



Journey of the Renegade Healer

or

How to Leave the System and
Discover True Healing

By
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Introduction

For many, probably most, of us, the search for why we are on this planet at this time occupies most if not all of our subconscious mind and a large part of our conscious mind (if we would but admit it). Or maybe our subconscious knows all along what the reason for our being here is and is playing a game of not telling.

Regardless, the search is real. For each of us, when we discover the “why” of us, what we call success is right around the corner. It then becomes a matter of taking the action required to fulfill the why.

This is the story of my own discovery of the “why” of me. It has been a tough road, made so by the fact that I think too much and worry too much and don't believe that the strange and wonderful things that come to me and to my mind could really be real.

But they are. And when I let go and step into the flow amazing things happen.

Let this be an encouragement for you to get out of your head, let go the fear and the “I can't” and get into the risky white water of what your life is meant to be.

Blessings,
Dr Jon – The Renegade Doc
St Charles, MO August, 2009

Chapter 1

Starting Point

Getting the Training

Questions Arise

Beginning Private Practice

It was late summer of 1976 and the goal of becoming a physician was coming into focus. Medical school was beginning.

The country boy born in the woods of Maine, high schooled in Florida, I, Jon A. Moreshead, had just finished a Master's Degree in Chemistry, and a wonderful time it was!

Teaching undergraduates in discussion groups, making compounds in the lab that had never been made before, working with a man who was a Pure Scientist – didn't care about the politics or parties, just wanted to do science. What a life!

Now here I am, August of 1976, Medical School, sitting in a classroom full of over a hundred youngsters just out of college (I had 4-6 years and life experience on most of them), all of them smarter, more up to date, more ready to tackle the biological courses that comprise medical school.

I was horrified, and as the days and months and years went on I also became totally depressed. Medicine was supposed to be fun like the Master's program was: **learning new things, thinking new thoughts, HELPING PEOPLE get well, using new technologies, being important.**

Instead, to my way of thinking, it was all **boring as heck**. Most of the science was old stuff which I wasn't really interested in, none of it allowed room to think, but was just to be rehashed and memorized.

Instead of helping people, most of my time during the clinical years was spent doing scut work like drawing blood and starting IVs.

Or maybe I just wasn't clicking with this medicine stuff?

Right at the end of medical school though, things turned around. The very end of my senior year of medical school, April and May of 1980, my wife and I were able to spend in Ecuador working in a missionary hospital.

Now this was real!

These were people who really needed help, who came at great sacrifice and for long distances to get help.

This was using your brain, seeing new things.

Wow!

Then there was the trip into the jungle, about 10 days of going further and further "off road" and out of the hospital system to bring care to people in their huts where they **REALLY** needed it!

Now that was real medicine.

That was what the stories as a kid were all about.

That was where life took on some meaning.

But wait a minute.

That was an IV bottle hanging there, dripping into that young man's arm, in a dirt-floored hut in the Amazon jungle, with no white coats around, no hospital, no monitoring device!

The person who started it didn't even have an RN degree. She probably didn't even have the equivalent of a sixth grade education, just some basic first aid care to help people in the jungle get over the "simple" acute illnesses they all suffered from, and the directive to get people to more "upscale" medical care if they didn't improve.

And then there was the MD with whom I was traveling!

He was a cardiologist who had left a large practice in the Midwest, USA, to spend time in the jungle to see how medicine was practiced in third world countries because he was modeling an inner city clinic after that style of medicine.

He had some eye-opening ideas about how expensive the American style of medicine was, about how the people in the third world couldn't afford it. He was evaluating and admitting that no one was coming out of the medical paradigm long enough to think about or ask what the people really needed, what would best serve the people, but were just imposing their brand of medicine wherever they could.

He was right. After the days in the jungle, the American cultural missionary model didn't resonate

any longer; it didn't fit where those people or even that country was. The medical missionary vision died in my heart.

Guess I better just go home and try to fit in.

So, I returned to the states and graduation from medical school and on into the career.

The next step was to do a Family Practice Residency. This became a time of **LONNNNGG... hours** in the hospital, caring for all kinds of people and all kinds of problems like colds, flu, surgical emergencies, medical emergencies, chronic illnesses, heart disease, liver disease, even the delivering of babies. This also included having my own patients to follow in the clinic, getting to know inner city people of varying ethnic groups.

For me, it was a good fit, full of fatigue and learning, connecting to some dear and needy people, hoping that this would turn into a lifetime of satisfaction.

Then, after three years, it was over.

Now it was time to find a spot in the other real world of private practice. Where would I go? What community could I join in which to become a productive, contributing member?

I had no roots, no place that I could call home. Maybe I should open the map, throw a dart.

Wait! A close friend had a suggestion. There were two former medical missionaries in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia looking for someone to help.

Perfect.

Low key, caring, concerned about keeping costs to patients down, not worried about making big bucks or making a big reputation, but just doing a good job taking care of people.

Let's go!

Chapter 2

Big Questions

Personal Problems

The World Turns Upside Down

Renegade Thinking Takes Root

It was now early 1984 and it didn't matter who was President or what was going on "out there". My world was a whirlwind of making hospital rounds, seeing office patients, sitting in on occasional staff meetings back at the hospital, taking calls in the middle of the night or on weekends or anytime, then going back to the emergency room to see someone and admit them to the hospital with serious problems that should have had some attention years ago but was only now getting it.

And, all those wonderful drugs that I spent so long learning to dispense. Were they really helping anyone?

If so, how come people kept coming back with the same problems, over and over again?

How come the kids were still having the earaches and sore throats every change of season?

How come folk were still getting so depressed, having menstrual problems, struggling with infertility?

How come people were still having unexplained fatigue and skin rashes?

How come the folk who were reading all the best information about the latest breakthroughs in medicine (*Good Housekeeping* and *Ladies Home Journal* magazines) were still having their heart disease and cancers and arthritis and chronic fatigue?

How come the vaccines weren't helping, but even killing some?

What was going on here?

How come people weren't really being helped?

Then the questions got really personal, not just “medical.”

Why was our 6 month old son, for whom we had struggled so long to conceive, holding his head to one side and why was his left eye shutting all the time and why was the left side of his head so flat?

Now the other questions could wait.

This was my son, Philip, my firstborn, we're talking about!

This wasn't someone in the jungle, as dear as they are. This wasn't a local patient whom I cared for but only saw once every few weeks or less. This was my flesh and blood, named after my deceased Mother whom I never really got to know. **This was my heart being ripped out.**

We asked the pediatrician what was wrong with Philip – he didn't know. Told us to go see the orthopedist since it had to do with the skull bone.

The orthopedist only dealt with kids when they were old enough to swing a bat or catch a football, not 6-month-olds. He told us to go to the Pediatric Orthopedist clinic at the University over the mountain.

The Pediatric Orthopedist did a good examination, at least, and took an X-ray of the skull. He thought Philip had a problem with the suture lines of the skull and needed the doctors who ran the “funny face” clinic to look at him.

So we made another trip over the mountain, still with no real answers. This time, a Geneticist, Neurosurgeon, and Plastic surgeon with their entourage of resident doctors and student wannabe doctors (careful, I was one of those only a few short years ago) all trooped through, asked the same questions.

Their workup included a CAT scan of the skull, which required another trip back across the mountain and having to put him to sleep as well.

And they all had the same answer:

“We don't know what the problem is.”

But the solution was even worse:

Cut the muscle in his neck so it will straighten up and a few years later we will open his skull, take some bone of the round side and put it on the flat side so he will look OK.

**BIG QUESTION. BIG PROBLEM. NO ANSWER.
WRONG ANSWER.**

Doctors, Specialists,
What the #%&*\$ are you doing?

I was ticked off, confused, scared.

All your brains, research, experience and technology can do no better than that?

This can't be! “No way, Jose”. Something is “Rotten in Denmark” here.

Forget all the training, all the theory. I, the reeling father, Family Physician, know-nothing doctor needed some answers.

By “happenstance” I learned of an Osteopath in our little town back in the Valley who was trained to do **CranioSacral therapy**, whatever that was.

This was worth a shot. At least it wasn't some aggressive surgery for no good reason.

We walked in the door of a small, unassuming house turned into an office with our small infant son in his arms and from across the room this older, gentle, knowing man said:

“Here, let me show you what the problem is.”

Are you kidding me? That simple?

He then opened his book on Cranial therapy, pointed to a model of the human skull and proceeded to explain both the anatomy and the therapy. No fancy X-rays or CAT scans, no anesthesia with its inherent danger. Just simple, straightforward, tested,

anatomical answers. Different answers and different physiology, than I had learned in medical school.

But the therapy, that was another matter. He sat at Philip's head and just barely touched it with his fingertips while his wife gently held Philip's pelvic bones steady. Occasionally he would place one finger in Philip's mouth with some pressure up against the palate.

From across the room, watching this, I was having even more questions. I thought, because I had been trained, that being a doctor meant doing something – a drug or a procedure or something!

This sitting and doing nothing was a little much.

After getting past that whole idea the more specific questions arose.

What was he doing? Would it work?

And, over time, by George it was working!

WHAT WAS he doing?

And then, the excitement kicked in.

Will you teach me?

But more than specific questions about Philip's treatment, in the big picture, the die was cast.

This training, this system to which I had given so much of my time, attention, energy and loyalty was becoming a house of cards and it was crashing down!

Meanwhile, two other “paradigm shifters” were coming into my consciousness.

First, back at home, during the few hours away from the practice, I had revitalized an interest in organic gardening. I prepared the raised beds, added the mulch, and read the literature to find out how to do it better.

Then a funny thing happened.

All the problems talked about in that literature, the lack of nutrients, the toxins and the chemical fertilizers that were not giving the plants what they really needed and were killing the soil at the same time, were the same problems I was seeing in the “soil” of patients' bodies in the practice.

Hmmm,.... I wonder. Could there be a connection?

Next, and to make matters worse, a family friend sent me a book titled *Confessions of a Medical Heretic* by Robert Mendelsohn, MD.

In a few short chapters this book explained how the medical system is actually a religion, complete with temples, priests, sacraments and all the other trappings of any good religion.

All of a sudden I understood why I had been so uneasy for the last several years while worshipping, unknowingly, at the altar of the Medicine God. It didn't fit with my own religious beliefs, for sure, but more than that it disturbed me that this false religion had been so subtle in occupying my time, attention and loyalty.

Needless to say, the combination of a personal medical problem with Philip, awareness of the inadequacy of food production, and the understanding that there was a problem here of spiritual and gigantic proportions totally flipped my world upside down and inside out.

What to do??

How could I begin to discover how to turn my training and experience as a physician into a meaningful, intelligent, natural approach that might actually **help people** find answers to their physical problems?

The quest was on.

The old mindset was fundamentally changed.

No longer was Medicine the God, the All-Knowing, the Complete Answer, the Final Solution.

No, the Emperor's new clothes had been found out for what they really were – inadequate at best, misleading and totally insufficient.

The Renegade Doctor was born and I was that Renegade!

Little did I know, in my naivete, what challenges and disappointments, what victories and what struggles lay ahead.

Chapter 3

First Steps

Keeping it Familiar

Diet

Nutrition

As with most change, particularly change on a grand scale, the outward expression of what is being thought comes in small steps.

So it was with me.

It was now about 1985. It took only a couple of years **of practicing** the paradigm of medicine I had been taught **but thinking** while seeing patients, **of dealing with Philip's head problem**, of reading and applying the principles **of organic gardening** and **of understanding the religious aspect** of medicine **to totally change my paradigm, my approach.**

As a doctor I was totally unsatisfied , frustrated and disenchanted with the amount of healing the current medical approach actually offered patients, to say nothing of how appalled I was of the “club mentality,” arrogance, and mental laziness of fellow physicians.

As a parent of a child with a medical problem, I was even more appalled and disgusted at the stupidity and lack of compassion with which the system functioned, even though it had some amazing technology.

On the outside I was still the Family Practitioner, seeing patients daily, doing the hospital rounds, and passing out drugs.

But on the inside I was starting to look for different ways to do things, thinking differently about things.

First I began to look at the **food/nutrient link.**

Where could I go to find out more? I paid for a subscription to *Prevention* magazine since in my meager knowledge they were supposed to be the leading authority on nutrition and the application of nutrition to disease.

You have heard the saying, “When the student is ready the teacher will appear.”

Apparently I was ready.

I read three issues of *Prevention* and in that three months I received, found, had given to me or somehow acquired more information than I could possibly read. Still haven't read it all 25 years later!

First I began to understand that illness, as we diagnose and label it, isn't something that comes from the outside and just happens to land on us.

Later I also understood that illness is not a genetic anomaly that is preset and about which we can do nothing.

Both of these concepts had been well enforced in my head in medical school and both are actually wrong.

The Renegade mindset just got stronger!

More than that, I discovered that illness is actually the expression of Dis-ease, a movement away from the ease of balance of spirit, mind and body.

When looking at illness from this standpoint it opens a door to a much broader approach to finding balance and a much deeper level of and longer lasting healing instead of just treating symptoms.

So I entered that door, not knowing where to go or what to do.

The easiest thing to start with, since it was the closest thing to treating with drugs, was to treat with nutrients.

My mind could wrap itself around that concept.

So I began to look for and then use in my practice nutrient solutions to diagnosed illnesses.

I discovered that the possibilities here are endless.

A HUGE multitude of books have been written and are continuously updated on this subject.

For example, there is now the encyclopedic [Prescription for Nutritional Healing](#), a compendium of options of ways to treat various illnesses (and should be in the library of every serious 'natural health' person).

Some interesting results came with this approach.

High blood pressure came into normal range for some even with the “no good” generic vitamins.

Energy levels improved.

For others, there seemed to be no results until they paid bigger amounts for the fancier, more specialized vitamins.

Regardless, it became obvious that giving the body the nutrients it needed instead of trying to manipulate the body with foreign chemicals was an effective approach.

In the middle of all this I was made aware of the concept of **Candidiasis**, the overgrowth of Candida that occurs when the immune system and colon bacteria is out of balance.

I became the local “expert” in people's minds, but it was really their mind, deciding to limit sugar intake and improve their diets and their thinking, who got themselves better.

From here I became aware of the issues surrounding **heavy metal toxicity** due to metals such as mercury, for example, and others, and how devastating this can be, yet how difficult to diagnose and treat.

Because Candida and metal toxicity had allergic components, I started looking at **allergy** by itself as a problem and I joined and received training from the [American Academy of Environmental Physicians](#).

This is a group of physicians dedicated to looking more intensely at these issues and to using effective, if unconventional, approaches to treatment including nutrients, avoidance of allergens and a special

technique of diagnosing with and treating with injections of the allergy producing substances.

During this rather steep learning curve it became obvious that I needed to go back to school but there was no school to attend. Instead, I reduced my time in the private practice to part time so I could spend time studying the work of people like [Jeffrey Bland](#), [Jonathan Wright](#) and [Alan Gaby](#) who were on the cutting edge of nutrient treatment research.

I also left the hospital practice.

Later, when I was obviously going in a different direction than my practice colleagues I did them a favor and left the group office practice altogether, setting up my own small office in an out of the way place, hopefully to be left alone to treat patients without making a lot of waves in the larger community.

As the Renegade mind began to mature, so did the connection with and the interest in food, its production and its effect on health.

I moved my family to a friend's organic farm and we began to raise our own beef, chicken, turkeys and even sheep. We milked cows and goats and learned to make butter and cheese. We worked at the garden but had some issues with the soil, trying to get an old weedy patch fruitful again.

Nonetheless, the food connection to health became even stronger in my mind.

As I saw people come for the food available from this farm I also saw their health improve as did their mindset about their health.

Chapter 4

Horizons Broaden

Quantum Physics

Homeopathy

Energy

Move forward now to about 1988 and the Renegade Doctor Journey is tooling along at near breakneck speed, undirected, uncontrolled (except by Loving Father) and with no goal in sight other than to continue to find ways to help people.

By this time I had read the work of Dr. Frederick Klenner and had been giving Vitamin C intravenously. This is an AMAZING tool and should be the treatment of choice in doctor offices and emergency rooms for viral illnesses, septic shock and snakebite to name a few.

Besides vitamin C, I didn't dare to do it, but had the thought to give Magnesium intravenously for acute heart attack while in the emergency room, only to discover later that it was MUCH more effective and pennies on the dollar cheaper than conventional drug therapy.

(Health care reform should be looking at nutrient therapies, at the least, instead of government control of dollars.)

I was effectively using an injectable “cocktail” of nutrients for general fatigue and to give the metabolism a boost.

I tried but didn't like the use of hydrogen peroxide in the veins for viral problems.

I was sending patients with structural problems to chiropractors and seeing amazing results, though the insurance companies, and fellow physicians, didn't appreciate it.

People were getting well but that was causing my “reputation” to grow which in turn attracted more patients who were much more ill and were receiving less help from the system. People with serious problems were showing up in my office and I was feeling more and more unprepared and untrained.

The limited therapies I had available for cancer still weren't enough.

The neighbor who had Lou Gehrig's disease wasn't going to get better with just vitamin C and B complex and oral mineral doses.

The dairy farmer with pesticide poisoning who couldn't walk any more couldn't get well on what I knew.

There had to be more.

So I kept looking – and kept finding – and the horizon kept getting broader and broader, the possibilities kept getting more plentiful.

I began to learn about **herbs** and how potent they are.

They are also smart. Being a complete plant, capable of living on their own, they have built into them the substances to keep them in balance. For example, the herb that could control hyperglycemia (high blood sugar) was also effective for hypoglycemia (low blood sugar).

Herbs had an intuitively good feeling about them, perhaps because they really are a form of food and a form of nutrients, a wedding of the main approaches I had used to date.

Perhaps it was because the Creator told us early on that herbs would be our medicine and using them was another means of coming into balance with the bigger picture of life.

Chelation therapy was added to my list of tools. I didn't do it myself because another doctor across town was doing it and having amazing results with cardiac disease of all types and I didn't want to compete. The success stories from my patients referred to him though were outstanding. One lady had her carotid artery blockage melted away and stopped having mini-strokes. Another elderly woman was able to save her little toe and probably her lower leg which meant she could continue to live independently as well.

I discovered that by limiting costs and bringing real health, these “alternative” choices had not just physical effects but profound social, economic, relational and just plain “everyday living” effects on people's lives – for their benefit! They didn't have to lose their life savings and be put away in some home away from family and friends.

I also began to learn about **Homeopathy**.

This is not so simple to explain because it is so antithetical to our Western, chemical way of thinking.

Homeopathy speaks to the **principle of resonance**, like dialing a channel on the radio until the signal is crisp and clear. Symptoms of **Dis-ease** are like the receiver and the homeopathic remedy is like the transmitter. When the two are in tune the body “hears” the information it needs and raises its inherent energy thereby becoming able to fight off the symptoms. That often brings out a new set of symptoms that requires a different remedy to be “on frequency” and hence the body continues to increase its energy and its level of health. There are MANY texts on this subject and homeopaths spend their entire lives learning the ins and outs of this approach. When the correct remedy is found the results are often nearly instantaneous and can appear miraculous.

As I explored this arena of energy I discovered the concept of **acupuncture**. Our Western minds, again, cannot really grasp this concept. The Orientals, for millennia, have understood the body to be, among other things, a complex system of **energy circuits** running in various channels along the length of the body.

Placing a perturbing energy in one of these circuits will effect a change in that circuit, either increasing or decreasing its energy and activity. If it is increased, the body may see a healing effect or an increase in a metabolic effect. If the desired effect is obtained this is “good.” If not it can be “bad.” If the energy is decreased, the body will slow down in some way, perhaps becoming less sensitive to pain.

This idea of controlling pain has captured the fancy of the Western medical world and they will accept the use of acupuncture for pain control.

Unfortunately they think that is all it is about. It is not. Acupuncture is a nearly complete healing system within itself.

All this talk and learning about **energetic modalities** opened the door to the concept of **Quantum Physics/Chemistry** applied to biological systems.

As Einstein discovered, $E=mc^2$ simply yet profoundly means that matter and energy are the same thing except that matter needs to be “boosted” by a lot of “vibrational energy” to become pure energy.

From a practical level, now instead of treating with chemicals, including nutrients and diet, we can treat at the much higher level of “subtle” energy because it will affect the matter level but will maintain a much more consistent degree of efficacy.

This is what I was looking for!

This was also down my alley as the research chemist who before going into medicine was going to become a professor of quantum chemistry.

When viewed from a Quantum Mechanics viewpoint, it turns out that Homeopathy deals not with matter but with energy. When giving a remedy one is giving packets of energy.

Likewise, acupuncture is manipulating, moving, and directing energy and not matter, which in turn will cause an expression at the level of matter.

A very sharp German doctor, Dr. Voll, wed the two concepts and developed a technology first called **ElectroAcupuncture according to Voll** or EAV.

This is often now called electrodermal screening.

The concept is to use an electrical probe to read energy in acupuncture points as a means of determining the condition of the various areas and organs of the body connected to that acupuncture point

Once determined, the energy can be tested for resonance with the homeopathic remedy which will amplify it to the appropriate level to bring health and normalcy back to that circuit.

This combination was **absolutely brilliant**.

Dr. Voll spent years doing the tedious work of testing but today the information can be digitalized, loaded onto a computer, attached to the electronic probe device and the entire process can be done fairly quickly and effectively.

The neat part is that besides being used to diagnosis, the technology can be turned around backwards – transmit energy instead of just read it – and used as treatment.

This is **even more brilliant**.

This is becoming a more widely used technology today with a variety of devices, most of which are very similar. The difference will likely be in the training and the mindset of the practitioner in terms of how “renegade” he/she wants to be in using the technology.

The neat thing about energy is that it doesn't stop with just homeopathy and acupuncture.

Other kinds of energy exist including **sound**, **light** and **magnetism** (the modern MRI uses magnetic energy but not “subtly”), and there is even energy inherent in **geometric patterns**. Each of these, because they are energy frequencies, are related to matter and will manifest at the material level. Therefore the right sound frequencies can be used as medicine, for example. Each element has its own unique frequency so you can get Calcium simply by “piping” the frequency of Calcium into your body.

Similarly, light is just frequency. Applying the right frequency or a harmonic in the light spectrum of the right frequency will produce an effect at the material level. This can be and is used to treat disease.

One well known and accepted example is the need for sunlight in people who suffer from Seasonal Affective Disorder. Just providing the appropriate light frequencies alters brain chemistry and hence mood. Imagine using light energy for arthritis or even cancer or any other **Dis-ease!**

Now the Renegade Doctor is having some fun. I'm back to exploring new ideas, researching new modalities, pushing new boundaries, all with the purpose of seeing people get well gently and effectively.

On the practical level, even though I didn't have all the "toys" and technology myself (and still don't), I could send you to other doctors doing some of these really neat things and watch exciting things happen for you.

Chapter 5

A Brick Wall Stop Signs Happen

So do Restarts

Message

and Beyond

Come forward to 1990. I have been in my own part-time practice for about a year. My wife, a nurse, was answering the phone and helping patients with insurance forms. I was taking vital signs and doctoring and doing IVs. On days she wasn't there I was answering the phone as well.

Neither of us was collecting much money, however. The reason for that was that **I wasn't charging** for my services. When people asked how much they owed me I would tell them: "What is it worth to you?"

For me, that was the way it was supposed to be. **We had to change that, though, because people couldn't think that way.**

For many it was worth their whole life but they weren't going to and couldn't pay me that much.

Just the idea of having control of what you pay someone for a service was apparently too Renegade for most; it's not part of our culture.

Eventually I posted a list of suggested fees based on time spent and let people choose what they thought was fair. That really didn't work, either, because I was spending a LOT of time with them and they were not choosing to pay the higher rates.

My use of natural remedies, "take charge of your own life" approach to medicine was something that a lot of people wanted but was not something they were used to or comfortable with.

I spent a lot of time going over the therapy and also teaching a whole different way of thinking and eating and caring for themselves. Looking back, there is no question that I was very inefficient in all that. I could have had classes in the various communities or could have chopped the hour or more I spent with them individually into multiple visits. At the time, though, it seemed right to get them on their road to health as quickly as possible.

I was being a good caretaker and a bad businessman. Often seems to be the case, doesn't it?

I also discovered that the "alternative" or Renegade approach was a last resort for people.

All too often they came to me having heard about me from a friend or neighbor when all their other options had run out.

All too often they had seen their family doctor, been sent to one or more specialists, then even to the university, all without receiving any help.

Finally, at the end of their physical, financial and emotional rope they would end up in my little office and have **nothing** left.

I never did figure out how to make a real living doing this kind of medicine.

Meanwhile, in spite of my best efforts to keep low key, my "infamy" spread.

I was seeing patients from other doctors' practices. I was perceived as a "specialist" of sorts but carried the label of Family Physician so my colleagues didn't seem to get that I wasn't trying to take patients away from them. They had no clue, nor did they attempt to learn, what I was doing and just assumed it was all bunk and unscientific.

Amazing, isn't it, how arrogance has a way of ignoring new truth?

One day I got a call from a friend who had heard that the State Medical Board was coming after me. By this time the money situation was critical, my wife was pregnant (we had a hard time conceiving and had already lost one) and we weren't willing to risk losing the baby (he is now 19!).

I was realizing that I was isolated professionally with no support, and I was really needing either to get out or go and get more formal training.

I got out.

Eventually the State Board, nearly two years later, had me come talk to them and they slapped my wrist for being the Renegade.

I think the **not charging for services** really ticked them off!

They would let me continue to practice, even do the alternative approach – they said – if they first approved everything. (They would really **approve** anything I wanted to do??? - yeah, right!)

They also required that I go and get a bunch of hours of continuing education (conventional approach) which I had neither the interest or funds to do. Nor was I going to be their little puppet, being told what I could and couldn't do, like the other doctors out there.

Put my name into Google and their action comes up on a Virginia government page. I consider that my **Red Badge of Courage**, just to be listed on the same page with another doctor named Vincent Speckhart who is a champion of the EAV technology and of alternative medicine!

The journey, I thought, was over.

STOP sign.

Go be normal again.

I went “underground”. Stayed on the farm, cut firewood, built pole barns, eventually moved to St. Louis, MO.

All the time I kept thinking and reading, but not talking about alternative medicine.

However, to paraphrase a quote about country boys,

You can take the Renegade Doc out of medicine,
but you can't take medicine out of the
Renegade Doc.

I met and spent some time with alternative practitioners in the St. Louis area, one of whom taught me about **Bach Flower Remedies** (a special subset of Homeopathy) and taught me how to use **muscle testing** to diagnose and treat illness. I had been using a pendulum but the muscle testing was easier and faster.

Some years went by during which I found myself being the property manager of 10 acres of church property and buildings and with my wife the hosts of folk who would come and use the facility.

Somewhere in there I began to have some shoulder problems and, being convinced to treat myself alternatively even if I couldn't treat others that way, so in 2002 we went to a **massage therapist**.

This was more than enlightening.

It began to improve my shoulder problem but it also struck a cord somewhere down deep. Soon we were looking for a massage school to attend.

The first night, as we sat in the class to begin doing hands-on body work, I had this picture and wept as I shared it.

I was standing in front of a white picket fence with a long, winding trail through the meadows and hills behind me. The gate in the fence was opening and I was about to enter my "home" for which I had been journeying for so long.

Massage actually was just the front yard of the Renegade's journey home.

It is, in itself, awesome.

I discovered that my hands (my presence, really) could bring more life to people than the drugs or even the vitamins ever could.

Offering a “womb” environment for people where they could come and shed, if they would, their clothes, their fears, their grief and their pain and be pampered, “loved on” and touched for an hour or more was more satisfying and more healing than I could imagine.

No, actually it was what I had been imaging all these years before.

I was asked to teach anatomy and physiology in the school from which I had graduated and this, too, was “heaven” for me.

The massage students were caring, nurturing people who were also on their own journeys, seeking health for themselves and others.

To help them catch the vision and to watch them begin to experience how powerful massage can be was a privilege and a blessing beyond belief.

But after a while **I still wasn't satisfied**. The Journey wasn't over.

The Renegade doctor was now the Renegade massage therapist...

...but my time in the massage world and doing body work taught me that there is even more that lies beyond, more that is accessible.

We are not just bodies, controlled by chemistry and physics.

We – you, I – are first and foremost spirit, capable of and, in actuality, desiring of living at a level that transcends the physical.

Most of us come to the planet and quickly lose that knowledge and desire, but the Renegade in all of us is calling us back.

The body is not the end but only the mirror. The body is the signpost, the signal, for what is in reality existing at the higher levels of spirit and emotion. The body is not to be placated with a Band-Aid when it is ill so that you can go about your business.

The body is the book that needs to be read so you can figure out where in your deeper self the dis-ease is so that you can truly discover and then truly fulfill your “business,” your “purpose.”

Everything that you see in your body has already been expressed or is already unbalanced in your deeper self.

The trick is to read the language which your body speaks.

Learning to read that language of the heart, to listen deeply, to live in spirit; learning to uncover, get open, get real, get honest with myself; that is the real journey this Renegade is on!

Namaste!