



A Mission of LOVE

INSPIRATION,
ENLIGHTENMENT
&
CONTROVERSY

fused to create
a

Book-of-Conscience.

by ORISHUA
the spiritual messenger

CHAPTER III.

For the Love of Zara.

A heart wrenching story which shows the miracles of faith, hope and love and how a herbal remedy combined with a healthy Vegan/Vegetarian diet can save the lives of animals, humans and the environment. Through Zara's suffering comes an amazing - **Gift of Life.**





For the Love of Zara

On top of so many other problems, within 14 months of my mother's death, Zara was struck down with mammary cancer which was terminal. I remembered Marsha phoning me at the factory saying: "*Mum, Zara is dying, she has got cancer.*" I instantly responded with, "*that is not funny, don't mess about.*" Tearfully she said; "*I am not joking Mum, I have just returned from the Vet, who has examined her and said, she hasn't got long to live. Oh Mum, why me? why my Zara?*" Marsha was serious, so I told her to drop everything and come straight to the factory. I knew she would be terrified and would need my support.

She arrived around 4pm, extremely distraught and collapsed on the floor. I was not sure of what to do or say, as no words could possibly bring any comfort. She was in shock and somehow I needed to soften the blow. So I picked her up, sat her down and said, "*talk to me, just talk, say what ever is going around in your head.*"

"Mum, I have tried to be good, I have never hurt anyone. You know that Zara is the one special thing I have always wanted. Why is God punishing me? We have only just lost Nan, I can't handle another death. Why me, why me? Mum I can't take it."

I held her tight and allowed her to pour her heart out. She cried herself to exhaustion. In a brief moment of calm, I tried to explain that she was not being punished but somehow she would have to come to terms and deal with it. She then pleaded, "*Mum please help me, you have got to do something, make anything that might help her.*" I said, "*I don't know what to do but lets pray and ask my Guides.*" I also called on my mother to help strengthen Marsha. They all spoke to her and within three hours, she was able to laugh a bit and was much less tense. Then I took her home.

That night in prayer I spoke to God; "*Father, I am afraid for my child. You know how much she loves Zara. I have taught her to love You above all else. I have taught her to always look to You for help. I have taught*

her that You are the only true miracle worker. Father, I fear that if Zara dies, Marsha and possibly Dee too, would turn away from You forever. Marsha has already suffered a great deal with her deformity. She has suffered losing her grandmother. She really cannot handle this pain. You know she is extremely strong willed but this would break her Spirit. Father, please, please, please, show her that You are real and not a figment of her imagination. Grant her a miracle and save Zara's life. She is young and needs proof that You really exist. Father, have mercy on Zara for Marsha's sake."

I fell asleep still praying and was then instructed on what to do. The next morning, one of my customers phoned and told me about a product which was reported good for cancer but it only contained four of the fourteen herbs I was given through Spirit. Instead of re-writing the whole story, I have copied below, the original leaflet written by Marsha two months after Zara's recovery, as it details the depth of our emotions at the time.

• picture taken April 1995 - Zara aged 10 years.



(Written by Marsha).

All I ever wished for as a child was to have my own dog, therefore when my mother finally felt that I was old and responsible enough to have one, I was overcome with joy. To my complete surprise on Christmas day 1984, I was given a beautiful Pedigree Labrador-Retriever pup, whom I named ZARA... I was then fifteen years old. From that day on Zara became my soul-mate; the love we both shared was both unconditional and exceptional in every way.

ZARA has always been in excellent health, however, in June 1994, I noticed her gums were irritating her. By September a small growth had developed in her mouth which I assumed was an abscess, so I took her to the Vet to have it examined. The Vet confirmed that it was not an abscess but a growth and decided that it was best to remove it. The growth was successfully removed but the Vet did not send it away for testing because she said it did not look like anything unusual. Apparently this type of growth usually occurred in Boxer dogs and not Labradors. However, she further said that it may re-occur, in which case she would continue to remove it and that this was quite normal.

At the end of October 1994, a week before Guy Fawkes night, I decided to get some tranquillisers for Zara, as the fire-works usually made her very nervous. My regular Vet was then on holiday, so she was examined by a new Vet. To my horror, after examining Zara, the Vet told me that she had mammary cancer and showed me the cancerous growths all over her chest, breasts, stomach and groin... with a particularly large/prominent one on her top left breast. My heart sank, I couldn't believe it because at home my sister and I always checked her body for anything unusual but we didn't notice or feel any lumps. I asked the Vet if the growth in her mouth could have been cancerous and if by cutting it out could have caused the cancers rapid spread. The Vet denied that this was possible and stated that it was just an unfortunate coincidence, most likely due to the fact that Zara was not sterilised and getting older. However, she was reluctant to tell me how far gone the cancer was, so I had to wait another week for my regular Vet to return from holiday. Zara

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was then re-examined and it was finally confirmed that the cancer spread was too far gone for an operation to be considered. The best we could do was to make her as comfortable as possible and to relieve any pain and discomfort as her condition worsened... but it was inevitable that she was going to die.

The news devastated my whole family but my own feelings and fears cannot be put into words. I grieved constantly, everywhere I went (at home, on the bus, walking in the street), I was inconsolable. But my mother and sister were there for me all the time, trying to keep my spirits up. Mum would tell me to remain *“positive, faithful and to pray; to never lose hope, right up until the very end but also not to lose sight of reality.”* So with this advice my main aim was to make the most of the valuable and precious little moments we had left together. I gave up my job to devote every minute to her. All we could do was pray, meditate and give her spiritual healing in the hope of a miracle. Since Zara had nothing to lose, I asked Mum to make something which would help her. Instead of re-assuring me, Mum reinforced the inevitable, mainly because only a year earlier, we had all watched helplessly as her own mother died within 10 days of ovarian cancer.

Mum then prayed and meditated for spiritual guidance on the correct herbs and on how to prepare them. It took a week to get all the herbs and a further three days for her to complete the brew. In the meantime, Zara's health was rapidly deteriorating, the cancer growths were both much larger and spreading fast. She became incontinent, dehydrated, her stomach swelled up and was extremely hot, her breathing became erratic and her chest would cave in as she desperately fought for air. By now, we had received Zara's blood test results which confirmed that her kidneys, liver and lungs were also deteriorating, her blood was abnormal and her heart was getting very weak. The Vet stated that these were the usual symptoms for advanced cancer and if the pain became too unbearable, I'd have to make the decision to put her out of her misery and have her put down.

The stress of the nightly fireworks leading up to Guy Fawkes night made

her worse. She became so weak that she couldn't walk; collapsing every time she tried. I was worried about giving her the tranquillisers, so I called the Vet to seek advice; who confirmed my worst fears and told me not to give them to her, as it would most definitely be fatal in her weakened state.

The 4th and 5th November '94 was my worst experience. Fireworks were going off every minute, Zara was so petrified that she suddenly started going into fits; became doubly incontinent and could hardly breathe. I thought she was going to have a heart attack and wouldn't survive the night but thank God she did. I stayed awake with her night and day up to the 9th November, trying to comfort her whilst she tried desperately to sleep, her stomach was burning up and she was panting constantly. Her whole body looked like it was giving up on her. Her breathing was shallow and short and as her chest caved in, it sounded like it was slowly filling up with fluid. Laying with Zara in my arms, I watched every breath she took. I felt so helpless, all I could do was cry and pray that she'd make it through another night. On three occasions Zara stopped breathing. I watched... holding my breath in total denial. I cradled Zara in my arms; rocking and rubbing her gently; trying to fight back the tears. I called to God, asking Him not to take her away from me, not like this;- I stared hard at her chest for signs of movement; I kept on watching until she'd catch her breath and began to breathe erratically again. Then on the 10th November, Mum finally finished brewing the herbal drink and gave her a cup full. Mum then instructed that;-

1. Zara must only be given this drink in place of water or any other drink.
2. Every morning on an empty stomach, the drink must be given (NEAT) one hour before breakfast and last thing at night, one hour after eating.
3. Add it to her drinking water but the water must first be filtered then boiled.
4. Changed her diet to plenty of vegetables, pulses and wholegrain

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(cooked with a little Gramma Herbal Pepper Sauce and Herbal Seasoning), plus fresh fruits. **NO** meat or dairy products whatsoever.

5. Exercise her as much as possible, to keep her energy levels high. This she insisted was part of the vital healing process.
6. Draw a diagram of her body and pin-point every lump.

After taking the herbal drink for one day, her condition literally changed overnight and she slept like a baby. After the first week her eyes were bright, her breathing had improved, she showed no sign of pain, discomfort or nervousness, was on her feet and walking properly. The incontinence and dehydration stopped, her temperature was back to normal, stomach swelling stopped. Zara was looking alive again.

By the second week she looked fit, healthy, her breathing was almost back to normal; coat shiny, stomach size also reduced back to normal (shed all the excess weight and swelling), her energy level very high and she was bounding around the house like a puppy. I was able to take her for very long walks. However, because she still had the lumps, we were convinced that she wasn't going to make it to Christmas. So I decided to celebrate it early, put up the tree and all the decorations. Mum bought me a video camera to film her as a keep-sake remembrance.

By the third week (beginning of December 1994) whilst examining the growths, I felt that there was a distinctive reduction in their size, especially the very large prominent one on her chest; it had become softer and at least half the original size. My heart sank in disbelief. We all examined her and were equally stunned and excited.

By the fifth week, her condition continued to improve but now the large growth was down to a third (no longer prominent) and all but two of the many smaller growths appeared to have disappeared altogether. I phoned the Vet and explained her condition, she too was amazed by her remarkable and speedy recovery.

On the 3rd January 1995, Zara had a full examination including a blood

test. The Vet confirmed that all the cancers had disappeared and only a very small pea-sized one remained. Her blood, kidneys, lungs and heart were all back to normal. Her severely defective liver was half way improved. The fur on her chest, stomach, groin and inside legs which had previously gone bald were completely re-grown, plus her entire coat was thick, shiny and in beautiful condition. The Vet wrote a full report and even featured the story on BBC Radio and newspapers. Zara's condition has gone from strength to strength, she has not had any form of side-effects and looks great. So now we wait to see whether or not the cancer will be completely cleared and for how long she'll continue to live. This has also given me the time to come to terms with the fact that one day she would leave me. Since she became ill, she has had no other medication therefore, I can only thank God for answering my prayers and my mother for producing a 'miracle,' giving me new hope, stronger faith and a Christmas present I never thought was humanly possible.

I personally believe this miraculous drink should be researched and quickly released to all those suffering from this deadly disease, as well as, for the healthy, so that they too could benefit from its wondrous properties.

- Imagine the implications of a safe drink which could possibly cure or prevent cancer or reduce tumours.
- A drink which could reduce the risk of getting cancer altogether.
- A drink which could do away with painful treatments and operations to surgically remove growths.
- A drink which could thoroughly clean the blood.
- A drink without side-effects or drugs.
- A drink which makes the sufferer feel good, revitalised and pain-free.
- A drink which could improve and maintain general well-being.

"The possibilities are endless."

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My mother has decided to name the drink after Zara.

ZARA'S HERBAL DRINK

A fitting tribute to a beautiful and loving 'Spirit of God,' who has brought so much joy into my life and I sincerely hope that the result of her suffering and her drink will bring **new hope, improved health and joy to the world.**
