



THE  
HEALING  
CHRONICLES  
OF  
**HENRY JONES**

Peter Stephen Shrimpton



## Are you sick or in pain? Do you want to heal your body?

If you're seeking answers, this novel will both entertain you and enlighten you. The story leads you by the hand on an incredible healing journey that will help you restore your body to perfect health.



When a gravely ill publisher crosses paths with the enigmatic Henry Jones, he is given one last chance to turn his life around. Henry Jones's big, brown envelope holds the secrets to healing the body naturally and holistically. The pair strike a deal: Henry Jones, with the help of a few quirky friends, will teach the publisher exactly how to heal himself – physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. In return, the publisher will turn the mysterious contents of Henry's envelope into a book. Together, the unlikely duo embark on a touching, often humorous, journey to complete wellness that delves into ancient and modern healing practises, forcing the publisher to look inward and take back control of healing his own body – for good.



**Peter Shrimpton** was diagnosed with cancer at the age of 33. Visits to medical practitioners and hospitals left him feeling afraid and despairing of ever getting to the root of his problem or healing his body. Extensive medical research led him nowhere. It was only when Peter discovered and started practising natural healing techniques that a shift happened. After managing to restore his own body to perfect health, he felt compelled to turn his notes and research into an entertaining yet significant book that holds the keys to the health and wellness that is within reach of us all. Peter has now been cancer-free for nearly 20 years.

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[www.henryjoneschronicles.com](http://www.henryjoneschronicles.com)

## **The Henry Jones Book Series:**

This book, *The Healing Chronicles of Henry Jones*, is accompanied by a Workbook, Handbook and Notebook. Together, they enable you to follow the healing journey described in the novel and do all the recommended healing exercises. This complete self-healing kit is designed to help you heal yourself naturally, holistically and permanently.

### **THE HENRY JONES NOVEL**

*The Healing Chronicles of Henry Jones* is a self-help novel that will entertain and enlighten you. This extraordinary story reveals the secrets of self-healing. It contains a treasure-trove of knowledge and wisdom that you'll need to heal yourself: physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

### **THE HENRY JONES WORKBOOK**

The *Henry Jones Workbook* is a practical jumpstart healing program that has been designed for personal use. It includes a daily Activity Planner that spans 40 days and 40 nights, allowing you to design and manage your own personal healing plan based on the experience of the characters in the novel. The Workbook enables you to schedule healing treatments; record your experiences; monitor and evaluate your progress; set goals and create incentives for yourself. *You can't heal yourself by reading a book – you must apply what you learn!*

### **THE HENRY JONES HANDBOOK**

*The Henry Jones Handbook* provides the facts without the fiction. This quick reference guide gives you direct access to the essential knowledge needed to complete the prescribed daily healing exercises and heal your body. It includes summaries, checklists, study lists and step-by-step instructions to make learning easy. The Handbook is also loaded with hard facts, sage advice, words of wisdom and power statements to inspire you to heal yourself. *Get it, study it, live it!*

### **THE HENRY JONES NOTEBOOK**

*The Henry Jones Notebook* is a personal, blank book to record your answers to the questions posed to you in the prescribed healing exercises. Use it to keep a journal of your healing journey, and more. *This is important!*



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[www.henryjoneschronicles.com](http://www.henryjoneschronicles.com) | [info@henryjoneschronicles.com](mailto:info@henryjoneschronicles.com)

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*I dedicate this book to my loving wife, Mandy, who has been  
the light in my darkest hour; my strength when I was weak;  
my rescuer when I was lost; and my healer when I was sick.*

*I thank you for your unconditional love and gracious self-sacrifice  
during the years I spent writing this book.*

*Thank you for being my sounding board; for bringing clarity to my  
thinking; for being so patient with me; for accepting all that I do;  
for teaching me to open my heart and to love; and for sharing your  
love with me. I am truly blessed and eternally grateful.*





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PART 1

MENTAL HEALING





## INTRODUCTION BY LEAFLET

It was just another cold, dreary day in hospital. I had no clue that Henry Jones was about to turn my world upside down and change it forever. Shuffling restlessly in an uncomfortable chair in the jam-packed waiting room, I had little else to do but worry about my test results and glare scornfully at the hospital staff and the other patients. I made no attempt to conceal my disdain for them. The nameless faces of the others in the waiting room stared back at me, gaunt and grey. I could tell they were scared, too. We were all sick, withered creatures with good reason to be anxious. Even the wilted pot plant beside me seemed to be gasping its last breath. An old woman tried to make conversation with me in a pitiful attempt to settle her nerves, but I fobbed her off quickly and without mercy. Sick and agitated, I picked up a promotional leaflet that someone had left on the coffee table in front of me. It read:

### **Stop and ask yourself ...**

- Are you sick?
- Are you in pain?
- Are you worried about your health?
- Are you scared?
- Is there something wrong with your body?
- Are you experiencing the symptoms of disease?
- Has your doctor given you ‘the bad news’?
- Are you taking medication?
- Do you have to go to hospital?
- Do you need surgery?
- Does your mind dwell on your physical problems?

**Now answer this ...**

- Do you want to get better?
- If there was something you could do to heal your body, would you do it?
- Are you willing to try anything, but don't know where to start?
- Are you searching for answers?

**Look no further! I can help you to ...**

- Heal your body naturally, holistically and permanently.
- Discover the natural path to perfect health.
- Bring true wellness into your life.
- Prevent sickness and disease in the future.

**I will show you how to ...**

- Boost your immune system.
- Rid your body of poisonous toxins.
- Purify your blood.
- Cleanse your internal organs.
- Regenerate your body's cells.
- Increase your natural energy levels.
- Open your neural pathways and remove blockages.
- Connect with the natural healing power within you.

**I can teach you effective techniques to ...**

- Relieve physical discomfort and pain.
- Stop worrying.
- Let go of your doubts and fears.
- Restore peace and harmony in your body.

**Yes, you can ...**

- Cure your sickness, disease, ailment, affliction or pain.
- Restore your body to perfect health.
- Enjoy boundless energy.
- Look and feel terrific.
- Experience radiant health and vitality every day for the rest of your life.

**Sound good? Then all you need to do is ...**

- Keep an open mind.
- Don't be afraid to try new things.
- Give it a go.
- Embrace change.
- Try to enjoy yourself. (No matter what!)

**It's time for you to ...**

- Heal your body.
- Open your mind.
- Awaken your spirit.
- Free your emotions

**Interested? Call me right now.**

The telephone number followed.

What rubbish! I thought. I crumpled the leaflet into a tight ball and tossed it into a nearby dustbin. Disillusioned, I slumped back in my seat and sighed deeply, scowling at the stopped clock hanging above the exit sign on the door. The irony of it struck me: We were both stuck, broken and going nowhere. Heaven knows I didn't want to be in this awful situation. Hospital was the last place on Earth I wanted to be. But, I was sick. I wouldn't have admitted it at the time, but I was also sad, scared and lonely. I took another look around the waiting room. The emaciated faces of the other patients quickly reminded me that I wasn't alone. Yes, we're all sick, withered creatures, I groaned to myself. Our time was ticking away and our choices, it seemed, were limited.



## CHAPTER 1

# MEETING HENRY JONES

“Meet Henry Jones,” said Sister Lillian, smiling from ear to ear. I wasn’t in the mood to meet anyone. I had geared myself up for another dull, dreary day in hospital and certainly wasn’t expecting anyone named Henry Jones. She swished back the blinds and the first rays of morning poured into my room. Blinded by the light, I grunted disapprovingly. “It’s time to get up,” she announced in an annoyingly cheery voice. “It’s a beautiful day outside!”

I rubbed my eyes and squinted at the silhouette standing at the foot of my bed. I felt sick, tired, and depressed. I didn’t want to meet any Henry Jones. I wanted to be left alone to wallow in self-pity and go back to sleep. But Sister Lillian was having none of it. She put her hand on my forehead, as if to feel my temperature. Her manner made me feel like a small child again.

“Mmmmm, much better,” she said matter-of-factly and gave me a reassuring smile. I wasn’t so sure. She leaned over and whispered in my ear: “Henry Jones is here to visit you. Try to be nice.”

“It’s hard to be nice when you feel like crap,” I snarled. She broadened her smile defiantly. Over the past few months, she’d become an expert at brushing aside my belligerence.

“He’s all yours,” she said as she exited the room. I watched her leave. As had become her custom, she stopped in the doorway, looked back at me, smiled reassuringly, and then left the room to do her rounds. I liked Sister Lillian. She was dependable and genuinely seemed to care.

Henry Jones was a short fellow – in fact, diminutive. Probably in his mid-50s, he looked perfectly ordinary: He was the kind of person you wouldn’t spare a second glance on the street. I wasn’t impressed at all. But then Henry

Jones smiled at me and something quite extraordinary happened. Somehow, his smile transcended my worries and woes and I felt my soul flit. He had a surprisingly fabulous smile. It was wide and sunny, the kind of smile that people envied. He was instantly likable. Unfortunately, though, Henry Jones had caught me on a bad day. The moment passed as quickly as it had come, and I was once more my belligerent self.

“What do you want?” I grumbled, not feeling an ounce of guilt about the harshness of my tone.

“Why are you sick?” he asked me.

What a ridiculous question! I thought. How was I supposed to know why I was sick? I stared sulkily out the window. That stupid question doesn’t warrant an answer, I told myself, fuming inside.

Henry Jones held the silence. He didn’t say a word. Not a single one. He just stood there, waiting patiently for me to answer him. An awkward tension built between us. I started feeling very uncomfortable. The truth is, I didn’t know the answer to his question. Throughout my treatment, I’d repeatedly been asked: “How do you feel?”, “What do you feel?” and “Where do you feel it?” Nobody had ever asked me: “Why are you sick?”

“How am I supposed to know?” I finally blurted out begrudgingly.

“How, indeed?” Henry Jones replied enthusiastically, pulled up a chair and sat down beside me. “When you know the answer to this question, you can start the journey towards wellness,” he said, beaming.

“What are you going on about?” I barked. Henry Jones was starting to piss me off. It was far too early in the morning for this strange conversation, and my condition made it utterly inappropriate.

“Healing,” Henry Jones said, nodding excitedly. He smiled at me once more. I swear the Sun shone a bit brighter at that moment. I guess I must have looked at him strangely because he repeated himself even louder: “Healing!”

He kept nodding as if I should understand him. The way he said the word “healing” made the hairs on my forearms stand up. The man was clearly passionate about the subject.

“Go on, say it,” he ordered gently.

“Say what?”

“Say the word out loud... healing.”

“Why?”

“Come on... just say it.”

“Why?” I growled.

He cocked his head to the side and asked: “Do you want to be healed?”

“Of course I do,” I retorted, without much conviction. The doctors had told me everything I could expect from my disease. Henry Jones clearly remained unconvinced, but he graciously disregarded my doubt and gestured for me to say that darn word again: *Healing*.

For some peculiar reason, I found it hard to oblige him. The word stuck in my throat. I just couldn't bring myself to say it. Seconds dragged by. When I eventually spoke, I mumbled scornfully: “I'm very sorry. I've been feeling sick for a long time. It's just too hard for me to think about ...” Once again, I couldn't get my tongue around the word.

“Healing,” Henry Jones said, finishing my sentence.

“Yes.”

“I understand,” he replied. “I really do. I've interviewed hundreds, if not thousands, of sick people. A significant percentage of them struggle to embrace the concept of healing. You see, they feel like victims of disease. They expect their physicians to heal their bodies. When that fails, they feel betrayed by the healing process and become resentful and angry.”

“Now that you mention it ...” I was about to admit to the very same feelings when he cut me short.

“There's no point in playing the powerless patient. That won't help you to heal your body. You need to become actively involved in your healing process, my friend.”

I felt irritated. What was I supposed to do? Who was this man to order me to do anything, anyway?

“I'm not prepared to have this conversation with you,” I muttered.

He looked at me with great empathy and said: “I'm not surprised. No matter who you are, where you come from, or what you've done, nothing in life prepares you to cope with illness. Especially if your sickness can kill you!”

“What do you know about it?” I moaned.

“Well, my story is no different from the millions of people who get told ‘the bad news’ every year,” he said. “I once found myself sitting opposite a specialist who took great care to draw my urinary tract on a sheet of paper and explain ‘my problem’, as he called it. I sat dead quiet and listened to his explanation of the disease that was ravaging my body. As if I understood a word of it! Hah! In all honesty, I didn't have a clue what my doctor was talking about. All the medical jargon went straight over my head.”

I understood what Henry Jones was saying. I didn't fully understand what was happening inside my body, either. Most of the time I didn't understand my doctors. I felt the urge to interject, but I dared not disturb Henry Jones.

“Everything inside me screamed: ‘This can’t be happening to me.’” I tried to concentrate on the doctor’s drawing, but my eyes kept drifting to the word he’d written in the top right-hand corner of the page: Terminal.”

I swallowed hard.

“My doctor spoke to me about ‘support groups’ and ‘inevitability planning’. He recommended that my wife attend our next appointment. I foolishly told him that my wife didn’t need to know about ‘my problem’. How dazed and confused was I?” tittered Henry Jones.

I couldn’t bring myself to answer him. I’d tried to hide my sickness, too.

“What was wrong with you?” I asked instead.

“Hmmm, that’s a matter of opinion,” he replied, rubbing his chin. “I had bladder cancer. There was a malignant tumor in my bladder the size of a ripe strawberry. The news devastated me. I was 52 years old, madly in love with my gorgeous wife, Isabel, and I absolutely adored my 17-year-old son, Thomas. I successfully ran my own business from lavish offices, drove fast sports cars, and lived in a beautiful house. In short, I loved my life. And I really, really didn’t want to get sick and die! It all seemed surreal – like I was starring in a bad horror movie from which I couldn’t escape.”

“So, what happened next?” I asked, captivated.

“Well, by the time I came to my senses, I was sitting in my car in the hospital parking lot. I remember staring at my reflection in the rearview mirror for the longest time. I distinctly remember saying to myself: ‘You’re in big trouble, Henry Jones.’”

He kept quiet for a moment, as if lost in thought. His eyes were closed, but he appeared calm. It gave me time to study the lines on his face.

“And then?”

He sighed. “Intuitively, I knew that I was somehow responsible for this horrible health crisis. And I knew instinctively that it was my responsibility to get myself out of it! Right then and there, at that moment, I made up my mind to heal my body, no matter what!”

“How did you know what to do?” Henry Jones looked as fit as a fiddle to me. He certainly didn’t look like a dying man. In fact, he radiated vitality and wellness – especially when he smiled!

“I didn’t know where to begin,” he confessed. “It’d been a long, painful journey to the doctor’s office. I’d been urinating blood for well over a year, so I knew that something was wrong with me. I tried to convince myself that I was bleeding because of my extremely stressful work situation or intense

exercise program. I hoped the problem would just go away when things eased up. But, it didn't. My physical and psychological symptoms just grew worse.

"Apparently, we're singing from the same hymn sheet," I muttered.

He flinched and then continued: "I dreaded going to the toilet. The sight of blood leaving my body and swirling in the bowl daily churned my gut. I'm sorry to give you the gory details, but you need to know where I'm coming from."

"It's okay," I added. "This is a hospital. I've seen it all here."

He nodded knowingly and then continued his story: "My thoughts and actions revolved around my dilemma with progressive intensity. Instead of using urinals, as most men do, I'd skulk into the toilet because I was afraid that someone would see I was bleeding. Blood would leak into my underpants, especially after urinating, and I was always terrified that an 'accident' would reveal my dirty little secret and I'd be humiliated. As the director of my own asset management company, it was a living nightmare for me. You see, I had 25 or so hard-nosed financial brokers working for me. I was terrified they would lose confidence in my leadership. Poor old me!" he chortled.

That was the first time I'd heard Henry Jones laugh. It was a strange laugh that seemed too deep for his small frame. It didn't last long, though – one spurt and it was over. I studied his face closely. I'd never have pegged Henry Jones as an influential stockbroker. He looked too ordinary to be a wheeler-dealer financial executive. Only his hands corroborated his story. They were soft, smooth, and refined. Henry Jones didn't swing shovels for a living, that much was certain. His engaging manner and disarming friendliness had captured my attention. Minutes earlier, I had wanted to go back to sleep, but all of a sudden, I was interested in Henry Jones. He had a story to tell and, as fate would have it, I had plenty of time to listen to it.

"It must've been a tough time for you," I responded, wondering what my cut-throat colleagues at the publishing house were thinking about me.

"It was," he said. "I could avoid urinals, but what I couldn't escape was the fear. In the back of my mind there was a constant fear that something was terribly wrong with me, and I just didn't want to face it ... then the pain started," he said softly. "At first, I hoped it would just go away, but it didn't. Instead, it got worse – much worse! Weeks became months, and the worse it became, the more I resisted doing anything about it. Stupid, eh?" he said, striking a nerve.

“I’ve learned not to underestimate the power that fear can have over us,” I mumbled, biting my bottom lip.

“Yes, fear can destroy you, if you let it,” he agreed earnestly. “At the time, it consumed me. I was debilitated by it. I must confess, though, I also had personal power issues I had to face. I was working on a really big deal at the time, which I believed would make me super rich. I wanted that wealth really badly. I was so committed to the success of my new business venture that I was willing to risk my company, personal wealth, reputation, and well-being. The fabulous world I was crafting for myself needed my full attention, I told myself. I needed to be on top of things or it might all come crashing down. I literally couldn’t afford to get sick, I thought,” said Henry Jones. He half-smiled and then looked down, as if embarrassed by his foolishness.

“Please go on,” I said.

He took a deep breath and continued his story: “I was determined to control my reality. And I didn’t want to give up control for anything – especially illness! You see, from childhood I had been conditioned to regard sickness as a weakness. Ill-health wasn’t tolerated in our house. When I felt poorly, my parents told me straight: ‘You’re not dying. Go to school.’”

“My father used to say: ‘You only go to the doctor when you have a broken leg,’” I interjected.

“I’ve heard that one before, too,” he said, amused. We shared a chuckle. It didn’t last long because it really wasn’t funny.

He cleared his throat and continued: “So as many people do, I clung to the ridiculous belief that sickness represents weakness and failure, and those weren’t options for me at the time. Even though the little voice in my head kept telling me to get a medical examination, I chose to ignore it.”

“I did the same thing,” I admitted.

“That didn’t work out too well for me in the long run either,” said Henry Jones. “Try as I might, I couldn’t ignore the symptoms of disease. Eventually, my nether region was so swollen that I thought my bladder and prostate were going to explode. I couldn’t cross my legs, walk, or sleep without discomfort. It was horrible. I opened my eyes in the morning and immediately felt pain. During the day I constantly dealt with pain, and I went to sleep at night still processing that pain. No matter how I tried, I couldn’t escape the pain.”

Henry Jones rose and poured two glasses of water. He gulped down one glass and handed me the other. I took it without question and waited for him to continue.

“Reflecting back, I can say that the only thing worse than the pain was the fear that churned in my gut. It made me sick to my core. I was worried, scared, lonely and sore ... Not a nice place to be, huh?” said Henry Jones. “Of course, my wife knew of my troubles. She constantly urged me to see a doctor, but I made a string of excuses and avoided the subject whenever possible. I didn’t discuss my problem with her because I didn’t want her to worry. At least, that’s what I told myself. Everyone else was oblivious to my suffering. I didn’t share my problem with people for fear of losing face. It was my own private hell.”

“What happened next?” I asked, eager to know more.

“Well, I eventually reached the end of the line. I had a good and proper meltdown. I remember it like it was yesterday. All my suffering culminated in a single, definitive moment when I just couldn’t go on any further. I was attending a critical meeting in the boardroom with my partners. They were locked in a heated debate about money, but I was lost to another cause. The pain consumed me. It had so completely eaten into the fabric of my consciousness that I could no longer tell where the pain was located in my body. It was constant, everywhere and utterly unbearable,” he said. Then he closed his eyes and seemed to drift back in time once more. He sighed. “I remember tears welling in my eyes. They obscured my vision. I was afraid to blink in case they spilled down my cheeks. I just couldn’t stand it anymore. I was unable to pretend a minute longer. I needed help. By the time I finally went to the doctor, I was out of options. The mere sight of my bloody urine sample made my GP’s eyes pop. He immediately referred me to a urologist. After a series of tests, I was referred to the medical specialist who delivered my prognosis using a hand-drawn sketch of my urinary system.”

In only a few minutes, Henry Jones had disclosed shocking and intimate details of his past. I was hooked and needed to know more. Why had he come to visit me? How did he know Sister Lillian? What did he want with me? I had so many questions that needed answers.

I didn’t know it then, but Henry Jones had entered my life for a reason. He had something of immeasurable value to offer me. I was curious to know how he had become well again.

“So, what did you do after staring at your reflection in the rearview mirror?” I asked, taking him back to his story.

He didn’t miss a beat. “I told myself again and again: ‘You got yourself into this situation, you get yourself out of it!’ After some time, I pulled myself

together and drove to a lunch meeting with one of my partners. He could see I was distracted and asked what was bothering me. I couldn't stop myself from telling him. It was like the dam wall broke inside me, and I poured my heart out. I'll never forget his response. After hearing my long, sad story he said these simple words: 'Geez Henry, what are you going to do?'"

"What are you going to do?" I echoed him.

"Yes. What are YOU going to do?" Henry Jones asked, looking at me intently. Feeling intimidated, I looked away. He continued: "This confirmed for me that sickness is solely the sufferer's problem. Sure, other people can be caring, concerned, sympathetic or empathetic, but at the end of the day, your sickness isn't their problem. When you get sick, it's your problem, so you must sort it out. I knew I had to take responsibility for healing my body, but I didn't know what to do, or where to begin."

"So, what happened?" I asked.

"I wish I could tell you that I was brave from the start, but I can't," he confessed. "The truth is, I went home, sunk on to my bedroom floor, put my head in my hands, and cried like a baby for the first time in my adult life. I know we're all going to die eventually, but my hourglass had suddenly been turned upside down and I was terrified!"

I knew that my condition was different from Henry Jones's, but I shared his despair. I was sick, and I'd been unwell for a really long time.

"I'm terrified that I won't get well again," I heard myself admitting, much to my own surprise. I shuddered violently. "I'm sorry for interrupting you. Please, go on with your story," I said. Henry Jones graciously obliged me.

"At first, I was in denial. I'd always been healthy. I was the guy in the office who didn't catch any of the bugs going around. I went to gym four times a week and had done so ever since I was a teenager. No, this ghastly affliction couldn't be happening to me, I thought." He sighed loudly. "It was only when I got sick that I woke up to the fact that nothing in the world is more important than your health. Fame and fortune are useless against disease."

"Sickness is a great equalizer," I agreed.

"Yup, you can have all the money in the world, but when you get sick, you're just as mortal as the pauper lying in the hospital bed next to you. Ask me. I know," said Henry Jones. "I was scheduled for surgery within a matter of days – and I wasn't given a choice in the matter. According to my doctors, 'there wasn't anything else I could do.'"

“So, did you have surgery?” I asked.

“Yes. It was an awful experience,” he said.

“How come?”

“Well, lying in the pre-surgery waiting room with the rest of the patients was dehumanizing. The beds were lined up one after the next. Nobody uttered a sound, and everyone looked scared!”

I nodded knowingly.

“There was a young girl lying beside me. She kept rubbing her head, which had obviously just been shaved for surgery. I felt profound sadness for her. The look in her eyes haunts me to this day. It said: ‘Help me!’ Henry Jones batted his eyelids, as if to push away the memory that plagued his mind. ‘The staff members were professional, but they lacked love and tenderness. It was clear that we were just numbers on their daily roster. I felt like a piece of meat.’”

“I often feel that way, too,” I said. “Like a lab rat waiting to be experimented upon.”

Henry Jones didn’t comment. “I tried to pray, but God felt very far away,” he said, looking briefly out of the window. “After surgery, I hoped the pain would stop, but it didn’t! My surgeon said it would stop once my body had recovered from the operation, but it continued. I was scheduled to see him again in three weeks to discuss ‘the path forward’, as he called it. During that time, I devoured books on human healing, like a drowning man gasping for air.”

Talking about healing brought Henry Jones to life. He exuded passion. It was contagious and I hung on his every word.

“A new, vital driving force was slowly emerging within me. I felt compelled to understand the cause of my sickness. Common sense told me that when the cause was removed, the symptoms would disappear.”

“But we don’t know the cause of disease,” I said bluntly.

“That’s what I used to think, too,” he replied. “But then I discovered that medical science is standing on the verge of a new era. A whole new approach to healing is emerging, and it’s very exciting.”

“What medical journals did you read?” I asked sarcastically.

“To be quite candid, reading books on modern medicine felt disempowering. You see, modern medicine is very clinical and cold. The books I read spoke about ‘the science of medicine’ and referred to human beings as ‘specimens’. They didn’t actively involve the individual in the healing process

at all. The content revolved around what modern medicine can do for the patient, but very little about what patients can do for themselves. I'm not knocking the physicians who write these books – I'm sure they have the best intentions – it's just that I couldn't relate to those books," Henry Jones said, beating fiercely on his chest.

"Now, on the other hand, everything I read about natural and holistic healing resonated with me. The more I learned about these fascinating fields, the more motivated I became to take responsibility for healing myself – or at the very least, to start helping my body to heal itself. Each word struck a chord with me, and I grew increasingly empowered by the vast array of healing modalities and techniques that I discovered."

"You don't mean those wholewheat, sandal-wearing, candle-burning, New Age self-help guides, do you?" I asked skeptically.

"I read those, too," he chuckled. "If you really want to get well again, you've got to try everything to see what works for you."

He had a point. Why not try everything to get well again? Why have mental blocks if they're potentially preventing you from restoring your health? I hadn't thought of it like that.

"I guess so," I mumbled.

Henry Jones was on a roll. "My biggest gripe is that modern medicine is devoid of spirit. I'm not saying the essential spiritual quality of the healing process is understated, I'm saying it's left out completely. Modern medicine may be filled with marvelous science, but it's been dehumanized. No wonder so many sick people feel hopeless."

I felt hopeless, like a medical case. I was a patient more than a person and I didn't like it! Henry Jones was starting to make sense to me. I'd done absolutely nothing to heal myself except rely on my doctors and medication. I was so busy asking medical staff what they could do for me that I never stopped to ask what I could do for myself. It never occurred to me to question my role in the healing process.

"So, reading helped you?" I asked, instantly realizing it was a silly question. I needed Henry Jones to tell me more.

"Oh yes, definitely. The next time I saw my doctor, I was filled with hope," he said. "I was armed with the very latest information in the field of holistic healing. I began by asking for his medical opinion on alternative healing techniques, but he answered abruptly, saying it was 'airy-fairy, esoteric, mumbo-jumbo that offers people false hope'. I retorted by drawing

his attention to recent breakthroughs in our understanding of the body-mind relationship. He didn't know what I was talking about! I went on to share with him some of the new knowledge I'd discovered, but I could see a brick wall building between us. When I mentioned chakra points, he checked his wristwatch, as if to let me know that he didn't have any more time for me. I left his office shortly afterward and never went back."

I scratched my head. Chakra points, the body-mind relationship, and holistic healing were all new concepts to me. I was accustomed to medication and surgery. I felt a fit of panic. I was so sick, tired, and depressed. I was a hospital patient, and pretty soon doctors would surround me, along with nurses and students who would push, prod, and poke me. I was a victim of disease. I hoped the doctors would heal me, but I was at their mercy. I was a lab rat. But now, Henry Jones, with his fabulous smile, was telling me something different, and I didn't know what to believe. Could Henry Jones be right? Was there an alternative path to healing? Would it work for me? I wondered.

"So, you never went back?" I asked.

"Never!"

"No check-ups or tests?"

"I had many of those. I just made sure my new doctors practised integrative medicine."

"What's that?" I asked.

He smiled. "It's a blend of the best of modern medicine and the best of alternative medicine. You see, there are myriad approaches to human healing out there and all of them are available to you: From ancient healing practices to revolutionary new breakthroughs in healing technology. You have a smorgasbord of wellness programs to choose from."

"Is that what you did?" I asked.

"Yes, exactly! I embarked on an incredible healing journey," said Henry Jones. "I made it my mission to meet many healers and to read as much as possible."

"Did they all work for you?" I quizzed him.

"Some healing techniques worked for me, others didn't. Not because they don't work, but because healing is subjective. What works for one person may not work for another. The most important thing to do is to keep practising healing techniques that you feel work for you until your body has been

restored to perfect health. I wanted to get well, so I tried everything on the healing menu. That's what worked for me!"

"How long did it take?" I asked.

"I'm still doing it," he answered happily. "Healing your body and keeping it healthy is a lifestyle choice. It's not something you practise just to get well. Some people treat healing like a hangover. You know, people make all sorts of false promises about never drinking again when they feel hungover, but as soon as they feel better again, they forget their words. Right?"

"Yup, I've done that a few times," I confessed.

"I had to make permanent decisions because I wanted to heal my body permanently. I made dramatic life changes and I stuck to them. Within a few years, I'd completely reinvented myself. I changed my occupation; geographic location; diet; exercise program; value system; habits; and principles. In short, I became a whole new person. I healed myself holistically. Trust me, it's the only way."

"What do you mean 'holistically'?" I asked abruptly. I felt impatient when I had to learn new things. I abhorred ignorance, and Henry Jones had knowledge of a whole new world that I knew nothing about.

"Holistically means physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually," he said. "It's very important to treat a patient as a whole person. You can't just treat the physical body."

That statement resonated with me. Something was missing from my treatment. When Henry Jones pointed out the gaps, I felt angry again.

"Why didn't my doctors tell me about holistic healing? Why haven't I been exposed to this information before?" I barked at Henry Jones, as if he had all the answers.

"I guess it has a lot to do with how medical practitioners are trained," he said without further explanation. Seconds ticked by.

"Go on," I demanded.

He chuckled. "Medical practitioners study within a very narrow band of medical science. The knowledge they acquire is all they know, so they tend to be skeptical and mistrusting of any information that's outside of that narrow band. I learned this the hard way. I'd restored my body to perfect health by practising natural, holistic healing techniques, and I wanted to share my new-found knowledge and experience with anyone who cared to listen. I started volunteering at a local hospital. That gave me the opportunity to meet people

who either practised medicine or needed medical treatment. I can tell you that speaking to people about healing in a hospital is a real eye-opener.”

“In what way?” I asked.

“Well, I usually get one of two responses,” he answered. “Medical practitioners are taught to diagnose, drug and cut. They struggle to integrate new healing modalities into their treatments and are mostly dismissive of alternative ideas. On the other hand, I find most patients are very interested to know how they can relieve their suffering and pain. They want to speed up their healing process, regardless of the approach. However, most patients don’t know the fundamentals of self-healing. Sick people always want to get well again, but they don’t always know how to go about it.”

“Like me,” I said.

“Yes,” he answered compassionately. “But it’s okay, because I can help you find your way to perfect health. I’ve become completely obsessed with recording healing techniques and mapping the connections on the healing continuum. You’ll be amazed at what I can teach you. Healing is a fascinating, magical, mystical thing.”

When I thought of healing, I thought of doctors, hospitals, strange smells, injections, and vile-tasting medication. “Healing?”

“Yes, healing,” Henry Jones said excitedly, shaking his fist in the air. “At last, I’ve heard you say it.”

What is it about healing that gets Henry Jones so fired up? Why does he care so much for others? Is this guy for real? I wondered.

He tapped my shoulder to get my attention. “Most importantly, I’ve already applied this knowledge to heal my body and many others. I believe I can help you, too.”

“Are you a pharmaceutical sales rep?” I asked suspiciously.

“Goodness no!” chortled Henry Jones. “Nothing like that!”

“What then?”

“Sister Lillian asked me to share my story with you because she thinks we can help each other. I can take you on an amazing, holistic healing journey and show you many wonderful techniques that will help you to heal your body,” he announced.

The magnitude of his offer didn’t sink in immediately.

“And what can I do for you?” I replied.

“Sister Lillian told me you’re a publisher, is that right?”

“Yes,” I drawled slowly.

“Here’s the thing,” he said. “The sick people I talk to about holistic healing often express a genuine desire to learn more. They always ask me for reading material, but I don’t have anything to give them, except extracts from my notes.”

“That’s a shame,” I said. “But surely such books are already available?”

“Yes, but it would take a reader many years to acquire the knowledge I have at my fingertips,” he said, and then drew closer to me as if to reveal a great secret. “Over the years, I’ve seen and done things in the field of human healing that will astonish you. I’ve read hundreds of books on healing and countless medical journals. I’ve also interviewed scores of healers from all around the world. I don’t claim to have developed any of these healing techniques or modalities, but I can honestly say that I’ve practised every single one of them. I genuinely believe they’ve all contributed to my healing in some way!”

“You do look very healthy.”

“I am,” replied Henry Jones. “I experience radiant health and vitality every day of my life. I have boundless energy and enjoy a balanced life. But most importantly, I no longer ever think about being sick.”

I tried to recall what that felt like.

“You can, too,” he said. “If you want to heal your body, I can show you how to do it, but you must commit to the process and apply what you learn.”

“Can you promise that these techniques will work for me?” I asked.

“Of course not,” he replied. “I can’t promise my healing program will heal your body. Some things are beyond the control of us mere mortals. I can promise you this, however: I’ll show you everything you need to know. I’ll give you a roadmap to perfect health and personally escort you every step of the way. I can promise that I will do my utmost best to ensure you reach your destination. How does that sound?”

I avoided answering him. “So, you want to write your memoirs?”

“Oh no!” he exclaimed. “Luckily for us, during my healing journey I made comprehensive notes and kept important articles, insights, and quotations. I’ve compiled a hefty file of information about human healing. It’s jam-packed with powerful healing techniques from around the world. All you need to do is consolidate and organize the material for publication.”

“What kind of publication?” I inquired.

“I’m hooked on the idea of producing a book that provides readers with practical, step-by-step guidelines on how to heal themselves physically,

mentally emotionally and spiritually. You see, I've read tons of fascinating books on biology; nutrition; diet, psycho-neuro-immunology; quantum physics; cellular healing; spirituality; meditation; positive thinking and alternative healing, to name but a few subjects. However, I can't think of a single book that provides all the information across all aspects of the healing continuum. That's why I've decided to produce one, and I need your help," he declared.

I rubbed my chin. My heart was beating faster. It was a compelling offer. I'd nothing to lose and everything to gain. I should've screamed: "Yes!" but I didn't. What was stopping me? Why was I so afraid? What choice did I have? My thoughts scrambled around in my head.

Sensing my hesitation, Henry Jones laid his cards on the table. "Do you want to know how to heal your body?" he whispered.

"Yes," I breathed.

"Listen up," he said. I moved closer to him. "The secret of self-healing lies in restoring the balance between your body, mind, emotions and spirit."

"That's it?" I had expected a more complex answer.

"Yes, that's it!" he affirmed. "After studying human healing for many years, I can say without a shadow of a doubt that there's an inseparable interconnectedness between your body, mind, emotions and spirit. They all play a key role in the healing process. I promise you this: When you've brought a holistic balance back into your life, your body will be healed."

"How can you be so certain it'll work for me?" I asked.

He laughed. "This simple healing formula has helped countless sick people throughout the ages, and there's no reason it wouldn't work for you, too."

I suddenly wanted to believe Henry Jones. I wanted to believe I could get well again and enjoy a normal life. It seemed like a fair exchange. I'd help Henry Jones to compile his book and he'd help me to restore my body to perfect health. If his healing techniques worked for me, they might work for others, too.

"Tell me more about your ideas for this book," I said.

"I want to produce a book that shows people exactly what to do, and how to do it. The directions must be slap-your-forehead simple," he explained. "You shouldn't need a medical dictionary to explain the terminology, nor a degree in physiology to understand the content. It must be easy to follow and practical in application."

“Why now?” I asked curiously.

“I’m leaving for a faraway land soon, and I doubt I’ll be coming back,” he replied. “I feel compelled to leave behind my healing legacy.”

“Where are you going?”

“I recently discovered a small island village where I wish to live out my days,” he said. “I’ve spent the past 20 years traveling the world, researching healing and helping the sick. I’ve enjoyed my work and have no regrets, but I’m tired of being surrounded by sickness all the time. This modern lifestyle we lead destroys health. Sickness and disease are escalating at alarming rates.”

“Tell me about it,” I moaned.

“The villagers on the island are healthy, strong and deeply spiritual. They live off the land and sea, as nature intended. I’ve built a house on the shore, and I want to go back home.”

“How old are you Henry?” I suddenly asked.

“Seventy-two,” he told me proudly.

I was stunned. “You look in your mid-50s,” I said in amazement.

“I get that a lot,” he replied. “It’s no surprise. I’ve been walking the natural path of health and healing for two decades.”

“Have you always lived so passionately?” I asked.

“Yes,” he admitted. “When I was younger, I was passionate about money and success. Since I retired 20 years ago, I’ve been passionate about healing and about helping sick people. Now, I want to be with healthy, happy people – people who make the right life choices. I believe my body of work is tremendously important and will deliver great value to others seeking to be healed. My work is almost done, but I need your help to compile my notes into a book. Will you help me?” he asked.

“I’d like to think it over,” I said. “I’m sick, and tired, and I don’t have much energy at the moment.”

“Excellent!” he cried. “This gives me the perfect chance to prove myself to you. I’ll help you to feel better before you know it, and then you’ll have the energy you need to organize my material.”

Henry Jones didn’t take no for an answer. I was beginning to see why he had been a successful trader in his day. Nothing seemed to be a problem for him. He had a solution for everything. I liked that about him. He was positive, and he genuinely seemed to care, like Sister Lillian.

“You’re getting out of hospital in two days, aren’t you?” he asked.

“For a while,” I answered begrudgingly. “I’ve more tests in six weeks.”

“Brilliant,” he exclaimed. “We’ve got plenty of time. In 40 days and 40 nights, I’ll convince you that you have the power to heal your body – and give you the tools to do it. Come on!” he said, urging me to accept his offer. “What’s the worst that can happen? If we fail, you can always come back here and be sick and miserable again, right?”

“I suppose so,” I mumbled. I’m not the type of person who makes spontaneous decisions. I like to brood things over and weigh up all my options. But there was something about Henry Jones. I was captivated by his confidence and cool disposition. He was no phony. I intuitively trusted him.

“So, do we have a deal?” he asked, his hand outstretched. Before I had a chance to respond, my doctor entered the room; his entourage marching in single file behind him. Students and nurses clutched their clipboards and clicked their pens.

“Morning. How are *we* today?” my doctor asked without lifting his eyes from my chart.

“We?” I retorted. He ignored my comment. We both knew why. His eyes darted towards Henry Jones and then back to my chart.

“Henry,” he sighed, acknowledging his presence with a half-hearted nod. “Doctor,” Henry Jones replied in the same tone.

It was obvious they knew each other. It was also obvious that they had their differences. “Still spreading the gospel, are we?” the doctor said, smirking unnecessarily.

“It is the path to the truth and the light, isn’t it?” Henry Jones taunted.

The doctor chose to ignore him.

“Roll over,” he commanded. I hated this part of the morning procession. Hospital gowns are most undignified. I obeyed his instruction and felt conscious of my hairy bottom showing to all and sundry.

“What do we have here, Jenkins?” asked the doctor. The student grappled with his notes and then read aloud a long sentence labeling my disease. “Correct. And how do we treat it?” Again, the student grappled with his notes, then read aloud another long sentence detailing my medication. I looked back over my shoulder in time to see Henry Jones shaking his head from side to side as he left the room.

“Henry!” I called after him.

“I know,” he shouted without looking back. “I know.”

I didn’t see Henry Jones over the next two days. During that time, I thought seriously about our conversation. It wasn’t like I had much else to do.

Lying in a hospital bed gives one plenty of time to think. His words echoed in my mind: “I can take you on an amazing holistic healing journey,” and “You have the power to heal your body. I can help you to heal yourself.”

In the end, I decided to accompany Henry Jones for 40 days and 40 nights, and Sister Lillian was kind enough to make the arrangements. Sure enough, he was waiting for me on a park bench outside the hospital on the day of my release, as planned. I was pleased to be leaving the hospital. But I was apprehensive about the new journey that awaited me.