

## Table of Contents:

<b>Facing our Fear: Return to Cuba</b>	<b>Page 1</b>
<b>Arriving in Havana</b>	<b>Page 2</b>
<b>Ozone Therapy in Cuba</b>	<b>Page 5</b>
<b>Seeking Justice in Cuba</b>	<b>Page 6</b>
<b>Fleeced in Old Havana</b>	<b>Page 7</b>
<b>Meeting with the Staff at Centro Nacional Medicina Natural</b>	<b>Page 8</b>
<b>White Knuckle Driving to Marea Del Portilla</b>	<b>Page 9</b>
<b>Bad news in Marea Del Portilla</b>	<b>Page 11</b>
<b>JUST Believe we ARE Guided</b>	<b>Page 13</b>



Barbara (our hostess) and Deborah A Frenette: Happier times in Cuba

### **Facing our Fear: Return to Cuba**

Our return to Cuba on March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2008 was made with much trepidation. Both Murray and I were quite willing to stay in the relative comfort and security of our Quebec home, despite the winter conditions. We were greatly saddened by the deportation from Cuba on January 17, 2008 and had not been able to glean any information as to the reason for the Manzanillo immigration officer's insistence that we leave the country. We had followed all the rules as the rules were applied and explained to us. Without the protection of the Embassy of Canada in Cuba, we felt exposed to danger, so there was only one course of action, to leave as we were ordered, thereby incurring additional costs to return to Canada. We had to abandon our plan to travel to Havana to meet with several doctors there.

Overwhelmed by anxiety, I vowed that I would never again return to Cuba. Murray and I distraught by this unexpected turn of events, and were in mourning. We both felt the loss of this project was inevitable, after we had been so roughly treated by the Cuban immigration in Manzanillo. Many

questions arose in our minds: were we falsely accused of some transgression? If so, what reception would be awaiting us if we were to travel to another location in Cuba? Was this deportation the work of narrow minded individuals acting on their own or was it actually official within the immigration department?

Our first action upon return to Canadian soil was to visit the Cuban Embassy in Toronto. We were instructed to write down the details of the sequence of events leading to the deportation, and had to return the following business day. When we were seen by the Vice Consul, he had little hope of bringing any resolution to this illegal action by immigration in Cuba. In fact, he seemed to feel powerlessness to bring about any justice in this case. He simply apologized and sent the file on to Ottawa. The Vice Consul suggested we fly into Havana, which seemed to me, at the time, to be rather rash. He also seemed unable to tell us if we were “red flagged” in Cuba, or if we could return with impunity. However, he did explain that if we were forbidden to return, we would have been given a paper as we left.

We then submitted our account of the deportation to the Ambassador to Cuba in Canada, via email and regular mail. I waited a few days, and then I phoned to make an appointment with the Ambassador in Ottawa. No one responded. We waited; still no response. We grew discouraged. Were the Cuban officials above their own laws and agreements with Canadians? Did anyone in the Cuban offices here in Canada have any jurisdiction over Cuba? Are Canadians assured of protection or justice while traveling in Cuba when there is such a lack of response here in Canada? Clearly, the answers to the questions were not coming from the Cuban officials here in Canada!

A friend of ours, a frequent visitor to the area with family connections returned to Cuba for a week. We awaited his return to Canada to assess the situation. The concern of the officials was that we were somehow implicated in drugs. This situation was created by narrow minded people that wanted us out two years ago, and may have been exacerbated by confusion over a man with the same first name as Murray. Our friend assured the officials we were in no way connected to drugs (absurd, of course not, especially in Cuba!) When we received this news, we knew it was time to return to Cuba. Both Murray and I strongly resisted going, and expressed our fears to each other, yet Murray lead the charge to return to Cuba via Havana. We were unwilling to forego the work and the expense of the years of our Cuban project, and we both realized to stop now would lead to a major loss of momentum and possible abandonment of the dream of bringing NMT to Cuba. Acting on our Guidance, we started to prepare for our trip. Fear was the visiting stranger in our lives and we both struggled to have confidence in the outcome.

We booked a one way flight to Havana, intent on taking the original flight out of Manzanillo, on March 20, the one we were forced to leave behind us on Jan. 17/08. Time was running out. We flew from Montreal to Toronto, then to Havana on March 4.

## **Arriving in Havana**

Arriving in Havana was a major hurdle for the both of us. I spent time in the plane, using NMT for removing informational faults and changing the morphic field to an optimal pattern of resonance. Standing in the short line with the others, waiting to clear customs, many thoughts crowded my mind, and I released them. Thank God for the power of NMT.

I faced the young, “Your first time to Havana?” he inquired. “Yes”, I replied, “but not my first visit to Cuba, we love Cuba” I held back, “Don’t volunteer too much information”, my inner voice suggested. My knees were a little weak. I waited. The official compared my passport photo to my

face and decided to wish me a good stay. No questions were asked. Relief flooded through me. I met Murray on the other side of the customs queue; he had a similar trouble free passage through. We gathered our luggage and headed to the exit and to freedom. The guard at the double doors looked us over and let us pass through to the exit with no questions asked. We were both amazed to pass through the customs so easily. We changed dollars to Cuban CUCs, the tourist's dollars, and found a cab to take us to our friend's home, Dra. Silvia. The travel to her home was a real challenge, a new adventure for Murray and I. No bus to the resort this trip, instead we were finding our way around in a big foreign city!

When we finally reached Silvia's home, no one came to the door. Questioning a passerby and then the neighbors did not net results. Murray finally climbed the stairs to the second floor. Lo and behold, a woman answered the door and directed us to the *casa particular* Silvia had reserved for us. A *casa particular* is a private home that legally arranges with the Cuban government to rent out rooms or apartments to tourists. The cab driver was very patient and stayed with us until we were sure about our lodgings, backing the cab around the corner and helping with our luggage. The communications with the people who greeted us was difficult, with my very limited Spanish, but possible. The home was fine for our needs, simple but clean, and we settled in.

The next order of business was to find a barber to cut Murray's hair. He had neglected his good looks in favor of his online day trading, and was unable to find a place to have his hair cut in Quebec before we left on such short notice. We made our way out onto the unfamiliar terrain of Playa, Havana's streets, navigating around the broken pavement and dodging motorcycles and impossibly aged vehicles that belonged to an era bygone by more than 50 years! We stopped into the pharmacy to buy some natural remedies offered on the sign, like aloe vera and oil of oregano, but we only heard the now familiar Cuban retort: "Next week we will receive the supply." We inquired for a barber, no one in the pharmacy knew of one. We stopped into the local gas station, received directions for a barber shop, and purchased a bottle of Cuban rum (for \$3.30 Cuban CUCs) and some tomato juice. A very different world than Ontario or Quebec!

After a few more inquires in our broken Spanish, we actually found the barber shop only a few blocks from our home.



Murray and the Cuban Barber

The shop was busy, a line up of men waiting for the two barbers. The sign on the wall declared closing time was at 5pm. And I became nervous; would Murray be served after 5pm? We waited and watched as the tiny fragile senior man preformed his task of sweeping up the hair on the floor, then settled back down to enjoy a cigarette under the no smoking sign.

The barber was meticulous in his cut for a Cuban man who had decided to lose his afro look (judging from the pile of hair on the floor). Every time we thought the cut was done, the barber found another hair out of place, or had to dust the neck with powder. We sweated out the wait in the sweltering heat. Finally, the barber's masterpiece was completed, and it was Murray's turn. His closing time forgotten, the barber created a great cut for Murray. Murray paid him in tourist pesos, and his face lit up with the pleasure of this unexpected windfall. It is so easy to tip large in Cuba, where the Cubans receive about 220 to 300 Cuban Pesos a month (or about 10-15 CUC tourist dollars).

Back at the room, we are grateful for my foresight of bringing food on our trip. Protein bars, nuts and other easily transported foods sustained us. We had no idea where to eat or how to buy food, as we had not seen a grocery store or restaurant on our walks. Now Murray was groomed, our focus was meeting Dra. Silvia when she arrived home from the Ozone Therapy Clinic at 6:30pm.

We found Dra. Silvia walking her dog Luna, on the street. She recognized us immediately and welcomed us into her lovely home, the nicest I had ever seen in Cuba. We were unable to stay in her *casa* as friends from Spain were arriving the same night. Despite her schedule, she spent time with us, listening as I explained the work of NMT in Cuba, and sharing about her work in the Ozone therapy clinic. We requested a visit to her clinic, and we planned to meet her the next day early for the visit. We'd ride to the clinic in her sturdy but very old Lada.

We tripped our way back to our Cuban *casa*, the street lights were few and far between and the sidewalks were so broken it was safer to walk on the road. Traffic in the side streets was very light. We were both tired from our very early departure from Canada that day, so we decided to forego a search for the local restaurants, downed another power bar and turned in early on the lumpy Cuban bed for some needed sleep.



Dra. Silvia and Deborah A Frenette

## **Ozone Therapy in Cuba**

The ride to the clinic in the Lada was a real eye opener. The roads were busy, but not backed up the way I expected rush hour traffic to be in such a large city. There were far fewer cars than expected. Dra. Silvia had one of her patients in the front seat, a strapping young man with a painful back. We squished into the Lada when Silvia stopped to pick up to staff people heading for the clinic. Four in the back seat of the Lada was tight! Transportation here in Havana was unreliable at best. Silvia was a great driver, weaving expertly in and out of traffic, using her horn and getting us to our destination quickly. The Cubans were determined to punch the clock at the clinic and stay on time for work! I had no idea who was watching their time of arrival ...

People from the local area and visitors from Venezuela were waiting at the clinic as we arrived. Dra. Silvia parked her car at the entrance to the clinic and left it there. Clearly, she was not expecting cars to come up to the clinic doors. We sat in her office as she saw her patients and learned a great deal more about Ozone Therapy in Cuba.

In ozone therapy, the ozone is derived from medical oxygen and mixed with oxygen to produce the correct substance to heal. The ozone is injected into a joint or introduced rectally. Dra. Silvia explained that the rectal ozone was very quickly distributed through the blood via re-uptake in the colon, and that the injected ozone was distributed in the tissues. Dra. Silvia stated that one benefit of ozone is the creation of an attraction for the stems cells to injured areas within the body.

Dra. Silvia focused her thesis on ozone therapy twenty years ago, and is now responsible for bringing this therapy to Cuba. There are more that 50 areas in Cuba for this therapy and 20 clinics solely for Ozone Therapy across Cuba.

Dra. Silvia has shared her papers regarding Ozone Therapy with me, and these papers will be posted to my website. She travels world wide, teaching and lecturing on Ozone Therapy. Here next trip is to India in April. She feels that soon, this therapy will expand in the USA. In fact, I found out the World Congress of the International Ozone Association was held in LA in August, 2007, and that The International Ozone Association - Pan American Group 2008 Annual Conference is to be held in Florida this year, from August 24-27, 2008. <http://www.io3a.org/> I tend to believe that the outcomes with NMT sessions with the addition of Ozone Therapy and possibly the action of the GB 4000 will radically speed the recovery of the patient. However this is my personal opinion.

We were really blessed to meet a visiting American from Miami who had come to Cuba via Panama. This fellow proved to be a good friend and helped us find our way around, giving us ideas and directions to find food, restaurants, currency exchange and other helpful places.

## **Seeking Justice in Cuba**

The next day found us at the Canadian Embassy in Havana, Cuba. This embassy was within easy walking distance from our *casa*. The security was heavy, and we asked to see Ambassador Jean-Pierre Juneau and were instead directed toward the consular section, and met with Maribel, who works with the Consulate. She was very informative and spent time with us, explaining the ins and outs of Cuban immigration and diplomatic ways, and regaling us with stories from her ten years with the consulate. Maribel suggested that we go in person to the Central Immigration office in Old Havana, and tell the officers there our problems.

Rather than rushing off Central Immigration as my conscious mind demanded, we were Guided to find Dr. Leoncio Padrón Cáceres (Cuba) Director Medicina Tradicional y Natural (NTM) del

Ministerio de Salud Pública de Cuba (Minister of Public Health) the following day, through a chain of interesting events. A friend in the USA told us we would find Dr. Padrón in the South African Embassy, which we found quite odd. No one at this Embassy had heard of Dr. Padrón but one very nice gentleman was determined to help us, and he did indeed find the address for Dr. Padrón and the NTM clinic on the closed Cuban intranet; I have no access in Canada. The main NTM clinic was just around the corner, and we walked there immediately. I gave the receptionist my card; all the NTM staff were in a meeting. We waited outside the door, and a tall, dark haired woman came out of the meeting to greet us. Much to my amazement, this woman knew my name and my card, and said she had received information on NMT last year. So the papers I had submitted via the Cuban Consulate in November had hit their mark. She indicated that we should sit down and wait, and we wondered what would be next. I was in a state of shocked disbelief.

Soon we were joined by Dra. Rassia Acevedo Yero, a physiatrist and a specialist in NTM, working with flower remedies and other natural medicines. Rassia had been given our file, but she was unsure as to how to move forward with this project. I noted that she did not have the DVDs I had sent of NMT at work with the Cuban people, and I supplied her with the 14 minute one. Rassia requested scientific journals or studies, and we let her know that NMT was all too new for these types of articles to be available. We sat and talked for about an hour. She suggested that we return to the clinic on Monday in order to meet with the staff. Rassia assured us that the department would be communicating to the immigration about NMT, and that in Havana, people were much different. She took us into the NTM meeting and introduced us to all the staff, including Dr. Leoncio Padrón Cáceres. Finally, Murray and I had found and connected with the right people. Rassia was very personable, and interested in NMT! We delayed our trip back to see our “Cuban family” in Marea Del Portilla, and instead planned to visit the Central Immigration the next day, Friday. We had the correct information from NTM for the immigration. We could name the doctor and give the business card. Now that we knew we had the backing and the interest of the NTM department in Cuba, we felt confident of a successful outcome.

Friday we decided to flag down a cab to Old Havana to visit the Central Immigration, rather than call one and wait at the *casa*. It took some time, but we ended up traveling to Old Havana in a 1952 Dodge. Amazing how well the Cubans are able to upkeep these old cars. Cubans seem to create whatever they need out of nothing, real masters at survival! Seat belts were not in evidence in the cab; it seemed more like a bus, with frequent stops to drop off and pick up Cuban people. We were squished in once again! Such an event, I felt as though we were experiencing the real Cuba.



Cobblestone Paths in Old Havana

We were dropped off at a corner and the cabbie indicated the direction. The streets had shrunk to very small cobblestone paths, and no cars were allowed in. Such a challenge to find the address, as we had no idea how to find the office. We ask several times and received conflicting directions. Asking the police officers seem to net out the best directions. I became concerned, as we were running out of day. At last, we found our way to the Central Immigration, only to be told to leave and come back the next day, there were too many people waiting and the wait would be too long. I pleaded with the man who luckily spoke English, and he relented, but warned us we would have a long wait.

When we finally spoke to the immigration officers, the staff was finished seeing people for the day and the entire office was focused on the incident we described. At first, it seemed too difficult to explain, as the officers were showing us the rules on a paper and telling us we had no problem, we were within the Cuban rules. Through respectful and careful explanation, we were able to clarify that we had been forced out of Cuba by the immigration in Manzanillo and that we were still not aware why this had happened. We were planning to return to Manzanillo to use our flight home as originally planned, and we were concerned that we could encounter further problems. The entire staff seemed aghast at this situation, and the officer in charge insisted that we had no cause for further unease, that Manzanillo had made mistakes and that the mistakes had to be **fixed**. He told us to go and enjoy our stay without concern. Both Murray and I struggled to believe that this could really be true, that our problems in Manzanillo were now over.

### **Fleeced in Old Havana**

We wandered the cobblestone streets of Old Havana, checking out the stores and the art galleries. There is precious little to buy in Cuba, even in Havana. Many items are far out of reach in the CUC dollar stores for most Cubans. We listened to music from the open air restaurants in the area. We purchased a cardboard box of rice and pork and shared the food together. The food was tasty, greasy and cheap, and Murray is thrilled that NMT has allowed him to eat a little pork again, not that we would make it a staple in our diet. We learned how to buy a long distance phone card, use a Cuban phone, and phoned people back in our Cuban neighbourhood. Quite a big task when you cannot speak the language!

Rum is far too easily available in Cuba, so we decided to buy a tetra pack of rum to wash down the rice. Soon, we were tipsy! We were accosted by two old gals dressed in flashy outfits, sporting comically large cigars. These two gals were out to make a buck by posing for photos with the tourists. I handed over a CUC, and the request came in for another, for her friend. A well paid pose!

We were searching for a place to sit and listen to music when we were taken in by an enterprising young Cuban man who saw the opportunity to fleece a couple of tourists for a few bucks. We finally ended up at his home, deep in the poorer area of old Havana, where all was grey cement and high buildings, where few tourists venture. I was a bit frightened but we felt Guided. We actually enjoyed his small but charming apartment. I remarked to Murray that I felt these buildings were far better than the buildings I encountered as a community worker years ago in Regent Park in Toronto.

Our Cuban friend entertained us with a video of his uncle's salsa band while he groomed himself and we were off to hear Cuban music. He put us in a cab outside of the "Black House" (looks very much like the White House in Washington!) At the end of the ride, he ordered us to pay the cabbie. We joined the line of young people waiting to get in to listen to Ragaton, Cuban club dance music. It was getting late, and I was concerned, so I went to the front of the line and discovered we had an hour to wait until the 11 pm entrance time, and would have to pay \$10 CUC per person to enter.

Our young friend was expecting us to pay his way, and probably would need drinks once inside. I let him know I was too tired and gave him enough dollars to get into the club and left in a very old Lada, an unregulated “taxi” our friend arranged for us. We were overcharged for the short ride back and nearly choked with the fumes from the car. We were taken for more than one ride that night, but we learned more about Cuba than most people ever could!



The “Black House” in Old Havana

As result of my indiscretions with the rum, my body was sickened with yet another infection. Thank God for the self NMT I applied, it really did keep me going.

We filled our weekend with visits to Dra. Silvia and to her friends, a very lovely couple we met through her. The family lived with many other families, including the mother and father of this couple. Most Cuban families do not seem to move apart, in our experiences. A neighbor had three small puppies, one was ill. I couldn’t resist the challenge and did NMT work on all three as a group. The puppies were my fast friends after that. The following day, their owners reported that the puppies were ill, threw up and then felt better than ever. I surmised that the NMT caused the puppies to throw up infection and toxins, and then their puppy ACS went on to recover their health.

The weather remained hot and dry, and we were able to enjoy walks around the area. We found open air markets to buy fresh produce, and tried fruit neither one of us had ever seen before. We found there were stores only for the Cubans, who came to buy with their ration books clutched in their hands. Specialty stores meant eggs only, fruit only. Not much exotic shopping here. Near the “tourist” restaurant section of the area, we found a shopping mall that would rival any mall in Canada, but it was very small. We made a rare find, a set of matching dishes, and I vowed to return and buy it for our Cuban family in Marea Del Portilla.

### **Meeting with the Staff at Centro Nacional Medicina Natural**

Monday came quickly, and we returned to the NTM clinic for our meeting with the staff. We met with Dr. Rassia and three of her colleagues, two doctors and a bio-chemist from Centro Nacional Medicina Natural (CENAMENT). We had arrived at a busy time, yet these good people made two hours of time to share with us. The meeting went very well. These doctors were very open to the concepts of NMT, asked intelligent questions and listened to my case descriptions.

The bio-chemist, Jorge, was fascinated by the concept of the ACS and was eager to know more. Jorge expressed an intense interest in using a scan to watch the activity in the areas of the patient's brain as I applied NMT. I have long been interested in doing the same, and we agreed that we would observe this together in the future! The staff requested scientific studies, journals, and I once again told them that NMT was still in its development stage, and explained the studies that are underway. I believe that Cubans may play an important role in bringing NMT to the world stage, although I am not certain how this may occur. However, I certainly intend to keep the founder, Dr. Les Feinburg firmly in the loop.

We agreed that the NTM staff would write a letter to the immigration office to assist in the process of obtaining the correct papers for working with the doctors. They agreed that a scientific study of NMT would be one long term goal. It was suggested that we could start with a sharing of information about the alternative techniques of both parties. I suggested that in that same trip, I could demonstrate NMT with the Cuban people.

Dra. Martha Perez explained our predicament. CENAMENT is a national organization and therefore desires to communicate with another organization regarding this project, not with individuals. I explained that the work of NMT is done mainly by trained individuals. She suggested we would require a hosting institution. Now, I am seeking this Canadian institution. Suggestions are welcome. This institution may be a governmental body or a university. I am a graduate of Ryerson in Toronto, so this university may be a possibility. I worked briefly with the head of public health in Toronto years ago, so I will try to contact her. I am attempting to communicate with the doctors via email now I am back from Cuba, to find out more details on their requirements and to stay in touch.

Both Murray and I felt euphoric and very positive at the end of the meeting. We were assured of a way forward now that we had met and connected with the staff at CENAMENT. We were both pleased that we had overcome our fears and returned to Cuba for the sake of the NMT project.

Now were we free to plan our trip back to Marea Del Portilla, taking a deep breath and trusting in our Guidance to keep us on track. We prepare by buying everyday items not readily available in Marea Del Portilla, and finding a rental car. This is never easy, but we required a car that could be driven one way and left. Quite a challenge!

### **White Knuckle Driving to Marea Del Portilla**

Our day started at 6am, waiting for a Cuban taxi that never arrived, despite two call backs. Murray approached a Cuban with a car up the road, and away they went. Murray was gone a long time, and he had a sorry tale to tell of all his troubles, but he had the car!

We had planned the route so we were set to go, and we left quickly, as we hoped to complete the 10 hour drive in daylight. We successfully traveled through the city of Havana, but became lost while trying to find the main highway, called the *Auto Peista*. We did see one sign, then the road split with no further directions and we were unable to pick up the trail again. There were many bill board signs proclaiming the Revolution, but few road signs! Murray decided that the idea was to keep any possible invaders unable to find their way around! Finally, we asked a young Cuban directions and he offered to show us the way. He climbed into the back seat and gave us what seemed to be rather round about directions. At the end, we did find the *Auto Peista*, and I offered the Cuban fellow 3 pesos for his trouble (about \$75 their money). This was not enough, and he demanded \$25 for his trouble (about \$600 their money). I gave him an additional two dollars, but he insisted on more.

Murray had to angrily order him out of our car, and we were both disappointed by this situation. Yet, we were on the right road and making time.

The *Auto Peista* was six lane highway without cars! We passed a car every few minutes. Men stood on the shoulders, holding up long strings of onions and garlic. One man held out a white square object on a tray, Murray thought it was bread. We saw fields of cows then these white objects were held out again. I put two and two together and realized we were being offered cheese for sale! I ask Murray to stop. We watched in amusement as the man ahead of us raced to reach us first, and the man behind struggle to run and keep the cheese on the tray. They ran like comical waiters! The younger man in front got to us first. He allowed us to try a taste of the cheese, which was like Gouda, and he offered it for sale for \$5 CUC. I could have haggled, but I did not have the heart, and gave him his asking price for about 4 pounds of good cheese. His face lit up and he expressed great thankfulness. The man from the rear was quite disappointed. In retrospect, I wish I had purchased from both men. Our “Cuban family” in Marea loves the rare treat of cheese! In Cuba, it is so easy to share wealth with most of the Cubans.

Murray slowed down quickly. A parade of three horned black Cuban cows crossed over the *Auto Peista*. We are grateful the daylight illuminated these animals, imagine the carnage if it was as pitch black as these cows!

We drove past what proved to be a road paving warning, a few branches with Styrofoam on top, and we realized, when we spied the steamroller, that we needed to drive over to the other side of the highway and use it as a two way highway. We realized driving in Cuba was more than we bargained for! As we left the well traveled highway near the bigger cities, the road became three lanes, then two lanes and spotted with potholes.

We drove into Los Tunas, and I smiled at all the lovely Cuban people we passed by in the car. One young enterprising fellow took my gaze too personally and he peddled his bike like crazy, trying to catch my eye again. He pulled in front of us, and managed to grab hold of the bus, a sport we observed in Havana among the male youth. Now he was speeding along in front of our car, hanging on to the bus and looking back to make sure we were impressed. Then, when his turn came up, he let go of the bus and motioned with a very wide sweep of his arm, indicating we should turn left. We decided that he wanted us to follow him to his home, a favorite tactic to make friends with the tourists. We both laughed at his audacity and drove on.

We lost our way a few more times, but found that, unlike the fellow in Havana, the Cubans were very friendly and accustomed to directing lost tourists. We were relieved to find the sign that was necessary to take us off the main highway toward our next larger city, Manzanillo, before dark.

I was very cautious on the roads now, as the lighting was bad and there were still people walking along both sides of the road. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught the movement of a dog’s tail before the dog walked into the car! I know I did not run over the dog, so I prayed the dog would survive. Tears welled up, and I kept on driving. Night closed in and potholes loomed large out of the darkness. Suddenly, the road disappeared and I squealed on the brakes, Murray sat bolt upright; I could see small boulders in the ditch that was now the road. The car fell about 2 feet and landed with a thud, and I gunned the gas to get up and out of the large hole we had fallen into. Now I was finished with driving in the dark. Murray was willing to take the wheel, but I was not pleased to be continuing this trip in the dark.

I was mourning the accident with the dog when out of the blue I realized I could focus NMT on the injured dog and help him heal. Animals respond very rapidly to NMT. I did just that and I felt much better as a result.

A very bright set of head lights came out of the dark and blinded Murray. I could see nothing, either. Just as the truck passed, and unexpectedly, we both were startled to see a horse drawn cart with four people in it, maybe 100 feet in front of our car! Due to Murray's very quick reaction, we avoided colliding with the cart and causing a major accident. The cart had no lights or reflectors to make it visible in the darkness. I know these folks with the cart were probably breaking the law and were most likely blissfully unaware of the danger that had been averted.

But I was aware of the danger we were in and I quickly decided we'd had quite enough. We found a hotel room in Manzanillo and stopped for the night. I learned so much about Cuban on this white knuckle drive that I would not have done it differently, but I am determined not to drive on Cuba's country roads after dark in future!

The next morning, we were in a rush to get the car back and avoid another day's charge. We were pleasantly surprised by the major improvements in the road to Marea Del Portilla, with most of the very large potholes and wash-outs from Hurricane Dennis were now repaired. We became stuck behind a Cuban dump truck chugging up a hill. The black smoke pouring out of the truck was so thick that we could not see the oncoming traffic! Murray bided his time and when the diesel engine shifted gears, the smoke dissipated and we were able to pass.

### **Bad news in Marea Del Portilla**

We descended on our Cuban family bearing many gifts. The excitement crackled in the air, that day was like Christmas! Our family had never seen a set of dishes and left a few in the box, not realizing that there was four of everything. How amusing! I handed Barbara our hostess an electric kettle, but she seemed unimpressed. Later, when I showed her how to operate the kettle and how quickly it heated water, she was delighted!



Barbara and Deborah with the new set of dishes

Bad news suddenly marred our arrival. Our Cuban “son” Yordani had been taken to hospital with sudden and severe head pain and fever. His mother, Barbara, upon hearing the news, was stricken with terror and cried. I reminded her that I was there with the healing of NMT, and started to work on Yordani immediately with remote NMT. The expected pathways came up, with trauma of his childhood and worry about the future as the main emotions. Everyone was concerned that he may be moved to the hospital in Manzanillo, about one and one half hours away by car. This presented a hurdle, as the transportation system for the Cubans is very unreliable. I let the family know in no uncertain terms that this was **not** going to happen.

The family rallied around Yordani, and I was touched. He had many visitors, all bearing home cooked food. The very next day he was out of pain and fever, and was feeling much better. I kept up with his long distance sessions daily. He was required to stay in the hospital for five days, despite being symptom free, for injections of antibiotics. The doctors were concerned, as he had shown in his blood test an infection called Electopiroso, or in English, leptospirosis, the name of a disease that can be contracted from rat droppings. This disease can be fatal if not properly managed. I would have liked to explain the NMT to his doctors, but, even though the Cuban immigration authorities had decided to allow me to help our family with NMT, I felt that I could be risking further problems. We lay low and only went to the beach.

Yordani came back from the hospital five days later and surprised us when we walked into the *casa*. He had tales of two people dying in his room, bad food and sleepless nights, but he was home and well again, mainly just exhausted! I gave him a supply of ThreeLac, the best probiotic on the market and cautioned him to manage his stress levels in the future.

The knock I dreaded came when we were not present. Immigration came to check our papers for our stay the family home. They came two days before we were scheduled to take the flight out back to Canada. They were scheduled to return at 6pm, but returned at 6am the next morning and requested that we meet them at the hotel at 8am. We had been summoned. I was feeling nervous, despite the assurances from the officers at the door that there was no problem. I felt a problem coming on.

We met with the officer and a hotel employee for translation. Essentially, the officer wanted us to sign a statement that we had been staying illegally in our family’s home without the proper papers. We **had** the proper papers, but they took them away when they forced us out of Cuba. We were told by the immigration official we could use the papers upon our return to Cuba. We were given conflicting directives. But, we had fulfilled all the correct and legal requirements, we had traveled to get and paid for all the papers, and we were determined NOT to be forced into doing that routine all over again. Murray refused to sign, and I wrote down the numbers of our visas for the house instead.

Now I was concerned. What if this immigration decided to hassle us again? We were Guided to move to the hotel for our last night. I sensed this move to the hotel would happen while I was at home in Canada, long before we arrived in this area. We were playing the game and letting the immigration authorities have some power over us, so everyone could save face.

The day of our departure dawned and we found the tour representative to reconfirm our flight out. I was still fighting off this infection after drinking rum in Havana, so I was feeling tired and stressed. Then, another blow. Seems the tour company had decided to cancel our flight home, for reasons unknown. We were not on the flight list. The helpful representative assisted as much as she could,

and when I threatened to sue the company, her supervisor put in not one but two calls to Toronto, and still the answer came back “We were required to pay cash for our trip back.” Shock and surprised, we struggled to understand this next blow, that we required to pay cash for a flight back home despite the fact that we had a ticket, paid for months ago.

I used this event as a reason to connect with God instead and expected miracles. The emotions laid me low; I had a very restless night’s sleep, so fortunately our friends in housekeeping allowed us to stay in our room for the rest of the day until it was time to leave for the airport. I managed my anxiety with NMT and worked at believing we truly were Guided, despite the latest hurtles.

Then, Murray threw another curve ball at me; we were locked out of the house that we stay in Toronto. We tried to contact our Toronto friends through email. Would we be left standing on the cold sidewalk at 3am in Toronto?

### **JUST Believe we ARE Guided**

I realized then and there that a lot of pain and stress in life could be relieved if I could accept that we are truly Guided and that worry about situations was not going to do a thing to change them. We needed to live with unpredictability in life and accept that the way may be smoothed if we just “Let go and let God”. I knew as well that we could release these difficulties in life by breaking contracts made with the ego in the past, and by forgiveness of all situations. This was the key in following Spiritual Guidance, to clear the path for doing the Will of the Higher Self. Forgiveness took on mammoth proportions.

At the airport, we attempted to board our flight with our e-ticket, to no avail. I took a cash advance on my credit card to pay yet another flight home. I expected miracles. I made the representative promise to give our money back if the immigration officials decided to harass us. My nerves were jangled, but I persevered.

We passed through immigration with no problems, but a few questions to Murray about our visit to the nearby town of Pilón, which we, of course, did not make.

The officer that had been responsible for deporting us remarked “How was your vacation?” I had so much to say to her, but my retort was a polite “fine”.

One happy ending: when we returned home, I wrote my intentions to the tour operator regarding the double payment for the flight home. Thankfully, the tour operator decided to stay out of court and paid us back for the cash flight plus a small award for the inconvenience.

We stayed at a nice hotel when we arrived in Toronto, and managed to gain entry to our Toronto place the following day.

We were pleased to have made the trip to Cuba, and are looking with confidence into the future of this Cuban adventure of bringing NMT to Cuba.

I know in my heart that if we could just find the right person, a person with wealth to share, that the wealth could be put to awesome use and we could accomplish the most amazing feats of healing with the backing of those dollars.

We consider the biggest lesson of this trip to once again (for the nth time) accept that we are truly Guided and entitled to miracles. We must accept that we cannot see the larger picture, and that we are doing our part. We are determined to follow this Guidance, so then we need to stop resisting and doubting and **Just Do It!** Wallowing in useless emotions will not put us on the road back to the Peace of God.

This is our challenge for 2008, and for the rest of this lifetime, I am sure!