

# Mary Anne's Suspicious Masses Melted with Fresh-Ground Flaxseed?



**DISCLAIMER:** Each of us is beautifully unique, in heart, mind, body, and soul. Therefore, always go with what's best for you. What works for one person may not work for another, but if it's harmless and you think it might work for you, try it out, adjust, or discard, if necessary. Only you know YOU! I am not here to give critical advice, only to suggest ideas and to share what works for me. You need to decide what works for you. I do not have ANY medical training; I am merely sharing my experience! We all go through experiences or have someone close to us go through them; I hope this helps, in some way.

First of all, DON'T WORRY!! I am totally fine, and always will be! This is the first I'm telling family and friends about my health scare, only because worry is worse than a plague and I know it can kill me! I wasn't even going to tell my boyfriend because I was afraid he'd challenge my thought process or worry. I changed my mind when I got a clear message from above to tell him. I found out then, that he really believed in me and the power of positive thoughts, as he's always telling me, "You'll figure it out; it's just one more journey to write about." Now that I'm letting you in on my secret, I need you all to do the same. Please keep any thoughts about me and anyone else on HEALING and HEALTH, not on any issue or disease, as worry and negative thoughts can literally kill. I had to wait until I had proof I was healing this because I need everyone to stay focused on what I want: Health, Long Life, and Happiness! I want to live a long, long time yet, not because I'm afraid of dying, but because I feel like I have a lot to do for myself, my loved ones, and the world, before this life is over. I've only just begun really living!

So here I go again, sharing what I've learned about breast health issues, only because there's a good chance that most of you will be touched by a similar situation in your life. It's so important to look at all options and stay in control of what happens to your body—it's the only one you get! I shared a lot of basic health information in my book, **RISE ABOVE THE SH\*\*! Down-to-earth thinking from Wisconsin**, and in free article since then, but here are some specific things I've learned recently about breast issues. Divine timing stepped in again, with all the health-challenged people that have shared their secrets with me in the last couple of years, so I had a jump-start on all this...there is always a reason. When I told some of you last year I was completely healthy, I really didn't know then, and thought I was healthy...just so you know!

I realized early in 2013, that for months, I'd been more tired and thirsty than usual and my boobs were getting more and more tender. Sharp pains were even waking me up at night, if it was the right time of the month, or if I had too much sugar or caffeine the day before. Heavy and uncomfortable for too long, I decided I better have the doctor check it out. She was immediately concerned, telling me I was more swollen and lumpy than usual, and sent me off for a diagnostic mammogram, even though my last preventative mammo was less than a year old, and was supposedly fine. The mammo appointment turned into consultation with the radiologist and an ultrasound, there on the spot. Everyone was worried and treating me like I had breast cancer, already, because of a suspicious mass or two. I appreciated them all being so kind, but I honestly didn't think I had anything to worry about. It was my body, and I knew I could find the source of the problem and change it, whatever it was. I'm so appreciative I'm learning to pay attention to, and ask God for, what I need to know. He sends these strong feelings that bring me peace, all the time.

My primary doctor called as soon as I was back from the mammo to tell me they wanted me to see a surgeon within a few days. The surgeon wanted a biopsy right away, but I thought it was a little extreme, as you'll read below. I told her I wanted to research and asked if any other tests could be run first. So, she sent me in for an MRI with dye to see if it would tell them anything more. In the meantime, I asked for general blood work with my regular doctor, especially checking my hormone levels, but I guess nothing really showed up. There's opinions out there that most doctors don't know about the specific tests to look closely enough for most of the issues with hormones and iodine deficiency, until it's too late and the numbers are ridiculous, but again, everyone has different factors, anyway. Even so, the standard meds aren't necessarily the most effective way to treat it and can cause all sorts of other problems. My primary doctor helped me understand a little more too, that a woman's hormones change constantly, until post-menopause, and they affect pretty much everything, including cholesterol numbers. Two tests, two days in a row can be different, so you can't just go by the tests, sometimes. I told him he was nuts going into medicine, with all the moving parts within the body that affect everything else, with the mind and soul on top of it! But it's all pretty powerful and miraculous, too. Every single body is so unique. But back to my saga. . .

Once the MRI results were back, I went to see the surgeon again and she said she needed to talk to the radiologist yet, but that it looked like they were not overly concerned, and we would just watch it. I was relieved, but still didn't have my questions answered about what was causing the pain, tiredness, lumps and swelling; they really didn't know. That's okay, I will figure it out, I thought. By the time I got home though, I had an urgent message from the surgeon. She apologized, saying the radiologist called right after I left, and in talking to him, she really needed to remove the entire 2cm mass on the left side and see what it was. The lymph nodes nearby were questionable too, so possibly those...but really, I should just come back in and talk about it. All I could hear in my head was a strong message I had gotten repeatedly over the last couple of months, "Get a second opinion!"

Yea, that's right! I still get to decide what I do, with my body, and this just didn't sound right. I would do more research and do all I could to heal it myself. It didn't matter what it was; even if it was cancer, I can still heal it because that's how the body is made. I thought about paying out of my own pocket to get another test, a thermogram, done. My doctor's opinion was that my hormones were very active, so a thermogram would read active, everywhere; it wouldn't help. But even if something did show cancer, I still wasn't willing to go through traditional treatment. I would still want to attempt to heal it on my own, knowing chemo and radiation would only hurt the rest of my body. No, I needed to change whatever was causing it so my body could take care of it, not just try to put a band-aid on every lump that showed up; there could be tons of lumps in there! I cancelled my recall visit with the surgeon to give myself time to see what I could do.

Knowing that I am truly the only one responsible for myself, I asked questions and I did my research, using the internet and books from the library. What causes breast problems? What cures it? What I found kind of ticked me off, to say the least.

Causes: Food and Drink, as I'll go into below (not to mention smoking, which is obvious), Radiation (including mammograms! WHAT?!! I won't be doing those very often, any more...maybe never!), Iodine Deficiency, and other obvious things that we all know can cause other diseases as well.

Treatment: Nothing has improved, in ages. Cancer IS on the rise, despite all the BS you read that misleads us all, and treatment via chemotherapy and radiation is NOT raising the survival rate, not at all. I believe the traditional treatment itself is often the real cause of death, so really? I refuse to be part of those statistics. Cancer Miracles that I know have a couple of things in common: They DON'T do the traditional treatments, especially chemo and the meds. They research and ask questions and know the side effects. They increase their health and remove toxins from their environments and foods and body. Their focus is on health and surviving.

My Condition: I have fibrocystic breasts (heavy and lumpy), along with probably a third of all women in this country. It makes mammograms, MRIs, ultrasounds, and even a cut-open breast hard to analyze for what is hard breast tissue and what is a foreign mass. It's often a guess. A 2cm mass on the left side worried the doctors enough for them to want to cut it out completely, and maybe the congested lymph nodes next to it. In asking more questions, they'd need to give me a 4-inch scar and they would be guessing where the mass started and ended.

Impact: I had to ask this question, "What if it is cancer, and it's all contained and you accidentally cut into it. Won't that release cancerous cells into my body?" The doctor only answered that if it was cancer, they'd go in and remove more tissue in the surrounding area, but she knew I didn't like this answer because obviously, the rest of the body is connected and cells move. And again, I'd have a nice scar and probably a deformed breast. It wasn't going to fix anything.

My Instincts: All along I kept getting signs to get a second opinion and change my diet. I was also frustrated by the fact that my right breast hurt much more than the left, and I questioned a big, swollen area the pain was coming from. They also said there was a weird, partially cystic, partially solid mass on that side, but they'd just watch it. Nope, I will not be cut into more than once, and if they can't tell what it is, forget it. I'll work on healing it on my own. The body and mind is the most powerful thing there is to healing disease (especially cancer), so I'll just take care of it myself, as much as I can. Still, my doctor said she wants to know exactly what it is, either way, and says it's best to cut it out. I reassure all doctors involved that I'm not in denial; I just want a shot at healing the source instead of slowly cutting pieces of my boobs out, as the lumps continue. Something made them start hurting all the time in the last few months, and whatever it was, has to go. But what was causing it? I know better than to believe it's just age. Nothing is just age—it's always a build-up or wearing out of something. Were the toxins I've absorbed in my lifetime finally catching up with me? Probably.

What I Did: First, I let myself rest a little more, instead of going out or doing things I really didn't need to do. Keeping my mind and heart on healing was my first priority. Having the energy to research and to ask God for constant strength, faith, and guidance was key. It was trying at times, not to question if I was being wise about this, and did I have what it took to have the faith to heal myself? It was challenging when I was tired or dealing with something negative to not feel like a victim and start feeling sorry for myself. I just had to continue believing that everything happens for a reason, and for a greater good; I had to be patient and allow myself to be guided to whatever was best for me. I have to admit all along though, that from the beginning, I felt God was telling me, there was nothing to worry about; all would be fine. I've heard Him say this at many

scary points in my life, and He's never let me down, so I had no reason to doubt Him. So I laid low for a few months and pretty much eliminated toxins by viewing them as poisons that would feed my lumps. Alcohol, caffeine, and processed foods were rarely touched, and if so, I made sure I was doing lots to detox myself before and after. Negativity had to be cut off at the knees, from any source, including people close to me; I just had to avoid it, all I could, knowing it would directly feed my stress and my health issue. Spirituality is the only way I know to stay focused and strong, and so I made myself follow Divine Guidance and start learning what yoga and meditation and proper breathing is all about. I prayed more and if I was slipping into doubt, I looked for any avenue to pick me back up, including short discussions about it with my boyfriend; it could not be a focus of our time together, just a quick support session, here and there. As I found spiritual experts and energy healers, I looked into them, and if I felt compelled, I met with them. I got lots of meditation CDs from the library on healing. We all need some kind of healing, so what better time to allow it? And boy, did I get my money's worth, from all of it! You wouldn't believe what you uncover and repair, once you just start digging...again, it's ALL CONNECTED to YOU!

I also started in the most obvious place. I'm a pretty healthy eater, really, but I guess I need to get better at it. My boyfriend has been a huge inspiration, the last few months, losing 40 pounds by cutting out a lot of the junk he said I told him about. So now I take the time to think and eat healthier. White, processed things (and yucky processed fats and oils) are poison to the body. Nearly all processed fats, salt, sugar, and flour are nothing but toxic to our bodies, whether you're baking with it or eating or drinking it in a packaged item. Reading labels more and replacing these things with healthier items and cutting back in general, automatically dropped a couple pounds and had me feeling better. Along with this, the more I learn, the more I realize that unless it's fresh, organic, and raw, there are probably more poisons in it than nutrients. Most of America overeats calories full of toxins of all kinds...this is the sad truth, and we wonder why everybody's so sick? So, I've been taking more time grabbing fresh, organic stuff and eat tons of it, because it's all very yummy! Our taste buds start to come back as we wean ourselves off the toxic foods and drink, so eventually, you'll taste the difference! (I especially like Dr. Joel Fuhrman's Super Foods list of high-nutrient foods.) Still, with a scary health problem screaming at me, I wanted to do more; this alone didn't seem to be fixing it, fast enough, though it did seem to be lowering my borderline-high cholesterol. I still want to read more of the book, *Beat Sugar Addiction Now!* by Jacob Teitelbaum, M.D. I'm convinced most of us are addicted to the icky, processed crap, just as the money-makers intended. I believe it's behind the majority of our health problems, I honestly do!

Also, lots of internet research and reading AND warnings from lots of other spiritual and medical sources told me to BREATHE. Did you know that most disease (especially cancer) needs lack of oxygen to survive? Do you realize that most of us don't breathe deeply enough to give our cells all the oxygen they need? It's crazy, but as I started reading and listening to CDs on the proper way to breath, I am re-training my diaphragm and stomach to take in and push out more air. It's clumsy to me right now, but I'm learning. Andrew Weil, MD has some great audios, and he combines very simple meditation, another thing I highly recommend. I won't suggest you do this, but I listen as I'm driving for just a few minutes, sometimes. I have been told by spiritual gurus that my chakras were almost perfectly balanced by this very simple thing. I don't know much about it yet, but I know balanced chakras are cool!

Every tester and doctor I saw asked me how much caffeine I consumed. I have mostly stayed away from caffeine since my early 20s, when my doctor then told me to lay off because it makes my boobs swell a ridiculous amount, and I'd end up with breast cancer, if I didn't. So, I only drank it occasionally, usually in a mixed drink. Once I realized my boobs were hurting all the time, I switched to drinking a little vodka and water, to avoid the soda, and finally, pretty much quit drinking altogether. Why add another toxin, I figure?

Still, my boobs still hurt, at least a little, all the time. . I needed to do more. The breathing and a little meditation would help keep my mind on board and trusting the body could easily heal itself, but I need to go after whatever was causing the fibrocystic build-up to begin with. I didn't care that probably a third of women have this condition. It's not normal, pain is not normal, and it makes me high risk for breast cancer; I didn't have to be a statistic. More research got me back to something I already knew, about how years of toxins make our blood more acidic, and again, most disease needs the acidity to survive. Cancer and many other terminal diseases feast and thrive on sugar, including the extra sugar we give our bodies through all those carbs and condiments we eat. I had cut way back on these things, but wanted to throw some extra alkaline in there to bring it back to where it should be.

God threw it in front of me, as usual. Articles and a talk show led me to buying organic flaxseed and grinding it fresh with a coffee grinder (fresh-ground is the only way to make sure the body absorbs it). There are tons of health benefits (too many to list!) to flax seed when eaten this way, but the articles specifically say that it helps prevent fibrocystic breasts, hormone issues and cancer! I just started using about a teaspoon, and then a tablespoon a day, sprinkled on whatever food I was eating. I had also learned that seaweed (healthy, pure seaweed) is the way to go, and Divine Signs over the last couple of months led me to a raw, organic simple tablet of chlorella/spirulina, known to be able to adhere to, and carry stubborn toxins out of the body, in addition to providing lots of awesome nutrients, including iodine. Lots of health experts claim that in the right form, this combination can cure just about anything. Oh, iodine! Did you know that nearly all of us are iodine-deprived, especially women? Did you know it causes all kinds of health issues, including hormone imbalance, and that the FDA's recommendations are laughed at by anyone that's researched this? Iodine deprivation can also cause fibrocystic breasts, and is pointed out in lots of articles by wellness experts of the world. I've been on thyroid meds, have struggled with ragging menstrual cycles almost my whole life (in recent years, I routinely get a migraine once a month too!), and not one doctor suggested we look at iodine, but I know, they can't possibly know everything. So just a couple of days ago, after telling my doctor I wanted to try and iodine/iodide supplement, he told me to go ahead and gave me a rough dosage to try. I went out and bought some drops, but returned them without trying them after spiritual guidance told me to just continue eating foods with iodine.

I was fine with that, since the pain and swelling in my breasts disappeared within days of starting the fresh-ground, organic flax seed! Alleluia! Then I get my period, without ANY pain or headache. That NEVER happens, EVER! Something was changing, big time. My energy was returning and my boobs were going back to normal. The lymph nodes were still swollen, but not as much. After less than a month on the flaxseed and only a little longer on the seaweed, I was eager to go to my full physical and have my doctor let me off the hook with this thing!

My primary doctor thought I looked great, despite my normal, lumpy boobs. The swollen lymph nodes still had him questioning if there was something more to pay attention to, though, and he referred me back to the surgeon, saying she was the expert in this area. The problem is, he said, that until you cut it out and examine it, they can't rule out that it's not cancer, and they wouldn't feel comfortable telling me there's nothing to worry about. He answered all my questions and we respected each other's opinions. If your doctor doesn't do this, get another doctor! He also basically told me that I had to understand that I'm a little weird and outside of their normal patients' attitudes, which is to just get unknown growths "out" of them as soon as possible. Yes, he knows me pretty well.

I knew the lymph nodes weren't quite right, and started looking for ways to help my lymphatic system drain. Spiritual guidance and research already helped me understand that sitting and typing all day isn't stimulating my circulation or lymphatic systems at all; I needed to be moving my upper body more often. I'm still working on this, but a couple of simple yoga and dance moves, and just taking the time to raise my hands and arms up a few times a day can't hurt! The two spiritual healers I met with recently also pegged my physical problem areas right away and went to work on them. I have to emphasize that I don't just run out to every spiritual or energy healer I come across. I'm very fussy and have to be led to them, knowing I'm supposed to be talking to them, before I'll even check them out. Again, only you know what's right for you, and even when the right time is, if ever. What works for me may not work for you at all; ask for guidance from above in everything you need, and it will fall in your lap, at the right time. This is how I found Brian, an energy healer that I knew from his attending one of my speaking events. I didn't know he did this sort of thing until I saw his face in a newsletter of my favorite spiritual store, where he was holding sessions that coming weekend. Of course he had an opening at the only time I could make it, and of course any healing he did of my lymph nodes was just a bonus from all the other issues he helped me clear up. And of course, the lymph nodes shrunk down to almost nothing, by three days later, as I headed out to see the surgeon to see if I could "pass the test." This is how Divine Guidance works, if your faith simply allows it.

Giddy at the start of my second period now with no pain or headaches, and the lymph nodes hard to find, I was excited the day I needed to go back to the surgeon. I envisioned her smiling at me, surprised that all problems had disappeared. I know how powerful my focus is, still, worry tries to stick its ugly head in everywhere. What if I had failed? What if I let my boyfriend down? Would I feel like a fraud, if my mind hadn't been strong enough to know I could heal it? What if she insisted she still had to cut it all out? No, I wouldn't do it. My energy was up, I was feeling great, so despite what anyone said, my problem was GONE. I was the boss of me and it was my decision. I put my quiet moments to good use all morning. I thanked God for everything in my life, and especially for my health. I asked extra angels to keep me focused and appreciative of life, and to help the surgeon see very clearly, that whatever it was, was now healed. I committed to telling everyone about this, because one little thing in my story could help someone else. Flaxseed, after all, was known to fix many, many things, yet few people know it needs to be fresh and ground, not processed, not whole, not cooked, not old. Organic, fresh and freshly- opened. (I didn't know this until 2 months ago!) If it could do this much to my health, in just a few days, it has to help many other problems as well (for the males out there, too!) I happened to buy brown flaxseed because that's what the grocery store had in organic, and it had an expiration date, so I knew it was fresh. I keep it in the fridge before, and after I

grind it, in a small, glass jar. Just like everything else, use in moderation! Don't overdo anything, unless you want to make new problems.

I took an inspirational book along to my appointment, but chose to just pray with my extra waiting time, once I got there. She carefully went over both breasts, from different angles, making sure she no longer had any concerns. She pointed out the two swollen lymph nodes, agreeing that the swelling was way down, and that everything else looked much better now, too. I told her that I was still working on some way to drain the lymph nodes and wouldn't give up until they were. She smiled and said, "Well, looks like it's just a follow-up in 6 months then!" Feeling as if I'd been there before, I didn't even need to respond, other than to tell her that after all I read about the risks of radiation and mammograms, and how they can't really see much through my fibrocystic condition anyway, I really didn't want any more mammograms. I didn't even have to ask; she recommended ultrasound then, which was fine with me.

A happy ending in the surgeon's office, I'm sure, and boy have I learned a lot. I feel very good about knowing the risks of mammograms now (radiation that can fuel breast problems) and will avoid them forever, if possible...they don't make sense for my type of dense breasts (and in a third of you women out there!). I can't even list everything else I learned and am learning now, because of this, on top of all the healing/growing...WOW-SA! I don't care if I ever know whether it was nothing, pre-cancerous, or cancer. It doesn't matter. It was draining my energy and causing me pain, and both were only getting worse. I needed to take control and change something. There's no doubt in my mind, that had I not done something, I would have developed cancer. My body did not feel right. I would have been a statistic. I thank God for answering my prayers, once again, of hitting me upside the head so I don't miss things I need to pay attention to. I also have a bigger appreciation for the healthy body I have, and commit to taking better care of it, and stop joking about how I'd like a fresh pair of younger, non-saggy boobs...

So what healed my lumps and swelling and pain? The breathing and meditation? The fresh-ground flaxseed? The positive mindset that I was healed and the spiritual healers? The balancing of the pH in the blood (seaweed)? Reducing the toxins? I'm guessing it's all of the above, and really, I shouldn't stop doing any of them, even if I think it's just any one thing. All of it is great for me and things we all should be doing anyway, so I really don't care what changed it. Clearly knowing I wanted healing leads me to doing the things that will heal me.

The day after the surgeon gave me the green light, I told my sister and Mom the whole story, repeating that I still needed to find a way to fix my lymph nodes, for good. God answered, within a couple of hours. I headed to an easy, low-key yoga class over my lunch hour, and was confused when no one was there? I looked at the schedule on the wall and went to ask the front desk. The woman working, and a customer figured out what was wrong: It was only Wednesday, not Thursday, as I thought! I knew what day it was all morning long, but something totally misled me into going to the gym, thinking it was Thursday. "Oh, but there's a hot yoga class about to start." The receptionist told me. I shook my head, "I don't think I'm ready for that, yet." The customer piped up, "Oh, it's super easy; you could do it. It's just holding poses." I looked back at the receptionist and asked how much the class was, hoping to get out of it. "\$7.00, but you can get unlimited hot yoga for \$10 a month." The thought of paying to sweat until I passed out didn't intrigue me. Then the

receptionist had to throw in, “Oh, but you can do it today, for free, just to see if you like it.” The customer looked back at me now, with an encouraging look. Both of them were hoping I’d take the plunge, for some reason. Human angels, again! “Oh, okay, I guess I could try it...” The receptionist ran to get me a free bottle of water too; I was stuck. Turns out, I really liked the class, and as I went through the movements and started to sweat (which I never do), I realized that THIS was definitely going to get my lymphatic system moving—it was all I needed. Funny, God, you sure are something. Thanks for blind-siding me because I would have never done it on my own. Especially a 105-degree, 90-minute class? Thanks for teaching me once again, I can do it!

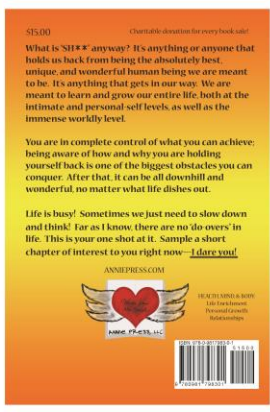
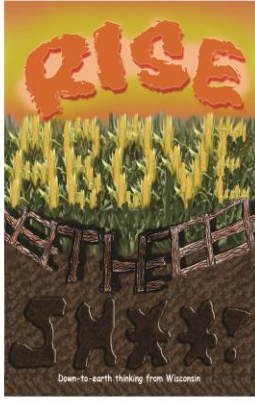
Throughout this whole ordeal, I knew that once I just trusted everything and stopped doubting and worrying, God would open up my heart, mind, and body to take over and go back to what it does best: SURVIVE and HEAL and FIND PEACE. Our bodies are miraculous machines, and it takes a lot to trip it up, but still, we find more and more ways to pump it full of toxins, every year. I am very sad for the kids that will have very little chance in growing old without a health issue (even via their nervous system, when people miss that it’s because of toxins). Add toxic thoughts of worry and stress, not enough breathing and exercise, and you’re sure to end up with a disease that will kill you. Just remember, it’s always your choice to be a statistic, or to be the REAL, HEALTHY YOU that God intended you to be. He gives us everything we need. All we have to do is choose what’s good for us, not the things that will surely kill us, in one way or another, eventually. Both options are equally available in this fine, leisurely, information-filled country of ours, so don’t let lack of self-love hold you back. Other people are counting on you, remember? I try to remind myself, every day! :) Wishing you a long, healthy, peaceful life!





~Mary Anne

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