rebuilt the resort, renovated it, and eventually renamed it “*The Crystal Cross Clay Therapeutic Center*”. It lived up to its name quite well. Many Las Vegas, Nevada locals remember the small center with a great degree of fondness. It was located off of the beaten path, in a very serene and unique patch of desert oasis. It existed without pretense. It was affordable. It was a friendly place; a giving, generous place. Later, I would learn to use many of those same words to describe Cano Graham.

That the vision of the Crystal Cross Therapeutic Clay Center was destined to fail was beside the point; it would leave its mark upon the world, and be a beacon of light for those able to see it. By the time I started studying the area, the Crystal Cross center was abandoned and eerily empty.

I spent many hours sitting on or around the natural stone sculptures that Cano had brought, through great effort, from Arizona. I would walk about the property, shaking my head as I glanced at the cracked and decaying old communal clay bath area. I sometimes felt that Cano’s presence was here, as if waiting for something to happen next.



**One of the Dozens of Natural "Rock Sculpture" brought in by Cano from Arizona  
Photo by Tony Aquilano ([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))**

I would try to imagine what kind of a man Cano was, to have the insight to build such a facility. Very few people around the area saw what Cano saw; not then and not now. But it was obvious to me that Cano saw clearly, and that he saw what people truly needed as if it were self-evident.

The clay bathing area (Cano called it a clay pit) was actually bowl shaped, and it was laid in concrete. Several tons of clay would be poured into the bowl, and then the natural hot springs water would be used to hydrate the clay. The design of the bowl allowed individuals to sit in hydrated clay magma up to the neck; it also allowed an individual to lay down in the clay, if they needed to, along the edges. A canopy made from old parachutes was used to partly block out the hot sun, while still allowing enough sunlight through to activate the clay.



**Cano's Old Clay Pit as it Exists Today, Twenty Years Later  
Photo by Tony Aquilano ([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))**

I would sit and imagine people soaking in clay for a while, and then rising out of the clay baths for twenty minutes of sunbathing. I would imagine seeing a grey colored person with dry clay cracking all over the body reaching for a hose to shower off the clay.

I would imagine them, dripping wet, heading off to the large, indoor covered pool. The flow of water in this pool was regulated in a manner that kept the pool at a very cool temperature. It

Cano Graham, the Crystal Cross and the Clay Disciples

might have been 110 degrees on a hot summer day; a cool mineral pool soak is just what everyone needed after sunbathing with clay.



**Cano's Large Mineral Pool as it Exists Today**  
Photos by Tony Aquilano ([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))



**Cano's Hot Pool as it exists Today**  
**Photo by Tony Aquilano**  
([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))

I imagined that after a ten-minute swim, cool and refreshed, people would emerge from the heavy, silky, mineral water and head over to the hot mineral baths.

The hot mineral bath room was small, as it should be, to act as a heat insulator for the winter months. The water poured into a single-person concrete tub; the size of the tub ensured that the energy (and heat) from the water was maintained with minimal water flow. It could also act as a contemporary style clay bath if desired. The little tub was designed to be extremely hot and to maintain as much of the therapeutic properties of the water as possible.

Then, the water would drain from the small tub into a larger tub. The larger tub was hot, but not so hot that a person couldn't spend twenty minutes or so soaking. There was plenty of room for three or four good friends in the larger tub.

The polished stone inlays in the concrete seats demonstrated just how much heart had gone into building the facility. That the entire vision was a labor of love was always quite clear to me.



**Sandy Dann**  
**Shoshone Tribe**  
**Caretaker of the**  
**Poo-Ha-Bah**  
**Photo by Tony Aquilano**  
([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))

Having finished for the day, I would imagine a small group of people firing up the stone-built barbeque, and starting an evening camp fire, watching the sun set behind the mountains.

I was always quite a bit jealous that I could only sit and imagine what the place was like in its day. I spent quite some time trying to figure out why nobody since Cano's time could make anything work on the property. Eventually I was able to figure all of that out (but that is another story, for another book...).

Cano's old Crystal Cross Therapeutic Clay Healing Center was eventually purchased by the Newe Shoshone spiritual leader, Corbin Harney, who passed away in 2007. The property is still owned by the Shoshone, and is currently called the Poo-Ha-Bah (which translates as "Doctor Water") Native Healing Center.

It is the author's hope that one day, the original vision sourced by Cano Graham will be enacted; perhaps by the people who first settled the land.



**The Therapeutic Healing Clay studied by Eytons' Earth,  
Cano Graham, and the Clay Disciples  
Courtesy of ([www.greenclays.com/](http://www.greenclays.com/))**



**Cano's Cross (made from old mine beams), as it exists today,  
overlooking the Grimshaw Natural Lake Preserve**

**Cano Graham**

5/10/1932 – 7/6/2009



**Old U – We Wash Building, Tecopa Hot Springs, California**  
Photo & Creative Rendition by Tony Aquilano ([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))

“I’m just gonna keep doin’ what it is I do.” Cano Graham would tell me.

A native of Shawnee, Oklahoma and a Texas transplant, Cano is a former actor, an author, and a public speaker. However, Cano became first and foremost a Clay Disciple.

It was as if Cano had allowed himself to be sculpted by clay; to be drawn along on an incredible journey that would eventually impact the lives of thousands of people worldwide. His book, first published in 2006, entitled “The Clay Disciples”, is an excellent chronicle of his journey through life, as well as his transformation into a clay therapy researcher, practitioner and advocate.

Cano, like many of the modern day individuals who have discovered the healing power of clay, just happened across the subject, stumbling into it; he had no training in natural medicine. He also had no previous inclination to study balneology, balneotherapy or pelotherapy (healing with earths). However, when confronted with the idea of clay therapy, Cano rose to the challenge,

continually struck with awe and humbled by this substance which was so simple to use and yet so complex to try to understand.

The first time I met Cano Graham, I soon discovered that Cano was generous to a fault, and often extremely intuitively insightful. We talked about clay therapy, the state of allopathic western medicine, and swapped stories for quite some time.

Cano's life philosophy was equally playful. He would talk about his life in a far more creative tone than most people. As an example, he would say things like, "Well, you see, here is how my career happened..." It was as if Cano found himself in a play, with the world happening around him, and he just jumped in at the places that were the most attractive to him at the moment.

Cano approached clay therapy in the wisest fashion: He allowed the clay to teach and guide him.

The section which follows is a simple chronicle of the discoveries that Cano Graham made, and how he used clay as a primary natural healing modality. Any reader interested in Cano's journey through life should consider acquiring a copy of his book, "*The Clay Disciples*".



**Small Hillside Deposit of Green Clay – Used by Tecopa Locals and Visitors**



**The Clay Disciple**



**Tecopa, California – Old Mining Railroad Town & Hot Springs Community  
Photo by Tony Aquilano ([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))**

Although Cano Graham’s mother had eaten clay when pregnant with Cano, it wasn’t until Cano was nearly retired that he discovered clay. Cano’s mother would eat black dirt and red clay gathered locally. She told Cano that she had learned about this common, global practice from a National Geographic’s magazine.

After Cano had purchased the old Ali Baba Hot Springs Resort in Tecopa California, Mouri, a long-time local of the area, would visit Cano and talk about the curative powers of clay. Mouri was extremely well versed in using clay for health purposes.

Cano’s first direct experience with the power of healing clay occurred after he had decided to allow a family to stay on his property for a week. The Hadley family had just lost nearly everything they had owned in a vehicle fire while moving. Claude Hadley had severely burned his forearm and hand. Sylvia, another Tecopa local, brought over some hydrated clay to treat the arm.

During this experience, Art, another local, had told Cano something that most of us who have spent years studying clay have all come to realize about healing clay: “...This has soaked up and stopped any infection we’ve ever seen. We don’t know how, but it damn sure does it.”

The clay completely eliminated the pain from the burn in a few short moments.

The same family experienced clay's powerful topical cleansing properties; they used the clay for facials and as a deep skin cleanser.

Cano also learned from the locals that clay could be successfully used to treat yeast infections.

It was clear that Cano's attention had been caught, and in a big way. To see someone in such immense pain, and then to watch that pain melt off the individual's face to be replaced with a calm serenity, is an amazingly rewarding experience.

However, it was Mouri that impressed a great need upon Cano to take the special healing clay seriously. Mouri explained to Cano that the local deposit of healing clay was effective for stomach conditions and dental problems, and also informed Cano that the local Shoshone natives had long used the clay for healing purposes.

Mouri, and many of the other old-timer's in Tecopa, sensed something great in Cano, and were literally electrified by the possibility that he would commit to doing something serious in area, which had become quite rundown since the mining business had faded away.

Cano was not yet committed to the idea of clay, though. He still had not grasped the significance of clay therapy, and he was probably still processing the experiences of the family he was hosting.

It was the same gentleman with the burnt arm that helped Cano build a cross made from old mining beams to replace a cross that had been vandalized by some kids. The cross, which sat up on one of hills overlooking Tecopa, originally served as a water marker. But for the local people, it seemed to hold a spiritual and religious significance.

It was that act of kindness that cemented Cano's place in the small community. Shortly thereafter, Cano was elected president of a local community organization, and henceforth dedicated himself to the practice of using therapeutic clay.

Cano's next documented experience with clay was with a gentleman who had feet problems; the gentleman, Mr. Al Simmons, had spent hundreds of dollars over a period of ten years to try to do what clay accomplished in very short order. The medical doctors he had visited suggested that an old injury (both feet damaged from wearing improperly sized boots) had turned into arthritis. Al Simmons was concerned that he eventually wouldn't be able to stand or walk. The clay started to remove the pain and heal the feet with a few short days of beginning use. Al used the clay by "slathering it on his feet", and also by doing hot foot soaks with clay water.

Cano was discovering what I had also been carefully exploring for years. When isolated injuries existed, even if a degenerative condition had henceforth developed, clay therapy often was dramatically effective, even if the initial injury was years, or even decades old.

Al Simmons' wife had a tooth abscess; Cano suggested she use clay for the abscess, but realized, upon Mr. Simmons' protests, that he didn't have enough information on what the clay actually was to suggest it be used in-body. Never-the-less, Al's wife independently elected to use clay.

She used it on the outside of the cheek, and described a strong pulling sensation, and believed that the clay was literally pulling the infection out. After a short hour and a half, the pain subsided.

Cano learned during a discussion with Mouri and some other locals, that clay could be used to eliminate migraines. A local resident regularly treated migraine headaches by using a clay compress on the forehead and covering her face; she often experienced relief in 30 minutes.

During the same afternoon, Cano learned that a Shoshone boy with a broken foot, Harold, used clay to heal the foot, which had been run over by a truck. A local miner packed the boy's foot in clay overnight, and in the morning, the pain was gone and the swelling was completely gone. The foot was fully functional after two weeks of regular clay therapy and mineral bath soaks.

Mouri had become Cano's teacher on the subject of clay. Mouri, being quite an intelligent person and with a great attention to detail, had devised a complete mythology on clay action, based on what little was known, scientifically about clay. While I strongly disagree with Mouri's conclusions about exactly how the clay was working, I do agree with Mouri's conclusions about the end result of clay use.

Mouri described clay particles as being so minute, that they entered into the body through the skin. Next, due to the surface charge of the clay particles, the clay would become attracted to, and travel to, the exact injury site (such as the end of a nerve). Then, the clay would provide whatever support was needed, including acting as a buffer against pain and infection; inducing a healing response; the reduction of blood flow constriction (increasing actual blood flow at the capillary level); direct to-cell nourishment; and reduction of the immune system response causing inflammation.

The clay, Mouri insisted, would travel through the bloodstream and act as a free radical scavenger, helping the body to eliminate toxic substances, acting as a traveling lymphatic system throughout the body while at the same time providing cell nourishment.

All of Mouri's conclusions were functionally correct, because his conclusions were based on years of watching clay in action. And yet, each conclusion about the method of action was absolutely wrong. The clay *did* accomplish everything that Mouri had stated that it did, but not by the method of actions that he imagined. I do not say this to belittle the work Mouri did; Mouri worked with the information at his disposal at the time, and I have immense respect for him as an individual.

Next, Mouri believed that healing clay was comprised of 100% trace minerals, and thus he implied a 100% cellular bioavailability. In fact, the clay crystals themselves are completely inert. There are trace minerals available in clay, in ionic form, but these exact minerals, in their exact form, are readily available in other supplement sources. However, using the minerals in other supplement sources does NOT result in the same great results as clay use. Therefore, the mineral content itself cannot explain any direct action.

The author will delve into these issues further in Book III.

After an afternoon lecture by Mouri about the healing properties of clay, Cano felt much more confident about using clay for healing. He began to feel like he understood clay. It was as if Cano's intellectual mind had something to grasp on to, and thus it began to settle down, allowing Cano to just go with the flow of events as they transpired.

Next, Cano met Curt Hibdon, who quickly became his close friend and trusted handyman. Curt broke his finger one day working on the property. He stopped working just long enough to pack the finger in clay, and then resumed work. The finger healed perfectly on its own.

Cano and his growing crew of disciples were never shy about trying clay on anything that would hold still for long enough. That included a mouse with a serious cut that was interfering with the mouse's ability to walk. The mouse improved within twenty-four hours.

The clay also healed a nasty gash caused by an iron frying pan to a local's head, caused by an angry wife. Cano used a popular treatment method of the time, which was to sprinkle dry powder on the deep laceration, and then cover the area with a clay pack. The individual would wait until the clay is naturally ready to fall off, and then repeat the process. In such a case, when the wound was treated shortly after it happened, the healing process would be extremely rapid; this case was no exception.

Next, Cano ran into a man named Al that claimed to have arthritis in one finger and in an elbow. After having clay on the finger for about thirty minutes, the pain was completely eliminated; the inflammation had disappeared. The elbow also responded well to the same treatment, that same day.

Al's "arthritis" was completely eliminated and never returned.

Cano mentions treating edema in the leg and foot of an individual successfully, but wasn't able to specify the cause, only that the individual continued treatments, every other day, to address the swelling.

When the time finally came for Cano to truly open up his healing center to the locals of Las Vegas, he did something truly amazing and unheard of. During a radio interview to promote his healing center, Cano offered an unconditional money back guarantee to everyone. This impressed a great many people, who would come to the center just to try to prove Cano wrong.

Cano's next experience with clay was with a scorpion sting. While the scorpions in the region weren't usually deadly, the stings were still far from pleasant. In this case, clay applied and left on overnight provided complete relief from swelling and discomfort by the next morning.

Cano came across a case of severe food poisoning when a couple pulled into his center one night, during a severe storm. The lady drank two cups of thick, hydrated clay water. A short time later, she was visibly relaxed but exhausted. She drank another cup of clay water that night, and was nearly completely recovered within two hours.

That same night, Cano helped her husband eliminate the stomach ulcers he had had for six years. The individual was instructed to drink a glass of thick clay water once first thing in the morning, the last thing before bed, and during the day when convenient.

Cano came across a man named Johnny Diamond who had previously had heart bypass surgery. The leg where the vein was harvested refused to heal. The leg was always at risk for a serious infection, and the medical doctors had scheduled a skin graft.

In short order, after applying clay, the leg felt like it was responding well; the swelling was reduced and the individual felt a very comforting soothing effect. In all likelihood, the clay would be the only treatment necessary to heal the leg.

Cano kept drawing a great deal of summer business to his therapeutic center, largely due to the clay pits that he built. This fact alone was very interesting. Usually, not a soul would brave the harsh desert climate during the summer months.

One of Cano's most unique discoveries during his exploration of clay therapy was its use for PMS. He advised women with menstruation problems to begin using the clay internally four or five days prior to their regular cycle. He advised them to continue to use the clay during the cycle as well. He recommended that individuals suffering from PMS to drink clay water on an empty stomach once in the morning and once prior to sleeping.

Individuals who experienced problems sleeping were encouraged to have a warm clay bath in the evening, as well. He encouraged women to use a clay compress on the face and the nape of

the neck while in the clay bath. This usually felt very soothing and cooling in contrast to the warm clay bath.

A mouse wasn't the only animal that benefited from Cano's generosity. In one of his most amazing stories, he recounts an experience of treating a dog named Leroy using clay therapy. The dog was thirteen years old, and in enough pain that his owners were seriously considering putting him to sleep. The dog had an apparent severe case of arthritis in the back and in one leg.

Cano first mixed a small amount of clay in drinking water for his new companion. As is often the case with animals, the dog quickly lapped up the clay water. The next day, he gave the dog a clay water bath. After Leroy had recovered from the clay bath, Cano packed the dog's back and leg with clay. As the clay began to dry and tighten, Leroy became agitated, as Cano thought he would be as the clay dried and tightened. Cano rinsed the clay off.

The arthritic pain was quite obviously gone. Cano's book editor was so doubtful about the truth of the story, that Cano put a note in his book asking for similar stories to be documented with video from animal owners.

However, as one I will demonstrate in Book III, and even in one of the earlier stories in Book I, such things are a commonplace experience. And while, the method of action is still unclear, the actual effect in such a case is very easy to document.

Next, Cano met an old Shoshone native that lived out in Bishop, California, named Bob Daniels, who first experienced clay therapy in the 1960's or early 1970's. His father introduced him to clay therapy; it was likely that the Shoshone had long been using the clay in the area for healing purposes.

Cano's next encounter was very significant. He had the opportunity to see how quickly clay worked with a case of acute toxicity. Cano met Robert, who worked at a gas station. Robert was suffering from headaches. He also had open sores on his body that stung in the heat of the day.

Cano believed that the gas fumes from the old station were responsible for his toxic condition. He knew from a previous experience with a gentleman who worked in a chemical plant, that clay therapy would likely greatly assist Robert.

Cano had the early insight to realize that increasingly severe cases of Multiple Chemical Sensitivities would start to appear all over the industrialized world. He also had the insight to realize that clay therapy could offer one of the only treatments that could provide hope to its sufferers.

Eight days after spending one day at Cano's facility, Robert's headaches were gone and the sores had healed.

One of the most unique treatments that Cano describes in his book involves a serious case of Toxic Shock Syndrome. A lady named Cindy was in very bad shape, and had no easy way of reaching medical assistance that night. In the usual Cano-style, Cano shot from the hip; he had Cindy cover her body with clay gel. This seemed to help cool her down. He had her drink clay water which she managed to keep down. He had her do a number of clay poultices on the abdominal area. Finally, he filled a stocking with dry clay powder, and had the woman insert it vaginally.

By the next morning, the woman had fully recovered.

Cano's next story is actually quite sad. A lady showed up at his establishment with severe Multiple Chemical Sensitivity. Such individuals are triggered by nearly anything in the environment, including but certainly not limited to: Perfumes, sounds, electromagnetic energy, chemicals, and even certain foods. Cano mentions that detoxifying clay baths were working very well for her over the month that she stayed at his facility.

However, circumstances forced her to depart and she eventually committed suicide before she was able to return.

Next, Cano describes having the opportunity to treat an individual with an extreme steam burn which occurred via a truck radiator. Cano told the individual to keep applying the hydrated clay directly to the burn, then gently soak the effected areas with wet, warm towels, and reapply the clay.

He told the man to use a good Aloe Vera cream as a moisturizer once the effected areas were nearly healed. He instructed the individual to keep using the clay until new skin had grown back, and to drink clay water as well.

The burn healed quickly, and without any scarring.

In another highly dramatic situation, Cano was able to use clay after an automobile accident, before the arrival of EMTs. He used clay on lacerations to stop bleeding (one wound was gushing blood).

Next, Cano recounted the experience of Curt being burned by hot creosote while working on his property. Cano describes Kurt as having "cooking flesh". Curt was quickly told by the onlookers to strip down and jump into the clay pit nearby. Upon entering the clay pit, the searing pain was immediately soothed. Curt was just fine.

Cano ran into a lady (Laura) who had a severe fungal condition which had been present for eleven years. The fungus appeared as multi-colored blotches that covered her body, and appeared to be moving closer to her neck and face. Her husband (Carl) had a serious case of

shingles on his right rib cage. Both used Cano's healing clay topically, and both fully recovered within thirty days.

Lou Caruso, a gentleman that Cano ran into one evening, knocked out a severe migraine headache in thirty minutes by sipping clay water and using a cold clay compress on the forehead and face.

Cano later ran into a very unusual and quite baffling situation. Pearl, an individual who showed up at The Crystal Cross, had a cancer operation six months previously. In the ensuing six months, she had put on thirty pounds, and her medical doctors told her that she was getting arthritis in every joint in her body.

Cano instructed Pearl to use the mineral baths, do some light exercise, and cover herself with clay on a daily basis. In fourteen days time, she was transformed and well on the way to what appeared to be a complete recovery. However, she was forced to leave shortly thereafter, and she was never heard from again.

The Dunsmuir chemical spill is probably the most interesting chapter of Cano's exploration of clay therapy. Cano believed that clay therapy was the perfect choice for herbicide and pesticide poisoning. However, he had no idea how effective it would be to treat severe and acute poisoning, until his experience with the sufferers in Dunsmuir.

A Southern Pacific Railroad tank car had jumped off track, and dove into the Sacramento River. The tank ruptured, and dumped toxic chemicals into the river. Cano spent part of a month assisting the locals with clay therapy.

Clay therapy worked to eliminate weeping sores, rashes, headaches, aching joints, and a host of other chemical toxicity symptoms. This was incredible, due to the fact that Cano arrived three months after the initial incident.

Cano would have any local brave enough to want to heal take hot clay baths, from between 45 minutes to an hour long, with one cupful of clay; he would have them drink clay water, and while in-bath, he would have them do cool clay compresses on the face and forehead and over the eyes.

After finishing a clay bath, Cano instructed those suffering with skin lesions and rashes to apply the clay gel wherever skin problems existed; he told them to just let the clay dry, and lie down on sheets.

Clay therapy was successful for those who utilized it, far beyond what anyone could have predicted.

To quote Cano:



“The use of pesticides and herbicides, along with the byproducts of American Industry, sets the stage for a horrible payback for our progress and our avarice. Rachel Carson gave us fair warning in *The Silent Spring* fifty years ago. We Clay Disciples give you a promise: These are the old times. Learn how clay therapy can help you and your grandchildren’s grandchildren survive. The Power created clay for the benefit of all living things.”

From recovery from chemotherapy to curing pre-cancerous skin conditions, Cano Graham learned to live and breathe clay therapy. He is undoubtedly one the most dedicated, if not the single most dedicated, clay disciple to ever walk the planet.

Even when the government stepped in and seized Cano’s prized oasis in the desert and incarcerated Cano, Cano managed to bring his clay therapy with him. The universe conspired with Cano, and he was able to sneak his healing clay into a federal prison, where he and a small band of Silent Disciples dedicated themselves to relieving pain and suffering.



**Harry Little (Cano) Graham, 2009**  
**(Photo by Pam Belgarde)**

## End Game



**Cano and the Documentary Film Team  
(Photo by Pam Belgarde)**

When Cano was finally freed from incarceration, he quickly set about finishing and publishing his book, *The Clay Disciples*. He used this provocative autobiographical account as a launching pad to continue promoting his passion for clay therapy.

From 2006 to May 2009, Cano continued to educate people about the benefits of clay therapy. Specifically, Cano spent quite some time in Arizona working with the Pima Indians, and has focused on using clay therapy to address the many terrible problems associated with Type II Diabetes.

I met Cano in 2007, and he was nothing like what I'd imagined him to be. At least in Cano's case, I realized that I had to both ignore Cano's small town reputation while at the same time embracing it. That's Cano: Full of contradictions. He was a man who was born into a fabulous play, and simply decided to write his own part, one line at a time, and one day at a time. Cano always shot from the hip, but he wrote every single line of his life right from the heart, to the best of his very capable ability.

Cano mentions in his book that some people just don't like him, right off the bat. Well, that hasn't been my experience; everyone who met Cano, at least in my presence, simply loved him... right off the bat.

Cano was a great talker, and this was certainly a part of his considerable charm. But, in retrospect, I think his biggest attribute was the ability to look at people squarely, and to greet the actual being inside with his bright blue, kind eyes.

Cano continued his pursuits with utter abandon, right up until the very day he left this little globe of ours.

“I’m just gonna keep doin’ what it is I do,” he’d always enjoyed saying, followed by a “Go easy, friend.”

And I think that that’s really great advice, from a truly amazing individual.

After the publication of his book, having made a decision to focus on using clay to help treat diabetes and diabetes related health issues, he secured funding for a documentary film. The film was to feature the Pima Indians, healing clay and their diabetic health crisis caused by immense poverty. However, due to the economic downturn in 2008-2009, Cano lost his funding.

With funding for his film project done, he continued to attend speaking engagements and educate people on the uses of healing clay, right up until the day he was not physically capable of speaking.

On June 7<sup>th</sup>, 2009, Cano peacefully passed away after a long fight with advanced lung cancer.



**Grimshaw Natural Lake Preserve, Mojave Desert, Tecopa, California**  
Photos by Tony Aquilano ([www.tonyphotoart.com](http://www.tonyphotoart.com))

**Cano Graham Image Gallery**



**Cano Graham and the Crew that Built the Therapeutic Clay Pits**



**The Original Clay Pit and the Original Outdoor Soaking Pool**



**This is How the Original Clay Disciples Took Clay Baths – Clay by the Ton, not by the Cup**



**The Clay Healing Center – Outdoor Area Completed**



**The Original Outdoor Hot Springs Soaking Pool**



**Clay Covered Sun Bathing**



After a Hard Day Playing in the Mud, Cano's Crew Stops by the Snake Pit in Downtown Tecopa



Finishing up the Indoor Hot Springs Pool





**Cano & Crew: Not Afraid to March Covered in Clay with Plenty to Give Away**



**...but it all began with a simple dream (Clay Healing Center Prior to Construction)**