

Chapter 1

Helen's Hairball

My office door flew open. With a dramatic flourish Helen announced, "Venus, I passed a hairball last night!" She whipped a glass bottle from her purse and plunked it on my desk. I sat uneasily and eyed the bottle. Helen stood proud. A pleased grin broke out on her face. As my right hand lady in the shop, Helen was pretty sure she knew what would delight me. Her short grayish curls danced. Nodding her head she continued, "I used to chew my hair in grammar school. I was real nervous, so I'd pull my hair around and chew on it all day. That was sixty years ago." She pointed proudly at the thing in the bottle, "That's a hairball." She gave a shudder. "I passed it this morning in my bowel movement. Pretty good, huh?" She looked at me, her thin body tense with expectation. She waited for my approval.

"Great," I said. "That's wonderful, Helen."

Helen sat down across from me and clasped her hands on my desk. “I did good, huh?” Her loop-earrings with-the-stars bounced and swung. “I figured you’d be happy with the hairball for your collection.”

I slowly picked up Helen’s specimen. I noted the pieces of tapeworm floating in alcohol, some nameless bits of something and the so-called hairball. Strange. I stood up and carried the bottle to the front door where the light was better. Heck, I needed to be outside for this one. Helen trailed behind me. I held the glass to the morning sun. I turned it around and around again. Looked under it . . . Helen hung over my shoulder chattering about the old school days sixty years ago and wasn’t it a scream that after all these years a darn hairball would come out!

Suddenly I yelled, “Hey, look at that! This guy’s got **lips!** My gosh! Look at that body! Helen, look at that body!” I juggled the bottle so the pink creature jounced. Its spikes cut through the water. It had lips all right. Big fat ones. “Helen, look at those lips!” I turned around. No Helen. “Come here, Helen.” I pleaded, “You’ve got to see this guy. Boy, you passed a good one.”

I studied the fleshy creature more closely, my eyes squinting against the sun. It was about the size of a nickel. What Helen had thought was hair appeared to be made of stronger stuff; like hairy spikes. It made my skin crawl in a real fun way. After all, I hadn’t passed it.

“Come on, Helen,” I cried enthusiastically. “Where are you?” Getting no response I turned and trotted back to my herb room. There was Helen lying flat on the couch.

“Oh gosh,” I said. I sat beside her. She was pale. “I’m sorry,” I ventured. “Maybe it’s a hairball, Helen. I could be wrong.”

Helen was silent. She stared at me blankly. “Yep,” I

soothed, “It’s probably a hairball. It does look like a lot of hair there.” I patted her hand. “Sure, that’s what it is, a hairball. It happens all the time.”

Helen stirred and looked hopeful. “You think so?” she asked. “Oh yes,” I answered. “That’s it all right.” I looked at her brightly and said, “And anyway, better **out** than **in**, right Helen?” “Yes, I suppose so,” she agreed.

“Tell you what,” I said, “Why don’t you just rest here a bit while I put some stock away.” I gave her head a little rub and got up. “I’m sure it’s just a lousy hairball.”

“But, I’ll tell you what,” I muttered quietly as I moved toward my shelves, “I never saw a hairball with lips.”

The Bowel

Helen was the willing victim of an herbal cleanse. One of the gigantic, whopper **clean-out-the-crud** cleanses. She had embarked on the cleanse willingly because she understood a few basic health facts.

Almost every naturopath and herbalist will tell you that:

- 90% of all disease comes from the bowel.¹
- 90% of all symptoms come from the bowel.
- 90% of all people have worms.

Helen also knew that when people eat the good old American diet (white flour, white sugar, canned goods, boxed goods, etc.) a lot of it passes through and a lot of it doesn’t. Processed foods have a tendency to stick to the walls of the intestine, and stay there. One reformed junk food lady I know likes to tell people how she ate as a kid.

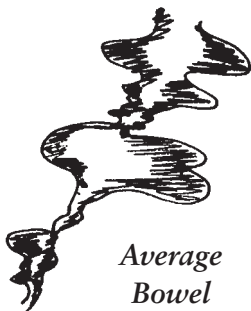
“I used to have a ‘Twinkie Bowel.’ That’s the kind of

1. *Childhood Diseases*, Dr. John R. Christohper.

stuff I ate. My mom did her best by us. She thought a dinner of hot dogs, canned vegetables, Jello and white bread was a meal put together by a **good mother**. I'd sit there at the table and take the white bread and chew it up. Then when it got gummy I'd roll it into a ball and smash and stick it to the roof of my mouth. Then I'd see how much I could eat and swallow before the white bread would fall off the top of my mouth. Sometimes I could get through a whole meal."

Can you imagine what happens to your bowel when you've been eating this way all your life? I've read that when autopsies are done on people, the coroners find anywhere from ten to sixty pounds of this old, dried fecal material packed in and lining the bowel. You wonder why you have a potbelly?

The next time you see a man lumbering down the street with his little sweater barely covering a beachball stomach, you can think to yourself, "That guy's not fat. He's just full of old poop."



There's a lot of old fecal material in the bowel and much of it has been there for years and years. In a sense, it becomes layered, year by year. As this happens, weaker areas may tend to balloon out forming large or small pockets where more old fecal material becomes lodged. Now you've got all this rotten debris resting in your bowel. Only it's not just resting. It's toxic and a lot of it is being absorbed into the body, or by specific organs.

This is why health practitioners say that 90 percent of all disease and symptoms come from the bowel. And the worms? What does nature do when something is decaying

and rotting? She sends in creatures to clean it up. So you may have more close friends than your address book shows.

You may find all of this startling, shocking, crude or unbelievable. Wait until you try a good herbal cleanse! You may still find it startling, shocking, crude and unbelievable, but the evidence will be right there before you.

I've had many people who are on a cleanse call me up. "Venus! I can't believe this! Tons of old stuff is coming out! But where is it coming from? I haven't been eating nearly that much. How can all that possibly be inside me?"

I had one lucky lady talk to me after she had, of her own volition, put herself on a watermelon-only diet for three months. She told me that for more than a month and one half, she had normal bowel movements. Just like she was still eating. It took another month and a half before she was passing only straight watermelon. Isn't that unbelievable?

Another woman simply began taking *Cascara Sagrada* and called me one morning at six. She couldn't wait until I'd gotten up because she was too excited. "I had a bowel movement just now at least twenty inches long!"

These cleanses do get very exciting. It's nice to have the whole family, or your friends, take them with you. It brings friends and families closer. You find a common bond.

"Hey, Marian, what'd you pass today?"

"Boy, Denise, you won't believe this . . ."

"Oh, hey, I can top that one. You should see what I've got in a bottle."

"Say, you remember that toothbrush I lost three years ago?"

One marine got his whole platoon talked into a bowel cleanse. "Now," he says, "All the men do is sit on the pot and socialize."