



But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. – Matthew 15:9

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## Yes, I'm Still Alive

It's been a while since I've written anything here and there are reasons for that. If you follow my Facebook group then you have an idea what's been happening. If you don't follow that group then I'll give you a (hopefully) short rundown of what's been going on.

One of my doctors thinks I may have the cancer gene and she is treating me for a condition that is curable but has the potential of becoming cancerous if not cured. So far my body has resisted the treatment which is hormones. All they do is make me irritable and my poor hubby dude has to put up with that.

It gets crazy. After taking hormones for a while I developed diabetes. The endocrinologist informed me that he believed it was the hormones that caused that. I've been listening to lectures on YouTube about diabetes and I think he's right. He put me on what he felt was the only medication for diabetes that I could safely take. Nobody knew it would cause what I experienced which was some nasty neurological problems. The nurse practitioner I sometimes use was concerned because I had symptoms of a brain tumor. She sent me for a CT scan which showed that things in my head were normal.

Elkanah took the message that my scan was scheduled at 7 a.m. on the following Monday and I wasn't supposed to take Metformin that morning. He didn't give me the message until after the dr's office closed and that was a problem because I wasn't taking Metformin, I was taking Januvia. Was it safe to take Januvia before going to the hospital or not? When Monday morning arrived I chose to skip taking it.

When the x-ray tech was getting me ready for the scan she told me to not take Metformin for a few days. She said that as she was leaving the room and I didn't get a chance to say I was taking Januvia because she started the scan and my thoughts changed to concentrating on being still. I remembered it after I got home and decided to be safe and hold off on taking Januvia for a few days.

My memory is sketchy here. Was it by noon of that Monday or was it noon of Tuesday? Whichever it was I noticed that my symptoms had greatly eased. I called Elkanah on his lunch break just to see if I could speak. The answer was No. Gibberish was still coming forth when I tried to talk. But, by the time he got home that night my speech had cleared and once again I could communicate with him.

That led to an early visit to the endocrinologist who was surprised. He had never heard of Januvia causing that and said that the only way we would be able to know for certain that Januvia had caused it would be for me to get back on it and see what happened. I agreed to try and on the second day I was unable to speak coherently once again.

That means I'm on my own for treating my diabetes. It must be done with diet and exercise and since I never fully recovered from the effects of the Januvia I'm now a fall risk. My dietary attempts failed because I didn't know how to safely eat. My A1C last summer was 7.5. By then the endocrinologist had gone somewhere else and my Primary Care Dr. was now in charge. He said I had to go back on medication and I declined.

Two weeks ago I went in for a long-overdue finger stick to check my A1C. It was 5.7 (normal) and I had done that with the KETO diet which I had found on YouTube. I'm going to give you some links at the bottom of this if you're wondering how it works. Not only did I learn about KETO, I also learned how we are being poisoned by the food we eat.

I did so well on the KETO diet that I began experimenting with cheating. What I discovered was that I could eat all the cheese Ruffles I wanted with very little effect on my blood sugar and since I'm addicted to carbs I became fixated on cheese Ruffles. I HAD to have them. My body was craving those carbs and when you are eating carbs you want to eat again not too long after you've eaten.

Just before Christmas I had noticed some favorable changes. The inflammation was down enough that I was now able to wear slippers. That may sound odd but my feet are so swollen I went several years barefoot. Now I'm able to wear socks and slipper socks. If I absolutely must wear shoes Elkanah has a pair of

red Dr. Who retro style tennis shoes I can get my feet into.

Another thing I noticed was that it was getting easier to breathe. One of the YouTube doctors said this would happen. He said that the inflammation would begin to clear around your heart and lungs first then you would start seeing it other places. With it being easier to breathe I was up and about a lot more which meant I was getting some exercise.

The other thing I noticed is that my clothes were getting loose. I went to the doctor's office to step on their scales and found I had lost 31 pounds without dieting. I was eating all I wanted but they had to be high in the right kind of fat and low in carbs.

Then I began eating cheese Ruffles.

Not long ago I noticed breathing was becoming difficult again and wearing slipper socks was beginning to hurt my feet. Two weeks ago I went to have my A1C checked and despite the Ruffles I had a reading of 5.7. However, I had also regained part of that weight I had lost.

I recognized that the Ruffles were a problem. They were causing damage. I went to Elkanah and asked him to never bring them around me again. He agreed.

But that isn't the end of the story.

Last fall I had a biopsy which turned out to be unfavorable. I didn't have cancer, but the problem I had had returned and my doctor wanted me back on hormones for 3 months. I argued with the nurse about it and told her that the endocrinologist said they were the cause of my diabetes. She came right out and said that he didn't know what he was talking about.

This old nag had just been led to the water but I wasn't drinking it. I let her have her way but I didn't believe her and I told her 3 months and no more.

For the sake of you who read what I write, while taking that junk I held off writing because I didn't want to expose you to my irritability. That 3 month sentence ended last month. Elkanah and I are still married and even living in the same house. We occasionally even speak to each other (wink).

Now back to what happened 2 weeks ago. After getting my finger stick we headed to Benton for a visit at the sleep clinic. I have to check in there once a

year so they'll know I'm still their patient and they can monitor my breathing. They found a problem. My blood pressure was high enough for them to be concerned. I was told to keep an eye on it and do something about it. What I did was to ignore his advice. Never in my life have I had a problem with blood pressure so I assumed it was a bad reading.

A few days later I noticed there was a white, blurry line running across my field of vision in my right eye. That scared me so bad I treated it by ignoring it. I went and took a nap. Seven days after I had been told to keep an eye on my blood pressure something seriously happened in my eye and I knew I had to get to the ER – fast.

As I headed to the phone I realized it would be at least an hour before Elkanah could get to me. My brother lives 5 miles from here. I called him. He has a nursing background and when I told him what was happening even as we spoke, he thought I was having a stroke. His wife was in town. He called her and she arrived within five minutes. I needed a few minutes to get ready but the hospital was close enough that she got me there within 20-30 minutes of when this episode started and I was still experiencing strange vision.

The ER staff took me straight back and found my blood pressure was still soaring. They were concerned that I was having a stroke or a detached retina. The CT scan showed everything to be normal, nothing was bleeding, and I was discharged with instructions to see an ophthalmologist.

The next day my doctor's office called. The hospital had notified them of my visit. The doctor wasn't there but the nurse practitioner was and she was concerned. As we talked the more I remembered. I told that I'd had a dietary change which was how I got that good A1C. But I also admitted I'd been cheating and scarfing down salt in the form of cheese Ruffles. Because I had never had a problem it didn't occur to me that I was getting too much salt which could cause issues.

They were able to schedule me with an ophthalmologist who was willing to see me “right now.” I heard him tell me that I have a floater in that eye and he thought it had broke loose and torn my retina. So I told people I had a torn retina. But Elkanah didn't hear him say that.

Two days ago I was examined by a retina specialist who gave me a diagnosis and a plan of attack which isn't much of a plan. He told me that “most people” who experience what I've gone through end up fully blind in that eye and their blindness is permanent. However, I can still see. My vision is blurry, but I can see.



My left eye is healthy but my right eye is in a watch-and-see situation. My eye may completely heal, it may stay like it is now or I may go blind. If it begins to show more symptoms then he's got a few tricks he can do to try to rescue it. My diagnosis is retinal vein occlusion with macular edema. He also found a "freckle" in the back of my eye that has to be monitored. It can turn into cancer.

Can someone say authophagy?

Three days ago I had a visit with the nurse practitioner. She prescribed a mild something to try to lower my blood pressure. So far it hasn't helped. What it has done is make me feel lethargic and wanting to sleep all the time.

I'M FED UP!!! Enough already! Uncle.

And with all that's been going on I had to fire my therapist. Sometimes we all need a shoulder to cry on.

Moving along.

Christmas was fun. Elkanah's family came and we celebrated here. We were a little confused over Elkanah's nephew. We played a game where everyone got junk gifts straight from Dollar Tree. This ex-marine nephew was talking about his make-up kit and was going through his mother's gifts looking for stuff he could put in his make-up kit. Now this guy is cute, but he looks like a biker who is anything but effeminate. Why would he have a make-up kit?

He held up a hole puncher and told his mother he could use that in his kit. Elkanah asked how and he said he would use it to poke holes in the back of people's heads.

Hannah clued in. This guy is studying to be a Hollywood make-up artist. He can make you look like you've been hacked to ribbons, like your bone is broken, look like a zombie, etc.... I took him to the leftover gifts and we opened them to see if there was anything left he could use.

Not long after Christmas Elkanah's mother died. She was 90 years old.

And, Elkanah's cousin has moved here. He's an interesting chap.

Besides shielding you from my crankiness, I have been busy working at my other ministry. Before I met Elkanah I had a friend who was teaching early

elementary. She introduced me to the world of creating learning tools for the elementary classroom. Elkanah had just started a second career as an elementary teacher when we got married. I offered my services and he asked me to make him some file folder games. It turned out that I had a gift for doing this. It was a way for me to be creative and as silly as I wanted to be while I was providing a service to the teacher and to the kids. After 7 years Elkanah gave up teaching but I continued with the “things.”

A couple weeks ago I posted some pictures on Facebook of my work area as an explanation why I'm not writing. I'm sharing those pictures here. Both desks were cleared off enough to have a work area which I quickly filled up again with more junk. To be able to type I hold the keyboard with my left hand and do a 1-finger hunt-and-peck with my right hand. When I was working as a medical transcriptionist my typing speed was over 100wpm. Now I sit here doing a 1-finger hunt-and-peck.





I was working diligently with a deadline sometime in February. That deadline is now behind me. The superintendent I know picked up a load of stuff last Monday. Some of the stuff in these pictures went with him but most of what he took had been stashed away in a place that was kitty-safe. Then on Thursday 2 more boxes arrived with more stuff. Tonight Elkanah went shopping and came home with what I think is the last thing needed to finish this project. My deadline is sometime in summer so I can take a moment to catch my breath. But not too long. I want to reclaim my space. As for the stuff that arrived on Thursday, I didn't even try to bring it in here. I piled all it up on the table in the breakfast nook. During our Friday evening Bible study I sat at the table tying ribbons on snakes while butting in asking for explanations.

Yes, I work with 2 computers. One is my trusty old XP that's still kicking. The software I like to use won't work on a later operating system and the new computer won't work with my old printer which is falling apart, literally. I'm considering putting duct tape on it but right now where's the duct tape and how do I reach the parts of the printer that are falling off?

If there is anyone in this area that likes to tie ribbons, is good with scissors and works as a volunteer give me a call, please.

Changing the subject.

Do you really think I can sit and write for a prolonged period without mentioning God? Well, I suppose I can. I've got a book of humor close to finished which I intending to self-publish and make available as an Ebook. (Wish me luck.) I'm not sure I've spent much time talking about Him in that book, but it wasn't my objective to do that. My goal is to raise money for my ministry.

No, I'm not asking anyone to donate. God will provide what I need. Right now I'm thinking of the things that are in the works but most of them are still only in my head. I'm wanting to be more active here, or maybe be more regular about my writing. I have started writing a curriculum for early elementary in which they will learn of a God that isn't threatening to harm them if they don't behave. A big problem I have with that is I'm not an artist. My art abilities are about on the same level as my math skills. And since I don't have the money to hire an artist that project got pushed aside.

We have a detached garage that's big enough to be called a shop. Last summer we had the roof replaced. There's enough room for 6 people to park in its drive plus we use the carport. I'm considering asking the city if I can open a teacher's exchange in there. I would only be open a couple hours a week. That will require



a major cleaning job. Last summer I went out there and discovered we were hoarders. We had a carport give-away one Sunday afternoon before winter set in. We need to do that again.

The thought of filing for non-profit or not for profit is interesting. If I can get that I can apply for grant money. But the cost of getting that is an obstacle. And if I got it, would the donor be telling me how to run this ministry? Another idea hit me that I'm kicking about and kinda laughing at it. That thought is to start my own religion. Those who read these blurbs would be my congregation. Have I ever told you that I despise organized religion? And being a pastor never made it onto my bucket list. Bruxy Cavey (a pastor) also doesn't like organized religion. He says that they go to church to celebrate the fact that they don't have to go to church.

I got sidetracked. I wanted to tell you about something that happened today and where my thoughts were led because of it. I don't have texts to back this up. Cousin did. But I was walking out of the room and missed it. I also want to place some links at the end of this so you'll have an idea where my thoughts came from.

My father-in-law is a retired SDA minister. I'll tell you that so you'll appreciate his feelings over the story I'm about to tell you.

After church today Elkanah's family (dad, both sisters, cousin) and a friend of the family came over for lunch. Not long after we began eating I noticed I was the only one with something to drink.

I spoke up and told them about a man I had once met while living in northern Michigan. This man did not attend the same church Elkanah and I attended, but he knew we were Adventists and he told me that he was also an Adventist and told me what church he attended.

He began talking about legalists. He told me that some time earlier they had a visitor at their church on a day they weren't having potluck. His wife had prepared enough so they invited this visitor home with them for lunch. This visitor proceeded to condemn them all to hell because they were heinous sinners.

What was their crime? They had places glasses filled with water onto the table in case someone needed it.

My father-in-law was seated across from me and we had eye contact. I landed a

blow.

“Well, I'm going to hell. Yes, I'm going to hell. It's where I want to go.”

All eyes were wide and staring at me, thinking I'd lost my mind.

“Would anyone like a glass of water?” I asked.

I still had eye contact with my father-in-law?

“You want to go to hell?” he asked.

“Oh, yeah! Think about it for a sec. Do you think that there is anything good about God that satan won't twist and make it into something we fear? Where is God anyway? He dwells in an eternally burning fire. He must be in hell. To be in that fire would be torture for the wicked but the righteous will be able to dwell in that fire with him.” I finished speaking as I was walking out of the room to get water.

Cousin spoke up. “I'm with Hannah on that.” He gave a text and said something about the righteous being in the fire.

Elkanah answered with another text but my exit was complete and I was out of earshot.

During lunch I was thinking things that I didn't share with the family. I wondered why the wicked would be unable to dwell in the presence of God. My conclusion was that they have been so damaged they don't know what love is and don't want to know.

Earlier I mentioned that I had fired my therapist. I had to quit using her at a time I was needing her. One afternoon I was sitting at the dining room table probably working on a school item when a memory hit me. It slapped me upside the head and left me shaking as bad as Santa's belly.

It was the memory of being molested by a family friend when I was 14 years old. I knew he had acted deceptively to get me to go out with him, and I knew he had forced himself on me (not intercourse). But I was overwhelmed by my feelings. I remembered how I had acted to let him know “NO” yet he did anyway. I remembered how helpless, how violated, how powerless I felt. It was at that moment I realized he technically had molested me.

No longer having a therapist Elkanah was the one who was there for me. I hollered for him, told him I'd just had a memory and asked if I could share it. He could see I was shaken, there may have been tears, and he sat down and listened as I told him about the experience.

Years later I ran into the guy. He was married and his wife was with him. I didn't speak to him. I finished what I was doing and left. What bothered me most was his wife. She resembled me when I was that age.

As I struggled to deal with the pain I was experiencing from that memory, I found myself having concerns for his wife and kid(s). How much had they suffered at the hands of this manipulative man who wouldn't take no for an answer. And I thought of him. What had he gone through to cause him to think manipulation and force was an OK behavior, an act of love?

A few weeks ago I got the answers I needed. As to what specifically happened to him or her I didn't find out and don't need to know. But I learned about something recently discovered and it's called complex trauma.

When I learned about complex trauma I posted a link on my Facebook group to a short lecture given by a female counselor. After that I learned of a former pastor in Canada who is now working as a therapist in the field of addiction recovery. I began listening to his presentations. They made me cry, they made me angry, they made me feel helpless and hopeless. But they also made me realize that I am a victim of people who were victims of people who had also been abused and going on back.

People today don't love because they don't know how. They've experienced battery but not genuine love. When it's offered to them they fear it because it's unknown. They fear changing.

People have been led to fear God who is the embodiment of love. There is no reason whatsoever to fear him. God dwells in an eternally burning fire. That eternally burning fire is where I want to be. He wants all of us to be with Him in that fire for that is the only place we'll find true happiness.

My challenge for you is to set aside some time and listen to the videos below. Dr. Lustig talks about the food industry, Dr. Fung talks about Diabetes, and the rest are dealing with complex trauma.

May God bless you as you head into the new week.

Love to all,

Hannah

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Robert Lustig, M.D. Pediatric Endocrinologist

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bhh19cQukfg>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zx-QrilOoSM>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dBnniua6-oM&t=32s>

Jason Fung, M.D. Nephrologist

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sha-DGhfCx4>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jXXGxoNFag4&t=401s>

Finding Freedom Media

Trauma:

1. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b4NXq4DTEPQ&list=PL37DC721F772F64BB>

2. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w9PWryPxYKk&list=PL37DC721F772F64BB&index=2>

3. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X8SQDrX3Lgc&index=3&list=PL37DC721F772F64BB>

4. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JZU8rDGdmeY&index=4&list=PL37DC721F772F64BB>



## Diagnosing Our Problem:

1. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-JsUyJ88fBU&list=PL9C6E971B57299423>
2. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DeelHTI98Yc&list=PL9C6E971B57299423&index=2>
3. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ySb6XNFBB5A&list=PL9C6E971B57299423&index=3>

Also, if you will go to YouTube, type in Finding Freedom Ministry and click on their playlist, there is an excellent 12-step presentation. The list of lectures is too long to include here. If you've tried 12-step, if you've been told 12-step is evil, if you're curious, you'll find more information on these steps that you realized was possible.

Happy listening.