

Combat veterans listen up. I've been there. I know what it feels like to be quite certain that you are spending your last day on planet earth. I know what it feels like to watch two of your teammates explode next to you. And yes, I know what it feels like to kill another human being.

And I know what it feels like to keep it all inside. After all, grown men, especially former Special Forces soldiers don't show their fears or weaknesses, and damn sure never cry. Except when they are all alone at home at night where no one else can see them.

I know what it feels like to try everything you can think of to make it all go away.

I know first-hand what a stroke can do to you. I had one in 2004 and could not walk without a cane or use my left side or remember things or breathe very well. I could only function a couple hours a day. (I know what it feels like when doctors show you why they call what they do "practice!")

I know what it feels like to be diagnosed with emphysema by those same "doctors," and on top of that, to have your wife leave you, leaving you to feel like you just aren't good enough.

I know what it feels like to have a true friend recognize that I was hurting inside and try to help. This friend had been through a few mud bogs too, and had tried to get me to go see Karen. I know what it feels like to know I needed help but not want to appear weak. I also know what it feels like to have it all catch up with you, to go into a total meltdown, to the point that I had the muzzle of my 12-gauge shotgun resting comfortably under my chin and my thumb on the trigger.

I know what it feels like to be paralyzed from fear or whatever it was; to not be able to stop crying and not even know why. (I probably should have been diagnosed with PTSD* when I got back from Viet Nam, but it hadn't been invented yet!)

Fortunately, I had a friend that I could call who was able to calm me down enough to put the shotgun away and get through the night. That friend then asked, "**Now** will you go see Karen?"

I agreed. After all, I had nothing left to lose. Granted, I was quite skeptical. I have met "snake oil" dealers before. But now I am no longer a skeptic. In fact I am living proof that what Karen does is the real deal.

Karen has done the impossible with me. No more headaches, no more dizziness, no more cane, no more cringing every time I see a Viet Nam war movie. What Karen has done for me is what everyone else said could not be done.

I said to that same friend after I had seen Karen a few times, "Is it possible to reverse a stroke? Because that's what's happening here!"

*Post Traumatic Stress Disorder