

# Hell and Back Again

## An Account of Morgellon's Disease and Its Cure from a Former Sufferer

© By Joseph W. Keleher, USA

*The very deepest of hells on earth may exist with those who suffer from Morgellon's Disease*

### The Audience

As a writer and a former sufferer of what has been called by many Morgellon's Disease, I have taken some time to consider the audiences for which I am writing this. First and above all, I am writing this short documentation of what I went through and how I was cured for those who are suffering from it. Next, I write this for those who are close to a sufferer; they have never needed you more. Finally, in my list of audiences are the professionals who have worked or are working with persons having this condition (with the reminder to listen and discount no symptoms).

### The Suffering

The start was not spectacular. It felt like fleas ziping across my scalp (in viewing this condition as the result of toxins and not parasites, the symptoms such as odd ailments, panic attacks, and difficult to explain emergency room visits, all which could be connected to poisoning of the system, started years before).

I'm certain that for me stress was part of the formula in bringing out the bug crawling sensations. I had been through an extremely harsh school year (moved 6 times, resigned from 3 teaching positions, sold a house, bought a house, lost one of my closest relatives, gave up my pets – just to mention the worst).

In January, I'd been offered and accepted a new teaching position in Scottsdale and, given that I had no desire to live out of the back of my truck or in a friend's spare room, it really had to work – but it didn't. I found myself in the harshest work situation I'd ever encountered. To top it off, I had to deal with all of the difficulties of a country boy living in the big city. These were painful times.

Just two weeks into the new job was when the crawling sensations started. Zip. Zip. I felt an odd sensation across my scalp. The school nurse had just visited my class to talk to the students about lice (as there had been a case in the preschool next door). The “bug” feeling was subtle; still I went to the school nurse and asked her to check. Under magnified light, she examined my hair and found nothing.

The crawling got worse during the next week. I tried an old fashioned approach to lice and put mayonnaise in my hair for three nights in a row (with a plastic bag like a shower cap over my head to keep my pillow clean); the crawling continued.

Friends came to visit me and, though this has never happened in my life, they dried with towels I'd used days before.

“You don't have cooties do you?” one friend asked.

I worried that I had given them something.

The day after my friends' visit, I went to see a medical professional about my “bugs”. She looked at my scalp and said, “I don't see anything – probably sheet mites.” She gave me a prescription of pesticide cream to rid myself of them; it seemed to quiet the crawling. Twice I'd thought I'd gotten rid of my bugs, but they came back. The crawling expanded from my scalp to my groin and the ends of my feet.

I would stay awake all night feeling the crawling. I missed a couple days of work and went to the doctor again. She sent me off for more cream (I treated myself with pesticide a total of seven times).

I was absolutely desperate for answers. I had a conference in Denver I was required to attend. I got on the plane thinking I had some mysterious parasite; I felt awful!

At the hotel in Denver, I couldn't sleep; my reason – the “bugs” had crawled up into my nostrils and ear holes. I felt crazy with terror! Through the grace of God, I kept my cool and somehow avoided most hugs from friends at the

conference. I tried my best to appear normal (though I did tell the hotel manager that I had some sort of sheet mites and that my mattress should be well cleaned when I left).

I called my doctor's office from Denver and drove directly there from the airport the next day. My doctor said something along the lines of, "You look like someone strung out on drugs." She decided to refer me to specialists; a dermatologist, a neurologist and an allergist (in hindsight, I think she was so confused by my condition that she just wanted me out of her office).

The dermatologist turned out to be a class act. He didn't examine me, but felt confident for my description that I had scabies. "There's a reason they call it the 7 years itch," he laughed from his side of the room. He gave me some awful meds (I don't remember the prescription) that made me terribly sick.

The allergist clued me in on being allergic to some grasses, trees and dogs. He was a nice enough guy but didn't have the answers I was looking for.

The neurologist gave me absolutely no answers (and I was shocked by what she charged my insurance company).

The whole situation became too much. I prayed and prayed some more.

I managed to go to work through most of this. After the diagnoses of scabies, I spoke to the principal at my school, her response was, "I'm angry that you think you caught this here." I went into my classroom everyday before my students arrived and wiped down the furniture and tables. I was very careful not to touch any of their areas and kept to my own.

I ordered some natural scabies cleaner from a site on the Internet. I followed the directions of spraying the solution over my entire body "morning, noon, and night" (I ran back to my classroom early from lunch each day, put paper towels across the bathroom floor, stripped down naked and sprayed my body as quickly as I could).

My home life wasn't much better. I soaked with the cleaner every night. I took the advice of a neighbor and laundered my sheets daily. I ate what I could for dinner and I forced myself to go walking at dusk (somehow this helped). I got so paranoid of getting my "bugs" throughout my apartment, that I wiped down the switches, doorknobs, and the plastic lawn chair (I had in the middle of my living room to sit on) at least twice each day. I put duct tap over my desk chair and my truck's seat. I walked around in plastic shoes.

My schedule was to get up, spray my body down, eat, work, get back home, do laundry, eat, walk, spray down my body again and go to bed. I started to read the Bible in its entirety two pages each night (I opened to Luke 12 verse 59 on my first night and found it fitting). I was in bed for about 12 hours each night. I slept some. The crawling always seemed the worst as I was heading to bed and usually kept me up. Every morning it was a struggle just to get out of bed and dressed.

I continued to look for answers on the Internet. I found several companies that had other alternative scabies cures. I called one on a Saturday morning. The company representative asked me to tell him the symptoms.

"I'm sorry," he reluctantly responded, "We don't treat incurable diseases."

I guess I came off as perplexed.

"Look at our web site," he suggested.

As I didn't have Internet access at home, I drove to the public library. I found the website and looked at the pages he'd mentioned. This was the first that I'd heard of Morgellon's Disease. I printed out the pages.

Morgellon's Disease; it sounded horrible! No known cure, conditions worsening with time, eventually your skin appears as raw with colored hairs, and the likelihood of going insane; this was not something I wanted to have!

During the next week, I searched the web for Morgellon's cures and found a variety of claims. I was frustrated, sick of being tired, and running out of money. I found one mention of alfalfa potentially cleaning out the "bugs". I also found a claim of cleaning them out with some silver water. Each of these approaches made some sense to me; they were a likely means to changing my internal environment and possibly kill off any parasites (I also decided to eat a diet related to changing my internal alkaline levels). I spoke with my brother Chris, a biologist, about possible solutions. I communicated what I'd found with my doctor (actually in trying to figure this out I'd approached her with several possibilities). Somehow, I kept hope and faith (did I mention that I prayed a lot?).

I found myself going to a local church and sitting in the pew furthest back. I didn't want to touch anyone. Several times I went early and sat and prayed and cried. I'm not certain why it made me feel better – but it did.

The weeks of having this condition turned into months. I started to drink alfalfa tea with honey every night; this had the effect of calming the night crawls. I noticed that the crawling seemed to increase with changes in temperatures (at night when the temperatures dropped or when I went from the heat of the outside into a building with AC).

Before the crawling had begun, I was attending a 12 step support meetings. I called one of the other attendees and told them about my situation; they convinced me to go to a meeting and just not let anyone touch me. It had been almost two months since I last attended and the walk was exhausting. I told everyone to keep his or her distance. One person said, "I don't believe you have anything" and gave me a big hug. Hugs are always nice, but when you haven't been touched in months it felt like heaven – still I was concerned that they might catch what I had. On a number of occasions, I broke down in tears thinking I'd never be able to hold my sister Camille's new baby (they live back in NY and I planned to visit when I was better).

## The Cure

I felt hopeless. None of the doctors I'd seen had any answers. What would I do? How would my life be?

For some reason, I decided one morning to do a web search on "crawling sensations" instead of Morgellon's. I came across an article by Dr. Amin on Neurocutaneous Syndrome (NCS). It intrigued me. In the article, he mentioned dental toxicity and it creating the same symptoms that I was experiencing (though he never referred to it as Morgellon's Disease). I knew I had to investigate this further.

I called a biologic dentist office (Dr. Terry Lee, DDS) and mentioned the article. I asked if they could help me by recommending a means to send off a blood sample to a testing lab. They did. The dentist office had test kits and gave me one. The cost was \$16 to get my blood sample taken and mixed as well as \$250 to get the sample tested at the lab (Clifford Consulting and Research in Colorado Springs). It was some cost, but I felt strongly that I needed to know. I sent the sample off. I also followed the suggestion of calling my former dentist for copies of my records.

The protocol for healing consists of two parts. First, the primary source of toxins must be removed and replaced (dental fillings, liners and adhesives). Second, the body needs to be detoxified from the poisonous substances. To follow these recommended steps, I became a patient of Dr. Terry Lee, DDS as well as Dr. Bruce Shelton, a naturopathic doctor who specialized in detoxification. I was also fortunate enough to meet with Dr. Omar Amin and discuss my case.

Dr. Amin explained how the symptoms came about and their connection to dental liners (some contain ingredients similar to those in nerve gas).

I asked him how he figured out the connection between the symptoms and dental toxicity.

"I had several cases with these symptoms. It took me four years to figure it out. I was hesitant to publish anything."

A huge part of the healing for me was realizing I was not contagious. The process itself has taken quite awhile (and I will continue to detoxify for some time). After my fillings and all were removed and replaced, I still felt the crawling for some time, but it was different. I would describe the sensation as becoming numb. Instead of feeling like bugs were crawling on me, it felt similar to when your foot falls asleep (and eventually this faded too). The change in sensation assured me that I was not dealing with parasites at all. The oddest thing about these sensations is that they appeared to surface when I thought about them.

Stress, change in temperature, change in lighting, and thoughts all played some role in when the symptoms occurred for me. It was crazy stuff! I am fortunate to have suffered severely for only a matter of months. I do think it wears you out and can affect your thinking.

If you are suffering from what I had, I recommend you get your blood tested for dental material intolerance and get any dental records you can. If you have something in you poisoning your system, keep in mind it was a long slow process to get to where it is. Healing from these symptoms and removal of these toxins may take a very long time. I think that getting well is worth it. In fact, I find every day without Morgellon's (or NCS) to be like winning the lottery. Life is good!

Added to protocols for detoxification, I have several recommendations that helped me. Exercise is good for the mind, spirit, and helps gets what's ailing you out – especially walking and yoga have been beneficial. Keep in mind what you're putting into your body. If you can, go to a sauna or sweat regularly (I go weekly). Eat food that's good for you and get your water tested for heavy metals and other toxins. Whatever your faith is, tap into it. Above all things though, do not lose hope! You can get well.

## Recent Thoughts

Given the characteristics of my symptoms and the history of such symptoms (yes, look all the way back to Sir Thomas Browne's work...think hat making), I truly believe that this condition relates in part or in whole to mercury in the nervous system. By the time this article is in print, I hope to be knee-deep in more related research.

Of course, I want to thank all of those who helped in my healing. Dr. Amin's work and dedication towards explaining a terrifying condition is groundbreaking; I truly believe you've saved my life. Thank you, Dr. Lee for the removal and replacement of my dental work. Finally, I want to give an ongoing thanks to Dr. Shelton for helping me in the detoxification process. Thank you all very, very much!

## The End

As I recently explained my whole ordeal with an old friend, he followed all of my talking with, "So you're done with Magellan's Disease?"

"No," I responded, "Magellan's Disease is when you get the sudden urge to jump on a boat and travel around the world. But I am done with Morgellon's Disease."

My hope for everyone suffering is a clear path towards health. 🌸

**EXPLORE! for the Professional encourages the submission of powerful patient testimonials in hopes that others who struggle with health issues will benefit.**

**If you have your own story to tell, give us a call at 928 541-1920, or email [info@explorepub.com](mailto:info@explorepub.com)**